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EGYPT.

A QUESTION was asked in the House of Commons on Thursday night as to the truth of a statement that, while the Viceroy of Egypt professes great anxiety to suppress the slave trade, a large batch of slaves had been lately sold publicly in Cairo. Mr. BOWEN replied, that inquiries into the matter had been directed, and that the Government was waiting for information from the Consul-General. There can be little doubt that when this information is furnished it will show that slaves have very recently been sold at Cairo. The instance is perhaps as good a one as could have been chosen to illustrate the present state of things in Egypt; the character of the reigning Sovereign, and the kind of progress that has been made, and is likely to be made in the country. It is quite true that while the Viceroy likes to take part in the demonstrations of European humanity, and is willing to send a vessel of war to cruise in the Red Sea on the look out for slavers, he also allows the old Mahometan institution of domestic slavery to be carried on within a few yards of his palace. He is a reforming Turk, but he is also a Turkish reformer. He could not change his country all at once if he wished it, and he would not wish it if he could. He has many generous impulses, and has a sort of nobility of ambition in his character. He enjoys not only the credit of making reforms, but the thought that he alone among Turkish princes has a sincere desire to stand not much below the level of a European prince. But he takes up even good things with the passionate and fitful eagerness of a child. Whatever he desires he wishes to have at once, and then to go on to something else. If he wants an opera, he must have it finished in six months; if he wants factories, he must have twenty set up in a moment. If he promotes an enterprise like the Suez Canal, he must so promote it as to fling into the abyss twenty millions sterling for which Egypt will never receive a penny by way of return. This is a turn of mind which in a reformer is equally Oriental and dangerous; but Europeans who criticize him should in justice remember how much this tendency has been stimulated by the absurd facility with which money was plied by Europeans at his command. If in business he is not very businesslike, it is also true that he has for years had to do with men who have neglected the first principles of business in dealing with him. He was never even invited to estimate his resources, but only to set gigantic schemes of borrowing. To prey upon him was the sole object of every one who could get access to him. Egypt has been the happy

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persistent, and that his mode of managing things is often on the debatable land between good and evil.

In Egypt the VICEROY is everything. There is no aristocracy and no democracy. There is simply a population and a few Pashas, who can be made and unmade with a breath. The Viceroy has no one between himself and the public. He does all his work himself, and is one of the most industrious and toiling men alive, and allows no one to share his authority. In some ways this is a great advantage to the country. He is an able man and possessed of larger views than any of those who surround him; and he is capable of doing things which he would find very few Turks to emulate. That he should have accepted an arrangement last November by which he put all his income under the control of foreigners for the benefit of his creditors seemed to Europeans only doing what in honour and common honesty he was bound to do. But it was an act for which he deserves some credit. Honour and common honesty are not universally found in small impetuous States. It was something that the Viceroy should have refused to listen to the suggestions which repeat experience must have whispered to him as to the comfortable and easy way in which many republics, and even sovereigns, go off while setting their creditors at defiance. And, although the advisers to whom he gives ear are not always of the best kind, he is willing, and even eager, to pay attention to men on whom he can really rely. He does not like to sink below the standard which a European of honour and high standing assumes when addressing him. Considering, for example, as he was amply justified in considering, the uprightness, unselfishness, and straightforward simple energy of Colonel Gordon, he has lately invested that admirable officer with powers of almost unlimited control over a vast district, so much so, that the last news is that Colonel Gordon has made a treaty of commerce with the King of Abyssinia. The Viceroy accepted, in November settlement, not only because he wished to see sacrifices for his creditors, but because he was reluctant to do less than what such men as Mr. Goschen and his colleagues told him he ought to do. On the other hand, the weakness of the Viceroy, and his absorption of every minute of his own personal control, has its disadvantage. He tries to do a great deal more than he can do well. He takes up a thing, is eager about it, and forgets it. He has the habits of an Oriental in business, and procrastinates until he is obliged to come to hasty conclusions, and manoeuvres when he really intends to go straight. And he bears the whole weight of the vast personal responsibility he is so eager to accept. Everything that goes wrong is set down at the door of the Viceroy. Every creditor who cannot get paid hates the Viceroy as his own special enemy. Every one who used to make money out of the Viceroy when he was rich, and can make no more now that the Viceroy is poor, curses him as the creator of bad times. Egyptian society now spends the hours in abusing the Viceroy which it used to spend in flattering him. He is perhaps according to human nature, he is perhaps to be blamed for what he does not do than credit for what he does do in the way of right.

Some people in England take an interest in him as presenting a curious mental phenomenon. They got it into their heads that last November, converted, like the puppets who have been

and they want to know whether the conversion is complete. They shake their heads and ask whether their pugilist is quite cured, whether he never shows a hankering after the familiar quart pots, and can pass a penny theatre without bestowing a wistful gaze on its door. Anything less like the real state of things in Egypt could not be imagined. The VICEROY goes on as he has always gone on; but he has shown, and shows, that he possesses qualities and will do things which in a despotic Turk deserve very high praise. A large portion of the English public, however, regards the VICEROY from a much humbler and more material point of view, and merely inquires whether there is a reasonable chance of the interest on the Egyptian debt being paid. If there is something to disquiet, there is very much to reassure them in the present condition of the country. In some respects Egypt is very well governed. A traveller may pass unharmed from one end of Egypt to the other, and be as safe as if he were walking in Fleet Street. The population is submissive, laborious, and full of a sort of native infantine intelligence. The army is brave, and, when not starved, is free from discontent. The princes of the Viceregal family have received and profited by a European education. The agricultural resources of the country are great, and the amount of money which Egypt earns by its exports is surprising. The European institutions also, which the VICEROY has recently adopted are a reality. They work, and work well. The new tribunals have a solid power. They are in the hands of men some of whom are of conspicuous ability, and the very fact that a settled system of law on the European model exists at their doors raises and stimulates the minds of Egyptians.

Then the control over the finances which has been already introduced is very efficacious, and promises to be more and more efficacious as time goes on. It is not to be supposed that everything is encashed which ought to come into the treasury, or that all the inveterate abuses of Egyptian finance have been swept away. The European administrators have before them a period of slow, silent, fatiguing combat. But it is absolutely impossible that, while the present system continues at all, very large sums should fail to come into the hands of the creditors. The security of the creditors is that either the machinery now at work must be stopped altogether or many millions a year must be placed at their disposal. The VICEROY might change his mind and destroy the machinery he has suffered to be imposed on him. But there is little probability of this, as he would in so doing abandon all the aspirations of his life and run a serious political danger. His successor, again, might have different views, and long for a state of happy freedom from European control. But this again is not very likely, as in a few years the existing machinery will have become a recognized part of Egyptian life, and a new VICEROY will accept European control as a necessary part of his heritage. Perhaps the only serious danger that menaces Egyptian securities is that of Egypt being drawn into the vortex of Turkey. A war might oblige it to postpone every other consideration to that of the duty and necessity of upholding the SULTAN, and Egypt could not at the same time pay its creditors and engage in an expensive war. Or Turkey might itself venture to interfere in Egypt, and set up its own peculiar kind of rule in a province the independence of which is never recognized at Constantinople except when money or fear compels the recognition. Against the possibility of such dangers existing is to be set the equal possibility that England and France might not allow them to exist; and at any rate, if political dangers are averted, there seems no ground for supposing that Egypt is not as likely to pay its creditors as any State can be said to be which is not in a position of complete and unimpeachable solvency.

THE PROTOCOL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the acceptance by the English Government of the latest Russian version of the Protocol, the uncertainty which has long prevailed is not yet dispelled. The English Government has plausible reasons for insisting on a formal undertaking by Russia to disarm; but, if the demand is rejected, there will be much reason to regret the abortive issue of a complicated negotiation. If peace is intended, the army in Bessarabia will, with or without a promise, be withdrawn; and, on the other hand, no Protocol would interfere with a deliberate purpose of war. It is scarcely credible that Russia should

precede a rupture by a diplomatic undertaking to remain at peace. The advocates of coercive measures against Turkey are consistent in regarding the pending negotiations as elaborate trifling. The discovery of a formula which may satisfy both the Russian and English Governments will not directly ameliorate the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte. In the most vigorous form which it has at any time assumed, the Protocol probably fell short of the stringency of the Berlin Memorandum. It has been understood through the whole course of the discussion that there was to be for the present no interference in the internal affairs of Turkey, although the main object of Russia has been to obtain a European recognition of some kind of separate or joint responsibility for the welfare of the Christian population. For a year and a half the English Government has for the most part, though not uniformly, disclaimed the duty of protecting the subjects of a foreign Power. The principal exceptions to the habitual policy of England were Lord DERBY's celebrated despatch on the Bulgarian atrocities, and perhaps some of the language which was held at the Conference. The remonstrances and demands which were addressed to the Ministers of the SULTAN undoubtedly seemed to imply either a right or a purpose of interference. Lord DERBY perhaps for the moment forgot that the withdrawal of protection compromised or destroyed the influence which had been accumulated during the period when England was considered the inalienable ally of Turkey. Nearly all the demands contained in the despatch have been neglected or evaded with an impunity which might have been foreseen. When the Conference met, the Turkish Government probably thought that England was scarcely less hostile than Russia. Hopes were perhaps still entertained of a political rupture between two Powers which were supposed to have opposite interests; but it was not thought worth while to purchase by concessions a support which was expected to result from the operation of selfish motives. The Turkish Government also trusted that the ancient policy of England would be so far maintained as to ensure neutrality and abstinence from the use of force. They were well aware that the September despatch was but an episode in a policy which was principally directed to the preservation of peace. An amicable arrangement with General IGNIATOFF, followed by Russian disarmament, will accomplish the primary object of the negotiations. If Bulgaria is still misgoverned, the yet greater evil of a war of conquest will have been averted. Lord DERBY's success may naturally appear to Mr. GLADSTONE's followers an ignominious failure.

Diplomatists ought to be as careful as lawyers to express international contracts and engagements in terms which involve the least possible ambiguity. If their efforts frequently seem unsuccessful, the cause of failure is often to be found in the intrinsic difficulty of the case. Sometimes one of the parties to the contract deliberately intends to leave a loophole for future evasion; and even when all the negotiators are equally sincere, they have to deal with contingencies and complications which cannot be certainly foreseen. If the details of the recent exchange of diplomatic drafts between the English and Russian Governments are hereafter published, it will probably appear that the verbal criticism which indicates either latent designs or unavowed suspicions has been carried to the extreme point of nicety. It is said that a proposal to concert eventual "action" was modified into a mention of "measures to be taken," and that ultimately the phrase resolved itself into "means to be adopted." Although it is right to take due precautions, excessive solicitude for accuracy of language might be modified by the consideration that great Powers, although they may be ready to discharge plain obligations, will not be controlled in their policy by a minute or sophistical interpretation of doubtful language. Lord DERBY was probably admit a liability to any kind to be adopted for a certain the discretion of the Government which could be evancer would tion; nor, again reasons or prote war. An und interval of pe quarrel which It is not a watching and been entrusted

exclusively to England. When the Eastern complications began, Russia, Austria, and Germany affected to undertake the exclusive management of all negotiations, except that from time to time they graciously invited England and France to accept their decisions. Since the collapse of the Berlin Memorandum it has suited the purpose of all parties to thrust England into the front; nor has Russia been displeased with an arrangement which seemed to be founded on the assumption that an aggressive policy was distasteful to one only of several Governments. It is perfectly well known that Austria is more directly interested in the Eastern question than England, and that France and Italy are anxious for the maintenance of peace; but Russian proposals are carelessly considered or accepted by the Continental Powers in the confidence that, if they involve any serious danger, they will be rejected by England. Lord Derby has more than once found himself in the position of virtually representing nearly all the other Governments. If he succeeds in proving Russia with an excuse for disarmament without incurring any serious liability, he will have done a great service to the Governments which were unwilling to run any risk or to encounter odium. The Russians have perhaps been disappointed to find that the English Government is not yet controlled by popular agitation. Prince Gortchakov has perhaps reckoned too sanguinely on the sympathy of Mr. Gladstone, as Nesselrode formerly relied, with various results, on the supposed influence of Mr. Combes. In other countries there has been no disturbing tendency of popular feeling. The prevention of war is throughout the Continent regarded as more urgent than even the protection of the Christians in Turkey.

As there is now a great balance of probability in favour of an immediate agreement between England and Russia, the dangers which have long threatened Turkey might have disappeared but for external and domestic complications with which the Great Powers are not immediately concerned. The difficulty which has arisen in the formal conclusion of peace with Servia will probably not be found insurmountable, but the arrangement of terms with Montenegro has not yet been accomplished, and it is not easy to understand how the conflicting claims are to be reconciled. Popular feeling is said to have become hostile to the present Ministry, if not to the Sultan, on account of the concessions which have been made to enemies or rebels. It would appear that those who influence Turkish opinion are incapable of appreciating the isolated position of the Government, or the comparative inefficiency of the army. The Parliament which has commenced its first Session commands no confidence, and probably excites little interest. The projects of legislation which have been laid before it have little connexion with the urgent wants of the country. New laws will not prevent the Mahometans of the provinces from oppressing their Christian neighbours; and no progress has yet been made in the establishment of a strong police which ought to be employed in the forcible maintenance of order. The revival of the insurrection in some parts of Bosnia is dangerous, not only from the exertions which it may render necessary, but because it will too probably give occasion for outrages which may perhaps once more provoke the indignation of Europe. The disarmament which must necessarily follow a similar measure on the part of Russia, although it will relieve the Turkish finances from a heavy burden, involves serious risks. The troops which have been collected from all parts of the Empire may become formidable if they are hastily disbanded. All the existing embarrassments might be overcome by a prudent and vigorous Government; but there is no reason to believe that either the present Ministers or their possible successors possess the qualities of statesmen.

GERMANY.

WHEN the life of men in high station is prolonged beyond the ordinary span of human existence, opportunities are continually recurring for bringing to the notice of the world that a round and large number of years have elapsed since something happened in their career. It is little more than two months since Germany invited an admiring public to observe that it was seventy years since the Emperor entered the army. Now Europe is requested to take notice that it is eighty years since the Emperor entered the world. Each occasion has been

seized as an opportune moment for the composition of a eulogistic biography of a sovereign who is now as much loved by his subjects as he was once hated by them. It is impossible, however, that the most adroit biographer should have anything to say about the Emperor in March beyond what was to be said of him in January, and we are taken once more over the familiar ground of Jena, of Leipzig, of the struggles of 1848, of the quarrels between Prince and Parliament, and of the astonishing successes of Sadowa and Sedan. The chief result of studying any biography of the Emperor must be an impression of his extraordinary good fortune. He is the most conspicuous instance in history of a man who has had greatness thrust upon him. But at the same time it may be fairly said that he has done something to deserve success. He has shown at every crisis of his long life a great and unusual amount of common sense. He has judged men and events rightly when critics who smiled at his pretensions to capacity have been wrong. The national movement of 1848, though due to feelings which were most creditable to the nation, was incontestably premature; and the Emperor, by insisting on its defects, saved Prussia from committing a gross blunder. Subsequently he was the chief, if not the sole, author of the scheme of army reform which ultimately produced such brilliant results; and his unconstitutional resistance to his Parliament in the many contests which the maintenance of his scheme provoked had the justification that, unless he could get together an army strong enough to beat Austria, not only was German unity an impossibility, but Prussia was doomed to be the slave of neighbouring despotisms. In his later life he has shown his sense chiefly by his submission to the guidance of Prince Bismarck. He has had to do, to overlook, or to sanction many things very little to his taste, in order to comply with Prince Bismarck's imperious wishes. But he had the clearness of insight necessary to teach him that, if Prince Bismarck was to be used at all, he must be allowed to work in his own way. The Emperor has not been a docile tool in the hands of his Minister. On the contrary, he has often followed with undisguised reluctance the advice peremptorily given him. His merit—said in a sovereign it is a great merit—has been to see that, if he once accepted a policy much larger, bolder, and more unscrupulous than any he could have devised, he could only reap the fruits which his acceptance promised to ensure him if he honestly recognized that, having chosen the end, he must also choose the means.

Although, however, he is never now thwarted and little restrained by the Emperor, Prince Bismarck finds that his work never comes to an end. He always discovers new difficulties and fresh grounds of quarrel. The world will not go in the way he wishes, and there is always some opposition to be overcome or endured, and some obnoxious person to be crushed. He has lately had to employ himself in warning his countrymen against the growing strength of particularism, and in procuring the resignation of General Stosch. The offence of the General was that, as Minister of Marine, he had accepted a proposed reduction in the Navy Estimates without consulting the Chancellor. The question at issue was, if stated in the way most favourable to Prince Bismarck, whether the German Ministers are independent heads of departments or members of a Government of which Prince Bismarck is Prime Minister. If stated in a way less favourable to the Chancellor, the question may be said to have been whether any one, however useful and able as a public servant, is to be crushed if he offends a man who is always ready to take offence. Theoretically, Prince Bismarck is right in saying that Parliamentary government is impossible unless his colleagues are bound to consult, and within reasonable limits to obey, their chief; but Prince Bismarck is so habitually engaged in crushing somebody that there is always room for doubt whether in any particular instance his victim has been fairly crushed or not. At present his general irritability is likely to be increased by the vexations of his Parliamentary position, and especially by the growth of that spirit of particularism of which he so bitterly complains. As he states that this spirit is growing, it may be assumed that he has good grounds for the statement. The one conspicuous instance in which the spirit he so much dreads and detests has lately manifested itself would not seem to imply more than that, when he deserves a rebuke, the German Parliament has the courage to administer it. It has been decided, in opposition to Prussia, that the

seat of the new Supreme Tribunal of Germany shall be fixed at Leipzig instead of Berlin, and this decision was expressly based on the ground that recent exhibitions of servile partiality had made Germany distrust Prussian Judges. The conduct of the ARNIM trial was certainly but little calculated to make the inhabitants of other States confide in the independence and moderation of the tribunals of Berlin; and although, to please Prince BISMARCK, the German Parliament adopted provisions in the new Code which will facilitate trials like that of Count ARNIM, it was reasonable to think that these provisions would become doubly dangerous if worked by the Judges who had condemned Count ARNIM in a sentence obtained without publicity and ludicrously severe.

The portion of Germany in which particularism is not a growing spirit, but a passionate and general feeling, has had at last some concessions made to its wishes, and the affairs of Alsace-Lorraine are to be, within certain bounds, determined by a local Parliament, and not by the Parliament of Germany. Such a body as an Alsatian Parliament, although little heard of, has been for some time in existence; but its only function has been to prepare Bills for the Imperial Parliament to discuss. This body is now to have its sphere of activity increased as a reward for the indications it has offered that the alienation of the conquered provinces from Germany is diminishing. More than a majority of the registered electors have condescended to vote for the members of whom it is composed, and it has itself shown signs of what Prince BISMARCK good-naturedly calls loyalty. It is not easy to get at the truth as to the real state of things in the annexed territory. One deputy sent from Alsace-Lorraine to the German Parliament assured his hearers that his fellow-provincials were worse treated by the German authorities than Rayahs are treated by Turks. This may be safely put down as an exaggeration; but there is no reason to doubt the sad picture recently drawn by another deputy of the lamentable condition of Metz, where ruin reigns supreme and beggary stares a desponding population in the face. It is difficult to see how a French garrison town, turned suddenly into a German garrison town, with a French population hating the garrison, could be likely to flourish. The remedy proposed by the deputy was the simple one of giving back Metz to France; but Germany must be beaten, and severely beaten, in a great war before Metz becomes again French; and, if it is to thrive in the meanwhile, it can only thrive by Germans finding that they can thrive by going to live there. The unhappiness of the French population of Metz has recently been increased by a stern order of the German Government forbidding soldiers of the French army of reserve to reside there. This in many cases means that the young members of Metz families are never to be allowed to go home to see their friends, and the harshness of the measure can only be justified on the plea of military necessity. In many small ways it seems to be the case that Germany is just not at war with France. The animosity of the two nations has not at all abated, although nearly seven years have now elapsed since the great war broke out which was the cause of so much heartburning. Metz is as much a conquered city as it was on the day when BAZAINE surrendered it. But, if the conquered provinces are spoken of as a whole, the work of pacification seems to have made real progress. The number of people who prefer to get on as well as they can with the Germans increases year by year. What the bulk of the inhabitants detest is not Germany, but German officials. If they could but be left somewhat more to themselves, they think life would be very endurable, although they had to pay taxes to a German treasury and furnish recruits to a German army. The measure proposed to the German Parliament will secure them an amount of independence which they incline to hope will be considerable. At the first symptom of what Prince BISMARCK would call disloyalty their bonds would no doubt be immediately tightened; but the mere fact that the CHANCELLOR thinks the time is come when a kind of local independence may be given them proves at least that what is going on in Metz cannot be taken as a fair sample of the condition and feelings of the provinces generally.

MR. BUTTS BILL.

IN considering the Irish Land Tenure Bill which was rejected by the House of Commons on Wednesday, there is no need to look beyond the last of the three parts into which it was divided. Provisions for the better securing of the Ulster Custom and for amending the Act of 1870 are only interesting when there is some chance of their being adopted. But provisions for displacing landlords by tenants are interesting even when there is no chance of their being adopted. They show the drift of opinion among the class on whose behalf they are put forward. In the case of proposals which the House of Commons dismisses so promptly, and by so large a majority, it may be thought that nothing is gained by ascertaining this. What is the good of finding out that it is the moon that a child is crying for? But the growth of a sound public opinion either in Ireland or elsewhere is a matter of slow and gradual progress. If the objections to the ideas which are at present popular in Ireland are not carefully set out whenever the ideas themselves are formally presented to Parliament, this painful process cannot be said to have begun. It is important, therefore, to show why the Imperial Legislature cannot listen to a plan which comes before it with a considerable show of Irish support. We are not so sanguine as to suppose that Mr. BUTT's next Land Bill will prove that its author has profited by the controversy started by the Bill of 1877; but it is possible that some future Land Bill will be the better for the examination to which its predecessor has been subjected.

Mr. BUTT proposes that every occupying tenant of land in Ireland, not holding under a lease, shall be entitled to apply for a declaration of tenancy at a certain fixed rent, and that after this declaration has been issued the tenant shall hold the land in perpetuity, subject to a periodical readjustment of rent. Thus the landlord will be converted into the holder of a perpetual annuity, rising or falling with the change in the value of the land, and with a right of resuming possession in the event of the tenant being guilty of certain specified acts. If the landlord and tenant cannot agree upon the rent to be fixed, it shall be left to the decision of three arbitrators. It will be seen that two distinct issues are involved in this proposal; one whether landlords shall be done away with; the other whether, assuming that they are to be done away with, they shall be done away with in this particular way. It will be most convenient to take the latter question first, and to inquire whether, supposing that Parliament had come to the conclusion that the land system of Ireland should be revolutionized by putting the tenant in the place of the landlord, it would be expedient to revolutionize it in the fashion favoured by Mr. BUTT. It is conceded, of course, that if a sufficient public necessity were made out, the State would have the same right to expropriate landlords for the benefit of tenants that it has to expropriate them for the benefit of Railway Companies. But under no possible circumstances would it be expedient to do this by maintaining the connexion of the landlord with the land while absolving him from all the duties which, imperfect as their obligation may be, are now held to attach to the connexion. There could not be a greater curse to a country than the creation of a huge body of idle annuitants. Idle landlords are bad, but they are only bad in the sense in which all men are bad who neglect their duty. They are not a permanent evil deliberately called into being by Act of Parliament. They are subject to public opinion, to the growth of better dispositions in their own minds, to the succession of heirs of better dispositions. But a body of annuitants is exempt from all these influences. If the Irish landlords were bought out by a sum of ready money, they would have the opportunity of employing it in other ways. They could buy land in other countries, or they could become manufacturers or traders. Mr. BUTT's plan would compel them, so to speak, to invest their capital in the funds, and to do nothing except spend the interest. Of all ways of improving Ireland, the most inconsequent is one which, in order to improve the material condition of one class, would inflict moral ruin upon another class. If Mr. BUTT is convinced that landlords ought to be abolished in Ireland, let him give these prodigal sons their portion, and send them out of the country, to make the best of it. It is only fair to Mr. BUTT to assume that he wishes the landlords to sustain no money loss from the change he proposes to effect in their position. He argues, no doubt, that under this Bill they would con-

time to receive the fair value of their land, and that, so long as they do this, they can have no reason to complain. But even if it be conceded that a perpetual quit-rent does represent the fair value of the land to a man who has hitherto regarded himself as its absolute owner, what ground has Mr. BUTT for feeling confident that the next agitation would not be an agitation to do away with quit-rents? The landlords on his theory will have been reduced to the position of mere pensioners. They will do nothing for their money; they will be just as much a burden on the tenants as if they were so many paupers or paralytics. How long will it be before a cry is got up against the injustice to a hardworking farmer of making him sustain this useless and unornamental incumbrance? Let landlords once become pensioners, and they will inevitably share the fate of other pensioners. It is not probable, however, that the process of robbing the landlord would be so long delayed. Even while his rent was paid him it would in many cases not be the fair rent. The relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland are rarely of a kind which allows arbitrators to be impartial. The landlord's arbitrator would give everything in the landlord's favour. The tenant's arbitrator would give everything in the tenant's favour. The umpire, having no employer to serve, would naturally be influenced by the general current of popular feeling, and would be inclined to decide in favour of the tenant. Even if by a miracle a perfectly fair arbitration could be had, it would still have the disadvantage of being a perfectly ignorant arbitration. The value of land is not to be arrived at by any process of measurement or inspection. It is like the knowledge of a man's character—a thing that can only be mastered by long acquaintance and careful study under various conditions.

Thus Mr. BUTT's Bill would be condemned in respect of the machinery even if were passed in respect of its object. But what is there in the circumstances of Ireland to lead us to suppose that the object is a good one? It will be admitted that a revolution in the holding of property ought to be justified by some strong public necessity. The ideas generated by such revolutions are of too destructive and inflammatory a kind to be raised without pressing need. Where is the evidence of this need in Ireland at the present moment? Mr. COURTNEY answers that the abolition of landlords would be in accordance with the historical conception of property in land as entertained by the Irish people. But if once Parliament is to start upon a voyage of discovery the object of which shall be the realization of historical conceptions, it is hard to say where it is to stop. Historical conceptions have a claim no doubt to be considered when there is some practical grievance to be redressed, or some practical evil to be set right. They had their proper place in the deliberations which preceded the framing of the Land Act of 1870; and if it should ever be shown that the condition of Ireland imperatively demands a revision of that Act, they would find a similar place in the deliberations of the future. But the only argument that can sustain Mr. COURTNEY's conclusion would be an absence of improvement of Irish land which could be traced to the relation of tenant to landlord. It is probable that no one who knows Ireland well, and is not biassed by political feeling, will say that there is even a pretext for such a conclusion as this. The Act of 1870 has protected tenants' improvements, and the result has been to show that Irish tenants scarcely know what improvement means. They may not be to blame for this want of knowledge; on the contrary, it may be the result of circumstances for which they ought not to be responsible. But the question at issue is not their innocence, but their ignorance; and so long as they have so much to learn about the capacities and the treatment of the land, it would be imprudent as well as unjust to deprive Ireland of a class which, with many faults, is still far ahead of the tenantry alike in experience and in energy.

THE PAPAL ALLOCUTION.

THE language of the last Papal Allocution will bear a favourable comparison not only with some of the speeches recently delivered in the Italian Parliament, but with many of the former utterances of Pius IX. himself. Its author has benefited by having in many respects a really strong case against the Italian Government. In his own opinion he has always enjoyed this advantage; but in order to admit this it was necessary to look at the questions

at issue between the two authorities from a purely ecclesiastical point of view. It is natural that the Pope should think the loss of his dominions and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property very real hardships; but to the world at large they seemed to be hardships of a kind that all ecclesiastical persons have to put up with in modern times. Disendowment in one form or another has been the lot of every part of the Roman Catholic Church during the last hundred years, and as in several instances the Pope has managed to live on very fair terms with the spoilers, there has seemed to be no reason against his doing in the case of Italy what he has already done in the case of Spain or Austria. There are some subjects upon which the lay and the clerical mind seem to be hopelessly opposed, and the ownership of Church property is one of them. In the Roman Catholic Church the claim of the Pope to be secured in the possession of his temporal sovereignty, without reference to his own ability or inability to retain it, is another such question. The laity in all countries regard ecclesiastical property and the temporal rights of ecclesiastical persons pretty much as they regard the property and the rights of everybody else. The clergy invest both with a special and mysterious sanctity, which is not to be overridden by any considerations, however urgent, of public convenience. Consequently, when in former Allocations the Pope has bemoaned the wickedness of men in depriving him of his States, or in turning monasteries and convents into public offices, his words have always seemed very much too strong for the occasion. Now, for the first time, so far as we remember, the complaint that his spiritual independence has been attacked has been brought forward with some solid reason. The Italian Government have abandoned their old attitude of reserve in ecclesiastical matters, and have openly interfered with the ordinary working of the Roman Catholic Church. The Pope does not assert that he is not free to do what he likes inside the Vatican. He only says that, if he does what he likes inside the Vatican, those to whom it falls to execute his orders are made to suffer for their obedience. This is a novelty in Italian legislation, and it is a distinct departure from the kind of acknowledged compromise which had been entered into between the Church and the Government.

The Allocution singles out two features in this new policy as being aimed at the freedom of the Pope as regards his purely spiritual functions. The first is the attempt of the Government to prevent both the formation of new religious communities and the continuance, under new conditions, of communities which have been suppressed by law. This charge is mixed up with the more familiar accusation that property originally given and held for pious uses had been confiscated to the State, and some Englishmen have not noticed that it has now for the first time been introduced into the indictment. It is not only the suppression of the religious orders that the Pope complains of. That is an old story by this time, and, in the sense in which suppression has been interpreted, it has been found quite compatible with the continuance of the community life of the members of these orders. The old monasteries and convents no longer shelter their former inmates, and the civil law leaves them free to return to the world. A minority, no doubt, of the ejected religious have used this permission, but the majority have probably no wish to do anything of the kind. For many of them the world has no place, and, even if it had, the force of public opinion would prevent them from filling it. The existing Italian Government does not represent Italian Catholic society, and a nun who pleaded the suppression of her order as an excuse for abandoning the religious life would find herself as much lost to her family and her friends as though a wife pleaded a new law of divorce as an excuse for leaving her husband. Besides this, Italy is still a Catholic country, in spite of the assertion of a Radical deputy that it contains twenty-seven millions of atheists, and by far the larger proportion of the members of the suppressed orders regard the obligation of their vows as in no way lessened by anything that the State has done. Consequently, though religious orders are no longer recognized or endowed, religious communities identical in all respects with the suppressed orders exist everywhere. The ejected monks and nuns have as a matter of course associated themselves under the same vows as before, and as adversity has naturally a purifying influence, a new zeal for the religious life is growing up in Italy. We have not seen the Ministerial ordinances which are mentioned in the Allocution, but they are no doubt framed in the spirit

of a Ministerial circular on the subject to which we called attention at the time it was issued. The drift of this circular, was that, as the destruction of the nests had not made the birds fly away, some other means must be tried; and the Italian law, which leaves people free to associate themselves in any manner and for any object that may please them, must be modified to the injury of Catholics. In the eyes of the present Italian Cabinet liberty becomes license when it is enjoyed by the wrong persons.

The carelessness of English newspapers has prevented the true character of the Clerical Abuses Bill from being appreciated in this country. The readers of the *Saturday Review* have already been made acquainted with its provision, and are aware that they are designed to make the ordinary administration of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical discipline impossible except in the continual prospect of fines and imprisonment. In so far, therefore, as the Pope is affected by acts done to his clergy he is not free. He is free, that is to say, to command; but they will be punished if they obey. To punish a priest who, in the exercise of his office, "perturbs the public conscience or the peace of families," is really to punish a priest who does anything under the sun that may chance to be distasteful to the Government. Had such a law existed in England the leaders of the great religious movements of this and the last century would have spent most of their time in gaol. The peace of a family is "perturbed" whenever any member of it adopts religious opinions or practices differing from those of the head of the family; and the public conscience is "perturbed" whenever a preacher comments unfavourably upon any act of the Government. There are half a dozen Acts of Parliament at this moment which English clergymen of one school or another are striving to get repealed, and every single instance of such opposition would bring them under a law like that by which the Italian Ministry propose to imprison any priest who "expressly censures" the institutions or laws of the State, a Royal decree, or any other act of public authority. The liberty of the Pope is still more directly infringed by the clause in the Bill which makes it penal to publish or distribute any such censures, "from whatever ecclesiastical authority and from whatever place they may emanate." To ordinary minds the freedom of the Pope to govern the Italian Catholics seems to imply as its corollary the freedom of Italian Catholics to be governed by the Pope. Thus the Clerical Abuses Bill completely bears out the description of it given in the *Allocation*: and if the Pope had confined himself to protesting in the face of Europe against the flagrant contradiction between the acts and the professions of the Italian Government, he would have occupied a position from which it would have been impossible to dislodge him. Unfortunately for the cause of ecclesiastical freedom, there seems reason to suppose that the framers of Roman policy intend to make the violent and impolitic action of the Italian Ministry the occasion of a new attempt to restore the temporal power to its place among European questions. In the present unsettled condition of Continental affairs, they probably think that nothing is altogether impossible, and they are willing to set the certain loss of Italy against the more than doubtful prospect of regaining Rome. It is certain to be a disastrous choice, alike for the tranquillity of Europe and for the spiritual interests of the Roman Catholic Church; but we do not know that on either of these grounds it is likely to find favour at the Vatican.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

It is not surprising that a Committee of Congress should have reported in favour of measures tending to check Chinese immigration into California. The institutions which are of all others the most convenient and elastic within their proper limits are naturally found inapplicable to less simple social conditions. American laws and customs are based on the assumption that all men are not only equal, but in some degree similar; and for practical purposes the theory has until lately approximately corresponded with the facts. The cellular organization of States and Territories has afforded unequalled facilities for expansion beyond the comparatively narrow space which was occupied by the colonists when they first attained independence. The remnant of the old Dutch settlers formed a kind of viscerosity in New York long after they had adopted

English speech and habits. The French in Louisiana and the sparse Spanish population of Florida readily acquiesced in a political system which involved the smallest possible interference with local interests and tastes. The influx of Irish and Germans in recent times has sometimes caused annoyance to the indigenous American citizens; but both classes of immigrants have entered with even excessive activity into the political controversies of their adopted country. In many parts of the North-Western States there are now communities which speak German, Norwegian, or even Welsh; but it is only by immigration that national distinctions are maintained. In two or three generations English will be the language of almost all the population which will have been born on American soil. The rapid assimilation of foreigners from Europe is at present illustrated by the presence in the Cabinet of Washington of an eminent orator and politician who was thirty years ago well known as a German malcontent. The founders of the Republic and their successors to the present time have for sufficient reasons made an exception to the prevailing uniformity of political rights and duties. The Indian tribes have been regarded as aliens, subject to a dependence which was defined by special legislation. If the surviving descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants were, like a few of these scattered communities, to become settled and industrious, no impediment would probably be placed in the way of their claims to political equality.

The admission of the emancipated negroes to the franchise immediately after the war severely strained the Republican fabric. Aided by the favour of the dominant party in the Government and in Congress, the new voters, as might have been expected, abused their power by entrusting the administration of several Southern States to corrupt and factious adventurers. A reaction which was plainly inevitable, though it might be difficult to determine beforehand the date of its arrival, has already in the greater part of the Southern States enabled the white citizens to assert their natural supremacy. Although the Constitutional Amendment which prohibits distinctions founded on race and colour is not likely to be repealed, the negroes will find it necessary to exercise the franchise in accordance with the claims of the only class which is competent to govern. In future times the coloured population may, perhaps gradually become more fit to share political power. There has not yet been time to test the capacity of the negro race in favourable circumstances; but sanguine philanthropists may derive encouragement from the remarkable progress which has been achieved under the disadvantage of slavery. The KELLOGGS and the PACKARDS are not perhaps satisfactory statesmen, but they approach much more nearly to the highest American type than to the fetish-worshipping savages from whom they are descended. On their own continent Africans seem to be irreclaimable, but after two or three generations of servitude they begin to resemble inferior Europeans. The slave-trade may perhaps eventually prove to have been the first cause of negro civilization. The mimetic instinct of the negro race tends, like the similar faculty in children, to accelerate the process of unconscious education. The debates of a South Carolina Assembly may probably be at once amusing and repulsive; but a caricature indicates a conception of the original character. Factions are but debased copies of political parties; and imperfectly pronounced English is a better organ of thought than an African jargon. The next generation of coloured Americans will, for the first time in the history of the race, have enjoyed the benefits of elementary education.

The Chinese, who have now for some years overflowed from their own crowded country into the Pacific States, are much more impracticable. The negroes would willingly, if natural distinctions could be obliterated, merge themselves in the general mass of American society. Their crude politics and their religion are borrowed from their former masters, and even when they encourage the embezzlement of public money they are faithfully copying their models. The Chinese has opinions and customs of his own, and, if he had a vote, he would either decline to use it or openly sell it to the highest bidder. The habits of the race will probably be modified by habitual emigration to foreign countries; but for the present the Chinese is only a temporary resident in foreign lands. His family relations are necessarily connected with his home; and the immoral habits which shock public feeling during his temporary sojourn in America are less surprising than offensive. The extreme unpopularity of the Chinese may nevertheless be

chiefly attributed to his merits rather than to his faults. His strength, his untiring industry, his mechanical aptitude, and his extreme frugality make the Chinese a formidable rival of the Irish, who do the greater part of the hard work of the United States. Under the dominion of universal suffrage, cheapness of production is regarded as less advantageous than the maintenance of high wages. Employers and purchasers are sacrificed to the supposed interests of workmen, who forget that they are themselves consumers. The protests against Chinese immigration which have been considered by the Committee of Congress are really directed against industrial rivals rather than against discreditable heathens; but legislators have to deal not with motives, but with reasons; and the arguments which are urged against the admission of obnoxious foreigners are not without force, nor are they perhaps wholly insincere. If the Government and the Legislature yield to popular pressure, there will be some difficulty in disposing of the engagements with the Government of Peking which were contracted for the purpose of facilitating the settlement of American traders in China. It is too much to demand that foreign traders should be hospitably received by a community which is, according to the proposal, to be excluded from the United States. If the difficulty is overcome, it will probably appear that antipathy to Chinese labour is not universally entertained in California.

The pressure of population in some parts of China sufficiently accounts for the increasing tendency to seek subsistence in foreign countries; and the enormous numbers of the inhabitants of the Empire give importance to the movement. The old *officium gentium* in Scandinavia or Central Asia were thinly inhabited, although the great migrations towards the South proved the existence of a surplus population. The Chinese, if they are impelled by similar causes to precipitate themselves on foreign countries, will be counted not by thousands but by millions. An effort of imagination is required to render credible the Chinese statistics which have for a century and a half been recorded in school books. Ten times the population of the United Kingdom obeys a single Government, and a moderate percentage of emigrants would assume the dimensions of a nation. The obstinate and hardy Chinese will not easily be confined within their own boundaries if they are bent on expansion. Less versatile than the Japanese, they have perhaps a stronger character; and their considerable facilities are exclusively devoted to practical objects. The Imperial Government has within a few years recovered nearly all the provinces which were detached from the Empire by Mahometan rebellions. It is at least possible that hereafter the Chinese may push back the Russian conquerors of Central Asia by mere superiority of numbers. Their peaceful invasion of California and of Northern Australia may be more easily prevented; and it seems probable that the United States may adopt prohibitive legislation. The economic loss will not be inconsiderable, but there are undoubtedly strong objections to the presence of uncongenial foreigners who permanently reject amalgamation with the general community.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

THERE are some triumphs which become almost legitimate by reason of their complacency, and M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC may claim to have achieved one of them when he forced M. JULES SIMON to ask leave to proceed against him under the press laws. The PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL has spent his life in preaching liberty of thought and liberty of speech, and to be able to point to him as a man who wishes to silence his opponents because he cannot answer them is a very delicate morsel of revenge for a Bonapartist deputy. M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC knows how to push his advantage; and, however content M. SIMON may have felt with the speech he was going to make in return, he had at least the annoyance of knowing that his enemies on both sides of the Chamber would maintain, and perhaps honestly believe, that he had been driven into a corner from which there was no escape. It must be admitted that the PRIME MINISTER did not make his way out by quite the best road. The true rejoinder to M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC is that the liberty of the press, like every other liberty, is subordinate to the safety of the State. The error of those who violate the liberty of the press is, not that they exaggerate the importance of this primary consideration, but that they mistake the means by which the safety of the State is to

be promoted. If an avalanche were hanging over a village, and might be drawn down upon it by the slightest sound, it would be right to forbid a mother to sing to her infant. Where the assailants of the liberty of the press commonly go wrong is in fancying avalanches where there are none, or in thinking that their course can be diverted either by sound or silence. M. SIMON did not simply entrench himself behind general considerations of this kind. He described M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC's theory very truly in the words of a more eminent man as consisting in this formula:—"We demand liberty from you when you are in power in virtue of your principles; we refuse you liberty when we are in power in virtue of our principles." If this theory were admitted, argues M. SIMON, the friends of liberty would be the mere dupes of their own professions. Whenever the weapon they had forged for their own advantage happened to get into the hands of their adversaries, it would at once be used to their injury. M. SIMON did not define to what extent it would be lawful to withhold liberty from those who ask for it from sinister motives; but he certainly implied that there must be some amount of reciprocity between those who have it to give and those who have to receive it. This argument is indistinguishable from the reasoning so popular with half-instructed persons, that there must be no freedom of trade unless the country to which we concede it is willing to concede it in return. Those who maintain this doctrine are the victims of a wrong conception of who it is that is benefited by Free-trade. They hold, for example, that, if England admits French goods free of duty, while the French refuse to admit English goods except on payment of duty, it is France that gains and England that loses. It is the same with freedom of the press. What is it that prevents, or rather that ought to prevent, Liberal Governments from attempting to check political discussion? The conviction that it is the person who institutes proceedings of this kind, not the person against whom they are instituted, that suffers from them in the long run. If this fact is once recognized, it makes not the slightest difference whether your adversary is prepared or not prepared to extend similar liberty to you. If he does not, he will be injuring himself a great deal more than he can possibly injure you; and why should you have any desire to protect him against his own blunders? A really wise politician who cherished a rooted spite against the Imperialists would desire nothing better than to see them denying freedom of speech to their enemies. He would welcome it at once as a symptom of present alarm and a sure forerunner of future disaster.

This consideration supplies an answer to M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC's assertion that the Government prosecute writers who assail the Republic, while they let writers who assail things far more sacred than the Republic go scot free. Outrages, he says, against religion and morality are committed every day, yet you pass over these without notice, to single out a writer who at the very worst has only been guilty of an outrage upon the Republic. Monks and nuns, priests and bishops, and names yet more sacred than any of these, are constantly insulted in the grossest possible fashion, and the Government apparently see no harm in it. It is only when the Republic comes in for a little of the abuse which in the opinion of many Frenchmen it richly deserves, that prosecutions are at once set on foot, and that the Chamber of Deputies is asked to suspend the inviolability which ordinarily attaches to its members. But the distinction is justified by the fact that institutions which depend for their permanence on their ability to create conviction in the minds of those to whom they appeal cannot possibly be benefited by any process which ignores the necessity of conviction. It would be no real service to religious orders to shield them from hostile criticism, even when that criticism takes a very gross and vulgar form. The only result would be that what is said now by a few would be suspected by a great many more, and the circumstance that certain specific charges are not allowed to be brought against the religious life would be used as conclusive evidence that the charges in question were true. It may be objected that this proves too much, since civil governments also depend for their permanence on the public conviction of their utility, and that if they are sheltered from challenge this conviction will have no chance of growing up. Unfortunately it is seldom possible, least of all in France, to argue this question in a sufficiently abstract spirit. The practical conclusion at which the challenge almost always points is that the Government which the writer

dialikes had best be got rid of at the first opportunity. If M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC had been content to preach the superiority of a particular variety of monarchical government without any direct reference to the particular circumstances of France, it is very unlikely that he would have been interfered with. At all events, there is no doubt that it would have been exceedingly unwise in a Republican Government to interfere with him. But a writer who preaches the propriety of substituting a particular variety of monarchical government for the Republic, and at the same time belongs to a party which makes no secret of its intention to carry these views into action whenever the occasion presents itself, is really committing what is as much an act of overt hostility to the Government as though he shouldered a musket and took his place behind a barricade. If he is not guilty of technical treason in his own person, he is doing his best to make others guilty of it; and, as soon as this is recognized, the right of the Government to take measures to silence him follows as a matter of course. Whether it is wise to take these measures in the present instance is of course a quite different question. But it is a question which concerns simply the prudence of the course adopted, not the right of the Government to adopt it. In order to have a decisive opinion upon this point, it would be necessary to know a great deal more of the actual condition of French parties and French opinion than is often possible for foreign observers. All that can be said is that M. SIMON is right in prosecuting M. DE CASSAGNAC if the Republic would be endangered by letting him alone, and that he has better means than most people of knowing whether the Republic would have been safe if M. DE CASSAGNAC had not been prosecuted.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THERE seems to be just now a curious weakness in the management of Government business in the House of Commons. Even thus early in the Session a number of obvious errors have been committed, either from carelessness or blindness. A great mistake was made in allowing the impudent Colonial Marriage Bill to slip through a second reading, and also in the perverse hostility of the Treasury Bench to the principle of the Ancient Monuments Bill. And now again this week another extraordinary display of confusion of mind and want of judgment was made on Tuesday, when Mr. R. YORKE moved for a Royal Commission to inquire into the constitution of the Stock Exchange, and to report whether it required amendment in any way. Mr. STANHOPE, the Under Secretary of the Board of Trade, was at once put up to resist the motion in the most unequal manner; but as the debate went on it soon became evident that, though there might be some difference of opinion as to what particular legislation was desirable, there was a strong and general conviction that the present condition of the Exchange offered quite enough to justify a searching inquiry, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had to yield, in order to avoid a humiliating defeat. Sir S. NORTHGOTE, while throwing over the UNDER-SECRETARY on the question of issuing a Royal Commission, theoretically supported his line of argument in favour of leaving the Stock Exchange to do just as it likes; and very poor argument it was, amounting only to this—that, on the whole, more good business than bad business was done on the Exchange; that it was dangerous to encourage the public to rely on legislation instead of on itself; and that, if Parliament once tackled the Stock Exchange, it would be bound to deal in a similar manner with some other interests. These objections are easily answered. The amount of good business done on the Exchange may for the present preponderate, but the bad business has been steadily increasing, and corrupting the whole spirit of the organization and the character of the members. As to the public relying on itself, and not on others, it is at present helpless, simply because the Stock Exchange is an arbitrary monopoly which on all occasions consults the interests of its own members, rather than those of the public. And, again, to say that one scandalous abuse is not to be touched lest there should be others requiring attention is too idle a plea to require an answer. What would be the good of a Government or Parliament which allowed itself to be continually paralysed by such considerations? It is clear that on any

view of the matter Sir S. NORTHGOTE put himself in an utterly false position. If he thought inquiry mischievous, he was bound to do all he could to arrest it; as he allowed it, he should have reserved his arguments on the general question until the inquiry was completed and he was in full possession of the facts.

When we turn to the actual position of the question, the case for an inquiry is seen to be overwhelmingly strong. Last year the Foreign Loans Committee, in taking evidence as to its own special subject, incidentally obtained an insight into the practices of the Stock Exchange; and some observations on the latter are contained in its Report. The Committee points out that the Exchange is a voluntary society which exists for the purpose of buying and selling, to which all other functions are subordinate; and that from its composition, it is quite unfit to be trusted with judicial power, especially in regard to "questionable proposals by which it alone, of all the public, is certain to benefit." The regulation of the stock market by the Exchange is confided to a Committee of jobbers or brokers, who act in a judicial capacity on matters in which their own interest is frequently concerned; and the public is entirely dependent on this body for its opportunities of buying and selling, and for the conditions under which such transactions take place. It has also been shown that the Stock Exchange has not only permitted, but connived at, and in a certain degree shared, the profits of combinations called syndicates, got up for the express purpose of deluding the public into paying an artificially high price—made up by sham arrangements between members of the Stock Exchange and contractors—for doubtful securities. When contractors applied for a settlement, the Committee of the Stock Exchange accepted their statements as to the good faith of the scheme and the amount of allotment, as a matter of course, without the slightest inquiry. Yet it was very well known that, as soon as an allotment was granted, a large proportion of the stock would return into the hands of the contractors, and be withheld from the public, in order that fictitious premiums might be created. It is, of course, essential that these operations should be performed in profound secrecy; and the Stock Exchange Committee, which is supposed to be a check on frauds, deliberately shut its eyes and ears, and supplied the necessary cover for what was clearly a system of swindling. Moreover, it came out that the money of the allottees was used in some instances in paying for stock purchased in excess of that sold. Thus the victims were both deceived and robbed.

It is obvious that when a Company is brought out, the public cannot judge of its soundness unless the whole of the expenditure which is contemplated is truthfully disclosed. In one case, as to which Mr. CAZENOVE was examined, the prospectus represented that the borrowing State was to get 80 per cent. of the loan, and pay 8 per cent. on it, the fact being that it was to receive only 64 per cent., and to pay 16 per cent.; and the witness admitted that, if this fact had been known, it would have at once put an end to the scheme. Yet he held that the system under which such things happened should not be interfered with, for that would injure Stock Exchange business. Mr. COHEN also admitted that, if a man signed an open public contract that the charge to a Government for raising a loan should be only six or seven per cent., and at the same time signed a secret contract that the charge to the Government should be four or five per cent. more, it was an "immoral act"; but he seemed to think that, if the offence could not be reached by law "without hampering and fettering trade," it should be winked at. A President of the Board of Trade once argued that it is better to tolerate fraudulent adulteration than to hamper and fetter trade; but the doctrine was not approved by the public, and has not been acted on by Parliament. Mr. N. M. DE ROTHSCHILD, although admitting that the practice of publishing deceptive statements in prospectuses was not exactly proper, thought that a Government in making a loan had a right to conceal any facts which would damage its acceptance by the public. It is, no doubt, true that there are many respectable men on the Stock Exchange, and that the persons by whom frauds of this kind are immediately carried on are not themselves members of that body; but it is unfortunately too evident that the Stock Exchange finds it to its interest to permit and facilitate these operations, and allows helpless investors to be

sacrificed. Indeed the most melancholy and ominous part of the evidence in the Foreign Loans Committee's blue-book is perhaps not so much the details of actual roguery, as the disposition manifested by the more respectable witnesses to extenuate and apologize for openings for fraud. The great argument on the side of letting things alone is, in fact, all through that, if a law were passed making the action of syndicates public, it would drive all transactions in foreign loans to other countries; but, as the Committee remarks, if these are the only terms on which the profits arising from such loans can be retained in England, they will be too dearly earned at such a price.

It can hardly be imagined that a body constituted in this fashion should be likely to afford real protection to the public, and recent experience has certainly shown that its working is not merely loose and ineffectual, but mischievous. The Committee on Foreign Loans was not authorized to go into any question as to other stocks; and it was only in a by-way that the general character of the Stock Exchange came under investigation. Under these circumstances, though some people may think that enough is already known in order to reform the system, there can be no doubt that it is safer and more satisfactory that action should be preceded by full inquiry and careful consideration. That some such organization as the Stock Exchange is necessary in order to provide a market for stocks, conducted under proper rules and conditions, will be generally admitted. In a certain degree the Exchange is, even as it exists, a useful and valuable institution; and it is difficult to conceive that it can be dispensed with altogether. There can be little question, however, that the present system has serious faults, and that it will have to be revised. In the meantime it may be worth while to mention one or two points on which authoritative opinions have already been expressed. One of these is the principle which was suggested by an experienced stockbroker, Mr. S. R. SCOTT, that in the case of a loan the profits to be allowed to issuing agents should be stated as one of the essential elements of the speculation. "This," he said, "would be the crucial test, as it could be seen whether 'they were reasonable or exorbitant.'" It is, indeed, a point on which information is as much required as with regard to the purchase of land or construction of works. Whether a speculation is likely to pay necessarily depends on the expenditure involved. Mr. SCOTT held that the public ought to be in possession of evidence on such facts as that a loan is only issued to a very small extent, or that it has been issued at "a very enormous profit to contractors, an unreasonable profit." The Select Committee also took a similar view. It recommended that the Stock Exchange Committee, before granting a settling-day, should require the production of a statutory declaration by the special Commissioner, if any, of the contracting Government, and by the contractor or agent for issuing the loan, stating the authority of the borrowing State, the public debt and revenue of the State for the last three years, and, in case of special hypothecation, a full statement of the revenues, lands, forests, public works, or other property upon which the proposed loan is secured, and of prior charges, if any, upon such security; there should also be either an assurance that no part of the proceeds of the loan is to be applied in buying back any of the stock, or a public statement of the amount which the borrowing Government reserves to itself the right to repurchase and cancel; and, further, a statement of the funds out of which the interest is to be met during the next five years. Another suggestion of the Committee was that the clause in the Companies Act of 1867 making false statements or wilful omission in a prospectus a ground for a civil action should apply to all kinds of stock, whether foreign loans or Companies; but, judging from recent experience, this form of swindling in any kind of stock ought to be subject to criminal penalties of a very severe kind. Since the disclosures in the Eupion Gas Company case the Stock Exchange, having been then itself bitten, has made a rule that the statements made by applicants for allotments shall be statutory declarations; and this rule should also be applied to foreign loans. Again, it has been pointed out that some precautions ought to be taken against such disreputable and untrustworthy persons as have in recent years come over to England as agents of foreign Governments, in order to deprive them of the facilities for fraud of which they have been found in some cases to have made large use. The personal composition of the Stock Exchange corporation itself also requires serious attention. It is known that it

has much deteriorated in recent years, as was, indeed, only a too natural result of the practices allowed by the managing Committee.

HEALTH AND TEMPER.

IN one of the South American Republics it is said that Justice looks with peculiar leniency on crimes committed when a certain wind is blowing. It has been decided by the mild wisdom of the Legislature that no man is quite responsible for his own actions while the malignant influence lasts. Maddened by the cold and cutting air, by the dust and powdered straw which fill his mouth and eyes, and by the virulent persistency of the wind, he may rush forth and avenge himself on the first person he meets. The consequences will only be a slight fine, and close imprisonment till the weather shows signs of improvement. These provisions seem almost in advance of what human nature has a right to expect. They tend towards fatalism, and discourage all effort to subdue circumstances to character. But it is perhaps to be wished that, in forming judgments of the temper and conduct of others, people should lean somewhat in the direction of this American mildness. Among the circumstances and conditions which make it difficult, from moment to moment, to preserve that balanced attitude of the completely formed will which is character, health is perhaps the most important. Health influences the temper most nearly; certain physical conditions, not apparent to the observer, are at least as irritating as the worst east wind, and yet the patient's words and actions are judged as severely as if he were before an English, not a Paraguayan jury.

Bad health and good health have obviously a strong influence on the formation of character, and yet it is always impossible to say *a priori* how either will act on any given individual. Thus it seems easy for a large, euphletic, and jolly-looking man to have a good temper. The wind that beats the mountain blows more gently about his large curves. It visits with a sharper inquisition the meagre angles of a lean and physically ill-conditioned person, and it is not surprising if the former is comfortable and happy while the latter is exasperated and peevish. A large man can endure more fatigue before his energy droops to that languid state in which all the wheels of being are slow, and the body and mind resent every sort of contact, everything that forces exertion on them. But the favoured of nature in health are apt to degenerate in character by reason of a physical pride like the "intellectual pride" which preachers speak of, and which, according to one famous liberal theologian, is a purely mythical and imaginary sin. Physical pride is only too real a failing, and causes only too much unhappiness in families. The healthy member, who is a great eater of beef, has merged his imagination and his sympathies in a tyrannical robustness. Though he would be the first to blame the moral Pharisee who should declare that he had never slipped from righteousness, the physical Pharisee is eternally bragging that he never was wearied out. He may think that the hero talked too largely who declared that he did not know what fear was like, but for himself he insists that he does not know what fatigue is like. Thus the result of his natural gifts is a certain hardness and cruelty. He opines that boys should "rough it," and is an advocate of flogging and bullying. The healthy tyrant is all for hardening every one, and he revives the cold-water torture of the theological past for the benefit of his more delicate children. The expression which he uses most frequently is "Nerves, all nonsense; look at me," and then he bores his audience with the recital of some cruelty that he practised or endured in his youth.

It is a question whether it is better for a family to fall into the hands of the healthy or of the nervous and debilitated tyrant. For the latter, bad as has been the influence of his health on his character, some excuse may be made. He does deserve pity for having drifted into that state which the Scotch idiom describes as "all eggshells." A sudden noise, an inopportune interruption, a painful story, affects some people with a physical shock which the robust world knows nothing of. There are moments of languor, apart from actual suffering, in which every sensation is modified anguish. A family which walked in list slippers, which never played games, which possessed no piano, and lived far remote from street cries and railway whistles, would yet be too noisy company for the man or woman who has yielded in the struggle and left character at the mercy of nerves. Where there are such people in a house it is impossible for any one to do anything rightly. The game begins in the morning, when it is discovered that the neighbour's dog or a distant barn-door fowl kept the dear sufferer awake. He comes down late to breakfast and finds breakfast cold, and some one else has read the newspaper before him, and there is talk of a party of pleasure, against which he rages peevishly. Every one, he prophesies, will get wet, will catch cold and die, and really some of the audience may come to think such a fate a fortunate release. The vanquished character, the member of a family, or of a society, who has given up fighting for cheerfulness, and who lets his physical depression have its own way, is not only wretched himself, but a cause of wretchedness to others. People grow up in his baleful shade, as it were, under a mossy upas-tree, and through all their lives retain a trace of his keen sensitiveness to annoyance, and his angry resentment of the pin-pricks of daily existence.

In palliation of this miserable way of taking the events of life must be set of course that always unknown quantity, the actual measure and quality of the physical discomfort which the nervous

goes on to talk of the Double Procession occupying the whole theological horizon of the ninth century, "tearing asunder the Eastern and Western Churches, producing the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed, and precipitating the fall of the empire of Constantinople," we rub our eyes and begin to wonder whether we are reading the deliberate utterances of a professed historian and divine, or the ravings of a compiler of theoretical history out of the Apocalypse. The Dean need not have travelled beyond the popular pages of Milman or Neander to learn that other questions had much more to do with the division of East and West in the ninth century than the dispute about the *Filioque*, which was little more than an *ex post facto* pretext; while every scholar but himself and Mr. Foulkes is aware that the Athanasian Creed was unquestionably composed several centuries before the dispute had arisen, and that its anathemas were just as much "produced by the doctrine" of the *Filioque* as by his own recent lecture at St. Andrews. Meanwhile he might with advantage refresh his memory by reading an article on the *Filioque* in the current number of the *Church Quarterly*, from which he will also learn that the question neither is nor can be "dead and buried" yet.

From the schism of East and West in the ninth century the Dean passes at a bound to another illustration of his thesis in the Gorham controversy, "which in 1850 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base," and has now completely collapsed. His explanation of the supposed change of faith on that point is eminently characteristic. The whole dispute hinged on the word "regeneration," and yet "it never occurred to either party or to any of the disputants that there was an ambiguity in the word itself," nor did either of them ever dream of attempting "to define or explain what they meant by it." The account of the *Filioque* controversy is startling enough, but this account of the Gorham affair—which must be tolerably fresh in the memory of the lecturer as well as of many of his readers—literally takes away one's breath. That some of the Evangelical party chose to saddle the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration with certain supposed inferences which their opponents unanimously disclaimed is true; but the Dean must have studiously held aloof from the whole contemporary literature of the subject, which was sufficiently copious, if he does not know how euphuistically, persistently, and with almost wearisome iteration, in tract, sermon, pamphlet, leaflet, and laborious treatise, all the High Church spokesmen of the day, from the Bishop of Exeter downwards, took the utmost pains "to define and explain" precisely what they meant, and what they did not mean, by the doctrine. Nor were the Evangelicals of the day less explicit in asserting their rejection of it, not only in the arbitrary sense which some of themselves had ascribed to it, but also in the sense really maintained by its advocates. That the explanation then given has led many of them to change their minds since may be true, as it is indeed generally admitted that the doctrine is much more widely held and taught in the Church of England now than it was before the Gorham case. In that sense only the question may be said to have "collapsed."

We have seen how Dean Stanley illustrates his thesis of "the progressive element in the substance of religion" from the history of the Church universal and of the Church of England, and that his historical illustrations are no less paradoxical than the thesis they are designed to prove. Let us now see how the thesis itself is expounded. Theology, we are told, has gained and may gain immensely from the process, which has produced so vast a change in all other branches of knowledge, "of diving below the surface and discovering the original foundations." The language, as is usual with the writer, is at once grandiloquent and vague, but it is evidently meant to imply that the theology of the past eighteen centuries has failed to penetrate below the surface of things, till in these last days "the spirit of the time, the *Zeitgeist*, has turned the light of his lantern full upon them," in the prophetic person of "Matthew Arnold." All previous theologians were but elegant triflers, and the truth remained hidden, as it is rather oddly put, as well from "Hume and Voltaire," as from "Thomas Aquinas, and Cyril, and Augustine;" nay it was hidden from Hume and Voltaire "because it had been equally unknown" to Aquinas and Cyril and Augustine, which sounds still more enigmatical. Now, however, since "the Ithuriel of modern criticism" already named has dealt a deathblow to "whole fabrics of false doctrine and barbarous phraseology"—Mr. Arnold, it may be remembered, expressly includes under the comprehensive name of *Aberglaube* the Incarnation, Resurrection, and Atonement among other doctrines—the Old and New Testament have acquired a new interest not inferior to that excited by "Homer or Shakespeare or Dante or Scott." From these brilliant triumphs of doctrinal development the lecturer gracefully passes on to "that vexed question of Church government, the relative merits of the Episcopal and Presbyterian systems. Both are excellent in their way, and either may under given circumstances be preferable to the other, just as "a black gown may in certain cases be far superior to a white one, or a white one to a red one." The absurdity, now happily exploded, lay in imagining that either "was exclusively right and essential." Now the Dean is of course quite free himself to regard the distinction as a purely indifferent one, but, unfortunately for his argument, the great majority of Christians—even if for argument's sake we put the Anglican Church out of the question—still persist in regarding the episcopate as "exclusively right and essential" to the Christian Church, while the great majority of Scotch Presbyterians, including, if we are not mistaken

the whole Free Kirk, are equally convinced of the exclusive truth of their own system. It is open to him however, as we have observed already, to maintain that both parties are wrong and that he is right, though that does not much help his argument. But as much cannot be said for his still more venturesome method of treating the next subject introduced, which can from no point of view be regarded as conceivably feasible or consistent. There is an increasing difficulty or incredulity, we are reminded, among the educated and half-educated sections of mankind, as to "the mode of regarding those physical wonders which are called wonders or miracles." The question is allowed to be a "grave" one, but we cannot say much for the gravity of the proposed solution. A trite quotation from St. Augustine to the effect that "we believe the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, not the Gospels for the sake of the miracles," is followed by an equally trite platitude about "external evidence having with most theologians receded to the background, and internal evidence come to the front;" and then the matter is finally disposed of by the irrelevant truism that moral miracles are greater than physical ones. All this is familiar, not to say commonplace, enough, but it leaves the original difficulty precisely where it was before. There may have been a disposition at some periods to dwell too exclusively on the external evidences of revelation, though we should have thought that "most theologians" of mark in every age had fully recognized the force of internal as well as external proof; but let that pass. Whether the Gospels are to be accepted for the sake of the miracles, or the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, it remains equally clear that no rational thinker can accept the Gospels without accepting the miracles which form an integral portion of the narrative. The destructive criticism of Germany, under the guidance of such master minds as Baur and Strauss, has at least rendered one important service to the cause of sound theology no less than of sound sense in demonstrating this. But perhaps it does not much signify whether we accept the letter of the Gospel narrative any more than the truth of the "physical miracles." For we are next told, in the lecturer's usual misty phraseology, that "the essential and supernatural elements of religion are recognized to be those which are moral and spiritual and that" by these alone "it may overcome the world." This may of course mean almost anything, but if it means, as the context appears to require, that what a much abler and more clear-headed writer than Dean Stanley called "the moral elements of Christianity" are alone valuable and destined to survive, we have just two remarks to make upon it. In the first place, Strauss did not and could not prove, what runs entirely counter to such experience as we at present possess, that the moral elements of Christianity would long survive the destruction of the doctrinal basis on which they have hitherto rested; and in the next place, the residuum, if it were preserved, would be something quite different, as Strauss himself is careful to insist, from what is now understood by the Christian Religion—so different that in his latest work he formally dismisses its title to the name.

The Dean, however, whose credulity in his own theories is more than a match for "the incredulity of the educated section of mankind," is confident that "in the supremacy of the moral and spiritual elements alone," whatever they are, "lies the hope of the future." To our less sanguine apprehension the prospect does not look an encouraging one. Nor are we greatly consoled by the bewildering suggestion that "the true faith" has been chiefly debilitated in the past, not to its supposed champions, but to "the so-called heretic or infidel," and notably to "the aspirations of the excommunicated Spinoza," to whom "was vouchsafed the clearest glimpse into the nature of the Deity." This is not the place to enter on a criticism of Spinoza's system, but it is certain that clearness has not usually been considered one of its merits. Some have pronounced him a pantheist, others an atheist. As Schleiermacher words it, "He denied the personal existence or the living personality of God, and endeavoured to substitute for the notion of the Godhead the empty idea of the Infinite." Nor is our "glimpse into the nature of the Deity" rendered much clearer by the portentous announcement that "it is not the reconciliation of theology and science that is needed, but the recognition that they are one and indivisible." True though it be, to quote the Dean's paraphrase of a familiar line of Milton, that "whatever enlarges our ideas of nature enlarges our ideas of God," it does not therefore follow that revelation and science—by which is here meant physical science—are one and the same thing, though philosophers and theologians, who are quaintly distinguished as the "unregistered" and the "registered citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem," have too often failed to appreciate this inherent unity. We have no space to dwell on the lecturer's glowing eulogium on "the principle of a national Establishment," the great merit of which is not of course that the State is benefited by the Church, but that the Church is unspeakably "elevated and enlarged by contact, however slight, with so magnificent and divine an ordinance as the national Commonwealth." Nor can we stay to notice his somewhat unexpected panegyric of "that venerable document 'the Westminster Confession, which may or may not be vastly superior to the Thirty-nine Articles, but would not exactly suggest to ordinary minds the closing admonition—we are not responsible for a formula which may strike some of our readers as at once shallow and irreverent—"to be broad with the breadth of the charity of the Almighty God." In any other writer than Dean Stanley it might cause a sensation of surprise to find the typical example of this breadth and charity selected in the person of "John Knox,

the reformer," who condemned toleration as "opening the flood-gates of heresy," fiercely denounced the permission of "the idolatry of the mass" in the Queen's private Chapel at Holyrood, and hounded on the rabble to the destruction of some of the noblest monuments of art and piety in Scotland with the brutal jest, "Pull down the rookeries, and the rooks will fly." But on these and other eccentricities we cannot linger here. One word in conclusion. Miss Martineau has left on record her conviction that Christianity is "the last of the mythologies, about to vanish before the flood of a brighter light," and that "the time cannot be far distant when throughout the civilized world theology must go out before the light of philosophy." We have no doubt ourselves that she was mistaken, but there are unfortunately many, both of the "educated" and "half-educated section of mankind," who share her views. It would be interesting to hear their opinion of Dean Stanley's short and easy method of dealing with the problem of the increasing divergence between intelligence and faith. Nor should we be greatly surprised to learn that it reminded them, as it has certainly reminded us, of nothing so much as of Dame Partridge and her mop.

NEWSPAPER DEVELOPMENTS.

JUST at present, for some reason or other, there seems to be a remarkable outbreak of enterprise in journalism. Scarcely a week passes without some new paper being started; and the club tables are covered with a distracting litter, to the great embarrassment of the old stagers who imagine that they are bound to read, or doze over, everything put before them, and who find that now even a superficial rummage occupies, not merely a leisure hour or so, but the best part of a day. Where this is to end it is hard to say, for the rush still goes on; but it may be assumed that experiments of the kind would not be likely to be continued if readers were not found. It may be said also that the new-comers appeal to a variety of tastes, and show a certain degree of originality in their departure from conventional usages. Some trust to illustrations, others to fiction administered in homœopathic doses; not only the past but the future has its chronicle; the spirit-world is represented by mediums in the press as well as in other ways; and there is another class of papers whose stock of information as to earthly matters would seem to be of an equally visionary and artificial character, though, to do them justice, they certainly make no pretensions to celestial agency. No doubt there are many more readers of all kinds than there used to be, and everybody will now be able to choose a periodical to suit his peculiar taste. Enterprise, however, is not confined to the miscellaneous offspring of the day; for there are symptoms that even established organs are coming out in new ways. Indeed the leading newspaper has lately set a bold example in this respect, which we may expect to see followed up, and perhaps outdone, by imitative competitors. The managers of the *Times* have apparently felt that in journalism, as in everything else, there is ample scope for development; that, as time goes on, there are fresh opportunities of extended usefulness, and that in various ways newspapers require to be from time to time adapted to the wants of the period. Thus "the journal of the City," as it is called abroad, now appeals to a largely extended circulation in the form of a cheap weekly reprint, in addition to its regular morning issue. This, of course, is not exactly a novel plan, though it may be doubted how far a newspaper aspiring to a high place as a political guide can at the same time successfully meet the tastes and views of two entirely different classes of readers; and also whether an attempt at a universal circulation may not possibly affect the rank and reputation of the publication in the position which it has hitherto occupied. But it is not only in this way that the *Times* is exerting itself to meet public requirements. It has also, it would appear, come to the conclusion that journalism by itself offers but a cramped and narrow sphere for capital and enterprise, and that there are other services which may be rendered by such an agency to the world. The other day the *Times* published the following announcement, which may have caused some surprise, not without a thrill of delighted expectation, to many persons:—"ADDRESS AND INQUIRY OFFICE.—To meet a want felt by advertisers for a central office at which answers and applications can be received in reply to advertisements, as well as at which trade catalogues and price lists, prospectuses, reports, circulars, also conditions and particulars of property on sale, &c., may be obtained, an office has been opened contiguous to the Advertisement Department of the *Times*, where such accommodation may be had on payment of a small fee. A file of the *Times* is kept for reference."

Whether the originators of this singular project will find themselves able to combine their new undertaking with the exigencies of a high-class daily newspaper is a question which must be determined by experience. But, at first sight, it is certainly rather startling. It may be pleaded perhaps that it is only a development of species on the principle of natural selection. Once upon a time newspapers existed in a primitive and elementary form; they were papers of news, and were composed exclusively of such matter. Gradually advertisements crept in, and now they monopolize the greater part of the daily sheets, while the news is apparently sinking into a subordinate place, and becoming a mere adjunct to advertising. In short, the old relations to each other of the body of the paper and the supplement are

reversed, the news having become a mere supplement to the advertisements. Advertisements alone would probably secure a large circulation; and the news is thrown in only to help the sale. This fact—that advertising now forms an important, we may almost say the predominant, element in the constitution of the newspaper of the day—has no doubt suggested that advertising ought to be cultivated to the fullest extent, and that, if the accommodation at present afforded to the advertising world by the columns of the papers leaves anything still wanting, it must be supplied. The notice in the *Times* is not very explicit in its wording; but, as far as we can gather from it, the design is to establish, in connexion with a great medium for advertisements, a central rendezvous where all classes of advertisers and those to whom they appeal may be brought together. It is not indeed expressly stated that arrangements have been made for personal interviews; but it is obvious that this is an indispensable feature of the scheme, if it is to be practically carried out. A Central Office at which only written answers and applications in regard to advertisements are received is scarcely necessary in these days of abundant postal facilities. What is wanted is a meeting-place where the various parties may see each other and settle terms; and this, we fancy, either is, or will be, provided at Printing House Square, if this wonderful scheme is to have justice done to it. Again, as far as trade catalogues, price lists, prospectuses, circulars, conditions and particulars of property on sale, and so on, are concerned, people could easily have them sent to their own addresses, so that they might consider them at leisure, and indeed many complaints are heard of the excessive supply. The only real use, therefore, of such an office as is projected would be to give advertisers an opportunity of showing samples of their goods to intending customers. If, therefore, the plan is to be logically and thoroughly carried out, Printing House Square may be expected before long to present the lively appearance of a great metropolitan bazaar. Ladies, we suppose, will make their appointments to negotiate those troublesome questions which arise with cooks, housemaids, footmen, pages, and other servants; masters will look out for valets, grooms, and perhaps horses; shopkeepers will display their wares; and thus, instead of the comparatively blank and vague announcements of the advertisement sheet, the classes in question will be brought into direct personal relations, and will be enabled to settle their bargains offhand.

There can be no doubt that this is a grand idea, and it shows that, so far from the *Times*, as some people have been lately hinting, not keeping pace with the age, it is really going quite ahead of it. At present of course this system of accommodation is only in its infancy; and there will be ample room for all sorts of developments as it goes on. Indeed the same process of extension has been observed in other kinds of business. There is understood to be somewhere in the West of London a draper, as he would formerly have been called, at whose range of warehouses almost every commodity which a human being can want may at once be obtained, from provisions, clothes, cradles, coffins, tables, chairs, to the innumerable nick-nacks of domestic luxury or caprice. A schoolboy can be rigged out from top to toe in the twinkling of an eye, or an Indian outfit may be obtained while the cab waits at the door. There is also an extensive refreshment department where whole families can be supplied with every description of food, and which is used by many persons, we believe, as, in these awkward times, a convenient substitute for household service. It is to be hoped that this feature will not be overlooked by the *Times*, for nothing is more exhausting both to employers and servants than discussions about qualifications and wages; and, besides, the refreshment business is said to be a very profitable one, and would help to eke out its returns. It is this concentration of universal supply which is nowadays becoming the great principle of trade; and there is no reason why newspaper proprietors should not throw open their premises as well as their columns for the accommodation of the public.

There would seem to be nothing which is more wanted just now by a society whose curiosity is constantly becoming more intense and imperative than a medium of communication through which information could be procured on all sorts of subjects by just asking for it. Hitherto the only resource has been to advertise, or to send a letter to the editor of some paper which publishes answers to correspondents. An eminent ex-statesman has, however, lately set up a cheap oracle of this kind; and it might be worth the consideration of the authorities of the *Times*, while they are in their present advanced and philanthropic mood, whether they might not turn their varied sources of information into a channel of this kind. Mr. Gladstone might be provided with a private room, having a slit in the door, through which inquiries could be passed, and cards in reply showered out. This would also be a good provision for Mr. Gladstone himself, who, having retired from statesmanship and worked himself out in pamphleteering, must now want some new occupation; and it would certainly enable him to economize in postcards. Probably the national revenue might suffer, but this would be a small price to pay for providing a great man out of work with a vocation to his taste. Other authorities might also be consulted on special subjects. There are, for instance, a great many people who are anxious to obtain good advice as to investments, information as to wills, missing heirs, the character of the parties in a projected marriage, and the like; and no doubt there would be a great rush to any office which was open daily for supplying this sort of information. Here, too, those blighted beings who at present have to utter their moanings and confidences before

the public in the second columns of the *Times* might meet for privileged communion with sustaining refreshments. In short, there is no end to the uses to which this grand and original idea may ultimately be put in order to add to the happiness and comfort of the world; and in future years it will no doubt be wondered how the world could possibly have got on before it was thought of. There remains, however, the question which we touched on at the beginning, as to whether such a business as that which is involved in the strictly newspaper part of the *Times'* mission is not enough to satisfy the energy of even the most enterprising and ambitious proprietors. After all, there are other ways in which this accommodation which the great journal is so benevolently bent on providing can be had, and many people may be disposed to think that, instead of wasting its time and force in doubtful experiments, it would be wiser to devote itself to doing its natural work in the best way—as, for instance, curbing the tendency of its Special Correspondents to write empty leading articles instead of news, and also holding a little more in hand the team of wild contributors at home, who seem to be always distracting the coachman by bolting up different alleys.

"BULGARIANS AND TURKS."

IT is always amusing, though sometimes half provoking, when a man who has just turned over two or three ordinary books, and has lighted on a well-known fact or statement for the first time, at once rushes to hurl his discovery at the head of people who have been familiar with it all their days. There is a story told—we are not sure whether it is not in Izaak Walton—of a zealous spirit of this kind in the days of the British Solomon. Dr. Kilby, Rector of Lincoln College and one of the translators of the Bible, was staying on a Sunday at a friend's house in the country. He went to church, and there a sprightly young curate discoursed in his sermon on a certain text, and gave three reasons why it ought to have been translated in another way from that in which it had been rendered in the then new translation. After the sermon the curate came to dine with Dr. Kilby's host, and then Dr. Kilby said something to him to this effect:—"When we translated that passage, we carefully thought over all your three reasons, and we found thirteen stronger reasons why it should be translated the other way." This exactly hits off the frame of mind of which we speak. The fancied discoverer is so pleased with his newly found three reasons that he gives himself no time to look whether there may not be thirteen reasons on the other side. Or perhaps, after all, his fact may not in itself be wrongly stated, only he so eagerly seizes on it in the zeal of discovery that he does not stop to look at other facts which stand round about it, and to see in what relation it stands to those other facts, and how far it and they modify one another. Then, like the Philistine chief who, being armed with a new sword, thought to have slain David, he at once goes forth with his new fact to expose the errors of some one who had set out and weighed all the facts, all the reasons, the thirteen as well as the three, a good many times before the new discoverer was born. So it is with a correspondent of the *Pull Mall Gazette* who signs himself "Sancho," and writes from "Barataria." He thinks that he has just found out something about the Bulgarians which must be quite new to everybody, as it is plainly quite new to himself. As we have been lately saying something about the Bulgarians and the other nations in those parts, we naturally go to listen and to find out what our new instructor has to tell us. We measure him at once by his use of epithets; he is great alike in epithets of praise and in epithets of abuse. Now there is no surer sign of a novice than when he begins by patting people on the back who have long since got past the stage of being patted on the back. Writers of great books and doers of great deeds do not need epithets, unless the epithets be something specially distinctive, something hitting off some special characteristic of one as compared with another. A professed critic of English poets might give distinctive and characteristic epithets to Shakespeare and to Milton; but there is no need for one who speaks of them casually to explain that they were both of them great poets. It comes under the same head as the story of the orator who elaborately praised Hercules, and got for answer "Quis vituperavit?" So with those who know anything about Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, and other nations in that part of the world, there is no need to pat Mr. Finlay on the back. They do not need to be told that he is "accurate and critical," that his *Greece under the Romans* is "invaluable," or that he works out the later periods of Byzantine history "with his usual painstaking accuracy." Those who have had their Finlay in their hands since the first edition of the first volume was new do not need to have their instructor complimented like a youth who has written a clever prize-essay; they know both his strength and his weakness far too well for that. Nor do they need to be told that D'Herbelot is "learned, though somewhat antiquated"; or, again, that he is "erudite." To tell the editor of the paper to which you write that his articles are "excellent and compendious" is of course no more than civil, perhaps no more than prudent; it is like the present which you take in your hand when you visit an Eastern king. If "Sancho" is good enough to pronounce our present remarks to be "excellent and compendious," we, as we do not feel ourselves to be either a David or a Hercules, a Kilby, a Finlay, or a D'Herbelot, will promise to take the compliment kindly.

"Sancho" objects to a definition which the *Pull Mall Gazette* had given of a Bulgarian. The definition was "a sort of Slavonian; or, rather, a sort of Finn Slavonian." We do not remember either the context or the object of the definition; but the definition by itself, though oddly put, is not such a very bad one. It does in a kind of way express the facts of the case. A modern Bulgarian is a Slave, with whatever difference from other Slaves may be supposed to have come of his having been a long time ago brought under certain Finnish influences. If any one chooses to express this by calling him a Finn Slavonian, we do not quarrel with the name. We dare say we have used the parallel of our own history before, but we may make things clearer by using it again. The modern Bulgarians are a Slavonic people, modified, so far as they were modified, by a Finnish conquest many ages back, just as the English are a Low-Dutch people modified, and much more modified than the Bulgarians are, by a Romance conquest not so many ages back. The modern use of the words Bulgarian and Bulgarian are exactly the same as if England were called Normandy and Englishmen Normans. It is very much as when the Gaul learned to give himself and his country the name of his Frankish conqueror. There are differences in each of the three cases, and those differences and their causes are just as instructive as the points of likeness; but a general analogy runs through the three. In all three cases a smaller number of conquerors got lost in the greater mass of their subjects and neighbours. In all three cases the conquerors adopted while they modified the language of the conquered. In two out of the three cases the conquered adopted the names of the conquerors. The phrase, "a sort of Finn Slavonian," it is what it is meant to express, is queer, but not inaccurate. It would sound very queer to call an Englishman "a sort of Romance Low-Dutchman," or to call a Frenchman "a sort of High-Dutch Celt," but the phrases, however queer, would be at least patient of an accurate meaning.

But Sancho of Barataria is not satisfied with the definition of a Bulgarian given by the *Pull Mall Gazette*. He asks to be "permitted to remark" that that definition, if not an erroneous, is at least a very questionable statement. And his correction amounts to this, "for Finn" read "Turk." He then quotes his Finlay and his D'Herbelot to prove that the Bulgarians were Turks. He also tells us that he is "compelled to pass over much collateral testimony, both of books and of observation, his own included." This last form of corroborative testimony is imposing; but as long as Sancho remains anonymous we cannot judge of the value of this testimony, as none of our books tell us of any Bulgarian colony in Barataria or Nephelokokkigia either. He favours us with a little summary of Bulgarian history out of Finlay, and quotes Finlay as speaking of them as "a nation of Hunnish or Turkish race," an expression which of itself shows that Finlay did not mean to commit himself to any minute ethnological theory. He might have added that, though Professor Max Müller counts the original Bulgarians for Finns, yet Dr. Prichard counted them for Turks; and, if he ever stooped to read so thin a book, he might even have found something to the same effect in Mr. Freeman's *History and Conquest of the Saracens*. We will not ask whether he has gone through all that may be found about Bulgarians in Zeus, Schularik, and Jirek. And let us add that Jirek, though he doubtless writes to make a case for Bulgarian nationality as against Ottoman and Greek alike, wrote before the immediate troubles of the last two years began. The conclusion to which any one who really understands the matter will come is that, whether the original Bulgarians were Huns, Turks, or Finns, is a matter which may be left to those who are specially curious in Turanian ethnology—that it is of no importance to the modern politician, that it is of very little importance to the general historian. Most modern scholars now rule the old Bulgarians to have been Finns, as they rule the Magyars, the Turks of the Byzantine writers, to have been Finns also. Call them Huns, Turks, or Finns, the lesson to be drawn from their history is exactly the same. In any case, whether a Turanian ethnologist would or would not allow that they had any direct kindred with the Ottoman Turk, they had a strong point of negative likeness to him. Bulgarians and Magyars alike were utterly alien to the language, the religion, the general system of Europe, that system which was formed by bringing the Teuton and the Slave under Roman influences. Yet both the Bulgarian and the Magyar did, in different ways and in different degrees, become adopted members of that system, while the Ottoman Turk never did. Why the Bulgarian and the Magyar could do so while the Ottoman Turk could not, admits of a very easy answer, which we leave "Sancho" to guess; but the nearer he can show the kindred of the Bulgarian and the Ottoman to have been, the more instructive is the one great point of difference between them. Whether the old Bulgarians were Finns or Turks, the modern Bulgarians are Slaves, just as though the old Franks were High-Germans, the modern French are Celts. But if "Sancho" could prove the modern Bulgarians to be the purest Turks in the world, he would only make the case stronger against himself. He would show that the cause which separated the Bulgarian Turk from the Ottoman Turk, which allowed the one to become European and Christian, but which did not allow the other to do so, was something which had nothing to do with race at all. And this is exactly the point on which those whom he attacks insist; the nearer he can prove the ethnical relation of the Ottoman and the Bulgarian to be, the better for their argument and the worse for his.

"Sancho" goes on, "But the inevitable result of inquiry is, that the Bulgarian of our day, in spite of occasional and casual admixture

in race, is in the main and by direct descent a genuine Turk." Well and good; so are a very large part of mankind. The Turkish race, as one who writes about them ought to know, is one of the greatest and most widely spread in the world. It takes in nations whose manners and customs concern only Mr. Tylor and not any inquirer into more modern matters. It takes in nations to whom the name of Christianity and that of Islam are alike unknown. But "Sancho" plainly never heard of any Turks but the Ottoman Turks; he is in the same state of mind as one who, if he should find any of the endless forms of the name *Dutch* applied to any people, should at once rule them to be subjects of the Count of Holland. He proves to his own satisfaction that the present Bulgarians are Turks, then, with a splendid burst of sarcasm, they must therefore be—all that any anti-Ottoman speaker has ever called the Ottoman Turks. Alas for the poor harmless Turks at the mouth of the Lena, who are more likely to be looking for the teeth of a fossil elephant than to be troubling themselves about what any one is doing or suffering by the Balkan. No one meant to say a word against them. Yet, according to "Sancho," every hard word that has been used of the Ottomans must apply to them also. It is exactly as if any expressions of wrath which might have been used about the doings of the men of the Seven United Provinces in Ambogna or elsewhere had been taken, either seriously or by way of eloquent sarcasm, to be applied to every man who called himself *Deutsch*.

All this is meant for political argument, for an argument which is specially addressed to "thinking men," to those who "have some pretension to statesmanship." Any defender of Ottoman rule who ever thinks, or has any pretension to statesmanship, will hardly welcome his ally. But what "Sancho" goes on to say is perfectly true:—

No one with the mere pretension to statesmanship but is fully aware—though it may at times not seem otherwise—that historical (I had almost said prehistorical) questions like this of origin and race are where administration is concerned, idle; where national justice, misleading; where policy and interest, dangerous; that nationality apart from patriotism, and religious enthusiasm apart from rule and right, are the very *ignes fatui* so often held out of our time by knaves, to be followed by fools.

The language is a little strong; but the agony is well piled, if one could only see against whom all this is aimed. Nobody quarrels with the Turk simply because he belongs to the great Turkish race. Few, we hope, besides Sancho think that the Ottomans make up the whole of the Turkish race, or that the strongest things which can be said against the Ottomans tell against the Turkish race in general. A man may speak of "the Turks" when he means only the Ottomans, because the chances are that both hearer and speaker are at the moment thinking of no Turks but the Ottomans. Let him prove the Bulgarian to be a pure Turk, as pure as the Turks of the Lena—that is, a great deal purer than the Ottomans, many of whom are in blood not Turks at all. Pre-historic questions like this are certainly idle, except as matters of pure scientific inquiry. The friend of the Bulgarian is no more bound to denounce him if he is proved to be a Turk than if he is proved to be Fin, Hun, or Slave. Nor is he bound to withdraw anything that he has said against the Ottoman Turk. The historical lesson, the historical facts of the case, the practical inferences from them, remain the same either way. The state of mind of "Sancho" with regard to Turks and Bulgarians would seem to be much on a level with that of Mr. J. S. W. S. Erle Drax, who seems to be unluckily the owner of Caesar's Camp at Wimbledon. Mr. Drax thinks it proves something to argue in the *Times* of Tuesday that "It is well known that Caesar remained in this country but a very short time, and consequently could not have erected these earthworks over our country." Caesar's Camp, he tells us, "really is only a Celtic tumulus." Mr. Drax's notions of a tumulus seem as odd as "Sancho's" notion of a Turk, and both seem to have the same dangerous trick of scattering ethical epithets about at random. Mr. Drax thinks that earthworks "cannot interest the public at large except such parties as the promoters of the Bill, who have a craze on the subject." And really the question whether the Bulgarians were Turks or Fins can interest nobody but such "parties" as scientific ethnologists, "parties" whom Mr. Drax would doubtless set down as having a craze on the subject. We are sure of one thing, that such "parties" as Mr. Drax and "Sancho" had better leave off their craze of writing about either *Cæsars* or *Turks*. *Cæsars* and *Turks* alike belong to the dangerous classes, and such "parties" as we have just now to deal with may haply cut their fingers if they meddle with them.

SUBURBAN CLUBS.

WE can hardly say that the club system is still in its infancy; but, so far as we may judge from its swift development, it is a long way from having arrived at maturity. A hundred years ago men of eminence or position were content to assemble themselves together for the mere sake of good-fellowship. Creature comforts were a matter of secondary consideration; the expenditure was limited by rule to a trifle; or, if the members did indulge in venerable vintages out of cobwebbed bottles, as likely as not they drank them in the sandied parlour of some dingy public-house, sitting round a liquor-stained table on the most unsatisfactory of stiff-backed chairs. Possibly the feast of reason was more generously spread in those days, and the flow of soul may have been freer and more exhilarating. At all events, at present nothing seems to suffice us short of the utmost gratification of the senses within the

possible limits of our means. All over the West-end of London pretentious new establishments are perpetually opening their doors, and emulously puffing their attractions by advertisement. The net cast by the enterprising "proprietor" is meant to catch all classes in its meshes. A peer or two, a superannuated general officer or so, with possibly an unsophisticated Church dignitary or a colonial bishop, do duty as decoy birds on the motley committee, and the ballot to begin with is something less than a matter of form, since agents are actively touting for recruits at the corners of the streets and in public places of amusement. In the newly-decorated house there is a good deal of substantial comfort; there is a comparative profusion of plate and clean linen in the coffee-room; there is a supply of papers, which, however, are considerably less in request than the plates and glasses, to say nothing of the billiard cues; and, above all, there is the sense of exclusiveness, which is subtly flattering to the youth who is aspiring to become a man about town. Perhaps there is a touch of obtrusiveness in the attentions of the wine butler, who is over-pressing with his recommendations of wines on the list, seeing that he receives a percentage on sales from the cellar. But, on the whole, the enterprising promoter deserves and receives the gratitude of his constituents. Sometimes his enterprise succeeds, laying the foundation of a flourishing society which may have become a name and an institution in the next generation. More frequently it is to be feared that he comes to grief before the first suits of liveries on his laces have been replaced; and the members find themselves one fine morning "with the key of the street," just as they had been habituating themselves to unfamiliar comforts. But, for one door of the kind that is closed, there are several others ready to open; and nowadays no one who has the means of paying a moderate annual subscription need snatch a dismal breakfast in the room he slept in, nor choose in the evening between the loneliness of his lodgings and a round of wearisome dissipation out of doors. There are clubs everywhere, and for almost all classes. There are clubs in the City, where men entertain magnificently at luncheon, and can at least make sure that the sherry is decent, if they like to indulge in it at unseasonable hours; although these business clubs, as we may well imagine, must be the abomination of desolation in the evening, when the rush of business has retired. There are clubs, as we understand, springing up in quarters of Western London a long way from Pall Mall, which offer a snug and unpretending retreat to a society of gentlemen in the immediate neighbourhood. There are clubs which rest their claims to patronage on their bedroom accommodation—a very excellent idea indeed, and one which we sincerely wish may be further developed. But all this variety of newfangled establishments must have told severely on certain vested interests; and the system that has come as a blessing to the many must have fallen like a blight upon not a few. Ask the proprietors of certain old-fashioned West-End houses, famous for their port and beefsteaks, or their Welsh mutton and Madeira, from the days of the Prince Regent downwards, what their opinion is of this new state of affairs. Or consult the landlords of certain time-honoured taverns in the neighbourhood of the Temple, whose signs have been household words in the Inns of Court. We suspect they will express themselves in language as eloquently decided as that of the fashionable grocer or haberdasher, should you ask him about the Co-operative Stores. There are still plenty of people who take their meals abroad with publicans and restaurateurs—probably indeed there are far more of them than formerly. But they are our joyous friends from the country who take a run up for a few days among the sights of the metropolis; and they are attracted chiefly by those sumptuous new restaurants that flaunt their attractions in our leading thoroughfares. The stranger who comes for excitement likes to live in a crowd; the rattle of hundreds of knives and forks, not to speak of the orchestra that is occasionally provided, makes merry music to the ears; and then he generally gets a fair *table-d'hôte* repast for a very reasonable sum. But these lively birds of passage who flutter about in flocks do not find their way by instinct round the corner or down the darkened passage. And the old patrons, whether from town or country, who have a family acquaintance with the specialities of the house, and address the waiters by their Christian names, come more and more rarely to draw their legs under the polished mahogany, or to smack their lips in anticipation over items in the tempting wine-list. But we should feel a deeper sympathy with those victims of growing refinement were it not that they have had ample opportunities in the past, which they have doubtless improved, of making provision against reverses of fortune.

Hitherto, however, the promoters of clubs have been content to confine their operations to the capital, where the struggle for existence is necessarily sharp, and everybody who hopes to make his fortune by the public must be prepared for innovations and exposed to reverses. Now they propose pushing into the country, and, considering the varied and tempting field that is open to judicious speculation, it is impossible to say where they may stop. At all events the prospect must be somewhat disquieting to shareholders in certain far-famed suburban establishments; while to the landlords of many a smaller though widely-renowned hostelry in the towns and villages on the banks of the Thames a prospectus which we have lately seen sounds a formidable note of alarm. We know nothing of the chances of the new undertaking, and its success must entirely depend on the manner in which it is conducted. But the idea seems a good one; so much so that it is a matter of surprise that it has not been experimented.

upon long before. The clubs in town have been gradually straying up Western Piccadilly, and members of the more venerable establishments in Pall Mall and St. James's Street have looked enviously up at the balconies and windows commanding the cool foliage of the Park in the sultrier weeks of the season. But here, to all intents and purposes, you have a luxurious town-mansion removed bodily to an enchanting bit of river scenery within convenient reach by rail or road. Its resources are to supply both dressing-rooms and bedrooms, and we presume you may attire yourself as you please without much care for appearances. You may revel in all the ease of a racquet dress, or in a loose-fitting suit of flimsy boating trowsers, when the thermometer is tending to 80° in the shade, and your friends in town are simmering in frock-coats. You may have no idea of racquet-playing, and may have never stretched to an oar; but, all the same, you find local excuses for mounting that sensible masquerade, since the club has its boat-house and boating fleet, with a range of racquet courts at the disposition of the members. There are to be grounds for cricket and archery, as for polo, la crosse, and lawn tennis; nor need anybody turn to stare as you pass if you should wear the hat and dust-coloured overcoat of the dragsman, or the cutaway and tight-sitting small-clothes that proclaim the patron of the Turf. For there are to be ample additions made to the commodious stabling on the premises, for the accommodation both of members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, as well as for the less ambitious gentlemen who will rattle down in phaetons and T-carts. Nor will Eve be denied admission to this earthly paradise. Subject to carefully-considered regulations, each gentleman will be permitted to introduce a couple of ladies; so that fancy disports itself in a swift-shifting panorama of Watteau-like scenes, where flirtation goes briskly forward at croquet-parties and *al fresco* kottledrums. Thus it will be seen that the inducements to subscribers are manifold, appealing alike to the lady's man and to the inveterate celibate. For so many guineas down and half as much per annum you may become the possessor of a perpetual pass to the enchanted park and gardens, where art has long been doing its best to make the most of great natural beauties.

Should such a club be fortunate enough to become the fashion, we may be sure that the fashion will be extensively followed. Englishmen, as a rule, delight in the country; and, in spite of the pleasures of a London season, confinement in a city goes against the grain with them. Yet comparatively few have the force of character or the comfortable reliance on their own resources which would enable them to make a short dash into the country with any reasonable prospect of being happy there. It is rather a serious matter for a gentleman with a limited purse to make up a party for the "Star and Garter," where fashion compels him to be choicer about his food and curious in his wines. And, although his imagination may be essentially prosaic, yet it exaggerates the horrors of a sojourn in an out-of-the-way rustic inn, where the leaden-footed hours go by so heavily in the long loneliness of a depressing evening. The notion of a little variety would be another thing altogether, if he had only to change the scene of his ordinary town pleasures, with light, and elbow room, and fresh air thrown in. For, though no passionate admirer of nature, he is not altogether insensible to her charms; and these charms are indefinitely heightened to him when he enjoys them in congenial company. Away in the suburban club which would be the *succursale* of his town quarters, he would still find himself among his friends. A hard day's exercise on the river or in the cricket-field would be followed by a bath and a complete change of toilet in his snug bedroom. The social dinner would be spread by the open window, looking out on the lawn overshadowed by trees and enlivened by blooming flower-beds. The serving would be superintended by a good cook; but the prices of the dishes and wines should be reasonable, and nothing need be ordered for the good of the house. Afterwards coffee and cigars out of doors; to be followed by a quiet rubber or friendly pool. For ourselves, we can conceive nothing more agreeable, if the Committees make their arrangements judiciously. It would of course be necessary to prevent slippered and shooting-coated ease from degenerating into dissipation and orgies, and to see that the free introduction of the fair sex should cause no anxieties to liberal-minded chaperons. They should also set their faces, from the start, against anything like heavy play, which might prove a snare to the frequenters of those rural places of retirement, if *emui* held a candle to the spirit of gambling. For ourselves, we have many pleasant associations with suburban and river-side inns, and we should be sorry to think that they might suffer from this new form of competition. Of that, however, there is little fear. The class of men who will be the chief supporters of clubs in the suburban country are those who but seldom visit it at present; and, if anything, the habit of making dashes out of town would be likely to be popularized by the present movement, should it be fairly successful.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL NEGOTIATIONS.

THE appointment of the Commissioners who are to negotiate with France a renewal of the Commercial Treaty of 1860, and the notification which appeared on Monday last that all representations from persons interested in the French trade should be addressed to the Secretary of the Commission in the course of

the present week, remind us that the actual work of revision is about to begin without delay. The result will be awaited with much interest, for it will determine for many years to come the principles that are to govern European international trade. It is true indeed that France no longer occupies the paramount place in the world's estimation which she held in 1860. The lightest phrases of her ruler are not now analysed in the hope of detecting in them an intimation of the future course of events. Nor are his acts humbly copied by admiring satellites. Yet still, though the prestige of France is dimmed, and her influence lessened, her example has great weight with the other nations of Europe. More especially is this the case in commercial matters. The recuperative energy and unsuspected wealth of which she has given evidence since the war have impressed all observers with a higher idea of her industrial capacity; and yet her eminence as a manufacturing community is not such as to lead contemporaries to regard her policy as a warning rather than an instruction. The industrial and manufacturing superiority of our own country is so universally admitted that other nations assume as a matter of course that the *regime* which suits us will be inapplicable to themselves. Hence it is that our Free-trade legislation has had such timid imitators. But France, rich and full of resources though she be, is yet not beyond the reach of competition in manufactures. She is in fact just sufficiently advanced to put rivals on their mettle, yet so much behind England as to make her case comparable with a crowd of others. The decisions, therefore, to which France may come cannot fail to exercise an immense influence on contemporary opinion throughout Europe. And the French Government, it must be admitted, has fully recognized the importance of the negotiations into which it is about to enter, and has taken great pains to qualify itself for conducting them with success. About three years ago the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce of the day addressed a Circular to the various Chambers of Commerce and Agricultural Associations throughout the country, in which he invited their opinion regarding the various points that would arise in the revision of the treaty. The answer of the great majority was decidedly favourable to the renewal of existing treaties. In spite of the political objection that engagements of the kind deprive a country of a portion of its sovereignty—or rather, perhaps we should say, because of the service rendered by the treaties in preventing M. Thiers from returning to Protection—the Chambers, almost with unanimity, pronounced in favour of renewal. The great majority also declared for a further reduction of duties. Some few used language which would not be out of place in the mouths of genuine free-traders. But generally the representatives of the business communities of France were content to ask for a further advance in the direction taken by the Treaty of 1860. The experience of fifteen years had convinced all who were open to conviction that the freer commercial intercourse permitted in 1860 had been of incalculable benefit to France. On this point, indeed, the evidence is irresistible. From the Statistical Abstract for the principal foreign countries, published by the Board of Trade, we find, for example, that the imports into France amounted in 1860 to £82,184,000; in 1874 they had risen to 317,208,000, an increase of 74 per cent. In these fourteen years occurred the war, the Commune, the payment of the five milliards, and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; yet, in spite of military disaster, financial embarrassment, increased taxation, and stationary population, the people of France were able to buy to this enormous extent more of the necessities and comforts of life, and more also of the raw materials of manufacture and of the instruments of industry. Again, in 1860 the exports of all kinds were valued at 216,584,000; in 1874 they had risen to 336,128,000, being an increase of 55 per cent. The increase of the imports, it will be noticed, has been in a much higher proportion than that of the exports, and this fact, of course, has not been missed by the protectionists. We need not stop here to inquire in what branch of the imports the increase has been greatest, or how far the exports may have risen during the last two years, or to what extent the increase of imports is due to the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, the payment of the indemnity, and the diminished investment in foreign securities. Even if we admit that the imports have been exceptionally stimulated by the treaty, the advantage to France is not the less manifest. Clearly we must assume that trade exists not to supply the wants of the public, but to enrich the suppliers, if we are to hold that an increase of imports is a matter to be deplored. The more plentiful supply of the public wants is palpably a matter for congratulation, unless the community is riotously wasting its substance. But even in 1874 the declared value of the exports from France exceeded the actual value of the imports by nearly nineteen millions sterling. In our own case, as everybody knows, the imports enormously exceed the declared value of the exports, yet even protectionists do not allege that England is on the road to ruin.

When the opinions of the various local representatives of agriculture and trade had been received, the advice of the Superior Council of Commerce was next asked. The question specially referred to the Council was as to the principles on which ought to be framed the general tariff which is to serve as a basis for the negotiation of the new treaties. France, as our readers may be aware, has no commercial treaties with certain countries, as, for example, the United States. Further, every article is no included even in the treaties. It is necessary, therefore, to regulate by statute the duties imposed in these two cases; and the tariff so framed manifestly affords the starting-point for the negotiations. That tariff applies to the countries which offer nothing in return for concession. The

treaty countries purchase further privileges by offering terms on their part. Hence the necessity for determining the principles of the general tariff before entering on the negotiations. The Superior Council set to work by appointing two sub-Committees to report—the one on the textile industries, the other on the remaining branches of trade. The members of the Textile Committee visited this country, and inquired very carefully into the cost of production here. They came to the conclusion that generally it is not more than three or four per cent. under the cost in France; that this slight advantage is nearly, if not quite, neutralized by the cost of carriage to France; and that consequently the latter has little to fear from English competition. But from these premises the Committee shrank from drawing a Free-trade conclusion. They declared strongly in favour of very light duties, but they recommended that the general tariff should be fixed high enough to leave to the negotiators the means of purchasing valuable concessions. In short, they pronounced for reciprocity. The Report of the second Committee was substantially to the same effect. In the last place, both Committees recommended that the tariff of the expiring treaties should be taken as the groundwork of the general tariff, but that reductions should be made in several duties which are decidedly too high. These recommendations underwent protracted debates in the Superior Council of Commerce. The protectionists have an unduly strong representation on the Council, and they stubbornly resisted the too liberal Reports of the Committees. In vain it was shown that the commercial treaties only exchanged a prohibitive for a protective tariff; that, for example, iron, which is the main instrument of modern industry, and yarn, both cotton and woollen, which is the raw material of a multitude of manufactures, are taxed more heavily than in almost any other European country, and that in consequence the productive capacity of France is forcibly restricted. The Council decided that the tariff of the treaties should be adopted as the general tariff. The decision, though a disappointment, affords striking evidence of the progress made since 1860. For the protectionists themselves now offer, without asking for an equivalent, to all who choose to trade with them, concessions which Napoleon himself, fresh from the glories of the Italian war, was unable to extort from an obsequious Legislature. It was hoped that the Government would be guided by the recommendations of the sub-Committees rather than by the decisions of the Council. The members of the Government are favourable to a liberal commercial policy; M. Léon Say, the Finance Minister, is a distinguished political economist, and an hereditary free-trader. The Legislature, too, is favourable to free international intercourse. And, lastly, it is notorious that the protectionists have an undue representation on the Council. The Government, however, has acted otherwise. It has introduced a Bill in accordance with the decisions of the Council. Another decision of great importance was that specific duties should in every case be substituted for *ad valorem*. The other matters discussed had no special reference to this country, and therefore need not be particularly mentioned here.

This brief historical sketch will make clear, we hope, the difficulties to be encountered by the English Commissioners. France is fully convinced of the advantages of free unrestricted commercial intercourse. But she insists, at the same time, that for every concession she shall receive an equivalent. We, on the contrary, have frankly accepted Free-trade. We have repealed the duties on corn, on shipping, on manufactured commodities of all kinds, on sugar, and other articles of food. What equivalent, then, have we to offer? There is but one; for the tobacco duties hardly concern France. We still levy excessive duties on French wines. In itself, a reduction of the wine duties would be highly beneficial, for it is clearly desirable to counteract the taste for strong drinks by bringing within the reach of all the light and wholesome wines of France. The exclusion of those wines was one of the evil consequences of the long revolutionary wars and the crushing taxation they entailed. But a proposal to reduce the wine duties would raise in arms the landed interest of the United Kingdom, and the whole liquor trade as well. The agitation for the repeal of the malt duties would revive in full force, and the complaint of Ireland that she is overtaxed, every year repeated to an incredulous House of Commons, would gather fresh strength, and would be reinforced by the cry that she was sacrificed to foreign interests. It would be impossible, therefore, to reduce the wine duties without opening up the whole question of the duties on beer and spirits; and that is a question as to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the one hand, and the Temperance agitation, on the other, would have much to say. The second difficulty is raised by the proposal to substitute specific for *ad valorem* duties. The contention of the Superior Council of Commerce and the French Government is that *ad valorem* duties induce fraud, that importers declare their goods to be of less value than they really are to escape the higher duty, that this necessitates the keeping up of a large staff of experts, and the institution of inquiries which cause delay, disputes, and annoyance; and that consequently the system is expensive to all parties, as well as vexatious and inefficient. On the other hand, it is clear that specific duties must either be prohibitive of cheap goods, or must offer a premium on dear goods. If, for example, a fixed duty is imposed on a given length or a given weight of a commodity, quite irrespectively of the quality, one of two things must happen. Either a substantial duty must be levied on the finer qualities, in which case the duty on the coarser will be prohibitive; or else the duty on the cheap article must be reasonable, and in that event the dear article will be so lightly taxed as to be virtually free. It

is evident that the protectionists and their representatives on the Superior Council of Commerce hope that the effect will be to prohibit the cheaper goods. But the English trade with France in textile fabrics is almost exclusively in the coarser and cheaper goods. The French manufacturers can more than hold their own in the finer qualities. The adoption of specific duties, therefore, to the exclusion of *ad valorem* would be disastrous to the English exporter. It is probable that the proposal is made only to induce the English Government to make concessions for which it would not otherwise be prepared. For it is not credible that in the present state of opinion it is really desired to prevent the poorer classes in France from buying cheap English goods.

THE LAST OF THE OERA LINDA BOOK.

ON July 1, 1876, we called attention at considerable length to a very extraordinary work which was published in Holland in 1872. It is the transcript of a manuscript which professes to be written in the Old Frisian language, accompanied by a Dutch translation and introduction vouching for its authenticity by a modern Frisian, Dr. J. O. Ottema. The original Frisian text, accompanied by an English translation from Ottema, was edited last year by Mr. W. H. Sandbach, and it was through this English edition that our attention was drawn to the work. The story of the manuscript may be recapitulated in a few words. A workman at the dockyard of the Helder, by name Gerrit Over de Linde, was the happy possessor of the precious document, and stated that it had belonged to his family for unknown generations. This appeared to be placed beyond doubt by a letter placed at the commencement of the manuscript, dated 1256, signed "Hiddo tobinomath oera Linda" (Hiddo, surnamed Oera Linda), and addressed to his son, whom he conjures to preserve the document with the greatest care, as it contains the entire history of the Frisian people. This letter is followed by another, bearing the well-nigh incredible date of 803, signed "Liko tonomath ovira Linda," and addressed to his posterity, entreating them to preserve the document in secret, and never to let the eyes of a monk behold it. Thus the dockyard workman appears to have found a very respectable antiquity for his family.

When we say that the manuscript gives a history of the Frisians from the earliest times, and that it appears throughout to be a contemporary chronicle of the various ages, this alone will be acknowledged to render it one of the most remarkable in Europe. It will naturally be supposed that it goes back at furthest to the first century of our era, and recalls the campaigns of Germanicus, or possibly of Julius Cæsar, among its dim reminiscences. But how great is the marvel when we find that the first portion professes to be written by Adela, "Burchfām" or Borough-Lady of the Frisians, 559 B.C.; that the Frisians originally occupied the same territory as later, but wandered southwards under Wodin as king, and Teunis (called Nephew Teunis, Nēf-Tunis, otherwise Neptunus) as sea-king, arrived in Phœnicia in 2000 B.C., and built Tyre; that in 1630 B.C. the city of Middelburg in Walcheren was so fortunate as to be ruled by that wise Borough-Lady Minerva, who subsequently assisted her faithful Frisians to found Athens; that the Frisians somewhat later got from the Mediterranean to India by sea, and landed at "Pangab"; and much more equally marvellous. The constant mixture of mythology and history, and the anachronisms in the use of names (of which the Pangab, i.e. the modern Persian Panjāb, is an obvious instance), obliged us to express the strongest doubts of the authenticity of the document. These were then amply justified by an examination of the language, which turned out to be such a hash of words without any proper attention to inflexion or grammatical concords as might be produced by an ignorant person adventuring with an Old Frisian dictionary and some native wit, but not a spark of knowledge of the possibilities of language.

It must not be supposed that the manuscript which contained all these absurdities passed muster in Holland generally. Dr. Ottema vindicates its genuineness in an introduction in which he pleads for the credibility of its contents, and for the impossibility of imagining a possible epoch or a likely motive for forgery, and clenches his argument with the statement that it cannot have been fabricated in modern times, because no one now living is competent to write in the Old Frisian language at all. Moreover, he states that Dr. Heleo Verwijs, a competent scholar, had "immediately recognized it as very old Frisian"; of which anon. The Frisians generally appear to have been so dazzled by the picture of their unsuspected antiquity and greatness as to be unable to employ either common sense or criticism on the matter. But the Dutch Academy of Sciences would have nothing to say to the manuscript, and refused even to look at it. Even Mr. Sandbach says that the controversy is not yet settled. Yet, when he wrote, it had been set at rest for three years, although the result was not then published.

We little thought when writing our criticism last July that the mystery, which might, like many other celebrated forgeries, have remained a mystery for ever, would be so soon cleared up. Mr. Sandbach in his preface said that those who condemn the manuscript as a forgery "allow it to be one hundred, or perhaps one hundred and fifty, years old." M. Jules Andrieu wrote an ingenious letter to a contemporary, in which he gave good reasons, based on extensive and curious reading, for believing the manuscript to have been written by a patriotic Dutchman about the year 1700, and to be the plea of a freethinker for a "Republic

based on justice, truth, and purity of morals, and having for its religion an impersonal Deism without forms of worship"—opinions which it was so dangerous at that time to utter at Amsterdam, that the writer had hidden them under this remarkably thick veil. Thus, says M. Andrieu, there was no *forgery* at all:—"There is no more forgery here than there would have been had *Tremachus* appeared anonymously in Greek." But what if *Tremachus*, so far from "appearing"—i.e. being printed and published—had been shown in private circles in a manuscript studiously contrived by devices of paper, ink, and characters to mislead the unwary into a belief that it could not have been executed later than the thirteenth century? In the face of arguments like those of M. Andrieu, we ventured to hint that the manuscript was fabricated since 1853, and that there were Frisians living perfectly competent for the task.

The whole story is now given in the *Nederlandsch Spectator*. We give the essential points. In 1867 Dr. Verwijs at Leeuwarden received a letter from a Mr. J. at Harlingen, requesting him to examine some leaves of the manuscript, which were enclosed. Dr. Verwijs is said to have at once entertained suspicions of an intention to deceive him, especially as he could at first obtain no information where the manuscript came from. On learning later that the leaves belonged to Mr. Over de Linde at the Helder, who had many more similar ones, he wrote to the possessor that "the book was very interesting, and *was written in very old Frisian*," at the same time instituting inquiries respecting the possessor. The answer was to the effect that Gerrit Over de Linde had passed all his early life at sea, and understood no Frisian, not to speak of Old Frisian; was, in short, a simple workman, perfectly honest and incapable of deceit. Thereupon Dr. Verwijs went to the Helder and called on Over de Linde, who received him politely, showed him all the sights of the place, but was in no hurry to exhibit the manuscript. At last, however, it was produced, and all eyes were fixed on the celebrated linguist of Leeuwarden, who was to unveil its mysteries. "Pray translate us something out of it," said the old gentleman, "then we shall know something about it, for of course we cannot understand any of it." He listened with rapt attention while Dr. Verwijs read, and discovered the study of languages to be most interesting, and of course quite new to him, who had passed all his life at sea. Dr. Verwijs was asked to translate more; explained the meaning of obsolete words satisfactorily, and made himself highly popular, and the precious heirloom was in the end entrusted to his care to be more completely deciphered.

Let us here observe that this part of the story seems to acquit Dr. Verwijs of the imputation of having been even at first taken in. His declaration that the manuscript was in very old Frisian, which is paraded by the editor of the *Oera Linda Bok* was made in the first letter written by him to its possessor; and thus, as well as his subsequent conduct towards that gentleman, appears perfectly consistent with an intention to sift the matter to the bottom, and to gain his confidence as a means to that end. Any suspicions he then entertained he would naturally withhold until he possessed sufficient evidence to justify the publication of them. When, after the examination of the manuscript, he declared against its authenticity, the Over de Linde family sought to discredit him by publishing the above-mentioned letter. Whether there was any morally culpable double-dealing in his conduct we cannot attempt to decide without a more detailed account of the transaction; but his intellectual repute as a Frisian scholar appears to be relieved from suspicion.

Gerrit Over de Linde died in or about the year 1873, and a curious revelation was soon made. A chamber of his house, which he had always kept strictly private, was entered, and it turned out to be the workshop where the *Oera Linda Bok* had been fabricated! There was a whole library of books on Frisian history, languages and antiquities, mythology, &c., with plenty of grammars and dictionaries. One would like to have a complete list of these books, which would exhibit the sources, some of them certainly reconditæ, from which this unlettered man had drawn the curious ideas, and the more curious distortions of facts of history and mythology, of which his book is full. We may certainly be pretty sure that the books mentioned by M. Andrieu, De Grave's *République des Champs Elysées* (Ghent, 1806), Rudbeck's *Atlatenica sive Manheim* (Upsala, 1679-89), Justus Lipsius's *Letters* (Lugduni, 1616), &c. (or others which had copied from these) were among them, since they turn out to be the *fons et origo* of some of the most eccentric ideas of the *Oera Linda Bok*—unless indeed they had been previously parted with as too tell-tale. How M. Andrieu could know De Grave's book, and not come to the conclusion that the writer of the manuscript must have known it well and used it extensively, we are at a loss to conceive; especially as he himself notes the division of "Min-Erva" into two parts, as in accordance with that writer's etymology. Besides the books, a stock of "Overlandsch papier" (which is mentioned in the pretended letter of 1256, prefixed to the *Oera Linda Bok* as "wrlandsk pampyer"—the form "pampyer," or *pampier*, is one of the most suspected words, being a modern Dutch vulgarism) was found, partially covered with more writing in the "*Oera Linda language*"—the genu probably of a second Old Frisian manuscript, cruelly cut off before it could see the light. It contained an account of *Brahma* and *Brahmanism*, in which the name of the Indian god was derived, not from that of the Patriarch Abraham (which has been ventured by some writers of repute in their day), but from his Dutch diminutive *Brammetje*! None but he who explained Neptuneus as Nêf-

Tunis could surely have perpetrated this. The discovery was of course kept strictly secret by the family as long as possible. When and how the truth came out we are not informed, but it was not known in Holland till late in 1876 at the earliest.

Another amusing incident remains to be noted. The editor of the *Oera Linda Bok* drew especial attention to the paper on which it is written. He said it was *cotton paper*, which was manufactured in China from very remote times, and, becoming known to the Arabs by the conquest of Samarcand about the year 704, was made by them at Damascus, and subsequently by the Greeks, Spaniards, and Italians; but after the thirteenth century, especially in European countries, was supplanted by linen paper; hence this paper must have come from Spain, and could not be much later than the date assigned, 1256. Last year, however, Frederik Muller, the antiquarian bookseller of Amsterdam, and a Mr. Smidt van Gelder, published a declaration that they were perfectly acquainted with the paper of the manuscript, and that it is neither ancient nor foreign, but made by an existing firm at Maastricht. The discovery in the secret chamber at the Helder shows the learned editor and the learned bookseller to have been equally at sea. The paper is Chinese, and was brought by the seafaring author of the *Oera Linda Bok* himself from China.

THE DOCTRINE OF PROVOCATION.

THE case in which Lord Marcus Beresford has just been sentenced to a fine of 100*l.* and the costs of the prosecution for a common assault on Mr. Tidy, a solicitor with whom he had had money dealings, is chiefly important as laying down that, as a rule, in a case of this kind the question as to whether any provocation was given has no bearing on the charge against the accused; and it is to be regretted that this principle was not more strictly enforced during the proceedings. The simple question was whether Lord Marcus had committed the alleged assault, and the evidence ought to have been confined to that point. As it was, however, the cross-examination amounted, as the Solicitor-General remarked, to "a course of insult to the prosecutor, which, if permitted in such cases, would become a public nuisance." Nothing would give more dangerous encouragement to the spread of violent assaults than the knowledge that, if a trial followed, the prosecutor could be put through the ordeal of having all his life laid open, and charges made against his character, which, whether true or not, would have a damaging and painful effect. A muscular bully who felt sure of thrashing his victim might go about with comparative impunity, picking all sorts of quarrels or intimidating people to grant his demands, if it was foreseen that proceedings against him would involve a cruel badgering of the ill-used person, and the exposure of the most private circumstances of his life, accompanied by gross imputations as to which no evidence could be given. It is easy to conceive the use which might be made of this weapon in any case where there was ill feeling about family matters, or in which an unscrupulous person, intimately acquainted with the career of the man he had chosen for attack, wished to terrorize him first by a brutal beating, and then by the prospect of having to go into the witness-box and be worried by a counsel posted up in all sorts of injurious stories and imputations about him. In the present instance it is clear that, whatever grounds of complaint Lord Marcus Beresford had against Mr. Tidy, he had legal opportunities of obtaining redress, and had no right whatever to inflict punishment with his own hands. Having by the use of a false name obtained admission to Mr. Tidy's room, and finding him alone, he locked the door so as to prevent assistance being called, and then committed what was not merely a gross and deliberate breach of the peace, but a violent attack, which he had evidently planned in a deliberate manner, and had come prepared to execute. The Assistant Judge, in passing sentence, justly remarked that one should always have regard for human infirmity in a case of passion; and in awarding punishment for acts of violence committed upon sudden provocation, due allowance ought to be made for a sense of wrong and injustice; but when the temper had had time to cool, and resentment took the form of premeditated vengeance, then the original provocation could not be taken as an excuse. The Judge added that he did not mean to imply that he thought there was any real ground of complaint against Mr. Tidy; for whatever the facts might be, they could not be received as an answer to the particular indictment.

As far, therefore, as the verdict and sentence went, the course of justice was satisfactorily adhered to; but it cannot be doubted that Mr. Tidy was entitled to the protection of the Court while he was in the witness-box, and that the cross-examination to which he was subjected was wanton and unjustifiable, the matters gone into having no effect at all on the issue being tried. Money-lenders are a class who are for sufficient reasons not popular in society; but, if they do anything which amounts to a breach of the law, they can easily be made amenable for it in the usual way. On the other hand, the system of curing evils of this kind by a free use of fisticuffs or bludgeoning cannot be extenuated or tolerated under any circumstances. It is clear what sort of condition life would get into if able-bodied young fellows felt themselves safe in using their trained bodily strength in order to take revenge for injuries which in many cases might be imaginary or merely invented for a

malicious purpose. If money-lenders are not exactly entitled to sympathy, neither are those who take advantage of their trade for their own convenience, and then think that, instead of paying what they owe, they are entitled to clear off scores by a personal assault. It was argued in this case that the injury inflicted on the prosecutor was comparatively slight; but this does not make a kick or a blow less an outrage. It will no doubt be noted that the accused, who is an officer in the army, deliberately gave a false name in order to obtain an opportunity of committing an outrageous assault. Yet we observe that the reporter states that at the close of the case there was "much applause, and shouts of 'Hurrah!'" and that a number of persons in court pressed forward to shake hands with the defendant as he left the dock." Most people, we imagine, will think that he has got off very easily, and that instead of a fine, which may be subscribed by his friends, a month or two in prison would not have been out of proportion to his offence.

REVIEWS.

PROTHERO'S LIFE OF SIMON DE MONTFORT.*

IN writing a new Life of Simon of Montfort Mr. Prothero is of course ready at starting for the question—Can a new Life of Simon be needed after the Life by Dr. Pauli, especially when an English translation of Dr. Pauli's Life has lately appeared, and that a translation which contains some new notes and references from Dr. Pauli himself? Mr. Prothero answers this question in a way which is at once modest and manly. He acknowledges his deep obligations to Dr. Pauli's book; at the same time he claims to have studied the subject independently for himself, to have gone more minutely into some points than Dr. Pauli has done, and to have come on some points to different conclusions from his. And he says with truth in his preface, "It is generally admitted by historical scholars that the student can derive nothing but benefit by carefully studying the views of even a larger number of independent writers on the same subject." Mr. Prothero has also drawn more direct advantage than Dr. Pauli could draw from the *Constitutional History* of Professor Stubbs. He had indeed written the constitutional part of his own volume before the Professor's second volume appeared; but he has evidently made use of it in revising his own work. And it seems that he has had further help from Professor Stubbs, as well as from Mr. Laund and other scholars, in the work of revising his own sheets. Altogether, we cannot blame Mr. Prothero's change of purpose when, having first of all intended merely to make a translation of Dr. Pauli's book, he enlarged his plan, and wrote an original book of his own.

It is only natural that Simon, who, if especially an English, is also a European personage, should be looked at from rather different points of view by an English and by a foreign writer. Dr. Pauli indeed knows so much of England, and he has given so much study to the history of England, that he comes as near to an English writer as a foreign writer can do. Still, after all, there is a certain difference. The German and the English conceptions of history, and the German and English ways of treating history, are not exactly the same; and a writer of either nation who judges a writer of the other by his own national standard is very likely to judge him unfairly. Dr. Pauli has certainly no reason to complain of his treatment at the hands of Mr. Prothero. Mr. Prothero pays Dr. Pauli the homage due from a younger to an elder writer, from a learner to one of whom he has learned; but his homage is the reasonable respect of a scholar, not the cringing servility of a slave. Mr. Prothero points out a few places where he thinks that Dr. Pauli has not quite followed the correct course of the narrative. And when he differs, he differs both firmly and respectfully. He is not port, as young German writers sometimes take upon themselves to be, to their English betters. We have known a young German doctor who was not ashamed to write "Stubbs imig," so and so, without further remark. Mr. Prothero goes more into detail with the constitutional part of the story than Dr. Pauli does; and we think that he shows that Simon's political action, though there were intervals in which he was less prominent than at other times, was spread over a more continuous range of time than is represented by Dr. Pauli. There is another point into which he has also gone more minutely than the German writer—that is, into the topography of the two battles at Lewes and Evesham, of each of which he gives a map. Of the Evesham fight we once gave some account ourselves. The two have geographically a good deal in common. Both of them were strictly battles—if Robert of Gloucester refuses the name of battle to Evesham, it is on another ground—as distinguished from the struggles of the century next before, which mainly took the form of sieges. In both cases one side—the Royalists at Lewes, the patriots at Evesham—were in possession of a town on low ground, while the enemy came against them over the neighbouring heights. In both cases then, the battle-ground, or part of it, is found on the high ground or its slopes. Except that a town is concerned, we seem to be carried back into the eleventh century. The battles of Simon have more in common

with the battles of Edmund and Harold, with Assandun, Stamfordbridge, and Senlac, than with the endless takings and retakings of towns and castles in the wars of the twelfth century. In that century there was one great fight in the open field—the Battle of the Standard. But that one is certainly yet further removed from the general character of a twelfth-century fight than Lewes and Evesham themselves. For in the Battle of the Standard the town of Northallerton plays no part at all. In fact, it could hardly have been a military post, as both Lewes and Evesham were. While we are on this local aspect of things, we rather wonder that Mr. Prothero has not taken more notice of the very praiseworthy book of M. Blaauw's, *The Barons' War*. That book was certainly the beginning of any really detailed examination of the history of Simon and his time.

Mr. Prothero has, we think, one advantage over Dr. Pauli in his title-page. He does not commit himself to a theory. We always thought that Dr. Pauli's neatly turned title went a little too far. At all events it goes too far in the shape which it takes in the English translation. Simon there becomes "the Creator of the House of Commons." Now, if we rightly catch the difference in the shades of meaning between the German and the English words, creator is a word one degree stronger than Dr. Pauli's own word *der Schöpfer*. Certainly we cannot allow that Simon was the creator of the House of Commons, though he was the author of one of the most important of constitutional changes, and may be called the creator of one great element in the House of Commons. It is better, as any one who has studied Professor Stubbs's *Constitutional History* will see, not to use such words as House of Lords and House of Commons at all till a later time. The different elements of an English Parliament were fast showing themselves, and Simon brought in one new and most important element; but it was not yet clear whether we were to have one House or half a dozen. But we surely get the germ of the modern House of Commons as soon as we get representation by knights, as distinguished from the personal appearance of the lords and barons. The knights, who had appeared already, and the citizens and burgesses whom Simon brought in, did in the end join together to make the House of Commons. And, unless Simon had brought in the citizens and burgesses, the knights alone could hardly have formed a House of Commons. At any rate, it would have been a very different kind of House of Commons from what we are used to. In this way we may say that Simon's reform led to the present form of the House of Commons; but he cannot be said to have created it, for one of its elements existed already, and it did not come out of Simon's hands in the finished shape which it took somewhat later. We can then hardly call Simon the creator of the House of Commons, but we may call him the greatest of all Parliamentary reformers. Mr. Prothero has worked carefully at this whole aspect of Simon's character. In the personal portrait of him Dr. Pauli has, as Mr. Prothero says, left little to be added or changed. When we read of Simon in either of them, when we read of him even in Professor Stubbs, who is perhaps one degree less zealous for him, when we read of him in almost any modern writer, we do indeed see a change since the days of Hume, and even of Hallam. Hume was consistent enough in not understanding Simon or anybody else; but one would have thought that Hallam would have had some feeling for so memorable a reformer. But, after all, the difference between Hume's Toryism and Hallam's Whiggism was not so wide as the difference between the point of view of either of them and the point of view of our own generation. It is simply this—that, since Hume's time, even since Hallam's time, life has been breathed into the dead bones. No one of Hume's day or of Hallam's day could have gone through the whole personal and political life of Earl Simon in the same way which both Dr. Pauli and Mr. Prothero have done. Some antiquary might have taken the same trouble to fix the pedigree of Simon as he might have taken to fix the pedigree of the obscurest of mankind. But till quite recent times no one could have looked on Simon as a really living man who did a really living work, a work which directly affects ourselves. The senseless worship of the "ancients" and the senseless contempt for the "dark ages" both came from the same source—the failure to understand that history is one, and that the "ancients" and the men of the "dark ages" were men of like passions as ourselves, performers in earlier acts of a drama in which the men of our own time are performers in a later act. In their estimate of the character of the man we see hardly any difference between Dr. Pauli and Mr. Prothero, though, on the whole, Mr. Prothero gives the more generous estimate. Both allow for the extraordinary difficulty of the position in which Simon stood in his last days. The knot was perhaps best cut by his overthrow, and the hauling on of his work, after an interval, to his destroyer. Simon did more for England, as well as more for his own fame, by dying for her than if he had lived for her. At the same time we must carefully distinguish Simon from those popular heroes whose fame was wholly due to their deaths. No one could have made a saint or a hero or anything else out of Thomas of Lancaster when he lived; it was easy to make a martyr out of him when he was dead. On the other hand, we have abundant witnesses of the contemporary estimate of Simon while he still lived, above all in the great Latin poem, the manifesto of the reforming party of the thirteenth century.

We had marked several of the passages in which Mr. Prothero argues against Dr. Pauli; but they are mainly points of detail, and amount at most to little more than omissions on Dr. Pauli's part; little more than failure to mark some particular action of Simon in

* *The Life of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; with Special Reference to the Parliamentary History of his Time.* By George Walker Prothero. London: Longmans. 1877.

English affairs. They may be left for special students of the time to work out. But we must ask Mr. Prothero not to talk about "Prince" Edward, "Prince" Edmund. The form is so very modern; it carries us by so sudden a jump from the thirteenth century to the eighteenth. One step more, and we should get to Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's "Hon. Roger," as the description of an earl's son in the twelfth century. "Edwardus," "Dominus Edwardus"—once, at least, "puer Edwardus"—may be "Edward," or "Sir Edward," or "Lord Edward," as anybody chooses; but no prince, save the Prince of Aberlraw and Lord of Snowdon. Nor should Mr. Prothero talk about Baldwin, when he came a-begging, as "the banished Emperor of Constantinople." Nobody banished him; he simply came a-begging, as some of his restored Greek successors did after him.

Mr. Prothero appears in his title-page as "Fellow and Lecturer in History, King's College, Cambridge." We feel sure that the youth of King's College must get some wholesome historic food, and must be sent to the right pastures to look for it.

THE ENVIRONS OF LONDON.*

HOW completely the face of the country round London has changed in fifty years it is not difficult to learn. When Lysons wrote his *Environs* he took the parishes within a circle of twelve miles; Mr. Thorne takes in a circle of twenty miles, and is obliged to cross his line continually. In fact, when we remember how easy locomotion has become, and how possible it is that after a few years railway managers may even see the policy of encouraging travellers, it is hard to say positively where the environs of London, as Lysons would have understood them, end. The milestones do not tell us. Distance is not a measure in estimating the comparative accessibility of two such places as Berkhamstead and Brighton. Mr. Thorne might have included Margate and Ramsgate, Harwich and Reading, as well as Enfield or Dartford, Navestock or Woodmansterne, had he taken the time occupied by the journey as well as the distance into consideration. But though all England may now be almost called the environs of the great city, the most interesting part, historically, is no doubt that which lies within Middlesex, Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, and Surrey. These five counties present probably a greater number of places worth visiting than all the rest of England put together. Kingston-on-Thames, Windsor, Egham, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Runnymede, St. Albans, Richmond, Kew, Tilbury, Theobalds, Hatfield, are all remarkable in our history. Yet they are all well within the circle of twenty miles. The ivy-mantled church of Stoke Poges, the monumental brasses at Stoke D'Abernon, the view from Cooper's Hill, the "antique towers" of Eton, the Manor-house of the Bishops at Fulham, Pope's grotto at Twickenham—all these and others appeal to different minds, yet all are within easy reach of the London excursionist. There is Bedford, with its peacocks, and the inn where "Hervey" was discovered; there is Edmonton, where Gilpin did not dine; there is Walpole's Strawberry Hill, and Sudbrook, where Jeannie Deans saw the Duke of Argyll—a fact, by the way, which Mr. Thorne unaccountably omits. The same afternoon will show a tourist Burnham Beeches and Windsor, or Knole and Chevening, or Enfield and Waltham. In fact, such a neighbourhood exists for no other city on earth; and it is strange indeed that we have had to wait so long for a book like this. Mr. Thorne has evidently given much attention to the immense subject in his hands. He has read a very large number of books, and has made careful observations of his own. He is certainly not omniscient, and fails unexpectedly here and there; but on the whole he has given us a useful book, one which does him credit, and which fills very appropriately a void in our topographical literature. Mr. Thorne is perhaps, like some of his predecessors, too fond of one period at the expense of another. He is evidently but little interested in purely geographical, geological, and ethnological details. He makes no general remarks, but passes impartially from Surrey to Essex, from Gothic architecture to rifle-boring, from a catalogue of pictures to a quotation from Pepys. This is, no doubt, as it should be in a book of the kind. We do not want fine writing, nor, on the other hand, are we content with a mere directory. Mr. Thorne once or twice indulges in such phrases as "venerable in its solitude," or, warming over the beauties of Virginia Water, descants on the name as "a forecast of the forest wilds, the broad waters, and tranquil solitudes that were to be called forth by the waving of the magician's wand"; but, for the most part, his descriptions are plain and unvarnished; he avoids the excessive use of superlatives, and contrives to make an extremely pleasant impression on his reader. He is sometimes absurdly mistaken, as when, for example, he talks of a Dean of Westminster in 1483; sometimes he leaves out just what we should have expected to find, such as an account of the famous Hanworth Library; and sometimes uses such expressions as "admeasurement," "St. Thomas a Bucket," and others, which we could excuse; but, on the whole, his book supplies a great need, and must not, in its first edition at least, be too narrowly examined.

It is impossible, of course, to go through a book of this kind as if it were a novel, or even a connected history. But, by way of showing how far Mr. Thorne may be consulted with advantage, we may examine his notices of some one class of objects, or test his

accuracy and taste by going through his pages with a view to discover his opinions on some question of antiquity or art. For example, we observe copious articles on Cowey Stakes and on the supposed *oppidum* of Cassivellaunus at St. Albans. Whether we adopt Mr. Thorne's opinion or not, it is certain that he leaves us in no doubt as to what it is. We have not been able to see any reason for considering Beech Bottom the *oppidum* of Cassivellaunus more than that of any other ancient Briton, and have always a wary feeling towards theories announced as "ingenious." Mr. Thorne, after noticing the possibility that Beech Bottom may be a part of the Roman road, goes on to say, "But an ingenious and more feasible explanation has been proposed by Mr. Samuel Sharpe, who regards it as a portion of the defences—the outer wall and fosse mentioned by Caesar—of the *Oppidum* of Cassivellaunus." He then traces a circumvallation four miles and a half in circuit, enclosing about eighteen hundred acres, and expresses his belief that Mr. Sharpe's general conclusion is well founded. With regard to Cowey Stakes he is equally explicit. He wisely adopts the opinion of Dr. Guest, determined no doubt, if he is wrong, to be wrong in good company. His notice of the question raised is well arranged, giving all the authorities for and against his own view, and summing them up with clearness. In his article on St. George's Hill above Cowey, he concludes that the work is British, again judiciously following Dr. Guest. With regard to the earthwork at Barking he is not so sure. Dr. Guest is not available here, and Mr. Thorne is careful how he expresses a positive opinion. It will thus be seen that, though he has views of his own, he has read and weighed the views of others, and that we may find the best authorities quoted in his book.

On another subject Mr. Thorne's private judgment is more freely exercised. In his accounts of churches he makes frequent mention of restorations. This is a point of interest just now, and it may be worth while to see what he says. Very few of the churches within the circle of twenty miles remain untouched. Most of them have been "restored," and almost all have suffered in the process. Here and there improvement has resulted, as, for instance, at Finchley, and perhaps also at Greenstead, where the wooden walls have been preserved from certain destruction, and where, as Mr. Thorne reports, "nothing could exceed the care and taste with which the work was effected." Against a few places where he can speak approvingly—half-a-dozen at most—there is an appalling list of "restorations wrought under the misused name of restoration." Mr. Thorne's remarks on this head are always brief. He never says much, but we must suppose "he thinks the more," and certainly what he does tell us is enough. The environs of London contain, according to Mr. Thorne, about thirty ancient churches in which "restoration" has been only a polite name for what used to be called Vandilism. We take a few examples as they occur. Mr. Thorne's usual phrase is something on this wise:—"The church is E. E., but has been restored, and has lost much of its venerable and picturesque aspect." The "but" is used as a mild way of finding fault, and by no means suffices for some of the cases. Thus, at Drayton the church is kept shut; "this, however, is of little consequence, the church having lost of its interest." At Eton College Chapel the additions made by Wren have been swept away, and some mural paintings—as "inadmissible in a Protestant church"—erased. At Heston, a very interesting and typical church, containing Norman, Early English, and Decorated work, but usually Perpendicular, was entirely removed by the restorer, with the exception of the tower. At Leatherhead "the old work was much altered in this recent restoration." At Merstham the mouldings have been re-chiselled; this is the case in many other places. At Mickleham "the body of the church was entirely remodelled under the pretence of restoration in 1822-3." The old chancel was removed in 1872, and a new one built. At Stoke D'Abernon "the chancel arch was semi-circular, and was by some called Saxon, but it was taken down, and a pointed arch substituted when the church was restored in 1854. The church was restored anew, in accordance with more advanced ecclesiastical tastes, in 1866, and in the course of the two restorations so much was taken down and rebuilt, so much recast, remodelled, and re-chiselled, so much old work replaced by new, and so much new work made to look like old, that it would now be unsafe to trust the apparent antiquity, or attempt to distinguish the relative ages, of any part of the fabric." This very successful "restoration" was, we believe, the work of an amateur, and was much more complete than even Mr. Thorne appears to know, although some members of the Surrey Archaeological Society, who remember long and short work in the masonry and other vestiges of extreme antiquity, could have given him information on the subject. But a well-qualified architect sometimes restores quite as thoroughly as any amateur. There was a most interesting "half-timbered" church near St. Albans, one of the few examples of the kind in existence; it had a treble claim on our attention; for, in addition to its own curiosity and beauty, it was situated on the site of Verulam, and was the burial-place of Lord Bacon. Let us see what Mr. Thorne has to say of it:—

The church was thoroughly restored by . . . in 1867, when Elizabethan porches, ceilings, and fittings—that one felt strengthened the Baconian associations—were swept away, and new roofs, windows, mouldings, pavement, and seats substituted. The church looks modern and somewhat commonplace now, but is really among the most ancient we possess.

And this is not all. Mr. Thorne continues, when speaking of the interior:—

The Verulam chapel, opposite the tomb, with its Elizabethan entrance,

* *Handbook to the Environs of London.* By James Thorne. London: John Murray. 1876.

ceiling, and pews, had quite a Bacon character before the recent restoration, when all that was modern was swept away, and the chapel reduced to an ordinary chancel aisle."

The name of the architect who perpetrated this barbarity is given in full; but we omit it here, thinking it possible Mr. Thorne may have been misinformed, as it is improbable that the local authorities can have entrusted to the same hand another and much more important building in the same neighbourhood. The case of Waltham Abbey is also spoken of in severe terms:—

The east-end of the church is, except the main work, entirely new, and in a style much later than the body of the church. . . . The greatest innovation made in the process of restoration was, however, in the decoration. . . . Below the eastern lancets and spandrels are subjects from *Æsop's Fables*.

Mr. Thorne omits to remark that, as if to make these very objectionable subjects as much out of place as possible, the "Dog and his Shadow" is figured, unless we are greatly mistaken, the size of life, immediately over the communion-table. This also was the work of an eminent architect whose name Mr. Thorne gives, and who had a very narrow escape of being entrusted with the decoration of a great cathedral church. After these examples it is hardly worth while to refer to South Ockendon, where the "old charm has been destroyed by restoration"; or to South Weald, where "the brasses, all imperfect, have been taken away, except the inscription of Sir Anthony Brown's, d. 1567, and the slabs used for paving-stones outside the church"; or to Stifford, which "was deprived of its air of hoar antiquity by restoration in 1865"; for it is, indeed, hardly possible to open a page without some complaint of the kind. Any one disposed to take up the question now will find a good store of accessible examples in these volumes. It is too late to save most of our parish churches; but a few remain, and Mr. Thorne has conferred a benefit on future generations by his outspoken criticisms. His taste, in fact, appears to be singularly acute and discriminating; and we feel sure when he condemns a house, a church, or a picture, that he is justified in his opinion. In some cases restorations in the strict sense of the word have been accomplished, and he mentions several places where ruin has been averted, as in the tower of St. Albans Abbey; but such examples are exceptional, and only go to prove the justice of a complaint now more and more often heard, that restoration is another name for the destruction of all that gives our English churches their unique value—the marks, namely, of successive generations, the associations of centuries, the beauty of irregular picturesqueness, and the delicate charms of age and incongruity.

The chief fault of the book is that Mr. Thorne has made little use of original authorities. He does not, it is true, gather his facts from every source, trustworthy or untrustworthy, and pour them all out undigested, like a late writer on London topography. He gives his authorities, makes frequent references, and at least enables his reader to judge for himself. But this is not exactly what is required in a "handbook." Mr. Thorne does not seem to have gone himself to charters, or indeed to any manuscript evidence whatever. He takes Lysons, for example, or Hasted, or any other author, in their quotations from Domesday and their references to the Patent Rolls, just as they stand, without attempts at verification. To this practice must be attributed most of the errors into which he has fallen. It is not long since (December 2, 1876) a mistake of Dugdale's as to the Blackfriars Priory at King's Langley was pointed out in these columns. But Mr. Thorne follows Lysons and others without question in quoting Dugdale. This one article indeed abounds in mistakes. Mr. Thorne says that the priory "appears never to have been wealthy." It was the richest house of the order in England. He says that nothing but the memory of the priory buildings is left. A moment's reference to the Ordnance Survey would have undeceived him on this point. The shields on the tomb of Edmund of Langley still bear the arms they bore in Chauncy's time, and no restoration has been attempted, though we cannot say how long the monument may escape. Mr. Thorne has, we fancy, never visited the place; and, though it is not to be expected that he should visit all the places of which he treats, he should at least obtain accurate information before he writes so positively. In speaking of Slyfield, an old manor-house in Great Bookham, he mentions the heraldry which adorns one of "the lower rooms," and says the arms are those of the Slyfields. But the arms are those of the Shiers family, and the best example of them in the house is not in a lower room over the chimney-piece, but in an upper room on the ceiling. These are small matters; but it is in extreme accuracy in such small matters that the virtue of a handbook lies. Under Runnimeade we are told that here John "signed and sealed" the document spoken of further on as "Magna Charter." What is Mr. Thorne's authority for the statement? It would be interesting to know how the Great Charter was attested, and, if Mr. Thorne has any exclusive sources of information, he should make them public. We are also in doubt as to his views on the history of manors. Does he quite understand what a manor was, and how the manors of Domesday differed from those of the time of the Dissolution? Compare, for example, Mr. Thorne's account of Enfield with that given by Lysons. Mr. Thorne has evidently taken his entirely from Lysons, but with additions and subtractions of his own, by which the older work is spoilt. Lysons begins with the Domesday account, according to which there was one manor of "Enefelde," which was in all probability at that time conterminous with the parish. He goes on to speak of the various lords, including the Mandevilles and the Bohuns, until it came to the Crown. After a long account of this—the chief, and in a Domesday sense

the only, manor—he next speaks of Worcesters, so called no doubt from the great Earl of the Tiptoft family, and of various other parts into which before the fourteenth century the original manor had been cut up. This is perfectly clear, and leads to no misconceptions. But when we turn to Mr. Thorne we find him commencing, "Enfield had eight manors," and then going on to quote Domesday, and coming back to tell of the descent of the original manor, without any indication that all the eight were one by one taken out of it. Mr. Thorne may know more on the subject than we give him credit for; but if he does, he manages to conceal the fact very successfully. He follows Lysons, but not closely enough in this and similar instances; yet he follows him too closely in others; for in his notice of Thames Ditton he says, "Miss Boyle married first Lord de Ros, and afterwards Lord Henry Fitzgerald." There is a genealogical error here; but we need only remark the spelling of Lord de Ros's name, which Mr. Thorne seems to have derived from Lysons.

But the number of little errors of this kind is something enormous. Making every possible allowance, and taking out the long list of misprints appended to the second volume, we are surprised to see a book of this character contain so many. Sir Baldwin Wake is called "Wyke." The *Journal* of the Archaeological Association is called "Archæol. Journul." Mr. Giliatt is called Mr. Gilbert. But it would be tedious to notice a tithe of them. One, which is corrected in the list of errata, is a mistake, not only of name, but of fact. At p. 73 we read that Chesterfield House, Mayfair, of which passing mention is made, is "now the Earl of Abercorn's." This is corrected into "Duke of Abercorn's," but both are wrong, as it is some years since the house passed into the hands of a commoner. It is now understood to have become Lord Dudley's. In like manner we are told, at p. 189, of a villa belonging to "the Marquis of Carmarthen." It is some years since the Marquess became Duke of Leeds. The late Lord Stanhope is spoken of as the present owner of Chavening. Mr. Thorne is sadly puzzled by the word "Rome" in certain names, as "Rome Lane" at Enfield, and "Rome Land" at St. Albans and Waltham Abbey. In speaking of the Lane, he conjectures that it was so called from "some tradition connecting it with" the Gunpowder Plot. Under Waltham Abbey, he quotes Mr. Walcott as thinking that Rome Lands were so called "from *rome*, roomy, as in Romney, Romsey," &c., but he adds his own opinion that "this seems very doubtful." He further increases the difficulty by a paragraph on the name of Romford, in which he says that it "is derived from the ford over the Bourne (called by some writers the Rom), a shallow stream." After noticing the supposition that it refers to the Roman road, he goes on, "Others more plausibly suggest that it was the broad ford, from the A.S. *rum*, broad, the brook here spreading out into a wide and shallow stream." He is very near hitting the truth in the next sentence. "If, however, the Rom were the ancient name of the brook, it would simply mean the ford over the Rom." It does not occur to him to go a step further, and seeing that "bourne" means brook, and "rom," or, as he spells it elsewhere, "rome," means broad, so Rombourne means the broad brook, and Romford the way over it. In those distant places Lysons is not available, and Mr. Thorne is thrown back on his own resources. He fails in one or two other particulars from mere hurry or carelessness, as in the notice of Sopwell Priory, near St. Albans, of which he tells us that not a fragment is left, though a very superficial examination of Sir Richard Lee's house would have shown him that it was built in and on the old walls, and is really the old priory altered and adapted.

The information is not brought down to the present time in many cases besides those we have noticed above; but a more serious fault is the omission of the distance from London, which should have been given in every instance. We miss also some account of the livings; for, though the churches are generally described, we are not told whether they are served by rectors or vicars, nor are the patrons indicated, nor the income. A few skeleton routes for excursions might have been added with advantage, as well as a map or two, the mean level, and other notes of the kind. And there is great cause for dissatisfaction in the division of the work into two volumes. The arrangement in alphabetical order renders this form peculiarly unsuitable. One is sure to find on an excursion that the volume left at home should have been brought. Although this is by far the fullest book of the kind published up to the present time, it must be still fuller before we can say we are quite satisfied. If we thank Mr. Thorne for what he has done, it is rather with a keen sense of favours to come, a hope that from this may grow a book worthy of the greatness of so great a subject.

DOUDAN'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE recently published correspondence of M. Doudan is a book which should not be allowed to pass without notice. It is one of those exceptions to the general inferiority of modern letter-writing which may be said to prove the rule. Modern letters are for the most part bad, because their writers are in a hurry, and possibly because innumerable literary channels, open to all men of moderate ability, draw off some of the talent which would in other times have been devoted to letter-writing. A Mme. de Sévigné at the present day would be a popular novelist, and would refer her daughter to the newspapers for contemporary gossip. M. Doudan led an exceptional existence, and therefore reached an excellence in

* X. Doudan. *Mélanges et lettres*. Paris. 1876.

epistolary writing which is now equally exceptional. He was as anxious to avoid as others are to attract public notice. His position made him independent of literary labour, and the fineness of his taste made him over-exacting in self-criticism. His conversation we can easily believe to have been charming, and the letters, of which a collection is now published, were almost his only means of uttering his sentiments. The conversation, we fear, has vanished for ever. A few articles on philosophy and criticism, and the letters of which we are about to speak, are our only means of appreciating an intellect marked in a high degree by the characteristic excellences of the best French type.

A word or two must be said of Doudan's life. He took a characteristic pleasure, it seems, in enveloping his history in a certain mystery. He seldom spoke of himself, and the most intimate of his friends knew very little of his early life. Born in 1800 at Douai, he came to Paris to finish his studies, and made a few friends amongst the more distinguished men of his own standing. He might possibly have taken to a literary career, for which he had already shown a marked aptitude. In 1826, however, he was recommended to the Broglie family, in order to superintend the education of Madame de Staël's son by her second marriage. There he rapidly won the affectionate confidence of the Duke de Broglie, and when, after 1830, the Duke became a Minister, Doudan was for some years his private secretary. We are told that all who had to do business with M. de Broglie during that period remember the charming conversation which enabled them to endure with patience the hours of waiting in an ante-chamber. He rendered more serious services to his chief in the composition of despatches and in giving advice upon all important matters. Public appointments were pressed upon him, but when M. de Broglie retired in 1836, Doudan preferred to remain a member of his family, and during the remainder of his life was one of the most conspicuous figures in the society which met in the Duke's salon. There the fineness of his wit and the keenness of his logic enabled him to hold his own against the ablest of conversational gladiators. "If he would only write something," said Cousin, after an evening in his company, "he ought to be a member of the Academy; no one, since Voltaire, has had so much wit." The impression made upon competent observers is attested by a phrase of Sainte-Beuve. The great critic spoke of Doudan as one of those "*esprits délicats, nés sublimes, nés du moins pour tout concevoir, et à qui la force seule et la patience d'exécution ont manqué*." The affection with which he was regarded by the family of which he had then become a member was doubtless a greater consolation to him than even the applause of such distinguished men, and he evidently needed it. A good constitutionalist and a believer in the excellence of English institutions, he was a melancholy spectator of political events after 1848. His health was not strong, and he had some valetudinary tendencies. He clung to Paris in order to be near a favourite physician, and passed there the dreadful winter of 1870-1. Speaking of the terrible cold one day, he says, with unusual bitterness, that Providence seemed sometimes like Mmc. Benoît, who was never to be found at home. He survived the siege, but died two years afterwards, at the age of seventy-two.

The letters correspond in their tone with the character indicated by such a career. They are marked (and in this respect, by the way, they are an odd contrast to the recently published correspondence of Balzac) by an entire absence of egotism. Doudan takes an interest in everything except himself. Though a man of wide culture and keen intellect, he has resolved upon, or rather he has spontaneously adopted, a practice of complete self-effacement. He is essentially a looker-on; affectionate and deeply interested in the happiness of others, but never speculating upon his own concerns, except, indeed, at moments of ill-health. We are always tempted to wish that so admirable a critic of men and books could have trusted himself in the open arena. But the reluctance is characteristic. He speaks of it himself. He is not, he says, naturally jealous, but he is discouraged by the excellence of others; and says to himself, when he reads a good article, "You are quite incapable of writing like that; all these ideas would never have occurred to you." He consoles himself by reading incessantly at every leisure moment. "I read always, and have only ideas of my own by accident, like flies passing before my book." If he returns to the world, he adds, he will be a naval officer. It is better to see a fine tropical night from the ship's quarter-deck than to read other people's travels at the fireside. The fireside, however, is his natural place, though he sees the objections to the over-nicety which condemns him to stay there. He fancies his hand trembling in reading an address to the Academy:—

One should not attach too much importance to important things, or one does not do them. *Il est bon de savoir faire à peu près; tous ceux qui ont fait beaucoup ont fait à la diable*; to be a good architect, one must be without the subtleties of Bevenuto Cellini. With these subtleties one makes a dozen poignard-handles, and life is passed.

Yet he can find consolation for a friend who, like himself, errs on the side of refinement. Success in the world is won by the coarse intelligence which takes things in the gross, and does not trouble itself about minutiae. Whilst you, he says, "are contemplating a butterfly's wing with tremors and emotion, these Cyclopes have swallowed the wings of roast fowls." They will laugh at you for your thoroughness and refinement. The world does not look closely at anything:—

When its great wheels, greased with whale-oil, meet the light delicate wheels carved in diamond, and moving rapidly and noiselessly on a polished axle, there is a shock; but the little wheels are still of diamond, and do

not break. You will have your turn in eternity, where the butterfly's wing is held superior to a Mayence ham, but here it is the reign of the Mayence hams. Do what you will, you will never eat as fast as the rest. The ham will set you thinking of the bear, the bear of the forest, the forest of the mountains, the eternal snows, the silently-flowing rivers, and meanwhile nothing remains of the Mayence ham but the bones, and you are left pale and rather moody amongst this band of healthy, well-fed good fellows who will laugh at you when they have a chance. Let them eat till they die of it.

If Doudan was too fastidious for competition with the rougher strugglers for success, it was not from any intellectual effeminacy. It was the absence of ambition, not any want of power, that held him apart. One of his friends tells us how M. Villemain used to be palpably nervous when about to meet Doudan after some new publication. His criticism, indeed, has a keen edge to it, and he was too honest to dull it by flattery. Many passages in the letters show how well he could sharpen his weapons. There are, for example, some sharp touches at M. Renan. A clever man ought, he admits, to have some vague as well as some clear ideas, without which he will discover nothing; but still "there must be some bones solid enough to sustain any living being whatever, if it is not of the race of serpents. I can't see the bones of M. Renan." He strikes out a happier phrase in speaking of the Life of St. Paul. M. Renan, he says, "is a great coquet amongst theologians and savants. His coquetry is dashed with impertinence, but he gives to the men of his generation what they desire in all things—bonbons with a flavour of the Infinite (*des bonbons qui sentent l'infini*)."

Doudan naturally appreciated the merits of Sainte-Beuve, and says that their friendship had lasted without a cloud until some trifling difference two years before Sainte-Beuve's death. Perhaps a cloud would have appeared earlier if the critic could have read the letter in which his friend commented upon one of his articles. Sainte-Beuve had spoken cruelly, it seems, of Cousin and Villemain at a painful moment. A singular man is this Sainte-Beuve, observes Doudan:—

He has a violent instinct for finishing off the sick. As soon as he hears that a man has fallen in the street, he runs out with a packet of fine needles ready to stick into the flesh. He throws himself *à corps perdu* on the dead, especially if they have been his friends, and makes their confession out loud to give a little amusement to the standers-by.

Doudan, it is plain, would have been in no want of needles had he wished to gain credit as a public operator. There are many critical passages of a similar quality in the correspondence, some of which might excite the wrath of the ardent admirers of Lamartine or M. Victor Hugo—that "Michael Angelo in terra cotta," as Doudan calls him.

Doudan, as one of his friends tells us, regarded himself as best qualified to be, like Socrates, an intellectual midwife. Another represents him as a kind of literary confessor; and in such offices he would doubtless be inestimable. He would not have been a Frenchman if he had been incapable of making a stinging epigram on occasion; but his epigrams show more than the dexterity common to most of his countrymen. He possessed in a very high degree the quality which Frenchmen call *bon sens*, which is not identical with English good sense, though closely allied to it. Where the sound judgment of an English writer is masked by apparent brutality, the sound judgment of a Frenchman is masked by the lightness of his touch. He is too clear and felicitous to get credit for his real logical force. Doudan, however, is free from any petty affectation. His felicities come spontaneously in the effort to express his thought; they are no external ornaments; and they therefore prove that his thinking is really acute. His modesty and reticence translate themselves into a playful irony. His tone is that of a man of the world too wise to be really ashamed of warmth of feeling and depth of thinking, but yet most anxious not to obtrude them upon his correspondents. He prefers to cover them under a slight veil of apparently cynical sentiment, and shrinks from extravagance of phrase as he would shrink from any action indicative of social vulgarity. But uniform elevation of tone shows that he is never cynical in the worse sense of the word. The purity and modesty of his character show themselves in his literary tendencies. A true Frenchman of the old school, he separated gradually from the romanticists, with whom he had sympathized in his youth, and looked with amazement or dislike at their later developments. He speaks with cordial hatred of the immoral school which, as he says, has for its motto, "The devil is not so black as you think." Some people, he thinks, want to find out whether evil is not perhaps good, and try to dress its rather repulsive face in all the ornaments of the imagination. "Let's see if this band will not look well on its forehead; try if these pearls would not suit its long ears, and these wild flowers go well in its flat hair? But no waiting-maid is clever enough to disguise the secret ugliness of this arrogant animal." His disgust at such attempts perhaps made him rather too benevolent to some modern English novels. He criticizes them with a respect which is rather surprising, though it may be flattering. But he explains very well why a foreigner cannot be quite a competent judge on such matters; and we may add that he was brought up on Walter Scott. His hearty love of that great man may have prejudiced him in favour of some of the great man's compatriots. Moreover, as a constitutionalist and as a disciple of the French school which believed in Scotch philosophers, Doudan was perhaps predisposed to Anglo-mania. Without going into details, however, we may say that it is impossible to dip into these letters without finding admirable expression of acute thought upon life and general principles of criticism as well as

upon particular persons, mixed with personal sentiment which gives a charming impression of the writer's character. He belonged during his life to a class which he declares to be more common than is generally supposed, the "beaux esprits qui n'ont rien écrit." He holds, he says, with Gray, that there are many mute inglorious Miltons. These letters tend to show that the estimate formed of a man by his friends on the strength of his private manifestations may be more trustworthy than we are apt to take for granted. It is pleasant to assume that no talents are wasted; nor was Doudan wasted as far as his influence made itself felt through the channels of private intercourse; but we feel that he was a man who was so far wasted to literature that he might, if less fastidious, or less protected from fortune, have done some enduring work.

MAJOR RUSSELL'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN WARS *

THIS is a very timely publication, and if it were translated into Russian or French, and circulated among the officers of the Russian army now mobilized on the borders of Turkey, we can imagine nothing better calculated to check any still existing war fever in that body. It is no discredit to any soldiers to shrink from a useless squandering of their lives, and never has any narrative brought out more clearly the awful waste of life in war, quite apart from the loss in actual fighting. It is now pretty well understood by those whose attention has been called to the matter, that the loss in war, even under favourable conditions as to food, clothing, and climate, arises far more from sickness than from the bullet, and that, instead of speaking of the soldier as food for powder, it would be much more correct to regard him as probably destined to end his life in a camp hospital, if not in a ditch; but for disproportion between losses in action and losses from disease, there have been few more striking and awful instances in recent times than the Russo-Turkish war of 1828-29. Not, of course, that the destruction of life came near that which happened in the retreat from Moscow; but in that case there was a sufficient reason for the catastrophe. Napoleon risked all on a chance, and it might have been predicted with certainty that, if compelled to retreat, his army must perish. But in the invasion of Turkey by the Russians in 1828 and the following year there were not apparently any conditions to make the attempt specially hazardous. The invaders chose their own time for making the advance; the weather was not unpropitious; the Russian army was well found and equipped, as things went in those days; while the Turkish army was in a state of extreme disorganization, and the resistance opposed by it was not more obstinate or intelligent than might have been anticipated. The causes which, notwithstanding these advantages, brought about the Russian disasters—for such must the result of the two campaigns be pronounced to be, although the honours of war rested with their side—are very clearly detailed in the work now before us. Major Russell takes his facts from the late General Chesney, who travelled over the scene shortly after the war, and from Von Moltke, who was attached to the Russian headquarters; but the intelligent criticisms given us in this interesting volume are his own.

The Russians crossed the Pruth in May 1828, the whole army available for operations, including the supports to come up later, being estimated at 120,000 men; but it seems doubtful whether more than 80,000 ever came into the first line of operations at one time. The Turks, however, had barely one-fourth of that number at starting, wherewith to oppose the invaders. The first mistake was in beginning so late in the season. In this respect military considerations had been subordinated to political. The Danube was crossed without difficulty, the Turkish commander adopting a Fabian system of tactics, and awaiting the invader behind the entrenchments of different frontier fortresses. The fortress of Brailow was taken in June, after a month's siege, the Turkish commander coming under strong suspicion of having sold the place. Varna surrendered, after a long siege, in October, a golden key having been used here also. But the fortified position of the Turks before Schumla was found impregnable, and the siege of Silistria had to be raised when, immediately after the fall of Varna, the Russians withdrew for the winter, leaving a vast number of dead behind them. "If we consider," says Von Moltke, "the enormous sacrifice that the war cost the Russians in the year 1828, it is difficult to say whether they or the Turks won or lost it."

Next year the Russians started again in May, Wittgenstein having been succeeded by his chief of the staff, Diebitsch; but the army was no stronger than in the previous year, the effectives available in the first line at starting being estimated by General Chesney at less than seventy thousand. This time, while Silistria was invested and Schumla masked, the Russian general advanced from Varna by his left. The Turks, issuing from Schumla, assumed the offensive, trying to fall on the Russian right rear, and a really desperate battle ensued, both sides fighting with determination; it ended, however, in a complete victory for the Russians. After this defeat the active opposition of the Turks may be said to have ceased, and Diebitsch might have occupied Schumla. He determined, instead, to press forward across the Balkans. There was only one thing that stood in the way of a march on Constantinople, and that was want of men. He had but 25,000 in hand. If only 10,000 were detached to watch the 30,000

men in Schumla, no more than 15,000 remained to cross the Balkans and penetrate into the heart of the enemy's country. Four weeks were therefore spent awaiting the arrival of the reinforcements set free by the fall of Silistria. But when Diebitsch set forward again he had probably at most not more than 35,000 effectives; for sickness was then making dreadful inroads on his muster-rolls. When a sufficient garrison had been left in Adrianople, there remained but little over 20,000 men wherewith to pursue the march to Constantinople. Thus it is that armies dwindle away. The position of the Russians was precarious in the extreme, and great exertions were made by the Emperor Nicholas to raise levies for its reinforcement. But, happily for the Russians, the bold policy proved here, as it so often does in war, the safest. The Turkish fears exaggerated the numbers of the advancing Russians, and the articles of peace were signed in time to save the gallant Diebitsch and his suffering but patient troops from a terrible disaster. For the sickness in his army had now attained to awful dimensions. No sooner, indeed, had the Russians entered the Principalities in the previous year than the plague broke out; but the plague was the smallest of the evils which beset this unhappy army. "Nervous, intermittent, and putrid fevers, dysentery, scurvy, and inflammatory disorders, prevailed everywhere, and destroyed ten times as many soldiers as the plague, which had hitherto been confined within narrow limits." It is estimated that during the first of the two years' war considerably more than 200,000 soldiers passed through the hospitals, of whom upwards of 80,000 died. This is exclusive of those—a very small minority—who were killed on the field of battle. It must be remembered, therefore, that the army which took the field the next year, and marched on Adrianople, was the remnant of that which thus miserably perished, reinforced of course very largely with fresh troops; and it says a great deal for the spirit of the Russians that, with this terrible foretaste of what would await them if the advance were repeated, they should have entered with such good heart on the second campaign. In the following May the plague again broke out, and raged with increasing violence, till at last in Varna alone the deaths reached as many as 500 a day. Everywhere the doctors tell victims almost to a man. The mortality was almost as excessive as in the previous campaign, and Von Moltke estimates the loss from disease in the second year of the war at 60,000 men. Altogether, then, about 150,000 men died in this war, in which there was only one pitched battle, and the towns were taken through the treachery of the defenders. As Major Russell well observes, "On reading the account of these horrors, the feeling naturally arises, what must have been the talent and determination of the general who was undeterred by them and still led his army on?" He goes on to quote the following description of him from Lord Albemarle's Diary:—

Field Marshal Diebitsch is a little fat, plethoric looking man, scarcely five feet high, with a large head, long black hair, and a complexion of the deepest sallow, and a countenance indicative of certain immortality of temper, which has earned for him from the troops, in addition to his proud title of *Vladika*, or *Crosser of the Balkans*, that of *Souvan*, or *Tea-Kettle*.

Of course the point of immediate interest in connexion with this war is to be able to determine how far the chances of success for Russia would be greater or less now in a similar invasion than they were in 1829. Russia has certainly a much larger army now mobilized on the banks of the Pruth than she had in 1828, and much better means of reinforcing it, at least up to the borders of its own territory; beyond that the break of railway gauge would appear to leave her dependent on cart and cattle transit, just as of old, supposing that the Turks have sufficient sense to remove their rolling stock out of the way. And the larger the army the greater of course becomes the difficulty of keeping it properly supplied. Then, although the Turks have certainly not displayed any military capacity in their war with Serbia, their army has comparatively improved much more than that of Russia, both as to numbers and organization, since 1828, when indeed it was in a state of extraordinary disorder and incompleteness, the Janissaries having been lately destroyed, and no adequate force established in their place. On the whole, it would seem that Turkey has made the greater relative improvement, and, if so, an advance on Constantinople would be still more difficult for the Russians now than it was in 1829. This comparison, too, leaves out of view the probable effect of sickness. The Turks are in fact protected as much by the detestable climate of Eastern Europe as by anything else. No doubt the hygiene of the Russian army was extremely defective in 1829; but there is no reason to suppose that it is at all perfect now, or that the heats of Bulgaria would not prove as destructive of Northern life as of yore. Major Russell calculates that under the most favourable circumstances ninety days must elapse after the passage of the Pruth before Constantinople is seriously threatened. Now the war, if it does take place, cannot really commence much before May; for when once the frost begins to break up, the roads become impassable till spring is fairly established. It must therefore be the middle or end of August before the Russians are before Constantinople, if the Turks should not be able to bar their progress; and the latter will have a potent ally in the heats of that season. The Russians, moreover, have no longer the command of the sea, while it must be very doubtful if another Diebitsch will arise to impress his strong will on the course of events. Lastly, it is now well known that Constantinople is capable of being made practically impregnable against an attack on the land side. Taking into account all these considerations—the certain loss, the financial embarrassment, and that, even if suc-

* *Russian Wars with Turkey*. By Major Frank Russell. 14th Hussars. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

cessful in making her way to Constantinople, the probability still faces her that she may not be allowed after all to reap the fruits of her victory—Russia is certainly not without a full armory of reasons for wishing to find any honourable or plausible means of escape from the task which a few months ago she seemed ready to enter upon with light-hearted recklessness.

We have here been dealing only with the question of a Russian invasion of Turkey by way of Bulgaria; but, if war breaks out, the eastern side of the Black Sea will also be the scene of important operations, and some of the keenest observers of the existing state of things are of opinion that Russia will make her chief efforts in that direction. The possible outlines of a campaign in Armenia are discussed at some length by Major Russell; we have only space here to remark on the infatuation which possesses Russia, with her want both of population and money, to extend her Asiatic empire, when every mile of advance really makes her only the more vulnerable. So far from her strides eastward being a source of danger to our hold on India, we believe that England has only to hold up her hand and Russian sway east of the Caspian would crumble away like the sand of the Steppes over which it is now exerted. But this is not the place to develop so important a doctrine. We have only to add, in conclusion, a word of commendation on the carefulness and ability with which Major Russell has executed his interesting task.

LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES.*

M. VICTOR HUGO'S new volumes show no signs of diminished power; they are indeed full of the extraordinary qualities which make their writer one of the most comprehensive poets that the world has seen since Shakespeare. In saying this we do not forget the faults of extravagance, immodesty, redundancy, and bombast which have disfigured some of M. Hugo's works. Poets who have written less or aimed at less than M. Hugo have attained within their limits a perfection which he will not pause in his rapid and sweeping flight to seek; and the French poet is at times wanting especially in that control which in Shakespeare tempers the rush of passion and produces sublimity without a touch of extravagance or an approach to the absurd. Yet, for vastness of conception, power of expression, variety of mood, and penetration of character combined, there are very few modern poets we can think of who rival M. Hugo. In his present volumes there are many instances of the grandeur and daring of thought which the poet can convey to his readers in words every one of which is full and eloquent; there are not a few examples of his biting faculty of satire and epigram; and there is a special development of that tender appreciation of the beauty of childhood which we may expect to see yet further developed in the forthcoming *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. In giving prominence to this, M. Hugo has shown a wisdom which does not always belong to poets in their old age. Instead of drawing upon the recollection of past emotions, he has written from present experience, and produced poems as tragic in their depth of pathos as his earlier works were in their fire and passion.

The volumes open with a poem called "La Vision d'où est sorti ce livre," in which the vastness of the poet's imagination is as evident and finds as full an expression as ever before:—

J'eus un rêve; le mur des siècles m'apparut,
C'était de la chair vive avec du grand bruit,
Une immobilité faite d'inquiétude,
Un édifice ayant un bruit de multitude.

Parfois l'éclair fai-ait sur la paroi livide
Luitre des millions de faces tout à coup.
Je voyais là ce Rien que nous appelons Tout.
Les rois, les dieux, la gloire et la loi, les passagers
Des générations à vau-l'eau dans les âges;
Et devant mon regard se prolongeant sans fin
Les fléaux, les douleurs, l'ignorance, la faim,
La superstition, la science, l'histoire
Comme à perte de vue une façade noire.

As the poet continues to look steadfastly at the vision, it becomes clearer; the chaos resolves itself into an order in which he distinguishes the past history of the world, until

sur la vision lugubre, et sur moi-même,
Que j'y voyais ainsi qu'au fond d'un miroir blême,
La vie immense ouvrait ses difformes rameaux:
Je contemplai les fers, les voluptés, les maux,
La mort, les avatars et les métamorphoses,
Et dans l'obscur taillis des êtres et des choses
Je regardais rider, noir, riant, l'œil en feu,
Satan, ce braconnier de la forêt de Dieu.

Then comes the shock of two opposing spirits, those of the Orestes and of the Apocalypse, for whose advent the heavens seem to make a way; and as they pass, the one crying "Fatalité!" the other "Dieu!" the vision trembles and breaks up: and, when it reappears again—

Ce n'était plus ce mur, prodigieux, complet,
Où le destin avec l'infini s'accouplait—

it was like a vast burying-ground, full of images of inevitable death and destruction:—

Seulement l'avenir continuait d'éclorer
Sur ces vestiges noirs qu'un pâle orient dore,
Et se levait avec un air d'astre; au milieu
D'un nuage où, sans voir de foudre, on sentait Dieu.

This is followed by a hymn of great beauty to "La Terre," in which we may note for their terse power of imagery the lines—

Et l'éclair front vivant qui, lorsqu'il brille et fait,
Tout ensemble épouvante et ras que la Nuit,
A force d'éblouissants sourires.

Then comes "Suprémacie," in which Vayou, Agni, and Indra, the gods of the wind, fire, and space, boasting of their limitless powers, are confronted by an apparition of light, who lays at their feet a blade of straw, and bids them exercise their strength on that. Vayou raises a tremendous storm, in which the whole universe seems to tremble, and Agni sets the world in flames, while the straw remains unhurt at their feet. Indra vaunts his power of seeing everything that exists:—

Lumière, je te dis que j'embrasse tout l'être
Toi-même, entends-tu bien, tu ne peux disparaître
De mon regard, jamais éclipé ni déçu!
A peine ent-il parlé qu'elle avait disparu.

"Entre Géants et Dieux" contains the defiance of the gods by one of the giants whose cave they approach, and "Les Temps Paniques," which describes the change under the rule of the gods from the simple levelness of life on the earth to a reign of terror in which three rivers, Styx, Alpheus, and Symphalius, fled underground, and in which

Les vagues voix du soir moururent "Oublions!"
L'absence des géants attrista les lions.

These two poems are followed by one of considerable length, called "Le Titan," which is full of beauty and power. The giant Pitos has been bound by the gods and shut up under Olympus. He ponders over his imprisonment, and with a sudden effort breaks his bonds. Then, digging a way with his strong hands, and breaking down all obstacles, he penetrates deeper and deeper into the earth, until through an opening he sees "l'autre côté monstrueux de la Terre." He sees by degrees spread out before him a whole universe of worlds—"des millions d'enfers et de paradis"—beyond them a limitless gulf, and

A travers l'épave d'une brume éternelle
Dans on ne sait quelle ombre énorme, une grande!

Then he burst suddenly among the gods laughing and feasting on Olympus, "et leur cria terrible: O dieux, il est un Dieu!"

It would be impossible, for want of space, to speak of every poem in M. Hugo's volumes, and from "Le Titan" we must pass on to "Aide offerte à Majorien prétendant à l'Empire," which is remarkable for its extraordinary dramatic force. In a dialogue of some thirty odd lines between two speakers, the poet conveys a singularly vivid impression of the irresistible force of the hordes which fill the plain in Germany where the scene is laid, and the revelation that their leader is Attila comes with admirable effect in the last line. "Le Romancier du Ciel," which takes up a good deal of the division of the book called "Après les Dieux les Rois," is written in a metre and spirit of which the first stanza may serve as an example:—

Vous ne m'allez qu'à la hache,
Quoique altier et hasardeux,
Vous êtes petit, roi Sanchez;
Mais le Ciel est grand pour deux.

The same idea is finely kept up throughout, but the work suffers, as do many others in the volumes, from the poet's habit of taking for granted that his readers are well up in the out-of-the-way names of Spanish legend which he must have collected with infinite pains. "Welf, Castellan d'Osbor," is a short drama in six scenes, which represents Otto III. of Germany, and other princes, accompanied by Pope Sylvester, offering every kind of honour and advancement to Welf if he will give up the gloomy tower which he is resolved to hold against them, and join himself to their forces. He refuses in a sombre and scornful speech; the tower is unassailable; the princes and their troops retire, but take up an ambush. A little beggar girl, cold, hungry, friendless, passes by and demands shelter. Welf lets down the drawbridge to take her in, and is instantly surrounded by his foes, while the crowd which has before adored him as a god heaps every kind of insult upon him. The dark grandeur of the forest and the lonely tower, the shallow splendour of the Empire, the infinite courage and tenderness of Welf, the different types of the tickle mob—all these are brought before the reader's mind with a marvellous art and concentrated power. Perhaps the least happy of all the poems in the two volumes is "L'Angle du Casque," which comes soon after "Welf." This is a combat between Comte Angus and Lord Tiphaine of Scotland; and among other strange facts which come out in the course of the poem, it may be noted that Hecla is plainly visible from Lord Tiphaine's domain in Scotland. There is an irresistible sense of incongruity and absurdity about the whole work, and the end, which aims at a sublime terror, is nothing but childish. Tiphaine pursues the young Count in a chase conducted on the gigantic scale in which M. Hugo delights, and finally kills him, upon which the brass eagle on Tiphaine's helmet takes all nature to witness that Tiphaine is a bad man, and tears him to pieces.

"L'Épopée du Ver," with which the second volume opens, is charged with a biting eloquence and fire, and its gloomy tendency is relieved by the address from the poet to the worm which follows it. The poem is, however, disfigured here and there by images which are somewhat too revolting. One stanza, which brings out the writer's power of satire, may be quoted:—

C'est parce qu'un ma nuit j'ai mangé vos victoires,
C'est parce que je suis composé de vos gloires,
Dont l'éclat retentit
De toutes vos feries, de toutes vos durées,
De toutes vos grandeurs tour à tour dévorées,
Que je reste petit.

"Masferrer" is another form of the idea expressed in "Welf," with a different conclusion. The three finest poems in the second volume, and we are disposed to think the most perfect in the whole collection, are "Le Cimetière d'Eylau," "Guerre Civile," and "Petit Paul." The first of these conveys with extraordinary force and vividness the story told to the writer by his uncle of the battle in which he, with a hundred and twenty men, kept the cemetery which was the pivot of the contest. The recital is full of keen touches of character as well as of magnificent description. After hours of steadfast opposition to shot and shell,

Soudain le feu cessa, la nuit sembla moins noire.
Et l'on cria : Victoire ! et je criai ! Victoire !
J'aperçus des clartés qui s'approchaient de nous.
Sanglant, sur une main et sur les deux genoux
Je me traînai : je dis :—Voyons où nous en sommes.
J'ajoutai :—Debout, tous ! Et je comptai mes hommes.
—Présent ! dit le sergent.—Présent ! dit le gamin.
Je vis mon colonel venir, l'épée en main.
—Par qui donc la bataille a-t-elle été gagnée ?
—Par vous, dit-il.—La neige était de sang baignée.
Il reprit :—C'est bien vous, Hugo ? c'est votre voix ?
—Oui.—Combien de vivants êtes-vous ici ?—Trois.

In "Guerre Civile" the crowd has seized a soldier, who replies to their insults with calm contempt, and walks disdainfully among the bodies which he himself may have shot down. He is being hurried to death when

Un enfant apparut. Un enfant de six ans ;
Ses deux bras se dressaient suppliants, menaçants.
Tous criaient :—Fusillez le mouchard ! Qu'on l'assomme !
Et l'enfant se jeta dans les jambes de l'homme.
Et dit, ayant au front le rayon baptêmeux :
—Père, je ne veux pas qu'on te fasse de mal !

The child refuses to leave his father, who persuades his captors to pretend that they are taking a friendly walk, and sends his son home reassured—

Nous sommes à notre aise à présent, tuez-moi,
Dit le père aux vainqueurs ; ou voulez-vous que j'aie ?
Alors dans cette foule où grondait la bataille,
On entendit passer un immense frisson,
Et le peuple cria : Rentrez dans la maison !

In "Petit Paul" is found the full expression of that depth of tenderness and pathos of which we have spoken above. The motive of the poem—the cruelty of a stepmother to a child who has been his grandfather's idol—has been often taken before ; but it may be doubted whether the intensity of pathos with which M. Hugo has treated it has ever been approached. To remove any line from its proper place in a poem so perfect as this is perhaps audacious ; but, for the sake of one expression, we cannot resist quoting these four lines describing Paul in his stepmother's house :—

Il prenait dans un coin, à terre, ses repas,
Il était devenu muet, ne parlait pas,
Ne pleurait plus. L'enfance est parfois sombre et forte.
Souvent il regardait lugubrement la porte.

What the catastrophe of the poem is may be guessed from this—the tragic beauty of its expression by the poet cannot be imagined without reading it.

SELLAR'S VIRGIL.*

THIS book is an attempt to gather up and present in a comprehensive form what is known and has been said about Virgil and the influences under which he wrote. Mr. Sellar's former volume had given good hopes that he would undertake this great labour and perform it well ; and we have to thank him for a volume which, after all deductions, is the most important effort that has yet been made to interpret Virgil for modern readers. Sainte-Beuve's well-known *Étude* was at most a study of the *Æneid* ; and, full of charm as it is, it leaves even on the *Æneid* much to be said. The great French critic knew too much of literature in general to know any department exhaustively. Conington, too, in his edition had above all things to edit, and from the nature of the case his criticism is a criticism of details. Mr. Nettleship in his *Suggestions*. Mr. Green in his little *Virgilian Study*—these and many other short essays had really only pointed the way to a larger work that might include them all. And indeed the last charge that any one would bring against Mr. Sellar's volume is that it is not large enough. The table of contents is a massive piece of work, with its eleven chapters and their careful divisions and subdivisions, exhausting Virgil's life, his poems one after another, his place in Roman literature and in the world's estimation. There is abundant industry and care here at least, whatever may be thought of the work in other respects.

As is fitting in a volume which professes to be only the first of two that are to give a complete account of all the Augustan poets (and so to continue his former work on the *Roman Poets of the Republic*), Mr. Sellar begins with a full-length review of the Augustan age in its literary aspect. Without much pretence of independent research, he deepens and widens the received idea of that age by bringing to bear upon it all that has been recently said on such subjects as the deification of the Emperor, the sentiment of nature, and the influence of Alexandrine poetry. English readers who are not professed students have in this gene-

ration taken their impression of the Virgilian circle mainly from Dean Merivale ; but Dean Merivale's account of the influences at work was written twenty years ago, and took little account of the labours of foreign scholars. What Jahn has said of the fine art of that time, of the Livian statue of Augustus, of the cameos and other gems ; what Helbig has said of the influences which made Pompeii beautiful—this is the kind of information that Mr. Sellar has striven to embody. His view is that the literary men who represent to us the Augustan age—*novi homines* one and all, and thus opposed to the whole sentiment of the literary men of the former generation—were the result partly of the general enthusiasm in favour of peace and order, manipulated with wonderful skill by the Emperor and his minister, partly of the unprecedented accumulation of wealth in Rome, and partly of a peculiar literary culture derived from Greek artists and Greek writers of an age when the bloom was gone. And the reasons for the sudden development of poetry rather than of the more native "oratory, history, and didactic disquisition" are in their turn to be sought for in the circumstances of the time. Despotism destroys political eloquence, and, if it chooses, can destroy history and political speculation. But poetry, as Edgar Quinet has said, "is the last form of literature to wither under a despotism," though it withers not the less certainly in the end. In the case of the Augustan poets, not only had the mechanical difficulties of their art been overcome in the preceding age, but an idea of dazzling splendour was present to their minds, and for one short generation the Empire was a thought not of "dull oppression," but of "inspiring novelty," to men full of a sense of the new possibilities opened for Italy and Rome, and full of the new taste for Greek letters.

Before turning to Virgil's poems in detail, Mr. Sellar spends two well-filled chapters on the poet's place in Roman literature and on his life. On the latter subject nothing very new is added to what criticism had before extracted from Donatus and the other biographers, and from Virgil's own references to himself and his contemporaries' allusions to him. But the author has put out all his strength in the former chapter, which contains not only a sketch of the history of Virgil's reputation, but Mr. Sellar's own views of Virgil as a "representative" poet, and as one of the great poets of the world. Some interesting remarks precede these more dogmatic sections ; for instance, where the decline in Virgil's fame during the century before 1850 is partly accounted for by the saying that Voltaire and the French of his day "were interested in other ages in so far as they appeared to be like their own," while the modern critic "feels an imaginative interest in nascent or obscure civilizations"—in other words, is interested in other ages in so far as they are unlike his own. Hence Virgil, in an age like that of our fathers, is likely to be obscured by Homer, who, besides the ineffaceable charm of originality, has the *mille annos* which make all the difference between an age that stimulates modern curiosity and one that echoes the modern time. The beginning of this century, Mr. Sellar also reminds us, was an era when men desired "to escape from the exhausted atmosphere of literary tradition, and to return again to the simplicity of nature and human feeling." Hence the great English and German poets who characterize that time are men who draw much from Greek sources, and very little from Roman, the genius of which is "more in harmony with eras of established order and of adherence to custom."

But now that, as we regard it, a healthier and more scientific spirit has come into existence than either the spirit of conventional admiration or the spirit of conventional depreciation, the world begins to turn back to Virgil with an interest as strong as that of Addison and Voltaire, though its grounds may be different. Not because he is the rival of Homer in "the inspired poetry of heroic action," but because he is, in the first place, the embodiment and representative of all that is great in the Roman Imperial idea and in Roman culture, and, in the second, the supreme example of a peculiar type of imagination, and one of the greatest masters of style in literature, Virgil has definitively taken his place as the chief of Roman writers, and as one of the four or five great poets of the world. To how many has it been given to seize and sum up, and present in the perfect manner of the great artist, the very essence, the vital spirit of their age, and that age one of the decisive ages of the world's history ? Whether such an age is like or unlike our own, the modern judgment on such an achievement must be that the man who does it is one of the great ones of literature ; nay, if we are to have comparisons, that he who with all the pleasure-giving skill of the artist presents an idea so varied and comprehensive as the Roman idea, is hardly less, in spite of the *mille annos*, than the poet of the *Iliad*, with its picture of elementary human passions and its simple story. Mr. Sellar takes great pains to show how this "representative" character belongs to Virgil ; indeed the sections in which he tries to demonstrate this may be called the central sections of his book, determining as they do the lines of the more detailed examination of Virgil's separate poems that follows. The poet represents, he says, the idea of the destiny and genius of Rome ; the sentiment, newly rising into prominence in his day, of Italy as one country and the common home of Rome's best beloved children ; the political feeling of the time, when "faith in the Republic had become impracticable" ; the tenderer religion of the time, when *pietas* meant both "piety" and "pity," both love to God and good will towards men ; the learning of the time, philosophic, antiquarian, sacerdotal ; the art of the time, with its too careful study of Greek models, its over-reflectiveness, its perfection that had within it a seed of decay.

* *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.—Virgil.* By W. Y. Sellar, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1877.

The separate examination of each poem, into which our space does not allow us to follow Mr. Sellar, is a development of this view of Virgil.

It is difficult to select characteristic passages for quotation from Mr. Sellar's book, though here and there we come upon a passage where the thought is singularly definite as well as true, and is expressed in a crisp and clear manner. For example, of the two aspects of Nature which the Georgics and the Eclogues present:—

'In the Georgics, the sense of the relation of Nature to human energy imparts greater nobleness to the conception. She appears there, not only in her majesty and beauty, but as endowed with a soul and will. She stands to man at first in the relation of an antagonist: but, by compliance with her conditions, he subdues her to his will, and finds in her at last a just and beneficent helpmate. In the Eclogues she takes rather the form of an enchantress, who, by the charm of her outward mien and her freely-offered gifts, fascinates him into a life of indolent repose. If the one poem may in a sense be described as the "glorification of labour," the other might be described as the "glorification of the *dolce far niente*" of Italian life.

Or, again, of the likeness and yet contrast between Virgil and Lucretius:—

The secret of the power of Lucretius as an interpreter of Nature lies in his recognition of the sublimity of natural law in ordinary phenomena. The secret of Virgil's power lies in the insight and long-practised meditation through which he abstracts the single element of beauty from common sights and the ordinary operations of industry.

But we can hardly say that the general effect of the book on the reader is that which is produced by passages so clear as these. For the most part, the four hundred pages in which Mr. Sellar has treated Virgil lay him open to the charge of diffuseness, of dwelling too long upon the obvious, of going too little below the surface. For example, the section from which we have quoted the former of the two passages, the section on "Truth of Feeling in the Eclogues," is twice as long as it need be, and some of the remarks that introduce it tremble too near the verge of commonplace to be admissible in a writer of Mr. Sellar's powers. No doubt to write a really effective book upon Virgil is one of the most difficult tasks a man can set himself; the poet is far too well known for the world to tolerate anything but the most exceptional treatment of him. The keenest historical imagination, the power of receiving and communicating a perfectly definite impression, a horror of "vain repetitions"—these are indispensable qualities to the critic whose opinions of Virgil are in any way to be accepted as final. If Mr. Sellar does not possess all these qualities, he certainly possesses adequate learning, although his book contains no history of Virgilian manuscripts or of Virgilian emendation; and he has a methodical way of going to work which produces its effect. The result, as we have said, is that he has written the most comprehensive book on Virgil that exists in English. But whether it is to be accepted as the best and last word that criticism has to say upon Virgil is another question.

THE CITY OF SUNSHINE.*

IT would be little to the purpose to compare this tale with the ordinary novels about India. With one or two striking exceptions, even the good ones among them seldom rise above the level of mediocrity; they might pass for third-rate productions of the London season, with a tiger hunt, a badminton party, and a view of the Snowy Range thrown in, by way of local colouring. *Their India* is simply Belgravia with a turban and *chuddur*. This, however, is a real tale of India, by a writer who thoroughly understands his subject. At the beginning of the story we are shown the villagers of Dhupnagar working themselves into a state of excitement about the apostasy of Krishna Chandra, son of Ramanath Gossain, the owner or hereditary guardian of the local temple and its far-famed miraculous *linga*. If it were a vile *Sudra* whose morals and religion had been spoiled by the foreign kine-eaters of the Calcutta University it would have mattered little; but a high-born Brahmin, the destined guardian of the *linga*, it was horrible! The chief men of the village—Three Shells, the moneylender; Prosunno, the lawyer; and Gangooly, the gossiping, consequential, good-natured headman—are hit off very cleverly; and there is also humour in the account of how the opposition were induced to consent to the prosecution, for the simple reason that they were deep in the books of the moneylender, who was in love with Radha, with whom Krishna was in love. The perplexity of the villagers is extreme; for what would become of their pilgrim traffic if the Gossain left the village, taking the *linga* with him? The question, however, was settled in the temple grounds, whether the sly villagers had deputed their two most unpopular members, the lawyer and the moneylender. With the prompt sarcasm for which he is often distinguished in the course of the story, Ramanath silences the lawyer, who had himself been taught by the kine-killers; and he disposed of Three Shells by telling him a story. Two years ago, said he, a Brahmin pilgrim lay dying of hunger and thirst in the pagoda tope close by. In his last moments he revealed to the priest the fearful crimes of which he had been guilty. He had come from Lootna—"a place you may perhaps have heard of. But what ails you, Three Shells? You look as if you were going to faint. The sun is too strong for you. Sit a little further back into the shade, man." "He had led a terrible life had that Brahmin," continued the priest, "but he told me of an accomplice who was even more steeped in crime than he was. This person was—" "Dog and son of a

dog," exclaimed Ramanath, starting to his legs, as Three Shells with a howl of despair prostrated himself before him, and attempted to kiss his feet, "pollute not with your unhallowed lips the feet of a pure Brahmin. Back, wretch, lest I blast thee with a look." As the Mahajun sneaked out of the compound, Ramanath informed him that he had placed a sealed copy of the above little story in the hands of a trusty friend, who would deliver it to the English magistrate "in the event," said the priest drily, "of anything unusual happening to me—that is, if I were to be suddenly found dead, or the like." Dhupnagar was cheated of its punchayet; but the reader anticipates how necessary the possession of the packet, and the priest's death, have become to the moneylender's peace of mind. His villain, Mohun, will strangle Ramanath; for Three Shells himself "cannot carry another priest on his conscience"; and then he will poison Mohun, "for there can be no sin in putting such a scoundrel out of the world"; next he will foreclose the mortgage on the spendthrift Rajah's property; then tempt the proud Kristo to give him his daughter, as a reward for remitting his debts; and, finally, he will die a Rai Bahadur, after having won the favour of Government by his contributions to district roads and female schools. But to return to Ramanath. Without concealing his grief, he received Krishna with all the old tenderness. He bided his time. He never expostulated with him in a way to arouse his pride or rekindle his enthusiasm. The old man was also master of a kindly satire which even a stronger apostle than Krishna would find it hard to resist. But the priest's surest weapon was his son's love for Radha. How could an out-caste marry her, or support her if he did; for Ramanath's wealth morally, if not legally, belonged to the temple, over which an apostate never could preside. Ramanath left the young enthusiast to brood in solitude. He cut off his supplies of vanity—refused him the gratification of martyrdom. It was most humiliating. Did not the Calcutta mob stone Mr. Chatterjee when he turned Christian? And yet the blockheads of Dhupnagar considered Krishna Chandra Gossain—the crack student of his year—too insignificant for lapidation:—"In fact Krishna felt quite angry with the latitudinarianism of his townsfolk, and began to think there would be but small benefit in teaching them a new faith when they cared so very little for their present creed." But perhaps Krishna found some consolation in the martyrdom of his final surrender. The only drop of bitterness in Ramanath's cup of happiness was the necessity of sacrificing the happiness of his beloved daughter-in-law Chakwi, whose chances of winning Krishna's affections would vanish on the introduction of a second wife. For Ramanath was tender-hearted; he could never bear to see a woman cry—so very unlike his "dear father—peace be with him!—who would beat his wives until the Zenana rang with wailing, like a burning-ghat at burial-time."

The chapters on Krishna Agonistes are a good delineation of the conflict and interplay between passion, worldly interest, and high ideals. They also contain many vivid sketches of Hindoo domestic life. Especially striking is the picture of the haughty, high-born Radha, stately and beautiful as an Apsara from Indra's heaven, and with her secret scorn for the bookish, sheepish youth to whom the elder folks are about to transfer her like a parcel of goods. But the Fates spoiled Ramanath's little plot. In the dead of night Krishna overheard an impassioned conversation between her and Afzul Khan. We are told that the stone wall of Radha's garden gave Krishna more support at that moment than the two million and odd gods of his fathers; and that Krishna broke off the match without assigning any cause. We are now in the thick of Mr. Allardyce's plots and counter-plots. By the machinations of Preenath, the untive deputy magistrate, Radha's third and last lover, Afzul Khan—the handsome, wild scapegrace—was put under lock and key on the charge of having shared in certain robberies which had lately taken place, one of them at Radha's father's house. Then comes a characteristic scene of Hindoo superstition, in which poor Chakwi visits a witch, from whom she procures a love-philtre wherewith to subdue Krishna. Afzul's father is also there—his object being to poison his son, so as to save him the disgrace of hanging, or of transportation, which is worse. Radha's passionate grief over the dying Afzul is described with great force. Afzul, however, came to. He had swallowed the wrong dose. It was Ramanath Gossain who accidentally drank the mixture intended for his son, and in a few hours his funeral pyre lighted up the waters of the Gungapootra, whilst Three Shells greedily listened to the sound of wailing, and watched the smoke with ferocious delight glancing in his rat's eyes. But a fate as tragic and sudden soon fell on Three Shells himself. For, scorning her country's conventionalities, and throwing her old pride to the winds, Radha breaks in on the court assembled to try Afzul, and explains the true cause of his presence in her father's compound. And, to crown all, the robberies were there and then brought home to two professional thieves in the moneylender's secret employ, by Mr. Romesh Chunder Roy, who, having been sent by the Calcutta Brahmoists to examine into the facts of Krishna's apostasy, had discovered certain secrets of Dhupnagar life. Three Shells died; and next day he lost his path in the jungle. His wild flight from a tiger was arrested by a precipice at the foot of which stood Afzul and another pursuer. The brute seized Three Shells, who clung to the edge: a shot brought them to *terra firma*; and the two man-eaters speedily perished in each other's embrace. Afzul, of course, married Radha; and Krishna forsook the Empyrean and Saraswati, the Goddess of Wisdom, for his ancestral acres and Chakwi.

The Mahajun's death, no doubt, looks sensational, and its cir-

* *The City of Sunshine*. By Alexander Allardyce. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1877.

circumstances of time and place seem rather improbable; and it might be plausibly urged that the development of the story depends on an unaccountable sin of omission, and an improbable sin of commission. But, apart from this, the story presents an interesting picture of Hindoo life and character, though perhaps Anglo-Indians alone will fully appreciate its fidelity. How appropriate to the man and the occasion is the attitude of Bejoy, the match-maker, as, with his head on one side, a flower daintily held to the tip of his nose, his eyes half-closed, and a phlegmatic smile on his countenance, he stands listening unperceived outside a group of villagers gossiping about the Krishna-Radha business! All through the story Bejoy is just the man whose soul, in a past stage of his existence, might have inhabited the body of a cat. His step is feline. When pleased, he utters inarticulate sounds like the purring of a cat. You almost expect him to rub himself against your legs. To look at him, "you could have almost sworn he had made his toilet by licking himself only half an hour before." The most amusing character in the story is Mr. Roy, the barrister and ex-Templar, whose eccentricities and irreverent remarks on the holy cow so horrified the simple folk of Dhupnagar. Then there is Ramanath Gossain, whom one loves to imagine sitting cross-legged in his temple-porch, as he contemplatively smokes his hookah, after the rosy dawn, and in the dreamy eve; the fine old priest, with his shrewd notions on men and things, his kindly, dignified, and persuasive ways, but withal his quiet, dry sarcasm for the hypocrites rash enough to provoke it. Ramanath is the best type of the old-fashioned Hindoo; just as Krishna and Mr. Roy and the "Dipty" (Deputy-Magistrate) are respectively exact types of revolutionary or Young Bengal; and all four ought to be studied in conjunction. Mr. Allardye makes his Baboos personally interesting in spite of their meanness, their duplicity, or their shallow conceit. It would be absurd to feel angry with Mr. Roy; his unflinching good humour and self-possession disarm your resentment at his amazing impudence; and you can only laugh at him when, after a snubbing that would settle most men, he walks cheerily off, whistling a cockney air and twirling his gold-headed cane. Next to Ramanath and Krishna, the best-drawn character is perhaps Agha, the Khyberlee, the rough, wild, yet tender-hearted Orson, who seriously thought of slaying an infidel or two by way of invoking the compassion of Allah on the imprisoned Afzul, but who finally decided on trying a pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy saint, and began his prayer in the following blunt and straightforward sentence:—"Oh blessed Pir Murtaza Ali Khan, an Afghan yourself, and knowing how difficult it is for an Afghan to do right, have mercy on the vilest and humblest of your slaves." And then, after denouncing himself as "worse than a dog of dirt and a cat of clay"; "worse than the Nawab of Panch Pahar's little, brown, spavined gelding"; and "worse than the rotten old rock that lies between Dhupnagar and Milkiganj, on the banks of the Gungapootra," he concludes:—"Wherefore, Oh blessed Pir Murtaza Ali Khan, seeing that thou art so holy, and I am so vile, do what is needful. What use of more? Amen." The description of Agha's ruminations on the unsatisfactory order of things in general is highly humorous. Another agreeable characteristic of Mr. Allardye's work is the absence of any appearance of effort. Only in one instance is a description overdone:—

The Gungapootra came gliding slowly down to the bottom of the valley, sweeping with its waters now the one side now the other, as the robes of a queen are tossed from side to side as she paces the palace hall; throwing up huge mounds of silt as it slowly doubles the corner of Milkiganj, &c.

The simile is quite in the Oriental spirit; but the abruptness of the transition from pictorial drapery to alluvial deposit almost suggests the substitution of silk for silt.

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.*

THE painstaking and accurate author of this work has put before himself a very distinct issue. He is not exactly engaged in a process of rehabilitation. He is determined, if possible, to show that the splendid maritime achievements to which we owe the discovery of America and Australia, the sea route to India, China, and the Moluccas, and the circumnavigation of the globe, all compressed into a century, were in reality due to the imagination and perseverance of a single man. As the great-grandson of our own Edward III., as the grandson of John of Gaunt, as the son of his daughter Philippa and of João, one of the best kings that ever sat on the throne of Portugal, Prince Henry, termed "the Navigator," has a special claim on the respect and remembrance of Englishmen. This Prince was born, fortunately, at a time when the world had just begun to wake up from a long slumber, and Mr. Major has shown, by a good deal of research, how King João vanquished the Spaniards in the battle of Aljubarrota, formed an alliance with England, forced the Mussulmans to evacuate the town and citadel of Ceuta, and then allowed his sons, more than one of whom were men of eminence, to give that attention to travel and maritime exploration which in so short a space enlarged the whole horizon of politics, science, and trade. We do not make out that Prince Henry is entitled himself to take rank as a discoverer. What

Mr. Major claims for his hero is that he successfully stimulated and directed the energies of his own and other races; that, on the bleak promontory of Sagres, swept by the winds of the Atlantic and unrelieved by vegetation, he passed years in studying imperfect maps, and in perfecting inadequate instruments; that, by a judicious liberality, he ensured to his country the services of able seamen of all nations; and that, in a life of less than seventy years, he fairly placed Portugal for a time at the head of the pioneers of the world. We admit that the author has made out a very good case, and we may say of his work, as a literary production, that it tells us a great deal in a moderate compass. If the narrative has occasionally a dry antiquarian flavour about it; if the pages teem with such names as Pedro and Diego, Perestrella, Balhazar, and Bartosa; if there is a certain sameness in the accounts of stormy Capes, furious seas, low lines of coasts fringed with palm-trees and cultivated by hostile Moors or tattooed and suspicious negroes, these characteristics are only what we must expect. But the author is never grandiloquent, never loses sight of his premises and proofs, and never writes for effect; and now and then, in his descriptions of strange customs and gesticulating and naked combatants, there is a freshness and a simplicity which take us back to Herodotus and Defoe.

There is, of course, a family likeness in all the experiences of these hardy seamen; and the Portuguese, being good Roman Catholics, seem to have been honestly actuated quite as much by the hope of introducing Christianity among barbarous tribes as by a thirst for new conquests. Wherever they landed they appear to have first planted the standard of their country, and then to have carved a cross. Their next endeavour ordinarily was to win over some of the negroes and carry them back to Portugal. But these benevolent motives were not seldom misconstrued, and there are one or two ugly stories of artifices resorted to by the explorers which were met with forcible retaliation by the natives. Barrenness of results only appears to have had the effect of sharpening invention and furnishing fresh incentives to energy; and, with all our modern amplitude of resources and wealth of knowledge, we must admire the courage and skill which carried frail ships, provided with unscientific instruments, round dangerous Capes and over tempestuous oceans in safety to their unknown ports. Indeed this book has more than once reminded us of Macaulay's warning against the habit of looking at ancient transactions by the light of modern knowledge, and of boasting that we all know that there is a place called New Holland, while both Columbus and Gama went to their graves in ignorance of the fact.

We shall endeavour to condense some of the chapters in which Mr. Major shows how, step by step, the Portuguese crept along the vast coast of Africa, got past the Cape of Good Hope, and eventually founded an empire in India, where their career as explorers ended and that of administrators did not begin. There is an old tradition that Madeira was really discovered by an Englishman named Machin, who fell in love with a young lady of good family, carried her off in spite of her parents, was driven to the island in an attempt to evade pursuit and reach France, and died there with his mistress, the survivors just managing to reach the coast of Africa, where they were taken prisoners by the Moors. This book shows that one of Machin's crew, a Spaniard named Juan de Morales, was ransomed by Spanish intervention, and eventually found his way into the service of Prince Henry, who sent out one of his navigators, Gonsalves Zarco, to re-discover the island and colonize it for Portugal. The name of the Englishman Machin is still retained in a part of Madeira called Machico, while Funchal, we are told, is derived from the Portuguese *Funcho*, or fennel, with which the place abounds. We like to hear of the contemporaneous account of abundant water and wood, of the jackdaws and the sea-wolves which gave their names to places either in Madeira itself or the lesser island of Porto Santo; of the introduction of the sugar cane, and of those celebrated vineyards which, though they recently have ceased to fill our cellars, only thirty years after their introduction displayed bunches of three or four palms in length, which to a Venetian navigator appeared "the most beautiful sight in the world" and of a prolific rabbit, which littered so copiously that her descendants ate up all the vegetable cultivation and became a positive pest. But it rather taxes our faith to believe that when certain dense forests in the interior of the island were set on fire, in order to save labour and to clear a passage, they continued to burn unextinguished for the space of seven years. After the discovery of Madeira a great deal of time and labour was spent in doubling Cape Bojador, exploring the country of the Tawny Moors, passing the Senegal, moving southwards along the Gold Coast, and preparing the way for the triumphs of Dias and Gama. The author takes occasion to show clearly that the group of the Azores, though marked on an early Genoese map of 1351 found in a library at Florence, were not known to the Portuguese at all till 1432, nor colonized till some years subsequently. And there seems to be some controversy as to the precise date of discovery between the Flemings and the Portuguese, into which we do not care to enter; but we may remark that Mr. Major effectually explodes the tradition about an equestrian statue, with letters in the Phœnician or some unknown language, which pointed to the existence of a new world across the Atlantic.

Passing over these topics, we come to the remarkable enterprise of the Venetian Cadamosto. This gentleman, when only twenty-two years of age, had the luck, owing to contrary winds, to make the acquaintance of Prince Henry, who helped to fit out

* *The Discoveries of Prince Henry the Navigator, and their Results.* By Richard Henry Major, F.S.A., Keeper of the Department of Maps and Charts in the British Museum, &c. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1877

his ship and sent him to report on Madeira and Porto Santo, and to push his way still further south. In the space of some thirty-seven years since their discovery the islands had made a marvellous progress. Goats, wild boars, and rabbits, as we have already said, were abundant. There was wheat enough for consumption and for export. Wood of great elegance and fragrant was made into furniture, which was sent to Portugal, and Madeira could boast of eight hundred men, of whom one hundred were mounted. Then we have an interesting account of a native potentate who possessed the country fifty miles south of the Senegal, and to whom the Portuguese gave the odd title of Budomel. This worthy had nine wives in one place, and more or less in others, and was respected by his subjects, not for his rank, but for his riches and for "personal strength, sense, justice, courage, and good looks." He kept up great state, only showing himself to his subjects for one hour in the morning and a short time in the evening; and he allowed no one, not even his relatives, to approach him except on their knees and with their foreheads on the earth, something like the fashion countenanced in Burma. The climate, we are not surprised to learn, was too hot for cereals or vines; but there was plenty of oil and palm-wine, as well as of serpents, white ants, and animals of various sorts. Horses imported from Barbary could not stand the "extreme heat," which "soon killed them"; but we are inclined to impute the mortality, not to warmth of climate, which favours the high-spirited Arab, but to "unsuitable food, such as beans and millet. South of Prince Budomel's country was the Gambia, and up this they proceeded some way, but returned after an encounter with the negroes which reads very like a page or two of *Robinson Crusoe*. In a second voyage their motives were better appreciated, and Cadamosto proceeded some sixty miles up the Gambia, to the region of Batti Mansa, or King Batti. Fever compelled him to return after a stay of eleven days; but he tasted elephant's flesh, and thought it hard and disagreeable; saw some hippopotami, and wondered at a habit, unknown elsewhere, of eating dog's flesh. About this time another captain, one Diego Gomez, went much further up the same river, or nearly five hundred miles, and feasted the sovereign, Nominansa, in return for divers civilities, with fowls and meat and white wine and red, to such an extent that the guests said to each other that "no nation was better than the Christians." We own to feeling an interest in this potentate, and in his wish for baptism; in his amusement at learning that the Christians carried on their wrists a bird which could catch and kill other birds; and in his longing for some rams, sheep, geese, and a pig; as also for two men "who could construct houses, and make a survey of his city." But the narrative says little more on this subject except that, some two years afterwards, Prince Henry sent a certain abbot, a relative of a cardinal, to remain with Nominansa, and instruct him in the true faith.

When Prince Henry died and was buried in the monastery at Batalha, in a tomb which, by reason of its exquisite design, "we are to believe eye-witnesses, is alone worth a journey to Portugal, discovery sustained a check for a time. But the race of enterprising navigators was not extinct. King Alfonso, as the author spells his name, leased the African trade for five years to Fernam Gomez, with the exception of ivory, stipulating with excellent forethought, that the lessee should be bound to discover annually one hundred leagues of coast. This gentleman, who must not be confounded with another of a similar name, also discovered what we call the island of Fernando Po, fitted out an expedition which opened up a trade in gold dust, discovered the island of St. Thomas, and was the first to cross the equator. All this enabled Fernam to amass great wealth and render good service to the King, who granted him a coat-of-arms, *argent*, three negroes' heads collared, or, with rings in their ears and noses. These expeditions doubtless prepared the way for the final triumph of Bartholomew Dias, who actually rounded the Cape of Good Hope without knowing it, reached Algoa Bay, to which he gave the name of Santa Cruz, and returned home, owing to the exhaustion of his crew in mind and body, after an absence of just sixteen months and seventeen days.

Mr. Major judiciously abstains from dwelling at length on such a comparatively well-known story as the voyage of Columbus; but he draws attention to the fact that that great sailor made several voyages to the Guinea coast in the Portuguese service, and married the daughter of a gentleman in the household of Prince Henry, whom that Prince had made Governor of Porto Santo, and who is credited with the introduction there of the progenitrix of all the rabbits. This book reminds us how it was that the proposal of Columbus to discover India by going due west did not meet with favour at the hand of King João; but, for the purpose of this work, it may be conceded that the Genoese navigator deduced his inferences from facts supplied by Portuguese pilots, and gathered in trips to Madeira or the Guinea coast. The fame of discoveries in the East and South, Mr. Major, in the concluding part of his work, fairly apportioned between Cabral, De Gama, and Albuquerque on the one hand, and Magalhaens and his comrades on the other. De Gama, stopping at various points on the west and the east coast of Africa, and at Madagascar, then known as the Island of St. Lawrence, sighted the high land of Southern India, near Calicut, after a voyage of more than ten months, and there is a grim and prophetic irony in the first salutation which greeted the adventurers. "The devil take you for coming here; what brought you from such a distance?" The reply, too, sounds oddly enough:—"We come in search of spices and Christians." We must leave readers to note how the torch

of discovery was handed over unquenched by De Gama to Cabral and to Almeida, the first Viceroy of the Indies, and how these and others discovered Brazil, Ascension, and St. Helena, explored a part of Ceylon, already known by accounts sent overland, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century pushed eastward to the Moluccas and China. It is almost humiliating to think that out of what might have been a noble inheritance, transmitted by a nation which then outstripped our own in boldness, nothing is left but a strip of country on the west coast of India bearing testimony to departed greatness, some three or four wealthy mercantile families long established at Calcutta, a Portuguese church or two at Hooghly and at Agra, and a motley assembly of humbler persons who perpetuate the high-sounding names of De Souza, Gomez, Almeida, and Gonsalves, and discharge the useful but not very elevating functions of clerks and copyists in Government offices at the Presidency towns.

The last chapter in the book is devoted to Magalhaens, who, when only twenty years old, had been in the retinue of the first Portuguese Viceroy of the Indies; and how he started on an expedition equipped by Charles V. of Spain, quelled a mutiny on the coast of South America, went through the Straits on which he has bestowed his name, reached the Philippines, and died in a fight with the natives at the island of Matan, is all told with perspicuity and succinctness. We have only to add that perusal is facilitated by a large map of Africa which gives the places both as they were known on their discovery and as they are known now; that, in an older map of 1591, the outlines of three great inland lakes, the Albert, the Victoria Nyanza, and the Tanganyika, can all be traced; that there is a useful index; that a curious old chart of the northern part of Australia indicates that the existence of this southern tract was more than suspected at a date prior to that assigned for its discovery; and that at page 248 there is a very good drawing of a stone statue of Prince Henry in armour, the noble expression of which seems to guarantee the moral qualities ascribed to him by friendly contemporaries, and fully to justify the author's high estimate of his favourite hero.

THE DARK COLLEEN.*

THE Dark Colleen is a novel which possesses the rare and valuable quality of novelty. It is different from other romances, and from other samples of the Irish school of fiction, in its faults no less than in its good points. An Irish novel entirely devoid of humour is certainly a new species, and it must be said that the lack of humour in *The Dark Colleen* is plentiful and conspicuous. On the other hand, the scenery will be strange to most readers, and in many passages the aspects of nature, whether in an "isle undiscoverable in the unheard of West," or in a Norman village, are very cleverly described. Moreover, the book is a study of a very curious and interesting state of society. The manners and customs are those which students read of, as of dead antiquities, in ancient manuals of Celtic law. The life is that of people as unsophisticated and as much their own rulers as the dwellers in the woodland villages in George Sand's *Maitres Sonneurs*. We may have to observe that the pictures of this life are sometimes theatrical, and that the light upon them, though it never was on sea or land, has often illuminated the boards of the British theatre. Admitting all this, and even admitting the much graver fault that, with one or two exceptions, the characters want life and reality, it must still be said that *The Dark Colleen* is a novel which no thorough novel-reader should miss, and which people who generally shun novels may go out of their way to enjoy.

Morna Dunroon, the *Dark Colleen* of the story, was a native of Eagle Island—a fragment, as may be guessed, of an ancient continent that extended westward of Ireland. The people were half Celtic in blood, half Spanish; for one of the vessels that were driven north and west in the great storm that scattered the Armada found rest in the natural haven of Eagle Island. "Free from the emasculating breath of modern culture and modern thought," as the author quaintly says, the natives of Eagle Island were sound Catholics and devoted believers in fairies and water spirits; above all, in the Midian Mara, or Mermaid Queen. The heling people enjoyed autoomy in a sense more extended than that of modern English diplomacy, and every year elected a "king." There was no constitutional reason why the same worthy should not hold the post for several turns in succession, and the father of Morna Dunroon had been king for twenty years when the story opens. Now it must be specially noted that the Eagle Islanders held the Homeric and primitive theory of good government, the theory which prevails in the *Odyssey*, and which is stated in the *Senchus Mor*. When a good king reigns, then, as Mr. Worsley translates Homer, and as the people of Eagle Island believed,

Then the dark earth produces wine and bread,
With fruit the trees bend, and the hills seem white
With flocks, and fishes swarm in the sea's bed,
And the whole people thrives for such a righteous head.

Under a bad king herrings sail and the potato disease brings famine. The plot of *The Dark Colleen* turns on the universal and implicit belief in this theory of government. It was Morna's destiny to spoil her father's long and prosperous reign. It happened to her one morning to be early abroad, in a land which may best be described in the words of the author:—

The Island itself is revealed fresh from the dewy baths of morning.

* *The Dark Colleen*. By the Author of "The Queen of Connaught." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

Crags, mountains, glistening peaks that point to heaven; stretches of green pasture and growing corn, black moors and wastes of heather; streams and mountain loughs glimmering before the eye. The sides of the mountains are torn into craggy dells, through which the torrents creep; and here and there amidst the openings in the granite crags are glimpses of emerald where the sheep and goats creep small as white mice. Far below the land stretches in an even sweep of grass and heather, broken up by crags and boulders and loose stones. To the south of the island fantastically shapen rocks form promontories projecting far out into the sea: some detached and pointing needle-like to the sky, others topped with table-lands of grass and heather, which are again enclosed by masses of distorted crags, crested with sea smoke and drifting clouds. All round the cliffs are terrible, opening here and there like huge jaws filled with sharp cruel teeth. Beneath these the sea washes and surges incessantly in and out of caverns black as night;—then it is cast back, and the hissing foam spreads out upon the water, and the white sea smoke, rising high in the air, is beaten into the face of a young girl who stands upon one of the highest cliffs, looking out over the ocean.

After enjoying the prospect from the height Morna went down to the coast, and there found, still alive, a French sailor who had been washed on shore from a wreck. It is difficult to believe in the possibility of his recovery in the circumstances described. Emile Bisson was spared by the sea only to do himself. He was the captain of a sailing vessel, and "as beautiful a youth" as any of the paragons who abound in modern studies of the Renaissance. He had golden hair, blue eyes, "a superb smile," "a cooling voice," a soft moustache, soft white fingers, and a habit of saying *Mon Dieu* which becomes very wearisome. He wore gloves when at sea, incredible as it may seem; he scented himself, and, in short, was as unlike a French sailor as he could well be. By way of wakening him from his deadly exhaustion, Morna "swept back the dripping hair, and evenly read every line of the fair face," and, by means of this simple process, curiously omitted in the instructions of the Humane Society, "his eyes opened once more." There was clearly life in Bisson, observing which the rough fishermen who soon came on the scene were naturally anxious to throw him into the deep. "Save a stranger from the sea, and he will prove your bitter enemy" was their motto. They argued that the Midian Mara (who very likely was only an ancestral spirit after all) would be annoyed at the rescue, that mackerel would cease to visit the coast, that the potato disease would return, if Bisson were resuscitated. Dunroon, the king of the island, was, as we have seen, personally interested in avoiding the threatened evils. The crown princess, however, very injudiciously insisted on sending for the local medicine man, a savage quack named Tuam O'Deeagan, and, by aid of the charms of Tuam and the powers of a good constitution, Bisson rallied and recovered health.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Bisson, as he grew stronger, took a fancy to Morna, and that Morna fell in love with him. We are repeatedly told that the rogue of a captain thought her a mere pretty savage, and not what the author chooses to call a "civilized." Time slipped away, and visitors came to the island; among others, Father Moy, a rather drunken but well-meaning priest, and Barron O'Cloasky, a wandering beggar. These two odd people are, with the exception of the pure and passionate heroine, the best characters in the book. Barron was a contented creature, and a good son, who took with him in all his wanderings his old father, mounted on a donkey. The donkey showed great sagacity by kicking Bisson at sight, and was clearly an animal of much foresight and value. Though there was plenty of drink (why not "lashings and lavings galore"? it is strange to miss these familiar terms in an Irish novel), the island was discontented. When the Feast of the King came, and when Dunroon was making for the royal seat, the revolutionary feeling broke out, and the fishers called for a new monarch. There had been no luck since Dunroon saved the Frenchman, they cried. The sceptre was just going to pass from the Dunroon dynasty, when Morna, whose girlish modesty had hitherto kept her silent, offered to dive down to the haunts of the Midian Mara, and pluck a crimson flower from her sea gardens. The superstitious folk were satisfied with this arrangement, and Morna, who had a marked liking for "sensation headers," was as good as her word. The description of her moonlight adventure, though clever and striking, lacks, we think, the magic, the "glamour," with which some writers would have invested such a daring incident of romance.

In spite of the Colleen's courageous dive, and in spite of the blessing of the priest, luck did not turn. Bisson lingered in the island, and the mackerel and herring held off. Truagh, a boat-shaped dwarf and an admirer of Morna, once witnessed a tender scene between the Frenchman and the girl, and that scene was only the beginning of evil. Morna defeated by her native purity and innocence the schemes of her would-be seducer, and Bisson was obliged to get the priest to perform the marriage service in secret. Soon after he left the island, and took Morna with him to Bernice, a little Norman town some seven miles from the port of Hantour. Though Bisson had married Morna, he was by no means disposed to acknowledge her as his wife. He kept her secluded in the inland town, and passed his time flirting with Euphrasie Monier, the *dame de comptoir* of a little café in Hantour. The selfishness and the hard prettiness of Euphrasie are very carefully sketched, and one is made to feel that she really possessed "the charming innocence of a girl of nineteen, mingled with the practised coquetry (*sic*) of the woman of thirty." By skilful manoeuvring this siren at last extracted an offer of marriage from the scoundrel Bisson, who was now obliged to devise some plan of getting rid of Morna. Nothing better occurred to him than to decoy her on board his new vessel, and leave her to the tender mercies of his mate Nicole Louandre, who, believing Morna to be

a castaway mistress of Bisson's, had no reason to fancy that his own delicate attentions would not be acceptable. Morna baffled him by the simple expedient of leaping overboard, and swimming a quarter of a mile to shore. Safely landed, she walked home, and surprised Bisson in the act of making love to Euphrasie. After a cleverly-written scene, in which the scoundrel convinces the unwilling Morna that he is weary of her, she walks back to Hantour, in a sort of dream, and embarks for Ireland.

So far the story, though not very probable, has not only not revolted the reader by its absurdity, but has often charmed him with the pure and ardent affection of Morna, or pleased him with slightly over-coloured but still effective sketches of scenery. When Morna reaches Ireland, a less pleasant passage occurs. The weary and bewildered girl, lost in a large seaport, is beguiled by an old hag into a low drinking-shop or shebeen, where sailors kiss and annoy her. Among others, Louandre meets her, recognizes her, and, when she escapes, pursues her. By great luck she encounters Barron O'Cloasky, his stately old beggarly father, and the donkey, who is now promoted to the dignity of a capital letter, and is spoken of as the Ass. Morna very naturally faints from fatigue, and Barron recognizes her. Then, "in the old Celtic tongue, which Morna knew and loved so well, a voice exclaimed, 'Begorra!'" It added more solemnly, "By Our Lady and all the Saints, if it isn't the Colleen Dubh!" A battle royal between Barron and Louandre was settled by the intervention of the donkey:—

Louandre, standing with clenched fists raised in the air, received the kick full in his side, and with a groan he fell. For a moment all stood amazed, gazing silently upon the man's senseless form; then Morna ran to the Ass, and fell with a low hysterical cry upon her neck.

This was the passage which compelled us to conclude that Irish humour was not among the gifts of the author of *The Dark Colleen*. We do not intend to follow the Ass, Barron, the old man, and Morna back to Eagle Island, nor to forestall the curiosity of the reader by disclosing the end of this eventful history. The conclusion is in harmony with the wilder vein of the narrative, and all through the book we miss and long for a return to the pleasant quiet of the early chapters. Pleasant quiet, the author may say with some truth, never does return; things never are again as they were before some one eventful hour or day robbed life of its illusion, and nature of her soft peace and charm. Still, after a tale more full of storm and turmoil than our analysis even hints at, art demands some "rest and returning," and more promise of fair weather than we can detect in the latest pages of *The Dark Colleen*. Our readers are left free to imagine a more sedate and tranquil, though not a very attractive, love affair in the future of Morna. Many will be glad, no doubt, to weave a day dream of their own in which she is serenely prosperous; for though her history, as told here, wants humour, and the sense of proportion, and graceful ease, she herself is certainly a person in whose destinies no one can help feeling concern and interest. These emotions will make all but hardened critics overlook the occasional blemishes and the prevailing stiffness of the novel.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MUSICAL UNION.—THIRTY-THIRD SEASON.—Subscription, Two Guineas for the Eight Matinees after Easter. Tickets, with the Record of 1876 (Dedicated to Rubinstein), containing names of Seventy-three Pianists, have been posted to Members.—For other particulars address, Prof. ELULA, Victoria Square, S.W.



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THE NEGOTIATIONS.

AT the present moment there is an apparent improvement in the prospects of peace. According to one statement, the English Ministry has intimated that it will sign the Protocol on condition that Russia shall make a formal engagement to demobilize, and that, in the event of any failure in fulfilling that engagement, the Protocol shall become null and void. It is also said that the Russian Government is willing to accept this compromise, and to put the promise to demobilize into a memorandum, which may, if necessary, be read to the English Parliament; but in return it requires that the promised removal of the troops shall be deferred until the Porte has accepted the Protocol and made peace with Montenegro. Assuming that this is the present state of the negotiations, it is no doubt, in a certain degree, a step in advance; but it does not appear that there is yet sufficient ground for believing that all difficulties are over. It is evident that the postponement of the demobilization until differences are at an end between the Porte and Montenegro opens up an ominous possibility of delay, and it is easy to conceive that influences might be applied to effect this result. A stipulation that the disarmament should depend on the decision of a Russian Minister or General could scarcely be more illusory. The Prince of MONTENEGRO will make peace when he receives orders to that effect from St. Petersburg, and he will not make peace before. Again, much must depend on the manner in which the demobilization is to be carried out, and this involves a number of delicate and awkward questions, such as the distance to which the Russian forces are to be removed from the Turkish frontier, and whether they are to be allowed to leave behind them, to be ready for a possible return, the vast amount of warlike stores which they have been accumulating there for some time past. Nothing is now said of the reported proposal that Turkey should be the first to disarm; but, if it was really made, it was obviously vexatious. The Turks are not about to invade Russia, and they cannot be expected to place themselves at the mercy of a superior enemy. Nevertheless it is a question whether it is worth while to exact a promise of disarmament as a condition of agreement. If a Protocol setting out the terms on which peace is to be maintained is to be signed by the Great Powers, it will perhaps be in the power of Russia to render the transaction nugatory by invading Turkey in the spring; but the diplomatic and moral position of the aggressor would then be injuriously affected by the previous verbal arrangement. An implied undertaking to disarm could not be violated except at the risk of provoking universal indignation. Any supposed sanction of a Russian right of interference in Turkey would be worthless if obtained by means of deception.

The diplomatic uncertainties and difficulties which have now occupied several months have perhaps reflected the vacillations of Russian policy. The Emperor ALEXANDER, who must at the time of the Moscow speech have resolved on war as the only alternative to the submission of Turkey, appears to have afterwards hesitated on the verge of a costly and uncertain enterprise. The latest reports of military movements indicate the probable resumption of a warlike policy; and the violent and menacing language of the Russian papers corresponds with the measures of the Government. The advantages of a free press are universally recognized; and, on the other hand, it may in certain

states of society be impolitic to allow unrestrained discussion. The combination of reckless license with total absence of liberty has only been found possible in Russia. The mischievous sophisms, the insolent denunciation of foreign States, the reckless provocations to war which are periodically substituted for ordinary discussion, represent the appeal of despotism to popular passion. The Government which lately banished the professional advocates of a batch of political prisoners allows no serious treatment by journalists of domestic questions, and prevents at its pleasure the expression of opinions on foreign affairs which may be distasteful to itself. When it is thought expedient to support diplomacy by intimidation, the newspapers are stimulated and let loose; and Europe is invited to acknowledge the necessity of deference to a spontaneous expression of the national will. At present the literary agents of the Government are chiefly engaged in attributing to England the risk of a rupture which, if it occurs, will have been deliberately prepared and directly caused by Russia. It may be true that, in conventional phrase, the English Government might have been more ready to build a golden bridge for the retreat of Russia from a false position; but the construction of any bridge is likely to be languidly pursued when it is known or suspected that the fabric is not destined to be used. The English Government may perhaps have ascertained that the tedious exchange of protocol drafts was only designed to occupy the time till the roads in Roumania and Bulgaria should become passable in spring.

The debate of Friday week gave Mr. GLADSTONE the opportunity of making another eloquent speech, and enabled the Government to put their adversaries in an absurd position. If Mr. FAWCETT's motion was, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, merely a peg to hang speeches on, its form and substance may have mattered little; but Mr. FAWCETT himself took a more serious view of his own language and conduct; and it is surprising that he should not have understood the feebleness of the argument which he intended to imply in his Resolution and to support by his speech. He cannot have quoted Lord DERBY's phrases except for the purpose of insinuating that the Government was about to repudiate principles affirmed by the FOREIGN MINISTER; yet it was impossible that Mr. FAWCETT should know the purpose and tenor of the late negotiations. Lord HARRINGTON and Mr. GLADSTONE himself declined to vote for the motion, and Mr. FAWCETT, by offering to withdraw it, acknowledged the inopportune nature of his censure on the Government. As an apology for blunders and confusion, it is suggested that, while all the world is talking about the Eastern question, it is unreasonable to ask that Parliament should be exceptionally silent. The distinction between irresponsible conversation and declamations which may compromise the national policy might have seemed too obvious to be mentioned. It is utterly wrong to propose motions for the purpose of hanging speeches upon them. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech probably gained in effect by the accident of his having mislaid his papers. Detailed statements of outrages committed on Turkey would have been less interesting than the powerful declamation which took their place. The admiration of the Liberal members for the oratory of their former leader must have been tempered by annoyance at being compelled to vote either with the Government or against their own convictions. It was remarkable that, notwithstanding his impressive denunciation of the Turks, Mr. GLADSTONE abstained, as he has abstained on all former

occasions, from propounding a policy. Mr. FAWCETT's motion pointed directly to coercion; and perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE may share his opinion; but he has never yet expressed it. It is still more probable that he would incline to acquiescence in Russian intervention; but on that point also he has been silent. In his letter to Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFE, and in his speech on Tuesday last, Mr. GLADSTONE admits that during the Cretan insurrection he thought humanity must yield to the higher duty of preserving neutrality. He intimates an opposite judgment as applicable to the present contest; but whether he proposes a breach of neutrality, or an approval of a breach of neutrality by others, he has never yet distinctly stated. Lord DUFFERIN avowedly holds peace to be more important than the reform of Turkish administration. Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet pledged himself to the logical consequence of his numerous speeches and pamphlets.

The only forecast of the future which can be confidently made is the oracular proposition that the intentions of Russia will be fulfilled, whether they point to peace or to war. The English demand of disarmament as a condition precedent to the signature of a Protocol is an attempt to anticipate by a few days or weeks the ultimate solution. As Sir S. NORMAN said in answer to Lord HAVINGHAM, and in due official phrase, the present meeting relates rather to the circumstances in which the Protocol is to be adopted than to the terms in which it is expressed. Either the Government is still ignorant of the purposes of Russia, or it is not at liberty to communicate the knowledge which it may possess. It would have been well if Parliament had during the interval of uncertainty been content to abstain from desultory debates on isolated portions of the Eastern question. One of the most unreasonable paradoxes which could have been concocted at the present moment is Mr. GLADSTONE's false belief that before the Crimean war Russia possessed an undisputed right of intervention in the domestic government of Turkey. On the contrary, the ostensible cause of the war was the demand by the Emperor NICOLAS of a concession which, if Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion were correct, would have been utterly superfluous. It is hard on Sir H. ELLIOT that his withdrawal from the Embassy at Constantinople should be recommended on the ground that he secured the conviction which was entertained in 1853 by the Government of which Mr. GLADSTONE was a member, and by the Emperor NICOLAS himself. It will perhaps not be expedient that Sir H. ELLIOT should return to Constantinople, because he represents a policy which has been partially abandoned, and also because the Opposition has probably succeeded in convincing the Turks that the Allies were disposed to connive at their follies and crimes; but it is well that Mr. BOWEN should have denounced in appropriate language the vile and calumnious attacks to which Sir H. ELLIOT has been exposed. The personal enmity of more than one newspaper correspondent to the Ambassador added venom to false charges and insinuations which probably originated in Russian suggestions. Sir HENRY ELLIOT was accused in plain terms of intrigue against Lord SALISBURY, by writers who had previously favoured or propagated the mendacious report that he advised the Porte to reject proposals which had been sanctioned by the English Government. It may have been some consolation to an upright public servant that in the late debate every speaker, except Mr. BYLANDS, recognized in becoming language the honourable and loyal character which had been so wantonly impugned. It is to be hoped rather than expected that Sir H. ELLIOT's assailants and detractors will deal fairly with his temporary or permanent successor.

ITALY.

THE outline of this year's Budget has been submitted to the Italian Parliament by Signor DEPRETIS, and the prospect which Italy has before her is at least as satisfactory as could have been expected. If Italy is not exactly solvent, she is marching to the great goal of solvency with firm and vigorous steps. There is to be, if all goes well, a surplus this year. It is not a large surplus, being somewhat under half a million sterling; but still a surplus of any kind is a glory to Italy. Italy is very hard pressed by taxation; but she becomes every year more prosperous and rich. Her income for the present year is estimated at 55,880,000*l.*, and her outlay at 55,400,000*l.*; and

the exertions which Italy must make to raise a sum so large in proportion to her resources are very great. It is an old story, too, that some of the taxes are very hard to bear, especially the Grist-tax, and the present Ministry came in pledged to mitigate, if not to remove, the grievances to which the exaction of the Grist-tax gives rise. But in practice the Ministry has been obliged to let things go on as they were, as this was the only means of keeping up the credit of the country. Signor DEPRETIS cannot admit any remission of taxation, and his hope for the future lies in the prospect that the existing taxes may be gradually made to yield more and more by the development of the national resources and by an adroit arrangement of new treaties of commerce. He, however, takes credit to his Ministry for having already done something which entitles it to special commendation. His predecessors, he says, were wrong in their estimates. The income of last year was over-estimated by nine millions of francs, and the expenditure underestimated by eighteen millions. But he and his colleagues effected reductions to the amount of twenty-four millions, so that they succeeded in almost exactly repairing the blunders of the MEXIMATI Ministry. Even, however, if all goes this year as well as could be wished, and there really is a small surplus, the financial position of Italy will still be far from what patriotic statesmen would wish to see it. In the first place, there is a large floating debt of over nine millions sterling, and it is not obvious how Signor DEPRETIS, so far as his speech has hitherto been reported, proposes to deal with this great source of difficulty. In the next place, Italy is cursed with a large inconvertible paper currency, the inconveniences of which are felt in every transaction of daily life. Signor DEPRETIS has had the courage to try to do something not inconsiderable in the way of grappling with this gigantic evil. He proposes that the present limit, which is about thirty-seven and a half million sterling, shall not be exceeded, and that a sinking fund shall be instituted, beginning with 300,000*l.* next year for the extinction of the paper currency. Lastly, he thinks it indispensable that the Credit Institution shall be reformed and provided with new capital. For this purpose he proposes—if this is the real meaning of his proposal, which has as yet been only briefly reported by telegraph—that the land belonging to the rural communes shall be sold, the communes receiving an equivalent charge on the State, and that the money produced by the sale shall be used to set up land banks. This is a bold measure, and one open to many obvious objections; but it is premature to criticize it until its exact character and drift are more precisely known than they are at present.

The quarrel between the Vatican and the Quirinal rages with unabated fury. Cardinal SIMEONE has now issued a reply to Signor MAXIMATI's circular to the magistrates in which the reasons were stated which had induced the Government to permit the publication in Italy of the Pope's recent Allocation. The new Papal utterance is written in a strain of passionate indignation, and openly appeals to foreign Powers to intervene on behalf of the Pope. At the bottom of the dispute lies an irreconcilable divergence of conception as to what the Pope's position in Italy really is. The theory of the Italian Government is that, when the temporal power was taken from the Pope, Italy undertook to furnish him with an asylum exempt altogether from Italian jurisdiction, where he might go on, so far as Italy was concerned, exactly as if he were at Avignon or Malta. He is as safe from personal violence or interruption in the functions of his spiritual office as if he were living under the protection of France or England, and in addition the Italian Government would pay him a handsome pension if he chose to accept it. But then Italy claims that the Pope's position shall carry with it all its consequences. The fact that it is Italy which gives the Pope an asylum which he must have somewhere does not alter the relations which Italy has, in common with other Catholic countries, to the head of the Church. Italy is, in the eyes of the Italian Government, as free to deal with the temporal difficulties arising out of the Pope's acts as if the Pope were a thousand miles away from the Vatican. France claims the right of prohibiting the publication of documents issued by the Pope, and it is only a question of discretion when the French Government will exercise this right. Signor MAXIMATI in the same way considered the Allocation issued from the Vatican exactly as if it had been issued from Avignon. He was quite at liberty to stop its publication if he pleased, but he thought it better not to stop it, and most people

will think he judged wisely. If, again, Italian subjects or foreigners residing in Italy choose to make the Papal Allocation a handle for attacks of their own on the Government, Italy considers itself as free to punish them, so far as the law permits, as it would consider itself free to punish persons advocating a Republican revolution or the restoration of the King of NAPLES. If it pleases, the Italian Parliament may increase the rigour of the laws against ecclesiastical agitators, just as any other country may legislate directly against priests if it thinks fit. Lately the Italian Government has taken a step in this direction, and the step it has taken appears to be a decidedly wrong one. It is monstrous that priests should be liable to legal penalties because they disturb the peace of families. They cannot do their duty unless they sometimes disturb the peace of families, nor can any men who try to make the world better. The Italian Government disturbed the peace of a good many families when it took advantage of Sedan to drive the Pope across the Tiber. But there seems nothing more monstrous in such an enactment if made in Italy than if made in France or Austria, when once the main theory of the Italian Government is adopted, and it is recognized that, whether the Pope happens to be in the Vatican or at Avignon or at Jerusalem, the sphere of secular government in Italy remains always the same.

It is needless to say that a totally different theory of the Pope's position as regards Italy prevails at the Vatican. There it is held that Italy, when seizing by an act of execrable violence on the temporal possessions of the Pope, bought off the hostility of other Catholic Powers by entering into a covenant with the Pope, with the Catholic world generally, and especially with France and Austria, that Italy would for all future time stand towards the Pope in a perfectly exceptional position. The spiritual power was to be able to do throughout all Italy exactly what it pleased. For spiritual purposes all Italy was to be taken to be situated within the precincts of the Vatican. The Pope's Bulls and Allocations were to circulate from the Alps to Sicily as a matter of right. If priests attacked the Government, it was to be a sufficient answer that they were priests and were doing what they were told to do. If these privileges were in any way infringed, then France and Austria and any other Catholic country would be entitled, and, so far as proper Catholic motives guided them, might be relied on, to intervene and make Italy keep to its bargain. This is the Papal view, and it is so diametrically opposed to the Italian view that arguments founded on the two theories cannot possibly touch each other. Cardinal SIMONE, for example, begins by pointing out that it is no concession to the Pope that the publication of his Allocation has been permitted in Italy, because any day a Minister may take a different course, and the successor of Signor MARINI may prevent the publication of a future Allocation. If the publication of Allocations is a matter of right, this is as good an argument as could be wished. If it is a matter of discretion, the argument has no force whatever. Cardinal SIMONE goes on to complain that, whereas Ministerial papers are allowed to criticize the Allocation, clerical papers are not allowed to defend it. Here, again, the ground of complaint is strong or weak according as the one theory or the other is adopted. If the Italian Government is at liberty to treat the Papal Allocation as it would treat a Republican manifesto, it is natural that it should leave in peace the papers that blame, and should weigh heavily on papers that support, an attempt to destroy it. If, on the contrary, the Italian Government has consented to allow everything to be said and done against its interests and existence of which the Pope approves, there can be no doubt that it breaks its covenant every day. So, again, as to foreign intervention, the CARDINAL is quite right in invoking it if Italy bargained with foreign Powers that she would let the Pope do what he pleased on Italian soil; but, if foreign intervention is only to be the instrument by which Italy is to be forced into such a bargain, Italy may very naturally wish foreign Powers to mind their own business, and not create for her a position which they would not accept for themselves. All this, however, refers only to the question of principle involved in the controversy. Apart from principle, Italy has to exercise a discretion, and in real life there are many reasons why Italy will do well to treat the Pope and the clergy with as much gentleness and leniency as possible; and it is much to be regretted that in her new measure she

seems to have departed from the attitude of patient and indulgent wisdom which has hitherto characterized her dealings with the Papacy.

THE SESSION TO EASTER.

THE first quarter of the Session has not corresponded in all respects with the anticipations which had been formed. The autumn agitation seemed to forebode a conflict of parties in which the Parliamentary minority would be supported by popular sentiment. Both Houses have since occupied themselves at least sufficiently with the Eastern question; but the Opposition has prudently declined to expose its weakness by a division. Desultory censures of the past policy of the Government were easier and safer than a trial of strength on any definite or tangible issue. It would have mattered little to the leaders of the Opposition if they had been merely outvoted, provided they had any preferable course of action to recommend; but the real question was whether coercion should be applied to the Turks; and only a small fraction of the Liberal party would have been prepared to resort to force. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though he repeatedly taunted the Government with its alleged desertion of the cause of the oppressed Christians, has never distinctly proposed an offensive alliance with Russia against Turkey. The Duke of ARGYLL, in the most eloquent speech which has been delivered in either House, contented himself with a vague assertion that the Government might, if it thought fit, choose among half a dozen different methods of coercion. Lord SALISBURY, who is perhaps not more friendly to the Turks, answered to the effect that the Porte would probably not yield to the most formidable threats, and that the consequences of actual hostility would be dangerous and incalculable. The tedious progress of the recent negotiations supplied an additional reason for not pledging Parliament to any positive opinion. The discussions which have occurred on various occasions probably reflect the indecision which prevails throughout the country. Indignation against Turkish misgovernment coexists with a general disinclination to undertake the responsibility of correcting the disorders of a remote community. The Government has perhaps lost popularity through its supposed want of sympathy for the sufferers; but it has become evident that the Opposition, if it were restored to power, would be equally helpless. When the Protocol is settled or abandoned, there will perhaps be a new series of debates, with not less unsatisfactory results.

The progress of ordinary business has not been remarkably interesting. Mr. SELWY's Valuation Bill may probably be useful, but it is difficult to feel enthusiasm for or against Assessment Committees. The discussion of the Army and Navy Estimates is always confined to official and professional or quasi-professional speakers. Only a few members feel themselves competent to derive instruction from Mr. KELL's elaborate demonstrations of the mismanagement of the navy; but even civilians arrived at the unanimous conclusion that Mr. SELWY would not put an end to actual or possible abuses by the process of converting a First Lord of the Admiralty into a Secretary of State. Mr. HARBY's statement on moving the Army Estimates was received with general satisfaction. The expenditure for the year shows a slight reduction, and the number of recruits is largely increased. The effect of the great changes introduced by Lord CARDWELL seems thus far to have been highly advantageous; and Colonel MURK, in retracting some former expressions of disapproval, probably represented the feelings of many competent judges of military affairs. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. HARBY has determined, for the sake of symmetry, to close the only side door by which candidates for commissions who have not the gift of learning at present sometimes enter the army. Militia subalterns will henceforth be compelled to submit to the universal necessity of competitive examination. Diplomats and Foreign Office clerks will probably not long escape the iron rule of competition; but Mr. TRAVELMAN failed for the time in his attempt to convince the House of Commons that appointment to office by number of marks is a law of nature. He protested in vain that some of the Indian civilians who have entered the service under the modern system promised in course of time to rival their predecessors who were appointed by the favour of Directors. Popular zeal for competition has perhaps diminished since it has been discovered that the necessary preparation under cram tutors

is so costly as to exclude the poorer classes from competition. The supporters of the modern system were the less disposed to interfere with the discretion of the Government because the present FOREIGN MINISTER and the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER have always been advocates of competition. Lord DERRY, though he might at his choice directly appoint Foreign Office clerks, selects by competitive examination among ten or twelve nominees. The diplomatic service alone is still recruited by merit or by interest.

Only a few annual motions or schemes of private members have been disposed of during February and March. Sir JOHN LEBROCK carried against the Government the second reading of the Bill for preserving Ancient Monuments; and possibly the measure may hereafter emerge from the Select Committee to which it has been referred. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN also obtained a majority for his strange proposal that English landed property owned by a colonist should devolve according to the law, not of England, but of the colony. The deceased wife's sister party will have to content themselves with their unexpected triumph, for the objections to the measure are not confined to the social question. It is impossible to establish for the colonies a different principle from that which determines the rights of the issue of Scotch marriages. The debate on the Bill for enabling municipal corporations to purchase a monopoly of the trade in liquor was chiefly remarkable for the establishment or commencement of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Parliamentary reputation. His local influence and his ability in municipal administration were generally recognized, and he was not unknown as a political writer; but it can never be certainly known, except by experiment, whether a new aspirant will suit the taste of the House of Commons. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S force of argument, his moderation, his language, and his manner secured the approval both of fastidious critics and of the House in general. It is not improbable that, when the moderate section of his party has been eliminated by future elections, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is understood to hold opinions which are now thought extreme, may be a principal leader of the Liberals, and in his turn a Minister. His political career is more hopeful than his project for suppressing the trade of publicans and licensed victuallers. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who has not yet moved his Permissive Bill, gave a partially ironical support to the Gothenburg device. He would probably have voted with the majority if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had not given corporations a discretionary power to withhold the enjoyment of alcoholic drinks from their unfortunate subjects and constituents. The division on a Bill which was indirectly permissive will be repeated when Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S debate recurs in due season. The Government has redeemed its pledge of allowing the Irish Sunday Closing Bill to pass the second reading. A Select Committee has since collected evidence which tends to show that hasty deference to Irish clamour is not unlikely to produce serious discontent in Ireland.

The first appearance of new Ministerial leaders in both Houses was watched with natural curiosity. Lord BEACONSFIELD, after one or two skirmishes on the Eastern question, has had no opportunity of exhibiting the faculty which he probably possesses of adapting himself to change of position. The House of Lords, which has generally but insufficient employment at the beginning of a Session, has this year been compulsorily idle. In almost the only division which has taken place the majority consisted of three peers, and the minority of one. It is unlucky that the great abilities of Lord SALISBURY, Lord CARNARON, Lord CAIRNS, and Lord BEACONSFIELD himself should find little or no Parliamentary occupation, while their colleagues in the House of Commons are far overmatched in debate. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, though it is premature to judge of his ultimate success, has scarcely satisfied the moderate expectations which were formed when he was designated as successor to Mr. DISRAELI. With the aid of Mr. HARDY, he has sustained without conspicuous failure the unequal contest with the leaders of the Opposition; but his management of business has on more than one occasion been deficient in foresight and in firmness. The leader of the House is responsible for the blunder of announcing by Circular an impending division on Mr. READ'S motion for County Boards, when he ought to have understood that the county members, though they disliked the innovation, could not safely oppose it. The excuse for subsequent acquiescence, founded on the moderation of Mr. READ'S speech, was trans-

parently insufficient. Representative government in counties may or may not be desirable, but its expediency can by no possibility depend on the language which may be used by one of its advocates. The grant of a Committee on the Stock Exchange, after Mr. STANHOPE had been allowed to deliver an able speech against the motion, was another instance of weakness. A Minister ought to make up his mind at least the day before a debate, and not when it is proceeding. There is still time to redeem oversights, and to correct erroneous tendencies. The position of the Government has not been seriously affected; and the temper of the constituencies two or three years hence cannot be ascertained beforehand. According to present appearances, the Ministry will last as long as the Parliament.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE Indian Budget—the Budget, that is to say, introduced in the Legislative Council—is necessarily of more than ordinary interest. So long as India was supposed to be steadily, if slowly, approaching the time when her receipts and expenditure would show a proper equilibrium, the subject had not much attraction for Englishmen. The details of Indian taxation were necessarily strange to them, and it was only on rare occasions that they could have an opinion upon the relative merits of this or that impost. The famine in the Deccan has worked a remarkable change in this respect. It has made it clear for the first time that famines are a regular element of Indian life, and that in one province or another a famine, or rather a scarcity needing special provisions to ensure that it shall not grow into a famine, may be looked for every two or three years. It is plain that, if this is the case, the calculations of Indian expenditure must be completely recast. Hitherto a famine, with the loan that is necessarily incurred for its relief, has been regarded as a piece of abnormal ill-fortune. It deranged the Budget of the year; but when once it was over, and the additional interest had been duly added to the liabilities which the Indian Finance Minister had to meet, it passed from recollection. The idea that famines return with sufficient regularity to make it a part of the Finance Minister's ordinary duty to provide against them is fatal to all the comfortable theories of Indian economy that have of late been popular. It now appears that the expenditure of the Government of India, taking not one year with another, but one period of three years with another, is invariably and largely in excess of its income. When once this fact has been realized, the Indian Budget passes into the region of high political problems. Whether the revenue can be increased by new taxes or the expenditure lessened by new economies, or whether the missing balance is to be looked for in the direction of an increased outlay on public works which may have the effect of preventing famines by enabling the Indian cultivator to deal with drought, are all questions of pressing importance to England as well as to India.

The debate in the Legislative Council of which a summary was given in Monday's *Times* scarcely rose to the height of the occasion. The decentralization projects which are included in the Budget seem to be generally approved, perhaps from the natural preponderance in the Council of the representatives of Bengal interests. One of the native members argued that it was unjust to levy fresh taxes on Bengal, inasmuch as the province already yielded a large surplus revenue. It will be hardly convenient if the Government of India should hereafter find that the wants of a poor Presidency cannot be supplied from the abundance of a wealthy one without causing discontent among the population which has to contribute to its neighbours' needs. Decentralization is an excellent expedient for securing local supervision of local expenditure; but it cannot be successful unless a very clear line of demarcation is drawn between the local and the national exchequers. Bengal must go on paying a share of the income of India which will be calculated according to the wealth of the province, not according to the proportion of that income which is actually needed for local purposes. Lord LYTTON described the effect of the Decentralization Bills with commendable moderation when he said that they were merely intended to give the earliest possible application to the principle that the local Governments should be financially responsible for the mainten-

ance and management of works of special local utility. Even with this restriction the process ought to be carried out with very great caution.

The subject which excited most interest in the Legislative Council was the repeal of the Customs duties; and Sir JOHN STRACHEY had to explain early in the debate that too much importance had been attached to this part of his speech on introducing the Budget. He had only meant, he said, to speak of a good time coming; of a time in which the necessary revenue would be raised without the imposition of a single Customs duty, and the untaxed wares of the world would have free access to all parts of India. But in saying this he was only expressing his opinion that it ought to be so, and his desire that it might be so. He had no intention of doing anything at present to bring it about. The Customs duties yield on an average two millions and a half annually, and a Finance Minister who has to raise a loan in India, and to get another raised in England to meet the expenses of the year, is not likely to throw away a sum of that magnitude. Even the 300,000*l.* which is furnished by the cotton duties is not to be replaced by fresh taxes. The Government hope that the day will soon come when the first step towards their abolition may be taken; but even this partial approach is not to be attempted during the present year. Sir JOHN STRACHEY's qualification of his earlier statement is exceedingly prudent, and it may perhaps seem ungracious to remark that, if the earlier statement had not been made, there would have been no need for the subsequent qualification. But Lord LYTTON, who spoke on Wednesday, did not imitate his Finance Minister's prudence. Whether the fault be the Viceroy's or some one else's, there is an unfortunate disposition in the Government of India just now to amuse itself with statements of general principles which it either does not intend, or knows that it will not be able, to put into immediate action. We had occasion the other day to notice an example of this tendency in the preamble to the instructions on the mode of dealing with the famine, and Lord LYTTON seems to have again fallen into the same error with regard to the cotton duties. The majority of the speakers in the first Budget debate were apparently much more in sympathy with Sir JOHN STRACHEY in what may be called his second Customs phase than with the Viceroy. One member feared that the abolition of the duties might stifle at its birth a now and promising Indian industry. Another thought Sir JOHN STRACHEY's picture Utopian. Another could not agree that the interests of India and Manchester were identical in the matter, and urged that Indian interests must be first considered. Another believed that there was no form of taxation so sound, so productive, and so little open to objection as the Customs duties, and that perhaps the least objectionable of all of them was the tax on the finer kinds of cotton goods.

It does not matter whether these arguments are sound or unsound in themselves. The point to be noticed is that there was not the least need that the discussion should ever have been raised. Englishmen would be glad of a financial millennium in which the untaxed wares of the world would be laid at their feet; but Chancellors of the Exchequer do not think it necessary, when they have no surplus, to picture the charms of getting tea, wine, and tobacco free of duty. They reserve their outbursts of enthusiasm for those happy years in which they have money available for the remission of taxes. It must be said, by way of excuse for Sir JOHN STRACHEY, that there seems no probability that any such year will come round during his term of office; and he may consequently think it hard to be entirely deprived of the pleasures which fall to the lot of more fortunate Finance Ministers. But the same plea cannot be urged on behalf of Lord LYTTON. The Viceroy had seen the bad effect of Sir JOHN STRACHEY's first speech in the comments made on it in the subsequent debate. He had heard the Lieutenant-Governor of BENGAL insist on the immense mischief that would be done by an announcement that, while the Government of India was pressing the local Governments to tax the pettiest traders in the North-West Provinces, and to throw increased burdens on the peasantry of Bengal, it had formed a deliberate conception of financial policy which would remit the one form of taxation that presses upon European residents in India, in order to comply with the demands of Manchester millowners. We do not say for a moment that this is a fair description of the financial policy which points to a repeal of the cotton

duties. In the long run the people of India must be benefited by the largest extension of Free-trade that is compatible with raising the necessary revenue. But we fear that it is not an unfair description of the considerations which led to the exposition of this financial policy at a moment when there was no possibility of its being reduced to action. Sir JOHN STRACHEY's Budget is calculated for the meridian of India; in presence of so serious a deficit it would have been impossible to do anything else. But Lord LYTTON's speech is calculated for the meridian of Manchester, and, under present circumstances, this argues an unfortunate subordination of the necessities of Indian administration to the necessities of English politics.

SPAIN.

THE result of King ALFONSO's recent journey seems to be regarded as on the whole satisfactory. In judicious conformity with royal traditions he has attended service at churches and cathedrals, he has distributed alms, and he has professed interest in local institutions. Above all, he has shown himself to large numbers of people, and he may probably have earned his reward in the popularity which naturally attends on youth and prosperity. The inhabitants of some of the large towns, and especially of Barcelona, while they displayed a coldness which implies the prevalence of Republican opinions, abstained from acts of molestation or rudeness. The upper and middle classes are probably unanimous in their satisfaction with the re-establishment of a dynasty which promises a certain amount of stability. Every other form of government which has been established in Spain since the fall of Queen ISABELLA has been disliked and opposed by large sections of the population. The restored monarchy has obtained a larger share of acquiescence, if not of support; and it is satisfactory to know that the First Minister is the same who undertook the conduct of affairs when the young KING returned to Spain more than two years ago. Constitutional government is not perhaps yet fully acclimatized in a country where large parties are alternately excluded from all share in the representation. The leader of the small Parliamentary Opposition was not long since regarded as a reactionary Minister; and the Liberals who formerly followed ZORRILLA have no seats in the Cortes. The Republicans, who three or four years ago possessed an enormous majority, are only represented by their former leader, who has been cured by experience of many illusions. Nevertheless the maintenance of constitutional forms will facilitate the resumption or establishment at some future time of a real Parliamentary Government; and meanwhile the Ministerial dictatorship is administered with prudence and moderation. The prospects of Spain have been brighter since the accession of the present KING than for many years before.

The Carlist war ended a year ago, and there is no apparent danger that it will be renewed. The insurrection derived all its hopes of success from the reduction and demoralization of the army under Republican influence; and the mistake is not likely to be repeated. In this and in other instances Spain has within a few years ascertained by practical experience the absurdity of many projects which formerly possessed a certain amount of popularity. The Federal Republic has probably been finally renounced by rational politicians since the revolt of Carthage. The utility of changes of dynasty has been fully proved by the restoration of the reigning family. Notwithstanding both the free choice of a Cortes elected for the special purpose, and his own personal merits, the Italian Prince who was placed on the throne by PRIM never overcame the popular prejudice against a foreigner. It is not known whether the clergy and the Ultramontane faction have been capable like other parties of learning by experience. The KING has been courteously received by the ecclesiastical authorities; and the portion of the clergy which preferred Don CARLOS may perhaps have convinced themselves that they can no longer rest their hopes on a Pretender. It would be too much to expect that Parliamentary leaders should be convinced of the wisdom and necessity of compromise. If ZORRILLA and SAGASTA were once more competitors for the direction of public affairs, jealousy and ambition would probably prevail as of old over dispassionate patriotism. As long as peace and order are maintained, the country will almost certainly become richer and more prosperous. After the

civil war of forty years ago, the wealth of Spain increased during a generation more rapidly than that of France or England. At some distant period the introduction of a more rational commercial policy will give a new impulse to agriculture, trade, and industry. In a well-known passage DEMOSTHENES consoles the Athenians for their misfortunes by reminding them of their folly and weakness. If, he suggests, the triumphs of PHILIP had been obtained in spite of wise and valiant resistance, there would be little hope for the future. It is because the causes of misfortune may be removed by the adoption of a sounder policy that the condition of affairs is not absolutely hopeless. A country like Spain, which has been governed in defiance of economical and political principle, has a large reserve of wealth and power which may be realized at pleasure.

Little or nothing has lately been heard of the insurrection in Cuba. Some months have passed since MARTINEZ CAMPOS accepted the office of Governor-General, in the expectation, which had so often deceived his predecessors, that he would immediately succeed in terminating the civil war. It is possible that his preparations may not yet be completed, and that he has formed some definite and hopeful scheme of operations; but it is extremely difficult to deal with a sporadic rebellion, and to defeat adversaries who neither hold permanent positions nor offer or accept battle in the open field. The causes and the nature of the insurrection are, notwithstanding its long duration, still imperfectly understood in foreign countries. The obstinate resistance offered to the Government seems to imply the existence of widespread disaffection, which is perhaps directed rather against the dominant class in the colony than against the Spanish Government. Former Governors have been greatly embarrassed by the independent or mutinous spirit of the Volunteers who have been organized by the Spanish settlers; but MARTINEZ CAMPOS possesses a resolute character, and he has been accompanied or followed by a large force of regular troops not unaccustomed to war. His reputed ambition affords a security against the temptation to which many Governors have yielded of accumulating a fortune at the expense of the colonists. He may still expect a brilliant career in Spain, where he has strong claims on the Government both as a restorer of the monarchy and as the most conspicuous among the general officers who terminated the Carlist war. It was generally believed when he was sent to Cuba that the Government was not unwilling to remove to a distance a formidable aspirant to political power. If he ultimately restores the authority of the mother-country in the disturbed districts of Cuba, he will return to Spain in the enjoyment of a reputation with which none of his rivals can compete. For the present, he has not performed the promises which were made on his behalf by his adherents.

The greatest danger which menaced Spain in consequence of the insurrection in Cuba has disappeared or has been suspended. The United States no longer threaten intervention on the pretext either of hatred of slavery or of enthusiasm for Republican institutions. President GRANT, though he had the good sense to withhold from the insurgents any recognition of belligerent rights, was in the habit from time to time of urging the Spanish Government to recognize the independence of the island. More judicious American politicians deprecated both the probable anarchy which would result from independence and the responsibilities which would be involved in annexation to the United States. The policy of the American Government is generally more cautious than the language of its members; but it seemed possible that, in the event of any collision, an intervention in Cuba might at any time be undertaken. Before the end of his term of office General GRANT had renewed friendly relations with Spain, and there is no reason to suppose that his successor will share his intermittent zeal for territorial aggrandizement. The Spanish Government has the good fortune to be exempt from actual or probable conflicts of interest with any other Power. The irritation which was at one time felt against the French Government had abated, as its causes were removed even before the end of the Carlist war. With the rest of Europe Spain has few relations and no cause of hostility. It is not yet known whether the King, who has scarcely emerged from boyhood, possesses a capacity which may enable him to serve his country efficiently. Since the earlier years of CHARLES III., who himself ultimately became a pompous trifler, no King of Spain has acquired or deserved the confidence and gratitude

of his subjects. The education of ALFONSO XII. may perhaps have been prematurely interrupted; but it was well that he should become a resident Spaniard while he was still young enough to acquire the feelings and habits of his countrymen. Any intelligence which he may possess ought to have been developed by occasions of witnessing the spectacle both of war and peace. The good will which has been shown to him during his recent progress will be exchanged for a warmer feeling if he profits by the opportunities of his station. A King of Spain might exercise large authority if he showed himself able and willing to take a part in the management of public affairs, and to stand aloof from faction.

THE DUKE AND THE WAR OFFICE.

THE difficulty of devising and carrying into execution any consistent scheme for the organization of the various bodies which together constitute the military force of Great Britain was never shown more clearly than in the Report of Mr. STANLEY'S Committee. Assembled about this time last year by Mr. HARDY, they were dubbed the "Militia Committee," and were generally directed to inquire into "certain questions connected with that arm of the 'service.'" But it is impossible to touch the militia without coming into contact with "certain questions" which bear equally upon the organization of the line; and the instructions issued for the guidance of the Committee directed them to consider "whether the militia regiments 'should not be third and fourth (militia) battalions of the 'local regiment or brigade.'" The answer to this question comes from the Committee with great distinctness and apparent unanimity. That answer is Yes. All this appears very simple. Mr. HARDY wisely desires to avoid, if possible, throwing the army again into the crucible of reform, accepts the principles asserted by Lord CARDWELL, and approved by Parliament, and directs the Committee to recommend whatever measures may be necessary to carry out honestly and effectually the system of local centres which should connect line regiments with particular districts and with the militia battalions in those districts. The late Government, having laid down the lines of a framework on which this organization should be constructed, appointed a Committee to carry out the details; the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF accepted the conclusions arrived at in their Report; and a General Order was issued in 1873 whereby HER MAJESTY was "pleased to approve" of certain arrangements in connexion with the localization of the forces. One of those arrangements was the linking together of two battalions of the line for all purposes, including all new appointments of officers and enlistment of men. In respect of these matters the QUEEN ordered that the linked battalions were to "constitute one corps for 'all military purposes.'" Officers and soldiers appointed to the brigade, as the combined battalions of line and militia were called, were to be interchangeable between the line battalions of the brigade, and liable to serve in either of the two battalions, whether, at the beginning of their service, they had joined it or the other battalion. In accordance with these orders of the QUEEN, issued in conformity with the advice of her responsible Ministers, the various battalions of infantry were arranged two and two in the Army List, the names of all the young officers as they joined being placed on a single list common to both battalions. Had this course been steadily pursued, the old double lists would have faded away gradually, and the new single list would in time have contained the names of all officers belonging to both battalions, exactly as is now the case with any of the first twenty-five regiments on the Army List, which have all two battalions. The process would have been one of gradual assimilation, and no susceptibilities would have been wounded. One of the battalions was always to be abroad. In time of peace the other was to be at home, acting in conjunction with the dépôt common to both as a feeder of the battalion on foreign service. When one battalion came home, the other would take its place. In time of war, seeing that both battalions might be abroad, the dépôt was to be raised to the strength of from 600 to 1,000 men.

This is all very clear, and, being ordered by HER MAJESTY, was of course carried out in its integrity. Not at all. The Army List was soon restored to its old condition. The single list common to two regiments was abolished, and not a sign appeared to show that any reor-

ganization had been applied to the British infantry. The directions of the QUEEN remain ostensibly in force to this day, since there has been no alteration of the order; but, when we ask what is the difficulty, and why the Committee should have had to investigate this part of the subject at all, we find that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has opposed the carrying out of the order, and "hoped that before it could possibly come into operation, it would be cancelled." This, then, is the secret of the second change in the Army List. HER MAJESTY issues a General Order to the army, carrying out the advice of her Ministers (which, we may add, was in accordance with the views of the great majority of army reformers), and every sign of obedience to it is effaced from the Army List, because the Duke of CAMBRIDGE hopes to have it abolished. There is no possible doubt as to the situation of affairs. His ROYAL HIGHNESS expressed himself so clearly in his evidence given before the Militia Committee that there is no room left for question. He does not wish the officers to be interchangeable, nor the battalions to become gradually assimilated, nor in fact that the Royal Order of 1873 should be carried into execution. "We have done very well as we are. . . ."

"Leave things alone, I should say." Unfortunately "things" cannot be left alone as they stand, because the legal position of the officers, as defined by HER MAJESTY'S Order, would come into collision with the wishes and intentions of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF; and the Committee find themselves obliged to give a verdict in as curious a case as we have seen for some time. What is their verdict? Enlightened by the past as to the fate likely to befall any scheme which gives the least loophole of escape, this Committee of essentially Conservative members, appointed by a Conservative Minister, not only reaffirm the former principles, but make such recommendations as will, if carried out, effectually close the controversy for the future. They advise that the two battalions of the line, the two or more of militia, and the depot, should be viewed as constituent parts of one body, and that such body should be "treated as one regiment," with a territorial title. And to this they append the declaration that it is impossible to enter fully into the consideration of details till this one point is settled. Thus every question connected with the subject hangs on a principle which was first laid down by a Minister of War, then worked out by a Committee appointed for the purpose, then ordered by the QUEEN to be carried into effect; and, when opposed by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, is once more recommended, and that more emphatically than ever, by a Committee appointed by a new Minister of War, and containing members of the Horse Guards staff, as well as peers and members of the House of Commons.

Of course if the Duke of CAMBRIDGE were to press his point he would soon have a following, and the position of Mr. HARDY would become very difficult. Nothing can exceed the firmness of the Committee's Report. "We feel not the less bound to insist very strongly on our conclusions. Unless, therefore, it is determined to adopt a retrograde course by rescinding General Order 32 of 1873, we think that those portions of it which refer to the linking of regiments should be carried into effect in the same manner as the provisions of any other General Order." And in another place they say that "this order has not been acted on." Finally, they give in the appendix some pages of the Army List as it would stand if the order had been carried out. This being the state of affairs, what is to be done? The Report which has been presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of HER MAJESTY cannot be ignored, nor can it be said that the distinguished officers who served on the Committee are unaware of what is due to the feeling of *esprit de corps* in the army. But it is quite certain that the general good of the service, which means the safety of the country, must prevail over any *esprit* whatever; and, besides, we do not for a moment believe that there is any necessity for wounding the *esprit de corps* of a single regiment in any important particular. Why should not the regiments retain, for the present at any rate, their old numbers, if they are very anxious to do so? The Committee propose that they should retain all their old honours and distinctions, and it would really be too much to say that the army must remain disorganized because a few regiments object to be renumbered. But, as we have said, if there is any deep feeling on the point, or even if the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has set his heart upon the retention of the old numbers, let each battalion be known as it always has been, by number and distinctive title,

though forming part of a territorial regiment. There will be something rather absurd in such an arrangement, but most English reforms have to submit to some absurdities for the sake of compromise. In a few years all the men and all the officers will have become accustomed to the territorial organization, and will smile at the fancies that agitated their predecessors. According to the General Order of 1873 officers and men who joined the service within the last three or four years are now interchangeable between two battalions, and the number of them is already considerable. They will increase, while the old officers will decrease, and we may safely leave to another generation the completion of the task.

But we are inclined to ask whether there is not something altogether wrong in a spirit which can be invoked to throw difficulties in the way of military organization? We have heard of armies the officers and men of which dictated to the State, but we never heard of any advantage springing from such dictation; and, again, the jealousies of the component parts of the army might, if encouraged too far, be extremely prejudicial on service. Everybody knows how difficult it is for two allied armies to work harmoniously, and the same spirit on a smaller scale might be detrimental to the interests of the country and of the army at a critical moment. Not to speak of Austrian or other foreign armies, we have examples enough at home in the break up of Highland levies from the jealousy of clans, and the strong feeling excited when we had German regiments in England. *Esprit de corps* is no doubt a very useful force in its way; but there must be limits to it, or we shall presently have regiments objecting to serve in brigades or divisions. Each one will want to have a division to itself. There are also other facts to be considered. Not a regiment goes on foreign service, according to our present disorganization, without begging some volunteers to complete its strength from other regiments. And when Lord CARDWELL threw difficulties in the way of the exchange of officers from one regiment to another, what a hubbub was set up! So, then, corps feeling does not prevent the transfer of officers and men for their own pleasure or advantage, but no one, it seems, must touch them for the good of the service. We do not believe in all this supposed difficulty. The officers of infantry regiments are gentlemen and Englishmen before all, and they would not allow any slight feeling of annoyance to stand between them and their duty to the country, even if it were necessary to give their regiments new numbers, as has been done many times before now. We are sure that Mr. HARDY has only to be firm and all opposition will speedily vanish. If the point be not carried now we shall have thrown three millions and a half away, and the *esprit* of the country under such circumstances will not be agreeable to those whose perversity will have aroused it. But we hope better things. We cannot but believe that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will even yet give a frank acceptance to measures on which the competent authorities have decided, and which have every claim on his loyal support and co-operation.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE accident at Morpeth is of a kind more than usually alarming, not only on account of its fatal results, but because it seems difficult to assign it to any definite cause. The train was behind time, but it does not appear that unpunctuality had anything to do with the disaster. There is, too, a curve on the spot where the accident took place, which is sufficiently sharp to make it the duty of the driver to slacken speed. But all the evidence given before the CORONER concurs in showing that the train was going at a moderate rate of speed. There was nothing wrong with signals or points. The engine which left the track was quite fit for its work; and one after another of the usual causes of accidents may be excluded until we come to the state of the permanent way. An engine does not leave the track without some reason, and therefore the conclusion is inevitable that something was wrong in the permanent way; but what it was that was wrong was so doubtful that skilled witnesses had to resort to guesses or theories in order to make out to their own minds a plausible account of what took place. The matter is still under investigation, as the jury wished fresh evidence to be submitted to their consideration, and some fact may be elicited which will furnish a clue to what is

now wrapped in much, if not in complete, obscurity. Captain TILLY expressed a confident opinion that something was broken or out of place at the point of junction of two rails before the accident took place. The pressure of the engine did not do the mischief; but the mischief was prepared before the engine came up. Whether there were indications of possible mischief which ought to have attracted the attention of the Company's servants is the main point which the jury will have to decide, and it is impossible to anticipate what their decision will be. The evidence may show that such indications existed; but it is instructive to observe that men of knowledge and experience consider an accident possible without any indications of the kind being discernible. Mr. LAWS, a civil engineer of Newcastle, had been invited by the CORONER to inspect the scene of the catastrophe, and was asked what was his theory of the accident. He stated that he had carefully considered all that took place, and that he thought that the accident might not improbably have been caused by the weather. The rain soaking through the soil had lowered the sleeper, and the sleeper had lowered the joint. The engine jumped for want of solid support, and so got off the rails. This may or may not be the true account; but at any rate it is the account given by a professional man of long experience; and obviously if he is right, and human vigilance can be in this way baffled by rain, it is hopeless in such a climate as that of England to dream of complete safety in railway travelling.

On the other hand, it may be said that, even if it is conceded to be possible that causes so completely beyond human control as the weather may produce accidents on railways, experience has clearly shown that such cases are extremely rare. The causes of an accident are generally as clear as daylight, and all but a minute fraction of accidents can be clearly traced to the want of proper precautions. The statistics recently published by the Board of Trade show that in 1876 there were 57 collisions between passenger trains, 129 collisions between passenger trains and goods or mineral trains, and 57 collisions between goods trains; and collisions are not only of all kinds of accidents the most fatal, but are more incontestably than any others due to negligence. Preventable accidents are of constant occurrence; and no question can concern the public more nearly than the question how such accidents are to be prevented. Mr. GALT, one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the whole subject of railway accidents, has, in what is the most novel and instructive part of the Report, finally dispelled the popular illusion that Railway Companies must for their own sakes do all they can to prevent accidents, because they will have to pay crushing damages if accidents occur. Mr. GALT has shown that the damages which any Company has ever had to pay, even in cases of the most terrible accidents, bear such an infinitesimally small proportion to the gross receipts of the Company that dividends, and consequently the market prices of the shares, are practically not affected at all. It is much cheaper to have accidents than to take more than a certain amount of precautions against them. If then the Companies will not, from motives of financial prudence, do all that theoretically might be done to prevent accidents, can they be made by legislation to adopt precautions which they consider too costly? In a very halting and faltering way the members of the Royal Commission came to the conclusion that legislation to this effect was possible and desirable. The Government has announced that it is not its intention to bring in any measure this Session to give effect to the recommendations of the Commission, and, in a certain degree, there is nothing very surprising in this announcement. The whole subject is full of difficulties, which the labours of the Commission have done scarcely anything to remove. There was no real agreement between them, and although all signed the Report, this was only out of politeness and gentlemanly feeling towards each other, and those who had paid the most attention to the subject reserved for themselves the privilege of expressing their real views in supplementary documents. Mr. T. D. HARRISON, for example, whose professional experience is almost unrivalled, gave himself the amusement of going through the Report item by item, and exposing what seemed to him the transparent absurdity of the recommendations of the Commissioners. A Government certainly could not be expected to adopt recommendations relating to the whole subject of the administration and legal liabilities of Railway Companies without ample time for considering them: but it

may be regretted that an attempt is not to be made to deal with certain urgent and tolerably simple questions, which we have more than once pointed out as ripe for settlement.

The Commissioners tried to face the question whether a line can be drawn between the accidents which legislation can prevent and those which it cannot prevent. They all agreed that there was a very large number of accidents against which the Legislature can enforce no precautions. They started from the principle that the Companies must have the full responsibility of working their lines when once certain preliminary precautions have been adopted. Even if all the recommendations of the Commission were adopted, the public would be exposed to constant risk. For instance, in 1876 there were 880 failures of tires and 397 failures of axles; but the Commissioners all concur in thinking that legislation can do nothing to prevent tires and axles from failing. How tires ought to be constructed is as certain as any proposition in mechanics can be; but one great Company at least persists in using tires fastened in the wrong way, and the Commissioners content themselves with a mild entreaty that Companies will be kind enough to fasten their tires properly. All that the Commissioners think can be done by legislation is to compel Companies to adopt such obvious precautions as the use of the block and interlocking systems, the use of continuous breaks and continuous foot-boards, and the construction of ledges at public crossings. Mr. GALT indeed goes further, and thinks that Companies ought to be compelled to keep their permanent way and rolling-stock in good order; but in this recommendation he stands alone. The Government would, however, have to consider very carefully whether, if resort is had to legislation up to the point to which the Commissioners generally wish to carry it, the protection of the public would not require that legislation should be carried much beyond their proposals. But when legislation has done whatever may be supposed to be its work, who is to be entrusted with the delicate duty of seeing it carried out? With the exception of Mr. HARRISON, all the Commissioners think that the Board of Trade is not to be trusted. It would, in plain language, bully the Companies far too much. It would make requirements that would ruin poor Companies, and would force Companies with a small traffic to take expensive precautions that are only necessary when the traffic is very great. It would, if Mr. GALT's proposals are adopted, condemn rolling-stock which, though shabby, was serviceable, and would have views as to the permanent way too sublime for daily life. The Commission, therefore, recommends that a new tribunal shall be instituted, the province of which shall be to decide between Companies and the Board of Trade. This tribunal would consist of eminent men who really understand railways; and the Board of Trade, which is assumed to know but little about them, would attend in the capacity of a public prosecutor, and take its chance of getting a conviction. No doubt the invention has its merits; for it would greatly conciliate the Companies, and take away all dread of the tyrannical interference of ignorant officials. There is also a certain analogy between the functions thus assigned to the Board of Trade and those which it discharges with regard to the detention of merchant ships. But when it is proposed to carry out the principle of an appeal from a Government office on the immense scale which the supervision of railways would involve, a cautious Government cannot fail to ask itself anxiously how far this mode of arranging things is to be carried. The theory that there ought to be an appeal from Government departments to persons who really understand their business is evidently one of very wide application. There are many people who would very much like to be able to appeal from the decrees of the Local Government Board and the educational edicts of the Privy Council. The traditional maxim, to which Parliament has hitherto, with occasional deviations, adhered is that the limits of legislative interference shall be as narrow as possible, but that within those limits the officers of the Crown shall have real executive power. The augmentation of legislative interference, coupled with the institution of tribunals superseding and controlling the action of the officials of the Crown, might be a popular, but it would certainly be a startling innovation.

VICTOR HUGO AND M. LOUIS BLANC.

M. VICTOR HUGO and M. LOUIS BLANC appear occasionally on French platforms, somewhat as Bright and Mr. GORDEN used to appear a generation ago on English platforms. The difference, however, between the two speakers is very much more marked. Mr. Bright's eloquence rose to a higher pitch than Mr. Gordon's, but it never soared into that region of the pure ideal in which M. VICTOR HUGO habitually lives. Unfortunately the great French poet mistakes himself, and is anxious to be mistaken by others, for a practical politician. The extraordinary rhapsody of which he delivered himself at the Chateau d'Eau Theatre on Sunday has only made its way into this country through the medium of the *Times* Correspondent. But even beneath all the disadvantages of a hurried newspaper translation it is possible to recognize the materials of a poem of great force and beauty. The conclusion, in which M. HUGO describes the voyage of Progress, bears about the same relation to politics that the song of the "Bay of Biscay" does; but, with the necessary change in the form, it might be poetry of a high order. The misfortune is that M. HUGO seems to intend it for good common sense. At the first glance the main argument of his speech, that kings desire war and peoples desire peace, seems to be strangely inappropriate to the present condition of affairs in Europe. The English Government has been busy for some weeks past in providing the Emperor of RUSSIA with an excuse for not going to war which he can present to his people with some hope that they will think it sufficient. The Sultan of TURKEY is supposed to be willing to make almost any concessions that the Powers might ask of him, if he were not afraid of being murdered by his subjects for his cowardice in making terms with unbelievers. Here, at all events, are two conspicuous exceptions to M. HUGO's dictum; two cases in which it is kings who wish for peace and peoples who wish for war. It turns out, however, that when M. HUGO talks of the peoples as wanting peace, he puts a sense of his own upon the phrase. The peoples want peace on condition that they first get their own way in everything. It does not appear to strike M. HUGO that upon this condition kings, even kings as he paints them, would want peace too. The two Sovereigns who represent to M. HUGO all that is horrible in contemporary history, the Emperor WILLIAM and NAPOLEON III., would never have wished to fight one another if they could have settled everything to their mutual satisfaction on easier terms. The peoples, according to M. HUGO, desire every disarmament except the disarmament of conscience. By "every disarmament" he means that in religion reason must replace intolerance; that in punishment correction must replace vengeance; that in social matters comfort must replace straitened circumstances; that in international politics arbitration must replace war. When all these triumphs have been achieved, then conscience may disarm. But, so long as any of these ideals remain unrealized, so long as politics include war and judicial force the scaffold, so long as there is no amnesty for the conquered and no justice for the oppressed, conscience must remain armed and oppose incorruptible right to iniquitous law. The meaning of all this seems to be that, until M. HUGO and his friends have abolished every institution they dislike, they intend to keep their weapons and to use them as opportunity offers. M. HUGO's love of peace does not, after all, amount to very much. If he only abandons war when he has reaped the whole harvest that war could possibly yield him, what thank has he? Do not even kings and emperors the same?

A speech of M. HUGO's would not be complete without a passage in glorification of Paris. She appears on this occasion as the capital of the world, sacrosanct, the capital of France, as the city of light, helping the city of labour. This is M. HUGO's mode of describing a collection among the workmen of Paris, or so many of them as came to listen to M. HUGO's eloquence, on behalf of the workmen of Lyons. In his poetical capacity M. HUGO has a perfect right to christen the two chief cities of France by any names he pleases. But when he is speaking in prose, and still more when he is speaking before an audience composed entirely of Paris citizens, it is strange that it does not strike him that the line between poetical prose and ordinary prose is at present very slightly marked. If M. Baniab, who at present, every day, is busy with slave-dealing and usury, were to say, "we should not class. Innumerable works on the same," we should not

quarrel with him for preaching the merits of the Paris workmen. They have their good points, and they are points which a Conservative Chamber is very likely to lose sight of. But the language in which M. HUGO speaks to them would be more becoming if he were addressing a company of angels—pure ethereal spirits who have never fallen from their first innocence, nor entertained a thought that was inconsistent with the most exalted conceptions of duty. The most impracticable and fickle city in France does not quite deserve to have these praises showered upon it without stint or qualification.

M. LOUIS BLANC spoke in a more measured and rational strain. The subject of his address was the English Poor-law, and his hearers probably regarded their presence in the theatre as the price to be paid for getting good places in which to listen to M. VICTOR HUGO. M. LOUIS BLANC seems to have described English pauperism from the point of view of the "Amateur Casual." He has probably not had many opportunities of studying the later aspects of the question, and he is apparently not at all alive to the importance which the abolition of outdoor relief has of late assumed in English Poor-law discussions. He admits that, if labour could be regulated with mathematical accuracy, able-bodied pauperism would deserve no consideration; but he thinks that a system which treats destitution as a crime is intolerable so long as able-bodied pauperism is produced by accidents, disease, and want of employment. We are not concerned to dispute this reasoning, because the English Poor-law system does not treat destitution as a crime. It treats it rather as a misfortune which may be very easily simulated, and which, if simulated, can only be detected by a discipline sufficiently rigid to make the workhouse an unattractive place for any one who can support himself outside it. It is noticeable that M. LOUIS BLANC, speaking as a Frenchman to Frenchmen, made no reference to the point in which his countrymen are commonly considered to be so immensely superior to the English poor. He drew no comparison between the thrift for which the French are remarkable and the want of thrift which is an almost equally conspicuous characteristic of the corresponding class in this country. He had the good sense to admit that the abolition of poverty is too difficult a problem not to be approached with modesty, prudence, and even distrust; but he said nothing upon the point which he might have been expected to treat with real knowledge and appreciation—the different aspects which that problem presents in France and England. Good laws and institutions may indirectly do a good deal to diminish poverty, but it can only be by increasing the disposition to lay by the fruits of industry. Any change, however beneficial in itself, that stops short of this result, may effect a momentary improvement in the condition of the working class; but it will leave them just as unprotected as ever against the reaction which is sure to set in as soon as the circumstances which have brought about the improvement cease to operate.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON FLOODS.

IT is an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and the floods of the past winter have at all events brought with them a Select Committee. Hopes are even held out that, if the Select Committee does not find out all that can usefully be known on the subject, it may be followed by a Royal Commission. On the whole, there is no reason to be discontented with the form which the inquiry is to take in the first instance. Select Committees like to present their Reports by the end of the Session in which they have been appointed; whereas Royal Commissions occasionally seem to forget the flight of time. A well-chosen Lords' Committee is an excellent instrument for getting at facts; and it will be able to command the testimony of as many experts as it may find necessary to examine. What is less satisfactory is the slight reference made in the Duke of RICHMOND'S motion—there was rather more about it in his speech—to the question of village water supply. The impression which a subject makes on the public attention bears no relation to its real importance. The suffering caused by a flood is probably not half so great as the suffering caused by the droughts which seem to be a regular part of an English summer, or by the want of wholesome drinking water, which in many districts is felt all the year round. But, to all appearance, if there had been no floods, there would have

been no Select Committee. When an inquiry is to be made into the best means of preventing floods, it is impossible not to give the storage of water a place in it; and as the storage of water is only one among many means of supplying villages with something to drink that is not sewage, there is a chance that the Committee may be drawn on until, by the time that their labours are ended, the inquiry has become very much more comprehensive than the terms of the instruction promise. We should have preferred to see the coequal importance, to say the least, of the question of village water supply formally recognized in the order of appointment. It is better, no doubt, that it should come in incidentally than not at all; but, so long as it has no recognized place in the inquiry, there is always a danger that the Committee may be disinclined to enlarge the scope of their proceedings, and may reject a great deal of evidence which, though it would have been strictly pertinent to the larger investigation, can only come on sufferance into the restricted one. The best thing to do at present, therefore, is to consider on what plea the Committee may be induced to examine witnesses, whose information relates to village water supply as well as those whose information is limited to floods.

If the order defining the matters with which the Committee are to deal had made no mention of the authorities into whose constitution and functions they are to inquire, this would be an easier business. As the words stand, however, village water supply seems, at first sight to be altogether excluded. The only authorities mentioned are Commissioners of Sewers and Drainage and Navigation Boards, and it cannot be denied that the natural meaning of these terms points to an inquiry limited to the means of disposing of the superabundant water with which rivers are burdened in time of flood. For example, in the Thames Valley the Thames Conservancy will answer to this description; but what has the Thames Conservancy to do with the water supply of villages lying at a distance of many miles from the river-bank? It exists to see that the channel of the Thames is kept free from obstruction, and that the locks and weirs which make navigation possible are in a state of decent repair. Clearly no inquiry into the present constitution of the Conservancy Board can be of much use as regards matters so distinct as a supply of water for domestic use and a supply of water for the purpose of carriage. Nor, supposing that the Committee placed a very liberal construction on their instructions, would it be expedient to treat the Thames Conservancy as a body to be invested with large additional powers in this way. To lay upon them the duty of supplying the Valley of the Thames with water would be to assign them a duty to the discharge of which they would be in no way suited. The supply of water cannot be separated from the supply and regulation of other sanitary needs. The authorities that have the management of the one must have the management of the other. If therefore the Select Committee are to extend their inquiries to the question of water supply, they must go beyond the authorities mentioned in the Duke of Richmond's motion. Whether they shall do so will naturally be decided by their estimate of the importance of the subject, and from this point of view it may be useful to recall the disclosures of the last few years with regard to the drinking water of villages. No doubt if this were suddenly made all that it ought to be, some new causes of ill health would disclose themselves; but it is scarcely too much to say that epidemic diseases as we know them would almost disappear. Whenever there is a more than ordinarily conspicuous outbreak of fever in a village, the Local Government Board sends down a Medical Inspector to investigate the causes of it. The results of these inquiries are annually published by the department, and in almost every case it proves to be the water supply that is in fault. "Sewage pollution" is the phrase that occurs with sickening regularity in these documents. The villagers have gone on drawing their drinking water from sources which may have been pure when the village was a fourth of its present size, but which have long ceased to be pure. It is the only water within their reach, so they have no choice but to drink it; but so long as they do this they are exposed to a certain outbreak of typhoid or cholera if a single example of either disease finds its way into the village, and to the deterioration of health which probably results from a long course of sewage-poisoning even when sewage is not impregnated with any specific epidemic poison. The reports of the Officers of Health to the various

rural authorities amply confirm the reports of the special Medical Inspectors. The more the subject is looked into the worse the facts appear to be.

We submit that this is a state of things which will fully justify the Lords' Committee in giving a very free interpretation to their instructions. It would have been better, of course, if the Government had included the water supply of villages among the objects of the inquiry; but, as they have not done this, the next best thing is for the Committee to make the addition for themselves. They can manage this, if they are so minded, under cover of the words "storage of water." This is expressly named as one of the points which they are to investigate, and the storage of water will be mainly useful as a contribution towards the solution of the problem of water supply. It is true that impounding reservoirs are among the means that have been suggested for regulating the discharge of the flood water through the rivers. But if this were the only reason for making reservoirs, it is very doubtful whether they would ever be made. The expense of storing water in this particular way is very great, and unless the reservoirs were built on an enormous scale they would scarcely exercise an appreciable effect upon a flood. Storage of water, in the natural sense of the words, means storage for the use of a village; and if once this is conceded, it will be idle to examine the merits of competing schemes without considering what other sources of water supply are available. It may turn out that to divert the sewage from the neighbouring watercourses or to dig new wells at a greater distance from the cesspools would provide a sufficiently pure source from which water may be drawn. If, therefore, the Select Committee inquire into the storage of water, their labour may be entirely wasted if they do not inquire at the same time into the means by which the storage may be rendered unnecessary. The Duke of Richmond, in moving the appointment of the Committee, implied that the provision of water for villages was somehow to be included in the investigations of the Committee; but he seemed to regard storage as the only machinery the merits of which it was necessary to consider. It happens that among the districts that have been most conspicuously flooded during the past winter is the country between Brent Knoll and the Bristol Channel, and nowhere are the villages worse supplied with drinking water. But if the Committee were to recommend the storage of water in order to save these villages from drought, they would be ignoring the existence of springs on Brent Knoll which would yield any quantity of pure water if there were only some authority to lay down pipes for its conveyance. Here is a sufficiently pertinent example of the mistake of making the scope of the inquiry too limited. Happily it is not too late for the Government to add words including the water supply of villages among the specific objects of the Committee's investigation, and this would clearly be a better way out of the difficulty than the most ingenious device for bringing in the question by the head and shoulders.

A MODERN "SYMPOSIUM."

THE ingenious editor of the *Nineteenth Century* has hit upon a new form of article which it may perhaps be difficult to keep up to a high standard, but which is certainly interesting as a curious presentment of the very different meanings which may be attached to words, and the different approaches by which men are able to arrive at what, when expressed in very general terms, seems to be pretty nearly an agreement of opinion, although, in fact, it is only a covering for a variety of interpretations. The plan of the "Symposium" is that questions are from time to time to be discussed in turn by a group of contributors, each firing off a brief discourse something after the fashion of the ten-minutes' argument on each side which used to be practised by street-preachers and their opponents, and which was lately revived at the so-called Conference in St. James's Hall, to the dismay and confusion of some naturally long-winded orators. Whether this brief, fragmentary sort of debate is calculated to lead to results either exhaustive or decisive may be doubted; but it will show in a striking way the round of opinion. The subject which has been chosen for the first performance is "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief." It is, we should think, a very trying one for those who have to exhibit in this manner, and it is hard to imagine what impression is likely to be left on the mind of the average reader on coming to the end of the controversy.

Sir James Stephen, who begins the bout, states the issue which, he thinks, has to be considered—whether morality is dependent on religion, or has a basis of its own in human nature. Sir James himself

holds that both these views are to a certain extent right—that is to say, that the prevalent theology, whatever it may be, of any age or country must have an influence on the moral rule of life; but that, on the other hand, morality has a source of its own quite independent of theology; and from this he draws the practical inference that theology and morality ought to stand to each other in precisely the same relation as facts and legislation, it being at least as unlikely that false theology should produce good morals as that legislation based on a mistaken view of facts should work well in practice. Consequently, in his opinion, the support which an existing creed gives to an existing system of morals is irrelevant to its truth, and the question whether a given system of morals is good or bad cannot be fully determined until after the determination of the question whether the theology on which it rests is true or false. If the theological basis involves a false estimate of the consequences of human actions, then the morality resting on it cannot be good; while, on the other hand, the circumstance that such morality is supported by theology is an argument against and not in favour of the latter. Lord Selborne follows, it need hardly be said, from a very different point of view. He lays down as the result of general observation of mankind that “morality has not flourished amongst either civilized or uncivilized men whose religious belief has been generally lost or utterly debased”; and that, as an historical fact, the place which the principles of love and benevolence, humility, self-abnegation have assumed in the morality of a large part of mankind is specifically due to Christianity. He therefore believes morality in any thorough, genuine sense to be inseparable from religion; and urges that freedom of inquiry, if it led to the rejection of religious belief, must gradually extend itself to the whole circle of morality, “most, if not all, of which is as little capable of demonstrative proof through the evidences of the senses as any of the doctrines of religion.” Hence, those who set aside religion will not voluntarily submit to moral restraints founded upon religion unless such restraints can be placed upon some other intellectual basis sufficiently cogent to themselves to resist the attractions of appetite or self-interest; and he thinks that this is not to be obtained either by the modern notion of duty, or by the principle that a man should pursue his own happiness in this world as the aim of life. The latter would tend to a cold, calculating character, and would establish a low standard of virtue, perhaps only to the extent of checking and imposing limits on tendencies to vice. In fact, he brings it to this—that the mere application of right reason to human conduct cannot be considered a law of nature without including in the idea some kind of moral sense which can only have its root in religious belief. He admits that to a certain extent there is a moral instinct, as there is a religious instinct; but “those principles of thought which explain away the one as having no proper objective cause, and as indicative of no objective truth, may as easily explain away the other also.” Thus, although some men who reject “all dogmatic theology, and even the principles of natural religion,” do nevertheless live up to a high moral standard, experience on the large scale shows that “men who disregard the religious cannot generally be trusted to pay regard to the moral sense.”

The third speaker is Dr. Martineau, whose well-known ethical tenets forecast his view, which may be stated as follows. A sense of duty is inherent in the constitution of our nature, and cannot be escaped till we escape from ourselves. Morals have their own base, and are second to nothing; and theology cannot supply a base for morals that have lost their own. But it does not follow that the moral sense, because indigenous, is therefore self-sufficient. Religion has to come in “as the open blossom of the moral germs implanted within us—the explicit form, developed in thought, of faiths implicitly contained in the sense of responsibility and the foreboding of guilt; its effect, therefore, is to suffuse with a divine light relations and duties which before were simply personal and social.” The practical effect of a decay of the Christian type of religion is assumed to be “that morality would lose, not its base, but its summit, and that the ground and principles of duty would remain,” Christian ethics being true to human life and the expression of right reason. On this ground the form and substance of a moral system would “not be essentially modified by the decline of religious belief.” Yet, although a rule of life might be acknowledged in common over the whole range of social duty by persons simply ethical, and by those who are also religious, the decay of religion would leave the institutes of morality intact, and drain off their inward power; and hence the necessity of religious faith to intensify and sustain the moral nature, inducing the mind to look “upwards to an Infinite Perfection, whose presence it never quits, and thus supplies the true conditions of humility, of aspiration, and of felt equality of moral trust for all men before God.” Mr. Frederic Harrison, who “follows the teaching of Comte,” says that the impression he derives from what he has heard is that it represents the moral characteristics, not of the Christian, but of the religious temper; and that he thinks for the words “Theology” and “Christian” should be substituted “Religion” and “Human”; and further that, “for the intrinsic consciousness and emotional intuitions whereby these are said to prove themselves, we must substitute the reasonable proof of science, philosophy, and positive psychology,” and that, in the end, a purely human base would be accepted for morality, while it would be “transfigured into a true religion.” Morals, he holds, belong to a strictly human world, but “theology places religion in a non-human world, and thus the human system of morals may possibly be disturbed by non-human religion”; whereas human religion

would be “the soul of our morality, the ideal of our imagination, the fulfilment of our aspirations, the lawgiver, in short, of our whole lives.” The lesson which Mr. Harrison draws from this is that morality is independent of theology, and is gradually superseding it as a religion which is non-theological and a fact in human life.

The Dean of St. Paul's, who comes next, reduces the question to a very practical issue, pointing out that, till it is presented in a concrete historical form, nothing can be made of it. Before he can attempt to answer it he must know, at least approximately, what is the morality and what the religion implied. His own belief is that religion, “in the sense of truthfulness, honesty, humanity, purity, self-devotion, kindness, justice, and fellow-feeling,” has, as a matter of fact and history, synchronized in its growth and progress with Christianity; and whatever might be the effect of other influences, “the removal or weakening of such an important factor as Christianity must seriously affect such departments of morals as purity, the relations of strong to weak, respect for human life, and slavery.” The Duke of Argyll confines his remarks almost exclusively to an analysis of Mr. F. Harrison's argument, which he regards as the language of theology, and of nothing else—“language which may be held consistently with a great variety of creeds, but is inseparable from those fundamental conceptions which all creeds involve.” Professor Clifford winds up the debate by arguing that virtue is a habit, not a sentiment, or an *ism*, and that “the spring of virtuous action is the social instinct, which is set to work by the practice of comradeship,” and by protesting against submitting human life to clerical control. This is, of course, substantially the Comtist idea; and if the hierarchy ever got real power in the world, it would, judging from the tone which its leading members adopt in this country, be difficult to conceive a more tyrannical and crushing form of clerical despotism than would then be established.

In reading this debate, what will probably strike most readers is, as the Duke of Argyll remarks, that, considering that the various papers are contributed by men belonging to very different schools of thought, and that they deal with a question very abstract and ill-defined, it is remarkable that so much agreement should emerge on certain fundamental points. The reason of this, however, is obvious on the surface, being simply that the elements of the question are, first, as the Duke justly observes, very abstract and ill-defined; and, next, that it is treated in a broad general way in vague phrases which scarcely touch the essential elements of the controversy. The apparent agreement which is thus produced is only arrived at by the various contributors confining themselves to the general aspect of the subject, and to expressions which have no definite or specific meaning. Oddly enough, Mr. Gladstone was not of the circle; but, if he had been, he would no doubt have given a still more striking proof of the perplexing vagueness and obscurity of language, even when used by men of intellectual power and high culture. It will certainly seem to most people that all the fine talk of the chosen *illuminati* is a mass of words with very little meaning, and that the problem they undertake to solve remains very much where it was, simply because they have dealt with it in too general a way, and without giving plain definitions of the sense in which they use certain words. In fact, the deliberations of the “Symposium” bear a very strong resemblance to those of the diplomats who have been lately concocting protocols; that is, they consist of empty phrases to which all the parties can agree, because they do not touch any of the points on which the co-signatories would be likely to differ. In one sense, no doubt, the question proposed for discussion may appear to be a very simple one. It is idle to argue whether theological belief has any influence on morality. There can be no doubt that it has exercised such influence in the case of all races and religions. As Sir James Stephen puts it, “the difference between living in a country where the established theory is that existence is an evil, and annihilation the highest good, and living in a country where the established theory is that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the round world and they that dwell in it, has surely a good deal to do with the other differences which distinguish Englishmen from Buddhists.” It may also be said that theological ideas are a universal and permanent element of human nature. Every creature possessing the most primitive capacity of thought has some notion of some mysterious over-ruling power or influence which it is necessary to take into account in regard to life and conduct. It may be a spirit of infinite benevolence, or only a mere bogie of terror, but in one form or other the idea everywhere exists. Everybody has a religion of one kind or another, and even the non-religious people erect their unbelief into a faith to which they adhere as devoutly as the orthodox classes. On the other hand, while the religious sentiment is in this way universal, there is an infinite variety of kinds of doctrine, and, in fact, there are not two persons who can entirely agree with each other in the interpretation of all the dogmas of their faith. They agree about some and differ about others; and even in a civilized society the prevailing ideas are very indistinct and confused. All the same, it is unquestionable that there is a general religious sentiment which operates very powerfully on human minds of every grade, from the highest to the lowest, and which must therefore have a certain effect in framing public morality. It is obvious that a man's morality will at least tend to take shape in accordance with his theological views, and it is easy to conceive that among the various theological systems there are some which on the whole are beneficial, while others are

calculated to do harm in some respects, and perhaps to do more harm than good.

It will be seen, therefore, that to consider religion only as a general sentiment leads us a very little way; and, as Dean Church said, the question must first be decided what sort of religion and what sort of morality is meant; and it is on this point that the members of the "Symposium," as it seems to us, break down. Sir J. Stephen contents himself with defining theology as "the generally accepted theory of the universe in any country or age," and morality as "the rules of life then and there commonly regarded as binding." Lord Selborne explains that it is no part of his purpose to enter into an examination of any question as to particular doctrines of theology. Dr. Martineau confines his attention "to the Christian type of religion, which has its hold upon our nature from the moral side." Mr. Frederic Harrison merely substitutes one word for another—"Religion" for "Theology," and "Human" for "Christian." "What is new in our scheme," he says, "is merely that we avoid such terms as Infinite, Absolute, Immaterial, and vague negatives altogether, resolutely confining ourselves to the sphere of what can be shown by experience." The Dean of St. Paul's holds that morality has synchronized in its growth and progress with Christianity; and there can be no doubt as to which form of Christianity he prefers. But in his argument he looks at Christianity in general, and does not touch the question as to the comparative influence of different Christian creeds on morality. In fact, the weak point of the whole discussion is that it does not recognize the fact that religion includes an almost infinite variety of types, and that even members of the same religious community are usually much divided in their opinions as to what their formal doctrines actually imply. A general spirit of religion must, of course, be a good thing, and there is no likelihood of sound morality without it. But this is different from the question as to what is the effect of different kinds of religion on public morals; and this is the point of the whole controversy. It may be said that, as a rule, among ordinary people the principles of morality are a more settled thing than theological faith; that morality, being essential to social order and cohesion, has an independent basis apart from the particular theories of theology; but, in the end, it must be evident to every thinking person that religious conviction and a religious bent of mind is indispensable to a high ideal of moral life, and that it operates like the "leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

DR. SCHLIEMANN ON MYCENÆ.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S interesting address to the Society of Antiquaries last week left the meaning of the discoveries at Mycenæ in the condition of a fascinating puzzle. He did not bring the actual treasures and relics with him, and the photographs which he exhibited hardly justified, in the opinion of many of his hearers, his own enthusiastic descriptions. As works of art, the breastplates, crowns, and so on seem to be less beautiful and delicate than Dr. Schliemann's letters to the *Times* had led people to imagine. "Splendid" was held to be not exactly the right word for spiral designs of a rather rough-and-ready sort. None of the work came at all near the admirable Phœnician bowl from Prieneste which has lately been engraved in the *Gazette Archéologique*. The spirals copied by the artist of the *Illustrated London News* (March 24), for example, show no great subtlety of invention. In short, far from rivaling the skill and beauty of early Etruscan or Phœnician jewelry, it may be questioned whether a closer parallel to the Mycænæan ware might not be found in the artless products of the Ashantees. There is a certain *naïveté* in the barbaric gold of that rather backward people, and especially in their golden masks, which we commend to the notice of Dr. Schliemann.

The Mycænæan jewelry raises the great question of the date of the tombs, a question as to which it is really difficult to make even a guess. Dr. Schliemann would have them almost contemporary with the age of the poet of the *Iliad*. With that eager faith and enthusiasm without which he would never have overcome the difficulties of his task, he wishes to think that "Homer lived in Mycenæ's golden age, and at or near the time of the tragic event by which the inmates of the five sepulchres lost their lives." We need scarcely stop to refute this opinion out of Homer, and to show that he looks on the heroic time as a distant period. No iron was found by Dr. Schliemann at the depth of the pre-historic city, and Homer, with Mr. Gladstone's permission, is very familiar with iron. Moreover, by Dr. Schliemann's own statement, the art of Mycenæ is uninfluenced by Oriental example; whereas in Homer there is constant mention of Phœnician and other Eastern art, which must almost necessarily have had its effect on that of the Achæans. But there really seems to be at present no chance of determining the stage of artistic culture in which the various objects were produced. The gems, for example, were not thought to be all of one period. Some of them are said to be debased indeed, but not, strictly speaking, rude and primitive. They are thought to show signs of the handling of artisans who were in possession of proper tools, but who had lost the traditions of the art and all artistic spirit. These gems would be on a level, if this view is correct, with some of the efforts of modern India. It is difficult to understand how works of this debased sort could be contemporary with the *naïve* barbaric character ascribed to the

gold ornaments, the mere rough sketches of a race feeling its way in the direction of art. Other gems, again, were held to be of much more æsthetic value, but could scarcely be ascribed to the early date to which Dr. Schliemann rightly, as we think, insists on referring the tombs and the gold-work. It is admitted, too, by way of making things even more perplexing, that the famous "cow's head" of silver, with gold horns and traces of gilding, is a work full of spirit and of good execution. The unpleasant suggestion has been hazarded that the "cow's head" is really a bull's head. This breaks the connexion with Io, and the old derivation of Mycenæ from *μυκίομαι*. Against the art shown in the head must be set a much lower estimate of the engravings on the tombstones. The spiral ornamentation on the upper part of the slab is said to be childishly rude, whilst the figures of a man in a chariot and of other men in various attitudes are no less barbaric. Indeed the description of these sepulchral stones inevitably reminds one of Schoolcraft's drawings of the grave-posts of Red Indian chiefs. Matters do not become clearer when we remember that these remains of a very crude and apparently almost savage state of art are found within ruins so massive as to attest the presence of a comparatively powerful and advanced civilization. On the most favourable estimate some of the smaller relics can hardly be classed higher than the work of ancient Peru, where, as it happens, there are ruins of architecture that might be called Cyclopean. It should follow that, whatever may have been the date of the tombs, it was long prior to the time in which Homer was well acquainted with the admirable examples of Oriental art.

In his lecture at Burlington House Dr. Schliemann said less than might have been desired about the very curious concentric circles of stones within and beneath which he found the tombs. The positions of these circles may best be understood by reference to a drawing in the *Illustrated London News*, March 24. Conceive two circles of erect gravestones, the inner distant not quite four feet from the outer. The space between was once, it is thought, bridged over by a flooring of stone, and the whole would then form a circular stone bench. No one can help being reminded of the description of the trial in *Iliad* xviii. 503:—

οἱ δὲ γέροντες
εἶα' ἐπὶ ξυστοῖσι λίθοις, ἱερῷ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ.

It is natural to conjecture that the stone bench at Mycenæ was an agora of the heroic age. Thus, if Dr. Schliemann has done nothing else, he has confirmed the correctness of the local colour of Euripides. Eustathius refers us to the *Orestes*, where Euripides speaks of a peasant as *ὀλεγάκις αὐτὸν καγοῦσι χραίων κύκλον*. Mr. Paley, in a letter to the *Times*, has noticed that Euripides may have spoken of what he had seen at Mycenæ, and the commentator on the *Iliad*, who thinks that the poet took the idea of the *κύκλος* from Athens, may have been hasty in his criticism. In the *Odyssey*, Nestor sits down on one of the polished stones in front of the house, "and all his sons were gathered about him." It has been suggested that the "sacredness" ascribed to the circle in which the elders sat to give judgment may have been derived from the tombs of the ancestors beneath their feet. But in Homer so many things are sacred or "divine," that little stress can be laid on this idea. Mr. Paley's quotation from Pindar (*Pyth.* v. 95) is more to the point:—

ἄτερθε δὲ πρὸ δαμάτων ἔσσιτο λύχοντες αἰδαν
βασίλεις ἱεροὶ
ἐντρί.

("Apart, before their palace, lie other sacred kings, that have their lot with Hades.") But Pindar is here, it must be noticed, distinguishing between Battus's sepulchre "in the forum" of Cyrene, *πρῶτοις ἀγορᾷ ἐπὶ δίχῃ κεῖται θάνατο*, and the sepulchre of later kings in front of the palace. Battus, as the founder of Cyrene, had the more honourable grave; but it would not at all suit Dr. Schliemann to have it thought that the inmates of his tombs within the forum were the founders of Mycenæ. Still it must be satisfactory to him to find that the evidence of ancient poetry explains his discoveries in a rational way. He has a right to throw the burden of proof on his more sceptical critics, and to ask them to decide what the circle of stones may be, if not the "sacred circle" of the agora, and what the graves, if not the graves of the most ancient worthies of Mycenæ. To go beyond that, and insist on Agamemnon, on a given date, and on the contemporary existence of Homer, is to pass into a region of pure conjecture, where one opinion is nearly as good as another. In the meantime there can be little risk in guessing that the age of the tombs is long anterior to the age of Homer and of Greek perfection in epic poetry. Very possibly the incidents of the royal burial may have grown, by lapse of time, into the germ of the legend of Agamemnon. But that possibility would not justify us in identifying the barbaric chief whom Dr. Schliemann unearthed with the Bretwalda of Argos and the Isles whom we read of in Homer. We see by the analogous example of the French cycle of *Chansons de Geste*, how the exploits of his predecessors and of men who followed him, of purely mythical beings and of the characters of later romance, were piled together to add to the honour of Charles. If the history of the tenant of the grave of Mycenæ was the germ of the Achæan epic, it is probable that the legends of his successors and a great deal of myth borrowed from all quarters were combined in the imagination of the poet who told the tale of Troy and of the treason of Ægisthus. In the stately unity of the epic a thousand fables and myths

are blended with legend, history, and tradition. The figure of Agamemnon, as we know him, rises from the mould in which the genius of Homer fused all the intellectual wealth of his time. To speak of his tomb at Mycenæ is like speaking of the tomb of Arthur, or that of Zeus which was shown in Crete. He is not there, nor elsewhere, though it is satisfactory enough to know that the agora of his ancient city held the grave of some chief of the ancient world. To modern archaeology the thought of a world so distant as that in which Hellas was barbaric seems almost distressing. People do not like to look into the savage origins of a race whose eager spirit swiftly burned away all that was gross and uninspired in their early culture. They do not even care to be told that before Hellas was Hellas a perhaps alien tribe, Pelagic or what not, and not gifted with Hellenic delicacy, possessed the rock of Mycenæ. Dr. Schliemann himself evades these ideas by persuading himself that the objects which he has discovered are worthy to represent the early art and the golden world of Greece. In his opinion the gold-work is still work of that beautiful Achæan civilization which the Dorians swept away. In his eagerness to come near Homer he has, we think, forgotten to tell us where he has laid the half-consumed bodies which he unearthed. The question cannot but cause some anxiety. If he is to go on at his present rate, the Greek Assembly will have to pass a Mythological Monarchs Burial Bill. Minyas or Oedipus cannot be allowed to lie loose in a museum.

THE BOAT-RACE.

THE curious sort of madness which for years past has taken possession of men, women, and children in London on the subject of the annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge has not shown any symptoms of diminution. Enthusiasm was indeed on this occasion a somewhat cheaper luxury than usual. It is not difficult to find valid excuses for not getting up at five o'clock in the morning; and it is perhaps as pleasant to a person lying comfortably in bed to think of the manful exertions of two opposing crews rowing on a cold river as it is to one standing on the shore to watch the troubles of those on the great sea *turbantibus æquora ventis*. On the other hand, a certain number of people must have been exposed to bitter disappointment by the unexpected change in the time of the race. To get up at six o'clock on an unpromising morning, congratulating one's self on one's resolution and punctuality, and to find that unkind chance has interfered to make the exercise of these qualities fruitless, cannot be a pleasant experience. There is this, however, to be said in favour of making the race as early as possible, that the more inconvenient the hour is for spectators the less danger will there be of the whole business of the race degenerating into the kind of gigantic fair which it has of late years become. One might have thought that when every London street-boy took to decorating himself with a dark or light blue ribbon in honour of the race, sensible people would have seen that the excitement about it had reached the point of absurdity, and would have done their best to discourage its extravagances. So far from this, the mania has grown steadily worse. People who ought to know better have given themselves up to the prevailing folly with a kind of Bacchic self-abandonment. The question whether nine young men from Cambridge can propel and steer a boat to the end of a course quicker than nine other young men from Oxford has been considered by many as if it were of far more importance than the fate of nations; while many more have made the occasion of its decision the excuse for a kind of daylight debauch. It has been thought necessary to display the colours of one or other University whether their wearer has or has not the slightest interest in either. Cases have been known, indeed, of girls going to the race provided, like Talleyrand on a graver occasion, with a double set of colours, and assuming the dark or light set according to the event, which is a shocking instance of the demoralizing effect of factitious enthusiasm.

The matter has, however, its serious side. Without wishing to say a word in discouragement of the healthy love of outdoor sports, or to adopt to their full extent the theories put forward by Mr. Wilkie Collins in *Man and Wife* as to the dangers of athletic pursuits, we yet must think that there are certain grave objections to the ridiculously exaggerated importance which the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race has assumed. It has been suggested by a philosopher who takes a somewhat cynical view of human affairs that to the successful keeping up of any pursuit of wide interest the constant sacrifice of a certain number of victims is necessary. According to this theory, the science of mathematics is preserved and improved at the cost of the development into Senior Wranglers of men who, having trained themselves to this one end, are never fit for anything else; and in like manner the theory and practice of rowing demands the annual sacrifice of men who ruin themselves by over-training. It would not be difficult to adduce against this proposition examples of men who have been both Senior Wranglers and University oars, and have distinguished themselves in after life; and it is well known that, at Cambridge at least, mathematical men are accustomed to find their relaxation in rowing. The combination, however, of a Senior Wrangler with a University oar is very far from common. A man so constituted as to be able to attain both these distinctions is not likely to have his head turned by the incense of the gaping crowd; but to weaker vessels the foolish

prominence given to the doings of the University crews long before the race is rowed cannot be without its moral dangers, any more than severity of training is without its physical perils to people whose muscular strength is not backed by a perfect constitution. The excitement felt by a man rowing in his college boat who knows as he passes "Grassy" that relations, friends, and strangers are watching the exertions of his companions and himself with interest, may be healthy enough. But the case is very different when, instead of what may be called a private audience, a vast mob is assembled, of which many members derive their interest in the race from the bets which they have depending on its issue. It is not seemly that the greatest interest displayed in the two Universities by the population of London should depend, not upon anything connected with the object for which the Universities were founded, but upon the degradation into a public show of what was originally a perfectly proper and harmless trial of strength and skill. And the matter appears utterly ridiculous when it is reflected that the majority of the people who rush to see the race are absolutely incompetent to appreciate its real interest, and but for the name of the thing might derive just as much pleasure from looking at the tugging match between a number of men and an elephant which was attempted last Saturday at Lillie Bridge. This was intended possibly as a consolation for those people who could not get up in time to see the great event of the day. The elephant, however, seems to have been conscious of the absurdity of his position, and to have refused to make an undignified exhibition of himself. The course of refusing to enter upon a contest is hardly open to the University crews; but by changing the scene of the race something might be done to avoid the evils attendant upon its publicity.

The race itself this year was unusually exciting, and the result may be regarded as satisfactory. While violent partisans of Oxford may console themselves with the thought that but for an accident their University would have won, people on the opposite side are certain that, as a matter of fact, they were not beaten, and may imagine, if they please, that the result was not merely a matter of chance. As a dead heat has never occurred before, it not unnaturally took the judge so much by surprise that he was not prepared at once to give his decision; and the effect of this was that a pleasing uncertainty as to what had really happened prevailed for some time in London. The only people likely to be greatly disappointed by the final decision are the bookmakers, and to them we cannot wish a more deserved fate. It would indeed be an excellent thing if, by a long succession of dead heats, the bookmakers could be wearied of trying to exercise their trade on this event. Such an occurrence, unfortunately, is not eminently probable; and to prevent a number of disreputable characters from making part of a questionable livelihood out of the University boat-race there seems no way but that above suggested of removing the course to quieter waters. It may no doubt be said that, even if the race were rowed in Africa, that would place no check upon the amount of bets that might be made upon it. But practically we fancy that, if there were no convenient occasions for watching and commenting upon the men engaged in it, as if they were racehorses, the betting interest in the event would be much diminished. With more force it might be urged against taking the race away from London that the interest of the majority of the crowd which assembles to witness it is harmless, and that a flock of innocent holiday-makers should not be disappointed because it contains some black sheep. But, as far as we know, the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were not instituted in order that eighteen young men chosen from each should once a year display their bodily prowess as a source of amusement to a London crowd. In the meanwhile, we are pleased to observe a tendency on the part of the men whom the race really concerns to avoid the disagreeably public character which has lately attached to it. At the dinner after the race this year we learn from one of the papers that representatives of the press were rigidly excluded; a fact which seemed to cause some bitterness to the writer, but at which we most heartily rejoice.

THE BEGINNINGS OF BOHEMIA.

NOTHING tests a man's notions of historical criticism better than to set him at work on a foundation legend. The two such legends to which people seem to cleave most fondly are two of the most impossible. We do not know whether anybody cares to believe in a personal Hellén or a personal Italus, or to hold that the Persians were called from Perseus and the Medes from his son Médos. But we have stood face to face with a man who believed in Brutus the Trojan, and we believe that the sect is not confined to him only. Romulus too has many votaries, who seem to cleave to him more fervently as his legend is more and more shown to be impossible. Scholars have shown over and over again that the tale of Romulus is not only not history, but is not even genuine legend or tradition. But the more the scholar proves this, the more the tourist and the local antiquary cleave to their idol. In the Brutus legend it may be that another element comes in. It is not impossible that Trojan Brutus gets mixed up, at least unconsciously, with one or both of the two Roman deliverers of that name. There is, it must be remembered, a sect which places these deliverers not very far apart from one another. The old Roman republic is thought to have been about as long lived as the Roman republic of

our own day. It passes for a short interval of confusion between two periods of lawful rule, the rule of the Tarquins and the rule of the Cæsar. The Brutus who drove out the last Tarquin and the Brutus who slew the first Cæsar are looked on as, if not the same man, yet as men not very far apart from one another, it may be as father and son. It would really not be a much greater leap to identify the founder of Britain with one or both of the republican heroes, and to hold that he is the embodiment, not only of the name of the land, but of one of the characteristics of its people—that Brutus in short, at once founder and tyrannicide, is the great expression of the doctrine that “Britons never shall be slaves.”

The believers in Romulus and the believers in Brutus have, we may be sure, never stopped to compare the Romulus story or the Brutus story with any of the kindred stories of which the world is full. Are they, for instance, ready to believe in Trebetas the son of Ninus, who wandered out of Assyria and founded the city of Treveri, Trier, or Trèves, the oldest of European cities, some centuries before Romulus planted his hut on the Palatine? The chances are that they have never heard of Trebetas, and that, if they did hear of him, they would at once scorn his story as a monkish fable. Fable it certainly is, whether the invention of monks, of secular priests, or of laymen; but it has exactly as much to say for itself as the stories of Romulus and Brutus. They are all alike made-up stories; they are made-up stories in a different sense from those genealogies which are doubtless just as fabulous, but which were matters of honest inference. “Saxo Grammaticus” begins his story by telling us that Dan and Angul were brothers. That is to say, he, or those whom he copied, saw that Danes and Frisians were kindred nations, and they thought that they must have taken their names from two brothers. The fabulous genealogy then has a certain value; it shows that the manifold kindred between the two nations had struck people. But Saxo has nothing whatever to tell us about Dan and Angul. Of course they were names that we may take for granted; but no acts of theirs are recorded: the detailed legendary stories begin a generation or two later. So Thucydides believed in Hellen and his sons, but he had nothing to say about them. Ion and Doros, like Dan and Angul, were the inferences of men who thought that every people must have been called after the name of a founder. And, though we know most of such names to be fabulous, yet, as historical men, Charles, Lothar, Othman, did give their names to lands and nations; it is possible that the same thing happened in unrecorded ages, and that by some odd chance some name of the kind might really be genuine. We are speaking here of the names of lands and nations, not of those of mere *gentes*; with them the name of the real or imaginary patriarch is of course the rule. In the particular case of Hellen we can see that the name, and therefore the inference, cannot be very early, as it takes a later form of the name. A legend, as opposed to an inference, would have given us some such name as *Helos* or *Sellos*; still the inference was an honest inference; it was an early effort of mistaken criticism, and we have merely the name of Hellen without any legend about him. As the form of the name Hellen proves the name not to be very early, so it is with the name Romulus; no such name could have been borne by a patriarch of the Ramnes. The name, like the story, was clearly derived after some knowledge of Greek and Greek legends had made its way into Latium, and the wolf story, told of endless other founders, was worked into it with a new set of names. So the Brutus story was invented by some one who had read Roman history; otherwise he would never have hit on such a form as Brutus for the *eponymos* of Britain. He who devised the Trebetas story knew in the like sort the legendary history of Assyria. Now in this last case, most likely every one will see this; in the Brutus case most people would see it; in the Romulus case all comparative scholars see it. Still, in the Romulus case there are many who refuse to see it, because the story is old and beautiful, and surrounded with all manner of familiar and attractive associations. But the three stories really stand on exactly the same ground; they are all of them, not mere attempts at ethnical genealogy, like Angul and Hellen, but such attempts tricked out with romantic details according to the greater or less skill of the deviser, who also worked in such knowledge as he had of history or of what with him passed for history. There is really no difference between the story of Romulus in Livy and the story of Trebetas in the *Gesta Treverorum*, except that the story in Livy is the older and more famous and the better told of the two. Livy and the *Gesta* alike grow into trustworthy history as they get on; neither is trustworthy history at the stage where they deal with Romulus and Trebetas.

Let us turn from Rome, Britain, and Trier, to a fourth part of the world. There is a land commonly known as Bohemia, but which our forefathers knew as *Beme*; and of *Beme* came the gentile adjective *Beamish*, which still, like so many other gentile adjectives, exists as an English surname, pointing out that the first who bore it must have come from the land of Beme. Whether the author of *Alice in Wonderland* had any ethnological notions in his head when he talked about a “beamish boy,” we do not presume to guess. The next writer of a small History of England who brings in a blind King of Bohemia without explanation would not do amiss to describe the knights who twined their brides in his, if not as “Beamish boys,” yet, in one use of the word *child*, as “Beamish children.” The earliest inhabitants of the Beamish land, how they came there, and what they did, stand forth in the early pages of Cosmas, Dean of Prag. He begins his story with the Tower of Babel, at the building of which the human race con-

sisted only of seventy-two men, not counting, it would seem, the women and children. Seventy-two languages thus arose, and the families seem to have gone off in seventy-two directions. More modest however than the Trier writer, the Dean of Prag allows that it was not for many ages that Bohemia or any part of Germany—he seems to reckon Bohemia as part of Germany—was colonized. At last however a large body of wanderers came; they were specially pleased with the land which they were to make Beamish. Their sheikh or alderman—*senior* he is called—tells them that they might go further and fare worse, or rather that they could not possibly fare better anywhere else. He had promised to bring them to a goodly land, and he had now brought them to the goodliest of all lands. The land was their own; let them stay there and give it a name. Then says one of the company, “Thou our father art called Boemus; what better name can we give to the land than Boemia?” Boemus, delighted that the land should bear his name, kisses the ground for joy, salutes and blesses it. The land thus became Bohemia and its people Bohemians.

We venture to say that the name of the *eponymos* in this case was more unluckily chosen than any of the others. Cosmas does not seem to have known the real name of his own people. Indeed they were not strictly his own people; still Cosmas, if not of native, was at least of kindred race, as his forefathers seem to have come from Poland. A Byzantine writer, a generation or two later, John Kinnamos, knew the real names of the Slavonic nations, and spoke of Bohemians and Poles as *Τόχοι* and *Αἰόλοι*. In some Polish legends Lech—if that spelling will do—does appear as an *eponymos*; and it showed some lack of identity that Cosmas, or rather the earlier writers from whom he got his stories, did not hit upon Czech as their own patriarch. No more unlucky name than Boemus could have been lighted on. It is worse than Romulus, Brutus, or Trebetas. For one is at least tempted to accept the doctrine that the name which, after a hundred different spellings, has settled down into *Bohemia* and *Bohemian* has something to do with the earlier Boii and their *heim*, *ham*, or *home*. But, without committing ourselves to etymologies which may be dangerous, at all events Boemus was not the native name of the people. It is as if the Hellenic *eponymos* had been, not Hellen, but *Græcus*. Boemus however is his name in the story, and from him Bohemia takes its name. We then get a picture of the earliest Bohemian society. The immediate followers of Boemus were men of wonderful simplicity, mercy, moderation, and sobriety; yet some of their ways seem to have been a true Bohemian in another sense. They did not know the gifts of Ceres or of Bacchus. They lived on acorns and water, or at most on the flesh of wild beasts, to obtain which, and for no other purpose, they used arrows. Fields and woods were common, and they even carried this primitive socialism into other departments which Cosmas describes somewhat more glowingly than might seem becoming in a dean, and within, as Cosmas was, a married dean. He likens them however to monks in this, that no man called anything *meum*, but always *nossum*. At last, like other people, the Boemi began to degenerate. The institution of property arose. There were rich men and poor; men began to do harm to one another; and rulers and judges were needed to settle their differences. At length there arose a certain Græco, who reminds one of the *Διοίκης* of Herodotus. His wisdom and justice were so great that people came to him from all parts to settle their disputes. A town bore his name, Krakow, which must not be confounded with the ancient capital of Poland. He left no son, but he had three daughters of wisdom so great that no son could have surpassed them. One, the eldest, was Kazi, a second Melpomene for her knowledge of herbs and all medicine. The name of the second is written in many ways, but the text of Peitz gives her Teteka. She built a town called Tetka, and misapplied her wisdom by leading the Beamish folk into all kinds of idleness. This is the first mention that we have had of their religious creed. She taught them to worship the Orads, the Dyads, the Hamadryads, and moreover trees and stones and idols of all kinds. But the youngest and wisest of the sisters was called Lubessa, and founded the city of Lubossin. She too was something of a witch, a “*phitonisa*,” = *pythoussa*, and foretold future events. All people came to her for judgment; but at last one man chose to be offended. He did not like the posture in which the lady (“*domina*”) gave judgment. The description is certainly a little odd:—“*Ubi interim, ut est lasciva mollities mulierum quædam non habet quem timeat virum, cubito subnixæ, eæ præterea enixa, alte in pectus stratis molliter accubabat.*” Lubessa, in short, seems to have literally held a bed of justice. She heard and decided the cause; but he against whom it was decided waxed angry. The Beamish folk are the only people in the world who are ruled by women, by women whose hair is long, but whose sense is short. Lubessa agrees. She says that, if they will only choose her a husband, she will marry him and he shall be their lord. The three sisters, the three *Hamenides* as they are called, lay their heads together. They call an assembly of the people, in which Lubessa makes a speech borrowed from the prophet Samuel, and sets forth the evil of having, not indeed a king, for the word *Rex* is avoided, but a duke. If however they will have a duke, she tells them whom to choose. He is an admirable man of the name of Premizl, who ploughs with two oxen, one white before and the other white behind. He shall be their duke and her husband. Messengers are sent, who find the worthy husbandman ploughing with this remarkable pair of oxen. They address him twice

—for, in rustic fashion, he does not hear the first time—in hexameter verse, in the second couplet giving him the title of duke. In this story we cannot help seeing the counterpart of one legend of our own Ine, or rather two legends of him rolled together. Ine is raised to the throne by marriage; he is a husbandman found ploughing at Somerton; Premizl is both. Wonders follow the salutation of the husbandman as duke; among other things, his oxen vanish for ever. He becomes duke and marries Lubossa; they reign together and found Prag as their capital. In their days the Beamish maidens waxed valiant like the Amazons, and built them a town and fortres of their own. The youths presently did the like in their neighbourhood. War follows, then peace, and a banquet at which, after the manner of the first Ramnes and the tribe of Benjamin, every man catches his wife, and so, after the death of Lubossa, the Beamish women became subject to their husbands. Presently comes a barren genealogy of several generations, in which one reign only is dignified with a legend. This dry list of names suddenly lands us among quite well-known people; we find ourselves with Duke Borzevoy—his spellings are various—who is baptized by Methodius, according to our author, though his chronology is not quite exact, in the days of the Emperor Arnulf and of Swatopluk, King of Moravia.

We beg leave to commend this story to the believers in Romulus. It is neither so pretty nor so old nor so famous; being comparatively modern, we can test it better and see whence its parts come: but in point of historic credibility the two are exactly the same. Both are made-up stories, and so differ from real tradition. Real tradition, one scraps of names and customs preserved to us in all manner of odd corners in the Roman writers, help us not a little in making out the early history of "the great group of village communities by the Tiber"; but the mere romance of Romulus goes for no more than the romance of Boemus and Premizl. The wolf-nourished king and the peasant king with his oxen are characters which we meet with all over the world; the one is no more special to Rome than the other is special to Bohemia. The legend of Romulus is simply one among many of the legends of the origin of Rome, which happened to become more famous and to be better told than the others. In the eyes of historical criticism, Romulus, Brutus, Trebetas, and Boemus all pass away as shadows together.

ANOTHER SOUTH KENSINGTON BUBBLE.

IT would seem that, owing to some mysterious agency or influence, the newfangled district of South Kensington still affords tempting ground, for the operations of a certain clique of audacious speculators. It can hardly be supposed that the present financial condition of the institutions with which that aspiring neighbourhood is already identified is such as to encourage further experiments in the same direction. The other day, for instance, there was a doleful Report from Dr. Lyon Playfair, the Chairman of the body which is supposed to be responsible for the Royal Albert Hall. It came out that the corporation has been reduced to the painful necessity of imposing further exactions on the unfortunate seatholders, who had already, under peculiar pressure of an insidious kind, been heavily mulcted in the price of accommodation which most of them did not want, and have seldom found it worth while to take advantage of. It appears that the seat-holders are now liable to be rated at 2*l.* additional for every seat beyond the original fancy price which they paid, in order to provide for the maintenance of the Hall, which otherwise would probably be exposed to the elements. There is, as Dr. Playfair stated, "an arrear of necessary repairs and alterations," and no funds; "if the estimates are now large, it must be remembered that the Hall was very large, and was, as a building, unexampled in any part of the country." Another feature, perhaps, might have been mentioned; and that is, that the speculation is unable to keep its head above water without paying black-mail on regular subscribers, simply because it cannot find a paying audience yielding sufficient receipts to maintain the place in a decent condition. It appears also that Captain Shaw and the Insurance Offices have struck against the dangerously inflammable character of the building. A seatholder at the recent meeting tried to console himself and other victims for the imminent probability of a series of arbitrary demands for still further increased contributions as the position of the Company becomes more desperate, by the reflection that, "when the mismanagement of an institution like the Albert Hall devolved upon a great many people, it generally became unsuccessful." It may be suggested that this is the natural and usual fate of undertakings which are started on empty pretences and with a flourish of imposing names, but which have nothing to offer to the public but what can be procured of better quality and more convenient access elsewhere. It is sad to think that the great temple which was to be the crowning centre of a ring of institutions for the promotion of all the arts and all the sciences should thus be exposed to a sudden collapse; but it is only what was to be expected from its antecedents and management. Then, again, there is the kindred and equally broken-down concern close by—the Horticultural Gardens, as they are called, though they do nothing for horticulture, and are not even gardens in any proper sense. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a more complete picture of ruin and desolation than the enclosure presents at the present time; and the flower and fruit shows which are advertised as such grand affairs consist only of common gardeners' produce in

the way of flowers, and of a few dishes of withered pears and crabby apples apparently borrowed from some stall outside. Yet this decayed and bankrupt speculation was also opened under the brightest expectations and most distinguished patronage as a means of regenerating the human race by uniting, as the programme set forth, "the science and art of gardening to the sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting," in the midst of a classical grove. Unfortunately all these fine promises have sunk into the dismal reality of a shabby flirting and playing ground, enlivened by the clash of brass band and refreshment counters, the latter being the chief pecuniary resource of the proprietors.

In the face of these melancholy precedents it certainly seems to require a rare sort of courage for any one to come forward with another project of the kind, under the cover of names which have already been brought in this way into most undesirable associations. Yet we learn from a bundle of circulars which has been forwarded to us that "some years ago Mr. Wills, of South Kensington, conceived the idea of covering the late Prince Consort's National Memorial in Kensington Gardens with glass, and, in connexion with it (*also*), a series of gardens in which to represent the vegetation of each quarter of the globe." It may be admitted that, if this scheme is carried out, it will at least represent the voidancy of the people who waste their money on such an enterprise. As far as the wording of the circulars goes, it would seem that the Memorial is to be covered over, not only with glass, but with gardens; but further on it becomes evident that this is a slip of grammar. What is proposed is to "erect a commodious-glassstructure, in five main divisions, the central division to cover the whole of the Memorial, and the other four divisions to be devoted to the growth of plants, trees, &c."—"&c." it will be observed, opens up a wide vista, which perhaps includes a menagerie and aquarium, if not croquet and a rink—"which inhabit the four quarters of the globe." The "examples of the vegetation of Europe, for instance, are to be arranged in a garden by itself, adjoining the group of sculpture representing the products of that part of the globe, and a similar arrangement is to be made in respect to the remaining groups of statuary." There is also a memorial to the Queen, setting forth that, "if this proposal could be carried out, it would appropriately honour the memory of that great mind whose aim it was to foster the Arts and Sciences, for the benefit, not only of the English nation, but of the whole of the dwellers on the face of the globe." Other reasons why it is thought necessary to carry out this scheme are stated to be that "the magnificent memorial erected to the memory of the great and good Prince Consort by your Majesty's grateful subjects is much too beautiful and costly to be exposed without protection to the injurious influences of the vitiated atmosphere of London," and that "a suitable covering is absolutely necessary, not only to prevent a speedy disfigurement through atmospheric influences of the nation's memorial, but also to enable the admiring thousands who so much appreciate the virtues of the late Prince Consort to enjoy in all weathers an inspection of the beautiful work of art raised to his memory." From another document we learn that the proposed structure is designed to be composed of iron, copper, and glass, and to be octagonal in form, with projections on four alternate faces of the octagon; the diameter is given as 200 feet, the height from the ground to the springing of the dome 145 feet, and the extreme height from the ground to the top of the figure surmounting the lantern on the dome as 340 feet. Clusters of columns forming the piers at the intersecting angles of the octagon are to be carried up in stages to the springing of the dome, terminating in gabled pinnacles and open traceried spires. East and west of the central structure, and connected therewith by corridors, it is proposed to have gardens containing trees and plants "representing the vegetable kingdom of the four quarters of the globe."

This plan, and the reasons given for carrying it out, suggest several remarks. In the first place, the Memorial in its present shape was the result of very careful consideration at the time when it was first taken in hand; and it was expressly intended to be an open-air monument. It must be presumed, therefore, that the question how it would be affected by exposure to the weather would be thoroughly taken into account; and that precautions would be devised in order to prevent any mischief. It would be interesting to know whether the construction of the Memorial has failed in this respect, and there is really any ground for the predicted "speedy disfigurement through atmospheric influences of the nation's memorial." As to the style of the structure, there is no doubt much difference of opinion, as would have equally been the case in whatever way it had been built. The golden figure is, no doubt, a mistake, and there is also great chromatic confusion in the combination of the rainbow tints of the mosaic work, the gilded statue, already a little tarnished, especially on the top of the head, and the white marble groups round the base. On the whole, the Memorial appears to be in a very good state of preservation; and the toning down of some of its more tawdry features is pleasing to good taste. On the other hand, it is on account of its fine proportions and stately elevation that the monument has its chief claim to public admiration; and it is obvious that this aspect of it would be lost if it were to be shut up in an ugly glass case, so that it could only be seen in snatches. As it is, what makes the character of the Memorial is its prominent situation and the way in which it stands out boldly and can be seen from all sides, even at a distance. Another thing is that a conservatory cannot be an ornamental contrivance under any circumstances;

and, as the unhappy experience of the Crystal Palace has proved, it is an extremely troublesome and costly fabric to keep in repair. In an exposed position such as that of Kensington Gardens, a huge, towering glass box 340 feet high would, we should imagine, be very much blown about, and would require continual repairs; and it may be taken as certain that it would be hideously unsightly, and would destroy the whole spirit and effect of the Memorial as it was designed and has hitherto existed. As for the supposed necessity of sheltering visitors from the elements, it can only be meant either as an insult to the English weather, or an assumption that our people are all of a consumptive tendency. We might as well have a glass roof and sides for Richmond Hill. There is another question which must occur to every one, and that is how the funds for this project are to be provided, how it is to be maintained, and who is to have the management of it. The monument has already absorbed an enormous sum, and it is doubtful how far voluntary subscriptions could now be raised to an amount sufficient for the new scheme, while there would also require to be a permanent fund for repairs and attendants. As it is, a policeman is enough to keep order in the open air; but, if there are to be entrances and corridors and separate gardens, the whole condition of things will be changed, and a special staff of attendants will be required. As for the future charge of the structure, it could hardly, being a piece of national property situated in a public park, be placed in private hands; and the sort of way in which Rotten Row and other arrangements in the Park have lately been managed does not encourage much confidence in their capacity to discharge the duty.

On the whole, then, the objections to this proposal would appear to be irresistible. It would spoil a striking monument with which people have become familiarized, and, as far as we know, are, except as to some details, fairly satisfied; and would involve all sorts of difficulties. One of these would be the gardening part of the business, which would hardly be in the way of the ordinary gardening staff, and would perhaps be given to some jobbing contractor, whom it might not be easy to keep in order. Thus there would be a great derangement and additional outlay for no satisfactory purpose. If it is desirable that people should study the vegetation of the world, they can do it very well at Kew or in Regent's Park. There is, however, another reason why we trust that this preposterous scheme will fail—a reason which goes beyond the architectural part of the question, and relates to the manner in which the scheme is put before the public. We have frequently felt bound to express our dislike to the practice of investing in Royalty for private purposes, either commercial or with a view to attain an advertising notoriety. We are sorry to think that the memory of the Prince Consort has already come to be in certain quarters a stock article of trade; and there can be no doubt that the sickening toadyism and barefaced jobbery with which it has been associated has tended rather to impair than to increase the respect with which it is generally cherished. There has already been more than enough of interested or idle adulation, and the memorial which is most likely to raise the Prince's character in general esteem and to confirm his claim to the affectionate remembrance of the country will be found in the account of his life which is now being published at the instance and under the supervision of the highest authority. We must hope, therefore, that this impudent attempt to open up a new avenue for the sort of scandals which have already occurred in connexion with other South Kensington institutions, got up on similar pretexts, will be dropped without delay.

PEW AND PULPIT.

THE City Temple appears to aspire to the position of a kind of Nonconformist cathedral, though certainly, as regards outward form, if it reminds us of a cathedral, it reminds us by contrast only. Its beauty, as has been said of a pug-dog, consists in its ugliness. But its managers are evidently anxious to claim for it the functions of a mother-church, not indeed of a diocese—for are not dioceses a prelate abomination?—but of English Nonconformity generally, and more especially of that peculiarly "apostheal" organization represented by Congregationalism, which Dr. Parker regrets that all Englishmen are not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate. We have already seen that a new experiment in canonization is being tried, though with somewhat indifferent success, at the City Temple. In discussing the relations of the pew and the pulpit its conductors ought to be more at home. For "the ordinance of preaching" is the chief, if not the only, ordinance for which Dissenters usually entertain any very high regard. It was, if we are not mistaken, the special indictment of the early Independents—the body to which Dr. Parker belongs—against the prelates and priests of the English Church that they were "dumb dogs that could not bark"; and their own special claim to supersede the Church was based on their superior, if not unique, capacity for preaching the Gospel. They should be able therefore now, after two centuries' experience, to show more familiarity with the due relations of pew and pulpit, or in other words, with the art of preaching. If "sermons from sticks" are so common an infliction in the Establishment, its more "apostolical" censors should know how to beat the drum ecclesiastic to better purpose. We looked therefore with some curiosity to see what light might be thrown on the subject by these "Conferences," two of which have already been held under Dr. Parker's presidency in the

Temple. It is fair however to say that the attendance was by no means confined to members of his own sect. As he expressed it on the first occasion, "there is no denominationalism in our meeting." And he has further managed on both occasions to secure the services of a distinguished M.P. as representing "the pew" in the discussion. At the first Conference the principal address was delivered by Mr. Cowper Temple, at the second by Mr. Gladstone. For it must be remembered that "the lay element" was here regarded as an essential, if not rather the most essential, element in the proceedings. The professed object of the meetings was "to invite the pew to confer with the pulpit," or in other words to hear what the flock thought of their pastors and preachers. And Dr. Parker accordingly in his opening speech defined the practical aim of the Conference to be to ascertain what the pew expects from the pulpit, and how far its expectations are reasonable and legitimate. One remarkable admission he added, and one very sensible suggestion, which last was echoed by some of the subsequent speakers. His admission was that a preacher who "has not the support of a complete and most impressive liturgical service" is in danger of either striving after unhealthy effects or sinking into monotony, and that hence "the demands made upon Congregational ministers are often quite unreasonable." Whether any direct reference to the Anglican liturgy was intended we cannot say, but at all events the pointed recognition of the high value of a liturgical service, coming from such a quarter, is worth noting. Dr. Parker's suggestion was that "the pew should demand a great variety of preachers" rather than expect to find every diversity of gift and function—expositor, exhorter, evangelist—united in the same man; and he might have illustrated this division of labour, though he did not, from the practice of the Church of Rome.

The appeal to the expectations of the pew was promptly responded to by Mr. Snathies, editor of the *British Workman*, though we do not know that he brought any very important contribution to the inquiry. He considered that the pew had a right to expect from the pulpit "more fire" and "more faithfulness" than it had at present, and insisted, in this last connexion, on the need of constant preaching on the duty of restitution. He also thought "illustrative preaching," after the style of the late Billy Dawson, important. Mr. Deputy Fry was more grandiloquent, but certainly not more practical. His great demand was for "emphatically Bible teaching"; on which it is obvious to remark that there are unfortunately great differences of opinion as to what Bible teaching is, and if our range of view be extended over the whole area of English Nonconformity, with its one hundred and fifty or so of sects, the difference becomes perfectly bewildering. And Mr. Fry did not simplify matters by adding that, inasmuch as the youth of the present day was sceptically disposed, this Bible teaching must be "systematic," which makes it the more impossible to shirk the previous question as to the precise nature of true Bible teaching. Nor does the further admonition that preaching ought to be "suggestive" seem very helpful. There is probably no preacher, good or bad, who is at all in earnest, who is not convinced that his teaching is emphatically Biblical, and there are very few so careless or so dissident as not to hope that it is suggestive.

The great speech of the day, however, was delivered by Mr. Cowper Temple, who modestly began by likening himself to Balaam's ass in the presence of the prophets. He was quite right, we believe, in his opening disclaimer of the not uncommon notion that in these days of a copious and multifarious literature the pulpit has lost its usefulness and its power. Experience certainly serves to show that the sermons of a really earnest and able preacher were never more thronged than now. Mr. Cowper Temple's detailed suggestions were, as might be expected, of a practical and intelligible kind, though we are not sure that some of his remarks on the most effective method of warning a congregation against infidelity may not be open to criticism. "The phenomenon of what is called conversion," treated in a quasi-scientific way, hardly strikes one as particularly suitable for the pulpit. Mr. Temple was on safer ground when he insisted on the importance of preachers holding up to churchgoers "a mirror" wherein they might compare their own daily life and conduct with that of those who do not go to church, and we are afraid he was not far wrong in singling out censoriousness as a fault to which religious people are specially addicted. Still more to the point was his suggestion that preachers should not confine themselves to vague generalities, but condescend to particulars, such as the right employment of money, time, and influence; and the tribute he paid to the plainspoken and very successful teachings of a well-known "rector in Belgravia" was, we believe, fully merited. It is quite true that the "beautiful, elaborate, systematic discourses" which were admired by our grandfathers as alone consistent with the dignity of the pulpit have lost their flavour, and that the preaching which is now really most prized, as well as most beneficial, is that which is direct and instructive, and comes home to the conscience rather than titillates the ear. Not that we can at all profess to agree with Mr. Temple's closing panegyric on Moody's preaching, which was commonplace, monotonous, and unsuggestive—if such a word may be allowed—in an almost unexampled degree. But we fully concur in his approval of the statement which that eccentric evangelist is reported to have made on the first night of his appearance in London, that "there are hundreds of men in this town who can preach better sermons than I can." We greatly doubt if there are many hundreds of men, either "in this town" or out of it, who could preach worse.

At the second Conference the place of honour was occupied by Mr. Gladstone, whose literary and oratorical versatility seems to be almost inexhaustible, and who, as was natural, made an eloquent and interesting address with many practical suggestions. Like Mr. Cowper Temple, he thought that the frequent complaints of ineffective preaching were to be attributed in some measure to the fault of the hearers, who are too apt to lack that "healthy appetite" by which alone the pew can relish the food provided by the pulpit. And as Mr. Temple denied the alleged incompatibility between the preacher's office and the wants of a literary age, Mr. Gladstone contested the cognate notion that the advance of science must put an end to preaching, though he admitted that the alleged antagonism was partly due to "factitious modes of representing Divine truth" on the part of Christian teachers and believers. His main subject however was the proper preparation of the preacher, and here he quoted an observation made to him many years ago by Dr. Dollinger that, if the Church of England was to become truly national, the clergy must abandon the practice of delivering written sermons. Certainly it is curious enough that a custom which prevails, so far as we are aware, in no other communion Catholic or Protestant, and in no country but England, should have become till within comparatively recent years so completely a fixed institution in the English Church. The Evangelicals were the first to innovate on the established usage, and the so-called Ritualists, wiser in this than their early Tractarian progenitors, have not been ashamed to follow so encouraging an example. Mr. Gladstone very justly exposed the popular fallacy of supposing that extempore preaching means unprepared preaching, whereas on the contrary to preach extempore "without knowledge, study, thought, and cultivation," not to speak of higher qualifications, is to court inevitable failure. At the same time all really effective preaching necessarily, and rightly, depends in some degree on the personal peculiarities of the preacher. This point Mr. Gladstone illustrated by reference to the distinctive characteristics of two very remarkable but very diverse preachers whom he had himself formerly heard, Dr. Newman and the late Dr. Chalmers, and a great orator in a different arena, the late Mr. Sheil. A great orator he was generally held to be, though Mr. Gladstone's description of his voice and manner suggests that the *mens divini* must have had more to do with the secret of his eloquence than the *os magna sonaturum*. His "vivid imagination and enormous power of language" had at least to contend with no ordinary physical difficulties. "If you will consider a tin kettle battered about from place to place, producing a succession of sounds as it knocked first against one side and then against the other, that is really one of the nearest approximations I can make to my remembrance of Mr. Sheil's voice." And yet that voice was so completely a part of the man that nobody who heard him would have wished it changed. Mr. Gladstone adds—what preachers and not least preachers of great natural eloquence would do wisely to bear in mind—that with all this wildness of manner and impetuous flow of words, Mr. Sheil very carefully prepared the substance, if not even the form, of his speeches beforehand. One final observation we may subjoin, which seems naturally to arise out of what Mr. Gladstone said, though he is not reported to have expressly drawn the inference himself. Instruction and practice in preaching form, if we are not mistaken, a regular part of the course of ministerial training both in Roman Catholic and Nonconformist colleges. Why should the preparation for what all parties, High and Low, are agreed in regarding as so important, and often so inadequately discharged, a duty of the ministerial office, be left to chance or individual caprice in the Church of England? It is no reply to say that orators cannot be manufactured to order. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, yet poets owe much to the training, whether external or self-imposed, which has made them severally what they are. Moreover not all preachers, nor indeed most preachers, can under any system or in any Church be great orators. But all who have any genuine vocation for the responsible office they have undertaken, may acquire the power of so preaching as both to interest and to benefit their hearers.

ENGLISHMEN IN THE COLONIES.

WE learn by telegram from Melbourne that a united Australian team has beaten the travelling English Eleven. We may presume that the odds of numbers were in favour of the colonists, and probably the amalgamated winners from the South Australian and Victoria Clubs mustered nineteen or one-and-twenty. All the same, this cricketing incident is a striking proof of the strength of the inborn tastes of Englishmen, who will foster the sports and habits of their country in climates which are apparently the most uncongenial, and amidst surroundings which are almost ludicrously incongruous. Take cricket as an example. Even in England we can only play the game through certain months of the year; but at least through a long so-called summer, beginning in the bleak spring and ending in the chilly autumn, the matches and the practice for them can go briskly forward. The game in its physical conditions and accessories is essentially English. No country in the world can show such turf as this foggy and rainy island at which our French neighbours profess to shudder. Few countries boast richer foliage, and if our oaks and our beeches cannot vie in their proportions with the giant trees of the Californian seaboard, at least they offer as dense a shade for the marking and refreshment tents when the matches are going forward. And the village green is as much an English institution as the game of

cricket itself. We are all familiar with those picturesque semi-sequestered spots which are to the humblest members of our rural democracy all that the neighbouring park with its venerable timber is to the family of the nobleman or wealthy squire. The turf is thick and short and crisp, though the soil may crack and the surface be charred in exceptionally dry seasons. It is all the better for the nibbling of the sheep; and the commoners' geese that enjoy the run of it, although they are always digging with their bills, do it no perceptible harm. A little judicious watering and rolling brings it into very fair condition for bowling. Then of a balmy summer evening the inmates of cottages that may possibly be overcrowded love to loiter in the desultory assemblage and look on at the game. The genial thirst that comes of honest exercise may provoke an occasional visit to the bar of the village public-house, where the sign is creaking in its rusty irons from the pole opposite the door. But there is no temptation to linger in the stuffy bar, and no inducement to drink oneself stupid. The young squire and his brothers, who are fresh from the playing fields at the universities or the public schools, shirk the late dinner at the hall to come down and join in the rustic game; and thus we have an immense cricketing population in the country which contributes its *élite* to the crack Elevens. But when the home-bred Englishman emigrates to Australasia, or when he is ordered away with his regiment to some station in the Mediterranean or elsewhere, he receives new lights as to the physical geography of the world, and awakens to novel conditions of existence. In place of promoting circulation by exercise, it becomes his engrossing object to keep himself cool. Yet he does not take kindly to the siesta of the Southern races, though he finds it hard sometimes to shake off the somnolence that will strive for the mastery at unseasonable hours. If he renounces exercise, he finds himself ageing and stiffening prematurely, or at all events tending to corpulence and an unaccustomed shortness in the wind. So more than ever there comes a craving for the sports to which he has been addicted since the days of his boyhood. Yet, when first he decided to resume his cricket, he found that his troubles were only beginning. Everything must be done duly and in order; and the swift bowling which is perilous enough even at Lord's and the Oval becomes positively terrific on a sun-baked soil. Standing up to swift practice in such critical circumstances is sufficient to overtax the resolution of the pluckiest; and then the remorseless glare of the fiery sun makes the game impossible except late and early. You have to resort to every sort of device of artificial watering; and, in spite of that and the most indefatigable rolling, you find you have been working upon most indomitable matter. The mere physical exertion is indefinitely increased by relaxation in the semi-tropical temperature, and nothing short of irrepressible activity and the most inveterately rooted instinct for sport can encourage you to persevere in the task of acclimatization. Therefore, we repeat, such a victory as has been achieved by the Australian colonists should be eminently gratifying to our national pride; and we hail such a defeat of our English representatives more gladly than an unbroken succession of victories. For it is the spirit that won the Melbourne cricket match which first subjugated British India and held it subsequently against the mutineers. It is this art of making English homes and keeping up English habits wherever men of the English race have settled, that is the best assurance of our holding our own over all the world in times of commotion.

As it is with cricket, so it is with other sports. Turf and a tolerably temperate atmosphere would seem to be as indispensable to racing as to bowling and batting. But as Englishmen will go in for gallops instead of taking their exercise in easy rocking-chairs or being borne in litters, or palanquins, or hammocks, so, wherever they ride, they will race. They cannot run down to Epsom or Ascot in the season, or attend the "Grand Military" or the "Grand National." But they have been spending probably more than they can well afford on horse-flesh, buying Arabs and Barbs or high-mettled half-breds. The conversation that is so apt to flag at the monotonous mess dinner turns naturally on the merits of their respective mounts. Private matches are but an unsatisfactory way of settling the points in dispute, so they constitute themselves stewards, and get up race meetings, in which their civilian countrymen eagerly join, and the Governor or the Commandant of the place is bound to subscribe liberally. At Gibraltar and at Malta, even at Hong Kong and the greater Indian stations, there are local meetings got up every year which absorb the interest of everybody, as they overpower all other excitements. The modern military representatives of the old orders of chivalry may win fame at these gatherings in the eyes of beauty, not to speak of winning money as well, which is generally an object of some importance. And there is an unusual abundance of amateur jockeys who can show a fair hunting seat, picked up in pig-sticking and otherwise. Notwithstanding a generous habit of living, there is little difficulty in training down welter weights in a climate where the difficulty is not to perspire; and the performances on the course under the circumstances are generally highly creditable. We need to grumble at the clouds of dust on the Derby Day, in times when it was the fashion to go down by road. But what was that Surrey dust to the whirlwinds of penetrating powder on an Indian road, when they are put in motion by a line of motley vehicles setting from the cantonments in the direction of the racecourse? The dangers to the riders are a more serious matter. Do what they will to keep the course in order, it is no joke coming a cropper on that hard-baked ground, and he is fortunate who has learned to fall lightly when contusions and broken collar-bones are the natural order of the day. Hunting is made impossible in most of our dependencies by the

absence of foxes, though substitutes are found which materially increase the percentage of danger referred to in the time-honoured saying of Mr. Jorrocks. The man who can artistically handle a stock-whip among herds of wild cattle in headlong career over the break-neck ups and downs of the Australian bush may be trusted to keep his seat almost anywhere. In a rush for first spear among the rocky nullahs of the Indian plains you may be said to carry your life in your hand; and even the riding to hounds, where a parody of fox-hunting can be accomplished, has risks unfamiliar to the pastures of the Shires, or even to the more cramped country in the rest of the British Islands. The Calpe pack has long been famous, and the Duke of Beaufort came to the assistance of a relative in hunting it one season with a draught of the hounds from his kennels at Badminton. There is no lack of foxes in those shaggy Andalusian covers, and there is every chance that they will be in excellent wind. You have to follow them in a most broken country, whose picturesqueness is its principal charm, and, looking about you from a meet near one of the *ventas*, you are reminded rather of the Scotch Highlands or the wilds of Connemara than of the magnificent going in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. You may meet moreover with adventures that are strictly local in their colouring, and that may be more romantic in their beginning than agreeable in their results. For we have seen one of those famous Spanish bulls which would have made a sensation when launched in the amphitheatre at Ronda take umbrage at the scarlet on the shoulders of the horsemen, and turn the pursuers into the pursued. And there is far more excitement than is pleasant in having to gallop for one's life over a fenceless country, which is nevertheless frightfully cut up with all manner of natural obstructions.

It would be well if Englishmen carried only their sport and their passion for exercise abroad with them when they are settled far to the South or on the other side of the world. Unluckily they are at least equally conservative in some habits which had better be left at home. An Englishman will insist upon living in much the same way all the world over, especially if he believes that his exile is to be a short one. A cricketer or a hunting man who goes in for severe exercise in England may be all the better for heavy dinners and none the worse for a fair quantity of sound liquor. But it is a very different thing when he can seldom keep himself cool except under the play of the punkah, and when the sun to which he so freely exposes himself is making stealthy approaches on his brain or his liver. Most other nations practise increasing temperance as the mercury mounts in the thermometer. Take your passage beyond the Isthmus of Suez in a foreign steamer, and you are served with light meals washed down with lighter claret. But on board the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which has doubtless no choice but to consult the tastes of its customers, you sit down to such a dinner as you find spread at the *table-d'hôte* of an English hotel, and sherry is one of the beverages most in favour with the guests. So on "the Rock" or at Malta the gentlemen of the garrisons at their most hospitable messes follow up the soup with heady sherry which has not even been toned down by time, and the vintages generally are conspicuous for their body. In the East and West Indies evaporation goes briskly forward; and there is every temptation to a generous use of liquids. The more violently you exert yourself, the more swiftly the drain goes on. Without exactly recommending total abstinence in those latitudes, we are sure it would be infinitely more conducive to comfort, to say nothing of health, if the sufferers had recourse to the innocent beverages so much in favour with the natives, instead of indulging freely in brandy pawnee, or in those strong-brewed Indian pale ales which are admirable drinks in moderation. Still, although we cannot close our eyes to these amiable and not unnatural weaknesses, we may hope that our countrymen in foreign parts can never come to any great harm so long as they cling to these active pursuits which go so far to preserve the British stamina.

THE DISTRESS IN LYONS.

THE distress that prevails in Lyons has aroused a very untold amount of sympathy throughout France, and has called forth that spirit of private initiative and unofficial help which has hitherto been strikingly absent from the country, and whose development can alone give permanence to Republican institutions. It may be interesting to inquire into the causes of the distress which has thus engulfed the second city of France. The nation has enjoyed an extraordinary immunity from the long depression which has weighed on all other commercial countries. It escaped the panics which in 1873 followed one another so rapidly in Austria, Germany, and the United States, and the reaction of which compelled the Bank of England to raise its rate of discount for the time to ten per cent. Since then its foreign trade has gone on extending, and its revenue has exhibited an elasticity that has astonished all observers. In short, it seemed as if, in parting with its milliards, France had purchased exemption from the ills to which the receivers of the indemnity fell a prey. But the distress in Lyons affords one more proof that in these days international interests are too closely interwoven one with another to permit any country to remain isolated either in good or bad fortune. That distress, however, is not simply the tardy result of a state of things which has for some time past prevailed throughout the commercial world. It is this

to a large extent, but it is also partly due to special and local circumstances. Lyons has become the centre of the European silk manufacture. In its immediate neighbourhood it has the raw material of that industry, and it supplements the home supply by a large importation from the East. In fact, Lyons is rapidly taking the place of London as the great emporium of Asiatic silk. And not only the city itself but the surrounding country also, has gradually been converted into a vast manufacturing camp. During the war with Germany, while the whole resources of the nation were strained in defence of the territory, the production fell off. But with the return of peace there was an outburst of enterprise throughout the world, in which the Lyons silk manufacture fully shared. The over-speculation of the two years that followed led to panic and depression elsewhere, but Lyons escaped the crash. In other branches of business Frenchmen had been cautious, for the losses of the war disabled them from entering into the feverish enterprise that did so much mischief in Germany, Austria, and the United States. Moreover, the intervening couple of years, industriously employed, had greatly increased the national wealth. The price of the raw material also was exceptionally low; and, lastly, so long as the speculative fit continued, manufacturers found no difficulty in disposing of their goods. Hence it happened that Lyons escaped the crisis of 1873. Had the manufacturers taken warning at that time, and lessened their production, all would have been well. But, instead of doing so, they continued to work their mills to their full capacity. In the meantime their foreign customers were no longer in a position to buy at the old rates. There was consequently a decrease of over thirteen per cent. in the export of silk in 1874, as compared with 1873; and the export of 1875 showed a further falling off of over nine per cent. Under these circumstances a crisis was inevitable sooner or later. It was precipitated by an accident. In the middle of April last there occurred a frost so severe that it killed a large proportion of the silkworms, and caused a failure of the crop. It is curious that, though this frost was in the middle of April, and although its effects were notorious, it had no influence on prices until the middle of June. The explanation, no doubt, is that the accumulation of stocks in the hands of the French manufacturers and wholesale dealers was so great that they were glad to diminish them at any price. This eagerness to sell mystified English buyers, who came to the conclusion that the reported failure of the crop was a mere trick, and consequently they refused to advance prices. But in June their incredulity gave way. Not only from France, but also from Italy, Spain, and China, came evidence which could not be resisted. Then a panic seized buyers. With a single bound prices went up fifteen per cent., and in the following month the rise reached from twenty-five to thirty per cent. It continued during August and September, and reached its culminating point in October, when the advance for French manufactured goods was more than forty per cent. Of course only a part of this extraordinary rise was justified. It was the work of panic, aggravated by speculators. As the legitimate traders were incredulous when they ought to have been preparing for what was coming, they fell a prey to the hungry profit-seekers who were attracted by the reports of the good things realized. We are told that the same bale of silk often changed hands six or eight times in a single day, with of course a rise of price at each transaction. It may be worth while mentioning here, as an illustration of the unlooked-for ways in which events act and react upon one another, that the same frost which had so great an effect on the silk crop checked the extraordinary fall in silver which was alarming half the Governments of the world. For it caused an unprecedented demand for the silks of China, India, and Japan, to meet which it was necessary to export large quantities of silver to the East, and this exportation raised the price of the metal.

In October the panic passed away as suddenly as it had arisen. English, American, and French buyers had bid against one another in feverish anxiety lest they should be unable to obtain the stocks they required. Speculators had rushed in to disturb the market still further, and then retailers, frightened at the steady upward tendency of prices for months together, joined in the flurry. Manufacturers were elated, and bought up all the raw material they could find at a still greater advance, ranging from eighty to one hundred and fifty per cent. The public, however, was not content to give these prices. As happened a few years ago when coal and iron were made artificially dear, the public refused to buy. We have already seen that for some years the foreign demand had been falling off; but last autumn there were special causes producing a further decline. In the United States the long depression that had lasted since 1873 was aggravated by the disputed Presidential election. In Europe the Czar's Moscow speech and the mobilization of the Russian army awakened a universal apprehension of war that checked all enterprise. To these causes another more inscrutable was added. Fashion suddenly changed its mind, and discarded silk in favour of woollen fabrics. How far this was due to the extravagant prices demanded, and how far to mere caprice and love of change, we leave to others to determine. In any case the result to the manufacturers and workpeople of Lyons was disastrous. Last year the exports of silk showed a decrease of over twenty-one per cent. compared with those of 1875, which, as we have already seen, themselves showed a considerable falling off as compared with previous years. So enormous a decrease in a year during five months of which prices were so inflated, means, of course, that the diminution in quantity was still greater than that in value. But, confining ourselves to

value alone, we find that the exports of last year, compared with those of 1873, showed a falling off of 8,400,000*l.*, or very nearly forty-four per cent. The result was that manufacturers stopped working. In a Report to the Minister of Commerce at the end of February the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons state that half the looms in the city were then completely stopped. The Report adds that manufacturers had endeavoured, to the best of their ability, to lessen the hardship to the workpeople. They diminished first the number of working hours, then the number of days, and, lastly, they stopped a certain number of the looms in the larger factories. Still the result is as we have said. It is further to be borne in mind that this statement applies exclusively to the city, which contains only about 30,000 looms out of 120,000, the estimated number of those of the whole district. In the country round about the cessation of work is not carried to the same extent.

Thus the immediate cause of the disorganization of the staple industry of Lyons and the forced idleness of so large a proportion of its workpeople is the failure of the silk crop last summer, which raised the price of the raw silk to a figure at which production became unprofitable. This, however, would not have plunged the city in distress and compelled half the factories to close, had it not been that in previous years there had been an over-production, stimulated by the low price of raw silk. In the Report already referred to, the Lyons Chamber of Commerce tell us that the prices at the end of 1875 had fallen to the level of 1848. Lastly, these various influences were aggravated by the change of fashion, which preferred woollens to silks. The apprehensions of war on the Continent, the depression prevailing in all commercial countries, and the bankruptcy of so many foreign States, all had their influence. In addition there were other causes peculiar to France. First among these is the damage done by the *phylloxera*. For ten years this disease has been ravaging the fairest portion of France, and in 1876 it was peculiarly malignant. Partly owing to its destructive effects, and partly to the unseasonable weather, which was as little favourable to the vine as to the silk culture, the wine harvest last year was not quite half that of 1875, and fell short of the average of the last ten years more than twenty-three per cent. So signal a failure in the greatest of French industries—an industry which in one shape or other gives employment to seven millions of people—must have incalculably crippled the whole population, and diminished its purchasing power. Even if we assume that the loss was partly made up by enhancement of the price, that would compensate France only to the small extent of the foreign purchases of wine. The quantity exported is trifling compared to the quantity consumed at home. As to this latter there was no national compensation. The wine-growers were poorer than they had been the year before by half their crop, and even if we can suppose that they doubled the price, then the consumers of wine at home were poorer by the enhancement of price, and consequently had less to lay out on silk or anything else. Of course, the real fact is that the loss was shared both by growers and consumers. These remarks in reference to wine apply equally to the case of sugar. Some time ago we laid before our readers an account of the great failure in the beetroot crop last year. That failure also diminished the purchasing power of the population, and consequently lessened the demand for silk. Thus the past year has been in every point of view one of trial and adversity for France, the three industries in which she enjoys unquestioned European pre-eminence having been all simultaneously visited with disaster. The fact brings home to us in a very striking way how dependent we still are upon the elements, with all our boasted civilization and command over the forces of nature. A single night's frost plunges a great city into destitution and suffering. Too much rain blights a crop which was giving France the command of the European sugar markets; and a little insect, aided by bad weather, threatens with destruction an industry upon which more than any other depends the prosperity of the wealthiest country on the Continent of Europe.

THE STATE OF GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

WHEN it was first made known that the inmates of the War Office were suffering in health and exposed to serious danger from the bad sanitary arrangements of the building, the Under-Secretary of State for War took upon himself to dispose of the complaint in a very summary manner. He wrote a letter to the newspapers flatly contradicting the allegations which had been made as "devoid of fact"; and asserted that the War Office had been "carefully examined, and the drains put in order, by the Board of Works," and that there were no cases of sickness. The *Sanitary Record* at once exposed this fiction by a detailed description of the actual state of the buildings; and the truth of what was stated has now been decisively confirmed by the Report of an authoritative and impartial Commission appointed by the Government, which is, in fact, substantially a repetition of the article in the *Sanitary Record*.

The Commissioners carefully examined the whole of the War Office buildings, and found various sources of impure air, including closets in the area within a few feet of doors leading into rooms residentially occupied and into the passages; a laundry, from which vapour is disseminated to some distance; a capstan; kitchens; rooms occupied by families both for living and sleeping; and a printing establishment, which,

as well as the passages, is lighted by gas, often during the whole day. They also report that "the passages of the basement are narrow, dark, and tortuous, with scarcely any means of ventilation except from the areas, in which there are closets"; that on the floors above there are closets close to the rooms of the clerks, who complain of the odour; that noxious gases from time to time escape from the pipes of several lavatories, and that the lavatory accommodation is altogether defective, the overflow pipes opening into the soil pipes. The general neglect of sanitary rules is carried even so far that water is habitually drawn for consumption from the taps of several of these cisterns. Further, it is added that "there is no possibility in the majority of rooms of obtaining any movement of the air." "In the most lofty rooms the windows are so far below the level of the ceilings that a chamber of air, foul and stationary, remains without the possibility at present of clearing it; there is hardly a room with any cross ventilation in it"; and in some cases, where there were ventilators, they were "found to be papered up by the occupants of the rooms, in order to obviate a draught, which would necessarily cause illness." The rooms, on the whole, are large enough for the inmates, but "the ventilation is most defective." The inevitable consequence of this noisome atmosphere may easily be foreseen; and the Commissioners state that, "though they had no evidence of special outbreaks of disease having originated from the sanitary defects described, they have no doubt that a daily exposure for several hours to their influence must tend to deteriorate the general health of persons so exposed"; and that certain suggestions which they make would, if carried out, only mitigate evils, not remove them, for it is impossible to remove the inherent defects of the buildings "so as to permit of the retention of the present War Office."

Now this raises some very serious questions. It may be assumed that the Under-Secretary who was so hasty as to assert without inquiry that the reports of the foul condition of the War Office were "devoid of fact" will take care in future not to impute misrepresentation to those who bring well-founded charges of neglect and mismanagement on the part of the authorities. In any case, the fact that a Government office could have been allowed, not only to fall into, but to remain in, such a shocking condition as is described by the Commissioners demands the attention of Parliament. If it is true that, under the circumstances now detailed, the Board of Works really did, as the Under-Secretary asserted, pretend to "carefully examine the buildings and put the drains in order," the Board of Works ought certainly to be called to account. Moreover, it ought immediately to be ascertained how far the state of other Government offices approximates to the one which has just been exposed. The accommodation at Whitehall is known to be quite as bad as that in Pall Mall; and it is suggested by the *Sanitary Record* that there is reason for suspecting that similar defects may be found even in the new Foreign Office. Further there are great complaints of the sanitary condition of the Admiralty; and the journal above-mentioned states that Deputy Inspector-General Mackay, a very valuable officer, has just died from typhoid fever, due to his being, thanks to the Board of Works, supplied with poisonous drinking-water, drawn from a cistern which also supplied the closets, and the waste-pipes from which communicated directly with the sewers. It is also stated by the *Civil Service Review* that one of the members of the staff of the Audit Office, Somerset House, is laid up with typhoid fever, contracted in the discharge of his official duties; that others have been or are suffering from ulcerated sore throats; and strong representations have been made regarding the drainage of a portion of the building in which the department is located.

As the gross neglect and incapacity of the officials of the Board of Works have thus been brought to light in more than one instance, it is clearly necessary that there should be a general inquiry into the manner in which the Board discharges its duties. A paper by Mr. Taylor of this department is appended to the Report, in which an instructive illustration is given of the success with which it has mastered the art of how not to do it. He states that his reasons for supposing that there are no cesspools under the War Office "are that it was the rule with his predecessor to abolish all cesspools which were known to exist"; and that he had himself strictly adhered to this rule, and had from time to time "given instructions to the Clerk of the Works to cause careful search to be made wherever there was reason to believe that cesspools might have been left." Mr. Taylor does not say whether these instructions were ever carried out, but he remarks that, "unless the whole of the basement-floor be uncovered and excavated to a depth of some feet," he "cannot undertake to say positively that there are no cesspools under the building." Thus, the Board of Works appears to have conducted its "careful search" so as to take good care not to find the cesspools.

REVIEWS.

PARKER'S MOSAIC PICTURES OF ROME.*

MR. PARKER'S volumes or Parts—this is called Part XI. at the end, yet we do not think that there have been eleven volumes—come upon us almost faster than we can grapple with

* *Medieval Church and Altar Decorations in Rome, and Mosaic Pictures in Chronological Order.* By John Henry Parker, C.B. Oxford: James Parker & Co. London: Murray. 1876.

them. This time he has taken a great leap. The last volume dealt with the Aqueducts; the one before that with the Colosseum. Now we are carried into quite another state of things, and find ourselves among the early churches. Yet it is hardly among the fabrics themselves of the basilicas that we find ourselves, but among their decorations. These take in both the mosaics strictly so called and those other forms of ornament which, without being strictly mosaic, belong to the same general class of workmanship—such, for instance, as what is commonly known as Cosmati work. But we confess to being surprised that Mr. Parker, in dealing with the decorations of the churches, hardly deals at all with the churches themselves. It has struck us throughout his series of Roman books as somewhat strange that one who was best known in England and France as a strictly architectural inquirer should, as soon as he got to Rome, have seemed to throw up the study of architecture proper altogether. There is no one place where so much may be learned of architectural progress up to a certain point as in Rome. We say that there is no one place, for particular points may be better illustrated elsewhere, as at Ravenna or at Spalato; but there certainly is no one place where we can so well study the stages by which the construction of the entablature passed into the construction of the arch as we can at Rome. It is of course only this particular process which the Roman buildings do illustrate. If we want the highest form of the construction of the entablature, we must go elsewhere, to Greece, Sicily, or Southern Italy. If we want the highest forms of the construction of the arch, we must go to Northern Italy and to lands more northern still. But the relations of the two constructions to one another, the way in which the two sometimes went on side by side, sometimes were mixed together or modified one another, till in the end a consistent round-arched style came out, can as a whole be nowhere studied so well as at Rome. Then too there is a wonderful series of capitals, not merely those which conform to pedantic rules, but the bolder inventions which lie uncared for in the baths of Caracalla, or are stored up with a little more of care in the Tabularium. Here, one would have thought, was exactly the subject for Mr. Parker to have illustrated with the minutest detail. He has written a great deal about the transition from the round arch to the pointed. One would have thought he would have been delighted to find a companion subject in the transition from the entablature to the round arch. But in all his Roman inquiries he seems to put strictly architectural forms out of sight. He turns from the capitals to measure the bricks, he turns from the basilicas to trace out the line of the aqueducts. Even the temples he hardly treats of as buildings, but rather as mere features in the topography. We had certainly hoped that Mr. Parker meant, at some stage of his inquiries, thoroughly to deal with these matters, all the more so as they are matters with which he is so much more competent to deal than with many of the matters which he has undertaken. It needs observation, which he has in abundance, while it does not call for much scholarship, in which he is less strong. A man might trace out the growth of the architectural forms at Rome with perfect insight, even though he still cherished a belief in real twins suckled by a real wolf. It would need some attention to dates, but it would call for very little construing, and therefore for very little false construing, of Latin sentences. We were therefore disappointed to find from the advertisement to the present volume that Mr. Parker throws up his architectural inquiries altogether.

This Chapter or Part of my work has been many years in preparation, and a considerable portion of it has long been in type, but it has been kept back with the intention of giving some account of the architectural history of the churches themselves in each of the *Regiones* in which they are situated. But that portion of my work is necessarily mixed up with other subjects, and is so much affected by the enormous excavations that have been going on in Rome, that I despair of seeing it completed; while the architecture of the mediæval churches in Rome is so contemptible when compared with the churches of the same period in the West of Europe, that an account of it is not worth publishing separately.

We really do not understand this. What have the excavations to do with the architecture of the churches or other buildings? The excavations may bring unknown buildings to light, but how can they affect our knowledge of those buildings which stand above ground, and whose architectural history is thoroughly well known? No building at Rome, no building anywhere, is more instructive architecturally than the Laurentian basilica. What can excavations have to do with it? Then what does Mr. Parker mean by the architecture of the mediæval churches in Rome being "so contemptible"? One is tempted to ask for a definition of "mediæval" and a definition of "contemptible." Of what we should understand by mediæval architecture there is very little in Rome either in churches or in other buildings. There is hardly any fully developed Romanesque, except the campaniles, and surely Mr. Parker does not despise them; the basilicas are surely neither mediæval nor contemptible. The work of Renaissance Popes is doubtless contemptible enough, but it is not mediæval. The only strictly mediæval church in all Rome, almost the only mediæval building of any importance, is the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. And this is just as much or just as little contemptible as any other church of considerable size built in the pseudo-Gothic of Italy. We really are disappointed. Mr. Parker might so easily have given us a strictly architectural series of buildings, heathen and Christian, showing all the stages of the great struggle between the entablature and the arch. A series of his favourite photographs of strictly architectural forms, capitals, and the like—illustrating, for instance, the various ways,

ingenious and awkward, in which old capitals were made to do duty again—would have been really worth having, and it need not have involved the misinterpretation of a single Latin writer. Instead of this, Mr. Parker in the present volume deals, not with buildings themselves, but with ornaments of buildings. The mosaics of Santa Constantia are discussed, and so incidentally is the date and history of the building. But not a word about the coupled columns, the parents of endless buildings, Romanesque and Saracenic, reaching up to Hugh of Puiset's Galilee. The mosaics of St. Praxedis are fully described, and the singular Ionic capitals are shown in the photographs; but there is no comment on the capitals themselves, though they form part of a long series reaching on into our own Norman and later. These very capitals at Rome must be nearly of the same date as the other attempts at Ionic in the lower story of the round church at Fulda. Of all these things we hear nothing; the buildings themselves are only mentioned incidentally as frames in which to set the mosaics and Cosmati works.

The volume is made up of several detached treatises which are not all Mr. Parker's own. He seems to deal himself with the general subjects of mosaics and church and altar decorations, in which he goes minutely through all the remains of this kind to be found in Rome. Then come three essays by Monsignor N. Barbier de Montault, Chamberlain to his Holiness Pius the Ninth. The first of these is the only strictly architectural part of the book. Here Mgr. de Montault gives a list of the pagan buildings of which parts remain in the churches of Rome, from the Pantheon in all its perfection to the columns built up in Santa Maria in Cosmedin and San Niccolò in Carcere. But Mgr. de Montault does not, any more than Mr. Parker himself, apply his facts in any way to illustrate the history of architecture. For instance, he has to record that in 1503 Michael Angelo converted one of the great halls of Thermæ of Diocletian into a church, that known as Santa Maria degl' Angeli. He says with perfect truth that "his skill in doing so has been too much vaunted by his admirers. It is a magnificent hall; but he did not build it, and the modifications he made were not improvements." But surely there is something more than this; surely there is some kind of evidence that this hall of Diocletian at Rome was really the fellow of the court of Spalato, that Diocletian's great invention came in here also, and that, if Michael Angelo had only left it alone, Rome would have had her own series complete without having to cross the Adriatic to fill up the greatest gap of all. The next essay of Mgr. de Montault is a list of signatures of artists ranging from the fourth century to the sixteenth, a solid piece of Roman archaeology taken for the most part from inscriptions in the buildings. More interesting still is the essay on the artistic works of the Cosmati, or family of Cosmo or Cosmas. Calling them Cosmati is like calling the first Parisian dukes and kings Capets; for of the four generations of the same family whose works are spread over the thirteenth century, the name Cosmas is not found until the third. Mgr. de Montault, by explaining that the Cosmati are "not the inhabitants of the lake of Como or of the town of Como," reveals the strange fact that there must have been people who thought they were. This family produced a series of works of a special kind, sculpture ornamented with mosaics, in screens, ambones, chairs, candlesticks, and ecclesiastical decorations of various kinds. Very pretty indeed they are, not exactly like anything either before or after them, and we are glad to have this clear account of the works and their authors. Mgr. de Montault's work is good solid work of its kind, with nothing that we can see, to raise the slightest scent of theological controversy. We cannot conceive why Mr. Parker should have twice put in an odd kind of protest or apology about delicacy, or something of the kind, between "a Roman Catholic prelate and an Anglo-Catholic layman." Why on earth should not "a Roman Catholic prelate and an Anglo-Catholic layman," or any other two people of any two persuasions on earth, work together about plain facts and dates? Then comes an Appendix on mosaic pictures at Ravenna, seemingly by Mr. Parker himself, followed by another Appendix on fresco-painting in the Catacombs, by Mr. R. St. John Tyrwhitt; and next suddenly comes in a really living thing indeed, an essay on the Catacombs from no less a hand than that of Mommsen, whose name, it is something to learn, "stands deservedly high." Then comes the usual collection of references to photographs not in the book, though this time they are concerned with subjects in the book. Lastly, we have the photographs illustrating the book itself. Photographs hardly do to illustrate mosaics; they cannot give the effect of the colouring, and they do not show the mere lines of the figure so well as an accurate drawing. The effect is, and cannot help being, lazy and smudgy. The Cosmati work comes out much better, but even here the minute ornaments lose a good deal of their delicacy.

The present volume of Mr. Parker's series, though it is in some sort made up of detached scraps, consists mainly of simple, straightforward work. There are no wild and impossible theories, as in the Colosseum volume and some others. A little pains, a reference to some one who can construe Latin and who knows the most obvious facts of history, might easily have saved Mr. Parker from the wonderful mistakes which disfigure this volume as well as the others. In this case they might be got rid of; it is not like the Colosseum volume, where the whole theory is built upon false construing. One of the strangest of the Colosseum blunders turns up again here. Mr. Parker still does not know what the *scena* of a theatre means. It will be remembered that one of the pillars of the Colosseum theory was a mistranslation of a passage of Pliny,

describing the theatre of Scaurus and its richly adorned *scena*. In another place Pliny refers incidentally to the description which he had given of this *scena*. He describes the works of Agrippa in his baths, his pavement and the like, and says that he would have made roofs of glass—that is, of mosaic—if in his time such roofs had been in use—if, as he puts it, mosaic had made its way from the walls of the *scena* of Scaurus to roofs. “Non dubie vitreas facturus cameras, si prius inventum id fuisset, aut a parietibus scene, ut diximus, Scauri, pervenisset in cameras.” This Mr. Parker translates—“No doubt he would have made glass chambers if they had been then invented; or scenes on the partitions, as say of Scaurus, he would have made in the chambers.” What meaning Mr. Parker may attach to this gibberish it is not for us to guess. The important point is that Mr. Parker still does not know the meaning of the word *scena*; and till he learns it—it may be easily learned at Orange—he will not find out the grotesque absurdity of his theory of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

In the very first page we hear of “the Empress Augusta, wife of Justinian,” who is strangely carried to Rome to accompany “Antonina Patricia.” If there were a Latin Chronicle of Queen Anne’s reign translated by Mr. Parker we might hear of the dealings between Queen Regina and Sarah Ducissa. Later in the book Theodora finds her own name; but the whole course of history is turned upside down to bring in an “Emperor Theodoric,” and we hear of “the Greek soldiers of Belisarius,” who were a great deal more likely to be Huns than Greeks. This last fashion, confusing as it was, may plead the example of (Gregorovius; but why follow an “exemplum vitis imitabile”? These things might so easily be avoided. Surely Mr. Parker must have friends at Oxford, if not at Rome, who could tell him the meaning of “*scena*,” “camera,” and “Augusta.”

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS.*

MR. CARR, in giving to the public this handsome volume of autotype reproductions of various drawings in the British Museum, illustrated by his own critical notes, has done a work which will be highly appreciated by all who care for art for the sake of their own pleasure, and even more perhaps by those who are interested in its influence as a means of education. In the author’s modest preface he says, “The drawings by the great masters afford the most precious evidence of certain qualities of invention and style. Of the painter’s mastery it is of course only possible to speak from the witness of his work in colour; but of the intellectual purpose that underlies the painter’s craft, and gives life and animation to its forms, the simplest sketch can often be made to tell as much as the most finished picture.” We would go further even than this, and say that for educational purposes drawings may be yet more valuable than pictures by the old masters. Of course no drawing can compete in worth with a really fine picture from the same hand; but there are many elements of uncertainty attaching to paintings that are not found, or at any rate are found in a much less degree, in drawings. The materials employed in oil-painting are far more open to the attacks of time than those relied on in drawing. The chance use of an unhappy medium or pigment, the almost inevitable darkening of the shadows and thickening of the varnish—to say nothing of the most fruitful source of ill, the ravages of restorers—all these things combine to increase the difficulties of a student who would get at the meaning and method of an old master through his works in oil or distemper. To these difficulties must be added that caused by the number of copies and forgeries in existence of almost every well-known picture of the greater masters. In the case of drawings these difficulties, if not entirely removed, are at least immensely reduced. These things being so, it seems singularly absurd that while the unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, treasures of the National Gallery are thrown open in the easiest possible way to the public, every impediment should be offered to those who desire better acquaintance with our national collection of drawings. As far as public exhibition of painting goes, London does not compare unfavourably with any Continental city. As far as drawings are concerned it is at an enormous disadvantage. The fine collection of drawings in the Louvre is as open to public inspection as the picture galleries, and is almost as popular. And, to take only one other instance, in the passage connecting the two magnificent galleries of the Pitti and the Uffizi at Florence, the whole of the enormous collection of drawings is displayed in regular rotation and almost insists upon the attention of the most heedless sightseer. What have we in London to compare to this? A wretched room to which admittance can only be gained by special permission, and in which some of the finest drawings of the old masters are stowed away in portfolios, opened only on the application of the few visitors who have time to devote to the troublesome process of going there. Fortunately, here photography comes to our aid. The process which can give at best but a faint shadow of a painting is able to reproduce a drawing with almost perfect exactness. Mr. Carr has availed himself of this consoling fact to make it possible for people who either cannot or will not encounter the terrors of the print-room in the British Museum to learn something of the drawings which, on account no doubt of their extreme value, are there carefully hidden from the

public gaze. What the writer himself says in the preface already quoted is eminently true—that these treasures “still await a fitting opportunity of display, and the public is not to blame if in the meantime it remains ignorant of the wealth that has been accumulated in its name.” We must hope with him that his publication may “help to hasten the day when a splendid and in some respects unrivalled collection should be made really accessible to the students of art.”

Mr. Carr begins his interesting studies with Mantegna, of whom he says with justice that what he borrowed from those who had gone before proved as nothing compared to what he left for his successors. This painter was the first who made a serious attempt to engraft the bodily beauty of antiquity on the mediæval striving for passion alone regardless of the loveliness of form. To our eyes of course the ideal of Mantegna is very different from that of the Greeks, from whom nevertheless he drew his inspiration. To quote Mr. Carr, his own command over nature had carried him to the point at which he could grasp the full significance of the principles of Greek art, and his work remains to prove that he foresaw, if he did not entirely complete, the union towards which art was tending. The illustrations which Mr. Carr has chosen are that of Mars, Diana, and Venus, and the allegorical drawing of Calumny, taken by the artist from a description in Lucian of a painting by Apelles. The examples are well chosen, as exhibiting the artist’s combination of the grace which he took from the antique and his original grasp of character still struggling with the stiffness and poverty of the school that preceded him. This was the beginning of the movement which culminated in Raffaele’s later style, where is found a dramatic power that Mantegna never possessed, joined to a grace and exuberance of form which the earlier painter was the first to attempt. This very subject of the Calumny was treated in a drawing by Raffaele; and Mr. Carr has some interesting observations on the difference between this and Mantegna’s rendering, which he thinks it probable suggested Raffaele’s. In the later painter’s work he finds less grasp of character, but more command of natural gesture and telling effect. In the work of Perugino, who comes next in Mr. Carr’s list, there is rather a return to the earlier ideas of art. There is much grace, but it is not derived from a Greek source, and there is with it a certain thinness of form and an absence of character. The art of Perugino remained always the same in intention and type; that of his pupil Raffaele broke into a new line:—

At first the divergence between the two seems slight and unimportant, and a perfect work of Perugino, like that of the Virgin adoring the infant Christ in the National Gallery, may without improbability be claimed as an early performance of Raffaele. The younger painter broke so gracefully with earlier traditions that there is no suggestion of antagonism, and yet the separation is in its way as complete and absolute as can be imagined. It is the distinction between Christian and Pagan art, between the service of religion and the worship of nature. For although we must not look in the faces of Perugino for the entire devotion which Angelico bestowed, his work is nevertheless controlled by the same intent. Perugino is still in the rank of those painters who loved only to study a single phase of human emotion. The world of their art is inhabited by a race of beings whose eyes are fixed on heaven. There is grace, but it has but one motive, and passion with but only one aim. The upturned face has only room for a divine rapture, and in the true expression of this one feeling the simple features are wholly absorbed. Human character, and the rich results of human experience which the face and form may be made to tell, are neglected in the realization of human aspiration. This fills the countenance and drives out all record of mere earthly emotion. At first sight Raffaele’s ideal seems to include even less of reality. The gaze of graceful religious enthusiasm is abandoned, but no strong human passion is set in its place. The faces of his women are still untroubled by human experience; the delicate smile upon their lips is even less intense than the imploring gesture that Perugino could command. But it was Raffaele’s gift to be able to discover the way to make his art of wide significance without touching the problems of character or passion.

The first drawing of Perugino’s which the writer has selected, a study for an angel’s figure, is an excellent type of the grace of religious enthusiasm upon which he dwells. In the second, an old man’s head, the draughtsman has been forced in copying nature to escape from the conventionalism and regulated sentiment that marks his ideal efforts. The first specimen given of Raffaele, a Virgin and Child, seems to belong to the period when the artist had thrown off, to a great extent, the influence of Perugino, but had not arrived at abandoning the extreme delicacy and refinement of his early work for the stronger but coarser types which mark his later performances. In the second specimen, the Entombment, Perugino’s influence is more easily discerned; and it is noteworthy that the figure of Christ is very similar to one in a picture of Perugino’s at Florence. In discussing Raffaele’s art Mr. Carr observes that, to understand the source of his influence, we must remember that he laboured neither in the service of things religious nor of things profane:—

He abandoned the saintly grace of Perugino, but he did not truly accept the profounder and more tragic ideal that Michael Angelo perfected. . . . Not to penetrate the secrets of life until the face and form should become the index of strong yearning and sad experience, but to rescue the body for the sake of its own natural beauty, and to reflect in the countenance only the simplest and most spontaneous emotion, was the task that he set himself to accomplish.

In order to mark the contrast between Raffaele and Perugino we have passed over Francia, who might perhaps be described as Perugino with less sentiment and more realism, and who is well represented in Mr. Carr’s work by a fine head of a saint. From Raffaele we pass to Lionardo da Vinci, whose immense power of penetration into character is exhibited in two phases by two studies of heads instinct with noble thought, and by one of

* Drawings by the Italian Masters. Reproduced by the Autotype Process from the Originals in the Collection at the British Museum. With Critical Notes, by J. Comyns Carr. London: Chatto & Windus. 1877.

the grotesque studies in which the draughtsman's complete command of his art is no less evident than in more serious subjects. "No artist," says Mr. Carr of Leonardo, "has ever in the same manner united the lightest with the profoundest truths of expression." While he caught with wonderful truth the momentary impress of rapidly shifting emotion, yet beneath this he showed the whole character and meaning of the face over which that emotion passed, so that, "as we gaze, we seem by some magic power to be admitted to all the mysteries of individual character." What Leonardo did for the face, the writer goes on to say, Michael Angelo effected for the entire human form. "The first and perhaps the most lasting expression that is given by his design is of a new and overpowering vitality." The grandeur of beauty, the calm majesty of power, cannot fail to be recognized as we look at any of his works; but what immediately compels the attention is the "matchless force of life and movement," and, we may add, the intense originality of type and conception. There is but one example given of Michael Angelo, while there are two of Titian, which are chiefly interesting as illustrating the bent of the painter's studies. The drawing for the picture of Peter Martyr brings out strongly the search for effectiveness and the tendency to portraiture which mark the Venetian school, and were in great measure the secret of its success. Mr. Carr has in a terse sentence indicated with rare keenness the end and scope of Titian's work. "What a painter like Titian attempts is always in some sort accomplished; for, with his mastery of hand and distinct limitation of purpose, there is no room for failure." The "Landscape with Figures" is clearly an actual study from nature, and gives evidence of the new spirit which led Titian to catch the changing moods of nature, and thus impress a landscape with romantic interest derived from the prevailing sentiment of the scene rather than the mere elegance of form or brightness of colour. Of Veronese, who may be called the founder of decorative art, we have as a specimen a drawing of the Virgin and Child with St. Joseph, which is more a study of effect in light and shade than anything else. Of Veronese's grand canvases the writer truly says that beneath their theatrical splendour lies a genuine reality. They do not "rightly interpret the dramatic force of the chosen historical scene, but they do contain a faithful picture of a magnificent social life." From Veronese we come to Andrea del Sarto—called "the faultless painter"—the very faultlessness of whose work involves a certain element of dulness. The technical perfection is only secured by being exercised on subjects that require no very lofty treatment, and the skilful imitation of trivial aspects of nature passed "from the art of Italy, as represented by Andrea del Sarto, to the art of France, and may be said to have culminated in the dwindled, but still effective, work of Greuze."

Mr. Carr's valuable work ends with studies of Giulio Romano, Garofalo, and Jacopo Ligozzi—subjects far less interesting than those on which we have spoken, to which he has nevertheless brought all the resources of a keen critical faculty and a power of conveying his meaning with a clearness which all art critics do not possess. He gives more praise than we should be inclined to give to Giulio Romano, who, it is somewhat surprising to remember, was in Shakespeare's time the type of a great artist. Mr. Carr's book is, as far as its immediate object goes, completely successful, and we must again hope with him that it may have some further effect in opening the practically sealed treasure-house whence he has taken his examples.

THE OLD SHEKARRY.*

IT was quite right that these contributions to sporting literature should be collected and published, though one or two points lack explanation, and the editor's duty has not been very well performed. There is a want of sequence in the chapters, Abyssinia coming in oddly between Southern Africa and the American prairies; the chronology is vague and confused; and we are not told how many of the papers are published for the first time and how many are new, though it is quite clear that many are old acquaintances. But every chapter is full of incident. Indeed, the trophies of such a *grand chasseur* represent an immense deal of physical endurance, some very narrow escapes, and one or two awkward encounters in which brute force gained a temporary success over human sagacity and arms of precision. Nor, though Major Leveson's career was obviously cut short by a wound received in the defence of Lagos, can we doubt that his constitution was generally overstrained by hard work and exposure to every kind of climate that can be experienced between the Rocky Mountains and the Doon or the Wynaad. From a brief notice of the author by a gentleman who only gives us his initials, we take the following particulars of Major Leveson's career. He went out to Madras as a cadet at the age of seventeen, somewhere about the year 1845, and was stationed for some time at Hyderabad, in the Deccan, though whether he was ever attached to the Nizam's Contingent Force we are not told. Here he slew tigers and speared wild hog, and, being at home in 1854, on furlough apparently, he went through the whole of the Crimean War. At its termination he spent four years in sporting expeditions, volunteered to serve under Garibaldi in the Italian Revolution of 1860, and in 1863—how or why we are left to guess—was appointed Colonial Secre-

tary to the British Settlement of Lagos, on the Guinea Coast. We suspect the correct official designation should be Administrator, and not Secretary. Here he distinguished himself by raising, drilling, and disciplining a levy of native Houssas, and, by their aid, drove off and defeated a body of enemies who had attacked our territories. But he unluckily was hit in the jaw by a bullet, which the most skilful surgeons of the day could not extract. This compelled his retirement, and he seems never again to have enjoyed complete health. He managed, however, to take part in Lord Napier's Abyssinian expedition, and he even volunteered to go in search of Livingstone. But he could not get over the wound received at Lagos; and at the age of forty-seven, in the autumn of 1875, he died, leaving behind him a reputation as a dashing soldier and a thorough sportsman, which, as claimed for him by the editor, no man is likely to dispute.

We think that Major Leveson, had he lived, would have retrenched and pruned these papers, and we can hardly believe that he could ever have been consulted about several of the illustrations. The trophies of slain animals have probably been photographed, and here we can rely on accuracy; for, as Macaulay said in a celebrated passage about literature, with the dead there is no rivalry, and in the dead there is no change. But there is a large opening for criticism in the pictures of living animals. Some of the deer are represented in exaggerated, and others in unlikely, attitudes, and others again are obviously the mere creations of fancy. A buffalo almost always charges with his head down, and not up. No deer would await the attack of a dog in the absurd attitude depicted in page 329, Vol. I. The capercaillie on page 32 of Vol. I. is a moderate-sized bird, while the black-cock in the page immediately preceding is rather more than twice as big as the cock of the woods. The specimens of wild boars have curly, instead of stiff tails, though this is not the first time that we have known this glaring error perpetrated by artists who never could have seen the *Marsus aper* or any other kind driven out of a cover or brought to bay at the end of a mile; but the climax of absurdity is reached at page 95, where a boar is depicted with tusks and a putty head, *quite portentum* neither the Deccan ever concealed in its rocks nor Bengal in its jungles of *mull* and *kugla*. Seriously speaking, some of the illustrations are hardly fit for a Christmas present to the nursery; and a good many are sensational, such as a duel between two tigers, a lion attacked by a pack of dogs, and sundry elephants of gigantic and amazing stature.

We have so recently noticed the works of Captain Baldwin and Captain Kinloch on Indian sport as it is to be had in the plains and in the Himalayas, that we may pass lightly over the first volume of Major Leveson, which is filled chiefly with accounts of what he did with the wild boar of the Deccan, with bison and elephant in the Wynaad and Coimbatore, with all kinds of game in the beautiful valley of the Deyrah Doon, and with the various species of wild sheep and goats to be found in the higher ranges. Some mild poetry, which may have elicited applause at the convivial meetings of the Deccan Hunt, might very well have been omitted; but the forest scenes are described with spirit, and a good deal of useful information may be gleaned as to dress and equipment, bore and character of weapons, the best mode of curing the skins and heads of wild animals, and other details important for sportsmen to master. Several readers will learn with surprise that such a veteran never "possessed a thoroughly trained *Shikari* elephant," and that he never seems to have been quite happy or at his ease in a howdah. But he does ample justice to the wonderful patience, docility, courage, and muscular development of these hunting allies, and we quite concur with him in thinking that to face a tiger, a rhinoceros, or an enraged *arna* buffalo, a staunch female is preferable to a male, whether *mukna* (tuskless) or tusked. Major Leveson appears at his very best on foot, tracking the wounded bison or the rogue elephant to the thickest coverts of a jungle in Southern India, and there are few perilous feats which he did not accomplish. Amongst other adventures, he was hugged by a she bear, fortunately without injury, as the animal's jaw had been smashed by a bullet; he speared a leopard on horseback, which shows that he must have had a steed inspired with the spirit of its rider; he disposed of a bear by the same process; he had the good fortune to witness a duel between a tiger and a bull-bison, in which the latter pounded his adversary to a jelly, but died from terrible laceration of the windpipe and the severance of some arteries; once, when out of breath, he failed to stop a charging elephant, was knocked over by the huge beast, and narrowly escaped with his life; and he earned the gratitude of some hundreds of villagers by dressing himself as a postman and ridding the country of a man-eating tiger which had been in the habit of lying in wait for this class of officials and pouncing on them at evening-time. We must observe, while on this part of the subject, that we are slow to believe, even on such excellent authority, that the hind-quarters of a newly-killed male elephant had been eaten by a wild boar. Possibly certain cuts or gashes noticed by Major Leveson may have been made by a hog, as these animals will often sharpen their tusks on anything. The abstraction of the flesh was doubtless due to jackals, ever ready to pounce on the slain.

Recent travellers have told us much of the physical features of the Caucasus, but little, comparatively, about its sporting capacities. Major Leveson narrates pleasantly how he enjoyed a drive for deer in the Kula range, and how he was entertained by a local Pasha on roast lamb, a pilau, and other orthodox Mohamedan dishes. But here we notice a curious inaccuracy in local nomenclature; a certain high peak, we are told, is called by the Georgians Sas-ka-Sundook,

* *Sport in Many Lands*. By H.A.L., the "Old Shikarry." 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

or the "Mother-in-law's chest," owing to some local tradition. That a Georgian should speak the language of modern Hindustani would astonish us as much as any of the author's wonderful shots at large game, and the above expression is as good Hindustani as was ever spoken at Lucknow or Delhi. Our own explanation of the introduction of this irrelevant phrase is that about this time Major Leveson met a certain Fakir who had found his way to the Caucasus from Northern India and Persia, who told divers stories of the 16th Lancers and of crack cavalry officers, and who, we suspect, was a mutineer or fanatic conveniently absent from his native country after the events of 1857. This man may safely be credited with expounding a tale about an *afrit* or mountain spirit and his mother-in-law by the use of his own tongue. It is impossible to make out whether the author went to Sinai after the Caucasus; for, as we have said, chronology and sequence are entirely discarded; but he managed to kill a gazelle there and an ibex or two, and to meet with Bedouins who neither robbed nor detained him and his companions. If a sportsman will be content with small game, we should say that there are not many places where it is found in such variety or abundance as in Abyssinia. Geese and ducks, guinea-fowl in flocks, sand-grouse and spur-fowl, and several species of the bustard, are to be got by stalking and driving, and in seven months Major Leveson bagged two thousand head; but he evidently laid himself out for ground game of the biggest sort, and he tells us a good deal about the springboks of South Africa and the bison of the prairies. Indeed the larger part of his second volume is taken up with these two hunting-grounds. Those who like stories of the extraordinary perils attendant on sport in the former country will find enough to satisfy them, and there is a tragical story of the death of two of the party by a rogue elephant. But we care less about the cunning of the rhinoceros and the weight of ivory acquired by a few successful shots, than we do about what the Dutch call the *Trekboeken*, or periodical migration of "boks" and "boests" and gnus. Unluckily the author does not seem himself to have fallen in with these countless multitudes; and his descriptions are avowedly taken from Sir W. Harris and the late Mr. Gordon-Cumming. A considerable deduction must be made, we apprehend, for the inroads of later years; and the sportsman, like Xerxes, must sigh to think that in a short time these herds will have ceased to exist. But in the construction of a "skarm" for a night watch Major Leveson gives us his own experiences. A "skarm" is made by digging out a pit fourteen feet long, five feet deep, and four wide, lining the sides and the bottom, and roofing the top with logs strong enough to bear the weight of an elephant. Two sportsmen then ensconce themselves in the pit, look out for game, and fire from an opening left at each end. One of the best passages in these remains is the chapter in which we are told what was shot by this device, and what was seen before the serious work commenced. There was a pool near the "skarm," and the denizens of the forest came to drink there at evening, reminding us of a well-known picture exhibited by the Royal Academy last year. Feathered game and harmless animals quenched their thirst, untouched and unsuspecting, within pistol-shot of the hunters' den. The *keitloa*, or black rhinoceros, got the wind of their human foe, and lions sniffling in unpleasant proximity to Major Leveson and his snoring flote-tot companion, and paid for their intrusion. But the account of this exciting night watch, with the elephants and lions that were slaughtered and the zebras and quagga that were spared, ought to be read in the book itself.

In the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains enemies were encountered more dangerous even than the *bureau* or the *keitloa*. Poaching on the manor of Red Indians is quite sufficient to bring down the whole tribe on the whites. But the days of Uncas and Chingachgook have long passed away; and neither the Sioux nor the Dacotah were prepared for a contest with men who were armed with rifles of long range, and had had experience of Indian warfare. We are glad to record that the victors showed moderation in their success, and that the doctor of the party attended to the wounded Redmen, and laid them down where their friends could carry them away. With a portion of the Blackfoot tribe relations of amity were established, and the same medical man cleverly set the leg of an old Indian, broken by the kick of a horse. This part of the narrative derives further interest from the moral to which it points. The reckless slaughter of buffaloes at all times of the year for their skins, which fetch a good price at St. Louis, must soon materially alter the conditions of this sport; and it seems tolerably clear that, until the population shall be sufficient to occupy and reclaim the prairies, Congress will, as suggested, do well to reserve a tract of country and to define a season of the year within which the buffalo shall have protection. It is one thing to improve away an existing population and give up a fertile tract to wild animals, and another to let the animals be ruthlessly massacred before man is ready to take their place. At the present rate of consumption, other fields must soon be sought for by sportsmen who try to emulate the science, the perseverance, the skill in woodcraft, and the descriptive power displayed by the old Shikari in these volumes.

THE EPIC OF HADES.*

ALTHOUGH precedents might be cited for the rather odd plan of beginning an epic in the middle, and, on its meeting with approval, supplying a beginning and an end, it must be admitted

* *The Epic of Hades.* Books I. and III. By the Author of "*Songs of Two Worlds*." London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

that in any case it is a hazardous experiment; and though we cannot say that the present attempt to perform this feat is a mistake, it would no doubt have been better that the poem should in the first instance have been written as a whole. Some time ago the author of *Songs of Two Worlds* published another volume called the *Epic of Hades*, the reception of which has encouraged him to give the work a wider range by adding a preliminary and a concluding chapter. It may be remembered that the Second Book of the *Epic* consisted of stories which were supposed to have been told to one who in a dream had visited the weird land beyond Charon's stream, by ghosts who had had their errors and sorrows on earth, but were awaiting there the beatific end. The First Book pictures the more prominent of the evil-doers in classic fable as they appear to the narrator, undergoing suffering without end, in a self-wrought isolation. Four such famous sinners are singled out—Tantalus and Sisyphus, Phædra and Clytemnestra. In each case the poet indulges in the liberty of choosing his own version of the classic legend, and, as in the introduction of the death of Pelops, departing, where he sees fit, from the traditional accounts. We never heard, for instance, of the whisper of the tempter suggesting to Tantalus that what was needed to recover for him the "youth of joy and yore" was to sacrifice his best-beloved Pelops, and that the climax of his wickedness is "The stain of blood blotting the stain of lust"; but here, as in the handling of the tale of Sisyphus, the writer adapts the myths to suit the lessons which he has to teach, in portraying not only the physical pain and torture of wrong-doers, but "the pain of mind" which

Is fiercer far than any bodily ill.

This indeed stands out most prominently in the two women who are perhaps the finest creations of this First Book. True to the classic ideal of each, the author makes Phædra penitent for her ineffectual lie, and Clytemnestra impenitent, and ready in her intolerable isolation to deplore and regret nought except the absence of her paramour. In Phædra's case he makes some little variations of the original legend, which soften down the less natural parts of it, and enable him to bring out more forcibly the dread catastrophe. Thus Phædra represents herself as having been married to the aged Theseus when a mere child; Hippolytus, too, is not the hard misogynist of Euripides, but, after Phædra has quickened a flame in his heart, puts distance betwixt himself and her by a scroll which owns his love, but says he shrinks from this great wickedness; a scroll which acts upon the headlong woman as a motive for the vengeance which she soon compasses. He also departs from the plot of Euripides in making her address her false charge to Theseus by word of mouth, and introducing the suggestion of the son's fatal drive while they themselves are looking on; whereas the Greek dramatist makes Phædra hang herself on learning that Hippolytus rejects her advances, and leave behind her a scroll traducing him to his father, who straightway banishes him from his presence, to meet the same catastrophe, but without the same witnesses. Here is a description of Hippolytus:—

But evermore
Upon the high lawns wandering alone,
He dwelt unweid, weaving to Artemis,
Fairest of all Olympian maids, a wreath
From the unpolluted meads, where never herd
Drives his white flock, nor ever scythe the hath come,
But the bee sails upon unfettered wing
Over the springlike lawns, and Purity
Waters them with soft dews.

More original, and yet perhaps suggested by a word or so of Euripides, is Phædra's comparison of herself when smitten with love of Hippolytus, and apprised of his affinity to her:—

I turned away,
Like some white bird that leaves the flock, which sails
High in mid air above the haunts of men,
Feeling some little dart within her breast,
Not death, but like to death, and slowly sinks
Down to the earth alone, and bears her hurt
Unseen, by herbless sand and bitter pool,
And pines until the end.

Clytemnestra, as next presented, is also, in its way, a striking dramatic study. Her estrangement from her lord and subsequent faithlessness are referred to the discovery of his acquiescence in the sacrifice of their first born, Iphigenia, for whom she yearned more than for her younger children, seeing that, as she says:—

I had borne
Her in my opening girlhood when I leapt
From child to queen—but never loved the King.

With a heart thus tenantless, she is represented as too readily listening to the "dear and comfortable" words of Ægisthus, and, though not yielding at once, coming at length to such guilt that by the time the ten years' siege was ended, and the return of the conqueror from Troy was imminent, the murders that follow had been planned again and again:—

As 'twere
Some drama oft rehearsed, wherein each step,
Each word is so prepared, the poorest player
Knows his turn come to do—the solemn landing—
The ride to the palace gate—the courtesies
Of welcome—the mute crowds without—the bath
Prepared within—the precious circling folds
Of tissue stretched around him, shutting out
The gaze, and folding helpless like a net
The mighty limbs—the battle axe laid down
Against the wall, and I, his wife and Queen
Alone with him, waiting and watching still

Till the woman shrieked without. Then with swift step
I seized the axe, and struck him as he lay
Helpless, one, twice, and thrice—once for my girl,
Once for my love, once for the woman, and all
For Fate and my Revenge.

The whole passage is as tragic as it is graphic, and in the latter characteristic seems to recall to the mind's eye Flaxman's "Outlines." Then follow the hauntings of murder, the suspiciousness of a guilty conscience, the half yearning, half dread, to see the young Orestes's face, "lest from his eyes His father's soul should smite me." That end comes at last. The mother's heart sees through the disguise of pilgrim weeds, and longs to throw herself on the wanderer's neck, spurn her queenly rank, and forget all but her motherhood; but whilst guilt suggests a momentary hesitation, she hears the death-cry of Ægisthus, and sees her son confronting her with bloody brand:—

Oh! he was fair
And terrible to see, when from his limbs
The suppliant's mantle fallen, left the mail
And arms of a young warrior. Love and Hate,
Which are the offspring of a common sire,
Strove for the mastery, till within his eyes
I saw his father's ghost glare unappeased
From out Love's casements. Then I knew my fate
And his—mine to be slain by my son's hand,
And his to slay me, since the Furies drive
Our lives to one destruction; and I took
His point within my breast.

After the poet's apology for not multiplying examples of such chief sinners in Tartarus, and a poetic embodiment of Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 740, &c., showing that there is an end of Wrong and Death and Hell when time and suffering have effaced the stain from the soul, the scene changes to Hades, where

the ghosts which rose
From every darkling copse showed thin and pale—
Thinner and paler far than those I left
In agony, even as Pity seems to wear
A thinner form than Fear.

And then, after a "march past," so to speak, of Hades' chief tenants, which we have witnessed already, there is another change of scene to Olympus, where, upon the gentle slope

Of a fair hill, a joyous company,
The immortals lay.

Not dreams, indeed,
But something dreamlike were they. Blessed shades,
Heroic and Divine, as when, in days
When man was young, and Time, the vivid thought
Translated into Form the unattain'd
Impossible beauty of men's dreams, and fixed
The Loveliness in marble.

Under the guidance of Psyche the poet fancies himself privileged with a vision of each of the distinctive "godlike presences" in turn, expounding and justifying the principle which they severally represent. Artemis is made to call herself the "refuge of young souls," whom eager, vigorous youth connects with purity and the exercise of the chase, ere yet "the charm of sensual ease allures"; and whom sweet maidens connect with the moon and holy hymns and soaring liturgies. She identifies herself with the guardianship of fancy-free maidenhood before love wakes the soul, and is not altogether satisfied with the "sadder shrine which has replaced her own." The vision of Aphrodite which follows takes us into lighter moods, and the passage where the goddess boasts her still undiminished sway is, like another passage in Phædra's story in Part I., a poetic and graceful "locus classicus." Anon the rosy-mouthed goddess gives place to her virgin sister, Athené, charged with a brief to plead the delights of learning—

which grows great
And stronger and more keen for slower limbs,
And dimmer eyes and loveliness and loss
Of lower good—wealth, friendship, ay, and Love.

After Athené comes queenly Heré, whose province is to embody

a higher bliss than these, which fits
A mortal life, compact of body and soul,
And therefore double-natured—a calm path
Which lies before the feet, through common ways
And undistinguished crowds of toiling men.
And yet is hard to tread, though seeming smooth,
And yet, though level, earns a worthier crown.

The poet next turns to the contemplation of the Sun-God and Song-God, the ever-young Apollo, who illustrates his minstrelsy by passing in review each good attribute of his fellow-Olympians, teaching them that of every one in turn the world has need, though yet "there is a higher work than yours":—

To be fulfilled of Godhead as a cup
Filled with a precious essence, till the hand
On marble or on canvas falling, leaves
Celestial traces, or from reed or string
Draws out faint echoes of the voice divine
That bring God nearer to a faithless world.

Then follows the merging of all these godlike forms and embodied attributes into

a new innocence,
A child with eyes divine, a little child,
A little child—no more;

and the representatives of power and beauty, Heracles and Apollo, into a Heavenly Form—

Strong not to act but suffer: far and meek,
Not proud and eager: with soft eyes of grace,

Not bold with joyous youth; and for the fire
Of song and for the happy careless life
A sorrowful pilgrimage—changed, yet the same,
Only diviner far: and keeping still
The Life God-lighted, and the sacrifice.

Thus the author has achieved the task he set himself of showing, in no mocking or doubting spirit, that the myths of classic antiquity are capable of interpretation in pure faith by a modern singer; and that the sinners, sufferers, saints, and divinities of whom the legendary lore of Hades, Tartarus, Olympus tells, have a meaning intelligible to us, and that, "mutatis mutandis," the classic fables embody verities written

Upon the unchanging human heart and soul.

One element of the success which we venture to anticipate for this poem lies in the evident good faith of the author's religious tone, as well as in his entire purity of thought. Imbued from youth with the spirit of classic poetry, till it has become a part of his being, a sort of loyalty to both worlds fits him for the task of blending the lights and shades of mythland with the clearer truths of the fulness of time; and a simple and lucid style, a spontaneous power of song, and a bright, fearless fancy enable him to seize and retain the sympathies of his audience. We believe that the *Epic of Hades* will approve itself to independent and cultivated students as one of the most considerable and original feats of recent English poetry.

CAMILLE'S TORMENTOR.*

THE natural history of a noisy and dissipated young married lady cannot be a very easy or pleasant thing to write. Partly by a practised fluency, partly by a tolerably genuine sympathy with her wayward heroine, and even more by the audacious absurdity of her plot, the author of *Camille's Tormentor* has produced a study of a fast matron which is not very disagreeable to read. One is obliged to laugh over *Camille's Tormentor*, sometimes at, and sometimes with, the author; and though the story is tragic in intention, the most sentimental novel-reader will be prevented by the unreality of the whole affair from suffering too deep a sorrow. People who rightly object to the introduction of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice into a novel will have to acknowledge that the legal proceedings in this tale are of a fantastic and airy sort far removed from reality. The writer has apparently wished to tamper with forbidden things, but lacked the courage to be naughty. If it is to be considered as an effort at what is politely called realism, *Camille's Tormentor* is a failure, for it really is not particularly offensive. One is left with the impression that the author could have written a pleasant and lively story, had not the laurels of certain other lady novelists tempted her on to dangerous ground.

Lady Amy Bellamy, the tormentor of her husband Camille, was gifted with an extraordinary temper. Her earliest exploit was to break all the mirrors of a spare bedroom in which she was locked up as a punishment, while still a child. "When I had been considered punished long enough, and was let out, the room was a wilderness of broken glass and china, and torn-down curtains and upset chairs. I was a bleeding little object, with hands that breaking the looking-glasses had covered with long cruel cuts." From this moment of her angel infancy Lady Amy was too strong for her widowed mother, Lady Rosehow, and when she insisted on marrying Camille Langdon, a half-French journalist whose home was Paris, Lady Rosehow gave in reluctantly. The story begins with a very fierce quarrel between the young married people. Lady Amy tells her lord that he is called "a half-Frenchman who lives by his wits," accuses him of kissing the bouquet of an actress, and demands a final and complete separation. Camille replies that he has unfortunately neither deserted nor ill used her; but he yields at last to what seems, from a later passage, to have been a habit of his, flings her from him, and goes to the theatre. Lady Amy went alone to the same place of amusement, and on her return home packed up her trunks, and went off to England by the early train. Camille next morning found that she had fled, sat down, as in duty bound, and wrote some chapters of his novel, then determined to follow his wife, and was prevented from taking that step by a sudden attack of brain-fever.

On Lady Amy's return to England, her prim and composed mother was rather annoyed than surprised. The younger matron declared that she was determined to be divorced, the older lady protested, and, after a few quarrels, Lady Amy went off to Wrode, a watering-place where her family was well known. By way of bringing back Camille, Lady Rosehow wrote him an extremely offensive letter, which he was able to read about two months after the date at which it was written. He made no reply, and Lady Amy, whose heart, we must remember, was in the right place, gave herself up to the gaieties of life at Wrode, and to secret chagrin. Perhaps the canvas is rather overcrowded with the figures of the people who make Lady Amy's court. There is a rich and ill-bred Mr. Conrady, who owns a yacht, and falls in love with the person and title of the heroine. There is a family of Mountjoys, with a flirting daughter, whose want of heart and false geniality are meant to be foils to the heroine's passionate and loving nature. The Mountjoys possess a governess, of the sort

* *Camille's Tormentor*. By the Author of "Rosa Noel," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1877.

common in fiction, a beautiful, winning, appealing little creature named Georgie, who has, like all the characters, an immense talent for flirtation. To these must be added a Mr. Blagrave, a poet and painter and a man of property, who has a weak lung and is therefore "interesting." Lady Amy, with her "frou-frou hair," which is probably a euphemism for a fringe, might have been happy in this paradise of flirts, but she had a heart's sorrow and neuralgia. Her manner of dealing with the latter malady may be called heroic:—

As a severer throb than ever darted through her temples, she started up with a wild exclamation; (she always revolted against pain) and going to the bell, rang it violently, saying to Burrard who appeared,

"Toast a slice of bread, soak it in brandy, pepper it well with red pepper, and bring it to me *hot*!"

"Oh, my lady! You're never going to"—

"Yes, I am. Make haste. I am in torture."

"But your ladyship's cheek was blistered the last time—and going out to dinner to-night"—

"Be good enough to do as I tell you," said Lady Amy, stamping her foot.

Burrard started backwards, and retired, presently to return bringing, under protest, the brandied, peppered toast, smoking hot.

Life at Wrode was made up of yachting, love-making, and quarrelling. Mr. Blagrave was not captivated by Miss Mountjoy; she had a cheery manner, and "he hated what is called a cheery manner." With the governess, on the other hand, he was much pleased; and he sent her ten boxes of sweetmeats on her birthday. As a result, the young lady was told by Mrs. Mountjoy that "high social doings" were not for her, and she took refuge with the good-natured Lady Amy. That unattached matron had by this time inclined more and more to the courtship of Mr. Conrady, who let it be known that Camille Langdon was at Trouville, "looking very flourishing and amusing himself very well apparently." Camille had given but one sign of existence: his kindness had not been "unremitting"; for he sent large packets of banknotes to his wife. Persons who think of attempting translations from the French will hear with pleasure that Camille had made large sums out of an English version of a work by a M. Chateau-Reynard. Unmoved by these tokens of affection, and cut to the heart at the idea that her Camille "looked very flourishing," Lady Amy "goaded herself into the madness of action, and wrote a fourth letter setting forth her case to Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith was her solicitor, and her case was that, after she had deserted her husband, he still ruthlessly persecuted her by paying her debts. Here the fantastic element comes into the story in great force. Mr. Smith in some mysterious way takes Lady Amy's "case" into the place where such matters are decided; a host of witnesses testify to the guilt of Camille, for whom no one appears. The result of these somewhat hazy legal proceedings may best be described in the words of Camille himself:—

But one day arrived a notification from a lawyer of the suit you had in tated against me. Devotion, &c., I little knew what I was the victim of. You know all this part of it. How I made no defence; how witnesses jumped nimbly into the witness-box, and gave evidence against me. Hybrid creatures from Trouville; shady Englishmen who had been forced by disgrace into the humiliating shelter of a foreign land.

Having gained her case, Lady Amy was now free, as she put it, to "better herself" by marriage. She submitted to the nauseous courtship of Conrady, and fell so low as to allow him to instruct her in the pastime of skating on wheels. "I've been longing for this moment," says Conrady. "I should have longed for it still more insanely if I hadn't had you half in my arms all the afternoon." But though the toils of Conrady were gathering round Lady Amy, other and better influences had not deserted her. A mysterious Mr. Chilian Grey had taken a house in the neighbourhood. He was a very old man, with a grey beard and blue spectacles, and on one occasion, after he had been present when the heroine was singing, a low, faint voice was heard to whisper "Amy." The experienced reader begins to guess who Mr. Chilian Grey is, and his suspicions are soon confirmed. It chanced on the evening when Georgie had been warned against "high social doings" that she was run down by Mr. Grey's pony-carriage. He took her into his house, and gave her some green Chartreuse, when the shy, yet trusting, little creature expressed a wish to be his guest. "You can help me, beyond any words of mine to express, by giving me the shelter of your roof for a day or two." Thus appealed to, Mr. Grey threw off his disguise, his beard, spectacles, and so forth, and appeared as Camille Langdon. Georgie now understood the whole affair, and let Mr. Langdon know that Mr. Conrady had accused him of enjoying himself at Trouville. The result was that Camille seized the earliest opportunity to give Conrady "a blow across the face, a fierce blow right across the face that struck his hat off, and left him reeling, his dark, coarse hair ruffled by the wind." It had dawned on the mind of the injured husband that Conrady had aided Mr. Smith to win Lady Amy's "case" by suborning the "hybrid" witnesses at Trouville.

The rest of the novel is a game at hide-and-seek between Lady Amy, her lover, and her ex-husband. The latter secured an interview with his late wife in the manner reprobated as "hume sucken" by Scotch law. "The house shook, as with a crash he burst the bolt that fastened the door, and entering, sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, and entered Amy's room." The scene that followed was tolerably impassioned:—

Not to clasp her, press his lips on her silken hair, would have required superhuman strength of will.

He clasped her to him until he felt the beating of her heart; he kissed her hair until his moustache was entangled in its silky tendrils.

Then he flung her from him, saying hoarsely and low.

"Get away from me! Do not touch me! You are mine no longer. You may belong to any man—but you can never again belong to me! Whirl!" with a harsh laugh, "it's shocking that I should be here in your room!"

Here it appears that when once a man gets into the inveterate habit of flinging his wife about, even years of absence will not cure him of the practice. We are not aware that there was anything to prevent Camille from marrying Lady Amy over again and starting afresh, and indeed we could quote a precedent for this course from a recent novel of some weight. This was a plan which occurred to neither party, for Camille is too much occupied in justifying his change "from Camille Langdon to Chilian Grey." "Doctors no doubt, the asses, would say that this was a piece of eccentricity, produced by a morbid condition of the brain resulting from my illness; I deny that; it was a reasonable thing to do, under the circumstances, what I did." Without leaning, as a rule, to medical evidence in support of pleas of insanity, we are obliged to side in this case with "the doctors, the asses." It may be admitted, on the other hand, that Camille's policy of disguise was as "reasonable" as the rest of his and of Lady Amy's actions. After their midnight interview, which ends with a clever description of a conflict between pride, love, and bad temper, Camille went abroad. Lady Amy took to champagne and chloral, and dragged the *ingénue* Georgie about with her to Brighton, Paris, and to other places, where she saw a great deal of rowdy company. This interfered with the love-making of the poetical Blagrave, who was accustomed to address Georgie as my "smile amid dark frowns," my "gentle tone amid rude voices." No voice could well be more rude than that of Lady Amy, who, by way of discouraging Mr. Conrady, said, "What a scrubby Cockney set you all are here at Brighton!"

It is scarcely worth while to follow Lady Amy through each step from respectability to something short of what is quite reputable. Camille at last invited her, as we understand, to fly with him to Italy:—

Then, Amy, come to the loveliest of all lands with me, where every fair creation that life knows ministers to the sense; and we will begin another dual existence, which shall be like the reunion of two once miserable souls that have passed through earthly sorrows, and have been divided and reunited by Death. Come!

The interview at which this invitation was given took place on the Downs at Brighton. Some one rode past swiftly. "It was Conrady, on a fiery Morocco barb, whose wild eyes and impatient hoofs told of its fierce, sun-land temperament." A man who rides fiery Morocco barbs on the Downs is capable, as the sequel shows, of any crime. We do not intend to reveal the catastrophe. Lady Amy "deserved all Folly's punishments, and she has received them."

The plot of *Camille's Tormentor* is the mere burlesque of a plot. The purpose of the author is, no doubt, expressed in a sermon on Georgie Glyn's:—"Deeds of love, and thoughts of true things and pure, cut us off from that wretched absorption in frivolity and worldliness which paralyses our better self." It is a pity that the author of *Camille's Tormentor* has thought it necessary to develop this moral in such a queer environment of people and circumstances as that which we have described. In many passages she shows observation, powers of description, and all through the book a confident fluency which leads her into curious errors. It is scarcely accurate to say that in the quarrel between two girls "rivalry and an invincible determination on the part of each to outshine the other were the *casa belli*." "*Les exploits de Digenis A. Kritas*" (vol. i. p. 275) is perhaps an American way of saying "*Les exploits de Digenis Akritas*." Trifles of this sort are hardly noticeable in the prevailing recklessness of a plot in which many really admirable sketches of impulsive character are lost and obscured. It is hard to combine the attractions of a novel of "fast" life with a regard for propriety and an inclination to enforce moral lessons. The writer of *Camille's Tormentor* ought to make her choice, and is quite clever enough to produce an interesting book which shall owe nothing of its interest to descriptions of dubious flirtations and impossible divorces.

AN EASTERN REFORMER.*

THE fast of Ramadan was over, and the exhausted people were assembled in multitudes in the great Mosque of El-Basrah—that pious city upon which, according to tradition, Allah daily casts an approving glance. A man stood on the steps of the pulpit, and, throwing away his kaftan, cried aloud, "O, ye who are here met together! Like as I cast away this garment, so do I renounce all that I formerly believed." This man was El-Ash'ari; and this day, three hundred years after the flight of the Arab prophet from Mekka, was an epoch in the history of Islam. For the faith of Mohammad has passed through more phases and experienced greater revolutions than perhaps any other of the religions of the world. In the earliest, the Mekkan phase—the shortest but the noblest of all—we see a simple and singularly lofty Theism, disfigured indeed by a startling realism, but nevertheless possessing a grandeur that Islam never saw again. At Medina the religion of Mohammad underwent serious and unhappy modifications. The prophet, partly in imitation of, and partly in opposition to, the Jews of Yathrib, introduced changes in his teaching which form a

* *Zur Geschichte Abu'l-Hasan Al-As'ari's.* Von W. Spitta. Leipzig: Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. 1876.

melancholy contrast to his earlier faith. Thus far Islam had been a religion of the Arabs. It had yet to learn the influence that culture can exercise upon faith. When the tide of Mohammedan conquest rolled northwards this influence began to be exerted. At the Court of the Khalifs at Damascus was collected whatever of intellectual life the Syrians had attained to under the rule of the Byzantine Emperors; and, low as was the standard reached, it was sublime compared with anything the Arabs had before known, and Islam soon gave signs of its influence. At this time Christianity also came into play. The Syrian Christians were well received at the Court of the Khalifs, and were often encouraged to discuss points of faith with their Muslim antagonists; and the result of the collision of the two creeds is apparent in the doctrines of some of the early Mohammedan sects. When the Abbasid Khalifs established their throne at Baghdad, Islam entered its fourth or Persian phase. Encountered by Parsees and Buddhists, the Muslim conquerors discovered that there were not a few things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in their philosophy, and they forthwith set about supplying the deficiency.

Thus we see Jewish, Christian, Syrian, and Persian elements successively introduced into the simple creed of Mekeah. But another influence was brought to bear upon Islam in its third and fourth phases, more potent than any of these; this was the philosophy of Aristotle. Introduced to his works in Syria, the uncultivated but always keen-witted Arabs soon began to take a delight in them which would have done credit to any mediæval university. Plato they never understood, and scarcely tried to understand; but Aristotle speedily created an enthusiasm which was fraught with the most momentous results for the Mohammedan religion. The immediate effect of the study of Aristotle's logical writings was the foundation of schools of Free-thinkers. Of these the school of the Mo'tezilis was the most important. They were what may be called the Broad Church of Islam. They repudiated the realistic ideas about the Deity which were rife among other Muslims; denied predestination and asserted the doctrine of individual responsibility; and scouted the legends of a sensual paradise and of bodily punishments in hell. Armed with all the resources of practised dialecticians, the Mo'tezilis soon found themselves triumphant. The orthodox divines, unskilled in debate, and able to substantiate their opinions only by vain appeals to *Sûrah* and *Sunnah*, were utterly worsted in their encounters with the Broad Church, and eventually declined to discuss matters of faith altogether. Orthodoxy seemed about to be exterminated, at least among the educated classes, and free-thought (of an exceedingly moderate and reasonable kind, be it said) appeared everywhere victorious.

It was at this crisis that El-Ash'ari arose, a prophet in Basrah. Born in the 260th year of the Flight, of an old Arab stock, he was brought up in the strictest orthodoxy; and, as a natural result, on arriving at years of discretion he found the trammels of his childhood's faith too narrow for endurance, and enrolled himself among the disciples of a celebrated doctor of the Mo'tezili heresy. Up to his fortieth year he adhered strictly to the tenets of his master, and was generally regarded as his most distinguished pupil; when a difference arose between them, which was attended with weighty consequences for Islam. Tradition ascribes the origin of this difference to a discussion between pupil and master on the necessity that God should do right, and the impossibility of evil with Him. El-Ash'ari put the case of three brothers, one of whom lived a righteous life, the second was godless, and the third died when a child. The master answered, "The first will be rewarded in heaven, the second punished in hell, and the third neither punished nor rewarded." To this his disciple objected. "But what if the third were to say, O Lord! if thou hadst but let me live I might have become pious, and entered into paradise like my godfearing brother?" The sheykh replied, "God would say, I knew that thou, hadst thou lived, wouldst have been godless and an infidel, and have gone into hell." El-Ash'ari instantly pressed the obvious rejoinder, "Then the second brother would say, O Lord! why didst thou not let me also die as a child, that I might not have sinned and come into hell?" The professor, fairly driven to bay, exclaimed, "Art thou possessed?" "Nay," said El-Ash'ari, "but the sheykh's ass is stuck fast on the bridge."

Whatever may be the historical truth that lies beneath this tradition—and questions like these have been asked and left unanswered among others than Muslims, and in later times than the tenth century—the fact is certain that El-Ash'ari, dissatisfied with the liberal school of which he had been a zealous supporter to his fortieth year, and perhaps filled with that longing after a definite and authorized creed which has brought about the most extraordinary revulsions of faith in men of all times and of all shades of intellect, gave himself up to a minute examination of the Koran and traditions, in order to test the evidences of orthodox Mohammedanism. After a period of severe mental struggle, not without the customary accompaniment of visions with which legend is wont to embellish such states of transition, he satisfied himself of the errors of free-thought, drew up a *Summa Theologica* of his reformed doctrine, and presented it in the great mosque of El-Basrah with the words and gesture already narrated.

The mere reaction of religious feeling from scepticism to strict orthodoxy would in itself be little. History has furnished countless instances of men who, weary of battling in the quicksands of free-thought, have taken refuge beneath the sheltering rock of a traditional Church. But it is not often that these men carry back with them into their peaceful retreat the broad principles and scientific methods which were formerly their greatest pride. They

generally look back upon their days of scepticism with horror and alight; and do not dare to approach ever so distantly their former cautions of evidence and methods of reasoning. El-Ash'ari's case was different, and it is this that gives it so great an historical importance. He saw that, without the logical training of their opponents, the orthodox party could not hope to maintain their ground, and he at once introduced into traditional Islam the dialectic system of the heretical sect in which he had been educated. This was his work; not to give the people a heaven-born revelation, not even to elaborate a new interpretation of Mohammed's mystical sayings; but simply to give the orthodox the weapons of the sceptics, to teach the upholders of the traditions how to defend them against the skilful arguments of their adversaries. It seems but a slight thing, this moulding of the Arab material in a foreign form, this grafting of Greek logic on Mekean dogmas; but it produced astounding results. It effected nothing less than the overthrow of the liberal school, and the establishment of Ash'arite Islam, or at least forms of Islam mainly founded on Ash'arite principles, over the greater part of the Mohammedan world to this day. With us in the present time, the vanquished indeed claim more sympathy than the victors. The defeated liberal party was really nearer to Mohammed's earliest teaching than was El-Ash'ari; and from the point of view of comparative religion there is no question that the Mo'tezilis were far in advance of the orthodox divines. Yet, whichever way our sympathies may turn, it is impossible not to recognize the importance of El-Ash'ari's place in the history of Mohammedanism.

The remainder of the life of our reformer was spent in disputations at the mosques, where he would hold at bay a ring of sceptics, making them wonder at the keen edge of his replies; and in composing polemical treatises, of which about a hundred, only one-third of the whole number, have come down to us. After five-and-twenty years thus spent in doing battle with the heretics, he died at El-Basrah, in A.D. 935, the most distinguished man of his time. It is not creditable to his charity to have to record that the disciple on whose breast he lay heard the dying man mutter these last words:—"The curse of God be on the Mo'tezilis, their work is delusion and lies."

Dr. Wilhelm Spitta's excellent biography, in which will be found extracts from the writings of the Eastern reformer, is a valuable contribution to the history of the Mohammedan religion. Houtsma has already treated of the contentions in Islam up to El-Ash'ari's time, and Professor Meinen of Copenhagen, we understand, has presented to the Oriental Congress at St. Petersburg, a work on the Reform of El-Ash'ari in which he carries the history beyond the lifetime of the reformer. The various developments of Islam form a curious study, and not the least interesting chapter is the one that Dr. W. Spitta has treated with so much learning and ability.

LINDORES ABBEY.*

UNLIKE most of the abbeys in Scotland, Lindores did not owe its foundation to the "Sair Samet for the crow," but to his grand-son and namesake, the Earl of Huntingdon. This David, the original of Sir Kenneth of the *Talisman*, has had many romantic adventures laid to his credit on no better authority than the very imaginary history of Hector Boece. The story ran that he founded Lindores as a thank-offering to commemorate the last of his many memorable escapes, when, on his return from the Crusades, he was shipwrecked near Dundee. Unfortunately, Fordun, who lived nearer David's own time than Boece, says not a word of the shipwreck. It seems strange that the grandfather of Robert Bruce, and the common ancestor from whom all the claimants of the Scottish crown at Norham traced their claim, should be best known in history by the title of the English earl-dom which he inherited from his grandmother, the daughter of Waltheof. He lived so much in his English castle of Fotheringhay that his granddaughter Devorgilla, the mother of John Balliol, was known as the "Lady of Fotheringhay." But at that time the distinction drawn between members of the same nation living north and living south of the border line, and the bitter hostility which was created by the War of Independence, were as yet undreamed of. Wintoun tells us that England and Scotland were "as one." In those times the English could "roam scathless through Scotland as they pleased, and the Scots could do so throughout England, though laden with gold or any ware whatever." It followed then almost as a matter of course that, when the Earl of Huntingdon built the great abbey which he endowed largely with his English as well as with his Scottish lands, he should build it in the English style. The site which he chose for it was both picturesque and fertile. The stately abbey, with its red sandstone walls and pillars, and facings of grey, rose on the bank of the Tay, with the screen of the Ochils behind, and in front the "fair Oarse of Gowrie," stretching away to the girdle of fantastic peaks that shut in the droned Highland herds. Wood and water were there in plenty; and the soil, besides its fertility, had the excellent quality of being as fatal to noxious reptiles as the "Isle of Saints" itself.

Unfortunately, the walls of the abbey have passed away almost as completely as the memory of the monks, of whom Mr. Laing

* *Lindores Abbey, and its Burgh of Newburgh; their History and Annals.* By Alexander Laing, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1876.

tells us that no tradition remains save the proverb "The bells of the abbey will aye be gotten rung":—

There is no entire portion of Lindores Abbey remaining; and until within the last few years, so completely were the ruins hidden under mounds of their own rubbish, that even the most experienced in ecclesiastical structures could with difficulty make out the ground plan of the building. The ruins were so completely overgrown with trees and shrubs, and the place was in such a state of utter desolation and neglect, that it was known in the neighbourhood solely by the name of "The Wilderness."

Quite recently, however, the rubbish has been cleared away so as to show the stumps of the pillars, and to make it possible to trace the plan of the building. Part of the walls of the chancel and of the tower are also still standing. The only part, however, which remains entire is a groined arch leading into the cloister court. This complete destruction is not the work of the Reformers; for Lindores was let off easily by them. John Knox writes of the visitation of the monks of Lindores:—"We reformed them, their altars overthrow we, their idols, vestments of idolatry, and mass-books we burnt in their presence, and commanded them to cast away their monkish habits." But he says not a word of pulling down the walls till not one stone is left upon another, as we now see it; for the abbot had had the good sense to submit himself to the "congregation and to put some reformation to his place." The work of destruction was stirred not by religious zeal, but by the more sordid motive, love of gain:—

The work of spoliation has gone on so gradually, that it has generally escaped observation and record; but in the charter chest of Newburgh, there is preserved a record of an appropriation and destruction of such an extensive character, that the heirs of the perpetrator had to refund to the proprietor, Alexander, Lord Lindores, Slate, timber, stones, hewn and unhewn, were carried off for the erection of a house in Newburgh, the mouldings of the doors and windows of which still bear witness from whence they were obtained. On the 18th April, 1743, the following occurs in the records of the kirk session of Newburgh:—"To James Bisset for bringing the two stone from the Abby for John Black's House co. 03. 00;" an entry which shows that the abbey was used and recognized as the quarry for the neighbourhood.

Even so recently as five-and-twenty years ago, the foundations of a row of pillars and the remains of a spiral stair, which were dug out of the rubbish, were carried off in the same unscrupulous way.

Like the ruins of the walls the historical records of Lindores are of the most meagre. The abbots took less part in public affairs than we should have expected from the heads of a house whose revenue was estimated at 4,000l. sterling yearly. It is only occasionally that the national history touches the quiet cloistral life within the abbey walls. In the year 1218 the Prior of Durham, who had been sent to remove the interdict laid on Scotland in the preceding year, lodged at Lindores on his way home, and narrowly escaped being burnt to death in his room by a fire ascribed to the carelessness of his chamberlain. So much was he injured by it that he never reached Durham, but died at Coldingham. It was at Lindores that Alexander, Prince of Scotland, who would have been the fourth of his name had he come to the throne, died, and thus left the way to the throne open to the descendants of the founder of the abbey. In the long war caused by the contested succession we find occasional mention of Lindores. It was visited both by John Balliol and by Edward of England.

One of Wallace's victories was won at Inneside, close to the abbey lands, and in the abbey itself, in 1306, Campbell of Lochow and Sir Alexander Seton signed a bond pledging themselves to stand or fall with Robert Bruce. One of the fine stone coffins that have been dug out of the ruins must have held the wasted frame of that unfortunate Prince of Scotland, the first Duke of Rothesay, who was buried here apart from all his race. To the quiet of the cloister of Lindores the last of the Black Douglases, after his thirty years of exile, came to pass the five years of rest and peace which ended his chequered life. Though the abbots kept aloof from the turmoils and party feuds which divided the Court and country, they seem to have been foremost where any interest of religion was concerned. The "Official of Lindores" headed the Council by which Resby, the first heretic burnt in Scotland, was tried and condemned, and succeeding abbots took an active part in the martyrdoms of both Patrick Hamilton and Walter Miln. The last abbot of Lindores was Leslie, afterwards bishop of Ross, the staunch follower and friend of his unfortunate Queen, who, by a strange freak of fortune, met the tragic end of her unhappy life in the very castle where her ancestor, the founder of the abbey, had lived so long. After the deposition of Mary, when Leslie left Scotland, the abbey lands passed into the hands of another Leslie, Patrick, son of the Earl of Rothes, who held them as lay commendator. He was created Lord Lindores by James VI. in 1606, and at the same time "our said sovereign Lord and estates aforesaid, dissolvit, suppresses, extinguishes, and abolishes the foresaid abbey and monasterie of Lindores, Memorie, and name thereof, with the baill ordouris, institutions, and foundationes of the same simpliciter and forever." From this time forth the dwellers in the new burgh seem to have done their best to aid in the extinguishing and demolishing of the abbey by treating it as a convenient quarry from which they might steal stones ready hewn for their own houses.

So ends the story of the abbey. But if there is little to be told of the nature of its buildings, or of the manner of life of the brethren within them, there is much to be told about the new burgh that had gradually grown up outside its gates. The greater part of Mr. Laing's book is taken up with extracts from the records of the Burgh Courts and of the Kirk Sessions. These extracts are both interesting and amusing. With their help we can conjure up a very lively picture of the social state of a Scottish burgh little

more than a century ago. In those days the "Town-head" was an officer of much importance, and the winding of his horn through the streets on a summer morning was the signal which bade the burghers drive forth their cows to be led by him to the common pasture outside the town. They held their arable land in common too. And the comparative value of the "rigs" allotted to them on the "Wodrige," as this land was called, was an unfailing source of quarrel and dispute. In those days potatoes were unknown. The first grown in the neighbourhood were planted after the "Forty-five" and were looked on as a great delicacy. Newburgh did not rise to a position of any importance till after the introduction of the linen manufacture. The whole population then took to the spinning and weaving of linen. Maid-servants were bound to spin so many yards of yarn weekly. The cottars' wives used to gather round the laird's lady and have what would now be called a "spinning bee," in which each strove to outdo her neighbours in dexterity and swiftness, and even the farm-labourers had part of their wages paid in lint. The strictest rules were made to keep up the credit of the town manufacture. No one might set up as a master weaver without becoming surety to the magistrates that he would hold himself bound only to produce faithful and honest goods. No web of linen was allowed to leave the burgh till it had been examined, approved, and stamped by the stamp-master. Perhaps it might be as well for our national honour in these days of shoddy and of sham if some such restrictions were still in force.

The records of Newburgh, like those of all other Scottish towns, are disgraced by the frequency of trials and persecutions of witches. They also abound in cases of Sabbath-breaking and profane swearing, and it is a little amusing to find that more abstinence from work on Christmas Day, though unaccompanied by any feasting or merry-making, was considered as a more grievous crime than even a "Sabbath breach." The temptation to keep Christmas in defiance of the law must have been strongly felt in a district where the attachment to the House of Stuart and to the Episcopal Church was very strong. In the counties of Fife and Kinross, at the ejection that followed the Revolution of 1689, fifty-five ministers were turned out of their livings, and only sixteen stayed in; and we find the records of Presbytery after Presbytery in which ten out of twelve or fourteen out of fifteen of the clergy lost their livings rather than become Presbyterians. The result of this was that in many parishes for years there was no service of any kind. Mr. Laing tells us that "for nearly eight years (1689-1697) there is no record of public worship having been observed in Newburgh Church, and similar neglect occurred in numerous other parishes."

Newburgh played no active part in the "Forty-five," though many of the neighbouring lairds took up arms for Prince Charles; nor did it suffer much from the visit of the Highland army. A pair of shoes, whether exposed for sale or on the feet of the owner, seems to have been the one temptation they could not resist. A party of the "petticoat-men" entered Arngask Church one Sunday morning while the service was going on, when they very quietly sat down among the congregation, unshod every man his man, and went off delighted with their spoil. Mr. Laing has added to his notice of the burgh and the abbey a chapter on the lairds' families of the country round, and on the persons of note who sprang from them. Among these was Lady Halket, who turned doctor, and whose skill in medicine was so great that we find in the town records entries of moneys paid for the conveyance of sick persons to consult her at her house. After the battle of Dunbar "she and her women dressed about threescore poor wounded soldiers." To be sure a little knowledge must have gone a long way in a country where not so very long ago the favourite treatment for sore throat or hooping-cough was "to sew a living caterpillar between two pieces of flannel, leaving the animal sufficient room to crawl, and then to tie the flannel round the neck of the person affected." As the worm died the patient was supposed to recover. "Another celebrity who had some connexion with Newburgh was Sir James Balfour, of Dennilt, the author of the *Annals of Scotland*. His vast collection of rare manuscripts met with the same mishandling as the ruins of the abbey. Many of them were used by the shopkeepers of the town to wrap up their parcels.

Mr. Laing has also devoted a chapter to a description of the "standing stones" of the neighbourhood, at Lindores and at Mugdrum, and he also notices the Macduff Cross. He seems inclined to follow the opinion of Dr. Stuart as to their origin and inscriptions. His book closes with a chapter on "Old Customs and Folklore." As his information has been principally collected from the lips of old people who remembered the fashions of their youth, it contains some very curious particulars about many superstitions and observances that have now quite passed out of mind.

THE MAID OF STRALSUND.

STRALSUND had a siege like Saragossa, but the Maid of Stralsund is not historical like Augustina. The case is otherwise with several of the other characters in Mr. de Liefde's romance; for a romance we suppose we must call it, and not an "Epoch of History," to which species of publication it bears no small resemblance. We have no desire to institute any comparisons, invidious or otherwise, between Mr. de Liefde's abstract

* *The Maid of Stralsund: a Story of the Thirty Years' War.* By J. B. de Liefde, Author of "The Beggars," &c. the Founders of the Dutch Republic." London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1876.

of part of the history of the Thirty Years' War, with which he has chosen to connect his singularly simple tale of love and hate, and so unromantic a contribution to historical study as Mr. S. R. Gardiner's recent publication in Mr. Morris's series. Mr. Gardiner happens to be master of his subject, and we do not say that Mr. de Liefde has not very creditably got up his. The latter, however, comes before us as the author of an historical novel, and we are not called upon to criticize *The Maid of Stralsund* under any other aspect.

The historical novel is a kind of literature before which even sturdy readers are apt to wax faint, and which yet, if one may judge from the ratio of the supply to the demand, seems successfully to defy the many difficulties and dangers which beset this class of composition. When a man—or a woman, for ladies seem largely to affect this kind of fiction—sets about writing an historical novel, he or she can only have one of two intentions. Either the object of an historical novel is to secure a background at once suitable and striking to a story which claims a substantive, though not a wholly independent, interest of its own; or the more ambitious design of such a work may be to treat an historical period, episode, or group of characters as itself the subject of the story, and, while not losing sight of the artistic conditions of the work, to write a chapter of history, so to speak, by the light of the imagination. Historical novels of either kind have their justification, and have had their success. To instance more recent writers only, and not diverge into a discussion of the place belonging to Scott in a branch of literature more especially associated with his name, George Eliot's *Romola* is an admirable illustration of the former kind of historical novel, and the late Lord Lytton's *Harold*, which has justly won praise alike from historical students and from lovers of fiction, of the other. Let us inquire to which class, if to either, the book before us is to be assigned.

In the first place, it may readily be conceded that no better background could have been suggested for any story of incident, character, or manners (and the historical novel, at all events, must include all these elements) than that which Mr. de Liefde has in the present instance chosen. His tale begins with the siege of Stralsund, and ends with the battle of Lutzen. The period which it includes is therefore at once the central and indisputably the most generally interesting part of the great war, and its scene is the theatre of the most wonderfully rapid and changing succession of events forming part of the history of the struggle. The steadiness of the burghers of Stralsund may have been determined by a mixture of motives, and at times may have been qualified by conduct in which prudence tempered heroism; but its result was to break the seemingly irresistible tide of Imperial aggression—perhaps (though historians have differed, we believe, on this point) to relegate for ever into the realm of delusions the vastest scheme of ambition conceived by the House of Hapsburg in the days of its dynastic duality. A fancy which it certainly destroyed was that of the irresistibility of Wallenstein's military genius. The famous story of his declaring to the envoys of Stralsund that he would have their city were it bound with chains to the heavens, sufficiently marks the popular consciousness of the check which his failure before Stralsund imposed upon Wallenstein's ambition, of the disbelief which it first aroused in others—perhaps in himself—in the all-sufficiency of his star. There is no reason, we may remark in passing, to doubt the fact that Wallenstein uttered such a threat, merely because the expression used by him was not one of his own invention. The saying of Wallenstein is mentioned, as the late M. Fock informs us in his volume on Stralsund history, by two independent contemporary authorities. On the other hand, it would not appear to have been uttered on the occasion to which later tradition has usually attributed it, and on which it is duly introduced by Mr. de Liefde. But the consequences of the siege of Stralsund were not merely negative. The feebleness of the Danish efforts in aid of the Stralsunders opened the door of Germany to a mightier champion than Christian IV.; soon the Swedish deliverer was on Pomeranian soil, and was preparing for his victorious march. The awful fate of Magdeburg—on whomsoever its responsibility is to be cast, or between whomsoever it is to be divided—made Gustavus Adolphus the inevitable leader of the whole Protestant North of Germany; at Breitenfeld he won his first decisive victory; and Wallenstein's disgrace and Tilly's death seemed to leave him without a military opponent worthy of his steel, as in the Protestant councils his daring genius was without a rival. Already the present, and perhaps the future, of the Empire seemed within his grasp, when, under new conditions and with newly-expanding designs, Wallenstein assumed the command once more. At Nürnberg he baffled the attempts of the hitherto invincible King to force his position; and at Lutzen the glorious career of Gustavus came to a sudden end. Henceforth the conditions of the struggle changed; and what remains of the history of the Thirty Years' War, though full of the most varied interest, is, as a whole, in its campaigns as well as in its negotiations and intrigues, a tangled field, through which, whether in historical or in imaginative composition, only a bold and firm foot is likely to find its way.

The number of famous characters which crowd this chapter of history might fairly be described as all but unsurpassed. There is the Lion of the North himself, with his companions in arms and his great counsellor; there is Wallenstein, of whom Schiller has given so wholly ideal a picture as to have left abundant opportunities for pictures of a very different kind; there is Tilly, the Tilly of Protestant tradition and the Tilly reconstructed by Catholic zeal. Of lesser men there are others whose careers and

characters seem to mark them out as figures excellently suited for historical romance—such as Arnim, the general who conducted the siege of Stralsund before Wallenstein's arrival. He might (had Mr. de Liefde thought fit) have been drawn as a type of the restless military ambitions and the extraordinary personal careers of the age. A Brandenburger and a Protestant by birth, he served in turn under Gustavus, under Sigismund of Poland, and under the Emperor and his generalissimo. He then again fought under Gustavus as the commander-in-chief of the Saxons, and in the end closed his career as a loyal servant of the Emperor. It might have been worth while to make something of such a type, which yet had quite sufficient individuality to make it a type and something besides. Of other leading or secondary personages there are more than the most crowded canvas could find room for; in short, the characters are so many, and have for purposes of fiction been so little used, that an enterprising novelist would here find a whole gallery ready to his hands, and be only embarrassed by the abundance at his disposal. Finally, there is the whole mass of contemporary life in court and city, and in camp and field, with its confusion and conflict of nationalities and creeds, its chaos of interests and superstitions, discernible to us in the infinite variety of its component elements by the light of evidence of all kinds—State papers and personal narratives, and letters and songs. A self-painted picture of manners presents itself which tempts, and has tempted, the most skilful of artists to its reproduction; nor is any one novel, or any one novelist, likely to exhaust so incomparably copious a store.

Mr. de Liefde is accordingly happy in the choice of his theme, so far as it connects itself with history. If he has notwithstanding contrived to produce a book of almost exceptional dulness, his workmanship must be somehow in fault. He begins in strict accordance with the orthodox fashion of historical novels, with "There was a strange commotion in the streets of Stralsund one morning in April, 1628"; but after a few pages describing the agitation caused in the city by the demand for the admission of an Imperial garrison, and the supposed unwillingness of a Calvinist preacher to sign the counter-declaration of the burghers of fidelity to the Augsburg Confession, the author considers that "it will not be out of place here to relate some of the circumstances which gave rise to this state of affairs." We are therefore invited to brush up our history, to remember the previous course of the war, and the antecedents of "the Duke of Waldstein, or Wallenstein"—a designation not so scrupulously accurate as Mr. de Liefde seems fondly to suppose. Thus fortified, we resume the delights of fiction:—"The weather was beautiful," and the lovers are introduced. They consist of the Maid of Stralsund, daughter of the untractable Calvinist pastor aforesaid, her betrothed, Theodore, a cross-grained youth, of the most jealous disposition and ungovernable temper, and Captain Harry Wyndham, an officer of the Scottish regiment in the Swedish service. Theodore is the only attempt at character in the book, and is not ill sketched. The rest are the most ordinary figures of this class of fiction, whose sentiments, speech, and conduct can be predicted with the certainty with which the playgoer speculates on what he has to expect from the most time-honoured types of melodrama. Theodore outrages his betrothed's feelings by his furious jealousy, and all but breaks his worthy father's heart by his intended betrayal of the liberties of Stralsund. Finally, he takes service under the Imperialists, and dies in his father's arms at the last battle mentioned in the book. Wyndham is wounded and imprisoned, but freed in time to witness Magdeburg's doom, to see Magdeburg avenged, to fight at Lutzen, and to depart in peace with Helena to Scotland; "and in the archives of the Wyndham family there is a somewhat voluminous document by another Helena, beyond doubt a daughter, which relateth much of this history." Helena herself is lost and recovered, and, notwithstanding a terribly suspicious visit which she pays to Wyndham's quarters on a mission of charity, leaves the story, we need not say, without a stain upon her character.

The narrative which leads to these not unexpected results shifts its scene from Stralsund to the camp of Wallenstein, and afterwards to Wyndham's prison on the Lake of Teuplin, to the camp of Gustavus, to Tilly's council of war before Magdeburg, to the "Bishop's city" itself, and to numerous other places. Parts of the siege of Stralsund are described with sufficient detail and vivacity to interest the reader; but the camp of Wallenstein has, unless we mistake, been sketched with more striking vigour before; and in the latter part of the book we feel that the author is embarrassed by the discrepancy between the vastness of his background and the smallness of his story. The gipsy, Joe Marks, is, however, a well-contrived and judiciously introduced link; a little more elaboration, for which the materials were abundant, would have made him and his doings a most characteristic element. On the other hand, Mr. de Liefde is conscientiously anxious that the interest excited by his story should not interfere with the instruction the reader may derive from its historical connexion. After Wyndham has escaped from his imprisonment, he requests his friend Bayerley to favour him with a summary of the events which have taken place in the North, and by this artful device we are enabled to refresh our knowledge as to the Edict of Restitution and the coming of Gustavus. After Harry and Helena have made their way safely from the ruins of Magdeburg to the Swedish position, the author, in his own name, requests the reader to "step over an interval of rather more than a year," but furnishes him with a short chapter of the progress of the war in that year to console him for the loss. And at the end of the volume, when the lovers are settled and done with, we are

not allowed to give them our blessing without being invited to listen to a few concluding words as to the issue of that great war, part of which the author has "endeavoured, though but imperfectly, to describe."

In short, Mr. de Liefde, although apparently not without previous experience as a historical novelist, cannot be congratulated on having successfully accomplished his task. As a fiction his story is uninteresting, while of his historical materials he has only occasionally made a skilful use. If intended for a novel with an historical background, *The Maid of Stralund* is constructed with inadequate care and art; as a romantic picture of history it fails, except here and there, even to approach the capabilities of its theme. The characters which it introduces from history are the merest outlines, just recalling, not in any sense reproducing, their originals. The style is completely colourless; the dialogue would suit the Seven Years' War as well as the Thirty, and the Seven Days' War quite as well as either. Wholly inoffensive as the book is in manner, and revealing as it does greater felicity in the choice of subject and more conscientiousness in extent of reading than is usual with the average of historical novelists, we cannot but describe it as, what neither an historical novel nor any other book has a right to be, purely sedative in its general effect.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have often mentioned the extraordinary liberality and zeal displayed by the American Government in the collection and publication of information of a character which, so far as we are aware, is left by all other Governments to the labour, the energy, and the enterprise of private persons. That they have at great cost thoroughly explored and mapped out, not merely the comparatively settled and inhabited States of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and of the Mississippi valley, but the whole of those vast plains which lie between the valley and the base of the Rocky Mountains, and the almost equally extensive highland district of which these mountains are the centre, and which extends from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf of California, is a proof indeed of great activity and enterprise, and of a foresight which provides for future generations much that other States would leave to the time when it should become actually necessary. Still this task, great as it is, falls properly within the scope assigned by highly civilized communities to the duties of administration. But the work of these exploring expeditions is not merely engineering and geographical, they not only do for an almost uninhabited territory nearly as large as Europe what our Ordnance Surveys have done for the British Islands, but they do also, systematically and at the public cost, much of the work that our scientific societies, our geologists, naturalists, and men of science generally have done, separately and without organization, each for a single district. Each important exploring party consists not merely of engineers and topographers, but of botanists, geologists, and paleontologists, all highly competent, and many of them famous in their several departments. Each of these is instructed to regard his special task as forming a no less essential part of the entire business of the expedition than the proper surveying work of taking the heights of mountains and tracing the course of rivers; the hammer and the gun are employed as diligently as the level and the theodolite.

When the work is complete, or when a portion of it capable of being separately treated has been accomplished, the Reports which describe the past and present flora and fauna of the Territories are received with as much attention as those of the engineers to whom the chief conduct of the survey has been entrusted; and they are published in a style, often with illustrations, which indicates a zeal for the collection and diffusion of scientific information, and an indifference to cost and to mere practical utility, such as only a Government, or a very wealthy scientific society, could afford to display. The great treatise now before us on the natural history of a part of the Western Highlands* is one of the most remarkable examples of this kind of official interest in science for its own sake. In the whole of an immense quarto volume describing in great detail the animal life of all kinds to be found in that comparatively barren region there are probably not a dozen pages which can be of any immediate practical service to settlers, whether agriculturists or miners. It is probable that not a dozen copies of such a work would be purchased by private persons, its bulk being so great, and the number of similar volumes published from time to time so large, that even scientific students have not leisure to read more than such small portions as touch their own immediate subjects; and such students will commonly find the works they require in public libraries easily accessible to them. We presume, indeed, that it is to these libraries, the number of which throughout the United States, and especially in the North and West, is one of the most striking evidences of the high value set by so practical a people as the Americans upon pure science and literature, that Reports of this kind are almost exclusively distributed. We hope that our own public libraries also are furnished with the scientific "blue-books" published by the American Government; for there are few collections of scientific treatises in which a larger mass of interesting information of all kinds is to be found. A digest of these treatises, extending as they do over a long series of years and describing nearly the whole of the geography, geology,

past and present vegetable and animal life of the central portion of the North-American continent, would be indeed a work of great labour, and would require the co-operation of many scientific men in various departments, but would be a most important contribution to what may be called the statistics of science.

We have received two works of the "Centennial" class, got up with that elaboration and costliness which are characteristic of American publications intended for the glorification of the Union or of individual States, and of more interest and value than most of those to which the Exhibition at Philadelphia has given birth. The first of these is an elaborate and minute account of the Art Galleries of the Exhibition*, illustrated by a number of excellent engravings of the more important and valuable paintings and sculptures therein exhibited. In point of beauty and elegance it is well worthy of a place among drawing-room books; in real merit and interest it exceeds most volumes of that class. Another and still more elaborate work, also most expensively printed, bound, and illustrated, is a history of American progress, social, industrial, commercial, and political, during the past century†, dealing more fully with the trade, manufactures, and inventions, and even with the fashions, customs, and amusements of the country, and the changes which these have undergone since the foundation of the Union, than with mere politics.

The interest belonging to the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 has to a great extent been exhausted by mere lapse of time, and we should have thought that, in the United States at least, it had been completely forgotten in the infinitely greater interest excited by that of Philadelphia. But the Government has thought it worth while to publish an elaborate introduction to the Reports of the Federal Commissioners at Vienna‡ containing, not only abstracts of the principal Reports of international juries and foreign officials upon articles exhibited by Americans, but also a disquisition on the history of International Exhibitions generally, going back to the fairs of the middle ages, and describing in some detail the "inception," arrangements, and organization of every Exhibition of this class that has taken place since that of 1851; those, namely, of Dublin and New York, in 1853; of Paris, in 1855 and 1867; and that of London, in 1862. The technical character of the work will render it useful rather to those manufacturers who find the chief successes of their craft described therein, and who will learn from it what foreign observers thought of the merits and failures of American arts and workmanship, than to the general reader.

The American Revolution left behind it a vast mass of documents, public and private, illustrating both the course of public events and popular opinion and the individual views and personal character of the colonial leaders. Among the latter not the least busy and useful, though bearing no military character and less prominent than many political chiefs, was Mr. Adams, at one time the representative of the United Colonies in France, and later the negotiator of the treaty by which their independence was recognized on the part of the mother-country. He seems to have used his pen with a frequency and a fluency for which it is not easy to account when we consider how fully his time must have been occupied on more important work; but his diligence has been the means of transmitting to posterity a quantity of matter illustrating various phases of the Revolution as seen from different points of view, and the characters of a number of his principal colleagues, which possesses great historical interest. With his wife in particular he seems to have kept up a very close and constant correspondence, noting and commenting upon almost every important incident of the time. His descendant, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, has on former occasions published selections from these letters and from the replies of Mrs. Adams, and these publications have been received by his countrymen with great and general interest. The present work§ contains the letters both of husband and wife during the period of the Revolution—that is, from a date shortly subsequent to the destruction of the tea in Boston harbour down to the signature of the final treaties between Great Britain, France, and the United States. The first letter of Mr. Adams contained in this volume is dated the 12th of May, 1774, the last the 18th of February, 1783; and the selections from the correspondence during this period occupy more than four hundred closely printed octavo pages. These domestic letters are of course a very small fraction of the entire correspondence in which Mr. Adams was engaged during those years, and constitute perhaps its least important, but not its least readable and interesting portion. They strikingly show the bitter feeling towards officials and loyalists, the fierce party spirit and bigoted political intolerance, which pervaded Massachusetts, if not the other colonies, even before the outbreak of the war; and which, much more than the incompatible pretensions of the Imperial Parliament and the Colonial Legislatures and people, made war inevitable. When we find not merely the populace and the

* *The Art Gallery of the Philadelphia Exhibition.* Illustrated by Engravings; and with Introduction and Descriptive Text. By Edward Strahan. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Barrie. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

† *The American Centenary: a History of the Progress of the Republic of the United States during the first Hundred Years of its Existence.* By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D., Author of "History of the War of 1812," &c. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

‡ *An Introduction to the Reports of the Commissioners of the United States to the Vienna Exhibition of 1873.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§ *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife Abigail Adams during the Revolution; with a Memoir of Mrs. Adams.* By Charles Francis Adams. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

* *Report upon Geographical and Geological Explorations and Surveys West of the 100th Meridian.* Vol. V.—Zoology. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

Puritan preachers and demagogues of Boston, but a political leader, a man of education and experience in public affairs like Mr. Adams, speaking of all opponents, whether in the council or the field, in terms of virulent abuse and invective, and see the writer, even in private letters, displaying an utter incapacity to do justice to the character, the situation, and the duties of any man engaged in the official or military service of the Crown, we cannot wonder that every attempt at negotiation was misinterpreted and misunderstood, and that the best-meant efforts at reconciliation were received with a determined prejudice which rendered them utterly hopeless. On one point the letters may perhaps help to correct certain false impressions prevalent among the grandsons and great-grandsons of the revolutionary soldiers. The havoc committed by the English troops and the mercenaries employed by the British Government, which in nowise exceeded the usual severities of war at that period, has been preposterously exaggerated by American historians; while they have slurried over the records of the far worse havoc and the brutal indignities inflicted by the revolutionists on that large section of the American people who loyally adhered as long as possible to their Sovereign; cruelties which of course would have justified the sharpest reprisals on the part of the English commanders. Mr. Adams is no more just or reasonable on this subject than his contemporaries or successors; but he does here and there let fall some accidental evidence as to the facts of the case which may serve to correct the misconceptions too prevalent among those who derive their notions of revolutionary heroism and British cruelty from American school histories.

Mr. Whittaker's *Life of General Custer** is full of interest; it is a vigorous and graphic account of a brief but brilliant military career, beginning with the commencement of one of the greatest wars of the age, and closing, unhappily, in one of the many signal disasters of that petty Indian warfare which does so little credit to the Federal Government and army. Mr. Custer was a cadet at West Point when the Civil War broke out, and with the rest of his class was promoted to a lieutenancy as soon as it was possible to hurry them through a formal graduation. He had the good fortune to be immediately appointed to one of the finest regiments of the regular army, the 2nd Cavalry, of which, if we rightly recollect its story, Sidney Johnstone was the Colonel and General Lee the Lieutenant-Colonel; and from which were taken many of the best commanders both of the North and the South. General Custer was confronted with many, not only of those who would a year earlier have been his brother officers, but of his own actual class-mates. The Federal army was so deficient in competent and trained officers that it offered splendid opportunities of rapid promotion even to the youngest of those who had received a regular military education. It is true that the way was blocked by multitudes of untrained men placed in high commands for purely political reasons, or often by influences exerted through the lowest channels of underhand patronage; and several of these continued to hold to the very last posts for which they had proved themselves signally unfitted. But many among them were so clearly incompetent even for the ordinary duties of regimental and company command, and so disgraced themselves by their conduct in the camp and the field, that when it became evident that Mr. Seward's "three months' drafts" were to be dishonoured, and that the war was to be a long and serious one, public opinion and military necessities compelled Mr. Lincoln and his advisers to get rid of them by wholesale; and their places were filled in great measure by young men like Custer from the lowest grade in the regular army. The young Lieutenant of the 2nd Cavalry was among those Northern officers who first showed striking capacity for efficient action in that special branch of the army in which, at first, the South so greatly excelled its antagonist. Contrary to the unanimous judgment of foreign, and of most native, writers, Mr. Whittaker claims for the Northern cavalry under Sheridan's command superiority to that of the South upon this very point; and there is no doubt that even the Southerners, as might have been expected of comparatively untrained men and horses, were never equal in the proper duties of heavy cavalry, and in the use of the sabre, to European mounted troops. But we believe that the saying which describes Stewart as the one great cavalry leader and Sheridan as the greatest dragoon general that the war had produced was essentially correct; and though Custer, no doubt, led several brilliant charges in which good use was made of the sword at close quarters, his exploits in this respect were altogether exceptional. Mr. Whittaker commits another error, common to the great majority of Northern writers, in persistently misrepresenting the respective numbers of the combatants in nearly every engagement. Wherever trustworthy accounts of the Confederate forces are to be obtained, it is found that on nearly every occasion on which the Northern troops maintained the conflict with credit they outnumbered the enemy by fifty or a hundred per cent., whereas Mr. Whittaker almost always represents the conflicting armies as tolerably equal in strength. He has, however, the rare merit of speaking with decent courtesy of the Confederates generally, and of showing a just appreciation of the high qualities of many of their individual leaders. It is only when he comes to speak of General Custer's rivals and superiors in his own service that he displays the partiality and intemperance which are the characteristic *lure* of biographers; and this disease breaks out with particular virulence in his account of the operations which led to

General Custer's defeat and death. But, putting aside the defects, less of candour than of tamper and judgment, which it displays, the whole narrative is eminently lively and readable. Its descriptions of military movements are clear and graphic, and few of the multitude of military biographies to which the war has given rise can be read with so much enjoyment and so little annoyance.

A treatise on *Gold and Debt**, by Mr. W. L. Fawcett, contains in no great bulk a large amount of valuable statistical and practical information regarding the history of American finance since the outbreak of the Civil War. The writer's views, so far as he states them, are often questionable, though he is much more often wrong from a complete misapprehension of the practical meaning of the expressions employed by the writers whom he criticizes than from actual divergence from their opinions. That the depreciation of silver, for example, during the last year was due in great part to its demonetization in Germany and Scandinavia, and to the limitation of the silver coinage in the Latin States, no one would altogether deny. That something may be ascribed to the increased demand for gold owing to the same cause, would hardly be questioned; and where Mr. Fawcett thinks that he differs entirely from nearly all previous writers on the subject, the only real diversity of view appears to lie in this, that he supposes at least one-half of the nominal depreciation of silver to have been due to the increased value of gold, whereas our Indian experience sufficiently proved that silver had fallen in value almost to the full extent of the nominal depreciation, not only as compared with gold, but in general purchasing power. The greater part of the work, however, is occupied with statements of fact, some of them a little distorted, owing to the confused ideas of the author upon one or two economical questions, but generally correct and very valuable. He shows that the debt of the United States had reached at its highest point somewhat more than 2,600,000,000 of dollars, and has now diminished by about 500,000,000, while the interest has in the same time fallen by about 46,000,000. He supposes that the amount of American debt, State, Local, and Federal, held in Europe, reaches 1,350,000,000 of dollars. This statement may not be accurate, but the inferences by which it is reached are given, and the reader may form for himself a pretty fair conclusion as to the soundness of the argument.

A much less sound and useful treatise is that of Mr. Dillaye on *Assignats*†, in which he endeavors to prove that, despite the signal example of the ultimate tendency of paper currency to utter worthlessness, which is afforded by revolutionary France, paper money is as sound and trustworthy as gold, and a paper currency much more conducive to popular welfare and just relations between capital and labour than a metallic one. Against Sir Robert Peel, and all who think that a piece of money should represent a certain weight of precious metal of a certain fineness, the writer indulges in what is rather to be called raving than invective; while he is ignorant enough to fancy that the Bank Act, after having cost us, as he informs us, 3,000,000,000 dollars in three years, has been denounced, condemned, and abandoned. The utter depreciation of assignats he imputes, not to its true cause—the enormous over-issue of a paper currency intrinsically worthless, and therefore capable of maintaining a nominal value only while its amount was restricted within narrow limits—but to the political violence of the revolutionary party, and still more to the malignant policy of their opponents. The actual incidents to which he ascribes the rapid discredit of the assignats are, even on his own showing, so ridiculously trivial that liability to be depreciated by such causes would in itself suffice, in the eyes of any one but the author, to condemn a paper currency. For what reasons the Continental currency of 1777 became almost as worthless as the French assignats he fails to explain. Nor does he seem to understand how rare and accidental is the prudence which, by confining the issue of greenbacks to very little more than the quantity of coin previously circulating in the country, has rendered the present paper currency of America comparatively safe. Of that numerous class of currency-mongers who are the circle-squarers of finance, wild and violent as their writings generally are, we remember none more intemperate in invective, or more thoroughly extravagant in opinion, than Mr. Stephen Dillaye.

Such value as may belong to Dr. Dunham's *Theory of Medical Science*‡ depends on a consideration which probably would destroy the author's self-satisfaction in his work—namely, that it by no means contradicts so forcibly as he imagines the general doctrine of enlightened physiologists and physicians, however it may correct some of their less accurate modes of expression. That medicines act of themselves directly on disease, expelling noxious elements from the body, or otherwise exerting a curative force independent of the vital functions, is the doctrine which he ascribes to the medical world at large. That medicine and all external or artificial agencies can operate only by provoking or stimulating to action the vital powers themselves is, as he supposes, a new theory; his illustrations of which are often interesting, and may perhaps be useful, even if the idea itself is as little contrary to the general belief of scientific men as it is to those ideas derived from their writings which have become familiar to educated men in general.

* *Gold and Debt: an American Handbook of Finance, and Digest of the Monetary Laws of the United States.* By W. L. Fawcett. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

† *Assignats and Mandats: a True History.* By Stephen D. Dillaye. Philadelphia: Carey Baird & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

‡ *Theory of Medical Science.* By William R. Dunham, M.D. Boston: James Campbell. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

* *A Complete Life of General G. A. Custer.* By Frederic Whittaker. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

Under the title of the *Paradise of Childhood**, we have a very elaborate description of the method of teaching some of the rudiments of knowledge in those peculiar schools called Kindergarten. The system, as explained in this volume, begins with the use of a number of cubes so divided, added, and arranged as to give without much difficulty, even to the youngest children, elementary notions of form and number. By means of a variety of cubes, and afterwards of blocks or sticks, so called, of other simple forms, the infants are instructed first in general ideas respecting the objects of common life, the construction of houses, chairs, &c., and afterwards in the elements of drawing. It is easy to believe that the method may be, to some extent, both agreeable and successful; but whether either the substance or the amount of the teaching be equally satisfactory, whether much would be learned in this manner that can be said to form an essential part of education or to diminish the subsequent labour of its necessary portions—whether, in fact, a child educated for two or three years on this method will learn to read, write, and cipher more quickly or easily than one who comes altogether fresh to the task—seems by no means certain.

We have on our list two technical works in different departments—one on elementary mechanics†, by Mr. Wood, and one on Qualitative Chemical Analysis‡, giving a detailed description of the ordinary reactions of different classes of substances divided into four groups of metals, and one of known metals and acids, by Professors Douglas and Prescott, both teachers of chemistry in the University of Michigan.

A series of sermons on the Two Great Commandments§ would not ordinarily fall under our notice in these columns; but the author has chosen to deal with topics which do not usually come within the scope of pulpit oratory—those, namely, which belong to the science properly called casuistry; a science of more value than is popularly supposed, and deserving of more study than, owing to the prejudice attached to its name, it has of late years received. Had Mr. Dewey seriously studied this subject, instead of imbibing and making himself the mouthpiece of vulgar prejudices on the subject, he would hardly have argued, or rather affirmed, the absolute unlawfulness of lying in all possible cases; carrying his doctrine to the utmost logical extreme, and thereby, in the opinion of most men of sense, reducing it to an absurdity, as when he virtually asserts that it is a duty to tell the truth even when to do so is practically to give information to assassins, and to become an accomplice in murder.

A treatise on American Dairying|| includes discussions on the choice of dairy stock, on the best methods of feeding, of construction of barns and dairies, the rearing of calves, the character and quality of milk, cream, butter, and cheese as affected by the food and treatment of the animals, and by the subsequent management of the products themselves.

Mr. Rand's treatise on the culture of orchids¶ will find a somewhat limited, though no doubt an attentive and interested, public. The finer specimens of orchids are seldom natives of temperate climates. They require extreme care and close attention when reared in hot-houses, and the variety of their characters, and of the treatment necessary to their successful growth under artificial conditions, are such that only rich men can afford, and only enthusiastic florists will care to attempt, their cultivation. The few who can and will build, maintain, and stock orchid-houses with the choicest productions of tropical and semi-tropical climates will find in this volume minute instructions respecting both the general management of the genus and the details of treatment required by almost every separate species.

Mr. Martin Tupper is well known as an English author. In the volume before us** he appears as an American writer both in choice of subject and in place of publication. The poem, which he publishes before reading it in public during his visit to America, is a eulogy of Washington in the form of a play, in which he justifies, nay eulogizes, the worst of Washington's acts—the execution of André; and not merely justifies it, but vituperates the unfortunate victim in terms of which Washington himself would have been ashamed. To give to this absurd little piece the interest which love is supposed to afford to the dullest and which is thought essential even to the most exciting themes, he supposes André to be in love with the sister of the traitor Arnold, and makes her attempt to revenge her lover's death by the murder of Washington. The execution of the work is worthy of the conception and of the past achievements of the writer. Another

little volume of poetry of higher merit (though this is not saying much) is a translation of Grillparzer's tragedy of *Sappho* by Miss Frothingham*, not devoid either of power or elegance, but bearing signs of the constraint and want of freedom which are apt to embarrass first attempts at verse translation even by writers thoroughly familiar with both the languages they have to handle. We have also two more volumes of Messrs. Osgood's series of *Poems of Places*†. The pieces in this collection, translated and original, relate to places in France noted either for beauty of scenery or for their connexion with historic incidents. The same publishers have issued a very neat pocket edition of Mr. Harte's little novel entitled *Thankful Blossom*‡, a story of revolutionary times, in which Washington figures as a principal character.

* *Sappho: a Tragedy in Five Acts*. By Franz Grillparzer. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Poems of Places, France*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. 2 vols. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Thankful Blossom: a Romance of the Jersey, 1779*. By Bret Harte. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *The Paradise of Childhood; a Practical Guide to Kinder Gartners*. By E. Wiebé. Illustrated. Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *The Elements of Analytical Mechanics*. By Dr Volson Wood, A.M., E.E., Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *Qualitative Chemical Analysis: a Guide in the Practical Study of Chemistry*. By Professors Silas H. Douglas and Albert B. Prescott. Second Edition, revised. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§ *The Two Great Commandments*. Sermons by the Rev. Orville Dewey. New York: James Miller. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

|| *American Dairying: a Manual for Butter and Cheese Makers*. By L. B. Arnold, A. M. Rochester, New York: Rural Home Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

¶ *Orchids: a Description of the Classes and Varieties Grown at Green Ridge, near Boston*. By E. T. Rand, Jun., Author of "Flowers for the ParLOUR and Garden," &c. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

** *Washington: a Drama in Five Acts*. By Martin F. Tupper, Author of "Proverbial Philosophy," &c. New York: James Miller. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.



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PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE retirement of Prince BISMARCK from the supreme direction of public affairs in Prussia and Germany has taken by surprise his countrymen and Europe. In the plenitude of his power, the first statesman in Europe, the creator of the Empire, the seeming arbiter of the fates of many nations, has suddenly struck work. He announces that he prefers and needs the quiet of private life, and leaves the world to go on as it can without him. He says he is ill, and an inquisitive and sceptical public asks why he should be ill? The answer probably is the very simple one that he really is ill. The prolonged strain to which he has been subjected has at last proved too much for him. He has long been suffering, and he has chosen the date of his sixty-third birthday to confess that he is not so young as he was. Too much excitement, anxiety, and responsibility, daily conflicts and daily perils, have worn him out, although his natural strength is far beyond that of the average of mankind. It has for some time been no secret that he would have before long to choose between death and retirement, and he has chosen to retire, to the disappointment of many alike of his friends and enemies, who held, for different reasons, that he was bound to die at his post. But it is not unnatural that he should have thought that he could do his country better service if he lived on to be ready if any great emergency should require his reappearance. He will be sure to be found willing to help if he is really wanted, and the mere fact that he may at any day resume his high position, and that he is watching what Germany is doing at home and abroad, will exercise a constant influence on the policy which his countrymen adopt. No tribute to his eminence could be more striking than that implied in the profound indifference with which the names of those appointed to succeed him in his different offices have been received. If WELLINGTON had been killed at Waterloo, it would not have seemed a matter of much moment which of his generals had taken over his command. Fortunately the great captain of German statesmanship has not been killed but only wounded, and his successors will know that they are conducting their operations under the superintendence of his vigilant criticism. Even while he seems to be doing nothing, saying nothing, and inspiring no one, his influence will remain as long as he lives, and it would have been a great loss to his country if he had shortened his life merely that for a little while longer his influence might be direct instead of indirect. Germany with Prince BISMARCK in retirement is a much greater Power in every way than it would be with Prince BISMARCK dead. Possibly a temporary rest may recruit his health, and he may in the course of time be willing to resume his ordinary work. But this cannot be confidently expected. His need of rest is so imperative, and his nerves and general health have been so much shattered, that it is not likely that he will readily seek again the burden of office in quiet times; and it may be presumed that it will be only when storms are threatening or raging that he will henceforth consent to pilot the labouring State.

The domestic affairs of Germany are passing through a stage which at once accounts for Prince BISMARCK's wish to retire and justifies the step he has taken. The great lines of the Empire have been laid. The indispensable conditions of coherence have been accepted by or forced on the minor States. Prince BISMARCK has had his way in regulating the relations of Church and State.

The military organization, the coinage, the criminal code of united Germany have been fashioned to his satisfaction. But after the day of great things the day of small things inevitably comes. Although the larger elements of a settlement are accepted, conflicts over details arise. The real union of Germany into a whole, the existence of which is recognized in all the trifles of ordinary life, must be the work, not of one man or of a few years, but of at least a generation. The Germans who are now called on to work the Imperial system have grown up with all the traditions, feelings, and prejudices of members of particular States, and they incline to walk in their old grooves so far as they think they can do so without bringing the Empire to destruction. They find a pleasure in thwarting Prince BISMARCK in little things. Prussian officials trained in the belief that each department is solely responsible to the Sovereign do not bend easily to the theories of Parliamentary government. Those who have been accustomed to work the railways in the minor States are pleased when they can put obstacles in the way of a man who desires that all railways should be worked so as to serve the purposes of the Empire. Germans, too, are necessarily deficient in political education, and many of them are easily induced to shut their eyes to the dangers of Socialism or the fallacies of Protection. To keep his countrymen straight, Prince BISMARCK has to be always at them, hammering, fighting, arguing, and not unrequently bullying, so that he may guide them right in matters each of which seems separately of no great importance. He is like a man who has fashioned for himself a fine park, and then finds he has to pass his life in spudding thistles. This is wearisome work, and the weariness of a kind peculiarly trying to a man whose over-exertion has made nervous and excitable. However hard he worked, he could not in this direction bring his work to an end. In the details of domestic politics the Germans must some day be left to take their own course, and blunder on as well as they are able. Prince BISMARCK may fairly say that the time is now come when he may leave them to themselves; and if the mistakes they make are very serious, they will be sure, he may think, to come to him to help them out of their difficulties.

It certainly, however, might have seemed that the present was scarcely a moment when the general situation of Europe would have permitted him to think that he could be well spared. There are so many threatening symptoms, and a war to which Germany could not be indifferent appears sometimes so near, that it seems wonderful that Prince BISMARCK should think this a fit opportunity for enjoying a year of leisure and travel. Any explanation of his motives must be mere guesswork. No one outside a very small circle of intimate confidants, and very possibly no one at all, knows what is the real view of Prince BISMARCK as to the present situation of Europe. We can only discuss probabilities; and of all solutions of his retirement the most improbable seems to be that he has long been trying to decoy Russia into a war which he knows must ruin her, and that he now finds he must give way, and leave his wise and honest old master to explain to the CZAR, and to ignorant persons like Prince GORTCHAKOFF, the real truth as to the prospects and position of Russia. If anything can be considered certain in current history, it is that the CZAR finds himself on the verge of war, not because he listened to the wily counsels of Prince BISMARCK, but because he shared the enthusiasm of his people, and wished to pursue the traditional policy of his country. Far from urging Russia to its ruin, Prince

BISMARCK, on the single occasion on which he has spoken publicly of the Eastern question, uttered a solemn warning to Russia that she would have to reckon with Germany if she pushed too far on the dangerous path of conquest. It is equally difficult to believe that Prince BISMARCK now retires because he sees no chance of finding a pretext for a wicked and indefensible attack on France. Prince BISMARCK exacted very hard terms from France, and has perpetually reminded his countrymen that they must be always armed and always on the alert if they wish to retain what they won. But he has steadily maintained that the true policy of Germany must be a defensive one, and his influence has always been used in the direction of moderating the impatience of the military caste in Germany. Some French critics have expressed a satisfaction at the thought that Prince BISMARCK will no longer inspire the foreign policy of Germany, as they think that his retirement is a guarantee of continued peace between Germany and France. They may be thankful if they do not come to see how much they are mistaken, and do not experience how much more unpleasant it will be for France to have to deal with the military caste in Germany, when Prince BISMARCK is no longer at hand to repress its arrogance and allay its irritation. Perhaps the simplest and most probable explanation of his retirement is that he does not see anything touching very closely the interests of Germany in the present state of European affairs. He leaves Germany on excellent terms with England, Austria, and Italy; he leaves it with no overt or immediate signs of hostility to France; and he has kept his countrymen quite clear of any direct connexion with the settlement of Turkey. If Russia does not go to war, the crisis is over for the present; and if Russia does go to war, he has secured, so far as such a point can be secured, that Russia will not do anything to wound the susceptibilities or imperil the interests of Germany. It may therefore seem to him that there is nothing very particular for him to say or do just now, and that, if rest is necessary for his health, he is as free to take it as he could ever hope to be.

THE PROTOCOL.

THE publication of the Protocol and the official correspondence relating to it will sufficiently explain the difficulties which for a time delayed an agreement on the subject. They were at last overcome by an understanding that England should not be bound by any agreement if Russia eventually failed to disarm. The Protocol sets forth in substance that the Powers who have signed it take cognizance of the conclusion of peace with Servia; that, as to Montenegro, they consider the rectification of the frontier and the free navigation of the Bojana desirable; that they regard the arrangements between the Porte and the two Principalities as a step towards pacification; and that, recognizing the good intentions of the Porte with regard to the Christian populations and its evident interest to carry them into effect, they invite that Government to place its armies on a peace footing. It is intimated also that the Powers propose to watch carefully, by means of their representatives at Constantinople and their local agents, the manner in which the promised reforms of the Ottoman Government are carried into effect, and that, if their hopes should once more be disappointed, they reserve to themselves to consider in common the best means of securing the well-being of the Christian populations and the interests of the general peace. A Russian declaration is appended, to the effect that, if peace is concluded with Montenegro, and the reforms promised by Turkey are seriously undertaken, the EMPEROR will consent to treat as to disarmament; and there is also a declaration by Lord DERBY that, in default of reciprocal disarmament, the Protocol will be deemed null and void. It is not surprising that political critics in England and in Russia are inclined to disparage a compact by which neither party is absolutely bound. The Russian AMBASSADOR, indeed, declared before the signature of the Protocol that his Government wished to demobilize the army; but he added the limitation that Turkey must not only agree to disarm simultaneously, but must make peace with Montenegro and prevent the occurrence of fresh outrages. The AMBASSADOR'S words have been recorded in the official account of the proceedings; but they were not in the first instance reduced to writing. The negotiators may not have intended to express mutual suspicion; but they were anxious to guard themselves

by every imaginable reservation. The general object was to establish some ostensible concert, and at the same time to concede none of the conflicting principles which it had previously been found difficult to reconcile. Four of the Great Powers have throughout the discussion kept themselves in the background, either through deference to Russia, or because they placed confidence in the firmness and perspicacity of the English Government. It is not the first time that the same onerous compliment has been paid to a Government which is supposed not to shrink from the duty of plain speaking. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when NAPOLEON III. proposed a Congress on the general affairs of Europe, the Continental Powers, although none of them approved of the proposal, returned a guarded assent, leaving Lord JOHN RUSSELL to incur the anger of the French EMPEROR by demonstrating in a vigorous despatch the absurdity of the entire project. At the present time no Government is disposed either to aid Russia in the coercion of Turkey, or unnecessarily to recognize the right of Russia to interfere; but England alone has openly maintained the validity of the Treaty of Paris, and has steadily resisted the Russian pretensions. The Protocol appears to include an engagement on the part of the signatory Powers to adopt such means as may be deemed expedient for inducing the Porte to perform the promises of improved administration which have been repeatedly made. If Russia fails to disarm within a reasonable time, England will not even be bound to adopt any means for the accomplishment of the common object. It seems impossible to promise less, if the document is to include any kind of undertaking.

Notwithstanding the vagueness of the Protocol, there is some reason to hope that it may serve its purpose. The signatures affixed to the diplomatic agreement are its most important part. A rupture of the negotiations would almost certainly have been followed by an advance of the Russian army, and it may be supposed that an amicable arrangement ought to produce the opposite result. The Russian journals were at first allowed or instructed to announce that their Government had obtained a great diplomatic victory; nor would it have been desirable to disturb an illusion which was apparently designed to reconcile public opinion to the abandonment of armed intervention. Within a few days the journals once more assumed a warlike tone, the Ministers having perhaps discovered that their original statements were not implicitly believed. If the Turkish Government prudently makes concessions to Montenegro, and gives assurances of its intention to disarm, the Russian Government may perhaps persuade its subjects that the object of the threatened war has been obtained without actual collision. The most disquieting symptoms consist in the alleged continuance of military preparations; but it is satisfactory to know that there are no independent newspaper Correspondents at the headquarters of the army, and that all reports and rumours are exclusively official. It is at least possible that reinforcements, railway arrangements, and plans of campaign may have been announced for political reasons with little reference to actual occurrences. When the numbers of an army expand suddenly from 250,000 to 400,000, it may be allowable to receive with a sceptical reserve information directly or indirectly furnished by the Government. It is much more certain that General IGNATIEFF was sent to the European capitals on a diplomatic mission than that the Archduke NICHOLAS has received orders to cross the Pruth at the beginning of May. If it is true that the EMPEROR ALEXANDER intends to reward his confidential Envoy by a high titular distinction, there will be additional reason for supposing that the Russian Government intends to maintain peace. Now, as at all former times, the decision rests with the EMPEROR alone, although he may think it desirable to satisfy the judgment of his subjects, who will in any case accept his policy.

If the odd arrangement with which the negotiations ended had not been patched up, the IGNATIEFF mission might have been explained by a desire on the part of Russia to place the EMPEROR'S pacific wishes on record at the beginning of the war. The Russian Government might have plausibly objected to the ingenious device by which Lord DERBY evaded the apparent necessity of insisting on disarmament. As the compromise was finally adopted, some contingency to which it was applicable must have been contemplated by Russia. Disarmament, which will not be of right demanded by the other parties to the Protocol, will subject them to the obligations, if any,

which have been hypothetically incurred. War, on the other hand, would invalidate the result of so many negotiations. It is perfectly true that Russia has given no formal undertaking to abandon, or even to postpone, her invasion of Turkey; but a warlike policy would be more offensive to Europe since the signature of an agreement which was evidently designed as an instrument for maintaining peace. Those who have taken the trouble to construct a bridge for the Russian retreat would be entitled to complain of the waste of their labour if the bridge were not used for its destined purpose. If the army in Bessarabia is dispersed, it will not be expedient to dilate on the vacillations of Russian policy. The reasons for peace are obvious and cogent; but it is plain that some time since they were not thought conclusive. A year ago Lord DERBY incautiously asserted that the financial condition of Russia was a security for peace. It is possible that economical considerations may have contributed to the ultimate decision of the Russian Government; but experience shows that great Powers are seldom deterred from war by pecuniary difficulties. A stronger reason for moderation has probably been furnished by the impossibility of obtaining from the Great Powers an assurance of eventual neutrality. Austria especially has throughout reserved freedom of action; and at the beginning of the session of the German Parliament Prince BISMARCK significantly intimated that in certain contingencies Germany would come to the assistance of Austria. It is not to be supposed that the Turkish armaments influenced in any considerable degree the policy of Russia. The only consequence of a declaration of war which could be regarded as certain was the success of the Russian army against the Turks.

Those who have taken an active part in advocating the claims of the Christian subjects of the SULTAN have some reason for the dissatisfaction which they express at the result of the negotiation with Russia. The English Government has perhaps accomplished the object which it proposed to itself of preventing or adjourning a rupture between Russia and Turkey; but it has not obtained; nor since the failure of the Conference demanded, any concession from the Porte. In the course of the late discussion the Government constantly repudiated any purpose of coercion; and consequently it can only rely on friendly influence for the adoption of any advice which it may offer to the SULTAN and his Ministers. It is fully ascertained that the neutrality of the English Government is approved by Parliament; but the minority has a plausible case for complaining that there is no security against the continuance of chronic misgovernment, or even against the possible recurrence of such atrocities as those which were perpetrated last year in Bulgaria. Many expressions of Lord DERBY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and other Ministers may be quoted as admissions that the oppressed Christians are entitled not only to compassion, but to some kind of protection; and it is perfectly true that any express or implied promise of aid which may have been given has not been fulfilled. It may not be possible to vindicate the absolute consistency of the Government; and perhaps it would have been prudent to withhold vague pledges which could only be redeemed by a policy of coercion. There can be little doubt that Lord DERBY will apply to the Porte all the moral pressure which he may have the means of exercising; and the influence of England, which had been previously impaired, ought to be revived by the great service which will have been rendered to Turkey if diplomacy has succeeded in averting a Russian invasion. It is possible that the Turks themselves may at last have become convinced that their only chance of preserving their national existence is to abate some of the grosser evils of their system of government. Even the anomalous and paradoxical Parliament may possibly be turned to some practical use, as some of the members appear to construe liberally the powers and immunities which are secured to the Assembly on paper. It will be strange if an institution plagiarized from countries in a different stage of civilization should find a congenial soil in Turkey. A well-paid and impartial police force would offer a better chance of improvement.

THE COMING BUDGET.

IT is now known that the anticipations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will be almost exactly confirmed by the result. The equilibrium between last year's estimates

and the actual receipts and expenditure is due to a casual increase of miscellaneous revenue; but the deficiency would in any case have been fractional. It was undoubtedly prudent to assume that the ordinary income of the last year would be the same with that of the year before. As trade has not yet emerged from its long stagnation, the revenue derived from consumption might have been expected to decline; but the increase of population, and the maintenance in almost all branches of industry of the high rate of wages which had been established in more prosperous times, has prevented any considerable diminution of receipts from the Customs and the Excise. The actual proceeds of the additional penny of Income-tax must depend in some degree on the completeness of collection. The increase in the produce of the tax during the year is less than 1,200,000*l.*, while, at the former rate, each penny produced a million and a half. The large reductions and exemptions by which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE guarded against popular agitation account for a part, but probably not for the whole, of the diminished return. Arrears now outstanding will be credited to next year's estimates, with the result of producing a slight increase as compared with the corresponding item in the last Budget. The estimates of expenditure will be nearly the same with those of last year; but Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Sinking Fund will now be brought for the first time into full operation, involving an additional charge for the present and future years of 300,000*l.* It is not to be supposed that either the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER or the House of Commons will divert the fund from its destined application within two years from the first adoption of the plan, and in a season of no extraordinary financial pressure. All parties are verbally pledged to a partial reduction of the debt; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's scheme is cheaper and simpler than the practice of creating terminable annuities. Altogether, it will be necessary to provide nearly 80,000,000*l.* for the public service; nor is the expenditure unreasonable as compared with the outlay of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. Warlike stores, the cost of naval construction, and the wages of soldiers and sailors have largely risen; and a large addition to the civil functions of Government has necessarily produced increased expense. A part of the addition to the expenditure of a former generation is merely a matter of account. About five-and-twenty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE introduced the rule of including in the annual outlay the cost of collecting the revenue.

It may be hoped that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will adopt the simple course of making no financial change during the present year. He will be justified, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory results of the autumn and winter quarters, in calculating on the same revenue which he last year expected and received. Although industry is still stagnant, there are some symptoms of an approaching revival of commercial activity; for the first time in many months the rate of interest in the open market is the same with that of the Bank of England, and the increased demand is apparently due to legitimate causes. The returns of railway traffic during the early spring show a slight advance as compared with the corresponding season of last year, and some trades are in a tolerably flourishing condition. Two years have elapsed since the events which were followed by the exposures of the Foreign Loans Committee, and more than a year since the ruinous losses incurred by Turkish bondholders. No similar cause of distress has arisen during 1876; and there has never been a time in which the more hazardous kinds of speculation have been more generally suspended. There are objections to financial schemes which leave even a remote chance of deficiency; but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have to balance the disadvantages of a narrow or vanishing margin of revenue over expenditure against the great and immediate mischief of increased taxation. The suggestion of an addition to the spirit duties is not likely to be adopted. A change in the rate of duties on articles of consumption which is intended to be only temporary involves great inconvenience to manufacturers and traders. It is difficult to estimate the effect of an increased tax on consumption; and the negotiations relating to the French Commercial Treaty might perhaps be embarrassed by an increased Customs duty on spirits, although a corresponding addition would be necessarily made to the Excise. There seems to be no other indirect tax which could be increased without great inconvenience.

There remains the almost defenceless victim of modern

financiers, the unfortunate payer of Income-tax. Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE was perhaps unduly blamed for the inequalities which he introduced into the assessment of the tax when he last year increased the amount. There was no doubt that the poorer contributors, while they bore but an equal share of the direct impost, paid more than their proportional share of Excise and Customs duties. It was also just to extend to the lower section of the middle class an exemption which had, in spite of the law, been practically asserted by artisans. The principle of partial relief had been recognized from the time of Sir ROBERT PEELE to the present day; and it was justly remarked that a moderate extension of apparent anomalies could scarcely amount to revolutionary confiscation. There is no doubt that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has in his official capacity profited largely by his conciliation of a class which included the most troublesome section of taxpayers. The small tradesmen who responded to the appeals of agitators have been silenced; and the great majority of borough voters have no interest in the percentage which may be levied on income. The surviving contributors to the Income-tax have a strong moral claim on the forbearance of the Minister who has relieved himself from the clamorous remonstrances of their neighbours. They had simultaneously to bear an addition of fifty per cent. to their own burdens; and they are now waiting with anxiety to learn whether the increase may not be doubled. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is unavoidably compelled to disregard exact symmetry of taxation; but he is at the same time bound to remember that the Income-tax becomes more unequal as often as it varies in amount. If the charge could have been permanently maintained at the moderate rate to which it had been judiciously reduced by Mr. LOWE, the recipient of an income worth a year's purchase would in course of time have paid precisely the same relative amount with the landowner or the freeholder. An addition which is imposed for a short time weighs unjustly on the trader or professional man whose income may perhaps only coincide in duration with the tax. Another reason against an increase is that the proportionate productiveness of the tax varies inversely with the rate.

There is no reason to regret the practical concentration of responsibility on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. When the Prime Minister happens, like Sir R. PEELE or Mr. GLADSTONE, to possess great financial authority, he may, if he thinks fit, take part in the arrangement of a Budget; but Mr. GLADSTONE himself seemed not to interfere habitually with the projects of Mr. LOWE, and Lord BEACONSFIELD would certainly not think of overruling the plans of Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may count as confidently on the support of the House of Commons as on the assent of his colleagues; but his friends are more directly interested than his opponents in his avoidance of an unpalatable increase of taxation. If, indeed, an addition to the Income-tax were indispensable to the national credit or the public service, the Government which proposed the measure would incur no risk of defeat; but the popularity of the Ministers out of doors has lately been compromised, and it will be desirable to avoid causes of irritation. The conclusion of the late tedious negotiation may perhaps justify a more cheerful view of commercial and financial prospects. Although the connexion between cause and effect may be open to question, the depression of trade has been often attributed to the prospect of political complications. It is true that the stagnation prevails in the United States, which are exempt from the risks of European diplomacy and ambition, as well as in Germany, which has ostentatiously professed indifference to the Eastern question. The influence of menaces or probabilities of war has perhaps been exaggerated; but it may not have been wholly imaginary. Not long since the Russian Government formally assigned as one of its possible reasons for invading Turkey the uncertainty which had, as it was said, for some time paralysed industry. On the whole, it may be expected that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will make a short speech, and introduce an unambitious Budget. It will not be difficult to explain to the satisfaction of the House of Commons that there is no surplus, no deficiency, no opportunity of affording relief, and no necessity of imposing new burdens on the community.

INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY.

IN his recent speech in the Legislative Council Lord LYTTON takes credit to himself for telling the public the truth about important questions in which they are legitimately interested. If this is to be the uniform note of the VICEROY's Parliamentary efforts, it is difficult not to feel some alarm at the possible consequences of such unwonted frankness. There are two considerations which suggest a doubt as to the prudence of taking the public into his confidence. One relates to the character of the public which is thus favoured; the other to the position of the personage who thus favours it. Lord LYTTON does not exaggerate the ignorance and liability to error of the Indian press; but, as regards the native portion of it at all events, he attributes to it a capacity of being influenced by the truth when it is known which is altogether imaginary. The wisdom of taking every opportunity of winning confidence by showing confidence greatly depends on the probability that there is any confidence to be won. A well-disposed press which is expected daily to criticize a policy and action which are unknown to it will doubtless benefit by the removal of its ignorance. But an ill-disposed press will merely have the nature of its work a little changed. Hitherto it has invented a policy in order to condemn it. Under Lord LYTTON it will distort a policy in order to condemn it, and the latter process is on the whole the more mischievous of the two. Nor is the Viceroy of India in the position of a Parliamentary Minister. He is the chief of a powerful Executive, and of an Executive whose usefulness depends in a great measure upon its ability to impress its subjects with an adequate idea of its strength. The spectacle of the Viceroy appealing for the support, first of the Legislative Council, and next of the Indian press, is not calculated to further this end. To invite criticism which you do not mean to regard unless it square with your own opinion is more likely to irritate the critic than to conciliate them.

For once, however, Lord LYTTON's plain speaking promises to be of some use. As regards the Indian public the best thing that can be hoped for is that it should be forgotten. But as regards the English public the case is different. A great part of Lord LYTTON's speech is devoted to an exposition of Indian frontier policy, and this is very much too important a matter to be usefully decided without reference to Parliament. As a rule, the practice of constituting the House of Commons a court of appeal from the decrees of the Indian Government is not one to be commended. It is seldom that the House takes any interest in the controversy, and on the rare occasions when it can be made to do so it by no means follows that its knowledge is commensurate with its interest. But the frontier policy of the Government of India is not purely, nor even mainly, an Indian question. It concerns England as much as or more than it concerns India. If the attitude of reserve which has been maintained by Lord LYTTON's predecessors should be departed from, and the change should entail a heavy military expenditure, it is England, not India, that would in the end have to bear the burden. A military disaster is not like a famine—a mere matter of raising so many millions by loan. The whole strength of the Empire might have to be employed in order to retrieve it, and, if nothing less would answer the purpose, it most certainly would have to be employed. A change in Indian frontier policy which may possibly lead to results of this magnitude ought not to be left to the decision of any Viceroy, however versatile or however ingenious. We know what Lord LYTTON's predecessors have been about. Their policy may have been timid, or selfish, or short-sighted, or anything else that their censors are pleased to call it. Lord LYTTON may have a very much better policy in his pocket; that is a point which will be better decided when his efforts at winning confidence by showing confidence have passed beyond the stage of imposing generalities. But a Viceroy would hardly drag foreign policy into a Budget debate if he did not desire to do something different from what has been done for the last twenty years. If he does desire this, the less reticence he shows about his policy the better. The revolution may be a beneficial one, but it will be a revolution all the same. We took occasion a month ago (*Saturday Review*, March 3) to set out in some detail the reasons which have so long availed to prevent any change in the strictly passive attitude maintained by a succession of Viceroys as

regards the powers that are interposed between India and Central Asia. Those reasons involve political, strategical, and financial considerations of the highest moment. To appoint a Resident at Kabul, much more to occupy Herat, Kandahar, or Quettah may conceivably be sound policy, but its adoption would commit us to much that cannot now be foreseen; and, when a policy is full of danger in the future, it cannot be too carefully examined in the present. The Government of India can do nothing without the consent of the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State can be challenged to say plainly what it is that the Government of India wish to do. If Parliament, having been put in full possession of all the facts and all the possibilities of the case, is willing to take a new departure, and to enter into fresh relations with Afghanistan, there will be nothing for it but to acquiesce. But acquiescence in the results of an inquiry is a different matter from acquiescence in the absence of inquiry. It is the latter frame of mind that is especially to be deprecated; and, on this ground at all events, we rejoice that the Viceroy has himself called attention to the question.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning that is to be put upon Lord LYTON's speech in the Legislative Council. On the one hand, it is full of assurances that no good end will be attained by military expeditions, by spasmodic gifts, or by aimless expenditure of money. On the other hand, it seems to point to measures which, however pacific they may be in outward seeming, are yet exceedingly likely to lead at any rate to the first and last of these evils. Lord LYTON's dream of a belt of independent frontier States throughout which the British name is to be honoured and trusted and British subjects liked and respected, is to be realized, it seems, by "constant friendly contact with our less civilized neighbours and the presence in their midst of earnest upright English gentlemen." Negotiations and friendly intercourse are to extricate these States from the "anarchy and bloodshed in which they are now floundering"—in plain words, we suppose, the Government of India intend to place a Resident at Cabul. This step will no doubt be represented as designed to prevent the need either of military operations or a large expenditure of money. We are rather afraid that the effect of its adoption would be the very opposite of this. As we said the other day, if the first act of the drama is the Resident, the second is very likely to be "the escort, the third and fourth the cantonments and the brigade, and the fifth, in all probability, some precipitation of the very consequences we are by these means seeking to avert." The presence of an English gentleman, however earnest and upright, in the midst of less civilized neighbours, who do not want him, may be a political necessity. But it is mere self-deception to talk of it as a substitute for military occupation. If it is a political necessity, it is one which will probably bring a military necessity in its train. Lord LYTON declares that the object he has in view is so supremely important, and so greatly beneficial, as to justify a more systematic prosecution of it than has been yet attempted. He does not exactly say what this object is; but if, as seems probable, negotiation and friendly intercourse are to be the permanent instruments through which it is to be attained, the natural inference is that a radical change of policy is in contemplation. It is only doing the Government of India bare justice to admit that it rarely takes a step of this importance without having counted the cost and calculated the consequences. But when the cost and the consequences may easily be so serious, it is desirable that this prevision should not be confined to the Government of India. It is the people of England that would ultimately have to find the money for an Afghan war, or to bear the disgrace of an Afghan defeat; and with this contingency before them, it is the business of Parliament to insist on a plain statement of Lord LYTON's policy being submitted to it, before it is too late to inquire whether there are any good grounds for its adoption.

POLITICS IN THE PROVINCES.

TWO Cabinet Ministers have been starring in their counties, and a little Liberal gathering has been held at Carlisle. The East Cumberland Liberal Association secured the attendance of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and caught on a flying visit Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who explained

that he was having an outing before the meeting of Parliament. The local Associations formed for political purposes are fortunately almost entirely independent of what is said and done at their gatherings, and it probably makes no material difference to the prospects of the Liberal party in East Cumberland whether, when its Association eats a public dinner, those who address it have anything to say or not. Otherwise those who assembled at Carlisle might have thought their time was being in some measure wasted. If the Association is to be successful, its success must consist in sending a member to Parliament who will enforce and possibly advocate the policy of the Liberal party. Sir WILFRID LAWSON must therefore have somewhat damped the spirits of his hearers when he occupied the time allotted to him in explaining what a dreadful nuisance it is for any one to be in Parliament. His account of what he himself has to endure at Westminster was graphic and probably correct. He has to sit up half the night listening to interminable bores talking unceasing twaddle. Nor is this all. He has to leave the country and live in London, where his ears cannot be gratified by the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, or the singing of birds. Even when he gets back to his home he is not much better off, as he has to make speeches without having ideas, and to pay subscriptions without having the money. Such is the miserable position to which the Cumberland Liberals are invited to condemn a new victim. As to the policy of the Liberal party, he confessed that, so far as he went, he was not aware that the party had any policy, and he therefore invited Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be good enough to explain to an inquiring provincial audience what the policy of the Liberal party really is. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT naturally declined, on the general ground that it was not his business to lay down the policy of his party, and on the special ground that he was taking a holiday, and ought not to be asked to spoil his holiday by having to think. This was an unanswerable plea, as it is obvious that a Liberal leader would never get a holiday at all if, while nominally taking recreation, he had to subject his mind to the severe strain of imagining what it really is that his party means and wishes. The simple fact is that the Liberal party has no policy in the sense of definite measures which it wishes to carry, or definite proposals as to foreign or domestic affairs which it wishes to see adopted. So far as there is at this moment any observable difference between the two great political parties, this difference consists in an undefinable divergence of political tastes and feelings. Liberals and Conservatives would probably act just now very much in the same way whichever party was in office; but, while doing the same things, they would lean in different directions; and if the East Cumberland electors, on the whole, like that direction best in which their new member would lean if they could secure his election, they may reasonably be anxious to find some one who will be willing at their request to exchange the delight of listening to the pleasant scolds made by sheep and cows for the painful pursuit of listening to Mr. BIGGAR.

Mr. WARD HUNT and Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH have much more to say than Liberals can have, for they can go on for ever praising the Cabinet to which they belong. They have each, too, a special department, and they can speak of the navy and of Ireland. Mr. WARD HUNT had not, indeed, much that was new to say at Peterborough about the navy, and had even once more to resort to his favourite topic that, whatever mistakes the Admiralty may make, the British tar will always do his duty. But as a personal revelation he was able to announce that he very much liked being criticized, as he felt that criticism braced him up. He is thus always doing himself good, and by providing unending food for criticism he is perpetually making himself happier and stronger. Of Ireland Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH was able to give a very good account, as it is getting every day more peaceful and prosperous. The Ministry, he explained, went on the principle of giving Ireland rest and doing as little as possible to encourage the Irish in their various whims. To do nothing is, as they have discovered, the simple secret of Irish administration. The Liberals had big measures for Ireland, and Ireland was in perpetual agitation. The Conservatives have no measures for Ireland, or next to none, and Ireland is quiet and happy. A Conservative audience was sure to be quite ready to accept this as a striking proof of the superiority of Conservative management. But it is obviously begging the question, as a Liberal might reply

that it is precisely because big measures were framed and carried that Ireland is now contented. The sole object of such measures as the Irish Church and the Irish Land Acts was to remove grievances which caused discontent, and if discontent has ceased, this may not unfairly be ascribed to the removal of these grievances. A similar observation may be made on all the glorifications which the present Ministry bestows on itself and its measures. It is very proud of having passed several small measures which have given little or no offence, and it is quite right in saying that it has done what the nation wished it to do. Small, inoffensive measures suited the temper of the times. The excitement of settling big questions which awoke many angry passions and much bitter feeling had worn the country out, and it was in the mood for a quiet life and a little gentle play. There was no wish to go backward, but there was also no wish to go forward; and the great merit of the present Government is that it exactly understood what it was wanted to do in a special and temporary crisis. It often happens in a school that one master works the boys hard all the morning, and another master takes them out for a walk in the afternoon. The Conservatives resemble the master who conducts hard-worked scholars for a gentle stroll, and it must be owned that they have discharged this amiable duty in a pleasing and not uninstructional manner.

But it is not to domestic successes that Conservative Ministers now point with the greatest pride. It is the foreign policy of the Cabinet that fills them with admiration of the most triumphant kind. It is certain that the Ministry has had most difficult problems to deal with, and it is probable that it has done on the whole as well as any Ministry would have done. But it is not easy to go much further. No doubt Lord DERRY has shown the virtue of patience for which his colleagues praise him so enthusiastically. He has gone plodding on, writing a series of guarded despatches, striving to do his duty, and earnestly working for peace. But it is not easy to see in what definite way he has contributed to the settlement of the Eastern question. What more especially awakens the admiration of Mr. WARD HUNT and Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH is the mode in which Lord DERRY treated the Berlin Memorandum. The form in which it was presented was offensive to the dignity of England, and Lord DERRY very properly objected to this, and his conduct met with the approval, not only of his countrymen, but of impartial foreigners. But it was quite otherwise when he not only rejected the Memorandum so far as the question of form went, but also refused to have anything to do with its contents. This isolation of England was strongly and warmly deplored by Powers so friendly as Austria and France. And what has it all come to? Lord DERRY has at last signed the Protocol, and the Protocol is really nothing but the Berlin Memorandum in another shape. It recognizes the grievances of the Christians and the proposed intentions of the Porte to make reforms. It announces that the Powers will carefully and minutely watch to see whether those reforms are carried out; and if they are not carried out, then they will concert as to what measures are to be taken. This is practically the Berlin Memorandum over again. In the present state of affairs Lord DERRY is not to be blamed, or rather he is to be strongly approved, for signing the Protocol. It was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. He wished to avert war, and took the only means in his power to avert it. But, so far as he has shaped the circumstances in which he now finds himself, he has so shaped them that he has come to accepting the Memorandum which he gained so much glory in the eyes of his colleagues by rejecting last May. If this is a triumph, it is a triumph which it must be left to Gloucestershire and Northamptonshire Conservatives to estimate at its proper value.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE latest accounts from South Africa, though they require further explanation, seem to confirm the probability of a federal union between the English Colonies and the Dutch Republics. Mr. BURGERS, President of the Transvaal, now openly supports the policy which he had hitherto opposed, and his conversion is the more remarkable because the Kaffir war has been for the present suspended. It is said that the terms of peace were humiliating and unsatisfactory, and a fresh rupture may probably be

impending, as it is evident that uneasiness and alarm have produced a division of opinion. The Volksraad appears still to profess a desire of maintaining the independence of the Republic, but at the same time it is willing to form a close alliance with the English Colonies. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, as the agent of the Colonial Office, declines to negotiate on the assumption that the Transvaal is to remain independent; and on the whole it seems probable that the arguments which have convinced Mr. BURGERS will ultimately find acceptance with his countrymen. The story of the whole transaction is evidently fragmentary and incomplete. Lord CARNARVON, as a prudent and constitutional statesman, may be trusted not to pursue a policy of annexation except under the pressure of sufficient reasons; and, on the other hand, the Dutch settlers would not even discuss the surrender of their independence if the necessity of union were not urgent. The jealousies and the feelings of irritation which caused them to renounce their allegiance to the English Crown many years ago are probably still operative. Their grievances since the first English conquest of the Cape have lately been recorded by a Scotch writer with a violent partisanship which must have been borrowed from the inhabitants of the Republic. When the two outlying States were constituted, the seceding Dutch relied on their own ability both to defend their territories and perhaps to extend their dominions at the expense of the natives. The late petty war appears to have suggested a reasonable dread of their formidable neighbours in the interior of the continent. The success which was at one time attained was almost more mortifying than defeat; for the Boers owed their victory to native allies, while their own levies displayed little warlike aptitude. As the proposed union would be most directly beneficial to the weakest constituents of the Federation, it will be desirable not to exhibit an urgency which might induce the people of the Transvaal to think that they were conferring a favour. Fortunately, entire confidence may be placed in Lord CARNARVON's discretion and tact. The Doppers or Dutch yeomen are still opposed to union with the English Colonies; but the settlers in the gold-fields and the small traders of the towns or villages unanimously desire immediate annexation.

If the Transvaal were effectually isolated, it would be unnecessary that the English Government should interfere for the protection of the Republic against internal troubles or external dangers. The expediency of allowing the Dutch farmers to assert their independence may have been more than questionable; but in ordinary circumstances there would be no pretext for revoking the concession. It is only because a war provoked by the Transvaal is likely to extend into the English possessions that the Imperial Government can be driven to assert the right of exercising a control over the method of dealing with the natives. Natal and West Griqualand are occupied by a scanty population of English settlers who are largely outnumbered by the natives. Beyond the frontier are warlike tribes of the same race, whose strength and numbers are unknown; and in case of war the Kaffirs may probably not be careful to distinguish between two European races. There is reason to believe that the late hostilities in the Transvaal were caused by encroachments and acts of violence on the part of the Dutch farmers; and it hereafter the English Government is compelled for the sake of its own subjects to extend protection to their neighbours, it is both entitled and bound to claim a control over the policy on which peace and war may depend. The peremptory language which is attributed to Lord CARNARVON's envoy, and the partial acquiescence with which it has been received, can only be explained by the knowledge of both parties that serious danger is to be feared. Except for purposes of defence against native tribes, the return of reluctant and malcontent subjects to their former allegiance would not be a desirable acquisition. It is not known whether the Orange Free State is better disposed to enter into negotiations for federal union than it was during the visit of President BRAND to England. In both the Dutch Republics there is an English minority which will probably use in support of confederation any influence which it may possess.

The Ministry of the Cape Colony has not yet formally adhered to Lord CARNARVON's policy. The most important community in South Africa is disinclined to join on equal terms a confederacy of comparatively insignificant settlements; and the question is further complicated by the anxiety of the Government of Cape Town to prevent the

separation of the Eastern province from the Cape. The local Government is proud of the success with which it has hitherto managed the natives, and, entertaining no apprehension of war, it is not disposed to make sacrifices for the benefit of Natal or of the Transvaal. The policy of founding a nation in South Africa which may hereafter become powerful is more comprehensive and more statesmanlike; but the hesitation and the susceptibility of Mr. MOLTENO and his party are not unintelligible. Modern experience has proved that even loyal colonies are habitually actuated by a morbid suspicion of the interference of the mother-country. From time to time almost all the greater English colonies have rejected with violent indignation, and even with threats of secession, measures which had been proposed by the Colonial Office in the belief that they were inoffensive. When there is a similar collision of policy, the Imperial Government always sooner or later gives way. Many years have passed since the colonists of the Cape enforced the discontinuance of transportation; and the same concession was extorted by the Australian colonies, although the only settlement which was directly concerned in the question was not unwilling to receive English convicts. The Cape may perhaps be reconciled to the scheme of confederation when it is once thoroughly understood that neither Lord CARNARVON nor any of his successors will impose their policy on the colonists without their consent. Among other paternal attributes of the English Government is a willing recognition of the right of dependencies to the privileges of maturity.

The most zealous of colonial critics cannot plausibly impute to the Home Government the purpose of increasing its own power by promoting division. Confederation may not be universally applicable to adjacent settlements, but it necessarily tends to make them more independent. The Dominion of Canada has almost ceased to complain of Imperial interference since it has assumed the dimensions and character of a powerful State. On a smaller scale South Africa is invited to adopt an organization which will enable it to govern itself, and in the first place to provide for its own security. The dissentients from Lord CARNARVON's policy, while they protest against alleged dictation, are anxious to throw on the English Government the burden of defending the smaller settlements from native invasion. It fortunately happens that colonial questions have in recent times been entirely withdrawn from the region of party politics. In a former generation Ministries were endangered or overthrown in contests relating to the affairs of Canada or Jamaica. The universal acceptance of the doctrine of responsible government for the colonies has had the incidental advantage of rendering colonial policy independent of Ministerial changes. Lord KIMBERLEY habitually supports the measures of Lord CARNARVON, and if he, or one of his Liberal allies, hereafter returns to the Colonial Office, there will be no factious opposition to apprehend. The House of Commons, while it constantly assumes to itself more complete control over domestic administration, abstains with a sound instinct from officious meddling with Indian or colonial disputes. When the Minister has succeeded in reconciling the jealousies and obviating the objections of the Colonies and the neighbouring States, he may confidently rely on obtaining the approval of a scheme of confederation by the Imperial Parliament. The project is at present embodied in a Bill which has been circulated throughout South Africa, before it has been submitted to either House or officially published in England.

FRENCH FACTIONS.

THE election which is to be held to-morrow at Bordeaux will be of more than usual interest. It is, as so often happens under a system which makes an absolute majority of the votes given necessary to the return of a candidate, a second ballot; but it differs from most second ballots in one most important particular. At the first ballot there were three candidates—a moderate Radical, an extreme Radical, and a Legitimist. The extreme Radical got more votes than the moderate, and, according to the usual practice when there are two candidates nominally belonging to the same party, the one that had the fewest votes has retired. But the absurdity of leaving the moderate Republicans in the constituency no alternative but to support either a Royalist or a Radical revolution has apparently struck some of the Bordeaux electors as too absurd to be endured any longer. A moderate Radical

candidate has accordingly come forward in the room of the candidate who has retired, and the contest of to-morrow will again be a triangular duel. Supposing that only the voters who took part in the first ballot come to the poll in the second, the Irreconcilable candidate must be successful. But the hopes of the moderate Republicans are built upon the fact that at the first ballot there were a large number of abstentions; and it is assumed, with apparent reason, that, as it is not the custom of extreme politicians to abstain from voting at elections, these absentees must be moderate Republicans, in the sense at least of not preferring any other form of government. It was not for want of appeals to them to come forward that these electors stayed in their tents at the first ballot. They must have been aware that the extreme Radical candidate was an Irreconcilable, and that, so far as he had any influence in the Chamber, it would be directed to the destruction of the Conservative Republic, and to the substitution for it of a Republic which, in the eyes of these moderate electors, means the Reign of Terror over again. This knowledge was not sufficient, however, to bring them to the poll. Either because they were altogether indifferent to politics, and cared no more for the election of a deputy than an ordinary Londoner cares for the election of a vestryman, or because they drew no distinction between the moderate Radical and the extreme Radical candidate, or because they did not care to show themselves in open opposition to the Conservative candidate, or from some local or personal cause which has not come to light, they chose to stay at home rather than to do the little that was required to defeat a candidate whom they must have thoroughly feared. It may be of course that the imminence of the return of the extreme Radical may rouse them into greater activity than they have yet shown. At all events it becomes a question of great interest whether it will have this effect or not. If it has not, it cannot be for want of all the ordinary incentives to action. Bordeaux is an extremely Radical city—extremely Radical, that is to say, in the sense that its Radicalism is of the most violent type. Political partisanship in the South of France is not in the least mealy-mouthed. Radicals express their feelings with the most perfect frankness, and leave their adversaries in no uncertainty as to the destiny to which they would consign them if they had the power. Consequently the moderate Republicans of Bordeaux have had full warning of the danger in which they would be placed if the Irreconcilable faction gained possession of the government. There is no reason to suppose that they are indifferent to this danger, or that they would not, if necessary, welcome a dictator of some sort as a refuge from it. But, though they would probably be willing to confirm the appointment when some one else had made it, they have as yet shown no trace of that political energy which would enable them to dispense with a dictator. The moderate Republican party has every chance in its favour except one. It is numerically strong, for a large part of the preference which was formerly felt for the Empire as being the Government which best assured order at home and tranquillity abroad has passed to the Republic as being the Government in possession, and, more than this, as being a Government which has given very sufficient evidence of its ability to hold its own against insurrection. It has possession of the machine of government, which in France is a consideration of enormous force. It has a large majority in the Chamber, and nothing more is needed than a determination to make their numbers felt at the election to ensure the retention of this majority. Yet, with all these advantages, the moderate Republicans seem to have as little energy or organization as though they were an oppressed and isolated minority. To-morrow's voting at Bordeaux may possibly show that this apathy is beginning to be disturbed. It is certainly high time that it should be, if the moderate Republicans intend to maintain their advantage in the next conflict of French factions.

The latest act of the Government has been to dissolve the Paris Catholic Committee. That this Committee, like all the Catholic agencies which it served to link together under some approach to a central organization, was intensely hostile to the Government and to the Republic is undoubted. The French clergy seem to have made up their minds that there is nothing to be hoped for from the Republic, and they are consequently anxious to replace it as soon as possible by a Government of better ecclesiastical dispositions. They may be Legitimists or Imperialists at their pleasure; upon this point the

Church leaves them free to follow their individual preferences. But they are not free to proclaim themselves Republicans, because there is no chance that the Republic, even in its most moderate type, will do anything for the cause which the Roman authorities have nearest their hearts. If the Republic would fight for the restoration of the Temporal Power, it might to all appearance secure the active support of nearly all the priests in France; but, as there is not the least chance of its doing this, it becomes the duty of every good Ultramontane to strive to compass its overthrow by every means in his power. That the Roman authorities can really feel any assurance that another Government would do any better for them may be doubted. They have had experience of every form of monarchy of late years, and they must know that one and all have left the Pope to shift for himself. Their feeling probably is that, if in some of the impending European complications the chances of the Temporal Power should improve, it would at least be an advantage to have a Government in France which would have no objection on principle to give the Pope a helping hand. Either of the two possible restorations would answer this description, and for this reason the clergy are perfectly ready to support either the Count of Chambord or Prince Louis Napoleon in the event of it being possible to take either course to any practical purpose. Still an explanation of the hatred of the Church to the Republic ought not to constitute an explanation of the severity of the Republic towards the Church. If the Catholic Committee of Paris has really been intriguing against the existing order of things in any way that can be brought home to its officials, it might be a useful warning to bring it to trial. The impudent assumption of the Clerical party that, so long as a revolution is of the right sort, it is not in the least inconsistent with Conservative principles to bring one about, deserves to be sharply dealt with. But the dissolution of the Catholic Committee is almost tantamount to a confession that there is no charge that can be brought against its members with any chance of success. Such a step is like suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. It implies that there are men against whom nothing can be proved, who nevertheless cannot be trusted with the ordinary liberty of association. There may of course be conditions under which this is a necessary measure of precaution; but such precautions have always the drawback of giving importance to the persons attacked. This is undoubtedly the effect which the dissolution of the Central Catholic Committee will have in France; and it is difficult to see any gain that the Government can expect to reap which will at all compensate for this undesigned tribute to their enemy's pretensions.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THAT, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, is an old saying which the War Office seems too apt to neglect. There was at one time a great deal of gushing talk about the Volunteers as the element of national defence which rendered the country for ever safe from foreign invasion; and the military authorities, with all their contempt for civilian assistance, found it expedient to humour the movement, if it were only for the sake of keeping up a popular disposition to accept the Army Estimates without criticism or cavil. Now, however, though there is not the same enthusiasm about the Volunteers, they have settled down into a steady, business-like force of a very valuable kind. That they are still in a somewhat crude state, especially as regards their officers, must be admitted; but there can be no doubt that they have in a quiet way, without any fuss and parade, greatly improved in drill and discipline. The Volunteer service is practically supported by private subscriptions of large aggregate amount, for the Government grant is little more than nominal; and there is also a great deal of steady, hard-working industry in the regular drilling of the regiments. It is stated, for instance, that in some of the London corps they have now drills four or five days a week; and this of course means expenditure of money as well as time. Moreover, the sort of public spirit which is fostered by the Volunteer system is a most valuable element of national defence. Thus the Volunteers, as far as they can do anything by themselves, have done a great deal, and deserve every credit for it. At the same time it is evident from such performances as those of Easter Monday

that they have yet to learn how to act in collective operations, if they would avoid mistakes which in real service would simply give them over to wholesale destruction. Both the *Times* and *Daily News* give very fair and discriminating notices of this mimic warfare, and the observations of both seem to point to the same conclusion.

The *Times*' Correspondent mentions that at the very outset the Herts Rifles made a great mistake in entrenching themselves in a ready-made fortification, Totterhoe Castle, instead of occupying, as they should have done, two advanced knolls, "from which they could have swept the ground over which the enemy must advance for a distance of seven or eight hundred yards." This, it seems, is a danger which the Prussians declare to be a very real one, and they deprecate parapets and ditches, unless under very exceptional circumstances, as leading the troops into insecure shelter in cases where forward audacity is the essence of military success. Next, after the Honourable Artillery Corps had fired the round which gave the signal for the beginning of the action, it was found that their ammunition was nearly exhausted. They had brought down with them only three charges, one of which was used, and the further supply which had been expected could not be obtained. They did their best to take up excellent positions, but mere attitude without fire is a poor resource for artillery. Then, again, the shutting up of the little garrison in Totterhoe Castle led to their being surrounded and on the point of being taken prisoners, if they had not been got out by a general order to cease firing; and it also produced subsequent confusion. Indeed, at a very early part of the day the plans of the General in command "began to be ignored." A "brisk letting off of rifles" delighted the crowd, but dissatisfied military men and even the better informed among the actors themselves. "There were two serried lines, with a row of brigadiers and umpires between them repressing the boiling spirits of the men"; and "the fight was practically at an end." The *Times*' Correspondent also points out that, from neglect of preserving the touch between brigades and battalions, spaces were left into which an active enemy might have thrust a column, and so broken up the line. The formations for attack and defence were also lamentably weak in depth, so that, in the event of a sudden attack by a concealed body of the enemy, the line would have been practically destroyed. Moreover, we are told, a great deal too much ground is usually covered by these manoeuvres, and sufficient attention is not paid to the necessity of always preserving a strong reserve to meet flank attacks, to reinforce threatened points, or to make a concentrated and vigorous effort at the critical point of the fight. And, worst of all, the men expose themselves in the most absurd and reckless way. "When two forces found themselves in contact, for want of elementary tactical training they simply stood and blazed away without effort on the part of either of them to concentrate at any particular point, and so break the enemy at that spot."

The Correspondent of the *Daily News* gives a very similar account of the operations. "With a tenacity," he says, "that argued more valour than discretion, the Herts men came from the shelter of the farmsteads and coolly defied their foes by standing exposed to a murderous fire in the middle of an orchard. If every muzzle of the rifles that kept up such a ceaseless roll from the crest of the hill had covered its man, few of the devoted band below would have returned to their hearths and homes at night; but the aim of their foes was bad, and so a battalion that might have been annihilated was ready to come again when wanted." And then towards the end "it looked very much as if each division had determined not to give way to the other, and having decided to brave annihilation rather than defeat, had taken the readiest means to secure a glorious end. At a distance of a hundred and fifty yards opposing lines stood calmly blazing to their front, scorning to take shelter as they scorned to yield an inch, and those who had no more cartridges to fire continued to snap defiance at their opponents with empty rifles." It is obvious that unintelligent muddling exercises of this kind are a most fatal way of preparing the Volunteers for real fighting, and if they are not fit for real fighting, their existence is not only useless, but mischievous, as encouraging a false notion of security. It is of course no discredit to the Volunteers themselves that they are apt to be light-headed and blundering on such occasions as that of the Easter Monday review. According to the *Times*' report the movements of the men, as regards the ordinary drill,

were good; their actual firing on the whole was very steady; and the rate of firing was regulated by officers and non-commissioned officers with an effect which is said to have been really surprising. The moral which the writer draws from this experiment is that what is wanted is not so much drill, of which there is already enough, but tactics; and for tactics the Volunteers must of course look beyond themselves. The classes of people who supply the rank and file of the Volunteer regiments are of course very fit and sufficient for their work; but there is, as might be expected, a grievous lack of trained and competent officers.

The great fault of the War Office in this matter is that it keeps the Volunteer force too much on the footing of a plaything; and, though it is always liberal of flattering words about it, does not do it justice in the way of assistance and supervision. Thus we find that the Artillery Company has for several years been petitioning in vain for a few rifled guns to replace the old six-pounder smooth-bores, which are practically obsolete weapons. And unfortunately this tendency to live in a sort of fool's paradise, and to make believe that the army is perfect in every respect though it is notoriously the very reverse of perfect in many important respects, affects not only the militia and Volunteers, but the regular army. In this month's number of *Macmillan's Magazine* there is an anonymous article on army reform, which is, however, attributed to a very able and distinguished officer of high rank, in which the writer makes an emphatic protest against the way in which the training and education of the army is still, to a great extent, left to mere "barrack-yard soldiers, admirable sergeants-major, "but no more," and points out that as long as the direction of army matters is left in the hands of such people, there can be no hope of the effective reorganization of our military system. It is also pointed out that those in power are deluding the country, though probably only because they have first deluded themselves, when they pretend that "a small number of weak battalions on "parade, which have no reserves behind them, and for "the expansion of which to war strength no proper "arrangements have been made," is a substantial and efficient army; and that this mistaken policy is bringing things to a dangerous crisis. There could not be a more striking illustration of this fatal self-sufficiency and neglect of essential measures than the resolution which has been come to not to hold any autumn manoeuvres during the present year. If the militia and Volunteers are to be of any value on an emergency, there can be no doubt that they must be properly exercised, not merely in barrack-yard drill, but in those larger movements upon which actual warfare depends, and that the one way in which this can be effectually done is by the manoeuvres which are to be suspended.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

AT first sight nothing seems less fitted to supply material for a cynical view of human life than the subject of holidays. The very name is apt to suggest all kinds of agreeable associations, recollections of school-day frolics, images of picturesque national customs, of the village green, the may-pole, and the rustic dance. People are disposed indeed to look on recurring holidays as the few pleasant gleams which light up the monotonous gloom of life. How then, it may be asked, can such a subject lend itself to the pessimist's treatment? To this our cynical observer might answer, that while the idea of holidays is bright enough, the realization of the idea is attended with so many difficulties and drawbacks that it becomes a theme for complaint rather than for exultation. And without doubt there is much to be said for this view of the subject. To the schoolboy a holiday is an unspeakable boon, sent by the generous gods. It stretches out before him as an infinite region of undefined delights. To the young generally, as to Mr. Browning's Pippa, a holiday is a precious thing, the least portion of which must not be wasted—

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure.

In spite of parents' complaints, too, boys generally manage to dispose of long vacations without wearying. Their constantly renewed flow of mental and bodily energy, and their skill in all manner of occult inventions for filling up the vacant hours, enable them to take long draughts of this idle enjoyment. But how different from this is the condition of a busy adult in prospect of an extended holiday! In the first place he may lack the impulses and tastes which are essential to holiday enjoyment. The young man whose interests are centred in the City, whose mind in its daily

movements sweeps a curve bounded at one extremity by the doings of the Stock Exchange and at the other by the romantic gossip so prettily purveyed by a favourite barmaid, finds himself at a loss when the City tumult is hushed and he is called upon to pass a day away from his familiar haunts. Nature does not allure him with her gentle beauty; he is much too dissipated with town life to care for vigorous bodily exercise over tangled moorland or on the bosom of the rapid river. His holiday is thus a burden to him, and long before it has expired he is heartily sick of it. No one probably will deny that there are many persons nowadays in this condition of incapacity. They want the quick nerves, the muscular energy, the feeling for air and colour and sound, the love of free unimpeded motion, which are essential to the full delight of a holiday out of town.

Again, even where the tastes and capacities requisite for these otiose enjoyments are present, the holiday may prove a failure from other causes. One condition of enjoying a holiday is to have one's mind perfectly absorbed in the present, to have one's consciousness saturated, so to speak, with the impressions and suggestions of the hour.

*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,
Oderit curare.*

Yet few people in this busy age are capable of attaining to this state of mind. A man may love nature, he may long to taste of the delicious sense of *dolce far niente*, and yet all the while find himself held back from pure holiday contentment by the force of deeply-fixed habits of life. Thus there are tendencies of thought to be overcome. The mind must be able to free itself from the hold of customary ideas and interests, and this is often difficult enough. Then there are the results of the man's whole mode of life, the almost instinctive disposition to proceed methodically in the laying out of one's time, &c., and these habits of order and punctuality may prove fatal to the quiet and serene enjoyment of leisure days. A man whose temper is seriously disarranged by a delay of five minutes in the serving of his dinner is not a good subject for a day's rambling in the country. With this habit of punctuality there commonly goes an excessive impulse to be busy. People trained in our large towns to habits of constant activity, and to the most scrupulous employment of every moment, are not fitted for the easy, careless attitude of the holiday-maker. Such persons, if they are to enjoy a holiday at all, can only do so by largely transforming it into something not unlike a common working day. They map out the hours of the day with the most anxious care, are concerned to accomplish as much as possible in the time given them, and thus go the very way to miss the most valuable characteristic of holiday experience—the sense of perfect freedom from rule and fetter, and the joy of self-abandonment to the delights of repose.

The causes we have just spoken of are of a nature to undermine the whole pleasure of a holiday. Let us now look at one or two influences which serve to circumscribe the range of this pleasure. Here, again, we have to touch on the effects of daily customary life in producing certain organized habits of thought and feeling. Perhaps the most striking effect produced by our modern social life on the permanent tendencies of individual character is the habit of viewing all parts of conduct as having a social or moral aspect. Mr. Matthew Arnold not long since ventured to define the proportion of human conduct covered by moral obligation. It may be said that the unphilosophical mind is apt to extend a sort of ethical jurisdiction over the whole territory of life. Conscientious persons, busily occupied with affairs which they think to be important, continually use language in relation to their vocations which implies that these are a matter of strict obligation. A man says, I must get a particular piece of work done to-day, and, failing to do so, he feels a distinct pang of remorse. The effects of this excessive development of the moral sense are clearly apparent in the ideas entertained respecting holidays. It is very curious to observe a busy man who is about to take a short holiday. He seems to be half-ashamed of what he is going to do, talks apologetically of his plans, excuses himself on the ground of recent over-work or present ill-health. Such persons are manifestly incapable of enjoying holiday repose and light diversion, except on the understanding that they have a right to do so. The common mode of self-justification is, of course, to refer to the claims of health and the need of an occasional intermission of labour. Only when this idea is present can the rest or the light activity of holiday hours be acceptable. It follows, then, that people of this severely conscientious habit of mind soon exhaust the possibilities of holiday intervals. As soon as they begin to suspect that there is no longer any need of relaxation of mind, the sense of duty intervenes, and then the mind grows insensible to the fascinations alike of natural scenery, of architecture, and of country life.

A habit of thought and conduct intimately related in its origin to the sense of obligation is the tendency to act in agreement with others. This impulse is clearly connected with the action of the social medium on the individual. It goes back probably to the earliest stages of social life, when sociability meant little more than the gregarious impulse to keep together. In any case it is certain that in most people the disposition to imitate others and to act in concert with them is a firmly rooted element of character. When this impulse is in great excess, it may be positively painful to do many kinds of things apart from others. Thus it often happens with the busy, conscientious class of people just spoken of that they strongly object to taking a holiday alone. If the day is a

general holiday, they can easily bring themselves to share in it. Indeed the social impulse to act in concert, and to take enjoyment in a sympathetic fashion, would in this case lead them to cast aside their work, to doff their town attire, and to follow their fellow-citizens to the hills, woods, or sea. It is this limitation imposed by social training which gives to general holidays and holiday seasons a part of their value. It is not only that companionship and sympathy add to the enjoyment of each, or that there are obvious social conveniences in a simultaneous breaking up of town life, and a fitting over land and sea to tourist haunts. In addition to these conspicuous and patent reasons there is a further and less obvious one—namely, that people find it hard to justify themselves in throwing off the shackles of social relations and of prescribed vocations, and that this operation is rendered much easier when they see their friends and acquaintances doing precisely the same thing. If morality is but a mode of the common uniform action of members of a society, it becomes easily conceivable that, when the collective mass consents to intermit customary habits of life, the individual's conscientious difficulty in taking a holiday is to a large extent removed.

In these, and probably in other ways too, the capacity for holiday enjoyment, for the pleasure of long hours freed from the claims of daily work and handed over to us to be filled up as we like with grateful activities, appears to be greatly interfered with and restricted by the circumstances and influences of modern social life. And here, as we have observed, the pessimist might find an excellent opportunity for enlarging on the irony of life, on the stupidity of mankind when just within reach of what seems most bright and promising in their earthly lot. Yet it may reasonably be asked whether the facts are quite as doleful as they are described by our imaginary lugubrious philosopher. We think at least that there are not wanting a few alleviating considerations. It may be argued, for example, that man's happiness is, after all, best found—in our climate at least—in a busy, active life, and that though this entails the loss of much delicious sensation, it constitutes on the whole and in the long run a gain and not a loss. Again, it may be said that, though we are apt, when attempting to make the most of a holiday, to feel trammelled by habits impressed on us by our dominant circumstances and permanent forms of life, the very contrast between our habitual and our occasional surroundings tends to enhance the charm of the latter. Nothing is so well fitted to prepare a man for enjoying repose as hard work; nothing tends so certainly to quicken the sensibility to rural scenery as a long residence in the murky air of London. And it may be said that, in the case of more thoughtful persons who are less bound by mechanical habits, the rarity and freshness of the brief holiday does more to increase its value than the force of habit does to lessen it. It is to be remarked, too, that these habits do not commonly begin to reassert themselves till some period of leisure has been spent. It is after a man has been sojourning week after week and month after month in a southern climate in idle enjoyment that the ingrained impulses of duty and life-work begin to clamour most obstinately for a hearing. Hence, though this may tell against prolonged periods of idle enjoyment, it does not tell against brief intervals of relaxation. Again, if the high development of our active impulses disqualifies us for enjoying the southern ideal of a holiday, the repose and idle gossip of the Villa Reale or the Pincian Gardens, it does not follow that we do not in our own fashion realize as much enjoyment as these lovers of indolence. Did not Charles Kingsley, for example, extract as much delight from a day's excursion by a rocky stream well-stocked with trout, or over moorland rich in plant life, as an Italian who whiles away his time before a *caffè* in the piazza or Corso? In addition to all this, there is the fact that, as people get more busy, they show themselves more concerned to secure recurring periods of relaxation. The rapid development we have seen of late years, especially among the middle classes, of the custom of a summer excursion must point, it would seem, not to a falling off, but to a growth of the capacity of disposing of leisure pleasantly. We suspect indeed that most people have more of the holiday instinct in them than they care to toll. One may often notice that a man who excuses himself for indulging in a temporary withdrawal from his customary work is in his heart thoroughly eager for the change. We half make ourselves believe that it is a jaded nervous system which demands rest and change, whereas in reality we are impelled by a sense of the monotony of our routine life, a feeling of weariness at the unbroken recurrence of the same scene, the same faces, the same occupations, and an irresistible longing to flit away to some fresh surroundings. Such considerations as these may serve to show that the sum total of felicity derived from holidays is greater than a review of its limitations at first suggests. Perhaps, after all, there is not much room here for a complacent and optimistic tone; the conditions of a thoroughly happy holiday are no doubt very complex and not easily satisfied. At the same time it would hardly be just to draw the inference that holiday-making is wholly an illusion, a vain grasping after a shadow.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL REHABILITATED.

THERE are two ways of dealing with an indictment. You may either deny the alleged facts outright and set yourself to disprove them, or you may quietly accept them and proceed to cite them as evidence on your own side. In the first instalment of his

"True Story of the Vatican Council" in the *Nineteenth Century*, Cardinal Manning seemed disposed to rely chiefly—with what success we have already had an opportunity of examining—on the former method of defence. In his second paper he does not indeed abandon this line of argument, as will appear presently, but he combines it with a bold and almost defiant assertion of facts too patent for denial, but which to ordinary apprehension supply the strongest confirmation of the very points he is engaged in contesting. Before, however, we notice this fresh contribution to the authorized Papal version of the tale, it may be worth while to put on record a remarkable announcement made not long ago by the Roman correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to the effect that a work on the Council by the late Cardinal Viteleschi is already in print, but is carefully guarded under lock and key till the death of the present Pope, when it is at once to be issued, with the author's name, and under the editorship of his brother, the Marquis Viteleschi, better known to our readers under the sobriquet of "Pomponio Leto." "It proves afresh," according to this correspondent, "the entire want of freedom during the Vatican Council, and that from its first meeting to its prorogation and definitive suspension after the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome it was under the strongest and most despotic coercion ever exercised over the deliberations of any assembly. The Cardinal gives the minutest particulars. From the proof of this coercion, and the complete absence of freedom of discussion, he draws the inference that the decisions of the Council have no validity, and its decrees must be regarded as null and void." If there is any truth in this report—and all we know of the late Cardinal renders it highly probable—it affords at least fresh evidence that Cardinals, like doctors, sometimes disagree.

We are told at the opening of this second paper of Cardinal Manning's that the causes of the infallibilist definition "lie on the surface of the history of Pius IX.'s pontificate"; which is only another way of saying what the assailants of the Council have contended all along. Some of these causes the writer proceeds to specify; and first he dwells on the definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854 by the sole authority of the Pope, which could have had no meaning "if Pius IX. did not bear an infallible office," while it also "powerfully awakened in the minds both of clergy and laity the thought of infallibility." Of course it did; that was its main object. Cardinal Manning is virtually endorsing what has been said over and over again on the opposite side, that the definition of 1854 was "a pilot balloon" sent up to prepare the way for the definition of 1870. But this was carefully kept out of sight at the time, and the Court of Rome displayed its wonted astuteness in the selection of the doctrine to be thus defined. It was well known that the truth of that doctrine was almost universally held throughout the Roman Catholic Church, though an influential minority among the Bishops were opposed to defining it as an article of faith. Theologians like Dr. Dollinger—who has changed his mind about it since—were as little disposed as Dr. Manning to question its abstract truth at the time; and hence, when the dogma had been proclaimed, they were able, without any great strain on their conscience, to accept the logic of accomplished facts. They did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, but they believed in the infallibility of the Church, and in defining this dogma the Pope might be reasonably or plausibly maintained to be acting simply as the mouthpiece of the universal consent of the Church. They acquiesced accordingly without forecasting the use which adroit controversialists would make of their acquiescence a few years afterwards. When Cardinal Manning asks what was the act of 1854 if Pius IX. was not infallible, he is careful to forget a distinction which the party under his leadership took particular care should not be forgotten in framing the definition of 1870. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception might be, and often had been, represented as resting in the last resort on the consent of the Church, but the Vatican decree declares definitions of the Roman Pontiff to be "ex sese, non autem ex consensu Ecclesie, irreformabiles," and the clause we have italicized was insisted upon as essential in spite of all efforts of the Opposition. "The events of 1854" did therefore prepare the way for the events of 1870 in the sense that those who accepted the first definition were entrapped into an admission intended to be afterwards used against them, the possible applications of which they failed to foresee. Cardinal Manning passes on to the gathering of 500 Bishops at Rome for the Centenary of 1867, when they were induced—not of course without deliberate purpose on the part of the wire-pullers—to sign an address to the Pope in which Peter is said to have "spoken by the mouth of Pius." And this is quoted as parallel to the exclamation of the Council of Chalcedon in 451 that "Peter had spoken by the mouth of Leo," both alike containing an implicit assertion of Papal infallibility. Those Bishops however who knew anything about the Council of Chalcedon would be perfectly aware that their language implied nothing of the kind. The famous "Tome of St. Leo"—who was a theologian as well as a Pope—was submitted at the Council of Chalcedon to a rigid examination, paragraph by paragraph, and it was only after ascertaining its orthodoxy that the Bishops exclaimed that "Peter had spoken by Leo"; just as e.g. the hearer of a modern sermon which had come home to his mind and conscience might say, as people often do say in such cases, that God had spoken by the mouth of the preacher, though nothing was further from his thoughts than to imagine the preacher to be infallible. The words of the Bishops at Chalcedon form one of the stock quotations of every infallibilist advocate, but their acts afford the most conclusive

evidence that the opinion ascribed to them was utterly foreign to their ideas. And so little had Leo I. himself any notion of his own infallibility that he expressly states in his Epistle to the Bishops of Gaul that his Tome could not have dogmatic authority till it was confirmed by the Bishops. Cardinal Manning has need to refresh his memory as to "the true story" of the Council of Chalcedon.

Nor is he much happier in his next historical flight. We have a sort of bird's-eye view of the histories, which are regarded as very analogous, of the doctrines of Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception. Both are said to have passed through three successive stages—of simple belief, which was universal in the early ages, of analysis and controversy, and of final settlement. It would be idle to attempt within our present limits any detailed exposure of this startling historical caricature. One example may suffice to prove what confidence can be placed in the Cardinal's history of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. "The second period began in the Pelagian controversy, when S. Augustine, in affirming the universality of original sin, expressly excepted the Mother of our Lord." Nobody would gather from this sentence, what the writer can hardly be ignorant of, that the passage referred to in St. Augustine's Treatise on Nature and Grace does not refer to original sin at all, but to actual sin. The great Roman Catholic and Ultramontane divine, Cardinal Torquemada (not the inquisitor of that name) points this out at length in his work on the Immaculate Conception, and shows that in the context St. Augustine expressly includes the Blessed Virgin in original sin. As to the growth of the doctrine of Papal infallibility, one example again must suffice here. "The amplest proof of this truth is to be seen in the relation of the Pontiffs to General Councils, as in that of S. Leo to the Council of Chalcedon, which he guided in faith, confirmed, and in part annulled." We have seen already that his "guiding in faith" consisted in the Council approving, after full examination, his Tome on the Incarnation. That Papal confirmation was not thought essential in those ages is clear from the fact that the first two General Councils, from which the Church received the Nicene Creed, were never confirmed at all, as neither did the Pope convoke or preside in them. And as to the decrees of Chalcedon being "in part annulled" by Leo, it is true that he refused to sanction the 28th canon, raising Constantinople to the second rank among the patriarchates, and it is equally true that the canon was received and acted upon uninterruptedly from that day forwards in spite of his refusal. Let us pass from ancient to contemporary history. The Cardinal favours us with a highly sensational account of the appearance of "the work entitled *Janus*" and other kindred works in England, France, and Germany, which those who happen to know anything of the circumstances will hardly be able to read without a smile. We refer to it here for the sake of one truly marvellous assertion. "The fable"—fable is a word which the writer would do well to be chary of recalling—"that the infallibility was to be defined by acclamation was first formally announced in *Janus*." Either the Cardinal had quite forgotten when he penned these words the passage in *Janus* to which he was referring, or he must have reckoned on his readers forgetting it. The passage actually forms part of a long extract from the *Civiltà Cattolica*—the inspired organ of the Holy See—for February 6, 1869. "Catholics will accept with delight the proclamation of the Pope's dogmatic infallibility. Every one knows that he himself is not disposed to take the initiative in a matter so directly concerning himself; but it is hoped that his infallibility will be defined unanimously, by acclamation, by the mouth of the assembled Fathers, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." It is added that "Catholics believe the Council will be of short duration, like the Council of Chalcedon," which only lasted three weeks; clearly therefore there could be no time for debating the question of infallibility. We will only add that at that period the contents of every number of the *Civiltà* were regularly submitted to the Pope in person and received his approval before publication. So much for the "fable" of *Janus*, who had, we are assured, "supplied all the adversaries of the Catholic faith and the Catholic Church with a large vocabulary of vituperation, which was copiously directed against both." Many of our readers must be familiar with the book, and they can judge for themselves whether the copious supply is of vituperation or of facts; probably they will be ready to agree with the reviewer in the *Times* that "it is a piece of cool and masterly dissection, all the more terrible for the passionless manner in which the author conducts the operation."

When he comes to the actual conduct of the Council, the Cardinal again finds it prudent to take the bull by the horns, and try his best to make a virtue of what it would be useless to pretend to deny. Our readers may remember the bitter feeling of exasperation roused among the Opposition Bishops by the vexatious and tyrannical order of business arbitrarily imposed on them by the supreme authority of the Pontiff. Their solemn Protests against it may be read in the collection of *Documenta ad Illustrandum Concilium Vaticanum* since published by Friedrich. Of all this Cardinal Manning of course drops no hint, though he cannot have forgotten it, but he airily informs us that "after full discussion and examination of precedents"—not by the Council itself, but the preliminary Papal committee—it was decided that the order of procedure could only be regulated by the same supreme authority "which alone has the power to convene, to prorogue, to suspend, and to confirm the Council, or even to withhold confirmation from all or any of its acts." He does not remind us that the Council of

Trent arranged its order of procedure for itself, as is shown by documents which poor Father Theiner was displaced from his position in the Vatican Library for letting the Bishops see. Still less does he remind us that not one of the ancient Ecumenical Councils was convened or dissolved by the authority "which alone has power" to do so; that at most of them the Pope did not preside either personally or by deputy; and that their giving or withholding confirmation was treated as a matter of indifference. Of course, on the infallibilist theory, "it is an act of his own free will to convoke a Council at all," and he can make what use he pleases of his own passive instrument; had that theory prevailed from the beginning, there would clearly have been no Councils at all. After all that has gone before, the readers of *Quirinus* and *Pomponio Leto* will perhaps be prepared to listen without too broad a smile to the amusing statement that at the Vatican Council "liberty of speech was as perfectly secured as in our own Parliament," in spite of the violent interruption of several speakers by the presiding Legates and the summary closing of the infallibilist debate in the middle by the same authority; though they may be rather perplexed at hearing that—unlike our Parliament—"the obligation of secrecy" was one main guarantee of the "complete independence and tranquillity" of the speakers. If it was really the object of the Curia to guarantee this "complete independence and tranquillity," their wonted astuteness in adapting means to ends appears to have been sadly at fault. And now our readers will be in a position to judge what reliance is to be placed on the accuracy of the statements whether of past or of contemporary history in Cardinal Manning's "True Story of the Vatican Council."

ALBUMS AND BIRTHDAY-BOOKS.

IS the decay of albums a sign that we are less pedantic, or more mentally indolent and prosaic, than our grandfathers and grandmothers? In a corner of the library of most houses a few albums are to be found, a *hortus siccus* wherein the flowers of old flirtations are preserved. On wet days in the country, and in the "wretchednesses," to borrow a strong expression from the Prayer-Book, which wet days in the country beget, people may be found to turn over the ancient leaves, and revive the simpering gallantries of the year of grace 1820. An album must have been indispensable to a young lady in days that knew not the coy familiarities of skating on wheels and the artless merriment of lawn-tennis. Albums brought people together in a semi-confidential way, and to do this was probably the final cause of their existence. There must once apparently have been an age when one young person could ask another to write a copy of original or borrowed verses, within a frame of tinted flowers, or in a stamped design, and when the person appealed to complied with the request. This gave an opportunity for ingenious compliments which, to the relief of one sex at least, is no longer extant. Nothing in the world could now be further from the mind of a girl than to expect an *impromptu* madrigal in which she is to be compared to the violet, the phoenix, or other flora or fauna of fancy or fiction. And the young man of the age, the character who answers to the long extinct Buck or Dandy or Blood, would be terribly put to it if he were expected not only to apell, but to rhyme, in public. The fable of the past was proud of his lines on "two beautiful ponies," or, to go further back, of his *au voleur, au voleur!* and his power of rendering all Roman history into a series of madrigals. The same class of human being to-day is at least perfectly well aware of his inability to turn a line, and boasts that he cannot understand that sort of thing.

Perhaps the decline of albums is a thing which may be regretted by a few very old-fashioned admirers of a talent which is obsolete in England. It is a relief, to be sure, that there is now no danger of one's being asked for "a copy of verses." Every one who yielded to the invitation must have written in haste and nervousness, unless, as is very probable, he composed a few epigrams beforehand, and had them ready in his memory for every opportunity. Then a man's lyric placed him at the mercy of its owner, and he must have known that its main use was to be a peg on which the owner's friends would hang personal criticism. To leave a sonnet behind was to leave one's character to be vivisected. Still the dreaded albums kept up a survival of courtly and complimentary poetry, a faded thing that still retains a good deal of perfume and delicate grace. All the old piping of shepherds and their responsive songs and praises of Amurysilis dwindled down to album-poetry. But monarchs like Francis I. and Charles IX., men of genius, diplomatists, statesmen, have all taken up Corydon's pipe in their turn, and produced a slender strain, a few lines of flattery and rallery. Even within the memory of people not wholly superannuated, some of Mr. Thackeray's lightest and most tender and graceful verses were written in albums, and recalled the days

When I was young as you are young,
And songs were sung, and lutes were strung,
And love lamps in the lattice hung.

Alfred de Musset, as he is represented in the Liography by his brother, was a notable and willing victim of the muse of the album. There is a great deal of bright vivacity in his stanzas, all turning on two rhymes:—

Charmant petit moinillon rose,
J'aimais la fleur à peine déclose,
Charmant petit moinillon blanc,
N'aurait eu pareil compliment.
Je ferais votre apothéose,
Charmant petit moinillon rose.

Poets could afford to make pretty presents of these sketches and caprices, and many men of wit who were no poets could turn compliments immortal as the "Accept a miracle instead of wit." Wit has ceased to be "good form," and the bandying of verses seems nowadays an impossible pedantry. No one will write a lyric to tell a young lady that she has a difficult service at lawn-tennis, or that her back-handed strokes are unimpeachable. The female eye is more likely to be spoken of in terms devised for that of the cricketer than compared to a violet, a sapphire, or what not.

Though albums yielded to the spirit of the age, a kind of degenerate offspring survived them. A very painful device, now happily extinct, aimed at making *esprit* easy. What were called "character-books" combined the spirit of competitive examination with the natural shrinking from any sort of taste or elegance in drawing-room diversions. The victim was expected to answer a number of absurd questions as to his favourite painter, poet, musician, motto, and so on; and the inference was that his character might be recognized from this expression of his taste. The character-book was too unpleasant a form of "intellectual diversion" to last long; moreover, it required some mental exertion, more perhaps than many honest people feel when turning over the leaves of a dictionary in search of the solution of an acrostic. To the character-book succeeded the birthday-book, which, we imagine, was first developed in the atmosphere of evangelical devotion. The idea was to have a text of the Bible, chosen at random, for every day of the year, with a blank space opposite, and the proprietor of the volume requested her friends to sign their names at the date of their birthdays. A feeble little flutter of curiosity could be got out of the chance that the text might seem appropriate, and an earnest person might possibly improve the occasion. To be fond of signing one's name, it has been said, is the mark of an idiot; and the operation is certainly easier than composing verses or remembering the titles of historians and musicians. The birthday-book has thus been rather popular, and its introduction at a suitable moment no doubt stirs the stagnant waters of genteel conversation or gives a fillip to some very languid flirtation. Texts from Shakspeare are even better adapted to the same purpose, and now the Countess of Portsmouth has published a *Poetical Birthday Book*, which may be euphuistically entitled "The Countess of Portsmouth's Arcadia."

Of all devices for retaining a little poetry in the relations of young men and women, while quite doing away with the least need of mental exertion, the *Poetical Birthday Book* is the most ingenious. The process is the same as in other birthday-books—you sign your name and look at the character which fate and the Countess of Portsmouth have assigned to you. Elderly people, say persons above twenty-five years of age, will not often be lucky enough to find a poetic text that applies to them. But young men and maidens may be perfectly certain that they will alight on one of the prettiest things that Shakspeare, or Mr. Robert Buchanan, Miss Meta Orred, or Edmund Spenser can say for them. A young and aspiring person who has had the luck to be born on the 2nd of January is thus impetuously welcomed by Mr. Swinburne:—

O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the blood-beats of song,
With tremor of heart-strings magnetic,
With thoughts as thunders in throng.

But any one whose mind and body are really in the excited pathological condition here described by Mr. Swinburne may be expected to do his own poetry. The verse only gives him a hint, and he will let free his "thoughts as thunders in throng" with a startling effect quite unlike that of album poetry as it used to be. He will be able to address Mr. Swinburne in words which we lately had the good fortune to read in the works of a young singer:—"My pale, strong brother, my sweet-winged brother," "Brother, my brother, my sad-toned brother," and so on, in a very affectionate and thundering style. To select verse for a character of this sort is obviously superfluous. But a gentleman born on January 6th cannot but be gratified at his good chance—

He had eyes as blue as summer heaven.

A lad whose natal day is January 5th, unless indeed he happens to be very earnest, will smile at a line from Mr. Myers, in which he is saluted as "a simple soul, a hammer of the Lord." But, as a rule, youths are expected to be beautiful. A rowing man who saw the light on January 8th will find a compliment waiting on him from the muse of Dr. Hayman:—

And, but that wind, and sun, and sea,
Had scoured his square-set bust with bronze,
Ambrosial fair.

January 24th is a date not less favourable to manly beauty:—"He was a lovely youth I guess"; and, moreover,

When he chose to sport and play,
No Dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

He who was born on the day fatal to partridges finds a happy quotation from Blake:—

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold.

If men are so fortunate, it may be guessed that ladies rejoice in all the prettiest posies and jewels new words long that English poetry can afford. Who can ask for better than the fate of the maid or matron whose birthday is August 23:—

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn.

For August 9th is reserved the best, if there be a best, of Shakspeare's hyperbolic praises:—

You, oh you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

The ambition of the owner of a birthday-book is to collect the names of three hundred and sixty-five acquaintances. Probably no one ever quite succeeded in this quest. Certainly the happy proprietor of the Bible, the Shakspeare, and the *Poetical Birthday Books*, "in a neat box," must be lucky if she secures a thousand and ninety-five Biblical, Shakspearian, and poetical friends.

The indolent Orientals are known to take pleasure in the dance, but they prefer to have their dancing done for them. They are mere spectators, and flatter themselves that they get all the delight with none of the exertion. Birthday-books appear to be intended to meet the demands of Western indolence. Ladies still like compliments, and poetical compliments perhaps; but it is too hard work for swains and suitors to compose original strains. And, after all, no ordinary amateur can utter such pretty and sweet things as your professional poet. A casual acquaintance might hesitate to say, even if he thought of it, that a lady's "lips, like foxgloves, pink and pale, went sighing like an autumn gale." The expression seems a little strained, especially when we think of "the wild West wind, the breath of autumn's being." But when an accomplished poet, Miss Orred, has supplied this text for October 3rd, then the casual acquaintance may take courage to insist on the beauty and appropriateness of the expression. Again, a lady might falter before telling a friend right out that

A grand uncommon man was he,
Broad shouldered, and of Gothic form,
Strong built, and hoary like a sea—
A high sea broken up by storm.

Between high seas and pointed arches the compliment is a little mixed; but Mr. Joaquin Miller is responsible for the form, while the excellence of the intention is or ought to be credited to the lady who possesses the birthday-book. One thing leads to another, and one compliment to a series of sweet things, and thus birthday-books may come to be regarded as marriage-books. At the least, less lucky lovers may say, "*Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse*," of course giving a perfectly proper sense to the quotation. Perhaps when young people come to find out that pretty verses with a personal application are pleasant, they may even desert the "awfully jolly girl" style of compliment, and return to a more prim but more pleasing euphuism. They may pass through the Arcadia of the Countess of Portsmouth to that of the Countess of Pembroke, and find something to like in the grace of old-world gallantry.

MODERN PARLIAMENTARY DUELLING.

WHETHER it is owing to the weather, or the state of parties, or some other mysterious and wayward influence, it is hard to say, but at the present time there is evidently an unusual degree of electrical excitement in the Parliamentary atmosphere. Some people may be tempted to say that it is all Mr. Gladstone, but that would perhaps be going a little too far. It is evident, however, that the great exponent of the age has lately shown symptoms of being highly charged with explosive caloric, and has in fact been letting off sparks, and giving shocks to unfortunate persons who have happened accidentally to come in contact with him. Of course Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, may naturally hold that this is not his fault, but only the fault of the bungling people who do not keep clear of him. However that may be, it would certainly seem to be becoming necessary to make some provision in the way of a reserve chamber or safety-valve for letting off the dangerous ebullitions of political ill-temper which have lately been witnessed. There is nothing new in the use of hard words or strong epithets in Parliamentary debate; but in other days, when the limits of conventional courtesy were exceeded, there was a very simple expedient by which members who had got embroiled were able to settle their disagreements without troubling anybody but themselves. An early meeting was arranged on some quiet suburban common, with a surgeon in attendance, and there was an innocent interchange of shots, which gave the medical gentleman very little to do. Any one who is familiar with Parliamentary history could mention several well-known cases of the kind, such as those in which Lord Londonderry and Mr. Grattan and Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Roebuck confronted each other; and even the most mild and peaceful of public men have had occasionally to take the field. Indeed only a few years ago a hostile meeting was advertised in the papers as certainly going to take place at Boulogne between a doughty Irish chieftain and another Irish member of Parliament; but, on cool reflection, they became perfectly reconciled, and abandoned all bloodthirsty designs, one declaring that he meant no personal reference in the unpleasant remarks he had made, and the other repudiating any intention to sneer at an ancient family. It is satisfactory to think that there has been, as a rule, a happy absence of injurious results in this system of vindicating political honour, the usual finish having been either that shots were harmlessly exchanged, or that an explanation was amicably arranged by the seconds. The great advantage, however, of this method of settling disputes was that, though it was no doubt very uncomfortable for the persons immediately concerned to have to get up at an early hour, and probably without much appetite for

breakfast, it did not disturb or waste the time of the assembly to which the combatants belonged, and merely provided a little agreeable social scandal. What used to be called "personal satisfaction" in this fashion has now passed away; but it is evident from some of the debates during the present Session that the source of such encounters exists quite as much as ever, and is even embittered in certain respects by the comparative absence of responsibility for strong language. Expressions have been very recently used, not, in all cases, actually in Parliament, but having reference to Parliamentary matters, which in the last generation would certainly have led to a quiet visit of the parties involved to Wormwood Scrubs or Putney Heath in the dim morning light. The venom of political distemper is still secreted; but the ensuing battle is now fought out in another way. The plan which Mr. Gladstone, in his practice of universal benevolence and humanity, wishes to introduce is that any one who thinks he has been misrepresented or insulted, instead of inviting his supposed aggressor to a private meeting with pistols, should call him names and impute disgraceful motives to him in the newspapers.

We have already had some illustrations of the working of this system. As soon as the Turkish blue-book was published, Mr. Gladstone seems to have been thirsting for an opportunity of binging Sir Henry Elliot to book for an incidental remark in one of his despatches from Constantinople. Sir Henry, in pointing out to the Government at home that it was a mistake for people over here to go out of their way continually to abuse and menace the Turks at a moment when it was of importance to the general interest, not only of England but of Europe, that they should be brought under the influence of friendly advice, had referred to personages in England "whose language had created a mistrust of us among the Turks, and a belief that they wanted their expulsion from Europe." Mr. Gladstone questioned the Government on the subject in the House of Commons, and learned, as he expected, that he was one of the "personages" included in this category. Thereupon he wrote a letter to Sir H. Elliot demanding to know on what grounds the assertion was made. The passage, he said, touched "a fact, not an impression or belief, but a fact," which was that certain persons, of whom he found he was regarded as the ringleader, had made a particular declaration. Now, as a matter of fact, Sir H. Elliot, although Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet was in his mind at the time when he wrote the despatch, did not mention him by name, and did not impute to him that he had positively proposed that the Turks should be driven in a body out of Europe. All he said was, that certain personages (of whom, no doubt, it was obvious that Mr. Gladstone was one) had used language which created an impression on the minds of the Turks that there was a feeling in England of the kind described. It is notorious, in fact, that the language which Mr. Gladstone had used included a savage denunciation of the Turks as the "anti-human specimen of humanity," and it was, of course, supposed that so skillful a writer as Mr. Gladstone, if he did not mean to go to the full extent of that expression, would have been careful to guard against the natural and inevitable apprehension of his meaning which his language actually produced, not only in Turkey, but in his own country. In his reply Sir H. Elliot stated that he did not refer to Mr. Gladstone as recommending the total expulsion of the Turks from Europe, but that "this had been distinctly advocated by others"; and added, "Although you, who are certainly the most important person who had produced the impression I was describing, explained that you only proposed that all the civil and military and police authorities should leave the country, this proposal was looked upon with the same feelings as the more sweeping one, and equally contributed to create a distrust in us as friendly advisers of the Turks." This was a very mild and cogent answer, and ought obviously to have settled the question. But Mr. Gladstone's temper was roused; and he would not be contented without a personal hit at Sir H. Elliot. He therefore, without the slightest foundation in fact, and entirely out of his own fancy, assumed that "you"—that is, Sir Henry—"charge upon me (and this is all you can do) the idiotic proposal that the civil and military servants of the Porte should be corporally ejected from Bulgaria, without any provision against their going into Macedonia or Thessaly, or other neighbouring provinces of Turkey." Now any one who looks at Sir H. Elliot's letter will see that it was confined strictly to the fact that certain language used in this country had produced certain impressions abroad, and that he did not enter into any subsidiary question. The irrelevant and also rude remark of Mr. Gladstone "that is all you can do," and his insinuation, for it was nothing else, that Sir Henry had formed an "idiotic" conception of what he had said, of course released the Ambassador from the necessity of further discussion.

In another case Mr. Gladstone has also indulged in very serious and unmeasured imputations on the honour and good faith of a member of the House of Commons. In the late debate on the Eastern question before the holidays Sir H. Drummond Wolff quoted some passages from former speeches by Mr. Gladstone as reported in *Hansard*. Mr. Gladstone had already spoken, and could not rise again on the same question; but he was present when the quotations were read, and asked and obtained references in regard to them; and he might have made a reply either on one of the numerous motions for adjournment which occupied the House till the dawn or at the sitting on Monday. What he preferred to do was to send a letter addressed to Sir H. D. Wolff, which the latter was surprised to read for the first time in the papers. It is true that this was owing to the letter having been wrongly addressed, through an error in a

directory; but most people will be of opinion that the etiquette of good society requires that, if the receipt of an important letter is not immediately acknowledged, inquiry should be made as to whether there may not have been a failure in transit; and Mr. Gladstone ought certainly to have waited to ascertain this before giving the letter to the world. In this document he accused Sir H. D. Wolff in the strongest and most express terms of having made a garbled citation of the passages quoted. He also imputed that Sir Henry had purposely seized the opportunity of criticizing his opinions, because "you knew that I could not reply to you"; although, in point of fact, Sir Henry had no chance of any earlier opening. It should be observed that in making this attack Mr. Gladstone misrepresents what his opponent said in just the same way as in Sir Henry Elliot's case. He complains that Sir H. D. Wolff "conveyed an impression that he had laid down some general doctrine that humanity was to be set aside whenever it came into conflict with neutrality." As far as we can see he did nothing of the kind, but simply quoted with literal accuracy from an authoritative record two opinions which Mr. Gladstone had certainly expressed at the time and on the subject specified. To say that it is "garbling" not to read a whole speech through when only certain parts of it are in question is of course mere nonsense; but it unfortunately shows the spirit which Mr. Gladstone introduces into controversy. Nor was this all; for he went on to preach a homily on the offence or crime of what he attributed to his adversary, remarking that "every day he passed by fictitious charges in silence"—a very broken silence—"but in the case of a member of Parliament speaking in his place, I think it is a public duty to protest against the use in any style of warfare, however poor, of the method of garbled quotation." There was another complaint which Mr. Gladstone brought forward, and that was that it had been hinted that he was looking for office when he spoke in a certain way—a view which he contradicted; but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone was at that time, not having then renounced the essential obligations of political life, in such a position that the prospect of having to take office must have been constantly before him; and indeed he was in office very soon afterwards. Having been treated in this way, Sir H. Drummond Wolff thought himself entitled to make his explanation in the House, and as his speech had been made there, he had of course a right to defend it in the same place. Mr. Gladstone disputed the principle, which he assumed to have been laid down, that in such a case when a challenge was made there should be an opportunity of then and there replying to it; but, under certain conditions, this is reasonable enough. No doubt it is a pity that valuable time should be spent on personal issues of this kind; but the fault is with those who unnecessarily raise them.

Then, as if his hands were not full enough already, Mr. Gladstone has rushed into type once more about his grievances. It seems that, in a recent public address at Brighton, Mr. Ashbury had paid him the very high compliment of supposing that his popularity as a writer was such that his pamphlets on the Eastern question had brought him in 10,000*l*. It is true that Mr. Ashbury very improperly suggested that it was with a view to profitable commerce of this kind that Mr. Gladstone had engaged in his extraordinary agitation; but still Mr. Gladstone might have endured this reflection, which could hardly have been seriously made, in consideration of the handsome estimate of his tremendous literary influence. Probably he will be satisfied now that he has exposed the fable. If, however, the eminent but pugnacious statesman is to establish a regular system of doing combat with any opponents he can find, like an Irishman at Donnybrook, a rather dismal prospect is opened for readers of the newspapers, should editors be weak enough to go on giving him space for venting his peculiar humour. Considering the looseness and vagueness of language in which the most voluble of orators is in the habit of indulging, and the extreme difficulty of forming a distinct idea of what he exactly means, it may be expected that he will have abundant opportunities of personal controversy. His explanations in regard to Mr. Odo Russell's mission to Versailles will be remembered as a remarkable example of the sort of extraordinary mystification to which he is apt to resort in cases of difficulty; and the stories which he told at a recent meeting of the Serbian Relief Fund as to what he saw of Turkish atrocities during a hasty visit of an hour or two to the Albanian coast many years ago, and which have been disposed of by Sir P. Colquhoun, are another instance of his loose talk. It is very hard, however, that the public should be bothered with these unpleasant and undignified exhibitions either in Parliament or in the newspapers; and the best plan would be for Mr. Gladstone to establish an organ of his own in which he could deal periodically with all his antagonists. People would then know what to expect, and could read as much or as little of this sort of thing as suited their tastes.

THE AMERICAN SILVER COMMISSION.

LAST year, while the panic caused by the fall of silver still prevailed, and shortly after the Report of Mr. Goschen's Committee had appeared, the United States Congress appointed a Commission to advise the Government on the resumption policy to be pursued in view of the change that had taken place in the relation of the precious metals to one another. This Commission has now presented to the Senate two Reports

—one signed by five members, the other by three. The Reports themselves have not yet been received in this country, but the substance of them has been made known, and very remarkable documents they appear to be. It will surprise nobody to be told that the majority recommend a return to the double standard. The constitution of the Commission made this inevitable, and the only wonder is, not that they have so reported, but that the minority hesitated to agree with them. Senator Jones of Nevada, the Silver King as he is nicknamed, the greatest mine-owner in America, and representative of a State whose wealth and importance are derived from its ores, is the leader of the majority. Without attributing to him any unworthy motives, it would be strange indeed if he did not desire to see a silver currency adopted. The argument, however, by which he and his friends support their recommendation is one of the most extraordinary ever put forward in a grave public document. Briefly, it is that the universal commercial depression which has prevailed for nearly four years is due to the demonetization of silver in the United States in February 1873, and in Germany in the July following. To expose the amazing ignorance or audacity of this statement it is enough to remark that the United States have suffered perhaps more severely than any other country from the depression, and that the money of the United States in 1873 was not silver, but inconvertible paper. The demonetization could, therefore, exercise no influence on prices, as they were not calculated in silver. It is hardly necessary to say that the depression is the consequence of the over-speculation and wild financing of the couple of years that immediately followed the Franco-German War. The recommendation of the majority of the Commission, however, does not depend for its chances of success on the arguments on which it professes to be based, but on far more powerful circumstances. We all know the influence exerted by "Rings" in the United States on the action of Congress, of the State Legislatures, of the Federal and State Administrations, and even of the courts of law, as well as on the course of public opinion. Now the Silver Ring of which Senator Jones is the head is by no means the least powerful of these peculiar products of American public life. Then, again, the protection of native industry has an extraordinary hold on the American popular mind, and silver-mining is a very valuable American industry. Further, the double standard was the old American system, only given up so lately as four years ago. It has, therefore, still in its favour the strong Conservative tendency of the unlearned public. Lastly, it would be practically easier to resume specie payments with a silver coin than with a gold currency. The business of the reasoning by which the recommendation of the majority is supported will hardly, therefore, exercise much influence on the ultimate decision. Nor is the Report of the minority of the Commission better deserving of regard. Of the minority Senator Boutwell, President Grant's former Secretary of the Treasury, is the principal member. And the document to which he sets his name is also favourable to the remonetization of silver; but it recommends the United States Government, before acting on its own account, to propose a convention to the European Governments for the purpose of establishing a fixed relation of value between silver and gold. Until this convention has been held, the authors of the minority Report are of opinion that there would be no harm in allowing the American currency law to stand as it is. It is hardly worth while to criticize so childish a recommendation as this. It is perfectly evident that our own Government would take no part in the proposed convention. We have a monetary system which experience has proved to be the best attainable under existing circumstances, and to change it is totally out of the question. The German Government, which has been at such extraordinary expense to provide a gold coinage, is just as little likely to undo what it has done at the suggestion of the American Government. The most, therefore, that could be achieved would be a convention with the Latin Union and the United States, but not so valuable as to make it advisable to postpone the adoption of the double standard until after resumption, if the double standard is to be adopted at all. For, were resumption once accomplished, the case for the double standard is gone.

It is, however, a work of supererogation to convict American public men of ignorance in financial matters. It is of more interest to inquire what is likely to be the result on the price of silver, and on the exchanges of the world, in the event of the Report of the majority of the Commission being adopted by Congress. The causes of the late violent fluctuations in the value of silver are twofold—an extraordinary increase of the supply and an exceptional decrease of the demand. Any modification of either of these causes is immediately felt by the market. We have had illustrations of this during the past few years. In 1870 France suspended specie payments, adding the most important name to the long list of States under the *regime* of inconvertible paper. Immediately there set in a downward tendency in the price of silver. The next year Germany decided to demonetize silver and adopt a gold coinage. For a while the effect was checked by the payment of the indemnity. But with 1873 the fall in silver began to be serious. And the fall was aggravated by a decrease in the exportation of silver to the East, and an increase in the bills drawn by the Secretary of State upon India. Lastly, very rich silver-mines were discovered in Nevada, and rumour magnified their productiveness. Owing to these various causes silver continued to fall, until at one moment last July the

price actually sank to forty-seven pence per ounce. But now a reaction set in. The German Government refused to sell its surplus silver at such a price, and the American mines yielded only about 7,700,000*l.* worth last year, instead of the minimum of nine millions estimated by Mr. Goschen. In consequence the actual supply in the market began to run short. At the same time the India Office, alarmed at the effects of the fall on its own finances, reduced as much as possible its drawings upon India; while the depreciation acted as a check upon the export trade from Europe to India, and as a bounty upon importation thence—so much so indeed, that it was found profitable to bring wheat from Bombay to London through the Suez Canal. The consequence was that silver began to flow to the East to pay for the goods sent here. Then came the failure in the European silk crop, of which we spoke last week, and the consequent demand for Chinese, Japanese, and Indian silk, which stimulated the drain of silver eastwards. And the failure in the sugar crop had the same influence, though to a very much slighter extent. Lastly, the American Government began to prepare for resumption by the coining of eight millions worth of silver to replace the small currency. To the surprise of every one, it was found that the agents of the Treasury had to come to London to get the required amount of silver. The price then began to rise as rapidly as it had fallen, and in January, last it had actually reached fifty-eight pence. The German Government thought it now saw its opportunity to dispose of its old silver. Instead of acting cautiously, however, it threw a large quantity on the market, and the price instantly went down again. Then came the Indian Budget, in which we were told that a loan in London was contemplated, that is, an increase of the home charges, which already so seriously aggravate the difficulty; and also that the Secretary of State's drawings would be on a larger scale than ever. The fall became accelerated, the price this week being between fifty-three and fifty-four pence. Thus we have had an unprecedented fall, followed by an equally rapid rise, and that again by a fall almost as rapid as the first, according as the demand or supply preponderated.

It is evident from what we have said that the chief disturbing cause is the unknown amount of old silver which the German Government has for disposal. This is a constant source of apprehension, for no one knows how soon political necessities may compel its sale in a quantity that would break down prices. Otherwise, the supply is not very much in excess even of existing demands, as was seen in the latter half of last year. Now, if the United States adopt the double standard, they will coin much more silver than gold, and thus will meet the stock which Germany wants to get rid of. The indirect results of such a measure would be scarcely less important than the direct. France, as M. Leon Say has told us, is watching the course of events to be guided by them whether she will retain the double standard or reject it. If the United States return to it, France will probably make no change. Certainly Italy and Austria will not. For two years running successive Ministers of Finance have assured us of the eagerness of the Italian Government to resume specie payments, and the near prospect of an equilibrium between income and expenditure makes this policy practicable. The Austrian Government is equally earnest in its professions of the same desire. If, then, the United States remonetize silver, we may be sure that Italy and Austria will not demonetize it. Thus we have the prospect in the near future of four of the great Governments of the world re-adopting silver as a legal tender. This circumstance, should the report of the Commission be approved by Congress, will remove the impression made by the demonetization in quick succession by Germany, the United States, and Holland. As for the effect on the exchanges, it would be to lessen the frequency and severity of monetary crises. During the past quarter of a century gold has been becoming the sole medium of international exchange—the means, that is, by which the debts of nations to one another are settled. At the same time the production of gold has of late been falling off. Were all the commercial countries to adopt a gold standard, gold would therefore become scarce and dear, just as silver would lose a great part of its value. But if the United States adopt the double standard, and if the example is as fruitful as we should expect, this danger would be avoided, and the great banks, such as those of England, France, and Germany, would not so often be obliged to disturb trade by raising the rate of discount simply to prevent a drain of gold.

To the world at large, then, the adoption by the United States of the majority Report would be an undoubted advantage. It would save the Indian Government from a disaster scarcely less serious than a famine; it would relieve the German Government from a very serious difficulty; to France also it would be serviceable in a way that will presently be seen; it would steady prices in the silver countries—a most desirable consummation; and it would prevent monetary crises from becoming more frequent. But whether it would be equally advantageous to the United States is more than doubtful. Unquestionably it would be easier to resume specie payments with silver than with gold. At the present moment, in fact, greenbacks are much nearer the value of gold than silver is. Consequently, there would be no loss in resumption. This is, of course, a powerful recommendation. But, on the other hand, all experience proves it to be impossible to maintain a fixed ratio of value between gold and silver. One might as well attempt to make the price of wheat or of iron unchangeable. The consequence of adopting a double standard is that when the value of one of the metals rises that one is exported, and the country is left with only the depreciated metal. Thus at the be-

ginning of this century the United States set a higher value upon silver than France did; it was found profitable, therefore, to pay in silver only in the United States, and to export the gold to France, where it was worth more. The consequence was that, although both countries had the double standard, gold alone was in circulation in France, and silver alone in the United States. Afterwards this state of things was reversed. No doubt this particular danger might be guarded against by Mr. Bontwell's proposal that all nations using silver should adopt the same ratio of value. But an agreement of this kind would not prevent another form of the same risk. If the Nevada silver mines are as rich as they are said to be, and if the production of gold does not increase, in the long run gold will become dearer. It will in that case be to the advantage of all persons who have payments to make in the countries where silver is a legal tender to make them in silver; they will obtain a full discharge of their debts by using the cheaper metal. But this cannot be done where gold alone is legal tender. Therefore, the countries of the double standard will retain silver for their home use, and export gold. The result is precisely the same as in the case of an inconvertible paper currency, and the inconvenience would be similar. But now, if the growth of trade in the East were to make silver the dearer metal of the two, silver would be exported thither, and gold would flow back to the double standard countries. Thus these countries would always retain the depreciated metal, and would further be frequently changing their money, so that a man who had to let land for, say, a thousand dollars a year, would never know whether he would receive gold or silver. Such are the disadvantages to the United States to be set against the greater facility of resumption in silver, and they explain our previous remark that it would be a benefit to France were the United States to adopt the double standard. For, by sharing the burden, they would make it lighter; and, further, by extending the area of fluctuation they would lessen its violence.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

SOMEWHERE within the shadow of an English cathedral is sure to be found a nest, or den, which has been built or adapted for himself by the collecting bookseller of the county. He is not accustomed indeed to describe himself by this name; but there is a certain unloveliness of association and general odour of Houndsditch attaching to the more usual "second-hand" which makes that designation as unsuitable in literature as it is acknowledged to be in art. Second-hand books unhappily abound, and none the less that they may be popularly supposed to be new, and may shine in very gorgeous raiment; but these are not, and are not likely to be, in the line of the collecting bookseller. He does not affect plate-glass, and he has no room for a counter. The shape of his shop, whatever it may be, is undiscoverable by the visitor, who is confronted by barricades of books at every turn, with intricate passages between; while in a corner behind an old desk, upon which appear a waste-book and an inkstand, the visitor will be fortunate if he finds the proprietor, who is just as likely to be represented by a small boy in his own absence at an auction twenty miles off. He has a very keen eye for such auctions at old halls or rectories as may be worth attending; and at more than one of these he is fairly certain to have picked up an octavo in the substantial calf of the last century, well got up and carefully preserved by its original owner, which ought not to remain forgotten on his shelves while the library of any public school in England is without it. For almost every public school of importance has now its school magazine; and the whole race of these vigorous and lively periodicals traces its origin, directly or indirectly, to the *Microcosm*, the "Spectator" of Eton, whose brief and brilliant career was comprised within the limits of a single school year in 1786-7, closing apparently when its editor and chief contributor, Canning, left Eton for Oxford, where two years later he obtained, at barely nineteen, the Chancellor's Prize for Latin verse. The type of Eton boys who, in association with Canning, produced this singularly interesting series of papers, is reproduced in the members of modern sixth forms, by whom, as we have reason to believe, the editorship and literary conduct of the school magazines is carried on, and who are for the most part the prizemen and scholarship-winners of their schools. It is curious to trace the similarity in many points between the character of the contents of the last-century magazine and that which is exhibited by its successors; while in one important particular the *Microcosm* essentially differs from them. They are chronicles, or newspapers, relating current events of interest in the school community, and full of personal details of what may be described as of a public nature in relation to that community; whereas on all these points the *Microcosm* is entirely silent. Not a single name appears throughout the whole series of papers, except in the quaintly-conceived "Will" of Mr. Gregory Griffin—the editorial pseudonym—in which the authorship of all the chief writers and of some of the minor contributors is acknowledged. Nor does the *Microcosm* supply the slightest information as to the games of Eton at the time, which appear to have been thought beneath the notice of the editor and his staff. This is an omission which gives great cause for regret; though perhaps it is even too abundantly compensated in the representative journals of the present day, which in this respect tend rather to an overwhelming minuteness of statistical detail. Amidst the general and hearty

interest which the arrival of the school magazine excites "at home," it is difficult to give a very sustained attention to the "analysis of the bowling" in a hard-fought match, or to the "batting averages for the term" achieved by the Eleven and the Twenty-two. Still, for historical purposes, this is the more satisfactory extreme; and it is a little provoking to get but a more glimpse of Eton cricket, and apparently of the "professional" type of the time, vanishing in an instant, and leaving a trace scarcely perceptible; as we read that "the cricketer will, in poring over a page of Horace, lose the trophies which await him as hero of the Hampshire, and bulwark of the White Conduit; and exchange the invigorating commendations of a Small, Shock White, or Lumpy, for the dull drudgery of blundering through ten long years of scholastic labour."

The number of public school magazines or journals now regularly issued is considerable, and the lists of "acknowledgments" published in those to which we have been able to refer show both that America is not behind the old country in the matter, and that the merits of Transatlantic Microcosmopolitans are heartily recognized by the boy-editors of our English schools. As a rule, the titles of the home publications follow the names of their respective schools, the few exceptions having doubtless a well-understood local significance, but requiring some explanation to bring them to the level of popular intelligence. The *Meteor* flashes from Rugby; the *Ouse's* nest we should conjecture to be not far from Bedford; and the writers in the *Uda*, we may be sure, take care to provide the promising scholar-freshmen whom they send up in force to the Universities with a somewhat wider knowledge of the greater world than was possessed by an ingenuous youth who came to Oxford in the days when every right-thinking undergraduate was Protectionist to the backbone, and who complained bitterly of the unjust and unreasoning outcry which he heard on every side against the "Manchester School." The title of one magazine calls indeed for some serious remark. The boys of the school from which it issues are not the only inhabitants of the suburb whose name it bears; and the eminently respectable gentlemen who daily betake themselves thence in decorous procession to the city, and whose influential support is so highly prized by all religious and charitable institutions, ought not to be ticketed behind their backs with the inappropriate, if irresistible, designation of the "Black Heathen." The interchange of these journals, for which the book-post gives facilities, serves almost as an invitation to criticism of each other; and upon this very thin ice an occasional venture is made, although some of the editors more prudently avoid it as dangerous. Its practice is perhaps to be encouraged as an early exercise in literary courtesy, since no class of writers can be more sensitive to pain, or more unwilling knowingly to inflict it, than the young editors of these magazines. Standing, not by any means "with reluctant feet," where the school stream is almost merging in the current of active life, they have not yet reached that callous indifference with which maturer critics can stand the line which they are ready to return; while, on the other hand, they have left behind them in the lower forms the rough-and-ready method which once had sufficed for all cases, but which would not, even if it were now available at all, meet the case of an absent and invisible opponent—"Will you fight?" The more cautious editor who abstains from literary comments on his contemporaries cannot always avoid the dangers thus attendant on criticism, since he must necessarily depend very much on the "swells" of the Eleven and the Twenty—or is it to be the "Fifteen"?—for his graphic narratives of games. He has full liberty to relate how the winning hit in a house match was made by Smith, "who in his well-known style hit a rather wide off-ball of Brown's away to square-leg for five"; but woe to him if he prints any descriptions of this nature in his report of a foreign match. The upper forms of our own day have at least one characteristic in common with their predecessors of the *Microcosm*: outside their own privileged circle they cannot endure to be chafed. One of the most life-like of the *Microcosm* papers evidently owes much of its force to some personal experience of the writer on this point; although the description of the Eton boy's miseries during his annual Christmas visit to the "waggish" North-country squire may well have been coloured by Canning at sixteen with some exaggeration in other points than in the Squire's orchard-robbery story "when he was just about my age," which the writer asserts that he had heard verbatim "for fourteen years" in succession. In the "little world" of the public school, satire, often of a very severe kind, was permissible and was freely practised then, as it is now, although its personal application to individuals was, and is, carefully avoided. Probably within the limits of the school the leaders of an objectionable set, or the most conspicuous supporters of a snobbish or offensive practice, may recognize their own features and know that others will recognize them also; but not the faintest personal allusion is allowed even in these cases to appear; and the objects of the satire are most likely too well pleased with their own performances to feel very much offended by the notice. But in this way the boys are able to bring public opinion to bear on folly and bad taste, or even on the incipient germs of vice, by the use of ridicule or plain speaking which they would not tolerate if it were adopted by their superiors. The first article of the *Microcosm* succeeding the introductory paper is an admirable instance of an attack directed with equal force and courtesy against the then fashionable practice of "swearing." This is by Canning; while one of his fellow-workers, Mr. Robert Smith, is equally happy in his assault in the following number upon the

"loungeurs" or swells of the time, who called themselves "Bucks," and cultivated idleness and "apathy" as one of the fine arts. In this paper the character of the "languid swell" of our own day is anticipated with amusing fidelity; while the "swells" conceit, and the exceptional instances of rudeness and discourtesy towards ladies which occasionally draw down upon him the rebuke of the modern artist's pencil, are attacked in as pointed a manner by the unknown author of the letter in No. XIV., bearing the signature of "A Mortified Country Girl." Papers such as these are often found to have their parallels, adapted to the altered circumstances of our own day, in the school magazines; and various other points of resemblance will occur to any one who compares their pages with those of the old Etonian volume. If Mr. Gregory Griffin "displayed his critical abilities" in a "Critique on the Heroic Poem of the Knave of Hearts," we have seen the more modern science of historical criticism applied in a manner which would have drawn forth hearty approval from Mr. Canning in an exhibition of connected biographies of "Caius" and "Halbus" obtained from the fragmentary incidents of their lives preserved in Latin exercise-books, with an excursus on the moral character of each, which appears in both cases to have been of the nature known to Aristotle and the United States as "mixed."

A school magazine must, from the mere fact of its existence, be liable to suspicion from two opposite points of view; and it is very much to the credit of the conductors of these publications that their course is so skilfully steered—perhaps we ought to write "coxed"—as to avoid both the Scylla of breach of discipline and the Charybdis of being distrusted as a disguised police. They have thus far succeeded in securing the confidence of the executive and the constituency alike. A censorship of the press may at times have been rather indicated as a possibility than threatened as a measure, when the discussion of school practices has approached the confines of criticism upon school rules; but the complete understanding, or rather the intimate association of mutual regard, which prevails between Head-Masters and their sixth forms renders any strict regulation on this subject unnecessary, and the boys keep themselves within bounds. From the opposite side the suspicion which might attach to the magazine as a mere instrument of the school authorities is avoided by the acknowledged practice of inviting contributions from the junior Assistant-Masters, who criticize and are criticized as frankly in the columns of the school journal as at the meetings of the School Debating Society. The pages of the *Microcosm* convey no suggestion that its publication was viewed with disfavour by the Eton authorities, or that any danger to the somewhat more despotic system of school government then prevailing was apprehended from it; but the suspicions of the school constituency on the other side appear to have been excited, and were answered in a frank and manly note by Mr. Canning. Referring to "an opinion lately disseminated by some people" "that the *Microcosm*, previous to its publication, is subjected to the criticism of my superiors, or, in their own words, looked over by Ushers," he declares "the idea" to be as "false in information" as it is "unclassical in phrase." "Slaves cannot live in England; Ireland enjoys an immunity from toads; in a similar degree is the climate and constitution of Eton utterly unadapted to the existence of 'Ushers.'" This spirited reply concludes by "assuring the public that, little as may be the merit of these compositions, they are not 'ushered' into the world by those who are degraded by the supposition—the Assistant directors of Eton education"; and it anticipates with perfect exactness the universal and indignant protest of the public schoolboys of our own time if by any chance the obnoxious term of "Ushers" is applied to the Assistant-Masters. It is not to be expected that schoolboy poetry should rise to a very high degree of excellence, and it does not appear that the lapse of a century has made any perceptible alteration in the general level; but in more than one of our modern public school magazines occasional verses have appeared which suggest a hope that their authors may not, like the writer of the simple and touching lines of "Etonensis" on "taking leave of Eton" in 1787, remain to readers in the future "unknown."

OVERCROWDING.

A DISCUSSION of the kind which is usually reserved for the recess has been going on for the last week in the *Times*. The progress of the clearances made under the provisions of the Artisans' Dwellings Act has lately attracted some notice, and this perhaps has suddenly reminded a large number of excellent persons that there is a great deal of overcrowding in London, and that they cannot take the credit of having done anything to bring it to an end. Accordingly they at once dis-burden their consciences in that convenient substitute for confession, a letter to the *Times*, and at a season when there is nothing to write about but the Eastern question, and when everything there is to say about the Eastern question has been said many times over, this is as good a way of filling up space as any other. Now that Parliament has again met, those who have been behindhand with their contributions will find that the importance of the subject has grown suddenly and strangely less. They may cheer themselves with the reflection that the Whitsuntide recess is only six weeks ahead, and that, unless a war has broken out in the interval, the same lack of matter will produce the same readiness to print whatever comes to hand.

Amidst the various suggestions evoked by the discussion, there are one or two that are really astonishing from their simplicity. The suffragan Bishop of Guildford proposes to cure overcrowding by building houses for the poor of London and other great towns at the cost of the State. He admits that the expense would be "enormous"; but then, he says, "the object is one which hardly admits of the consideration of the expense." It is to be feared that this is not a point on which he will find many ratepayers ready to agree with him. The Metropolitan Board of Works has not shown itself over-eager to incur the outlay entailed by mere clearance of sites for others to build on, and if it were proposed to extend the principle of the Artisans' Dwellings Act to all houses which are either unfit for decent habitation or, at all events, for decent habitation by the number of persons now living in them, and if in addition to this it were proposed to throw the cost of building as well as of clearance on the rates, there would be a small revolution at the next municipal elections. The Bishop of Guildford must be supposed, therefore, to contemplate throwing the burden on the Imperial, not on the local, Exchequer. In that case the Chancellor of the Exchequer might bid farewell to all his projects of paying off the National Debt. He would certainly have to contract a very large new loan, and the additional interest he would have to provide for would pretty well dispose of his Sinking Fund. The Bishop of Guildford looks forward to an adequate return to the State in the shape of diminished pauperism and crime. But, however certain the eventual harvest might be, there is no question that the seed would have to be paid for out of borrowed money.

Sir Francis Peck sees plainly the extravagance of the Bishop's proposal; but, lest he should be puffed up by his own superior wisdom, he is allowed in the same breath to make a still more extraordinary suggestion of his own. He proposes to make the act of permitting overcrowding a penal offence, and to hold both the landlord and the head of the family responsible for allowing more than a proper number of persons to inhabit a house or a room. The discovery whether a given house or room had more than its proper number living in it would, of course, be a matter for inspection. Every room inhabited by the poor would have the amount of its accommodation determined, and it would be the business of the Inspectors to take care that no room ever contained more than its regulated number of inmates. Sir Francis Peck argues that this would involve no undue interference with the liberty of the subject, since it is the duty of every Government to protect the community against acts on the part of individuals which involve public danger. This is true no doubt as a general principle, and provided that Parliament were ready to pass such a measure, and that landlords and tenants were ready to yield obedience to its provisions, there might be no objection to dealing with overcrowding in the way Sir F. Peck suggests. The only thing to be said is that in so submissive and well ordered a community there would be no need for laws against overcrowding. A mere hint from the authorities would be enough to suppress it. But, as applied to a population such as that among which overcrowding is common, such a law would be altogether impracticable. It would be impossible to pass it through Parliament, and, if passed, it would either remain a dead letter, or it would be repealed as soon as any attempt was made to enforce it. To compel landlords to take stock, as it were, of the domestic arrangements of their tenants would be to lay on them an intolerable burden. Such a system would convert every landlord into a policeman in plain clothes, whose conclusions would in their turn be checked by another policeman in plain clothes in the shape of the Sanitary Inspector. One or other of these officials would have to be invested with unlimited authority to enter any room at all hours in order to ascertain how many inmates it contained. It is usually at night that overcrowding takes place, so that to give an Inspector this power during daylight only would be of no avail. He might have the best reasons for suspecting that there were more persons habitually sleeping in a room than the law allowed, and yet be wholly unable to produce any proof of it. But to give any body of men the power of forcing, or even of demanding, an entrance into any rooms which they might suppose to be overcrowded during the hours when the inmates were ordinarily sleeping there, would be to establish an inquisition such as would not be tolerated in the most despotic country in Europe.

The truth is that overcrowding can only be cured on a large scale by the employment of very gradual means. So long as lodgings are scarce, and rents large, and the standard of living low, there will always be those who are willing to be overcrowded in consideration either of paying a lower rent than they would pay for a room of their own, or of receiving that lower rent, and so finding it easier to answer the demands of their landlord. If the tenants of the most overcrowded court in London could be at once planted in new and roomy houses, their first notion of utilizing the additional cubic space would be to take more lodgers. It does not follow that no good would be done by giving them better dwellings, because habits of decency are in a great degree the creation of custom, and in proportion as their standard of living became higher, they would be less disposed to fall conspicuously below it. Indirectly, therefore, improved accommodation does tend to check overcrowding; but any one who imagines that there is nothing to be done except to build better houses, and that then overcrowding will thereupon cease as a matter of course, will be greatly disappointed. The only means by which anything like an immediate cure can be applied to overcrowding is by the personal influ-

ence of particular landlords. A landlord is not obliged by law to let his houses, and if he chooses to do so, he can undoubtedly impose on his tenants whatever conditions he thinks proper. One such condition may be that the tenant shall not take lodgers. But the action of a few benevolently disposed landlords cannot effect any very extensive reformation, and the paternal character which such landlords are supposed to assume is in itself more and more of an anachronism.

M. BRESSANT.

AN account of the career of M. Bressant, who has only lately retired definitively from the position of Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, has been published by M. Georges d'Heylli; and it is not uninteresting to compare this with the notice of the same actor contained in M. Francisque Sarcey's *Comédiens et Comédiennes*. M. d'Heylli may be congratulated on having avoided the extremely bad taste under the influence of which M. Sarcey, in spite of his boastful assurances that he would have nothing to say about the private life of the players he criticized, has repeated gossiping stories about M. Bressant's family with which the public ought to have no concern whatever. It is unfortunately one of the tendencies of the present time in England as well as in France to pry into the private lives of well-known people; but it is a tendency which one might expect a writer of reputation to resist. M. Sarcey has obtained a reputation perhaps greater than he deserves as a critic; and he might be content to rely upon his powers of criticism without pandering to the vulgar curiosity of Parisian *gommeux*. Whatever a man's qualities may be, he cannot escape the influence of the age, was said by M. Clément, in excuse of Colbert's cruelties; and it may be considered an excuse for M. Sarcey that there are plenty of people more interested by mysterious hints about an actor's family history than by honest criticism of his art. Most sensible people will, however, be inclined to think that M. Sarcey degrades his profession and reputation by the persistence with which he mixes up his judgments of actors and actresses with flippant personalities.

M. Bressant began life as a "petit clerc dans une étude d'avoué," and when he decided to abandon this calling for the stage he was too young to enter at the Conservatoire. Like M. Febvre, he learnt his art in a little suburban theatre; but, unlike that clever actor, he never suffered, so far as diction was concerned, from the want of the Conservatoire's training. M. Febvre's great fault is a terrible indistinctness of speech; M. Bressant's delivery of his words was always admirably clear. At the Montmartre Theatre, which was the scene of his first appearance on the stage, M. Bressant, who was then only sixteen or seventeen years old, played successfully such young men's characters as belonged on other stages to Mme. Thénard or Mlle. Déjazet. M. Sarcey notes a current anecdote that, while the actor was engaged at this suburban theatre, he played in an extravaganza got up to display the talents of Mlle. Séveste, the manager's wife, the part of a bear, and gained much applause by the natural way in which he walked about. Such anecdotes, says M. Sarcey, assuming a high tone, are of little importance; something of the same kind is sure to be said of every actor, from the highest to the lowest; they are only valuable as provoking a smile when they are related of some player who has afterwards taken the highest rank. It would be well if M. Sarcey had treated all personal anecdotes of players in the same lofty way. No one's feelings or tastes can be outraged by its being published that M. Bressant once did or did not put on a bearskin and dance about in that disguise on the stage of the Montmartre Theatre. But by some other things which M. Sarcey has hinted, if not said, as to other players, it is likely that a good many people might be hurt. To return, however, to M. Bressant. It seems that his leaving the suburban theatre was quite as much a matter of chance as his going there. M. Dartois, the manager of the Variétés, paid a visit to the Montmartre Theatre in order to see and possibly engage an actor named Prosper Gothi, of whom he had heard favourable reports. "C'est Bressant qui, par son aimable figure, attira son attention, et qu'il engagea, séance tenante, pour quelque chose comme cent francs par mois." The young actor found, however, that little occasion for distinction was given to him in his new engagement, and took advantage of an opportunity offered to him of going to London with a company at the head of which was Mlle. Jenny Colon. This actress was struck by M. Bressant's talent, and used her influence when she returned to Paris to get him an engagement at the Variétés, where he appeared on April 13, 1833, as Oscar, in *Les Amours de Paris*. French critics seem to have been as unable to recognize latent power in the case of M. Bressant as English critics were in that of Mrs. Siddons, for the judgment upon him of a writer of much repute was expressed in these terms:—"Le nouveau venu est jeune et mauvais." Upon this M. Sarcey observes, with a tone of superiority which seems to indicate that he at least is safe from such mistakes, that critics even then were liable to error. However, about a year after the young actor's unsuccessful first appearance, fate, aided by Mlle. Jenny Colon, gave him a chance of appearing in a part undertaken in the first instance by M. Vernet—Pippo in the *Prima Donna*. Here his brilliant bearing and diction were for the first time revealed; and besides this, as M. d'Heylli says, his pleasant voice and cultivated method in singing found an occasion for exhibition. M. Bressant's latest biographer speaks of the charm

which he gave to Almaviva's serenade in the *Barbier de Séville* during his first appearances at the Français; and even a few years ago, when the actor's voice had inevitably lost its first sweetness, his excellent method made it delightful to listen to his delivery of this song. According to his biographers, proposals were made to M. Bressant by the Théâtre Français while he was acting at the Variétés; but he declined them because he was about to marry the daughter of the *chef de claque* at the Variétés. Anyhow, he did stay at that theatre until 1837, when he accepted a splendid engagement at St. Petersburg, where he remained till 1846, when the autocratic power which, then at any rate, belonged to Russian nobles was employed, for some unexplained reason, to send the actor out of the country. While he was in St. Petersburg, M. Bressant played parts of almost every description. Of these parts M. d'Heylli has made a careful list; and among them we do not find that of Chatterton, in Alfred de Vigny's play of that name. We mention this circumstance because one of the best stories in the *Mémoires de Lafontaine*, referred to some little time ago in these columns, depended upon the alleged fact that M. Bressant had appeared as Chatterton in St. Petersburg.

When M. Bressant returned to France with the high reputation he had made in Russia, he naturally found no difficulty in getting an engagement in Paris, and he appeared at the Gymnase in 1846 with complete success. At this theatre he played till 1854. Then he was on the point of accepting another yet more profitable engagement in Russia when "le Ministre d'État, M. Achille Fould, eut le bon esprit de lui proposer d'entrer au Théâtre-Français et d'emblée avec le titre de sociétaire." It will be a long time probably before, in England, a statesman interferes to keep a great actor in his native country; and even in Paris this unusual mode of interference excited some disturbance. One of its effects was that M. Brindeau, who very justly foresaw that all his favourite parts would be given over to M. Bressant, sent in his resignation, which was accepted. In taking this step he was perhaps somewhat rash. M. Brindeau could never have attained the grand manner which made it possible for M. Bressant, when it pleased him, to merely walk through a part and yet make it impressive. But in certain parts, such as *Carnioli* in *Duila*, and *Clavarocho* in Musset's *Le Chandelier*, M. Bressant's dignity stood in his way, and he could never succeed in making them so natural as did M. Brindeau. Of M. Bressant's best known parts since he belonged to the Comédie Française we have more than once spoken. His admirable rendering of certain characters in what may be called traditional comedy gains a new grace from the knowledge that when he first appeared in Molière's pieces at the Français, having always before been accustomed to modern pieces, he entirely missed the classical air, and only acquired it by close study at a comparatively late age. It is strange to us to find that neither M. Sarcey nor M. d'Heylli speaks in very high terms of M. Bressant's Tartuffe; and we can only suppose that in this particular part French tradition demands something less admirably plausible and natural than was conveyed in M. Bressant's rendering. What is perhaps more strange is that nothing should be said of M. Bressant's performance of Don Carlos in *Hernani*, in which, among other things, he accomplished the difficult feat of holding his audience engrossed during a monologue which lasts a quarter of an hour. M. Sarcey's prediction that no successor can ever be found to M. Bressant is perhaps as trustworthy as the predictions of our ancestors that no one could ever equal Quin; while M. Sarcey's sneers at the effect of the actor's last appearances when he was suffering from illness are nothing less than disgusting, and give a strong handle to the people who are anxious to accuse the French nation of innate brutality, and heartless forgetfulness of the claims of well-tryed servants. Thus much is certain, that M. Bressant was a great actor, and that it must be difficult, if not impossible, to find any one worthy to fill his place. M. Febvre has played the Admiral in the *Chaine* with success, and M. Delaunay's brilliant powers have been seen to advantage in the parts of Richelieu and Gaston de Presles. But M. Delaunay's natural gifts are different in kind from M. Bressant's. He excels in the tenderness which the retired actor missed; and it must be difficult to him to assume the hardness which sat gracefully on M. Bressant. It may well be long before any other actor appears who has precisely the qualities which made up M. Bressant's great talent.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

UNTIL within the last few years the military resources of England were generally supposed to be limited to the regular troops, and but little regard was paid to the subsidiary forces. Gradually, however, the belief has gained ground that the standing army comprises but a part of the armed strength of the country, and that the militia and Volunteers must occupy a large place in any question that may arise on the defence of our shores. But to obtain a really comprehensive view of the military power of the Empire a further step is necessary, and the efficiency or non-efficiency of the troops of our principal colonies must be considered, if a true measure is to be taken of what should constitute our resources in the event of war. We pride ourselves on our colonial possessions, and look with satisfaction on their increasing prosperity. We regard with pleasure their powers of self-government, and watch the growth of institutions formed on the model of the parent State; but as yet no statesman has really grasped the ques-

tion of colonial defence, or devised any scheme by which the military resources of our possessions beyond the seas might be utilized for the protection of the Empire, should it be involved in a really serious war. We secure certain ports and naval stations, and then, working on the principle that the colonies must look out for themselves, we leave them free from control to manage or mismanage their military affairs.

The recent Report on the military condition of our greatest colony is, however, far from satisfactory, and calls for the careful consideration of all who believe that England extends beyond the four seas, and that her power is not to be measured by her home resources alone. Since the withdrawal of the regular forces from Canada, the numbers and efficiency of the colonial militia have been gradually diminishing. A long array of officers fills the pages of the Army List, but beyond them there is little to represent military power; and after a while the militia of Canada will be solely represented by the showy uniforms and military titles of gentlemen who have no troops to command. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining money—a difficulty due partly to stagnation in trade, partly to the absence of any belief in the necessity for military organization—the number of men annually exercised has steadily diminished, and the periods of training have been shortened until it has become a question whether it is not a waste of money to do more than provide for enrolment, without making any attempt at drill or discipline. During the last year the force exercised numbered only 23,000 men, in place of 29,000 in the previous year, and the period of drill was reduced to twelve days for field batteries of artillery, and eight days for cavalry, garrison artillery, and infantry; whilst the method of training the men in brigade camps has given place to the less efficient drill at battalion and company headquarters. The stores are also in an unsatisfactory condition; there is not a sufficiency of clothing for even the small force enrolled as the active militia, whilst the quality is far from good. There is a supply of Snider rifles for about forty thousand men, but only 150 rounds of ammunition per arm—a very inadequate quantity when it is remembered that Canada is entirely dependent on England for every round required. The field batteries have been armed with the latest pattern gun, but the fortifications are almost destitute of artillery. As yet the comparatively newly-raised forts destined to defend Quebec are unarmed; and, far from any steps having been taken to protect Montreal, there is not a gun along the line of the St. Lawrence, except a few seven-inch guns in Quebec citadel, that could in any way cope with an invader.

It must be confessed that, as matters stand, the future of the military organization of Canada is not a bright one. When the regular troops departed, it was supposed that about forty thousand men would receive such annual training as would at least bring them up to the standard of our English militia, and that these forty thousand would have at their back 600,000 able-bodied men who could take the field in the event of war. There were several training schools at the headquarters of different regiments, and owing to the then recently terminated war in the United States, and the subsequent Fenian raids, a military spirit had been awakened throughout the country. Now, on the other hand, 23,000 men receive but a very inadequate annual training, and the schools for drill instruction are reduced to the two permanently enrolled and well-organized batteries at Quebec and Kingston. The inspecting officers point out in their Report the want of instructors when the regiments are called out, which we can well believe when it is remembered that there exists no permanent staff, regimental or other, below a brigade major. In the Report submitted to the Canadian Parliament, Major-General Selby Smyth states the case with great plainness, putting clearly before the Government the condition of affairs, and pointing out that, if the annual vote is to be kept as low as it was during the past year, a complete change in the organization of the militia would be necessary. A sum of 650,000 dollars, or about 130,000*l.*, is voted annually for the militia. Of this amount 26,000 dollars is set apart for the newly-established Military College, leaving only 624,000 dollars for the maintenance of the active militia, for arms, clothing, and other warlike *material*, and for keeping up the small permanently embodied force included in the Schools of Gunnery at Quebec and Kingston.

The Military College formed two years ago, somewhat on the model of West Point, with the object of training a staff of officers for the militia, appears to have commenced successfully. There are eighteen cadets undergoing a course of instruction under the supervision of able officers, whose services are lent, but not paid, by the Home Government. Admirable, however, as the purposes of this institution are, its continued vitality must depend on the possibility of ensuring some sort of military career to the young men who are trained there. There is little use in a Staff College if there are no forces for its officers to organize, and it will be difficult to keep up its military character unless some military appointments are open to a large proportion of its scholars. General Smyth's proposal that a limited number of commissions in the regular army should be offered to successful candidates might indeed add to the popularity of the College, but would scarcely correspond with the object for which it was originally formed. The truth is that the time has come for Canada to consider what sort of force she is ready and willing to maintain, and, having determined upon some general principle, to carry it out systematically, and with all the assistance that England can afford. Owing to the peaceful aspect of affairs in the United States, and to the reduction of its army and militia,

the Canadian Government may possibly consider that the force thought necessary a few years ago may be considerably reduced, and that little attempt need be made to provide for the defence of the long frontier that borders on her formidable neighbour. Still, even granting this hypothesis, it is necessary for internal security and for possible contingencies that a great country should possess some military organization and a few troops ready at hand.

For this purpose General Smyth's suggestion that three model infantry schools, to be established near Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, should be added to the two artillery schools, appears worthy of consideration. At these schools the officers and non-commissioned officers of the militia would receive instruction, whilst a permanently embodied force would be formed of nine officers, twenty-four non-commissioned officers, and two hundred and sixteen privates—certainly a small number, but nevertheless useful as establishing a standard of military efficiency to which the militia should seek to attain. To keep within practicable finance limits the active militia would be reduced to 20,000, and would be confined chiefly to the towns and larger villages, where means of drill are more easily obtained. Thus, whilst the numbers of the militia would be diminished, its efficiency would be augmented; and a careful enrolment of the force on paper would permit its enlargement in the event of war. There is much to commend itself in this scheme, as it provides a system founded on sound principles and capable of expansion; whilst the present plan of endeavouring to keep up the numbers of the force while sacrificing the essential conditions of efficiency leads to waste of money and to a fictitious estimate of resources.

It will perhaps be asked, What has England to do with these internal arrangements of her colonies, beyond the interest that a parent should feel in the well-being of a grown-up child? With regard to the question immediately at issue, it may be enough to point to the necessity of finding a proper garrison for the extensive fortifications constructed at Halifax, the great station of our Atlantic fleet. To man those works thoroughly more than all the militia of Nova Scotia would be required, and the inter-colonial railway which now connects that outlying province with the heart of the Dominion would be used to bring down men and supplies. But surely a broader view of the question than this is worthy of a great country. Canada is almost as near to England at the present time as Ireland was a century ago. Its population is eminently loyal, and is peculiarly fitted to furnish good soldiers, and, in the event of war with any great European Power, would be willing and anxious to send its quota to act with the English army. A good military system in Canada is therefore an object of imperial interest, and with comparatively little expense and trouble the English Government could do much to assist the colonial Executive in its army organization. But, if the object is to be attained, the matter ought not to be regarded as belonging to this or that particular department, nor should the question whether the cost is to be borne by the War Office or the Colonial Office influence the decision. The broad fact should be borne in mind that, in the event of serious trouble, England would have to strain every nerve to meet the requirements that would be made upon her, and the military capabilities of a loyal population numbering nearly four millions should be developed as far as possible in time of peace, in order that they may be utilized if war should break out. The opinion of England is held in high estimation in Canada. Advice offered by her military authorities would be willingly followed, and the criticism that shows appreciation of honest endeavour would be far more readily received than the faint and careless praise which too often conceals contempt. A well-considered scheme for the organization of the Canadian troops, drawn up by the Intelligence Department of our War Office with a due regard to cost, and framed so that it might receive fuller development in time of war, would undoubtedly meet with careful consideration in Canada. Such a scheme should include not only plans for the defence of the colony, but also the means of utilizing its strength for Imperial purposes, or even of finding a place for the voluntary aid which Canada would probably proffer in the event of any considerable expedition beyond our own seas. In fact, the organization of the Canadian army should be almost as closely scanned and as carefully watched as that of our own militia. Distances are gradually disappearing; the ties that unite England with her colonies ought consequently to become closer; and for mutual protection every effort should be made to render them as binding and as efficient as possible.

REVIEWS.

DOYLE'S LECTURES ON POETRY.*

IN closing his second term of office as Professor of Poetry, Sir Francis Doyle fully justifies his appointment by the publication of a selection from his Lectures. He perhaps does himself injustice, or rather he runs the risk of exciting prejudice, by describing the Lectures in his preface as *Epidæiastic Orations*. In a certain sense the title is not inaccurate; but Sir Francis Doyle is

* *Lectures on Poetry*. Delivered at Oxford by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., Professor of Poetry in the University. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1877.

entirely exempt from the imputation of artificial display. One of his objects, as he candidly says, was to keep his listeners together till he had done speaking; and it may be doubted whether a youthful audience would be most effectually attracted by an Epideictic Oration. "I accordingly thought it better to avoid all attempts at subtle criticism"; and yet some of Sir F. Doyle's criticism is essentially subtle, although it is popular, occasionally brilliant, and always subjective or personal. He was probably well advised in selecting for academic treatment thoroughly well-worn topics. An oral critic can scarcely afford time to narrate to his disciples the dream of which it is his proper business to furnish the interpretation. Wordsworth and Scott and Shakspeare himself best illustrate theories of poetry because they are familiarly known beforehand. It is of course difficult or impossible to avoid coincidences, which may now and then be unconscious plagiarisms, with writers of earlier disquisitions on the same subjects: but Sir F. Doyle's opinions are so evidently spontaneous and natural that he can dispense with elaborate efforts at perpetual originality. When his admiration is most earnest, enthusiasm is happily blended with a vein of humour, which is an indispensable element of the true poetical faculty. Susceptibility to the influence of poetry or of any other art passes into a weakness when it disturbs or suspends self-possession. The power of thinking of two things at once is at the same time the test of perfect sanity and the basis of humour. Like many other commentators, Sir F. Doyle discusses Shakspeare's practice of interposing comic scenes in the midst of the deepest tragedy. The Fool in *King Lear* and the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* represent, among their other functions, the permanent supremacy of common sense or of practical intellect amidst episodes of tragic passion and of imaginative elevation. Sir F. Doyle acutely remarks the employment by the Greek tragedians of "solemn choric song, impassioned music, and majestic dancing" for the same purpose of relieving the nerves of spectators from a monotonous intensity of pressure. The broad comedy of Shakspeare supplies not only an interval but a contrast, which is at the same time nearly related to the pathetic emotion which it replaces. Unsophisticated playgoers who know nothing of æsthetic refinements learn by experience that tears and laughter prepare the way for one another, so that comedy and tragedy are most impressive in close juxtaposition. For a similar reason the beauty of a poem is most keenly felt by minds which are incapable of being absorbed by any external influence. Like *Hamlet's* ideal actor, the true critic preserves a certain temperance in the excitement which corresponds to the histrionic whirlwind of passion. The reserve which is imposed by manly self-respect may be relaxed with comparative ease and impunity where the critic deals with a genial and many-sided writer. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Scott, and, in spite of his gloomy affectations, even Byron, always seem capable of recognizing the humorous aspect of things. The unbroken gravity of Wordsworth and the dreamy sentiment of Shelley require a corrective.

Three of the Lectures are devoted to Wordsworth, and principally to the *Prelude* and *Excursion*; yet it is evident that Sir F. Doyle sympathizes but imperfectly with the poet's intellectual autobiography, or with the same character transferred into the person of the Pedlar.

Wordsworth [he says] "grew immortal in his own despite." He grew immortal because the austere efforts through which he was teaching himself to be a poet vented him at times, and whenever that was the case he deviated into poems (though still from his own point of view little better than a learner and a disciple) scarcely, if at all, to be surpassed. Poems, and perhaps this is one explanation of their supreme excellence, with all the flavour and relish on his palate of stolen waters and bread eaten in secret.

The criticism may perhaps not be the less just because it is not altogether in accordance with Wordsworth's own view of the relation between his longer and shorter poems. In one of his elaborate prefaces he compares the Lyrical Ballads to the chapels and recesses of a Gothic cathedral which has for its central nave the *Prelude* or the *Excursion*. That the accessories were incomparably more beautiful than the principal edifice had not occurred to the contemplative architect; but poets have in all ages failed in their estimates of the comparative value of their own different productions. There is something pathetic in the exhaustion of Wordsworth's genius when, before middle life, he had, as he thought, equipped himself by study and reflection for a great poetical career. Sir F. Doyle is probably justified in attributing the partial barrenness of Wordsworth's maturer years to his self-imposed solitude:—

It is open to us to believe, if we like, that a Wordsworth who had not buried himself among the Cumberland fells, who had not, as it were, called on the hills to cover him, would have been a different Wordsworth—a Wordsworth more illustrious than even now he is.

It is not a little strange that the Professor of Poetry should have devoted so much time and thought to a great writer whom he evidently appreciates only by conscious effort:—

Whilst I confess my own native preference for poetry with more blood and pulsation in it, I yet feel for Wordsworth much of the admiration and reverence which is his due; that is indeed owing to him as a sacred debt by those of my generation. Nor am I prepared to say, if any one condemns this preference of mine as somewhat illiberal and shallow, that he is altogether wrong.

Sir F. Doyle passes with pleasure from a discriminating study of Wordsworth to a hearty expression of sympathy with the Homeric element which redeems the many poetical defects of Scott. The greatest among the English writers of his time would have attained but inferior rank as a poet but for his knightly ballads and the battle-pieces in his longer poems. The mounting of Claver-

house, and the battle of Flodden in *Marmion*, are superior in their kind to any other warlike poetry in the English language:—"The Arab horse in Job went often, I daresay, languidly enough in his slow paces; but the breath of the approaching battle never failed to clothe his neck with thunder; so it is at all times with Scott." Readers of Sir F. Doyle's own poems will not be surprised at his sympathy with martial enthusiasm. His "Private of the Bulls" and his "Red Thread of Honour" derive their inspiration from the same source which Scott found in the history and legends of his native country. The facility and transparency of Scott's ordinary poetical style may be set against his want of concentration and force. The power of imagining and representing living characters, in which among English writers he is second, though after a long interval, to Shakspeare, can scarcely be traced in his poems. His chieftains and warriors have no qualities but the conventional attributes of strength and courage, though Roderick Dhu is somewhat more interesting than Fitz-James, and Marmion than the virtuous Wilton. The more modern figure of Dundee, when he purposes to go wherever he may be guided by the spirit of Montrose, is less conventional, but the Claverhouse of the ballad is most vividly remembered because he is also the stern and graceful hero of *Old Mortality*. Until he began to work in prose Scott had not discovered any part of his true vocation except his gift of relating a battle:—

This was not because Scott imitated Homer, because he was influenced by the reading of Homer, because he hoped to rival Homer; but simply because they both echoed the feelings of, and derived their inspiration from two states of society, widely separated indeed by time, but not otherwise unlike. Mediæval Scotland (the observation is not mine), with its septs and clans, looking up as they did in unquenchable loyalty to their hereditary chieftains (sons of Zeus, as it were, in their eyes, like the primitive sovereigns of Hellas), had much in common with the armed confederation that gathered itself together in front of Troy.

The most thoughtful and instructive of the lectures are devoted to the inexhaustible subject of Shakspeare. The criticism of *Hamlet* has unfortunately been lost; but Sir F. Doyle has accomplished the difficult task of discussing with freshness and novelty *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and the *Tempest*. His remarks with equal justice and originality that, if the *Tempest* is inferior in power to the great tragedies, it is, if possible, more wonderful and more characteristic of the poet. "If we were called upon to publish those plays of Shakspeare which no one else could have written, in the order of their impossibility, I for one should head with the *Tempest* the title-page of that golden book." None of the human personages of the play are among the most real and significant of Shakspeare's dramatic creations. Miranda herself is distinguished rather by her singular experience, or want of experience, than by her personality; Ferdinand is a mere hero of a romance; and Prospero, as a stately magician, stands apart from ordinary sympathies. Sebastian and Antonio are vulgar villains, and the humour of the comic characters is not of the profounder kind; yet the play appeals with unequalled success to the imagination, and it remains the pleasantest and most real of supernatural fictions. Sir F. Doyle calls attention to the wall of separation which exists between Miranda and the elementary spirits who obey Prospero. "Ariel comes and goes, expostulates and submits, with Miranda apparently quite unconscious of his presence; and, what is stranger, he apparently quite unconscious of hers." A studious analysis of the character of Caliban leads Sir F. Doyle into an ingenious apology for his superficial defects. The poor monster has been deprived of his birthright by Prospero, and he has even been punished for an error which may to him have seemed venial. "Caliban, in point of moral sense, is a child, with the child's indignation against anything which looks like injustice; he has moreover, whatever his bad qualities may be, a spirit of loyal affection which redeems everything. From this, and from the fact that his mind has been shaped by nature, by nature streaming in upon him at every pore, it results that, though brutal, he is never vulgar." The generous rehabilitation of Caliban is more successful than the same process as it has been applied to many historical characters. Shakspeare himself was perhaps not entirely exempt from the injustices which writers of fiction are prone to perpetrate at the expense of their less favourite characters. Scott failed to appreciate the moral and intellectual superiority of Major Dalgely to lay figures like Mesteith, and to melodramatic heroes of the order of Allan M'Aulay. Perhaps Shakspeare was hardly aware of the virtues and capabilities with which he had endowed the unfortunate Caliban. "Let us hope that, if Prospero did not choose to train him up through his power of loving and hating, he was at least set free to enjoy his hereditary kingdom without any dread of being pinched to death by the magician's vassal spirits after the magician himself had left him alone."

Sir F. Doyle's criticisms on *Othello* and *Macbeth* are still more elaborate and more eloquent, nor has so much matter often been contained in an Epideictic Oration. He thinks that "*Macbeth* soars into a higher region of the imagination, and dives lower down into the deep places of the human soul, than any other human composition, except perhaps the Book of Job." Orthodox criticism will still maintain the superiority of *Hamlet*, which, according to the same critic, "is richer in thought, in meditative feeling, in the union of high poetry with high philosophy, than *Othello* or any other drama in existence." It may be added that the destiny of *Hamlet* supplies a deeper and more complex tragedy than the crimes and punishment of *Macbeth*. It is difficult to understand why the simple contrasts which make up the history of Job should be compared with the great masterpiece of

dramatic art. Criticism on criticism is necessarily confined to tame assent, to gratuitous controversy, or at best to the exposition of minute distinctions. It is more to the purpose to recommend Sir F. Doyle's Lectures to students of literature than to show that his comments are generally sound, or to inquire whether they are occasionally questionable.

MACCOLL ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.*

MR. MACCOLL has written a book on the Eastern Question which he has done his best to make exhaustive. He has delivered his soul, and has cursed from the bottom of his heart the Turks and all who love the Turks or defend or even tolerate them. His first great object is to show that the government of Turks over Christians is in its nature unutterably, incurably, hopelessly bad. The horrors of which we have lately heard so much are not, in the eyes of Mr. MacColl, accidental or transitory evils. They are evils which have been incessant so long as the dominion of Turks over Christian races has lasted, and will be incessant so long as this dominion continues. The writer has come to the conclusion that for the Christians in Turkey there is not, and never has been, and never can be, any security for life, or property, or the honour of women, or the freedom of religion. To give the governing Turk any more time to see whether he will not perhaps govern better is, in the judgment of Mr. MacColl, like giving a hardened drunkard more time, with a free run of the public-houses, to see whether he will not leave off drinking. Mr. MacColl has therefore no hesitation in pronouncing that, as a ruler of alien races in Europe, not of course as a private dweller in the land, the Turk ought to be swept away at once. There is no half-heartedness in the book, and Mr. MacColl does not shrink from facing the consequences of his conclusion. He is all for coercion; swift, sharp, unhesitating coercion, to be applied if possible by England and Russia jointly, but, if that is not possible, by Russia only. As he is aware that this part of his work may be received with some distrust and prejudice, he sets himself to prove that Russia is in herself a good and beneficent Power, that as to India she has no designs, and cannot have any, unless she is utterly mad, and that she does not wish, and never has wished, for Constantinople. Lastly, Mr. MacColl reviews the policy towards Turkey which in recent years has found favour with English statesmen, showing that the differences of opinion have been considerable, and that since the beginning of the Crimean war, Lord Aberdeen, the Prince Consort, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Russell, and Lord Salisbury have leaned towards the side of the Christians, and Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield towards the side of the Turks, while Lord Derby has hesitated, and is hesitating, and will be likely long to hesitate, between the two views.

The main thesis of Mr. MacColl is that Turks must be bad, not so much because they are Turks, as because they are Mahomedans. All Mahomedans, Mr. MacColl says in the plainest and most earnest terms, must be wicked so far as they follow their wicked religion, and unhappily for the most part Mahomedans believe in their religion and carry out its precepts. Mahomet was a cruel, dissolute impostor, and as the followers of all religions try to imitate the character of their founder, the more closely Mahomedans imitate Mahomet the worse they are. When there is a superior Power like that of the English in India to restrain them, Mahomedans are capable of having their innate vices repressed into a state of latency; and when a State consists only of Mahomedans, they cultivate their more odious iniquities quietly among themselves, and do not persecute, outrage, and kill one another in any very flagrant way. But when they have subject Christians to deal with, then the full badness of their black hearts is revealed. That they ever were better in one place than in another is, Mr. MacColl thinks, a mere vulgar error, and in a rapid and trenchant manner he dispels the delusion which has tempted historians to ascribe some virtues to the Spanish Moors. It is totally impossible, he thinks, that Mahomedans should at any time or in any place govern Christians in a decent way. For Christians under a Mahomedan Government there can be no security of property, for the peculiarities of Mahomedan law permit the State to take away the property of individuals whenever it pleases. There can be no security for life, as the Mahomedans alone carry arms, and kill the unarmed Christians whenever the fancy takes them. There can be no security for female honour, as a good Mahomedan is always on the alert to imitate in this respect the example of the founder of his faith; and there can be no toleration of religion, for although Mahomedans may regard with contemptuous patience the quarrels of Christians among each other, this proceeds only from the sporting instinct which prompts men to receive pleasure from the combats of lower animals; and whenever Christianity comes into collision with the dominant faith, it is treated as a faith fit only for dogs. Thus Mr. MacColl overcomes the difficulty which Burke thought so formidable, and frames his indictment against a whole nation, or rather against an eighth part of the human race; and as he is not only a pleader, but a judge, he passes on with rapid steps to his conclusion, and has no hesitation in pronouncing the whole Mahomedan world guilty.

This plan of treating religions in block, and dealing out condemnations by the gross, carries with it its own difficulties, and

perhaps suggests more doubts than it satisfies. The inquiry whether a religion is answerable for all the consequences that have flowed from it—whether, for example, Christianity is responsible for the Inquisition—is a very complicated one. But there is a simpler thought, as to which few readers of Mr. MacColl's book can fail to wonder that it did not strike him. How does it happen that so many Englishmen have lived among the Turks, and have conceived a certain liking for them and admiration of them? Mr. MacColl is continually declaiming against all persons who love or defend Mahomedans or have a word to say in their behalf. And it must be acknowledged that he invents as he goes on various theories to account for their mistakes. When he finds Sir George Campbell praising the tolerance of the Mahomedans, he accounts for this by the supposition that Sir George Campbell, although an excellent Indian administrator, never knew anything at all about the Mahomedans in India. The perversity of Consul Holmes is ascribed to his having lived so long among the Turks that he has become blind to their faults; and people like Sir Henry Elliot are disposed of by saying that they have learnt to think of nothing but supposed British interests, and have thus got into a state of mind in which they see the Turk transfigured and radiant as an angel. Over Dr. Badger Mr. MacColl obtains a personal triumph, which he relishes with extreme zest; for, whereas Dr. Badger has lately been speaking well of the Turks, Mr. MacColl has dug up a former work in which Dr. Badger spoke of them as badly as even Mr. MacColl could wish. All these very different people are therefore utterly mistaken, and Mr. MacColl, who has scarcely any personal acquaintance with Turkey or the Turks, is altogether right, and they are altogether wrong. If Mr. MacColl were to extend his travels round the shores of the Mediterranean, he would find that the error he laments is very widely spread, and that the delusive opinion that, if the Turk has many faults, he has some virtues, may be pernicious and much to be lamented, but is at least entertained by many observers who have every appearance of being impartial.

Mr. MacColl has attentively considered the important question, What is to be done to put an end to the dreadful state of things in European Turkey? He is all for coercing the Turks. It pains him to have to differ from Lord Salisbury; but he does not hesitate. He has to make his choice, and he makes it. He is "willing to face all the calamities" which Lord Salisbury fears. Like Atlas, he is ready to bear the burden of the world. Anarchy paralysing thirty millions of people was what frightened Lord Salisbury; but it does not seem any very great matter to the more buoyant spirit of Mr. MacColl. At any rate, if we will not coerce Turkey, we can look on contentedly and applaud Russia while she does the work alone. But Englishmen foolishly distrust Russia, and in order to remove this distrust Mr. MacColl makes a stirring appeal to his countrymen, and invites them to realize how stupid and bad they themselves are. Englishmen would, he thinks, learn that they are not really competent to form an opinion about anything if they would but reflect how often they and their leading men have been egregiously wrong. For example, most educated Englishmen for a long time concurred in thinking that capital punishment was necessary to repress the most trifling crimes, and Lord Palmerston thought that commercial intercourse would not make France more friendly to us, and that the Suez Canal would not answer. After errors like these Mr. MacColl considers that he may safely put down the English dread of seeing Russia at Constantinople as a bugbear. The Russians, Mr. MacColl is sure, would never wish to go to Constantinople, and if they did go they would never menace India. In fact, Mr. MacColl has got to a point of enlightenment so far ahead of his countrymen that he is able to see that the very best guarantee we could have that Russia would never threaten India would be that she should be in possession of Constantinople. She would have quite enough to do to hold her own there. On any one who might be inclined to doubt whether the conquests of Russia are altogether for the benefit of the conquered Mr. MacColl is down with the peremptory inquiry, Who are we that we should judge others? A startling paragraph is introduced headed "Atrocities committed by England," and Mr. MacColl proves by reference to the events which followed the battle of Culloden, to the Chinese war, and to certain recent proceedings in the island of Tobago, that we can be as cruel, as unprincipled, and as untrustworthy as any people in the world. Criticisms of this stern kind may perhaps be sometimes useful for us to endure, and it may be salutary that we should be summoned to recognize that we sometimes have shown ourselves neither wiser nor better than other people. But for Mr. MacColl's purpose the train of reasoning on which he insists is almost too discouraging, and his readers may be reduced to the state of despondency in which they will ask how, if they are so foolish, they can pretend to decide what is best for Bulgaria, and how, if they are so bad, they can venture to sit in judgment even on Turks.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. MacColl's book as a whole, and of the cogency of many of his arguments on large and difficult subjects, it must be owned that incidentally he carries conviction on some points which have specially interested him. He has, for example, little difficulty in showing that too much has been made of the one act of Russian cruelty related on rather questionable authority in Mr. Schuyler's book, and that in fairness Mr. Schuyler's general testimony to such merits as Russian administration possesses ought to be taken into account. It also seems to us that Mr. MacColl has the best of it in the great impalemt controversy to which he naturally attaches much importance. It may be remembered that some months ago Mr. MacColl asserted that he and Dr. Liddon, when travelling on board a steamer

* *The Eastern Question: its Facts and Fallacies.* By Malcolm MacColl, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

saw a man impaled on Turkish territory. To this statement persons in a state of judicial blindness about the Turks replied that such a thing was impossible, as Turks never impaled any one. That Mr. MacColl saw something on a high sharp stick they allowed; but they suggested, first, that it was a bag of beans, and, secondly, that it was an adventurous native who had climbed up on a tall sharp stick to see the steamer go by; so that, in fact, it was not so much Mr. MacColl who was looking at the man on the stick as the man on the stick who was looking at him. Mr. MacColl deals with these suggestions in an effective way, and at least proves that impalement is a more or less common Turkish practice, and asks why, when he says he saw a man impaled at a short distance from his eyes, any one should ignore Turkish habits, and tell him that what he really saw was a bag of beans, or an amateur spectator who chose one of the most uncomfortable of imaginable positions to look at a couple of honest Englishmen? Further, it may be safely said that in one way—and that a way very precious to Mr. MacColl—the book produces an impression from which it is impossible to escape. With great earnestness, with abundance of telling details, and with much force and fervour, Mr. MacColl brings home to his readers the enormous evils of the actual rule of Turkey over its Christian subjects, and the slender chance there is of these evils being remedied. What he says on this head is perhaps not so effective as the short statement to the same purpose made by Lord Salisbury in February. But Mr. MacColl goes over the ground with a passionate eagerness and an amplitude of illustration which cannot fail to confirm Englishmen in their decision to do nothing to uphold the present government of Turkey. This is a kind of success which imparts a real merit to Mr. MacColl's book. There is much wild and crude writing in his pages, and in many parts of his work he will startle or amuse his readers much more than he will convince them. But his book will not have been written altogether in vain; and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his part to quicken the national conscience and awaken the sense of duty in his countrymen.

LONG'S EPICTETUS.*

MR. LONG has done a great service to English readers by adding to his admirable translation of the Commentaries of M. Aurelius Antoninus a new version of the *Discourses of Epictetus*. The old translation by Mrs. Carter was helpful enough, and we are not sure that her style has not sometimes a freedom which is absent in that of Mr. Long. But, apart from the greater accuracy of Mr. Long, and the satisfaction which every one has in reading a really close and truthful copy of a classic, the new translation does not provoke us with Mrs. Carter's meddlesome notes. The lady was too much influenced by the advice which her friend Mrs. Chapone imparted to her in a pleasing ode:—

Nor thou, Eliza, who, from early Youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue trained,
Hast sought the fountain of eternal Truth
And each fair spring of Knowledge drained;
Nor thou, with fond Chimeras fan,
With Stoic pride, and fancied Scorn
Of human feelings, human Pain,
My feeble Soul sustain,
Far nobler precepts should thy Page adorn.

Thus addressed, Eliza demolished in foot-notes the "fond Chimeras" of the author she was translating, and taunted him with his inferiority to the inspired writers. The unfortunate result was a constant and most unphilosophical sense of irritation in the readers of Eliza's masterpiece. Mr. Long tells us that he began with the intention of revising Mrs. Carter's work, but could not satisfy himself, and so made a fresh version. The following passage, as set against Mr. Matthew Arnold's rendering of the same paragraph from the *Encheiridion*, will show the reader the qualities of Mr. Long's translation:—

Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for this is the handle which cannot be borne; but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne.

Mr. Arnold has:—

Every matter has two handles, one of which will bear taking hold of, the other not. If thy brother sin against thee, lay not hold of the matter by this, that he sinned against thee; for by this handle the matter will not bear taking hold of. But rather lay hold of it by this, that he is thy brother, thy born mate, and thou wilt take hold of it by what will bear handling.

It is not hard to see which version reads the more easily, which impresses the mind more readily. Mr. Long's rendering of *αὐτῇ γὰρ ἡ λαβὴ ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ οὐ φερόντῃ* is closer to the rather clumsy Greek than is Mr. Arnold's paraphrase, which keeps the meaning while it improves the expression of Epictetus, or of the person who wrote down his words. To leave this part of the subject, it is enough to say that, while Mr. Long's translation is close and sound, and while he refrains from insisting on his own view of the most doubtful passages, he certainly does not lend Epictetus the persuasive beauty of style which the Stoic lacked. His version,

however, is always English, and may always be read with ease by the English student. And now we may come to Epictetus and his doctrine.

There is something striking in the fact that the two chief moral philosophers and students of life were, one an emperor, the other a slave, in an age when no man was really free except the emperor. The slave of Epaphroditus, the lame Stoic who was driven from Rome by Domitian, and who taught Arrian in Nicopolis, had nothing more at heart than the recovery of human freedom. His lectures, as they have reached us, reveal a condition of the world in which the two great questions for the philosopher were how to endure and how to be free. Men came to the teacher saying, in effect, "Wherewithal shall we be liberated?" The answer of Epictetus, which takes a hundred forms, resolves itself at last into this—"The Republic is within you." The shadow of tyranny covered the world; life, honour, and breath were at the mercy of a master maddened by the exercise of unlimited power. Every one had to ask himself, How should I meet death? in what temper accept exile? how bear the loss of all my property? at what price sell my sense of honour? The answer of Epictetus was that all these things, to the philosopher, are indifferent. No one should even speculate about saving life and property and bodily freedom; "for he who has once brought himself to deliberate about such matters, and to calculate the value of external things, comes very near to those who have forgotten their own character." Again, he says:—

What then should a man have in readiness in such circumstances? What else than this? What is mine, and what is not mine; and what is permitted to me, and what is not permitted to me. I must die. Must I then die lamenting? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile? Does any man then hinder me from going with smiles and cheerfulness and contentment? Tell me the secret which you possess. I will not, for this is in my power. But I will put you in chains. Man, what are you talking about? Me in chains? You may fetter my leg, but my will not even Zeus himself can overpower. I will throw you into prison. My poor body, you mean. I will cut your head off. When then have I told you that my head alone cannot be cut off? These are the things which philosophers should meditate on, which they should write daily, in which they should exercise themselves.

This obstinate independence he carried into the smallest matters. Thus it was part of his theory that nature was the rule of life; beads are natural, therefore philosophers should wear them. "We ought to preserve the signs which God has given." If the tyrant says "Come then, Epictetus, shave yourself, I answer, if I am a philosopher, I will not shave myself. But I will take off your head. If that will do you any good, take it off." Suppose it is a question of exile, suppose the Athenian longs to return to Athens, and "cries like a girl, grieving for a little gymnasium, and little porticoes, and young men, and places of amusement." The philosopher rebukes him with words like those of Dante, translated by Mr. Rossetti:—

Still through the body's prison bars
His soul possessed the sun and stars.

"Have you anything greater or better to see than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole earth, the sea? But if indeed you comprehend Him who administers the Whole, and carry Him about in yourself, do you still desire small stones (the marbles, now 'Elgin') and a beautiful rock (the Acropolis)?"

This wise indifference is often expressed in the words of Cleanthes:—"Lead me, O Zeus, and thou, Destiny"; or in those attributed to Socrates:—"Dear Crito, if it is the will of the gods that it be so, let it be so." When the disciple comes to ask for the reason why, for the metaphysical or theological doctrine which is to be his "strong rock" in the waves of the world, he hardly gets a satisfactory answer. The theology of Epictetus is not more distinct than that of other members of his school. It is enough for him that the world shows tokens of a designing intelligence. Like Cleanthes, he says, *ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν*; but he is not at all careful to define the nature or the mode of action of his Father in heaven. He does not sigh for immortality, nor even express, with an obvious desire of immortality like that of Marcus Aurelius, his readiness to acquiesce on this supreme matter in the verdict of that which governs the Whole. He is always ready to go whither he is called. He does not occupy himself with speculation as to what follows this childish sport of life. If we have had enough of it, if the game goes wrong we can say, like children, "We will play no more." "The door is open"; but on what does the door open? "To nothing terrible, but to the place from which you came, to your friends and kinsmen, to the elements." Here he becomes dogmatic. "What there was in you of fire goes to fire; of earth to earth, of air (spirit) to air, of water to water; no Hades, nor Acheron, nor Cocytus, nor Pyriphlegethon; but all is full of Gods and Daemons."

Here two questions suggest themselves to the disciple. First, does Epictetus mean, while constantly averring that the "empirical self," the self which can be bound, exiled, tortured, put to death, is no real self, that any conscious being survives the death of the body? Secondly, does he counsel suicide as the door that opens on freedom? It is not within the province of the philosophy of Epictetus to give a distinct "yes" or "no" to either of these questions. As to the former Epictetus holds—and it makes the motive power in his philosophy—that "we have a kinship to God, and that we are fettered by these bonds, the body"; or, again, that we are "carrying about a god within us." But when the elements of these bonds are scattered to the sources from which they came, Epictetus does not assert that the "self" which is akin to Deity, and which in this life is in bondage, goes back to the heaven which is its

* *The Discourses of Epictetus, with the Encheiridion and Fragments.* Translated, with Notes, a Life of Epictetus, and a View of his Philosophy. By George Long. London: Bell & Sons. 1877.

home conscious of its freedom. No idea of future "rewards" of any sort is present to his mind, and just as he is constantly saying that he will cheerfully go to (Tyra, if go he must, so he awaits, with little curiosity and with no enthusiasm, the change which death may bring. On the subject of suicide he is hardly more definite. He sometimes bids his hearers say "We will play no more," if the game ceases to be worth the candle; but it is not given to every one to know when that moment has arrived. His disciples should come to him and say:—

"Epictetus, we can no longer endure being bound to this poor body, and feeding it and giving it drink, and rest, and cleaning it, and for the sake of the body complying with the wishes of these and of those. Are not these things indifferent and nothing to us; and is not death no evil? And are we not in a manner kinmen of God, and did we not come from Him? Allow us to depart to the place from which we came; allow us to be released at last from these bonds by which we are bound and weighed down. Here there are robbers and thieves and courts of justice, and those who are named tyrants, and think that they have some power over us by means of the body and its possessions. Permit us to show them that they have no power over any man." And I on my part would say, "Friends, wait for God: when He shall give the signal and release you from this service, then go to Him; but for the present endure to dwell in this place where He has put you: short indeed is this time of your dwelling here, and easy to bear for those who are so disposed: for what tyrant or what thief, or what courts of justice, are formidable to those who have thus considered as things of no value the body and the possessions of the body? Wait then, do not depart without a reason."

The sum of the philosophy of Epictetus is resignation to bear the will of the ruler of the Whole. This is the wondrous thing, "the great commandment," to understand the will of nature. That will is to be discovered by a close and rational study of "appearances." To him who can withstand the first shock of mere *schein* or semblance of things, the reality will reveal itself, and he will be as fearless and free in his philosophy as the Galileans in their religious enthusiasm. The Galileans are to Epictetus what the Celts were to Aristotle—a people not afraid of earthquakes or of what man could do to them. It is curious to mark the frequent coincidences between his words and those of St. Paul and other writers of the New Testament, and to reflect that he thought of a Christian devotee much as we do of a fakir or a dancing dervish. The great defect of his system, apart from its want of emotion, and of the moral power which emotion gives, is its narrowness. He says "Sorrow not," and gives a hundred reasons against allowing passion any sway. But this brief and empty life would be still more vacant of interest if the passions of men were eradicated, and if poetry, with all its material, were expelled from the world as from the Republic of Plato.

Apart from the value of Epictetus's theory of life and duty, his remains are full of historical sketches of manners. It is amusing to learn that a visit to Olympia was as uncomfortable under Domitian as it is to-day, and that to see the great image of Zeus involved as much trouble as the traveller finds on his way to the German excavations. "Are you not without comfortable means of bathing? Are you not scorched? Are you not wet when it rains?" Here is a domestic sketch:—"But when you have asked for warm water and the slave has not heard, or, if he did hear, has only brought tepid water, or he is not even to be found in the house, then not to be vexed, or burst with passion, is not this acceptable to the Gods?" As to slavery, Epictetus bids masters remember that their servants are "children of Zeus." If the owner replies that he can do what he likes with his own, he is told that it is towards the earth he is looking, "towards the pit, towards these wretched rules of dead men, but towards the Gods he is not looking." With some humour Epictetus reminds a would-be philosopher that, "as soon as you smell Rome you will forget all that you have said, and if admission be allowed even to the Imperial palace, he will gladly thrust himself in, and thank God." Then, as now, there were snobs who would value a man or picture because the prince had spoken well of them:—

Epaphroditus had a shoemaker whom he sold because he was good for nothing. This fellow by some good luck was bought by one of Cæsar's men, and became Cæsar's shoemaker. You should have seen what respect Epaphroditus paid to him: "How does the good Felician do, I pray?" Then if any of us asked, "What is master (Epaphroditus) doing?" the answer was, "He is consulting about something with Felician." Had he not sold the man as good for nothing? Who then made him wise all at once? This is an instance of valuing something else than the things which depend on the will.

There is a taunt aimed at the lady Platonists of Rome who read the *Republic*, Epictetus says, "because it advises women to be common, for they attend only to the words of Plato, not to his meaning." Cynics are warned that moral lessons are none the better for being preached "from a dunghill." Here is a hit at some Professor Blackie of the period, some admirer of "unkempt" students:—

I indeed would rather that a young man who is making his first movements towards philosophy should come to me with his hair carefully trimmed than with it dirty and rough, for there is seen in him a certain notion (appearance) of beauty and a desire of (attempt at) that which is becoming; and where he supposes it to be, there also he strives that it shall be.

The Discourses of Epictetus have not the unrivalled charm of Marcus Aurelius's converse with his own soul. They are more professional, less spontaneous; the incomparably beautiful personality is absent. Yet Arrian says that "the hearer could not but be affected in the way that Epictetus wished him to be"; so we may assume some power in the man which is scarcely distinguishable in his reported lectures.

JOHN LEXLEY'S TROUBLES.*

HAD we not the author's word for it that this story is written by a man, we should certainly have set it down for the first work of some young lady. We should be curious, however, to know to what University the writer owes his degree. He can scarcely belong to either Oxford or Cambridge; for, ignorant though many Oxford and Cambridge men are, none, we should think, would be found so ignorant as to write such a sentence as the following:—"As fellow of his college, he had at various times filled the several offices of junior dean, bursar, vice-president, and lecturer in divinity, and he had successively been elected junior and senior proctor. As a proctor he had been a failure, but such a failure that he had been elected a second time." Mr. Bardsley is quite correct when he goes on to add that the year of office of this fellow of his college "was truly remarkable. Not a single rustication, and the penalty funds deplorably low. Nevertheless, sundry youths were not ashamed to show to their better friends short missives that had reached their rooms after some gownless expedition on the previous night, wherein lay appeals to certain home associations we need not particularize, but which had made the young delinquent rub his eyes and wonder what had made him so soft this morning." Now this is just the kind of description that would have been given, and just the kind of blunder that would have been made, by some young lady who knows as much of a University as can be picked up at a commemoration, or learnt from other female novelists or from the talk of a young curate at a croquet party. But then Mr. Bardsley is not a young lady, but a man and a Master of Arts. We come at every turn on similar puzzles. The heroine is a governess, and, with the exception of Becky Sharp, who hardly counts, we do not call to mind any author of the male sex who makes a governess his heroine. Among the ladies, ever since the days of *Jane Eyre*, the heroic governess has been found in shoals like the herrings that swarm on our Eastern coast. But all this again is beside the mark; for Mr. Bardsley is not a young lady. That an author often writes nonsense is no proof of his sex one way or the other; but then there is male nonsense and female nonsense, the fine but foolish writing which comes from men, and the fine but foolish writing which comes from women. When Mr. Bardsley writes of "a contemporaneously defunct dog," or of "an intermittent chuckle that emanated from a groom," when he makes one of his characters say "my abnormality was accompanied with a secretive tendency," when he talks of two men in a postchaise "evolving themselves out of the gloom and obscurity of the early morning"—even when he calls a floor in a London house an *eloge*—there is nothing specially suggestive of feminine authorship. The writer, indeed, writes foolishly, but not with the sort of foolishness that belongs more to a man than to a woman. But when he tells us how "the splintered scintillations of hot light frisked about the forge," when he calls a road-side inn "a hostelry," when he says that "as people mark clothes, one article after another singly, and with indelible ink, so had they taken each word, look, and gesture, and flattened it out, and set thereon the impress of 'forward,' and then ironed it, so that they might know it again," then we can scarcely refrain from exclaiming, "Surely here we have a writer, young, indeed, and inexperienced, but yet one who with time and practice may hope to rival those great glories of her sex, Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon."

Miss Braddon must indeed look to her laurels. Even she in her best mood, when dealing with the noble heir to some ancestral domain, and with all her powers stretched to the height of her great argument, could scarcely improve upon such a sentence as the following; and yet Mr. Bardsley has no one higher in his story than a country squire to inspire him:—"That window was his. A sense of proprietorship was upon him. Legal entail, like a wild, famished animal, had fastened upon him from behind, and would not be shaken off. The fangs were in his flesh; its hot breath was inflaming his blood. How he loathed that window that was his! And all the house was his! Never!" Miss Braddon may indeed fairly reply that the inventor need never fear the imitator, the master the pupil, nor a woman a man, and that Mr. Bardsley is a man and a Master of Arts. But let her think of the two windows in the church of St. Owen, and how the great painter was so stirred up to jealousy that he stabbed his apprentice. Every one nowadays, if we may trust her school of novelists, stabs or poisons as readily as our grandmothers pickled walnuts or made cowslip wine; and here is another fine passage of the pupil's which might excuse almost any act of vindictive jealousy in the master:—

Now, in his manhood, at times he would awake in the mid-night, and could scarce forbear startling the silence of the night with an awful cry in fear that he was alone, and he had felt out with his hand in the dark, and till it had touched and grasped some living thing—his brother—his brain had curdled, and he had wished to swoon, that consciousness might go. Who can describe that wild fear? What's it? Is it the Invisible that is upon us, or the Inscrutable, or the Infinite? When Geoffrey had asked him, Johnnie had shaken his head. It was not these things, and yet the influence of each was there. He could only say that a sudden terror of *self* had seized him. Did he fear ghosts and apparitions? Again Johnnie would shake his head. He could only say the spirit he feared was his own consciousness; the goblin he dreaded was himself, an entity. The darkness was an accessory—that, and nothing more. He could remember—his memory had often dwelt in fascination upon it—how he had wandered on to the moorland reach above Windle Height—it was broad noon—when all on a sudden the thought came that he was alone, and a great horror had

* *John Lexley's Troubles*. By Charles W. Bardsley, M.A. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1877.

inspired him with wings, and he had fled down, leaping chasms, and clearing walls, till he saw a little child tending some geese on a roadside common; and, gasping for breath, he had sat him down and slowly talked himself into tranquillity again.

One cannot but admire the great art displayed in this passage; how the reader, after being carried up with the hero to the Invisible, the Inscrutable, and the Infinite in capitals, is safely landed on a roadside common amid a flock of geese in small letters.

We have also descriptions of scenery and of weather which, considering that they are not written by a woman, are an excellent imitation of many a woman's style. Time was when the scenery and the weather could be left to take care of themselves; but since the days when the mediæval revival began, and the newspapers took to giving the fullest reports of the atmospheric changes, our novelists—above all, our female novelists—never put down anything that has happened without telling us about the sun glinting, or the air rippling, or the wind wailing. Mr. Bardsley, for instance, in opening his story writes how “a mere ripple of cool air, as it curled the leaves, appeared but to be fanning the golden flame. The hillside, too, behind, had a deep purple hue.” We do not in the least understand what he means; but it sounds very pretty, and, for all we know, may have some conventional meaning. Later on he rises into even greater heights of modern feminine poetry, and modern feminine unintelligibility:—“The hedgerows were thick with wildflowers, red, white, and purple-blue, and all steeped in morning dew, as though they had come fresh from a dip-bath in the purling stream below, before they set themselves to their daily duty of looking purity in the face of man.” The hedgerows, by the way, in the third volume adapt themselves in a remarkable manner to the requirements of the story. The hero's brother was running away from home and going up to London on the stage-coach. Now, as his running away was in the end to lead both to his own marriage and his brother's, it was to be expected that the coach should “pass through scented hedgerows and sylvan shades.” But at his home sad days of course were to be looked for, not only because he had suddenly disappeared, but also because his father was lying on his death-bed. Now sadness and death-beds, unless a young and sainted girl is dying when it is the early spring, always suit best, as every one knows, with the time when “autumn is dying, and with every fitful gust falls leaf upon leaf—some brown and some yellow, some golden, but all to cover him in his grave.” A few days before we had had scented hedgerows. But what of that? Old men can no more die near scented hedgerows than on a partridge feather; and, just as countryfolk often pull a dying man off his feather-bed that he may die easily, so a writer is justified in sending to the right-about the scented hedgerows, and bringing in the time when “a chill and mournful dreaminess in earth and sky was telling forth to all the world the death of the annual life.” Indulgence, however, in such liberties with the seasons is rather a feminine privilege, and Mr. Bardsley, as a man and a Master of Arts, should pay more attention to his almanac.

Still we see no reason why our author should not write a book quite equal to hundreds of others which are read by thousands of people with a good deal of interest. In fact, we are not at all sure that he will not, as it is, have a fair number of readers. Had he only cut down his three volumes to one, he would have made a story which, by those who are fond of stories of this kind, might have been read without skipping a page. As it is, *John Leslie's Troubles* are a vast trouble to the reviewer, and, we should think, to the general reader. We would undertake, if it were worth the while, to cut out three-fourths of the tale, and yet to leave it not only as easy to understand as before, but even far easier. Amidst the tedious descriptions and the dull talk in which the book abounds, the thread of the story is lost, and the reader can scarcely remember what the mysteries are that have to be solved. Why cannot a pair of lovers go to a picnic without our having a full description of the contents of the hamper? Why must the horses be described that drew their wagonette, and the driver who drove the horses that drew their wagonette? Why must more than fifty lines be given to the way in which this ancient driver ate his share of the meal? “Almost all picnics are the same,” says Mr. Bardsley. “Whether wet or dry, they are enjoyable; like their fellows, too, they invariably come to an end.” Almost all descriptions of the food eaten at picnics, we might in like manner say, are the same. Unfortunately, they are very far from being enjoyable, though, like sermons, they invariably come to an end. Mr. Bardsley is apparently one of those young writers who think that a thing, however uninteresting it may be in itself, becomes interesting by being described. They are provided with descriptions, as Mr. Vincent Crummies was provided with a pump and a pair of tubs, and they feel that all that is needed is a story to bring them in. It is a great pity that in what we take to be his first attempt he should have had no one at his elbow to cut out his fine passages and his minute descriptions. He has succeeded fairly well in two or three of his characters—in his hero, perhaps, best of all—and he shows at times a certain amount of humour. His plot is quite up to the common level, though perhaps that is not saying very much. There is moreover nothing offensive from one end of the book to the other. We do not expect that the author will ever rank high among novelists; but there is no reason why he should not write a really readable story, if he were once to lose the power of writing finely, and were to remember that one volume is generally a great deal better than three.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.*

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN was a conspicuous example of the typical Englishman, or rather Scotchman, who begins life with the traditional three-halfpence, and ends it in prosperity and distinction, the fruit of combined ability and perseverance. Of him it may be truly said that he owed little to fortune and less to mankind, unless it may be that the hardships which he underwent in childhood served to develop his natural pluck and perseverance. Fairbairn's early career is fortunately quite free from obscurity, a full and very interesting account of himself having been given in an autobiographical memoir extending up to his fiftieth year. Born at Kelso in 1789, his early days were passed in poverty and privation, young Fairbairn, with the rest of the family, accompanying his father, a farmer's bailiff, in his wanderings from one part of the country to another in search of work. Owing to these changes of residence the lad's schooling was of an intermittent sort; but the Scotch parish schools in his case maintained their character, and at the age of fourteen young Fairbairn had obtained a far better knowledge of English literature than would have been possible for a boy brought up in England under similar circumstances. His talent for practical mechanics began to manifest itself at an early age, when, in order to relieve himself of the trouble of carrying on his back the infant brother entrusted to his care, he constructed a little wagon in which to draw him about, with no other tools than a knife, a gimblet, and an old saw:—

The success which attended this construction led to others of greater importance, which I continued to practise, and which my father encouraged during the whole time we were in the Highlands. In the formation of boats and ships I became an expert artificer, and was at once a “Jack-of-all-trades,” having to build, rig, and sail my own vessels. From ship-building I proceeded to construct wind and water mills, and attained such proficiency that I had sometimes five or six mills in operation at once. . . . It is not for me to offer an opinion as to the influence these exercises had on my future fortunes; I may leave others to form their own judgment.

In 1803, when Fairbairn was fourteen years old, family difficulties required him to leave school and take a share in supporting his younger brothers and sisters, and he obtained employment for a time at three shillings a week as a labourer on Kennie's bridge at Kelso; but his father, getting the post of steward to a farm belonging to some coal-owners near North Shields, removed there with his family, and William was engaged for a time as a coal-carter, leading a very rough life. “Wages were high and men were scarce; but I doubt much whether periods of extreme prosperity are not on the whole injurious.” This is the opinion of an employer of labour who suffered in his time much inconvenience from strikes, and who therefore was not likely to look at the matter from the workman's side; but Fairbairn's testimony shows that, if there is still room for greater refinement, sobriety, and thrift among the colliers, there has at any rate been a great improvement in their manners and morals since the beginning of the century. “Pitched battles, brawling, drinking, and cock-fighting were the rule of the day, . . . and I believe I counted up no less than seventeen battles which I reluctantly had to fight before I was able to attain a position calculated to ensure respect.” But the first turning-point in his career now came, when in 1804 he was bound apprentice to a Mr. John Robinson, a millwright, on wages beginning with five shillings a week and increasing to twelve, which he sometimes doubled by doing odd jobs out of hours, helping his parents to meet the increasing expenses of the younger members of the family; his evenings Fairbairn persistently gave to study. He was now set in the road for which his genius was naturally suited; but in his case it may be truly said that genius consisted in the art of taking pains. No sudden discoveries marked his career—if indeed discoveries ever are sudden, which may be doubted; throughout his life his talents were chiefly exhibited in the gradual improvements he effected in the existing state of mechanical workmanship, and in the care with which he sought to arrive at the best methods of construction by patient and accurate experiment. Fairbairn expresses this clearly himself when he says in his autobiography (p. 106):—

It would be presumptuous if . . . I attempted to assume a character for originality in my conceptions to which I may not be entitled; on the contrary, I must candidly admit that whatever improvements I have effected in practical science have originated in some useful hint which I have applied, when ruminating on the subject, for the purpose I wished to attain. Having once seized an idea, I have never lost sight of it till the object in view was accomplished, or abandoned if proved on reflection to be unsound in principle.

The time was indeed very favourable for such a career; for, as Dr. Pole well points out in his introductory chapters, mechanical engineering was then in its infancy, presenting an almost boundless field for improvement, and Fairbairn was prominent among those who have brought the art up to its present development. And it might seem at first sight as if such a career would be impossible in the future. Engineering tools and appliances have been brought to such a pitch of excellence that there appears to be no room for one man to get any sensible advantage over his fellows; profits, it would seem, must be governed, not by talent or invention, but by the available command of capital. But this has been the apparent condition of things at all times. We are never sensible of the want of undiscovered appliances. When people travelled by coach it did

* *The Life of Sir William Fairbairn, Bart., partly Written by Himself. Edited and completed by William Pole, F.R.S. Longmans. 1877.*

not occur to them that they travelled slowly; and to the generation before us the rude waterwheels and simple tools which constituted the stock-in-trade of mechanical science no doubt seemed quite satisfactory and sufficient. And just as certainly may we predict that those who come after us will look back with complacent superiority on what they will regard as the crude appliances of the present day, although we ourselves are unable to foresee in what particular direction the future Watts and Fairbairns will extend their discoveries.

Fairbairn's rise in the world was gradual. It shows that, while busily educating himself and acquiring the aptitude of a good mechanic, he had still a spice of the reckless "hand" in his composition, that he should have started off when a young man to see London with only a few weeks' wages in his pocket, with difficulty escaping starvation there before he got a job; and that, noways discouraged by this episode, he should afterwards have made a tour in the south of England and Ireland, arriving in Dublin with three-halpence in his pocket. But his great start was made when, at the age of twenty-eight, having settled at Manchester, and soon after his marriage, Fairbairn determined on the bold step of exchanging the position of a journeyman working for hire for that of an independent millwright. He could hardly, indeed, be called a master; for he and the old shoemaker who joined him in business had at first no other workmen than themselves, and their workshop consisted of an old shed in which they set up their lathe. Their first order was for an iron conservatory; then came the removal of some mill-work, cleverly effected without stopping the machinery; this was followed by the erection of a new mill for another employer, and the firm had now established their name as good workmen, ingenious at introducing improvements into machinery. Their reputation soon extended beyond Manchester, and was much increased by the very satisfactory erection of some large waterwheels near Glasgow, and the execution of similar structures in Switzerland. This profitable business continued for many years, till the French and Swiss were able to construct the improved wheels for themselves.

It was in 1830 that Fairbairn first turned his attention to iron-boat building, the idea originating in the desire to save the canal interest, then threatened by the new railways, by constructing canal steamers which should be capable of traversing canals at high speed. The plan proved impracticable, but it first suggested the employment of iron as a material for shipbuilding; and, although the extensive operations in that line which Fairbairn undertook at London proved commercially unprofitable, and indeed were for many years a heavy burden on the prosperous business at Manchester, still the great development which iron shipbuilding has undergone received its original impetus from him. But he may be said to have first achieved a reputation beyond professional circles through his connexion with the tubular bridges for the London and North-Western Railway over the Conway and Menai Straits. Dr. Pole touches delicately and with good taste on the question which agitated the engineering world at that time, as to the degree in which the merit of inventing the tubular wrought-iron girder should be attributed to Robert Stephenson or Fairbairn respectively; but there is no doubt that the attempt set up at the time to make out Fairbairn to be a mere assistant to the former for carrying his idea into execution was quite unjustified by the facts. Fairbairn was shortly afterwards invited to Germany to submit designs to the King of Prussia for a similar form of bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. In his admiration for this novel and ingenious mode of construction he seems to have had no room for æsthetic doubts of its fitness for adoption in all localities, and it was a great disappointment to him that his design was set aside for one which, if not an ornament to the spot, is at least a degree less hideous than a tubular girder would have been.

From this point Fairbairn's rise in prosperity and general estimation was steady and secure. But increase of fortune and reputation caused no diminution of energy or devotion to the branch of practical science which he had made his own. To the last he continued to pursue those experiments on the strength of iron which have done so much to introduce certainty into the mode of using this material; while the extraordinary abundance of published writings which he found time to produce amid all the pressure of engrossing professional avocations is another illustration of the adage that only busy men have leisure. In harness till the last, and in full possession of his faculties, Sir William Fairbairn, who in 1869 had received the appropriate recognition of a baronetcy, surrounded by his family and with troops of friends, honoured and respected by all, ended a singularly prosperous, happy, and useful career in 1874, at the ripe age of eighty-five.

Dr. Pole may be congratulated on the excellent editing, if he prefers to give it that modest title, of this very interesting memoir. We should have liked the personal details to be fuller, and we could have spared the account of Mr. Hopkins's researches into the structure of the earth, Fairbairn's connexion with which was of the slightest; but in all other respects the book is just what such a book should be. It begins with an admirable summary of the progress of engineering science during Fairbairn's life; and a very just estimate of Fairbairn's own position in the scientific world is given in an interesting letter by Professor Unwin of the Cooper's Hill College, for some years his assistant for scientific research.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.*

A FEW years ago Miss Kemble (Mrs. Butler), the daughter of Charles Kemble, and well known as an actress and writer of poetical dramas, received from an old friend with whom she had been in close correspondence during a period of forty years a collection of her own letters, amounting to thousands, and containing a history of her life. She thought that these letters would serve as the basis of an autobiography, and that it would be well to publish some abstract of them, instead of leaving it to others to compose the record of her life. These memorials have for a year and more been coming out in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a very interesting and readable American magazine, not as yet sufficiently known in this country, and will apparently be continued for some time longer. Miss Kemble has, as she says, come to the garrulous time of life, and this is indeed shown in the flow of her too voluminous gossip, which concerns not only herself but a great many other people. On the whole, however, there is a good deal of interesting and amusing matter in the narrative, especially in those parts in which she gives an account of her very singular theatrical life. We may pass over briefly her infancy and early years. Her mother was the daughter of a French officer in one of the armies which Republican France sent to invade Switzerland, and Frances was born in London, November 1819. As a child she was very troublesome and unmanageable, her chief offence being a contempt for all authority, combined with indifference to punishment. During her school-days, which were passed both in France and England, she continued to be rather eccentric and difficult to manage. She seems, however, to have been a bright, sharp—rather perhaps too sharp—girl, and to have acquired a good acquaintance with and taste for literature, chiefly poetry and drama. When still young, about sixteen years of age, she began to be aware of the ominous distresses and disturbances connected with the affairs of the Covent Garden Theatre, of which her father was manager. The proprietors were engaged in a law-suit with each other, and finally one of them threw the whole concern into Chancery, where for years it remained, and "seemed to envelop us," says Miss Kemble, "in an atmosphere of palpitating suspense or stagnant uncertainty, and to enter as an inevitable element into every hope, fear, expectation, resolution, event, or action of our lives." In the autumn of 1829 the theatre was advertised to be sold, and there was a probability that the company would be dispersed. The Kembles had, therefore, reason to be anxious as to the future, and Frances felt that, under such circumstances, she was bound to assist her parents. Her own preference was for being a governess, but her family thought the stage would be more profitable. Her mother inquired whether she thought she ever had any talent in that way, and asked her to learn some part as a test of her capacity. Some passages of *Portia* were chosen, but Mrs. Kemble's comment was, "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. Study *Juliet*." Study, she says, then meant with her, and for long afterwards, merely learning by heart; and when she recited bits of *Juliet* before her father and mother, neither of them said more than "Very well, very nice, my dear." One day, however, her father asked her to try her voice at the theatre. In the gloom and silence of the house she was seized with the spirit of the thing, and, having no audience to distract her, her voice resounded through the place. An old friend, who was a good critic, sat in the obscurity of the private boxes, and strongly advised that she should be brought out at once. And three weeks afterwards she made her first appearance on the stage.

The interval was occupied by rehearsals at the theatre and evening consultations at home as to the colours and forms of costume, hair-dressing, &c., "in all which," she says, "I remained absolutely passive in the hands of others, taking no part and not much interest in the matter." Her mother settled the matter, in spite of protests by Mrs. Jameson, by setting aside all suggestions of innovation, such as the adoption of the real picturesque costume of a young Veronese lady of rank, and determining in favour of the traditional stage costume, which was simply a dress of plain white satin, with short sleeves, low body, and a long train. Along with the question of the costume the selection of a *Romeo* had to be settled. Charles Kemble had been Miss O'Neill's *Romeo* throughout her whole theatrical career; but there were obvious objections to his appearing as his daughter's lover, and another *Romeo* had to be found. At first her brother Henry was thought of. He was in the bloom of youth, and very handsome, and a few years later might have been the very ideal of a *Romeo*. But he looked too young for the part, as indeed he was, being three years his sister's junior. He had, moreover, an insuperable objection to the idea of acting, and an incapacity for assuming the faintest appearance of any sentiment. He learned the words, however; and, with his father, mother, and sister for audience, went through the balcony scene with "the most indescribable mixture of shy terror and nervous convulsions of suppressed giggling." After a time his father threw down the books, and Henry gave vent to his feelings by clapping his elbows against his sides, and bursting into a series of triumphant cock-crows. The choice of a *Romeo* which was actually made was, for other reasons, not satisfactory. The part was given to Mr. Abbot, "an old-established favourite of the public," Miss Kemble says, "a very amiable and worthy man, old enough to have been my father, whose performance, not certainly of the highest order, was never-

* *Old Woman's Gossip.* Frances Anne Kemble. *Atlantic Monthly*, Trübner & Co.

theless not below inoffensive mediocrity." He had a good figure, face, and voice, the carriage and appearance of a well-bred person; but, wanting passion and expression in tragedy, he resorted to vehemence to supply their place, and was exaggerated and violent. Moreover, in moments of powerful emotion he was apt to become unsteady on his legs, and Miss Kemble was always afraid lest in some of his headlong runs and rushes about the stage he should lose his balance and fall; as indeed he once did in the *Grecian Daughter*, in which he enacted her husband, Phocion, and, trying to embrace her after a period of painful and eventful separation, completely overbalanced himself, so that they both came to the ground together." The writer adds:—"The only time I acted Juliet to a Romeo who looked the part was once when Miss Ellen Tree sustained it. The acting of Romeo, or any other man's part by a woman (in spite of Mrs. Siddons's Hamlet) is, in my judgment, contrary to every artistic, and perhaps natural, propriety; but I cannot deny that the stature, 'more than common tall,' and the beautiful face, of which the fine features were too marked in their classical regularity to look feeble or even effeminate, of my fair female lover made her physically an appropriate representative of Romeo. She looked beautiful and not unmanly; she was broad-shouldered as well as tall, and her long limbs had the fine proportions of the huntress Diana." It may be remembered that Miss Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, performed in such parts as Rosalind, Viola in *Twelfth Night*, Imogen, Ion, &c. As Romeo she fenced very well; and the only hitch in the usual business of the part was that Juliet objected to Romeo plucking her body from the bier and rushing with her to the footlights. "If you attempt," she said, "to lift or carry me down the stage I will kick and scream till you set me down," which ended the controversy.

On the whole, Miss Kemble seems to have been fairly successful in her first appearance; but she naturally felt very nervous beforehand. As she sat dressed waiting for the call, or, as she puts it, "ready for execution," she could not repress her tears, so that the rouge had to be more than once renewed. At last the word came, with a brisk tap at the door, and "started her upright." She was led to the side scene opposite to the one from which she saw her mother as Lady Capulet advance on the stage, and the uproar of the reception filled her with terror. Old Mrs. Davenport (the Nurse), Mr. Keeley (Peter), and half the company engaged in the piece, except her father, who had purposely retreated, unable to bear the scene, stood around her as she lay, all but insensible, in her aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble," urged Keeley, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, "never mind 'em; don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages." Nurse was then summoned, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and called in her turn "Juliet," who was pushed forwards by her aunt, and ran straight across the stage. She says:—

I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre, full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the hall-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and for aught I knew I was Juliet After this I did not return to myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulations, tears, embraces, and general joyous explosions of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, I went home. And so my life was determined. I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honoured, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion.

The last sentence of this passage sums up the writer's views as to her new position, and there can be no doubt that it was unfortunately chosen. She deserves respect for the unselfish sacrifice of her own tastes and wishes which she made for the sake of her father and mother; but she thereby entered on a false position, which was all the more painful because she was aware that it was so. There was, no doubt, at the moment a pressing reason why she should take this step. Her family were in depressed circumstances, and required help, and this could just then be most effectually afforded by her going on the stage, where, it might be assumed, she would be an attractive adjunct to her father, and would add to the popularity of his name. And to a certain extent it would appear that she was successful in this way; but being an actress was evidently a cruel trial for her, as she had no taste for or sympathy with the art, and was also, in fact, deficient in the natural qualities and training required for it. This is admitted by herself, and though it would seem that, under the influence of sympathetic enthusiasm, she did at times produce an effect, yet her doubts about the profession, and her habit of analysing its characteristics and conditions, were fatal to her rising to eminence in the art, or being otherwise than uneasy and unhappy in following it. The Kemble family had in both sexes all been theatrically inclined, and had been more or less successful on the stage. Frances's mother, too, had been an actress, but Frances somehow lacked the necessary qualities, though brought up amidst the people and the associations of the stage. She had a taste for dramatic literature, and some skill in writing plays; but the vivid emotional power which is required in a really effective actor was wanting. The burden of her lamentations over her successive efforts in different parts is always the same:—"I do not think I ever spent a more miserable day than that on which I acted Mrs. Beverley for the first time." "My father tells me that after Easter I have to play Lady Macbeth! It is no use thinking of it, for that only frightens me more." "I have been sobbing my heart out over

Constance all this morning." This is the melancholy refrain:—"My task is sadly distasteful to me; it seems such useless work." In short, she appears to have shared the opinion of another actress, Miss Brunton (afterwards Lady Craven), who used sometimes in a scene to turn to her fellow-actor and say:—"What nonsense all this is; suppose we don't go on with it." Macready, she mentions, told her she did not know the elements of her profession; and she herself admits that she was "totally inexperienced in all the minor technical processes most necessary for the due execution of any dramatic conception." One constant source of difficulty was the overshadowing fame of Mrs. Siddons. Although slighter and smaller in figure and less dignified than her great aunt, Miss Kemble bore a sufficient resemblance to her to suggest a remembrance which was necessarily very much to her own disadvantage. Her sincere friend, Mr. Harness, told her that "seeing her act was exactly like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the diminishing end of an opera-glass"; and there can be no doubt that in such a case it was a great mistake that she should have been put forward in parts which recalled the powerful acting of her famous relative, and brought into notice her own comparative insignificance. And in another way, too, Mrs. Siddons seems to have been like a cloud over her, for she says that a deep impression was made upon her by "the rapid vacuity of my aunt's life," and "her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which she had passed her life; and that "such was my dread of the effect of my profession upon me that I added her act was exactly like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the diminishing end of an opera-glass"; and there can be no doubt that in such a case it was a great mistake that she should have been put forward in parts which recalled the powerful acting of her famous relative, and brought into notice her own comparative insignificance. And in another way, too, Mrs. Siddons seems to have been like a cloud over her, for she says that a deep impression was made upon her by "the rapid vacuity of my aunt's life," and "her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which she had passed her life; and that "such was my dread of the effect of my profession upon me that I added her act was exactly like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the diminishing end of an opera-glass"; and there can be no doubt that in such a case it was a great mistake that she should have been put forward in parts which recalled the powerful acting of her famous relative, and brought into notice her own comparative insignificance.

Miss Kemble's gossip also includes numerous anecdotes of eminent actors and other persons. We have an amusing glimpse of Liston at the beginning of his career, when he used to recite Collins's "Ode to the Passions," attired in a pea-green coat, buckskins, top-boots and powder, with a scroll in his hand, and also essayed his tragic powers in Hamlet. He seems to have had a taste for fun of rather a mischievous kind, such as trying to excite the risibility of the actresses by presenting some ludicrous object to them just as they had to go on the stage with a serious aspect. Thus he presented an Ophelia with a basket of carrots, onions, and pot-herbs instead of the conventional flowers and straw; and, having painted the face of Mrs. Stephen Kemble's daughter Fanny like a clown, confronted her with her mother just as the latter was making up a grave face to act with in a mournful part. There was also a very nervous actress whom he would frighten on the stage by making gestures as if there were something wrong with her dress, as to the act of which she was very particular. Once he infused a little drollery into the funeral scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, which used to be most elaborately dismal, and often, Miss Kemble says, made people ill, by giving the chorister boys bits of brown paper to wipe their eyes with. We are also shown Sheridan, on the first night of *Pizarro* at Drury Lane, hard at work writing the finish of the play, while Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble had to learn the scraps sent to them as the piece went on; and also the dismal scene on Saturdays, when the unfortunate workpeople and underlings of the theatre used to make pathetic appeals to Sheridan for an instalment of wages, and he would say cheerfully as he passed to the treasury, "Oh yes, certainly, certainly, my good people," and then go off by a back way with the whole receipts in his pocket. There is a pleasant picture of Mrs. Inchbald, who is described as "a person of very remarkable character, lovely, poor, with unusual mental powers, and of irreproachable conduct." Her life was devoted to the care of a dependent relative disabled by sickness. She was "singularly upright and unworldly, and had a childlike directness and simplicity of manners, which, combined with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most peculiar and comical charm." She was not an actress of special merit, but still of respectable capacity; and although she stuttered habitually in private talk, she spoke fluently on the stage. There are also sketches of social and political celebrities, such as James Smith of the *Rejected Addresses*, Horace Twiss, Basil Montague, Hook, Weber, Mahbuan, Lord Melbourne, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lawrence the painter, and many others.

ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.*

THERE used to be a stock question for debate at Mutual Improvement meetings; it ran somewhat as follows:—Which is worse (or better), a great opportunity without a great man, or a great man without a great opportunity? A question of the same kind might be started as to books. Whether is better a great subject without a great writer, or a great writer without a great subject? There can hardly be a more promising subject than Old London. Writers of all kinds might treat of it. There is history and poetry and philosophy in it. There is physical geography and antiquarian topography and anecdotal biography. There are statistics and art and architecture. Medicine, law, and theology

* *The Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.* By Rev. J. E. Cox, D.D. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1876.

may be included. In fact, we can wish a competent author, whatever may be his own tastes, no more interesting or worthy topic than one which in any way relates to London. Yet it is simply disheartening, as book after book comes out, and as one by one the various aspects and divisions of the subject are touched, to find so seldom anything but servile imitation of old authority, tradition and legend taken as fact, false inferences from true premises, and conclusions drawn against the weight of evidence. A history of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, might be learned, amusing, and didactic all at the same time. It might begin with some account of the ground occupied by the nunnery; why does the churchyard slope so steeply from the street? Where did the old wall pass? What Roman remains have been found on the site? Such questions might be discussed as preliminary to the history. Next might come an account of the Priory; who were the founders? when was it founded? what were the names of the prioresses? what mention is there of them in contemporary history? To this might be appended, in a foot-note or otherwise, the original documents relating to the foundation, and perhaps a "terrier" of the lands and houses belonging to the nuns. Chapters on the Suppression, on the eminent men who were connected with the parish, such as Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, Shakespeare, Richard III., and Sir Julius Cæsar, on the recent changes, on the boundaries of the parish, on the condition of the church, the monuments, and the records, with extracts—all these might follow in order, and the result would be a book which would satisfy any reader. An appendix might be made to contain the originals of documents noticed in the text, and the registers and churchwardens' accounts in full, if it were desired. A parochial history of this kind is always welcome. It is never dry reading, even to people who care little for antiquarian details. And the history of an important London parish deserves some such treatment. There is so much of association, so much of what may be called the poetry of history, in it, that we can hardly realize the state of a man's mind who sits down deliberately to compile a volume like this before us. It has been long expected at the hands of Dr. Cox, and our disappointment is the greater. The very first words dissipate any hopes we may have formed. After all that has been done of late years to put historical topography on a scientific footing, it is depressing to read as follows at the head of Chapter I.:—"Tradition reports that St. Helena, the patron saint of this Church, was born at Colchester A.D. 242, and was the daughter of Coel II., Prince of Britain and King of that district." After this one feels inclined to close the book in despair; and a further examination shows that Dr. Cox has determined to write the rest of his work according to this beginning. After the story of Helena comes a long quotation from Richard of Westminster to show that she was born in London, and a short one from Stow to show that she built the walls of London and Colchester. Next there is a paragraph which from its importance must be given as it stands:—"The original church of St. Helen in London was dedicated to the Empress Helena, and is said to have been erected to her memory by her son Constantine." A foot-note cites the unimpeachable authority for this remarkable assertion—that of the *European Magazine*.

The early parochial history of London deserves better treatment. There is no saying what important results might not be achieved by its adequate investigation. How did this parish come into existence? Was the church of English foundation? Was there any manor, any sok, any great estate in the parish? Who were Ranulph and Robert, who gave the church to the Canons of St. Paul's? and when was the agreement made which Dr. Cox prints in full both in English and Latin? The names of the witnesses, twenty-one in number, would surely have made it possible to find a date. But, in truth, we must be satisfied for the present with what Dr. Cox is good enough to give us. The history of St. Helen's has yet to be written; but Dr. Cox's collections, so far as they go, may be found of use to the future writer. Dr. Cox is quite unable to make any deductions from the documents he quotes. He belongs to the same order of antiquaries as Mr. Hugo, to whom he constantly refers, and we can only hope, for the sake of the coming historian, that his excerpts and citations are correctly made. At the same time it must not be supposed that they are all of equal value. For example, the chapter on the monuments begins with two pages extracted from Chauncy's *Historical Antiquities of Herts*, on sepulchral usages in general, from which we obtain the interesting information that "monuments are denominated a *moniendo*," that epitaphs were invented by Linus the Theban poet, and that they "serve for four uses or ends"—namely, to prove pedigrees, to show when "the party deceased," to set an example "to follow the good and eschew the evil," and, lastly, to put the living in mind of their mortality. After thus spending two pages, Dr. Cox goes on to say, "It would occupy far too much space to enumerate the numerous monuments which exist within the walls of St. Helen's." This astounding announcement will probably mark the place at which most readers will leave off. Fortunately, however, Dr. Cox consents to mitigate the rule so far as concerns "those most specially worthy of notice," and we have a meagre and unsatisfactory account of the chief feature of what Dean Stanley once happily termed the "Westminster Abbey of the City." The monuments removed from St. Martin's Outwich are only named in an appendix, and then very slightly, although they have so greatly added to the attractions of the church. Of the monuments described, one or two will hardly be considered to have been worth a

description. There is a cut of the tablet of William Bond, *Flos mercatorum*, but the quaint Latin epitaph is omitted, while the long inscription to William Finch, which is by no means so interesting, is printed at full length both in Latin and English. The famous deed in white marble upon black by which Sir Julius Adelmare, otherwise Cæsar, binds himself when called on to pay the debt of nature, is given in an English translation, but the Latin may be made out from a good woodcut:—

Omnibus Xpi fidelibus ad quos hoc presens scriptum pervenerit: scilicet, me Julium Adelmare alias Cæsarem militem utriusq. Juris doctorem Elizabethæ Reginae supremae curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem et unum a magistris libellorum: Jacobo Reginae privatis consiliis, cancellarium Scaccarii et sacrorum secretorum Magistrum hac presens carta mea confirmasse, me adjuvante divino numine Naturæ debitum libenter solutumum quam primum Deo placuerit.

This singular document is dated 27 Feb. 1634, and below is a line "Irrotulatur Cælo," and a second date, that of the Judge's death, 18 April, 1636.

The chapter on the "Worthies" connected with St. Helen's is scarcely better, though the details are a little less meagre. Dr. Cox seems to prefer biographical compilation, and gives some interesting particulars of the lives of Crosby, Holles, Judde, Cæsar, and others, for the most part made up of extracts, but perhaps none the worse on that account. The specimens of Dr. Cox's own style which he offers us are not such as to cause a reader any reluctance in turning aside to the writings of other authors. But the extracts are not always happily chosen. At the end of an account of Richard Williams *alias* Cromwell, we are treated to a paragraph from that very recalcitrant writer Stow, inserted to enable us to judge for ourselves of "the energetic action taken by Thomas Cromwell in the progress of the Reformation." One would think the great Earl of Essex was almost unknown to fame; and that Dr. Cox, by his careful study of Stow, had found out something new about him. After all, the paragraph only records that a Bible was in his time placed in every parish church, and that parochial registers were then begun to be kept. Clearly Dr. Cox has never read Mr. Green's *Short History*, nor heard of the "English Terror."

But it is tiresome, as well as vexatious, to wade any further through this dull book. It has one merit—a good index—and the cuts, if not very numerous, are fairly engraved, and well selected. That St. Helen's should have fallen twice running into such very incompetent hands as those of Mr. Hugo and Dr. Cox is nothing less than a public misfortune. The subject was a worthy one, and perhaps we may yet see it worthily treated. A more charming oasis in the desert of the City than is afforded by Great St. Helen's can scarcely be imagined. Once within the gateway, and the turmoil raging outside may be forgotten. There is green grass, at least a little. There are a few green trees. On the right is the terribly restored back of Crosby Hall. Round the square are "Queen Anne" houses of the utmost quaintness of which red brick is capable. An open doorway admits through a panelled and marble paved hall the hot rays of the sun from a neighbouring court. The western door of the church, designed by Juigo Jones, and surmounted internally with a profusion of carving, reminds the visitor that "This is none other than the howse of God." The side porch is still more curiously Jacobean, and the church is full of monuments and tablets, Gothic and classical, a plain stone tomb in the Nuns' aisle bearing, each Sunday morning, the dose of fresh loaves on a linen cloth which some unknown benefactor left to the poor of the parish in the centuries long gone by. Once within you may fancy yourself in a country church, so entirely does every arrangement differ from that of an ordinary City church. In the first place, there is a congregation. Whatever may be Dr. Cox's shortcomings as an author, there is no doubt that he succeeds, not only in filling his church, but in keeping it full, and giving every member of the congregation something of a personal interest in the maintenance of the ancient fabric. A little too much has perhaps been done in the way of "restoration." Some of the monuments have been needlessly moved about. The stained glass is startlingly modern. But, on the whole, we are not disposed to find fault. The Ionic pillars of Jones's work have not been taken away, nor has the oak carving been replaced with stained deal as in so many other churches. The lover of heraldry will find much to interest him; but we wish Dr. Cox had told us to whom the arms on the "Nuns' Grate" are to be attributed. He tells us (p. 42) that they are "no longer discernible"; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, they were very plainly visible not many years ago, and drawings of them probably exist. But Dr. Cox's heraldry is not what it ought to be, and perhaps he is right to give us as few examples as he can. One deserves notice. We read (at p. 43) of a piece of beautiful carving which had been used to sustain the Lord Mayor's sword and mace when he came to St. Helen's in state; and the arms blazoned on it were as follows (we quote verbatim):—"Ar. a cross, Raguly. Gu. and a dexter canton. Ermine—the arms of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor, 1665." This charming heraldic description reminds us of the shield of the Baron of Barbazure in Thackeray's *Pierre Vanoni*:—"The three mullets on a gules wavy reversed, surmounted by the sinopie couchant Or; the well-known cognizance of the hobbes, blazed in gorgeous heraldry on a hundred banners, surmounting as many towers."

THE HERITAGE OF LANGDALE.*

MRS. ALEXANDER has broken fresh ground in her new book, and has laid the scene in the time when pretty gentlemen wore powdered wigs and laced coats, carried swords and used them on small provocation, swore strange oaths, drank deep and played high, broke the Ten Commandments with as little compunction as they boxed the watch or kissed the chambermaid, and made life difficult for the staid and perilous for every one. Consequently her book deals with false personations, abductions, enforced marriages, and personal tyrannies impossible in our present society, but natural enough in times when the Strand was nearly as dangerous as Hounslow or Bagshot Heath, and these were in a worse condition for travellers than Sicily is at the present moment. A hundred and sixty years ago strange things were done in England; and in the remoter districts where there were few neighbours to watch, and none powerful enough to prevent, the iniquity of those in high places, all manner of foul crimes were committed, with no one to help the poor victims, or to carry the history of their wrongs to those by whom they might be redressed. The incident, then, with which *The Heritage of Langdale* opens was possible in those bygone days, if it smacks of improbability, even with all the appliances of desperate sea-rovers and faithful adherents ready to cut a throat or a purse at the word of command, and afraid of nothing so much as of the monotony of virtue. As it is, however, the peg on which the whole of the story hangs, and as Mrs. Alexander has written a lively, good-tempered, rattling novel, we must shut our eyes to the length of the bow first drawn, and try to believe in the marriage as she has presented it.

This marriage is presented thus. Maud Langley, the rightful heiress of Langdale, is the ward of her half-uncle John. The family estates have been forfeited for the political misdeeds of Maud's father, he having been on the losing Jacobite side; but there is a pardon floating somewhere about the world, of the existence of which John is aware, and which, when found, will place Maud in possession of the whole rich heritage. As it is, she appears to be a penniless dependent on her uncle's bounty, this uncle being "half-brother on the left hand" of her late father, and a scheming, surly, sullen villain, who had never forgiven his brother for having been born after the marriage of their parents, while he had lost the rights of primogeniture by coming into the world before. He therefore thinks to make matters square by marrying his niece to his son; knowing that the pardon will some day be brought to light, and that thus the estates will come at last into the elder, if the illegitimate, branch. Maud, partly cajoled, and partly bullied, at last agrees to the marriage, which is to take place at Langdale Priory; whither the uncle, who has been appointed by the Government agent and administrator of the estates, has brought her—the wild loneliness of the place favouring any deed of violence that he might desire or devise. But while Maud and the parson, the uncle and the waiting-maid, are ready for their various parts at the Priory, the bridegroom elect is the hero of a rather unpleasant adventure. He is at the little village inn down in the valley, whither he had been drawn by a letter purporting to come from some fair intriguante who desired to see him; but when he finds that no *bona roba* is to the fore, he hastens to return home, and then learns that his horse has been broken away and none other is to be had. After sundry imprecations accompanied by various smart blows with his whip, he sets out to walk, when he is surrounded by a gang of men who blindfold him, strip him of his fine blue and silver coat, yet do not otherwise maltreat him, but only keep him in close custody for a certain time. When he is released he hurries off to the Priory to find that Maud has been already married to a strange man personating him, and not detected as an impostor even by his father. Only Maud discovers the cheat after the binding words have been spoken; and she keeps the secret, even though she swoons, fearing lest the stranger, whose eyes "were like her father's," should be assassinated, as in all probability he would have been. As she dislikes her cousin Harold, though she had been weak enough to consent to marry him, she is not sorry for the obstacle that has now been placed between them; and, girl-like, nourishes a faint unspoken feeling of romance for the man who has rescued her from what would have been lifelong misery, and whose manner was more than kind, as his action was even more than chivalrous. In this delineation of the girl's unexpressed and only half-formed feeling the author has shown the same light hand and subtle delicacy that she showed in her character of Maggie in the *Wooing Ot*. She has caught the vague, shadowy, dreamy hope, mingled with fear and doubt and wonder as to what and who this strange husband of hers might prove himself to be, which would be the state of mind into which a girl would be thrown by such an event, yet which few writers would have presented with Mrs. Alexander's accuracy of touch, and skilful steering between mawkish sentimentality and unnatural coldness. She carries the same skill into the description of Maud's feelings when she has discovered who her husband really is, and when what would otherwise have been her natural admiration for him has been checked by the warnings and muttered whisperings of his iniquities with which her aunt for her own purposes has plied her. His eagerness, too, and rather fiery manner of wooing frighten her when she is taken by him to his lodgings, after he has rescued

her from her cousin Harold's first attempt at abduction; but the dawning of a warmer feeling is very prettily indicated, and is quite in keeping with the whole character of the tender-hearted, pure, and maidenly heroine. Mrs. Alexander is happy in her heroines. She has the knack of presenting reasonable women full of womanly feeling, but free from passion, and as devoid of coarseness as of prudery.

Lady Helmsford is not so successful a presentation as Maud Langley. We will give her portrait in the author's own words:—

The Countess of Helmsford sat at her toilette one foggy evening about the beginning of the year.

The Countess was a great lady—a beauty still—a wit—a politician—an institution of London life in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The dinners and card-parties of Lady Helmsford were heavens of fashion into which the outsiders strove for admission with far more of purpose and untiring application than they did to make their "calling and election sure." The Countess was nobly born, nobly wed, and early widowed. Tory by birth and early association—Whig by choice—through a certain cold cleanliness of intellect, which generally guided her right, save when passion blinded her with the gold dust of delusion.

She was a large voluptuously-formed woman, with a pale olive complexion, and dusky shading of the upper lip quite un-English.

A stately commanding woman, formed by Nature for a great lady. And now she sat before her toilette-table gazing intently on her mirror, while with her own fair discriminating hand she fixed the quaintly-cut patches contained in a box held by an obsequious waiting-woman on the plump and delicately-rouged cheeks, which, one after the other, she turned to the light of the wax-tapers in the girandole.

"There, Beville, I need add no more. In truth, it is sad waste of labour and of time. There is no one in town worth dressing for, only worn-out old rakes and insipid young ones. Ah, Beville, there is not one, Whig or Tory, to compare with that splendid Spaniard who dazzled us all in Paris last autumn."

Lady Helmsford spoke to her maid with the sort of contemptuous confidence tyrants bestow on slaves they imagine too lowly to judge or to disapprove.

The Spaniard of whom she speaks is a certain Don Juan di (*sic*) Monteiro, the secret of whose real personality we will not tell, and who has been her lover after a fashion. But what was a passing fancy with him was a true passion with her; and, according to the manner of men and women, as his love waned hers grew, till at last she lost all self-respect and reticence in the headlong madness of her despair, and flung at his feet the love which he had not cared to take to his heart. But from Sappho's days downwards what woman ever won a man's heart by openly offering her own? And the Countess of Helmsford is no exception to the rule. He is madly in love with Maud, of whom the reader discovers at once that he is the mysterious husband, and is only solicitous how he can win her love in return without showing his cards prematurely. For the whole story is bound up with the royal pardon, and consequent restoration of the estates, which pardon is to be found somewhere, though no one knows exactly where; and, when found, will release Maud from the guardianship of her half-uncle, and make her marriage with her cousin Harold less and less possible. If, then, Monteiro can win her love, voluntarily and frankly given, his happiness is secure on all sides; but he must not let the Countess know how things stand between him and her niece—now her guest and charge—Maud having run away from John Langley to throw herself on the protection of Lady Helmsford, who is her mother's sister. Monteiro well knows of what her womanly jealousy would be capable were she to discover that, as she says, she has been supplanted by the daughter with Monteiro, as before-time the mother had supplanted her with Lord Langley. And indeed, when she does discover the truth, she acts as it might have been supposed she would, and sends Maud back to John Langley and all the perils included in such guardianship.

The men, too, act according to their natures, and again Maud is abducted by her cousin Harold, to be again rescued by her husband Monteiro, who brings the news of his own pardon and admission into the King's service, as well as of the restoration of his wife to the title and heritage of Langley. But, generous always, he leaves her free to renounce him even at this supreme moment, and would have quitted her for ever had not Maud's natural love for him burst forth. He therefore yields to her prayer to remain, and they are to be remarried on the morrow in a more binding and orthodox manner than before. This is the bare skeleton of the plot, in telling which we are doing the book no harm; for the interest of the story lies more in the working out of the characters than in the mere action of the drama. We are sorry to have to add that the author is at times unpardonably careless, and that she trips where a writer of her power and practice might be least expected to fail. Her grammar is not always faultless, her adjectives are sometimes redundant, she blunders in her use of foreign words, and she is not a good corrector of the press. Moreover, she commits the most astounding anachronisms, as when she makes one of her personages perform a sonata by Beethoven a good half-century before Beethoven was born.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third volume recently published by Count Prokesch* completes the collection of Gentz's correspondence with the Hospodars of Wallachia. Austria, whose politics naturally have the foremost place in these despatches, was eager, before

* *The Heritage of Langdale*. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, Author of "The Wooing Ot," "Which shall it Be," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

* *Dépêches inédites du Chevalier de Gentz aux Hospodars de Wallachie*. Publiées par M. le Comte Prokesch-Osten. Vol. III. Paris: Plon.

Napoleon's downfall, to preserve an attitude of armed neutrality, equally disliking an alliance with Russia and a nearer intimacy with France. Then came the idea of a coalition against the ambitious projects of the French Emperor, and the firm resolve on the part of the European Powers to restore old frontiers. It is a curious fact, abundantly proved by the work before us, that the allied sovereigns had not entertained at first the idea of dethroning Napoleon; on the contrary, they regarded the restoration of the Bourbons as an evil, and merely wished to conclude peace on the basis of the Congress of Châtillon. With reference to the Eastern question, which was already at that time occupying the attention of European statesmen, Gentz observes that the existence of the Ottoman Empire is essential to the independence of the West, and that it constitutes one of the most formidable checks on the ever-growing ambition of Russia. In 1823 and 1824 the Czar was absolutely opposed to any scheme implying the political freedom of Greece, admitting only for the Greeks a distinct civil administration, but fully determined on retaining an influence of which a system of autonomy would deprive him.

M. de Tréveret has been led in the course of his studies to devote much attention to Italian literature. He has taken the Italy of the sixteenth century as the subject of his lectures at Bordeaux, and now presents us with an elegant little volume* embodying the principal results of his teaching. Lying under the constant threat of invasion, and surrounded by three powerful nations which were watching the fittest opportunity to enslave them, the contemporaries of Machiavel had the misfortune of helping on by their dissensions the subjugation of the peninsula, and of postponing that political unity which has only just been realized. The development of this idea gives great interest to M. de Tréveret's sketch of Machiavel, the first and the longest in the volume. The author of *Il Principe* is certainly very little known to French readers; but still the praises bestowed upon him in modern times and the respect paid to his memory have helped to bring him somewhat into notoriety. But who has ever opened the works of Sannazar, or glanced at Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*? Yet these two men are worth studying, because they give us a vivid and naïve picture of the Renaissance, and enable us to understand a phase of civilization which has often been misrepresented. M. de Tréveret's volume is written in a very agreeable manner, and is completed by an appendix containing, amongst other things, the original of a few of Sannazar's poems.

French literature boasts of two excellent works on the history of German and Italian philosophy; but it has not yet produced any tolerable sketch of modern French metaphysics. M. Damiron's two volumes are fifty years old, and therefore are out of date; the essays of M. Renouvier and M. Ravaisson do not aim at being anything beyond mere summaries dealing with generalities and avoiding details. M. Ferraz tells us in his preface† that he has entertained the idea of doing for his own country what MM. Wilm and Ferri have done respectively for Germany and for Italy. We hope that he will find time and strength to carry out his plan; in the meanwhile he has published a very interesting volume in which he treats of the schools of thought respectively headed by Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabet, Pierre Leroux, Auguste Comte, and Proudhon. The naturalist group, exaggerated in the writings of Buchner, Moleschott, and Robin, is here identified with Gall and Broussais. M. Ferraz is justified in expressing regret that Frenchmen should have been so thoroughly absorbed by the political, administrative, and military history of the last seventy years as to forget to take notice of the evolution of philosophical theories; and it is high time that this deficiency should be supplied.

M. de Pontmartin's *Nouveaux Samedis*‡ have reached their fourteenth volume, and each instalment as it comes before us reminds us of works with which the public is already familiar. But M. de Pontmartin has the gift of bringing out the true character of the productions with which he deals, and there is always much to learn from his articles. If we are disposed to quarrel with him on the present occasion, it is about his severe article on M. Doudan. Critics may perhaps be justified in wishing that the two thick volumes of M. Doudan's correspondence had been more cautiously edited, and that the pruning scissors had been used with more judgment. But surely, in the midst of the questionable productions with which the French press teems just now, it is something to have to read a few hundred pages of common sense, elegant language, and witty remark. Does not M. de Pontmartin himself, in his article on M. Jules Simon at the Académie Française, deplore that the places formerly occupied by Bossuet, Voltaire, Guizot, Rémusat, &c., should now be filled by men like M. Charles Blanc? One of the best *causeries* in the volume is the last, devoted to Mme. Volny, who, under the name of Léontine Fay, was the favourite of all Parisian playgoers.

The biography of Alfred de Musset§ cannot fail to attract much attention; it is a great deal more than a simple monograph, and the details it gives as to the literary movement in France during the last half-century are extremely curious. M. Gustave Planche, M. Chaudesaigues, M. Buloz, Mlle. Rachel—all the leading stars of the Romantic school occupy their respective places in this interesting

volume. The readers whom the famous biographical novel *Elle et lui* justly scandalized some years ago, and who found M. Alfred de Musset signally avenged in *Lui et elle*, must now complete their information by turning to M. Paul de Musset's biographical sketch.

The "metropolis of the world," as M. P. Imbert calls Paris*, contains secrets which are not of the most attractive nature, and which few persons would care to fathom, if we may judge from the descriptions given in the volume before us. Eugène Sue had already introduced us in his *Mysteries of the tapis-frances* of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and had explained to us the composition of that culinary phenomenon a *Harlequin*. We might, however, be justified in supposing that the novelist was drawing on his imagination; but when we see a sober-minded person like M. Imbert ratifying the statements made by M. Sue, we are driven to suppose that such eating-houses as "L'Azart de la Fourchette" really exist. The chapters of this little volume treat of the most various subjects, and although they place before us pictures of a somewhat gloomy description, we have every now and then amusing bits, such as the essay entitled "A Matrimonial Agency," and the narrative of spirit-rapping experiences in the Rue de Charenton.

The anonymous writer to whom we are indebted for *Les femmes et la fin du monde*† has done a good service to French society. The subject with which he deals is not a pleasant one, but it required to be honestly and seriously treated. The morality of a nation depends in a great measure on the condition of its women; and it is equally certain that the moral and intellectual training of ladies in France is anything but what it ought to be. Many years ago, when grave philosophers and religious thinkers protested against the system adopted for the education of Frenchwomen, optimists shrugged their shoulders and laughed at the moroseness of would-be Catos who ignored the refinements of civilized life. The word of caution is now uttered, not by professed moralists, but by observers belonging to what is called fashionable society, who cannot help noticing facts which stare them in the face. What can be the latter end of a community in which girls brought up in the most thorough ignorance of anything like religion and high principle feed upon such literary rotteness as the novels of MM. Belot, Flaubert, and Zola? The picture is a melancholy one, but it deserves to be studied attentively by those who think that England would be all the better for the importation of Parisian manners.

The French occupation of Canada has left traces which still subsist, and after more than a century of English rule the population of what was called *La Nouvelle France* is still closely attached to the mother-country. M. Charles de Bonnechose has explained in an interesting little volume‡ the origin of the French possessions in North America, and, whilst giving the biography of General Montcalm, he shows by what train of circumstances Canada fell into the hands of the English. This chapter of colonial history is still little known, at least in its details, and it is only quite recently that the exploration of the French War Office and Admiralty records, together with the study of the documents collected by Canadian writers, has thrown light upon the public career of Montcalm. M. de Bonnechose has performed his task remarkably well, and the two maps which end the volume add materially to its value.

After having given us the history of France during the reign of Louis XV., M. Jobez now attempts to describe the last days of the *ancien régime*, and to estimate the government of Louis XVI.§ His first volume is taken up by an account of Turgot's administration, and of the reforms which that Minister endeavoured to bring about. One of the principal facts which strike us in the history of that period is the growing estrangement of the nation from the King. The only theory capable of justifying absolute monarchy as it existed in France had been inapplicable since the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and face to face with a system which was rotten to its core stood public opinion daily gaining in strength, loudly calling for reforms, and insisting upon being heard. M. Jobez shows in minute detail what the Court of Versailles was in 1770, describes the contending influences of Marie Antoinette on the one side and of the anti-Austrian party on the other, and dwells upon the egregious blunder which the King committed when he dismissed Maupeou. The work of M. Jobez is written from the liberal point of view, and will be found valuable; but the author has adopted too gossiping a style, and seldom refers to the sources which he has consulted.

M. l'abbé Chevalier has lately published the first part of a work which will be of great service to students of mediæval history.¶ The *Répertoire des sources historiques* is to consist of three volumes, representing three distinct works; and the lexicon now in course of publication gives in the briefest possible form the biography of all the persons who have risen to any celebrity during the epoch included between the establishment of the Christian Church and the end of the fifteenth century. Each article comprises two divisions; the former, the biography properly

* *L'Italie au seizième siècle*. 1re série. Machiavel—Castiglione—Sannazar. Par M. de Tréveret. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Etude sur la philosophie en France du XIXe siècle: le socialisme, le naturalisme et le positivisme*. Par M. Ferraz. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Nouveaux Samedis*. 14e série. Par M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Biographie d'Alfred de Musset*. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Charpentier.

* *A travers Paris inconnu*. Par P. L. Imbert. Paris: Decaux.

† *Les femmes et la fin du monde*. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Montcalm et le Canada Français: essai historique*. Par Charles de Bonnechose. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *La France sous Louis XVI.* 1. Turgot. Par M. A. Jobez. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Répertoire des sources historiques du moyen âge*. Par Ulysse Chevalier. Vol. I. Paris: Société Bibliographique.

so called, is limited to a few dates and leading facts; the latter indicates, as completely as possible, the sources of information—special monographs, essays or disquisitions, &c. Thus, by referring to M. Ohevalier's dictionary, any person wishing to write a Life of St. Bernard, for instance, will find at a glance a list of all the works published about him, down to M. Patriat's trifling article inserted in the *Bulletin du bouquiniste* for 1870. The volume is admirably printed.

M. Bougot has written an elaborate volume on art-criticism.* He is struck, he tells us in his preface, by the random, haphazard manner in which critics often discharge their task; they seem to have no leading principle to guide them, and in proportion to their incompetence is the arrogance with which they deliver their oracles. How is this state of things to be remedied? In answer to this question, M. Bougot begins by describing the relations existing between criticism on the one side, and aesthetics, technology, and the history of art on the other; he then discusses the share which each of these elements should have in shaping our judgment, and he devotes the second part of his book to a brief sketch of the history of art-criticism in France from its origin, two centuries ago, to the present time. The conclusion he arrives at is that all sound appreciation of a work of art should combine the science of a metaphysician, the taste of an artist, the imagination of a poet, and the technical knowledge of an historian. M. Bougot certainly does not make things too easy to the critics.

The monograph composed by M. B. Hauréau† is a curious chapter, so to say, detached from the history of the Albigenses, and it throws a good deal of light on the character of the persecution which brought about, as a final result, the destruction of Languedoc civilization. We see the jealousy of two orders of monks breaking out in open hatred, followed by sentences of excommunication. Bernard Deltieux, the unfortunate victim on this occasion, is charged with abetting heresy, whereas he merely constitutes himself the champion of a good man who had edified the south of France by his virtues. Far in advance of his age, he was bold enough to blame his superiors, and the freedom of his opinions procured for him the character of a reckless and daring agitator. Bernard was finally brought to trial, and condemned on the threefold charge of having stirred up the country against the authority of the Inquisition, conspired against the King of France, and procured the death of Pope Benedict XI. by poison. The narrative of this episode in mediæval history illustrates vividly the power of the Romish Church, and especially of that dreaded tribunal which was established to decide on cases of heresy. M. Hauréau has given in an appendix the principal documents bearing on the trial of Bernard Deltieux.

Mrs. Craven has devoted a small volume to one of the *dramatis personæ* of the *Récits d'une sœur*‡. There cannot but be some interesting, and especially some edifying, pages in the biography of a Sister of Charity, and we have no doubt that the life of Mlle. Narischkin will be popular amongst a certain class of readers. At the same time we suspect that the public in general is becoming rather tired of hearing about the excellent persons of what we may call the Swetchino type; and the charm which pervades Mrs. Craven's earlier work will suffer if an attempt is made to spread it over a number of supplemental biographies.

M. Emile de Girardin has collected, under the title *La question d'argent*§, a number of articles on the most various subjects. Short notices of the Countess d'Agout and of George Sand appear in close proximity to papers on the Postal Union, the Senate, and the working classes. The volume derives its title from some of the essays in the second part, which treat of the Turkish question, the disarming of Europe, the attitude of Russia, and the state of finances as affected by the present condition of foreign politics. M. Emile de Girardin looks about him, and the result of his survey is extremely sombre. He thinks that we should not be deceived by the apparent prosperity of France. Just now a paper currency is in favour, but at the first rumour of war there must, he says, be a general bankruptcy, and the law of 1870 which authorizes the Bank of France to refuse payments in specie shows that notes may in the course of twenty-four hours become utterly valueless if the political weather-glass should point to storm. Economy is absolutely necessary throughout Europe; there is not a State which is not crushed under the weight of loans and taxes; and the problem to be solved is how to retrench the enormous expenses entailed by the keeping up of standing armies, and to devote all available resources to the development of industry in its many forms—roads, canals, manufactures, commerce, &c. Education also must be encouraged and subsidized, for, as we are happy to learn, the people who now rule by virtue of universal suffrage will not sanction wars of conquest and territorial annexation if they can appreciate the blessings of intellectual culture. It may be admitted that M. Emile de Girardin's new collection of newspaper articles contains some matter that is sound and practical, but he mixes up with it a considerable amount of sensational verbiage.

Works on scientific subjects abound. We may mention first M. Bourlet's educational treatise written from the Positivist point of

view*, and introduced by a preface from the pen of M. Charles Robin. This volume, which has now reached a second edition, acknowledges indeed the good which has been done in other days by the teaching of Christianity, and condescendingly admits that man is even now a religious animal; but the author maintains, agreeably to the doctrine of Auguste Comte, that collective humanity is the only divine being in the universe, and that a normal system of education must repudiate as obsolete the notions of the supernatural, of providence, and metaphysics in general.

M. Louis Figuier's popular handbook† keeps up its character for accuracy, usefulness, and completeness. Under its several subdivisions of astronomy, meteorology, physics, pure and applied science, &c., it gives a brief sketch of recent discoveries and improvements; the principal meetings of learned Societies are also duly reported, and a biographical chapter supplies short notices of the most distinguished men of science who have died during the course of the year 1876.

The knowledge of the numerous insects which destroy vegetation is of the utmost importance to agriculturists, who need for their guidance a compendious treatise of a practical character, stripped of scientific technicalities, and giving merely the principles and the facts which every one ought to know. This want M. Rondou has supplied in a little volume‡, copiously illustrated, and compiled from the works of the best entomologists, both French and foreign.

We are told that the new book§ of M. Sacher-Masoch has created great irritation in Germany; which is not much to be wondered at. Prussians and Austrians are described by the author of the *Contes galiciens* in somewhat disagreeable colours, and he has made fiction the means of apprising his readers that *ces bons Allemands* have all possible vices. M. Sacher-Masoch is a vigorous writer, full of originality, and his book, independently of its political tendencies, has all the qualities of a good novel.

M. Dufan is already known by an excellent treatise on the education of the blind, published some twenty years ago under the title *Souvenirs et impressions d'une jeune aveugle née*, a work of which the second edition is now before us.¶ Whether it is a novel or the *bona fide* memoirs of a blind girl is not quite clear; at any rate the volume is well worth reading, for, in addition to the dramatic element it contains, the author has managed to discuss incidentally a number of questions bearing upon education, ethics, and even metaphysics. He explains with much force how the loss of one of the senses affects the development of the passions, and shows the law of compensation acting in the case of the blind. If these interesting *souvenirs* are not real, they have unquestionably a stamp of reality which must strike every reader.

The memoirs of the gentleman who has adopted "Pervacques" as his *nom de plume* are neither edifying nor amusing; his heroines belong to the *demi-monde* of all countries; but the volume is readable, which is more than can be said of M. Emile Zola's novel, *L'assommoir***, six hundred pages of garbage given as a work of philological and moral pretensions.

* *Principes d'éducation positive*. Par le Dr. Bourdet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *L'année scientifique et industrielle*. Par Louis Figuier. 200 années (1876) Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les insectes nuisibles à l'agriculture, aux jardins et aux forêts*. Par V. Rondou. Paris and London: L. Hachette and Co.

§ *Les Prussiens d'aujourd'hui*. Par Sacher-Masoch. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Souvenirs et impressions d'une jeune aveugle née*. Publiés par P. A. Dufan. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Nouveaux mémoires d'un dévot*. Par Pervacques. Paris: Dentu.

** *L'assommoir*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Essai sur la critique d'art*. Par A. Bougot. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Bernard Deltieux et l'Inquisition Albigeoise*. Par B. Hauréau. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *La sœur Natalie Narischkin*. Par Mme. Augustus Craven. Paris: Didier.

§ *La question d'argent*. Par M. Emile de Girardin. Paris: Plon.

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THE CRISIS.

THE question of peace or war is not yet finally decided; but there is at present every reason to fear the worst. The Turkish Government has rejected the Protocol; the Turkish Parliament has refused any cession of territory to Montenegro; and consequently the conditions attached in Count SCHOUVALOFF'S Declaration to the disarmament of Russia have not been even partially satisfied. If the war which is now generally expected ensues, it will have become certain that the late diplomatic operations were intended by Russia to result in failure. Political observers were during the whole course of the controversy perplexed by the concurrence of two conflicting improbabilities. It was equally difficult to explain the vast military preparations of Russia except on the assumption that war was imminent, and to account plausibly for the elaborate efforts of General IGNATIEFF and Count SCHOUVALOFF to obtain the assent of the Great Powers to a document which seemed preparatory to peace. On the whole, the preponderance of conjecture expressed itself in the hackneyed illustration of a bridge by which Russia might retreat. Sanguine politicians hoped that some at least of the military rumours were untrue; and a credulous section persisted in repeating the official statement that the Emperor ALEXANDER was sincerely desirous of peace. There is no discredit in failure to decipher the secrets of powerful and unscrupulous Governments. It now seems that the Protocol and its attendant documents were designed to occupy the time during which the roads in South-Eastern Europe are becoming passable to an army. If an affront has been offered to the Powers, and especially to England, the Russian Government is justified in the belief that no possible irritation will embody itself in the form of material aid to Turkey. It is, after all, still barely possible that some new method of preserving peace may be devised. It has been long foreseen that the ultimate solution would correspond with the secret purposes which have long been entertained by Russia. The mystery is not yet finally disclosed, though it seems almost certain that war was intended from the first.

The Protocol and the accompanying Declarations have been subjected to much reasonable criticism. The supposed agreement with Russia did little or nothing for the Christian subjects of the Porte; it might be so construed as to impose vague responsibilities on England; and there was no doubt that it virtually repealed a principal article of the Treaty of Paris. It is true that its defects were provisionally counteracted by the defeasance inserted in the covenant by Lord DERRY. If Russia failed to accomplish a disarmament which had not been promised, the Protocol was at once avoided as far as it affected the English Government. On the other hand, the Russian Ambassadors enumerated a series of concessions which were to be made by Turkey before the disarmament was to commence. The Porte was to agree to a simultaneous and preliminary disarmament; peace was to be made with Montenegro; and a special Envoy was to be sent to St. Petersburg to negotiate the matters in dispute. It was evidently in the power of Russia to ensure the non-performance of the conditions, and consequently to maintain absolute liberty of action; but even sceptical minds were unwilling to believe that the IGNATIEFF mission and the subsequent negotiations had been deliberate impositions. Those opponents of the Government who are not partisans of Russia complained that the entire result of the negotiations had

been a diplomatic triumph to Russia, achieved in one sense at the expense of the unhappy Bulgarians. The English Government, which was probably better informed than the general community, was not content with the partial security for peace which it was thought to have attained. The strongest pressure was placed on the Porte to make all the concessions which might be demanded by Russia; and the pardonable fiction that the Protocol and the Declarations involved no humiliation to Turkey was confidently propounded. The other neutral Powers may perhaps have seconded the efforts of the English Chargé d'Affaires with the same result of failure.

The proceedings of Russia after the signature of the Protocol took all Europe by surprise. The journalists were at once unmuzzled and let loose to threaten Turkey and to utter defiance to England. At the same time Prince GORTCHAKOFF required from Turkey the instant acceptance of the Protocol, and the fulfilment of the conditions enumerated in Count SCHOUVALOFF'S Declaration. The line of insult which was deliberately adopted was evidently intended to provoke the refusal which has almost been forced upon the Porte. It would undoubtedly have been more prudent to submit to the dictation of a superior enemy, and to force Russia to invent some new pretext for the meditated war of conquest; but Turkish Ministers are not always cautious or patient; and the calculations of Russia were not falsified by the event. Simultaneously with the issue of Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S despatch, the newspapers were filled with reports of additional preparations for war; and possibly some of the official statements may have happened to be true. The design of alarming, bewildering, and offending the Turkish Government was almost openly avowed. The only tribute which was paid to morality or decency consisted in the effort to force Turkey into the first announcement of a rupture. The object has not yet been fully attained; but it will be easy to represent the rejection of the Protocol and of the Russian demands as a virtual declaration of war. Students of the history of NAPOLEON as recorded by LANFRET, or even by THIERS, will recognize the familiar phrases in which the wolf remonstrates against the encroachments of the lamb. It is scarcely imaginable that this phase of Russian diplomacy should, like all the rest, dissolve into an illusion. It is dangerous to use bluster in contention with an adversary who is more prone to resentment than to fear. Intimidation has failed more than once during the recent crisis, and the Turks are perhaps encouraged by perception of the wilful perversity with which the Russian Government has placed itself in the wrong. The morrow of the signature of the Protocol was not a well-chosen occasion for casting diplomacy to the winds.

It is still not absolutely certain that Russia has resolved to make war. The Imperial Government may, if it thinks fit, make a new display of moderation by once more appealing to the European Powers to join in measures for the coercion of Turkey. It will be easy to represent the deliberate rejection of the Protocol as an affront not only to Russia, but to all the signatories of the document. If an interval of time is provided before the advance of the Russian army, England at least will lose no chance of preserving peace, even when success seems difficult or impossible. For the present it will, if negotiations are continued, not be necessary to explain in diplomatic communications that the actual crisis has been wilfully forced on by Russia. The Turkish Government has, like many other controversialists, answered the meaning or the con-

duet, and not merely the language, of an adversary. No impartial critic of Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S despatches could doubt that he meant to impose on Turkey the alternative of war or of humiliating submission. The balance of probability is now against even the temporary postponement of a declaration of war. As soon as uncertainty is at an end the Opposition will by some formal motion challenge the policy of the Government; and their leaders will not be at a loss for plausible accusations and effective taunts. It will be said that, of the three objects of thwarting Russian ambition, of amending the condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey, and of preserving peace, not one has, after the laborious negotiations of a year and a half, been approximately attained. The defence of the Government, if it is judiciously conducted, will consist in the proof that success was impossible without the use of force. Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends will reply that joint coercion would have both secured the submission of Turkey and provided means for the effective protection of the Bulgarian Christians. Russia, it will be said, goes unwillingly to war, because England refused to share in assuming a European Protectorate. It cannot be denied that such a policy might perhaps have produced results which would have been acceptable; but the uncertainties and the possible failure of measures which have not been tried must also be taken into consideration. The best apology for the Government is that, while joint action was still possible, the Opposition shrank from pledging itself to a course which would probably not have found favour with the country. The Ministers could not be expected to run risks for which their opponents would not even accept a hypothetical responsibility.

THE BUDGET.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE deserves credit for his simple Budget and his unpretending speech. In former times his ingenious predecessors have sometimes taken the opportunity of a balanced account to alter the system of taxation by supplying defects which had in the first instance been deliberately created. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had no money to spare, and he therefore gave nothing away; and, having no immediate need of money, he made no new demand on the taxpayer. The revenue is estimated at somewhat over seventy-nine millions, and the expenditure at nearly the same amount; for, according to modern notions, a surplus of 300,000*l.* scarcely deserves notice. It must be remembered that the estimates of expenditure include a not inconsiderable contribution to the capital account in the form of payment of debt. It would have been highly unsatisfactory to meddle with a Sinking Fund which was established only two years ago, as there was no urgent necessity for committing a financial irregularity. Mr. LOWE'S confident assertion that the Sinking Fund would be appropriated to the purposes of the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who found himself in difficulty was one of those prophecies which tend to defeat themselves. The House of Commons is less likely to be unstable when it has been publicly accused of caprice. According to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, no less than 15,000,000*l.* have, since the accession of the present Government, been employed either in the reduction of debt or in some other form of capital expenditure. If the statement is accurate, the charges of extravagance which are sometimes preferred against the Government by political opponents admit of an effective answer. The financial policy of both parties is in truth the same. It is impossible to conjecture the course which Lord BRACONFIELD might adopt if he were to encroach on the province of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. He has the good sense to leave Budgets to be arranged by a colleague who understands finance, and the result is in the present instance satisfactory.

Although the small surplus of the year which now closes was produced by an accident, the chances are greatly in favour of at least as good a result in the year for which provision is made in the Budget. The mere increase of population affects the produce of the indirect taxes; and there is some reason to hope that industrial and commercial activity may partially revive. The imports of raw material indicate the anticipation by manufacturers of a more active season; and it is a remarkable fact that the tonnage of ships built during the last twelve months is

considerably larger than that of the previous year. On the other hand, pauperism is unfortunately once more increasing after a long period of decline; and it may be conjectured from the late fall in the Exchequer revenue that wages at last tend to follow the diminution of profits. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is as unable as the mass of the community to anticipate the future with certainty; but he commands the best sources of information, and the opinion which is expressed in his speech and implied in his policy forms one of the materials of a probable judgment. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is thoroughly imbued with the orthodox traditions of his office; and he would encounter a certain amount of inconvenience and unpopularity in preference to the alternative of a probable deficiency. It is well that financiers and skilled administrators in general should cultivate a professional conscience, and adhere obstinately to general rules. The soundness of the English financial system is mainly due to the abhorrence of deficits which has been felt by many successive Ministers. The easy process of filling up a margin by loans leads to every kind of laxity and abuse. Nevertheless, the risk of a nicely balanced Budget is not so great as to defy calculation. The worst that could happen if the estimates of revenue proved to have been too sanguine would be a trifling increase of the floating debt. A year hence there will be abundant means of judging whether the late failure of elasticity is temporary or permanent. Even if it should unfortunately have been found necessary to provide a supplement to the revenue, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or his successor can make provision in the next Budget for the repayment of any advance.

In a depressed season it is allowable to regret the profuse liberality with which taxation has been remitted whenever the revenue has exceeded the expenditure. Former Chancellors of the Exchequer, while they readily listened to demands for relief, practised the pious fraud of understating their expectations; and consequently they had for the most part a margin which was applied under the provisions of the law to the redemption of debt. In case of need the same sum afforded a security against an unforeseen reduction of receipts. Only four years ago Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had the disposal of a surplus of six millions, which he increased to a certain extent by an alteration in the mode of keeping accounts. His opponents sometimes accuse a Conservative Government of having frittered away a Liberal surplus, forgetting that Mr. GLADSTONE had disposed in advance of more than the whole amount by the proposals of his election address. The part of the surplus which was presented to the ratepayers in aid of local expenditure might perhaps have been prudently retained; but both parties were then pledged to the same questionable policy, and the Government would not have been supported by its followers in a repudiation of the promises of the former Ministry. Mr. LOWE had also rendered necessary the abolition of the small remnant of the sugar duty; and a considerable addition to the expenditure had been incurred by the abolition of army purchase. On the whole, it may be confidently asserted that the fiscal condition of the finances has little or no connexion with politics or with party.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE courteously said in his reply to some desultory comments on his Budget that the discussion had been extremely interesting. He was perhaps more inclined to do justice to his critics because their judgment had on the whole been favourable. Some authorities in finance expressed a fear, which cannot be called unreasonable, that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had been too sanguine in his anticipations of revenue. It is possible that his calculations may be falsified by the result; but he has for the first time in many years assumed that there will be a falling off in the receipts from both Customs and Excise; the increase which is expected from the Post Office will almost certainly accrue; and perhaps it might have been allowable to anticipate some further profit from the telegraphs. Mr. CHILDEMS, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. BAXTER naturally desired to place on record their doubts whether Sir S. NORTHCOTE might not have been unduly sanguine; but probably any one among them, if he had been responsible for the Budget, would have adopted the principle of letting well alone. The suggestion which was lately made of an addition to the spirit duties has received no support; and the more probable alternative of an increase of the Income-tax would have involved serious hardship. There could, of course,

be no excuse for repealing even the smallest tax when the attainment of an equilibrium is not absolutely certain. It fortunately happens that there has of late been no agitation against any existing burden except the railway passengers' tax. Both travellers and shareholders must be well aware that an immediate application of relief would have been at the same time hopeless and impolitic. Within the next two or three weeks it is possible that the representatives of other interests may, as if for the purpose of barring a Parliamentary statute of limitations, remind the House of Commons of claims to be preferred in more favourable seasons. No serious controversy will arise either on the principles or the details of the Budget. The only anxiety which had been previously felt related to a possible increase of taxation; and Sir S. NORTHCOTE was more considerate than some of his predecessors in making, before he had arrived at the middle of his statement, the welcome announcement that things were to remain as they are. The disclosure was rhetorically judicious, because it left the House of Commons at liberty to listen with a mild satisfaction to detailed accounts of the operation of the Sinking Fund, and to the reform which is to be introduced into the administration of Savings Banks. The general result of the statement and the discussion will certainly not tend to weaken the Government.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE end of Prince BISMARCK's resignation is that he has not resigned, but is to have a long holiday. The EMPEROR naturally feels that he cannot do without his great adviser to keep him right, and the announcement of the PRINCE's resignation caused such dismay in Berlin that the country evidently shares the feelings of the Sovereign. Some difficulty appears to be felt as to the proper mode in which he is to be temporarily replaced; but this must be purely a matter of form. Whoever may replace him, it is obvious that the one business of his substitutes must be to do nothing; for, if they did anything, they must consult him, and, if they consulted him, they would spoil his holiday and deprive him of all chance of regaining health. As far as its domestic concerns go, Germany must share the holiday of its CHANCELLOR, and, as to its foreign affairs, whether he resigns, or takes a holiday, or continues at his post, Prince BISMARCK must guide them as long as he lives. There was much to be said for the proposal of the PRINCE that the Prussian and German Parliaments should for a while see how, in the sphere of domestic business, they could get on without him. It might have been a useful preparation for the day when they must manage for themselves as well as they can. But it is perhaps natural that they should shrink from trying the experiment so long as it is possible that he should any day come back and explain to them how badly they have been doing their work. Foreign affairs, too, have in the last few days taken so very serious a turn that Germany may be excused for thinking that the present is not a time when domestic affairs can be expected to occupy a large share of their attention. The position of Germany is at this moment one of so much anxiety that the nation may well be wrapt up in it, and find no other consolation than that which the thought that Prince BISMARCK is at hand to direct affairs can give. It is said, for example, that France and Italy joined Russia in pressing for an answer from Turkey before a specified day, and this co-operation of three of their neighbours may give Germany matter for serious reflection. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of what may be an accidental trifle; but when France, Italy, and Russia, on what seems to be the eve of a war, take a line in any way divergent from that adopted by Germany and Austria, it must be a comfort to perplexed Germans to know that Prince BISMARCK is watching over them, and will see that no harm shall happen to them that human skill and courage and foresight can avoid.

Prince BISMARCK's old adversary Count ARNIM has once more come before the public with a small volume in which he endeavours to show that he was very badly treated by the PRINCE in March, 1873, when negotiations were going on for an early evacuation of France. As one of the grounds of accusation against Count ARNIM on the occasion of his recent extraordinary trial was that during these negotiations he had so culpably mismanaged matters as to have prejudiced the interests of his country, he is quite right to show, so far as he can, that the accusation is

not in any way warranted by the facts. Everything connected with that trial is open to the severest criticism. It was perfectly ludicrous to give the grand name of high treason to the worst of Count ARNIM's errors. The trial was conducted in secret, so that the real merits of the case were concealed from the world; and the sentence was absurdly severe. All that can be said for Prince BISMARCK is that it is more perhaps the fault of his country than of himself that bad laws and bad tribunals should have made such a perversion of justice possible; while on behalf of Germany it must be remembered that the Parliament has very recently marked its sense of the injustice of the ARNIM trial by fixing the Supreme Court of Appeal at Leipzig instead of Berlin. If in his now publication Count ARNIM's object is to show that nothing he did in the spring of 1873 could by the wildest misconception be considered a ground for an accusation of high treason, he will have proved his point to the satisfaction of every impartial reader. But, if it is merely asked whether his account of the negotiations of 1873 is calculated to raise his professional reputation, a question is raised which it is not very easy to answer. In one way Prince BISMARCK did not treat him well. While he was charged with the task of negotiating with M. THIERS at Paris, Prince BISMARCK behind his back negotiated separately with M. THIERS, both through General MANTEUFFEL at Nancy and through M. GONTAUT BIRON at Berlin. But Count ARNIM gave Prince BISMARCK some provocation. His notion of his position was that he was a negotiator appointed directly by the EMPEROR to negotiate, and, as he thought at the time, and says now, he was a much better negotiator than Prince BISMARCK was. He had a plan of his own, which he thought Prince BISMARCK was spoiling. He never pretended that he had any right to disobey Prince BISMARCK's positive orders, but he construed the PRINCE's orders so as to make them fall in as much as possible with his own views. If he had really desired to carry out the wishes of the head of the Foreign Office, he might have ascertained in an hour or two by telegram what those wishes were. He would have asked for instructions on the points as to which he professed to doubt. Instead of doing so, he reserved to himself all the latitude which any doubts could create, so as to retain his independence, and negotiate as he thought best. Technically speaking, Count ARNIM was so far right that he cannot perhaps be said to have committed any one grave and indisputable fault; but he never co-operated with Prince BISMARCK as a zealous subordinate co-operates with a chief whom he respects.

The ARNIM incident is worth studying in all its bearings, as it furnishes a clue to much that is otherwise obscure in Prussian life, in Prince BISMARCK's history, and in the troubles which have led to his present desire to quit his position for a time. Count ARNIM asks what seems to be a very pertinent question. He inquires why, if Prince BISMARCK was not satisfied with him in 1873, he did not then ask the EMPEROR to remove him from the Paris Embassy. The simple answer is that the PRINCE could not have asked the EMPEROR to remove him. To do so would have been contrary to the traditions of Prussian administration. The theory of this administration is that all the higher officials hold their offices directly from the Sovereign, and one cannot be removed because another, although nominally his superior, does not like him. To obtain his removal it is necessary to make out a case against him, and in 1874, when Prince BISMARCK had, as he thought, got a case against Count ARNIM, he submitted it to the EMPEROR, and Count ARNIM fell into disgrace. This case was very highly charged, and made out Count ARNIM to be a much worse man than he really was. Instead of saying, which he might have said with perfect truth, that Count ARNIM was a vain, fussy, impracticable man, ill suited for the conduct of grave affairs, and particularly ill suited for a post like that of Ambassador at a critical time, Prince BISMARCK informed the EMPEROR that the COUNT sacrificed public to private interests, and was so notorious for want of truthfulness that no one in London would believe a word he said. These were serious charges, and, so far as is known, were undeserved, although it must be said that M. THIERS complained of the double dealing of Count ARNIM, and Count ARNIM has shown a want of straightforwardness as to the authorship of some recent publications attributed to his pen, which is much to be regretted. Having once made a case against Count ARNIM, Prince

BISMARCK was impelled to substantiate and aggravate it, until at last he was led to making his victim amenable to the ridiculous charge of high treason. What has happened in Count ARNIM's case has happened in others, and Prince BISMARCK has crushed other officials of whom he wished to get rid. But he cannot crush every one who thwarts him, and he finds in the official world constant obstacles interposed in the way of what he desires being carried out. It is not surprising that he is sometimes wearied to death of such a position, and that the strain of a series of small contests and small disappointments tells on him. Although he is far abler in every way than any other German official, he is no doubt often wrong, and other officials are right. But the difficulty that presses on him is that, however right he may be, other officials can thwart him, unless he can make out a case which will justify their removal. Probably he could now, if he were to exercise his whole influence, get his way in anything he desired; but he cannot exercise such an influence except on rare occasions, when he thinks it worth while to have a contest out and show that he is supreme. High office on such terms is hard work for a man who burns to do great things, and to do them rapidly; and, if any statesman in Europe ought to enjoy a holiday when he gets it, it is Prince BISMARCK.

THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIVES.

MR. BIGGAR, and in a lesser degree Mr. PARNELL, may fairly plume themselves on being the successes of the Session. They have essayed more than mortal member ever essayed before, they have accomplished more than mortal member ever accomplished before. No man has surveyed legislation with so extensive a view as Mr. BIGGAR; no man, except Mr. PARNELL, has maintained a point of order against the Chairman of Committees, the sense of the House, and the plain facts of the case, and ended by getting his amendment accepted by the Government. But their greatest triumph was on Monday last. The Mutiny Bill had been delayed by a discussion on the status of militia officers, and it was past midnight before the SPEAKER left the chair. The clauses of this particular Bill seldom vary from year to year, and there was no reason why in a single well-spent hour very great progress should not have been made with it. Mr. PETER TAYLOR had delivered himself of his customary protest against doing anything after twelve, and, this trifling form having been complied with, Mr. HARDY naturally expected to find the field clear. He little thought that the twin Irish obstructives had determined to test their empire over the House by watching the result of their simple appearance on their legs. Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL successively supported Mr. PETER TAYLOR's objection, and the SECRETARY of STATE at once gave way. He knew too well what would happen if he held out. Division would have followed division, until at length the Government would have been forced to accept at three o'clock the adjournment which they had resisted at one. No wonder Mr. HARDY shrank from the unequal contest. After midnight time and the forms of the House of Commons fight with terrible effect for the obstructives. They have certain victory before them if they have only the persistence to fight on, whereas a very little resistance can make it impossible for the Government to win. When once the small hours have been reached, the only chance of getting through business is to eschew speeches and divisions. A single member who is resolved to speak and resolved to divide must inevitably get his own way in the end.

The tactics of the Irish obstructives would be amusing if they were not so exceedingly inconvenient. There is quite enough of uncertainty in the progress of legislation without its being aggravated by the consistent opposition of men like Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL. With the best intentions a Minister is constantly unable to push measures on as fast as he wishes, and if they have at all fallen behind, his only plan is to snatch every opportunity of getting them advanced a stage. If Mr. BIGGAR or Mr. PARNELL stand ready with a motion that the next step, whatever it is, be taken that day six months, the flow of such opportunities is at once checked. There is an end to those quiet half-hours in which members enough to make a House can be kept within call, and a Bill be hurried through Committee without a division and almost without a remark. Every time that the Bill appears on

the notice-paper Mr. BIGGAR or Mr. PARNELL appears there as well. They are like the inconvenient sprites of their native land from whom there is no escaping, and whom the victim finds it the best philosophy to accept as something as inevitable as the weather or the flies. Mr. HARDY seems to be in excellent training for the assumption of this resigned attitude. He may even come in the end to feel a positive pleasure in the reflection that at the worst his night's work will be over in fair time. No Government can be held answerable for failing to pass measures which have to be carried over Mr. BIGGAR's body. If he chooses to throw himself in the way of useful legislation, the Government may fairly plead that the responsibility rests with him. But the public has an interest in this question superior to that of any Government, and it is this interest that is attacked by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL. Legislation is not simply a record of the scores which the Cabinet has made during successive Sessions; it is the application of appropriate methods of treatment to particular ailments of the body politic. Mr. BIGGAR seems to have determined that, so far as he has the power, the body politic shall go untreated. The relation between the thing which needs to be done and the measure by which it is proposed to do it is often so problematical that Mr. BIGGAR may in the end cause very much less mischief than he hopes and desires to cause. But the resistance which he seems bent upon opposing to every Government measure is so entirely unconnected with the nature and contents of the measure that there is no reason to suppose that his activity will be restricted to legislation with which the public might dispense without much loss. Indeed it is probable that the glory of obstructing a Bill of really vital consequence would have even more charm for him than the humbler distinction of obstructing Bills about which nobody cares very much whether they are passed or not.

It must be admitted that the prospect is a discouraging one. There are men who are amenable to argument or remonstrance, who can be convinced that the course they are pursuing is unworthy or inconvenient, and who may not in the end carry out their own threats. But neither Mr. BIGGAR nor Mr. PARNELL appears to be made of this pliable stuff. Indeed, for a man to be open to reason, he must almost necessarily have some reason for what he proposes to do. In that case there is a chance of showing him that he has not chosen his means well, and that he may attain his end more surely by another road. But the Irish obstructives seem to have no motive in what they do, except indeed so far as the desire of giving the Government and the House of Commons as much annoyance as possible can be called a motive. Supposing this to be their aim, it is impossible to prove to them that their tactics are not annoying, because the very attempt to induce them to abandon them is an admission that they have found out how to make themselves disagreeable. If there is any one on this side of St. George's Channel for whom they have any respect, it is Mr. BUTT, and Mr. BUTT has already failed in dissuading them from the intentions of which they have given evidence. If he cannot move them, it is certain that no one else will have any better success. Nor is there much chance that their constituents will resent the line taken by their representatives. They may grow tired of Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL on other grounds, and may refuse to return them at the next election; but, if their rejection is not based on the fact of their being obstructives, there will be no certainty that their successors in the confidence of these fickle electors may not be eager to distinguish themselves in the same fashion, and to prove that, while they are the superiors of Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL in other ways, they are not inferior to them in the characteristic which has been the foundation-stone of their fame. Of course there are methods of checking obstruction which it is in the power of Parliament to resort to; but they have, one and all, the vice of being more injurious to the public interest than the evil against which they would be directed. It must not be forgotten that there are occasions on which obstruction is a perfectly sound policy, and no means of silencing Mr. BIGGAR is likely to be discovered which would not be equally efficacious in silencing men of very different character and purpose. The example of the United States serves to show that, if there can be "filibustering" on the part of a minority against a majority, there can be equal tyranny on the part of a majority over a minority. The obstructiveness of a minority, purposeless and inconvenient

as it may be, can at worst only prevent a good measure from being passed. But the determination of a majority to put down obstruction, if the forms of the Legislature are such as to give scope for it, may lead to bad measures being passed without discussion. This is in almost every conceivable case the greater evil of the two, and for this reason it is better that the House of Commons should endure Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL, intolerable as they threaten to become, rather than, by introducing any of the modes of cutting short a debate with which other Legislatures are familiar, lessen one of the chief safeguards that exist against hasty and vicious legislation. After all, man is a changeable being, and even Mr. BIGGAR may in time grow tired of being the standing nuisance of the House of Commons.

FRENCH TARIFFS AND ENGLISH TRADE.

THE failure of Messrs. FINZEL and SONS of Bristol is sure to attract much attention and sympathy, not only because the stoppage of large works brings ruin and misery on a number of innocent people, but because the misfortunes of the firm are not to be ascribed to any want of capital, good management, or attention to the sound principles of business, but are entirely due to the fiscal arrangements of foreign countries, and especially of France. The founder of the house was a German, who, being drawn for service in the armies of NAPOLEON, escaped to Heligoland, and thence to London, where he obtained employment in a sugar refinery. His ability led to his rapid progress in life, and he ultimately became the founder of the works at Bristol which have now been closed, and the large fortune he transmitted to his descendants has been fruitlessly expended in a vain struggle against foreign competition. France gives French sugar-refiners a bounty on exportation that enables them to undersell English manufacturers, and Belgium and Holland follow the example of France. The English refiners have made a good fight. They refused to own themselves beaten. They tried to make good their ground by improvements in machinery and rigid economy in expenditure. But their rivals did what they did, introduced modern appliances, and attended to every detail with the minutest care. In the end there was always this weight of the bounty against the English refiner, and the burden has at last proved too heavy for a rich, prudent, and enterprising firm like that of Messrs. FINZEL. The Counterslip premises where the operations were carried on are said to have been the most extensive of the kind in England. Six hundred hands were employed; twelve hundred tons of sugar were turned out a week, and a fleet of sixty vessels was engaged in transporting the supplies of raw material. The firm is ruined, the works are closed, the hands are starving, the ships are laid up, for no other reason than that a set of private persons whose conduct has been blameless have been beaten in a pecuniary contest by the wealth of a nation. It is France that pays the bounty, and it is by France, with the boundless resources of a great nation, and not by French manufacturers, that the English firm has been undersold. It is the peculiar features of the case that make it interesting. The suffering caused by the stoppage of Messrs. FINZEL's works at Bristol is far exceeded by the misery attending the paralysis of other branches of trade. The industry of sugar-refining is not a large one as industries go in England. Eight years ago it was calculated that the refineries in the kingdom numbered fifty, and that the capital engaged was a million and a half. These are small figures in the vast total of English trade. But commercial distress is ordinarily caused by the vicissitudes of business, the consequences of Free-trade here and Protection elsewhere, the imprudence of speculators, or the short-sighted exigencies of workmen. At Bristol the cause of distress is quite exceptional. It is an illustration of the effects produced by a single cause the operation of which is not often traceable in so conspicuous a manner. Messrs. FINZEL have been ruined by bounties, and by bounties alone.

In old days it was universally thought to be a legitimate and clever stroke of business for a Government to encourage special industries by favouring them with a bounty. We, for example, had once our bounties on the exportation of corn and our bounties on the exportation of linen. Bounties, too, are often given indirectly in the shape of drawbacks; and it may be remarked that, at the very period when the founder of the house which has

now failed was establishing his business, he and those engaged in the same trade had the advantage of an indirect bounty; for the drawback on exported sugar when refined was much larger than the duty on the raw material, and the excess was simply a contribution from the English nation to the sugar-refiners. In France the beetroot-sugar trade was avowedly nursed into existence and gradual prosperity by NAPOLEON and his successors, in order that France might not be dependent on foreign supplies during a war with England; and the sugar business has ever since been petted and fondled by French legislators, and the French nation has, for purposes partly political, been called on to save it from the trial of having to rest on its own merits. But the more the subject of bounties is considered, the harder it is seen to be to distinguish their effects from those of other forms of Protection. By paying bounties to its sugar-refiners France makes a present, not only to them, but to the English public, which gets refined sugar cheaper than it otherwise would get it. Messrs. FINZEL have been ruined because they have been undersold; and since they have been undersold the consumer must have had the benefit of the competition. France has lost so far as she has made this present to the foreign purchaser, and so far as all Protection must make a country lose; but from the English point of view there has been a gain to us, except that in a very circuitous manner every country suffers by any other country adopting a vicious financial system. One of the commonplaces of Free-trade doctrine is that we are to think of our consumers and not of our producers. Messrs. FINZEL are ruined, but English families sweeten their tea at a lower cost. It is true that when the bounties have killed off English competitors, foreigners may take advantage of the absence of competition to raise their prices, and so it might be thought that in the long run sugar would be dearer here. But Free-trade always works in this way. If the United States threw open their iron market, English competition might not improbably kill, or at least seriously hamper, the competition of American producers, and then English ironmasters might raise their prices. It may be said that the competition among these ironmasters themselves would prevent this. But in the same way it may be said that the competition among sugar-refiners would tell, and the French are not alone in the field, but have Belgian and Dutch rivals. The countries, too, which give bounties may be supposed to have some glimmerings of common sense left; and as the refiners can, with the present low prices, coupled with the bounties, do very well, it is obvious that, if the prices were raised, they could thrive with smaller bounties, and so the bounties would be reduced. But, as it is the bounties that prevent English competition, the foreign refiners, in order that this competition may not recur, have every reason to prefer large bounties and low prices to small bounties and high prices; and their natural aim would be to keep down the price of sugar in England low enough to justify their claim to as large a bounty as they now enjoy.

The silk industry of Coventry has sent this week a deputation to Lord DERRY to explain how dreadful are the sufferings and how great the losses which that industry has had and still has to endure in consequence of French competition. There was only one answer for Lord DERRY as a Free-trader to make. It is the principle of our recent legislation to think of the consumer very much and of the producer not at all. Coventry suffers, but Englishwomen purchase that strangely flabby and greasy material which now passes by the name of silk at a much lower price than they used to do. Lord DERRY asked the deputation if any reason could be given why English manufacturers were beaten on their own ground by French manufacturers; and he ventured to suggest that some deficiency in taste or skill might be the true cause. But the members of the deputation would not listen to this for a moment, and urged, with an impassioned confidence which showed how thoroughly their own case had impressed them, that in point of artistic design and finish English silks left nothing to be desired. They were inclined to attribute their disasters to the advantage the French have in being allowed to make their workpeople labour for more hours in the week than is permitted in England. This, as Lord DERRY replied, assumed that to work people for as many hours as competition will induce them to work is an advantage to a nation, whereas it is precisely the contrary assumption that has guided recent English legislation. The

remedy that the Coventry manufacturers really desire, and which would alone be efficacious in their eyes—the re-imposition of protective duties—is out of the question. Lord DEXTER simply asked the deputation to consider how hopeless it would be to invite Parliament to reintroduce protection when it has been abandoned. The case of producers like Messrs. FINZEL, who suffer not from the competition of rival producers, but from bounties, seems harder than that of the Coventry silk manufacturers; not that the misery produced is greater or of a different kind, but because the Coventry employers have been beaten in a fight between producers as to which set could most benefit or please consumers; whereas the English refiners have been beaten, not in a fight between producers simply, but between one set of producers helped by the resources of a nation and another set not helped by the resources of a nation. There seems something specially hard and unfair in such a contest being forced on any class of producers, and many persons think that in such a case retaliatory duties are justifiable. This, for example, is the opinion lately expressed by Prince BISMARCK, who said that in a general way he was all for Free-trade, but that he must insist on duties being imposed on articles coming from France on which a bounty was given. Great allowance must, however, be made for an English Minister who declines to follow Prince BISMARCK in this matter; for to impose retaliatory duties is to raise the price to the consumer for the benefit of one class of producers. It is not surprising, therefore, that Lord DEXTER looks in another direction for a remedy, and has been concentrating his efforts on the conclusion of a convention with the countries now giving a bounty on sugar, by which they would recognize that bounties injure the country that gives them; and thus the English refiner would be saved, not by retaliation, but by the conversion of France and its neighbours to sound principles of finance. Unfortunately this conversion makes slow progress, and the negotiations for a new sugar convention have been unavoidably protracted; so that, if the remedy ever comes, it will have arrived too late to save Messrs. FINZEL from a disaster which they have in no way deserved to encounter.

AMERICA.

THERE seems to be little doubt that the President of the UNITED STATES adheres in his dealings with the South to the policy of compromise which he announced before his election. Even if he were not influenced by a regard to justice and constitutional right, his own political interest would supply a sufficient motive for conciliating the Southern Democrats. Both the Senate and the House are almost equally distributed between the contending parties; and in either branch of the Legislature malcontent Republicans might, by coalescing with the Democrats, form a majority hostile to the PRESIDENT. It was probably in the expectation that the Democrats would support a President from whom they hoped for equitable treatment that the Republican managers in the Senate assented to Cabinet nominations which must have been highly distasteful to themselves. Mr. HAYES cannot fail to understand that a consistent pursuance of the same policy will tend to secure his independence. Before he can commence the reform of the Civil Service to which he is pledged, he must cripple factions opposition both in the Senate and the House. It is not to be supposed that the Republicans in either branch will surrender without a struggle the patronage which they appropriated to themselves during the Presidency of General GRANT. The strength of parties cannot be satisfactorily tested until it is known whether the PRESIDENT can rely on the support of the Southern States. The partisans whom he has already slighted may perhaps hope that concessions to the Southern Democrats may tend to revive the obsolete agitation in favour of the negroes. Notwithstanding the forcible reasons which recommend the abandonment of Federal interference in the disputes of the Southern States, Republican politicians hoped that the PRESIDENT would be embarrassed by personal considerations. The voters who are supposed to have elected Republican Governors in Louisiana and South Carolina are the same who chose the Presidential electors by whom Mr. HAYES was preferred to his competitor. If the elections in the two States were fraudulent, it might be plausibly contended that Mr. HAYES ought to share the disqualification

of Mr. PACKARD and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. As is usual in American elections, the names of all the Federal and State candidates were placed on the same ticket; and there was probably little difference in the number of votes which were respectively recorded in their favour. When the Tribunal or Joint Committee of Congress resolved to accept without question the disputed returns in favour of Mr. HAYES, the Republican candidates for State offices probably believed that their own return had been made secure.

An admission that the Democratic candidates were returned by a majority would not be technically inconsistent with the decision of the Joint Committee. It was determined, though unfortunately by a party vote, that Congress and a body appointed by Congress had no power to inquire into the validity of a State return. Although it was not a little surprising that the Republicans should become zealous advocates of State rights, the judgment of the Tribunal may probably have been consistent with the letter and spirit of the Constitution. The existence of a wrong is no proof that a special remedy can be legally applied. If the Federal Legislature could not in any case interfere in the choice of Presidential electors, no extravagance of fraud could give it a power not conferred by the Constitution. The question whether one of two rival candidates has been lawfully elected Governor of a State may perhaps be determined by other considerations. In practice General GRANT supported by military force the Governments and Legislatures which were returned by his own party. The interference of the Federal army in State elections has long been regarded as an abuse, and the report that Mr. HAYES has ordered the evacuation of the State House of New Orleans will probably be confirmed. It is difficult to ascertain how the legal title to Executive or Federal office is to be determined after the withdrawal of the Federal authorities; but it is generally understood that the great preponderance of moral and physical force will enable the Democrats to obtain possession of the Government. No framer of a Federal or State Constitution provided against the possibility of a disputed election. Every Assembly, as a rule, exercises the right of recognizing or rejecting the credentials of those who claim to be members of the body; but it would have been difficult to provide for the case which has now actually occurred of conflicts in more than one State between two Legislatures and two would-be Governors. The decision will, after all, rest with the Federal Government. The President is required by the Constitution to supply on the demand of a State Government any force which may be necessary for the maintenance of law and order. He is therefore compelled in cases of dispute to satisfy himself of the title of the functionary who applies for aid; and, if General GRANT had not been ostentatiously influenced by party motives, his armed support of Republican Governments in the Southern States would have been less severely blamed. In the present case the PRESIDENT may perhaps evade a direct decision, though the result of the contest will depend on the course which he may adopt. The Democratic candidates for the office of Governor in Louisiana and South Carolina have no need to ask for the aid of the Federal army. If they are only left to themselves, they will have no difficulty in establishing their authority, though the public peace may perhaps in the first instance be seriously endangered. When Democratic Governments are once in possession of power, there will be no reason to apprehend the future disturbance of a stable equilibrium. The Returning Boards will be appointed by the dominant party, and they will have comparatively little temptation to resort to fraud. In all but two of the Southern States the superior race has already reclaimed its supremacy.

The Special Commission which has been despatched to New Orleans has probably been appointed for the purpose of recommending to the PRESIDENT a policy on which he has already determined. In the United States, the choice of a representative or agent is generally equivalent to the adoption of a certain course of action. In the late Joint Committee, every member, including the Judges of the Supreme Court, voted rigidly with his party, although his duties were strictly judicial. The reception of the Commission at New Orleans proves that the Democrats are satisfied with its composition, and that they have therefore a just reliance on its decision. It must by this time be necessary to terminate the existing ambiguity on every local question of administration or expenditure. There has for several weeks been a conflict of authority; and the

taxpayers have been unable to provide the necessary revenue, because they have not been certain whether the Democrats or the Republicans could give a valid receipt. American anomalies, even in the South, are more innocuous than similar complications in other countries; but for some time past there has been a risk of civil commotion, both in New Orleans and in Charleston. Fortunately, the Democrats, though they may despise their local adversaries, have had the good sense to respect the Federal flag. In all probability they will be rewarded for their moderation by obtaining possession of the Government. Mr. WADE HAMPTON is said to have been, during his late visit to Washington perfectly satisfied with the language and demeanour of the PRESIDENT, who is not likely to have excited hopes for the purpose of disappointing them. While the PRESIDENT is bent on reconciling the Southern States to the Union, he has judiciously taken an opportunity of showing his determination to maintain the political equality of the coloured race. The appointment of Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, who was once a slave, to the honourable office of Marshal for the district of Columbia seems to have been received with general approbation. One of the Southern Democratic Senators supported the nomination; and those who opposed the appointment were careful to found their objections on the alleged unfitness of the candidate. The duties of a Marshal in Washington are probably not beyond the capacity of a negro who has given many proofs of intelligence and energy; and even if an obscure branch of the public service suffers for a time in efficiency, it was well worth while to satisfy the philanthropic section of the Republicans that the claims of coloured citizens would not be overlooked. It is more for the interest of the negroes that some of their number should be admitted into the lower ranks of the official hierarchy than that they should displace the superior race by obtaining the control of State Legislatures and Governments. The Southern Americans of European descent have no habitual ill-will to the emancipated slaves. It is only when they are expected to submit to the dominion of their inferiors that they naturally resent a state of things which is not the less an abuse because it is authorized by a modern amendment of the Constitution. There is reason to hope that long before Mr. HAYES has completed his term of office the relations between Southern whites and negroes may be peaceably and equitably settled.

THE ELECTION AT BORDEAUX.

THE moderate Republicans at Bordeaux have not justified the hopes entertained of them. The unusual step was taken of bringing forward a new candidate at the second ballot, in order to give them an opportunity of showing at the last moment their detestation of extreme views; but, so far as can be inferred from their action, they dislike moderate views—at least moderate views of the colour presented to them by M. CADUC—quite as much as they dislike extreme views. Nearly half the electors did not vote at all, and the consequence was that the Irreconcilable candidate was returned. This is a defeat, both for M. SIMON and for M. GAMBETTA. It is a defeat for M. SIMON, inasmuch as it shows that the profession of a general agreement with the Republican Government is no longer a passport to the confidence of moderate Republicans. It is difficult to believe that under the late Administration the same result would have followed. To begin with, the complexion of the candidate chosen would probably have been different. M. SIMON's Cabinet represents so small a section of French opinion that it is forced to make alliances somewhere. Though there is supposed to be no love lost between M. SIMON and M. GAMBETTA, M. GAMBETTA's followers are more inclined than any one else to keep M. SIMON in power, and it is to them therefore that the Government naturally look for aid. Consequently the candidate most naturally picked out at Bordeaux was an Opportunist candidate. It was supposed that he would command the votes of M. GAMBETTA's friends because he held their particular views, and the votes of M. SIMON's friends because he was ready to give a general support to the Government. The polling showed how large a section of the electors are friends neither of M. GAMBETTA nor of M. SIMON. The Conservative Republicans at Bordeaux do not seem to make any difference between the several varieties of Radicalism. They have

not confidence enough in the present Government to think it worth supporting even against such a Government as M. MIA would like to provide them with. This is the result of a too rapid progress in the direction of what are called Republican ideas. The Republicans in the Chamber of Deputies are very far ahead of the Republicans in the country, and the votes which they gave against M. DUBAURE represented their own views, not those of the party out of doors. There are no more timid politicians than French moderates of any party, and the moderate Republicans seem likely to prove this by yielding themselves up to a blind terror of M. SIMON because he has been a Republican all his life. Their test of a working Republic is that it shall admit of being worked by men who are not themselves Republicans. One of the secrets of M. THIERS's popularity was the knowledge that he was not prevented by any principle from proclaiming a restoration. He threw in his lot with the Republic because he had convinced himself that the Republic was the system which there was the best chance of establishing on a really permanent footing. When, after the Royalist interregnum was over, M. DUBAURE took office under Marshal MACMAHON, he was supposed to carry on M. THIERS's theory. He would have liked a constitutional Monarchy better than a constitutional Republic; but, as the former was out of his reach, he took the best imitation of it that he could get. The moderate Republicans, who had mostly accepted the new order of things on the same half-and-half terms, saw in this feeling a guarantee that the Government would not be carried into extremes. A statesman who accepts an institution because he cannot help himself is not likely to take any more of it than he is obliged. When M. DUBAURE was succeeded by M. SIMON, this particular guarantee was no longer forthcoming. M. SIMON was a Republican on principle and by conviction, and principles and convictions are things which the moderate Frenchmen holds, not quite without reason, in the most holy horror. His moderation is absolute, not relative. It does not lend him to support a less extreme Government against a more extreme. If he is not satisfied that either of them will give him exactly what he wants, he loses heart and ends by supporting neither. One is as bad, he thinks, as the other, and, why should he trouble himself to choose between the two?

When the Republicans in the Chamber of Deputies decided to overturn M. DUBAURE's Ministry because he was not sufficiently Republican, they did not take this "wrong" of their countrymen into account. The very trusted, which made M. DUBAURE distasteful to them were the blunders that gained him confidence out of doors. The moderate politicians thought they had a Mission as a watch-dog fighting for the Republic as administered by the moderate Frenchmen. Of course, if the genuine Republic had been open to the same criticism, the conduct of the Republicans in the Chamber would have been justifiable. Of all the worst is a Government which is secret because he the institution it professes to protect. But the adversaries did not pretend that this was an opinion as to the had no suspicion that he was intriguing. The form of Monarchy for the Republic. When the following his version of the Republic was not Tuesday:— would prefer seeing their own version, had been version. This was a perfectly natural passage the same ference taken in itself; but those who made the mistake of not calculating the number of votes, while the vessel tained it. They had seen clearly how necessary it was to correct the defect in the Frenchmen which had not been repaired at Valparaiso. such, and only tolerated it because they believed that it would give them what they wanted. But they failed. MR. RUSKIN. because it was so unlike other bodies of Frenchmen had formed. All dates the frankness of his substitute M. SIMON for M. CADUC. In that class of literature that M. SIMON would make his bid and the ages with his wit was to risk alienating the friends of the Republic. The Bordeaux election danger is really serious, in printing his little book, which indeed is throughout France show reserve with care. For some months vote at the next general election. These authors of private interest of abstentionists of Bordeaux. The result of the election to practical people who will be much larger irreconcilable. In the March number of the St. Francis magazine some of his most intelligent readers said

to the sectional minorities of the Legitimists and the Imperialists, the Republican Government may be placed in a very embarrassing position. It will have to make large concessions to one or other of its opponents in order to buy their aid against the remainder, and in whatever direction these concessions are made they will be equally damaging to the Republic. To attempt to conciliate the Extreme Left will enable the Monarchists to present themselves as the saviours of society. To attempt to conciliate either the Imperialists or the Legitimists will convince the Republican party that it is being betrayed, and that a Government which can so act does not deserve to be upheld.

The Bordeaux election has also its special lesson for M. GAMBETTA. He is responsible more than any one else for M. DUBAURE's overthrow, and he must apparently take the blame of having been over-sanguine in his estimate of his own strength in the country. So long as a Republican of the type of M. DUBAURE was at the head of affairs there were probably many of the less violent Irreconcilables who thought it wiser to support M. GAMBETTA's candidates at elections as having the best chance of success against the Government candidates. Now that M. DUBAURE has been succeeded by a Minister whose republicanism is regarded as of much the same character as M. GAMBETTA's, this consideration ceases to operate. A decided step in advance has been taken, and the Opposition must not lag behind. Naturally enough, therefore, the Irreconcilables, who voted for M. GAMBETTA's candidates, not because they really trusted them, but because to vote for them offered the readiest means of annoying the Government, have no longer any reason for taking this course. To fill the Chamber with Opportunists would now be to strengthen the Government, whereas their sole motive for voting for Opportunists was that they hoped their return would weaken the Government. Consequently they now vote for men of their own views. Thus for the first time the strength of the Irreconcilable section of the too late republicans is to be measured against the strength of the have opportunist section. It is plain that the longer the trial is postponed the better would be the chances of the Opportunists, and it is a serious blot on M. GAMBETTA's ego that he should have helped to precipitate it.

THERE THE GAS AND WATER LEGISLATION.

South to the House of Commons lately occupied successive before his of the same sitting in debates on the practical political interest of gas and water. The Chairman of Committees conciliating the Gas Companies by giving notice of a and the House a Order to the effect that new capital should be contending particular or auction, or, in other words, at the malcontent Rep without profit to the shareholders. The Democrats, form amused by the statement of a professional was probably in th he had not received his instructions in support a President, but most of those who took part in the treatment that the apparently not received instructions even at assented to Cabinet t. A formal objection to the proposed highly distasteful to and a precedent which was quoted in to understand that a posal, were equally irrelevant. Mr. policy will tend to securi of the alleged violation of an Act by enunciation the reform of that, in default of special provision, pledged, he must cripple distributed at par among the share-Senate and the House. It SPEAKER afterwards explained, the Republicans in either bra have no effect until it was inserted struggle the patronage whicent. The general or model Acts selves during the President, incorporated in private Acts only define strength of parties cannot be be observed in default of special is known whether the PRESIDING Order would only control of the Southern States. Trustees by rendering general a already slighted may perhaps hdy been prescribed by several Southern Democrats may ten hand, some of the provisions citation in favour of the negts of 1876 greatly alter the he forcible reasons, which recon, which they contain. By a of Federal interference in the dis the previous year, the Com-Senate, Republican politicians hoped their rate of dividend in would be embarrassed by personal cion of the price of gas, voters who are supposed to have gne, and therefore in the Governors in Louisiana and South, the dividend or interest, same who chose the Presidential election Companies, though Harris was preferred to his competitor. Offtable allotments, will the two States were fraudulent, it might ally when new capital headed that Mr. Harris ought to share the Provincial Com-14 their under M. a customary benefit

It would be but fair to offer to any Company, which may be subjected to an auction clause the choice of accepting a sliding scale.

Of several hundred existing Gas Companies, the great majority in number, though not in magnitude, are established under the Joint Stock Companies Act, without Parliamentary powers or restrictions. The gas shareholders regulate their charges with reference either to their own interests as dealers or to the patience of their customers. They depend on the good will of the local authorities for permission to break up the streets, and they take their chance of opposition from the owners of the soil. As population and consumption increase, the larger Companies find it ultimately convenient or necessary to obtain a Parliamentary constitution, involving limitation on profits and other statutory conditions. It has been usual to authorize the creation of new capital bearing a dividend of 7 per cent. and commanding a premium of from 2 to 3 per cent.; but of late years corporate bodies have often opposed a concession which is made at the cost of the consumers. The question will probably be settled in all large towns by the purchase of the property of the Gas Companies. Corporations can well afford to pay the market price of the shares, with a certain percentage as a bonus; and it is convenient that the real owners of any kind of property should control its administration. When a Company has reached its maximum dividend, the surplus of profit legally belongs to the consumers, who are entitled to a reduction of price. The sliding scale has given some of the London Companies an interest in economical management; but municipal ownership affords a simpler and more satisfactory arrangement. Although the production of gas for sale is ostensibly a commercial undertaking, it practically assumes the character of a monopoly; and it scarcely involves a risk of loss. If members of the House of Commons should at any future time seriously study the subject, the transfer of the gas supply to municipal authorities may be accomplished without difficulty. The Corporations generally divide the profits of the undertaking between the consumers and the Borough Fund, which is applicable to purposes of local improvement. No instance is known of a return to the joint-stock system.

Debates on water supply abound in well-founded complaints, but partially interspersed with practical suggestions of improvement. Mr. Brown expatiated with much good sense on the disadvantages of polluted water, especially where it is supplied to dairy farms, to the great detriment of purchasers of milk. Detached houses, villages, and towns which derive water from shallow wells are exposed to great inconvenience and frequent danger. As a general rule, rivers, except in the close vicinity of sources of pollution, provide wholesome water. The oxidation of noxious substances removes all ordinary causes of risk, although it may afford no security against certain specific germs of disease. London water from the Thames and the New River, although it is not actually pure, is generally wholesome. The water drawn from the chalk by the Kent Company is equally wholesome, and at the same time it is perfectly pure. As a general rule, it may be said that river water, though it may be tasteless, turbid, and perhaps repugnant to the imagination, has no tendency to propagate disease. Wells and springs not effectually secured against surface contamination ought always to be regarded with suspicion. The water which is collected from mountain gathering grounds is the best which can be obtained; but, from the nature of the case, it cannot be provided except at the expense of large urban communities. Villages which are fortunate enough to find themselves in the neighbourhood of mains laid down for the supply of large towns are by modern legislation entitled to share in the benefit. Deep wells sunk in chalk or sandstone supply excellent water, and they involve no outlay for compensation; but the works and the machinery of supply are too costly for small communities. In some formations there is no natural storage of water; and in mineral districts ancient springs are often suddenly destroyed by subterranean operations; but in all parts of England a large population may be supplied with good water at a certain expense. A proposal made in the course of the debate that mine-owners should be liable to make good the damage resulting from the overflow of water would involve both an extension from the general law and much practical difficulty.

Mr. Stansfeld seems to be much sanguine in his view of the improvement of rural districts. Villages which

belong to single proprietors who are at the same time rich and liberal have a chance of a sufficient water supply. Boards of Guardians, which are the rural sanitary authorities, have little disposition to raise large sums for the benefit of the villages within their jurisdiction. Such a water supply as owners and occupiers might be able to pay would in the majority of cases be inadequate to pay interest on the necessary expenditure of capital; and the ratepayers throughout the Union would grudge a contribution made for the exclusive benefit of a single spot. It is barely possible that County Boards, when they are once constituted, may have strength enough to administer the sanitary functions for which Boards of Guardians are incompetent. In some cases water might be supplied to a village at a moderate cost; but the rural authority and its officers are not accustomed to interfere with local arrangements. Even under the best administrative and legislative system, it will be impossible to undertake costly schemes of supply for a poor and scanty population; but direct and dangerous contamination might always be prevented at a moderate expense. In Parliamentary debates it is generally assumed that want of water can only be caused by gross negligence. Storage is, however, often a costly undertaking, and streams can seldom be brought to villages from a distance. Although the Lords' Committee on the Pollution of Rivers may perhaps collect useful information, its inquiries will throw little light on the condition of villages, cottages, and farms. It is desirable that from time to time attention should be called to the important subject of water supply; but hitherto little advantage has been derived from Parliamentary discussion.

WHAT THE NAVY IS COMING TO.

AT a Conservative dinner at Peterborough the other day one of the speakers, in proposing the Navy, remarked that "during the dull season of the year they were sometimes told that the navy was very badly managed, and that there were gentlemen of great industry and talent who had to a great extent the ear of the public who were fond of propagating these theories." Unfortunately, however, the proofs of naval mismanagement are not theories but facts, and are not confined to the dull season, but are steadily kept up all the year. Take, for instance, the letter from a correspondent on board H.M.S. *Tonnant* at Simon's Bay, on the West Coast of Africa, which was published in the *Times* of last Saturday, and gives an account of the condition of that vessel. The writer begins by stating that before leaving Sheerness she had a hot bearing at the trial trip, and the dockyard people put in a little white metal where it had run, and she then started for Portsmouth. She had, however, to anchor off Deal, "partly through bad weather, and partly" though this was perhaps the chief reason—"because the bearing again got hot." And it is added, "Even now"—that is, after arriving at the West African station—"it is impossible to keep it thoroughly cool." Moreover, "the receiving tank, the only place whence water could be got to feed the boilers, except from the donkey, burst, so that we were compelled to use salt water." After leaving Portsmouth there was very bad weather; and "the result was that the water could not be kept in the boilers, and the engines stopped all at once in consequence of the priming." When the steamer was started again "she made only a few revolutions, when bang went the trunk on the after cylinder." The spare one had then to be shipped while the vessel was rolling to such an extent that the crew could hardly keep their feet. The job was finished by 8 o'clock in the morning; but "the vacuum went down to seventeen, where it remained in spite of all our efforts." When the condenser doors were taken off it was found that "seven or eight hundred tons had been driven right out to the doors, and more than a thousand an inch out"; and it cost the engineers "five days, watch and watch," to put the worst of them right. It is further stated that the low-pressure engine had never done its work at all, the high-pressure engine having done all the duty coming out, and during this time six, seven, and occasionally even nine pounds of coal for indicated horse power were being burnt. Then, again, "the eccentricity of the valves is only 22 in. long by 3 in. broad, and have to drive such heavy valves—the low-pressure valves weigh 16 cwt.—that it wears away the stems, which are 3 in. thick, in about 24 hours steaming."

and, "we have had," says the writer, "to put in six spare ones, four of which were made out of boiler tubes; and there was very little of them left when we got in here." There was also "a difficulty with the piston," which had had new springs put in, but they would not work. And, as if all this were not enough, we are told:—"Besides other defects, which it is not worth while saying anything about, the propeller has been a great source of anxiety to us all. We have been four hours in endeavouring to get it up; and, as to lowering it, we could never depend upon its going down without having to move the engines backwards and forwards about a dozen times." The shaft, it seems, always worked forward, and they had to bring it back every time they got under way, as it interfered with the propeller; and, the propeller itself having its T-head too long, stuck every time it was raised or lowered, and when the ship had a list to either side, could not be got down at all.

After having got so far in his recital of difficulties and breakdowns, the correspondent says:—"Such a ship was never before sent to sea in such a state," which we should be glad to think true. And he goes on to explain that "there is a separate engine and a helical pump on board, and as the upright spindle had never been packed, and the bush had only a plain pin halfway in the casting and half in the bush, and as it, moreover, turned round with the spindle, there were no means of lubricating it, and the noise it made was terrible. The only way in which we could stop it was by opening the exhaust into the condensers, and the oil used to go up to it in that fashion; but, on account of the tubes leaking, the water got back into the helical engine and nearly stopped it, and of course destroyed the vacuum." The result was that most of the machinery had to be sent on shore for repairs. New lines had to be put on the bottom of the guide blocks, as they were worn a quarter of an inch, and the piston-rod glands would not go on, and, on taking off the cylinder-covers to turn up the piston, the support was found to be cracked, and a spare one had to be substituted. And then the writer winds up:—"You will have heard that our chief engineer cut his throat on the 27th of January, and died on the 2nd of February, the noise of the eccentricities disturbed his rest and he often thought that something was going wrong."

It appears from this statement, if it is to be trusted, that almost every conceivable form of engineering blunder and neglect was combined in the mechanical arrangements of the *Tonnant*, and there ought certainly to be a searching inquiry into the facts of the case. A letter from the firm which supplied the machinery has appeared, casting doubt on the statements of the correspondent of the *Times*; but the question is of course not as to the original fitting of the vessel, but rather as to the conduct of the dockyard authorities in allowing her to be sent out in the state alleged. The poor engineer who committed suicide because he "often thought that something was going wrong" expressed what is now a very wide-spread opinion as to the general condition of the navy. As an additional proof of this, if any were wanting, may be taken the following paragraph from the *Daily News* of Wednesday:—

"The *Opal*, 1,864 tons, 2,100-horse power, had been ordered up to Iquique. During the passage she ran all-luck which has attended the *Opal* since she left England again held her, the engines, while the vessel was steaming at nine knots per hour, again breaking down, on this occasion from a defect in the eccentric rod, which had previously been repaired at Valparaiso."

THE CONFESSIONS OF MR. RUSKIN.

MR. RUSKIN'S confessions still do not do the frankness of his most outspoken predecessors in that class of literature. Montaigne told the world and the ages that he liked white wine, but he did not present the world and the ages with his own merchant's account. Mr. Ruskin confesses himself in Venice, and Rousseau amused himself in the same city; but Rousseau was prudent enough to abstain from printing his lullaby, which indeed it is probable that he did not preserve with care. For some months past Mr. Ruskin has published these matters of private interest at the end of *Mors Clavigera*, rightly judging that exactness is required even in details which are generally veiled in a Turnegian mystery by writers of autobiographies. The April number of *Fort* has dealt a painful blow to practical people who prize themselves on their common sense. In the March number Mr. Ruskin had made some startling references to "St. Francis' manner," which he finds that "some of his most intelligent readers" had

make nothing of." Without pretending to be among Mr. Ruskin's most intelligent readers, we had a satisfactory theory of our own, based on a remark of Charles Lamb on Coleridge's theosophy. "Don't mind Coleridge; it's only his fun," said Lamb; and we rested in the belief that St. Ursula's messages were only Mr. Ruskin's fun. One of "the pieces of private mes-age" which reached him bade him forgive a debt owed by a relation, as he tells us frankly in his statement of "the affairs of the Master." These affairs shock and perplex intelligent readers even more than the message of St. Ursula did. Intelligent readers, to tell the truth, never can understand persons who have the audacity to differ from them.

It is not easy to understand whether the general amazement caused by the affairs of the Master is surprise at Mr. Ruskin's way of managing his property, or astonishment at his choosing to tell the world about his own expenditure, or a combination of both these. The confessor admits that he expects to make but a poor figure in the eyes of practical people. If his present position in the world were altogether stately, he says, "it might have been pleasant to unveil the statue of one's economy for public applause." The poor statue is rather in the mutilated condition of some famous works of ancient art, and in the Master's present property we recognize only a beautiful fragment of a once handsome figure of 157,000*l.* It is not of ostentation, as Mr. Ruskin says, that his readers will accuse him. He began life, or perhaps it would be more fair to say began living as he understands it, with the sum already mentioned, and certain houses and lands besides, as well as a large collection of valuable pictures. After living on his capital for thirteen years, at the carefully restricted rate of 5,500*l.* per annum, and after making generous gifts to public institutions and private persons, he still retains a little property of fifty-four thousand pounds. Long ago Mr. Ruskin proposed to himself to die as poor as possible, which was the aim also of Henri Murger, and an aim which he succeeded in accomplishing. Both men of genius preferred to make the most of what they had while they lived, though their notions of making the most of their money differed in essential points. Mr. Ruskin is really, though perhaps he is not conscious of it, a philanthropic and æsthetic, though most respectable, Bohemian, and his ideas about money are those of many men of letters who unfortunately have no means wherewith to practise their philosophy. He has always preferred the actual employment of his wealth to what fascinates the majority of men, the sense of reserved power. He has added to this disposition a few economical actions which have a picturesque charm, though their æsthetic beauty is unlikely to secure their survival. Thus the general interest in the Master's affairs cannot be accounted for by saying that there is anything new or unheard of in the Master's views of property and expenditure. What is new is that the Master has enjoyed the chance of doing on a grand scale what poor men and luckless often do on a small scale. Mr. Tennyson speaks in *Tithonus* of a boon conferred "as rich men give that care not for their gifts." It is a commonplace remark that poor men of a certain temper are far more lavish than rich men. Mr. Ruskin combines the temper of the penniless artist with the possession of considerable wealth, and his generosity has been based on a true and keenly felt sense of the needs of large classes of men. But he might have been generous without printing a statement of the exact mode in which he "muddled away," as the churchwarden put it in his statement of parish expenditure, 157,000*l.*

The freedom of Mr. Ruskin's confession is not without that little touch of malice which always prevents his *naiveté* from degenerating into *maiserie*, which keeps his simplicity from being silly. "See," he cries, "how my money went when I played the practical part, and behaved like other people. And look how my money went when I pleased myself, my conscience, my relations, and acted in opposition to the laws of Adam Smith and of worldly wisdom." He admits that, "when one is living on one's capital, the melting away is always faster than one expects," which is a truth of experience that a man may discover without possessing Mr. Ruskin's keen eye for the movements of glaciers. The melting away must be allowed for beforehand by economists who think that to take interest is to commit a crime against nature by encouraging the breeding of barren metal. Mr. Ruskin's first performance on the sensible tack, and by way of giving ordinary ideas a fair chance, was to invest 50,000*l.* in "entirely safe" mortgages, from which he may have contracted his affection for the word "entirely." He lost about 20,000*l.* on them altogether, and had not even, in sporting phraseology, a "run for his money." There is no pleasure or happiness to be got out of the dead loss of 20,000*l.* in an ordinary, or perhaps extraordinary, business transaction. But Mr. Ruskin is aware that, if he had been even as other men, his conscience would have said "well done" when he muddled away his money in a strictly conventional fashion on an investment which was entirely safe. His next exploit was to buy pictures, and here he showed some of the wisdom of the serpent. He can easily "bull" his own pictures and "bear" those of his neighbours if he pleases, and were he an unscrupulous and skillful trader, he might write a new volume of *Modern Printers*, send some unheard of early Italian master up in the quotations, and then throw a few specimens on the market with satisfactory results. But Aristotle has well observed that, though the philosopher knows these dodges, he does not practise them, for his heart is set on other things. Mr. Ruskin, within his character of man of business, now scored what he calls "a satisfactory legal performance." He bought five hun-

dred pounds' worth of minerals for three thousand pounds, and "went to law about it." The lawyers cross-examined him for years as to whether the agreement was made in the front or back shop, and they charged him one thousand pounds for their services. They also got him back one thousand pounds out of the three, and made the owner of the back shop render up to him another assortment of minerals worth five hundred pounds. Though he muddled away a good deal of money in this affair, Mr. Ruskin had no joy of it, and determined to be himself, and make ducks and drakes for the future on æsthetic and philanthropic, not on conventional, principles. He had already given his relations 17,000*l.*, whereby he "indulged himself and relieved his conscience," and had, as the moral follows, much more happiness for his money than if he had lent it to the Grand Turk or the prince of the power of Egypt. Fifteen thousand pounds were "lost" to another relation, and this transaction was scarcely so agreeable, though of course it is much better to mention it in *Fora*, and then think no more about it. A trifle of 14,000*l.* went in presents to Oxford and to Sheffield. It is to be presumed that Mr. Ruskin has got more happiness out of the many hours of the highest pleasure which he has given to workmen and University men than out of the most successful legal performance in which he could have expended his money. The sums laid out on Brantwood and pictures are sagacious investments, and Mr. Ruskin has still the worth of some fifty or sixty thousand pounds. But he has been so much encouraged by his success when he took his own way and had, if the expression may be used, his fling, and so much depressed by ill fortune and conscientious scruples when he walked in the broad path that leads to the Bank of England, that he is set on taking to mate a comely poverty. He has seen Giotto's fresco of the marriage of St. Francis, which few people have been privileged to look on closely, and he describes the mode in which he means to woo the same bride. His Marylebone property (3,500*l.*) is to be made over to St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence. Brantwood he will keep, as a hermit's cell; of his ready money, 3,000*l.* will pay for one year's pleasure in "poking about in search of the picturesque"; the remainder will yield 360*l.* a year, and his literary gains will keep up his charities. More Turner drawings are not for this anchorite; but, as he already possesses thirty large and fifty small ones, he may "get through the declining years of his artistic life resignedly." There are still to be cakes and ale, as far as an occasional new missal goes. In short, Mr. Ruskin's poverty is to be of a more smiling aspect, more well-liking, more given to strawberries and cream, than the bride of the Saint of Assisi.

Mr. Ruskin, as painted by himself, is a person who has his satisfaction in the most gracious sort of good deeds, and in most of the higher pleasures. He cannot know himself when he writes, "My own complete satisfaction would have been in buying every Turner drawing I could afford, and passing quiet days at Brantwood between my garden and my gallery, praised, as I should have been, by all the world for doing good to myself." The author of *Fora Clavigera* would never have had a moment of satisfaction while other people were without Turner drawings, and without the power of enjoying them which he has first created, and then satisfied. In his gallery and in his garden, the faces of children who never breathe fresh air or see flowers would have haunted him. His confessions are chiefly strange from the very fact that he chooses to make them, and does not leave them to be guessed at. Why should Mr. Ruskin be his own "interviewer," and anticipate the curiosity of the Americanized portion of the press? It is his own affair if he does not see that he could have done more good to others and himself by spending the interest of his 150,000*l.*, and retaining the capital to be a perpetual *fons leporum*. If he thinks that this plan would have been a Jesuitical doing of evil that good may come, it is too late in the day to argue with him. We might as well try to persuade him that he is wrong when he says that the entire teaching of Mazzini "was rendered poisonous to Italy because he set himself against kinthood." One cannot poison what does not exist, and it would be hard to show how Italy could have come to exist without the teaching of Mazzini. "The stronghold of Protestant heresy," says Mr. Ruskin, "is pure pig-headedness," and he himself sometimes retreats into this Englishman's castle.

THE LAKES IN SPRING.

IN the Miscellaneous Observations which enliven Wordsworth's too little read Description of the Lakes, the poet tries in true Wordsworth fashion to make up his own mind and his reader's on the question, When are the Lakes best seen? "It is almost exclusively from June to August," he says, "that strangers resort hither. But that season is by no means the best; the colouring of the mountains and woods, unless where they are diversified by rocks, is of too unvaried a green; and as a large portion of the valleys is allotted to hay-grass, some want of variety is found there also. A stronger objection is rainy weather setting in sometimes at this period with a vigour, and continuing with a perseverance, that may remind the disappointed and dejected traveller of those deluges of rain which fall among the Abyssinian mountains, for the annual supply of the Nile." This is a characteristic sentence, and one we should think which scarcely hits off correctly the average experience or impressions of the Manchester and Preston folk who crowd to the Lakes every summer, and who are not likely to be so familiarly acquainted with the Abyssinian rainfall as Wordsworth

supposes. But a sentence or two further on we get our poet on safer ground. In a few true and delicate touches we have put before us, first, the mountains of September, and secondly the mountains of May; the autumn hill-sides "glowing with fern of divers colours"; "the calm blue lakes and river pools," "the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows," which greet the September wanderer; or again the spring copses "intervened with golden broom-flowers," the "wild and light motions" of the lambs, the haunting cuckoo-voice in the deep mountain valleys, which April and May have to offer. The late spring Wordsworth finally pronounces to be the best time for the Lakes, and there are few among the native or adopted children of Westmoreland who will not agree with him. Westmoreland in August, with its roads filled with worthy families strapped and knicker-bockered, its hotels, and innkeepers and guides seeming to make a traffic of the hills, and selling waterfalls for gold, its unkind and lowering skies, or its fits of unwelcome and depressing heat, is sometimes trying even to the most faithful of its devotees. To those who have a free autumn Wordsworth's advice to see the country in its dress of orange fern, when the crowd has passed by and the coming austerity of winter is beginning to dignify the high and low grounds alike, may well be recommended. But there are many people who never have had and never will have a free September. To all such we commend the Lakes in spring; and as few busy people, unless they have the felicity to belong to a Scotch University, are likely to be sight-seeing in May, we would say, go in April or even in March. There are few things more shyly, persuasively beautiful than a mountain country in the border-time between winter and spring.

The first view of the hills over Morecambe Bay awakens mixed feelings. In the far distance, over the "wide expanse of shining water," a line of ghostly peaks hangs in the haze; through the windows of the train a wind comes blowing, so keen that the traveller whose travels have led him at any time to the Eugadine feels a familiar shiver creeping over him, and is forthwith haunted by a perpetual memory of St. Moritz. He reminds himself severely that for enervated beings who want warmth the Riviera and not Westmoreland is the place to go to. What can be more bracing than this air, more ethereal than those snowy peaks? Nevertheless it is a fact that the first breath of the north wind blowing towards Kendal from the Pikes and Bowfell has to be met with resolution; and to the dweller in English midlands, used for the most part to consider snow peaks, like tigers, as things of foreign growth, the first sight of English hills robed in Alpine garb has a touch of inhospitable strangeness. But by and by, as the hills come nearer, the harshness wears off, while the novelty and magnificence remain, and as you drive along Windermere in the spring twilight with a darkening lake spread out before you, Wetherlam on the opposite side mysteriously high and white, a line of vivid gold on the purple water, and towards Ambleside a confusion of fells drawn in faint desolate tints against a sober sky, the southern Englishman to whom the scene is new is forced to own that there is sublimity as well as beauty to be found within his native land. In the passage where Wordsworth patriotically defends the English mountains against the Alps on this very ground, he says that "the sense of sublimity depends much more upon form and relation of objects to each other than upon their actual magnitude"; and again, with a kind of incidental explanation of what he means by "sublimity," "an elevation of 3,000 feet is sufficient to call forth in a most impressive degree the creative and magnifying power of the atmosphere." But the sublimity of this power is relative to the things created and magnified; and here lies the first difference between the Lake landscapes of summer and of early spring. It is not the bare brown peaks of August that stand out clear and knowable against their background of sky or lowering cloud; the woods do not spread green in the sunlight or heavy with August gloom; against the storm-louds and under the morning haze the fitful sun of March shows you a white wilderness of fell and peak, infinitely mysterious and remote, while the woods, slipping in between the snowy summits and the cold reflections in the lake beneath, have an unchanging austerity of tint in spite of all the exquisite variety and beauty of the broad shades. The highest note of colour in the whole landscape is to be found in the larch copses, now a penetrating golden-brown, and to be a month hence the freshest and greenest of spring sights. Coming down from the fell-sides to the valleys, you will find your choice of month justified anew at every step. To those who know the oppressive closeness of a Westmoreland valley in a hot August, there is a perpetual delight in the keen invigorating air which tempts the soberest traveller to play pranks with himself and his strength. Then the streams, those loveliest possessions of the North country—there is no time in the whole year when they are so full without flood, or so clear without an impression of drought. In the valley they have all the small-proportioned, delicate beauties which attract you to them in summer, while up on the fells, born in snow and tossed with the north wind, they are the wildest, loneliest things in a wild and lonely nature.

So much for the world without. Within, under the grey roofs which dot the valley, the welcome accorded you in all the warmer from the fact that the press of summer visitors is still far off, and it is still possible to take an individual interest in a fresh face and voice. From the residents in the substantial grey stone houses each within its shelter of evergreens, who have many of them retained in manners and culture the fine flavour of the old Lake society, down to the innkeeper who lets you a pony almost for the

price of your best rooms and her best speeches, all are kindly disposed towards the spring visitor and inclined to reward him for his venture among them. There is continual amusement, too, in the undress of the little towns, in the photographers without photographs, in the sleepy coach offices and the still sleeper coaches, in the homeliness of the inns, which a couple of months hence will be aping their betters with starched writers and tables-d'hôte. Let the March traveller go into a rural inn away from the towns, and he will probably find the coffee-room given over to babies and cradles, and nobody in the whole house to wait upon a passing guest but the small daughters of the landlord, who make an excitement out of his meal of oatcake and honey, and are friendliness itself if it should be the stranger's fancy to converse. Life has throughout a languid contented air, very unlike the hurry and irritation of the summer. The coach goes once a day along the main thoroughfares, and seven times out of ten the driver and conductor may be met by Grasmere off on Duddell Raise enjoying their usual winter *tête-à-tête*, undisturbed by intruding passengers; so that the spring traveller who finds himself driven in solitary state from Rydal to Grasmere, with coach and pair, driver, and conductor for the sum of sixpence, is sometimes struck with a ludicrous sense of disproportion between means and ends. The coachman is wholly at his ease; it is all he can do to deliver his two or three parcels without dropping them on the road, or to carry the three newspapers which apparently form the whole supply of two parishes. Three months hence who will recognize this amiable and philosophic being in the harpy who collects a coachful of *poorvaires* three times a day with thirty sharpness and precision? If the traveller wishes to experience for himself this lazy mood of the country, he cannot do better than spend the warmer hours of his stay in fishing. A month hence the fishing will be at its best, and may be taken seriously; but now there is no idler amusement in the world than the Rother or the Greta may afford him; and as he wanders along the stream, from quiet valley to distant snow-field, he will perceive nothing stirring but himself and the wind.

It would be ungracious to dwell upon the obvious drawbacks which may lessen the pleasure of an Easter visit to the Lake country. Every one can picture them to himself—the chances of cold, the chances of rain, the certainty of taking the people in a measure by surprise, and the consequent risk of discomfort. All who have tried it would admit that the climber's best reward is to lie at full length on the mountain-top that he has conquered, and to gaze outward in luxurious ease; and in March there is no lying at full length on the mountain. The lazy delights of summer are not for the spring tourist; but then the spring tourist never supposed that they were. The pleasures that he seeks and finds in the hills at Easter are distinct and separate in their kind; if not absolutely better than the pleasures of summer, yet different. More mystery, more sublimity in the distances; a rarer atmosphere, like nothing so much, as we have said, as that of the bright and bracing Engadine; and in the valleys the all-pervading charm of the spring, heightened by contrast with the wintry summits overhead. Quick, too, as are the changes of summer in this strange country, the changes of spring are quicker far. At sunset, after a day of brightness, the clouds may gather and a gusty western wind arise; during the night the rain plunges down and the trees creak in the gale, and in the morning a sun as bright as yesterday's may show you the mountains half cleared of their snow and the winter seemingly gone. But let the wind veer to the north and a second storm follow; another night will retransform the hills and make them Alps again. And perhaps, if one had to say in what the main difference between spring and summer in Westmoreland consists, it would be that in spring-time the changes are more rapid and more surprising, and the contrast between valley and summit, between the kindness of the mountain's shelter and the terror of its brow, is more sharply accentuated, and therefore more fruitful in imaginative pleasure.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON HIS DEFENCE.

THE policy to which our two Primates committed themselves in 1874 is already embarrassing, the wirepullers whose pressure they then unhappily obeyed beyond the power of recovery even by the most adroit and unscrupulous use of Mr. Tooth's extravagances. It has converted the Archbishop of Canterbury into a controversial pamphleteer with an Honorary Canon as his opponent. It has also driven a host of distinguished clergymen, of whom the one thing that might be predicated is that—whether they are High Churchmen of an old-fashioned type or Broad Churchmen of the moderate sort—that which they cannot be called is Ritualists, into an address to the Episcopate, which the *Times*, in a burst worthy of the heaviest father in the last act of the most popular piece, denounces for "its flagrant misrepresentation of the present" and "its reckless suggestions for the future"; while the Archbishop, who ought to be most sore at such misrepresentation and recklessness, informs the Memorialists, in the name of his brethren, that "I can at once take upon myself to assure you that it will receive most attentive consideration."

Canon Carter's pamphlet and the Memorial are varying expressions of the same complaint, that the Church of England—which has, in our own generation visibly grown a little more

parallel—is not merely kept in the same leading-strings which might have been wide and easy for it some sixty or seventy years since, but that they have actually been tightened by the hands of its present nursing fathers. The Canon rather deals with the formal questions of the constitution of Church Courts and Church legislation, while the Memorial, excepting its unfortunately vague conclusion—which, we presume, means little more than “deliver Church interests from being debated by Mr. Bignar or even Mr. Dillwyn,” but which might be perverted as implying a repudiation of Parliamentary intervention in spiritual matters—remonstrates against “events and documents which have themselves always been matters of controversy,” rather than “the living voice of the Church,” being made the appeal on controversies about ceremonial or doctrine. The Archbishop would probably have included both manifestoes in a single reply had he not already completed his answer to Mr. Carter before the appearance of the Memorial, and his letter to the Dean of St. Paul’s displays the restraint from which no writer except Mr. Gladstone can escape who feels that he has to say the same thing twice over in a few days. The Memorialists tried to put a good deal into a few words, as well as to make those words sufficiently civil to be accepted by the dignitaries whose policy they were in fact arraigning while formally appealing to their sympathies. This gave the Archbishop the easy literary advantage of being able to charge them with failing in accurate distinction; and the point on which he fastened was that their paper seemed to confound “ecclesiastical matters judicial” and “ecclesiastical matters legislative”—its whole scope really being that it was expedient that certain matters should be transferred from the judicial to the legislative sphere by ungagging the living voice, and enabling it to provide for them according to the necessities, not of the sixteenth, but of the nineteenth century. But, after all, the Primate argues, what have you to complain of? Has not Convocation been for some years, and is it not now, discussing the very class of subjects about which you seem to be so anxious? To this the Memorialists of course might reply—As you have so far given in to our principle, and are so pleased with yourself for your concession, why now make all these difficulties over a more liberal application of the process to which you have yourself, in the plenitude of your Metropolitan authority, had recourse? This reference of the Archbishop to the revision of rubrics on the part of the existing Conventions sufficiently answers the inference which he attempts to draw, in his letter to Canon Carter, from the admitted anomalies of representation in these bodies as now constituted, as if that were a reason for not employing the actual instrument in anticipation of some uncertain day of possible reform. He is more happy in his reply to the suggestion that the Supreme Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal should be composed of bishops, while he weakens his own logic by resisting the restoration of the old Consistorial Courts of First Instance, on the ground that in them it is not the personal bishop who sits, but his legal representative the Chancellor.

All these considerations, however, are matters of detail compared with the real ecclesiastical difficulty of the moment—namely, the profound irritation which, as the Archbishop and the *Times* seem at last to have discovered, has been caused, not among the Ritualists, but among wide sections of moderate Churchmen at the policy out of which the Public Worship Regulation Act emerged. On this point the Archbishop’s shortness of memory is astounding. He actually seems to believe that that Act is his own measure. No doubt the policy which produced it is his by adoption, since the day on which he and the Archbishop of York gave their blank promissory notes to the Church Association “to put down Ritualism,” which the latter body very reasonably interpreted as a promise to (in the Archbishop’s own felicitous phrase) “press heavily on loyal members of the Church of England who are contented to tread in matters of ritual in the steps of what is called the Catholic school of our divines, holding at once faithfully to primitive antiquity and to the principles of the Reformation.” The first draft of this project was the suggestion, which never got beyond the embryonic conditions of a leader in the *Times*, for some sort of diocesan Committees, which were to be Courts in everything except the power of enforcing respect and obedience to their own conclusions. Then came the Archbishops’ genuine Bill, in which those Committees had blossomed into a series of new diocesan tribunals of the most petty and irritating character. At this stage *even* the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, *introit* the Earl of Shaftesbury. Lord Shaftesbury, at all events, in knowing what he wants, lets the world know it also, and under his remorseless dictation the Primates found their immemorial and independent jurisdictions transformed into a now conglomerated something which it would, perhaps, be safest (at least for the present) simply to describe as Lord Penzance’s Court. Still, Lord Shaftesbury assured the powerless Primates that his intention was to enable them to keep faith with the Church Association, and, as the Church Association believed him, the Archbishops could only smile and accept the changeling as if it were their own original offspring.

These simple facts of history—so pertinaciously ignored by persons in authority—far more than any details of the Worship Act, irritate the great body of that High Church party whose continuous existence is indispensable for the maintenance of the Establishment; and as long as Primates continue to split straws over the beneficent intentions of the Worship Act, the irritation can only go on increasing. The grievance is that they have suffered, not under an Act, but under a policy—under a dark, a changeable and shapeless something—which they felt dogging their steps. It

was impossible for the same men really to like the Archbishops’ Bill and Lord Shaftesbury’s Bill, and yet the same men professed not only to like both Bills, but to see no difference in them, because both had been drawn for the same objects of persecution. Any stick, no doubt, is good enough to beat a dog with; but the High Church party is not exactly a dog; nor ought an Act of Parliament for regulating divine worship to be a stick, while the only stick which persons had been accustomed to see in a bishop’s hand was the crook with which the shepherd gently leads his lambs. The old Episcopal investiture was *per annulum et baculum*, which did not mean the gyve and the rattan.

With the passing of the Act the Archbishops found themselves in possession of the material power involved in the choice of the new Judge. They had a wide field out of which they could have selected some one, who would have been, if not acceptable to the persons against whom the novel jurisdiction was levelled—this would have been almost past hoping for—at all events personally, and by his antecedents, neutral. They had also the far narrower field of those who, from circumstances and not necessarily from any fault of their own, would be directly offensive to men already so deeply offended and sore all over. Of this class, the person who might be trusted most ideally to fulfil all conditions of offensiveness would be a Judge who had been identified with a novel jurisdiction repulsive to Churchmen in proportion as they held the opinions commonly ticketed as “high,” and unsavoury to all decent people irrespectively of theological difference—some former chief of the Divorce Court. With a rare obtuseness to the feelings of those who, having been beaten, might, with safety to the main objects of the Act, have been a little coaxed, the Archbishops sought their new official in an ex-Judge of the Divorce Court, and nominated Lord Penzance. We do not in any way blame Lord Penzance for having taken his former office. The Divorce Court was part of our system, and any respectable Judge who consented to exchange the status of a Pains Judge for the nauseous business on which the newer tribunal subsisted proved himself to be a self-sacrificing patriot. But, at the same time, on all considerations of policy, he disqualified himself from accepting that still newer office the *raison d’être* of which was “to put down Ritualism.” The action of those who put him there seemed, no doubt, courageous to themselves, but in the eyes of the world the courage was quite swallowed up in the eccentricity of the proceeding. It was as if Mr. Cross were to make Mr. Whalley inspector of prisons, or Lord Derby were to send Mr. Gladstone as Ambassador to Constantinople, and Mr. Butler Johnstone as Commissioner to Bulgaria. No doubt there was a reason for the selection, which was avowed with sufficient bluntness by those chiefly responsible for the act. A Judge with a pension is so much considered as morally bound to give in return such judicial work as his strength permits, that Mr. Gladstone’s Government actually made the ineffectual attempt to saddle a Chancellor’s retiring pension with the legal obligation of sitting on appeal. It was accordingly alleged that Lord Penzance would be an economical choice, and the belief prevailed for a day or two that, in the joy of renewed health, he expected no further remuneration than his pension of 3,500*l.* a year.

In the meanwhile Sir Robert Phillimore and Mr. Harcourt Vernon respectively resigned, and, whenever the Court of Arches was convoked, Lord Penzance made his appearance there, claiming to act, and acting, as Dean of Arches, in face of frequent asseverations that, whatever else he might be, he had no right to that designation. This was an awkward complication, and, with a view of throwing some light upon the situation, Lord Limerick lately moved for a return of the appointments of Dr. Lushington as Dean of Arches by Archbishop Sumner, of Sir Robert Phillimore by Archbishop Longley, and of Lord Penzance by Archbishop Tait. These have been produced, and the result is that Dr. Lushington and Sir Robert Phillimore took their places by letters patent from the respective Primates granting to each of them “that you may the better know how and in what manner you are to behave yourself in the exercise of the said office according to what is from law and custom to be known” . . . “finally to determine the said causes of appeal according to law and the custom of the said Arches Court anciently used”; which letters patent were in either case, according to traditional usage, confirmed by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. Lord Penzance, on the other hand, had only to show a deed-poll of Archbishops Tait and Thomson with the Queen’s approval appointing him, as for other reasons, so as having been “Judge Ordinary of the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes,” neither to the Deanery of Arches nor to the official Principalship of York, but to that temporary office of a Judge in the Provincial Courts which was by the Worship Act to blossom into the old offices on the resignation of their respective holders, with a footnote bearing the weighty name of Cyrus Waddilove, that upon such vacancies occurring Lord Penzance *ipso facto* sat himself in the vacant seats.

How far the omnipotence of a not yet interpreted statutory enactment may be held to supply the wanting formalities and validate the transaction we dare not speculate. We are dealing with its policy; and we can only say that, if the original selection of Lord Penzance approached the limits of an almost inconceivable eccentricity, the apathy or recklessness which has left him exposed to the charge of being but a cuckoo in the Dean of Arches’ nest without the protection of letters patent or the comforting confirmation from a Dean and Chapter of Canterbury transcends the credible. If there was anything which would either touch the persons whom the Metropolitans desired to

manipulate, or about which they would be touchy, it was the spiritual and traditional origin of the Court asserting itself to be spiritual which claimed their allegiance; and yet these Metropolitans, with the old spiritual forms of appointment handy to follow, forgot or refused to use them. It might a month ago have been urged that it was not too late to mend the omission, and that even now the forgotten formalities could be proceeded with. But unluckily Lord Penzance has himself made such remedial action impossible, if—according to a report which, after remaining three weeks uncontradicted, may be taken as genuine—he has resigned his office. The grounds alleged for this resignation are not a little peculiar. It will not be forgotten that the object of the Ecclesiastical Offices and Fees Bill—lately before a Committee of the House of Commons—was, on the authentic evidence of Dr. Tristram, Chancellor of London, to find a salary for Lord Penzance in addition to the retiring pension. Now that Committee had not at that date reported, and all that had leaked out of its action was therefore mere rumour. Rumour, however, had carried it to Lord Penzance's ears that the Committee had come to the conclusion that no Public Worship Judge ought to have higher pay (any pension he might have earned being included) than the salary of a Puisne Judge; and Lord Penzance, so the report goes, has accordingly resigned. This would be a sufficiently curious termination of a very unsatisfactory epoch of ecclesiastical history. His successor will, it is to be hoped, have letters patent, confirmation, and all other things needful. But in the meanwhile Lord Penzance's judgments as Dean of Arches will stand on record as those of the only claimant to that venerable office who ascended the tribunal unfortified by any of the ancient formalities, and who had to submit, during his whole tenure of office, to hearing his right to it openly denied, and the validity of his decrees called in question, without being able to appeal to the time-honoured forms of his appointment in proof of his legitimate succession.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

AMONG the surprises of the last few years none has been greater than the extraordinary revival of France. Weakened by the unwholesome atmosphere of the Imperial system under Napoleon III., which was consuming as by a slow fever all that was greatest and best in her national character, she was subjected to a terrible shock in her war with Germany. The wounds which she received in the campaign, and the strain placed upon her vital energy by the necessity of paying the periodical instalments of an unexampled war indemnity, seemed enough to crush the strongest and healthiest nation. When to these were added the excesses of the Commune and the internal struggles of various parties, each striving for supreme power over a distracted people, the idea began to be prevalent in Europe that France was but fulfilling the ordinary human destiny by passing, after hot youth and powerful manhood, into the decrepitude of old age with its various pains and diseases. The beaten, like the absent, are always in the wrong, and cannot expect to escape the malicious speech of those detractors who have envied former prosperity and power. And, no doubt, if some "Saviour of Society" had succeeded in applying those external ointments and plasters which sometimes bring about an appearance of health while rottenness is within, France might have succumbed gradually to the effects of the poison in her system. Fortunately for her, the doctors quarrelled so over their etiquettes and prescriptions that the patient was left to nature's hands. The eruption of the Commune broke out, and carried off the worst of the poison. Since then there has been a period of convalescence, of healthy rebellion against potions and pills, and of vigorous though somewhat risky exercise of limbs. A relapse is always possible, but everything is to be hoped from a regimen of self-denial and plenty of fresh air.

An army is but the expression of national force in a certain direction, and we could never have believed in a French army invented at this time by a Saviour of Society. It is because France has had vitality enough to recover naturally, instead of being drugged into cessation of pain, that her present military power is to be trusted; and some of the very faults in her organization for war are proofs of that spirit of compromise which, if carried out in political life, will be the salvation of the country both in peace and war. A "Saviour" who had succeeded in crushing all opposition might have avoided some errors and supplied some omissions in the present organization. He would certainly have carried it further towards completion. But the animated and instructive debates in the Chamber would have been lost, the burdens which the creation of so great an army imposes would have been borne grudgingly, and France would have had an Imperial, Royal, or Presidential, instead of a National army. The hearts of the people would not have gone with it as they go now, and war might again have been undertaken against the national will, and with deficient means, because the tyrant, call him by what name we may, would have been obliged to sacrifice efficiency to the necessity of keeping both people and army in good humour. All this may seem very clear to an Englishman accustomed to the use of liberty at home, and to the difficulty it creates in devising improvements in our own military organization. But a resident in Paris cannot fail to come under the influence of the distrust created by a life spent in terror of the Red spectre on

one side and of Napoleonism on the other; or to be imbued with the healthy spirit of criticism fostered by Parliamentary institutions. In 1875 such a writer charged the then Minister of War with grave faults, and threw discredit on the value of the new organization. His article in *Blackwood* drew much attention to the subject, and a warm debate arose, in which the French themselves took little part. We had no doubt at the time that his strictures were partly well founded, though mixed with considerable exaggeration; and the opinion is confirmed by another article in this month's *Blackwood*, wherein the author represents France as able at last to defend herself against attack from the gigantic forces of Germany. To say that an army utterly crushed and demoralized six years ago is now able to put 455,000 men on the frontier, with 210,000 in the intrenched camps, at the same time having an unconcentrated second line of 325,000, and a depot reserve of 310,000 more, who would be gradually fitted to take their places in the front line—and all this without reckoning the territorial army—is to confess that the measures devised at the beginning, and gradually carried out by one law after another, cannot have been so very bad as the author would have had us suppose two years ago. Given a *tabula rasa*, a people ready to submit to anything that might be proposed by the Government, and no internal political difficulties, it would be easy enough to create a model army; but the creation in six years of such a powerful military organization as France now possesses, in the face of diminished resources, warring political factions, and the ever-present dread of Red Republicanism, argues far greater administrative capacity and national common sense than the author is even now disposed to attribute to the French. Some of his strictures on the laws lately passed are so far-fetched as to suggest the thought that he must have looked with some care in order to find occasions for criticism. For instance, he is very severe on the law of November 1875, and asserts that "it establishes two sorts of military justice—one for the active army, and one for the territorial corps. If a fortress is surrendered by a regular officer, he is liable to be shot; but if its capitulation is signed by a territorial commander, he can only be imprisoned. Crime in one case becomes misdemeanour in the other." In this attack the writer appears to have adopted a curious blunder committed by M. Amédée Le Faure in his valuable book *Les lois militaires de la France*. The fact is that the military courts are permitted, not enjoined, to find extenuating circumstances in certain cases of military crimes committed by officers and men of the territorial army, though the milder form of sentence is forbidden for culprits of the regular army. If extenuating circumstances are found, the punishment is of course one grade less severe. Even had the writer been justified in his statement of facts, he would only have found what is common to the laws of other nations. Germany has a different law for her regular army and for her reserve and Landwehr. England has not recognized the punishment of death for her militia; and Austria even provides that the officers and men of her Landwehr shall be tried by courts composed only of Landwehr. We have given this instance of the writer's fallibility, not to discredit the article generally, but to show that whatever errors may have crept into his statements are likely to be in the direction of fault-finding rather than of inordinate praise. France is at least as ready for a war of defence as he admits her to be.

Now in 1870 the utmost force that could be put in line within a month against the enemy was 250,000 men, and even this comparatively small army was insufficiently provided with many requisites for campaigning. Behind the 250,000 were about 300,000 for reserves and garrisons. This year, according to the statement of the writer, three weeks only would elapse before 455,000 men were in the field, having behind them such a mass of troops for reserve, for camps, and garrisons as would raise the total of the active army to 1,300,000 men; nor must it be forgotten that the services of all these men would be really available, because the lines of communication and other vulnerable points out of reach of the enemy would be sufficiently guarded by the men of the territorial army, which, though not yet thoroughly organized, would be quite capable of performing such subordinate tasks. It is true that good non-commissioned officers are not easily to be found for the reserves and for the territorial army; nor are the inducements of a military life sufficient to retain such men even in the regular army after their legal term of service is expired. But this is a difficulty by no means special to France. Every Continental army suffers from the same want. The man who makes a good non-commissioned officer will be a good tradesman or a good clerk, and there are few indeed of such in any nation, in comparison with the immense masses of men now brought under military control, who would not prefer the comforts and the liberty of civil life to any advantages that can be offered to soldiers in peace. The difficulty is one inseparable from large armies, and no means have as yet been found powerful enough to overcome it. Again, the arrangements for mobilization leave something to be desired, and the decentralization of stores—one of the measures forced on the country by the experience of 1870—is not yet complete, though gradually becoming so. We learn from several sources that the French War Office considers that two years more must elapse before the army will be thoroughly prepared for war, and nothing is more certain than that France is, and will be for some years, bound in heavy penalties to keep the peace. But the question is whether she has advanced so far in her armaments as to be formidable if placed on the defensive. Nearly three years ago the military caste at Berlin had so

far influenced the counsels of Germany that France would have been attacked but for the moderating pressure of England and Russia. With great wisdom and self-control the French Government determined at that time to cause their armies to retreat without fighting, and an appeal would have been made to Europe. Has the time passed for submitting to so dire a necessity? If France were wantonly attacked now, could she defend herself with fair prospect of success?

There can be but one answer from all who know what preparations have been made, and what is now the national spirit. France could not only defend herself, but could do so with full hope of preserving her territory and military honour. She could not mobilize so quickly as Germany, because the dangerous passions of Paris and Lyons have prevented her from introducing complete simplicity into her military system. Rightly or wrongly, she dare not localize her army corps completely. The two uneasy cities have to be garrisoned by parts of the corps belonging to other districts, instead of having corps of their own. For the same political reasons, the eighteen army corps are not, like those of Germany, composed of men taken almost exclusively from their own nominal districts, and ready at any moment to join their own well-known regiments. They are composed of men taken from the whole country and mixed throughout the service. But, when the moment of mobilization comes, the soldiers who have passed through the ranks of the active army, and are then in the reserve, go to the nearest depôts to be equipped, and thence, as a rule, to the nearest regiments, whatever the regiments quartered near them may be. Mobilization is not, therefore, much delayed from this cause; and the device seemed good enough to be adopted in our English scheme of mobilization.

The French plan of calling out the reserves by placards in the public streets is so practical that the Germans have now adopted it; and the general result of the changes in the arrangements for mobilization is that five days only would be required to place the reserves in the ranks of their battalions and companies, whereas in 1870 the same work was calculated to consume seventeen days, and at the end of that time it was not complete. The writer in *Blackwood* says that it is impossible to judge how long the concentration would take which would bring all the regiments into brigades, divisions, army corps, and armies. But he does not say—what is, however, well known—that every detail of arrangements for marches by road or transport by rail is now carefully worked out beforehand in peace on various probable suppositions. In this respect the work of the General Staff at Berlin has been copied in Paris with such modifications as were found necessary to adapt the system to a wealthy nation, the traffic in which is much greater than in Germany. Reckoning up together all the quickening and retarding forces, it is probable that the French concentration could be performed in about the same time from the first measure of mobilization as that found necessary by the Germans in 1870—namely, three weeks—and we are inclined to think that the time named is rather greater than less than would be required in practice. On the other hand, Germany has since then greatly reduced the duration of her own mobilization and concentration, and would be ready before France, if there were a question who should be the invader. For this and other reasons France cannot be the aggressor, and it would be an outrage on common sense to represent Germany as having any immediate danger to fear from the revival of military power in France. Immediate danger, we say, because there is, no doubt, a remote but very real danger. Money must be counted for something in preparation for war, and for still more in the power of a nation to bear the burden of constant warlike preparations in peace. And the difference in the power of the purse may be estimated when we remember that France has, since the signature of peace in 1871, not only paid 200,000,000*l.* to Germany, but actually spent about as much in renewing her own armaments. She bears her burdens lightly, has surpluses, and pays off her debt gradually by means of a sinking fund. Seventy millions had up to last year been spent on extraordinary military expenses, which will presently be no longer required; for most of the new fortifications are built, and the armaments have been, or are being, gradually supplied. The whole of the artillery has been re-armed, and the infantry weapon improved, so we may say that in a year or two the French annual war budget will probably show a very considerable decrease. On the other side, Germany, though nearly free from debt, can hardly support the financial strain. Trade is everywhere depressed, the youths taken for the army are sorely needed at home as bread-winners, and the millions obtained from France, after raising prices and setting up a fictitious standard of wealth and luxury, disappeared, leaving behind them all the new cravings begotten of temporary prosperity, without the means of gratifying those cravings. France is richer than she was before, inasmuch as her marvellous resources are known and can be counted on. Germany is poorer, just as a man reduced from the enjoyment of a thousand a year to a pittance of a hundred is poorer than he who has never had more than a hundred or lived among wealthier people than himself. The experience of this inequality of resources, the view of France calmly arming before their eyes for a future fight, has naturally been a source of great irritation to the German people. Europe has again and again trembled on the verge of new catastrophes, and statesmen may well give a sigh of relief if, as we believe, it is at last true or nearly true that France, able to hold her own in a defensive war, but now and for a long time to come unprepared for offence, has become a conservative Power in Europe. With Germany on one

side and Italy thinking of Nice and Savoy on another, with her heavy debt and internal difficulties, we need fear no aggression from her. She has given too many hostages to fortune.

RELIGIOUS THEATRICALS.

A CURIOUS case was heard the other day before the Sheffield magistrates as to the lawfulness of performing religious plays. It appears that a drama entitled *Joseph and his Brethren* had been enacted at the Albert Hall in that town on Easter Eve, and a summons was taken out against the performers by the proprietors of the Sheffield Music Hall which had three years ago been engaged for the same purpose, which purpose they had been obliged to abandon on learning that the procedure would be illegal, and had thereby suffered serious pecuniary loss. The magistrates decided that the play, not having received the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, was illegal, though he inflicted only nominal damages. As to the performance itself, it came out at the trial that "two donkeys and some bipeds were on the stage," and the latter carried on a sustained dialogue, though the donkeys did not bray. There was a proscenium with footlights in front of the organ, and a drop-scene representing Jacob and his ladder; and the actors, twelve or thirteen in number, wore "ancient costumes" consisting of "a white sloop and red belt and trimmings." The "bipeds" taking part in the play appear not to have been regular actors, but artisans, warehousemen, cutlers, and coopers. Whether the affair proved a dramatic success is not stated, but we shall probably be not far wrong in assuming that it did not rise much above the level of the strange performance of *Mosses Beck* enacted, as our readers may remember our noticing at the time, last autumn in a Welsh Baptist Chapel. How far the theatre, whether secular or sacred, is conducive to the cause of public morality or otherwise, is a wide question on which the most opposite opinions have prevailed in every age. Within the last few weeks the discussion has been raised among ourselves, first by two addresses of the Bishop of Manchester to the members of the dramatic profession during the recent mission held in his cathedral city, and next by the republication of a lecture of Dean Close's, delivered some twenty-five years ago, with supplementary comments on the dangerous teaching of "that greatly mistaken member of our Episcopal Bench." Dean Close pronounces a sweeping indictment against all plays, actors, and playgoers, ancient and modern, which might have emanated from a doctor of the old Sorbonne or a Puritan divine of the seventeenth century. All scenic performances are unmixedly demoralizing, the profession has ever been justly branded as "infamous," and those who patronize the stage are not much better than those who serve it. Into that controversy, however, we need not enter here. The performance of *Joseph and his Brethren* was, it appears, forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain for the precise reason that it deals with sacred subjects; and we are far from meaning to say that he did not exercise a wise discretion in prohibiting it. No intelligent votary of religion or of sacred art would wish to see the Ammergau Passion Play suppressed as long as it retains its present unique position and unique excellence. But it would be a very different matter to have anything like a popular revival attempted of the mediæval miracle plays—whether presented in theatres or in churches—under social and religious conditions having so little in common with the "ages of faith." At the same time the prohibition of a religious play, as such, almost inevitably recalls to mind the undoubted fact that the origin of the drama, both classical and Christian, was essentially and purely religious. This fact is perhaps the more remarkable from the bitter, and by no means always or wholly unreasonable, hostility which has nevertheless usually existed between the Church and the Stage. A brief historical sketch indicating the state of the case may not be without interest.

We need hardly remind our readers of the passionate devotion of the Athenians to the drama, which attained in two hands of the great Attic tragedians and comedians a glory which the lapse of two thousand years has not obscured. The Romans under the Republic strictly prohibited all theatrical representations except such as were directly connected with the worship of the gods, and the first theatre at Rome was erected by Pompey. Hence the Roman drama never approached the Greek, and very soon the position of an actor became so degraded as to involve perpetual slavery. The gross realism which ran through all Roman ideas and institutions, and found its culminating expression in the deification of living Emperors, resulted on the stage in the actual perpetration "*coram populo*" of crimes which, according to the Mosaic canon, and indeed according to the elementary rules of common decency, ought not even to be represented there. "*Omnia fiunt ad verum*," as Juvenal complained, and the sixth and seventh commandments were publicly violated with every circumstance of revolting horror, not in figure but in fact. Nero indeed endeavoured to relieve actors from the stigma attaching to them, but it is hardly wonderful that the moral influence of his patronage should have been small. Yet to the last the Pagan theatre was closely connected with religious observances, and the temple was not unfrequently the scene, and the deities the subject, of its vilest orgies. This of course only supplied an additional motive for the unsparing condemnation of the whole institution, root and branch, by the Fathers and Councils of the early Church. They naturally enough regarded it simply

as a school of depravity and idolatry from which the faithful must escape for their lives as they hoped to be saved. No actor could be baptized without first renouncing his profession, and a Christian who embraced it was *ipso facto* excommunicated. By slow degrees, and not till long after the conversion of the Empire, the old Roman drama died out, and the modern stage, equally derived from a religious source, began to take its place. A Scriptural play of which Moses was the hero was composed by a Jew in the second century, and St. Gregory Nazianzen wrote a Passion Play in the fourth, but the time of public performances was much later. In the thirteenth century St. Thomas Aquinas discussed the abstract question of the lawfulness of the histrionic profession, and decided it in the affirmative; "*officium histrionum, quod ordinatur ad solatium hominibus exhibendum, non est secundum se illicitum.*" At first Latin plays were acted in the churches by priests and monks, but by the close of the thirteenth century the sacred drama had come to assume a popular form, which too often degenerated into the coarsest profligacy and indecency, and helped constantly to bring the Church and the faith of the Church into disrepute. When we are told how in France, whenever the seventh commandment was to be broken, the actors retired behind a curtain—whence the origin of the French proverb "*Derrière le rideau*"—it is impossible not to be reminded of the spectacles of *l'agon* Rome. Nor do things seem to have been much better in England, where in the fifteenth century, as Malone tells us, Adam and Eve were produced on the stage in their primeval aspect. The "*Feast of Fools*" and the "*Feast of Asses*"—said to have originated in the Eastern Church—the "*Boy Bishop*," and other kindred performances undoubtedly contributed, as readers of Scott's *Monastery* will not need to be reminded, to that general loosening of reverential ties and associations which preceded and partly caused the outbreak of the Reformation.

With the sixteenth century came the beginnings of the purely secular stage, growing up at first, curiously enough, in Italy under the patronage of Popes and dignified churchmen. But from the first the Gallican Church, which always exhibited the more primitive and austere side of Catholicism, set itself sternly against the theatre, and never relaxed its opposition till both alike were temporarily swept away in the storm of the French Revolution. In 1694 the doctors of the Sorbonne decided that the profession of comedians involved them in mortal sin, and accordingly no actor who had not abjured his profession could be admitted to the sacraments in life or receive Christian burial. Bossuet points out, in his *Réflexions sur la Comédie*, that the directions of the ritual on this head are precise, and the practice of the Church constant in accordance with them. Racine in consequence left off writing for the stage, and in 1761 the work of a lawyer composed in defence of it was burnt by the hands of the public executioner, and his name struck off the list of advocates by a decree of Parliament. In Spain and Italy the opposition was less vigorously maintained, and even at Rome a sort of compromise was effected. Benedict XIV. allowed dramatic performances during the Carnival; and in 1671 an opera-house had been built in Rome, though it was not till later that female singers were allowed to appear there. It should be added that the French Calvinists were no less emphatic than their Catholic fellow-countrymen in their sweeping denunciations of the theatre, following the example that Calvin himself had set them at Geneva. One of the first acts of the English Puritans during their brief period of dominion was the suppression of the theatre. That these religious censors of the stage both in our own and in former days have much to say for themselves, there can unfortunately be no question. But the experience of all civilized nations, of the ancient and modern world alike, goes to prove that the histrionic taste, whether in its secular or sacred aspects, is based on human instincts, which may indeed be rough-riden or ignored, but cannot be expelled. The Welsh Dissenters, the Sheffield artisans, the Amnargau peasants, and the ordinary frequenters of a London theatre bear witness in their several ways and degrees to a common fact of human nature, which legislators, moralists, and divines would perhaps show their wisdom in seeking rather to regulate than to repress.

A LIVELY WEDNESDAY.

EVERY week it is becoming more evident that there is just now some strange electrical element at work in the House of Commons which is acting in a very uncomfortable way. We have already given some instances of its influence on one important personage; and the incidents of the debate on Wednesday on Mr. Waddy's Newspaper Registration Bill furnish another striking illustration of the explosive tendency which seems to prevail just now in this branch of the Legislature. It is probable that, if Horace could return to earth, and have an opportunity of observing Parliamentary manners at the present time in London, he would be tempted to assign the palm for irritability, not to poets, but rather to politicians. As a rule, Wednesday is, as everybody knows, a dull and somnolent day in Parliamentary life. There is a morning sitting, the attendance of members is usually very sparse, and the subjects discussed are not of an exhilarating character. At first sight this was very much the aspect of the assembly when the proceedings began on Wednesday last. A handful of languid legislators, who had apparently come for repose and gossip

rather than for anything more serious, were dotted about on the green benches. Only some minor officials were present on the Treasury bench, and the front Opposition bench was entirely vacant. There was, in fact, no trace of interest in, or even attention to, what was going on. A speaker was on his legs explaining a Bill for which he asked a second reading, but nobody seemed to be listening, not even the member who was—with a space between—the only other occupant of the bench where the orator had risen, and to whom the latter seemed to be chiefly addressing his remarks. It was Mr. Waddy who had the ear of the House, and Mr. Waddy is not a very rousing speaker, nor did his subject seem to be of an exciting kind. The question which he raised was, in fact, a comparatively simple one, though perhaps not quite so simple as he plausibly represented it. It related to an Act of 1869 by which a previous statute of William IV.'s reign had been repealed, on the alleged ground that it had been devised in troublesome times and that the necessity for it had passed away. The law thus cancelled contained two parts—one relating to newspaper stamps, and the other to the registration of the persons responsible for the publication of a newspaper; and while Mr. Waddy admitted that, as regards the stamps, it was properly repealed, he contended that the need of the other provision as to registration existed just as much as ever, and ought to be revived. In his opinion the abolition of this stipulation arose only from inadvertence, and it had the effect of creating a great difficulty in proving who was responsible for a libel in a newspaper. There had been since then, he said, notorious instances in which newspapers had conducted themselves in the most disgraceful manner, and in which it had formerly been the right of aggrieved parties to bring actions for libel or criminal proceedings; yet, though it was well known who were the guilty parties, the technical difficulty of identifying them had been so great as to enable the culprits to escape punishment. The power of the press, he also argued, was enormous, and it was right that it should submit to restrictions which its very influence and power rendered necessary; but, practically, the present system of obtaining redress was quite inadequate, for there were cases when, for example, "you had to deal with persons who were lost to all sense of decency and morality," and "deliberately set themselves to be a nuisance to society, and to inflict injury upon their fellow-countrymen, by pandering to the very vilest tastes and lowest and basest inclinations of the people"; and such persons could not be adequately dealt with by merely "extracting from them some portion of the money which came stained with some of the iniquity to which they had pandered." They must be made, he held, to suffer in person; but the question was how to get at them. At present it is the rule that the name of the printer and publisher of every newspaper shall be printed on it; but this, of course, does not necessarily ensure that either of the persons whose names are thus advertised is the one who ought to be held responsible at law. He might be a mere nominal agent, and a man of straw. And Mr. Waddy gave an instance of this, which, though he mentioned no names, will be easily recognized:—"A man was reviled in a newspaper; he found out the name of the printer, and on the front of the publication the name of the reputed editor; but that did not assist him, as he had to ascertain who was the real person against whom his action should be brought." On these grounds Mr. Waddy proposed that, when a newspaper was started, a declaration should be made at the office of the Attorney-General, not only setting out who was the publisher and the printer, but giving some knowledge of the responsible proprietors.

It will be seen that Mr. Waddy's argument was, on the face of it, plausible enough. There can be no doubt that the press would have an immense power of doing mischief if it were left unchecked, and that there ought to be some method of inflicting punishment for libels by such organs, as there is in the case of libels by individuals; and this principle was generally admitted in the debate. At the same time, there is a question as to the best means of enforcing this responsibility, and it was from this point of view that the Bill was opposed and defeated. It was pointed out that the measure, while possibly remedying an existing defect in the law, was of a very complicated and oppressive character, and would amount to an unfair interference with personal freedom. Mr. Cowen, who was one of the chief spokesmen for the newspaper proprietors, asserted that a member of this class was at present treated with exceptionable rigour and severity. He was liable to heavy expenses in defending civil actions for libel, and to personal arrest in cases of criminal information, even though the offence alleged was committed without his participation or knowledge. There was also a great uncertainty as to what constituted a libel, one Judge taking one view and another. In a recent case which he cited, it had been decided in one Court that a perfectly fair report of a discussion at a meeting of a Board of Guardians, in which a medical officer was censured, was a libel on the part of the newspaper which published it, because the matter was not of sufficient public interest; while a superior tribunal, acknowledging that it was a matter of public interest, held that the occasion was still not a proper one for publication. Mr. Cowen admitted that every profession had its black sheep, and among newspaper people there were black sheep as well as elsewhere; but newspaper proprietors ought not to be subjected to exceptional restrictions and penalties, such as were imposed on no other trade. There were, he said, 1,700 newspapers published in the United Kingdom, and there was an

average of about fifty cases for libel during the year, or one a week; and the law afforded many opportunities for oppression in this way; but there were not more than one or two cases in which proprietors had tried to evade their responsibilities. He therefore moved an amendment to the effect that the compulsory registration of the proprietorship of newspapers ought not to be enforced unless there was also a provision for the repeal of the exceptional law rendering proprietors criminally as well as civilly responsible for the acts of their subordinates. Dr. Cameron expressed a similar view; newspaper proprietors had no objection to full civil responsibility for their subordinates, but they objected to the vicarious responsibility which the Bill would fasten on them. Sir C. Russell, as an independent observer, remarked that it was well known that there was a class of newspapers established to vilify private character, and the public was entitled to protection against them.

So far two sides of the question were presented to the House; the one being that the public required more facilities for proceeding against newspapers which published libels, and the other that newspapers were already too much harassed and oppressed by unnecessary restrictions. In both of these views there is a degree of truth; and the question became how a compromise could be arranged. Mr. Butt objected to an invasion of private affairs, and also to making an employer criminally responsible for an act of a servant which he has not directed; and suggested that the publisher of a newspaper should be registered, and that it should be enacted that, if damages in a civil action were given against him, the proprietor of the newspaper should be held responsible for them. The Attorney-General took much the same view. He thought that no one should be liable to be prosecuted criminally for what appeared in newspapers, unless it were absolutely proved that he had personal knowledge of the insertion of the libel or had directed its insertion; but, on the other hand, considering the pain and injury caused by libels, it was essential that somebody should be responsible for what was printed in a newspaper. This, in fact, is the real point of the question, how to bring home the punishment of a libel to the person who actually circulates it; and this might be done without either invading the legitimate privacy of newspaper proprietors or exposing them to criminal penalties for acts done by their underlings without their knowledge and sanction. The practical solution would therefore be, as Mr. Butt and the Attorney-General suggested, to provide that proceedings should be taken against the registered publisher of any newspaper as the representative of the proprietor, which should be liable for any damages imposed in an action for libel; and this ought not to task very hardly the ingenuity of Parliamentary draftsmen.

Up to this point the debate had gone smoothly enough, and it might very well have ended here. But it was soon apparent that a storm was brewing. Dr. Kenealy unfortunately chose to take part in the discussion, and it then assumed another aspect. He went into an argument to show that the press has a right to expose "persons who were guilty of infamous, corrupt, and profligate conduct"; and that "the real reason why the present system of proceedings in libel cases failed was that those who complained dared not face their alleged libellers by going into court against them." As to protection for the public, he thought it had protection enough already, inasmuch as the owner of the copyright and the owner of the printing-press were usually in a respectable position, and could be proceeded against. He added that he was not an advocate for libel, but for outspokenness, and this was received with ironical cheers, upon which he expressed his "scorn and contempt for the miserable exhibition which the House had just witnessed on the Opposition benches." It may be thought that this was hardly within the limits of Parliamentary language, and that the Speaker might well have called him to order; but the vein was struck, and Mr. Sullivan immediately followed it up. "With one exception, the journalists of this country had," he said, "when challenged to account for the contents of their pages, manfully avowed their responsibility; once, once only in his memory, had a man professing to own a paper shown himself a slave and a coward." And he asked, as to himself, "what would be said if he, who had four members of his family connected with him in bringing out publications, should take to publishing libels, and put at the head of his paper 'Edited by Sullivan,' in order by that mean and despicable subterfuge to baffle any honest man who might have been calumniated in his pages." Up to this part of the discussion, although strong remarks had been made as to the injury done by a certain class of libellous newspapers, the language had been general, and no names had been mentioned, though no doubt it was generally understood who was referred to. Dr. Kenealy, having come forward as he had done, had exposed himself to criticism of his own acts. He had deliberately justified the publication of a journal which owes its circulation to scandalous abuse of public men, imputing to them "infamous, corrupt, and profligate conduct"; and, if nothing had been said to show the strong and universal feeling of the House on this subject, Dr. Kenealy might have used the silence as a condonation of his offence. Mr. Sullivan was therefore perfectly entitled to refer to Dr. Kenealy's conduct in connexion with a notorious journal which bears the name of his family; but it was unnecessary and irrelevant to go back upon Dr. Kenealy's previous life. Moreover, the expressions which Mr. Sullivan used were certainly not of a kind that ought ever to be heard in the House of Commons, and the Speaker might have been expected to interpose. Afterwards, when the two members met in the lobby, an altercation arose;

and when the matter was brought before the House the Speaker of course found that the House had jurisdiction beyond its formal limits, and Dr. Kenealy was, by a vote of the House, compelled to apologize. It is much to be regretted, however, that such a scene should have occurred; and it is to be hoped that some means of preventing the violence of language which seems to be now spreading may be devised.

A CARDINAL ON ROMAN HISTORY.

CARDINAL MANNING keeps us at work. At the very time when we were saying what we had to say about his exposition of the latest stage in Roman ecclesiastical history, we were musing as to what he had been saying, in some sort at the same moment, on some much earlier pieces of the history of Rome, alike of her Pontiffs and of her Emperors. As a rule, the Cardinal is not lucky in dealing with remote times. He has more than once before now made himself memorable by attempts at expounding English history which cannot be called happy. Perhaps few people have carried in their heads till now the Cardinal's grotesque pictures of the reigns of John and Henry the Third; yet it is something to see those reigns as they appear to one with whom it is a supposed moral duty to reconstruct the facts according to a theory, and that a theory which no Englishman of the thirteenth century would have understood. Moreover, while taking upon himself to rebuke the supposed inaccuracies of certain writers, while venturing to speak of "the nursery tales which passed for history in England," the Cardinal added to them a tale which differed from such nursery tales only in this, that it must be a very Ultramontane nursery indeed in which it is likely to be told. When the Cardinal told us that Innocent the Third condemned the Great Charter, not because he disliked its contents, but because he disliked the way in which the Charter had been won, the subtle point which he raised was one of no importance whatever to any human creature except Innocent the Third himself and those who are bound to make out a case for every act, and even every thought, of Innocent the Third.* But when the Cardinal went on to tell us that the barons and people of England consented to the Pope's deposition of John, it was time to turn to our books and to explain that the Cardinal had made the slight slip of confounding the barons and people of France with the barons and people of England. But the Cardinal is not satisfied with thus cutting his fingers with the history of his own island; he must needs go and cut them still deeper with the ancient history of the city to one form of which he has transferred his allegiance. In an Easter discourse reported in the newspapers, he has been rashly meddling with the early history of Christian Rome. To be sure, he did a little in that way in the same discourse in which he set forth his theory of the Great Charter. He there told us what in plain words comes to this—that the Empire had always depended on the Papacy, and that the Pope had an acknowledged right to depose the Emperor. This is one of those things which it is hard to argue against. If we tried to dispute with the Cardinal about the matter, if we asked for any proof that either the Emperor or the world in general acknowledged any such power, he would doubtless put aside such questions as not to the point. The power would have, in his eyes, quite as much acknowledgment as it needed, if any Pope chose, as some Popes undoubtedly did choose, themselves to assert the power. That there are at least as many cases of Emperors deposing Popes as there are of Popes deposing Emperors would be easily set aside by saying that, whenever an Emperor deposed a Pope it was a case of usurpation, while, whenever a Pope deposed an Emperor, it was the exercise of a lawful jurisdiction. In this way the dispute might be carried on for ever without either side getting one step nearer to conviction. Still, after all, there are some questions of mere fact involved in the dispute. It can hardly be denied by any one who looks simply to the recorded facts of authentic history that the jurisdiction of the Emperor over the Pope was at any rate exercised long before the jurisdiction of the Pope over the Emperor. If the Pope had from the beginning a divine and eternal jurisdiction over the Emperor, including a right to depose the Emperor, that jurisdiction, to say the least, was fated to slumber for many centuries. But what is lacking in history may possibly be made up in legend; and it may be that a discourse delivered as a religious exercise in the Pro-Cathedral may be held to be less strictly bound by the laws of historical criticism than when the same author gives the world his thoughts in the more secular shape of an article in the *Contemporary Review* or the *Nineteenth Century*. At all events, we have before us two reports of a discourse by the Cardinal, according to one of which at least he does seem, as perhaps he was entitled to do, to assume the existence of a very large allowance of faith on the part of his hearers. The odd thing is that the most remarkable part of the discourse, as it appears in the report in the *Daily News*, does not appear at all in the report in the *Times*. Still it is more likely that the *Times* should, for any reason or through any accident, have left it out, than that the *Daily News* should have invented it or dreamed it. We assume therefore that the substance is genuine, giving the Cardinal the usual benefit of any pranks of reporters with regard to particular expressions.

The Cardinal then, according to both reports, begins by saying that, as there is an Eastern question, so there is also a Roman question. And, according to the *Daily News*, he goes on to say

* See *Saturday Review*, December 11, 1875.

that of the Roman question there is but one solution. That solution is "the divine commission given by Jesus Christ to His disciples." Well and good; but surely something must have been left out between this and what comes next; for to common understandings the leap seems a rather bold one:—

The Pope of Rome had never been a subject of secular authority, and, without speaking prophecy, never would be. After 300 years of persecution, the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, saw the incongruity of two sovereigns reigning in the same capital, and he therefore founded Constantinople, and removed thither, leaving the head of the Christian Church in the capital of Christendom, the city of Rome.

We are here landed in the old controversy about *de jure* and *de facto*. The Cardinal can hardly mean to say that the early Bishops of Rome were not subject *de facto* to the secular power of the heathen Emperors. Every tale, true or false, of persecution and martyrdom does of itself imply this kind of subjection. And those who go by history instead of legend will find that the Bishops of Rome were just as much the subjects of the Christian Emperors as they had been of their heathen predecessors. But of course in all cases, whether the Emperor be Diocletian or Justinian or Henry the Third, the Cardinal will equally say that the exercise of Imperial authority was only *de facto* and not *de jure*. Again we cannot argue on these terms; but we may wonder at the monstrous legend, the "nursery tale," to quote the Cardinal's own words, which he puts forth as his account of the foundation of New Rome. We wonder whether he really believes in the legend of the baptism and the leprosy and the porphyry bath. It really looks like it, when the motive for the foundation of Constantinople is said to be that Constantine "saw the incongruity of two sovereigns reigning in the same capital." There is something grotesque beyond words in the notion of the Emperor and the Bishop of Rome being alike sovereigns and alike reigning in the fourth century. But, for aught we know, some doctrine of non-natural senses might lead to such strange uses of language. If the Pope was not actually a sovereign, he ought to have been one; if he did not actually reign, he ought to have reigned. So he may be said to have been a sovereign, and to have reigned, by the same kind of license by which a certain inscription in Rome itself enlarges the list of English kings by a James the Third, a Charles the Third, and a Henry the Ninth, whose reigns are quite unknown to us here at home. But the motive which the Cardinal's legend attributes to Constantine is one which curiously illustrates the popular confusions as to the places of Imperial dominions in Constantine's age. If Constantine moved to Byzantium out of deference to the Bishop of Rome, it could hardly have been from the same motive that Diocletian moved from Nikomedeia, and Maximian to Milan. Or again, does the Cardinal think that it was simply with the same view of leaving Rome quite free for the Pope that Constantine had himself reigned at Trier, and his father, still further off, at York? The legend, not at all unnaturally, brings Old Rome and New into a distinct opposition which did not exist at the time. It supposes a sudden change, a sudden transfer of the seat of empire from the Old Rome to the New, which never happened. It is one of the hardest things to make people understand that, if by the seat of empire we understand the ordinary dwelling-place of the Emperor, Rome had ceased to be the seat of empire some while before Constantine enlarged Byzantium into Constantinople. It needs some grasp of the state of things to take in that some half-dozen other places, from Antioch to York, had already supplanted Rome, and that all that Constantine did was to make a better choice than any of his predecessors, and to inaugurate his choice in a more solemn manner. That is to say, while his predecessors had simply established themselves in existing cities, Constantine founded a new city, or at least so greatly enlarged an old one that it might pass for the creation of a new one. But before him, just as much as after him, Rome had really been ruled from some one or other of the cities which had supplanted her. Rome was occasionally visited by Emperors; its possession was a point of importance in wars between rival Emperors; but it had ceased before Constantine's day to be the ordinary dwelling-place of the Augustus, or even of the Cæsar. What Constantine really did was, whereas other Emperors had simply forsaken Rome for other cities, in some sort to transplant Rome herself to another site.

Yet even out of legends something may be learned, and it is always curious to see how they arose. The notion that Constantine was the first Emperor to forsake Rome for another dwelling-place was naturally enough suggested by his formal inauguration of Constantinople as the New Rome. Nikomedeia and Trier had not been thus solemnly honoured. The establishment of Constantinople did not set aside Trier as an Imperial dwelling-place; but its specially solemn establishment reduced Trier and every other Imperial dwelling-place to a rank altogether secondary. Nikomedeia it set aside altogether. That is, the experiment of Constantine succeeded better than the experiment of Diocletian. Constantine, by his wiser choice, called a new power into the world, a power which has gone on to our own day. Constantinople did really become the New Rome for ever. Trier, Ravenna, and their fellows, sank out of notice. It was no wonder then that they should be forgotten, and that the act of Constantine should be mistaken for the first act of the kind, for a deliberate transfer of the seat of the Roman power from the Old Rome to the New. Add to this that it so happened that, just at the very moment before Constantine set up the New Rome, a gleam of renewed importance had flashed across the Old. Maxentius had dwelled more at Rome than any Emperor for some time before him or after him,

and the defeat of Maxentius by Constantine at the Milvian bridge was one of the most striking incidents of the time. The possession of Rome was the immediate object of dispute between the contending princes. In a certain sense, though not in the sense implied by the legend, Constantine did move from the Old Rome to the New.

Then, too, the motive mythically assigned to him, that of leaving Old Rome to its Bishop, is in some sort the reflection of the results which really came of the act of Constantine. Constantine did not leave Rome in order that the Bishops of Rome might reign; but the Bishops of Rome gradually came to reign because the Emperors had left Rome. The difference between the temporal position of the Bishops of the Old Rome and the Bishops of the New comes of the fact that the Emperor was always at hand in the New Rome, and was hardly ever at hand in the Old. The Bishops of the forsaken capital gradually grew into sovereigns, and they grew into sovereigns because the real sovereign was not there. It was an easy turning about of things to say that the real sovereign took care not to be there in order that the Bishops might grow into sovereigns. But Constantine, Justinian, Charles, and Otto would alike have been amazed at the doctrine that the Bishop of their ancient, though forsaken, capital had ceased to be their subject, because their ancient capital had been forsaken. They would have been yet more amazed at the doctrine that their ancient capital had been forsaken of set purpose in order that he might cease to be their subject.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

WHEN a Government department is in want of information, a Select Committee is a very proper instrument through which to seek for it, and, if we are to assume that the Privy Council is really unable to determine the effect which the importation of live animals has upon the introduction of the cattle disease, or to pronounce how far such importation is essential to the food supply of the country, the object of Lord Sandon's notice of motion is sufficiently plain. The Government are confronted by a fresh outbreak of the cattle plague in this country. On the one hand, they are urged to prohibit the importation of live cattle, through which the infection is conveyed to English stock. The efficacy of this remedy is undoubted; but the possibility of applying it without producing a rise of prices not much less disastrous than that caused by the plague itself has often been questioned. On the other hand, they are implored not to diminish the already inadequate supply of meat in order to save the cattle-farmer from possible loss, and thus benefit a particular class at the expense of the community at large. The decision which of these representations shall be attended to when the moment for choosing between them comes undoubtedly depends on the two considerations set out in Lord Sandon's notice. If it is the importation of living animals that brings the cattle plague, it is plainly wise to check it at the first symptom of danger, unless the effect of this measure would be to make meat still scarcer and dearer than it is made by the disease with which we are dealing. Although, however, Lord Sandon's definition of the scope of the Committee's inquiries is sufficiently appropriate, it is hard not to feel some doubt as to the need for further inquiry on the subject. Is our knowledge about the cattle plague so elementary that, without the aid of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, the Government cannot undertake to pronounce how the disease is brought to this country, or what would be the consequence of prohibiting the importation of live cattle? We thought it was generally acknowledged that the rinderpest is not indigenous in this country, and that if no live cattle came from abroad there would be no more outbreaks of cattle plague. If this is the case, what possible good can come of an inquiry into the effect which the importation of live foreign animals has upon the introduction of disease into this country? The effect that the importation of live foreign animals has upon the introduction of disease into this country is that it introduces it. If there were no importation, there would be no disease, and for all practical purposes that is knowledge sufficient. So again with the question how far such importation is essential to the food supply of the country. We thought that it was acknowledged that 95 per cent. of the meat consumed by the people of this country is bred at home, and that of the five per cent. that comes from abroad three-fourths are consumed in London. If these facts are undisputed, two things seem to follow. First, prohibition of importation would only deprive us of one-twentieth part of the total supply. Secondly, against even this deprivation there must be set the diminution in the supply caused by the restrictive measures that are applied as soon as an outbreak of cattle plague occurs. Consequently, apart from the consideration of the possible destruction of the main source of our supply, the benefit arising from the importation of live cattle at ordinary times is qualified by the annoyance arising from the restrictions on the movement of home cattle whenever there is any fear of the cattle plague. What can a Select Committee add to these facts? Of course if they are not facts, if the Government is not sure whether the meat supply does not depend upon foreign importation to a greater degree than is generally supposed, it is very proper to make further inquiries. At present, however, it looks a little as though the Government had not quite the courage of its knowledge, and

wanted to get the support of a Select Committee before proposing further legislation. This may easily turn out to be a less prudent course than it seems. A Select Committee which has only pretty well-ascertained facts to inquire about is sure to come to its work with perfectly formed opinions; and as those who are known to object to the prohibition of importation of live animals must be represented on the Committee equally with the other side, the probability is that there will be virtually two reports, and that when the inquiry is over the Government will find that the appeal to a Committee has had no result except to make legislation more difficult and invidious than it was before.

At the last meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society an important Report was presented by Professor Brown of the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council. This Report shows very plainly how difficult it is to enforce precautions against the cattle plague when once it has got a footing in the country. The owners of stock seem to be very indifferent to the danger, thinking perhaps that, as a large part of any loss they may suffer will be repaid them by the Government, it is better to run the risk of the disease attacking their stock than to incur the certain cost and inconvenience of keeping them in strict quarantine. In by far the majority of instances, says Professor Brown, the late outbreaks have been caused, not by contact with diseased animals, but by contact with persons or substances that have themselves been in contact with diseased animals. Several instances of this are mentioned in the Report. Although, whenever the cattle plague has appeared in the neighbourhood, the owners of dairy stock are empowered to forbid the entrance of any persons into their premises without permission, such prohibition is never enforced, and it has been publicly stated that men known to have been in contact with diseased animals are allowed to go away without being disinfected. A man whose business lies about cattle may easily be employed on more farms than one, and in that case here is a vehicle of infection in full and constant working. It is known that milk churns and other similar apparatus are moved from diseased farms without disinfection, and, as it is not likely that they are taken away simply to be unused, we have here another certain mode of conveying the disease which is known to be in operation. Again, the fodder and manure of diseased animals has to be disposed of somehow. The proper way of disposing of it is to burn it without loss of time or change of place; but Professor Brown intimates that owners of stock generally seem quite unaware of the danger of carrying about these infected matters. There is, no doubt, are only some of the ways in which the directions of the local authorities are evaded; and when to this are added the numerous cases in which the local authorities themselves are not properly alive to the danger, or have interests to serve which would be injured by the adoption of the necessary measures, the inferiority of precautions which aim at localizing the disease in the country to precautions which aim at keeping the disease out of the country becomes very plain. We gave an example of the supineness of local authorities some weeks ago, and when inquiries are being instituted into the origin and history of the recent outbreak, it will be well to ascertain why, when reports of the existence of the cattle plague in Hull were freely circulated, and a dairyman in the town had suddenly taken the strangely suspicious step of sending the whole of his stock to the butcher to be slaughtered and sent up to the London market, the local authorities did not take the trouble to make any inquiry into the reports. It rests with the Hull authorities to say whether the disease shall be stamped out at its first appearance in the port, or be spread over all the neighbouring counties.

The recent importation of American beef shows that, given the supply of meat, it is perfectly possible to land it in this country in a saleable condition without bringing the animals over alive. If this can be done where America is the purveyor, it can be done equally well where Holland and Germany are the purveyors. If the importation of living cattle were prohibited except for breeding purposes, the home supply would be protected against a danger from which at present it is never for a moment free, and which it seems impossible to ward off completely by any less drastic measure. But the enterprise which has bridged the Atlantic would certainly not be baffled by the German Ocean. If very fair meat can be sent over dead from the United States, it can equally well be sent from nearer countries. The doubts that exist as to the continuance of the American meat supply relate not to the means employed for bringing it to this country, but to the amount of cattle that will be permanently available, and to the quality of the meat sent over. Neither of these possible difficulties would exist in the case of Continental meat. Its amount and character are known quantities, which would be wholly unaffected by the substitution of slaughter at the Dutch or German port for slaughter at the English butcher's.

PARIS AT EASTER.

NOTHING could well be more striking than the change from the heavy oppression of the London climate last week to the brightness and freshness of the sky under which the Parisians live. The sensation might be compared to that of coming out of a long tunnel or up from the recesses of a dingy mine into the clear air again. Body and mind alike seem revived by the liveliness which, under favourable conditions, appears to be a component part of the

Parisian atmosphere. Such conditions are of course not permanent; and on two days in last week there were thunderstorms in Paris the approach of which made the air as heavy and uncomfortable as it would have been in London. Nor is rain in the abstract any more pleasant there than here; but there is a resource which is wanting in London in the covered arcades of the Palais Royal and the Rue de Rivoli. An affliction far more disagreeable than rain, and for which there is no remedy to be found, is due to the progress of the new street which is to run from the Place du Théâtre Français to the Opera. To attain this desirable end houses are being pulled down and foundations dug amid all that fussiness and exhibition of admirable but misdirected energy which are in France inseparable from any undertaking of the kind. The road is blocked up, so that where carriages formerly went by a straight route to the boulevard they now have to go a long way round. This it would not be difficult, perhaps, to endure with philosophy; but it is less easy to bear unmoved the annoyance caused by the ceaseless procession of lumbering carts loaded with stone and rubbish, and drawn by horses adorned with picturesque, but one would think uncomfortable, sheepskins, which pass to and fro from morning till evening along the most crowded thoroughfares of Paris. The drivers of these carts seem to take an absolute delight in delaying the progress of carriages and foot passengers, and a fine dust from the rubbish contained in the carts floats about in the air and attacks with malignant persistency the noses, eyes, and mouths of all whom it encounters. However, the Parisian temperament is cheerful, and people who live in Paris can no doubt afford to put up with a good deal of inconvenience for the sake of the comfort to be gained when the new street is finished.

Visitors to Paris have been unfortunate in more than one way. The Théâtre Français has been deprived, only it is to be hoped for a time, of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, who has been obliged to go to Mentone for her health. It would have been some consolation for the great actress's absence to have seen the revival of Régner's *Le Joueur*, in which M. Delaunay made a great hit in a new line of part. But M. Coquelin, who played one of the most important characters, has been seriously unwell, and, it is feared, may not be able to act again for some little time to come. Under these circumstances the standing entertainments have been the revival of *L'Amphitryon*, which has been successful, and *L'Ami Fritz*, which continues to afford delight to the audiences of boys and girls to whom it is supposed especially to appeal. Indeed, beyond the fact of its being "une pièce honnête," which was its great recommendation to the theatre, it is impossible to discover any but a very mediocre merit in the production so far as its authors are concerned. The puerilities in which the piece abounds seem hardly worthy of the attention given to them by the first theatre of Europe; there is something incongruous in seeing two socialists and a rising pensionnaire of the Comédie Française gravely sitting in a row and swallowing soup in rhythmical measure amid the childish, if innocent, laughter of the audience. And when delight is caused by the patriotic passages scattered through the play, one cannot help remembering with some amusement that, for the express purpose of introducing them, the scene of MM. Eckmann-Chatrian's story has been changed from Bavaria to Alsace, and that the enthusiasm of the characters in the novel is given to "la patrie Allemande." *L'Ami Fritz* himself is a personage in whom it is next to impossible to take any interest. His greediness is unpleasant, and is mixed up with his love, just as that of *Le Conserit* is when he longs at the same moment for a sight of his sweetheart's face and a good bowl of bouillon. The rabbi David Siebel is made interesting by the force of the piercing intellect and skill brought to bear on the character by M. Got, who, while he gives a grotesque and even inhuman aspect to the part, yet contrives to arouse a curious sympathy with it. But in truth the rabbi, who goes about the world trying to make everybody marry and have families, is nothing more than a crazy old idiot, whose discourses, if delivered by any actor inferior to M. Got, would be infallibly tiresome. The one character in the play that is really interesting is Suzel, the peasant girl who wins the heart of the voracious Fritz; and the interest felt in her is due more to the charm of Mlle. Reichenberg's acting than to any attractive quality in the authors' treatment of the part. Mlle. Reichenberg as Suzel abandons her usual lightness and airy grace of manner, and wears an aspect of pretty shyness which is admirably suited to the character. The gradual growth of the unconscious girl's love for Fritz is indicated with rare skill; and the tenderness with which the end of the second act, when the rabbi discovers her secret, is played has a penetrating truth. It is Mlle. Reichenberg who gives to the play the touch of romance and poetic interest in which it is of itself wanting; and it is difficult to imagine that the effect of its representation without either her or M. Got can be anything but terribly dreary. M. Febvre, whose performance of Fritz is clever, but somewhat heavy, and marred as usual by frequent indistinctness of utterance, is going to try the experiment of taking the play through the provinces and to London with a scratch company—an intention which shows a remarkable confidence in his own powers. Minor parts at the Français are well played by MM. Barré and Coquelin cadet, and by Mlle. Jonassain, whose acting in a scene with Fritz in the third act is admirable. The stage management of *L'Ami Fritz* was undertaken by M. Delaunay with the happiest result. There is only one slip to be discovered throughout, and that is that, after Fritz has made a great business of providing a quantity of bottles of fine wine for his guests, six of them are put away on the side-

board, and never so much as mentioned during the very realistic dinner which takes place. At any other theatre such a trifle would no doubt pass unnoticed; but where one is accustomed to look for perfection of arrangement, the smallest blot catches the eye.

An event of special interest to the members of the Comédie Française and their friends, and the interest of which spread to a wider circle, was the wedding of the son of perhaps the most accomplished actor in the company, whose high and generous character has made him as much liked and respected in private life as admired upon the stage. The ceremony was gone through in the church of St. Séverin, and derived an additional interest from the music being volunteered by members of the Opéra Comique company. M. Bouhy, for whom a most successful future has been prophesied by M. Faure, sang very much in that admirable singer's style with most impressive effect. The evening dress assumed by the relations and friends on the occasion of a French Roman Catholic wedding has at first something of an odd and sombre effect to English eyes; but this is of course relieved by the colour and light which are wanting in the Protestant ceremony. When the service is ended, the guests defile past the bride and bridegroom and their parents in the sacristy, expressing their good wishes as they pass—a method which has perhaps some advantages over the confused hand-shaking and embracing which go on upon like occasions in an English vestry.

The success of M. Sardou's *Dora* at the Vaudeville is well deserved both by author and actors. The piece is written in M. Sardou's happiest manner, avoids harping on the well-worn string of illicit relations between men and women, and is strong without being disagreeable. One or two sentences might, it is true, be omitted with advantage, but in the general tone of the piece there is nothing unpleasant. It opens in the room of an hotel at Nice, where the Marchioness de Rio Zares and her daughter Dora are living. They are in the utmost poverty, but manage to keep up appearances and entertain after a fashion; and the various characters of the society they frequent are revealed in an ingenious fashion by Favrolle, one of their acquaintances, an advocate, taking up the cards from their basket in their absence and discussing the owners. Here occurs one of the cleverest lines in the piece; Princess Mariatine, by way of vindicating an acquaintance who has a somewhat mythical husband, says, "Avez-vous jamais vu un mari?" The answer is, "Et vous, princesse?" To which she replies, "Rarement." The Marchioness de Rio Zares, excellently played by Mme. Alexis, who keeps up a strong Spanish accent throughout, has set before her as the object of her life to find an eligible husband for her daughter, who on her side cordially detests the life of scheming which she is forced into keeping up. The first act is ended by her outburst of scorn and anger at dishonourable but magnificent proposals made to her by a certain Stramir. Before this, Tekly, a friend who has got into trouble with the Austrian Government, comes in to bid good-bye to her, saying that he is on his way to Corfu, and gives her a photograph of himself, with an inscription to her on the back. This photograph is presently stolen by the Countess Zicca, the villain of the piece and its least likely character, and upon this theft the action of the play turns. Leaving aside certain political interests which are brought in, we may say that in the second act we find the Marchioness established without her daughter's knowledge as a spy in Austrian pay through the agency of a Baron van der Kraft, who is one of the people whom Favrolle somewhere describes as "des agents désavoués et désavouables." In the same act Dora accepts an offer of marriage from André de Maurillac, a young diplomatist whom she has long loved. In the third act Van der Kraft, alone with Countess Zicca in the room where the wedding party are to assemble when they come from church, tells her that he is anxious to possess a certain draft of a treaty locked up in André's desk. This she manages to steal under such circumstances that suspicion must fall on Dora. While Dora has gone to change her dress and André is talking to Favrolle, Tekly enters, and without knowing to whom André is just married, proceeds to denounce Dora and her mother as spies who have had him arrested and imprisoned in Austria. Here is the one blot in the construction of the piece; it is scarcely credible that André should not at once say to Tekly, "You are speaking of my wife," instead of letting him complete his accusation. This improbability granted, the scene which follows between Tekly, André, and Favrolle is one of thrilling excitement. Tekly is induced, most unwillingly, to bring forward the circumstance of the photograph which was produced as evidence against him, to confirm what he has said, and close upon the blow given to André by this intelligence comes the discovery that the papers have been stolen from his desk, apparently by Dora or her mother. The great point of the act, however, and indeed of the whole play, is the scene between the three men. M. Pierre Berton as André displays a passion and fire which one would not have expected from his performances at the Français; M. Dieudonné represents the friendly devotion tempered by professional calmness of Favrolle which avails to quell the storm with admirable delicacy; and M. Train gives as true and manly pathos to the distress of Tekly, when he finds what he has done, as does M. Pierre Berton to that of André. The rest of the play is taken up with the discovery on Dora's part that her newly-married husband suspects her, with his and her despair, and with the final solving of the mystery. The discovery of the Countess Zicca's guilt by Favrolle is a masterpiece of ingenuity on M. Sardou's part, and it is difficult to conceive the scene of her confession being

better played than it is by M. Dieudonné and Mlle. Bartet, whose performance is full of promise. In Mlle. Pierson's representation of Dora it would be difficult to find a fault. The honest and high nature of the girl, preserved in spite of adverse circumstances, is shown to the spectator with rare judgment and power; the first dawning upon her of the terrible fact that her husband suspects her to be a spy and a thief, and her indignant refusal to defend herself against the charge, are given with remarkable fineness and force, and her falling senseless when he rushes out saying that he will kill himself—an intention which he prudently abandons—has the impress of truth. M. Parade is, as always, excellent after his own fashion as Van der Kraft; and Mlle. Montaland gives much point to the character of the Princess Mariatine, which gains some interest from being known to be a portrait of a real Russian princess resident in Paris. The piece is to be "adapted" for the English stage at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and if the management can find an adapter who will not spoil it, and three actors who can adequately play the great scene, which under present conditions appears next to impossible, there is no very obvious reason why the experiment should not be at least as successful as M. Fevre's of playing L'Ami Fritz all by himself.

THE DEPRESSION IN THE IRON TRADE.

MR. WATERHOUSE, the accountant to the Board of Arbitration for the North of England Iron Trade, has issued his quarterly return for the three months ending with February last, and the document merits careful attention even from general readers. The iron trade is one of the most important in the country. It gives employment to a vast number of people, the well-being of whose families rises and falls with every fluctuation in the trade. And moreover it is one of the manufactures in which as a nation we are pre-eminent. We have, it is true, to sustain the competition of several rivals, but we continue to maintain a superiority over them. Still, important as the trade is in itself and for the sake of the multitudes whose welfare is bound up with it, the real interest of Mr. Waterhouse's figures lies elsewhere. Iron, in fact, has now become the great instrument of modern industry. It has been said that the civilization of a country is measured by the quantity of iron it uses, and the saying is hardly an exaggeration. Look, for example, at a railway; what is it but a road of iron laid upon an earthen platform? Again, iron is rapidly supplanting wood in the building of ships. A quarter of a century ago a ship was a structure of wood into which iron entered only in the shape of nails, bolts, and screws. Now iron has largely taken the place of wood, and it tends to do so more and more. Lastly, the application of steam is making iron indispensable to every manufacture. Iron, then, is the great instrument of modern industry—a peculiarity which distinguishes the present from all past times; and the condition of the trade is consequently a correct index to the general state of prosperity prevailing.

Considering the universality of the uses to which iron is applied, it is somewhat surprising to find that the condition of the trade is mainly influenced by the degree of activity in railway construction. The fact can be proved beyond the possibility of doubt. The period within which railway extension was most rapidly carried on all over the world was the ten years 1866-75, and more particularly the six years 1868-73. The Civil War in the United States had practically suspended railway-making; in 1861 only 631 miles were made, and even in 1864 only 738. But with the return of peace came the desire to make up for lost time. It was not, however, till 1868 that much activity was displayed. In 1870 5,690 miles were constructed; in 1871, 7,670; and in 1873, 6,167—19,572 miles in three short years. In Germany the successful termination of the Seven Weeks' War had given a fresh impetus to railway construction, which was carried beyond all bounds under the influence of the payment of the French indemnity. In Hungary, again, the compromise of 1867 led to the same result. During the long constitutional struggle with Austria the development of the material resources of the kingdom had been neglected, and in nothing was the neglect more glaring than in the failure to improve the means of communication; when, therefore, the national party triumphed, the first aim of the new Government was to endow Hungary with a complete railway system that would not only connect the several parts of the country with each other, but would also bring them into easy communication with the rest of Europe. Unfortunately, the energy displayed was not guided by judgment. The Cisleithan half of the Empire was less enthusiastic, but it also pushed on the work rapidly. Russia, likewise, having completed the emancipation of the serfs, and suppressed the insurrection in Poland, applied herself to railway-building with redoubled energy. And in India, Italy, France, and even in England, the same work was pushed on, though with more discretion. The result was that in the ten years specified the enormous amount of 45,000 miles was added to the railway systems of North and South America, and 42,000 miles to those of Europe—together 87,000 miles—and by far the larger part of this immense addition was made between 1868 and 1873. The work was done too rapidly. Had it been spread over twice or thrice the time it would have been an unmixed benefit. As it was, it imparted an unhealthy activity to all dependent industries; while the unprecedented demand for iron stimulated the manufacture in every

civilized country. Large capitals were sunk in it, and mines were worked, and new forges built everywhere. The growth of the trade in the United States was marvellous. It was also very great in Germany, Belgium, France, Austria, Spain, and Russia; still the demand far outstripped the supply, and consequently in 1871 prices began to rise rapidly; they continued to go up during 1872, and in the following year were almost double those of 1870. There could be but one ending to this. The demand could not survive such unprecedented dearth; it fell off suddenly and completely, and prices tumbled down even more rapidly than they had gone up. But now a new force came into operation. The railway mania had sunk an amount of capital far in excess of what the world could spare. The countries smitten with it had swept themselves bare of their own movable capital, and had then come to the London market to borrow more. The result was that the capital needed to carry on the world's ordinary trade was seriously encroached upon, and panic ensued. It made itself felt first in Austria; it soon crossed the Atlantic, and afterwards extended to Germany and Russia. Railway construction was brought to a standstill all over the world, and the collapse of the iron trade was complete.

The retrospect we have now taken will enable us to appreciate Mr. Waterhouse's figures. He tells us that the associated firms in connexion with the Board manufactured during the quarter 94,664 tons of iron, at an average price of 6*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.*; whereas in the corresponding quarter of last year the quantity was 114,604 tons, and the average price 7*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* Although, therefore, the depression in the trade has lasted since the autumn of 1873, that is, about three years and a half, it appears that, in the North of England at any rate, the manufacture is still declining, and even the price falling. It is true that, as compared with the quarter immediately preceding the last, there is a rise of price; but it is very slight, and there is nothing to lead one to suppose that it is the beginning of an upward movement. But the most serious feature in the return is the proof it affords that it is in the railway trade that the decline is going on. Last year the rails manufactured amounted to 38,237 tons, sold at an average price of 6*l.* 14*s.*; but in the quarter ending with February last the quantity was only 7,232 tons, and the average price 6*l.* 2*s.* Thus the quantity manufactured was less than one-fifth of what it was twelve months ago, and the price also had very considerably fallen. Yet it was thought last year that matters were as bad as they well could be; the demand for railway iron was so small that it was believed it must soon increase, were it only to repair lines already in existence. In the North of England, at any rate, this expectation has not been fulfilled. We need hardly say more to show the significance of this almost total stoppage of the rail trade. While it continues no prosperity can be looked for in the iron industry, and accordingly we are not surprised to learn that the masters have given the men notice of a further reduction of wages. Thus the workmen are losing more than they have gained since 1868. But to return. In the corresponding quarter of 1873 the out-turn of rails was about 81,000 tons; in the five years, therefore, it has decreased to less than one-tenth. Fortunately, however, to counteract in some measure the decline in the rail trade, there has been considerable activity in ship-building. The iron plates manufactured have increased from 41,132 tons last year to 51,830 this year; and angles from 13,099 tons to 17,487 tons. It is this increase in the demand for plates and angles for ships that has prevented the return from appearing even more unfavourable than it is. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the figures we have been quoting refer to a single district, which, though it competes with Wales for railway orders, is yet not favourably circumstanced for that special trade. At the low price at which Bessemer steel is now sold, it must be preferred by all Companies which can afford it, and the Northern district manufactures no Bessemer steel. We must not, therefore, conclude too hastily that what is true of the North of England applies equally to the whole country, and that the supply of rails is passing altogether out of English hands. We turn, then, to the Board of Trade Return for March to ascertain whether, during the first three months of the current year, there is observable for the whole of Great Britain a marked falling off in the export of railway iron and steel. We do not find it so. Compared with the first quarter of 1875, indeed, there is a very great decrease; but, in comparison with the first quarter of last year, there is a small increase of quantity, though there is a slight decrease in value. It would seem, therefore, that the causes of the decline in the North of England are special and local.

But while the Board of Trade Returns show no fresh decline in the export of railway iron, neither do they testify to any increase. The depression is as great as it was, and prices even are somewhat lower. This further fall of price is a favourable circumstance, since the extraordinary cheapness must tend to stimulate demand, just as the unprecedented dearth of 1873 destroyed it. But, before the demand can assume larger proportions, the existing apprehensions of war must be allayed. While the present uncertainty prevails no great works on the Continent of Europe can be undertaken. But something more is necessary than the maintenance of peace. Four or five years ago we exported to the United States annually about half a million tons of railway iron; in the last three months we exported barely 792 tons. Before, therefore, the old activity in this trade can be revived, the United States must recover from the effects of the panic of 1873, must restore order in the South, must

carry through resumption, and must inspire confidence in railway management. Confidence is what is wanted more than anything else; and it is wanted, not only in the United States, but as regards all our foreign customers. The former activity in the iron trade was possible because the countries which needed railway extension were able to borrow money in London to pay for the iron they required. But the discredit into which foreign loans have now fallen renders this mode of doing business impracticable. It is certainly not desirable that it should be entirely revived. A prosperous and active iron trade is highly beneficial, but the prosperity and activity of the period immediately preceding 1873 were factitious and unhealthy. The resources of the country were squandered upon foreigners and no return was received. Of course loans to foreign countries and foreign commercial associations, when judiciously made, are legitimate and advantageous. They help to develop the wealth of other countries and to increase their trade with us, while they afford to our saving classes profitable investments. At present, however, the solvent and the insolvent borrowers are confounded in a common suspicion; and trade suffers now from the want of accommodation, as it suffered before from the too great readiness with which it was given. But just yet there is no prospect of a speedy revival of confidence. It is, however, to be noted as a favourable symptom that iron ship-building in the North of England is on the increase.

REVIEWS.

GUILLEMIN'S WORLD OF COMETS.*

THE rapid progress of cometary astronomy consequent on the discovery of the intimate connexion between meteors and comets makes it desirable to take stock of our knowledge of these bodies, and such a work as that of M. Guillemin is therefore highly acceptable to the student of astronomy, as well as, from its popular style, interesting to a larger class of readers. Indeed M. Guillemin appears fairly to have hit the happy mean between the didactic and the entertaining, and thus manages to convey a considerable amount of accurate information in an attractive form. Though several of his chapters are somewhat discursive, they are perhaps desirable as a concession to those readers, ever too numerous, who require to be coaxed into accepting anything scientific, and the general plan of the book seems certainly well calculated to awaken an interest even in the most careless reader. In discussing M. Guillemin's treatment of the subject, however, we may well pass over the parts of his work which deal with popular superstitions about comets, and consider rather the account he gives of the present state of our knowledge. The first great step in the theory of comets was made by Newton, who showed that these bodies, irregular though their motions seem, circulate round the sun in obedience to the same laws that govern the movements of the planets; with the important distinction, however, that their paths are in general so elongated as to be practically undistinguishable from the curve known as a parabola—a condition which, if rigorously fulfilled, would imply that they never return to the sun again. Newton however held that this was only an approximation to the true state of the case, and that comets really move in elliptic orbits, returning to the neighbourhood of the sun after the lapse of many years or even centuries. By this theory comets were at once removed from the class of atmospheric phenomena—a step the importance of which may be seen when it is considered that it is only within the last ten years that meteors, which are presumably the constituent particles of comets, have been shown to be members of the solar system. But a still greater advance was made by Halley in pointing out that the comet which now bears his name had actually been observed at three successive returns in 1531, 1607, and 1682, from which he inferred that it moved round the sun in about seventy-six years, and that it would be seen again in 1758. Halley himself did not live to see his prediction fulfilled; but the interest felt in it as the time drew near led Clairaut and Lalande to undertake the laborious task of computing the disturbing effect of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, near which the comet would pass, and by the action of which it was delayed in its course more than six hundred days. The exactness with which the return of the comet was thus computed must be considered one of the greatest triumphs of the Newtonian theory; and the next appearance, in 1835, furnished even more conclusive proof that these bodies are strictly subject to the law of gravitation.

Amongst the periodical comets which have, since Halley's time, been enrolled in the solar system there is, however, one which seems to show the action of some other force, modifying to a small extent its motion. This comet moves round the sun in about three years and a quarter, and its motions have been very carefully studied by Encke, by whose name it is known. Since it was first observed, in 1786, it has completed thirty-two revolutions, in the course of which, according to Encke's calculations, its period has been gradually growing shorter and shorter—a result of the contraction of its orbit. This effect the German astronomer attributes to the action of a resisting medium, which, in the immediate neigh-

* *The World of Comets.* By Amédée Guillemin. Translated and Edited by James Glaisher, F.R.S. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1877.

bourhood of the sun, might have sufficient density to impede the motion of such a rarefied body as a comet without sensibly affecting the dense planets. Encke's comet would be peculiarly subject to such an influence, as it approaches the sun more closely than any other periodical comet, its least distance being nearly the same as that of Mercury. Since M. Guillemin's book was written some additional light has been thrown on the matter by M. von Asten, who has found that the comet must have experienced some shock in the year 1869, possibly by collision with one of the asteroids, which delayed its next return. With this exception, its motion is perfectly accounted for by the hypothesis of a resisting medium; and though M. Guillemin quotes M. Faye's objection that such an atmosphere, extending to a considerable distance from the sun, must necessarily circulate in the same direction as the planets, and would therefore affect in a much more marked degree a comet such as Halley's, which moves in the opposite direction, a good deal of the force of this objection is lost when the much closer approach of Encke's comet to the sun is taken into account. This question of the motion of Encke's comet in connexion with the hypothesis of a resisting medium is perhaps one of the most important in physical astronomy, and it might well be treated at more length in a future edition of M. Guillemin's work.

Passing by the accounts given of various comets, interesting though they are, we come to the discovery of the connexion between meteors and comets, the next great step in the progress of this branch of astronomy, and one which opens up new ideas not only of the nature of comets, but of the more general question as to the constitution of the solar system. The first advance in this direction was made by M. Hoek, who, from a careful analysis of all known cometary orbits, was led to the conclusion that these bodies form systems, each member of which pursues nearly the same path. A very small difference in the initial velocity, such as might result from an explosion, would be sufficient to cause a wide separation as the system approached our sun; and thus M. Hoek is able to refer certain comets which visited us two or even three hundred years ago to the same origin as some which have been observed in quite recent years. According to this idea every star has its own cometary system, which may, by a slight disturbance, be detached from its proper primary, and, after journeying for some time through space, come within the sphere of the influence of our sun. Though the bearing of this theory on the relation of meteor-streams to comets is not immediately apparent, it will be seen, on further consideration, to be of importance as showing that bodies which were moving in the same path, but separated by a wide interval when near the sun, may in far distant space have been so close together as really to form one mass. Now M. Schiaparelli has pointed out that several well-marked meteor-swarms are travelling along the same orbits as certain comets, and the identity of these two classes of bodies seems therefore to follow naturally enough from M. Hoek's investigations. In fact, a globular mass of meteors journeying through space would, on coming into the neighbourhood of the sun, spread out into a ring by virtue of the great increase of velocity in that part of the orbit, an increase which would affect the foremost particles first, leaving the others to lag more and more behind. In this way a meteor-swarm would form a portion of a ring which might take many years to pass the point where it meets the earth's orbit, and showers of shooting stars would be seen on the same day year after year. The great display of meteors in November 1866, recurring after intervals of some thirty-three years, first gave rise to these speculations, the way having been prepared by the discovery of a number of radiant points, from each of which meteors moving in a common direction appeared to spring. More than seven hundred such systems have now been tabulated, though only four of the most conspicuous appear to be accompanied by comets, as far as our present knowledge goes. The August meteors, in particular, which have recurred regularly for many years past, appear to be the outliers of the great comet of 1862. The most startling discovery was, however, made in connexion with Biela's periodical comet, and the meteors of November 27. This comet, after splitting into two distinct bodies some thirty years ago, was only seen once more; but, in place of the expected appearance of the comet in 1872, a remarkable shower of meteors occurred, which suggested the idea of a collision with the comet, and led to a search for the missing body in the direction in which the meteors were moving. Mr. Pogson, at Madras, actually found a comet near the place indicated, but it is not clear what the connexion of this body with the meteor-swarm really was, only two observations having been obtained. To M. Guillemin's account of these events, Mr. Glaisher, as editor, has added many interesting particulars, one point in particular to which he calls attention being that, from the known distance of the comet from the earth on the occasions of two great star-showers (in 1838 and 1872) the meteor-swarm must occupy an arc of at least five hundred millions of miles, a very remarkable conclusion considering that this length corresponds to about one-third of the whole orbit. It is worthy of remark that much alarm was caused in 1832 by the possibility of a collision with Biela's comet, though, as a matter of fact, the earth was some fifty millions of miles distant from the point where the two orbits approach most closely; but forty years later something very like the dreaded event appears to have occurred without our being conscious of anything more unusual than a fine display of shooting stars. Amongst the instances given by M. Guillemin in which comets have passed near the earth, the most remarkable is that of the great comet of 1861, through the tail of which we seem actually to have passed, the only result, if any, being an

unusual phosphorescence in the sky, which was remarked by one or two observers. In consequence of its proximity to us, the tail of this comet appeared of enormous length, extending over two-thirds of the heavens; but a reference to the useful table of real and apparent lengths of these appendages which M. Guillemin gives shows that the tail of the comet of 1861 was not really so remarkable as it appeared, and that in fact it was surpassed in actual size by many others, including Donati's comet of 1858. M. Guillemin has given some interesting particulars of the relative dimensions of the tails of comets as well as of their heads and nuclei, and of the changes which they have undergone in several instances, and has brought together a variety of useful statistics respecting cometary orbits, to which we can only thus briefly refer.

We must not, however, pass over Professor Tait's theory of the constitution of comets, quoted by Mr. Glaisher, which, amongst all the various hypotheses analysed by M. Guillemin, appears most in harmony with recent discoveries. Professor Tait starts with the idea that a comet is nothing but a group of meteoric stones, and accounts for the phosphorescence of the head and the emission of jets of luminous particles by the simple hypothesis of collisions among the constituents. On this theory the tail is simply a portion of the less dense part of the train of meteors illuminated by sunlight. Though many phenomena are thus easily explained, there is much left to be accounted for; and, while we hesitate about accepting any hypothesis yet put forward, we may console ourselves with the belief that observation and experiment will very soon explain the mode of formation of a comet and its strange appendages out of a swarm of meteors. A great advance in this direction (though not noticed by either M. Guillemin or Mr. Glaisher) has been made quite recently by Professor A. W. Wright of Yale College, by a spectroscopic analysis of the gases given off by various specimens of meteoric stones. Under the influence of moderate heat a meteor will give off three or four times its own volume of gas, chiefly carbonic dioxide, and the spectrum thus obtained appears to be exactly similar to that given by comets, leading to the inference that, under the influence of the sun's heat, enormous volumes of rarefied gas are evolved from the meteor-swarm which constitutes the nucleus, and that this incandescent gas forms the nebulousity, afterwards cooling down and spreading out into the tail.

From the sketch we have given, it will be seen that some of the most interesting problems of astronomical physics are rapidly approaching their solution, and that a great insight into these questions may be gained from M. Guillemin's work, which has received some important additions at the hands of its English translator and editor. The illustrations which are profusely scattered through the book contribute largely to its attractiveness, and at the same time really increase its usefulness, as they are for the most part reproductions of original drawings by various observers, and not mere sensational designs.

DIANA, LADY LYLE.*

MR. RUSKIN has spoken more than once, if we are not mistaken, of a certain sculpture in the South Kensington Museum to which he attaches a peculiar value. The work of art represents, in black and white marble, a black and white Newfoundland dog, and the critic looks on it as a thing entirely and ideally bad. It is useful to have such a piece to refer to, and the reviewer of novels now possesses in *Diana, Lady Lyle*, a standard no less ideal than the dog in South Kensington. We are seriously of opinion that *Diana, Lady Lyle*, has not one single redeeming quality. It is not innumeral, we willingly grant, and we have observed no grammatical blunders in it; but a work of fiction may reach undreamed-of excellence in the wrong direction without offending the moral law or the rules of grammar. The style is one long and exquisitely varied torture. The plot is an organized nightmare. The characters are unlike any human beings who ever lived. The absence of humour becomes a positive quality, a darkness that may be felt, while the efforts at fun are merely monotonous repetitions of some imbecile trick of one or other of the characters. Thus there is a groom who invariably says "All serene," and hums a tune about a "bob-tailed nag," while there is a Lord St. Leger who crows like a cock on every occasion. But these things are mere trifles in the immense sum of annoyance which this book inflicts. To attempt to analyse the plot is to try to tell the story of a feverish dream; but the effort must be made.

Leonard Lyle was the son of a baronet, and his mother was the daughter of a duke. This is a fact which the reader is never allowed to forget, and the purity of Leonard's blood is dwelt on with tedious iteration. He was descended from Edward I., from a certain "silver knight" who fought at Ascalon, and from a great many other distinguished people, about whom he is constantly bragging. It is a curious thing that writers of novels which appeal to readers not deeply versed in heraldry are so fond of Norman blood and so contemptuous of the great middle class in whom they find a lenient public. The pictures of the noble society of Yorkshire are on a level in point of refinement with those which Mr. Warren drew of dukes and "the quality" generally in *Ten Thousand a Year*. When we are introduced to the noble Leonard Lyle he is travelling in America, and is being hospitably entertained by

* *Diana, Lady Lyle*. By W. Hepworth Dixon. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1877

Senator Randolph, of Riverside, Virginia. The Senator has a daughter, Diana, a fair beauty, whom Leonard now speaks of as a Saxon and now as a Grecian Hebe. For the understanding of the tale it is necessary to state the genealogy of Miss Diana Randolph:—

Some sixty years ago a Sicilian Prince, the Conte di Capri, of the reigning house, arrived in Virginia, and was entertained at Riverside with the hospitality then in vogue, a fashion which the planters had openly borrowed from Black Knob and the Indian wigwams. When the Bourbon gentleman went his way, he left a daughter not yet born.

This daughter had issue Sally Crump, by a black admirer, and after being emancipated had another daughter by Edward Wingfield, the head of whose family was an earl. Senator Randolph secretly married this woman, a most accomplished person, who read Italian poetry and was always talking about the Arch of Constantine. Their daughter, again, was that Grecian Hebe, Diana Randolph. Diana had a cousin, the child by her father's brother of the elder daughter of Sally Crump, and this cousin Tab, generally called "lying scum," is the evil genius of the story. As, according to Leonard, in one of his blank verses, "the blood of Randolph is the blood of kings," and as the Virginian family numbered Pocahontas in their line, it is clear that Diana's strain was a peculiar one, and in some respects scarcely worthy of the wife of the son of a daughter of a duke. We may now turn to the description of a riding party in which Diana, the Senator, and Leonard give an early example of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "lithic and sinewy" style:—

"Don't put me off, naughty man!" pouts the girl. "Tell me, in very truth, whether the sun shines brighter in Yorkshire than in Virginia?"

"Yes, the sun that beams from both."

"I mean for very sure. Is sun-shine brighter in Yorkshire? I do not tell you."

"Di-Di!" frowns the curly head, but with a shade so slight that you might take reproof for a caressing smile.

"Don't quote me verses. I do not soon believe in Tab. Tell me, is it true? Are the hills higher, the woods redder, the rannel merrier, in the old country than in the new?"

"Cushy, you can never see a joke!"

"Can't I? Me-a-my! not when Pomp gives Tab a poke, and sets her giggling for an hour? Try me. Did I roar, naughty man, last night when Mr. Lyle's servant wrestled with Pomp and the two other negro lads, and set them rolling in a heap? Tears came into my eyes."

When other and less lithic masters of style would say that a person remarked, or replied, or what not, Mr. Dixon makes his people smack, stamp, snap, frown, and even rebound, which gives great variety of interest. Leonard and Diana, the young lady who roars, to return to the story, fall more or less in love with each other. The former has a fight with the overseer of the negroes a Dutchman named Simon Slokk, who draws a knife on him, and as a great deal of bad language. When Leonard left to reside the Senator accompanied him to Richmond, intending to deposit with his lawyer the proofs of his marriage to the gifted invalid the mother of Diana. Some obstacle prevented him from performing this duty, which an unworthy shyness had induced him to neglect, and on his way home Slokk killed him, by rolling a stone from a height, and robbed him of his papers. The heir, George Randolph, the father of "Tab," turned Diana and her mother out among the slaves, and the invalid died, after explaining to her daughter the family genealogy. Diana was rescued and carried away to a house on the Canadian frontier by a Colonel Cridge, who talks somewhat in the style of a Puritan out of an historical novel. Cridge's sister learned Diana's story, did not believe in her legitimacy, and extracted a pledge from her "never to raise a doubt as to her mother's birth." The war breaks out, and Diana, who has been making money by her skill as a painter, goes to live with a family in Canada who are connected with Leonard's grandfather, the Duke of Doncaster. In their company she visits England, and meets Leonard, who is now a baronet, and is much struck with her eyes being "old Lyle blue," which is spoken of like "old Nankin," or "Prussian blue," or any other recognized substance of commerce. Diana completes her conquest of his heart by making an after dinner speech of great eloquence, a "picturesque discourse on the South, a stirring, florid, and emotional harangue," which she describes as "coming out of her like a hot wind." The wedding breakfast was given at Doncaster House.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's novel not only covers many hundred pages, but extends over a space of ten years from 1860 to 1870. It is unnecessary to follow Leonard and his bride to India, whence Leonard was sent on an expedition to Yarcand, in pursuit of a frontier policy as mysterious as that of Lord Lytton. On his way home he did deeds of valour on the bodies of a refractory set of Chinese convicts, and he was rewarded with the Victoria Cross, and was a colonel at twenty-six. His wife had been making herself unhappy about the secret of her birth, for Leonard had asked no questions, and was likely to be hurt if the common notion that his Saxon Hebe was the illegitimate offspring of a slave reached his ears. The evil day was deferred by a yachting cruise in the seas of the Southern Cross and other constellations. Diana was taken home by way of Italy, where she saw at last her favourite Arch of Constantine. Still she was not happy, for her late father's lawyers in America treated her demands for the papers proving her legitimacy—papers which they had never heard of—with scorn and insolence. The unsuspecting husband took her home to Castle Lyle, where a very extraordinary deputation, partly dressed in hunting costume, requested him to stand for the county. Leonard's speech on that occasion deserves to be reproduced, as it is not usual to address deputations in broken blank verse:—

We are all Conservatives at Castle Lyle. What do we mean by that?

We mean that we are English born, and hold our birthright as the noblest gift on earth. (Hooray!) England is our native land. We found her great, and mean to leave her no less great; we found her free, and mean to leave her no less free; we found her safe, and mean to leave her no less safe. (Hooray! And so we will!) If any insolent and cunning knave, whether cowed by craven heart, or bribed to treachery by foreign gold, should try to shear her greatness by one rod, should tamper with her freedom by one line, should peril her security by one jot—that insolent and cunning knave will find one enemy the more in Leonard Lyle.

There was a serpent, or rather there were two serpents, in this Tory Eden. Tab and Simon Slokk, in the course of a career of swindling, had reached Yorkshire, and Simon was in need of a baronet and county member to act as a director of the "Mixed Felicity Company," of which it was the object to marry all the black men to white women. In pursuit of a plan which ought to interest the author of *Spiritual Wives*, Simon and Tab encountered Leonard and Diana, and Tab reviled Lady Lyle, in presence of the "sea dogs," as the crew of the yacht are always styled. "Lash out, Di, in thy triumphant scorn!" pleads Leonard; but Di does not lash out. She faints, and though Leonard lodges Simon in the castle vault, and locks up Tab in the family chapel, he cannot help feeling that there is something that the daughter of a duke would not like in the pedigree of his wife. After long consideration nothing better occurs to him than to get a deed of separation from his wife, pretend that he has deserted her, so that she may walk "crowned with the aureole of an injured saint," and silence Tab and Simon by carrying them up and down the world in his yacht. It is not necessary to observe that Simon would have seized this chance to soil the proofs of Diana's legitimacy which he carried with him. He acts, however, with the irrational absurdity of all the other characters of Diana, who keeps her knowledge to herself, and of Leonard, whose actions are no more those of a responsible being than his language is that of a Yorkshire baronet. On board the yacht he makes the discovery "that this lump of earth" (Simon) "must have these family papers on his person." This happy invention occurs on p. 256 of the third volume of *Diana, Lady Lyle*. A cursory glance at the remaining ninety pages shows that the crew of the yacht are still called sea dogs, and that Lord St. Leger is still saying cock-a-doodle-doo, while all must have gone well with Diana, for she still wears, as in her Virginian home,

A golden fillet round her tawny hair.

It is not necessary to comment on the taste which has chosen to make the most scandalous feature of an unfortunate society so prominent in a novel. None of the writers of the *Uncle Tom* school of fiction have drawn, to our knowledge, a more unpleasant picture of Southern life than that which Mr. Hepworth Dixon presents in this story. We have not space to print even an anthology of the absurdities of his style. Here is an unrhymed lyrical snatch which the author has recklessly spoiled by putting a fragment of prose between the first line and the second:—

Woman is weak, and man is strong,

My task is nearly done,
She's coming round, she will awake,
She must not find me here.

Blank verse is used with profusion; here is an example:—

You filled me with the stiffness of my race.
To you I was the meekest of all neck
And lowly things, but when you cast me out
I am again my father's child. We two
Are equal now. Who taught me that the blood
Of Randolph was the blood of kings?

"Talent considers and reflects; Genius goes in at once," says one of Mr. Dixon's characters, and, looked at in the light of this criticism, *Diana, Lady Lyle*, is a work rather of genius than of talent. Mr. Ruskin's ideal work of art appeals to a large number of persons who would not care for the Elgin marbles, and in the same way *Diana, Lady Lyle*, is likely to obtain a wide popularity. Critics who deal with historical writings may therefore hope that Mr. Hepworth Dixon will for the future devote part of his time and genius to the composition of works of fiction.

AFRICA AND THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.*

EMILE BANNING, a zealous member of the Geographical Conference which lately assembled at Brussels to promote travel and suppress the slave-trade in Africa, has given an account of the labours and purposes of the meeting in a volume which has the attractions of being small, well written, and well arranged. The English translator has done his duty with assiduity and success, and it would not be easy to find any work on Africa in which so much that is worth reading is to be found in so small a compass. This volume gives its readers, what for the most part they greatly need, an idea of Africa and African travel as a whole. It tells us briefly where travellers have been and where they have not been, and describes the directions in which future efforts will probably be directed. As a rule, books of African travels are very dull reading. The names are uncouth, the people visited are barbarous, and the adventurers are always moving with much courage and through many difficulties from one place that we

* *Africa and the Brussels Geographical Conference.* By Emile Banning, Member of the Conference. Translated by Richard Henry Major, F.S.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877

cannot pronounce to another. The stories, too, are almost always the same, and we get weary of the perfidy of savages and the exchange of useless beads for indifferent food. It is an additional drawback to our enjoyment that the ordinary knowledge of African geography is such that we are seldom sure within a thousand miles where the traveller is supposed to be going. He is always finding a watershed, fording a river, or sketching a negress; but it is difficult to understand in what particular spot his acuteness, his perseverance, or his talents are being exercised. M. Banning's little book may therefore form a very useful guide or aid to larger works. For he seems to have felt the sense of uncertainty and vagueness which others have had to lament, and before he speaks of the Conference he gives a general sketch of the field where it is to work. This is very useful, and M. Banning's preliminary description of Africa is remarkably clear and interesting. It is attended, indeed, with but one drawback. The description is accompanied by a map without which it could scarcely be intelligible; but unfortunately the book and its map have not that degree of intimate correspondence with each other which readers naturally desire. The names of places mentioned in the book are very frequently not in the map; and the names of places in the map are very frequently not mentioned in the book. This divergence of purpose between the maker of the book and the maker of the map will, it may be hoped, be rectified if the book reaches, as it deserves to reach, a second edition.

Of the sea-coasts of Africa most persons have a notion which, though hazy, is not perhaps insufficient. They are more or less acquainted with the names of the Mahometan provinces which, with the interval of Algeria, fringe the Mediterranean. They are aware that French, English, and Portuguese settlements line the Atlantic coast. The prosperity of the Cape colonies is a matter of interest, and their troubles are a matter of anxiety, to many Englishmen; and Zanzibar and Abyssinia are points of the Eastern coast on which the mind can rest without a sense of utter ignorance. But it is very different with the vast interior, which, as we look at it on the map, seems a hopeless maze, until we have obtained the clue which permits us to thread its intricacies with a persuasion that we are on the right road. This clue is to be found in the enormous lake to which Speke gave the name of the Victoria Nyanza. From this lake runs, with a course of more than 2,000 miles, the White Nile to the northwards. At Khartoum the White Nile is joined by the Blue Nile, and from Khartoum there stretches westward to the Atlantic a line of negro States, if such a word can be used for the rude assemblages of black tribes. Above this line lies the great desert, and below it is the one region which is as yet totally unknown. Below the great Lake the Zambesi runs to the Indian Ocean, and the Congo to the Atlantic, and African travellers may be roughly described as doing according to their fancy one of four things. They are tracing the course of the Nile, or penetrating into the States to the west of Khartoum, or exploring the Zambesi, or exploring the Congo. Speke, Grant, Captain Burton, and Sir Samuel Baker have made almost the whole course of the Nile known to us. French and German explorers have principally turned their attention to the States west of Khartoum. Livingstone has for ever associated his name with that of the Zambesi, and Lieutenant Cameron has crossed the continent from the mouth of the Zambesi on the east to the mouth of the Congo on the west. The vast area of Central Africa is tenanted by negroes whose total numbers are computed at a hundred and fifty millions. These millions may, however, be separated into two divisions. There are the blacker Soudan negroes and the paler Kafir negroes; and, if a line is drawn from Senegal, where the line of the States going west from Khartoum ends in the Atlantic, to the Victoria Nyanza and Zanzibar, it may be roughly said that north of this line the negroes are very black and are Mahometans, and that south of this line the negroes are not so very black, and are pagans. It appears to be easier to imbue pagans than Mussulmans with civilization and Christianity; and it is for this reason that the attention of philanthropists is mainly directed to the region south of the Victoria Nyanza—that is, to the districts watered by the Zambesi and the Congo. It is in this direction that the Brussels Conference will, primarily at least, direct its efforts, making better known what is now imperfectly known of this area, and endeavouring to push discovery into that vast tract north of the Congo in which the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted.

Some readers will no doubt ask themselves why, after all, civilized man should go to Central Africa, and the pages of M. Banning will supply them with an answer, although it is not perhaps the answer which he appears to give. So far as science goes, there can be no question. It is desirable for innumerable reasons that the whole configuration of the globe should be known, that the flora and fauna of Africa should be understood, and that the physical and moral peculiarities of every branch of the human family should be investigated. But those who are enthusiastic in behalf of Central Africa are far from limiting themselves to the advocacy of the claims of science. They put forward reasons of a very different kind. In the first place, they urge that Central Africa offers a great field for European commerce. M. Banning takes this view, and says what he can to support it. But his reasons do not seem to carry us very far. At present Africa produces two articles of commerce, and two only—ivory and slaves. The supply of ivory is running short, and the sooner the supply of slaves runs short the better. If philanthropy triumphed and elephants were killed off a very little more rapidly than now, Central

Africa would have no exports at all. It is not easy to understand what there is in Central Africa that could be exported. No doubt the negroes grow maize and other cereals, but then they eat them. Then again it is highly probable that, as M. Banning says, coffee, and sugar, and wine might be grown in many places. But the difficulty which the world has at present to encounter is, not to find places where nature would permit coffee, and sugar, and wine to be grown, but to find places where these articles can be grown at a profit when all the elements of price, such as the cost of labour and of transport, are taken into consideration. There are thousands of places in the world where adventurous man might better expect to make money than if he went to the districts of the Zambesi and the Congo. In the next place, M. Banning, to speak of no one else, positively tries to persuade us that it is wise to go to Central Africa because Central Africa is such a very nice place to go to. This is a little too much. It seems, after reading his book, that Central Africa is as dismal a place inhabited by as dismal a set of people as can be found on earth. That here and there magnificent scenery is to be met with may be very true. If a continent 4,500 miles broad, and as many long, did not contain a few bits of fine scenery, it would be a very poor kind of continent indeed. But, as a rule, the scenery is the reverse of fine, and life appears to be mostly carried on under great disadvantages. M. Banning is too obviously an optimist to be persuasive. He tells us of delightful places which have only one drawback, that of a pestilent miasma, as if a delightful place wanted any more drawbacks when it had got such a fine one to begin with. Then, in his exultation over the variety and extent of African animals, he quietly tells us that "serpents abound," as though serpents were like homo-fed lambs, and the more we had of our pets the happier we should be. The real and the sole motive to go to Central Africa, apart from science or sport, is the wish to do good. There is the legitimate and laudable desire to make at least the paler negroes Christians, after such a type as they are qualified to reach, and there is the desire, which deserves every praise that can be given to it, to stop the slave-trade. It is the latter feeling that prompts the activity of the Brussels Conference, and the curse of the slave-trade is so great, the crimes it prompts are so awful, and the horrors it engenders are so appalling, that it may be safely said that to suppress the African slave-trade would be to render a service to mankind more certain and more extensive than any other at which those who feel for suffering humanity could aim.

There are three centres of the slave-trade in Africa at present. First, there are the Mahometan States stretching from Khartoum towards Senegal. Here the Mahometan rulers find pagan tribes interspersed or adjacent, and making raids on them, send off batches of slaves through the great desert due north to Fezzan, whence the slaves are sent, according to M. Banning, eastwards across the Libyan desert to Cairo. The number of slaves reaching Cairo annually is calculated at 10,000. Secondly, there is the valley of the White Nile, whence 30,000 slaves are sent annually to Massowah. Lastly, there are the territories south of the Victoria Nyanza, whence 40,000 slaves are sent annually, since the outlet of Zanzibar has been closed, to two ports, one north and one south of Zanzibar. For one slave that reaches his destination, five, it is calculated, are taken from their homes, and so the total numbers would reach in each year 400,000. Some authorities, however, place the total much higher, and one authority, whom M. Banning quotes without any expression of disapproval, puts the total number of men carried off at a million. The area from which the slaves are drawn contains, it is said, eighty millions of negroes. If a million are carried off every year, and those carried off are, as it is said, men, then, as the number of men in a population cannot be taken at more than a fourth of the whole, it follows that, out of twenty millions, one million is carried off every year. Such a result may make us somewhat sceptical as to M. Banning's figures, but any doubt as to details need not infect us with suspicion as to the plain general result. There can be no uncertainty as to the main point. Enormous suffering is every year caused by the slave-trade. There is no misery inflicted on the whole earth at all equal to that caused by the African slave-trade; and, if philanthropy has any meaning, it ought to try to stop this wicked system. On the West coast of Africa the slave-trade has ceased, because the countries which used to take slaves there have ceased to take them. On the Eastern coast of Africa the slave-trade flourishes, because there is a ready market for slaves in Mahometan Asia. English cruisers do something to put down the trade; but they cannot do much when there is a market so near and so profitable. What then is to be done to stop the African slave-trade? As to two of the routes of the trade, as they terminate in Egypt, the Conference seems to be of opinion that the best and simplest plan is to press the Viceroy of Egypt to fulfil his repeated promises, and put an end to the traffic carried on in his dominions. The Southern district, that which provides slaves from the shores of the Victoria Nyanza and the adjacent lakes to the South and South-west, remains as the real field for the operations of the Conference. It is in the regions watered by the Zambesi and the upper tributaries of the Congo that the Conference proposes to show how effectually it can carry on the work which it has assigned to itself. The basis of its plans appears to be the establishment of stations in which a few energetic white men will permanently dwell to serve as a centre of civilization, an encouragement to travellers, and an obstacle to slave-dealers. The chapters in which M. Banning describes the proposals of the Conference are, however, the least satisfactory

part of his work. He soars too much into the vague grandeur of philanthropy, and, so far as he gives details of the scheme, they seem sadly disproportionate to the great aim to be attained. Recent intelligence, however, seems to indicate that the Conference is likely to have at its command a machinery much more efficacious than that which M. Banning ventured to anticipate; and if a serious effort on a sufficient scale is really made, those who make it will deserve, and will no doubt receive, the sympathy and admiration of the civilized world.

BE DOMES DÆGE.*

IT seems that the Early English Text Society is beset by complaints on two sides. One party asks for more early works to illustrate language; another for more later works to illustrate other things besides language. Each demand is alike reasonable in itself; but certainly the demand for things which illustrate language is that which seems to come most naturally within the range of an Early English Text Society. It seems that there are some who complain that the earlier and harder texts, though of extreme interest in point of language, are, with rare exceptions, theological and dull. They ask for "romance and adventure, social life and fun." And the Committee answer, with great truth, that "inedited manuscripts containing matter of that kind are rare indeed, and grow rarer year by year." So each party is very reasonably asked to deal charitably with the other; those who seek for the romance and adventure, to say nothing of the social life and fun, are asked to bear with the earlier writings in which the philologist delights, but whose matter is said to be theological and dull. It is certain that the oldest form of the language does contain, at all events in the form of *Beowulf*, a good deal of stirring romance and adventure. But then *Beowulf* certainly cannot be called an inedited manuscript. We rather stand appalled as we see a whole menagerie of printed *Beowulfs* gathered together on our shelves. Still it must be confessed that a vast proportion, edited and inedited, of what remains to us in the earliest form of the English tongue is undoubtedly theological, and if theology implies dullness, it is therefore undoubtedly dull. For our own part we are not sure that everything that is theological need be dull. Chaucer is theological, yet surely he is not dull. And a good deal which perhaps might be dull in a modern shape—dull, that is, so far as we have often heard the matter of it before—ceases to be altogether dull when we get it in a very early form of our own, or of any other language. A philological interest there is always, and there is something besides the philological interest. There is something besides any interest and any instruction which is to be got from the mere forms of words. There is an interest, whether we are to call it historical or philological or theological, about the form of the whole thing, as distinguished alike from the matter and from the forms of the particular words. A hymn, a prayer, a song, a writing of any kind, of the matter of which we should make little account if it were written yesterday, does impress us when it comes in the guise of any language in its earlier shape. Whether there really is or is not, there always seems to be more depth and power and earnestness in the ancient writing than in the modern. Most likely there really is. The subjects were fresher; the same tale had not been told, the same picture had not been drawn, the same exhortation had not been given, so often then as it has now. But to have this effect the writing must be in the writer's own tongue. Merely as a statement of fact, we are always inclined to believe a thing written in a man's own tongue—in Old-English, in Old-German, or in Old-French—rather than what is written in contemporary Latin. It is an instinct, and it is something more than an instinct. We believe that men really were more earnest and more truthful when they wrote in their own tongues. There was not the same temptation to show off their own scholarship; there was not the same temptation to be tricking everything out with an *issimus*. We are not sure that the result is dullness; in secular matters we are sure that an English writ, say of the tenth century, which goes straight to the point and has not a word more than is needed for the business in hand, is much less dull than its contemporary Latin fellow, which runs on through two or three pages of big words about nothing in particular. So with theological matters; a Latin sermon is undoubtedly grievous; a Latin religious poem must have some intrinsic merit to be otherwise; but, let it be Old-English, or Old anything else, and it has an interest besides the purely philological interest. It has the interest of giving us a man's real words and thoughts, as they came naturally to him in ages long past. We do not think that all theological writings are necessarily dull. We do not think that the theological pieces now edited by Mr. Lumby are dull. Yet possibly, if we came across exactly the same matter in a modern hymn or a modern sermon, we might think it dull.

Mr. Lumby here gives us five Old-English poems, of which the first two, including the longest which gives its name to the volume, have never been printed in full before. The other three have been printed by Grein. But Mr. Lumby has printed them all, as they are all found in a single manuscript in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The first and longest piece,

headed "*Be Domes Dæge*," is a translation of the Latin poem on the same subject which has been sometimes attributed to Bede and sometimes to Ealhwin. To this Mr. Lumby has added the Latin text as it stands in Migne. After the translation there comes in the manuscript a piece of eighty verses, somewhat in the nature of a sermon, which seems to have no name, but which Mr. Lumby heads "*Lār*" (=Lore). These two are those which have not before been printed. Then come thirty-one lines of an "*Oratio Poetica*," in which all the lines but two are what on a less grave subject would be called macaronic; that is, each line is half English and half Latin. The other two are poetical paraphrases of the Lord's Prayer and the Doxology.

The first piece then is a translation, and it is a vigorous translation, of a vigorous original. There is a life both in the Latin and in the English which we do not always find in later writings on the same subject. The Latin rather belongs to the very latest classical—perhaps not the very latest, for it is certainly clearer and simpler than the very latest classical type—rather than to a strictly mediæval type. The English has all the vigour of our ancient tongue, though, as usual, the poetic language is a good way removed from the language of contemporary prose. The way in which our forefathers translated, whenever they could, even the technical terms of theology comes out in more than one place. Here is the description of the penitent thief on the cross:—

he drihtene swa þeah: deaðe gehende
his beana behead: breostgelugdum
he mid lýt wordum: ac geþallfultum
his hæle begaet: and help secene
and in-gefor: þa ænlican gearu
neorxnawonges: mid nerigende

This last line illustrates some of the greatest changes which our tongue has undergone. In modern English a specially Teutonic style commonly means a specially monosyllabic style. The ten low words which Pope spoke of as creeping in one dull line have ceased to be necessarily thought low, or the line which they form to be thought dull; but that a style specially English should be one specially monosyllabic comes of our losing our inflexions and our losing our power of forming compound words. Also it illustrates the difference between poetic and prosaic language in the oldest English. One might have the *Chronicles* by heart from one end to the other without meeting anything at all like

neorxnawonges: mid nerigende

What is "*neorxnawong*"? Both the Latin and Mr. Lumby's translation tell us that it means "*Paradise*," but how comes it to mean "*Paradise*"? It is literally the Leisure field, the field where there is no care. The notion is perhaps a little heathenish; there is surely in the word a touch of the Elysian fields or of some Teutonic equivalent. But both the word itself and the word from which it is formed have vanished from modern English; so has the verb "*nerigan*" and its participle "*nerigende*," the preserver, the bestower of shelter, here used as a name of the Saviour. A little philological tact will show any one the meaning of *Healand* in the same use; but the best scholar must turn to his dictionary for "*nerigend*" the first time he comes to the word. On the other hand, this same poem enables us to add one to the list of Latin words which crept into English at an early stage. The Latin "*versus*" appears in the form of "*fers*":—

a ic feringa: forht and unrot:
þas unhyrlican fers: oððe mid sange

This word "*fers*" seems to be unique at so early a date, and the question of Latin words in Old English is suggested again in the end of the poem. There we read:—

seo frowe: þe us frean acende
metod on moldan: meowle seo clæne
æt is Maria: madena selast

"Frowe," so familiar in High German, is said to be unique in English; the masculine "*frea*," which has vanished from modern tongues, is more usual; but can "*meowle*," used in the special sense which it bears here, have anything to do with "*mulier*"? Both words mean woman, but woman in exactly opposite characters.

The next piece, "*Lār*" suggests a thought to us. It is addressed to some one who is described as "*hár hilderinc*," hoary warrior. These words are used in the song of Maldon among other descriptions of the ealdorman Brihtnoth. Is it possible that this piece was addressed to him? It is a mere thought that flashes across the mind, for exactly the same words are used in the song of Brunanburh of Constantine of Scotland, to whom our poet cannot be conceived as addressing his lore.

Mr. Lumby's notes are almost all verbal, as indeed there is not much room for notes of any other kind. Here is one distinctly, ingeniously marked:—

Line 302.—*unbleoh*, a word not found elsewhere, seems to be intended as the equivalent of the *incolumen* in Latin. The sense may perhaps be arrived at in this way: *bleoh* may, as the name of the colour blue, have been applied, as the English word is now, to that which is livid from approaching decay; and thus *unbleoh* would bear the sense of *uncorrupted*. But with a word which only occurs here much must be uncertain.

There is a full index of words, and throughout Mr. Lumby has done his work with great care. We shall not object to some more theology of the same style and date, though certainly romance and adventure, social life and fun, of the same date would have been more attractive still.

* *Be Domes Dæge, De Die Judicii*. An Old English Version of the Latin Poem ascribed to Bede. Edited, with other short Poems, by J. Rawson Lumby, B.D. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co. 1876.

REEVE'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AT VIENNA AND BERLIN.*

MR. HENRY REEVE is fully justified in publishing these pages from his father's journal. Yet Dr. Reeve, although he was a man of considerable attainments, and was one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, had but slight pretensions to literary brilliancy. There is nothing very sprightly in his observations on men and manners; he shows no great shrewdness in his appreciation of characters, nor much power of reproducing their salient features; nor does he make any original contributions to the history of those great events which were happening on the other side of Europe when few Englishmen were abroad. But he travelled with excellent introductions and moved in most interesting society. He was enough of a scholar and a man of science to have a claim on the consideration of the *savants* of the time; and his journal is written the more simply and pleasantly that it was written with no idea of publication. Moreover, as his son remarks in the preface, the mere lapse of time undoubtedly gives a value to contemporary impressions, however slight, of great historical events, and we may add that there is an interest in the references to ways of living and travelling on the Continent as they were three-quarters of a century ago. Dr. Reeve had something of the best tastes of a Boswell. He had the spirit of intelligent adventure which Johnson so highly commended. He never enjoyed himself so thoroughly as in the company of eminent men; he was far more of a cosmopolitan than most of his contemporaries; and was sufficiently master of foreign languages to make the most of his varied experiences of travel.

It was Dr. Reeve's good fortune to find himself in Vienna in the eventful autumn of 1805. Napoleon had just changed his mind as to the long-threatened descent on our coasts; or rather, he had adopted the alternative plan which he appears all along to have had in contemplation. "The Army of England" had been directed upon Austria. Then came the affair of Ulm, where Mack signed his disgraceful capitulation; and the Viennese were regarding the approach of the French with well-founded apprehension. For Vienna, although still nominally a fortified city, was in no position to stand a siege. The ramparts, which have since been levelled and built over, were as yet maintained in repair. But even then Dr. Reeve writes that, while "the town within the ramparts is small, the faubourgs are very extensive, and have every appearance of a rich and numerous population." Relatively speaking, business in the city was more active than it has been since, until it received a new impulse the other day from those financial speculations which have proved so disastrous. Decidedly the life in the streets must have been more picturesque then than it is at present. We are told that the city had become the resort of people of every language. Many Greeks and Turks had availed themselves of the provision of the treaty of Passarowitz which permitted them to settle there and carry on trade, without license from the Government or payment of taxes. Adventurers and sharpers had largely availed themselves of so exceptional a privilege; the Italians, of whom there were plenty, are said to have borne no better character; and, although it was diamond cut diamond when they came to deal with each other, many of these foreigners had made great fortunes. The prospect of being subjected to forced contributions, possibly exposed to sack and pillage, was anything but agreeable. And the receiving of these disreputable strangers would seem to have demoralized the natives. The modern Viennese hotels are about the most extravagant in Europe; but the director of even the most imposing of them would hesitate before sending in such a bill as Dr. Reeve got from his landlord after one night's lodging in those days of ridiculously moderate prices. At first the Englishman declined to pay six florins for his bed, whereupon his baggage and his carriage were impounded. With some trouble he succeeded in removing his trunks, but only on condition of abandoning the carriage; and we are left to suppose that in the end he had to submit. We may measure the landlord's rapacity by the fact that, in the quarters to which Dr. Reeve moved, he hired a comfortable apartment, with special additions to its furniture, for thirty-six florins a month, including everything but firing and candles. At that time the *table d'hôte* system was no more in vogue than it is at present. You could dine exceedingly well at the most fashionable restaurants for about four shillings, wine included; and although the price compares very advantageously with modern charges at first-class houses, it does not strike us as extraordinarily reasonable. As for the morals of society, they left much to desire. "No city, perhaps, can present such scenes of affected sanctity and real licentiousness." Indifferent character was no bar to social consideration. Ladies of quality made no secret of their *liaisons*; gentlemen showed themselves ostentatiously in public with their mistresses; and the topics which were matters of course in the best circles of Vienna would have shocked a party of decent English people. Literary censorship was in full force; every book and newspaper had to be submitted to it before passing into the hands of the public; consequently the intellect of the people was paralysed, and they were thrown back on frivolous amusements and dissipation. The Viennese are pronounced to be a very sensual people; and we do not fancy that recent visitors to their city will

find that they have much changed since the beginning of the century. Now, as then, the cheap theatres, dancing-rooms, beer-halls, and eating-houses are crowded with the classes who in England stay quietly at home; while in the Würst-Allée in the Prater there is still a perpetual fair, where the boisterous enjoyment of the passing hour seems always trembling on the verge of orgies.

Considering the restrictions imposed on the press, and the humiliating and embarrassing position of the Government, it is no wonder that ill news travelled slowly, and that intelligence was cooked before it was published. Mack capitulated on the 17th of October, and the negotiations were completed two days later. But it was only on the 26th of the month that Vienna was startled by the announcement; and then the national vanity was soothed by a romantic version of the disastrous event. The General—so it was said—had been taken by surprise, the French having stolen a march on him by passing through the territory of Anspach. The Austrian defence had been desperate. The position round Ulm had been fiercely contested for four days, and only surrendered when it became absolutely untenable. "Every one seems chopp-fallen, though 'tis curious enough very few talk about it. The Official Gazette says very little, and the people seem to be afraid of saying more, as if the truth would come out more melancholy by inquiring about it"—which would very certainly have been the case. Dr. Reeve goes on to remark on the extraordinary resources of Austria. She had lost whole armies time after time, and yet was always in readiness for a new campaign. Austerlitz was speedily to follow Ulm, and the line of march from one to the other lay through the streets of Vienna. By the 8th of November there was a very general exodus in expectation of the arrival of the French. The tariff for a pair of horses to Presburg was 200 florins, and twice as much was asked for a boat. The rush was chiefly in the direction of Hungary, for the Russians swarmed on the northern roads. On the 10th the municipality sent a solemn deputation to the enemy's outposts, to symbolize the act of submission with a finely-gilded set of keys. The communications exchanged from either side were conducted with extreme courtesy. The camp fires of the French might be seen on the heights of the Kahlenberg; and it was sought to conciliate the magnificent Murat with the appropriate present of a service of plate. Immediately afterwards the city was occupied, and two days after the battle of Austerlitz arrived the tidings that the armies were engaged. The reports that reached Vienna gave the strength of the allied armies at 105,000; 15,000 more men than are estimated to have been in action, even according to the narrative of M. Thiers. But this discrepancy to the disadvantage of the vanquished, with the complete and comparatively accurate accounts of the defeat which contrasted so strongly with the misrepresentations of the capitulation of Ulm, may be attributed to the fact that the Viennese were indebted to the victors for their information.

Dr. Reeve's account of the behaviour of the French is very noteworthy. "Never was a conqueror who used his victory and triumph with such moderation; never did a numerous and victorious army behave with more forbearance and moderation." Excesses, when they did occur, were punished severely. The exemplary conduct of the invaders may be taken as a proof of the commanding authority of Napoleon, who beat the Austrians with a certain consideration, as hoping to secure them for his allies and friends. But even the Imperial authority could not altogether alter the character of the troops; and we read that the common soldiers were affable and amiable, showing great good humour, but no frivolity. Dr. Reeve witnessed the return of the Austrian Emperor to his capital, which, with questionable taste, took the form of a triumphant entry, and was conducted with great pomp and parade. But the red-letter day in his journal was the 22nd December, when, as he emphasizes in capital letters, he saw Napoleon Bonaparte at Schönbrunn. Amid the state and military pageantry which the Emperor affected, he was simply dressed in the regimentals of his guards. "His countenance struck one as very remarkable. Fuller, broader, and fatter than I had expected to have seen it, and his person stouter and older than usually represented. He has the usual marks of the sanguine, melancholic temperament, dark hair, small dark eyes rather fixed than animated, and a very piercing countenance." Lavater, he adds, might have singled out such a face in a crowd, as bearing the marks of a very extraordinary man. From Vienna Dr. Reeve made his way homeward by Prague and Berlin to Hamburg, whence he took shipping at Cuxhaven, after a somewhat anxious time of detention. He gives more or less detailed notes of his interviews with men who were famous, or fast becoming so. Perhaps the most interesting of these reports is of a conversation with Humboldt, then a plain-looking man of about thirty, talking four or five languages fluently. Humboldt had rather resented the criticisms of some English journals on his travels, and he took pains to confirm to his visitor some of his most startling statements. Dr. Reeve attended a lecture of Fichte's, although he held the renowned philosopher but cheaply; and, as his son remarks in a note, he had the singular good fortune to have seen and heard five of the most famous musical composers—Haydn, Beethoven, Romberg, Himmel, and Meyerbeer. But there is hardly a page of this short journal that is not more or less entertaining, and we lay it down with a very agreeable impression of the man who was able to collect its materials.

* *Journal of a Residence at Vienna and Berlin in the Eventful Winter 1805-6.* By the late Henry Reeve, M.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE phrase "Religious Societies" in Mr. Barclay's title-page is not unlikely to mislead the unprepared reader of his interesting book. His actual subject is the history of Quakerism, which his widow paraphrases in her prefatory note as "the Religious Society to which the author belonged." That a new account of the origin and progress of this once conspicuous sect was the subject which he set before himself when he began to write is evident from his own words early in the volume. "George Fox commenced his ministry in the year 1648, and therefore," says Mr. Barclay, "our subject will lead us to look both backwards and forwards from this historical standpoint." George Fox is thus made the central figure in Mr. Barclay's painstaking exposition of the "inner life of the religious societies of the Commonwealth." Although there is no mention of him or of Quakerism in the title-page, it is undoubtedly the author's assumption that there was a sort of harmonious finality in the doctrine and the polity of Fox. All previous and all contemporary religious thought and movement in England, and partly also in Germany and the Netherlands, are referred to Quakerism, either directly or by implication, as if it were the goal at which all the prior "religious societies" were blindly aiming, and the standard by which all the subsequent "religious societies" must be measured. Indeed, if Mr. Barclay had carried his inquiries further back and wider abroad, we conceive that he would have treated the entire history of Christendom down to the year 1648 as a kind of *preparatio evangelica* for the manifestation of the evangel according to George Fox. There can be no doubt that this was the conception held by Fox and the early Quakers, at least during their enthusiastic and aggressive labours prior to the Restoration—from 1648 to 1660—concerning the position of the Quaker sect. But there is a very noticeable difference between them and their latest historian and apologist. George Fox believed that Quakerism was the one and only true "religious society," that it was the final restoration of the genuine visible Church of Christ, and that Popery, Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Independency, and Anabaptism were fundamentally irreligious societies, to which it was blind or sinful to belong. Whatever was outside Quakerism was "the world." Mr. Barclay sees that the original claim of the Quakers was monstrous. "The Society of Friends," he unassumingly says, "was the last religious society formed during this extraordinary period." The new title marked a stage in the decline of the original claims of Fox and his fellows. Quakerism, as defined by this mild title and as at present understood by Quakers, has no affinity whatever except that of outward historical succession to "The People of God, whom the world calls Quakers." Quakerism was not a people, one amongst others, but definitely, The People. If we study its relation to its contemporary rivals during the Commonwealth period from the marvellous living standpoint of Fox's journal, or from the fiery aggressive pamphlets of his first circle of disciples, rather than from the coldly apologetic standpoint of Mr. Barclay's book, we shall recognize the strange difference between the original thing itself and his modern picture of the thing. George Fox never for an instant supposed that he were merely adding one more specimen to that multiplying heap of sects which Mr. Barclay describes as "the variety of religious organizations which Christian men had been induced to establish in England."

We shall have no doubt of this if we read Fox's first conception of the relation between his own and every other "religious society," as he stated it in the year 1648, at the very beginning of his activity as founder and preacher:—"I was to bring people off from all their own ways to Christ the new and living way; and from their churches, which men had made and gathered, to the Church in God." The phrases "made" and "gathered" in this passage are technical. By "made" churches, Fox meant the Church of England and the new Presbyterian establishment; by "gathered" Churches, he meant the "religious societies" of the Independents and Baptists. He goes on to say that he was "commanded" to

bring people off from the World's worship . . . and I was to bring people off from the World's religions, which are vain; . . . and I was to bring them off from the World's fellowships, and prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power. . . . And I was to bring people off from men's inventions and windy doctrines, by which they blowed the people about, this way and the other way, from sect to sect; and (from) all their beggarly rudiments, with their schools, and colleges for making ministers of Christ, who are indeed ministers of their own making, but not of Christ's. . . . And in the dread and authority of the Lord's power was I moved to declare against them all; and against all that preached, and not freely, as being such as had not received freely from Christ.

Such passages, which might easily be paralleled by hundreds of similar passages in all the earlier Quaker writers, show plainly enough that the Quaker mission was originally a determined aggression upon all existing "religious societies." Fox was so far from supposing that he added one more sect, church, or religious society to the number already in existence, that he even believed the arrest of the contemporary plague of sect-making, and the destruction of all religious societies except his own, to be the very end for which Quakerism had been supernaturally instituted. Mr. Barclay's assertion that the thousands of pamphlets poured forth by the earlier Quakers were "defensive" is the very reverse of the truth. Fox held that all the præ-Quaker sects

from the Papacy to Anabaptism, in spite of their opposition to one another, "stood in the Apostasy"; they constituted a fearful unity, the "Babylon" from which "God's people" were urged by God to flee, in order that they might find their right home in the one and only visible "Sion," Quakerism. The young Quaker apostles retaliated with interest upon the triumphant Presbyterian and Independent preachers all the obnoxious verbiage with which the latter had for years been assailing the bishops. "They have called me," said Baxter in 1657, "dog and devil, and abundance of such names. I have asked them what was my fault? Forsooth, it was that I was called Master, that I stood above the people in a pulpit, that I preached by an hour-glass, that I preached by doctrine and use, and such like. They revile the ablest godly ministers. They cry down the ministers and ordinances of Christ, and say the Spirit bids them do it. They pronounce damnation against God's Church." Mr. Barclay, on the other hand, undoubtedly compelled by the logic of events, regards Quakerism merely as one among a number of "religious societies," probably the best of the number. While the founder of Quakerism called it "the Church," and could see no other visible Church on the earth, Mr. Barclay again and again speaks of it as "a Church," and he freely concedes the same title to other "religious societies." We constantly come upon such phrases as "the Church of England," "the Independent and Baptist Churches," "the Wesleyan Church," "the Society of Friends and every other Free Church." A religious society is a large and loose phrase; it may mean an *ecclesia in ecclesia*, such as the Benedictine order, or as Methodism before Wesley's death; but it is evident that this is not Mr. Barclay's use of the phrase. He uses it as a synonym for what some persons call "a church," and others call "a sect." We will not quarrel here over the name.

Each English "religious society," or "sect," or "church" of the seventeenth century, if its present condition is to be understood, must be examined scientifically. It must be contemplated from its own historical starting-point, and traced stage by stage along the course of its development. No social phenomenon, such as English Presbyterianism or Quakerism, can possibly be understood apart from its history. To pick out characteristic pieces of doctrine and ritual from Mennonites, Anabaptists, Familists, Seekers, or Muggletonians, after Mr. Barclay's method, is to be helpful and serviceable to historians, but it is not to be an historian. Every successive religious society, church, or sect of the commonwealth must have had some moment and manner of departure from something or from somewhere, by which departure it set up for itself, obtained a distinct self-consciousness, and became a "Church." A sect is plainly a section; it has departed from some whole. When did it depart? From what did it depart? Each successive English "religious society" must either have departed from the National Church or else from some prior "religious society" which had already departed from the National Church. We cannot possibly understand these English Israels unless we know something of the English Egypt from which they made their exodus, and discover the grounds of their departure. We think that Mr. Barclay has worked in a more tolerant and generous temper than Crosby and Ivimey, the historians of the English Baptists, or than Hanbury and Waddington, the historians of the English Independents; in the case of every English "religious society," except the very largest and widest, he has striven to put himself in as full sympathy as he can with its adherents, and to state their claims and beliefs from their own point of view. The Church of England is the one religious society of the Commonwealth period concerning which Mr. Barclay presupposes that every man already understands everything without need of inquiry. Yet the historian of the sects of a nation at a particular epoch of its life surely ought to pause somewhere and ask himself, or remember that his readers will ask, what a National Church is? Where and when and how and why did it become the Church of the Nation? How does a citizen become a member of the religious society which claims to be the citizen's own Church? Until these or similar questions occur to the historian of a sect, he has never laid his hand upon the key to that sect's history. The very existence of each new sect, or church, or religious society is a charge by implication against the sect, or church, or religious society from which it departs; and its charges against its Egypt, whether true or false, are important parts of the history and "inner life" of the new Israel.

Mr. Barclay, in spite of the really honest and genuine study—the study, indeed, of a *dilettante* collector rather than of a scientific inquirer—which he has directed towards the meanest details of the life both of the now extinct and of the still extant religious societies which departed from the Church of England in the seventeenth century, has lazily and uninquiringly accepted in the lump the entire body of confused Dissenting tradition concerning that great original English religious society, the Church of England. It is actually his opinion that the English "religious society" represented by Mr. Spurgeon is more ancient than that represented by the Primates of All England. Of course, on the hypothesis that the Apostles were Anabaptists, or Independents, or Quakers, or Wesleyan Methodists, it is quite reasonable to account the Pope himself a less true successor of St. Peter than Mr. Spurgeon, or Mr. Dale, or the author of this book, or Mr. Punshon. Mr. Barclay, however, does not speak of the historical priority of "religious societies" in general, but of the historical priority of English "religious societies." "As we shall show afterwards," he writes, "the rise of the Anabaptists (in England) took place long prior to the formation of the Church of England." After this, we are quite prepared to read that the true ecclesiastical

succession went on in the dark, and that "in the space of the direct transmission of Divine Truth, it seems probable that these Churches have a lineage or succession more ancient than that of the Roman Church." Nor are we surprised when Mr. Barclay informs us that "the Puritan party also had its rise in the reign of Queen Mary, and consequently prior to the final sanction of the constitution of the Church of England by Parliament." The word "sanction" may stand for much which is not expressed. But a "party" is merely a finer word for a "part." A part, like a "sect," implies the whole of which it is the part. Of what pre-existing whole, if not of the whole National Church, was "the Puritan Party" in Queen Mary's reign a part? The historical fact is that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* mentioned in the Great Charter is an immense "religious society" which has in its substance, and in the regard of English law, continued unbroken from that day to this. The relations of the ministry of the Church of England to the Pope were altered and re-altered during the Tudor period; the ministry itself was altered during the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth; but the national religious society, the totality of christened English persons and parishes, to which Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and even Independent and Anabaptist ministers successively ministered, continued throughout all these changes substantially one and the same. Even the patronage of the livings was not disturbed amidst the other disturbances of the Commonwealth period. Cromwell resisted all the appeals of "the Sectaries" to interfere with it. The conditioning power of the Bishops over the patron's choice was transferred to the notorious "Triers"—that fierce Calvinist Inquisition against which the old Anglicans and the new Quakers had common cause of complaint. The sermons of the Presbyterians and Independents before the Parliament are full of complaints that the common people, the substance of the National Church, were "lusting" after the Common Prayer, their old prelatial ministers, their abolished Christmas-days, and that general atmosphere of social and ecclesiastical freedom upon which the new Puritan incumbents made such autocratic encroachments—denying the Eucharist to all parishioners whom they considered unconverted, and withholding baptism from the children of those who were held to be "out of the covenant."

Mr. Barclay has failed to catch that distinctively twofold character of his own society by which it was originally distinguished from all its contemporary rival societies. No doubt he has hit upon one of the external reasons why the Quakers outlived the Seekers, Waiters, Ranters, Behmenists, and a host of others, with whom they had many features in common. Most of these societies were independent. Quakerism, on the contrary, George Fox being a consummate statesman as well as a preacher, was most effectually centralized and organized; each little body of Quaker believers, as soon as it was gathered, was affiliated to the whole brotherhood, and brought in subjection to the amazing discipline invented by the patriarch of the Quaker Church. It is with regard to its inner matter rather than to its ecclesiastical form that we perceive a strangely twofold character in Quakerism. The new sect was at once an extension of the Puritan cultus along some of its lines to the utmost possible limit, and at the same time it was the fiercest reaction against the traditional Puritan theology. When the Parliament and the Westminster Assembly of Divines conceived that they had finally expelled from the English nation the last relics of anti-Christian ritualism and sacerdotalism, an army of fierce young men suddenly began to appear in every market-place, and to interrupt the ministers in the churches in every part of the land, declaring that the preacher's black cloak was anti-Christian, his pulpit a relic of idolatry, baptism itself an abolished symbol, and extending the hated title "priest" to every Independent and Baptist preacher who took tithes or received a stipend. While the half-Puritan Presbyterians and Independents had abolished mass-vestments in their ministry, these whole-Puritans abolished all vestments; Fox was commanded to put off his shoes and stockings before entering the city of Lichfield to call it to repentance; some of the early Quaker preachers, women amongst them, were required to put off everything, and "went naked for a sign." If they offended English Puritanism on one side by immeasurably surpassing it, they offended it still more on the other side by flatly contradicting it. The Quaker proclamation of "the true Light who lightens every man who comes into the world" was regarded by the triumphant Calvinists as a reappearance of the detested "Arminianism," or doctrine of the universal redemption of mankind, which they thought they had expelled from England with the beheading of Laud, the deprivation of the Bishops, and the imposition of the Covenant. The belief that Fox, Burroughs, Dowsbury, and others were Jesuits in disguise was undoubtedly genuine. Even Baxter accepted it. The Anglicans and Quakers had up to a certain point a common cause. They were bracketed together as "Arminians." The restoration of the old episcopacy and priesthood was at first a relief to the Quakers. Sewall says that seven hundred Quakers who had been imprisoned under Oliver and Richard Cromwell, mainly at the instigation of the Presbyterians and Independents, were set free at the Restoration. Their later persecution was political rather than religious; it was a result of the terror caused by the rising of the Fifth Monarchy men. The mass of the English people dreaded above everything a return of the Puritan ascendancy. It must be remembered that a very large proportion of the early Quaker preachers had served in the Parliamentary army, that fruitful birthplace of new sects; and the fiery language of the Quaker pamphleteers and preachers, who began their tracts

and their sermons with "Thus saith the Lord," was sufficiently like that of the Fifth Monarchy men to justify the fear that there was some underground alliance between the disciples of Fox and the followers of Venner.

Perhaps no passage in Fox's journal gives a clearer evidence of the exclusive claim which he made for his own religious society than his reply to Cromwell's proclamation of a Fast for Rain during the great drought of the year 1657. He imagined that the Almighty used the drought as an occasion for miraculously confirming the claims of the Quakers to be His People, and for confounding the rival claims of all the Puritan religious societies. "It was observed," says Fox, "that as far as Truth had spread in the North, there were pleasant showers and rain enough; when to the South, in many places, they were almost spoiled for want of rain." He told the Protector that, if he "had come to own God's Truth," that is, if he had turned Quaker, he "should have had rain; that drought was a sign unto them of their barrenness and want of the water of life."

MY YEAR IN AN INDIAN PORT.*

THE title of these volumes is rather likely to mislead. Readers might expect to find some experience of the Indian Mutiny, or a narrative of a twelvemonth spent at some fortified post on the Punjab frontier, where horses are carried off, under the noses of the *Syces*, from the stables of the Deputy-Commissioner at midnight, and where Residents dare not take an evening drive a mile or so from cantonment without an armed escort. These two volumes deal, however, neither with raids nor sieges, but with the most pacific details, and the fort in which the author passed her time pleasantly is more like some of those old walled towns in parts of the Continent with promenades and ramparts. Indeed a sketch of the bastion in the frontispiece shows that the structure would not long resist modern artillery. Belgaum, the groundwork of these volumes, is a very favourite station in the Presidency of Bombay. It lies some way to the south of Sattara, above the Ghauts or mountain ranges which form a striking feature of the Malabar coast, and at about the same altitude as Poona. It is easily approached in two ways. The traveller landing at Bombay can, if he likes, run down the coast some two hundred miles in a steamer to the port of Vingorla, from which place the journey is easily accomplished across the strip of land at the foot of the said Ghauts, up through the passes, and so on for thirty miles or so of the table-land of the Deccan, to the station itself. Mrs. Guthrie, for some reason, preferred the railway to Poona, a trip of a hundred and twenty miles, and then the transit by bullock cart, through Sattara and Kolhapore, to what is one of the finest of the Collectories of the Western Presidency. A good deal may be said in favour of these two volumes as light, pleasant, and not unattractive reading. The author has a good eye for colour, a quick perception of unfamiliar usages, and a flowing and lively style. Some forty pages about the Bay of Biscay, the Red Sea, Perim, and the Indian Ocean, might, however, very well have been spared us; and Mrs. Guthrie has an unfortunate habit of picking up and retailing bits of Indian gossip and the idle talk of the caddy table, without applying the most ordinary canons of criticism. Occasionally, too, her eyes or her ears must have deceived her. For instance, the Suez Canal is not yet perfect, and the dredging-machines require to be incessantly worked; but we must doubt whether at any part the Canal is "so narrow that a good jumper could have leapt across it." Sir F. Lasseppe will have a right to be indignant if his great work is thus dwarfed on paper. "Paddy birds" are not usually seen in the Indian Ocean in company with shoals of porpoises, nor can we make out what buildings on the shore of the harbour of Aden, where the steamer did not touch, could have been mistaken by Mrs. Guthrie for "cavalry barracks." It must be new to most readers that the beginning of the Mutiny had nothing whatever to do with cartridges greased with bullock's fat. Sir John Kaye, had he lived, would have learnt with some surprise that the outbreak was occasioned "by a clergyman who put his hand on the head of a little Hindoo child"—the very touch of a *Padre*, it seems, being pollution. A legend which points out a certain banyan-tree between Kolhapore and Belgaum as the camping-place of our Iron Duke has more of the air of trustworthy tradition about it. As a set-off in the other direction, we are told of some other tree, somewhere on the Nerbudda river, under which Alexander the Great is said to have slept. Now, from Argaum to Arbela is rather a long stride. Neither should we recommend much faith to be put in the general statement that "natives have a prejudice against keeping poultry," the dislike to the domestic fowl being of course limited to Hindoos; or again that good mangoes are not to be had in perfection inland or away from the salt sea spray, or that Hindoos will not kill snakes. Such rapid generalizations and incautious comments would scarcely have been made had the one year of exile been prolonged. These volumes besides are terribly disfigured by reiterated misprints. Even the commonest and most rudimentary Indian terms are distorted. *Sari*, the female dress, is everywhere *Savi*; *Puja*, worship, is either *puga* or *pugi*; *talc* becomes *talk*; Nudiya, the stronghold of Sanskrit learning and Brahminical orthodoxy, is Nudiza, the letter *z*, by the way, being unknown in the *devanagari* alphabet; Vicramaditya, the well-known ancient King of Ujjain, fares little better;

* *My Year in an Indian Port.* By Mrs. Guthrie, Author of "Through Russia." 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1877

and there is a general contempt, all through the volumes, for that reasonable accuracy in small things which an airy narrative can as little dispense with as the most ponderous treatise crammed with Oriental erudition. These blemishes apart, most of the chapters can be read with pleasure; and as we have had so much recently about the Taj Mahal, the Kootub, the East Indian Railway, and the Residency at Lucknow, it is rather refreshing to turn to the recollections of a lady who tells us what life is like on the high table-land of Southern and Western India.

One of the best parts of the book is the description of the Fort itself. It stands in the midst of a large undulating plain, with ranges of hills of fair height in the distance, and tradition ascribes its construction to some Raja of the Jain sect, who was hereditary chief of Venegrama, since corrupted into Belgaum. In the fifteenth century, when the first break-up of the Mahomedan power of Delhi took place, before its reconstruction by Akbar the Great, and when usurpers of that faith established independent kingdoms in several parts of India, Belgaum came under the sway of the princes of Beejapore. The fortress was enlarged and repaired by a governor named Azad Khan in the sixteenth century, and stories of his stud and his elephants, his wars and his magnificence, fill the popular imagination to this hour. Of course Belgaum is associated with the raids of Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta power; but nearly sixty years ago, during the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, it had to succumb to a British force, which captured the place in the teeth of prophecies to the contrary. This was after the decisive battle of Kirki, which put an end to the Peshwa's power. Mrs. Guthrie briefly notices the troublous times of the Mutiny, but she hardly does full justice to the calmness and determination of the civil and military authorities of Belgaum at that day. Emissaries of the Nana were spreading lies and fomenting intrigues all over the Southern Mahratta country. Some of the chiefs were wavering in their allegiance; two native regiments were barely held in check by a battery of artillerymen, a few English soldiers of the depot of the 64th, and some pensioners, until the third week in August, when the Government of Bombay managed to send 250 British troops to the spot; and one fine young Englishman was assassinated by the Chief of Nurgoon, who afterwards very properly paid the penalty of his crime. Yet there was no outbreak; a plot was detected, and after the arrival of the English reinforcement its agents were blown from guns, while communication was never interrupted between Belgaum and Central India, nor was the standard of mutiny openly unfurled. The chief civil officer of the district was enabled further to co-operate with the Portuguese authorities in maintaining order on the frontiers of Goa. Indeed it has often been said that at such emergencies British supremacy was maintained more by the bearing and pluck of its representatives than by material defences, although the fort at Belgaum did enable the authorities to feel some sense of security. As a residence we believe it to be quite as attractive as Mrs. Guthrie makes out. The mixture of ancient temples and comfortable bungalows; the fine trees and the good supply of water; the ancient archways within and the broad esplanade without; the English church and the well-stocked kitchen-gardens; a cool climate for the greater part of the year, and a district affording capabilities for sport of many kinds—these invest Belgaum with a charm exceeding anything to be found in the northern districts of Broach or Surat. We do not quite make out what Mrs. Guthrie means by the "moors" over which she looked out in the vicinity of her residence. Some excellent sketches of that country, now before us, lead us to think that she refers to undulating and open tracts of country from which much of the original jungle or scrub has been cleared, without the clearance being always followed by regular cultivation. We do not expect in such a work disquisitions on the land revenue or on the peculiarities of the natives, and are quite content that the author should confine herself to descriptions of schools and festivals, religious processions, feats of snake-charmers, and other incidents which impart a little variety to the round of dull, plodding official life.

In the second volume we have a very spirited and not overdrawn picture of the commencement of the rainy season, or, as it is called in that Presidency, the bursting of the monsoon. Nothing in Bengal or Upper India can equal the fury of the rain-clouds which, rolling up from the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean, are dissolved with hail and thunder on the long line of the Western Ghats and the uplands of the Deccan. Mrs. Guthrie also pithily says something to the effect that in Europe we seek after nature, while in India nature seeks us. This really means that in the latter country insect and animal life overpowers you in your study and your bath-room, invades the kitchen, devastates the garden, ruins your library, and makes holes in your wardrobe. She also observes, what few persons in any part of India will dispute for a moment, that even in a populous town or a large cantonment, midnight is often far more noisy than midday. With the exception of a few hours before dawn, night is the period when human beings and animals wake up to activity. Dogs bark; jackals howl in concert; frogs croak, at least during the rainy season; marriage processions make their noisiest din; watchmen hawk, hew, and groan on their rounds with the most exasperating periodicity; and divers members of the household drone, after a full meal, over ancient ballads or the mythic exploits of Urjun and Rama. Anglo-Indians need scarcely be told that what the author terms "the marrying months" are periods of the year, notably February and March, in which such ceremonies are consistent with Hindu superstition as to dates.

Perhaps the best chapters in the book are the last four of the second volume, the fruits of a well-earned but brief holiday spent in the territories of Goa. Very judiciously, instead of taking the comparatively well-known road to Vingorla, the holiday-takers went right through the Ramghat Pass to the Portuguese capital. The cathedral, we should state, can be seen in clear weather from the top of the Ghats, some forty miles off. Everything in Goa tells its own story of decay and dilapidation. Coffins are exposed to sight. Old Goa, as distinguished from the modern town, is in ruins. A solitary nun was seen in one place, and a few ecclesiastics mumbled their church services in the church of Bom Jesu twice a day; and one ancient palace of the Viceroy was shrouded in thorn jungle. At the modern town the walls of the fort had half filled up the ditch. There was, however, a fine statue of Albuquerque, and the shrine of St. Francis Xavier is pronounced magnificent, yet without any tawdry or excessive ornament. All this is comparatively untrodden ground, and the author throws out a hint to political writers which some one may pursue. Goa is small in extent, and of little value to the Portuguese. Its ancient magnificence is gone. Its modern industries are paralysed, and choked by mismanagement and excessive export dues. It has, however, a fine harbour, and it fits in neatly with other British possessions. Suppose the Indian Government were to buy it for a good round sum! We fear that national pride would operate with the proposed vendors, and financial difficulties with the purchasers, to prevent such a transfer. But all who care to know a little of the Southern Mahratta country may take up these two volumes and gather from them a good idea of the lives that may be led by intelligent Englishwomen, the wives of hard-worked engineers, civilians, or officers on staff employ.

HALF-HOURS AMONG SOME ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES.*

IN these days, when not only are there some half-dozen Archaeological Societies in the country, but almost every county is setting up its local association and museum, it is incumbent on intelligent folks to qualify themselves for passing muster in at least the rudiments of English antiquities. Longer or shorter home tours, which are becoming more and more of a fashion, supply opportunities for testing and adding to this knowledge at every turn; and it is astonishing how much the charm of such rambles is enhanced by the study of a barrow here, a cromlech there, the traces of a Roman road in this district, or examples of sepulchral brasses or crosses in that. For the cultivation of an easy familiarity with such subjects a great desideratum has always been a handy *vade mecum*, giving within manageable compass a succinct account of our characteristic antiquities, whether grave-mounds and their contents, flint, stone, and bronze implements, ancient pottery, arms and armour, sepulchral slabs, coins, and bells of various periods, or personal ornaments, &c. Such a handbook would be of much service as a preparation for a special scrutiny of particular antiquities, and would make both profitable and instructive a visit to such old memorials as, for example, the famous stone circle of Rollright, near Long Compton in Warwickshire, the old Roman stations of Caerwent and Caerleon, the remains at Woodchester, Lydney, Uriconium, and Cirencester, or Corinium. It would also assist the student in consolidating his knowledge, and adding to it, as occasion serves, by leading him to greater works like *Iaca Silurum*, Buckman and Newmarsh's *Corinium*, and the able book on British Epigraphy by Dr. McCaul, of Trinity College, Toronto. A work of this kind, comprising some two hundred and thirty pages, has just been published by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, who was already known by his larger volume on *Grave-mounds and their Contents*, first published in 1870. The present *Half-Hours* is the first instalment of a series of similar volumes devoted to the illustration of the old memorials of our land; and, apart from its intrinsic value, it will no doubt tempt many a reader to go on to more extensive and systematic investigations.

Mr. Jewitt's observations have convinced him that the original form of all the barrows was circular, and that this shape has not been varied through any difference of period or race. Where it has become elliptical, or taken the "long barrow" form, he is of opinion that this is owing only to additional interments or afterthoughts, which explain such phrases as "twin burrows," or intercommunicatory mounds. His first sectional drawing shows a stone cairn over the contracted body simply laid on the natural surface, the outer ledge of the circle being formed of rough slabs laid one on another, upper ends inwards. The second is a stone barrow, with a circle defined by a ring of stones raised over two interments—one a cinerary urn containing the burnt remains of the dead, covered with a slab; the other simply burnt bones and ashes heaped on the natural surface. The third is similar, save in the inversion of the urn containing the ashes. The outer circle, as before, is defined by large stones. In all these cases, over the interment there had been formed a mound of loose stones, and over that a thick layer of earth. Often, it would seem, the earth was part of the original design; but sometimes it was only the result of decaying vegetation. In Section Four it was the former, as is indicated by the remains of fires on the surface, and the outer coating of earth above the layer of burnt earth and charcoal; sometimes, as in Gib Low Barrow, there is evidence of successive interments by different races. Four mounds

* *Half-Hours among some English Antiquities.* By Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., &c. London: Hardwick & Boguo. 1877.

here had occupied the surface of the ground, over which had been raised a large barrow, having a cromlech-like cist in its upper portion. In another instance, engraved by Mr. Warne, the tumulus of alternate layers of chalk and earth exhibited six successive sepulchral deposits, some by inhumation and others by cremation. Curious examples are given of stone chambers and passages in tumuli at Stoney Littleton, Wieland Smith's Cave at Ashbury, and at Minning Low, covered with immense blocks of stone and then mounded over; and the illustration of "twin barrows," or the junction by a bank of two circular mounds, will become explicable by reference to the figure. The sepulchral Romano-British barrows at Eastlow Hill and elsewhere contain large chambers occasionally above ground, and then superstratified with a mound; but often the Roman seems to have shared the ancient Briton's place of sepulture, and Celt and Romano-Briton represent primary and secondary interments in the same mound. The so-called Anglo-Saxon barrows were much less in diameter and height than the Celtic, rising little above the surrounding ground. These, however, are peculiarly rich in remains, and Mr. Jewitt has done well to make a few extracts from Beowulf in reference to the ceremonies of an Anglo-Saxon funeral. The distinction between a "low" and a "barrow" is simply that the former is derived from "hlæw," another word for which, "beorh" or "bearw," has passed into the synonymous word, barrow.

From a chapter on Stone Circles, Cromlechs, &c., the novice will gain a clear idea of the many upright or other stone circles still more or less extant in England and Wales, with legends and Druidic repute attached to them. The circles mostly marked the bases of grave-mounds in conjunction with a shallow ditch. The largest of them, Abury, was originally an irregular circle 1,260 feet in diameter in one direction and 1,170 in the other, with an *agger* and ditch, and avenues over a mile in length and of 40 feet average breadth. Within the general enclosure are two other circles, 325 and 270 feet in diameter respectively. Silbury Hill is another mound hard by, and others of the same character stud the surrounding country. The same is the case within a radius of three miles from Stonehenge, 300 burial mounds being dotted round it. The Stonehenge circle is 300 feet in diameter, surrounded by a fosse and approached by an avenue. In the enclosure was the famous circle so well known by tradition and repute, whose circle of small stones not found in the district is surrounded by a later circle of much larger ones. The great temple of Stonehenge is doubtless synchronous with the surrounding barrows, most of which contain interments by cremation in the fashion of the Bronze Age. Stonehenge is therefore of the Bronze Age, though not uniformly, and Abury is older, because the stones are natural, and not, as at Stonehenge, roughly hewn. Both Abury and Stonehenge Sir John Lubbock believes to have been temples, but most of the stone circles have been proved to be burial-places. Particulars of the relative sizes of the best known circles will be found in Mr. Jewitt's pages, and will stand the reader in stead at Arbor Low, Rollich, Stanton Moor, or Penmaenmawr. The great barrows of Arbor Low, in Derbyshire, connected with the circle, have yielded important remains, but the circle itself was probably rifled long ago. Its centre exhibits parts of a cromlech, and it seems to have been originally composed of flat (not upright) stones surrounded by a rampart or fosse. The cromlechs, so called, upon which much light has been thrown by Mr. W. C. Lukis, and of late years by the Cambrian archaeologists, are now pretty generally agreed to be stone cists denuded of their outer covering, and the Lanyon cromlech, in p. 29 of this handbook, gives an example which any reader's experience will easily multiply.

In such British grave-mounds as we have glanced at, and in the soil under process of husbandry, have been found many implements of flint and stone—celts, hammers, mauls, picks and axes of stone, and flakes, cores, scrapers, borers, spear-heads, and sling-stones of flint. The celt (from *celles*, Latin for chisel) is commonly an oviform flint blade, sharpened to an edge at the lower, broad, cutting end. Owing to its frequently having its cutting edge dulled or chipped, a celt is often found reduced to half or two-thirds of its original length, and to four, six, or seven, instead of sixteen inches. They were commonly fixed in wooden or bone handles, though sometimes doubtless held in the hand alone. The stone hammers include "perforated axes," or, as they were called a hundred years ago, "purgatory hammers," with which the Pagan possessors were furnished, to thunder at the gates of purgatory, after they had taken possession of their barrow—hammers with cutting edge at each end, hollowed and grooved hammers, and others turned up in adze fashion. An instrument which Mr. John Evans conjectured to be a net-sinker is more plausibly decided to be a "punch," or "cutter," such as the modern blacksmith uses; and there is no end of stone implements such as querns and whetstones, and flints including all sorts of delicately shaped arrow-heads, javelin heads, and deadly cutting missiles. Mr. Jewitt has another chapter on bronze celts and similar instruments, as to the uses of which he wisely adopts the cautious vagueness of Professor Wilson, who, in speaking of the bronze axe, palstave, and socketed celt, declines to attempt to discriminate the special purposes of these rudimentary weapons. The mode in which these implements were manufactured is still traceable through the frequent discovery of the stone moulds in which they were cast. Besides bronze daggers, swords, and spear-heads, another terrible implement has been found—a bronze ferrule, the upper part of which is armed with a number of deadly spikes in three alternate rows.

We approach still more curious topics as we come in contact with Roman civilization. It is no small matter to realize the typical Roman road, of which we have still samples in our extant highways; mostly straight, unswerving even for a hill, and raised high above the ordinary level. Our author cites from Vitruvius the process of forming a road. Two parallel furrows were cut to mark its width. The surface earth and loose stones between were then removed till a solid foundation was reached, which was levelled and covered hard with earth. This was the *pavimentum*; and on it was laid a stratum of small squared stones, covered with mortar or concrete—*h.e.* the *statumen*. Over this came a layer of small broken stones mixed with lime in double proportion. This stony concrete was called *ruderalis*, and above it came a layer of chalk, lime, and broken tiles, or gravel, lime, sand, and clay, called the *nucleus*; above which and over all was the surface layer, either of squared flagstones, or a firm bed of lime and gravel. This was the *summa dorsum*, and completed the *agger*. Such was the grand military road along which our itineraries were traced with a milestone, or plain cylinder, giving distances from the nearest town and the name of the reigning emperor, at the end of each Roman mile of 1,000 paces or 1,611 yards. These milestones have mostly perished. We have also details of the remains of Roman bridges over the Thames, Teign, and Tyne, and of the famous walls of Hadrian and Antoninus; with particulars of the arrangement and economy of Roman towns and camps, such as Wroxeter, Colchester, Kenchester, Cirencester, Caerleon, Caerwent, and Silchester. The town was usually a parallelogram like the camp, with strong, massive walls. The Roman villa at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, is said to be the finest and largest yet unbarred in England. Its two courts (150 and 90 feet square) are surrounded by a gallery, and its principal apartment (50 feet square) has a splendid tessellated pavement, probably based on a hypocaust with a fountain in the centre, and an inscription, "Bonum eventum colite." The materials, except the white stone, are a hard calcareous Gloucestershire stone, like Palombino marble. Woodchester is supposed to have been a villa of Hadrian when he was in Britain in 117 A.D.; and other pavements are found at Caerleon, Caerwent, Lydney, Frampton, Gloucester, and Dorchester.

Of Roman altars there is no scarcity in this country, and not only is their shape with the form and ornamentation of their sides tolerably familiar, but it is part of a classical education to learn to decipher the inscriptions. Capital practice in this will be found in McCaul's *Britanno-Roman Inscriptions*, Leo's *Isca Silurum*, and Roach Smith's *Illustrations of Roman London*. One type of these altars is the not infrequent group of "Dea Matros," or beneficent local deities of good luck, found in Ancaster churchyard, a group of three at one end of a flat slab and a small pillar altar at the other. Others of these are found at Winchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in London, and especially on the banks of the Rhine, dedicated *Matribus*, *Deabus Matribus*, *Matribus domesticis*, *campes-tribus*, and *tramarinis* (see Roach Smith, pp. 36-7). Sarcophagi and sepulchral slabs are also abundant. One of a centenarian veteran of the second legion, the Augustan, at Bulmore, near Caerleon, with his aged widow, set up by the son, is very interesting. Little Bulmore is in all probability the site of a Roman villa a mile and a half from Caerleon, and the whole of the quarter on the left bank of the Usk bears evidence of interments. At Cirencester one inscribed stone is engraved

RUFVS SITA EQVES
TRACVM ANN. XL STIP XXII
HEREDES EXS TEST. F CVRAVE.
IIS E.

"i.e. Rufus Sita, a horseman of the 6th Cohort of Thracians. Aged 40 years. Served 22. His heirs in accordance with his will have caused this monument to be erected. Here he is laid."

Mr. Jewitt has two excellent chapters on Celtic pottery, consisting of sepulchral urns for calcined bones, drinking-cups to go with the dead body, food-offering vessels, and immolation urns to receive the ashes of infants, perhaps sacrificed at the mother's death, and to adumbrate of reposing in the mouth of the larger urns. The most ancient cinerary urns, for flint instruments and calcined bones, were from nine to eighteen inches high. Later ones were much smaller and finer. Of the Roman pottery, the best made in this country was a poor imitation of Samian—brittle, hard, sonorous, and of a lustrous red, like sealing-wax. The Upchurch ware, from potteries on the Medway, was blue, greyish-black, or dark drab, but of shining smooth surface and graceful outline. Durobrivian ware, from the Non in Northamptonshire, is superior to Upchurch, and aspires to rival the Samian ware in its figures and ornaments, which are sporting subjects or gladiatorial figures. The Salop ware was white or light red; the former of elegant shape, but rather coarse texture, the latter of a finer-textured Severn clay. The Anglo-Saxon pottery was chiefly cinerary. We must pass over the chapters on Arms and Armour and on Coins, and can barely glance at the Slabs and Brasses referred to in Chapter VIII. Sepulchral stones, exclusive of the Roman inscribed stones mentioned above, belong to about the seventh and eighth centuries, and are to be found in Cornwall, Northumberland, Wales, and Ireland. A number were found in 1833 on the site of the ancient monastery founded by St. Begu, who gave a name to St. Bees in the seventh century. These will be found discussed at more length in Hubner's *Inscriptiones Britannicæ Christianæ*. Most of these inscriptions are in Runic and Romanesque letters, and bear crosses and symbols having strong resemblance to contemporary inscribed stones in Ireland.

Other chapters deal with the history of Church Bells, a branch of archaeology very popular in this country, and earlier than the coming of St. Augustine; and with glass, stained glass, encaustic tiles, and tapestry. Stained glass in this country dates from the twelfth century; but the manufacture of glass, opaque and transparent, was known in Egypt from three to four thousand years ago. To judge by the glass beads among British remains, it was in early perfection among the Celtic population. In p. 180 of Mr. Jewitt's volume we have a sample of a large dark-green glass mottled bead, or speckled with white; and a variety of Roman beads are to be seen in Plate xxviii. figs. 4-7, of *Iseo Silurum*. One of these is a "Druid's Bead," so called, of rare beauty, so often found in barrows and Roman stations. The last chapter is devoted to the personal ornaments of antiquity—finger rings, Roman and Anglo-Saxon; gimmel rings, signet rings, clasp rings; fibulæ, or brooches, pins and skewers found in barrows; spindle whorls, studs and disks, armlets, torques, combs, &c. The fibulæ of the so-called Anglo-Saxon period are especially interesting because, apart from their workmanship, it is by their varieties that the different kingdoms of the Heptarchy can be distinguished. It is a little odd that, in his ample list of discovered ornaments and toilet articles, Mr. Jewitt omits the strigil, or bath-scraper, which has been found at the site of the Royal Exchange, at Reculver, and at Bartlow in Essex. Mr. Roach Smith, in his *Illustrations of Roman London*, has suggested that this instrument, referred to by Martial and Persius, might be reproduced in our day with benefit to the speculator and advantage to health and cleanliness. Mr. Jewitt's book will, we trust, bear fruit, and be followed by other publications equally useful to the archaeological student.

MINOR NOTICES.

MISS YONGE has written a little book entitled *Womankind*, which, notwithstanding some peculiarities of style and thought, contains many interesting and instructive observations on woman's life at the present day. She begins by avowing her belief in the inferiority of woman as compared with man, and accounts for woman's physical weakness and subordination as a punishment of Eve's transgression. She is also apparently disposed to favour the confessional, if discreetly managed, pleading that the popular objections to confession are founded on stories of priests in foreign countries, who are of a very different character from that of the English clergy. The English clergy, however, have never been exposed to the possible perils of such a system, and there is a strong opinion among people in this country that it would be well to keep clear of the experiment. Miss Yonge herself suggests an objection to the practice when she says, "Of all hateful kinds of gossip one of the most shocking is that about the different ways of confessors; where can the real penitence be if there be levity enough to make such observations?" She has also a leaning to fasting; and entreats heads of families to abstain from Friday parties, and housewives to make it possible for girls to fast at meals without attracting observation; and further, she holds that "a church-woman ought not to suffer herself to become attached to a man outside her own Church." Still she is not at all severe as to ordinary amusements within due limits; she sees no necessary harm in dancing as dancing, or in balls in moderation, nor does she think that theatres or operas, in right measure, need be shunned by those in whose way they would come naturally. Witnessing, or in any way taking part in, the slaughter of animals is stamped as unwomanly; and it is laid down that, as a general rule, all sports which the custom of the time appropriates to men are to be avoided by women. Miss Yonge naturally condemns races; dislikes her sex to go hunting, but would tolerate riding to the meet; and objects to the rink, which, she justly says, is too often attended with circumstances "not favourable to a quiet modest tone among the girls who amuse themselves in very mixed company and in an unguarded manner, making themselves a public spectacle," with "no host or hostess, no one of authority to select the company or act as a check, no one to be accountable." In short, she sets her face against all approach to that feminine fastness which is unfortunately making inroads in society where it would be little expected. She holds that "the custom creeping in of girls enjoying cigarettes themselves," and sitting with men in the smoking-rooms, and "going about alone in London, walking and corresponding with young men, &c.; and all the many daring things that young ladies attempt out of what they are wont to consider innocence, but which is really a spirit of defiance and desire of liberty, excitement, and even notoriety—all these things are, when not exactly perilous, destructive to the gentleness and modesty which—tell us what modernism will—the chief grace of womanhood." This is a painful, but we fear it is unfortunately also too true a picture; and there can be no doubt of the fact that, as Miss Yonge says, "where there has been need of defence, there comes a hardening, and the delicate bloom of perfect modesty must needs be rubbed off." Miss Yonge makes some very sound remarks on dress and on family life; and deplores the signs of increasing insubordination and want of respect for parents on the part of the rising generation. "How many houses," she says, "do we know where the young people rule, and the old people submit; or, if the parents chance to have

strong wills, the next thing we hear is that the girl wants to go into a sisterhood, 'because she can't get on with her mother.' Or the daughters are to be met with at every relation's or friend's house for long visits, while the mother is left at home. And it is well if the young ladies are not taking up courses of which their parents are known to disapprove." The cause of this is said to be the parents' disinclination to enforce their natural authority. "Liberties have been allowed and laughed at, indulgence has been supposed to secure affection, authority has been laid aside, and there has been no habit of submission. The children have learnt to consider themselves the important creatures in the home, and, being entirely educated by strangers, have their minds and opinions cast in different moulds from their parents, and, when their wills and tastes clash, the young ones see no reason for giving way." Altogether, there is much in this work which deserves the consideration both of young and old.

Mr. Duffield's little book * giving an account of a recent visit to the guano deposits of Peru, with "some reflections on the money they have produced and the uses to which it has been applied," presents a graphic picture of the present condition of that country. As to the guano, he states that during the time Peru has been a vendor of it she has sold twenty million tons; and, as the price has ranged from 12*l.* to 12*l.* 10*s.* and 13*l.* per ton, she must have made a very handsome revenue out of this unsavoury article; while the stock of guano still remaining amounts, as he calculates, to between seven and eight million tons. His visits to the guano stations were made after the stones which formerly covered them had, in a great measure, been removed; and he was thus enabled to form a more exact opinion as to the extent of these deposits than was previously possible. Before this uncovering the deposits were conjectured to be as much as four or five million tons; but this did not allow for the space occupied by the underlying rocks. In addition to the supply of guano, Peru has another resource in the nitrate deposits of Tarapaca, which the writer estimates at 70,000,000 tons, and which the Government lately proposed to take into its own hands; but somehow this project broke down, and an attempt is now being made to get up a Company for the purpose. Of the present condition of Peru Mr. Duffield does not speak very favourably. It is a misnomer, he says, to call the Government a republic, for the people have practically no part in its political system; and it is "governed, or rather farmed, by groups or families of despots, who frequently quarrel among themselves." "The Government acts secretly, and no plans are disclosed until they have been accomplished." "Everything is, in fact, secret and underground." On the whole, it would appear that the country has large resources at its back, but that its affairs are at present grossly mismanaged, and probably a revolution is impending. Any one, says the writer, who arrives at Callao, will see the Peruvian Republic in a microcosm—that is to say, "an exhibition of confusion, extortion, bullying, insolence, cruelty, and official imbecility, which cannot be equalled in any other part of the civilized or uncivilized world."

The third volume of the new edition of Mr. Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*† takes up the narrative at the preparations on both sides for the battle of the Alma, and carries it down to the decision of the allies to adopt the plan of the flank march against Sebastopol.

We have here the first volume—it is a bulky one of 746 pages—of a *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*. by an anonymous writer who, though he has been very industrious in collecting materials, has really nothing to tell which is not perfectly well known before to all who take any interest in the Parliamentary history of modern times. The information given is derived at second-hand from a quantity of miscellaneous publications of various character and value, and contains nothing original or showing any acquaintance with the subject beyond what might easily be obtained from the ordinary external records of public events, eked out by idle and worthless scandal as to private matters. It is, in fact, a narrative composed entirely from outside observation, and without any of that intimate personal knowledge and insight which constitute the essence of genuine biography. Moreover, the writer has not the calm and judicial, any more than the thoroughly informed, mind which is required for such a task as he has undertaken. He writes in a spirit of spiteful and prejudiced antagonism, which shows his incapacity to give a fair summing up either of political character or policy. Lord Beaconsfield's public career has no doubt been one which in some of its aspects affords considerable temptation to unfavourable criticism; but a just estimate of his public services demands a candid and impartial examination. For these reasons, the present work cannot be regarded as a trustworthy history. It is, in fact, a mere raking up of old stories, the significance of which has long been exhausted, and which might now well be forgotten.

A new edition of Sir Edward Creasy's *History of the Turkish Empire*§ has been provided to meet the general desire for information on this subject at the present time. It gives a comprehensive view of the chief events in Turkish history from the first appearance and exploits of the Ottoman Turks under Ertoghrul in

* *Peru in the Guano Age; being a Short Account of a Recent Visit to the Guano Deposits.* By A. J. Duffield. Richard Bentley & Son.

† *The Invasion of the Crimea.* By A. W. Kinglake. Sixth Edition. Vol. III. W. Blackwood & Sons.

‡ *Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. A Biography.* Vol. I. S. O. Hutton.

§ *History of the Ottoman Turks.* By Sir Edward S. Creasy. Richard Bentley & Son.

Asia Minor down to the present day. The book, as the author mentions, is chiefly founded on Von Hammer's elaborate researches, but a large number of other authorities have also been consulted; so that it is a valuable digest of the best information.

A selection of the poems of the late Mr. Thomas Hood, or Tom Hood*, as he was more commonly called, with a brief sketch of his life, has been issued as a memorial which will no doubt be appreciated by his friends. Beginning life as a clerk in the War Office, he applied his leisure hours to literary work, and afterwards gave himself up to it exclusively, both in the way of original writing and editing. He seems to have been, as we gather from his sister's memoir—and his verses suggest the same impression—of a simple, kindly nature, not aiming beyond his powers, and contented with his position, though it was a modest one both in income and reputation. His father's fame was rather a disadvantage than otherwise to him, for it suggested a degree of humour to which he could not aspire, and exposed him to an unfavourable comparison. However, he seems to have worked earnestly and industriously within the limit of his powers; he was hardly a poet, but he could run off merry rhymes, which made him a friend of young readers.

The deserved favour with which Mr. Henry Blackburn's annual record of the Royal Academy Exhibitions has been received has led him to bring out a similar publication illustrative of the pictures in the National Gallery.† Of this work the first part—relating to the British School—has just appeared. It gives a description of every picture in the eight rooms, and, as far as possible, in its order on the walls; and in the case of the more important works a small, but very accurate and spirited, reproduction of the original, the aim being, as the author says, to record the composition of pictures for the use of students, and for reference by those who have not had an opportunity of visiting the National Gallery. These illustrations are produced by the Typographic Etching Company. Although the nature of such a work renders it impossible to make it a perfect representation of the collection, it has a value of its own, as an agreeable and instructive memorial of the Gallery, which helps to revive the impressions formed during a visit, while it affords a good idea of the pictures to those who have not seen them. The landscapes are, of course, difficult subjects for this kind of treatment, but they are delicately done, and supply a distinct impression of the outlines and grouping of the scene. In the case of the figure pieces it is really wonderful how much effect is compressed into these little engravings.

These are certainly strange times. A publishing firm has just brought out what is called, oddly enough, *The Leopold Shakspeare*‡, apparently under the impression that nowadays Shakspeare's name by itself will not sell his works, but requires adventitious support. An amiable young prince has therefore been persuaded to shed upon the poor bard the lustre of his distinguished patronage; and Mr. F. J. Furnivall, who seems to be under the impression that the main object of Shakspeare's existence as a dramatist was to furnish himself and other commentators with materials for all sorts of fantastic dogmatizing about the plays, supplies a long prefatory notice. Most people however will, we imagine, think that Shakspeare can stand very well on his own merits, and does not need either patronage or idle commentary. It has also been thought necessary to go to Professor Delius, one of the German luminaries, for the proper text of the works of the great English poet, just as if he had been annexed like Alsace, as well as for an arrangement of the plays in "a conjectural chronological order," which simply comes to this—that he sets aside the dates of the plays as far as they are on record, and substitutes a theoretical account "of the growth and working" of the poet's "art and genius" out of his own fancy. Another feature of the volume is that it includes *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Edward III.*, which have hitherto generally been regarded as not really Shakspeare's work.

In putting together some biographical sketches of celebrated violinists § Dr. Phipson takes the opportunity of protesting against the way in which "ignorant and vulgar-minded persons" confound violins with fiddles, as if they were just the same. The fiddle is a coarse, common instrument, costing only a few shillings, whereas no violin worthy of the name, in the Doctor's opinion, can be had for less than from five to ten pounds; while for a good solo instrument from twenty-five to fifty pounds is the lowest price. Among the eminent performers of whom an account is here given are Lulli, Corelli, the Bannisters, Tartini, Viotti, Paganini, Ole Bull, and various contemporary violinists, such as Ernst, Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Sainton, &c. and some of the stories told of them are very interesting. The Bannisters used to play at the house of Thomas Britton of Clerkenwell Green, the small-coal man who in the day cried his sacks about the town for sale, and in the evening entertained the *dilettanti* of London in a small room over his shop, where he and some of his friends played the violin. All newly-arrived players were eager to appear there. Tartini, who made the discovery of the "third sound," was also, it need hardly be said, the composer of the famous *Trillo del Diavolo*. Paganini, whose strange appearance is well known, had become a tolerable

violin-player at six years of age, and at nine played at a concert where he was very successful. At thirteen he began to write music for the violin, and soon acquired a great reputation throughout Europe. His first concert in London was given at the King's Theatre in 1831, and was attended by a most enthusiastic audience, which screamed with astonishment and delight at the novelty of some of his efforts. It is satisfactory to learn that, as a rule, a good violinist must be a man of high moral and intellectual character.

The Clothworkers' Society has published a Report* by Mr. W. McLaren and Mr. Beaumont, two competent inquirers, into the working of the weaving and other technical schools of Belgium, Germany, and France, which contains useful information.

Mr. John Christian Schetky, late marine painter in ordinary to the Queen, and well known as a professor of drawing in naval schools, is the subject of a simply-written memoir by his daughter.† He was a descendant of Baron Wenceslas von Teschky, who, having through persecution been dispossessed of his estates, transposed the letters of his name, and became plain Herr Schetky. His father, John George, was the eldest son of the secretary of the Landgraf of Hesse-Darmstadt, a good violoncellist and composer, who, happening to go to Edinburgh to play at a concert, and finding the habits and climate of the city suit him, settled there for life. John Schetky was his fourth son, and early showed a love of the sea. Indeed, he was to have entered the navy, and was booked to a ship; but his parents changed their minds, and he had to be content with attaching himself to the service as a marine-painter. He became Drawing Professor at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, and some years afterwards at Addiscombe College; in 1815 he was appointed "painter in water-colours" to the Duke of Clarence, and four years later the Prince Regent made him "marine-painter in ordinary." He seems to have been a clever artist, and ready to turn his hand to anything; but his favourite subject was ships. He probably also owed much of his success in life to his geniality, good-fellowship, and the singing of sailors' songs. He seems to have been very popular in the navy. He moved about a good deal in all sorts of society, with occasional trips abroad; but it can hardly be said that there was anything very remarkable in his life, except the number of bodily accidents which happened to him from his youth upwards, of which the following enumeration is given—being all but drowned in a muddy pool and swallowing lots of tadpoles; being still more nearly drowned in a deep river; falling against a fishwoman and spraining his ankle; falling over the head of his horse; fracturing his knee-cap by hitting it with a cricket-bat; being run over by a carriage-brake; being upset in a boat at Oxford; dislocating his collar-bone by a tumble over a slack rope in the dark; breaking it over again on board the *Victory*; having another fall and hurting his knee-pan on the *Resolution* yacht; being upset in an open carriage; run away with in a carriage; getting his right leg fractured on the yacht above-mentioned; jumping through a window (unadvisedly), and getting his head cut. "And that's all," he winds up, "that I can remember for the present." This was in 1860. Before his death, however, he had at least two more bad falls in close succession; but "the cheerful contentment of a life-time did not desert him." He died in 1874.

A knowledge of the Turkish language seems to be just now very much in requisition; and Mr. Hopkins has brought out a handy elementary grammar‡ of it, with a few easy exercises, which we should think very suitable for beginners. Mr. Edwin Arnold has also compiled "a simple transliterated" grammar§ of the language from various sources, with dialogues and vocabulary.

Mr. Todhunter has produced a manual for beginners in the study of natural philosophy|| which he succeeds in making simple and easily understood, yet adequately full for a general understanding of the subject. The present volume comprises four parts, and treats of the mechanical properties of solid and fluid bodies. The second volume, completing the work, will deal with what Dr. Whewell called the secondary mechanical sciences—those relating to sound, light, and heat. The author is certainly justified in hoping that the early student will here find a satisfactory foundation for his future studies, so that, though he may have something more to learn, he will have nothing to unlearn.

Mr. Crump, in the new edition of his *Key to the London Money Market*¶, brings the work down to the latest date. It contains an introduction giving an account of the fluctuations of the money market, the economization of capital, the system of allowing interest on deposits, the circulation of paper money, and so on; a chronicle of important circumstances which have affected the market; and the Bank of England returns from 1792 to 1876 inclusive, together with some new tables containing the separate totals of the bills discounted by the Bank of England, and the advances, the Exchequer balances, and the London bankers' balances for

* Report to the Clothworkers' Company of London on the Weaving and other Technical Schools of the Continent. By W. S. B. McLaren and John Beaumont. Rivingtons.

† Sketches from the Public and Private Career of John Christian Schetky. By his Daughter. W. Blackwood & Sons.

‡ Elementary Grammar of the Turkish Language. By F. L. Hopkins. Trübner & Co.

§ A Simple Transliterated Grammar of the Turkish Language. By Edwin Arnold. Trübner & Co.

|| Natural Philosophy for Beginners. By L. Todhunter. Part I. Macmillan & Co.

¶ The Key to the London Money Market. By Arthur Crump. Sixth Edition. Longmans & Co.

* Poems Humorous and Pathetic. By Thomas Hood the Younger. Edited, with a Memoir, by Frances Freeling Broderip. Chatto & Windus.

† Pictorial Notes in the National Gallery. The British School. By Henry Blackburn. Chatto & Windus.

‡ The Leopold Shakspeare. Cassell & Co.

§ Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Celebrated Violinists. By D. F. L. Phipson. Richard Bentley & Son.

each week during 1857-76. The percentage or proportion of reserve to liabilities is also recorded.

Mr. Wilson's series of tables* showing the highest and lowest prices of every security will be useful to those who are interested in Stock Exchange transactions.

Mr. Worthington Smith's little shilling handbook telling how to distinguish between edible and poisonous fungi† has reached a third edition, and has, it may be hoped, saved many persons from the risk of a fatal mistake. The illustrations are good; but it would have been worth while to have had them coloured, even at an increase in price.

A new edition of Mr. Redhead's manual of Church song, consisting of the Prayer-Book services‡ for morning and evening, with musical notation, has appeared, with considerable additions and improvements.

Mr. Watts, who confesses to a passion for Icelandic travel, has written an account of a recent journey through some hitherto unexplored parts of the country, including an ascent of the Vatna Jökull§ and a visit to the northern volcanoes, with a view to showing that, though the general aspect of nature in that region is dreary and wild, there is plenty to reward a man of scientific and athletic qualifications for the hardships he has to go through. There can be no doubt that the author himself thoroughly enjoyed the hard work and rough living; but his narrative certainly gives an impression that travel in Iceland is rather monotonous in regard both to scenery and incidents.

Mr. W. G. Walker has reprinted the Acts of 1868 and 1876 relating to suits for the partition of estates||, along with a comprehensive statement of cases, and of the general effect of the law as it stands.

Mr. Hiley has edited another of those text-books of poetry¶ which tend to deaden all sense of poetry by dull and irrelevant pedagogism. It is supposed that a boy capable of understanding Byron requires to be informed that a gazelle is "a species of antelope"; that the "moping fits" of the Childe can only be elucidated by a reference to Gray's *Elegy*; that a certain rough expression applied by Byron to the Church of Rome is from the Book of Revelations; that

Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regained what arms had lost,

needs to be explained by prosaic details of the negotiations referred to. It may be true that "pride of place" is "an expression from falconry," but it is surely enough to take it as a pure poetical phrase; and why should any boy be pulled up at "antithetically mixed" in order that the editor may solemnly remind him of "marvelously mixt" in Young's *Night Thoughts*? Again,

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fever into false creation—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone—

surely does not need to be expounded by such stupid verbosity as, "Nature in her actual beauty never attains to ideal perfection. The Paradise which may be the offspring of our despair passes the power of pen and pencil to delineate." This sort of thing is kept up on every page; and it may be easily conceived that the pupil can have little idea of the flow of poetry when his attention is constantly drawn off from the text by such idle and distracting interruptions.

Mr. Glaister has translated the Life of the Emperor Karl the Great **, written by Eginhard, who was his secretary and private chaplain, and his constant counsellor and companion. The Life was written in Latin and did not exceed more than forty pages, yet it is said to have been the chief literary production of the age. Mr. Glaister supplies an introduction and notes.

Mr. Wynnard Hooper has prepared a revised and corrected edition of Mr. Swan's translation of the popular story-book of the middle ages, known as *Gesta Romanorum*††, which was published in 1824. Mr. Swan did not profess to give a literal translation, but took many liberties with the text; which the revising editor thinks he was entitled to do, considering the loose and careless style of the narrative, though he did not always do it discreetly. Mr. Hooper has therefore gone over the work, adopting it where there was no departure from the old text, restoring passages of importance which had been omitted, and correcting errors in translation. A German writer, Hermann Oesterley, has thrown a good deal of light on the origin of this curious collection of tales; and Mr. Hooper has given a pretty full summary of his conclusions. Douce had a theory that some of the original manuscript of the *Gesta* might be discovered in some of the stores of papers in the monastic and other libraries of Germany, Switzerland, and

* *Stock Exchange Prices*. Effingham Wilson.

† *Mushrooms and Toadstools*. By Worthington Y. Smith. Third Edition. Hardwicke & Bogus.

‡ *The Order for Morning and Evening Prayer; with the Litany and proper Psalms from the Book of Common Prayer, with Musical Notation*. Edited by Richard Redhead. Metcalf & Co.

§ *Across the Vatna Jökull; or, Scenes in Iceland*. By W. L. Watts. Longmans & Co.

|| *The Partition Acts, 1868 and 1876*. By W. G. Walker. Stevens.

¶ *Childe Harold*. With Explanatory Notes. Edited by Walter Hiley. Longmans & Co.

** *Life of the Emperor Karl the Great*. Translated from Eginhard. By W. Glaister. Bell & Sons.

†† *Gesta Romanorum; or, Entertaining Moral Stories*. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. C. Swan. Revised and corrected by Wynnard Hooper. Bell & Sons.

Italy and Spain; but Oesterley states that, after extensive researches, none has been found. The *Gesta* consists of 181 stories, which were first printed about 1473, but which was previously in circulation in a manuscript form, with many variations of text. There was also in England a collection of some of these stories in Latin; and Oesterley admits that it is possible that the collection was of Continental origin, but thinks it probable that it was compiled in England, and thence passed to the Continent, where it was continually altered by additions and corruptions. His theories as to the author of the work are purely negative; that assigning it to Berchorius, the Prior of St. Eloi, being pronounced unproved, and the claim of Helinand equally doubtful. It is also one of his conjectures that at some early period there were collections of stories taken from Roman history in actual use as texts for sermons; and that these were afterwards brought together in order to provide materials for moralizing, the stories being regarded as of only secondary importance, though afterwards they became the chief part, and the moralizing went into the background. In spite of the title which the work bears, it contains, in the form in which it has come down, very little matter really relating to Rome, though the collector, in introducing these stories, prefaces almost every one with the name or reign of a Roman Emperor who in many cases never existed, or had no connexion with the circumstances of the story. Thus in their origin they were probably classical fictions, but were resolved into allegory to suit the purposes of religion. Taking the *Gesta* generally, though they have a curious interest as records of manners, and have sometimes a quaint humour, they are very dull reading, and most people, we fancy, would soon get tired of them.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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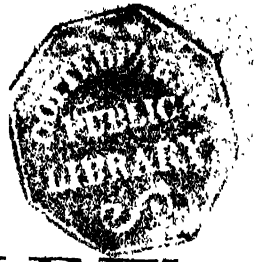
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MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, April 17, Quarter-past Three. St. James Hall.—Pepini, Hollender, Wainelsham, and Leger, with Brothers (Paul of Rubinstein). Quartet No. 1, Op. 41, Schumann; Quintet, Op. 107, Liszt, &c. Ball (first time); Quartet, with Canonist, Op. 12, Mendelssohn; Piano-forte solos, various. Tickets, 1s. 6d., to be had of Lucas & Co., 11, Old Bailey, Bond Street; and Austin, Members can pay at the entrance in Regent Street.—Director, Professor Lilla, Victoria Square.



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THE COMING WAR.

AMONG the reasons which induced Lord HARTINGTON and Lord GRANVILLE to call attention to the late negotiations, a judicious desire to anticipate less discreet politicians may probably not have been wholly inoperative. It was at the same time, according to Parliamentary ethics, a legitimate object to prove that the Government had been altogether or partly in the wrong. Lord HARTINGTON'S censures of the conduct of affairs were stronger than those of his colleague in the House of Lords; but it may be doubted whether the leaders of the Opposition are not content with the fortune which left to their rivals the duty of dealing with an insoluble problem. The interest which attaches to retrospective criticism becomes every day fainter. It may be hoped that the question whether it was well to reject the Berlin Memorandum in the spring of 1876 has been raised for the last time by Lord GRANVILLE. Impartial students of the Blue-books have probably arrived at the conclusion that there was never any chance of persuading either Russia or Turkey to listen to the counsels of England. Lord DERBY, while he disclaimed the authorship of the Protocol, justly observed that, if it had been expressed in stronger language, it would have been still more unacceptable to Turkey; but the truth is that none of the documents which have, during a year and a half, embodied attempts at compromise have practically influenced the course of affairs. The ANDRASSY Note, which was the first of the series, was after a short hesitation signed by all the Powers, and, unlike all succeeding instruments of the same kind, it was immediately accepted by the Porte; yet neither the Berlin Memorandum nor the ultimatum presented by the Conference proved to be more absolutely ineffectual. Turkey has throughout refused to submit to dictation, and Russia had probably many months ago determined on war. The English Government, having rightly or wrongly resolved to maintain entire neutrality, could not restrain ambition on one side or obstinacy on the other. The result of the Conference dispelled the feeling or fancy that the Porte was only encouraged to resistance by confidence in the support of England. The guarantees which were unanimously proposed by the six Powers were rejected with as little hesitation as if they had proceeded exclusively from Russia. The hope which was still faintly entertained of acting on the prudence or moderation of Russia has been not less completely disappointed.

It could not be expected that in either House the leaders of the Opposition should pass over in silence the supposed errors of the Government, especially as they are all attributed to a systematic policy; yet the general impression produced by the debates both in the Lords and the Commons is that the discussion is essentially idle. It is impossible to believe that peace or war depended either on the wording of the Protocol or on Lord DERBY'S Declaration. The English Government may have had good reasons for scrutinizing narrowly the terms of the document which was tendered for signature; and if a mistake was made, it consisted rather in the vague and elastic character of the pledges which were given than in the omission of still more binding covenants. The Declaration, or conditional defeasance, had the merit of placing on record the motives which induced the English Government to undertake any kind of obligation. It was distinctly understood by all parties, and it was plainly stated by Lord DERBY, that the Protocol was accepted for the

sole purpose of facilitating the disarmament of Russia and Turkey. When the negotiations were concluded, all the Governments, with the exception of Russia, supposed that, whatever might be the merits or defects of the Protocol, peace had been patched up for a time. If the Government of St. Petersburg had thought fit to use conciliatory language, the Porte would in all probability have gladly made concessions for the purpose of escaping from a dangerous situation. The overbearing and menacing tone of Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S communications produced, as might have been expected, the opposite effect. It is absurd to assume that a different form of Protocol, with or without an accompanying Declaration, would have altered the decision of Russia. The English Government, whichever party it might have represented, had only two courses between which it could choose. The theory of joint coercion may be recommended by plausible arguments; but, if it is once rejected, the only alternative was to remain neutral, and to try, with or without success, to hinder or delay by diplomatic methods a Russian declaration of war. It is a waste of time to criticize the details of a negotiation which it was always in the power of Russia to render abortive. Lord DERBY'S statement on Thursday night was satisfactory in as far as it furnished an almost superfluous confirmation of the certainty that England will not take part in the defence of Turkey. His intimation that war is inevitable will have dispelled no existing doubts, although Russian journalists strangely affect to assume that there is still a possibility of peace.

The Emperor of RUSSIA and his advisers are exclusively responsible for the war which they have deliberately prepared. The policy of aggression could only have been checked by a union of the Great Powers which was in the actual circumstances impossible. The Russians have achieved the diplomatic triumph of thwarting Lord DERBY'S laborious efforts to preserve peace; and, if they have leisure for the study of English debates, they may perhaps take pleasure in the comments of the Opposition on the alleged blunders of the Government. It is nevertheless not improbable that the Russians would willingly exchange positions with the opponents or backward allies whom they have easily baffled. The advantages of their present enterprise may perhaps be considerable; but they can only be attained at the cost of heavy sacrifices. That the Turks cannot finally repel the invasion of a greatly superior force may be confidently assumed; but General FADAEFF, who has lately arrived with or without a diplomatic commission at Belgrade, long since explained to his countrymen that any conquests which they might effect in Turkey would be held only by the permission of Austria. The able advocate of a Slavonic crusade proceeded to draw the logical inference that the first effort of the Russian forces should be directed against Austria and Hungary; but no such policy is at present contemplated by the Russian Government, and the alliance of the three Imperial Governments still nominally subsists. In two or three weeks the impediments which the weather has placed in the way of an advance will have been removed, and the Russian army will effect an unopposed march from the Pruth to the Danube. As long as the Turkish fleet commands the Black Sea, all stores and munitions must be conveyed by land, without the aid of railways. The passage of the Danube will offer no serious difficulty to capable generals in the command of a superior army, and the next step will be either to besiege or to mask the Turkish

fortresses to the south of the river. It is doubtful whether there will be time to cross the Balkan during the summer and early autumn, and in the winter active operations must be suspended.

The obvious drawbacks to the benefits which the Russians might derive from victories in European Turkey have induced many political and military theorists to conjecture that their more serious operations will take place in Asia. Since the time of the Crimean war the conditions of an Asiatic campaign have been changed or reversed by the conversion of the Caucasus from a barrier against invasion to a basis for aggressive movements. The strength and the destination of the Russian army on the Eastern frontier of Turkey are entirely unknown; and it is possible that large detachments from the Grand Duke Nicholas's army may have been made without attracting attention. It is almost certain that the Turks have drawn the greater part of their disposable forces to the European theatre of war, and they will offer a comparatively feeble resistance to the enemy in their Asiatic provinces. In that quarter there is no neighbouring Power which can in any event deprive Russia of the fruits of victory. Even Persia is more likely to seek for a share in the spoils of Turkey than to assist a Mahometan neighbour; and the conquered tribes of Central Asia, though they would perhaps willingly revolt, will not be formidable enemies to Russia. By overrunning Asia Minor Russia might perhaps take possession of some seaport on the Mediterranean which would turn the obstacle of the Straits. The temptation of effecting easy and permanent conquests will be strong; but perhaps the Russian Government may be embarrassed by its professions of religious and national sympathy with the Christians of European Turkey, who would have no interest in Asiatic triumphs. Altogether, the authors of an unnecessary war are not to be envied. The expenditure which has already been incurred will long weigh heavily on the resources of the Empire; and it is said that large numbers of workmen have been dismissed from employment in consequence of the stagnation of industry. Great efforts will be made to sustain the national credit; but it may be doubted whether, in the contingency of a long war, it will be possible to pay interest on the debt. It is strange that the philanthropists of the Peace Society abstain from noticing a striking illustration of their doctrines.

THE SALFORD ELECTION.

THE Salford election has excited considerable interest, as its result was thought likely to show whether the Government had really lost ground in the constituencies. The electoral body numbers over twenty-two thousand, and the borough is not only in Lancashire, but is close to Manchester, so that the opportunity was offered for testing the popular judgment on a large scale and in a great centre. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT wrote to say that they felt the keenest interest in the issue, and many Liberal members went down to make as exciting speeches as nature or art enabled them to make, and to testify that the eyes not only of England, but of Europe, were fixed on Salford and its election. It was a fight between parties, not candidates. Mr. KAY, the Liberal candidate, was too ill to be present, and Colonel WALKER honestly owned that he could not speak, and contented himself with repeating that he was a Conservative, thanking heaven that he was not a lawyer, and apologizing for himself and his name. Most of the speaking was therefore done by the Liberals, and worse speeches have perhaps seldom been made. Theoretically the electors of Salford were regarded as persons of extreme and extraordinary intelligence; but practically it was considered that there was nothing too silly to be said to them. It is of course quite proper for Liberals to abuse Conservatives during an election time, but there ought to be some measure and method in the abuse. A favourite topic was the coincidence of the reign of a Conservative Government with bad times for trade; not that one was exactly the cause of the other, but, as a poetical speaker put it, they were birds of evil omen that appeared together. The extravagance of the Government was naturally denounced, as it is an axiom of Liberal politicians that all Conservative Governments are inherently extravagant. The appointment of Lord HAMPDEN was once more dug up as a proof of financial recklessness; and, if he should read what was said of him, which is not probable, he would have the

pleasure of finding himself described as a useless old back, provided for by a flagrant job. Mr. TREVELLAN was among the Liberal speakers, and he has too much ability to make any speech that is entirely rapid; but even he seems to have been overpowered by the air of Salford, and condescended to tell a tale of a visit he made in Kent lately, when he was asked to speak to a chance meeting of agricultural labourers. He owns that, being thus suddenly called on, he had nothing in particular to say; but he produced so great an effect on his audience, the labourers listened to him with so much rapt intelligence, and their honest faces beamed with so divine an intellectual light, that he was quite awestruck with horror at the thought that such men, so noble in themselves and so interested in what he said, should not have a vote for their county. When speakers inferior to Mr. TREVELLAN occupied the time of the many meetings held on either side, issues were raised and gravely debated which seem remarkably small for a place of such intelligence as Salford. Mr. CHARLEY, for example, the sitting Conservative member, entered with much zest and animation into the question of the comparative merits of the law books which he has written and the law books which Mr. KAY has written, and he pronounced warmly in favour of the superiority of his own compositions. For such very clever people as the electors of Salford are said to be, there is an air of Batonswill about their election contests which is a matter of some surprise.

There were, however, two points of wide and general interest raised at Salford on which the electors, by returning a Conservative, may be taken to have pronounced an opinion. The first was whether a Liberal is to win a seat by pandering to the crotchets-mongers, and the second was whether the Eastern policy of the Government deserves to be condemned. Mr. KAY went into the deepest depths of trimming. He bid high for the Home Rulers, and equally high for the teetotallers; and he was rewarded with a certificate from Mr. BUTT and a vote of approbation from the Temperance Association. As things turned out, he made a bad bargain, and lost more through the disgust of waverers than he gained through his pliancy to strange supporters. Mr. BUTT's certificate was to the effect that Mr. KAY was ready to support the proposal for a Committee of Inquiry into the claims of the Home Rulers and for the immediate release of the Fenian prisoners, and further to vote straight on Irish questions generally. It may be true that even this amount of wild facility did not enable him to catch the united Irish vote, as some at least of the Irish may be rather Catholics than Home Rulers, and may think more of revenging the wrongs of Poland than of setting up a Parliament where Mr. PARFELL and Mr. BIGGAR would talk on for ever. But, if the undivided Irish vote had been polled for Mr. KAY, he would probably have alienated more voters than he attracted. No issue can be plainer and more simple than that which Home Rule presents. It is the issue whether the British Empire is to be broken up or not. An Englishman may honestly think that even this consequence ought to be faced, and that the Irish claims to have the Empire broken up for their amusement are morally so strong that to contest them is wicked. But, if he thinks so, he ought to say so. The controversy has long since reached a point which makes it impossible to say that any further inquiry is needed. The matter has been thoroughly argued out, and the Liberal leaders have taken quite as decided a position with regard to Home Rule as the Conservative leaders. No one can be more frank and hearty in his opposition to Home Rule than Lord HARTINGTON; and if Mr. KAY so demeaned himself as to get a certificate of good behaviour from Mr. BUTT, he separated himself as distinctly as he could do from the leader of his own party on a vital question. The calculation which a Liberal candidate may be tempted to make, that if he does trundle a little to the Home Rulers he will not do much harm, as the opposition of his own leaders, joined to that of the Ministry, makes the project of Home Rule a baseless dream, is one which the thought of human weakness may excuse, but the appearance of which shocks simple-minded electors, and degrades the candidate himself and the party to which he belongs. So widely is this felt that quite as many Liberals will be pleased that a candidate who got a certificate from Mr. BUTT has been defeated as sorry that a seat has not been wrested from the Conservatives. Mr. KAY obtained the support of the Temperance Association as the price of promising to vote not only for Sir

WILFRID LAWSON'S Permissive Bill, but for the entire closing of public-houses on Sundays. It is not perhaps astonishing that a programme of "No beer and BIGGAR for "Speaker" did not approve itself to the astute intelligence of Salford.

As there were two issues to be decided, it cannot be said on which the result of the election really turned. The electors may have cared more about beer and Home Rule, or they may have cared more about Turkey. But at any rate they did not think the Eastern policy of the Government so wrong that they were willing to send a nominee of Mr. BUTT and the Temperance Association to oppose it. The Liberal members who spoke at Salford drew a distinction between the Ministry and its Parliamentary supporters, and said, what is incontestably true, that many Conservative members are much more intemperate and foolhardy than the Ministry itself, and would gladly plunge the country into a war with Russia. The tone of the House of Commons is very anti-Russian, and the Turks are openly admired for baffling the well-meant projects of Lord DERBY; and it was to curb this feeling that the electors of Salford were invited to send a Liberal to the House of Commons. But electors at a distance cannot go into these refined distinctions. They naturally look at what the Government has done, and ask themselves whether it is to be blamed or not. The only practical question is whether the nation is to be dragged into a war for any other purpose than the protection of British interests. It is difficult to see how any one could have a clearer opinion on this head, or express it more strongly and pertinaciously, than Lord DERBY. He has told the Turks throughout, and he repeated the statement on Thursday night, when war was known to be unavoidable so far as human foresight can go, that the Turks are not to have any assistance from England. He went, indeed, on Thursday much further than he has ever gone before, for he asserted not only that neither France nor Austria would ask England to put the Treaty of 1856 into effect, but he reserved for England the right in any case to consider whether the treaty had not become, as all treaties are liable to become, obsolete by the lapse of time and the change of circumstances. A remark which Russia would more gladly welcome from the lips of an English Foreign Secretary could not be imagined. That the electors of Salford were in favour of leaving Turkey to its fate, whatever that fate may be, was clear, for as to this both sides were agreed; but this way of looking at things did not create any ground of antagonism to the Ministry, which proclaims energetically that it is precisely of the same opinion. The notion that the Ministry may be overturned by its own supporters is a very visionary one, and those who entertain it fail to take into account both the admirable discipline of the party itself and the probability that the more noisy and unruly Conservatives in the Commons may have something of the same feeling which actuates the friends of the Home Rulers, and may calculate that they cannot do much harm when their own leaders and the Opposition are there to prevent the expression of their sentiments having any practical effect.

THE BUDGET.

THE modest Budget of the present year has offered little encouragement to financial theorists. When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could neither remit nor modify the most insignificant tax, elaborate demonstrations that any part of the fiscal system ought to be readjusted can excite but little interest. Captain NOYAN might think himself fortunate in raising a short debate on his plan for an exemption of a fixed portion of every income from taxation. The plan has been often suggested, and it presents a certain show of symmetry; but it would be absurd to relieve the owner of 1,000*l.* a year from a burden amounting to 12*s.* 6*d.*, while the deduction would sensibly affect the public revenue. The exemptions introduced by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE last year were arbitrary and perhaps anomalous, and it is generally agreed that it would not be wise to proceed further in the same direction; but the rough-and-ready mode of relief had the merit of being extended only to the owners of small incomes, or to the poorer section of the middle class. A fixed allowance on incomes large and small would produce no appreciable diminution of discontent. The time is not less unpropitious

for inquiries into the distribution of public burdens. Mr. ANDERSON holds the apparently paradoxical opinion that the poorer classes have within the last few years been subjected to an increased proportion of taxation. If the proposition were established, it would still be impossible to alter the present Budget for the purpose of redressing the supposed inequality. Even if the question were discussed with a practical object at some more convenient time, there is but little chance of a further reduction of duties on consumption, especially as it would necessarily involve an increase of direct taxation. It is possible that, after all the reforms which have been effected in the tariff, the working classes may still contribute more than their due share to the national treasury; but almost the only taxes which they pay are additions to the cost of the beer, the spirits, and the tobacco which they consume. A reduction of the duties on some of these popular luxuries would be almost universally disapproved. It might indeed be well if beer could be cheapened; but both producers and consumers have for some time past discontinued the agitation against the Malt-tax. No Finance Minister is likely to have the whole amount of the tax to spare, and a partial reduction would scarcely affect the retail price of beer.

The economists of a former generation were more fortunate than their successors of the present day in opportunities of denouncing fiscal abuses. Forty years ago the great majority of taxes were demonstrably mischievous, even if the immediate loss to the taxpayer had been put out of consideration. Industry was impeded in innumerable ways; and some imposts, such as the Window-tax, inflicted great injury on the community by affecting personal comfort and health in cases where the tax was evaded. Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE, with some Finance Ministers of less eminence, have gradually removed all glaring hardships and inequalities. It is perhaps because absolute symmetry of taxation seems no longer out of reach that amateur financiers from time to time propose theoretical approximations to their own standard of perfection. The Income-tax has long been the favourite subject of ingenious reformers. Even the crude notion that a distinction ought to be drawn between incomes of longer and of shorter duration from time to time finds utterance in the House of Commons. Chancellors of the Exchequer, having perhaps no inclination to spend their time in teaching the rudiments of economic science, always meet objections by the vague statement that it is impossible to attain perfect equality. The ancient controversy seems likely to die out for want, not of financial theorists, but of a popular audience. The class which was disposed to clamour against the tax has been bought off by liberal concessions of differential rates and exemptions. It is but dull work to expound the grievances of injured classes which are themselves perfectly contented. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or any of his successors become sufficiently prosperous to restore the percentage of two years ago, and to avoid further changes, they will hear little more of the anomalies of the Income-tax. The consumers of tea, of currants, and of a few other commodities which are still liable to Customs duties are scarcely conscious of the artificial addition to the price. One instalment of the free breakfast table has been realized by the abolition of the sugar duty; but it is improbable that tea will for many years be admitted free. If consumption must be taxed, duties ought, as in the case of tea, to be confined to articles which cannot be produced at home. The whole amount of the tax is received by the Treasury, and no tribute is paid to protected producers. In the case of tobacco, legislative prohibition effects the object which in the case of tea or wine is attained by natural unfitness of soil and climate.

The only malcontents who have expressed serious dissatisfaction willingly admit that no redress can be expected until the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is once more in possession of a surplus. The Railway Companies have the advantage of a Report of a Committee in their favour, although Mr. ASHLEY'S speech shows that the members were not unanimous. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE gives little encouragement to prospective demands for relief; and the House of Commons always regards with leniency any special tax which is imposed on a limited section of the community. The brewers are treated with almost deliberate injustice because they are few in number; and also because they are supposed as a rule to be rich. Railway shareholders are sufficiently numerous, and for the most part they are far from rich; but still they form a minority;

and they are often regarded, not in their separate capacity, but as constituent members of large and wealthy corporations. In spite of accepted economic principles, it is generally taken for granted that no part of the tax falls on the consumers or railway passengers. One immediate cause of the agitation against the tax was extremely irritating. It was discovered, after many years of acquiescence on the part of the Government departments, that a legal objection might be raised to claims for exemption, which had been allowed to the Companies. The tax was not leviable on trains which traversed the whole line of a railway, stopping at every station, and paid for at the rate of not more than a penny a mile. In course of time the Companies, greatly to the benefit of the working people, improved the speed of the trains; and it appeared by a judicial decision that they had forfeited their exemption. In taking advantage of the result of an oversight, the Government contended that cheap trains had become unexpectedly profitable; but a tax which is levied in virtue of a subtle interpretation of an enactment which had been intended to produce an opposite result is not satisfactory. The unexpected operation of the law would have been corrected if it had not affected Railway Companies, which have for some mysterious reason incurred the ill will of the House of Commons. The special Income-tax on a large portion of their earnings will almost certainly be maintained; but Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE intimated an intention, not of giving the tax away, but of selling it to Companies which might be inclined to give equivalents in the form of accommodation. In the meantime, the monopolists who are constantly denounced by writers and orators must in some cases submit to pay away more than their whole income in the form of passenger duty. The Companies some years ago prudently declined a commutation which was offered by Mr. LOWE. An extension of the duty to goods traffic might have afforded relief to the Southern lines, which depend for their receipts chiefly on passengers; but it would have been indiscreet to establish the principle of indiscriminate taxation of railway traffic. The discussion, which is not of primary importance, illustrates the exaggerated character of the popular belief in the power of Railway Companies. Directors and shareholders, though they are absolutely unanimous in denunciation of the tax, cannot obtain a hearing.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED GREEKS.

A SERIES of papers has been presented to Parliament illustrating the curious but effective manner in which the Russian Government deals with religious difficulties. In a part of Russian Poland, near the Galician frontier, there has dwelt from time immemorial a population of United Greeks—that is, of persons who at the time of the rupture between the Eastern and Western Churches placed themselves in communion with the latter, but retained the rites and usages of the former. A series of Papal Bulls have been issued at different dates, commencing from the end of the sixteenth century, by which the liberty of these members of the Romish Church to preserve their Greek rites has been guaranteed. But the United Greeks are in many districts scattered among the Polish Catholic population, and for many years a process went silently on by which Romish rites were introduced and the Greek rites were supplanted. The peasantry were attracted by the more gorgeous ritual of the Latin worship, and the landlords—Poles and Catholics—were eager to use their power as patrons of incumbencies to fill the United Greek churches with priests inclined to approach as nearly as possible to the Latin rites. After the Polish insurrection of 1863 the Russian Government decided to stop this process of gradual conversion; for the United Greeks in question are Russians, not Poles, and the Government saw with anxiety this slipping away of a Russian population out of its hands. The higher clergy of the United Greeks sided with the Government, and the lower clergy either followed the example of their superiors or else were summoned before commissioners who asked them their views as to the comparative merits of Greek and Latin rites, and, if the answers were not satisfactory, suspended or banished them. Before long all the United Greek clergy of the district were pledged to uphold the restoration of the pure Greek rite, and it was ordered by the civil and religious authorities that by a

given day the traces of the Latin worship, such as organs and Polish chants, should be altogether swept away. But the congregations rebelled. They had got accustomed to the Latin rite, and claimed that, as their fathers had heard an organ, they might hear one too. The means they took to express their sentiments were of a very practical kind. They attacked their own priests and stoned one to death. Then the military were called in, and the peasants attacked the military. The military retaliated. Some peasants who were actually attacking the soldiers were shot. Others who were in possession of a church into which they refused to admit their priest were flogged, one very vehement woman receiving one hundred lashes. On a much larger number who were in a state of chronic rebellion Cossacks were sent to live, and they were eaten out of house and home. It was only about a tenth part of the Greek population that offered open opposition to the authorities; but this part was very firm, and for a period of two years there was what may almost be termed an agrarian war in the disturbed district. If the soldiers were caught when they could not protect themselves they were waylaid and murdered, and when their numbers enabled them to do as they pleased, the military treated the peasants as Cossacks know how to treat their victims. So far as order was restored, it was due not to the submission of the peasants, but to the increase of the number of the troops to a point which made outward resistance hopeless. The peasants gave up religious worship altogether, and settled down into a state of sullen despair.

The narrative as thus stated takes us down to the latter part of 1874, and it is therefore with some wonder that we find it recorded in April 1875, that all the United Greeks in this part of Poland, to the number of a quarter of a million, had been suddenly and happily converted to the Orthodox Greek Church, and had abjured altogether the Latin worship and the ways and works of Rome. The Russian Government says that this conversion was spontaneous, and was caused by an indiscreet Bull issued by the Pope which did away with the recognition by Rome of the distinctive Greek rites of the United Greeks. This brought home to the people that they must belong to one of the two Churches, and they chose to belong to the Greek Church. They could not bear to be of a different religion from their beloved EMPEROR, and so they all went over to the fold to which he is pleased to belong. In Russia, however, conversion is not an easy matter, even when it is conversion to the dominant religion, and it was some months before these penitent enthusiasts could get permission to be converted to the creed of the Czar. It was only when the Czar had himself gained an adequate assurance of their sincerity that the permission was accorded, and then, by way of a beginning, fifty thousand were allowed the privilege of being converted in a day. An imposing ceremonial, at which delegates from the converted villages attended, gave a fitting solemnity to the occasion. Banners were blessed by an Orthodox Archbishop, and given to the delegates to take home with them, and so beautiful a sermon was preached by a priest who himself was a recent convert that tears trickled down the rugged cheeks of his hearers. In three months two hundred thousand more United Greeks had followed the example thus set, and the religious difficulty was at an end. This is the official account. The account given by adverse critics is widely different. Their view is that this wholesale conversion was entirely due to force. Pressure, to use the vague term employed on such occasions, was exercised until pressure had its effect. Not that the pressure was always very great. No critic could be more hostile to the Russian Government than Colonel MANSFIELD, the English Consul-General at Warsaw, whose communications to the Foreign Office form a large part of the papers now published; and Colonel MANSFIELD was throughout of opinion that the mass of United Greeks were not much interested by the Latin rite, and he ascribes their facile conversion, not only to this indifference, but also to the political action of the Slavonic propaganda, which inclined them to be of the same religion as the head of the Slavonic community. But, in the district where the people clung passionately to the rite to which they had grown accustomed, the conversion was, according to Colonel MANSFIELD, far from being gentle, voluntary, or real. He says that the peasants bitterly complained of the conduct of the delegates, who had no authority to represent them, and he

relates a story of a village where the peasants were driven by soldiery through a half-frozen river up to their waists in water to the parish church, where they were made to sign a petition praying for permission to be converted. Even after the conversion was nominally completed, painful differences arose between the peasants and their priests. The peasants insisted on having miracles. The VIRGIN appeared and a crucifix bled; and a priest was much maltreated for venturing to explain that the bleeding was an exudation of resin.

When any attempt is made to pass judgment on transactions of this kind the first thing is to get at the facts; and here the usual experience of atrocity stories repeats itself, and examination shows that it is hard to come at the true story. Colonel MANSFIELD was at Warsaw, where he heard anecdotes related to him by Poles, and these anecdotes of Catholic Poles were his authority for his statements. Lord AUGUSTUS LORTUS treated the communications of Colonel MANSFIELD with coolness, and when he sought corroboration for them he ascertained that no statements of cruelty having been committed had been transmitted from the Austrian Consul-General at Warsaw to the Austrian Embassy at St. Petersburg. This does not at all show that the stories told by the Poles were not true, but it shows that stories about Russian atrocities, like stories about Turkish atrocities, must be taken with a prudent reserve. Then it must be observed that all the alleged cruelties, or almost all, were committed by soldiers who had been attacked in carrying out their military duty. It was the peasants who attacked the soldiers, and not the soldiers who attacked the peasants. The priest recognized by law was being placed in possession of his church by the authorities, and the congregations resisted by violence the action of the authorities. It is the barbarous use of the lash that shocks Western readers; but it is a barbarism in complete harmony with the savage customs of Russia. If the story of the peasants being driven through freezing water to sign the petition is true, this was an indisputable instance of religious persecution; but most of the anecdotes are tales of the vengeance of soldiers placed in danger of their lives while carrying out the commands of their superiors. That the authorities should interfere to impose a priest on a congregation which does not like him is only an act of persecution when the law allows a congregation to choose what doctrines and rites its priest shall follow. The law recognized, and had for centuries recognized, the United Greeks as having a peculiar religious position, and it was the congregations and not the priests or the authorities who claimed to have this position altered. Nor, again, is it very reasonable to doubt that the Papal Bull of 1874, coupled with the preaching of grand Slavonic ideas, contributed largely to the sudden conversion of the mass of the United Greeks. The many discomfords attending their position as United Greeks, left out, as it were, in the cold between the two religions, had probably much to do with the change; but other motives had also so much to do with it that to call this conversion a forcible one would be unfair both to the converters and the converted. If the whole matter is looked at fairly, it is not so much any exceptional atrocities of the Russian Government that we discover in this instance. It is rather the ordinary character of the Russian Government apparent throughout, its ruthlessness carrying out of its pleasure, the barbarism of its instruments, the iron tyranny which treats all conversion and all incitements to conversion as crimes unless the State is pleased to approve of the change, the apprehension hanging over every one of exile to Siberia, or banishment or deportation to an unknown settlement where life may be endurable, but old friends are lost, and strangers are set as spies over the newcomer—it is all these things that make us recoil from Russia and the Russian Government, and lament that any fresh portion of the human race should come under the dominion of the Czar.

FRANCE AND RELIGION.

THE condition of Europe at this moment offers a singular contrast to the predictions which used to be common some five-and-twenty years since. It was then popularly supposed that the age of theological enthusiasm had finally passed away. The world had not then come to the conclusion that it could do without a religion altogether, but

it was for the most part content with a creed which it called Christianity, and which was made up in about equal parts of the pleasanter side of Christian morality and the more obvious results of Free-trade. International Exhibitions were supposed to have taken the place of religious functions, and the ennobling aspiration that the produce of all parts of the world might be admitted everywhere free of duty was accepted as an excellent substitute for the old-fashioned doctrine that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The Papacy in particular was regarded as a played-out institution. The Catholic nations were slowly but steadily growing more enlightened, and as no Protestant would ever again dream of anything so antiquated as persecution, this progress might be trusted to go on without let or hindrance. It was even hoped that in time the POPE would himself see what an anachronism he was in Europe, and after a slight show of resistance consent to some convenient arrangement by which he would retain a certain titular dignity, and enjoy the sort of deference from his spiritual children that a kindly old annuitant may expect to obtain from a family to which he has nothing to leave. In short, a religious peace had been arrived at by the reciprocal indifference of Protestants and Catholics. The one was supposed to see nothing that it was essential to attack; the other nothing that they much cared to defend. The spectacle presented to-day has absolutely nothing in common with the spectacle which might have been looked for after a quarter of a century of this gradual advance towards a commercial millennium. With the solitary exception that France is trying to pretend to feel interested in a possible Exhibition next year, all the conditions have changed. Theological enthusiasm never ran higher. Since the age of the Reformation there has never been anything corresponding to the existing aspect of intellectual Europe. The disintegration of religious belief has undoubtedly gone on much more rapidly and thoroughly than was expected. But, instead of having the effect of bringing men together in a kind of languid acceptance of the substitute most popular at the moment, it has arrayed them in two camps, each of which is daily going forth to the fight and shouting for the battle. The Papacy, though its temporal dominion has disappeared, holds a religious sway more potent than it has exercised for centuries. In Prussia the whole apparatus of persecution has been revived against the Catholics, while Italy seems bent on improving upon Prussian example, and making it impossible for Catholics and non-Catholics to live together except as armed and watchful foes. In France, the most theologically careless of Continental countries, a Catholic reaction is going on before which political passion grows pale. Nothing is talked of, nothing is thought of, but religion, and, no matter in what a controversy begins, it is sure to end in theology. Even the destruction of the POPE's temporal power, which at one time seemed as complete as that of the Holy Roman Empire, is no longer acquiesced in. Catholic hopes of its restoration are no longer set down by the wiser heads of the Church as mere pious fancies; they are accepted as counters having a certain positive value in the game. Without expecting it or knowing it, we have drifted into a region of theological tempest from which no one can see any issue.

It is in France especially that the religious question swallows up all others. It might have been thought that, in a country which is only separated by an interval of three years from a constitutional controversy of the first magnitude, religious disputes would have held a subordinate, if an important, place. The best evidence of the falsity of this anticipation is to be found in the fact that the revision of the Constitution which will be possible in 1880 seems hardly thought of except as it affects the religious future of the country. It may be safely assumed that French politicians have not suddenly and universally become keenly interested in religion; but, what is quite as much to the purpose, they feel themselves driven to feign an interest which they do not feel. This may be an important distinction as regards their souls' health, but it has next to no importance as regards the course of affairs. The passion must exist, or they would not feel it incumbent on them to profess to be possessed by it. Even within the last twelve months there has been a change in this respect. Conservatism has found that even in France it cannot command the enthusiasm which it needs for its work unless it can invoke some more ardent sentiment than the wish to keep what you have and to add what you can to it. It is not

long since both Legitimists and Bonapartists seemed to be using the Church for their own purposes. To-day it would be nearer the truth to say that it is the Church that is using the Legitimists and Bonapartists for her own purposes. Even the adherents of the Count of CHAMBORD have to put forward the religious blessings of a restoration as those which most make it a thing to be desired; and though the Second Empire is a little too fresh in men's recollections to allow the Bonapartists to claim quite the same eminence in piety, yet they are anxious to make it appear that in this respect NAPOLEON IV. would not come far behind HENRY V. The son of a man who in his day had more to do with secret societies than he afterwards cared to remember has found it necessary to give a formal denial to the statement that he had become a Freemason, and a stronger proof could hardly be afforded of the hold which ecclesiastical ideas have over the most secular of French politicians.

M. GAMBETTA's position illustrates the same tendency from the opposite side. It is probable that, if M. GAMBETTA had been able to choose his part freely, he would have wished to conciliate the clergy rather than alienate them. He has shown this disposition as regards the two other classes which the French democracy most hates—the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry—and there is every reason why he should equally have shown it as regards the clergy. No man knows better than he that, if the Republic is to be firmly set up in France, it must rest on the basis of a large common agreement. To get it accepted by various sections of the population as the system of government under which they will have the freest scope for their several energies is the object which he has all along proposed to himself, and if among these sections the clergy could have been included, the success of the Republic would have been assured. But M. GAMBETTA has seen that this consummation is made impossible by the division existing between the Church and the democratic party. To what extent this division is radical and permanent is a question which does not concern the immediate political issue. The Church as it is and the democracy as it is cherish a mutual hatred of the intensest kind. The gulf between them is one which even M. GAMBETTA's skill in compromise could not hope to bridge over. If he had crossed it himself, he must have crossed it without a follower; and a Radical leader without a Radical party would have been a convert of no consideration. Neither side will accept anything but complete submission. The democracy wishes to see the Church destroyed; the Church wishes to see the democracy subjected to the stern but salutary discipline of an absolute Government. In these circumstances a Republican leader is almost forced to choose his side, and he soon finds that, if he is to choose at all, there is but one choice open to him.

The latest ecclesiastical excitement in France is the letter of the Bishop of NEVERS to Marshal MACMAHON, and the rebuke which the Cabinet has been compelled to administer to the BISHOP. The faithful of the diocese of Nevers cannot complain that they have not a sufficiently vigorous shepherd. No mediæval Pope ever told a King his duty with more plainness than Mgr. DE LADOUE has used towards the President of the French Republic. As the Bishop of a Catholic people, he feels bound to tell the MARSHAL that the position of affairs in Italy has become intolerable; that the spiritual liberty of the POPE is of more importance to a Catholic nation than the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce with England; and that though it may not be in the MARSHAL's power to do anything for the POPE at this moment, he ought at least to leave Europe in no doubt as to the feeling of the French Government towards the rival powers which claim Rome as their capital. Let the MARSHAL declare plainly that the France of ST. LOUIS and CHARLEMAGNE has nothing in common with the Italian Revolution. He will thus make France the natural rallying-point of Catholics all over the world, and at all events escape responsibility for the crimes of which Italy is the theatre. Marshal MACMAHON has probably a soldier's dislike to see the clergy invading a province not their own; but the censure which he has ventured to administer will not disprove of the spirit which has called it forth.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE Railway Commissioners have lately, in compliance with the Act by which they were constituted, published their third annual Report. As on former occasions,

they hint at the expediency of increasing powers which have in some instances been so exercised as to cause considerable alarm. There is no doubt that the Commissioners have discharged their duties with zeal and integrity; but it was observed that during a considerable time the two lay members who were left alone by the illness and death of Mr. MACNAMARA decided important questions as confidently as if they had been Judges of the highest authority. No tribunal deals with property of greater magnitude; and some of the precedents which are established may affect the value of all the railways in the kingdom. It is always inexpedient to question without urgent necessity the soundness of the decisions of any judicial body; but it is generally thought that the Railway Commissioners have too habitually refused to allow of appeals to a superior Court. In the majority of cases recorded in the Report only questions of fact were in dispute; and in other instances the Commissioners under the Act discharged the functions of arbitrators. It must be presumed that they arrived at sound conclusions; but it may be remarked that neither the judgments which are published nor the general Report furnish sufficient materials for forming an opinion on the merits of the different cases. The evidence and the arguments on either side are necessarily omitted; and it is only possible to discover that the judgments are carefully drawn, and that they may probably be sound. If each Division of the Supreme Court were compelled to publish a similar Report, the result would not be edifying, although judgments on points of law are more useful than accounts of issues of fact. The Report of the Railway Commission is analogous to a report of cases decided at Nisi Prius. A prefatory summary of decided cases has an apologetic air which scarcely becomes the dignity of a judicial body. In several instances the Railway Commissioners give an account of disputes in which they have ultimately had no need to exercise a discretion. It seems scarcely worth while to print at the public expense a statement that two Companies made an arrangement for the division of the proceeds of certain traffic in agreed proportions.

In cases where a formal judgment has been given, the issue is sometimes absurdly small and totally isolated. A certain Company refused to allow another Company to use its running powers by placing on the railway an engine which was said to be dangerously wide. "We decided that," except where less than a space of six feet had been "allowed between the sidings in the station-yard, the engine was not unfit to be used." It may be collected from the special proposition that, if an engine were too wide, the running Company could not compel the owning Company to admit it on their line. In their capacity of arbitrators, the Commissioners have promoted the public interest by construing with legal strictness ambiguous agreements by which Companies have pledged themselves to restrict the railway accommodation of a district. These agreements have generally acquired Parliamentary validity by being scheduled to Acts; but they fortunately admit of being explained away; and the Commissioners are more ready than ordinary arbitrators to limit the operation of treaties made for purposes of obstruction. A student of the Report must be actuated by morbid curiosity if, except for some practical object, he seeks to comprehend a narrative of the judgment which regulates the times of arrival and departure of the Caledonian trains. The question may probably have been of some importance to the Scotch Companies, and even to the passengers by their lines. The North British Company possessed statutory powers to compel the Caledonian Company to run trains in conjunction with their own. An improvement in the corresponding service of the English Companies affected the time of the Scotch trains; but the Caledonian Company seems to have objected to alter its time-table. The Commissioners gravely state that they have given the relief demanded in respect of three trains; but that they have left the fourth train without alteration. In the same manner a County Court Judge might, if he were compelled to publish his decisions, inform the Crown and the community in general that he had ordered a defendant to pay one part of his debt in a single sum; that he had allowed him time to discharge another part of the claim; and that a third charge had been wholly disallowed. As the law in England is principally extracted from judicial decisions, it is necessary that the determination of legal questions should be known to lawyers; but the provision of Reports is left wholly to private enterprise, while the opinion of a

half-day tribunal that a special agreement is to receive a certain construction is solemnly recorded in a Blue-book.

Several cases are reported in which the Commissioners have decided, for or against Railway Companies, alleged cases of undue preference. Private traders may deal, if they find it their interest, on different terms with their various customers; but, by Mr. CARDWELL'S Act of 1853, Parliament properly restrained Railway Companies from preferring one freighter or carrier to another. The Court of Common Pleas afterwards, by an obviously just interpretation of the Act, allowed Companies in certain cases to grant lower terms to large customers in consideration of greater cheapness or of higher profit. Whether the requisite conditions of differential rates are satisfied is a question proper to be decided in each separate case. The Commissioners have probably, in determining such disputes, given due weight to the facts and arguments on both sides; but they could not alter the principle of the Act as it had been construed by the Court of Common Pleas. If the tribunal is reconstituted when the term appointed by the statute expires, Parliament will do well to omit in a new Act the obligation to report a trivial dispute between a carrier and a Railway Company. It is barely possible that the Reports may furnish arguments to counsel engaged in similar inquiries before the Commissioners; but, even as precedents, former judgments will, from difference of circumstances, be in most cases irrelevant or misleading. The Commissioners themselves are perhaps not unwilling to call attention to decisions which may be thought to prove the utility of a special tribunal. If similar provision were made for the litigation which arises in other branches of business, the Law Courts, which have already occupied many years in construction, would require indefinite extension. There is not the smallest reason why cases of undue preference in contravention of the Act of 1853 should not be heard and decided by the regular Courts. The Commissioners boast at the beginning of their Report that the number of applications has been greater in three years than it had been in the interval between 1853 and the establishment of the Commission. It is true that the existence of a remedy for undue preference is now more generally understood than in former years, and it is possible, though it is not certain, that the proceedings before the Commission may be speedier and cheaper than before the Common Pleas; but against any saving to suitors must be set the charge on the public funds of several thousands a year for a Commission which is not yet provided with full employment.

Some cases which are not included in the present Report have raised grave doubts as to the powers of the Commissioners. In a well-known instance one of two competing Companies, wishing to obtain access to a line and station of the rival Company, and not having sufficient ground to appear in assertion of its claim, was allowed by the Commissioners to use local bodies as its instruments for obtaining a considerable pecuniary advantage to itself. By an ingenious fiction the real applicant appeared as a co-defendant in the suit, and displayed apparent public spirit by ostentatious readiness to comply with the judgment of the Commissioners in his favour. The promoters of the litigation had been defeated in an attempt to obtain the same benefit in an inquiry before a Parliamentary Committee; but the Commissioners assumed a right to provide for the public convenience without regard to the respective rights of the Companies who were the substantial principals in the dispute. In other cases the Commissioners have inclined to favour applications for the improvement of railway stations at the expense of the Companies, and they have not even inquired whether the Companies possessed capital applicable to the purpose. It would be hasty and unreasonable to assume that any tribunal has misunderstood or exaggerated its powers; but, if the Commissioners have rightly interpreted their own jurisdiction, it would seem that Parliament must inadvertently have conferred anomalous powers on a body which can never have been intended to possess an almost unlimited right of interference with property. Two years hence the Commission will expire unless its powers are renewed; and it will then be possible, if the ordinary Courts cannot be trusted with railway litigation, to limit, to define, or to extend the attributes of the Commission.

HOW TO WASTE PUBLIC TIME.

IF Mr. BIGGAR were capable of taking a lesson, he might have profited by a little incident which occurred on Monday evening. Had any other member given a solitary vote in support of an amendment not of his own introducing, and then challenged the SPEAKER'S decision, it is probable that the mover would have been touched by this devoted exhibition of discipleship, and would have given the supporting Aye which it seems is a necessary qualification for tellership. But the prospect of marching into the lobby in close companionship with the great chief of the obstructives was too much for Sir A. GORDON'S self-possession. He sat mute when Mr. BIGGAR a second time declared that the Ayes had it, and suffered his amendment to fall to the ground in preference to prolonging its existence by Mr. BIGGAR'S aid. If more members would follow Sir A. GORDON'S example, we should not despair of seeing the strategy of the obstructives work its own defeat. There must be many members who have long been dimly conscious of wasting the time of the House of Commons, but have never been really convinced of their sin until they saw it reproduced in colossal proportions in Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL. If these gentlemen would only give full play to their penitient emotion, the gain might more than compensate for the weary hours which must be laid at the door of those two members. As yet, unfortunately, Sir A. GORDON seems to stand alone in his determination to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of Mr. BIGGAR. On this same evening the progress of the Mutiny Bill through Committee was several times delayed by amendments which, if they were not moved with the same purpose as Mr. BIGGAR'S or Mr. PARNELL'S, had very much the same effect. As soon as it became plain that the Irish obstructives had fixed upon the Mutiny Bill as the one which would most easily lend itself to their tactics, the proper course for all other members would have been to accept it *en bloc*. Any really important amendment might have been communicated privately to the SECRETARY OF STATE, and the forbearance shown in not moving it would of itself have given it some claim on his official consideration. Mr. PRIER TAYLOR may be acquitted of any desire to stand well with the Home Rulers; but he has not yet shown himself capable of imposing silence on himself in order not unintentionally to play into their hands.

It will be a very great advantage if the terrible example set by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL should lead other members seriously to consider their ways. A correspondent of the *Times* has bidden us take comfort on the score that the House has been relieved of at least half the private business it had formerly to get through, that opposed private business has decreased in more than its natural proportion; that there are no longer any Election Committees; and that it is now very rare for a debate to be continued more than two nights. These grounds of consolation do not seem to be very substantial. The diminution of private business is a saving of time to individual members rather than to the House of Commons. Committees sit in the morning, and, though the hours between twelve and four may be more agreeably passed now than they were ten years ago, it does not make much difference to the public that the members come into the House rather fresher for work. The shortening of debates is the result mainly of accidental causes. If questions of equal importance with those formerly submitted to Parliament should again come up, or if the Opposition should improve in organization and backbone, there would once more be long debates on the second reading of Bills. Besides which the gain, if gain it be, is pretty well neutralized by the immensely longer time which it takes to pass a Bill through Committee. The notice paper gets constantly fuller of notices of amendments, and questions which are supposed to be settled by the rejection of one amendment are raised again and again upon others which are little more than a reproduction of the first, with such colourable differences as are required to evade the eye of the Chairman of Committees. The abuse of questions is less mischievous in its results than the abuse of amendments, because, as no discussion is allowed on questions, the longest list must be got through pretty early in the afternoon. But it is even more an indication of haste to waste time, or rather perhaps of gross indifference as to how much time is

wasted. It is conceivable that a member should persuade himself that the alterations which he wishes to see effected in a Bill are so important that all other business should give way to them. It is charitable to suppose that, if he had not thought them of some consequence, he would not have proposed them, and a man easily exaggerates the significance of changes which he has himself suggested. But no one can be under any delusion as to the trumpery nature of more than half the questions asked in the House of Commons. Some of them relate to matters with which, on any reasonable theory of Parliamentary jurisdiction, the House of Commons has nothing to do. Others are questions which contain their own answer, or have already been answered by events. Others are asked with no other motive than that of making a Minister say Yes or No when it is believed that he has some reason for preferring to say neither. Perhaps the silliest and most needless question ever put was asked last Monday. An old woman had died in great destitution, and it appeared at the inquest that she had been in receipt of an annuity of 5*l.* from some City Company. The funds from which this annuity was provided had been intended for the assistance of persons who were just able to keep themselves off the parish, and it was consequently one of the conditions that they should not be given to paupers. If there had been any machinery for investigating the circumstances of the annuitants, this old woman would no doubt have been told that, as she had no means of subsistence other than the annuity, she was not one of the persons for whom it was designed, and consequently that she had better go into the workhouse. In the absence of such machinery, it was naturally assumed that, as she continued to draw the annuity, she was able to make a living without applying to the Guardians. Unfortunately her independence was greater than her dread of suffering, and, rather than become a pauper, she was willing to starve. The parochial or charitable organization of the district may have been at fault in not ascertaining the state she was in, but it is clear that the persons who gave the annuity were in no way to blame. As a matter of principle, such gifts ought not to be given to persons in receipt of parish relief, and the decision whether a particular case is one for private charity or the Poor-law is not one for the consideration of a City Company. Yet all these facts—facts which on the face of them showed that the matter was not one with which the House of Commons could have any concern—were duly set out in the shape of a question to the HOME SECRETARY.

The motive in all these cases is substantially the same. It is the fussy desire of notoriety which men feel who have neither the ability to make themselves really conspicuous figures in Parliament nor the common sense which would show them that, without this ability, they had better remain contentedly obscure. The changes which the composition of the House of Commons has undergone of late years have naturally tended to bring men of this class into greater prominence. Everybody knows that no man is so fond of having a finger in other people's business as the man who has retired from business on his own account. The habit of being occupied survives, though the occupation itself is gone. The House of Commons now contains a large proportion of members of this type. They have made their fortunes, and gone into Parliament, and the consequence is that Parliament is the place in which their capacity of boring others in preference to being bored themselves finds its natural and ample field. Something must of course be put down to their desire to stand well with their constituents. The fact that a member's name is associated with a list of amendments that fills a page of the notice paper may be turned to some account in the borough which he represents. The electors do not know that these amendments are pure motions of straw, that there is not the least intention on anybody's part of pressing them, and that their destined fate is to be snubbed by the Minister who has charge of the Bill, and then modestly withdrawn. So long as they are still in the future, they look as imposing as though the acceptance or rejection of them were vital to the fortunes of the Bill, and by the time that they have been dismissed to limbo their author will have another set ready, which, will have the same local notoriety and the same Parliamentary insignificance. Now that the time of the House of Commons has become too short for all it has to do, interruptions of this kind are no longer innocent. Twaddle may employ as many hours as treason, and when the

Session is not at all too long for the necessary business of Parliament if that business is to be properly done, a member who appropriates any part of it to his own private and particular use does as much injury to the public as is compatible with his natural endowments. Unfortunately the diagnosis of the complaint carries us but a very little way towards the discovery of a cure.

FACTORY AND WORKSHOP LEGISLATION.

A BILL which aims at amending and consolidating the whole law relating to factories and workshops may seem, in the present state of public business, to stand but a poor chance of becoming law this Session. A hundred clauses, in almost every one of which lurks something that is inconvenient to employers, afford a tremendous field for that guerilla opposition which every year becomes more formidable. The only chance that such a measure has lies in the known determination of the Government to pass it, and if Mr. Cross can bring his colleagues to give this importance to the Factories and Workshops Bill, it will be well that they should let their resolution be known from the first. It might help to smooth matters if before next Thursday a statement was prepared showing what are the parts of the Bill that introduce any change into the law. A consolidation Bill which is treated as entirely a new measure runs a tremendous risk of being talked out. The present Bill repeals and re-enacts some twenty statutes; and unless some effort is made to restrict the debate on its provisions to those which are really new, there is no reason why the progress in Committee should not be as slow as though all the twenty Acts were under discussion. It will be a very great gain to have the Bill passed, even though it should only consolidate the existing laws. At present there are Factory Acts, Workshop Acts, Factory Extension Acts, and Workshop Regulation Acts; and the restrictions upon employment imposed by one of these Acts are hardly even an index to the restrictions upon employment imposed by the others. In some instances the distinction corresponds with a real distinction in the character of the labour, but in others it is purely arbitrary. This state of things increases the work of the Inspectors, leaves great room for evasion, and even for genuine ignorance of the law, and irritates those employers who think that they are more hardly dealt with than their neighbours. The Reports of the Factory Inspectors are full of examples of all these inconveniences arising from the present confused state of the law, and if Mr. Cross succeeds this year in putting an end to it, he will have made a considerable addition to his legislative successes.

Anything like detailed criticism on a Bill of this nature must be reserved for a later stage of its progress. All that can now be attempted is to give a general view of what it proposes to make law. The Bill begins by providing that all factories and workshops shall be kept clean, free from offensive effluvia, not overcrowded to a degree injurious to health, and so ventilated as to render harmless the gases and other impurities generated in the course of the manufacture. In the next place, certain specified machinery is to be securely fenced, and the Inspector may call on the occupier of any factory to fence any machinery not so specified if it shall appear to be dangerous. In this case an appeal will lie to arbitrators appointed by each side. The same process may be resorted to in the case of grindstones which are either faulty or insecurely fixed. The remainder of the first part of the Bill relates to the employment of women and children. Women are not to be employed in any textile factory, except during a period of twelve consecutive hours, beginning either at six or seven in the morning and ending either at six or seven in the evening. Out of these hours not less than two, shall be devoted to meals, and no woman or young person shall be employed continuously for more than four hours and a half. The regulations about the employment of children are more complicated. In factories no child—that is, no person under fourteen—can be employed except on alternate days, or on the morning or afternoon of successive days. The rules for non-textile factories and for workshops are substantially the same as for textile factories except that in some particulars a little more work is allowed to be done in them. Women employed in workshops which employ children are to be treated as though they were "young persons"; but where no children or young persons are employed, women may be employed for a period of not more than twelve

hours, inclusive of meals, between 6 A.M. and 9 P.M. The hours assigned for meals must be the same for all children, young persons, and women employed in the factory or workshop. Children who are employed in the morning must go to school in the afternoon, children who are employed in the afternoon must go to school in the morning, and children who work every other day must attend school in the morning and afternoon of the alternate day. If a child has not made the proper number of attendances in any week, he will not be allowed to go to work until he has made up the deficient attendances. The principal teacher of the school at which a child attends may apply to the employer to deduct the schooling of the child from his wages, and the employer must thereupon pay over the deducted pence to the teacher. In the case of persons under sixteen there is a further provision that they shall not be employed in factories or in certain classes of workshops without a medical certificate that they are physically fit for it. In the case of those who hold these certificates, the Inspector may insist upon a fresh examination being made of any person under sixteen whom he thinks to be unfit for work.

Certain classes of factories and workshops are subjected to exceptional exemptions, and also to exceptional disabilities. In places where grinding, glazing, and polishing on a wheel is carried on, the Inspector may order the use of a fan to prevent the inhalation of dust; and where flax or hemp is spun in a wet state the workers must be protected from water and steam. Children and young persons are not to be employed in certain specified processes which are specially injurious to health. In certain other unhealthy employments no child or woman is allowed to remain during meals in those parts of the factory or workshop in which particular processes are carried on; and the SECRETARY of STATE may extend this prohibition to other classes of workshops if it shall appear to him necessary, or may rescind it if he shall be of opinion that the need has ceased. The list of exceptions as regards hours of work is a very long one. In certain cases in which the customs or exigencies of the trade either generally or in any particular locality require it, the SECRETARY of STATE may permit work to begin later in the morning and end proportionately later in the evening. In lace factories a boy above sixteen may begin work as early as four in the morning or as late as ten in the evening, provided that his hours of actual work do not exceed nine, that, if he is employed early in the morning, he shall not be employed late at night on the same day, and that if he is employed late at night he shall not be employed early in the morning of the next day. Several trades have certain liberty in the matter of hours specifically granted to them. In cases in which the business depends on the weather or on the season of the year, young persons and women may be employed for fourteen hours on any one day, provided that they are not so employed for more than five days in any one week, or for more than forty-eight days, or, in the case of women, ninety-six days, in the year. Where the process at which children or women are employed is in an incomplete state at the end of the day, they may be employed for half an hour longer on condition that their aggregate work in that week does not exceed the proscribed number of hours. Boys above fourteen may be employed at night provided that they are not employed during the day preceeding or following, and that they are not employed more than six nights in a fortnight. Inspectors appointed under the Act will have power to enter any factory or workshop, taking with them, if need be, a constable or a certifying surgeon, to require the production of all documents kept in pursuance of the law, and to examine any person whom they find employed in a factory or workshop, or whom they have reasonable cause to believe to be employed there, or to have been employed within the two months preceeding. Any person delaying to admit an Inspector, or concealing from him any child or woman, will be deemed guilty of obstruction. The Inspector will have the power of appointing certifying surgeons. The name and address of the Inspector and surgeon, with an abstract of the Act, must be affixed at the entrance of every factory or workshop so as to be easily read by the persons employed.

It will be seen that, though the particular provisions of this Bill may need consideration and revision, it would be difficult to make the scope of it more comprehensive. The whole area of women and children's labour is covered by it; and, as regards the former at all events, it

will probably be contended that there is rather too much interference with their right to make their livelihood at their own pleasure. The Bill has the merit of being as simple and intelligible as the complicated character of its provisions will admit; and, if it is passed, we shall for the first time know what the precise law about factories and workshops is.

MR. CROSS AND THE TICHBORNE DEPUTATION.

IT is much to be regretted that the HOME SECRETARY, though as usual acting with the best intentions, should have made the great mistake of departing from an old and sound precedent in granting what Mr. WHALLEY himself has admitted to be "the unusual privilege of a personal interview" to a set of persons who wish to upset the ordinary course of justice. Mr. WHALLEY also explained that "the deputation desired to have the opportunity of bringing before the right honourable gentleman such further evidence as might be available in support of the appeal on behalf of the convict that he was the person he pretended to be—ROGER TICHBORNE, or, at all events, not ARTHUR ORTON, or, failing to establish either of those propositions, that he had not had the means of conducting his defence in such a manner as justice required." It appears that the HOME SECRETARY was not beforehand aware of the particular points which the deputation wished to bring under his notice; but he can have had no doubt as to that after Mr. WHALLEY'S explanation. Indeed, he himself desired the deputation "plainly to understand that it had not been the practice in this Office for the SECRETARY of STATE ever to receive a deputation in respect to any criminal, and therefore it was quite impossible to allow any discussion on the merits of the case itself." And there he ought clearly to have stopped, or rather he ought to have in the first instance refused to receive the deputation for this obvious and well-established reason. Yet he not only fell into this error, but even allowed Mr. DE MORGAN to justify the unquestionably unlawful tumultuous gathering in close proximity to the Houses of Parliament on the previous evening; and did not stop even Mr. SKIPWORTH, although his previous eccentricities were so well known, until he made a declaration that there was "a very serious agitation in the country upon this question, and that it had gone on increasing, and was likely to increase, and that nothing but an outbreak —." And here, at last, it dawned on Mr. CROSS that this was not language to which a Minister could listen. But, unfortunately, he again put himself back into a false position when, after this outrageous demonstration, he said, "I thought it best for me to say what I had to say to you in this room, and to state to you exactly the views, not only of this Government, but of any other Government, on that point"; and that it was "only right that you should understand that, while I meet you here, in a somewhat unusual way, to speak to you privately, and not from my place in Parliament, if a motion should be made to hear any one from the Bar as asked, I should feel bound to advise the House not to accede to it." It is obvious that nothing can be more inconvenient and dangerous than to permit pressure of this kind to be brought to bear on a Minister in order to get Government to overrule the ordinary administration of justice; and it is to be hoped that a firm stand will in future be made against such illogical and useless concessions as that which Mr. CROSS has granted in this case. At the time of the Hyde Park riots, the Minister who had to discuss the question with the leaders of the mob was moved to tears; and the present HOME SECRETARY'S fatherly and confidential talk with the TICHBORNE deputation seems to be a weakness of the same kind.

THE VICTORIOUS CITY.

ALTHOUGH Cairo is, strictly speaking, in Africa, it is the most intensely and typically Asiatic city in the world. Except, perhaps, at Damascus, there is no other place in which the characteristics of the Mahometan Semitic races can be so easily studied. The people call themselves not Egyptians, but Arabs. They talk Arabic, and are of the religion of the Arabian Prophet; though it would not be easy to say from what original stock they are really derived. Are they, in the main, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Memphis? The Copts, whose name would make them the representatives of the old Egyptians, are even now easily distinguished from the ordinary "Arabs" by their superior appear-

ance. But they may represent the governing classes, those who compelled the construction of the great monuments, and whose features are found in the statues of the mighty monarchs of thirty and forty centuries ago. The lower ranks are Mahometans, and possibly many of them are Arabs; but they are a down-trodden race, the servants of servants, the toilers, and cannot differ very much from the people of whom Herodotus says, truly or falsely, that a hundred thousand of them at a time were forced by Cheops to build his pyramid. But Maer el Kahira, "the victorious city," is altogether Arab. The Roman fortress, erected to overawe Memphis, and still known as Babylon, is tolerably perfect; much more perfect, indeed, than any remnant of the Roman rule in England; but it lies some miles south of Cairo, and was not even included in the early Arab town, Fostat, now called Old Cairo. As Egypt was one of the first conquests of Mahomet's disciples, one of the earliest seats of the great Caliphs, and long the centre of Arab civilization, it has more features of purely Arab type than Constantinople, or indeed any other Oriental city of its size either in Europe, Asia, or Africa. The traveller, therefore, who desires to see the Mahometan at home cannot do better than seek him in Cairo, and he finds in the narrow, picturesque streets of the old parts of the town scenes of interest which he may seek in vain elsewhere. When he emerges into the modern quarters the change is remarkable. Though all the tyranny of the Turks has not sufficed to alter the indelible characteristics of the place, and though the wide squares, the fountains, the gardens, the arcades, the watered roads, the rows of villas have a half-French look, the people who crowd every thoroughfare are as unlike anything European as they can be. Here, a long string of groaning camels, led by a Bedouin in a white capote, carries loads of green clover or long faggots of sugar-cane. There, half-a-dozen blue-gowned women squat idly in the middle of the roadway. A brown-skinned boy walks about with no clothing on his long, lean limbs, or a lady smothered in voluminous draperies rides by on a donkey, her face covered with a transparent white veil, and her knees nearly as high as her chin. A bullock-cart with small wheels, which creak horribly at every turn, goes past with its cargo of tracle-jurs. Hundreds of donkey boys lie in wait for a fare, myriads of half-clothed children play lazily in the gutters, turbaned Arabs smoke long pipes and converse energetically at the corners, and every now and then a pair of running footmen, in white shirts and wide short trowsers, shouts to clear the way for a carriage in which, behind half-drawn blinds, some fine lady of the Viceregal harem takes the air. She is accompanied perhaps by a little boy in European dress, and by a governess or nurse whose bonnet and French costume contrast strangely with the veiled figure opposite. A still greater contrast is offered by the appearance of the women who stand by as the carriage passes, whose babies are carried astride on the shoulder, or sometimes in the basket so carefully balanced upon the head. The baskets hardly differ from those depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs, and probably the baby, entirely naked and its eyes full of black flies, is much like what its ancestors were in the days of the Pharaohs. In the older quarters of the town the scenes are much the same, only that there is not so much room for observing them; for the streets are seldom wider than Paternoster Row, and the traveller who stops to look about him is roughly jostled by Hindbad the porter, with his heavy bale of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin, with his basket of copper lamps, or the water-carrier clanking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung round his stooping shoulders.

Those sanguine people who believe in the possibility of reformation and improvement under Turkish rule should visit Egypt. We are so often told of the enlightened policy of the Khedive that some of us, especially those who only look at Cairo through the windows of a comfortable hotel, are inclined to think that nothing but the incorrigible stupidity of the people prevents their improvement. But a little inquiry soon demonstrates the truth. The civilization of the Viceregal Government is more apparent than real. Where Europeans come, and where European public opinion can be brought to bear, there is a semblance of justice, of economy, of progress. But it is only a semblance. The hideous bulk of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali in the citadel dominates in every view of Cairo, and the Khedive himself seems to fill the foreground in every social or political view of the Egyptians. There is no private enterprise. Why should a man lay by money when it will almost certainly be taken from him? Why should he improve his land when the Pasha may some day seize it? Why should he endeavour to educate his sons when they may be taken like runaway convicts, and sent he knows not where, under the forms of conscription? All round about Cairo there are vast lath and plaster buildings, chiefly standing in wide gardens and surrounded by high walls; you ask what they are, and the answer is always the same—palaces of the Khedive. Three years ago it was reported that his Highness had thirty-three palaces, but he still goes on building. A magnificent but flimsy villa, surrounded by a large park, has just been furnished at Ghizeh, in sight of the Pyramids. Another is in process of completion on the opposite side of the road. There is a long, low house, round three sides of a square, in the heart of the city. There is a long red wall made of boarding painted to imitate brickwork, facing the island of Roda. There is a splendid but tawdry plasterwork palace at Gezireh, on the west bank opposite Boulak. There is a half-built "hôtel" in the French style near Old Cairo. There is a vast series of irregular halls and rooms of state in the citadel. In fact,

everywhere you turn there is some such house building, or built, or abandoned and closed; and every one of them is a "palace of the Khedive." It is the same as you ascend the river, until it becomes one of the standing jokes of the Nile voyage whenever a house, or gardens, or white walls appear, to ask, "Is that a palace of the Khedive?" And in nine cases out of ten the answer is in the affirmative, while in the tenth case it is that the building in question belongs to one of the Khedive's sons, or sons-in-law, or stepmothers, or cast-off concubines. If, as your boat lies at Ghizeh, you look out of your window in the early morning, you will probably see a long and melancholy procession on the bank. First comes an ill-looking man in a red fez and a long white shirt, carrying a cane. Then come two or three dozen boys and girls, half naked, footsore, weeping as they limp along, or trying to sing a kind of slow chorus, and following them another man with a cane, which he freely uses to encourage the loiterers. This is a gang of day labourers. The Khedive is filling up some low-lying land with earth taken from the river's bank, and these poor little wretches have been requisitioned from the villages and suburbs to carry the soil from one side of the road to the other. They are paid a microscopic sum—at least it is paid to the taskmaster—and you hope against hope that they ever get any of it. In the hot midday you pass by the scene of labour and see them at work, and after sunset you hear the sad chant of the morning and see the same processions, without the canes, going home. It is shocking to see young girls carrying huge burdens of earth, or baskets of lime for the builders, or running up and down to the Nile for water for the workers, their feet and often their bare shoulders bleeding. Their lives are "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field," as Moses wrote of the Israelites; only that now it is the Egyptians themselves who suffer at the hands of the Turks. Forced labour is still the rule all through Egypt, as it probably was thirty centuries ago. All the great works have been performed by it. At the sugar factories in Upper Egypt, at the Canal works, at the railways, and, above all, at the palaces of the Khedive, the labourers are driven to their tasks, and are paid as their masters please. In the sugar factories they receive a portion of treacle, valued at the highest market price, for their wages; and, if they like, can sell it back again at the lowest price. Just as we may suppose the great Pyramids on the long line of hills above the ancient Memphis to be symbolical of the tyranny which afflicted the labouring population of the vast city so many centuries ago, so the earthworks, the long walls, the high roadways, and the palaces of the Khedive are signs of the afflictions which English money enables the Turkish rulers to lay upon Cairo and all Egypt.

To say that the Viceregal Government is unpopular with the lower orders would be to speak too favourably of it, as we understand the unpopularity of an English Minister. A recent traveller had occasion to ask a Fellow if he could say to whom one of the suburban mansions belonged. "It is of course," was the reply, "a palace of the Khedive now, but it was built by the man who has gone to open the gates of Gehenna for him." Thus a prosperous man, as the Egyptians count prosperity, spoke of his Sovereign and the late Finance Minister. "But," he was asked again, "Sadyk Pasha was banished, not put to death." "Well, it comes to the same thing," was the answer; "he went to Dongola, and there the coffee did not agree with him." Every traveller who has come into contact with the lower orders in Egypt can tell similar stories if he likes; and it may be asserted broadly that the Turk is quite as much disliked by the Egyptian, be he Copt or Arab, as by the Greeks or the Armenians. He offends their religious prejudices as well as their sense of justice. One of the first objects seen on arrival at Cairo is a statue representing, in bronze of colossal size, Mehemet Ali on horse-back. To make statues is a crime of great magnitude to the Moslem mind. It is characteristic of the bastard civilization grafted upon Egypt by its present rulers, that, though the statue is bronze and a fine work of art, the lofty pedestal is of wood, painted in imitation of stone. A similar and equally typical example of the way in which public works are carried out may be seen in the mosque in the citadel. The walls are lined with slabs of alabaster for about twenty feet from the ground, and above that height are painted and grained in imitation. Immediately below this monstrous monument of Turkish taste is the mosque of Sultan Hassan, an edifice contemporary with our own Salisbury cathedral, and worthy of careful study by every lover of simplicity and beauty in architecture; and here, while countless sums have been laid out on a French Alhambra kind of mosque close by, the whole building is going to destruction from neglect; its exquisite fretwork of precious inlays dropping from the walls, the roof of the central kiosque stripped off in great patches, the beautiful Syrian lamps, so much praised in the guide-books, all gone, and the vane of the graceful minaret bowing to its fall. Yet it may be safely predicted that something of Sultan Hassan's building will remain long after every palace of the Khedive has disappeared. English bondholders may wonder where their money has gone, but a few days in Cairo would soon settle their minds. Let them look at the palaces, as aforesaid; let them walk past two or three of the vast barracks, each filled with black regiments, every man of which has been bought from a slave-dealer in Central Africa and transported at immense cost, in spite of all treaties with the abolitionists. Let them stand aside as two grooms in purple and gold and fine linen clear the way for a mag-

nificent pair of English high-stepping horses, drawing the carriage in which one of the Wiesregal family is seated, while a couple of human trot at the wheels; let them, in short, see Cairo as it is, and not through the false gloss of half-French civilization which its Turkish conquerors have imposed on it.

PLAGUE OF CIRCULARS.

THE proficiency of some ancient peoples in the fine arts is supposed to have been due to their always having had the best models before their eyes. Their taste became insensibly affected by the purest influences, and awake to the slightest deflection from the beautiful. In the same way it is to be supposed that the generations which succeed our own will carry the art of advertising to a perfection at present undreamed of. Even now, whenever we go out of doors, our eyes are habituated to monstrous devices, and assailed by an endless variety of crude colours and gigantic letters, which are the modern substitute for the old plan of blowing a trumpet before one. The splashboards of cabs, the compartments of railway carriages, the tops of omnibuses, every empty corner, and all hoardings, are decorated with mysterious names, or names of world-wide notoriety. Pictures of dogs and rabbits undergoing, with a calmness which speaks of anaesthetics, the complicated tortures of vivisection, alternate with a study of a monk in an ecstasy over the virtues of his convent's liqueurs. The Christian names and pet names of young ladies who condescend to adorn the British stage compete with the titles of some scores of fresh weekly publications. The new picture gallery which is to revive English painting under the sweet influence of daddos does not disdain to announce itself by the same methods as patent starch and sewing machines. The eyes are dazzled by the prodigality of cheap colour, and the mind worried as if by the entreaties of the importunate widows with match-boxes and nine small children who infest side streets. The very flagging on which one walks is branded with the names of plays, or of shopkeepers who clamour for custom; and it is only after a man reaches his own door and enters the sanctity of his home, that he can expect to escape advertisements.

Any such expectation is of course doomed to wretched disappointment. The advertisers of every sort have long been aware of the virtues of the penny post, and have made post-time hideouts. Different people have different views of the sensations produced by receiving letters. Some persons feel, or affect, a horror of correspondence. They give you to understand that all news to them is likely to be bad news, or news in which they are not interested. If they have friends, they do not wish to hear from them and so become their debtors for an epistle which it is a labour to write. Letters not from friends are apt to be reminders of debt. As people grow older, they become more averse to letters, which young people generally welcome with some little excitement. But the advertiser and the importunate person have made letters equally distasteful to young and old, to the cynical and the sympathetic. They have employed the post as a means of thrusting their greedy and importunate existence within the Englishman's castle, and they succeed in spoiling his temper at breakfast first, and then at almost every hour of the day. A man is anxious to hear about some matter of business or of private importance, and in the crowd of envelopes which await him, he expects to find the letter he wants. But all the envelopes cover petitions for custom, or for charity in one shape or another. The senders forth of circulars have become too wary to use the blue and businesslike envelope in which the eye at once detects an advertisement or a dun. They employ clerks who do not write a clerk's hand, but imitate the writing of ladies and gentlemen. They are great in monograms, and rejoice in twisted snakes and combinations of mediæval letters. They are even in danger of overdoing this trick, and people will soon come to regard an ornamental device on an envelope as the mark of the boast, and the note of the advertiser and the begging-letter impostor. Perhaps the greatest impertinence of which these noxious people are guilty is the use of scented paper in their communications—paper which poisons the air, and excites a wild irritation in the mind of the recipient which surely cannot be good for the intrusive tradesman.

It is impossible, of course, to number and describe the various contents of the postal advertisement. Some of the persons who issue circulars inclose in the bedizened envelope a post-card for an answer, their purpose being to give the appearance of a card of invitation to some rich man's banquet. Thus they hope to secure the opening of the envelope, which otherwise might be tossed unnoticed into the waste-paper basket. Not so often now as formerly, the lithographed letter offers to lend money at a rate and on security suggested by charity rather than by commercial speculation. Seedy wine-merchants deal largely in the postal circular, and flashy drapers invite attention to their "sumptuous show-rooms." Lecturers entreat your attendance at the South Kensington College for Ladies, where you may be instructed in the language and literature of England. One peculiarly impudent circular calmly announces that Messrs. So-and-so "desire to call attention to the fact that they do not seek for patronage by means of advertisement in the daily papers," because "advertising is such a heavy item in the working expenses of a business." To intrude, as it were, upon the privacy of people dazzled with advertisements, to tell them, in a friendly way, that you prefer to bore them at home because it is

cheaper, is an instance of almost ideal coolness. The benevolent advertiser is, if possible, more daring than even the enterprising shopkeeper. One lady, for example, sends a circular in which she sets forth the merits of her schools for girls. As she is deeply interested in her schools, she hopes that you will excuse her for trying to make you deeply interested in them. Her schools are not open to public inspection, and she does not pretend to enable her pupils to compete with young ladies who attempt the Cambridge examinations; but many clergymen have expressed their surprise at the knowledge of her pupils. This sort of circular ends with a request for an answer, and a threat that, if you do not reply, you will be attacked with a fire of fresh circulars, till you give in and parley. Parley in such a case, as the French proverb says, means surrender. The clergy are continually evoked, as the patrons of circulars, by the writers of begging letters, and few people make a more unscrupulous use of the post than clergymen in want of subscriptions. Thus a clergyman wishes to restore his church, or to build a new one, or to buy an organ, or what not. If he confined his importunities within the circle of his parish, no one need find fault with him. But his church is in the North-West of England, and the happy thought occurs to him that there is such a thing as a North-Western Railway. Immediately he sends a circular to all holders of the stock of this line whose existence he can ascertain, entreating them to help him to buy his organ, or build his spire, which they cannot but wish to see done at once. The railway, that great bond of union, connects all holders of its shares with his parish of Stickton-le-Mud, and makes the wants of the parson of Stickton important to a wide circle of people who never heard of him before.

University men may remember that when they succeeded in taking a pass degree, or in gaining the Ireland Scholarship, or in any other way became conspicuous above their fellows, their staircase was at once crowded by shabby people who took a lively interest in their welfare. Dinky creatures who had never heard of them before now avowed that they had rung bells to their glory and were eager to drink their honour's noble health. This was a standing tax on momentary notoriety, and in these days of circulars few people escape a similar tax. Is there a death in a family? At once a troop of ghouls pour in their black-edged circulars, full of condolence and advertisements of mourning warehouses. Naturally some one must open the letters in a time of trouble and confusion, and it is difficult to express the disgust with which the texts, and verses, and references to reformed funeral arrangements are read. Every pushing shopkeeper thrusts his greasy condolence, and the notice of his pious readiness to spare expense, or to honour the dead in a more sumptuous way, on the grief of widows and orphans. Another torment is still more ridiculous than this, but equally testifies to the extreme selfishness, bad taste, and greed of the people who descend to it. As soon as a birth is announced in the column of newspapers dear to ladies, the home of the infant is deluged and his parents distracted with circulars, most of which contain small packets of socks for the sweet baby. The people who send the socks are sometimes "young ladies in distressed circumstances," sometimes afflicted but honest "members of poor families," sometimes "mothers who have seen better days," very often clergymen's wives who are anxious to restore their husbands' churches. The impudence of vulgar piety can hardly go further. Of course the people who send cheap ready-made socks for the baby wish to have them returned if they are not purchased, and of course they enclose quite friendly notes expressive of sympathy and full of congratulations. For the small sum of one shilling and sixpence all this friendly interest can be secured as a permanent possession. The trick is like the advertising wine-merchant's plan of sending about dozens of champagne in the guise of Christmas presents. Perhaps the clergywomen should be punished by having their wares detained, while other stocking-makers may have their produce returned with the postage unpaid. The torment of circulars has grown to such a height that a name cannot appear in print but the owner of the name is made the butt of advertisements and begging letters. A man publishes a book, and the begging letter-writer is down on him with requests for a present of a copy. A young author may be flattered, but a more experienced hand knows that his "History of the Berbers" will be promptly converted into an equivalent in gin, which by no means represents the money value of the volumes. The notoriety which any chance may give attracts the advertiser, who, because you have escaped from a railway accident, sends you a note to recommend his "invalid chair," or, if you have had a fall in the hunting-field, presses on you a stirrup with a name which bears a distant resemblance to Greek. If betrothals were publicly announced in this country, as in Germany, which is happily not the custom, all the furniture men would beset the happy pair with their "hiring system," their machine-made old Saxon chairs and tables, their pianos, and the rest of their abominations. But no one can put into practice the Epicurean's motto so carefully, and choose so well the *fulgentis semita vite*, that the advertiser will not hear of him and make him a victim. The odd thing is that this persecution must pay, or it would not be so prevalent. Some persons must be so constituted, impossible as it may seem, as to purchase the articles recommended in impudent letters which reek of muck. This is a very unhappy thought, revealing as it does unfathomable depths of human stupidity. Circulars may most wisely be regarded as trials of patience permitted for some wise purpose to tempt and assail an irritable generation. A man who can endure

them without loss of temper will not be irritated by Highland midges on a salmon river—perhaps the most maddening of all heaven's creatures—nor by the arrangements of the Metropolitan Railway, nor by the music and the monkeys of Italian organ-grinders.

THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

IT would be, in ecclesiastical phraseology, exceedingly "rash and temerarious" to hazard any confident prediction as to the precise date of the next Papal Conclave. Beyond the facts, on the one hand, that Pius IX. has attained to a very great age, and on the other hand that he belongs to an exceptionally long-lived family, and still retains at eighty-five a very exceptional command of both his mental and bodily faculties, there are no very trustworthy data to go upon. It is true that scarcely a day passes without some fresh report of his failing health, to be followed the next day by a fresh contradiction. But there are so many people with whom it appears to be a matter of policy always to represent the Pope as moribund, if not actually dying, and so many more with whom it is almost a matter of faith to represent His Holiness as in a state of robust health—as though bodily "indefectibility" were included in the Vatican decree—that the reports of either kind have to be so largely discounted as to become practically worthless. In view however of the Pope's great age, and the signs of gradually increasing weakness about which there does not seem to be much dispute, it is natural that the question of what is to happen after his death should be regarded as not "beyond the range of practical politics." Hence the endless surmises, and the vast amount of information—by no means uniformly correct—volunteered from various quarters as to the arrangements of Papal elections in general, and the probable conduct and issue of the approaching Conclave. We reviewed not long since a gossipy book of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's, based so far as the facts are concerned on Mr. Cartwright's classical work on the subject, but with a considerable admixture of fiction and an inordinate amount of padding superadded by himself. Mr. Taylor Innes has taken up the question in a more serious spirit, as might be expected, in the *Contemporary Review*, and has studied Mr. Cartwright's book to better purpose than Mr. Trollope, and without Mr. Trollope's perverse passion for obtruding inaccurate corrections of his own. But, if he is sounder and less inventive in his history, Mr. Innes is much bolder in his theorizing as to the future, and all the concluding portion of his essay reads very much as if the wish had been allowed to become the father of his thought. A reform of the Roman Catholic Church may be a very laudable aspiration or a legitimate aim of action, but even Father Hyacinthe's hair would stand on end at the very simple and drastic scheme proposed by this writer for its accomplishment. We have no disposition to quarrel with his opening statement that the Conclave on the death of the present Pope will be one of the most important in history, nor have we any objection to his inquiring, if he pleases, "what are the greater questions which must then emerge?" But we cannot agree with him that one of these "greater questions" will be the competition—and, as he evidently anticipates, the successful competition—of an anti-Pope.

After some stray remarks on the ceremonial of Conclaves which will tell Mr. Cartwright's readers nothing new, the writer quotes the three articles of the Italian Guarantee Laws bearing on a Papal interregnum which distinctly secure the personal and official freedom of the Cardinals; and although there is no special provision authorizing them, as the Pope himself is authorized, to retain guards of their own, we cannot see what practical difference that would make as long as the Government honestly intended to keep faith with the Curia. From these minor points Mr. Innes passes to what he rather oddly calls "the power of an existing Pope over the Assembly which is to elect his successor." This of course can only mean the power of a Pope during life over the Sacred College in filling up vacancies, restricting or annulling the rights of its members, and suspending, as has been done in some extreme cases, under the plea of urgent necessity, the ordinary regulations as to time, place, and other technical details, for the Conclave meeting after his death. Here, again, Mr. Innes has simply borrowed from Mr. Cartwright's book information with which our readers may already be presumed to be familiar. But when he makes the marvellous assertion that, "if the existing holder of the Papal Chair has the unlimited power of appointing, and also of deposing, the electors, the election is virtually left in his hands," we cannot but feel that there are other parts of Mr. Cartwright's instructive volume, to say nothing of the whole history of the Papacy, which he has studied to very little purpose indeed. In the first place, according to all precedent the Pope has no power whatever of "deposing the electors," though Pius IX. affected to do so in the notorious case of Cardinal Andrea—an arbitrary stretch of prerogative which would certainly have been called in question, and almost certainly disallowed, if the Cardinal had happened to survive him. In the next place, the elaborate and studiously complex machinery of election suggests *a priori*, what the unbroken experience of centuries confirms *a posteriori*, that it is simply impossible to conjecture—still more to decide—beforehand, who will prove the successful candidate. The last Conclave is a case in point. Gregory XVI. had reigned long enough to fill the Sacred College with "creatures" of his own, and the Conservative party, as it is called, among the Cardinals had an overwhelming majority, in spite of which the election fell upon that one of their number who

was reputed to be the extreme Liberal. It is, indeed, open to a Pope, if he so pleases, secretly to nominate his successor, and some very eminent pontiffs, like Hildebrand, have been requested to do so. But such an act could have no binding validity after his decease, and it is very unlikely that Pius IX., who is not lacking in Italian shrewdness, has taken a step the almost inevitable result of which would be to secure the rejection of his nominee, from the resentment of the Cardinals at such an interference with the freedom of election. That he may have drawn up, like some of his predecessors, a dispensing bull or brief as to certain technical arrangements of the Conclave is highly probable, though the necessity for using it does not at present appear very likely to arise.

So far Mr. Innes has not done much more than cite or paraphrase various passages of Mr. Cartwright's book, with a running commentary of some not very felicitous remarks and inferences of his own. But when he proceeds from these "internal questions" to consider the superseding by some external power of the rights of the Conclave altogether in the election of Popes, he touches on a much larger and more difficult question, and his treatment of it shows that he has got quite out of his depth, and is engaged in constructing with some ingenuity a paper theory which has no real relation to the forces actually in conflict. As a paper theory it may have its interest, but it sheds no new light on existing facts. That we have not at all exaggerated the scope of his article is clear from the concluding words, where, in reference to a statement that, whatever changes in the detailed arrangement may be designed, "the principle of the Conclave has been preserved," the writer observes, "What if Europe in the present—what if the Church in the future—should object most of all to that very principle?" He speaks accordingly of the great question of the validity of the coming election having been first raised by Prince Bismarck's Circular addressed to the European Governments in May 1872, claiming for them a right to control the legitimacy of the election, to which however they (very wisely) "gave, it is said, a negative reply." And then follows an account of a newspaper controversy on the same subject carried on between the official, or officious, organs of the German and Italian Governments three years later, which of course led to no practical result. Mr. Innes then goes on to explain more exactly what he means and desires. The primary question, he considers—the italics are his own—will be "that of recognition of the new Pope" by the different Governments, inasmuch as "disavowal of the tyrant—*déchéance*—is the proper response to tyranny," which ought therefore to have been adopted after the Vatican Council, only it was hardly possible to do so at the time. But "the whole course of the German protest against Vaticanism," as revealed in the Falk laws—which laws to many lookers-on appear quite as tyrannical as the Papal policy which afforded a pretext for them—"points to this as probable in the future, if not already anticipated." It is perhaps just conceivable that Prince Bismarck may contemplate something of the kind, but it will hardly be contended that the future of the Papacy rests with him. The essayist next appeals to the veto on Papal elections hitherto recognized—in usage, we may add, for it is not guaranteed by any written enactment—in the Crowns of France, Austria, and Spain. He omits to notice that this right could only be exercised once in each Conclave, and only against a candidate who had not yet been elected; and he quite mistakenly assumes that it is derived from the somewhat indefinite rights formerly claimed, and occasionally exercised, by the head of the Holy Roman Empire. To base on this wholly inadequate and partly fictitious plea a demand for an absolute veto, and something more than a veto, on future Papal elections, in behalf of the Protestant German Empire as heir by default of the defunct Holy Roman Empire, is nothing short of grotesque. The essayist has more reason for surmising that the Cardinals may not improbably demur to the existing claim of veto on the score of the altered relations of the Catholic Governments to the Church; and the fact, to which he does not advert, of no representative of the Catholic Powers being invited, according to former precedents, to attend the Vatican Council points in that direction. But the right of veto, as hitherto allowed, is hardly important enough to be worth any very severe struggle on either side.

The great object of the paper, however, is not to vindicate the claims of the Catholic States or of Protestant Germany, but of schismatic Italy—as the Vatican regards it—to an absolute veto, or rather, if we rightly understand him, an absolute nomination of "the Bishop of Rome and chief pastor of the Italian Church." Italy, we are told, "represents a native Church jealous of its original rights and claiming to have not a mere share, but a full election of the Bishop of Rome." And then follows a disquisition on the proper course for the Italian Government to pursue in the event of its judging the election of the Conclave to be invalid, and deciding to support the undoubtedly "preferable right" of the Bishop appointed by "the Christian people," that is, the people of Italy. Now certainly, if the question were simply of electing an Italian primate, the Italians might very well be left to settle the matter for themselves, nor would any outsider have much temptation to interfere. But it is precisely because the Pope notoriously is—we need not stay to inquire here whether he ought to be—a good deal more than an Italian primate, that Mr. Innes or anybody else thinks it worth while to discuss "the coming Conclave" at all. If indeed His Holiness should ever be reduced to that position, the discussion would *ipso facto* cease to have any general interest, but meanwhile it is absurd to speak as if the Italian Government or the Italian people had any exclusive or even

preponderating claim to choose the *de facto* ruler of an international and worldwide Church. Nor are we greatly impressed with the fairness and accurate appreciation of the due limits of civil and religious liberty of a writer who designates the Clerical Abuses Bill—we fancy he is wrong in speaking of it as a law already passed—as “a doubtful defensive measure, the necessity of which has been proved by the venomous Allocution since issued.” Even granting for argument’s sake the justice of his account of the Allocution, this is very like saying that the Star Chamber *e.g.* was a doubtful defensive measure, the necessity of which was proved by the venomous abuse it provoked from Prynne and other crop-eared Puritans.

But we have a final criticism of a purely commonsense kind to make on the essayist’s programme for the future ecclesiastical policy of Italy. Does he seriously imagine that it would work? An example nearer home may serve to illustrate our meaning. A serious controversy has been occasioned in this country by recent changes in the ecclesiastical law which have led a considerable number of the clergy and laity of the Established Church, rightly or wrongly, to question the claim of the personage holding office as Dean of Arches to be so entitled or to exercise the jurisdiction belonging to that Court. Their objections have already led to grave practical complications, and are at this moment being pressed, or about to be pressed, on the attention of the highest authorities in Church and State. Now let us suppose that their allegations as to the wholly novel and irregular method of Lord Penzance’s appointment were so absolutely unquestionable as to be in fact unquestioned, and that, instead of a large and influential party demurring to his jurisdiction, the entire body of the episcopate, clergy, and lay communicants of the Church, with a few insignificant exceptions, was unanimous in repudiating his claims and refusing all recognition of his authority. Is it not obvious that the Court, whatever its legal and Parliamentary title, would be reduced to a pure nonentity and would soon cease to exist even in name? Well, that would be just the position of a Pope appointed according to Mr. Taylor Innes’s suggestion, and recognized as such by the Italian Government; with this difference, however, that he would *ex hypothesi* be confronted by a rival elected in the ordinary manner, and whose claims would be all but universally acknowledged by the entire hierarchy, priesthood, and laity of the Roman Catholic Church. That there is the smallest likelihood of the Italian Government placing itself in so ridiculous a position we do not for a moment suppose. The essayist, as was observed before, is simply employed in building a house of cards, but as he evidently labours under the delusion that it is an edifice of solid stone, and may find some readers sufficiently ignorant of the facts of the case to agree with him, it may be as well to disabuse their minds at once of a chimera which can only damage the cause it is apparently intended to promote. The issue of the next Conclave will no doubt be a matter of European interest, but it certainly will not be decided by the short and easy method of superseding the Conclave and putting one or more of the Governments of Europe into its place.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

WE have over and over again, in discussing Sir John Lubbock’s Bill year by year, spoken our mind as to the necessity of some provision for the mediæval as well as for the primæval monuments of the history of our island. And in the discussion of the Bill the point was raised more than once both by the friends and by the enemies of the Bill. Some said, Instead of protecting cromlechs and barrows, why not rather protect castles and abbeys? Others said, Why not, when protecting cromlechs and barrows, protect castles and abbeys as well? Either point of view starts from the position that mediæval monuments are at once worth preserving and also need some special care to preserve them. But the buildings which were in the minds of those who thus spoke on either side in the debate were doubtless mainly ruined or forsaken buildings—buildings which are not applied to any practical purpose of modern life. When men speak in this way, the chances are that by castles and abbeys they mean only ruined castles and ruined abbeys. To be sure there are at this moment some people who live in castles and others who live in abbeys; but that is altogether another use of the words. We will not go so far as to suggest that the members on either side who spoke of abbeys belonged to the sect which holds that no building can be an abbey till it is ruined, and that every building becomes an abbey when it is ruined. But we may be sure that it was mainly ruined abbeys that they were thinking of; they had in their mind Fountains and Tintern rather than Westminster and Tewkesbury. It is quite certain that, as a class, our mediæval monuments do stand in need of protection just as much as our primæval monuments. There are a few specially striking and famous monuments of each class which it is hard to believe that any man would press the rights of ownership so far as to destroy. But the smaller and less known objects of each class are in equal danger of actual destruction, while even those of each class which are in no danger of actual destruction are still in danger, both from mere neglect, and sometimes from attempts at preservation which, though well meant, are ill judged. But how stands the case with regard to those buildings which are still in actual use, be they churches, castles, town halls, houses, or any-

thing else? Do not they need protection just as much as the primæval remains and the ruined mediæval buildings? We may again make the same distinction which we made with regard to the two other classes. As far as actual destruction goes, the greater and more famous buildings are safe. There are some churches, castles, buildings of any kind, which no public body, no private owner, would venture to destroy. Public opinion would be too strong for the wanton exercise even of a legal right. But the smaller and less known buildings of this class are really in more danger than any other. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that our smaller domestic antiquities perish daily. If they stand on large properties, the owners perhaps never heard of them, and they perish at the will of some tenant or agent. In other cases, as constantly happens in towns where old houses are common, the owner himself is often some one who destroys without knowing what he is destroying, if indeed he does not see something clever in the act of destruction itself. Or again, sometimes ecclesiastical bodies will be seized with a fancy for destroying the subordinate buildings attached to their churches. Monastic buildings, prebendal houses, will fall one after another, because the dignitary or the dignitary’s wife either never saw them or fancies they would be better out of the way. In short, as far as actual destruction goes, all three classes, primæval monuments, ruined buildings, buildings still in use, are all in much the same case. Some examples of all three classes are safe enough; but a vast number of all three classes remain daily exposed to every kind of risk, from mere ignorance and carelessness, sometimes from actual love of destruction, sometimes, one may suspect, from that feeling which some philosophers say is the groundwork both of man’s benevolent and malevolent actions—the pleasure of showing that he has the power of doing either as he thinks good.

But the buildings which are still in use lie open to another and much more subtle kind of danger, danger at the hands, not of those who despise them, but of those who reverence them—not of those who do not understand them, but of those who do. Great and famous examples of this class are much more dangerously threatened by those who are inclined to take too much care of them than they are by those who are inclined to take too little. That is to say, while they are in no danger of open and avowed destruction, they are in great danger of that subtler form of destruction which masks itself under the guise of restoration. They are in no danger of being pulled down as wholes; but they are in danger of having their genuine details taken away bit by bit, and modern details—exact copies perhaps, but still new work and not old—put in their place. On this subject too we have often spoken our mind. We have often made our protest against the reckless way in which ancient work is made to give way to new in restored buildings, and especially in restored churches. We may be sure that, since the fashion of restoration set in, there has been hardly any restoration on a large scale in which a great deal of ancient work has not been destroyed which, with a little more care, might perfectly well have been saved. Sometimes this needless destruction is the fault of the architect himself, sometimes the fault of his employers, sometimes the fault of neither architect nor employers, but of builders, workmen, and the like, who have a fancy for making everything spick and span, and who will in some heedless moment destroy what both architect and employers wished to keep. These things go on daily; they are bad enough in England, and they are worse in France. Restoration has brought about so much destruction that it is no wonder that it has become a byword, and that in the minds of all who really care for ancient buildings the presumption has come to be against any so-called restoration; the man who designs to be a restorer must prove that he is not likely to be a destroyer.

Things being as they are in this matter, it is not wonderful if some have gone so far as to condemn all restoration altogether, to argue that, at the utmost, nothing should ever be done to an ancient building beyond such mere repairs and strengthenings as may keep it from falling or hinder the rain from coming in. Mr. Ruskin, many years back, put forth this doctrine with all the vehemence of his rhetoric; indeed we are not clear that he would have allowed such mere substantial repairs as we have just excepted. In Mr. Ruskin’s view it was better to pull down an ancient building than to restore it. Whatever the pulling down was, it was not a lie, while the restoration was a lie. The same line is taken, with less of rhetoric but with more of argument, in a paper now before us which contains the prospectus of a “Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.” The Society as yet boasts of no President; but it has a Committee and a Secretary, the Secretary being Mr. William Morris, while on the Committee are the names of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Mr. C. J. Faulkner. The paper is well worth reading; it is a calm, clear, and logical statement of one side of a case; but to our mind it leaves out the other side. It is unlike some pleadings which break down of themselves before the answer comes, for it is thoroughly good till we get the answer; but we certainly think that there is an answer.

The argument, if we rightly understand it, runs thus:—Architecture as an art died out just as the study of architecture as a branch of history began. Therefore in our age, while we know historically about all earlier styles better than any age did before, while we respect and admire the buildings of all earlier times more than they ever were respected and admired before, we have, unlike all earlier times, for practical purposes no architectural style of our own. In other ages men knew more of the art and less of the history. Architecture was to them the practice of a living art, not

the study of a past history. Their own style was to them a living thing; it was the only style which they knew how to work. They therefore freely destroyed, altered, added to, the buildings of former times, and they did it always in the style of their own age without regard to the style of the earlier work. They destroyed and rebuilt, but they destroyed and rebuilt openly and honestly. The new work announced itself as new, and did not pretend to be the old or an imitation of the old. Each building in its successive changes has a history, and the history of many buildings is the history of the art itself in its successive styles. Even the latest and worst changes thus had their historical value. In a modern restoration, on the other hand, having no style of our own, we cannot in the same way add and alter in our own style. What we profess to do is to bring the building back to the state in which it was at some particular point which, either in the general history of the art or in the history of the particular building, is held to have been its highest point. We thus wipe out the history of the building by destroying everything later than the chosen point, and putting in its stead something which is a modern imitation of the style of the chosen point. Furthermore, we often actually destroy work of the chosen period itself, if it is at all decayed, and put modern work in imitation of it in its stead. This is artistically a forgery. It is further unreal, because the real life of the ancient building sprang largely from much in the religion, thought, and manners of past times, which has passed away hopelessly and for ever; it is therefore unreal to restore what directly sprang from those lost feelings, and what, without them, has no life or meaning. We must then never restore; we may only repair. We may prop a falling wall; we may mend a roof so as to keep it weather-tight; but we must do all this as mere physical repair, without any attempt at art, above all, without any attempt of imitating the art of any past time. We must, in the words of the paper itself, determine "to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands; if it has become inconvenient for its present use, to raise another building rather than alter or enlarge the old one; in fine, to treat our ancient buildings as monuments of a bygone art, created by bygone manners, that modern art cannot meddle with without destroying."

This, we think, is a fair statement of the argument of the proposed Society. As we said, the argument is perfect from its own side. If buildings were simply historical monuments of art, if they were simply, like paintings, statues, monuments of art of any other kind, valuable for their beauty and their history, but serving no practical purpose, the argument would be unanswerable. It is what we have often thought and often said with regard to those buildings which are simply pieces of art, pieces of history valuable only for their beauty, their antiquity, the light which they throw on the history of art and on history generally. The argument applies in all its fullness to buildings which are purely monumental, to buildings which serve no practical purpose—that is, in other words, to buildings which, whether strictly ruined or not, are disused and forsaken, and which it is not desirable to take into use again. It applies to ruined castles and to ruined abbeys. Those ought to be dealt with simply as monuments; they should be carefully preserved from further decay, propped it may be when propping is needful, but never restored. They belong wholly to the past; the present has nothing to do with them except to keep them up as monuments of the past; no modern work should be allowed to intrude upon them except such as may be physically needed to keep the ancient work from further decay. Such modern work should proclaim itself as modern work put there for a purely physical end, and should not in any way attempt to reproduce an imitation of the ancient work.

But, as it seems to us, in the case of those buildings which actually are and immemorably have been applied to practical modern uses, other considerations come in, which are wholly forgotten in the appeal of which we have just attempted a summary. The consequence of the argument which we have just gone through would be that, when any ancient building, church, hall, or any other, needed repairs somewhat more extensive than mere propping or roof-mending, it must be forsaken. The paper talks very calmly of "raising another building rather than altering or enlarging the old one," whenever the building has become inconvenient for its present use. By the same argument we must do the same wherever any part of a building needs, as is often the case, to be rebuilt. When the mid tower of Chichester Cathedral fell, according to this argument it ought not to have been rebuilt. If the same accident had happened in any age which had a style of its own, then it would have been lawful to rebuild the tower in that style. As we have no style, and must not imitate any earlier style, we must not rebuild the fallen tower. That is to say, the minister of Chichester ought either to have been forsaken altogether, or possibly to have been turned into two distinct churches east and west of the ruined tower, leaving the ruined tower untouched in the middle. This would seem to be a logical consequence from the arguments before us. Or, if there be any alternative, it would be to build a tower so ugly, and so utterly without any architectural style at all, that it should at once proclaim itself to be a mere nineteenth-century repair. We cannot think that the promoters of the proposed Society would go this length; and yet one or other of these courses would naturally follow from their principles. If the like accident had happened to a ruined and forsaken church, we should of course say, do not rebuild the fallen tower. But the paper says, "When a building has become inconvenient for its present use, forsake it, and build another." Chichester Cathedral

did, by the fall of the tower, become very inconvenient for its present use. Yet we cannot believe that any one would seriously argue, either that the church ought to have been forsaken altogether, or that the tower should have been designedly rebuilt in some hideous fashion, to the spoiling of the general effect of the building, simply lest some one should mistake the new tower for an old one.

The truth is that buildings which are actually in use—churches, houses, halls, or any other—while they are monuments, are something besides monuments. Or rather they are monuments in two ways, one of which is forgotten in the present appeal. Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall are monuments of ancient art; but they are also monuments in another sense; they are monuments of the continuous history and life of the English nation. According to the argument before us, if Westminster Abbey should need some work greater than mere physical repair, it ought to be forsaken; it should be left cumbering the ground and doing nothing, while a new place should be built for the crowning of our kings. Surely this would be a far greater sin against all historical feeling than to rebuild some part of the building where rebuilding was really necessary. A window is blown in, a pillar will no longer stand the weight upon it. Is the abbey to be forsaken, and something new built instead, rather than make a new window or a new pillar? Or if we are allowed to make a new window or a new pillar, are we bound to make something incongruous of set purpose, lest anybody should mistake it for ancient work? Surely no one will defend either of these courses. When a building is still in use, its continuous use is part of its history; in truth, it is the very first and greatest part of its history. The continuous use of the building is more monumental, more historical, than anything else. Whatever, therefore, is necessary for that continuous use must be fearlessly done. We must keep the building whole and sound by necessary repairs; and surely it is not too much to add that, when those necessary repairs imply the reconstruction of some artistic feature, we should not wantonly disfigure the building by making the new column, window, or doorway ostentatiously ugly, ostentatiously out of harmony with the rest. In short, while a forsaken building belongs wholly to the past, in a building which is still in use the past and the present both have a share and neither must be sacrificed to the other. Or we might put it that the past has a twofold claim, one side of which is forgotten if we are to forsake an ancient building rather than to restore the smallest portion of it.

We say then that the principle of restoration is, within its fitting range, perfectly sound, only, like a great many other things, it needs to be very carefully watched. As a matter of fact, a great deal of destruction has been done under the guise of restoration. To check further destruction of the kind is a good object, and if a Society can do anything to further that object, we shall wish all good luck to such a Society. But it must not go too far. Let it watch all restorations, let it check all needless and destructive restorations; but when we are told that it is better to forsake an ancient building, and we suppose let it fall to ruin, rather than do any restoration at all, then we must draw back; such a rule wounds our historical sentiment even more than the destruction itself.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

PERHAPS one of the most conspicuous features of American society at the present day is the avidity with which any kind of personal scandal or gossip is sought after and plotted over. In some degree this passion may be inherent in the national temperament, which is prone to sensational excitement and the indulgence of an insatiable appetite for wonders; and it has also been most industriously and unscrupulously cultivated by the American press, which finds it a profitable source of income. The fierce light which is said to beat upon the throne in a monarchical country like our own is only a mild illumination in comparison with that which in the Transatlantic Republic sheds a glare over the most private and sacred recesses of human life. Public men seem to be valued over there not for their talents or usefulness, but merely in proportion to their faculty of providing popular sport; and even the most obscure and insignificant creatures have a chance of distinction if they can only at a dull moment tickle the vulgar curiosity of the multitude. A lenient feeling is shown towards such notoriety as Fisk, Tweed, Beecher, Tilton, and the like, simply in gratitude for the morbid interest which they excite; their conduct and reputations are regarded without reference to the rules of practical morality in real life, just as if they were merely characters in a novel or actors on the stage; and the more intense the thrill which is given by any particularly bold display of criminal callousness or shameless impudence, the more they are appreciated. Any one who studies the American newspapers will see how this way of looking at things pervades the community. It is sometimes said that the press of that country is not to be taken as a fair representation of the inhabitants generally, and it may be true that it has not much actual political influence; but it is evident that such papers could not obtain the large circulation which they enjoy if they did not appeal to the popular taste, and what that taste is it may be worth while to show.

One of the chief attractions of American journals is the column headed "Personal Intelligence," which contains such paragraphs as the following, taken from the *New York Herald*:—

"Logan walks slowly." "Nasby does not always trim his beard."

"Evarts swears at a shirt-button in hexameters." "A son of the late Hon. Henry T. Blow, of St. Louis, has gone looney on Alice Oates, the actress, and follows her around offering her costly presents." "Senator Cameron talks with his under jaw, as if he were trying butter." "Colonel Corbin, the new military Secretary at the White House, is a contrast to his predecessor. He is tall, like a grenadier, with a mustache." "Cronin is hard at work in Oregon, but the size of the nose hangs round him still." "The Princess of Wales recently wore calico, which was very nice of the Princess." "General McClellan got out of a cab at Twenty-third Street, a week ago, meaning to walk down Broadway. He has not started yet, because there are two aides to the street." "Beecher lectures on 'Hard Times' and charges a dollar and a half." "Sunset Cox folds up his wings like a giraffe and lectures in Georgia." "Kilpatrick is little and thin." "Evarts has not a small nose." "Ben Butler is no longer beautiful." "Senator Sharon is at his 7,000,000 dollars hotel in San Francisco."

There is a daily supply of personalities of this kind, and the most private particulars about all sorts of people are hawked about. The detailed accounts of Vanderbilt's death-bed and of the cremation of Baron von Palm will be remembered. All the nasty parts of the Beecher story were also made an article of trade; and the New York papers are just now full of personal details as to the mysterious disappearance of ex-Mayor Oakley Hall. He was last seen by his family on the morning of Friday, 16th March; quitted his office about seven o'clock in the evening; was traced to Boston, and has since kept out of sight, though it is supposed that he has arrived in this country. All sorts of theories have been started to account for this strange incident—that he has gone off in a fit of mental aberration; that he has been murdered; that he ran away with a pretty actress; that he is hiding from his creditors; that he has fled from justice as one of the confederates of the Erie Ring; that he is afraid of being mixed up with Tweed. All his friends come forward with stories of his character and antecedents, some not particularly favourable; and it is noticed as a suggestive circumstance that the name of a lady, which is given in full, has just been published as a client of Mr. Hall, seeking a divorce. "Who this lady is," it is added, "is a profound secret. Neither her name nor her husband's appears in either the Brooklyn or New York Directories." Poor Mrs. Hall is subjected to daily interrogatories from a stream of reporters and other intrusive visitors as to whether she has heard where Mr. Hall is, or can give any idea of the cause of his departure. "The Hall mystery," we are told, "is a mystery still, and the theories to account for the unexplained and prolonged absence of the missing ex-mayor still grow in number and variety," though "the vast majority of intelligent people who were heard discussing the event yesterday in the courts, at hotels and theatres, still cling to the opinion that Mr. Hall had absented himself for some reason or other, and would turn up before many days were over." One man said that Hall was too wide awake to allow himself to be murdered, and another remarked that he was at least too sharp to commit suicide; so they agreed that he must have bolted to Europe. The present inquiry expressed the opinion that, if it had been any man besides Oakley Hall, he should have supposed that he had had foul play; but he was such a practical joker that he would be sure to turn up again. An actor, very intimate with Hall, said he was fond of travel and change, and he might have gone to Europe, and, through a whim, failed to acquaint his family with his departure. A legal friend suggested that he had gone on a journey on behalf of some client. After a few days a report gained credence that the ex-mayor had engaged a passage at Boston in the *Victoria*, a freight ship, for Liverpool; and a telegram dated from Liverpool on March 31 announced that a person with about a fortnight's growth of moustache and side-whiskers, and dressed in dark clothes, and spectacles—Hall usually wore eye-glasses—who went under the name of "Sutcliffe," but had been identified as Hall, had arrived in the above-named vessel. This person, however, indignantly denied that he was Hall; and was tracked to Euston Terminus, and thence to Notting Hill station, where he took a hansom cab and drove to "a small, quiet, private house near by," where "he was evidently expected, as the door opened without ring or knock, and he passed in immediately with his luggage." It may easily be understood how doubtful such information was; and, besides, it was only a conjecture that this was "Sutcliffe" or that "Sutcliffe" was Hall. It will be observed that ex-Mayor Hall, having ceased to be a public officer, is merely a private person who has a perfect right to go where he likes without taking everybody into his confidence. Yet we find all sorts of discreditable stories published in the papers to account for his disappearance. One journal goes so far as to say that it is plain what was his object in getting beyond the reach of the police, and to charge the absent man with having repeatedly affixed his signature to blank warrants, which were filled up afterwards by members of the Ring, his share of the plunder being handed over to him in the form of fees paid to a law firm doing a large business. An odd consequence of Mr. Hall's sudden departure has been, if we may believe the local papers, that "on the heels of the Hall mystery have followed a series of mysterious disappearances until there are more people reported missing now than were probably ever before in the history of New York." This is no doubt a fanciful epidemic invented to keep up the excitement of the Hall question. The Associated Press reporter who had identified Sutcliffe as Hall at Liverpool, and discovered that he had changed his name to "Garbett," saw him with a young lady in Hyde Park. On April 4th, he left a note for Mr. Hall requesting an interview, in an envelope addressed "Mr. Garbett," to which a reply was returned in a woman's handwriting, to the effect that the gentleman whose name was on the envelope "had no concern with the enclosure, and therefore respectfully returned it, that an

evident mistake may be rectified." The woman is thus described:—"She is about thirty-eight, five feet five inches in height; of good figure; has dark brown hair, clear complexion, large eyes, large mouth, and a wart behind the left ear." The London Correspondent of the *New York World* professes to have been more successful in his efforts to see Hall, and telegraphs from London that he had obtained a protracted interview with A. Oakley Hall, who, "under the name of Garbett, now occupies lodgings in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill Gate, a cheap locality, made up of small houses only"; but that Hall "absolutely refused to make any explanations whatever as to his motives in leaving New York, and seemed altogether at sea as to his future plans." The Correspondent adds that "he is evidently much broken in mind and body, and desires only rest and peace." He also suggests that "it is now only charity to say as little more about him as possible," as to which the Correspondent himself, though he seems to overlook it, might very well have set an example.

Another example of the system of "personal intelligence" by which the American public arrives at conclusions quite independently of legal evidence and judicial supervision is given in the case of Tweed. It will be remembered that Tweed escaped from gaol in last December, and was afterwards caught in Spain, and once more lodged in Ludlow Street prison. A recent number of *Harper's Weekly* contained a narrative of Tweed's flight and capture, purporting to be based on a diary and other documents supplied by the prisoner. In this statement, which was immediately copied into all the newspapers, it is represented that at the end of last year Tweed had got tired of battling for years in the courts of law, and had also sacrificed a large part of his means. He had then the prospect of a six-million suit against him, and saw himself drifting to irretrievable ruin; but, as a last hope, he thought that, if he only got out of prison, he might save some fragments of his property. One of his messmates in the prison was Lawrence, the silk smuggler, whose case led to the abrogation of the Extradition Treaty with England; and another was Bliss, a notorious swindler and burglar; and, with the help of these congenial friends, a contract was made for Tweed's evasion. He was, being a privileged prisoner, to find occasion to visit his house in town, of course under the charge of warders; and was then to slip out, and be taken in charge by a well-organized body of men distributed throughout the country. This plan was carried out; the warders were treated to a luxurious feast, and Tweed went out of the room on pretence of washing his hands; but instead he passed into the street, where a waggon was waiting for him, and he was driven to the North River. There he crossed to New Jersey, and was conveyed into the country beyond the river and the Palisades, where he put up at a secluded homestead, and remained till about the first week in March, assuming the name of "John Secor," and having his whiskers shaved off and his hair clipped short, while a wig and pair of gold spectacles completed the disguise. He afterwards made his way to Cuba, and got a steamer to Vigo, where he was arrested and put in prison by the Spanish authorities. The account goes on to show that since his return to incarceration in New York he has lived in perfect seclusion and absolute silence; but he wrote a letter to Charles O'Connor, one of the parties to the pending suit against him, proposing an absolute surrender on his part; that is to say, to give up to justice all he has, and tell all he knows; and throw himself on the clemency and generosity of the authorities. In making this offer, he pleads that he is "an old man, greatly broken in health, cast down in spirit," and unable any longer to bear his burden. At first Tweed's melancholy story created a feeling of sympathy and compassion, and it was reported that he would soon be released. According to the latest news, however, the story is in the main pure fiction, and the law is to take its course. What will strike people out of the States as the most astounding feature of the affair is that the publication of an unauthenticated letter, and a discussion about it in the newspapers, should be allowed to cut the knot of a regular judicial investigation. There are unfortunately some symptoms of a similar taste for personal scandal springing up in this country; but the disgraceful point to which it is carried by American journalists may perhaps be a warning.

JAMAICA PLANTERS.

FEW things can be more depressing than the aspect of a country that has "seen better days"; and perhaps there may be an added touch of melancholy when it shows some fitful signs of recovering itself. In the case of the man who is going fast downhill, in shabby clothes and with a shamefaced demeanour, you have the sense that accelerated decay will soon bring him the relief he must long for. But a country, though overshadowed by a gloomy destiny, may prolong a painful agony indefinitely; and the greater its natural chances and advantages, the more sensibly do we feel for it. We have no idea of entering into those vexed economic questions which have been lately in course of discussion in the *Times* under the heading of "Jamaica Planters." But every controversy of the kind, whether it throw more or less of light or shadow on its subject, can hardly fail to suggest some sad reflections as to the change that has been brought about in half a century in one of the most enchanting spots on the globe. Most of the regions lying anywhere in those seas and latitudes have had hard luck since they made the acquaintance of Europeans. The wars of Sweden and Prussia

invasion passed over the mainland of the neighbouring continent, submerging such arts and civilization as had been possessed by the native races. Brazil has lifted her head again under European rule, thanks partly to the establishment of a European dynasty. But as for Mexico, and those South American Republics which owed their independence to the intrigues of degenerate Spaniards, taking advantage of the embarrassments of a feeble home Government, we know what has been the fate of the New World that Canning boasted of having called into existence. A mongrel race, enfeebled by a relaxing climate, has become the prey of adventurers and the sport of revolutions. Great natural riches have been running to waste, or have been selfishly traded upon by interested adventurers. Credit has been anticipated or exhausted, with such happy exceptions as that of Chili; public works, indifferently constructed, have fallen into disrepair before they had a chance of paying; the old pestilential swamp is soaking through embankments and swallowing systems of drainage; the jungle is rapidly gaining on the ground that had once been reclaimed from it; the wharfs are crumbling away, and the harbours are silting up which were once the seats of flourishing commerce. As for the Pearl of the Antilles, with those seemingly inexhaustible resources which used to go so far towards rectifying Spanish Budgets, it is the scene of a struggle which, should it come to an end, can only leave the island in utter exhaustion. But, to an Englishman at least, the decline of Jamaica comes home far more nearly. We have no intention of moralizing at this time of day for or against the institution of slavery; although we must recall the fact that it was forced upon our West Indian colonists by their local laws, and that no man could acquire a sugar estate without acquiring at the same time the slaves who worked it. We pretend to do no more than take a glance at the island as it was fifty years ago, as contrasted with what it has sunk to at present.

And we do not think we can do much better than take "Tom Oringle" for our text. "Tom Oringle" (Mr. Scott) was a West Indian of course, and he wrote feelingly when he touched on the politics of a subject in which he was vitally interested. He may have painted the planters in rose colour and made the best of their treatment of their slaves. But his imagination, had it prostituted itself to self-interest, could never have made so vivid a picture, and in every chapter of his we are irresistibly impressed by the pervading sense of thorough fidelity. As for the scenery he so admirably describes, about that there can be no question whatever. If ever the lot of man was cast in an earthly Eden, it was in the instance of those well-to-do planters of the "land of streams." It is true that there were snakes to be found in it, both literally and metaphorically. Residence in towns like Kingston was by no means entirely agreeable. In spite of the refreshing breath of the evening sea breeze, a taint of the miasma from the bush and the lagoons hung over such shadeless cities. For there was little shelter in the blazing streets, and you had to go through your mercantile drudgery in the airiest of costumes, occasionally gasping for breath behind your closed blinds. But that was only the misfortune of the exotic aristocracy of the community. What was temporary suffering to the white man was but the breath of life to the blacks. The negro revelled in his glowing atmosphere; and, as with the *lazzaroni* of Naples, the heat only added to his enjoyment of existence, although it may have heightened his aversion to labour and his natural predisposition to indolence. And, if the white merchants had to put up with some discomforts, they had the consolations that come of a successful career and an assured future. They had only to put the energy of their nation into their duties, and money came pouring in by handfuls. The roadsteads and the harbours that seem so deserted now were filled with the English shipping they had chartered; the vessels from the Severn, the Mersey, and the Clyde lay anchored in clusters in the offing, or moored in tiers off the wharfs. There was a constant coming and going to the blocks of great warehouses; and strings of drays and teams of mules from the districts in the interior were perpetually discharging their loads at the vast sheds on the quays. Those West Indian merchants led lives that were all the more jovial for their efforts; for, as was remarked by the immortal Jacob Twigg of the "Dreum," the West Indians held their lives by so precarious a tenure that they had learned to set little store by their purses. They went to their daily work betimes, and had earned the luncheon at which they kept open table for all and sundry. In the afternoon, when they had shut up their lodgers and locked their safes, they drove out to their "pens," or houses in the country, where they dined with doors opening on the verandah, commanding splendid prospects of the sea, and slept in rooms that were ventilated by the breezes. As for their subordinates, who had narrower means for the moment, they were tolerably well paid notwithstanding, and had the world of Jamaica before them, with a moral certainty of making their living in it. The one condition of their rise was steadiness. For when men held a plurality of properties, or were in the occasional habit of absenting themselves for a long holiday in the old country, trustworthy overseers were in constant request.

The life of the planters was even more enviable. The picturesque scenery that facilitated their ruin by offering the emancipated slaves every opportunity to squat gave existence an indescribable charm. Jamaica, with its well-watered mountain ranges, its park-like stretches of timbered guinea-grass, its cliffs and cataracts, its luxuriant woods and natural orchards, where delicious fruits hung in tempting profusion amid grand masses of foliage, presented an infinite variety of eminently eligible building sites. If you preferred

the beautiful to the more practically profitable, you could leave to the charge of the manager the rich flats and the bottoms where the cane-brakes and coffee plantations surrounded the boiling-houses and negro villages, and settle yourself on some romantic grazing property sequestered among the breezy heights. There you might admire to your heart's content the changing atmospheric effects and the play of tropical lights on the grandest scenery decked in the richest colours. Before the shadows of the night came down, you saw everything through a transparency of preternatural clearness, as it kindled in the glow of the gorgeous sunset. Very probably you woke up in a dripping mist, that brought life and freshness to the drooping vegetation; and you might watch the veil lift and drift away under the influence of the sunbeams, while it left the landscape sparkling in showers of dew-drops. Of course you had to run the chances of disease, for it must be admitted that the inexorable figures of the Insurance Offices indicate the insalubrity of West Indian residence. Now and then, and independently of the normal risks of ordinary fever, the "Yellow Jack" made its visitation to take tithe of the community. Everybody had not the luck of Lieutenant Oringle, who gives so telling a description of his seizure and prostration by the *vomito prieto*, although he adds that it was almost worth while to have been struck down that you might taste the ineffable pleasures of convalescence. But familiarity with these formidable scourges bred disregard, if not contempt, among our colonists; and it must be confessed that the guiding maxim of their lives was *dum vivimus vivamus*. Jamaica was the chosen home of hospitality, and they spent their fortunes with princely lavishness. Every respectable stranger was made heartily welcome, and the faintest form of decent introduction passed one freely all over the island. These sumptuous traditions linger still; so that, although the means of the planters have been so terribly crippled, to this day the "taverns" of Jamaica are among the most comfortable inns in the English settlements. The mystery to men bred in the temperate zone is how they managed to sustain their excellent appetites and keep their livers in tolerable order. Probably beneficent nature assisted them by promoting a free flow of transpiration. But it is certain that, before or since, there has seldom been such luxurious housekeeping. The mouth waters as one recalls such banquets as were marked with a white stone in the memory of Mr. Pepperpot Wagtail. There were tropical delicacies of every kind; turtle and terrapin, landerabs and ringtail pigeons; gropers from the sea, and mullet from the mountain streams, stuffed with savoury vegetables or swimming in claret sauce. As for the varieties of their desserts, the whole of the island garden was before them, and we can imagine what a *diner à la Russe* might have been spread with the produce of its magnificent natural orchards. And as for the wines they had to import, they were the best customers of the wine merchants before the days of cheap vintages. It was well worth making the West Indian voyage only to taste the marvellous Madeiras that had repeatedly made the round of the Cape before being deliberately mellowed in the cellars of that sultry climate. As a proof of the tender devotion which its fragrance inspired in its grateful votaries, we revert to our boyish recollections of the English seat of a West Indian millionaire, who had anticipated, by a time y sale of his estates, the emancipation of the negroes and the abolition of the sugar duties. His beautiful grounds were studded with empty Madena pipes, which he had set up in the form of summer-houses for the sake of fond associations.

Nor had the lives of the planters, although it has been the fashion to throw stones at them, only their selfish and self-indulgent side. Many of those Englishmen had carried with them to the tropics the kindly feelings of the English squire; and generally the sense of possession and absolute ownership gave somewhat of a paternal character to their dealings with their woolly-headed dependents. Had there been no better motive, the consciousness of easy prosperity inclined them to be liberal to the people about them. They may have been autocratic and arbitrary, and too frequently licentious; but, generally speaking, it was their pleasure to live among comfortable scenes of material prosperity. The slaves were well fed and well clothed, according to the conditions of the climate. Their wives and daughters were usually on the broad grin, and the sleek and shining picaninies rolled about in picturesque nudity, enjoying the spring-time of their lives in the exuberance of their animal spirits. The people had almost invariably their own provision patches, with a day in the week to cultivate them; the pigs that fattened on the profusion of surplus vegetables made themselves as thoroughly at home in the huts as they do in the Irish cabins; and if he thought his freedom worth the purchasing, an industrious slave could usually buy it. We are far from asserting that there were no abuses; we set out by saying that there were snakes in the paradise. But, with the prevailing tone of opinion in a community of free-hearted English gentlemen, cruel or tyrannical treatment was the exception, and a monster like a Legree was an almost inconceivable phenomenon.

There is unhappily no need to expatiate on what Jamaica has become in our own time. The present conditions of existence with the struggling white settlers are pretty much the reverse of the opulence we have described; just as the bush has been spreading over abandoned cane-fields, and as the shipping in the ports is the spectre of what it once was. But what remains unchanged is the spirit of hospitality, as Kingsley has described it in his *At Last* and Mr. Trollope in his *West Indies*. And it shows itself the more genuine that it has to contend with difficulties and involves self-sacrifice, as one of the planters who had made him heartily welcome

plaintively remarked to Mr. Trollope in a moment of confidence. Bills overdue, hampering mortgages, fierce competition against long odds; anxieties about the labour supply, and troubles with the field hands when the ripening crop is threatening to rot; costly improvements in modern machinery—all these things must weigh like nightmares on the troubled slumbers of the present generation of planters. It is possible that they may have happier times in store; but there can be no question that the golden age is over for them, nor is there any likelihood of its ever returning.

OPERA LIBRETTI.

IN the history of musical literature there is no more deplorable chapter than the story of the opera libretto, or "book of the words." At a first glance what would seem a more harmonious fellowship than that of poet and musician? "Music and Poetry," wrote Purcell, in the dedication of his opera of *Diocletian* to the Duke of Somerset, "have ever been acknowledged sisters, which, walking hand in hand, support each other . . . Both of them may excel apart, but sure they are most excellent when they are joy'd." The poet's share, however, in this union of the arts appears to have been but a shabby one. Instead of union, disunion, small squabbling, and jealousy, or at best a most unequal, ill-assorted companionship, mark the occasions on which the musician and the poet have sought to strive together in the service of the dramatic muse. Your great poet, indeed, has preferred to chant his strains alone, and looked askance upon an art which might but twist the delicate web of his verse into new forms, and throw the careful design out of all significance. So it has come about that poetasters, dwellers on the lowest slopes of Parnassus, nay, mere groundlings of the level mead, have run to the rescue, and sought immortality by uniting their weak babble to the musician's heaven-drawn harmonies.

This disappointing failure, where success would have seemed a reasonable expectation, may be traced to many causes; the artificial nature of the *genre* opera itself, the singular lack of mutual understanding between dramatist and musician, each misapprehending the possibilities and limits of the other's art, and the dependence of both upon those most capricious of all instruments—singers and actors. It must be confessed that in the first stages of the musical drama the poet had little chance. The origin of the so-called opera was the dramatic cantata of the Italian Courts, a performance invented at the close of the sixteenth century for the amusement of a *dilettante* luxurious society, and consisting of airs to be sung by favourite singers, connected by spoken dialogue or recitative and enlivened by ballet. The poet's thankless task in this heterogeneous composition was to take the *dramatis personæ* already fixed for him by the pseudo-classic taste of the day, and supply them with some sort of framework on which the required number of airs and the due amount of dancing could be brought into an intelligible whole. For a real dramatic organism there was here evidently no chance; stereotyped musical forms became fetters for musician and poet alike, and, at the outset of an art which professed to be founded on the Greek stage, the essential dramatic element was left out. Dr. Chrysander has well shown how in Italy, the birthplace of opera, the groove in which the natural dramatic tendencies of the people had run proved both a facility for the creation and a bar to the development of the musical drama. The Italian Theatre, he says, had possessed for centuries a number of ready-made personages beloved by the nation and well understood. The classic gods and heroes retained, truly, but little of their historical identity, but they became gradually moulded into typical characters which signified something real to the people. The Italian drama was like a chest in which the puppets lay packed side by side, and according to the need of the hour the right puppet would be pulled out and dubbed pastoral, mythological, tragic, or comic, touched up with local colour and supplied with speech by the showman. This stereotyped dramatic material gave to the Italian stage its fatal incapacity for improvement from without, and also its individual strength. For the first attempt at opera no especial musical form was ready, but the dramatic form and the established stage were ready; consequently in the first century of opera-making there is no development. On the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, 1579, more than a hundred operas were composed. Under these circumstances the librettist, otherwise the poet, was a nonentity. Handel's opera of *Agrippina* is entered in the catalogue of the Venetian musical dramas, Anno 1710, *Agrippina*, 441, *Teatro S. Gio. Grisostamo*, 56, *Poesia d'incerto, musica di Giorgio Fed. Hendel*. The wonder is that Handel and his contemporaries of note could be satisfied to compose at all on the wretched literary framework offered to them; but it may be remembered that the classical stories in vogue had a true dramatic core, however husked over and hidden; also that Italian versifiers had ever a rare trick of scribbling words pleasantly adapted for the delivery of musical phrases, and sufficiently true to a prescribed sentiment to allow the composer free scope. As a matter of fact, however, the dramatic power of Handel first found full play when he betook himself to the Bible, where, as Bach before him and Mendelssohn after him, he discovered the forcible imagery, the rich expression, the tragic feeling which the secular poetasters of the day failed to supply. Yet even in the bypaths of sacred history the compilers of Handel's text contrived to lead him a fool's dance, as in the ludicrous philandering of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, or the pompous patronage of Ahasuerus.

England, accounted the most unmusical of countries, might per-

haps have achieved the production of a national musical drama if Henry Purcell had fallen on better days. But though that undoubted genius drew his text from Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, understood the true gist of dramatic composition, and wrote with astonishing freshness and vigour, yet the frivolous influence of the Court, given over to French ballet, the want of vocal method among English singers, and his own mistaken impulse towards the Italian stage, were fatal to the development of the new form of art. The spirit with which Dryden defends his text-book to Purcell's *King Arthur* amusingly exemplifies the low level at which writing for the musical stage was set:—

The numbers of poetry and vocal music [he writes] are sometimes so contrary that in many places I have been obliged to cramp my verses and make them rugged to the reader that they may be harmonious to the hearer, of which I have no reason to repent me, because these sorts of entertainments are so principally designed for the ear and eye, and therefore in reason my art on this occasion ought to be subservient to his; and besides, I flatter myself with an imagination that a judicious audience will easily distinguish betwixt the songs wherein I have complied with him and those in which I have followed the rules of poetry in the sound and cadence of the words.

The spectacle of Dryden consoling himself for his damaged metres by trusting to the discrimination of a London audience to throw the blame on the musician raises a smile at his expense. Purcell died in his seven-and-thirtieth year, and the chances of national opera vanished with him in the dust-cloud raised before the advancing troops of foreign singers.

The London theatres witnessed strange scenes when the Italians had assumed possession of the musical stage. The male sopranis and their companions who took the ear of the town could only listen in their native tongue, while the English were equally incapable of mastering a foreign language on short notice; so every one sang "wie ihm der Schnabel gewachsen war," and the text-writer had to string together into a whole the favourite arias, duets, &c., of the foreigners, with additions for the English *personnel* in a jargon worthy of Babel. Little wonder that the tasteless hotchpotch roused the ire of Addison, who had not sufficient musical knowledge to distinguish between the compilations of ignorant scribblers and conceited singers, and the consistent, if narrow, Italian art which they travestied. Addison in a fit of patriotism wrote the text of a musical drama himself—*Rosamunda* by name—but again fate forbade a wholesome union between sense and sound, for the composer selected by Addison was a vulgar nonentity, one Tom Clayton, whose bad music killed the drama off the boards in three nights. After a while the numbers of Italian singers increased to such an extent that one entire "opera"—a name imparted with the foreigners—could be given in Italian. The first work thus rendered was *Hydaspes* by Marcioli, which was brought over by the great actor and singer Nicolini, and produced on the stage in 1710. When Handel arrived in England with his armful of Italian operas in the grand style, the stage was ready for him.

The honour paid to Gluck as a regenerator of the musical stage from a dramatic point has of late reached its highest pitch. He threw off the tyranny of singers, made them merely "spokesmen of his dramatic and musical intentions," and brought music into direct connexion with the poetic sentiment of the words. Herein he found an able and sympathetic coadjutor in Calzabigi, whose libretti are exceptional for real dramatic vigour. It has been said that the successors of Gluck, Cherubini, and his co-disciples "allowed the poet to develop in the exact ratio of their own increase of musical freedom and strength." It is, in fact, notable that the conventional musical forms into which the musical drama had settled down as Italian opera became hindrances to development in a dramatic direction for both musician and poet. Even the genius of Mozart is unable to blind us wholly to the artificiality of the stage stereotyped arrangements, while we have additional cause for lamenting in his case that his splendid dramatic and poetic faculties found no theme more pathetic than the stupidity of *La Clemenza di Tito*, or more noble than the frivolities of *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*. When Goethe dreamed of a union between music and poetry on a dramatic basis, he gave the idea up in despair over the conventionalities of musical form in the existing operatic stage. Probably the lesser swans of Germany were of his mind, for Weber—whom, by the way, Goethe snubbed shamefully—could find no better help, after the irritable genius quarrelled with him for a share in the popular applause, than crazy old Helmine von Chezy. "These German authors," grumbled Beethoven to Weber, "have no notion how to make an opera book." His own *Fidelio* had passed from its original French into Italian, and out of Italian into German.

The position of Weber as a dramatic composer, and his relations with his "book-makers," give us a clue to the whole unsatisfactory state of the matter before us. Here is a musician essentially dramatic in his bias of thought, able to grasp all the necessities of a sympathetic understanding between audience and stage, alive to the force of emotional effect, open to the power of a consistent spectacle; yet this very man knows so little of dramatic poetry that he scarcely can tell good writing from bad, is incapable of digesting fragmentary material into a consistent whole, cannot estimate the monstrous absurdities of dramatic construction in which the unlucky Von Chezy involves him. Herein lies the rub. It is not only the poet's fault that the operatic stage has proved but a *pons asinorum* between music and the sister art. If the musician calls vainly for a good dramatic "text-book," he must at least know better what he requires before he can expect to get it. The lack of some right standard by which the proper field for musical drama may be

determined must find a remedy in a wider culture of the musician himself which shall enable him to meet the dramatist on his own ground. That notable personage, Herr Wagner, has probably done the cause of musical drama good service in emphatically pointing out this necessity. Herr Wagner's personal recipe—"Every composer his own poet"—can only apply in very exceptional cases. This assumption, moreover, may lead to such astounding struggles with the muse as the libretto of the *Nibelungen Lied*, wherein we behold grotesque Scandinavian myth treated after heroic Greek fashion, and the personages of the child's fairy lore alternating between the naïve conduct of the nursery and the high passion of the dramatic personage of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*. But, let the eccentricities of the German apostle of a "regenerated and national musical drama" be what they may, he has at any rate demonstrated practically the immense value of an absolute union between the poetic impulse, the musical expression, and the visible appeal of the mimetic art. This unity, by the way, will be sacrificed at the approaching Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall, whereby the advocates of the Wagnerian drama will probably be brought to much undeserved confusion of face.

For want of such a standard of the right subject-matter for musical expression as has been indicated, and in despair at the indifference of poets, we see composers led into the wildest vagaries. Goethe's *Faust* has proved a loadstone mountain for more than one musical shipwreck; and the *Divina Commedia* is not safe from attack. At the present moment we have the supernatural mediæval romances and resuscitated myths of Herr Wagner at one end of the prospect, in the foreground Signor Verdi performing on his Italian tight-rope of passages in the life of Anonyma, or incidents in an Egyptian love story, while Herr Rubinstein in the distance, eager to avenge the cause of the Israelites, is only deterred by his poet Herr Mosenthal from setting all the Books of Moses to music, and barely satisfies his zeal with the history of the Maccabees and the Tower of Babel. From such chaos and unreason of the mind musical we must trust to be delivered by a gradual widening of the basis of musical culture. The musician cannot stand aloof from the progress around him, and if, as we must hope, music is indeed a living art which shall push fresh shoots into the future, our children may live to see a musical drama which will satisfy the ear without offending the intellect.

A VISION OF STEAM TRAMWAYS.

IT has been observed that even people of the most matter-of-fact and business-like character are occasionally subject to an outbreak of poetical and romantic feeling which startles those who are familiar with their ordinary habits. Some such influence seems to have been at work on a Select Committee of the House of Commons which at the beginning of the Session was appointed to "consider how far, and under what regulations, the employment of steam or other mechanical power may be allowed upon tramways and public roads." It was composed of members who, for the most part, are usually sensible and practical enough, such as Mr. Salt, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. Goldney, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. McLagan, Lord Holmesdale, and the like; and they seem to have begun their inquiry in a very rational mood. They state that, "While confining their attention chiefly to the use of mechanical power on tramways, your Committee have endeavoured to give due weight to the interests of all persons concerned. They have mainly considered the safety and the convenience of the public, whether as passengers in the tramway cars or as passers-by along the highways and the streets; but in doing so they have not forgotten to ascertain what may be just to the proprietors of tramways, and have had regard to the position of owners of property and of local authorities." This is, of course, a very fair and proper way of looking at such a question; and as the Committee had to begin with one of its various sides, there is perhaps no reason to complain of their giving the interests of horses the preference. One of the strongest arguments, they say, in favour of the use of mechanical power upon tramways is to be found in the fact that the traction of the ordinary tram-car is a most severe strain upon a horse. The Secretary of the Edinburgh Tramway Company, being asked whether the Company had ever been proceeded against for cruelty to their horses, said, over and over again, "There are very few weeks, certainly not months, in which there are not serious complaints in regard to matters over which we have no control whatever; we get the best horses we can, and provide the best fodder and the best attendance, and yet there is no doubt that on some gradients the horses are very severely tried." The Chairman also said:—"It is very hard work for the horses, and, unless we constantly shifted them from the severer work to the less severe work, they would not last at all." Here the question arises whether this is due to the ordinary working of tramways under proper conditions, or whether it is due to the impracticable nature of the gradients; and any one who knows what they are on such a thoroughfare as Leith Walk will easily understand that they tell very severely on horses which have a heavy tram-car at their back. It would also appear to an ordinary observer that the horses are not particularly sleek and well fed, and that they are very hard-worked. Those who think that tramways ought to be carried everywhere in the interests of commercial speculation may perhaps treat gradients as a mere detail, and would be ready to attempt the ascent even of Arthur's Seat. But common-sense people will probably be disposed to hold that very steep gradients are not exactly suitable for the purposes

of transit, and that a fairly level road ought to be selected. The officials of the London General Omnibus Company also give similar evidence. It is said that horses for this service are usually bought at the age of five years, and the average life of a horse, after that time, is, if drawing an omnibus four and a half years, and if drawing a tram-car four years only; so that tramways are more exhausting to horses than omnibuses.

The Committee think that the evidence tends to show that the use of mechanical power will diminish the cost of traction, but they do not give the data for this opinion. They then proceed to consider the effect of a steam-car upon the ordinary street-car, as to which there is a conflict of evidence. Some witnesses state that horses, even in crowded thoroughfares, are almost wholly indifferent to steam, while others express serious alarm at the prospect of the introduction into the streets of a new motive power. In Paris a steam-car has been running for six or seven months, and, though nobody has yet been killed or maimed, several accidents have occurred, and in one instance an omnibus was overturned. Upon this the Committee remark that "much depends on the nature of the traffic," whilst "a real public advantage may be obtained at little or no risk when the roads are wide and the passing horses are chiefly employed in drawing cabs, omnibuses, or carts"; and that the system of steam-cars is yet in its infancy. This is no doubt partly true; but it may be suggested that it would be prudent to wait till the system has got beyond this crude state before establishing it for regular traffic. It is clear that even in Paris it is not without danger, and in the principal towns of this country streets are not always very wide, nor is the traffic chiefly of a heavy, sleepy kind, but includes light and rapid vehicles and spirited horses.

The appendix to the Report of this Committee is said to contain some interesting information as to Danish tramways, steam-cars in Paris, statistics of accidents in London and Paris, and other matters; but, as this has not yet been published, it is impossible to say how far it is authentic, or what it proves as to the security of passengers through the streets. The Committee have, they tell us, abstained from attempting to decide upon the merits or the demerits of any particular mechanical motive power, whether it be that of steam, air, or springs; but only to ascertain "how far engineers and inventors are able to comply with the regulations that must of necessity be enforced in the interests of the public." Some witnesses have professed their ability to do anything that may be required, while others have been more cautious. The opinion of the Committee is that certain qualifications may be promised, but will with difficulty be obtained; as, for instance, "the precise and accurate action of a speed indicator, of a speed regulator, of a self-acting brake, the emission of no steam whatever, the absence of vapour, smell, or noise." They find consolation, however, in the reflection that to "insist strictly upon all these conditions might lead to results inconvenient both to the promoters and to the public," and that "simplicity in a machine is essential to its efficiency as well as to its safety"; and they therefore come to the conclusion that "some of the regulations proposed by the Board of Trade are not at present desirable, though with most of them we cordially concur." Simplicity of working is all very well in its way; but the question is whether it is right to allow it when it creates a nuisance by "vapour, smell, and noise." The Committee wind up by suggesting the conditions under which they think that the use of mechanical power on tramways should generally be permitted. They are, in substance, as follows:—

- I.—The machinery to be effectually protected and concealed from view.
- II.—The ingress to and the egress from the accommodation in the passenger car to be safe, convenient, clean of the machinery, and free from unpleasant noise, heat, or smell.
- III.—Every engine to be, as far as possible, free from noise of machinery or of blast.
- IV.—The engine to be so constructed and worked as to avoid as far as possible the emission of smoke or noxious or unpleasant vapour.
- V.—Two men to accompany each engine, unless by special dispensation from the Board of Trade.
- VI.—Brake power to be provided sufficient to stop the engine and car in their own length when travelling eight miles an hour.
- VII.—Every engine to carry a fender or some similar protection, and a bell or some sound of warning.
- VIII.—Every engine to carry a number, by which it may be registered at the Board of Trade.
- IX.—Every engine to be inspected twice in each year by a competent engineer, and report to be sent to the Board of Trade.
- X.—Engines not to travel over a public road at a greater speed than at the rate of eight miles an hour in towns, and twelve miles an hour in the country.
- XI.—These regulations to be subject to modification from time to time by the Board of Trade.

Under these circumstances, the Committee recommend that power should be granted to the Board of Trade to license the trial of any particular engine on the tramways to which a Provisional Order or Private Bill refers, for any period not exceeding three months, "anything contained in any Act notwithstanding"; and, further, that, "in order that local authorities or private persons interested in the improvement of mechanical power on tramways may have an opportunity of trying experiments without infringing the law, or incurring the expense of a Provisional Order or an Act of Parliament, the Board of Trade should be authorized to grant permission to try such experiments on any tramway, on the application or with the consent of the local or road authority, for such limited periods and under such regulations as the Board of Trade may impose."

We have quoted very fully from this Report, because it seems to us to be of so extraordinary a character, coming as it does from a Committee composed, it might be supposed, of intelligent and common-sense persons. What it amounts to is simply this, that the

door is to be thrown open for all sorts of wild and dangerous experiments on the chance of their turning out to be not inconsistent with public convenience and safety. It may be admitted that, if the regulations which the Committee suggest were strictly complied with—that is, the machinery to be effectually protected and concealed from view; ingress and egress to be safe and convenient, clear of the machinery, and free from unpleasant heat, smell, or noxious or unpleasant vapours, or noise of machinery or blast; and with brake power sufficient to stop the engine and car in their own length when travelling eight miles an hour—steam-tramways would be less a nuisance than they would otherwise be; but there does not seem to be much chance of the promises of such results being fulfilled. As the evidence on which the Committee have founded their alarming proposal of free-trade in experiments which may be dangerous to life and destructive of public comfort has not yet been published, it is impossible to express any opinion as to how far the machinery actually invented and got into working order complies with these regulations. But the Committee themselves distinctly state that, as far as their inquiries have gone, it will be difficult to comply with the requirements as to the precise and accurate action of speed indicators and regulators, self-acting brakes, the emission of no steam, and the entire absence of unpleasant vapour, smell, or noise. In the course of years perhaps the steam-tramway-car may be brought to perfection: but it is acknowledged that at present it is only in its infancy, and there is no saying what pranks it might play if turned loose in the streets. The railways are specially enclosed lines, with signals, shunting arrangements, and a multitudinous staff of attendants to keep the lines clear; moreover, the traffic is under the control of the managers, and can be foreseen and regulated beforehand. Nevertheless even under all these precautions, how many accidents happen. Yet, in the face of this, it is seriously—but can it be really serious?—proposed that all the thoroughfares of any large and busy town should be invaded by a rush of steam-engines. It must be remembered that tramway lines are not like railway lines—private property—and that if one set of steam-engines is allowed to run, other vehicles of a similar kind will have also a right, in fairness, to go about as they please, just as cabs and omnibuses do. There is also an important point on which, oddly enough, the Committee do not touch; and that is the destruction of roads by tramways, and the ruinous straining and shaking of other vehicles which cross the lines, evils which must almost necessarily be intensified by the use of steam. Then add the smoke, the vapour, and the snorting, screeching noises, and it is easy to imagine what a Pandemonium the streets would be turned into. The fact is that, as it is, the horse tramways are in many cases a great nuisance already, and ought to be more strictly regulated. The steam tramway will be a new terror added to life in large towns.

POPULATION AND WEALTH IN FRANCE.

IT was inevitable that the Franco-German War should arouse attention in France to the stationariness of the population. Whatever differences of opinion may exist on other points, there can be no doubt that, in part at least, the victory of Germany was due to the superior number of men she brought into the field at the beginning of the struggle. This was so clear that, amidst all the disputes waged on other topics, no one has ventured to contest it; and France showed her recognition of the fact by proceeding as soon as she was free to do so to copy the military organization of Prussia. But just when the necessity for enormous armies was demonstrated by a terrible experience, the first Census taken after the war revealed to her that, independently altogether of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, her population had decreased in six years nearly four hundred thousand. And the more recent Census, though it has shown an increase instead of a decrease, has still proved that increase to be excessively slow. It is hard, as an eminent French writer has remarked, for a people who for twelve centuries have been in the front rank of civilized nations to see themselves sinking gradually to an inferior rank; and naturally, therefore, the information thus brought to light has made a profound and a painful impression upon the public mind in France, and has called forth a multitude of books, pamphlets, and articles of very varying degrees of merit. Among these one of the most original and remarkable has recently been contributed to the *Revue Scientifique* by a well known statistician, M. Bertillon. M. Bertillon begins by stating the facts of his case. At the present time for every thousand inhabitants there are in France between twenty-six and twenty-seven births, whereas in England the ratio is thirty-five, and in Germany from thirty-eight to forty. That is to say, there are twelve or thirteen more births in Germany than in France for every thousand people living; or, to put the matter in a still clearer way, in equal populations there are very nearly three children born in Germany for two in France. This has not always been so. On the contrary, the birth-rate has steadily decreased since the beginning of the century. From thirty-three per thousand, a rate not greatly less than the present English rate, it has fallen by successive steps to 26.3 per thousand. It will be admitted that these facts are sufficiently grave to inspire Frenchmen with anxiety. If matters go on in this way, in another half-century Germany will have nearly sixty-five millions of people, while France will have no more than forty-two millions. If that happens, it will evidently

be in vain for France to pretend to political equality with her rival beyond the Rhine.

And now what is the cause of this slackening of growth of the French population? It is not, as M. Bertillon clearly shows, the scarcity of married women of the child-bearing age. In every thousand inhabitants, in fact, there are in France 140 married women between the ages of fifteen and fifty, while there are only 133 in this country, and no more than 128 in Prussia. Clearly, therefore, the birth-rate ought to be highest in France. A little consideration, however, will show that these figures really only repeat in another form the story we have been telling above. We have shown the small number of births; here we are giving proof of the infecundity of marriages. It is evident that, where families are the smallest, the proportion borne by married women to the whole population will be the highest. Again, it is not to the scarcity of means of subsistence that the slow growth of population is due. Germany is a far poorer country than France, yet the excess of births over deaths is very much greater in Germany than in France. Moreover, as we have just seen, the birth-rate in France itself has actually decreased as the prosperity of the country has increased. Wealth has enormously grown in France during the present century, yet the birth-rate is much lower now than it was seventy-six years ago. This fact seems at first sight to conflict with the commonly received economic theory; but not when the theory is correctly understood. The use of the word "subsistence" is misleading, and ought to be discontinued. Except among barbarous or semi-civilized peoples, it is not the bare necessities of life—the amount of food, clothing, and house accommodation, which, for example, would satisfy a slave—that determine the rate of growth, but the popular standard, for the time being, of what is requisite to make life endurable. If that standard rises faster than wealth grows, the increase of population will be slow; if it rises less rapidly, the increase will be quick. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon this point, for it is a truism to say that when people have once come to regard certain comforts as necessities they will not willingly descend to a more wretched existence. This is the real secret of the stationariness of the French population. M. Bertillon cites many other causes, as, for example, the immigration of Germans, Swiss, and Belgians. But this immigration clearly is possible only because Frenchmen have a higher standard of living than their neighbours. Indirectly, no doubt, immigration checks the growth of population by keeping down wages. But it is itself the effect of the scarcity of French labourers. Partly because of the general diffusion of well-being consequent on the Revolution, the facility with which landed property can be acquired, and the universal desire to obtain it, partly because of the strong hold which the idea of equality has upon Frenchmen, and their unwillingness to see their children descend in the social scale, and partly because of their attachment to their native soil, and the repugnance they feel to emigration, French parents have a high standard of living, and they refuse to risk their own or their children's future by encumbering themselves with large families. Curious and very striking proof of the correctness of this view is afforded by the statistics which M. Bertillon has collected of the influence of peasant proprietorship on the birth-rate. In the thirty departments having the largest numbers of proprietors, he finds that for every thousand inhabitants there are 285 proprietors, 24.7 births, 23.2 deaths, and 25.3 marriages; in thirty-one departments, with a medium number of proprietors, there are 240 proprietors, 25.7 births, 23.1 deaths, and 25.6 marriages; and in twenty-one departments, having the least number of proprietors, there are 177 proprietors, 28.1 births, 23.2 deaths, and 25.9 marriages. It will be here noted how sensibly the ratio of births rises as the ratio of proprietors falls, while the ratio of deaths and marriages varies only by small fractions.

But the really curious and original part of M. Bertillon's paper is that in which he attempts to ascertain the economic results of a slow and a rapid growth of population. Germany, he says, has forty millions of people, and its birth-rate is forty per thousand inhabitants—that is to say, it has 1,600,000 births every year. If Germany had the French birth-rate of twenty-six per thousand, the births would be only 1,040,000. Therefore Germany has an excess of 560,000 births every year over the French proportion; and these, according to the tables of mortality, give 350,000 adults of twenty years of age. Now a man during the earlier years of his life has to be supported at the expense of others—to be fed, clothed, and taught; and these 350,000 young people have to be maintained by their parents—that is, by the generation which precedes them. M. Bertillon estimates that the maintenance of each of them costs four thousand francs, or 160*l.* sterling. Consequently, Germany has to expend 560,000,000*l.* every year on the increase of her population beyond what she would have to lay out were her birth-rate the same as the French. On the other hand, with the German birth-rate, France would have half a million more births than now, and in consequence would have to spend on her children 49,600,000*l.*, which she now saves. Thus M. Bertillon arrives at the conclusion that the greater part of the excess of production over consumption is in Germany devoted to the augmentation of the population, whereas in France it is saved, and goes to swell the disposable capital of the country. In other words, wealth increases largely every year in France, while population remains almost stationary; in Germany, on the other hand, it is population that grows rapidly, and wealth that remains almost stationary. The argument is extremely ingenious, and

beyond all question contains a large ingredient of truth. But it appears to us to have many flaws in it. We are by no means convinced, to begin with, that the growth of wealth in Germany is so slow as is here assumed. Of course, France is out of all comparison the richer country. But that is not the point. The development of German industry and German commerce appears to us the very reverse of slow. In merchant shipping, and especially in steam shipping, the progress of Germany has been far more rapid than that of France. The advance in mining, in the iron and steel trade, in cotton manufacture, has also been very great. Farther, M. Bertillon appears to us greatly to overestimate the cost of bringing up children. It is unquestionable that the modern tendency is to increase that cost. All the necessities of life are dearer than they were, and the prevalence of more humane and enlightened views—the universality of instruction in Germany, for example, and the law restricting the employment of children in manufactories—has the effect of prolonging the unproductive period of childhood. But certainly in no country in the world are young people in general kept idle till they are twenty years of age. The children of the wealthy, no doubt, are; but the children of the lower middle classes begin to work at fifteen or sixteen, and the children of the working classes at twelve or thirteen. At first, we grant, they do not earn their own maintenance, but only contribute towards it. But long before twenty the majority bring in more than they cost. The 160*l.* of M. Bertillon's estimate must, therefore, be greatly reduced. Probably 100*l.* would be nearer the mark. And, if so, the excess in the expenditure of Germany on this item would be 35,000,000*l.* instead of 56,000,000*l.* Again, M. Bertillon assumes that the expenditure on a small family is not proportionately greater than the expenditure on a large family. But surely this assumption is not in accordance with experience. The spoiling of only children has been proverbial in all ages, and, indeed, it is human nature to set a higher value on what is scarce. When parents have but one or two little ones they are more ready to indulge and pamper them than when they have half-a-dozen. It by no means follows, therefore, that the scale of expenditure on the small families in France is no higher proportionately than that on the larger families in Germany. Lastly, M. Bertillon takes no account of the spur applied to the members of large families by the feeling that they have their own way to make in the world. The French peasant is uneducated, unaccustomed to reading, unfamiliar with other countries; he therefore never contemplates the possibility of his son emigrating. Thus Algeria remains unoccupied, and French commerce has few representatives in distant quarters of the globe. The German, on the contrary, knows that the world is wide, and that its good things are to be won by the enterprising and the intelligent. Germans consequently are to be found pushing their way to France, establishing themselves in the counting-houses of London and Lancashire, supplanting Englishmen in China, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific, and helping to build up new States in the Far West of the American Union. This emigration relieves the home-labour market, but it still leaves such an abundance of labour as fully meets the requirements of the country, and stimulates by the keenness of the competition the dexterity and the inventive faculty of the people. Although, then, there is much truth in M. Bertillon's theory, it must not be pushed too far. The cost of a rapidly increasing population is much less than he represents it, and it is partly recouped by the greater productive power of the larger population. There can of course be no question that at certain times and in some countries population has grown too rapidly. It did so notoriously in Ireland during the sixty or seventy years that preceded the potato famine. Apparently it is doing so at the present time in India, where the introduction of English capital alone prevents universal pauperism. And it seems long since to have done so in China. But we see no proof that in Germany the expenditure on large families is seriously encroaching on the saving powers of parents, or that in France thrift would sensibly suffer if the birth-rate were considerably increased. M. Bertillon does not sufficiently allow for the fact that in countries which have once accumulated large capitals the growth of labour is as necessary as the growth of capital. In France, for example, the stationariness of the native population does not cause a very great rise of wages; it simply stimulates a German, Swiss, and Belgian immigration.

THE THEATRES.

FROM a production called "*The Firefly*, Evening Paper and Programme," which is sold in the Criterion Theatre, and would have some distant affinity to the *Extra* or *Orchestre* of Paris but that it contains advertisements of only two out of the many London theatres, we learn strange things concerning Mr. Albery's adaptation of *Les Dominos Roses*. It is, according to this authority, "the best farcical comedy that has been produced in London within the recollection of the present generation of playgoers." The ingenious writer of the notice goes on to say that the construction of the piece, which he does not observe is the work of MM. Delacour and Hennequin, is a "marvel of ingenuity," while the brilliant dialogue "reflects the highest credit on the adapter, Mr. James Albery. . . . The comedy is wholly free from any immoral or improper construction, save by those whose imagination has been allowed to run riot. . . . Some of the press have made most uncalled-for attacks upon the *Pink Dominos*, but, as a matter of fact there is not a line or a situation

in the piece that the most fastidious can take an exception to." People who have expressed any disapproval of the morality of the piece must, we are told, have been full of memories of the original *Dominos Roses*, and have thus "visited the sins of the author upon the adapter," and been "guilty of a serious injustice to the management of the Criterion Theatre," and a reflection upon the highly respectable audiences who pay their money to witness and enjoy the performance." All this is mighty fine, and reminds one pleasantly of a certain scene in the *Legend of Montrose*, where the supposed Murdoch, visiting Dalgetty in his dungeon, answers his questions about the Marquis of Argyle in a manner which leads Dalgetty to exclaim, "I never heard so much good of him before; you must know the Marquis well, or rather you must be the Marquis himself!"

To the brilliant piece of writing quoted above is appended a letter written by Mr. Albery to the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he says:—"The licenser has the power to strike out any passage from a play. I wish he had the power to strike out from the audience those few obscene purists who set silly folk looking for innuendoes that the author never intended." This is ungrateful of Mr. Albery; the mistaken people for whom he has found so graceful and appropriate a name have been the means of exciting curiosity concerning the *Pink Dominos*, and securing for it an amount of attention which "the author," as Mr. Albery chooses to call himself, might otherwise have failed to catch. That attention should be so directed to a play is not very creditable to the audiences who go to see it; but it is comforting to reflect that those who are attracted to the *Pink Dominos* by the hope of seeing or hearing something dreadfully improper are likely to be rather disappointed. It is no doubt possible to put an unpleasantly suggestive meaning upon some passages in the play; but a sufficient exercise of ingenuity might avail to do this in the case of many plays of higher calibre than the *Pink Dominos*. The moral tone of the piece is no better than that of certain other more pretentious plays taken from the French, as an instance of which *Peril* may be named; but the representation of society given in a wild farce is hardly to be taken seriously, while in what is now termed comedy-drama the events and motives put before the audience must be supposed to have some foundation of fact. The moral theory indicated by a wife who lives contentedly with her husband, and says to a woman younger in experience of married life than herself, "A good husband is one who is gentleman enough to be a hypocrite," is distasteful enough no doubt; but neither Mr. Albery nor MM. Delacour and Hennequin are authors of such weight that even the most foolish audiences are likely to incur any moral danger from listening to their cynical frivolities. We have no wish to suggest that the tone of the *Pink Dominos* is desirable, or that plays of its class can ever be acceptable to people who have any true care for the interests of the stage. But the outcry which has been raised against it as a detestably immoral production seems to be unwarranted. The general morality of the characters in the play is at least as high as it is in the *School for Scandal*; but possibly people who are not shocked by the representation of the wickedness of a bygone time may feel their moral sense outraged when it is suggested that men of the present day are not insensible to the charms of bachelor suppers, and will tell their wives lying excuses in order to enjoy them. For the rest, Mr. Albery, who once gave promise of originality and dexterity as a playwright, has paid himself no compliment in giving in to the current fashion of borrowing from the French; and, if he was determined to borrow, he might have found some better employment for his skill as a translator than reducing to a propriety which some people have questioned a piece which is as completely French in its low aim as in its neatly interwoven construction. The English writer in his dialogue attains some smartness by making people talk to each other as they can only talk in the regions of farce; and he has made one gross blunder by retaining a character which, when its original nature is taken away—a thing which on the English stage is fortunately necessary—becomes utterly incomprehensible and foolish. The actors concerned in the *Pink Dominos* have no very difficult task to perform, and perform it tolerably well. Mr. Wyndham in one of the principal characters displays the boisterousness which with many people passes for humour; while the undoubted talents of Miss Fanny Josephs and the very promising performance of Miss Eastlake seem thrown away upon what they have to do. The acting by Mr. Ashley of an innocent old gentleman who is constantly longing to burst into juvenile extravagance is admirably comic.

Le Village is not one of M. Octave Feuillet's happiest dramatic productions, and its adaptation for the Prince of Wales's under the name of *The Vicarage*, by Mr. Saville Rowe, is about as dull and deplorable a piece of work as can be imagined. The outline of the piece is that an old couple who have lived long together in a retired country vicarage, happy in a circle of narrow interests, are visited by an old friend who is a great traveller, and by his talk excites the Rev. Noel Haygarth into the intention of spending with him three or four weeks on the Continent. From the storm which the expression of this intention raises one is led to suspect that Mrs. Haygarth has private information of some deep and dark design which is hid beneath the seemingly innocent project of the vicar and his friend. With trembling voice and tearful eyes she says that she only lives to make her husband happy, and, if it will make him happy to take this holiday, why, let him go. At the same time it is to be observed that she uses every effort to detain him, and finally succeeds in persuading both him and his friend George Clarke that to vegetate in the vicarage is much better than to roam about the world. The motif

of the piece is one that could only be managed successfully with the lightest and most dexterous touch, and Mr. Saville Rowe's hand is far too heavy for the task. Nothing, for instance, short of Mrs. Bancroft's skill could prevent an utterly ludicrous impression being produced by Mrs. Haygarth begging her husband with pathetic appeal to let her look over his things for him, as then he may perhaps think sometimes of her when he is far away, within two days and a half of London. There are certain peculiarities about the state of manners represented in *The Vicarage* which are in their way no less striking than those exhibited in Mr. Albery's version of a French play. The experienced and presumably cultivated traveller "George Clarke C.B." opens a lively and amiable conversation with his host and hostess by complaining of the spongy toast and stewy tea which they set before him, and ringing the bell for some lemon to put in his teacup. He explains this demand by saying that in Russia people never dream of putting milk into tea, and that the lemon which they substitute is infinitely better. The furniture of the very quiet and old-fashioned vicarage in which this terrible drama is enacted is not its least remarkable point; the house is decorated after the newest æsthetic fashion, which no doubt gives point to the pathetic remark of Mrs. Haygarth that "there is not a thing in this house which is not a landmark in our lives." The acting of *The Vicarage* by Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Kendal is excellently careful and finished, but cannot make the piece seem anything else than a solemn and doleful absurdity. It serves a purpose in making the empty froth and incongruous nonsense of *London Assurance*, which follows it, seem at first at least gay and natural by comparison. But *London Assurance* is in truth a piece which fully deserved the bitter caricature of it sketched by Thackeray in "A Night's Pleasure," and is utterly unworthy of the good acting devoted to it at the Prince of Wales's. In some respects, indeed, the acting is too good; the play is so completely and hopelessly artificial that the naturalness skilfully imparted to almost all the characters breaks rather than helps the illusion; it is as though the scenes of a pantomime should be gone through with the utmost gravity and decorum by a well-trained comedy troop. That Mr. Kendal should be good as Charles Courtly is perhaps less surprising than the excellence of Mr. Bancroft in Dazzle, a part which one would not have thought was much in his line. Mr. Tresdale and Mr. Kemble are, if anything, too quiet in Squire Markway and Dolly Spanker; but that is a fault on the right side. Mr. Arthur Cecil needlessly exaggerates the unnatural part of Sir Harcourt Courtly until the last act, throughout which his playing is extremely skilful and delicate. Mr. Sugden as Cool, the impossible valet, is as good as possible. So much praise cannot be given to Mr. Honey's Mark Meddle; but Mr. Honey has to deal with a character in which there is really no humour, and in playing which actors generally resort to certain stage tricks which Mr. Honey, much to his credit, avoids. Mrs. Kendal's Lady Gay Spanker is one of the best performances which this clever actress has given us, and in it she displays a vivacity and brightness which in some other parts she has shown too little. Mrs. Bancroft sets an excellent example by giving a charm to the small part of Pert. The play is much overloaded with elaborate scenery, which is perhaps the reason why the intervals between the acts are far too long.

The revival of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* at the St. James's shows how much the art of dramatic construction and characterization has improved since Massinger's time. One hardly realizes, in merely reading the play, how weak for stage purposes it is until the last scene is reached. The character of Sir Giles Overreach is no doubt what has kept the play on the stage by dint of the opportunities it gives to an actor powerful to express the extravagance of passion. This is hardly what Mr. Hermann Vezin excels in; everything he does is artistic and scholarly, and these very qualities interfere somewhat with his successfully rendering a part for which is needed a brutality which Mr. Vezin seems unable to assume. His Sir Giles is in all the earlier acts too much of a gentleman; his fawning upon Lord Lovell, contrasted with his harsh speeches aside to his daughter, is from one point of view admirably conceived and executed, but it is the fawning of a polished courtier, not of the cunning and ferocious Sir Giles. In the last scene, however, Mr. Vezin displays a great intensity of passion, which is marred only by an indistinctness of utterance, which is a new and unwelcome fault in the actor, whose articulation has generally been excellent. Mr. Flockton, as Marrall, gives a fresh proof that he is an actor of singularly versatile power who can think out a part and give successful expression to his thought. Mr. Clayton gives a pleasant and well-marked rendering of Well-born. Before this play is performed a comedietta, by Miss Kate Field, called *Extremes Meet*, in which Miss Field herself plays the principal part, and shows that in a less feeble and ill-written piece she might possibly be an actress of value.

REVIEWS.

THE SICILIAN ANARCHY.*

THE complaints of personal outrage suffered by English residents in Sicily, and the consequent debates in the Italian

* *La Sicilia nel 1876. Libro Primo: Condizioni Politiche e Amministrative, per Leopoldo Franchetti. Libro secondo: I Contadini in Sicilia, per Sidney Sonnino.* Firenze: Barbera. 1877.

Parliament, have gained a wide hearing for this full exposition of a very painful topic. Those among the early friends of Italian independence who were never carried away by enthusiasm for the transcendental heroics of Mazzini and Garibaldi have not been surprised at the failure of the new government in the southern provinces. It is notorious that Cavour and his Piedmontese colleagues in 1861, while forced to accept the conquest of "the Two Sicilies" in the year before, as well as to compass that of the Roman Marches and Umbria for the security of Victor Emmanuel's kingdom, did not look hopefully on this extension of their administrative task. Upper Italy, comprising Lombardy, with Parma and Modena, the Legations of Ferrara and Bologna, commonly called the Romagna, and the late Grand Duchy of Tuscany, was to have been the chosen field of constructive and regenerative statesmanship. Its ablest and most influential men, such as Minghetti and Ricasoli, were already prepared to continue the work of Cavour, with the active support, at least in every town of Lombardy and the Romagna, and likewise in Florence, of many respectable citizens, and of some of the rural nobility or gentry. The social condition of these northern provinces, with a thriving middle class of small proprietors or farmers on the metayer system, and with their accustomed docility to the guidance of superiors in rank and education, was favourable to their harmonious political settlement. Their population was thoroughly imbued with the traditional urbanity of old Italian manners, and with respect for legal and official authorities. But in the Two Sicilies, as the joint continental and insular dominions which Garibaldi wrested from the Bourbon dynasty of Naples had been previously styled, there was a totally different state of affairs. It was not without great reluctance, and only to prevent a wild democratic and republican triumph inviting a French intervention, that Cavour agreed to the incorporation of the Neapolitans and Sicilians with the naturally loyal subjects of the new Italian kingdom.

The process of political digestion and assimilation in this case, but especially with regard to the island of Sicily, has, in fact, proved desperately hard. These two volumes, by Signors Franchetti and Sonnino, on the social and administrative condition of Sicily, present a deplorable picture. After fifteen years of connexion with the Italian constitutional monarchy, that unhappy portion of the national territory, inhabited by a singular mixture of races owing to the alternation of conquests in the middle ages, is a prey to lawless violence which its rulers are confessedly impotent to restrain. The testimony of Signor Franchetti, whose comprehensive analytical study of the workings of the civil administration fills one volume, is an unqualified condemnation, not of any particular political party, nor of the policy of annexing Sicily, but of the attempt to give it equal self-government with the mainland of Italy. Its lamentable unfitness at present for the salutary exercise of local public authority by any class of its own citizens is here exposed to view in no unfriendly spirit. Signor Franchetti does not shrink from declaring that, "in order to save Sicily, the State must govern it without the co-operation of the Sicilians." Yet he repudiates the notion that they are by nature incapable of self-government, or debared by some mysterious fatality from partaking, in due course, of European civilization. Their social and moral progress has been obstructed primarily, it appears, by pernicious economic causes which have prevented the growth of the habits and opinions essential to a law-abiding people. We have in our own history witnessed a similar kind of hitch, so to speak, in the process of bringing Scotland and Ireland, after their respective unions with England, up to the ordinary and indispensable social requirements of peaceful British citizenship. Patient and tolerant consideration of the morbid state of a foreign community under these circumstances, with a candid recognition of the difficulties in its government, is claimed more especially from our own countrymen. To judge fairly of the merits of a new rule in the southern provinces, highlands, and islands of Italy, we should compare its results with those shown in North Britain under the early Hanoverian reigns, or in Ireland not a hundred years ago.

This preface should rather serve to mitigate the shock with which a stranger in Sicily, after his first brief enjoyment of the delicious aspect of Palermo, enters a country that is delivered up to murder and rapine. He is daily alarmed or grieved by fresh tales of what, in any other part of Europe, would be called the most barbarous and savage crimes, but at which the natives are not at all scandalized. It seems little, as in Ireland, to those who are accustomed to hear of it, that a landowner has been shot dead from behind a wall, simply for having let his field or garden, or given employment on his estate, to a person forbidden him by the local gang of "prepotenti," or usurpers of power in everybody's private affairs. There are many precedents also in other lands of extensive upland pasture for "the good old rule, the simple plan," exemplified in Rob Roy's cattle-stealing depredations; and the configuration of Sicilian mountains and valleys is suitable for that pursuit. The stolen flocks and herds taken from the northern districts of the island are sequestered in some recess of the interior highlands, till they can be driven quietly down to the south coast, and there shipped off for sale at Tunis. The brigands of Greece, too, and of the Southern Apennines, have brought to equal perfection the system of kidnapping rich proprietors and extorting large ransoms from their distressed families or friends. But in the complex organization of crime in Sicily there are peculiar methods, attesting the connivance at least, if not the active complicity, of members of the respectable classes. A recognized dictatorial terrorism, exercised by the "capo-

mafia," or elective chieftain of a band of homicides, robbers, and wasters of property, is allowed to interfere in all manner of legitimate business. The hire of workmen and servants, the terms of a lease or sale, the biddings at a public auction, are controlled by this notorious conspiracy against the law of the realm and individual freedom of action. Its influence is frequently lent, for a consideration, to serve the purposes of influential men holding good positions in society. Municipal offices, the administration of charitable trust funds, of the "opere pie," and the like, are disposed of in subjection to the dread of confederate vengeance for any opposition to the local tyrants. It may seem incredible that an opulent and ancient aristocracy should endure such ignominious dependence on the vilest rabble. The motive, however, is not cowardice, but an hereditary inclination to use the services of these venal banditti—as the ancestor of a Sicilian noble used to employ mercenary troops or "bravi"—in their own private quarrels. In Sicily, as in other Mediterranean islands where the prevailing social morality has a wild Saracenic or North African flavour, the "vendetta" is worshipped more devoutly than the Madonna and the Saints. One standing feud between two rival houses or clans is computed to have cost thirty-five men's lives within a twelvemonth. In the streets of Palermo, as in some towns of the Southern and Western States of America, four or five gentlemen on each side will exchange shots from their revolvers, as the Montagues and Capulets of Verona exchanged the rapier cuts and thrusts of that romantic age.

All this is pretty much what might be expected in a detached fragment of Southern Europe which has remained, in spite of revolutions and constitutions, little affected by modern reform, except in the mere outer framework of government. The authority of the State has never yet been regarded there with attachment, confidence, or respect. It was so much abused by the late Bourbon dynasty as to implant a sentiment of profound detestation in the popular mind. The Italian national monarchy has not yet found the way to conciliate affection or to command obedience among its new imperial subjects. There is no middle class whose industrial and trading interests might be consulted by the establishment of an orderly civil rule, assimilating their province to the rest of Italy. The representatives of the old Barons, whose feudal prerogatives were suddenly abolished in 1812, having recovered their power, without legal sanctions, through the corruption and feebleness of the royal Government, have since then contrived to keep it by the criminality of the lower class.

This is a frightful indictment against a whole people; but it is the net result of Signor Franchetti's statements with regard to the social condition of Sicily down to the period of his commission of inquiry last year. His two colleagues, Signors Sonnino and Enea Cavalieri, were occupied more especially with researches as to the material resources and agricultural economy of the island. Sonnino's treatise on the state of the rural population, the industries and products of different districts, the customs of land tenure, rent and wages, and their effects on the life of the peasantry, contains a store of detailed information mixed up with theories of agrarian policy having but an indirect bearing on the subject under our notice. Cavalieri's portion of the joint work has not been completed in a proper form for publication, but the materials here collected are sufficient for certain general conclusions. Many particulars are confirmed by the report, published last September, but dated in July, of a Parliamentary commission of inquiry upon the condition of Sicily, which has been cited in recent debates. We refrain from attempting to decide any question suggested by these Italian publicists with reference to the land laws, the remuneration of labour, and other economic causes of an unsettled social state. Signor Franchetti's volume alone supplies abundance of proof of the most serious allegations of failure on the part of the Italian Government. It cannot be worse, indeed, than that of the Bourbons before 1860; but it does not appear in Sicily to be any better. Its vices, of course, are not inherent in the monarchy or the central authority, but are of local origin; nevertheless they are an intolerable disgrace and mischief to the whole of Italy, and it would be treason to Italian patriotism were any party to attempt their palliation.

The Italian Government, in one word, finds itself isolated amidst Sicilian society; and this, not because it is Italian and represents the national unity, but only because it is a regular government, with some pretensions to enforce public order and law. It finds itself, says Signor Franchetti, "encamped in Sicily" as in a land and people utterly hostile to its administrative aims and views. That province would seem to be a piece of the world of the turbulent middle ages, which had never dreamt of the modern Code and police. Most Sicilians of the upper class, we are told, cannot as yet form an idea of the public welfare, in the abstract, but only of personal or private interests. They regard the force of a Government as the mere ally of one set of persons against another. Whenever it would take an independent and impartial course it becomes the object of general aversion. Its procedure is thwarted by a tacit universal conspiracy of reluctance, concealment, and deception. It is deprived of those various local agencies which are the hands, the eyes, and ears of a ruling civil power. To carry on the figure, our author says that "the public authority, blindfold and deafened, is still groping about in search of the assassins and other malefactors who are known to everybody else." The characters and habitual misdeeds of such persons may indeed be known to the superior administrative officials as well as to the judges and public prosecutors in the criminal courts. But to set in motion the

machinery of police arrests and judicial procedure requires information, repeated formal depositions, the examination of witnesses successively by an officer of public safety, an inspector, the judge of instruction, who must commit the prisoner for trial, and finally by the judges in the assize courts; in some cases also the verdict of a jury is needed. The impudent and crafty mendacity of a people whose glory and delight is to baffle the law contrives to fritter away the substantial evidence of crime before any definitive sentence can be pronounced. When the accused, as commonly happens, is under the protection of the "Mafia," nobody will dare to appear twice against him with a plain statement of fact; but every witness will equivocate, retract, alter, and confuse the previous evidence, so that the magistrate has no choice but to discharge the prisoner. The inferior servants of the police establishment, of the prisons, and of the magistracy are mostly in league with the enemies of the law. It often happens that arrests which were to have been secretly prepared and suddenly effected are prevented by notice being given beforehand to the culprit, who has ample leisure to change his residence after this timely warning from his friends in the police. We are told how the popular brigand chief of a mountain district, knowing that a warrant is out against him, boldly comes to town and reveals a few days at his favourite tavern, while the carabinieri, guided by his trusty accomplice, perform long marches around his highland home. This attitude of cool defiance and conscious security in the habitual perpetration of violent and lawless acts seems to be greatly adumored by popular opinion. The lives of celebrated banditti have a romantic charm for Sicilian youth, some of whom, the sons of good families, have joined the brigands, it is said, from pure love of adventure.

How to set this Sicilian anarchy to rights is a problem which must be left for the Italian Legislature to solve. The case is beyond the reach of the ablest Executive with the existing laws and institutions. Fifteen or sixteen prefects have succeeded one another at Palermo in as many years. Some have tried and done their best; yet all have failed to enforce the law, to break the lawless power of criminal combinations, to protect the honest and innocent citizen, if such there be in Sicily, from personal outrage and oppression. An almost ludicrous description is given of the perplexing situation of a zealous functionary newly arrived in the island, perhaps coming from loyal and orderly Piedmont. He is received by the wily Sicilians with the most flattering courtesies. He had expected to find their community a sort of Inferno, where so many of his predecessors had gone through a brief term of shameful torment, and retired amidst the mocking derision of their triumphant foes. Instead of this, he is invited to join a happy family of unsophisticated natives, who almost persuade him that their local relations are a pattern of harmony. It is not long, however, before he hears complaints of the state of the roads, the frequency of robberies and murders, and above all the weight of taxation, and when he begins to look into the details of administration, he finds that beneath a perfect regularity of external forms, they are entangled in a vast web of mystification to which no clue is readily obtained. If he applies to persons of reputed character and local experience, they give him the most different counsels, each faction or clique prescribing an exclusive attention to its own interests, and telling him to be wary of the others. He resolves to be impartial, to strike out an independent course of energetic action; then there rises round about him the hydra-headed monster of popular calumny, and its hundred mouths assail his character with a pelting storm of unjust accusations. The whole provincial society declares war against the agent of the royal Government, and attacks him with implacable fury; it prompts the Sicilian deputies and senators at Rome to urge the case in the Italian Parliament against the Ministry of the day. The end is that the unhappy prefect or sub-prefect is either removed from his post, or surrenders his pretensions to strict official integrity, and becomes the tool of some local faction, compromising his own authority by illegal and violent measures. The same demoralizing influence besets the minor agents of the State in the fiscal and the judicial branches of administration. These officials, but especially the "pretori," who are charged with the supervision of a multitude of suspected persons, as well as with the detection of crimes and the identification of criminals, are seldom trustworthy; and such is the difficulty of proceeding by regular course of law to the apprehension and conviction of notorious offenders, that the earnest or exasperated magistrate is often tempted to make an excessive use of arbitrary and extra-legal powers which should be reserved for an exceptional crisis. It is confessed that there has been frequent abuse of the preventive methods of dealing with persons put under the ban of police admonition, and those who are sometimes compelled by Government order to reside in a specified place. The total number of "ammonti" in the three judiciary districts of Palermo, Messina, and Catania was in 1874 about three thousand, and nearly a thousand persons were placed under restraint in the matter of their domicile. But these were mostly petty delinquents, guilty of some larceny or theft in fields and gardens, not the bold brigands who attack houses and villages in broad daylight, or who rob travellers and mails on the King's highway. To catch any of these really formidable public enemies is a feat rarely accomplished; and it can only be done by resorting to devices little befitting the agents of the law. Instances could be mentioned, says our author, in which a leader of bandits has been destroyed by a process more like an assassination than an execution. The Italian soldiery, and the "carabinieri" or

gendarmes, seem to be all the instruments upon whose obedience the State can rely in that unhappy island, since the mounted patrol of the country, the "militia a cavallo," are usually in league with the brigands. Altogether this is a hideous picture of anarchy in a province of that new kingdom in whose freedom we have rejoiced. The malady has been laid bare to view, and its seat has been probed by Signor Franchetti with an unsparing hand. But to prescribe and effect the cure is a task of more consummate surgery than has yet been shown by the surviving Italian statesmen of the national revolution.

SHUTE'S DISCOURSE ON TRUTH.*

THE valiant endeavours of Mr. Green and Mr. Grose to call back the youth of Oxford from wasting their time on a barren insular philosophy to learn from Hegel how self-consciousness constitutes reality seem to be thus far not wholly successful. The fascinating bane of Hume has, in at least one instance, been too much for the antidote of Mr. Green's most ingenious Introduction; and we see here the work of an unruly spirit which has not only drunk deep of Hume, but insists on carrying out Hume's inquiries to lengths even beyond Hume's results, unmoved by the charming of Mr. Green and his colleagues. Mr. Shute has answered the call of the Hegelians by following with absolute devotion—not the slavish copying of the letter, but the true service of a kindred mind—in the footsteps of Locke and Hume. Quite in their spirit, and not without a certain fresh quaintness of manner that reminds one of their language, he has taken up fundamental questions from the beginning, and worked them out with as little reference as possible to the accepted notions of the schools; and he has performed his task not only with an acuteness which makes his work brilliant as an exercise of dialectics, but with a thoroughness and solidity which make it a really formidable addition to the armoury of empirical philosophy.

The first chapter is concerned with the definition of truth, and this, we confess, is the chapter we care least for. *Truth* is a word of extensive use, and in no way peculiar to philosophy, and we do not see that philosophers are bound to compete with philologists and dictionary-writers in defining it. Mr. Shute's own definition, when he arrives at it, is after all a vague one, and also does some violence to the common usage of the word. Nor do we see that it afterwards comes into play to any important extent. The topic next taken up is that of definition. This soon leads us to the consideration of class-names, and the reader is plunged unawares—for Mr. Shute makes a point of speaking throughout as one not addressing experts—into the venerable controversy about Universals. Mr. Shute, as an Englishman and the disciple of Englishmen, is an uncompromising Nominalist, and holds that the so-called universal is only a cluster of more or less confused remembrances of particulars. This he expresses by the following happy illustration:—

A general idea is like a wide-stretching landscape, whereof portions stand out clear in the sunlight, while the remoter regions fade away in the distance. What, then, are the clearly marked, and what the misty and doubtful features of this complex whole? The fixed and vivid portion will consist of those qualities which have been common to all our experiences of the individual members of the class. The vague and shadowy background will consist of qualities which have varied in different members of the class with whom we have met. Other things being equal, each individual experience will count as a single unit towards the forming of the general idea. The chief exceptions to this rule are that instances nearer in time will have more effect than those more remote, and that those in which we have taken an interest, or in which our attention has been excited by the conjunction of our experience with some violent emotion, whether pleasurable or painful, will counterbalance a very large number of mere ordinary neutralized experiences.

So far he is with one set of logicians against another. When he comes to discuss the nature of propositions, Mr. Shute breaks loose from the logicians altogether. He takes the line of denying that there is any real universal knowledge; a proceeding which may surprise many, though it does not surprise us, who have already found no difficulty in conceding to Mr. Green that this is the only tenable position for a consistently empirical thinker. But, more than this, Mr. Shute carries the war into the enemy's country by denying that there are even any real universal propositions, which he makes out as follows:—In the statement "All A is B" the form only is universal, the term "all" being really doubtful. Putting aside the disputed cases of so-called necessary truths, we constantly make statements in the universal form about things of which we cannot have universal knowledge, so-called contingent truths of which we can speak only from limited experience. In such statements the real significance of "all" is not positive but negative; it is a compendious sign of uncontradicted experience. "All A is B" means that many A's have been found to be B's, and that no A has been found to be not B. The value of the statement as a guide to conduct obviously depends on the nature of the case, and the extent, character, and circumstances of the experience. The proposition tells us vaguely that the evidence known to the speaker, or to those from whom his information is derived, gives a result of a certain kind. The specific worth of the result can be arrived at only by examining the evidence. Treating in like manner the "particular" form of proposition, Mr. Shute finds that in "some A is B," the word "some" is the symbol of con-

tradicted experience. It tells us that there have occurred cases in which A's were B, and cases in which other A's were not B; as to the proportion of the two classes of cases it tells us nothing. By this line of consideration the reader is led to what is really the fundamental idea of the chapter, if not of the book—namely, that such an expression as "absolute certainty" is absolutely unmeaning.

This may seem sufficiently daring; but the chapter "On Cause and the Law of Universal Causation" goes, if possible, further. Mr. Shute maintains without reserve that the relation of cause and effect is something purely subjective. "The connexion between the phenomena is the work of the mind and the mind only. A cause is merely that which the mind selects as a sign of the coming of that other phenomenon which it calls an effect. An effect is merely that which the mind chooses as a sign of the past existence of a cause." As regards the current notion of cause and effect as antecedent and consequent this seems to us perfectly right. We could wish that Mr. Shute had found room to consider Mr. G. H. Lewes's proposal to give a new scientific meaning to cause and effect by considering them, not as antecedent and consequent at all, but as a twofold aspect of the same thing; this, however, would not be strictly relevant to his purpose, which is to deal with the conception as it is found in common use. He goes on to say that the relation of cause and effect is very similar in character to that of thing and attribute, and to some extent interchangeable with it. The difference is a difference established in thought by ourselves and for our convenience, and is this; an *effect* may be thought of as persisting after the *cause* is gone, while an *attribute* cannot be thought of as persisting after the *thing* is gone. All this must be an abomination to transcendentalists; but what follows will be hardly less displeasing to many followers of the English "inductive" school. Mr. Shute treats the canons of induction, and the law of the uniformity of nature, on which all the canons of induction are said to rest, with very moderate respect. He says, and rightly says, that the canons of induction are at best approximate in practice, because we can never observe all the phenomena. This is true; but we should add that a vast number of them are irrelevant, and the art of skilled observation—which is a thing quite beside the formulae of inductive logic—consists in selecting those which are relevant ones in a given subject-matter and for a given purpose. As for the uniformity of nature, Mr. Shute boldly says it "is only not untrue because it is absolutely unmeaning." Here we think he has been tempted into a paradox. In so far as he holds with Professor Bain against Mr. G. H. Lewes and others (we doubt, though Mr. Shute apparently does not, whether it is really against J. S. Mill) that the uniformity of nature is not capable of logical proof, we are at one with him. But the uniformity of nature is nevertheless quite intelligible as a practical assumption. It is in one sense unmeaning to say that the same conditions always give the same results, because the conditions are, in truth, never exactly the same. But it is not unmeaning to say that like results always give like conditions; that, so far as the conditions in any two cases are similar, just so far will the results be similar. This is an assumption which everybody makes in a rough way for his own dealings with the external world. The assumption has to receive a wider and wider extension in proportion to the increase of knowledge; and when we come to see that we must extend it without limit, we express it in a general form, and call it the law of uniformity. It is quite true that we have no logical "right to assert," "that such a uniformity will always continue, or that it will continue beyond to-day." We make the assertion because we cannot get on without it, and Nature, being in fact uniform, is justified of her children. At all events, we know not by what right Mr. Shute asserts, in any sense relevant to this question, that at certain times Nature "takes great leaps." He goes on to say (in effect) that the supposed axiom, "The Future resembles the Past," is only a statement in objective terms of the subjective fact that our expectations at any time are framed on our experience down to that time. To this we have no objection, and we could almost take for granted the ingenious discussion with which he fortifies this position, and in which he maintains that the idea of a future event is nothing else than the conjunction of certain ideas already given in experience with a confused notion of duration; whereas in the idea of a past event there is a distinct notion of duration, and in a general proposition duration is eliminated altogether.

Mr. Shute next treats separately of the manner in which we come to form the conception of cause and effect. He criticizes Hume's reduction of the process to mere habit, and, having found it unsatisfactory, adopts the *animistic* theory, which Hume, not having before him what we now know about primitive beliefs, did not sufficiently consider. The modern philosopher's law of causation is a legacy from the mysterious, capricious, and spirit-haunted universe of the savage:—

When this belief in the existence of spirits in each individual thing was universal, every change was definitely and directly attributed to the action of some will or spirit, either within the thing changed, or external to it. Now man being only directly conscious of the action of his own will over his limbs, and knowing that in every case of such action there intervened between the will and the motion a causation of effort, naturally assumed an exact similarity in the mode of action of the "spirits" of other things, which were in fact mere reflected images of his own, and thus blended the notion of conscious effort with those of will and change to form his whole complex notion of cause, that is (as he represented it to himself) of the action of Spirit in the Universe productive of Change.

These beliefs are, dead or dying, but the habits of thought and

* *A Discourse on Truth.* By Richard Shute, M.A., Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

language engendered by them survive. "Our whole notion of Causation is now one vast metaphor."

An extremely ingenious chapter deals with the principles of induction. The argument will hardly bear condensing, but one of the leading ideas is that what we call the discovery of remoter causes by induction is really a process by which we assign some certain thing as a link to bind together in thought several different things that are causes (in the popular sense) of the same phenomenon. The thing so assigned is then called (in an artificial sense) the cause of the phenomenon from which we started. The practical warrant for the general assumption of uniformity (which we missed in the foregoing chapter) comes in here as a passing remark, and the conclusion is, as any one who has followed Mr. Shute so far will now expect, that induction cannot give absolutely certain knowledge. Deduction, on the other hand, and even the much-vexed syllogism, are rather handsomely treated; J. S. Mill's doctrine that a syllogism contains no real inference is disputed, and it is maintained that, although deduction in the syllogistic form can seldom, if ever, increase our general stock of knowledge, it may often practically increase the knowledge of the person who uses it. It is all very well to say that the conclusion is "potentially" in the major premiss, but "potential knowledge is actual ignorance." As to the universal form of the major premiss, it no doubt involves—not, as some say, the actual conclusion, but—"the intention of expecting like results in similar cases." This is the really universal element which the mind adds to particulars to make inference possible. And, as a matter of fact, we do reason through universals, being unable to remember the multitude of particulars.

Under the head of "the Matter of Thought" we find an essay on the process of thinking in articulate words, which is remarkable both for its reasoning and for its imagination. It is an obvious fact that a waking man—a civilized man at least—is almost always thinking more or less, and with rare exceptions, thinking in words. Philosophers have said that thinking and reasoning in words is dangerous, and that we ought to think in the mental images represented by the words. Mr. Shute maintains, on the contrary, that "this substitution of ideas of words for other mental images as the material of thought is part of the great process of the advance of civilization and the fitting of man for his circumstances." The argument is, in brief, that the gain in speed far outweighs the loss in certainty. We conduct reasoning with words as we conduct an algebraical calculation with symbols, and do not stop to translate the symbols until we have worked out the result. This imposes on us a duty of care in choosing and handling our symbols which is unknown to people in a ruder state, who work, as one may say, with palpable ideas. But this is simply the law of all civilized life. All complex instruments have their dangers. A counterfeit sovereign may be put off on us, but hardly a counterfeit ox; yet nobody doubts that coins are better on the whole than cattle as a medium of exchange. Or, as Mr. Shute himself says, we choose to travel by the railway rather than by canal, notwithstanding the greater chance of accidents on the railway. Mr. Shute indicates some of the results of this line of thought, which is still almost unworked. The man of imaginative temper who thinks in concrete images, and is thus able to communicate vivid impressions to others, is by that very faculty "inapt for severe reasoning, and still more for rapid argument"; hence it is not surprising that men of artistic or poetic genius should often appear to be wanting in the sterner qualities of intellectual energy. Finally it is suggested that the acceleration of thought may be still further developed. Our descendants may arrive at a kind of mental shorthand by thinking in terms of *visible written words*, instead of thinking as we now do in terms of *articulate spoken words*—a practice for which the habit of much and quick reading is preparing the way. One thing strikes us as unpleasant in this Utopian vision; if readers were to give up the habit of mentally translating the visible words of the book into audible words, style would come to an end and poetry be impossible. Or what if, between developed symbolical thought and some kind of vastly improved portable type-writer, mankind were to abandon articulate speech altogether?

We have no space left for any account of the last chapter, which deals with "Necessary Truths," and herein of the idea of number, and is in no way inferior to its predecessors. But the reader may gather from what we have already said a sufficient notion of Mr. Shute's general method and manner. The friends of the English school of philosophy will not be slow to welcome him, and its enemies will not be wise if they neglect him.

THE RAJA OF SARAWAK.*

THAT all Englishmen who set a value upon the energy and enterprise of their countrymen should possess a permanent record of Raja Brooke is quite right and proper, and the author of these two volumes has had ample materials, in the shape of letters and journals, to enable her to discharge fully a task which was originally undertaken by Mr. Templer, an intimate friend of the Raja, but which devolved on her at Mr. Templer's death. We learn from the preface that Miss Jacob has recast nearly the whole of the life as originally written by Mr. Templer. We cannot honestly say that the result is very happy. The two volumes

might have been compressed into one. There is a vast amount of reiteration, and now and then a rush of twaddle. Several outbursts of vehemence ought to have been suppressed, and there are whole passages which the Raja, unless we do him injustice, would himself have cancelled on sober reflection. It will no doubt be urged that this memoir purports to represent Brooke faithfully as he thought and wrote, planned and acted, bartered the Foreign Office, and sank piratical crews. But this could have been done by compression, method, and analysis, and with some regard to proportion. The book is accurate, and shows marks of conscientiousness and care. But, though there is a tolerable index, there is neither heading to chapters nor table of contents, and we have had unnecessary trouble in extracting from seven hundred pages the following summary of the Raja's career.

The father of James Brooke was Mr. Thomas Brooke, a Bengal civilian, who went to India in 1779, and who was second Judge of the Court of Appeal at Benares—though Miss Jacob does not tell us this—where his famous son was born in 1803. The father must not be confounded with a certain Augustus Brooke of the same service, about whom and his odd ways, at this very station Benares, and his connexion with a native lady to whom he was always faithful, there are stories current in Anglo-Indian society to this day. Young Brooke was kept in India unusually long, and when sent home at the age of twelve, he was placed at Mr. Valpy's school at Norwich, from which he eventually ran away, with some vague idea, it appears, of going to sea. However, at the age of sixteen he received a commission in the Bengal Infantry, and saw some service in the first Burmese war on the frontiers of Assam. Indeed he got a nasty wound from a slug, which sent him home on sick leave. Here he remained for nearly five years, during which the bullet was extracted, not without difficulty, and his health was finally restored. But there was a stringent military rule, equally applicable to all the East Indian services, that no man could remain absent from India more than five years without forfeiting his commission. The ship in which Brooke was returning made, even for those times, an unusually long passage; and, though it seems to us tolerably clear that, under the peculiar circumstances, the Court of Directors, who had been applied to by the father, would not have rigorously enforced the rule in question, Brooke, with characteristic impetuosity, resigned the service then and there and went straight back to England. This was the turning point in his life. This abrupt termination of an Indian career suggests the thought that Brooke, had he stuck to his profession, would probably have left his mark on India. There was ample room for a man of his talents, either as a dashing commander of irregular horse, or as a diplomatist in the Afghan troubles, or as a Resident at some native Court, and the effect of discipline and subordination on his impulsive temperament would have been both bracing and wholesome. We should have lost, of course, Sarawak; and that episode, which is unique in the nineteenth century, takes us back to Raleigh and Drake.

For the next five years Brooke seems to have led a restless, speculative sort of life. In fact he was always at boiling point, and never happy unless writing essays and forming plans. At one time he wrote a pamphlet, as an enemy to Radicals, answering one on Reform. Then he had thoughts of getting into Parliament; but this fancy was exchanged for an idea that he should like to turn farmer in New Holland, and explore an unknown country. Both then, and in later days, when fully occupied with governing his strange subjects and defying his adversaries, he employed himself at odd times in writing against the Pope, in cutting up the famous No. 90 of the *Oxford Tracts for the Times*, or in pouring out his grievances to some friend. At length his doubts and his difficulties, his cruises in the Mediterranean, his hazy notions of trading in a brig of his own to China, or of getting employed as an attaché abroad or in some Government office, were all ended by his father's death, which event gave him command of 30,000*l.* Old Mr. Brooke, by the way, had saved money, as civilians could do in those happy days; and he seems to have been an acute and not unjudicious father from what little we see of him; for when his son was in the habit of abusing the East India Company—why, it is not very easy to see—and of asking his father for money wherewith to combine discovery and speculation, the old man checked him sarcastically with an intimation that the military service of the Court of Directors, had he stuck to it, was better than trade, and might have led him to distinction. But the die was cast. Master of a good round sum of money, and free to follow his own fancies, he bought a yacht named the *Royalist*, and, at the close of 1838 started for Borneo with the fixed idea of counteracting the policy of the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago, civilizing the wild tribes of the island, extending British influence, and gaining such a footing as would be attended with commercial and political advantages of no ordinary kind. It is fair to state that this plan seems to have been well thought out, to be less impracticable than others, and to reflect the better parts of his character—earnestness, vigour, resolution, and some adaptation of ends to means. Possibly without knowing it, Brooke had taken a leaf out of the book of his old masters, the much-abused Directors; for he saw that without some territory, and a strong Government to back it, such commercial enterprises would never succeed.

In August 1839 he landed at Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, and was very well received by Muda Hassim, the ruler. At this part of the memoir, Brooke's letters and journals, his impressions of men and manners, his descriptions of unknown rivers and

* *The Raja of Sarawak. An Account of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., &c., given chiefly through Letters and Journals.* By Gertrude L. Jacob. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

unexplored jungles, his tact in overcoming difficulties, and the influence he gradually obtained over the minds of nobles and people—carry one on without any feeling of tedium. We gather too that, whether from consciousness of inability to govern, or from the charm of Brooke's manner, or from fear of the Dyaks, Muda Hassim himself was really content to make over the government and the trade of the country to the white-faced adventurer. There were rebels to be put down and pirates to be taught a severe lesson, and Brooke was just the man for this crisis. So, after a good deal of desultory fighting and diplomatic discussion, Muda Hassim formally made over his kingdom of Sarawak to its new master, and eventually procured the assent of his suzerain, the Sultan, to the transfer. Muda Hassim seems by no means to have been immaculate. The Government is described as tyrannical and oppressive, and he seems at one time to have half repented of his agreement, though this hardly warrants the charges of perfidy and ingratitude which Brooke vents against him in his journal. The plain truth is that he coveted the country, though his main object was not selfish aggrandizement, but the suppression of robbery, murder, and slavery. A native nobleman, named Makota, termed in the journal "a mild and gentlemanly rascal," who had been at the head of the army, gave considerable trouble; but, by September 1841, the Englishman had triumphed and the new reign began. From this point the memoir is taken up with Brooke's attempts to collect the revenue, to administer a simple code of laws, to teach the natives the rudiments of civilization, and to put down the atrocities of two tribes of Dyaks, known as those of Sarebus and Sakarran. All this is very animating and instructive, especially when we are told that Brooke trusted entirely to native agency, and had only four Europeans to help him. The effect of the narrative is occasionally spoiled by extravagance of thought and expression, and by Brooke's almost childish anxiety to be knighted; and we think he was wholly mistaken in supposing that any such title would carry weight with the native mind. However, the details of his private and public life, his revenue of 6,000*l.* a year, his farmyard and his five pets, his palace and his country seats, his letters home showing that domestic affections had not lost their hold on him, his expeditions against the strongholds of pirates, in company with Captain, now Sir, H. Keppel, in the *Indo*; the confirmation of his chiefship at the hands of the Sultan of Brunei, or Borneo, in August 1842; his dinners in public and his At-Homes to natives, his regatta on New Year's Day—all these are characteristic, and prove that he led a happy, useful, and in some points an ennobling, life. In the year 1846 a sad calamity befell. Muda Hassim and his brother Badaruddin, a brave and faithful adherent of Brooke's, were massacred by the orders of the Sultan; and this event seems to have inspired the Raja with additional desire to obtain a formal recognition at the hands of the English Government. The summary punishment of the Sultan and his followers ensued, and then came the occupation of the island of Labuan, a measure which was approved of by Lord Palmerston, at that time Foreign Secretary. The Dutch Government here interposed, and endeavoured to show that Brooke's proceedings were inconsistent with the treaty of 1824, but they were most properly met by Lord Aberdeen; and, in the summer of 1847, Brooke, now in the full tide of prosperity, visited England, and found himself the object of universal admiration and honour. He was received at Windsor. He was made a K.C.B. His old schoolfellows formed at Norwich a club of which he was made President. He spoke at dinners and meetings; he was admitted to clubs and literary institutions; he received the freedom of the city; and, in short, just thirty years ago, he was pounced upon as a lion by all classes of society.

In the beginning of 1848 Brooke, surfeited with applause and flattery, which, to do him justice, does not appear to have vitiated his character, returned to the East, holding the double office of Governor of Labuan and Consul-General of Borneo. Previously he had only been acknowledged as Commissioner to the Native States. He took with him his sister's son, who assumed the name of Brooke besides his own of Johnson, and his return was followed by a grand attack on a fleet of pirates, in which vessels of war of H.M.'s navy, aided by a steamer of the Indian Government and by the war-boats of friendly *Datus* made havoc of these sea-robbers. But now came a turn in the tide of success. Brooke had an agent, a Mr. Henry Wise, with whom he quarrelled about some mines of antimony. Wise wrote to the Prime Minister, then Lord John Russell, expressing abhorrence of the treatment of pirates. It was just the kind of letter that might have been written last autumn; other men took up the matter, and on this an attack was made on Brooke by Hume and Cobden in the House of Commons. This part of the memoir, we must confess, becomes extremely wearisome and makes very large demands on our toleration. There was room here for a skilfully condensed account of the main charges against Brooke, of the spirit in which they were met, and of the course taken by the Government of the day. Instead of this, we have official letters, snatches of debates, legal opinions, violent explosions from Brooke himself, a semi-medical narrative of his attack of small-pox and of medicines administered while it lasted, lists of witnesses, letters to friends. The whole is neither well digested nor well arranged. To cut the matter short, the Foreign Office addressed the Board of Control, and Sir Charles Wood, then its President, wrote to the Governor-General, whereupon Lord Dalhousie appointed two Commissioners of Inquiry, the late Charles Prinsep, then Advocate-General of Hongkong and the Hon. H. B. Devereux of the Federal Civil Service.

The proceedings of the Commissioners, who did their duty with impartiality, may very soon be told. A terrible petition, full of charges against Brooke, his cruelty, his selfishness, and so forth, numerous signed, had been forwarded from Singapore; and it was very naturally thought that many persons would be found to come forward and substantiate their accusations before a Commission sitting on the spot. Nothing of the kind occurred, and a local editor, one of Brooke's chief antagonists, had the coolness to propose that the Commissioners themselves should frame charges and hunt up evidence. Of course after this the thing collapsed. Some people who had signed the petition backed out of it, or said that they merely wished an inquiry to be held in order to clear character and get at the truth; evidence as to the misdeeds of the pirates was overwhelming, showing that greater miscreants never hoisted the black flag; and the practical issue of the Commission was to scatter Brooke's opponents, and to confirm the opinion of his proceedings from which well-informed and capable judges, in the Straits and elsewhere, had really never wavered. But the Commission brought out an anomaly in the Raja's position which he himself could not be got to recognize. Brooke had acquired Sarawak as a private person, and had then received, in virtue of that acquisition, an appointment from the Crown. He appears to have thought himself ill used because he could not combine complete independence with power to call to his aid the whole resources and authority of the English Government. In short, from his language, he wanted to be a benevolent autocrat, backed by all the moral and material forces of England whenever he might be hard pressed. It is somewhat amusing to find the Raja, after pages of wholesale and impetuous denunciation of the Government, beginning to suspect that after all his position was not quite so clear as he had thought it, and asking for some works on constitutional history. It requires very little knowledge of international law to see that all kinds of complications might easily arise from any tacit concession of the Raja's claim to independence, and that it would be a most serious thing for the Government of the country to find itself committed to action every time a splendid adventurer succeeded in getting a jungly island or a large slice of territory from some incompetent native chief. The cession of the Fiji Islands to the Imperial Government is one thing. The transfer of Sarawak from Muda Hassim to Muda Brooke is quite another, and involves all sorts of contradictions and anomalies.

We must not forget that this memoir gives prominence to the opinion of the legal member of the Commission, that Brooke, in lending himself to actions against undoubted pirates, had not been wholly able to prevent certain atrocities on the part of his own allies. But the general verdict of the community endorsed the real result of the Commission, and honourably acquitted Brooke. The Foreign Office, with Lord Clarendon at its head, expressed a guarded approval, and the opportunity was taken to relieve the Raja of his appointment as Consul-General and Commissioner. Brooke seems to have been very sore on this point, but by the loss of these appointments he really stood on less equivocal ground. His letters to "Dear Jack" about this time are full of petulance and wild declamation, and are neither becoming nor dignified, after every allowance is made for the feelings of a brave and honourable man snarling under what he deemed unmerited insult. But worse was in store for him than the attacks of local editors or the speeches of philanthropic members of Parliament. A Chinese colony of gold-workers, instigated possibly by the proceedings of Commissioner Yeh, rose in rebellion, massacred several Englishmen, burnt the palace, and drove Brooke to the jungles. However, order was soon restored, and the Chinese were severely punished; but Brooke's work was done. In 1858 he went home to find that the tide had again turned in his favour. Subscriptions were got up to reimburse him for his losses; friends rallied round him, and the press bore testimony to the soundness of his measures and the good effect of his rule. The rest of his career is rather sad. He was struck with paralysis in October 1858, and though he partly rallied from the attack and was enabled to visit the East again, the old fires were extinguished. Finally he settled in Devonshire, where he enjoyed beautiful scenery and the friendship and esteem of friends, till he quietly passed away in June 1868.

Readers of these volumes will have little difficulty in drawing that "general summary of his character," and in estimating the "importance of his work," which the editor expressly declines to attempt. That Brooke was a man of noble impulses, generous feelings, and chivalrous self-denial; that he possessed exactly those qualities which hold fierce savages in awe, or win them over to better ways; that his chief motive in life was not aggrandizement or love of money; and that in all his writings and actions there was nothing cruel, sordid, or mean, will, we think, be conceded by all the readers of this biography. He made many friends, though he did not always retain them, and no one can wonder at the high place assigned to him in his regard by Charles Kingsley. But, to speak plainly, Brooke was intolerant of opposition, and little disposed to make any allowance for others; and there are occasional flashes in his temperament which show that he must have been difficult to deal with, unless he had entirely his own way. But, though hot and impatient, he was never rancorous or vindictive, and our notice of these blemishes in his character must not prevent us from paying a cordial tribute to the purity of his motives, and from acknowledging the lustre shed by his unassisted efforts on the national character and the British name.

ARNOLD'S LAST ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND RELIGION.*

IF Bishop Butler had written an *opus magnum* when he was fifty-four years of age, it would have been, if not "entirely satisfactory" to Mr. Matthew Arnold, at least more nearly so, and therefore more nearly within the field of vision permitted to modern culture, than either the *Analogy*, which was written at forty-four, or the *Sermons at the Rolls*, which were published ten years earlier still, and which were preached during the eight years when University tutors and lecturers are for the most part supposed, as the chronology-books have it, to "flourish"—"between the twenty-sixth year of his life and the thirty-fourth"; an age at which "the man is hardly ripe for" "attempting a highly systematic, intricate theory of human nature and morals," "and, if he does attempt it, it cannot well be satisfactory." At thirty-four "the man" is not mellow; he is only about half-ripe, but just in the condition when young people, fearless for teeth and digestion alike, pluck and taste him eagerly; exactly ripe enough, in fact, to become a Professor of Poetry, but not matured sufficiently for *Last Essays on Church and Religion*. To attempt a "systematic theory" on high subjects such as these, a man must be, as we gather from Mr. Arnold himself, exactly fifty-four; although whether the "attempt" made at this "more mature age" would have been "entirely satisfactory" to Bishop Butler we should hesitate to affirm. Nor is there any necessity to form an opinion on the point; for, in the first place, Bishop Butler has been dead a very long time, and, as a second and far more melancholy thought, the *Zeit-Geist* has got hold of him, and has been making terrible work with his remains. Our own earlier days received reiterated assurances from the University pulpit that these remains were "immortal"; but then the "Doctors, Proctors, and all Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls" had been too short-sighted to mark the advancing form of the *Zeit-Geist*, who was drawing near all the while, like the monster in the *Shepherd of Hermas*, hidden in a cloud of dust, but with a rush *εὐρεθὺν αὐτὸ πάλιν λυμάναι* before which even Oxford must go down. With the help of Hermas and of the "Dragon of Wantley" it may be possible to form some faint conception of this appalling German visitant. He reaches Oxford. He sees the *Analogy* somewhere in the Schools; he "breathes upon it, and we rub our eyes"—or Mr. Arnold rubs them for us—the *Analogy* "has the spell and power no longer"; it "is a failure, it does not serve." Fortunately, however, the Time-Spirit has not quite scorched it up, and there is still a good deal left both of *Analogy* and *Sermons* for the essayist to quote and to expound.

Although Mr. Arnold's modesty has prevented him from describing his literary attempt as an *opus magnum*, he does offer it to our notice as an *opus supremum*; and in this we must frankly say—even at the risk of the *Zeit-Geist* being let loose and set upon us—he is just a little irritating. "For the last time," the author anxiously impresses on the world, he is speaking on the questions of which here he treats. These are "Last Essays"; "the present volume closes the series." If the world will hear him at all, it must be now or never. "What I wished to say has been said." This is very solemn and impressive, no doubt; but yet one is not impressed. Last words have their times and seasons, when they may be fitly spoken and when they are heard with respect. They are an acknowledged privilege of the very old. Even at earlier periods of life occasion may have rendered a last speech conventional or customary; as when life was to be yielded, in ancient time on the altar of patriotism, in modern experience to the claims of justice. Special or local circumstances, too, may call for a special or local farewell; but this sounding valediction by a middle-aged essayist, what is it all about? A course of lectures may come to an end because the subject is exhausted; the history of a special art brought down to the present time, or the available materials for a biography all set in order. But *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, as a title, is apt to suggest the question, Who is this Seraphic Doctor, that he should solemnly shut the doors of the Divinity School in our sight, and put the key in his pocket? We do not justify this dissatisfied and resentful frame of mind. On the contrary, we are disposed to apply, and to carry to its legitimate conclusion, the axiom of Butler, of which the author more than once reminds us—"Things are what they are." These "Last Essays" "are what they are"; and, being so, we are glad to hear that they are the last, and we hope that they will so prove. They are four in number, and the last of them, in which the writer does "really take leave of the question of Church and Dissent, as I promised," leaves the reader as he turns its closing pages in much perplexity of mind. Even on so dismal a subject as the Burials Bill one looks for some sweetness and light, and for an atmosphere of "grace and peace," from the matured apostle of culture. Mr. Arnold does not appreciate Dissenters very much, and does not find even the Bishops and clergy "entirely satisfactory." Indeed at times he may almost seem to have gained Lord Byron's eminence of social impartiality, and to "hate most people and dislike the rest"; but his "sweet reasonableness" must surely accompany him even to this point of view. He will not hear of the Dissenters having their way about burials; they have no right to ask for it, and there is an end of the matter. The clergy are not to have their way either; the "un-baptized" rubric must go, because St. Paul was "not sent to baptize" as a matter of fact, whatever may have been the reason which

the Apostle alleges in explanation, to which it is apparently needless to refer. This is all natural enough; but some of Mr. Arnold's Dissenters get harder measure at his hands than they could fairly expect. We shall not be suspected of any undue admiration for the type of political Dissenter which flourishes at Birmingham. In an article some time since we took occasion to disclaim the allegiance which the hardware metropolis demands as its due from all the realm of human thought; but though we cannot allow that the sanctities of Delphi or the grandeur of Rome find their renewal in that electro-plated shrine, its political priesthood are our fellow-creatures still. "Mr. Dale" may be "really a pugilist, a brilliant pugilist," and may have "his arena down at Birmingham, where he does his practice with Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Jesse Collings, and the rest of his band." But "Mr. John Morley" is neither a Birmingham man nor a pugilist. He "is a lover of culture, and of elevation," and of we know not how many graces and cardinal virtues besides. "Scio, rex Agrippa, quia credis," cries the modern St. Paul, with affectionate energy; but, alas! with an afterthought of pain—"He is keeping company with his Festus Chamberlain and his Drusilla Collings, and cannot openly avow the truth; but in his heart he consents to it." This is very eloquent, yet the reader is perplexed. Has the *Zeit-Geist* been breathing on the Acts of the Apostles? Or is Mr. Arnold quoting from some Unauthorized Version known at present only to himself? In either case Mr. Jesse Collings is a hardly-used man. Drusilla was certainly a model of female beauty, but history does not say as much for her reputation; and what in the world she has to do either with poor Mr. Collings or with Festus we have not the remotest idea. Perhaps Mr. Arnold's historical intuition has discovered that "when Festus came into Felix' room" the lady chose to worship the rising sun; but as in that event she must have deserted two husbands instead of one, the hardship on Mr. Collings is greater than ever. He may, however, derive some consolation from the reflection that Mr. Arnold's historical parallels, thrown off by the way, are not likely to be more clear to the popular intelligence than the "Psychological Parallel" to which he has devoted so large a portion of his "Last Essays."

Under this title we have the first and most important of the four Essays, which proposes for its immediate aim the rehabilitation of St. Paul. As yet the *Zeit-Geist* does not seem to have fastened on "the great Apostle of the Gentiles," possibly from a prudent remembrance of the fate of another "beast" which did; but there is no knowing what may happen, and St. Paul is suspiciously mixed up with that "traditional religion" which is "obsolete already," and will not, in fact, hold out long. Mr. Arnold means to save St. Paul if he can. He was a good deal "mistaken" on various points, "undeniably"; but really he was not "an imbecile and credulous enthusiast, and an unprofitable guide," if we will only make reasonable allowances for him. "The miracles of our traditional religion, like other miracles, did not happen." St. Paul "entertained the belief" that they, or at least some of them, did happen; but that is very easily explained by the help of a "psychological parallel," and we do not quite wish to part company with St. Paul. "His writings are in every one's hands. I have myself discussed his doctrine at length." St. Paul might perhaps prove somewhat hard to get rid of, even in the Church of England as by Mr. Arnold established, and proclaimed by anticipation to the London clergy in the Hall of St. John College. And it is but common justice to the author to acknowledge his evident and deep reverence for St. Paul, as shown throughout the long "discussion of his doctrine" in *St. Paul and Protestantism*. If the "Psychological Parallel," as it stands, be something beside the mark, at least it provides a line of defence which may be urged in behalf of its draftsman. He is, let us suppose, "undeniably mistaken"; but a charitable hypothesis will readily excuse the mistakes. What the "parallel" of the Essay really is after the closest examination we have failed to discover. There may be two parallels; or there may be none at all; the "psychological" problem is too deep. But it appears that Sir Matthew Hale condemned two old women to death for witchcraft; and that one John Smith, a Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, who died at the "hardly ripe" age of thirty-four, "was required," in obedience to a custom of his College, "to preach, on one Lady-day about 1649, 'at Huntingdon, a sermon against witchcraft and diabolical contracts.'" Sir Matthew Hale believed in witchcraft; of the existence of witches "he made no doubt at all." The Fellow of Queen's, if he shared the belief of the Judge, so far contrived to qualify its expression, that he receives great praise from Mr. Arnold for "confuting" it. "O fortunate Huntingdon Church, which admitted for even one day such a counterblast to doctrines then sounding from every pulpit, and still enjoined by Sir Robert Phillimore!" As Sir Robert Phillimore does not, so far as we know, enjoin the doctrine of witchcraft, the "parallel," if there be one, would appear to be somewhat as follows:—Because Sir Matthew Hale believed in the existence of witches, and because a Fellow of Queen's did not believe something which Sir Robert Phillimore now enjoins, therefore St. Paul cannot be characterized as an imbecile and credulous enthusiast for "believing in the miracle of the Resurrection, both of" that which Kater commemorates "and of mankind at large." At this point we pause; for our criticism does not enter within the boundaries thus reached.

The Church of the future, not neglecting the study of the *Beehive*, will be allowed, and even recommended, to read the Bible. The *Beehive* was, indeed, to a large extent, "poetry"; there is also

* *Last Essays on Church and Religion*. By Matthew Arnold, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel.

a considerable deposit of, let us say, "tradition"; but it enshrines a good deal of "natural truth" as well; and "finely-touched souls have a presentiment of a thing's natural truth, even though it be questioned," and be as yet only "expecting the testimony from experience to its intrinsic truth and weight," as just now happens to be the case with one of "the two great Christian virtues, chastity." "As a mere commandment this virtue cannot have the authority which it once had"; still, provisionally and for the present, the Seventh Commandment may supply the want of "proof by experience." One book, however, "is full of interest, and every one should read it." It is one of the quarries from which much of the material of the New Testament was hewn, and belongs to "the later decades" of the same second century B.C. in whose "earlier decades" "the Book of Daniel was written." This is the Book of Enoch; and, as every one ought to read it, Mr. Arnold has kindly acted as our guide to the fulfilment of so plain a duty. "The Hebrew original and the Greek version, as is well known, are lost"; but "an Æthiopic manuscript was brought to this country by Bruce," and "there is an excellent German version." Archbishop Laurence translated it into English, but his "English version cannot be trusted," and therefore of course ought not to be read. Every one knows how the Curator of the Museum containing Balaam's sword disposed of the captious objection that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one; "this is the very sword he wished for." In like manner, the version of the Book of Enoch which "every one should read" is "the book correctly in English," which, Mr. Arnold writes, "I wish that the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who is, I believe, an Æthiopic scholar, would give us." It would enable us to understand the "employment"—not by St. Paul—of "contemporaries' ready-made notions of hell and judgment, as sanctions of the doctrine declared."

We are told by scientific English corn-growers, who are also consumers, that they get better bread by purchasing flour from their millers than by having their own wheat ground. The miller knows how to mix judiciously grain from the four quarters of the globe. Mr. Arnold, in like manner, has a method of rendering the material of the Evangelists more wholesome than it can be in its ordinary form, and provides us—as a specimen, we suppose—with three pages and a half of mixed Gospels, by which we may "enable ourselves" to understand the original meaning of teachings which the "disciples came with ease to mistake." To these we are, of course, unable more particularly to refer; but the preface with which the compiler introduces "the series" is deserving of study. "For fear," he writes, "this essay should seem to want due balance, let me end with what a man who writes it down for himself, and meditates on it, and entitles it Christ's religion, will not, perhaps, go far wrong." The old Eton Grammar taught us, "Aliquando oratio est verbo nominativus," and the illustrating example must have been quite to Mr. Arnold's heart. He is a little given himself to illustrate the rule in his own writings, and occasionally uses an "oratio" where less cultured folk are content with a traditional monosyllable; but the rule, however valuable, scarcely supersedes all the remaining canons of customary syntax. In one respect the mixed Evangelistic food which the writer thus commends to us suggests an encouraging hope. If the prophets of the new light go on as they are promising to do, we shall have a very orthodox joint-stock *summa theologiae* in time. To one recent and well-known work of this school "traditional Christianity" is indebted for an elaborate and convincing proof of the apostolic authorship of the Apocalypse of St. John, which has been much questioned of late. But to no one point does "tradition" more closely cling, and in no one respect are her "notions" more usually set aside as "obsolete" by her new teachers, than where she rests on the genuineness and authority of what it is now the fashion to describe as "the fourth Gospel"—a sort of "religious drama," we have been told, very excellent as poetry, but of unknown date, and embodying the devout imagination of a later theology in phrases which must have been foreign to the thought of an unlettered Galilean fisherman. Mr. Arnold's series of "well-known sayings" held by him to be unquestionably genuine consists, as to more than half of the entire collection, of extracts from the Gospel of St. John. He has told us that one of his foreign critics "objects to his picking and choosing among the records" of the Gospel; and to such "picking and choosing" as this the Continental liberalism which he describes as profoundly hostile to Christianity may very naturally object. At fifty-four a man of matured mind and ordinary health has a good prospect of life before him; and in that time Mr. Arnold will probably learn that mistakes in popular religion may easily be accounted for without charging them upon the Evangelical and Apostolic records, while he will only become more assuredly convinced of the truth, both natural and traditional, of the principle on which he insists, "Christianity will find the ways for its own future. What is certain is that it will not disappear."

THE HOLBEIN SOCIETY.*

THE object of this Society is to reproduce in exact form and style early printed books which engaged in their illustration the skill of distinguished engravers. Some of these works,

such as *The Dance of Death*, are identified with the genius of Holbein, a representative artist who not inappropriately gives his name to the Society. But Mr. Wornum, in his *Life of the painter of Basel*, does his utmost to shake the commonly accredited connexion between Holbein and *The Dance of Death*. As to the celebrated wall-paintings illustrative of the weird dance, they are now by pretty general consent assigned to other hands. And as for the no less remarkable series of woodcuts, of which an all but complete set is in the British Museum, doubts are entertained as to who was the engraver; but as to the original designs, even Mr. Wornum "cannot but believe" that they are by Holbein; "they bear," he says, "in their vigour and dignity an internal evidence of the master's hand." Mr. Wornum dedicates the *Life of Holbein* "to my friend John Ruskin," who in his lectures as Slade Professor maintains that the old wood-engravers were so much of artists and so completely masters of "the general system of intelligent manipulation," "that it is impossible to say of any standard old woodcut whether the draughtsman engraved it himself or not. I should imagine," continues Mr. Ruskin, "from the character and subtlety of the touch, that every line of the 'Dance of Death' had been engraved by Holbein; we know it was not, and that there can be no certainty given by even the finest pieces of wood execution of anything more than perfect harmony between the designer and workman." The polemics on these moot points cover a considerable surface, and the authorities are so divided that the Society may be allowed to indulge in the opinion "that Holbein, from his early youth in 1511, when he was only thirteen years of age, was famed for the excellence of his engravings on wood; and though as a painter, especially during his residence in England, which began in 1526, he gained a far higher renown, increasing until his death in 1554, his name may very appropriately be assumed by a Society that aims at reproducing, in exact form and style, some of his more beautiful works." In fixing on a name for this well-meaning Association, the choice must have lain between Holbein and Dürer. The claims of Holbein rest on a "sum total of about three hundred and fifteen pieces and perhaps twenty alphabets." In the comparison almost inevitably provoked between the two leading artists of Southern Germany, Woltmann pronounces the verdict that "the only man in German art who has reached true perfection of form is Holbein, and Holbein alone." This opinion, which cannot, however, be received as dogmatically infallible, may be satisfactory to "the Holbein Society."

The scheme of the Society is not ill conceived. The idea was to issue at a reasonable cost to members and the outside public a series of photo-lithographic reprints, accompanied by explanatory notes, of rare volumes in which literature and art are combined. The Council considered themselves fortunate in obtaining for several of their facsimile reproductions the assistance, as literary editor, of the Rev. Henry Green, who conducted the facsimile reprint of Whitney's "Emblems." Objection has with reason been taken to the blurred lines, to the faint, and sometimes black, printing of the illustrations published by the Holbein Society. These defects, however, seem in some degree inevitable; and it is urged in the preface to *The Mirror of Maiestie; or the Badges of Honour Concretedly Emblazoned*, that "the Photolith Plates annexed for illustration supply good examples of the proper office of the Photographer, as an artist, in facsimile reprinting. The Arms and Emblems of this work, as well as the letterpress, were, when first published in 1618, of defective execution, without finish in the woodcuts, and without sharpness or shapeliness in the type. Such faults might be urged as reasons for not reproducing the volume; but then its extreme rarity, and the nature of its contents, plead in behalf of making the possession of a copy attainable at a moderate price." The value of the boon conferred upon students may be inferred from the fact that the original copy from which these facsimile reproductions were taken realized on sale by auction the high price of 36*l*. The practice of the Council has been, first, to search out the best extant exemplars of any work, and then to set the photographer to exercise his utmost skill in honestly making a truthful reproduction. It might have been easy by the hands of skilled engravers to improve on the original woodcut, and by the general appliances of modern art to elaborate a finished picture; but the Holbein Society, unlike the Arundel Society, held that in a facsimile copy absolute fidelity to the original is the first thing to be thought of. The utmost license allowed has been to restore lines and borders, where evidently broken, to their first estate; and for the purpose of filling in such blank spaces several exemplars are collated so that the defects of one may be supplied by the excellences of others. With these replica originals the photo-lithographic transcripts are closely compared, and unless the workmanship be found up to the mark "other proofs are taken before the editors give forth the imprimatur." We are asked then to accept shortcomings and comparative failures, which seldom, however, materially interfere with the intelligibility of the subjects, as evidence of honesty. Mr. Alfred Aspland, the present literary editor of the Society, has been engaged on the *Golden Legend*; he proposed to reproduce the plates from the fine German edition, and to give a chapter or two as an appendix from Caxton's book. A recent announcement indicates some change in the first intention. The reproduction, it appears, will come out as "*Carion Golden Legend*," printed by Caxton in 1483, with a selection of the illustrations from the Antwerp Edition of 1505. It is stated that, as a specimen of Caxton's printing and the style of engraving on wood in his time, the work cannot fail of interest. The wood-

* *The Holbein Society's Facsimile Reprints.—The Fall of Man*, by Albrecht Altdorfer. Edited by Alfred Aspland, F.R.H.S. With an Introduction by William Bell Scott. Published for the Holbein Society, by A. Brothers, Manchester, and Triibner & Co., London. 1876.

cuts, it is hoped, can with care be fairly well reproduced by the heliographic process already employed by the Council.

The most recent publication of this persistent Society is *The Fall of Man* by Albrecht Altdorfer. The facsimile reproductions from forty designs, beginning with "Adam and Eve eating the Forbidden Fruit," and ending with "The Madonna Glorified," will scarcely escape the charge of painful indistinctness for which the process has been frequently made responsible. It may be scarcely fair to institute a comparison between this praiseworthy but not wholly successful attempt, and a small volume entitled *The Humiliation and Exaltation of our Redeemer in Thirty-two Prints, representing the Original Wood-Blocks of Albert Dürer*. The editor of these priceless materials, the Rev. John Allen, Archdeacon of Salop, and lately one of the Inspectors of Schools, issued the little book with an interesting statement. He pointed to the fact that thirty-five of the original woodcuts of Albert Dürer's "Smaller Passion" are in the Print Room of the British Museum. "From these blocks casts were taken, and type metal copies, so that, allowance being made for the dressing necessary on account of the worm-holes, the prints may be fairly said to represent the original wood blocks." "I hope," continues Mr. Allen, "that an impression of the following thirty-two prints, at the cost of a shilling, may bring thousands under the influence of one of the greatest men of his time—the friend of Erasmus and of Melancthon—speaking to us across three centuries through the universal language of his art." This preface is dated as far back as 1856, and though the twenty years intervening between that date and the present day have been singularly abundant in methods of reproduction and permanent processes of printing from photographic impressions, we know of no better results than these prints from casts taken from the original wood blocks. The misfortune, however, is that the old blocks either seldom exist or are rarely accessible for reproduction. Still we would throw out to the Holbein Society these transcripts from Dürer's "Passion" as an example worth following whenever a practicable opportunity may occur. We also recall other methods of reproduction—those, for example, employed in the sumptuous albums to M. Labarte's *Histoire des Arts Industriels au Moyen-âge et à l'Époque de la Renaissance*. A photo-litho process applied with signal success to the facsimile representation of an ivory of the ninth century is described as follows:—"L'ivoire a été photographié dans sa grandeur par M. Berthier, et le cliché photographique transporté sur une pierre qui n'a pas été retouchée." We regret to add that this plate, prepared and printed in Paris, has considerably faded during the twelve years it has been on our bookshelves. On the other hand it must be admitted that the prints published by the Holbein Society bear the signs of permanence.

Mr. W. B. Scott, who writes the introduction to *The Fall of Man* and to the works of the artist Albrecht Altdorfer, speaks with authority on Dürer as well as on "the Little Masters." Albrecht Altdorfer has been called by some French writers "the little Albert," because most of his works, which are somewhat in Dürer's manner, are small in scale. He was painter, engraver on copper, and designer on wood; and that he actually cut the blocks with his own hands has been admitted by good authorities; altogether Altdorfer is regarded as one of the most eminent artists that Bavaria had produced up to the beginning of the sixteenth century. His woodcuts are less than one hundred in number, his copper engravings are rather above one hundred, his drawings are rare—two, however, are in the British Museum—his pictures also are scarce; one is in the Louvre, two are in Munich, and none in England. The artist died in 1538 in Ratisbon, at the comparatively early age of fifty; unlike many of his brethren, he remained a Roman Catholic to the last.

Altdorfer belonged to the company of seven artists who went by the name of "the Little Masters of Nuremberg," an appellation suggested by the miniature proportions of their productions, which, however, within a small compass concentrated noble qualities of invention and high powers of design. This constellation of talent is supposed to have been drawn together by Dürer, who, in contradistinction to "little," may be designated the great master of Nuremberg. These artists in little, if not actually working as pupils in the studio of the master-mind, were inspired by his presence and guided by the study of his works—such as "The Melancholia," and "The Knight, Death, and the Devil." It is probable that they all came in personal contact with Dürer, "that they associated together when young men, emulating each other, and doing their earlier works in the light of friendship." In the treatment of subjects they possessed a common character different from that of Marc' Antonio and his Italian companions. Mr. Scott, in his *Life of Dürer*, reviewed in our columns, contends that the Italian engravers were exclusively copyists, while the Germans were inventors, and therefore artists in a much higher sense. In the great period in Germany engravers worked out their ideas as painters do. Again, in the illustration of the Old and the New Testaments, how great is the contrast between Germany and Italy! In Germany, where the seeds of the Reformation had taken root in many an artist mind, sacred characters assume the garb and the manners common to Nuremberg, while in Italy Biblical themes are kept at a distance from everyday life by generalized and ideal forms and semi-classic draperies. The sympathies of Mr. Scott certainly do not lie with the Italians:—

Sooner or later [he writes], I have no doubt, some solid and tangible proof will be produced of the German or Flemish origin of printing from

engraved copper-plates which will show that the vulgar story of the Florentine scribe-worker was only a piece of private gossip, and that the spirit of the age was impelling him to invent again what was already practised on the further side of the Alps. Block-books, type-printing, wood-engraving, *chiaroscuro* prints, i.e. prints produced by repeated application of separate stamps, and etching, are all now resigned to German claimants; and already in engraving proper on copper-plates for printing, the diligence of northern critics has carried us further back than Vasari's date of 1452.

The Holbein Society has worked a rich mine; sometimes the art may strike the eye as archaic, but the multitude, the worth, and the boldness of the ideas feed and stimulate the mind. Holbein's "Dance of Death" and Burgkmair's "Triumph of Maximilian," though well known, still lie rather beyond the beaten track; and as for invention, curious design, conceits of composition, and out-of-the-way thought, remote from modern modes of poetic conception and artistic form, exceptional interest attaches to "The Mirror of Maiestie," "The Four Fountains of the Emblems of Alciat," and "Alciat's Emblems in their Full Stream." Having thus begun their labours with the Fatherland, the Society propose to make a descent upon the fertile plains of Italy, and to render familiar to the English reader engravings in which are found the unfettered expression of the genius of Pollajuolo, Mantegna, Botticelli, and Titian. The territory already overrun, or yet to be occupied, in Germany and Italy is wide and diversified; artists disdaining finical finish often expressed their thoughts through the graver with the freedom, fluency, and fertility of ballad rhymesters or extempore speakers. The ideas, especially in the "Emblems," though not always complete in their beginning, middle, or rounding off, are usually suggestive of further ideas. These pictorial Emblems recall the quaint address with which Francis Quarles introduces his poetic Emblems to the reader. An "Emblem," he urges, is "but a silent parable. And why not as well presented to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His glory. Reader, farowell!"

LUARD'S RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ROME.*

THIS small publication of Mr. Luard's—we can hardly call it a pamphlet—is of a kind more common in Germany than in England. It is a kind of *Regesta* of the Papal correspondence with England for sixteen years. We can hardly call it a calendar, because it is put together from a great number of distinct sources, and it is furnished with a commentary at the beginning and the ending and wherever else Mr. Luard thinks good. No one has a better right than Mr. Luard, the editor of Matthew Paris and of so many of the monastic annals, to deal with any aspect of the period of English history which he has here taken in hand. It may be defined as the dull part of the reign of Henry the Third, the time before Simon. Dr. Shirley said long ago that it supplied but small material for a "drum and trumpet historian." Mr. Luard is assuredly not a drum and trumpet historian; but he is, as Dr. Shirley was, fully alive to the importance of the time. It is not a stirring time; the great constitutional struggle of the reign has hardly begun; but things were in a manner making themselves ready for the constitutional struggle. Mr. Luard, however, has a special and not a general object in view. His business is not with the general history of the English nation or of the English Church during these years, but with their special relations to the see of Rome. It must be remembered that this is the time in our whole history when that relation was closest. John had only just before commended his kingdom to the Pope, and the Popes Honorius the Third and Gregory the Ninth were not inclined to let the commendation be a dead letter. The King of the French deemed himself the overlord of the Duke of the Normans; the King of the English deemed himself the overlord of the King of Scots. But it is quite certain that no French or English King ever took upon himself, as a matter of ordinary government and not of warlike intervention, to interfere with the internal affairs of either Normandy or Scotland in the way in which these pontiffs constantly interfered with the internal affairs of England. The Pope as overlord had great advantages over any temporal lord. His claims in virtue of the commendation of John could be mixed up with the general Papal claims as understood by Innocent the Third so as to give the Pope a decent excuse for meddling with almost anything of any kind, great or small, which went on in the kingdom of England. At that particular moment, too, the minority of Henry gave the Popes a further advantage. The lord might give himself out as the legal guardian of his youthful vassal; the chief bishop of Christendom might give himself out as the natural protector of the weak and helpless everywhere. This state of things should be carefully borne in mind. Careless readers are apt to look on the submission of John as a momentary national disgrace, and as nothing but a momentary national disgrace. A national disgrace it undoubtedly was, though not at all one of the depth and blackness which it is apt to seem to us now. There was nothing degrading in the relation of vassalage; if John became the man of the Pope, Richard had before him become the

* On the Relations between England and Rome during the Earlier Portion of the Reign of Henry III. By Henry Richards Luard, B.D. Cambridge: Deighton & Co. London: Bell. 1877.

man of the Empire. And, in any event, the submission was not. For the Pope understood the matter, the commendation was meant to be a very real thing indeed; and a very real thing they made of it during the years which Mr. Luard has here taken in hand.

Mr. Luard takes things very calmly; he is no violent partisan of any side, but he certainly is inclined to be more favourable to the Pope and his power than most Englishmen will like, or than is at all in accordance with the general spirit of recent English historians. He tells us that the theory of national Churches, "however suited to a time like our own, was utterly alien from the mind of Europe in the middle ages." He adds:—

Nations themselves were not so clearly marked as they became afterwards. The large continental possessions of the English kings would prevent anything like the idea of England being separated from or having little interest in the rest of Europe. The theory of the Roman empire would tend to bind all the nations of the continent of Europe together. And this tended to keep away the sense of isolation from the Church of England. A John of Salisbury is made Bishop of Chartres without there being any thought of unfitness in one who had spent his life in England being put over the diocese of a foreign country. A William of Coutances, after being Bishop of Lincoln, goes back to Normandy, and dies as Archbishop of Rouen.

Is not Mr. Luard here extending over the whole of the middle ages a state of things which was simply the result of the political circumstances of England during a few generations, especially during the first two or three generations of the Angevin dynasty? Under the Norman and Angevin Kings, when England was under the same sovereign with a greater or smaller territory on the Continent, there was nothing at all wonderful in bishops passing to and fro between the insular and the continental parts of the common sovereign's dominions. It was no more than sending English bishops to Ireland in modern times. And when once it had become possible for a native of the continent to become a bishop in England, and for a native of England to become a bishop on the continent, it is not wonderful if the interchange sometimes overstepped the bounds of the King of England's continental dominions. Henry the Second brought St. Hugh from the royal Burgundy to England. John of Salisbury, as Mr. Luard remarks, became Bishop of Chartres. We do not know that there is any evidence to show whether John of Salisbury was of English or Norman descent. It is eminently characteristic of his time that there should be no such evidence. But, on the one hand, if he was of Norman descent, he was English by birth and thoroughly English in feeling; on the other hand, if he was of English descent, he must have been as well able to speak French as any Norman. No one would have thought him unfit for a bishopric in Normandy; and, if fit for a bishopric in Normandy, he was equally fit for one in France. On the other hand, for political reasons, he was much more likely to get a bishopric in France than either in England or in Normandy. But this interchange between England and the continent is simply the result of the political circumstances of England for a time of about two hundred years. It begins with Edward the Confessor; it ends with Henry the Third. After the Church of England was able to walk alone, we had no foreign archbishop before Robert of Jumieges; we had none after Boniface of Savoy. Foreign bishops are common enough from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth. We seldom or never hear of them before the former of those dates; after the latter, when we find them, they are commonly Italians thrust in by the Pope. It is quite true, as Mr. Luard says, that nations were not then so distinctly marked as they were afterwards. But the English nation was surely marked clearly enough; and surely too Matthew Paris and others of his day had a clear notion enough of a national Church.

Mr. Luard, without being at all a Papal partisan, is clearly willing to make out as good a case for the Papal power as fairness will let him. Thus he quotes Mr. Finlay to show that the nations which admitted the Pope's authority were progressive during the time when the Pope's authority was at its height, while the nations of the East which did not admit it were not progressive. This is perfectly true; but it hardly follows that the difference between progress and no progress was owing to the acceptance or non-acceptance of the supremacy of the Pope. The question is rather between a civilization far higher in itself but traditional, conservative without hope of further improvement, therefore with every chance of decay—the civilization, in short, of an old power which had lived on by a kind of miracle through the magic of a name and the strength of a city—and a civilization far lower than itself, but with every hope of further improvement—the civilization, in short, of young nations with their historical future before them. Mr. Luard might have founded a better argument on the difference between the historical position of Catholic Hungary and Orthodox Serbia. The difference doubtless was owing to the fact that one was Catholic and the other Orthodox. But it does not therefore follow that submission or non-submission to the Pope had anything directly to do with it. Hungary, being Catholic, was drawn within the circle of the progressive West; Serbia, being Orthodox, was drawn within the circle of the non-progressive East. If we carried out the comparison between the historical position of Hungary and Serbia more in detail, the gap between the two would be found to be less wide than it seems at first sight. Still it is wide enough to make the general contrast a fair one; but it does not at all follow that the question of Pope or no Pope is the one key to the contrast. The difference between the Eastern and the Western Empires in themselves, quite irrespective of Popes, will surely account for a good deal.

Mr. Luard brings out strongly that the succession of Henry the Third to the crown was mainly due to the Cardinal Walo, or Guala, or however we are to spell him. Mr. Luard stands up for his general character against Dr. Shirley, but he cannot deny that Walo feathered his own nest pretty comfortably. Yet we can half forgive him for the sake of St. Andrew's church at Vercelli. But he adds that "it would be a great error to suppose either that the object of the Roman Court in fixing the young Plantagenet on the throne of England was to deliver England from a foreign yoke, or that the Barons were not true to their country when they invited Louis over." Of the former part of this position there can be no doubt. And we are not at all inclined harshly to blame the barons for what they did in a fit of despair. They are not likely to have been greatly swayed by the long legal and genealogical pleadings on behalf of Lewis. They sent for Lewis because there was nobody better to be had. We might wish that they had sent for Saxon Otto rather than for French Lewis, but Otto was the cherished nephew of the King whom they were striving against, and his star was just then grievously sinking. We cannot wholly follow Mr. Luard when he says, "That there was any feeling in England against Louis as a foreigner is very improbable." Personally it may well be that the Frenchman was no more foreign to either Normans or Englishmen than the Angevin was. But it is quite certain that, by the time of the battle of Lincoln, English national feeling was strongly stirred up. Men went forth to war with the foreigner as to a crusade.

Mr. Luard ends his *Regesta* in 1235. And he adds a few words on behalf of the Legate Otto who came to England in 1237. But he has to give him up on the point which always came most nearly home to our forefathers, his endless exactions of money. On this score Mr. Luard has to give up the Pope and all their belongings. It is perfectly true that Innocent the Third gave us Stephen Langton; it is equally true that Stephen Langton won his chief glory in withstanding the power which gave him to us. And no doubt Innocent the Third or any other Pope might, when there was nothing to tempt them to do otherwise, make a good appointment rather than a bad one. But Mr. Luard does not hide the fact that

In 1240 the Pope [Gregory the Ninth] sent to the Archbishop and the Bishops of Lincoln and Salisbury, requiring them to provide for three hundred Romans in the first vacant benefices, and suspending them from giving away any benefices till that number was provided for.

It is really hard to see how any form of extortion or simony, or any other branch of right and law, could go beyond this. Mr. Luard himself brings together a large number of Papal exactions of the same kind, some of which he himself brands as "monstrous." It is not wonderful that our forefathers loathed the name of the Pope and all that belonged to him, and thought he was called *Papa* because he was always saying "pay, pay."

We need not say that all the part which we call the *Regesta* is most carefully put together. A list of the Papal letters in this shape shows how fast they came on one another, and the endless range of the subjects with which they deal. We light on one which is at all events harmless. On March 19, 1217, that is before the Fair of Lincoln, "Guala is directed to inquire into the petition of the Dean and Chapter of the Church of Salisbury, that the apostolic see would provide for the unhealthiness of the cathedral close, which is dangerous for the canons and clerks." We thus get a little hint as to the pleasures of keeping residence at Old Sarum, about which William of Malmesbury has more to tell us. It was not many years before the Dardanië of the Wilscastas was exchanged for their holy Ilios in the plain.

MIGNON.*

WRITERS of fiction have two kinds of improbability to avoid—the one of fact, the other of character; but few know where the pitfalls lie, and the majority fall headlong into them. Mrs. Forrester has fallen into a rather deep pitfall in *Mignon*, where she has massed together an amount of psychological improbability which gives a curiously unreal air to the story. There are three heroines, or "first walking ladies," in this novel, with their three first walking gentlemen to correspond, as well as the inevitable pair of subordinates, kept well in shadow and of no vital use in the narrative. And of these six more prominent personages one is as unlikely as another, men and women equally failing to convince us of their possible existence outside the covers of Mrs. Forrester's book. Take *Mignon*, as the heroine *par excellence*, seeing that she gives her name to the story and is also of more importance than the rest. Her character and individuality may be summed up in a word—she is beautiful. But, after all, here is only that *beauté du diable* which depends on the rounded lines and brilliant colouring of youth. When she first appears she is "sitting on the topmost rail of a five-barred gate," with a young boy of eighteen or nineteen kneeling at her feet, and another, her twin-brother, leaning against the tree. "Her hat has fallen off, and her golden hair is all smitten through with the broad sunbeams that glim between the sparsely-covered branches of an ancient oak." She has what is sometimes called a "rippling laugh," but which, when more fully described, seems as if it must have been rather more than a ripple; for when a girl "throws herself back and laughs à gorge

* *Mignon*. By Mrs. Forrester, Author of "Diana Carow," "My Hero," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1877.

déployée—when “her lovely mouth uncurls as wide as it could, which was not very wide,” and “you could count all her lovely pearls of teeth,” it is a little tax on one’s imagination to believe that “the sound of her mirth was like water rippling over little stones.” We have heard women laugh before now à *gorge déployée*, and with all their lovely pearls of teeth shown so that they could be counted; but the result was by no means a ripple, and could scarcely be called musical. We will give the second sitting, when Sir Tristram Bergholt is converted from a man of sense to a dotting idiot, and from a man of honour to a coward and a craven:—

Mignon trips from tree to tree robbing each with ruthless hand of its fairest children; crimson, blush and golden, snow white and rosy pink are pressed together in the firm grasp of her small lithe fingers, and Sir Tristram follows, watching her every movement and drinking in her perfections in charmed silence. Nature was in a happy mood he thinks when she dowered this god child with so lavish a hand. As she stands on tiptoe to reach a crimson blossom, Sir Tristram instead of gallantly bringing his superior height to the rescue is taking the opportunity to look at her feet.

There is a certain noble lord (with whom in this matter my ideas are perfectly *d'accord*) who refuses to pronounce a woman beautiful until he has seen her eat. Sir Tristram never gives his verdict upon one until he has seen her feet. The momentary glance afforded him, satisfies his critical eye. Mignon’s feet are encased, it is true, in shabby slippers, but they are small and well formed. And upwards to her shapely hands, her creamy throat, her dimpled mouth, the exquisite upper lip and dainty nose, the long lashed eyes and white brow whence springs an aureole of ruddy golden hair, there is not one point the ravished beholder would wish more perfect. A strange desire seizes him to add to all that nature has done, the graces of art; he is not a believer in “beauty unadorned:” he would like it to be his task to put dainty slippers on the little feet, rare stuffs and samites on the shapely form, to crown the golden locks with pearls and diamonds.

When this has been said of Mignon all has been said by way of commendation. Beyond her beauty she has not the faintest shadow of charm. She is greedy, “mild,” ungrateful, selfish; a “cold” but audacious and dishonourable flirt, without one principle of action save self-interest; insolent, ill-tempered, rude, and atrociously vulgar. Yet she can make not only a good pure-minded boy, like Oswald Carey, madly in love with her, for all that he has known her ever since they were children, and has been the perpetual butt of her ridicule and victim of her ill temper; but she can also keep the passionate devotion of an honest gentleman like Sir Tristram, whom as her husband she has insulted and gone near to dishonour; and can keep at arm’s length a professed seducer like Raymond L’Estrange. She tells her husband on the day of her marriage that she hates him, that she has married him only for the sake of her twin brother, and that she can never like him, because he is “more than old enough to be her father” (she is seventeen and he is forty-six); she treats him with vulgar insolence and abuse, flirts before his face and in the eyes of the world till she is almost cut in the county, and shows herself thoroughly bad and heartless all through; but with all this Sir Tristram, who is meant to be a manly, noble kind of person, is so besotted by her hair and her eyes, her youth and her beauty, that he condones and allows anything rather than run the risk of offending her by rebuke or angering her by restraint. She is a child and he is a man of the world; but she rules him and herself to their joint disaster, and in a way which no worthy man who understood his duty could possibly allow. When she is disgraced for life, even then he loves her with all or more than all his former passion; but the reader asks in wonder why? It is a love akin to a miracle—something made out of nothing. Love must be founded on something lovable; and when the beauty which has been Sir Tristram’s lure has gone, nothing remains but a heartless and worthless woman with one side of her face smashed in and the other left as before. Again, her conversion after her disgracement is also of the nature of a miracle. She has hitherto given no sign of any quality whereby a noble woman could be evolved out of an unprincipled one. She loves her twin brother Gerald, and he is the only being in the world whom she does love; but in all other respects she is thoroughly ill-tempered and selfish. Where, then, are the elements out of which a good, affectionate, patient, and resigned woman could be made? The loss of beauty does not create a nobility of nature which did not exist before; though it may, by destroying the occasion of vanity, allow what did exist and was hidden to come to the surface. Yet the author has made Mignon suddenly jump into goodness out of villainess, simply because she has lost her beauty and one side of her face is scarred and hideous.

Kitty Fox, again, is a character that does not ring true. Her introduction is in this wise:—

“Not Kitty—not Miss Fox!” ejaculates Sir Tristram.

“Yes, Kitty Fox.”

“By Jove!” he cries with a glance of mingled admiration and affection at the gold-framed, cherub face upturned to him.

It only wants one glance to see that this is the most arch, mischievous, impertinent little sprite in the world.

“And last time I saw you,” continues Sir Tristram, “I rescued you and yards of torn frock from an apple tree whilst your poor governess stood bathed in tears at the foot.”

“Yes, by Jove, it’s me!” she retorts with glee, “and I’m out. I’m seventeen and three quarters; I was presented this season and I’m going to get married before it’s over. I don’t mean to remain a drag in the market. I can tell you.”

“Pray,” asked Sir Tristram laughing, “is it any use my putting in a claim? But I suppose you think I’m old enough to be your grandfather?”

“Oh no, I won’t have you,” she says, her eyes dancing with fun, “you are too nice and I mean to bully my husband. It’s so vulgar to be fond of each other now-a-days. And I’m not going to marry Raymond, though you did find us in such suspicious proximity just now,—he has the most awful temper, and we should lead a cat-and-dog life.”

“How should I suit you, Miss Kitty?” inquires Sir Conyngham.

“Very well indeed as far as not caring for you goes,” retorts the impatient minx, “but you haven’t enough money.”

Out of this rather unpromising material we find developed at hot speed the model wife of a middle-aged, lumbering, uninteresting kind of man, the devoted mother of a couple of “cherubs,” and the most proper little matron in the world, for all that she is fond of peaching herself on the table and saying saucy things to her husband. But, just as it is impossible for an artist to paint a rainbow, so is it impossible for a novelist to give such a character as Kitty Fox with anything like verisimilitude or refinement. We get no other impression of what of a pert chambermaid or one of her two modern antitypes—a barmaid at a railway station or a girl in a cigar shop.

Olga Stratheden is no more real than the rest. She is twenty-nine years of age, and a widow, who had married a dying man out of compassion; but she pretends to act like a woman of fifty, and to give herself quasi-maternal airs to men of three-and-twenty, which are utterly incompatible with the theory of her sincerity. When the young fellow whom she had nursed in an illness falls in love with her, and tells her so, she calls herself an “old woman,” and refuses to marry him because of the six years that stand between them; notwithstanding she loved him passionately, and finds her life wrecked without him. Things, however, come right after Leo Vyner, the young lover in question, goes abroad and grows a beard; but such a woman as Mrs. Stratheden would either not have made the delay and opposed the obstacle that she did, or, having done so in the beginning, would have stood by her decision to the end. The character reads like a bit of patchwork all through, the qualities of forty or forty-five being given to the comparative youthfulness of twenty-nine, and the result a strange mass of inharmoniousness and pretence.

Of Sir Tristram we have already spoken, and of Mr. Raymond L’Estrange—the one an honourable gentleman reduced by love to dishonour and willing shame, the other a selfish and systematic Don Juan who allows himself to be played with and defeated by a woman for whom he has only the grossest kind of passion. Whether it was worth while to go so very near the edge for the pleasure of the perilous balance is a matter for the author and the reading public to settle between them. For ourselves we do not believe in the possibility of the situation, nor, we imagine, does the author herself. If *Mignon* is scarcely satisfactory in its drawing, it is not more so in its style. All the men quote poetry—as ordinary English gentlemen never do—and the women use expletives, and say “By Jove.” Mignon “does not take a palmy (*sic*) view of her marriage”; “this time last year she was a little rustic in a cotton gown and straw hat, lying on the daisied grass under a big tree, ambitioning (*sic*) nothing more than the undivided possession of her neighbour’s strawberries”; “it is quite right for youth and beauty to arrogate (*sic*) itself”; “now she is by way of flinging his money out of window with both hands”; “Fred’s defalcation,” is the equivalent for Fred’s non-appearance; and “it depends on whom the smoker is”—these are phrases which pass with the writer for good English, such as cultivated people habitually use. For the rest we have the superiority of men to dogs sarcastically queried; Mr. Swinburne in one page is quoted with the following *che peccato*:—“So sings our grandest poet of to-day. What a pity that with his transcendent genius, his divine gift, he has used it so that, if one quotes his exquisite lines, one hesitates to name their author!” But eight pages off he is mentioned without this reservation, openly and not behind the fan; and there is the mixing up of religious texts and moral twaddle with suggestions and scenes where the world, the flesh, and the devil reign supreme. On the whole, *Mignon* is a book for which we can express neither esteem nor admiration. What there is in it of ability is misapplied in direction, and in spite of its redeeming texts the tone of it is bad.

RUSSELL’S DIARY IN INDIA.*

ALTHOUGH there was at one time perhaps rather a tendency to exaggeration in regard to the character and effects of the Prince’s visit to India, there can be no doubt that it was, in its way, an important and interesting event, and worthy of being chronicled in a permanent form. A great deal has, of course, already been written on the subject, and Dr. Russell comes rather late into the field; but it should be taken into account that his attendance on the Prince as private secretary provided him with opportunities of close observation and of obtaining accurate information which give a special value to his narrative. On the other hand, however, the author seems to have been exposed to some difficulties and disadvantages arising from the conditions of his task. In the first place, his connexion with the suite imparts a certain official appearance to his work; and although, as he states in a prefatory note, he has recorded only his own impressions and opinions, and is therefore alone responsible for the views expressed on questions of policy, government, or other matters, it would appear that the atmosphere around him has led him to write rather as a courtier in waiting, bound to be always beaming with admiration and delight,

* *The Prince of Wales’s Tour: a Diary in India.* By William Howard Russell. With illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. London: Sampson Low & Co.

than as an independent and critical observer. Another plea is that the Prince of Wales is "the central figure around which all the things, persons, and events mentioned in the Diary revolve," "so that, if his name and title occur repeatedly in the same page, it is necessary, from the nature of the work, that they should do so"; but it may be thought that this aspect of the subject is rather overdone, and there is certainly something wearisome, after the first, in the iteration of the monotonous incidents of formal receptions and stereotyped ceremonies. These were of course an essential element in the Prince's round of duties; but the book would certainly have been more readable if it had dealt rather with the instructive lessons of the journey than with its trivial and tiresome adjuncts. The writer also occupies a great deal of space with an introduction in which he enters into a laborious argument to show that the expedition was justified by substantial reasons, a point on which no sensible person ever had any doubt.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate in detail the circumstances of such a well-known story, and it will be enough to give a general glance at particular incidents. Dr. Russell is able, from the position he held in the Prince's suite, to give some glimpses of the inner life of the party on board the *Serapis* and elsewhere. The pomp and state which attended the movements of the Prince were of course peculiar to his rank; but, apart from this, the members of the party appear to have travelled in much the same way, and gone through much the same experiences, as other travellers with ample means. On the *Serapis* there was deck tennis, varied by pistol-firing at marks hung up at the yard-arms. A theatre had also been set up, in which plays and nigger serenades were performed by the bandmen, sailors, and marines. One ditty called "Optional Cocoa," composed and sung by a big handsome sailor named Sly, about his experience on board a ship of the Channel Squadron, where, by the admiral's orders, it was "optional" for the crew to have a cup of cocoa or something more stimulating, was always received with great enthusiasm. Captain Glynn acted as Lord Chamberlain's reader of plays and dramatic censor; but the melodious captain of the fore-castle just mentioned sometimes, under cover of an encore, slipped in an impromptu which caused immense delight to the pit and gallery. The entertainments also included clog dances, hornpipes, sentimental ditties, and "regular fore-bitters." Among other means of passing the time pleasantly were books, including light and heavy literature; chess and backgammon boards, which, however, were seldom used; pistol practice, quoits, and ball; inspection of the horses and animals; visits to the bridge and ward-rooms; and "last, not least, the never-failing solace of a siesta in one's cabin." Then there were, even in the hottest times, gymnastic performances about tubbing time, in which "Dr. Fayer, armed with two mugsdals or Indian clubs, whirled them round his head with an air of entire resignation and devotion, and Canon Duckworth gave demonstration that he was no bad representative of the school of muscular Christians." Sometimes the Prince took a "cruise" between decks before breakfast, and visited the cabins to see how his friends were getting on. For the sake of a sensation the stokehole was visited by the Prince, the Duke of Sutherland leading the way, and the party of course returning in a dripping state. All the time Dr., now Sir Joseph, Fayer kept a sharp watch on the health of the party, giving orders, on the eve of entering the Suez Canal, that the too generous energy of the French chef should be restrained, and the number of hot dishes at breakfast reduced to two; that attendance at lunch should be left to personal discretion, and that three courses at least should be struck off the dinner menu. Later on in the voyage he had hard work in attending to various cases of "heat exhaustion," for which he prescribed ice and brandy-and-water, apparently without provoking any protest from the patients.

One of the principal excitements of the voyage seems to have been the freaks of the *Serapis*, a vessel specially selected by the Admiralty for the service of the Heir-Apparent. From the first she primed badly, and she also suffered every now and then from hot bearings. At Athens the chain cables of the starboard and larboard anchors snapped in succession; and, as the steam had been blown off the boilers, there was an imminent risk either that the *Serapis* would "destroy the whole Greek fleet at one blow," and run aground, or "would be impaled on the spur of one of our own ironclads." Happily, such a disaster was prevented by the efforts of neighbouring vessels. Again, after leaving Aden the ship suddenly stopped, and it was found that a condensing pipe was out of order on account of its soft metal stuffing having melted, so that the water was going into the stokeholes. Next day there was another stoppage of the engine, on account of the cover of the bilge-pump of the main engine having become disorganized. On November 5 we are told that the steaming had been found too much for the engines, and "a thorough overhaul is needed, and will be executed at Bombay."

Before the Prince was visited by the Viceroy of Bombay there had been a notion that the meeting might be attended by difficulties as to relative position and precedence, not indeed in rank, but in State ceremonial before the world; but fortunately such anticipations were not fulfilled, for the Prince and Lord Northbrook perfectly understood what was due to themselves and each other. There was also a question between the authorities by sea and land as to the salutes to be given when the *Serapis* and consorts arrived, the naval commander-in-chief at Bombay having declared that, in order to show how far below the Prince of Wales everybody else was, he could not salute the Viceroy or Governor when once the Royal Standard was flying in the harbour; happily this

difficulty, too, was amicably adjusted, and everybody had their rights in the way of blank fire. It was further a serious problem how the Prince should make his first appearance before the Queen's subjects in India. By some of the authorities it was held that he must ride on a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, and the animals were all got ready; but it was finally resolved not to employ them. As alternatives, there was a choice between horseback and a carriage; and the former would have been very picturesque and effective, but it was overruled on account of the dangers of a ride of six or seven miles or more through a line of illuminations, and the decision was in favour of carriages. When the Prince went on shore, "the anxiety of the chiefs to see him," we are told, "was almost painful; for once they were much agitated, and the proudest departed from the cover of their habitual reserve." Those who saw the Prince as he landed thought he looked "serious, and even sad of aspect," but there was a difference of opinion as to how far this was due to the heat or to emotion.

It was at first announced that the Prince could not hold "Durbars," but there was really very little difference between these and the private visits, except that the chiefs were introduced separately and had separate audiences, and thus certain grave questions connected with precedence were evaded. The essential carpet, however, was there—a crimson cloth with gold-lace borders, and the emblazonment of the royal arms and motto in full—the place allotted on the edge of which was the measure of the degree of consideration and honour assigned to the visitors. The Rajah of Kolhapoor, a child of twelve years old, was the first of the native dignitaries received by the Prince, who met him at the appointed distance, and took his hand with a pleasant smile, while the Political Agent conducted him to a chair on the Prince's right. Then came the Sirders, salamaning low, who presented to the Prince a kerchief containing gold mohurs. This the Prince touched with his right hand and handed back. Next all rose, and the Prince, being supplied with a gold and jewelled scent-bottle, shook a few drops from it on the Rajah's handkerchief, and then from another rich casket took out the betel-nut, wrapped in fresh green leaf covered with gold-foil, and placed it in the Rajah's hand. The other durbars were received in a similar manner at different distances from the throne. The principal chiefs were escorted by the Royal suite from the threshold of the audience-chamber; but those of lower rank were not accorded this favour. At the levees some of the native gentlemen appeared so utterly astonished and unhinged as to lose all power of locomotion; so that it was necessary to seduce them gently away from the Royal presence, or occasionally, indeed, to direct their uncertain steps with more vigour than politeness. As for the poor Prince, he had to stand for more than an hour in a boiling temperature, and make at least two thousand bows. On the whole, it would seem that the intercourse between the Prince and the chiefs was pleasantly conducted, and the jealous irritation which, it was feared, might break out on the part of those who thought they were not treated with sufficient distinction was kept within bounds.

The sporting experiences of the Royal party necessarily occupy a large space, and are rather monotonous, though they include some striking incidents. The hunters were sorely punished by flies, leeches, rats, and other vermin, and did not escape without some perilous encounters and broken bones. A tiger sprang on the elephant of the Rev. Julian Robinson, placing one paw on his rifle, so that he could not fire, and tearing the mahout's leg. The elephant swung round, the tiger fell off, but sprang at the elephant again, and clawed it cruelly. It then leaped on the mahout of the elephant carrying Colonel Ellis, and was tearing him down, when the Colonel fired at it and brought it down, but not till it had lacerated the elephant's ear and the man's knee and leg. The Prince was also furiously pursued by a wild elephant which kept within not many yards of him for a second or two, and forced him to put his Arab horse to the utmost gallop. There were some disappointments in regard to some of the sports, as, for instance, with the cheetahs and elephants; but the Prince seems to have had plenty of tiger-killing. On one occasion seven tigers fell, of which six were shot by him. Pig-sticking occupies a high place in the roll of casualty-causing sports, as the following list shows:—Lord Carrington, a broken collar-bone; Lord C. Rossford, teeth broken; Lord Sulfield, injured by his own spear; not to speak of falls. The elephants, too, were rather frisky, and even such an experienced rider as Dr. Fayer was thrown off, while another elephant on which the Prince was riding gave him a liberal donche-bath from its trunk. A tiger also once sprang on the Prince's elephant, and tore the cloth, but was driven off.

On the whole, it may be said that Dr. Russell's Diary, although too limited and personal in its scope, is a handsome memorial, which is very suitable for a drawing-room table, and may be dipped into for the sake of occasional graphics and amusing descriptions. Some of the illustrations are very good, but they would have been better for weeding.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE great edition of Schiller's works*, under the direction of Karl Goedeke, is at length completed by the publication of a

* Schiller's *Sämmtliche Schriften. Historisch-kritische Ausgabe.* Herausgegeben von Karl Goedeke. Th. 15. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

fifteenth volume in two parts, comprising the fragments of the author, his revisions of Goethe's *Egmont*, Lessing's *Nathan*, and the first and fifth acts of *Othello* for the stage, and his voluminous studies for his unfinished tragedy of *Demetrius*. The first part contains the dramatic fragments and outlines of projected plays, all or most of which had already been published by Madame von Gleichen-Russwurm, together with such curiosities as Schiller's Chinese tale and his juvenile medical thesis "de discrimine febrium inflammatoriarum et putridarum." The adaptations of standard dramas for the stage in the second volume exhibit few additions from Schiller's own hand, but extensive retrenchments. Half of this volume is occupied by *Demetrius*, the preliminary studies for it, and the plans and notes for its continuation. These are of the highest interest as showing Schiller's method of work and his extraordinary industry, and justifying the belief that *Demetrius*, had it been completed, would have ranked second to none among his tragedies.

L. Herwarth von Bittenfeld *, a relative, we may assume, of the distinguished officer of the name, publishes some lively and not uninteresting reminiscences of his personal experiences during the late war. They relate to the siege of Strasburg, the investment of Paris, the campaign on the Loire, and the ultimate occupation of the French metropolis. They have more to do with the relations of the invaders and the conquered people than with actual operations in the field, and are in general characterized by a becoming spirit and exemplary generosity of feeling. The author speaks highly of Gambetta, and fully recognizes the great moral effect of his gigantic, though ineffectual, exertions for the relief of Paris.

Dr. Schenkel † may be accepted on the whole as the representative of liberal Protestantism, and his manual of Christian doctrine affords a fair measure of the degree in which Rationalism has been modified by the severe criticism it has undergone at once from the reactionary and the freethinking schools of religious opinion. The effect may be discerned, on the one hand, in a more fervid and genial style of thought and expression; on the other, in the abandonment of the old forced explanations. Something of the former spirit remains, as when Dr. Schenkel, having given up the miraculous in every practical or intelligible sense, gravely observes that, after all, the really vital and edifying part of the doctrine is the admission that the ultimate ground of things is incomprehensible.

The recent additions to the excellent series of pamphlets on the questions of the day, edited by Franz von Holtzendorff ‡, comprise several discussions of topics of pressing interest. Among these may be named Dr. Georg Kauffmann's account of the contest between French and German education in Alsace-Lorraine, Dr. Kirchner's tract on the reform of the national system of religious instruction in Prussia, and Professor Cohn's on the still more important question of the general rise in prices. More generally interesting still, perhaps, are a series of letters from Turkey signed "Obaricles." To the companion series of popular lectures, edited by Holtzendorff and Virchow, have been added discourses on Goethe's relations with his native city of Frankfurt, on his establishment in Weimar, on Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, the condition of women according to ancient German law, the aborigines of Celebes, and many other interesting themes.

It is not very easy to promulgate a new ethical system at this time of day; nor is there anything very novel, or, except perhaps for people so innately reasonable as not to require ethical systems at all, anything particularly satisfactory in Herr Landau's § discovery that virtue consists in the regulation of the appetites and affections by means of reason. The novelty, if any, must lie in the practical operation of this principle, which is to be developed in a succeeding part.

There is more originality in a parallel between Adam Smith and Kant by Dr. August Oncken ||, designed to show that the founder of political economy has been misunderstood owing to the comparative neglect of his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, a work intimately connected in design with the *Wealth of Nations*. According to Dr. Oncken, Kant and Smith in a manner complete each other, Kant contributing the scientific proof of the principles which Smith applied empirically, and Smith exemplifying the practical application of Kant's philosophy in the departments of politics and economics. He insists that Smith has been greatly misconceived when regarded as the apostle of absolute *laissez faire*, and shows that he accorded ample scope to State regulation and control in various matters.

The memory of J. H. Campe ¶ survives as that of a pioneer in educational reform, and a successful writer for the young of his

own and more than one succeeding generation. In both capacities he is entitled to a biography; and it is instructive to contrast him in the former with the types of practical pedagogy in our own day. If, in comparison with the representatives of our more lax and genial discipline, this apostle of German *Aufklärung* appears somewhat dry and unimaginative, and too exclusively rational and utilitarian, it is, on the other hand, impossible to refuse admiration to his manly independence and good sense, his faith in human nature, and his disinterested benevolence. In philanthropy, if in nothing else, Campe was an enthusiast; and the merits and defects of an era ardent in the cause of prose are fairly personified in him. Much of his success, no doubt, sprang from his personal influence, which his animated and intelligent physiognomy helps to explain. As a writer for the young, he belongs to the category of the English Aikins and Barbauds, but scarcely stands so high. His most successful work is his "Robinson the Younger," which, in the biographer's opinion, compares favourably with Defoe. It need hardly be said that *Robinson Crusoe* was not designed as a book for boys; even from this restricted point of view, however, the imitation appears deficient in narrative skill, vivacity, and imaginative truth, while it is most inartistically interrupted by conversational interpolations of the "Tutor, George, and Harry" pattern. Campe corresponded with Lessing, Wieland, and others among the eminent men of his period; but their letters, here collected in an appendix, are in general too occasional and inconsecutive to be highly interesting. The most continuous are from Wilhelm von Humboldt, whose tutor in infancy Campe had been.

Franz Deák * was a patriot after the English model, the beau ideal of the type of statesmanship represented by those who, from the times of Simon de Montfort downwards, have based popular liberties on historical precedent rather than on abstract right. This type, indeed, is hardly possible except in the few countries like England and Hungary where freedom has never been entirely subverted, and historical continuity never wholly interrupted. This circumstance, no less than the brilliant success of his policy, renders him a personage of especial interest to Englishmen; it is only to be regretted that the peculiarities of Hungarian politics interpose a hindrance to the full appreciation of his character, which M. Csengery contributes little to remove. This is no discredit to the author, whose work, a political narrative, almost wholly destitute of the element of personal portraiture, was originally intended for his own countrymen, and who justifiably takes for granted an intimate acquaintance with the national politics. Fuller details and more complete explanations are required for the guidance of the foreign reader, who will carry away little except that general impression of Deák's magnanimity, disinterestedness, moderation, and political tact which he probably had already formed.

All will admit that the lives of great musicians ought to be written, but all will acknowledge the difficulty, and in general the unsatisfactory issue, of the undertaking. Few among the composers whose importance absolutely entitles them to a record have undergone the romantic vicissitudes of a Weber, or bequeathed the delightful correspondence of a Mendelssohn. Both of these might have been anticipated in the case of Chopin †, the very impersonation of the infelicity of over-sensitive genius. Scarcely a vestige, unfortunately, remains of the most interesting part of his career—his residence in France. An extensive correspondence, it appears, was extant until 1863, when, with the other effects of Chopin's family, it perished in a bonfire kindled by Russian soldiers. The composer's biographer depicts this as an ineffable loss; as regards his undertaking this is no doubt the case, but we must say that the high character he bestows on the correspondence which he has printed rather impairs our confidence in his judgment. The letters, principally addressed to an intimate friend, and terminating with the year 1831, deserve no such commendation. They treat almost exclusively of personal or musical matters, and, beyond attesting a certain sensitiveness and mobility of temperament, vouchsafe us few glimpses of the writer's inmost soul. It is true that they were written in Polish, and doubtless suffer greatly from the awkwardness of the German version. The same defect operates to the detriment of the entire work. M. Karasowski writes German grammatically, but with a constraint which renders him more bald and disjointed than he otherwise might have been. He labours throughout under the disadvantage of insufficient material; his actual information is beaten out very thin; and for the most interesting episode of Chopin's life, his *liaison* with George Sand, he has nothing to rely upon but the merest secondhand gossip. He renders Chopin's memory a service, however, by showing that he did not, as has been stated, forsake his betrothed for the brilliant authoress, but was forsaken by the former. It may be added that M. Karasowski writes throughout in an excellent spirit; that he has filled up a gap in biographical literature as well as his resources allowed; that, if his memoir had no other merit, he would deserve well of letters for thoroughly extinguishing the worthless rhapsody in the guise of biography which discredits the name of Liszt, and that the technical portion of his book seems calculated to be very useful. A full catalogue of Chopin's works is appended to his

* *Französische Skizzen und Bilder*. Von L. Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Berlin: Levit. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Grundlehren des Christenthums, aus dem Bewusstsein des Glaubens im Zusammenhang dargestellt*. Von Dr. Daniel Schenkel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen*. Herausgegeben von F. von Holtzendorff. Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge. Herausgegeben von R. Virchow und F. von Holtzendorff. Berlin: Habel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *System der gesammten Ethik*. Von L. R. Landau. Bd. 1. Die Moral. Berlin: Denicke. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Adam Smith und Immanuel Kant*. Von Dr. Aug. Oncken. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Joachim Heinrich Campe. Ein Lebensbild aus dem Zeitalter der Aufklärung*. Von Dr. J. Leyser. 2 Bde. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Franz Deák*. Von Anton Csengery. Autorisirte Deutsche Uebersetzung von Gustav Heinrich. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Friedrich Chopin; sein Leben, seine Werke, und Briefe*. Von Moritz Karasowski. 2 Bde. Dresden: Kles. London: Nutt.

second volume. With all the inevitable shortcomings of his work, it is one indispensable to the student of musical history.

Custom cannot stale Ludwig Nohl's infinite variety upon the theme of Beethoven.* His last contribution to it contains no original matter beyond an almost fulsome dedication to Herr Wagner, but consists of a series of forty-five personal notices of Beethoven from the pens of various contemporaries, with introductions explaining the circumstances under which they were written. They are of course of the most dissimilar degrees of value; all, or nearly all, however, merit preservation; and, taken altogether, they form an interesting and attractive book. One, an account of the composer's last moments by his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner, seems to have hitherto only appeared in an Austrian newspaper.

The second part of Groddeck and Henne Am Rhyn's work on the internal laws and regulations of Freemasonry † is wholly from the pen of the latter writer, except for an historical introduction by Dr. Merzdorf. The latter possesses considerable interest even for general readers. Brother Henne Am Rhyn's share of the volume consists of a digest of the institutes of the Masonic body all over the world, ample, yet condensed, and apparently calculated to be of much utility to its members.

Dr. Kussmaul's ‡ work on the pathology of the organs of articulation treats both of the phenomena of aphasia, illustrated by a selection from the strange and suggestive cases which medical records furnish in such abundance, and of the more ordinary afflictions of deafness and dumbness, with an inquiry into the comparative merits of the French and German systems for the education of deaf mutes.

Dr. Hostinsky's § essay on the æsthetics of music is in the main a criticism of the theories of Hanslick and Wagner, both of which are rejected.

Two new novels by writers of reputation, Felix Dahn || and Karl Gutzkow ¶ are remarkable, in a literary point of view, for an obvious effort to relieve the proverbial heaviness of the German novel and to copy the animation and movement of the French. Herr Dahn seeks to attain this end by rapid dialogue and short sentences, Herr Gutzkow mainly by a liberal employment of notes of exclamation. The former is the more excellent way, and Herr Dahn is also fortunate in his subject, a delineation of the conflict of the Byzantines and Goths for the possession of Italy after the downfall of the Western Empire. This enables him to crowd his book with picturesque figures and stirring incidents. Herr Gutzkow, on the other hand, depicts ordinary society in the ordinary style of the novelists whose aim is a compromise between romance and matter of fact.

"Lost and Won" ** is a pretty and lively story, by a writer who appears exceedingly well acquainted both with English manners and customs, and with the topography of London. It begins in the British Museum, and ends near the Albert Memorial, which presents itself to the writer's mind in perhaps the most satisfactory light in which it is capable of being considered—a token of good feeling between England and Germany.

A catechism of dramaturgy, by R. Pröls ††, is fortunately not drawn up in the form of a catechism. More than half of it is devoted to a condensed historical sketch of the drama of all nations, very fairly executed; and the didactic portion seems calculated to be useful to dramatic aspirants of all descriptions.

The mediæval Latin poems collected by Herr Hagen ‡‡ from sundry Swiss libraries constitute a singular medley, comprising Leonine verses in the most barbarous style along with others which, as the editor remarks, rather savour of expiring classicism than of the spirit of the middle age. The subjects of the poems are generally theological, and their intrinsic value very small. The most interesting is a highly ingenious poem on chess, from which we learn that in the middle ages the queen had only the same power as the bishop now, and that the bishop's move was restricted to two squares.

The "vanished and forgotten one" whose verses are professedly edited by Georg von Oertzen §§ is not inapt either at the sentimental or the sententious strains of which his ample volume principally consists; it is nevertheless improbable that its publication will lead to any general demand for his restoration to society.

* Beethoven. *Nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen.* Von Ludwig Nohl. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

† *Versuch einer Darstellung des positiven, inneren Freimaurer-Rechts.* Von Br. von Groddeck und Br. O. Henne Am Rhyn. Leipzig: Fintel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die Störungen der Sprache.* Von Dr. A. Kussmaul. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Das Musikalisch-Schöne und das Gesamtkunstwerk vom Standpunkte der formalen Ästhetik.* Von Dr. O. Hostinsky. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Ein Kampf um Rom.* Historischer Roman von Felix Dahn. 4 Bde. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Die Neuen Serapionbrüder.* Roman von Karl Gutzkow. Bd. 1. Breslau: Schottländer. London: Asher & Co.

** *Verloren—Gewonnen. Eine Erzählung aus London.* Von W. Brand. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Katechismus der Dramaturgie.* Von R. Pröls. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Carmina mediæ ævi maximam partem inedita: ex bibliotheca Helvetiæ collecta.* Edidit H. Hagenus. Bernæ: Frobenius. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Reime eines Verschollenen.* Herausgegeben von Georg von Oertzen. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

The April number of the *Rundschau** has an article on the Prince Consort's life by F. H. Geffcken, couched, like so many English essays on the same theme, in the strain of monotonous eulogy which inevitably reminds the English reader of Guinevere's criticism on the faultless Arthur. Zeller's paper on the light in which Christianity appeared to the Greeks and Romans is very elegantly written, but inevitably devoid of novelty. Elegance, too, is the leading characteristic of Emanuel Geibel's graceful little dramatic proverb. Some chapters from General Braudt's memoirs, relating to Prussian politics in the anarchical year 1848, convey graphic portraits of the forgotten celebrities of an epoch which no Prussian of any political party finds pleasure in remembering. Perhaps the most interesting contribution, however, is a dissertation by Virchow on the rudimentary stages of cookery, in which he shows how completely pottery, without which refinement in cookery is impossible, is a feminine art among savages, and how nicely the progress of barbarous man in the culinary art is adjusted to the condition of his womankind. An utterly degraded condition of woman is incompatible with pottery; lack of pottery means lack of cookery; and, wanting cookery, man wants the first step of the ladder that lifts him out of barbarism.

The *Russian Review*† is chiefly filled with economics and statistics, but contains one most edifying and entertaining paper on the wolf question in Russia. The lupine population of the Empire, it seems, is estimated at two hundred thousand, maintained at an annual expense to the public of fifteen million rubles at the least. The author of a book on the subject advocates a grand national effort to poison them off at the rate of ten rubles a head, and combats at length sundry objections to his proposal, one being the British one of the impossibility of laying poison for wolves without jeopardy to foxes. This public-spirited projector is an apothecary.

* *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 3. Hft. 7. Berlin: Pachtel. London: Trübner.

† *Russische Revue.* Jahrg. 6. Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Schmitadorff. London: Trübner & Co.

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THE WAR.

A DOUBT which had already become fainter and fainter has at length been finally dispelled. The Manifesto addressed by the Emperor ALEXANDER to the people and the army, and the Circular to foreign Powers, have been promptly followed by a declaration of war. It would not be worth while to examine in detail the arguments or statements of any of these documents. The language which Governments use on such occasions is purely conventional; and the authors of a long-prepared war can scarcely be accused of an intent to deceive when they formally profess to have been forced by the conduct of the enemy into an unwelcome struggle. The omission from the Circular of any professions of abstinence from conquest has been generally remarked as significant. It was perhaps as well to avoid a new attempt to deceive the world by declarations which, if they had been made, would probably have been falsified. The retention or abandonment of any province which may be occupied by the Russian armies will depend on the policy of other Powers, and more especially of Austria. The pretexts for war are probably selected for the purpose of conciliating support or tolerance in England. The protection of Turkish Christians from oppression may be regarded as a laudable object; and in this respect the Circular follows the precedent established by the Emperor NICHOLAS in 1853. Prince GORTCHAKOFF might perhaps have devised a more plausible excuse for immediate action than the refusal of the Turks to accept the Protocol. None of the Governments which acquiesced in the Protocol as a compromise intended to require the signature of the Porte. As soon as the illusory negotiations in London were completed, the Russian Government ceased to affect any peaceable intentions. The menacing language which was addressed to the Porte evidently indicated a determination to force a rupture; and there is no reason to suppose that any conduct which could have been adopted by the Porte, short of absolute submission, would have averted or postponed the conflict. It was perhaps impolitic to end a long series of professions of moderation by proceedings which have given just and general offence; but, when a great war is about to commence, the forms and ceremonies with which it may be announced have no real importance. It had for some months been difficult to believe either that the army had been set in motion except for the purpose of attacking Turkey, or that Russian diplomacy was exerting all its ingenuity to prepare a pretext for an appointment and an affront to Europe. The Emperor's conversation with Lord A. LORTUS, which was published by the English Government at the express request of Count SCHOUVALOFF, was eagerly welcomed by the anti-Turkish party in England as a conclusive proof of Russian moderation. Lord DEBY implied a certain scepticism in assuring the Russian AMBASSADOR that the Emperor's declarations were the more acceptable because the armaments of Russia had produced anxiety and suspicion. It is now certain that the Moscow speech, and not the conversation at Livadia, expressed the real intentions of the Russian Government.

In stating to the House of Lords that the Porte had acted on the conviction that war was inevitable, Lord DEBY probably implied his own agreement with the Turkish conclusions. It might indeed have been worth while to delay the invasion if the English Government could have been coaxed into hostile measures against Turkey. The opponents of the Government assert that its backwardness in supporting the oppressed

Christians has encouraged the aggressive policy of Russia. Measures of coercion would probably have been forcibly resisted; and when Turkey had been weakened by the attacks of a Power which would have been only half in earnest, Russia would have undertaken the completion of a task which would perhaps not have been perfectly accomplished. Recriminations between English parties are now probably at an end. The progress of the war will be watched with a solicitude in which sympathy for Russia will have little share. It is still said to be uncertain whether the Russian army will at once attempt the passage of the Danube, or halt on the Northern bank of the river in the hope of exhausting by delay the spirit and resources of the enemy; but a pause in the operations would be scarcely less burdensome to Russia than to Turkey, and hesitation might in popular judgment be attributed to fear. The declaration of war may be regarded as preparatory to an active campaign. When the Emperor NICHOLAS crossed the Pruth, he professed not to be engaged in actual hostilities; and the declaration of war was, after a delay of two or three months, published, not by the Russians, but by the Turks.

The Roumanian army, though it is not likely to take an active part in the struggle, has been raised to the highest attainable strength; and, according to one rumour, Prince CHARLES intends to proclaim his independence as soon as the conflict actually begins. It is more probable that he will wait for the general rearrangement of treaties which is likely to be a result of the war. Prince MILAN's assumption of the kingly title was never recognized by a European Power; and on the conclusion of peace with Turkey the pretension was tacitly abandoned. The condition of Roumania would not be practically affected by the abolition of a relation of dependence which has from the first been almost a fiction; but it is probable that nominal as well as real sovereignty would be acceptable to the population. The local Government is not to be blamed for allying itself with a Power which is, either as a friend or an enemy, about to occupy its territory with an irresistible force. Politicians who have recommended the establishment of a belt of petty States as a barrier between Russia and Turkey may learn a practical lesson from the present attitude of Roumania. In Serbia also, notwithstanding the peace which was concluded with the express sanction of Russia a few weeks ago, a warlike agitation has already recommenced. General FADAEFF is at Belgrade, assuredly not without the permission of his Government; and there can be little doubt that his immediate business is to secure the means of a diversion on the side of Serbia if it should be found useful in the conduct of the campaign. It scarcely seems prudent to employ in the neighbourhood of Austrian Croatia an agent who must be especially obnoxious to the Governments of Pesth and Vienna. The time has not yet come for the official adoption of the theory that conquests in Turkey imply the previous destruction of Austria.

If the summons of General RODICH to Vienna implies his dismissal from the government of Dalmatia, the appointment of a successor of different opinions would throw some light on Austrian policy. Although it may be doubted whether the Turkish Government would formally assent to a foreign occupation of Bosnia, no resistance would probably be offered to the entry of Austrian troops into the province. Such a measure would in truth relieve the Porte from many difficulties. An Austrian army of occupation would hold Montenegro in check, and it would set at liberty

the forces which are now employed in watching Bosnian malcontents. Servia also would be effectually checked on the western frontier, and Austria might perhaps think it prudent to enforce on Prince MILAN absolute neutrality. It is understood that the Russian Government would officially approve a movement which it could have no means of preventing. It would be easy to represent an Austrian occupation of Bosnia as an act of co-operation which might furnish an additional proof of the vitality of the Triple Alliance. It is nevertheless nearly certain that the Austrian Government has declined to promise either active aid or eventual neutrality. There is no risk of a collision as long as the Russian army is advancing to the Balkan; and operations which may be undertaken in Asiatic Turkey are beyond Austrian control. Recent transactions tend to confirm the proposition that the value of astute diplomacy is liable to be overrated by its practitioners. The long negotiations in which Russia has exhibited versatile ingenuity have ended as they began, by leaving the two principals in the dispute face to face. The assurance that England would not in present circumstances interfere in defence of Turkey might have been obtained without the use of any elaborate machinery of Conferences and Protocols. The Continental Powers from the first openly proclaimed their purpose of neutrality; and not one of the number has been persuaded to affect a direct approval of the long-meditated invasion of Turkey. The Protocol itself might as well have been expressed in unambiguous language, since it has ceased to be binding on England.

COUNT MOLTKE'S SPEECH.

EUROPE is now in such a state of feverish agitation that a speech from Count MOLTKE, made at the very moment when the troops of the CZAR were crossing the Pruth, was sure to create alarm. The excitement was naturally greatest at Paris; but, when it had become known what he had really said, the French had the good sense to recognize that they had no cause of complaint or suspicion. The German Parliament had been asked to sanction an increase of the military estimates sufficient for the pay of 122 more officers; and, as some opposition was made to the proposal, Count MOLTKE came forward to explain how it happened that these new officers were wanted in time of peace. In one way his task was very simple, as it was obvious that, if these officers were wanted for war, they must be trained during peace; and he was making a very safe appeal when he asked his hearers whether they were not perfectly aware that no German officer would ever be allowed, whether war or peace was reigning, to pass a single idle hour. But, having to say thus much, he went further, and offered some general comments on the relative military positions of France and Germany. The German army costs less than the French, and its system of organization is, he thinks, better; but, while Frenchmen of all parties are eager to grant everything which the military authorities ask for, Germans grumble over every additional mark spent on their army. This vexes the soul of the great captain, and he thinks his countrymen show some ingratitude and much want of foresight. The respective views of the French and the Germans seem, however, very rational in the different circumstances in which the two nations are placed. The French have to invent a military machinery which will restore them to their natural place among the Great Powers. The invention of such a machinery is expensive, and it is not surprising that the French, while engaged in the process, should spend six millions a year more than Germany spends in keeping in good working order a machinery which she has perfected with all the resources of military science. It must also be remembered that France is a richer country than Germany, and the richer the country the more its army will cost, as soldiers and officers expect more to be done for them; and the extra expenses entailed by the possession of Algeria must also be taken into account. In the same way, when Count MOLTKE criticizes the French system of keeping up numerous weak battalions, and assigns a superiority to the German system of keeping up fewer battalions at their full strength, it may be replied that in Germany a national army has been formed, while in France it is only being formed, and that, while the object of a nation is to have men taught to be soldiers, numerous battalions,

though weak, multiply centres of instruction. The French, too, naturally take great interest in their army, for they see in it the means of regaining their self-respect, and a great work that is being accomplished always awakens more sympathy than a great work that has been accomplished. Germany, on the other hand, has to concentrate its attention on not letting its army fall off in efficiency, and this is a process which awakens little enthusiasm; for ordinary people feel that what is needful is being done for them, and that they have no part in it, while the perpetual burden of the expense of the army is being always brought home to them by the pressure of heavy taxation.

Count MOLTKE spoke, as the Duke of WELLINGTON used often to speak, with that horror and detestation of war which comes from long experience of what war means, and which an acknowledged master of the art of war can afford to own. No advantage, no increase of prestige, no addition of territory is, he said with great earnestness, worth purchasing at the cost of a human life. The policy of Germany must be a strictly defensive one. France had so often fallen on divided Germany that she not unnaturally expected that united Germany would fall on her. For his part he entirely repudiated anything like the folly of going to war with France in order to gratify wanton purposes of ambition. It is true, he pointed out, that Germany is united; but even in united Germany there are alien and discordant elements. There are the Poles on the east and the Lorrainers on the west, who are only Germans in name, and these incongruous populations give far too much trouble for Germany to wish to have any more of them. It is often said that Germany hungers after Holland, after Denmark, and after the German provinces of Austria. At any rate Count MOLTKE does not hunger after them. He only wants Germany to be so strong that it will be left alone. It is true that he is more responsible than any one else for the exaction of the cession of Metz. But, whether he was right or wrong, he always declared that he insisted on Germany having Metz for no other reason than that its possession was absolutely necessary for the defence of Germany. If military reasons were to prevail, it may be remarked that Count MOLTKE's views are amply confirmed by the recent writer on the French army in *Blackwood*, who, while saying that it is now too late for Germany to attack France, states that the possession of Metz by Germany makes it almost hopeless for the French to think of attacking Germany. Never again will Paris sing *À Berlin* on the eve of a German war, as if marching to Berlin were as easy as marching to Milan or Madrid. To get men across the Rhine would now puzzle the most skilful French general and the bravest French army. Germany sleeps in an entrenched camp which, on the side of its old enemy, is guarded by the most elaborate defences. That it should have to sleep in a camp, and not in a smiling plain where thoughts of war might never enter, is to Count MOLTKE's eyes a sad necessity. But at least Germany can, if it is wise, take care that things shall not be worse than they need be, and may let all men know that it has no intention of sallying out of its stronghold like a mediæval noble out of his castle to plunder and terrify its neighbours.

Possibly it was not to be expected that Count MOLTKE should be quite just to France. He is the watchdog of Germany, and watchdogs are apt to bark even when their grounds for barking are not wholly satisfactory. He said that he could not believe in the pacific intentions of France, because he found that the French journals were full of hatred and spite against Germany. This was unjust. There are foolish journals in every country; but the French press as a whole has been singularly moderate and careful of giving offence whenever it seemed possible that the susceptibilities of Germany could be aroused. The criticisms passed on Count MOLTKE's own speech have been studiously sensible and fair. The French press waited until it was known what Count MOLTKE had really said; and then, instead of fastening on particular expressions which were certainly open to comment, looked at the speech as a whole, and recognized that its main intention was pacific. The Germans are really much more disagreeable to the French than the French are to the Germans. It was not the French who omitted to invite Germany to take part in the new Exhibition, but the Germans who refused, when asked, to have anything to do with it; and the French passed over the refusal in dignified silence. Count MOLTKE, too, when he

insists with eminent force and good sense on the wisdom of adhering strictly to a defensive policy, seems to have forgotten the celebrated Berlin scare which not long ago made Europe pass through a week of trembling. It may be presumed, from what he now says, that Count MOLTKE himself did not form part of the clique which nearly succeeded in getting up a war in order to punish France for presuming to think of once more existing as a military nation. But the danger was so great that Russia, and in a subordinate way England, had to intervene and save Germany from an act of indefensible bullying. The mass of the German people wish for nothing but to keep what they have got, and the lack of enthusiasm about their army which Count MOLTKE laments is partly to be attributed to the fact that the Germans are essentially a pacific people. There never perhaps was a nation of conquerors which cared so little for military glory. And men of the first order of intelligence in Germany like Count MOLTKE sympathize with the people on this head, and would be very well pleased to see Germany keep altogether aloof from war. But, if Count MOLTKE ignores the existence of a military clique in Germany, it is impossible that the French should shut their eyes to it. Whether France and Germany can go on for a long period of years, each satisfied with its own defensive strength and averse to projects of attack, is more than any one can say. It is in human nature that Frenchmen should sometimes think they would like the day to come when they could at least show the Germans that they were a match for them, even if they did not exactly march to Berlin. But Frenchmen also say to themselves that war is a terrible thing, and that the day of their dreams had better be put off indefinitely. It depends perhaps quite as much on Germany as on France whether a war in the near future shall be averted. If France could but be really persuaded that Germany thinks only of defence, much of the irritation and alarm which Germany excites in France would die away. But Germany, if it wishes for peace, may be wise not only to keep on the defensive, but not to keep on the defensive in a provocative way. Count MOLTKE hinted that, if the French continued to mass men on their frontier, Germany might have to do the same. The possession of Metz and Strasburg ought to save Germany from the supposed necessity of taking a step which would inevitably provoke much alarm and ill feeling. As the French have not got Metz and Strasburg, they have to think how, if they were attacked, they could cover Paris; and they must group their men where, for defensive purposes, they would be wanted. Count MOLTKE was perhaps inclined to be a little over-vigilant, and there was a demonstrativeness in his tone when speaking of precautions against France which gave his attitude a somewhat unpeaceful appearance. But he has since had an opportunity of recurring to the subject, and has explained what he said so as to make it as harmless as possible, and to indicate a determination to adhere to a strictly pacific policy.

THE HOME RULE DEBATE.

THE debate on the motion for a Home Rule Committee was creditable to all parties, and especially to the Liberal Opposition. The supporters of the motion were for the most part temperate and courteous; and their inability to explain their policy was the fault of the cause which they advocated rather than of themselves. The most satisfactory part of the debate was Mr. FORSTER's manly and powerful speech. Even if he had confined himself to a statement of his intentions, instead of also exposing the fallacy of the proposed measure, he would have done a great service both to his party and to the country. An impression had prevailed that, notwithstanding Lord HARTINGTON's spirited declaration of two years ago, some of the Liberal leaders were inclined to tamper with Home Rule, in the hope of maintaining the Irish alliance which has existed almost without an interval since the days of O'CONNELL. An invitation addressed by Mr. FORSTER himself to the Home Rule members to act with the Liberal party on neutral questions had been not unnaturally misconstrued; and Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement, made while he was in office, that he did not know the meaning of Home Rule, had not been literally interpreted. Mr. FORSTER, on behalf of the ex-Ministers, and Mr. FAWCETT, representing a section of extreme Liberals, have now formally repudiated all sym-

pathy with the measure which is sometimes embodied in a Bill, and which is on the present occasion implied in the motion for a Committee. Of the handful of English members who pledged themselves at their election to obey the behests of their Irish constituents, Sir WILFRID LAWSON alone undertook to defend his vote. It may be doubted whether his Irish friends will be grateful for his humorous description of the absurdity of their proposal. Mr. COWEN and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT were silent; and Mr. BUTT has probably by this time renounced the hope of bringing Home Rule within the sphere of practical controversy by gradual additions to the number of ostensible English converts.

Mr. FORSTER's remark that a great change in the Constitution could not be relegated to a Select Committee would alone have constituted a conclusive argument against the motion. Parliament cannot abdicate the unlimited power which has often been designated as omnipotence. An Imperial Parliament with other Parliaments exercising some of its former functions would be compelled on all occasions to consider whether it might not be transgressing its assigned limits. Mr. SHAW and the majority of his Irish supporters endeavoured to persuade the House that by voting for inquiry members would pledge themselves to nothing; and one or two Irish members even hinted their willingness to content themselves with something less than an independent local Parliament; but it was understood on all sides that the acceptance of the motion would have been an invaluable advantage to Mr. BUTT. The differences between Home Rule and Repeal have no interest for those who are determined to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom. As one of the speakers happily observed, Mr. BUTT had proved that Repeal was absurd, and Mr. P. J. SMYTH had demonstrated the impossibility of Home Rule. The adoption of either project would result in separation, to be inevitably followed by compulsory reunion. The practical objections to either plan are, to an opponent of dismemberment, embarrassing by their number and their irresistible weight. It would evidently be impossible to maintain any restrictions which might be imposed on an Irish Parliament, for Imperial interference with Home Rule which had been lawfully established would be universally resented. It was pertinently mentioned in the course of the debate that the Dublin Corporation lately passed a resolution in favour of the restoration of the Pope's Italian dominions. A Parliament which would probably be accustomed to boast of its own sovereignty and independence would not abstain more scrupulously than a Town Council from interference with foreign affairs. It would be too much to hope that Mr. PARNELL or Mr. BIGGAR should pursue their favourite occupation of interrupting business in a domestic Parliament. As, according to Mr. BUTT's project, Ireland is still to be represented in the Imperial Parliament, Home Rule would afford Englishmen no protection against obstructive Irish patriotism.

Though it was impossible to be original in so hackneyed a controversy, Mr. FORSTER explained more forcibly than any previous Parliamentary speaker the anomalies and difficulties which would result from the change of the unwritten English Constitution into a new and artificial scheme of Confederation. Home Rule would introduce a conflict between Federal and State powers which would require a Supreme Court, as in the United States, to provide a peaceful solution. The House of Commons applauded Mr. FORSTER's inquiry whether any political party would consent to refer questions of constitutional right and of the division of power to any body of lawyers. If Englishmen would repudiate a newfangled experiment, Irish patriotism would treat the adverse decisions of a court of justice with profound contempt. The only defect in Mr. FORSTER's argument resulted from the necessity of the case, which required him to assume that Mr. BUTT's project was serious. Loyal Irishmen, such as Mr. BLENNERHASSET, may succeed in persuading themselves that Home Rule would be compatible with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament; but the constituents who return fifty or sixty Home Rule members to the House of Commons have no intention of maintaining Imperial authority when they have achieved any kind of legislative independence. The speeches made at Home Rule meetings in Ireland are extremely unlike the mild and argumentative discourses which were delivered on Tuesday last in the House of Commons. The extermination or expulsion of the English intruder is represented by popular orators as the chief recommendation of Home Rule. Mr. BUTT himself has

never explained how he intends to create an Irish House of Lords, which would be unanimously hostile to the theory and practice of Home Rule. He has also pledged himself to measures of expropriation which no landowner would be likely to approve. In short, the motion for a Committee and the entire fabric of Home Rule have scarcely a closer connexion with real intentions and with practical policy than a Russian Protocol.

While Mr. FORSTER demolished the theory of Home Rule, Mr. FAWCETT grappled directly with a practical question which was still more interesting to the House of Commons, and especially to the Liberal party. The Salford election has probably put an end to the discreditable practice of buying Home Rule votes by ostensible concessions; but the indignation which has been universally expressed has provoked a threat which Mr. FAWCETT undertook to expose and to defy. A secretary of a Home Rule Club or League has announced that the Irish in large English towns will henceforth vote against the Liberals whenever their demand is refused. It would seem that, if Mr. O'DONNELL speaks with authority, his compatriots have reversed their political predilections since they unanimously supported the Liberal candidate at Manchester against the Conservatives, when both had with equal pliability conformed to their requisitions. Mr. FAWCETT answers the threat by declaring that he and his friends would rather pass their lives in a minority than give a hypocritical adhesion to doctrines which they abhor. For himself he declares that he would even support a Conservative Government which might be endangered by its opposition to Home Rule. If the Irish agitators act on their declarations, they may perhaps produce a result exactly opposite to that which they desire to accomplish. Nothing would restore the popularity of the Liberal party more certainly than a belief that they were the martyrs of their conscientious regard to the national unity. Mr. BUTT's followers have spoilt their own market by too cynical a use of their electoral influence. The Salford election will probably produce a tacit understanding that no candidate shall take an unfair advantage over his adversary by unworthy concessions. When the vote of the Home Rule League has no longer any value, the audacious attempt to use the perfect equality which Irishmen enjoy in England for the destruction of English government in Ireland will necessarily be abandoned. The only painful impression which is left by the debate is produced by the expressions of discontent in which all the Irish speakers concurred. The remedy which is proposed may be inapplicable and mischievous; but the feeling of alienation which prevails deserves careful study. It is to be hoped that at some future time Irishmen may be as incapable as Scotchmen of suspecting that their national character is regarded with indifference or contempt. The spiteful freaks of two or three obscure Irish members ought to be visited on themselves and not on their country.

CURRENT POLITICS.

THE meeting of the Middlesex Conservative Association gave Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE an opportunity of describing how he behaves and feels in his new capacity of leader of the House of Commons. It was perhaps a pleasant change to him to have an occasion when it was proper for him to make a speech; for, as he informed his hearers, he had some years ago been put up to a little secret by Lord BEACONSFIELD, who informed him that the great thing for a leader in the House to do was to hold his tongue, and speak as seldom and as little as possible. It does not appear, however, that when he has an unbounded opening for eloquence before him he has very much to say, or that what he has to say is of a very high quality. Mr. GLADSTONE, no doubt, spoke too much when he was leader; he could not sit still, and was like a schoolmaster who constantly interrupts his boys, instead of letting them say their lessons. Lord BEACONSFIELD showed more tact, and better consulted his own dignity, by maintaining a vigilant silence, his opponents feeling all the while that, if he did speak, he would probably say something which would be very well worth hearing. It was truly and gracefully said of Lord BEACONSFIELD, by the leader of the Opposition, that when he took part in a debate, he seldom failed to raise the tone of the discussion; and whenever he spoke out of the House he was often paradoxical and bewildering, but he was never poor. His

hearers felt that, however much they might criticize his utterances, they were listening to a man who was unmistakably the first, or one of the first two, men in English political life. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has no pretensions of this sort. There are at least fifty men on the Ministerial side who would have made as good a speech as he made to the Conservative Association. It is quite true that a man may make a very tolerably good leader of the House without having any peculiar originality or force of thought or language. Many humble qualities go to constitute a capacity for leadership; patience, tact, honesty, and courtesy. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has these qualities, and is so far very well qualified for his post. But we have to go back as far as Lord ALTHORP to find another instance of a leader of the House who has had so conspicuously to rest his claims on moral rather than intellectual qualifications. The times are dull when a leader is longing to get back to his ballocks, and speaks as if he detested speaking, or when he descends to jokes almost too small for a comic paper, and affects to apprehend that before long Mr. BIGGAR will stop debate altogether by filling the keyhole of the entrance-door with dust. There is no harm in little sallies of playfulness like this; but they are so completely in the vein of Mr. CHARLEY when addressing his constituents at Salford, that we might hope for something better when the leader of the Commons is making a set speech at a moment of unusual gravity and importance. In such a position, and at such a time, the speaker is addressing not only his hearers but his country, and a poor speech is a disappointment simply because it is poor. When a bishop preaches in a parish church, the congregation reasonably expect to listen to a better sermon than they ordinarily get from a curate.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE complained that he had found his patience exposed to extraordinary trials this Session. Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL have certainly been an insufferable nuisance, not only to him but to every one in the House; but there does not appear to be any ground for complaining of the Opposition generally. According to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Opposition has been very vexatious because it has been suffering under a sharp disappointment. It hoped that it was carrying the country with it on the Eastern question, and when it found that the country supported the Ministry, it had to revenge itself by using petty tactics of annoyance and delay. This seems an account of matters exclusively adapted to the atmosphere of a Conservative Association. The Opposition has been silenced because the Ministry has done what it wished to see done. The policy of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is the policy of Lord HARTINGTON. The only disappointment of the Opposition is the disappointment of finding that the Ministry does what the Opposition thinks right. What difference could there have been in the recent attitude of England if Lord GRANVILLE had been at the Foreign Office instead of Lord DERBY? It has been announced that England considers herself relieved from a strict adherence to treaties when times and circumstances have changed. Mr. LAYARD has been instructed to tell Turkey that she shall have no material support from England because she has forfeited by her misconduct and obstinacy the right to claim it. Captain HOBART has been informed that he cannot be allowed to hold a commission in the English navy while he acts as the Admiral of a foreign fleet against a Power with which England is on friendly terms. There really is nothing for the Opposition to object to. Whenever it is the leaders of the type parties who are speaking, and not mere irresponsible underlings, they say precisely the same things on every point of importance. One set makes the most of Mr. GLADSTONE's eccentricities, and the other makes the most of Lord DERBY's failures; but they mean the same thing. The joint is the same, and nothing but the garnish is different. One party serves the boiled beef with carrots, and another serves it with turnips; but the boiled beef is always there. While Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was speaking to his Conservatives, Mr. GOSCHEN was speaking at the Mansion House; and if what Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said had been put into the mouth of Mr. GOSCHEN, and what Mr. GOSCHEN said had been put into the mouth of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, so far as each touched on the relations of England to the East, no one would have noticed any difference. Both agree in thinking that England ought to keep herself neutral until the interests and integrity of the Empire are threatened, and then England ought to act firmly and boldly. Some Conservatives have worked themselves

into a belief that the Turks are innocent and injured people, and ought to be protected against the ambition of Russia. This is precisely what the Ministry does not think, and what the leaders of the Opposition do not think. The country at large shares this opinion; and therefore the country, the Ministry, and the leaders of the Opposition are of one mind. Many Conservatives really disapprove of the policy of the Ministry, and, to relieve their feelings, as they cannot declaim against their own leaders, they declaim against the Opposition; but all they have to say tells against the Ministry more even than against the Opposition, for the Ministry has the responsibility of practical action. It is the Ministry that tells the Turks they are not worth fighting for, and it is the Ministry that repudiates the notion that England is under any engagement to resist Russia. The leaders of the Opposition are reported to have held a meeting of the party, and to have decided that no question as to the conduct of the Government should be raised. If they were to have a meeting at all, they would come to no other decision. How could Lord HARTINGTON be expected to censure the Ministry for doing precisely what he would like them to do? All that the Ministry has to do is to keep its own party well in hand, and this it appears to be able to do in a very effectual manner.

In speaking at the Mansion House, Mr. GOSCHEN felt it to be his business to praise everything English to the skies, and he thought it convenient to compare the open, honourable, straightforward way in which the English Parliament has discussed the Eastern question with the reserve and reticence exhibited by foreign countries. If an allowance is made for difference of circumstances, this criticism seems somewhat harsh. Mr. GOSCHEN himself seemed to see something beautiful and dignified in the silence of France, but that was the only exception. It is not easy to see why the Italian Parliament should be accused of being too reserved. A debate has been going on in Rome this week in which, on the one hand, the strongest sympathies have been expressed for the Christians, and, on the other, a deputy has declared that he is a better Turk than the SULTAN himself is. No one has gone quite so far as that even in frank and outspoken England. The Italian Ministry has not only published all its more important despatches on the Eastern question, but has distinctly explained its position and views. It has expressly declared that it has entered into no special engagements with any other Power. It was announced that it had made a secret compact with Russia, and now it asserts that nothing of the kind is true. "Having nothing to fear from Turkey," the MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS said, "we have believed it to be our duty "to support the Turkish Empire, but without allowing "ourselves to be led by England or any other Power whatsoever." Italy, in short, will keep neutral, or, if she uses force, will only use it to protect her own interests. She is acting precisely as England is acting, and says so; and there does not seem much to choose between the utterances of the two countries. It may be remarked that Italy is the only country except England where public meetings on behalf of the oppressed Christians have been held, and the Italian meetings have been large, numerous, and enthusiastic. In face of these meetings, the Italian Ministry has acted just as the English Cabinet has acted. It supported Turkey as long as it could, but it made it perfectly clear that it was not going to fight for Turkey. But what Mr. GOSCHEN more especially complained of was the cynical silence of Germany. Why should the silence of Germany be called cynical? Germany has all along declared that it would remain neutral unless its interests were imperilled. There is nothing cynical in that. It does simply what Italy and England do. It naturally does not disclose under what imaginary circumstances it would consider its interests imperilled; but neither does England nor any other Power that has the least common sense left it. Mr. GOSCHEN is as resolute as any Englishman in saying that anything like serious danger to English interests must be averted at any cost. But his contempt for silence does not betray him into the mistake of disclosing what he means, of anticipating the possible issues of a campaign which has hardly begun, and of contemplating England as isolated, and as having interests which do not concern other nations. Nor can it be said that Germany is altogether silent. There has been an Eastern debate at Berlin, as well as in other places; but, if silence has been broken, it

has not been broken to much purpose. The speakers had little more to say than that the Government of Russia was bad and the Government of Turkey was very bad; that they were glad the policy of their Government was pacific, but were sure the Government would see that the interests of Germany must be protected. This is a true, but it certainly is not a new, way of regarding the Eastern question. England, Germany, and Italy are pursuing the same course and holding the same language; but whether the same thing is said a hundred times or only once or twice is merely a difference of national tastes and habits.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE French Chambers meet again on Monday, and the Government will at once have to deal with an ecclesiastical difficulty. During the recess the Ultramontane party has been unusually active, and the Government has on two or three occasions thought itself obliged to repress a zeal which threatened to make, not only the foreign policy of France, but also the domestic policy of foreign countries, a matter of popular discussion. The Bishop of NEVERS sent a copy of his letter on the Papal Allocution to every official in his diocese, on the plea that, as it is the duty of the State to protect the Church, it is the duty of every subordinate of the State to see that this duty is discharged so far as lies in his power. The Catholics of France have been circulating a petition to the PRESIDENT imploring him to take notice of the unhappy condition in which the POPE is placed. And the flame thus lighted would have been kept alive, but for the interference of the Minister, by a succession of lay sermons in which the enthusiasm of a preacher new to the work would not have been checked by any fear of a possible withdrawal of salary. The Radical party have not been uninterested spectators of these events. Their affection for the Ministry is of that judicious kind which does not shrink from chastening its object, and their uniform desire is to place M. SIMON in a dilemma between the Conservative Senate, in which this revived religious enthusiasm probably commands a majority, and the anti-clerical Chamber, in which to be on good terms with the Church is the most certain road to defeat. If the Radicals challenge the Government to say in public, and with the rhetorical severity that is so much more likely to be used in debate than in official correspondence, what they have been saying in formal circulars and confidential letters, they may count, they think, on one of two results. Either the Government must declare plainly that the POPE must take care of himself, and that any effort on the part of French Catholics to bring his misfortunes under the notice either of the Executive or of the Legislature will be discouraged by all the means provided by law, or they must try to lessen the force of their own letters and circulars, and endeavour to avoid an open breach with the Conservatives. Either way the purpose of the Radicals will be answered. In the former case the Government must expect to lose such occasional Conservative support as it can still command, and it will then be thrown more decidedly than ever into the arms of the Radicals. With their aid M. SIMON can sustain a division in the Chamber of Deputies; without it, he will be beaten even there. In the latter case the Radicals will be able to represent the Government as truckling to the priests, and as ready to embroil France with Italy in order to minister to the designs of an unpatriotic faction. In so far as this view is accepted, M. SIMON will lose strength in the Chamber of Deputies; and since his conversion is certain not to be of that hearty kind which can alone satisfy the clerical party, his loss of Republican support will not be compensated by any gain on the side of the Conservatives. The clerical party are quite as anxious to precipitate an ecclesiastical discussion as the Radicals themselves. They think that they have been insulted during the recess, and, rightly or wrongly, they also think that they are strong enough to make it useful to convince the country that the Government is not with them. To what extent this opinion is well founded it is impossible to say. The zeal of the Conservative Republicans has cooled so much of late that it is possible that the Conservative feeling of the country may have once more accepted the Church as a necessary element in the equilibrium whether of France or of Europe. However this may be, there seems to be no question that the Catholic deputies will bring the ecclesiastical incidents of the recess before the

Chamber, unless the Government can make the outbreak of war a plea for avoiding all discussions that involve inconvenient references to foreign affairs.

Both the Royalists and the Imperialists have now accepted their position as candidates for clerical favour; and the organs of each party are doing their best to show that, if their policy had been adopted, France would have been spared the melancholy results which have followed from the unification of Italy. Upon this point the Legitimists have very much the best of the argument. They can taunt the Bonapartists with having coquetted with the Revolution, with having assented to the spoliation of the Pope in the first instance, and with having vainly thought that they could enter upon a course of evil-doing and yet retain the power of stopping short when it pleased them. It must be admitted that events have made the Ultramontane view of recent history an exceedingly plausible one. The unity of Italy and the unity of Germany have brought France nothing but disaster in one shape or another. The policy which would have kept Italy divided because her union would be prejudicial to the Pope's temporal interests, and would have kept Prussia feeble because a Protestant Power can never be trusted not to use its strength in a way that may be mischievous to religion, would to all appearance have saved France from the disasters of 1870. The legitimist party have no difficulty in explaining their conduct on either of these points. Their sympathies were on the Catholic side alike in 1859 and 1866. They were never deceived by any fine phrases about nationality, or freedom, or the right of every nation to be master in its own house. They foresaw that the changes wrapped up in these words threatened to overturn the old order of things abroad, and this was a sufficient condemnation of them to a party whose only reason for existing was their determination to restore the old order of things at home. The Bonapartist position is much less easy to defend. They have to admit that NAPOLEON III. tried to reconcile the Church and modern civilization, which in itself invites the condemnation of a party that accepts the Syllabus as a practical exposition of political philosophy. They have to explain how he became a party to a convention which left the Pope nothing but the city of Rome, and thereby accepted a precedent which was afterwards applied with fatal logic to the city of Rome itself. The best case that they can make out for NAPOLEON III. is that he yielded to an overpowering necessity; but, though this may be true from the Imperialist point of view, it is not true from the Ultramontane point of view. There was no need for France to quarrel with Austria, or to be on good terms with Italy. The EMPEROR may have been under obligations which it would have been inconvenient or dangerous to ignore; but that only proves how ill-advised France was to take an Emperor, with his engagements, when she might have had her lawful King for the asking without any such embarrassing accompaniments. Their frank repudiation of the Imperialist policy does not prevent the Legitimists from making common cause with the Bonapartists against the Government for the time being. The two parties fully recognize that there can in the end be no peace between them; but they are equally willing to postpone hostilities until they have disposed of their common enemy, the Republic.

The best ally that either party has at present is the Italian Ministry, and their ability to embarrass their own Government will greatly depend on what goes on at Rome. The Committee of the Senate has reported against the Clerical Abuses Bill, and if the Ministry accept this as an excuse for letting it drop, the Pope will be deprived of his most telling plea. If the Italian Government are really about to enter on a course of ecclesiastical persecution, it will be impossible to keep the Catholics of other countries from treating the subject as one that closely concerns them. The French Ministry may do their utmost to silence the clergy and the Catholic press, but their utmost is not likely to come to much. The interest felt in the Pope's position is too extensive and too genuine to be easily suppressed, and the adoption of any really stringent measures to suppress it would involve the Cabinet in a series of annoying conflicts with the bishops, and, through the bishops, with the entire Right. If the Italian Ministry withdraw the Clerical Abuses Bill, the French Government will be able to represent that there is nothing new in the situation, and that the Pope is no worse off than he has been any time this seven years. Unfortunately the Italian Cabinet has

its own difficulties to arrange, and if it moderates its ecclesiastical policy, it may easily lose the majority which it gained at the last general election. On the whole, therefore, the prospects for the remainder of the Session at Versailles are unsatisfactory. Factions are strong, the Government is weak, and the disposition which the French Legislature has lately shown to avoid all dangerous or compromising questions is now seriously impaired.

THE UNIVERSITIES BILL.

THE quiet, not to say humdrum, character of the conversation which Lord FRANCIS HERVEY invited previously to the House of Commons going into Committee upon the Universities Bill leads to the reasonable expectation that the measure will be, in the words of Sir WILLIAM HARCOCK—who is not apt, except by accident, to drift into the character of RALPH—in fact, an enabling Bill. Indeed we may regard the debate, and in particular the assurances with which Mr. HARDY concluded it, as terminating what we may call the idle fellowships episode. There can be no doubt that Lord SALISBURY, when he gave rein to the epigrammatic incisiveness of his rhetoric, did not forecast the apprehensions which his words, in their naked abstraction, could not fail to convey to persons of less fervid imagination. However, the agitation would have been probably shortened in face of the explanations which so rapidly and so abundantly showered down, had it not been for the promptness with which the extreme party of University Reformers at Oxford took advantage of so unexpected a windfall of luck. These gentlemen, who may be said to occupy a position in the world of academic administration not dissimilar from that which the Home Rulers claim among politicians, or the Comtists among religionists, were ready with that infallible resource of a party which is all leaders and no followers—a volume of essays. The supposed exigencies of a Prisons Bill, which was after all withdrawn, led to the collapse in the Session of 1876 of University legislation, and in the meanwhile the literary success of their manifesto had not emboldened the pioneers of Research to take the academic stump. The Government proposal reappeared substantially as it had disappeared, only that the separate Bills for the two Universities were joined together, and that, upon the Oxford Commission, the name over which the most lively fighting was threatened was replaced by a respected head of a House; and that a very eminent man, whose antecedents would point to his being Cambridge by education, though Oxford by accident, was replaced by a *bona fide* illustration of the latter University. The Bill was read a second time in the earliest days of the Session, and until Thursday evening continued fitfully to reappear upon the Order Book, only to be postponed at the good pleasure of Mr. BIGGAR and his friends.

It was clear that the measure, coming up for discussion in Committee under these circumstances, though it might not want any further certificate of good character, would be none the worse for obtaining its testimonial. Plainly speaking, its previous history had been so fragmentary a record of spasmodic appearances and disappearances, that the general convenience would be much advanced by making *tabula rasa* of all former debates, and dealing with the principles which might be laid down at this stage as those to which the more detailed debates over the clauses should be confined. These may be briefly summed up in the statement that the Bill is intended on its theoretical side to recognize the collegiate system as the foundation of the Universities, the existence of prize endowments as the toll which abstract philosophy pays to living human nature, and the education of the governing classes—taken in the broadest sense of those words—no less than the pursuit of absolute knowledge as the condition on which the recipients of those prizes are to be entitled to hold them. The practical side of the Bill is that it is to be above all things enabling. As Mr. HARDY pointed out, the colleges were to provide for their own efficiency before they were to be allowed to divert their surplus to the creation of a supplementary professoriate, and even this professoriate was as far as possible to be connected with the colleges, after the example which, as early as the beginning of the century, Cambridge set (of which the evidence exists in the definition clause of the present Bill), when, in the then recently founded College of Downing, Professors of Law

and Medicine were constituted members of the collegiate staff.

The controversy is, as a question practically interesting to the public, concluded, and the monotonous appeal to the literary and scientific results of German research is in the narrowest sense of the word only an academic thesis. Granting that the Professors and the Privat-docents of a German University may represent something for which England cannot find a precise parallel, the same may be predicated of the *Bürschen*, and for parallel reasons. The German system, in letting loose the intellectual activity of the teachers, has been equally compelled to restrict the possibility of disciplinary control over the taught; and we believe that the great corporation of heads of families—for whose behalf the Universities do, after all, in a great degree exist—would be loth, in chartering German thinking at Oriel and Trinity, to unsheath German broadswords on Christchurch Meadow and Parker's Piece.

The fight over the names of the Commissioners seems to have ended in a reasonable and satisfactory manner. The Government was obviously right in expressing its confidence in either University by choosing its Commissioners out of its own body; while, in making the choice, practical and business-like qualifications were obviously more to the point than those of a technical description. When we look at the details of the persons taken or rejected, the most obvious incident seems to be that the Government conceived a head of a house at Oxford to be desirable and one at Cambridge to be undesirable, while the Opposition thought a head of a house at Oxford undesirable and one at Cambridge desirable.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

THE debate and the division on Mr. HANBURY-TRACY'S motion showed the amount of dissatisfaction which has been produced by the present system of Parliamentary reporting. The Government were probably well advised in refusing to grant an inquiry which could scarcely have led to any useful result. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has, since he has become leader, been too prodigal of Committees, and he may reasonably object to extend the practice unnecessarily. As in many other cases it is easier to recognize the evil than to devise a remedy; but the consequences of a decline in reporting may go to the root of Parliamentary government. In the last century the House of Commons governed the country by its inherent and direct power. At the present day Parliament requires the aid and feels the control of what is called public opinion; or, in other words, its authority is shared by a community which has been educated sufficiently to cultivate an interest in politics. It is natural that an able democrat, such as Mr. COWEN, should wish to extend still further the influence of political clubs, of one-sided public meetings, and of the popular press. He is perfectly consistent in feeling and expressing indifference to full and accurate reports of Parliamentary proceedings. In the recess, although there is sometimes, as during last autumn, abundant political activity, no party has, as a general rule, either desire or opportunity to hear what may be said on the other side; and it is only at elections that it becomes possible to ascertain whether comparative loudness of clamour coincides with prevailing convictions, or even with numerical preponderance. In private society prudent men habitually avoid controverted topics; and public meetings for any serious purpose of discussion have long been obsolete. The ordinary politician reads a newspaper which exaggerates his own opinions, and if he is of a gregarious disposition he consorts only with members of his own party. An habitual and exclusive student of the *Daily News*, who six months ago amused his leisure by frequenting atrocity meetings, may possibly have been in the right, but he was indebted to accident for his political orthodoxy. In dealing with less exciting subjects the English newspapers of the higher class are much fairer and more tolerant than those of America or of France; but they are permanently directed by the same persons, who are properly anxious to maintain and propagate their own doctrines.

Parliamentary debate has become the only effective form of political controversy. Except perhaps in obscure debating societies, there is no other place in which adverse parties meet on equal terms, and deal with conflicting arguments. It is in some degree because speeches in the House of Commons are rarely addressed to constituents

that they exercise enormous influence beyond the walls of Parliament. Readers of newspaper reports, consciously or unconsciously, recognize a genuine conflict of opinions, and learn the true issues which can only be raised by opposing advocates. Mr. GLADSTONE remarked with truth that Parliamentary reports were never so full and elaborate as in the years which followed the Reform Bill. It was in that time that Sir ROBERT PEELE, by his speeches in Parliament, reconverted the country to Conservatism. The advantage of the operation may be disputed by those who differ from his opinions; but the result was attained by thoroughly legitimate means. The member in the story who boasted that speeches on the other side, though they had often changed his opinions, had never affected his votes, paid an involuntary tribute to the power of eloquence and reason. When the majority of the zealous partisan's associates had been long subjected to the same process, their policy and consequently the votes of their adherents would be sensibly modified. Neither the importance nor the rarity of free discussion is generally understood. The whole administration of justice depends on the unlimited freedom of advocacy which has long been established in England. A mode of government which ultimately rests on popular majorities can only work well under the same conditions; and the publicity of Parliamentary debates has hitherto approximately satisfied the conditions of political education. The minority is more especially concerned in maintaining freedom of discussion, which is often distasteful to popular politicians. Mr. CORBET used to protest against leading articles in newspapers; and Mr. COWEN would not regret the suppression of Parliamentary debates. There is no doubt that it is much easier to outvote an opponent than to answer his arguments. In theological quarrels, dominant sects have uniformly desired to silence their heretical adversaries, though they have professedly been ready to confute them.

The greatest orators in the House of Commons might have been expected to regard with personal indifference the decline in Parliamentary reporting which still leaves room for full versions of their own speeches. Mr. BRIGHT perhaps expressed the susceptibility of an artist who is naturally offended by the obliteration of his delicate refinements of workmanship. To newspaper readers Mr. BRIGHT's reported speeches appear masterpieces of style; but there can be no doubt that the original composition was more perfectly finished. Mr. GLADSTONE was more paradoxical in his regret for the omission of useful statistics or facts which are omitted by reporters because they have no room to spare for uninteresting details. It would of course be possible to publish literal transcripts of every word which is spoken in Parliament; but readers could not be so easily procured as shorthand writers. It is unnecessary that the whole community should be consulted on the matters which form the subject of discussion in Committees of Supply. Parliament has some business which is exclusively its own, while in great political controversies it is the organ of the whole country. During the debate several members aptly reminded the House that a complete and elaborate record of its proceedings would be useless if it were only printed to be laid on the shelf. The influence of Parliament depends in great measure on newspaper reports, which can only be furnished by private enterprise displayed in a particular form. Thirty or forty years ago it seemed that the necessary publicity was effectually secured; but the establishment of penny newspapers has greatly deteriorated the reports. The *Times* only two or three years ago was apparently on the point of following the mischievous example of some of the cheap papers. At that time speeches were sometimes given in the summary more fully than in the ordinary report; and comments in leading articles were often unintelligible because the corresponding passages of the debate were not reported. For the present the older and better practice of reporting has been resumed; but an accidental cause has led to the omission of a not inconsiderable part of Parliamentary proceedings. Country papers have for some years past published the telegraphic news of the morning at the same time at which it appears in London; and they have consequently competed on advantageous terms with rivals who are, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's preference for the provincial press, much their superiors in general literary merit. The London proprietors have consequently procured the despatch of fast trains in the early morning, which deliver the London papers before breakfast-time over a great part

of England. The hour of publication has therefore necessarily been altered; and the reporters are compelled to omit nearly all the debates which occur after midnight. The indignant contempt which is felt in the House of Commons for two or three obstructive members would be more fully shared by the whole community if the late discussions and divisions were reported.

There is perhaps some ground for the apprehension that the publication of literal reports of speeches would tend to encourage loquacity; but the strongest objection to the proposal of an official report is that it would never be read. The comparative space allotted to various speakers was, in the best days of Parliamentary reporting, a rough kind of natural selection tending to the ultimate survival of the fittest. It is true that unjustifiable partiality or ill will was in a few instances displayed, though Mr. WHALLEY'S suspicion that he has been wronged by Ultramontane reporters may probably be fanciful. As long as three or four full reports were published every morning, some security was afforded against undue preference and personal spite. An official shorthand report would protect the worst speakers as well as the best. It is unfortunately useless to remonstrate with the conductors of newspapers, who, when their own practices are called in question, display with wilful ostentation a kind of egotism which is regarded in the case of less privileged personages as a proof of bad taste. If the *Times* should at any future period carry into effect its recent threat of discontinuing the publication of full reports, it will probably be necessary for the House of Commons to adopt the imperfect remedy of employing official shorthand writers. The substitute would be comparatively inefficient, but the publicity of debates could not be sacrificed without an effort. The establishment of Parliamentary supremacy was gradual and imperceptible. Its decline may perhaps commence when the community becomes indifferent to Parliamentary debates. The State and Federal Legislative Bodies of the United States exercise comparatively little influence, and it may be doubted whether the circumstance that their debates are scarcely reported is a cause or an effect. It is not a satisfactory reflection that the proprietors of two or three newspapers have the key of the English Constitution in their pockets.

SOUTH AFRICAN FEDERATION.

LORD GREY'S observations on the South Africa Bill which was read a second time on Monday may hereafter be recurring to us as an example of fulfilled prophecy. It is impossible not to feel that he has very great reason for the fears which he expresses. The most formidable problem with which the English Government has to deal in South Africa is the existence of a powerful native population. Lord CARNARVON stated, in moving the second reading of the Bill, that in the opinion of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY no source of danger in South Africa is so great as the extensive possession of arms by the natives; and when it is added that these arms are possessed by a race which numbers a million in the English Colonies, and at least another million in the Transvaal State, it needs no argument to show how truly Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has estimated the situation. Lord GREY contends that this is not a state of things to which what is called responsible government can be safely applied. In dealing with savages it is essential to be firm, consistent, and just. But there can be neither firmness nor consistency in an administration which is liable to be changed every six months; and as for justice, what chance is there of its being dealt out to a native majority by an Assembly returned by a white minority? In South Africa either the natives must be represented, in which case the supreme power will be vested in the hands of savages who are altogether unfit for it, or they must be left without representation, in which case they will be at the mercy of a class whose interests are entirely opposed to theirs. When a small civilized minority and a large uncivilized majority have to live side by side in the same community, the only safe mode of dealing with them is to place them both under the control of an impartial authority. The Home Government is such an authority; but, so long as the conditions of South Africa remain what they are, no colonial Government can possibly answer to the description. Lord CARDWELL urged, in answer to these forebodings, that since the introduction of responsible government into the separate South African Colonies the native popu-

lation has gone on increasing in prosperity and advancing in civilization. Unfortunately, the past as painted by Lord CARDWELL is not incompatible with the future as painted by Lord GREY. The protection that English law has accorded to the natives has induced them to come over into English territory in very large numbers. In Natal it is estimated that they have increased as much in a day as the white population in a year. It is not until the natives have become formidable that the danger of responsible government is felt; until then the materials of danger are only preparing. That a war of races is more than possible in South Africa can scarcely be denied, and the system of Government established by Lord CARNARVON'S Bill may too probably be found a very ineffectual means of averting it.

It is possible, however, to admit all this, and yet to feel that some such measure as Lord CARNARVON proposes is the best that can be devised under the circumstances. It is too late to discuss the propriety of introducing responsible government into South Africa. It has been introduced, and it cannot now be withdrawn. The only question therefore to be considered is whether responsible government as it now exists, or responsible government as it will exist under Lord CARNARVON'S Bill, is the more likely to justify Lord GREY'S alarm. Lord CARNARVON'S speech is conclusive upon this point. So long as the South African Colonies are divided, it is in the power of the least wise among them to precipitate a native war; while the natives are not deterred from precipitating it on their side by the visible strength which union will confer on the white population. It is in the colonies in which the white settlers are fewest and the natives most numerous that hasty and imprudent counsels are most likely to find acceptance. If the colonies are united into a single Federation, these imprudent counsels will at least be tempered by the influence of communities which have more to lose, if not more to risk. It may be that in the end the attitude of a South African Federation towards the natives will be as provocative of hostilities as the attitude of a single colony. But it is not likely to be so in the first instance, and the longer a war of races can be postponed, the more chance there will be of averting it altogether. The example of Barbadoes has lately shown how obstinate and unreasonable the behaviour of a very small colony can be. It is unlikely that, if the SECRETARY OF STATE had been in communication with a West Indian Confederation, he would have been met with so much childish petulance. There is ground for hope that the action of the South African Confederation will be equally superior to the action of its separate members.

The special feature of Lord CARNARVON'S Bill is the number of points which it leaves to be settled hereafter. Though negotiations have been going on between the Colonies and the Home Government for a considerable period, the details of a scheme of federation have not yet been arranged. Two months ago Lord CARNARVON thought that some progress had been made, and the draft Bill which he then sent out for consideration contained a more definitive proposal of union than he now feels able to bring forward. In the draft Bill the several colonies composing the confederation were to be represented proportionately to their population, and the term "population" was defined to exclude African natives. This provision was strongly objected to by the white settlers in Natal. The total population of Natal is about 370,000, and the total population of the Cape Colony is about 721,000. This would give Natal half as many members in the Legislature as the Cape Colony. But, inasmuch as the whites in Natal only number about 20,000, while the whites in the Cape Colony number about 273,000, Natal under the draft Bill would only have had one member for every thirteen members returned by the Cape. It was not to be expected that Natal should submit without remonstrance to a discrepancy of this magnitude. The existence of a native population does contribute something to the industry and prosperity of the colony, and though Natal might be better off if her whole population were whites, she would certainly be worse off if these 20,000 whites composed her whole population. The same difficulty was felt at the formation of the American Union, and it was there got over by including three-fifths of the slaves in the estimate of the population of the several States. Sir HENRY BARKLY says that this plan would not work well in South Africa, and suggests that the revenue of each colony be taken into account as well as its population, and that the representation of each in the

Legislature be determined by the comparative products of these two factors. In the draft Bill, again, the Legislative Council was to be appointed by the Governor-General, and, considering the many objections to a system under which both Chambers are elective, this plan is in itself perhaps the best that can be suggested. It has not been so regarded, however, at the Cape. In the history of that colony, a Council elected by the aggregate constituencies of the Eastern and Western provinces has played an important part, and Sir HENRY BARKLY reports that the clause making the members of the Legislative Council nominees of the Governor-General is generally objected to. His own impression while in Australia was that the elective Council of Victoria, returned by large constituencies composed of voters possessing a higher property qualification than that demanded from the electors to the Assembly, "was far better adapted to act harmoniously as "a Conservative check" than the nominee Council of New South Wales. The idea which finds most favour in the Cape Colony is that the members of the Legislative Council should be elected by the provincial Legislatures for a term of years, just as the United States Senate is elected by the Legislatures of the several States. The provinces of the Confederation, according to the draft Bill, were to be governed by a President appointed by the QUEEN, and holding office during her pleasure. Sir HENRY BARKLY inclines to making these appointments elective, while in Natal it seems to be thought that they had better be vested in the Governor-General. Upon all these points Lord CARNARVON has so framed the revised Bill as to leave room for further consideration. The Legislative Council and the House of Assembly are to represent the various provinces of the Union, not according to population, but in such proportions "as the QUEEN may direct." The members of the Legislative Council are to be appointed "as the QUEEN may direct." The chief executive officer of each province is to bear such title, and to be appointed in such manner "as the QUEEN may direct." All these matters will hereafter be arranged by correspondence between the Home Government and the colonies, and the conclusions finally arrived at will be announced by an Order in Council. In this way a union will be constituted into which any or all of the Colonies and States of South Africa may voluntarily enter. No pressure of any kind will be applied; but as soon as any two or more colonies shall agree to be confederated together under one general Government and Legislature, the QUEEN is empowered to declare by an Order in Council the union accomplished. Lord CARNARVON deserves the highest credit for the patient forbearance with which he has conducted the whole negotiation.

THE BURIAL LAWS.

THE grievance of the Dissenters about the Burial Laws is now a very old story, and has been discussed over and over again: and of course nothing new can be said about it. Still the debate in the House of Lords on Thursday has served a useful purpose in bringing out very clearly the essential elements of the question and presenting it in a plain matter-of-fact and practical form. It has also revealed in a very significant manner the spirit and motives of the opponents of the measure. The general scope of the Bill may be gathered from the preamble, which sets forth that "it is expedient, with a view to the protection of public health, to make further provision respecting the closing of burial-grounds which are injurious to health; to facilitate the establishment of new burial-grounds; and to consolidate, with amendments, the Acts relating to burials." The opportunity has also been taken of testing the sincerity of the Dissenters in their professed desire for the settlement of a question which they seem to find, especially just now in the dearth of other subjects, a very convenient pretext for party agitation. There is usually very little use in trying to conciliate people who are determined, for their own reasons, not to be conciliated; and it is indeed plain that the political Dissenters are simply exasperated at the prospect of losing a useful cry. The legislative history of the last half-century is a record of a series of concessions to this class which have been successively accepted as a fulfilment of all that was required; but new claims have continually been invented, and there can be no doubt as to the ultimate object which the agita-

tors have in view. As Lord SALISBURY remarked, "the Sibyl of old, if somewhat hard-fisted, was honest, and stuck to her bargain; but the Sibyl of our time, though she demands more if you refuse her offer, demands a great deal more if you concede it." It is, therefore, hardly to be expected that the Nonconformists will accept any compromise, however reasonable, of such a controversy; and the only question is whether they will be able to carry out their design of obstructing an important sanitary measure, for the sake of a small and rather fanciful denominational grievance.

The greater part of the Bill is occupied with provisions for the protection of the public health, as to which there cannot be any dispute, except perhaps as to certain details which may easily be settled in Committee. The evidence of the necessity for legislation of this kind is indeed quite conclusive, and admits of no answer. The Bench is unanimous in its condemnation of what Chief Justice Cockburn justly calls "this complicated, entangled, and confused mass of legislation." Moreover, the law is not only confusing and difficult to administer, but it is not adapted to the circumstances of the present day. The Vestries have power, if they choose, when a burial-ground is closed by Order of Council, to establish another; but they cannot be compelled to do so, and in some cases they grossly neglect their duty in this respect. At Northampton, for instance, the Vestry has persistently refused to avail itself of its permissive power, and there people have to be buried in unconsecrated ground. Other defects of the law are that neither a Vestry nor a Burial Board has powers for the compulsory purchase of land; and that the Home Secretary, under whose supervision such matters come, has no authority to enforce inspection of burial-grounds, though it seems to be greatly wanted. It has been stated by the Duke of RICHMOND that in the rural districts there are churchyards in which the bones of the dead are brought to the surface at each new interment, and which are still open for further corruptions; and the Bishop of OXFORD has also said that "he hears constantly of gross scandals arising from the overcrowding of churchyards." In order to meet these difficulties, the Bill proposes that the jurisdiction over burial-grounds shall be transferred to the Local Government Board, which, in the case of any burial-ground where there is not proper space for burial, or where, by reason of its situation in relation to the water-supply of any place, or by reason of any circumstances whatever there is any injury to public health, is to have power, after local inquiry, to make an order that burials shall either entirely, or subject to specified exceptions, be discontinued in the churchyard in question. Such order, however, is not to be valid unless confirmed by an Order in Council, or, if it affects a cemetery established under a local Act of Parliament, without Parliamentary confirmation; and there is a provision that closed burial-grounds shall be maintained in proper sanitary condition and decent order, and protected from desecration. Again, there is to be a burial authority in every parish, and when it appears that, by reason of increase of population, or otherwise, additional ground is required for the burial of the inhabitants of the district, the authority is bound to provide the necessary accommodation on the requisition of twenty ratepayers; or the Secretary of State, if the local authority refuses or makes default, may, if he thinks fit, enforce the obligation. One part of such a burial-ground is to be consecrated and set apart for burials according to the rites of the Church of England, and another part to be unconsecrated and assigned to burials conducted otherwise than according to those rites; and the relative proportions of such divisions is to be sanctioned by the Local Government Board. There is also to be a chapel for each division. Where a burial authority is wanted, but is not established, the Local Board is authorized, after local inquiry, to order that one should be constituted. There are also to be facilities provided for the burial or sanitary authorities acquiring land for burial-grounds.

Such is the substance of the Bill in regard to sanitary matters; and, although there are some points—such as that of the twenty ratepayers, the Home Secretary's powers, and the question whether the Vestries ought to be invested with the authority proposed—which will require careful consideration in Committee, it clearly contains the elements of a practical and much-needed reform, and this is generally admitted. It also contains a clause providing that in churchyards, on a request to the incumbent from the

person in charge of a funeral, the burial may take place without the usual religious service. It is this latter provision which the Dissenters resent, though it is a relaxation of the existing law which they have themselves demanded. The inconsistency of this body is strikingly shown in the contempt for what they call the "superstition" of consecration—"What d'ye call it—consecration?" sneered Mr. BRIGHT last year; and another member mockingly described it as "The Bishop mumbled 'a form of words'—and their eagerness to be buried in ground of this kind. It might be thought that the Dissenters would be thankful to anybody who would provide them with places where they could be buried comfortably after their own fashion. But no, they are wretched because they are not made martyrs by being laid in the churchyards.

LORD GRANVILLE was of course studiously moderate and gentle in his language, but the speeches out of doors supply what he leaves unsaid. The General Committee of the Primitive Methodists, for instance, protests against the proposal to have two mortuary chapels in each new burial-ground, "one of which would be kept for the exclusive use of Episcopalians," and would thus "perpetuate even 'in death the most odious assumptions and distinctions.'" At the recent Conference of the Liberation Society resolutions were passed objecting to "the exclusion from consecrated ground of all services and all ministers but 'those of the Church of England'; and further even 'the division of ground into consecrated and unconsecrated parts,' and 'the extension and perpetuation in burial-grounds provided at the public expense of the exclusive rights and the claims to 'exact fees now exercised and enforced by the clergy and clerks and sextons in the existing churchyards.'" On this ground the Bill is wildly denounced as a "measure originating in clerical pride, and a violation of 'liberty, justice, and religion.'" Mr. PIERCE said he was "heartily ashamed of the superstitious views entertained 'with regard to consecration,' and yet he was furious at not being allowed to be buried in such ground on his own conditions. He also called the Church of England "one of the worst forms of religious intolerance the world has ever seen." Alderman FOWLER was still more outspoken, and ingenuously disclosed the aims of his party. He said "he thought that the question before the Conference should 'assume a practical as well as a hortatory character.'" Mr. STANSFELD went still further, and said he hoped that "this 'attack on the Liberal party would stimulate and rouse 'the somewhat latent sense of the necessity of union in its ranks, and that he believed it would tend to loosen 'the hold of the Established Church on the affections 'of the people, and to hasten the inevitable decay.'" There is no misunderstanding this. In the opinion of at least one member of the late Government, the object of this agitation is to bring the Liberals together, and to hasten the disestablishment of the Church. LORD GRANVILLE says he does not believe this, and that, if he did, he would not have moved his Resolution; but he evidently shuts his ears to the voices around him. It will be remembered that last year one of the organs of the party celebrated the "bringing together of a powerful force, combining the 'ardour of the Dissenters, the energy of the Home Rulers, and the statesmanship of the Whigs.'" The *Daily News*, the special mouthpiece of political dissent, urges that the Bill should be thrown over "till the opportunity comes for settling the dispute on that basis of 'equality on which alone it can permanently rest.'" Free and unrestricted admission to the churchyards would, of course, be a useful step towards invading the altar and the pulpit, and the arguments which are used in the one case, such as they are, would apply to the promiscuous entry of all kinds of so-called ministers to the Church to preach, marry, and baptize. In short, there can be no doubt that this agitation has its root in the spiteful jealousy and hatred which a certain class of Dissenters cherish towards the Church, as something that hurts their vanity, and makes them feel inferior.

As to LORD GRANVILLE's Resolution, it is a variation from that of last year, but not less vague and empty. His former Resolution gave permission for "silent" burials, and also for "Christian burials with a service other than that of the Established Church." He now asks, first, for what is already granted—facilities for the interment of persons in churchyards without the use of the Burial Service of the Church of England; and, next, for the funeral to be con-

ducted with "such Christian and orderly religious observance as to them"—the relatives or friends—"may seem fit." It is obvious, however, that this, in itself, settles nothing, and opens the door for almost everything. What is wanted is a definite and precise statement of what is to be permitted. In the House of Commons Mr. MORGAN said, "I will tell the House what safeguards I would propose. None whatever. This is a matter which we might safely trust to the good sense and feeling of our fellow-countrymen." It is notorious, however, that there are sections of the community who have peculiar notions as to decency and propriety; and after the recent example of the sort of oratory which was attempted at Mr. OGBURN's funeral, it is easy to conceive how the fashion might spread. In a public cemetery this might not so much matter; but in a churchyard which is identified with the Church it would be insufferable. If LORD GRANVILLE would propose a clause embodying these conditions, the controversy would be simplified; and possibly a satisfactory form might be drawn up, if the Nonconformists were really in the mood of LORD GRANVILLE and LORD SELBORNE. LORD SHAFTESBURY and Mr. MORLEY have tried to procure the acceptance of a compromise of this kind but have failed. It is open for any one to contend that if this task were taken up by one or two moderate and reasonable people, a safe and guarded rule might be devised which would put the subject on a proper footing. But, though this, if possible, would be satisfactory to most people, it is idle to expect that it would satisfy the more bitter and fanatical Dissenters, or put an end to the system of party agitation of which it is so handy a pretext. Under these circumstances, it can hardly be hoped any absolute settlement of this particular difficulty is practicable; but that is no reason why a valuable sanitary measure should be lost on account of a petty ecclesiastical squabble.

THE ANCIENT THIS.

WHEN historians have to measure time not by reigns, but by dynasties, the modern student's mind faints. We may reckon, perhaps, ten dynasties in England since the days of Egbert, a thousand years ago; but it is eleven hundred years since Egypt, conquered by the Arabs, ceased to count the Empire as her thirty-fourth dynasty. Fully fourteen hundred years have to be reckoned back beyond Caesar and Cleopatra, according to M. Mariette, to reach the reign of Rameses II., the great Sesostrius of the Greeks. But Rameses was the third king of the nineteenth dynasty. That is to say, roughly speaking, there were about twice as many dynasties between Rameses and the founder of the Egyptian monarchy as there have been between Queen Victoria and Egbert. All recent investigations go to prove the substantial truth of the lists of Manetho. M. Mariette virtually adopts them, for want of better, and all his diggings help to confirm him in trusting them. According to Manetho, there were two kings of the first dynasty, six of the second, eight of the third, and so on, nothing in their average of years differing from our own. So that our English antiquaries have been very moderate in placing the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy back at a period so remote as 2700 B.C., and even Bunsen, with his estimate of 3,000, and M. Mariette, who does not hesitate to adopt Manetho with 5,000 at once, have something of proof on their side. To attain therefore any adequate notions on the subject of Egyptian chronology is by no means an easy task. The mind accustomed to measure time by our short English standards refuses to digest the nuts offered by Manetho. There are evident faults in the copies which are extant. They are themselves only quotations made by ancient authors, and are manifestly corrupt. One turns with almost a gleam of hope to Manetho's assertion that King Apappus, of the sixth dynasty, was a giant, and reigned for a century. But *Papi* means a giant in the ancient language of the Nile valley, now represented by Coptic, and, in an inscription now at Boulak which is undoubtedly of the sixth dynasty, mention is actually made of the hundred years of his reign. What are we to do? Among other frantic efforts lately made to resist evidence of this kind, some one has supposed that these old Egyptians cut up one year into three or four. But what can they make of King Papi's nine cubits?

The tablet of Onna, to which we have referred, was found in a tomb at Abydos, the ancient This. It records the life and services of the functionary whose name it bears, and is among the spoils with which M. Mariette has enriched the Khedive's museum. By comparison with another tablet he has made out the names of four kings of this sixth dynasty, which, according to all historical analogy, ought to be wholly fabulous. But this is only one among many examples which could be given of the way in which M. Mariette is working, and of the success which has so far attended his labours. He has literally discovered the remains of This, or Thinis, the cradle of the Egyptian monarchy. Their site was known, it is true; but they were buried in sand and in the mud-

heaps accumulated by centuries of unburnt brick. Above all, in the narrow passage between two walls of a temple there, he has found the now famous tablet of Abydos, casts of which are in all the museums. Here Sethi I. and his mighty son Ramesses II. are represented offering sacrifices to twenty-six of the kings who preceded them. The list begins with Menes. The names are a selection from those given by Manetho, as are the names on the Hall of Ancestors at Karnak, and those on the tablet of Sakkarah. M. Mariette speaks but slightly of a fragmentary tablet also known as that of Abydos, which is in the British Museum; but M. Mariette's countrymen have unfortunately, in matters of this kind, given the world too many examples of what Mr. Herbert Spencer describes as the bias of patriotism; and the English traveller will probably go home without any diminution in the reverence he feels for the thirty kings whose names remain upon it. After the first shock is over, and the mind has begun to judge with comparative calmness of these stupendously long periods, they separate themselves into distinct groups. Just as on the tablets selections were made among the too numerous predecessors, so, in endeavouring to classify the wonders of Egypt, the modern traveller finds it convenient to discard his original ideas of the ancient civilization. To many the whole list of Pharaohs from Menes to Ptolemy Physcon consists of one long unbroken line; the religion, the language, the habits, the dwelling-places, the burial-places, the "antikas" now dug up or manufactured, all belong to one people, one succession of kings—nay, to judge by what we hear and read, one period. Ancient Egypt is contrasted with modern, as one might contrast the Commonwealth with the reign of Charles II. No attempt is made to remember that the period which separated the first Sethi from the last Ptolemy was probably as long as the whole Christian era. In that time all the kings were not great, powerful, and rich. And in the old time before them, though here, as we have seen, years fail us as a measure, were there not eighteen dynasties, of which some consisted of half a dozen kings? Half a dozen kings, more or less, seems a small thing in Egyptian history; but there are only six reigns between us and good Queen Anne, who flourished, as some believe, in the grey dawn of our civilization. If we then attempt to systematize our ideas, especially with reference to Egyptian art, through which alone the ancient days survive, and with which more than anything else the modern traveller has to do, we find that there are two or three distinct periods of which we hear frequently, while all the rest are forgotten. The age of the Pyramids comes to our notice first; but as we ascend the river we hear of it no more. The civilization of the fourth dynasty was great. We see it in the very first and finest monuments, as well as in the neighbouring tombs at Sakkarah. But after the Pyramids are past we come to a blank. What is known of the fifth dynasty, except that they ruled Egypt from Elephantine? Then comes a period of fable, unless we are willing to believe the stories of Nitocris and her slipper and Old Apupus and his nine cubits; and then there is night again for five more dynasties, during whose reign a period, according to Manetho, of four centuries and a half elapsed. The monuments are almost mute about them. The arts did not flourish under them. We talk of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, but these five families were Egyptian. M. Mariette conjectures that Egypt was overrun by foreigners, and that the lists of kings are only those of the legitimate succession of the crown. Be this as it may, there is a gleam of light under the twelfth dynasty, that of the Osirtasens and Amenenthass; but during those four or five centuries, perhaps longer, Egypt was in obscurity, perhaps sunk in barbarism, the arts forgotten, and only a faint tradition of religion here and there preserved. Such a period in the life of a nation is sufficient to transform it altogether. The Egyptians under Osirtasen were not the same as the Egyptians who built the pyramids. We might as well ascribe Stonehenge and Salisbury Cathedral to the same period, and perhaps throw in St. Paul's and the new Houses of Parliament, as confuse the Pyramid builders with the architects of Medinet Aboo, or the Queen who reared the obelisk at Karnak with Cleopatra. With Osirtasen I. came a revival which lasted till the invasion of Cambyases, for the invasion of the Hyksos did not wholly interrupt the progress of civilization. It was one of them who brought Israel into Egypt, and under the family of Sethi, whose descendant Menephtah must have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus, Egypt attained her highest pitch of glory. Then followed the evil days of the Ethiopians and the Persians, and we have few monuments until the first Ptolemy came to Alexandria as the saviour of Egypt. If we care to pursue the alternate waxing and waning to our own day, it is easy to do so. The Arabs brought in a state of comparative civilization. There are mosques at Cairo and elsewhere of the ninth, and especially of the thirteenth, century quite worthy to compare with the architectural achievements of Ramesses and Ptolemy, and infinitely superior to them in architectural skill, as distinguished from mere brute force. Then follows the rule of the Turk, the oppression of the people, and the dark age of architecture and all the arts. The mosque of Mehmet Ali, with its stucco ornament and painted alabaster, bears the same relation to the mosque of Sultan Hassan that a Copt monastery bears to Dendera.

The great Ramesses reckoned back to Menes at This. The civilization under which Thebes and Memphis flourished was a revival, tentative at first and slow to improve, of what in the distant past had been the civilization of the Pyramid builders. The great monuments of Lower Egypt were there to tell men of the race which had preceded them on the same ground so many centuries

before. Probably there were priests and holy rites which had come down from the ancients of This. Probably there were genealogists to prove the identity of the races of Upper and Lower Egypt. But the gods changed with the men, and the worshippers of Osiris and Isis, of Pthah and Horus, of Amun and Chemi, of the Wolf and the Crocodile, were like sects or like rival orders of friars. Whether anything of the original This remained until the reign of Ramesses we know not. There are two temples, at the least, to be seen now; but they are both of his time. It is a pleasant excursion in the early spring, if a long one. Abydos is an out-of-the-way place. The river has left it high and dry. Perhaps it never flowed very near. But it is absurd to conjecture about what may have been five thousand years ago. Long as is the way, every enthusiastic traveller would see it, and ought to see it. Mariette and Murray, Bruch and Birch—in fact, all the authorities—say it must be visited. And so, rising up early, perhaps at Bellianeh, perhaps at Girgeh, the ass is saddled, the camel is laden, and we prepare to cross the intervening fields and spend a night in the temple of Sethi. "Crossing intervening fields" is a phrase which very imperfectly expresses the fatigues of the journey. The land of Egypt is here very wide. There are green crops everywhere—fresh with a greenness of which in England, even in Ireland, one knows nothing. There are flocks and herds in abundance, as of old, "even very much cattle," and at intervals the intense emerald colour is relieved by wide fields of corn in full ear where the reapers are at work, or immense tracts of beans in pod, or lupins as high as a man's head, or clover which conceals even the great carcasses of the buffalo. Here and there slingers, each like St. Simon Stylites on his pillar, alternate the business of a scarecrow with that of a cotton-spinner. Clothes are perhaps cheaper in Egypt than they were when Mr. Leighton painted his "Slinger," but, except in drawing water with the shadoof, few such statues of living bronze are to be seen. Another disappointment is equally bearable. We are accustomed to think of Egypt as a place devoid of flowers, as, in fact, the opposite of the "Flowery Land" with which it is so often compared. But in March, between Girgeh and Abydos, or, as the Arabs call it, Harabat, there is no lack of flowers. A great orchis, in particular, perfumes the air everywhere with a scent like vanilla, its tall spikes bearing white flowers gradually changing into sulphur colour at the top. The ground is starred with a little oxeye, a very good imitation of our own "weo, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and many another might be mentioned. As Abydos is reached, the sun begins to set, and the end of a four hours' ride in the afternoon leaves very little time for sight-seeing before the sudden darkness of the South comes down. A chamber of the Temple of Sethi has to be selected as a resting-place, carpets have to be spread, supper prepared and eaten, with an audience of natives, donkey boys, guides and sellers of *antikas*, looking on as at a royal feast. A similar interest is excited by the traveller's preparations for bed. But it is not hard to obtain moderate seclusion in one of the north-western chambers; and if the night is not too sultry, and the snoring of the Arabs too loud, the barking of the dogs too incessant, and the mock alarms of notorious robbers too well acted, a fair sleep may be obtained, with the ghostly forms of old Pharaohs looking down through the starlight, and the tall columns of the court casting long shadows across the floor and up to the gaunt figures on the wall. Camping in the temple would be more pleasant if the rubbish and dust were cleared away as it is at Edfon. The wall which contains the tablet is alone worth all the sculptures of Edfon; yet there a guardian looks after the temple, and gladly receives the small fee which the traveller as gladly pays. The sculptures are worthy of the most careful study. Much colour remains on them, and on the walls of the inner hall the highest style of Ramesian art has been employed. It is not often that the art of the same period presents so many differing degrees of excellence as does that of the reign of Ramesses II. At Gierf-Hossayn, for example, the acme of deformity and shapelessness is reached. At Bayt-el-Welly, not far off, on the other hand, there is some exquisite work. Here at This we have several kinds of sculpture in bas-relief side by side. In the outer hall it is coarse, heavily outlined, the figures being rounded within the outline, so as to give a false appearance of relief. This is the style in vogue in the later temples of the Ptolemaic time. In the second hall, however, a delicate low relief, which belongs only to the best work, covers the walls. Similar sculpture, but of a much earlier period, occurs in the tomb of Tih at Sakkarah, and a small example of it is, from its accessibility, well known to travellers, at Silestia. Some of the figures at Abydos are of enchanting beauty. Osiris sits attended by goddesses, each of them wearing on her face an expression of sublime happiness and tranquil dignity, while the King approaches humbly and offers a tribute of incense. Exquisite borders of flowers hem in each scene. Jewelry, in gold, gems, feathers, chains, breast-plates, crowns, bracelets of various kinds, dresses of elaborate patterns, the braiding of the hair—all are carefully depicted, and each no doubt was once in its proper tint, before the attacks of the "squeezers," who have, however, greatly spared Abydos. The traveller is also glad to miss the Italian and French names which disfigure so many temples, as well as the rarer, but even more offensive, names of Englishmen and Americans. John Smith and Thomas Jones are far outdone in Egypt by Giuseppe and Louis; even the famous Commission of Frenchmen under Champollion, and of Germans under Lepsius, having left vast records of their visits, and inscribed their names on wide expanses in Philæ and Karnak and wheresoever else they came.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

COUNTRY cousins, country mice, have perhaps at no period had quite fair play from the students of the vast and magical spectacle of human affairs. The original rural mouse in the fable, to be sure, had rather the better of the comparison; but that was because fables are bound to be moral, and to favour what may be called the crust-of-bread and hollow-tree theory of life. In spring the country cousin may be studied in his relations to his town kinsfolk, and in autumn another aspect of the question may be examined. On the whole, it seems that the rustic has only the worse of the contrast because he has seldom had the chance of drawing his own picture of the situation. The instruments of art have been given to the denizens of cities. *Excellens alii melius*, the small squire or the parson may quote—he generally remembers so much Latin—as he reads a satirical sketch of himself before he sets out to rule the parish, to regulate the diet of paupers, and to subdue the proud poacher. For a week in May he and his family are said by their satirists to enjoy themselves after their kind, and bring horror into the homes of their urban kindred. Town cousins have an idea that their spare bedrooms are a kind of sacred places, into which the rural tribe is always eager to intrude. When the rustics have filled all the available space in their friend's house they form a little colony in convenient lodgings and adjacent hotels. They have their own definite ideas of what they want to see and do, and they show wonderful staying power in the matter of amusements. They have learned a mischievous wisdom from journals which carry the talk and tattle of town into remote parts of Cornwall and Peeblesshire; they know all that there is to be seen, and they are determined to see it. The time was when the Tower and Madame Tussaud's and the Zoological Gardens—not on Sunday—are said to have comprised almost all the objects of rural curiosity. But of late it has been useless to speak of any of those really sterling attractions. The country cousin laughs at the British Museum, and is not to be inveigled into a good lonely place, like the National Gallery, where he can speak out loud and admire the paintings of deceased masters of the British school of Leslie and Uwins. He knows when there is to be a great sale in King Street, and you find him expressing his coarse admiration before "The Blue Moulded One," by a shy master whose works are never exhibited except at an auction. If you go down into the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, he is there—on a flower-show day, that is—among the broken chairs, the unweeded grass, the damp plaster statues, and the general grime of that curious desolation. The Horticultural Gardens, to be sure, on any day but this, would be an admirable resort for the country cousin, thinks the town cousin of satire: but it is embarrassing to meet him staring at the asparagus, the pots of sea-kale, the cabbages, and the royal and fashionable persons whom he has literally gone forth into the wilderness for to see.

In old caricatures country folk used to be represented in the act of parading Bond Street; men, women, and children in loose order, gazing at the shop-windows and the horses. But the town-bred satirist cannot complain any longer of this harmless simplicity. He is rather obliged to mourn the fact that his relatives know somewhat too much; that first nights and private views allure them; and that they have even shrewd ideas as to what days are likely to offer good comic spectacles at the House of Commons. They want to be admitted when Mr. Gladstone, as they have heard from a friend, is to be "drawn," or when an irresponsible independent member is to fire the train that communicates with some combustible question. Nor will the male country cousin any longer attach himself for the whole day long to his womenfolk. He has his own enjoyments, and is familiar with many odd haunts of which the innocent dwellers in cities are unaware. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that he occasionally passes a day at a suburban meecourse while his wife and daughters go to the Crystal Palace. He knows more about rats and ratting than he chooses to tell, and possibly he is aware of the secret spot where some one's "novice" is to have a scientific rally with another sportsman's "old man." Pedestrianism has a charm for him, and so have the minor theatres, and during his week of dissipation he certainly manages to see a great deal of life and to be present at an immense number of incongruous places of amusement. As to his womenfolk, they do not disdain to improve their minds a little, and they make notes of the dress of passing members of their own sex, who certainly return the compliment and take stock of them, perhaps from other motives than the desire of instruction. The whole result is that the town cousins are puzzled, perplexed, find their usual routine of life broken up, and are driven violently from sport to sport by the rustic energy of their visitors. Their feelings are so strong that they have taken the shape of a grudging hospitality and a sarcastic mood. Townsfolk complain that the possession of a spare bedroom is a constant invitation to bores, and to people who only want to make use of them. With an unconscious humility, they seem never to dream that any one can wish to pass a week under their roof from love of them and enjoyment of their company. They grumble that to have a spare bedroom and to be hospitable means to keep an hotel without reward. People of this kind hold that their friends in the country look on their town house merely as a base of operations whence to sally forth and skirmish among shops, theatres, and picture-galleries. They have an uneasy sense, too, that they do not do enough for their guests; and, indeed, it is hard to provide amusements sufficient for country people so much more knowing and so much more impetuous than quiet townsfolk. London is so large and so full of attractions that it beguile a species

of humility in the hearts of its inhabitants. No one can want them for themselves, they think, when their acquaintance can be made so profitable, and when a visit to them offers so many pleasures in which their society is no necessary part. With all this humility goes the traditional sneer at the uncivilized natives of rustic parishes, and altogether the town cousin by no means makes the best of his kindred, and does not take them by the side which will best bear handling. By a natural inconsistency, he never reverses the situation in fancy, but always supposes that his own visits to the country are acts of pure beneficence towards the good people there.

This theory is the converse of the notion that country people only visit their friends in town for the sake of the external attractions of London. It is based on the notion that the fields and lanes, the hills and rivers, have no allurements, and that to go and stay with a country cousin implies a love of his society which overlooks the dulness of his neighbourhood. "People in the country are glad to see any one," people in town sometimes say; and there is some sort of truth in the remark, which attributes a good nature and hospitality to rustic folk that they by no means always find returned in town. To carry strangers on long drives through stony lanes to see abbeys, waterfalls, show places, ruins, is often at least as great a tax as are the demands of country cousins in London. Horses are the same kind of animals in Somerset as in Kensington, and so are coachmen, and just as difficult to mobilize. The bore of taking people through old familiar sights in the country is as great as the tedium of the same sort of duty in town. A man becomes weary of saying "Here Queen Margaret escaped by a postern gate," or "These are the pistols of Rob Roy Macgregor," especially when the weapons belong to some one else, and the postern gate is not on his own property. The country cousin at home, too, is sometimes haunted by the fear that his guests are bored, that they are making unfavourable comments on the weather—which certainly is generally execrable in the country—or that they are wearied to death by the rector and his wife. It is as difficult for country folk to believe that their cousins are more than satisfied with the fresh air, the trees, the abundance and naturalness of life as it is for town folk not to feel jealous of the attractions of town, not to fancy that it is for the sake of the park, and the theatres, and the picture-galleries, that their relations visit them.

Town and country cousins are most on a level when the latter have the command of sport—can give the former a mount, or a rod on a salmon river, or a few days with partridges and grouse. Yet even when these attractions are in the gift of the country cousin, he probably makes less of them to himself, and more of what liking may exist between himself and his kinsfolk, than the town cousin does of his own powers of giving amusement. Though men are more selfish in sport than in love, or money-making, or ambition, country people are more lavish with their offers of sport, and more ungrudging than town cousins are with their spare rooms and carriages. Rustic people are less easily annoyed, more healthy-minded, less disposed to quarrel with the petty inconveniences of a crowded house. Partly out of a traditional affliction, partly out of real fastidiousness, some town cousins are seriously vexed by the dress, the voices, the unaffected ignorance about some familiar things, of their country kin. One has seen the town mouse wince because the country mouse thought that etchings were pen-and-ink drawings, or because the innocent creature had never heard of M. Faure. The country cousin's boots, her bonnet, the fresh voices and healthy appetite for obvious pleasures, seem an offence to the town cousin's refinement. Of course, in cases like these, there lies at the bottom of the resentment the dread of being supposed to have connexions who are not quite "genteel," as people used to say once, or who are on a lower level of culture, as some persons might prefer to say now. Yet the country cousin whose town-bred relation insists on shooting though he is a hopelessly bad shot, and though in these days of breechloaders it is difficult to load his gun without lead, has much more reason to be ashamed of his visitor, and to dread his visits. What pang of the exquisitely refined equals the annoyance given by a guest who will fish, though the top of his rod, his line, and his flies fall with one dead splash upon the water, and frighten every trout above two inches long? Even more dire solecisms may be perpetrated in the hunting-field; and, in short, when town and country mouse are of different degrees of incomplete civilization they must suffer almost equally from the interchange of visits. In these cases the advantage, on the whole, does certainly lie with the rustic, who is the more hearty, the more hospitable of the two, and, like the Turk spoken of by Consul Holmes, "thinks it more dignified not to complain." Perhaps, like the same exemplary persons, he is not above taking revenge, and feels a certain hidden joy when he comes up to town to see his tailor and life for a fortnight, and to frighten his urban relations. But the most undying enmity, and a grudge never to be forgotten, is naturally borne by young women who stand to each other in the relation of town and country cousins. A bonnet may produce life-long acorn and detestation, and these gentle creatures sometimes scan each other with a minute and malignant criticism which detects rusticity on one side and conceit and patronage on the other. The moralist, beholding what man has made of man in this matter, and considering how many inextinguishable feuds the difference of town and country raises among people who might be so servicable to each other, will be confirmed in any favourite notions about life which he may happen to entertain.

THE MASTERSHIP OF ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

AN ecclesiastical question of no slight importance calls for immediate decision in consequence of the death of the Hon. William Ashley, who was appointed by Queen Adelaide in 1839 to the Mastership of St. Katharine's Hospital. At the time of his appointment no doubt had arisen, or seemed likely to arise, as to the perfect regularity and fitness of the order under which he succeeded to a position vacated by the death of Sir Herbert Taylor, after having been held by a series of laymen for nearly three centuries. If, in the subsequent development of historical inquiry and of interest in ecclesiastical matters, this contented acquiescence in things as they were has given way to serious questioning and dissatisfaction, no thought of censure or adverse criticism has ever been associated with the name of the distinguished Christian gentleman who has now passed away from among us. No better appointment to the Mastership of St. Katharine's Hospital could have been made when this was made, nearly forty years ago; but during these forty years the whole system upon which the endowments of ecclesiastical bodies in the Church of England had been administered has been subjected to changes of vital moment, and the choice of Mr. Ashley's successor must be considered from the point of view which these changes afford. Mr. Ashley was a layman who held a spiritual preferment dating from 1148 as the head of a Collegiate Chapter in the Church of England, under the powers of an appointing instrument which, having been executed by the late Queen Dowager, does not appear among the records of the State Paper Office, but which may be presumed to have been identical in form with the patent granted to Sir Herbert Taylor, nominally by George III. after the death of Queen Charlotte, though of course really by his friend the Regent, and to have contained a dispensing clause, into the validity of which, when inserted in a patent not issuing from the Sovereign, it is needless to inquire, running as follows:—

We will . . . that he the said Herbert Taylor shall and may take have hold and possess the said office . . . although the said Herbert Taylor be not invested with priest's or any other sacred order . . . We will notwithstanding that Divine Worship and Altars and other works of piety of right to be done in the said Hospital or Free Chapel should in no manner of wise be neglected or omitted.

There can be no reasonable question that, if the ancient Collegiate Church of St. Katharine-near-the-Tower had still been standing as of old in the midst of the crowded population of its Precinct, the appointment of a lay Dean as head of the Chapter would, under the present circumstances of the English Church, be impossible; and we venture to hazard a somewhat decided opinion that such an appointment is impossible now. But the East London Collegiate Church was destroyed in 1825, and the whole Precinct of St. Katharine, with the exception of a few houses, was taken down to make way for the construction of the St. Katharine Docks. The entire property of the Precinct was sold to the Dock Company; the small population still left was transferred to the parochial charge of the incumbent of Aldgate; and a chapel, representing to some extent the old collegiate church, with residentiary houses annexed for the use of the Master and Chapter, was erected in the Regent's Park, where it is now a familiar object, though perhaps not one whose purpose is very easily understood. The ecclesiastical character of the Foundation was not, however, in the slightest particular affected by this change. Its very seal remained, and still remains, "S. Katharine juxta Turrim Lond."; and its spiritual jurisdiction as a Royal Peculiar, within its local Precinct, by virtue of which its Commissary granted marriage licences and probates of wills, has never been formally and specifically abolished. St. Katharine's Hospital is now, what it always has been, a collegiate church with its Chapter and ecclesiastical status, a distinct and venerable religious body in the Church of England. All its ancient landed estates are preserved in their integrity, with the single exception of the Precinct of the House itself, the purchase money of which is invested in the Funds. The revenues arising from these estates are those of a wealthy Foundation of the second rank; and though the old improvident system of leases on lives or for years, renewable by payment of fines, has not yet disappeared in its results, and the present income of the Hospital consequently does not represent its true rental, the leases are gradually running out, and before many years are past a considerably increased revenue—perhaps in all exceeding 12,000*l.* a year—will accrue to the Chapter. Certain minor sources of income once belonging to the Foundation have long since lapsed; and it is unnecessary to add that the Chantry and other like endowments attached to the Church of the Precinct went the way of all similar benefactions in the reign of Edward VI.; but, such as the estates of the House were before the reign of Henry VIII., such they are now, and such also are the members of the Chapter itself. These consist, as they consisted in the original foundation by Queen Matilda in 1148, and in the re-foundation by Queen Eleanor in 1273, of a Master and three Brothers, all priests, and three Sisters. Our readers will find the names of the ladies now members of the Chapter in their place under the head of "Collegiate Chapters" in the *Clergy List*; and whatever doubts may be entertained as to the continuity of the clerical or of any succession among the Brothers, there is no doubt, as we have shown in a former article, that the succession of the Sisters is unbroken throughout the whole period of more than seven hundred years.

The history of the Lay Mastership of this Collegiate Church is in

its main outlines very simple indeed. As soon as Henry VIII. was dead, the first Lay Master, Sir Thomas Seymour, was appointed by Queen Katharine Parr, and, losing his head within sight of his benefice, he was succeeded by Sir Francis Fleming, whose patent (3 Edw. VI. p. 2) contains the dispensing clause, "*licet ipse clericali ordine minime insignitus sed forsan uxoratus sit vel fuerit.*" Fleming was removed as a matter of course by Queen Mary in 1554, and Dr. Mallett, a priest and the Queen's Almoner, was appointed in his room. Mallett, in his turn, was ejected or forced to surrender the Mastership on the accession of Elizabeth, who, after a singular and abortive attempt to secularize completely the revenues of St. Katharine's by applying them to the ordinary expenses of the Tower, subject only to the maintenance of "*ii prestes to serve the cure,*" "*iii system,*" "*tenne pour women,*" and "*a clerke to serve the church,*" bestowed the Mastership of the Hospital on her secretary, Sir Thomas Wilson. This appointment was made in 1561, and the patent conferring it seems to have been an ordinary grant, containing no dispensing clause, but similar to that by which, in 1579, the Deanery of Durham was bestowed by the Queen on the same favoured lay servant. But a dispute arose in 1562 between Wilson and the City of London concerning the right of holding a fair on Tower Hill; and Wilson's patent proving to be invalid because he was not a priest, he surrendered it, and obtained a second patent, dated December 7, 1563, and containing a singularly explicit *non obstat* clause:—

Licet ipse idem Thomas Wilson laicus sit, ac clericali ordine minime insignitus, sed uxoratus, et conjugatus, ac etiam bigamus, ac alias benedictus, et non sacerdos.

From the days of Wilson to those of Mr. Ashley, every Master has been a layman, and every patent of appointment, so far as can be ascertained, has contained a dispensing clause, the same in effect, if differing in the details of its construction, as the closely hedged proviso which secured to Sir Thomas Wilson his Lay Deanery near the Tower. These clauses supply a continuous chain of evidence, if any such were needed, that the Mastership is still the spiritual office which the original rules of the Foundation and the later charters declared it to be. The extremely ingenious process by which Wilson managed to free himself, and, as a consequence, his successors, from the payment of first-fruits and tenths, may be read at length in an elaborate State paper, but is too intricate for further reference here. Nor is it necessary that we should trace the steps by which the Foundation, after the dissolution of the "College of St. Katharine" and the ransacking of the Collegiate Church with all its wealth of jewelled plate and magnificent vestments, of which an inventory is preserved, in 1545, was restored to its full complement of members in Chapter. It is sufficient to show that they were restored, and that the three brethren, priests, have now for two centuries been appointed according to the terms of the original foundation. That there was a period when the "brothers" had entirely disappeared, and a later period when they had reappeared, but were laymen and were not appointed by any Royal patroness or patron, might be shown to be more than probable; but for all practical purposes now it is enough that, with the exception of the Mastership, the whole capitular body has long been restored to the Church on its original lines, and that only the restoration of the headship as a spiritual office is wanting to render it formally complete. To what uses this venerable religious house should be adapted when it is complete is a larger question than we feel at liberty under existing circumstances to discuss.

But a very singular error is widely prevalent with respect to the character of this Foundation and the nature of the Royal patronage by which its capitular offices are conferred. It is not indeed matter for much surprise if the establishment in the Regent's Park looks very much as if it were a nest of sinecures, whose inmates could not be expected to do anything by reason of the absence of any visible occupation which might employ them. But this is simply an accident of the commercial necessities, urgent as they were then imagined to be, which led to the destruction of the ancient church and buildings of the Hospital in 1825. The half-century or so which has since elapsed is a mere parenthesis in the history of St. Katharine's; a period passed in the casual occupation of temporary lodgings. Yet a generation which never saw the ancient church, and knows little or nothing of the quiet corners of ecclesiastical history, may very naturally have fallen into the mistake to which we refer. It is supposed that St. Katharine's Hospital is a college of noble charity, a sort of aristocratic almshouse for the support by Royal bounty of certain well-born persons of moderate or narrow means. Now, under these conditions, it should have found its way into the *Clergy List* is not explained; probably because the fact is scarcely known. But there St. Katharine's Hospital actually is found, side by side with the collegiate churches of Westminster and Windsor.

The patronage of all the offices in the Chapter is and always has been vested in the Queens of England. When there is no Queen of England, the interim patronage is vested in the Sovereign; and at the risk of startling our readers, it is necessary to add that this was the case during the whole long reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is the case now. For when Queen Eleanor's charter reserved the patronage "*nobis et Regine Anglie nobis succedentibus,*" the "*Regine*" were meant to be Royal ladies of like condition with herself; and the Queen Consort has always retained as Queen Dowager the patronage of this Foundation for her life. Accordingly Queen Adelaide, and not the

Queen's Majesty, was the patroness who presented Mr. Ashley to the Mastership in 1839. But this ecclesiastical patronage is held subject to all the laws which govern presentations to other offices and benefices in the Church. The position of the Master, or quasi-Dean, and the Brothers of St. Katharine's is as distinctly spiritual by law, and their duties are as distinctly ecclesiastical, as those of the Dean and Canons of Westminster or Windsor, or of any cathedral church; and as we have not come to secularization and disestablishment at present, and have no intention of coming to such a pass at all, it may very confidently be predicted that in some way or other, and in some position suited to the growing needs of the growing and advancing Church of England, the future of this unique and noble Foundation, the Royal Hospital and Free Chapel of St. Katharine-near-the-Tower, will perpetuate in the ages to come the memories of its venerable past. Among the schemes for more adequately providing for the spiritual supervision of the metropolis, that of a suffragan to relieve the Bishop of London's work in East London is one of the simplest and most practical. An income for the post is the main difficulty, and this might be most congruously found by attaching the orders and duties of a Bishop to the Master of St. Katharine's.

SPRING AMONG THE NORTHERN STREAMS.

THE devotees of angling have decidedly an advantage over their fellow-mortals, in so far as their favourite pursuit supplies a never-failing object for their wanderings through the pleasantest months of the year. More especially is it so in the early spring-time. It is then that the country ought to seem most delightful; for, besides the first freshness of the opening year, one has all the pleasure of the contrast with the gloom of departing winter. Flashes of the most delicate green are spreading over the landscape; the birds, in the exhilaration of their reviving spirits, are singing in every brake and copse; and the streams from the hills which some weeks before were rolling in inky torrents through dreary patches of melting snow begin to ripple in translucent tints as they sparkle in the bursts of sunshine. But then the sunshine does come in bursts; the drifting clouds are apt to break upon you in drenching showers; now and again there blows up a storm that recalls the most relentless moods of the winter; while a fall in the temperature may chill you to the marrow, unless you keep the blood in circulation by violent exercise. So that spring excursions into the hills are rather too much of a lottery for most people. It may chance that the mere amateur of nature and her charms will be as much repelled by her wintry aspect as the lover is discomfited who surprises the object of his adoration when she is disfigured by the symptoms of a heavy cold in the head. It is more than miserable setting yourself down to sketch in a natural douche or shower-bath when the surface of the soil is a sheet of water, and each glen and hollow a palace of the winds. Though primroses and cowslips are in full bloom, it is too early for the botanist who prefers variety to beauty; the entomologist hunts in vain for curious specimens that are either dormant or still in embryo; and the geologist who is studying the testimony of the rocks, and puzzling out sermons or theories in the stones, may find it sloppy and slippery work scrambling over the schists and the granite. And even the trout-fisher would gladly compound for settled weather, since, setting the luxury of sunshine altogether out of the question, a superabundance of water from below and above is almost more injurious to his sport than too little. But then, at the worst, the earnest angler has all the consolations of hope; he is ready to take advantage of every change in his favour; and when things are going well with him, and the streams are in good order, he is amply repaid for expectations deferred; while constitutionally, and in virtue of his favourite tastes, he ought to be more indifferent to the weather than other people. Colds and coughs are not in the category of complaints to which he is liable; often, of course, rain is positively welcome to him, though doubtless he may easily have rather too much of it. His compact and well-selected wardrobe is thoroughly serviceable. The thick suit of rough grey tweed that blends so harmoniously with the bushes on the banks will fence out a bitter blast or throw off a heavy shower. His flexible but firmly-fitting felt hat, festooned by the casts of silk flies, lends no hold to the snatches of the wind. His easy, well-greased boots with their solid soles will keep him dry through any reasonable amount of damp. A long, light waterproof slung across the opposite shoulder to his creel completes his campaigning equipment; unless he care to draw on cumbersome fishing stockings rather than increase the risks of rheumatism from wading. His light luggage should contain a few well-selected volumes, the familiar companions of his frequent solitude. He likes them all the better that they are intimate friends; and in our opinion reading is never more agreeable than in the intervals of hard exercise sweetened by successful sport. If he has the knack of dressing his own flies, so much the better for him in more ways than one, should time threaten to hang heavy; and then your true angler, though he follows a solitary pursuit, is in nine cases out of ten of an eminently sociable disposition. No doubt angling may provoke to jealousy. It is annoying to find the water occupied on which you had set your hopes and affections; and it is more than flesh and blood can well bear to see some selfish churl hurrying along ahead of you, hastily whipping the cream off the pools which you meant to visit at your leisure. But, generally speaking, the kindly spirit of a common

brotherhood is in the ascendant. The local fishermen are disposed to give a friendly welcome to the civil-spoken stranger who consults their experience; and if you desire a companion at your evening meal, you may easily pick up one whose conversation will be profitable on the theme that is of inexhaustible interest to both parties.

Spring fishing is enjoyable anywhere; even in the tame pieces of carefully preserved water within an eighteenpenny fare of London. But naturally there is far more of picturesqueness and romance about it among the unfrequented streams of the wilder North. If the woodlands are less rich and the leaves later in coming out, the air blows fresher off the breezy moors, and there is infinitely more of variety in the landscape. The train has dropped you in some substantially built old-fashioned little town, lying locked in among hills that have almost the pretension to be called mountains. Thence you pursue your journey in a primitive coach, with a few hearty farmers and shepherds, and possibly a couple of cheery "commercial gentlemen" for your fellow-travellers. And these North-country bigmen, be it observed in passing, are by no means bad fellows, and are often excellent company; while you have every reason to be grateful to them as a body, since they keep up the standard of the cookery in the out-of-the-way inns. You drive out under an embattled archway, a memorial of the days of forays and border raids, and begin the ascent of the winding valley that leads up to the distant sources of the river, in the very heart of a labyrinth of hills. The little town once left behind, the country grows speedily more lonely. The solitary farmsteadings that dot the sides of the dale are fewer and further between. Then the arable land grows less as the hills close in and the soil becomes less kindly; while, on the other hand, the wealth of the prosperous owners displays itself more conspicuously in their flocks and herds. The slopes of the hills are covered with lambs gambolling round their sedate mothers, while a multitudinous sound of bleating shows that hundreds of hidden hollows are as populous as the ground you see. And, besides that bleating, in the way of music you have the rush of the river, which between each gently meandering reach in each stretch of strath goes hurrying down through archipelagoes of boulders, and flashing in foam over tiny waterfalls. Soon the thinner and scantier grass begins to roughen into the heather; and then the song of the missel-thrush and the twitter of the yellowhammer in the hedges is replaced by the shrill crow of the grouse. Finally, after having risen high out of sight and sound of the accompanying stream, you dip down rapidly again to rejoin it, in the brook where it barely leaves room for the village and for the snug little hostelry which is to be your present resting-place.

A stroll up the valley while dinner is getting ready makes you pray all the more devoutly for propitious weather on the morrow. The water is in excellent order, though possibly a little too full; but then it will run down in the next few hours, should there be no fall of rain in the meantime. And the next morning you are probably congratulating yourself; for though there is a promise of sunshine when the fog shall lift, yet a warm breeze is blowing from the west, and the day is likely to be far from cloudless. You cross the old grey bridge, with its steep single arch and the deep black pool below it, the pool effectually protected from your attentions by precipitous banks and the corpse of straggling timber with branches feathering to the water's edge. Indeed, for half a mile or so, further approach is well nigh impracticable; but afterwards you emerge into more open country, although every here and there are still patches of alder. Elsewhere, however, you can cast your flies to your heart's content. According as the hills close in or recede, the bordering meadow is broader or more narrow; there are tufts of thickly flowering primroses where it is dampest, and already it begins to be enameled with the summer crops of buttercups and daisies. The air is full of fragrance from the broom and gorse, which are covered with their masses of yellow blossom, backed up in the middle distance with expanses of brown heather. You breast a steady fall in the ground, and the little river flashes swiftly along in a tempting succession of pools and rushes and swirls of broken backwater. The water-courses are fitting from stone to stone; here and there in a sodgy corner the water-hens are leisurely swimming towards the cover, and every now and then you hear the plunge of a water-rat, and see the black head leaving the trail behind it, as he strikes out under water for the opposite bank. The larks are pouring down their choruses from overhead, and the linnets singing in the patches of broom. The cushet-doves that are the curse of the farmers in those parts are cooing from each neighbouring bit of cover. Occasionally the hoarse caw of a rook comes in not unmelodiously, as he wings his slow flight overhead; and more than once your silent approach scares a brother angler in the shape of a heron. As for game, although those half-highland domains are seldom so well stocked as estates in the lowland, you come upon many a pair of partridges holding loving converse on their nesting arrangements; and the rabbits, which burrow easily in that gravelly soil, are continually making a rush from their forms in the roots of the tufts of rushes. A walk of this kind must be a delight to any mortal; but, with the added excitement of a happy day's fishing, to the keen angler it becomes a thing to be remembered. In after seasons you can recall each incident—where you raised that trout under the drooping alder bough, and how you lost that other lively gentleman in the landing. Fortunately you are not fishing for blood or weight or prizes or against time. You have had ample leisure to look about you and enjoy yourself; and

as the sun is high towards afternoon and the sky clear, and the fish are ceasing to bite, you throw yourself on the bank after your labours with a clear conscience.

Nor is your day's pleasuring seriously marred should a change come over the weather. You may have watched the clouds from the west rolling up in vapoury masses, and heaping themselves in watery folds over the hill-tops, till they seemed to come sinking downwards under their own weight. The light breeze, after an ominous lull, has begun to whistle rather wildly, preparatory to really "getting up." The fish in their prescience of the coming storm have all of a sudden ceased to rise to you. Nor do you altogether regret it. For the sun is still making a struggle to show himself, and the lights are singularly grand and lurid. On one side everything is swathed in mist and vapour; on the other, a sharply-defined landscape is extraordinarily bright and clear, although the advancing dimness and the thickening shadows are fast encroaching on that luminous strip. By this time we may assume that you have buckled up your piscatory belongings and secured yourself in your mackintosh; for the dissolving rain-clouds are beginning to descend upon you, as they only can come down in the hills. But the odds are that your spirits are not dashed in the slightest by the down-pour as you walk homewards, doubling briskly, with the wind driving the sheets of water on your back. The air is so invigorating, in spite of the moisture, and the memories of the morning are still so bright to you. So that, even should it prove something more than a passing storm, you may possess yourself in patience till the abating of the floods; and these brusque transitions of an April in the uplands make your sojourn among them scarcely the less enjoyable.

THE TURF SWINDLE.

AN old nursery rhyme inculcates on children that
It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing;

and, however questionable may be the morality of the latter part of this sentiment, there is no doubt that, so far as public interest and severity of punishment are concerned, offences against property are estimated very much according to the magnitude of the subject of the crime. To steal a countess's jewels is in law no greater crime than to filch a pewter pot from a public-house rail; to acquire 40,000*l.* by establishing a sham bank is technically the same offence as obtaining a sovereign by a mendacious begging letter; while to seek to oust the rightful owner from a large landed estate by perjury, and to cost the country 60,000*l.* in obtaining a conviction, is a misdemeanour precisely on the same footing as that of false swearing in a trumpery assault case before a magistrate. But the feeling towards the culprits in each class of cases is very different. In fact, since steam destroyed the romance of the road by abolishing the dashing and popular highwayman, the magnates of crime have been plutocrats rather than aristocrats, depending for fame on the magnitude of their undertakings more than on the daring of their exploits. And certainly among this plebeian class of malefactors Benson and his associates, recently convicted at the Old Bailey, are entitled to a proud pre-eminence; for it must not be supposed that the prosecutrix in this particular case was their only victim, or that the sum of 10,000*l.* and more extracted from her represented the total of the plunder amassed by this gang of consummate swindlers; the evidence went to show that they transacted business with an extensive connexion, and their gains must be taken to have been proportionately large. In fact, 40,000*l.* was hinted at as a moderate estimate of the partnership capital. Moreover, the fraud, if not novel in design, was so ingenious in form, so thoroughly and cleverly carried out, and the disclosures made in the course of the proceedings were so startling, that, apart from the mere money question, the case seems to call for some notice.

The principal offender, who, amongst numerous aliases, answered to the name of Benson, was not unknown to fame, though of course, by the rules of criminal procedure, nothing was disclosed as to his antecedents until after the jury had found their verdict. On a former occasion he has traded on the credulity and charity of human nature, as now on its credulity and cupidity. Some six years ago he boldly presented himself, under the character of the *Maire* of Châteaudun, to the civic authorities of London, who then had the management and distribution of the fund raised for the French sufferers by the war with Germany; and he procured no less than 1,000*l.* for the needs of his distressed peasantry, besides being treated with the greatest consideration and sympathy by the kindly dispensers of the national charity. On being arrested, either remorse at his abuse of their generosity or the anticipation of inevitable conviction drove him to make a determined attempt at suicide by setting fire to the furniture in his cell; but he survived the injuries thus received to undergo his sentence of a year's imprisonment. He now reappears on the criminal stage in league with certain kindred spirits, who had conceived a brilliant idea for turning to account the passion for sporting matters so rapidly spreading on the Continent. All our favourite national pastimes, the alien imitation of which appears so ludicrous to the British mind, are classed in France under the generic name of "*Le Sport*," and the first step taken by these crafty traders on foreign sporting propensities was to get a newspaper carefully concocted and printed in Edinburgh under the taking

title of *The Sport*. The only number of this interesting periodical which seems to have been issued bore the figures 1,713, thus indicating an old-established journal, and contained news more or less authentic on various racing topics, with a goodly array of sham advertisements; but the most important portion consisted of glowing encomiums on a Mr. Montgomery, described in a leading article as a pattern of uprightness and generosity, who by his marvellous knowledge of horse-flesh had amassed a colossal fortune on the Turf, and during the distress in Lancashire consequent on the American war had distinguished himself by collecting 1,600*l.* for the operatives at Tattenhall, investing that sum on his own risk on Hartington for the Cesarewitch, and thus increasing the amount handed over to the fund to 80,000*l.* The Edinburgh printer must have been strangely deficient in the astuteness with which his countrymen are credited; for, besides furnishing without hesitation the "curiosity of literature" above mentioned, he was also obliging enough to supply a number of printed and stamped cheques drawn on "The Royal Bank of London, Agar Chambers, Charing Cross"—a financial establishment which might easily have been ascertained to have about as much real existence as "The Bank of Elegance." The next manoeuvre was judiciously to disseminate copies of the paper so obtained in places where accurate information upon English sporting matters was not likely to have penetrated. Each copy was accompanied by a circular which set forth that the blameless Montgomery's unparalleled and invaluable success had rendered the bookmakers so shy of dealing with him that he found it impossible to obtain from them the current odds, whereby, instead of winning 736,500*l.* in the past year, he had only been able to realize 567,500*l.*, and that he was therefore desirous of establishing relations with persons abroad, who, for a consideration in the shape of commission, would disarm suspicion by acting as intermediaries in the deposit of his stakes and the receipt of his infallible winnings. A foreign Directory subsequently discovered at the head-quarters of the gang clearly enough indicated the means of information which procured for the Countess Marie Cécile de Goncourt, a widow lady residing at Chateau Goncourt in the department of the Marne, the distinguished honour of receiving gratis a copy of *The Sport* and its attendant circular. Unprotected females, whether widows or orphans, have always shared with clergymen and retired officers the reputation of affording the easiest prey to swindlers who offer large interest on small capitals; and the present case was no exception to the rule. The bait took, and a correspondence ensued, as a result of which Mme. de Goncourt undertook to assist Mr. Montgomery in the way suggested. Forthwith transactions on a gigantic scale were entered upon between Mr. Montgomery on the one hand and Mr. Francis, a "sworn bookmaker," on the other, though what the latter had sworn to do or not to do was left unexplained. All these negotiations were carried on through the medium of Mme. de Goncourt and the cheques on the Royal Bank of London, these documents being filled up for fabulous amounts to represent Mr. Montgomery's investments, and to still larger amounts to represent his returned stakes and winnings. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the *roles* of Mr. Montgomery, or, as he called himself in signing the cheques, for the purpose of concealing his identity from those with whom he made the bets, George Simpson, and the "sworn bookmaker" were ably sustained throughout by Benson and one or more of his associates.

So profitable did Mr. Montgomery's speculations appear to be that Mme. de Goncourt soon got tired of being, in legal phrase, a mere conduit-pipe, and desired to divert a portion of the golden stream so constantly and largely flowing through her hands. The commission appears to have been left to accumulate, and we next find the unsuspecting lady entrusting Mr. Francis, on the advice of Mr. Montgomery, with the sum of 800*l.*, to be invested on a certain horse about to run at Doncaster. And now began a series of false representations made with the view of inducing Mme. de Goncourt to increase her stakes, the bare statement of which may raise a feeling of astonishment that any one could be so guileless as to credit them. But the hearing the letters read in court tended materially to diminish this feeling. The reasons alleged were, to a person wholly unacquainted with racing matters, so plausible, Mme. de Goncourt's correspondents appeared so disinterestedly solicitous for her welfare, their own fortunes seemed so intimately bound up with hers, and her hopes and fears alternately were so cunningly worked on, that, without attributing to the lady that greed of gain with which she was stigmatized by some of the counsel for the defence, one can easily conceive the state of mind in which she allowed herself to be plundered.

First, the stakes arrived at a time when the sworn bookmaker's register was closed against any commission under 2,000*l.* Then a mysterious character called "an insurance bookmaker" appeared on the scene, who guaranteed against loss, but would not condescend to deal with a less sum than 4,000*l.*, and an indemnity had to be paid to the sworn bookmaker on the transfer of custom from him to the insurance bookmaker. Then the owner of the steed which bore Mme. de Goncourt's fortunes withdrew him from competition at Doncaster and entered him for the Ayr Meeting, with enhanced chances of success, but where unfortunately no insured bet could be for less than 5,000*l.*, which sum was ultimately raised on Mr. Montgomery's glowing representations to the total of 10,000*l.* But, while both parties were thus hasting to be rich, Benson and his friends committed an indiscretion which, without disrespect to Mme. de Goncourt, we must characterize as equivalent to killing the golden goose. Emboldened by their previous suc-

cesses, they applied to her for 30,000*l.*, on the ground that they had received private intimation that, of seven horses entered for the particular race at Ayr, six had been scratched, leaving the one they had selected sole possessor of the field, and therefore the certain winner in a walk over. Mme. de Goncourt, relieved of all anxiety and eager to make her fortune by one grand coup, at once set herself to work to raise the necessary sum. This, however, necessitated a visit to her bankers; they referred her to her notary, and the murder was out. Our conception of notaries, mainly derived from the operatic stage, where one of these gentlemen frequently appears in the last act in conjunction with a small table and a large sheet of parchment to supply the legal sanction to the bliss of the hero and heroine, does not suggest a class of persons likely to be conversant with sporting matters; but this particular notary clearly had the wit to see that something was wrong, and he speedily put himself in communication with his English brethren, with the happy result of ultimately bringing Benson and his four friends to the Central Criminal Court, and of restoring to Mme. de Goncourt all but a fraction of that money from which she had been parted on the easy and expeditious terms recognized by a proverb which it would be discourteous to apply to a lady.

But, with prisoners as with hares, though the first thing is to catch them, the cooking is not always an easy matter, and the defensive tactics of Benson and Co., no less carefully planned and carried out than their audacious system of attack, threw many obstacles in the way of the prosecution, and procured the jury the pleasure of one another's uninterrupted society for twelve days and eleven nights. For precautions had been taken to change the proceeds of the fraud as soon as received into Scotch notes, the numbers of which it seems to be not customary with bankers to copy, and which are therefore difficult to trace; while the frequent changes of name and abode adopted by the accused rendered each as difficult of identification as the traditional pig which ran about so that he could not be counted. Moreover, there was reason to believe that attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, had been made to tamper with some at least of the warders of Newgate, so as to enable the prisoners, while in confinement, to concert measures for their defence—a matter which, in common with Mr. Baron Huddleston, we sincerely trust will be made the subject of searching inquiry. Documents found on the prisoners, and possibly originating in this freedom of intercommunication, materially aided the proof of the case, and now they have received the due reward of their deeds in the form of various terms of penal servitude and one of imprisonment. We have not cared to distinguish minutely the particular part taken by each in the perpetration of the offence; but the measure of punishment allotted to each represents fairly enough his complicity in the matter, though the whole scale of retributive justice seems to have been fixed somewhat lower than would have been warranted by the facts of the case, perhaps in deference to a plea for mercy which Mme. de Goncourt, with true womanly forgiveness, addressed to the Bench after the verdict was returned.

The charges in the indictment included forgery of the cheques on "the Royal Bank of London," the uttering the same well knowing them to be forged, and the obtaining 10,000*l.* from Mme. de Goncourt by false pretences and conspiracy; but the verdict and sentence proceeded upon the first of these only. This was perhaps fortunate, as precluding the possibility of future proceedings. The forging of an imaginary person's name is of course as much an offence as forging the name of a living man; but some of the prisoners, having been extradited from Holland, and the treaty with that country not providing for the extradition of persons charged with uttering forged documents, but only of those charged with forgery or participation in forgery, similar questions to those raised in Winslow's case might have interfered with the speedy and final punishment of Benson and his friends, had not the jury found them guilty on the principal charge.

We are painfully conscious of having done but scant justice to the ingenuity of the convicts by the necessary omission of many of the subtler details of the case—such, for instance, as the delicate manner in which Mr. Montgomery first stimulated Mme. de Goncourt's betting tendencies by magnanimously suggesting that he should not consider it a breach of confidence if she availed herself of the valuable information necessarily coming to her in the course of the transactions on his behalf; his consummate appeal to her sympathies on the ground of himself possessing children and a wife, who was a model of discretion, which, in truth, as the Solicitor-General dryly remarked, she was, seeing that no such person existed; or, again, the tact with which the communications from the sworn and insurance bookmakers were uniformly addressed to M., not Mme., de Goncourt, Mr. Montgomery having, on his own statement, acted with such gentlemanly consideration as not to disclose the sex and rank of his distinguished client to those to whom he introduced her affairs.

And so ends this serio-comedy. The too confiding Mme. de Goncourt returns home rejoicing with her recovered money and the expenses of her trip to that Albion which she will henceforth regard as more than ever *perfidie*; while Benson, Hale, and the two Kerrs enter upon their dreary terms of penal servitude, which the affluence and ease of their recent existence will render at first particularly terrible. Murray has a comparatively short period of imprisonment apportioned to him, but he will find the hard labour which accompanies his sentence a sufficiently severe punishment to induce him to think well on his release before again casting in

his lot with persons engaged in such dubious pursuits as his late associates. The principal felon, Benson, mentioned in a letter to his father, which was found on him, that he prayed morning, noon, and night, and we trust that the consolations of religion may support him under his present somewhat trying circumstances; but there irresistibly occurs to the mind a certain text relative to a class of persons who "devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers," which his antecedents render but too pertinent, and which justifies us in an uncharitable doubt as to the sincerity of his professions.

ROYAL NUMERALS.

WE lighted the other day in Mr. R. B. Smith's Lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" on the following curious passage:—

People call the conqueror of Constantinople, eight hundred years later, Mohammed the Second. But I do not think they ever speak of the Prophet as Mohammed the First; and perhaps the unconscious homage thus rendered to him by a world which ostensibly, and till very lately, did him such scant justice is the highest tribute that can be given to his greatness.

A malicious reader ventured to parody Mr. Smith's reckoning by saying that "people call the King of England who began to reign in 1727 George the Second, but that they do not ever speak of the patron saint of England as George the First." It is certainly odd if Mr. Smith never heard of Sultan Mahomet the First, who, if not a man quite on the scale of his grandson, fills no unimportant place in Ottoman history. But it does certainly sound as if the panegyrist of the Prophet fancied that, as Napoleon the Third was Third without any Second, so Mahomet the Second was Second without any First. Some ingenious maker of Latin verses might parody the lines of Horace—

Unde nil majus generator ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum—

in favour of the man whose greatness was the other way, and consisted, not in having no children to be second after him, but in having no fathers to be first before him. The whole thing becomes yet more funny when we look a few pages back and find Mr. Smith quite aware of the existence of Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, which suggests that, on Mr. Smith's reckoning, the odd Mahomet is, perhaps by some unconscious form of homage, left out. Mahomet the Second was really great enough—*μεγαλοπράγμων τε καὶ κακοπράγμων*—to count as two, like the "very fat lord" whose vote, counted as ten, gave us the Habeas Corpus Act. But one hardly sees why such a privilege should be extended to Mahomet the Fourth. Still, if Mr. Smith chooses to count his Sultans in alternate rows, like the houses in some London streets, it does not concern us. His numeration has set us on a little train of thought, and so far we thank him.

There is certainly something remarkable in the way in which, while some kings are best known by some surname or nickname, in the case of others the mere numeral has itself become a kind of surname. It is like some of the great dates of history, where the mere number of the year becomes clothed with a kind of living being, and the mere figures call up the picture of some great event with its long train of causes and consequences. If we speak of Charles the First, Charles the Fifth, Charles the Twelfth, there is no need to explain that we mean the First of England, the Fifth of the Empire, and the Twelfth of Sweden. The names speak for themselves, even though there was nothing to point out of what line of sovereigns we were speaking. A picture of Charles the Fifth, a coin of Charles the Fifth, if mentioned in the most casual way, would convey to every one the notion of the Emperor, not of Charles the Fifth of France or of any other country that may number five Charleses. There are to be sure exceptions to every rule, and we can remember how, when a question was set in the Oxford Schools, "Give notices of the city of Rome from Charles the Great to Charles the Fifth," a candidate came and asked his examiner whether the Charles the Fifth that was meant was the Emperor or the King of France. As the Emperor certainly had something to do with the city of Rome and the King of France had certainly nothing, the doubt can be set down only as one of those singular instances of perversity which we do light on ever and anon. Charles the Fifth the Emperor is so completely Charles the Fifth that people seem sometimes amazed to find that he was not numerically Charles the Fifth in all his dominions. We have seen him spoken of as Charles the Fifth of Spain. With this reckoning, the description of a later King of Spain as Charles the Second must seem as mysterious from the other side as the description of Mahomet the Second seemed to Mr. Smith. Charles the Fifth is so completely and exclusively Charles the Fifth, that in French he has a form to himself shared with him by no other Emperor or King, but only by a single Pope. The Emperor who is most famous for the Golden Bull is "Charles Quatre," the Emperor who is most famous for the Pragmatic Sanction is "Charles Six"; but their more famous namesake who comes between them is "Charles-Quint," balanced by the no less renowned Pontiff "Sixte-Quint." The two most famous Emperors of the name have, in short, had the one his surname, the other his number, tacked on to his name, and it only needs one step further to write "Charlesquint" to match "Charlemagne." The number in this case, though it is a mere number and in itself simply records the

fact that four Emperors before him had borne the same name, is in effect a surname. Charles the Fifth stands out as a description with a meaning. But many people might have to stop and think who Charles the Fourth, Charles the Sixth, and Charles the Seventh were; and Charles the First, Charles the Second, and Charles the Third are so universally spoken of by surnames or nicknames that no one would know without a moment's thought who was meant by either of those numerals.

Charles the Twelfth again is almost as famous as Charles the Fifth, and his name is doubtless familiar to many who would have to guess that there must have been a Charles the Eleventh, and that there may have been a Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth. But among the Swedish Kings the process of guessing backwards would be a little dangerous. It is safe to guess a Charles the Eleventh, a Charles the Tenth, a Charles the Eighth, and a Charles the Seventh. But he who shall rashly go on to guess a Charles the Sixth, still more he who shall dream of a northern "Charles-Quint," will find himself plunged in a quagmire of difficulties and complications. In any ordinary list of Kings of Sweden the Charleses begin with Charles the Seventh. This fact would exactly suit Mr. Smith. It must have been more than an unconscious homage which should start a man after this mystical fashion with the sacred and sabbatical number; but it is a grave fact that Charles the Twelfth is Charles the Twelfth only by a reckoning of Charleses the first of whom is placed at some unfixed date between the year of the world 2045 and the year of the world 2704. Between those dates, and before Odin, reigned Charles the First. In one famous legend the first Karl, together with the first Smith, were both called into being by a special exercise of the creative power of Odin; but here Odin himself is less ancient than Karl. Our English fashion has rather gone the other way; we have dropped our royal reckoning of kings whom we might fairly have counted. The first Edward after the Conquest was in his own days called Edward the Fourth; and the first Charles Stewart might with more reason have been called Charles the Second, on the strength of Ceolric King of the West Saxons, than the real Charles the Sixth of Sweden was called Charles the Twelfth on the strength of six doubtful or imaginary Karls, one of whom came before Odin.

Frederick the Second again is an Emperor who stands out by his number quite as distinctly as if he had any descriptive surname. He was indeed "Stupor Mundi," as Otto the Third had been "Mirabile Mundi"; but the name has not stuck to him as the red beard of his grandfather has stuck to him in all tongues. Still there is all the difference in the world between Frederick the Second and Frederick the Third. This last Emperor the world seems pretty well agreed to set down as No. 3, though there is sometimes a certain wish in Austrian quarters to make him No. 4 on the strength of that Frederick of Austria who disputed the crown with Lewis of Bavaria. The Ottos again are always counted from the first Saxon King of the name, though there were not wanting some who were anxious to reckon Otto the Great as "Otto the Second," on the strength of Marcus Salvius Otho. Such a way of reckoning might have given Mr. Smith further ground for musing. But the gap which this reckoning makes between the first and the second Otto is only a few centuries wider than the gap which separates the first and the second Tiberius. This last reckoning again can hardly be justified for the Emperor who is commonly called Claudius was just as much Tiberius as his uncle, and we dare say that we might find others if we were to look through all the Imperial *prænomina*.

But the names and numbers which we would specially commend to Mr. Smith's care are those of the Philips, whether of Macedonia, France, or Spain. Nobody doubts for a moment who is meant if we speak of Philip the Second; it is he of Spain and nobody else. The French Philips are so well provided for by nicknames that we almost forget their numbers. It would take a little thought, if we heard of Philip the Second and Philip the Fifth, to see that the princes meant were those who are so familiar by the names of Philip Augustus and Philip the Fair. But Philip the Second might have started Mr. Smith's difficulties with much better reason than Mahomet the Second. It is much easier in reading Spanish history to forget that there was a Philip the First than to forget in reading Ottoman history that there was a Mahomet the First. Charles the Fifth seems at first sight to be all aunts and grandfathers, without any parents. His father died so soon, and his mother was so long before she died, that both seem to pass out of sight. One is sometimes really tempted to ask whether there ever was a Philip the First. If, by any good chance, the patron saint of Spain had been St. Philip and not St. James, we might easily be driven to Mr. Smith's theory, and conceive that the ultra-Catholic King was No. 2, the saint himself being No. 1. There are, we believe, some very scrupulous people who speak of the John of France who was taken at Poitiers as John the Second, on the strength of a little John whose life was so very short that he might easily be forgotten. But as there never was a John the Third, the question as to his number became of no practical importance; otherwise, if John of Valois lived on in history as John the Second, we might easily be driven to seek for John the First, as we may easily be driven to seek for our first Philip, and as Mr. Smith is driven to seek for his first Mahomet.

Lastly, there are those princes who have different numbers in different parts of their dominions. We have already spoken of the difficulties arising from the Emperor Charles the Fifth being also Charles the First of Castile; and we certainly would not undertake to say offhand what was his number in each of his endless kingdoms,

and duchies, and counties. To say nothing of the Henries of Reuss, who are beyond us, the Imperial Henries sometimes get a little puzzling on account of the difference in the German and Italian reckoning. The Germans naturally count, and the Italians as naturally leave out, the first Henry of Saxony, whom we used to call Henry the Fowler, till we lately had orders from his own duchy to call him so no longer. In our own country, when the late King came to the crown, some ingenious person remarked with perfect truth that he was William the First of Hanover, William the Second of Ireland, William the Third of Scotland, and William the Fourth of England. The ingenious reckoner did not go on to add that in the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, and a few still smaller, he was undoubtedly William the Fifth Duke of the Normans. So the William last before him was no less plainly First of Ireland, Second of Scotland, Third of England, Fourth of Normandy, and Tenth of Orange. To be sure the Orange reckoning is not quite undoubted. The Princes of Orange are reckoned in more ways than one; but the one who is common to Orange and England was the Tenth according to one reckoning, and it is the number that sounds best. And the Princes of Orange have one advantage; a piece, perhaps not of genuine history, but at least of genuine legend, provides them with a saint as their first William. But the difference of reckoning among his successors would seem to show that there were some among the genealogists of the House of Orange who felt towards William the Saint as Mr. Smith feels towards Mahomet the Prophet, and who from an unconscious feeling of reverence shrank from speaking of him as William the First.

THE LORDS' COMMITTEE ON INTemperance.

THE Lords' Committee on Intemperance have made a first Report containing the evidence taken up to Easter. The witnesses examined were chiefly from Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and those who care to go into the question in detail will find a large body of statistics relating to the drunkenness of these three towns. The Gothenburg system, which will be found set out with great fulness in Mr. Chamberlain's evidence, has been so lately under discussion in Parliament that nothing need be said about it here. The point of most interest in the evidence of the Liverpool and Manchester witnesses is the comparative merits of free licensing and restriction. Mr. Samuel Rathbone is the principal advocate of the former system, and Mr. J. A. Brenner of the latter. It is to be noted that Mr. Rathbone was one of the magistrates who were most strongly opposed to free licensing when it was actually introduced in Liverpool. The experiment had been tried in the first instance at the will of a very small majority of the magistrates; and, as soon as the composition of the bench was altered, it was abandoned at the will of another small majority. Mr. Rathbone says that free licensing was favoured by some of the older and more experienced magistrates, and opposed by younger men on grounds which were mainly theoretical. He himself did his best to get it abolished, partly because he disliked to see the Liverpool bench administering the law in direct opposition to all the other licensing justices in the country, and partly because he was led away by the statement that there is a direct relation between the number of public-houses and the amount of drunkenness. He has since convinced himself that no such connexion exists. Whether he is right or wrong on this point we will not undertake to say, for the simple reason that it seems very doubtful whether the statistics that are forthcoming on this part of the subject point to any precise or uniform conclusion. There are so many causes which may contribute to the increase or decrease of drunkenness in any given year or in any given district, and, so long as the amount of drunkenness can only be measured by the number of persons convicted, there is no certainty whether there is really more drunkenness or only a more prompt detection of what drunkenness there is. Consequently the attempt to prove either conclusion by figures must for the present be abandoned as hopeless. The defence of free licensing must be conducted on other lines, and when so conducted it will be seen to have very great advantages over its rival.

It is necessary to understand at the outset what it is that we hope to effect by special legislation on the liquor traffic. In the first place, the object of legislation is not to stop drinking. That is a matter with which neither Parliament nor magistrates have any concern. A man has as much right to drink a pot of beer or a glass of spirits as he has to eat a mutton chop. Between those who hold this view and prohibitionists of every school there is a great gulf fixed. In the second place, the object of legislation is not to stop drunkenness as such. It is a very lamentable thing that a man should muddle away his time, his brains, and his money in the public-house; but it is equally lamentable that he should muddle away his time and money in a billiard-saloon or his brains in a music-hall. It is not the business of Parliament to ensure that men lead sober and industrious lives. You can no more make men useful by Act of Parliament than you can make them virtuous by Act of Parliament. Drunkenness, however, differs from most other vices in this—that it is provocative of a great amount of disorder, and very often of positive crime. In so far as it leads to one or the other, Parliament has a right to deal with it. Just as there are many actions which in themselves might be harmless but which become hurtful because, if permitted, they would lead to a breach of the peace; so

drunkenness, which in itself is harmless except to the drunkard, becomes hurtful by reason of the consequences to which it is constantly found to lead. As a matter of police regulation, therefore, it is within the competence of Parliament to punish drunkenness whenever the connexion between it and either disorder or crime is sufficiently visible. This is the justification of affixing a penalty to drunkenness in a public highway. It is found as a matter of experience that, under these circumstances, drunkenness is exceedingly provocative of disorder; and when this chain of cause and effect has been established, there is no need to wait until the effect has been produced in a particular instance. A man who is found drunk in the street has no right to plead that he did not know he was doing any harm. So much harm has come from this cause that Parliament is only embodying the common sense of the community in a law when it makes drunkenness under these circumstances a legal offence. Further than this, the conditions of the retail trade in liquor are sufficiently exceptional to justify exceptional legislation. In other trades the evil that is done by tempting a man to spend too much money is not necessarily visible to the trader. A woman may impoverish her husband by buying too many or too fine clothes, or a man may ruin his family by buying pictures. But the milliner or the picture-dealer may, and probably does, know nothing about the income of his customer; and the question whether such or such an outlay is or is not extravagant altogether depends on this fact. But the publican who supplies liquor to a drunken man knows perfectly well what he is doing; and the Legislature may fairly say to him, you shall not be allowed to make money by bringing your customers into a state in which they will probably be disorderly, and possibly go on from disorder to crime. Nor shall you be allowed to ply your trade in ways which have been proved to have a special tendency to produce these mischiefs. This much of independence you must surrender in deference to the needs of public order and good government, and in consideration of the money you can make with the amount of independence that is left you. The hours during which you are allowed to keep your shop open must be regulated; you must give free entrance to the police whenever they wish to satisfy themselves that you are not doing anything in violation of the law; and if you in any way minister to drunkenness, as distinct from drinking, you must take the consequences.

These seem to be the limits within which Parliament can usefully interfere with the liquor traffic, and it will be seen that there is not one of them which is not satisfied by a well-arranged plan of free licensing. More than this, there is not one of them which is not satisfied more completely by a system of free licensing than by any other. The object of the restrictive systems, the systems, that is, which regulate the number of public-houses either with reference to the number of the inhabitants, or to the density of the population, or to the wishes of the ratepayers, or to the judgment of the magistrates—is to diminish opportunities for drinking. Of course, if these opportunities are reduced below a certain degree of frequency, to get drunk in a public-house becomes a matter of more or less physical difficulty. But, unless this process of reduction is carried so far as to be almost undistinguishable from prohibition, there is no evidence that it does diminish drunkenness. The man who takes pleasure in getting drunk will make considerable sacrifices to get his pleasure. If there were only one public-house to every mile of street, it is the people who drink because they are thirsty that would suffer. The man who drinks because he likes to get drunk would cheerfully go the extra distance rather than be deprived of his enjoyment. Under the free licensing system the same or heavier penalties could be imposed on drunkenness, the same regulations could be made as to the hours during which public-houses shall be open, the same punishment could be inflicted on the publican in the event of his supplying liquor to men already drunk. And, as a matter of fact, these things, which are done after a fashion under the restrictive system, would be done very much more perfectly under a system of free licensing. At present the publican's trade is in the nature of a monopoly—not of course a very strict or assured monopoly, but a monopoly all the same. Almost everywhere the magistrates take into account the number of public-houses already existing in a district in deciding on applications for new licences, and inasmuch as this necessarily operates in some degree as a protection against competition, it converts the existing licences into property. It is only human nature that a magistrate should give some weight to this fact when the owner of a licence is charged with breaking the law. The punishment which he must inflict, if he is to carry out the intention of the Act of Parliament, is really a much greater punishment than he thinks the case demands. The forfeiture of a licence, which follows as a matter of course after a certain number of convictions have been endorsed on it, is a confiscation of a valuable property, in which the erring publican has perhaps invested a considerable sum of money, or which belongs to another person who is no way responsible for the publican's sins. Consequently the magistrate deals with the publican in a different spirit from that in which he would deal with a grocer or a baker, and the trade which the law meant to be treated with exceptional severity is really treated with exceptional leniency. Nor is this the only ill result of a system which makes a licence property. The more a man has to fight for, the harder, usually speaking, will he fight, and the method by which a publican fights is usually subornation of witnesses. The Liverpool police, Mr. Rathbone says, are often deterred from proceeding against a publican by the knowledge that

he will probably escape by a free recourse to perjury. If it were only on this ground that failure was to be apprehended, they might be ready to take their chance; but when this prospect is added to the probable unwillingness of the magistrate to convict, the risk is greater than they care to incur.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons which was appointed last year to inquire into the constitution and efficiency of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and the most effective means of providing further security from loss of life and property by fire, has so far accomplished its task that it has produced a bulky Blue-book containing the evidence taken as to the working of the Brigade, and the general arrangements made for the protection of London in regard to fires, and has now entered upon another branch of the subject—that relating to the precautions which are required in buildings of a special class and exposed to peculiar dangers, such as theatres, music-halls, and other places of public amusement. Some time will no doubt elapse before the evidence on this question is printed in full; but in the meantime the summaries of it which have appeared in the newspapers are sufficient to show what the present system of supervision amounts to, and the direction in which a change would seem to be necessary. Before dealing with the information thus supplied, which relates exclusively to the present state of things, it may be worth while briefly to explain the authority which the Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household—who is not to be confounded with the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain who has charge of the Houses of Parliament—exercises over the theatres. In the first instance it was derived from the royal prerogative, but it has in later times been defined by a couple of statutes—the 10 George II. (1737) and the 6 & 7 Victoria (1843). The latter Act, which is still in force, provides that the Lord Chamberlain for the time being is empowered to grant licences for theatres within the limits of the metropolis, and wherever there is a royal residence, and to have a certain jurisdiction over these establishments. Thus a theatre cannot be opened without a licence from this functionary; and it is a condition of the grant of one that the manager shall be bound to “duly and regularly observe, perform, and obey the rules which shall be in force at any time during the currency of the licence for the regulation of such theatre, and that he shall provide personal security and two sureties to a certain amount for securing payment of any penalties which such manager may be adjudged to pay for breach of the said rules or any of the provisions of the said Act.” By the eighth clause of the Act the Lord Chamberlain has power to suspend a licence for such time as he shall see fit. The jurisdiction which was thus established was at first chiefly confined to the censorship of plays, but has now been extended to the construction and fittings of theatres; and it is with the latter only that we are now concerned. In the memorandum in reference to Mr. Donne's appointment as Inspector of Theatres, the Lord Chamberlain of that day remarks that his “attention has been directed to the improvement of theatres, especially as regards a proper space being afforded to the public, not only in the boxes, but more particularly in the pit and galleries, with a view to ensuring by such arrangements increased comfort, order, and decency, and also as regards a more perfect system of lighting and ventilation, security from fire, and an easy egress in the case of a sudden panic”; and therefore he directs the Inspector to look after these things. It will be thus seen that the Lord Chamberlain's authority over the theatres has a wide range, and is clearly intended to be exercised, not in mere formal admonitions to managers, but as a means of real and practical control; and it is to be hoped that this elementary point will be found clearly set forth in the supplementary Blue-book when it appears, inasmuch as it settles the question of the Lord Chamberlain's legal powers.

Such, then, being the nature of the office, we turn to the evidence of the officials for an account of the manner in which its duties are discharged. Mr. S. O. Ponsonby Fane, who holds the position of Controller in this department, with which he has been connected for twenty years, and who has personally inspected all the theatres, thus describes the process of inspection:—“Prior to licensing-day, the 19th of September, witness, accompanied by a professional surveyor, visited the different theatres for the purpose of inspection. They went from cellar to garret, and carefully inspected the condition of the doors, the state of the gas-fittings, the chandeliers, the cellars, and the water supply. The inspections always took place in the day-time, when the theatres were empty. He had visited the theatres at night when they were full, but of course no regular inspection could take place then.” As a general description of the way in which the inspection is performed, this no doubt seems to show that it is done in a thorough and careful manner; but when we look into details we get a little more light on the subject. For example, Mr. Fane expresses a decided opinion that “the measures taken to prevent fire and to secure the egress of the audience in the event of an alarm were satisfactory”; and the professional surveyor naturally shares the same conviction. It may be doubted, however, whether this favourable view is consistent with actual facts. The value of Mr. Fane's judgment on such matters may be gathered from the admiration and approval which he bestows on the Criterion and Opéra Comique theatres as models of perfection—the former of which is, in point of fact, simply an underground cellar into which the

audience has to descend in going in, and from which it has to ascend steep stairs in coming out; while the latter is approached from the Strand through a subterranean tunnel into which a visitor has to dive on entering, and from which he has to climb into the body of the house. The Lord Chamberlain's Inspector holds that the Criterion is not built on a dangerous principle, and that it is one of the best theatres in London in regard to safety and ventilation; and also that the Opéra Comique is the "most fortunately placed theatre in London," in consequence apparently of possessing the great advantages we have just described. In the latter case, he says, "the audience are perfectly safe; they might be drowned, but they certainly could not be burned." This may be consoling to some persons; but there are others who may remember that, apart from the risk of being drowned or burnt, the audience in a theatre has a chance of being crushed to death in passages overcrowded by a panic-stricken throng, and that it is therefore desirable that the egress, although it cannot in all cases be perfectly level, should be an easy descent, instead of a troublesome movement up and down. Mr. Fane also calculates that, on an average, most of the London theatres can be cleared in five or six, or, at the most, seven minutes, and says that he has himself seen one cleared in two minutes. All this of course may be true, though, from our own observation, we should doubt whether, whatever may be the possibilities of the matter, audiences do, as a matter of fact, get out so quickly; indeed it is known that many people think it prudent to leave before the curtain falls. However that may be, the question is not whether the means of egress are sufficient for a quiet, orderly, and comparatively leisurely crowd, but whether they will allow elbow-room to a crowd in a state of wild panic. The witness himself acknowledged that there was not so much danger from fire as from panic, and that the great thing in such a case was to get the people out of the house as quickly as possible; and he added that he would rather trust to the width of the doors and passages than to any other contrivance, and that if theatres were going to be rebuilt, he would recommend that there should be wider doors and passages. This is of course an admission that the doors and passages of certain theatres are not at present sufficiently wide for safety in a panic; yet Mr. Fane would allow them to remain as they are, to the danger of the public. "The Lord Chamberlain," he said, "had not felt it his duty to interfere, seeing that the theatres were safe under ordinary circumstances, and seeing also that he could not give any effect to an order except by refusing the licence." The answer to this is that, though no doubt the theatres are in an ordinary way safe enough, there is always a possibility of a fire, or, at any rate, of a panic; and that it is necessary to provide for the safety of an audience not only "under ordinary circumstances," when people are cool and collected, and able to take care of themselves, but, above all, under extraordinary circumstances, such as a fire or panic. Nothing can be more absurd and futile than to make arrangements of this kind on the assumption that everything is invariably to go on in an ordinary way, and to neglect making any preparation for emergencies which, though they may not be frequent, may happen at any time. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link; and it cannot be said that adequate protection is given to the public by a system which trusts to an audience always marching out of a theatre like a regiment on parade, and makes no provision for a tumultuous rush of panic-stricken people.

Mr. Fane having thus admitted that some of the theatres are at the present moment in a dangerous condition, the question arises why the Lord Chamberlain's authority is not exerted in order to compel the defaulting managers to make adequate arrangements for public safety. His explanation of the paralysis of the department in this respect is that, "if the measures taken by a manager were not satisfactory, the Lord Chamberlain has no power to enforce the requirements which he deems necessary, except by taking the extreme step of refusing the licence, and in no instance has that been done." Any one, however, who turns to the Act of Victoria 6 & 7, will see that the Lord Chamberlain is fully authorized either to refuse or to suspend a licence for such time as he may fix, and also to inflict penalties as a punishment for a breach of any of the regulations which he has laid down. And why is this not done? If a manager is wilfully imperilling the lives of theatre-goers, why should the Lord Chamberlain hesitate to execute the law which it is his business to carry out, and which is expressly intended as a means of securing public safety, and to treat the security? On this point we have also the evidence of the Lord Chamberlain himself, who tells us that "his powers are practically limited to the renewal or refusal of licences at Michaelmas, but occasionally he made suggestions to the managers of theatres with a view of securing the protection of those establishments from fire"; but, if the managers refuse to do what he wants, he has no means of dealing with them except by putting the law in force, which he shrinks from doing. This of course shows that he has never taken the trouble to read the Act which he is appointed to enforce; and further his own experience contradicts his opinions. Once, it seems, he had actually the courage to give notice to the managers of the Vaudeville—one of the most ill-constructed and dangerous houses in London—that, if they continued the practice of blocking up the gangways with chairs, they must not expect the renewal of their licence, and this had "the desired effect," though previously his remonstrances had been treated

with the utmost contempt. He also admits that "the condition of some of the smaller theatres is so unsatisfactory that the consequences of a panic, which at any time might occur, would be fearful." This is notorious, and yet the Lord Chamberlain is content to allow the public to be constantly exposed, to his own knowledge, to this dreadful fate, rather than resort to the "extreme act of refusing a licence." The effect of his intimation in the Vaudeville case should have shown him that even a threat of cancelling a licence has sometimes a wholesome effect; and there can be no doubt that, if this were done more resolutely and systematically, a great deal might be accomplished for the safety of the public. Considering the fearful consequences of a fire or panic, it is ridiculous to pretend that the withdrawal from a contumacious manager of a licence, the privileges of which he abuses, is too heavy a punishment. In any case, it is the only way of bringing him to his senses. The Lord Chamberlain also remarked that, as long as the tipping to servants of the theatres went on, he despaired of being able to enforce the regulations as to the comfort of audiences effectually. It is notorious that, in regard to all the points enumerated in the Lord Chamberlain's memorandum, quoted above, the managers are now allowed to do very much as they like; and that "the comfort, order, and decency," and also "the perfect system of lighting, ventilation, and security from fire and easy egress in the case of a panic," are, except in the way of mere verbal advice, entirely neglected. The atmosphere in most theatres is as poisonous as the refreshments; and nothing can be more indecorous than the close personal contact which is forced upon men and women by the narrowness of the stall passages. As for the sort of people who are usually employed in "the front of the house," and whose chief business seems to be to levy black mail, and to insult visitors who will not submit to their impudent extortions, they are a disgrace to the theatres where they are allowed. But this would soon be set to rights if the proper pressure were applied to managers.

It is not surprising to hear the Lord Chamberlain, under such circumstances, suggesting that his office ought to be relieved of a responsibility for which it is so obviously incompetent. In regard to the dramatic censorship the work is done, on the whole, judiciously and efficiently; but the inspection of theatres is clearly of the most cursory and superficial kind, and little better than a farce. It is said that in the case of new theatres "particular attention is paid to the means of egress and precautions against fire"; but new theatres are rarely built, and the peril to which the public is exposed is the toleration of existing buildings which do not comply with the well-understood and indispensable conditions of safety. It is easy to understand that it may be inconvenient and expensive for the owners of these houses to put them in a proper state with adequate accommodation inside and adequate means of egress. Any one who considers the matter at all must see that a theatre, from its peculiar construction and the uses to which it is put, requires to be very closely looked after; for though it is true that the actual burning of theatres is usually attended with comparatively little loss of life, there is a constant danger of sudden panic, of which, when it occurs, the effects are often, as in Brooklyn, of the most appalling character. The verdict of the jury on that terrible catastrophe was that the theatre was constructed in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and that the destruction of life was due to the inexcusable neglect of the management; there being no responsible head of the servants of the theatre or discipline among them; the appliances for the extinguishment of fire upon the stage or in the flies being wholly inadequate; the fire-hose not being kept in its place and use; and there being a culpable neglect in one of the exits from the theatre being so effectually closed as to resist the efforts of several persons who attempted to force it. Now there can be little doubt that in some of the London theatres many of these conditions exist, and might at any moment produce a terrible calamity. The Brooklyn jury, among other suggestions, recommended two things which are much wanting also over here—a strong brick wall extending from cellar to roof, and dividing the stage from the auditorium; and the employment of a special staff in theatres whose sole duty should be to attend to the hydrants and other precautions against fire whenever there was an audience in the house. There can be no doubt that what is most urgently required in our own theatres is a body of regular firemen, with adequate experience and under proper command, whose presence would give confidence to an audience, as would also the knowledge that the hydrants were being attended to by competent hands, and that a strong wall divided the stage from the rest of the house. As we have said, we must postpone detailed criticism till the complete evidence has been produced; but there can be little doubt that a strong case will be found to have been made out, not only for relieving the Lord Chamberlain of the duty which that functionary and his predecessors have so long neglected of protecting the public from the special dangers of theatres, but also for establishing a general system of inspection and regulation in regard to all classes of large public buildings.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

ANY one who wanted to make an easy answer to the accusation of want of artistic taste frequently brought against English people might point to the number of picture-galleries now open in London. To this it might be replied that quality is of more importance than quantity, and no doubt the frequency with which

certain exhibitions are opened has in some respects an evil influence. It would be easy to name artists who are led by this, among other causes, to sacrifice care to rapidity of production, and who, having found that a peculiar mannerism is a safe attraction to a certain number of people, rely contentedly upon this, without making any experiment after further progress in their art. And an evil result of this is that, as in other arts, whenever such a mannerism has been proved successful, a number of imitators will spring up, some of whom might have done good original work if they had not yielded to the imitative tendency. Several instances of this might be pointed out in the present exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and perhaps the most glaring among them is Mrs. Allingham's "Old Men's Gardens, Chelsea Hospital" (139), which is a very evident and equally unsuccessful attempt at reproducing the effect of the late Mr. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge." Something of that painter's trick of colour, exaggerated however to a disagreeable extent, has been caught; but of the imagination and feeling which gave charm to his work there is nothing. One turns with pleasure from this to "The Plough" (82), by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, which may be said to be in the school of Mr. Walker, without being a servile imitation. The general effect of landscape is very like that of an oil-picture of Mr. Walker's which treated the same subject; but one sees true feeling in the work, and there are both force and originality in the bringing out of the different characteristics of the horses, one of which is doing honest hard work, while the other takes advantage of this to indulge his laziness. The figure of the man in the foreground is less successful; and another picture by Mr. Hopkins, "The Genius of the Village" (57), is spoilt by too close imitation of Mr. Walker's peculiar scheme of colour. As a contrast to the dangers of imitation, we may point to "O'Hara's Tower Height, Gibraltar" (66), by Mr. Sam. T. G. Evans, which, with three other works (149, 159, 174), by the same artist, may claim originality for their complete falseness in colour, drawing, and composition. Originality of the wrong kind is found also, though in a far less degree, in the "Water Babies" (71), of Mr. Albert Goodwin, where truth of colour has been altogether sacrificed to a desire for a fantastic effect. Another picture by the same artist, "Herring in the Bay" (62), a by no means unsuccessful attempt at one of the difficult effects of light on the sea in which Mr. Brett excels, is, we think, the best of Mr. Goodwin's present contributions, though it is run hard by the "Arabian Night" (80), which is a very delicate rendering of a peculiar effect. That clever and prolific artist Mr. J. D. Watson sends only four contributions, of which the best, to our thinking, is "A River-side Pastoral" (140), in which there is a fine effect of light and shade, while the texture of the rocks and moss in the foreground is admirably true. Next to this hangs "Sirocco Day, Venice" (141), which is in some ways the most satisfactory of Miss Clara Montalba's customary representations of Venetian scenes, many of which suffer much from the great want of transparency in the water. Mr. Goodall in his "Venice" (145) has caught a warmer glow than is found in Miss Montalba's paintings, but his work is wanting in breadth and gradation. Mr. Naftel, who has too great a tendency to what may be called elaborate frippery of execution, is at his best in the present exhibition in "Cookham Church" (37), which is an extremely pretty and delicate, if somewhat tricky, piece of work, needlessly injured by the introduction of a red piece of drapery in the punt lying against the shore, which is out of keeping with the general tone. Mr. H. Moore, in "The First Snow of Autumn on the Sea Fell Range" (15), has struck out a new line in which he has not as yet been particularly successful. The best of his contributions seems to us to be "A Grey Day, Yarmouth Jetty" (94), which is very careful and artistic, and in which the movement of the sea is particularly good. Messrs. Fripp, S. P. Jackson, David Cox, junior, and Frederick Tayler send works which are in the several artists' well-known manners and sustain their reputations. Mr. R. W. Macbeth has made a distinct success with his "Ghost Story" (219), which is very humorous without exaggeration; Mr. Arthur H. Marsh, in "Driftwood" (198), has caught something of the feeling and power of M. Israels, and Mr. Branwhite may set against the atrocious colour of his "Old Lime Kiln" (177) the daring and clever treatment of "Winter Twilight—a Black Frost" (63), where the contrast between the cold foreground of ice and the warmth of light at the back is as striking as the painting of the ice is true. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Interesting Scroll" (218) is not a very interesting picture. The subject is dull, the tone unpleasantly cold, and for once the artist seems to fall below his usual level in his unequalled rendering of marble; but this defect seems partly due to the roughness of the paper employed. Mr. F. Powell's sea studies will be seen with interest, as will a spirited specimen (8) of Sir John Gilbert's still better-known martial effects. From Mr. J. W. North comes only one work, "Roses, Asphodel, and Cypress—Algeria" (67), which contains some exquisitely delicate painting in the foreground, and has throughout an unusually fine tone, but is marred by a curious want of proportion between the foreground and distance. Mr. Birket Foster's "Capture of a 32-Pounder" (32) is marvellously hard, and the heap of shot on the left looks in its fruity texture as if intended to represent grape-shot in a literal sense. Mr. H. P. Riviere's "Dying Brigand" (187) is an admirable, though unconscious, stroke of satire at the melodrama of a past age.

At the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours we find, taking the pictures in numerical order, two specimens (3, 19) of Mr. Aumonier's clever work, of which the second is the better, and is to be blamed only for the whiteness of the water,

which is inconsistent with that of the sky. Mr. Lucas's "Last Purchase" (24) is a clever caricature of an amateur looking at a new picture. Mr. Wimperis contributes three bright and pleasant bits of landscape (34, 57, 65), and the work of Mr. Walter May, who is represented by nine contributions, is remarkable for its care and skill. Two productions of great cleverness, Mr. Green's "Here They Come!" (38) and Miss Gow's "Box at the Pantomime" (84), seem less pictures, properly so called, than elaborated versions of illustrations for weekly papers—a fault which Mr. W. Simpson has artistically avoided in his sketches of "Dr. Schliemann's Excavations at Mycenæ" (91), and "The Morning after the Carnival" (110). Mr. L. Haghe's "Summit of Grand Son" (95) is a very curious production. It seems to represent a strange freak on the part of a Scotch laird. A party of men, some clothed in serge or cloth cowls, some in waterproofs, are scaling a hill; one is being dragged up much against his will and much to the delight of a comrade who jeers at him; a party of plaided gillies keeps careful watch meanwhile over a basket of provisions. Examination of the catalogue shows that the picture represents the monks of the Grande Chartreuse making a pilgrimage to the highest peak near the monastery. Mr. Brouley's "Nearest Way to Church" (103) has intentional and real humour of a light kind as well as some very skillful painting. Mr. Syer has a clever and pretty sketch (119), and Mr. Linton sends "Ave Maria" (149), in which the drawing and expression are excellent, while the colour is very unhappy. Mr. Hugh Carter's work seems to show that the painter is, as it were, trying to find a style; and Mr. Charles Cattermole's productions in the school of Sir John Gilbert are spirited and lively. Of two animal studies, by Mr. J. Wolf (69, 227), the second is the better; the first is too like a study taken from a naturalist's window of stuffed fish and birds. Mr. E. J. Gregory, a young painter of great promise, has, we think, made a mistake in seeking inspiration, as from his "Tween Acts" (230) he seems to have done, in the eccentric studies of M. Degaz. He might well leave the elaboration of the figures of clumsily made and uninteresting ballet-girls to the French painter who chooses to divide his time between such studies and those of equally ugly and dull washerwomen.

Foreign art is well represented at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, and at that of MM. Goupil in Bedford Street. The former exhibition is almost above the high level we are accustomed to, containing as it does many interesting examples of such work as that of MM. Jules Breton, Israels, Diaz, Daubigny, Vibert, Bouguereau, Laupheimer, and others. In the French Gallery a small specimen of Señor Domingo's work may be compared with interest with M. Meissonier's "Sous le Balcon." While the Spanish painter holds his own in expression of character and detail, he has not yet found the secret of the bold relief and truth which M. Meissonier gives to his solitary figure. Several unfinished specimens of Señor Fortuny's work, the most important of which is exhibited at MM. Goupil's gallery, serve to show the immense superiority of the master's work to that of the brilliant but shallow school which followed him.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND EPSOM.

OF far greater importance than any sport that took place at Newmarket last week was the anxiously expected meeting of the Jockey Club, at which it was understood that the fate of foreign-bred horses would be decided. At the last moment, however, so strong an appeal was made to Lord Eglon in favour of delay that he consented to postpone his resolutions till the Houghton week. Thus French horses will at any rate have another season on the English turf, and English sportsmen will have ample opportunity for considering whether their presence on our racetracks or their absence from them is likely to be the greater calamity. Many things may happen during the present season. Perhaps Chamant may win the Two Thousand, or the Derby, or both; and then owners who cannot breed horses equally good will clamour once more for the removal of these dangerous and objectionable rivals. Perhaps Chamant may be beaten, and the French horses generally may have a bad season; and in that case we may entertain more lenient feelings towards those enterprising sportsmen across the Channel who subscribe no inconsiderable proportion of the stakes which our horses pick up. We fear very much that pecuniary considerations are at the bottom of all the disturbance, and that such considerations will carry the day. If, then, the second Gladiateur makes his appearance this year, it is only too likely that a spoke will be put in the wheel of any aspiring successor to his honours. After what took place at their meeting in the Oraven week, we can hardly expect any course of action from the Jockey Club save such as is dictated by the whim or the passion of the moment.

When it was announced that a member of the Club intended to move that the minimum weight in handicaps should be reduced from 5 st. 7 lbs. to 4 st. 7 lbs., almost every one thought that a joke was meant. It was doubted whether a seconder would be found to support so extravagant a proposition; but, however that might be, it was taken for granted that the resolution would not be seriously pressed. Great was the astonishment and dismay which fell on all who have any lingering regard for a time-honoured national sport when the news came that the revival of one of its worst abuses had been not only proposed and

seconded, but carried by a majority of one in a meeting of twenty-one members. It is not the custom to furnish any report of the debates of the Turf Parliament, and therefore we are left to guess the arguments that satisfied the judgment of eleven members of the Jockey Club. We have heard that it was seriously urged that, inasmuch as hardly any 5 st. 7 lbs. boys are able to ride, they ought to be taken in hand at a still lighter weight, and at a still more infantile age. By beginning their public career at 4 st. 7 lbs., their education would be so far advanced by the time they scaled 5 st. 7 lbs. that they would be able to do something more than they do at present—hang on to their horses' necks without the power to guide them, leaving the issue of the race dependent on their horses' inclinations and abilities instead of their own. In fact, the remedy for one abuse was, it seems, to be found in the creation of a greater one. The really good riders would be still more completely precluded than they are now from taking their proper place in handicap races; for if 4 st. 7 lbs. were the lowest weight, the highest weight accepting would rarely exceed 7 st. 7 lbs. or 7 st. 10 lbs., and the ablest horsemen of the day would then have to stand down and look on while the little candidates for honours in the new school of riding were going through their interesting and artistic performances. But the question, after all, is one which affects racehorses even more than jockeys. A feather weight of 4 st. 7 lbs. presupposes the existence of a horse more than 4 st. below Derby form, and the legalization of such a weight shows that our Turf legislators not only consider it advisable that such worthless specimens of the thoroughbred should be kept in training, but are actually willing to offer inducements for the express purpose of protracting their racing careers. Many of the best sportsmen of the day have long been of opinion that an alteration of the law in a directly opposite direction was urgently needed, and that 6 st. should be the minimum weight in handicaps. They have not been able hitherto to gain over the majority of the Jockey Club to their views; but, on the other hand, there has been no whisper till the present year of any such attempt at a retrograde policy as that which was unfortunately crowned with success last week. As the law now stands, we are threatened with a revival of the worst abuses of the worst days of racing—baby jockeys, unable to control their horses, throwing the field into confusion, and frustrating the efforts of the starter, and horses of the lowest order of merit, or rather of no value at all, except for purposes of gambling.

All that can be done now is to try to get this miserable law repealed as soon as possible. We are glad to observe that directly the division had been taken notice was given by Lord Hardwicke and Sir J. Astley of their intention to move at the earliest opportunity for the restoration of the rule which Mr. Alexander and Colonel Forester had succeeded in altering. And we can hardly doubt that a really representative meeting of the Jockey Club will find little difficulty in reversing the work so hastily accomplished in the Craven week. The Jockey Club is a mixed body, and the foolishness and obstinacy which are amply represented among its members may snatch an occasional triumph; but there are better influences in the supreme council of the Turf which, we may venture to hope, will ultimately gain the mastery. The new Rules of Racing bear testimony, on the whole, to a sincere desire on the part of its framers to uphold and extend the influence and authority of the Club as the legitimate guardian of the honour and integrity of the Turf; and we cannot believe that there is a deliberate design to undo the good work which has been seriously undertaken, and has advanced some considerable way toward completion. When the two Stewards of the Jockey Club invite their colleagues to reconsider their late unfortunate decision, it may be hoped that members like the Duke of Richmond, Lord Granville, and Lord Hartington will be induced to attend, and use their influence to secure the restoration of the repealed rule. Should the curious addition to racing law for which we are indebted to the nine members of the Club who followed the leadership of Mr. Alexander and Colonel Forester, be formally ratified, it would indeed be high time for the Legislature to intervene. Some years ago, when Parliamentary interference in racing matters was threatened, the late Lord Derby gave his personal pledge that the Jockey Club would undertake all necessary reforms. We cannot say that reform has advanced with very rapid strides since the date of that promise; but at any rate the trust placed in the Jockey Club has not hitherto been betrayed. Such an insult to public opinion, however, such a defiance to all those who have striven to improve the character of racing, as was perpetrated last week must necessarily cause the withdrawal of all confidence in the judgment of the Jockey Club, unless speedy reparation be made. We should like, for our own part, to see the Turf Parliament continue to administer its own affairs; for indications are not wanting that, if the Legislature is driven to interfere with the management of horseracing, it will not deal with the subject in a very tender spirit.

A very brief notice will suffice of the Craven Meeting sport, which, though fairly well sustained from first to last, presented few features of importance. Ominous rumours were current to the disadvantage of three of the leading performers of 1876—Chamant, Lady Golightly, and Plunger—but the admirers of the two first-named had an opportunity of seeing their favourites, who were brought out during the week, though only to walk over for their engagements. Report had it that Chamant was beaten in a trial by his stable companion Verneuil; yet that might be, and still Chamant might be entitled to the continued support of his friends for

his great three-year-old engagements, for Verneuil was a very good-looking horse last year, and promised to grow into a very good one. For the hostility to Plunger there may be some reason, as it appears that he has been sold, and some suspicion usually attaches to horses sold on the eve of important engagements, though we must admit that occasionally the buyers know as much as the sellers. But it must be mentioned that Plunger declined an engagement of some value last week which on public form was at his mercy; and this circumstance was unfavourably noticed. Disagreeable reports were circulated as to Lady Golightly having manifested symptoms of roaring; and altogether the favourites for the Two Thousand and Derby had a bad time, though Chamant speedily recovered from the opposition directed against him. The Biennial, which has on more than one occasion proved a veritable Two Thousand trial, brought out a field of twelve runners, but the race was almost universally looked on as a match between Warren Hastings and Silvio. Neither of this pair, however, nor Cherron, who alone of the remainder was judged capable of effecting a surprise, finished in the first three, and the race fell to an unnoticed outsider, Grey Friar, who for more than half the distance appeared to be tailed off. A terrible east wind blew during the race, and both Silvio and Warren Hastings seemed to curl up under its influence. Still such an excuse for their defeat can hardly be admissible, and it will probably be safer to discard the Biennial field altogether, as little likely to furnish a formidable candidate for Two Thousand or Derby honours. Another three-year-old winner, as unlooked for almost as Grey Friar, was Hidalgo, a fine-looking son of Pero Gomez, who won the Sale Stakes in a canter, in the absence of Plunger, and two hours afterwards carried off the Newmarket Handicap over the severe last mile and a half of the Beacon course. This last performance was by no means to be despised; for Hidalgo is a horse who, we should fancy, waits holding together, and his gameness had more to do with his victory than his small jockey's riding. On the third day of the meeting Skylark successfully compassed the two miles from the Ditch in on two occasions, beating Coltness in his first and Twine the Plaiden in his second essay. Lord Falmouth's horse has evidently wintered well, and will be of great service to his owner as a schoolmaster to his three-year-olds. If we add that on this particular day P. Archer rode six winning races; that Mr. Sanford, the American sportsman who had such singular ill fortune last year, was successful on two occasions, one of his winners, Brown Prince, being a very promising three-year-old, engaged in the Derby; that Ecossais and Farnese showed, despite their un-soundness, that their fine turn of speed could yet avail to bring them to the front, and that the Newmarket International Handicap hardly promises to fulfil the expectations of its founders, we shall have said as much of the events of the Craven Meeting as is necessary.

There is little better racing during the season than that which is witnessed at Epsom in the April meeting, and the City and Suburban Handicap in particular steadily upholds its popularity as the Cambridgeshire of the spring. A brilliant field of twenty-eight came to the post last Tuesday for this interesting event, and the result confirmed public anticipations to the letter, the first three favourites occupying corresponding positions at the end of the race. The three-year-olds were powerfully represented by Touchet, who was tried up to Derby form early in the year, but who failed in the Lincoln Handicap, the first great certainty of the season, as was generally supposed; and Rosbach, Warrior, the Voltella colt, and Warren Hastings had also pretensions to something more than handicap form, though the inglorious exhibition of the latter in the Craven week had of course diminished his prospects for his Epsom engagement. St. Leger, Tassel, Newport, John Day, Hesper, and Julius Cæsar were among the four-year-olds, and Chaplet, The Snail, The Ghost, and Balbriggan represented the older horses. Altogether it was a field of winners; for hardly one of the horses we have mentioned has failed to distinguish himself; and had Bruce stood his preparation and come to the post fit and well, it would have been difficult to collect together at so early a period of the season a company of superior quality. Where so many were good, either very superior merit, or very high trials, or a great advantage in the weights, were indispensable conditions for favouritism; and there was much wavering and uncertainty before a definite selection could be made on which implicit trust might be placed. On their merits, or at the weights, more than half the field were worth backing; and, as a matter of fact, more than half were backed. Touchet, despite his defeat at Lincoln, again carried the confidence of his friends; the high respect due to Chaplet on account of her public performances was increased by the news of a most favourable trial; Balbriggan, a five-year-old, with 6 st. 7 lbs., was backed as old horses thrown in to handicaps invariably are backed, and often to good purpose, like Sutton for the Cambridgeshire; and Julius Cæsar, unlucky horse as he might be esteemed in so often just missing the prize of victory, could not possibly be passed over by those who remembered that he secured a place in all the classic races of 1876—in the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the St. Leger. It was no harsh treatment to allot 7 st. 9 lbs. to a four-year-old who had always been thereabouts, if not actually there, during his three-year-old career, and when opposed to the best horses of his own age, and who had stretched the neck of the flying Petrarch over the Rowley mile. And the result showed that Julius Cæsar was well able to meet a highly-tried three-year-old like Touchet at a difference of 24 lbs., as well as to beat all purely handicap form with-

out difficulty. The race, in fact, was at his mercy at any moment when his jockey chose to let him go; but, after pulling him back from the front at an early part of the race, Archer made no attempt to resume the lead till reaching the commencement of the enclosure. There he gave him his head, and the son of St. Albans, having the foot of his opponents, of whom the stable companions Touchet and Snail were the most formidable, raced away and won in a canter by six lengths. Touchet and The Snail might have secured second and third places, but the latter being eased at the last, Balbriggan ran into a position, while Hesper, John Day, and The Ghost were the nearest followers of the four leading horses. No victory could have been more easily obtained, and it was well received, the performances of Julius Caesar having been consistent. The horse may probably have not the best of tempers, but there was nothing to try it last Tuesday. He had only to gallop and was never called on to make a struggle. With Julius Caesar out of the way, Lord Roschery could have won either with Touchet or The Snail, and evidently no mistake had been made about the former's trial, though the forward position of his ancient stable companion, who was supposed to have lost the turn of speed so necessary in the City and Suburban, excited some surprise. But, if Touchet were a Derby horse, he ought to have got much nearer, at the weights, to Julius Caesar, who, whatever his merits, has no claim to rank with the best of his year.

REVIEWS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BALZAC.

THE handsome library edition of Balzac's works which it has taken many years to bring out has at last been completed, and has been supplemented by a final volume containing Balzac's correspondence. But, as the library edition has the demerit of being large and heavy, the correspondence has been published separately in two volumes of a more convenient size, and may be bought and studied apart from the works. Balzac held so high a place in French literature that it is natural to wish to know something of his life, and to understand what kind of man he was in his immediate personal relations with his friends and his family. Much that illustrates his character, his circumstances, and his habits is to be gleaned from his correspondence. But a correspondence without a biographical accompaniment is apt to be bewildering. The reader cannot gather from the mere date at the top of a letter what was happening to the writer when he wrote, and Balzac was a man the thread of whose life was indicated by his letters in an unusually slight degree. The letters, as we peruse these volumes, seem floating in the air with nothing to connect them. And not only have the editors of the correspondence not attempted to give anything like the connecting story of his life, but no life of Balzac exists anywhere. Books have been written about Balzac, but they are for the most part poor pieces of bookmaking. Verdet, who was his publisher for a few years, has written a mournful mass of grandiloquence about the troubles he had to encounter at the hands of Balzac, who seems to have pushed to a fatal extreme the right which an author has to borrow of his publisher. Lamartine, who might have been supposed capable of something better, wrote a memoir or study of Balzac which consists of some feeble reminiscences of meetings with Balzac in society, extracts from the previously published letters of Balzac to his sister, and a long analysis of *Eugenie Grandet*. M. Cozzan published two books about Balzac—one called *Balzac chez lui* and the other *Balzac en pantalons*—which are supposed to describe the novelist in the intimacy of private life, but which are mere collections of the silliest and most vapid gossip. Balzac also was in the habit of carrying a grand cane with a handle studded with precious stones, and in a fanciful connexion with this cane Mme. Emile de Girardin wrote a story of dull impropriety called *La canne de M. de Balzac*. Finally, a M. Baschet, a Belgian, wrote a Memoir of Balzac which is, if possible, more empty than the French accounts of him. The searcher for a life of Balzac is like a traveller who is forced to pass from one piece of shifting mud to another. It may, however, be said in justice to all these biographers, that there never perhaps was a man of eminence of whose life there was so little distinct and interesting to record. The most sensible—perhaps, the only sensible—passage in M. Cozzan's two works is that in which he confesses that, with the most burning desire to say something about Balzac, he finds he has nothing to say. The correspondence now published has at least the merit that it allows us to see Balzac as he was, so far as any letter-writer really reveals himself to his correspondents. If a few connecting links are supplied, it is possible to piece together from these letters something like the story of his life. To do this adequately would require a considerable space; but a short sketch may convey some notion of what Balzac was, with his greatness and his littleness, his many faults and his few, but sterling, virtues.

Balzac was born at Tours in 1799 on the 21st of May, which, being the feast of St. Honorius, suggested Honoré as his Christian name. His father, an advocate, had recently married, at the age of fifty, a young lady the daughter of one of his colleagues;

but as he had not contemplated marriage, he had invested most of his money in a tontine, and he spent his married life chiefly in endeavours to live as long as possible, with the dazzling hope of a fortune always before him if he could but manage to survive his associates. So successful were his efforts that he lived to be eighty-three, and did not die until 1829, when Balzac was thirty. His wife possessed some fortune, but it was lost through bad investments, so that Balzac, although brought up in comfort, had nothing to inherit. He passed through school and college without distinction; but his sister Laura, two years his junior, who was his intimate friend through life, records his passionate fondness for reading every kind of literature except school lessons, and his early aptitude for inventing plots and scenes. After his time at college was over, his father had an excellent opportunity of establishing him with a notary, but Balzac boldly declared that he would be nothing except a writer. The family discussion consequent on this announcement was ended by his being permitted to live alone in an attic with just enough money allowed him to support life, in order that he might have a practical experience of the miseries which unknown authors undergo. The first letters in the collection now published are dated from this attic, and describe the ferocious energy with which he devoured books and tried to write them. The pecuniary struggles which he had to undergo are also depicted, as well as the strange whims by which their burden was augmented. He had to live on five pounds a month and to sit without a fire; but he took into his head to hire a man servant, to buy a piano, and to plan a hydraulic apparatus for the incommensurate purpose of making his cellar. From this state of penury and aspiration he was relieved by permission to return to his father's house; and in order to secure an independent income, he began to sell himself to the very small booksellers who would purchase tales hastily written by an unknown author. A friend who wished to give him an opening in another direction furnished him with funds, which he employed in commencing a reprint of French classical authors in single volumes at low prices. But he knew nothing of the book trade, and the money furnished him was soon gone. More money was found to give him a fresh start, and he set up first as a printer and then as a typesetter, but was quickly brought to the verge of bankruptcy, from which he was only saved by an advance from his mother of 2,000*l*. This was the beginning of those famous debts which form the constant theme of his correspondence in after years. Gradually his stories became better known and better worth reading; but it was not until the publication of the *Peau de Chagrin* in 1831 that he had any great success. This book may be said to mark an epoch in his life; for it not only convinced competent critics that France had a new writer of great original power, but it indicated that he was already under the influence of the idea which ever afterwards possessed him, that his novels were all parts of a great whole, and that it was his mission to paint on an enormous scale the full extent of human life as it existed in France in his day. "The public," he writes to Charles de Bernard in August 1831, "will recognize, I hope, how immense and how new is the undertaking in which I may fail, but which I shall try to carry out." The notion that the *Comédie humaine* was his true subject had taken hold of him, and never afterwards quitted him.

His sister, while he was still living in his attic, had married M. Surville, an engineer, but she remained his closest and most intimate friend. His letters to her are uniformly written in a vein of frank and confiding affection. With his mother his relations were less happy, for, as he expresses it, she was one of those women who put thorns among the roses of life; and, after his father's death, she was mainly dependent on an annuity which Balzac engaged to pay her, but for the instalments of which she was often obliged to wait, receiving instead a statement of the enormous energy with which he was working and of his present condition of utter impecuniosity. These financial statements form a wearisome part of his correspondence. He had a love of calculation, and he was delighted with the task of making imaginary balance-sheets based on the profits he was sure to make. He worked desperately hard, and wrote many of his best works in the years which immediately followed the publication of the *Peau de Chagrin*. *Eugenie Grandet*, the *Médecin de Campagne*, and *Père Goriot* all belong to this period, and he had generally two or three tales in hand at once. It may be assumed that the strain thus put on his energies was greater than he would have had to endure if he had written his tales successively. But, in order to raise money, he was perpetually dealing with new publishers, and his conception of a publisher was always that of a person who would lend him money on the strength of something he was going to write. Quarrels with publishers occupy almost as large a part of his letters as statements of his actual and possible finances; and quarrels with publishers, though matters of the greatest importance to authors, are not amusing for outsiders to read of. He was by this time a lion in Paris society; but of Paris and of society, of what was going on in France, of literature or politics, or of the thoughts and deeds of other people, Balzac never wrote. He was entirely taken up with his own troubles and his own writings; and he had in his troubles the consolation, which to an author is perhaps the greatest possible, of an undaunted belief in his genius and in the merits of his writing. It seemed scarcely credible to him that any human being should be able to write such books as he wrote, and every new novel he wrote was destined to surpass all that had gone before. Perhaps the tale which is generally considered his masterpiece, *Eugenie Grandet*, is that of which he speaks least. But he tells one correspondent that the *Médecin*

* Correspondance de H. de Balzac, 1819-1850. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

de Campagne is meant to attain the simple grandeur of the Gospel, to surpass the *Picar of Wakefield*, and to show in action the *Imitatio Christi*: and another that *Louis Lambert*, which was a sort of poetical autobiography, was a pendant to *Phuel* and *Manfred*. His isolation, however, and his absorption in his own affairs saved him from everything like jealousy or depreciation of his contemporaries. There was an utter absence of ill-nature in Balzac, and an utter absence of literary meanness. To pour out his heart to his friends, to get into debt, to gratify his whims, to work all night with the fatal aid of black coffee, and to follow with affectionate admiration the workings of his own mind, amply sufficed to fill up his life, and provide him with the strange sort of happy misery in which he found his supreme delight.

In 1835 begin his letters to the Countess Rzewuska, whom he had met and loved in 1833. The earlier letters to her were lost in a fire, and, when the correspondence now published begins, she was married, and was the Countess Hanska. Her husband died about the end of 1842, and, after a long probation, and the conquest of many obstacles and some natural apprehensions, she rewarded the fidelity of her adorer, and became Balzac's wife in 1850, shortly before his death. The letters to this lady fill a large space in the volumes now published, and form the most interesting part of their contents. Balzac wrote his very best to the woman he loved; told her everything he planned, suffered, and thought; gave her a record of his life and feelings, and never wearied in expressing the devout worship with which he regarded her. Most readers will feel that it is somewhat hard work getting through them, for there is a terrible monotony in the subjects on which Balzac writes, and letters ten or twenty pages long about a man's feelings, debts, and half-finished novels are dull reading. But at any rate they tell us all that there is to be told about Balzac. He worked enormously; and on one occasion he tells his Countess that he had then been twenty-five days without sleep. He also made much money; for in one year we find him putting down his gains at 6,000*l.*; but his debts increased the more money he made, as he was always gratifying some caprice. He was quite aware that he never showed a grain of common sense, and rather prided himself on it. In 1838, for example, he started off to Sardinia in search of the refuse of some old Roman lead mines, by which he was to make a sudden fortune. In order to carry out this brilliant scheme, he had to surmount what at first seemed an insuperable difficulty. He had to raise twenty pounds in cash for his journey money. Yet a little later on in the same year we find him buying a house at Ville d'Avray, and writing that its possession gave him a beautiful view, fresh air, of which he tells Mme. Hanska he needs an enormous quantity, freedom from the task of having to serve in the National Guard, and 1,800*l.* more debts. "Of course he is going to work as no one ever worked before, now that he has the solitude he desires. But a new position gave him new wants. His garden had the drawback of having nothing whatever in it; but it was not for a great man like Balzac to wait for trees to grow. So he informs his lady-love that everything can be got in Paris, and that he is going to buy magnolias twenty years old, limes sixteen years old, some big poplars, and vines with the grapes on ready for picking. Unfortunately his villa plunged him into expenses of a more sober and humble kind; for no sooner was it finished than it tumbled down, as the architect, who must have been a man after Balzac's own heart, had forgotten to put any foundations. While she was a married woman Mme. Hanska was too honourable and prudent to respond to his raptures, and he complains of the coldness of her letters, and even of her laughing a little at his warmth. When she was free he went to Russia to see her, and thenceforward had no reason for restraining his sentiments, or even doubting that they were returned. He had, it is true, while the existence of M. Hanska seemed to dobar him from all hopes of happiness, been sometimes tempted to think that his best mode of extricating himself from his debts was by a businesslike marriage. Thus we find him on one occasion writing to a lady correspondent that, if she could find him a lady-like, good-looking woman of thirty years of age, with twelve or sixteen thousand pounds, he would marry her, enormous as would be the sacrifice he should be making; and in another moment of depression he wrote to the same lady that he would accept a young woman of twenty-two who had the qualifications of being ambitious and witty, fit for any fortunes, whether she might be called on to preside over an embassy or keep house in a villa; and this gifted being would be received by him at the very modest figure of 8,000*l.*, or even 4,000*l.*, provided her dowry was applied exclusively to paying his debts. But after he once saw a chance of obtaining his Countess he never wavered; and if ever there was a devoted lover after the French type (he tells her he has been crying like a child while he has been calling to memory her little looks and ways), Balzac may claim to have been the man. In his wildest exaggerations he was sincere; and his truthfulness is no more to be doubted when he tells her that she is the divine guide of his life than when he informs her that the century has produced four really great men—Napoleon, Cuvier, O'Connell, and himself.

It was in 1846 that the Countess Hanska finally permitted Balzac to consider himself engaged to her. But, if he had not himself incidentally, in a letter written some time afterwards, fixed the date, it would have been difficult to have deciphered it from the correspondence. Much before that time we find him recalling to her recollection how difficult they had found it to part when they met; ten times had they walked from the sofa to the door, and ten times back from the door to the sofa, before the bitter word of farewell could be spoken. He had travelled with her on the

Rhone, and stayed with her at Naples, and he reminds her how blissfully the moments once flew on a steamer when they got up in the early dawn, and forgot the illnesses from which they were respectively suffering in the transports of sweet companionship. Nor did the fact of their engagement seem to do much towards promoting their marriage. The lady shrank from the difficulties and risks to which her marriage would expose her. She had a young daughter, and it was not until the late of this daughter was happily fixed by an early marriage that she could possibly feel herself free. Her people were in a very considerable position in Russia, and by no means approved of her making what, in a worldly point of view, was an imprudent second marriage. But the greatest of all obstacles was that of Balzac's own character and circumstances. A nervous, egotistical, overworked novelist, crippled with debts, and with no more notion of money than a baby has, may be charming as a friend or an adorer, but is rather terrifying as a husband. Balzac's health, too, was gradually breaking down under the pressure of work, anxiety, night hours, and coffee; and the lady herself became a constant sufferer, and was a victim to rheumatic gout. Balzac was in Paris during the February Revolution of 1848; and it is related that he formed part of the mob which entered the Tuileries, and was very much interested in some of the furniture he found there. But there is no reference to the Revolution in his correspondence. He always stood apart from the stream of politics and contemporary literature. It is seldom that he wanders into literary criticism; but he now and then in his letters gives vent to his hearty and fervent admiration for Scott, and he pays a willing tribute to the merits of Bayle, Charles de Bernard, and Victor Hugo. He was totally free from literary jealousy, and he did not even resent his exclusion from the Academy, acquiescing in the supposition that a man with so many debts could not properly be admitted. The concluding years of his life were principally spent at the country seat of the Countess, where he was on the pleasantest terms with her, her daughter, and her son-in-law. Numerous letters to his sister describe the fluctuations of his hopes, and his doubts whether, after all, his prolonged residence in Russia would end in his quitting the family mansion of his friends as the husband of his beloved one. At last love triumphed over everything, over the opposition of friends, the dictates of prudence, and the warnings of disease. The fatal affliction of the heart which soon carried Balzac to his grave had already declared itself, and the Countess was so completely the prey to gout that her swollen hands had become almost useless when she married. Balzac, too, found blindness creeping over him, and the married pair had scarcely reached Paris when he died, in the summer of 1850. Although their prolixity makes them wearisome, the letters which conclude these volumes are truly pathetic. Romance takes many forms, and it is not often that such real romance is offered to the public as in the story of these two old lovers, doomed by disease but supported by affection, united only to part, but beautified by the rays of genuine feeling, and convinced that even under such circumstances their marriage was the crown and the joy of existence.

CURTEIS'S RISE OF THE MACEDONIAN EMPIRE.*

MR. CURTEIS is of course not to be held responsible for the general proclamation or advertisement as to the uses of the series of which his little book forms part. The contributions of Messrs. Cox and Sankey, who present themselves in the double capacity of editors and authors, may more fairly be judged according to the standard of their prospectus, and criticized either as attempts at "a complete picture of an important period of the world's history," or as short books intended to be "specially valuable to a man who has to master a few books of Herodotus or Thucydides, Livy or Tacitus," and who wants "a short book treating his particular period in detail." The general merits of the design of this series we have more than once discussed; it is accordingly unnecessary to say more on the present occasion than that its great, though not, we think, insuperable difficulty lies, to borrow a phrase from another sort of manual, in "first catching your" epochs. Mr. Curteis is, we believe, known as an experienced and successful teacher of history; and something was therefore to be expected from him, even in this preliminary part of his task. That he has not found it an altogether easy one may be gathered from the variation in the titles by which he seeks to describe the subject of his book to his readers. In the list of "Epochs of Ancient History" prefixed to the title-page the book is announced as "The Macedonian Empire: its Rise and Culmination to the Death of Alexander the Great." On the title-page proper the superscription stands, at once more briefly and more vaguely, as "Rise of the Macedonian Empire." On the opening page of the text the title assumes the still shorter and vaguer form of "The Macedonian Empire."

Now, in whatever way we may be pleased to define an "epoch," it certainly means a time at which something stops and at which something else begins. It is not a mere section of history marked off by dates, more or less arbitrarily chosen; were it such, there would indeed be no end to Messrs. Cox and Sankey's series, and they might deal with ancient history as Juliet proposed to deal with

* *Rise of the Macedonian Empire.* By Arthur M. Curteis. (*Epochs of Ancient History Series.*) London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

the dead Romeo, and "cut it out in little" books innumerable. The something beginning in the present instance is of course the Macedonian Empire. But the Macedonian Empire as established by Philip was a wholly different thing from the Macedonian Empire as formed by the conquests of Alexander. Doubtless there is a most intimate connexion between the deeds of father and son, and an unbroken continuity in their ideas; but the operations of Philip, directly at all events, addressed themselves to a different end from that compassed by his successor; and, if ever any one man began an epoch, it was Alexander himself. Of both Philip and Alexander it may be said, as Mr. Curtius well says of the former, that they were "great beyond question, if greatness consists in having grand and definite aims, and in successfully adapting means to ends." In short, the Macedonian Empire "rose" under Philip, and not only culminated, but entirely changed its character, under his successor. It therefore seems to us that the rise of the Macedonian Empire would have furnished an appropriate and sufficiently ample theme for a single "epoch" of this series; and the Macedonian conquest of Asia for another. The former (which would have admirably suited the secondary purpose of the series) might have properly included a fuller survey of the previous history of Macedon than Mr. Curtius's limits have allowed him to give; in the latter, room might have been found for some exposition of the more immediate effects of the great conquest—which it might be very convenient for some "men" to have before them in definite shape, even though there is no great classical writer to be "mastered" in whole or in part with reference to the period in question. As it is, we fear that Mr. Curtius has attempted to put too much into his "epoch"; and to this cause we should be inclined chiefly to attribute the inequality which seems to us perceptible in his execution of his task. His special merits seem to lie in the direction of military history; and his narrative of the campaigns of Alexander accordingly strikes us as in every respect the best part of his little book. The whole of it, however, commends itself by a tone of moderation and fairness which specially becomes a work of its design and dimensions. The characters of Philip and of Alexander are sketched with candour and temperateness, though there may be some exaggeration in describing the former as not only "the boldest rider and swimmer," but as "the best educated man of the world" of his "time," as well as of his "country." The effect upon Alexander of his career could not be better summed up than in the words that he "resembled Napoleon and many another great man in the fact that extraordinary success spoiled a really great character." Mr. Curtius would, however, perhaps have done well—unless, indeed, as there is some reason to conclude, the application of historical parallels is one of the "principles" of the series—to reserve the use of this method of illustration for occasions when it could be applied with the aptness of the instance cited. The comparison of the marriage of Amyntas II. to that of Henry V. really recalls in more senses than one the famous parallel of Macedon and Monmouth; for the Lyncestæ were a native clan, not a foreign Power. To the comparison between Philip at Thebes and Peter the Great in Holland no such exception can be taken; but, with all respect for Mr. Curtius's opinions on the Eastern question, we demur to the conjectural seasoning of the following, in reference to the effects exercised by the sack of Olynthus:—

It was not so much that Philip became at once lord of an Empire reaching from the Chersonese to Thermopylæ, dominating men's imaginations as Russia dominates them now; but that it suddenly changed, as it were, the balance of men's minds (as Russia's conquest of Constantinople might change it now), blinded their eyes, disturbed their judgment, and turned even honourable politicians into timid, if not corrupt, worshippers of the rising sun.

Sufficient, we should say, for an epoch are the impulses and the *phobias* thereof. In general, while we observe in Mr. Curtius a praiseworthy absence of paradox, we cannot commend him as always eschewing commonplace. "It is," no doubt, "a phenomenon often seen in political history, that the substitution of one strong will for a hundred conflicting wills is a slow process, subject to ebb and flow, and often desperately opposed by those who have a personal interest in a time of license"; but the illustrations of the phenomenon which follow would have admitted of its being stated in fewer words. As a rule, however, Mr. Curtius is both concise and clear; and there is only one passage in his book of which it is necessary to guess the meaning:—

Nothing less than a city (such as village communities), and nothing more than a city (such as a nation), seemed to satisfy the average Greek mind.

He has one other sentence the idea of which strikes us as oddly put; but Mr. Curtius was here perhaps unconsciously seeking to vindicate the general design of his book, as to which we have already indicated our opinion. The fourth century B.C., he says,

was marked by two struggles which severally admit of comparison in any single point except in the greatness of their results and in the fact that the one was made possible by the successful result of the other—

a fact in which we fail to recognize any basis for a comparison between them, though it may prove that in one sense (though not in that corresponding to our conception of an epoch) the two struggles are parts of a single whole.

The "mission" of Macedon, afterwards revealed to Isocrates (of whose conscientiously meant but unmistakable services to the designs of Philip we observe no notice in Mr. Curtius's volume), was very darkly indeed before the eyes of her

earlier kings. Yet nothing can be more interesting than an inquiry, however summary, into the beginnings of that connexion between Macedon and Hellas which the labours of Philip were destined at last to develop into the establishment of the supremacy of the former. Mr. Curtius, while justly deeming an outline of the history of the Macedonian Kingdom essential to a sketch of the rise of the Macedonian Empire, has been obliged to compress the former within the very narrowest limits. He begins with a brief chapter on Macedonian geography, partly founded on Curtius, and passes very rapidly over the question of the precise ethnological relations between Macedonians and Greeks. We are certainly not among those who regard the question of descent as one of paramount importance in the history of any people; for a nation is often not formed as such till it has lost much, if not all, of the consciousness of its ethnological origin. When an ingenious French writer, intent upon taking a literary revenge for Sedan, casts in the teeth of the Prussians the taunt that they, the founders of German unity, are more than half of them the descendants of Slav forefathers, we think the impeachment may be disowned without any violent pang of sensitiveness. At the same time it is curious to observe how passionately even modern historians discuss the preliminary question as to the relations by descent of Macedonians and Hellenes. Ottfried Müller, for instance, filled as he was with enthusiastic admiration of the Hellenic genius, in whose capacity for self-development he recognized the source of its greatness, was eager to demonstrate the Macedonians to have been no Greeks. Niebuhr, who accepted Müller's views on this head, was similarly inclined, from his melancholy way of regarding the catastrophes of history, to see in the Macedonian victory a victory of the base over the noble, of barbarism over culture. Drumann, on the other hand, who looked upon the "centrifugal" tendencies of the Greeks with something of the sternness of Mr. Cox, and who regretted that they did not from the first adopt the drastic remedy of a strong monarchy, which Mr. Mahaffy has lately been good enough to recommend to their successors, took much comfort in the mythological indications of kinship between the Macedonians and the Hellenic family. Unfortunately, the mythology of the Macedonians as it has come down to us is not easily separable from the pedantic devices of the Alexandrine scholars; and Mr. Curtius is probably well advised in confining his references to the tradition handed down by Herodotus, which obviously had a genuinely national origin. What knowledge we possess of the early religious system of the Macedonians points upon the whole in the direction of a closer kinship than would ever have been admitted by Demosthenes; the still scantier evidence of language has the same bearing; and in political life the Macedonian kingship is essentially the kingship of the Greeks in the heroic age. Of the political institutions of the Macedonians Mr. Curtius might perhaps have found room for a brief connected notice; if we do not mistake, he on several occasions mentions the "Companions" without explicitly describing their position in the political and social system of the monarchy.

Among the Macedonian kings who preceded the father of Philip II., Mr. Curtius properly notices only those whose reigns are signalized by important stages in the historical progress of the rising kingdom. The history of Macedonia as a State may be said to begin with the foundation, under whatever circumstances it took place, of *Ægæ*, by which the Emathian plain became Macedonia. The second stage is marked by the subjection, under Amyntas I., of Pieria and Bottiaea, and by the establishment of the capital at Pella by his son, Alexander Philhellen. Thus Macedonia entered, or re-entered, into relations with the Greeks; and the invasion of Xerxes helped to extend the kingdom which was to overthrow the Empire of his descendants. The conflicts with Athens began almost as soon as Macedonia had become a maritime State, under the reign of the Greek-loving King's illegitimate successor. The policy of Perdiccas was continued by Archelaus, whose foundation of Pella marks the third and last stage in the previous history, if we may so call it, of the Macedonian kingdom, and who gave evidence so unmistakable of his desire to be reckoned a Greek and a friend of Greeks, though still only such in *partibus*.

With the death of Archelaus begins a more complicated period of Macedonian history, which is well sketched by Mr. Curtius. He shows how miserably Sparta misunderstood or ran counter to her duty as the primary power of Hellas, in co-operating with Amyntas II. in the break-up of the Olynthian synœcism. He shows how nearly the future of Greece and the future of Macedonia were alike altered by the ambition of the tyrants of Phœnix; in fact, this ambition ultimately led to a temporary Macedonian advance, which brought Macedonia and Thebes into direct conflict, and was thus the cause of the youthful Philip's removal as a hostage to the city where he was to learn the secrets of military greatness. On this part of his subject Mr. Curtius evidently dwells with special predilection; and his account of the Macedonian phalanx is remarkable for its clearness. Few tactical innovations—for the Macedonian phalanx was an improvement upon the Theban—have proved so long an endurance; for the success of Philip's application of the principle of Epaminondas "is seen in the fact that the Macedonian formation remained in vogue as the fighting system of the world, until superseded by the Roman legion"; and no event in military history is of more signal importance than that of the collision of the two systems, and the final victory of the Roman at Pydna.

Mr. Curtius's account of the long but perfectly consistent, and, to a student of ordinary intelligence, perfectly perspicuous process,

by which Philip made himself master of the destinies of Hellas; would be as interesting as his subsequent narrative of the conquests of Alexander, were it not unduly limited by the plan of his book. The author is unable to say enough of the conditions of the struggle to invest it with all the interest it possesses; and the reader who wishes to understand its different phases, more especially in the conduct of Athens, will after all have to turn to other sources in order to supplement the present narrative. Indeed, Mr. Curteis on one occasion, when speaking of the naval reform instituted by Demosthenes, remarks that its details belong to Athenian rather than to Macedonian history; but it might have easily been explained in as many lines as are devoted to writing about it. These are just the things which both teachers and learners justly expect to find in handbooks, and which a scholar like Mr. Curteis would have no difficulty in providing in a condensed form. It is, we think, of more importance that Mr. Curteis has hardly summarised with sufficient completeness the whole of the proceedings of Philip after Chæronea; it would have been well to state where he placed garrisons, and to what degree accordingly the bases of his supremacy resembled those of that held by Sparta after the Peloponnesian War.

The narrative of Alexander's campaigns is admirably adapted to its purpose, and supplies a want which has been long felt—that of a lucid but at the same time concise summary of one of the most momentous military expeditions which the world has ever known. We hope that Mr. Curteis's sketch may lead teachers of history once more to attempt a task which they are too often prone to renounce as if in despair, and to carry the studies of their pupils beyond the day of Chæronea, instead of allowing them to think, like Isocrates, that with it Greek history had come to a close. As for the great analysis of Alexander, we may well agree with Grote that its interest is not to be sought in any intention of the conqueror to be the diffuser of the civilization which he actually spread. Yet although there was here, as elsewhere, a vast discrepancy between intention and result, the enterprise of Alexander had that distinctive mark of greatness which lies in consciousness of aim. And the plan of the book before us, with which from one point of view we have been obliged to find fault, may at least excuse the revival of a very natural reflection. Had Philip lived to lead, as he hoped to have done, the Macedonian and Greek hosts into Asia, would he, like his son, have sought to convert East and West into one great monarchy, of which the members would lose their national identity by amalgamation, by transplantation, by intimate mutual intercourse—by the various means which Alexander was actually engaged in organizing when death cut short his career? Or would he have been satisfied with the establishment of a Mediterranean Empire, or, at all events, with such a share in the dominion of the East as would have been accepted by Alexander before Tyre “had he been Parmenio”? Alexander consciously aimed at the whole; and his purpose was to conquer a world. Even in his case ambition overleapt itself; nor were the East and the West made one by him; but history tells of no second instance where imagination was so nearly approached by achievement. We wish that, with the help of Thirlwall and Grote and Droysen, Mr. Curteis would convert the second part of his little book into a work of wider dimensions, yet still sufficiently concise to be put into the hands of young students; and, after lucidly summarizing, as he has done, the course of Alexander's conquests, would indicate, with such precision as the subject admits, the general character of their more immediate results.

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

AS a rule, a Blue-book can scarcely be regarded as a literary composition; nor does that which is now before us make any claims to such a rank. It consists of a series of despatches reporting the various incidents of the Arctic Expedition, and it would be perhaps unfair to judge them by literary canons of taste. Otherwise we might have something to say about such a sentence as the following, which, it is only charitable to suppose, may have been mangled in the process of printing:—

Lieut. Beaumont's attempt with a cart, with the same object in view, his able remarks on the difficulties attendant on such a journey over so difficult and mountainous a country, which was then deep with snow, the thermometer being so low, the probable results so small, I consider he showed a wise discretion in returning to the ship the following day.

The ink, one supposes, must have been a little frozen when this odd collection of clauses was put together. If, however, literary form is necessarily absent from such a publication, and if elegance of style is little regarded in particular passages, it must be said, on the other side, that few books of travel are more interesting than this collection of the raw materials from which a book might be formed. When reading what professes to be an artistic narrative of a journey we are often annoyed by the lapse of the author into mere diary. We resent the implied insult when a man, professing to give us a book, gives us only the crude data on which a real book might be founded. In the present case, however, while there is no pretension, we can see that there are some compensating advantages in the less artistic plan. Nothing, as we shall presently see, could impress upon us more forcibly the hardships and labours of an Arctic expedition than a steady reading of the various journals here laid before us. One need have no remorse when skipping

pages in a Blue-book, and there is a certain monotony about much of the present work which will no doubt prompt occasional leaps. But it is worth while to plod steadily through a good many continuous pages in order to receive a full impression of the difficulties encountered and the courage with which they were met.

The despatches here brought together consist of general reports from Sir George Nares and his chief subordinates, followed by the detailed journals of the various expeditions, and illustrated by a great number of charts and panoramic sketches of the scenery. The main outlines of the whole adventure are sufficiently familiar to our readers. After reaching a high latitude in the autumn of 1875, and passing a long winter of extraordinary cold, the main exploring parties were sent out in the spring of 1876. Two of these started from Sir G. Nares's ship, the *Alert*—one of them, under Commander Markham, making due North across the open sea of ice to which Smith's Sound unfortunately leads; whilst the other, under Lieutenant Aldrich, followed the coast-line of “Grant Land” to the West. During the same period Lieutenant Beaumont, of the *Discovery*, followed the Northern coast of Greenland in an easterly direction. Each of these parties made efforts which were pushed to the furthest limits of prudence. They all returned completely crippled by scurvy, and could not have returned at all without the help of the comrades left at the ships. Three lives were sacrificed in the struggle, and the party which aimed at the North Pole made a very insignificant advance towards their goal. They reached a point seventy-three miles due North from the ship, and were still at a distance of 399½ miles from the Pole. In order to obtain complete success, they would have had therefore to travel eleven miles in addition to every two which they actually succeeded in covering. It is to be observed that, in order to advance a mile to the North, they had, on an average, to march nearly four miles. It must therefore be admitted that the expedition was in some sense a failure; or, at least, that the travellers succeeded only in demonstrating that a successful journey to the Pole is out of the question by this route, unless, indeed, some greatly improved method of travelling could be invented.

As there is necessarily a great similarity in the adventures of the various parties, it will be sufficient if we try to give some account of that which made the direct advance to the North. This party, after leaving its supports, consisted of fifteen men, under Commander Markham and Lieutenant Parr, who had to drag three sledges. The weight at starting was very considerable, owing partly to the fact that two boats were taken on the sledges, in case of the ice breaking up before the return of the party to the coast. One of these boats had to be abandoned before they had reached any considerable distance, and the other at about the same point upon the return journey. The gain thus made in weight was unfortunately soon made up by the necessity of placing sick men on the sledges. It was thus necessary that each sledge should be dragged separately by the united crews. They had then to make return journeys in order to bring up the others; and thus, during great part of the journey, five trips of a mile had to be made in order to accomplish an advance of one mile. The nature of the ground (if it is to be so called) was such as to make the progress excessively toilsome. The surfaces of the floes were covered with hummocks of ice, sometimes lying in ranges, and more frequently separated by snow-filled depressions, scored into deep ridges by the wind, and thus resembling a frozen sea. Between the floes, again, were chaotic collections of the debris of pack-ice, frozen together by the winter into “a rugged mass of angular blocks of various heights up to forty or fifty feet.” Through this labyrinth ran the frozen snow-ridges, called “sastrugi,” which sometimes facilitate Arctic travelling by their comparatively smooth tops. As, however, they ran transversely to the direction followed, they formed so many ridges to be crossed at right angles. To force a way through such obstacles with heavily laden sledges, after having to cut a passage with pickaxes, obviously involved terrible labour, even if we leave out of account a temperature of cruel severity. Commander Markham says that, even if no boats were taken and only the most lightly equipped sledges, and if perfect health could be preserved, he does not believe that a party could advance many miles further, certainly not a degree of latitude. He speaks with authority, and, as far as we can judge, with good reason; and it is certainly difficult to say that any advantage would be gained by obtaining a report of a greater extent of similar ice formations.

Commander Markham left the ship on the 3rd of April, and on the 10th separated from the Western party to strike due North across the frozen ocean. The men were in good spirits; the snow-blindness which afflicted their leaders soon passed off; and, except the intense cold, the deep snow, and the generally hopeless nature of the obstacles to be encountered, there was not much to complain of. On the 14th, however, an ominous symptom appeared, though its significance was not understood. One of the men complained of pain in his knees and ankles—a fact not very surprising at the beginning of a period of severe exertion after a winter's compulsory repose. He did not improve, however, and on the 16th had to be carried on a sledge. Frost-bites were common, and we find the entry “Too cold to write.” Still the men were working well, and their commander was only afraid that they would over-exert themselves. On the 17th, however, another man had to be invalided; and on the 19th it was resolved to abandon one of the boats. The loss of two men out of fifteen, and the addition of their weight to the sledges, was sufficiently serious; but others soon began to show symptoms of weakness. Sometimes the invalids could crawl instead of being carried; but more disquieting symptoms gradually

* Journals and Proceedings of the Arctic Expedition, 1873-6. Presented to both Houses by Command of Her Majesty. 1877.

developed themselves. "It is impossible," says Commodore Markham, on the 25th, "to conceive anything more disagreeable than sick men, either in the tent or on the march, especially when they are helpless, persist in groaning all night, and in being querulous and fretful." However, sailors, as he adds, make good nurses, which is some consolation. Still the monotony of travel, when broken only by such incidents as frost-bites and the groans of scorbutic patients, must be wearing to the spirits. Thick weather occasionally made a day's halt necessary; but the rest did little good to the men. On the 1st of May came a bright morning, but we also find the first distinct intimation that the troublesome symptoms were due to scurvy. The travellers resisted the unwelcome belief as long as possible, and if they had recognized the nature of the complaint earlier the knowledge would have done no good. By the 3rd of May we are told that all five patients—that is, a third of the working strength—were "utterly helpless and, therefore, useless." The rest of the crews were "much done up," the extra work caused by the illness of their comrades naturally telling upon them. No improvement took place in the sick, nor in the surrounding circumstances. It was not, however, till the 9th of May that the conclusion was fairly admitted that the illness was really scurvy, and scurvy "in no mild form." A small quantity of the little lime-juice taken was then served out; but there were only two bottles to each sledge. On the 10th, Commander Markham decided that it was useless to persevere further. It was the fortieth day from the ship, and only thirty-one days' provisions were left. Indeed, the only criticism likely to be made upon his decision would be that it might have been reached sooner. A few observations were made on the 11th; and on the 12th the final ceremonies were performed. A bottle of whisky provided by the Dean of Dundee was drunk; the Union Jack was unfurled; songs were sung; a hare, solemnly preserved for the occasion, was eaten; a cigar was issued to each man; and "all," we are assured, "seemed happy, cheerful, and contented." We can only honour their courage.

The retreat resembled the advance, except that the growing weakness of the party intensified the difficulties, and increased the strain upon the spirits and energy of those who were not yet invalidated. Gradually it became evident that the last boat would have to be abandoned, in spite of the risk of the ice breaking up before the shore could be reached. Symptoms of a movement were soon observed, and cracks had opened in the ice. Two more invalids collapsed, however, on the 27th, and the boat, with all stores that could possibly be spared, was finally deserted. "On the 31st," it is said, "we are a perfect band of cripples." It was difficult to find the old route. Snow fell, the wind blew, and the sledges broke through the ice, threatening to immerse the invalids. At last it was determined that Lieutenant Parr should make a forced march to the ship, then nearly forty miles distant, in search of help. He started on the 7th of June, and on the next day one of the invalids died. Service was performed, and Commander Markham hopes that he "may be acquitted of having performed the last rites with indecent haste." We do not think that the charge will be brought very seriously. His duties to the living were, as he truly says, of paramount importance; and poor George Porter sleeps his last sleep under a rude cross made of a boat's oar and a spare sledge baton, as well as if he had the best of marble monuments from a London cemetery. At last, on the 9th of June, the relief party appeared, bringing notice of a larger party following. It was not too soon, for the whole of the explorers were afflicted with scurvy, and some were in a very precarious position. On the 13th they reached the ship supported by their comrades, three of the original fifteen being still able to help in dragging the sledges, whilst the remaining eleven were carried by the relief party.

A similar story is told, as we have already noticed, by the two other exploring parties. They accomplished greater distances, as they kept along the coast instead of having to cross the broken floes. The Western party returned without loss of life; but two men of the Eastern expedition sank under their labours. We need not, however, go into detail as to the various incidents which beset these and various subsidiary parties. The general effect of reading the narratives will naturally be to increase the desire for some satisfactory explanation of the outbreak of scurvy which produced such melancholy effects. We take it to be sufficiently clear that, scurvy or no scurvy, it would have been impossible to advance much further under the given conditions. It therefore cannot be said that the disease materially limited the operations of the party. It is not the less plain that it caused much suffering, and might have given rise to serious disasters if some slight additional misfortune had occurred. Each expedition came, we may almost say, within a hair's breadth of destruction, owing to an evil which had been supposed to be preventable. Without dwelling upon this, we need only say that, from the purely literary point of view, the scurvy was so far advantageous that it makes these matter-of-fact narratives really exciting. All England has lately been in suspense about the fate of the poor Welsh miners, and has rejoiced at their deliverance. If we could have known a year ago what was the condition of the Arctic explorers, we might have been equally moved. It is a curious question whether one would prefer to be immured for many days in the depths of a coal-mine with no light and no food, or to be stowed away in a hole in the snow at a temperature many degrees below zero, with strength decaying under a terrible disease, with a limited stock of provisions, and with the only line of retreat blocked by the difficulties already described, and liable to be made worse at any moment by a change of weather. The courage displayed was undoubtedly admirable,

and, so far as we can judge, the officers in command of the parties seem to have done all that was possible by skill and forethought. On the whole, however, we can fully sympathize with one of their who remarks upon his birthday, passed in one of these performances, that he did not want many returns of that kind of day.

LIFE OF FÉNELON.*

THE accomplished author of the *Life of Bossuet*, reviewed two years ago in our columns, has evidently found a more congenial task in depicting one of the saintliest characters that ever adorned the annals of his own or any other Christian communion. Fénelon, indeed, has never been canonized. The powerful enemies who conspired to impeach his orthodoxy and embitter his life did not scruple to force the hand of Rome in support of their calumnious charges, and they would never have allowed the man they had branded as a heretic while living to receive from his Church the posthumous honours of a saint. But here we may truly say that "the cause is ended," though "Rome has" not "spoken." The instinctive reverence, alike of the Catholic and the Protestant world has recognized in Fénelon one of the rare examples of a perfect purity and nobility of soul which are the common property and common glory of Christendom. Even those who have little appreciation for the graces of an evangelical piety as profound as it was unostentatious are compelled to respect the lofty spirit of unworldliness of a great ecclesiastic, endowed by nature with the richest intellectual and personal gifts, surrounded by the smiles of the French Court in the very heyday of its splendour, and with every prize of ambition open to him which his Church or his country could bestow, but who showed by his course throughout that he cared for none of these things, so long as he could maintain his integrity unstained and fulfil his highest ideal of duty, not only to the friends who adored, but to the Sovereign who persecuted, and the Church which consented to betray him. Nor is his strong common sense, which is not always a characteristic of devout minds, and his statesmanlike capacity—so far as he had opportunity for its exercise—less remarkable than his integrity. No one, so to say, was ever more intensely pious or less of a pietist. When we add that the prelate whose indifference to self seems almost incredible was yet a man of such warm and strong affections as to have inspired alike in his relations, and in the friends who came within the sphere of his magical influence, and above all in his royal pupil, a passionate attachment which years of enforced separation could neither change nor diminish, we have but indicated the salient points of what our readers will perhaps be tempted to dismiss as a beautiful but impossible ideal. Let them read the admirable sketch contained in this volume, and they will acknowledge that the ideal has become a fact.

Born of a noble family, and giving early promise of genius, Fénelon, who had devoted himself from boyhood to the ecclesiastical career, was called at fifteen, like Bossuet, to preach to an admiring audience. His first wish, when a student at St. Sulpice, had been to devote himself to missionary work; but this his uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, would not allow. He was little over thirty when France was disturbed by its religious troubles, consequent on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the King, by Bossuet's advice, selected Fénelon for a mission to the Huguenots of Poitiers and Saintonge. He would only accept the office on condition that he should be allowed to choose his own colleagues, and that the troops should first be withdrawn from those provinces; the Mahometan method of conversion by the sword was not to his taste. He knew that "in places where the missionaries and the troops work side by side, new converts crowd to receive Communion," but such converts he would not have; they would as soon, under similar pressure, "abjure Christianity and accept the Koran." It is fair to add that the Pope, Innocent XI, had publicly expressed his disapproval of the persecuting policy of Louis in very similar terms. The Secretary of State, De Seignelay, complained of his over-gentleness in dealing with the heretics. Among other things Fénelon insisted on a "profuse" distribution of New Testaments among them, and he had apparently learnt this confidence in Scripture from his old Superior at St. Sulpice; for on his appointment shortly afterwards to the tutorship of the Duke of Burgundy, the son of the Dauphin, Fénelon wrote to him that, "if ever the study and meditation of Holy Scriptures were necessary to you, now indeed they have become overwhelmingly indispensable." At the time of his entering on this important office, at the age of thirty-eight, St. Simon gives the following description of him:—

This prelate was a tall, thin man, well made, pale, with a large nose, eyes whence fire and talent streamed as from a torrent, and a physiognomy the like of which I have never seen in any other man, and which, once seen, one could never forget. It combined everything, and the greatest contradictions produced no want of harmony. It united seriousness and gaiety, gravity and courtesy, the man of learning, the Bishop and the *grand seigneur*; the prevailing characteristics, as in everything about him, being refinement, intellect, gracefulness, modesty, and, above all, *noblesse*. It was difficult to take one's eyes off him. All his portraits are speaking, and yet none of them have caught the exquisite harmony which struck one in the original, or the exceeding delicacy of every feature. His manners altogether corresponded to his appearance, his perfect ease was infectious to others, and his conversation was stamped with the grace and good taste which are only acquired by habitual intercourse with the best society and the great world. He possessed a natural eloquence, graceful and finished, and a most insinuating

* Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. A Biographical Sketch. By the Author of "Life of Bossuet," &c. &c. Livingston. 1876.

yet noble and appropriate courtesy; an easy, clear, agreeable utterance; a wonderful power of explaining the hardest matters in a lucid, distinct manner. Add to all this that he was a man who never sought to seem cleverer than those with whom he conversed, who brought himself insensibly to their level, putting them at their ease, and entraining them so that one could neither leave him, nor mistrust him, nor help seeking him again. It was this rare gift which he possessed to the utmost degree which bound all his friends so closely to him all his life, in spite of his disgraces at Court, and which led them, when scattered, to gather together to talk of him, regret him, long after him, cling more and more to him, like the Jews to Jerusalem, and sigh and hope for his return, even as that unhappy race waits and sighs after their Messiah.

Of his pupil, then a child of seven, the same writer says:—

He was so passionate that he would break the clocks when they struck the hour, which summoned him to some unwelcome duty, and fly into the wildest rage with the rain which hindered some pleasure. Resistance made him perfectly furious. I have often been a witness to this in his early childhood. Moreover, a strong inclination attracted him to whatever was forbidden to body or mind. His satirical power was all the more biting that it was clever and pungent, and he seized promptly on the ridiculous side of things. All this was sharpened by an elasticity, mental and bodily, which became impetuosity, and which made it impossible for him in early days to learn anything without doing two things at once. He gave himself up to all that pleased him with violent passion, and with an amount of pride and *hauteur* past description; he was dangerously quick in penetrating both things and people; in seeing the weak side, and in reasoning more powerfully and deeply than his masters. But, on the other hand, as soon as the storm of passion was over, reason would return and get the upper hand; he would see his faults and acknowledge them, sometimes so regretfully as almost to renew the storm. His mind was lively, quick, penetrating, resolute to meet difficulties; literally speaking, transcendent in every way. The marvel is that in so short a time devotion and grace should have made an altogether new being of him, and changed so many redoubtable faults into the entirely opposite virtues.

But Fénelon, who, like many of his order, though childless himself, was exceedingly fond of children, proved quite equal to the occasion. He had already expounded, in a treatise on education, his notion of the right method of dealing with them:—"Never, without the most urgent necessity, be stern or dictatorial . . . or you will close their hearts against you, and destroy conscience, without which there is no hope of educating them rightly. Make them love you, accustom them to be open with you, and not to be afraid of letting you see their faults; and to this end be indulgent to such as they do not try to conceal." He had at first no easy task with his youthful charge, towards whom he could be stern as well as indulgent, when he saw need for it, but he succeeded in so completely winning his affections that on the morning after the most violent outbreak of temper on the one side and the severest rebuke on the other, the boy exclaimed with sobs and tears:—

"Oh, Monsieur, I am so sorry for what I said yesterday! . . . If you tell the King, he will not care for me any more, . . . and what will people think if you leave me! I promise, oh, I promise ever so much, that you shall not have to complain of me, if only you will promise not to go!"

At another time, after a fit of passion, he would say, "Now I shall leave the Duke of Burgundy behind the door, and be only little Louis with you." But we cannot linger on the details of this interesting and peaceful period of Fénelon's life, which our readers must be left to study in the biography for themselves.

Fénelon had at first been on intimate terms with Mme. de Maintenon, who constantly sought his spiritual direction; but in the controversy about Quietism, which changed the whole current of his life, she turned against him, and carried the King with her. Into the theological merits of the question, and the disputed orthodoxy of Mme. Guyon, we cannot enter here. Suffice it to say that the leaders of the two great schools of mysticism which have appeared in the Roman Catholic Church in Germany in the fourteenth century and in Spain in the sixteenth, were suspected or persecuted in life, but honoured after their death. Tauler and Henry Suso, who have since been beatified, were accused of heresy, and have been claimed, not very reasonably, by Protestants as pioneers of the Reformation; Eckhart may fairly be said to have sown the seeds of that pantheism which reached its efflorescence in the wild rhapsodies of Jacob Bohme. In Spain, Louis of Leon and St. John of the Cross were imprisoned, and St. Theresa, who was deluged to the Inquisition, narrowly escaped the same fate; yet all are now held in reverence in their Church, and the two latter are canonized saints. Mme. Guyon, however, differed materially from all of these. Whatever may be thought of her orthodoxy—of her sincere piety there can be no doubt—she certainly had much of the visionary about her, and was deficient in judgment and good sense. St. Theresa's active life and strong masculine features, as represented in all authentic portraits of her, have little in common with the character and career of the accomplished lady who was so unfortunate as to rouse the angry suspicion of Bossuet, and was sacrificed to the stupid bigotry of Louis XIV. But Fénelon, though he liked and admired her personally, was not responsible for her opinions, and had all along emphatically disclaimed any sympathy with Quietism in the sense in which his Church condemns it; and his familiarity with mystic theology, as Mr. Jervis has observed, eminently qualified him to discriminate between what was sound and unsound in her writings. There can indeed be no doubt that Mme. Guyon herself, whose faults at worst sprang from a mistaken enthusiasm, was harshly and cruelly treated, and the injustice shown towards her is aggravated by the notorious profligacy of her chief persecutor, Mgr. de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, of whom Sainte-Beuve observes, that "of belief properly so called he had nothing," while "the more closely his life is looked into the greater appears to be the number of his mistresses," in the arms of one of whom he died. But it was not unnatural that theologians should distrust her competence as a religious guide.

Of the strict orthodoxy of Fénelon himself, and of the work on which the articles of impeachment were based, the *Maximas des Saints*, none but his personal enemies, among whom it is humiliating to find Bossuet taking the lead, ever affected to doubt. Cardinal de Noailles, who was afterwards pressed into their service, declared at first to Mme. de Maintenon that there was not "a single proposition, or expression, or even a single word, he could find fault with" in the book, and that the author could not be condemned without condemning St. Francis of Sales also. Fénelon himself told the Duke of Beauvilliers that he had not found a single theologian at Paris who, after quiet discussion with him, did not assent to all his opinions. Least of all did the Pope, Innocent XII., doubt him, who stated at the outset to his representative at Rome his "entire conviction that M. de Cambrai is beyond all possible suspicion." But there was a lay Pope in the background who pulled the wires. Innocent yielded to the imperious dictation of Louis XIV., and Louis was ruled by Mme. de Maintenon, whose mind had been poisoned against Fénelon by Bossuet and his allies. He was advised by friendly Cardinals "to make peace at home, and not let the matter be pressed at Rome"; nor can there be any doubt, as our author remarks, that if he had chosen to flatter Mme. de Maintenon and comply with her wishes, he would have retained his position at Court and his orthodox reputation; but this was not a course he could consistently follow. From first to last he was the victim of an ignoble and scandalous intrigue which has permanently tarnished the good name of all concerned, though it has but served to add fresh lustre to his own.

The most discreditably part in the drama was enacted by Bossuet, the most humiliating by the Pope. The question at issue, it must be remembered, was one of speculative theology pure and simple. If there was ever a question which on Ultramontane principles must fall directly and exclusively within the sphere of Papal infallibility, a question over which, on any theory short of the extremest Erastianism, lay tribunals can claim no jurisdiction, it was this. Yet it was virtually decided by the King of France over the head of the Pope, who was dragooned into giving formal effect *ex cathedra* to a dogmatic judgment against which he long vainly struggled, and which he had repeatedly declared to be unjust. "*Meldensis episcopus est Papa Gallus*," said a Roman Cardinal; "*sed vult confirmare suas decisiones brachio seculari, brachio regis*." And by "the secular arm" the controversy was in fact decided. Another Cardinal observed, in reference to the female keeper of the King's conscience, "Nou est ira super iram mulieris." After an examination protracted through sixty-four sittings, the book would have been acquitted; but the Pope, acting under pressure from the French Court, and in defiance of all precedent, submitted it afresh to the judgment of the Cardinals. Still it would have escaped censure but that both Pope and Cardinals were terrified by the threatening letters constantly received from France. "It will not do," they said, "to fire great guns at a King"; and the gentle and submissive Fénelon himself could not refrain from writing to his emissary at Rome that "a censure or prohibition will hardly damage the Holy See with Europe generally less than it will me." At length the condemnatory Brief was issued—the Pope succeeded in substituting a Brief for the more solemn sentence of a Bull, but was overruled in a final attempt to keep Fénelon's name out of the document—which formally condemned as "rash, scandalous, ill-sounding, offensive to pious ears, pernicious in practice, and respectively erroneous," twenty-three errors in a book which, according to his Holiness's own deliberate judgment, contained none. The triumph of the victorious party, headed, one is ashamed to think, by Bossuet, was not less indecent than the means by which it had been procured. But that did not prevent Fénelon from submitting at once, as it was known that he would do, and himself publishing the condemnation of his book, which he forbade the faithful of his diocese to read; but, conscious of his own orthodoxy, he "steadily refused to utter one syllable which could be perverted into a semblance of retraction."

He lived for sixteen years after this, honoured and loved by all whose regard was worth having; but he never returned to the Court from which the King had banished him, nor did either Innocent XII. or his successor Clement XI. venture to show him any public favour, though the latter wept on hearing of his death, as well for the Church's loss as for his own weak subserviency to Louis XIV. in not having carried out his wish to make the Archbishop of Cambrai a Cardinal. But the loss of worldly honour and position was no privation to Fénelon. If he regretted his enforced absence from Paris, it was only because it debared him from the society of friends very dear to him, and above all from intercourse with his former pupil, whom he loved as a son, and who to the last—for he died before Fénelon—warmly repaid his affection. Very touching is the account of their correspondence and of their few brief and hurried interviews grudgingly and ungraciously conceded by the aged King to the importunities of his grandson. The sketch of the Archbishop's domestic life and habits at Cambrai, given in the last two chapters of the biography, and copiously illustrated from his letters, is full of interest. Many of the leading personages of the day were among his correspondents both within and beyond the limits of his own country, as was natural, for he was himself the author of many learned works. But more is to be learnt of the true mind and character of the man from those private and family letters of which his biographer has known so well how to make a judicious use:—

They bring Fénelon so vividly before one; living his quiet yet active life at Cambrai; surrounded by guests and duties, amid which he finds

time to think for every one, from the "little page" Alexis, and his education, upwards; caring so heartily for country, diocese, cathedral, town, relations, friends; dwelling upon the accidents of his niece's long illness, and the details of his nephew's damaged leg, as though he had no weightier cares to occupy his mind, and turning everything to gold by his instinctive and natural reference to the Love of God. I am the more disposed to do this, as an idea seems to have grown up among some who have spoken or written of Fénelon, that during his latter years he dropped into "a state of passive Quietism," whereas really we need only the testimony of his own life and letters to see how very beautiful and zealously active his last days were. If ever any man on the downward course of life threw himself out of himself into the interests of others, their joys and sorrows, or made the deep, fervid love of God, which was as the very air he breathed, take living shape in act and deed, it was surely Fénelon.

The great trial of his declining years was the early death of his beloved pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, but it did not dry up the spring of his affections. He retained to the end that peculiar sympathy for children and power of attracting and influencing them which we already have dwelt upon. Thus we find him in the last year of his life writing to remind the Duke of Chaulnes of his promise to send him "the dear little ones, when the warm weather comes, about Whitsuntide." They came, and he writes to their father, drawing out the different characters of the three boys with his accustomed tact and sound sense, and finding many points to commend in each of them. "I am delighted to have the little troop with me; they cheer me up, and are not the least in my way." His last letter, dated just a week before his death, is addressed to his favourite nephew, the Marquis, and full of his usual tender playfulness, ending with "O quo je t'embarrasserai, mon petit Fanfan!" His illness only lasted a week, but the "petit Fanfan" and his other favourite nephew, the Abbé de Beaumont, arrived two days before the end, to his great joy, and other relatives and intimate friends knelt round his dying bed. In the early morning of January 7, 1715, he passed away peacefully, at the age of sixty-five. The King, who did not survive him many months, remarked bitterly on hearing of his death, "Il nous manque bien au besoin." It is noteworthy that the Chapter of his cathedral was afraid of offending Louis by having the usual funeral oration pronounced over him; while in the French Academy, of which he had been a member, no one for the same reason dared to mention his *Télémaque*, though it was then regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern literature. In 1793 the Cathedral of Cambrai was destroyed by the Revolutionary mob and Fénelon's tomb torn up; but the body somehow escaped their fury, and is now replaced in the new cathedral, a poor edifice, of 1825. But his noblest monument, as his biographer observes, is the veneration and affection felt for his memory throughout Christendom. He had his errors no doubt, and we may perhaps be permitted to regret the strong line he took against the Jansenists, as such—though to individual members of the party he was ever gentle and forbearing—and his decided attachment to the policy of the Jesuits, which even brought him into confidential relations with the odious Le Tellier. But these at most were errors of judgment; they cannot dim the brightness of that single-minded fidelity to his highest conception of duty in every relation of life, secular or sacred, in which posterity has recognized a claim that is almost unique to the blessing pronounced of old on the pure in heart.

AMSTERDAM AND VENICE.

M. HAVARD'S characteristics as a writer must be already known to many readers in England, where his works are beginning to be translated, and have already had some sale in the original French. His speciality appears to be that of observing foreign countries and describing them for the benefit of French people, who are generally much in need of information on such subjects, and at the same time creditably grateful for it when the writer is not tedious or didactic. M. Havard is an unusually favourable specimen of the Frenchman who has lived abroad. He interests himself in all he sees, and is quite ready to recognize good qualities in other places than Paris; besides which he has a kindly good humour, both with regard to the subjects of his discourse and the public to whom it is addressed. He sees most things that an intelligent man would be likely to see in a strange place; he has read a good deal, he takes a healthy general interest in mankind and their doings, in manners and customs, in the products of all the industries and arts. The prosperity of other countries gives him pleasure, for he likes to see labour and intelligence rewarded even out of France; and their decadence awakens in him feelings of sympathy quite unknown to the ill-natured spirit which so often calls itself patriotism. M. Havard has lived both in Amsterdam and in Venice, and he has evidently a strong affection for both places, feeling the charm of each, the peculiar local charm which he endeavours to explain and communicate to us. Every city has its own character, and there are very few cities of any historical importance in the world which have not a peculiar attraction for those who know them well. Even London, in spite of its vastness, and the rarity of beauty in its buildings, has a magical charm for many people. The attractiveness of Paris is more generally recognized, and Venice has acquired a poetical reputation due to writers and artists who have used it so much that we should have thought they had almost used it up. The poetry of Amsterdam is less known, and we are much indebted to M. Havard for making us rather more alive to it. We English mostly believe in Venice with perfect faith until we have gone

there, and cling to our old illusions as much as possible after seeing it. The Venice of our imagination is the Byronic, which impressed us so vividly when we were boys, and at a later period we may have derived from Mr. Ruskin an exaggerated estimate of the merits of Venetian architecture; but we have never had any enthusiasm about Amsterdam. What can we see there which is not to be seen in Liverpool? Quaint gables probably, and Rembrandt's house, and Dutch merchants, and canals, and much creditable house-painting and scrubbing and cleanliness; but surely there cannot be any poetry in Amsterdam, surely there cannot be much to delight the eye or awaken the imagination. M. Havard thinks differently. In his opinion Amsterdam is quite comparable to Venice, but in a different style and character. There is not much of what we call architecture at Amsterdam; there are no palaces except the heavy, though imposing, structure called the Dam, and the ecclesiastical edifices are insignificant in comparison with St. Mark's; still, if there is little architecture, there is a great deal of picturesque building, much colour, fine reflections in water, and there is also an atmosphere which, if not so light as that of Venice, is of the finest possible pictorial quality. M. Havard protests against the common idea that the atmosphere of Holland is sunless and foggy. M. Vitet speaks of it as being "sombre et brumeux, sans transparence ni couleur." M. Taine talks about the "ciel charbonneux d'Amsterdam," and M. Charles Blanc of the "ciel voilé" of the Netherlands. Even Londoners, it appears, write about "the fogs of the Hague"—a criticism which, M. Havard seems to think, comes ungracefully from the banks of the Thames. The result of his own observation appears to be very different from the opinions we have just quoted:—

Il faut pourtant une bonne fois faire justice de cet étrange préjugé. Non, la Hollande n'est point un pays brumeux, charbonneux, sombre, sans transparence ni couleur; c'est au contraire un des pays les plus colorés et les plus lumineux qui existent. Son ciel, chargé de vapeurs, réfléchit la lumière avec une intensité excessive. Les nuages qui sillonnent presque constamment le ciel, projettent sur la campagne leurs ombres lourdes, mais transparentes, et divisent ainsi la plaine infinie en grands plans tour à tour sombres ou fortement éclairés. Or, comme les couleurs ne valent que par le contraste, ces vastes bandes brunes qui rayent le paysage redoublent la coloration des parties en lumière, et la plaine qui s'étend à perte de vue devient, par cette succession de parties claires et obscures, la campagne la plus colorée peut-être qui soit en Europe.

M. Havard likes the country about Amsterdam quite as much as the town itself, and here again he differs greatly from a very common opinion on the subject. Many people think that Holland must be uninteresting because it is flat, and because there is a great deal of what is evidently artificial; but the few foreigners who thoroughly appreciate Holland always affirm that it is one of the most interesting countries in the world, and one of the best for artistic purposes. The truth is that flat countries have their poetry as well as hilly countries, but it is of a different kind.

We are all much more familiar with the industry of the Dutch than with the beauty of their country; we know that they protect fields from the sea by dykes, and build as the Venetians did, on piles. The work of driving these piles before the application of steam power must have been excessive. The Dam stands upon 13,700 piles, which were once a forest of big trees somewhere in Sweden or Norway, whilst the big stones about the foundation of the palace were brought from a distance also. There is a picture which represents the Dam in the Louvre, and M. Havard tells a good story of its acquisition. After the painter's death, this picture was left along with the rest of his personal estate, and so came into the hands of one of his relations who, being a rich man, had no desire to part with it. In the time of Louis XVI. M. Randon de Boisset tried to obtain the picture for the French royal collection, but could not overcome the tenacity of the proprietor. M. Paillet afterwards went into Holland to buy some pictures for the King, and had recourse to an ingenious snare to get possession of this one. The owner went frequently on 'Change, so one day he was accosted there by an agent who told him that a foreigner had come to get the picture, and that the best way to get rid of him would be to ask a price so high that nobody would think of giving it. The owner thought this a good plan, and said the price was 6,000 florins. On this the broker put a piece of gold into his hand and said, "The picture is mine, the rest of the price will be duly paid." Engagements made on 'Change being irrevocable, the owner of the work had no resource but to give it up, and that is how the picture got into the Louvre.

The Dam became a royal palace in the time of Louis Bonaparte, who first began to form here, and at his palace near the Hague, that collection of Dutch pictures which is now one of the chief attractions of Amsterdam. It has an additional historical interest as the place where Louis Bonaparte abdicated the throne of Holland, and since the year 1813 no foreign regiment has ever been quartered in its precincts. The Dam appears to have been well adapted for the reception of royalty, although built originally simply as a town hall. The interior is exceptionally rich in marble, for the walls are covered with it from top to bottom, and M. Havard tells us that it was all brought from Italy. The biggest room in the building is the Hall of the Burgheers, which is shorter than our London Guildhall, but wider, and very much higher, being a hundred feet, whereas our Guildhall is only fifty-five. This enormous room is entirely lined with white marble, which of course only increases the effect of size. There is a belvedere on the top of the edifice, from which all Amsterdam and its environs can be seen easily, including Zaandam, where M. Havard tells us that ten thousand windmills may be counted, and the great North-Holland Canal shines on the plain in a long, straight, silvery streak.

* *Amsterdam et Venise.* Par Henri Havard. Paris: Plon. 1876.

M. Havard mentions a curious fact in connexion with the limited degree of religious toleration formerly extended towards Roman Catholics in Holland. They were allowed to have churches or chapels; but only on condition that there was nothing visible outside which might indicate the religious use of the building, coupled with another stipulation that Protestant ears should not be offended more than Protestant eyes. The consequence is that to this day many Roman Catholic churches in Amsterdam have the outward appearance of ordinary dwelling-houses in a street, whilst they bear names very like inn signs, such as the Perroekste, the Star, the Post-horn, &c. While on this subject M. Havard also tells that a sect of Protestants in Holland, who are descended from the French refugees of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, retain the use of the French language in their religious services in memory of the land from which they originally came, and that the language is kept pure by the practice of sending for pastors from France and Switzerland. M. Havard makes the curious remark that there is hardly a considerable newspaper in Holland which does not count an ex-Protestant clergyman and a Jew amongst its principal contributors. In French there is a distinction between Israelite and Jew. When you want to speak politely of a Jew you call him an Israelite. M. Havard found the same distinction in Holland, and says that somebody once asked a great banker what was the difference between Israelite and Jew. The answer is worth quoting. "Under 1,200*l.* a year one is a Jew; above it, one is an Israelite." The explanation given in this volume is that, unless a Jew is very well off, he is apt to look repulsively dirty and uncivilized; whereas the wealthy members of that community are clean and polite, and look as if they belonged to a different race of men. Amongst the special industries of Amsterdam, M. Havard mentions diamond-cutting, which is carried to great perfection here, and almost entirely by Jews, who have large mills with long chimneys where they do the work. The trade is so difficult, and requires so much natural aptitude and acquired skill, that the workman earns very good wages. In 1873 the common wage was twenty-eight shillings a day, supposing the workman to work six days in the week, but first-rate hands earned twice as much. This, probably the most highly paid manual labour in the world, if we consider it simply as manual labour, but M. Havard speaks of it as requiring a good deal of intelligence also. There are great associations connected with the Jews' quarter at Amsterdam. Rembrandt's house is there. Here he lived after his marriage with his wife Saskia, and did not leave the house for twenty years, when his creditors sold his furniture and collection, and he had lost not only his money, but also his wife and son. All this, however, is very well known to those who care about Rembrandt, and even the appearance of the house is familiar to them from the etching by Flaming in Charles Blanc's *Œuvre de Rembrandt*. What will be new to our readers is the discovery connected with Spinoza's birthplace and place of residence. Even when M. Havard's book was sent to press this was still unknown; but before p. 208 was printed he had time to insert a note, which we give in the original:—

Depuis que ces lignes sont écrites, M. Scheltema a découvert le lieu de naissance de Benedictus de Spinoza. "C'est sur le Houtgracht, l'ancien éminent archiviste d'Amsterdam, dans la maison portant la lettre Q et le n° 205 qu'est né Spinoza. Cette maison, habitée par J. N. Herget, est aujourd'hui occupée par un magasin de porcelaines.

We should be glad to know the reasons which led Mr. Scheltema to this conclusion. M. Havard makes the rather ingenious remark that, when Spinoza was forced by the intolerance of the Jews at Amsterdam to go and seek a refuge at the Hague, he who had wished to give his contemporaries greater mental clearness of sight was compelled by Fate in her irony to make spectacle-glasses for a living.

Like all visitors to Amsterdam, M. Havard complains of the condition of the Amsterdam public gallery, which is a disgrace to the Dutch people. It is so arranged that the pictures cannot be properly seen, and an oil merchant has his warehouse hard by, so the collection is at the mercy of a careless apprentice and a high wind:—

De l'écrivain qui renferme toutes ces merveilles, je n'ai pas grand'chose à vous dire. C'était jadis "la belle maison du marchand Trip." Aujourd'hui c'est le plus détestable musée qui soit au monde. Les chefs d'œuvre y sont à peine visibles, tant ils sont mal éclairés. Les jours froids dénaturent leur couleur et l'assombrissent, pendant que les poëles en hiver et la poussière en été couvrent ces merveilles artistiques d'une crasse épaisse, qui en aura bien vite raison. La princesse d'Orange logea en 1738 chez le marchand Elie Trip et personne n'estimerait qu'elle dut se trouver mal à l'aise, car la maison est vaste, belle, et commode. Mais les appartements princiers ne conviennent guère aux œuvres de grands peintres. Il leur en faut d'agencées spécialement pour eux; et c'est de quoi la municipalité d'Amsterdam ne s'est point encore mise en peine. Elle a construit à grands frais un palais pour l'industrie; le commerce doit être content. On a élevé des marchés pour le poisson, une bourse pour le grain; l'estomac doit être satisfait. Il n'est pas de culte qui n'ait ses temples, même celui de Plutus, car on a reconstruit la bourse. Il serait maintenant grand temps de s'occuper de l'art, qui est un des plus beaux fleurons de la couronne Amsterdamoise.

M. Havard does not mention recent efforts to amend this disgraceful state of things, a full account of which has been lately given in *Art*. A commission was formed in 1863 to build a museum by national subscription, but it failed through the public apathy. In 1873 Mr. Van Houten, a deputy, prevailed upon his colleagues and the Government so far that the action of the State in the matter was decided upon. The Government gives 1,000,000 *fl.*, the town of Amsterdam a good site and 100,000 *fl.* The work is already begun, and the first stone will probably be laid next April. The plan of the museum is excellent. There will be two glass-covered

courts with large casts in them, and the ground-floor will be generally given up to sculpture, prints, and the library, the first floor, of ample dimensions, being used entirely for pictures. The building will be fireproof.

If the good people of Amsterdam have hitherto shown themselves rather cool about the old Dutch masters, as if they did not much care whether their pictures were preserved and visible or not, they are more enthusiastic about music, especially the Jewish part of the population. M. Havard quite corroborates our previous belief that the Dutch are a cultivated people in some directions. Dutch ladies, he says, have generally read a good deal in different languages, and about subjects worth studying; they can talk very well, too, when they like; but as a general rule there is very little conversation, merely because the art of conversation is not cared for or cultivated. M. Havard very judiciously observes that this art or talent does not always need much learning or flourish best amongst the learned, and he instances the poverty of conversation amongst the most learned Germans. We are sorry to hear that Dutchmen are generally rather severely governed by their wives; but this is probably because the ladies are such good housekeepers that they acquire general habits of energy and authority. This development of feminine character may sometimes, it is whispered, be observed even in England, and it is just possible that some of our readers may have remarked it. In many respects the Dutch bear a much nearer resemblance to the English than to the French; indeed some of our customs, such as the liberty of our young ladies, are carried further in Holland than they are here.

We must not close the book before us without a word of praise for M. Flaming's four etchings of Amsterdam, which are all good, and are no doubt the recreations of a hand usually employed on far more difficult themes. About sixty of the woodcuts in the volume are also devoted to Amsterdam, and, although these are of very unequal merit, many of them are useful in helping us to a more accurate knowledge of the place and its inhabitants. Venice is equally well illustrated, but we reserve Venice for another time.

CONDONED.*

MRS. STEELE'S novel is one of the many examples of the evil caused by the tyranny of the three-volume system. It is a production which would be very much the better for compression. There are many sketches of character in it which are touched with a light hand and not without humour; and the personages imagined by the author might have been conducted through one or even two volumes so as to keep a reader's attention without much sense of fatigue. The inevitable third volume is, however, too heavy a weight for them to support. It is possible that the writer's views as to what portion, if any, of her story it would be desirable to suppress might be different from ours; at least one gets the impression that a somewhat heavy and feeble attempt at political satire which occupies some twenty pages of the third volume was intended to be one of the most telling parts of the book. And if there is any truth in Thackeray's saying that all people engaged in producing works of art would rather be cried at than laughed at, the writer of *Condoned* would be less inclined to sacrifice the scenes which are meant to be tragic than those to which the book really owes its merit. There are, however, certain themes which should never be taken but by a very strong writer. The incident of a woman who, although really married, is not supposed to be so, and who has been deserted by a scoundrelly husband, rushing wildly across the fields with a newly-born infant, is one which certain novelists of the worst modern school would relate as readily and confidently as Mr. Black would describe a Scotch scene. But the writer of *Condoned* is almost as far above novelists of this class as she is below the writers who are equal to the task of fitly describing tragic events; and she will be wise in future to be content with trying to do better what she can already do with some success, instead of aiming at what is obviously beyond her powers. In other respects Mrs. Steele has some things to learn before she can write a novel which shall be satisfactory without being too ambitious. The story of *Condoned*—a title for which, by the way, there is no adequate explanation—although there is nothing very new in it, is by no means ill conceived. But it is wanting in that concentration of interest which is a great part of the art of story-telling, and one of the chief characters is strangely unreal. In Lucius Fairfax, the man who basely deserts his privately married wife to make a rich match, the writer has tried to draw the character of a man who, with utter selfishness and meanness combines not only some qualities which are attractive on the surface, but others which are good in themselves. One such character has been drawn with marvellous success by the same hand that has been strong enough to deal with the description of a heart-broken mother, which Mrs. Steele has unwisely attempted; but it can hardly be discouraging to Mrs. Steele to be told that there seems no great probability of her ever being able to create such a personage as Tito.

The story of *Condoned* opens with the entrance of a wandering gipsy child into Heronmere, the house of Lord Vipont, in Siltshire. The owner of the house is thus described by the writer:—

He was a man somewhat past middle age, with a face older than his years; slender, fair, and high bred, he looked like a tall, white, withered lily; his hands, colourless and delicate, moved with a listless grace, sug-

* *Condoned*. By Anna C. Steele, Author of "Broken Toys," &c. 8 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

gestive of dalliance rather than strife; his small blue eyes had that soft and sweet, sidelong, sympathizing glance, which is compatible with perfect selfishness. Not that he was perfectly selfish—few of us are perfect even in our vices: he had a man of the world's conscience, and that is much—for to desire not to be found out is a tribute to social convenience if not to virtue. Lord Vipont's life had been an immoral life, but his immoralities resulted less from an over than an under excess of emotion. There are natures that are rich in the generosity of their faults—that, betrayed by self-indulgence, are sympathetically indulgent to the faults of others: but the middle tone of Lord Vipont's mind had no poignant note in it; he could apologize for a sin to any one to whom he thought such apology was due, whether God or man; but the deep pertinacious knell of remorse, or the plaintive echo of compassion, were not in his spiritual diapason. Not that he was incapable of kindness to another, provided that it did not entail a sacrifice of self; he did not like to inflict or witness pain.

While he is at dinner, a wild, dishevelled little girl appears at the window, is let in, ravenously devours the food given to her, and curls herself up to sleep on the rug. While she sleeps, Lord Vipont looks at some coins strung round her neck, and it is perhaps needless to say that, on seeing the inscription on one of them, "he dropped them as if they burned his hand." Having made the discovery indicated by the effect of the coin on his hand, he prudently sends the wait, for whom, by the aid of his librarian, he finds the name of Astaroth, into the care of a poor cousin of his, a clergyman named Desmond, who is induced, for the sake of two hundred a year, to add the charge of her to that of his own numerous brood. Near Mr. Desmond live two old maids named Dalrymple, who, soon after Astaroth joins the Desmond family, are afflicted by the arrival of a noisy nephew, son of a dead never-do-well brother in the navy, who married an actress. Here is a letter addressed by this boy to his mother, then acting in the provinces, a little time after his invasion of the Misses Dalrymple:—

DEAREST MAMMY,

The two old girls seem no end fond of me. I think they'll do, tho' it's rather hard lines not having Nettie in the house; but I get over that as well as I can by smuggling him in at night, when they're all in bed and think I am too. I'm to be a sailor, and a first-lieutenant directly, and then I'll send you all my prize money. Meanwhile, please send me ten shillings directly. My aunts would make first-rate "walking cecotines," and I know they're "good studies" by the number of hymns they repeat in the evening. At first I cheered them, as you told me all women like encores; but they wouldn't come on again. I hope you have good houses; there's no theatre here, but there's a church.

Your affectionate son,

HUGH DALRYMPLE.

Astaroth and Hugh become great friends; and the Lucius Fairfax spoken of above arrives as a pupil at Mr. Desmond's house and creates a certain amount of awe among the children by his superior age, wealth, and knowledge of the world. Hugh Dalrymple is on his way to sea when, by dint of insisting on driving himself the carriage which takes him away from his aunts, he upsets it, and is brought back to them in a helpless condition. His mother is sent for, and her arrival gives rise to some of the most amusing scenes in the book. There is, it is true, an element of caricature in the representation of the revolution effected by her coming in the ways of the Dalrymple household; but it is, we think on the whole, no more than is allowable; and we only regret that the writer did not keep to this line, in which she can certainly do well, rather than wander into regions where she loses herself. There is one point in which a reader disposed to find fault might well say that the license of caricature had been abused, and that is the effect produced upon Hugh's aunts by the revelation to them of "laced" tea on the part of Hugh's mother. Besides the blunder made in the disproportion of cause to effect, there is a graver reason for objection to this. Mrs. Steele has desired to show, what one could wish was more readily acknowledged, that an actress who has been prevented by force of circumstances from ever rising to anything higher than playing burlesque parts may yet possess every domestic virtue. But she has needlessly exaggerated the Bohemian element which is no doubt inevitable to a certain extent in a woman who has led the difficult life of Mrs. Dalrymple, and she has probably produced upon some readers by this oversight an effect opposite to that intended. Against this fault must be set the good sense and truth of the long answer given by Mrs. Dalrymple to one of her sisters-in-law, who asks, under the influence of "laced" tea, if "some actresses are not just a *little* wicked." It may be observed that Mrs. Dalrymple was, we fear, unusually fortunate in finding an elderly philanthropist of the Cheeryble type to look after when she was driven by necessity to contemplating the abandonment of self-respect as a thing possibly desirable; but in speaking of this part of Mrs. Dalrymple's experiences it is only fair to give credit to the writer of *Condensed* for having treated a dangerous subject with a freedom from offence which is by no means too common in novels of these days. This quality goes far to redeem the defects of literary taste shown in other parts of the book, and induces us to hope that Mrs. Steele may one day produce a book which may possess the merits of her present performance, without the faults which possibly come from the belief that a certain power of imagination and expression is enough to carry its possessor easily through the most difficult tasks.

Hugh does finally go out to sea, returns, goes out again on the expedition which gives the writer occasion for her not very happy satirical writing, and yet again returns and makes love to Astaroth, from whom he obtains an unwilling promise of fidelity. The reason for Lucius Fairfax's existence is that he should induce her to break this promise and to marry him secretly. As to the part which he plays in preventing the possibly terrible consequences of

a rising of Lord Vipont's labourers, egged on by an interested democrat, that is absolutely inconsistent with his nature as elsewhere depicted. The man who could behave as he did to Astaroth, according to Mrs. Steele's representations, is the last man who could influence an excited mob by force of personal sympathy. There have been men who have combined an odious brutality in private life with a popular influence that few people could resist. But Lucius in no way resembled a man of this kind; his strength, such as it was, lay in his pliability and weakness. Mrs. Steele's hero—for that in a sense he is—is a mere puppet, whose movements could be caused by nothing but the arrangement of strings disposed by one ignorant of the laws which govern human minds.

We have given closer attention to *Condensed* than, from our enumeration of its faults rather than its merits, it might seem to deserve. But we have done this because it has certain qualities which lead us to think that its author, if she can avoid the temptation of small and temporary popularity, may do something which shall be good without aiming at greatness.

ANCIENT STREETS AND HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND.*

TO start from Chester in quest of ancient timbered houses must needs be "*ferro poma ad Aleinoun*"; and yet who so competent a judge of the genuine article as one trained and nurtured at its very head-quarters? This is just what Mr. Rimmer has attempted with the countenance of his Dean, who is too judicious a critic to allow his praise to fail of its effect by being too unqualified, and whose preface, while it notes the paucity of examples of the architecture of the past in Westmoreland or Warwick, only brings into more prominence the length and breadth of ground which has been traversed and searched. We are not indeed sure that the author might not have very considerably narrowed his range with advantage, or that some three or four counties might not have yielded as rich material for study as a dozen or a score. However, be this as it may, Mr. Rimmer assuredly possesses the requisite taste and aptitude for expounding the features of interest on which his eyes have lighted; and although we agree with Dean Howson that his plan is a trifle desultory, perhaps the best cure for that fault may be applied by any adventurous reader for himself, if he will take the trouble to map out a set portion of the author's area, and explore it in light marching order, being careful so to limit the range that what is done may be done effectually.

It may be hoped that increased attention to these old memorials will have the effect of saving many curious houses and streets from being improved away. Three such, our author assures us, would even now figure among the illustrations to this volume (one a block of four houses dating back to Richard III., and, what is more, perfectly solid and substantial), but that they have been obliged to make way for the exigencies of their space and supposed modern convenience. The more we familiarize ourselves with the architectural glories of our land, the greater will be our jealousy of suffering the spic-and-span types of building to replace the old overhanging and tier-over-tier-stretching dwelling, which in street or lane seems ready to kiss or shake hands with its neighbour across the way. We want more of the spirit of old Randal Holme of Chester, who when bidden by the Corporation in 1670 to pull down his new building (Lamb Row) in Bridge Street, as an eyesore, disobeyed the order, and, when fined for contempt, disregarded the fine likewise. The Chester Rows are in these pages likened to a passage formed by taking out the first floor all along the street and raising pillars or columns at intervals, with which to support the upper story. On the whole, perhaps, there is plausibility in the Chester historian Hemingways's theory that the excavations by which the Rows, as distinguished from the carriage road, are formed, are the work of Roman hands. The pavements in Bridge Street, Watergate, and Eastgate Street were originally level with the houses standing in the Rows. Excavation has been employed from the East, West, and South Gates to the Cross, and thence to near the Exchange, before or after the erection of the buildings. But few persons are wholly unacquainted with the Chester Rows, except perhaps that abnormal type of them which is called the "Dark Row," a sort of tunnel which at either end emerges into an open Row. Besides these, Chester still prides herself, though not without the need of some vigilance, on the retention of such old houses as Bishop Lloyd's and Stanley House in Bridge Street, the fine gabled house in Whitefriars, and several others. Nor was it only in their capital that the Cheshire folk of old distinguished themselves in building. Congleton, an ancient town to the east of Chester, on the Dane, where it flows to the Weaver, is hemmed in with gabled houses of great age; and, whether we regard solid and picturesque hosteleries of the black and white gabled pattern, with a porch that supports an upper chamber on its stone pillars (like the "Lion" at Congleton), or the splendid timber mansion (Little Moreton Hall) in the vicinity, or the curiously constructed houses of Nantwich (one has a heavy octagonal bow window overhanging a smaller one in a sort of telescope fashion), surmounted by their noble church-tower, it is clear that a taste for the picturesque was not confined to the city on the Dee.

* *Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England*. By Alfred Rimmer; and an Introduction by the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. With a Hundred and Fifty Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

Crossing the border into Shropshire, we find an air of antiquity in the church and hostelrys of Ellesmere, though, as Mr. Rimmer notes, the roomy quadrangles of the coaching-inns attest that their occupation is gone by the grass growing in them. Beside the vast mere in which church and village are reflected, one curiosity of this place is the old-fashioned "Green Man" hostelry with its panelled oak walls, carved benches and tables, and huge fireplace. But the park to the south of the mere is not *Onkley* but *Oteley*, as in p. 38 the "Hodnel" should be written the "Hodnet Road." Whilst the author justly introduces the village of Whittington near Oswestry on the score of its castle and its general picturesque-ness, we demur to the statement that this village was the birthplace of Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Mayor of London. Richard Whittington was a younger son of the lord of the manor of Pauntley in Gloucestershire in the fourteenth century, a cadet of a good family who went to London to seek his fortunes, became a thriving mercer, furnished royal trousseaux, and married his master's daughter, Alice Fitzwarren. The only connexion we can divine between Sir Richard and the Shropshire village is that Fulk Fitzwarine, the Norman knight, whose praise is in the Norman-French romances, was connected with Whittington and the Peverils.

The general aspect of Oswestry, with its many half-timbered houses, its tradition of four gates, its traces of a town wall, and its old stone house (perhaps for pilgrims) near the church, bespeaks its antiquity; but Mr. Rimmer soon leaves it for the charms of Shrewsbury, which can boast a perfect ancient English street, taking a turn at right angles in the middle with High Street. The curious gables of one house in this street project forward tier over tier in such a manner that a passenger along the mid street might touch the houses on both sides with his hands. It is called the Double Butcher's Row. Other houses, near Pride Hill and Wyle Cop, have a history, as might be expected, and our author deserves credit for having visited Shrewsbury with his Shakespeare in his knapsack; for he corroborates two or three disputed readings by appeals to topographic details. It was at Wyle Cop that Richmond slept on his way to Bosworth Field. From Shrewsbury a journey of twelve miles brings us to Wenlock, where the lodge at least of the magnificent abbey of Black Monks still survives, as well as a fine black and white market-hall. A more picturesque and historical place perhaps is Bridgnorth, one of those Shropshire towns which boasted their town houses of the country gentlemen, sufficing them instead of London for the season. It crowns a hill over the Severn, and most of its houses are ancient. The people prefer its old covered market—an enlargement of the old market-cross—brick below and of black and white above, to a new one which has been recently built; and it seems that Bishop Percy's house, still a fine specimen of black and timber in its street front, is duly prized by the natives. The only reason we can divine for the author's scanty notice of Ludlow and its "Feathers," and other kindred houses, is that that old town of the Marches is represented in many other volumes. In truth, between it and Hereford not a few villages, Orleton, Weobley, and Pembridge for example, retain timbered houses of as curious work as almost any we have ever met with. At Hereford itself the sole remnant of the Old Butcher's Row, of James I.'s date, is a very picturesque and massive house, emblematically carved over with the mock insignia of the heraldry of the slaughterhouse. At one end of it in the High Town, till forty years ago, stood the old timber-built town-hall, resting on three rows of nine arches, and built by John Abel. Passing Ross and John Kyrle's house to the left of the Old Market-place, the railway will take us by a brief route to Monmouth, where the thirteenth-century Monnow Bridge deserves careful study, as in detail it resembles the York Bars, though built for purposes of toll and not for war. It shows what Hereford with its six gates might have been but for the dulness or capidity of its corporation towards the close of last century. Though Worcester boasts a house in the corn-market where Charles I. rested after the battle, it has no such picturesque old dwelling as is the "New Inn," still existing in the Northgate Street at Gloucester, built for pilgrims whom the monks sent to visit Edward II.'s shrine at the Abbey Church. The buildings surrounded two square courts, and were ascended by two rows of steps communicating with galleries and dormitories. The house was built in 1450 by John Twining, and there is the usual legend of a secret passage into the cathedral. The materials of the interior are said to be mainly chestnut. As a parallel to the "New Inn" in its original purpose may be cited the pilgrims' hostelry at Glastonbury, still the chief hotel of the town; while, as regards its construction and arrangements, we may match it by the "George" at Huntingdon, which, like other mediæval inns in town and country, has a gallery running round an open court and approached by an external staircase.

Mr. Rimmer whisks us from one county town and district to another with a rapidly curiously contrasting with the ancient difficulties of locomotion which he describes so forcibly. From Gloucester we are transported to Cornwall, and in the old market-place and crosses at Penzance are reminded of the Rows at Totness and the quasi-Rows outside Chester. But Exeter is fuller of interest, where the houses at the corner of Goldsmith Street have a gallery or promenade (in Row fashion) over a chemist's shop, a chapel being quaintly mixing up with the buildings. An old house opposite the Cathedral stands in an irregular Row, having continuous bow windows to the story above the shop, and on the sky floor, above these, a broad balcony. Two great beauties of old Exeter were the South Gate and the Watergate—the former a low and deep archway

flanked by large circular towers, destroyed in 1819; the latter a lighter and more graceful structure, which succumbed to destruction earlier. Wells is pronounced the most picturesque city in England. To say nothing of its Cathedral and the Palace Gardens, there is an interest in the connexion with the Cathedral of the series of houses called the Vicar's Close—a long court of the fourteenth century—by a gallery over an arched gateway across the street. This gallery is approached by a flight of steps on each side, whence there is a unique approach to the chapter-house, the floor of which is raised on a vaulted room some feet above the level of the Cathedral. In North Dorset is another antique town and venerable lane, of Saxon antecedents and for three centuries a bishopric, Sherborne and its abbey. But Sherborne, besides its minster, has its market-place, a covered area in front of the "Sun Inn," which appears to have been a market-cross, built about 1500 A.D. It is not indeed so light and graceful as Salisbury Market-cross, which has its fellow in Malmesbury in the same county, the cross of which town Leland describes "as built all of stone, and curiously vaulted for poor folk to stand dry when rayne cometh. There be 8 great pillars and eight open arches, and the work is eight square; and one great pillar in the middle berith up the vaulte." The old Banbury Cross of our nursery rhymes has lately been destroyed; but a handsome market-cross of the Caroline period still adorns the market-place of Beverley, which encloses four acres; and there is a very fine one, later than Salisbury in date, at Chichester. If it should puzzle the reader to conceive what shelter a marketful of people could derive from these graceful columns and shafts, it may be borne in mind that the surrounding space was awned over on market-days, and that the cross itself served as the nucleus of numerous booths. Sometimes it is more curious to turn aside with Mr. Rimmer to such comparatively secluded towns of the older world as Rye and Winchelsea in Sussex. In the former we find the oldest church clock in England, and gabled houses in the steep, narrow, grass-grown streets; in the latter we have the *Land, Strand, and New Gates* of a borough which had once a harbour, but is now inland, and we can trace the quickly vanishing ruins of Grey Friars' Monastery. Where gates or bars have escaped the despoiler or town-improver, it is curious to note the names variously given to them. At Banbury there were St. John's Bar, Sugar Bar, North Bar, Cole Bar, and Bridge Gate. At Lincoln, a city full of interest from the Roman days till now, a postern gate connecting with the Roman wall still bears the name of Newport Gate, and is the portal of the famous Ermine Street; whilst, if we mount the city gradually from the south and from the river, we soon come to the Stone Bow, a stately gateway crowning the street, and built, Mr. Rimmer judges from its ornament, about the time of Henry VII. The south front has the Angel Gabriel carrying a scroll, and the Virgin Mary crushing the Serpent. With its Jews' house, castle, conduit, the remains of the Bishop's Palace, and John of Gaunt's Palace, it would be hard to find a city fuller of architectural interest than Lincoln; and in its waterside attractions on the Witham Bank this "vulgar Venice" is sometimes compared to Rotterdam. At York, which still retains many of its old features, the narrow wynds and the four great bars, with Clifford's Tower and the lesser posterns, illustrate the same variety of nomenclature in gateways. Having spoken of the waterside aspect of Lincoln, we may quote a kindred description of the town of Stamford:—

The streets are irregular, but well paved and very clean. Gables figure in great variety and shapeliness here, and afford many studies for an architect. The town reminds one generally of an old city on the Rhine; quaint fronts crowd each other down to the water's edge; and the red-tiled roofs break through in pleasing variety. These are reflected in the river and interspersed with trees and gardens.

The "George" at Stamford is an hostelry of high repute, one of the few that still have their signboard suspended across the street. It is singular that at Newark-upon-Trent, which has many historical reminiscences, a fine church and a ruined castle, signboards are used to distinguish the shops and not the inns.

One more specimen of domestic architecture must be mentioned—the famous "Sparrowe's House" in the old Butter Market at Ipswich, which is still in good preservation, and tenanted by a bookseller. Four oriel windows project considerably over the street, and above them runs an enormous cornice, with four gabled windows set back in the roof. The woodwork, when examined minutely, may seem rude and barbaric in its ornament, but the general effect is very fine; and this old mansion of the Sparrowes, which succeeded an older house in 1567, claims to have hidden Charles II. in a curiously secluded loft after the battle of Worcester. There are the remains of ancient houses here in Brook Street at right angles to Sparrowe's house, and the gateway of Wolsey's College yet remains to tell of his disgrace, a structure of brick with stone enrichments. It consists of a bold Tudor gateway between two turrets of octagonal shape on either side, and a brick label moulding surmounting it, over which is a coat of arms between two brick niches. At this point Mr. Rimmer digresses into a survey of the most famous brick buildings in England—Hampton Court, Hurstmonceux, Charlton Hall, Kent, Holland House, Hatfield, and, above all, Sutton Place. This last is a structure of brick finished with a double sculptured platband of yellowish brick running round the top, with coins and window cases of the same. It is in form quadrangular, and encloses an area of eighty feet square, the principal entrance being a gateway with a lofty hexagonal turret at each angle, and the family (Weston) device of a tun and the initials R.W. on coins of

yellow brick. Doubtless we shall meet Mr. Rimmer again ere long in another of his pleasant architectural annuals, and meanwhile we may suggest to him that it is not necessary to exhaust the length and breadth of England to find materials for his purpose, and that if he will content himself with covering only a prescribed space, he will husband his opportunities and leave himself more worlds to conquer.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have received this month a large number of more or less interesting public documents both from Canada and from the United States. Those from the United States consist partly of Federal and partly of State Blue-books. Of the former the only one that possesses any general public interest is the Report of the Commissioners sent to the International Exhibition of Vienna*; a Report extending over several large, solid, and closely printed volumes. The American Government takes exceeding care to inquire into the legislation, the administrative machinery, and the commercial and industrial condition of every country from which it is possible that America should learn anything. Nearly every important Report upon any topic on which legislation is contemplated or recommended contains an elaborate account of the manner in which the same matter has been treated in each of the foremost countries of Europe; often of its management in English colonies, as being the communities most nearly approaching to the United States in their circumstances and ideas. It is not surprising, therefore, that a body of gentlemen sent expressly to make themselves acquainted with all the various branches of a European Exhibition wherein the manufactures, the inventions, and so much of the social condition and practical administration of different countries as can be exhibited in a material form are publicly compared, should make to their Government a very full and elaborate report upon every topic on which such a collection of objects from all quarters of the civilized world can throw light. And though the result is presented to the public in such a series of bulky volumes as might dismay even the literary courage of a German student, the Report forms a valuable cyclopædia of reference on the topics whereof it treats, to which American legislators and state-men will not fail on occasion to resort. There is probably no Government in the world so amply provided with information on every subject of social and political interest, and especially on all subjects that are likely ever to call for official or legislative action, as that of America.

Of the State Blue-books before us the most interesting is the *Census of Massachusetts for 1875*†, the results of which are comprised in four large octavo volumes of about eight hundred pages each. Any general analysis of the contents of such a work would of course be entirely beyond our scope. We may notice, however, two or three facts in regard to the statistics of population in the foremost State of New England which are either curious or significant. It is, in the first place, somewhat remarkable that while there is in Massachusetts, as in nearly all old and settled communities, a considerable excess of women, nearly the whole of this excess is accounted for by the number of widows as compared with that of widowers, the preponderance of the former being nearly as great as the entire excess in number of the female sex. This is no doubt due in part to the fact that women generally marry men older than themselves, and also live, upon the whole, a little longer. These two peculiarities taken together may well account for a number of widows over and above that of widowers, amounting to a little more than three per cent. of the entire population. Another observation, and one of much greater practical significance to those who are familiar with certain conditions of American domestic life, is the smallness of native-born families as compared with those of foreign immigrants. The number of children of foreign as compared with those of American-born mothers in Massachusetts is about as four to three. The entire foreign-born population of the State—a State which has comparatively few attractions for foreigners, being neither, like New York, the seat of a great Irish colony which perpetually attracts Irishmen to itself, nor, like the communities of the West, presenting broad tracts of unoccupied or half-occupied fertile land to the choice of the agricultural settler—is twenty-five per cent. of the whole, a very considerable proportion under the circumstances. In Massachusetts, as in this country, the tendency of the population to gather in large towns is very marked, there being now a slight majority in favour of the towns, whereas in 1865 these only contained about two-fifths of the entire people of the State.

The Canadian Blue-books much resemble our own in character, and possess comparatively little literary interest. The only one now in our hands which is likely to command the attention of English readers is a very thin Blue-book‡ containing the correspondence relative to that Pacific Railway scheme which has

* *Reports of the Commissioners of the United States to the International Exhibition held at Vienna, 1873.* Published under direction of the Secretary of State, by authority of Congress. Edited by Robert H. Thurston, A.M.C.E. Vol. I. Introduction; Executive Commission; Agriculture. Washington: Government Printing House. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

† *The Census of Massachusetts, 1875.* Vol. I.: Population and Social Statistics. Boston: A. J. Wright. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *Correspondence relating to the Canadian Pacific Railway.* London: Trübner & Co.

excited so much dispute between the Eastern and Western colonies, and has seemed to threaten the disruption of the Dominion.

Of literature, properly so called, our supply is somewhat scanty; but we have one exceedingly interesting historical work—a statement of the Southern side of the controversy respecting the treatment of prisoners during the Civil War, with especial reference to the case of Andersonville, where the worst ill-usage of the Federal captives was said to have occurred. The execution of Wirz, the unhappy officer responsible for the management of this great prison, gratified the animosity of the North, and was necessary to give the appearance of truth, or even of sincerity, to the accusations so lavishly made by the Federal authorities. But it was at the time, and is still, universally regarded in the South as a cruel and wanton murder. We think that no one can read the present volume* without feeling that, whatever may be said on the Northern side as regards the actual sufferings of the prisoners at Andersonville, the commander of the prison was not personally responsible for anything more than a somewhat extreme severity of vigilance, rendered almost indispensable by the very large number of prisoners confined and the small means of restraint at his disposal. The writer makes clear, in the first place, the one great and critical fact to which we have many times referred as decisive of the general merits of the controversy. There were fewer Confederate prisoners in the North than Federal prisoners in the South. The North had ample means of security, fortresses and camps whose construction rendered escape exceedingly difficult, and took away all those excuses for peculiar severity which were furnished to the guardians of Southern prisoners by the weakness of their material means of restraint. The North had, moreover, any number of soldiers at its disposal for the purpose of guarding the prisoners, so that it was not compelled to resort to anything like terrorism to overawe the natural disposition of prisoners to attempt a forcible escape when the guard is weak in numbers and the prison itself is far from strong. Moreover, whereas the Southern Government was closely limited in its choice of situations for prison camps by the difficulty of finding points inaccessible, at least during the later years of the war, to invading armies or rapidly moving bodies of cavalry, the Northern prisons were all of them absolutely inaccessible from first to last to any attempt at rescue from the South; and the only effort of the kind that was ever made was directed against a prison on the frontiers of Canada. Finally, the North had abundance of all sorts of food, clothing, and medicine, in all of which the South was so deficient that her own soldiers were ragged and starving. Nevertheless an absolutely larger number of prisoners died in the North than in the South, and of course the percentage of deaths was even more disproportionate than the actual numbers. This fact alone shows that of wanton cruelty or neglect there must have been much more in the North than in the South. The case of the Southern captives frozen to death in a railway train may still be within the memory of some of our readers. The instances of needless severity collected in this volume, and arrayed page after page to prove the deeper guilt of those who put Wirz to death for his alleged cruelties, are painful to read. But the evidence amassed is conclusive as to the wanton cruelties inflicted on thousands of defenceless captives. No such case of shameless violation of all the laws of war as the imprisonment of General Morgan and his comrades as malefactors in the Ohio Penitentiary has even been alleged against the South. Many of the charges against Wirz are shown to have been exaggerated or unfounded; many more are proved to have arisen out of mistakes or wilful misrepresentations. The selection of fortresses and camps in the coldest situations of the North for the imprisonment of Louisianians, Alabamians, and Floridians accustomed to a semi-tropical climate, was not, as were the alleged cruelties of Andersonville, the unauthorized act of a subordinate, or the accident of a difficult situation, but the deliberate determination of President Lincoln and his Cabinet. The mere statistics of the mortality among prisoners ought at once to have silenced the Northern accusations. After the publication of the volume before us, we hope that Northern historians will be afraid, if they are not ashamed, to repeat them.

A history of that which its victorious enemies now call the Slave Power in America† might be interesting and valuable if written by a man of moderate views and tolerable candour. To Englishmen such an account proceeding from a partisan of the South might be exceedingly useful; for Englishmen as yet have for the most part heard only the anti-slavery side of the case, and are perfectly ignorant of the grounds on which the South rested political pretensions which seem to ordinary European readers most offensive and unreasonable. But such a work undertaken by a violent Abolitionist, and performed in that spirit of bitter political antipathy and assumed moral superiority which characterizes the Abolitionist or negrophile party throughout the world, is worthless. It contains nothing either in the way of fact or of argument that we have not heard before, and it tends only to darken still further a subject upon which English and Northern ideas are, at best, sufficiently obscure and one-sided. And, of all Abolitionist partisans, it would

* *The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison.* Compiled from Official Documents. By R. Randolph Stevenson, M.D., formerly Chief Surgeon of the Confederate States Military Prison Hospitals, Andersonville. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.* By Henry Wilson. 3 vols. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

be difficult to find one more utterly unfitted for such a task than the late Vice-President Wilson. The attitude of those Abolitionists who, like Garrison, refused to take part in American politics because the fundamental conditions of the Union and the first principles of the Constitution sanctioned the slavery which they were bent on overthrowing, was loyal and intelligible. But it furnished a strong argument in favour, not indeed of the morality or justice of slavery so far as the negro was concerned, but of the claim of the South to be left to herself in her manner of dealing with it, and to be placed on a perfect equality with the North in regard to the occupation of the national Territories. The merits of the long political controversy which for thirty years at least was the one dominant issue in American party conflict, and which culminated at last in the War of Secession, can never be understood by those who do not realize the circumstances under which the Northern members of the Union became free States, and their Southern confederates learned to cling to their peculiar institution. It was the influx of immigration into the North, the presence of a sufficiency of white labour there, that rendered emancipation natural and convenient to communities occupying a soil and enjoying a climate eminently suitable to the energy of the English and Teutonic races, while comparatively ill-suited to the negro. It was the climate of the South, and still more the peculiar fitness of her soil for the culture of cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco—all of them, but especially the first three, far more easily and advantageously cultivated by negro than by white labour—that induced the Southerners gradually to modify their views of the institution of slavery, which had at the time of the Revolution been much the same as those of the North. At the time of the War of Independence both Northerners and Southerners condemned slavery in the abstract, but were not prepared to abolish it in the concrete. Circumstances operating during a quarter of a century gradually rendered emancipation, or rather abolition, easy to the North, and reconciled the South, through the action of human interests on human conscience, to the perpetuation of slavery. Moreover, the North got rid of her negroes before she abolished slavery; the South had a large negro population of which she could not deliver herself. From the first moment when the divergence of view became clearly marked to the very last the South stood solely on the defensive. She never claimed more than the Constitution had given her, than from the first she had expressly reserved—the sole right to regulate her own internal institutions, and perfect equality with the North in the common Territories. Whatever might be the natural and moral objections to slavery, however strong might be the revolt of the conscience of Christendom against the institution, however clear might be the right of foreigners or of Southerners to denounce and assail the institution, the North and Northern citizens, so long as they remained in the Union and enjoyed its advantages, were bound by the most express engagements, and by the advantages they enjoyed in consideration of that obligation, not to interfere with slavery in the South, not to attempt to exclude slave-owners and their property from the common Territories, and to return fugitive slaves. The three volumes of Mr. Wilson's elaborate history are a continuous endeavour to obscure this aspect of the question, and to ignore the restraints imposed on the North, and the claim given to the South, by the express stipulations and the general spirit of the Union and the Constitution.

Mr. Albert Brisbane has just given to the world the first volume of a series which he calls sociological*—a work which claims to be a general introduction to social science, but which is really a vindication or panegyric of that particular form of socialistic extravagance which owes its origin and its popular name to Fourier. Any one who cares to master the special characteristics of one among a hundred forms of a multiform error may find in this volume a sufficiently clear statement of Fourier's system as modified by Mr. Brisbane's own idiosyncrasies. Americans generally are too imperfectly acquainted with true political economy to gain much from a study of one of the many varieties of anti-economic error, and few English readers have leisure or inclination to pursue into their details the vagaries of one of the wildest of French revolutionary philosophers.

The volume in which a friend of the author has collected, under the title of *Philosophical Discussions*†, a variety of papers chiefly contributed to reviews and periodicals by a young American philosopher of considerable merit, deserves the attention of those who are interested in the various controversies, physiological, philosophical, cosmogonical, and theological, which have branched in various directions out of the views of Mr. Darwin, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Chauncey Wright was a thoughtful and profound, but not a luminous or fluent, writer. His thoughts are arranged in logical order, and expressed in highly technical scientific language; but they are not likely to be easily appreciated by a hasty reader. His papers are, in short, addressed to men of science or to professional metaphysicians. Harder, drier, and duller reading a student in quest of literary penance could hardly desire.

A brief historical study of the life and career of Alexander Hamilton‡, though it contains little that is new, even to the

ordinary reader not thoroughly familiar with the details of the political history of the American Revolution, may still be read with interest by all who care to refresh their recollections of one of the most eminent, and certainly not the least amiable, of the leaders in a mighty movement ending in the creation of a great empire. Had not his life been prematurely cut short by the malice of a personal enemy, Mr. Hamilton might have been remembered as the most distinguished among the successors of Washington, as he certainly was far superior to every one of those of his contemporaries who were in succession elected to the Presidential chair. Mr. Shea's sketch throws little new light either on the career or the character of its subject; but neither are so thoroughly familiar to Englishmen in general that this omission need deprive the work of all use or interest.

The *Transactions of the American Medical Association* for 1876* contain of course many papers of great professional value and interest which will have no attraction for the general reader. We hope, however, that the volumes of this series, as well as the Reports of the other principal professional associations of the United States, are to be found in the libraries of our own public institutions. Some essays bearing on questions of public health have a more general value, and may be worth the attention of those non-professional readers who have taken a particular concern in such questions.

Dr. Perry's *Introduction to Political Economy*† is one of several economical handbooks recently published in the United States, where the science is much less popular than in Western Europe, and where, though we believe it is much more generally taught in schools, popular knowledge of its principles appears to be much less sound and general than in England. This volume, like its competitors, is exceedingly elementary in character, and suited rather to the merest beginners who have no intention of thoroughly mastering the subject than to students who intend to make it one of their especial studies. It is, however, sound, correct, and clear, and, should it obtain any extensive circulation, might help to dispel some of the errors with regard to the first principles of economic science which are unhappily prevalent among our Transatlantic kinsmen.

Mr. Wheelwright, originally a diplomatist of no high rank, seems to have spent a large part of his life in the development of railway communications and lines of steamers in South America.‡ The vast undeveloped resources of the States of that great continent offer such attractions to enterprise that only the persistent inheritance of Spanish perversity, Spanish sloth, and Spanish misgovernment or anarchy could have kept them so long in their present backward condition. The principal department of labour to which Mr. Wheelwright devoted himself is one upon which the practical accessibility and consequent development of those resources in large measure depends; and we should be glad to believe that the countrymen of Señor Albórdi were as well aware as that gentleman has shown himself of the importance of such services.

A Report of the Third American Chess Congress§, held at Chicago in 1874, will no doubt be interesting to English votaries of that not very popular, but exceedingly fascinating, game. Though chess should seem to be rather the occupation of intellectual leisure than the amusement of hard-worked business men, many of the latter have been successful chess-players; and the comparative scarcity of a leisure class in America has not prevented our Transatlantic cousins from rivaling, in general success and in the production of a few transcendently skilful players, the most ardent devotees of the game in this country.

A new and illustrated edition of Mr. Howells's *Wedding Journey*|| appears to deserve a word of notice. The book is, we believe, popular in America, and is not unknown in this country. *The Jericho Road*¶ is a not very striking but simple and natural story of life in the Western States.

Mr. William Leighton has been signally unfortunate in the time of the publication of his tragedy. Had it not, by the accident of contemporaneous appearance, been brought into comparison with Mr. Tennyson's *Harold, The Sons of Godwin*** might fairly have passed for one of the best productions of the second rank of poets that have appeared for many years. It is spirited in execution, clear and powerful in conception, and the versification is something more than correct. The story is, like that of *Harold*, founded rather on Lord Lytton's novel than on the history of the time, especially as regards two of the most dramatically interesting incidents—the enforced oath to William and the relations between Harold and

* *Transactions of the American Medical Association*. Philadelphia: Collins. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

† *An Introduction to Political Economy*. By Arthur Eltham Perry, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in Williams College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

‡ *The Life and Industrial Labours of William Wheelwright in South America*. By J. B. Albórdi, late Minister of the Argentine Republic to France and England. Translated from the Spanish, with additional Memoranda. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

§ *The Third American Chess Congress, held at Chicago, Illinois, 1874*. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

|| *Their Wedding Journey*. Illustrated. By W. D. Howells, Author of "Venetian Life," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

¶ *The Jericho Road: a Story of Western Life*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

** *The Sons of Godwin: a Tragedy*. By William Leighton, Jun. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

* *General Introduction to Social Science*. By Albert Brisbane. New York: C. P. Somerby. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Philosophical Discussions by Chauncey Wright*. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Holt & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

‡ *Alexander Hamilton: an Historical Study*. By the Hon. Gen. Shea, Chief Justice of the Marine Court. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

It is OPENED in September next. The Examination of First Candidates for the Foundation will be held August 7, 1877.—For information and forms of application for admission apply to the Head-Master, R. W. TAYLOR, Esq., Rugby.



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THE WAR.

EVEN military critics can as yet derive little information from the reports of the preliminary operations of the campaign in the East; and it only remains certain, as at first, that the Turks, both in Europe and Asia, are outnumbered and overmatched. According to a statement which is made on good authority, the Russians began the war, for political reasons, before their preparations were entirely complete. It was known that the Porte was about to appeal to the Treaty of Paris; and the Russian Government may not unnaturally have desired to render further negotiation impossible. It matters little to the invader whether his attack is accelerated or delayed. The Turkish army shows no intention of crossing the Danube; and delay will injure the defence by causing additional expense. It is said that fever has broken out at Silistria; and perhaps disease may do the work of the enemy. No surprise has been caused by the advance of the army of Asia in the direction of Kars. It has long since been understood that the main effort of Russia would be made in Turkish provinces which may be retained after they have been conquered. It is, indeed, a point of honour to occupy Bulgaria, that the interests of the Christian population may not seem to have been wholly overlooked; but Austria holds the keys of European Turkey, and it seems probable that the German Government has made its promise of benevolent neutrality contingent on the abstention of Russia from permanent conquest in Europe. There is apparently nothing to prevent the Russians from adding to their dominions the South-eastern coast of the Black Sea; and possibly an effort may be made to acquire a port in the Mediterranean. Asia Minor has probably been to a great extent drained of troops for the necessities of the Servian war, and afterwards for the defence of the Danube. No weight can be attached to anticipations of a general rising of the Mahometan population, nor could new levies be a match for Russian regulars and Cossacks. No general on either side is known to possess remarkable capacity; but in this respect also the Russians have probably the advantage, for the Turkish Minister of War and the Commander-in-Chief on the Danube are notoriously unfit for their posts.

The controversy on the possible intervention of England in the struggle is unseasonable and premature. The country unanimously approves the refusal of the Government to assist the Turks for the present, and it is unnecessary to define beforehand the circumstances in which a neutral position might no longer be tenable. The rash and noisy advocates of war do less perhaps to endanger the national interests than the writers who eagerly assure the Russians that, as long as they stop short of Constantinople, they have no opposition to fear from England. The same optimists have in past years caused more alarm than confidence by their ostentatious professions of indifference to the progress of the Russians in Central Asia. It was not necessary to defend by force either Khiva or Turkey; but in both countries the success of the Russian conquerors involves a more or less remote danger to England. It is quite unnecessary to pledge the country to a policy of inaction which would offer direct encouragement to Russian ambition. Loud assertions of indifference to danger are rightly understood as indications of fear. Those who anxiously extenuate the risks of Russian success do their utmost to promote it, with the probable consequence of growing irritation in England, and perhaps of inevitable interference.

It was not exclusively for the sake either of the Russians or the Turks that the English Government, with the occasional and partial aid of the other Powers, strove for many months to prevent the rupture which has occurred. Only sentimental pedants applaud the wanton beginning of bloodshed as the most just and necessary war of modern times. It is strange that the conventional professions and apologies of official Russian journals should be reproduced with mawkish earnestness by credulous English partisans. The deliberate purpose which the Russian Government has held during long and illusory negotiations has now been unmistakably disclosed. The armies on the European and Asiatic frontiers of Turkey were from the first designed for the task which they are now proceeding to perform. The military convention with the Roumanian Government was concluded at the very time when Ambassadors and Extraordinary Envoys were urging in London the signature of the Protocol.

Mr. GLADSTONE is not one of those who recognize the sacred mission of Russia to extend the blessings of freedom and civilization to the oppressed Christians. On the other hand, one of his charges against the Government is that its slackness in coercing Turkey has left room for the efforts of a less disinterested benefactor. Having apparently for the time persuaded himself that the welfare of the Bulgarians is the first of moral and political objects, Mr. GLADSTONE nevertheless regrets that they should owe their approaching deliverance to a suspected patron. The fallacy of his reasoning consists in the assumption that England could have both liberated the Bulgarians and prevented the intervention of Russia. The Conference, which produced few useful results, at least dispelled the erroneous belief that the obstinate rejection of reform by Turkey was due to confidence in the support of England. General IGNATIEFF was less harsh in his language than Lord SALISBURY; and Lord DERRY had long before warned the Porte that it would be left to fight Russia single-handed. The alternative of joint or separate coercion remains; but in all probability Russia would have insisted on a share in the enterprise, and would ultimately have claimed the right of accomplishing alone purposes which would have been disclaimed and disapproved by England. The policy embodied in the Resolutions which are to be moved on Monday is not less liable to the objection that it depends on the assent of other Powers and on the submission of Turkey. Propositions which may be plausible in themselves become objectionable when they tend to encourage one belligerent at the expense of the other. Mr. GLADSTONE is undoubtedly both sincere and single-minded in his desire to protect the Christian subjects of Turkey; but his motion will be regarded in Russia as a defence of a war which is professedly undertaken for the same benevolent object. The military and political difficulties of the Porte are sufficient without a threat of repeating the experiment of Navarino, and of making some unnamed Turkish province independent according to the precedent of Greece.

The moderate Liberals and the regular leaders of the Opposition perform a painful duty in separating themselves from their former chief, whom they still admire as the most brilliant member of their party. Absorption in one favourite object or in a special process of thought is incompatible with a just appreciation of the comparative importance of political duties. Mr. GLADSTONE can for the moment see nothing but Bulgarian massacres; and he is

insensible to the imminent risk of destroying an historical English party. Less passionate reasoners prefer the cause of good government in England even to the most interesting of foreign victims of oppression. The Liberal party has, not without some sacrifice of predilections, followed Mr. GLADSTONE as far as possible even in the eccentric foreign policy to which he has of late devoted all his energies. It is unfortunate that he should find himself compelled to create or reveal a schism which will perhaps end in an unwilling coalition with the Conservatives, or in the exclusion of the Whigs from all political power. That the impending disruption will be welcomed by some of the extreme Liberals is proved by the digression of the Liberation Society, which had met to assail the Church, into a burst of sympathy with the statesman who concentrates his thoughts on Bulgarian atrocities. Some members of the same section will support Mr. GLADSTONE; but there is still a hope that the great majority of the party may share the conscientious convictions of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who is himself a thoroughgoing Liberal. But for the result of the Salford election, it might have been thought that the borough constituencies were ready to raise Mr. GLADSTONE to power in spite of the Conservatives and of the Parliamentary Liberals. The balance of popular feeling is still uncertain; but the disclosure of the aggressive policy of Russia will more and more tend to counteract the thoughtless excitement of the autumn. It may be hoped that the Government will persevere in the maintenance of peace; and they will certainly not practise a malevolent neutrality even at the expense of Turkey.

NEUTRALITY.

THE proclamation of neutrality has been issued in the form adopted at the time of the outbreak of the war between France and Germany; and it may be hoped that the warnings it contains will suffice to keep England and Englishmen clear of all the more obvious difficulties which the position of a neutral is apt to entail. The present war will be, to all appearance, so little of a maritime struggle that the occasions on which Englishmen are perplexed as to whether they are breaking the rules of neutrality or not are not likely to be numerous. The circumstances of the two countries are such that many of the vexed questions of maritime international law can scarcely arise. For example, no point has been more warmly contested than that as to the degree in which the destination of a ship is to be held conclusive as to the destination of the goods on board. Where the territory of one of the belligerents is so situated that contraband goods can be sent to an adjacent neutral port with the certainty that they will be forwarded to the belligerent, the ship is merely going from one neutral port to another, and yet she may be really as much helping a belligerent as if she sailed direct to his ports. Neither the Russian nor the Turkish navy, however, is likely to have ships to spare to cruise about looking for carriers of contraband, and the neighbours of the belligerents are the Powers with whom they would seek above all things to avoid raising any question. The one exception perhaps is Greece, and a neutral wishing to aid the enemies of Turkey might no doubt send arms to a Greek port, whence there might be no difficulty in forwarding them to Turkish insurgents. But Turkey is not likely to watch very narrowly any invasions of neutrality of which Greece may be guilty, as the main question whether Greece will remain neutral will continue open so long as Greece is hesitating whether its thirst for territory or its hatred of the Slavs shall guide its policy, and Turkey will hesitate to push Greece into war by scrutinizing closely small transactions in Greek ports. The question whether coal is contraband, or rather under what circumstances it is contraband, is more likely to arise, although it may be doubted whether, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, any great difficulty in determining the character of coal will be experienced. Turkey would certainly stop any coal destined for Russia passing through the Dardanelles; and it does not seem probable that Russia will have any fleet in the Mediterranean likely to make prizes. Still it is very possible that questions as to coal may arise, and coalowners in England feel a natural wish to know beforehand under what circumstances they are running a risk of capture and condemnation. A question was asked in the House of Commons on

Thursday night on the subject which took the curious shape of inquiring whether our Government would ask the belligerent Governments to state beforehand under what circumstances they would treat coal as contraband. The obvious reply was given that England did not wish to accept a prospective law laid down by belligerents. It is for the Courts of the captor to condemn or not to condemn a neutral vessel carrying contraband, and neutral Governments will await the decision of a judicial tribunal before they interfere. In the present instance, too, it may be said that it is very unlikely that any coal would be sent which was not contraband. The only purpose, or nearly the only purpose, for which coal would be sent would be to facilitate naval operations; and as the character of coal depends entirely on its destination, the circumstances would be very rare during the present war in which the destination of coal would not be sufficient to condemn it.

But there is one peculiar and novel set of puzzles in international law which the present war seems likely to start in a very remarkable degree. The rights of neutrals to navigate narrow waters in time of war appear likely to create difficulties in the discussion of which endless ingenuity might be expended. There is the question of the navigation of the Danube; there is the question of the navigation of the Dardanelles; and there is always looming in the distance the question of the Suez Canal. As usual, each question must be decided according to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and there are no general rules of international law to guide us. When it is said that the Danube is neutral, and that even in time of war neutrals have a right to navigate it, the right may be theoretically conceded, while in practice it may be impossible that it should be exercised. It cannot be maintained that the Russians and the Turks may not cross the Danube in order to carry out their military operations. If they are to cross the river, they must try to cross it in safety. The means are necessary to the end. In order to cross safely both banks must be held, and the channel of passage must be continuous. The belligerents could not cross at all if they had to open their military bridges whenever a neutral vessel wished to pass. Each belligerent, too, must be able to avail himself of all the means at his command to prevent the passage of the enemy, or to counteract the measures taken against him. The Turks are free to use their gunboats, and, where the water will permit, their ironclads, to stop the Russians when trying to cross. The surest means of dealing with gunboats and ironclads is to strew their possible path with torpedoes, and if the Turks use the former, the Russians use the latter. When once we have got to the right of a belligerent to put as many torpedoes as he likes in a river, it is idle to talk of the concurrent rights of neutrals to navigate it. The acceptance of the position that, when at war, the Turks and the Russians may cross the Danube for military purposes involves the consequence that neutral rights of navigation must remain in abeyance while the war lasts. The question as to the closing of the Dardanelles equally depends on special circumstances. Turkey has a right to blockade Russian ports in the Black Sea. Much the simplest mode of establishing the blockade is to close the passage of the Dardanelles. It might be objected to this that the Dardanelles lead to ports which are not Russian or Turkish. But, as it happens, this is only true in one single instance. If the Danube is open, a neutral vessel may wish to pass the Dardanelles in order to pass up the Danube, and so reach an Austrian port. But if the Danube is closed, and therefore a neutral vessel cannot possibly pass the Dardanelles in order to reach any but a Turkish or a Russian port. It is an accident that Turkey can establish so very easily an effective blockade; but there is no reason why Turkey should not have the benefit of the accidental advantages which nature and good fortune have given her.

Englishmen will naturally direct their chief attention to a still narrower strip of water than either the Dardanelles or the Danube, and will speculate on what rules ought to be laid down with regard to the Suez Canal. A question on this subject, too, was asked on Thursday night, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE answered that England could not possibly abandon in the time of war her right to send through it the troops she might want to place in India. No other answer could be given. If, when we are at war, we are not to send troops to India, we should debar ourselves from making the only use of the Suez Canal which is of real importance to us.

But then, if our ships are to pass in time of war through the Suez Canal, we could not expect our enemies not to try to prevent them from passing. Let us suppose that we were at war with France, and that France held Egypt as France held it in the time of NAPOLEON. It cannot be imagined that a French army would line the banks of the Canal, and remain calm and contented while they saw our ships go by under their noses. They would fire on the passing vessels, and it would be impossible to contend that they were trespassing beyond their belligerent rights in doing so. They would also try in every way to bar the passage. They would lay down torpedoes, or simply sink a ship at the entrance of the Canal. This sinking of a ship at the entrance of the Canal is really by far the greatest danger we have to fear. It is not very likely that the French or any other Continental nation will get possession of Egypt; but if we were at war, a very inferior maritime Power might succeed in barring the Canal for a time by closing the entrance. We might perhaps try to induce all maritime Powers to agree to rule that the Canal should never be closed in this way, but we could hardly hope that they would really observe the rule in time of war. Nor is there any very obvious reason why other maritime Powers should accept such a rule. It would be a rule made exclusively for the benefit of England. As the Suez Canal is a highway of universal trade, the natural rule in the interest of Europe would be that it should be preserved as a highway, whether in peace or war, and that no vessels of war belonging to a belligerent should pass through it. Even without any rule being laid down, it might seem as if any belligerent had a right to call on Turkey to fulfil the duties of a neutral, and to close to the ships of all belligerents the passage through an artificial ditch made exclusively on Turkish territory. But England declines to permit anything of the sort. Necessity compels her. She must send her troops through the Canal, without regarding the neutrality of Turkey or the commercial interests of other nations. She is strong enough to do it, and she frankly tells the world that she is going to do it. If she thus uses the right of the stronger—and there can be no doubt that she has no choice, and must use it—there seems very slight hope of persuading other nations to agree that, if they are at war with her, they will put no obstacles in her way. She cannot have the bargain all on one side; and that the bargain would be all on one side if she might send troops through the Canal in time of war, and her enemy was pledged not to stop her using this privilege, is sure to be pointed out to her if she tries to negotiate with the object of procuring such an engagement. She must rely, not on negotiations, but on her navy. If she holds the entrance to the Canal in force, she can permit, and of course would permit, the vessels of neutrals to use the Canal although war might be going on. But it is the English navy which would make the arrangement possible, just as it is the English navy which makes it possible to establish the claim that English troops shall be sent to India in time of war through neutral territory.

GERMANY.

THE Emperor of GERMANY is paying a visit, the first he has paid since the war, to the provinces which were the spoil of his great success. It is not possible that at Metz he should have any but an official welcome. Metz is a thoroughly French town, and it is a French town which is not only hurt in its deepest feelings by being transferred to a foreign Power, but is suffering much in its material interests. The French population there is very sad and very poor, and not unnaturally declines to spend any money in feting its new Sovereign. The few German residents may club with the garrison and raise a little fund to be spent in rejoicings when the EMPEROR arrives; but to most people in Metz the EMPEROR is merely an alien who, by an evil stroke of fortune, is able to do them much harm and make them very unhappy. Things, however, are very different at Strasburg. There the EMPEROR has been welcomed in a way which has been, as he himself states, a very pleasant surprise to him. Strasburg has received him as a German town might be expected to receive the head of Germany. It showed that it was becoming really reconciled to the change that has overtaken it. There is still, as the EMPEROR hints, much to be done. Strasburg, having been French for so long, could not become German in a day. But the Strasburgers are

treated by the EMPEROR as capable of seeing that it is Providence that has placed him over them, and of acquiescing in the decrees of so high an authority. Providence has equally made the EMPEROR master of Metz; but it would be idle to address the inhabitants of Metz as likely to bear their new lot more patiently if this religious argument were pressed on them. It is only when a beginning of reconciliation and goodwill has been otherwise effected, or when the hearts of a people are broken, that an invitation to look on things from a theological or fatalistic point of view has any effect. Strasburg has been drawing perceptibly closer and closer to Germany since it found that it could no longer consider itself French. The population is substantially a German one; its speech and its religion resemble those of its new masters, and the pecuniary interests of the mass of humble residents impel them to look to Germany, which is open to them, and not to France, which is closed to them. If Alsace is taken as a whole, it is probably too much to say that it is reconciled to the new order of things. The upper classes and the priests are still French in all their sympathies; but the mass of inhabitants, and especially the mass of the inhabitants of Strasburg, find it every day more easy and more natural to be regarded and to regard themselves as Germans. It may be remarked that what is now happening in the annexed provinces is very much what the Germans expected to happen when they decided on the annexation. They hoped that Alsace would before long become German in feeling, or at least would cease to be definitely French in feeling. But there was no illusion about Metz. No German hoped that Metz would be anything but a conquered French city. It was thought necessary to retain Metz for military reasons. Its possession is so very valuable for the purposes of war that, in order to attain this advantage, the Germans were willing to undergo all the annoyance which the permanent armed occupation of a foreign town must cause to those who hold it. When the EMPEROR goes to Strasburg, he goes to see a people which, if not altogether German, is being rapidly Germanized. When he goes to Metz, he goes to see his garrison, and nothing else.

It appears that the garrison of Metz is to be strengthened, and that the German force in the annexed provinces is to be somewhat increased, in accordance with the policy indicated in Count MOLTKE's speech. The reason for taking these measures is said to be that France is massing troops on the frontier. The French deny this, and certainly the detailed statement of the troops posted in that part of France does not give the notion of preparations being made which could alarm any sensible German. Metz is at this moment as safe from an attack on the part of France as Gibraltar is from an attack on the part of Spain. It is probable that the reinforcement of German troops has scarcely anything to do with war with France. It is not of the French, but of the new subjects of the EMPEROR, that the authorities are thinking when they send fresh troops into Lorraine. Those who are sad, and nervous, and susceptible will catch at very small straws on which to build their hopes; and when a body of French troops, not really large, but still considerable in numbers, is posted near the Metz district, it is not very surprising that the hearts of some of the poor unhappy Frenchmen in Metz should begin to beat high, and that they should dream that the hour of release, for which they long so intensely, is coming near. The sight of more German troops in Metz may be thought likely to tranquillize these dreamers, and to convince them that the grasp in which they are held is not to be shaken off. The Germans have not the faintest chance or hope of converting the French in Metz into Germans; but they may possibly weary and humble them into an attitude of despairing patient submission. In time the people of Metz may learn to trace those operations of the hand of Providence which the EMPEROR recognizes with so much readiness, distinctness, and pleasure. It may be necessary, if this end is to be accomplished, that the German should take those measures which Count MOLTKE has pronounced to be indispensable. But it is both unfortunate in itself, and somewhat unfair to France, that, in order to produce the desired impression on what is nominally a part of the population of Germany, measures should be needed which cause France some alarm, and serve to show Frenchmen that, whatever efforts they may make to satisfy Germany, it is hopeless to think Germany will be satisfied. Every day gives a new proof of the

extreme anxiety displayed by France not to give its dreaded neighbours cause of offence. The documents published by Duke DECAZES show that the primary object of his foreign policy through the changing phases of the Eastern question has been to avoid, not only anything that could offend Germany, but anything that could be misconstrued into an indication that France supposed herself to be in a position to give offence. So extraordinarily modest has been the bearing of those who had to carry out the instructions of Duke DECAZES, that on one occasion the representative of Austria recommended his French colleague to speak up like a man, and not be so pertinaciously humble. It is something so new in the history of Europe for a French Envoy to be reproached for being too meek, that the heart of the sternest German ought to be melted at the thought of such a change having taken place.

If it is, as Germans would like to suppose, the boasted enlightenment of Germany which is one of the chief influences attracting the people of Strasburg to Germany, this enlightenment is certainly not displayed in the treatment of financial questions. The German Parliament and the German Ministry are fast relapsing into the darkest errors of Protection. Prince BISMARCK, before his retirement, had expressed himself doubtful whether Germany could afford to forego duties intended to meet bounties given by foreign Governments on goods imported into Germany. In fair competition, he thought, Germany should win or fail as she could; but he was not sure whether Germany ought not to be protected against competitors who had a subsidy to help them. The Minister who has replaced Prince BISMARCK has got far beyond these doubts and hesitations of the CHANCELLOR. In a debate which lately took place with regard to the proposed treaty of commerce with Austria, a deputy from South Germany objected to the proposed treaty altogether, because it went much too far in the direction of Free-trade. The Minister replied that he could not arrest the progress of the negotiations, as they had advanced to a point from which Germany could not recede, but that in principle he agreed with the observations of his Protectionist friend; and he hinted that Austria might decline the proposed treaty, and then Germany would have a clear field. It became, therefore, interesting to know what were the observations which had found so much favour in the eyes of the Ministers. They were observations of a very remarkable kind. The preceding speaker insisted that all the Free-trade innovations which Prussia had accepted and introduced into the Zollverein were simply intended to injure Austria while Austria was still a part of Germany. Now that Austria had been driven out of Germany, there could, he thought, be no possible reason for Germany spiteing herself by adopting wrong commercial principles. This was quite in accordance with a view widely prevailing on the Continent, that nations which adopt Free-trade adopt it, not to benefit themselves, but to injure their neighbours. The field being open, Germany would be mad, this enthusiast went on to urge, if it did not take every opportunity of getting back into the safe and comfortable fold of Protection. Germans, as another speaker had recently insisted, cannot really compete with foreigners. English iron ore, he pointed out, has got more iron in it in proportion to the mass of ore than German ore has, and Germans cannot struggle against nature. In point of fact, he said, a number of large works in Germany have had to be closed, German capital has been lost, and German labourers have been thrown out of employment. And this was not all. Germany has actually gone further in Free-trade than England itself, which preaches Free-trade to all the world. Poor Germany admits corn duty free, while, as the South German deputy stated, with a fine boldness of invention, rich England still levies a duty on the corn she imports. That one or two deputies should hold this language is not surprising. That the interests of many consumers should be preferred to the interests of a few producers is one of those maxims which no amount of argument will din into some minds. What is wonderful is that a German Minister should say that he considered the language he listened to eminently sensible and judicious, and that he would like to give effect to the statesmanlike principles involved in it as soon as he got an opportunity of doing so. It is very disappointing; but still it seems indisputable that, as time goes on, not only does Free-trade not advance, but it is being driven out of positions which it once occupied.

AMERICA.

EUROPE may, as on many former occasions, regard America with envy. Neither the unscrupulous ambition of Russia nor the criminal weakness of Turkey disturbs the tranquillity of the happy citizens of the United States. Their own political troubles, which are always comparatively trivial, have for the present, and perhaps finally, been removed. For several weeks in Louisiana and South Carolina rival Governments and Legislatures had respectively claimed to exercise supreme authority; and in any other country it might have been expected that the quarrel would only be decided by force. Fortunately both parties welcomed the excuse for postponement of the struggle which was provided by the presence of Federal troops. The Republicans relied on the ultimate support of the late President; and the Democrats were well aware that it would be dangerous to offer open resistance to the Federal flag. On the eve of his retirement General GRANT abandoned his former policy of using the army as an instrument of the party to which he belonged. The officers in command were instructed to maintain order, and to abstain from all interference with local quarrels. Both parties waited to see the result of the Presidential election; and when Mr. HAYES was chosen, it was still thought expedient to await his announcement of his intentions. The Southern Republicans felt a not unnatural confidence in a President who owed his election to the frauds of the same Returning Boards from whom PACKARD and CHAMBERLAIN derived their titles. On the other hand, the Democrats quoted the conciliatory language which was used by Mr. HAYES immediately after his nomination; and they justly calculated on the unwillingness of a civilian and a lawyer to repeat General GRANT's employment of military force for political objects.

There can be little doubt that Mr. HAYES determined from the first to recognize the Democratic Governors and Legislatures, not perhaps so much because they had probably been elected by lawful majorities, as on the ground that they represented the property and intelligence of their respective States. The tranquillity and loyalty of the South could only be ensured by the reversal of the revolutionary process which had turned political society upside down. The Southern whites are Democrats because their enemies belong to the Republican party; but their real grievance was their subjection to an inferior race. Mr. HAYES has, according to the sound American custom, based an enlightened policy on nice legal distinctions. In the case of the President himself, it had never been formally decided that the Republican party had carried the disputed elections. The Joint Committee expressly based their judgment, as it was framed by the Republican majority in their body, on the constitutional inability of Congress, or of any tribunal appointed by Congress, to inquire into the validity of the State returns. The decision was probably consistent with law, though it was evidently influenced by party feeling. The President was therefore at liberty to treat the disputed State elections as new cases not affected by the judgment of the Joint Committee. His first attempt to settle the controversy was the appointment of a Commission which endeavoured to effect a compromise between the contending parties; but, as it was evidently necessary to surrender all or nothing, the exertions of the Commissioners were fruitless. It therefore became expedient to devise some other method of recognizing the Democratic authorities; and the object was attained by the simple process of withdrawing the Federal troops both in New Orleans and in Charleston. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. PACKARD, with their respective Assemblies, immediately admitted their inability to prolong the contest; and Mr. WADE HAMPTON and Mr. NICHOLLS now hold office by an undisputed title. The confident prophecy of observant politicians that the whites would eventually resume their natural supremacy has been quickly and completely fulfilled. There is reason to hope that they will cultivate friendly relations with the coloured people, although they formerly expressed resentment at the usurped predominance of the most incapable section of the community. The termination of the struggle will tend to restore the ancient attachment of the Southern States to the Union. Those who were not long since stigmatized as rebels now enjoy perfect equality with their former adversaries; and a Confederate General

has been confirmed by the action of a Republican President in the government of his native State.

It is not yet known whether the impartiality displayed by Mr. HAYES will secure him the support of Northern or Southern Democrats. In the United States, as in England, it is easier for politicians to change their opinions and conduct than to separate themselves from their party. It is not even certain that Mr. HAYES would derive strength from an alliance which might alienate the supporters to whom he owes his election. His judicious concessions to the South have already furnished indignant and disappointed Republicans with a pretext for opposition. The BLAINES, the BUTLERS, and the CAMERONS, who still hope to retain the direction of the Republican party, have denounced the PRESIDENT as a deserter from his flag. At the meeting of Congress they may perhaps succeed in embarrassing the Government, unless the Democrats have the good sense and the patriotism to decline combinations directed against a President to whom they are of late greatly indebted. It is possible that the schemes of the malcontents may be baffled by proposals on the part of the PRESIDENT which will be even more distasteful to the corrupt section of his party than his compromise with the South. Mr. SCHURZ, Mr. EVARTS, and the PRESIDENT himself are believed to be thoroughly earnest in their intention of reforming the Civil Service. Permanence in the tenure of office, and preference of merit, would be destructive to the political fabric which has been carefully elaborated by both parties, since President JACKSON excited the enthusiasm of his followers by declaring that the spoils belonged to the victors. It is not even certain whether it will be possible to keep parties together when the efforts of political managers are no longer rewarded by the disposal of patronage; but the Constitution will adapt itself to the changes which may involve the discouragement of jobbery and corruption. The most violent Republican journals have acquiesced with unexpected facility in the PRESIDENT'S Southern policy. Perhaps they may be equally pliable when he begins the reform of the Civil Service.

Possible schisms in political parties occupy the attention of the American community more faintly than the prospects of industry and commerce. The long-continued stagnation of trade has not yet reached its termination; and it may be doubted whether even the lucky incident of a European war will restore material prosperity. For some time past the tide of emigration has changed its direction; and it is said that large numbers of American farmers and artisans are removing to Australia. No definite plan has yet been devised for the resumption of a specie currency, and the grossest economical fallacies still determine the course of commercial legislation. The Americans are a cheerful and sanguine nation, and it seems that the war between Russia and Turkey has been hailed as the probable cause of a revival of trade. The Turks have bought large quantities of munitions of war in the United States, and the Russians also are expected to be profitable customers. It is still more certain that, while the war lasts, the export of corn from Russia will be either prevented or diminished; and the Western farmers are prepared to supply any deficiency which may occur. The ancient friendship of the United States and Russia has always been most loudly proclaimed when it seemed expedient to express less cordial feelings to England. At present the animosities of former times have fortunately subsided; and no sentimental regrets will disturb the satisfaction of superseding Russian commerce in foreign markets. The advantage of an unassailable position, of enormous reserves, and of facilities for profiting by the misfortunes of other nations, may well fill the minds of American citizens with patriotic complacency and pride.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

THE first day's debate in the French Chamber on M. LEBLOND'S interpellation was only important as showing the extremely narrow view which M. JULES SIMON takes of religious matters in France. There was an opportunity for him to make a speech which, if it had not reassured the Conservative Republican party, might at least have been well calculated to do so. It is hard to say what would really reassure them, for they seem to be rapidly falling back into that condition of combined indifference and terror from which the suppression of the

Commune for a time delivered them. A Correspondent of the *Standard* gave the other day what purported to be an analysis of certain confidential reports lately addressed to the Government by the Prefects. There is no particular reason to suppose that French officials ever make things more unpleasant for their superiors than is necessary; and unless the Prefects have for once disregarded their general rule, the prospects of the Republican party are not encouraging. All that the circumstances of the Bordeaux election portended is fully borne out by their statements. Everywhere in France there are two small and furious minorities, and one large and supine majority. The moderate Republican party—the party, that is, which is willing to accept any political institutions which will secure the country the essential conditions of good government—is everywhere numerous and everywhere worthless. For all purposes of self-defence it is no better than a flock of sheep. It is not only military courage that is wanting to it—that, with a strong Administration, would be comparatively of little moment—but civil courage is equally absent. The supporters of the Government will not take the trouble to support it. They will not put forward candidates representing their views, and when candidates are put forward on their behalf, they will not go to the poll to vote for them. All that readiness to show their confidence in the Conservative Republic which seemed a year or two ago to be slowly growing up among them has passed away. The true French Conservatives—the Conservatives who genuinely wish to keep the institutions which they have under the present Constitution—have either changed their mind or ceased to give it expression. The explanation of this revolution of feeling is not far to seek. They have ceased to believe in the Conservatism of the existing Republic. They had no objection to M. JULES SIMON when he was a Minister under M. THIERS; but M. JULES SIMON with no one above him is a very different person in their estimation. The Conservative Republic as it was under M. DUFAYE was a Government that it seemed worth while to take some trouble about. The Conservative Republic as it is under M. SIMON is too much like the Radical Republic to move them from the indifference which down to 1870 was their habitual attitude in politics. They see that in the Chamber of Deputies the Government can only gain the votes it needs by keeping on good terms with the Left; that all pretence on the part of the Right of supporting either the Administration or the PRESIDENT has been abandoned; that the MARSHAL has at length become, what they were assured he never would become, a constitutional ruler who takes patiently whatever Ministers the Chamber chooses to impose upon him. The Left had their own way in the formation of the existing Cabinet; but they bought their victory at a tremendous cost to the Republic. The Left Centre, that Left Centre which under M. THIERS was said to be identical with France, seems to have vanished into air. Its place is filled by furious factions and by a dull mass of political torpor which idly waits to see what the factions are going to do with the country.

Whether M. SIMON has it in his power to give the Conservative Republicans any consoling reassurance of the strength of the Government is, as has been said, exceedingly doubtful. But he might have made the attempt; and had he done so he might, by a happy accident, have been successful. At all events, what the situation demanded from him was a clear and positive statement that the Government would make the law respected by both extremes, and that, if the law proved insufficient to restrain both extremes, the Government would propose new laws. It is true that at the end of his speech he did say something of this kind; but its effect was entirely destroyed by the long exposition of his views about the POPE'S position towards the Italian Government with which he prefaced it. M. SIMON'S usual tact seems to have deserted him; for he argued as though he really hoped to convince the Right that the POPE is as free as they can wish him to be. To take this line was, in a sense, to admit that French Catholics have a right to make the domestic policy of the Italian Government a subject of debate in their own Legislature. If it is open to M. SIMON to argue that the POPE is not a prisoner, it must be equally open to a Catholic deputy to argue that the POPE is a prisoner. If M. SIMON thought it prudent to adopt this tone, he might at least have discussed the latest aspect of the controversy. Even if the Right had been disposed to be convinced, nothing would have been gained

by reading extracts from the Italian Law of Guarantees; because the present contention between the Pope and the Italian Government is not whether these guarantees are adequate, but whether they are genuine. The Pope, and a good many other people beside the Pope, think that the present Italian Cabinet has taken a line in religious matters which is altogether destructive of the Law of Guarantees, and there can be no use in going into the subject at all if this part of it is left out of consideration. It would have been enough for M. SIMON to say that the acts of foreign Governments are not a proper subject of debate in the French Chambers, unless they have an international character, and that all attempts to make them a subject of debate, whether by motions in the Legislature or by petitions to the Government, or by pastorals from bishops to their flocks, would be repressed by the measures appropriate to each kind of effort.

But M. SIMON might have said this, and yet, if he had said no more than this, have done no good to the Government. The Right have a religious grievance as well as the Left, and M. SIMON ought not to have undertaken to repress Catholic petitions and Episcopal pastorals without undertaking at the same time to repress obscene and blasphemous journals. There can be no question that the number and boldness of these publications has of late greatly increased. It is often, of course, a very difficult question whether it is wise to take any notice of such writings. Where, as in this country, the good sense and good feeling of the public are only disgusted by them, it is usually best to leave them to run their obscure course without interference. But in France the case is wholly different. These writings are accepted by large numbers of persons as the natural expression of Radical opinion on religious questions, and to a certain extent they are rightly accepted as such. That is to say, a section—and that the noisiest, the most energetic, and the most dreaded section—of the Radicals do hold the kind of opinions symbolized by the writings in question; while the larger and more moderate section, instead of doing all they can to show their reprobation of the indecencies duly published, observe absolute silence on the subject, and keep all their denunciations for the excesses on the other side. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the conviction should be extending in France that the position maintained alike by the extreme Radicals and the extreme Legitimists, that there is an inevitable and incurable antagonism between the Church and the Republic, is after all the true position. In so far as this conviction becomes accepted the prospects of the Republic will decline. Whatever may be the moral or theological value of the religious reaction which is undoubtedly a reality in France, the Church is still regarded as the greatest of Conservative institutions; and if the country has to choose between the Church and the Republic, it will not choose the Republic. M. JULES SIMON can hardly have any doubt upon this point, and it is strange that he should not have seen that his true policy was to try to convince the country that, in spite of what is said by the extreme Catholic party, the Republican Government are able and ready to protect religion against the vulgar brutalities of which it is daily made the object in numberless newspapers. That he has let the occasion go unimproved will be remembered against him if he hereafter makes, in answer to an interpellation from the Right, the sort of statement which, had he been well advised, he would have made without an interpellation on Thursday.

THE IRISH LAND DEBATE.

THE O'DONOGHUE's motion for depriving Irish owners of their property in land furnished an instructive comment on the Home Rule debate. Mr. BUTT's followers, being a majority of the Irish members, are compelled by their constituents to concur in the agitation against Irish landlords. If it were possible to suppose that Parliament would at any time abdicate a portion of its functions in favour of a provincial Assembly, some effort might perhaps be made to stipulate for the preservation of landed property; but, with or without restrictions, an Irish Parliament would, in one of its earliest Sessions, concede fixity of tenure to occupiers. The next step of suppressing the rent charge which might in the first instance be reserved to the former owner would not be long delayed. In the debate on The O'DONOGHUE's motion Mr. BRUEN called at-

tention to the apparent inconsistency of demanding at the same time that the landlord should be prohibited from eviction and that the tenant should possess the absolute right of selling his interest to the highest bidder. Anomalies always admit of explanation; and the language of the Irish agitators is perfectly intelligible. The petty farmers who return a large section of the Irish members value legislation exclusively as a mode of benefiting themselves; and they desire Home Rule or separation chiefly because they are at present controlled by the English and Scotch majority in Parliament. There can be little doubt that those Irish members who are interested in land gladly find themselves outvoted when they attempt to facilitate the expropriation of the class to which they themselves belong. Several speakers, while they ostensibly supported the proposed inquiry, expressed their dissent from the inflammatory language of the mover, who apparently thought it necessary to atone by his violence for an impolitic assertion of his independence in opposing a Home Rule Resolution in 1874. It is of course possible that an advocate of fixity of tenure may disapprove of Home Rule; but he must be well aware that, as long as the United Kingdom is governed by one Parliament, his aspirations for the emancipation of tenant-farmers are not likely to be gratified. Conversely, a zealous Home Ruler who wishes to protect landlords against spoliation ought to understand that he cannot at the same time promote two opposite results. It is indeed comparatively safe and perfectly easy to advocate two inconsistent systems of policy in an assembly which is not at present disposed to favour revolutionary members.

LORD HARTINGTON displayed less than his usual caution when he suggested the possible expediency of an inquiry into the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland. By entering into such an investigation Parliament would countenance the expectation of concessions to the occupiers and the agitators who represent them. LORD HARTINGTON himself is certainly not inclined to sanction any measure which would satisfy The O'DONOGHUE and his adherents. Only one English member took occasion to recommend the entire abolition of freedom of contract between landlord and tenant. Mr. SHAW-LIFFEYRE professed his inability to understand why all tenants should not partake of the advantages which were conferred by the Land Act of 1870 on occupiers paying less than a specified rent. The strongest objection to the measure was that it introduced an exception to the general rule of freedom of contract. Mr. GLADSTONE defended his proposals on the ground that small occupiers, not being practically independent, required legal protection; and even in a Parliament elected chiefly to fell the Irish Upstart, it would have been impossible to carry the Land Bill unless its provisions had been regarded as exceptional. It was always stated by Mr. GLADSTONE, and it was distinctly understood, that the Bill only applied to the poorer class of tenants. Mr. SHAW-LIFFEYRE, in proposing to extend the claim for damages on the ground of disturbance to all occupiers, large and small, adopts a novel theory which is as applicable to England and Scotland as to Ireland. In an agreement for a lease of longer or shorter duration the tenant takes the risk of eviction at the end of the term; and the theoretical uncertainty of his tenure forms an element in his bargain. Mr. SHAW-LIFFEYRE would confer on the tenant an advantage to which he is not at present entitled by compelling the landlord to pay damages for insisting on the strict fulfilment of the contract.

The difficulties which attend legislation on the delicate subject of land have been illustrated by the results of the Encumbered Estates Act which was passed thirty years ago. The measure was proposed by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and it was afterwards passed in a more comprehensive form by Sir JOHN ROMILLY, under the administration of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Much of the distress which then prevailed in Ireland was attributed to the embarrassed state of the landlords, who were, it was said, induced or compelled by their own necessities to exact the utmost amount which they could raise from their tenants. Under the provisions of the Act large transfers of property have taken place, with the anticipated result of substituting responsible and solvent owners for the needy landlords of former times. Only a few English capitalists have been induced to invest their money in Irish land. Some of the native purchasers have acquired extensive estates, and the traders of the towns have in many instances become small proprietors. It has since been found that the new comers of all classes are more unpopular than their predecessors. The spendthrifts of a

former generation were better understood by their rural neighbours than the intelligent men of business who naturally seek for a fair return for their outlay. Purchasers who had secured an indefeasible Parliamentary title now find that they have to deal, not only with malcontent tenants, but with legislative theories which disturb in a greater or less degree the established rights of property. They were compelled to submit to Mr. GLADSTONE'S measure for the protection of small tenants; and now they are threatened with the institution of tribunals which are to assess the rent on a tenant who can in no circumstances be dispossessed. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE would impose a heavy fine on a landlord who, after letting his land to a tenant possibly richer than himself, seeks to recover possession, even for the purpose of occupying the land himself. For the present the great majority of the House of Commons is opposed to compulsory expropriation.

Those who defend the rights of property as they have been established by law and custom incur a disadvantage by being forced to engage in controversy. An apologist, even when his case is unimpeachable in principle, admits by entering on his defence that his position has in fact been assailed. If the right of private property is admitted to be an open question, many plausible reasons may be urged against it. The justification of taking absolute ownership for granted is that it is the indispensable condition of society as it exists. Some form of communism may perhaps hereafter be preferred; but in the meantime investments in land ought in ordinary times to be as free from interference as investments of any other kind. Social and economical evils apparently resulting from the distribution of property may sometimes require arbitrary redress. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Land Act was only justified by circumstances, and especially by the universal discontent of the smaller Irish occupiers. There is no reason to believe that distress now prevails in Ireland; and the discontent on which agitators trade takes the form of a hope of gain rather than of resentment produced by suffering. No sufficient explanation was given in the late debate of the limited operation of Mr. BRIGHT'S celebrated clause; nor perhaps will further information be elicited by the Select Committee. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is perhaps too ready to concede inquiries which assume that there is some wrong to be remedied. The reason that tenants seldom buy their farms is probably that they prefer a freehold, which they expect as a gift, to a property which must be paid for. No wise man would voluntarily become an Irish landlord, and perhaps it is better to be a yearly tenant with practical certainty of permanent tenure than a freeholder who has purchased his land. To Englishmen it seems desirable to increase the number of freehold occupiers; but Irish farmers probably understand their own interests. It is not surprising that the market price of Irish land is low in proportion to the rental. The delusion that it would be possible to introduce English customs into Ireland has been dispelled by the results of the Encumbered Estates Act. A capitalist who in the present day invests his money in Irish land must be strangely indifferent to vexation and discomfort. Every debate on the land laws diminishes the inducement to become or to remain an Irish landlord.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE COMMITTEE.

THE whole proceedings of the Government with regard to the Cattle Plague Committee are mysterious and inscrutable. It is not easy to say why the idea of appointing a Committee was first entertained. As Mr. READ said on Thursday, there is no reason to suppose that its investigations will put the Government in possession of any facts that it does not know already; and Lord SANDON must be of a more than commonly hopeful disposition if he expects that his course will be made in the least clearer by the Committee's recommendations. The members will for the most part end the inquiry with the same convictions with which they began it. Indeed their claim to a seat on the Committee is avowedly founded neither on special knowledge nor on exceptional powers of arriving at truth, but simply on their representing this or that interest. Interests are not converted by hearing evidence, and when the last witness has been examined, the member who knows that his constituents are large buyers of cattle from abroad, and the member who knows that his constituents are large breeders of

cattle at home, will still hold opposite opinions as to the propriety of prohibiting importation. The one consideration for the Government is whether, having regard to the country at large, the meat supply will in the long run be most benefited by allowing importation and taking the risk of a consequent diminution in the home supply, or by abolishing importation, and taking the certainty of a consequent cessation of the foreign supply. All the data which can be of any use in coming to a conclusion on this point are already at Lord SANDON'S command; and, if they were not, he would get at them much more quickly by talking over the matter with a few representative experts than by comparing together the competing reports of the various sections of the Select Committee. Supposing that it was considered expedient to have a Select Committee, the next puzzle is why the Government did not set about appointing it rather sooner. Whether the subject was or was not sufficiently doubtful to make an inquiry by a Committee useful, there seemed to be no question that it was sufficiently important to make any delay in the nomination of the Committee exceedingly undesirable. The cattle plague shows no intention of waiting for the Committee. One outbreak after another is recorded and dealt with, and yet the Government postpone considering how it is to be dealt with. No way could have been suggested more likely to cause the confusion in which the debate of Tuesday ended. There was time for any one who wished to embarrass the Government to take counsel how it could best be done, and the apparent unwillingness of the Government to begin their work naturally suggested that they felt some doubts as to their capacity of carrying it through. The delay had also the effect of making the discussion seem less important than it really was. People are apt to think that what may be done equally well to-day or to-day fortnight need not be done at all; and, when once they are in this temper, the incidents of the debate are likely to take more hold of them than the end for which it has been started. On Tuesday the House of Commons was very much less occupied in considering how to keep the cattle plague out of the country than in considering how to keep Mr. BIGGAR out of the Cattle Plague Committee.

In this all-important object the House was completely successful. It had to sacrifice time and labour in achieving the result, but at all events the result was achieved. Mr. BIGGAR'S name was before the House for hours, and it was found as potent in wasting time as Mr. BIGGAR'S bodily presence. He could not have been more completely master of the situation if he had spent the whole evening on his legs. Lord SANDON began by moving that the Committee should consist of twenty-three members, upon which Mr. BUTT moved that it should consist of twenty-seven. There can be no doubt that a Committee of twenty-seven members is a most unwieldy machine; but, as between twenty-three and twenty-seven the difference was not great enough to be worth fighting about, Lord SANDON conceded the larger number, and conceded also that three out of the four additions should be Irish members. He was then challenged to say which Irish members he proposed to take, and, after some beating about the bush, it appeared that his choice had fallen on Mr. KING-HARMAN, The O'CONOR DON, and Mr. A. MOORE. From that moment the cattle plague was forgotten, and the discussion resolved itself into a struggle over the body of Mr. BIGGAR. Mr. BUTT was willing to have Mr. KING-HARMAN, and did not object to Mr. A. MOORE. But he was determined that Mr. BIGGAR should be the third, and in this he found more supporters than he perhaps expected. The question was formally decided after the twenty-three names originally proposed by the Government had all been accepted; but it was discussed informally long before that point had been reached. At length, however, the House had what it desired—an opportunity of going to a division on Mr. BIGGAR'S merits. Mr. BUTT moved that he be added to the Select Committee, and at once, without, as it seems, any debate, the members filed off into the lobby. Mr. BIGGAR'S name was rejected by 113 votes against 90. But to reject Mr. BIGGAR and to get rid of him are by no means the same thing. As soon as the cheers which welcomed the announcement of the numbers had died away, Mr. SULLIVAN moved the adjournment of the House, and when this was rejected, Mr. CALLAN moved the adjournment of the debate. As seventeen members were found to support the latter motion, it was evident that similar adjournments would be moved as long

as might be requisite, and thereupon the Government gave way, and the House went to bed with the Committee still incomplete.

It was both unfortunate and ill-judged that Mr. BIGGAR should be made of this importance. The Irish members may have been ill-advised in choosing him for one of their representatives on the Select Committee; but when once their choice had been made there was no object in opposing it. It is only natural perhaps that, when the Government gave the House the opportunity of revenging its wrongs by voting against the author of so much delay and so many late sittings, a majority of the members should be found to vote against him. But the Government itself should have been above any feeling of the kind; and, unless there was some strong reason, either of propriety or convenience, for opposing Mr. BIGGAR's nomination, they should have accepted it at the hands of Mr. BUTT. By refusing to do so they enabled Mr. BIGGAR to take a very much higher position than he had before been able to attain to. Down to Tuesday last he had only represented himself, or at most himself and Mr. PARNELL. On Tuesday he became for the time the representative of the Irish members. Mr. BUTT, who had publicly lectured him for his obstructive tactics, had included him in his list, and, as soon as it appeared that the Government intended to oppose his nomination, all that followed became inevitable. If Mr. BIGGAR had broken the rules of the House, or acted the authority of the SPEAKER, or insulted another member in the lobby, the refusal of the Government to add his name to the Committee might have been justified. But he has done none of these things. It is true he has strained the rules of the House to the utmost; he has made the SPEAKER's life a burden to him; he has made the majority of the members regard him as their natural enemy. Still in all this he has been acting within his rights, and so long as a member does this there can be no need to keep his name off Select Committees unless there is reason to suppose that his presence will tend to defeat the object for which the Committee is appointed. It may be said that this would have been the case with Mr. BIGGAR; and that, as he has exhausted all legitimate modes of delaying the business of the House, so he would exhaust all legitimate modes of delaying the business of the Committee. It may be doubted, however, whether the procedure of an inquiry before a Select Committee could afford any opportunities of the same kind as are afforded by the procedure of the House of Commons; or whether even Mr. BIGGAR's courage would be equal to repeating, before twenty-six colleagues, in a room from which strangers can be excluded, the performances which have immortalized him in a larger and more public arena. At all events, the Committee's loss might have been the House's gain. We have Mr. PARNELL's authority for believing that a member who has to keep awake at noon is scarcely likely to be moving adjournments after three P.M.

VIVISECTION.

IT may be hoped that the discussion of Mr. HOLT's Vivisection Bill in the House of Commons, and its prompt and decisive rejection by a large majority, will lead to the cessation of a very injudicious and unseemly course of agitation. Without in any way disparaging the humane motives of the opponents of the existing legislation on this subject, it must be said that they have made a great mistake in the course which they have lately pursued. There seems to be at the present time a tendency among a certain class of people to a kind of sentimental excitement on various subjects which is detrimental to calm and reasonable reflection. The ignorant and fanatical antagonism which is displayed in regard to vaccination is a conspicuous instance of this distemper; and so is the onslaught which the more violent anti-vivisectionists have made on the medical profession. It is not perhaps generally known that papers of a most malicious, and in some cases libellous, character have been widely circulated, and unwarrantable invasions of domestic privacy have been made, on behalf of both these movements. Post-cards of a bitterly personal and denunciatory tone, inquisitorial visits, and all sorts of aggressive pressure have been used in order to influence and, it may be said, intimidate weak minds on these questions. In various parts of London the blank walls are just now placarded with sensational illustrations of the alleged horrors of vivisection, and

appeals to popular passion. There is, for instance, a large picture of a dog and rabbit as they are supposed to be when arranged for dissection, with the question underneath whether such "Agony"—this word is in large capitals—can be allowed to be inflicted on sensitive and innocent animals for pure selfishness; and there is another bill, in which the inquiry is made, "Have you lost your cat?" which is followed up by a reference to evidence in the Blue-Book of last year which, it is suggested, will supply an explanation. In other cases the strongest possible charges have been publicly brought against the medical profession by persons who, when put to the test of examination, have positively declined to substantiate their statements by producing any evidence. It is true that such people are not a fair example of the more moderate and reasonable class which has doubts of the efficiency of the restrictions at present placed on the abuses of vivisection, and would like to see those restrictions made more stringent on certain points; but it is one of the mischiefs of a system of wild, hysterical agitation that it tends to excite feelings which are unfavourable to the merits of that side of the question on which it is employed.

It must be remembered that while there is no doubt that the evidence taken by the Royal Commission on vivisection showed that in some cases there had been gross abuses of this practice, these abuses were antecedent to the system of inspection and control which has since been established in order to prevent a repetition of them. This, however, is too often overlooked by those who are hostile to the Act as not going far enough. At a recent meeting of a Society for the Protection of Animals liable to Vivisection—at which Lord SHAFTESBURY took the chair, and there was "a large assemblage, the majority of those present being ladies"—a Resolution was passed to the effect, "That this Society, while recognizing the benefits obtained by the Act of last Session, and the humane spirit wherewith it is worked by the present HOME SECRETARY, considers that Act unsatisfactory, both as leaving room for cruelty and as dependent on the discretion of an officer of State who may at any time be changed." This is, no doubt, a legitimate opinion expressed in moderate language; but it does not appear that any proofs were given of the abuses which are supposed to require correction, or any specific proposals adduced as to what changes ought to be made, beyond a general recommendation of Mr. HOLT's Bill, which was contained in a subsequent Resolution. And, when we turn to this document, we find that it starts with the assumption, as expressed in the preamble, that "it is expedient to make more effectual provision for the prevention of cruelty to animals"; and then follow the provisions by which this is proposed to be accomplished, the Act of last year being doomed to a summary repeal, while the new method of dealing with vivisection is simply absolute prohibition.

As there seems to be a good deal of misapprehension as to the operation of the present Act, it may be worth while to state its chief provisions, as well as those of Mr. HOLT's Bill. The Act of 1876 prohibits painful experiments on animals, except subject to certain restrictions, and imposes penalties for breach of the Act. The following are the conditions on which vivisection is permitted:—(1) The experiment must be performed with a view to the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge, or of knowledge that will be useful for saving or prolonging life or alleviating suffering; (2) it must be performed by a person holding a license from a Secretary of State; (3) the animal must during the whole experiment be under the influence of some anæsthetic of sufficient power to prevent the animal feeling pain; (4), if any serious injury has been inflicted on the animal, it must be killed before it recovers from the anæsthetic influence; (5) experiments shall not, without special permission, be performed as an illustration of lectures in medical schools, hospitals, colleges, or elsewhere; or (6) for the purpose of attaining manual skill. Then some exceptions are enumerated; that experiments on anæsthetized animals may be performed at lectures under a certificate that they are absolutely necessary for the due instruction of the pupils in acquiring knowledge which will be useful in saving or prolonging life or alleviating suffering; or experiments may be performed without anæsthetics, or the obligation to kill the subject while under anæsthetic influence, on a certificate being given that these conditions would necessarily frustrate the object of such experiments, it being a condition that the animal, if injured, shall be killed as soon as the object of research is attained; and that experiments

may be also allowed in order to test former discoveries, if shown to be absolutely necessary for the effectual advancement of physiological knowledge. The use of curari is forbidden; painful experiments without anaesthetics are not to be performed on cats, dogs, horses, asses, or mules without a special certificate; and there is an absolute prohibition of any public exhibition of painful experiments. Official inspection of places where vivisection is performed is provided for; the Secretary of State is authorized to make any conditions on his licence which he thinks necessary, if not inconsistent with the Act; and a preliminary certificate must also be obtained by applicants for licences from various scientific authorities which are mentioned. In criminal cases the Judge is to have power to grant a licence for experiments.

It may be thought that this is a very reasonable and practical enactment, and fairly meets the necessities of the case, as far as they have been ascertained; but Mr. Holt and his friends think the law ought to be carried much further. Accordingly, the first clause of his Bill makes it an offence to "cruelly torture, or wantonly or barbarously injure, "any vertebrate animal," while the next clause prohibits all experiments causing pain or disease to animals, except for the good of the animals themselves. This amounts, of course, to what is practically the suppression of all experiments intended for human benefit; and there can be no doubt that it would excite great irritation among the medical body and strenuous opposition, so that, even if such a law were passed, it could hardly be carried out. The fact is that such a question cannot be successfully dealt with by harsh and sweeping enactments, which would stand in the way of the co-operation of the class chiefly affected. The great thing in such a case is to do as the existing Act does—that is, to promote generally a higher standard of humanity in the treatment of animals, while allowing necessary opportunities for scientific research. The main arguments in favour of Mr. Holt's Bill were that this was essentially a moral question, and that, according to some wise-acres, vivisection was of no use whatever, as every problem to which it could be applied had already been solved; and what he demanded was that the practice should be "not controlled, but wholly abolished." It is obvious, however, that a law of this kind would be quite impracticable, and conclusive testimony was given in the course of the debate as to the satisfactory working of the present system so far as it has gone. Sir H. SELWYN LEBETSON stated, from his personal knowledge of the subject, that the Act of last year had been entirely successful in effecting the purposes for which it was proposed; and he also disposed of the ignorant fallacies that the use of anaesthetics is optional, and that it cannot be known whether the law is evaded. Every precaution has been adopted with respect to licences, and any case of evasion or infringement of their conditions would soon be discovered. In point of fact, there has been only one case in which an application has been granted for permission to dispense with anaesthetics. Sir HENRY also bore witness to the readiness of physiologists to carry out the law thoroughly, not merely in its letter, but in its spirit and meaning. Under these circumstances, though it may be well that the management of the Act should be closely watched, and though on certain points it may be found possible to amend it in one way or another, prudence suggests that an experiment which has so far been satisfactory should be—for the present at any rate—let alone.

THE EARLY PAGAN ESTIMATE OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN interesting paper in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* by Professor Zeller of Berlin is devoted to the "Contest of Heathenism with Christianity as reflected in Greek and Roman Literature." Considering that the period in question includes the golden age of Roman, which is itself a borrowed reflection from the golden age of Greek literature, it may seem strange at first sight that any such "contest" should occur. For the literature of an age expresses and represents its highest civilization, and in Greece and Rome posterity has agreed to recognize the representative civilization of the ancient world. But Christianity and civilization unquestionably have much in common in their idea, their methods, and their history. Christianity, it has been justly observed, waited till the world had attained its most perfect form before it appeared, and it soon coalesced and has ever since co-operated, and often seemed identical, with the civilization which is its companion. Both alike are based on common ideas, have common views and principles, and a common standard of appeal, for the classics and the studies rising out of the classics are to the one

what Scripture and the Creeds are to the other. If Christianity has its patriarchs and apostles, Homer may be considered the patriarch, and the great Greek poets of a later age the apostles and evangelists, of the typical culture of the human race. We say Greek, for the fact, to which we have already referred, that the best Latin literature and philosophy were mainly a transcript from the Greek, seems to indicate that—according to the familiar saying of Horace—the Attic writers were destined to be, as they have in fact proved, the teachers and schoolmasters of all future generations. Civilization, to use theological language, is in the natural what Christianity is in the supernatural order, and there surely need not be, and ought not to be, any clash or "contest" between them. Nevertheless, while in the long run they have "coalesced and co-operated," their aims are not identical, and as every power has an inevitable tendency to encroach beyond its own legitimate boundaries, there have often been quarrels between the two. The almost chronic conflict of Church and State, though it involves other questions also of a purely dynastic kind, is in a wider sense part of the same great dichotomy. But the differences, whatever they be, between Christianity and culture, and between the ecclesiastical and civil order, which are constantly reappearing in various forms, have never since culminated in so violent and radical a divergence as during the first three centuries of our era, when the brilliant but deeply corrupted civilization of the mighty Empire, already sinking into premature decrepitude, was pitted against the vigorous and growing life of the nascent Church. It is to that contest, so far as it is reflected in the literature of the period, that Professor Zeller would call our attention, and there is much that is fresh and suggestive in his handling of a familiar theme.

He begins by pointing out—that what naturally follows from what has been already said—that the new religion was not without many points of contact with the mental tendencies and needs of the age. It had really in some respects more in common with Hellenic culture than with Judaism; and it certainly had much in common, in spite of important contrasts, with the Stoic philosophy, whence the story became current—for which there is no real evidence, nor even the slightest probability—that Seneca, if not secretly a Christian, was at least partly indebted to the teaching of St. Paul. It is thus the more remarkable that Christianity should have appeared to all classes of Roman society something simply and unmixedly abhorrent. "The Christians in the first place were Atheists"; and "Down with the Atheists" was the cry which rung round St. Polycarp's martyr stake at Smyrna. Being atheists, they were of course obnoxious to the charge of every form of atrocious crime, and hence the horrible and grotesque fables of their worshipping an ass's head, their Thyestean banquets, and their orgies of nameless obscenity. Even the great critical historian Tacitus thinks it perfectly natural that "a sect universally hated for their shameful deeds" should be credited, though untrue, with the burning of Rome. But to him, as to his more intellectual contemporaries generally, their original sin was not atheism but superstition, though they were not the less for that "the enemies of the human race." Atheism and fanaticism were indeed only different forms, suited to the capacity of the vulgar or the learned, of conveying the same indictment; the real offence was that Christians were monotheists. We have heard of a modern writer, whose zeal considerably outran his knowledge and his logic, beginning his attack on the doctrine of eternal punishment with a disclaimer of any desire to adjudicate between the opposite alternatives of Universalism or annihilationism, though he might have known that the rival theories are, if possible, more absolutely incompatible with each other than with the doctrine they are intended to supplant. In the same way the Romans did not seriously care to discriminate between the merits of atheism and polytheism; the latter was the established cult, the former, if we may trust Juvenal, was in his day the general belief. But whether it was more reasonable to worship many gods or to reverence none, it was equally opposed to reason and to "civism"—to adopt a later phrase—to believe in One God. It was, as Professor Zeller rightly observes, its monotheism that placed Christianity in undisguised enmity to the national religion.

But the root of this enmity lay deeper than any purely theological ideas in the national mind. We have seen that Tacitus considered the Christians a sect of loathsome and criminal fanatics, though he admits their innocence of the particular crime, of setting fire to the city, for which they were being executed. Pliny, who knew better, did not share this opinion. He had no special fault to find with the Christians, except the one unpardonable sin of resisting the State religion to which they opposed their own "strange and absurd superstition"; but for this treasonable conduct he thought they deserved death, when it was judicially brought home to them. And Trajan, whose mandate governed for a hundred and fifty years the policy of Rome in the matter, approved his view of the case. All other religions were compatible with the established worship; this one alone maintained a resolute isolation, and Christians, whatever their virtues or their vices, "could not be permitted to break the laws against making proselytes and against unauthorized societies." The way in which they held together among themselves, and their care to hold aloof, as far as possible, from the heathen world around, conveyed to an outsider, educated or uneducated, the impression of a secret society, a conspiracy against the established order of things. And that feeling was deepened among the higher classes by their well-known practice of recruiting their ranks from slaves, freedmen, and artisans, with

whom they associated on terms of equality, but whom their masters looked down upon with a contempt which is but faintly reflected in the feelings of a Southern slaveowner in former days towards his niggers. Here we touch at last upon the root of that hopeless estrangement between the Empire and the Church which, if it occasionally smouldered, broke out again and again into fierce energy during three centuries of more or less persistent persecution. A true, though at first unconscious, instinct taught the ruling classes that there was a vital antagonism between the new faith and the existing national order, which must sooner or later issue in the destruction of one or the other. And therefore a well-known remark in Dr. Arnold's *Lectures on Modern History* has always appeared to us only a half-truth, though it may seem to a casual reader to be partly endorsed by Dr. Dollinger in his *First Age of the Church*. That the Christians "were punished, not as men who might change the laws of Rome hereafter, but as men who disobeyed them now," is true of the conscious and immediate motive of the early persecutors; it is only very partially true of the later and more intelligent representatives of the same policy. Dr. Dollinger says, with his usual accuracy, that "the authorities and philosophers did not for some time understand clearly how completely the Christian Church was the rival of the Roman State, or they would not only have persecuted by fits and starts"; but the very form of expression implies that they began to discern this afterwards. And so only can we account for the startling fact, to which Professor Zeller refers, that Marcus Aurelius, the best of the Emperors and one whose character and belief had much of moral and even religious affinity to Christianity, was the severest of persecutors, and denounced the constancy of the Christian martyrs as proceeding from "more defiance."

If we come to later Roman writers, we find the sceptical and worldly Lucian content to sneer at the foolish and fanciful fanaticism of the Christian sect. His Platonist friend Celsus takes a much more serious view of the matter, and charges them and their Founder with deliberate imposture; but the head and front of their offending is still, as in the days of Tacitus—though it is expressed in less vehement language—their exclusiveness, their want of patriotism. Originally apostates from the national faith of Judaism, they were accused of remaining indifferent or hostile to the welfare of the Roman State. After the middle of the third century the antagonism to the new faith took a somewhat different form with the rise of the Neoplatonic philosophy. Philostratus and Porphyry and Hierocles display more of the critical and carping tone of modern sceptical writers, and are obliged to admit a good deal of truth in the system they assail. The brief and highly artificial attempt of Julian to galvanize the moribund Paganism into a new life was in fact based on an elaborate plagiarism from the despised "Galilean" superstition which he both hated and feared, and even had his reign not been prematurely cut short, was doomed from the nature of the case to inevitable failure. When St. Cyril wrote his ten books against Julian the last hope of Paganism had sunk into the grave with him, and thenceforth even literary attacks on Christianity gradually diminished. It is quite true, as Professor Zeller points out, that the heathen polemics have been revived by many recent assailants of the Gospel, but that is too wide a subject to enter upon here.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE NOVELIST.

THOUGH a large proportion of men, women, and children write novels, it is still the fact that clever people very seldom attempt to compose, and still more rarely venture to publish, works of fiction. If any one looks round on his acquaintances, it is not among the witty, the brilliant, or the adventurous, who have stories of their own, that he finds the novelists. People who seem to possess all the qualities that make the successful romancer do not, in point of fact, write romances. They have style very probably; and, on all things, an easy and accurate style is the rarest in the modern novel. They have humour, they have knowledge of the world; and, while they hold their peace, dullards who know far less of life and character make the gains and enjoy what reputation a third-rate novelist can acquire. Again, there are people who, in addition to the excellent qualities of which we have drawn up a catalogue, possess useful reminiscences, and are even anxious to express, under the veil of fiction, their ideas about men and women. But they do not write novels for all that. They leave the field untilled; they let the prizes be won by the "forth-right craftsman's hand" of a professional novel-wright, or let the fame go to some girl who has no qualifications except the memory of an unsuccessful flirtation. If cultivated persons of the sort we have in our minds have sought expression in their lives, the expression has taken the unromantic and unpopular shape of verse. Now a novel is really a much better vehicle than verse can be for our modern emotions; it expresses more clearly the mixture of regret and amusement with which we look back on our own failures and follies that were so overwhelming and so insignificant, so commonplace and so all-important. The half-real men and women of fiction would be far better mouthpieces of all the thoughts that seek to utter themselves in literature than are sonnets or ballads, however wonderfully woven. And a novel could hardly fail to pay its expenses in one way or another; whereas, from a purely commercial point of view, English verse is an unconsidered drug in a glutted market. In spite of these obvious facts, the English novel is for the most part left to people

whose ignorance of life and even of grammar is as remarkable as their audacity.

Andacity, a blind ignorance of difficulties and risks, is really the saving characteristic of ordinary novelists. As Turner said of amateurs in another art, "They don't know how difficult it is," and their ignorance is their salvation. They do not know what has been said before by others, and have no idea that they are not original. They have no sort of shyness in working the ancient machinery of intercepted letters and concealed wills, and in assuming tacitly that, just in the very *modus* of the tale, the characters were affected with momentary idiocy. People of more taste and knowledge see all these coarse devices, and, if they wrote a novel, would of course avoid them. But when they come to try, then they are more than ever aware of the difficulties, and they realize the limitations of human fancy. The collectors of nursery tales have discovered that, from Japan to the Ionian Islands and from Natal to the Hebrides, there are only a certain number of plots in these efforts of imagination. They have drawn various conclusions from this fact; but the most obvious conclusion is this—that, complicated and various as human relations are, there exist limits to the imaginative power of arranging them in fiction. Without going so far as comparative mythology, the fastidious person, the *raffiné* who would like to pour out his thick-coming fancies in a novel, finds himself checked by the limits of imagination. He fondles the sketch of a plot in his mind, till one day the truth flashes on him that his plot is very like one of Mrs. Henry Wood's or of Miss Annie Thomas's. There is no profit in pursuing the attempt any further, and no pleasure in treading a path where there are the *priorum vestigia*, the marks of countless wayfarers. But the difficulty of avoiding a well-worn plot and familiar incidents is only one of the thronging troubles which frighten away the would-be novelist who knows too much. He has a keen sense of absurdity, and in a novel it is next to impossible to avoid the absurd. Hawthorne found the excellence of this sort of writing to lie in the constant skirting of the precipice of nonsense and of the impossible without actual disaster. That an author of so shy and sensitive a genius as Hawthorne could publish his own attempts to evade the inevitable is of course encouraging. But the men and women whose friends are always telling them to write a novel never escape the sense of looking at the precipice in cold blood. They are too critical of themselves to get into that heat and fever of composition in which one scarcely sees, and does not heed, the neighbouring abyss and the risk of descent into bathos. Experience of life has shown them that in life novels, so to speak, do not develop themselves. A romance begins in a man's or a woman's history, and goes as far as the middle of the second volume, when facts get in the way and bar it. Life in this respect is really like a dream; for affairs move in an interesting and exciting manner so far, and then a slight unnoticed diversion stops the movement, and sends it in another direction, to no catastrophe, to no *dénouement*, but only further into the dullness and calm of commonplace. As in a dream, people lose the thread of the plot, scenes shift, characters disappear, and, as the Sagas say, "are out of the story." Now the art of the novelist is obliged to counteract these tendencies of actual existence; to fit things in where in life there would have been a break; to keep people together who in life would have drifted apart; in fact, to round all within a magical circle. The popular demand insists on all this, though, if novels were to be true to nature, they would generally be fragments of the great procession, and would come to no definite end. The general taste calls for a less epic treatment, and will have it that our little lives are rounded with a wedding, or, in a few rare cases, readers will put up grudgingly with a story which "ends badly." Probably the majority of writers share the tastes of their readers, and of course the workman must work to order. But the difficulty of exhibiting an honest picture of life, tinged with some colour of sentiment, touched with some pity for human incompleteness, is immensely increased by the need of satisfying the popular demand. How many modern novels are works of art, unstained by claptrap? how many are true expressions of the truth about love, marriage, death, regret for lost affections, and for vanished time? In place of these things the novel-writer puts his hand into a kind of lottery, and brings out two sets of flirtations, a rich old man's will, a runaway horse, a mad bull, a sprained ankle, a stolen letter, and some sketchy illustrations of the foibles of the day. These things are his materials, and he is allowed to make the best picture he can out of them. Of the real stuff of existence he must take sparingly, and what he does take he cannot leave in its incomplete, fragmentary state—a *statue à la Pygmalion* of what life should be, and of its failure. He must glorify his young man and woman in bridal raiment, or he must have tombs and funerals; he is not allowed to paint simply one of the dreams within this dream of existence, which blend we know not how, and pass into other and duller experience, leaving only a memory.

It is extremely probable that, if novels were written in the manner we have indicated, they would be remarkably vaporous and dull. We do not want to be reminded of our incompleteness. Mr. Johnny James, when Miss Lily Dale told him that she was only a fragment, said, "Well, be my fragment." But the artistic sense which is content with fragments, and prefers a broken head from the Parthenon to the groups round the Albert Memorial, is unusual. Though the artistic scheme of our lives and adventures is not visible, though only a hint here and there can be detected, the public likes novels to display a nice, smooth, and coloured consistency. That all the honest and pure maidens should marry dukes, all the villains be bitten by mad dogs, and all the bad preachers be

crushed by the fall of the sound-boards of their pulpits, is no longer rigorously required. But an approach to this harmonious completeness is necessary. It is necessary that things should go on happening, though things really do not happen much in actual experience; it is needful that people should have emotions, eloquence, plenty to say. Thus some novels obviously contain all the good things that the author has thought or heard, and garnered into his commonplace book, for years. The writer, having to make a cake, is determined that there shall be plums in it. One amusing novelist, whom we mention with gratitude, is so conscientious about giving full measure of plums that he not only makes all his characters witty, and will not deny even his scoundrels their joke, but also causes them all to run the gauntlet of unheard-of perils. The result is an extreme richness; but how clear it is that the art of novel-writing is neglected or even debased. Perhaps the conclusion should be that novel-writing is not really an art at all, but a branch of manufacture. A good many signs, and chiefly the regularity and rapidity of production, strengthen this opinion. When we can get a glimpse of a great writer's own notions about the profession, we find Thackeray complaining of the immense fatigue and annoyance of "the business." Why should not the novelist have some intelligent young man, he asked, to look out Lambeth in the *Encyclopædia*, to describe the death of the Archbishop, and the stolen interview of the Archbishop's daughter with her lover in his boat? To find a will in an old coach, or in a page of a long-unopened book, was obviously vexatious to the author of *The Venetians*; but, without some such inartistic device, *The Venetians* could not have ended in a satisfactory way—must have remained, as we have said that in life novels do remain, a fragment. People without much delicacy of taste do not feel these objections, and are unaware of these difficulties. They do "the business" without an effort, and round everything off with a happy sense of complacency. They are never stopped by the sudden sense that what they are writing is more or less absurd, that it is only by a stretch of the laws of the game that characters can be supposed to behave in this way or that. No doubt there is this excuse for the novelist—that his craft descends from romance, from a time of childlike readiness to swallow fabulous wonders. When we take up a novel, if we would be just, we should assume something of the child. We should be ready to believe in opportune chances, and lucky discoveries, and terrible villains, and in the possibility of "living happy ever afterwards." We should say to ourselves that all this happened "once upon a time," in spite of the abundant local colour and allusions to details of manners on which the writer insists. Perhaps the deeper and more true a man's sense of the humour and pathos of life is, the more difficult it is for him to take the excuse of the novelist. Thus novel-writing, on the whole, is left to the ignorant and audacious; "these we give our duty, dreadful line," as reviewers might parody a verse of Mr. Browning's.

THE FAMINE IN MADRAS.

THE latest reports from India make it abundantly clear that the policy vaguely indicated in Sir Richard Temple's original instructions is being carried out by that energetic official with characteristic zeal and thoroughness. It was, it will be remembered, a policy of reaction from the too generous profusion with which relief was administered in the last Bengal famine. Though the general duty of saving human life was not actually discarded, it was stated in terms far less absolute and peremptory than it had on previous occasions been usual to employ. "Even for an object of such paramount importance as the preservation of human life, it is obvious that there are limits imposed on us by the nature of the facts with which we have to deal." The principle thus enunciated gave rise to sarcastic objections on the part of one of the subordinate Governments whose task it was to carry out the new régime, and the Government of India was obliged to explain that all that was meant was that the utmost possible economy must be observed. The rule was still laid down that "human life shall be saved at any cost and at any effort." Sir R. Temple's mission appears to have been to strike a judicious mean between generosity and prudence, and the enormous proportions which the calamity has now assumed show the vital necessity of such a mean being struck. Madras has, according to Lord Carnarvon's despatch of January 12, an area of distress amounting in the aggregate to some 80,000 square miles and a famine-stricken population of 18,000,000; in the Bombay Presidency there is a famine area of 54,000 square miles and 5,000,000 of people immediately affected by the dearth. Madras had, at the date of Lord Carnarvon's letter, 840,000 men employed on relief works; 250,000 were similarly employed in Bombay; these numbers would, it was estimated, in the latter Presidency rise as high as a million in April, and a corresponding increase would have to be looked for in Madras, April and May being the months during which the distress might be expected to be most acute. Recent events have not tended in any way to lessen the gravity of the evil which these figures imply. The rainfall in the Madras Presidency for the first three months of the year, though above the average of the corresponding period of the three preceding years, has not been sufficient to give more than partial and temporary relief. It was not, it appears, enough for the purposes of rice cultivation; but it served to arrest the destruction of cattle, and even to admit of some of the less important crops being planted. The

general famine area must be considered as in no degree substantially diminished, while every week of course lessens the capacity of the population to bear up under its prolonged affliction, and aggravates the intensity of the terrible cohort of malads that follow in a famine's wake.

It was in a high degree improbable that a mission so delicate, and in some ways so painful, as Sir Richard Temple's, could be performed without giving rise to the animosities which divergent opinions on matters of practical administration so easily provoke. His appointment as representative of the views of the Supreme Government, though veiled in language of decent politeness, was easily interpreted as a slight upon the subordinate Presidencies. It was unfortunate too that the friction naturally occasioned by the interposition of a novel authority should have been intensified by a conflict of views between the Supreme Government and that of Madras, as to the initiatory step taken by the latter to meet the approaching crisis. The experience gained in the famine of 1873-4 had been formulated by Lord Northbrook in an important Memorandum, which laid down rules as to the occasions on which the State might advantageously interfere with the ordinary operations of trade in times of dearth. One of these rules limited the action of Government in supplementing the ordinary food supply to occasions "when there is a great deficiency, and there is also reason to believe that traders will be unable to meet that deficiency." On the failure of the North-Eastern monsoon last autumn the Madras Government considered that such an occasion had arisen. The crops were known to be lost, prices had suddenly reached famine rates, the available store of grain was ascertained to be wholly insufficient, there was a manifest determination on the part of the merchants and dealers not to part with an article which might become indefinitely valuable; the operations of the trade were confined to bringing large quantities of grain from the outlying districts to a few central depots, while retail trade was at a standstill; "grain riots by hungry mobs of men, women, and children, and more serious disorders, accompanied by violence, followed in many parts of the country, and elsewhere outbreaks occurred in the hope of checking exportation, and thus preventing dreaded scarcity. . . . The Government found themselves suddenly confronted with this position—that a large proportion of the labouring population of a wide tract of country had become at once dependent on State relief works for the means of earning their daily bread, but that that food was not obtainable with whatever money they could earn." In this emergency the Madras Government resolved to follow the precedent of Lord Northbrook's policy in Bengal, and to buy by private agencies some 300,000*l.* worth of food by way of a reserve. It is a matter of regret that this important step should have been taken without previous concert with the Government of India; but assuming, as the Madras Government apparently thinks, that there was no time for discussion, there has been much to show subsequently that the step was a wise one. However that may be, one practical result of it has been to commit the subordinate Government to the defence of a course of action which the supreme Government, and ultimately the Secretary of State, have disapproved.

Nor have the subsequent dealings of Sir Richard Temple with the famine operations been of a nature to allay the irritation incidental to his appointment. Alarmed at the vastness of the evil with which he found himself confronted, he appears to have set about reducing its proportions with a degree of summary resolution in which the Madras Government finds it difficult to follow him. Two obvious modes of economizing suggested themselves—one to turn away from the public relief works all who could by any possibility procure any sort of subsistence elsewhere, or who would not submit to severe and alarming tests; the other to reduce the pay to a minimum at which no one responsible for human life had ever ventured to say that health could be maintained. There was nothing to hinder the application of these experiments except the probable mortality involved, and Sir R. Temple appears to have considered that this risk ought to be run. Both were accordingly unflinchingly enforced. In three of the most afflicted districts the numbers on relief works were reduced from 950,000 early in January to 493,000 in March; in other words, nearly half a million of human beings, ostensibly in necessity, were turned adrift in a season of dire distress in a country as devoid of all means of livelihood as the Great Desert. Sir R. Temple writes of this reduction with a complacency which he alone of the officials concerned appears to feel. "The numbers are reduced in a manner," he says, "partly in some degree, though far from exactly, proportionate to the dimensions of actual distress; so far the Madras Government may be congratulated on the result." To this it is with great reason replied that congratulations are premature till we know what has become of the half-million unfortunately to whom State aid was thus suddenly and peremptorily refused. The statistics given by the Madras Correspondent of the *Times*, in his letter of April 7th, point to the horrible possibility that a large proportion of them may have perished. The average mortality of six districts is shown to have more than doubled in every instance, and in one case (Kurnool) to have increased sixfold. This is a state of things which implies that the benevolent task of saving life "at any cost and at any effort" has been but very partially fulfilled. The same Correspondent gives details of the Cuddapah district, which are extremely significant. At one place 40,000 persons were early in the year receiving aid at the public works; this number has now been reduced by Sir R. Temple's stringent measures to 8,000. Allowing a wide margin for fraud, this reduction leaves a serious number to be accounted for. "If

is only right," says the Correspondent, "that I should state one cause of decrease. There has been already a very terrible mortality among the labouring poor of this subdivision. Mr. Gribble tells me that the result of his inquiries in certain villages went to show that about 15,000 out of a population of 35,000 had died in the month of January from a form of cholera which may be termed 'famine cholera.' I know, on the authority of a district officer, that in the course of a morning he came upon eight human bodies unburied, partly eaten by dogs and jackals, 39 dead bullocks, &c., &c. The mortality in this part of the country has been something awful; and, although cholera is on the wane, the people who come into the camps to be fed are in so feeble a state that experienced medical men think it hardly possible that one half of them will survive."

When reports such as these are given by local officials, it is not to be wondered at that there should be a strong feeling among officials at Madras and in the local press of discontent with the proceedings of the delegate from the Supreme Government. The Sanitary Commissioner has expressed, in terms of the utmost explicitness, his conviction that the scale of diet enforced by Sir R. Temple is incompatible with the preservation of health; and we regret to learn that by the last mail intelligence has been received of the appearance of exactly the class of diseases which the Sanitary Commissioner predicted as the inevitable consequence of an inadequate dietary. The mortality in the relief camps has been at the rate of 930 per mille per annum; in other words, the wretched victims had, in all cases but an insignificant fraction, been reduced so low that nothing could save them. Sir R. Temple appears to be still unconvinced, and in the meantime all that can be said is that the experiment which he has so courageously enforced is an extremely costly one, so far as human life and suffering are concerned.

The Madras Government naturally watch its progress with extreme anxiety, and we observe that even Sir R. Temple has, on its representations, consented to some partial alleviations. There has been, however, an appalling loss of life; and before we can judge how far Sir R. Temple deserves the praises of his friends or the execrations of his numerous enemies, we must know the real extent of this mortality, and the degree in which it is attributable to the severity of the tests under which aid has been given. As things now stand, Sir R. Temple's experiments cannot be said even approximately to have succeeded. The problem proposed in an Indian famine is, not to give as little aid as possible but to save human life by every reasonably available expedient. When we hear of a death-rate at six times its normal height, of villages where nearly half the population dies in a month of what is politely termed "famine cholera," of relief camps where only a tiny fraction of the inmates can be rescued from the prostration of prolonged misery, we are forced to the disconcerting conclusion that the problem is not being solved at all so far as these poor wretches are concerned. Lord Salisbury is no doubt fully alive to the gravity of the crisis, and to the incalculable misery which the rashness of an over-hasty official might at such a conjuncture inflict on many millions of British subjects; and, in the interest of future sufferers, it is to be hoped that the Government will spare no pains in ascertaining the extent of the present mortality, and, if necessary, will not hesitate to reverse the policy of which it is the result.

SQUATTERS.

THERE is a steady and systematic development of population in every age of an inhabited land; swarm succeeds swarm of settlers, each either superseding or intermixing with that which preceded it. Not only in what are technically termed "clearings," and on what the dictionaries call "new ground," does this rule hold good; but also in the most venerable of fatherlands. And thus we find in our own time-honoured country, as well as in the backwoods of America, many representatives of that pioneer of colonization vulgarly known as the "squatter." The most rabid of radicals could hardly wish for a more effectual deranger of local customs and prices than the civilized member of this class, albeit he is very frequently a most orthodox conservative. Like wolves on a prairie, or rats in a sewer, squatters, though powerless and unimportant individually, are dangerous when encountered in large numbers; and we may almost go so far as to say that they are ever effecting social revolutions. It is popularly supposed that country society consists of hereditary landed proprietors living on their estates; but, were this the case, the list of neighbours would in these days be reduced in most districts to a minimum. Many people may be inclined to combat this statement; but, let them fairly count over those in their own immediate neighbourhoods whom they invite to their houses, and we suspect that they will find several who are not hereditary landed proprietors but have deliberately "squatted" in that particular part of the country. There are many varieties of this species. Some have chosen their habitat for purposes of sport, others in order to be near some influential friend or relative. Married eldest sons whose fathers are still living, and unmarried ladies whose parents are dead, are to be found among their ranks, as are retired officers, widows, bearers of courtesy titles, and owners of properties in undesirable and scarcely habitable regions. In fact, their name is legion; they range from the retired tradesman to the Irish absentee noble. Their habitations are as various as their

origins. Generally speaking, when *nouveaux riches*, they prefer old houses. Next to being of old families themselves, they seem to esteem living in old family houses. A fine half-timbered Elizabethan mansion is that which the soul of the manufacturer longs for, unless he cares more for the locality than for the dwelling which he is to inhabit, in which case he will buy up odd fields about the wished-for resting place, and then build what he calls a "hall" in their midst. Country places of all sorts and shapes are eagerly rented by squatters, except very large houses, which are usually difficult to let, since those who could afford to live in them could also afford to buy properties. A great many comfortable but moderate-sized houses were built about the reign of Queen Anne, or at any rate during that elastic period which is conventionally accredited with her name. These, whenever procurable, form the favourite homes of squatters, especially the small houses of this type, so many of which were built in the eighteenth century by men who had made comfortable but moderate fortunes in India. Old manor-houses, granges, and even enlarged farmhouses, are also their special resorts. Their haunts are likewise to be found among those large, mysterious-looking red brick houses which often stand at the entrances to small country towns, and which offer peculiar advantages and conveniences to men of small means, though they are often objected to lest their proximity to the innocent little townlet should betoken an intimacy of their tenants with the doctor and attorney, of whose society the squatter has frequently a superstitious horror. Perhaps the true habitat of the genus is the indescribable little white house with laurels round it, of which so many are to be found in these days. These are often cots with the conveniences of large houses, even billiard-rooms being sometimes attached to them. There is only one feature which is common to the dwellings of nearly all these well-to-do little settlers, and that is an Alderney cow which feeds in the adjoining paddock; indeed one of the special characteristics of the squatter may be said to be that he is an "Alderney-cow-keeping animal." Although not a universal trait of this class of people, a very usual one is the keeping and breeding of prize poultry, pigs, or dogs. They are also much addicted to making collections, and they usually possess some excellent bits of old china; in fact, they give prices for bric-a-brac which would make the hairs of the surrounding squires stand on end.

The new comer is often an object of interest in an out-of-the-way place. The great natives begin by looking contemptuously at him, much after the manner of huge dogs when a strange toy-terrier is introduced into their kennel; but after a time they sniff at him, or perhaps give a growl or two, when presently one big dog's tail begins to wag a little, just at the tip, and then that of another, until they at last get playing with him, after which the popularity of the little dog depends upon his own disposition and capabilities. The educated, amiable, and agreeable squatter is sometimes the means of infusing fresh vitality into a neighbourhood in which that commodity is sorely needed, and this is especially the case when he only spends part of the year at his rural retreat. He is, under such circumstances, a far greater acquisition at a country dinner-party than a curate or a young squire. His position has also this advantage, that it does not entail upon him partisanship in local squabbles. Too frequently the squatter voluntarily enters into them, and perhaps, when he spends his whole time in the country, to avoid doing so might be difficult; but where he is only an occasional resident, it is at any rate unnecessary. He ought to value his neutrality very highly, because it may enable him to be the medium through whom families hitherto at enmity may meet and be friends. If he directly meddles in other people's quarrels, social ruin awaits him; but it is within his power to be a passive agent through whom feuds may be made up. Although he is not called upon to exercise the usual functions of a country gentleman, there are many opportunities of usefulness open to him. It may not always be either convenient or desirable to make him a magistrate, but Boards of Guardians, road meetings, vestries, savings banks, and churchwardships offer plenty of scope for his assiduity. He may have no cover for the hounds to draw, but his subscription to the hunt or poultry fund, although not large, is extremely welcome; and he may have no pheasants to offer in sacrifice to his neighbours, but the gun which he holds so straight may be very serviceable on the day of a grand battue, when one of the best shots has failed at the last moment.

We wish we could hold up the squatter to unreserved eulogy. This, however, we cannot do. Generally speaking, solitary specimens of this division of humanity are vastly preferable to a larger number, and we trust we are not speaking uncharitably when we give it as our opinion that, if agreeable in units, and bearable in small detachments, they are simply unendurable in the herd. It not unfrequently happens that they are of an unenterprising disposition, and although, as we have already observed, there are many opportunities of usefulness open to them, they are under no compulsion to work or play, like other country gentlemen, and there is no special exception made in their case as regards that "mischief still" which is provided for the employment of idle hands. Hence they and their womankind (especially the latter) are apt to lapse into mere mediums of petty gossip, whose sole occupation consists in collecting local tittle-tattle. Now the retailing of this valuable merchandise is likely enough to be repaid by a certain amount of popularity for a short period, as it amuses people to hear their dear friends abused; but "murder will out," and as each listener finds out indirectly that her own alleged misdoings

have been expatiated upon by the oracle, the gossipmonger loses a friend and makes a bitter enemy. Having nothing particular to do, squatters are sometimes addicted to "looking in" at odd times at their neighbours' houses. To prosaic country people the novelty of visitors coming to see them in an informal manner at unconventional hours has at first a certain charm about it, especially as it may be taken as a personal compliment; but the enchantment is soon dispelled, and that which was regarded as a pleasure becomes an insufferable nuisance. Moreover, not only socially but financially does squatting occasionally prove odious. It generally has the effect of sending up the price of manual labour in the immediate locality, more especially garden and stable labour. On his arrival at his new home, the incomer is ignorant of the current standard of wages, and gives but a trifle less than the men demand. This is usually two or three shillings a week more than his neighbours have been accustomed to pay; and yet, having once begun by giving so much, he cannot well give less afterwards. He is quoted by other people's outdoor servants to their masters as a specimen of what they are pleased to term a "real gentleman." Now one of these "real gentlemen" is a social nuisance, but a colony of them is as bad as a gang of brigands; and their presence is apt to engender evil and unchristianlike feelings in the human breast against the whole army of squatters, people in neutral positions, cottages with double coachhouses, and real gentlemen. To this fiscal confusion is frequently added the embarrassment caused by their indiscriminate charities. The unwise scattering of a handful of silver coins in cottages within half a mile of the settler's house throws into odious insignificance the judicious labours of the squire and his family among the poor for a mile round. Squatters are, as a class, popular with the clergy, partly perhaps on account of their readiness to support fancy charities. They will subscribe to the Church Association, the Liberation Society, or the Fund for the Relief of Distressed Chimney-sweeps, from which benevolent objects the squire would shrink. If the latter subscribes to a charity, it is considered to be only a fulfilment of his duty; but when the former give their mite, it is regarded as a work of supererogation. They have few of those calls upon their purses to which the landed gentry are so much exposed, and from these and other causes they are oftener richer on incomes of three thousand a year than are the surrounding landowners on rent rolls of double that amount.

The squatter's status is by no means invariably a satisfactory one to himself. Unless he is of a very enterprising disposition and full of resources, he has few objects, few duties, few occupations. When he has persuaded friends to come and stay with him at his charming villa, he discovers the appalling truth that he has no means of amusing them. He may cater for them better than would a neighbouring duke; but what is he to do with them between the hours of meals? Walks along high roads are apt to become monotonous, and objectless drives soon begin to pull upon the most enduring of guests. Another difficulty presents itself in the absence of means at his disposal for repaying the hospitalities of the squires who have been kind to him; and he even finds it hard to converse with them, as he and they have but few interests in common. He sometimes feels all these things deeply, and is painfully conscious that he is a social anomaly, while this very consciousness causes him to be diffident and awkward in society. As a last resource, and rather from want of occupation than love of art, he occasionally takes up painting, playing some musical instrument, singing, wood-carving, or gardening; and it is well that he should do so, for otherwise he might, like one of his own roses if unpruned, pass into the original briar and become a brainless boor. The daily increase of squatting and squatters, although it may be disturbing the even tenor of rural life in England, is a truly British phenomenon. On the Continent the stream of population naturally flows from the country to the towns, whereas here the current runs in the opposite direction, thanks to that love of the country which, one is of course proud to believe, is indigenous to the breast of every Englishman; and even if, like other people, he may have his failings, we cannot help favourably comparing the squatter who, from a genuine love of green fields, leaves the town where he is known to settle in the country where he is unknown, with certain owners of large country houses who all but desert their beautiful homes for London and Continental cities.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

AS far as mere fame goes, we do not know that the genius of a woman has anything to hope for that shall equal the glorification which her countrymen lavish on Mme. de Sévigné. Will the *chefs-d'œuvre* of George Sand or George Eliot be hereafter celebrated with the honours that have been showered for two hundred years on the flowing pen of the first of letter-writers? Will the Fellows of the Institutes of 2077 be collating their manuscripts, comparing editions, diving into obscurities, annotating, dating, detecting interpolations, treating them as authorities on the niceties and graces of language? Will their works be put foremost among the classical works of their respective countries? We cannot suppose it. They are too masculine in their powers; their genius, like their *noms de plume*, aims at too close a fellowship with man's genius for any such homage. For the fame of Mme. de Sévigné is homage. It is her never absent womanhood that makes her what she is as an author. That in-

timate companionship to which her brilliant style admits us with what is most charming and enlivening in feminine society prompts to praise as an act of gallantry. It is companionship with a woman gifted with all the charms and graces of her sex, who sees everything with a woman's eyes, who never dreams of woman's rights or wrongs, who has no ideas on woman's mission, who treats what are called frivolities as serious things, who acquiesces blindly in the fact of man's supremacy—all the while thinking her own thoughts, clear in her own opinions, and taking her own way. We see her wise, practical, and vigorous, loving, tender, and constant, cheerful and playful, all in woman's fashion; her pretty head never too heavily weighted with thought for her graceful shoulders. It is this essentially feminine quality that delights the editor of the newly-discovered fruits of her prolific pen. It is because she was not a Pascal that he has found that "le génie plein de grâce de Marie de Rabutin ne méritait pas moins de zèle que l'austère génie de l'auteur des *Pensées*."

It certainly does imply genius of a high order in its own line that letters which were written at full speed, "écrites d'un trait," "à course de plume," written "avec tant d'art et si peu de peine," two centuries ago, should still, as they were composed "sans modèle," remain "sans rivale." Perhaps we see realized in Mme. de Sévigné the perfect conditions for giving play to her genius, conditions without which no genius can do itself justice. Nobody could write such letters now, because, among minor causes, nobody can be so free-spoken. Her whole being went out towards expression, and recognized no checks; while her mind found its satisfaction in things that could be described and expressed. All the affections and interests, the dignities and the homeliness, of social life were her subjects; and perhaps in no other society were these last two ever brought into such close juxtaposition; her rank and high position elevating her natural courage, and inspiring an easy confidence that what she thought fit to say was a thing to be said. Surely no woman had ever fewer reserves or a more comprehensive candour. To her daughter she lays bare every thought of her mind, every feeling of her heart, every incident of her life—everything, in fact, but certain misgivings concerning her daughter's temper and disposition, which perhaps never found in her innermost convictions a more definite wording than in the hints and ingenious turns through which we form our judgment. In this exceptional instance of gentle indirectness we detect the timidity and self-mistrust of an engrossing affection, and learn to believe in her maternal devotion as a true absorbing passion. This power of saying everything that crossed her mind, joined with an intense interest in all that concerned her daughter, naturally led to a frankness of utterance that called for reserve somewhere. The letters were inimitable letters, and her daughter knew their value and kept them; but we are not surprised that it was almost exclusively through copies that they were committed to the hands of the printer. Nor, again, is it surprising that even a first copy needed a second revision. M. Capmas is to be congratulated on his discovery of the original copy; but we sympathize in the reticence which led Mme. de Grignan or her daughter to reserve for family reading, not only family weaknesses, errors, and humiliations, but the solicitude which finds religious expression in such adjurations as "Au nom de Dieu parlez-moi de vos coliques!"

Her maternal anxiety has a hundred moods, all the more real from the evident misgiving as to how her daughter may take them. There is the very poetry of daring in the following impatience of absence and longing for reunion, where she throws the days at the head of those who want them, and even sleeps in a hurry:—

Pour cette joie de voir passer les jours les uns après les autres, je la sens en moi, et j'y fais réflexion à toute heure. Quand vous êtes ici il n'y en a pas un que je ne regrette; je trouve qu'ils m'échappent avec une vitesse qui m'attriste; une heure, un jour, une semaine, un mois, un an, tout cela court et s'enfuit avec une rapidité qui m'attriste toujours, je dis même au travers des peines et des inquiétudes que me donne toujours votre mal. Présentement, ma bonne, que je ne respire que de vous revoir, et vous pouvoir garder et conserver moi-même, je voudrais que tout cet intervalle fût passé; je jette les jours à la tête de qui les veut, je les remercie d'être passés. Le printemps et l'été encore me paraissent des siècles; il me semble que j'en verrai jamais la fin. Je dors vite, et j'ai de l'impatience d'être toujours à demain, et puis de recevoir vos lettres, et puis d'en recevoir encore, et encore d'autres. Je me garde bien de faire ces confidences, on ne les comprendrait pas; mais quelquefois entre mille autres choses il faut que je vous conte tout cela.

The object is different; but this is the ardour which made her grandmother, Jeanne de Chantal, a saint. Mme. de Sévigné's excessive sensibility on this score was no doubt a trial to her friends, who even ventured to point out to her that she and her daughter worried one another when together; a lecture which her sense and amiability took in good part, saying, as she repeats it: "Faisons donc mieux, ma bonne, une autre fois; remettons-nous en bonne réputation; faisons voir que nous sommes assez raisonnables pour vivre ensemble." She had high ideas of friendship and its claims, which in different forms she is constantly laying before her daughter. She had even faith in explanations, which shows a temper formed for intimacy:—"C'est souvent faute de se parler et de s'expliquer que les choses s'aggravent, les cœurs se resserrant chacun de leur côté." Her friends were devoted to her, and her modesty shows itself in the diffidence of her tone in recognizing their devotion, and its claim upon her confidence:—

Je sais bien qu'on ne meurt point de l'absence de ses amis; on en sent d'autres qui sont encore plus sensibles; mais il est certain que toute la vérité et toute la sincérité qui peut être entre des amis elles se trouvent entre ces personnes-là et moi. Leur amitié ne me fait pas changer d'avis, mais je veux avoir un procédé honnête avec elles et sincère.

But on all these points the readers of Mme. Sévigné's letters can learn nothing new from these volumes; which, on their part, mix so generally the *inédit* with that which has already been printed that it is not easy to disentangle the new from the old. For example, are our readers acquainted with the following reflections upon plain women, *à propos* of a crying example of extravagance, which follow some incense offered to her daughter on being gifted with sense as well as beauty? All beautiful women, however, are not clever, and the world excuses their folly, "en faveur de leur beauté et du bruit de leur jeunesse et du grand monde":—

Mais de voir une laide bête, à qui on laisse tout le loisir possible de travailler aux affaires de sa maison, et de se rendre complètement cet endroit, négliger cette occasion d'être bonne à quel que chose, et de se faire pardonner tous ses désagréments, qui n'y pense seulement pas, qui s'amuse à discourir de toutes choses hors de ce qui la devrait uniquement occuper, et qui se trouve toute rancée, toute abîmée, toute accablée, au milieu des plus grands revenus qu'on puisse avoir, moi chère femme, je vous avoue que cela me met en fureur, et que je voudrais qu'il y eût une punition pour celles qui font un si mauvais usage de leur esprit et de leur laideur, qui serait bonne au moins à quelque chose, si elle établissait une maison.

Here is an anecdote of convent life and discipline, which we give as an example of easy dramatic narrative, and of not ill-natured satire on the high-born Abbess:—

Le pauvre Anouin [a fashionable physician] n'est plus à Chelles; il a fallu voler au visiteur. Madame est inconsolable de cet accident, et pour se venger elle a défendu toutes les entrées de sa maison, de sorte que ma sœur de Birou, mesdemoiselle de Birou, mesdemoiselle de Molléville, ma belle-sœur de Cossy, tous les amis, tous les cousins, tous les voisins, tout est chassé. Tous les parloirs sont fermés; tous les jours mal je suis obligée; toutes les matines sont chantées sans miséricorde; mille petits relâchements ont réformés; et quand on se plaint, "Hélas! je fais observer la règle." Mais vous n'êtes pas si sévère. C'est que j'avais tort, je m'en repens." Enfin on peut dire qu'Anouin a mis la réforme à Chelles.

In fact, Mme. de Sévigné's religion is not of the severe order. Whatever else she may have inherited, asceticism is not congenial to her temper. She obeys her Church; but her amusements are never more remarkable than in the little notices of her prayers, her observances, her pleasure at returning to "colletes et petits poulets"; and her recoil from the Trappist dinner, "Ce que vous me dépeignez est horrible; je ne comprends pas cette sorte de mortification," contrasts markedly with her supper of nine at the Abbé Pelletier's, at which, not for the table, but for those who sat round it, we should all probably have been very willing guests. Nobody had dined, so people ate with a good conscience:—

Personne n'avait diné; nous dévorions tous. C'étoit le plus beau repas de Carême qu'il est possible de voir; les plus beaux poissons les mieux apprêtés, les meilleurs ragoûts, le meilleur cuisinier. Jamais un souper n'a été si solidement bon.

But she can be equally eloquent on a piece of bread and butter; on which she and her son descend—he dwelling on the thinness of the bread and thickness of the butter, she finding natural satisfaction in a fact which that unusual test brings to light:—

J'aime le beurre charmant de la Prévôté, dont il nous vient toutes les semaines; je l'aime et je le mange comme si j'étais Bretonne; nous faisons des beurrées infinies, quelquefois sur de la mie; nous pensons toujours à vous en les mangeant; mon fils y marque toujours ses dents, et ce qui me fait plaisir, c'est que j'y marque aussi toutes les semaines; nous y mettrons bientôt de petites herbes fines et des violettes.

It was her constitutional gaiety, her quick response to every shade of feeling in those around her, which made all things enjoyed in company worthy of her pen. Her tears flow readily. She writes of herself "Je suis pleureuse." An act of heroism, the loss of a faithful servant, immortalized in a very tender eulogy, equally invoke them. But a cheerful view of life is one of the charms of her writing. When she is well, she plays with her own gaiety and keen sense of life, moralizing all the while. *A propos* of the constant medical remedy—bleeding—then in vogue, she writes from the country at the age of sixty-four:—

Pour moi, si j'avais besoin d'une saignée j'en viendrais mon bras à Paris; c'est une de mes raisons pour être attentive à ma santé. C'est cet état de perfection qui n'auroit qu'un défaut, que je pourrais bien être immortelle, si par malheur je ne lisais des livres où je vois mourir si grande quantité de monde, à tous âges et en tous temps, que quand je quitte le livre je vous avoue que je me dote de quelque chose; rien au monde ne fait tant cet effet que le flux et le reflux qui roule depuis tant de siècles. Ce fut sans doute au sortir de cette lecture que je vous alla dire étourdiment, sans réflexion et étonnement, que je pourrais bien être mortelle.

Her liveliness is always strong in its good sense—i.e. she puts the conclusions of good sense with a vivacity full of individual character. This is partly owing to a certain gravity of appreciation where other people are apt to conceal their interest under an affected levity. Thus of her dress:—"Je suis dans le mouvement de l'agitation de mes habits; je suis partagée entre l'envie d'être bien belle et la crainte de dépenser." Again, when she describes a *perruque* designed for the *fumée* of one of her daughter's friends:—

Je passai mercredi chez la D'Escars; je montais d'envie de voir la perruque, mais elle étoit emballée. Elle m'assura que c'étoit la plus belle chose du monde, la plus vive, la plus décevante, la plus naturelle, la plus parlante, la plus jeune, la plus ondoyante, la plus blonde, la plus surprenante; et que pourvu que Montgobert y voudrait seulement passer les doigts elle seroit aussi bien après le voyage qu'en partant de Paris. Mais cette bonne D'Escars étoit bien en colère contre la donnée; il en coûta plus de cent francs.

Her mind, poetical as well as acute and practical, throws itself heartily into country life when obliged to live in the country. She makes discoveries in nature, and asks her daughter "ce que c'est

qu'un printemps," and what she thinks the colour of the trees during the last week—"Vous allez dire du vert. Point du tout, c'est du rouge"; and then follows a very graceful description. She compares the nightingales of Brittany and Provence:—"La petite rivière qui est dans cet endroit en attire deux ou trois, mais fort inférieurs aux vôtres; ils n'ont ni tant d'amour ni tant de science; à peine disent-ils les couplets les plus communs."

Money is a constant topic. She can't get her rents; for she says of her Breton tenants, "Je ne vois que des gens qui me doivent de l'argent et qui n'ont point de pain, qui couchent sur la paille et qui pleurent; que voulez-vous que je leur fasse?" Perhaps it was not only the burdens laid upon the peasantry that produced this miserable destitution, for elsewhere she gives her son's definition of a Breton:—"C'est un homme qui ne se lève jamais que pour boire, et qui ne se couche jamais que pour avoir bu." She has to apologize to her daughter for having said in an offhand way that she must find money and pay their *grandes dettes*:—"car du reste je ne trouve rien de plus miraculeux que de trouver de l'argent." She has small debts of her own which compel her to give up a winter in Paris—an unspeakable sacrifice to honesty—under the resolve "de finir ma vie avec honneur et sans que personne se plaigne de moi." The inner life of struggle and difficulty which the great people lived amid all their pride and splendour is curiously brought out in these familiar letters. We see the wrong side of the tapestry. Another fact incidentally comes out which bears upon recent discussions. She writes (1694) to her daughter after a journey:—"Je suppose que les voleurs de Vincennes auront laissé passer; ceux que vous avez trouvés en chemin, pendus et roués, étoient ou doivent être des passe-ports."

The great charm of these letters is the writer's absolute freedom from vanity, effort, or consciousness. She receives praise for them, and is glad that they please; but she never alludes to her own successes; we hear of no social triumphs; it is through her love for her friends that we learn their estimate of her. She has a fine ear for style. She talks of somebody's *chien de style*. She gently disclaims her daughter's comparison of her own to that of Voiture; and we only once detect the recognition of her powers when she says of a favourite dependent, whom she sometimes gets to write her reports of health, "She writes like us." But we gather her ideal of a letter from the pleasure she takes in one from her granddaughter, the eventual inheritor of her own letters:—

Mon fils est transporté de la lettre de Pauline. Elle est toute jolie, toute naturelle, toujours toute pleine de reconnaissance de l'amour qu'on lui fait l'honneur d'avoir pour elle. Elle ramasse ce qui tombe, ou attrape ce qui est en l'air, du style de sa chère maman.

The recipe is a good one, but it requires some touch of kindred genius to profit by it.

BRIGHTON AQUARIUM CASE.

WHEN the question as to the opening of the Aquarium at Brighton on Sundays was under discussion in 1875, it was clearly foreseen that the Bill which the Home Secretary had introduced as a compromise would leave the law very much as it was, with the addition of a troublesome element of uncertainty; and that it was, therefore, not really a settlement of the difficulty. The question was raised under the Act 21 George III. c. 49, which was passed to "prevent abuses and profanations of the Lord's day, called Sunday," and had special reference, first, to a Sunday evening promenade held at Carlisle House in Soho Square, which Bishop Porteus, the chief promoter of the Bill, denounced as "a new species of dissipation and profaneness"; and, secondly, to Sunday evening meetings which were held in public rooms, under the names of Christian Societies, Religious Societies, Theological Academies, and so on, and at which—here the Bishop is again our authority—all sorts of theological questions were discussed by ignorant and unauthorized persons, "to the destruction of all religious principle." It will be observed that, as to the second of these objects, the Act has no bearing whatever on such an establishment as an Aquarium; and as to the former, the ground of prohibition was that it was a place in which, as the proprietors said, people merely walked up and down, talked, and drank tea and coffee, but which Bishop Porteus declared, probably with some degree of truth, to be chiefly frequented by disreputable persons for immoral purposes, a charge which has not been made against the Brighton Aquarium, and, even if it had, would be simply a matter of police. The Act is therefore practically obsolete, and does not in the least apply to the circumstances of the present day. It was entirely lost sight of during a long series of years, until it was raked up in 1875, and there can be no doubt that it was only to this oblivion that it owed its slumbering existence. Nevertheless, as it is still part of the statute-book, the courts of law have of course no alternative but to give effect to it; and though, in point of fact, its provisions have no relation to the place of public amusement which is attacked, and which was expressly sanctioned by a private Act of Parliament in 1869 as a provision for useful and agreeable recreation, there is sufficient vagueness in its language to compel the Judges to decide that the Aquarium came within the letter, if not within the spirit, of the statute. Justice Blackburn, in delivering his opinion, said he was afraid the Act must be enforced in this case, although he had been anxious to find a hole by which he might avoid such a decision. Justice Field took the same view, that, as long as the law remained, they were obliged

to act as they had done, though reluctantly. Thus, while the original purpose of the statute has been quite exhausted, the provision remains in force by which a common informer is enabled to claim a penalty of 200*l.* from any offender. In consequence of this decision, the Home Secretary, who avowed his own sympathy with reasonable freedom, and undertook to do what he could to check any abuse of the powers of the law, brought forward in 1875 a measure, called "the Remission of Penalties Bill," in fulfilment of this pledge, by which it was declared to be "lawful for the Crown to remit, in whole or in part, any penalty, fine, or forfeiture imposed or recovered for any offence under the Act." The Home Secretary was then asked, on behalf of the Brighton Aquarium and other similar establishments, to protect them against all fines being levied against them; but he refused to do so in general terms, and adhered to his original proposal to reserve the right of the Crown to remit them whenever it should think fit.

The Bill was accordingly passed in this form; but it was obvious to any one who examined its provisions that it left the question very much as it was before. In dealing with this subject at the time we predicted the unsatisfactory state of things which has now arisen, and suggested a simple and effectual remedy, which was that, as the Home Secretary, in order to remove any doubt as to his power to remit fines under this Act, had found it necessary to introduce a Bill to that effect, he might, while he was about it, also propose a clause requiring the assent of the Law Officers of the Crown as an indispensable preliminary to a prosecution. In this way the general principle of the Act would be maintained, while at the same time its enforcement would be left to the discretion of a responsible authority who is naturally sensitive to public opinion, and not at all likely to be led into foolish attacks on social freedom. If in any case the Government thought it necessary to direct a prosecution, there would be a strong presumption that it was really required in the interest of morality or public order. Thus the judicial decision of last week might have been averted if the suggestion which we made, and for which a precedent may be found in the case of a similar statute of Charles II., had been adopted a couple of years ago. During that interval the legal obligations of the Aquarium have been kept in suspense. The managers have, it appears, complied with all the suggestions of the Home Office as to the manner in which the Aquarium should be conducted on Sundays—such as the cessation of music and newspapers, and the closing of the restaurant during certain hours—so as to obviate the objections which some persons might have. But nevertheless any common informer is allowed to exact, and, if he chooses, to pocket, a fine of 200*l.* for an infraction of the Act of George III.; and, though it is in the power of the Home Secretary, if he thinks it fit, to remit the penalty, this is a matter which is left entirely at his discretion, and, in the absence of any distinct rule, there is no saying how he may at any time decide.

The recent action of *Girdlestone v. the Brighton Aquarium Company* appears to have been begun as far back as August 17, 1875; but the prosecution has been delayed, bringing up the amount of penalties impending for opening on Sundays to 1,400*l.* or 1,600*l.* There were, it will be remembered, two previous cases of common informers' proceedings under the old Act. In 1874 Mr. Terry was the prosecutor, and there was a decision against the defendants. Afterwards there was a "friendly suit," *Warren v. the Brighton Aquarium Company*, and a case was stated for the opinion of the Exchequer Court, when, as Mr. Russell said, the Solicitor of the Treasury acted entirely in a friendly way. It came before the Court on the 11th June, 1875, and the decision was again unfavourable to the Aquarium Company, though the Judges expressed regret that they had no alternative but to enforce the Act. In December 1875 Mr. Rolfe, holding a position in a public office, brought a series of actions to recover statutory penalties from several newspapers and a Railway Company which had published advertisements of the Aquarium; and, according to a statement made the other day by Mr. Russell, who appeared for the Company, Mr. Tilden, their solicitor, found that "Mr. Rolfe was amenable to argument," and ready to withdraw from the action on the payment of a sum to meet his costs and expenses. After, however, Mr. Girdlestone's action was raised, an arrangement was made between the Company and Mr. Rolfe that he should lend his name as plaintiff in an action for penalties which covered all the Sundays on which the Aquarium had been opened, but was not to receive anything for it; and at the trial, on the 28th of October, the Company made no defence, and judgment for 2,000*l.* was marked against them. That was in April 1875. Mr. Girdlestone's action for a recovery of the penalty for the Aquarium having been open on Sunday the 15th of August, 1875, has now been tried; and again the judgment has been against the Company. For the plaintiff it was argued that the judgment in Rolfe's case had been obtained by covin and collusion; and, though the defendant denied this, and the Solicitor-General, who appeared for the prosecution, admitted that, as a lawyer, he could not say what was the precise meaning of covin, Baron Olesby held that the charge had been proved, and pointed out that effect must be given to statutes as they existed, whatever might be thought of their character; and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff to the amount claimed.

Thus, as matters now stand, there have been several actions in which the Aquarium Company has had penalties imposed on it, and it would seem that the Home Secretary is not prepared to direct the remission of them. It is evident therefore that, while the law remains

as it is, these continuous proceedings against the Company practically involve a prohibition of the opening of this Aquarium on Sundays. Moreover, the law applies indiscriminately to all kinds of public amusements, however quiet, innocent, and respectable, on a Sunday, when any payment is made for admission. At the trial in 1875 the Solicitor-General, in reply to the Chief Baron, distinctly stated that, apart altogether from any performances, any park or garden would come within the Act if people paid to go in; and it was at the time also admitted by the Home Secretary that this was a sound ruling, and must be generally applied. At the Brighton Aquarium the Home Secretary's views have apparently been fully carried out as to stopping the newspapers and the music, which on Sundays has always been of a sacred kind, and limiting the time during which refreshments can be obtained; and the building is used only as a promenade, enlivened by the sight of the fishes. But all this does not matter. The Act is construed as making such a place a "disorderly house"; and the Home Secretary hesitates to remit the fines. It is clear that an establishment of this kind cannot be kept up if it is constantly exposed to actions for penalties raised by "common informers," for reasons which may or may not be honest and disinterested. No aspersion can be fairly cast on the character of the visitors to the Aquarium, who walk quietly up and down, and conduct themselves with unquestionable propriety, as there is the evidence of the police to show. Yet it is held that this place must be shut up on Sundays, while there are any number of public-houses and beer-shops outside to which people go for the sole purpose of drinking, and where they find nothing whatever to supply interest or amusement. This is certainly a very strange way of encouraging temperance. There is no subject on which it may be assumed that the great body of the people of this country are so perfectly agreed as that the observance of Sunday ought to be quiet and orderly, and an interval of healthy repose in the best sense of the word; but, on the other hand, there is no desire for the enforcement of Puritanic dullness and solemnity. There are some cases, of course, in which restrictions require to be applied, and there must be some authority to deal with such matters; but the present system of leaving it to any fanatics or jobbers to extort money by help of law from the proprietors of respectable places of amusement, which do not offend the general sense of propriety, is altogether indefensible, especially when the difficulty might, as we have shown, be so easily adjusted. All that need be done is the passing of a single brief clause, making the assent of the Attorney-General a necessary condition of bringing an action of this kind.

FREE BRIDGES.

A VERY useful measure has almost run its unpretending course through Parliament. With that patience, at once so Christian and so unreasonable, which characterizes Englishmen in the conduct of their municipal affairs, the inhabitants of London have for many years endured to see the passage of the Thames barred at many points against all who were not possessed of, or ready to produce, a halfpenny toll. It was inevitable perhaps that the older metropolitan bridges should thus discourage the traffic which they were intended to facilitate, because, before the creation of the Metropolitan Board of Works, there was no authority outside the City which had the power to charge the ratepayers with the cost of building new bridges. But it is strange that the Board of Works should have been in existence so long, and have done so much, and yet left the bridges to continue private undertakings. They were rarely, if ever, successful undertakings; for there is something in human nature that specially resents a toll-gate. If travellers can avoid passing through one, they will; and as by going some way round it was usually possible to find a free bridge, the toll-bridges were a good deal less used than their sanguine builders expected. It may have been owing to this circumstance that the Board of Works left them so long unnoticed. The Corporation of London set a good example in freeing Southwark Bridge; but it was not until 1873 that any serious proposal was made to deal with the twelve toll-bridges that remained between Hammersmith and Deptford Creek. After two failures, a Bill was very nearly carried through the House of Commons last Session. It broke down, however, at the last moment upon a question arising out of the respective liabilities of the metropolitan ratepayers and the inhabitants of the metropolitan counties of Surrey and Middlesex. This year the Board of Works has been more successful. The ten toll-bridges will be purchased by the Board of Works within two years after the passing of the Act. For the payment of the purchase-moneys and for compensation* to the various interests affected by the dissolution of the several Companies, the Board is empowered to borrow 1,500,000*l.*, and the counties of Middlesex and Surrey will contribute 1,200*l.* a year each for ever, this payment being accepted as a discharge of all liabilities to which the inhabitants may now be subject for the repair of any bridge. The two foot-bridges at Charing Cross and Cannon Street will continue to be kept up by the South-Eastern Railway Company, the money paid in this instance merely going to extinguish the tolls. It is to be presumed that the Company will not consider it any part of their contract to replace the disreputable wooden steps which now give access to the Charing Cross bridge by something more worthy of the site,

and of the massive, if ugly, structure to which they are attached. In that case the Board of Works will be bound, in common justice to their own Embankment, to make a proper approach to the bridge. The present steps were apparently modelled upon the wooden gangways which used to connect the old floating piers with the shore. They were in place when they abutted on a mass of tidal mud, but they have no proper connexion with the long line of quay upon which they now look down.

It will be interesting to see the effect which this measure will have upon the vast traffic which has daily to pass from one side of the river to the other. Those who are inclined to be too hopeful about the ease with which they will make the passage of the Thames now that the travellers are distributed over so many additional roads may perhaps be chastened by the recollection that the worst complaints about the block on London Bridge have been heard since Southwark Bridge was opened free. But Southwark Bridge is not fortunate in its approaches. On whichever side you leave it you find yourself in a region in which you have no business and out of which there is no visible escape. It is impossible not to cherish brighter hopes of Waterloo Bridge. A road that leads straight from one of the most crowded streets to one of the most used of London railways ought to be full of passengers, at all events in the morning and evening. As a matter of fact, there are just enough cabs to maintain a block at the toll-gate, and when it is considered that, in accounting for this block, the time necessary to find the twopence or the change from a larger coin has to be reckoned in, it will be seen that this represents but a moderate amount of substantive traffic. There can be no doubt that at present people do go out of their way to escape a toll, because, in addition to the *a priori* argument derived from the observed tendencies and dispositions of mankind, there is the positive evidence of one of the directors of the Albert Bridge Company. The Chelsea Suspension Bridge is the property of the Government, and is open free on the four Bank Holidays. Mr. Newmarch considers this a most unjustifiable act, and he gives as his reason that his Company have "suffered a confiscation of tolls to the extent of twenty pounds on each occasion." If the Chelsea Bridge were altogether free, the Albert Bridge Company would, he thinks, be ruined, because the traffic would all go over the free bridge. The Chairman of the Hammersmith Bridge Company says that, when Kew Bridge was freed from tolls some four or five years ago, the Company lost from three to four hundred pounds the first year, though there is a distance of two miles between the bridges. In a great many cases in London there is really no reason except the existence or non-existence of a toll for going over one bridge rather than another. This holds good especially of Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars Bridges; and it is quite possible that the traffic which is now mainly confined to the first and last-named bridge may in future be distributed pretty evenly over all three.

A still more important benefit will perhaps be conferred by the redistribution of foot traffic which may be looked for. Two of the most promising sources of discomfort in London are overcrowding among the poor, and the difficulty of finding houses at moderate rents among the classes immediately above the poor. The abolition of toll-bridges ought to have some effect in both these cases. A large proportion of the working class find it necessary, or all but necessary, to live within an easy distance of their employment. The man who works at a regular trade in which the hours are fixed—and a workman is never wanted except within those hours—may be able to live near a railway station a mile or two off. But that large number of persons whose labour is essentially occasional and uncertain, including under this head all the dependents on richer people, and those who in turn supply the wants of these dependents, must live pretty close to their work. The opening of a bridge may make a very great difference to this class as regards overcrowding. The Surrey side of the Thames is now absolutely closed against many of this class. If they work anywhere in a direct line north of Waterloo Bridge, they must either go some way round to get over the river, or they must pay a halfpenny each time they go between their work and their home. Both alternatives are equally out of the question. They cannot spare the time needed to go round, and they cannot spare the money needed to go straight. Consequently, they have to live as well as to work on the north side of the river, and then overcrowding follows as a necessary consequence of the scarcity of room and the costliness of rents. The abolition of the toll on Waterloo Bridge may make all the difference to these people. Even to a class a good deal above them the same considerations may have real weight. A halfpenny is not a large toll, but a halfpenny daily means sixpence a week, and sixpence a week means more than a pound added to the yearly rent. Indeed it means in most cases a good deal more than this; for after the first few years there are usually children to be paid for whose schools or work may lie on the wrong side of the bridge. Perhaps, on an average, the toll would be tantamount to an addition of 3*l.* to the yearly rent; and when a prudent young clerk is hesitating where to live, it makes a difference to him whether he has to pay 15*l.* or 18*l.* a year for lodging. It is safe to say that the more freely the population of London is allowed to circulate from one part of the city to another, the better able it will be to make the best of the circumstances under which it has to live; and, looked at from this point of view, the present Bill may be as useful as many measures of considerably greater pretensions.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

FOR a long series of years the American people have supported a policy of protection to native industry for the purpose of making themselves independent of the manufactures of foreign nations. Within certain limits, it must be admitted, they have succeeded. Their policy has been aided by a variety of favouring circumstances. The discovery of gold in California added enormously to the purchasing power of the country; the vast influx of immigrants from Europe increased the population at an unprecedented rate; the immense sums lent for industrial objects by the capitalists of London, Amsterdam, and Frankfort augmented inordinately the expenditure of the community; and the constant extension of the railway system, by pushing the limits of cultivation further and further forward, every year increased the national prosperity in an unexampled way. These and several other co-operating causes multiplied to an exceptional degree the consuming power of the people, and, as a prohibitive tariff shut out foreign goods to a very large extent, they stimulated in the same proportion the growth of native manufactures. Whether those manufactures will be able to sustain competition remains to be seen whenever protection is abandoned. In the meantime, however, they make the United States as nearly self-sufficing as in the nature of things the most sanguine American could expect. But it is beginning to be found out that the success has been too complete. The natural and inevitable result of the bounty offered to manufactures was to tempt into them an immoderate proportion of the capital, labour, and enterprise of the country. It has for many years been a standing complaint with American observers that the rural districts were being exhausted for the benefit of the urban. Indeed the steady migration of the sons and daughters of the farmers into towns was one of the evils which the Granger movement was intended to redress; and it is notorious that an undue proportion of the emigrants also settled down in the cities. In fact, the artificial preference given to manufactures over agriculture had the effect of multiplying manufactures unduly. As long as foreign capital continued to flow steadily in, the consequences were not recognized. Americans did not perceive, or were unwilling to acknowledge, that their prosperity was due to foreign contributions of men and money, and they flattered themselves that their country was exempt from the laws of political economy. But the end was all the more severe for being long postponed. Four years ago there was a panic which destroyed the prosperity that had seemed so vigorous, and ever since trade has been stagnant, and manufactures at a standstill. For the moment, at any rate, production, which had so long been subjected to the forcing process we have been describing, finds itself far in excess of the consuming power of the population. In their distress manufacturers are looking out for new markets, and are endeavouring to establish an export trade. It is evidence of the purely artificial growth of these industries that even in the present depressed state of business they are unable to undersell foreign competitors in foreign markets. However, the American manufacturers are persevering, and the most recent proposal is to compete with Lancashire in cotton goods for the custom of India and China. When the cotton exports of the United States at present amount to only one-fiftieth part of those of the United Kingdom, it may perhaps be thought a wild adventure. It is, however, never wise to despise a competitor. Every human enterprise must have a beginning some time or other; and therefore this project should not be pronounced hopeless because it is as yet only a project. In any case, it is worth while inquiring on what grounds success is anticipated.

The main ground relied upon is the greater cheapness of the raw material. Considering all that we hear of the difficulties thrown in the way of the manufacturer by labour disputes, by the rise of wages, and the obstructiveness of the Trade-Unions, it will perhaps surprise most persons to be told that in ordinary cotton goods the raw material stands for from 45 to 70 per cent. of the cost of production, whereas labour amounts to no more than 17 to 27 per cent. The raw material, that is, is from nearly twice to more than four times a heavier item than labour. This fact proves how much more important to the prosperity of the industry are improvement in the mode of cultivation, cheapening of carriage, and saving of waste than any reduction of wages. But the American manufacturers assert that they can provide themselves with cotton at a price three-quarters of a cent. per pound lower than Lancashire spinners can do, and that this saving allows them to pay 33 per cent. higher wages. There is a curious dispute on this point which illustrates the difficulty of ascertaining what might seem to be the simplest facts. For some Liverpool authorities deny the correctness of the New York statement. It is to be borne in mind that the American manufactures of which we speak are not situated in the Southern States. If they were, there could of course be no room for doubt. They would be on the spot where the cotton is grown, and naturally would obtain it very much cheaper. But the manufactures of the Southern States are unimportant. Those which think of competing with Lancashire are situated in New England. Now the distance from New Orleans to Fall River, or Providence, is practically as great as the distance to Manchester. By railway, indeed, the distance would be much shortened; but, on the other hand, the cost of carriage would be considerably increased. At the same time, however, it is to be observed that the cotton would be received in a drier and cleaner condition. On the whole, then,

the evidence is by no means conclusive that the manufacturer of Massachusetts or Rhode Island can obtain his cotton so much cheaper than it can be had in Liverpool as to make a material difference in the cost of production. Liverpool has one immense advantage over all rivals; it is not merely the greatest market in the world, it is nearly equal to all other markets put together. It consequently regulates prices everywhere; and growers can always be sure of finding purchasers for any quantities, however large, which they may send. This circumstance naturally makes Liverpool a cheaper market than any other at nearly the same distance from the cotton-fields.

Another allegation of the American manufacturers is that the cost of labour is now as low in New England as in Lancashire. We have already seen that this matter has less importance than is usually attached to it, since labour amounts to only a fifth or a fourth of the cost of production. Still dear labour, added to other disadvantages, would overweight a competitor. The matter is therefore of moment. But it is impossible to decide whether labour is really dearer or cheaper in New England than with us. High wages by no means imply dear labour. Mr. Brassey tells us, on the contrary, that his father found the highly paid English navy a cheaper workman than the poorly paid Continental. Evidently it is not the amount paid, but the work obtained for it, which is of consequence to the employer. There is another circumstance which complicates the question in the case before us. It is that women and children are more generally employed in the mills of Lancashire than in those of New England. Even, however, if we agree that labour is as cheap in America as here, that would not affect the problem of competition. For it is quite clear that wages have fallen so low only because of the unexampled distress that prevails. As soon as business revives and employment becomes plentiful, wages will again rise. But production for the foreign market is determined, not by the rates existing at exceptional periods, but by the normal and usual rates. There is one aspect, however, in which this question of wages is supremely important. It proves conclusively that to the poor man Protection is doubly oppressive. It makes the articles he buys artificially dear, and it diminishes the value of his labour. The rate of wages is now nearly at the same level on both sides of the Atlantic. Actually, however, it is lower in New England, because the cost of living is greater there than here. Our statement is proved by the fact that more steerage passengers returned from America last year than went there, showing that the market for labour there was worse than here. It may be objected that the present is an exceptional time. And so it is. But Mr. Henderson, one of the Factory Sub-Inspectors, tells us, as the result of his inquiries in New England last summer, that even in prosperous years the condition of the working classes is no better there than here; they receive higher wages, but the cost of living is also proportionately higher.

Another ground relied upon by the American manufacturer is the fall that has taken place within the last four years in the other charges of working a factory. Here, again, the mistake is made of assuming that a state of things which is the direct result of over-production, panic, and consequent stagnation, will be permanent, and will enable mills to be worked more cheaply than they ever could have been before. It is only necessary to call attention to the error. In ordinary times it costs nearly twice as much to establish a factory in New England as in Lancashire, and the capital so invested bears nearly twice the rate of interest. But it is what prevails in ordinary times that regulates production. Moreover, the division of labour is not carried as far in America as in this country; consequently much of the capital lies idle. Lastly, the motive power employed is not as effective, as constant, or as certain, and it is not cheaper. It follows that, as regards all these circumstances, the American manufacturer labours under a disadvantage. There are, however, two important points to be noted in his favour. The first is that the American workpeople are more temperate than the English. Mr. Henderson states that labour disputes are quite as frequent and bitter in New England as in Lancashire, though the dispersion of the operatives renders the Trade-Unions less powerful. The source from which the supply of factory hands is now mainly drawn—the French Canadian population—is also a fruitful cause of difficulties. On the other hand, the operatives are more sober, and consequently are more regular and more trustworthy. The other advantage to which we referred is the greater honesty of American manufacture. It is not a gratifying admission to have to make that, in this matter at least, American honesty is superior to our own; but it is the truth. The cotton fabrics exported from Lancashire to India and China consist very largely now of flour, tallow, and China clay. Some authorities assure us that these ingredients constitute half the weight. They give a cloth a substantial appearance, but they disappear on the first washing, and then the daylight shines through the fabric. The dishonesty of this practice is the worst danger the English manufacturer has to encounter, and, if continued, it must sooner or later prove fatal.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

BEFORE the opening of every Exhibition of the Royal Academy prophecies are delivered by various wise persons as to the merits of the coming show; and when the galleries have been

thrown open, it is tolerably certain that opposing parties will be found to assert, the one that it is the best, the other that it is the worst Exhibition that has ever been seen. A certain number of people no doubt may always have intelligible reasons for objecting to the Exhibition on personal grounds, while others, in their individual delight, may be blinded to its general faults. This year an additional excitement is afforded to the curious by the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, concerning which very vague notions have been generally entertained. It has been supposed to be, among other things, either a home for pictures rejected by the Academy or a daring opposition to that august body. The fact that Academicians have contributed to it is enough to prove that both these ideas were false. The foundation for them will be discovered to lie in the fact that advantages of space have enabled Sir Coutts Lindsay to dispose his pictures far more satisfactorily than can be done on the crowded walls of the Academy. Rivalry, however, cannot be said to exist between two institutions of which one is, as it were, the complement of the other. Perhaps, if the Royal Academy were that impossible thing, a perfect institution, there would have been no room or occasion for the Grosvenor Gallery, the opening of which ought to subdue the troubled minds of people who have been used to protest that in London there is no chance of pictures being really seen.

Returning to the Academy and its general merits this year, it would seem that, while there are not many works of any startling prominence, the general level is at any rate not lower than that to which we have of late years been accustomed. It is noticeable that there are many instances both of young and established painters from whom much might have been expected, but from whom little has come. One or two young men have come suddenly to the front, while others who seemed full of promise have as suddenly disappeared. As to the general character of the pictures, what is at a first glance most striking is the want of interesting subjects, or, in other words, the want of imagination, except such part of it as finds expression in landscape and portrait. It would seem that the tendency of English art as here represented is to aim at reproducing reality with good workmanship more than at grappling with ambitious subjects; to strive after technical skill more than imaginative force. This tendency cannot be called altogether disappointing. Of course the highest form of art is reached when technical excellence is joined with deeper qualities, and acts as the well-trained slave of the poetical mind. But this combination is rare indeed; and it must be remembered that the great painters have all learned to paint well in the first instance, and that it is far easier to credit oneself with a vast imagination than can dispense with exactitude in drawing or colour than it is to learn patiently the nearest possible approach to that exactitude. For the rest the Academy walls present as usual many hideous, but possibly inevitable, contrasts of incongruous pictures placed close together; while some unusual and obviously needless eccentricities of hanging and painting serve to indicate a lively sense of humour in the powers that rule the Academy.

Taking a general view of the rooms, which is all that can be attempted at present, we come upon Mr. Millais's much-talked-of "Yeoman of the Guard" (52), a portrait which from its colour alone it is impossible to help at once seeing, and of which we reserve all detailed criticism. A portrait by Mr. Oulless of Miss Ruth Bouverie (13) is remarkable as the painter's first attempt in this particular line. Mr. Goodall also appears with success in an unaccustomed line in his cattle-piece, "Glencroe" (2), while Mr. Pettie and Mr. P. F. Poole are in different kinds too theatrical in "Hunted Down" (28) and "Leading the Blind" (37). Mr. Dicksee's "Harmony" (14) will be more admired for colour and drawing than invention. Mr. P. Graham has "A Glimpse of Sunshine" (46), Mr. Marcus Stone "Sacrifice" (51), and Mr. G. A. Storey "The Old Pump-Room at Bath" (67), of all of which we hope to speak later. In Gallery II. Mr. Long's large picture, "An Egyptian Feast" (83), will at once attract attention as the only subject picture of great importance of the year; and in this the interest is archaeological rather than human. The picture, which represents the close of a banquet with the guests seated in a semicircle, while two slaves drag a mummy round to remind them of death, has many fine qualities, and shows much study and improvement in the painter. One cannot say as much for Mr. B. Riviere's "Legend of St. Patrick" (70). There is a lovely "Study of Flowers" by M. Fantin (74), and on the opposite wall to Mr. Long's picture hang "The Seasons" (117-120), four panels, by Mr. Alma Tadema, executed in one of the painter's happiest moods. In the same room are portraits by Mr. Watts and Mr. Richmond (125, 131). Miss Koberwein and Mrs. Jopling are here as elsewhere well represented in the same line (73, 74). Mr. Pettie's "Knight of the Seventeenth Century" (96) will prove interesting both for its intrinsic qualities and because it is the likeness of a well-known and popular author. Here also is "Word from the Missing" (126), one of the best of Mr. Hook's contributions.

In the Great Gallery, among the figure pictures, we may in this cursory view point first to Mr. Long's graceful "Ancient Oustom" (163), Mr. Orchardson's "Queen of the Swords" (174), Sir John Gilbert's "Cardinal Wolsey" (205), Mr. Pettie's "Sword and Dagger Fight" (203), and Mr. Caddell's scene from Tennyson (215), and contrast their varying degrees of merit with the complete and almost amazing despatch of Mr. E. M. Ward's "William III. at Windhoek" (197) and Mr. Cope's "Spring

Time" (220). One's first impression on seeing the latter of these two productions is that here at least is a goal reached; here can one rest, secure that there is no further depth. By looking, however, at Mr. Hart's "Reflection" (259), we learn how feeble a thing is human imagination. A portrait of great importance (272) comes from Mr. Pettie, and others are sent by Messrs. Oulless, Watts, Richmond (269, 267, 281), and from Sir F. Grant (202, 263). Mr. John Gollmer, who can scarcely be said to have appeared on the Academy walls before this year, has produced, in his portrait of Major Forster (495), a striking work which commands attention. Mr. Stuart Wortley's portrait of "The Countess of Wharfedale" (240) suffers from being hung too high. Among the landscapes, Mr. Millais's "Sound of Many Waters" (273), which to our thinking is unpleasantly hard, will probably attract most attention. In the "Music Lesson" (209) Mr. Leighton has given us an exquisite piece of drawing and colour, the loveliness of which goes far to atone for the unloveliness of many things which hang near it.

In Gallery IV. we may for the present note Mr. Marks's "The Spider and the Fly" (313), a work which is, we think, inferior to a smaller one in the Great Gallery (246); Mr. Carl Hoff's clever *genre* piece, "A Tale of Two Conquests" (332); Mr. Mark Fisher's charming landscape (364); Mr. Bridgman's "Towing on the Nile" (344); and Mr. Phil. Morris's "Hen of the Manor" (374). Besides these we have works from Mr. Leslie (379), Mr. Hook (337, 380), and Sir J. Gilbert "Dora and Servitors of Venice" (366), who is here, as far as colour goes at least, more fortunate than in his larger work already noticed. In Gallery V. are "Yea," by Mr. Millais (409), a work which seems too hurriedly executed; a glowing evening scene on a river, "Arundel" (432), by Mr. Vicat Cole, close to which is a morning river scene of far quieter tone, "Newcastle-on-Tyne" (431), by Mr. John G. Donnor; and a tender piece of Mr. Boughton's work, "Homeward" (452). Calling attention also to Mr. Waller's "Home" (453) and Mr. A. Moore's "A Reader" (469), we go on to Gallery VI. Here we should note Mr. Poyater's diploma picture, "The Fortune-Teller" (503), Mr. Linnell Senior's "Autumn" (552), Mr. H. Moore's sea-piece (489), and Mr. Oulless's fine portrait, perhaps his finest, of the "Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Recorder of London" (496). Mr. Calthrop has a good study of French peasants "After Work" (193), and Mr. Watson Nicol two clever figure studies (516, 536). Mr. Watts's "The Dove" (566), which "returned not again any more," is, however, the most striking picture in the room, and has much poetical feeling besides technical worth.

There is much true feeling also in the triptych of the story of Ruth (574-576), contributed to Gallery VII. by Mr. T. M. Rooke, a young painter who seems to have studied the works of Mr. Burne-Jones to good effect. In the same room are Mr. Alma Tadema's "Between Hope and Fear" (597); Signor Tito Conti's "Introduction" (613), a clever work in the French school; Mr. Ethofer's "Scene in Rome" (623), an equally clever attempt in the school of Honor Fontany; Mr. Goodall's "Water-Carriers in Egypt" (614); and a completely charming wood-scene with figures, "Snow in Spring" (640), by Mr. Boughton. Leaving aside for the present the Water Colours, we find in the Lecture Room important works by Mr. Brett, "Mortat's Bay" (946); Mr. Philippoteaux, the "Alma" (937); Mr. Herkomer, "Der Bittgang" (916); and Mr. Yeames, "Amy Robarts" (1029). Mr. Fildes is hardly as successful as he should be in "Playmates" (1059); while Mr. R. W. Macbeth, in his "Potato Harvest in the Fens" (1031), has reached a combination of excellence in invention and skill which he has never before attained. Probably the great attraction of this room will be found, not among the paintings, but in the fine sculpture of Mr. Leighton, who, like several other artists, including M. Gérôme, has tried his hand at the chisel after long devotion to the brush, and has produced as a first result the figure of an "Athlete Wrestling with a Python" (1466), which, in spite of some faults of execution, will be found to contain much strength and beauty. This is faced by a terra-cotta work of M. Lalou, "Une Boulonnaise allaitant son enfant" (1465), a subject which this artist has perhaps now resorted to often enough. In Gallery X. we can only note in passing a pretty, but risky, landscape by Mr. Leader (1348); "The Dancing Bear" (1323), by M. Adrien Moreau; Mr. Hennessy's "Notre Dame des Vignes" (1384); and a fine head (1350), by Mr. E. J. Gregory.

Of the interesting and important collection at the Grosvenor Gallery, already referred to, we cannot now speak at any length. But, by way of illustrating our description of it as the complement of the Royal Academy, we may briefly point out that there, in some of the most important contributions, imagination, instead of having been suppressed for the sake of workmanship, has, if anything, escaped from ordinary trammels. Mr. Burne-Jones, however, to whose work we particularly refer, is a painter so unusually strong in other directions that he may well afford to lay himself open to the charge of certain faults in drawing. In what direction, if any, may be the strength of Mr. Whistler, whose productions occupy a good deal of space at the same Gallery, we have not yet been able to determine. But to this and other more interesting questions we hope to return.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

The Middle Park Plate of 1876 could have met again last Wednesday its runner, the well-bought battle, the first of the year, three-year-old races of the present year would

have been one of surpassing interest. This, however, was not to be. Plunger, who, as far as appearances went, had improved even more than Chamant during the winter, failed to stand the necessary course of training, and after every effort had in vain been made to get him fit in time, he was struck out of the race a week ago. The absence of the son of Adventurer and Lina was a sore disappointment to many who believed that he would this year retrieve the laurels he lost in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, and turn the tables on his conqueror in both those events. Still the supporters of Chamant could always indulge the recollection that their champion beat Plunger more decisively in the Dewhurst Plate, over a longer course and at more disadvantageous weights, than in the Middle Park Plate; and though the son of Mortemer and Araucaria has not grown as much as might have been wished, yet he has never been amiss during the winter, and his style of going and the manner in which he has done his work have left nothing to be desired. The form of Lady Golightly, on her Doncaster running, was perhaps the best of the year. She won the Champagne Stakes in a common canter, Chamant never being able to live with her; and she beat Verneuil for the Wentworth Stakes with equal ease. Then came that terrible finish for the Middle Park Plate in which Chamant, Pellegrino, Plunger, and Lady Golightly ran locked together, heads only separating them as they passed the judge's chair. Lord Falkmouth's beautiful filly was carrying the extreme weight, and the gallant effort she made for victory was too much for her. Very unwisely she was brought out again on the following day for the Prendergast Stakes, and could hardly rouse a gallop against Plunger and Palm Flower. It is much to be feared that the Middle Park Plate struggle was too much for Lady Golightly, just as under very similar circumstances it proved too much for Sunshine. These great two-year-old prizes are tempting, no doubt; but the attempt to carry the prudities for previous successes in them is extremely hazardous. Lady Golightly, like Sunshine, had done a fair season's work before the Middle Park Plate; and just as she was becoming entitled to a little rest she was called on to perform a harder task than any she had previously accomplished. It is to be feared that we shall never again see this beautiful filly in the form she displayed last September. Pellegrino, who came out fresh at the Second October Meeting, received 6 lbs. and a head beating from Chamant; but the Duke of Westminster's horse looked likely to make greater improvement from two to three years than his victor, and the second meeting of the pair was anticipated with much interest. The absence of Pellegrino from the Two Thousand field was not caused by any doubts as to his capacity to distinguish himself, but simply because his trainer had, or thought he had, an equally good representative in Morier, who could carry the Grosvenor colours at Newmarket, while Pellegrino was reserved for the Derby. Morier had never run in public before last Wednesday, and nothing therefore was known as to his merits by the outside world, save that he was a big striding horse who seemed especially adapted to the Rowley Mile. Of course, however, it was known at home in what relation he stood to Pellegrino; and, on public running, unless he was very nearly Pellegrino's equal, he could have little chance of beating Chamant, and then only on the assumption that the son of Palmer and Lady Antley had improved since last year in a much greater ratio than his Middle Park Plate conqueror. Perhaps it was possible, by the help of Julius Cesar, to obtain a still more trustworthy clue to the real merits of Morier. No better trial horse than Julius Cesar could be obtained at the present moment. He beat Touchet last week without an effort, giving him 23 lbs.; and Touchet's friends consider him a high-class three-year-old, worth supporting for the Derby. There could be little difficulty, therefore, in ascertaining through Julius Cesar whether Morier and Pellegrino have not superior claims to consideration among the horses of their year. Besides Chamant, a dangerous candidate was supplied by France in the person of Strachino. This truly-bred son of Parmesan and Old Maid had won two good races at Paris within the last few weeks—the one over a course of a mile and a half, the other over a course of two miles. There was also this to be said for him, that his owner, impressed with the great chance he possessed in the English Two Thousand, had withdrawn him from the Poule d'Essai—the corresponding, but less valuable, race in France—which was decided last Sunday at Paris. For this event Verneuil, the stable companion of Chamant, and, according to trustworthy report, his equal this year, if not his superior, was a competitor; but he was so easily beaten by Fontainebleau, never being able apparently to live the pace at any part of the race, that the position of Chamant for Wednesday's contest was naturally shaken. On second thoughts, however, it seemed safer to trust to the highest public form shown in England in 1876; and the prestige of the winner of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates was too great to be overthrown by collateral running in France.

In short, Chamant by the merit of his best two-year-old performances, Morier on the strength of private reputation, and Strachino by virtue of the brilliant victories he has gained this season, appeared to hold all their competitors safe, and the remainder of the not over large field were principally judged with reference to their respective chances of running into the third place. Silvio and Warren Hastings could hardly be expected to have made an improvement of two stones in a fortnight; the gigantic Thunderstone, despite his ten-lengths victory over Monachus and his ruffing Palm Flower to a neck, suffered from the prejudice which always exists against horses of abnormal size; The Rover could only claim that he had finished in the Middle Park Plate well up with the leading

division; and what merit might have attached to The Monk from his second place in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, in front of Shillelagh and Chamant, could no longer be set up in the face of the subsequent performances of the latter. Finally, though Brown Prince gained a creditable victory over Pirat at the rocen Craven Meeting, it would have been over-sanguine to infer more from that victory than that the good-looking son of Lexington would represent America creditably in the Two Thousand. All interest, in short, centred in the two French horses, and the solitary antagonist who was believed capable of upholding the honour of England against such formidable foes.

The majority of the eleven runners—the field including, in addition to those we have mentioned, Kingsclere and the Voltella colt—were saddled in the paddock near the stand, the principal absentee being Morier. In the days of Mr. Merry the Russley horses used always to be saddled at the Ditch stables, and we suppose the custom is to be kept up under the present régime. The Duke of Westminster's horse remained favourite up to the fall of the flag, the confidence of his friends in his reported high trial with Julius Cæsar being unbounded; but Chamant ran him very close, and the appearance of the Middle Park Plate winner gave the utmost satisfaction to those who saw him in the paddock. Strachino, on the other hand, went back on its being made known that since his arrival at Newmarket he had developed a very nasty temper. Possibly the East wind blowing across Newmarket Heath was not to his taste. Horses with a savage disposition are seldom to be trusted; and though no fault could be found with Strachino's condition, the muzzle he wore told a tale, and gave rise to ominous misgivings. The remainder attracted comparatively little attention. Thunderstone and Brown Prince both wanted more time, it was generally thought; and Silvio, it was confidently hoped, would make some amends for his indifferent display in the Craven week. Lord Palmouth's representative was the popular favourite for a place, which he fairly succeeded in gaining. The numbers of the eleven competitors were hoisted with Newmarket punctuality, and the starter had no trouble at the post. At the appointed time, almost to a man out, the flag fell, and very soon the gigantic Thunderstone and the strapping Morier were seen in front—the former in the centre of the course, and the latter on the judge's side. Chamant was on the Stand side, but evidently in no hurry to make his way to the front, and before half the distance had been traversed it was plain that Count de Lagrange's horse was playing with his field, and was pulling over them. At the Bushes Morier was in difficulties, and Strachino was beaten, and at this point Chamant wrested the lead from Silvio and Brown Prince, and came down the hill pulling double. In the dip Lord Palmouth's horse and the American attempted to regain their position; but here Goater gave Chamant his head, and the race was over. The Middle Park Plate winner left his two opponents without an effort, and won in a canter without having ever been called upon to do his best. Brown Prince gained second honours from Silvio by three parts of a length—a creditable performance when his want of condition is taken into account—and Mr. Sanford may be congratulated on possessing a three-year-old of more than ordinary merit. Silvio showed, at any rate, that he is not so bad as his running in the Craven week seemed to make out, and how he managed to lose the Biennial is a mystery. Close up with Silvio was the Voltella colt, with Monachus and The Monk as his immediate followers. In the extreme rear were Thunderstone, Strachino, and Morier, while Warren Hastings was pulled up. The utter defeat of the favourite was naturally the principal topic of conversation after the race, and explanations were as plentiful as usual. It was roundly asserted that the Duke of Westminster's horse was lame at the post, and, if that were so, we need not look further for the cause of his discomfiture. But he certainly did not look lame after the race, and it may be that some mistake had been made in his trial. This is by no means the first occasion, however, on which private reputations have had to give way to public performances; and those who make a rule of sticking to public form have had all the best of the bargain this time.

The result of the Two Thousand can hardly fail to have an important effect on the prospects of the Derby. Experience has shown that the winner at Newmarket has often to put up with an inferior position at Epsom, but in most cases satisfactory reasons can be assigned. Prince Charlie was a runner, Macgregor and Camball were lame on the Derby Day, and Petrarch—well, it is impossible to say why Petrarch was only a bad fourth in the Derby of 1876. It certainly does seem beyond a doubt that Chamant, if nothing happens to him between the present time and the last Wednesday in May, must again beat all that finished behind him at Newmarket. No doubt there are other formidable opponents against whom he will have to contend. Pellegrino has something more than a private reputation, and may prove a less disappointing champion for Russley than the disgraced Morier. Rob Roy won his two engagements as a two-year-old in brilliant style, and few horses will receive a closer scrutiny in the Epsom paddock than the fine-looking son of Blair Athol and Columba. If Fontainebleau runs, he will unquestionably be second favourite, and may even press Chamant close for first position; but he may very likely run for the French Derby, which is quite at his mercy, and in that case he will hardly be seen at Epsom. Anyhow, Chamant bids fair to be as formidable in the Derby as he was in the Two Thousand, and the chances that Count de Lagrange has at length found the long-threatened second Gladiateur seem unusually promising.

REVIEWS.

FERNAN CABALLERO.

A MONTH ago, just after Alfonso XII. had passed through Seville on his late progress, and while the town was still gay with decorations and visitors, many of those who had gathered there to welcome the King were saddened by the news that Fernan Caballero, the great woman-novelist of Spain, lay hopelessly ill in the palace of the Alcazar, where many years ago Queen Isabella had made over a suite of apartments to her use. On the 7th of April she died, and her loss is very deeply felt in Spain, where, in spite of the strong party-beliefs and prejudices which mark her books, she was generally and deservedly popular. Not even excepting Trueba, she was the most national and the most Catholic of modern Spanish writers, and the national and Catholic party are naturally loudest in their expressions of regret and admiration. But besides and beyond her *Españolismo* (to use an expressive native word) and her Ultramontanism, she had certain real gifts and qualities of genius which may well make her loss felt even by those in her own country to whom much of her writing was extremely distasteful, and still more by the reading public of other countries, unweaved by the passionate political questions of modern Spain. Her name has long been more or less known in England. It is now, indeed, sixteen years since the *Edinburgh Review* first drew attention to her principal books, and since then we have had other notices of her, while seven or eight of her stories have been translated into English by Lady Wallace, Miss Bethell, and others. It cannot be said, however, that these translations have had any great success, and it may be doubted whether her books can ever produce their full effect except upon a Spanish reader. The greater the foreign reader's knowledge of Spain and Spanish life the better he will be able to appreciate Fernan Caballero; but upon those whose imaginations have never been touched by the present beauty of Andalusian skies or by the past romance of Spanish history she will make very little impression as a novelist pure and simple; while her lack of the higher intellectual facilities, of the philosophical power and breadth to which we are accustomed in other female novelists of the day, will always prevent her taking the highest place as a literary artist. But as a painter of Spanish manners, of the life of rich and poor, town folk and country folk, in sunny Andalusia she is unrivalled, and for that minority of readers who in reading a novel are content to dwell upon conversations, scenes, isolated characters, rather than intricacy of plot or novelty of thought, she will have a perpetual charm. No one has rendered the *sol Andalus*—the lively, witty, proverb-sprinkled talk of the South—as she has. Trueba has rivalled her in landscape-painting, and there is nothing in Caballero more crisply, delicately touched than his Basque orchards and flashing Northern streams; but in the reproduction of the ways, the sarcasm, the chatter of the Spanish peasant or *bourgeois*, she has no equal, and her pages must live as long as the familiar aspects of Spanish life are dear to Spanish people.

Curiously enough this most Spanish of Spanish authors was on her father's side German by birth. Towards the end of the last century the son of a Hamburg merchant was sent out to Cadix to learn business in his father's banking-house in that town. He took root there; became a Catholic; and, after marrying a Spanish lady of high birth, made himself known in other countries as a learned and devoted student of the early literature of the Peninsula. To him we owe an excellent collection of early dramas, Spanish counterparts of *Gambrin* and *Corbois*, besides a book of selections from Spanish poetry in general, the *Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas*. He became a member of the Spanish Academy, while still retaining close relations with Germany and German scholars. Muller dedicated his *Romancero del Cid* to him; Schack ranked him with Lessing and Schlegel in critical faculty; while, since his death, an interesting memoir of him has been published by Dr. N. Julius, in the German edition of Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. His wife, a member of the Spanish aristocracy, was, says report, an author in her youth, but mainly remarkable after her marriage for her unflinching Catholicism. Their daughter Cecilia Böhl de Faber, born in 1797, inherited her parents' gifts and ways of thinking in an intenser degree. Spain and Catholicism have been throughout the ruling passions of her life. They are the unchanging groundwork of all her books. To them are to be traced, on the one hand, the faithfulness and vigour with which she has drawn Spanish life; together with the atmosphere of grace and charm which pervades all her books, and which we owe to her unflinching love for her subject; on the other hand, her worst literary defects, her over-sentimentalism, her love for making "contingent" points, and her provoking habit of keeping a story waiting while her characters argue against "constitutionalism" or "the new ideas." From her father, however, she received, besides these tendencies, a taste for general reading not common in Spain, while her natural mastery over German admitted her at once to a wider field of culture than is ordinarily accessible to Spanish ladies. Her first novel, *The Alameda Puma*, was written in German and shown to Washington Irving then travelling in Spain, in manuscript. He was struck with the story, and warmly advised the author to go on writing, and to write in Spanish. Her next effort was the *García*, published in the Spanish version.

By the Hon. Augustus Bethell, Esq., M.P., London.

paper in 1851, her first published novel, and unquestionably her greatest book. It brought her at once into immense repute with national and orthodox Spain. As was the case with Trueba, her later books were published at the Queen's expense; she was at one time governess to the Royal children, while ever since her father's death she has occupied the rooms granted her in the Alcazar. To her charm of manner and character both Spaniards and foreigners testify, and from a passage in Lady Herbert's *Impressions of Spain* we get a glimpse of a personal trait which has left its mark in many of her books, notably in the denunciations of bull-fighting which occur in the *Gaviota* and elsewhere. Speaking of a visit to her in Seville, Lady Herbert says:—

Great trials and sorrows have not dimmed the fire of her genius or extinguished one spark of the living charity which extends itself to all that suffer. Her tenderness towards animals, unfortunately a rare virtue in Spain, is one of her marked characteristics. She has lately been trying to establish a Society in Seville for the prevention of cruelty to animals, after the model of the London one, and often told one of our party that she never left her home without praying that she might not see or hear any ill-usage to God's creatures. She is no longer young, but still preserves traces of a beauty which in former years made her the admiration of the Court. Her playfulness and wit, always tempered by a kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and her agreeableness in conversation, seem only to have increased with lengthened experience of people and things. Nothing was pleasanter than to sit in the corner of her little drawing room and hear her pour out anecdote after anecdote of Spanish life and Spanish peculiarities, especially among the poor.

In 1866 the Madrid edition of her works had reached seventeen volumes, some of which are occupied by several short stories, and one by a welcome collection of popular tales and verses. Her more important stories are the *Gaviota*, *La Familia de Alarcada*, *Elin*, *Clemencia*, and *Pobre Dolores*. Of these the *Gaviota* stands easily first. She did not publish it till she was past fifty—a fact worth noting in the statistics of authorship:—so that the book has few, if any, crudities of style, and is marked throughout by the ease of touch and fulness of material which one might expect in the mature work of one who to natural gifts had added a long and close acquaintance with the varied society around her. It is the story of a sentimental young German doctor thrown by chance into the midst of a little Spanish village, where, as ill luck would have it, he falls in love with the exquisite voice and bizarre beauty of a fisherman's daughter, *La Gaviota*. *Gaviota* means properly *sea-gull*, and the nickname, as applied to Marisalada by the fish-boy of the story, points to one of those harsh, angular, unsympathetic natures which, when armed with beauty or some powerful natural gift, seem made for the torture of the most intimately concerned with them. Maria's voice, as she sings the wild monotonous romances in the deserted convent garden, is the first thing about her to impress the young German susceptible alike to music and maidens. He stays three years in the village, and then, in the absence of any more exciting lover, Maria says Yes, and the two are married. But of the capacities of his wife's fierce and passionate nature Stein knows nothing. He had developed her voice and taught her music, for which services Maria repays him with a certain amount of friendliness which Stein takes for love, little knowing how utterly foreign to all the girl's instincts and ways are his moonlight wooings and talk of "the infinite." For three years after their marriage Maria's character remains veiled and half developed, and Stein is simply and ignorantly happy. Then chance and a generous patron, who is struck by Maria's voice, carry them to Seville, and the tragedy of the book begins. Through the kindness of their powerful friend the Duke de Almansa, the husband and wife are introduced to all the best society in Seville, Maria sings in the opera with extraordinary success, and Stein, delighted with Seville, grateful to all who show him kindness, and intoxicated with his wife's triumph, reaches the height of happiness. Meanwhile, one thing only in her new life touches Maria's barren and impassive nature. "How do you like Seville?" says a great Seville lady to her. "Pretty well," replied Maria. "And what do you think of the Cathedral?" "Too large." "And of our beautiful gardens?" "Too small." "Then—what is it you like best?" "The bulls." At the critical moment of the first bull-fight to which the Duke takes his protégée, he turns to watch the effect of the sight upon Maria. For the first time since her arrival in Seville he sees some animation in her face. Stein, sickened by the sight of the maddened animal surrounded by a ring of bleeding horses, endeavours to escape before the final act of the *corrida*, in which the bull, having put his slighter antagonists to flight, is to cope with Pepe Vera, the most famous matador in Seville. But Maria, "all her soul in her eyes," refuses to go. "Am I a nervous girl?" she scornfully asks, "and are you afraid I shall faint?" So Stein slips out alone to a quiet rumble round the sights of Seville. Meanwhile Pepe Vera, the matador, coming according to custom to salute the President of the bull-ring and ask leave to give the final stroke, for the first time perceives Maria sitting by the Duke's side. After a few moments of frantic excitement, the bull, rushing upon the defiant and unmoved matador, receives his death-blow, and the vast multitude breaks into applause:—

Pepe Vera walked quickly across the ring in the midst of those frantic outbursts of passionate admiration, of that unanimous ovation, saluting with his sword to right and left, in token of acknowledgment. A triumph that more than one Roman Emperor would have envied scarcely passed in him either pride or surprise.

The Duke put a purse of gold secretly into Maria's hands, and she, wrapping it in her handkerchief, threw it into the ring. As Pepe Vera bowed his grateful farewell, the glances of his black eyes crossed with those of Maria.

The physical force and beauty of the man, the excitement of the scene, have roused all Maria's dormant passion, and the sequel of the story is easy to foresee. One night after the opera Pepe picks up Maria's handkerchief, which she purposely lets fall, and at midnight we have the characteristic Spanish rendezvous in the dark street "where an officious hand had put out all the lights"—the powerful figure of the matador leaning against the wall, the veiled form behind the *reja* or window-grating—while Stein sleeps, happy in his wife's successes. The final catastrophe, and the true and powerful irony of Maria's ultimate fortunes, are managed with a skill and self-control in which many of Caballero's other novels are strikingly wanting. We have no wholesale death-scene as in *The Alarcada Family*, where ruin and destruction overtake a whole household down to the old watchdog and the orange-tree in the patio. The story ends as such a story would naturally end in real life, and the last impression is the cry of the teasing dwarf who first gave the nickname:—"Gaviota fuides, Gaviota eres, Gaviota serás!" In spite of Stein's broken heart, and the horror of Pepe Vera's last bull-fight, the book is far from being pure tragedy, and its ugly story is interwoven with the most lifelike descriptions of Andalusian country folk, their festivals, their beliefs, their ignorance, and their natural subtlety and cleverness, together with pictures soberly and exquisitely sketched—save where every now and then an outbreak of Ultramontanist spoils the proportion of the whole—of the dry sun-scorched Andalusian landscape, with the grey and blue greens of its figs and olives, its vast convents from which the Padres have departed, its belt of desolate sea-marshes, and its perpetual alternation of garden and desert, bloom and barrenness. In the accounts of Seville society, too long perhaps and too slenderly connected with the main action of the story, the English reader will find constant amusement in one or two cleverly-drawn caricatures of his own countrymen. Sir John Burnwood, the rich owner of coal-mines, who comes to Seville determined to buy up the Alcazar and transfer it stone by stone to his estate in England, and who is furious because the Chapter refuses to sell him the silver dish in which the Moorish king presented the keys of the city to its conqueror, St. Ferdinand; and Major Fly, with his qualities as a bore, his propensity for drawing-room boxing, and his belief in his omnipotence over the fair sex, are grotesque indeed, but not without a certain truth of foundation. The ordinary Spanish countrywoman's idea of England is well given in a passage in *The Alarcada Family*. A returned soldier from the War of Independence has been giving his family a hearsay account of England as a country of snowdrifts and heretics, of black bread and altarless churches, where there are no olives and the sun never shines, and old *Tia Maria* breaks out into exclamations of passionate rejoicing over her own brighter fate:—"Oh! my sun! Oh! my white bread, my church, my Holy Mother, my faith, my Host and my country! Happy a thousand times I who was born in her and by Divine mercy shall die in her! Thanks be to God thou wast never in that land of heretics, my son!"

The *Gaviota* is perhaps the only one of Fernan Caballero's novels which possesses a consistent and striking plot. But the reader will find excellent character-drawing and delightful scenes in all of them. The great landowner of the old school in *Clemencia*, "with his desolate overgrown house where life goes on" always the same, like the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria; Padre Nolasco, ignorant, kind-hearted, and shrewd in *Pobre Dolores*; the *dévoté* and uncharitably Elin, and the children who make the pretty chattering background of every story and rival Trueba's children in their wealth of rhymes and legends—all are drawn with the same clear outline, the same tender and sympathetic touch. The two main impressions left by the perusal of these interesting and remarkable books on the mind of the foreigner are perhaps, first of all, an impression of the vast wealth of poetical material with which legendary Catholicism has endowed popular life in Spain; and, secondly, an impression of peculiar subtlety and shrewdness in the Spanish mind, summed up in a recently quoted saying of Schopenhauer's, where he speaks of Balthasar Gracian as "a son of the subtlety of all nations." In spite of all the contradictory testimonies of foreigners and natives; in spite of the demoralization of the towns, of the ignorance and the fierce passions of the peasantry; in spite of all the disturbing effects which the inevitable *Zeitgeist* has brought into Spanish society steeped socially and religiously in the beliefs of the middle ages, the poetry and the subtlety are there. The Spanish people, far as they have lagged behind in the European march, are still rich in head and heart, and nowhere is this made plainer than in the work, at once blind and clear-sighted, of the great writer just passed away.

DREW'S NORTHERN BARRIER OF INDIA.*

MR. DREW'S present occupation and the proximity of classical studies may have reminded him of the familiar Greek proverb about a big book. His present modest volume contains nearly everything likely to interest the general reader who wants to know something of Kashmir and its dependencies. For details, and especially for geological data, the student is referred to the older and more bulky volume by the same author which we

* *The Northern Barrier of India: a Popular Account of the Jummoo and Kashmir Territories*. By Frederic Drew, Associate of the Royal School of Mines; Assistant-Master of Eton College; formerly of the Maharaja of Kashmir's Service. With Map and Illustrations. London: Edward Stanford. 1877.

reviewed in these pages in October 1875. The result is that we have a much more convenient and portable book than the original work, and tourists who imagine that Kashmir is only worth a visit for beauty of scenery and abundance of game will find a good deal that is worth their consideration if they want to know about its population, climate, language, and ethnology. Mr. Drew does well to remind us that the extent of this dependency, which was practically set up as a separate kingdom by Lord Hardinge in 1846, is equal to England and Wales put together. A considerable portion of it is uninhabited. Some parts are inaccessible; in others the villagers are as secluded during most of the year as those of the loneliest Swiss canton; while, as a contrast, certain well-known tracts present a picturesque combination of wood, water, hill, and valley which hardly any other country in the world can equal. There is probably, too, no other spot in which, as the author shows, three great religions come into such immediate contact. From a range of mountains lying to the east of Srinuggur you may go west through countries occupied by Mohammedans only, as far as Constantinople; east through the land of Buddhists to the Yellow Sea; and south amongst Hindus as far as Cape Comorin. Scarcely less remarkable are the distinctions and subdivisions of races. Out of eight, five are Aryan and three Tibetan. But it is curious that the Baltis, or inhabitants of Baltistan, are Tibetans by race and Mussulmans by conversion. Of the five Aryan, three, the Chibhalis, Kashmiris, and Dards are Mohammedans, while Dogras and Paharis are Hindus. Modern tourists are very apt to confound and overlook these fundamental points.

Jummoo, the old, and still the winter, capital, which is only about twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, has been the seat of a Hindoo dynasty for more than a thousand years, and Sanskrit scholars are well aware of the existence of a work called the *Raja Tarangini*, which purports to be a history of the Kings of Kashmir. It contains, we have every reason to believe, a large proportion of tradition and myths. The present races of Hindus are either Dogras or Paharis, the former being divided, as in other parts of India, into Brahmans, Rajputs, writers, shopkeepers, barbers, and others, and two or three low castes. Here Mr. Drew makes special note of a certain caste called *Thakur*, adding quite correctly that this term, with a very slight difference in pronunciation, does not in the plains designate a caste at all, but is rather in the nature of a honorific addition. A Thakur in Central and Upper India is a Rajput. In Bengal proper it means a Brahmin, or at times a father or an ancestor. It is not very easy to make out in what particulars the Paharis, the other Hindu race, differ from the Dogras, except that the former are genuine mountaineers, and that the Dogras seem to draw some line between them. But whoever has studied the subject of caste in any part of India is well aware that its ramifications are endless, its canons elastic and perplexing, and its definitions arbitrary. Sometimes a new subdivision took its rise from the error of a high-caste damsel who encouraged a low-born lover, some four or five centuries ago; sometimes it was due to the pressure of a despot who acted from caprice or settled policy; sometimes it sprang from rivalry or persecution. But one main fact is patent in all these inquiries. Natives, as a rule, know little and care less about the limits and observances of any caste but their own. With rare exceptions, all such particulars are collected by the patient industry of inquirers like Mr. Drew. Why indeed should a native, especially one of high caste, trouble himself with details about classes with whom he cannot intermarry, at whose table he will not sit, and into whose carriage or cart, until the introduction of railways summarily put an end to some of the tyranny of exclusiveness, he either dare not or will not enter? It is rare to meet a Brahmin who can tell accurately the subdivisions of the great Kayast or writer caste of Bengal. As in other parts of India, Mohammedans in Kashmir keep up subdivisions of castes; but they are obviously the descendants of Hindus converted under the green flag and the conquering sword. Some of the successors of these weak brethren still have a family idol, and formerly they were allowed to marry Hindu women of their original caste. Another fact noticed is that all Kashmir Brahmans, whatever their occupation—copyists, tailors, and cloth-sellers—retain the title of "Pandit," an appellation generally bestowed in other parts of India on Hindus learned in the Shastras. The first native who ever rose to the position of a Judge of a High Court in India was a Kashmiri Brahman with the aforesaid title, whose family, however, had descended, centuries back, first into Oudh, and afterwards into Lower Bengal. Mr. Drew adds some interesting particulars in this volume about language and its varieties. The common Urdu or Hindustani will carry most travellers through the country, while Kashmiri itself is difficult and uninviting. All the chapters on race and their peculiarities will be found attractive to scholars, and not without their value to mere summer tourists who go to Kashmir for scenery, health, and recreation, or sport. But we prefer to the descriptions of wooded lakes and lovely villages those of the outlying provinces, as they carry us very far away from India and its plains, and from its girdle of hills and forests. Skardu, Gilgit, and Ladakh, for instance, seem to differ more from Jummoo or Srinuggur than these cities do from the populous bazaars of the Doab. Gilgit is in reality only 130 miles from Srinuggur, but the traveller takes nearly twenty-two days to get there, and goes over 230 miles of road. Readers who have a strong digestion for atrocities will here find an account of the doings of a bloodthirsty despot named Gaur Rahman, a Mohammedan who held his own against the Sikhs, both before and after the campaigns of the Sutlej and the

Punjab. This worthy personage, who was neither slain in battle nor assassinated by oppressed subjects, but died peacefully in his own capital, was the father of Mir Wali of Chitral, who caused Lieutenant Hayward to be murdered in 1870.

Mr. Drew dwells a good deal on the climate and characteristics of the dependencies which he describes as lying at the back of Kashmir; and they are more worthy of attention than the desultory campaigns or the intrigues of a parcel of ruffians. It may be said generally that all these parts of the dominions of the Maharaja are, in point of revenue and resources, worth very little to any one. The climate is dry, bracing, and healthy; but the winter is long and tedious, while fuel is scarce, and the population, with adherence to the Scotch proverb, "The clartier the cosier," rely on a coating of dirt and on contiguity in crowded tenements to sustain life and to keep out the cold. Cultivation is carried on in small plots near rivers, or in terraces to which water is conveyed by troughs. Fruit-trees, however, do occasionally flourish in sheltered or favoured spots, though the mountains for miles are bare of either trees or vegetation. Women here enjoy complete social liberty, take part in the labours of the male population, water the fields, and carry heavy burdens; and we are not surprised to hear that where economy is rendered imperative by the poverty of the land, the vile custom of polyandry flourishes. The inhabitants of Ladakh seem to bear their lot with marvellous equanimity. They are mainly agriculturists, and families cultivate in common a small plot of land. The crops are peas, barley, a coarse variety of the same kind called "grim," and also wheat. We are surprised to find that this latter grain can ripen at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet. The food of the population is meal of the aforesaid "grim" made into dough, or else into soup. Sometimes they are lucky enough to add a little meat or tea. They drink a liquid described as a "cross between home-brewed beer and farmhouse cider," and can distil a spirit like whisky, though it is prohibited by law. They have a cruel custom of killing animals by suffocation, and an unpleasant one of draining the victim's blood into their broth and warming it up for the table. With all this, they are spoken of as hardy, cheerful, and contented.

The utmost limit of barrenness and desolation seems to be reached in Zaskar, regarding which Mr. Andrew Wilson has told us a good deal in his *Abode of Snow*. It is not very easy to imagine a country, short of Iceland or Kamchatka, out of which so little is to be got. The author could only make out a list of forty-three villages, which, at ten or twelve houses apiece, gives a return of 2,500 souls. The Government revenue is only 200*l.*, and the exports and imports of salt, rice, butter, honey, skins, with some barley and wool, are insignificant, and are carried over passes dangerous to ponies, and occasionally to pedestrians. Some of the higher valleys of Ladakh are worse off than Zaskar. Ice cakes the pools in the month of August; for, though the sun's rays are powerful and the mid-day air warm, the afternoon is unpleasantly windy and the nights bitter. Mr. Drew here followed the course of the Indus till he got along an alluvial plain where he could almost see the commencement of the Chinese territory; and his experiences fully warrant him in giving up one chapter to illustrate the difficulties of the traveller who wishes to get to Eastern Turkestan. Sometimes fuel is not to be had; at other spots water fails. At one place you cannot get food for the baggage-animals, and at another you run the risk of losing them from exposure, hardship, or a fall down precipices. It required all the resources of a liberal Government to organize an expedition that could carry its own supplies over such a route, even when the object was merely commerce; and no one will dispute the conclusion of the author that, against a hostile invader, the ridges which separate Kashmir Proper from its outlying provinces, backed by the Mustagh or Karakorum mountains, form a natural defence which artillery could not traverse, and where large bodies of men would be starved. It may be not unnecessary to remind readers that, as Kashmir is a political creation of our own, its ruler, though internally independent, is tied and fettered by a variety of stipulations in everything that relates to external policy. He pays, or did pay, an annual tribute of the finest shawls that ever left a loom, and acknowledges our supremacy. He is bound to refer to our arbitration in disputes with any neighbours. He may not take into his service any Englishman, American, or foreigner without the consent of the Viceroy. He must place all his forces at our disposal if we ever think it necessary to act within or near his territories; and he can call on us to protect him against all external foes. Moreover, he has received permission to adopt a son, on failure of heirs of the body, and such adoption will be ratified by the British Government so long as the ruler observes his engagements and is "loyal to the Crown." In short, his position is different in all essentials from that claimed by and conceded to the Amir of Kabul on the one hand and the Maharaja of Nepal on the other. It was not out of mere form, but from deep sincerity, that the late Gholab Sing literally caught the drags of Lord Dalhousie in both hands at Wuzerabad, and cried aloud, "Thus I grasp the skirts of the British Government, and I will never let go my hold." The too brief account which Mr. Drew gives of the means by which that ruler consolidated his power, reduced his chiefs to obedience, and generally employed diplomacy in preference to force, bears out the conclusions of the best Indian authorities. We could have wished that this part of the work had been enlarged and illustrated by more anecdotes. But, as an account of the people and climate, it has decided

of taste which allowed the anonymous writer to compose and publish such a book at all. Some of the portraits are not only drawn from the life, but from a close observation of the daily habits and conversation of the subjects. Dr. Jenkinson, for example, makes one wonder whether the author of the picture can be any other than one of the clever failures who from time to time discredit the institution over which Dr. Jenkinson's prototype presides. There is a bitterness of personal spite in the whole drawing of this character which forbids its sinking into burlesque; the whole man is given as he would appear to a sworn enemy resolved to show him at his worst. But this kind of caricature is much more hurtful to the artist than to the victim, because it demands, to be carried out well, an utter blindness to the good qualities of the man so described; and, in the case of one whose life is noble, it is a poor and degrading task to hold up the picture with the shading cleverly varied so as to represent the nobleness as all rotten, the teaching as all cajolery. The writer to whom we have already compared this anonymous one escaped dangers of this sort, for Peacock was not ill-natured. He would have been the last person in the world to "revile his father Parmenides"; and he would have thought this travesty of Dr. Jenkinson to be a case of attempted literary parricide, to be punished *more majorum*.

JACOX'S SHAKSPEARE DIVERSIONS.*

MR. JACOX is still an interesting example of periodicity in the literary malady. Two years ago we remarked that he accumulated promiscuous reading so rapidly that relief was necessary every second year. His eye seems to fall on no scrap of printed matter that he does not immediately copy out and consign to a commonplace book or some other lumber-room. Every second spring or autumn his receptacles will hold no more, and he discharges his knowledge on the public. What examinations are to the undergraduate, publication is to Mr. Jacox. The student reading hard for honours at last becomes surcharged, and welcomes the day when he is obliged to put out all he knows on paper, after which he makes haste to forget the events in the Peloponnesian War and his analysis of the *Republic* of Plato. So it is to be hoped that Mr. Jacox's MS. extracts pass from his pigeon-holes to his wastepaper-basket after each new volume. In 1871 he got rid of a great deal of stuff which was only perilous in quantity; in 1873 a book called *At Nightfall and Midnight* gave grateful relief; in 1875 a first series of *Shakspeare Diversions* left him lighter and easier. He knew, however, that 1877 would find him once more an author, and he comes up to time with a punctuality which cannot be too much admired. One might even make a guess as to the problem that troubled Mrs. Harris, and tell Mr. Jacox his very number; but it is better to "seek not to anticipate." Sufficient for the day are the *Shakspeare Diversions* thereof, though it is natural to expect an addition to the Jacox library in 1879.

It is not very easy to determine whether Mr. Jacox first reads his Shakspeare, and then selects passages from books and reviews in which words used by Shakspeare's characters occur, or whether he keeps vast notes alphabetically arranged, and then attaches them in an arbitrary way to Hamlet and to Dogberry. The method of an artist is rarely to be detected with certainty, and we cannot be quite sure that Mr. Jacox never reads a book without having large blank slips of paper before him, in the manner of index-makers. It seems difficult to fancy that he never takes up the *Saturday Review* without his apparatus for note-making; but his frequent quotations from this journal make it seem probable that he studies in this earnest fashion. Scraps from novels too, however feeble and forgotten, he treasures carefully, and he even goes so far as to hoard snippets from reviews of stories which oblivion has claimed long ago. "A *Saturday Reviewer* objects to such a story as Mr. Strickland's *Abbeys and Attics*," he says, as if this were a fact which any one but the author of *Abbeys and Attics* was likely to consider worthy of record. He thinks an illustration from *No Name*, or *The Rock Ahead*, or one of Mr. Charles Reade's romances, or the last novel from the circulating library, as valuable as a coincidence of thought in Sophocles or Æschylus. Sophocles indeed, if we may trust the index, is used to illustrate Shakspeare but twice, while Mr. Edmund Yates is dragged in five times. Æschylus is never mentioned at all, or, if he is, the index is at fault; whereas Miss Braddon is brought into relation with Shakspeare pretty frequently. Yet many critics hold that Shakspeare had more in common with the glory of the Attic stage than even with the authors of *Black Sheep* and *Aurora Floyd*. Thus it is small comfort to us that Mr. Jacox refers to this journal no less than twelve times. With Scott, Schiller, and Schlegel, we are among his favourite authors, and here a certain suspicion creeps in. Making a book by aid of Shakspeare, Mr. Jacox would naturally turn most frequently to the receptacle labelled S. in his literary storehouse. This may explain a liking for which, in an eager student of weak novels, we find it difficult to account.

Mr. Jacox's method, like that of Herodotus, "seeks for digressions." Thus, when the Watch ask Dogberry "How if he will not stand?" Mr. Jacox pours out all the examples he has collected of what he calls "contingent queries." In one page he brings together Maggie Tulliver, Kant, Titus Annius, Swift, and Harrington, and of course he does not forget Dr. Johnson in

the tower with the baby. This is rather too good an example of his style, for there may be people who feel as if they were learning something and improving their minds when they are referred to Pantarock. But when a whole page is devoted to a passage out of *Little Dorrit*, even the humblest student of Mr. Jacox must guess that he is being imposed upon. He may not be one of the "old-fashioned people" who read Plutarch, people about whose existence Mr. Jacox is doubtful, but he can hardly be grateful for the research which dwells fondly on *Little Dorrit* and *Little Nell*. In the same way the humble reader for whom we suppose Mr. Jacox to write may need to be told that "not Homer, but one of the Cyclic poets derided by Horace, began an account of the Trojan war with the nativity of Helen, or the story of Ieda and the eggs." But even the very lowliest reader must feel that he need not go to Mr. Jacox for intelligence about Mr. Undecimus Scott of the *Three Clerks*. A great deal of writing of this age merely sets forth things that people used to think for themselves, but did not take the trouble to say. Mr. Jacox reprints quantities of trivial matter that other readers might be at some trouble to forget. We do not want to remember anything at all about Mrs. Wilfer and "the old women in Mrs. Whitney's *Hitherto*." They may have helped to pass an idle hour, but their resurrection in a volume of *Shakspeare Diversions* is distressing. One can bear being reminded of, or instructed about, Tallemant des Réaux and Mlle. de Scudéry, but who can be the better for the repetition of trash like this?—

"I'll eat my head," is the contingent promise, ever and anon renewed of Mr. Grimwig, should his intubility be found at fault. To Mr. Brownlow's hearty championship of the boy Oliver, "I'll answer for his truth with my life!" the other old gentleman promptly responds, "And I for his falsehood with my head!" "If ever that boy returns [as pledged] to this house, sir, I'll eat my head!" "If there's a hincut in the omelette I'll heat in!" pledges himself Mr. Charles Rode's detective in *Hard Cash*.

To illustrate Mr. Jacox as Mr. Jacox illustrates Shakspeare, it is of Thackeray's Captain Smulph that we are reminded by this quotation from Mrs. Augustus Hare:—"Reginald Heber and Mr. Stow are both excellent actors, and we acted a French proverb one night, and the 'Children in the Wood' another . . . and very amusing it was."

In a volume of more than four hundred pages Mr. Jacox has of course collected some anecdotes which are not unworthy of being repeated. Among people who have been written down asses, as Dogberry wished to be, he notes the *Asses* who accompanied the French expedition to Egypt:—"Napoleon in Egypt treated the philosophers who accompanied this expedition—the 'scientific characters' Alison styles them—on a strictly equal footing with the asses wherever the enemy appeared; for the rule was, in that contingency, to huddle together *savans* and asses in the centre as the only safe place, and no sooner, according to Las Casas, were the Mameluke horse descried than the word was given, 'Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and *savans* to the centre!'" In the same place Mr. Jacox mentions a favourite joke of the Turks. In Cyprus, in 1823, "not content with stabling their horses in the churches, the Ottomans actually saddled and bridled some of the unhappy ecclesiastics, and forcing them to go on all fours, rode on them in derision, and kept them going till they, not were ready to, but *did*, drop down dead of fatigue." With that tenacious clinging to a good thing which the Russians showed when they reported the loss of "one Cossack" in the first bulletin of the present struggle, as in many bulletins of the Crimean War, the Turks have revised their playful trick of saddling Christians. Even in 1823 the humour of the sport was four centuries old. Villon prays that the *esquemas* of France may be sold to the Grand Turk, and may be put by him into harness:—

Ou au Grand-Turc vendra argent contant
Pour estre mis au harnois comme un tor.

A more disagreeable page contains all the instances of violent sickness after the eating of strange food which Mr. Jacox can remember. He has not enlarged on a text which we suggested to him two years ago, but he has filled two pages with footnotes full of scarcely more agreeable matter. "Strange facts and allusions, half spiritual, half psychological," may be suggested by the cannibalism attributed to Richard I. in an old romance; but this time Mr. Jacox does not "make up a monstrous chapter of emptied eye-sockets." But it would be possible to illustrate Shakspeare without collecting examples of "these violent heavings—as of one that would be rid of the abomination too wittingly gulped down." To turn to a less repulsive theme, we cannot agree with Mr. Jacox in holding that "the resemblance to waxwork is probably the explanation and justification of objections to coloured statuary." We have never seen good waxwork, except perhaps in the lovely head by Raffaello. And we have never seen coloured statuary worthy of the name. There was nothing to dislike in the coloured reliefs found at Myra by Sir Charles Fellows, and Greek art could no doubt have produced a Hermione as little offensive to taste as that of Shakspeare's artist.

It is difficult to give a consecutive account of a book which is all scraps. We have to complain that the scraps are, as a rule, not fresh, and that Mr. Jacox has not seasoned them with much wit of his own. Montaigne's flow of ancient and modern instances is never wearisome, partly because the anecdotes are not within every one's knowledge, partly, of course, because of the pellucid wisdom and wit in which the fragments of the older world are presented. It needs something more than a commonplace book and industry to make a modern essayist of the anecdotal class. Humour and

* *Shakspeare Diversions*. Second Series. By E. Jacox, B.A. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1877.

knowledge of life as well as of books—knowledge of rare books too, and not merely of works within the reach of every reader—are all needed by the writer who would illustrate Shakspeare. We do not mean to give the impression that Mr. Jacox has no pages out of which some information and some amusement may be gained. The chapters on blushing and on stage tears contain some really respectable anecdotes. But many weary pages, full of trivial quotations and of familiar commonplaces, must be turned over to find one or two grains of more valuable matter. Mr. Jacox does not even spare us Carker's teeth; and, if Carker's teeth be forgiven in gratitude for a good thing of Chaucer's, resentment is roused again by the introduction of "Messrs. Prodders and Twenk, in a story of modern life." In short, bad literature is only made worse by being brought into close contrast with the supreme poetry which Mr. Jacox mixes up with fifth-rate novels and old magazine articles. A lover of Shakspeare will be annoyed at having all this anecdotal confusion with his memories of the most melancholy or humorous passages, just as a lover of Homer is vexed by the "detestable jig" of Dr. Maginn's Homeric ballads.

Mr. Jacox writes, of course, not for lovers of Shakspeare, but for students who like to read by snatches works that demand no thought. In 1879 he may possibly find some peg to hang his stories on less illustrious than Shakspeare. "Tupper Diversions," for example, would be rather a good title, and Mr. Jacox could embroider on his author's discourse without fear of disguising his native merits.

COPE'S HISTORY OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.*

HISTORICAL memoirs of most of our regiments have been published during the last few years, and it is perhaps rather surprising that no record of the famous Rifle Brigade should before this have been given to the world. However, if this well-written memoir is late in the field, it is more complete and more readable than the generality of such publications. The history of the services of the Rifle Brigade is in fact the history of British military operations since the beginning of the century, and this record, like the excellent one lately published of the Grenadier Guards, will command an interest extending far beyond the circle merely of persons connected with the regiment.

This distinguished regiment took its rise in an experimental corps of riflemen formed in the year 1800 from a chosen line regiment, each of which furnished in the first instance a detachment of thirty-four rank and file, "all of them being such men as appear most capable of the performance of the duty of riflemen. These non-commissioned officers and men are not to be considered as being drafted from their regiments, but merely detached for the purpose above recited; they will continue to be borne on the strength of their regiments, and will be clothed by their respective colonels." The detachments so selected were assembled in the first instance at Horsham in Sussex, altogether some four hundred and fifty strong. The first call for active service was made in the summer of the same year, when three companies were sent as part of Pulteney's expedition to Ferrol. This enterprise was as feebly conceived and carried out as were most of our military operations at that time; but the young corps, although not yet a separate organization, achieved some distinction, being the first body to land and to be engaged with the enemy. The actual formation of the regiment as a permanent body took place in the following winter, the officers who had been doing duty with the experimental corps being now permanently transferred to it. The late Sir Charles Napier joined it soon afterwards as a second lieutenant. The first service of the new regiment was with the expedition to Copenhagen, the corps being distributed among the different ships of Nelson's squadron. In 1802 the "Rifle Corps," as it had so far been called, was numbered as the 95th of the Line, still retaining its uniform and special equipment; and in 1803 a wing of the regiment was sent to the camp of exercise at Shorncliffe, "the marvellous results of which have been so truly and eloquently described by Sir William Napier; and here they first met and were brigaded with the 43rd and 52nd, in united action with whom, as the light division, they were afterwards to become so famous."

A second battalion of the 95th was raised in 1805, the nucleus being supplied from the 1st, and the bulk of the rank and file obtained by volunteers from the militia—the great recruiting-ground in those days for the line. A few months later a portion of the second battalion was sent on the unfortunate La Plata expedition, and, being joined shortly afterwards by the first battalion, took an active and gallant share in that abortive campaign, one of the many similar enterprises in which the Governments of those days were wont to dissipate the strength of the empire. Meanwhile, the remainder of the battalions—for, just as there is now a conservative party in the army who cannot see that our existing regiments are too small as the unit of organization, so in those days even a single battalion must needs be split up into detachments—was employed in Lord Cathcart's expedition of 1807 to Denmark, and there first served under the immediate command of the great chief "in the advance under whose eye they were so often to fight, and whose

measured praise they were so often to receive." Sir Arthur Wellesley, then Major-General, fresh from his wonderful Indian campaigns, the extraordinary merits of which were at that time certainly not generally understood or appreciated. Returning to England from Denmark in November 1807, four companies of the second battalion embarked for Portugal in June of the following year, and formed part of the force which opened the Peninsula War with the landing in Mondego Bay; they were the first to be engaged with the French, Lieutenant Bunbury of the 95th, who was killed in a skirmish two days before the battle of Roleia, being the first British officer who fell in that great struggle. Shortly after the Convention of Cintra, two companies of the first battalion—for the Administration remained true to their principle of cutting up our small army into as many detachments as possible—joined the expeditionary force; and eventually, when Sir John Moore took command of the army in Spain, in the latter end of 1808, both battalions of the 95th formed a part of it, sharing in the advance into Spain and the subsequent disastrous retreat, the second battalion, which was brigaded with the 43rd and 52nd under Crawford, retiring on Vigo, and the first battalion with the main army under Moore upon Corunna, where it took a leading part in the well-fought battle which enabled the English to leave the country with honour. The first battalion acted as rear-guard on the night of the battle, and was the last regiment to leave the field for the town of Corunna; scarcely had it reached its ship when the enemy made his appearance, with several guns, on the heights commanding the Bay, from which he opened a fire on all the vessels in the Bay. The battalion lost in this retreat nearly one hundred and forty men, killed or prisoners, and the condition of the survivors and unwounded was deplorable; "their clothing was not only tattered and in rags, but in such a state of filth, and so infested with vermin, that it had to be all burnt."

The two battalions, now stationed at Hythe, were ordered to be completed to a strength of a thousand men each, and so popular was the regiment that not only were the deficiencies almost at once made good by volunteers from the militia, but more than a thousand volunteers presented themselves beyond the numbers required. The Government thereon very wisely resolved to add a third battalion. And it may serve somewhat to reassure us, when comparing the means apparently available of increasing our army to war strength, from the microscopic reserves now on the muster roll, with the huge conscriptions of other nations, to look back on the days of the Peninsula War, and remember what an inexhaustible reserve the militia proved to be. True, the labour market was then overstocked and badly paid; but the army was even then less inviting as compared with civil employment than it is now. What made the army so readily sought by the militia was the prospect of excitement which its service offered, and it seems reasonable to assume that the rate of recruiting which goes on in times of peace and prosperity is no index of what would happen in the event of our being again engaged in a great war. England, with its comparatively small population, had even then a large army. The army employed in Spain and Portugal was small, but that was because the available forces were frittered away in all sorts of foolish diversions, instead of being concentrated on the critical point.

To return to the Rifle Brigade, or, as it was then, the 95th. When the expedition of 1809 was sent to the Tagus under Sir Arthur Wellesley, the first battalion of the 95th formed part of the force, and on landing was definitively formed with the 43rd and 52nd into the Light Brigade, which fought in the van throughout the war, and probably carried discipline and courage higher than has ever been known before or since in the British army. The fact is that the British army has hardly ever had sufficient experience of campaigning to reach the highest standard of soldier-ship. For fighting a pitched battle raw troops which have never been under fire, if well drilled and well led, are probably as good as any; many successful great battles have been won with such material; but after the first start troops are apt to "go off," as the phrase is, especially if they have been severely punished or mishandled. Then, too, at the beginning of a war there is usually a demoralizing effect produced by the losses from sickness which always attend the change from a state of peace to life in camp with all its new conditions. But when the sickly men and the incompetent officers with which a young army is weighted are got rid of, and the seasoned residue remains, then a degree of fighting power can be developed such as English wars seldom give the opportunity for. Such troops were Frederick the Great's at the end of the Seven Years' War, and such was the Light Division in the Peninsula. Hitherto the experience of the English army had been mainly confined to desultory, ill-planned expeditions; when, after being cooped up for months on crowded transports, the troops were landed in the worst possible state for encountering the fatigue of a campaign, to fight a battle perhaps and re-embark, or, if ill fortune tempted a more prolonged occupation of the shore, to melt away under the ravages of the diseases which will certainly attack troops under such conditions. But now the circumstances were all favourable for the formation of the highest class of soldier. To say nothing of the army being commanded by Wellington, the Light Division was always thoroughly well handled; the subordinate officers were exceptionally good; and although the Light Division was not engaged any more than the rest of the army in a great number of pitched battles—these events occurring in the Peninsula War only once or twice a year—they were constantly engaged with the enemy; always getting the better of their antagonists in these combats, and, what

* *The History of the Rifle Brigade, formerly the 95th.* By Sir William H. Cope, Bart., late Lieutenant Rifle Brigade. London: Chatto & Windus, 1877.

is an important element in the matter, seldom getting severely handled themselves. This explains how a body of men may become at last practically invulnerable. With most armies the general who leads them into action will always have misgivings how the day will go; but we may doubt if the commander of the Light Division ever had any qualms of this sort; he must have been used to take it for granted that the division would be certain to perform whatever it was called on to do. Between troops of this sort and the best troops which have not had the same seasoning there is the same sort of difference that there is between a trained hunter who his rider knows will never make a mistake, and the young colt, full of courage perhaps, but whose behaviour at each fence must be matter of doubt till the fence is cleared. It may be remarked, by the way, that the hardest fighting in the early part of the war was not sustained by the battalions serving in the Light Division, but by the third battalion, raised only in 1809, at Rossa in the following year. The greatest loss incurred on any one occasion was at the storming of Badajos, when the two battalions of only six companies each lost about three hundred men; and one cannot but feel that, in using the late Light Division for this service, Wellington may have made a mistake, although not of the same kind as the blunder perpetrated in the abortive assaults delivered at Sebastopol. In the latter case the assaults were planned to fail, from the blunder of employing regiments already used up, which had their ranks full of recruits, and had not had the advantage of that campaigning in the open field which is wanted to brace up the nerves of an army after a long siege, while the troops which had suffered least were kept idly in reserve. At Badajos, on the other hand, Wellington used up his best troops—troops too good for such work, if one may say so, whose peculiar qualities and experience could not be replaced. But the heaviest loss incurred on any one occasion by the regiment during the whole war was at Waterloo. There were present the whole of the first and second battalions, but attached to different divisions, and two companies of the third, or fourteen companies altogether, which lost over four hundred killed and wounded, or about a third of their total strength. It was in the following year that the designation of the regiment was changed to its present one, the Rifle Brigade.

This distinguished corps has already been cited as an illustration of the fact contended for by the Reorganization Committee, that regiments attach much more value to honorary distinctions than to numbers. Up to the year 1816 the name of Rifle Brigade, with which we are all now so familiar, carried no significance with it, and the fame of the Rifle Brigade emphatically rests on its deeds as the 95th, for, except in the Crimea, it has not had very much active service. Since its change of name until the time of the Mutiny the Rifle Brigade was exempted from any tour of duty in India, the great battle-field of the British army since the peace of 1815, and it did not arrive in India till the first pressure of the Mutiny had been got under. And the history of the regiment exemplifies still more strongly the argument contended for by the Committee, that no sentimental feeling need stand in the way of their proposal for amalgamating the different regiments of the line. For, when we speak of the Rifle Brigade, we are speaking of what was really three, and is now four, separate regiments, the portions of which are serving usually in different parts of the world. While one battalion was gaining a name for the whole regiment in the Light Division, the other was rotting at Walcheren. Two battalions out of four took part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and one battalion out of four represented the regiment in the Ashantee expedition. Yet no one discovers any impropriety in saying that the Rifle Brigade served in all these campaigns; and the regiment collectively gains the credit attaching to the conduct of the part which represents it on these different occasions. And it may be confidently expected that, as soon as the coming amalgamation of the other regiments by pairs is carried out, the coupled regiments will appropriate without any dissatisfaction or loss of dignity the distinctions and traditions of the twin battalions with which they are respectively associated.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.*

THOSE who may have expected to find in this volume anything like an adequate record of Mr. Procter's own life and character will be certainly disappointed, perhaps seriously disappointed. The editor has carried diffidence to an extreme which is itself, in a work of this kind, a graver defect than any that he was likely to fall into by taking a less narrow view of his functions. As it is, the chapters of biography he has contributed to the volume are too meagre to stand by themselves, and too much for a mere introduction to what follows them. The records made by Barry Cornwall of his contemporaries are in themselves interesting, and would have been doubly welcome if they had seen the light by way of appendix to a really satisfactory biography. We must be content, however, to take them as we find them; we can only regret that the book has been brought out in such a manner as not only not to supply the want of a full and worthy treatment

of its subject, but to stand in the way of such treatment being supplied hereafter.

The fragment of autobiography now published is broken off at an early age. We learn from it some curious details of Mr. Procter's tastes and acquirements in boyhood. Shakespeare was made known to him in an unusual fashion; his tutor was a servant, a woman who had known better days and received a good education. At eighteen he fell in love, or rather persuaded himself to do so, with a certain deliberation, "as a step in philosophy." Mr. Procter's own record ends with the beginning of his literary work in London. He presents an almost singular instance of a man destined for a learned profession, drawn off from it by a strong bent for letters and poetry, justified in his literary ventures by success of a most brilliant kind, and then, almost before the prime of life, and at the very height of public favour, abandoning the field in which his conquests seemed only begun, reverting to solid professional work with positive eagerness, and finding in it a new source of enjoyment. The law is commonly supposed to be a jealous taskmistress, and to show no favour to truants; there is a well-known anecdote or legend about Fearn's burning all his miscellaneous books, for which he reaped his reward in the fame of having devoted his life, as Lord Macaulay has said, to the barbarous puzzle of Contingent Remainders. With Mr. Procter it was otherwise. He became a prosperous lawyer, but kept his books and the friends he had made by and among them, and did not even wholly cease to write poetry.

Without dwelling further on the slender account here given of Mr. Procter's life, we pass on to that part of the book which is his own. No one ever had richer opportunities of studying the world of art and letters. A list set down by the editor in a note near the beginning of this volume, and purporting to be only a limited selection from Mr. Procter's friends and acquaintance, includes most of the writers, painters, and musicians who have been eminent in England during the last half-century. The notes and memoranda now published are naturally confined to those who are not now living; we may presume that much remains unpublished which may be of no small value hereafter to the historian of modern English literature. Mr. Procter's recollections deal partly with leading figures such as Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, of whom there is, after all, not much left to be known. Even in these cases, however, his remarks have the freshness of keen and sympathetic observation, and the authority of close personal knowledge. More curious, perhaps, to a younger generation are his notices of the lesser lights who by this time can afford to wait very few years longer for some pious chronicler to rescue them from oblivion. Mr. Procter's genial sketches will go far to perpetuate some of these names. Take, for example, this picture of George Croly, who for a while seriously passed for a poet:—

He had a large and not prepossessing person, and a dashing and somewhat imperious manner; held violent Tory opinions; expressed them very energetically; and played not unpleasantly on the violin.

The author of "Paris in 1815" had great admirers amongst his Irish friends. His sisters—who were naturally proud of his talent—were persuaded, as they said, that George was destined "to push Lord Byron from his throne." They repeatedly asserted this, very frankly; but I never heard that Lord Byron's equilibrium was at all disturbed.

There are a good many miscellaneous notes about Coleridge and Wordsworth, and a really eloquent passage on the effect of Wordsworth's poetry. This may be taken to represent the impression he made on those who had ears to hear at the time when his message to the world was fresh:—

As you read the verse of Wordsworth, his words frequently have a wonderful influence in assimilating your thoughts to his. You see the bare moors, round which the winds sleep—the hills over which the sheep move like a cloud—the sheaves, and sheets of snow the poor cottager and the wandering pedlar—and all that comes to peasant life—its loves and hopes broken down by sickness and old age. The beggar clings querulously; the shepherd toils wearily up the mountains. All that is cast upon the world by poverty comes forth, to live, and toil, and die. There are no crownings of kings; nor march of conquerors; no bevy of ladies or courtiers, who laugh and lie, who rise and flourish, and fall like the leaves in autumn; but common human nature pines and fades away, and leaves a sigh in the reader's breast, which it is long before he can forget.

Other leading writers of the time—Rogers, Crabbe, Moore, Scott—pass before us in turn; there is not much addition to our positive knowledge of them, but their personal and literary characters are touched with a light and sure hand. Procter's comparatively low estimate of Moore's poetry, perhaps a bold one at the time when he set it down, has been fully confirmed by the judgment of later generations. Concerning Sir Walter Scott we find two pleasant anecdotes that carry us back to the time when the authorship of the Waverley Novels was a mystery, and guessing it a standing exercise of wit:—

I never observed Sir Walter's self-possession disturbed, except on one occasion, when Rogers told him with a smile that Lady B——'s maid had hid herself amongst the male servants, on the landing at B—— house, to watch him as he went downstairs, the preceding evening. He seemed a little ashamed of his admirer. I met him (Scott) afterwards at breakfast, in Haydon's studio, when a circumstance occurred that threw a different light on his power of self-command. Charles Lamb and Hazlitt and various other people were there, and the conversation turned on the *variableness* of certain dramatic persons in a modern book. Sir Walter's opinion was asked. "Well!" replied he, "they are as true as the personages in 'Waverley' and 'Guy Rannering' are, I think." This was long before he had confessed that he was the author of the Scotch Novels, and

* Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall): an Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, &c. London: George Bell & Sons. 1877.

when much curiosity was alive on the subject. I looked very steadily into his face as he spoke, but he did not betray any consciousness or suppressed humour. His command of countenance was perfect.

A rather long space is given to Hazlitt. The high terms in which Procter speaks of him, compared with the very slight attention he receives at this day, suggests with irresistible force the reflection—in itself not a new one—how precarious is a reputation founded exclusively on criticism. There is a short study of Haydon, the most unfortunate of painters, who ruined himself by just falling short of genius, and might have ensured success if his ambition had been a little less, or his powers a little more. Not least in curiosity is Procter's sketch of Wainwright, the artistic criminal, who of late years has been in a manner beatified by some of the high priests of the latest fashion of æsthetic enthusiasm. With this fashion before one's eyes, it produces a strange effect to read what Procter says of Wainwright's "clever but very fantastic essays":—

These essays are upon works of art: they exhibit much cleverness and great affectation. To persons not acquainted with his manner, it may be sufficient to say that he never adverted to any painter by his usual name, but spoke of Julio Romano as Julio Pippi, of Paul Veronese as Cagliari, and of Titian as Vecelli.

The description of his character has touches worthy of an historical portrait, and which one almost regrets to find frittered away, as it were, on so obscure a subject:—

Who would have supposed that from a man who was absolutely a fop, smitten in dress, with mincing steps, and tremulous words, with his hair curled and full of ungents, and his cheeks painted like those of a frivolous demiop, would flame out ultimately the depravity of a poisoner and a murderer? . . .

He was not entirely cruel. I imagine that he was perfectly indifferent to human life, and that he sacrificed his victims without any emotion, and for the purpose simply of obtaining money to gratify his luxury. Sometimes I have suspected him of gambling. . . . He was like one of those creatures, seemingly smooth and innocuous, whose natural secretions, when once excited, become fatal to those against whom they are accidentally directed.

A very kindly notice of Keats is followed by a very severe one of Godwin—almost the only severe judgment, so far as appears, which Procter passed on any of his acquaintance. He is set down as "very cold, very selfish, very calculating." His philosophy, such as it was, never generated pity or gratitude. His sympathies and generousities and liberal qualities showed themselves only in print." Both Godwin's person and his philosophy have been lately set before the public to an ample extent by thoroughly competent hands. We leave it to the reader, after consulting Mr. Keegan Paul or Mr. Leslie Stephen, to affirm or qualify Procter's opinion as he may see fit. Procter shows also a certain dislike for Do Quincey, which is less accounted for and less accountable than his aversion to Godwin.

The unpublished verses which form part of the book are graceful and true in feeling, but hardly more. The "Letters from Literary Friends" include two from Byron and several from Jeffrey. There is also a series from Beddoes, a man of some genius prematurely cut off. In a letter of his from Göttingen occurs a good remark on the national vanities of Europe:—

You people in England have a pretty false notion of the German character, and flatter yourselves with your peculiar and invincible moral self-complacency that you know all about it: for national vanity I believe after all you are unequalled. The Frenchman rests his boast on the military glories of *la grande nation*; the German smokes a contemptuous pipe over the philosophical works of his neighbours, but the Englishman will monopolise all honourable feeling, all gentle breeding, all domestic virtue, and indeed has ever been the best puritan.

Beddoes also notices from his own observation a striking literary coincidence which seems to have escaped attention in England—namely, that Milton's "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven" was anticipated almost in corresponding words in Vondel's tragedy of *Lucifer*.

The volume whose contents we have just run through may provide a reader willing to be amused with some hours of very sufficient entertainment. But we must confess that our pleasure in handling it has been sorely damped by the conviction that the subject and the occasion ought to have called forth something much better.

POLLOCK'S DIGEST OF THE LAW OF PARTNERSHIP.*

THE manifest reluctance of the Legislature to deal with the gigantic subject of legal codification seems to have stimulated individual endeavour to anticipate in part the task which must sooner or later be undertaken by Government as a national enterprise. Digests of specific portions of the law have of late years much increased in number, and, awaiting an authoritative compendium of law in the shape of a code, these to a certain extent evolve order out of chaos, besides paving the way and preparing the legal mind for the impending reformation. Thus we have digests of the law of evidence, of the criminal law, of the law of marine insurance, and others, not to mention Mr. Fisher's laborious Digest of all cases decided at Common Law; and now Mr. Pollock adds to the number a *Digest of the Law of Partnership*.

* *A Digest of the Law of Partnership.* By Frederick Pollock, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-law, late Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge; Author of "Principles of Contract at Law and in Equity." London: Stevens & Sons, 1877.

A digest may be regarded as holding a position midway between a text-book and a code, being the nearest approach to the latter of which private effort is capable. A code must be authoritative, and therefore a codifier must be endued with plenary powers of legislation. Moreover it would be essential to eliminate from a code which is to be the law of the future all propositions or expositions of doubtful stability, all anachronisms of the Common Law, and all statutes which experience may have shown to effect more harm than good. A code which required frequent amendment would soon become confused and useless; the great aim of codification should be finality. In the present condition of the law nothing is commoner than to hear judges express regret that, in consequence of the unsatisfactory or imperfect provisions of a statute, they find themselves compelled to decide contrary to the manifest justice of the case, while frequent Statute Law Revision Acts, with long schedules of repealed Acts, testify how large is the mass of effete or mischievous legislation. Then the Common Law occasionally shows itself to have by no means kept pace with the requirements of the age, while custom of trade or the law merchant is but slowly acquiring that recognition which is its due. Again, much of our case law is still open to reversal by a higher tribunal, and many decisions would, if carried up, be doubtless so reversed. Thus the promulgation of anything worthy of the name of a code would involve a process not only equivalent to the Parliamentary reconsideration of every unsatisfactory or obsolete enactment in the statute-book, and of the Common Law, but also the carrying up to a court of final appeal of every decision resting on less than ultimate authority—an undertaking from which the imagination shrinks appalled, and one from its nature as well as its magnitude utterly beyond the power of any private person. A code, in short, must enunciate the law as it should be; a digest, as its name expresses, takes the law as it finds it, and makes the best it can of it. A digest differs, on the other hand, from a text-book in its more orderly arrangement, obviating that incessant reference to the index which is the bane of the latter class of works, and in omitting all overruled cases and repealed statutes, the ordinary text-book usually referring to such on one page only to contradict them on the next.

Mr. Pollock recognizes this essential distinction between a digest and a code in the introduction to his work, insisting on the necessity for substantive amendment and legislation in any effective scheme for the codification of English law, and justifying the publication, until such codification be accomplished, of digests or "statements of the law just as it is in a codified form," on the ground of their utility "not only for present use, but to call distinct attention to the points where amendment is needed." But, as though he thought that he had unduly disparaged the dignity of his own undertaking, Mr. Pollock subsequently, after referring to various systems of codification and the delusions current on the subject, says:—"The foregoing remarks may be considered to apply, to a certain extent, to the setting forth of the law by private writers. The same advantages which are claimed for authentic codification should be to a certain extent attainable if the claim is well founded, by the adoption of the same form in text-books. But the necessary deductions and qualifications, grave as they are, can easily be supplied, and I forbear to dwell on them." The "necessary deductions and qualifications" simply amount to the entire absence of legislative authority or force, and render the two things as different as are a Bill and an Act of Parliament.

Regarded, however, as a digest—that is, as "a statement of the law just as it is, in a codified form"—Mr. Pollock's work appears eminently satisfactory. It barely extends to a hundred and twenty pages, and yet it would be hard to point to the omission of anything having a material bearing on the law of partnership. The author has accomplished this condensation without incompleteness by means of the rigid exclusion of all matter not strictly and solely pertaining to the subject of which he treats, or which would be more naturally looked for in works relating to other branches of the law. Thus he omits all mention of Companies; for, though these are theoretically only overgrown partnerships, yet their constitution and regulation have been so affected by specific legislation that the analogy of such corporations to ordinary trading partnerships is well nigh gone. Take the whole mass of enactment and decision as to registration, prospectuses, issue of shares, directors and their qualifications, memoranda and articles of association, general meetings, winding-up and contributories—all this is peculiar to Joint Stock Companies, foreign to ordinary partnerships. In fact, the distinctions are so many, the resemblances so few, that the two subjects are far more fitly treated separately. Mr. Pollock's strict adherence to the above-mentioned rule also preserves him from that laborious and futile application of general principles to the particular subject in hand which so increases the bulk without enhancing the utility of the majority of text-books. Whole chapters are frequently devoted in such works to the adaptation of general and unquestioned doctrines to the cases under consideration, without even a suggestion that their bearing or character is in any way varied by the nature of their object. As Mr. Pollock says:—

The capacity of persons to become partners is not different from their general capacity for contracting; that question, accordingly, is left aside, as belonging to the general law of contract. In the same way the manner in which the existence of a partnership may be proved belongs to the law and practice of evidence; nor has it been expressly stated that no particular form is required for the contract of partnership, as the law of contract in its modern shape assumes throughout that no special form is needful where none is expressly prescribed. So, again, the general principles of agency are not entered upon, though they are the foundation of the special rules

which determine a partner's authority as agent of the firm. For the like reason, nothing is said of fraud as a cause for rescinding the contract of partnership, the liability to rescission on this ground being one to which it is subject in common with all other contracts, and which in this application presents no peculiar features.

This laudable intention is honestly carried out by Mr. Pollock, and it would be an unquestionable benefit if his example were to be followed by future text-writers.

The arrangement of the work is not alphabetical, as is the case in some digests, but in the form of definite propositions of law, each followed by illustrations drawn from reported cases. This plan seems to us a good one. Alphabetical arrangement, though it may possibly add to the value of a work as a book of reference, entails the total sacrifice of order or sequence, and renders it absolutely useless as a text-book. Mr. Pollock's propositions follow one another in logical and natural connexion, and the illustrations seem to be carefully and fitly selected, though there is always danger lest, when slightly different cases follow one another in close succession, the mind may more readily seize the similarities than the distinctions they are intended to illustrate. The method appears, however, to have answered in the case of the Indian Contract Act of 1872, which Mr. Pollock avowedly takes as his model.

It is not easy to criticize a book like the present in detail; but we may briefly comment on those few points on which we have the misfortune not to agree entirely with Mr. Pollock, premising that such defects as do occur in the volume seem to be mainly attributable to the difficulty of stating the law in categorical propositions, since few rules relating to a complicated subject like partnership are so general and unqualified as not to be liable to exception or modification in some cases. Thus, at the very outset, Mr. Pollock is met by the practical impossibility of giving an absolute and unassailable definition of partnership; an impossibility recognized on previous occasions both by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and by Mr. Justice Lindley in his well-known book on the subject. The former, in an important Indian case, laying down somewhat vaguely that whether or not a partnership exists in any case must depend on the real intention and contract of the parties; while the latter, at the commencement of his book, contents himself with collecting a number of attempted definitions, and leaves the reader either to adopt some one of them or to evolve a general notion of a partnership from the mass. It was at one time considered, on the authority of the House of Lords in the well-known case of *Cox v. Hickman*, that the mutual relation of principal and agent between persons furnished a tangible test of partnership; but this doctrine has since been so strenuously and pertinently questioned, particularly by the present Master of the Rolls in a recent judgment referred to by Mr. Pollock in his Addenda, that it would be unsafe to lay any stress upon it at the present day. Mr. Pollock's definition is taken from the Indian Contract Act, before referred to, and is as follows:—"Partnership is the relation which subsists between persons who have agreed to combine their property, labour, or skill in some business, and to share the profits thereof between them." In deference to the high authority on which this definition rests, and the confessed inability of the exponents of the law to arrive at a more satisfactory one, we do not presume to criticize it, further than by suggesting that it might possibly be made clearer than it is that the partnership concern may be composed of property contributed by one partner, and labour or skill by another; and also that the profits, the division of which forms so important a feature in partnerships, are net and not gross profits.

Some little confusion might arise from Mr. Pollock's statement, in p. 10, that "the business of a firm may be carried on under any name, not distinctly purporting to be a corporate name, which the partners think fit to adopt for that purpose," since—as he subsequently shows, and as is clearly law—an unincorporated partnership is at perfect liberty to assume the name or style of "the so-and-so Company," whereas, to the uninitiated, the word Company would appear distinctly to purport to be a corporate name. Such, however, is not the case; and, in fact, the absolute title "corporation" would seem to be the only one from the adoption of which private firms are debarred. In dealing with the somewhat technical subject of "liability by holding out," or the doctrine by which a man is held to be a partner who has induced, or allowed others to induce, third parties to give credit to a firm by the representation that he is a partner therein, Mr. Pollock propounds two statements of the law, of which the first, which is as follows, is manifestly incomplete:—"A person who has by words spoken or written, or by his conduct, led another to believe that he is a partner in a particular firm, is responsible to him as a partner in such firm." This proposition, if it stood by itself, would naturally suggest the inquiry "Responsible for what?" and it is not until we reach the next paragraph, which practically states the same doctrine in another form, that we gather that such responsibility extends to any credit given to the firm on the strength of such representation.

When speaking, in p. 26, of the peculiar rules affecting the management of associations "too numerous to act in the way that an ordinary partnership does," Mr. Pollock makes a suggestion which is, as far as we know, novel, and which seems clearly in accordance with reason and law—namely, that since the passing of the Companies Act 1862, which renders illegal all unincorporated trading societies consisting of more than twenty persons, no such association composed of less than that number of members would be considered as constituting a partnership excluded by its size from any of the rules affecting ordinary partnerships. The ques-

tion is not perhaps one of much practical importance, but the deduction from the terms of the Act is ingenious and forcible.

The author's treatment of illegality in the object of a partnership strikes us as meagre, being confined to the cases where that object, legal in the inception of the partnership, subsequently becomes illegal through extraneous circumstances. Perhaps it was considered unnecessary to state such an obvious proposition as that a partnership formed for an illegal object is void; but the omission has deprived the author of the opportunity of introducing among his illustrations one of those amusing cases which form cases in the desert of a legal work. We refer to *Everet v. Williams*, quoted by Mr. Justice Lindley, where a bill was filed by one highwayman against another for an account and division of their joint plunder. This unique document set forth with much delicacy of expression that "the plaintiff was skilled in dealing in several commodities, such as plate, rings, watches, &c.; that the defendant applied to him to become a partner; that they entered into partnership, and it was agreed that they should equally provide all sorts of necessaries, such as horses, saddles, bridles, and equally bear all expenses on the roads, and at inns, taverns, ale-houses, markets, and fairs; that the plaintiff and the defendant proceeded jointly in the said business with good success on Hounslow Heath, where they dealt with a gentleman for a gold watch;" it then referred with equally graceful circumlocution to several similar partnership transactions, including one in which "the defendant informed the plaintiff that there was a gentleman at Blackheath who had a good horse, saddle, bridle, watch, sword, cane, and other things to dispose of, which he believed might be had for little or no money; they accordingly went, and met with the said gentleman, and after some small discourse, they dealt with him for the said horse, &c.," and finally stated the results of the partnership dealings to amount to 2,000*l.* and upwards, concluding in the ordinary form with a prayer for a partnership account. The result of this curious suit was disastrous, the Bill being dismissed with costs, to be paid by the counsel who had signed it, and the plaintiff's solicitors being attached, and fined 50*l.* apiece for their attempted abuse of the process of the Court.

The statement made by Mr. Pollock in p. 97 that "actions between a firm and one of its own members, or between two firms having a common member, which were allowed by the law of Scotland, remain, it is conceived, inadmissible in England," appears to be too broad and sweeping. It is clear that in certain cases such action will lie, as, for instance, an action for damages for the breach of an express agreement entered into by one partner with another, where the damages, when recovered, will belong to the plaintiff alone; or where a person agrees to become a partner with others and to furnish a certain amount of capital, and makes default in so doing, in which case they can sue him at law for damages, although he as well as they was to have an interest in what he undertook to furnish.

The unimportant character of some of the objections we have thus taken is perhaps the highest compliment we could pay to the accuracy of Mr. Pollock's work, as indicating the absence of any serious ground for adverse criticism. The book is praiseworthy in design, scholarly and complete in execution. As a step in the right direction it merits success, and we only fear that there will be ample time for it to pass through several editions before it is superseded by the arrival of that consummation devoutly to be wished for, a systematic and authoritative codification of English law.

ANCIENT IVORIES.*

THE oldest art of the time is the art of carving on ivory. It would almost seem as if the beauty of the material had excited the faculty of carving it into beautiful forms. The earliest remains in Western Europe yield fragments of bone incised with pictures by some prehistoric Landseer. The graves of Egyptian kings so old that all modern chronology has to be rearranged to include them contain ornaments of ivory. Mr. Maskell speaks of some in the British Museum as dating from the "time of Moses," and a box at the Louvre bears the name of Hatsou, a queen of Egypt who must have lived many centuries earlier. The Pyramid builders were ivory-carvers. The Ninevites both imported carvings from Egypt and made them for themselves. Six centuries before Christ the Cypselidæ sent to Olympia an offering which consisted of a coffer of cedar inlaid with gold and ivory. The cryselephantine statues of the time of Phidias have been made famous for us by ancient writers, though nothing of them has come down to us. Though such sculptures of the Roman time before Constantine are extremely scarce, they do exist, and from the fourth century of the Christian era we have a complete succession of works—a fact which sets ivory-carving alone among the arts. The consular tablet gave way to the religious triptych. The triptych was in its turn supplanted by the heathen imagery of a more advanced Christian age, but until our own day the art has survived. It is perhaps, as an art, at a lower ebb now than at any previous period since the third century, but signs are not wanting of a disposition to revive it, and meanwhile mere mechanical skill in cutting is being attained. The efforts of the authorities at South Kensington have been directed, not only to the collection and arrangement

* *Ivories: Ancient and Medieval.* By William Maskell. Chapman & Hall.

of a series of examples, but also to the illustration of foreign specimens by a large number of casts representing the best works to be found in Continental museums. Thus, could a modern artist be induced to carve in ivory, he would be able at his leisure to study the ancient carvings, and there is little doubt that his efforts would be welcomed by the public. The same industry which year after year gives us marble statues might give us ivory statuettes. Statues are not popular in England. We cannot put them in the open air without the risk of seeing them destroyed before our eyes by our benignant climate, and they are always out of place in rooms smaller than the Egyptian Hall or a large conservatory. But plaques, or busts, or statuettes, or, in short, any of the forms now produced in bronze and stone, would look just as well, and be far more easily disposed of, if they were cut in ivory. A man who goes to the Academy loving sculpture can only indulge his taste if he dwells in marble halls, and has great galleries in which to set out his purchases. Could we but persuade some sculptor or painter of talent to take to ivory, sculpture would no longer be considered an unpopular art.

The series of handbooks edited by Mr. Maskell has already been noticed collectively (*Saturday Review*, November 20, 1875). The present volume is his particular contribution. He deserves the thanks of all admirers of the beautiful in art for calling attention to ivories, as he did many years ago, and by these further efforts he brings the results of his early study within the reach of every one. It is an encouraging sign of the times that such little volumes as these can be produced without serious, if any, loss. It is not easy to see what purpose can be served by having one collection at the British Museum and another at South Kensington; but as things are, and as the junior institution is avowedly educational, while the older museum, if originally founded with a similar view, has of late years been content to obscure it, we need not now draw any invidious comparisons. It is of course worth while to remember that, were the two collections put together, they would form, as one whole, by far the finest in the world; but until we have a gallery fit to display our matchless sculptures, and another for our drawings, we must be content to see our ivories by instalments, and console ourselves with the thought that at least we have them somewhere.

The substance of the present treatise formed the preface to the Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum. Here, however, it is slightly enlarged, especially by the incorporation of foot-notes with the text, and affords a convenient and portable handbook. The art of carving in ivory is described historically rather than critically, and the woodcuts are chosen rather with a view to elucidating the letterpress than to increasing the attractions of the book. Mr. Maskell begins by endeavouring to define the meaning of the term "ivory," and wisely decides to include bone, walrus, narwhal, hippopotamus, and fossil ivory. With equal wisdom he avoids the controversy as to the words "ivory" and "elephants," on which so much useless learning has been spent in vain. With regard to the average size of tusks, his conclusions differ somewhat from those of the late Sir Emerson Tennent, and are chiefly concerned with the puzzling fact that no tusk now extant would afford pieces large enough for the plaques and diptychs of the middle ages. The leaves of one diptych at Paris measure each fifteen inches in length, and nearly six in width, while a single tablet in the British Museum is sixteen inches and a quarter long, and five inches and a half broad. Yet the largest of the tusks at the South Kensington Museum is only sixteen inches and a half in circumference; and a pair exhibited in 1851 did not exceed twenty-two inches in circumference at the base. Mr. Maskell notices at some length the supposition that the ancient carvers were able to bend the pieces of ivory or to flatten them, and gives some recipes for the purpose, but adds that, when tried in modern times, all these methods have failed.

With regard to the art itself, Mr. Maskell treats impartially of all the different schools—with, we think, one exception. He makes little or no mention of the ivory-carvings of the best period of Saracenic or Arab art. The builders of the mosques of Cairo did not neglect the use of so beautiful a material. Mr. Maskell speaks indeed of the Moorish art in Spain, but in rather a slighting way. But a private collection with which we are acquainted contains an ink-horn which would furnish Mr. Maskell with one more name of an artist to add to the only two hitherto known. He remarks on the rarity of such names. Sir Digby Wyatt and M. Labarte only met with one. Jean Lebraellier was carver to Charles V. of France, but no work of his is known. Mr. Maskell finds the name of a carver of a pax in the British Museum to be Jehan Nicolle, as cut upon the ivory, which still exists. To these two names may be added that of "Achmet the Scribe," who made the beautiful inkhorn of which we have spoken in the year 869 of the Hijra, or about 1490 A.D. In his second chapter Mr. Maskell gives us a summary of the references to ivory in the Bible, and goes on to speak of the Egyptian specimens in the British Museum and the Louvre; so far as we can judge from the Catalogue, there are none of this class in the South Kensington Museum. As Mr. Maskell seems to allow, they are often highly artistic, but are very seldom to be met with. The British Museum contains two daggers, several chairs, and other articles inlaid with ivory, and among separate carvings two boxes made in the shape of water-fowl, a statuette, and several articles of the Roman period. The Louvre has a small box of the period of the sixth dynasty, the heads of a duck and of a gazelle of great beauty, and a few other objects. There are some ivory inlays at Boulak, but little else, and by far

the most important Egyptian specimen with which we have met is a head in the private collection mentioned above. It is only about two and a half inches in height, but delicately carved, the beard being represented in the stiff conventional manner by a piece of ebony. It evidently formed part of a small mummy figure or Osiris of some other material. No other example of the kind is known, but it is impossible to ascertain the date with any exactness. In a tomb at Thebes there is a record of a statue of ebony and ivory with a collar of gold.

The occurrence of Egyptian ivories at Nineveh is interesting. There are, in all, above fifty Assyrian specimens in the British Museum. The Etruscans excelled in this art as in so many others, and Mr. Maskell considers that some examples of their work to be seen in the British Museum have never been exceeded in spirit and execution either in ancient or modern times. The Romans of the Empire inherited the arts of Etruria; but ivory of the first three centuries of the Christian era is, for some unexplained reason, very scarce, and the "gradual and uninterrupted decline of art from the days of Augustus is to be traced as distinctly in the ivories which have been preserved as in ancient buildings." A considerable addition to the national collection has recently been made from Chiassi, but has hardly yet been noticed by antiquaries. After the conversion of the Empire, ivory became more common, and Mr. Maskell observes that, "from the middle of the fourth century down to the end of the sixteenth, we have an unbroken chain of examples still remaining." To the fashion of sending consular diptychs to people of rank in the provinces, and to the subsequent fashion of dedicating the tablets in churches, we owe the preservation of some of the best carvings now extant. Mr. Westwood has enumerated twenty-one consuls whose tablets have been identified, of which the earliest, of the year 248, is in the Meyer collection at Liverpool, as well as leaves of three others. At South Kensington there is one complete diptych and half of another, both of the sixth century. In the British Museum there is one leaf of the tablets of "M. Aurelius Romulus Caesar," consul in 308. The latest in date is that of the last of the regular succession of Roman consuls, Basil of Constantinople, after whose year of office, 541, the "Emperors of the East took the title, until at length it fell into oblivion." One leaf is in the Uffizi, and the other in the Brera. Mr. Maskell suggests that careful search in Spain might reveal other specimens, and mentions the supposed existence of one at Tarragona. There are many fine tablets not consular, and the transition from the civil diptych to the religious triptych is easily traced.

Mr. Maskell, who is perhaps more at home in the thirteenth century than in the third, relates the subsequent history of the art with great care and some minuteness of detail. The retablo of Poissy, in the Louvre, is perhaps the largest and finest example remaining, though carved in bone, containing as it does about seventy separate plaques, and being no less than seven feet six inches in width. It was made for the brother of Charles V. of France, and a smaller example of the same kind of work is in the Hôtel Clugny. If this record is the largest, a "pietà" at the British Museum is the smallest, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the religious ivories remaining. It is less than three inches in height, and consists of two groups so arranged that one, representing the Agony in the Garden, is formed without distortion on the back of the other and more important face. A little colour still remains on this beautiful carving, which one would be glad to claim as English, but Mr. Maskell says nothing of its origin. Yet there are several good specimens of English work in existence, the most curious and perhaps the most valuable among them being a casket in the British Museum, generously presented by Mr. Franks to the nation, which dates from the eighth century. It has representations of scenes in the Roman and Scripture histories, and is carved in bone, taken, as the inscription states, at Ferry Hill in Durham, from a whale which "was gashed to death in his gambols as aground he swam in the shallows." This would be a much more useful book if it had a good index, the present one being a mere make-believe.

A NILE NOVEL.*

WE are inclined to congratulate Mr. Fleming on his idea of writing a Nile novel as an agreeable variation on those books of Nile travel which overflow the book market in a periodical inundation. The traveller of literary tastes who is reduced to metaphorical lotus-eating on the deck of his dahabeah may well be driven in sheer despair to exorcise the demon of ennui with pen and ink. Were it only possible to sweep from mind and memory, in such a conflagration as is said to have consumed the library of Alexandria, the innumerable volumes that have been compiled by Nile tourists, what a field there would be for him to exhaust his energies in! The most prosaic of mortals can hardly help waxing romantic over the memories that have been slumbering among those temples and tombs, where fragments of mythology and historical fact lie scattered as thickly as the dust of the mummies. But unhappily there is not an idea that has not been appropriated and utilized again and again. Since the days of Herodotus the land of the Pharaohs has been a favourite sojourn of enthusiastic *savants*; even the invading armies of Bonaparte had a strong scientific corps on their muster-roll;

* *A Nile Novel*. By George Fleming. London: Macmillan & Co 1877.

and the knowledge that has been laboriously accumulated in the course of indefatigable generations has been neatly condensed in compendious handbooks. Unless you have the luck to hit off such an excavation of your own as Miss Edwards records in her recent volume, you may diffuse your intelligence and information in a comprehensive work that contains not the faintest glimmering of novelty. As for the lighter treatment of the characteristics of native social existence, to say nothing of authorities like Sir Gardner Wilkinson, are there not such standard classics as *Eothen*, and the charming Letters of Lady Duff Gordon? Oddly enough, however, the realms of local romance have been left comparatively unexplored. There is Kingsley's *Hyppatia*, which carries one back to a classical past, and About's *Pellah*, which is a political and agricultural treatise brightened by fiction. But, so far as we remember, Mr. Fleming is the first who has sent his heroes and heroines to travel under the charge of a Reis and the care of a dragoman, and has laid the scene of his Western flirtation and love-making on the bosom of the mysterious stream that has been the standing puzzle of geographers. His conception was a good one, and his success has been very creditable. The form of his work absolved him from the necessity of boring his readers with detailed descriptions of the famous scenery and temples which ought already to be photographed on their minds. But, writing with the taste and feeling of an artist, he has made free use of the local colouring, enlivening the familiar spots on the banks with fresh incidents as they suggested themselves to his fancy. He indulges in description when the inspiration takes him, and glides by the monotonous panorama in silence when he has nothing particular to say. And in his more finished pictures, as in his slighter sketches, he shows his command of the artistic faculty; and the palm-trees, the pelicans, the flights of pigeons, the quaintly-draped villagers, the curiosity vendors, the dancing-girls, and the donkey-boys are brought in judiciously to enliven the landscape. Mr. Fleming writes well; yet occasionally it would seem as if he had both written the story and revised the proofs in the absence of commonplace but useful authorities. Americanisms are rare, but now and again some word is coined, or changed into something which sounds gratingly like a barbarism; and there are one or two odd misspellings, especially in classical and geographical names. Then Mr. Fleming seems to be under the impression that it was old Pluto who was the god of wealth; and, when he talks of the Church "of the Salute" at Venice, he would appear to have forgotten the legend of its foundation. These, however, are trifles in a work that should aim at amusement rather than instruction; and when a man can use his pen as cleverly and brightly as Mr. Fleming, we are content to forgive him even more serious slips.

The romance of the Nile voyage lies of course in a love affair, whose upshot is involved in uncertainty to the last. Bell Hamlyn, the heroine, certainly behaves badly; and the author, with whom she is clearly a great favourite, can only plead in extenuation the infirmities of human nature. But we may add that the circumstances in which we are introduced to her conspire strongly to sap her constancy. The life in a dahabeah to a lively girl must become intolerably dull without flirtation; while, on the other hand, when the young lady is pretty and amiably disposed, innocent flirtations easily pass into something far more serious, and volatile admirers become earnest and passionate lovers. In this case there was just sufficient rivalry in the presence of two or three couples of young people to give some piquancy to what might otherwise be a little tame. Then the temptations are so great, and the opportunities so many. Reposing among glowing lights under the shade of the palms and the influence of the sensuous atmosphere, or on the deck of the dahabeah by moonlight behind the kindly screen of the latteen sail, you are almost bound to make love, and then your feelings speedily run away with you. Bell Hamlyn was in rather dull company on board her own boat. Her father was a self-made man, who was generous and indulgent but decidedly unsympathetic, and with her stepmother, who was a girl of almost her own age, she had little in common, though they were excellent friends. It was no wonder that she should be animated by a fresh interest when she came across a fascinating man, apparently stricken by some stinging heart-sorrow. We are supposed to acquit Arthur Livingstone of any under-hand designs; for he has been in the habit of professing and displaying a distaste, and even a contempt, for the fair sex. In fact, he had first made an impression on Miss Hamlyn by the persistence with which he declined to make himself agreeable to her at the table-d'hôte at Cairo, where she had remarked his looks and his distinguished manner. But now, when they have met up the Nile, Livingstone can hardly help himself; he must talk, and is bound to be decently civil. Only in their intercourse he assumes paternal airs of authority, and addresses her with a winning affectation of bluntness which she would assuredly never have tolerated had he been older, or uglier, or less interesting. The natural consequences ensue; the more inevitably that Hamlyn père is anxious to see his daughter creditably married. The misogynist Livingstone is actually persuaded to transfer his luggage to the Hamlyn's boat, and in ordinary circumstances all would have gone well. But unfortunately Bell was engaged beforehand to a certain Mr. George Ferris, who is studying art in Italy, and who in a most unlucky hour for himself had recommended his friend Livingstone to make the Nile voyage. Bell's tardy confession of her entanglement intensifies all Livingstone's former bitterness. He casts her off with perhaps excusable hardness, and the engagement which they had never avowed seems to

be broken off now and for ever. But the mutual passion is stronger than they had fancied; and they are brought together more than once for more "last words" and leave-takings. So that Mr. Fleming, by what is rather a trick of art, and at considerable sacrifice of probability in his characters, keeps us in doubt to the very end as to which of her admirers Bell is to marry, or whether she is to die an old maid. Yet all the time we are made to feel that the last alternative would be eminently regrettable, and we are anxious that she should be made happy in her own way. We see little of the man to whom she had rashly engaged herself, nor do we hear much of him. Yet the author has ingeniously managed to convey the notion that, though Ferris is a fine fellow, with talent and high spirits, he is scarcely the husband to make Miss Hamlyn happy. And we should be even more lenient than we are to her jilting him were it not for an impulsive action of hers which Mr. Fleming, in our opinion, should never have permitted, since it tends gratuitously to chill our sympathies. When she knows that she has ceased to care for Ferris, when she has set her affections finally on Livingstone, and is restless and unhappy in the uncertainty of the future, she sits down deliberately to write to Ferris that she fondly relies on the constancy of his love.

As for the rest of the people, although they play very secondary parts, as they ought to do, they are all natural and cleverly defined. Old Hamlyn is what we should expect to find him—a shrewd, hard-headed man, with a show of *mauvaise honte* in society, which is owing to his humble or doubtful antecedents, and who exhibits no great refinement of feeling, as when he presses on Livingstone a berth in his dahabeah, with the full intention of marrying him to his daughter. The English family with whom the Hamlyns strike up an intimacy are not altogether favourable specimens of the nation, and yet we are bound to say there is nothing caricatured in the portraiture. Old Mr. Campbell is a gentleman, though a fool and a prig; and his daughter Gerty, an irreclaimable flirt, so far from making pretensions to be other than she is, is amusingly honest in the candour of her confessions. The Merediths are simply what are commonly called "nice people," while Blake, who is the rattle-brained Irishman of the stage, is brought in as a foil to the gravity of some of the others. For, although the conversation is generally light and lively, and not unfrequently really clever, yet now and then, in apparent deference to the genius of Egyptian erudition, Mr. Fleming will make some one of his gentlemen tediously didactic; so that sometimes, when Livingstone is discoursing of antiquities, we fear he must be playing Mr. Ferris's game. As for those descriptions of scenery to which we have already adverted, they are not merely poetically telling, but technically exact. Mr. Fleming has not only enhanced the general effects, but studied the arborical and geological details. A fair specimen of his style is the account of the change in the landscape when the travellers had left Egypt proper behind them and crossed the frontier of Nubia:—

The only narrow thing in Nubia is the country itself. A vaster sky than that of Egypt bends over the long limitless plains of undulating sand, and the widening Nile stretches like a waveless sea from furthest shore to shore. Sometimes the limestone cliffs recede, lower, disappear, then, at a sudden turn, come crowding back again to the water's edge, hardly leaving room enough for the narrow strip of green, not six feet wide in places, which forms the land of Nubia. . . . The scenery too has changed. The short thick dôm palm, whose stubby plumelike branches start almost from the ground, has to a great extent supplanted the slender tree of Egypt. The landscape is beautiful, mournful, monotonous. For days and days they see nothing but the long, long stretch of shining river, and the long, long reach of shining desert, with here and there upon the bank some thick-set grove of castor-oil trees, fifteen or twenty feet in height, &c.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. NISARD'S sketches of the Renaissance period are now forty years old, and were originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The edition we have before us is the third*; the author has merely reprinted his two volumes, limiting his corrections to a few details of style, and adding a new preface. The first monograph is devoted to Erasmus, the most literary person in the group, a student who thought in Latin, and who reminds us in his writings sometimes of the younger Pliny, sometimes of St. Augustine. As M. Nisard remarks, no one having the slightest pretensions to be called a scholar would like to acknowledge that he has not read a few pages of Erasmus; and accordingly the biography of the Rotterdam Latinist is followed by a selection of extracts from his works, giving the Latin text with a French translation. Sir Thomas More and Melancthon divide between them the second volume, and thus we have the sixteenth century represented in its three chief manifestations—Protestantism, Roman Catholicism, and Christian philosophy, or, to speak plainly, Orthodoxy tempered by a small dose of Free-thinking.

Next to M. Nisard's essays we may place M. Gebhart's volume on Rabelais.† Here Orthodoxy reaches its minimum, and Free-thinking concludes a close alliance with that *style folâtre* which sounds very much like profanity. Our author does not attempt to vindicate the great *abstruseur de quintessence* from the charge of coarseness, and, like the prologue in old plays, he brings him

* *Renaissance et réforme*. Par M. Nisard. Paris: Lévy.

† *Rabelais: la renaissance et la réforme*. Par Emile Gebhart. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

forward on the stage, introduces him to the public, and makes him get through an apologetic speech. M. Gebhart's work, crowned by the French Academy, is an exhaustive disquisition on Rabelais; its only fault perhaps is that, like all *éloges*, it is a piece of special pleading in which no room can be found for serious criticism. The first part treats of Rabelais as a man. What influence did the Renaissance exercise upon his mind? How far did the spirit of the Reformation affect his religious views? Radically opposed to the principles of monasticism, scandalized by the corrupt state of the Church, he began by leaning towards Protestantism, but soon settled down into the matter-of-fact, quasi-sceptical attitude by which he is better known. The second division of M. Gebhart's work deals with Rabelais as a writer; and the third part, devoted to a minute examination of the "Pantagruel" and the "Gargantua," ends with a chapter in which Rabelais is compared with Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Swift.

M. Charles de Mazade has been able to write his excellent biography of Count Cavour* with the help not only of public documents and State papers, but of private letters which throw considerable light upon the Piedmontese statesman. We need scarcely say that the volume before us is written in praise of Cavour, whom M. de Mazade regards as the model of a true patriot. The grand problem of the unity of Italy, devised and carried out with unflinching perseverance, naturally reminds one of Prince Bismarck's success in accomplishing the same thing for Germany. Making every allowance for M. de Mazade's anti-Teutonic feelings, we think he has seized the point of difference between the Italian patriot and the Chancellor of the Empire. Cavour's glory is that he constantly acted under the inspiration of liberal ideas, and that he scorned to employ the weapons of persecution even to obtain the great object of his life. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, impatient of opposition, relying upon brute force, and violently trampling down opposition, wins present triumphs at the cost of creating difficulties for the future.

M. Jules Siegfried, in a little volume which well merits attention, discusses the history, the causes, and the remedies of poverty.† He begins by a short introduction on the history of pauperism, and then examines the institutions, political, moral, intellectual, and religious, which are best calculated to minimize it. His starting-point is essentially that of Christianity, although he is careful not to place his ideas under the sanction of any particular sect. The interference of the State in this matter is no doubt necessary, but it is not, as Socialist theorists maintain, the exclusive panacea; private charity must come in likewise, and the habitual practice of intelligent liberality has the twofold effect of offering a remedy for a serious evil, and of indirectly benefiting him who devotes his time and his energies to the good of the indigent.

M. Siegfried, it will be seen, does not share the opinion so fashionable at the present time, which sacrifices man to society, and considers society, no longer as a means, but as the end, in the destinies of humanity. M. Bertauld adopts the same principle in a small volume‡ which contains sketches of men who at various times have played a more or less important part in the history of applied philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Lord Macaulay, Strauss and M. Caro, Rivarol and Mr. Matthew Arnold are the chief characters selected for his gallery of portraits, and their writings give him occasion for expressing his own views on the position which law (*le droit*), ethics, and religion should hold respectively in the constitution of the modern world. According to M. Bertauld, ethics and religion are distinct from each other, but religion, the most perfect form of which is Christianity, is an indispensable element without which virtue would be only an exception too rare to exercise a wholesome influence over society.

M. Emile Burnouf has published a remarkable work on the topography of Athens at various epochs, and he begins by declaring that the opinions of MM. Boule, Ulrichs, and Curtius must be discarded as absolutely erroneous. Not that these three writers have failed to do good service in their day, but merely that the views they hold, although quite defensible at the time when they were put forth, have been nullified by modern discoveries. The importance of giving an accurate description of the successive vicissitudes through which the city and acropolis of Athens have passed will readily be admitted when we consider that since the days of Pericles all the rulers of Greece have left traces of their occupation, and that these traces are now being gradually removed in order to bring to light the remains of the primitive city. M. Burnouf accordingly takes a survey of Athens under its different rulers, beginning with the government of the Turks, and going back to the remotest period of Hellenic history. Of course, as we proceed, facts become more and more mixed with theory and conjecture, and the last chapter, which is devoted to the ante-Pelagic period, however ingenious its conclusions, must be regarded as purely hypothetical. M. Burnouf has added to his narrative twenty-one engravings which help the reader to understand the topographical details given in the text.

Very few writers of contemporary France lend themselves more readily than M. Alphonse Karr to the labours of anthologists and compilers of elegant extracts. His novels abound in terse observa-

tions and witty criticisms on society; and his amusing periodical *Les guêpes* was for several years an inexhaustible fund of satire, sometimes rather *aristophanesque*, always highly pungent, and generally distinguished by much common sense. The volume before us* contains in a portable shape the quintessence of M. Alphonse Karr's philosophy. Stripped of the personal remarks which did so much towards the success of *Les guêpes*, but which would now be quite unintelligible, it has a permanent merit of a high order; and it will reward the attention of readers who appreciate La Bruyère and Rochefoucauld.

The *Idees et sensations*† of MM. de Goncourt belong to the same class of works. When the volume was first published, about twenty years ago, M. Sainte-Beuve, reviewing it in one of his *Lundis*, noticed the unfairness of some of the judgments and the general harshness of the whole. This fault is the more perceptible if we read the *Idees et sensations* immediately on rising from the perusal of M. Alphonse Karr's volume. There is a considerable amount of *bunkhonia* mixed with the satire of the latter moralist, whereas the tone of the former is too harsh to be pleasant.

"You know the temper of France; it wishes for the Republic, but does not intend to seek its patterns in Sparta; the model it has in view is Athens or Florence." Such was the opinion once expressed by M. Waddington in the Chamber, and it might be taken as the motto of the present work.‡ M. Perrons's earliest historical composition was a biographical sketch of Savonarola; and, when describing the agitated career of the Florentine patriot, he was already meditating the larger history he has recently published. He was only prevented from carrying his plan into immediate execution by the fact that M. Thiers had long entertained the thought of treating the same subject, and had accumulated materials for the purpose. Now, however, that the favourite scheme of the late President of the French Republic is abandoned, M. Perrons has taken it up himself, and the history of Florence down to the year 1313 is before us in three handsome volumes. As Greece is essentially identified with Athens, and France with Paris, so Florence typifies Italy much more completely than Rome, Naples, Venice, or Genoa; and, if the French Republic of 1877 is to follow the course indicated by M. Waddington, and to take Florence as its model, it is fitting that it should know in all its details the history of that busy commonwealth. Having studied and analysed the numerous authorities, both published and unpublished, which exist on the subject, M. Perrons has applied himself to his task, and, beginning with the old Fieschi, he describes in a very interesting and picturesque manner the rise and progress of municipal life at Florence, showing how commerce affected politics, and how literary and artistic culture and refinement ennobled the business habits of its merchants. The first two volumes are taken up by political and legislative history; the latter half of the third treats of social life, literature, and art; an excellent map of Tuscany and a plan of Florence have been added, and each volume is completed by a copious index. References to the principal authorities appear in formidable array at the foot of almost every page, and a few valuable documents are given in the shape of appendices.

M. Edouard Sayous has devoted his attention to Magyar studies, and, after having discussed several parts of the annals of Hungary, he now considers the subject as a whole.§ The invasion of the Moguls, the political career of Matthias Corvin, and the relations between France and the Transylvanian princes, are episodes of a history which for most readers possesses at any rate the merit of novelty, and which, treated by so competent an author as M. Sayous, could not fail to be interesting. M. Sayous has also had the advantage of being sent on a mission to Hungary by the French Minister of Public Instruction, and he has thus been able to collect an extraordinary amount of bibliographical information, of which he gives a full account in his preface. His work is divided into seven books. The first, treating of the origin of the nation, is essentially erudite in its character, and addresses itself to students of ethnography and philology. M. Sayous here describes the state of Hungary before and after the conquests of Arpad, who is supposed to have been the grandson of Attila; he then relates the series of incursions and reverses which followed the conquests by the Huns, and describes the religious and political condition of the country during the period of heathenism. The second book, beginning with the twelfth century, takes us at once on ground where the historian treads with comparative certainty, and we are thus brought by degrees to contemporary times, and to what M. Sayous calls "liberal Hungary." The decay of the Turkish Empire and the present war will probably affect in a serious manner the destinies of the Magyars; but the natural resources of their country, the patriotism of its inhabitants, and their firmness in past times under the most trying circumstances, are guarantees for the future.

The celebrated cry "Le roi est mort! vive le roi!" may be repeated with a slight variation *à propos* of the numerous educational books published during the last few years on the French language and literature. Hamel, Wamostocht, Levizac are dead;

* *Esprit d'Alphonse Karr: pensées extraites de ses œuvres complètes.* Paris: Lévy.

† *Idees et sensations.* Par MM. E. et T. de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Histoire de Florence.* Par E. T. Perrons. 3 vols. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire générale des Hongrois.* Par Edouard Sayous. 2 vols. Paris: Didier.

* *Le comte de Cavour.* Par Charles de Mazade. Paris: Plon.

† *La misère: son histoire, ses causes, ses remèdes.* Par Paul Siegfried. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *De la philosophie sociale.* Par A. Bertauld. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La ville et l'acropole d'Athènes aux diverses époques.* Par Emile Burnouf. Paris: Mai-Orneuve.

long live Messrs. Littré and Brachet! Foremost in the new order of things, Messrs. Hachette appear with a collection of volumes adapted to the requirements of every age, from the infant pupil in the nursery to the student who is preparing for University scholarships.† One of the latest instalments in this numerous and varied series is M. de Candole's annotated edition of Ponsard's *Le lion amoureux* ‡, to our mind a specimen of what careful editing should be. The preface contains an excellent biographical sketch, together with a brief notice of the various dramatic works composed by a writer who was long regarded as the chief of the *école du bon sens*. The grammatical and philological notes give all the necessary information and no more; and the biographical and geographical allusions which occur so plentifully throughout the play have supplied the materials for an excellent index, followed by a concordance between the Republican and Gregorian Calendars.

Under the title *Le théâtre français du XIX^e siècle* §, the same publishers have begun a collection of works exemplifying the different branches of the contemporary drama. Intended for the pocket, these little volumes are illustrated, not with all the copiousness of M. de Candole's work, but simply with the minimum of explanatory notes. The Classical or quasi-classical school, the Romantic revolution, the Vaudeville and the historical or political comedy, are represented by acknowledged masterpieces which have the double advantage of placing before the pupils choice specimens of contemporary literature and of accustoming them to a colloquial style.

M. Victor Fournel's *Vacances d'un journaliste* have met with such success that the author has been encouraged to publish a companion volume||, in which he takes us on a tour through Holland, Savoy, and Switzerland. There is plenty of scope for literary talent in the composition of a book of travels, even when the writer does not indulge in such freaks of imagination as those of M. Alexandre Dumas père. The guide-books of MM. Joanne and Baedeker are excellent models of their kind; but accuracy is their only pretension, and they can afford no room for personal anecdotes, humorous sketches, and the like. Here M. Fournel has the advantage; to the best qualities of an enthusiastic tourist he unites scholarship and taste; he is a *circoncis* without pedantry, and his sketches, dashed off as fast as the express train can carry him, are full of life. No one will regret the hour spent over his amusing little volume.

The life of M. Latour du Moulin is interesting from the political, the scientific, and the artistic point of view; and it has been very completely treated by Baron Ernouf.¶ We often see, especially in the world of politics, ambitious men living on the merit of modest subalterns, and indebted for their reputation to the talent and zeal of persons who are too reserved to push themselves forward. Thus Mirabeau would perhaps never have risen to the position he occupied had it not been for the industry of Dumont; and, to come to later times, M. Desages, during the reign of Louis Philippe, was the real Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, although, as a matter of fact, he merely held the post of head of a department. Such appears to have been the case with Pierre Latour du Moulin; he began his public career in 1815; and, from that period to the Revolution of 1830, he took an active part on the opposition side in political journalism, varying his occupations as writer in the *Constitutionnel* with the composition of a few vaudevilles, which were never performed although they showed considerable talent. The first chapter of Baron Ernouf's volume, which deals with the political and literary part of Latour du Moulin's life, contains some curious letters hitherto unpublished from several leading personages of the Restoration period; then comes a detailed account of his scientific researches on steam navigation, and on the best system for preventing railway accidents. Chapters V. and VI. are devoted to a narrative of the events which occurred between 1841 and 1870; here again documents abound, and Baron Ernouf's monograph is a valuable supplement to the numerous works we already possess on the history of French home politics during the last sixty years.

Few writers have done so much as M. Camille Flammarion to popularize the science of astronomy, and the new volume which he now presents to us ** strikes us as one of his best productions. Its subject is our planetary system. After a short introduction, and a preliminary chapter on the instruments available to modern observers, we have a series of essays in which first the sun, and then the various planets, are examined separately. Notwithstanding the scientific character of the work, the author finds a sufficiently wide scope for conjecture; and M. Flammarion's brilliant imagination revels in the midst of hypotheses on the structure of the planets, life on their surface, &c. The concluding remarks read like an ode in honour of Nature and of the Infinite.

* *The Infant's Own French Book*. By E. Janau. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *The Public School French Grammar*. By A. Brachet. Adapted for English schools by the Rev. E. Brette and Gustave Masson. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le lion amoureux*. Par F. Ponsard. With a Biographical Sketch, Notes, &c., by H. J. V. de Candole. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Le théâtre français du XIX^e siècle*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Promenades d'un touriste*. Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Baltenweck.

¶ *Pierre Latour du Moulin*. Par le baron Ernouf. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

** *Les terres du ciel*. Par Camille Flammarion. Paris: Didier.

It will be remembered that the publication of M. de Montalembert's pamphlet on Spain and Liberty led to a lawsuit instituted by M. de Montalembert's family against the editor of the *Revue suisse*, in which the work had been printed, and against M. Hyacinthe Loyson, who had accepted the responsibility of bringing it before the public. M. Tallichet, the editor of the *Revue*, now gives an account of the trial, and the number for April* contains the speeches of the counsel on each side. This is, of course, the most noteworthy element in the number; but we have also a review of Tucknor's biography, and several other interesting papers.

Under the title *Préface au conclave*† M. Louis Teste has published a little work full of information on the state of the Roman Court, the organization of the Conclave, and the appointment to the Cardinalate. The subject is especially interesting at a time when the election of a new Pope may be regarded as an event looming in the near future. After giving details of a general nature respecting the College of Cardinals, M. Teste opens a kind of gallery in which appear the principal members of that distinguished body, the introductory chapter being reserved for Cardinals Antonelli and Patrizzi, who for thirty years were the faithful advisers of Pius IX., representing, says M. Teste, cunning and piety respectively. Some of these biographies are mere sketches; others go more into particulars, and are enlivened by anecdotes. It is well known that various popular predictions have always been current respecting the election and the death of the successors of St. Peter. M. Teste reproduces some of these; he then describes the present relations between the Papacy and the kingdom of Italy, and ends with a minute account of the Conclave, detailing the circumstances which he considers likely to influence the election of the new Pope. These circumstances may be reduced to three principal ones—1, the composition of the Sacred College; 2, the place of its meeting; 3, the political state of Europe at the time when the vacancy occurs. Will the result of the election be a religious war? Such, says our author, is the problem which is likely to face us at no distant period, and for which we must be prepared.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. April 1877. Lausanne: Bridel.

† *Préface au conclave*. Par M. Louis Teste. Paris: Valon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 5s. gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. SILVERMAN, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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THE

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MR. GLADSTONE'S RESOLUTIONS.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE has, for the purpose of reconciling himself with the Liberal party, declined to divide on the Resolution which for several days excited the enthusiasm of the local Liberal Clubs, the House of Commons has properly no issue before it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indeed, who in the first instance complained of the virtual withdrawal of the principal Resolution, was afterwards perfectly satisfied by Mr. GLADSTONE's speech; but it is neither a usual nor a laudable practice to speak on one question and to take a division on another. Mr. GLADSTONE oddly invited the Government to accept his comparatively innocuous motion; and at the same time he denounced them for not treating his first Resolution as a vote of censure. Although it is possible that the entire string of Resolutions might deserve such a description, the Government could scarcely have met with a direct negative a Resolution which is not to be moved. It is, on the whole, a good thing that the split which Mr. GLADSTONE had produced in the Liberal party is patched up; but the excessive awkwardness of the soldering process betrays the difference of opinion which still exists. The preliminary squabble, for which Mr. GLADSTONE is exclusively responsible, might have wearied and dulled a less copious and less impetuous orator; but when the formal debate began Mr. GLADSTONE proved that he had lost none of his accustomed fire. Passionate absorption in a single object, though it is incompatible with impartial judgment, is not unfavourable to impressive oratory; and Mr. GLADSTONE, while his mind was stored to overflowing with facts and arguments in support of his passionate convictions, was extraordinarily eloquent. If the whole matter had not been repeatedly discussed, with the result of settling the opinions of all parties, the House would perhaps for the time have sympathized with his bitter and elaborate invective against the Government and its Eastern policy. It was possible for a moment to forget that the only alternative to peace and neutrality would be war with Turkey. In his fourth Resolution Mr. GLADSTONE would have practically pledged the House of Commons to measures of the same kind with the mission of the fleet which fought at Navarino; but as, for reasons which may have been sufficient, he declined to take a division on this speech, though it may revive or sustain the organized agitation out of doors, was for Parliamentary purposes irrelevant and useless.

Mr. CROSS's answer probably expressed the opinion of the great majority of members on both sides of the House; not is it absolutely impossible that it may influence the division. All but a few zealous partisans on either side are anxious to avoid a collision either with Russia or with Turkey; and Mr. Cross satisfied the House that the Ministers are united in their determination to maintain peace as long as possible. It is difficult to anticipate any contingency in which an attack on Turkey would be expedient or justifiable. The SULTAN may probably continue to govern his own subjects badly as long as any province acknowledges his authority; but the Porte is both unable and unwilling to cause any direct injury or danger to England. The power of Russia is incomparably greater; and the actual or future designs of the Russian Government are highly suspicious. Journals which have within the last two years repeatedly denounced a policy which has, in spite of official contraindications, been finally adopted, now declare that the present war will not end except by the admission of Russia into the

Mediterranean without regard to the obstacles presented by Turkish occupation of the shores of the narrow seas. In other words, the conquest of Constantinople is publicly demanded, while the Russian Government is probably sending assurances to all the Courts of Europe that its intentions, as well as its motives, are disinterestedly benevolent. It is prudent to declare with perfect frankness the occasion in which it may become the duty of England to resist further Russian aggression. Even the hazard of doing some good to the objects of Mr. GLADSTONE's abhorrence must be encountered if it is necessary to defend Constantinople or the Suez Canal. In such a condition of affairs Sir H. WOLFF's motion is little more than a truism. It is assuredly not desirable to embarrass the Government at the present moment with any general instructions, or with proposals of an alternative policy. Mr. CROSS's doctrines are approved by the sound judgment of the country, although they may not satisfy the demands of the organized agitators in provincial towns, who have not yet made up their minds whether they wish for peace or for an unprovoked war with Turkey.

The debate on Tuesday night was comparatively dull and languid; nor indeed would it have been easy to add anything to the indignant denunciation of the Government by Mr. GLADSTONE or to the effective vindication of their policy by Mr. CROSS. More than one speaker censured Lord DERBY for his answer to Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular, the real ground of objection being that the document was too conclusive in its condemnation of Russian policy. It can only be judged by the event whether the despatch was calculated to do good or harm. It was desirable to avoid, even on strong provocation, the use of language which might be disagreeable to Russia; and it would have been possible to observe the silence which has been maintained by the other neutral Powers. But Lord DERBY had a full right to protest against Prince GORTCHAKOFF's assumption that the war was undertaken in pursuance of a policy which had been unanimously approved by Europe. It was notorious that the Russian Protocol would neither have been adopted nor considered except under the impression that it was intended to facilitate a peaceable solution. The affectation of citing Lord DERBY's assent to the Protocol as an admission of the justice of the Russian cause was conventional, if not audacious; but in private or national affairs it is not always necessary to tell the whole truth, or to expose every fallacy. On the other hand, it may be said that it may prove convenient to have placed on record the position of England at the beginning of the war. It is true that the plainest phrases may be misinterpreted, as in Mr. GLADSTONE's repeated assertion that the Treaty of Kainardji extends to all the Christians of Turkey the right of remonstrance which was conceded to Russia on behalf of a certain church or chapel at Constantinople. According to some accounts, Lord DERBY's despatch has encouraged the Austro-Hungarian Government to assume an attitude which may have a decisive influence on the campaign in European Turkey. The criticisms of the Opposition on any document of the kind lose much of their weight through the habit, which is becoming inveterate, of finding fault with every diplomatic proceeding of the Government. Even if it is necessary, and therefore right, to give expression to the anti-Turkish sentiments of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, systematic opposition to the details of Ministerial policy from day to day can scarcely conduce to the public interest. On Thursday

night Mr. COURTNEY introduced a novel element into the debate by openly avowing a policy from which less courageous politicians have shrunk, even when all their arguments pointed to the same conclusion. He would have actively promoted the dismemberment of Turkey, though he confessed that it would have been eventually necessary to go to war. Mr. COURTNEY anticipated one objection to his proposal by remarking that such a war would not have been arduous or dangerous. To participate first in the insidious plots and then in the violence of Russia would not have been an altogether satisfactory course of action. Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, made a characteristic attempt to devise a middle course that would enable him to justify the prudent acceptance of a policy which clearly coincides with national opinion, while showing his sympathy for the exigencies of his party.

Perhaps the most important result of the debate and of the negotiations by which it was preceded will have been the disclosure of the wide divergence of policy which separates two sections of the Liberal party. On this question Mr. BAXTER and Mr. LEATHAM differ more widely from Mr. GLADSTONE than from Mr. CROSS; and Mr. CHILDERS only confirmed, by his partial approval of the disputed Resolutions, the well-founded belief that they could under no circumstances have been accepted by himself or his late colleagues. According to Mr. CHILDERS, the third and fourth Resolutions were only objectionable in two or three passages, or rather in a few words; but if his expressions are to be taken in their obvious sense, the ex-Cabinet could have had no sufficient reason for inducing Sir JOHN LAMBOK to move the previous question. Mr. GLADSTONE would not have declined to conciliate his friends by slight modifications; nor would his former adherents have refused to support him merely because the language of his Resolutions was open to criticism. The compromise which was ultimately effected involved on either side more serious sacrifices than those which would have been involved in slight amendments of the Resolutions. Those who are curious in deciphering enigmas may perhaps profitably amuse themselves by studying the reasons which are assigned by Mr. GLADSTONE in his letter to Mr. HOWARD for his singular proceedings. It has often been observed that the excitement of a great occasion has the curious effect of stimulating to the utmost Mr. GLADSTONE'S propensity to subtle refinements and nice distinctions. Other political leaders, if they had adopted the same course in similar circumstances, would certainly have been inspired by the obvious motive of restoring the unity of a party at the expense of a paradoxical device. Mr. GLADSTONE in his letter and his numerous speeches furnished a more elaborate explanation of his policy and of his reasons; and it is but fair to admit that, even when he is most unintelligible, Mr. GLADSTONE is sincere in the belief that he understands his own meaning, and that he is essentially in the right.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

NOTHING in the history of English political parties is more singular than the phases through which the Liberal party has been passing in the last few days. When war had been declared, the leaders of the party discussed the grave question whether some means should be taken in Parliament to sum up the criticism of the past, and record opinion for the future. It was decided that no step should be taken, as the time for effectual criticism was over, and there was no agreement of opinion to record. But Mr. GLADSTONE refused to be guided by the decision of others. He was bound, as it seemed to him, to take action, although others might sit still. A voice which he believed to be divine whispered to him that he must speak, although others might be silent. He drew up his Resolutions, and was prepared to support them even if a mere handful of followers should divide in his favour. He, as it were, throw his Resolutions in the face of the country, and left it to make what it could and would of them. The consequence was in every way remarkable. Had these Resolutions been the handiwork of the Liberal leaders generally, had Lord HARTINGTON proposed or adopted them, they would probably have gained in the way of clearness and precision, but they would have fallen flat. They would have been treated as only a mere party move, to be checkmated by a party move on the other side. But, as it was, they seemed to be something outside of

party, and to be the utterance of Mr. GLADSTONE to England. They constituted an appeal to popular sentiment, and popular sentiment, without troubling itself in the least as to what the Resolutions meant or did not mean, responded to the appeal. A thrill passed through the hearts of many who are more inclined to feel than to reason. The real issue seemed to them to be whether they would forsake a man whom they believed to be earnest, noble, and true, passionate for right, a preacher of high thoughts, the friend of the poor and the oppressed. They did not inquire whether what he proposed was intelligible, or, if intelligible, wise; but they caught at his central meaning, that a war to shield Turkey from merited retribution was wicked, and they fervently declared that such wickedness should not lie at their doors. Liberalism has always its sentimental side, and without sentiment running in its favour the Liberal party is never really powerful, although in the ordinary conduct of affairs statesmanship is of much more importance than feeling. Mr. GLADSTONE turned his back on Liberal statesmanship and his face towards Liberal sentiment. Few could have anticipated that the effect would have been so decisive. Sentiment reigned supreme, sentiment for Mr. GLADSTONE personally, sentiment against those who seemed to be weaker and more faint-hearted than he was, sentiment ardent and strong against anything like oblivion of the misdeeds of Turkey. Whatever else remained obscure, it became evident that a war lightly undertaken against Russia, so far from being popular, would set one half of England against the other. Statesmanship might hesitate to pronounce whether such a war was expedient or inexpedient; but sentiment as stimulated by Mr. GLADSTONE resolved that such a war would be something monstrous, and insufferably burdensome to the conscience of the nation.

The course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE, and the burst of sentiment which followed it, placed the Liberal leaders in a very distressing position. Those who had served under him had a natural reluctance to separate themselves from a chief of whom they had long been proud, with whom they had long worked, who had often led them to victory, and in whom they recognized a superiority to which they could not aspire. Still, the Resolutions were there, and they could not look at those Resolutions with the eyes of pure sentiment and not call in statesmanship to judge them. A policy was indicated which they could not approve, and it was a matter of plain duty to express disapproval of a policy which they believed to be unwise. They were also bound to Lord HARTINGTON. Some one must lead a party, and they had elected Lord HARTINGTON as their leader, and were perfectly satisfied with their choice. Lord HARTINGTON, with their concurrence, had decided as leader that no action should be taken, and Lord HARTINGTON must be supported or his leadership would be at an end. That it would probably be at an end, however much they supported him, was however obvious. If the majority or anything approaching to a moiety of the party broke away from Lord HARTINGTON, it would have been impossible for Lord HARTINGTON to stoop to lead in name a party that in fact disclaimed him. But the pressure of the constituencies was so strong that many a humble Liberal longing to support his recognized leader would, to save his seat, have followed Mr. GLADSTONE into the lobby. Fortunately the prospect of Lord HARTINGTON'S leadership coming thus to an untimely end dismayed not only Lord HARTINGTON'S friends, but Mr. GLADSTONE himself. He saw to what point things were rapidly drifting. He would have once more to lead; but this time his supporters would be of a stamp that might easily make his leadership very painful to him. He would have been expected to be the champion of a hundred causes which he dreads or dislikes; the champion of disestablishment, of inconsiderate attacks on property, of wild schemes of social reform. For himself, as well as for the sake of his old colleagues, from whom he honestly felt reluctant to separate unless the clear voice of conscience urged the separation, he was willing to make an arrangement by which union might be restored. The arrangement selected was a curious one, but it had one obvious advantage. Every Liberal was able to say exactly what he pleased, and yet all were able, with few exceptions, to support Mr. GLADSTONE. Directly the debate began it became apparent that the real issue was not any one of those which the Resolutions seemed destined to raise, but that which the sentiment of the country had engrafted on the Resolutions. The struggle was not a struggle between the Ministry and the Opposition, nor in any clear way

between the Conservative party and the Liberal party. It was a struggle between two conflicting lines of sentiment, between the sentiment of horror of Turkey and pity for its victims and the sentiment of longing to show the power and greatness of England, and to make its name and influence felt from one end of the globe to the other. Both these sentiments are such as honourable and good men may entertain, and the question was which should prevail in the determination of the present policy of England. As to the result there can be little doubt. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, obscure, mangled, and misdirected as they were, have, in a circuitous and almost accidental way, achieved what may be regarded as a success.

That the division which so nearly rent the Liberal party, and which was avoided in a manner apparently so artificial and complicated, has done no harm to the party, cannot, perhaps, be said with perfect confidence; but the damage which the party is supposed to have suffered is probably much exaggerated. That Mr. GLADSTONE, the special man of sentiment of the party, has once more shown his power of awakening the sentiment of a large part of the country in a rapid and decisive way, and that he nevertheless cannot endure to become the mere spokesman of an extreme section, are gains to the party which may be set against the increased difficulties which it may be apprehended will beset Lord HARTINGTON'S leadership. That, when the circumstances were such as to permit every Liberal to speak his mind, wide differences of opinion were found to exist among men sitting on the Opposition benches, is a fact flowing so inevitably out of the constitution of the party that it leaves the prospect of Lord HARTINGTON'S leadership where it was before. Now, however, that it has been once discovered that, if Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscience can be touched, he will throw Lord HARTINGTON overboard, it may be expected that further attempts will be made by those whom Lord HARTINGTON'S prudence discourages and irritates to see whether profitable recourse may not be had to such modes of touching Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscience as may suggest themselves to ingenious and inventive minds. But it is not really the divisions of the Liberals that keep them out of office. It is the good sense of the Ministry. That which, if in office, the Liberals would offer to the country so long as their extreme members were kept decorously in the background, is offered to the country by the Cabinet. From a mere party point of view, the vexatious thing to the Liberals is that the Ministry is, if not consistently, yet in the main and in the most important matters, a moderate Liberal Ministry. The speech of Mr. CROSS was as sound and vigorous an utterance of the thoughts of moderate Liberals as it could have been if spoken on the other side of the House. It was a sort of manifesto to the Conservative party, which accepted it with silent submission, and learnt from it what truths to adopt and what errors to avoid. To the Liberal leaders it must have seemed as if somehow they were in office, and one of themselves was speaking on behalf of a Ministry after their own hearts. So long as the present Ministry preserves this judiciousness of attitude and even balance of mind, it seems difficult to see why it should be replaced, except that all Ministries do somehow fall sooner or later.

THE TRANSVAAL ANNEXATION.

THE annexation of the South African Republic, effected not without a display of force, is an inopportune and untoward event. It may readily be believed that Lord CARNARVON had reason for entrusting a large discretion to his agent; but the character of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE affords no absolute security against the commission of an error. The determination to precipitate the measure may perhaps have been justified by facts which are not yet known in England. The latest information which had been previously given was contained in Lord CARNARVON'S able speech on the 23rd of April. It is evident that Lord CARNARVON must have been taken by surprise when he found that annexation was accomplished. "Reports," he said, "had reached this country that Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE had announced his intention to forcibly annex the Transvaal State. It appears to me that the language ascribed to Sir THEOPHILUS has been grossly exaggerated. His language has been frank, but at the same time conciliatory and temperate; and it has been received in the most

"friendly spirit by the local Government." Lord CARNARVON said, in addition, "I have no desire, if it can be avoided, to take over that State," though at the same time he anticipated that the Transvaal would become a British State. It is of course possible that the imminence of a border war may have accelerated the final decision; but it is to be regretted that the union which may have been necessary was not effected by voluntary cession. According to Lord CARNARVON, one-fourth of the inhabitants had signed a petition in favour of annexation; and Mr. BURGERS, the President, seems to have been convinced of the necessity of the measure. The Volksraad had passed a Resolution "that it is impossible under present circumstances to carry on the administration and control of the country"; but their condemnation of the actual Government may probably not have involved an admission of the necessity of the transfer. The employment of force will furnish the opponents of the change with an inexhaustible argument. The dangers of the present crisis will soon be forgotten, while the advocates of repeal will rely on patriotic jealousy or prejudice.

It appears that the party in the Republic which is chiefly responsible for the late war, and for the confusion which has recently prevailed, refused to pay taxes which had been legally voted. At the same time the Zulu King had amassed a considerable force on the frontier, with the obvious design of attacking the Republic. It might have been supposed that immediate aid would be given on terms which would have secured to the English Government a large influence over the policy of the Republic. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE must have satisfied himself that the only mode of securing a necessary control was the direct assumption of the government. The protection which will be afforded to its new subjects by the English Government is too likely to be rewarded by ingratitude; and disaffection may be troublesome even where it is confined to a scanty population. The Dutch farmers will not fail to recall the time when they passed beyond English territory for the express purpose of asserting their independence. If they were exposed to the attacks of native tribes without hope of assistance from the English Colonies or the Imperial Government, they might be more ready to appreciate the advantages of annexation. Lord CARNARVON estimates at a million the number of the natives within the bounds of the Republic; and the Dutch militia has not yet shown its ability to meet a superior enemy in the field. On the whole, it is desirable that the judgment of Parliament and the country should be suspended until the reasons which have induced Sir T. SHEPSTONE to annex the territory are fully stated. Considerable advantages ought to have been attained as a set-off against the inevitable formation of a Home Rule or Repeal party. In time perhaps the English inhabitants of the Transvaal, like the descendants of English settlers in Ireland, may persuade themselves to make common cause with the injured Dutch. It was a mistake to narrow the frontiers of the empire; but the allegiance which was remitted many years ago ought, if possible, not to have been forcibly reclaimed.

The mission of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE originated, not in solicitude for the safety of a community which was still foreign, but in the certainty that a native insurrection would extend to all the South African Colonies. The Kaffir chiefs may perhaps not draw minute distinctions between different European races; and, in any event, it would be impossible to stand aside while a civilized State was overrun by savages. It may be conjectured that the malcontents of the Transvaal were bent either on immediate war, or on measures which would practically have produced the same result. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE perhaps foresaw the necessity of interference, and he may have thought that subjects would be more manageable than allies. It is also possible that, from his long intercourse with the native chiefs, he may have satisfied himself that the assumption of the Government in the name of the QUEEN would prevent or paralyse the insurrection. The administrator who has long preserved peace in Natal will have great advantages in negotiation with the tribes which threaten the Transvaal with invasion. The proportion of white to coloured inhabitants is not widely different in the two provinces; and it would seem that loyal dealing, combined with firmness, tends to secure the confidence of the natives. The English inhabitants of the Transvaal, forming a not inconsiderable part of the whole population, are naturally desirous of placing themselves under English sovereignty. It

is not altogether a subject of congratulation that in future political controversies the English and Dutch are likely to take opposite sides. Lord CARNARVON, indeed, asserts that the antagonism of the two races is rapidly dying out; but a pamphlet lately published by a Scotch writer, who had oddly adopted all the passions of the Dutch, expresses on their behalf the bitterest animosity to his own Government and country.

Even if Lord CARNARVON on fuller knowledge disapproves of the annexation, he may perhaps find it impossible to reverse the decision of his confidential agent. Many things which ought not to have been done are, in the words of the proverb, valid when they are done. One difficulty which will result from the use of force will consist in the suspicion which will naturally be entertained by the farmers of the Orange Free State. When the President, Mr. BRAND, visited England last year, Lord CARNARVON removed any apprehension which he may have felt of impending coercion. President BRAND and his countrymen can scarcely be blamed if their doubts of the good faith of the English Government revive. The territorial dispute which had for some years caused irritation in the Orange Free State has been amicably settled; but it seems possible that it may be as necessary to interfere with its independence as to take possession of the Transvaal. It is not at present known whether the extension of English dominion will be acceptable to the colonies of South Africa, and especially to the Cape. It is to be hoped that Englishmen in South Africa, as in other colonized regions, cultivate an instinctive aversion to the neighbourhood of any foreign settlement; but it must be remembered that the Cape is as much Dutch as English. It is also possible that Mr. MORTENSON and his colleagues may dislike a measure which probably tends to accelerate confederation. Englishmen at home will chiefly care to be satisfied of the justice of the measure. Notwithstanding the incredulity of foreigners, the national conscience is at least as susceptible as that of any State in the world. In the present case the expediency of the measure is closely connected with the moral apology which probably Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE will be able to offer and to sustain. If there were no means of providing for the safety of the Transvaal or of the adjacent Colonies, except by superseding the Government of the Republic, compulsory annexation may have been prescribed by duty. If a native war is prevented, the beneficial results of Sir T. SHEPSTONE's measure will probably be obscured by their success. The maintenance of peace may perhaps not everywhere be attributed to its real causes; but no service of equal importance with the prevention of war can be rendered either to the European population of South Africa or to the native races. The Kaffirs are too numerous and too vigorous to be in danger of extermination, like the Maoris of New Zealand. If permanently friendly relations can be established between the races, the experiment of introducing civilization among savage tribes will be tried under advantageous conditions.

EGYPT.

THE speech of Mr. Cross has recalled to the recollection of Englishmen and foreigners how vital is the interest which England cannot fail henceforth to feel in the security of the country which is now her highway to India. Egypt must continue to engross much of the attention of English statesmen. Constantinople, the Suez Canal, and Alexandria are three points of which England must at least control the possession. It is true that, as Mr. Lowe pointed out, Egypt is not in any way threatened at present. Russia has no fleet to carry the war into the territory of the Viceroy. But, of all the dangers to England consequent on a Russian occupation of Constantinople, by far the most serious would lie in the power which Russia would thus gain to threaten our communications with India. It may be doubted whether to England and to Egypt the construction of the Suez Canal has not been more of a loss than a gain. Egypt has burdened herself with debt in order that traffic which used to be sent over her railways may skirt her without paying anything to her needy Exchequer; and, although in time of peace we can send transports to India more speedily through the Canal than by the Cape, the gain is not very great as compared with the passage of troops through Egypt by rail; while in time of war we shall not only have great difficulty in guarding our communications, but we

shall be obliged to see that an enemy does not profit by a thoroughfare from which we are excluded. But the Canal is made, and we must accept an accomplished fact. When, however, we come to consider with a little attention what is the real position thus created for us, we soon find that points suggest themselves which are not a little embarrassing. In the first place, it is almost impossible to see how we can respect a neutrality which theoretically we ought to respect. It is most inconvenient that the road between two parts of the Empire should lie in a strip of foreign territory; but, as this is our road, we cannot help pursuing it. If we were at war with Turkey as an ally or an enemy, there would be no difficulty. In the first case we should ask for, and in the second case we should force, a passage through the Canal. But, if Turkey were neutral while we were at war with a maritime European Power, the Canal ought to be closed to the ships of war of both belligerents. According to accepted doctrines it would be the duty of Egypt, as representing Turkey, to close it. But we could not endure this proper exercise of neutral rights and fulfilment of neutral duties to be carried out in this most exceptional case without running the most serious risk. For, if the enemy did not respect the neutrality of Egypt, and seized on the Canal, he would gain an enormous advantage with very little trouble; and, while we lost our readiest channel of communication with India, he would have this channel at his command. But, when we speak of our guarding the Suez Canal in time of war, how are we to do this? Where is the fleet protecting the Canal to be stationed? and how are sudden attempts to block up the Canal—which, by its nature, could be blocked up with the greatest ease and with the greatest rapidity—to be prevented? The practical answer, we fear, is that the Canal cannot be guarded by a fleet cruising up and down the Mediterranean. There must be a basis somewhere in Egypt from which our arrangements for the protection of the Canal can be made; and this may be assumed to have been the train of thought which led Mr. Cross, when he was mentioning the points where our interests might be really concerned, to include Alexandria in the list.

For the present the Viceroy has had to decide questions raised by the war which are small beside those that would confront him if England were engaged in a war to which his Suzerain was not a party, but which still are such as must have caused him some embarrassment. He had, in the first place, to determine what was to be the position of Russia in regard to the Suez Canal, and he has decided that Russian ships of commerce may use the Canal during the war, while Russian ships of war may not. It was entirely impossible that he could allow ships of war belonging to the enemy of Turkey to pass through his territory, and Russia is not in a position to force a passage. Then, again, the commercial navy of Russia is so small, and a Russian captain would be so mad if he took his vessel through the Canal to be pounced on at its exit by a Turkish cruiser, that the Viceroy could accord this curious kind of semi-neutrality to his Canal without there being any chance that an attempt would be made to take advantage of it. It must have been much more puzzling to the Viceroy to decide what kind and amount of active support he was to give to Turkey. As a Mahometan and as a tributary he could scarcely refuse to do something. But there does not appear to be much Mahometan fanaticism in Egypt, and if the Viceroy felt that he must do something he did not feel that he need do much. To aid Turkey effectually he must have sacrificed the bondholders, and he resolved that his first duty and his primary interest was to maintain his engagements with his creditors. He therefore informed the Porte that he considered all the money appropriated to the service of the bonds as absolutely non-existent for military purposes. The revenues of Egypt, except so far as they are necessary for his own maintenance, are not his revenues. They belong to other people, and are not available for a purpose even so interesting and sacred as that of succouring his territorial chief and the head of Islam. All that he could do was to try whether something more could not be obtained out of the country in addition to the ordinary revenues, and he has thought it possible, by levying an additional and temporary impost on the land, to place half a million sterling at the disposal of his Suzerain. With this money he appears ready to provide a tiny contingent of 5,000 men, and as a proof of his zeal he will send his son HASSAN to command them in the field. Probably the Porte may think that, if this is all that is to be got from

him, his cash would be better worth having than his troops and their Prince. His decision, which cannot be very welcome to the Porte, marks a turning-point in his career. He has passed several years in constant apprehension of being upset by the intrigues or intervention of the Porte. By many shifts, by the use of private influence, and by lavish expenditure in presents, he has warded off the danger which threatened him. He now seeks a new mode of protecting himself, towards the adoption of which he has long been drifting. He opposes the claims of his creditors to those of his Suzerain. He has turned himself into a sort of steward for his English and French bondholders, and he trusts, not unreasonably, that the two nations for whom he is acting will see that an honourable and trustworthy steward shall not be turned out of possession through the caprices of a harem or the vindictiveness of a vizier.

Of the honourable and trustworthy manner in which he fulfils his duties as a steward, and of the good sense with which he regards the acceptance of such a position as perfectly compatible with his princely dignity, the VICEROY has just given a new proof in the settlement which he has sanctioned for the debts of his Daira or private estate. When Mr. GOSCHEN and his French colleague were in Egypt they left this part of the general Egyptian debt unsettled, as time did not permit them to go into all the intricacies attending on a debt of nine millions sterling, charged, not on State revenues, but on private property. They have now been able to arrange terms which the creditors may regard as highly favourable to them, and which strongly testify to the anxiety of the VICEROY to give up to those who have lent him their money all that he could be reasonably asked to abandon to them. His estates, which are very large and of considerable value, with a fair prospect of an increasing revenue if experience proves that sugar can be grown in Egypt to a profit, are to be handed over to an administration, two members of which, out of three, will be appointed by the creditors. But the present revenues of the estates are not sufficient to make a proper provision for the requirements of the debt, and it is obvious that farming is too speculative a source of income for the creditors to rely on, if they are always to get their claims met at the moment when payment is due. In order, therefore, to provide extra funds, and to assure the creditors against risk, the VICEROY has been willing to charge his Civil List with sums amply sufficient for both purposes. This is done partly in response to the appeals made to his good faith, and partly in recognition of the claims which the creditors of his private estate have on him as a sovereign. The accounts of the Daira and the State were so mixed up, and one came so often to the assistance of the other, while the VICEROY borrowed and paid with both sources of revenue at his command, that to have left the creditors of the Daira without any contribution from the revenues of the Sovereign might have seemed a harsh and unfair manner of dealing with them. The main basis of the arrangement now made is that the creditors of the Daira are to receive 5 per cent., with a sinking fund and with other contingent advantages, if the increased yield of the estates permits. Once more, therefore, the VICEROY has exerted himself to do justice to his creditors, and once more he has recognized the principle that European control shall be permitted to operate with its incontestable force in behalf of his creditors. His estates will be mainly administered by Englishmen and Frenchmen; the income of those estates will pass through the hands of Englishmen and Frenchmen, and the revenue of his Civil List will be received and applied by Englishmen and Frenchmen. The feeling in Western Europe has hitherto been that this control of Englishmen and Frenchmen was too good to be true. It was supposed that either it was illusory or that it would not last. That at present it is not in the least illusory is as certain as anything can be. The controllers of the Egyptian revenue get their money paid to them as regularly as the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets the produce of English taxes. They probably do not get all that ought theoretically to come to them, just as the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not get all the legitimate produce of the Income-tax; but the revenues, such as they are, come into their hands. Whether the control will last it is in one sense impossible to say, for everything future is uncertain. But the critical moment for testing the probability of its continuance has come and passed. If the VICEROY wished to regain the control of his money he could not have had a better

pretext afforded him than that furnished by the Turkish war. He has not taken advantage of this plausible pretext. He had to make his choice between governing in his old way and governing in his new way, and he has chosen to stand by his creditors and to subject himself to the control which cannot be very palatable to him, but which he accepts, for better or worse, as the real key to the safety and prosperity of himself and his subjects.

THE RULES OF DEBATE.

THERE was something comic in the interruption by a count-out of Mr. GOLDNEY's speech on those rules of debate which have in the present Session been rudely tested. The Irish members, who knew that their own eccentricities might perhaps be restrained by some alteration in the rules, were equal to the occasion. Although Mr. GOLDNEY possesses both ability and experience, his subject was not lively enough to attract ordinary members, and consequently the Homo Rule party had the pleasure of counting him out. It will probably be desirable to abstain from any hasty attempt to devise remedies for wilful obstruction of business. It is impossible to frame rules which may not be perverted from their object by spiteful ingenuity. All Standing Orders are founded on the assumption that members will loyally and rationally facilitate the conduct of debate. When any rule is abused by being reduced to an absurdity, it seems at first sight easy to guard by special legislation against a repetition of the mischief; but new provisions equally admit of exaggeration and caricature, and the margin of change is narrowed by the necessity of regard to freedom of debate. A limitation of the time allowed to a speaker might be defended by precedents established in foreign Legislative Assemblies, and it would prevent the practice of wilfully talking and reading extracts from documents through the whole of a sitting; but any precaution of the kind might be rendered nugatory by a concerted succession of speeches directed to the same object of baffling legislation and rendering Parliamentary government impossible. Some good might perhaps be done by restraining the power of moving the adjournment of the House or of the debate; but the House of Commons has always protected with wise solicitude the rights of the minority, and it will not willingly be driven into any interference with the traditional and regular practice. The importance of the existing securities against the despotism of numbers is proved by the results of a different system in the American Congress. In the House of Representatives a majority can, by a skilful use of the previous question, prevent their opponents from speaking on a measure which it seems to the dominant party desirable to carry without debate. It is perhaps impossible to suppress Mr. BIGGAR without endangering freedom of speech; and the lesser evil must for the present be borne. It is unfortunate that too much importance was lately given to an offender who, amongst other objects, may probably desire notoriety. Irritation, however natural, is more flattering than the contempt which is said to be capable of penetrating the thickest armour of conceit.

It may be hoped that Parliament, which has surmounted graver difficulties, may survive the attacks of its present assailants. It is not a little remarkable that its authority and dignity should have been so long sustained and increased. One crazy despot has sometimes ruined a dynasty and endangered the principle of monarchy, and among six hundred independent and irresponsible members the chances of intolerable perversity are multiplied; but the House of Commons, though it may sometimes have adopted unwise measures, has been practically unanimous in maintaining the principle of absolutely free discussion; and the community, having few other opportunities of seeing both sides of a question, respects an assembly which is really as well as officially deliberative. One among many causes of the efficiency of the House of Commons is the attachment which is felt by almost all its members to its rules and traditions. Notwithstanding recent changes which may have affected its social character, the House is still the most agreeable of clubs; and veterans who may unfortunately have lost their seats never cease to hanker after Parliamentary associations. Claims of privilege which happen to be in any degree plausible are favoured by all parties, especially if they involve a possible collision either with the Upper House or with the courts

of justice. As the injudicious fanatic said of his sect as compared with his country, members of Parliament are members first, and Conservatives or Liberals afterwards. One of the numerous elements of Sir ROBERT PEEL's unequalled influence in the House was the jealous vigilance with which he guarded its rights and pretensions. Mr. GLADSTONE would be more popular with his colleagues of the House of Commons if he had not the habit of appealing directly or indirectly from Parliament to the country or the multitude. In England, as in France, it is felt that *plebiscites* are incompatible with free and constitutional government. A statesman who is suspected of a tendency to become a demagogue forfeits the confidence of his equals. Representative government, which is justly regarded as the greatest political discovery of modern times, has never been thoroughly understood, or consistently practised, except in England. The essence of the system is that, when an election has once been held, supreme power is vested, not in the constituency, but in the Parliament. Obscure, and perhaps unconscious, conspirators against freedom of debate do their utmost to abolish the best safeguard of liberty.

It is impossible for strangers to form a competent judgment of the value of minute regulations which are thoroughly understood only by experienced members and by officers of the House. It seems at first sight not unreasonable to fix an hour in the night as the latest time at which opposed business can be taken. There is great convenience in securing a vacant time for formal and necessary proceedings; and it had not been foreseen that any section or any single member would habitually give notice of opposition to Bills which were not liable to any genuine objection. If the nuisance is continued, it will be necessary in the present or in a future Session to apply some remedies such as those which Mr. GOLDNEY vainly endeavoured to propose. It is possible that deliberate obstruction may become a permanent evil; and unluckily in civil, if not in military affairs, the defence is naturally weaker than the attack. The enemies of Parliamentary government may compel the House of Commons to restrict the perfect freedom which has been secured by the vigilance of many generations. The disturbers must at any cost be eventually silenced; but they will have attained a part of their object if they have rendered the Parliamentary system less liberal and less comprehensive. The conduct of a handful of Home Rule members may perhaps furnish an argument for simple repeal of the Union, if it is contended that dismemberment is a less evil than the presence of certain Irish members in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Mr. BURT's federal project, if it were adopted, might perhaps not even abate the immediate nuisance. According to the scheme, if it is to be considered in earnest, there would still be Irish members in the Imperial Parliament; nor would there be any security against their repeating the singular practices which have lately excited indignation. There would be little consolation in the fact that the Irish Parliament was perhaps similarly annoyed; and if the supposed promotion of the cause of Home Rule justifies vexatious interruptions of business, the same methods might be used to secure absolute independence. It is even possible that in course of time other factions might imitate the practice of obstruction, though hitherto even the most bigoted advocates of special measures have been content to allow the transaction of Parliamentary business.

It is not at present known whether the delay which has been caused by vexatious interruptions will tend to lengthen the Session as well as to render it barren of legislation. The time is not favourable to legislative activity, and the Government, in framing the QUEEN'S Speech, tacitly recognized the expediency of doing as little as possible. The Prisons Bill will perhaps be the principal achievement of the Session, for the Burials Bill will, notwithstanding the utility of its objects, meet with strong opposition in the House of Commons. There will be little cause for regret if some of the numerous Committees which have been conceded to the importunity of active members are interrupted by the prorogation before they have finished their labours. Private members will acquiesce with compulsory patience in the well-understood impossibility of carrying any of their measures through the House. It will certainly not be worth while to sit late in the summer for the repeated discussion of delicate questions of foreign policy. It had been hoped that, when war was once commenced, all parties would understand the inutility

and inconvenience of debates which can have no effect in determining the result of the struggle; but Mr. GLADSTONE has thought otherwise, and he has the power of giving effect to his convictions. The controversy which has been revived by the late debate may perhaps be renewed from week to week as long as Parliament is sitting, with the result of absorbing the energies which might perhaps otherwise have been employed in modest experiments of legislation. It is true that the Eastern question is much more pressing and more important than any of the few Ministerial Bills; but, as long as debates on foreign policy continue, there is a risk of rash declarations and a certainty of embarrassing interference with the policy of the Government. The troublesome little faction which occupies itself in obstructing the business of the House of Commons might perhaps perform an involuntary public service if its members could be induced to devote their energies to the prevention of frequent debates on the Eastern question.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE debate on M. LEBLOND's interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies has sent the French Ministry several steps further in a direction which it can hardly be to their profit to take. To those who read M. SIMON's speech under the impression left by the furious polemics of the Radical newspapers it seemed weak and one-sided. It was too strong however, and too impartial, for the Left. A Cabinet crisis was in the air the moment the PRIME MINISTER sat down. The Left were determined to put M. SIMON in a minority unless he made an unmistakable declaration of hostility to the Ultramontane party, and in the present Chamber they have ample power to carry out such a resolution. In point of fact, the Left were playing exactly the same game as they played with M. DUBAURE. They know now, as they know then, that the Right are perfectly ready to form a Cabinet whenever they have the opportunity. They know that, in that event, Marshal MACMAHON will once more be in the hands of the Duke of BROGLIE, and that it is very doubtful whether he will be allowed again to get free from them. They know that the effect of an appeal to the country by a reactionary Cabinet might be to send a reactionary Chamber to Versailles; and that, in the more probable event of a Chamber of like complexion with the present being returned, a conflict between the Executive and the popular branch of the Legislature would be inevitable. They know that either of those contingencies would be injurious in the highest degree to the prospects of the Republic. With a reactionary Chamber of Deputies the Constitution would probably be revised in an anti-Republican, if not in a decidedly Monarchical, sense. With a Radical Chamber of Deputies the new Ministry would be almost compelled to govern without reference to Parliament, in order to justify themselves to the country for retaining office against the will of a Parliamentary majority. But their knowledge of these probabilities is not allowed to influence their actions in the slightest degree. Their alarms all point to a danger which, in comparison with those just mentioned, is almost imaginary. They are fearful—at least they profess to be fearful—of a clerical reaction. They cannot sleep in their beds because a foolish bishop has been writing foolish letters, and certain foolish laymen have been putting their names to a foolish petition. They cannot see that, if there is any danger in these proceedings, it is a danger which they themselves have imported into them. If the Government observed perfect impartiality towards both parties, and showed itself firmly resolved to permit no excesses on the part of either, it would matter very little what either did. The great body of the nation, which is equally removed from Ultramontanism and Free-thinking, would be at ease in the conviction that both factions were in the grasp of a hand strong enough to restrain their traditional violence. Whatever strength there is in these letters and petitions lies in this, that the Ultramontanes are able to identify their cause with the cause of religion in general. The Radicals no longer confine their attacks to points on which the Ultramontanes differ from moderate Catholics, or even from religious Protestants. With characteristic thoroughness they go to the root of the matter, and attack the Founder of Christianity as the most certain and comprehensive method of attacking Christianity. The Ultramontanes can insist with truth that it is not they

alone who are the objects of Radical hostility. The other day some of the Radical journals of Paris could not let even M. LORSON escape unharmed. All his quarrels with the Church could not wipe out the inextinguishable disgrace that he professes and calls himself a Christian, and believes that he has a soul as well as a body. It is this state of things that makes the Ultramontane agitation formidable. The Radicals begin by confounding Ultramontanes and Christians in a common condemnation. The Ultramontanes accept the confusion, and insist, with very good reason, that, if the Radicals had their way, it is not only Ultramontanes that would suffer. Whatever may be the exact hold that genuine religious feeling has on the French people, there can be no question that the great body of them accept the Catholic Church as a necessary and convenient institution, and that the prospect of its overthrow by a Radical Government is one that has no charms for them.

If M. SIMON had been as unbending as M. DUFAURE, the tactics of the Left would have had their natural result, and the Duke of BROGLIE would now be Prime Minister. But M. JULES SIMON is pliability itself. If he cannot please the Chamber in one way, he is perfectly ready to try the opposite way. When he found that M. GAMBETTA was not content with a mild repudiation of the Bishop of NEVERS and his allies, M. SIMON was ready with a more violent repudiation. He had no objection to accepting a vote of confidence which bore a remarkable resemblance to a vote of censure. Indeed, it is hard to conceive a form of Resolution which he would not have accepted. It may be said, no doubt, in his defence, that he, equally with the Extreme Left, foresaw that, if he was defeated and had in consequence to resign, he would be succeeded by a Ministry of reaction. This circumstance may be sufficient to constitute a moral justification for M. SIMON'S weakness. But, though it makes his conduct excusable, it does not make it prudent. There are victories which, as far as results go, are not to be distinguished from defeats, and M. SIMON'S victory in the Chamber belongs to this class. What will it avail him to remain in power when it is known to all men that the condition on which he is allowed to remain in power is that he yields entire submission to M. GAMBETTA'S orders? For all practical purposes M. SIMON'S Cabinet is M. GAMBETTA'S Cabinet. M. GAMBETTA has the control of everything, and M. SIMON retains nothing but the responsibility of what M. GAMBETTA does. If this is a position which M. SIMON likes to hold, rather than hold none at all, there is no more to be said. The tastes of Prime Ministers are as unaccountable as the tastes of ordinary men. But M. SIMON might at least have made an effort to avoid it. It is impossible to predict the result of a general election held at this moment under the guidance of the present Cabinet; but, if the Cabinet had had any spirit, it would have tried the experiment. If it had failed, and office was still only to be had on condition of some one else having the power, M. SIMON might have pleaded his respect for the will of the nation, as expressed in the elections. As it is, he can only plead his respect for the will of the Left, as expressed in the vote of the Chamber. But, to say the least, it is not certain that the result of a general election would have been to return as Radical a Chamber as the present. At the last election a reactionary Government appealed to the country to say whether it would have Republican institutions administered by Republican Ministers, and the answer was unmistakable. If M. SIMON had allowed the Left to drive him into a dissolution, a moderate Republican Government would have appealed to the country to say whether it would have Republican institutions administered in a Conservative or in a Radical sense. The disposition to abstain from voting has spread so terribly of late in France, that it is possible that the constituencies would have given no certain answer to this question. But, if they had not done so, M. SIMON'S position would hardly have been altered for the worse.

M. GAMBETTA apparently wishes to see France embarked upon an ecclesiastical war. He burns to introduce a Bill like the one which has just been rejected by the Italian Senate. M. MANCINI has declared during the debate that the safety of Italy depends upon the Clerical Abuses Bill being passed. It is difficult to take in clearly what are the hidden dangers from which this kind of legislation is to preserve either Italy or France. The organs of the Italian Ministry say that the vote of the Senate shows clearly that the Right are becoming a purely clerical party.

It is precisely this circumstance that makes the tactics of the Left so imprudent and so inexplicable. What is the good of throwing all the Conservative force of the country into the arms of the Ultramontanes? Alike in Italy and in France, that force is, and must remain, a very powerful element in determining the policy of the nation, and there can be no greater folly than to make it your enemy without cause. Curiously enough, it is the organs of the Radical party that are most anxious to proclaim that the Pops have been disconcerted by the rejection of the Bill. They do not see that, if this is true, it is the best possible testimony to the wisdom of the Italian Senate in rejecting it. They are so eager for the fray that they are wholly careless of the circumstances under which they begin the engagement. A Radical party which, in the present state of Europe, thinks of nothing but how to make as many enemies as possible is not likely to enjoy power very long.

THE FULLER CASE.

THE correspondence on the FULLER case which has just been published puts the action of the Government of India in a clearer light than it has hitherto been presented in. It is evident that their second thoughts were not quite identical with their first thoughts, or, rather, that the reasons at first assigned for their condemnation of Mr. LEEDS were not quite the same as those on which they ultimately determined to ground their decision. It will be remembered that Mr. FULLER struck an Indian servant, and that the death of the servant followed almost immediately upon the blow. Mr. FULLER was indicted before Mr. LEEDS for causing hurt to his servant, and Mr. LEEDS sentenced him to pay a fine of thirty rupees. The Government of India called the attention of the local Government to the case, and the local Government thereupon took the opinion of the High Court of the province on the adequacy of the sentence. The High Court answered that, as Mr. FULLER neither contemplated nor could have foreseen that severe hurt, much less death, would follow on the blow, the sentence did not appear specially open to objection. Upon receiving this answer the Government of India wrote to the local Government regretting that the High Court should have considered that its duties and responsibilities were adequately fulfilled by the expression of such an opinion; and censuring Mr. LEEDS for not sending Mr. FULLER for trial for the more serious offence of causing grievous hurt or of culpable homicide, and also for evincing a most inadequate sense of the magnitude of the offence of which Mr. FULLER had been found guilty. The High Court of the province did not sit down quietly under this criticism. They denied the right of the Government of India to express either approval or condemnation of their conduct, and they argued that, in censuring Mr. LEEDS, the Government of India had acted in forgetfulness of the provisions of the Indian Penal Code. Under that Code a man can only be convicted of culpable homicide if he has caused the death of another with the intention of causing death, or with the knowledge that he was likely to cause death. Nor can a man be convicted of causing grievous hurt unless he either intended to cause it or used means which he knew were likely to cause it. There was no evidence that Mr. FULLER had intended the death of his servant, or that he knew death was likely to follow upon the blow, or that he meant to cause him grievous hurt, or that he used means which he knew were likely to cause grievous hurt. Consequently, he was properly convicted of simply causing hurt.

The Government of India forwarded the minute of the High Court to Lord SALISBURY, and in doing so they restated their views with more caution than they had shown in their letter to the local Government. We pointed out, when the news of the case first came to England, that those who accused the Government of India of ignorance of the Indian Penal Code forgot the distinction between convicting a man of an offence and sending a man to be tried for an offence. There was one unfortunate sentence, however, in the letter of the Government of India to the local Government, which might be used to show that they themselves had forgotten this distinction. "The GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council cannot say whether Mr. FULLER would have been convicted of a more serious offence such as that of causing grievous bodily hurt, or that of culpable homicide, had he been charged with it." It is clear from the provisions of the Code that Mr. FULLER

could not have been convicted of either of these offences, supposing that no more evidence had been forthcoming than such as Mr. LEEDS decided to receive. Consequently the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council ought not to have been made to express uncertainty as to the result of Mr. FULLER's trial by a superior Court. In their despatch to the SECRETARY OF STATE the Government of India are careful not to repeat the blunder. They say, with truth, that the interpretation which the High Court of the province seems to put upon the Penal Code would confine to the lower and less experienced Court the decision on all delicate questions of law and evidence. The High Court says that a magistrate is to commit an accused person for trial only when he is satisfied that there is *prima facie* evidence of his having committed an offence which, in the magistrate's own opinion, he is either not competent to try, or not competent to visit with an adequate sentence. To this exposition of the law the Government of India take no exception. "The action of the magistrate is to depend on his being satisfied, and on his own opinion." "But a man may be satisfied on reasonable or unreasonable grounds, and may form his opinion with or without care or judgment." Mr. LEEDS had to decide whether Mr. FULLER should be tried before a tribunal which could receive evidence "either of the graver class of crime or of an aggravated instance of the lighter class," or before a tribunal which, for want of jurisdiction, would be incompetent to entertain such evidence. There was some evidence offered at the trial which, if believed, would have given Mr. FULLER's offence a graver complexion than Mr. LEEDS considered it to possess; and the Government of India think that both the evidence and the legal definition of the offence ought to have been left to the judgment of the higher Court.

It appears to us that the Government of India were undoubtedly right in taking this view. They say, with perfect truth, that "the act of illegal violence committed by Mr. FULLER belonged to a class of offences which ought, for obvious political reasons, to receive the fullest, the most public, and the most authoritative examination whenever they occur, by a tribunal competent to inflict upon any offender, whatever his nationality, such sentence as may be found to be appropriate." That absolutely equal justice should be administered as between Europeans and natives; that Mr. FULLER should receive the same punishment, neither more nor less, for giving his servant a blow which was followed by death as the servant would have received if he had given Mr. FULLER a blow which was followed by death; that the law should know, in short, no distinction whatever between the two cases, is of incalculable importance to the good government of India. There is grave danger that when the natives see an Englishman fined thirty rupees for killing his servant—and this, it must be remembered, is how the facts will have been described by and to the native public—they will argue that the law, in spite of its professions, is a respecter of persons, and that Mr. FULLER has got off easily, not because his offence under the provisions of the Penal Code was a slight one, but because he belonged to the governing instead of to the subject race. We do not mean, of course, that Mr. FULLER ought to have been convicted of an offence which he had not committed. But the fact that death had followed upon the blow made it very necessary that the investigation into the particulars of the offence which he had committed should be as full, as public, and as searching as possible. A trial before a subordinate magistrate does not possess these conditions, and Mr. LEEDS ought not to have been content with subjecting Mr. FULLER to such a trial. Had this been Mr. LEEDS's only error, the censure would have been justified, but the delay of promotion which was coupled with the sentence might have been thought unnecessarily severe. But, even if Mr. LEEDS had been right in thinking that it was not competent to him to send Mr. FULLER for trial for the grave offence of culpable homicide or causing grievous hurt, there was another reason why he ought not to have tried the case himself. The maximum punishment for the offence which Mr. FULLER undoubtedly did commit is a fine of a thousand rupees and a year's imprisonment. But a magistrate of Mr. LEEDS's rank cannot inflict on a European any heavier sentence than a fine of a thousand rupees and three months' imprisonment. Under these circumstances, the fact that death had followed upon the hurt caused by Mr. FULLER ought certainly to have been taken into account in determining

whether the punishment which could be inflicted on him by a subordinate magistrate was adequate or inadequate. Mr. LEEDS did not take this fact into account, and here again he was guilty of a grave error of judgment. Nor did the case against him stop here. Having himself the power to sentence Mr. FULLER to a fine of a thousand rupees and three months' imprisonment, he thought him sufficiently punished by a fine of thirty rupees and no imprisonment. Where death has immediately followed upon an act of illegal violence, a fine of something less than 3*l.* is, as the Government of India say, "scandalously inadequate, and in fact purely nominal." Mr. LEEDS's offence is accurately described by the SECRETARY OF STATE as consisting in the circumstance that whereas, having a discretion, he was bound so to exercise it as to discourage the employment of violence to servants and to uphold the sacredness of human life, he did in fact exercise it in a manner likely to bring about exactly opposite results.

MANCHESTER AND THIRLMERE.

WE called attention some time since to a project for making a railway from Windermere through Ambleside and Rydal to Keswick. This ingenious proposal for destroying one of the most beautiful valleys in the Lake district seems in some way to hang fire. We have been on the look-out for its appearance in Parliament, with the full intention of doing anything that came within our power towards ensuring its rejection; but either want of courage or want of capital has kept the promoters unexpectedly quiet. In the meantime the valley in question has not been entirely let alone. It is now threatened by a new danger in the shape of a gigantic scheme for supplying Manchester with water from Thirlmere. This idea cannot be dismissed as promptly as the project of a railway. For the railway no case whatever could be made out. It would be almost as rational to carry a tramway through Westminster Abbey, in order to enable visitors to view the interior without leaving the cars, as to deprive Rydal and Helvellyn of the beauties which make them worth seeing, under pretext of enabling more people to see what is left of them in a shorter time. But the Thirlmere project is put forward under the shelter of the paramount plea of public health. Manchester wants water, and engineers tell her that Thirlmere is the source from which, taking all things into account, water can be most easily brought. It is not contended that the need is as yet a pressing one, or that the proposed scheme is the only one which will give the necessary supply. If these two pleas could be made good, the question would cease to be an open one. Even the preservation of natural beauty, important as it is, must give way to the considerations of life and health which are involved in a sufficient supply of pure water. Neither of these arguments, however, is alleged on behalf of the present scheme. It is only said that Manchester will want water by and by, and that, of all the proposals for meeting this want, the idea of bringing water from Thirlmere is, on the whole, the best. It is open to every one, therefore, to criticize this scheme at his pleasure. If it can be shown that Manchester does not want water, or that it can be got nearer home, a *prima facie* case against the scheme will have been made out. If it can be shown that, amongst the alternative projects that have been suggested, the Thirlmere scheme is open to special objections from which some at least of the others are free, this *prima facie* case will have been sufficiently proved.

Manchester is at present supplied with water from the Longdendale Valley. The utmost amount of water that can be obtained from this source is estimated at 24,500,000 gallons a day. The authors of the Thirlmere project maintain that this quantity will before long be insufficient for the wants of the population. In support of this they point to the increase in the consumption of water during the last four years. In 1873 the daily average was 15,500,000 gallons. In 1874 it was 16,750,000 gallons. In 1875 it rose to 17,000,000 gallons. In 1876 it dropped again to 15,750,000 gallons. This decrease is attributed to the unusual amount of rain which fell during the summer. It is estimated by those who wish to see the Corporation of Manchester committed to the Thirlmere project, that by 1883 the annual consumption will be equal to the largest amount which the Longdendale system can furnish, and on that assumption they plead that it is not

all too soon for the Corporation to be looking out for fresh sources of supply. The advocates of the Thirlmere scheme claim to have only made fair allowance for the growth of population, for the increase in the consumption per head, which more than keeps pace with the growth of population, and for the increasing pollution of the neighbouring wells and streams, which every year makes the customers of the Corporation more numerous. Upon this part of the question it is only necessary to say that, though the future inadequacy of the present water supply may be a good reason for taking time by the forelock in supplementing it, it is not of itself a reason for entering upon so enormous an undertaking as that which the Manchester Corporation are said to have in view. Apparently the Thirlmere scheme is expected to yield water enough for the supply, not only of Manchester, but of many towns on the route. But, with an existing supply of 24,500,000 gallons a day, it seems hardly necessary to do more than make some moderate addition to it. Granting that sufficient water for the whole of Manchester cannot be had nearer than Thirlmere, it does not follow that sufficient water for those parts of Manchester in which the need is, or is likely to be, most keenly felt may not be had nearer. It is asserted by the opponents of the scheme that, as a matter of fact, it is to be had within a dozen miles of the city, even if it cannot be raised from deep wells. Upon this latter point the Corporation will soon be better informed, as the experiment is about to be tried at Liverpool. It seems probable, therefore, that unless the Thirlmere scheme is singularly free from objections, the Manchester Corporation are meditating a needlessly rash fight.

So far, however, is the Thirlmere scheme from being singularly free from objections, that it seems open to at least two of considerable weight. It is not certain that the scheme will be a safe one; it is certain that it will be exceedingly injurious to the beauty of a singularly beautiful district. It is proposed to treat Thirlmere as the principal reservoir for Manchester, and in order to enable it to play this part it is proposed to embank the lake at the Keswick end, so as to raise it 60 or 70 feet above its present level. It is objected to this that the breaking of an embankment is not an utterly unknown event, and that, if this one should break, the destruction wrought by the pent-up water in its course towards Keswick would be incalculable. The people of the district can hardly be expected to risk their lives and property in order to give Manchester more water than it wants. The objection founded on the injury which it is alleged the project would inflict on the beauty of the district is, as has been said, secondary to the objection founded on the risk incurred by the neighbouring inhabitants. But, if Manchester can get drinking water elsewhere, it is certainly better that she should get it at a smaller sacrifice. This seems almost to be conceded by the supporters of the Thirlmere scheme; for, instead of arguing that, so long as Manchester is supplied with water, it does not matter by what expenditure of natural beauty the object is attained, they set themselves to prove that the embankment of the lake will be a positive improvement to the district. They seem to have no conception of beauty except such as depends on pure size. The effect of raising the level of the lake will be to nearly double its length, and, as a necessary consequence, to lay a considerable part of the surrounding country under water. The village of Wythburn would be entirely swallowed up, so that the reservoir would comprise, in addition to the contents of a lake, the contents of a buried churchyard. On the whole, it seems safer to leave the proportions of lake and land as they are, or, if it be necessary to alter them, to do so on the plea of utility, not on the plea that a lake six miles long is more beautiful than one three miles long, or that an embankment can be made by a judicious use of artificial boulders to look better than the natural shore. Some of those who have taken part in the controversy seem indignant that any such considerations as the beauty of the Lake district or the safety of its inhabitants should be mentioned in the same breath with the convenience of the people of Manchester. They will hardly deny, however, that even such trifles as those have a claim to be remembered so long as it is not proved that the convenience of Manchester requires them to be sacrificed. At present it is difficult to see that anything more is at stake than the reputation of the Corporation for readiness to undertake gigantic enterprises. It is even possible that, if

this project is defeated, the ratepayers of Manchester may some day feel grateful to those who helped to save them from incurring so vast a burden. It is not absolutely certain that the present demand for water will go on increasing in a kind of geometrical progression. It is just possible, for example, that the present application of water to sewage may be superseded by some new discovery; and, if so, one of the chief occasions for the use of water would disappear. It is just possible, again, that boring for water may become more general than it now is, and that the Lancashire towns, which the Corporation of Manchester looks forward to supplying with water from their huge aqueduct, may find it cheaper to dig deep wells for themselves, and so leave the Thirlmere water on the hands of its possessors. These may be remote contingencies; but even remote contingencies ought to be taken into account when the object of those who ask that they should be disregarded is to spoil one of the most beautiful valleys in Cumberland, to prepare the way for a disaster of the first magnitude, and to impose a very large outlay upon future generations of ratepayers.

BRINGING BACK THE MASTODON.

TO live in the good old manner of his now extinct family, and to enjoy the comforts to which they were accustomed, the mastodon would require a complete change in the climatic conditions and in the flora of Northern Europe. For these reasons, among others, "Nature brings not back the mastodon," as Mr. Tennyson says, and science has made no attempt to reintroduce him. For practical purposes he would be of no use whatever; and even if he afforded some sport, it is clear that economists would have reason to denounce mastodon forests as examples of culpable luxury. They might well ask why the designs of nature should be interfered with, and an antediluvian and mischievous animal acclimatized, at the cost of the suffering of hardy peasants, and all merely to add to the pleasure of dukes and rich manufacturers. These considerations are so obvious, they present themselves so readily to the mind which for a moment, in reading the Laureate's *Mort d'Arthur*, contemplates the restoration of the mastodon, that no intention of bringing him back has ever been seriously entertained. But in political and private life, in letters and in art, a very great amount of talent and industry and sentiment is always being expended in the effort to restore ideas, institutions, manners, and feelings that are as hopelessly obsolete and as incapable of living in the air of the present world as the animal referred to by Mr. Tennyson.

Perhaps it is because we are an historically-minded generation, and have as a rule been educated to an extent out of proportion to our natural faculties, that we are constantly planning impossible restorations. During the last sixty years the world has had a wider acquaintance with the past than in almost any former period. Scott may be said, more than any one other man, to have made popular the knowledge of a large class of matters which are not only extinct, but more or less fabulous. His influence caused a number of attempts to bring back—not so much the mastodon, which once really did exist, and browse greatly on all green things—as the unicorn, the gryphon, and a number of creatures of fancy. The Highlander of Scott, for example, was not only extinct, but had never been anything but mythical. Yet the effort to revive him, and to preserve him in the atmosphere of the world of gas, electricity, railways, non-resident landlords, and artificial deer forests, was made with great energy and perseverance. The attempt has not even yet ceased, and you may see Fergus M'Ivor displaying his tartans and the nudity of his knees in Princes Street, Edinburgh; while Cullum Beg competes for the prize of piping at the Braemar gathering. By "making believe very much," and by a vigorous effort to forget the fate of the real Highlanders such as they were, this restoration of an extinct ideal is still maintained in existence. It has had more vitality than the restoration of the tournament, which gave a few convulsive struggles when Lord Eglinton tried to galvanize it, and which is now expected to appear again in a debased form, not unvisited with the Oriental diversion of Polo.

So rapidly are these restorations forgotten, so quickly does one stuffed monster of an anachronism appear and take the place of those which went before, that the world only knows the Young England party through the novels of Lord Beaconsfield. Baronial halls, a loyal tenantry, all of them members of a yeomanry corps and ready to sell their lives dearly in defence of the bonny house of Barennes, ladies who were "loaf-givers," picturesque paupers delighted with their doles—a society, in short, restored in the best manner of carpenter's Gothic, was the favourite mastodon of many well-meaning people. As the tournament dwindled into polo, the restoration of Old England dwindled into Old English chairs and tables, and even these have disappeared before the energetic revival of Queen Anne. It is beginning to be discovered that to get rid of plate-glass and put lattices in windows will not really revive the extinct wit and statesmanship and urbanity of that monarch's reign. One might as well try to bring back Mr. Froude's favourite mastodon—the glorious early years of Henry VIII.—by setting up a fresh pair of stocks under

every green tree, branding stray gipsies now and then, and whipping a few tramps once a week on every village green. People may dress like the persons in the pictures of Watteau, and may even use the fans of the period; but the charming refinement and insensibility to human suffering of that age has passed into the antediluvian world. After dressing like Boucher's women at night, ladies are fain in the morning to go into highways and byways where Boucher's women would never have set their fashionable *talons rouges*, and to minister to poverty and sickness which the French models would have passed with an affected shudder. Perhaps even in this work a little of the spirit of revival may be noticed, and the costume of the charitable recalls that of some delinquent order of nuns.

The great age of impossible restorations was, of course, the revival of letters, when ingenious scholars did succeed in being quite as "honestly Pagan" as the ancients, or even more so. Hawthorne, in the *Marble Faun*, has a mysterious character who is believed to be the ghost of some Roman of Nero's time, condemned to wander through the modern world with the secret of a lost sin which he in vain attempts to communicate. A great deal of the work of bringing back the past which went on in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reminds one of the amiable enterprise of Hawthorne's spectre. We hear almost as much now as was heard four hundred years ago of reviving the fée, the blithe, the unconscious spirit of Hellas, which really, after all, is a mastodon like the rest, a thing defunct and condemned. Much of the poetry and painting of to-day is a subtle and ingenious evocation of what happily cannot be recalled. "They give and take; the gods cannot restore"; and there is something either strange and unholy or absurd in all conscious restorations. Even the style of the English Bible may be used too much in literature where that style is really a revival, an exotic.

Some time ago it was fashionable in French novels to bring back the spirit of the court of the Valois, and the ladies of fiction tried to experience grand passions in an epic and homicidal fashion. This was not the least certain indication of the fall of the existing order of things, and the end of the Empire. When people could not be in love without a conscious imitation of a remote age which was at least original in its way, there was clearly but little strength left in the imitative society. The immorality of the time was as shaky as the morality of the volatile school of Rousseau. You can't really be much in love if you are trying to be like some one you have read of in a book, any more than you can become truly virtuous by reviving the manner of the state of nature. The author of *Sanford and Merton*, who aimed at bringing back the Spartan virtue of Leonidas and company, went too far back to look for examples. This restoration was so evident an error that even Spartan stoicism in enduring the penal results would be no longer held to ennoble the failing of petty larceny, say the stealing of a bag-fox. There are two difficulties in the way of bringing back anything, however excellent—say the Inquisition, the feudal system, the stocks, the English style of the translators of the Bible—which has had its day, and has yielded to fate. First and most obviously, the new conditions and environment will not allow the old organism to exist. New conditions will beget their own *partus temporis*, their own birth of time, which, young and robust, shoulders the old tottering revived thing out of the way. It may be said by the friends of restoration that the thing revived becomes at least one among the new conditions, and that, though it does not regain its ancient place, yet it does put forth some influence, and exercise some force working in the right direction. But they never can tell beforehand what that force may be, and they ought to remember, when they pick up some fragment of the past they love, and insert it in the present which they do not admire, that the rent will be made worse. The revival will put forth no force so powerful as the reaction from it is almost sure to be—the reaction and the ridicule. That the restorers do not see this is only part of the second opposing influence which makes restorations futile, and, while they last, dangerous. The restorers are, by their own choice, as far as their activity extends, out off from the real, the natural life of their time, and so must daily become more and more incapable of understanding that and of influencing it. At the same time, as they have only been picking and choosing in the past, and have fixed all their attention on their favourite institution, they cease also to understand the true character of the times that are behind us. In reading any of Mr. Ruskin's later works one is constantly reminded of these two dangers of revival, and of wistful contemplation of things dead and buried. It is easy to collect a number of examples of good art and godly life out of the age of Dante and of Giotto, and to insist on the restoration of some such manners and ways. But the more a man's face is turned to these special matters the more the growth and hopeful signs of the moving world escape him, and the more readily he forgets all of his favourite past that does not agree with his views. Thus, to make restoration the activity of a life is not only to attempt an impossibility, but to live in fantasy, imprisoned, like Merlin, "in the most strong tower of the world, neither fashioned of iron, nor steel, nor timber, nor of stone, but of the air without any other thing."

The enchainment power of this fantasy is very much slighter, we find out our mistake very much sooner, when we try to restore something of our own personal experience, when we say "Tomorrow shall be as to-day," or as yesterday. Few people have escaped the knowledge of what it is to attempt to restore the conditions of past happiness. In such or such a place, with certain companions, they have had one of those intervals of calm and com-

plete enjoyment which occupy perhaps about three weeks in the course of the longest and happiest of human lives. Nature, and they, and their friends, and the local cooking, have all conspired to make time pass easily and pleasantly, without a single jarring note from the world outside. The whole experience dwells pleasantly in memory, and they look forward to renewing it. The moment comes when they do return, and find all the external conditions very much what they were. The same friends are there, and the rivers, and woods, and hills, or the sea, and there has been no consciousness of a break in the feelings and affections that made all these things dear and desirable. But the moment and the mood have flown, the selves of two years ago are no more to be restored than the mastodon or the Inquisition, and it is a comfort when the experiment is over. Any one may try the thing without difficulty by reading a book which gave him pleasure when he was a boy, or in love, or unhappy, or in his good days, when things went well with him. Every page is a restoration of himself, but not a pleasant one. The old pang which the poet assuaged will rankle, the old delight which the verse gave will be broken now, and refracted through a hundred memories of the fields that have forgotten our feet, and the faces whose regard is changed. To bring back ourselves is the sorriest of all restorations, and unfortunately is not impossible, like the other efforts to restore extraneous things. On the contrary, the extinct personality insists on revisiting the places where it was at home, and we have more often to exorcise our past than to try to evoke it.

COUNTY TOWNS.

IN the course of the last seventy or hundred years not a few of our county towns have been disappearing. We do not mean to say that one comes upon deserted sites where the ruins of the town-hall and parish churches rise in the wrecks of their more massive strength among moss-grown fragments of slighter masonry; where the fox makes his kennel in thickets of bramble, and the owls and the bats find congenial solitude. Very far from it. But many of these quaint, old-fashioned places have been caught in the rush of accelerated prosperity, and have grown out of knowledge of the worthy citizens of several generations ago, whose dust has been peacefully mouldering near the tablets that perpetuate their memories. The county town, in its general acceptance, was less the actual capital of a county than the popular centre of a district. Thither the surrounding gentry went up on periodical visits of pleasure and business; there they sometimes had town residences which they regularly occupied at certain seasons; and thither their spinster aunts and bachelor uncles would retire in the shady evening of their days to make the most of limited means in the enjoyment of local consideration. There was a time, although now it is somewhat remote, when the pretty town of Manchester on the picturesque banks of the beautifully wooded Irwell was a favourite resort of the Lancastrian magnates; when Newcastle, girdled by its crumbling walls, looked across the pellucid waters of the Tyne to the precipitous green slopes of the opposite Gateshead; when Leeds and Sheffield, and dozens of the basiest of their competitors, lay under skies as clear as you can have in Northern England, and were swept by the freshest breezes from the Wolds. Now nobody would dream of associating any idea of the county with them. Rich merchants and manufacturers have been buying out the surrounding squires. The cities have cast the shadow of their restless industry over a wide range of what once was country. The clouds of smoke from countless chimneys hang like a pall over the languishing verdure. Landowners and farmers pour in the supplies, which are swallowed without a thought by insatiable voracity; but the real business of these emporia lies abroad, and they turn their eyes and minds to the markets of the world. The countryman, whatever his rank and condition, comes as a stranger and foreigner into their bustling streets; and as he gazes at the display in the shops, or wanders open-mouthed among the shipping by the wharfs, he is lost among the crowds with which he has nothing in common.

Happily, however, for the amateurs of the peaceful and the picturesque, the concentration of trade on congenial sites is the safeguard of towns less favourably situated. These change their primitive characters the more slowly that their superabundant energy is attracted elsewhere. Even in the North there are places which lie remote from coal-fields and iron-mines, and which have neither navigable rivers nor the harbours that offer shelter to commerce. In all probability they are destined to remain the capitals of thinly-settled districts that are purely agricultural or pastoral. Yet they rarely lose ground, if they do not gain it, and in spite of the transformations going on elsewhere, they still retain something of their pristine importance. They have still their *assises* and their quarter-sessions. They have their great market days, which are occasions to be looked forward to by the graziers and corn-growers in a vast number of parishes. They have their gale with a respectable number of tenants. In a quiet old-fashioned way they are tolerably thriving, and even make steady though leisurely progress. Possibly there is some small local industry which gives employment to a considerable number of hands; and the masters with their families of friendly workpeople know little of strikes or locks-out. They have one line of railway at least, with a handsome terminus in the outskirts, where the staff is rarely flurried by any scramble of traffic. And their tranquillity and economy,

with their rural attractions, ensure them a certain number of residents, who may not be in the way of running long bills, but whose payments may be relied upon with almost absolute certainty. You know the appearance of that sort of place when you first catch sight of it from some eminence. You may be sure it will be rather prettily situated on the broken ground in a little valley. As you approach it on a fine spring day you see the wreaths of thin grey smoke curling up over the irregular lines of houses, in an atmosphere that only seems the clearer for some streaks of black from the chimneys of the breweries. The square church tower with its venerable buttresses makes an imposing centre point for the eye to rest upon, while here and there a spire or a high-peaked roof is thrown out as a salient feature against the landscape. The town stands on its stream, of course, which you cross by a bridge of considerable antiquity; and the entrance on the other side is by an ancient archway which has been cherished as a relic of departed grandeur. Beyond the gateway is the High Street, a spacious thoroughfare, gradually widening into the irregular oblong of the market-place. Save on very special occasions, things do not look brisk; yet the general impression is of cheerfulness and extreme cleanliness. The sanitary arrangements may be less perfect than they seem, but on the surface there is nothing to shock the senses. The small rounded blocks that form the causeway sink down in a rapid slope to either side, where the rain runs off in open rivulets, which sometimes come down in flood in a thunderstorm. The pavement is of very irregular width, and each house-owner must have laid it down before his door as seemed best in his own eyes. The Corporation does not interfere with the tradespeople, who pile packing-cases and hampers under their windows. But these windows are often of handsome plate glass, and their contents leave little to desire and make a very attractive show; for the place has hardly been touched by the Co-operative movement, and the shopkeepers have all the county for their customers. A pair of steps resting against the front of the "Black Bull" shows that there is one coach at least which starts from that very comfortable-looking hostelry; while the railway omnibus drawn up before the door is being loaded with the baggage of some commercial travellers. The "Black Bull" does an excellent business. It is the resort of all the gentlemen about; one of them is at this moment conversing with the portly landlord while waiting for the ostler to bring round his dogcart. The assembly-rooms are in a wing thrown out behind; and there is a snug apartment on the first floor, which is a subscription reading-room for a select society. As for the farmers' ordinary, that comes off at the "Plantagenet Arms" opposite, and between the two inns stands the market-cross, a massive but graceful monument of antiquity. The town takes a justifiable pride in the grand old abbey church, which has been restored with much liberality and some discretion; and, besides the remains of the cloisters and the city walls, there are some quaint bits of domestic architecture to tempt the artist or the archaeologist. In the way of material well-being there are the square, many-windowed houses with the bright door-plates and knockers, the mansions of the banker and brewer, and the leading lawyers and doctors; while a good number of quaint cottages and showy modern villas occupy more secluded situations among their gardens and shrubberies in the environs.

For the neighbourhood is romantic, or at least picturesque, enough to please strangers of taste; and the grammar-school has a very good reputation with people whose families are in excess of their incomes. The town has a pleasant and simple society, although the shades of social distinction are clearly defined. The newly rich may spend freely if they like, but they seldom care to come out ostentatiously. For they have become rich by saving as much as by getting, and it is no manner of use wasting money in extravagance which only provokes social reprobation. The rector, who is a man of excellent family and made cordially welcome in the best houses around, gives the tone to the fashion, though by no means rich. Even the retired Indians and colonists, who have seen something of the world in their time, and who may possibly have been the petty satraps of departments, are made to feel at a disadvantage with the local aristocracy. The son of a race of squires who have sat on their hereditary acres for some centuries more or less is still a personage. The landlord of the "Black Bull," who is familiar or patronizing with everybody else, is affectionately deferential with him. Hats go off right and left as he strolls along the streets, although the citizens in these democratic days are not much given to saluting. His father's sisters, a couple of prim old ladies who are among the patronesses of all the benevolent institutions and Dorcas Societies in the place, claim precedence everywhere in virtue of their relationship to him. Yet there is a general tone of kindly feeling which softens to everybody the necessity for compromise. New comers are constrained to make a merit, under the rose, of being tolerant of provincial weaknesses which somewhat ruffle their susceptibilities. There is a perpetual round of mild gaieties. Dinner-giving is not much in favour, except among the gentlemen who will be *bons vivants*; and then the entertainments often come off at all sorts of abnormal hours. As you take your walk abroad in the late summer afternoon, you may look in across the railled-in strips of garden, through windows unprotected by blinds, at snug festivities in full progress. If you had the fortune to be one of the invited guests, you would find curdly salmon and early lamb and all the rest of it; and possibly the prolonged symposium afterwards might tax your head if it were none of the strongest. But the odds are that, even if there are ladies in the house, men

would greatly preponderate in the party. For the worthy women take a line of their own, which gentlemen of a certain age are rather shy of following. There are substantial and somewhat early teas, succeeded by light suppers; and there are small early dances as well, at which a good deal of hobble-de-hoy flirtation goes forward. And one of the most entertaining sights of the county town to the man or woman of maturity and experience is the youthful lady-killer in his local splendour, and the girls to whom he devotes himself, with the innocence of their airs and graces. Of course with him and them these premature love passages are but the prologues to more serious life attachments which will come sooner or later; but the proof of his earnestness is in the horrible jealousies engendered by the rivalry of officers, if there should chance to be a garrison. Society in these county towns may be but the caricature or dim reflection of life in London in the season. Rough intelligence shines rather than intellect, and the sensitive over-refinement of fashionable circles might be occasionally scandalized or even shocked. But, on the whole, the lives of their quiet inhabitants must be more enjoyable than well-to-do existence on the average; for the stagnation of their atmosphere has a paralyzing influence on the vanities and ambitions that are the bane of mankind.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

IN reply to Lord Frederick Cavendish, who asked in the House of Commons a few nights ago "whether it was intended to advise Her Majesty to fill up the sinecure office of Master of St. Katharine's Hospital now vacant," Sir Stafford Northcote is reported to have said "that some time ago a Commission was appointed, with Lord Hatherley at its head, to inquire into the position of this institution." He added that "this Commission had made a Report containing certain recommendations," which "Report was now under consideration." This was, as our readers may remember, the Report of a Royal Commission first appointed in 1868, and renewed in 1869, and was published in the summer of 1871, when it was reviewed in our columns. The scheme recommended by the Royal Commissioners for the future administration of the Hospital revenues appeared to many persons, as it did to us, inadequate and unsatisfactory; and an Address to the Queen, embodying these objections to the scheme, was carried in the House of Lords on the 28th of July, 1871, upon the motion of Lord Nelson, who was strongly supported by the Bishop of London. It will be observed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not directly replied to the point of the inquiry addressed to the Government; but it is important to notice that the form of his answer implicitly admits the position assumed by Lord F. Cavendish respecting the true nature of the patronage of St. Katharine's Hospital as now exercised by the Sovereign. The nomination of each member of the Chapter of St. Katharine's, it is true, is the Queen-Ragnant's only *pro hac vice*, the permanent right of patronage being invested in the Queen-Consort. But this fact in no way justifies the curious proposition which is occasionally maintained in private society that the "Queen" nominates to this foundation not as Sovereign, but as "an individual." What may be the precise meaning of this distinction we confess that we do not know. "An individual" is a very vague term. Set in contradistinction to the Sovereign, the word might appear to represent an owner of private property; and this, in relation to such an ecclesiastical appointment, we cannot understand at all. The right of *pro hac vice* nomination would seem to correspond exactly with the similar nomination to a benefice vacated by the promotion of the incumbent to a bishopric; the ordinary rights of the legal patron being only for the time in suspense. The patronage of St. Katharine's, as we have already stated, belongs of ancient right to the Queen-Consort. Dr. Ducarel, who drew up his original account of the foundation in manuscript as a kind of wedding present to Queen Charlotte, nearly twenty years before its appearance in an enlarged and by no means more correct form as a tract of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica* series, seems to have been influenced in the direction of courtliness rather than of historical accuracy when he exalts "the great and unlimited power of the Queens-Consorts of England over this small ecclesiastical jurisdiction." Their "power over the jurisdiction" is evidently a flight of rhetoric, as the good Commissary by no means intended to create a feminine Court of Final Appeal; but he states very distinctly that "the Queen Dowager hath no power or jurisdiction when there is a Queen-Consort," referring at the foot of the page to law reports which set forth precisely the opposite doctrine, and confirm the right of the Queen Dowager for her life as against the Queen-Consort, which, considering the history of the re-foundation by Queen Eleanor "in ligna viduitate nostra," is not much to be wondered at. Perhaps Ducarel intended a side shot at the "jurisdiction" of a lady who might have been Queen Dowager at the time had circumstances permitted; or perhaps he had an intuitive perception that his young Patroness would never be Queen Dowager herself; in any case, it may be hoped that in his "exercise of the spiritual jurisdiction" of his Court he was a little more exact than in his occasional statements of historical fact.

The "jus advocacionis sive patronatus dieti hospitalis," the right of advowson or patronage thus vested in the Queen-Consorts, extended, at least from the re-foundation in 1173, over the nomination of the Master, Brothers, and Sisters of St.

Katharine's; but the remaining members of the Foundation seem to have been from the first appointed by the Chapter. The Foundation of Eleanor was completed by ten Beadswomen, and they only, at first, were resident with the Sisters of the Chapter within the Hospital; but the "six poor scholars," a portion of the twenty-four almsmen who were appointed to receive a daily halfpenny, and who were to assist the priests in divine service—"cum a scola vacarent"—seem afterwards to have become regular chorists of the church, and had a "boyes' room" in the college at the Dissolution in 1545. The character of the foundation required of necessity that its domestic arrangements should consist of two perfectly separate parts; and the "ground-plot" of 1781 shows even to the later days of the Hospital the "Sisters' Close," containing the "Sisters' and Beadswomen's Houses" to the south of the Collegiate Church, while the quadrangle and cloisters assigned to the Master and Brothers are on its northern side. Thus the dissolution of the "College" and the preservation of the "Hospital" may very well have been coincident; and it was a part of Sir Thomas Wilson's scheme on obtaining the mastership to show that a Hospital only existed in his time. But the inhabitants of the Precinct as well as the Chapter of the Collegiate Church had rights under the charters, and these rights, both spiritual and secular, their energetic and determined action enabled them successfully to maintain.

As a knowledge of ecclesiastical history and its technical terms is not among the ordinary subjects required for competitive examinations, there is some excuse for Charity Commissioners, and even for Royal Commissioners, if they have fallen inadvertently into the mistake which, in Wilson's mouth, was a deliberate misstatement of known fact. He said that "*Collegium St. Katharine non existit*"; and this, not because it had been dissolved a few years previously, but because the foundation was simply "*ad relevamen pauperum et debiliu mulierum*"; and he contrived by some means to obtain a certificate from Bishop Grindal, stating in the most distinct terms that from the time of Queen Eleanor it had never been anything else than a hospital for poor and infirm women—"quodque in sua hujusmodi originali essentia in presenti existit ac continuatur." Modern Commissioners, into whatever blunders of history or scholarship they may occasionally fall by trusting to second-hand information, are incapable of anything like this; but nevertheless they persist obstinately in calling St. Katharine's Hospital a "charity." It is nothing of the kind. It is a Collegiate Chapter; an ecclesiastical foundation charged with certain alms as a portion of its religious work. The Royal Patroness nominated the seven members of the Chapter; the Chapter administered the alms subject to regulations made, and to be made, from time to time by the Patroness, and appointed or, if necessary, removed, the Beadswomen and others upon whom the alms were bestowed. But the "*originalis essentia*" of the foundation was that of a Religious House to maintain perpetually "the Divine Service of God," as the inhabitants of the Precinct, in direct contradiction to Wilson and the Bishop, declared. It is not unusual now to make a complete separation between the collegiate and the eleemosynary portions of a mixed foundation. Such a division, if we are not mistaken, has recently been made by a new scheme for the administration of the revenues of Sion College; and there the "College" and "Hospital" will in future have separate Governing Bodies and entirely distinct estates. In like manner, it would be quite possible to separate the eleemosynary from the ecclesiastical functions of the Chapter of St. Katharine's, and to make a corresponding division of their estates; but the description of this Royal Free Chapel as a "charity" is about as accurate as would be the application of the same term to the Free Chapel of St. George at Windsor, or to Westminster Abbey itself. The right of advowson or patronage, therefore, which is vested in the Queen-Consort usually, and now in the Sovereign, extends, as we have said, to the nomination of the members of the Chapter, and so far as these are by law spiritual persons, the right is confined within the limits of the ecclesiastical law. The jurisdiction was exempt and peculiar, so that the clergy of the Chapter were not in any way subject to the Bishop of London; but otherwise it is unnecessary to insist on the obvious fact that they were and continue subject to the ordinary laws which govern the Church of England. The number of members in chapter, as well as the number of Beadswomen, poor scholars, and other members of or dependents upon the foundation might be, and indeed was directed to be, enlarged according to the discretion of the Queens of England as the possessions of the Hospital increased. But the secularization of a collegiate church by the transference into lay hands of its entire revenues, or by the conversion to educational and eleemosynary purposes of the funds of a foundation established chiefly for the maintenance of divine service, may be presumed not to be included within the powers reserved by pious foundresses to their Royal successors.

Whatever change in the legal position of St. Katharine's may have been effected by the Acts for the Dissolution of Religious Houses, and whatever mischief may have accrued to the foundation for the time as a consequence, it is certain that its complete rehabilitation, and the restoration of all its ecclesiastical and civil rights on the ancient lines was secured by the charter of Elizabeth, granted in 1565 upon the surrender of the existing charter of Henry VI. The loss of the Fair on Tower Hill, which was not re-granted by Elizabeth, may indeed have vexed the souls of antiquaries, but probably in effect this has simply prevented the existence of a traditional and intolerable nuisance. But the Elizabethan charter supplies the most

absolute and exhaustive answer to the curious statement of the Royal Commissioners in their Report of 1871, that the Hospital never had any local character. All men who did then reside, or should thereafter will and choose to reside, within the Precinct of St. Katharine, were as anxiously and distinctly provided for both by Henry VI. and Elizabeth, as were the Master, Brothers, and Sisters of the Hospital themselves. It is upon the basis of this provision, which in its principle is found throughout the earlier title-deeds of the foundation, as interpreted in its application by the ordinary equitable doctrine of *cyprès*, that the East-end clergy and other residents in the parishes adjoining the Precinct grounded the claim which they first advanced in 1865, and which they are now renewing in the form of a memorial to the Queen praying for its consideration, that the spiritual and temporal needs of the East-end should be regarded in any scheme for the administration of the revenues of St. Katharine's. But, as a preliminary step to the bringing forward of any such local claim, the justice of which we have already emphatically recognized, it is essential that the true character of the foundation, and the nature of the advowsons in the gift of its Royal Patronesses, should be clearly established. The reply which was commonly given in imperfectly informed private circles ten or twelve years ago, when the representations of the East-end residents were discussed, was that, as they could show no legal *locus standi* for their claims, their interference was mere meddling, and therefore no administrative reform was needed in the matter. A more complete *non sequitur* could scarcely be put into words. If the general necessity of reform is shown for any institution, the plea that a particular application of its benefits is not obligatory affords no answer to the question at issue. St. Katharine's Hospital has been proved, over and over again, to be an ecclesiastical foundation not now administered according to its original and true intention; and this position must not be confused with any question as to the justice or injustice of any local claim upon its revenues. Against the confusion of the ecclesiastical character of the Hospital with its eleemosynary trusts, and its consequent description by the common name of a Charity, we have already sufficiently warned our readers. No one who reads the Charters Act of 1840 (3 & 4 Vic. c. 113) with any knowledge of the political circumstances of the time, and of their bearing on the appointment to the mastership of St. Katharine's in the previous year, can have any doubt as to the reference of the 65th section of the Act, which deals with "such Hospitals as were returned as Promotions Spiritual in the reign of Henry VIII.," or can misunderstand the direction that inquiry shall be made into the state of such Hospitals, not immediately, as in the case of all the other Cathedral and Collegiate Chapters named in the Act, but "as soon as conveniently may be." "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners" would seem to have been in something of the mind of Felix thus far, with respect to the "convenient season" for the inquiry which this section of the Act imposes upon them. Perhaps now at last the fitting time may have arrived. The body of the late Master of St. Katharine's has been buried at Kensal Green; where it might have been expected that the last offices of the Church for the head of the Collegiate Chapter would be solemnized by its clerical members, and not left to the unaided ministrations of the cemetery chaplain. But St. Katharine's, Regent's Park, does not appear—it may be by the mere omission of the newspaper reporters—to have been represented at this funeral service at all; while around the grave of the departed Master there did assemble a large concourse of the poor for whose welfare, alike spiritual and temporal, he had cared; a train of mourners gathered not from among the Beadsfolk of Lord Lyndhurst's establishment, but from the courts and lanes of East-end districts adjoining the ancient and still remaining Precinct of St. Katharine-near-the-Tower.

MODERN QUAKERISM.

A RECENT article in the *Daily News* on the changes which have in modern days been gradually taking place in the system of Quakerism has given rise to some controversial correspondence on the subject. The writer of the article, who was stated to be "A Member of the Society of Friends," began by remarking that, while in the course of two centuries many social changes might be expected to occur, no associated body had during that period undergone such a transformation in this respect as that which had happened in the case of his own sect. "The political world," he went on to say, "has changed its front to the body; the religious world, from persecuting, has become obsequious; law no longer curses but blesses the denomination"; and "internally and unnoticed," there has also been a great change going on in the social position of the members of the sect. It may be admitted that, as the writer says, in most religious bodies there is a tendency to drift from the old social conditions; but he is clearly mistaken in citing as an example of this that "the Episcopal body has largely lost its hold on the poor"; for nothing is more conspicuous at the present day than the way in which the Church of England is by its earnest efforts recovering its hold on a class which at one time it rather neglected. It is true, however, that Wesleyan Methodism has, to a certain extent, assumed higher social pretensions, and that other forms of Dissent are also aspiring to a similar position. It is unnecessary here to discuss this aspect of the question in detail; but it is a matter of common observation that there is among Nonconformists

of all kinds a steady and increasing tendency to assimilate their system as far as possible to that of the Establishment. The plain, barn-like construction of dissenting meeting-houses has almost disappeared, and the Gothic style has been very commonly adopted. In many cases, too, passages of the Book of Common Prayer have been embodied in the services; and there is evidently a very general desire on the part of Nonconformists to try to imitate, and put themselves in the same position as, the Church. There is a popular saying that no Nonconformist family keeps a carriage for two successive generations; and any one who studies the subject cannot fail to observe that the jealousy of Dissenters towards Churchmen is more a question of social standing than of religious differences.

Even the Quakers have not been impervious to this influence. As the writer of the article to which we have referred points out, the change in the status of Quakerism "reveals the operation of more than one social current underlying the smooth sea of its outward appearance." One of the most prominent changes in the character of this body which he notices is in the condition of the members. In the early days only a few held influential positions, or such as implied the possession of wealth. Penn was the son of an admiral; Margaret Fell, a judge's wife; Anthony Pearson, justice for four counties; the Barclays and other Quakers of the first period may be reckoned above the middle rank of life; and there were also some others, yeomen and "statesmen," and middle-class people connected with the denomination. But a large proportion of the adherents belonged to the working classes, as is shown by the early records of the Society, where there are many references to "labourers," "websters" (weavers), hinds and farm servants, "taylors," skinnners and glovers, wine-coopers, cordwainers, in the chronicle of the early Leeds Friends. In 1680 in two hundred and fifty marriages, all the men belonged exclusively to the mechanical and shopkeeping classes, and there was not a single banker or anybody in the list. A hundred years later, in the same number of marriages, there were seven bankers, six doctors, and the merchants had increased, while the mechanics, labourers, cowkeepers, and so on, had fallen off. The Society has now almost ceased to recruit its members from the artisan class; but, on the other hand, there are not many of the richest sort of people in the sect, and the writer we are quoting thinks that the bulk of the members are of the middle class, including representatives of most of the trades. The same authority also quotes evidence to show that in their early period the Friends were by no means so strictly bound over to plain costume as afterwards. The founder, for example, bought for his wife a "piece of red cloth for a mantle," and as much black Spanish cloth as would make her a gown. Coloured stuffs were, in fact, then the common wear, and cost about 14s. a suit; and the Friends had no objection to brilliant colours, either in dress or other things, for we read of bedsteads with "printed curtains." It was not till later on when the early members of the body were passing away that the question arose as to the enormity of men imitating the "world in their extravagant periwigs or nodes in their apparel," and "women in their high-towering dresses, gold chains, or gaudy attire." Then it was that the sect began to be exercised in mind on such matters, and to enforce a severe restrictive discipline for the purpose of enforcing uniformity of costume. All this, however, is said by the writer we have quoted to be now passing away; and, though he thinks the doctrinal position of the body has not altered, there is an end of the Ishmaelitic position which the Quakers used to occupy in the eyes of other denominations.

To this article a reply soon after appeared in the same paper, in which "An Old Member of the Society of Friends" challenged some of the statements made in it. It was not correct, he argued, to represent the early Friends as following the fashions of the world in dress in contradiction to their profession of using "this world's goods for comfort and propriety." The "Old Member," however, himself admits that there have been in modern days serious changes in the manners of the Quakers. The term "lady," he says, was never used among them; they were called according to the good Apostolic fashion "women," but now all are "ladies." Again, he asserts that the faith of the Society does not remain unaltered, but that "every well-informed member knows that it has been substantially altered and controverted in the writings of several deceased ministers of recent date, and their errors accepted by many, which one yearly meeting has confirmed by endorsing such as 'worthy of double honour' whilst living, and at death by a public testimony to the consistency of their lives." "Truly," he adds, "within the last sixteen years such fundamental changes have been made in our discipline and former Church government as to enable the new faith to develop, and we are now confronted with practices which completely ignore our true Christian testimonies in regard to worship, ministry, &c. The present social phase which the writer boasts of is the offspring of many departures from the faith of our forefathers, who could not be bought by the blandishments of this world, nor allured by its pleasures; and the social parties we now hear so much of are respectable gatherings of the worldly element." There is, further, a letter from Mr. W. Tallack, who is also a member of the Society, in which he declares that the assertion as to its faith being unaltered is too positive and unqualified, for "it is a matter of notoriety that Barclay's *Apology*, the once time-honoured exposition of the Society's doctrines, has long since been virtually and officially set aside by the refusal of the standing Executive Committee of the Society to reprint or re-issue it." The same charge of Friends having departed from their old ways holds good, he

says, as to practice:—"The Friends, as a body (though not yet in a formally official capacity), support an active missionary organization with permanently established and paid ministers. As a body, again, they have abandoned the old 'testimony' of their fathers against music. Pianos and songs are now to be heard in the homes of the Friends generally—of ministers, elders, and the flocks under them. The church 'discipline' also is almost wholly lapsed. Formerly Friends were promptly 'disowned' (excommunicated) for practices now of frequent indulgence. The dance, the theatre, the hunting-party may be (and are) now attended by some Friends without any inquiry or official comment."

On the whole, then, there can be little doubt that, whatever may be the case as to their doctrines, there has been a great alteration in recent years, at any rate in the external manner and dress of Quakers, many of whom have thrown off all the outward distinctions to which their predecessors used to attach such importance. The number of Quakers who are to be distinguished from other people by their costume or manner of speech would seem to be continually declining. At Croydon, Dorking, and other favourite haunts of Friends, the drab clothes, and broad-brimmed hats for the men, and close poke-bonnets for the women, may still be seen in a certain proportion; but it is a small one. Even at the May gathering in London there is no longer to be seen those Quakeress lilies, of whom Charles Lamb speaks as "whitening the streets." Here and there there may be a few of the old types; but it would seem that the open marks and badges of Quakerism are dying out. It may be that, as is pleaded, the solid essence of the system remains substantially preserved; but in other respects Quakers and Quakeresses are becoming very much like everybody else; and this is only the natural result of a process which has long been going on. If we look back through the records of the Society, we find how constantly there was a difficulty in keeping up the old formalities and rules, and how many wayward sheep were disposed to leap over or butt down the barriers. For instance, in the Rules of Discipline of the Society there is a clause, under the date of 1703, condemning "the excess of apparel and furniture," and all extravagances in colour and fashion, as a crying evil of the day. In 1753 it is lamented as "a matter of exceeding grief and concern" how far that exemplary plainness of habit, speech, and deportment which distinguished our forefathers is departed from by too many under one name. In 1732 it is observed with sorrow that, "contrary to the repeated advice given against an inordinate pursuit of riches, too many have launched into trades and business above their stocks and capacities, by which unjustifiable proceedings, and high living, they have involved themselves and families in trouble and ruin." A warning is also given that "speculation of any kind which may seem to hold out the prospect of a rapid accumulation of wealth greatly endangers tranquillity of mind." Again, in a book published in 1851 by "a lady who for forty years was a member of the Society of Friends," there are illustrations of the irksome discipline as to dress, and the disposition of the victims to evade it. The writer was blamed because the hem on her plain muslin collar was too broad, and she had to rework it to the breadth of a straw; her shawl was bound with narrow ribbon, and of course it had to be replaced with a broad one; and the gathers had to be taken out of a bonnet, and plaits put in. Another time the overseers called to remonstrate against lessons from a drawing-master, and also against a French lesson, as "Friends might be tempted to say things in French they would not say in English." In Ireland, this writer says, "hairbine, stuff, and tabinet were once the approved materials for dress"; but "the women preachers now wear silk, and perhaps few ladies moving in fashionable circles of life can boast of a greater number of silk dresses, or of more costly fabric either, than they whose colours are confined to either drab or any dark shades of purple, brown, and green." We also hear of Quakeresses who, while conforming to regulation colours, go in for luxurious materials, such as caps of India muslin at a guinea a yard, and gowns of the richest and softest French silk. It may be regarded as a good thing that the Friends should have so far shaken off these foolish and fanatical restraints, and become more liberal and tolerant in regard to the rest of the world; but the truth is that the position which they assumed of an elect and isolated body was one which could not be permanently maintained. They could not keep clear of the society around them, and having, after all, only mere human nature as the basis of their character, they were influenced by the ways of the majority. At the same time, apart from the eccentricities and absurdities of which the class were once so enamoured, there is a right sort of Quakerism—a temper and habit of mind not peculiar to their body, but an element in all systems of religion and morality—that of self-restraint and moderate life; and, while the Quakers on their side are becoming like other people in their external appearance and manners, it may be worth while for the latter to catch something of the spirit of their discipline and reserve.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.

THE approaching Caxton celebration, like other celebrations of the kind, labours under a number of disadvantages. Its object is doubtful. Its origin is doubtful. And it has had the ill fortune, which of late years has attended but too many similar enterprises, of being picked up by South Kensington. It was in-

telligible enough that the printing and publishing folk who live and labour near Stationers' Hall should hold an exhibition of printing and books where they and their operatives and their customers might visit it. It was appropriate enough that this exhibition should be held in the four-hundredth year from the first dating of a book in England. And if any profit accrued from the show it might well be applied to the benefit of the Printers' Pension Fund. But when the managers resolved to remove their celebration to South Kensington, they changed the whole complexion of the undertaking. If they expect a profit, they expect what many there have looked for before, and have uniformly failed to find. If they expect crowds of visitors, they will probably be disappointed. Nurserymaids and children in perambulators cannot make a concourse, and the better classes in Brompton like flower shows and concerts, but care nothing for black letter. The magnificent collection of engravings in 1874 was almost entirely neglected by the public, even though it was held in the Museum, which is infinitely more accessible than the galleries round the Horticultural Gardens. The printers no doubt will attempt to visit this exhibition. But from Paternoster Row and Fleet Street to South Kensington is a Sabbath holiday's journey. They may go once; but the exhibition is, we hear, to be held in the West Galleries, and it is not likely that many will brave a second time the toils, and thread the mazes, of that labyrinthine nest of museums, galleries, gardens, hard gravel, and dust. Then, again, no one who remembers the exhibition of bindings held in the South Kensington Galleries three years ago can have the slightest confidence in the arrangement of the books. As to catalogues, they will probably be "under revision" until the end of the exhibition, and be untrustworthy at best. We are assuming that the catalogue and other arrangements will be carried out in their old fashion by the local officials. The princes and nobles of the earth who decorate the lists of South Kensington Committees may be able to secure the services of competent bibliographers; but, as a rule, such people are as proud in their way as lords and dukes, and are not very anxious to perform unpaid work where all the credit goes to a Royal Highness.

Things may be better managed on the present occasion, and our gloomy anticipations may prove mistaken; but the fatal step of going to South Kensington at all will go far to defeat the probable purpose of the promoters of the celebration. Granted that Stationers' Hall was not large enough, there was a building even more suitable, by situation at least, than Stationers' Hall. It is large, airy, accessible, practically empty, and has a qualification by which every other site in Middlesex is superseded; it stands on the very place, or within a very few yards of it at most, where William Caxton four hundred years ago first set up his press. It may not be too late yet for the managers to seek accommodation in the Aquarium—odd as are the associations which the name unluckily suggests. Considerations of local fitness are clearly in favour of such a change. The Dean, who likes to look upon himself as the successor of Abbot Eteney, would be a near neighbour. The grave of the Prototypographer of England, to give him his full title, is within two hundred yards of the spot, and the half-empty building would almost seem to have been preordained for the purposes of this celebration. The exact situation of the famous "Reed Pale" is not accurately known. A house in the Almonry was known as Caxton's until its fall in 1846; but it had certainly been built more than a hundred years after his death. It may have stood on the site of an older house. But there can be no doubt where the Almonry was. Mr. Blades suggests that Caxton rented his house under the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member. The Company had lands at Westminster, held, like all other lands in St. Margaret's parish, under the abbot; but Mr. Blades would make his connexion with the abbot and abbey to begin and end here. Abbot Islip, whose name so often occurs, through a mistake of Stow's, as that of Caxton's chief patron, was not elected till after his death. He once mentions in a prologue that Abbot Eteney "did do shewe to me late certeyn evidences"; but there is nothing to prove that they came into personal communication—a supposition which, indeed, the words seem specially to guard against. Caxton at Westminster, in short, was in the position of a retired woolstapler of means, returned from thirty-five years' residence in the Low Countries to spend the remainder of his days in employment which to him at least must have been more an amusement than a business, which he conducted with the care in minor matters which so often characterizes amateur work, and which afforded him scope for his talents as a writer both of prose and verse. This appears to be Mr. Blade's view of Caxton's position. He only took to printing in his declining years. He only survived his return from Bruges at most fifteen years. He seems to have worked with prodigious energy both at the press and in the study, and he certainly contrived before his death to make the art he had brought over both well known and also popular among his countrymen. By the end of the fifteenth century, Klood and Machlinia were printing at Oxford, the celebrated schoolmaster at St. Albans, and a "chapel" of young printers had been trained under Caxton's own care to carry on the art. Westminster was soon deserted. Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, dated his colophons for a few years from the house in the Almonry; but in 1499 he removed to Fleet Street, where, at the "Golden Sun," in the parish of St. Bride, he prospered and died rich. Of the exact date of Caxton's death we have no direct information. By a series of careful inductions his latest biographer has fixed it for the end of 1491, when he was seventy years of age. He had undertaken a

translation of the *Vitas Patrum*, which his successor published with the note that it was "fynysshed at the laste daye of hys lyff." He was buried in the churchyard of St. Margaret's; and, according to the churchwarden's accounts for 1490-2, there was paid—"Item, atte Bureyng of William Caxton for iiij torches," 6s. 8d.; and, "Item, for the belle atte same bureyng," 6d.; from which Mr. Blades infers that the deceased was of great consideration in the parish.

But the Caxton celebration relates, not to the printer's death, but, as we have said, to the date of the first book printed in England. Until recently this was supposed to be the *Game and Play of the Chess*, and Caxton's device or trade-mark, adopted towards the end of his career, appears to be a 7 and a 4 interlaced, and was thought to commemorate the date and fact. But Mr. Blades has conclusively proved that the chess book was translated in 1474, when Caxton was at Bruges, and that it was about a year, or probably some time in 1476, before he returned to England. Colard Mansion, his teacher, seems to have printed a French version of Lefevre's *Recueil* of the history of Troy, which has usually been attributed to Caxton. This makes him, and not Caxton, the first French printer. It would be strange indeed if the honours of prototypography should belong to our Kentishman in both countries. The French, as might be expected, have made violent efforts to claim this *Recueil* for a French printer; but undoubtedly it was printed at Bruges, and either by Colard Mansion or William Caxton. The first book printed in English was a translation of the same *Recueil*, which Caxton finished in 1471, for the Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of our Edward IV.; and, as there was considerable demand for copies at the ducal court, Caxton learned, as he says, to ordain in type for the purpose of supplying them. The book was enormously popular for many years after his time. As lately as the beginning of the last century an edition was issued. Although it related to the Trojan wars, Caxton had no intention of forgetting the contemporary strife among his countrymen, and draws a moral in his conclusion which we may almost imagine Mr. Gladstone or Dr. Schliemann using to adorn a speech upon the excavations at Hisarlik:—"And I most humbly pray unto Almighty God that the example of these cruel wars and desolation of this famous city may be a warning to all other cities and people to flee adultery and all the other vices, the causes of wars and destruction; and that all christians may learn to live godly and in brotherly love and concord together: amen." But the *Recueil* was wholly printed at Bruges, and it was not until November 1477 that the *Dictes and Sayings*, "late translated out of French into English by the noble and puissant Lord Antony Karl of Rivers, lord of Seales and of the Isle of Wight," bore the imprint of "me william Caxton at westmestre." In 1480 a book is dated "In thabbey of westmynstre by London"; and about the same time he issued an advertisement in which he invites all men "spiritual or temporal" who want "pyes" of the Salisbury use to come to "westmonester into the almonesrye at the reed pale" and they shall have them good cheap. Whether the *Dictes and Sayings* was really the first book printed in England or not even Mr. Blades seems uncertain. There is no doubt it was the first printed with a date, and if Caxton did not settle in England till 1476, he would not have had time to do much, if anything, before it. About a dozen copies have been identified, and some of them will appear at the coming exhibition. One, in Lord Spencer's library, has a colophon in which the 18th of November is mentioned as the day on which the printing was completed. Four copies only are known to be perfect, one of them, that in the British Museum, having been made up of two fragments. All Caxton's books are now very scarce and valuable, even imperfect copies. Since 1819 twenty-seven of his works have been discovered, of which the very title of seventeen had been unknown. He printed in all about a hundred different volumes or editions, of which ninety-four have been identified, some of them having been picked out of pasteboard bindings and other hiding-places by the indefatigable searches of the modern book-lovers. A perfect Caxton is almost invaluable. A vellum copy of the *Speculum Vitæ Christi* of St. Bonaventure cost the trustees of the British Museum no less than a thousand guineas some ten or twelve years ago. A *Doctrinal of Sapience* on parchment is at Windsor Castle, and in the town library at Bedford there is an Indulgence granted by Sixtus IV. for aid against the Turks, also on parchment. Such examples are of the greatest rarity. There are eighty Caxtons in the British Museum, and some fragments, about a third of them duplicates. Lord Spencer has even a better collection; for though it only comprises fifty-six books, forty of them are perfect, and there are no duplicates. Cambridge comes next with fifty, and the Bodleian with forty-one. Thirty-three of his books are only known by unique or fragmentary copies, and the greatest number of copies of any one work is only twenty-nine. The famous copy of the chess book of which Scott's *Antiquary* tells as having been bought by "Snuffy Davy" for two grochen existed only in the fertile imagination of the novelist. The *Fifteen Oes*, a collection of prayers in English, of which only one copy remains, is perhaps the most comely specimen of Caxton's work; there is a border round every page, and several woodcuts; but it would have embittered his declining years could he have foreseen the so-called facsimiles of this and some of the other books which the celebration has already called forth.

MR. HARRISON ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. FREDERICO HARRISON has published in the *Fortnightly Review* a lecture on "Church and State" originally delivered before the Liberation Society. It is marked throughout by the earnestness, the eloquence, and the ingenuity which are characteristic of the writer. But the constant oscillation between arguments drawn from the principles of Positivism and the ordinary platitudes of the Liberationist platform—which, however impressive, are too familiar by this time to stand greatly in need of repetition—produces an effect which is a little bewildering, not to say grotesque. It is sometimes difficult to feel sure how far the lecturer is expressing his own inmost convictions, and how far he is adapting himself to the prejudices of weaker brethren among his audience, while at other times one is haunted by an uneasy doubt as to how far his audience would agree with him. He begins indeed by stating that "the simple question before us is the principle of Official Religion"; but he nowhere definitely explains in what this simple principle consists, and he immediately proceeds to observe—in strict accordance no doubt with the Comtist system, but hardly, we should imagine, with the views of the Liberation Society—that "to make too much of a plea for equality would but little accord with my political convictions." Religious equality, however, is precisely what the Dissenters are clamouring for; religious liberty has long ceased to be an available grievance with them, except in the highly ideal sense in which the Pope is said to be a prisoner. With the Dissenters indeed, as such, it is difficult to suppose that Mr. Harrison can feel any very warm sympathy, although for the nonce he was—to cite language which has become classical, if it can hardly be called correct—"keeping company with his Festus Chamberlain and his Drusilla Collings." For the Church of England, whose liberation from State control he is pleading, he professes a far higher regard:—

All my associations have been with the Church; I have been educated within it by its priests and teachers; from boyhood I have been familiar with its spirit. Many of its ministers are and many have been amongst my friends; for not a few I have a lively feeling of admiration; with many I have on social questions the bond of common sympathies. With all that is mainly and hopefully in the spiritual life of the Church we may honestly profess a genuine fellowship. Let us give it full measure of our tribute for all that it retains and for all that it can record, whether of learning, of culture, of largeness of temper, saintliness of life, devotion to its social mission, and real imaginative aspiration for a simpler and a wider future. If any man choose to deny that it still has a part in English civilisation (I speak of it solely as a spiritual body, with hope still latent in its inmost conscience); if any man choose to deny that it still counts within it some of the finest natures of our time—I am not that man, nor with that man. Least of all can I forget, surrounded as I have been with its spiritual influences, the promises of development which it holds, for they are amongst the most rational, the most humane—I would rather say the most human—of the manifold influences of Christendom.

We are far from desiring to question the sincerity of this eloquent appeal, but an appeal it is manifestly intended to be—and a very skilful one—to the well-known sympathies of an influential section of English Churchmen. It was stated the other day by one of our weekly contemporaries that more than a thousand clergymen have joined an association formed under Mr. Mackonochie's leadership for promoting disestablishment. We quote the statement, which has since been reproduced by the *Guardian*, without vouching for its accuracy. But Mr. Harrison must have been well aware that, when he complains of the Church being treated as "a political bureau," and inquires whether an official religion is not vicious in principle, and when he asks how long Churchmen "will endure to see religious life thus vulgarized by a compact which forces devotion into the attitude of a parasite, and turns the voice of the preacher into the grating tone of a State official," there is a diplomatic ring about his indignant queries. The Liberation movement is already receiving, if not "its critical impulse," substantial encouragement "from within the Church itself," and "sincere Churchmen yearning for the enlargement of their hopes" are exclaiming, whether wisely or not, loudly enough against "official dictation and political manipulation." Nor can we reasonably complain of an outsider making the fullest use for his own purpose of a line of argument which is passionately, and no doubt honestly, urged by a section of those within. It is not unfair to suggest that those who defend the existing Establishment merely on the ground that "the residuary legacies" will be either, as Archbishop Tait argues, the Church of Rome, or as others fear, "Infidelity, Materialism, Atheism, and so forth," are not paying it any very high compliment; and Mr. Harrison, for one, refuses to say anything so dishonouring to the communion in which he was brought up and in which he sees new life; he has too much respect for the traditions which its clergy, "from St. Augustine to Keble," have inherited. And it is a neat, and to some minds a convincing, mode of putting the dilemma to say, "If it is a living spiritual energy, it will live in a healthier way without Parliamentary prerogatives; if it cannot live without them, it deserves to die." Still less will a devout Anglican be likely to acquiesce in the very equivocal defence—borrowed, we presume, from the Establishmentarian champions of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—that "the Church of England consists in this accretion of statutory privileges." It is obvious of course, as the lecturer points out, to meet such a plea with the taunt that not only the Free Kirk of Scotland and the Roman Catholic Church in England, but the very Mormons and Shakers contrive to maintain their position without such adventitious aid. But all this, however plausible, or undeniable, from a religious point of view, does not touch the real

ground of Mr. Harrison's contention. He is arguing, not as a Churchman, but as a citizen, that "it is a source of evil in the State that the political force of the Government should be able to buy the partisanship of a religious community, and with the common property or revenues of the nation give factitious ascendancy to a faith in which a minority alone believe." The words we have italicized appear to us irrelevant. Nearly the whole argument of the essay would be equally applicable if a majority or the whole body of the nation accepted the established faith. But let that pass.

Mr. Harrison's fundamental principle—which is far from being a novel one—is that the proper office of the State is not moral, but purely material, "to protect the lives and property, to insure the material convenience, of the citizens." That is a perfectly intelligible and perfectly tenable view, and is no doubt accepted by the Liberationists. We are not equally clear that it is consistent with Comtist orthodoxy. If that ideal commonwealth or Utopia to which Comte looked forward were ever to be realized on earth, we had always understood that "the wise and good" were to reign with absolute power. It would of course be a highly enlightened and beneficent despotism, but not the less a despotism, or rather—we were going to say a theocracy, but the etymology of the word recalls a central idea which Comtism desires to banish; let us say then a religious despotism, for Mr. Harrison himself has lately assured us in the "Modern Symposium" that "we shall come to see our Morality transfigured into a true Religion." But whether the purely material view of the functions of the State is or is not consistent with Comtism, the essayist's next assertion is flagrantly inconsistent with fact. And we cannot help wondering that so acute a reasoner should have encumbered himself with a plea which cannot be maintained, and is quite unnecessary for his argument. The State, he tells us, "can act only in material ways, by preventing deeds; it cannot act in moral ways, by inducing convictions or forming qualities. It cannot even compel actions which it approves; it can only punish actions which it condemns. It imprisons a wrong-doer; it cannot reprove his conscience." If for "cannot" we substitute "ought not," the theory Mr. Harrison supports would be adequately stated; if we leave "cannot," but insert and italicize *directly*, the assertion would be literally accurate, but would not help the argument. All States do a great deal, rightly or wrongly, to induce convictions and form qualities, and can hardly avoid doing so. It is contended, if our memory serves us, by the author of *Ecco Homo*, that most men's notions of right and wrong are actually, though not consciously, based much more on the law of the land than on the laws of God. Be that as it may, one or two very simple illustrations will suffice to prove our point. Does any one doubt that the high value attached to human life in England as contrasted with other countries is largely due to the severity with which murder is punished? Or, again, is it not clear that the disproportionate importance attached to crimes against property, as compared with crimes of personal violence short of murder, is due to the extreme—we do not say excessive—severity shown in punishing the former, and the entirely inadequate chastisement too often inflicted on the latter class of offences? One of Mr. Harrison's critics has suggested another illustration of the same fact, which he would probably claim as supporting his general argument. Half the English Episcopalians, it is argued, believe in the necessity or utility of bishops, because they are appointed by the State. It may be so, though the essayist would no doubt reply, So much the worse for the Episcopalians whose belief is based on such a rotten foundation, and so much the worse for the bishops who cannot vindicate the necessity or utility of their office without such extraneous support. Broadly speaking, his contrast between statesmanship as a matter of "compromise," and religion as a matter of "ideals and principles," is a just one. It is a further question whether the confusion between the two on which he so eloquently descants is necessarily involved in the maintenance of an Established Church, which is thought "to work well" by the wary politician and the "business-like bishop," when the clergy discharge the useful but inglorious part of an efficient "social police." In referring to the Minister of the day as "the real head of the Church of England," and in the following carefully drawn indictment against the *status quo*, the lecturer is again evidently bidding for the support of High Church Liberationists, whom indeed he appears throughout to have had more constantly in his eye than his Nonconformist audience:—

It is hardly a generation since Parliament entirely recast the whole scheme of Church property by the Ecclesiastical Commission, redistributing a vast proportion of its revenues and the duties of its functionaries; it is only the other day that this present Parliament amidst violent opposition passed an Act which wholly reformed the discipline of the Church; and it is now engaged in founding new bishoprics. Well! the House of Commons (and in this country we have long been accustomed to look to that House as the sole seat of power)—the House of Commons which does these things can hardly show a majority of English Churchmen. If we subtract the Irish, Scotch, Nonconformist, Catholic, and Jewish members, there will be a very narrow majority of members of the Anglican Church, and many of these are avowed opponents of an Establishment. And it is certain that of the constituencies which return that House a majority are not adherents of the Anglican Church. But Churchmen or not, the point of importance is, that these constituencies practically name the Minister and the Government who govern the Church of England, as completely as the Pope and the cardinals govern the Church of Rome.

We cannot follow Mr. Harrison through his amusing but not very complimentary criticism on the defensive argument of Mr. Freeman, who "has been lecturing about the Church of England

as if the English public were an old almanac, and as if mediæval history were the sole reality extant," and of another distinguished writer, already referred to, who "supports the official religion with all the pretty enthusiasm of an *abbé* of the last century," and, while "professing a superb detachment from the Christian verities, makes *vers de société* upon the Trinity, and tries to apologize by *bons mots* against Dissent." But the curious thing is that, after all this elaborate expenditure of argument, eloquence, and denunciation, we do not get from first to last any distinct explanation of what disestablishment means. Does it include disendowment? We are all agreed, Mr. Harrison says, that "an Established Church with its privileges, its ascendancy, and enormous possessions" must be kept in bondage to the civil power as long as it is allowed to exist at all. But "ascendancy" is a social quite as much as a political question, and wealthy endowments may grow up, as most of the property of the Established Church in fact has grown up, from private munificence. Then, again, the English people are said to be irrevocably resolved—the italics here are the author's—"that a Church which is trusted with official authority, and maintained by public endowments, shall never be a free Church." The public endowments, however, are endowments originating from royal or individual gifts guaranteed by public law. Are they to be—we are cautioned against talking of confiscation, but are they to be taken away? The essayist seems to answer Yes and No. There are passages implying, if we rightly apprehend their drift, that "the glorious abbeys and cathedrals," and the rectories and vicarages—which may be thought to carry the parish churches with them—are to be left to the disestablished Church, and it is expressly stated that churches built by existing congregations are not to be meddled with. We are certainly far from saying that if the Anglican Church were to be disestablished to-morrow it might not fairly claim at least as much as this, but it is by no means clear that such a concession is compatible with the general drift of the argument, and still less is it obvious that the Liberation Society would assent to it. Moreover a disendowed Church may acquire fresh endowments, and Mr. Harrison broadly hints that it would be a lasting disgrace to the members of the Church of England if it did not do so. And thus we might have the "enormous possessions" and the "ascendancy" they bring with them restored to the disestablished Church. The writer will perhaps reply that the Church of England has no claim to retain property designed for Roman Catholic uses, and this is apparently what is meant by speaking of her as "endowed by converted confiscations," and having "quietly usurped her vast possessions." But then he puts the Gallican Church of Bossuet and Fénelon into the same boat with her, and considers the position of the Russian Church to be worse than either, and in these cases there has certainly been no such "conversion" or "usurpation." Mr. Harrison states his case, which in its practical drift is that of the Liberation Society, with great ability; but we are left to desiderate in his argument a fuller exposition of how far the process of disestablishment is to be carried, and what securities are to be found, consistent with the maintenance of religious liberty, that those incidents of an Establishment which he denounces as civilly prejudicial—and "this great issue must be decided by politicians on strictly political grounds"—might not be reproduced or even aggravated, sooner or later, in "a free Church."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

11.

THE arrangements made for the reception of the crowd which at ten o'clock on the first day of public exhibition rushes to the doors of the Royal Academy are more curious than satisfactory. It is ingeniously contrived that the mass shall break itself up into two divisions in the entrance hall, one seeking to deposit umbrellas on the left, the other searching for change or catalogues on the right. This may be all very well, but the subsequent meeting of the two divisions pressing their way upstairs is not so well; and confusion is worse confounded by the presence of an opposing stream of people who have mounted the stairs but have not provided themselves with change, and are coming down again in an unhappy condition to seek it. It may seem trivial to dwell on such matters as these, but one cannot help thinking that the flurry and impatience thus produced are not conducive to an artistic frame of mind. When one has escaped these dangers and sufferings and reached the first gallery, the attention is, as we last week said, forcibly drawn to Mr. Millais's "Yeoman of the Guard" (52), but it is not likely to rest there with any great pleasure. The fact of the picture being by Mr. Millais is enough to warrant its possessing admirable technical qualities; and there is perhaps no other painter who could have dealt so boldly with the glaring mass of scarlet which fills the canvas. But, however much we may be struck with the painter's mastery of his mechanical means, it is difficult to believe that they have been well employed in producing so unpleasant an object as this scarlet costume, which is worn by a gentleman who looks supremely unhappy in it, and to whose face the painter has imparted a strangely disagreeable colour. It may be convenient to speak at once of Mr. Millais's other works instead of taking them in the order in which they occur in the rooms. Turning to "Yes," in Gallery No. V. (409), we find a young man in a caped Ulster coat with a travelling cap in his hand and an umbrella and portmanteau hard by, holding the hands of a girl in black, who looks up into his face, and has presumably just given him an

answer which will defer his journey. The girl's face has a strange and unlovely appearance of rouge and powder about it. In its expression there is a beauty from which the attention is unpleasantly distracted by the faithful rendering of the accessories of umbrella and portmanteau, which are not beautiful, and make the picture look as if it might be a magnified version of an illustration to a modern novel. It is no doubt a faithful representation of such a scene as might occur at any moment; but a painter of Mr. Millais's power might, one would think, be at more pains to elevate his subject. The same painter's landscape, "The Sound of Many Waters" (273), in Gallery III., represents a stream rushing down a valley to fall over a ridge of rocks which fills the foreground. The painting of this foreground is minute and masterly; but with the general effect of the picture it is difficult to be much pleased. The water is strangely hard, and seems in some parts to want motion. The picture is wanting in what may be called suggestiveness; it is a reproduction, for the most part accurate, of many things in nature, which do not seem to have aroused any imaginative feeling in the painter's mind. There is no such sense of sympathy with the varying moods of sky and stream as one may fairly look for in a landscape by a great painter. Mr. Millais is represented at the Grosvenor Gallery by three portraits (25, 26, 27) and an illustration of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" (28), in the West Gallery. The two portraits of the Countess Grosvenor and Lady Beatrice have the same chalky look which is observed in the girl's face in "Yes," and which has led to the not inapt remark that the artist seems to have used dentifrice instead of paint. The head of Lord Ronald Gower (27) is painted in a manner more masterly than either these or the "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch" (28), in which, again, there is a want of imaginative force.

The West Gallery at the Grosvenor Gallery is the most important in this respect, that one end of it is occupied with the works of Mr. Burne-Jones, a painter hitherto little known to the public. Mr. Burne-Jones, as we have already said, has taken a line exactly opposite to that which seeks for technical excellence before everything. He has aimed at the expression on canvas of high poetical emotion, and in some instances, in attaining this, he has sacrificed accuracy of drawing. His inspiration has come, it would seem, from various painters of a bygone age, among whom Sandro Botticelli has perhaps had the most direct influence on his work. It might be well if the painter had been content to follow the poetical instincts of an older school without adopting the eccentric drawing noticeable especially in hands and feet which belongs to the master we have named. But it is much to get a picture so full of expression in the highest sense as "The Beguiling of Merlin" (59), even though the figure of Vivien is utterly impossible. The scene is in the Forest of Broceliande, beneath the shade of a white hawthorn. Merlin, whom the painter has shown without the long beard generally associated with him, has just waked from sleep to watch, helpless, the woman who has beguiled him with his own enchantments, which, standing up in front of him, she reads and watches their effect the while. There would be much to admire in her face and attitude could one shake off the unpleasant impression caused by the false drawing of her figure. The attention centres, however, on Merlin's face, in which a variety of passion is caught with great power. The deep eyes tell with infinite tragedy how Merlin found himself in a tower fashioned "of air without any other thing, and, in sooth, so strong it is that it may never be undone while the world endureth." In the painting of the hawthorn bush Mr. Burne-Jones has shown that he is thoroughly capable of technical excellence, and it is a pity that he should not apply this capability to his figures. "The Days of Creation" (60) is a set of six pictures, with angels' figures, increasing from one to seven, holding the globe of the earth, in which, in the sixth of the series, the figures of Adam and Eve appear; here one grows weary of the ceaseless repetition of the same type of face—another method which the painter might have left with advantage to the old school. It must be said, however, that the type is one of considerable beauty, and there is something very pleasing in the scheme of colour. Of the figures which hang above—"Spes," "Temperantia," "A Knight," and "A Sibyl" (66)—the last is, to our thinking, the finest. It is unfinished, but in the pose and the arrangement of drapery the painter has caught much of antique beauty. "Venus's Mirror" (61) is a group of girls kneeling or standing round a pool which reflects back their figures with somewhat too great distinctness. In aiming at transparency the painter has overshot his mark, and made the reflections look like substantial figures without any water above them. Here, however, there is beauty of composition and colour; and we must hope that Mr. Burne-Jones may continue to paint and exhibit pictures containing more of his finer qualities and less of his eccentricities. Of pictures in the same school hanging near we may speak hereafter. Meanwhile, to see grandeur and beauty of imagination combined with fine execution unspoilt by any affectation, one need only turn to Mr. Watts's "Love and Death" (23) on the opposite wall. The tall figure of Death hung with solemn drapery passes sadly and majestically into a house, while the boy figure of Love tries vainly to bar his progress. The design is charged with a noble pathos, and the execution is worthy of it. The same room at the Grosvenor Gallery contains certain productions of Mr. Whistler's to which reference was made last week. Mr. Whistler has chosen to christen these "Nocturnes," "Arrangements," and "Harmonies"; and he has certainly done wisely in thus suggesting that they are anything rather than pictures. We are asked to accept as a representation—it is not called a

portrait—of Mr. Irving as Philip II. a long, smudgy, black figure, standing on nothing, with indistinctly shadowed hands, above which appears a ghostly head peering painfully through the surrounding gloom. The two frames which hang on each side of this contain certain marks of paint which also are presumably intended for portraits, though one is called "An Arrangement in Brown" and the other "A Harmony in Amber and Black." They have, however, apparently no legs or feet, and they are enveloped in the same smoky and smoky atmosphere which surrounds the phantom of Mr. Irving. Below these are four canvases called "Nocturnes," three of which are covered with blue of a delicate and pleasing tone on which are black marks and gold or silver dabs that stand for boats, bridges, and lights. This style of art, which is the very quackery of painting, would appear to be singularly easy, although it is said to be the result of infinite pains. It would not call for any detailed notice but that Mr. Whistler has proved in his etchings that he is capable of serious artistic efforts. Even in these strange follies one may discover evidence that the hand which produced them is far from being without cunning. Mr. Whistler, however, has deliberately chosen to affect these monstrous eccentricities, secure of admiration from a clique which prides itself upon possessing artistic perceptions too fine for common understanding. And as long as misguided people can be found to go into ecstasies over "Harmonies in Smudge," so long, we suppose, will Mr. Whistler go on producing them.

Returning to the Royal Academy, we find in the first room Mr. Oulless's "Portrait of Miss Ruth Bonvériot" (13), which is not one of the painter's happiest efforts. He seems to have aimed at the delicacy and brightness of Gainsborough, but the result is cold and hard. Mr. Dicksee's "Harmony" (14) is a mediæval scene; a girl playing an organ, while a young man, evidently much in love, leans towards her with a rapt expression. The light comes in through a painted window, across the lower part of which is drawn a crimson curtain. Both in drawing and colour there is much excellence, and possibly the conventional aspect of the whole thing may be only a sign that the painter has been wise enough to assure himself that he can walk before attempting to run. Mr. Marcus Stone's "Sacrifice" (51) suffers much from being hung next to Mr. Millais's overpowering "Yeoman of the Guard"; and to this fact may perhaps be set down the unreal look of the flame consuming the letter which the graceful girl, who is the chief figure, burns. Near this is a bright and pleasant sketch called "After a Gale: Seaford Bay" (55), by Mr. W. H. Mason. Mr. Walter C. Horsley has two pictures (44, 62), in the second of which, "The Hour of Prayer on Board a Turkish Ironclad," there is considerable reality, which is carried too far in the accurate representation of a pair of shabby boots just taken off, and lying close to the porthole of a big gun, around which sailors are grouped in prayer. Mr. Pettie's "Hunted Down" (28), a half-naked Highlander leaning, sword in hand, against a rock, is somewhat hard and theatrical, and is far inferior to the same painter's "A Sword and Dagger Fight" (203), in Gallery No. III., which is full of vigour and animation. In this two adversaries, one clothed in deep black, the other in white satin, relieved with a touch or two of pink, are engaged in a conflict which is evidently deadly. The glare of the man in black, seen over his guard, is fiendish, but has no terror for the other, behind whom lies a dead snake, possibly emblematic of the coming result. There is great dramatic force in the picture, and the textures of the dresses are admirably painted without being too obtrusive. The last picture in the first room, "The Old Pump-Room, Bath" (69), by Mr. G. A. Storey, is singularly pleasant and pretty. Mr. Storey has given to his picture an excellent effect of atmosphere; and in the groups which fill his spacious room there are many touches of delicate humour. The people are full of animation and gaiety; in the centre a lady just stepping out of her chair is clearly looking forward to joining the throng, receiving admiration and hearing the latest gossip. In the right-hand corner a tiny little girl, following the universal fashion, administers some of the water to her doll. The colour is quiet and pleasant to look on. We must only regret that Mr. Storey has not given more finish to many of his faces, which are merely indicated instead of painted.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

WHEN the race for the One Thousand Guineas was run on the Ditch mile, it was proverbially one of the most uncertain events of the season; and now that the course is changed to the Rowley mile its character remains unaltered. In consequence a large field may generally be looked for; for, in proportion as the issue of a race is doubtful, the number of the competitors increases. Owners do not care to expose their horses to certain defeat, and when a race is, or seems to be, absolutely at the mercy of one particular animal, or of two or three out of a large entry, the opposition becomes contracted within narrow limits. Here and there an owner may run his horse on the off-chance, or because he likes to see his colours represented in the race; but, as a general rule, more practical considerations carry the day. The money prizes for the second and third in a race are seldom worth taking into account, nor is it often possible to support a horse for a place for a stake which in this mercenary age is deemed satisfactory. To run second in a big race, especially in a big weight-for-age race, is therefore not only a barren honour, but one which

is frequently attended with disadvantages. The second in the Two Thousand or the Derby is not forgotten by the handicappers, and if an outsider happens to run into either of those positions the cry is forthwith raised that a Cesarewitch or a Cambridgeshire has been thrown away. The horse's merits have been unnecessarily exposed, and in grasping at a prize beyond his reach he has sacrificed other prizes which he would have had a fair chance of attaining. On this account, in proportion as handicaps have risen in favour—principally for the sake of the handsome profit that can be made out of them—weight-for-age races have gone down. Many of the old-fashioned events of this class, for which Newmarket used to be famous, are now nearly extinct; and even the historic races which still maintain their position and reputation by no means attract entries or fields in proportion to the increased number of horses in training. Many a good three-year-old is kept in his stable on the Two Thousand day for fear lest by some chance he should run well enough to attract the handicapper's notice, though not well enough to win; and even this year there was a sort of chorus of lamentation over Brown Prince and a big handicap thrown away. We do not think, however, that the running in the One Thousand is watched by handicappers with equal care. The race, as we have said, is looked on as one of the most untrustworthy, as well as the most uncertain, of the year; and the only thing in connexion with it about which it is safe, four years out of five, to make up one's mind, is that the form will be assuredly upset later in the season. Hence, as on the one hand nearly every filly that happens to be fit and well on the day possesses something more than an outside chance, and on the other the attainment of second or third place furnishes no proof of superior racing merit, there is more than one inducement to owners to send their representatives to the post. And this year there was an extra inducement, because both Lady Golightly and Palm Flower, two of the most prominent public performers of last season, were understood either to have lost their form or to be unfit to run at the present time; and, indeed, Lady Golightly had been withdrawn two days earlier from the Two Thousand, for which her owner considered she had no chance. Accordingly no fewer than nineteen runners came to the post on the One Thousand day, the field including, in addition to Lady Golightly and Palm Flower, such fair second-class fillies as Helena, Miriam, Dee, Plaisante, and Morgiana, whose performances will be found recorded in the *Calendar*, but are hardly worth enumerating in detail. Not one of these, however, finished in front, and only Lady Golightly came to the rescue of public form and succeeded in gaining the third place after a close finish with Belphebe and Lady Ronald. This pair a day previously would hardly have been ranked in the third class. Indeed, on the Tuesday in the First Spring week, Belphebe had been beaten in a canter by Tassel and Spiegelschiff, and Lady Ronald had finished behind Grey Friar. So, although every one was prepared for the victory of an outsider in the One Thousand, the surprise was not looked for from this quarter. How Lady Golightly has deteriorated was shown by her failing to get nearer than third to animals to whom last year she could have given two stone; and though she may perhaps do better at Epsom, she has evidently seen her best day. Palm Flower's case seems still worse, for she was never formidable at any part of the race. The Oaks now bids fair to be an uninteresting event, though a large field of mediocrities may assemble to compete for it. Placida, who at Lewes beat Chamant, Chevron, Shillelagh, Palm Flower, and Dee, seems far in advance of any three-year-old form yet shown by the fillies; but if any accident has happened to her, or if she too has experienced the fate that has fallen on Lady Golightly and others, then the Oaks will be as open a race as the One Thousand.

The general racing of the First Spring week was of the most ordinary character. Those old opponents Skylark and Coltness had yet another battle together, and this time the contest was over the Cesarewitch course. Skylark was giving 3 lbs., and Coltness, according to custom, took a long lead in the hope of cutting down his opponent. This lead he maintained to the bottom of the Abingdon hill, where Skylark closed with him, but, stumbling at the same moment, the race seemed lost. Coltness tired so much, however, up the hill that he could not retain his advantage, and Lord Falmouth's horse gradually wore him down and won a very creditable victory. The Prince of Wales's Stakes over the Rowley mile fell to Tassel, the One Thousand fillies Spiegelschiff and Belphebe occupying second and third places. The gallop seems to have agreed with Lord Hartington's filly better than with Lord Zetland's; for in the One Thousand, as we have seen, she left Spiegelschiff far behind. It is worthy of notice that on the Two Thousand day the French horses won four races in succession, including the grand event of the week. We fear these repeated victories will increase the jealousy shown towards foreign-bred horses by a considerable number of English sportsmen; and if Chamant makes a clean sweep of the great prizes—which really seem well within his reach—Lord Falmouth's resolution is likely to meet with influential support in October. Unfortunately, the important aid given by French horses to the national sport, and especially to sport at Newmarket—which without their existence would too often be tame indeed—seems to be overlooked.

If all the horses whose presence at Chester had been anticipated only a week ago with no little confidence had duly presented themselves, the race for the Cup would have been worthy of its past reputation. The meeting of six handicap horses like Hampton, Woodlands, Footstep, Snail, Umpire, and John Day, would not only have been interesting in the highest degree, but in addition

various disputed points as to the relative merits of these old antagonists would have been decisively settled. Every one of the six had substantial claims to support. Hampton won the Goodwood Stakes last year, and started first favourite for the Doncaster Cup, though opposed by Craig Millar, Controversy, Bersaglier, and Oharon. Woodlands ran second to Rosebery in the Cesarewitch, and to Footstep in the Liverpool Cup, and was weighted very favourably in the Chester Cup as compared with Lord Wilton's mare. Umpire was a good fourth in the Cesarewitch, Snail ran respectably in the Goodwood Stakes and won the Ayrshire Handicap, and John Day showed good form on several occasions, notably in the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket, for which he ran second to Braconnier and beat Hopbloom, Nougat, and Craig Millar. This season also five of the six have already distinguished themselves. Hampton, it is true, has gained his victory over hurdles, but the idea once prevalent that a horse trained to jump is of no more use for flat racing has been constantly refuted by the experience of late years. Footstep won the Lincolnshire Handicap—the first great race of the year—from a brilliant field, and Snail was a good fourth and might have been second in the City and Suburban. Umpire carried off two Queen's Plates at the Curragh—the first, according to the official report, "in a canter by any number of lengths"—and John Day won the Great Metropolitan, showing by the game way in which he finished that he was quite competent to take his part in long-distance races. The presence of these six candidates would have quite revived the fortunes of the Chester Cup; but, unfortunately, on the very eve of the race the prospects of an exceptionally strong field were blighted. First, the withdrawal of Umpire was announced, and almost immediately after the scratching of the two leading favourites, Woodlands and Hampton, followed. When Umpire, Woodlands, and Hampton had disappeared from the scene, there remained only a field of the stamp to which we have been accustomed of late years at Chester. The presence of Snail, Footstep, and John Day just helped to raise it above the level of insignificance; and, with the assistance of Pageant and Clonave—two very old hands at the business—of Collingbourne, Skotzka, and Newport, and of a couple of light weights, ten starters were mustered at the post. According to public rumour, the race looked a match between Snail and Footstep; and it was surprising that Skotzka, who made twelve unsuccessful attempts last season to attract the judge's notice, should have occupied the position of second favourite. A five-year-old, however, with only 6 st. 4 lbs. to carry, must surely have a chance, if it can gallop at all, especially on such a course as Chester, where a real racehorse is constantly bothered by the turns, and where accidents and disappointments are perpetually happening. With only ten runners, there were probably fewer disappointments than usual last Wednesday; but Footstep did not seem at all to understand the advantages of taking the inner circle, while John Day's experience on the zigzag Metropolitan course stood him in good stead, and made him quite at home at the turns. But for his 10 lbs. penalty, indeed, John Day would very nearly have secured the prize; but the weight stopped him at last, and old Pageant won easily at the finish, Snail being a moderate third, and Footstep being beaten off. Collingbourne was fourth; but he, too, is an awkward horse at the turns, and at every one he lost ground. Pageant's victory was a surprise, for he was well beaten in the Northamptonshire Stakes, and at Newcastle last year Snail defeated him easily. Mr. Grelton's horse, however, is very uncertain in his form, and every now and then, after a series of unsuccessful performances, takes it into his head to run well. But, after all, there is nothing very brilliant in a six-year-old, with only 7 st. 10 lbs. on his back, beating a moderate field; and Pageant was fortunate also in being ridden by Glover, who has been particularly successful at Chester, and who thoroughly understands the peculiarities of the course.

REVIEWS.

BAKER'S TURKEY IN EUROPE.*

COLONEL BAKER has written a volume which at the present moment will be read with keen interest. He attempts to give a picture of Turkey in Europe as it is now, and to trace the history of the changes through which it has passed. It is a very difficult task; for the different portions of Turkey in Europe are so widely apart from each other in history, climate, traditions, religion, and manners, that each has to be learnt and studied separately. For fulfilling this task Colonel Baker possesses many qualifications. He has had some acquaintance with Turkey since the time of the Crimean War, when he was with his regiment at Constantinople. In 1874 he made a tour through Bulgaria on both sides of the Balkan, and since then he has purchased and resided on a farm near Salonica. It is not often that we can get any one to describe a country to us which he has studied with the eyes of a soldier, a traveller, and a farmer; and it is an unusual proof of confidence in the Turkish Government that one of its English partisans should be willing to invest his money and spend his life in its dominions. In many ways Colonel Baker may be

said to be exactly the man to go to European Turkey. When he travels he sees with his own eyes, and does not merely find confirmation of what he has read and heard before. He is a geologist, a sportsman, and a practical agriculturist. He is completely free from religious fanaticism, and recognizes virtue when he sees it in Christians and Mahomedans alike. He has worked up with diligence and recapitulated with brevity and distinctness all that he could learn as to the ethnology, migrations, conquests, and defeats of Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Servians, and Montenegrins. For the pains he has taken his readers ought to be properly grateful to him. He has put together all the facts he could collect as to the educational, judicial, financial, military, and naval systems of Turkey, and shows how many excellences they all possess theoretically, and the navy possesses practically. Of all that he speaks of from personal knowledge he is a trustworthy witness, calm, shrewd, and impartial. Of all that he speaks of from historical and other printed documents he is a trustworthy compiler, intelligent, concise, and rapid. But one reservation must be made in noticing the merits of his publication. When he speaks neither from documents nor personal knowledge, he seems to know very little, and to speak with a positiveness quite out of proportion to the amount of his data. He tells us, for example, that the Bulgarian massacres are to be looked on as something quite exceptional—a lamentable mistake generated by panic. But it is evident that he does not know nearly so much about the Bulgarian massacres as most people do in England who have studied the documents published by the English Government. Bad as the massacres were, they were not, perhaps, so indicative of the thoroughly rotten, cruel, and immoral character of the Turkish Government as the proceedings that followed them—the mock trials, the discountenancing of merciful Mahomedans, the suppression of Christian evidence, the rewarding of miscreants. Over all these things, which showed what the Turkish Government really is like, Colonel Baker passes in silence. It may be thought strange that an Englishman residing in European Turkey should not have had his attention directed to them. But where Colonel Baker has resided is eight miles from the seaport of Salonica; and an Englishman residing near Salonica no more knows of what is going on at Philippopolis than he knows of what is going on at Erzeroum. Vague rumours may have reached Colonel Baker; but he has a standing disposition to accept the Turkish official account of everything if he has no means of checking what he is told, and, having been informed that the massacres were to be looked on as a momentary mistake, he seems to have acquiesced at once in the statement. He had, in fact, other things to think of. A man who farms in Turkey has opportunities of learning some things which Englishmen at home cannot know; but, on the other hand, his attention is necessarily concentrated on matters which concern him very nearly but are not of general importance. Farmers cannot allow themselves to be absorbed in the interests of humanity; and what filled the mind of Colonel Baker with sorrow and vexation was not the sufferings of the Bulgarians, but the dismal state of the road leading from his estate to the coast, which the Turkish Government had allowed, in the most unwarrantable manner, to go totally out of repair.

The most interesting part of Colonel Baker's work is that which refers to Bulgaria. He travelled through the most important part of the country, and the peasants on his own estate are among the Bulgarians who have become, from proximity to the Greek settlements, in some measure Grecized, and talk Bulgarian for domestic purposes, but Greek for social purposes. To the Bulgarians, both individually and as a nation, he does ample justice. He highly estimates their good qualities, and although he cannot believe that a people who in 1874 showed so many signs of prosperity could be properly called oppressed, yet he owns that they had something to complain of. The Finnish origin of the Bulgarians, their absorption into the pre-existing Slave community, the intrigues practised against them by the Greeks after the Turkish conquest, their gallant assertion of ecclesiastical independence, their passion for education, their dislike of Russia, and their patient acceptance of Turkish rule until last year, are matters which are set forth by Colonel Baker with clearness and vigour, but which are too familiar to demand special notice. There can be no doubt that, however much Bulgaria has been misgoverned, it has in the last quarter of a century made astonishing strides in material well-being and in popular education. The great fault Colonel Baker has to find with the Bulgarians is their punctual observance of the endless fasts and feasts of their Church, which condemn them to spend nearly half the year in idleness. The Russian peasant labours under the same disadvantage, and in both cases the cause and remedy of this idleness are the same. So long as the population is scanty in proportion to the agricultural resources of the country, labourers will, at the bidding of their priests, pass half the year doing nothing. With the increase of cultivation comes an increase of population, and at last the pressure of population makes men work throughout the year. It is a great pity that the Bulgarian or any other Church should elevate idleness into a religious duty; but the error will be rectified by economical causes and not by theological changes. Perhaps the trait in the Bulgarians which most strikes Colonel Baker, and which is most reassuring as to their future, is their strong tendency to national cohesion. In this they are the exact opposite of the Greeks. Every Greek intrigues and works for himself. The Bulgarian never forgets the body to which he belongs. Colonel Baker mentions one educational establishment comprehending students of

* *Turkey in Europe*. By James Baker, R.A., Lieutenant-Colonel, Auxiliary Forces; formerly 8th Hussars. London: Cassell, Potter, & Galpin. 1877.

different nationalities, in which it was observed that the great aim of the Bulgarians seemed to be that each should help the other, so that the whole mass might make progress. And the popular feeling, until lately, seems to have been that the best thing to hope for was that Bulgaria should grow and thrive under Turkish protection. Even last year there never was, in the opinion of Colonel Baker, anything approaching to a Bulgarian insurrection. This appears to be the opinion also of all who are best informed on the point, and it adds the last touch of infamy to the Turkish Government that cruelties which no rebellion could justify should have been practised on people who never actually rebelled at all. The truth appears to be that the Bulgarians, up to last year, were misgoverned enough to make them feel, but not enough to make them rebel, and they owed and entertained much gratitude to the Turks for having secured to them their ecclesiastical independence. Colonel Baker is always just when he speaks of what he knows or has seen. He describes with indignation the instances he has witnessed of the arrogance of the Mahomedan towards the Christian population; the quiet despair with which the Bulgarians acquiesced in wrong and robbery when the wrongdoer was a Turk; the faulty land system which perpetually hampers the labourer for the benefit of an absentee proprietor; the oppressive system of taxation; the perpetual denial of justice, through the exclusion of Christian evidence. Nor does he merely speak of these things with impartiality, but he notices some of the strange obstacles which make the Turks pause whenever they think of trying to govern better. Not only do Turks proclaim paper reforms, but some of them actually think whether it would not be possible to carry them out. The Turkish Government cannot think the plan of farming the taxes a good one: for the Government gets much less than the peasants pay, as three, or even four, intermediaries have each to make a profit. But it has not been able to change the bad system, as, directly it tried to collect the taxes through its own officials, it found that its officials were so universally corrupt that they were bribed by the peasants not to collect what was due, and the State got even less than it got by farming the taxes.

As to the governing race, however much we read and inquire, we always come back to two main facts, which are as clearly brought out in Colonel Baker's book as in the utterances of every dispassionate observer. The first is that the ordinary humble non-official Turk is a very good sort of creature, sober, industrious, contented with one wife, but procrastinating to an irritating extreme, and having the merits and demerits of fatalistic submissiveness. The other is that Turkey did reform for a time. It started from some thing so excessively bad that to say that it reformed is not saying much; but still for a half-century previous to the accession of Abdul Aziz things got better. There was more order, a little more justice, a good deal larger revenue, and some thought for education. The reign of Abdul Aziz was a period of backsliding. The ruling caste went very much astray, debilitated by foreign loans more than by anything else. Corruption reigned supreme and unchecked. The philosopher who, hearing of a social calamity, asked speculatively, "Who is the woman?" would have found his philosophical theory justified by the history of the recent social calamities of Turkey. There was a woman, and the woman was the Sultan's mother. The domestic affection of polygamists appears to be concentrated in the relations which bind together the mother and her offspring; and in Mahomedan countries it is much more frequently the mother of the Sultan than the reigning favourite who turns her position to profit. Filial devotion laid Abdul Aziz so completely prostrate at the feet of his mother that the astute adventurer had a finger in every pie, and a percentage on every transaction. Everything began, continued, and ended in bribery, and the consequence was that reforms died out, and that a set of scheming extortioners each had his little day at the expense of the suffering provinces. The bondholders supplied the money for which the intriguers scrambled: nor was that the only way in which the country was injured by the influx of foreign money. Every one took to gambling, and to speculate in the funds became the occupation of those who might have been expected to prize their position as landholders. Colonel Baker informs us that he has known several cases of landowners who have been forced to sell their patrimonies, or to starve the estates they nominally retained, because they had lost their fortunes in the gambling of the Stock Exchange. Vexatious, therefore, as the cessation of payment of interest has been to the foreign bondholder, it has been the only possible mode of moral salvation to the Turks. They have been driven by bankruptcy into repentance, and, according to Colonel Baker's views, would be only too glad to recur to the path of reform if the chance could be given them. What is wanted is, as Colonel Baker thinks, that time should be allowed to the Turk to show his concealed capabilities of improvement. Under present circumstances, it is not worth while to spend much time or trouble in discussing the arguments for or against a remote possibility.

Colonel Baker, as we have said, possesses two special qualifications for writing a book on European Turkey. He is a soldier and he is a farmer; and all that he says on war and agriculture is marked by experience, thought, and good sense. He was expecting, when he wrote, that a war with Russia would be the upshot of the diplomatic struggles, and he set himself to think how Turkey could best defend itself. While allowing that Russia can bring 400,000 real soldiers into the field, he does not think that Turkey can get together more than 100,000 regular troops in Europe; and even when irregular forces and recruits are

added, he cannot make the total higher than 260,000. He therefore considers it impossible to defend the line of the Danube; and, although the Turks may delay the Russians in crossing the Balkans, he does not think that the passage can be prevented. His suggested plan is, therefore, that Turkey should attempt to hold nothing on the north side of the Balkans except Schumla and Varna, while the real stand should be made on the south side, in two great entrenched camps, one at Bourgas, a seaport south of the Balkan line, and the other at or near Adrianople. As a military combination this may be as good as any that could be suggested; but, when we study the details of Colonel Baker's calculations, we soon find how speculative are the figures on which he relies. He reckons that Russia, out of 400,000 men, would have to keep 100,000 in reserve; that 100,000 would be left to mask the fortresses north of the Balkans; and that of the 200,000 that passed the Balkans, 100,000 would be unavailable, either through losses or disease. When we learn that losses and disease are supposed to sweep away a force equal to the whole Turkish regular army, while that army is left intact, we can only say that this may be so, and it may not. To farmers, or rather to that very limited number of farmers who are willing to risk their fortunes in European Turkey, Colonel Baker speaks wise words of instruction, warning, and comfort. He begins by the pithy statement that an English settler and capitalist has before him the choice between two courses. He may follow the local system of farming, or he may introduce a new system of a better kind. If he takes the first course, he will never make money; if he takes the second course, he will very probably lose all the money he has. Still, farming in Turkey, and especially in the plains of Macedonia, offers an inviting prospect to a man of exceptional sense and luck. If such a man follows Colonel Baker's prudent advice, he will spend a year in the country looking about him and learning the ways of the people before he risks a shilling. If he then purchases well, he will get an estate, with farm-buildings already erected on it, at the moderate cost of 3*l.* to 4*l.* an acre. He will have land that will grow anything; adjacent mountains to give summer pasturage; cheap, if not very abundant, labour; and a population which is very stupid, very much inclined to cheat him, and only capable of very gradual improvement, but still willing, patient, and, so far as the Church will permit, laborious. His taxes will not be oppressive; his life and property will be tolerably safe; and his roads will be execrable. If such a man starts with these advantages and disadvantages, Colonel Baker calculates that he may, with a capital of 10,000*l.*, make a profit of 2,000*l.* a year, and that in twenty years he will be able to sell his estate for five times as much as he gave for it.

As a traveller Colonel Baker inserts the usual traveller's stories to give variety and relief to his statistics and his discussions. There are many of our old friends and old familiar details brought on the scene. There is the English country servant, who is always cheerful and handy, and who, although acquainted with no language but his own, can converse pleasantly with the natives by sheer force of good humour and a general wish to be pleased. There is the native servant, with a wonderful bed which always comes to pieces in the middle of the night. There are visits to consuls, pashas, and monks. There are pages about insects, and how they bite Colonel Baker; and about washing apparatuses, and how little water Colonel Baker found in them. There are two sporting scenes, in which Colonel Baker, too sure of his reputation to need to boast, recounts how he at one time killed a single deer, and at another slid down a precipice. If all these tiny incidents of travel do nothing else, they lighten the book and make us acquainted with the writer, and enable us to recognize in him a man who, if he is bitten and does not get his wash, likes to vent his natural feelings, but who is always cheerful and on the alert, seeks information from every one, can estimate the capabilities of soil, and enjoy with unaffected pleasure the beauties of scenery. Without this interspersing of personal talk the book might have been too elaborate to be popular; but, as it is, the ordinary reader, while occupied with anecdotes of fleas and cigarettes, will find himself agreeably decoyed into learning something worth knowing about Turkey. Colonel Baker also sometimes strews the arid paths of discussion with the flowers of stories which have the high merit of being both good and new. With two of these we may end our notice. Colonel Baker asked a British missionary to the Turkish Jews if he had made any converts. He replied cautiously that he could not say that he had. Colonel Baker pushed for a more precise reply, and asked how many converts his friend actually had at that moment. "I cannot say that I have any," was the answer; "but Miss W— has one at Cairo." On another occasion Colonel Baker was informed by an American merchant that he knew a place in Macedonia where gold stuck out of the rock, and that he had cut off a piece of solid gold three inches long and as thick as his thumb. "I felt inclined," Colonel Baker goes on to say, "to address the man as I once heard one American say to another who had just been drawing the long bow—'Sir, I have no doubt you are speaking the truth, and that's a fact; but if I was to meet you in New York, walking down the Fifth Avenue, arm in arm with Ananias and Sapphira, I should take you all to be of one family, that I should.'"

* SYMONDS'S RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.*

AT an unhappy moment in the history of the United States a patriot was moved to say that Columbus might have employed his time much better in some honest trade than in the discovery of America. After reading Mr. Symonds's *Revival of Learning*, the second volume of his *Renaissance in Italy*, one is tempted to think that the Humanists might have been better engaged than in the discovery of the ancient world. Mr. Symonds has been moved by gratitude to write the history of the Italian worthies "who recovered for us in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the everlasting consolations of the Greek and Latin classics." Gratitude, too, is the feeling which the readers of Mr. Symonds's work must cherish towards him. He has waded through amazing expanses of the dullest, the dirtiest, the most tedious literature, through weary regions of bad Latin verses, through a wilderness of letters and amatory poetry, and has compressed the result of his search into a goodly, but still a handy, volume. He has noted the essential facts of a complicated movement; he has not shrunk from repeating what most instructed people know already—the greatest of trials to an ingenious writer—and he has compressed his sketches of the most attractive characters into narrow space. Thus he has found room for a serious and comprehensive judgment of the Humanists, and we are compelled to doubt whether the shades of these worthies will feel as grateful to Mr. Symonds as his modern readers ought to do. He has extenuated nothing; he has given the good and the bad; and the picture, on the whole, is one of the saddest, one of the most humiliating, in the whole history of literature. Of course no one can seriously regret the discovery of the "everlasting consolations"; but it is not flattering to human nature that consolation had to be bought so extremely dear—at the cost, that is, of the organized corruption of society, and the deliberate and acknowledged choice of abominable lives.

Mr. Symonds's first volume, *The Age of the Despots*, explained, as far as explanation of these things is possible, the reason why culture grew up in Italy like a poisonous flower. Italian society, in short, was deeply tainted with the shames of the tyrannous life, not less deadly in the Italy of the middle ages than in the Greece of Aristotle. Pleasure, we may say, had so long been the neighbour of cruelty and of evil, that even when pleasure rose to new heights of studious enjoyment, the old contagion clung to it. Even without the revival of letters, Italian society was corrupt; but it was tragical, indeed, that all the life of the revival, in its nature so goodly and excellent a thing, should be polluted by the legacy of "selfish tyrants, vicious clergy, and incapable republics." Mr. Symonds's new volume is occupied with the setting forth of this tragedy, which, we may say with confidence, has never before been produced in so striking a manner. After a prologue, in which the darkness, as far as classical learning went, of the ages before Dante is described, Mr. Symonds brings in the figure of Petrarch. Perhaps it may be urged that more of the classical spirit was always in life—Eros masquerading in mediæval garments as the *Deo d'Amor*—than Mr. Symonds's sketch would help his readers to guess. But with Petrarch the conscious recognition of the old world, as of a world of men, not of beings misty and magical, did truly begin. In him, too, as our author does not shrink from declaring, the arrivable vanity, the unreality, the belief in the power of words, were faults as marked as they were in the movement which he commenced:—

Italian humanism never lost the powerful impress of his genius, and the value of his influence can only be appreciated when the time arrives for summing up the total achievement of the Revival. It remains to be regretted that the weaknesses of his character, his personal pretension and literary idealism, were more easily imitated than his strength. Petrarch's egotism differed widely from the insolent conceit of Filelfo and the pedantic boasts of Alciato. Nor did his enthusiasm for antiquity degenerate, like theirs, into a mere uncritical and servile worship. His humanism was both loftier and larger. He never forgot that Christianity was an advance upon Paganism, and that the accomplished man of letters must acquire the culture of the ancients without losing the virtues or sacrificing the hopes of a Christian. If only the humanists of the Renaissance could have preserved this point of view intact, they would have avoided the worst evils of the age, and have secured a nobler liberation of the modern reason.

In the history of Petrarch as a scholar the most touching moment is that in which he deplores his inability to read the manuscript of Homer which his pupil in humanism, Boccaccio, had procured for him. Mr. Symonds gives a sample of the Latin version of the *Iliad* by Leontius Pilatus, through which Petrarch had to discern, as best he might, the genius of the Greek epic. The lines are from the prayer of Lycaon to Achilles (*Iliad*, xvi. 82):—

Nūn αὖ με τῆς ἐν χερσίν ἔθηκεν
Μοῖρ' ὁλόη· μάλ' ἔστιν ἀπέχθουσαι Διὶ πατρὶ,
ὅς με σοὶ αὖτις ἔδωκε· μινυνδύων δέ με μήτηρ
Γείνατο Λαοδῶν, θυγάτηρ Ἀλταῖο γέροντος.

Here is the version which Boccaccio wrote out at the dictation of Leontius:—

Nunc iterum me in tuis manibus posuit
Fatum destructibile. Debeo igitur esse Jovi patri,
Qui me tibi iterum dedit, medio cuique, me mater
Genuit Lathoi, filia Altai senis.

Among the scholars inspired by Petrarch few did more to spread abroad the taste for good Latinity than Salutato, who, as secretary

to the Signory of Florence, took a pride in writing epistles, despatches, and even protocols, in the best Latin at his command. Ciceronian phrases became part of diplomacy—a service in which they can do little harm, and are not likely to be overworked by the task of expressing too much. A greater secretary was that Apostolic one, Poggio Bracciolini, whose account of hunts after MSS. in convent libraries Mr. Symonds translates with great humour. Quintilian, for instance, was found at St. Gallen in a terrible state for "a man magnificent, polished, elegant, urbane, and witty," now "right sad to look upon, and ragged like a condemned criminal, with rough beard and matted hair." Perhaps the most pleasant aspect of the Humanists is seen in this, their hunter stage, when they were following up every trail that could lead to a manuscript, and were setting free these brown and precious scrolls from their gaolers, the monks. It is easy to sympathize with the excitement of the chase, and with the enthusiasm of men who spent their lives and estates in redeeming the Romans and Greeks from damp garrets and cellars. Naturally the eager scholars could not be satisfied with the copyists in an age which, as Petrarch complained, examined cooks before permitting them to exercise their craft, but allowed any one who chose to call himself a copyist.

The appointment of Chrysoloras of Byzantium to the chair of Greek at Florence (1396) was a most important moment. That Greek should be taught was much; that it was taught at Florence made the town of Dante the mother-city of the Renaissance. It is to Florence that the main part of the praise of reviving letters is due, as becomes plain when Mr. Symonds analyses the services of various Italian towns:—"Florence discovers manuscripts, founds libraries, learns Greek, and leads the movement of the fifteenth century. Naples criticizes; Rome translates; Mantua and Ferrara form a system of education; Venice commits the literature of the classics to the press," though the first edition of Homer was printed in Florence. Out of all this industry, perhaps the aspect least familiar to English readers is the educational effort of Vittorino da Feltre. Italian youths were never sunk in the sloth and scholastic stupidity of Gargantua before he knew Ponocrates; but in Vittorino they found even a more admirable instructor than the ideal tutor of Rabelais. His life makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place, the chapter which is concerned with the abominable Beccadelli, and the scarcely less disgusting pedant Filelfo. The works of the former poet deserve, to alter Sir Thomas Browne, a place in no catalogue but that of Hell. The character of Vittorino is in amiable contrast:—

Wholly dedicated to the cares of teaching, and more anxious to survive in the good fame of his scholars than to secure the immortality of literature, Vittorino bequeathed no writings to posterity. He lived to a hale and hoary old age; and when he died, in 1446, it was found that the illustrious scholar, after enjoying for so many years the liberality of his princely patron, had not accumulated enough money to pay for his own funeral. Whatever he possessed he spent in charity during his lifetime, and true to the kindness of his friends to bury him when dead. Few lives of which there is any record in history are so perfectly praiseworthy as Vittorino's; few men have more nobly realized the idea of living to the highest objects of their age; few have succeeded in keeping themselves so wholly unspotted by the vices of the world around them.

This singular praise, especially when we remember that the infamous character of Poliziano made it impossible for the Medici to retain him as a confidential family tutor.

Not the least attractive part of Mr. Symonds's volume is formed by the series of portraits of distinguished scholars who are to the majority of readers but the shadows of names. One may regret that the large scope of the work makes it necessary that most of these portraits should be comparatively slight sketches. The idea recurs that Mr. Symonds might possibly have produced more permanent effects by "Studies" of the same dimensions as those of Mr. Pater. In this volume, for example, there is decidedly too little said about Giovanni Pico di Mirandola, possibly because his portrait has lately been drawn by another hand in a masterly style. We would willingly have heard more, too, about Aldus Manutius and the Aldine Academy, though, in that direction also, M. Didot has forestalled research. We grudge the space occupied by people like Egidius Canisio, and even by a favourite of Mr. Symonds, and a pleasing versifier, Flaminio. Of pleasing versifiers the Renaissance had abundance, and nothing short of a catalogue can give all their names and defunct performances, which truly "can exhilarate no mortal." Happily Mr. Symonds has found room for the last of the Alexandrian Platonists, a man born out of due time, who should have lived in the society of which Plotinus was the Johnson, and Porphyrius the too brief, but delightful, Boswell. Gemistos Plethon was well worth the trouble of rescuing from the dust of libraries and the hands of the industrious Fritz Schultze, to whom Mr. Symonds owes the greater part of his facts about this philosopher. Born at Byzantium in 1355, Gemistos was attracted to the Moslem Court at Adrianople by Elissaios, a learned Jew. His religious education was mixed enough to have satisfied the eclectic Hebronius of *Spiridion*; and, in the midst of Islam, the Jew taught Gemistos "what then passed for the doctrines of Zoroaster." The pupil became a judge at Sparta, and had leisure to invent an ingenious and highly absurd theosophy, of which the chief feature was the mixture of formal logic with the theology of orthodox paganism. This promising ally of the Greek Church was sent to the Council of Florence, where he found himself a person of importance, and even gave Cosmo de' Medici the first idea of the Florentine Academy. From the visit of this belated mystagogue Mr. Symonds deduces the Platonic influence that in-

* *Renaissance in Italy: the Revival of Learning.* By J. A. Symonds. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1877.

spired the devoted Massilio Ficino, and through him Reuchlin, Melancthon, and ultimately Germany and the world.

Humanism at Rome is a less pleasant spectacle than humanism at Florence. The flower was not native to the soil; learning was an exotic; and the erudite Pope Nicholas V. surrounded himself with the most abandoned of literary swashbucklers. The conflict of Filelfo and Poggio is as dreary as that classical duel of dirty words which Horace has thought worth recording. At the Court of Alfonso of Arragon the enthusiasm for learning seems more simple and pleasing:—

Bevendelli himself professes to have cured an illness of Alfonso's in three days by reading aloud to him Curtius's Life of Alexander. . . . His passion for the antique assumed the romantic character common in that age. When the Venetians sent him one of the recently discovered bones of Livy, he received it like the relic of a saint; nor could the fears of his physician prevent him from opening and reading the MS. of Livy forwarded from Florence by Cosmo de' Medici, who was then suspected of wishing to poison him.

Probably the most brilliant and attractive page of this volume is Mr. Symonds's sketch of the character of Lorenzo de' Medici, the epitome of his age. In no other part of this work are the good and the bad, splendid and lurid as they were, of the Renaissance brought so close together. Nowhere is the tragical connexion and conflict of passions worse than those of Paganism on one side, and, on the other, of a conscious life full of knowledge and insight, more plainly to be discerned:—

It was the duty of Italy in the fifteenth century not to establish religious or constitutional liberty, but to resuscitate culture. Before the disastrous wars of invasion had begun, it might well have seemed even to patriots as though Florence needed a Mæcenas more than a Camillus. Therefore the prince who in his own person combined all accomplishments, who knew by sympathy and counsel how to stimulate the genius of men superior to himself in special arts and sciences, who spent his fortune lavishly on works of public usefulness, whose palace formed the rallying-point of wit and learning, whose council chamber was the school of statesmen, who expressed his age in every word and every act, in his vices and his virtues, his crimes and generous deeds, cannot be fairly judged by an abstract standard of republican morality. It is nevertheless true that Lorenzo entangled and enslaved Florence. At his death he left her socially more dissolute, politically weaker, intellectually more like himself, than he had found her. He had not the greatness to rise above the spirit of his century, or to make himself the Pericles instead of the Pisistratus of his republic. In other words: he was adequate, not superior, to Renaissance Italy.

It is impossible to follow all the story of declining power, of weakness shown in the frigid Christian poetry of Sannazzaro and Vida, no less than in the shamelessness of Fracastoro. There are moments when one is inclined to think that, for the author of a popular work, Mr. Symonds goes too minutely into the morbid pathology of the Renaissance. His book is not by any means suitable to be given as a school prize. No account of the period can be as complete as this is which omits that morbid and repugnant aspect. No English writer certainly has set forth so plainly the causes of the decadence of Italy, the absorption and exhaustion of the force that should have made her a nation, in pleasure, vice, and study, always voluptuous, often vicious. None has presented so fair a justification of Savonarola as the translator of Lorenzo's Carnival Hymn. It would be hard to match the completeness and appropriateness of the picture of Rome's punishment in 1527. The Spaniards came upon the rich and learned city, upon the students and delicate livers, with the ruthless cruelty of Oriental conquerors. In Mr. Symonds's abstract of Valeriano's dialogue *De Litterarum Infelicitate*, we seem to read of Assyrian, or of Turkish, rather than of European crimes. "Whatever vicious seeds had been sown in Italy by the humanists, had blossomed and borne fruit in Rome; and there the Nemesis of pride and insolence, and godlessness of evil living, fell upon them like a bolt from heaven." The sack of Rome is a dramatic *dénouement* of what was, as we have said, one long tragedy—the recovery of freedom of the human spirit, at the hands of men whose own spirits were somehow often ruined and degraded in the effort of emancipation.

Mr. Symonds's volume is perhaps even more successful in its effect as a whole than in the treatment of details. He has had often to repeat what was generally known, and he has overcome the natural disinclination to that task. His style, we venture to think, is improved by the absence of highly wrought and somewhat declamatory passages. Everywhere it is perfectly clear, and unfavourable criticism must limit itself to noting the too frequent use of well-worn figures. The torch of the lampadephoria might have been left unlit, the swan need not have chanted once more the death-song of classic poetry. Excellent as it is by itself as an addition to general culture, the volume will probably gain when read in its proper place, in connexion with the author's works on Italian art and Italian literature. We are rather inclined to this opinion because the full merit of *The Revival of Learning* hardly disclosed itself till we had finished the last page, and looked back on the whole argument of the criticism, which forms a well-proportioned work of literary art.

JOHN BUNCLE.*

"THE soul of Francis Rabelais passed into John Amory, the author of the life and adventures of John Buncle." So

* *The Life of John Buncle, Esq.* 2 vols. London. 1766.
Memoirs concerning the Lives of Several Ladies of Great Britain. London. 1769.

writes Hazlitt in the *Round Table*, and the phrase has been serviceable to Amory's memory. It forms one of those convenient labels which are regularly affixed to their wares by secondhand booksellers; and we doubt not that many persons have bought copies of *John Buncle* in the hope of finding that the spirit of the French humourist has retained his original vigour after the transmigration. They will be so far disappointed. Hazlitt, though often an acute and vigorous, is apt to be a very unsafe critic. He never allowed a pedantic regard for accuracy to hinder his use of an incisive phrase. The epigram in question is characteristic of the unscrupulous and slapdash method in which he sometimes indulged. It serves to mark certain peculiarities of John Buncle; and the reader of Hazlitt's essay may probably think that it is fairly supported by quotations. But, in fact, the alleged resemblance is of the most superficial kind. Amory, to go no further, was neither a humourist nor a satirist—a statement which may suggest the inquiry how there could be even an apparent likeness between him and his prototype. The answer is that buffoonery sometimes covers a very deep insight, and, on the other hand, is sometimes as shallow as it seems. The fools at whom our ancestors laughed might be keen satirists, wearing their motley as a protection, or simple innocents, whose absurdity would move the sympathy, instead of the smiles, of a more sensitive age. Rabelais's gigantic merriment masks a most vigorous intellect. Poor Amory's exuberance of spirits conceals nothing, and, in fact, when we have read much of it, is apt to remind us unpleasantly of the delirious ravings of a light-headed patient. *John Buncle*, however, is one of those books into which we may fairly dip for amusement at odd hours. It is pleasant to pick it up in the window of an old-fashioned country inn or in a spare half-hour in some dusty library. "It is unnatural to laugh at a natural," says Fuller. "How can the object of thy pity be the subject of thy pastime?" Perhaps the aphorism should protect poor Amory; but we may console ourselves by remembering that our laughter can do no harm; he has been dead a long time, and his ghost is beyond the reach of ridicule.

Of Amory's life little is known. He was the son of Councillor Amory, who was Secretary for the forfeited estates in Ireland under William III. The author was living in London about the middle of the last century. He published the *"Memoirs of Certain Ladies"* in 1755, and the two volumes of *John Buncle* in 1756 and 1766. The last takes the form of an autobiographical novel, and probably contains some vague reference to the facts of his own life. In the *"Memoirs"* he promised to give some account of Swift, with whom he professes to have had much communication, and here and there he makes references to some minor celebrities of the day, especially to Toland and Pope's enemy, Curll, which would be curious if we could be in the least confident of their authenticity. Fiction and fact, however, are blended—if indeed there is any substratum of fact—too oddly to justify us in placing any dependence upon these statements. Meanwhile, if the facts of Amory's life are obscure, his character is sufficiently revealed in his writings.

The opening of *John Buncle* introduces us to Amory at Oxford, studying philosophy, history, mathematics, and the German lute. One fine day he starts before sunrise on a shooting expedition, and, finding himself hungry about nine in the morning, he spies a beautiful mansion, to which he immediately proceeds, having by the way to descend a precipice at the risk of his life. In the garden he finds a venerable gentleman and his daughter. The daughter, a young lady of exquisite beauty, appears surrounded by books and mathematical instruments, and reading a Hebrew Bible. The lovely Harriet Noel—such was the lady's name—gives Buncle a delicious breakfast, with "fine cream and extraordinary bread and butter." Her father retires, and he immediately informs the lady that he believes himself to be in love with her. She replies by deprecating idle compliment, and instantly asks his opinion as to the origin of the Hebrew language. The philosophical discussion which ensued is fully reported, and in the evening the excitable Buncle makes a second declaration of love. "Charming angel," he says, "the beauties of your mind have inspired me with a passion that must increase every time I behold the harmony of your face, and, by the powers divine, I swear to love you as long as heaven shall permit me to breathe the vital air." Miss Noel delicately evades the subject by a discussion as to the history of the confusion of tongues, and Hutchinson's theories upon dialects of Hebrew. Such is her eloquence that, when she ceases, Buncle snatches the beauty to his arms, and imprints half-a-dozen kisses on her baby mouth. This, he says, gave "very great offence"; but she forgives him, and he sings a song about "Almighty love's resistless rage." It is not surprising that Buncle is soon engaged to his Harriet; but we are a little taken aback when, in the very next page, Miss Noel dies of the small-pox.

Our surprise, however, is due to our ignorance of the amazing vivacity of Mr. Buncle's character. We soon become accustomed to such events. The performance is repeated no less than seven times in the course of the two volumes. To stumble upon a fine country house, to find in it a lady of exquisite beauty and amazing intellectual accomplishments, to marry her off-hand, and bury her in the next page, is Buncle's regular practice. He finishes his career as soon as he begins it. He goes to see a certain Dr. Stainvil, who has a lovely wife. On his entering the room, Dr. Stainvil gives him a lecture on the use of the Spanish fly. As the lecture ended, the Doctor "dropt down dead at once." A rarefaction in his stomach, by the heat and fermentation of what he had taken the

except the want of good looks on the part of the women of the country, whom early marriage and a life of toil and privation render prematurely hideous. To an Orientalist who had hitherto studied the East in books alone, many of the little incidents of the journey were particularly attractive. One evening, for instance, when he had halted beside a fountain springing from the rocky cliff, the silence was suddenly broken by the voice of a singer, who turned out to be an old Brahman who was chanting as he walked verses from the Bhāgavata Purāna. "In sonorous Sanskrit poetry did he hold forth on cosmogony to me and to my bearers, who could not in the least understand him," says the traveller, who made friends with the old man, but could not obtain much information from him, inasmuch as he was half-witted; "but he spoke Sanskrit very fluently, and answered all questions by replies in Sanskrit verse, seldom answering amiss." Of the natives in general Mr. Minaef gives a good account, their disregard for truth probably not appearing a grave offence to Russian eyes. Amusing questions were often asked by them about his native land. "People in Gurhwal and Kumaon had heard of the existence of Russia and the Russian Tsar, but of the relations between our great country and Queen Victoria the simple-minded inhabitants of Srinagar have a very confused idea." They had heard also of an alliance by marriage having taken place between the two Powers; but they wanted to know whether the Tsar paid tribute to the Queen or the Queen to the Tsar. Some of Mr. Minaef's visitors at Srinagar had evidently been studying the Central Asian question, for "they asked whether it was true that the Russian Tsar had taken Kabul? Would he take Kabul soon? Of what use was Kabul to the Russian Tsar?" They asked also whether there were castles in Russia, and whether Russians would sit at table with English people, or refuse to do so like the Brahmins. Having had many opportunities of conversing with educated natives in other parts of India as well as in Kumaon and Gurhwal, Mr. Minaef is more than usually qualified to judge of their feeling towards the British Government. The following words of his, therefore, are well worthy of attention:—

The English have not pleased everyone; everywhere in India there are people who bitterly dislike the Briton. But, whatever the discontented natives may say, every dispassionate observer must constantly see with his own eyes that the English on their side are constantly thinking about the needs and the good of the people, of course without forgetting their own needs and interests, and that for a long time to come English rule and English hegemony will be indispensable for India.

The stories and legends of which Mr. Minaef has now given a Russian translation were for the most part heard by him or received in writing from natives during his stay at Almora. He met with no professional storytellers, although he inquired after them wherever he went, nor was he able to make acquaintance with any of the old women who had a local reputation for their knowledge of popular tales. But, as he says, the Indian lives in an atmosphere of fable. The child who goes to listen to the instruction of the local pundit reads and hears nothing but tales; the fakir at the temple tells tales about some god or goddess; on a holiday pious folk make a subscription and invite a Brahman to read to them from the Harivansa or the Bhāgavata Purāna. "The greater part of them do not understand Sanskrit; but there is the Brahman to explain to them what is said in the sacred writings; and so the old literary material is constantly making its way into the minds of the people." The tales which Mr. Minaef found in Kumaon are of the usual kind, dealing with themes which are tolerably familiar. But what he calls the legends are somewhat peculiar. They are intended to be sung to a kind of drum or flute accompaniment, their monotonous and protracted chant reminding the Russian traveller of the ballads or metrical romances of his native land. At their exact meaning it is somewhat difficult to arrive; for they are extremely verbose and obscure. The stories, on the other hand, are sufficiently simple, some of them being abridged versions of tales occurring in the *Panchatantra* and other collections. In No. 2, for instance, we find the ingenious jester which frightened away the lion by its braggart language; in No. 9, a Kumaon Almaschar shakes his head when his imaginary children ask for food, and so breaks the pot on which his dream of success was based; No. 27 tells somewhat feebly the well-known tale of the Forty Thieves; and No. 45 is one of the numerous varieties of the Oriental history of King Lear and his youngest daughter. Magic implements play an important part in the stories. Fortunatus meets the supernaturally endowed beings who enable him to overcome all difficulties, and the dead are brought to life by means of the resuscitating fluid which so often figures in the tales of the East of Europe. More than once we meet with the story of "the giant who had no heart in his body," the Punchkin of *Old Decem Days*, the Koachei the Deathless of Russian tales. One story—No. 10—tells how a Fakir carried off the wife of the youngest of a king's seven sons, and concealed her "beyond the seventh sea." Her husband and his six brothers went in search of her, but were turned by the Fakir into trees. The king's solitary grandson, when he grew up to man's estate, went in his turn to look for his father and his uncles, and came to the place where the magician lived. One day the youth, hiding in the sand by the seashore, saw the Fakir go down to the water-side. "All the water dried up. The Fakir went away, leaving his sandals behind him. Now all the strength of his magic lay in those sandals. The youth donned them and went to his aunt," the abducted princess. Having consulted with him, she extracted from the Fakir the

secret of his life. "On the shore of the sixth sea," he said, "there is a palace; and under the palace there is a hall of justice; and underneath it, below the ground, there is an iron cage, and in the cage is a parrot. If any one kills that parrot, then I shall die." And the youth laid his hands on the parrot, and by killing it put an end to the Fakir, who before dying breathed upon the seven trees and turned them back again into living men. In the other story—No. 46—a boy is handed over by his father in fulfilment of a vow to a Yogi who is a cannibal. The Yogi receives the boy kindly, and shows him all the rooms in his house but one. That "Forbidden Chamber" the boy enters during the Yogi's absence, and finds it full of bones. From them he learns what he must do in order to save his own life and restore theirs. After a time the Yogi returns, places butter in a cauldron, and sets it on a fire, and then tells the boy to walk round it in a circle. The boy pleads ignorance, and induces the Yogi to show him how to do so. But while the Yogi is stepping round the boy kills him with a knife, and throws his body into the cauldron. Out fly two birds, the one red the other black. The boy kills the red bird, and flings the black one into the cauldron. Having thus put an end to the Yogi, the boy finds in his house a gourd containing life-giving nectar, with which he brings back the dead bones to life.

Some of the tales are about the demons who, according to the natives, haunt every hill or tree. Thus in No. 4 a man goes into a wood and meets a Bhūt. At first it appears in the shape of a dog, and follows at his heels. Presently he hears a strange sound behind him, and becomes aware of a herd of swine chasing him. Having driven them off by throwing stones, he goes a little further and meets a lion. Having escaped from it by climbing a tree, he next meets a fair damsel. "Rejoicing thereat, he began to talk to her. He said much, but she kept silence. Presently they came to a bridge. She pushed him off the bridge, and he fell into the water. The poor fellow was all but drowned." According to Mr. Minaef, the Bhūts of Kumaon are frequently the souls of the dead, to whom worship is paid by the natives. The Rakshasa or demoniacal cannibal frequently occurs. Thus, in No. 12, a variant of the well-known "Right and Wrong" story, four Rakshasas devour a harmless demon of the Pisācha class. In No. 43 a king marries a Rakshasi, or female demon, who induces him to fling his seven other wives into a cavern, where hunger compels them to eat six out of their seven children. The seventh escapes, and eventually destroys the Rakshasi, discovering her life in a bowl at the house of her family, whither she has sent him with the intention of having him devoured there by her relations. Along with hers six other lives are found, each in its own bowl; just as in a Samoyed tale told by Gastrén, seven brothers are in the habit of taking out their hearts every night and sleeping without them, which hearts are found and destroyed by the hero of the tale, who thus puts an end to the seven brothers. In No. 44 seven brothers go abroad, and after long journeying arrive at a town which is "all in ruins." There they take up their quarters in a palace, sleeping by night in a huge bed which holds them all. Though that palace there all day wanders a goat, which at night becomes a Rakshasi, and from time to time eats one of the brothers. Their number gradually decreases till at length only two are left. These survivors throw themselves together at night. One of the two suddenly awakes and finds the other being devoured by the Rakshasi, who thereupon takes the form of a fair damsel, and says that next day she will become his wife. At earliest dawn he runs away from his proposed spouse, but she follows him. He climbs a tree, and she sits at the foot and weeps. Presently up come a rajah's servants, to whom the man hands over his would-be wife in return for two lacs of rupees. So the Rakshasi is taken to the palace, where she proceeds to kill and eat all the birds and beasts in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most eccentric of the stories of this class is No. 11. A Brahman received one day from a Bhūt a feather which enabled its bearer to tell what people had been in a previous state of existence. Now the Brahman was cursed with a quarrelsome wife. By the help of the feather he found out that he had previously been a tiger and she a dog. So he set aside his uncongenial wife, and chose another, in whom his feather enabled him to recognize an ex-tigress. After which his house became a happy home. The reason why the Bhūt gave the feather to the Brahman was this:—The demon was in want of a human body to eat; and, being fastidious, it did not wish to eat the body of a man who in a previous state of existence had been a beast. So it commissioned the Brahman to pick him out from among the heaps of corpses lying on a battle-field the body of a man. But, before sending him off on his quest, it gave him a feather to put on his head. The Brahman arrived on the field of battle, "and saw millions and millions of corpses, but only one or two of them were shaped like men. He took one of these human bodies, and delivered it to the Bhūt. The Bhūt rejoiced greatly, and gave the Brahman many rupees." On one occasion, according to a legend related to Mr. Minaef, the English Commissioner "Sahib Tilar" (i.e. Traill) referred a dispute between two natives of Kumaon to the decision of a judicial demon who was the ruler of fifty-two other Bhūts. The demon caused blood to burst forth from the native who was in the wrong. "This occurrence was made known to the Sahib. So he inflicted punishment on the wrong-doer."

ELLIS'S COMMENTARY ON CATULLUS.*

TO the comparatively few who know how much room there has hitherto been for a thorough commentary on Catullus, and how little proportionate to his merit as a poet has been the labour bestowed upon him, we need offer no excuse for having taken some time before attempting to pronounce upon the important work of Mr. Robinson Ellis. We might say the crowning work; for, not to speak of the little volume in which, years ago, he pointed out the arithmetical system which regulated the metrical arrangements of Catullus's verification, and of his translation (in 1871) in the metres of the original—which, if it did not always please the ear, at any rate interpreted every poem, strophe, and line in a probable and convincing manner—Mr. Ellis published in 1867 his reconstitution of the text, to which is now added a parallel volume of commentary, the result of at least ten years' unwearied and well-directed labour. He has now done all that scholarship can do towards restoring Catullus to the favour as a Latin classic which he enjoyed till the beginning of the present century; since which time nothing great had been attempted until Lachmann's edition of the text, in 1823, began a new era for those who had acquiesced in the slender furniture of Doering, though the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been rich in commentaries of various degrees of value. Perhaps a puritanic desire to banish Catullus's poetry from education on account of its too frequently reflecting the vicious sentiments of his age and society had something to do with this; and the same feeling doubtless still exists to some extent. Yet it is undeniable that there is a vast deal of true and even pure poetry in the lyric of Verona, from whom (as Mr. Ellis shows) our Tennysons and Brownings, as well as Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, have transferred many beauties; while, as a study of language, composition, and "inimitable spontaneity" of diction, the poems are invaluable. As to Mr. Ellis's work upon them, it is difficult to characterize it concisely; one cannot explain in a few words how he has managed to elucidate in detail each verse of each poem, and to weld them into a consistent whole. Excellent use has been made of the *Quæstiones Catullianæ* of L. Schwabe, reviewed many years ago in these columns, as also of the recent admirable study of M. Couat on Catullus; and it is a great advantage to this Commentary that it has had the help, as to text and interpretation, of the eminent editor of Lucretius, Mr. Munro, some of whose notes and illustrations have appeared in the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*. We are mistaken if this Commentary is not destined to rank with that writer's *opus magnum* of Lucretius, and one or two other modern editions of Latin classics, as works essential for the Latin scholar to master.

Mr. Ellis's "Prolegomena" remind us that the works of his author only escaped extinction by the discovery of a single imperfect copy at the beginning of the fourteenth century, which was the parent of all our extant MSS. Although Catullus was from the first accepted by his literary contemporaries—e.g. Cornelius Nepos and Cicero—quoted by his greatest literary successors, and long popular among his countrymen, he was for centuries wholly unknown. As Mr. Ellis notes, his book was "read and read through" at Rome in Martial's day, and long after the Satires of Horace, whose odes and epodes did not supplant his lyrics, had driven Lucilius from the field. The elder Pliny quoted him and claimed him as a countryman; the younger was his diligent student and constant reader, as also was Quintilian, whilst he is referred to by Seneca, Juvenal, and Martial. The last-named poet has left a line (xiv. 195) which couples two neighbouring towns of Cisalpine Gaul, Verona and Mantua, with "the two poets who respectively represent the highest point of Roman imagination in the Ciceronian and Augustan ages, Catullus and Virgil"; and Mr. Ellis has not failed to remark this coincidence, as well as the action on the age just preceding Catullus of Greek influences tending to an increased feeling for literary perfection. His hendecasyllables, pure iambs, seazons and glyconics, are, as we can satisfy ourselves in the case of the first by comparison, perfect by the side of his severer and less finished contemporaries, though his sapphics and hexameters are hardly so happy, and his elegiacs are almost rude; not altogether, it would seem, without some part of the fault attaching to the Greek models. Mr. Ellis's criticisms on Catullus's diction are as true and weighty as those on metre, and he distinguishes the poet's debt to the Alexandrian writers in a rare precision and perfection of form, while he was entirely free from their pedantry and sentimentalism. Some of his own peculiarities are (1) slight variations of everyday expressions; (2) quasi-adoption of prose phrases; (3) rapid change of person; (4) fondness for diminutives; (5) recurrence of the same phrase in following lines; (6) a liking for popular words, though his Latin is ever pure and unarchaic. In short, Catullus's genius is essentially Roman in its simple unaffected speech and republican spirit of freedom, and it is in him alone of Roman poets that "nature and art blend so happily that we lose sight of either in the perfection of the whole result."

Those pages of the Prolegomena which discuss the chronology of the poet's life and works strike us as having been most carefully prepared, though it may be doubted whether the preference for

the prænomén of Quintus rests upon sufficient authority to displace Jerome's assertion that it was Gaius; and Jerome seems to have been right also as to the fact of his age at death being thirty, though not in the dates of his birth and death, which were doubtless 84 and 54 B.C. On one vexed question, the identification of Lesbia with the famous or infamous Clodia of Cicero's oration, Mr. Ellis seems to have gone further to decide the matter in the affirmative than any of his predecessors, and he has brought many of the later epigrams to bear on the controversy. But we must proceed to the Commentary proper. The first poem, addressed to Cornelius Nepos, the editor is inclined to regard as a dedication only of the poet's shorter and lighter lyrics, and not of the whole mass of poems in various metres, to which the term "libellus" would be inappropriate. As the whole collection may naturally fall into three sections—the shorter lyrical, the longer, and the epigrams—it is at least plausible that the poem "Quoi dono lepidum, &c.," refers only to the first batch, whilst the fragment XIV. B, "Siqui forte mearum inepiarum," may have been part of another prologue, and the poem to Ortalus, c. LXV., a sort of dedication of the volume of elegies. It is true that this theory contradicts the consensus of opinion and the sanction of Bentley, but it is not without reason on its side. As to the identity of *passer* with our sparrow, hazarded by De Quincy in his selections (viii. 82), Mr. Ellis disposes of the question by the evidence of Bernardinus Realinus in the sixteenth century, that it was then the fashion of Italian ladies of rank to keep pet sparrows, as, according to Mr. Browning, is the case still. In dealing with the beautiful lines to his pinnace Mr. Ellis has had the advantage of Mr. Munro's analysis of the poem in the *Cambridge Journal of Education*, though not always agreeing with him. In v. 15, where it is made to say that

Ultima ex origine
Tuo stetit in cacumine,

and where Mr. Munro interprets the three first words, "From her earliest birthtime," there is some weight in Mr. Ellis's objection that this sense falls short of that which the words convey—namely, "from the furthest point to which she can trace her origin"—i.e. not descending from the moment of birth, but ascending by gradations of memory from the present to the first germ of true existence. In this sense he cites Corn. Nepos, *Att. 1*, "Pomponius Atticus ab origine ultimâ stirpis Romanæ generatus," where *ultimâ origine* mean rather earliest stock than earliest birthtime. In the same poem, at 19-21, the lines—

Læva siue dextera
Vocaret aura siue utrumque Jupiter
Smut secundus metisset in pedem—

are well translated and explained:—"As the breeze summoned her right or left, or a favouring gale fell on both her sheets at once." "The yacht bore her on safely through all weathers, as well when the wind blew only on one side, requiring the sail to be shifted accordingly, as when it fell from behind, evenly on both extremities of the sail, and was, therefore, strictly speaking, 'secundus.'" The use of "vocaret," applied to a shifting wind, is objected to by Lachmann and Munro; but Lachmann's "*vagaret*" for *vocaret* is, as Ellis sees, too archaic to be Catullian. In the fifth poem, to Lesbia (Vivamus, mea Lesbia, &c.), an illustration is afforded of one of Catullus's characteristics in v. 3, where the first two words, "omnes unius," emphasize the otherwise commonplace "assis testimare." In viii. 14, another Lesbian poem, a very prosaic and commonplace form, on the model of "nullus dixeris, nullus moueris," &c., "cum rogaberis nulla," "when you shall not be asked for at all," is displaced from the text by Mr. Ellis's approval of Statius's emendation "nocte" for the MS. "ne te," which however might, we think, be justified. In the fifth poem, above referred to, "millia fecerimus multa," v. 10, is shown from Juvenal to stand for "made up the number to"; and the use of "conturbare," in v. 11, to throw the account into confusion, likened to *ψυφῶν φησὶν*, *Att. vi. 4, 3*. In the amusing scene where Varus's mistress contrived to bring the poet pretty fairly to book about the extent of his profits and losses on the trip to Bithynia on Memmius's staff, two or three helpful notes and explanations are given. It is the tenth poem. And when the poet has been led to make-believe that he has at last brought home a litter and some slaves, and the lady, as quick as thought, to test his truthfulness, asks him for a loan of them, there seems to be so much difficulty as to "commoda," in v. 26—

Quæso, inquit, mihi, mi Catulle, paulum
Istos comoda: nam volo ad Serapim
Deferri—

and its quantity, if an imperative, that Mr. Ellis inclines to Hand's emendation—

Istos: commodum nam, &c.

In this case the verb governing "istos" is understood, and "commodum nam" will mean "for just in time," "as luck will have it," I want to go to the temple of Serapis. In what immediately follows, "Mene me, inquit puellæ," is the MS. reading, which Lachmann retains. Mr. Ellis interprets this ironically, "You may as well wait till I come," "There's plenty of time for that!" Not so fast!

On Poem XII, and the reproaches therein contained to Asinius Pollio, elder brother of Horace's and Virgil's friend, for stealing a napkin of a set given him by his friends Veranius and Fabullus we get in the preliminary matter indications of the not infrequent commission of this offence (Poem XXV. is on the same subject).

* *A Commentary on Catullus*. By Robinson Ellis, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, late Professor of Latin in University College, London. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1876.

which was rendered the easier because, as the Romans reclined at meals on the left hand, the movements of that hand were easiest to conceal. The custom was for guests to bring their own napkins, which led to a fashion in them, and to their being objects of petty, but perhaps conventionally tolerated, theft, like our umbrellas. In this case the first words of the poem—Marrucine Asini, &c.—have a special point which may escape some readers. *Marrucine* refers to the fact of Asinius's native place being Teate, the chief town of the Marrucini, a tribe on the river Aternus eulogized by Cicero for their probity and high character (see Cluent. lxi. 197). In the curious poem (XVII.) in Priapean metre, alluding obviously to some scandal of provincial notoriety, addressed to Colonia and its rotten bridge, there is good evidence as to the locality. Schwabe and Muretus incline to identify it with the modern Cologne, a small town a few miles east of Verona. This view was held before Muretus by Alexander Guarinus, who describes the town as it existed in his own time (the sixteenth century), with the marshes between it and Verona, crossed by a very long wooden bridge. Another poem (XXII.), upon the poetaster Sulfenus, and his utter dullness when he quits everyday conversation for his chosen hobby, ends in v. 21 with a reference to Æsop and Babrius—"Sed non videmus mantica quod in tergo est"; "None sees within the wallet hung behind our own"—that part of the wallet behind us which contains our own vices, as the part in front does our neighbours'. The mantica was a double bag or wallet slung "fore and aft" over the shoulder, as we have seen some walking postmen carry their bags. In Persius, iv. 24 ("Sed precedenti spectatur mantica tergo," by a slight variation, each carries a wallet on his back, perceptible to his neighbour, not to himself. The always charming poem on Sirmio is done full justice to by Mr. Ellis; its niceties ("ocelle," "solutis curis," "acquiescimus") are noted and paralleled, and its last lines defined and made plain. They run:—

Gaudete vosque, O Lydiæ lacus under,
Ridete, quicquid est domi cæ humorum.

As in III. 1. 2, "Lugete—quantum est hominum"—so here the construction of the last verse is equivalent to "Laugh out all hearty laughter of my home." From the fact that "cachinni" is sometimes used—e.g. in I.XIV. 273, of the plashing of waves—Statics was probably led to interpret "Laugh out, ye waves with all of ringing laughter that is at home"; and, going upon some such a theory of the sense, Landor was led to a similar idea of Catullus inviting the waves to laugh; but, as Mr. Munro here agrees with Mr. Ellis, *domi* defines the word in its literal sense, and the adjuration is, as it were, "ridete omnes vos cachinni qui domi estis."

Poem XLIV. affords notable examples of the purely prose lines which occur in Catullus's descriptions—e.g. 5, "Fui libenter in tuâ suburbanâ," and, 11, "Orationem in Antium petitorum"; and Mr. Ellis identifies the Sestius of this poem with Cicero's intimate acquaintance and Pompey's friend. In c. 50, v. 18, "Nunc auidæ cave eis, precesque nostras," &c., he sees some ground for Servius's assertion that there was an old verb, "cavo," "cavis," of the third conjugation—and hence the comic imperative (cave) pronounced rapidly as a monosyllable. One or two more happy conjectures may be quoted. In c. 55, descriptive of the poet's search, here, there, and everywhere in Rome, for his friend Camerius, a man about town, it has always seemed labour lost to hunt for him in the bookshops, even if "libelli" (Te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis) meant *bookstalls*, so early, judging by the company he seems to have kept. Our editor surmises that it may mean *placards*, either giving notice of his effects for sale, or (sportively) of himself as a missing article (I have sought for you in every place where I have had a chance of hearing of missing articles). In the Glyconic Epithalamium (XLI.) Mr. Ellis illustrates each phase of the procession and ceremonial by the Roman antiquities, and pointing out the poet's delight in descriptions and similes borrowed from plants. The Amaracus of v. 7 he takes to be an exotic Oriental "marjoram," if one at all, and the white parthenice of 187 the "convolvulus," which Pliny calls "parthenium."

We have said enough to give a notion of the helpfulness of this Commentary. One or two instances may, however, be added of the editor's skill in calling to aid internal evidences of dates for particular poems, and also one or two apt citations of modern parallels for expressions and sentiments. Thus in c. 45 the date of the "Acme and Septimius" poem is established as B.C. 55 (the year of Caesar's first campaign in Britain and of Crassus setting out for Syria), both by "Marvult quam Syrias Britannique" in v. 22, and by "Cresio veniam obvis leoni" in v. 7. The green-eyed lion became familiar to Rome this year at Pompey's Games at the dedication of his Temple to Venus Victrix, when six hundred were exhibited. In like manner the poem as to the search for Camerius, above referred to, seems to date itself at 55 B.C. (to which year most accounts ascribe the dedication of Pompey's Theatre and adjoining Piazza—though there is a story of a date three years later, 52 B.C.), by the mention of "Magni Ambulatio," the piazza in question. To turn to modern quotations, we shall find Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*, v. 2, clearly imitating Catullus, XIII. 13 ("Deos rogabis Totum ut te faciant, fabulle, nasum"), in his words, "Taste, smell, I assure you, sir, pure benjamin, the only spirited scent that ever waked a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love o't." Where, in Poem XVII., the young wife of the old man at Colonia is said to be "Adservanda nigerrimâ diligentius uvis," there seems no doubt that Ben

Jonson copies him in "The Fox," 1, *fin.*:—"All her looks are sweet Like the first grapes and cherries, and are watched As near as they are." Another parallel in Ben Jonson might be cited, Poem LV. 12 (see p. 152), and, in the "Acme and Septimius" poem, Mr. Ellis shows how our laureate has laid his Catullus to heart, by quoting Edwin Morris saying, "Shall not love to me, As in the Latin song I learnt at school, Sneeze out a full God bless you right and left?" Another parallel from the same poet's *In Memoriam* comes in appositely for vv. 34-5 of the Second Epithalamium on the double name of "Hesper-Phosphor." There are also not a few (possibly unintentional) parallels in Shakespeare, as where, *a propos* of the poem to Cæcilius, and the line "Quare, si sapias, viam vorabit," Mr. Ellis cites, at Mr. Clayton's suggestion, *Henry IV.* Part II., i. 1, "He seemed in running to devour the way."

It is with hesitation that we dissent from Mr. Ellis's theory of Catullus's dexterity in his form of eulogy on Cicero (c. xlix.) It seems far-fetched to suppose even a slight inuendo or reservation in the words, "dissertissime Romuli nepotum," which he says, in his note on v. 1, is slightly ironical. We see no reason in such an antithesis as follows in 6-7, "pessimus—optimus," to detect either an unreal humility or to suggest a suspicion of persiflage. But these are small matters. Of the book, as a whole, we will only add that it maintains at its most advanced point the character of our English scholarship.

AMSTERDAM AND VENICE.*

(Second Notice.)

BOTH the author and the illustrators of this volume have the merit of a certain veracity, which does not, however, prevent them from recognizing the poetry of the subjects they have to deal with. M. Havard in his descriptions of Venice leaves the reader few or no illusions, and yet he is himself still very strongly impressed by certain aspects of Venice and by certain buildings or situations there. M. Gauchere, the etcher, has long been familiar with Venetian buildings as material for his art, but his way of looking at them is not at all that of the most popular painters of Venice with whom the public has been long familiar in the exhibitions. We all know how that city is usually treated; how much poetry, or pseudo-poetry, is lent to it by artists, and how seldom they give us anything like the plain truth about the place. Another common custom of theirs is to adhere with tiresome fidelity to the best known views, so that, although we have seen hundreds of pictures of the Ducal Palace, there are many parts of the city of which we hardly ever get a glimpse. M. Gauchere takes a pleasure in hunting up interesting little bits which have never been drawn before, and in this way he enables us to look about us almost as if we were in a gondola. He is a complete realist, and does not embellish his subject; but he generously contrives to select good material which composes well, and he shows it under a favourable effect of light. The book is plentifully illustrated with woodcuts, some of which are drawn by the author. We cannot say much for the artistic quality of the woodcuts, many of them being certainly not good enough for a volume of this kind; but at any rate they assist the text by giving us information of a graphic kind on many points of detail.

M. Havard begins his description of Venice by a few touches of colour. Venice, he says, stands out in white and rose-colour against a dark blue sky and upon an emerald sea, whilst Amsterdam is reddish-brown on a silvery sea and against a pale blue sky. This of course means that the prevailing or characteristic effects are of that kind; but there are times of exception. The sky of Venice is not always azure, though the sky of Amsterdam can never in that latitude take the deep ultramarine blue which it has at certain times of the year in the South. Another contrast between Venice and Amsterdam is that one is a city of silence, a place for idlers and dreamers, the other a city of activity and noise, a place for workers.

Descriptions are very difficult to manage without making them tiresome, and M. Havard has not escaped this danger in his description of Venice from the Campanile. It is exactly like a guide-book, neither better nor worse; and then follows a long catalogue of palaces, exactly in the same manner, yet containing some interesting facts. As usual, however, we have to thank M. Havard for telling us the simple truth. The word *palazzo* can delude nobody who has been in Italy; but an Englishman who translates it into "palace," or even a Frenchman who translates it into "palais," is likely to incur some disappointment:—

A ce mot de "palais" que de merveilles enfantées par notre cerveau! que de rêves évoqués par notre imagination! Mais en Italie, il faut singulièrement en rabattre. Toute maison est un palais comme tout voyageur est une Excellence. On ne regagne pas sa demeure, on rentre dans son palais. Un employé à quinze cents francs est logé dans un palais. Mais de même qu'il y a fagots et fagots, il y a aussi des palais de tout calibre et de tout aspect. J'en sais quelques-uns dans des ruelles infâmes; sur des canaux puants, dont les murailles lézardées sont couvertes d'un sort de lèpre, dont les balcons ruinés menacent les passants. Leur aspect sordide et repoussant les fait éviter avec soin; pour rien au monde on n'y voudrait entrer, à plus forte raison y loger et y vivre. Ce n'en sont pas moins des palais, et les hôtes peu susceptibles de ces taudis vermineux se croiraient fort amodris si on leur parlait de leur maison. Les palais du Grand Canal ne sont point, heureusement, dans ce cas. Leur position sur le Corso vénitien les préserve de l'abandon auquel tant d'autres sont livrés sans réserve. C'est

à peine et sur cette grande et large voie, nous en trouverons cinq ou six menaçant ruine en dans un état affligeant de dégradation; et pour la plupart de ces vieilles et nobles demeures, le titre qu'elles portent ne nous semblera point usurpé.

Most of these palaces on the Grand Canal have changed their owners since the fall of the old Venetian aristocracy, and especially during the Austrian occupation. A few still belong to the descendants of the old families, others have been purchased by foreigners, and others are rented by families who pass regularly a few months of the year in Venice. All these have been more or less preserved, but others are not so fortunate:—

Malheureusement bon nombre, ravagés à l'intérieur, dépourvus de leurs tableaux et de leurs statues, vœux de leurs marbres sculptés, badigeonnés, peints et repeints et tendus de papier à deux francs le rouleau, sont devenus par tranches et louches en appartements garnis. Il en est même qui sont devenus de simples auberges. Toutefois ils n'ont point, malgré cela, abdiqué leur désignation primitive. L'*Albergo Reale* porte toujours le nom de Palais Bernardo, l'*Hôtel de l'Europe* celui de Palais Giustiniani; l'*Albergo Barbieri* s'appelle encore Palais Zuchelli, et ces nobles noms, pompeusement étalés sur la note, servent à en déguiser les exagérations, à distraire l'attention, et à rendre le total moins pénible à solder.

Besides these inns and hotels, there are palaces on the Grand Canal which are occupied by picture-dealers who pretend to be collectors—a class which exists now in almost every great city in Europe, and which is not always easily distinguished from genuine collectors, of whom there are also good and respectable examples at Venice. The saddest story of family decay in connexion with the palaces of the Grand Canal is probably that of the Foscari. This ancient and once very wealthy house, which had received royal guests, including Henry III. of France, was ruined in the last century by the extravagance of its chief, and there still remained thirty or forty years ago the last descendants of the Foscari in the upper chambers of the Foscari palace. All the works of art had disappeared from the walls; even the furniture had gone, down to the very house linen; yet still an old man of eighty and two infirm old maids clung to the house of their ancestors, and lived in it with no comforts but a few broken chairs and some old boxes. Since these last Foscari died the palace has been used for various purposes. It has been an Austrian barrack, and is now a commercial school.

M. Havard thinks that the dingy appearance of certain palaces at Venice may be compared with the smoke-begrimed exteriors of London; but as there is hardly any smoke at Venice, and no dust, the darker-looking houses have become gloomy from the natural embrowning of the materials:—

Malgré leur aspect sombre [adds M. Havard] ces demeures aristocratiques se colorent sous les feux du soleil, et leurs façades brunes semblent trancher en clair sur l'azur foncé du ciel.

Et puis ce sont les dîts très tendre qui s'argentent de joyeux reflets, les grands poteaux qui sortent de l'eau tout enroulés de couleurs vives et coiffés de la corne dogale, les gondoles noires qui filent comme des hirondelles, laissant à leur suite un sillon de mousse blanche. C'est le ciel, le soleil, la lumière dorée, les marbres blancs et roses, les ombres transparentes, que sais-je? C'est le charme, c'est la vie, la paresseuse rêverie qui s'empare de tout votre être, qui prend possession de votre cerveau, qui pénètre votre cœur, pendant que l'air moite caresse votre visage et vous baigne dans ses éternelles vapeurs.

Every Friday there are great tents on the fish-market and much traffic in fish from the Adriatic, which the Venetians, luckily for their happiness on that day of the week, are very fond of, and indeed appreciate so much that it seems to them impossible to get fish of equally good quality elsewhere. M. Paul de Musset tells a capital story about a grave personage, the Count André, who was bewailing his "douloureux chagrins d'amour." The lady of his adoration had been called back to Milan by her family, and this so afflicted her admirer that he was ready to die with grief. It then occurred to M. de Musset to inquire wherefore, under such circumstances, the Count did not go to Milan himself to be near the lady whose presence was so vitally necessary to him. The answer was thoroughly Venetian:—"I have always lived at Venice, and could not live at Milan, where people speak a dialect that tortures my ears—and besides, you cannot get fresh fish at Milan." Not that he loved the lady less, but the Venetian fish-market more.

Some of the most interesting pages in M. Havard's book deal with the Arsenal at Venice. He tells us about the famous galley of the Doges, the *Bucintaur*. There were three of these galleys in succession; the first lasted from 1520 to 1600; the second from 1600 to 1725; the third from 1725 to 1797, when it was burnt. Some notion of the magnificence lavished on this boat may be gathered from the cost of the gilding, which alone amounted to more than 8,800*l*. There was a great cabin, or saloon, with sofas all round, and a throne at one end for the Doge; and the deck was supported by gilded statues, whilst above the deck was an awning of flame-coloured velvet embroidered with gold. Nothing now remains of these astonishing barges except the models in the Arsenal; and it is not likely that they will ever be reproduced on the original scale, for the state-barge is almost a thing of the past; and, when modern rulers go to sea, it is generally in a plain, but very comfortable, steamer.

Italian princes often occupied themselves much less innocently than in displaying their magnificence on land or water. They still preserve at the Arsenal some of the instruments of torture which were commonly used by the Council of Ten—for example, two iron helmets studded internally with sharp spikes, which pricked the patient's head. Meanwhile the judge, seated by his side, put his ear to a little opening in the visor to hear any avowals that might

be elicited. There is a pretty collection of instruments of torture which at one time belonged to Francesco di Carrara, of Padua. Amongst them is a key, so contrived that a spring would suddenly protrude a number of little points so sharp that the patient would not feel the puncture, yet he would die of it, because they were poisoned.

There is a fine public garden at Venice, with avenues of beech and plane; and you may lean upon the marble balustrade which surrounds the garden and admire one of the best views of the city. It would be an excellent promenade if there were any promenaders; but, by one of those curious perversities which often characterize fashion in great cities, nobody goes to the public garden, although few trees and little verdure of any kind are to be seen in the other quarters. Venice is not by any means the only town which has a good promenade and will not use it. Almost every French town has its promenade, but the public use or neglect it just as it happens, often preferring a noisy street or square unless there is some special attraction to the public walk. Such an attraction was found by an ingenious Venetian, who imported a strange animal, harnessed it to a vehicle, and drove it slowly about the public garden. The strange animal was simply a horse, but all Venice went to see it, just as people in an English country town would go to see a zebra:—

Il n'en fallut pas plus pour donner aux jardins publics une animation tout à fait insolite. Bien des gens, qui n'avaient aucune idée d'une voiture, accouraient pour contempler ce véhicule extraordinaire et le quadrupède chargé de le tramer. On pouvait tenir quatre dans ce carrosse, et pour une somme fort modeste, faire le tour des jardins. On s'entassait douze sur les banquettes, et l'on se penchait à corps perdu pour observer le mécanisme prodigieux qui faisait tourner les roues. Jamais la pauvre rosse qui menait ce monde primitif n'avait excité pareille admiration. Sans cette importation, qui fit la fortune de l'homme ingénieux qui en eut l'idée, des milliers de Venitiens n'auraient point connu d'autres chevaux que ceux du monument Coléoni et de la place Saint-Marc.

M. Havard, though strongly feeling the poetry of Venice, fully recognizes the evil characteristics of the place, the dirty narrow canals, the crumbling, scarcely habitable old houses, the little dark shops where only four persons can find room for themselves, and where the buyers cannot see distinctly what they purchase. The contrast with Amsterdam is great in this respect, Amsterdam being a city of light, and air, and space, with great openings everywhere. There is the same contrast with respect to verdure, which refreshes the eye frequently at Amsterdam and everywhere in the outskirts of the city, whilst it is grievously rare at Venice. Of the two cities, Venice may be the more curious to visit, and is certainly much the richer in architecture; but it is highly probable that most Englishmen would prefer Amsterdam as a place of permanent residence, after the first sensation of novelty had worn itself away. The Venetians themselves are intensely attached to their city; all very peculiar places inspire strong feelings of attachment in those who have been born there; and the history of Venice is still remembered with pride by its inhabitants of the present day. Few people are so little disposed, in the upper classes, to open their houses to strangers. We English, though thousands of us visit Venice, know next to nothing of its inhabitants. M. Havard tells us that they are reserved even amongst themselves, and will often sit quietly observing and inwardly criticizing for a long time without saying much. Again, the Venetian noble will have a set of friends at his *café* whom he never invites to his house, and who have never spoken to his wife. The seclusion of Venetian ladies appears astonishing to an Englishman; but we may remember that Venice is very near the East, and had in former times such constant dealings with the East that manners may have been affected by Oriental ideas as architecture certainly was. Venetian women rarely go out, and yet they busy themselves little about household affairs which afford so much occupation to Dutchwomen. M. Havard considers that female beauty is not so much the rule at Venice as at Amsterdam; but, like a true Frenchman, he seems to be fully susceptible of impressions from beauties of very different types:—

Leur type de beauté est ou brun ou blond; mais les blondes elles-mêmes (et elles sont fort nombreuses) n'ont pas cet incarnat velouté qui ressemble au dard d'une fleur et parait devoir s'envoler au moindre souflet et se ternir au premier rayon de soleil. Sous leurs cheveux dorés, leur peau prend des teintes mates ou d'un blanc laiteux qui relèvent deux yeux bruns dont l'expression est étrange et le charme tout particulier. Il est peu de physiognomies qui captivent autant que celle de ces blondes Venitiennes.

It appears that these fair ones are held to be perfidious, and there is a proverb which says "Beware of fair girls and green stones." The green stones are slippery at Venice as they are in an English brook when the aquatic mosses have clothed them with that colour. Dark girls, on the other hand, are supposed, at Venice, to be simple-hearted, and it appears that there are no snares in their great black eyes, their wavy hair, and their pretty brown skins. We are sorry to hear that all the charms of *bruno* and *blonde* alike fade too fast, and that there are few beauties of thirty to gladden the eyes of a wandering Frenchman like M. Havard.

SHODDY.*

A PECULIAR difficulty has in the last few years come before those whose sad fate it is to review the novels of the

* *Shoddy: a Yorkshire Tale of Home.* By Arthur Wood. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

day. Ever since the first of the female novelists now living chose to assume a masculine name, not a few women have tried in the title-pages of their books to pass themselves off as men. In many cases this was only carrying out to its proper end the affectation which characterized every page of their writings. They had affected an acquaintance with the follies and vices of men, such as could only be gained by intimacy with men who were foolish and vicious, or by a careful study of foolish and vicious books. They showed perhaps some remnant of shame in going a step further and in trying to hide the fact that they were women. Others, no doubt, whose works were innocent enough, only aimed at amusing themselves and their friends, and at playing a harmless trick on their readers by the deception they practised; while at least one well-known writer, whose popularity greatly exceeds her merits, chose in one of her later stories to drop her own name and to pass herself off as a man, perhaps in the hopes of receiving, as a young and unknown writer, a more merciful treatment than, as a hardened offender, she could have justly expected had she allowed her name to appear. The reviewer, then, naturally enough becomes suspicious, and does not place full trust in title-pages. In the words of the countryman whose eldest daughter was accidentally christened John, he finds himself crying out, "Him's a her, after all." It is only a few weeks ago that we had to express a difficulty we felt as to the sex of a new writer, and now we once more experience the same misgiving. We have not the least reason to believe in any relationship between Mr. Arthur Wood and a well-known female novelist of the same surname, but there certainly is a considerable resemblance between the style of the two writers. The superiority we must certainly assign to the gentleman; for he writes as Mrs. Henry Wood might write if she had once succeeded in getting rid of a good many of her faults, leaving, however, a great many more behind. Nevertheless, for the first novel of a young writer, the story is not a bad one. The plot is improbable to the last degree; but as the mysteries, though they are rather soon seen through, are not explained till towards the close of the third volume, the improbability does not much matter. An author, we hold, always makes a mistake in attempting to find an explanation of the eccentric and mysterious conduct of his hero, which, absurd though it was in itself, was altogether necessary for the interest of the plot. Should we ever—*admit omen*—write a novel, when once we had worked up the plot to the proper state of interest, and, with our mystery still unexplained, were close on the end of the third volume, we should turn on our readers, and with a polite bow beg to part company. "We have," we should say, "succeeded in interesting you through three three hundred pages, and are you now to force us to give a pitiful explanation of our mysteries and of the motives of our heroes and heroines? We know no compulsion so to do, and if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries we would not give you one on compulsion. Be satisfied that you have been amused as a child is by the ticking of a watch, and do not spoil your amusement by asking to have the works pulled to pieces."

Mr. Arthur Wood has four or five very pretty mysteries, if not more. The hero's whole conduct is most mysterious; but, as it was necessary for the interest of the story, no sensible reader would trouble his head in the least about an explanation. Mr. Wood might perhaps object, and with some reason, that no sensible reader would trouble his head about his story, and that silly readers look upon the explanation and the winding up as the greatest treat of all, and, like children at a feast, ask that the nicest morsel should be kept for last. But even they, we should imagine, would be quite satisfied when the disguises were thrown off and each character appeared in his proper form. They would be satisfied with knowing that Joe Boothroyd, the pretended foreman, was in reality Edward Sherwin, the rich man, and they would not trouble Mr. Sherwin for an explanation why he had chosen to pass himself off with his dead father's old partner as a man in need of work. The explanation which is given is so feeble and so absurd that it spoils to a great extent the pleasure that had been given by the various exciting situations into which Sherwin's disguises had led him and the other characters. The story, indeed, soon plunges the reader into an abundance of mysteries. In the first chapter we have, in the midst of the well-known "rich mellow sunlight of a warm evening in July," a stranger "with a heavy moustache and thoughtful eyes," who smokes at least three cigars in nine pages, and wins at the same time the heart of the heroine, Dolly Worsdale. He apparently disappears altogether from the story, though of course the reader knows that it is not for nothing a man has "a certain look of quiet determination in his grey eyes that invested him with an individuality apart from the crowd." Nor, again, was it for nothing that, while in the opening chapter two other characters smoked pipes, this gentleman smoked three cigars. In many novels of the present day the hero is as commonly introduced by the puff of a cigar as in the old plays by a flourish of trumpets. We next learn who Dolly Worsdale was. Her father had, as a poor lad, come to old Mr. Sherwin's mill in search of work. He had been taken in, and in the end had been made a partner. Mr. Sherwin had an only son, Edward, the hero of the story, and one who, in his time, played many parts. The son would not take to business, but generally lived on the Continent, too often frequenting the gaming-tables. One night, when returning from them a large winner, he was nearly murdered and robbed. Besides his money, there were taken from him a portrait of his father, and the last

letter written by the old gentleman, full of good advice to his dissipated son. Just at the time when this attack was made on the son the father died, making a curious enough will for a man of business. While he left "the rest of his handsome fortune to his son," he bequeathed his share in the business to his old partner Matthew Worsdale, expressing at the same time "his hope that his boy would yet return to the usefulness of trade." A father is not very reasonable who hopes that his son will follow him in trade at the very time that he deprives him of all share of the business. The son lived abroad, and was never seen at his old home. His address even was not known, and he could only be communicated with through his London solicitor. Here, then, we have in the second chapter a second mysterious character, not counting the unknown robber who had possessed himself of the portrait and the letter, as will be seen, to some purpose. In the third chapter Mr. Worsdale receives a letter from Edward Sherwin, introducing to him "a young fellow who will probably call on you in quest of employment"; and in the fourth chapter the young fellow, Joe Boothroyd by name, accordingly turns up. Even the most careless reader can at once see that there is a mystery about him, and that he is not the poor workman that he pretends to be.

Meanwhile, Priscilla Worsdale, Dolly's younger sister, goes on a visit to the seaside, and there receives the attentions of a stranger who is more mysterious than ever. He is a Captain Clarence, a gentleman with white hair, but dark brown eyebrows, moustache, and beard. Priscilla's governess, Miss Skimple, has also her mysterious gentleman—a military man who years before, under the promise of an early marriage, had robbed her of all her savings. Item, there was a mysterious man in a large cloak and profusion of dark hair. Item, there was a Colonel Wentworth, who also was mysterious. Item, there was a Major Maismore, who had his mysteries also. Item, there were a mysterious lady and gentleman staying at the country house of Mr. Sherwin's solicitor. As one mysterious character follows another, we feel inclined to call out with Macbeth:—

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.

Before long, Captain Clarence, the gentleman with the white hair and the brown moustache, adds to the confusion by turning up at Mr. Worsdale's house and passing himself off as Edward Sherwin. The reader is not kept in the dark on this point. Though he is not told in so many words, he is allowed by his sagacity to see that Captain Clarence is an impostor. In the end the mysteries get swallowed up one in the other like the slides of a telescope, and it is discovered that the real Edward Sherwin and the man who attempted to murder him have to share all the characters between them. It was Edward Sherwin who made love and smoked the cigars "in a dark and almost shaggy beard and moustache" in the first chapter. It was Edward Sherwin who, "with an open bold face neatly shaved and trimmed," passed himself off as Joe Boothroyd. It was the man with the white hair and the dark moustache, whatever his real name was, who robbed the governess, nearly murdered Edward Sherwin, drugged and robbed Frank Ossett, cheated Tim Worsdale, made love to Priscilla, disguised himself with a profusion of dark hair and the large cloak, and passed himself off as Captain Clarence, Major Maismore, and Colonel Wentworth. He at last got murdered himself, through a mistake, by the second villain of the piece, who, being only a bill-sticker, is not of sufficient social importance to be allowed to be mysterious. When dying at the hospital he is recognized by the poor governess, who, by a coincidence as strange as any in the book, happens to be a chance visitor there at the very time he is brought in. He is allowed to die penitent, though his penitence does not much matter, as without it and the usual death-bed confession the hero and the heroine had been able to get married.

In spite of its gross extravagance, there is yet a certain amount of interest in the story, while two or three of the characters are drawn with considerable cleverness, though scarcely with much originality. It is a pity, however, that the thread of the plot should so often be broken with long pieces of fine writing. Who cares for such threadbare remarks as the following?—

Did it ever occur to you, in a crowded thoroughfare, what varied volumes of biography, adventure, and romance,—what histories of schemes and aspirations; of hope, joy, and disappointment; of wild theories, or miserable longings, are before, behind, and on every side of you, more strange and startling, could we but know the inner life of each, than can be found in any circulating library in the world?

To know that every person we see has a history and an individuality of his own, and like to no one's else; from which, were it fairly written down and dispassionately read, we might learn the strangest stories from the most prosaic exteriors; stories of heroism perhaps, such heroism as belongs to fortitude and patience, under great trouble and privation; tales of ambitious aspirations wretchedly bound in the most threadbare of cloth, &c.

Still more dull are the attempts at humorous writing which seem to be inserted almost at regular intervals throughout the story. We could almost imagine that when the author had finished the book, some injudicious friend to whose perusal it had been submitted had pointed out that it wanted humour, and that humour could be with the greatest ease inserted. At all events, the scenes that are meant to be humorous have so little to do with the plot that happily they can be passed over. We would advise Mr. Wood, when next he writes, to keep to his mysteries:

and to leave humour alone. We all of us have our different gifts. As the Vicar of Wakefield said to his wife, "I do not, my dear, dispute your ability at making goose-pie, and I trust that you will leave argument to me."

MINOR NOTICES.

IT is a good sign in these days that so much loyal care and labour should be given to providing more exact and trustworthy presentations of the works of eminent authors. We had recently to notice a very satisfactory performance of this duty in the case of Coleridge; and we are glad to see that similar attention is being paid to Shelley and Burns. We have already spoken of Mr. Buxton Forman's new edition of Shelley's poetical writings*, the third volume of which is now out. It contains "Adonais," "Hellas," and the "Lines written on hearing the news of the Death of Napoleon," completing the series of the mature works published by the poet during his lifetime; and also a number of pieces not published till after his death. In dealing with the latter, the editor has adopted in each case the most complete version and the best readings he could find, at the same time noting minute variations of interest between different editions, and also any variations shown by collation with the manuscript whenever it was available; and all changes made by the editor himself, however trifling or obviously needful, are specified. Guided by these rules, Mr. Forman has produced the most complete and authentic edition of Shelley which has till now been published. Among other things, he remarks that his study of the poems has convinced him that the epithet "careless" ought not to be applied to the peculiarities and laxities of Shelley's punctuation and other points in composition; for he appears to have taken elaborate pains to redact and punctuate, though occasionally he was led away in the ardour of realizing some idea which struck him at the moment. There are, perhaps, some readers who may be amused by the editor's enthusiasm on these matters, and the earnestness with which he notes the difference between the shape of Shelley's and of Mrs. Shelley's commas, and also Shelley's invariable spelling of the final *ize* with a *z*, which Mrs. Shelley altered to *s*; but it is at least a proof of his genuine interest in his work.

The first volume of a new and handsome edition of the works of Burns†, edited by Mr. W. Scott Douglas, gives promise that a complete and carefully revised collection of the poet's writings, such as has long been wanted, will now be provided. The aim of this edition is to bring together the whole of Burns's poems and correspondence, giving the "text with critical exactness, unabridged, and untampered with, and recording the numerous and interesting variations in his manuscripts and several authorized editions." The poems and lyrics are arranged in strictly chronological order; the date of each composition and the author's age at the time of writing it are given on every page, so that the reader can see at once to what period they belong; and the original form of publication is also stated. Moreover, a considerable number of the author's undoubted productions are now to appear for the first time in a collective form, several of them, it is said, having hitherto been kept private. The prose writings will be similarly arranged, and carefully annotated; and the editor hopes to give a comprehensive view of Burns's life, including "submerged and mystified facts in his brief and eccentric career." The typography of the book is large and clear, with a good margin, and the biographical notes to each piece are well selected and to the point, and not diffuse. A great deal of information bearing on Burns's character and career is thus combined with his writings. The work is illustrated with engravings of the poet's portrait, views of the house where he was born; a map of the district of Ayrshire associated with the poet, as it was at the close of the last century, and facsimiles of his handwriting.

Here is also a new impression of Joseph Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*‡, edited by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt. Ritson, who is described by Lockhart as a "half-crazy," "narrow-minded, sour, and dogmatical little word-catcher," and a "virulent assailant of Bishop Percy's editorial character," did certainly, in the preface to the first edition of the work now reproduced, warn his readers not to expect to find in it either "the interesting fable, or the romantic wildness of a late elegant publication"—this was Percy's—but it would "at least have the recommendation of evident and indisputable authenticity." Whatever may be thought of this attack on the Bishop, there can be no doubt that Ritson had an astonishing store of really valuable learning. His weak point was, as Scott mentions in one of his letters, an inability to combine anything like a narrative, so that his works reminded one of "a heap of rubbish, which had either turned out unfit for the architect's purpose, or beyond his skill to make use of." This is so far true; but, though Ritson's curious collections might, in one sense, be a rubbish heap, they comprised many things of much value, which others were able to turn to better account than himself; and the present work, with all its faults, well deserved to be reprinted,

especially as not only the original edition of 1790, but that of 1829, is now very scarce. Mr. Hazlitt states that it has undergone such changes only as were clearly imperative "in the correction of obvious and material errors, of which the number has proved very considerable, and a few additional notes have been inserted here and there." A useful index and a new glossary have been included in the volume.

The fourth volume of the new edition of Mr. Kinglake's history of the Crimean war* treats of the period from the beginning of the operations against Sebastopol down to the cannonade in the middle of October 1854.

Dr. Blakiston has published a series of lectures on Modern Society† the main object of which, as he states, has been to show "that no lasting improvement in the state of society is likely to be effected that is not based on attention to social as well as religious duties, and that neither of them alone will succeed in imparting to it a rich and harmonious tone." This is rather a large subject, and though the writer's observations on it are sound enough, they are by no means original. The book is, in fact, a mere collection of obvious commonplaces which have long been current and accepted. It is difficult to conceive why any one should think it necessary to inform people that the state of society at any particular period must necessarily be much influenced by the prevalence of various vices, and the performance or neglect of certain duties; that the acquisition of wealth proves a blessing or a curse, a virtue or a vice, according to the circumstances under which it takes place; that there are times when charity calls for something more than the mere bestowal of money; that luxurious extravagance has its origin in self-love and self-indulgence, and engenders a worldly spirit. All this is perfectly understood by every intelligent person, though no doubt it is not always carried out in action. The greater part of Dr. Blakiston's lectures might therefore be taken as read; and when we come to his suggestions for a remedy, they are merely that sort of vague good advice which has no practical value whatever. In one case his cure for extravagant expenditure is to ask people to inquire whether the money they have at command is really their own to do as they like with, and whether every domestic and social obligation is duly provided for. Again, it is suggested that it would be a good thing if there were more sincerity in the world—for instance, in the marriage ceremony, and so on; but this is not a new idea. At the same time, though there is too much of this empty talk, there are also some just remarks on the decline of commercial honesty and the wasteful habits of various classes of the population.

It is eleven years since Mr. R. W. Bians, one of the proprietors of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester, and Art Director since 1852, first published his notes on the manufacture of porcelain, and in the interval, as he says, the taste for collecting this ware has become a passion as well as a fashion. The first edition of the work having been for some time exhausted, another has been called for, and the author has taken the trouble, not only to correct and revise, but to rewrite nearly the whole of it, with the addition of new materials and illustrations. Under the title of *A Century of Pottery*‡ he gives an interesting history of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester from 1751 to 1851, adding a short account of the Celtic, Roman, and mediæval pottery of the country. The manufacture of porcelain at Worcester is a remarkable example of an imported industry, for it could lay no claim to any one element as indigenous to the locality; and there seems to be no doubt that its establishment was due to political influences. The cloth trade of Worcester had sadly declined, and some of the citizens attributed "the cause of the decay in Worcester to the frequent and expensive opposition for the election of members of Parliament." There were contests between the Jacobite and Georgian parties—the former using any means in their power to secure an electoral triumph, while the latter were forced to bestir themselves in order to recover strength in the constituency; and the establishment of porcelain works was projected and supported in the hope that it would be one of the sources from which Worcester would recover its prosperity and distinction as a manufacturing city. Taken altogether, Mr. Bians's volume is interesting not only from an historical point of view, but as a record of the successful development of an important industry.

Mr. Stephens's lectures on Christianity and Islam§ have the merit of being tolerant and impartial in spirit, and giving a fair view of the characteristics of each form of faith. He does justice to Mahomet in opposition to the estimate which, as he says, in a past age, "condemned Mahomet as a kind of malicious fiend, and his religion as a diabolical invention"—a foolish calumny which, indeed, is apparently not obsolete at the present day. He shows that to his own people Mahomet was a great benefactor, who introduced political organization, rational faith, and, on the whole, an improved morality—a regulated polygamy, for instance, being substituted for unrestrained licentiousness, and the practice of destroying female infants effectually abolished; and that, as Islam

* *The Invasion of the Crimea*. By A. W. Kinglake. Sixth Edition. Vol. IV. Blackwood & Sons.

† *Modern Society in its Religious and Social Aspects*. By Peyton Blakiston, M.A., M.D. Macmillan & Co.

‡ *A Century of Pottery in the City of Worcester*. By R. W. Bians. Second Edition. Quaritch.

§ *Christianity and Islam—the Bible and the Koran*. By the Rev. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester. Bentley & Son.

* *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Edited by Harry Buxton Forman. Vol. III. Reeves & Turner.

† *The Works of Robert Burns*. Vol. I. Edinburgh: W. Paterson.

‡ *Ancient Songs and Ballads; from the Reign of King Henry the Second to the Revolution*. Collected by Joseph Ritson, and revised by W. Carew Hazlitt. Reeves & Turner.

gradually extended its power beyond the boundaries of Arabia, many barbarous races participated in these benefits. At the same time he points out that Christianity and Islam are radically diverse in their essential characteristics, and that the difference between them is not of degree, but of kind; and further, that Islamism has ceased to be compatible with modern civilization.

Mrs. Pfeiffer* has undoubtedly, in a certain degree, the true poetical spirit, and has shown in former works that she can write with feeling and graceful expression, in some cases rising into bolder efforts, though at the same time there are traces of loose style and want of discipline. In the present volume she has made a mistake as to the limit of her powers. In briefer and lighter pieces her work is above the ordinary standard; but she only displays her weakness in attempting a more ambitious task. It is evident that she does not possess, or at least has not yet developed, the sustained power and the ability to keep up continuous interest which are necessary in what, to borrow a French phrase, may be called a work of long breath. There are, no doubt, picturesque and beautiful passages in the poem; but the general result is disappointing, because the action flags and the pervading sentiment is monotonous. The title is *Glân-Alarch: his Silence and Song*—Glân-Alarch being the bard

who sings

Beneath the morning cloud which wraps Crag-Eyrie—

but there are certainly times when we should prefer his silence to his song, for the latter is often very wordy and tedious. Indeed he is never silent, for he is singing the chant from beginning to end. The story is laid in a remote period in Wales, at a time when there was a chronic conflict between the Saxons and the natives. There had been an attack by "the brutal Saxon" Ethelfrith on Bangor Abbey and a massacre of the monks, and an appeal is made to Eurién, the young chief of Crag-Eyrie, to lead a band against the invaders. He swears to take his vengeance when the hour is ripe; but, in the meanwhile, he thinks it prudent for the Welsh to bide their time, and not "brave the high spring tide of Saxon wrath." Mona, an Irish girl who had been in a manner adopted by the chief's mother, and was betrothed to him, seizes her harp and sings a passionate entreaty to him not to let Wales fall "like a stronghold that treason assails," but to make a bold stand at once. This is thought to be a disregard of maidenly propriety, and she is so dismayed by the manner in which it is received that she takes to flight. But now another lady, Bronwen, a widow, had set her eyes on Eurién, and thought this a good opportunity of getting rid of Mona; so she followed her to the mountain where she had been traced, and persuaded her to believe that Eurién's love was very tame and patient, telling her:—

Child, he loves you as his hound,
Stroking your head when you have served him well;
Or as his falcon that he blinds with jesses,
That perches—blindly happy—on his wrist;
So are you hood-winked; but I tell you this;
If Eurién loved you in another sort—
Loved you as man loves woman—if his eyes
Grew hungry as he gazed on you, his kisses
Clung to your lips—it would be he, not you,
Who did this yeoman's service.

She also urges that Mona is not of the nature to suit Eurién, and would only distress him by her impetuous spirit, till the poor girl, in despair, resolves to give up the chief, and plunges over the precipice on which she was standing. She was vainly sought for, and mourned as dead; and Eurién, having married Bronwen, sank into selfish ease and indifference, giving up all thought of revenge on the Saxon. He is roused from this apathy, however, by Glân-Alarch's patriotic stimulus; and when the Saxons again cross the border, they are driven back. In the course of the battle Bronwen is burned in a house fired by the enemy; and Mona, proving to be alive, suddenly reappears in order to become Eurién's guardian angel. In shorter compass this might have made an impressive poem; but unfortunately, though it has some telling parts in it, it is too much spun out.

The author of the poem of *Lochlère*† has a deep conviction of the injury which this country has sustained through the deterioration of the old language during the Norman Conquest, so that it became so corrupted and finally torpid that after the thirteenth century the people "found expression for their ideas in Greek words, and in Latin words formed on the French, or Gaulish model, rather than in words the materials of which might have been found by them in their own mother-tongue so richly." The writer wishes to revive, as far as possible, this language—the English of King Alfred's time—which he considers "more copious and richer than that spoken in Italy in the Augustan period." He acknowledges that he is ashamed to write in the degraded language of the present day, "a virtually dead form of English, debased by a living alloy of Latin, which is corrupted by French spelling and pronunciation, whilst this corruption is again corrupted by English spelling and pronunciation." He consoles himself, indeed, with the thought of "the English Bible, the Elizabethan literature, and the blessed ignorance of literature among our poorer classes"; but this barrier, he sees, is giving way, and an earnest effort must be made to strengthen it. This object, he appears to think, might be furthered by the present

work, in which his aim has been to show that "a poem of several thousand lines may, by the use of not many old words, be written in almost pure Saxon." This, however, has been a laborious and delicate task, for he has had to modernize the old English words he has made use of, and even, "in some cases, to use my privilege as a scôp or poet to coin such as were wanting." We cannot go into the subject of the poem, which is to exhibit a man's state of mind while "he is undergoing that change of heart to God which goes by the name of conversion"; but as an example of the writer's style we may give the following lines:—

Fly, scôpeoð! fly then, on thought's wide wing;
Fly, scôpeoð! fly to the echo's spring.

Hlist! air is hlistig, while it roars:
For yond that roar up upward soars,
Still followed by its eager hlist,
A stefen clear, although so hwist,
A stefen hwist, and yet so clear,
So hwist, so clear, so full, so near,
That louder seems it thien the blast.

Mr. Allingham's new volume of *Songs, Ballads, and Stories** contains a number of pieces now first collected, and others which have been revised and re-arranged; and makes a book into which the reader will find it pleasant to dip, picking out here and there something to his taste. It may be thought, however, that the collection would have been better for compression. Mr. Allingham has evidently a facile command of rhythm and rhyme; but his fluency is apt to run away with him, and his more substantial creations are swamped by a superabundance of slight and trivial verses which in fact are little more than a flux of words. Indeed this is the prevalent fault of Mr. Allingham's style, which, though in its way pretty and graceful, is deficient in originality of idea and intellectual grasp, and produces the impression that he writes too easily to secure concentration of thought. It may be admitted, however, that there are one or two pieces in the volume of a higher grade, such as "A Dream" beginning—

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night,
I went to the window to see the sight;
All the dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two—

the "Music Master," and "Mervanuee."

Although Mr. Glanville's *Guide to South Africa*† was written previously to the announcement of the new policy in regard to that region which has just been adopted, it has a special interest at the present moment, as affording a view of the general condition of the various States and of the grounds for the step which has been taken, and which is anticipated by the writer as a future result.

A "Devonshire Justice of the Peace" has compiled a useful and convenient handy-book of the law relating to the duties of his class‡, which he modestly offers, more as a preface to such treatises as those of Oke and Stone, and other legal works, than as a substitute. It may be presumed that there are not a few justices who, at any rate on their first appointment, must be puzzled with the A B C of the law, and here is a plain, practical help for them.

It may be remembered how Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell once sat down for a bit of fun to write a play between them, with Robespierre§ for hero, and how the scheme broke down. Mr. R. H. Patterson, who is known as a successful writer in other branches of literature, has now also tried his hand at a play on this subject; but it cannot be said that he has succeeded, for his work is wanting both in poetical feeling and dramatic animation, and is, indeed, a very prosaic narrative. There is a preface, however, which is worth reading, on the new phase of the drama which has been produced by altered conditions of stage representation and altered tastes. He points out that, as scenery has become more elaborate, simplicity has become necessary in the number of scenes, there being usually but one scene to an act; and thus there has been, in a sense, a revival of the unities of time and place; but he does not think that novelty of story and dramatic surprises can be satisfactorily combined with realistic scenery. He is hopeful, however, as to the future of the poetic drama; and holds that, when the mind is excited and elevated by lofty emotions, speech rises naturally into rhythmic prose, and then into the cadences of blank verse, or into rhythm capped with rhyme. It may be doubted, however, whether rhymed verse is in general suitable for the English stage, though it is used to some extent, and very effectively, by Shakespeare. Still more doubtful is the employment of music, which he recommends, in connexion with highly poetic dialogue and rhymed verse. The difficulty of this is that theatrical elocution, which ought at least to be articulate and clearly heard, is apt to be drowned by the music in a large building.

Mr. Crump has enlarged his work on the origin and uses of banks||, and brought the information down to the latest date. He suggests that what the money market most requires at the present

* *Songs, Ballads, and Stories*. By William Allingham. Bell & Sons.

† *Glanville's Guide to South Africa*. Fourth Edition. Richards, Glanville & Co.

‡ *A Handy-Book for Justices of the Peace*. By a Devonshire Justice. Reeves & Turner.

§ *Robespierre: a Lyrical Drama*. By R. H. Patterson. Blackwood & Sons.

|| *The English Manual of Banking*. By Arthur Crump. Second Edition. Longmans & Co.

* *Glân-Alarch: his Silence and Song*. By Emily Pfeiffer. Henry S. King & Co.

† *Lochlère: a Poem*. Longmans & Co.

moment is a representative government—that is to say, that the body of capitalists should be protected against cheats and swindlers escaping the natural penalties of their conduct through the convenient avenues of the Bankruptcy Court, or that still more wide and easy opening, “liquidation by arrangement,” by “some sort of council of bankers to frustrate the designs of such underminers as Collie.”

Mr. Leone Levi's lectures to working-men in King's College, London, on *Work and Pay**, give, in the main, a dispassionate account of the relations between employers and their men, and also a good deal of interesting information as to division of labour, the use of capital in industry, the budget and savings of the working population, and similar topics.

One result of the present war will apparently be a great extension of geographical knowledge in regard to the regions affected by it. There is already quite a shower of maps, and many places never before heard of will now become familiar names, and perhaps obtain a place in history. The principal map-makers have published sheets of different kinds giving all the information required; so that there is an abundant supply. Mr. Stanford has brought out a large map on the scale of fifty English miles to one inch, containing Turkey in Europe and her tributary States, Greece, and such parts of Russia, Austria, Turkey in Asia, and Persia as are immediately connected with the settlement of the Eastern question, thus representing the whole theatre of the war. He has also issued some smaller and more handy maps—one giving the general area of the war; another, Turkey in Europe; a third, Turkey in Asia, with parts of Persia, the Caspian Sea, and the Caucasian Mountains; and a fourth, by Jankowsky, in which the physical features of the seat of war are pictorially represented. Another very instructive map by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, which is published by the same house, is that showing the acquisitions of Russia in Europe and Central Asia from the accession of Peter I. to 1876. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have produced a series of excellent maps, including a war map of Turkey in Europe, with the latest divisions and railways; a political map to illustrate the Eastern question, showing the limits of all the countries bordering on Turkey, and extending from the Baltic on the North to Egypt on the South, Trieste on the West, and the Caucasus on the East; and a war map of Turkey in Asia and Transcaucasia, and the sites of recent engagements. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons have prepared a general map showing the entire Turko-Russian frontier in Europe and Asia with clearness and detail. Further, Messrs. Bacon and Co. offer a series of maps illustrating different aspects of the subject, such as a large-scale military map of Turkey; a map of Turkey and Greece; a large print map of the seat of war; panoramic views of the seat of war, and of the whole country from the Mediterranean to St. Petersburg; a map of Southern Russia, the Caucasus, Black Sea, Asia Minor, &c., from Servia to the Caspian Sea, and showing every fortified town; a large-scale military map of the Caucasus; and an ethnographical map of Europe in which the distribution of races is shown at a glance by coloured divisions. We have also received Handke's general map of the Black Sea, with special plans of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the passes of the Balkan, harbours of Sebastopol, &c., a marvel of artistic minuteness and distinctness, and apparently the most complete map of the kind; and also his series of special maps of European Turkey, which are equally clear and good.

In the Annual Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy† for 1868, it is remarked that in the legislation on this subject, as on others in this country, defects from time to time become apparent, and there has sprung up such a series of legal provisions that the number of enactments creates great confusion, especially when the practice of referring in later statutes to earlier ones is taken into account. There can be no doubt that the whole law on this subject ought to be carefully consolidated; and as this still remains to be done, Mr. Fry has rendered a useful service in, as far as possible, putting those loose, fragmentary laws together in a connected and intelligible form.

Dr. Williams, the physician of the Brompton Consumption Hospital, in a little treatise on the influence of climate in the prevention and treatment of consumption‡, advises patients who can take a fair amount of exercise without irritation, and have a good appetite, with a diminishing cough, to remain at home; and those who have the disease in an advanced state ought also to do so, because such a change will not yield a sufficient return for the alteration of food, and habits, and the risk of the journey. In some cases a sea voyage does good, but it is a trying experiment. As a rule, dry climates are most likely to arrest the disease, a cold climate being preferable if the patient can bear it; and elevation is of great importance, mountain air being beneficial both on account of its purity and its low barometric pressure and atmospheric rarefaction. But here comes in the question of suitable accommodation. The lesson implied is that climate is only one element in the system of cure.

Mr. Webster has brought together, partly from certain French works, and partly from his own researches, a number of legends §

which are current among the Basque peasants as a contribution to the science of comparative mythology. The writer explains that he was attracted to this subject by the fact of the Basques being a very marked and isolated people, with a language which is peculiarly their own, and is still practically unwritten, and the chance which he thought he saw of discovering legends in a purer and older form than among any other European race. He has found, however, that these legends are in a very loose and confused state, as they are told by ignorant peasants who mix up old and new ideas, and vary or interlard the traditional stories with touches of their own. Thus all that can be got is modernized versions of old legends, few of which seem to be genuinely or exclusively Basque.

The value of Mr. Liszt's *Life of Chopin** as a descriptive work is greatly diminished by the strain of flighty sentimentalism in which it is written. We certainly have it explained to us that Chopin's “best works abound in combinations which form an epoch in the handling of style”; that “his creative genius, imperious, fantastic, and impulsive, was manifested fully only in entire freedom”; that it is to him we owe “the extension of chords, struck together in *arpeggio* or *en batterie*,” remarkable for their “chromatic sinuosities” and “the little groups of superadded notes falling like light drops of pearly dew upon the melodic figure.” But, after all, those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of Chopin's music would derive only a very vague idea of it from any mere verbal description; and the account of Chopin's character and career is couched in language which, like a cloud of incense, obscures and mystifies the object of admiration. A good deal of space is given to an account of Chopin's music for the *polonaise*, a dance which is supposed to embody the traditional feelings of Poland, and seems to be in its native form very lively and picturesque. Then the writer goes off into a rhapsody about the Polish women, whose movements in this dance have, as we are told, a magic and intoxicating charm. There is also much discussion of the temperament of genius and its inherent melancholy, and we have some glimpses of the master in society. But as a biography the book lacks detail. We gather, indeed, that Chopin was born in 1810 at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw; showed a strong taste for music at nine years old; received a finished education through the liberality of Prince Radziwill; and made his first appearance at Vienna and Munich in 1831, but afterwards, conscious of how much was necessary for the comprehension of his peculiar talent, he played but rarely in public, and gave no concerts except at Paris, where he spent a number of years. “A gnawing feeling of discontent,” we are told, “of which he himself scarcely comprehended the cause, secretly undermined him.” Then there is a mysterious statement that “the tempest which in one of its sudden gusts tore Chopin from his native soil, like a bird, dreamy and abstracted,” “sundered the ties of his first love, and robbed the exile of a faithful and devoted wife, as well as disinherited him of a country.” She remained devoted to him, but somehow the pair never seem to have come together again. He was also much attracted to George Sand, and used to stay with her at Nohant, till a rupture took place. Although of an affectionate nature, Chopin was passionate and eccentric in his conduct. From about 1840 his health began visibly to decline; in 1847 it was very precarious, but he lingered on till October 1849.

* *Life of Chopin*. By Franz Liszt. Translated from the French by M. Walker Cook. W. Reeves.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Work and Pay*: Two Courses of Lectures delivered to Working-Men. By Leone Levi. Strahan & Co.

† *The Lunacy Acts*: with an Introductory Commentary and Notes. By B. P. Fry. Second Edition. Knight & Co.

‡ *The Influence of Climate on Consumption*. By C. T. Williams, M.D. Smith, Elder, & Co.

§ *Basque Legends*. Collected by Rev. Wentworth Webster. Griffith & Farran.

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THE DEBATE.

THE majority of the Government has been unexpectedly large; but in some respects, and especially against his former colleagues, Mr. GLADSTONE has obtained a considerable success. Almost every Opposition speaker, including Lord HARTINGTON himself, expressed a retrospective approval of the policy of coercion. It was of course reasonable to contend that the opportunity of using force was gone by since the outbreak of war; but Mr. GLADSTONE professes to believe that a concert for the joint coercion of Turkey may still be established among the European Powers. At the moderate cost of withdrawing, after the division, the Resolutions which formed the chief subject-matter of the previous debate, Mr. GLADSTONE has proved to the hesitating dissidents among his former followers that he can, whenever he thinks it necessary, determine in great measure the policy of the Opposition. The enthusiasm of the Liberal Clubs in provincial towns is entirely reserved for Mr. GLADSTONE, although Parliamentary members of the party may openly or silently prefer a more cautious leader. Mr. GLADSTONE will perhaps also take credit to himself for the moderate policy and prudent language which he may, on plausible grounds, believe himself to have imposed on the Government. In recognizing the partial adoption of his own views by Mr. CROSS or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Mr. GLADSTONE can always taunt the Government with the supposed divisions within its own body. Lord DERBY is sometimes assigned to one section of the Cabinet, or, if it suits the purpose of Liberal speakers, to the other. Mr. GLADSTONE contrasted his language with that of Sir H. ELLIOT; but he added that the opinions of the AMBASSADOR seem ultimately to have prevailed. To the great disappointment of eager opponents, Lord BEACONSFIELD has now for many months maintained an absolute silence on the Eastern question. Some speakers were consequently driven to criticize his almost forgotten speeches at Aylesbury and the Guildhall. There is no reason to doubt that the head of the Government concurs with his colleagues in the neutral policy which they could scarcely have announced without his assent.

The silent Ministerial members may reasonably complain of over-curious observation of their demeanour or of the comparative applause which they bestowed on different speakers. Mr. CHILDERS professed to have watched the faces of the majority during Mr. CROSS's speech, and to have ascertained by their looks that they were dissatisfied with the careful abstinence of the Minister from appeals to national prejudice. Mr. FAWCETT pursued the same line of personal criticism in the contrast which he drew between the reception of Sir ROBERT PEEL's forcible declamation and the calmness which was not disturbed by Ministerial declarations of neutrality. Experienced members of Parliament might be expected to remember that it is not the tendency of temperate expositions of policy to produce the excitement which attends an eloquent, though perhaps injudicious, denunciation of Russia. The avowed partisans of Turkey in the House are few in number, but they probably possess loud voices; and they are naturally stirred by a spirited exposition of their own feelings and wishes. The large majority which supported Sir H. D. WOLFF's amendment for the most part approved the cool definitions of Mr. CROSS and not the invectives of Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is not improbable that one half of the minority may have held almost exactly the same opinions. Mr. FORSTER and Mr.

GOSCHEN, though they had no difficulty in justifying their votes for Mr. GLADSTONE, showed no disposition to adopt his extreme views. Mr. FORSTER candidly admitted that, if Lord DERBY had not done well, he greatly doubted whether any other Foreign Minister would have done better. It is not as easy for a Foreign Secretary as for a member of Opposition to reverse in a few months the political system which had for some generations been maintained by both parties down to the day of the insurrection in Herzegovina. The Ministers have, after a reasonable interval, executed the evolution which ought to have satisfied their opponents.

The debate was, on the whole, of a high order. Mr. GLADSTONE's brilliant oration would alone have relieved it from the charge of mediocrity; and Mr. CROSS's statement had the gravity and significance of an important State paper. Next to Mr. GLADSTONE's, Sir ROBERT PEEL's speech was perhaps the most eloquent, though it contained no useful guidance for the House or the country. Lord ELCHO spoke on the same side with considerable effect, produced by the clear expression of strong convictions. Mr. BRUCE, to whom it is perhaps, in the eyes of zealous partisans, a drawback that he knows Turkey well, was at the same time moderate and instructive. On the whole, the Government and its supporters were scarcely a match in debate for the Opposition. The Ministers, prudently unwilling to disturb the impression which had been produced by Mr. CROSS, took little part afterwards in the debate. Lord JOHN MANNERS, by an odd coincidence, defended the policy of the Government at the same time at which the Duke of Rutland was assuring the House of Lords, on the authority of a Correspondent of the *Daily News*, that Lord DERBY's answer to Prince GORTCHAKOFF had produced consternation at all neutral Courts. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, by virtue of his position, was compelled to speak at the close of the debate; but he thought it prudent to deal with incidental questions which had arisen in the course of the discussion, and to leave as little opening as possible for Mr. GLADSTONE's impending reply. Mr. HARDY, perhaps not unwisely, declined to take part in a debate which might have given him occasion to assume the appearance of dissent from some of his colleagues. Some of the younger members of the Government were substituted for their official superiors. Lord SANDON made an animated attack on Mr. GLADSTONE; and Mr. BOURKE delivered a speech in mitigation of Turkish perversity which was naturally censured by the Opposition. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Lord HARTINGTON were perhaps on the whole superior to the champions who had been selected by the Government. They all possessed and felt the advantage of comparative irresponsibility. They had vindicated their sound judgment by refusing to vote for Mr. GLADSTONE's original Resolutions; and, when he modified his plan of action, they were at liberty to defend in their speeches proposals which would never have been sanctioned by their votes. Of all the members of the former Cabinet, Lord HARTINGTON was, with the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, most hostile to the Ministers.

The debate would perhaps have been still more animated if the issues which were raised had not been already obsolete. Diplomacy has done its work, well or ill, and no protocols or memorandums will affect the fortune of the war. When the SULTAN first addressed his new Parliament he stated that he had been unwillingly compelled to call 700,000 men to arms. If he could dispose of two-thirds

of that number of regular soldiers, he might carry on a defensive campaign with fair prospects of success. Unfortunately for the Turks, the enemy are both in Europe and Asia greatly superior in numbers, and they have probably the advantage of better organization and of abler generals. The Russians have no difficulty in securing a passage of the Danube by taking advantage of their superior numbers to threaten the enemy at different points. It is expected that when they have reached the right bank they will content themselves with masking the fortresses, and advance at once to the Balkans. An active and skilful general might perhaps in such a case interrupt or threaten their communications, but none of the Turkish general officers have any considerable reputation for military ability. The events of the simultaneous campaign in Asia are as yet imperfectly known. The Russian generals have reported to their Government several alleged successes in trifling skirmishes; and the Turks on their part have accomplished or imagined a not inconsiderable victory in the neighbourhood of Kars. It seems probable that the Russians may have incurred a check in the neighbourhood of Batoum; and it is reported from Constantinople that the Turks have successfully bombarded the fortifications of Soukoun-Kaleh, and, with the assistance of the native population, driven out the Russians. The main object of the Russians is probably to take Erzeroum, which is not sufficiently fortified to offer serious resistance. Only military critics will be able to judge of the prospects of the war either in Europe or Asia, if the campaign should be prolonged or doubtful. For the present it may be assumed that a great superiority of force will insure the success of the Russian armies, in spite of occasional checks. Even the slow progress of the army through Roumania indicates a deliberate purpose.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE French Left are now reaping the harvest which they sowed when they forced M. DUFFAURE to give place to M. JULES SIMON. In so doing they were acting well within their constitutional rights, and they had not learnt that a political party may keep within its rights and yet go beyond all bounds of prudence. The Left showed praiseworthy caution in the late Assembly, because they were not exposed to the temptation of finding themselves in a large majority. But their successes in the elections turned their heads. They thought that the Republic had come safely through its trials, and that nothing was now left them but to enjoy the fruits of victory. It was plain that under M. DUFFAURE this enjoyment would only be vouchsafed in a very moderate measure. M. DUFFAURE's devotion to the Republic was of a type which the Radical Left thought scarcely better than the devotion of Marshal MACMAHON's earlier advisers to Monarchy. What is the good of having a majority if you may not do what you like with it? When the Conservatives came into power in this country, there were doubtless many secret heartburnings at the paltry use they made of their opportunity. But the English Conservatives did at any rate see their leaders in office; whereas the French Left had not even this consolation. They commanded the votes of two-thirds of the deputies, and all the benefit they got from it was the substitution of M. DUFFAURE for M. BUFFET. Yet, as we pointed out at the time, this irritation, though exceedingly natural, was also exceedingly imprudent. M. DUFFAURE had been frankly and heartily accepted by the MARSHAL, and so long as he remained Prime Minister the Republic was perfectly safe. M. DUFFAURE might be intensely Conservative; but at all events his Conservatism was of that genuine kind which aims at retaining and making the best of existing institutions. The Ministers who had preceded him since the fall of M. THIERS had all been suspected of secretly plotting against the Republic of which they were professedly the servants. No such charge could be brought against M. DUFFAURE; and with this honest acceptance of the Republic he combined the inestimable advantage of not being enough of a Republican to make the MARSHAL uneasy. The true policy of the Left would have been to rest content with M. DUFFAURE until such time as the MARSHAL either laid down his authority or became more disposed to regard himself in the light of a Constitutional President.

The Left preferred to have a Minister of their own choosing, and the MARSHAL went the length of accepting M. JULES SIMON. Unfortunately for France, the un-

wisdom which had prompted them to quarrel with M. DUFFAURE prompted them to demand more from M. SIMON than, with Marshal MACMAHON as President, it was possible for a Minister to give and yet remain Minister. M. SIMON would have had a sufficiently difficult part to play if his party had been perfectly manageable; but when, instead of this, they showed themselves determined on every possible occasion to take their own course, and to leave the Minister no alternative but either to follow or be left in a minority, the part, from being difficult, became impossible. M. SIMON probably went further than the MARSHAL liked in his first speech to M. LEBLOND's interpellation; but when, twenty-four hours later, he accepted what amounted to a vote of censure, and publicly promised to amend his ways and do better, the MARSHAL's patience ran out. The same motives which led him to send the curious message that the PRESIDENT would resolutely repress Ultramontane demonstrations would equally lead him to avoid putting his breach with M. SIMON on the true ground. Avowed sympathy with Ultramontanism means danger abroad, and the MARSHAL is too good a Frenchman to provoke this, if it can be avoided. Accordingly the MARSHAL set to work to invent a reason for dismissing M. SIMON which should have no apparent connexion with the ecclesiastical debate. He found one in the circumstance that M. SIMON had not opposed the repeal of certain clauses of the Press-law passed two years ago. It is probable that M. SIMON, who does not despise the art of being all things to all men, had spoken more strongly against the repeal in his interviews with the MARSHAL than he thought it prudent to do in the Chamber of Deputies. This may have armed the MARSHAL with the telling inquiry whether the head of the Cabinet retained the influence over the Chamber which is necessary to make his own views prevail. From the moment that this question was asked there could be no doubt as to M. SIMON's course. It would have been useless for him to assure the MARSHAL that he did possess sufficient influence over the Chamber to ensure the adoption of his views, for on the first occasion on which this assurance had been tested it would have been disproved. M. SIMON's views prevail in the Chamber when, and only when, they are in accordance with M. GAMBETTA's views. The Left have taken care to make this fact perfectly plain to the most careless observers, and it has no doubt been again and again impressed on the MARSHAL by those personal friends whose advice is supposed to have more weight with him than that of his acknowledged Ministers. M. SIMON answered the MARSHAL's letter by an offer of resignation, which was at once accepted, and for twenty-four hours Paris was given up to speculations as to M. SIMON's successor.

For a time it was thought that the MARSHAL's blow might only have been aimed at M. SIMON, or that at least he would be content with a genuinely Republican Minister, provided that he were unmistakably a Conservative. The President of the Senate would have answered to this description; but it is improbable that so prudent a personage as the Duke of AUDIFRETT-PASQUIER would have consented to take office in direct opposition to a Parliamentary majority. If any man was to do this, it must be a politician who, having accepted the fact that his views were not in accordance with those of the Chamber of Deputies, would be willing to set to work to create a Chamber of Deputies in accordance with his views. Under these circumstances there was really but one man who could fill M. SIMON's place. Whether the Duke of BROGLIE was or was not included in the new Cabinet, or whether, being included in it, he did or did not take the post of First Minister, he must equally be the inspiring and informing spirit of every possible combination. He is the acknowledged chief of what may be called the Opportunist Right—of the Right, that is to say, which aims at uniting Legitimists, Orleansists, and Bonapartists in a common opposition to the Republic, and is willing to leave to the future the decision which of these parties shall profit by victory. It is upon this coalition that the MARSHAL is now thrown back, and the first condition of enjoying its confidence is willingness to govern the Republic in the interest of some form of Monarchy. The Duke of AUDIFRETT-PASQUIER would be no more acceptable to the coalition than M. SIMON himself; and if the Duke of BROGLIE is to be Minister in fact, it is better that he should be a Minister in name.

M. GAMBETTA's speech forebadows the nature of the opposition which the Chamber of Deputies will offer to

the new Cabinet. He was wisely /refal to dissociate the MARSHAL from his advisers. His references to the PRESIDENT of the Republic were throughout respectful, and even complimentary. All his condemnation was reserved for the mischievous advisers who had unfortunately got possession of him. The Chamber did not separate until it had passed an order of the day by which its confidence is denied beforehand to any Cabinet which is not free in its action, and resolved to govern according to Republican principles. As neither of these qualifications will be forthcoming in M. DE BROGLIE's Cabinet, an occasion of placing it in a minority will be used as soon as it presents itself. It is believed that the Cabinet will postpone this inevitable defeat by an adjournment for a month, and that the interval will be spent in thoroughly purging the Administration of the Republican leaven which has been introduced into it since M. BUFFET's retirement. Prefects will once more be chosen for their devotion to moral order, and their detestation of the Republic in whose name their commissions will run. When the machinery for managing the elections has thus been provided, the Cabinet will meet the Chamber, will accept its censure with a light heart, and will try the experiment of a dissolution. Why the Duke of BROGLIE should expect this experiment to have a different issue under himself from that which it had under M. BUFFET is not clear. M. BUFFET was not sensitive about the nature of the methods employed on behalf of the Government; and the electors who were then determined to return a Republican majority will probably be equally determined to return one now. The genuine supporters of the coalition are no more numerous in the country than they are in the Chamber; and the moderate Conservatives are not likely to rally round an Administration which they will distrust for its supposed monarchical leanings as much as they distrusted the late Administration for its supposed Radical leanings.

GERMAN PARTIES.

AN article in the *Fortnightly Review* discusses and explains the present composition, aims, and prospects of the parties which make up the German Parliament. The author brings to his task much local knowledge and a long acquaintance with the persons and classes he is describing. There is, therefore, much to be learnt from his essay; but it would be more valuable if it showed the power of grasping the subject as a whole, and if one could gather from it that the critic has some definite principles of criticism. It is an expression of that pessimism which so often characterizes the studies of Englishmen on a foreign country in which they happen to reside. Nothing goes on exactly as they would wish, and foreigners will not behave as if they were all living in London. With the writer in the *Fortnightly* everything in Germany is going on as badly as possible. The parties are absurd, the men who lead them are foolish, the Empire is a mistake, German unity is a delusion, Prince BISMARCK is arrogant and shortsighted. On one party alone he looks with kindly and indulgent eyes. He cannot say too much in praise of the Ultramontanes, with their admirable Parliamentary tactics, or of their leader, Herr WINDTHORST, "the little deformed man, with the lips of a negro slave, but the tongue of a CATO or a TALLEYRAND." They and he really are clever people, who know what they mean and how they mean to get it. They have found out that the dogma of infallibility and the Syllabus are not to be taken literally. They understand that the Church cannot rule the world, and so they have political, not ecclesiastical, aspirations. They aim at something practical, and aim at it in a very practical way—the way, namely, of Parliamentary tactics, and of forming a compact little group which joins this or that section with indifference, so that some progress can be made towards the great end which they are labouring to reach. When we ask what this great practical end is, we find that it is the ruin of the German Empire and the dissolution of the German union. This, if might have been imagined, is exactly what Prince BISMARCK has always said of them. But then whatever Prince BISMARCK says or does must be wrong. Great fault is found with those who adopt the language of Prince BISMARCK in the German press, and say that the Ultramontanes, like the Socialists, are the enemies of the State. This the writer in the *Fortnightly* considers a fallacious mode of putting things. The Socialists really are enemies of any State at all like

the States known to Europe; but the Ultramontanes do not in the least object to a State; they only want it to be one with which they can work in harmony. It seems hardly worth the trouble of living in Germany and studying German parties to have arrived at the conclusion that in this sense the German Ultramontanes are not the enemies of the State. No one in or out of Germany ever dreamt that they were. No one could possibly suppose that the German Ultramontanes would not be perfectly satisfied if they could get a Germany composed of small States resembling Parma, Modena, and Naples. What they make war on is the State as now established in Germany. With an Ultramontane majority in the German Parliament German union would not be worth a week's purchase. The Ultramontanes do not indeed hope for a majority as things are now in Germany; but they hope by skilful management to make the working of the machinery of the present German State impossible. If they cannot crush it, they may hope to spoil it; and why Prince BISMARCK, who invented this machinery, and would like to see it going on in full play, should not point out the aims of those whose wishes and efforts are centred in a direction precisely opposite to his own, and should not explain to his countrymen that they cannot at once support German unity and triumphant Ultramontanism, it is very difficult to conceive.

The author draws attention to one striking point of contrast between France and Germany. In France probably even a greater bitterness of feeling divides parties than in Germany. Nothing can exceed the hatred of a Republican towards a Bonapartist, or the hatred of a Bonapartist towards a Republican. The Clericals think the Extreme Left a crew of raving sinners; the Extreme Left denounces the Clericals as the enemies of mankind. But all parties contemplate France as an undivided whole, which, if possible, they are to get into their power. In Germany half of the Parliamentary parties wish, not to control the country, but to break it up. It is the existence of the order of things under which they live that is the object of their attack. The Ultramontanes, the Socialists, the Poles, and the little fractions of Danes and Alsations wish either to sever all connexion with Germany, or to transform it. It is as if an English Ministry were confronted by four sets of Home Rulers. The other four Parliamentary parties wish to uphold Germany as it is at present constituted, although they vary in their views as to what is to be done with Germany if it be kept in existence. There are the old Conservatives, who represent chiefly the landed proprietors of Prussia, and who would like to see all Germany governed on the ancient Prussian pattern. They may not have any great affection for the Empire, for it is a newfangled and perhaps dangerous institution. But still the King of PRUSSIA is its head, and if Prussia could but return to the type it presented in the last century, and domineer over all Germany as much as could be wished, things might be very comfortable even with an Empire and an Imperial Parliament. Then there is the official Conservative party, which has to please the Court and exhibits that shade of Conservatism which finds favour in high quarters. This party is numerically small; but its members enjoy for the most part some kind of prominent position, and its especial function is to supply Ministers to work under Prince BISMARCK, and to serve him or thwart him as seems most convenient and profitable. Lastly, there are the two great Liberal parties—the party of Progress, which loves Germany and the Empire and the union, but longs to see the new institutions turned to some more effective purpose than has hitherto been accomplished; and the National Liberal party, which is simply and purely Bismarckian. Its liberal aspirations are tempered by gratitude to Prince BISMARCK for having created Germany, and by a constant apprehension that, unless Prince BISMARCK has his own way in everything, he will get angry, and then his creation will fall to pieces. This party has been the instrument by which Prince BISMARCK has hitherto ruled. But the recent elections showed that it had lost ground. The author of the *Fortnightly* article inveighs in the severest terms against its servility and its want of courage; and it cannot be denied that it has made sacrifice after sacrifice to please its imperious leader, and that it manifests an absence of healthy confidence in itself and its country when it is found ready to proclaim on all occasions that without BISMARCK all is lost.

A wave of reaction has swept over Germany as over

many other countries in Europe, and the Empire has now to encounter greater trials and dangers than have hitherto threatened it. The voice of little men is heard, and the stir of little interest is felt, when great things have been accomplished and the enthusiasm they have awakened grows faint. These symptoms of dissatisfaction in Germany are not to be despised. The author tells a curious and significant story as to this dissatisfaction. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR was declaiming against the Socialists and their ignorant dupes, when Herr WINDHORST rose and said that the Minister appeared to be labouring under some misapprehension as to the character of the supporters of the Socialist candidates, as he himself had watched the proceedings at the election, and could state, on the witness of his own eyes, that a large proportion of the supporters of the Socialists had been men with the dress and look of gentlemen, who had taken this means of showing their strong personal dislike of the order of things they found established. And while the enemies of the Government are certainly not to be conciliated, its friends are very much divided; for the old Conservatives and the party of Progress pull in precisely opposite directions, and the official Conservatives get all the sweets of office, which the National Liberals work in such a painful way to secure to them. But the author probably underrates the strength and security of the Empire. He acknowledges that the bulk of the educated classes and the majority of the people are firmly attached to it; that there is much honest pride in what has been accomplished; and that the mere thought of disruption is grievous to patriotic Germans. But he seems to think that no one besides Prince BISMARCK and the National Liberals has contributed to this result. This is scarcely fair. Others have at least acquiesced in it and done something to promote it. The EMPEROR, more especially, has won many victories over himself, over his scruples, his prepossessions, and his fears, during the long process by which he has been gradually taught what it really means to be Emperor of GERMANY. The minor States have also yielded much and agreed to much that must have been distasteful to them, in order that Germany might be united. Little bursts of jealousy, and a wish to show that some real power is still left them, must not be misinterpreted into a desire to upset the great work in which they have taken part. On the other hand, the opposition to which the Empire is now exposed affords some justification for the resolution of Prince BISMARCK not to go too fast and too far in the way of Liberalism, and for the readiness of the National Liberals to follow him in the path of caution. The EMPEROR, the Prussian aristocracy, the rulers and Ministers of the little States, the army, the military position of Germany, had all to be taken into constant account; and it is in a great measure because Prince BISMARCK did constantly take them into account, and the National Liberals, although with sore hearts and many murmurs, trusted him and recognized the necessity of his taking them into account, that the reaction is not more powerful and more bitter than it is now. The struggle is by no means over, but, on the contrary, may become more intense; yet it does not follow that reaction will win in the long run, and there does not as yet appear to be any solid reason why Germans should despair of Germany.

MR. BRIGHT AT EXETER HALL.

MR. BRIGHT's speech at Exeter Hall must have seemed conclusive to his audience, and especially to the farm-labourers who had been brought to London to attend the meeting. In accordance with his uniform practice, Mr. BRIGHT summed up modern English history as a record of progress uniformly coincident with the extension of democratic power. The early part of the century was occupied by unjust and costly wars promoted by a selfish oligarchy, who also imposed vexatious restrictions on the press, on the right of meeting, and on personal liberty. To themselves and to the world at large Englishmen of sixty years ago seemed to be the freest of mankind; and the long and eventually successful struggle against the military despotism of NAPOLEON was regarded as the most glorious among the national recollections; but the labourers who met at Exeter Hall will accept Mr. BRIGHT's doctrines, and they will never hear the other side of the question. In due time came the Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Corn-laws, and at last the establishment of household suffrage in

boroughs and of vote by ballot. Mr. BRIGHT is not mistaken in his conviction that he belongs, and has always belonged, to the winning or stronger party. His sanguine hope of the admission of county householders to the suffrage is combined with a slight feeling of regret that the demand is not at present supported by an exhibition of physical force. Mr. BRIGHT may claim the credit of having first proposed the mob meetings on behalf of reform of which the most conspicuous exploit was the demolition of the railings in Hyde Park. A much larger meeting at Birmingham had less effect in alarming the Conservative party, because it is only in London that mobs can attempt directly to intimidate Parliament. As Mr. BRIGHT admits it is less easy to assemble great multitudes in thinly-peopled country districts; but he suggests that the boroughs may in this respect come to the help of the counties, and reproduce the crowded meetings of 1866. If such gatherings can be organized, there will be no difficulty in finding plausible arguments for an equalization of the franchise. Even if discussion were permitted on such occasions, the reasons of the opponents of the measure would not meet with popular acceptance.

If the right of voting were a personal pleasure or privilege, the most obstinate Conservative would not refuse to farm-labourers a gratification which is enjoyed by workmen who happen to live in boroughs; nor is there any weighty reason against electoral uniformity except that it would place all political power, even more than at present, in the hands of a single class. The speakers at the Exeter Hall meeting complacently enumerated the supposed abuses which are to be suppressed when the farm-labourers assume their share in legislation and government. The Game-laws are of course to be abolished, and it may be added that care will be taken to prevent the institution of an effective law of trespass. The distribution of landed property is in some unexplained manner to be readjusted, so that a future Mr. BRIGHT will not be able to elicit cries of "Shame!" when he shows that the bulk of landed property in England is possessed by a small minority of the population. Other speakers boasted that the labourers would also control the foreign policy of the Government, by preventing wicked Ministers from plunging the country into an immoral and disastrous war. As the object is already accomplished, it seems unnecessary to remodel the constituencies in consequence of the Bulgarian atrocities; but it is substantially true that the revival of democratic excitement is closely connected with the anti-Turkish agitation. Those who consider that uninstructed sentiment has already exercised at least sufficient influence on national policy will bear with patience the adjournment of the happy time when public affairs will be still more entirely withdrawn from the control of responsible statesmen. It was always probable that the farm-labourers would support the most extreme doctrines as soon as they began to take part in politics. Their principal leader has, as might be expected, joined in every recent political agitation. The whole weight of the new county voters would, if Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill were passed, be thrown into the revolutionary scale.

The same measure would destroy the virtual representation of minorities which is provided by the unequal distribution of electoral power. Small boroughs could not long survive the establishment of a uniform suffrage. The same politicians who now plausibly complain of the disfranchisement of a man because he is separated by a rivulet or a road from the precincts of a borough would indignantly ask why the same arbitrary frontier should determine the comparative voting power of the residents on either side. One of thirty thousand electors is supposed to be unfairly treated because his neighbour has a three-thousandth part in the choice of an equal number of members. The distinction is still possible, while counties and boroughs are represented on different principles; but universal borough suffrage would produce an irresistible demand for equality of electoral districts. When the change was once effected, it might well happen that the wealth and intelligence of the country would be practically excluded from political power. In the model borough of Birmingham the party which probably has a majority among the upper classes of the community is not only left without Parliamentary representation, but is permanently excluded from all share in municipal activity. For all electoral purposes the town is managed by a permanent Liberal Club, which effectually discharges its duty of maintaining in all things, large and small, the supremacy of a single

faction. It would be easy to establish a similar organization in any county in which the labourers formed the majority of the constituency. The gentry and the farmers would be excluded from public life, unless they thought fit to obey the orders of Mr. ARCH or some other popular manager. Mr. BRIGGS is perhaps sincere in his hope that the new county constituencies would prefer candidates on account of their genius or virtue; and it seems to him scandalous that the principal persons in a county should, when a vacancy occurs, nominate one of their own families or friends as a candidate. In every electoral system candidates must be chosen by a few leading persons; and, on the whole, the gentlemen of a county seem not to be more objectionable agents for the purpose than professional politicians of the American type.

There is no reason for withholding the representation of counties from the labouring population, except that the change would, in the opinion of those who oppose Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill, be injurious to good government and to the public interest. It is not surprising that the advocates of the measure profess not to understand arguments which have no relation to the rights of man or the rights of the householder. The question whether the extension of the suffrage will be soon conceded or indefinitely postponed depends principally on the will of the farmers. The Ballot has transferred the county representation from landlords to tenants; and both will be simultaneously swamped by the enfranchisement of the labourers. Since the beginning of Mr. ARCH's agitation the farmers have had some practical experience of the operation of the Labourers' Union. They are probably not disposed to increase the political power of a class which has caused them so much social and economical annoyance. The Conservative party, notwithstanding the inclination of its chief to tamper with the question of suffrage, is unanimously opposed to a change which would greatly increase the strength of the democratic party. The moderate Liberals also dislike Mr. TREVELYAN's scheme; but, on the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE, who is every day more and more visibly resuming the lead of the party, has now for several years supported the equalization of the suffrage. On the eve of his dissolution of Parliament, he had agreed to receive a deputation on the question of county suffrage, with the obvious purpose of making the change of franchise a Ministerial question as soon as he could convert his dissentient colleagues. Mr. FORSTER differs on this point from Mr. LOWE, from Lord HARTINGTON, and probably from Mr. GOSCHEN. It may be admitted that the supporters of the uniform franchise have powerful representatives in the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGGS, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. COURTNEY can give effective aid to Mr. TREVELYAN and Mr. FORSTER. The present House of Commons will be deaf to their arguments and their threats; but the next election may reveal many not less startling results of the Bulgarian massacres.

THE RIDSDALE JUDGMENT.

THE *Record* borrows its appreciation of the RIDSDALE Judgment from ANDREW FAIRSERVICE's estimate of ROB ROY:—"It is a Judgment with which neither party in the Church can be expected entirely to acquiesce, and it will require caution and consideration to estimate the comparative amount of support or damage which the old Reformation ritual has sustained from the doubtful terms in which the charge against the appellant in regard to the Eastward Position, as we understand it, is treated as 'Not Proven.'" No one who is familiar with the *Record* would suspect it of unprovokedly blowing its trumpet with so uncertain a sound; so we may take this depreciatory estimate at its full value. The Eastward Position was, so it says, only "Not Proven"; everything else in that document turned out in the best possible way for the interests of the Church Association, and yet the *Record* is uneasy. All this shows that "Not Proven" is the *Record's* playful way of making things pleasant to the persecutors who are so unceremoniously pulled up in their agitation to restrain public worship within the narrowest limits of a repulsive puritanism. The question of the Eucharistic dress is of less importance, and it affects fewer persons; nevertheless, it is not a matter which could in the present temper of the religious mind be safely played fast and loose with; while we have the volunteered assurance of the *Record* for saying that those who care for it

must not be expected entirely to acquiesce in the judgment. Whatever we may think of the dresses, there can be no doubt that the reasoning by which the Court either forbids or allows them concerns that wide circle of persons who have never seen, and who never wish to see, a chasuble, but who are jealous that the stream of English judicial interpretations may not, as it goes broadening on from precedent to precedent, become proportionately shallow. In their interest we propose to consider the argument by which the Ornaments Rubric was proved to be of the class of words intended to conceal thoughts. The reasoning was very technical. It starts from the known fact that, on ELIZABETH's accession, High and Low Church were in sharp antagonism, and that, by way of keeping the peace, the authorities re-enacted the Low Church Prayer-Book, while—for the time being at all events—they reinstated the higher ceremonial of EDWARD's first book by this clause in the Act of Uniformity of 1559:—

"Provided always, and be it enacted, that such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, shall be retained and be in use, as was in this Church of England by authority of Parliament in the second year of King EDWARD the Sixth, until other order shall be therein taken by the authority of the QUEEN'S Majesty, with the advice of her Commissioners, appointed under the great seal of England for causes ecclesiastical, or of the Metropolitan of this realm."

This direction was repeated in a rubric of the contemporaneous Prayer-Book in slightly varying language, and with the omission of any reference to the possibility of other order being taken. As to this rubric, which, we are told, was not inserted by any authority of Parliament, the Judicial Committee—adopting a theory of Bishop GIBSON's which seems rather to savour of the theological than the legal mind—says, "It was meant to be a compendious and convenient summary of the enactment on this subject." This sort of sliding-scale estimate of the value of rubrics is certainly bold; but anyhow, if ELIZABETH never acted under the powers of the statute, the clause in the Act of Parliament must have continued operative. But in 1566 certain "advertisements" were published by PARKER and the other Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the QUEEN's name, though neither signed by her nor issued under her broad seal. Supposing these orders to have been valid in spite of these deficiencies, they may be taken to fulfil the conditions of the statute. Competent authorities have deemed the want of those formalities fatal; but the Judicial Committee, on a review of collateral considerations, judges otherwise, and assumes that until 1662 the advertisements prescribed the law of ritual dress—namely, the cope in cathedral and collegiate churches for the Communion Service, the surplice at all other times and places. In 1662, as there can be no doubt, the whole Prayer-Book with its totality of rubrics was enacted as an integral portion of the Statute of Uniformity. In this statute the Ornaments Rubric was recast so as to make its language textually correspond with the statute of ELIZABETH, minus its qualifying provision:—"And here it is to be noted, that such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof, at all Times of their Ministration shall be retained, and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the Authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King EDWARD the Sixth."

This is the existing statute law upon ministerial attire, enacted without reference backwards or forwards to advertisement or anything else, except to one thing, the "authority of Parliament in the second year of EDWARD VI."; and the opinion has accordingly prevailed that to this "authority"—i.e. to the Prayer-Book of 1549—recourse should be had for further explanation. The judgment itself puts this view very clearly for the purpose of knocking it down. The Rubric of 1662 "is now the only law as to the vesture of the clergy. It contains within its one sentence all that is now enacted upon that subject. It sweeps away all previous law as to the vesture of the clergy, whether that law was to be found in Statute, Canon, Injunction, or otherwise. It authorizes the use of all ornaments which had the Parliamentary authority of the first Prayer-Book of EDWARD the Sixth. The vestments in question are among the ornaments which had this Parliamentary authority; therefore it authorizes the use of the vestments in question."

The counter theory of the Judges is that the advertisements, whose legality is *ab initio* not unquestionable, and

which are in no part of the statute of 1662 so much as referred to, must be held as revived by being ignored, and that the Ornaments Rubric is to be read as if they formed a portion of it.

The upshot of the reasoning is that the rubric—i.e. the statute law of the land—is to be taken with a huge *subauditoe*, and that when it says that such and such ornaments are to be retained and be in use, it really enacts that those ornaments are not to be retained nor to be in use if they happen to have been excluded by some advertisements of ninety-six years before, to which that statutory rubric carefully, and as if on purpose, refrains from making any reference. We simply state the argument as we find it, and bow before the mystery of Privy Council law. Whether or not these conclusions will ultimately stand, there can be no doubt that it is profoundly unsatisfactory to find that questions which so deeply stir the feelings of living men, and of active religious parties, can only be solved by subtle arguments on the mutual relations of obsolete documents, of which the legal validity is one of the questions about which the deepest uncertainty exists. Mr. RIDSDALE kept or broke the law according as the silence of a statutory rubric two hundred years ago did or did not involve a crypto-reference to the recommendations of a Commission of the preceding century, of which the most which can be said is that Queen ELIZABETH may be assumed to have given to it her constructive sanction. The Dean of St. PAUL's and his friends may have been indiscreet in invoking the living voice of the Church; but they were hardly foolish in their prayer.

If we turn from these bewildering disputes on ambiguous words to the subject matter in controversy, we shall find that the Judges have been compelled to reach the practical conclusions of one side on the principles of the other; and, in according a material victory to Low Churchmen, to accept the theory of the higher party. The controversy over a distinctive Eucharistic dress—disregarding such niceties as the competing claims of chasuble and cope—turns on one simple question—Is, or is not, the Communion Office so much higher in kind or in degree than any other public rite as to require another and a richer *mise-en-scène*? As now, so in ELIZABETH's days, this question divided Church parties, and the advertisements were intended—irrespective of their legal force—to compromise the discussion, as compromises were understood and worked by the prelates and statesmen of the Tudor QUEEN. The side to which, at all events, the QUEEN and the Archbishop leaned was gratified by the principle of the higher and richer *mise-en-scène* being recognized in the more stately fanes in which alone so mighty a princess would take an immediate interest, while the sufficiency of the surplice for the squalid ruck of parish churches was conceded to Puritan susceptibilities. In our own days the controversy is over those parish churches, and the Judicial Committee establishes the practice of the surplice by a document of which the principle is the superior authority of the cope. In ELIZABETH's time "cathedral" and collegiate churches (with which were classed both college and the royal and episcopal chapels) were the only places which were usually served by more than a single minister, or were sure of means to make ends meet. In short, making allowance for different times, the advertisement was equivalent to an order now from Archbishop TAIT that in every church which can show three or four curates copes must be found. Plainly it justifies the vestment theory, except upon the extravagant contention that ELIZABETH's reformers regulated the establishment on the principle that, in proportion as a church was important, so it should be licensed to act superstitiously. Either PARKER and his colleagues thought that the cope was the right dress at Communion time where circumstances concurred to make it possible, or they stood self-convicted of having set their hands to a meaningless and unprincipled arrangement. Similar considerations will explain the motives which led the revisers of 1662 to frame the present Ornaments Rubric while they refrained from driving it home according to its literal meaning. The advertisements were in their eyes no new law; but a current *modus vivendi* in the spirit of which they were still willing quietly to act. So their leader COKE was content to press the surplice on his diocese, while he stuck to the cope in his cathedral.

To sum up the losses and gains which the disputants realize from this judgment, Low Churchmen find themselves absolutely unmolested in all their own peculiarities,

while they receive the justification of seeing their opponents restricted in things which they care for. Churchmen have nothing to complain of, or to agitate about. The other side may reckon to the good that the allowance of the Eastward Position, the compulsion of the cope in the higher order of churches, and the reassertion of the religious use of imagery as contained in the Exeter Reredos judgment—following upon the permissions long since given in LIDDELL v. WESTERTON—vindicate for the Church of England, by the decision of the highest appellate jurisdiction, the possession of that ideal of worship—corporate, historical, and artistic—which corresponds with the convictions of the High Church party. With so much to satisfy them, however, they are quite unable to follow the reasoning which constrains every prebendary of St. Endellion and Heytesbury and every brother of St. Katharine's to assume his cope, while it would expose the Vicar of Margaret Street to Lord PENZANCE's ire if he dared to appear in any richer dress than his surplice. If they desire success and not notoriety they will net what they have got, avoid Lord PENZANCE's Court, protest if it comforts them, and move by constitutional ways to secure more elastic and practical rules of worship than the inductive interpretation of antiquarian documents of doubtful origin and ambiguous value.

POLITICS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

PARLIAMENT has done but little since the beginning of the Session, and it has little left to do. No serious interest has been felt in anything unconnected with the war in the East; and, unfortunately, the progress of Russian conquest is beyond the control of the House of Commons. The Burials Bill will cause more excitement during its next stage than it has done in the calm atmosphere of the House of Lords. It is not easy to think of any other measure which is likely to produce an animated debate, unless Mr. TREVELYAN can invest his scheme of household suffrage in counties with some novel attraction. The disinclination to domestic changes which was expressed in the result of the last general election, still probably prevails; but the anti-Turkish agitation may not improbably revive the activity of the party of movement. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on a late occasion suddenly converted a meeting of Nonconformist agitators into a society for the support of Mr. GLADSTONE's foreign policy; and, conversely, disapproval of Lord DERBY's diplomatic proceedings will perhaps hereafter take the form of active hostility to the Church Establishment. The section of the clergy which sympathizes on ecclesiastical grounds with the Greek and Bulgarians is also, for well-known reasons, hostile or indifferent to connexion with the State. Although disestablishment and destruction of the Turkish Empire are objects which have no natural connexion political or sectarian impulses, like physical forces, often find for themselves unexpected channels. There is no difficulty in appreciating the temper of the present House of Commons; but the most sagacious observers are not yet able to judge of the feeling of the country. The Salford election seemed to throw a doubt on the existence of a Liberal reaction; but it is not yet certain whether it may not have rather indicated a general protest against attempts to tamper with Home Rule. A fortnight ago the managers of the extreme section of the Liberals organized a series of meetings in support of Mr. GLADSTONE, which were numerously attended. The success of the operation may either prove that the opponents of the Government have a majority in the boroughs, or only that the ultra-Liberal have secured to themselves the control of the party machinery. On the whole, it may be probably conjectured that a general election at the present time would reverse the decision of 1874; but the events of the war may at any time derange political calculations.

The Irish Home Rule members have apparently not exhausted their energies for the present Session. Several Irish Bills which are not destined to become law will afford ample matter for discussion; and it is reported that the Irish Secretary has undertaken to conciliate Mr. BUTT by providing time for the motions in which he takes an interest. The debate on Mr. SHAW's motion was orderly decorous, and not uninteresting. The Irish members assumed a laudable tone of moderation, and the opponents of Home Rule properly treated the question as if it was open to discussion. It would have been less easy to pretend

to proceed with any plan of federation. Mr. BURR's Irish Parliament with strictly limited functions, and the Imperial Parliament which must have parted with a portion of its sovereign authority, are universally regarded as chimerical fictions. The constituencies which return Mr. BURR and his associates only tolerate the theory of Home Rule because they suppose that it may be easier to obtain the concession of a Federal system than to throw off English supremacy altogether. Repealers, Nationalists, and Home Rulers, though they find a pleasure in quarrelling among themselves, really pursue the same policy of separation. A few days after the Home Rule debate The O'DONOGHUE took occasion to illustrate the spirit in which an Irish Parliament would probably begin its course of legislation. The proposal of converting all Irish tenancies into freeholds subject to a rent-charge would, at no long interval, be followed by the expropriation of the sinecurists who would by the previous measure have been deprived of their character of landowners. Mr. BURR indeed professes to include in his imaginary Constitution an Irish House of Lords; but an assembly of landowners unanimously devoted to the English connexion would be summarily suppressed by the representatives of the rural democracy. It would be impossible to defend the existence of an anomalous legislative body in which the majority of members would perhaps refuse to take their seats. The position of the Home Rule party in the present House of Commons can scarcely be agreeable; but it may be worth Mr. BURR's while to wait for the chances of the next election. For the first time in many years the present Government is independent of the votes of the Home Rule party. It is highly probable that hereafter fifty or sixty impartial members may once more command the price of their support.

Even if any party or section of the House were anxious to promote any legislative measure, the productive capacity of the House of Commons seldom survives the beginning of June. In the days of Reform Bills and other exciting enterprises, experienced members were in the habit of calculating that, if nothing had been done before the Whitsuntide vacation, the established system was safe for another year. The obscure details of business occupy a certain number of nights; private members take their share, with much grumbling because it is not larger; and from time to time debates on general policy, such as that on Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, occupy the time which might perhaps otherwise be devoted to legislation. There is no prospect in the present Session of contests like that of 1874 on the Public Worship Bill, or like that of the Merchant Shipping Bill at the end of the Session of 1875. The chance of surprises is diminished by the removal of Mr. DISRAELI into the Upper House, for Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE has no taste for startling or paradoxical proceedings. The Opposition is perhaps more liable to derangement of its plans; but Mr. GLADSTONE is too entirely absorbed by his sympathies with the Bulgarians to interfere for the moment in domestic affairs, and his loyalty to his former colleagues would indispose him to interference with their policy except for reasons which seem to him of paramount importance. There is every ground to hope that the remainder of the Session may be tranquil, and that its duration may be short. Any prolongation of the usual term would probably be the result of the disastrous necessity of appealing to Parliament for the means of taking military precautions. Mr. CROSS assured the House that there was no immediate probability of any event which could render interference desirable or necessary; but one of the contingencies which he deprecated may possibly occur in the course of the summer. If the Russian army approaches Constantinople in July or August, the Government can scarcely avoid the duty of consulting Parliament.

The almost entire suspension of legislative activity produces neither remonstrance nor discontent in the country. The return of the present majority of the House of Commons was essentially a protest against change, disturbance, and uncertainty. If the democratic movement revives in consequence of the Bulgarian massacres, it will probably be directed in the first instance to the extension of household suffrage to the counties. The next process will be a redistribution of seats for the purpose of still further depriving minorities of a share in the representation. A House of Commons constituted on the basis of a more indiscriminate suffrage would probably select the Establishment as its first object of attack. Mr. GLAD-

STONE, though he sometimes seems to think that his career as a domestic politician is over, may still live to return the courtesies of the Liberation Society. The extreme Liberal party in the House has lately been reinforced by some recruits of promise and ability. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. COURTNEY have already secured a Parliamentary position which renders it probable that they may become future leaders. The political party is not without promising aspirants to political distinction; but the moderate Liberals, though they are still the official chiefs of the party, seem to decline in influence. If they had divided against Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, they would have been followed by a small majority of the Opposition; but it is believed that their leader would have resigned, and the present organization would probably have been broken up. The provincial clubs and managers of elections are falling more and more into the hands of the ultra-Liberal section. In many places the Dissenters employ the party machinery for their special purposes, and the descendants of the Whigs are either excluded from influence or compelled to accept the new doctrines. In the late debate the ex-Ministers, who had unanimously determined to oppose Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, vied with one another in efforts to approximate as nearly as possible to opinions which they were not prepared to accept.

INEBRIATE REFORMATORIES.

AN "inebriate reformatory" is the name of an institution to which Dr. CAMERON and some other philanthropic members propose to send habitual drunkards. They have drawn up a Bill for the purpose which has been submitted to Parliament, and which they will soon ask the House of Commons to discuss. One of the greatest merits of Parliamentary government is that it obliges philanthropists who cannot carry out their aims without new legal powers to state what they mean and propose in definite language, and to consider what is the practical machinery they desire to set up. If we hear it said that an habitual drunkard ought to be subjected for a time to restraint imposed on him by the law, it is difficult to assent to or to dissent from the proposition. We do not know exactly who are the persons with whom it is proposed to deal, or how it is proposed to deal with them. But no one can put the proposal into the shape of an Act of Parliament without examining his own intentions, being made aware of the many difficulties he will have to encounter, and striving to guard against objections. The Bill contains numerous provisions to prevent the system being abused, to make it unlikely that persons who are not habitual drunkards will be treated as if they were, to ensure that when under restraint they will not be neglected, and that the restraint will not be prolonged beyond the time for which it has been sanctioned. The general scheme of the Bill is that there shall be places to which an habitual drunkard may be sent, and that these places shall be of two kinds—retreats kept by licensed private persons, and reformatories established by the local authorities. In these places the habitual drunkard may be detained for any time not less than a month nor more than a year. They are to be, in fact, very much like private and county lunatic asylums; and, if such places are to exist at all—if, in short, an English subject is to be shut up in a sort of prison who has neither committed a crime nor lost his reason—the authors of the Bill may fairly claim to have exercised considerable ingenuity in meeting the objection that the confinement would be easily and wantonly imposed, or of a cruel character, or of indefinite duration. The main question is, whether an habitual drunkard ought to be shut up at all and have an inebriate reformatory provided for him at the cost of his neighbours, merely because he chooses to drink very much more than is good for him.

There is a preliminary point which it must have exercised the authors of the Bill a good deal to decide, and that is what is meant by an habitual drunkard. He is not a man who gets drunk habitually, for this definition would render one half of the population liable to be shut up by the other. His habitual drinking must have some odious or painful peculiarities, so that the inebriate reformatories may not be overcrowded. The definition selected by the framers of the Bill is that an habitual drunkard means a person who, by reason of habitual intemperate drinking of intoxicating liquors, is dangerous to himself or to others, or incapable of managing himself and his affairs. There is no great

difficulty about the case of a man who is dangerous to others; but it is not certain that we want an inebriate reformatory for him. He can only show that he is dangerous to others by acts constituting a danger to them. He must either hurt them or threaten to hurt them. As the law stands now, a man who, under the influence of drink, habitually hurts or threatens others, can be put in prison, or at least bound over to keep the peace, which is a step towards prison. As a general rule, if those who are hurt or threatened are any other persons than the husband or wife of the offender, the law is put in force. But, as to husbands and wives, if inebriate reformatories were established, the same difficulty in getting the law put in force would prevail as prevails now when the common goal is the place of compulsory retreat. If the husband is sent away, the wife starves; if the wife is sent away, there is no one to look after the children and the house. When we pass to habitual drunkards who are only dangerous to themselves, the difficulty about them is that, unless they take the precaution to get drunk in bed, they are always dangerous to themselves. They are always liable to be knocked down by cabs, or to fall into the fire or downstairs, or to catch cold by sleeping under a hedge, or by inducing delirium tremens. In the same way, we may ask what is meant by a man becoming incapable of managing himself and his affairs? While a man is drunk, he is of course incapable of managing himself and his affairs; and if he drinks much and often, he is sure to manage himself and his affairs very badly. The very large number of Englishmen and Englishwomen who on Monday next will celebrate one of the four new grand occasions of drunkenness invented by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK are all incapable of managing themselves and their affairs properly. But this, it will be said, is not what the Bill means. It contemplates persons who altogether neglect their affairs, and not the ordinary Englishman who even after Whitsun Monday is quite capable of doing a day's work in a drowsy sort of way towards the end of the week. But what is to be the standard? If the habitual drunkard brings himself to utter ruin, if no one will employ him or relieve him, he will come upon the parish, and the workhouse will supply the place of the inebriate reformatory. If he can get enough to live on, what is meant by his being incapable of managing himself and his affairs is that he is in a worse position than that which he might have occupied if he had had the sense to keep sober. He might have been a solicitor, and he is a solicitor's clerk; he might have been a law stationer, and he is a crossing-sweeper. In one way or another he does not make the income which his friends reasonably expected him to earn. Where is the habitual drunkard of whom thus much cannot be said?

The Bill provides that, when an habitual drunkard wishes it, he may get himself shut up in a retreat; and if Legislature chooses to interfere in the matter at all, this may be a useful enactment. Many a man on the road to ruin through drunkenness is willing, in a fit of repentance, to give himself a chance of being cured; but, after a little wholesome treatment, he finds himself so very well that he will not stay in the place of cure, and, as there is no legal power to retain him, he can walk out at any moment. But this is quite an excrescence on the Bill. Its real purport is to shut up drunkards who do not want to be shut up, but who, in the opinion of some one else, ought to be shut up. The Bill permits the parent, husband, wife, relative, or guardian of the drunkard, to form this opinion and act on it, subject to the contingency of having to pay the costs of an application if unsuccessful. A single Justice is to issue a summons to the alleged drunkard to appear, and the Justices in Petty Sessions are to order him to an inebriate reformatory if they think fit. But the drunkard is not in his extremity to lose the last proud privilege of a Briton. He may ask that a jury shall pronounce on his case, and, as it might be painful to him to have his private life ripped up in public, all proceedings before Justices and juries are to be conducted with closed doors. This is the real upshot of the Bill. It is quite impossible to say in words what habitual drunkards are to be shut up; but if any are to be shut up, it must be left to common sense to say who they are to be. The jury will have a subtle and inexplicable perception of how much a man may drink, and how often, without being liable to the reproach of being an habitual drunkard. There would be even more than the usual uncertainty as to the verdicts of the juries. In a beery

neighbourhood the jury would be very lenient, and in a teetotal neighbourhood the jury would be very severe. But it is now so customary a feature in English legislation to call on juries to decide points which the legislators and the Judges find themselves unable to determine, that this provision of the Bill, vague as it is, may be covered by precedents. The supporters of the Bill, however, must not disguise from themselves that what they ask Parliament to sanction is that any one may be shut up as an habitual drunkard whom a jury chooses to call one, and that no one except a jury can say whether a man is an habitual drunkard or not. They will also do well to prepare themselves for some perplexing questions as to the persons who are to be allowed to institute the proceedings. Parents we know, and husbands and wives and guardians we know; but who are relatives? Is it a word known to English law? Any one who, if the habitual drunkard died intestate, could take under the Statute of Distributions, supposing persons having a prior claim did not exist, is, it may be presumed, legally a relative. There is something unpleasant in the thought of a second cousin having the power to invite a jury to pronounce whether a man is or is not habitually drunk. It is true that the second cousin would have to pay the costs if he failed; but the mere accusation would inflict a social stigma on the accused which, except among the lowest classes, would always be painful, and often ruinous. It would be a case in which, if enough mud were thrown, some would be sure to stick; and there are second cousins who, if offended, would like to assist in making mud stick, even if it cost them a few pounds to gratify their spite. When the House of Commons examines the Bill it is pretty sure to be frightened by it. The aim of the promoters is excellent. Habitual drunkards are curses to themselves and to their neighbours, and if we could shut them all up and deter others from imitating their example, the world would be a better and happier place to live in. But to legislate prudently and successfully for the attainment of such an end is a very difficult task, and we fear that Dr. CAMERON and his friends will find that they are not likely to accomplish it.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF INDIAN JUDGES.

THE correspondence relating to the case of Mr. FULLER and Mr. LEEDS is, unfortunately, not entirely taken up with the offence committed by one of these gentlemen, or the sentence passed by the other. Had it been so, there would, it may be hoped, have been no need to refer to the matter again. If Parliament, or even the Secretary of State, were to become a court of appeal against every censure passed by the Government of India on its servants, the business of Indian administration would become unmanageable. But a question of great constitutional moment is also dealt with in these despatches, and this fact does undoubtedly make it impossible to dismiss them with any such summary comment. It is impossible not to feel regret that such serious issues should have been either raised or decided on, as it seems to us, so very slight an occasion. The Government of India was hasty in the first instance; the High Court of the North-West Provinces was needlessly irritable; the SECRETARY OF STATE has allowed himself to be drawn without necessity into a formal solution of a constitutional problem which he declares at the same time to be purely speculative; and at each of these stages the judgment of the authorities concerned seems to have been at fault. The cause of the mischief was an expression of regret by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council that the High Court should have considered that its duties and responsibilities in the FULLER case were adequately fulfilled by the expression of the Judges' opinion that the sentence passed by Mr. LEEDS was not specially open to objection. This expression of opinion had been given in answer to a request from the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of the Province. No formal motion was made for a revision of the sentence passed by Mr. LEEDS; but the local Government, finding that Mr. LEEDS's conduct had come under the notice of the Government of India, took the opinion of the Judges as to its propriety. This does not seem to justify the Government of India in making the contents of this opinion a matter of formal censure. The local Government had quoted the Judges in support of their own conclusion that no further action was necessary. There was no reason why the Government of India should take any notice of this. They were not going to adopt the opinion

of the Judges, and the most that was necessary was that they should have stated the grounds on which they had felt obliged to take a different view of Mr. LEMDS's conduct. This error of the Government of India was made the subject of an exaggerated outburst of indignation on the part of the High Court. In a letter which the Court caused to be addressed to the Government of India, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council is asked first, whether the Judges of the High Court are so subject to the executive power of the Government of India that it is within the province of that Government in a published Resolution to approve or condemn the action of the Court in any matter which clearly falls within its functions; and, secondly, whether it is not beyond the competency of any authority other than the High Court to instruct the subordinate Courts touching the conduct of their judicial duties. The Court disclaims any intention of "questioning the competency of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to notice and punish misconduct on the part of an officer of a subordinate Court"; but it submits that in the exercise of this power any declaration as to the law which should have been administered or the procedure which should have been adopted in a particular instance should be avoided.

The obvious answer to this letter is that the Government of India had not claimed to exercise any executive power over the High Court. The opinion of the Judges had been taken, not by the Government of India, but by the local Government, and the Government of India had merely stated its dissent from that opinion and its regret that it should ever have been given. There was no need to enter upon the questions raised either by the Court or by the CHIEF JUSTICE. The action of the Government of India had throughout been of an informal kind. It may be injudicious in the Executive to say that it thinks the opinion of certain individual Judges wrong, and still more injudicious to imply that the error is one into which they ought not to have fallen. But this want of judgment is not mended by the adoption of a line of defence which holds the Executive to what may have been in the first instance only a hasty expression of irritation. This, however, was the course which commended itself to the Government of India. They take matters quite as earnestly as the High Court, and though they deny that they have in any way encroached upon the authority or independence of the Judges, they are ready with an argument that they might have encroached on either or both if they had been so minded. They maintain that the Governor-General in Council is the only authority in British India invested with the entire responsibility of every department and function of Government; that of these functions the administration of justice is one of the most important; and that for this reason it is the duty of the Governor-General in Council, in the ultimate resort and in adequate cases, to censure and to punish flagrant miscarriages of justice, and to comment, when necessary, on the course of the administration of justice in India. In this case they are of opinion that there was a flagrant miscarriage of justice. As the High Court did not see its way either to call up the case or to reprove the magistrate, the Government of India were forced to reprove the magistrate themselves; and they hold that they had a right to express regret that the inaction of the High Court should have laid this duty upon them.

It is to be regretted that the Government of India should have thought themselves bound to take the opinion of the SECRETARY OF STATE upon the points raised in this correspondence. Every purpose would have been answered if they had informed Lord SALISBURY that they had not meant their censure to apply to the judicial action of the High Court; that all that they had before them was the opinions of the individual Judges on a question asked by the local Government, and that they saw no need to determine the exact limits of judicial authority and independence in India, until one or other of them had been infringed by the action of the Government. Nor is it clear why, when the Government of India omitted to take this sensible line in writing to Lord SALISBURY, Lord SALISBURY should not have taken it in writing to the Government of India. He, too, is of opinion that the question of the relations between the judicial and executive authorities is not in reality raised. In censuring Mr. LEMDS, and in expressing regret that the High Court had not brought his proceedings under judicial review, the VICEROY was dealing with purely executive functions, and these fall distinctly within

his special province. The question whether, and how far, the mode in which judicial duties is performed is a proper subject for the animadversion of the Government of India, is not raised by these papers. If the Judges had not distinctly requested his opinion on the point, Lord SALISBURY would have preferred to reserve the consideration of it till the necessity for a decision practically arose. It is unfortunate that Lord SALISBURY did not consult his own preferences, even though the Judges had distinctly requested his opinion on the point. The Secretary of State for India is not bound, like the editor of a sporting newspaper, to answer all questions that may be put to him. It is his business to determine controversies between one branch of the Indian Government and another; but in this case no such controversy had in fact arisen. There are very great disadvantages in deciding a question of this kind in the purely speculative stage. The authority to which it is submitted has no facts on which to found a judgment. If the question had come before Lord SALISBURY in the ordinary course, he would at all events have seen what practical difficulties had arisen from the solutions severally favoured by the Judges and the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. As it is, he has had to approach the subject with as little reference to facts as though he were writing an essay for a Chancellor's medal. It is by no means an easy matter to pronounce on the relative merits of independence and subjection regarded as the status of Indian Judges. The arguments which establish the necessity of making Judges independent in England cannot be applied without modification to India. Lord SALISBURY assumes that the question has been decided for him by Parliament, and that, in enacting that Indian Judges should hold office "during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure, instead of, as in England, "during good behaviour," the Legislature has withheld from the former that independence of the Executive which has been formally conferred on the latter. Certainly this is to make the distinction carry a very great weight of meaning; and, considering that a sufficient reason for the difference in the tenure of judicial offices in England and in India may be found in the fact that there is no Legislature in India at whose instance a Judge could be removed, it is by no means clear that the words relied on by Lord SALISBURY have the full sense which he attributes to them. It is improbable, however, now that the problem has been formally stated and formally resolved, that the matter can end without some further and more decisive settlement. Mr. Lewis proposes to bring the matter before the House of Commons; but a discussion on going into Committee of Supply is an eminently inappropriate mode of determining a question of this importance. It would have been better if the controversy had never been started, or had been allowed to drop; but in the stage which it has now reached it is difficult to see how it can be adequately dealt with except by direct legislation.

THE BURIALS BILL IN THE LORDS.

FUNERALS and Lord MELBOURNE are hardly congruous ideas; nevertheless, when we read the Lords' debate on the Burials Bill, we can only think of his masterly question, "Why could not he leave that alone?" By "he" we mean, almost without exception, every one who mingled in that eloquent fray of purposeless legislation. There never were so much zeal, ingenuity, piety, and statecraft brought to bear upon the perfecting of a sample of absolutely ideal failure. The results of the night's work may be scheduled as Government discredited, Opposition baffled, Archbishops disconcerted, Bishops alienated, Churchmen exasperated, Dissenters affronted, grievance aggravated, churchyards unclosed, cemeteries unmade. The wrong man proposed the wrong thing all round, and borrowed without leave his neighbours' argument. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in launching a scheme which he owned was opposed to the opinion of the great majority of the clergy, supported it by the cogent argument, "I don't say it is desirable in the abstract to make the concession." It is clear that Archbishop TAIR has not taken to heart the Emperor JOSEPH's sound conclusion that the trade of a King is to be a Royalist. It is no doubt the duty of an Archbishop to oppose the great majority of the order whose chief he is, if he conscientiously believes that his own view is abstractedly desirable. When he distinctly thinks the contrary, he may yield to force; but he only forfeits

the confidence of those whose leader he has become by office and not by election, without securing influence over the other side, if he rushes forward to constitute himself the mouthpiece of proposals which it is the part of his opponents to suggest and of himself to criticize. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH had it all his own way so long as he was content to cut up the policy of his Metropolitan; but he, too, succumbed to the strong temptation of legislation, and gravely proposed to solve the difficulty, in much forgetfulness of the Public Worship Regulation Act, by letting every man do just whatever he liked. The Archbishop of York occupied an "unwilling position." Lord GRANVILLE performed the feat of speaking for Lord HARROWBY's clause without contributing the slightest additional argument to the controversy. The Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON offered the strongest opposition; and so the House got to the clauses. The Government's silent burial project had already been silently interred; and the Peers, making two bites of a not very ripe cherry, accepted without division the first half of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's clause, providing that any clergyman might, on the invitation of the representatives of a deceased person not entitled to the service of the Church, use a form of his own made up out of that service, with portions of Scripture and hymns, provided that within seven days he reported himself to his bishop.

This rather obscure suggestion was mainly intended to meet the grievances of the unbaptized Baptists and of the Quakers, and was accepted without a division by the Government, probably with an astute perception of the usefulness in future debates of the Arcadian picture of the polite rector and the gratified executor editing the Burial Service between them in the pleasant retirement of the parsonage study. Otherwise, we have too much respect for the ARCHBISHOP's discernment to suppose that he really believed that the Nonconformist grievance would be met by a plan of which the leading characteristic was an unlimited power of veto, both as to the concession itself and as to its details, on the part of the parson. The second half of the ARCHBISHOP's clause, relating to "cases where the Burial Service might lawfully be used"—i.e. that portion of mankind who are not unbaptized Baptists or Quakers—was the logical complement of the half already adopted, and would have obviously been as inoperative within its wider as the former part was within its narrower range. However, the Lords by a small majority decided that they had sacrificed sufficiently to plausibility, and rejected it. The Archbishop of York's proposal to protect the clergyman who might find himself conscientiously compelled to refuse the Burial Service to an unworthy object found no support, and was rejected without a division. This conclusion is not to be regretted, as the clause went on to authorize the representatives of the deceased evil-liver to insult the conscientious incumbent by turning some other clergyman loose into the churchyard to read over the body—probably in total ignorance of all the details of the case—that service which the parish priest, to whom they were familiar, knew would be a blasphemous mockery. We shall only ask the ARCHBISHOP one question—has he ever looked into the archives of such Societies as the Mendicity or the Charity Organization Society? If he has, would he like to set up again, in connexion with funerals, that sort of clergyman who battered upon weddings before the passing of Lord HARROWBY's Act?

All these archiepiscopal suggestions were the prelude to the grand performance of Lord HARROWBY's clause, or, in other words, of our old friend Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's Bill. One hundred and two peers accepted, and the same number rejected it; and so, by the forms of the Upper House, it was lost; and with it, of course, the Bill goes. We shall not repeat the objections which we have frequently urged against this most unpractical suggestion. Nor shall we attempt to prophesy the future course of the agitation. It is one in which right and wrong have very little place. The Dissenters, when they abolished compulsory Church-rates, ruled themselves out of the churchyards, and now they want to resume the privileges which they then refused to pay for. They have been asked to co-operate in a general system of cemeteries which, at a very small cost all round, and perhaps at some sacrifice of feeling, under which Churchmen would be equal sufferers, would abundantly supply every material want; and they repudiate the

offer. They are short-sighted in their policy. As long as Church-rates were compulsory, they had an ostensible grievance. When they abolished the compulsion, and yet claimed the churchyard, they transferred the invaluable heritage of grievance to their opponents. If the Liberation Society brings its greedy tactics to a prosperous issue, and forcibly steps into possessions in the maintenance of which it has refused to bear its part, it will, we believe, find in the Church of England, thoroughly united under a material wrong, a far more difficult customer than it has had yet to reckon with. In the long run it may come to think that it has dearly bought the privilege of preaching at the parson on his own freehold by the adjournment *sine die* of disestablishment.

SOME ASPECTS OF CHARITY.

REVENGE has been called a sort of wild justice, and the same name might be given to many forms of charity. The wildness, of course, would not lie in that ferocity of meddlesomeness which is sometimes shown by people who vex the poor with their visits, but in a vague and random mode of setting social differences to rights. Among the many impulses to active beneficence a subdued sense of the wrong that is in the world is one of the strongest. In different degrees almost everybody with any heart feels, or has felt, that he has more than the share he deserves of the world's good things, while his neighbours have often less than, in an ideal society, all men and women would possess. This sense of injustice, of *πλεονεξία*, to use the untranslatable Greek word, may become so strong as to prevent people from enjoying their own part and lot in existence. George Eliot has drawn a character of this sort in Dorothea, and, to judge by her autobiography, George Sand was a sufferer from the same form of mental malady. Dorothea could not even take her pleasure quietly in works of art, because so many of her fellow-creatures were incapable, through the strain of bad fortune and the want of education, of the same enjoyment. A great deal of charity—most of it perhaps, in the beginning—springs from this gnawing sense of restlessness, this want of acquiescence in the disparity of conditions, and from the consequent effort to put life straight.

It is clear that different people will feel this inequality of human fates in different relations of life, and in very different degrees. No one is supposed to be exempt from this *malaise* at Christmas, when the opulent purchasers of turkeys and of the material for mince-pies are expected to right the wrongs of those who have no mince-pies and no turkeys. The want which others feel of food and shelter and clothing, of which we ourselves have abundance, is the most obvious and striking shape of social disparity, the aspect of the wrong in the world which lies nearest to sense. But it is not the most delicate, far-reaching, and sympathetic charity which is stirred to the practices of Christmas. Unless we put our own joy in punch and the wassail bowl and so on, we are not much more moved in mid-winter than at any other time to right the wrongs of the penceless, and so to enjoy old English merriment with a clear conscience. An immense gulf separates the people who cannot overeat themselves with perfect comfort unless they have helped their poor neighbours to something indigestible, from persons like Dorothea, who cannot enjoy the sculptures in the Vatican while the crossing-sweeper in the next street is still ignorant of the proportions of a volute. The difference runs all through the practices of charity, beginning with the British merchant whose sense of justice is satisfied when he has signed his usual benevolent cheques, and ending with the men and women who spend themselves and are spent in the effort to raise and enlighten, to feed and save, the bodies, souls, intellect, and even taste, of the crowds to whom fortune has not been kind.

Some of the great historical instances of charity have no doubt been produced by that desire to see justice done which becomes almost a fever and an insatiable passion. As no one can really "play at Providence," like the Prince in one of Eugène Sue's stories—no one at least who has heart and insight—the only satisfaction has been found in reaching a level of poverty in which the ascetic cannot feel as if, by his own better fortune, he wronged any mortal. It was thus that poverty became the bride of St. Francis, and the ideal of hundreds who were touched with his malady. Persons of this way of thinking are like the generals who voluntarily submit to all the privations of the private soldier. Their ardour for equality is so great that they cannot be at ease while they have any worldly advantage over the poorest. No one can "level up," and by his own effort alone raise all mankind to a happy height of well-being. No one can hope, in his own days, to see many fruits of his labours towards this end. The enthusiastic and impatient have therefore found out a swifter and shorter way to the introduction of equality, and have felt it easy to descend to the level of the outcast. It is natural that leaders of men of this character, like generals who drink of the rain water, eat the common biscuit of the soldiers, and march on foot, should have many and loyal followers. But, in the end, this proves to be the wrong way to go to work, and this impatience works no real deliverance. It is only the ease of the conscience of the individual that is obtained by his sacrifices. Perhaps for him there can be, or rather for him there can

tainly is, no greater gain. Yet his charity, to a greater extent than he suspects, has ended at home. The slow movement of the world is quickened, to be sure, and the world's life enriched, by the spectacle of insatiable hunger after almost any ideal. It is so much easier to gain a facile satisfaction out of some little gifts, and slight, scarce-felt self-denials; it is so much easier to grow dull to all large sympathies, and to be absorbed in desires which are not spiritual, that even the pursuit of a false end is better than dull acquiescence in things as they are. Except for the stimulus given by the example even of mistaken energy, humanity does not gain much from the self-inflicted sufferings of the enthusiast who has levelled himself with all the wretched, instead of raising a few of the wretched to equality with his own estate, bodily and mental. The enthusiastic conscience is satisfied, and a cynic, looking at the result, as it affects other people, of even some saintly lives, might parody the Frenchman's *mot*, and say, "Il n'y a qu'un misérable de plus." The remark would be as one-sided as are most cynical aphorisms; but it is true nevertheless that the most devoted charity has been more self-regarding, more meant to minister to an almost morbid passion for justice, than the seekers after holy poverty were aware.

It is because most people feel the inequalities of existence in different ways that charity takes the innumerable and often fantastic forms in which this virtue nowadays goes masquerading. The advertisement sheets of the newspapers are a sort of carnival of queer virtues and of benevolence in odd attire. At Christmas, and in winter generally, we know of course that the unequal distribution of coals and creature comforts will become apparent to the most obtuse, and that some spasmodic efforts will be made to right the wrong. Christmas passes, and "it will go hard," as a large school of writers put it, if we don't have an oppressed nationality somewhere, or a threatening of battle in Europe. This is the moment when the sense of wrong is most widely felt, in an unconscious sort of way, by what is styled the great heart of the British people. The great heart is always in gymnastic training, and a patriotic writer has lately asserted that, if England would only go to war, and if the Prince of Wales would only lead her armies, "the heart of the British people would throb with one huge beat of joy." This is a prophecy merely; but it is certain that the secular exemption of this island from the dangers and distresses of war within its coasts has made the public very sensitive to the misfortunes of less lucky countries. Hence that quaint, unprecedented form of charity which raises subscriptions for the sick and wounded soldiers of nations which are far from loving us. People feel that it is rather a shame that Alsatian, or Servian, or Turkish fields should be wasted by fire and sword, while nothing more perilous than a steam threshing-machine infests the farms at home. They try to throw a little weight into one scale of the world's balance, to adjust the wrong in a feeble way, by giving money right and left to peasants, ambulances, Bulgarians, Bashi Bazarouks—in short, to almost any cause or country which is not too proud to take a cheque. What the public would have felt if, in the Crimean War, the Austrians, a neutral people, had sent handfuls of coal and rice to the starving British forces, it is impossible to guess. No idea was probably more remote from the Austrian mind. But, as long as we are lookers-on, and have a feeling that we are too fortunate, and that some little sacrifice must be made to Nemesis, the absurd system of "tipping" belligerents may be expected to go on. Ideally, in looking at some subscription lists of to-day, one feels as if the British public took the undignified attitude of spectators at a prize fight who choose their side and toss their odd coppers to their favourites in the ring. Something may be said for a charity that does not take sides, but merely brings surgical aid within reach of both combatants in a war. Impartial mercy of this sort rather makes for showing the ludicrous and illogical side of warfare among civilized nations. But when charity is partial, and backs its man with lint and poalices and new boots, then it is the virtue and the people who display it in this silly shape that are made ridiculous.

A perverted sense of justice is probably at the bottom of the charity which is copiously showered on the families of interesting murderers. Murderers are the belligerents of private life, and the sympathy which does not go to military nations bent on blowing up the monitors and magazines of their neighbours is kept for amateurs who do a little butchery in a quiet way at home. Last year one or two respectable men, in France and England, so far yielded to circumstances as to cut the throats of their partners, mistresses, children, and other near connexions. Their surviving relations were consoled by so many gifts that a poor and struggling man might be tempted to commit murder instead of insuring his own life. The returns are quicker, the villainy less, the risk of course considerable; but every investment has its drawbacks. Probably this sort of charity is based on a sentimental theory that the murderer has not been quite justly treated. Society, no doubt, is to blame. Perhaps the poor man had a great-grandfather who drank, or an aunt who was "queer," if not "cracked." Very likely the absurd prejudices of the world drove him to commit murder in order to hide some minor sin on which the world frowns. In any case, the freedom of the will is a knotty question, and gentlemen or ladies who have entered these metaphysical toils can clear their consciences by sending a post-office order to the good clergyman who receives subscriptions for the family of the interesting and misguided murderer. In the meantime, if any virtuous person has died in the performance of his duty and as a consequence of his self-sacrifice, by all means let the memory of his virtue be

the sole reward of his bereaved ones. A great scholar, a modest and original worker, who, self-taught, unlocked the keys of dead languages and unravelled the mysteries of unknown alphabets, lately fell a victim to his devoted enthusiasm for knowledge. Spent with travel, labour, and the toil of dealing with a jealous and barbarous people, he left in a distant land his work unfinished, and his widow and family to the gratitude, not the sentimental charity, of England. We wish we had reason to believe that, while thousands of pounds are collected for unlucky aliens, more than one thousand had been subscribed for the widow and children of the scholar to whom we refer. The descendants of another writer, whose name is known to every English man and woman who can read, and whose works have been the delight of four generations, were also till the other day in utter destitution, but were thought less deserving than the families of assassins and the armies of unfriendly Powers. But happily in this instance the neglect has been corrected by the Queen's generous grant of pensions to the three sisters Defoe. All this freakishness in charity springs from the fact that charity is too often a mere form of self-indulgence. First, a morbid interest is excited by some highly-coloured tale of sin or wrong, and then comes the need to relieve the feeling of undue superiority and unjust good fortune. When once the attention of people is caught by a wrong, they are ready enough to see that it is more by luck than desert that they are saved while others are disgraced or ruined. The charitable gift that follows is partly an effort to right the wrong, still more an attempt to soothe the conscience; not least, it is a little gift to Nemesis, like that sacrifice of a ring which has so often been quoted. A little more discrimination and a little more gratitude would improve the character of that second-rate charity which is mainly impulsive.

MODERN ARCHERY.

THE archery of modern times is in every way different from that which prevailed when the long-bow was the favourite national weapon of our ancestors and when our bowmen were the dread of Europe. Those were the days when the sheriffs had to see that the people duly exercised themselves in archery during their spare hours, and when a man had to stand in the pillory on Cornhill for selling bad bowstrings. It is no longer practised by the yeoman class which during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was a distinguishing feature of this country, and supplied the archers that fought at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. No longer as archers, yet equally as soldiers, these yeomen do the fighting for the community. Strength of pull is not now, as then, the *signum non* of success in the battle-field. It is left to amateurs to maintain, not as a calling, but as a recreation, the reputation of English archery, and the responsibility is not lightened by encouragement from a sympathizing public. The bow, from being the favourite weapon in war and peace, has yielded in popularity to the rifle and the cricket-bat. It is altogether ignored in the public schools, and, when taken up by men, is often only a last resort. Archery has somehow lost ground. Once it was the ruling passion of Englishmen from prince to peasant, and country gentlemen carried their bows, as they now carry their guns, in search of deer and pheasant. But in these times neither prince nor peasant knows the sight of a bow. London itself is hardly conscious that the headquarters of archery in England are in its very midst; and little do the ladies who enjoy their weekly music in the Botanic Gardens guess that on the other side of the high road there is going on a gentle rivalry with the long-bow in place of the more popular rivalry in dress.

The impression produced on the mind of an outsider who sees an archery meeting for the first time will vary according to his tastes and susceptibilities, but in any case the spectacle is likely to amuse. A foreigner would probably be not less astonished at the sight of a party of ladies shooting three arrows under a broiling sun, and then walking sixty or seventy yards to pick them up and repeat the process, than was that Eastern potentate who, when he first saw a cricket-match, inquired why the players did not have slaves to fetch the ball, instead of hitting after it themselves in such mad fashion. To an ordinary spectator who knows nothing of the nerve, skill, or details of archery, the sight must at least be novel and picturesque. We do not refer to the competitions held in London through the summer months, where men in green share their honours among themselves; we have in view certain country meetings where the green coats and caps are subdued and tempered by the many-coloured tutus of the lady archers. All is eagerness and animation, and, if the sky be blue and the flowers in bloom, who will say the sight is not worth seeing? Our forefathers, with all their shooting, could not produce a picture like this. But let us, as one of the uninitiated, look more closely at it, and mingle with the actors. The first thing that strikes us is the marvellous variety of style and attitude indulged in by the shooters, both male and female, all having in view, be it remembered, the same object. One begins his or her "drawing-up" by pointing at the sky over head, and another at the ground in front; others despatch their arrows with a toss-up of the bow-hand, with a horizontal wabbling of the bow, with an onward motion of the body as if to follow the arrow, or with a general jerk of both arms, which leaves the right hand aloft. The arrow is variously drawn to the chin, the ear, the breast, or even lower. The positions are often awkward.

and uncomfortable, but no two are alike. We wonder which of them all is the right thing, and in our perplexity appeal to the judge, who has been measuring golds and is standing near. He directs our attention to a man who is shooting quietly and comfortably, with nothing noticeable about him except the extreme ease with which he shoots and his apparent possession of reserve force; his arrows fly low and sharp; his position is natural, erect, and well set, and his figure remains motionless, yet not rigid, as the arrow quits the bow and leaves his right hand just below the chin. "And yet," adds the judge after a pause, "though he shoots so well, he never looks at the target when shooting, but at some point to the side of it. Many people have no aiming-point at all; but that is a thing every one has to find for himself by long practice before he can attain to any excellence in shooting." We feel that these things are beyond our ken. From remarks we overhear we gather that every one is shooting badly and grumbling accordingly. Many of the men abuse their tackle, and are more or less put out; the ladies are less concerned, but find fault with the weather or the arrangements generally. One man is shooting with a strange bow, and doesn't like it, or it has lost its "cast"; and another has a blister on his finger, caused by an ill-fitting tip, whilst a third has got restive because his companions talk aloud when he is shooting. The ladies' complainings are more those of injured feelings, arising we fancy sometimes from nervousness, and sometimes from force of habit. One is put out because she has been made captain of her target and has to score; another has been placed at an "outside target" where the proximity of the spectators disconcerts her; another has to shoot last at her target and is nervous; another, and one of the best shots, disapproves of percentage deductions from her score, and wants to have back the obsolete ring-deductions. The competitors are evidently on good terms with one another, and the sexes are not separated as they are at the great public competitions. Altogether the fête is stirring and attractive, giving the idea that, in spite of individual disappointments, there is plenty of healthy excitement and honest pleasure for the actors themselves, whilst lookers-on will see quite as much to interest as at a cricket-match or pigeon-laughter.

Middle-aged men and men of literary bent follow archery with much zest and appreciation. Violent exercise is with them out of the question, either from physical inability, waning energy, or from not harmonizing with the other surroundings of life. Health requires exercise as well as air, and archery offers it in the most acceptable form. More than three centuries ago Roger Ascham tried hard to counteract the ill effects of over-study by daily exercise at the butts, and Thomas Waring, the father of modern archery, completely cured himself of chest disease by the same remedy. If the would-be archer has already been an athlete, he will find in a modified form all the rivalry and excitement of his earlier experiences, and he may still combine health and pleasure in an easy and profitable manner. Young men fresh from the public school or university playgrounds are not met with in the archery-field, unless the more blood-quickenings amusements are inaccessible. They look upon archery as a pastime fit for ladies and weakly youths, or for themselves later on when they are good for nothing else. Cricket, boating, lawn-tennis, with their conditions of more robust health and muscular development, enable those who practise them to realize a stronger sense of actual enjoyment than the more sober and deliberate archery. Much as the latter is to be valued, our opinion of a youngster who adopted it when he could get cricket would not be heightened. In London, except to the few, archery is as impracticable as the more vigorous sports, and a man's exercise has too often to be found in the billiard-room. Where archery flourishes, ladies are always in the majority; but they do not take it up for the same reasons as men, and very seldom on the plea of health. Their motives are generally no stronger than the love of a little novelty in their daily life. They do not love archery for itself, but for its accessories; variety, excitement, showing off their figures, as in Gwendoline's case, conversation, tea-drinking, perhaps flirtation, go to make up their ideal of an afternoon's amusement, and one or all of these belong to an archery meeting. This is proved by the reaction that sets in when the meeting is over; bows and arrows are put aside for other attractions, until the prospects of the next monthly gathering begin to be discussed. Practice is neglected, or done by fits and starts, and as a drudgery. It is too hot to shoot, but, strange fact, not to play lawn-tennis and dance through the summer night. There are, on the other hand, those who have fought their way into the foremost rank and are anxious to hold their own, and there are also those who are struggling and striving for a success that is long in coming. But the great mass of lady archers is composed of an intermediate class, with no ambition in their heart and no heart in their work. They have acquired a moderate position with which they are content. They manage to win prizes occasionally for the "best gold" or "most blues"; but these are rather due to good luck than to good shooting. Their method continues to be full of faults, but they are indifferent to that, preferring a style that is unsatisfactory or eccentric to the trouble of changing it. One lady finds it indispensable that the string should touch her nose before the arrow is released, and another cannot loose it until the thumb be pressed against a favourite spot on her face or neck. Some who would shoot cannot for want of instruction at the outset. The present championess practised persistently for seven years; but, having no one at hand to correct and advise her, made

little or no progress and rarely hit the target. No doubt the steadiness, perseverance, and determination that carried her through that long period of ill success and disappointment have since served her well in many a hard-fought fight. Other ladies, again, take to archery naturally and at first sight. Their arms may have been seasoned by riding or driving, and the bow, light as a feather in their hands, calls for little effort; whilst the difficulties of stringing the bow and adjusting the arrow which beset most beginners cause them no anxiety. If a friend is at hand to correct the natural errors into which all archers fall at starting, their way is easy, and success is pretty sure to follow.

The more the subject of modern archery is examined, the more difficult it will be to find points of resemblance between it and the archery of Robin Hood's day. The bows and arrows have an elasticity of draw and a beauty of finish which our forefathers never dreamed of even in the days when labour was cheap and archery universal; they were probably more like those still used by savage tribes in Africa, but longer and stronger, fashioned for work, not play, for the realities of war, not the sportive rivalries of peace. Experienced archers no longer pull their arrow to the ear, but to some point below the right or aiming eye, thereby keeping the arrow, like the rifle, in a true line beneath the eye; in olden times there could have been no more aim than the rough-and-ready one of a boy who throws a stone at a mark, partly because it was desirable to shoot as quickly as possible, and partly because in shooting at distances beyond 120 yards it is impossible to get a point of aim actually on the object to be hit. It is to Horace Ford, the first man who scored a thousand in public on the National Round, that we are indebted for exploding the old theory that the proper mode of aiming was to draw to the ear. Every one knows that the sole advantage obtained by the latter style was that it allowed a longer pull; but when hard hitting ceased to be the one great end of shooting, the time came to solve the problem of aiming on some truer principle than that of drawing the arrow past the eye and on to the ear. Now that the road to good shooting has been made so smooth and straight by others, the work of the modern toxophilite is comparatively easy; with health, patience, and perseverance, and a plentiful command of temper, he ought to ensure for himself a career of enjoyment and success.

THE DISCOVERIES AT MYCENÆ.

THOUGH it is now some months since Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ took place, and though the interest which they have excited has been very general, the European public has as yet only very vague and imperfect notions as to their real value and significance, and amidst the enthusiastic applause which has greeted the discoverer in this country, we still hear a strange expression of doubt and distrust. Many still go about asking, Are these Mycænæan antiquities really so very old? while some few still insinuate that they have no connexion with the heroic age at all—in short, that they are either Byzantine or modern. This doubt and distrust, however unmerited, has been partly caused by the unscientific and inadequate manner in which these discoveries have been made known to the archaeological world by Dr. Schliemann. During the period of his operations he wrote several letters to the *Times* stating generally the nature of his discoveries; but no regular report of them, accompanied by photographs and plans, has, so far as we know, been as yet submitted to any learned Society, and the few persons who have been able to see these Mycænæan antiquities at Athens have seen them under conditions which made accurate description no easy task. Moreover, as no drawings of them have as yet been permitted, it has been very difficult to compare them with what we already possess in museums of kindred character; and the want of such methodical study and comparison has led more than one distinguished archaeologist to pronounce hasty and ill-considered opinions as to the value of the discoveries. It may therefore be of use to note what accounts of the Mycænæ antiquities, giving the result of careful examination, not only of the objects themselves, but of the site of their discovery, have already appeared in print. Here Germany, as usual, was first in the field. In the fourth number of the *Mittheilungen* of the German Institute at Athens, published this year, is an excellent article by Mr. A. Milchhöfer on the excavations at Mycenæ. Very shortly after this appeared in the *Academy* of April 21 and 28 two articles by Mr. Percy Gardner, and in the *Times* of April 20 was a long letter on the same subject from a correspondent fresh from Mycenæ. When we compare the descriptions of these three writers, who are all evidently archaeological experts, we perceive that, though there are certain differences in their mode of viewing the Mycænæ antiquities, they agree in the main in their verdict, of which we offer the following summary:—

1. These antiquities appear to be of a very remote epoch, certainly before the first Olympiad; how much earlier has yet to be ascertained. We have reason to believe that evidence will be adduced which will carry their date back beyond the time of Homer.
2. The art, throughout, is very rude, much ruder than we might have been led to suppose from the glowing descriptions written by Dr. Schliemann in the *Times*, in the first outburst of joy at his great discovery.
3. There are traces of Asiatic influence in this Mycænæan art,

though this influence is slighter and more difficult to trace than in the subsequent stages of archaic Greek art.

4. The great bulk of the objects found are probably of local origin, though some few are evidently imported. There are, for instance, two specimens of Egyptian porcelain and several vases in fine white alabaster, which may have been brought from Sidon through that Phœnician traffic of which such sure evidence is found both in Homer and Herodotus.

5. With a few exceptions, the works in metal, whether gold cups and ornaments or bronze caldrons or weapons, appear to have been executed without the aid of casting or soldering, by means of that primitive process which the Greeks called *aphyrelaton*, and by which plates of metal were beat out (*repoussé*) on a mould, and then united one to another by nails. We know that the most archaic bronze statues among the Greeks were made in this manner, and that casting statuary on a large scale did not come into use till a later period.

6. The metallurgists of Mycenæ were very imperfectly acquainted with the art of chasing and engraving reliefs. What was afterwards known to the Greeks as *toreutic* work was then quite in its infancy. Such attempts at chasing as we find are mere *graffiti*, and the intaglios of the gold rings and stones found by Dr. Schliemann are equally rude.

7. As generally in early art, the attempts to represent figures in the round are very inferior to the reliefs; the ornaments, whether floral or geometrical, are far more correctly and vigorously designed than the representations of animal life, the lions and other animals better understood than the human figure.

8. In the higher subjects represented there is a marked preference for the two principal occupations of the heroic age, war and the chase; but among the miscellaneous mass of ornaments occur here and there mythological figures and symbols, and also strange naturalistic emblems. Thus we find among the small personal ornaments, the sphinxes, hippocamps, and gryphons of later Greek art; a naked female figure with doves, who can hardly be any other than the Aphrodite whose worship the Phœnicians brought with them to the coasts of Hellas; a temple singularly like that on the later Greek coins of Cyprus; on one of the rings three female figures appear to be bringing offerings to a goddess seated in front of a tree from which an attendant behind her is gathering fruit. In contrast to these subjects, we find among the personal ornaments the constantly recurring types of a butterfly with spread wings, executed in low relief, with singular delicacy and fine observation of nature; another winged insect, probably meant for a bee; a sort of grub, perhaps the chrysalis of a butterfly; and a cuttlefish with long feelers. It is not probable that these natural objects were chosen as ornaments at haphazard. Like the scarabæus which the Etruscans borrowed from the Egyptians; like the golden *cigales* which, as we know from Thucydides, the Athenians once wore on their heads in token that they had sprung from the Attic soil; like the bees which appear on the coins of Ephesus and on the statues of the Ephesian Artemis, these Mycænæan butterflies, cuttlefish, &c., probably had a special significance in connexion with the contemporary religion; and it may be that in the myth of Psyche, as it appears in later Greek art, we have only a revival of a symbol already adopted in the earliest dawn of Hellenic civilization.

9. So far as the vast and miscellaneous mass of objects from the Mycenæan tombs has been examined, no trace of writing, whether Phœnician or Greek, has been detected. Of course we except the single fragment of pottery, with an archaic Greek inscription, found in the upper soil, which from the form of the letters evidently must be attributed to a much later period than the objects found in the tombs themselves and in the lower strata which covered them.

10. Very little glass was found in the tombs, and what there was consisted chiefly of beads, such as might have been imported from Egypt or Sidon. The variegated glass bottles which occur in such abundance in the tombs of Camirus at Rhodes, and which are associated with remains of the archaic period in that later stage which we call for convenience the Greco-Phœnician, were altogether wanting.

11. On comparing the Mycænæan antiquities with the incidental notices of art and metallurgy which we find scattered through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, many interesting resemblances and coincidences both of subject and treatment suggest themselves. In this respect the difference between the Mycænæan antiquities and those from Hissarlik is very marked. In spite of much ingenious argument which has been employed to establish relations between art as described by Homer and the barbarous products of the *Troia* found at Hissarlik by Dr. Schliemann, we are of opinion that no real affinity exists between the two, and that the art described by Homer is based on recollections of what the poet actually saw in the royal treasuries, and perhaps the temples, of a more civilized time. Nay, we would go one step further, and assert that Homer must, before he composed his description of the shield of Achilles, have seen much finer works in metal than Dr. Schliemann has disinterred at Mycenæ. The art of the Homeric age we believe to have been more like the wonderful treasure of gold objects recently discovered at Palestrina, and those gorgeous objects from the Regolini Galassi tomb at Vulci, which form the principal attraction in the Etruscan Museum at the Vatican.

Much remains to be done before we can appreciate the full value of Dr. Schliemann's marvellous discovery at Mycenæ. The pottery, of which he collected many fragments from his diggings both on

the Acropolis and in the Treasuries, will have to be studied in its relations to the earliest pottery of Rhodes, Santorin, Melos, Athens, Cyprus, and Etruria; and it must be further compared with the fragments of pottery from the tumuli near Sardis, from Assyria, from Palestine, and from Phœnicia, which have been already gathered into museums. Nor must we forget, as part of the same inquiry, the further exploration of that most curious site near Smyrna which Tenier describes in his *Asie Minor* as the Tantalais, and which is believed to have a close connexion with that Pelopid dynasty which, according to legend, was afterwards transplanted to Mycenæ. The work of further exploration in Greece and Turkey, and of study and comparison of the Mycænæan antiquities with what we already have, and what we may some day acquire, will occupy much time, and can only be accomplished by a number of young, well-trained archaeologists such as Germany and France are constantly sending out to the East on special mission. The students of both those countries have the great advantage of a home, a library, and an organization for scientific purposes, at Athens; and the researches of the Athenian *Ecole Française* and of the newly-established German Institute there are contributing greatly to the progress of archaeology in Europe. May we not venture to ask whether it would not be possible to devote some small endowment to the equipment of students to follow in the track of Chandler, Leake, Gell, Cockerell, and other explorers of a bygone generation, whose persevering labours are better appreciated abroad than they are here? We have indeed, as a nation, had our share in laying the foundations of classical archaeology, and may be said to have contributed more than one corner-stone; but how much of this work is due to the aid of either Oxford or Cambridge? Where are the travelling Fellows who might at this very time be at work, as the French are, at Delos, or as the Germans at Olympia? Where are the professors of archaeology to train such students, and the museums which in Germany are to be found in every University as an essential part of academic teaching?

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE present time must be one of grave discomfort to the Liberal party. Patent as it is to all the world that there is hardly a single question on which more than two of its recognized leaders think alike, yet there seem to be deeper depths of despair which it may look forward to reaching in the future. To men who believe that the masses require leaders, and that it is essential that those leaders should possess strength of purpose and the courage of opinions formed outside the haze and clamour of popular excitement, the situation is miserable. When every fanatic finds an ex-Cabinet Minister ready to pat him on the back and to speak kindly of his crotchets, men of sense may well wish for a complete set of new pieces on the political board. To do justice to the Conservatives, whether the fact be due to the virtue of organizations or of individuals, there has been much less deference paid by them to the hectoring of cliques and the bullying of associations. There are no views now too absurd to be without support, or without the means of thrusting themselves before the public and obtaining a pledge from a political candidate. If five fools hold that the moon is habitable, and can be advantageously colonized, owing to the value of the volcanic deposits, and that the Government should be pressed to supply the means, the five fools have a career before them. A room is hired, a secretary obtained, an association formed, and, after a refusal on the part of the Government to provide the necessary funds, a letter is written to Mr. Gladstone to know what line he will take with regard to the matter at the ensuing elections. By return of post the five fools get their answer. Mr. Gladstone regrets the action of the Government. He always considered the question of the colonization of the moon an open one, and remembers crying in connexion with it in childhood. He would suggest to the Association the duty of ascertaining the fierceness of the dog in the moon, which might impede their progress. He will, however, fully detail his views in the *Contemporary*; meantime he heartily concurs with the memorialists, and trusts that the next election will enable him to support them actively. Then the letter is published in the local papers—a sorrowful spectacle for those who have no wish to see genius stultified. It is sad that Mr. Gladstone did not live before the invention of printing, when eccentricity was necessarily confined within narrower limits. We can fancy the injured fairy who was not invited to his christening exclaiming, "You shall spend half your time in writing letters which all your friends shall rue. A worse fortune still shall attend you, and conspire towards your ruin. In your lifetime the postal system shall be fully established, and all the wild ideas that teem from your brain shall be sent and read by everybody for a single halfpenny." What additional woe might not Achilles have caused had he been in the habit of writing upon all subjects on post-cards, instead of putting Thersites's circulars in the fire! Most men are aghast at the aberrations of Mr. Gladstone's public conduct. From a political point of view what is to be said about a man who dallies with spiritualism, and considers the expediency of vaccination an open question? If he were a second Petruccio gesticulating on the high road to a second Katherine, the world would be amused at the domestic scene, and would

treat his paradoxes with indifference; but when they appear to be seriously uttered, and calculated to mislead the ignorant and the rash, it is time that every influence should be set at work to nullify them. What can be the position of a party when, each day that it takes up a newspaper, it fears to see the enunciation of some wild piece of folly upon the part of its ex-leader? Conservatives are sometimes credited with the desire to unpick the legislative woe of their predecessors; but what might not Mr. Gladstone abrogate in a moment of conscientious vacillation? What evidence would suffice for him? what laws would avail? what could science do to stop his hand?

Shall I weep if a Poland fall, shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod and with knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

Mr. Gladstone certainly did not make the world, but he is evidently determined to guide it. The prominent position he has lately taken is not in the least due to the wishes of any one but himself. It is in no obedience to the cries of a nation that he has interrupted the course of politics, and endangered the existence of even a nominal party. Because at the present moment the moderate Liberals are not in strong antagonism towards the Government, it does not follow that they do not adequately fulfil the functions of an Opposition. There may be times when the interests of the country at large are of greater importance than a mere party success. Any very strong feeling in the constituencies on the subject of foreign politics might excuse, if not justify, special interference. Nothing, however, during the last six months has shown the existence of such a feeling. The southern division of Shropshire, on the death of one of its members, fell uncontested into the hands of a respectable Conservative squire, though in 1865 the division had returned one Liberal, and in 1868 had been closely fought. Of the more recent lesson learnt from Salford it is needless to speak. There never was a time when it was more necessary than it is at present to hide the many differences of opinion which exist among the heterogeneous elements out of which what is called the Liberal party is composed. There is hardly a question on which moderate Liberals differ from either Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Carnarvon. The disestablishment of the Church, the extension of the franchise, interference with the rights of landlords, are looked upon by the great majority of Mr. Gladstone's former colleagues with disfavour. They have not attacked the foreign policy of the Government, and they disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's autumn manoeuvres. There is scarcely any measure desired by them which the Conservatives would not be delighted to pass, and probably in their anxiety to originate they would make more concessions to the spirit of reform than would content their opponents. Fortunately for the Liberals they have the Burials Bill as a *cheval de bataille*; but no one can say at what moment their hopes of raising the country upon this grievance might be taken away from them. The formation of County Boards is the last step that might have been anticipated from a Conservative Ministry, and if legislation proceeds after this fashion, an appeal *ad misericordiam* will be fittest for Liberals, who will not be able to suggest in their addresses any more valid reason for their success than that it is their turn. We should like to see the address of some old Whig issued just now. What would he promise? Were he to record his convictions in sober truth they would run much after this fashion:—"I have really nothing to say against the Conservatives except that they are in office, cannot let things alone, and are in too great a hurry to accept the suggestions of irresponsible persons. As for the Church, it suits me very well as it is, so I shall only say that the question is one which is not ripe for consideration. I should deprecate extremely any change in the land laws in England, where the despotism of the owner is usually exercised to the great advantage of his tenant, and shall leave that topic out altogether. As to the devolution of real estate in cases of intestacy, I don't mind an alteration, as it will have no practical effect. Lord Derby has vacillated in his management of the Foreign Office, but, thank goodness, Mr. Gladstone has had nothing to do with it during the past year. I do not see any social benefit to be gained by the extension of the county franchise; but my ancestors have fought the county for a century and burdened the estate with a sad number of mortgages, and I suppose I must go with the party. Indeed, my family has always held pronounced views, and if Mr. Gladstone would confine his operations to Ireland, there is no progress I am not capable of supporting and no experiment I should object to seeing tested. If the liquor trade were diminished, the country would be immeasurably happier. I have put down nearly all the public-houses on my estate, and proportionately reduced my rents. My agent, however, tells me that in consequence I shall not have a vote in the neighbourhood, and recommends me not to mention the subject. Decidedly I must confine myself to general expressions of interest in the country." The condition of mind represented by these opinions is not a restless one, and Mr. Gladstone is not the exponent of it. If anything could teach the Liberal party a lesson, recent experience might make them wiser. It may be feared, however, that the discord is now too great to enable any order to be kept, and that every question, as it comes uppermost, will disclose fresh divergences of opinion.

THE STEAM TRAMWAYS DELUSION.

WE recently gave a summary of the Report of the Committee on the use of mechanical power on tramways, and this has now been followed by the evidence on which the Report is based, and by a Bill introduced in hot haste by the President of the Board of Trade to carry out the recommendations of the Committee, and allow free scope for all sorts of wild and, as is admitted on official authority, at present dangerous experiments. The chief point in the Committee's Report was the cry of humanity. The managers of horse tramways have given evidence of the shocking way in which they kill off their horses by disgraceful overwork; and the only remedy the Committee can think of is that "common humanity loudly demands some other motive-power than that of horses." We cannot answer for common humanity; but common sense would probably say that the natural and proper way of punishing such conduct would be to prosecute the persons who are responsible for it under the Cruelty to Animals Acts. The Committee state that, "without pledging themselves as to what regulations or what legislative measures may be required at a future and perhaps at an early date," they "are of opinion that the use of mechanical power on tramways should generally be permitted, and recommend that any Provisional Order or Private Bill granting the necessary powers should contain clauses" laying down certain conditions as necessary for public security. The Board of Trade, adopting this view, has taken the responsibility, evidently without adequate reflection, "to authorize the experimental use of mechanical power on tramways," by a Bill the chief clause of which provides that "the Board of Trade may, by a licence containing such restrictions, conditions, and regulations as they may think fit, authorize for a limited period not exceeding one year, and as an experiment only, the use of any specified mechanical power, either in addition to, or in substitution for, animal power, for moving carriages on any tramway in Great Britain; and any such mechanical power may be used accordingly." It is therefore highly important that the exact nature of this singular proposal should be examined and the evidence in favour of it duly weighed.

The first witness was Mr. Farrer, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, who gave an explanation of the present state of the law as to tramways as far as he was acquainted with it. When tramways were first introduced in this country the sanction of Parliament had to be obtained by means of a private Bill; but in 1870 power was conferred on the Board of Trade for facilitating the making of tramways by means of Provisional Orders issued by that department, while the option was left to the promoters to proceed by private legislation. From the passing of this Act down to the 30th of June last, tramways have been authorized in 44 places, two and a quarter millions of money spent on them, and about 161 miles of lines opened. Altogether 317 miles have been authorized, including those in existence before the new law was passed. A year or two back there was a good deal of opposition to the extension of tramways in the metropolitan district, and the whole of the Bills and Orders were suspended for the Session, the result being that since then tramways have not been allowed in the centre or West-end of London; but, with that exception, they have gone on very much as proposed. On the whole, the Act has, in Mr. Farrer's opinion, worked well; but he mentions certain tramways "which," he thinks, "afford a subject of special interest." One of these is the Wantage Tramway, for which, with horse-power, a Provisional Order was granted in 1874. In 1876 an application was made for leave to use steam or other mechanical power in addition to horse-power, and there was no opposition. The Board of Trade sent down Major-General Hutchinson to inspect the line, and he reported that he did "not see that the tramway would become other than a railway, and thus a source of danger to the public using the highway, as well to those using the tramway, considering the unlocked facing-points which occur at the turn-outs." It was thought, however, that those defects might be amended, and eventually the Board made an Order. The Order, as first sent to the Board, contained a provision repealing the Locomotive Act as regards this Tramway; but the Board, with a modesty which would perhaps have hardly been expected from that department, "thought," as Mr. Farrer puts it, "that it scarcely rested with them, by Provisional Order, to repeal a general Act of Parliament." They were, however, advised that they could, under the Tramways Act, make a Special Order authorizing steam upon this tramway, without infringing the provisions of the Locomotive Act; which would seem to be much the same thing as repealing the Act for the special benefit of the applicants. Mr. Farrer, however, is candid enough to confess that he thinks "this opinion is open to question," and that it would be well in any new legislation to define the powers of the department, which, as the rest of the evidence confirms, is certainly necessary, for the officials of the Board of Trade seem to be setting themselves up in an insidious way as a second Legislature. In the present year there are eight Bills asking for the use of steam-power, and eight applications for Provisional Orders to the same effect. Mr. Farrer on this point expressed a belief that, "if the steam traction upon tramways succeeds, we shall very soon have applications for the use of steam upon roads without rails." He also remarks that "of course the subject is a new one, and the experience of the Board of Trade is very small in the matter"—this is painfully evident throughout the evidence—"and it is very probable that other things may turn out to be necessary." Indeed, Mr. Farrer even goes so far as to predict that

"it is a very likely thing that Railway Companies will promote these tramways themselves, with a view to making them feeders to their lines."

Mr. Farrer confined himself to the law, and did not profess to have any practical acquaintance with the mechanical aspects of the subject. These it was left for Major-General Hutchinson, one of the Railway Inspectors, to expound. He described various experimental steam and other tramways which he had seen. In one at Govan, on the Clyde, the motive-power was compressed air, and there was no noise, smoke, steam, or any fire visible; the speed was from eight to ten miles an hour. The chief objection to this system is that the receiver under the car can only be stored with an amount of air which would be apt to get exhausted in the middle of the journey, and then the machine would stick fast. As to the Grantham steam-car, the experiment reported on was up to a certain point successful, but something got wrong, and it had to be stopped; and it was observed that at both ends of the car there were handles for shutting off and applying steam, which were "much in the way of people getting in and out of the car." The boiler was vertical, and carried in the centre of the car, with steam cylinders underneath; and there was "nothing particularly objectionable" with regard to steam, smoke, and noise; but it was admitted that, as the passengers sat round the inclosure in which the boiler was, and over the cylinders, they would be exposed to serious danger if an explosion took place; though, as the Inspector remarked, this danger would be only slightly less if the engine were apart from the car. Then there was Merryweather's traction-engine, in which the passengers are separate from the machinery, but hauling power is to a certain extent lost, though this may be partially overcome by the application of special means on heavy inclines. Hughes's tram-car has also two divisions, and at the time of the experiment witnessed by the Inspector seemed to be satisfactory as to smoke and steam. But when he was asked "how far modern inventions approached the rules laid down for the safety and convenience of the public?" his reply was that none actually did so, but that "there were engines now in course of construction which would comply with the requirements proposed by the Board of Trade." This of course remains to be seen, no perfect example having yet been exhibited, so far as this witness knows. He also paid a visit to Paris last June to study the tramways there, but the rules as to their management had not then been completed, and they were not open for public traffic; but in an experimental way they worked, he thought, pretty well, though they were apparently not up to the Board of Trade ideal. As to horses being frightened, he observed in Paris that cavalry troop-horses, as a rule, took no notice of the engine, but the non-commissioned officers' horses were more restive, and the officers' horses most of all; so that "it seemed that, as the mettle of the horse improved, so its dislike to the steam-car increased"; and he did not think this would ever wear off in such animals. He did not attribute the terror of horses at a steam-car to either the smell or the sight of fire, but to the unusual style of locomotion, so that, under all circumstances, so far as his experience went, strange horses were more or less restive at meeting such vehicles. "Every horse that had a kick in him would give a kick." It seems that some wisacre has suggested that something in the shape of a horse should be placed in front of the car; but, like most of the "all-important features" of this grand *pseudo*-post-future scheme, it does not seem to have been satisfactorily worked out. The Inspector also points out the dangers to which tram-cars as at present constructed are exposed. "The all-important point" is that the control of speed, whatever the motive-power, should, after it reached a certain velocity, be out of the control of the driver and automatically checked by some self-acting arrangement which, it seems, has yet to be invented. Thus every steam and mechanical car should be able to stop itself, even if the driver were asleep, when running downhill or exceeding the proper speed; and should also have a speed indicator attached to it by which the driver might know how fast he was going, and which should serve as a record of speed; but these also are apparently not yet provided in a practicable form, though they exist in the sanguine imagination of many inventors, and even of this Inspector. It should also be noted that the cases in which he saw these so-called successful experiments were either roads which were very wide, like the new broad boulevards of Paris, or where there was "no large amount of traffic in the streets." He also acknowledges that the use of steam carriages upon roads where there are a good many horse carriages passing would be, he would not say "absolutely dangerous," but would "require great care upon the part both of the tram-drivers and coach-men," which is a very mild way of putting it; and that, under any circumstances, tramways spoiled carriages by wrenching the wheels, and "in introducing steam into crowded thoroughfares you ran the risk of frightening horses, and the more crowded the thoroughfare the more danger there is."

The bulk of the evidence taken by the Committee was almost exclusively given by persons commercially interested in the invention, manufacture, or management of tramways—including one inventor who seems to take almost all the elements of nature under his kindly patronage, and has "got out several schemes for working with steam, compressed air, gas, and ammonia," and another, who, though not unfavourable to the use of mechanical power, has a decided opinion that it is premature, as he had a superior invention for working horse-cars. It is needless perhaps to say that, with the exception of the last, all these gentlemen are thoroughly convinced that the problem of mechanical working in one way or another

has been triumphantly solved, and that the country ought to be at once handed over to their tender mercies. But when we examine this evidence it is rather weak in some points. Thus Mr. Hopkins admits that, if a system of steam-power which shall satisfy all the reasonable requirements of the Legislature is "not actually already invented at this moment," it "is so nearly accomplished that you may consider it accomplished." It is not a new experience to hear of an inventor who, having all but found the philosopher's stone, or how to make gold or diamonds of cinders, believes that "it is so nearly accomplished that you may consider it accomplished." This witness on being asked whether in his inquiries as to steam-cars he had not omitted the material point as to cost of working, said that he did inquire on that point, but did not obtain any information. He also confessed, in answer to a question whether he would, as an engineer, recommend the Companies for whom he was engineer to adopt a scheme as to the financial results of which he was perfectly ignorant, he replied, "Certainly not"; yet practically he gives his support to such speculations. Then he is asked:—"Is there any engine complying with these requirements running at this moment, so that one might go and see it?" and his answer is, "I think not." This witness of course holds that his own engine is a complete success in fulfilling the essential conditions of a steam-car; but as to the indicator and recorder, on which General Hutchinson insists so strongly, these are "not yet accomplished." One or two non-official and independent witnesses were also examined, such as Mr. A. F. Stanley, M.P., who, among other things, gave evidence as to the "very injurious effect upon the roads of traction-engines," and Mr. Gregory, M.P., spoke to the great inconvenience and even danger which were caused to other passengers by the existing steam tramways in Kent, and said he had known cases of people having to turn their carriages into fields till the locomotives went by.

We have gone rather into detail in regard to these minutes of evidence, because they are documents which are little read, most people being content with the Committee's vague Report; and also because it is of great importance that the value and point of the evidence should be clearly understood on account of the empty and delusive talk on the subject which is kept up by persons who think that they are all going to make large fortunes by turning the roads and streets of the country into railways. What, then, does the evidence come to? Mr. Farrer does not pretend to know anything about the subject in its mechanical aspects; and General Hutchinson has only made a very slight and superficial investigation, has never seen anything not purely experimental, and, in fact, knows so little that he cannot say whether the use of traction-engines for drawing carts on the common roads is excessively destructive to highways; and, when asked to explain some wonderful apparatus which he praised, said he should "not like to undertake to describe it, as he probably should not make himself intelligible." On the other hand, the general evidence, even of the promoters of the movement, shows that the contrivances which are relied upon as securities for public safety are still in a crude and visionary stage, and that the liberty which the Government Bill would allow would subject the community to a very alarming and perilous course of experiments. There is one part of the evidence which deserves notice as an answer to the plea that the law is to be worked at the discretion of the Board of Trade. There are few departments in which so little discretion has been shown as in the present administration of this office, in regard to ships and everything else; and Mr. Wyatt, a Parliamentary Agent, shows how unfit they are to be trusted with legislative functions. It is indeed well known that there is not that searching inquiry into the compliance with the Parliamentary Standing Orders in the case of a Board of Trade Provisional Order which there is in the case of a Private Bill, nor is the inquiry made by equally competent persons. Moreover, in the former case it is a mere hole and corner affair, and the promoters of a scheme have ample opportunity of concealing important facts. On the whole, then, this hasty attempt to give legislative sanction to wild and fantastic experiments on a subject of such immense interest to the community, in the bare hope that some day they may come all right, is a very hazardous and unjustifiable proceeding, especially at a time when the existing tramways and road-engines are doing a great deal of mischief, and when the natural increase of population is leading to grave difficulties in regard to wear and tear of roads, and the movement of traffic in crowded thoroughfares.

THE CHAPTER OF ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to reply, through Sir Thomas Biddulph, to a memorial on the subject of St. Katharine's Hospital, signed by about two hundred clergymen and churchwardens of parishes in the East-end of London. After reciting the prayer of the memorialists to which we referred in a former article, Sir Thomas Biddulph conveys to Mr. Lowder, of St. Peter's Vicarage, London Dock, the message of Her Majesty "that, as the memorialists are aware, a Commission was appointed in 1869 to inquire into and submit to the Queen a scheme for the regulation of the institution. Following the precedents established in 1698 and 1829, the Queen has now called on the Lord Chancellor to frame rules for the future administration of the Hospital."

It is easy, whenever exactly the right thing has been said or done

in a very direct and simple manner, to be wise after the event, and to say that no other course could possibly have been taken under the circumstances. But in this case, fortunately, the wrong thing had been done or said in considerable variety and in much roundaboutness of manner, before a happy inspiration led the East-end residents to ask the Queen herself to listen to their representations. In very few words, the Royal Patroness of St. Katharine's Hospital has assured the memorialists both of her knowledge of the laws of the foundation and of her intention to act upon them. It was necessary perhaps, at least it was kindly and courteous, that the Queen should refer to the Royal Commission appointed in 1869, and to the "scheme for the regulation of the institution" which that Commission "was appointed to submit." To the scheme which that Commission did actually submit the kindness of Her Majesty makes no reference at all. "*Cetera desunt*," as the editors of old MSS. say. Between the first and second sentences of the Royal reply an interval of several years is supposed to elapse. But it is within our province as critics to notice that the Royal Commissioners who reported in 1871 "suggested, firstly, that a private Act of Parliament be obtained to give effect to several parts of this our Report"; whereas "the Queen," having evidently taken more pains to look into the history and law of the matter than Her Commissioners thought worth their trouble, and "following the precedents" thus established, "has now called on the Lord Chancellor to frame rules for the future administration of the Hospital." The view of the Royal Commissioners was founded by the modern horizon of the "private Act of Parliament." The Queen, with wider insight into and care for an historic past, recognizes the charters of Queen Eleanor, of Henry VI., and of Elizabeth, "*reservantes nobis, et Reginis Angliæ nobis succedentibus, plenam et liberam potestatem . . . mutandi articulos quoscunque in presenti churcā contentos, ad meliorationem hospitalis predicti, secundum quod nobis et Reginis Angliæ nobis succedentibus prævia ratione videbitur expedire.*" This provision of Eleanor's charter Her Majesty, following later precedent, interprets by the clauses in the subsequent charters which exempt the foundation "from all jurisdiction, secular and ecclesiastical, other than that of our Chancellor of England or Keeper of the Great Seal of England for the time being, or of the Master or Warden of the said Hospital," &c. It would have been possible for Her Majesty to trace the history of precedent to much earlier days. Yet perhaps the somewhat high-handed dealing of Queen Eleanor with the previous foundation of Queen Matilda would hardly serve as an example to follow. "*Finis coronat opus*" is justification sufficient for the age of Henry III. The Crown and the Bishops had a severe contest in hand against the Pope and the Austin Friars, and if Eleanor had been guided by strict modern rules of law, there would probably have been no Hospital of St. Katharine now existing for the Lord Chancellor's regulation, as the foundation would have disappeared in the dissolution of the great Priory of Aldgate, from whose "custody," as we learn from the lamentations of the Priory chroniclers, it was wrested more or less legally by the Queen.

Of the "precedent" established in 1829 there is not much to say; but it is only fair to the Chapter of half a century since to acknowledge that its Master and members did their utmost to resist, and if possible to prevent, their uprooting from the East-end of London. They petitioned to be left in peace in their ancient home; they illuminated, with such lights as were possible in 1824, when for the time they were left in peace; but the "private Act of Parliament" of 1825 was too strong for them, and they were turned out to seek lodgings where they might find them, as in the Regent's Park in 1829 they did. But the precedent of 1698 is of much higher importance and much greater present interest. The unpublished records of the Chapter of St. Katharine's contain a very graphic picture of the details of Lord Somers's Visitation, which gives life to the dry narration of his "ordinances" as recorded by Ducarel in his appendix, p. 121, and copied by the Charity Commissioners of 1866; and which, it may be hoped, may be published in full when the present Lord Chancellor has submitted his report and "ordinances" to the Queen. The result of this visitation of Lord Somers was a very sweeping reform in the management of the foundation. The Master, Sir James Butler, was removed for non-appearance and for various other offences, including "the using of the common seal for corruptly disposing of the place of a Brother and Sister"; from which it is evident that up to that date the nomination of the Brothers and Sisters had not reverted to the Royal Patroness, although the clerical qualification of the Brothers had been restored after the appointment of a new Master in 1681. Lord Somers also suspended Dr. Lake, one of the Brothers, for six months for non-residence and non-performance of the duties of his office; and he laid down strict and minute regulations for the maintenance of divine service, the residence of the clerical members of the Chapter, and the general management of the Hospital and its revenues.

It is, however, at this point that there first appears a distinction between the position of the Brothers and that of the Sisters in this venerable Chapter, which is preserved to the present time, and which is without any authority whatever in the ancient history of the foundation. At the time of Lord Somers's Visitation in 1698 the stipend of the Brothers was for each 8*l.* annually. This is exactly the amount of the stipend of each Sister in the return of the expenses of the Hospital made to Queen Elizabeth. There is no evidence, of course, as to the payment of the Brothers previously to the Dissolution in 1545, because a common table was kept in the Hall for the members

of the College who lived with the Master, while the Sisters had their separate provision, as in the ordinances of Queen Philippa. But the will of John de Hermesthorp, who was Master of the Hospital when it was visited by the Lord Chancellor in the reign of Richard II. (1380), and who died in 1412, shows an exact equality in the position of the Brothers and Sisters respectively. He bequeaths to each Brother and Sister alike 13*s.* 4*d.*, while to the three "*secularibus capellanis*," or Chantry Priests of the church of St. Katharine, he leaves 6*s.* 8*d.* each, and to each of the ten Beadswomen 3*s.* 4*d.* In like manner, in his bequests for the day of his funeral, he leaves to each Brother and Sister of the Hospital 3*s.* 4*d.*, while "*cuilibet capellano*," "*cuilibet mulieri pauperularum et cuilibet clericorum chori*," he gives 1*s.* 8*d.*, thus exhibiting the social and ecclesiastical equality of the Brothers and Sisters, and their superiority to the other male and female members of the foundation. When Wilson was compelled to reinstate the three Brothers to complete the Chapter according to the charter, as there is sufficient evidence to show that he did, the equal position of the Brothers and Sisters was retained, the Brothers being clearly laymen; and the will of Sir Julius Caesar, Master of the Hospital, who died in 1639, witnesses to this equality. In this will, dated 27th February, 1635-6, he bequeaths "to the three Brethren and the three Sisters of the Hospital of Saint Catherine neare the Tower of London, to each of them three pounds in ready money," and "to each of the ten Beadswomen or Almeswomen of that Hospital forty shillings sterling." During five centuries and a half, therefore, from the first foundation of this Hospital, the Brothers and Sisters of the Chapter were held in equal honour, and were of the same rank; and this as much in the days which succeeded the dissolution of religious houses as in the ages when female members of ecclesiastical communities were familiar to English experience. Not till Lord Somers's Visitation in 1698 was any distinction made between the emoluments of the Brothers and Sisters of this Chapter. By his ordinances the stipends of the Brothers were first to be increased from 8*l.* to 40*l.*, and afterwards those of the Sisters to 20*l.* each, although still the position of the Sisters in Chapter was to be equal with that of the Brothers, and the portion of the fines on renewal of leases which was assigned to the Chapter, exclusive of the Master, was to be divided between the Brothers and Sisters—"share and share alike, for the more comfortable subsistence and better encouragement in performing their respective duties." By Lord Lyndhurst's orders, in 1829, the disproportion between the emoluments of the Brothers and Sisters was to some extent reduced, as the stipends of the former were raised to 300*l.*, while those of the latter were fixed at 200*l.*; but at the same time certain compensations for the loss of clerical fees in the late collegiate church increased the incomes of the Brothers, while those of the Sisters remained still at the singularly poor and inadequate amount, even with the addition of a house of residence for each, at which Lord Lyndhurst's orders fixed them. The share of fines, or the sum due as compensation for loss of fines while the leases are being left to run out, must of course be added in the case of Brothers and Sisters equally. We have in former articles on this subject expressed our earnest hope that in any scheme for the future administration of St. Katharine's Hospital the position of the Ladies of the Chapter may be maintained in, or rather advanced to, the full honour and dignity which belongs to it, and from which Lord Somers, we fear, is responsible for in some measure displacing it. The British Protestant public, no doubt, is unaccustomed to the idea of ladies holding any ecclesiastical position or rank. But here most happily is an undoubted instance of such a position, whatever the ignorance of the British Protestant public hitherto may have been. This ignorance, it may be hoped, will in due time be dispelled and enlightened; and meanwhile, as the Royal patronage in regard to this portion of the Chapter cannot be exercised more wisely than it has been, the only point which we would venture to submit to the consideration of the Lord Chancellor is that the Ladies of the Chapter ought to be restored, in their proportion of emolument from the foundation, to their original equality with the Brothers.

The Brothers of St. Katharine's are by law already—if the mysterious labyrinth of legislation constructed by Church Building and Church Reforming Acts of Parliament admits of being threaded by any definite system of interpretation at all—Canons, and are entitled to be so described. On this point the Chapters Act (3 & 4 Vict. c. 113) is clear in its opening section. "All the members of Chapter except the Dean, in every cathedral and collegiate church in England, shall be styled Canons." That St. Katharine's is a collegiate church is undisputed; but it is worth while to show that the fact is not merely indisputable in theory, but admitted in practice, in order to place in a stronger light the mistake, to which we have previously adverted, of representing this foundation as a charity. Neither Lord Somers nor Lord Lyndhurst knew anything of any Pluralities Act. That piece of legislation was imagined, on its first appearance, to be very dangerous to the dignity of the Church of England. It has in experience proved of great advantage in promoting the Church's welfare and efficiency, chiefly by abolishing the abuses and mischiefs of non-residence. But it was essential that provision should be made under this Act of 1838 (1 & 2 Vict. c. 106) for the temporary non-residence of beneficed clergymen in certain specified cases; and among these is exempted, by section 39, "any spiritual person being prebendary, canon . . . or minor canon in any cathedral or collegiate church" when he is "required to reside and perform the duties of such

office by the charter or statutes of such cathedral or collegiate church." The three Brothers of St. Katharine's Hospital are all beneficed clergymen, and have all been admitted to their benefices, or to their membership in Chapter, or to both, since the passing of the Pluralities Act, and thus come under its provisions. Each Brother is required under the statutes of St. Katharine's "to reside and perform the duties of his office" for four months in every year; while three months' absence is the extreme limit allowed under the Pluralities Act to a non-exempted incumbent. The case of the Brothers or Canons of St. Katharine's is obviously not covered by any of the long list of exemptions contained in the previous or 38th section of the Act; and it is therefore clear that it is as canons of a collegiate church that these three gentlemen receive, and rightly receive, their dispensation or exemption as to the full term of residence required by the Act in ordinary cases from the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Peterborough and Winchester respectively. It is of course by mere ignorance or inadvertence that local newspapers in the East of London or elsewhere have been in the habit of describing these clergymen and the ladies of the Chapter as recipients of a "charity"; but there is no excuse for such ignorance and inadvertence in official quarters; and we trust that the Lord Chancellor will effectually put a stop to the use, in public documents, of a phraseology which can only be exonerated on the ground of absolute ignorance from the charge of something very like intentional discourtesy.

Very mistaken reports are current as to the available income of St. Katharine's Hospital. It does not now exceed 7,000*l.* annually, even when the rental of the Master's Lodge in the Regent's Park is taken into the account. The residences assigned to the remaining six members of the Chapter are but reasonable additions to their moderate, and in the case of the Sisters their inadequate, incomes. An increase of about 8,000*l.* in yearly revenue will gradually accrue by the falling in of leases within the next thirty years; but only a small portion of this increase can be expected within ten years from the present time. Earlier possession at a smaller rate of increased rental may perhaps be secured by arrangement with some of the lessees; and as such an arrangement was suggested to the Royal Commissioners upon experienced advice, the estimate of a prospective income of 12,000*l.* a year, which we have given in a former article, may be taken as approximately correct. There is abundant provision in the funded capital of the Hospital to make compensation to vested interests for the loss of fines while the leases are running out; and the proportion of the estates and income which should be assigned respectively to the directly ecclesiastical or capitular, and to the eleemosynary or educational, divisions of the original foundation, is a subject which will no doubt fall under the Lord Chancellor's consideration in drawing up the code of regulations which the Queen has now called on him to frame.

BREAKING THE SABBATH.

THE old question of the due limits of Sunday observance has turned up again in a new form. An association composed of clergymen and laymen, which has been established for the purpose of securing the opening, not of theatres, but of public gardens, picture galleries, and museums on Sunday, has already held several meetings. It includes representatives of such widely different types of thought as Professor Tyndall, Mr. T. Hughes, Dean Stanley, and Mr. Stanton of St. Albans. The natural presumption would be that a scheme which combines the suffrages of so heterogeneous a body of supporters must have something to say for itself. We have lately been told on high authority that the opinion of the West-end is generally wrong; but at all events those who can see no impropriety in turning "the Zoo" into a Sunday afternoon lounge cannot with consistency object to throwing open the British Museum on the same sacred day. An *à fortiori* argument might indeed be plausibly urged on the latter point. For, if the fashionable loungers were excluded from Regent's Park, many equally innocuous methods of recreation would remain open to them; but "our poorer brethren in the middle aisle"—as a late popular preacher used to designate his humble auditors—too often find their only resource in the alehouse or the gin-palace. We commend this consideration in passing to those zealous apostles of temperance who are agitating to procure a Sunday closing law. The *Record* however, as might have been expected, is not a little scandalized at the movement, nor is its pious horror diminished by the ominous union of High Churchmen and Broad Churchmen in so unholily a crusade. And here the *Record* undoubtedly expresses the sentiment of that portion of the religious world which especially glories in the name of Protestant. A "moderate" Bishop is described somewhere—if our memory serves us, in one of Mr. Disraeli's earlier novels—as "too High Church to keep Sunday and too Low Church to keep Friday," and the description is not infelicitous. If Friday fasting has always been regarded as a distinctive mark of Papists and Popishly-minded persons, the strict observance of "the Sabbath" is considered no less characteristic of sound Protestants. Yet it seems strange at first sight that those who inveigh so fiercely against the superstitious observance of "days, and months, and times, and years"—in which catalogue St. Paul unquestionably included the superstitious observance of the Sabbath—should cling with such rigid pertinacity themselves to the keeping of a certain day which after all is not the Sabbath. We will

not undertake to say whether the usage in question is or is not "a fond thing vainly invented"; but an invention it certainly is, and an invention of very late date. If those who maintain the observance of fasts and festivals are fairly charged, as they often are charged, with "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," they can at least plead in their defence a tradition of eighteen centuries. But the Sabbatarian tradition is little more than two centuries old. It derives as little countenance from the fathers of "the Blessed Reformation," English or foreign, as from the fathers of the primitive Church. The Confession of Augsburg expressly condemns it; Cranmer, in accordance with his general Erastianism, calls the observance "a mere appointment of the magistrate"; even the Puritanical Calvin used to play at bowls on Sunday at Geneva. And to this day the countrymen and coreligionists of Luther and Calvin have nothing in common in this respect with their English or Scotch followers. The "Continental Sunday" which Protestants are so fond of denouncing is really characteristic of Protestant more than of Catholic countries; so much so indeed that the measure of influence exercised by the Church may usually be gauged in a foreign city by noting what proportion of the shops are kept open. Thus at Munich and Lucerne they are closed, in Paris only very partially so; at Berlin and Zürich they are open. The Sabbatarian view is an invention, not of the sixteenth century but the seventeenth, when the Puritans so fiercely railed at "the impious *Book of Sports*" issued by authority of Charles I. and Laud, and contrived under Charles II. to secure the passing of what Lord Shaftesbury has designated "the most remarkable and one of the most valuable Acts on the Statute-book." Baxter displayed his wonted moderation in saying—what is perfectly true—that "from and in the Apostles' days the Churches everywhere agreed in the holy use of it [Sunday] as a separated day." But a very brief retrospect will suffice to show that their agreement was far from covering the modern Protestant estimate of the day.

In the New Testament there is no injunction on the subject, and the Sabbath is never spoken of there, any more than by ecclesiastical writers, except as a purely Jewish ordinance. But it may be gathered from scattered intimations, especially with the light reflected on them from later tradition, that the first day of the week, which is called in one passage "the Lord's day," had already begun to be observed in memory of the Resurrection by the celebration of the Eucharist. The Sabbath, or Saturday, was indeed also kept holy in many Churches by fasting and religious services, not at all in connexion with the defunct Jewish law, but in memory of the Burial of our Lord, just as Wednesday and Friday were kept in honour of the Betrayal and the Passion. When, after the conversion of Constantine, Christian institutions first received the recognition of the State, an edict was issued enjoining the cessation of all judicial business, military exercises, and ordinary labour on "the venerable day of the Sun," excepting only agricultural work on account of the uncertainties of the weather. This was confirmed in the year 386 by an enactment of Theodosius, which also prohibited public spectacles on Sunday. Similar regulations had been made by the Council of Laodicea some years earlier, enjoining Christians to abstain from worldly business on Sunday and to attend the Mass. But as regards theatrical entertainments, it must be remembered that these had all along been forbidden to Christians, not on one day of the week, but on all days, on account of their idolatrous and licentious character. When, after the lapse of several centuries, sacred dramas began to be introduced into Christian practice, they were usually performed in churches and on Sundays or festivals. For mediæval usage, while sternly enforcing the abstinence from "servile work"—and that no doubt partly, and very rightly, in the interests of the serfs and labouring classes—always favoured Sunday amusements. The day was treated as the weekly festival of the people, combining recreation with religious worship, which last was itself a kind of recreation and helped to add something of brightness to their dull and monotonous lives. Charlemagne renewed in his Capitularies the civil enactments of the Roman Emperors about the observance of Sunday, and many later Councils confirmed or supplemented the canons of Laodicea on the subject. The same end was promoted by the wide circulation and belief of stories of miraculous penalties of disease or death which had befallen those who profaned the day, many of which may be read in St. Gregory of Tours' work *De Miraculis*. Of course St. Gregory did not talk about "Sabbath-breakers," but these legends remind one strongly of the popular tales of modern Evangelical tract-writers about the awful judgments—miraculous in all but the name—which came upon Tom the poacher or Jim the burglar, who began by playing truant from the Sabbath school and rapidly advanced with the fatality of a judicial process from his boyish neglect of the Fourth Commandment to the gallows.

It is curious sometimes to watch not only how "extremes meet," according to the proverb, but how extremes interchange with one another. The name and notion of the Sabbath, as applied to the Christian Sunday, was a brand-new invention of the seventeenth-century Puritans, and is cherished to this hour as the badge of the strictest sect of Protestant orthodoxy. But the Puritan sticklers for Sabbatarianism would perhaps be surprised, and hardly gratified, to learn that Catholic France was ringing not many years ago with denunciations of sabbath-breaking. Bishop after Bishop issued pastorals to reprove this sin; the Abbé Millon, then chaplain to the Emperor, published an impassioned tract, quite in the style of Mr. Ryle, with the unimpeachably Protestant title of *Sanctifier le Sabbat*; and sabbath-breaking was one of the crying national sins which evoked the anathema and inspired the solemn warn-

ings of our Lady of La Salette. Certainly, if the Puritan tradition does not prove that sabbatarianism is right, neither does its being enforced by ultramontane prelates and miraculous apparitions of the Madonna prove that it is wrong. But the very narrow and rickety basis on which that tradition rests should convince reasonable Christians of whatever Church that, while the observance of Sunday is abundantly justified both on religious and moral, not to add utilitarian, grounds, and its discontinuance would be nothing short of a national disaster, the particular limits and methods of that observance must be controlled by broad considerations of public utility, in the highest sense of the term, which may vary more or less with changes of time and circumstance, and can neither be fixed nor elucidated by reference to the Law of Moses. The rigidity of the Scotch Sabbath has been materially relaxed during the last few years, and it is well worth considering whether some relaxation might not be advisable, even from an exclusively religious point of view, in the lighter but somewhat elastic code of external discipline hitherto prevalent in England.

SCURVY IN THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE strange delay which has taken place in the publication of the Report of the Medical Committee appointed by the Admiralty to inquire into the causes of scurvy in the recent Arctic Expedition has, as the questions asked on Thursday in the House of Commons showed, excited some surprise and even suspicion, but of course it could not be kept a secret for ever. The Committee was appointed on the 9th of January, and sent in its Report on the 3rd of March; but the document has only just been issued. The inquiry was divided into three parts—the cause of the outbreak; the adequacy of the provision made by the Admiralty in the way of food and medicine; and the propriety of the orders for provisioning the sledge parties. The Committee attribute the early outbreak of scurvy in the spring sledging parties to the absence of lime-juice from the sledge dietaries; and enumerate among the subsidiary causes the long, dark winter, confinement in a lower deck in a vitiated atmosphere not free from damp, extreme changes of temperature, and comparative deprivation of fresh meat, especially on the *Alert*, which were aggravated by severe cold and arduous labour. They also find that the provision made in the way of food, medicine, and medical comforts was in every respect adequate for the performance of the special service of the expedition, and more complete than that of any other expedition which has preceded on Arctic service; that the orders of the commander of the expedition for provisioning the three extended and principal spring parties did not include lime-juice, thereby deviating from the Tenth Article of the Memorandum of Recommendations and Suggestions of the Medical Director-General furnished by their Lordships for his information; and that, the reasons assigned for such deviation being insufficient, the said orders were not proper. The Report contains a paper by Dr. Donnet and Dr. Fraser on the medical treatment of scurvy, giving the prevailing view of the profession on the subject, and recording some of the more salient points of the outbreak of the scurvy, especially in regard to its causation. From this it appears that morbid effusions into the cellular tissues of the body are the peculiar characteristics of scurvy, and represent the deterioration of the blood which is the result of a depraved nutrition, and the evidence is all but unanimous that the want of fresh vegetable food or of some of the constituents which compose such fresh vegetable, and probably also fresh animal, food is the cause of scurvy. It is then pointed out that, though scurvy is essentially a disease of mal-nutrition, there are various conditions which powerfully contribute to its early appearance, and aid in its development, such as those which interfere with nutrition and lower the standard of health. The more prominent of these are illness from intermittent fever, cholera, dysentery, or deprivation of sunlight; deficient meat food and fatigue; and many of these were at work during the sledge journeys.

An account is then given of the incidents of the voyage. The *Alert* and *Discovery* sailed from Portsmouth on the 29th of May, 1875; after "an unprecedented passage," they entered the "north water" on the 25th of July, and about the end of August they settled down in their respective stations in winter quarters. There were at first preparations for watering and preliminary sledging to supply exercise; but on the disappearance of the sun (the 12th of October in the case of the *Alert*, and the 16th in that of the other ship) the sledge work ceased, and the crews entered upon the long Arctic winter, which lasted till the beginning of March. Though there was little exercise in the open air, and confinement on board ship for nearly the whole day, there were amusements and interesting employment of various kinds. During this winter, and for some time previously, the men were fed on a liberal diet, in which the vegetable element was fairly represented, and daily rations of one ounce of lime-juice were served out, while variety was occasionally afforded by fresh meat. When the sun again appeared, there were preparations for the spring sledging; but the diet on board ship continued to be represented by the winter scale, with the exception of a double allowance of lime-juice on board the *Alert*. On the whole, the crews seem to have been during this period in very fair health, considering the conditions of their life, among which were the "bad atmosphere of the lower deck, where the men slept, and spent a large proportion of the twenty-four hours; superabundance of carbonic acid, and an insufficient renewal of the

air in the lower decks, which led to an accumulation of vapour from exhaled breath and the steam of food, so that the atmosphere was generally damp; and there were further extreme changes of temperature. As to fresh meat, it appears that the crew of the *Alert* suffered from the scarcity of game in higher latitudes, for they were restricted to an issue on only fourteen days, while the men of the *Discovery* had a sufficient supply of large game to give them fresh meat on fifty-three days. It is admitted that this was calculated to operate prejudicially on the health of the former crew, and may therefore have favoured the development of scurvy in common with other forms of disease; but the evidence given to the Committee is "pointedly opposed to the opinion that they could produce scurvy in men subsisting on a diet in which the vegetable element was fairly well represented," because, "if they were essential antecedents of the disease, the majority of cases would certainly have occurred while they were in action, and not"—as it was—"until they had for several weeks ceased to operate, and conditions of a totally different character had been substituted for them." Yet, though the conditions of the crews were very similar, there was a disparity in the number of cases of disease, 45 of the 70 men on the *Alert* being afflicted with scurvy, while only 15 men of the 52 on the *Discovery* were affected. To say that this was due to the prolonged absence of sunlight from the *Alert* is of course absurd, for it was only a question of four days; but a more marked difference was the greater amount of fresh meat—chiefly musk-ox beef—which the *Discovery* men enjoyed, though only irregularly and in limited quantities, while the *Alert* men lived chiefly on preserved and salt meat, not so well fitted to keep up health. The authors of the paper on scurvy, however, think that there is no ground for the supposition that fresh meat, in the ordinary cooked form, consumed in such moderate quantities as only one pound three or four times a week, and for a longer period one pound and a half, can exert any antiscorbutic power for several weeks after the consumption has altogether ceased. It is therefore held that "the conditions that existed on board the two ships during the winter do not appear to have any direct causal relationship to the outbreak of scurvy that subsequently occurred; nor indeed do they appear to have affected the health of the crews in any distinct or appreciable manner," though there was no doubt some deterioration of health.

The conclusion, therefore, is that the men, though rather flabby and with impaired strength, had no signs of scurvy until the sledging began, when 59 cases out of the 60 in this outbreak—one being an exceptional case on board ship—occurred. In Commander Markham's party one was taken ill on the eleventh day, another on the twelfth, and another on the sixteenth, and other cases followed in quick succession. In Lieutenant Beaumont's party one became ill on the seventeenth day; but this is not, as the writers show, an unprecedented circumstance in the history of scurvy, and there were causes to account for a speedy outbreak in this case. This was the sudden change which took place in their habits. The enforced inactivity of the winter ceased, the sledging began and a new system of dietary was introduced. The dietary on board ship is considered to have been sufficient, especially with the rations of lime-juice, to protect men against scorbutic disease; but in the sledging expedition the dietary was different, being of good quality, but novel, and difficult to take; and the excessive fatigue to which they were all at once subjected, without preparation, knocked them up. This part of the story has already been told, but the medical view of it is worth notice. In the longer expeditions "the pemmican was so stodgy it was like eating sawdust"; "the bacon was frozen so hard, and so intensely cold to the teeth, that none could eat it." Thus the men did not take their full rations; and it is probable that the cold would absorb a larger proportion of the total potential energy of the food in maintaining a normal temperature than had been expected, and further that the physical work was underestimated on account of exceptional difficulties. All this was, of course, trying for the men, and there can be no doubt that, under the circumstances, they were insufficiently nourished; but the medical opinion is that, though this might issue in starvation, in consumption, or other wasting malady, it would not bring on scurvy. Therefore another cause must be sought for this; and it is found in the absence of the liberal allowance of vegetable food in the ship dietary, together with a ration of one ounce of lime-juice, which in March was increased to two ounces on the *Alert*; while in the sledge dietary the vegetable element was only two ounces of preserved potatoes, a very insufficient quantity; and the bread baked on board ship was necessarily exchanged for biscuit. It is also pointed out that the contrast between the two dietaries in respect of the vegetable or antiscorbutic element is further increased by the absence of lime-juice in the sledge dietary, and to this is traced the serious outbreak of scurvy; for, though these were conditions favourable to the development of scurvy in the state of the sledgers, none of these were necessary antecedents of the disease. It is laid down that "the absence or deficiency of the vegetable element is the only known invariable antecedent of such an outbreak"; and that "lime-juice, on account of its well-established property of supplementing such a deficiency, may confidently be considered an adequate prevention against scurvy." It is added that the reputation of this specific has been increased by the experience of this expedition; because "fifty-eight cases of scurvy out of the sixty occurred in men who, for longer or shorter periods, had been deprived of lime-juice, as well as of vegetable food; while, at the

same time, they were not subjected to any other conditions which is known to cause scurvy, nor indeed had they all been brought equally under the influence of conditions indirectly favourable to the development of this disease." It also appears that, though lime-juice was excluded from the official dietary, it was carried and used by some of the minor sledging parties, and especially by those who started from the ships towards the latter part of the sledging season, or visited the depôts where lime-juice was stored, and that the sledge parties which suffered most severely from scurvy were not provided with it. The case is then summed up thus:—"The men had for several months been subjected to comparative inaction on board ship, and the influence there of many causes known to be unfavourable to healthy nutrition; they were then, without any preparation that can be regarded as adequate, placed in circumstances necessarily demanding a most active performance of the functions of nutrition, while the nature of these circumstances alone rendered such nutrition difficult, if not impossible. Coincidentally with these changed circumstances, they were deprived of a diet which contained, in quantity sufficient at any rate for ordinary circumstances, that kind of food shown by experience to be the most serviceable in preventing scurvy, and in its place received a diet in which this food was undoubtedly deficient."

Now that this authoritative and exhaustive Report, which represents the opinion of the highly competent medical members of the Committee after making a searching inquiry and after communication with the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, has appeared, there must be practically an end to controversy on the question. It has been the object of official persons to attribute the breakdown of the expedition only to the physical difficulties which were encountered; but it is now made clear that, though these were accessory, the collapse was distinctly and directly due to the mismanagement of the commander. The fact is that the whole affair was got up in a hurry, perhaps in order to excite popular enthusiasm as a counterpoise to the discredit which had been cast on the administration of the navy by its engineering inefficiency; but it has only shown that this weakness pervades the whole department. The initial blunder was sending off the ships too late in the year, and also without sufficient thought and reflection as to the system of fitting and the methods of exploration. There was of course every desire to spare no expense, and to send out everything of the best quality; and no expedition was ever more liberally provided for. But there were many points on which improvements could have been made if proper counsel had been taken, and sufficient time allowed for deliberate and well-considered arrangements. Mere pluck and dash in an offhand way are of little good in such a piece of work; what is wanted is a thorough understanding of the nature and condition of the task, and strict adherence to instructions. Captain Nares not only wasted his time in idle excursions contrary to his sailing orders, but in his ignorant self-conceit treated his medical advisers with contempt, and deliberately withheld the lime-juice upon which the lives of the sledgers depended. Mr. Ward Hunt will perhaps now be sorry that he was so prematurely lavish of praise and honour to the commanders of this grossly blundered expedition; but it may perhaps be a warning to him for the future, and it may also be suggested that, when he has questions to answer, he may find it prudent to answer them in a less violent manner than he did on Thursday.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

OUR notice of last week ended with the last picture in the first room of the Royal Academy. The picture which will attract most attention in the second Gallery is Mr. Long's "Egyptian Feast" (83). To this in the Catalogue is appended a quotation from Herodotus, Book II., which explains the artist's meaning:—"In social meetings among the rich, when the banquet is ended, slaves bring round to the several guests a bier on which there is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble nature as nearly as possible. As it is shown to each guest in turn, the attendant says, 'Gaze here, and drink, and be merry; for when you die such will you be.'" Mr. Long, on the authority of a note by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson to Rawlinson's Herodotus, has substituted a mummy for a corpse; and this is being dragged on a kind of car around a semicircle of many guests who have arrived at the end of a feast. Upon different members of the company the sight produces varying effects. A girl by whom the image has just passed clasps her arm round the neck of a man, presumably her bridegroom, in half real, half playful terror. To the right of this pair a man whose character, to judge from his face, is that of one who has resolved to make the best of an unsatisfactory world, prepares to follow the precept "Drink and be merry," but pauses for a moment in thought with his goblet poised in his hand. To the left an old woman seems to regard the notion of inevitable death with a sadness which she is at no pains to conceal. But the painter has managed to indicate that it is no selfish dread that possesses her, but rather the feeling of regret for the incompleteness of life, which is common to thinking beings; and her sorrow seems to be quite as much for the possible troubles threatening the happy groups around her as for her own approaching end. On the opposite side of the picture is a group of careless girls playing on harps of the period; and beyond them is the figure of an almost naked

girl, leaning in careless thought against the base of an *Idol*. This figure is charming in its unconscious pose and its delicate grace. To the background of the picture Mr. Long has given an admirable effect of space, and the painting of the tessellated pavement is admirable. It might be possible to point out faults here and there in the drawing of individual groups and figures, and there is a certain want of motion about the people depicted which suggests that they all suddenly stood still on purpose to be painted; but there are merits in the performance which far outweigh such faults as these. Mr. Long's other picture, "An Ancient Custom" (163), in Gallery III., is a singularly graceful and pleasant picture, of the same clime and time, of a waiting-maid painting her mistress's eyebrows. On the wall opposite to Mr. Long's large picture hang Mr. Alma-Tadema's "The Seasons," four panels to which the painter has given some of his best work. For "Spring" we have a flowery meadow, deliciously green, with girls engaged in gathering blossoms, one of whom advances with light step towards the spectator. "Summer" is figured by two women in a marble-floored bath-room. One, the younger, is in the bath, on the surface of which float roseleaves, painted with a skill worthy of M. Fantin. The older reclines on a bench running round the room in an attitude made to express exactly the languor and drowsiness of a hot summer afternoon. The painting of the marble is masterly, and so is that of the reflection in it of the woman whose head leans against it as she lies in the bath; and the whole picture admirably expresses the painter's intention. If one were to find a fault with it, one might perhaps say there was too much insistence on the prevailing tone of yellow. The third period, "Autumn," is a Bacchante dancing with a lighted torch in her hand. The colour prevalent in this is red, and red of a not very pleasant hue, so that we turn with relief from it to "Winter"—three women and a child in arms, draped in grey and blue, sitting round a moveable fireplace beneath a marble column. Beyond this we catch a glimpse of wintry landscape, which makes us feel how grateful the fire must be to those who surround it. In Gallery No. VII. Mr. Alma-Tadema has another picture (597), "Between Hope and Fear." What may be the meaning of this picture—a girl with an inscrutable expression holding up a bunch of flowers, while an old gentleman, clad like herself in Roman costume, looks lazily on—we need not perhaps be at any great pains to discover. As to its execution, the girl's salmon-coloured robe does not strike us as more pleasing than the want of interest in her face; while, to make up for this, the painting of the flowers, the marble-topped table, and the silver jug and bowl, with their reflecting surfaces, is marvellously dexterous.

In spite of the praise which we have given to Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Seasons," we are inclined to think that his best work this year is to be found in the Grosvenor Gallery. Here, in the West Gallery, is to be seen "A Bath" (32), which is an exquisite piece of painting, representing Roman women bathing in a tank of the clearest and most liquid water, constantly supplied by a stream which falls on one of them from the mouth of a Sphinx in green marble. On the steps leading down to the water appears a waiting-maid beating towels; and in a corner on the other side, beyond a marble column, one sees a group of women who have already bathed bending towards each other with so natural an air that one can almost hear their chatter. There is not a fault to be found in the execution of this delicately contrived picture, and the distance which the painter has succeeded in conveying on a very small canvas is astonishing. "How the devil," said Oxberry, speaking of the first London audience that heard Kenn in Shylock, "so few of them managed to kick up such a row is to me a marvel"; and to us it is a marvel how Mr. Alma-Tadema within so small a frame has given us so much depth of space to look into. We cannot, for the present at any rate, dwell in detail upon Mr. Alma-Tadema's other contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery, which, according to the system of that exhibition, are all hung together; but we may point out that "Sunday Morning" (29), a mediæval scene which might belong either to Germany or Holland, shows that the artist is as capable of giving a charm to comparatively conventional subjects as he is of bringing the life of Rome before our eyes in vivid reality.

Not far from Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Seasons" in the Royal Academy hangs Mr. Hook's very fresh and bright "Word from the Missing" (126), in which two little children paddling about in a sea which looks excellently liquid have picked up a bottle containing a letter. The intentness of the little girl who looks at the bottle while her brother holds it is well expressed, and the vegetation running down a sloping cliff to the sea-line is brightly and pleasantly painted. In the same room we have Mr. Faed's "Little Cold Tooties" (125), a careful and pretty presentment of a peasant woman nursing her child, which is however as theatrical and affected as its title; and Mr. Calderon's "Constance" (59), a pretty head, far more satisfactory than the same painter's "Joan of Arc" (91), which can only be described as a complete failure. Between these hangs Mr. Pettie's "Knight of the Seventeenth Century" (96), a fine picture of a man in well-painted armour, which derives an additional interest from its excellence as a portrait of Mr. William Black, the well-known and popular novelist. Of M. Fantin's "Gilly Flowers and Cherry Blossoms" (74) there is no more to be said than what we have already indicated, that the work has all the delightful qualities of true and finished execution which belong to this painter. Nor of Mr. Leslie's "Cowslips" (101) is it easy to make any criticism beyond that the pretty group of figures has the artist's usual

charm of sweetness and also usual want of strength. Mr. Bromley's "Fairy Ring" (88) is an indication, which the painter's many friends and admirers will view with regret, of how much he might have done, had he lived, in a line before scarcely attempted by him. Mr. W. A. Shade's "Spring-time Idyl" (140) is full of delicate feeling, and of the promise of fine execution.

In Gallery No. III. the first picture that catches the eye, not only because it hangs opposite to the door, but also because of its intrinsic force, is Mr. John Collier's portrait of Major Forster (195). Major Forster is represented standing up in a conservatory against a background of green, trimming or plucking from a hanging basket of foliage. The likeness is admirable, the flesh tints are true, the pose well chosen, and the whole effect singularly real. The figure stands out in strong relief from the background; the texture of the grey dress is painted with absolute truth, but with no obtrusiveness; and the way in which the blue shirt and mauve tie are reconciled is singularly skilful. The painting of the whole thing is strong and firm without any tendency to sloppy and careless dashing on of colour. Near this portrait is "A Hazy Day in Snowdonia" (200), by Mr. Arthur Gilbert—a landscape which seems full of veiled light and distance. Praise is due also to Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Caught by the Gale" (206) for its truth and force, and to Mr. E. Bach's admirable characteristic and careful head, "One of the Old School" (207). M. De Bréanski's "Heyham, Morecambe Bay" (213) is a singularly vivid and bright landscape of the foreign school. Mr. H. R. Robertson's "Rush Harvest" (286) is a very quiet and delicate view of a stream on which is carried a boat laden with rushes. Against this load leans a simple girl, whose arm is laid round the neck of an old woman sitting by her. The picture is tender and full of suggestion. All the works which we have mentioned since Mr. Collier's are hung at the extreme limit of height, or, to use a technical phrase, "skied." When we look down to the line which is the place of honour, we find our eye attracted with a horrible fascination, as that of the bird is said to be by the serpent, by various works, among which is prominent "Spring-Time" (220), by Mr. Cope, R.A. Something has already been said of this; but it is so astounding and perplexing a work that one cannot avoid returning to it and wondering what fate would overtake Mr. Cope and other Royal Academicians of the same calibre if they were to submit their works to some gallery unfettered by traditions—say, for instance, to that of the Crystal Palace or the Royal Aquarium. On the line also, and next to "Spring-Time," one cannot but observe "The Time of Roses" (216), by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., which is almost as happily calculated to adorn a seaside lodging-house's wall as Mr. Cope's effort. Mr. Goodall, however, is inferior to Mr. Cope in that his school is somewhat newer, and his work does not so pleasantly recall the memories of the coloured prints dear to our childhood. Of the other picture in this Gallery sent by Mr. Cope, R.A., "Bianca's Lovers" (280), it may be enough to say that there may be somewhere, for all we know to the contrary, a world where men and women are made and coloured as are the people here shown, and that the less we see of such a world the better we shall be pleased. The "Reflection" (259) of Mr. Hart, R.A. is almost more exciting by dint of the new ideas as to shape and tint which it suggests than the work just discussed. While we are speaking of those works of pure imagination which certain Royal Academicians have given us to contemplate, we may as well turn to "A Sussex Garden Glen" (1341), by Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A. (hung on the line), in Gallery No. X. If any Sussex garden glen is by nature like this, there must be qualities in the soil of Sussex which are hitherto not generally known. It is no doubt gratifying to find Devonshire "tors" and Norfolk "broads," both on a reduced scale, adorning a lawn in Sussex; and it is not unamusing to observe hounds and huntsmen losing themselves among these strange phenomena. One may contemplate Mr. Cooke's picture with some pleasure; but it is marred by the want of the key with which to wind it up and set the figures in motion, generally associated with works of this class.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF LORD ABINGER.*

LORD ABINGER was a man who deserved to have his life written. Not only was he for many years the acknowledged leader of the Common Law Bar, and afterwards Lord Chief Baron, but he was a man who struggled with and overcame peculiar difficulties; he was through all the more active part of his life associated with men of eminence; and he set a shining example of scrupulous honour in the political world. There is not, indeed, much to be said or learnt about him, for he never played any considerable part in public life. He had no remarkable success in the House of Commons or on the Bench; and that which really marked him off from his contemporaries—his singular gift for managing juries and getting verdicts—cannot be reproduced, or even described, by the pen of a biographer, and is naturally a gift that is thought of more when its possessor is alive than when he

has been dead many years. But his life had a story in it which was worth telling in a simple way; and, as he left a short autobiography, a few letters, and some notes on the leading men he had known, his son had not much to do beyond putting together the materials at his command. What he has had to do, however, Mr. Scarlett has done in a way to deserve the gratitude of the reader, for he is always clear and concise, and never falls into the fault which spoils almost all modern biography—that of heaping up insignificant details, and expanding what ought to be a short sketch into a work in many volumes by the simple expedient of inserting bushel after bushel of wearisome letters. Mr. Scarlett, in fact, had a very pleasant task to perform. For he writes with a twofold object, and both objects are near and dear to his heart. In the first place, he has desired to do justice to the memory of a father whom he loved and revered; and in the next place he longed to correct any inadequate idea which the British public may entertain as to the enormous antiquity and importance of the Scarlett family. A pocket in the cover of the volume contains the pedigree of the family, set out with elaborate minuteness; and we are over and over again assured that when the Scarlets emerged from the mists of antiquity they appeared as the Viscounts Carlat, and that, far from their being called after the colour, the colour was called after them. Lord Abinger himself was satisfied with the position of an English gentleman, and confined himself to the statement that he believed his family had held property in Suffolk and Essex. But the enthusiasm of the son of a newly made peer naturally seeks wider bounds; and if any one henceforth is ignorant of the grandeur of the Carlats, his ignorance must be pronounced to be of an invincible and wholly unwarranted kind, as the present author has done all that man could do to remove it.

Lord Abinger was born in Jamaica in 1769, a year fertile in the production of great men. His father was a landowner in the island, where he took a prominent part in local affairs; but Lord Abinger, in his autobiography, tells us that he was brought up with an abhorrence of slavery, and that his parents were most careful in guarding their children against the dangers of associating in any way with the negroes. He was a remarkably precocious boy in body and mind, ardently devoted to his lessons, and serving at the age of fourteen as a volunteer. When he was fifteen his father told him he was to go to England, get called to the Bar, and return to practise in Jamaica. He obeyed, arrived in England entirely his own master, entered an Inn of Court, and began to reside as a fellow-commoner in Trinity College, Cambridge. During his first Christmas vacation he paid a visit in a country house, and there, almost immediately after his sixteenth birthday, met and loved a young lady, whom six years afterwards he married. He resolved to create for himself an independent practice, so as to have a home to offer to the object of his affections. To form such a resolution at sixteen showed that he was by no means an ordinary boy; but to keep to it day after day, and year after year, without wavering and without discouragement, showed that he was a really remarkable one. He became a student, and a very zealous one, although he had to face a difficulty which any one acquainted with the Trinity of modern days seems the oddest that could have pressed on him. He could not find any one to teach him. He worked on, however, as well as he could; and when he was elected a member of an undergraduate club to which it was the height of the ambition of fashionable undergraduates to belong, he declined on the ground that he wanted to read. His boldness in refusing so high a distinction seemed wonderful even to himself; but steadfast love and zeal for knowledge prevailed, and he was saved from yielding to the attractions of a club which, according to the strange views of University discipline then prevailing, met alternately at Cambridge and Newmarket for the purpose of drinking. The courage he thus displayed drew to him the attention of some men of distinction in the College, and by one of them he was not only advised and stimulated in his reading, but introduced to Romilly and Porson. In his twentieth year he took his Bachelor's degree, and went to London, where he was called to the Bar in 1791, after having spent some time in a special pleader's office, the pupil who took his place on his retirement being Canning. He selected the Northern Circuit, and never knew the anxious pangs of a briefless barrister. For at Carlisle a brief was given him in a case the pleadings for which he had drawn in his tutor's chambers, and the mode in which he explained points in these pleadings during the trial won for him compliments from the judges. In due course he attended the Lancashire Sessions, and in 1792—that is, only a year and a quarter after he was called to the Bar—he found he was gaining ground so decisively that he allowed himself to be made happy at last, and ventured on the marriage to which he had been looking forward so long. The liberal allowance his father made him saved him from any real anxiety, although, in refusing to take advantage of his connexion in Jamaica and remaining in England, he ran some little risk; but from first to last his career was one of unchequered prosperity, and in 1798 his professional income exceeded his expenditure. Few barristers under the age of thirty have so pleasant a tale to tell.

"As to my life as a lawyer," Lord Abinger writes, "I have to say that, urged by the prospect of an increasing family as well as by the ambition which has never ceased to govern me, I devoted myself with increasing application to the duties of my profession." He worked hard, he spoke very well, and he succeeded. This is the sum of his professional history. For a long time he did not astain the silk gown which he justly considered his due, and

* A Memoir of the Rt. Honble. James First Lord Abinger. By the Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, C.B. London: Murray. 1877.

thought himself hardly treated by his friends the Whigs, who, when in power in 1806, neglected to bestow on him this mark of their recognition; and although he applied to Lord Eldon for a silk gown in 1807, his letter received no answer until 1816, when at last he got what he wanted. He became the indisputable leader of the Court of King's Bench and of the Northern Circuit; but it was not until 1827 that he became Attorney-General, and he received no offer of judicial promotion until, in 1834, having quarrelled with the Whigs, he was made Chief Baron with a peerage by the Duke of Wellington. He was a sound lawyer, and laborious and zealous in his conduct of a case; but it was neither learning nor assiduity that gave him his position, which was in its way unrivalled. What distinguished him was the consummate art with which he made himself the friend, the adviser, and the guide of a jury. There were, as it was said, really thirteen jurors when Scarlett was speaking. He and the jury talked confidentially over the case, and his twelve associates were naturally influenced by their extra foreman. In his autobiography he has left some record of the mode in which he proceeded, and if the secret had been one that could be communicated every rising barrister ought to learn the passage by heart. Something may be learnt from his revelation, but not perhaps much. It was the look, the gesture, the shrug, the smile, that really told, and these no explanation can teach to imitate. Still he had lessons to teach that might perhaps be learnt. He had a supreme contempt for what he calls tirades, in which the speaker airs his eloquence in order to be admired. A jury, he remarks, regard an eloquent man with the wonder and interest with which a crowd regards a man walking on a tight-rope. They are amused with watching his proceedings, and are surprised he does not fall off, but that is all. His speech has nothing to do with the verdict, which is a matter of business, while the speech is a mere matter of pleasure. Lord Abinger says that he himself always opened his case in the simplest way, and that he made it a rule to understate rather than overstate the facts he expected to prove. For, as he goes on to say, with a shrewdness worthy of Rochefoucauld, whatever strikes the mind of a juror as the result of his own observation and discovery makes always the strongest impression on him. He was very sparing in cross-examination, and seldom tried to shake the credit of a witness; for juries do not like displays of ingenuity to the disadvantage of a man who occupies an unpleasant public position for the moment. When he saw that the impression of the jury was against him, and that the case of the defendant was producing an uncomfortable amount of effect on them, he "made it a rule to treat the impression as very natural and reasonable," and invited the jury to follow him in a candid and temperate investigation, during which he contrived to make it gradually dawn on them that the plaintiff was quite in the right. He "rigidly abstained under such circumstances from any appearance of confidence, and left everything to the candour and good sense of the jury." These expositions of his little arts and subtleties are amusing; but nothing can make an advocate like Scarlett except being born one. It is not by disquisitions on the business and rendering of Hamlet that one man can teach another how to act; and Scarlett was a born actor who played one kind of part better than any one in the profession before or since.

One or two stories are told by Mr. Scarlett to illustrate his father's successful dexterity. On one occasion Scarlett was counsel with Patteson for his junior, and he told Patteson beforehand that he would make Brougham and Parke, who were opposed to him, produce a document which they desired to withhold as being insufficiently stamped. Patteson thought that Brougham might be induced to make a mistake, but that the wariness of Parke would be too much for his leader. Scarlett, we are told, conducted the case with such consummate dexterity, pretending to disbelieve the existence of the document, that Brougham and Parke resolved to produce it. Patteson, who told the story, described the air of extreme mortification and surprise of Scarlett on its production by Brougham with a flourish of trumpets about the "non-existence of which document his learned friend had reckoned on so confidently," and declared that the way in which Scarlett asked to look at the instrument and his assumed astonishment at the discovery of the insufficiency of the stamp was a masterpiece of acting. Then, again, on another occasion Scarlett was for the defence in an action of nuisance. A lady appeared as a witness for the plaintiff, and Scarlett began inquiring tenderly about her domestic relations, her children, and their illnesses. The lady became confidential, and appeared flattered by the kind interest taken in her. The Judge interposed with a remark about the irrelevancy of all this. Scarlett begged to be allowed to proceed, and on the conclusion of the cross-examination said, "My Lord, that is my case." He had shown that, in spite of the alleged nuisance, the lady had brought up a large and healthy family; and the jury, amused as well as convinced, gave him a verdict. These stories are only specimens of thousands which might be told of Scarlett, if any one could recollect them or thought it worth while to write them down. And as the administration of justice in England is to a certain extent a kind of game, in which adroitness is allowed to tell, it is satisfactory to know once for all how adroit a counsel can be. Scarlett's skill was indeed great enough to procure for him the approval of more critical judges than juries are generally likely to be. Coleridge the poet was in court when Scarlett made a speech against Cobbett, and pronounced it to be worthy of the best times of Greece or Rome. Such is the irresistible effect of manner; for a part of the speech selected by Mr. Scarlett as a favourable specimen is given in this volume, and nothing less like

the oratory of Demosthenes can be conceived than its caustic periods and heavy invective. What was really admirable in Scarlett was that, with all his art, subtlety, and dexterity as an advocate, no man in his own life could have been more simple, honourable, and straightforward. A long, but by no means tedious, account is given by Mr. Scarlett of the successive steps, and their causes, by which his father left the Whigs and joined the Tories. His conduct was in every way creditable to him. He thought the Reform Bill a measure full of danger to the country, and left his party rather than countenance it. In doing this he acted with sense and right feeling; not quitting his friends hurriedly, but telling them his opinions and working with them as long as he could. In those days a political lawyer had not only to behave well to his party and to the nation, but to the owners of boroughs who returned him according to the shade of his opinions; and Scarlett did his duty to his varying patrons in a loyal and discriminating manner. He was in turn much respected, and frankly welcomed in private society, although he was not made much of in public. The fact was that he was not of any very great use to his party, since he failed as a Parliamentary speaker, and was absorbed in private practice. Nevertheless he deserved high judicial promotion sooner than he obtained it, and had a feeling of justifiable soreness against those who he thought neglected him. Of his private life his son speaks with an affectionate admiration which was amply deserved. He had most of the social virtues in perfection, and led for three-quarters of a century as happy a life as probably any man in England. He was fortunate too in the time and manner of his death, and died in 1844, after a very short illness, while he was in the actual performance of his duties as Chief Baron on circuit. If he did not attain the highest eminence, he attained almost everything else to which a barrister can aspire.

▲ TRIP TO CASHMERE AND LADAK.*

CRITICISM of a work like that now before us ought to bear in mind the Horatian maxim of not resorting to the *flagellum* when the *scutica* will answer the purpose. A notice of every book ought to keep steadily in view the object of its author, and we have no right to find fault with him because he falls into some of a traveller's errors, or omits altogether novel and interesting topics which he is not qualified to handle with skill. Whether it was right to accede to the "suggestions of a few friends," and to convert "meagre notes" into a sporting tour of nearly two hundred pages, is a question which may be decided in two ways; but the volume before us is not difficult reading, and it may be useful to any one who, being restless and finding no claims on his time in England between March and November, is determined to set off somewhere. Mr. Lambert and three friends, being apparently in good health and having earned a holiday, chose India for good reasons in preference to America or Africa, and started for the only part of our Indian dependencies in which, at that period of the year, sporting can be had without exposure to a fiery hot wind or a thermometer of about 100 degrees. Mr. Lambert at once set his face to the hills and valleys of Kashmir, and experienced in his first fortnight divers ways of travelling, which connect the administration of Lord Lytton with that of Lord Dalhousie, and the latter era with Mohammedan and even Hindu times. From Bombay to Lahore he had the rail: thence he dropped into the not uncomfortable "dawk" carriage with its six-mile stages, its ponies with sore backs, its gesticulating driver, and shouting "syces." After crossing the Chenab, which, for its size alone, is one of the sights of Upper India, he arrived at Goozerat; and thence he had the benefit of a jolting in the primitive "ekka" till his party reached Bhumber, at the foot of the hills. The "ekka," which takes one or two passengers besides the driver, is a mere box, made of bamboo, on two wheels, light but not springy, and rarely resorted to by Englishmen. On cross roads, however, where there is not traffic enough to remunerate a "Transit Company," the traveller may have no resource but to mount one of these equipages, or have recourse to the *dhooly* or the palanquin. Once in the hills, the sportsmen went through the usual programme, and something besides. They stayed at Srinuggur; they stalked bears in the Tilla Valley; thence they went over a high pass to Dras, lying to the north-east of the capital; and from this place they made an excursion to Leh, the capital of Ladakh. With the exception of the last part of the trip, there was nothing extraordinary or peculiar in their experiences. They certainly climbed over very slippery and steep rocks; they endured heavy rain in their tents; they bathed in snow-fed streams, which is for many reasons not always a safe pastime; they put up with sour milk and short commons; and now and then they camped out at a great elevation, when in the pursuit of bears and ibex, with no better cover than a blanket and a few boughs of pine. It is to their credit that, though evidently novices in Indian travelling and ignorant of any native dialect, they generally managed to avoid disputes with petty officials and coolies. Once they had a squabble with the crew of a rival boat who were tracking up the river Jhelum, between the Wular Lake and the capital, for the travellers entered the valley by the orthodox route *via* Saidabad, Noushahra, Punnah, and the Ruttanpir, as the Pir Panjal was not yet free from snow. Another time the writer resorted to

* A Trip to Cashmere and Ladakh. By Cowley Lambert, F.R.G.S. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

the questionable expedient of depriving the Kotwal, or head policeman, of his outer garments, until he procured some milk for the party; but, all things considered, they managed to get on very fairly; and though the bag of game was not large, the deficiency was not due to want of energy or bad shooting. The truth is, that parts of Kashmir have been overworked, and that, however successful a rifleman may be on the Grampians, some familiarity with the habits of Himalayan game and ability to talk freely to native trackers are requisite for sportsmen who would emulate Colonel Markham, Captain Baldwin, or the Old Shekarry.

Not the least interesting part of this tour is where we hear very little of the object for which it was professedly undertaken. Crossing from Deras to Leh, the author came across several members of Sir D. Forsyth's mission to Yarkand. A very good picture is given of the spot where Dr. Stolickza lies buried; and the drawings of a bazaar at Leh, and of Leh itself as seen from a distance, are extremely good of their kind. The latter view has a sort of resemblance to Balmoral. While in Ladakh Mr. Lambert saw that rare animal the snow leopard, and seems to have been disappointed in not finding some hare and snipe in a garden at Golab Bagh, about eleven miles from Leh; although, judging from the habits of the scolopax and the description of the country, disappointment would have been caused by finding any snipe in such a place, unless the birds were resting there for a few hours in transit. A game at polo in its original form was witnessed, the playground being a clear space in the bazaar itself, and the performance taking place under the stimulant of an orchestra composed of four drums, as many flageolets, and six trombones. The game was enlivened by certain incidents which would cause astonishment at Lillie Bridge. The captain dropped the reins of his pony when he gave what in football would be called the "kick off," and it seems that when the ball is hit fairly down to the goal by one party, an adversary can still prevent a score, and claim a no-goal, by jumping off his pony and returning the ball before the successful striker can follow up his advantage and touch it himself. There seems to have been more amusement in this sort of sport than in a native Nautch which followed, and which so far differs from the said institution in the plains that men took part in it. We can well believe that this monotonous movement deserved the epithets of "stupid, dreary, and idiotic," which the author bestows on it. From Leh the party wisely returned by a different route, pointed out to them by Mr. Shaw the Trans-Himalayan traveller, and here, finding fruit in abundance and the harvest ripe, Mr. Lambert notices a curious custom of pulling up the stalks by their roots, instead of cutting them. The reason apparently is, that the roots serve for fuel in a country where wood is scarce. We give this fact as the result of Mr. Lambert's own observation, because it is clear that, when he depends on what he heard, he, or rather the information given him, is not always to be relied on. For instance, in describing the manufacture of ice at Lahore, he says, correctly enough, that ice is made in shallow dishes placed on straw in oblong pits about nine or ten inches in depth, and that, just before daylight, each pan is covered with a thin cake of ice, which is taken to the ice-house and pounded up into a solid mass, in order that it may last through the hot weather. But when he says that the ice is made by the "cold wind sweeping over the ground between six and eight in the morning," it is obvious that he misapprehended the nature and conditions of the process. Ice for the Station Club is formed by evaporation, and complete stillness, and not motion, of the atmosphere is requisite. A sharp wind ruins the hopes of the members of the ice-club. What is wanted, just before and after Christmas, is a fortnight or three weeks of calm cold nights, and then ice can be made when the thermometer is some degrees above freezing-point. We have seen a fine crop as low down as Benares with the thermometer at 38°, and it used many years ago to be made at Hooghly, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, on a solitary plot of ground which favoured evaporation in some mysterious fashion, for ice is not made artificially, we believe, anywhere below Benares. Mr. Lambert's tour was brought to an end by a visit to the modern city of Jyepore and to the ancient city of Amber, and these pages bear testimony, if any were needed, to the skill with which the city has been laid out, to the beauty of the gardens and the lake, and to the generally enlightened spirit evinced by the Maharaja, who has founded a large hospital in memory of Lord Mayo.

In an appendix, and here and there in the body of the narrative, Mr. Lambert gives a few hints to travellers who may be induced to follow his example. In what he says about equipment, dress, and the policy of purchasing small and portable articles in England, and camp furniture at Lahore, we entirely agree. But it strikes us that he has considerably underestimated the expense of such a trip. He may certainly get to Lahore, with good management, for 100*l.*, and back again for the same sum. But he must be uncommonly lucky if he gets a hill tent, with camp tables and chairs, bed and bedding, pots, plates, and pans, for a hundred rupees or ten pounds. Neither will the sum of a hundred rupees a month represent the cost of living, even though lean fowls and thin cakes of flour are supplemented by black partridge and water-fowl, which cost nothing except powder and shot. Fifty rupees a month would soon be spent in the wages of servants, and there should always be a liberal margin for breakages, carriage of additional stores, remuneration to coolies who have to be paid for extra work, warm clothing for servants who may strike work in camp for want of a good blanket

or a *risai*, and for rewards to be given to experienced native hunters, who will pilot the sportsman to a hole into which they have marked a she-bear and her cubs, or to some rock from which a splendid view may be obtained of half a dozen *markhor* or *burak*. Nothing is likely to prove a better investment than a few rupees of *bakshish*, which may result in a splendid skin or a fine antlered head. Mr. Lambert puts the total expense of his trip at three hundred pounds. We should be inclined to raise it to at least five hundred pounds, and this allows no expenditure on those elegant Oriental articles which the journey of the Prince of Wales has brought more into fashion than before. Few travellers can resist the lacquered ware or the silver owners of Kashmir, still less the tempting display of brocade and scarfs pressed on the bewildered foreigner with such admirable taste and temper by the Manick Chunds of Delhi.

Mr. Lambert says nothing about politics, but there is one point of view in which such tours have a political bearing. The most ardent sportsman, who thinks only of bears and express rifles, cannot well return without having gained some notion of the vastness of our Indian Empire, of the density of its population, of the quiet, unobtrusive, solid work which is there being performed by a few hundreds of his countrymen, and of the scope and difficulty of the political problems which some glib writers in this country are ready to solve at ten minutes' notice.

We subjoin an extract from Mr. Lambert's jottings about the beauty of the scenery, because it compresses a good deal into a small space without exaggeration (p. 27). It is very appropriate to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's late speech about the lowering of cattle and the boredom of the House of Commons:—

I awoke just as we were entering the Wular Lake. The sun was rising over the mountain tops, and bathing the valley in a flood of golden light. Everything seemed to speak of peace and happiness; the little farmhouses, like wooden toys, perched on islands; the green fields and gay orchards; the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep and goats, the crowing and cackling of the domestic fowl, the clouds of ducks flying over our heads, the lake dotted all over with tiny fishing-boats, and around the whole the wonderful wall of snow. When I looked at this picture I almost believed the tradition that this was the original garden of Eden.

Nothing, indeed, was wanting to the above picture except Sir Philip Sidney's typical shepherd-boy, who was described as "piping as though he should ne'er grow old"; and if Englishmen wish to see the natural beauties of more than one land combined in harmonious proportion, they cannot do better than follow the author's example, and, with or without their sporting equipment, take a summer's trip to Kashmir.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.*

M. PAUL DE MUSSET is perhaps best known to English readers as the author of a disagreeable answer to a book which should never have been written. He now appears, not as the novelist who in *Lut et Elle* mingled fact and fiction, but as the biographer of his distinguished brother—"the man," he says, "whom I have loved above all others, and who found in me his most faithful friend." Readers will remember Alfred de Musset's verses on M. Paul de Musset's return from Italy:—

Ami, ne t'en va plus si loin,
D'un peu d'aide j'ai grand besoin,
Quoi qu'il m'advienne.
Je ne sais où va mon chemin,
Mais je marche mieux quand ma main
Serre la tienne.

Not sharing the temperament which to the poet made life a series of disconnected moments of surprises, delights, and despair, M. Paul de Musset has told the story of that life, as it were, from without. In Musset's poetry the most sincere and deep-lying emotion is an anxious scepticism which blasphemes in the absence of hope. One often feels that his was a nature which could not abandon the pleasures of passion, and of "riding at adventure" through life, without some certainty of a distant reward. In an age of faith he would have ended in the cloister. But, faith being beyond his reach, he was tormented by an endless inward struggle, the struggle of the child within him against the man. M. Paul de Musset's book lets us see where this struggle was real—namely, after a great sorrow—and where the poet in his younger days only affected the agonies of scepticism. But the biographer is less interested than one might expect in this part of his brother's character and experience.

Alfred de Musset, the descendant of an ancient family—"il avait la pucelle d'Orléans pour aïeule"—was born in an old quarter of Paris, now Haussmannized, on December 11, 1810. As a child he was remarkable for precocious intelligence and impatience:—

When he was three years old some one brought him a new pair of red shoes, which took his fancy. He was dressed, and was eager to go out in his new shoes, and his mother detaining him while she combed his long fair curls, he stamped with eagerness, and at last cried out piteously, "Mother, make haste, my new shoes will be old!"

This was characteristic of him who afterwards described the poetical nature thus:—

Suppose there is something that you love, be it a woman, your friend, your country, your house, your favourite room, what you will. Suppose you are returning from a journey; you enter Paris, you are kept waiting at the *Ostroi*; well, if you are capable of any emotion, you feel some pleasure, don't you, some impatience of expectation, your heart beats as you turn

* *Biographie de Alfred de Musset. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. Charpentier. 1877.*

the corner of the street, and draw near to what you long for? Take it that you have the same feeling for everything in the world; that your life is an endless voyage, every fence your frontier, each house your home; that your children await you on every threshold—this is what the poet feels. This is what I was at twenty.

A promise of this eagerness in which the poet's life burned itself away was given by a love affair at nine years old; the story of Byron and Mary Chaworth repeated itself, and De Musset was a schoolboy grown before it was thought safe to let him know that his cousin had married and forsaken him.

The defeat of the Emperor, his exile, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo, came to puzzle and excite the child, but not to sadden him for any length of time. One of the invaders, a Hungarian hussar, was billeted in the house where the family lived, and soon was on a very friendly footing with the two little boys. Their minds were diverted from the wrongs of the Emperor to those of Roland and Oliver and the peers who fell at Roncesvaux, and for years their chief sport was playing at chivalry. From home and all the imaginative delights of clever boys of ten, Alfred, like other curled darlings, was sent to school, where his curls and cleverness only got him cuffs and kicks from the envious. As the head boy of his form in the Collège Henri IV. he became the friend of the young Orleans Princes, and, as boys say, knew them at home, at the Château de Neuilly. This must have been the time when, as Musset writes in the *Confession*, "les jeunes gens sortirent des écoles avec le front serein, le visage frais et vermeil, et le blasphème à la bouche." M. Paul de Musset has only preserved one example of schoolboy flippancy. Ferdinand P. d'Orléans writes that he has been at a wild-beast show, where the showman declared that the elephant, "by a religious instinct, salutes the appearance of dawn." "Où diable la religion va-t-elle se nicher?" asks the wicked prince, with an appropriate memory of Molière.

Musset left school with no intention of adopting a profession. He thought he might be a philosopher, and he read speculative writers, from Spinoza to Cabanis, with an effect on his thoughts and poetry which his brother scarcely takes into account. He followed painting for a while, and retained some skill as a caricaturist. When about seventeen he fell in with the verses of André Chénier, newly published by De la Touche, and imitated them with little success. But this was the deciding moment in his life. When once he had tasted the pleasure of versifying he returned to the attempt, and, in a spirit of schoolboy ambition, wrote several prize poems, which were successful. It was the time of the *Chénade*. Victor Hugo took his friends to the roof of Notre Dame in the evening, and contemplated the setting sun above the roofs of Paris. Then the poets would go home to supper, and mutual admiration would set in. Musset—he was only eighteen—wrote his poem of Spanish intrigue, like the rest, and a tremendous poem it was. Agnes de Guadarrá had twice been a bride; twice at the altar had she clasped the cold hand of a dying man. The bravo Don Carlos wooed her, and on the wedding day found that it was his own brother, a monk, who, for love of Agnes, had poisoned each and all of her bridegrooms. The kinsmen fight a duel, Carlos is slain on the stage, Agnes goes into a convent. It is all very absurd, but scarcely more absurd than *La Coupe et les Lèvres*, one of Musset's published pieces.

The well-known song "L'Andalous" was even a greater success than "Agnes." "L'Andalous" and some other verses of this period succeeded in doing what the other young Romantic poets were always trying, and failing to achieve. Having made his point, Musset passed on to other things; but some of his contemporaries did not forgive him for deserting the style which they admired. The poet, a pretty page, as his brother says, with clustering locks, now began to have adventures, and, to cut a long story short, was the spoiled favourite of women whom he could not respect. He gambled, danced, intrigued, and fulfilled all the duties of the dandy of the time. Lady novelists have written descriptions of his coat, his ruffles, his buttons, and the curls that floated, as Thackeray writes, "on the fashionable shoulders." It was inevitable that he should be spoiled, and inevitable that he should make enemies. Gustave Planché began a promising feud by reporting or inventing some story about Musset and the young lady commemorated as Pépa—Pépa whose thoughts turn at night

Peut-être aux tendres confidences
D'un cœur naïf comme le tien,
A ta robe, aux airs que tu dances;
Peut-être à moi, peut-être à rien.

Even after publishing his second volume of poems, which pleased the Romantic people less than his first, Musset declared that his genius needed a great passion, a real sorrow. He appealed to grief like the boy who went about with open breast, crying "Aura veni!" and he soon got what he asked for. It was not that his father died, or that he wanted money, or that his play *La Nuit Venitienne* was damned. Real trouble was at the door. In 1833 every one was talking of a new novel, *Indiana*, Musset read it, liked it, and passed his pencil through the too frequent adjectives which, in his opinion, disfigured the style. Soon afterwards he met George Sand—whether she really wore a dagger, as in *Lui et Elle*, we are not told—at a dinner given by M. Balot. M. Paul de Musset prints an amusing anecdote of the life which the two people of genius soon led together. They invited the grave philosopher of the *Revue*, Lermier, to meet Debureau, a famous clown and pantomimist of that date. Debureau was to pretend to be a member of the English Government on a secret mission to Vienna. During dinner, at which

Musset waited in the dress of a servant-girl, Debureau maintained an insular reserve and silence. No allusion to Sir Paul or Lord Stanley made him open his lips. At last some one mentioned the balance of power. Then the English statesman roused himself. "Do you wish to know," he said, "how I understand the European equilibrium, and the policy of England? I shall try to illustrate my meaning clearly." So speaking, he tossed his plate into the air, imparted to it a rotatory motion, and caught it, still spinning, on the point of his knife, where it remained twirling, to the great astonishment of M. Lermier. Politics were not mentioned during the remainder of the evening.

Musset and George Sand left Paris together for Italy, in spite of the opposition of the poet's mother. Mme. Dudevant paid her a visit, and declared that she would bestow on the young man "une affection et des soins maternels." Meanwhile, "some one else was bestowing, it may be presumed, on her own offspring all the care and affection which she reserved for the *Enfant du Siècle*. The world has before it some five or six accounts of the journey to Italy. M. Paul de Musset adds nothing new, beyond the fact that the name of the doctor who attended the poet at Venice, who became, as he fancied in a delirious hour, his rival, and who saved his life, was Pagello. M. Pagello still practised at Belluno in 1863, surviving the cyclone of passions into which he was drawn. Did George Sand really see, as is hinted in *Lui et Elle*, the copy of *Indiana* with De Musset's corrections? All this, with the rest of the miserable story, is passed over in silence. Whether he were more sinned against or sinning, the poet came home to his mother and brother in possession of a sorrow which, this time, was genuine. In the fragment called "Un Poëte déchu" Alfred de Musset wrote:—"My thoughts seemed to fall like dead leaves, while I knew not what sentiment, terribly sad and tender, awoke in my heart. I shut myself up in my room; for four months I wept continually; I saw scarce any one, and had no amusement except a game of chess which I played mechanically every evening. As I grew more tranquil, I looked round on all that I had left at home. With the first book I opened I felt that something had changed. An old picture, a tragedy that I knew by heart, a conversation with a friend—everything surprised me, in nothing did I find its old significance." There is no affectation here. Was Musset's heart apt for jealousy and suspicion, full of doubt and disbelief in men and women, before his great passion? From his *L'Enfant du Siècle* we gather that it was so. In verse he takes another view:—

Il était gai, jeune, et hardi;
Il se jetait en étourdi
A l'aventure.

For the future his heart, with as great a need of love as ever, perhaps with as great a misconception of the meaning of love, was embittered and sombre.

Musset was still very young, only twenty-four; he weeded his library, changed his old favourite pictures for engravings after Raffaele, and made a new start in life. It was long before prints after Titian even were admitted into the cell of this anchorite. The play *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* is full of his fresh earnestness. In the midst of renewals of his old intrigue he produced in one year *La Confession*, *La Nuit de Décembre*, *La Nuit de Mai*, as well as other works. *Les Nuits* were really written at midnight. The poet would come home with words and lines haunting him like music. He would light all the candles and lamps in the house, and illuminate his study with them for the reception of the Muse. From midnight till dawn he wrote, and when he awakened next day and read through the poem he found nothing to change. After the excitement of composition he returned to real life like a mortal come back to earth from fairyland, full of a profound melancholy which a new flirtation would dispel. The original of Mimi Pinson was eminently suited to drive care away. In praise of her the poet began *La Nuit de Juin*, a poem which was to be as glad as the other *Nuits* are gloomy. Unluckily a friend asked Musset to meet Felix Arvers, a writer famous for one sonnet, so the lamps of song were never lit, and the Muse did not descend that night of June. Nothing remains of the poem but a large sheet of paper, yellow with time, the title written out fairly, and four lines:—

Muse, quand le bled pousse il faut être joyeux.
Regarde ces côtes et leur blonde parure.
Quelle douce clarté dans l'immense nature!
Tout ce qui vit ce soir doit se sentir heureux.

As great a failure, in another way, was the congratulatory poem on Louis-Philippe's fourth escape from assassination. The verses were shown to the citizen-mesarch, who hated poetry, and was hurt at being addressed in the second person singular. His Majesty, however, not only forgave, but forgot this offence, and when Musset came to his reception, addressed him most generously, under the delusion that he was another Musset, a ranger of royal woods and forests.

Musset's love of the theatre, in which his pieces were tardily welcomed, brought him into connexion with Rachel. The tragedy which he ought to have written for the great actress was never finished. Long after the supper at her house which Musset described so pleasantly, Mlle. Rachel made him accept a ring, which he was to keep as long as he entertained the idea of being her poet. After many quarrels and reconciliations the ring was restored, and *Racine* remains a fragment. At this time, in addition to his religious doubts and sentimental sorrows, Musset suffered from "the ignoble melancholy of peevishness and sentiment." Gambling was a passion with him, as may be gathered

from countless allusions in his poems, in *Une Bonne Fortune*, *Rolla*, *Pensées de Rastoul*, and others. Pressed by want of money, and by the persistent M. Buloz, he promised to write some stories in prose for the *Revue*. Repentance followed promptly. He declared that prose was the ruin of literature, that he would not overwork his muse, nor employ a coarse instrument on which every *feuilletoniste* could play. *Finis prose*, he wrote, in 1839, at the end of the piece called *Croisilles*. But if he did not write prose, he could not keep his engagements, and he was distracted between the fear of this dishonour and the inability to wring anything but personal recollections from his tired brain. In this condition he entered M. Paul de Musset's room at night, and took away his pistols; but, fortunately, could not find the cartridges. Next day came an invitation from Rachel, and Musset, with his usual levity, forgot his troubles in a visit to the country house of the actress.

Musset's repugnance to work at this period may have been caused by the languor of an approaching illness. He was nursed by the "Sister Marcelline," a good creature in whose honour he wrote a poem which he never allowed to be printed. It was, indeed, with a sort of shame and remorse that he permitted *Souvenir*, the very beautiful verses suggested by a chance encounter with George Sand, to be "thrown as spoil to every gossip." He made great promises of improved conduct to the Sister Marcelline, and his affairs, as well as his health, improved in 1842. M. Charpentier began to publish cheap editions of contemporary writers, and the profits on his works freed Musset from the bondage to prose; the success of his acted pieces in 1848 added to his income. With reference to these it is curious that M. de Musset, while he pays a well-deserved compliment to some of the actors who made his brother's plays known to the audiences of the Théâtre Français, says nothing of the one player—M. Delaunay—who has understood and revealed Musset more fully than any one else to the Parisian public. But he had more cruel masters than even debt; passions and habits from which, in spite of the sermons of "the godmother," as he called a lady friend—and of the Sister Marcelline—he could not emancipate himself. Among some strange reflections made by him at the age of thirty, when he was "a young man with a glorious past," this occurs:—"There is one wild effort to make—to go on being a child! And yet this showed fair in the beloved of the Gods, Mozart, Raphaël, Byron, Weber." Musset lived longer than those whom the gods love; his later years were those of an invalid with many chagrins. Sainte-Beuve, his old ally, turned against him. "Lamartine vieillit me traite en enfant," he complained. His last verses, still occupied with himself, were almost the sigh of a hypochondriac. M. de Musset tells many anecdotes of his tenderness of heart. He had the power of winning affection: through all the affectation of his verses his moods of gaiety still attract and charm, with the charm of a wayward child. To modify the pathetic words of the oldest poetry, "the Muse loved him, and gave him good things and evil; of strength she bereft him, but gave him the sweetest song." The temptations which conquered Burns overcame him far more easily, and his fall, being that of a lighter and weaker nature, was less tragic and more pitiful.

THE CHEVELEY NOVELS.*

ORIGINALITY in form and audacity of treatment are assuredly not the most conspicuous qualities of modern fiction. When authors make their maiden efforts they keep for the most part to well-worn tracks; while publishers stick to the time-honoured fiction that any three volumes of average demerit ought to command their guinea-and-a-half in the market. The shilling form of serial publication which was in favour more than a generation ago with the greater masters of the art has long since gone out of date; and attempts at its resumption have been anything but successful. The conditions of the novel trade have changed now that all the world has taken to novel-writing. So that the mere circumstance of an anonymous writer, who is presumably a novice in fiction, venturing in some sort to provoke a comparison with Dickens and Thackeray in their prime, would be sufficient of itself to awaken curiosity. But the courageous author of the *Cheveley Novels* has by no means limited his ambition to the manner of his venture. *A Modern Minister*, the first part of which has just made its appearance, is, it seems, to be the "initial" novel of an important series. It is only from the brief dedication that we get any inkling of the writer's intentions; but we are induced to believe that the series will be a sequence, involving the history and fortunes of a crowd of characters, and assuredly an ample canvas will be needed to do bare justice to the conception. For the *dramatis personæ* are formally catalogued by way of prologue—indeed the cast of the story, with its situations, is distinctly dramatic throughout—their names and qualities occupy three and a half closely-printed pages, and in number they are no fewer than a hundred and twenty. The unknown writer would appear to have deliberately committed himself to such a comprehensive scheme as grew gradually upon Balzac, absorbing the whole of the life and thoughts of that indefatigable anatomist of human nature. We are led to expect a sort of English *Comédie humaine*, where representatives of each class and type of modern society are to play their parts; the pathetic is to be blended with the

humorous; social scenes are to be depicted in almost bewildering variety; while, with the dramatic element predominating over all, the whole is enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery that thins lightly here and there to give us glimpses of thrilling complications. For the writer's ambition does not rest on the development of a single literary speciality. From what we have said it may be inferred that this is a novel of character. And so it is; but it is not pre-eminently so. For the author has evidently been devising and elaborating a plot of extraordinary intricacy, and above all things the story promises to be sensational. As we have often argued, there is no reason in the world why the sensational should be tabooed as inartistic simply because it has been abused and overdone by a certain school who have found it a short cut to commonplace popularity. Sensation judiciously subordinated went far to make the fortune of another series of books by a far greater "Unknown"; and many of our ablest writers have imitated the author of *Waverley*. But in this instance the sensational is so lavishly employed that, although it has succeeded in awakening our interest, it is suggestive of apprehension as well as of promise. Although the writer shows no little power, we feel that his power must be altogether out of the common if he is to finish his story successfully on the bold lines he has laid down. It is too soon to speak with any certainty, but already we think we can distinguish signs of a dangerous tendency to overdo the melodramatic. This at least seems certain, that, if he attains the success at which he aims, his success will be very striking; and the genuine talent he displays in many ways makes his undertaking a literary experiment which will be followed with no little interest.

In the very title of this first of his novels the author plays fast and loose with conventionalities by suggesting a double misconception. Naturally one's first impression is that the "Modern Minister" must be one of the official advisers of the Crown, especially as the story is emphatically a story of the great world. Or, as an alternative, we might fancy on second thoughts that the hero might possibly be a Presbyterian divine, the more so that the publication comes from the north of the Tweed. We remember the very natural mistake of Jeannie Deans in her memorable interview with his Grace of Argyll, when the mention of "a minister" had but a single meaning for the simple Scotch lassie whose father had been a worthy pillar of the Kirk. As a matter of fact, however, the minister in this instance is not only in the Church, but in the Church of England. In the first chapter we are introduced to the Rev. Westley Garland, the most popular preacher in fashionable Brighton; a man of moving eloquence and melancholy experiences, to the secret of whose painful antecedents we shall no doubt sooner or later have the clue. We may remark in passing that, in formally introducing him, the author has one of those trivial verbal touches the use of which was one of Thackeray's happiest talents, although they may sound more or less humorous as they chance to strike the fancy. "Of all the clergy who had supplied Brighton tea-tables with gossip, Westley Garland was the most provoking man; he was so mysterious, so handsome, so wealthy, so talented, so unmarried." But, though we should be bound to believe Mr. Garland to be the hero, since the author says so, the trick that has been played us in the title confirms a certain doubt on the point. For unquestionably, according to present appearances, it is a Mr. John Barnard who is to play the leading part; and, had we been asked to name the book from the present number, we should have christened it (only that the title is, we believe, already appropriated) the "Modern Mephistopheles." For Mr. Barnard is the very incarnation of the powers of evil, possessing a fair share of the subtle malignity with which we are in the habit of crediting the arch enemy of man, and with the satanic attribute of supernatural bodily activity, which is likely to make him terribly formidable. There is a swift shifting of the scenes; in quick succession we are hurried from place to place and from group to group of different characters; but all the various interests converge in this Mr. Barnard. Either he stands out confessedly the central figure, or else he is seen flitting dimly in the background. The preliminary sketch of Barnard and his relations with everybody illustrates what we think may prove the besetting risk of the author, though it is a risk he could very easily eschew. He is prone to exaggerate his situations gratuitously. He shows a tendency even in trivial details to string his story to sensation pitch, so that we sometimes long, by way of relief, for more tranquillity of action and less singularity of character. There are but few of the most prominent personages who have not traits in their idiosyncrasies amounting to eccentricity; and there is an unusual quantity of ugly skeletons locked away in mysterious cupboards. Thus, for example, a misanthrope of birth and position, a man of refinement and strong domestic affections, makes himself the silent accomplice of what would have been a murder save for an almost miraculous interposition of Providence. Again, there is a powerful and pathetic picture of a widowed wife and her orphan child left unbefriended in the hour of their bereavement, which is weakened rather than otherwise by the overcolouring of the material wretchedness of their surroundings, since such misery overtasks our credulity, considering their connexions and circumstances. There is generally a lavish use of theatrical properties in the arrangement of interiors, which are in the extreme either of destitution or of gorgeous and fantastic luxury. Such devices of the art are what we might expect in a shallow and feeble writer who has to fall back upon adventitious effects and make the most of ingenious tricks of description. But we protest against them the more decidedly in this instance because the author might

* *The Cheveley Novels. A Modern Minister. Part I.* London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1877.

obviously gain by dispensing with them, or at least by a more discreet regulation of their use. He has almost a superabundance of imagination and invention; and if he would write in a quiet and natural style, he might make his realistic sketches sufficiently striking without setting them off by the accumulation of stage properties. It would be premature to pronounce on his insight into character; the more so that his talent will soon be taxed to the utmost in shading away the numerous individualities which he collects and contrasts. But in placing his figures before us in outline he gives the impression of a sharp and confident touch; and we shall be disappointed should he seek to attract us by violence of action, in place of leaving them to come forward and explain themselves naturally.

This may be the author's first appearance as a novelist; but we should not have discovered the fact either from his workmanship or his style. If he is a novice in literature, he should go far, as the French say, for already he knows much by intuition which others have to learn by practice and failures. Ambitious as is the scope of the story, it is launched with no appearance of effort; the changes of scene, which seem to have no present link of connexion except in so far as it is supplied by Barnard's concern in them, are accomplished with no sense of violent transition; and the style is easy and flexible when the author chooses, although it almost follows from what we have said of his tendencies that it is apt to border on the melodramatic, and would be more impressive were it more subdued. We have said, "when the author chooses," for, too frequently, he does not so choose; and one is every now and then puzzled and irritated by perversely clumsy turns of speech from which it is difficult to extract a meaning. One can guess what is meant by a lady's "bustling about with that constituent the unkind call fussiness," and by "the bronze dolphin central of the genteel square"; but such experiments on the English language are not pleasant to see. The writer has also a morbid fondness for the odious modern mannerism of stringing jerky descriptive phrases together in verbless sentences, which are really no sentences at all. These offences against good taste and English grammar are the more exasperating because the author can evidently write well enough when he pleases. He has the eye of an artist for telling, pleasing, or touching situations; and there is the genuine feeling of a poet in many of the descriptive passages. In these, too, there is variety of subjects to address itself to every taste. There are Brighton and London, the West End and the East, soft woodland landscapes and stern coast scenery, sunlight, starlight, calm, and storm; just as the personages range from the nobility and clergy, through all ranks and conditions of men, down to the dwellers in Bohemia and the avowed professors of rascality. We have spoken throughout of the authorship in the masculine; but, on the whole, we shall not be surprised if it turns out that the book is written by a lady, notwithstanding the varied programme of the characters, which would seem to argue the other way. Should the fact be otherwise, the author shows even more versatility than we think can reasonably be taken for granted. We need not go at length into the grounds of our conjecture. They are to be found in certain turns of the style; in what appear to be some trivial social inaccuracies natural enough in a lady, however extensive her knowledge of the world; and in the fervour and knowledge thrown into descriptions of the feminine toilet. Yet it is possible that, after all, these may be assumed for the purposes of disguise. Without committing ourselves to an opinion as to the success or failure of a story where the author is playing a daring game, with not a few chances in his favour, against difficulties that are partly of his own creating, we think that we may safely introduce him to our readers as one whose progress ought to repay the watching.

STEPHEN'S DIGEST OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.*

TO the small section of the English public which appreciates the importance of codification and is interested in its accomplishment, this volume will be welcome as establishing by practical demonstration the feasibility of the process when applied to one of the most important, and at the same time one of the most tangled, chapters of English law. For the most sceptical opponent of reform must, with this Digest in his hands, be constrained to admit that the English law of crime is susceptible of concise statement, methodical and intelligible arrangement, explicit definition, and logical symmetry; and that, though the final process of casting the material thus arranged and prepared into an actual code has yet to be performed by the Legislature, still the main difficulties of the task have been overcome, and the portion of the work that remains to be completed is little more than formal. That we have before us satisfactory proof that a code is thus easily within our reach is owing to the industry and skill which Sir James Stephen has brought to bear upon his self-imposed task. He was led to it, he tells us in his preface, by the objection taken by the Lord Chief Justice of England in 1874 to a Bill in which it was proposed to codify the law of homicide, that it was "a partial and imperfect attempt at codification," and could thus "only be productive of confusion and mischief." Upon this Sir James Stephen determined not to lay aside the subject, but to "attempt to exemplify the possibility and convenience of codifying the criminal law by performing, as a private enterprise, the work of making a digest of it which might serve as a first step towards a code," and

thus secure that the codification, when effected, should neither be partial nor incomplete. His work is accordingly in the nature of an appeal to the general public from the decision of those who have declared codification to be either altogether impossible, or so beset with difficulties that it was quixotic to take any step toward its accomplishment. So far is the author from allowing those difficulties to be insuperable that he exhibits them practically overcome; that is, he shows that the huge bulk of ill-arranged learning contained in treatises such as "Russell on Crimes" can be presented with equal exactness, and with far greater lucidity, in the form of 368 "articles," which require only the hand of the Legislature to become "sections" of an Act of Parliament, and which are in every instance so expressed that the merest novice could have little difficulty in ascertaining for himself the law applicable to the case before him, and its relation to the rest of the system. To those, in fact, who assert that codification is impossible, Sir James Stephen replies with that cogent argument known by the formula *solvitur ambulando*, and presents them with what is substantially a code.

Such an argument would seem to stand but in little need of reinforcement. If it be true, as Sir James Stephen affirms it to be, that this Digest gives "the whole of the law relating to those everyday offences which commonly occur in the administration of justice," the boon conferred on the public and the profession can hardly be overrated. At present it is not too much to say that the criminal law of the country is a sealed book to all but an initiated few who have devoted a lifetime to mastering its technicalities, reconciling its inconsistencies, sounding its depths of intricacy and confusion. Sir H. Maine has observed that the ignorance of educated Englishmen about the laws under which they live is a phenomenon at which foreigners are very much astonished; but their astonishment would cease if they became aware of the infinite masses of subtlety, obscurity, pedantry, and inconsequence, with which the subject is beset, and of the bewildering chaos into which, owing to the absence of formal and deliberate arrangement, its huge bulk has been allowed to grow. The last edition, for instance, of the standard text-book on criminal law contained 2,672 closely printed octavo pages; and Sir James Stephen mentions, as a specimen of its arrangement, that its author takes credit for having improved it by transferring to the head of General Provisions title "Pleas of Autrefois Convict and Acquit," which was in the former edition in chapter "Burglary," and title "Amendments at the Trial," formerly under title "Evidence"; at the same time "Bigamy" and "Libel" had been classed along with a treatise on "Evidence." Nor is it merely the formal arrangement of topics which is faulty; the law itself is in many instances substantially bad. Absurdities which no Legislature could enact are brought about by the application of "judge-made law" to novel and unforeseen circumstances, or remain undetected in the tangled thicket of conflicting enactments. A lad throws a stick at a chicken, meaning to steal it, and by accident kills some one; he has, the law gravely informs us, committed murder; a man picks up a ten-pound note, not knowing whose it is and having no reason to believe that the owner could be found; half an hour afterwards he discovers the owner; he then proceeds to convert it to his own use, and can do so, says the English law, without committing an offence. A thief, by pretending to be a plumber's man, gets leave to carry away the lead pipes from a house, and disposes of them as old lead to a receiver of stolen goods; he has no doubt obtained the pipes by a false pretence, but he will go scatheless because such things were not the subject of larceny at common law, and to such things only does the statute apply. A man, his wife, and their daughter commit a crime together; the wife is presumed to act under the husband's coercion and is excused by it; the daughter, though she is proved to have acted under the most stringent coercion, is not excused at all. No one approves of these and similar disfigurements of the law; no one would have originally enacted them; but they are brought about by the agency of successive generations of judges, none of whom are personally responsible for the law which they declare, but who work out to an unreasonable result principles the unreasonableness of which escaped notice till some special combination of facts brought it to light. It is not the least merit of works such as the present that in the clear, dry light which they throw on the subject blemishes of this kind are at once detected, and can be removed without danger or inconvenience.

The material out of which the Digest has been elaborated is twofold. One half consists of the common law expressed in judicial decisions, the other half of statutory enactments; and of this half a moiety is composed of the five Consolidation Acts of 1861, in which the law on the subjects of larceny, malicious mischief, forgery, coinage, and offences against the person is reduced to a more or less completely codified form. The success which has attended this experiment ought to encourage those who desire to carry out a similar process upon the entire law. During the sixteen years which have elapsed since the passing of those five Acts less than thirty decisions have been given on their meaning by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and the points involved in some of these were of infinitesimal importance. These enactments, however, though substantially correct, leave much to be desired in the way of style and arrangement. They assume the existence of a large body of unwritten law and are unintelligible without reference to the theories and doctrines on which that unwritten law proceeds. Thus to any but a highly instructed student they are often fragmentary and often obscure. In many instances they repeat

* *A Digest of the Criminal Law (Crimes and Punishments)*. By Sir James F. Stephen, K.C.B., Q.C. London: Macmillan. 1877.

language of prior enactments which experience has shown to stand sorely in need of judicial interpretation and generally the wording belongs to that uncomfortable epoch of Parliamentary diction when full stops were not sanctioned by law, and when the sections of Acts consisted of single sentences of enormous length, "drawn up, not with a view to communicating information easily to the reader, but to preventing a person, bent upon doing so, from wilfully misunderstanding them." Sir James Stephen points out numerous devices, with which his experience as a draftsman has familiarized him, by which this excessive length and consequent obscurity may be avoided; and the result of his system, as shown in the articles in which statutes are embodied, entitles him to the gratitude of all those whose business it is, whether as students, practitioners, or judges, to make themselves acquainted with the law. There is no reason, he says, in the nature of things why Acts of Parliament should be dressed in so shocking a garb as that which tradition assigns to them:—

Precision and explicit statement are so far from being irreconcilable with liveliness and perspicuity of style that they render those qualities doubly valuable. If you have to state a mass of uninteresting details, and if you wish to make them as little repulsive as possible, the least you can do is to put the nominative case near to the verb, to put the rule first and the exceptions afterwards, and to avoid saying the same thing over more than once when there is no real necessity for doing so. The subject must be dull, but the style may be lively. Each word may add to the sense, and may be put in the right place, whether the subject in hand is *Paradise Lost* or the Statute of Frauds.

A careful examination of the articles of the present volume in which Acts are embodied has convinced us that Sir J. Stephen promises no more than he can perform, and that the import of a statute when expressed by him is as precisely conveyed as by the old diffuse method; while, for the purposes of rapid apprehension and subsequent retention in the memory, the advantage is enormously on the side of the novel method. It seems almost profane to say so, but we feel sure that any person of ordinary intelligence who had never looked into a law-book in his life might, by a few days' careful study of this volume, obtain a more accurate understanding of the criminal law, a more perfect conception of its different bearings, a more thorough and intelligent insight into its snares and pitfalls, than many a practitioner can boast of after years of study of the ordinary text-books and practical experience of the Courts, unassisted by any competent guide.

Our limits forbid us to follow Sir James Stephen through the brief but highly interesting notes which supplement the Digest, and explain several topics which could not be adequately elucidated in the text. The subjects of offences against the person, culminating in murder, offences against property, theft, embezzlement, obtaining goods on false pretences, &c., and the cognate topic of "possession," are discussed with a thoroughness, fulness, and masterly lucidity which are the result of a powerful intellect brought to bear with undiluting determination on the subject in hand, until all extraneous matter is got rid of, and all unnecessary confusion cleared away. We can well understand the author's admission of the "untold labour" that some passages in the work have cost him. To sift inaccurate language for the precise meaning which it is intended to convey, to trace a lurking fallacy through the manifold specious forms under which it takes refuge, to reconcile expressions which are really harmonious, though apparently conflicting, or to distinguish those which, though apparently similar, are essentially opposed; to seize the true *ratio decidendi* in rulings where the ruling authority has sometimes only partially perceived it, or, having perceived it, has set it out inadequately or inaccurately—these are intellectual processes which only an able and vigorous intellect can perform at all, and then only with an expenditure of labour and patience of which less indefatigable workers can scarcely form a conception. There are articles in this work which must, we are sure, be the result of weeks of toil; arrangements of topics so obvious, so natural, so intelligible, phrases and expressions so felicitously clear, that one is tempted to overlook the forging, hammering, and polishing by which such bright, clear-cut metal is produced, and to imagine that it is in the natural order of things that the subject should be as we see it before us, with sharply defined edges, glittering surface, and stripped of all foreign or extraneous matter. But those who know how such results are brought about, how with the draftsman, as much as with any other artificer, the *ars celare artem* is a main principle, will be in no danger of underrating Sir James Stephen's services to the literature and the law of his country in the Digest now before us. It is not too much to say that he has rescued a great topic from a limbo of confusion and obscurity in which it was little creditable to the legal profession, and to those great authorities who preside with so much dignity over the legal interests of the nation, that it should have been so long left. The state of our English law as regards informality has long been little short of scandalous; it is, in fact, a scandal that no man should be able to know for certain what the penal law is, what technically constitutes an offence, or what subtlety or technicality may in any instance defeat the course of justice. This state of things no longer exists, and has for the future, thanks to Sir James Stephen's labours, become impossible. We should hope that the Government will not let pass this excellent opportunity of codifying an important branch of the law. The present Digest, if one or two troublesome topics—such, for instance, as the obsolete laws as to religion—were left aside, might in a few weeks' time be prepared for introduction as a Bill into the House of Commons, and the subject is so cleared of obscurity that such a Bill might well be submitted to a Parliamentary Committee, and eventually to the verdict

of Parliament. But, whatever be the fate of the Digest, its effect in clearing up one of the most dusty and gloomy chambers in our legal palace is already achieved. We know exactly how we stand; which points of the law are bad, which doubtful, which confused; the whole wild region is mapped out and systematically surveyed; and nothing now remains but for the Government to give formal expression to the ideas embodied in Sir James Stephen's labours, and to secure for us the inestimable advantage of a Penal Code, intelligible to all, concise and lucid in expression, rational in arrangement, free from technicalities and subtleties, and in every respect worthy of a great nation.

MARSHALL'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

IT is always difficult to pass judgment on an adaptation. Whether a work be original, translated, or "adapted," it must of course stand on its own merits, and be judged accordingly. But we are hampered by a feeling of uncertainty as to the lawful recipient of the praise or blame which the work may deserve. There is a lack of "ministerial responsibility," and if there is anything wrong we do not know whether the original author or the adapter is the proper person to hang for it. Mrs. Marshall tells us that her history, "so far as the narrative is concerned, is partially founded on that of M. Lamoignon Fleury, which in its original language has been found for the last thirty years to have the power of interesting young readers," and that "the latter part of the book, from the Reformation to the present time, has been re-written, a concluding chapter added, and the whole carefully revised, by an able and experienced scholar." We are not quite clear whether Mrs. Marshall means us to understand, as her punctuation would in strictness imply, that the "able and experienced scholar" is answerable for re-writing the whole of the post-Reformation period, or only for the concluding chapter and the general revision; but at any rate it is clear that we have to deal with what is in fact the work of three hands. Notwithstanding all this re-writing and revision, there remains about the narrative a certain sprightliness and absence of prosiness which betrays its French origin. It is useless to ask why it is that a French work of any kind, a popular history, a story in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper, is so much superior in point of composition to any English production of the same class. The "twenty-six illustrations," vignettes in the spirited and unlaboured French style of woodcuts, are in like manner above the average of English book-illustration, and make us blush for the wooden figures and confused scratchy shading too often presented to us as great efforts of art. The vignettes before us are never glaringly bad, though they may sometimes be open to criticism. Exception may, for example, be taken to the picture of Clotilda bewailing her murdered grandchildren, the older of whom must have been at least nine feet high when living. On the other hand, we may notice the animated figure of Jeanne Hachette cutting down a Burgundian soldier with right good-will, and the picture of Richelieu at La Rochelle, where there is a fine effect of sea-breeze imperilling the attendant cavaliers' befeathered hats. Realistic critics may perhaps suggest a doubt whether St. Louis, though not always the most prudent of men, would have been mad enough to ride bare-headed under an Eastern sun; but, as some compensation, the artist has had the courage to represent Joan of Arc with the short-cut hair demanded by historical truth. Enough, however, of the pictures, and let us turn to the more serious study of the text.

The opening chapter, if it might be better, might also be worse. There is a good account of the rivers of Gaul, given in a clear manner which is likely to impress them upon a child's mind; and when we read that the conquest of Gaul "placed under the dominion of Rome the large provinces which are now included in the country we know as France," we see that the author has avoided the common error of speaking as if Gaul were only another name for France. But when a few lines lower down we find that Gaul "included many provinces which are now no longer part of France," we trace a leaning to the dangerous doctrine that, if France is not continuous with Gaul, it is only because some unjust fate has bereft her of her lawful property. So it is misleading, to talk of Lyons as "one of the oldest commercial cities of France." The child who thus at the very beginning of his French history finds Lyons reckoned as a city of France will be woefully puzzled when in after days he discovers that Lyons was a free Imperial city, only annexed to France in the fourteenth century. Still, on the whole, the political geography of the book is above the usual standard. Chlodwig's Franks are properly located north of the Loire, and the young reader is warned against considering Chlodwig himself as "the first King of France"; though, by the way, there is a still more doubtful claimant of the honour—that hazy personage, Pharamond, who, in the penny pictures blazoned with red, blue, and gold, which Epinal sends forth for the amusement and instruction of French children, figures as "premier roi de France." Hugh Capet's position as a true Frenchman; and the small extent of his immediate dominions, are well brought out; though the statement that he "was called to occupy the throne of Charlemagne" is too much in the Napoleonic style of history. The Parisian Hugh was unknown alike at Aachen and at Rome. Nor is the process by which France extended its boundaries marked with sufficient clearness. We quite admit that children should not be tormented by attempts to make them remember every petty

* *A History of France, adapted from the French for the Use of English Children.* By Emma Marshall, Author of "Life's Aftermath," &c. With Twenty-six Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co. 1877.

accession of territory; but still the main stages of the nation's growth ought to be chronicled. Such salient points, for example, as the annexation of Lyons by Philip the Fair, of Metz, Toul, and Verdun by Henry II., and of Strasbourg by Louis XIV., ought not to be omitted from any French history, however slight. So, too, the acquisition of the greater part of Aquitaine in the fourteenth century should have received some more definite notice than the vague statement that "the disasters of Crécy and Poitiers were almost entirely retrieved." If it was too much for the original French author's feelings to mention that Henry V. of England was acknowledged by a solemn treaty as the heir of the French throne, and that Henry VI. was crowned at Paris, it was the English "adapter's" duty to supply the deficiency. There is, to be sure, something charmingly English about this calm ignoring of one's own countrymen. Supposing that our Henry V. had been a German prince, what German writing the history of France would ever have made such omissions? Nor can we forgive an English writer the absurdity of talking about the Peninsular War as developed out of "a trifling and almost accidental expedition of some English troops to Portugal." We know our own shortcomings as a nation, and that, if we ever succeed in doing the right thing, it is more by good luck than good management. Like Miss Kenwig, we aren't proud, because it's sinful; but still, even at the expense of our humility, we must say that we did not stumble into the Peninsula by accident. On the contrary, the opportunity afforded by the Spanish uprising was seized with full consciousness of its importance. From the Opposition benches Sheridan exclaimed in well-known words, "Never before has so happy an opportunity existed for Great Britain to strike a bold stroke for the rescue of the world. Hitherto Bonaparte has run a victorious race, because he has contended with princes without dignity, Ministers without wisdom, or people without patriotism; he had yet to learn what it was to combat a people who were animated with one spirit against him." Canning, speaking for the Government, announced that they had "the strongest disposition" "to afford every practicable aid in a contest so magnanimous"; and accordingly money and supplies were at once poured lavishly into the Peninsula. That Napoleon had seized on Spain and Portugal, and that the people were up in arms against him, are facts passed over in silence in Mrs. Marshall's narrative, from which it is impossible to learn what took the English to Portugal, or how their going there affected the French Emperor. Even the dates are inaccurate, the expedition being said to have been sent out in 1807, instead of 1808, and Wellington to have driven the last French regiment across the Pyrenees in 1812, instead of 1813. Louis XVI.'s attempted flight from France is said to have been stopped at Sainte-Menehould, instead of at Varennes; and it is added that as soon as the news of the King's arrest and captivity reached Germany, a large force commanded by the Duke of Brunswick was despatched to France. We need hardly remind our readers that more than a year elapsed between the arrest at Varennes and the invasion under the Duke of Brunswick. The summoning of the States-General in 1789 is accompanied by the information that they had been "suspended since the year 1560." Any one who undertakes to write the history of France might be expected to know that there was a meeting of the States-General in 1614. To come to more recent events, Mrs. Marshall falls into the common error of fancying that the *coup d'état*, which is spoken of in the mildest terms, was immediately followed by the Empire. By a similar error, Victor Emmanuel is made to take the title of King of Italy immediately after the peace of Villafranca in 1859. It was not, as many will doubtless remember, until after the overthrow of the King of Naples by Garibaldi, that the title of King of Italy was assumed. Perhaps, however, the most amazing thing in the book is a piece of philology contained in the first chapter:—

At last the only thing left of the barbarous Celtic times was the Gallic language, and this, which spread with remarkable rapidity amongst the nations which had submitted to the Roman power, after taking up into itself a number of Celtic words, and undergoing some other changes, has formed the French language as it is now spoken.

The "able and experienced scholar" must certainly have nodded over his task of revision when he let pass the statement that the modern French language was formed from the ancient Gallic language. There has evidently been some confusion between Gallic and Latin, due perhaps to careless abridgment of the original narrative; for the statement as it stands is not only absurd, but also irreconcilable with the account of the growth of the French language given further on. Among minor points we may notice that the fine phrases of "All is lost but honour," and "Open your gates to the fortune of France," put into the mouths of Francis I. and Philip VI. respectively, have both been rejected by modern criticism.

It will be seen that there is room for improvement in this work; but nevertheless it cannot be denied a certain amount of merit. It is at any rate pleasant reading, and its bright and simple style forms a refreshing contrast to the "disgusting dryness"—to borrow an expression from Burnet—or the affected babyishness of many of our new school histories. As far as it goes, it gives a vivid idea of French history, without overloading the youthful memory with needless details. Moreover, it has the merit—which it possesses in common with most histories of French origin—of bringing out with a few slight touches the condition of the people, without neglecting the personal and picturesque incidents, the royal and military element which children—and grown people likewise, if they durst confess it—always enjoy.

HIS SECOND WIFE.*

THE ideal virtues are doubtless very admirable, but the ability to learn wisdom by experience is of as much importance; and common sense is almost more necessary for the successful conduct of affairs than saintly purity or heroic self-devotion. Evidently, however, Mrs. Eiloart does not think so, else she would not have made her heroine Pauline (or Lina) Lynton so much of a goose as well as so much of a saint. For, after all, what can be said of a woman who cannot see through the poverty and baseness of her lover's nature, even when shown it in the strongest light and under the ugliest forms, but who goes on loving him as devotedly as ever, after he has abandoned her in the worst way and at the most trying moment, and has made himself decorously miserable in a marriage with a moneyed "animal"? We cannot characterize Lina Lynton's love for Hartley Bertram, as bachelor, Benedict, and widower alike, as the passion which else it might have been called, because she is a saint, and saints do not have passions; we can only call it folly. Mrs. Eiloart prefers "idealization," and sets herself to eulogize an amount of constancy which is both abnormal and unhealthy. The self-deceiving love of a romantic young girl without knowledge or experience for a man unworthy of her is natural enough, and beautiful as well as pitiful; and that such love should continue through life, if the lovers have been separated by death or by the tyranny of adverse circumstances, so that the miserable truth is never shown, is also natural; but that it should survive after such an exhibition of cowardice and baseness as is made to Pauline is not natural, if we are to grant the possession of ordinary reason or penetration.

The cardinal fault of *His Second Wife* is its moral exaggeration. All the characters are daubed in with too "juicy" a brush, and in too crude colours. There is no fine shading, no subtle mingling of good impulses and bad, of substantial virtues and minor frailties, or even of undeniable faults and somewhat redeeming qualities. Every one is either snow-white or coal-black; shining like polished silver, or rusty as old iron. Lina Lynton is absolute perfection. She has not a fault in mind or body. She is pure, self-possessed, unselfish, devoted, unsuspicious, industrious, forgiving, orderly, and loving; she has beautiful hair, eyes, teeth, lips, neck, ears, and skin; she is small and slight, her hands and feet are perfect, and her figure, "without giving the slightest threat of over-exuberance in after life, is as rounded as a girl's of seventeen should be." With the beauty of a goddess, and the moral nature of an angel, we can but wonder that young Hartley Bertram should hold her so loosely as to break off his engagement with her because, compelled by the usages of society, she has danced with a man of whom he fancies himself jealous. And the odd part of it is that, so far as we can make out, he is offended on the very night whereon he has made his offer and been accepted. He quarrels with Lina the next day, parts from her in sullen displeasure, and finally breaks off the engagement in less than a week after it has been made; but all the while the whole world knows of it, and Lina's mother forms her plans, which are spoken of as if they had been based on some months' consideration of events. Hartley and Dr. James Wearelett each make Lina an offer on the night of her first ball; but because she dances with the young doctor, when she could scarcely do anything else, after she has refused him and accepted Hartley, and adds to this the iniquity of dancing also with Mr. Noel Treville, whom she had no reason whatever to refuse, Hartley quarrels with her, and in a very few days' time breaks off the engagement altogether. Surely the author has made a slip here. If she had taken the precaution of reducing her facts into figures and balancing her sum afterwards, she would have seen the chronological impossibilities of her narrative.

This Hartley Bertram, Pauline's idol, is a very shaky divinity. He is handsome, and with a surface kind of amiability that goes no deeper than manner; and when these two qualities are given all is told. For the rest he is weak and jealous, selfish and vain, self-indulgent and inconstant, the shallowest thing all through on which a girl could cast the priceless treasure of her love. But Lina loves him alike in the beginning and at the end; and, though she lives his unappreciated martyr and dies substantially of his cruelty, she dies still as much in love with him as ever, if perhaps a little less blindly than heretofore. Take Dr. James Wearelett, again, as a specimen of the author's skill in character-painting. He is without a redeeming trait, physical or mental, a creature "born old," looking "like a fairy changeling in his nurse's arms," though for this we can scarcely think the creature itself to blame, and should have felt more inclined to pity the poor little wretch than to make its sickness its crime. He had been a quiet boy, which also excites the author's wrath, "never broken a window, thrashed another boy, flung stones, torn his trousers, lost his books," or troubled his mother; but he had dabbled in chemistry, kept himself clean, and dissected small birds and butterflies. By implication we find that, as a medical student, he was a vivisectionist and a materialist. But, more than this, he was bitter, spiteful, unforgiving, and selfish in a manner and on occasions which may safely be pronounced impossible in a doctor who loved his profession as he is said to do. But Mrs. Eiloart is a writer who generally either loves or hates her own creations, and who consequently is partial or unjust in the treatment of them. Noel Treville is another young gentleman for

* *His Second Wife*. By Mrs. Eiloart, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," "Jabez Ebsleigh, M.P.," &c. 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley, 1877.

whom she has mixed her palette in monochrome of a sombre and unlovely tint. Just as Dr. James Wearelett's hair "began to grow bald at the crown" when he was only twenty, so at twenty-two young Mr. Treville shows "signs of wear and tear round the eyes and in the corners of the temples." He falls in love with Lina at this famous ball where Dr. Wearelett has been rejected and Hartley Bertram accepted, and where apparently every one in the room knows how things stand between them. James Wearelett, who wishes to spoil for another what he cannot enjoy himself, gives Hartley a look while Lina is dancing with Mr. Treville which the author describes as "all done in an instant; but there was no deadlier poison in all the drugs his father's surgery hold than that look conveyed to Lina's lover." How he knew that Hartley was Lina's lover remains the author's secret, just as it is her secret how Hartley's father knew it the next morning, and how Mrs. Lynton would have speculated on the marriage many pages before the real story opens. This Mr. Noel Treville is, as was said, only two-and-twenty, but is already a young man of morals so debauched and experience so varied as to know that, if he succeeded in seducing Lina, he "should soon weary of her if he saw her too often; that he had outlived love, and exhausted passion; and that, if that pure and faultless beauty were to be his own, he should very soon prize it no more than a camellia that had faded in his button-hole." No wonder that, in a fit of moralizing, the author says of this promising young gentleman, for whose existence she alone is responsible, "But the oldest thing in all Waterhurst, to my thinking, was Noel Treville"; or that his hair was "thinning at the temples," though we are glad to learn that it was "still wavy and glossy." This "fallen god," as he is somewhere called, is the evil genius of Lina's history; but he loves her, for him sincerely, though he does at the end degrade the perfect purity which had been her enduring charm for him by making love to her in the conservatory of his own house, where she and her husband are his guests, she being a married woman of thirty-five or so. He finishes by eloping with Isabel, Lina's step-daughter, and Bertram's daughter; or rather letting her elope with him, though he is still as passionately in love as ever with Lina. However, in this unsavoury little episode he is almost more sinned against than sinning, and more deserving of pity than of shame for the love which he has inspired in Isabel Bertram.

Here again comes in Mrs. Elcort's injustice towards her own characters. Isabel is simply a revolting caricature of an undisciplined and strong-natured girl. She is an ill-tempered, violent, and sensual "animal," like her mother before her. She is a gross and coarsely-painted exaggeration throughout, reminding us of Mrs. Henry Wood's work by the unnecessary introduction of ugly and commonplace details, such as Isabel's idleness—proved by her love of French novels, and the "crotchet antimacassar" which "fell to pieces through sheer dirt before it was half finished;" which by the way is unmitigated nonsense, like very much more in *His Second Wife*. Isabel's hatred of Lina too, as the saintly and all-suffering stepmother, is as exaggerated and unnatural as the rest; and the scene of the child's death is both silly and impossible. Human beings in their sober senses are not monsters, and Isabel is made undeniably a monster. Her very love for Noel, where the author might have shown some kind of sympathy and tenderness, is drawn in the same coarse and cruel manner as the rest; and the saintly Lina's action during the elopement is as unbusiness-like as Isabel's is shameless. Hartley, too, is a mere caricature of a man, and his want of principle and want of common sense together are more than even the most indulgent reader can accept. Not one of the chief characters is endurable; and even the old grandfather, in whom there is more attempt at light and shade than in the rest, is, on the whole, odious.

Altogether the story is weak. It is disfigured by foolish little digs at men and the estimation in which they hold women; by silly little allusions to women's rights, and the wrong done to the sex by supposing that part of their life's duties is to keep their husbands' houses when they are wives, and take care of their children when they are mothers. The picture of country life which it presents is, to say the least of it, queer; and even twenty years ago we think that anyone would be hard put to it to find a country doctor on six hundred a year, and a country lawyer on a thousand, who would speak of a wealthy tea-broker as a "grocer," and hold themselves superior to merchant princes living in their grandest houses, because these had been in trade and they themselves had not. Country lawyers and doctors in such a place as Waterhurst do not rank so very high themselves that they can afford to despise wealthy merchants of refined manners and cultivated minds because of the degrading element of "trade." Nor do we think that such a man as Noel Treville is described to be could be found at the age of twenty-two; or that a high-minded and heroic girl like Pauline would have suffered herself to have gone on consciously loving a man who had behaved so ill to her as Hartley Bertram had done—more especially after he had married another woman; or that she would have been so foolish and weak after her own marriage as not to know how to be mistress in her house; or that such a girl as Isabel is a pleasant or profitable portrait anyhow. We are by no means afraid of truth, nor are we of those who wish to see human nature always painted in rose colour; but neither do we like to see a caricature offered for a faithful portrait, or a work of art scrawled off with the crude passion and injustice of a partisan.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A BOOK by Marshal von Moltke* would be sure of readers, even if it had no relation to the absorbing question of the day. The references to the military resources of Russia in the Marshal's private correspondence of twenty years ago are not, indeed, very numerous, nor do they enter very deeply into the subject; they nevertheless serve in a general way to indicate how Russia appeared in 1856 to one of the most competent of observers, and to suggest what the first of living authorities probably thinks about her now. We should infer that Count von Moltke's respect for the power of Russia was not inconsiderable, and that he would augur favourably of her ability to accomplish the enterprise on which she is at present engaged. At the same time we can hardly doubt that he thinks she would have done better to have remained at peace. Civilization is in his eyes the great want of the country; he can only feel assured of the great future of which he asserts her to be capable upon condition of the gulf between the upper classes and the bulk of the people being filled up, and the latter thoroughly leavened with Western ideas. The task, he thinks, is gigantic; to convert the Russian Church alone into a civilizing agency might well require a century. It says much for Count von Moltke's superiority of understanding that problems of this nature should have occupied his attention in preference to the professional details by which he might have been expected to have been engrossed. His observations on Russian church architecture and other interesting points outside of his own profession similarly attest the wide range of his interests and knowledge. Written on the occasion of a coronation, and addressed to a lady, these letters naturally contain descriptions of ceremonial and of the appearance of Court personages of comparatively slight interest. Their real importance consists less in what is actually said than in the general impression produced upon the writer's mind. This we should take to be that Russia is a great Power in the making, and that the realization of her ambition depends upon her ability to penetrate her masses with Western culture without impairing that unity of feeling among them which constitutes her peculiar strength. So formidable would she be in such a case that, according to his view, any premature exertion of her force such as she is now attempting may well prove in the long run a benefit to Europe. It will of course be remembered that at the date of these letters the relations of Russia and Prussia were very cordial.

The publication of the memoirs of the late President von Schön†, a statesman intimately connected with Baron von Stein, has called forth a lively discussion on the merits and character of the latter. Schön's efforts to disparage him have led to his own character for veracity being impugned by those who have been accustomed to regard Stein's fame as a precious national possession. The controversy turns largely on a diary of Schön's of the year 1813, which certainly seems to betray a quarrelsome and censorious spirit.

Dr. Blochwitz's‡ summary of Turkish history is concise and impartial, with no especial literary pretensions. It concludes appropriately with a note of interrogation.

The recent success of the Socialist party in the Berlin elections is regarded on all sides as one of the most remarkable signs of the times, and as by no means a reassuring one. While the Ultramontane party show their readiness to convert a public calamity to their own purposes, a Protestant clergyman§ comes forward with an earnest and well-intentioned effort to reconcile capitalists and socialists on the basis of a common acceptance of what he regards as the teaching of the New Testament. We are familiar with such endeavours here under the title of "Christian Socialism," and it need not be said that their practical effect has been but inconsiderable. Self-interest—often ill understood—has always turned the scale in the last resort; it is equally difficult to convince one party that the New Testament goes so far, and the other that it goes no further. It is to be hoped rather than expected that the writer may succeed in inspiring some portion of his audience with his own love of truth and equity. His sympathies are strongly in favour of the Socialists, whose faults he regards as principally provoked by the unfeeling egotism which he rightly or wrongly attributes to the wealthier classes in Germany. He considers their theories, indeed, as irrefutable from the point of view of political economy; the right way of meeting them, according to him, is to demonstrate the fallacy of expecting any considerable social amelioration to ensue from them, were they even carried into effect. The book is chiefly valuable as an exposition of the real scope of the Socialist movement in Germany by one who is neither partisan nor adversary.

"Democracy," by Julius Schvarcz||, is a somewhat indigestible treatise, which may perhaps be best defined as an attempt to base politics upon anthropology. The first part illustrates the author's method from the history of the Athenian Republic.

* *Feldmarschall Graf Moltke's Briefe aus Russland*. Berlin: Pastel. London: Kolckmann.

† *Stein, Scharnhorst und Schön. Eine Schutzschrift*. Von Max Lehmann. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Türken. Kurzer Abriss ihrer Geschichte*. Von Dr. J. Blochwitz. Berlin: Habel. London: Nutt.

§ *Der radikale deutsche Socialismus und die christliche Gesellschaft*. Von Rudolf Todt. Wittenberg: Rust. London: Nutt.

|| *Die Demokratie*. Von Julius Schvarcz. Bd. i. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humboldt. London: Nutt.

A biography of Richard Wagner, by C. F. Glasenapp*, originally published with a view to the Bayreuth Festival of last year, may be recommended to the notice of those English readers whom the composer's visit to this country has inspired with curiosity respecting him. It is, indeed, very imperfect in matters of detail, and evidently destitute of any authority at first hand. The writer admits, for example, that he does not know whether Herr Wagner actually bore arms in the Dresden insurrection of 1849 or not. It is also, as indeed any biography written under such circumstances is sure to be, the work of a thoroughgoing admirer and indiscriminate panegyrist. It possesses, nevertheless, the great merit of not being unduly technical, and of setting forth the incidents of a musician's life in diction for the most part perfectly intelligible to non-musical readers. Herr Wagner's career, it need not be said, has been singularly interesting and eventful. Pride and self-assertion appear as its mainspring even in the biographer's partial pages; it is not unamusing to reflect how different its course might have been, and how peculiar a type of musical character the world might have lost, had not his inaptitude for the style he originally attempted prescribed to him a *flectere si nequeo superos* line of action. The first volume concludes with the performance of the *Tannhäuser* at Vienna in 1859.

Countess Nostitz†, the widow of the traveller Helfer, who died in the East India Company's service about 1840, publishes, by way of supplement to his travels, an account of her own adventures since his death. These include the fortunes of her deceased husband's plantation in British Burmah, which had eventually to be given up; some pages of Egyptian travel; a residence at the Prussian Court, and in Bunson's family in London; ultimately an agricultural experiment in the Banat, the climate of which district proved too trying for a resident inured to every kind of hardship in the tropics.

The author of an interesting volume of travel in Phœnicia, Herr Prutz‡, whose attention has always been directed rather to the mediæval than the classical archæology of Syria, publishes a valuable memoir on the possessions of the Teutonic Knights in the Holy Land. He investigates the locality of the various fiefs and lordships possessed by the Order, and the amount of the revenue derived from these and other sources of income. This is shown to have been very considerable, and the administration of the Knights appears to have been distinguished by great practical ability.

We are much indebted to J. G. Kohl§ for his interesting monograph on the exploration of the Straits of Magellan, from their original discovery down to the pending projects of the Chilean Government for their partial colonization and the erection of light-houses. Should these be realized, the Straits may possibly become a commercial highway, which they have never been hitherto. Herr Kohl publishes a curious German map, illustrative of the notions respecting America and the Indies current in the days of Magellan, and of the geographical importance of his discovery. He shows how the ardour of research in this quarter abated after Magellan, partly from the discovery that the Moluccas were more accessible from the Mexican coast, and partly from the jealous policy of Spain, which went to the length of denying the existence of the Straits altogether. Drake's enterprise exposed the deceit; and Spain, finding that the existence of the passage could no longer be concealed, endeavoured to occupy it effectually by expeditions under Admiral Sarmiento. Sarmiento's attempts at colonization proved most unfortunate; but his exploration of the Straits was exceedingly thorough, and he deserves to be regarded as their second discoverer. The best modern authorities are the English navigators Fitzroy and King, whose *Voyage of the "Adventurer" and "Beagle"* is the grand repertory of information respecting the southernmost part of the American continent.

Dr. H. Magnus||, a scientific oculist, publishes an ingenious little essay, partly founded on the philological researches of Geiger, on the gradual development of the perception of colour during the historical period. The vagueness of Homer's epithets derived from colour has frequently attracted the notice of commentators; and Dr. Magnus, or rather Geiger, ingeniously compares such apparent eccentricities as his description of Ulysses's locks as "hyacinthine" with the absence of blue as an epithet of heaven from the Vedas, to prove that neither the Greek nor the Indian bard could distinguish blue from black. It follows, he considers, that further refinements in the sense of vision may be expected, and that the eyes of our posterity may be educated to discern a variety of tints where all is uniformity to us.

The third volume of the excellent series of Swiss lectures¶ delivered at Basel under the auspices of E. Desor and other professors includes a wide range of subjects, from the spectroscopic

analysis of the sun to the music of Mendelssohn. The most remarkable is perhaps one by Carl Vogt on volcanoes, vigorously contesting the current belief in the internal heat of the earth.

Herr Braun-Wiesbaden's* miscellanies are correctly described by the author as feuilletons. They are, indeed, hardly of sufficient importance to deserve reprinting. The best are studies of political characters, especially of personages connected with the revolutionary movement in Baden, such as Karl Mathy and Friedrich Hecker.

Vilmar's standard history of German literature† appears in a new edition, carefully revised by K. Goedeke, and accompanied by an appendix of notes and bibliographical particulars which contribute much to remedy the parsimony of detail conspicuous in the original work. Vilmar's want of sympathy with the modern spirit renders his work, with all its merits, an inadequate guide to the more recent development of German literature.

An essay on the relation of the Norse Niflunga Saga to the German Nibelungen Lied, by A. Raszmann‡, is directed to prove that the former is derived neither from the Nibelungen Lied nor the Edda, but from the combination of a North German cycle of tradition, from which the Eddaic version is mainly derived, with the South German traditions which originated the Nibelungen. This theory is supported by a comparison of Icelandic and German texts, intended to establish the derivation of the former from the latter.

Although as yet less known than his contemporary Björnson, Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet, is rapidly obtaining a European reputation. The translation of his remarkable dramatic poem *Brand* § now before us is the third that has been made in Germany. In its general conception *Brand* bears a considerable resemblance to the late Mr. Dobell's *Balder*, the subject being in each case the sacrifice of the domestic affections in a visionary pursuit. *Brand*, however, is a more interesting character than *Balder*, in so far as he sacrifices his wife and child in fancied obedience to the will of Heaven, instead of at the prompting of his own selfish egotism. The piece, moreover, is no example of "the spasmodic school," but a carefully constructed drama, and the diction is entirely exempt from *Balder's* tenuity and extravagance. On the other hand, it is singularly deficient in poetical beauty, apart from its uniform nervous energy and dramatic propriety. The character of *Brand*—the preacher of righteousness almost bereaved of human attributes by his intense absorption in his mission—is powerful and by no means unnatural; but his barbarous and revolting conduct, however logically derived from his premises, excludes him from our sympathy in a degree fatal to dramatic effect. As a subordinate figure he would have been most telling. The other personages, though merely auxiliary, are well drawn; there is considerable *vis comica* in the decorous bishop and the shrewd Philistine magistrate. The translation appears to be elegant and spirited. The drama is written throughout in octosyllabic rhyme, and must in the original be a most remarkable example of metrical vigour and flexibility.

The new part of Carl Engel's edition of the old German puppet plays|| contains *Christopher Wagner* and *Autrascheck and Juratscheck*. The former is a kind of appendix to *Dr. Faustus*, and might almost pass for a parody upon it, although such was by no means the intention of the writer. It is incomplete, owing to the imperfection of the original MS.; but, if it adhered to the original chap-book, the catastrophe would have been tragical. The other piece is a Transylvanian robber-story.

The first series of Sacher-Masoch's "Bequest of Cain"¶ dealt with the relations of the sexes. The author presented himself in the light of a constructive reformer, destroying in order to rebuild. In so doing he inevitably exposed himself to censure on the ground of the tendency of his writings—censure which was unreasonable in so far as regarded his criticism of mere conventionalities, but well founded as concerned the coarseness of some of his descriptions and the repulsiveness of some of his situations. In his second series he is on less delicate ground, although his disparagement of the institution of property is likely to bring attacks upon him from a different quarter. The general drift of his stories is to represent this institution as a merely transitional and provisional circumstance in human society. However visionary and mischievous such speculations may appear, it is to be borne in mind that Masoch, as an Austrian Pole, is a representative of the traditional Slavonic view of the question, whose tales possess serious interest as illustrations of modes of thought with which we have recently become acquainted through the works of Mr. Wallace and similar writers. In

* *Richard Wagner's Leben und Wirken*. Von C. F. Glasenapp. Bd. 1. Cassel: Maurer. London: Kolckmann.

† *J. W. Helfer's Reisen. Anhang. Meine Erlebnisse und Erinnerungen nach Helfer's Tode*. Von Gräfin Pauline Nostitz. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

‡ *Die Besitzungen des deutschen Ordens im Heiligen Lande*. Von Hans Prutz. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

§ *Geschichte der Entdeckungreisen und Schifffahrten zur Magellan's Strause*. Von J. G. Kohl. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Geschichtliche Entwicklung des Farbensinnes*. Von Dr. Hago Magnus. Leipzig: Velt. London: Nutt.

¶ *Öffentliche Vorlesungen gehalten in der Schweiz*. Bd. 3. Basel: Schweighäuser. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Zeitgenossen-Erzählungen: Charakteristiken und Kritiken*. Gesammelte Feuilletons von K. Braun-Wiesbaden. 2 Bde. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur*. Von A. F. C. Vilmar. Achteizente vermehrte Auflage. Marburg: Elwert. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Niflungasaga und das Nibelungenlied. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der deutschen Heldensage*. Von A. Raszmann. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Brand: dramatisches Gedicht*. Von Henrik Ibsen. Deutsch bearbeitet von Alfred Freiherrn von Wolzogen. Wismar: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Deutsche Puppenkomödien*. Herausgegeben von Carl Engel. V. Christoph Wagner, Autrascheck und Juratscheck. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Das Vermächtnis Kains*. Novellen von Sacher-Masoch. Th. 2. Das Eigenthum. 2 Bde. Bern: Froben. London: Nutt.

an æsthetic point of view they are highly to be commended for their clear energetic diction and general interest of plot; though we cannot concede to them either the philosophic or the artistic significance claimed for them by the author in a disquisition which would have come with better grace from his critics.

*Haus an Haus** and *Verfälschte Liebe*† are two pretty novelettes, with no very distinctive features.

"Love's Fiery Trial," by Alfred Friedmann ‡, is a story in verse founded on the *Filberto* of the Italian novelist Bandello, and appropriately told in the octave stanza. The tale is effectively narrated, and the style is very polished and easy. "Angioletta," a cycle of ballads in Heine's manner, is not equally successful.

The most important contributions to the May number of the *Rundschau* § are the description of a visit to Argos and Mycenæ, a few months before the commencement of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, a hitherto unpublished diary of the unfortunate poet Lenz, detailing the history of a love affair in which he was implicated at Strasburg in 1774, and a memoir of the Russian socialist Bakunin, interesting as exhibiting the relation of the extreme Left of the Hegelian school with the revolutionists of thirty years ago.

North and South||, the new German periodical of the day, appears to aim at a somewhat more special character than the *Rundschau*, and is certainly less adapted to the tastes of readers of general culture. It is graced, however, by a splendid portrait of the composer Riehl, after an etching, and contains one paper which would have been highly interesting, had not the weight of evidence already compelled the writer to retract his conclusions. This is Curtius's celebrated discourse on Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ, in which he more than insinuates that they must be assigned to a medieval date. A violetto by Jensen, verses by Geibel, and a curious paper by Georg Ebers on the traces of rhyme in Egyptian poetry, may be enumerated among the other attractions of the number.

The *German Review of the Collective National Life of the Period*¶ is based on a different plan, and aims at giving a general summary of public activity in various departments. It is a useful publication for reference, but does not aspire to the literary standard of its competitors.

* *Haus an Haus Eine Familiengeschichte* Von Edmund Hofer. Bremen Volkschriften Verlag. London Williams & Norgate.

† *Verfälschte Liebe* Von Hans Hopfen. Stuttgart Hallbergens. London Nutt.

‡ *Die Feuerprobe der Liebe Angioletta* Von Alfred Friedmann. Wien Rosner. London Nutt.

§ *Deutsche Rundschau* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 3. Hft. 8. Berlin Pustel. London Trübner.

|| *Nord und Sud Eine deutsche Monatschrift* Herausgegeben von Paul Lindau. Bd. 1. Hft. 1. Berlin Stilke. London Trübner.

¶ *Deutsche Revue über das gesammte nationale Leben des Gegenwart* Herausgegeben von R. Heisch. Jahrg. 1. Hft. 1. Berlin Habel. London Trübner.

We have received a letter from the Rev. G. T. HUDSON, the Senior Brother of St. Katharine's Hospital, which confirms the conjecture made in our article of last week—that the newspaper reports of the funeral of the late Master were imperfect. Mr. HUDSON states that nineteen persons from the Institution, including two Brothers, the Surveyor, the Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress, and a party of scholars, attended the funeral, as representing the Hospital, and that he himself offered to take part in the funeral service, but the offer was not accepted.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

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OF

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION—PAPINI (last time this Season), with SAINI, SAENS from Paris—For the Afternoon, St. James's Hall, May 21. Quartets, Vocal and Instrumental, and Solos. Tickets 7s 6d each, to be had of Messrs. K. C. and O. IVIC, 11, B. Street, at 1. Admission at 10. Half 5s. Can pay at the Box-office entrance. Tickets sold by ELLA, Duff.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE EIGHTH EIGHTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven. Admission is Catalogue 6d. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING THE CRUCIFIX" and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM" (the latter just completed by the artist, with a Discourse of Philip the Christian Martyr, &c. &c., at the HOLY GALLERY, 1, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6, &c. &c.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS. EGYPTE, NUBIA, and the Nile, with a number of fine Alpine and other Works. NOW OPEN at Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

FLINTS COLLEGE—SCHOLARSHIPS.—Four of £30 per annum. Competition for July. Apply for particulars to HENRY M. STERN, Flints College, 1, London.

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THE WAR.

THE Russian campaign in Europe is scarcely begun; but the elaborate preparations for crossing the Danube in overwhelming force bode no good to the Turks. The capture of Ardahan is the first success which has been attained on the Asiatic side. The same troops will probably be employed in completing the investment of Kars, which is not likely to offer a prolonged resistance. Erzeroum, which is said to be weakly fortified, will then lie open to the invader, and the Russian commander will be able to determine at leisure the course of his subsequent operations. The successful attack of the Turkish fleet and land force on Soukoum Kale is no equivalent for the loss of Ardahan and the imminent danger of Kars; but it probably took the Russians by surprise, and the attempt at insurrection in their rear may involve trouble and expense. Yet even if the whole of the Caucasus were in possession of an enemy, the Russians could maintain a communication with the army in Asia Minor by the safe, though circuitous, route of the Caspian. It seems improbable that the inhabitants of Western Circassia will respond to the invitation of the Turks, even with the aid of armed bodies of their countrymen who may be disembarked on the coast. The Russian conquest occupied many years in its progress, but it was at last complete. The mountaineers are cowed and disarmed; and all their strongholds are in possession of the conqueror. Those who wish well to the Turkish cause will deceive themselves if they rely on religious enthusiasm as a serious impediment to the progress of the invader. It is not indeed necessary to believe official reports of the eager acquiescence of the population in the establishment of Russian administration wherever the army advances; but, on the other hand, there is no symptom either in Circassia or in Asiatic Turkey of extraordinary fanatical excitement. Regular troops have little to fear from a defensive crusade. It may be assumed that the religious feelings of the conquered population will be respected, especially as the districts which may now be occupied will probably be retained as permanent additions to the Russian Empire.

The declaration of independence by Roumania had been confidently anticipated. The Government had concluded a military convention with the invader of Turkey even before war was declared, and all the resources of the Principality were placed at the disposal of Russia. The Turks, with the straightforward simplicity which often characterizes their proceedings, relieved the Roumanians of the trouble of finding a pretext for a rupture by at once treating as enemies the avowed allies of Russia. The Roumanian Government accordingly pretended to resent an attack, while they pursued without interruption their deliberate designs. Their Parliament has voted the independence of a country which cannot at present stir hand or foot without the permission of a foreign commander. It is not worth while to inquire into the justice of a policy which admits of easy expansion. Roumania has no cause of quarrel with Turkey, nor is it even united by the newfangled fiction of ethnological sympathy with the Bulgarians on the other side of the Danube. The feudal connexion with the Porte was, as long as it lasted, a kind of formal security against the more formidable dominion which is not yet established by Russia; but nominal independence may perhaps seem attractive, and Princes like to gratify the only ambition within their reach by assuming the title of

King. Prince MILAN will either follow the example of his neighbour or remain neutral, according to the orders which he may receive from the Russian headquarters. It is not improbable that there may be an understanding with Austria which may keep Serbia outside the range of hostilities. The recent history of both Principalities forms an instructive comment on the plausible theory that a barrier of petty States should be erected between Russia and Turkey. It is now evident that Servia and Roumania are merely provinces of Russia; and Bulgaria, if it is similarly constituted, will be equally dependent. The Greeks, alone among the races in the South-East of Europe, might perhaps make an effort to establish and maintain their independence. Among contradictory statements it is difficult to ascertain whether the Slavonic inhabitants of the Turkish provinces feel dislike and dread of their Russian patrons. There is no doubt that the Greeks are intelligent enough to regard with repugnance a more formidable and severer despotism than that which has been fitfully exercised by the Porte. If the Hellenic Government takes part in the war, its object will be to rescue Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete rather from the Northern invader than from the present possessor. It is true that the motives of a troublesome hostility will not concern the Turkish Government.

The old saying that law is reduced to silence by the presence of arms might advantageously be extended to party criticism. The speeches which are still from time to time delivered at Liberal meetings are obsolete as well as one-sided. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, will not be charged of dulness when he presides over the organization of a new Liberal party next week at Birmingham. His eloquence will, as on former occasions, be animated by enthusiasm, and no restraints of prudence will be allowed to interfere with his appeals to popular sympathy. It should be necessary to sacrifice Church and State to the memory of the Bulgarian victims, Mr. GLADSTONE will not shrink from disestablishment or from universal suffrage. His followers, and Liberals who are wavering between their former leader and Lord HARTINGTON, are not equally exempt from the risk of becoming irrelevant and tedious. The Peace Society may perhaps claim exemption from the ridicule which attaches to ordinary anti-Turkish meetings, in consideration of the unconscious humour of its complacent approval of the present state of affairs. Great satisfaction was expressed at the supposed adoption by civilized States of the device of arbitration. It was stated that the PRESIDENT of the United States approved of the measure, which has proved so remarkably advantageous to his Government. It is not understood that Russia offered to submit to arbitration the justice of a cause which is maintained by entirely different methods. The Peace Society apparently regards without either disapprobation or regret the commencement of a struggle which may prove to be prolonged and bloody. The only notice of the war contained in a series of resolutions condemning the conduct and character of the weaker belligerent. Protests against intervention to check the aggressor may perhaps be justified by the circumstances of the case; but the passive encouragement of a war of conquest scarcely becomes the advocates of peace.

The Duke of ARGYLL, and a correspondent of the Times who has answered his speech and letter, fail to make clear to ordinary understandings the real bearing of the Protocol and the Russian and English Declarations. The French in

the poem speaks of a text which no one can read, illustrated by a gloss which none can read except himself. The assembled diplomatists composed an unintelligible engagement, which was accompanied by one or two contingent forms of defiance; and the English Minister hoped that under the cloud of words the threatened war might disappear. It is not known whether the representatives of Russia were then aware of the irrevocable determination of their Government to begin the war for which long preparation had been made. When Prince GORTCHAKOFF announced in his Circular that his Government was about to execute the decision of Europe, Lord DERRY not unnaturally expressed the disappointment of his hopes as well as his repudiation of the Russian assumptions. It is a question of little interest whether, as the Duke of AEGYL holds, the English Government ought not to have been misled by documents which, interpreted by the light of later events, may perhaps indicate the real intentions of Russia. The issue would be best decided by a judge trained in the old mystery of pleading, after such an argument as was formerly held on special demurrers. The fictions and deceptions of diplomacy will be forgotten by the historian of a war which may perhaps change the face of Europe. It is not edifying to listen to intelligent speakers of the political rank of Lord F. CAVENDISH or Sir H. JAMES as they expatiate for the twentieth time on the alleged mistakes of Lord DERRY since the ancient days of the ANDRASSY Note and the Berlin Memorandum. Mr. FORSTER candidly said in the late debate that, if Lord DERRY had not done well, he was not certain that any other Minister would have done much better. The assailants of the Government now contend that Russia ought to have been held in check by officious co-operation, as a wild elephant in India is fastened between two tame ones. With England and Austria on either side, Russia would perhaps have crossed the Danube in smaller force; and it is barely possible that there might have been no campaign in Armenia. The hypothetical possibilities of the past are but idle subjects of discussion when not only peace, but national honour and safety, may at any moment be compromised.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

PRINCE BISMARCK has come back to Berlin, and his return has fluttered the dovescots of the Continental Bourses. At Paris it was immediately taken for granted that it was the establishment of the DE BROGLIE Ministry that had brought him from his retirement. Whether he really intends to take any personal part in affairs for the present may be doubted when his very urgent need of rest is considered; and there certainly can be nothing in the mere fact that Marshal MACMAHON has thought fit to change his Ministry to make the German CHANCELLOR deny himself some more days of repose. Whatever may be the consequences to the outside world of the very remarkable crisis through which France is now passing, they cannot show themselves directly. Time may show that Germany is really interested in what is going on in France; but for the moment there is nothing for Germany to do. At the same time it may be remarked that the whole German press, with scarcely an exception, regards with apprehension the step which the MARSHAL has suddenly taken. The papers that are opposed to the existing state of things in Germany denounce the MARSHAL's proceeding, not because it is wrong, but because it is inopportune, premature, and rash. Those who like the French Republic and liberal institutions denounce what the MARSHAL has done, because they think it wrong and unprincipled. But all Germans consider that the French change of Ministry is a serious thing for Germany, and they are aware that Prince BISMARCK, whether he stays at Varzin or comes to Berlin, cannot fail to think so too. He has never been slow to point out to his countrymen the dangers that threaten them, and his views on the relations of Germany to France are so well known that no one can affect to misunderstand them. And yet it might seem as if any fear of danger to Germany from France in consequence of the new French Ministry must be very chimerical. There are two things which Germany has to fear from a French Ministry—a menace of hostilities, and the patronage of Ultramontanism. But the new French Ministry is as pacific as possible, and it is very anxious to separate itself from the extreme clerical

party. Duke DECAZES is to continue his prudent course of absolute neutrality, and assurances have been given to all foreign Powers that it is only the internal policy of France that is to be changed, and that its foreign policy will not be in any way altered. No sooner was the Ministry formed than, at the instance of General CIALDINI, a notice was posted up on the walls of the Chamber that the MARSHAL would firmly repress all Ultramontane demonstrations; and Signor DUPRETIS has informed the Italian Parliament that he is convinced that Italy has nothing to dread from the new French Ministry, and that no pressure will be brought to bear on Italy in ecclesiastical matters. Even Don CARLOS has been summarily expelled from France at the request of the Spanish Government, and Don CARLOS rivals the Count of CHAMBORD as a symbol of legitimacy and clerical ascendancy. And, what is more important, there is, as all well-informed Germans, and especially Prince BISMARCK, must know, every reason to suppose that the French Ministry is sincere. It has no wish for war, and is convinced that war would be very unpopular in France and very perilous to French interests. It also considers itself the champion of lay Conservatism. Only one of its members is openly allied with the clerical party; and, as a body, it is determined to appeal to the secular and not to the religious motives of those who it believes will rally round it. All this is true; but to a reflecting German it would show that the danger which Germany dreads is comparatively remote, not that it does not exist. The DE BROGLIE Ministry must not, he would say, be looked at merely as itself, but in connexion with the general state of France.

The friends and enemies of the new Ministry agree at least in this, that the only foundation and reason of its existence is the determination that a French Republic, in any sense which the most moderate Republicans think deserving of the name, shall not exist. France is not to govern itself, but is to be governed. But the government of the nation, as opposed to the governing of the nation by itself, is, in the present state of France, Imperialism and nothing else. The Legitimists have no power, or chance of power, or wish for power. Their function is to grumble and scorn and wrap themselves in the cloak of their own virtue. As to the Orleanists, they are utterly dead as a party. It is almost impossible to meet a Frenchman who avows himself to be an Orleanist. There are a few members of the ORLEANS family, and a few men of eminence belonging to a past generation who are popularly called Orleanists; but there are no hopes or prospects attached to the name. Bonapartism, on the other hand, is a very living and powerful reality. The family of the BONAPARTES has scarcely anything to do with Bonapartism in its real meaning, except that the party must have a head, and a Court is essential to it. Imperialism is essentially based on a certain way of looking at life which has a great hold on France. It signifies the desire of gentlemen to keep down snobs, the desire of adventurers to push themselves, the desire of those who have taste and wealth to see refinement and luxury triumphant, the desire of the timid to lead a quiet life, the desire of the busy to make money, and of the pious to see religion glorified, and the desire of Frenchmen to hear the world talk once more of the power and fame of France. The strong influence which this mode of regarding the aims of human existence exercises on French society can only be appreciated by those who, like the Germans, study a country before talking of it. Republicanism in France rests on the discordant foundations of high principle in some, and envy in others, and to Imperialists both elements are equally obnoxious. High principle is bad style, and the obvious are to be made to keep their envy to themselves by being trodden under foot. In the contest which the MARSHAL has now provoked, Imperialism and Republicanism are brought face to face, and one of the two will conquer. The Imperialists have for the moment possession of the field. Their representatives do not call themselves Imperialists; but that is a mere question of name, or at most refers to the extremely subordinate question whether they favour the restoration of the PRINCE IMPERIAL or not. But the programme of the Government is in all essential points thoroughly Imperialist. It proposes to manage elections, to let loose Imperialist prefects and sub-prefects on the departments, to call the clergy to its aid, to make all its adversaries feel that it has the army at its back, to give order instead of liberty, and to let polite society and fashionable politicians dis-

tribute the prizes of ambition. This is Imperialism pure and simple, and it makes no difference whether evening receptions are given by a lady and his mother, or by a most respectable soldier and his wife.

If the establishment of the DE BROGLIE Ministry is regarded as a question of French politics, there is much to be said as to the time and history of its origin. The contests between the MARSHAL and his Ministers, between his Ministers and the Assembly, between the Assembly and the clerical party, have all to be taken into account before justice is done to those who hope to profit and those who fear to suffer by what has taken place. But to a German the important thing is that Imperialism once more reigns, and must reign, or kiss the dust of utter defeat; and a German need not be anything of an alarmist if he thinks that Imperialism in France touches German interests very closely. French Imperialism has really no choice. However it may think it would like to be secular and peaceful, it must have the support of the clergy and the army, and it must pay the price which the clergy and the army ask for their support. LOUIS NAPOLEON was as little of a bigot as any man, and, at least towards the end of his life, he hated war; and yet, at the bidding of a clerical clique, he challenged Prussia, and went helplessly with his army to Sedan. No electioneering manoeuvres could help the Imperialists to pack a docile Assembly without the active co-operation of the priests; and no packed Assembly, however docile, could vote in the name of France unless the army was there to say that its votes must be obeyed. But the clergy will certainly not continue to support Imperialism without making a bargain, which sooner or later the Imperialists will have to carry out. The army cannot simply sit on France year after year doing nothing but repressing its fellow-citizens. It could not and would not place itself in this passive hostility to the people for more than a time which might be long or short, but which must come to an end. All experience shows that an Imperialist army must be employed. Repression must be varied by war, or the soldiers will get so sick of repression that they will not be trustworthy. This may be taken as permanently true; but it is especially true now, for France is not as yet at all frightened at the Republic, and the general feeling is that the Republic has been very harshly treated. The army would therefore be a more engine of repression, and would not be sustained by that feeling of union with popular sentiment which incontestably sustained it in the early days of the Second Empire. It would no doubt obey orders, and would aid in establishing a reign of repression; but the Republicans have now little faith in barricades and street conflicts, and the army would have no work at home. This state of things could not go on, and the only vent that could be given to the army would be a German war. The Ultramontanes, having destroyed one of their two great enemies, the French Republic, would work very hard to destroy the other—the German Empire. They would be encouraged by success, and they might in the chances of things find some opportunity of weakening Germany by divisions, and then choosing the moment for attack. A war with Germany would in all probability not be a great success for France; but then it is equally likely that it might not be very disastrous. The opinion of the best military judges appears to be that neither Germany nor France could now do much to hurt the other. There might be bloody battles and hotly contested sieges, but perhaps at the end the game would be nearly a drawn one. But the drawn game might appear in a very different light to the two parties playing it. To Imperialist France it would mean the employment of the army, the distraction of the popular attention, the gratitude of the clergy, the honour of upholding the name of France, the recovery of a dignified position in the councils of Europe. To Germany it would mean heavy anxiety, the effusion of blood, the expenditure of treasure, and the sense that new dangers would be for ever threatening. Perhaps the struggle would do something to consolidate the German Empire; but it would also tend to strengthen the military caste in the Empire. What the ordinary German wants, above all things, is peace, and peace is so inconsistent with the continued triumph of Imperialism in France, that the DE BROGLIE Ministry cannot fail to be to some degree connected in his mind with painful thoughts of the spiked helmet and the newest kind of gun, and long marches and bloody fields.

WHIG REFORMS AND AGRARIAN AGITATION.

LORD RUSSELL'S graceful hospitality to a party of working-men from London perhaps expressed a natural feeling of complacency in the state of things which has partially resulted from his own long career. In his early prime Lord JOHN RUSSELL had the good fortune to associate his name with an experiment in the diffusion of political power which was seasonable, and therefore on the whole successful. At a later period, when his popularity had declined, he resorted to the cause of his former triumphs by endeavouring to promote a further extension of the franchise. The proposal which was defeated during his short Administration in 1866 was carried with large additions in the following year; and no agitation has since taken place for an alteration of the borough suffrage. Lord RUSSELL has also taken an active part in the legislation of the last generation; and if he were still engaged in active political life he would probably co-operate with the party of movement. He now tells his admiring visitors with perfect truth that they have been liberated from nearly all restrictions of which they could justly have complained, and that their future welfare depends mainly on themselves. It is not the business of a retired statesman far advanced in years to anticipate the struggles in which his successors may be engaged. Lord RUSSELL was fortunate in living through a period in which the most obvious duty of legislators was to relax or correct existing limitations on freedom of action. It is true that some of the greatest measures passed by the Whig Government of forty years ago were not exclusively negative or destructive. The abolition of West India-slavery, the Municipal Reform Bill, and, above all, the Poor Law Act of 1834, still remain monuments of wise and beneficent legislation. In a moment of unwonted timidity Lord JOHN RUSSELL shrank from the opportunity of repealing the Corn-laws; but he aided his bolder rival in the enterprise, and immediately afterwards he profited by the consequent disruption of the Conservative party.

While Lord RUSSELL was exchanging courtesies with his guests at Richmond, an assemblage of farm-labourers in Somersetshire was addressed in inflammatory language by demagogues who may perhaps share the violence and cupidity which they strove to excite. Members of Parliament who profess to be incapable of understanding the reasons which are urged against household suffrage in counties ought not to be surprised if some apprehension is caused by the teachers and organs of their clients. The chairman of the meeting produced an instrument of corporal punishment as a symbol of the treatment which is supposed to be inflicted on the labouring classes by an aristocratic Government and Parliament. The immediate object was probably to discourage recruiting for the army as well as to propagate general feelings of disaffection. A Nonconformist preacher naturally took occasion to carry a resolution for the disestablishment and spoliation of the Church of England; but the most stirring appeal to the passions and prejudices of the audience proceeded from the agitator who has for some years taken the principal part in the movement. Mr. ARCH informed the multitude that the Emperor of Russia had done more for his people than any King of England. It would, indeed, hardly have been possible to abolish a non-existent condition of serfage; but the Emperor of Russia had, according to Mr. ARCH, given the land to the peasantry. The inference was obvious, that labourers in England might perhaps in their turn divide the land, if only they could first attain to political power. Thoughtful politicians have long foreseen the facility with which agrarian agitators might work on the ignorance of the rural population. Little is to be got by declaiming to the artisans of large towns against the monopolist owners of land. By a labourer the value of land is better understood, nor is he likely to inquire into the tenure which preceded or followed the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. It may be admitted that the mischievous threats and arguments of demagogues form no sufficient reason for withholding from any class privileges which it may on general grounds be expedient to confer; but one element for consideration when Parliament discusses the county franchise will be the revolutionary designs of some of its advocates. In modern times political questions are almost always complicated with an admixture of social and economical projects of change.

In promotion of his ulterior objects, Mr. ARCH always invites the alliance of tenant-farmers, who with some reason regard him as a formidable enemy. On questions

of wages and of the conditions of labour, farmers in the Eastern counties and elsewhere have learned to dread the interference of the Labourers' Union; but in dealing with landowners Mr. ARCH thinks it possible that occupiers and labourers may be united by the tie of a common enmity. It is true that many theorists on tenant-right have advocated transfers of property as arbitrary as the proposed subdivision of estates into petty freeholds. Mr. SHAW LEFÈVRE lately urged the extension to all classes of English holdings of the advantages which were conferred by exceptional legislation on the occupiers of little farms in Ireland. Less extreme politicians constantly devise new methods of restriction on freedom of contract between landlord and tenant. The theory of Protection fortunately became unpopular thirty or forty years ago, because those who were most immediately interested in the system formed an aristocratic minority. But the doctrine itself is perpetually reappearing in unexpected places; and agricultural reformers who would have all private relations superseded by legislation are the most habitual offenders against the fundamental principle of political economy. If it is expedient to prohibit freedom of contract in the hope of conferring a boon on the farmer, it will be difficult to resist Mr. ARCH's demands for a more comprehensive agrarian law. The present tendency of popular prejudice is curiously illustrated by a notice prefixed to an admirable essay by the Duke of ARGYLL on the commercial principles applicable to contracts for the hire of land. The Committee of the Cobden Club, while they consent to publish a pamphlet by one of the ablest and most eminent members of the Club, think it necessary to disclaim agreement with his doctrines or responsibility for his statements. In other words, freedom of private enterprise is no longer one of the principles which are associated with the memory of CORDEN.

The Duke of ARGYLL at the beginning of his treatise throws aside with merited contempt the arguments which are deduced from the existence of rude systems of tenure in primitive or semi-barbarous states of society. It is almost enough to deter men of genius such as Sir HENRY MAINE from divining and elucidating forgotten conditions of society, when the learned reproduction of extinct organizations is used as a reason for rejecting subsequent developments and improvements. The former occupation of the earth by mastodons or pterodactyls is not a proof that cows and horses and sheep may not be useful animals. During much shorter spaces of time, and even within his own memory, the Duke of ARGYLL can trace changes of tenure in Scotland which have also "been the change from men living in smoke, "squalor, and periodical starvation to men conducting "perhaps the most prosperous agriculture existing in the "world." To the argument founded on the numerous instances in which modern legislation has interfered with personal discretion or caprice, the Duke of ARGYLL replies by a thoroughly sound and accurate distinction. "During "the last half-century we have been steadily repealing all "laws which interfered with general liberty for the purpose "of obtaining any results purely economic—that is to say, "any results connected with the increase of wealth or the "success of industry. On the other hand, we have been "interfering more and more where the purpose has been "to attain moral ends, or to secure results which are "beyond the reach of individual exertion, or even of "voluntary associations." The entire pamphlet is an expansion of an instructive speech delivered in the House of Lords on the Agricultural Holdings Act. Conclusive reasons in favour of absolute freedom of contract are perhaps more convincing when they are set forth in fuller detail. The most eloquent member of the House of Lords is also one of the most forcible and most logical of political and economical writers. Tenant-farmers who might incline to sophisms constructed for their supposed benefit may profitably study the demonstration that every legislative boon to themselves will have the drawback of a corresponding increase of rent. They will also find that tenants are monopolists as well as landlords, if the invidious designation were properly applicable to either class.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE DISSOLUTION.

IT is probable that Marshal MACMAHON and his enemies are alike surprised at the calmness with which the startling measures taken last week have been witnessed in

France. No doubt this is in part attributable to the absence of any convenient machinery for displaying excitement. Neither the late Cabinet nor any other has ever dreamed of giving free course to public meetings; and, as it is difficult to be excited alone, and dangerous to be excited in the streets, the French politician is condemned to an enforced calm which must be extremely trying to his temper. On the whole, it is the MARSHAL and his advisers—it is no longer possible to draw any distinction between them—who have most to dread from the reception given to their policy. A step which bears so suspicious a resemblance to a *coup d'état* ought to have some obvious justification. If its authors cannot point to one before the event, they ought at least to be able to point to one after the event. Marshal MACMAHON is in the position of a captain who has had his ship prematurely towed out of harbour, and finds that the wind which he counted on has not risen after all. In the days of the Empire these things were better understood. If the same tactics were practised now, the morning on which the MARSHAL'S letter was delivered to M. SIMON would have seen all the approaches to the Minister's official residence lined with troops. The message to the Chambers would have taken the form of an appeal to the people, and the Chambers themselves would have been prorogued without the deputies being allowed to meet each other again. If this had been done France might, for the moment, have believed that M. SIMON was a more dangerous person than anybody had suspected, and that the eminently *bourgeois* Cabinet which has just retired was really a nest of socialist conspirators. As soon as the troops had gone back to their barracks the delusion would have vanished, and M. SIMON'S essential harmlessness would once more have been recognized. But the public mind would at least have been started on the right tack, and the Duke of BROGLIE might have been regarded for a day or two as the deliverer of his country from a danger to which he alone had the key. As it is, everything goes on as though it were August, and the Session had come to an end in the usual way. The Duke of BROGLIE has perhaps almost forgotten how he regained power, and has succeeded in persuading himself that he holds office as the natural chief of a reactionary majority. At all events, he has neither done nor said anything in explanation of the MARSHAL'S policy in taking the most unpopular man in France for his Prime Minister.

The longer the invention of such an explanation is delayed, the harder it will be to invent it. If the timid conspirators who arranged what the MARSHAL was to do, or were prepared to take advantage of it when done, had been thoroughly up to their work, they would have had a decree of dissolution ready, and presented it to the Senate at the moment of M. SIMON'S dismissal. The Right usually commands a majority in the Upper House, and the wavering members who occasionally vote with the Left would hardly have found the necessary boldness at such short notice. It is by no means so certain that a majority for a dissolution will be forthcoming when the Chambers reopen. To vote it then will be to associate themselves with the MARSHAL in cold blood; and this is just the operation which puts a man's courage to the test. If the MARSHAL wins, everything will go well. But, supposing he does not win, supposing that the decision of the country is adverse, that a majority of the deputies returned belong to the Left, that the MARSHAL, not choosing to govern in utter defiance of the Constitution, resigns his office, and that M. THIERS or M. GRÉVY is elected President in his room—in what a very unpleasant position the Senators who have voted for a dissolution will find themselves. A senatorship may not seem much to the outside public, but it may mean a great deal to the particular Senator. It may be all the distinction he has, or is likely to have, and the prospect of losing it is naturally not a pleasing one. Yet if he votes for dissolution, and the new Chamber comes back as Radical as the old, nothing but a *coup d'état* can save him from permanent retirement at the end of his term. His name will be in the black book of the Left, and his vote in 1877 will certainly be brought up against him at the next election. The waverer who has voted for a dissolution which was meant to confirm Marshal MACMAHON'S tenure of power, but which has, in fact, brought his tenure of power to an untimely end, will have but a poor chance of seeing Versailles again as a Senator. The Right will not care for him, because he is a waverer. The Left will hate him because he wavered in the wrong direction at a critical moment. The half-dozen Senators with whom

it really rests to say whether there shall be a dissolution or not will be keenly alive to those threatening contingencies, and it may easily happen that when they come to choose they may think it safer to cast in their lot with the Left. To vote against a dissolution will not pledge them very seriously for the future. It may only mean that they feel a mild preference for constitutional methods, or a mild dislike of the composition of the new Cabinet. This latter feeling is probably shared by a good many professed supporters of the new Cabinet, so that no unpopularity is likely to be earned by avowing it. If, after all, their calculations prove mistaken, and the MARSHAL does do something desperate, it will not be too late to go over to him. A Government which has successfully overthrown the Constitution will naturally be inclined to favour such constitutionalists as go over to its side; so that, on the whole, to vote against a dissolution may seem the best attainable method of hunting with the hounds and running with the hare.

If the Senate does reject a dissolution, the prospects of the new Cabinet will certainly be altered for the worse. It is not likely that the dissolution itself will be very long delayed, for the situation in the existing Chamber must very soon become intolerable, and it would not do for the Left to lay itself open to the suspicion of shrinking from an appeal to the country. The first aim of each party will naturally be to count the dissolution to its own score. The Cabinet will propose it as the appropriate means of enabling the country to condemn the Radical violence of the late Ministry. The Left will oppose it in the hope of proving to the country that even the Senate—the reactionary Senate—cannot bring itself to believe that Franco was in any danger, or that there was any need of stirring up this extraordinary commotion because M. SIMON did not always know his own mind. But, as soon as the motion for a dissolution has been defeated, the Left will be eager, or, if not eager, they will at all events wish to appear eager, to give the country an opportunity of condemning the Duke of BROGLIE's intrigues. When next the Government are defeated in the Chamber of Deputies they will be told that, if they like to dissolve now, the Left will raise no objection; and, as a nominally constitutional Cabinet cannot go on for ever in a minority, they will have to accept the permission. But to dissolve in this way will be much less satisfactory for the Government than to dissolve at their own instance. They will have shown the Senate to be against them, instead of with them, and a Conservative Government which cannot count on the support of its Second Chamber is in a bad way to begin with. More than this, the Left will be appealing to the country against them, instead of their appealing to the country against the Left; and this is not a state of things that can bring any good to the Ministry. MARSHAL MACMAHON'S Message has implied that the electors are not really represented by the present deputies, and it will have an awkward look if the challenge to put this theory to the test comes virtually from the deputies who are said not to represent the electors. All these considerations make it probable that, by the time the general election really comes, it will have sunk very nearly to the commonplace level of an ordinary contest in which the country is asked to choose between a popular Opposition and an unpopular Ministry. Of course many things may happen in the meantime to upset this calculation. The Government are doubtless hoping that the Left will say or do something violent enough to give them an excuse for applying measures of strong repression. As yet, however, even the most extreme section of the Left shows no signs of allowing itself to be drawn on in this fashion. The resolution adopted on Tuesday by the Irreconcilables is characterized by unusual prudence. When extreme Radicals take to impressing on their followers that calm energy and vigilance are above all things requisite; that prudence consists in observing the law and in using for the defence of public liberties all the weapons allowed by the law; that circumstances impose on Republicans of every shade the duty of union, and that the Extreme Left will concert with the other Republican groups as to everything which is of common interest, M. DE FOURCROU must feel with natural regret that there is little present chance of his having a barricade to storm or an insurrection to put down. So long as the Left maintain this strictly Parliamentary and constitutional attitude, they

place the Government in a difficulty which continually threatens to become ridiculous. Saviours of society are never less imposing than when they cannot find anything from which society wishes to be saved.

SERVIAN AND ROUMANIAN JEWS.

THERE has been a natural desire on the part of those who look with little sympathy on the cause of the Christian subjects of the Porte to prove that, when those Christians get the chance, they show themselves to be quite as bad as their masters. If they have been harshly treated, they are quite capable of treating others with equal harshness. If the Bulgarian has been the victim of the Turk, the Jew has been the victim of the Servian and Roumanian. All the papers in the possession of the Foreign Office bearing on the treatment of the Jews in the two Christian dependencies of Turkey during the last ten years have accordingly been asked for and published. The result has amply justified the expectations of those who hoped that the Christians would be placed in as odious a light as possible. The story of the treatment of the Jews in Servia and Roumania is precisely the story over again of the treatment of the Rayahs by the Porte. If there is any difference, the treatment of the Jews has been worse than the treatment of the Rayahs. There has, of course, been nothing like the massacre of Batak, as the Jews never gave the slightest pretext for imputing to them projects of insurrection. But there is no evidence of such daily tyranny, such fanatical hatred, such deep-seated longing to do something cruel on the part of the Turks towards the Rayahs, as is revealed in the pages of the Blue-book which tell how the Servians and Roumanians have treated the Jews. Otherwise the two stories are curiously alike. There are sad incidents in abundance in the Blue-book to parallel the records of Turkish oppression. We read of Jews drowned in the Danube, of houses pillaged, girls violated, women beaten, trembling wretches paying all their little cash in bribes to officials for a respite, and then, when all was gone, turned adrift to starve. The numbers injured were not in any case very great, because the Jews in Roumania are few; but the spirit which prompted the cruelties was as fierce and as bad as if thousands had been slaughtered. Nor is the parallel apparent only in the list of injuries. We have all the accessories so familiar in the Turkish story. We have the enlightened Minister who deeply regrets everything, and the audacious Minister who simply denies everything. One of the latter kind is especially remarkable, as he boldly declared, not only that the Jews in Roumania had nothing to complain of, but that they were actually much better off than the mass of the Christian population. Then we have mock trials, tortured witnesses, rejection of Jewish evidence; and the Roumanians have eclipsed the Turks in one way—for to all the other farces of mal-administration they have added that of trial by jury, no Jew being allowed to be a juror. Further, we have the indignant consul who really inquires, and the amiable consul who takes the version which a courteous official chooses to give him, and complacently sends it home to the Foreign Office. We have the consul who reports that none of the alleged atrocities are known to his respected colleagues, not even to the Austrian consul, who naturally knows the country by heart, and then the subsequent admission that the writer is afraid that the tale of horror is true. We have the Government sometimes stirred up by riots to make an attempt at restoring order, sometimes relapsing into utter apathy, or issuing a new decree against the Jews to please its supporters. We have the press of the capital howling against the sufferers, and proclaiming that the dignity of the country demands above all things that it must be left to do as it pleases with its own inhabitants. In short, we are in full Bulgaria; and those who take comfort in discovering that Christians can be as bad as people of any other religion may derive a poignant pleasure from every page of the Blue-book.

In one point, however, there is a difference in the two stories. For ten long years, and during almost every month of those years, England has been pressing Roumania and Servia to do justice and give redress to the Jews. There has been none of the supineness here of which English Governments have been accused as regards Turkey. LORD STANLEY, LORD CLARENDON, LORD GRANVILLE, and then, again, LORD DERBY, every Foreign Minister of

every Government, takes up the cause with the same eagerness and decision. This time, fortunately, there was no doubt as to the right to remonstrate, for the Powers which had secured the virtual independence of the persecuting States had stipulated for the equal treatment of men of all creeds. Nor did the English Government content itself with acting alone. It was continually appealing to France, to Germany, to Italy, to Austria, and to Russia to act with it. On one occasion it girded itself up to try the last weapon of diplomacy, and proposed that the terrible engine of a joint remonstrance should be called into play. The history of what then took place is most curious. Nor, if the sadness of the story as regards the Jews is left out of sight, could anything be more comical. The parts which England and Russia have lately played were precisely inverted. England proposed a sort of Berlin Memorandum, and Russia baffled her. France and Italy were willing to join; Germany and Austria were not unwilling; but Russia stoutly refused. Prince GORTCHAKOFF pointed out that the step proposed would be an interference with a Power the independence of which was precious to all. He hated persecution, but thought the Roumanians must be left to mend their own ways. Anything like compulsion from foreigners would weaken the authority of the sovereign, exasperate the natives, and render the condition of the sufferers worse than ever. Then other Powers began to see things more from a Russian point of view than they had done. Austria hesitated, Germany drew back. Turkey, which in its quality of Suzerain had been also appealed to, declared that it could not see any practical remedy except the suppression of trial by jury, and the Roumanian Ministry adroitly asked Lord GRANVILLE whether this concession would suit the views of England; to which Lord GRANVILLE replied, like a bold Briton, that nothing could be proposed which he should dislike more. He mildly suggested that Jews should sit on juries; but the Roumanians said this was quite out of the question, and so the matter dropped. Diplomacy did nothing whatever for the Jews, except that it mitigated for a time the employment of persecution on a large scale and by open riots. Fear of scandal impelled the Government to some sort of activity. But this is the very most that can be said, and at last the Jews informed the Consuls-General that they thought they should be better off if foreign Governments did not interfere on their behalf. They had indeed one most singular champion. The United States had thought fit to mark their zeal in the cause of humanity by appointing as their Consul at Bucharest an American Jew, and this Jew was a Jew of a very famous kind. He claimed a sort of supreme mission to drag all the grievances of the Jews to light, to listen to every tale any Jew would tell him, to thander his wrath at the Government, and to wage a war with Roumanians in general. The consequence was that, as the English Vice-Consul wrote to Lord GRANVILLE, "M. PEIXOTTO now goes about armed with a bowie-knife and a revolver, and threatens to use them on the very 'first occasion.'" *Si vis pacem para bellum* appears to have been the motto of this remarkable diplomatist.

So far as the Roumanians and Servians condescend to excuse themselves, their excuse is that it is really quite impossible not to hate the Jews. They are so incredibly filthy and nasty, they nourish such horrible diseases in their disgusting dwellings, they are either so rich through their vile commercial arts that honest Christian traders must loathe them, or they are so wretchedly poor that it is distressing to think they should be alive. The precautions taken against these objectionable creatures are the following:—They are not allowed to hold houses or land, they are not allowed to live in the country, they are not allowed to sell spirits. No foreign Jews are permitted to come into the country, unless they can distinctly prove that they are so well off that it would be quite monstrous to turn them away. No Roumanian pretends that Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE or Baron ROTHSCHILD ought to be turned back at the frontier, although there are Roumanians who assert that the authorities would be quite justified in sending away Jews even of this class, if they thought fit. At one time the bright idea struck the Roumanians that something more might be done than had ever been done before. What if the Jews were turned bag and baggage out of Roumania? This would solve every difficulty. The great question was where to send them. The experiment did not seem very promising if tried on Austria or Russia; but there was no knowing what the Turks would stand, and so it was decided to try

Turkey. But even Turkey was to be treated with some respect, and therefore the batch of Jews selected as the pioneers of their nation were not landed on the Turkish mainland, but on an island composed exclusively of mud, not far from the Turkish shore. There the Jews were left to take their chance, and when they were discovered by the Turks they were simply taken back to the Roumanian shore. The Turks had enough bag and baggage of their own, and did not want any addition. To avoid complications with the Roumanian mob which was watching the proceeding, the Turks did not go quite up to the opposite shore, but stationed themselves near it, and made the Jews leap into the water. Two were drowned, although the rest got off with their lives; so that at least the Roumanians had not had all their trouble for nothing, but succeeded in reducing the number of Roumanian Jews by two; and even a couple of Jews less in the country seemed something to be thankful for. But the Jews are the most tenacious people in the whole world, and not even persecution can keep them wholly down. They are not allowed to sell spirits, but they do sell them. They somehow manage to keep possession of their beloved stores, where they retail alcohol, blended, as it is popularly said, with vitriol. Mr. VIVIAN, who until recently was the English Consul-General at Bucharest, was so struck with this curious fact that he made a tour of personal investigation to inquire into its causes. The conclusion to which he came was that the Jews kept the spirit-stores for the simple reason that the Christians were too stupid to understand how to keep them. The Jews have that inborn superiority over their persecutors which fits them to keep a very low public house—a flight of genius too high for the noble Roumanian with his guaranteed independence and his enlightened religion. The Jews are no doubt very dirty and very disagreeable, but they are cleverer than the Roumanians and the Servians, and far more industrious. This is the simple secret of their sufferings. They are hated just as a lot of a boy whose waistcoat is smeared with grease, who plays at no game and joins in no conversation, but who gets to the top of his class, is hated at school. The Roumanians and Servians at once despise and fear the Jews. They can neither do with them nor without them. There are thus lulls and crises in the persecution. Loathsome as the Jews may be, yet men who have a natural thirst for a mixture of spirits and vitriol would rather have it from a Jew store than not have it at all. The Jew lives on sufferance. Suddenly some one is more vexed with his prosperity than cheered by his liquor, and the Jew is denounced, sold up, and ruined. Then he or some other Jew begins again, and so the life of Jews in Roumania passes away—one of the saddest and most forlorn lives, as it would seem, lived by any of the children of men.

THE CLYDE SHIPBUILDERS' LOCK-OUT.

AT a time like the present, when the industrial prospects of the country are so gloomy, and there is so much uncertainty and anxiety as to the future, such an event as the lock-out of the shipbuilders on the Clyde is a most unfortunate aggravation of the general distress. This dispersion of labour began to be partially carried out on Saturday last, with the effect of throwing 10,000 men at once out of employment; and, if a settlement is not immediately come to, the total number will probably amount to from 25,000 to 30,000, involving a loss of not less than 50,000*l.* weekly in wages, to say nothing of the consequent hardships inflicted on the families of the workmen and on the shopkeepers of the district. Nor is even this the limit of the impending evil; for, apart from the waste of resources in the meantime, the complete stoppage of the shipbuilding business may drive the trade away from the river, which, it will be remembered, was the result of a similar strike some years ago on the Thames. Under such circumstances, the lock-out is obviously a calamity of the first magnitude, as bad in its way as a famine or an epidemic. The Trade-Unionists, of course, are raising an outcry against what they consider a tyrannical outrage on their supposed liberty to annoy and paralyse their employers without being exposed to reprisals; but in cases of this kind the question always is, who, in the main, are to blame? For the lock-out in itself the employers are immediately responsible; but it is only fair to assume that they have not taken so grave a step without careful consideration;

and they are also entitled to plead that it is an act of self-defence into which they have been forced by the conduct of their men. Some time ago there was a general combination of the shipwrights, riveters, and other classes of shipbuilding operatives on the Clyde—whose working hours are only fifty-one a week, while on the Tyne and in most English ports they are fifty-four—for the purpose of demanding an increase of wages which, in one way or another, would have amounted, it is said, to nearly fifteen per cent. on the current rate. The trade was then in a depressed condition, with no likelihood of early improvement; and most people will think that the agitation occurred at a singularly inopportune moment. This was, at any rate, the view which the employers took, and they at once gave notice that they were resolved to resist such demands to the utmost, as it was quite out of their power, in the then state of the markets, to agree to them except at a dead loss. Thereupon the ironworking section of the operatives quietly went on with their work on the existing terms; but the shipwrights, after asking to be allowed to examine the books of the firms with which they were connected in order to ascertain their precise financial condition, which was of course refused, struck in a body. Although, however, the strike in itself was confined to the Glasgow shipwrights, it was evident that all sections of the trade, though continuing to work, were practically supporting it.

The operatives of the Clyde yards, in fact, adopted the tactics which had formerly been tried, not with success, by the Welsh miners—that is, to attack the proprietors in detail by strikes in particular cases, while the general body of men drew their wages as usual and assisted those on strike, whom they recognized as fighting their battle. The employers naturally objected to be dealt with in this piecemeal fashion; and felt the necessity of combining for joint protection. The present lock-out no doubt affects in its operation a large body of men who are willing for the present to work on the masters' terms, and who complain that they are very unfairly treated in having to suffer with the strikers. It does not require much reflection, however, to see that, however grievous a lock-out may be in some of its effects, it is practically brought about by the men themselves, and that they have it in their power to save themselves from it. The ground on which the employers profess to have acted is that the shipwrights' strike was only the beginning of a combined movement against themselves, and that it was necessary to put a stop to these constantly recurring agitations for advanced wages, which placed those against whom they were directed in a very disadvantageous position, both from the uncertainty which was thus imparted to the fulfilment of contracts and the increasing expense of their arrangements with their hands. Hence they determined to make a stand at once, and the lock-out was applied not merely to the Glasgow shipwrights, but to the whole body of workmen engaged in the different branches of shipbuilding along the Clyde. This was certainly a very sweeping measure, and its consequences are for the time deplorable; but it is possible that it is only by a decisive proceeding of this kind that the difficulties out of which these strikes and lock-outs arise can be met. In other words, lock-outs are the direct and unavoidable results of strikes.

This system of warfare, barbarous as it may seem, is unfortunately now an old story; and, though it might no doubt be conducted with greater moderation and reasonableness on both sides, there is at present no apparent probability of a more satisfactory substitute being discovered. It is natural and inevitable that there should always be a certain element of conflict in the relations between the employers and the employed. Each side has a perfect right to make its own terms, and in all branches of industry there is the same struggle. Among most classes of the community, however, people have the good sense to take what they can get, even though not satisfied with it, or else to seek some other employment. Strikes are never heard of among clerks or shopmen. It is the labouring class alone who imagine that they have a right to settle their wages for themselves, or else to leave off work altogether; and there cannot be a more short-sighted and foolish idea. It is no doubt in a certain degree a loss to an employer who has costly machinery to use to have it brought to a stand-still for want of labour; but his capital remains, and he can invest it in other ways. As a rule, a mechanic has only his labour for capital; and if he puts his hands

in his pockets and refuses to work, he loses it altogether while he maintains this attitude. It is often said, and in theory it is true, that co-operation is the proper resource for workmen who quarrel with their employers; but the experience of this system shows that in carrying it out brains and business capacity are at least as indispensable as physical power, and are entitled to adequate remuneration; and thus the old difficulty continually arises.

Of course this is all very stale and threadbare talk, and is familiar to every one, but it is not the less true; and, though there are unquestionably not a few employers who are too hard and grasping, just as there are labourers who are too greedy in their own way, it is on the side of the men that the most conspicuous ignorance and blundering are usually displayed. The leading principles on which the Trade-Unions usually act are essentially false and mischievous, whatever may be their effect in particular cases. When the markets are good and steady, it is natural that working men should expect to have their share of this profitable state of things; and, under such circumstances, they are generally able to get it. But, on the other hand, there are bad times when the employers are pinched, and when the men also must expect to be not so well off. The idea that wages are always to be kept up to a certain point or even to advance, irrespectively of the general condition of the trade and the way in which the workmen do their work, is a pure delusion; yet this is practically what the Trade-Unions have been trying to carry out. The great aim of these organizations is by artificial and arbitrary rules to multiply as far as possible the number of people who are engaged on any piece of work, to equalize the pay without regard to relative skill or honest industry, to shorten hours, to check production, and at all hazards to raise wages. According to a calculation which has lately been made, the number of men employed in the coal-mines increased between 1861 and 1875 by 80 per cent., while the output only increased by 51 per cent., the cause being that it has been systematically kept down by the miners, who now turn out only, on an average, only 219 tons per man as compared with 305 tons in former years, thus reducing the value of each man's service. There has also been a steady effort to shorten hours of work, and to put down piece-work, as affording a fair estimate of a workman's value to his employer. In the present instance of the Clyde shipbuilders, the *Industrial Union*, the organ of the Trade-Unionists, charges the employers with trying "to bring on a general fight for the purpose of winning back long hours and the lowest possible wages," and asserts that "the men cannot permanently accept conditions of work and life that they have been forced into during a deep depression of trade, and therefore defeat now only makes future warfare necessary and certain." The answer to this is obviously that wages must correspond to the fluctuation of markets, and that, while the markets are depressed, working-men must be content with less than in prosperous times, on account of the diminished demand for their labour and its reduced money value. In the same paper we find illustrations of this unreasonable temper in other trades. "The miners of Lancashire and Cheshire," we learn, "have resolved to oppose the action of the masters in the threatened reduction of ten per cent. in wages," and to "support the men on strike to the best of their ability." The nut and bolt makers of the Midland counties also claim to retain the wages of good years in the present days of utter depression; and the Bromsgrove nailmakers are equally blind to the circumstances of the day, and have "unanimously resolved not to take out the iron at a reduction," and "processions of nailers parade the town, singing hymns and loudly cheering, as if the battle were already over." In a report to the Ironfounders Society the Secretary says:—"We are sorry to say that labour appears to be at a discount all over the civilized world, and this is not because it is not required, but simply because its products are not equitably distributed. The millionaires get the lion's share, and it may be truly said, 'Unto him that hath it shall be given, but unto him that hath not it shall be taken away.'" Here, again, it is clear that the depression must necessarily affect the demand for labour, and that its price must go down, employers being subject to similar conditions. The Scotch miners, too, want an advance of five per cent. down, and another five per cent. in July. Yet all the time the coal and iron trades have very much declined, and of course the lock-out on

Sir THEOPHILUS SHERSTONE had, before he adopted a decisive measure, taken the precaution of communicating with the Kaffir chief who was last year at war with the Transvaal. It was ascertained that the supposed treaty of peace was not regarded as binding, and that fresh hostilities would immediately recommence. On a balance of inconvenience, Lord CARNARVON's agent thought it better to anticipate the war than to wait for the application for aid which must almost certainly have ensued. Any terms which seemed expedient might have been imposed as conditions of assistance; but it might not have been easy to terminate a war which had once begun. It is significant of the state of affairs that the annexation is generally regarded as complete and final, although Sir THEOPHILUS SHERSTONE's authority is only provisional. In point of form the SECRETARY OF STATE may at his pleasure treat the arrangement as temporary, and restore independence to the Transvaal as soon as the immediate danger has passed over; but there is little chance of the adoption of a course which would be inconsistent with Lord CARNARVON's general policy. The language

SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE'S Proclamation is a vigorous and argumentative State paper. With sound judgment the Commissioner dwells almost exclusively on the reasons which render annexation necessary for the safety of the Transvaal itself. The interest of the neighbouring communities in preventing a native war is, for the most part, rather implied than expressed. The Dutch farmers are reminded that of late years their Republic has been growing weaker, while the power of the natives has increased in a still larger proportion. The local Government has been unable to extend its protection to some of the border districts, and consequently the settlers have been compelled to hold their lands by the tenure of paying a kind of tribute to native chiefs. Some surprise will be excited by the statement that the people of the Transvaal were exposed to the danger not only of external but of civil war. It may

which he has used both in his speeches and his despatches expresses a conviction that all the civilized communities in South Africa ought as far as possible to be united. His instructions to Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE would not have provided for the case of forcible annexation of the Transvaal unless such a measure had seemed to be permanently expedient. At home the COLONIAL SECRETARY has no opposition to apprehend. Both Lord CARDWELL and Lord KIMBERLEY concur in a policy which is entirely consistent with the doctrines which they maintained when they were in office. There can be little doubt that, whatever course may be adopted by the Ministers at Cape Town, the annexation of the Transvaal will be popular among the South African colonists. The existence of neighbouring independent States involves the possibility of commercial exclusion, of political rivalry, and perhaps of war. When one of the Dutch Republics is already subjected to English supremacy, there is perhaps a better chance of including the Orange Free State in a South African Federation. Even the native tribes, if they understood their own best interests, would welcome an arrangement which renders war more formidable, and therefore less probable. The only drawback is the forcible method of annexation, which will probably long be resented as a grievance.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE AND FOREIGN MEAT.

WHILE the Select Committee on the Cattle Plague are resting from their labours, it may be useful to re-state the argument in favour of prohibiting the importation of live cattle from the Continent. Unfortunately the question has come to be regarded as a contest of irreconcilable interests; whereas, if it could be looked at without prejudice, it would be seen that in the long run the interests of everybody concerned are substantially identical. There are two classes of persons whom legislation on the cattle plague will affect—the breeders of cattle and the eaters of meat. It is alleged on behalf of the former that the cattle plague may at any moment break out among their stock, and that, though the compensation paid for the cattle destroyed in consequence of such an outbreak may preserve them from absolute ruin, it does not protect them against heavy loss. They say, further, that this loss can invariably be traced in the last resort to the importation of cattle from abroad. The cattle plague is not an indigenous disease; it is always communicated to English herds by some infected stranger. More than this, they contend that the public themselves suffer largely from this same cause. Cattle cannot be compulsorily slaughtered without regard to the condition they are in or the demand that there may be for them, without a very considerable rise in the price of meat. Of the supply which in a normal state of things would be sent to market at regular intervals, part never gets to market at all, while part is hurried thither all at once. Nor is this the only loss the community has to bear. The compensation paid to the owners of the slaughtered cattle has to come out of the public purse, and it is impossible to avoid paying it, because without it there would be no certainty that the infected beasts would be slaughtered and the progress of the disease checked. To all this it is answered on behalf of the public that the farmers must not be taken as judges in their own cause. It would not be enough for this purpose to forbid importation of cattle after an attack of cattle plague has broken out. When once the mischief has found its way into the country, a great deal of loss may have to be incurred before it can be finally stamped out, and the declared object of the farmer is to make any future outbreak impossible. The buyer of meat, therefore, will be in the position of the buyer of bread in the days of the Corn-laws. The supply of home-grown food will be excellent in quality and abundant in amount, but it will be entirely in the hands of the raisers of cattle. There will be no competition from abroad, and consequently nothing to prevent prices from being maintained at any level which the stock-farmers choose. This will especially be felt in London, where foreign cattle are chiefly sold. There will be no scarcity of meat for those who can afford to pay the prices asked; but, inasmuch as cattle brought from the grazing counties will have to travel by more expensive modes of carriage than the cattle brought by sea, these prices will, even apart from any combination among those whose interest it is to keep them up, be necessarily higher than they are in

presence of foreign competition. From the consumer's point of view, even disease is preferable to prohibition. Disease comes by fits and starts, and the discomforts of a year of scarcity may be compensated by the comforts of several years of plenty; but the effects of prohibition are continuous.

These are pretty much the arguments used on each side, and when first the cattle plague appeared in this country there was certainly something to be said for the consumers' view of the question. On the whole, we think that it was a wrong view, because it left out of sight the very small proportion of cattle that comes from abroad, and the immensely preponderating proportion that is bred at home. With free trade in cattle the amount of foreign meat eaten in this country is not more than from 5 to 7 per cent. of the whole quantity consumed. Consequently the competition among the sellers at home has a very much greater influence in determining the price of meat than the competition between home sellers and foreign sellers. The position of the farmer under the Corn-laws was a different one from that which he would hold if the importation of cattle were forbidden. He could not grow as much wheat as experience has shown the country was able to consume, but he is able to breed as much meat as the country is able to consume. If English wheat had been liable to a disease brought from abroad, it would still have been to the interest of the consumer to abolish the duty on corn. He would have had less home-grown bread to eat whenever the wheat crop failed from disease, but then the deficiency would have been made good from abroad. But, supposing the supply of cattle to fail from disease, the deficiency could not be made good from abroad. The obvious inference from this distinction is that the consumer is directly concerned with the health of home-grown cattle. He cannot replace them at his pleasure when they are destroyed; at any rate he can only do so at a cost which would raise prices to a higher level than that which they would reach under a system of prohibition. If free-trade only brings us 5 per cent. of our meat, the health of the 95 per cent. which is grown at home is of more importance than the unrestricted import of the fractional balance. Still the influence on prices of the withdrawal of a part of the ordinary supply is sometimes out of all proportion to the amount withdrawn; and when first the cattle plague appeared, the consumer might have used this fact as a reason for preferring the risk of disease involved in the continuance of importation to the risk of high prices involved in the prohibition of importation. The choice might have been a mistake, but it would not have been altogether unreasonable.

All reasoning, however, which is based on the identity between the prohibition of the importation of cattle and the prohibition of the importation of meat has been upset by the recent improvements in the arrangements made for the transport of carcasses. There is every probability that, in the ordinary course of events, the importation of cattle will be superseded by the importation of meat as soon as the traders at present concerned in the former traffic have had time to transfer their capital to the latter, or as soon as other traders have brought new capital to new undertakings. The recent arrivals of American beef have made this clear. There are many qualifying considerations to be taken into account when speculating on the influence which this particular import will have on the English meat supply; but none of these affect the fact that fresh meat can be brought from America and sold in London at a cheaper rate than meat killed in England. There may be doubts as to the quality of the meat, and doubts as to the extent of the supply. But the doubts as to the quality relate to the breeding of the cattle, not to the mode of carrying the carcasses; and the doubts as to the supply relate to the possible increase of the home demand in the United States, or to the possible competition of more profitable ways of employing capital. Given that foreign-grown meat can be introduced into this country, and be sold at a price which will pay the foreign growers, there is no longer any advantage in introducing it alive rather than dead. If it is possible to bring dead meat by ship from America, there are other countries from which it can be brought in the same way and in a shorter time. If it is objected that a great deal of our foreign meat supply comes from inland grazing grounds, and that to slaughter it at home and then send it to England will involve carriage by railway as well as carriage by sea, and that the former is much the more expensive, the answer is that there will be no more need to

bring dead cattle by train than there now is to bring live cattle. The foreign cattle which come to England from Rotterdam or Hamburg must first get to Rotterdam or Hamburg. It is not proposed to make any change in the earlier stage of their transit; that is a matter for those who breed them and consign them to these ports to consider. The change in the method of transit to England only takes effect when the cattle have reached the port of embarkation. The new system says to the owner of a herd of cattle standing on the quay at Rotterdam—Spare yourself the trouble of putting all these beasts on board ship with the certainty that some of them will die from the sufferings they experience on the passage, and that the value of all of them will be lessened from the same cause. Have them slaughtered where they stand, and their carcasses shall be carried to England so as to ensure their arrival in as good condition as though they were brought alive to London and then slaughtered. It will be found by degrees that the carriage of meat in good condition is a very much easier problem than the carriage of cattle in good condition; and meat necessarily takes up less room when it is dead than when it is alive. The cost of conveyance will be less, and the profit to the seller greater. Probably, as the new system becomes better known, the methods at present employed for bringing cattle from the interior to the coast will be found to admit of improvement. The expense of carrying dead meat by railway is so much less than the expense of carrying live cattle that we may expect to find an increasingly larger proportion of cattle slaughtered at the place of breeding, and carried thence to England in vans which will be merely transferred from their place on a railway-truck to their place on a steamer's deck. At the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society on Tuesday, it was stated that contracts had been entered into for the supply direct from the slaughter-houses of Vienna of the carcasses of fifty thousand sheep and from three to four thousand oxen. The meat will arrive in England in from fifty-four to sixty hours from the time it is killed. Prohibition of importation of live cattle has now become a consumer's question. Prohibition means speedier arrangements for the introduction into this country of as much foreign meat as can be disposed of, together with absolute security against any diminution of the home-grown meat supply by reason of cattle plague. Importation means delay in the perfecting of the arrangements for the introduction of foreign meat, combined with a constant risk of losing a large part of the home-grown meat supply from the cattle plague. If consumers understood their own interest, their demands for the prohibition of importation would be too loud and too importunate for the Government or Parliament to resist.

INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

THE question which used to exercise French wits, as to whether ink stains might not be thought ornaments to a lady's fingers, has long ago been decided. It is one of the questions to which, as British Hegelians are fond of saying, you cannot answer "yes" or "no." It implies more than is explicitly stated, and is settled by the formula that women may read and write without neglecting the simple and obvious duty of washing their hands. No one expects a man of letters or a philosopher to go abroad with the mark of his vocation upon him, and to put the problem in the old shape was to insinuate that literary ladies were less careful than men in their dress and habits. We may grant that this particular sneer is out of date, and yet it does throw light on the great cross of intellectual women, and on the chief snare that besets them. The world has not loved them, nor even behaved with ordinary fairness in its judgments of them. If women followed their natural instincts, if all their talk was personal, and if all their interests lay in their dress, their admirers, their rivals, and their families, they were sneered at as frivolous and mindless. And when they turned to the things of the mind, they were condemned as prigs, pedants, *précieuses*, and blue-stockings. The reason of these latter charges is found by the advocates of the fair in the jealousy of man. But the real cause is to be discovered in that eagerness of converts which impelled some of the *précieuses* to be as slovenly as the most grubby old *savant*, and which still urges clever women into provoking extremes of intellectual abandonment.

Ladies seldom take up intellect as a habit of life very early in their career. Their girlhood has, up to the present enlightened decade, been passed even as the girlhood of the most frivolous sister. They have never had their time to themselves; but, in the nursery, school-room, and drawing-room, have been forced to walk in the prim paths laid down by early governesses. French grammar, the piano, Mrs. Markham's England, and a comparative study of the mountain heights of South America do not awaken, arouse, and stimulate original thought. A woman has gone through her

girlish years, and had her round of dances, flirtations, country visits, and proposals, before she has a chance of discovering that she too has a mind, and likes to read history, or philosophy, or mathematics, as the case may be. By the time the discovery is made, the slow battle of freedom has also probably been won. The despotism of father or of brothers has been fought down, and only ancient aunts from a country town fire the distant and random gun of remonstrance, and wonder what Matilda will do next. Matilda, feeling that the time is short, makes progress with desperate energy, and her whole being is absorbed in her new pursuits. Nothing can be more disagreeable to the old friends of the intellectual woman. They soon notice that she takes no interest in their conversation about their neighbours' incomes and bonnets. What the intellectual woman loses in their esteem she does not gain in that of men interested in the same pursuits as herself. This is not because they are jealous, as is fondly supposed; but because, when they meet the opposite sex, they wish "to forget their barren knowledge awhile." They have a hundred other interests, which came to them in their youth. Cuneiform inscriptions, the Popes of the Renaissance, chemistry, or Greek, or poetry, or novels, are the business of their working hours, and "intellectual hygiene" demands that they shall sometimes forget them. But to forget them in the presence of the intellectual woman is to insult her bitterly, and to "think her not worth talking to." Very few ladies attain Miss Martineau's pretended dislike of "shop." In her sublime conceit, that worthy woman posed as a mistress of her subjects, and she was only vexed when young barristers, mere amateurs, tried to draw her out about education and the gratifying diminution of crime. She soon let them know that she was not as other intellectual women, though it is not even now possible to guess how her neighbour at dinner was to approach her in conversation. The majority of her sisterhood still terrify the weary by their zeal in season and out of season. This ardour of the convert is perfectly natural and excusable; but it answers to the ink stains on the fingers. Intellectual women, *serie studiosum*, have discovered a sort of safety valve, an outlet for their pent-up knowledge, which is adequate, indeed, but not otherwise useful. They have fastened on the examination system with a ferocity of enjoyment which is likely to perplex a much examined race of men. What the male student seems chiefly to pine for at present is a respite from examinations. At school he was always passing, or failing to pass, into a higher form; and when he reaches the Universities he grumbles that his valuable time is wasted and his unique power frittered away by tests derived from the benighted Chinese. To hear a young and illustrious don speak of the "examination system," one would think he was denouncing the baby-farming system, or the coolie system, or clerical fellowships, or some other flagrant abuse. He does not know what a sweet boon papers of questions are to ladies who cannot elsewhere find a free outlet for their opinions about the divorces of Henry VIII., the tactical errors of the French at Crecy, the origin of trial by jury, and a hundred other delightful problems in history, arithmetic, logic, and kindred sciences. Persons whom one would naturally expect to turn their knowledge and talents to more practical purposes simply revel in passing every examination of which they can hear at every local centre coloured on the map of England. Thus institutions which were intended to test the knowledge of the young become a restricted form of publication, in which a very great deal of knowledge, cleverness, and enthusiasm is scattered to the winds and the waste-paper basket. The zeal for passing examinations might be ascribed by the cynical to emulation; but, as a rule, the results of these competitions are not blazoned abroad in such a way as to please conceit. Diffidence about approaching a larger public, more than love of display, crowds examination rooms. It is plain that their popularity indicates a mere moment in the history of the devotion of women to study.

It is provoking to be attacked at a picnic with questions as to the date of Papias. The deck of a yacht is not precisely the spot on which to start a hunt after the real nature of the Absolute. The gentleman who complained that his partner in the waltz insisted on "drawing" him as to the relations which may be presumed to exist between Time and the Unconditioned had good reason to grumble. Comte's opinions about the characteristics of the architecture of Positivist cathedrals are too recondite to be discussed over soup and fish. At a boat-race a young man's fancy does not turn to thoughts about the Stone Age in Egypt. Advanced ladies are apt to bring these and similar matters on to what novelists still call the *tapis* just when one would least expect them. It is rather absurd to carry on a conversation in such circumstances in the serious spirit of Socrates and Diotima. And it is difficult to put the questions by without being accused, when opportunity serves, of superciliousness or rudeness. Every one has not in such a juncture the audacity of the man who explained the word "idea" to be the Russian term for female idiot. It is not given to every one, when asked out of season what sort of book so-and-so is, to reply that it is a small pink book. Even where the impudence exists, the brutality need not be present. The science of snubbing is one which ought never to be practised under the temptations to which we have referred. We must wait till things find their level, till the studies of men are approached by women early in life, and are gradually assimilated, not pounced upon by a sudden effort and made the one absorbing interest of existence.

The friends of the higher education of women may declare that the present position of the eager seeker after knowledge is merely the discomfort of a stage of transition. That "we do indeed live

in an age" is almost the only point about which all comprehensive theorists are agreed. When they go further they are found to differ among themselves as to the precise character of this period; but there is a certain consensus of opinion on the side of the idea that we live in an age of transition. The intellectual woman of the moment finds herself deep in this vale of rapid change, and she has to take the consequences of the situation. But the friends of the higher education aim at bringing up a sort of young ladies who shall be intellectual from the beginning. Their eyes will open on the tree of knowledge, even of mathematics and the dead languages, at an age when their aunts were still in the bond of the use of the globes, and the gall of elementary musical exercises. Thus science, in the eyes of the new generation of girls, will have none of the temptingness of the forbidden, the occult, the unfamiliar. When the apple is always within reach, and free to be plucked, the apple will no longer be snatched at in season and out of season. Knowledge will be gradually assimilated, not greedily devoured. There will be no more mistakes about what is essential and what is merely accidental. Lectures on *omne scibile* will no longer be crowded by feverish takers of exhaustive notes. Examinations will cease to be regarded as delightful excitements and charming opportunities of display, which the jealousy and selfishness of men have too long reserved for their private enjoyment. When study becomes more or less a thing of course among a certain number of women, and offers a career, ladies will take the thing with as much coolness and leisure as public schoolboys and undergraduates do at present. In the next generation the position of intellectual women will be secured, and the fretfulness of novelty and of enthusiasm will have been worn off.

This is a hopeful and a not improbable theory or prophecy. Looked at with the eyes of calm approbation, and of criticism as nearly as possible impartial, the whole scheme shows one or two weak points. It will always be difficult to get as many side interests into the lives of women who devote themselves from youth to study and education as men engaged in the same pursuits enjoy. Athletic sports, which are always either blamed or praised too much, do some good by diverting attention from the strain of intellectual ambitions. All the free life and adventurous existence of the student keeps the mind open and fresh. It is hard to see how the advocates of the higher education of women propose to secure for them advantages of this sort. Their spirit of emulation is far keener than ambition among young men. Their concentration is almost febrile. Their very conscientiousness comes out strongly in their pursuits, and they grudge themselves every holiday and the most simple pleasures. Too much stress may be laid on these characteristics by theorists who expect a learned generation of women to be the mothers of a race of turnip-headed Englishmen with a native tendency to water on the brain. Still a survey of the surface at least of the whole question seems to show that the learned life is only for a rare woman here and there, peculiarly favoured by circumstances. This is a thing that ladies need not regret. "The meanest creature that lives, a spider or a toad," said Hazlitt, "has its mate or fellow, but the scholar has no mate or fellow." Not many women would choose to be scholars with the certainty of this loneliness before them.

THE GRAND ROPE OF THE CATARACT.

PEOPLE who do not mean to take their boats above the First Cataract into Nubia go from Assouan to Philæ by road; people who are going further remain on board and ascend the river. As there are only five miles between the two places, both ways are traversed by most tourists, the land road being through an interesting valley and past the ancient quarries; but the river is much more exciting to an ordinary traveller. The archaeological objects to be seen are few, but there is wild scenery, and there are wild men, and there is the grand rope of the Cataract, of which he hears at every turn. The boat is no longer under the conduct of its own officers and crew, but is handed over to a deputation from one of the villages on the bank. They all belong to a tribe of professional pilots, and derive their means of livelihood from their skill in navigating the rapids. It is not easy, however, to get away from Assouan. Every difficulty is made by the too hospitable authorities. The channel is narrower than it was last year; your boat is six inches too long or too wide, or the channel is wider and your boat too small. There are two boats and a steamer before you; the wind is against you and too strong, or it is for you and too weak, or perhaps wanting altogether. The grand rope is out of order, or has been lent. On the whole, you delay some ten days, and have leisure to write letters, to visit the bazaar, to call on your fellow-travellers, to explore the valleys, and perhaps to go to Philæ by land on a camel or on foot or both, before your own summons comes to tempt the dark passage and the raging billows. At length you leave the moorings under the rocky side of Elephantine. The boat is ruled by a howling crowd of more than half-naked strangers, headed by an ancient Arab who may be described heraldically as "a salvage man, sable; vested, azure; and wreathed about the brows, argent." There is a narrow passage between Elephantine and the eastern shore. High red granite rocks, every flat surface covered with hieroglyphics, are on the left hand; and on the right is the northern end of the island, crowned by great masses of Roman masonry, founded below on rounded boulders of enormous size. Some of these show

marks of being water-worn, others are fresh as if broken but yesterday. The imaginative traveller may trace in one, just beneath the Roman wall, the form of an elephant rising from the river, and may inquire the possibility of its having given the comparatively modern name to the island. Higher up, the stream is dotted all over with black rocks, a little green patch appearing here and there. The hills on your right—that is, on the western bank—are of drifting yellow sand, almost to the water's edge. On the eastern side there is nothing but granite, sometimes in great boulders, heaped up to the height of two hundred feet, or even more, every hill crowned with a domed mosque; sometimes rolling down to the shore like the track of a great watercourse, every pebble the size of a house. In front, due south, are the rapids, where green islets, frowning rocks, and narrow-rushing channels form a labyrinth whose intricacy is not diminished by the rays of a blazing sun. Though Ptolemaeus thought he had found the tropic at Syene, it is really some thirty miles further south; but half a degree makes little difference in the sun's height at noon, except to an astronomer. Everything seems to shine—even the sand. The water is dazzling; the rocks are polished, so that they look as if they had been covered with blacking and varnished. The ancient Egyptians knew that even syenite may be polished with sand and water. The sailors who buzz wildly round the boat are all polished, outwardly at least, and look like bronze statues newly cast. As the dahabeeah runs before a strong breeze towards the rapids, it is well to keep an eye on the rocks which are nearest. The faces of almost all bear some hieroglyphic inscription, more or less distinct according rather to the grain of the stone than the age of the writing. Some of the most ancient cartouches are the clearest. The rocks of Sobayl bear many such inscriptions, dating back occasionally beyond the eighteenth dynasty, or fifteen centuries at least before our era. Then, as now, travellers ascended the cataracts, and Sobayl, the first island at the northern end, was sacred, like Philæ, the last at the southern.

It is weary work ascending, even to the voyager who has to do nothing. The men always leave off at the moment when it seems as if one pull more at the Grand Rope would place the boat in smooth water. They go away to their villages and come back no more for days together. It frequently takes five days to traverse the five miles between Syene and Philæ. If one day is wet, the scene is melancholy in the extreme. Nile boats are not built to withstand rain. Water pours into the cabins at every seam. There is no possibility of escape, for there are no sheltering houses to go to on the bank. The bank itself is not easily reached, for the dahabeeah is moored to a black rock in midstream, and two or three channels, each running like a mill-race, have to be crossed in order to reach the shore. In fine weather it is worth while to climb a hill and try to gain a distant view of Philæ. Such a view will reward seekers for the picturesque better perhaps than any other they will meet in Egypt. A yellow, sandy mist adds to its beauty, as the folding hills on either side, through a vista of which Philæ itself is seen, are then less distinct in their stony clearness. The pilots' villages are not so disagreeable as those of the Fellahs lower down. The Nubians are in many points superior to the true Egyptians, cleaner, more polite, more handsome, and with much less twice of misery and oppression. The pilots are exempt from conscription and from most forms of taxation, though they are forced to buy their salt from Government and to conduct the Khedive's boats through the rapids without charge. They early accustom themselves to the dangers of the passage, and while yet mere children swim from rock to rock, or float on logs round the passing boats in hopes of tempting the "howara" to throw a copper into the water. But at hauling on the grand rope of the Cataract they cannot be considered expert. They make much noise, and spend much time, but do not convey to the traveller any very exalted idea either of their own strength or that of the boasted rope.

The way from Syene by road is hot and dusty, but well worth the trouble. If, as the ancient authors seem to say, the town was originally built on an island or peninsula, it must have been because the valley behind it to the east was once a branch of the river. To reach this valley mounds of rubbish must now be surmounted; but it is possible that only rubbish intervenes between the old town and the new. Once in the valley the traveller finds an excellent road. By it, no doubt, the granite from the quarries was taken to the bank for embarkation. The great boulders have been removed from the flat smooth trackway and piled up on either side. The red hills rise on the left and right, and almost everywhere show the ancient quarry marks. At first the desolation of the region is not apparent. A patch of alluvial soil, left during some prehistoric inundation, is still kept green by a deep well. Further on there seems to be a village with many domed mosques; but on nearer inspection it proves to be a village of tombs, and the domes indicate the resting-places of generations of old sheyhs. When these are past the roadway divides, one branch turning to the left among the rocks. Here were the principal quarries; every stone shows the indentations of the wedges; here and there a flat face of granite, perhaps a hundred feet high, shows where blocks without a flaw have been cut away. No vegetation, not so much as a lichen, covers the surface, which looks as fresh as if chiselled but yesterday. Higher up, in a little ravine, lies the famous unfinished obelisk, sloping from the level ground for ninety-five feet up the side of a granite hillock. Many travellers come into the desert merely to see this stone, and return to Assouan; but similar

wonders are to be seen in plenty if they pursue the straight road forward. On the right, nearly at the end of the valley, lies a column which has never been removed. There are similar columns built into walls in the modern town, not less than fifteen feet long, and thick in proportion. The number of granite columns taken from these quarries in ancient times must have been enormous. We find them among the cyclopean works of the fourth dynasty at the Pyramids. Cleopatra's Needle and its companion at Alexandria are of syenite. The obelisks at Karnac and the shrine at Edfon are alike from these quarries. Many red granite pillars are in the churches of Rome, and even our British Museum has one. Just before the valley opens out towards the river, a tall flat stone occurs with a long inscription in hieroglyphs, and the figures of half a dozen deities. It is worth while to climb to the top and look back towards the north. The great roadway cleared by the ancient Egyptians to the river's edge at Assouan, but now obstructed by the ruins of the Arab town, may be easily traced, and an inscription recalled which states on the base of one of the obelisks which Queen Hatason erected at Karnac to the memory of her father, that it took seven months to remove it from its native bed and place it where, after the lapse of thirty centuries, it still stands.

The walk back to Assouan along the valley is very much like the walk out, unless a rough pathway by the river's side is attempted. But not so the descent of the cataract in the dahabeeah. In Miss Betham Edwards's entertaining account of a voyage, *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, various expedients are mentioned for making the pilots hurry the ascent, including the reading of a series of Mahomedan maledictions from a note-book prepared at Cairo for such purposes. But the more effectual these expedients appear at the time, the more will the unwary traveller have to repent of them at his down sailing. If you make use of extreme measures of any kind, by invoking the Prophet from heaven or the Governor from Assouan, by knocking the sheikh down or locking him up, by peppering him with small shot or pitching him into the river, he will assuredly be avenged on you before long. He has you in his power, and he knows it. You must pass by that way again, and then woe betide you and your boat. We know cases in which all the above-mentioned measures were tried with success; but in every case there was a dangerous rock right in the channel at the coming down, a rock which the most skilful steersman could by no means avoid, a rock calculated to make a hole exactly proportioned to the amount of the moral or personal injury inflicted at the going up. It is very unpleasant to have to beach the boat at Assouan, especially as the ship-carpenters are so unskilful that she leaks all the way back to Cairo. The Englishman who all the way so far has commiserated the unhappy fate of a people ground under the heel of an iron despotism, begins to think there are two sides to the case, and that in its dealings with the "Sheikalee," or Arabs of the Cataract, the government, even of the Turks, is too mild. If he knows anything of nautical matters he pronounces the whole performance—the hundreds of men, the four pilots, the rapids, and the rope—a gigantic humbug, and longs for a dozen of stout English sailors or even dockyard labourers, or for a few pounds of gunpowder, to make one good passage out of several bad ones. He laughs when at Assouan it is determined to draw up his dahabeeah and examine her timbers, and when, with great solemnity, the four sheikhs, the governor, the reis, the deputy reis, and the dragoman hold a council, smoke prodigious quantities of his tobacco, and finally agree that nothing can be done until they have sent for the grand rope of the Cataract.

FLOWER SERVICES.

OF the various decorative adjuncts of public worship which have come to be included under the comprehensive misnomer of "Ritualism," there is one against which it might seem difficult for the sternest Puritan to frame a plausible indictment. What—over "sacrificial" or other theological significance, obnoxious to Protestant criticism, may be attached to chasubles, candles, or genuflexions, the flowers which form the natural charm of our gardens and the purest and sweetest, if not the choicest, ornament of our drawing-rooms, cannot surely be other than graceful and acceptable in our churches. We are not sure indeed that this process of reasoning, simple as it appears, has always been allowed, and in fact, with the scanty exception of holly sprigs at Christmas, the use of floral decoration to symbolize festal joy is of comparatively recent introduction into English churches. But the obvious grace and appropriateness of such a usage has done much to disarm opposition, and we believe we are right in saying that in many churches which would be loosely described as "moderate Evangelical," or very "moderate High Church," where vestments and lights are regarded as an abomination, the altar is fragrant on high festivals with a profusion of blooming nosegays. This result may perhaps be due in part, as the reporter of last Tuesday's ceremony in the *Daily Express* suggests, to the happy thought of the rector of St. Katharine Cree in introducing, nearly a quarter of a century ago, a special Whitsuntide "flower service" into that historic fane for the benefit mainly of the younger part of his congregation. Yet it must in fairness be admitted that, if the character of a religious usage is always to be rigidly defined by its origin, a much stronger case might easily be made out against the association of flowers with Christian ritual than against any of

those forms and ceremonies which the combined wisdom of Lord Penzance and the Privy Council has so elaborately condemned. Chasubles and copes, according to the most probable view, were simply derived from the Roman lay dress of ordinary life under the Empire; the worst that can be urged against them is that they were possibly modelled on the official dress of the Levitical priesthood, and thus carried with them a certain sacerdotal association, though of this there is no evidence. The religious use of flowers, however, is directly connected with some of the most questionable incidents of Pagan worship, though we are not aware that any special Christian festival took the place of the *Floralia*, as St. Valentine's day appears to have taken the place of the *Lupercalia*. May is always more or less a festal season of the Church, but the date is determined on wholly independent grounds. And the modern Roman Catholic custom of consecrating the month to the honour of the Virgin Mother, though due no doubt to the same instinctive sense of fitness which fixed that period for the feast of the goddess Flora, is of far too recent origin to have been borrowed directly or indirectly from any usages of Pagan Rome. As Dr. Newman puts it

We give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

It may seem strange, however, that other than innocent ideas should ever have been connected with this feast of flowers, and a word of explanation will not be out of place.

For some reason or other the garden was redolent in classical literature of associations the reverse of fragrant. Priapus, of evil repute, was its presiding deity. It gave its name to the most sensual and unmanly of the ancient schools of philosophy, as is implied in Præd's familiar lines on St. Paul preaching at Athens,

And the fair garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.

Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers, according to the received tradition retailed by Plutarch, Macrobius, Lactantius, and others, was a courtesan, and left to the city wealth acquired by her profligacy. The date and source of the legend is questionable, but there can be no question at all as to the gross and unbridled licentiousness of the *Floralia*, or games said to have been instituted in her honour under Romulus, and lasting five days, from April 28 to May 2. Pliny assigns the origin of her feast to the command of an oracle in the Sibylline books in 238 B.C., but we have little authentic information about it till the observance was restored some sixty years later by the ædile Servilius, acting under orders of the Senate, because the vegetation that year (173 B.C.) had suffered from the inclemency of the weather. Ovid has discussed at length in the Fifth Book of the *Fæsti*, "quare lasciviam major His foret in ludis, liberiorque jocus." And the nature of the solemnity is still more unmistakably illustrated by an incident to which Martial refers in his Epigram *Ad Catonem nimis Austerrum* (Epig. i. 3). It is related that on one occasion Cato desired to be present at the celebration, but when he found that the people were ashamed to call for the public exposure of the actresses on the stage, according to custom, while he was there, he retired in order not to interrupt the proceedings. It is probable, however, that the *Floralia* were originally rural festivals observed both in Italy and Greece, which became corrupted after their introduction into towns, and this may have given rise to the uncomplimentary story of the goddess Flora with whose worship the celebration had then come to be connected. The Christians of course borrowed nothing from these orgies, but they had touching legends of their own about visions of martyrs who consoled their surviving friends with gifts of flowers from Paradise, and the like, and the use of flowers as an adjunct of Christian worship is of very early date.

We have already intimated that the Church of St. Katharine Cree, where Dr. Whittemore has established the children's "Flower service," possesses an historical interest of its own. It was consecrated by Laud, when Bishop of London, in 1631, and Hume has devoted several pages to what professes to be a detailed account of the ritual used on the occasion, and an indignant comment on the "ceremonies to which Laud sacrificed his own quiet and that of the nation." But one may perhaps be permitted to doubt the justice of his strictures so far as it depends on the accuracy of his report. For it does not require the skill of a "liturgical" expert, or anything beyond the most superficial acquaintance with the Eucharistic service of the Church of England or the Church of Rome—which last Laud was accused of imitating—to see that the ridiculous antics ascribed to him bear not the slightest resemblance to either rite. If indeed Hume's account is to be at all literally taken, this most prelatial of prelates must have performed the Communion Service—as, according to a famous Privy Council judgment of twenty years ago, he was bound to perform it—with the Prayer of Consecration left out. That he pronounced a solemn malediction on any who should divert to profane uses the sacred building which he was engaged in dedicating is possible enough. And it is some consolation, in these levelling days, when so many of the City churches are either doomed or actually destroyed, to reflect that St. Katharine Cree still retains unchanged the sacred character originally conveyed to it by the last of the great Archbishops whose biography Dean Hook has left us. Nor is it unreasonable to assume that Laud, who had a keen eye for the didactic aspects of ceremonial, would have viewed with approval the striking spectacle presented by the interior of St. Katharine's on Tuesday evening last. The following description is taken from the fullest

report of the service we have come across, and it suggests a very pleasing picture to the eye:—

The fame of the flower service has spread abroad, and from many parts of the metropolis listeners gather together to hearken to the genial discourse that is especially addressed to the younger portion of the congregation on these occasions. Last evening, from an early hour, Londenhall Street was crowded by these, their destination easily recognizable by the fresh bouquet of spring flowers that all attending are requested to bear as a badge. Still more densely thronged was the interior of the sacred edifice, and it is doubtful whether it had ever held so many worshippers since that January day in 1631, when Laud pronounced within its newly-raised walls the solemn denunciations against those who should pollute them by musters of soldiers, or twisted profane law courts, which were in after years to be twisted by men thirsting for his blood, into one of the acts of accusation that were to secure to him the crown of martyrdom. Very full of contrast at all times is this quaint specimen of the architecture of the days of the first Stuarts, with its strange blending of the Pointed and the Italian styles, its mullioned windows and Corinthian columns, its groined ceiling, with the intersecting ribs adorned with armorially enriched bosses, and its Ionic pilasters crowned by an entablature and pediment. On its plain Gothic walls the monument where Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, some time Chief Butler of England to Queen Elizabeth and Ambassador to France and Scotland, reposes at full length, in ruff and plate armour of equal stiffness, beneath a canopy of black marble, ornamented with skulls, cross-bones, and hour-glasses, and that setting forth the virtues of Richard Spenser, Turkey merchant, look equally out of place; as do the old-fashioned pews of time-darkened wood, which we have the promise of the rector are shortly to be swept away, and the pulpit recalling in outline a carved wooden goblet. But last night a yet greater contrast was afforded by the inmates of the pews in question. The fresh young faces of children peered up from their box-like recesses, whilst on the ledges in front of them bloomed bunches innumerable of flowers, far eclipsing in brilliancy of colour the rich hues of the armorial bearings emblazoned in that great east window, the radiating millions of the upper part of which recall by their arrangement the terrible wheel to which the Alexandrian virgin was doomed by the tyrant Maximian. One and all had obeyed the request to bring bouquets, and the church was fairly scented with their fragrance.

Hymns were sung composed for the occasion, and Dr. Whittemore preached an appropriate sermon, addressed especially to his younger hearers, from the words of Habakkuk (iii. 17, 18), "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, yet will I rejoice in the Lord," in the course of which he informed them that the church would be restored, and the unsightly pews removed, before this time next year. The aisles as well as the pews were crowded, and many parents were present with their little ones, who had been in the habit themselves of attending the annual flower service from childhood. The conspicuous success and popularity of the rite confirms the evidence supplied by the services formerly held at St. Lawrence Jewry and elsewhere of the excellent purposes to which City churches may be applied by incumbents who have a mind to utilize them instead of clamouring for their destruction. Lord Penzance's reign has already been signalized by the virtual closing of one such church, which used to be thronged with devout worshippers both on Sundays and weekdays. Let us hope that many City rectors may be found to emulate the active zeal of Dean Cowie, Dr. Whittemore, and Mr. Rodwell, and that "the three aggrieved," who "come to reform where ne'er they come to pray," may graciously condescend to leave their neighbours unmolested in devotions that are at least preferable to that "worship chiefly of the silent sort" for which our City churches have too long enjoyed an unenviable notoriety.

WILL THE PRESENT DEPRESSION LAST?

M. LEROY-BEAULIEU, the eminent French economist, and, in a still more positive manner, M. de Laveleye, have propounded a theory of the prevailing depression in trade which, though open to question, is certainly worth attention. The view usually taken of the present commercial situation is that, like the crises of 1866, 1875, and 1847, it is a temporary arrest of activity, due to over-speculation and over-production, and that after a while affairs will resume their old course. That is not the opinion to which the two distinguished writers above-named incline. They are rather disposed to regard the existing stagnation as marking the close of the period of unprecedented commercial prosperity which has characterized the past thirty years, and the beginning of another period in which the growth of wealth will be less rapid, and, as a necessary consequence, the well-being of all classes will advance more slowly. The grounds on which this unpopular opinion is based must be admitted to be sufficiently strong to deserve careful consideration. At the outset, the fact must be firmly grasped and steadily borne in mind that the prosperity to which we have now grown accustomed is a very recent and entirely unexampled phenomenon in the world's history, and that it is due, in part at any rate, to causes which are clearly temporary. Readers of Lord Beaconsfield's novels will not need to be reminded of the apprehensions excited by the spread of pauperism at the time of the first Reform Act. Still more recently the agitation for the repeal of the Corn-laws was irresistible, because it was impossible to dispute the difficulty with which the working classes obtained bread. In Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland actual famine was raging. In France, a little later, Louis Philippe was deposed, as Louis XVI. had been before him, because Paris was unprosperous. And generally throughout the Continent 1848 was a year of revolutions, for this reason among others, that it was also a year of distress. Again, in this country statesmen have grown accustomed to expect "a normal increase of revenue"; but, until Sir R. Peel began his reform of our financial system

during his last administration, successive Chancellors of the Exchequer experienced the greatest difficulty in raising the means of defraying the current expenditure. Even long after the time of Sir R. Peel the growth of revenue was very slow. During the eleven years 1843-53 the property assessed to the Income-tax increased only at the rate of one-third of one per cent. per annum, whereas from 1853 to 1863 the increase was at the rate of three per cent., or nine times more rapid, and between 1863 and 1868 it rose to four per cent. Once more, it might be shown, if we were to go back to the last century, that then also the public revenue remained almost stationary for a long series of years; but we have said enough, perhaps, to prove that the prosperity of our time is an exceptional fact. This is the first link in the argument with which we are here dealing.

The causes of this exceptional prosperity are numerous; but two stand out as pre-eminently efficient. They are the great mechanical inventions of the century, and the discovery of gold in California and Australia. The long peace since Waterloo, broken only for brief intervals, the colonization of the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast, of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, the opening up of new countries to commerce, such as China and Japan, the adoption of Free-trade in this country, and of freer commercial intercourse upon the Continent, all powerfully co-operated no doubt; still the two causes named were the principal. Of the mechanical inventions, the adaptation of steam to locomotion and manufactures has had incomparably the greatest influence. The service rendered by railways has so often been dilated upon that it has almost become a commonplace; we need therefore spend no time on the subject; yet we may point to one or two of the less noted facts. To carry on manufactures on the vast scale of the present time the population had to be massed in great centres of industry, and for this railways were indispensable. In the London of to-day, for example, supposing it could exist at all without steam locomotion, fresh meat would be a luxury reserved for the rich alone, and in winter-time it would be unattainable even by the majority of the rich; but by means of steam we obtain fresh meat, not from the home counties only, nor even from the United Kingdom and the countries bordering on the German Ocean alone, but also from the United States and Canada. So, again, regions so distant as Chili, India, and Australia contribute to our corn supply. Thus the prosperity of English towns now fertilizes the uttermost ends of the earth. Once more, the existence of steamships enabled the starving Irish peasantry to escape from famine and pestilence, and carry their strong arms to the colonization of new American States; as it also saved Germany from the over-population and pauperism too often attendant on an exceptionally high birth-rate. Lastly, railways and steamships enable dealers to dispense with the immense stocks necessary in old days of slow communication, and have thus rendered capital mobilizable. Of the influence of other inventions Whitney's cotton gin is the best illustration. It caused the colonization of the Mississippi valley generations before it would have otherwise been possible, and developed to its present vast proportions the cotton manufacture of Lancashire. But without the railway and the steamship the inventions even of Whitney and of Arkwright would have been only partially fruitful. M. Leroy-Beaulieu and M. de Laveleye seem to hold that these inventions have now almost spent their revolutionizing force. Railways and steamships will of course continue to abridge distances as at present, but they will not thereby alter existing conditions. They will bring this and that region within the reach of commerce; but they will not transform, they will not revolutionize, they will not create a new state of things. So, again, steam will continue to be applied to manufactures; but it will not suddenly multiply a hundredfold the productive power of capital, and reduce many times the cost of production. It will, in fact, preserve what is, not introduce a new force. Of course it is possible that inventions as great as any that have been made may be hit upon in the future. That, however, is a subject on which we can form no opinion. We can only judge of the unknown from the known, and we are absolutely ignorant of the conditions on which depend those great inventions which change profoundly the existing industrial organization. The argument we are examining necessarily, therefore, proceeds on the assumption that, within the brief period it contemplates, say the remainder of the present century, no such great invention will be made. Even so, however, the argument appears to us to be altogether premature. In time it may perhaps be verified, but that time is not yet come. Within narrower limits the argument is less extravagant. M. Leroy-Beaulieu points out that the special direction in which the activity of the past thirty years displayed itself has been the furnishing the world with machinery, the construction of railways, the substitution of steam for sails, and the adaptation of steam to manufactures. That work, he contends, is now nearly completed. In the more advanced countries it is carried as far as it is profitable; in the less advanced the bankruptcies and repudiations of the past few years forbid the extension of much credit for the future; but without credit these countries can do nothing. Hence he thinks that in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland foreign investments will fall more and more into disfavour; that the saving classes will have to content themselves with lower rates of interest; and that, for want of other safe and profitable employment, capital will be applied to an unprecedented extent in the improvement of agriculture—the oldest but still the most backward of the arts. We are not sure that this would not

be the wisest course. But we are not quite so convinced as M. Leroy-Beaulieu that the good resolutions of the present time will last. Repudiation and bankruptcy are not novel. On the contrary, they have been practised for a long time by States, though, we admit, sparingly as compared with recent experience. But such conduct has been forgotten after a time. Further, M. Leroy-Beaulieu goes too far in saying that the work is nearly complete. With the exception of Great Britain and Belgium, perhaps, there is no country in Europe adequately equipped with railways. And a few years of peace and good administration would enable many countries to resume railway construction without imprudence.

The second principal cause of the recent prosperity was the discovery of gold in California and Australia. It operated in two ways. It enabled the gold-producing countries to buy vast quantities of commodities from the more advanced countries; that is, it gave employment to immense numbers of workpeople in Europe in supplying the wants of the miners, and it also employed a considerable number of ships. Afterwards it gave Europe the means of purchasing cotton, silk, corn, tea, and other articles in vast quantities from India and China. Thus it stimulated industry throughout the world, and at the same time it gave a fresh impulse to the spirit of colonization. After a while those who were attracted by gold settled upon the land, and now California is one of the principal corn-exporting countries of the world. The second way in which the discovery acted was to reduce the purchasing power of gold. It appears to be well established that thirty years ago gold was becoming scarce. The growth of wealth and population was rendering the amount of coin in circulation in the world less adequate for its purposes, and was consequently raising the value of gold. The discovery of the mines of California and Australia not only checked that process, but caused the value of the metal to fall. Assuming for argument's sake that the fall has been twenty-five per cent., the effect has been to reduce by one-fourth all debts previously contracted. Thus in the case of our own National Debt a yearly charge of 28,000,000*l.* would really be no greater than a charge of 21,000,000*l.* thirty years ago. Consequently the depreciation of gold has in effect diminished all the national debts of the world, and likewise all the taxation previously existing. Further, it has reduced in the same way tenants whose rents were fixed more than thirty years ago, landowners whose lands were encumbered, millowners who had mortgaged in order to build their mills, and all similar classes. In short, only persons possessed of annuities and fixed incomes and creditors have suffered, while even they, in their capacity of taxpayers, have also been benefited. In these facts we find much of the explanation of the recurring surpluses to which we have grown accustomed, and of the ease with which an unprecedented taxation has been borne by so many countries. But it seems to be established that the effect of the gold discoveries has now been completely spent. The production of gold has not increased for years, and is merely sufficient for the requirements of the world, while there are indications that the demand for the article is likely largely to increase. Here again M. Leroy-Beaulieu sees another reason for expecting a less exuberant prosperity in the future. It is possible, however, that a very slightly increased demand would call forth an augmented supply, and that thus the apprehension is exaggerated.

THE ALMS OF ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN Bishop Grindal certified, at the instance of Queen Elizabeth's secretary, Thomas Wilson, Doctor of Laws, that St. Katharine's Hospital had originally been founded "ad relevamen pauperum et debiliū mulierum," the statement was one of those half-truths which are often the most mischievous of falsehoods. In every ancient religious house of the English Church alms and prayers had been so essentially united as inseparable from the very existence of the foundation, that its order of divine service would have been incomplete and impossible unless its alms, through some channel or other, had flowed for the benefit of the poor. Very likely all this was a violation of the first principles of political economy. Poor-laws, no doubt, are a great advance upon doles at the gates of monasteries, whatever Prime Minister and Postmasters-General may have dreamed in the visions of their youth; but then the dismal science had not been invented in the reign of King Stephen, nor even in that of Henry III. It was absolutely certain that when Queen Matilda, yearning for the repose of the souls of her two little children whose bodies were laid in the cloister of the Aldgate Priory Church, founded and endowed a special house of prayer for that "superstitious use," as later days pronounced it, the poor, in some defined or undefined number, would be benefited by the alms. In what manner this intention was actually carried out is not very clear. The powerful House at Aldgate seem to have pleaded, in justification of their dealings with their ward, the infant Hospital of St. Katharine, that it was necessary to impose upon it "quendam canonicum" of their own, because "fratres illius hospitalis contentiosi et ebriosi singulis diebus solebant esse"; but it appeared to the Bishop of London either that the remedy had not reached the disease, or that he himself had a better specific; and he interposed his episcopal authority vigorously and effectively—"usque ad obitum ejusdem Episcopi, quem in brevi mors dira de medio audivit." The chronicles of the Priory probably regarded the "dreadful

death" of the Bishop as a divine judgment; but the Queen Eleanor survived, and Bishop Henry de Wyngesham was as bad as Bishop Fulke Bassett, or worse. The legal as distinct from the antiquarian history of the existing collegiate church of St. Katharine-near-the-Tower dates from Eleanor's refoundation in 1273, and to this we must go back in attempting to estimate the proportion which the alms of the house were intended to bear to its general corporate revenues. It is almost unnecessary to say that no definite portion of the estates, or charge upon the estates, was set apart for purposes of alms. The doctrine of trusts for uses had not as yet been invented. But in the charter of Eleanor ten beadswomen were established as a permanent and resident portion of the foundation; at least as recited in the charter of Henry VI., the earlier recitals being "clearly imperfect," as the Charity Commissioners explain in their Report of 1866. The copy of Eleanor's charter given in Ducarel's Appendix is so carelessly printed and is full of such gross mistakes that no reliance can be placed upon it; but it appears to be sufficiently established that, besides the ten resident beadswomen, twenty-four poor men, non-resident in the Hospital, were to receive each one halfpenny daily; and that, of these twenty-four, six were to be poor scholars, "qui in ecclesiā capellanis assistent in adiutorio divini obsequii cum hiis (?) pro suo studio commodè poterant vacare, ut eorum maritis et adiutorio cum diligentia uberius respici mereantur de elemosinā hospitalis predicti;" but saving the rights of the Brothers and Sisters to their accustomed allowances. The corrections of the printed text of Ducarel, which may be noticed in the preceding quotation, are made from marginal notes in a copy used and collated by the Charity Commissioners. In addition to the "viginti-quatuor pauperibus," whom we must assume as exclusive of the ten beadswomen (though these last are not named in the earlier copies, while the twenty-four are not named in the later recitals), one thousand poor men are directed to receive an alms of one halfpenny on the day of the death of King Henry III. It is possible that this provision may represent a round number, and merely authorize a dole to all comers on that day, being the festival of St. Edmund "Archiepiscopi et Confessoris"; but the full extent of the original alms of the foundation will thus appear to have been fixed at 20*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* annually over and above the maintenance of the ten beadswomen. Whatever proportion such a sum may have borne to the total revenue must be taken as permanent under the original intention of the foundress, because the development of the foundation, as its means increased, was directed to be symmetrical in all its parts. But the somewhat contemptuous reference made by the Commissioners of 1871 to the elemosynary charges imposed on the foundation by Eleanor's charter, as "certain small alms," will not bear the test of examination. Eighty years later the stipend of a Chantry priest endowed by Queen Philippa was 10*l.* annually, and her ordinances allow for clothing to the Brothers of the Hospital 40*s.* and to the Sisters 20*s.* each; while the Sisters, in lieu of commons, were to receive 2*d.* daily besides bread, and a "pitantia" of one penny, the latter being doubled on fifteen festivals. No important change therefore in the stipends of the Brothers and Sisters seems to have been made for two centuries, since at the time of the Valor Ecclesiasticus they are returned at 8*l.* each besides their houses, while the beadswomen and the "six poor scholars" represent an annual sum of 46*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* besides lodging.

From these figures it would apparently follow that the caputal charge upon the revenue, exclusive of the income of the Master, had originally, and till the middle of the sixteenth century, been about the same as the elemosynary, and that these amounts had been stationary, while the estates and possessions of the Hospital had been gradually augmented. We have no means of obtaining an estimate of the income of the Hospital either in the reign of Henry III. or in that of Edward III.; but it was not till a later period that the principal country estates were acquired by various grants, or that the Precinct of the Hospital itself became a property of large annual value. It would seem, therefore, that while the increased value of the estates was gradually raising the Mastership to a position of high emolument and dignity, the other payments were remaining at their ancient level, and represented the original division of the funds of the foundation when the Master was only *primus inter pares*, one of the "four brothers priests" and a comparatively poor man like the rest. The scheme which was sketched in Eleanor's charter for the augmentation of the numbers both of the members of the foundation and its almspeople was never carried out, and at first it probably remained in suspense for want of means. But, as time went on, the great church-building movement of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had opened a new channel into which the first overflows of the modest treasury of St. Katharine's were diverted. The "charter" or ordinance of Queen Philippa in 1351 explicitly directs that the whole of the surplus revenue of the foundation remaining after its ordinary expenses had been defrayed should be applied to the completion of the church which a previous Master, William de Erlesby, had begun to build. For the furtherance of this work, "honorifice incepti," not only the existing Master, Paul de Monte Florio, but all his successors, were charged by Queen Philippa with the careful administration of the profits of the Hospital; and "the heads of King Edward III. and his Queen, Philippa, beautifully carved in wood," still remaining in the choir-stalls in the Regent's Park, and again in "stone, greatly defaced, in the porch," bore testimony, till the destruction of the collegiate church in 1825, to the immediate obedience with which these directions

had been fulfilled. The church is said to have been completed about the middle of the fifteenth century by Thomas de Beckington, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, who, as Master of the Hospital, obtained for it the grant of the "Great Charter" of Henry VI.; and from this date St. Katharine's continued in great ecclesiastical splendour as a Royal Chapel closely associated with the Court till the fall of Katharine of Aragon and the troubled times of the Dissolution. Alms in St. Katharine's Church had in 10 Henry VIII. (1518) assumed a very stately form, and though the Guild of St. Barbara, with its long list of Royal and noble members, and its rules and orders, which may be read at length in Strype and his copyists, was not a part of the Hospital foundation itself, it was incorporated within the collegiate church, where all its members were admitted. During the two centuries, therefore, between the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII., it may be assumed that the increased wealth of the Hospital was devoted to objects immediately connected with the church and its services according to Queen Philippa's direction, the alms of the foundation and the domestic status of the members of the Chapter remaining on the previous basis; while the "six poor scholars," instead of receiving the alms which had formerly been assigned to them as belonging to a recognized class of chartered mendicants, were now resident members of the foundation as part of the choir of the church, in which, besides the clerical members of the Chapter and the chantry priests, there were, as a paper of Dr. Mallett's shows, "certeyn syngyng mon, clarkes, with syngyng chyldren. And these kept daily service song in the churche"; and he adds that there had been "a commendable hospitalitie kept and a good quere." All this had been destroyed by the Dissolution and the masterships of his two "near temporal" predecessors, "the lord admyrall and Sr. Francis Flemyng"; and Mallett bitterly complains of the ruin and decay in which he found the whole Hospital and its church, and which he tried almost in vain to restore; for "in dede of late I have had the fewer both preistes and syngyng men, because I could not get mete persons for no money." Dr. Mallett's almost abject lamentations in this paper addressed to Queen Elizabeth in deprecation of his own ejection appear in singular contrast to the fierceness with which within his Precinct he sustained, as tradition reported, the character of *mallem hereticorum*; although at one point in this paper such a spirit flashes out for a moment in his angry and contemptuous notice how "the three brethren preistes" had married and were living with their wives in their chambers within the Hospital.

In order to arrive at an estimate of the proportion which, upon the original intention of the foundation, the eleemosynary trusts should bear to the capitular emoluments, it seems necessary, as we have said, to go back to the charter of Eleanor as illustrated by Queen Philippa's ordinance in the middle of the fourteenth century. This will give in about equal shares the stipends of the Brothers and Sisters on the one hand, and the alms of the Hospital on the other; and upon this basis, after providing sufficiently for the income of the mastership and the Domus or management charges, it appears reasonable that any future claim in respect of alms, or, in modern phrase, "charities," should be considered; while among the Domus charges, it must be remembered, was always included the maintenance of the collegiate church. On no point did the inhabitants of the Precinct more strongly insist in the early years of Elizabeth's reign than on the fact that their rents were tithe free, and that the church and its services were wholly maintained for them by the foundation, except that they paid fees "for all buryalls, chrystenings, marriages, four offeringe dayes and clerks wages orderly as other parishes do within the cite of London." It is thus shown to be impossible that any claim in respect of "charities" should be advanced on grounds of right or ancient prescription, so as to extend over more than perhaps one-third of the entire revenues of St. Katharine's. A claim to this extent may with justice be alleged; but "*salvo semper jure Regim.*" The Royal Patroness, after all, is entitled to make such changes in the details of administration as she may think fit within the general lines of the foundation; and, though this discretion does not, as we have already urged, include the right of secularization over an ecclesiastical body, it does clearly include the power of assigning to the capitular and the eleemosynary accounts respectively such proportions of the general revenue or estates as to the Queen may seem best, all precedents notwithstanding. The residents in the East-end of London justly think that the whole of the alms fund of the Hospital ought to be bestowed, at least in the first instance, in the neighbourhood of the ancient site of the Hospital. They represent that the foundation belongs locally to the Tower Hamlets and the adjacent parts of London; and the marked and unvarying interest which the Queen has manifested in the welfare of the East-end poor, and in the prosperity of all the great institutions established, like the London Hospital, to meet their especial needs, supplies proof far more than sufficient that the decision upon these representations may be left with entire confidence in the hands of Her Majesty.

The Royal Commissioners of 1871 drew up a remarkable educational scheme for adoption as part of the future development of St. Katharine's Hospital, on which we commented at the time. A portion of this scheme, which had the merit of being in perfect consistency with the rest, proposed that the handsome and spacious Master's Lodge in the Regent's Park should be converted into a school. The architectural and other arrangements of school-buildings recommended or enforced by the Education Department have

become, during the last seven years, very generally known, and may have by this time reached the Royal Commissioners. But, however this may be, it is certain, as matter of historical fact, that St. Katharine's Hospital, from the days of Queen Matilda to those of Lord Lyndhurst, was never directly an educational foundation at all. Lord Somers did, indeed, order in 1698 that, after certain other extensions of the then existing foundation (of which nothing has since been heard) had been made, a school-house and a schoolmaster should be provided for the Precinct; but before this could be done, if it was ever intended to be done, the Precinct provided a school and a schoolmaster for itself, to which the Hospital subscribed; and which continued from 1705, like other parochial charity schools in and near the city, till in 1825 it shared the fate of the other buildings of the Precinct, and the funds belonging to its trustees were transferred to the trustees of the schools of St. Botolph-without-Aldgate. This school was distinct from and independent of the Hospital; and the existing schools in the Regent's Park are simply an invention of Lord Lyndhurst's, without a previous history of any kind. We have already indicated the relation of the "six poor scholars" of Eleanor's charter to the alms of the Hospital, and the conditions under which they were expected to assist in divine service, which almost anticipated the jealous restrictions on "religious instruction" surrounding the poor scholars of to-day; "*cum à scolâ vacarent*"—when school-lessons did not interfere. No doubt, when they had become a permanent body of choristers, and lived as such in the Hospital, they received some kind of education; and, as they would naturally be taken from the families of the hospital-tenants in the Precinct, it is easy to understand that the "free pure and perpetuall almes of the poor six scollers to be maynteyned" should have been insisted on by the inhabitants as an important part of "the true use of the gyft of the same hospitall." If therefore the Royal Commissioners had proposed the establishment of a choir school in connexion with the collegiate church, there would at least have been some precedent for the suggestion, and some sort of intelligence exhibited as to the nature of the foundation with which they were dealing; but this they were at great pains to avoid. The administration in our own time of the "almes of the poor six scollers" of the thirteenth century would perhaps most happily perpetuate the traditions of the past in the form of scholarships or exhibitions to the Universities, especially if the holders were marked by the distinction—we write in trembling, lest the Zeit-Geist, breathing unsectarianism and competitive examination, should be near us—of being nominated directly by the Queen.

THEATRE ROYAL BEAU-IDEAL.

A PAMPHLET has recently appeared giving "the outlines of a scheme for reforming the stage, and elevating the actor's calling to the status of a liberal and legitimate profession." It is dedicated to the now universal patron, Mr. Gladstone, who, it is mentioned, has given "his kind permission and approbation"; and this phrase has naturally led to the supposition that the eminent person in question had fully adopted the peculiar views as to the stageset forth in this production. The author, however, has thought it necessary, "in justice to that gentleman," to make it known that "Mr. Gladstone is responsible for nothing further than the courtesy of accepting the dedication of the work, and of expressing his sense of the great public importance of the subject, and his hearty sympathy with its purpose." There is certainly an excuse for those who do not understand the characteristic singularities of Mr. Gladstone's language, should they be misled by the expression of his "hearty sympathy" as a form of approbation; but his connexion with this ridiculous pamphlet may now be considered as not committing him to any definite opinion on the subject, which is indeed quite consistent with his usual practice. So small a matter would in itself hardly be worth notice, if it were not that it supplies a remarkable illustration of the tendency of this great oracle, who, to borrow Peacock's description of another example of the same character, "is for doing all the world's business as well as his own, and thinks himself qualified to handle every branch of human knowledge," to identify himself with all sorts of absurd crochets.

The writer of this pamphlet admits, in his odd style, that it would be "invidious, not to say impious, to aver that the terrible conflagration at the Brooklyn Theatre was a Divine judgment to punish the wickedness of the pleasure-seeking victims"; but he is also of opinion that the "recent awful dispensation was decreed for our advantage, and whilst we are taking precautionary measures for the greater security of our places of amusement, and for the protection of human life against similar accidents in the future, we ought at the same time to bestow some serious thought upon the improvement of our theatres" in the way of a "reformation of the morals of the stage." As a proof of the necessity of such a reform, he gives an account of the general personal character of theatrical performers which, while it shows his own ignorance of the subject, also suggests that he too readily accepts idle scandal. "The anomalous social position," he says; "of the actor and actress, even in the present day, will scarcely, I suppose, be denied, and the effect of such a position upon the members of the profession in their loss of self-respect must likewise be acknowledged." In pronouncing this sweeping judgment, he asserts that "it would not be too much to affirm that the theatrical profession, as it is, disqualifies actresses from their proper and natural

sphere as wives and mothers," though he admits that, to a certain extent, the same may be said of all occupations in which women publicly engage. That the effect is worse in the theatrical world is shown, he holds, by the so-called facts that "the home circle has so little attraction for the actress that, in the majority of cases, she prefers an ignominious *liaison* to a wedded life"; that, "when married, the marriage vow is esteemed so light a thing that it is more 'honoured in the breach than the observance';" that "the license of the stage is of itself sufficient to virtually disannul the marriage bond, and, except where the virtue of the contracting parties is very strong, to dissolve all conjugal ties"; and that "the proverbial nonchalance and habitual carelessness of the actress as to demeanour, conversation, and dress when not in front of the footlights are serious stumbling-blocks to a virtuous life and domestic happiness." The theatrical profession is, no doubt, like other professions, a mixed one; and it cannot be denied that there is unfortunately a class of actresses of the kind with which the writer seems to be best acquainted; but his general aspersion of the character of women on the stage is simply a libel of the grossest and most fabulous kind. We do not mean to say that the tendency of an actress's life, as such, is towards an ideal of moral perfection; the conditions of her occupation, in some respects, take her out of the ordinary lines of womanhood; and the excitement, and in a sense the affectation, of her work are not altogether wholesome. But this is true also of other classes of artists, whose devotion to their art is sometimes apt to lead them into deviations from conventional habits and temperament, which, however, do not necessarily involve any approach to immorality. It is true that at one period the women of the stage were too frequently notorious for their loose behaviour; but in modern times the leading actresses have been, as a rule, most respectable persons. Not a breath of scandal ever touched Mrs. Siddons's character; she was, in fact, a model of solemn propriety; and indeed the whole Kemble family, which may be said to have taken to the stage in a body, held a position in good society which would have been quite incompatible with any irregularities of conduct. The same may be said of Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean), and other heroines of the stage; and it may be said generally of the actresses of the present day, with the exception of the particular class which is referred to in the pamphlet, and which, we are glad to think, is now kept pretty well within bounds, that they are by no means exposed to such disparaging suspicions as the writer, in his ignorance, as we charitably presume, casts upon them. Names, which in such a case we should not think of mentioning, will occur to every one. Indeed those who have any real acquaintance with theatrical society are well aware that the members are, as a body, fully qualified to take their place in the society appropriate to their various grades, and are neither better nor worse on account of their professional duties than other people. Many examples of domestic affection and solicitude, of generous and disinterested charity, of patient endurance of hard and ill-paid work for the support of a family, might easily be cited; and it is ridiculous to say that it is the ordinary rule that "the children of actors and actresses are badly brought up, and utterly unfitted for the responsibilities of real life." In one respect, no doubt, the members of this profession, of both sexes, are liable to suffer from the conditions under which they have to exercise it—that is, the often uncertain incomes which are the lot of too many of them, and the fluctuations of public taste and caprice; but this is their misfortune, and not their fault. On the whole, then, though the general theatrical system of the day may be defective in some important points, it cannot be said that the general body of the profession does not make and keep itself respected in its private relations.

The writer then proceeds to show that the stage might and ought to be organized as an important agent "for the incubation of virtue and for the depreciation of vice," which may of course at once be admitted; but it is evident from his proposals that he is still under the delusion that the stage is at present in the hands of a vicious body which requires a great reform. In order to explain his views, he draws the picture of "The Theatre Beau-Ideal," in which one of the chief conditions of the enrolment of performers is that, "besides being good scholars and good actors, it is necessary that all members of this company should bear good moral characters; that there should be no stigma upon their names; in fine, that they should be above suspicion"; and the security for this is that every candidate before he is accepted must produce "a certificate to his character signed by one clergyman—if possible, the vicar of his parish—and two laymen of good position, who have known the candidate for at least five years." The next step is to pass through a competitive examination in elocution, together with, in the case of women, French, vocal and instrumental music, English prose composition, and history; and for the men, in addition to these, a certain knowledge of Greek and Latin. The "supernumeraries" also are required to furnish proofs of "their respectability, honesty, and sobriety; and to give evidence of their ability to read and write with facility, and to speak their mother tongue with tolerable accuracy." These are the regulations as to intellectual calibre, and now we come to moral discipline. The married men in the company "must not only be living with their wives, but, if their wives are actresses, they too must be members of the same company"; and "unmarried ladies are only admitted with the sanction of their parents, with whom they must reside; or, if they are orphans, with the consent of their guardians, under whose protection they must be living; in the case of widows, the marriage certificate is

required to be produced as one of their testimonials." All the rehearsals at the "Beau-Ideal" are conducted in the presence of the manager, the professor of elocution, and professor of music; the students of the school attached to the theatre may also attend, but no strangers will be admitted to any part of the house at the rehearsals, or behind the scenes at public performances. "Consequently all such events as 'appointments,' clandestine meetings, anonymous communications, and gifts from unknown donors are things unheard of at the 'Beau-Ideal,' and any breach of this rule would, of course, have but one result—namely, dismissal of the offending member." At the same time, "whilst every means is taken to check any approach to illicit intercourse, every facility and encouragement are afforded to honourable attachments by the management," which would thus exercise a sort of paternal, or rather maternal, control. Then there are to be no performances on Saturday night, so as to leave no excuse for invading the Sunday; and new pieces are not to be rehearsed at the beginning of the week, or without due time for preparation, lest there should be a "temptation to study 'parts' on Sunday, to the neglect of a regular attendance at a place of public worship. Moreover, 'by the example of the managers and the professors of the establishment, the members of the company are taught and encouraged to be as attentive to the duties of religion as to those of business.'" The physical and mental welfare of the company is equally taken care of. There are reading-rooms fitted with well-chosen books, baths, and lavatories, for "the refreshment of their bodily and mental powers," whilst in the summer the men have athletic sports, and the women croquet and archery, with picnics, under the strict supervision of the manager, professors, and their wives, which no doubt the members find "awfully jolly."

It is scarcely necessary to point out the false assumptions and impracticable conditions of this funny scheme. In the first place, while it may be admitted that there is no necessary antagonism between religion and the stage when the entertainments of the latter are of an innocent character, and that they ought to be conducted so as to foster wholesome feeling and morality, which ought, indeed, to be always one of the objects of every kind of art, it is difficult to understand why the theatrical profession should be especially expected to make a formal parade of religion. The diffusion of a religious spirit is no doubt essential to the sound constitution of society; but there may be a good picture or a good book without any direct manifestation of that spirit, and so it is on the stage. As a rule, actors and actresses, allowing for their peculiar vocations, which require them to lead in various ways a somewhat different life from other people—such as having to be up late at night, and to undergo an exceptional amount of excitement—are very much the same as the common stock of humanity; and it is unfair to represent them as a low class which specially requires to be elevated. The writer of this pamphlet asks whether "the moral lessons of the drama would not sink deeper into the hearts of the audience if they were well assured that the artists who depicted its scenes themselves led pure and honourable lives"; but he forgets that in other walks of life people are charitably assumed to be leading such lives, unless there is distinct proof to the contrary. Indeed this is the weak point of this reformer throughout—that his mind is possessed with the notion that players are a very loose and immoral set of people, and have to be converted. In regard to the general condition of the theatrical system, there is no doubt ample scope for improvement—as, for instance, in regard to a more systematic education for the profession in artistic articulation and representation of character and emotions; in providing a livelihood for its members of a more liberal and settled kind; and in getting rid of the stupid frivolity, and too often vulgarity, which for the most part stamp the plays and acting of the day; and in encouraging the development of high, refined, cultivated, and really intellectual art upon the stage. There is in this country, at the present day, a general repugnance to throw the duty of regulating public taste on the State, and therefore it is impossible to hope for a revival of anything in the shape of the old patent theatres, or the existing Comédie Française. At the same time it is surprising that, while so much interest is taken in dramatic entertainments as is shown by crowded audiences and increasing amateur entertainments, nothing is done by the wealthy patrons of the art to give it a fair chance of developing itself, and acquiring an honourable public position. This is really the great want of the day; by a moderate amount of expenditure and energy it might easily be supplied, and it is not creditable that the attempt is not made.

INDIAN PRISONS.

AN interesting Report by Miss Mary Carpenter on prison discipline in India has been published as a Parliamentary paper. Miss Carpenter has been four times in India, her first visit having been made in 1866; and her Report shows that, while several valuable reforms have been introduced into Indian prisons since that time, others of equal importance are still unaccomplished. In a letter written to Lord Lawrence in January 1867, Miss Carpenter enumerates the deficiencies which most impressed her during her stay in Bombay and Calcutta. She found in India neither reformatory nor industrial schools; and, as preocious crime is at least not rarer in India than in England, there were many boys in prison who had already become confirmed offenders. In the jails

great attention was paid to industrial work, but any moral effect which might be produced by regular labour was wholly defeated by the want of separate sleeping cells and of any kind of teaching except such as is purely industrial. The license of prison life had a peculiarly bad influence on women. The female prisoners were always together, night and day; they were under the care of male warders, and the combined attractions of a good dietary and freedom from strict discipline deprived prison life of all its terrors. The day of discharge ceased to be looked forward to, and the prisoners constantly returned within a short time of the expiration of their sentences. Miss Carpenter recommended that these evils should be met by the establishment of industrial schools, the introduction of separate sleeping cells, and some provision for education into all prisons, that female prisoners in particular should always be either in separate cells or subjected to proper supervision, and that the warders in charge of them should always be women.

The ten years which have passed since Miss Carpenter's first visit have produced at the last moment an Industrial and Reformatory Schools Act. As this Act was only passed last year, it will be a considerable time before much fruit will be reaped from it. But a reformatory school is to be built near Calcutta, and at Madras the necessary land has been given by one native gentleman, while another has offered to build a house on it. Of course as the Act was still brand-new, the evils it is designed to deal with were still in full force when Miss Carpenter was in India last year. At Poona a portion of the gaol was shut off from the part occupied by adults and called a reformatory. In Calcutta she saw fifty young boys associated together, many of whom had already been several times in gaol. In Madras a boy of ten years of age was in irons and under sentence of imprisonment for life. One result of the absence of reformatories is that the magistrates are very unwilling to send boys to gaol, so that many boys are at large who would be greatly benefited by staying for some time in a reformatory. Considering what Indian prisons too commonly are, it is not wonderful that a magistrate should often think that to let a boy go is a lesser evil than to punish him. As regards female prisoners, Miss Carpenter found that some progress had been made. Everywhere except at Serampore a regular female warder was in charge of the women. But separate sleeping cells only existed at Benares, where the matron told Miss Carpenter that she found them of very great service, as a prisoner could be kept in her cell during the day by way of punishment. It is astonishing that the necessity of separating prisoners at night should only now be generally recognized in India. It used to be supposed, says Miss Carpenter, that the circumstances of the climate and the nature of the inhabitants rendered separation at night undesirable, if not impossible. During her last visit, however, Miss Carpenter found that the opinion of every prison official was hostile to the present system of association in sleeping hours. Why it should be taken so long to get this seemingly elementary fact accepted, it is hard to say. The reason for sending men to gaol is either to reform them, so that they will no longer care to do criminal acts, or to make them uncomfortable, so that they will no longer care to risk the punishment that follows on criminal acts. From either point of view, separation at night is indispensable. During the day the prisoners are engaged in some kind of work, but at night they have nothing to do, and if they are together their time is sure to be passed in comparing histories of former crimes or in planning new crimes. The only chance of inducing a man to think seriously of the career which has brought him to prison, and which, if he does not abandon it, will bring him to prison again, if not to a still worse fate, is to give him a large measure of enforced solitude. If there is anything in him capable of reformation, it will come out when he is left with nothing to occupy his attention or divert his thoughts from himself. Even if he gains nothing from this discipline, he will at all events greatly dislike it. The unrestrained conversation of the twelve hours during which fifty or sixty prisoners are locked up together is the relaxation which makes up for the day's annoyances. Take this away and a prison becomes but a dreary place, with hard work by day and solitude by night. It is almost inexplicable how, under so enlightened a Government as that of India, these commonplace considerations should have been left so long without any practical result.

The explanation is to be found in that poverty which in India meets us at every turn, and accounts for so much that at first sight seems unaccountable. The Government is short of money, and there are other calls on it which, though they may not be more urgent, are at least louder. But, as Miss Carpenter points out, if the theory that association at night "gives rise to frightful crimes, creates and continually increases a criminal class, and greatly diminishes the deterrent influence of imprisonment," is well founded—and it is the theory of every expert in prison discipline—the expense of building separate cells, if it be not a very large one, would soon be covered by the diminution in the number of prisoners that would follow upon a change of system. Nor need the expense be very great. The Hindoo prisoner is a less audacious and a more social being than the English prisoner; and consequently the cells need not be so strong, and ought not to be so completely secluded, as the cells in a well-constructed English gaol. It has been said that it is easier to govern a thousand Hindoo prisoners than ten English convicts. Absolute solitude, such as is enforced in some English prisons, would have, Miss Carpenter thinks, a very injurious effect both on the mind and on the body of a Hindoo. This considera-

tion excludes some of the more costly structures in which the prisoner is unable to see even the warder who has charge of him. At Poona the city gaol is filled with separate cells, arranged in blocks radiating from a centre, each cell having a window near the top of the back-wall, and a door consisting of strong iron bars. There is a verandah running along each block in front of these doors, so that a warder passing along can see what every prisoner is doing. These cells need not cost more than 10*l.* each, while at Hyderabad there was a cell which the superintendent thought well suited to the requirements of the country which could be built for 2*l.* Part of this cost might be saved in other ways. The plan of leaving the prisoners together at night makes it necessary to maintain a stronger military guard than would otherwise be required; and a part of this might be dispensed with if the prisoners were locked up separately, and the escape of one did not entail the escape of any greater number. At Ahmedabad the Government are paid 1,000*l.* a year for a guard of 42 soldiers. Supposing that one-fourth of this number could be spared, the capital represented by the money saved would be sufficient to build separate cells, on the Poona model, for the 450 prisoners whom the prison contains. In many cases Miss Carpenter believes that the existing gaols could be altered so as to separate the prisoners at night, at a very moderate expense. It is plain that, in delaying to make this essential change, and still more in continuing to build gaols on the old principle, the Government of India is actuated by a short-sighted and penny-wise economy.

The question of instruction presents more difficulties. Reading and writing are not very powerful agents in diverting a man from a course of crime, and it is difficult to give directly moral instruction without landing on the forbidden question of religion. The notion that imprisonment is used as a means of proselytism might have a very disastrous effect in India, and apart from religion it is not easy to find either precepts or sanctions that are recognized alike by teachers and taught. Miss Carpenter boldly proposes that education, "with moral instruction," should be given daily by competent native teachers. But the morality of a competent native teacher might not be altogether of the kind to exert a good influence on the prisoners. Still an influence the benefit of which is not altogether beyond dispute seems, on the whole, likely to do more good than harm. Upon all these points Miss Carpenter is anxious that the Government of India should lay down some general regulations to be applied with appropriate modifications by the local Governments. The superabundant energy of which Lord Lytton occasionally gives evidence could hardly be better employed than in drafting these general principles and in recommending them to the consideration of the authorities in each presidency. After making the hearts of Indian Judges to fail them for fear, it would be some compensation if he would show himself equally terrible towards Indian criminals.

THE OPERAS.

THE Opera season this year opened, as many other seasons have done, with the promise of a new tenor who was to combine all kinds of excellences. It was reported that a competent judge had described him as possessing a voice as melodious as Giuglini's, and a method as perfect, with infinitely more dramatic force. Signor or Señor Gayarré's arrival aroused additional excitement because up to, and even after, the date of his first appearance he was announced as a member both of Mr. Gye's and of Mr. Mapleson's company; and of course, when two managers are contesting the right in a new tenor, there must be something very wonderful in him. Without denying that Signor Gayarré has some useful and attractive qualities, it may be safely said that he is not likely ever to recall the days of Signor Mario or of Giuglini, and that, so long as Mr. Mapleson can retain the services of Signor Fancelli, he will be able to exist very well without Signor Gayarré. The new tenor made his first appearance in *La Favorita*, and thus far has done better in that part than in any other. He finds in it plenty of opportunities, well or ill chosen, for displaying the strong and melodious notes which are his chief gift, and which have no doubt considerable beauty, although they are of a baritone rather than a tenor quality. These notes would be more pleasant to hear if they were less often marred by the tremulous delivery which many singers of late have fallen into. When the singer gets into the high tenor register, his voice loses its attractive tone, and becomes hard and thin, which, as it seems to be produced from the palate, is perhaps not surprising. Signor Gayarré is, however, determined to make the most of those notes which are really excellent, and, with too little thought for anything beyond that, is accustomed to indulge in sudden leaps from *forte* to *piano*, and to hold a note for what seems a surprising time until one takes notice of the gasp in the middle of it. To give a general notion of Signor Gayarré's method of singing, it might be said that it is full of what are popularly known as "applause-traps." In the singer's acting there is good intention and some vigour; but he is wanting in dignity, and that he has got a great deal to learn in this respect is evident when it is remarked that he makes absolutely nothing of the great scene in *La Favorita* where Fernando breaks his sword and flings it indignantly at the feet of the king. In the well-known air "Angiol d'Amor," in the next act, Signor Gayarré, besides disfiguring it with the tricks which have been mentioned, took the time far too slow. He has in a marked degree one merit which is by no means too common—that of pronouncing his words with great clearness. The Leonora of Mme. Scalchi is, to our thinking, a far more satisfactory perform-

ance than the Fernando of Signor Gayarré. The singer's fine voice is excellently used throughout the opera, and though she never rises to any towering height of passion, she never misses what should be an effect, and in her byplay as well as in the rest of her acting there is evidence of thought and skill. Mlle. Cottino sings the music of Inez with pleasant fluency. Signor Bagagiolo's fine voice and steady singing are well suited in the part of Baldassare, which makes no great demand upon the singer's acting power; and Signor Graziani's Alfonso has all this singer's accustomed smoothness and dignity. The chorus in this and other operas given at the same house is excellent; but the orchestra at times is terribly coarse, so much so indeed as to suggest that Signor Vianesi has been employing his spare time in conducting a brass band. It may be worth while to point out that the book of the words of *La Favorita* sold in the house contains words bearing only the very remotest resemblance to those which are sung.

Faust has been given at Covent Garden, with M. Capoul in the tenor part. This singer's performance of *Faust* we have frequently criticized, and need now only say that it has improved by becoming less affected. Signor Bagagiolo appeared as M. Maurel's substitute in Mephistopheles, and did his best to act the part, and to invest the heavy tones of his voice with a diabolical sprightliness. Mlle. Smerechi was somewhat overweighted with Margherita. Signor Gayarré's performance of Raoul in the *Huguenots* does not show the singer on the whole to as great advantage as his Fernando in *La Favorita*. The want of dignity in his acting is more apparent, and his alternate tameness and noisiness at important parts of the opera, such as the great duet, are disagreeable. Signor Carpi, who on one occasion sang the part at short notice in consequence of Signor Gayarré's indisposition, gave a better rendering of it, both as regards the loudness of his singing and his acting, which at some points, notably the burst of indignation at the end of the first act, rose to excellence. On this occasion Mlle. Marimon appeared in the part of the Queen, and gave to it all the charm of her sure and brilliant execution. If Mme. Scuderi's acting were equal to her singing as Urbano, it would be difficult to find a fault with her performance. The orchestra in this opera is better than in *La Favorita*, and the chorus is unusually good. Some new and very well-arranged stage business has been introduced in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs*. But unless a more competent representative of Valentine than Mlle. d'Angeri can be found, the performance of the *Huguenots* at this house cannot be entirely satisfactory. Signor Gayarré has appeared as the Duke in *Truffaldino*, and there his faults were less disagreeable than in Raoul or Fernando. His delivery of "La donna è mobile" was much applauded; but those who remember the thrill of pleasure which ran through the house when Giuglini repeated, with exquisite softness, the phrase "e di pensiero," and contrast this softness with Signor Gayarré's hard and careless delivery of the same passage, will think that the comparison which has been made between the two singers is unfortunate. In the part of the Duke, moreover, Signor Gayarré's use of the vibrato was especially and painfully apparent. Signor Pandolfini, a singer new to the London stage, appeared as Rigoletto, and deserved considerable credit for his good phrasing and generally well-cultivated method of singing. His power of acting, however, was not equal to the demands made upon it by the part, which indeed is one of the most difficult in existence. To indicate that the jester, as M. Victor Hugo has it, "weeps tears of blood beneath a mask that laughs," is a task which is very far from easy; and that Signor Pandolfini has failed in this is no proof that he may not be successful in characters involving less complicated passion. At the same time, in the great scene where the jester supposes that he has caused the Duke to be murdered, the singer might have suggested something more than the emotion which one would naturally associate with a respectable merchant in temporary difficulties. However, perhaps the only singer of the present day capable of acting and singing this part as it should be sung and acted is M. Faure, who has, as far as we know, never attempted it. Mlle. Albani's performance of Gilda had throughout a great charm of grace and simplicity, and her singing in the passage where she is left alone on the stage in Scene xiii. was admirable for its steadiness, its meaning, and its brilliant execution. The stage management of the scene immediately following this, where Rigoletto enters, not seeing the crowd of courtiers, is not very successful. On so large a stage as that of Covent Garden, greater probability might well be given to the action. As it is, one has to make believe very much that the groups filling the stage as he crosses it can escape his attention. The well-known concerted piece "Bella figlia dell'amore" was admirably given; and here, as in concerted music in other operas, Signor Gayarré's voice told with fine effect.

Mr. Mapleson has done well in reopening Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. Both as regards the stage and the body of the house there is a great improvement upon Drury Lane. The house had to be got ready at somewhat short notice, and this may no doubt account for Mr. Mapleson having for some little time rung the changes upon three or four well-known and not supremely interesting operas, the weight of which, however, was supported by singers of great merit. Lately *Lucrezia Borgia* has been given with Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, and M. Faure in their accustomed parts, and Signor Carrion, a new comer, as Gennaro. Signor Carrion sang with a good method and with considerable sweetness; but whether from nervousness, or from some other cause, his acting was awkward, although it revealed good intentions, and his stature contrasted somewhat unfortunately with that of the representative of the character with whom he was most concerned.

M. Faure's Duke Alfonso has gained in power and command since last year, and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini has certainly lost nothing of the wonderful art which makes her admirable alike as singer and actress, and gives to her representation of Maffio Orsini exactly the attraction of rockless and generous high spirits designed by the poet who wrote *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mlle. Titiens's *Lucrezia Borgia* we criticized at length—if that can be called criticism which points out no defect—last year, and her performance this year is as full as ever of grandeur and pathos. *Robert le Diable* was given for the first time in the new house on Thursday last. The mounting of the piece is good throughout, and the scene in which there is a sea view is especially well painted. Signor Fancelli appears as Roberto, and the steadiness and absence of affectation with which he manages his fine voice afford a pleasant relief to the tricks and tremulousness of the new tenor at Covent Garden. Signor Foli, who has been too long absent from the stage, plays Bertramo, and invests the part, as far as acting is concerned, with the sombre terror that it demands, while his deep resonant voice gives full effect to the striking music he has to sing. Mlle. Salla, a new singer, appeared as Alice; and upon her capabilities we defer judgment. It is, however, only fair to say that her performance was far from being a failure. Mlle. Valleria as Isabella would do better if she could avoid slurring her cadences. Perhaps the most perfect thing in the representation was the dancing of Mme. Katti Lanner in the scene of the nuns' resuscitation. Grace, agility, and dramatic force were combined in movements which we have never seen rivalled in these days except by Fraulein Böör in Germany and Mlle. Mariquita in Paris.

REVIEWS.

WRIGHT'S HISTORY OF NEPÁL.

THE main portion of this work may be dismissed with a very brief notice. The native history "translated from the *Parbatya*" by two learned Hindus has its merits no doubt, but they are difficult to find, and the search for them may be left to those who have the critical acumen and sagacity to find the one grain of corn in the bushel of chaff—one truth, or an approach to truth, in a wearisome succession of fables. The author of this native history has done his best to give his work an appearance of completeness. Like previous Hindu writers, he goes back to the earliest ages. Passing lightly and modestly over the *Satya yug*, or first age of 1,728,000 years, he enters upon the *Treta*, or second *yug* of 1,296,000 years, of which he is not only able to record several events, natural and supernatural, but to give the exact day of the month on which they occurred. Of the *Dwápar*, or third *yug* of 834,000 years, he has a greater and more precise knowledge. "The *Kirátis* came into Nepal at the 15,000th year" of this age, "and they ruled over the country for 10,000 years. The gods came into the country after the *Kirátis*," and "when 950 years of the *Dwápar yug* still remained the gods came to the decision that it was necessary to appoint a Raja." After this the *Kali yug* commenced, and from that time down to the present, the year 4978 of the *Kali yug*, a long succession of dynasties and Rajas is recorded in full assurance, nothing doubting. The later part of the work comes nearer to the region of reality; but it is very meagre and trivial, a mere jotting down of a few events, to which the utmost stretch of courtesy could not concede the name of history. The war with the British in 1815-16, in which the Nepalese fought well but were totally defeated with great loss of men and territory, is disposed of in this brief style:—"In this reign a war broke out with the British in the Terai; but, depriving them of wisdom, the Raja saved his country. Then, calling the British gentlemen, he made peace with them, and allowed them to live near *Thambabil*." Such is the character of this "history," and it is abundantly manifest that no reliance can be placed upon its statements. But it is well that the work has been translated. Careful study and comparison may possibly find in it some synchronisms, some stray facts which may add a little to our very limited knowledge of Hindu history. Even if it fails to do this it will at least convince the historical inquirer that nothing is to be expected from this quarter. It will extinguish, if it does not satisfy, expectation. So long as such works are locked up in unknown languages they are wistfully looked upon as storehouses of knowledge. The few who have examined them may pronounce them worthless, but nothing short of translation ever brings full conviction to others.

We turn now to the really useful and interesting part of the book—to the "Introductory Sketch of the Country and People of Nepal," written by Dr. Wright. We wish this were much longer and fuller, but so far as it goes it is valuable and welcome. The author lived ten years in the country as surgeon to the British Resident, and enjoyed to the full such opportunities of acquiring knowledge as the jealousy of the ruling powers allows. It has been a settled principle with the Government of Nepal to keep on friendly terms and to act courteously towards our own Government, but yet

* *History of Nepal*. Translated from the *Parbatya* by Munshi Shew Shunker Singh and Pandit Shri Gnananand; with an Introductory Sketch of the Country and People of Nepal by the Editor, Daniel Wright, M.A., M.D., late Surgeon-Major H.M.'s Indian Medical Service, and Residency Surgeon at Kathmandu. Cambridge: at the University Press. London: Cambridge Warehouse. 1877.

to maintain a cautious reserve, and to prevent as far as possible all European intercourse with the country. In this they are more than upheld by the general feeling of the people. From their own point of view they are no doubt right. They have seen the results of European influence in the plains, and wishing to maintain their highland independence, they shut the door not only against all interference, but against travellers and scientific explorers. They have a proverb to the effect that "with the merchant comes the musket, and with the Bible comes the bayonet." Though they are forced by treaty to admit a British Resident at Kathmandu, Europeans are allowed to approach that capital by only one route, and when there they are not permitted to extend their excursions beyond the valley in which Kathmandu stands; so, as Dr. Wright says, "the country, except for fifteen miles round the capital, is as much a *terra incognita* as it was when Colonel Kirkpatrick visited it nearly a hundred years ago." The population of Nepal consists of varieties of two distinct races. The dominant race of Gorkhas, who made their way into the country from Hindustan, speak the *Parbatiya*, or "mountain" dialect of Hindi, and are of the Hindu religion. The Newars, who constitute the largest portion of the inhabitants, speak a Turanian language allied to the Tibetan, profess the Buddhist religion, and have Mongolian features. "The Magars and Gurungs are short, powerful men of Mongolian cast of features. These are the men mostly to be found in what are called the British Gorkha regiments." The army of Nepal is composed principally of Gorkhas, who are essentially a military race. The standing force amounts to sixteen thousand men, which might be raised to sixty or seventy thousand, and they have a very respectable artillery. Dr. Wright thinks that "in their own hills and forests they would fight well, and be formidable foes; but for purposes of aggression it is doubtful if they would be of any use against Europeans." The revenue of the country is estimated at 96,000*l.*, the land-tax being its principal source. In the valley of Nepal the land is well cultivated, and the bulk of the population is engaged in agriculture. Manufactures are few and unimportant. Trade, which is chiefly in the hands of the Newars, is limited. Dr. Wright combats the notion prevalent in India that Nepal and the countries beyond offer a great and promising field for European enterprise. He says, "The people are poor, and have few wants that are not supplied by their own country"; they are, too, "a most penurious and avaricious people. They take every possible advantage of a foreign trader, and unhesitatingly break any bargain if they think they can profit by so doing."

The reigning dynasty of Nepal is of very recent origin. It gained its position by force of arms in A.D. 1768. The fourth Raja in descent appointed his general Bhimsena "to be Prime Minister and protector of the whole country" in 1813, and that general continued to wield the chief authority in the State until 1839, when he was imprisoned and died a violent death, represented as suicide. On his fall the King recovered some of his authority, but contending factions gave him great trouble, and placed the country in danger, until the rise of that remarkable man Jung Bahadur, who ruled the country for thirty years with wonderful ability and success. As for other Orientals who have risen to eminence, a distinguished ancestry has been found for Jung Bahadur. A descent is claimed for him from the Ranas of Chitor and Udupur, the purest and noblest stock in India. But we need go no further back than the year 1843. In that year a dashing soldier named Matabar Singh, nephew of the old minister Bhimsena, returned from exile, and very soon rose to be Prime Minister. Jung Bahadur was nephew of this Matabar Singh, and then held the rank of colonel. Sir Henry Lawrence, who was at the time Resident in Nepal, mentions him "as an intelligent young man, particularly expert in all military matters, but, though young in years, profoundly versed in intrigue." His growing influence alarmed his uncle, and not without reason. The young soldier had won the good will of that wife of the King who had the greatest influence, and to whom the Minister was most obnoxious. On the 18th of May, 1845, the Minister was summoned to an audience of the King, and on entering the council chamber, a rifle-ball from the gallery at the end stretched him dead. The poor weak-minded King, who no doubt was glad to be released from the thralldom of a stronger mind, was induced "to take the credit of the deed." But Jung Bahadur was the assassin, and during the visit of the Prince of Wales, he is said to have exhibited the rifle which he used on this occasion. But this one murder was not enough to open the road to power. A Council of Ministers was called, for which preparation was made. High words ensued, and in the end thirty nobles and about one hundred men of lower rank were shot down. The poor King rushed off in a fright to the British Residency, and when he returned he found that "what little power he possessed in the State was gone for ever." Jung Bahadur then became the real master of the country, and the Rani, who had hoped by his means to secure the succession to her own children, was cast aside and retired to Benares in bitter disappointment. The King chafed under the dictation of his new master, and several attempts were made by open war and secret assassination to get rid of the dictator; but he frustrated them, and in the end the King was deposed. "From this time Jung Bahadur has been the undisputed ruler of the country. The old King is a prisoner in the palace. The present King is kept under the strictest surveillance, and not allowed to exercise any power whatever. The heir-apparent is also kept in a state of obscurity, being never permitted to take a part in any public business, or even to appear at the durbars to which the British

Resident is invited. In fact, one may live for years in Nepal without either seeing or hearing of the King."

Jung Bahadur had six brothers and numerous relations, and he strengthened his position by giving them important offices. He had upwards of a hundred children, and so "the opportunities of increasing his connexions have been tolerably extensive." "The heir-apparent to the throne is married to three of his daughters; the second son of the King to a daughter and niece; his oldest son married a daughter of the King, and has a boy ten years of age; the nephew of the King has married a daughter, and so on through all grades of the higher classes; and, besides his own children, the immense number of his nephews and nieces must also be remembered." But a man's enemies are often those of his own household, and Oriental despots have frequently shown their knowledge of this by sweeping away all their near relations. Nor was Jung Bahadur exempt from the rivalry of his relatives. In 1853, after his return from England, one of his own brothers, the King's brother, and some of the most conservative nobles, conspired to set him aside on the ground of his having lost caste by his visit to Europe. But the attempt was soon crushed. The chief conspirators escaped death through the mediation of the British Government, who consented to retain them as prisoners at Allahabad. The minor offenders received minor punishments. From that time to the day of his death Jung Bahadur ruled without opposition, a convincing proof of his great superiority to all around him. His visit to England in 1850 proved in the highest degree beneficial. He was pleased with the reception he met with, and carried back a lively remembrance, not only of personal favours, but of the immense power and resources of England. He was thus bound to us by a double tie, and when the day of adversity fell upon us he offered and sent his troops to assist in the quelling of the Mutiny. He continued attached to the religion and usages of his country, but the insight he had obtained of a higher civilization produced its effects. His rule was wise and lenient. He revised the criminal code, abolished the punishment of mutilation, restricted capital punishment, and placed great restrictions upon the burning of widows. But in this as in some other matters the prejudices of his countrymen thwarted his liberal designs. "In short," says Dr. Wright, "whatever may be said of the way in which Jung Bahadur obtained power, there is no doubt that he always exercised it for the good of the country, and he is undoubtedly the greatest benefactor that Nepal has ever possessed." His death occurred so recently that nothing has yet become known of the present state of the government of Nepal. Looking forward to this event, Dr. Wright anticipated a succession of struggles for power among his relatives. The prospect is a gloomy one. Dr. Wright's opinion of the rising generation of Gorkha nobles is far from flattering. Many of them have been to Calcutta, but they have picked up more of the vices than of the virtues of civilization. They are idle and luxurious, arrogant and self-conceited; their only amusement is playing at soldiering, and their overweening estimate of their own strength is likely to bring them into difficulties.

The work has been printed at the expense of the University of Cambridge, at the University Press, and is illustrated with many tinted lithographs. The frontispiece is a portrait of Jung Bahadur in full dress, taken from a photograph. Dr. Wright's portion of the book is very interesting, and it appears at an opportune time, for it is quite possible that Nepal may become a source of anxiety and trouble to us.

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.*

WE shall not be astonished if we hereafter learn that this work was originally composed as a holiday task by a young lady at an Evangelical boarding-school. We can imagine the august lady-principal sweeping majestically into the schoolroom on the eve of the vacation, handing each of her senior pupils a set of proofs from M. Carl Girardet's blocks, and requesting the girls to improve their minds during the holidays by illustrating the pretty little Swiss views with a few pretty little chapters upon Switzerland and the Swiss. If these pages had such an origin—and we can scarcely conceive that they had any other—they deserved to be rewarded with faint praise as a fair and painstaking exercise; but they ought to have remained in manuscript; they did not deserve to be set up in type and issued to the world as a book. We have endeavoured to picture to ourselves the fair young author as she first sat down to her task and passed under review the various items of knowledge concerning her subject which had from time to time, by various means, come into her possession. She was perhaps astonished to find that she was already the owner of so considerable a scaffolding; she had simply to make a plan and collect the bricks for her building. A glance at the woodcuts was suggestive of the range of her knowledge. First of all there was William Tell. Then there was sunrise on the Rigi. Next there was Geneva, which suggested Calvin, and Zürich, which meant Zwingli. There were also the Castle of Ohillon and Lord Byron; the Ranz des Vaches; Dr. Caesar Malan and Dr. Merle d'Aubigné; chamois-hunting, the dogs of St. Bernard, the Continental Sabbath, Thorwaldsen's Lion at Luzern, and avalanches. When all these intimations *pour servir* had been put together, it is true that they did not amount to

* *Switzerland and the Swiss: Sketches of the Country and its Famous Men.* By the Author of "The Knights of the Frozen Sea," &c. London: Seeley & Co. 1877.

much, but each one was at least suggestive of a chapter. In order to expand these slight germs into literary substance, and to verify or correct the youthful writer's general notions concerning Switzerland and the Swiss, some amount of study would be necessary. During a ransack in her father's library she happily came into contact with Murray's Handbook (in an old edition, as is evident by her mistakes of omission and commission in treating of the ascent of the Rigi), and also with a History of Switzerland which was issued nearly fifty years ago as a volume of Dr. Dionysius Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

This latter book seems to have been her chief guide. She begins with Lardner, and ends with Lardner. We find the phrase "as Dr. Lardner says" in her introduction, and she closes her very last sentence with the same convincing and clinching observation. It is true that now and then she cites Müller; but as the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* History of Switzerland is mainly an abstract of the work of Johann von Müller and his continuators, she is still guiding her readers by the light of Lardner. We should be glad to know by what line of inquiry she arrived at the fact that Dr. Lardner himself was the author of this history. The volume is anonymous; Dr. Lardner was simply the editor of the series. Although "Dr. Lardner" is her principal authority for the main historical parts of her book, we are bound to say that her principles are too evangelically correct to permit her to follow him whenever she has occasion to treat of the religious history of Switzerland. She then entrusts herself and her readers to the less exceptional guidance of Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. Three of the woodcuts enable her to make three of these improving diversions—the views of the cathedrals of Constance, Zürich, and Geneva. Why Constance should be placed in Switzerland we cannot guess. No Swiss politician, so far as we have ever heard, has suggested that the Confederacy should return to that ancient policy of annexation to which Ticino, Thurgau, and the Vaud, owe their places in the Bund. The author, whose geography is as free and easy as her history is, has generously bestowed the whole Bodensee upon the Swiss. Constance, she tells us, is a city "which stands within a mile of one of Switzerland's largest lakes, the old Boden See, or Lake of Constance." Why she should suppose the former name to be old and the latter now we will not inquire. We are surprised to learn that all the houses in the city of Constance possess the miraculous powers which we thought were confined to the one holy house of Loreto. They must have a capacity of self-locomotion, if Constance has shuffled away from the Bodensee. We should like to know when the city took this strange journey of a mile inland, for when we last saw it it stood within an inch of the lake. M. Girardet's view of Constance has given the author occasion to flee from Dr. Lardner and take refuge with M. d'Aubigné. A chapter headed "Stories of the Brave Old Swiss" is followed by one entitled "Dark Times," which includes a jejune account of the great reforming Council, and the cruel murder of John Huss. Here she exhibits unusual learning, and cites "the historian Clemangis" with much confidence. Indeed this whole chapter is full of marvels. Not only is one reformer turned into an historian, and another taken to be no reformer because he was a Cardinal (D'Ailly), not only is a city moved about like a toy house in a nursery cupboard, but John Huss is burned "on the boasted free soil of Switzerland"; Constance "is a Swiss city"; and a Jesuit named Balbinus (more than a century before the foundation of the Order of Jesuits) certifies to his personal acquaintance with Huss. The author may possibly have caught a glimpse of the fact that the Council and burghers of Constance, as indeed of other Rhine cities, were frequently in offensive and defensive alliance with the Confederate Cantons. Cases of periodical renewal of alliance between the original Switzerland of "The Three Lands" (Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden) and the Confederation of Cities (Städtebund) occur often in the splendid official *Sammlung der ältern Eidgenössischen Abschiede*, of which a new volume has been issued within the last few weeks. We find many such in the fourteenth century; in one of the year 1329, extending the alliance between the Forest Cantons and the Allied Cities for three more years, Constance had the priority of signature:—"Wir Rudolf von Gottes Gnaden Bischof ze [not "von"] Konstanz, Wir die Rete und Burger von Konstanz, von Zürich, von Berno, von Lindowe, von Überlingen, von Sant Gallen, von Rafonspurg, und wir die Lantammanne und Lantleute gemeinlich von Uren, von Switz, und von Unterwalden." We need not cite the whole document in which "Wir die Rete und Burgere der vorgenanten Stetten, und Lantammanne und Lantleute der vorgenanten drier Waltstetten" agree to stand fast and true to each other. To call Constance "a Swiss city" on the ground of such alliances would equally justify the inclusion of Mainz or Speyer in Switzerland, or, still more, of Mühlhausen.

The author has evidently gone on learning while she has gone on writing. Unhappily for herself and her readers, she has not learned enough to impel her to tear up her crude manuscript. Soon after she has begun her history, and has told us something of "the first inhabitants of Switzerland," under the guidance of "Dr. Lardner," she had the good or ill luck to come across a translation of Dr. Keller's publications on the Pfahlbauten. This of course necessitated the compilation of a chapter on "Lake Cities," which is fairly put together. After a diversion on the "Chief Features of the Country," in which there is a great deal of reference to "Professor Tindall," she returns with undiminished faith to her old teacher. She was of course compelled to give some account of the struggle of the Confederates against Charles the Bold; but it is with an evident relief and consciousness of didactic ability that

she turns from this worldly subject, and begins to illustrate the woodcuts of Milan and Zürich with a chapter upon "The Apostles of Switzerland." Why Milan is put into the book we do not very clearly see. It is true that it was the see of St. Carlo Borromeo, that his influence on the Catholic Cantons was enormous, that he was the originator of the permanent Papal Nunciature in Switzerland, and that he founded in Milan a seminary for the Swiss Catholic youths, which became a productive factor in Swiss history and politics. But the author cannot be accused of any acquaintance with this busy Popish Cardinal; besides the activity of this hero of Milan did not begin until after the death of the hero of Zürich, or, as our historian prefers to call Zwingli, "the Apostle of Switzerland." We do her the justice to say that she has a conception that there were Christians and even apostles in Switzerland before the apostleship of Zwingli. These earlier apostles appear to have been the long-lost primitive Presbyterians. So at least we gather from the passage which she borrows and mangles from "Dr. Lardner":—"That a church, or rather that churches, existed in the fourth century is proved by the fact that signatures have come down to us of certain bishops or elders of Geneva, Coire, Aventicum, and the Valais." The word "elders" is her own; we took the trouble to turn to her instructor, and we find that "Dr. Lardner" speaks of "Bishops or Presbyters of churches in the Valais, at Geneva, Coire, Aventicum, and elsewhere." The conversion of an old Catholic presbyter of the fourth century into a Presbyterian elder of the sixteenth is a bold stroke of interpretation for a young lady. Perhaps she wishes her readers to infer that Bishop Calvin and Bishop Beza restored to the Church of Geneva its original government. She has a picture of Einsiedeln; but it is employed to illustrate the life of the Apostle Zwingli instead of the life of the interesting Apostle Meinrad, whose influence on Switzerland is still traceable. The story of this hermit's martyrdom by two wandering rogues, one an "Alemannus" and the other a "Rhetianus," as told by the Abbot Berno of Reichenau, would have taught her more of early Swiss history than she has gathered from "Dr. Lardner." Of Ursus and Victor, Felix and Regula, and other reputed founders of the Helvetic churches, she says nothing; Beatus and Lucius, and even St. Gall and the "Scottish" (Irish) Apostles, are dismissed with a line. Probably the author thinks that they were provisionally allowed to introduce a kind of Gospel in order that Zwingli and Calvin might afterwards be raised up to show that it was corrupt. Yet they all deserve some notice from a writer on Switzerland who is dwelling in Britain, if only as the vanguard of the myriads of travellers whom these islands have poured into Switzerland, and as the very earliest British and Irish climbers of Swiss mountains. In the common schools of Zwingli's Zürich the children now read the following passage from Eberhard's *Lesebuch*:—"Einer der Männer, welche unsern Voreltern früh das Evangelium predigten, war der heilige Beatus. Er war in England geboren." Of course we cannot claim this converted Druid, whose Romanized name still remains in the Beatenberg and the Beatushöhle on the Lake of Thun, as an Englishman; nor have we any title to the apostolic St. Lucius of Chur, the King of Britain whom the Swiss expect us to venerate as a fellow-countryman. We imagine that the author has some vague conception that the Helvetians and their Teuton conquerors mingled on equal and amicable terms, like the "Britons and Saxons," and that a Swiss people proceeded out of the former intermixture, as an English people did out of the latter. Although here and there she uses an expression which implies that she has caught a glimpse of the truth, she proves that she has no very secure grasp of it by giving the title "Foreign Rulers" to a chapter which includes a summary of Swiss history between the death of "Charlemagne" and the appearance of Rudolf of Habsburg. Every modern historical writer in Switzerland is clear enough in his conviction that his Teuton forefathers did not amalgamate with his supposed Helvetic co-ancestors. We should like to see some document of Uri, or Schwyz, or Zürich, between the ninth and the thirteenth centuries, in which a Roman Kaiser, or a Zähringen Herzog, or a Habsburger Graf is written as "Welsch" and a foreigner. One of the earliest official self-designations of anything that can be called Switzerland is "Die Eidgenossenschaft des alten Bundes in Ober-Deutschland." King Ludwig the German in the year 853 presented "das Ländchen Uri," with its churches and buildings, woods and waters, fields and pastures, and "serfs (Leibeigenen) of both sexes and every age," as a part of the German land, to the Fraumünsterabtei in the German city of Zürich. Indeed the actual independence of Switzerland, and the final self-loosening of the Confederacy from the Empire, cannot be dated earlier than the fifteenth century. Many old forms and titles expressive of an organic affinity with the Reich survived to a very recent date. The Reichsadler was diligently figured on coins and ensigns and on the gates of towns in the seventeenth century. As late as 1701 the Abbot of Muri was made a Prince of the Empire by Leopold I. One memorial of the old relation of Zürich to the Empire was only abolished in the lifetime of some who are still living. The member of the Council who was delegated to superintend a capital punishment was duly called "der Reichsvogt" until the year 1798.

We have no inclination to pursue our author from the field of history to the fields of theology and manners. Indeed she exhausts herself as historian with her sketch of the life and work of the Zürich reformer, in which she manages to omit any reference to the most important and fruitful contribution of Zwingli

to the subsequent development of the ecclesiastical life of Christendom—the place which he gave to the *Gemeinde*. She takes a glance at Basel and Holbein, and at Geneva and Calvin, and then hurries across the intervening generations until she arrives at the Calvinistic revival in the French-speaking cantons, at Felix Neff, Robert Haldane (a Scotchman “who stands inseparably connected with the dawn of the revival of the Gospel on the continent of Europe”), Cæsar Malan, Merle d’Aubigné, and the *Eglise Libre* in the Vaud. We should add that she interposes two short interludes between Calvin and Haldane; one upon “Remarkable Men of Later Times,” and the other upon “Alpine Climbers.” The closing chapter upon “Switzerland as it is” ought to be entitled “Switzerland as it is not.” It is a heap of ignorance, confusions, errors, and random guesses. But we suspect that all these faults will be condoned by the class of purchasers at whom the book is aimed. The egregious confusions which are combined in the following passage will alone be sufficient to procure a warm recommendation from the Evangelical press:—“Intercourse with the French, however, which was considerably increased after the Revolution, did the Swiss harm in many ways, and especially in lessening their national regard to the Sabbath.”

PATERSON ON THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.*

THE appearance of Mr. Paterson's Commentaries almost at the same time with Sir James Stephen's Digest of the Criminal Law supplies the material for a comparison which can hardly fail to be instructive. Covering to a great extent the same ground, and professing in a general way similar ends, the two books seek to attain their purposes by methods so different that they may fairly be called opposite. They are, curiously enough, published by the same house, and the publishers' name alone would show that both Sir James Stephen and Mr. Paterson address themselves to a wider circle of readers than is usually contemplated by the authors of legal text-books. A part, at least, of the task they have set before themselves is to make English law more intelligible and less repulsive to educated Englishmen who are not lawyers; and the success they respectively meet with will go far to show whether a diffuse and popular manner of statement, or a concise and exact one, is the better way to compass this most desirable end. Sir James Stephen has adopted the form of the Indian Codes, already used by him in his Digest of the Law of Evidence. He states the substance of the law in general propositions which are intended to be as verbally exact as possible, and adds specific instances—generally taken from actual decisions—to show how the general rules are applied in practice. Mr. Paterson, on the other hand, departs in the opposite direction from the accustomed style of English text-books by giving his Commentaries the air of a literary disquisition, and introducing a great deal of miscellaneous and collateral matter which can be called illustrative only in a rhetorical sense. Sir James Stephen's references are confined, with few exceptions, to the Reports and Statutes, while in the compass of a few pages Mr. Paterson introduces us in turn, with impartial and unwearied versatility, to Moses, Manu, Plato, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Burke, Bentham, and Stubbs, besides not infrequent excursions into general history and voyages and travels. Mr. Paterson has done his work with great industry and ability, and we see no reason to doubt that he has produced as good a specimen as can be produced of that which, without meaning any disrespect, we must take leave to call the gossiping method of legal writing. The public have the choice very fairly put before them. For our own part, we do not believe that a so-called popular treatment is the fitting instrument to make the knowledge of law really popular; we believe, on the contrary, that the more exact and scientific the treatment, the more acceptable it will be to people who really want information. It may be that in course of time a second Blackstone will produce another work on the laws of England which shall combine the weight of Blackstone's legal authority with his elegance of literary form. But it does not seem to us that such an undertaking will be either desirable or practicable until great improvements have been made both in the substance and in the exposition of the law. The pressing need of our own time is to get the law consolidated and set in order. Accuracy must come for the present before elegance, and even before popularity. Mr. Paterson himself has some very just remarks on this topic; and he dwells on the point, which cannot be too much dwelt upon, that the question is one which, though it seems to concern lawyers in the first place, is really of less concern to them than to the public at large. He also puts in a plea for lay justices of the peace:—

Not only are the subjects of the realm entitled to have some care taken, that they should have reasonable means of knowing the law, but there are thousands of justices of the peace constantly at work applying that law and enforcing it; and as to them, some consideration is pre-eminently due. They are not only left, like the rest of the community, to find out the law as best they may, but often to pay the costs of mistakes which they make from time to time, and most of which arise from the confused state in which the law is found. And as they act gratuitously, and discharge important duties, which save the nation a great expenditure, it might be expected that some more precise and useful guide than copies of isolated acts of parliament would be presented to them.

We have reason to know that the want of such guidance is

keenly felt by some justices who give much more thought and labour to the study of their duties than country magistrates are credited with in popular opinion.

We may thus claim Mr. Paterson as an advocate of scientific exposition, and our regret is the greater that he has adopted a loose and uncritical method for his own work. His book presents, indeed, a definite arrangement, founded on a definite theory; and that is still rare enough in law-books to count as no small merit. But his outline is overloaded, not to say obscured, by his constant diffuseness; and, although there is little positive error in his statement of the law, there is much vagueness, with some grave oversights, and a good deal of inaccuracy in collateral matters. The result amounts, we think, to conclusive proof that prolixity does not secure, even in expert and laborious hands, that completeness of detail which a more concise treatment is supposed to be incapable of attaining.

Mr. Paterson begins with an Introduction in which he discusses the classification of law, and to a certain extent the general notions which are common to all its branches. He disapproves of the definition of law which is now the classical one in this country—namely, Bentham's as developed by Austin—on grounds which seem to us inadequate. First, he says that law does not prescribe a course of conduct, because “a course of conduct includes the great bulk of man's actions.” This is surely to do violence to language. “A course of conduct” is not the whole course of conduct, and no such thing is meant by Austin's definition. There may be a definite course of conduct in particular relations which is a very small part of the whole of conduct. The rules of cricket, for example, prescribe a course of conduct for people who play cricket, and for so long as they are playing it. So the Rules of Court prescribe a course of conduct for people who bring actions, and for so long as their proceedings continue. More generally, the law of the land prescribes a course of conduct for all citizens, in so far as their actions fall within the range of the law. Nor is it easy to see why a course of conduct may not consist in forbearances as well as in acts. Moreover, the words objected to are not a material part of the definition. Mr. Paterson's other objection is that the definition “assigns no specific purpose to law”; this, however, implies a misconception of the nature and purpose of definitions. Mr. Paterson seems to be in search of a definition by which unjust laws should be no laws at all. He proposes the following:—“Law is the sum of the varied restrictions on the actions of each individual which the supreme power of the state enforces, in order that all its members may follow their occupations with greater security.” This is not definition, but rhetoric; it is a loose restatement of Bentham's and Austin's leading conception, adorned with a piece of doubtful surplusage. Mr. Paterson then works out his own theory of classification, which gives the following divisions:—

I. SUBSTANTIVE LAW.

1. Security of the person.
2. Security of property.
3. Security of marriage.
4. Security of public worship.
5. Security of thought, speech, and character.
6. Security of contract and business.
7. Security of foreigners.

II. ADMINISTRATIVE LAW.

8. The Judicature.
9. The Legislature.
10. The Executive Government (including local self-government).

As we do not very much care for classification for its own sake, we will not stop to criticize this scheme. It has the merit of not breaking up, as some proposed divisions do, the established titles of property and contract; on the other hand, it mixes up civil and criminal law, with an entire disregard of both custom and convenience. The actual subject of Mr. Paterson's book is his first division—Security of the Person.

The next chapter contains, in the guise of an explanation of terms, a sort of general introduction to legal notions. There are some rather curious observations on the Social Contract, which Mr. Paterson appears to regard as a fiction, but as being indispensable even after it is seen to be a fiction. Some way further on it is quietly stated that “the English common law was chiefly based on the Roman law,” a fancy of which we had supposed Mr. Finlason to enjoy the monopoly. Presently we find a not immaterial slip:—

If any man assails and ridicules some leading doctrines of the divine law specified in a statute of William III., in such a style as to show that he is not arguing or reasoning honestly, but intends to insult and revile the common faith of the majority of his fellow-subjects, he commits a criminal offence by virtue of such statute.

The qualifying words “in such a style,” &c., are unauthorized. The statute is positive and unqualified; whoever denies (not “assails and ridicules”) certain propositions is liable to the specified penalties, which are so monstrously oppressive that it has never been attempted to put the Act in force. Whether some such qualification as that given by Mr. Paterson applies to the offence of blasphemy at common law is a distinct question.

If we turn to Mr. Paterson's treatment of a definite topic, such as Homicide, we find a great deal of curious information in the footnotes about Thugs, Sioux Indians, Kaffirs, and the Salic Law; but we do not find in the text any very clear exposition of the law of England. Mr. Paterson seems to expect his readers to find their way through the intricacies of the definition of murder with a very moderate amount of guidance. There is only the mildest suggestion of criticism on the confusion which has been pro-

* *Commentaries on the Liberty of the Subject, and the Laws of England relating to the Security of the Person.* By James Paterson, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law, &c. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

duced by the unlucky words "malice aforethought," and there is no explicit statement at all of what the law really is at the present day. Sir James Stephen's account of the law of Homicide is contained in about a dozen pages; Mr. Paterson's (after allowing for extraneous matter) fills about fifty. Yet Sir James Stephen gives in his far smaller space not only much more accurate information, but much more in quantity, than Mr. Paterson; and a person in search of definite knowledge about the law of England—say a foreign lawyer seeking to compare our system with his own—could not for a moment hesitate in his choice between the two books. Again, the extremely important question how far unsoundness of mind excludes criminal responsibility is slurred over by Mr. Paterson in two vague paragraphs in widely separated chapters, from neither of which could a reader unfamiliar with the matter even discover that there is any difficulty about it. Sir James Stephen gives it a distinct and conspicuous place in the chapter of "General Exceptions," showing precisely how much is already defined as the law now stands, and how much remains doubtful. We will not dwell on the smaller details which have caught our eye. It is a little surprising to see a learned writer of the present day treating Minos and Lycurgus as no less historical persons than Justinian, the laws of Manu as an actual and not an ideal code, and the *Cyropædia* as real evidence of ancient Persian institutions; but these things are trifles, and beside the purpose of our criticism. Our object is to call attention not so much to the execution as to the conception of the works which we have contrasted. We have not drawn the contrast in order to show that Sir James Stephen has done his work well and that Mr. Paterson has done his badly; the point is that Sir James Stephen has chosen the right way of setting forth his subject, and Mr. Paterson, as it seems to us, a mistaken one.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUALISM.*

MR. HOME'S *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism* is a work which has two chief objects. First, Mr. Home wishes to show, by the evidence of history and the general assent of all ages, that there is "something in" what is called Spiritualism. Secondly, he proposes to discover the frauds of modern mediums, and to make it manifest that, while this and that practitioner are "the shadows," he, Mr. Home, is the "light," or one of the lights, of Spiritualism. The author is perhaps most successful when he is investigating the shady side of modern necromancy. He carries us completely with him when he divulges the secrets of the "cabinet," and shows how impostors conceal the light tissue or paper dresses in which they afterwards appear as "materialized" ghosts. We could not wish to have the absurd credulity of believers more severely censured and the iniquity and avarice of "mediums" exposed with more scathing criticism. All this is very well; but it does not harmonize with some other parts of Mr. Home's book. We shall take his historical sketch of the supernatural first, and point out a few weak places in the argument.

A scientific history of magic and of its relations to nascent science and to religion has still to be written. In very primitive times, as Mr. A. C. Lyul, a most clear-sighted student of Indian folklore, has shown, the sin of the witch or wizard is indeed "as the sin of rebellion." The witch attempts to obtain certain desirable results by the processes of rudimentary science, mixed up with the evocations of demons discarded by the religion of the priestly caste. Consequently, the eternal quarrel between science and religion begins at this point. But in certain countries, most notably perhaps, as M. Lémontant has remarked, in Assyria and in Etruria, magic has held a lofty and recognized position by the side of religion. Much of magic indeed is the remnant of older and of obsolete religious rites. Much more is the earliest effort of science guided by the crudest metaphysics; while a third element in magic is the exercise of the obscure forces vaguely spoken of as mesmerism and clairvoyance. Mr. Home has made no attempt to trace in a scientific way the growth and the blending of all these currents. He seems to have picked stories at random out of Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, and has chiefly chosen those which display the lively belief of men in a possible intercourse with spirits. Spirits, good or bad, he says, have swayed all the history of the world. The wickedness, as he holds, of the Chinese in America is due to the fact that "guardian angels seem for a space to have abandoned them." Human action, in short, is only the reflex of spiritual action, and yet Mr. Home has no patience with believers who plead, in excuse of mediums detected in fraud, that "low" and "undeveloped" spirits are to blame. Of course we entirely agree with Mr. Home that a lying knave is a lying knave, and there is an end of it. But if he really holds that the Chinese are immoral because they listen "to the whispers of demons tempting to evil," he might logically extend the same excuse to the personators of Katie King, to M. Bugnet, to Dr. Slade, and all the other baffled humbugs of the period. As to the scholarship of Mr. Home's sketch of "Ancient Spiritualism," it is quite beneath contempt. We did not expect him to examine the theory of Mr. Tylor, the animistic scheme which shows how the facts of dreams, trances, and shadows force on savages the opinion that "the Mænes are somewhat." That doctrine is passed by in silence, while Mr. Home tells us how "King Rhampsitimus [sic],

the magi of Egypt described to Herodotus," played dice in Hades. Shortly afterwards we have the quaint Greek quotation 'Ουρεας Πάν Τεθνηκε. It is useless to ask for references; and we must hunt at random through Ammianus Marcellinus for a very good story about a small table used for divination, and constructed with ceremonies like those used by the Chinese in making their planchettes. This similarity in practice marks magic in all ages and all over the world, and is also a note of all ghost stories, ancient and modern. The question is, How far has the extraordinary uniformity in the human spirit produced a corresponding uniformity in delusions? or, again, is it possible that a uniformity of real experience is the cause of the sameness in tales of apparitions? But this does not interest Mr. Home. He gives the orthodox account of the cure of Pascal's niece, and does not contrast Sainte-Beuve's sceptical criticism, which, whatever it may be worth, should not be omitted. It never occurs to him that Wishart's prophecy of Cardinal Beaton's death was founded on actual knowledge of the plan of the Cardinal's enemies. He does not seem to be aware that the Lyttelton ghost has fallen to pieces in the friendly hands of the Rev. F. G. Lee. Then Bunyan's "miraculous preservations" from death were nothing more supernatural, it has been said, than the fact that Bunyan chanced not to be killed in a battle at which he was not present. In short, a real amateur of ghosts, and a person who has devoted some little care to this charming topic, will be shocked at Mr. Home's casual way of accepting evidence. A man should not commit himself to anecdotes about the transfiguration of Iamblichus without an accurate acquaintance with the facts which Mr. Home does not possess. Is he really not aware that "Iamblichus, though not given to laughter, laughed at this story"? It is illogical of him, after printing his farrago of poorly told and unsupported ghost stories, to rebuke the credulity of the believers in John King and the volatile Katie.

After showing himself capable of believing almost anything, Mr. Home, in the second part of his work, shows where he draws the line. He cannot endure sciences held in the dark; he has a lively scorn of "materialized" spirits which come out of "cabinets," talk profane nonsense, and pinch the legs of the devout. Mr. Home holds, and we entirely agree with him, that all this sort of thing is impudent imposture. The modern spiritualist, he says, is a pilgrim "through pleasant meadows," and he is much struck by the verdure, the refreshing greenness which surrounds the wanderer. On one occasion he was present when a mask was held up by an impostor at the window of a "cabinet." "I called the attention of a credulous spiritualist beside me to the empty and eyeless sockets. His reply came promptly and with a certain triumph—'The dear spirits have not had time to materialize the eyes.'" This is only a specimen of credulity, ingenious in its folly, which every one who has known spiritualists and listened to their arguments will recognize. Every hypothesis is accepted by these people except the only natural one, and the only one for which general experience vouches. We do not remember to have heard of one single instance in which the speculators seized and held a "materialized spirit" which did not prove to be the medium. The faithful then asserted with one voice, first, that the medium was walking in a trance; next, that he was possessed by dishonest spirits; next, that the spirit had borrowed the flesh and bones of the medium as material for the exhibition; lastly, that on this one occasion the medium was cheating, but that, as a rule, he was the soul of honour, and must by no means be suspected in future. "Mediums who have been caught cheating are still tolerated in the movement," says a correspondent of Mr. Home's. Mr. Crookes, in a letter printed here (p. 183), warns Mr. Home that "mediums have the reputation of being very jealous of one another, and consequently any accusations which may be brought by one against another are explained away in this manner. And even when two partners quarrel, and one makes a clean breast of it, or when one medium makes a confession of fraud, and explains how it is done, very few thoroughgoing spiritualists will believe them, but will rather call in the agency of bad spirits, trance, &c."

In spite of these warnings, Mr. Home has compiled a melancholy collection of the frauds, blasphemies, and follies of the people who seek after a sign, and of the prophets who help them to what they want. Mr. Home himself likes an honest sceptic—honesty anywhere must be refreshing in these pursuits; he agrees with Mr. S. C. Hall that Spiritualism is "in a sad state of disorder"; and he brings together stories of American credulity which surpass what one could have imagined of the mental state of the Weddahs of Ceylon or of the Andaman Islanders. The performances of the prophet Harris and the prophet Scott showed that these persons were well aware of the weak places of their countrymen. American credulity seems to start from a basis of Puritanism, and of fervent, though undisciplined, belief in machinery and in the bigness and in the destinies of the United States. At a place called Mountain Cove, Messrs. Harris and Scott, according to Mr. Home, made such good use of their countrymen's weakness as to get themselves accepted for the Two Witnesses of the Apocalypse. A more extraordinary and disgusting mixture of superstition and vulgarity was consummated at a place called High Hook, in Lynn, Mass.; but Mr. Home's work must be consulted here by the curious. In attacking the dishonest medium Mr. Home sometimes ventures to deride the English of the false prophets. A person who invented Rhampsitimus, and who says "To adopt to this writer the language he huris at others" (p. 259), should be careful not to attempt verbal criticism. Mr. Home writes rather better than his rivals in

* *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*. By D. D. Home. London: Virtue & Co. 1877.

mediumship, but that is the best that can be said for his style. He very properly denounces spirits who pretend to have recognized in English shops the diamonds they wore when they were Persian princes, and who request believers to present the said diamonds to the medium. He very appropriately quotes Serjeant Cox's exposure of the devices of lady mediums who conceal spiritual raiment of muslin in their drawers; "nobody seems to have thought of the drawers." But we cannot agree with Mr. Serjeant Cox when he calls Spiritualism "the greatest and the grandest mystery that can engage the human mind." And when Mr. Home leaves the shadows of Spiritualism—the performances, that is, of his rivals—and comes to the lights of Spiritualism, his own adventures, we are no longer so much interested. We don't believe in the ghost of the old lady in grey silk who complained to a medium that another coffin had been placed upon that which contained her mortal remains. We are not convinced that the shade of a little girl called Stella consoled her bereaved mother by writing her own name on her boots (pp. 400-402). This may be the "higher aspect of Spiritualism," but it is not a very lofty aspect at the best. Mr. Home, who likes an honest sceptic, will pardon our hesitation. We don't know the lady whose little girl writes her name on boots; we never even saw the boots—the "light summer ones"—in question. When the clever party who "run" John King, or when the author of *People from the Other World*, write their books about Mr. Home and Stella, then we shall have materials on which to form an opinion. In the meantime we can imagine nothing more desirable than this burning zeal for truth in mediums. The more they expose each other's little failings the better for "the greatest and the grandest mystery that can engage the human mind." Opinions very like these have been advanced by "the eloquent pen of Hudson Tuttle." Mr. Tuttle bids mediums welcome "tests," and weed out suspicious characters from their band. As we have never yet heard of a medium above suspicion, or of a case in which "manifestations" did not dwindle as "tests" increased in stringency, it is natural to expect that Mr. Tuttle's pen will soon have to exercise its eloquence on some other topic than Spiritualism. Mr. Home himself seems to be in a very promising condition. When once he has got rid of his belief in Stella and his other "lights," the shadows will flee away, and he will hold exactly the same opinions about this dreary matter as other sensible persons.

HILLEDEN ON THE MOORS.*

LIKE *My Home in the Shires*, and others of Miss Kettle's novels, *Hilleden on the Moors* may fairly be called a "Romance of the West Riding." That is to say, there is more of the romantic and melodramatic in it than we are accustomed to meet with in the fictions of the day when their scenes are laid in bustling England. The story, in parts, rather reminds one of the style and manner of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth when he gets among ancient halls, castles, and manor-houses in the days of gunpowder treasons and the civil broils. In parts, on the other hand, it is eminently practical, so we have the variety and the different effects that come of perpetual contact. *Hilleden* itself is thoroughly prosaic, and its citizens are altogether given over to business. It lies in a picturesque country among great deposits of coal, where smoke goes up from hundreds of furnaces and chimneys; it is blessed with public gardens and institutes, and all the advantages provided by the liberality of a rich municipality and prosperous townfolk; and Mr. Robert Marsden Kirby, who may be said to be the hero of the tale, has made a great fortune in it, which he spends magnificently. Mr. Kirby has sunk in the soil the money he made in his workshops; he has been adding field to field and farm to farm, till he has annexed the greater part of the domains that once were owned by the house of De la Hoste. But, side by side with this able and well-to-do Mr. Kirby, the embodiment of enterprise and respectability in broadcloth, with thoughts that are busy over his ledgers, we have the eccentric Sir John De la Hoste, the present representative of his decayed race. Although he lives under the shadow of the heavy *Hilleden* smoke, Sir John, in his tastes and surroundings, reminds us of the wizard Lord Gifford in *Marmion*. Not that he had precisely "dire dealings with the fiendish race," but his habits were peculiar for the nineteenth century, to say the least of them. Although he had lived hard and fast in his youth, so that dissipation had left its traces on his noble features, in the decline of his years he had turned to literary pursuits. In fact, we are given to understand that in the condition of his banker's account an occasional cheque from editors and publishers was exceedingly welcome for household expenses. But he turns night into day, and rises at untimely hours to rummage among his book-shelves on a sudden inspiration, and makes his lovely and dutiful daughter the slave of the lamp like himself. In consequence of the father's misanthropy, the pair hold themselves aloof from society, and the old "hawk" or "Wizard of the Clough," as Sir John has been dubbed among his neighbours, has a habitation in keeping with his fantastic eccentricities. It is "a grim, grey tower, dark even in sunlight, rising over the moorland"; within are dark oak-floored passages and winding staircases, while the light and air struggle in with difficulty through narrow windows draped in masses of ivy. Student as he is, the baronet spends most of his time, in "rain or shine, in

wind or storm," on the flat platform at the summit of the tower. It is his way to receive his guests there, using the privilege of his rank and infirmities to keep his seat; and, like a mediæval baron, he has a little foot-page, who is trained to answer to his signals, and promptly executes his behests. Sir John's disposition is as disagreeable as his bearing is offensive; he is sarcastic and malicious, not to say malignant; and, moreover, there is something more than a suspicion as to his honesty; for he is believed to have appropriated property that should really have passed to another. In fact, he is one of those heroes of fiction whom we should rather expect to find tenancing a robber castle on the Ithine and figuring in a German legend of the middle ages than settled within a short ride of a thriving industrial town, and serving probably on the commission of the peace.

But, *roué* as he has been, and reclusive as he is, the baronet has a sharp eye to the main chance, and makes it a rule never to throw away an opportunity. He finds it convenient to renew his acquaintance with the family of Mr. Kirby, who indeed is a distant connexion by a marriage which originated a feud; and thus the mystery that looms over the Clough and its lord is made to throw a certain romantic tinge over the general course of the story. In the story there are three pretty and marriageable maidens with plenty of pleasant love-making. There is Mary, the "sole daughter of the house and heart" of Sir John De la Hoste; for he really loves his child, though he has an odd way of showing his affection. There is Amelia Kirby, who is to share with a brother the rich succession of her wealthy father. And there is Nina Davenport, a niece of Kirby's, who has good looks, like the others, in a lighter style, with more lively manners; although, unlike them, she is indifferently dowered. Some family questions of succession apart, how these three young ladies are to be mated is the real excitement of Miss Kettle's plot. There are four lovers more or less impassioned, two of them young and a couple of them elderly. Love-making comes naturally enough, of course, to young Rupert Kirby, the rich manufacturer's son; nor are we surprised that Herr Karlen, a manly and handsome German, who has filled a responsible place in their establishment, should show himself susceptible to English charms. Karlen, who is noble by birth, though his poverty has compelled him to stoop to trade, represents the foreign element which Miss Kettle loves to introduce. But we must say that the somewhat senile attachments of Sir John De la Hoste and Mr. Kirby strike us as bordering on the humorous; for each has set his heart on the daughter of the other. The story unfolds itself in a lively rivalry and an intricate game of cross purposes. Karlen has fallen overboard and ears in love with the chilly and calculating Amelia, who at first inclines to reciprocate his feelings. Young Rupert Kirby, who hardly knows his own mind, thinks he merely likes Nina as a cousin; and there are some pretty scenes where she tries to hide her feelings when they are wounded by the thoughtless frankness of Rupert's brotherly manner. Circumstances conspire to make Karlen happy, had Amelia only consented to smile on his suit. But Sir John De la Hoste, who has come into the field, sets himself to succeed, and succeeds accordingly. He uses his experience and takes advantage of his fatherly years, first, to compromise the friend of his daughter, and then to wring a promise from her. We hardly know whether the lady or the gentleman shows to least advantage; for, dazzled by her elderly admirer's rank and his imposing manners, Amelia throws over her German lover in the most cold-blooded fashion. However Karlen, after passing through a period of anguish and a dangerous illness, is consoled with the hand of Mary De la Hoste, and, as we should have said, has every reason to congratulate himself on the change. Mr. Kirby, who has gradually given up his designs on Mary, mates himself with a lady who is much more eligible in point of age; while his son makes the merry Nina happy, as we have all along foreseen. Many of the episodes in the wooings that we have adverted to so rapidly are worked out with much feeling and delicacy. The grave and stately Mary De la Hoste is made as fascinating in her own way as Nina Davenport in hers; and both Von Karlen and Rupert Kirby ought to be happy men. But we cannot resist a strong impression that stress of circumstances must have forced Miss Kettle's hand as she penned the story; that her natural benevolence of heart became too much for her, and that she yielded to a kindly temptation to make all her characters happy. For even Amelia De la Hoste, instead of being doomed to a life of splendid misery in the clutches of the old hawk of the Clough, finds in him an illustration of the time-honoured maxim, that a reformed rake makes the best husband; and the entire reformation of the loose-principled Sir John is a proof that it is never too late to mend. He is most exemplary as a husband in his second nuptials; while, when his daughter is reunited to the young step-mother who had formerly been her schoolfellow and friend, she sees "the best promises of Amelia's childhood fulfilled. From that fair brow and pure cheek all vanity and pretension had fallen. The softened light in her eyes shone serenely clear; the low sweet tones of her voice rang warmly and truthfully."

Miss Kettle evidently relies on frequent and complete transpositions of her scenes to keep up the excitement and interest of her story; and the life of the Continent has such a charm for herself, that she fancies it must be a spell to conjure with among her readers. But, in truth, the digressions in which we are made to follow Karlen and the German armies through the courses of the French invasion are an artistic mistake, and they merely serve to interrupt the continuity of the actual story. It is all very well that Karlen should go abroad when he does. The danger to

* *Hilleden on the Moors: a Romance of the West Riding*. By Rose Mackenzie Kettle, Author of "The Mistress of Langdale Hall," &c. James Weir. 1877.

which he is exposed, the glory with which he covers himself, and the risks to which he exposes his life when he hurries back wounded to England on the report of his lady-love's infidelity—all these different circumstances have their distinct bearing on the plot. But the details of the struggle on the Spichern heights, of the fighting around Metz and the capitulation of Sedan, are neither new nor very true. They read like passages from volumes of collected war correspondence, and they are utterly irrelevant to the development of the story. We may add, by the way, that Karlen's lovelorn behaviour hardly commends itself to us as in strict keeping with his reputation as a patriot and a gallant soldier. He comes over to see after his lady-love while his comrades are still in the field, which might possibly be excusable, as he had obtained leave of absence to recruit himself. But the making a very prolonged convalescence a pretext for not going back again seems to us to look suspiciously like "malingering"; and although he made an excellent marriage, and slipped into a lucrative partnership at Lillesden, we should imagine that his conscience must have given him some twinges. All things considered, however, we may fairly praise the story; although it seems to us that it would have gained considerably in realism had some of the incidents been cast in a more modern shape, and had the language in places been somewhat more commonplace.

L'ART.

THIS formidable-looking journal of art, published once a week in Paris, received in our columns a welcome on its first appearance. The difficulties, artistic and literary, financial and even physical, of sustaining so vast an enterprise, are so considerable that we cannot but congratulate the projectors on having reached a third year and an eighth volume. The fear might have been entertained that even a sphere so wide and diversified as the Fine Arts would in the long run fail to meet the unceasing demands of a literary corps required to occupy in every year four "magnificent volumes," making a total of more than twelve hundred large pages. But such are the scope and the possibilities of art in the historic past, the actual present, and the proximate future, that even a journal of this portentous magnitude need not fear, at least if we may judge by its latest issues and announcements, either paucity of topics or poverty of illustrations. It is to be borne in mind that there is a constantly recurring crop of new subjects; not only do old materials admit of being viewed in fresh lights, but with the increase of wealth, the persistent enterprise of geographic discovery, and the widening of the area of civilization, art creation becomes stimulated to the utmost. Regions of the earth hitherto barren are brought under art culture, and outward nature, as well as human nature, is ever presenting new and unaccustomed phases more or less capable of art treatment. Hence, perhaps, the times are ripe for a cosmopolitan and eclectic review which, in the words of the proprietors, shall seek "to establish an international community in matters of art, and to promote among the different nations of Europe and in America a knowledge of what is highest in the art product of the time." That there exists a public ready to appreciate and support this world-embracing enterprise is indicated by the announcement that "*L'Art* for 1875, consisting of three volumes of 416 pages each, is now almost entirely exhausted."

The letterpress, which is sometimes little more than an echo to the illustrations, falls short of the high standard to which the projectors of the journal aspire. Indeed it would appear that the number of specialists qualified to treat of art with technical knowledge and literary skill, at once satisfying to the professional man and pleasing to the outside public, are as rare in France as in England. And the difficulty is certainly not lessened by the presence of illustrations; for the critic has to compete by the instrument of words, often necessarily inadequate to the occasion, with pictures which make direct appeal to the senses, and in this conflict it often comes to pass that the pictorial art gets the better of the written art. We remember to have heard the late Charles Knight, whose experience had been extensive and costly, when moving a vote of thanks to a reader of Shakspeare, speak emphatically of the gain to the author of holding undisturbed possession of the entire field. He concluded with condemning the ascendancy of the scene-painter, and added a remark made by Macready to the effect that a moonlight on the stage threw completely into the shade the finest poetry. Yet Macready may be said to have answered his own objection when he got Clarkson Stanfield to paint scenery for *Comus* and *Acis and Galatea*. In the case now immediately under our notice the advantages and the disadvantages are about equally balanced. The letterpress, which may not be always strong enough to stand alone, receives support from the interspersed engravings. In fact, biographical papers like those on M. Fromentin and M. Diaz naturally suggest, if they do not even demand, that the life of the artist should be seen through his works; and it must be admitted that the illustrations selected enable the reader all the better to realize the visual situation and to place himself in the independent and impartial attitude of critic. It has been said that painting is a silent art, and poetry a vocal art; accordingly the legitimate aim of the literary part of these pages is to make the pictures speak out their intention. These French writers ply a sketchy, brilliant pen which has the advantage of meeting the painter's pencil on

common ground and in a sympathetic spirit. Thus M. Jean Roussseau, in his portraiture of M. Eugène Fromentin, throws pleasantly and picturesquely together the central subject and its scenic accessories. The reader is introduced to the artist and his contemporaries as follows:—

Il est intéressant et instructif à suivre comme toute vie logique bien ordonnée, qui, au lieu de s'éparpiller à tous les vents qui soufflent, se développe régulièrement dans un sens voulu, pour atteindre un but déterminé. A ce point de vue, la vie de Fromentin offre la même unité que celle de Millet, avec lequel il contraste d'ailleurs si complètement sous tout autre rapport. L'un voué à la contemplation des grandeurs obscures de la vie des champs, l'autre attiré et fasciné par les richesses pittoresques de l'Orient, comme l'avaient été avant lui Decamps et Marillat.

Chacun a exprimé l'Orient à sa manière. Marillat a rendu l'admirable limpidité de sa lumière; Decamps, les ardeurs incandescentes, le morne flamboiement de son ciel aux heures les plus lourdes de l'été, et les silhouettes grandioses de son paysage primitif. Fromentin semble avoir cherché—avec un peu trop de système peut-être—à nous révéler un côté assurément très-ignoré: sa grâce, son élégance, voire son esprit.

L'esprit de l'Orient! le choc seul de ces deux mots ne sonne-t-il pas comme un contre-sens?

M. About—seul de tous les critiques—semble avoir entrevu, dès les débuts du peintre, la fausse voie où il s'engageait: "Les tableaux de M. Fromentin," écrit-il dans son *Salon* de 1857, "sont très-spirituellement écrits. . . . La collection de ses œuvres pourrait s'intituler: 'Un feu d'artifice dans le désert.'"

Such an appeal to M. About is somewhat of a confession that the once illustrious school of French critics has lost its sober reason. We have before us sundry volumes by this omniscient censor and pseudo-cyclopaedist, a man who has never given himself seriously to any one subject, but who trusts to a sword-play of words and of wit, and pays his devotions by turns to the Madonna and Leda. Another "devil-may-care" critic was M. Théophile Gautier, a writer who turned the finest texture of art into fustian, and whose fevered imagination was as far from true balance as the vagaries of Mr. Ruskin. *L'Art*, which follows too much in the track of its contemporary, *L'Artiste*, would do well to aim at a weightier and more solid style of intellectual criticism. There is at present too much ado about nothing, and the all but illimitable space at command may serve as a temptation to distend thin, superficial thought over the utmost possible area. We recall by way of contrast the concentrated and searching criticism which came at a more soundly critical period than the present from the pens of M. Beulé, M. Planché, M. Taine, and others. We look in vain for like knowledge and acumen in the volume before us. Is it that, under the fetters and the corruption of the Second Empire, even art criticism has received a mortal wound from which it is slow to recover? Yet regeneration for the French nation seems within the possibilities of the future; and with that resuscitation it may not be vain to hope that creative art will once more enter on a renewed life, and that its attendant criticism may turn from frivolity to earnestness. In such an event *L'Art* should seize on its opportunity; it may then fulfil what it now desires; national life may speak through the life of regenerated art.

France naturally occupies by far the largest space in these pages; and her school, though now in decadence, remains the foremost in Europe. Her ranks have been within our memory decimated; we have seen swept from the field of action great leaders such as Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Flandrin, Cogniet, Horace Vernet, Ingres, Delacroix, Decamps, Benouville, Jardin, Troyon, Fromentin, and Millet. Truly, in the words of a French critic, "*L'École française est décapitée*." Yet an artist in passing from life assumes his place in the roll of history, and thus furnishes materials for the columns of a journal which takes a retrospective view and guards posthumous fame jealously. Mlle. Rachel, when dying, exclaimed, "In a few hours I shall be in the hands of my undertaker and my biographer"; and the vulture does not watch with keener appetite the battle-field than the man of the press watches the registry of deaths. *L'Art* has already done good service in collecting biographical details of artists who deserve to live beyond their own day. In our own literature we have a model of how art biography may escape from narrow technicalities and enter on wide sympathies with humanity, in Mrs. Grote's *Life of Ary Scheffer*. In fact, French artists, from the time of David under the first Republic down to the Communist M. Courbet, have been something more than artists; fired by enthusiasm and passion, they have entered as actors into the drama of life; they have mounted barricades, and have then painted in hot blood the fierce onslaught of battle. Such careers favour the literary *tableau* style of which the eight volumes before us afford examples.

The sphere already occupied by *L'Art* will be, we are glad to learn, still further extended. The proprietors propose to give to their venture a more pronounced "international" character. Germany, for obvious reasons, has hitherto not been allowed to invade its pages in any formidable force. But the world is large enough, and many are the territories in Northern, Central, and Southern Europe which might furnish at least occasional contingents. The present war, especially along the line of the Danube, rich in Roman remains and rare in graphic memorials of strangely picturesque races, might be made to open up valuable treasures. The Museum of Pesth, abounding in works which illustrate the historic phases of art in lands lying on the confines of the East, has never been adequately brought before the knowledge of Western Europe. We may add that the ethnographic sketches and etchings made some years ago on the banks of the Danube by M. Valerio won a eulogy from M. Gautier, and obtained well-merited attention when published in the pages of

L'Artiste. Following the same track, *L'Art* might do wisely to send a special commissioner to the seat of war.

But evidently the operations which just now obtain most favour are turned towards England. Under the direction of Mr. Comyns Carr "the pages of *L'Art* will, during the present season, contain a full representation of the works exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery." It is announced that the illustrations will include etchings and engravings from the pictures of Mr. Leighton, Mr. Watts, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Archer, Miss Clara Montalba, and many others. The *entente cordiale* between England and France has been drawn all the closer by "The Librairie de l'Art" recently opened in London. Perhaps it may be objected that the illustrations, though occasionally of a high class, will, as a rule, scarcely satisfy the sensibilities of our English artists, unless an improvement be made on the photo-reproduction process hitherto employed. But so many difficulties have been already overcome that the past may be accepted as a pledge of further progress.

HELPS TO THE GREEK CLASSICS.*

SINCE his first edition of Theocritus in 1844 the Bishop of Lincoln has seen wonderful changes in the field of Theocritean criticism, where the more recent German labourers have made fruitful use of his own earlier studies of the text and its interpretation. He has therefore approached the task of revision and improvement with confidence, in spite, or perhaps in relief, of many preoccupations, quoting Gregory of Nazianzus, Basil of Cesarea, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustin as precedents for episcopal study of the ancient pagan classics; and his new preface is an eloquent persuasive to the cultivation of classical studies as good training in the exactness of thought and graces of language desirable in a Christian divine. Admitting that blemishes and impurities here and there disfigure such poets as Theocritus, he pleads the moral advantages to be derived from them in other aspects, if only we associate such studies with those of the true religion, and allow the latter to tone and correct the former. Where no such corrective is applied to lax heathen morality, he would, we fancy, approve the application to classical studies of an expression in Idyl xxvii. 62 (soundly emended by himself), where a damsel who has found Diana's protection insufficient for her virtue addresses to her the complaint, *σὴ ἐρήμια οὐκέτι πιστή*. Secular studies, liberal arts, culture, philosophy, cannot without religion keep us healthy in morals. From the contemplation also of the poet's natural piety and sense of natural beauty the Bishop is led to reflect how much he might have achieved had our light been vouchsafed to him. The simple piety breathing in a Theocritean shepherd piping on a rock over the Sicilian sea, on the grassy banks of the Anapus, beside the pine-shadowed fountain, or under a leafy canopy at the Coan Thalyssia, is preferable, he justly deems, to the mental and spiritual condition of those "qui post splendorem divini aspectus in Verbo Veritatis revelatum, in obscura caligine errare contenti sunt, et in formidoloso et inhospitali barathro volutare rerum naturalium et causarum secundarum, a divino intellectu, amore, et potentia conditoris, Qui, ut cum Newtono nostro loquar, 'omnia regit, non ut anima mundi sed universorum Dominus,' longè latèque remotarum."

True to his conviction that the teacher and student of the classics should read them with a Christian bias and spirit, Bishop Wordsworth never omits to point out the contrasts in treatment between sacred and heathen poets. A patent example is the handling of the woes of Daphnis in Theoc. i. 106, and elsewhere, and those of Lycidas in Milton's *Direge*; and in the Bishop's note on the taunt of Daphnis to Venus the contrast is pointed out betwixt Sion and Parnassus as regards tenderness and refinement. Dr. Wordsworth has added to his original notes on the text and its interpretation succinct Latin explanations and illustrations, wherever they are needed. Thus at Id. vi. 16, *καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμῆς κινεῖ Νῆδον*, an explanation is given of the allusion to the proverb of trying one's last chance by moving one's man in a game of draughts from a certain line, which Fritz, a late German editor, has noted. At Id. vii. 78 there is a brief note on the story of Comatas, a poetic shepherd shut up in a chest and committed to the waves for two months because of his piety, but kept alive by the bees which lined his cell with honey-combs, and eventually drawn out safe and sound—which seems a perversion of the traditions of the Deluge of Noah. Again, *ibid.* v. 137, *νυμφῶν δὲ ἄντροιο*, our editor seasonably refers to a description of his own visit to the Cave of the Nymphs, in his *Athens and Attica*, vol. ii. c. 32; and, at v. 92 of the same Idyl, he caps the custom of "crying God bless you, when one sneezes"

* *Theocritus. Codicum Manuscriptorum ope denuo recensuit Christophorus Wordsworth, S. T. P. Episcopus Lincolnensis.* Cantabrigiæ: typis Academicis. Londini: ap. G. Bell et filios. 1877.

The Acharnians of Aristophanes. Revised, with Preface and full Explanatory Notes, by F. A. Paley, M.A., &c. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1876.

The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book V. With English Notes. By Alfred Proctor, M.A., Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. Pitt Press Series. Cambridge University Press. London: Cambridge Warehouse, 17 Paternoster Row. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. 1876.

Easy Selections adapted from Xenophon. With a Vocabulary, Notes, and Map. By J. Surtess Philpotts, B.C.L., Head Master of Bedford School, and C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trin. Coll., Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1877.

upon the words *Συμχίδα μὲν Ἐρωτες ἐπένταρον*, with references to Catull. xlix. 9-18, and to usage in modern Italy.

It will be seen, then, that the second edition of Dr. Wordsworth's Theocritus is an advance on its predecessor. A few samples of the soundness and acuteness of the Bishop's criticism on its textual difficulties will recommend it still more to notice and use. They are picked chiefly from the earlier Idyls. At i. 50-1, in the picture of the foxes and the vine-watcher, where the fox, which is not stalking the rows, is plotting mischief to the lad's wallet, the verses—

τὸ παιδίον οὐ πρὶν ἀνήσειν
φατί, πρὶν ἢ ἀκράτιστον ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι καθίη—

have caused much puzzle to commentators. Bishop Wordsworth has since his first edition satisfied himself of the sense; *ἀκρατισμός* (from *ἀκρατος*, meracus) is the rustic's morning meal—namely, a fragment of bread steeped in neat wine, which without its moistening element is indeed poor and dry fare. Hence the proverb, *ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι καθίησιν ἀκράτιστον*, "to reduce one whose meal is a winesop to a dry crust." The scholiast's language consists with this interpretation, which our editor applies to the fox's set purpose of robbing the boy's wallet of his breakfast and leaving him dry and breakfastless. In Idyl ii. 151:—

αἰὲν ἔρωτος
ἀκράτω ἐπεχείρο,

he defends the reading, and translates "Sibi infundebat de liquore meraco Amoris sui (i.e. amasii) in honorem." To revert for a moment to the First Idyl we are much struck with the probability of the Bishop's reading *ἐ* (*illum rivalem tuum*) for *τε* in the verses 81-2:—

ἀ δέ τε (ἐ) κύρω
πᾶσας ἀνὰ κρίαντας παντ' ἄλσισι ποσσὶ φορεῖται.

As is acutely urged, such must have been the reading of Virgil's copy for him to write in the Tenth Eclogue:—

Tua cura Lycoris
Perque nives alium, perque horrida castra secuta est.

In v. 96 *ibid.* Venus is described somewhat contradictorily as

λάβρια μὲν γελᾶσα, βαρὺν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔχουσα,

where for *λάβρια* the Bishop suggests reading *ἀδρήν* h.e. *ἀδραίη*. The sense would thus be "Smiling to outward view, but nursing wrath within." In the Seventh Idyl, at the 8th verse, he *προφαίη*, with Hesiodus, and the seeming countenance of Virgil, *Ecl.* ix. 41, *ὕφανον τοῦ ἔφανον*, and in Idyl viii. 91, by a slight and admissible addition, he relieves the received text of an inconsistency that any attentive student must have felt. It is said there of Menalcas, the crestfallen and defeated challenger:—

ὥς δὲ κατεσμήχθη καὶ ἀνετρέπετο φρενα λύπη
ἄτερος· οὕτω καὶ νύμφη γαμβεῖα ἀκάχοιτο.

But, as the Bishop, with due penetration of the female mind, remarks, why should Menalcas's chagrin in defeat be likened to a bride's when she has won a husband? By the little insertion of *οὐ* before *γαμβεῖα*, and making the corrected text speak of a "sponsa non compos facta conjugii"—"a damsel betrothed, but jilted and forsaken"—he renders the comparison plain and pertinent enough. The last syllable in *νύμφα* is short in Theoc. xxvii. 51 (*fl.* iii. 130, *Odyss.* iv. 743), so that there can be no difficulty on that score. But it is needless to dwell further on this elegant and greatly improved edition of Theocritus, of which our national scholarship, and even our National Church, may well be proud.

Mr. Paley's *Acharnians*, as might be expected, goes far to fulfil its aim—to wit, the happy medium betwixt brevity and prolixity—and neither teacher nor pupil can justly complain of the waste of words on the one hand, or the omission of needful explanation on the other. If there is a fault in his volume it is in his making too much of the itch for alteration and rash emendation of the text of Aristophanes which he complains of (not without some justification) in the German editors, of whom he regards English editors as the too obsequious followers. As he observes, Albert Muller's edition, valuable as it is, sins grievously in this respect, though our own Elmsley and Dobree were by no means without error. Meineke and Cobet, sound and often acute scholars, require to be followed in their Aristophanic studies with caution and reservation; and Mr. Paley's climax of wild guessing, Hamaker, is the best proof of his argument that modern German Aristophanic criticism tends rather to show the critic's ingenuity than to improve the author's text. To a large extent we concur with Mr. Paley in this matter, but he goes too far when, in his address "to the Reader," he includes in his charge against the German critics Dr. Hubert Holden, a sound and sober scholar as well versed in Aristophanes as Mr. Paley himself. We must here quote Dr. Holden's preface to the third edition of his Aristophanes, where, so far from showing himself a worshipper of Meineke, he writes, *apropos* of Cobet's merits:—"Germania minus bene res cepit, nam qui agmen ducit Meinekius, senex venerabilis ac de Græciæ litteris optime meritis, ut pauca feliciter novavit, ita multa mediocritas et ab omni veritatis specie abhorrentia protulit aut aliunde arrepta adscivit, quorum quidem nonnulla ipse in Vindicis meliora edoctus retraxit: idem sana temere in suspicionem vocavit." We may add that whilst in one or two instances Dr. Holden in his first edition would himself confess to having followed Meineke's innovations, in subsequent editions he has reverted to the MS. reading. After all, it is admitted by Mr. Paley that he himself follows

mainly the text of Borgk, who is to some extent an innovator, while Dr. Holden generally (though in our view never without due testing of conflicting judgments) takes Meineke for his guide.

One key to the interpretation of Aristophanes which Mr. Paley has used to good purpose is the incidence in unsuspected places of the *παρὰ προσδοκίαν* figure, which he, we fancy, was the first to see in *Ach.* 17, ὑπὸ κορίας τὰς ἀφῆς, where might have been expected ὑπὸ γ' ἀνίας τὰς φρένας. Something akin to this is his perception in 13-14 of the joke ἐπὶ Μόρχῳ ἀρόμενος Βουδῆτιον, a double entendre for to "sing cow after calf"; and there is a similar play on words in the words οὐδ' ἦδ' ἐπὶ πρίῳ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐφῆρε πάντα χῶ πρίῳ ἀπὴν, which Mitchell renders by "that grating Byword, Buy"; and Mr. Paley turns "It never *saw* want, but produced everything itself, and that *saw* was far away." An apter pun perhaps occurs, as Mr. Paley shows, at v. 183, where Amphitruos represents the Acharnian old men twittingly asking him σπονδὴς φέρεῖς, τῶν ἀμπελῶν τετρημέναν; "How can you bring wine when the vines have been cut down?" In the line 111, where Dicaeopolis undertakes to cross-examine Pseudartabas, and says ἀγε δὴ σὺ φηδάνῳ ἐμοὶ σιφῶς πρὸς ταυτοῖ, κ. τ. λ., we cannot agree with Mr. Paley that it is better to take ταυτοῖ for the ambassador who had introduced him than in the comic sense of adjuring him by the strap, understanding ἱμάτια (i.e. "per hanc scuticam") as Meineke, Muller, Ribbeck, and Dr. Holden take it; and a little further on, in v. 140, we cannot assent to his following the older authorities in continuing the words ὑπ' αὐτῶν τὸν χρόνον δὲ ἐλθόντι Θέοφωτος ἡγουμένῳ as part of the envoy Theon's speech, instead of, with Nauck, Meineke, Muller, and Holden, making them an interruption of Dicaeopolis. It is more in character for the home-abiding cit to suggest a synchronism of the frozen rivers in Thracia with a rigid home tragedian's acting, than for an envoy, who would have had to get up his theatrical news much after date on his return. We will only add that throughout the play, the more we compare Dr. Holden's text with that of Mr. Paley, the less need we see for adopting the over-caution of the latter, or for classing the former with the rash and innovating class of editors. The world of scholarship looks forward with great interest to Dr. Holden's promised Aristophanic Lexicon. Mr. Paley can afford to edit such useful "texts and notes" as that before us with less constant criticism of rival editors.

We must briefly notice two other annotated texts recently issued, Mr. Pretor's Fifth Book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and Messrs. Phillpotts and Jerram's Selections from Xenophon's *Iubasis*. Mr. Pretor's *Persius* and *Cicero ad Atticum*, B. I., have both received a word of approval from us in past years, and this handling of an interesting book of Xenophon gives evidence of the thorough mastery of subject which we should have expected in Mr. Pretor. Though his text is not assisted by maps, and though here and there (perhaps through printer's errors) it represents untenable readings, we are bound to say that his little volume is more complete as a school-classic than the same book of Xenophon in the serviceable edition of his predecessor MacMichael. More special pains have been given to the elucidation of constructions, for which Xenophon offers a fine field; witness in the very first chapter § 8, τὴν δύναμιν, ἐφ' ᾧς αὐτὸν ἴσταν, where, for the numbering construction of finding an antecedent of ἐφ' ᾧς in ταύτων, Mr. Pretor rightly discovers it in the fact of δύναμιν being a noun of multitude; and in the second chapter, § 2, the somewhat kindred construction of ὁπότεν μὲν τὰ ἐπιτήδεια βάδιον ἦν λάβειν, οὐκ ἔγον, φῖλαι γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἦσαν, where, as he correctly states, αὐτοῖς is introduced as the grammars put it, κατὰ σύνεσιν, ὁπότεν in the preceding clause being virtually equivalent to ἐς ταύτους ἐφ' ᾧς. Compare Herodotus, ix. 1. To go no further than this second chapter (which, by the way, contains a vivid account of the Greeks' assault on a hill fortress of the Drila, against which the Trapezuntian guides had led them), we find such constructions as the conditional genitive absolute clause, ὡς ἀλλότῳς ἀν τοῦ χωρίου, paralleled and illustrated, and the nominative absolute, καταλίνοντες οἱ λοχαγοὶ οἱς ἐπίστευεν, standing as often it does at the end of a paragraph. So, too, we observe with pleasure that in such a stirring bit of history as this assault, of which even an idle boy, if of any spirit, would have some curiosity to know the issue, Mr. Pretor withholds the lexicon renderings of διηγεσάμενος (§ 12), μνησθεῖς (§ 13), χαράκαμα (§ 27), with a view to a wholesome searching of Liddell and Scott; whereas for the senses of ἐφ' ᾧς "in single file," θάρσει τὰ ὅπλα (§ 8) "to stand to arms" (see Grote on Thuc. ii. 2 for its various senses), ἐπὶ πῶδα ἀνέχωρον (§ 32), they retreated backwards—i.e. "with face to foe," "step by step" being only a secondary and derived sense—he affords the just modicum of elucidation and illustration. Through the rest of the chapters of this Fifth Book, which, it will be remembered, includes the discontent of the troops at Sinope, and the trial of the generals Philistus, Xanthicles, and Sophacetus, and therefore a good deal of lively narrative, Mr. Pretor will be found a most competent guide.

The Selections of Messrs. Phillpotts and Jerram profess to simplify Xenophon's style, not in order to save boys the labour of thought, but to educate their thinking power in translating authors whose style is as yet beyond them; and for such doubtless it is a great advantage that the selections should be graduated, the tenses, sentences, and even words being accommodated to a careful progress amidst difficulties. The volume has an excellent vocabulary, a series of sections stretching over the whole of the *Anabasis*, a handy, clearly drawn map; and brief simple notes. In the course of the selections and in chapter vi. we come at p. 60 on

the account of the taking of the same fortress which we have visited in Mr. Pretor's edition. It is curious to note the adaptations of the text whereby the editors aim at helping their pupils. Where the original runs μαχομένων δὲ αὐτῶν καὶ ἀπορουμένων, θεῶν τῆς αὐτοῖς μηχανῇ σωτηρίας δίδωσιν, for the first five words Messrs. Phillpotts and Jerram read ἐν ᾧ δὲ ἐμάχοντο καὶ ἡπορούοντο, and then proceed to rearrange in construing order the rest of the words; as if ἐν ᾧ δὲ, which requires a note, were not a harder construction than an ordinary genitive absolute. We do not deny that there follow one or two involved constructions in the original, which upon their principle have been naturally simplified by excision. Perhaps this is in some cases necessary; yet it does not strike us as a very sure way of inspiring beginners of Greek with a spirit of accuracy; nor do we believe that, with pains taken *enōi voce* by masters to clear away syntactical difficulties from the path of their pupils, it would be a much greater hardship to make them disentangle a sentence of Xenophon in the very words and order of the original. Certainly the result would be of more lasting value, though we readily admit the ingenuity of the arrangement, and the grammatical notes and kindred matter, of these Selections.

MARKS ON CHINA.*

THE combination of bitter and sweet which goes to make up the life of man receives excellent illustration from such a book as this before us. It has been said that our pleasant vices become scourges; but collecting is seldom a vice. There is a sting even in it, however. It is the same with many other innocent pursuits. There is an element of dry dulness in the most absorbingly interesting study. How many people would be chemists were it not for the formulas which must be mastered? How many would be astronomers if they could overcome the preliminary mathematics? They may read popular treatises, and talk eloquently about soaring through limitless ether and the radiance of ten thousand suns, but they cannot fix the place of *Alpha Geta* or *Signa Scorpionis*. We all build castles in the air, yet how few of us could draw out specifications for a cottage! We all criticize pictures, but how many can sketch a figure correctly? It is the same with the subject immediately before us. To collect china successfully it is absolutely necessary to know the marks. It is true that the man of real taste, who knows what he likes and why he likes it, is often independent of such considerations. He does not care for an ugly piece, whether it is marked or not. He depends on his own judgment, and refuses to be bound by anything lower than the abstract rules of beauty. Now and then such a collecting genius is successful. His instinctive knowledge places him at a great advantage above the plodders. But in order to have a certainty of success it is needful even for the genius to plod. If he would make sure of acquiring a fine collection, he must learn something about marks, and his talents may not avail him here. It is the willingness to undertake this kind of drudgery which gives the ordinary tasteless dealer so powerful a position. He obtains knowledge at the price of hard work, and he retails his knowledge with a heavy addition for profit. The collector has not always his knowledge about him. He has often to buy at a venture, and is constantly deceived. It is in his interest that such little books as the present are published; and that a large number of persons require, and actually use, such pocket-companions, we may gather from the fact that three or four similar books in English or French have already been published, as well as the larger works on which all the manuals are founded.

Almost all pieces of pottery and porcelain, even those of the humblest kind, bear on them some distinctive mark. The cottage tea-cup of thirty years ago is the collector's object now. The crown Derby which was sent to the garrets as too hideous for use while Gothic taste ruled among us is now taken up tenderly, its fractures repaired, and is placed in the forefront of the cabinet. "Delft" used to be synonymous with rubbish, so far at least as it was applied to pottery. Now the soft paste and glazed earthenware of the Low Countries are collected and catalogued, their marks are registered, their patterns are extolled, and their dingy colour has become cerulean. Of course prices have varied in like manner. Old English figures, grotesque and unnatural, as remote from art as from beauty, which used to be sold at country fairs for a few pence, now fetch as many pounds. And the only thing which seems to make this difference is the presence or absence of a mark. To be able to recognize and identify a mark easily and rapidly is a power worth countless sums. Very few people have the kind of memory necessary, and such a manual as this of Mr. Hooper and Mr. Phillips, which can be carried almost in the waistcoat-pocket, may be of inestimable value to the collector. Its scope is very clearly set forth in the preface. The work, which runs to 236 pages, is divided into four parts. In the first the marks are classified under heads. In the second the Italian maiolica factories are arranged alphabetically by their names. Of the ware itself the authors truly remark that it "is coarse and bad, but it is valued for the decorations, which are from designs by Raffaello, Michael Angelo, Giulio Romano, and other great masters, and some are thought to be painted with their own hands." Twenty-five manufactories are named in alphabetical order, some easily-identified lettering or other sign

* *Manual of Pottery and Porcelain Marks.* By W. H. Hooper and W. C. Phillips. London: Macmillan. 1877.

being given in the margin. This part is too much condensed. Mr. Fortnum has noticed some sixty different towns in Italy as possessing maiolica manufactories, and a very large addition to Messrs. Hooper and Phillips's list of marks would be required to make it of much value to the collector. Maiolica, and indeed also Delft and all ornamental earthenware as distinguished from porcelain, have what may almost be called a sentimental interest for the art student. They seem to embody the triumph of mind over matter. The wonderful power which transforms a rough brown vessel of coarse baked clay into a work of the highest art—such art as even the prince of painters need not disdain—must always possess a peculiar value. Though of late years the country districts of Tuscany and Umbria have been searched for specimens, they are by no means exhausted; and the modern seeker must hire a special conveyance if he wishes to take the fat South Kensington volume with him on a tour. In the third part the other European factories are similarly arranged, so that there are cross references, first of marks to places and secondly of places to marks. This is extremely convenient for rapid consultation, and enables the collector either to verify his own opinion or to find the mark before him in a very few minutes.

The fourth part of the book contains what are called "Oriental," that is, Chinese and Japanese marks, according to the number of letters in the mark. This is the most recondite portion of the book. It is only within a few years—we had almost said months—that the study of the Japanese and Chinese languages has sufficiently advanced among us to make it possible to obtain correct readings of the inscriptions which almost every piece of porcelain bears. Chinese porcelain is said to date from a period as remote as 100 B.C., while the pottery may be much more ancient. The oldest now to be obtained is that made under the Ming dynasty, which began to reign about the same time as our House of Lancaster. The famous tower of Nankin, only destroyed a few years ago, was erected in the time of Yung-lo, who occupied the Celestial throne from 1403 to 1424. In Mr. Chiffers's great book he gives the names and marks of all the dynasties from that of Tung-han, A.D. 25, to the present time. But Messrs. Hooper and Phillips observe that marks are so easily imitated, and Chinese potters are so fond of reproducing old patterns, complete with marks and all, that little reliance can be placed on the earlier dates. The old blue Nankin is from the Imperial factories, and bears the well-known "six mark," which is believed always to indicate a year before 1667, when an edict of the governor of the province forbade the use of the Emperor's name, lest, if any piece was broken, it might be profaned by being carelessly thrown on the dust heap. Our authors give full particulars of this famous mark, and add tables from which the date may be deduced. Japanese porcelain is said to date from 27 B.C., and to have been greatly improved after the thirteenth century, when a potter visited the Chinese Imperial factory at Kin-to-Chin under the disguise of a priest. The pottery is of course much older than the porcelain, pieces still in existence being said to date more than 1000 B.C. The great centre of Japanese manufacture is in the province of Ise, where twenty-five villages are congregated on a mountain which affords a plentiful supply of material for their work. The marks are usually the name of the factory or of the maker or the decorator, and sometimes of all three. In addition to these there are a number of signs which may be looked upon as analogous to the "present for a good child," and similar sentences which we see on common English ware. They consist of blessings, charms, salutations, and good wishes, sometimes written in full, sometimes signified by a symbol; and occasionally, it is apparent, these signs are referred to certain manufactories. Thus the Government works in Japan mark with the words "II'atsi fou kie sha," which means "Assembly of the seven honourable societies," and other pieces bear an emblem of longevity or a prayer of happiness. In China a great variety of these inscriptions are to be found—"long life," in Chinese "show," occurring oftener than any other character. In ordinary writing it is a sign like a double latch-key; but the natives of the Flowery Land have devised so many ways of writing it that a single plate is sometimes marked with a hundred or more. Such specimens are called pieces of "the hundred show." A whole page is filled with examples. This part of the book appears to be very thoroughly done, the information being for the most part nearly new to English readers. Small as the book is, in fact, it contains an immense amount of information, and has but one important fault, a fault inseparable perhaps from its design, that the print and many of the marks are so minute that the book would seem to be chiefly intended for young beginners in the noble pursuit of China-collecting.

MINOR NOVELS.

EDGAR and I is a very foolish story, told in the form of an autobiography of a so-called Ritualist priest and his wife. The hero is a poor prig and his wife a silly, weak creature. The book is as dull as a Low Church tract; duller even than a collection of

Methodist sermons. We could hardly have believed that so much dullness and so much folly could be got into one volume. It is the kind of book that might be written by some young woman who was not aware that there was any other literature outside the sermons that she heard preached by a young curate fresh from Oxford. The quotations, indeed, at the heads of the chapters from Mrs. Browning, Keble, Miss Rossetti, and one or two others, show that the author can boast of some reading; but in the book itself there is nothing that shows even that second-hand insight into character which is got from story-books. We can scarcely believe that she has read even Miss Yonge, unless perchance in the *Monthly Packet*.

But to come to the story. The heroine, Agnes Granton, says that "once my sisters brought to me an album containing various questions to be answered. Of these the most noteworthy was 'What is your greatest desire?' I answered instantly, though refusing to write my answer in the book, 'Some one to obey.'" Now if she had answered "Some one to love, honour, and obey," we do not know that she would have said anything in which nine-tenths of the young ladies, of whatever sect or creed, would not cordially agree, even if they did not openly speak out their minds. But she was sincere. She wanted to have a real master, and she soon got one. The Rev. Edgar Seymour before long "told me he loved me, but in words which to many would have seemed cold." Her friend Dolly Clifford was at the same time engaged to the Rev. Peter Dale. Dolly received a letter daily from her lover, but the Rev. Edgar in three weeks only wrote twice. His two letters "began 'My dear Agnes,' and were signed 'Yours faithfully.'" When "Yours faithfully" returned to visit her whom we may very properly call "Yours obediently," he greeted everybody in the room first, "and then, while I was foolishly shrinking and blushing, took my hand with the grasp of possession, which I liked, saying in a perfectly audible tone the commonplace words, 'Well, Agnes, I am glad to see you.'" Even "yours obediently" felt this to be a little too cold, and ventured to remonstrate. "'Surely, Edgar,' I said to him, 'it is my duty to love you now.'" "Yes," replied yours faithfully, "but you can love me, we can love each other, without self-indulgence as to mere feeling. I am afraid for us both." Matters were going on pretty smoothly, if somewhat freezingly, when an old uncle brought the heroine "a handsome, though most unsuitable wedding gift—namely, a diamond pendant and earrings." This led to a discussion, which passed into very sinful talk on Agnes's part, which was followed by a confession to Edgar, not as her lover, but her priest. He said to her, "Agnes, you have sinned greatly," but most considerably added, "I cannot feel blameless in this matter." He proposed at once to go off to Newcastle to help in a mission there. "'Oh Edgar,' cried I, 'to lose our happy Sunday together.'" "Yes," said he, "we want something really painful, and I think we should both feel that." The engagement goes on in much the same way. At one time he says to her, "I have been thinking, Agnes, what a privilege it is to have a fault as severely visited as yours has been." At another time he asks her, "Is it not well you have learned a lesson of humility even by a fall?" At last they get married, and actually take a wedding tour; for "my husband thought it would not be self-indulgence to spend a few weeks alone together." On their return to the Rectory in the East end of London all indulgence came to an end. The Rev. Edgar would not let his wife take his tea to him in his study, to the astonishment of her friend Dolly, who had married the Rev. Peter, and was on a visit to them with her husband. "Their ways," says the heroine, "were a contrast to the calmness Edgar thought it necessary to enforce on himself and me." A few days after he declined the tea, he came home "extremely weary. I should have liked to make him rest on the sofa, but I knew I need not propose such a thing." A young lady who was in the room asked him, "Do you think it wrong to sit in an easy-chair?" "Not for you, my dear Mary," he replied. Greatly as the poor wife improved under all this salutary training, yet she had her backslidings now and then. She almost worked herself to death in the parish, and, as a consequence, "during the Church services my mind wandered over plans and projects, good in themselves, but certainly oxen, sheep, and doves brought into the Temple." In reply to her husband's reproaches she said, "It is not my fault; I am so busy." For making false excuses she was at once visited with a penance. "I think, Agnes, you had better not communicate on Sunday." She yielded at once; but further talk showed that she was even more sinful than she had at first sight seemed, and the Rev. Edgar added, "Agnes, I wish you to refrain from Holy Communion for two Sundays." "Yes, Edgar," I said, "really submissively." But when he did sin, which was very rarely, he knew how to inflict penance on himself. One day, when she was breaking down from overwork and found her head too confused to write, she "half-mechanically took up a story which lay near." Her husband, coming in, exclaimed, "Agnes, is it necessary to give way to wilful self-indulgence?" Finding, however, that she was ill, and that he had been harsh, he shut himself up till next Sunday, "when he only appeared at church as one of the congregation, leaving all the duty to Mr. Wayland, and not communicating, though present at the mid-day celebration." Of course just at the end of the book he catches a dangerous fever while visiting the poor; but, contrary to all experience, recovers. He is, we believe, the first clergyman who in a story of this kind ever survived such an attack. Sanitary science has at last done something, if it has succeeded in reducing the fearful mortality of young priests.

* *Edgar and I: the Story of a Home.* A Novel. By Jessie P. Moncrieff. London: Remington & Co. 1877.

The Moonraker: a Story of Australian Life. By Richard Dumbledore. London: Remington & Co. Marlborough: E. and R. A. Lucy. 1877.

Was He Really Mad? and other Sketches: being Incidents in the Life of a Curate. By the Rev. Maberly Walker, late Curate of Park Green. London: Remington & Co. 1877.

It is a pity that so senseless a title as *The Moonraker* should have been given to Mr. Dumbledore's "Story of Australian Life." The book itself—at least as soon as the hero leaves England—is interesting enough; but the title, in spite of the explanatory anecdote, is affected and ridiculous. The hero is a poor country lad who shows a great love for animals, and is taken up by the vicar of his parish. It is, to a certain extent, the story of the good apprentice and the idle apprentice over again; for, while Edward Ford does everything that is right, and always prospers, so his playmate, Jem Johnson, does everything that is naughty, and at last meets a violent death. The author ought to have carried his reader much more rapidly over the introductory part of his story. There is in these earlier pages an affectation about it of minute description which is very wearisome. Who cares to read such passages as the following?—

"Well, poor dears," said Mrs. Moreton, "I will give them an extra breakfast, at all events, this morning, and as they have not taken the pledge, they shall have a little warm beer poured over their bread; but here they come under the verandah. Look at the old hen; she is stretching out her long neck, and pecking at the glass to try and look in at the table; but poor Hydarnes does not seem to be very happy; what a pity to find those lovely feathers in the snow. There, that is all they can have now," and Mrs. Moreton shut the window and turned to other matters.

As soon, however, as the two boys set sail from Blackwall, the narrative becomes really lively, and we can readily believe the author when he tells us that "it is a tale of real life." The boys are met at Melbourne by a settler, who takes them up to his sheep-farm in the bush. There they go through a sufficient number of adventures with snakes, kangaroos, and natives, while the daily life of an Australian shepherd is very well set forth. The hero goes on prospering till, on the death of his father he is summoned home, where he finds the church bells ringing in honour of his return. He soon gets a good situation as manager of an estate in England. The idle apprentice, who was constantly cruel to animals, gets at last killed in the bush by a horse which he had savagely ridden. He does not even have the honour of a funeral bell, for he was buried far away from any church. The story will be, we have no doubt, greatly liked by boys, but we must warn the young ladies that from beginning to end there is not a word of love-making. It is the first case in which we ever heard of a good apprentice not marrying his master's daughter, but remaining a bachelor. The author might object that, as the master had no daughter, the marriage was clearly impossible. But we should only have to shift our ground a little, and say that it is the first case we ever heard of a good apprentice having a master who had not a daughter, and an unmarried daughter too.

The Rev. Maberly Walker—whose name, by the way, we do not find in the *Clergy List*—gives us in one volume five stories founded, if we can trust the Introduction, on incidents that happened to him when he was a young curate. We cannot say that, in our opinion, the stories are either interesting or probable. The first, "Was He Really Mad?" which gives the name to the book, is very long and very dull. We should doubt whether many readers would care enough for either the lunacy or the sanity of the hero ever to arrive at the end of the story. As, however, he first tries to cut his throat, next "with a yell of delight" leaps into a reservoir, and in the end dies in an asylum, it is difficult to know why the author so prominently raises the question of his madness. The title would have been just as correct if it had been *Was She really Mad?* For his wife, by way of sympathy, goes mad also, and is brought to the same asylum the day before her husband's death. In the fourth story the author gives an account of a post-office robbery and of the trial of the son of a village post-mistress who was wrongly suspected. It is strange that writers cannot, by reading in the newspapers the reports of trials, avoid at least the most glaring errors when they take their heroes into the dock. In the trial before us the counsel for the prosecution makes two speeches before the counsel for the defence makes one; and though witnesses are called for the defence, the counsel for the prosecution has no reply. Nay, moreover, so far as it appears, the judge does not sum up. But the course pursued by the prisoner's counsel is still more extraordinary. The night before the trial the real thief had been caught by a policeman, who was hidden away in the post-office, in the very act of opening letters and stealing their contents. He had been previously summoned as a witness for the prosecution. In spite of his detection, the trial goes on as if nothing had happened, and the fact of his arrest is never mentioned. When he comes forward to give evidence, suspicion, no doubt, is thrown upon him in his cross-examination, but nothing more than suspicion. The trial goes to its full length, bating the summing-up; and, as we have said, witnesses are called for the defence, when a few words would have brought the whole affair to an abrupt conclusion. But then Mr. Maberly Walker's story would also have been brought to an abrupt conclusion, and so would have lost half its interest.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY far the most attractive memorial of the Philadelphia Centenary Exhibition that we have yet seen is a work of which the first two numbers are now before us.* Each contains two plates produced by Messrs. Clay, Cosack, and Co., of Buffalo, with ex-

* *Treasures of Art, Industry, and Manufacture, represented at the International Exhibition of 1876.* Parts I. and II. Edited by C. B. Norton. Philadelphia: Snodder & Co. 1877.

planatory text in French and English, representing the finest works of art and of artistic industry exhibited at Philadelphia. There is, for example, an engraving of a group of statuary representing Cupid blinding the eyes of a victim, which, however, seems to us defective in that the face of the sufferer expresses rather the painful sensations of one who is being consciously deprived of sight than the passion which accepts this metaphorical blindness unconsciously and with satisfaction. Again, there is a splendid example of ecclesiastical decoration in the shape of a pulpit of carved oak, modern in style and conception as well as in execution, but quite worthy of the finest modern church or cathedral, with whose general tone and character it might harmonize. It appears to be the intention of the publishers to represent not merely the proper art treasures of the Exhibition, but also those applications of art to manufactures, furniture, and decorative purposes which are so striking a characteristic of the taste of the present age. The cost of the work, each number of which, containing only two plates, is priced at two dollars, must place it beyond the reach of the general public; and of those who can afford such expensive memorials of its existence only a few are sufficiently interested in the Philadelphia Exhibition and its relations to American history to care to preserve such a record of its choicest features. But, even in a purely artistic point of view, the work, both in its conception and execution, promises to be fully worth its price, and worthy of acceptance by that limited public to whose educated appreciation it appeals.

Another splendid work of a somewhat similar character, but issued from the Department of the Interior, is a description of the wonderful Grotto Geyser* of that Yellowstone Valley containing so many marvellous freaks of nature, which the liberality and taste of the Federal Government has appropriated as a national Park, and which some half-century hence, when the surrounding country has been peopled, will no doubt be the most interesting and precious of national estates. The Americans have shown great judgment and public spirit in thus appropriating and consecrating to the public use the finest specimens of scenery and natural wonders within their dominion. The splendid Yosemite Valley of California, with its giant trees, was many years ago thus acquired for the nation; but it had at that time already become an object of general curiosity, and was accessible to thousands of visitors. The Yellowstone Valley, whose marvels are far greater, if its beauty is not so striking, lies altogether outside the present frontiers of settlement and civilization, and is so far from the nearest railways, and surrounded by a country so wild, and as yet so utterly untraversed by roads, that only a few ardent naturalists or travellers have been able to explore it. Its reservation as a public possession is therefore an act of far-sighted liberality of which, so far as we know, no other Government than that of the United States has yet given an example. The illustration representing the most remarkable of the many natural fountains of this wonderful valley, and the text by which it is explained, are executed in a manner worthy of the subject.

A complete life of Mr. Seward would rank with the most interesting historical biographies which the next generation may confidently expect. Though the late Secretary of State was not in himself a very interesting personage, and though there was little or nothing in his character to command the admiration of contemporaries or the respect of posterity, he played a very considerable part in one of the greatest events of modern history. No one would dream of comparing his part on the historical stage with that of men like Cavour, Bismarck, or the third Napoleon; but among the second-rate figures of the age his was not the least prominent; and the great revolution in which he took a share may perhaps prove ultimately to have affected the future of mankind not less than the emancipation of Italy or the unification of Germany. But the work before us† deals only with the earlier and less important portion of Mr. Seward's career. It is divided into two parts—an autobiography, and a memoir filled up with a multitude of letters, more or less interesting as bearing upon the political history of the time, from the pen of one of the most active and intriguing politicians of America. From a comparatively early age Mr. Seward exercised a very great influence on the policy of the party to which he attached himself, rather perhaps from a mixture of prejudice and of clear-sighted self-interest than from strong conviction. A man of his cool judgment and political ability, devoid of enthusiasm and little likely to be led away by a popular craze, can hardly have been very sincere in his adhesion to that frantic agitation against Freemasonry with which he early connected himself, and out of which grew that Whig coalition of which the Republican party, so long dominant, first through military and then through political successes, is the offspring and heir. The principal value of the ponderous volume before us, which has been swelled by unimportant letters and elaborate details of insignificant transactions to the monstrous proportions characteristic of American biographies, consists in the records of those obscure political intrigues and personal ambitions in which a party that has played so great a

* *The Grotto Geyser of the Yellowstone National Park.* With a Descriptive Note and Map, and an Illustration by the Albert-type Process. Department of the Interior, U.S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

† *Autobiography of William H. Seward, from 1801 to 1834. With a Memoir of his Life, and Selections from his Letters from 1831 to 1846.* By Frederic W. Seward. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

part on the historical stage originated. The anti-masonic agitation not a little resembled in its original unmeaning nature, and in the absurd suspicions that gave rise to it, the "Popish plot" which exercised so terrible an influence at a critical period of English history. Happily it resulted in no such general madness, and in no such horrible sacrifice of innocent blood. But, breaking out at a time when the old Federal party had been annihilated, and when the Democrats had so completely triumphed that it was no longer worth the while of ambitious aspirants to attach themselves to their cause, it gathered round it all the elements out of which a dangerous political faction could be created. The malcontents of the victorious and now unopposed party; all the men for whom there was not room in its ranks; all those who, ambitious of political distinction, found the avenues closed by a multitude of competitors with well-established claims to share in the patronage of General Jackson and his party, gathered round the first flag that promised them a rallying point, a subject of popular declamation, and a chance of distinction. Among these Mr. Seward was one of the cleverest, one of the most ambitious, and certainly not one of the most scrupulous. A student of politics who can read between the lines of autobiographical apologies and political letters may learn from these memoirs the true history of the rise of what was long called "Black-Republicanism" in America. The silly suspicions of and antipathy to Freemasonry in which the new party originated could not long endure, especially as the very nature of the society which had provoked them prevented its engaging as a body in political conflict. The party was therefore left with all its personal ambitions and animosities, but with no fixed principles or defined purpose. It was by the law of its being an Opposition, but an Opposition without common views or a public policy. General Jackson's violent temper, personal crotchets, and imperious administration soon furnished this Opposition with doctrines and with leaders. He made many personal enemies, who naturally fell into its ranks. It was perhaps an accident, due chiefly to the fact that anti-masonry had its whole strength in some of the Northern States, that prevented Calhoun, the bitterest of Jackson's personal foes, and the one political leader who had a distinct policy with which to confront that of the President, from joining the new faction, and associating it with the defence of slavery and the avowal of Secessionist principles. Falling under the guidance of exactly opposite ideas and of men almost as jealous of Calhoun as he was of Jackson, it gradually absorbed the more moderate opponents of slavery and imbibed their ideas. The volume before us brings down Mr. Seward's personal story and that of his party only to the period at which the Whigs were still influential and hopeful; but it illustrates precisely that portion of the party history of Republicanism with which Englishmen and the younger generation of Americans are least acquainted, and therefore deserves the careful study of those who would understand the secret history of the transactions by which Abolitionism, half a century ago the theory only of a few impractical fanatics, became first the war cry of a great sectional party, and at last the policy of the Union.

Mr. Amory's *Transfer of Erin** is an equally heavy, but by no means equally interesting, work. Its tone and temper may be guessed from its title. It describes from an ultra-Irish point of view the gradual conquest of Ireland and the acquisition of a great part of its soil by Englishmen. That Ireland owes whatever law, civilization, and order she has from time to time received entirely to the successive extensions and consolidations of English power; that the revolts of the Irish were the outbreaks of barbarism against the restraints of law and civilization; that their temporary success throw the country back for generations, and that their permanent triumph must have involved it in a relapse into utter barbarism from which only a French or a Spanish conquest could have enabled it to emerge; that the severities of the conquerors never equalled or approached the cruelties of the conquered rebels, are facts sufficiently notorious to those who know the true history of Ireland, but facts of which no one would obtain a glimpse in Mr. Amory's pages. Nevertheless, were the work confined within more reasonable limits, it might be worth the while of those who have gathered their ideas of Irish history mainly from Mr. Froude to learn that there is another side to the story, and to see how that story is told by a writer differing utterly from Mr. Froude in intellectual power, in descriptive skill, in knowledge, and in energy and clearness of expression, but not a little resembling him in one-sidedness and prejudice.

We hoped a great deal from a treatise on the "Galley Period" of naval construction and tactics† by an able and experienced officer like Commodore Parker. The work has therefore considerably disappointed us. The Commodore does not appear to have gained even as clear a notion of the structure of Triremes and Quinqueremes, of the successive tactics of Phœnician, Athenian, Carthaginian, and Roman fleets, and generally of ancient navigation, as is possessed by many scholars who have none of his professional advantages; and, even in dealing with the fleets and naval tactics of the middle ages, he seems to have taken all his information at second hand, and to have been satisfied to copy much of which, so far as his readers can judge, he has but an im-

perfect comprehension. To readers unacquainted with what is generally known upon the subject the treatise may serve as a convenient epitome of generally accessible but scattered information; but to those who have a general notion of the form and appearance of ancient and mediæval vessels, and of the manner in which they were handled in war and peace, Commodore Parker's volume can be of little service or interest.

Mr. Horton's treatise on silver and gold* deals at considerable length with the various questions that constitute what may be called the currency problem, treated from that point of view in which they chiefly appear to an American politician anxious for a *bonâ fide* resumption of specie payments. Mr. Horton does not belong to the stricter school of economists, but, on the whole, his views are sound both in policy and morality. He fully appreciates the mischievous effects of an expansive paper currency. He sees how impossible it is that American finance should ever rest upon a secure basis, that American industry should ever be free from alternations of inflated speculation and ruinous collapse, so long as American money derives all its value—and that a fluctuating and uncertain value—from the sanction of the Government and the artificial support of the law. Though he seems in several places and by many dubious expressions to excuse, if not to approve, the views of those who question the legal validity of the obligation to pay the debt in gold alone, yet, when distinctly dealing with the practical question of payment, he clearly declares himself in favour of specie redemption as the only course consistent with the understanding on which the money was lent, and with the repeated assurances given by the Legislature upon which the present value of American stocks depends. One of the weakest points of his theory is an inclination towards a double standard, arising apparently out of a notion that the steady decline in the value of the precious metals in the long run, and their special fluctuations from time to time, involve a wrong to those who have contracted for payment therein; and particularly that the demonetization of silver in Europe has been the main cause of its recent fall in value, and has inflicted consequently a serious wrong upon the silver-using nations of Asia. The latter, of course, retain all the wealth they have ever possessed, except such small portion thereof as may be represented by the depreciated metal, and Europe will not be able to purchase Asiatic produce one whit the more cheaply—that is, to pay for it one whit the less value in commodities—because it may take twelve rupees instead of ten to represent the sovereign. The work, however, will probably do good in a country where views much more dangerous than the worst of Mr. Horton's errors are commonly prevalent; and may be worth perusal on the part of European economists.

Mr. Thompson's treatise on the Papacy and the Civil Power† will gratify a large number of English Protestants, and perhaps a still larger number of Continental Liberals, by showing that in the country *par excellence* of religious liberty and equality there are many who regard the recent pretensions of the Papacy with almost as much alarm and impatience as they have inspired on this side of the Atlantic. There is more excuse for these feelings than may be apparent to those who have not watched closely the recent course of American politics. We believe that the Roman Catholics, who form a very numerous and powerful body in many parts of the United States, have of late shown a disposition to act as a solid political party, at least for the purpose of obtaining concessions to their Church on points of educational policy. It can hardly be a matter of indifference to any farsighted statesman that a large and thoroughly organized section of citizens possessed of full political privileges should act together under instructions received from a foreign Power, whether that Power be nominally sovereign or not. But Mr. Thompson fails as completely as many other Protestant and Liberal writers have done to perceive that Papal pretensions are, after all, merely pretensions to authority over the conscience. All that the strongest advocates of Papal claims have said of the supremacy of the Church over civil authority and law would be admitted in effect by Protestants if stated of individual consciences. The Pope himself does not pretend that disobedience to the law should not involve legal penalties. He only insists that Catholics must obey their consciences at the risk of civil penalties, and that their conscience must be guided by the Church. The former point being admitted on all hands, and the latter being an essential principle of Catholicism, there is nothing new in the claim, and nothing has been really added to it by the recent proceedings of the Vatican. If it were once recognized that this pretension, however insolently expressed, and however inconveniently asserted now and then on the field of practical politics, is but the same that has been put forward in all ages, and is in fact inseparable from the essential principle of Catholicism—the authority of the Church (or Pope) in matters of conscience—the alarm inspired by Encyclicals and Conciliar decrees might, we think, be reasonably pacified.

The Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution‡, an endowed scientific body holding relations with the scientific departments of the Federal Government, and performing in America many of the

* *Transfer of Erin; or, the Acquisition of Ireland by England.* By Thomas C. Amory. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

† *The Fleets of the World: the Galley Period.* By Foxhill A. Parker, Commodore U.S. Navy, Author of "Fleet Tactics under Steam," &c. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

* *Silver and Gold; and their Relations to the Problem of Resumption.* By S. Dana Horton. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co.

† *The Papacy and the Civil Power.* By R. W. Thompson. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the Year 1875.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

unctions of the Royal Society at home, always contains much that is interesting to English as well as to American readers. The most remarkable papers contained in the present volume are, one on the life and discoveries of Volta, who may be called the founder of modern electric science; an essay on the probable future of the human race, dooming mankind to gradual extinction, first by the exhaustion of our coal and iron, and, secondly and finally, by the gradual degradation of the continents, which is to leave us no land save that of volcanic islands; and some elaborate ethnological essays, of which the most valuable perhaps is that on the Stone Age in New Jersey, showing as it does that before the great civilizations of Central and Southern America, and probably before that of the mound-builders, there existed on the Western continent a stage of human progress marked by the same characteristics as that whose relics are preserved in the kitchen-middens of Denmark and the lake villages of Switzerland.

The study of natural history seems to thrive in America, if we may judge from the multitude of works on the local flora and fauna which constantly pass through our hands, many of them confined to very small provinces of inquiry, and yet indicating no inconsiderable amount of research and observation. Among these Mr. Minot's elaborate account of the birds of New England* is not the least interesting.

Among the departments of the Centenary Exhibition was one devoted to the medical department of the Federal army, of which detailed accounts may be found in a number of papers now before us.† The only one of these to which we need call particular attention is the address delivered by the surgeon representing that department, in which our readers will find an interesting account of the functions, practical and scientific, of the medical service of the Union, and of the arrangements made to ensure through its means the collection of a vast amount of information of all kinds—meteorological, climatic, ethnological, pathological—which cannot but afford useful material to the compilers of works in any one of the manifold branches of science upon which the officers of the department are required to inform themselves and their Government.

Mr. Stewart's little work on irrigation‡, while thoroughly practical in character, contains a considerable amount of curious and interesting information. In particular, the writer points out the reason why irrigation is so especially needed in America, though the rainfall there is much greater than in England, where irrigation is comparatively unnecessary. In this country the rainfall is comparatively slight at any one time, and is distributed with tolerable evenness over every season of the year. Mr. Stewart underrates its amount; but it certainly does not reach two-thirds of that which he assigns as the total rainfall of the Atlantic States. But on the other side of the ocean the rain falls very heavily at particular periods, generally during those months when the life of the vegetable world is least active. Thoroughly soaking the ground, it finds its way rapidly to the streams and rivers, by whose numerous channels it is carried back to the sea. The months during which the heat stimulates the vital functions of plants are for the most part months of comparative drought; and therefore, if no means are adopted for the storage and distribution of the winter rainfall, the crops suffer from want of their most essential nourishment, and fall very far short of those which, with a smaller but more evenly distributed supply of water, are obtained from less fertile soils in England. Experiment, and the comparison of the crops obtained with different quantities of water, seem, according to Mr. Stewart, to show that the larger the supply of water the greater the amount of solid produce for every pound of moisture supplied.

Mr. Putnam's volume entitled *The Best Reading*§ is only a classified list of those books on various subjects which the editor conceives to be the best worth reading, and contains such a multitude of names that it is obvious that only in regard to a fraction of the entire number can he have received any information, even at second-hand. His guidance, therefore, cannot be of much value, and, such as it is, it is confined almost entirely to recent publications.

Mr. Marsh's *American Guide to London*|| is, of course, chiefly intended for his countrymen; but it may perhaps be of some little service to Londoners, who are apt to know as little about the interesting objects and institutions of their own city as is known even by foreign visitors who see it for the first time.

* *The Land Birds and Game Birds of New England; with Descriptions of their Nests, Habits, &c.* Illustrated. By H. D. Minot. Salem, Mass.: Naturalists' Agency. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

† *The Medical Staff of the U.S. Army and its Scientific Work.* By Surgeon J. J. Woodward, U.S. Army. In charge of the Representation of the Medical Department, U.S.A., at the Philadelphia Exhibition. Philadelphia: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *Irrigation for the Farm, Garden, and Orchard.* By H. Stewart. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

§ *The Best Reading: Hints on the Selection of Books, on the Formation of Libraries, Public and Private, on Courses of Reading, &c.* Edited by F. P. Parkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

|| *Marsh's American Guide to London and Suburbs.* New York: Lockwood & Co. 1877.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsgent, on the day of publication.

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—PAPINI, last time; SAINT SAKNS, first time this season, Tuesday, May 29. Quartet, D minor, Mozart: Trio in F, Saint Quirici, No. 1, in D, Beethoven; Solos, Violin and Piano-forte. St. James's Hall, Quater-past Three. Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, to be had of Lucas & Co. and Ollivier, Bond Street and Austin, at the Hall. Visitors can pay at the Regent Street entrance.

Professor ELIA, Director.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. COUSINS. Monday Evening, May 28, Half-past Eight, St. James's Hall, Spohr's "Tower of Sound," Symphony; Overture, "Lynceus," Beethoven; Overture, "Fannyhuser," Wagner; Wagner's "Venus Concerto"; Violin, Herr Ludwig Straus. Vocalist, Madame Campobello. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM" (the latter just completed, and by 22 feet), with "Drama of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c. &c. at the YORK GALLERY, 15 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six.

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ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.—The SHOW OPENS Saturday, June 2. Hunters Judged and Poles leaped. Admission 2s. 6d.; other days, 1s. Monday, June 4, Harness Horses judged and parade of Commanded Horses. Tuesday, 5, Wednesday 6, Thursday, 7, Friday, 8. For Programme see daily Advertisements. Doors open at Ten o'clock.

By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager, Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.—RESERVED SEATS in the Balcony to View Parades and Leaping, 10s. and 5s., may be engaged from a numbered Plan on and after Monday next, May 28. UNRESERVED SEATS, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Notice is hereby given, that the next HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on Monday, June 25, 1877. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial Examinations will be held at Owens College, Manchester; Queen's College, Liverpool; Queen's College, Birmingham; St. Catharine's College, Oxford; St. John's College, London; and St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore.

Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the REGISTRAR (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) at least fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

May 24, 1877.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

FETTES COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—Four of £60 per annum. Competition in July.—Apply for particulars to HEAD-MASTER, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

"LAURENCE SAUNDERS" SCHOLARSHIP.—

NOTICE is hereby given that the next Examination for this Scholarship (founded in memory of Laurence Saunders, who suffered martyrdom at Coventry, in the reign of Queen Mary), will be held at Clifton College, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 5, 6, 7, next. Candidates, whose age must not exceed eighteen on the day of the examination (September 10, 1877), must furnish the Trustees with satisfactory evidence of moral character. The successful candidate must within two weeks after the said September 15 furnish the Trustees with an undertaking in writing forthwith to commence, or continue, his studies at one of the Colleges at Oxford or Cambridge; or at University College, London; or at the Royal College, London; or at Owens College, Manchester. The Scholarship, which is of the annual value of £60, is tenable for four years, but shall be vacated if the holder thereof shall refuse to reside in or study at one of the aforesaid Colleges with due diligence, and to the satisfaction of the Trustees. In making the Election, the Trustees will give a preference to Candidates born at, or residing at Coventry, or within five miles thereof. Papers will be set in the following subjects, viz.: Greek—Medes of Euripides; Herodotus, Book viii.; Latin—Ucero de Amicitia; Horace, Odes, Book I.; Latin Prose Composition; Greek and Roman History; Mathematics—Euclid, Books I. to vi. and xi.; Arithmetic; Algebra; Plane Trigonometry to the Solution of Triangles; Geometrical Conic Sections; English History; English Language; English Literature (Elizabethan Period, 1580 to 1625); Cream's English Constitution. Notice of intention to compete for the Scholarship, together with all necessary certificates, must be forwarded to JOHN F. NORTON, Barrister-at-Law, Aldon Chambers, Bristol, on or before August 8 next.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—£25 to £50 a year. Examination begins Wednesday, June 20. A Scholarship may be won by proficiency in Classics or Mathematics, or Natural Science, or French and German, with English.—Apply to HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, Clifton College, Bristol.

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MR. GLADSTONE AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Birmingham was not the most eloquent which he has delivered on the Turkish question; and in some respects it was the most violent and most uncompromising. In the latter part of his address he recurred to the denunciation of the Turkish nation and the Mahometan religion which excited the enthusiasm of his followers and the surprise of dispassionate politicians when he first expressed similar opinions or feelings in his earliest pamphlet on the Eastern question. The objection to his language is not that his statements are necessarily untrue, but that the only practical conclusions to which they lead are untenable and mischievous. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, whose late comments on the present crisis were quoted by Mr. GLADSTONE, adopts a different and opposite tone. He says that he has not materially changed the opinions which are expressed in the substance of his communication, which was written in 1863. "Should any aggression," Lord STRATFORD then said, "be made on the territories or national independence of Turkey, we could not in honour reject the appeal which would doubtless be made to our good faith, even if it were to involve us in hostilities with an aggressive Power or an aggressive coalition." As a precaution against such a danger, Lord STRATFORD urged on the Government the duty of counteracting as far as possible the causes of Turkish decay. At present Lord STRATFORD "would not be extreme in visiting on Turkey the entire responsibility for these lapses in good faith and discretion, especially when I look in vain for signs of any serious endeavour on the part of Europe to check the course of Turkish impolicy and neglect of the Porte's obligations during its fatal progress under the sway of Sultan ABDUL-AZIZ." During the greater part of that reign Mr. GLADSTONE was a principal member of the English Government; during five years of the time he was Prime Minister. He may perhaps be justified in adopting in Opposition a policy directly opposite to that for which he was responsible in office; but a tardy convert might be more tolerant of heresies which he has but recently abjured.

Mr. GLADSTONE has apparently no policy to propose except a joint coercion of Turkey, which has ceased to be practicable since the commencement of the Russian invasion. When forcible measures would still have been possible if the concert of the neutral Powers could have been obtained, Mr. GLADSTONE never formally and directly proposed active interference. Even now he is so far restrained by the scruples and responsibilities of a statesman that he gives no open sanction to the reckless violence of the demagogues whom he condescends to lead. The Rev. Mr. DALE, hitherto principally known by his antipathy to the Church Establishment, epigrammatically announced that he was for peace at any price, even at the price of war. The insincerity of professed philanthropists has seldom been confessed with equally cynical candour; but, on the other hand, some credit is due to politicians who accept the logical consequence of their doctrines. The present Ministers are, as Mr. DALE sarcastically observed, not members of the Peace Society; but they are supported by the vast majority of the House of Commons in their refusal to engage in a wanton and unjust war. Mr. GLADSTONE and the party with which he has now associated himself openly profess to appeal from Parliament to the people, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself suggests that the

decision would be most conveniently given as the result of a dissolution. If the proposal is seriously made, it may be replied that no precedent can be found of a dissolution conceded at the instance of political adversaries by a Government which, having an ordinary working majority, finds its numbers doubled in a division on the issue which would at a general election be submitted to the country. The main difference between constitutional and democratic principles consists in recognition of the supremacy of Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE has often inclined to the system which found its fullest expression in the plebiscites which the late French Emperor employed to counteract the independent tendency of Parliamentary institutions. The multitude is for the moment on his side; but England is not yet governed by a miscellaneous show of hands.

Mr. DALE repudiated the obvious inference which has been drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE's visit to Birmingham, that he has pledged himself to the subversive principles and the narrow exclusiveness of the local Liberal Association; but the fiction of abstaining from a formal and verbal alliance is too transparent to be worth maintaining. The promoters of the meeting publicly announced the connexion between Mr. GLADSTONE's participation in the proceedings and the federal union of Clubs which are, if possible, to inflict on the hostile party throughout the country permanent political disabilities. Mr. GLADSTONE's attention may perhaps be for the moment concentrated exclusively on the Eastern question; but his allies at Birmingham, while they share his antipathy to the Turkish system of government, are bent on turning the excitement caused by the fervour and the eloquence of their leader to domestic purposes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN makes no secret of his political objects; nor can Mr. GLADSTONE persuade himself that his presence at Birmingham has no relation to movements which have nothing to do with the Bulgarians. The proposed federation of Liberal Clubs is an attempt to govern the country by the agency of a gigantic political union. In countenancing such an organization Mr. GLADSTONE necessarily places himself at its head. He may perhaps still persist in his intention of not resuming his former position in Parliament; but when he takes the chief part in a permanent popular agitation, he will seriously embarrass his successor on the front Opposition bench. If PERL, after his retirement from office, had become the rival or successor of O'CONNELL, he would have anticipated the career which seems to be meditated by Mr. GLADSTONE. The essential doctrines of the enlarged Birmingham Association are not professed by Mr. GLADSTONE's former colleagues. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an essay published three or four years ago, urged on the new Liberal party the expediency of devoting their first efforts to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England. Changes in the representative system, in the laws which regulate the tenure of land, and in nearly all the institutions of the country, will follow in due order. The machinery of the proposed revolution is in itself highly objectionable. Government by a Club or association of a majority united in political opinion has long since been firmly established at Birmingham. The adverse party, though it probably possesses a large share of the property and intelligence of the community, is, as far as possible systematically excluded from all local influence and municipal activity. The first principle of the federal compact to which Mr. GLADSTONE has

pledged himself is deliberate intolerance. Birmingham Liberals have not yet demanded the exclusion of Conservatives from courts of justice, but they allow the conquered sect no share in government or administration. With an extended suffrage exercised in equal electoral districts, the House of Commons would perhaps become a Committee of the federated Clubs. Those who are curious to understand the principle of the Birmingham Association may find in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a lucid exposition of the entire system by the Rev. Mr. CROSEY, himself a leading member of the body. The Conservatives at Birmingham are reduced to the condition of the Catholics before 1829, and the apologist or eulogist of the Association betrays an amusing unconsciousness of the political bigotry of himself and his associates. A citizen of Birmingham who wishes to share in the administration of municipal affairs, or in the control of the funds to which he contributes, must make up his mind to approve of the disestablishment of the Church, of the uniformity of the franchise, of some undefined alternation of land tenure, and, as it would appear, of war with the Turks. Above all, though tests are supposed to have been long since abolished, the candidate for civic activity must believe that Mr. GLADSTONE ought to be Prime Minister, and that the Turks should be the objects of immediate war.

It remains to be seen whether, after taking the lead in a formidable agitation, Mr. GLADSTONE will still assume in the House of Commons the character of a private member. It is generally understood that, if he had pressed his Resolution to a division, Lord HARTINGTON would have resigned his position as leader of the Liberal party. He and his colleagues cannot but feel that, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE controls a large and active section of the party, the exercise of Lord HARTINGTON's legitimate authority must be extremely difficult. It is possible that the end of the Session may be rendered memorable by a disruption and coalition of parties.

THE WAR.

EVEN if it had been true that the Turks or their Kurd auxiliaries had retaken Ardahan, the Russian army would probably be strong enough to continue its advance on Erzeroum. The campaign in Asia and the preparations on the Danube seem to indicate a deliberate purpose to be accomplished by the employment of irresistible numbers. The Turks probably retain their ancient valour, although it is said that the Governor of Ardahan and his officers disgraced themselves by a precipitate surrender; but the great improvements in the art and practice of war which have been introduced within twenty or thirty years all tend to ensure more certainly than in former times the victory of the richer and stronger belligerent. Danger is closing round the Porte on every side. The fall of the Greek Ministry is the result of its supposed policy of peace, and the King is threatened with popular tumults if he fails to appoint a Cabinet of more warlike propensities. Although no cause of offence has been given by the Porte, there will be no difficulty in picking a quarrel. The Greek kingdom has neither an efficient army nor a formidable fleet; but it can promote insurrections in the neighbourhood of its Northern frontier, and it can perhaps cause a rising in Crete. The real motive for a possible attack on Turkey would be anxiety to share the distribution of territory which must ensue if the Turkish Empire is overthrown. The Greeks bear little good will to the Russians; but they are not disposed to waive their claim to Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete, or perhaps to Constantinople itself. Another supplementary attack is apprehended on the side of Servia. The ambiguous language of the Russian Government is consistent with secret agitation by the Slavonic Societies; and indigenous agitators are not backward in urging Prince MILAN to action. The Servians, like the Greeks, are anxious not to forfeit their claim to a share in the expected plunder. It is true that they were during the winter rescued from imminent danger by the peace which was granted on extremely liberal terms. They have since had neither injury nor offence to complain of; but where the carcass is expected to fall, birds of prey, small and large, gather together.

A Roumanian writer has published a plausible apology for the co-operation of his Government with the Russian

invader. He perhaps lays too much stress on the obstinate refusal of the Porte to concede independence to a nominally subject province. No change in forms and titles would either have delayed the Russian passage of the Pruth, or have materially affected the subsequent arrangements. The Russian Government would assuredly have disregarded as a fictitious contrivance a declaration of independence on the eve of a war. An ambitious Power meditating a neighbouring conquest will always claim a right of way over intervening territory which is not protected by a competent force. If the Turks had been careful to put the Roumanians technically in the wrong, they would perhaps not have treated the Convention with Russia as a hostile act; but in the course of a few weeks collision would have been unavoidable; and the towns and villages on the left bank of the river which were from time to time cannonaded are probably now occupied by Russian troops. Politically, as well as physically, the larger mass attracts to itself all neighbouring particles of matter. Greece, Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro all obey, or will soon obey, the impulse of Russia. It is not surprising that discontent and alarm produce popular commotions at Constantinople. The Parliament which is still sitting sometimes remonstrates against the maintenance in power of unworthy Palace favourites; but the SULTAN's brother-in-law and the MINISTER OF WAR have hitherto succeeded in defying general indignation. An incapable COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is retreating through Asia Minor before the superior force of the enemy; and it is not known that any competent general directs the defensive operations on the Danube. A certain amount of energy has been shown in the despatch of Circassian volunteers to the North-Eastern shores of the Black Sea; but the best authorities hold that no movement in the Caucasus can threaten the Russian forces in Armenia with serious danger. The promised neutrality of Persia cannot be implicitly trusted by the Porte; but of all the expected allies of the Russian invader, the Persians would be the most inexcusable if they shared in the destruction of a Mahommedan Empire.

The magnitude and completeness of the Russian armaments, and the vast scale of the impending operations, sufficiently confute the theory of minute critics who attribute the present war to casual diplomatic failures or mistakes. Nothing can be more improbable than that the Russian Government would have been diverted from its present course by any change which could have been introduced into a Memorandum, a Note, a Protocol, or a Declaration. The only sufficient impediment to a predetermined rupture would have been the opposition of one or more of the Great Powers to Russian aggression. The assurance of English neutrality was obtained by a rare union of adroitness with good fortune; and as Austria also was unprepared for active resistance, the army which began to assemble in the autumn was launched against Turkey on the first approach of spring. It may easily be believed that the Emperor ALEXANDER occasionally hesitated to engage in a perilous adventure. It was said on credible authority that he deeply resented the English agitation which removed the last obstacle to the completion of his enterprise. During the fifty years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the Treaty of Adrianople there has not been a period of five years during which Russia would have hesitated to invade Turkey if the neutrality of Europe could have been, as now, secured. The Emperor NICHOLAS tried the experiment prematurely, with the result of ascertaining at a heavy cost the conditions of success which are now for the first time satisfied. The incessant intrigues which have occupied the intervening time have furnished the Turkish Government with its only shadow of excuse for the continuance of provincial misgovernment. The SULTAN's successive Ministers have always known that their only safeguard against Russia lay in the prudent jealousy of Europe. No possible reform would have protected them against their ambitious neighbour, except through its tendency to conciliate the good will of England. Unfortunately they did the work of the enemy by alienating the confidence of their natural ally and protector.

A political fanatic who concentrated his energies on one side of the Eastern question has died at the moment when the Turkish Empire is perhaps verging on its agony of dissolution. Mr. UTCHART had for fifty years denounced Russian designs with an extravagance which injured his cause by making it ridiculous. His only

remarkable gift was a facility in learning languages, which he mistook for a capacity of acquiring accurate knowledge. Because he had the rare accomplishment of understanding Turkish, he fancied that he correctly appreciated the Turkish character. He could not properly be called a charlatan, because he was not intentionally an impostor. He was sincere, as far as honesty is compatible with persistent self-deception founded on extreme personal vanity; and, although he was utterly devoid of the faculty of reasoning, the central conviction from which he never deviated was substantially true. The proposition that Russia was the most formidable enemy of justice and civilization branched out in Mr. URQUHART's morbid imagination into the most whimsical corollaries. His secondary doctrine was that Lord PALMERSTON was the paid agent of Russia, one service which he performed for his employer being the losses deliberately inflicted on England in the Crimean War. The mental unsoundness which is the indispensable qualification of a false prophet enabled Mr. URQUHART to form and direct a faithful little sect of like-minded disciples. His followers established clubs in two or three large towns, under the name of Foreign Affairs Committees, which from time to time published expositions of the perfidy of Russia and the treason of PALMERSTON. In one Parliament Mr. URQUHART obtained seats for himself and for Mr. ANSTAY, who was then his principal follower. After a session or two of woe Lord PALMERSTON judiciously bought off one of his assailants by an official appointment; and Mr. URQUHART, who was incorruptible, soon lost his seat in the House of Commons. The fragments of his sect lately existed, but any remnant which may survive will probably now disperse. Those among them who may still remain faithful to their eccentric teacher may now fairly quote the warnings which he addressed in vain to an incredulous generation. His fantastic belief in the superior wisdom and goodness of Oriental and Mahometan races was peculiar to himself and his credulous devotees; but no exaggeration could falsify his habitual assertion that the aggressive and perfidious policy of Russia was never intermitted. CASSANDRA was not altogether in her right mind, but her ravings contained an admixture of truth.

THE SCOTCH CHURCHES.

THE two Scotch Churches hold their Assemblies at this time of year, and there is always much to interest the outside world in their proceedings. Both institutions appear to be flourishing, pushing forward their boundaries, and exulting in their own zeal. Both have their difficulties, however; and they are difficulties which even Scotch fervour and the extreme liberality with which the Scotch support every ecclesiastical arrangement which takes their fancy or enlists their sympathies do not suffice to surmount. In meetings of the Established Church there has been, for instance, an instructive discussion as to the supply of ministers. It appears that the supply of youthful shepherds is scarcely equal to the demands which, if not the flocks, yet those who wish the flocks well, perceive to exist. It was proposed that an attempt should be made to remedy the want by devoting new funds to the support of students for the ministry. But this was loudly denounced as a mere means of bribing young men to take up a line of life for which they had no vocation, and the adoption of which they would hereafter bitterly regret. Nor was it considered at all certain that the bribe would be effectual. The young Scotchman to whom it was offered would, it was suggested, make a calculation with the traditional shrewdness of his country, and would be only too likely to prove to himself that, on the whole, the line proposed to him would not pay. It is true that he would get for a short period of his life the modest lodging and moderate sustenance which enable young Scotchmen to pursue their studies; but when that period was over he would have nothing before him but a hundred a year and a humble position in the world. To study divinity, even if the study cost him nothing, would seem to him a very unremunerative investment. It was therefore urged that the true way was to begin at the other end, and to make the life of the minister more easy and more attractive. Unfortunately, it seems to be allowed to be too bright a dream that the stipends of the ministers can be much increased. The heritors on whom the legal duty of supporting the established clergy lies are not at all inclined to go beyond their legal

duties. In fact, the heritors are in many cases stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence in the paths of ministers, and even assert hereditary claims which distress and vex their pastors. One minister brought to the notice of the Assembly his own sad case, and invited the sympathy which a clerical audience was sure to bestow, when he informed his hearers that his heritors claimed to own a great part of the body of his church and let out the pews for their own benefit, so that he, as it were, cheated himself, and the better he preached the less it cost to keep him. If the life of the minister is not to be made more easy, is there much hope of its being made more attractive? By being made more attractive is meant, in simple language, being made more fashionable. If only the minister while he starved could be sure of being considered a starving gentleman, he might think that poverty had its roses as well as its thorns. But the most experienced members of the Assembly acknowledge with a sigh that there is not much chance of this. The Scotch minister has not, as such, any place in society whatever. His heritors, even in their kindest mood, merely patronize him, and, as a member of the Assembly remarked, the richer members of the establishment, although they will freely give their money to the Church, positively decline to give their sons to it. Religious zeal in Scotland can do many things, but it cannot induce gentlemen to let their sons be ministers.

But neither poverty nor the want of social position is the chief barrier to the supply of Scotch ministers. There is another cause which cannot fail to operate. A young man, unless the solid and unwavering experience of years has assured him that under no circumstances will he ever be tempted to use his mind, may naturally tremble at the thought that he may one day be brought to the bar of the General Assembly. Dr. SMITH, well known as a Biblical scholar of very moderate opinions, has been going through this ordeal this week. He has lately written two articles in an Encyclopædia which have excited suspicion. It was not quite clear that he was really and unimpeachably sound on the age of the Book of Deuteronomy, or on the nature of angels, or on the authorship of one of the Psalms. It was also not quite clear that he was unsound. His language in the articles in question was such as to leave his Free Church readers in a state of discomfort. If they could not scent the rose of heresy in his works, they could scent a person who had been the rose's neighbour. Accordingly, after the fashion of the Scotch Churches, the Presbytery brought to bear on him the awful artillery of skilful questions:—What did he think about this, and what did he think about that? The Free Church of course has not at its disposal all the machinery which the Established Church has at its command. A case was brought to the notice of the Assembly of the Established Church in which, when it was discovered that a witness who was being "tortured" with questions by a Presbytery declined to answer them, it was proposed to call in the Sheriff to make him open his lips. The censures and proceedings of the Free Church are purely spiritual, and it was open to Dr. SMITH to answer or not as he pleased. He took a middle course, which was quite in harmony with the dictates of worldly prudence, but which was in its way vexatious. He answered the questions in the shortest possible way, and in one instance answered a subtle question several lines long by the simple monosyllable "No." What the Free Church Assembly was asked to sanction, and what it did sanction, was that new questions, framed with greater ingenuity, should be administered to Dr. SMITH; and this time it may be expected that he will have his latent heresy wrung out of him, if there is any latent heresy to be wrung out. There was also a further question which was discussed by the Assembly with the greatest warmth, and at a length which even a Scotch Assembly seems to have considered rather alarming. Dr. SMITH suggested that if it was thought that he had been guilty of heresy, a distinct charge of heresy should be made against him, the effect of which would be that as soon as the libel was found to be relevant—that is, worth considering—he would be suspended from teaching his classes. But this did not suit the views of the majority of the Assembly. It was not of heresy that they were complaining, but of a faint and delicate flavour of heresy. The perception of this flavour was to their keen senses a present and immediate fact. They could not wait for there was nothing to wait for. The only question in their minds was whether they did or did not

feel a sort of pangency in the ecclesiastical air when they came across Dr. SMITH and his literary productions. There could be no mistake about it. They had the sensation they described, and so they decided that Dr. SMITH should be suspended from teaching without further delay.

We do not see that the General Assembly was in any way to blame. They thought that they were doing something which it was very right, necessary, and wise to do. They were keeping their Church clear, not only from a taint, but from the taint of being suspected of having a taint. The machinery of asking a minister any question which any of the pillars of the Church think most calculated to make him say exactly what he thinks about anything as to which there is any doubt what his opinions are is the machinery which the constitution of their Church provides. A man may choose whether he will be a Free Church minister or not; but, if he accepts the position, he knows, or ought to know, what it involves. As a mode of extirpating heresy in its faintest and most feeble beginnings, it seems to be a very efficacious and lively piece of machinery. It must tend to discourage men from writing on theological subjects at all, and then, if they do not write anything, they cannot write heresy. From the point of view of the Free Church this is quite right. And it is very unjust to condemn an institution for not being what it has never pretended to be. There is no sense in saying that it is illiberal, for the Free Church does not pretend to be liberal; or that it is a despotic, harsh, and arbitrary way of treating a minister, for this is the way in which, by its constitution, the Free Church has to treat its ministers. All that can be said is that this relation between the Church and its ministers constitutes what may be supposed to be a powerful reason for the opinion apparently prevailing among young Scotchmen that the life of a Scotch minister is not an easy or attractive one. If a young man says that he does not want an easy or attractive life, that in all probability he will never write anything, and that, if he does, he will not mind how many questions are asked him, he may adopt the useful and honourable calling of a Free Church minister with a light and cheerful heart, and may hope to contribute something to the furthering of the good work which the Free Church carries on with so much ardour and success.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

THE Cabinet of Mr. HAYES has at last made up its mind that the raids of Mexicans into Texas shall be stopped, and has intimated to the *de facto* Mexican Government that after a certain date the commanders of the American troops will cross the frontier stream of the Rio Grande, pursue the marauders on to Mexican soil, and bring them back into the territory of the United States for punishment. This is only one phase of a dispute, or series of disputes, that has been going on for a long time. The border districts of Texas and of the Northern States of Mexico have been in the condition in which the border districts of England and Scotland were in old days. On both sides of the Rio Grande cattle-raising has been the pursuit, and cattle-lifting the recreation, of wild and lawless men. Texas has been always complaining of Mexico, and Mexico of Texas, and both had no doubt ample cause of complaint. But in this long-continued raid the balance of trade, so to speak, has been on the side of the Mexicans. They have carried off more cattle than they have lost. An immense volume of claims was made on either side, and, when the two Governments referred these claims to an arbitral Commission, it was pronounced that Mexico owed and must pay America a million sterling. Other claims than those arising out of cattle-raids entered into the account; but cattle-lifting was the chief ground of claim, and the transactions must have been on a very imposing scale when a million sterling only represented the balance due from the side that had triumphed to the greatest profit. The United States Government very naturally and properly wishes to stop such a state of things; but it is difficult to say how it is to be stopped if the Mexicans who make expeditions are not to be followed over the river. The frontier is so enormously long, and the posts of the American troops are so few and far between, that it is impossible that the Mexican robbers can be prevented from crossing into Texas or can be caught and handed before they get back into their own happy

country. If the Texans are robbed, it is scarcely to be expected that they will not retaliate. Texas, no doubt, is a very lawless place; but still the American Government has done something to make things better there than they were, and it may gradually hope to do more. It probably by making examples would discourage the bold citizens of Texas from pursuing their favourite sport on the other side of the Rio Grande. At any rate it is ready to offer to do this. Texans shall not go into Mexico if Mexicans will not come into Texas; but the Mexicans must do their duty in return, and must stay religiously within their own boundaries.

The Mexican Government ought obviously to charge itself with the task of preventing its citizens from persisting in their depredations. But the Mexican Government has other and nearer things to think of. It has to exist, and that is no easy matter. The present Government is that of PORFIRIO DIAZ, which has now retained power for six months. For the moment there is no opposition to it, and an election has been held which has constituted PORFIRIO DIAZ President in regular form. It is not by any means a bad Government in its way, and does its best to secure order, develop trade, and win confidence. In spite of its revolutions, Mexico is making indisputable progress. Its exports are increasing, and this shows that the enormous resources of its soil are being turned to better account. Business is better generally, and the reported discoveries of silver in the United States have not brought down the metal to a price which is likely to make the working of Mexican mines unremunerative. But the Government has great difficulties to contend with. The mass of the people would be very willing to see it continue; but it has a determined opponent to deal with in the ex-President LERDO, who is at present in the United States, where he has many friends; and his claims to be restored to what he contends is his legal position are thought to be so strong, that the United States Government, in addressing the Government of PORFIRIO DIAZ on the subject of the Texas raids, has carefully guarded itself against the deduction that it was thus recognizing the Government it addressed. It will not pronounce between the rival Presidents. All it does is to invite the President who happens to be in possession to restrain persons whom he affects to govern from harrying the property of American citizens. But he cannot do this without having in his pay troops on whom he can rely. His Government has only too many troops at its disposal, but it cannot pay them without ruining the country, and it has undertaken that the sums expended on the army shall be reduced to a comparatively small amount. Nor would it feel perfectly easy in having a large body of troops stationed in the Northern States. The Rio Grande is more than a thousand miles from the capital, and a general in command of an army so far away might be tempted to set up for himself, or to listen to the overtures of the rival President. The Government of PORFIRIO DIAZ is no doubt very anxious to avoid giving any cause of offence to its powerful neighbour, and even in the time of its worst financial straits it found the means of paying the first instalment due on the amount awarded as an indemnity. It would be very glad to keep the citizens of the Northern provinces from plundering Texas, if only it could see the way to do so. But there is no apparent prospect of its being able to give effect to its good intentions; and, in face of this powerlessness of the Mexican Government, the American Cabinet has very justifiably decided to take the law into its own hands.

But it is evident that the Government of Mr. HAYES by no means relishes the task which it thus imposes on itself. It makes its demand with as little peremptoriness as possible. It shows nothing like a desire to prey upon or humiliate a weak neighbour. Nothing is to be done at present, and a considerable time must elapse before an American soldier will cross the Rio Grande. The Mexican Government is to have abundant opportunity to consider what it will do and what it can do. It is only when it has practically confessed that it can do nothing that the troops of the United States will be charged with their new duties. Even if an American commander does cross the Rio Grande, seize on a band of alleged offenders, and bring them for trial to the States, there will be no desire on the part of the American Government that this should be the beginning of a serious invasion. To annex one or two of the Northern States of Mexico can be no kind of benefit to the Americans. They would merely get more land when they have plenty

enough, and more restless people to tranquillize, when they have already too many. The annexation of Mexico generally would perhaps be profitable as a pecuniary speculation, but would be disastrous politically; and no American of any prominence is blind to the enormous danger of bringing within the pale of American suffrage some millions of Catholic Indians. Still Mexico is so near, it excites so much interest in the States, it occasionally gives so much trouble, and so very much might be made of it if order could be secured in it, that it is not surprising to find that some Americans have set themselves to think whether the United States could not interfere in Mexico without annexing it or any portion of it. An article in the *Washington Review*, written by an author who is not without influential connexions, has lately suggested to anxious Mexicans that something else than annexation may be in store for them. The suggestion of the article is that the United States should leave Mexico to the Mexicans, but should exercise a protectorate over it. The history of India shows that this is what England would probably do under similar circumstances. The benefit to Mexico would be very great, and as soon as the protectorate was established, the perception of the benefits they derived from it would probably soon reconcile the Mexicans to any humiliation they might suppose it to inflict on them. Whether there would be any serious resistance to its establishment is purely a matter of conjecture; but there is a sufficient probability of such a resistance to make a prudent American consider very carefully whether the game would be worth the candle. The real objection to the protectorate seems to be that it does not appear to be in harmony with American institutions. Great aristocracies, like those of England and Rome, can govern dependencies or establish protectorates, for they possess the proper machinery for the purpose. There is always some one in England fit to be Viceroy of India, and the man who has been Viceroy of India returns to take his natural place in English society. But at a democracy neither produces the men fit for such a task nor would endure them without jealousy when their term of authority was over. No doubt there are many Americans who, with a little of the training of experience, would learn to exercise a protectorate with firmness, justice, and a sincere regard for the interests of the protected Power; but such men would, if called on to show their aptitude for government, be regarded, and could scarcely help regarding themselves, as outside the pale of ordinary American society, and their eminence could hardly fail to be considered as a source of possible political danger.

FRANCE.

THE French crisis has passed into an extremely sluggish stage. It is plain that nothing new is to be looked for during the month for which the Chambers are prorogued. Marshal MACMAHON is daily provided with a policy in the columns of hostile or friendly newspapers; but there is no reason to suppose that he has yet invented one for himself. That he means to appeal to the country in some way may be taken as certain; but the particular mode in which the appeal will be made, and the precise extent to which it will be allowed to pledge his future action, are matters which will perhaps be decided for him by his advisers. It is still doubtful whether the majority in the Chamber of Deputies will oppose or welcome a dissolution. Both courses find supporters in the Republican press, and the pleasure of defeating M. DE BROGLIE in the Senate, as well as in the Chamber of Deputies, would of course be very great. But the latest supposition seems to be that the majority will take the most obvious and constitutional method of showing their want of confidence in the Ministry imposed on them by the MARSHAL, and will refuse to vote the supplies. In that case they cannot well object to a dissolution. The Ministry will contend that they have the country with them, and they may fairly challenge the majority either to admit their claim or to give them the opportunity of making a good majority in the Chamber of Deputies refusing to discuss the Estimates, and a majority in the Senate refusing to let the constituencies show by their votes whether, in so returning their representatives expressed their real mind, could not possibly co-exist for long.

Why the Senate was invested with a veto on a dissolution was a subject of the pieces of the new French Constitution.

tion. But though the exercise of this veto is subject to no express limitation, it will necessarily be restricted in practice. If the Executive professes itself anxious to take the opinion of the electors, the Senate ought not to offer any opposition, unless it is quite clear that the only motive for a dissolution is to get rid of Parliamentary control. There is nothing to show that this will be Marshal MACMAHON's motive. He apparently believes that the deputies are very much more Radical than the electors who have returned them; and that many of those who are now opposing him owe their election to the magic of his name. If he is right in this view, he can fairly ask to be allowed to prove himself right. If he is wrong, he cannot too soon be disabused of any such notion. To attempt to stand between the President and the country would be the greatest mistake that the Republican party could well commit. If the feeling of the constituencies has really undergone the change indicated in the MARSHAL'S Message, it is as important for the Republicans to know it as for the Government. So long as they remain ignorant of the fact they are in constant danger of making the breach between themselves and the nation wider. If the change exists only in the MARSHAL'S fancy, it will be well that the Opposition should at once be armed with the strength which comes from a deliberate judgment of the electors in their favour.

Contradictory assertions are constantly made in Paris as to the precise nature of the issue which the MARSHAL means to submit to the country. According to one opinion, he will plainly tell the electors that, if they wish to have him any longer as President, they must support the Ministers of his choice. According to another opinion, the MARSHAL holds that he has undertaken to protect the nation against itself, and that until his term of office has run out he means to stick to his post, even if the nation plainly signifies that it does not want to see him there. Both hypotheses are put forward in journals which are supposed to receive inspiration from members of the Cabinet; and both probably represent views which have been urged on the MARSHAL by one or other of his advisers. It is probable that when he dismissed M. SIMON and took the Duke of BROGLIE into his councils his intentions pointed to the former alternative. Nothing was said about resignation in the Message read to the Chambers just before the prorogation, but some of the phrases contained in it would be scarcely intelligible unless resignation was in the MARSHAL'S mind. The kind of appeal which he there seems to contemplate could hardly have its full effect if resignation were altogether kept out of sight. Whatever hopes he or his Ministers may build on, the elections must have as their foundation the supposed unwillingness of Conservative France to be left without its protector. Experience has proved that, as between one Cabinet and another, French Conservatives can show themselves sublimely indifferent. If anything is to rouse them from their lethargy, it must be the conviction that it is only while Marshal MACMAHON remains in office that Ministries may come and go and no harm follow. It is at least possible—Marshal MACMAHON perhaps thinks that it is highly probable—that the prospect of a change of President may affect the electors in a quite different way from any in which they have been affected hitherto. The position in which the new Cabinet finds itself is not one which makes it safe to leave any chance unused. The course which the MARSHAL has taken is one that can only be justified by conspicuous success. He has dismissed a Minister who, however he may have obtained his majority, did undoubtedly possess one. He has replaced him by a Minister who, in the absence of external help, is as little likely to secure a majority as any politician in France. He has so completely broken with the Chamber of Deputies that a prorogation was the only means of giving the new Ministers time to settle into their places without encountering a tempest of hostile votes during the process. It is impossible to represent this policy as constitutional in spirit, whatever it may be in the letter. If it is not to receive a decisive condemnation at the hands of the electors, it must be because they feel that to condemn it would be to bring on themselves yet greater evils than any that can follow from submission.

All this may have been in the MARSHAL'S mind a fortnight ago, and yet he may now be hesitating whether to abandon the suggestions here indicated. If he determines to ask the country to say, not merely whether it will have M. DE BROGLIE for its Minister, but also whether it will have Marshal MACMAHON for its President, much will depend on the success which the Republicans secure.

offer. It was said at first that M. GAMBETTA intended, in the event of the MARSHAL threatening resignation, to support the candidature of M. GRÉVY. From a purely party point of view this would have been an excellent selection. M. GRÉVY is a man of irrefragable consistency and great self-control, and he has shown himself capable of commanding the unwilling respect even of those who, if they could, would gladly challenge the justice of his rulings. But he is a Republican of the Republicans, and it is doubtful whether France does not still prefer a Republican who has become one by necessity to a Republican who has all along been one from conviction. Nor is this preference, supposing it to be entertained, quite so irrational as it may seem. Republicanism by conviction is associated in the minds of Frenchmen with a doctrinaire dislike of compromise which would make it very difficult for a Government to deal fairly by all the contending parties over which the Republic has to make good its rule. Republicanism by necessity comes to them as an expression of that practical good sense which prefers the substance of government to the form, and is as ready to live under a Republic as under a Monarchy, provided that the same advantages are attainable under the one as under the other. It was announced a few days back that M. GAMBETTA will give the best possible evidence that he appreciates the nature of the situation by recommending the Republican party to take M. THIERS as their candidate. M. THIERS has never, perhaps, surrendered the desire of playing a return match with Marshal MACMAHON; and if it comes to be known that, when the MARSHAL resigns, M. THIERS is willing to take his place, it is impossible to predict what will be the effect of such a declaration on the country. When M. THIERS retired in 1873, his popularity was apparently unshaken. But he had no legal power of dissolving the Assembly, and he knew that his Commander-in-Chief had been gained over by the other side. If Marshal MACMAHON throws himself upon the country in such a way as will enable M. THIERS to do so likewise, the whole character of the contest may be revolutionized. M. THIERS has extraordinary claims on the gratitude of Frenchmen, and there is no danger that in recognizing these claims they will be led astray into any Radical excesses. M. THIERS's reputation for Conservatism is hardly less assuring than Marshal MACMAHON's own.

WOMEN AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

WHEN the House of Commons next takes up the Universities Bill, it will be called upon to discuss the clause which Mr. BALFOUR proposes to insert, empowering and virtually directing the Commissioners to provide for the admission of women to degrees. The idea of a woman donning the Oxford or Cambridge cap and gown over her ordinary dress and headgear, going up for her examination in the Schools or Senate House, taking part as a Mistress of Arts or a Doctress in the debates of the Academical Senate, sitting for a Fellowship, and perhaps making her appearance in the Common Room or Combination Room (for the appurtenant privileges will no doubt be claimed in time as well as the degree) is at least novel enough to excite the merriment with which it seems to have been received by some of the opponents of the clause. But we entirely agree with the Woman's Rights party, that this class of questions is not to be treated with levity. The earnest attempt which is being made by a considerable body of men, members of Parliament and others, in conjunction with a group of female enthusiasts, now by conferring political power on women, now by thrusting them into male professions and male places of education, to revolutionize the relations between the sexes, and to convert woman from the partner into the competitor of man, is one of the most serious subjects of the day. It is more serious than most of the questions which at present form the dividing line between the masses of the two political parties. Indeed it will probably soon be recognized as a dividing line itself. Liberals who are not Woman's Rightsers will before long be compelled to combine in some way for mutual defence against the attacks of an organization which is everywhere making furious efforts to eject them from their seats in Parliament, virtually under the auspices of Mr. STANSFELD and Mr. JACOB BEIGHT. The movement has recently sustained heavy reverses on the suffrage question not only in England, but in America, its native country, where an anticipated victory in Michigan

turned out a crushing defeat. But it is not likely that the discontent with the present position of the sex which has been so laboriously excited among women will subside without calling for further efforts on the part of those opposed to the threatened revolution.

If the object of Mr. BALFOUR's clause were the general improvement of female education, he might appeal to universal sympathy; though we hope it is not illiberal to hold that young women are capable of being overstrained by intellectual labour, and that, useful as an acquaintance with the mysteries of physiology may be in rearing children, the first qualification of a mother is to be healthy herself. But the general improvement of female education is not the object, nor is it likely to be the result; the average level of the instruction at female schools and colleges would be rather depressed than elevated by transferring the most aspiring and promising girls to male Universities. What is aimed at is the removal of the line of distinction which exists, and which has hitherto been supposed to have been traced by the hand of nature, between the woman's destination in life and that of the man. In its earlier stages education is general, in its final stage it is, or ought to be, a preparation for the calling in life; and to send men and women to the same Universities is to pronounce that their calling in life is the same. The higher degrees are professional; and the general tendency of University reform is to connect them again practically with the professions, as well as to divide the course in Arts into schools more or less ancillary to the Faculties. The Revolt of Women, as it has been styled by one of its American apostles, in imitation, we suppose, of the "Revolt of Islam," is not an insurrection against any grievance the renewal of which would be compatible with the maintenance of the existing relations of the sexes; it is an insurrection against the lot of woman. It has its source mainly in a hatred among the more ambitious of the sex of the domestic quiet and comparative seclusion to which the woman is consigned by her duties as a wife and mother, and in a desire to go forth and play with men in the mart and on the platform the more bustling and exciting game of life. Its effect in producing, where it strongly prevails, indifference, if not aversion, to maternity has been frequently noticed. The orators of the Woman's Rights movement are fond of ascribing all their own good qualities to their mothers, leaving us to infer that their fathers were not so satisfactory. The obvious conclusion would seem to be that mothers who have done their duty so admirably should be allowed to remain as they are. In endeavouring to improve them by the method now proposed we shall run some risk, to judge by Transatlantic experience, of improving them out of existence.

The success of "Co-education" in American Universities will probably be cited in support of Mr. BALFOUR's motion. But it may be doubted, not only whether the experiment has been successful in American Universities, but whether it has been tried. There are in the United States institutions without number, of more or less importance and promise, styling themselves Universities, and on which ultra-democratic Legislatures have showered with a lavish hand powers of conferring degrees in all the departments of human knowledge. But there are as yet only two which their European competitors would fully recognize as Universities, Harvard and Yale. To neither of these, we believe, have women been admitted. Harvard is in the very focus of New England Radicalism, which has been stimulated of late to the highest pitch by the struggle with Slavery; and Woman's Rights did not fail to knock fiercely at the gate of the University. Mr. ELLOR, the President, of whose visit to this country some years ago many of our men of letters and science retain a pleasant recollection, is himself an offspring of the new culture, having received a scientific rather than a classical training, and has distinguished himself in his University not only by a liberal policy, but by somewhat daring, though successful, innovation. It was therefore from no ungenerous narrowness or love of obsolete monopoly that he desired time before consenting to a change which he saw would profoundly alter the character of the institution, in order to make a tour of inspection through the institutions at which the system of Co-education prevailed. The result of his tour was a report, in the shape of a paper read before the Social Science Association at Boston, decidedly adverse to the system, and pointing to the conclusion that, so far from increasing in popularity, as its advocates asserted, it was on the wane, and that, where it did pre-

vail, it was either as a passing fancy or as the temporary expedient of a newly-settled country unable at first to provide the sexes with separate places of education. Mr. Eliot was of course accused by "Woman" of being actuated by objectionable motives, and was even identified by the lips of the excited fair with the incarnate Spirit of Evil. But his judgment, based on a careful examination of the facts, prevailed; and Harvard remains a male University, daily increasing in eminence and rising in general esteem.

It is true, and the friends of "Co-education" are entitled to the benefit of the fact, that adults of both sexes have, in the United States, been brought together in the same places of education, without engendering the scandals which were said to have attended a similar experiment at Zürich, and which seem to have confirmed the Universities of Germany in the determination not to admit women. The most notable instance of this is Oberlin, which boasts of its success in combining the two sexes, as well as in combining the black and white races. But, in the first place, there may be, and, if we are not misinformed, have sometimes been, bad results short of positive scandal; and, in the second place, there seems to be justice in the remark that the scale on which the experiment has been tried has been too small to warrant any important conclusion. Every sect, while it is new, is exemplary in its conduct, because it is militant, and the eyes of an adverse world are upon it. The decorous behaviour of a few young women selected as the pioneers of a movement by an exceptional ambition, which is sure to carry with it exceptionally industrious habits, and placed under the special restraints of a position still peculiar and equivocal, can afford us no assurance that the young men and women of our wealthier class generally might be safely thrown together during the years of their final education at a place where they would all be removed from the restraints of home. The union of boys and girls in the American common schools, whether its effects in other respects be good or bad, can of course support no inference as to the probable consequences of the system in its application to adults. Much has been said of the benefits to be reaped from the reciprocal influence of the two sexes on the character of both; but an English student is not a cloistered monk. To say nothing of the female society at Oxford or Cambridge, he is at home, and in general society, half the year. It has not yet been proposed, we believe, to introduce, for the purpose of moral culture, male students into female colleges, as well as female students into male colleges, though the advocates of the system will hardly have shown the courage of their opinions till they have applied it in both ways.

If the London University thinks fit to confer degrees on women, it can do so without requiring them to take up their residence in the midst of young men, and without disturbing any established discipline or arrangement. Oxford and Cambridge, as Universities which teach and require residence of their students, are in a very different position; to them the change would be a revolution. We are aware that this argument, instead of being dissuasive, will be an incentive to the thoroughgoing champions of Woman's Rights, who seem to take special pleasure in forcing an entrance for their sex wherever their presence happens to be, according to ordinary notions, peculiarly incongruous, and particularly inconvenient, no doubt because victory in such cases is the most signal assertion of the social non-existence of sex. But Parliament will probably refuse to create gratuitous confusion for the purpose of setting its seal to a controverted theory. Shadow of abstract right on the side of the claimants for admission there is none. In the case of schools, there may be ground for the complaint that in some cases endowments intended by the founder for both sexes, or from which girls are not expressly excluded, have by mere custom become limited to boys. But no one can doubt that the founders and benefactors of Oxford and Cambridge intended their endowments for male students alone, and that, if the funds are to be diverted to the purposes of female education, it must be on the ground of present expediency, which, we conceive, has not yet been shown to exist.

GENERAL GRANT.

DURING his visit to England General GRANT may enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he has left his country in the enjoyment of perfect tranquillity.

Commercial depression still continues on both sides of the Atlantic; but the people of the United States are exempt from the political anxieties which disturb nearly all Europe. Even personal and party grievances against the new PRESIDENT will wait for expression till the reassembling of Congress; and it will probably then be found impossible to organize any active opposition. Only a few months have passed since foreigners unfamiliar with American modes of proceeding apprehended a violent collision of parties in consequence of the difficulties of the Presidential election. Those who understood the case better foresaw that some compromise would be arranged in time to avert serious inconvenience. The Republican candidate intimated his readiness, if he were elected, to grant the most urgent demands of the Democrats; and there can be no doubt that his rival would have been equally accommodating to his political opponents. The most irritating anomaly which had resulted from the Civil War has been finally abolished since the natural rulers of the Southern States have resumed their supremacy by the aid of the Republican PRESIDENT. The most urgent task which awaits the Government is the introduction of a competitive system of appointment to the Civil Service, if Congress can be induced to sanction a self-denying policy. It is not improbable that the party managers may be too strong for the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet; but the Legislature must either adopt the proposed reform or incur the responsibility of maintaining a notorious cause of political corruption. An able and resolute statesman might confer another great advantage on the country by accelerating the resumption of specie payments; but the present SECRETARY of the TREASURY has in former times held heterodox opinions on finance; and he may probably shrink from the unpopularity which always attends even the most necessary contraction of the circulating medium.

Since the expiration of his term of office General GRANT has recovered a portion of his former popularity, and, as the memory of his imperfect success in administration becomes fainter, his claims to national gratitude and respect will be more fully recognized. He is said to have acknowledged that on his first accession to the Presidency he was wholly ignorant of politics; and perhaps he would have been better qualified for his office if he had never learned the lessons by which his conduct was afterwards guided. His first attempt to form a capable and honest Cabinet was creditable to his honesty and good sense; but, as soon as he recognized his inability to maintain his independence, his submission to the political managers of the party was too abject and too complete. In his Messages to Congress his most original suggestions only betrayed his want of economical and political knowledge. He was incapable of understanding the fallacies of the protectionist theory; and he fancied that the acquisition of foreign territory was the best mode of extending commercial enterprise; yet on some points he made an effort to think for himself, and he succeeded in understanding the reasons for returning to specie payments. In his choice of agents and confidential advisers he was singularly unfortunate; for, although he was free from personal corruption, some of his nearest associates were exposed to general suspicion, and some to actual prosecution. His dealings with the Government and Legislature of Louisiana were arbitrary and unconstitutional; and, on the whole, the Republican party had little reason to congratulate themselves on their repeated choice. A successful soldier failed in administrative business for the same reasons which render a civilian incompetent to command an army. The most absurd charge which was advanced against the late PRESIDENT was that he meditated the perpetuation of his tenure of office by the use of military power.

One of his countrymen injudiciously claims for the late PRESIDENT the merit of having contributed to the establishment of comparatively friendly relations between the United States and England. General GRANT may perhaps be entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen for his share in procuring the Alabama arbitration; but no modern transaction suggests to Englishmen equally irritating recollections. It is unnecessary to discuss the reasons for offering a courteous reception to a famous soldier who has also held high civil office. Mr. HAYES has shown good taste in directing the diplomatic and naval officers of the United States to pay every honour to his predecessor. The rank which he has held would alone entitle General GRANT to attention and deference, if his

professional eminence were less conspicuous. Among ex-Presidents of the United States, only two or three have attempted to continue their political activity. Mr. QUINCY ADAMS had a seat in the House of Representatives, and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON was for a short time again a member of the Senate. General GRANT will probably be content with having held for eight years the highest rank to which a citizen of the United States can aspire. He is not an orator, and there is no reason to suppose that he would in any capacity succeed as a politician; but in his own proper department he has few competitors for distinction. With the exception of three or four famous Germans, he has commanded larger armies than any other living general, and he was the most prominent among the soldiers who brought the civil war to a successful conclusion. Some Americans think that SHERMAN displayed higher military ability than GRANT; but the occupation of Richmond, and the subsequent surrender of LEE, were the most striking and decisive exploits of the war. General GRANT was the first of the Northern generals who stemmed the tide of Confederate success. His capture of Vicksburg had a great effect in determining the fate of the struggle in the West; and in his final campaign in Virginia he showed that he thoroughly understood the use which might be made of overwhelming numbers. It was asserted at the time, perhaps with little exaggeration, that General LEE in his gallant defence of Virginia inflicted on the Federal troops losses exceeding the number of his own entire army; but General GRANT, with inexhaustible reinforcements at his disposal, could not fail to secure the final victory. SHERMAN's march to the Eastern coast had been concerted with the Commander-in-Chief, and formed a part of the general operations.

General GRANT, when he received General LEE's surrender at Appomattox, anticipated in his courteous demeanour the wise generosity of his countrymen, which has in a few years almost obliterated the bitter recollections of a formidable struggle. There is no other instance in history of so liberal a policy as that which has been adopted since the victory of the North. The brave enemies who had, with characteristic freedom of speech, been denounced during the war as rebels and traitors, found as soon as peace was restored that they were safe, not only from vengeance, but from obloquy. No capital execution, except for private crimes, disfigured the Federal victory, and already, after a dozen years, the military merits of Confederate officers are recognized in all parts of the Union as justifiable causes of patriotic pride. The Vice-President of the Confederates has since sat in the American Senate; and a Confederate officer is, with the approval of a Republican President, Governor of South Carolina. The Commander-in-Chief of the victorious army may therefore look back on his achievements with unmixed satisfaction. His exploits in the field, as well as the high civil rank which rewarded his success, entitle him to respectful attention during his visit to Europe. It fortunately happens that in all countries great soldiers habitually rank with great nobles, and next after princes. No well-bred Englishman would fail in deference and courtesy to the former chief of a great nation; but General GRANT will perhaps be more flattered by the recognition of his personal distinction than even by the precedence to which he is entitled in virtue of his former office. Unlike great Continental soldiers, he will not be surprised in England by the absence of military display consisting in great masses of troops. His own country almost dispenses with a standing army in time of peace, although in case of emergency it commands the services of hundreds of thousands of men, and of accomplished generals to command them.

It may perhaps not be unreasonable to express on the present occasion a feeling of regret for an American who attained eminence in a widely different sphere. Mr. MOTLEY was a laborious and successful student of history; and he deserved and acquired in England a high social position. When nothing occurred to excite his susceptible patriotism, he was one of the most agreeable and instructive of companions, and his literary sympathies were both comprehensive and correct. The causes which interrupted his diplomatic career were not fully understood; for, although he had chosen England as the home of his later years, he was sensitively alive to anything which affected the interests or character of the United States.

TORPEDOES AND IRONCLADS.

THE instantaneous destruction by torpedoes of the Turkish monitor at Matchin brings startlingly into view a new phase of naval warfare. The ship which was blown up in this manner may not indeed have been one of the best of its class; but it appears to be admitted that even the strongest ironclads in existence, our own included, could not resist the effects of such an explosion. Of course it does not follow that this torpedo practice can always be as easily and as safely carried out as in this instance, when a handful of Russians, favoured by the night and a cloudy sky, and by the apparently careless watch of the Turkish crew, were enabled to approach the ship and to attach their deadly explosive unperceived. It was an exceptionally daring act, performed under peculiar circumstances, and the chief interest of the event lies in the intrepidity which was displayed by the man who plunged into the water and swam silently to the Turkish ship, and placed the torpedo in close contact with the bottom of the ship, but which might have been readily baffled under other circumstances. On the whole, it may be thought that good opportunities for feats of this kind are not likely to be very frequent, and that the men who are engaged in such attacks will have to carry their lives in their hands, and will have the balance of chances against them. This, however, is only one example of the use of torpedoes; and there can be no doubt that these weapons will, in one form or another, become henceforth a regular feature in naval warfare, and must therefore be taken into account. Although this blowing up of a monitor is the most striking illustration which has yet been given of the terrible powers concentrated in the torpedo, its capabilities in this way cannot be regarded as a novel discovery, though it has apparently been rather neglected by the authorities. Ground torpedoes of the primitive type have often been used for the defence of ports, as, for example, in the American Civil War; and some ten years ago the Admiralty was induced to establish a Torpedo School at Portsmouth. Until last year, however, this branch of naval education was treated only as a subordinate element in the course of gunnery instruction on board the *Excellent*, when it was made a separate and independent department. The *Vernon* is now assigned to this purpose, and a course of training has been established, including, not only the practical work of torpedo practice, but a knowledge of electricity and magnetism. In the Estimates of this year there are votes of 80,000*l.* for torpedoes and 4,000*l.* for experiments. It has also been decided to build a torpedo-ram of 2,000 tons, which is to have no guns, and simply to be, as it were, its own projectile acting by force of impact, with the help of torpedoes. It may be hoped, therefore, that the subject has at last been taken up in earnest. In a case of this kind it is of vital importance to the country that the navy should be full abreast of the latest results of scientific invention. It is not enough that we should be able to defend ourselves at home or to compete on close terms with foreign navies. We must turn our expenditure and mechanical ingenuity to account by, if possible, securing in every way the supremacy in naval power which, from our peculiar position and responsibility, is essential to the interests and safety of the nation.

Those who wish to know about the present state of the torpedo system cannot do better than turn to the recent speech of Captain CHARLES BERESFORD in the House of Commons, in which he gave a graphic account of the possibilities, as well as actual results, of the use of this weapon. In addition to the primitive type of the "HERRY" or "towing" torpedo, which explodes on striking, and the sunken "ground torpedo," which is exploded by contact or electricity, and may be considered as crude types, there are some more highly developed species, such as the "spar" torpedo, which is carried in a small boat, which is also exploded by touching or electricity; the THORNTON torpedo steamer, which is partly submerged and therefore scarcely discernible in its movements, and which, lately in a trial off the French coast, went at nineteen knots an hour, chased, and sunk an old vessel sent out before it; and the WHITEHEAD torpedo, which Lord CHARLES described as the most awful of infernal machines. The last is an automatic projectile, some six yards long, like a cigar, with pointed ends, and consists of three compartments—the head, containing a powerful charge of gun-cotton; the central part a balance chamber, adjustable

any depth of water down to 30 feet; and an air-chamber with a compressed air-engine. It is said to be able to go at the rate of twenty knots for a thousand yards, and may be set so as to explode either by contact or at any distance under a thousand yards. It could be fired above the water, and would sink to the depth it had been set for, and then go straight to the ship aimed at, no matter how fast the latter might be moving; and if by any chance it missed its object it could go to the bottom and explode on half-cock and rise to the surface by its buoyancy; and was calculated to make a hole of 70 feet area; in fact, as Lord CHARLES gave out, "It could do everything but speak." This may perhaps be thought rather an extravagant description of the torpedo in question; but it would seem to be in its way a very clever one, judging from the experiments which took place the other day before the PRINCE OF WALES. On the same occasion an automatic steam-pinnace, with nobody on board, and controlled by electricity, was sent out, and dropped and exploded a series of countermines "with surprising results." What the same speaker recommended was a number of very fast schooner-rigged steam-vessels, like steam-yachts, doing not less than 12 knots, and fitted with torpedoes; and also an organized system of training in connexion with our defensive coast torpedoes, so that seamen as well as engineers might know how to manage them. Any one can form an idea from these accounts of the style and performances of the torpedoes which are at present available for use in warfare; but there is another question which requires consideration, and that is, not whether torpedoes can efficiently perform the functions attributed to them, but whether they can be safely managed. It has, it is reported, been asserted by one experienced authority in regard to the WHITEHEAD torpedoes, that every ship of war carrying a supply of these missiles carries a terrible and novel source of danger to herself, and that the unskillful use of one of them might easily bring on the ship using it the destruction intended for the enemy. The electric torpedo worked quietly from a battery on shore is no doubt a safer thing, unless there is singular carelessness on the part of those in charge of it; but still there is, under almost any circumstances, a serious risk; and, as Captain FISHER has remarked, the great secret of the successful management of torpedoes will be found to consist in paying the utmost attention to apparently trifling precautions, and in trusting no one. How far the skill and disciplined experience required for such hazardous work have already been secured it is difficult to say; but on this point will no doubt turn the future of the torpedo system. Moreover, while the efficiency of torpedoes in attack appears to be somewhat doubtful, there is also a difficulty in providing for the protection of ships against this insidious foe. Wire nets round the hulls would embarrass the ships, while supplying only an imperfect guard; and the strengthening of their bottoms would increase their already excessive weight, so that the only resource would be in the free use of electric light and a careful watch.

Apart, however, from this aspect of the subject—that as to the value of torpedoes—there is another naval question to which Mr. BRASSEY has just directed attention in, on the whole, a very sensible and practical letter to the *Times*. He holds that it is a mistake to keep up so large a proportion of large ships, to the exclusion of vessels of moderate size and of more general usefulness; and that, as it is impossible to make the big ships invulnerable, and as they are nearly as liable to destruction as those of a smaller and less costly type, it ought to be a cardinal maxim to distribute the strength of the navy into as large a number of ships as may be, only taking care not to make any ship too small for being thoroughly efficient in its particular kind of work. At present a great deal of money is spent on huge, heavy ships, which are liable to be lost through torpedoes or bad engineering, and are by no means so generally useful as smaller, cheaper, and more easily handled vessels; and, as Mr. BRASSEY remarks, the result of the exaggerated dimensions of our ironclads is, not only to absorb funds which might be much more advantageously invested in other ways, but also to limit the number of ships and guns in the British navy. Mr. BARNABY, the head of the Construction Department of the Navy, has expressed the opinion that, under existing conditions, the ironclads require, as a protection against torpedoes, to be each attended and supported by a flotilla of gunboats; and Mr. BRASSEY and Sir BRADLEY ROBINSON are both disposed to take the same

view. Mr. BRASSEY calculates that a fleet of ten *Inflexibles*, covered with penetrable armour, such as they wear, would cost as large a sum as that for which the country might obtain thirty steam-rams of 2,000 tons, without guns, at 100,000*l.* apiece; sixty gunboats of the *Gamma* type, two of which have lately been built by the Elswick Factory, and have yielded good results, at 25,000*l.* each; and a serviceable and sufficient force of torpedo boats. Thus the balance would be very much on the side of the latter plan, by which the navy would be made more useful by an increase in the number of guns and vessels at command, and the expenditure would yield more valuable results. This is a view which most people, though they may reserve their judgment as to details, will probably regard as *prima facie* sound and practical; and it is to be hoped that it will receive serious consideration. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the Admiralty at the present moment that it is bound to keep up to the highest possible point, not merely the defensive, but the attacking, power of the country.

MR. BUTT AND THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIVES.

IT will be some satisfaction to those suffering members of the House of Commons whom a cruel fortune has kept moving in and out of the lobby during the small hours at the instance of Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL, to learn, from a correspondence between these gentlemen and Mr. BUTT, that they are not alone in their misery. The endless series of motions that the debate on the House be adjourned with which the names of these dauntless patriots are associated have been as wormwood to their nominal leader. It is Mr. BUTT's misfortune to differ from Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL upon the first principles of Home Rule strategy. What they think policy, he thinks a wilful throwing away of chances. All his carefully constructed schemes go for nothing in the presence of the rage and despair which their conduct excites in the minds of English members. These obstructive tactics have been indirectly played off even upon Mr. BUTT himself. He had once actually drafted certain amendments which aimed at redressing an Irish grievance under cover of redressing an English one; and he thinks that, but for Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL, there would have been a fair chance of getting them passed. But the night on which the amendments were to be considered happened to be one of those on which Mr. BIGGAR was making himself formidable alike to the Government and the Opposition by his resistance to the progress of the Mutiny Bill, and the consequence was that the measure which Mr. BUTT had been so anxious to make use of never came on at all. Very probably it is now shelved for the Session, so that Mr. BUTT has the double pang of losing his amendments and being instrumental in causing his friend to lose his Bill. By a coincidence which will give a passing pleasure to some of those weary politicians for whom Mr. BIGGAR almost nightly murders sleep, this blow to Irish interests has been inflicted by the very weapon which has heretofore been so powerful in Irish hands. Had the discussion on the Mutiny Act closed at one o'clock on that eventful morning, Mr. MUNDELLA's Bill for the abolition of the qualification of a Town Councillor would have been considered, Mr. BUTT would have moved its extension to Ireland, and, in his own opinion, would probably have carried his motion. The time spent on the motion for reporting progress made this impossible, and the adjournment of Mr. MUNDELLA's Bill enabled its opponents to give notice of a motion for rejecting it. "It is now," says Mr. BUTT, "within the inexorable rule of half-past twelve; and it is very possible that, after watching through many a weary midnight, Mr. MUNDELLA may have the mortification of seeing his Bill for England lost for the Session because he wished to help us in establishing a popular principle for Ireland." This is not a way, as Mr. BUTT very truly says, in which Home Rulers can hope to conciliate the support of their English friends. In fact, the line taken by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL is rapidly bringing things to that pass that the Home Rulers will have no English friends left. It would be ungrateful in Mr. BUTT to hint a doubt whether, in such negotiations as have passed between him and English politicians, any other consideration than that of the inherent justice of the Irish cause found even a momentary place. But, sacred as the

principle of Home Rule may be, English members cannot be expected to defend it if they see that to do so makes the loss of their seats almost a certainty. Indeed, to a politician of Mr. Butt's practical mind, support given under those conditions would cease to be valuable. He does not expect to break up the Empire in this Parliament; and if the men who vote for him now will not have the chance of voting for him after a general election, he would as soon that they should vote against him.

It is fair to Mr. BUTT to say that he repudiates the tactics adopted by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL on higher and more general grounds than these. He objects to a policy of mere obstruction, because it risks the loss of one of the most valuable privileges which members of Parliament possess. If the power which a minority enjoys under the rules of the House of Commons of obstructing the progress of a measure by repeated motions of adjournment were invoked by every member at his pleasure, "no deliberative assembly could tolerate its existence. In self-defence any such assembly would be forced to 'abolish or curtail it.'" Mr. BUTT then points out that this power is really enjoyed at the pleasure of the majority, that it could be abolished or curtailed without any violent change in the rules of the House, and that, if a proposal to that effect were made in the present House, it would be very likely to be carried. If a privilege so justly dear to minorities were forfeited by the action of Irishmen, they would be exposed to the taunt of being unfit to administer even the forms of representative government. Mr. BUTT would like, however, to see his mutinous twins abandon the position they have lately taken up, from a better impulse than any which mere prudence can supply. It is the duty of Home Rulers to maintain before the civilized world the dignity of the Irish nation and the Irish cause, and that duty is closely bound up with the duty which they owe to the assembly of which they are members—"an assembly to degrade which is to strike a blow at representative institutions 'all over the world.'"

Whether Mr. BUTT's remonstrances will have any effect in Ireland must be left to the next general election to determine. It must be supposed that Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL have not chosen their course without some degree of care and deliberation, and that, rightly or wrongly, they have satisfied themselves that it is one at which their constituents are not disposed to take offence. But if it proves to be generally unpopular in Ireland, the opinion of the farmers of Meath and Cavan will probably undergo an insensible change, and when the present members for those counties offer themselves for re-election, they will find that they have reckoned without their constituents. As yet the only expression of Irish feeling on the subject is contained in a placard calling on the Irishmen of Glasgow to attend a meeting for the purpose of cheering on the two new leaders who, "while gallantly fighting the enemy in the front," have been "attacked in the rear by Whig Home Rulers and weak 'or very genteel' patriots whose admiration for that superstition called the tone of the House, and desire to make a 'Parliamentary reputation,' direct their action more than a haughty spirit of defiance to England's 'usurped rule.'" Before this meeting Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR appeared on Monday, and rendered an account of their stewardship which appears to have given abundant satisfaction to themselves and their hearers. Indeed, if Home Rule is to be obtained by either of the alternative policies now in the field, Mr. PARNELL's and Mr. BIGGAR's reading of the future appears more likely to succeed than Mr. BUTT's. The idea of "con-ciliating" the English people into breaking up the United Kingdom is certainly not so plausible as the idea of wearying them into it. Mr. BUTT appears to hope that, when Irish members have shown how pleasant they can make themselves, and when the Imperial Parliament has shown, by passing several of Mr. BUTT's Bills, how ready it is to legislate for Ireland according to Irish ideas, there will be no difficulty in bringing about a separation which shall send Irish members and Irish measures back to Dublin. Mr. BIGGAR trusts rather to his conscious ability to make himself a nuisance. He is resolved to show the House of Commons that, instead of being able to legislate for Ireland as well as for England, it is not even able to legislate for England, except on condition of granting Home Rule. These joint leaders of the Irish race in its new enterprise are genuine haters. They are quite ready to degrade representative institutions all over the

world provided they can strike a blow at the House of Commons. What if they do make it alter its rules and deprive minorities of the right of delaying the progress of a measure by repeated motions of adjournment? It is an English institution, and if it becomes less free or less efficient, it is England that will suffer. Ireland, it is true, will be silenced; but she can only gain by the additional proof which this fact will supply that she will never get justice from an English Parliament. If Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL only persevere long enough, they may yet boast that they have destroyed one at least of the securities for free debate of which they found the House of Commons in possession.

THE CHURCH OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND THE POOR.

NO one can see the notices of sermons and the like addresses which frequently placard the walls of our towns and the doors of theatres and other public buildings, and observe the care with which all ideas of sacredness and awe are excluded and made to give place to the vulgar curiosity, without speculating on what can have been the train of events which has led up to such perpetrations in the cause of religion. For these exhibitions are a comparative novelty. The vulgar have always been ready to show their contempt for religion, or for certain unpopular forms of it, by outrages upon reverence; but they have not always been drawn towards religion by such methods. Some change of feeling must have taken place to make the familiar tone congenial; and this change we take to be a revolt against the idea of authority, an idea that was once not above the comprehension and sympathy even of the most ignorant. This deference to authority might show itself in a fashion to excite the sense of humour or the sneers of keener and more cultivated intelligences; but it was a real influence and a beneficial one. Our old ecclesiastical biographies speak of the relish which an unlettered congregation had for the sound of Latin in a sermon. They did not mind their pastor being unintelligible now and then in a foreign tongue, being perhaps sufficiently used to finding him talk over their heads in their own. When the learned Dr. Pocock gave his rustic audience a plain sermon, they disparaged him as a plain, honest man, but "no Latiner." Addison, remarking on the same predilection for learning, tells in his inimitable way of rival preachers in a country town, one of whom, by quoting the Fathers in the original, emptied the church of the other, until he, finding his congregation mouldering away every Sunday, resolved to give the parish a little Latin in his turn, and digested into his sermons the whole book of *Quæ Genus*, adding such explications as he thought would be for the benefit of his people. This expedient in a very little time thickened his audience and refilled his church. No doubt these duped country folks cut a ridiculous figure; yet is there not a light in which their love of learning for its own sake, apart from their immediate edification, has its creditable side? With them surely such ideas as those of authority, antiquity, theology, orthodoxy, mystery, church order, ministers set apart, existed in their minds in some faint shadow and dim outline. The mere recognition of the value of learning in things divine, of the existence of truths and a history which it needed a special training to enter into and time to master, put them intellectually in a higher position than that where religion is viewed as equally without a past history and present mystery; which is evidently the mental state of the contrivers of the announcements of which we have spoken, and of the people who are attracted by them.

Ignorance which acknowledges the need of a teacher may be favourably compared with ignorance which does not perceive that it has anything to learn, and which chooses its guides by the rule of equality in standing and literary acquirement, recognizing superiority only in a more varied and sensational experience in evil-doing. When A. rests his claim to be listened to on his having been till lately a navvy, and B. asks a hearing in the capacity of retired pugilist; when C. puts forth his title to orders as the reformed drunkard, and D. as the converted pickpocket, they rely upon a degradation of the religious instinct which we think is a peculiar feature of this age, and which certainly was foreign to the popular religious feeling of the last century, as we gather it from contemporary literature; and we ask how it has come to pass that, with all our boasted education, the multitudes of our towns and cities have sunk below the perceptions of their ignorant forefathers on a point so material? In attempting an answer to this question we cannot but think that, in the interval between the examples we have quoted of a rustic reverence for learning and authority and the period which feels the attraction of the unauthorized and coarsely familiar, there have been causes on the face of things which may serve to account for the change. The poor and ignorant of those times did not receive that consideration from their superiors, whether lay or clerical, which a more sympathetic benevolence would have won for them; their reverence for what was above them, whether in station or bearing, was presumed upon, their submission relied on as a thing of course. What we now miss was then regarded as an inalienable characteristic, which needed no fostering, and therefore was little regarded. The relation of the poor to the Church was estimated as an

relation of contented subserviency, for which there was a *quid pro quo* in patronage, alms, and other favours. No susceptibilities were suspected or provided against; and certainly early in the century that cry against "enthusiasm" which later on was set up against the poor—and which caused the old women in the aisle who rustled the leaves of their Bibles in search of the text to be called beldames—was first roused by another class altogether, the comfortable and well-to-do. Dissent never begins with the poor; neither do revivals of any sort. They were not supposed to have ideas of their own. The poor, says the *Spectator*, which are the bulk of the nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days' labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. No religious party was supposed to be anxious to win such adherents. Again, the *Spectator* quotes with approval a sleek and what is termed a "handsome paragraph" from a sermon of Dr. Snape on St. Bride's Charity Schools, which shows a complacent security that was little sanctioned by the event in the moral effects of a certain sort of teaching upon the indigent. "The wise Providence," says this divine, "has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent wanting many of the conveniences of this life by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born or more richly endowed they would have wanted this manner of education. . . . The learning which is *given* is generally more edifying to them than that which is *sold* to others; thus do they become more exalted in goodness by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is in reality their preferment." A course of such sermons as this would go far towards accounting for the rise of dissent. But it was only paving the way.

Addison's tone is less unpleasant, but equally patronizing, and equally confident in the teachable spirit induced by poverty and humble circumstances. His notions of the religion of the rustic are entirely remote from independent thought or from any possibility of the poor taking a line of their own. The churchyard has almost as humanizing an efficacy as the church itself in his picture of the country Sunday. "It is certain," he says, "that the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages or barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another on indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being." Not only does Sunday refresh in their minds the notion of religion, but it puts the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable form. "A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change." Sir Roger could keep his eye upon a congregation of this class. He could call John Matthews to order, who was licking his heels for his diversion, and send his servant to wake any one who was nodding; but not for them did he compile that body of divinity composed of all the good sermons in the English language, which is recorded as his inaugural gift to his chaplain, in order that, instead of wasting his spirits in original composition, he might devote all his pains to elocution and a good delivery. The taste for learning, which Addison elsewhere touches on with such happy humour, he seems to have relied upon as making the elaborate periods of defunct divines not the less acceptable for being unintelligible. The difference between the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries on this point seems to have been that the "Latiner" of the earlier age gave the people a sense of their value by holding them worthy of a display of his own best learning, thus quickening their attention and keeping it on the stretch; while the mistake of Addison's day was in separating and distinguishing between high and low, so that the duty of the poor was to go to church and behave themselves there, leaving it to their betters to understand. Once let a congregation of rustics suspect this broad distinction, and a tie was loosened that bound them to their pastor and their church. "Church work," says Sir Roger, "is slow work." So it is, slow in doing, slow in being undone; but slower still in repairing and restoring when the mischief has been done.

It is notable in our earlier essayists that, keeping pace with their growing lamentations over the spread and increase of schism, is their horror of enthusiasm. As all dissent was enthusiasm, the more dissent there was the more it behoved the Church to keep on her guard against enthusiasm. "There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned by religious enthusiasm." "Devotion when it does not lie under the check of reason is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm." "The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us are enthusiasm and superstition"; and so on. This being the case, and any approach to the dreaded stimulus being above all things to be avoided, and yet some remedy being called for, a general agreement was arrived at, to the effect that a corrected style of reading the service, and action, graceful if possible, but action of some sort in the pulpit, furnished the true panacea. "If only our clergyman would be careful to recommend truth and virtue by the graces of elocution, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations," says one. "I do not doubt," writes another in the *Tatler*, "but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months' time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain." Thanks to the neglect of such accomplishments, schism made its way, and while the parson of the parish had to go to law for half his dues, the finest "Daniel" grew fat by voluntary subscriptions—

scriptions—"Bawling out my beloved, and the words grace, regeneration, sanctification, the day! or rather the night, is coming and judgment will come while we least think of it." It does not strike the modern reader that these words are out of place in a sermon, or unsuited for a rousing delivery. However, they are placed in strong contrast with preaching as it should be. The power of an impressive reading of the service is dwelt upon with an emphasis of conviction which scarcely finds a response in modern taste, to say nothing of experience. "Until Sunday was sevennight," we read in the *Spectator*, "I never discovered to so great a degree the excellency of the Common Prayer. When, being in St. James's Garlick Hill Church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. . . . The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." And the writer goes on to propose that "the gifted reader shall, on the next assembly of clergy at St. John's College, read prayers before them; that those who are afraid of opening their mouths, those who holl, and read with a rakish negligent air, those Pindaric readers that are confined to no set measure, and those who read with an indifference as if they did not understand the language, may all be informed of the art of reading movingly, fervently, how to place the emphasis and give the proper accent of each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence." We own to no desire to see this ultra-studied reading in the ascendant again. Whatever it might have done in preventing the birth of schisms, we can hardly suppose it to be a potent instrument of reunion in our own day.

The whole tone of the period we find very well given in one of the *Tatler's* gravest satires (November 30, 1710), which brings before the reader the Church of England in visible presentment, invested with all her most distinguishing and valued characteristics, as she figures in a "show at that time carried up and down Germany, which represents all the religions of Great Britain in waxwork." "The middle figure was formed like a matron dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress were the beaver with the steeple crown; the scarf, that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron whiter than ermine. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart she wore several large diamonds of an inestimable value disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect, and, though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality." When the poet would describe the Church, she is immortal and unchanged; this elderly immortality, this look of being in years, is more to the liking of these eulogists, and the Elizabethan costume much more in the spirit of the portrait than a garb losing its origin in antiquity. And certainly this elderly woman of quality stands not as the Church for high and low, not as the Church for all classes and tempers, but for the docile, the comfortable, the respectable and thriving, the well-to-do; while her watchword "Moderation" puts her in complete sympathy with the temper which indeed likes enthusiasm nowhere, but can tolerate it anywhere except in religion. Our space comes to an end before our subject; the war with so-called enthusiasm was a long one, and was carried on with gathering bitterness.

A PHONETIC FIELD-DAY.

OUR Phonetic friends have been holding what it is now fashionable to call a Conference. In reading the report of the meeting of the would-be reformers of spelling, one is constantly reminded of that Lay in which Macaulay describes the gathering of the forces of Lars Porssenna. A proud man was Mr. E. Jones, B.A. (of Liverpool), upon the trying day. Mr. Tito Pagliardini was ranged beneath his eye, and Mr. Baxter Langley and many a proud ally. Among the conveners were "Mr. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Professor of History and Art of Education, University St. Andrews, on the ground that there is a *prima facie* case for inquiry." Also, *some phrase*, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, who knows about drains, and Mr. Condy, M.A., appear among the philologists. Exoter added, in the person of Mr. Clapp, a representative of her School Board, and indeed there is no doubt that School Boards are sincerely interested in anything that can facilitate education.

Whether the phonetic reform of spelling is the best way of making matters easier remains to be seen. Mr. Max Müller had asked, in an article republished in an unknown tongue "by the benevolence of Mr. John Colman of Newcastle-on-Tyne," whether there was "no statesman in England sufficiently proof against ridicule to call the attention of Parliament to what is a growing national misfortune." Mr. Lowe has written to say that he is that man, that statesman. He has been informed that "there are thirty-nine sounds in the English language. There are twenty-four letters. I think that each letter should represent one sound, that fifteen new letters should be added, so that there should be a letter for every sound, and that every one should write as he speaks." At present Mr. Lowe finds that boys "from the sixth standard" are "unable to read aloud tolerably, and have no idea of the pronunciation of the language." The

haps a more funny set of arguments was never put together. For example, a boy from the sixth standard very likely expresses himself naturally thus:—"Ere's a statesman as isn't afear'd of reticule, 'e isn't." Of course when that lad comes to read Mr. Lowe's note in the newspapers aloud he blunders over it. And the remedy is to be the introduction of fifteen new letters, which will perhaps express the clicks, grunts, and nasal accents of the rustic, while the worthy lad meanwhile is "to write as he pronounces." A learned Frenchman has been contributing to the *Temps* a series of articles on the fine art of reading aloud; but he is not so revolutionary as to propose to introduce "zey zeying" into literary language. Meanwhile Mr. Isaac Pitman was immensely gratified by Mr. Lowe's letter. Mr. Pitman really seems to be a person who is easily pleased. He says that there are thirty-eight sounds in English and twenty-six letters, whereas Mr. Lowe gives a different calculation. Then Mr. Pitman went on to talk about "the 102 letters and combinations, representing 269 sounds"; and this they call facilitating education. By way of showing how phonetically-minded people agree among themselves, a letter was read from the Bishop of Exeter. The Bishop did not, of course, go so far as a statesman who is proof against ridicule; "he said it was essential to have no new letters, and only a few critical marks." We are not certain that the Bishop has got rid of a lingering fondness for the look of accentuated Greek.

Mr. Lowe was not present at the meeting, or he might have refuted Mr. Storr. That gentleman "hoped the Conference would give no encouragement to the suggestion that any changes of accepted pronunciations were involved in the reform advocated." Now Mr. Lowe, unless we misunderstand him, would let pronunciation be a free fight, every man writing as he pronounces. Thus, for example, a dandy would write that "Mistaw Lowe is a statesman insensible to widicule." But Mr. Storr does not at all see the good of this kind of change. In fact, the free-fight stage of spelling is over, and the forms which best adapted themselves to their environment have survived. Certainly these forms often do not seem the fittest; we grant that; but we hold that to provoke an insurrection among boys "of the sixth standard," to stir up a wordy war, and to fall back on the diplomacy of a Royal Commission, is not a scientific way of dealing with language. But if Mr. Whitney and Mr. Max Müller agree—*συνάμωμον γὰρ ὄντες ἐχθροὶ τὸ πρῶτον*—that spelling is a matter of legislation, why, the sooner Mr. Lowe moves a few resolutions on the business the better. He may divide the Liberal party a little more; but that has ceased to be a very important consideration.

We do not observe in the printed report of this Conference that the chairman, Professor Sayce, said very much, or committed himself to the accents of Dr. Temple, the new letters of Mr. Lowe, or the combinations of Mr. Pitman, whose alphabet seems admirably calculated to express the ravings of the inspired speakers at a Shakers' meeting. Mr. Sayce's opinion must necessarily be received with the deference due to his learning, when he talks about philology. He declared that English spelling "cultivated an unphilological habit of mind. The philologist wanted to trace the changes in sound from generation to generation. Spelling like ours concealed them." Now, of two evils, we prefer that philologists should be thrown out now and then with the sound of *ea* in tea in Queen Anne's time, rather than that we should undergo an irruption of pedantry, and of alphabets named "Jones-Burns," "digraphic," "Pitman," and "mixed," at the present moment. Mr. Max Müller says that "language is not made only for scholars and etymologists"; and we may add that all the disorder of arbitrary spelling cannot be introduced to please philologists. At one time French ladies and gentlemen sounded words in a very affected way, which one may see imitated in old comedies and satires. Does Mr. Sayce think that the courtly scholars of the period should have written as they pronounced? Or is it necessary that, because the editor of the *Tohernore Trumpet* may sound *sch* like *f*, therefore he should print in his leaders "fat is the matter wid her Machesty's meenisters"? Where, in fact, does Mr. Sayce draw the line? All varieties of sound in words are interesting to the philologist; but what a hideous chaos English literature would be by this time if spelling had not hidden the differences! In fact, just as speech is granted us to conceal our thoughts, spelling is useful to cover the infinite and infinitesimal varieties of sound which in spoken language may be given to each word. Philologists may, as a rule, learn what they want from rhymes, just as we know from Latin verse what the quantity of each foot was.

Great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Duth sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea,

is the kind of hint that rhyme gives in abundance, and let that suffice for philologists. We will venture on an *argumentum ad hominem* with the Professor of Comparative Philology. How does he like Mr. Macarthur's scheme? Mr. Macarthur, as a teacher near Glasgow, has a peculiar right to be heard about the pronunciation of English. The Glesky pronunciation is jest ridiculous, to put it phonetically. And he writes a poem of Lord Byron's thus:—

The Destruction of the Acirian.
The Acirian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts wer gleaming in purple and gold.

How does Mr. Sayce like it? What would M. Oppert think of the Acirian, or would he prefer the alternative generously given by

Mr. Macarthur, and read "Acirian"? Really at the bare notion of such reforms one turns—still to quote Mr. Macarthur—

As cold as the spray of the roc-beeing surf.

Perhaps Mr. Macarthur would spell the name of a famous ancient city "Karache"; or would he go the other way about, and dignify a painful but unromantic malady with the primeval name of Ezech?

One would imagine that the absurd caprice and whimsicality of all these systems and schemes would strike even their authors, and that a Conference would break up in laughter. What sort of ear has the man who wants to spell "goods" *guadz*? How can any one hope to know how Mr. Fry, Mr. Macarthur, and the rest pronounce when they are at home? Only people who live with them would be able to understand their letters and their printed works. The reformers are only united in dislike of established custom and usage. As soon as any serious attempt was made to please them, they would split off into a hundred sections, like other schematics. The vestment would be rent into as many fragments as the ancient Covenant, and Mr. Pitman would be found maintaining that he and a pupil, like Davie Deans and his friend, composed the true church of spelling. A little band would go with Mr. Macarthur into the wilderness near Glasgow. Only too many Scotch persons would form a congregation in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, to help Mr. Alexander Bain to maintain the position of the late Dr. Clarke of Marischal College, that "lif is a dröm." "Shürli, sed I, män is but a shüdo, and lif a dröm." How could the convivial view of existence be better stated in Scotch? Only in the border counties the phonetic speller would have to write that "Lifo is a drawn," for that is how they pronounce it in the Peebles district. While these secessions took place, scholars who have, rather hastily we think, lent their names to this movement, would return to quiet collegiate cloisters, and add to the knowledge and wisdom of the world.

Phonetic spelling is merely one of the many fantastic shapes of modern individualism. It is like spirit-rapping, like conscientious objections to vaccination, like the morbid desire to marry one's deceased wife's sister, like Miss Cobbo's patent religion. To most of those crazes one or two distinguished men have given a kind of support. Is it necessary to say that the phonetic people have "drawn" Mr. Gladstone? They quote this text from the ex-Premier:—"The difficulties of spelling are enough to drive the learner mad." Surely that is stated rather too strongly, unless all educated people are either mad, or gifted with a power of mental resistance to maddening influences which we had thought unusual.

The reformers have one argument on their side to which we would willingly accord the most respectful attention. They complain—especially the politicians among them complain—of the difficulty of teaching children to read. This is not a matter over which we are inclined to make merry, though it may be thought perhaps that the difficulty is somewhat exaggerated. But some of the reformers seem to have a remedy which is at least less objectionable than the arbitrary revolution of written and printed English. Mr. Curwen said at the Conference—and we have heard the statement before—that, if children were taught phonetically in the lower "standards," they "could afterwards be taught the arbitrary (that is the usual) spelling." Thus, children, *ex hypothesi*, would learn easily and quickly, first on a system, next in the wonted way, and no ridiculous anarchy would be brought into our books and letters. But even that does not satisfy the reformers who issue the programme of the Conference. "Difficulties and objections would disappear if the new spelling could be taught to children for reading and writing; if children could pass easily from reading the new to reading the old spelling, and if the new spelling could be easily read by adults. Children would not be required to write in the old spelling, and adults would not be expected to write in the new spelling." How excessively condescending on the part of the children! They would not turn Mr. Lowe out of office, if he were in, because he had not mastered the fifteen new letters. They would not try the brain of Mr. Gladstone, which has already, it seems, suffered such a strain from the old spelling, by making him *take up* the new. Old spellers would be a kind of Jotuns, an expiring alien race, retired to lonely corners of the hills, to read Wordsworth in the old spelling. Where is the end of this nonsense to be? or are we all to lisp like babies of two years old, to write in words of one syllable, and adopt, not merely the spelling, but the grammar of young costermongers and ploughboys? These measures would save ploughboys and costermongers a world of trouble; but we think that, when all was done, philologists would still be far from happy.

CHANGES IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE are certain tracts of country in India which possess the almost miraculous faculty of supplying the Law Courts with an unfailing crop of suits. A vast alluvial plain is watered by a river which, though of reasonable dimensions for six months in the year, becomes, when swollen by the melting snows of the Himalayas and by the periodical rains, perfectly unmanageable. The most skilful of engineers is baffled in any attempt to control or even to forestall its freaks. The process of erosion, diluvion, and accretion goes on at a rate and on a scale of which Englishmen cannot form the smallest

notion. In the space of a month, a week, or a few days, between June and September, a mile or two of some native gentleman's estate is submerged, slips away, and is thought to have joined itself to the patrimony of some other magnate two or three reaches down the river. When the rains subside, the face of nature is revolutionized. The main channel of the stream, which in the preceding year was known to flow to the east close under the village of Raja Haut, is now discovered to be running past the mart of Nawabgunje, two thousand yards away to the west. What in 1870 was a navigable channel, crowded with boats of all shapes and sizes, is in 1871 a solid island; and what were islands accurately delineated in the last map of the Survey are now winding channels or deep pools. Sometimes the change has been so violent and abrupt that a bewildered owner, at the cost of an expensive suit, can follow and identify his village and lands, which, an unmistakable channel has divided from the parent estate. Sometimes the process of accretion has been so imperceptible that no amount of local examination or hard swearing will enable a riparian proprietor to reclaim his own. But what is certain is that each transformation furnishes litigious landlords with a dozen fresh causes of action. And so, when two or three affrays have half filled the gaols, when the machinery of the civil courts has subsequently been put in motion, and when an appeal to the Privy Council has resulted in an admirable settlement of the question, with scientific demarcation of boundaries, another rainy season of unprecedented duration introduces new elements of confusion, and again reduces order to primeval chaos. Villages are once more obliterated; lands vanish; landmarks are swept away; the decree gained at a vast expense by Maharani Surnomayi versus Ram Chandra Bahadur is not worth ten rupees; and the whole drama of aggression, retaliation, tutored witnesses, documents made to order, eloquent speeches and exhaustive judgments, commences afresh. A discussion on certain Indian subjects has a strong likeness to a recurring cause of action arising out of diluvion on this gigantic scale. Something has to be done in order to remedy a patent inconvenience and injustice, or to treat unforeseen claims with equity. The best heads and the most brilliant pens are set to work, and a big Blue-book is published, in which a despatch from the Secretary of State winds up the protracted controversy, and lays down rules which ought to require no tinkering for at least ten years. Very soon, however, it seems that some contingency has not been anticipated. A deputation then endeavours to do for the last code of rules what a deluge of rain has done for the last decision of the Privy Council. About this time last year we endeavoured to show that, after a vast deal of correspondence, it had been advisedly determined to reduce the age at which candidates might be admitted to compete for the Civil Service of India. Though a wide diversity of opinion then prevailed amongst high officials, the Secretary of State decided on reducing the limit of age to nineteen from twenty-one. It might have been thought that, after an exhaustive controversy, the scheme should be given a fair trial. But in these cases there is always some apprehension which is born a little after its proper time, or some class which the new conditions place at an apparent disadvantage.

We have lately read a clever pamphlet by a Competition-Wallah, who does not sign his name, addressed to a Professor, apparently of some Scotch University, in which the writer contends that Scotchmen and Irishmen will, by the new rules, be prevented from finishing their secondary education at their own Universities. Though the writer sets forth his grievances with considerable ingenuity, his arguments are wholly one-sided; and, indeed, his case is made out entirely to his own satisfaction by quoting only the eminent officials who were for maintaining or extending the limit of age, and by omitting altogether those of at least equal ability, in reliance on whom Lord Salisbury had reduced it. It is sufficient for us to say, on this part of the question, that the new system deserves to have, and must have, a fair trial; and that the reasons for its adoption may be found in the Blue-book published last Session, set out in a correspondence which can be read without ennui, and even with pleasure. But the field is so wide, its importance so paramount, its new features are so peculiar, and its results so intimately connected with the good government of our Indian Empire, that we may fairly devote some space to the examination of other points connected with the discussion, and affecting the present state of the Indian Civil Service.

It does not seem to have occurred to the members of the late deputation or to the writer of the pamphlet that, while they are disputing over the question of a year or two more or less spent in study in England, or about the merits of Major Dalgetty's favourite college, as weighed against Oxford and Cambridge, new changes are threatened in India which in some degree affect the status, career, and expectations of the race of competitors. The question of the advancement of natives to higher and more responsible positions has engaged the attention of every Viceroy or Governor-General since the days of Lord William Bentinck; and at a recent convocation of the University of Calcutta, Lord Lytton, speaking as Chancellor, took the opportunity of making a public announcement that pledges given to the native community regarding their employment in posts of honour and profit had been openly given, and had not been redeemed. How they were to be redeemed, or how exactly these redemptions would affect equally clear and definite pledges held out to the Covenanted Service, Lord Lytton did not explain; and we admit that he appeared to guard vested rights, while there will probably be no want of stout

defenders and eager allies in case any vital blow is aimed at the privileges and dues of Anglo-Indians. We cannot, however, but regard the speech of Lord Lytton as unfortunate. The Viceroy, as Chancellor of the University, has not usually spoken at these meetings at all, but has delegated the delivery of a set annual address to the Vice-Chancellor, who, with a Council, manages the affairs of the University. It must be remembered further, that an address delivered in the Town Hall of Calcutta is practically an address only to the young and intelligent youths of Lower Bengal. In no sense is it a manifesto to the Empire at large, or to the far more manly and vigorous tribes of Western and Upper India. If the Viceroy has made up his mind to reconstitute the Civil Service, to deprive, prospectively, Anglo-Indians of any of their prizes, or even to admit natives from outside to the enjoyment of several of the ordinary district offices hitherto reserved exclusively for the Civil Service, the proper place for any such manifesto would be a speech delivered in the Council Chamber or a careful Resolution issued from the Government of India in the Home Department. But for a Viceroy to take into his confidence the acute Bengali Baboo, who has no want of self-assertion, vanity, or conceit, is nearly as much a political error as if the Prime Minister were to appear as Rector before the University of Glasgow, and to discuss with the professors and students the details of the late Conference at Constantinople, or the intentions of the Cabinet regarding the Suez Canal. It is quite right for the Indian Government, as part of a long-sighted and equitable policy, to educate intelligent natives, to multiply district schools and provincial colleges, to hold out fair prospects to bachelors in arts, science, and law, at Universities modelled on the form of the University of London, and to give to possessors of high degrees opportunities of proving that they can rise superior to the temptations of their age and country, and take part creditably in the administration of public affairs. Nor need we ever apprehend any deficiency in the class of doctrinaires to whom ability to quote Milton and write an English essay on "Government by Aliens" is a guarantee of fitness for every kind of employment in which untutored tact, unexamined judgment, and uncramped knowledge of men are absolutely indispensable.

As some misapprehension may arise amongst candidates and crammers regarding the exact nature of the changes now impending, we take this opportunity of explaining them, having reason to believe that our version will not be found at all wide of the mark. All high Indian authorities are agreed on the policy of employing natives, gradually, in executive and judicial duties, as far as they can be trusted to perform them without detriment to the public service. It has even been suggested that examinations should be held at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, to admit natives *pari passu* with Englishmen into the ranks of the Civil Service, and so to avoid all difficulties about crossing the dark ocean and losing caste. But the best friends of the natives have long ago come to the conclusion that, to a young and ambitious Hindu, the trip to England is an indispensable part of education. A knowledge gained of the results of our civilization in a residence of two years is worth far more than the intelligent crammer or the fierce competitor. Caste has ceased to be a bugbear; at least with Hindus who are beginning to think of Sutee as a mere myth, and to talk of the Houli as a repulsive saturnalia. It may therefore be taken as certain that recommendations for a local examination in India will never get beyond a show of hands at some ebullition in the Town Hall of Calcutta, or the hasty utterances of an M.P. on the annual Indian Budget. If, then, natives are to enter the Civil Service, as they have done in some instances, the entrance must be effected by the prescribed avenue and under the existing tests. It is often said that we are unduly monopolizing offices and depriving natives of those opportunities of distinction which, under a Hindu Raja or a Mohammedan usurper, they would certainly have commanded. But it seems to be overlooked that the British power is the first which has ever given to India a fixed and stable government conducted on civilized principles, with an official hierarchy, regular grades, promotions, pensions, and that certainty of tenure without which public service becomes a mere scramble or a game of chance. This order and harmony are of our own creation, and we have a clear right to define under what conditions natives shall be admitted to take part in their maintenance. The local Government of Bengal is, we understand, grappling with the difficulty in another way. The present Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Ashley Eden, adopting a scheme laid down by Sir R. Temple before his transfer to Bombay, is desirous of appointing about eleven natives to highly paid judicial appointments, and he would reward about half a dozen others in the executive branches by allotting to them higher emoluments than they have hitherto enjoyed. To place a native in supreme executive and independent charge of a large district, where vigour, fearlessness, and firm impartiality are requisite to deal with men of two rival religions, is simply out of the question. The natives, as yet, have not shown backbone enough. But it may be possible to employ them more largely in the judicial service, and indeed it is in contemplation to relieve the High Courts of some of their arrears, and to appoint an appellate tribunal, between the High Court and the district offices, in which one Judge shall be a native and the other a covenanted civilian, with the prospect of rising to judicial posts of 1,800*l.*, 2,200*l.*, and 3,000*l.* a year. A native would then have no reason to complain of exclusion from high offices.

It seems to us that some such plan as this promises better than well-meaning attempts to flood the regular service with young

Parsees and Bengali graduates of the University; and it gets rid of another difficulty which has already been felt in some measure, and which it was proposed to remove by creating embarrassments of a fresh kind. For instance, it has been said that when you have got your natives into the regular Civil Service by competition, you can utilize their talents by placing them only in that line for which they have evinced a special aptitude. Grant that they cannot be Superintendents of Police, Commissioners of Division, or magistrates in independent charge of districts, still you can convert them into very good assistant or subordinate Judges, into Judges of Districts, and of Appellate and High Courts. To this it is replied that hitherto members of the Civil Service have been thought qualified to fill every kind of post, and to be equal to every sort of responsibility. The Assistant of one generation has expanded in the next into the Lieutenant-Governor or Governor of a Presidency. Commissioners have become Judges of High Courts, and from the High Court men have been taken to fill places in the Secretariat and the Council. Even supposing that henceforth some rigid line will be drawn between the executive and the judicial agency, and that, after a certain period of service, a Civil Servant will be expected to make his final choice between one and the other, yet it will hardly do to lay it down broadly that natives, though to all intents Civil Servants, may fill the one branch and not the other. It would be rather like saying that, in the army, Englishmen are expected to storm hill-forts and to put down insurrections, while Sepoys might collect the revenue, form the reserve, or do duty in autumnal manoeuvres. The correct principle surely is that no one has any business inside the magic circle of the Civil Service of India who cannot be relied on, in theory at least, to do anything and to go anywhere he is bid. Nor are Judges in India so entirely relieved of executive work as is popularly thought. In England a Judge is generally supposed to be an elevated, impartial being, instructed by an intelligent and independent Bar, kept straight, if disposed to err, by a vigilant press, above all local prejudice or political animosity, with nothing to do but to decide cases as they are brought before him, not bound to originate anything or to take judicial action at all. But a District Judge in India cannot avoid doing many things at which the hair of English barristers would stand on end. He has to exercise a constant supervision over at least half a dozen native subordinates in civil and miscellaneous suits. He is the ultimate appeal from three or four officials vested with criminal powers, and has to come down on them if they are inclined to indulge in vagaries. It is his duty to call for statements and returns, to take the initiative in showing how new enactments are to be worked, to keep files clear, to prevent intricate cases in Courts below him from lagging discreditably, to put suits into proper shape, to decide what evidence shall be called for, to be occasionally counsel for both sides and jury as well as judge, to hold the scales evenly in times of excitement when religious controversy or national antipathies have inflamed men's passions, and to discharge all these duties in places far removed from a healthy opinion, with a dead certainty that his conduct will be adversely criticized by Hindus or by Mahomedans, by English capitalists, by native landholders, by the partisans of the peasant proprietors and the opulent middle men. It is tolerably certain that very few educated natives would stand this test.

Mr. Eden's plan may be open to criticism in details, but something has to be done for the native community; and his scheme seems to us to be freer from objections and to have more of the elements of success about it than any other. If adopted and enlarged, it will necessarily follow that, so far from encouraging young natives to visit England and enter the Civil Service, it may be politic to discourage them and to rule boldly that the Civil or Imperial Service shall be recruited by Englishmen alone. All sorts of alluring proclamations have been addressed to the youths of England to get them to enter that same service. They have been told of early independence and marriage, high responsibilities, and ennobling aims; how one man has been already twice Secretary to his Government, and another has influenced the whole course of vernacular education or the policy of a half-civilized native Court; how far inferior is a clerkship in the City or the cure of a country parish to the ordinary executive charge of a district where the population is numbered by hundreds of thousands. When we talk of redemption of pledges, these pledges must be equally kept with those given to natives, for on their observance depend the good faith of the Government and the loyalty of the service. Mr. Ashley Eden, as we make out, would get out of the dilemma by allotting or creating certain offices to be henceforth filled exclusively by natives, marking out such by very clear and defined lines, outside the Covenanted Service, and assigning to the holders salaries which would gratify their honourable ambition. We should then in future recruit the Civil Service with fewer members, but Englishmen would have a certain field of employment entirely to themselves. Natives would begin work at an early age in India without the expense of an education in England, and they would rise by proved fitness and have no just cause of complaint. The Civil Service, constituted entirely of Englishmen, would still be the body to control, direct, and animate the administration. In this way several great principles would be observed. Natives would have a larger share in the administration of affairs. English scholars would know exactly what to expect, and would not be deceived under false pretensions. The Government would have agents on whom it could confidently rely to keep up the traditions of office and to maintain a vigorous and firm grasp of

power. It is fortunate that the present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is one who knows his native subjects thoroughly, who in past years has undergone unmerited obloquy in defence of their rights, and who may be trusted, while rebuking undue and absurd pretensions, to carry out some well-devised scheme that shall not lower the Civil Service to the level of native capacity, but shall gradually elevate Hindus and Mahomedans to the European standard and measurement.

SOMETHING LIKE A GROCER.

THE Grocers' Company has tasted an unexpected pleasure. To give dinners to distinguished persons has always been among the most valued privileges of the hospitable city corporations; but it does not often fall to their lot to give a dinner to a member of their own mystery. Indeed, as a rule, the craft from which the Company takes its name is no more represented at the Court table than any other. It was not thus with the Grocers' Company on Tuesday. They did honour to Homeric archæology in the person of Dr. Schliemann, and before the evening was over they discovered that they had been entertaining a grocer unawares. In returning thanks to the Company for drinking his health, the explorer of Troy and Mycenæ claimed to be himself a grocer. This was not a half-jocose and half-condescending speech such as those in which a politician calls himself a working-man. Dr. Schliemann's connexion with the grocery trade has nothing to do with analogies or figure of speech. He began life as a genuine grocer, and he remained a genuine grocer for twenty-eight years. A "general shop" in Mecklenburg was the scene of his first introduction to the trade, and here for five years and a half he sold halfpennyworths of herrings, butter, salt, whisky, sugar, and coffee. It was a white day in the shop calendar if they sold 2*l.* worth of goods in a day. In the next four years he was first porter to a wholesale grocer in Amsterdam, and then correspondent and bookkeeper to another wholesale grocer in the same city. This latter firm sent him out to St. Petersburg as their agent, and there he set up business on his own account, and went on trading until in 1864 he had saved money enough to retire. Dr. Schliemann was still a young man, and, devoted as he was to the grocery trade, he had found time to think of something besides sugar. As soon as he left the general shop at Mecklenburg, he began to make up for his neglected education, and through the twenty years which followed he persisted in continuing his studies. When the opportunity for retirement came, he reaped the benefit of his industry. He found that he had sufficient theoretical knowledge to devote the remainder of his life to Homeric archæology.

Dr. Schliemann has every right to speak well of grocery, and certainly no apostle ever magnified his office with greater strength of conviction or more plenitude of good will. It is grocery, he says, that has made him what he is. It is to the habits formed in sweet communion with herrings, coffee, and spices that he owes his success as an explorer. Had he not been a grocer, he doubts whether he would ever have discovered Troy, or brought to light the royal sepulchres at Mycenæ. To him the sale of groceries has been a liberal education. Thoroughness, tact, system, and perseverance—these have been the qualifications which have stood him in such good stead during his archæological explorations, and it is behind the grocer's counter that he has studied and practised them. To do nothing superficially or at the wrong time, to manage men so as to get from every one the best work of which he is capable, to abandon no enterprise until it has yielded its richest fruits, have been the rules of Dr. Schliemann's later career; but it is not at Troy or Mycenæ that he first learned to obey them. The halfpennyworths of the general shop at Mecklenburg and the larger transactions which gave him employment for eighteen years at St. Petersburg have been his real school. It is no wonder that, when such results as these have been gained from the grocer's trade, Dr. Schliemann should hold it in high esteem. We shall not be far wrong, perhaps, if we give a particular application to the praise of commerce in general with which Dr. Schliemann ended his speech. Modesty would not let him say that without grocers there could be no ambition, and without ambition there could be no science, and thus without grocers men would be brutes. Yet this seems scarcely too much to predicate of a trade which evokes and perfects such intellectual and moral virtues as those enumerated by Dr. Schliemann. Perhaps it is to some secret and unsuspected harmony of physical and moral conditions that this superiority is owing. Every one must have noticed the peculiarly searching odour that pervades such a shop as that in which Dr. Schliemann began his career. Subtle influences lead the occasional visitor to put his handkerchief to his nose, or to remove with his finger the tear that wells up unconsciously in his eye. To the rightly constituted spirit these vapours may be like the scent of a pine forest. Vigour of mind and body may be borne on every breeze. The particular pursuits for which Dr. Schliemann was at this time being prepared may also have a special affinity with another aspect of the trade. The explorer of antiquity must know no distinction between the great and the little. The meanest trifle may put him on the road which is to end in success. The slightest variation in the contour of the ground may be to him an indication of buried treasure. Just as the study of the classical languages awakens the sense of minute distinctions in style and meaning, the continual observation of sugar or butter may awaken a sense of minute dis-

functions of a physical kind. The merchant who watched the youthful Schliemann thoughtfully weighing a sample of sugar in his palm perhaps deemed that he was only seeking to detect the sand which might be mixed with it, or to divine from its colour or texture the degree of sweetness which it would impart to a customer's pudding. He little dreamed that this seemingly commonplace process was training the faculty which would in the end reveal to its possessor the last resting-place of Agamemnon. Even the habit of making everything up into the minutest possible parcels may not have been without its use at Troy or Mycenæ. A trader who has to do with halfpenny-worths cannot afford to be superficial, or to despise the day of small things.

Are we over-sanguine in regarding this fragment of Dr. Schliemann's autobiography as the key which will unlock more than one of the educational and social problems which perplex our age? What is the want of which men of culture are everywhere complaining most loudly? A career. But if to be a grocer is, so far as training can ensure it, to be a Schliemann, there is surely a career ready to their hands. It has, it is true, been whispered that there are already too many grocers in the world; but this may only hold good of commonplace grocers. Men who bring the whole power of their intellect and the whole strength of their resolution to the trade will probably find that it has capabilities which have never been suspected. It might indeed be well if only those who have some other means of support than their own labour were to take up this fascinating pursuit. Such a limitation might be thought to bear too heavily on those who, with equal powers of profiting by the grocer's craft, would be shut out from it by the inequalities of fortune. But to argue in this way is to forget that differences of wealth are among the postulates of civilized existence. It is a hardship that one clever young man should be sent to the University because his father is rich, while another just as clever has to earn his own living from the time he is sixteen because his father is poor. But it is a hardship which it is no use to mourn over, and the privilege of being a grocer ought to be regarded in just the same light. The mention of Universities suggests the inquiry whether there might not be a school or faculty of grocery. Dr. Schliemann has shown, both by precept and practice, what a close alliance there is between this favoured trade and the investigation of classical antiquity, and Oxford and Cambridge might do well to consider whether a new member ought not to be admitted to the sisterhood of the liberal arts. Oxford in particular, which is perpetually remodelling her educational system, might gain a useful hint from Dr. Schliemann's speech. This famous University is sorely troubled what to do with her passmen. She is too conscientious to leave them in the undisturbed enjoyment of that magnificent ignorance with which they mostly come up, and which they would gladly take away with them when they depart. The consequence is that learning has to be broken up into a thousand portions, in the hope that in some one of them a passman may go in and out and find pasture. History is subdivided into almost as many periods as there are centuries; law is administered in doses of homœopathic minuteness; classics are already shorn of their old pre-eminence, and are threatened with still further degradation, and all for the same reason—to provide a passman with a subject in which he may, if possible, pass. Why then should not a man take a degree in grocery as well as in arts, or history, or natural science, or in such fractional parts of these subjects as it pleases the University to accept as a test of proficiency? When the Modern History School was founded at Oxford, Hallam came up to be one of the first examiners, and he thus gave dignity to the new study. In like manner Dr. Schliemann would perhaps consent to be among the first examiners in grocery. The Co-operative Stores might be raised to the rank of affiliated Colleges, since it would be scarcely possible within the precincts of a University town to get sufficient opportunities of study. Tying up parcels or weighing out ounces of pepper is a work which might easily become tame and perfunctory if it was done merely for practice and with no relation to the real business of life. The "assistants" at the Stores might all be undergraduates, and the fees paid by them might help still further to reduce prices. If we seem to have depicted a retail millennium, we can point to Dr. Schliemann for proof that it is not beyond all hope of realization.

THE POETRY PROFESSORSHIP AT OXFORD.

IT may seem rather strange that the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, to which Mr. Shairp has just been elected, should have been founded in what Mr. Mark Pattison has lately designated as *seculum rationalisticum*, the prosaic eighteenth century. To be sure it was close on the beginning of the century that Henry Birkhead, a late Fellow of All Souls, and Barrister of the Inner Temple—not a very poetical vocation—established the Chair and endowed it with the modest stipend of 100*l.* a year. The first professor, Joseph Trapp, Fellow of Wadham, was elected in 1708, when the more romantic memories of the previous age may still have lingered in the cloistered Halls of Oxford. The most distinguished occupant of the Chair during that century was Bishop Lowth, as he afterwards became, who held the office from 1741 to 1751. During the first half of the present century it was held by Bishop Copleston and Mr. Keble, whose *Praelectiones* are still remembered as models of pure Latin; and between them came Dr. Milman. Up to that time the original

provision of the statute of foundation requiring the professors to lecture in Latin had been strictly maintained. Keble was the last man to rebel against such restrictions, though many of his admirers who are little able to appreciate the exquisite scholarship of his two volumes of *Praelectiones*, may be tempted to wish it had been otherwise. And his two essays lately republished, on Sacred Poetry and on Copleston's *Praelectiones*, to which may be added that on Sir Walter Scott, where he worked out his theory of the essential nature and characteristics of poetry, will increase their regret that what Dr. Newman calls "his greatest literary work," on the same subject, is in a language they cannot readily follow. At all events the rule was altered soon afterwards, Mr. Matthew Arnold being, we believe, the first Professor to lecture in English. In modern Oxford the ladies would be sure to form an important element in the audience on such occasions; but of the new town that has grown up beyond "the Parks," and the bevy of fair *professorinnen*, as Denn Mansell once styled them, who now overflow not only the galleries of the Union on debate nights but even the sacred precincts of the Convocation House, neither Henry Birkhead nor the recipients of his bounty for a century and a half afterwards ever dreamed. They have come in, like the Sabine women of old, to reconcile the past of the city with its future. And, at least until that undesirable day, if it ever dawns, when the rights of women are finally vindicated and "sweet girl graduates" sit beside their brothers to learn Latin and Greek in the lecture-rooms of Eton and Oxford, we may be sure the ladies will take care that the old restriction shall not be reimposed on the Poetry Professor.

Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, as our readers are aware, was elected to the Chair without opposition on Thursday last, and Oxford will certainly have no reason to regret her choice; indeed we are disposed to think it the best that could have been made. He was elected without opposition because the other competitors had previously retired from the field. But it is worth noting, both for his sake and theirs, that with the exception of one candidate who came forward at the last moment, nobody knew why, and who never had the slightest chance, the field was a formidable one. Of those who would have divided the suffrages of Convocation with Mr. Shairp, if they had been advised to go to the poll, there is not one who would not have more than respectably filled the Chair. And, as it is not held for life, but nominally for five and practically for ten years—for the Professor is almost always re-elected—and the other candidates are younger men than Mr. Shairp, it is pleasant to think that they may have future opportunities of seeking the post. Mr. Palgrave, second son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, is known both as a writer and critic of poetry, but chiefly in the latter capacity; to the general public he is familiar as the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*. Mr. Symonds, though a younger man, has been a much more voluminous author. His *Studies of the Greek Poets* and his *Renaissance in Italy*—the latest volume of which we reviewed the other day—have secured him a wide reputation, though we are not sure that the former work did not partly contribute to his failure in obtaining adequate support at Oxford. The emphatic and unequivocal assertion of "Hellenism" pure and simple in the second volume of his *Greek Poets*, and that in avowed antithesis to the theistic basis of "modern morality," has been, not perhaps unnaturally, quoted against him, and certainly not without effect. In another way, too, he was unfortunate. His old College, Balliol, was necessarily divided between his claims and Mr. Shairp's, both of whom had been formerly Scholars there. His present College, Magdalen, was less than lukewarm in his cause, probably on Conservative grounds, which always play an important part in Oxford elections, for Mr. Symonds is accounted a Liberal, and Magdalen is the traditional stronghold of Conservatism. He had difficulties therefore to contend with, alike theological, political, and collegiate. The remaining candidate, Mr. Courthope of New College, though less widely known than Mr. Symonds and belonging to a very different school of thought, possesses claims far from inconsiderable. Both of them, as appears from his published letters, were intimate friends and correspondents of the late John Conington, whose friendship was in itself a kind of testimonial of distinction; and Mr. Courthope, like Mr. Symonds, has given unmistakable proof of a refined and highly cultivated taste. His *Paradise of Birds* is one of the cleverest and most charming of burlesques, and the articles attributed to him in the *Quarterly Review* are equally remarkable for critical power and felicity of diction. There can be no doubt that either his lectures or Mr. Symonds's, if either of them should hereafter be called to the Chair of Poetry, will be full of interest.

Meanwhile, as we have already intimated, Oxford may safely be congratulated on the choice of Professor Shairp. Like Mr. Courthope, he is an old Newdegate, and a poem of his was published some years ago in *Macmillan*, describing with exquisite grace and delicacy of touch the Balliol of his own day and his companions at the Scholars' table, some of whom have since risen to eminence, while others, whose memories are still fragrant in their old home, have been prematurely called away from earth. But to the general public he is chiefly known by his *Studies in Philosophy and Poetry*—especially the chapters on Wordsworth and Keble—and his *Lectures on Culture and Religion*; and readers of those volumes, whether they always agree with him or not, will be sure to give a ready welcome to any future work from the same pen. How much in point of quantity we are likely to receive from him is another matter. We are not aware what are the exact require-

ments of the statute, but they certainly are not and could not be made very onerous, while the endowment remains so small. It was urged in Mr. Symonds's favour that, if elected, he would reside part of the year in Oxford and deliver a course of lectures. This, we are afraid, would be impossible for Mr. Shairp, who is Principal of a College in the distant University of St. Andrews, but he might be able perhaps from time to time to come up for a week or a fortnight and lecture at Oxford, where he could always count on meeting with a friendly and appreciative audience. Nor would their appreciation be likely to be diminished by the discovery that to his mind "culture," of which he is hardly a less zealous advocate than Mr. Matthew Arnold himself, can never become in itself a complete and adequate end, or, as he prefers to phrase it—in language which is fairly open to criticism—"seems then only worthy of serious regard when it ministers to faith." Mr. Arnold indeed speaks in hardly less emphatic terms of the religious aspects of culture; but then by religion he means avowedly something very different from what Christian believers usually understand by the name, whereas of Mr. Shairp's genuine faith in Christianity, as it is received by the most cultivated and thoughtful but also most devout members of the Scottish Presbyterian Communion, his writings leave us in no manner of doubt. To him the true poet is necessarily a *rites sacer*, discharging something of the office of a prophet and a priest. And if there is any ground for charging a school of highly-wrought classical æstheticism, which is rising into notice in our own day, with a tendency to reproduce the evil influences of that Pagan revival of the fifteenth century so elaborately exhibited in Mr. Symonds's latest publication, the new Professor of Poetry is just the man to detect and expose it, not with the sledge-hammer of a Philistine iconoclast, but with the discriminating sympathy of a friend to whom Plato is dear but truth is dearer. He admits that, ideally considered, "culture, or the impulse in man to seek his own perfection," ought to culminate in "religion, or the impulse in man to seek God"; but he will not allow the former to usurp the name and place of the latter, and insists that in Greece, the birthplace of intellectual culture, such religion as there was was divorced from morality. Hellenism, to use the terminology of another "culturist," is only safe, in his judgment, when it recognizes the higher claim of Christianity. "Jerusalem is the fountain-head of religious knowledge to the world, as Athens is of secular." But we must not diverge into a comment on Mr. Shairp's earlier writings. We have only referred to them in order to show in what spirit he may be expected to treat the many-sided and inspiring theme on which it will henceforth be his duty to discourse from the Chair which he has been so fitly called to occupy at Oxford.

MORMON DIFFICULTIES.

It has long been foreseen that some day or other there must in all probability be a collision between the United States Government and the so-called Church of the Latter Day Saints, or, as they are commonly styled, Mormons, of Utah, though when it will come is still doubtful. The peculiar social and political character of the latter body necessarily makes it an anomalous element in American life, and a standing difficulty for the Government; and from time to time there has been an apparent danger of an open rupture; and, indeed, more than once actual strife. In 1857 President Buchanan in an official address recommended that an imposing military force should be despatched against the Mormons for the purpose of compelling them to submit to the authority of the States; and in 1859 an army under General Johnston took the field, but did not make much head against the Nauvoo Legion, and after a while was withdrawn. Again, in 1870, the House of Representatives passed a Bill for depriving the Mormon polygamists of the rights of citizens, and punishing them by fine and imprisonment; but this was only an empty threat. On the whole, then, it would seem that the Mormons have pretty well held their ground, and that in the United States there is a disposition to let things alone. Recently, however, the trial of John D. Lee, a prominent member of the Mormon community, for having taken a leading part in a massacre in 1857 of Arkansas emigrants while on their way through the Salt Lake country, has tended to reopen the question of the relations between the States and the Mormons. Lee was convicted of the crime of which he was accused, and executed in March last; and before his death he wrote out a confession, as to which there is a certain degree of mystery, but which is said to contain statements implicating other leading men in Utah. It is difficult to say whether the hostility of the Americans to the Mormons is at present very deep or only superficial; but the *New York Herald* has taken the lead in stirring up an agitation on the subject, and calling for a complete and exhaustive inquiry as to the Mountain Meadows massacre, which was certainly a very horrible affair—not only men, but women and children, being slaughtered in cold blood. According to the Mormon explanation of the event, it was got up by the Indians, and the Mormons were only accidentally mixed up with it; but the evidence at Lee's trial clearly proved that the murderous outrage was not only mainly perpetrated, but deliberately planned, by the Mormons. Indeed, there can be very little doubt that Lee, though he played the chief part in the business, was not the only person responsible for what occurred, for he would never have dared to do so on his own account, and without some kind of orders or instigation from his

superiors. It is also asserted that there is a long list of known murders or suspected assassinations to be inquired into.

How far these charges can be brought home to those against whom they are directed, among whom the principal one is of course Brigham Young himself, it is impossible at present to know; but, in the meantime, the *New York Herald* is certainly doing all it can to bring about a crisis. Almost every day it has some alleged revelations as to the conduct of the Mormon leaders, or fierce denunciations of Mormonism generally. "Away, then," it says in one of its articles, "with this bestial, blasphemous, and bloodstained congregation, which insults God in the midst of His grandest works, and the noblest and grandest feelings of man under the flag of our Republic. Let Mormonism be extirpated from the land by the Samson of the law, even if its adherents should be buried beneath the ruins of its temple." The headings of the news columns are in a similar strain:—"Satan's Agencies," "A Mormon Wife and Mother pictures her Degradation," "The Reign of Terror vividly described," "Mormon Rebels," "Brigham's Blood Address," "Crimes to be Punished," and *syon*. The *Herald*, in fact, has in its characteristic way opened up a public inquisition into the alleged crimes of the Mormons without waiting for the official intervention of the United States Government. It is stated, indeed, that the Grand Jury at "Salt Lake City will meet on the 21st inst." (May); and that "subpenas are issued for a formidable number of witnesses in criminal cases; and arrests of murderers, who have had immunity for years, are imminent in the mountains and along the borders where they have secluded themselves"; and the suggestive remark is added:—"The sword of justice hangs over the roof of many a suspected assassin eminent in the councils of the Mormon priesthood, and it is not unlikely that the doctrine of blood atonement will be brought before the close of summer home to their hearts and throats." This style of language has naturally created a good deal of excitement in Utah, and the leading men protest indignantly against it. It is also said that the Mormon militia, formerly put down by the American authorities, has now been reorganized, and is secretly drilling. However this may be, it seems to be true that the Governor of the Territory has asked the Secretary of War to reinforce the United States garrison in Utah, his reasons being, as reported by a Correspondent of the *Herald*, that "there is here an anomalous condition of affairs, the population of the Territory being composed of two distinct elements, the Mormons and the Gentiles, and at a critical juncture there might be more or less conflict between them"; and "the presence of additional Federal soldiers would have a salutary effect." It is calculated that the population of Utah consists of 100,000 Mormons and 15,000 Gentiles, the Mormons in Salt Lake City being about 16,000 and the Gentiles only 4,000. Under these circumstances, it may be assumed that, if a conflict occurred, the minority would be in a very hopeless position, unless they obtained the support of the Federal troops. It is possibly because they rely on this that the Gentiles have had the boldness to hold a meeting in which they have passed resolutions denouncing polygamy, and calling for its suppression. It is proposed that "any persons practising bigamy or polygamy shall be entirely disfranchised, and cut off from any share in the affairs of the Territory; that they shall not be eligible to vote or hold any office of trust or emolument under the law, and shall be practically branded as criminals by their fellow-men." Mr. Brigham Young, however, says, "he does not believe in polygamy, which means a plurality of wives and husbands, but only in polygenny," as he calls it, "which means a plurality of wives."

It is necessary of course to be cautious as to accepting the reports that appear in such a paper as the *New York Herald*, which may have for its object merely the dissemination of sensational news for commercial purposes. The sort of testimony which is published in its columns against the Mormons tends in a certain degree to justify this suspicion, for it is of a very worthless kind. For instance, no authentic copy of Lee's confession has come to light; and the gossip and scandal of such persons as Mrs. Webb, "mother of Ann Eliza, the recently divorced wife of Brigham Young"; Mrs. Orson Pratt, the wife of the apostle of that name, who quarrelled with her husband as to the number of his wives, and now supplies an account of his "Harem" to a newspaper; or "Idaho Bill," who is "reported to be as freakish and slippery a scamp as there is in all this Western region," and is, in fact, a convict in prison at this moment, cannot inspire much confidence. Still, from what is known of the circumstances of the case, it is not improbable that the general statements as to possible disturbances, though they may be exaggerated, rest upon a basis of fact. There can be little doubt that the Mormon community contains in itself the seeds of its future dissolution. The Mormon settlers in the United States were expelled from Missouri and Illinois, where they had first established themselves; and it was only by securing for a time complete isolation in Utah that they obtained a footing in the country. They were for a series of years a people quite by themselves, with no strangers to trouble them; and if they could have maintained this seclusion, the difficulties which now beset them would not have occurred. It is the opening up of the region by the Pacific Railway which has in a great measure broken down the conditions under which alone the Mormon community could exist in its peculiar form. Though the Gentiles within its bounds are still a small minority, they are increasing both in numbers and influence, and may be expected to continue to do so. Moreover, there are signs that the Mormons do not hold together as they

used to do. Differences of opinion have arisen as to the system, and it would appear that, though polygamy still prevails in theory, it is not so generally practised as formerly. The authority which Brigham Young has hitherto possessed has been due to his connexion with Joseph Smith, and also, in a large degree, to his own tact and energy. He has had to deal with a very ignorant and fanatical set of subjects, by whom he has been accepted as receiving direct inspiration from Heaven, and therefore entitled to blind and implicit obedience when he issues a decree. Moreover, the early comers were hard-working, spare-living people who were content with a very simple style of life, and the produce of their hands. But now, in all these respects, a change has been going on which cannot fail to spread. The introduction of the Gentile element as permanent residents; the multitude of strangers from all parts who visit Utah every year; the growth of trade and commercial relations with the outside world; the accumulation of wealth and taste for luxury in the richer classes, must all tend to disturb old habits and traditions, while freedom of thought and new ideas are continually impairing the ignorant devotion of the lower classes who formerly formed the bulk of the community. Utah is now an open Territory, and the inhabitants cannot long resist the influences to which they are exposed. The colonization of the region by the "Gentiles" will also be quickened by the railway communications which now exist, and the progressive cultivation of the land; and the organized institutions of the Republic will thus be brought close upon a community which cannot retain its special character amidst such associations. If the Federal Government were to resolve to clear off the Mormons by force, it would no doubt be met by a desperate resistance; but there is no likelihood of this unless it is provoked by serious disorders, and the law has other means of bringing about an assimilation of the Saints to the body of the nation in the practice of morality and submission to civil authority.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

IN our second article on the Royal Academy we were still considering the pictures in the Great Gallery, and had not yet noticed a fine work by Mr. Pettie (272), "A Lady of the Seventeenth Century." This is painted in obvious imitation of Van Dyck's manner, and perhaps one cannot give it higher praise than by saying that the imitation is successful. The lady, who stands in an easy yet imposing attitude, wears a light blue dress relieved with a red flower at the breast, and over the dress hangs a black cloak with a fur edging. The painting of the different textures is masterly and unaffected, and the flesh tints are firm without roughness. On the same wall hangs Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mrs. Forster (262), which, although less striking than the companion picture which we have already noticed, is an excellent, straightforward piece of work. A portrait by another young painter, Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, "The Countess of Wharfedale" (240), is painted with much care and gives evidence of the artist's progress; but it is unfortunately hung. Mr. Watts's portrait of Miss Dorothy Tennant (267) is less pleasing than Mr. Millais's rendering of the same subject, which was exhibited, if we remember rightly, two years ago. Mr. Sant has two portraits in this room (164, 212). Mr. Poynter sends a portrait of Mrs. Archibald Milman (169) which is extremely hard, and in which the tapestry at the back is so painted that one of the figures stands out in bold relief, and may at a first glance be taken for an actual person.

Among the subject pictures the most charming in this gallery, and, we are disposed to think, the most charming in the whole Academy, is Mr. Leighton's "Music Lesson" (209). This is an exquisitely lovely representation of a young mother clad in loose drapery of green, white, and gold, teaching the hand of a child dressed in blue to touch rightly the strings of an instrument resembling a guitar. The feet and part of the legs of both figures are bare, and hang over the couch on which they are sitting with marvellous grace. The tender and graceful feeling of the group is as perfect as is the harmonizing of the different tints employed; and it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the flesh tints. It might be said that no real flesh is quite so smooth and clear as this, and perhaps the best answer to such a criticism would be that the fact is unfortunate. Quite as lovely in treatment, but less full of poetry, is Mr. Leighton's "Study" (268), a charming little girl in a pink dress, bending with childlike seriousness over a large book. Mr. Calderon's picture (215), to which are affixed Mr. Tenyson's lines beginning "Home they brought her warrior dead," is a somewhat disappointing work. In the figure of the widow who, kneeling on the ground, clasps her child to her breast, there is pathos; but it is marred by the vulgarity of the group on the left, in which an odious little girl is peering over the back of a chair to see what goes on, just as she might over the front of a box at a pantomime. The steel-clad toes and legs of the dead warrior on the bed are not very happily managed, and the white cap of the commonplace old nurse, who bears her ninety years with surprising alacrity, is painfully prominent. Mr. Faed's "In Time of War" (266), if, as one would think, it is intended to be pathetic, has not hit its mark with any great success. It is a large and elaborate study of a cottage interior, containing a mother and child, two boys asleep on a bed, a cat, and various basins, pans, and boots, which are portrayed with great

reality. Why it should be called "In Time of War," it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Silkworms" (184) is an elaborate and uninteresting representation of a group of bluecoat boys excited over those creatures for which schoolboys have a strange fondness. "Strangers Yet" (186), by Mr. W. Sellon, and "The Cares of a Family" (230), by Mr. W. B. Baird, are both clever and pleasant studies of birds. "La Siesta" (251), by Miss Florence Bonneau, hanging next to the last-named picture, is a graceful and careful picture, suggested perhaps by Mr. Alma-Tadema's works, of a Roman woman lying lazily by the side of a bath or impluvium. The colour in the foreground is killed by the too great warmth of the reflections at the back. Mr. Marks's "A Bit of Blue" (246) is a charmingly minute representation of an old gentleman handling with loving care a lately arrived china treasure. The truth of the accessories is admirable, and the only point to which exception can be taken is the painting of the hands, which are far less real than the china, or even the shavings in which it has been wrapped. Among the landscapes not yet noticed we may for the present point to Mr. Vicat Cole's "Summer Showers" (239), the truth of which is marred by the solidity of the sky and water, and Mr. Aumonier's "Easton Broad, Suffolk" (265), which is a large and happy example of this painter's style.

Turning for a while to the Grosvenor Gallery, we will, out of several contributions from Mr. Tissot, who is not represented at the Royal Academy, consider first the most ambitious of his pictures. This, which is numbered 22, and hangs with his others in the East Gallery, is the first of a series which is described in the Catalogue as a "Poem in five parts." There seems no more reason why a series of paintings should be called a poem than why Mr. Whistler's strange performances should be called Harmonies and Nocturnes. If it is intended to suggest that the pictures are full of poetical feeling, then the suggestion, as far at least as this particular one is concerned, is, we venture to think, misleading. The explanation of the picture in the Catalogue runs thus:—"I. The Challenge. The Will, attended by two pages, Audacity (active) and Silence (passive), triumphs over Vice and Temptation." Vice and Temptation are, we imagine, represented by the hideous figure, half woman half tigress, which lies prostrate in the foreground. A lay figure in the guise of a woman, with a leg exhibiting the agony of stiffness peculiar to lay figures' legs, tramples on this prostrate form. The figure is habited in armour, beneath which various signs of modern dress may be detected, while the arrangement of the hair is evidently modern. Possibly the four uncompleted pictures which are to belong to the series may in time throw some light on the painter's meaning; meanwhile, the first of the set appears to be a performance of considerable humour. In the same gallery hangs a "Portrait of Lady Lindsay" (of Balcarres), by Mr. Watts (34). Apart from the question of technical excellence, we are inclined to prefer the treatment of the same subject by Sir Coutts Lindsay in the West Gallery (43). Three pictures by Mr. Albert Moore, of varying sizes (50, 51, 52), have all the charm of combined softness and strength which this painter always gives to the figures that he clothes with daintily disposed drapery, coloured so that the eye loves to rest on it. M. Legros sends nine works. In some respects the most striking of these are four studies (72, 73, 74, 75), executed in two hours each before his pupils at the Slade Schools. The mastery and facility exhibited in them are very great. The same painter's "Le Chaudronnier" (78), which has been seen before in London, is a fine treatment of a commonplace subject, while "Le Cloître Espagnol" (79) is a successful imitation of the somewhat pedantic yet impressive style of certain Dutch masters.

Returning to the Royal Academy and passing into Gallery IV., we may notice the humour of Mr. E. Benson's "The Last Wren-winner" (289), and the want of any real humour in Mr. Calderon's "Reduced Three per Cents" (311). Near to this hangs Mr. Marks's "The Spider and the Fly" (313), a cavalier habited in yellow sitting on the table of an old usurer, with whom he is driving a bargain. Here the painter's great command of detail comes out in full force, and the only objection to be taken to the general effect is that the cavalier's yellow costume is not altogether pleasant in tone. Mr. Joseph Knight's "A Tidal River" (329) is a fine landscape, and so, in a naturally warmer tone, is Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Towing on the Nile" (344). Near this is a picture called "Critics on Costume; Fashions Change" (343), by Mr. Horsley, R.A., upon which we can only observe that it is unfortunate that Mr. Horsley's fashion of painting does not change. Mr. A. W. May's landscape, "A Bend in the River" (359), is a work of much delicacy, in which something of Corot's feeling for the changing moods of nature has been caught. The picture represents a cool green island or eyot in the middle of a river, with adjuncts in the foreground of trees, rushes, and herons. The soft light on sky and water is excellent, and the whole aspect of the scene singularly true. A yet more charming landscape is Mr. Mark Fisher's "The Meadows" (364), a picture of cattle in a sodden field which is so painted as to be refreshing to look at. Mr. Morris's "The Heir of the Manor" (374) is a pretty composition, full of sunlight. Sir John Gilbert's "Doge and Senators of Venice in Council" (366) is a fine work, more happy in colour than the same painter's larger contribution in the great gallery. Mr. John O'Connor's "High Level Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne" (368) brings the scene which the painter has chosen with striking reality before the spectator.

THE THEATRES.

THE management of the Lyceum Theatre has not perhaps done unwisely in varying the course of Shakspeare which it has for some time past set before its audiences. One may weary even of the best entertainments for body or mind if there is no break or change in them. Mr. Irving, upon whom falls the weight of all stage entertainments provided at the Lyceum, made some striking successes in the regions of melodrama before it was discovered that he could play Hamlet; and it is natural enough that, after the magnificent melodrama of *Richard III.*, he should betake himself to something which is still melodramatic, though not in so magnificent a way. There would have been a more complete change, and possibly a more complete success, if the actor had appeared in some part of high comedy, or, to use a technical expression, in some "character-part" which, while it would have afforded him rest, would also have given more scope for art than the comparatively simple task upon which he is now engaged. His performance, indeed, of this task appears to us to suffer somewhat from a desire to make an elaborate study of a character, or rather of two characters, which are too roughly drawn to admit of any great fineness in their interpretation. The authors of *Le Courier de Lyon* saw their account in a supposed case of mistaken identity which obtained great celebrity; and, adapting the facts to stage purposes, they made the supposed innocent man as good as possible, and paired it with corresponding blackness the highwayman said to have committed the crime for which another suffered. We have said the supposed innocent man, because, as has lately been pointed out by an ingenious critic, there seems to be considerable doubt whether after all it was not Lesurques who was concerned in the robbery for which he was executed. And the same critic has called attention to the fact that Lesurques, far from being the angel that he is represented to be in his domestic relations, was a man whose private character did not at all bear being pried into. On the other hand, although Dubosc was a professional robber, while Lesurques, if he was a robber at all, was only an amateur, he can scarcely have been the utter fiend which the playwrights have made of him. Of course the object of the stage is not, or ought not to be, to give an absolutely exact picture of real life; and we only point to these facts because the contrivers of *Le Courier de Lyon* made a blunder in giving too much of the stage glamour to the facts which supplied them with their play. To the effort after effect they deflected their own object, just as, to our thinking, Mr. Irving has somewhat spoiled his performance in the play by too much anxiety to make it striking.

The original French play from which that now performed at the Lyceum is taken was called *Le Courier de Lyon*, and was produced at the Gaiety in Paris in 1850. It was adapted for the English stage by Mr. Charles Reade, under the astounding title of *The Courier of Lyons*, and produced by Mr. Charles Kean at the Prince's Theatre in London in 1854. That a writer of Mr. Charles Reade's ability and knowledge should have made so strange a slip as was made in the title of the adaptation is surprising. "The Courier of Lyons" is just exactly such a translation of "*Le Courier de Lyon*" as "*Le Postillon de Calais*" would be of "*The Calais Mail*." *Courrier* in this instance means neither more nor less than mail-coach, as to which fact any one can satisfy himself by reference, if it is needed, to Littré. But indeed the employment of the word *courrier* in this sense is so frequent in French that it is difficult to understand how for many years actors and audiences can have allowed it to be supposed that the title of the play carries even a suggestion of the presence of the "courier" or guard of the mail, who, to judge from the English title long in use, should be a personage in the drama, and who really has nothing to do with it except to come on the stage and be killed. The exact translation of "*Le Courier de Lyon*" is "*The Lyons Mail*." This title was first given to the play by Mr. J. W. Clark, who wrote a very clever version of it for the A. D. C. at Cambridge; and in adopting this title the management of the Lyceum has done well. It was however not so well conceived to perpetuate the original blunder in bills which stated that the play was first produced in Paris under the title of "*The Courier of Lyons*." The same bills dwelt in moving terms upon the immense power of the stage as a moral agent, and supported this view by recording the wish of the Lesurques family that the real name of their ancestor should be used in the play, and their gratitude to the playwrights for so using it. Whether the name of Lesurques ever has been used in the play in Paris or not we cannot say; but it is quite certain that its use has been forbidden for some time past by the censorship, and that it is not used now. The play is still occasionally performed in Paris; but it is produced, not for the sake of whoever undertakes the two parts of Lesurques and Dubosc, but for that of M. Paulin Menier, who, out of the part of Choppard, the horse-dealer, has made a study somewhat analogous to that which Mr. Sothorn made of Lord Dundreary. The character was originally a subordinate one, but the actor, by means of some influence which appeals to a certain kind of Parisian audience, has made it the prominent feature of the piece. In the representation at the Lyceum this is certainly not the case; indeed, with two exceptions, there is nothing that calls for praise of any sort except Mr. Irving's well-meaning, but not altogether happy, attempt to apply his great and peculiar talent to a performance which is hardly worth so much trouble.

Although *Le Courier de Lyon* is a well-known play, it may not be amiss, before attempting any detailed criticism of its performance, to give a brief sketch of its plot. M. Joseph Lesurques, of Paris, is a man possessed of all virtues, and respected for that possession; he is moreover so wealthy that it is a delight to him to help his father, who is somehow an innkeeper in difficulties at Lieursaint, by an anonymous gift of money. To bestow this he rides down to the inn secretly, and disappears with equal secrecy. Within a few minutes of his disappearance arrives Dubosc, a robber celebrated for his prowess, at the head of a band bent on robbing the Lyons Mail. The resemblance between Lesurques and Dubosc is, in the play, so extraordinary that old Lesurques, shot for his untimely interference by Dubosc, conceives the bullet to have been discharged by his own son, and is so fixed in his belief that all his son's passionate protestations shake him not a whit in his conviction. The rest of the piece is occupied with the confusion arising out of the strange resemblance between the two men, which hurries Lesurques to a death that he only escapes by the treachery of one of Dubosc's comrades. The piece has this capital fault, which has been pointed out in another criticism—that it depends upon a confusion of which the audience is made aware from the very beginning. Setting this aside, the aim of the actor who plays the two parts of Dubosc and Lesurques should be to indicate that the two men are indeed different, but yet so alike that people knowing both might readily confound them even when life and death depended on their accuracy. Mr. Irving has gone too far in his desire to show the different natures of the two men, and has neglected too much the likeness which is requisite for stage purposes. His Lesurques is a man of spare build, whose courtesy and gentle character are, if anything, too plainly marked in his whole speech and conduct. His Dubosc is a burly ruffian of an English rather than a French type, whose hoarse, sullen voice and repulsive features are represented with a reality so great, and are so absolutely different from anything belonging to Lesurques, that the confusion between the two men becomes as inconceivable to the spectators of the play as it was to the judges of the actual trial. It is utterly impossible that the father of Lesurques could have taken the red-nosed scoundrel with down-drawn mouth, heavy jaw, broad shoulders, and villainous voice, who shoots him, for his own son, mild strike in words and gestures, even though he imagined him to be masquerading to conceal his purpose. Mr. Irving's rendering of the two characters and his alternate assumption of one and the other is a feat of undoubted skill; but it is both more and less than the play demands. For the rest, the actor seemed to us strangely to miss the force of certain pathetic passages in the part of Lesurques, while he needlessly exaggerated other passages in that of Dubosc. To see an injured woman stabbed by a ruffian can never be a pleasant sight even on the stage; and it would be well to shorten the struggle which ends in this stabbing between Dubosc and Jeanne. In the last act Mr. Irving represents Dubosc, who from a window in a cabaret is watching for the execution of Lesurques, as drunk. This may seem strange when one remembers that Dubosc makes himself known to his associates by drinking a bottle of brandy at a sitting. The bottle in the Lyceum representation is but poorly represented; but that is nothing, nor is it perhaps much that Mr. Irving should choose to make the villain drunk in the last scene. But we cannot think that a trick by which in this scene Mr. Irving gains much applause is either happily conceived or executed. The actor, in the climax of his triumph and drunkenness, drags himself with his back turned to the audience to a window at the back of the stage, whence he looks for the fatal tumble; and then, lying flat on his stomach, he kicks up his heels with delight. The action reminds one irresistibly of some lines which used to be sung in a burlesque by Mr. Robson:—"Old Joe a-kicking up hind and afore, And Columbine a-kicking up hind old Joe." We have said that the rest of the performance is not particularly good. Mr. Mead's performance of old Lesurques is, however, charged with feeling and dignity; and Miss Isabel Bateman's rendering of Jeanne wants nothing but better command of gesture to make it a performance worthy of much praise. Courriel is a part which should be well played—a highwayman who is at the same time a dandy. From the performance at the Lyceum it is quite possible to believe that Courriel was a highwayman, but it is absurd to imagine that he could be received in any private house, even in the days of the Directory. The management, by the way, might have done well to bring the costumes into far more strict accordance with the date of the play; and at the same time it may be observed that, as the price of the stalls has been for some time raised, a proportionate decrease in the offensive and, in the event of a panic, dangerous, narrowness between the rows might have been made with advantage.

L'Ami Fritz, which has been played by M. Febvre and a French company at the Gaiety, we criticized while it was being performed under more favourable conditions at the Théâtre Français. With the exception of M. Febvre's part, the only part well filled here was that of Suzel, played by Mlle. Lody, who, though far from equal to Mlle. Reichenberg, has much merit. The performances of Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase* at the Haymarket have given Mr. Chippendale an occasion for exhibiting his excellent style in a suitable part; and have added to other proofs which Mr. Harold Kyrle has given of his talent and industry. To the comparatively small part of Truworth Mr. Kyrle, by his good diction and gesture, gave an importance which one might not think it capable

of assuming. Mrs. Chippendale was amusing as Widow Green. Miss Amy Sedgwick played Constance, and was appallingly lively in the scene from which Lady Gay Spanker's speech in praise of hunting in *London Assurance* would seem to be taken.

THE DERBY.

TWO events occurred during the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket to break the monotony of one of the quietest weeks of the season. The ill-advised alteration of racing law which reduced the minimum weight in handicaps from 5 st. 7 lbs. to 4 st. 7 lbs. was repealed by a decisive vote of the Jockey Club; and a new candidate for Derby honours was discovered in Altyre, a small, but muscular and compactly framed, son of the famous Blair Athol. The meeting of the Jockey Club was well and influentially attended; and though the authors of the new rule and their nine supporters stuck to their opinions, despite the storm of opposition they had excited on all sides, twenty-one adverse votes effectually settled the fate of the obnoxious law, which had happily not lasted long enough to be put into force. As a general rule, these sudden changes of mind on the part of a legislative body are much to be deprecated. A Parliament which passed laws one Session and repealed them the next would soon cease to command respect; and it is an accepted principle that, when once a measure has been fairly discussed and has received the sanction of the Legislature, a fair trial should be given to it. The same rule holds good, or ought to hold good, as regards the Parliament of the Turf, which, in its small way, watches over the interests of racing and commands the confidence of racing men. It would be intolerable if laws were to be perpetually made, unmade, and remade, just according to the caprice of the moment or the accidental presence or absence of members of a particular way of thinking. Neither the racing nor any other community would long submit to a tribunal which did not know its own mind for two weeks together. In the present instance, however, the emergency was so pressing and the grievance so flagrant, that the real strength of the Jockey Club, in numbers as well as in influence, was justified in asserting itself. Besides, it was the promoters of the objectionable innovation who were the first to break through the wholesome rule to which we have referred. The new code of Racing Law, on which a carefully selected Committee had been engaged for many months, and which had received the deliberate sanction of the entire Jockey Club, had actually been in force only a few weeks when an attack was made on one of its most vital enactments and a chance victory snatched. In securing the prompt reversal of this rash and ill-judged proceeding, the majority of the Jockey Club have simply declined to upset the work of their Committee before its merits have been fairly tried. In this they would have been fully justified, even if the recent change had been of the most harmless character; but its manifest tendency to revive one of the worst abuses of racing furnished an additional argument in favour of the prompt action they have taken.

The appearance of Altyre in the front rank of the Derby favourites was quite unlooked for; and in the present dearth of first-class English horses, the discovery of anything good enough to be a rival to the all-conquering foreigners was decidedly welcome. As a two-year-old Altyre did nothing deserving consideration. He ran twice, and on both occasions failed to get anywhere near the front. So little was thought of him after these inglorious performances, that his owner had almost resolved to turn him out of training. The intention, however, was not carried into effect; and, another chance being given to Altyre, he availed himself of it to retrieve his character. At the recent Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket he won all his engagements in brilliant style; the first over the Ditch mile, the second over the Cesarewitch course, and the third over the Kowley mile, the judge's verdicts being eight lengths, fifteen lengths, and six lengths respectively. The horse, in fact, won his three races without being extended, and it was this rather than the quality of his antagonists—the best of whom were Zee, First Spring, and Plaisance—that created so general an impression in his favour. It is not every day that a horse comes out who can both go fast and stay, and it was not Altyre's fault that his victories were gained in moderate company. He won all his races with consummate ease, and no horse could do more. A more reasonable objection to Altyre was his diminutive size, and it was considered that when it came to racing, horses like Chamant and Pellegrino would be sure to outstride him. For all that, and especially as the field for the Derby promised to be neither very large nor of very exceptional merit, Altyre's chance of obtaining a place was held in high estimation, and he was deservedly supported with great spirit for the inferior honours of the great Epsom race. In other respects nothing happened at home during the Second Spring week to throw light on the Derby, while abroad the defeat of Fontainebleau by Jongleur showed that Chamant would be rid of one of his most formidable antagonists. M. Lupin's horse disposed of Verneuil so easily in the French Two Thousand that, if all had gone well and he had taken a part in the English Derby, he must have stood a fair chance against Chamant; but, unfortunately, he went amiss, and was coughing badly when his owner spiritedly, but not very prudently, brought him out to run against Jongleur. Strachino also showed such indifferent form in the Two Thousand that there could be little hope for him at Epsom; and thus the foreign division, which threatened to be

exceptionally strong this year, dwindled down at last to Chamant alone, who, however, was a host in himself. From the day of the Two Thousand almost up to the eve of the Derby the position of Chamant grew stronger and stronger, and the conviction was confirmed that none of the horses that finished behind him at Newmarket had a chance of reversing positions at Epsom. Brown Prince and Silvio might get places as they got them before, or at any rate might occupy forward positions; but winning, in the face of Chamant's great public performances, seemed out of the question. The danger to the French horse, if danger there was, must be looked for outside the Two Thousand field. Plunger would have had adherents had it not been so evident that all had not gone well with him during the winter; and both Pellegrino and Rob Roy had hosts of friends. The former should have improved considerably since last year to be on equal terms with Chamant, who in the Middle Park Plate gave him 6 lbs. and a head beating; and the inglorious display a month ago of his stable companion Morier caused his pretensions to be regarded with some suspicion. Still the Derby is an uncertain race, and Tattenham Corner is often fatal to the best horse, and so Pellegrino maintained his position pretty well. Rob Roy won his two engagements as a two-year-old with great ease, and of his speed there could be no doubt. The question was, could he stay as well as go fast? and a favourable answer to that had been taken on credit. He declined his rich autumn engagements last year—an event so rare in these mercenary days as to be to a certain extent suspicious; but, on the other hand, he enjoyed the most implicit confidence of his owner and trainer, who fully believed him to be the best horse of his year. As for the remainder of the probable starters, such as Grey Friar, Touchet, and Jagellon, their chances were hardly thought deserving of serious consideration.

At the beginning of the present week, therefore, everything looked well for the adherents to public form. Verneuil's close race with Jongleur for the French Derby could not fail to be gratifying to the friends of Chamant; for Jongleur has never been beaten, and has won all his races in good company. The very next day, however, there was a terrible revolution in the state of affairs. The rumour spread that Chamant had met with some accident; and an accident three days before the Derby can hardly fail to be an irreparable disaster. The horse at once retired from the proud position he had so long held as first favourite, and for a time there seemed a doubt whether he would appear at Epsom at all. Subsequently there was a reaction; but that something had happened there was no doubt. It was no idle *canard* about an accident, and the arrival of Chamant at Epsom failed to revive the waning confidence of his friends. At the very same moment came the news that Pellegrino was scratched; and thus the first, second, and third in the Middle Park Plate, representing the best form of the year, were virtually *hors de combat* for the Derby. Such a succession of accidents in the foremost ranks of the three-year-olds has rarely if ever occurred; but fate, which has dealt so unkindly with Chamant, Pellegrino, Plunger, and Fontainebleau, was more merciful to Silvio, Touchet, Brown Prince, and others of the second-class division. They came to the post fit and well enough, and to them and such as them the Derby was left.

The throng was as great as ever in the Paddock, and of course Chamant, who was one of the early arrivals, was the great object of curiosity. Though looking in splendid condition, the son of Mortemer was obviously lame; and, indeed, those about him made no secret of the fact, and it was probably more to satisfy the public than from any belief in his capability to win that he was brought to Epsom. His lameness was still more apparent when he cantered; and, after allowing the public to see what was really the matter with him, it would have been only fair to a gallant horse to have spared him an unavoidable defeat. Altyre and Silvio were both liked, and the latter was considered well suited to the course; while the absence of Rob Roy from the Paddock was generally regretted. Brown Prince looked clumsy and deficient in quality, and Plunger, though dexterously patched up for the occasion, was sadly deficient in muscle, and his trainer had evidently been afraid to give him real hard work. In the preliminary canter Rob Roy and Altyre attracted most attention, both going freely and well, while Chamant went very stiffly, and as if in pain. Though the field numbered seventeen, a more commonplace lot has seldom been seen, more than half of them being hardly up to average handicap form. Happily, they gave no trouble at the post, and were despatched at the very first attempt. The running was made by an extreme outsider, Glen Arthur, who went away with a good lead, maintained it to within fifty yards of the judge's chair, and only succumbed at last, after a well-fought and well-riden finish, by half a length. In a Derby of mediocrities it was fitting that an unknown and uncared-for outsider should well nigh snatch away the prize. For the last quarter of a mile there was a good race between Rob Roy, Silvio, and Glen Arthur, and Lord Falmouth's horse, running with great gameness, just got the best of the struggle; and, considering that Glen Arthur had made the whole of the running, it was creditable to him to make so good a fight at the finish. Rob Roy made up a great deal of lost ground in the last two hundred yards, and was rapidly gaining on the leaders at every stride. It is said that he experienced some disappointment at Tattenham Corner, where every year some of the Derby field have their hopes extinguished, and that he was nearly knocked down by Thunderstone. Certainly the gigantic son of Thunderbolt was rolling about from distress more than a quarter of a mile from home, and it is

easy to understand that there was great anxiety to avoid coming into collision with him. Based at this critical point, Rob Roy lost an advantage which he was never able to recover; though in any case he would probably have had to be content with second honours. As it was, he just succeeded in getting the place for which he had been so heavily supported, though only by a head from Rhidorroch, a horse of plating form, whose forward position in the Derby speaks volumes for the inferior quality of the field. Altyre was fifth and Brown Prince sixth, while Chamant, who had run as well as a horse lame all round, could be expected to do, followed some way behind.

The victory of Silvio was well received, and Lord Falmouth must be considered fortunate in having won two Derbies with second-class horses. Had Chamant and Pontainebleau kept well, or had Jongleur been entered for the race, the English horses would most assuredly have played only a secondary part in the Derby. Rob Roy, it is clear, has been over-estimated, for he was thought good enough to beat first-class form, yet in the event he could not vanquish a horse to whom, in the Two Thousand, Chamant gave a stone beating. Too much also, as is often the case, was made of Altyre's handicap performances; and Brown Prince, as might have been anticipated from his appearance, found the ups and downs of Epsom a very different thing from the flat at Newmarket. Touchet, also, who in the early spring was thought good enough to win in any company, proved himself a horse of very ordinary stamp; but the forward position held by Glen Arthur suggests the question whether Hidalgo have finished had he also not shared the fate of Chamant and Pellegrino, and fallen lame a few days before the Derby. On paper, Hidalgo, who is far superior to his stable companion Glen Arthur, ought to have beaten Silvio; yet he, too, is one of those big horses who seldom manage to get down the hill at Epsom and round Tattenham Corner. There will be some natural rejoicing that the Derby of 1877 has fallen to an English horse; but there is certainly little to boast of in the victory. Fortune was against the French horses this year, and favoured the very inferior representatives of our own racing stock. Silvio has won the Derby; but we may expect to see the Derby running reversed before the end of the season, and Lord Falmouth's horse deposed from the high position he now occupies. Perhaps the unexpected triumph of England in the great three-year-old race of the season will allay some of the feelings of jealousy that have been excited against foreign-bred horses on account of their too frequent successes on English racecourses.

REVIEWS.

BOOKS ON TURKEY.*

THE supply of books about Turkey and the Turks continues in full flow, and, as a rule, it must be said, to the credit of the writers, that each in his or her special way has some peculiar claim to write. Mr. Freeman, for example, who knows as much history as the human mind is capable of knowing, writes of the Turks with that paramount claim on the reader's attention which is given by an exhaustive knowledge of facts, wide bases of comparison and reflection, a practised style, and irrepressible enthusiasm. Miss Muir-Mackenzie and Miss Irby are well known as ladies who have not only travelled in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey, but have lived and worked in them, who have given their strength and their lives in the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and who could speak above all of Bosnia with accurate and intimate personal knowledge. Mr. Salusbury is a very young gentleman who served for two months in the Servian army, and who to the charms of an infantine style adds the advantage of vivid reminiscences of personal adventure. Then, on the other hand, while all these writers come before the public on the ground of knowledge, and base what they have to say on facts, and ask only to be heard so far as they are giving a true account of historical events, there is, it must be remembered, a large section of the public which does not care in the slightest degree for facts about Turkey, but views the whole Eastern question in the light of a favourite theory. An adequate provision for their wants has been made by Lord Robert Montagu, who has reprinted copious extracts from the Blue-books, using whole lines of italics at discretion, ingeniously printing, when he pleases, England for Turkey and Ireland for Bulgaria, freely interspersing quotations from Jeremiah and Habakkuk, and ultimately arriving at the conclusion that the great thing for Europe is to have a general federation of States, with the Pope as sole and universal chief. He admits that Lord Derby is not at all the sort of person who can be trusted to work out this theory in practice. But that does not spoil the

theory; and when we get into the domain of pure theory, the wilder a theory is, the more exciting and successful it appears. Lord Robert Montagu has done all that could be done by an utter incoherence of thought, an unrestrained liberty of assumption, and a maudering style, to give a theoretical work all the attractions that can delight and content its readers.

It is impossible that Mr. Freeman should write on any historical subject without teaching much and enforcing much. In telling the story of the Ottoman Power in Europe, he not only gives a striking and clear narrative, dwelling on what is really important and omitting what is subsidiary and hard to remember, but he establishes the principles of a train of reasoning, and lays firm foundations for many of his conclusions. He answers with more precision than any preceding writer the two elementary questions on the right solution of which all proper treatment of European Turkey depends. These questions are:—Why does European Turkey differ entirely from all other parts of Europe? and in what sense are the Christians in Turkey to be called better than their present masters? The answer to the first question is, that European Turkey is the only part of Europe where the conquering race has always remained entirely separated from the conquered; and that the conquering race had this peculiarity, that it was endowed with a total incapacity for imbibing those ideas of government which in the rest of Europe are called good and just. Partly through the adoption of Mahometanism, and partly through the retention of the habits, customs, and traditions of a predatory horde, the Turkish ruler has been, and is to this day, divided from his Christian subjects by a deep and impassable gulf. His Christian subject is better than he is in this sense. His faults may be as numerous as the grins of dust in a beam of light, but, because he is Christian, he is accessible to those influences which have made Europe what it is. Christianity does not make him good, but it makes it possible that he should be better. It is one of the favourite positions of Mr. Freeman, on which he has been dwelling for a quarter of a century, that when we speak of Christianity we really mean a body of religious doctrine *plus* the civilization of the ancient world. This civilization passed from Greece to Rome, and from Rome to modern Europe. Christianity assimilated it, and Mahometanism rejected it. Where Mahometanism was the conquering power and Christianity the conquered, the Mahometan, with few exceptions, and the Mahometan Turk with no exceptions, kept down with a relentless hand the germs of a civilization which seems something not only alien but accursed. In the decadence of the Turkish power this tyranny has assumed the worst possible form it could present—the tyranny of a clique of ignorant, merciless adventurers, ruling all the provinces from the palace of the Sultan. The rule of the Turk is thus worse in its decay than it was in its days of strength and prosperity. This is the main thesis that Mr. Freeman has set himself to prove, and if any one does not consider it proved, Mr. Freeman is ready to launch the worst kind of historical thunderbolts on his head. To the mass of Englishmen, however, as they are at the moment when this volume appears, this thesis may be considered as proved. Mr. Freeman only gives a finishing tap to a nail which was already driven well home. England has resolved that it will have nothing more to do with the Turk as an ally and a friend.

But when we look into the details of Mr. Freeman's book we find that it is possible for historians to be a little unjust, and not a little despotic. Mr. Freeman turns his unparalleled knowledge of history into an engine of tyranny. He is a dictatorial writer; he feels passionately and he writes passionately. To his historical mind all persons of all centuries are alive. He hates a dead Turk as much as ordinary men hate a living cockroach. He tramples the creature under his awful heel, and then surveys with a fine frenzy the quivering remains of his victim. The dead, however, cannot feel, and to Turks of the sixteenth century it cannot make much difference whether Mr. Freeman abuses them or not. But living men do not like being treated like cockroaches, and Mr. Freeman has a peculiar way of stamping on them historically which is very trying. He can always dig up some very bad person out of history, and say he is exactly like the person he is abusing. This is a very unfair use of history. We read, for example, of Hobart Pasha, whom Mr. Freeman bitterly detests, that "the shame of Robert of St. Albans has its like in the shame of Hobart." This is exasperating. There may be possibly ten people in England besides Mr. Freeman who have heard of Robert of St. Albans; but the vast majority of readers would hear the name for the first time, and would suppose that it was only their ignorance that prevented their appreciating a close historical parallel which condemned Admiral Hobart to clear and merited infamy. Fortunately Mr. Freeman condescends to explain to the ignorant who this Robert was; and it appears that Robert was "a knight of the Temple who betrayed his order, his country, and his faith, who took service under Saladin, and mocked the last agonies of the Christians when Jerusalem was taken." It is sheer historical tyranny to say that the shame of Hobart is like the shame of Robert. Excepting that both have served under a Mahometan prince, there is not the slightest point of resemblance between them. Admiral Hobart has not betrayed his order, for he had none to betray; nor his country, for he received the thanks of his Government; nor his faith, for he remains a Christian, and he has never mocked the last agonies of any one. There is, indeed, far too much of this boot-heel and cockroach style throughout Mr. Freeman's volume. Lord Derby is one of the victims. Herod, the murderer of John the Baptist, is selected as his historical parallel. The precise point of the parallel appears to be that, just as Herod considered himself

* *The Ottoman Power in Europe: its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline.* By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe. By G. Muir-Mackenzie and A. P. Irby. With a Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1877.

Two Months with Tchernieff in Servia. By Philip H. B. Salusbury, Lieutenant First Royal Cheshire Light Infantry. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

Foreign Policy: England and the Eastern Question. By the Right Hon. Lord Robert Montagu, M.P. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

bound by his oath to let the daughter of Herodias have the Baptist's head, so Lord Derby considered himself bound by the Treaty of Paris not to let English men-of-war carry off Cretan insurgents. There is no limit to invective of this kind. Every one of whom the historian disapproves can be said to be like some known or unknown bad person in history. This is a painful abuse of historical knowledge. Statesmen have to do with a particular existing set of facts, and not with some other set of facts in a remote age of history which were in some respects rather like them. To treat the two sets of facts as identical is dangerous to a nation and unfair to individuals, and this is an error into which Mr. Freeman appears to us to be not unfrequently falling.

The work of Miss Muir-Mackenzie and Miss Irby is for the most part a reproduction of the volumes published by them some time ago, in which they described their travels in the North-West of European Turkey. But Miss Irby has prefaced this new edition with three new chapters on Bosnia. She was in Bosnia in 1865, at the time of the outbreak of the insurrection, and she has continued there since then her work of charity. She and her friend had established a girls' school at Serajewo, and her primary object was to visit this establishment. But the commencement of troubles decided her to remove her scholars to a place of safety, and, not without difficulty, they were transported to Austria. On the hideous tale of wrong and misery revealed in Miss Irby's pages, the frightful daily and hourly cruelty of the Turks and of the Mussulman Serbs towards the unhappy creatures who lay at their mercy, Mr. Gladstone dwells in his preface, and he is fully entitled to dwell. He desires, above all things, that Turkish rule in Bosnia should be done away with, and there is no meaning in such words as humanity, mercy, justice, and pity, if his wish is not shared by all who live in comfort and peace under the shelter of a happy and free country. It is most useful that the history of Bosnia should be known in England, and that Englishmen should really understand what it was that made the Bosnians revolt, and impelled 200,000 persons to cross the Save and live on a daily penny a head in the territory of Austria. Miss Irby writes very soberly and with an anxious desire not to exaggerate or make up a sensational picture. She only relates what she has seen, or what has been stated to her by persons whom she has known personally and on whose good faith she can rely. But it is one thing to pity the Bosnians, and another thing to say what is to be done for them. Near the Black Mountain the insurrection has a sort of chance, as the insurgents are protected by the difficulties of the country, and yet are able to find spots among the hills where they can grow crops sufficient to keep them alive. Elsewhere the insurrection only took the form of a flight. The Turks and the Mussulman residents laid waste the Christian villages, and the only question was whether the inhabitants could get away into Austrian territory. Unless Austria virtually annexes Bosnia, there is only one prospect before the orthodox Bosnians, and that is to die out of Bosnia altogether. That Austria does not wish to annex Bosnia is certain. The political disadvantages to her of annexation are immense, and she has done all she can to discourage the immigration of the Bosnians, short of absolutely forbidding it. Humanity prompts her to allow the fugitives to cross the Save, and then policy prompts her to bid them to live on a penny a day. It is extremely hard for Austria to know what to do; for, terrible as are the sufferings of the Bosnians, it is making a great demand on Austria that, merely to redress misrule for which she is not in the slightest degree responsible, she should be called on to charge herself with the government of a ruffianly Mahometan population, and by an enlargement of her territory raise questions with her neighbours which she prudently seeks above all things to avoid raising.

From the impassioned utterances of Mr. Freeman and the harrowing pictures of Miss Irby it is a relief to turn to the narrative of Mr. Salusbury, in the sense that small things please the mind fatigued with great things. Mr. Salusbury is, as he informs us in his preface, a young gentleman of twenty-one years of age, and we learn from his title-page that he is a lieutenant in the First Royal Cheshire Light Infantry. He opens his story by naively telling us that on Saturday, the 15th of August last, an "idea entered his head" that, having nothing particular to do, he might as well go to Serbia. The next day he began to put his plan into execution by saying good-by to his friends, and by making inquiries as to the best way of reaching Vienna. On Wednesday morning an anxiously expected letter was put under his door, and he felt able to start at once. He dressed with a rapidity which astonished his family, said good-by to his father, caught the train, alighted at Euston Station, and drove to his club. He feels it right that the public should know everything that he can possibly tell it, and from one end to the other of his volume there is not an omission of which we can complain. A complete inventory is given of the contents of his portmanteau, and his literary stock in hand is carefully recorded as having consisted of a volume of Murray and one novel. He landed at Rotterdam, where the river bank reminded him of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. When he got into the Dutch train he began by noting down the name of every station, and the exact time of arrival and departure; but it occurred to him that, if he went on in this way, he would fill his notebook before he even saw Serbia; and so he stopped, and merely records that the conversation of his Dutch fellow-travellers reminded him of the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens. At last he got to Belgrade, and after some complications with the authorities, he found a foreign legion, or,

rather, a legion with foreign officers, into which he was admitted. He formed from the outset but a poor opinion of the Serbian soldiers, although the officers were very much to his taste. Of course, he too had to be an officer, "not that," in his frank language, "he cared two straws whether he was a colonel or a sub-lieutenant in such a rabble," but merely as a concession to the exigencies of the situation. Subsequently he went to the camp at Deligrad, and at last was appointed aide-de-camp to General Dochtoureff, who promised him that, if he would accept the appointment, he should go under fire, and as "his sole desire was to go into action," he closed with the offer. Early in October Mr. Salusbury began his new duties. And at last the wish so near to his heart was realized, and a shell burst only twenty yards from him. He wished to dismount and secure a piece of this shell, which seemed to belong especially to him, but his general was more prudent, and made him ride on. In almost every page thenceforward we have warm tributes to the gallantry of the Russian officers, and loud complaints of the cowardice of the Serbian soldiers. Going with his general to the Timok valley, Mr. Salusbury had the pleasure of taking part in a real engagement. The Serbians on the 18th of October attacked the Turks, and the attack failed. On the 20th the Turks attacked, their attack succeeded, and the war was at an end, and Mr. Salusbury returned home with a gold medal and the gold cross of Takova—modest honours, but all that Prince Milan had to give, and as really deserved as any honours could be. With his usual punctiliousness of detail, Mr. Salusbury notes down every incident of his homeward journey, including a description of the papers he bought between London and Chester, the porters at the Chester station, the cab that conveyed him to his family, and, lastly, the "avalanche of loving relatives who in the assault they made upon me succeeded in putting *hors de combat* a remarkably good hat." It is this simplicity of narration, this accuracy in trifling descriptions, the frankness with which all that the writer saw and felt and did is chronicled, that give a value to the book. It is so evidently all real, and puts before us with remarkable vividness the small daily history of a disastrous campaign.

Of Lord Robert Montagu's book it is unnecessary to say much, for it lies altogether outside the range of criticism. When he wants facts he seeks them in the compositions of Mr. Urquhart; when he wants arguments he seeks them in quotations from the Vulgate. Hatred of Russia and contempt for Lord Derby appear to be his most prominent feelings. But, as his hatred for Russia is almost exclusively theological, and his contempt for Lord Derby reveals itself by interspersing italics through extracts from Blue-books, there is nothing to be gained from his volume except by those who share his theological passions, and think arguments from italicized quotations convincing. It is probable that very few ordinary Englishmen will read a line of what he has written. To some, however, it may be a matter of not quite idle curiosity to know what are the views on the Eastern question of that Ultramontane world of which we hear so much and know so little; and they may be cheered in a wearisome task by finding continually recalled to their recollection that, after all, Lord Derby did a good deal to keep the country clear from a policy in harmony with views opposed to all the sentiments, traditions, principles, and interests of England.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.*

THERE are few modern writers whose life, if adequately told, I would promise to be of more interest than De Quincey's. With the earlier part of that life all readers are, of course, more or less familiar through the *Confessions*. Even in regard to that part of it we should be thankful for the evidence of an independent witness; for we cannot, without such evidence, assume that the facts were not considerably distorted by the dreamy imagination of the writer. During the later period, however, of a long life, De Quincey disappeared to a great extent from society. He led a kind of anonymous and Bohemian existence, and we hear of him only at intervals through the incidental references of various persons with whom he came into accidental contact. Literary people were naturally anxious to catch sight of a man who, whatever may be our estimate of his merits, had certainly added to English literature some writings of unique excellence in their own department. Here and there in contemporary memoirs we have accounts of his appearance and habits which do more to stimulate than satisfy our curiosity. Professor Masson, for example, is brought forward in these volumes to testify to his impressions. He says that nothing was easier than to get De Quincey to dinner, if you knew the way. The way was to send a cab for him, with some one in it to collar him and bring him by authority. It seems, however, that, easy as the operation may have been, it was not often carried out. He was brought by a "strong determined man" to a dinner at which Professor Masson saw him for the first time, and he talked, as we are told, admirably. But Professor Masson merely adds that he saw him "once or twice again," and on the last occasion did not venture to address him. From such reports and a few others of a similar kind little is to be gathered; and the prominence given to them suggests the scantiness of the materials.

De Quincey, however, has fortunately fallen into the hands of a

* *Thomas de Quincey: his Life and Writings.* By H. A. Fane. London: Hogg & Co. 1877.

biographer who possesses the necessary qualification of a somewhat undiscriminating zeal. Mr. Page, who is favourably known as the author of a *Life of Hawthorne*, has done his best to save all available knowledge of his hero from the rapidly gathering mists of oblivion. He has been supplied with much information by the surviving members of De Quincey's family. A good many characteristic letters, various papers which throw light upon the later period of the life, and the personal reminiscences of some acquaintances in later years, enable him to put together a tolerably consecutive and satisfactory biography. In the earlier period Mr. Page of course relies chiefly upon De Quincey's own writing, and a great part of the first volume rests substantially upon the autobiographical writings. No one can be sorry to read again much of De Quincey's own narrative; but we are not very clear how far Mr. Page is justified in saying that his book will show how "correct and conscientious" his hero was "even in minor details." We have some difficulty in discovering to what extent Mr. Page has relied simply upon De Quincey's own statements, or where they are corroborated by independent proof. A few more references would have made this plainer; but nothing of importance seems to turn upon it. We are content to assume that the account in the *Confessions* and autobiographic sketches was substantially correct, and probably more correct than might have been inferred from a simple reading of the original.

The subsequent history of his life may be briefly indicated. After leaving Oxford De Quincey was attracted to the Lakes, chiefly, it would seem, by his admiration for Wordsworth, in whose family he resided for some time. In 1809 he took a cottage at Grasmere, and thus became one of the fixed stars in the Lake constellation. His greatest friend seems to have been Professor Wilson, to whom he was attracted, as is usually the case, by contrast as well as by certain affinities of character. Wordsworth gradually cooled towards him, a fact which is hardly surprising when we compare the two men. From 1804 to 1812 he had been, as he tells us, a dilettante opium-eater, but at that period he was seduced into the excesses which have become historical. His marriage to the daughter of a Westmoreland statesman followed a temporary reform in 1816. The marriage appears to have been a happy one; and, indeed, it is pleasant to observe that, whatever may have been De Quincey's weakness, his domestic affections were throughout pure and vigorous. Marriage, however, brought new troubles of a pecuniary kind, and plunged him into troubles from which he again sought relief in opium. He again reformed, and in 1819 made the attempt to edit a country newspaper, an employment for which he may be said to have been expensively unfit. An unlucky critic, frequently denounced by Mr. Page, is rebuffed, amongst other things, for denying that De Quincey could have equalled Swift's assault upon Wood's Halfpence. Mr. Page, however, is fain to confess that his hero could never have made a successful newspaper editor—a proposition which seems to explain the critic's meaning, and which at any rate nobody is likely to dispute. In 1821 De Quincey went to London in search of literary employment, and at this period his pecuniary troubles seem to have culminated. He was occasionally in hiding from his creditors. The year 1821, however, saw the establishment of his fame as an author, the first instalment of the *Confessions* having appeared in October of that year. For some time afterwards he seems to have oscillated between the Lakes and London, and in 1828 he settled at Edinburgh. Though some years were passed after a wandering and Bohemian fashion, with occasional excursions to Glasgow, Edinburgh and the neighbouring village of Lasswade were his main habitat during the rest of his life. Heavy domestic blows fell upon him not long after his migration to Scotland. In 1833 he lost his youngest son; in 1835 his eldest son, a lad of unusual promise; and in 1837 his wife. After this last blow he again fell into opium excesses, though from 1844 he was comparatively free from the bondage. His daughters undertook the charge of his pecuniary affairs, and during the later years of his life he seems to have suffered no anxiety upon that score. He died at the end of 1859 in his seventy-fifth year.

Mr. Page, as we have said, is by no means free from the ordinary disease of biographers. He takes De Quincey at his own valuation as a philosophical thinker. He admires the humour which to many readers appears so strained and wearisome, and, in short, sees scarcely any limits to the literary merits of his author. Upon such matters we have not the space or desire for controversy. Every one must judge for himself of De Quincey's literary merits; and, if Mr. Page's critical remarks are unlikely to have much weight, the perusal of his book may at least induce some readers to refresh their memory of the original. But, whatever we may think of the writer, we willingly admit that the record of a rather aimless and unsatisfactory life is calculated in some respects to raise our estimate of the man.

That De Quincey was in some sense a Bohemian is undeniable; but there are Bohemians and Bohemians. The word may be taken to imply a complete disregard of the duties which a man owes to society, to his family, or to himself. In De Quincey's case we may say that it implies chiefly a want of fixed purpose and an utter incapacity for the business relations of life. No man could be more childishly helpless in all questions of pounds, shillings, and pence. He was capable of borrowing half-a-crown from a friend when he had a fifty-pound note in his pocket. The consciousness of his liabilities oppressed his spirits, and yet he could never nerve himself to have his affairs put in order, though, we are assured, it might have been easily done. His other habits were equally amazing to

the methodic housekeeping mind. His books and papers accumulated in chaotic masses upon the floors of the rooms which he occupied, until no space was left for sitting or writing; and an accidental spark might have caused a fatal conflagration. He knew, or supposed that he knew, where to find what he wanted, and forbade any attempts to reduce the chaos to order. When crowded out by his own accumulations, his only remedy was to desert the room. It appears that he was paying at the same time for more than one set of lodgings, which had thus been occupied by accumulating masses of literary lumber. He would take about with him boxes full of papers intelligible to himself alone, leave them casually at an inn or a shop, and then hopelessly forget the locality of his deposit. It is, however, pleasant to know that he did not, amongst other things, forget to pay his bills. He judiciously provided against such oblivion by trusting his money matters to his wife, and afterwards to his daughters. His reckless generosity, indeed, must have made their task sufficiently difficult. Early in life he gave 300*l.*, and offered 500*l.*, to Coleridge as a substantial testimony of respect. He often pushed charity in later years to the verge of silliness, and seems to have emptied his pockets to beggars pretty much at random. Mr. Page is of opinion that this virtue or weakness will secure our forgiveness for the heaviest sin of commission with which he is charged. He violated private confidence by publishing accounts of Coleridge and Wordsworth. To excuse him on the ground of poverty caused by over-generosity does not appear to us to be exactly judicious. The excuse virtually admits that his careless mode of life had to some extent injured the delicate sensitiveness in such matters which a gentleman ought to preserve.

More, however, may be said for him on another score. Bohemianism generally lowers a man's sense of family obligations. De Quincey seems throughout life to have been as good a husband and father as his eccentricities permitted. He was warmly attached to his children, took much pains in their education, and remained on the most affectionate terms with them to the end of his life. One of them, Mrs. Baird Smith, has contributed some very interesting recollections. The self-indulgent weakness produced, or indicated, by his opium-eating did not degenerate into the worse forms of silliness. He was thoroughly amiable and courteous to the last; fond of children, and in many ways childlike in his tastes. Mr. Page seems anxious to prove that he also took an enlightened interest in public affairs. The proofs are not very convincing. He read the papers carefully; he was much excited by the Indian Mutiny, when his daughter and her husband, Colonel Baird Smith, were in the thick of it; and he carefully studied police-reports and the accounts of celebrated murder cases, as indeed might be expected from the author of the familiar essay; but all this is hardly indicative of profound interest in the business of the world. De Quincey was obviously not qualified to be more than a dreamy spectator of the active drama of life. Dreamers, doubtless, have their value, and there is no lack of noisy and intrusive actors; but, for good or bad, De Quincey was one of the dreamers. Mr. Page is anxious to insist upon his sympathy with human suffering, in order to repel the charge of simple epicureanism, and no one can deny that De Quincey was capable of much deep and tender feeling. The story of Anne in the *Confessions* is, as Mr. Page says, a proof of his occasional pathetic power. But the limitations are equally obvious. Mr. Page is indignant at a comparison between De Quincey and Rousseau. It is quite true that Rousseau accuses himself of far worse immorality than any which can be laid to De Quincey's charge, and was in other ways very unlike the Opium-eater. One difference is, however, that Rousseau's sympathy with human sufferings and the expression of his feelings shook the whole fabric of European society; whereas De Quincey's sympathy led only to the composition of a few pages of most exquisite English. His kindness of nature is no more doubtful than the acuteness of his intellect; but the paralysis of will under which he suffered prevented him from making any serious contributions to philosophy, or stirring the passions which demand something stronger than a merely æsthetic gratification.

Mr. Page has collected enough amusing anecdotes of De Quincey in this book to make us wish for more. Such, for example, as a quaint story of his consuming the heel-taps left in a number of medicine-bottles in a house where he was staying; and then apologizing to his host, in a spasm of remorse, for this supposed breach of hospitality. His oddities were mostly inoffensive, though they must have been grievous enough at times to printers and others brought into business connexion with him. Most readers would have been glad of some fragments of the conversation for which he had so high a reputation. But no records have been preserved; and probably they would have been disappointing. His talk seems to have resembled that of Coleridge, though he did not, like Coleridge, monopolize the attention of his company. But of such conversation, discursive rather than epigrammatic, and remarkable for fullness of knowledge more than for vigour, it is impossible to give any adequate report. It becomes tedious on paper, and in De Quincey's case must have resembled at best a diluted edition of the *Confessions*. The letters, of which not many have been preserved, are interesting; and even those of his early youth show the characteristics of the familiar style, whose merits and defects we need not discuss in this place.

THE CRADLE OF THE BLUE NILE.*

MR. DE COSSON tells us that he started on his tour with the intention of shooting along the banks of the Atbara, but that he was induced to change his plan and visit Abyssinia, its capital Adowa, Gondar, Lake Tzana, and Khartoum. We are not sorry for this deviation; and if the original intentions of the author still formed part of his programme, it is quite clear that he thought more of men and less of animals. Sporting incidents, in fact, form but a small portion of these two volumes. The *Old Shikarry* or Mr. Parker Gilmore, we may be quite sure, would have made a much larger bag in the same time, and would have told us much more about stalking by day and alarms by night. Viewed in this light only, the expedition must be accounted a failure. Some guinea-fowl, sand-grouse, ducks, partridges, and hares were shot; but the cartridges were left behind, and the ammunition failed when game was most abundant, while the author and his friends seem to have shot for the pot. There was certainly an adventure or two with leopards, which might have ended awkwardly; and at Lake Tzana they stalked hippopotami, wading into the water breast-high after these huge and dangerous beasts. This mode of attack, it appears, is locally orthodox, and is practised by a native tribe of Witos; but it strikes us as hazardous and unsportsmanlike, and it certainly was not conspicuous for its success. The unwieldy animals dived, and often carried off several explosive bullets; and exposure to wet brought on ague and ophthalmia. Other serious inconveniences were felt. Mr. De Cosson suffered from sores on the body, from jungle-fever, from a plague of vermin, and from the extremes of heat and cold. Food was bad and scarce, and the native fashion of devouring large hunks of raw meat, seasoned with salt and pepper, was not to be easily learnt. Mr. De Cosson takes occasion to notice Bruce's well-known story of the custom of cutting steaks from the live animals, and evidently either thinks that the great traveller mistook an exceptional incident for a regular practice, or that the habit, if ever it existed, is obsolete. But, if the travellers failed in the ostensible and primary object of their travels, they, speaking through Mr. De Cosson, give us ample compensation in the shape of notices of social customs and climate, and descriptions of country, from the high ranges of the Abyssinian mountains to the wide expanse of the Soudan. These are worth whole heratombs of slender gazelles and bulky river-horses. Mr. De Cosson has, in fact, produced a lively, accurate, and graphic account of a journey of five months in a country to which the campaign of 1868 imparted a new interest, and we can do justice to the author in no other way than by presenting our readers with the following outline of his route.

He landed at the coral island of Mas-awah, after the usual stifling journey down the Red Sea, and, though furnished with letters from the Egyptian authorities, found serious difficulty in getting forward. The local officials were prodigal of excuses and bent on delay, and there was an evident desire that the mysteries of the slave-trade should not be disclosed to the inquisitive foreigners. However, the travellers got off at last, provided with vicious mules, intractable camels, and lazy porters, and they climbed over steep passes up to the highlands of Abyssinia. Here, though the sun was hot, the air was pure and bracing, and Adowa was reached about the middle of March, without any worse incident than a panic caused by stories of Aba Kasse, described as a sort of Fra Diavolo or Robin Hood, who, after a career in which cruelty and generosity were oddly combined, was taken prisoner by Prince Kassa, blinded, and turned adrift to beg his bread. At Adowa the Viceroy received the party courteously, drenched them with a liquor called *tedge*, a sort of mead, and placed a hut and some stretchers at their disposal, which unluckily swarmed with vermin. The same dignitary also feasted the author and his companions with large cakes of bread dipped in pungent sauces, and they had ample time to visit the bazaar and the churches, and to make their acquaintance of a certain Doctor, or Baron, Schimper, a German savant, who had resided for thirty-seven years in the country, studying botany and geology, and making his own candles and a curious compound of *tedge* and brandy, to which the author generously accords the strange title of good champagne. At this point we have a condensed narrative of what was done by the Portuguese who penetrated into Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, and who "instructed the natives in the arts of cutting stone, building bridges, making mortar, painting frescoes, cultivating fruit-trees, manufacturing gunpowder, and many other things." Life here was pleasant enough, in spite of innumerable flies, howling dogs, a blazing sun, and an atmosphere charged with electricity. The travellers took rides over the plains near the city, and sometimes passed the heat of the day in a lovely glen watered by a clear stream, and enlivened by humming birds and butterflies; and they accompanied the Viceroy on a visit to the ancient capital of Axum, where they saw fine cedars planted by the Portuguese, as well as the gigantic monoliths and square blocks of granite mentioned by Bruce one hundred years before. They did not, however, light upon a stone which that traveller describes as bearing an inscription of the Ptolemies, and some Greek letters existing at the time of his visit have now been effaced. But the cathedral erected by

the Portuguese was still standing, and Mr. De Cosson thinks it was intended to serve the double purpose of a house of prayer and a stronghold of defence in times of danger. We wish that a sketch or photograph had been given of the great stone of Axum, which, sole survivor of a great number, still remains upright, and is described as five feet higher than Cleopatra's Needle. We should have preferred this to sketches of exaggerated lions and open-mouthed hippopotami.

When Mr. De Cosson had got back to Adowa, and was tired of the Abyssinians and their filthy customs of deluging their hair with liquid butter, swilling gallons of beer, and gorging themselves with raw meat, the difficulty was to recover the baggage, which had been left behind, and to make a fresh start. And we must refer readers to the volumes themselves for an account of the manner in which obstructions were overcome, and for a brief chapter on Habsli, or Abyssinia, for these words are really the same. The author at last was compelled to leave Adowa with only a couple of servants, and to travel by night over a difficult road, surrounded by laughing hyenas; and here a sad mishap befell him. A porter made off with a part of the baggage which contained the writer's diary, and the journey up to this part had to be rewritten from memory or from the notes of a friend. However, a promised escort came up about this time, and a native lady availed herself of it to join her husband. In her, good looks, excellent horsemanship, hardness and endurance of fatigue were combined with the utmost propriety and modesty of demeanour; and the picture is a sufficient condemnation of the general Oriental practice of inuring women in the zenana and leaving them no employment but intrigue and coquetry. During the ride through the mountains occurred the only serious crisis in the journey. A certain chief, the adherent of a prince named Warenia, who had been recently subdued by King Yohannes, refused the party a passage just at the top of an ugly-looking gorge; but, after a little diplomacy and a calm display of force, threats were exchanged for friendly treatment, and the travellers were regaled with curries, jars of honey and beer, and other delicacies, till at length, with a parched throat and a frame racked with fever, Mr. De Cosson reached the camp of the King at Ambachara, who sent interpreters to meet him, and characteristically cut up a whole cow in his honour, piling the joints inside his tent. One presentation to a barbaric monarch, such as is described, much resembles another; but King Yohannes, formerly known as Prince Ivassa, appears in this narrative in a far better light than in that of Mr. Markham. The latter describes the monarch as a "poor creature." In the present work he is brave, fearless, a good soldier, a capital shot, and a shrewd statesman. He complained a good deal of the encroachments of the Khedive; professed intense regard for the English Government; and after some evasions pledged himself to the abolition of slavery, and we can only hope that the pledge may be redeemed.

From the camp to Lake Tzana was an easy trip, much facilitated by the arrangements of the ruler. The scenery at the lake was really beautiful, at an elevation of more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. We could have wished that the travellers had had time to circumnavigate this inland sea, or at least to get to its southern extremity, out of which the Blue Nile issues. But, after bagging a hippopotamus or two, and finding the tameness of the water-fowl quite strange and shocking, as the native Witos have no guns, the author returned to the royal camp, from which they got away in darkness and silence because his Majesty had worked himself into a furious passion about the slave-trade, and was flogging his chief officials right and left with a new whip of hippopotamus hide. So in drenching rain they started for Gondar, where they made the acquaintance of a Greek merchant named Christophilos, by reputation a wonderful magician, but in sober truth an ordinary villain, who had murdered an Italian friend in the bazaars of Cairo. A Mahometan official shortly after this point endeavoured to get possession of the King's despatches to the author, but was disappointed by a very legitimate ratiſice, and between Gondar and Galabat, alias Melimma, commenced the descent into the plains. The change from the bracing air of the hills to the intense heat and the tropical vegetation of the plains is strikingly described, and the remainder of the journey was evidently performed under very trying conditions. We must draw attention pointedly to the slave-market at Galabat. This disgraceful traffic was there openly carried on in a considerable town, garrisoned by Egyptian soldiers, who were commanded by one of the Khedive's generals; and we cannot be sure that matters have much improved since Mr. De Cosson saw an elderly purchaser handling a young Galla girl "very much as people look at the points of a horse." After Galabat the road lay across a desert, covered with long dry grass which the natives set fire to at night, and white with the bones of numberless dead camels. These animals cannot go on more than three days without water, and the author was reduced to his last bottle, which he very prudently gave to his faint and staggering beast to enable it to reach some wells dug in a remarkable amphitheatre of granite, at which hundreds of camels, cows, and donkeys were slaking their thirst. The description of this remarkable oasis is excellent, and we notice the atmospheric effects so often observed by other travellers who have toiled on for hours to reach a distant point which the transparency of the air deludes them into thinking quite close at hand.

At Abou Harras the jolting or rocking of a camel was exchanged for the shelter of a country boat, which glided smoothly down the Blue Nile—this river, by the way, is

* *The Cradle of the Blue Nile; a Visit to the Court of King John of Ethiopia.* By R. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1877.

of a rich red colour—as far as Khartoum. The relief to the wearied travellers must have been indescribable, though the boat, every now and then, stuck on a sandbank, and the crew were not conspicuous for readiness or skill on emergencies. Ismail Pasha, who talked French and read Continental journals, entertained the author at dinner, and expressed a hope of making this southern town a splendid emporium. Mr. De Cosson's observation, however, entirely confirms all that we have ever written about excessive and ill-directed taxation and executive mismanagement. From Khartoum to the Sixth Cataract and Berber was a very easy trip, and we cannot be sure of the reason which induced the author to abandon the descent of the river for another uncomfortable walk across a second desert to Suakin on the Red Sea. It may have been desirable to catch a steamer at the latter place, and to visit Jiddah, the port of Mecca; but we should have thought the Nile passage, however tedious, preferable to a fortnight of yellow sand and grit, which had not even the relief of the long withered grass that covered the plains of the southern parts of the Soudan. Splendid sunsets, starry nights, pure and delightful air, and the wild beauty of mountains that "changed their tints every hour of the day," could scarcely compensate for fearful heat and agonizing thirst, which at one place had to be slaked, or rather aggravated, by drinking out of pools of salt water. The author must have had wiriness and endurance to stand this life for a fortnight, living on a box or two of sardines, a cup of coffee, a pipe, and three hours' sleep snatched at intervals twice in the twenty-four hours. Neither should we adopt his recommendation to men who are likely to become "a disgrace to their families and a burden to their friends" in England, that they should exchange the desk or the counting-house for the wild life of a hunter on the plains of the Soudan and the banks of the Atbara. A good-for-nothing clerk or civil servant is, as a rule, not calculated to develop into anything but a good-for-nothing Arab. This part of the journey did, however, introduce Mr. De Cosson to one novelty—the phenomenon of moving pillars of sand and spiral columns of dust. But he thinks that it would be quite easy for a caravan or even a single traveller to escape destruction when these earth spouts burst in dry showers. In our opinion the isolated traveller would have a better chance of getting out of their way than a caravan, in which there are always some stragglers. After this fatiguing journey the Red Sea came in view, and must have been as welcome as a similar sight was to a Greek in Xenophon's retreat. But the weather was hotter and the atmosphere more stifling than ever, and the arrival at Jiddah was followed by a tremendous attack of fever, which yielded to antimony and quinine acting on an unimpaired constitution.

With this the narrative ends; but there are some papers in the appendix which will be found interesting, about the slave-trade, the incapacity of the Egyptian Government to govern the countries it annexes, and the fatality which attends on Abyssinian explorers, most of whom have been speared or have died of dysentery and fever. We may congratulate this author on having escaped the fate of his predecessors. Everything moves rapidly in these days, and we cannot expect travellers to be lost to sight for years, and then reappear with materials sufficient to fill a bookshelf, except perhaps out of Central Africa. These two volumes have their merits both as giving the experiences of a traveller and as illustrating the rule of the present monarch and the state of his subjects, though of course the work cannot stand a comparison with the five quarto volumes which attest the energy and the observation of the celebrated Scotchman, James Bruce of Kinross.

MÉLUSINE.*

EARLY this year a weekly journal was started in Paris, under the title of *Mélusine*, which deserves to be better known than it now is in England. It devotes itself to the publication of all kinds of folk-lore, giving the original texts or translations of tales and songs and sayings current among the people in various countries, but especially in France, describing popular manners and customs, and criticizing books published at home and abroad upon the subjects with which it deals. Such a publication, if it becomes widely known and recognized by scholars as an authority, must needs be a great boon to explorers of the wide field over which it ranges. But it always takes a long time for a periodical to make its way beyond the frontiers of its own country. Fortunately for *Mélusine*, however, the name of one of its editors, M. Henri Gaidoz, has already been made widely and favourably known in many lands through his connexion with the *Revue Celtique*. Each number of the present journal usually contains one or two popular tales, to several of which are appended most valuable notices of variants by Dr. Reinhold Köhler; a few popular songs, some of them accompanied by their musical notes; a number of miscellaneous contributions; one or two engravings, mostly of antiquities; and bibliographical notes. From among the articles which have hitherto appeared, it may be worth while to select a few for more or less detailed notice.

In the first number, for instance, there appeared an essay by M. Gaston Paris "on the study of popular poetry in France."

Although not a new production, for it first saw the light in the *Revue Critique* some eleven years ago, it is not likely to be familiar to English readers; but it is well worthy of the attention of all who collect or compare the songs of the common people, whether in France or elsewhere, so clearly does the writer lay down the laws which collectors and commentators should observe, so forcibly does he plead for conscientiousness and accuracy on the part of all who lend a hand to the good work of preserving the fast-fading relics of all popular poetry. Another good critical article is that contributed to No. VII. by M. Emmanuel Cosquin on the subject of "A Tale from the Far East." The tale in question is the well-known one of "The Fairies and the Two Hunchbacks," of which a variant from Picardy was given in No. V. by M. Henri Carnoy, with an explanation of the stress laid by the fairies on the proper naming of the days of the week. M. Cosquin compares the story with the similar tale given by Mr. Mitford in his *Tales of Old Japan*; of which tale, by the way, a complete version has been recently given by Mr. C. W. Goodwin in a valuable paper read before the Asiatic Society of Japan. There is no mention in the Japanese story of the days of the week, which seems to be peculiar to variants found in the West of Europe. But the removal by elves of a deformity from an agreeable visitor, and its imposition upon a similarly deformed but not equally pleasant imitator, are incidents in which the Japanese and the Breton, Irish, and Spanish forms of the story closely resemble one another. Commenting upon this likeness, M. Cosquin makes some very sensible remarks upon the vagaries of certain enthusiastic discussers of popular tales who, regarding them as the independent creations of the people among whom they are found, employ them as historical or ethnographical evidence, or attempt to extract a mythological meaning from even their most trifling details. A great number of such fictions, being manifestly Eastern stories which have strayed westwards, ought to be traced home and examined in their original form, before they are subjected to any inquiry into their inner meaning. To M. Cosquin's arguments M. Loys Brueyre replies in No. X., refusing to admit that European folk-tales have been borrowed from Asia, saying a good word for the solar myth, and assuming (apparently without good reason) that the Japanese *Wen-story* is of European origin. No. X. also contains an interesting article of great length by M. H. de Charencey, on "The Underground Origin of Mankind, according to American Legends."

Among the *contes* of which the original texts or translations are printed in *Mélusine* are several from Brittany, contributed by M. Luzel. One of these is a variant of the tale of the Master Thief who robbed the King's Treasury, combined with a story about magic implements, the combination depriving the principal narrative of its point by rendering the thief's enterprises over-easy. In another the well-known Grateful Beasts rescue a hero who has saved a heroine from a dragon, but has been robbed of his due honour and reward by an impostor. In this instance it is a daughter of the king of England who is exposed to the monster, which haunts a cavern in the midst of a desolate plain near London. In a third the youngest of three princes brings home the fairest bride, who in this story is a mere fairy princess, for whose eccentric behaviour no sufficient reason is given. A fourth is a Breton variant of the tale of "The Lad who went to the North Wind"; and a fifth describes the time-honoured tricks by which a confiding widow was induced to part with property for the supposed benefit of her deceased husband. A sixth, which tells of the fortunes made by three brothers, to whom their father bequeathed a cat, a cock, and a ladder, is rendered valuable by a learned note by Dr. Reinhold Köhler; as also is a seventh, which deals with a Dancing Water and a Singing Apple and a Bird of Truth. M. Luzel, we may observe, also contributes an interesting article on "La chapelle-dolmen des Sept-Saints," near Plouaret. The Seven Saints from whom it takes its name are the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, their fame having been introduced into Brittany, says M. Ernest Renan, in a note appended to M. Luzel's article, by means of the translation of their Passion made with the aid of a Syrian interpreter by Gregory of Tours. There was formerly, it seems, an *Eglise des Sept-Saints* at Brest, but it was destroyed by fire in 1841. It was really dedicated to the seven martyred children of St. Felicitas, but its name was accounted for by popular tradition as follows:—The wife of a baker having given birth to seven children at once, her irritated husband put them into a kneading-trough, and sent them to sea. It was washed ashore at Brest, where the small wanderers were hospitably received. But they soon died, and their bodies were carried away by angels; whereupon a church was built in their honour on the site of the house which they had tenanted during their short stay. Besides the Breton tales collected by M. Luzel, *Mélusine* contains others contributed by MM. Loys Brueyre, Nérée Quépat, and Henri Carnoy. M. Brueyre, the author of a work on the *Contes populaires de la Grande-Bretagne* which testifies to his intimate acquaintance with our literature on the subject, has also written three long reviews of English books—Mr. Gill's *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, the English translation of Kink's *Eskimo Tales*, and Thorburn's *Bannu*. Among the *contes* which he contributes are two *Oreole* specimens. In one of them a tiger, having treacherously killed a sheep, is punished by the Queen of the Birds, who induces it to allow its head to be cut off in order that it may be in supposed keeping with the birds which appear at a ball with their heads concealed under their wings. The other is a variant of the well-known tale in which two girls of different characters visit a witch and are by her rewarded according to their deserts.

* *Mélusine*: revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions et usages. Dirigée par MM. H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland. Paris: V. Viant, 1877.

Among the songs, many of which are given with their musical notes, there are several which are quaint and interesting. As a specimen of the more pathetic ditties may be mentioned the ballad from the Vosges, of "La Triste Noce," which tells how a youth who loved one damsel was forced to marry another, and how his forsaken love danced at his wedding till she dropped down dead, whereupon he cut his throat, and the wedding guests exclaimed, "Grand Dieu! quel triste nocé!" the moral being

Les jeunes gens qui s'aiment,
Mariez-les ensemble.

Among those of a lighter nature the palm may be given to a Breton song contributed by M. Luzel, which describes how all the birds flocked together to the marriage of the wren, with the single exception of its rival, the eagle:—

Tous les oiseaux s'y trouvèrent,
Il n'y en eut qu'un seul qui ne vint pas.
Aux noces du Roitelet,
L'époux est tout petit.

Perhaps the most striking of the specimens of popular poetry given in *Mélusine* are the Corsican *coceri* or lamentations sung over a corpse. No. II. contains one of those which are sung tranquilly on the occasion of a natural death, the scene being represented by a woodcut which accompanies the text. In the poem a widow mourns over the remains of her husband, and enumerates his merits:—

Il était mon orange colorée,
Mon plus rare décor,
Mon gobelet d'argent
Tout ciselé d'or;
Mon plat d'honneur,
Mais aussi le comble de ma douleur.

In No. V. we have the literal translation of a *vocero* suited to a violent death. In the engraving which illustrates it the body of a man who has been shot lies prepared for burial. Around it, in various attitudes expressive of rage and despair, stand or kneel a number of women with wildly dishevelled locks. In the song a sister describes a brother's murder, and declares that she will avenge it:—

D'une race assez grande
Une sœur reste seule,
Sans cousins-gérains,
Pauvre orpheline et jeune fille.
Mais pour faire ta vengeance
Sois tranquille, elle-même seule suffit.

With these two engravings may be compared another, given in No. IX., which is taken from a funeral urn found at Clusium, and which seems to represent the performance of a *vocero* antique.

Among the miscellaneous records of manners, customs, superstitions, and the like, may be mentioned the following. In some parts of Normandy it seems to be still believed that during the interval between Christmas and Epiphany the souls of the dead visit their descendants and give them advice. In older times also it was the custom, as is said to be still the case in some parts of Russia on the Eve of All Saints, after supper was over, to set out a fresh supper, intended for the souls of the deceased members of the family. The living retired from the room, leaving the windows open in order that the dead might enter and enjoy themselves. In spite of such beliefs good ghost stories appear to be rare. We read, however, of a man who lived in a house of which his remote ancestors had become possessed by foul means, and who one night saw the soul of that ancestor come out of the chimney looking as black as a coal. It was soon followed by the souls of the son, grandson, and so on of the original wrong-doer, each fairer in hue than its predecessor, until at last there appeared the soul of the seer's father, as unsmirched a ghost as was ever seen. Whereupon the householder rejoiced greatly, but it does not appear that he thought it necessary to make restitution. Another legend tells how the Catholic family of a Huguenot lord, named Tournebouf, went one Christmas Eve to midnight mass. But the heretical head of the family refused to do likewise, swearing that he would prefer to be roasted alive. When the family returned from church, they found him roasting before the kitchen fire, on a spit which was being turned by a huge black cat. In many countries it is supposed that whirlwinds are caused by wizards or witches who circle within them, but in some parts of the department of the Orne storms are attributed in like manner to the clergy. Some years ago a parishioner who saw his crops threatened by a hail-storm fired into the menacing cloud. The next day he heard that the parish priest had broken his leg, owing to a fall for which he could not account. In many parts of Europe it is asserted that the sun dances on Easter Sunday, but in the *Pays Messin* not only does the sun dance, but when it rises the sky is full of brilliant colours. These are the varied hues of the robes of hosts of angels who are dancing for joy. A less pleasing belief is that of the women near Vaucluse, who take their babies to church on Easter Sunday and turn them head over heels when the *Gloria* is sung, deeming that they will thereby save them from falls in after life. The babies do not appreciate the operation, and the church resounds with their expostulations.

It would be easy to select many more passages worthy of notice in *Mélusine*; but what we have said will suffice to show that it is a periodical which, if well supported, will be likely to prove of value to all students of folklore, and of interest to a wide circle of

readers. In a forthcoming number of *Mélusine* will be given a full account of the widespread traditions about the fairy being from whom the journal derives its name.

FOUR STUDIES OF LOVE.*

THESE *Four Studies of Love* show much of both literary and dramatic talent. Three of them have been actually adapted from written dramas, and they abound in striking or effective situations. The interest is sustained throughout, and the characters, although seldom elaborated, are cleverly and consistently conceived. Mr. Dubourg shows no little knowledge of the working of the human heart, and analyses the course of the feelings and passions with considerable subtlety and delicacy. Nor do we know that his stories are at all the less piquant that there is some slight tendency to exaggeration and caricature, since they scarcely degenerate into the melodramatic. If one objected that some of his incidents are far-fetched or unnatural, he would probably answer that he is a firm believer in the power of love, and has honestly embodied the faith that is in him. The love he delineates and illustrates is by no means a merely ethereal and spiritual influence, but the natural feeling of flesh and blood. We are far from saying that there is anything immoral or even unpleasantly sensuous in his tone. But it is certain that he sometimes lards his heroines in frames of mind that are dangerous, and subjects them to compromising impulses. In their overwrought excitement, they burst out into language which is blunt and free-spoken, to say the least of it; but if he brings them to the brink of the opportunities that may make them Magdalens, he always makes repentance precede the fall. His treatment of religious or pseudo-religious subjects we like much less. Clearly he has a holy horror of cant; but his detestation of it carries him decidedly too far. His mockery of snuffling morality and sanctimonious talk sometimes approaches very nearly to profanity, which is the less excusable or excusable since the artistic temptation is so small. Nothing, we should fancy, can be more easy to reel off by the yard than such a parody when once a little practice has taught one the knack of it; and, were it not so, the class of people whom Mr. Dubourg caricatures with so much iteration would not lay themselves so naturally open to his ridicule. It is an error in taste, and in judgment as well, in a man who may cherish the ambition of being popular; since, for one reader that his levity entertains, at least half a dozen will feel more or less scandalized.

This sin of taste and style chiefly pervades the first of the stories. "Mabel Smith, 'the old man's darling,'" has married the wealthy Jacob Vaughan that she may make her poverty-stricken family comfortable. She had a previous attachment, and had parted from the man who had her heart because neither he nor she had a shilling. Vaughan buys her deliberately, and she sells herself to shame and suffering with her eyes open. It is a tacit condition of the contract that he is to take care of her parents, and, above all, of her invalid sister Mary. Mary is a sorrow-stricken saint, with stock passages of Scripture and the stereotyped phrases of the godly perpetually on her lips. She blesses heaven for a Brussels carpet or for a brace of partridges and bread sauce, as she might for some crowning mercy, whether temporal or spiritual. Her parents chime in, with Mr. Simeon, their petted minister, who, in his weakness for such carnal comforts as a well-cooked dinner or a glass of hot spirits and water, reminds us very much of the Shepherd in *Pickwick*. But we must remark that, though the Smiths and their pastor nauseate us with habitual cant, we are not to set them down as hypocrites. We believe at first as a matter of course that that is Mr. Dubourg's meaning; subsequently, however, it appears evident that they are honest according to their narrow lights, and that it is merely an excess of spiritual pride that blinds them to their exceeding selfishness. They accept all Mabel's sacrifices on their behalf as blessings due to interpositions of Providence; and when she crushes down her love in the extremity of self-abnegation, they offer her their heartfelt congratulations on her triumphs over the flesh and the devil. Mary's death is really rather touching; for though her tricks of thought and speech cling to her to the last, yet in her dying moments she has some vision of the truth, and her real love for her sister asserts itself. But perhaps the most original character in the story is Miss Margaret Lindsay. Miss Lindsay, although she is a thoroughly good woman, who always carries a bagful of tracts in her hand, pointing her sarcasms by selecting tracts with suitable titles, is a great favourite of the author's. She rises superior to prejudices, and, far from being afraid of compromising her good name, she takes under her special protection the victims of shame or scandal. But Miss Lindsay has a most potent belief in the personality of the devil. She considers it her particular mission to combat him, as she has carefully studied his wiles, and flatters herself that she is in the secrets of his strategy. She cannot help respecting his malignant power in her heart, but it is her policy and practice to load him with expressions of contempt and opprobrium. Proud of the chivalrous bearing of her race, she models her behaviour on that of her warlike kinsmen, and especially of her lamented

* *Four Studies of Love*. By A. W. Dubourg, Joint Author of the Comedy "New Men and Old Aesop." London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1877.

brother Bob, who had the habit of hitting straight from the shoulder as a boy, and who met a soldier's death in the campaign of the Sutlej. "Beast," "hound," "scoundrel," "serpent," are a few of the choice flowers of language with which the lady pelts our great adversary. And she has a hard fight of it to save Mabel from him. Vaughan, who has always been jealous of his wife, devoted nurse as she was to him, has left her rich under the stringent condition of sacrificing everything should she marry again. She would gladly resign all, could she marry her early love, but that would be the renunciation of the fruits of her former devotion, since her family would once more be condemned to destitution. Besides, her lover Foster's only chance of an income lies in a most unhealthy climate, which has already nearly proved fatal. Her husband's relatives, to whom she had been romantically generous while she believed herself absolute mistress of her fortune, treat her with brutal and sanctimonious harshness. It is only from Miss Lindsay that she gets the slightest sympathy. Foster, in his unselfishness and his firm principles of honour, proves himself worthy of her; but she sees her last hopes of happiness slipping away, while the man she has never ceased to adore is doomed to a lingering death. She passes through some very painful and pathetic scenes before she is absolutely driven to despair. Then, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, she boldly offers herself to Foster on any terms. The knot of all these heart-wearing difficulties would be cut when she had once decided to live with him as his mistress. Miss Lindsay, almost as much beside herself as Mabel, is free to acknowledge that Satan holds winning cards; but, with the indomitable courage and constancy that are her characteristics, she fights out the desperate game to the last. And the story tells the way in which she wins it by the help of Mabel's good angel, though the wealth for which Mabel sold herself from a mistaken sense of duty has taken to itself wings, and relieved her of its curse.

The next most important story is "Vittoria Contarini." In that, as the name implies, the scene is laid in Venice. It is in the last days of the Austrian rule in Italy, when the series of Prussian victories in Bohemia were shaking the outlying fibres of the Empire. There is a good deal of humour mingled with pathos in the description of the Contarini household and the up-bringing of the beautiful Vittoria. All the members of the reduced establishment were spies in the Austrian pay, which the noble Contarini himself is perfectly well aware of. Pietro, the male factotum of all work, can parade his disinterested devotion in serving for scanty wages since he is so exceedingly well paid elsewhere. His master affects to be touched and grateful, congratulating himself on being able to checkmate him. But the ablest and most trusted of the spies of the Austrian governor Falkenberg is a certain Father Onefio. The Franciscan friar is no other than the high-born Count Grimani, and Grimani is the affianced husband of Vittoria. He is chief of the great secret society too, and an enormous price is set upon the head for which he professes to be hunting indefatigably. Admitting the possibility of his well-sustained disguise, it is easy to imagine the dramatic situation that naturally arises out of it. But additional and more original complications are introduced by an outrage offered to Vittoria. Colonel von Swettenheim, a *beau sabreur* and an accomplished Don Juan, imprisons a libertine kiss on the lady's lips as she passes through the Piazza of Saint Marc. Her brother resents it with a blow, and a mortal duel seems inevitable. To save her brother, Vittoria seeks an interview with Von Swettenheim, in which of course she exposes herself to terrible misconstruction. The dignity with which she repels his advances alters his mind about her, though not his purpose. He permits her brother to wound him, that he may win her through her passionate gratitude. She proves her gratitude by saving him from a projected massacre of the Austrians; but in saving him she betrays the plot, and foils the purpose of the patriotic conspirators who are headed by her father and Grimani. They cast her off as a traitress, and the excited mob would have torn her to pieces. But, by a sudden and almost incredible transformation, Von Swettenheim's passion for her becomes purity itself; and he behaves with a chivalrous disinterestedness that wins her pardon and very much more. The eyes of her resentful relatives are opened to the actual story of the misconception; they are set free on the morning of their execution by the news of the cession of Venetia to France; and they recognize the nobility of Von Swettenheim, who had been straining every nerve to save them. The somewhat intricate plot is planned with practised ingenuity; and though it undoubtedly involves some strain on our credulity, the final solution is both pleasant and probable.

We need not go into details as to the two remaining stories, which are very similar in their conception and treatment. "Basil's Faith" sets forth the confidence of a high-minded man in the virtue of an injured woman, and he is rewarded by a happy marriage with her, for vindicating her from undeserved aspersions. In "Bitter Fruit" an erring wife painfully works out her repentance in the hospitals at Scutari, and she has the recompense of being reconciled to the husband, whose life she has saved by indefatigable nursing, although she has died in the effort. In fact, these tales are in many respects so good that we are positively inclined to regret their brevity; and we shall be glad to meet Mr. Fitzedward Hall on some future occasion, when he may have favoured us with a novel of the regulation length, free from the faults which disfigure his present volumes.

HALL'S ENGLISH ADJECTIVES IN -ABLE.

WE remember long ago—we think it was in one of the sharp little notes in the now deceased *Christian Remembrancer*—some comments on foot-notes, in which certain books were said to be "all foot-notes, a very *podagra* of literature." Here is truly "a *podagra* of literature" in the shape of this little book of Mr. Fitzedward Hall. For page after page, there is only one line of text at the head of notes upon notes. And in this particular case we are not disposed to object to the *podagra*. The notes are worth much more than the text. Mr. Hall has devoted much zeal and much reading to a very strange purpose, the defence of the word "reliable." Mr. Hall's championship is purely disinterested. We learn from one of his notes that he has written "some eight thousand printed pages, mostly quite unknown and altogether likely to remain so," and that in all these eight thousand pages he has never used the word but once. The one time when Mr. Hall indulged himself with the use of "reliable" was in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1861, p. 195, "where," he adds, "in a foot-note, I have discussed, at some length, the disputed legitimacy of the expression." We are sorry that we cannot verify Mr. Hall's reference offhand; but we can believe that we have in the present volume the substance of the foot-note in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. At the same time we are really obliged to Mr. Hall for "a piece of information" which he tells us that "the reader may consider to be just as valuable as he pleases." We do consider it to be very valuable. If Mr. Hall, who has no objection to the word "reliable," who, on the other hand, is so fond of it that he writes a book in its defence, can write eight thousand pages, whether folio or duodecimo, and in all that mass of writing finds only one occasion when there is any need to use the word "reliable," we hardly need any further argument to prove that the word "reliable" is a word that we can very well do without. If nothing else can be said against it, it is surely at least needless, when its special champion can write 7,999 pages without using it. It seems impossible that, in the course of those 7,999 pages, he should never once have to express the idea which "reliable" is supposed to express; so we must conclude that, every time that he had that idea to express, he found some better way to express it. Mr. Hall's judgment is, "That the English-speaking world has benefited by the introduction of *reliable*, is beyond question." Surely Mr. Hall, who has used the word only once, must feel some qualms at thinking how little he has himself done to benefit the English-speaking world in this particular. Perhaps the book before us may be his penance for the sad failure. Still it is cruel of him not to tell us what the special case was when, once in 8,000 pages, he found that he could not do without "reliable." It is too bad to send us to the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1861, p. 195. We should really like to know how a man who had steadily resisted temptation—for in Mr. Hall's case it must have been temptation—7,999 times, came at last to yield the 8,000th time. In the absence of any such explanation, we can only infer that it was hardly worth while to invent a word which even the man who writes a book in its defence does not find himself called on to use more than once in a lifetime.

It is really, when we come to think of it, one of the funniest things that we have ever come across, that a man who, like Mr. Hall, has plainly read a great deal should not only take up the cause of so ugly a client as "reliable," but should work himself up to such a pitch of zeal as to write a book especially in its favour. One would have thought that a foot-note—at all events a foot-note of the length of one of Mr. Hall's foot-notes—was quite as much as "reliable" could look for at the hands of either its friends or its enemies. But here is a whole book, not indeed all about "reliable" from one end to the other, but of which "reliable" is the leading idea from one end to the other. A vast mass of extracts is piled together to show that "reliable" is as good as a great many other words which have got into use. We are not aware that anybody ever denied this; but we do not see what it proves on behalf of "reliable." But when Mr. Hall shovels out the whole mass of his reading in every quarter—a reading which, for the English of several centuries past, is beyond doubt really great—it cannot but happen that we learn something from his huge mass of extracts. No doubt they are a hindrance to any continuous study of Mr. Hall's own text; human nature fails before the task of reading, in the strict sense of the word, those parts of the book where we get only a line in each page. But Mr. Hall's extracts do illustrate a curious page in the history of the English language. They bring out with great clearness how much our language has lost by losing its power of coining abstract words in English. If we had only kept some such ending as the German *bar*, we might have been spared, not only "reliable," but all these strange words in *-able* and *-ible* altogether. The upshot of the vast mass of instances which Mr. Hall has got together comes to something like this. When our tongue had pretty well lost its power of forming anything like an abstract adjective from its own stores—a power which German still keeps—people began to cast about to supply the want from foreign sources. Sometimes they adopted real Latin or French words, against which there is just as much and just as little to say as against any other Latin or French words which have made their way into English. In other cases they took any verb, whether real English or a foreign intruder, and stuck on the

* *English Adjectives in -able, with Special Reference to Reliable.* By Fitzedward Hall, C.E., M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

ending -able, without much regard to subtleties about active and passive. Thus, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth, a crowd of words were formed by different writers, many of which won for themselves a lasting place in the received English vocabulary, while a yet greater number failed to do so. And there is no denying that, both among those which succeeded and among those which failed, there were some which were quite as bad as "reliable." "Laughable," for instance, if we heard it for the first time, would sound every bit as bad as "reliable." So would perhaps "accountable," certainly "unaccountable." As a study in the history of the language, all this is quite worth notice. It shows the odd shifts to which a language is driven when it has, like ours, lost the power of coining words out of its own substance. And of course any large collection of extracts illustrating any of the usages of language has its use in other ways. But we do not see that it helps the least in the way in which Mr. Hall wishes it to help. Mr. Hall's chief argument is from consistency. If you use other words which are as bad, you cannot object to "reliable." Yes; we can; neither in language nor in morals does one wrong step justify another. In neither case can any man be wholly consistent; the best man is he who is least inconsistent. Because a phrase, a word, a custom, which we should be better without has got so firmly established that there is no hope of getting rid of it, that is no reason why we should not withstand the first beginnings of another phrase, word, or custom of the same kind, the establishment of which we may be able to hinder.

Mr. Hall is evidently one of the sect who think it well to be angry. He begins with a rude attack on Sir J. F. Stephen, which lasts through several pages. He goes on with rude attacks of the like kind on several other people. And it is worth notice that the one writer whom he quotes with cordial admiration is Professor Whitney, who in the same way disfigures real attainments by his violent way of speaking of everybody. Mr. Hall gets specially angry when anything is called an "Americanism," commonly without understanding what is meant by those who so call it. It may be that "reliable," like many other strange words, was used, perhaps invented, by Coleridge. But there can be no doubt that it was through American use that the word became at all familiar. So Mr. Hall gets very angry at "proclivity" being called an "American corruption of the language." Such it undoubtedly is. It proves nothing when Mr. Hall quotes a string of seventeenth-century writers as using "proclivity," along with many other words of the same kind, Sir Thomas Brown's "crang" among them. We will not rule too positively that in some kind of technical discourse "proclivity" might not be allowed; but its familiar use is undoubtedly American. It came in at the time of the American Civil War, when people began to talk about "Northern" or "Southern proclivities"—a very awkward, ugly, and needless way of saying that a man took this or that side in politics. So certain uses of the word "guess" and "calculate" are undoubtedly American, though no one thinks that the words themselves were invented in America. It is quite true that many so-called Americanisms are perfectly good seventeenth-century words and phrases which have lived on in America while they have died out or become uncommon in England. We remember a foolish traveller who was troubled because he heard the autumn called the "fall," and a valley called a "bottom." Nor will we take upon ourselves to say that "guess," in its American use, may not be one of the same family. "Calculate" seeks to translate the New Testament phrase "I reckon." But "proclivity" and "reliable" stand on a different ground, or rather on no ground at all. Mr. Hall tries very hard to prove that "reliable" is wanted, and that "trustworthy" will not do as well. The answer is that Mr. Hall has himself proved that either "trustworthy" or some other word will do as well, by writing 7,999 printed pages in which the word "reliable" is not to be found.

As specimens of Mr. Hall's own style of writing and reasoning, we may give one or two sentences which certainly very easily account for the fact that the 8,000 pages are "mostly quite unknown and altogether likely to remain so":—

Be reliable how bad soever, it would be hard to prove that Americans employ it more than Englishmen; and that which seems, to Dr. Latham, a probability, is such, it may be presumed, merely on the persuasion of sinister preoccupation.

In a note Mr. Hall adds:—

Something of the same spirit as Dr. Latham's transpires through the title-page of a work begun, in 1863, by Dr. E. A. Freeman: "The History of Federal Government from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States."

We have read this over several times, hoping to find out what it has to do with "reliable," and we have been wholly baffled. Perhaps the connexion is something "rheumatic"—a favourite word of Mr. Hall's, which he is not kind enough to translate. Lastly, Mr. Hall winds up:—

That the English-speaking world has benefited by the introduction of reliable, is beyond question. Nevertheless, the incurable conceit of *arbitrio* *idea* and *adiposa*, on the part of those who have already denounced it, will, doubtless, operate, in the teeth of facts, to their denouncing it still. Nor will they want abundant echoes; seeing that ninety and nine in every hundred of us all, helpless slaves of what a metaphysician might call the acquiescent diathesis, habitually do our thinking and judging by deputy, on almost all matters which call for patient research, for close observation, or even for mental exertion.

When it comes to "acquiescent diathesis,"

"Oho, jam satis est, oho, libelle."

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—IRELAND.

PROBABLY there is more information for English readers contained in these volumes of Irish State Papers than in any others of the series issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. So little is known of the state of Ireland in the reign of James I. that we are glad to find that the preface to the recently published volume has not been cut down to the dimensions prescribed in the new set of Instructions to Editors. These instructions are in the main so judicious that we are a little surprised at the arbitrary selection of the limit of fifty pages for the preface to each volume. We do not know under what permission the editors of the present volume have lengthened their preface to seventy-two pages for the period of four years commencing with January 1611 and ending December 1614; but we cannot affect to regret that they have done so, for the observations they have there made will prove of very great value to readers who are not tolerably acquainted with Irish affairs of the period.

The volume does not contain any of the interesting and exciting matter we have had occasion to refer to in reviewing previous volumes of the series. There is not a great deal to notice till we come to the second half of it, where the meeting of Parliament of May 18, 1613, is narrated. There had never been so long an interval between two Parliaments as now—twenty-seven years having elapsed since the last was summoned. The consequence was that few people understood the proper forms or were provided with the proper dress to appear in the House. Mere ignorance of form, however, will not be sufficient to account for the singular proceedings at the election of Sir John Davys, the Attorney-General, as Speaker of the Lower House. Upon a division taken in the usual way, those who were for the affirmative leaving the House in order that the numbers of both parties might be counted, it appeared that Sir John Davys was elected by 127 votes out of 232, which was the whole number of members. But the Catholic party, or Recusants, as they were called, gathered themselves together in what the narrator calls a *plumpe*, in order that they might not be numbered, and then thrust Sir John Everard into the Speaker's chair. Whereupon two gentlemen lifted the Attorney-General in their arms and placed him in the chair in the lap of Sir John Everard, upon which he and his party left the House and refused to return, alleging that they appealed to the Lord Deputy. It was but a poor beginning of a Parliament of which the Lord Deputy, upon the Speaker being presented to him in the Upper House, ventured to say that "this Parliament excelled all the former as well in respect of the felicity of the time wherein it is called as of the number and worthiness of the persons that are called into it." It was not to be wondered at that Carew, writing in July, should observe that the "face of this Parliament now prorogued threatens ensuing mischiefs."

Those who have not read the preceding volumes of this series of Irish State Papers will best understand the position of affairs by reading through No. 732, which professes to contain a brief relation of proceedings in the Parliament, but in reality gives a short account of Irish disaffection and the methods taken to conquer it from the death of Elizabeth to the date of writing. The writer glances at the failure of the attempt to substitute priests for ministers in Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, and the rejection of the subsequent petition presented by Tyrone at Hampton Court, in which the petitioners had pleaded for a free toleration of their religion. He then goes on to explain how six counties of Ulster had been catechized by the flight of Tyrone and Tyrconnell and the rebellion of O'Doherty and others, and how, notwithstanding all the King's gentleness in not enforcing the execution of laws in matters of religion, the Recusants had even in the English pale rebuilt monasteries where friars publicly preached and said Mass, and actually resisted the payment of twelpence for not coming to church on Sunday to hear "dearly beloved brethren" read in a language which few of them understood. It is singular how little a writer as well acquainted as anybody in that day with Irish character could understand how hopeless was the attempt to force a religion which they hated on a reluctant people. The real grievance in the present instance was the attempt to override the old constituencies of the country by creating new Corporations for what was called the encouragement of the new plantations in Ulster. The English Government had fair warning of the prevailing feeling. The Lords of the English Pale had written to the King in the November preceding inveighing against the new Corporations, and promising firm and faithful obedience to the King if only he would withdraw such laws as touched religion; and on the very day before the meeting of Parliament they presented a petition to the Lord Deputy to the same effect, and within ten days after, the Lords, following the example of the Commons, refused attendance in the house, crying out, "Away with the new Corporations; cast Davys out of the chair, and place Everard in it!" What chance could there be of coercing the religion of a people under the influence of Franciscan friars who preached in the open air to thousands of persons, telling them that the words spoken by English ministers were the devil's words and all should be damned that

* Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland of the Reign of James I. 1611-1614, Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office, and elsewhere. Edited by the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., and John P. Prendergast, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. 1877.

heard them, and encouraging them with prophecies of Tyrconnell's return at the head of 18,000 men sent by the King of Spain, and showing them a book which foretold that England would reign but two years more over Ireland? No wonder it was found necessary to prorogue the Parliament till November. Meanwhile a Commission was issued to inquire into the facts of the case as regards the elections and the grievances alleged; and, from the Report given, it appears how utterly unable the Government was to enforce the laws against Recusants.

Notwithstanding this inauspicious beginning, in the Session which began October 11, 1614, everything went on, as the Deputy informs the King, "in orderly and civil fashion." The Parliament passed an Act for the attainder of Tyrone, Tyrconnell, and others, and, what Sir John Davys considered the most important measure that had been passed for three hundred years, the newly-erected boroughs of Ulster were recognized, and, he observes, "will be perpetual seminaries of Protestant burgesses, since it is provided in the charters that the Provost and twelve chief burgesses who are to elect all the rest, must always be such as will take the oath of supremacy." The Speaker's inaugural address threw oil upon the troubled waters, and with a goodly sprinkling of quotations from Latin authors he assured them that he had never doubted that "of that stormy beginning there would come a calm end." And three weeks afterwards, in a private letter to Sir Ralph Wynwood, he describes the unanimity of feeling in the House as being such, that, "if they could meet as willingly and agree as well in a church as they do in a Parliament house, the King should have no cause to maintain any garrison or army in Ireland."

Religion was, in fact, at that time, as it has always been in Ireland, the one insurmountable difficulty. The only thing that is hard to account for in the whole history is the infatuation of a Government that trusted to win over the natives from the influence of the Jesuits by such miserable tools as they used when they expected the bishops of the Establishment to convert them. There was nothing taught by these men but the coarsest Calvinism—a fact which peeps out in these papers, and will be patent to the observation of all when the editors of these volumes reach the year 1617, when the whole of that miserable creed was added to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and adopted by Convocation and Parliament alike. But, independently of their teaching, the scandal of their lives was quite enough to repel any serious inquirers from the belief that they had any sense of morality or religion. This volume is full of indications of the avarice of Protestant Archbishops and Bishops in alienating the lands of their sees to the injury of their successors. So glaring was this fault that the King himself wrote to the Deputy complaining of it, and instancing in particular the Bishop of Derry and the Archbishop of Armagh, whom the Deputy is directed to restrain from perpetrating such enormities for the future. The late Bishop of Derry, it appears, had by these means reduced the value of the bishopric from 1,000*l.* to 400*l.* a year. Nor was avarice the only, or the worst, scandal that existed. Another prelate, the Bishop of Down, had "procured an odious and unlawful separation from his wife, to the great obloquy of the world, and the offence of the religious and well-minded"; but, having timely notice of the prosecution intended to be brought against him, he made off to Scotland. It appears that, amongst sundry other misdemeanours, he had suborned false witnesses to defame his wife in order to get a divorce from her.

Much less, however, could the Government hope to succeed by making martyrs of their bishops and priests. This volume merely alludes to the intention to try to execute the aged Catholic Bishop of Down; we must go elsewhere for the account of the execution of the Bishop and of a priest who was captured with him, and of the reverence for his relics, which were firmly believed by the multitude to have wrought a miraculous cure on a lame man. And yet so foolish were the Protestant bishops that they entertained hopes of converting the Jesuits by argument, as appears by the account given at the beginning of the volume by Babington, Bishop of Derry, who fancied he had persuaded several of them to use the liturgy of the Church of England and join with him in his efforts to "bring this rude and uncivilized people to some good conformity." Undoubtedly, if what the Bishop alleges as to his success with them has any truth in it, it is a very exceptional instance. The constant complaints through the whole volume of the entire failure of all attempts to tamper with the religion of the people leads us to the supposition that Bishop Babington was making out the best case he could in order to propitiate Lord Salisbury in his application for money to meet the "consequent expenses" of this system of proselytizing. The Bishop's representations, which have so much of the *couleur de rose* about them, are contradicted point-blank by a letter written a month later by the Deputy to Salisbury, telling him that "in matters of religion they grow every day more and more contemptuous of them and their profession, and more and more bold and audacious in setting up and maintaining of their own." It appears from several other letters that they did not expect to make converts excepting amongst "the chosen of Jesus Christ." As may be supposed, all the "uniform order set down for suppressing of Papistry and planting of the Church" was utterly unavailing. What could be expected but that the report should go that, "in the advancement of the Gospel, their travels are no way fruitful," when the same writer avows that, with the exception of the Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Challoner, and Mr. Usher, "he can name no man of the ministry in the kingdom who has knowledge or care to propagate the

Evangel." The falling off, indeed, was so great that he observes that in cases "where hundreds used to come to church scarcely six make their appearance there now."

We have confined our attention chiefly to ecclesiastical matters, because they form the most interesting part of the volume, and have been entirely omitted in the valuable preface of the editors to which we have already referred. And we must content ourselves with referring to that preface for an interesting account of the "Pirates in the Irish seas," and of the original scheme of the plantation of Ulster.

COTTAGE HOSPITALS.*

TWENTY years ago such an institution as a Cottage Hospital did not exist. At the present time there are probably two hundred of them. Only five counties in England are without at least one of these invaluable homes for the sick poor. But the supply still falls far short of what is needed, and, strange to say, the enthusiasm with which the movement was taken up seems to be dying away, and fewer cottage hospitals have been founded in the last three years than in the eight which preceded them. It is very difficult to give any reason for this falling off. Not six per cent. of those started have failed. Public opinion seems more than ever in favour of treating patients, when it is possible, in small groups. The increasing use of machinery in agriculture causes accidents to happen where the sufferers are far away from the county town, and require more experienced treatment than they are likely to receive in their own homes. Can it be that, amongst the numbers of unemployed women who are always agitating for something to do, matrons competent to carry on this work wisely, when once it has been started, cannot be found? Of course in a real village hospital the matron is every thing. She must be housekeeper, nurse, friend, and sometimes doctor and cook to her patients. The ideal matron would decide when Smith, who had been crushed in the quarry, might be allowed to see his sweetheart, how often she should come, and how long she might remain; whether it would be safe to admit Hodge's scolding wife, and how soon Sally Jones might be visited by her children. It would be her business to refuse or accept the offerings of kind neighbours, to smooth the difficulties between rival doctors, to be polite to the Methodist preacher, to be stern in carrying out the orders of the doctor. In short, the matron of a village hospital would need to possess all the qualities which secure success in life—qualities which not one mother in a thousand ever seeks to develop in her daughters. From the want of early training in common everyday duties arises a great deal of that incompetence which is the true secret of the scarcity of "women's work." Almost every known system of nursing has been tried in cottage hospital management. Mr. Burdett gives an admirable summary of the different experiments, and divides the nurses at present employed into four classes—first, the trained nurse from some institution, church guild, or sisterhood; secondly, a married woman without children; thirdly, a woman belonging to the parish who has had some experience, supplemented by a short special training; fourthly, a good assistant-nurse from the county hospital. Each type has its merits and its defects. The first-class nurse is often unwilling or unable to look after the housekeeping and domestic arrangements. A respectable couple without encumbrance might in many cases be found suitable, as the man could look after the garden, without which no cottage hospital is complete; but married couples without children are much sought after, and are consequently scarce. A good-tempered, cheerful, homely body, with some experience in nursing, seems a likely person to answer the purpose; but then she probably turns out to be full of prejudices and wanting in method and management. On the whole, a good assistant-nurse from the county hospital is perhaps the best, until there are ladies to be had who will take up the profession in earnest and qualify themselves for the position of combined matron and nurse.

Mr. Burdett deserves the thanks of the medical profession as well as of every one interested in the sick poor for the admirable little book he has compiled, which is fortunately so cheap as to be within the reach of even a slender purse. It was no easy task to collect and then tabulate his materials. Difficulties of all kinds had to be got over; at one or two places all information was refused. Some hospitals being privately supported, the donors did not think it necessary to give particulars of how the money was spent. At Weston-super-Mare the secretary declined to supply statistics unless a guinea in payment was guaranteed. With regard to this place, however, Dr. Waring, in a pamphlet published in 1867, tells us something:—

Quite another mode of establishing a small hospital has been followed at Weston-super-Mare, which, whenever practicable, is well worthy of imitation. It originated amongst the working classes themselves, on subscriptions of a penny a week, and in the course of the first eight or nine weeks 50*l.* were thus collected. The Committee of workmen appointed to carry out the plan were most energetic in their endeavours, and, to their credit be it said, they collected by pence alone, amongst all classes it is presumed, an annual sum of 160*l.*

It is strange that the secretary should have refused any particulars with regard to management which might have been useful to

* *The Cottage Hospital; its Origin, Progress, Management, and Work.* By Henry C. Burdett, Sanitary Commissioner to the "Sanitary Record," &c. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1877.

others. Still, notwithstanding all impediments, Mr. Burdett has succeeded in collecting a large mass of information, and arranging it in so clear and businesslike a fashion that no one in possession of his book need hesitate to start a cottage hospital because he does not know how to set about the matter. There is a record of the successes and failures in a large number of instances. There is sound advice which will enable beginners to escape the pitfalls into which others have fallen, and to avoid those mistakes which, once made, are often irreparable. There are short hints upon the proper treatment of cases requiring prompt attention, which, if printed separately, would make a more useful tract for distribution than many of those ordinarily left by the district visitor. There are, besides, plans for the erection of suitable buildings, and directions how to make use of an ordinary small cottage. The great secret of success seems to be not to attempt too much until a little experience shows what are the real requirements of the neighbourhood, and what annual subscriptions may be counted upon.

With regard to expenses, the difference is enormous. In one case fifty pounds will serve to start a cottage hospital; in another it seems to require several thousands. Mr. Burdett finds that "the average annual expenditure in 100 cottage hospitals having an average number of 8 beds, and in 34 of which the average number of beds occupied is 6, is 340*l.* 10*s.* This gives the cost per bed as 42*l.* 10*s.* on the whole number, or 57*l.* per bed occupied. When it is considered that the average cost per bed at a hospital like the London was 54*l.* in 1875, being 59*l.* per bed actually occupied, while at Charing Cross the cost was respectively 68*l.* and 91*l.*, and at the Middlesex Hospital 59*l.* in the one case and 72*l.* in the other, it will be seen that, on the score of economy alone, the cottage hospital has much in its favour." It is impossible here to enter into the different details given as to the collection and management of funds, or to discuss in how far the payment by patients has been successfully carried out. It will require a still longer trial to enable us to come to just conclusions on several difficult points, many of which however Mr. Burdett has done much to simplify. Very few cottage hospitals have mortuaries. It even sometimes happens that, if a patient dies, the authorities insist upon the body being taken home by the friends and kept till the burial. The cost of a small building suitable for all ordinary requirements should not be more than two hundred and fifty pounds. The gain to public health and public morality is well worth the outlay. These mortuaries might be lent in any case of sudden death when an inquest was required, and would be a decided improvement upon the present place for such painful inquiries, the nearest public-house. Mr. Burdett observes:—

It is scarcely necessary here to dwell at length upon the horrors a death causes in a crowded cottage, where probably the whole family, six or eight in number, are compelled to find sleeping accommodation somehow in two small rooms, badly lighted, and often worse ventilated. What must be the condition of a family like this when a death occurs? They have to choose between two evils, for, being engaged in hard outdoor labour during the day, they must perforce sleep during the night. Either some of them must occupy the room which common decency, to say nothing of a regard for health, demands should be given up exclusively to the dead, or the whole family must shift as best they can in the other room, small and unsuited though it be at the best. . . . If an epidemic of any infectious disease breaks out in a place where a mortuary is unknown, the living and healthy have to occupy the same small cottage with the infectious dead.

One of the great pleas in favour of village hospitals is that a patient may feel himself quite at home and yet be free from all home worries. A man laid up with a broken leg can see his wife and children occasionally, but he is not kept awake, when sleep means recovery, by a wailing baby. From the window he can catch glimpses of his neighbours' houses, but he is safe from their injudicious, if well-meant, interference. The familiar sound of the church clock tells him how the night is going. The parson, with whose appearance at least he is familiar, is less disagreeable than the strange chaplain of the county infirmary. The doctor who has already attended him is likely to inspire more confidence than a stranger who looks upon the patient as merely number so-and-so, to be speedily forgotten when another case replaces him in the crowded wards. In an early number of *Good Words* Dr. Wynter spoke of the benefit to the invalid of feeling himself linked to those outside by kindly sympathy. "The newly-laid egg is permitted, with the approval of the surgeon, to reach the patient; the pat of butter, the wine sent by the mistress, the beef-tee coming to an old servant from the 'big house,' are not ruthlessly withheld." Then, too, the friendly interest aroused is good for those outside. Whenever the links of sympathy can be kept up between rich and poor, much is done for both parties. There is no doubt that both doctor and parson benefit enormously by a judiciously managed village hospital. A country practitioner is often greatly overworked in consequence of the long distances which separate his patients. He is constantly prevented from giving to a serious case the care and frequent visits which he knows it requires. When the dangerously ill can be brought together near his house they may have several visits a day, when otherwise they might not be sure of even one. The clergyman of the parish often becomes acquainted with those who never enter a church, and who avoid him in his visits to their homes. A cordial feeling may thus spring up and a wholesome influence be gained. There is still one other most important benefit to be touched on, and that is the great advantage of not being obliged to move patients long distances. The county infirmary is often miles away. There is no conveyance to be had but a jolting cart. The weather

is severe, and the patient, who would have had a good chance of recovery, is perhaps killed by the long journey he is obliged to take in search of the skilful nursing which he might have had near home if his village had possessed a cottage hospital.

KING OR KNAVE? *

THE author of *Hilda and I* and *Spiders and Flies* has in her new novel judiciously eschewed the legal technicalities of one of her plots and the inordinate sensationalism of the other; she has kept clear of the Court of Chancery, and has not made a waxwork effigy do duty for an invalid lady whose death it was convenient to conceal. In *King or Knave?* Mrs. Hartley tells a tale of life as it is, or, in the main, conceivably might be. It is a tale in which there are perhaps two heroines, but certainly no hero; where the leading female characters are pure, earnest, and unselfish, but the men, as a rule, the slaves of either weakness or vanity or ill-temper; whilst the plot in which they figure turns on the temptations of the racecourse and the gaming-table, which in real life cause the transference of estates and county influence quite as rapidly and strangely as in the pages of fiction. From the title it might seem as if a hero were contemplated; but the note of interrogation indicates a doubt, which it takes the best part of the two volumes to solve.

The story opens with the arrival at a country parsonage of two children of an Indian colonel, Godfrey and Rhoda Duncombe, twelve and six years old, and an orphan girl of the age of eight, Beatrice Latimer, who is dependent on an uncle of uncertain temper, to be brought up by the rector and his wife. An interchange of family data between the children ends with a promise of the impulsive lad to the friendless but sprightly Beatrice, "that he will love her and take care of her always"; and the delicacy of his little sister's health, together with Beatrice's growing addiction to her king and hero's whims and sports and occupations, tends to cement this more than brotherly intimacy during his vacations. A scene, prettily told, of his trying on his uniform, after getting his commission in a cavalry regiment, first lets us into the secret of Beatrice's heart; for though "she never told her love," she was one of those whose heroes go forth to forget, while the stay-at-home nurses her first fancy into the passion of a life. Soon after Godfrey joins his regiment, and before Sir Ernest (who has succeeded to the family estate and baronetcy) can reach Heatherton Rectory with Lady Duncombe, death has robbed them of their delicate Rhoda, who, in dying, commended Beatrice to their care and affection. The Baronet is an Anglo-Indian with a liver, and his lady a vain ex-beauty; but they take kindly to Beatrice, with whose future, however, her crotchety uncle, Mr. Elphinstone, now begins to interfere. For two years he allows her a finishing governess at the Rectory, and the time is varied by visits to the Duncombes at Shirley. Meanwhile Godfrey is not staunch to his first love, nor keeps his heart free from tares. He has got among gamblers and swindlers, the worst of whom is one Tyler, a *soi-disant* major; the best, a careless adventurer Porroster, who has a refined and lady-like step-daughter, Jessica Middleton, to keep his house at Wingfield Manor. The pity which Jessica evinces for Godfrey when she sees him entangled in the company of her stepfather's associates is mistaken by the vain young man, unwitting of her cherished attachment and reverence for a friend of her late father's—the same Mr. Elphinstone who is Beatrice's guardian—for reciprocation of his addresses. Of Mr. Elphinstone we get a vision at his house in Queen's Gate, where Beatrice Latimer meets him on a set day, as a tall, handsome man of forty, who gives her two fingers, puts her through her paces, and is secretly pleased by her independence. From him she returns to Shirley, where she stays for months, a favourite with both Sir Ernest and his wife. Godfrey comes home for Christmas, and tells Beatrice his difficulties, but suppresses all mention of Jessica. At some private theatricals an accident to a young lady who was to have played Pauline to Godfrey's Claude Melotte, in the *Lady of Lyons*, necessitates good-natured Beatrice's taking the part at the eleventh hour, though not altogether with Lady Duncombe's approval. The account of the acting is lively enough, and, as one might suppose, the old deep-rooted love for Godfrey, "never realized in its intensity till that night," made Beatrice's words of passionate devotion, and the tale told in the depths of her dark eyes, entrance the audience and win their unbounded applause.

The next we see of Godfrey is at a shabby London lodging of Tyler's, picking up a hint or two from the Major, but losing several hundreds to him at *écarté*, through his luck in always turning up the King. For a time, nevertheless, fortune seems to befriend him. Going down to Ascot with Mr. Forrester and Jessica to see his horse Larkspur run, he is more bent on getting Jessica to take an interest in his horse than on cultivating his own family, who are also there; but on returning to her side, which he had left for a few minutes, he finds it occupied by a distinguished-looking man, with whom she is evidently on terms of old and close intimacy—a sight almost enough to spoil the triumph of his horse winning the race. Jessica's friend turns out to be Elphinstone, who, on meeting her unexpectedly, finds his old love quickened, and

* *King or Knave?* By the Author of "*Hilda and I*," "*Spiders and Flies*," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

shortly makes a visit to the neighbourhood, with a view to coming to an understanding with her. But a sudden money embarrassment of Mr. Forrester's, which leads to his abrupt levanting with his stepdaughter, makes Mr. Elphinstone's visit futile; and the bachelor goes back disgusted to town, while poor Jessica is hurried off to Paris, where in her loneliness she welcomes the appearance of Godfrey Duncombe, who has come over with Tyler to spend his Ascot winnings. Here, again, her pity and desire to rescue him from the toils of interested adventurers involve Jessica in the semblance of favour to his almost undisguised suit, though she still cherishes the constraining predilection for Elphinstone, which is, however, in some risk of being unrequited through sinister rumours which reach him of her encouraging the attentions of Godfrey. At this point comes a telegram to Godfrey from England. Sir Ernest is dying, and after travelling night and day, Godfrey reaches Shirley station to be saluted by the butler as "Sir Godfrey." Not, however, in full possession. His father has left Lady Duncombe guardian till he is twenty-five, and sentenced Sir Godfrey to another year of minority. As to Beatrice, just then suffering from rheumatic fever at Heatherton Rectory, he leaves her a thousand pounds, and commends her, as Rhoda had done, to his surviving relatives. In her sickness her uncle offers her a home, and nearly at the same time the discovery of Godfrey's heartlessness and deceit about his money difficulties almost determines her to accept a proposal from one Captain Blackmore. On Godfrey's hearing of this, and finding from his mother that she is likely to inherit her uncle's property, a revulsion of feeling, and a hope, perhaps, of retrieving his fortunes prompt him to propose to Beatrice, who meets him with a tender but sisterly refusal. From this point dates the rapid down-fall of Sir Godfrey's fortunes. After some deeper play in town, and a wild-goose chase after Jessica, whose stepfather was dead, he returns to his "coming of age," when, with a fair prospect of attaining the dignity of M.P. and winning the hand of the daughter of a neighbouring peer, he is fain to recoup his forestalled fortunes by a desperate stroke. There is no Beatrice, no Jessica, near to advise. It is Major Tyler's hour. The young Baronet listens to the insidious suggestion of dishonest play. He goes to his club on a particular night for *coûte*, and, goaded by the reflection that it is neck or nothing, that Shirley must go if he does not win heavily that night, he resorts to the trick which he had often practised in fun with Tyler, but which until then his feelings of honour would have utterly repudiated. He stifles these, sets his life and credit on the rascally conjuring trick, and in his agitation turns up, not the *king*, but the *knave*.

Of course the result is social ruin, and Godfrey has to efface himself in the colonies. Meanwhile poetic justice, it seems, ordains that Elphinstone should win as a Whig the county which Godfrey was to have had as a Tory, and buy the estate of Shirley. Beatrice was in Switzerland when Godfrey left England, and knew nought of his ruin till her return, soon after which she was wooed and won by her constant admirer, Captain Blackmore. Jessica is still touring and sketching with an elderly friend, Miss Trevyllian; and Lady Duncombe has transferred herself and her jointure to the Governor of a certain island, Sir H. Pullin, K.C.B. The plot, it will be seen, thickens, and the marrying off of secondary characters presages the end; but the author piles up the honours which crowd upon Mr. Elphinstone unduly high when he makes him, after the marriage of his niece, become the friend of half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers, and his house at Shirley the "rendezvous for a circle of political, literary, and fashionable people." The climax is when, two years after poor Sir Godfrey's coming of age in the home that knows him no more, Mr. Elphinstone entertains royalty, in the shape of a juvenile prince and his tutor, in its redecorated halls, and for this receives (a mark of favour somewhat out of proportion to the service) the distinction of a peerage, "no one indeed knowing why, unless for having more money and a worse temper than his neighbours." When Godfrey Duncombe, five years after leaving England so miserably, came back and called in Queen's Gate, the servant who received his inquiries for Mr. Elphinstone and Mrs. Blackmore made answer, "We are not Mr. Elphinstone now, sir; we was made Lord Shirley about two months ago. Mrs. Blackmore and the Colonel is in the South of France." We leave the reader to find out for himself how Elphinstone, before attaining his peerage, brought his love to a crisis with Jessica, and how Godfrey, his sins atoned by an act of heroism, came to owe the last tender offices to his only real love. The conclusion is touching, and not too far beyond the limits of probability.

One of the weaknesses of the plot is the author's unmerited favour to Mr. Elphinstone, who was really an unamiable and selfish prig, and from first to last attracts no one except his old friend's daughter. It is not necessary, because you depress a hero who has "gone to the bad," to set his very uninviting rival on a topmost pinnacle. There is, perhaps, too, some lack of art in prolonging the plot beyond Godfrey's collapse, though it is not easy to see how it could be avoided. Here, as in many other novels, the opening appears to us to have been happy and well conceived, and the building-up of the reader's interest both in Beatrice and Jessica is successfully maintained through the larger part of the first volume. Afterwards, without absolutely flinching, it gets too much dispersed; and it becomes no easy matter to recollect the whereabouts of the *dramatis personæ* at Nice, Genoa, the South of France, New Zealand, London, and Shirley. We can speak with less reserve of the author's general character-drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Colville, Mr. Forrester, and even

Major Tyler, are cleverly drawn in their respective ways; while Miss Trevyllian, with her strong High Church opinions, her rigid virtue and intolerance of Houses or Penitentiaries, and her real charity and goodness of heart at a pinch, makes an excellent subordinate character. "You shut up," she would say, "a tiger in a cage for two years, and expect it to come out a dove. Look after the parents; see how the girls are brought up. Look after your young servants; put down finery; discourage all the nonsense of the present day. Letters coming 'Miss this' and 'Miss that' to the scullery-maid! These are the 'beginnings' which fill penitentiaries, and end in the workhouse or the gallows." We also much like Mrs. Hartley's descriptions of nature in its changeful aspects. She begins with a very happy picture of the drunched vegetation of a midland county, succeeded by a hush and refreshing calm, on a July day. Such scenes, too, as Ascot, the private theatricals, and the coming of age, also show a facility of pictorial power, under reasonable command. In many respects, therefore, we think that the novel of *King or Knave?* may be pronounced an improvement on its predecessors. Not but that there are a few things yet to amend. We note not a few such slips as "petites soins," "coute qui coute" "combating with Beatrice's desire," and the like, which may or may not be printer's blunders. Jessica's habit of addressing her stepfather as "Padre," too, is a little fanciful, since neither he nor she appear to have any Spanish or Italian connexion. On the whole, however, *King or Knave?* is quite worth reading, and, in a sprightly undidactic way, enforces the wholesome moral that honesty is the best policy.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SOME years ago, during the reign of Napoleon III., a pamphlet was published asking for Frenchmen "the same amount of freedom as was enjoyed in Austria." It certainly seemed surprising that Frenchmen should have to go to the banks of the Danube in search of liberty; now, however—what seems stranger still—we are asked to travel as far as the Volga if we wish to find the problem of "moral order" satisfactorily settled.* M. Legrelle does not care much about Parliamentary Liberalism, but he thinks that social progress is perfectly compatible with what he calls "the principle of authority," and he even goes so far as to accuse our modern Liberals of endangering civilization. These views will startle many persons on the other side of the Channel, now that they are put together in the shape of a volume, and they must have shocked originally all but the habitual and hardened readers of the *Journal de Paris* and the *Soleil*, where they were first published. Setting aside the author's political sympathies, we must acknowledge that he has produced an interesting volume, and given us much information about a country still very little known.

M. Louis Asseline, on the other hand, cannot be accused of the slightest leaning towards *le principe autoritaire*; in relating the history of the Austrian Empire from the death of Maria-Theresa to our own time†, the only fact he finds to praise is the end of the struggle against revolutionary France. M. Asseline's work, based on a careful study of men and events, is preceded by a geographical description of Austria and a brief summary of its modern annals. It is not difficult to show that an empire composed of such heterogeneous parts must seriously test the energy and tact of statesmen. They have to deal not only with the rival pretensions of various nationalities, but with the pressure exercised from without by foreign Powers anxious to take advantage of these rivalries; Pan-slavism on the one side, Pangermanism on the other, are the two chief causes of Austria's anxiety. M. Asseline has set himself to unravel the tangle of which Czechs, Magyars, Roumanians, Poles, Ruthenians, Croatsians, and Saxons form the manifold elements; and the history of all these competing powers gives much variety to his volume. A good map and a bibliographical list have been added.

Captain Chevalier has taken as the subject of a bulky octavo the history of the French navy during the war of American Independence.‡ Few epochs have proved so glorious for that branch of the service, and few are so imperfectly known. It is generally supposed that the excessive caution of Louis XVI. and his Cabinet paralysed the admirals, and was injurious to the success of their operations. But Captain Chevalier maintains that if, towards the beginning of the war, the Court of Versailles was unnecessarily cautious, the battle of Ushant produced a complete change in the direction of affairs. By way of preface he gives a summary of the history of the French navy from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present time. The work is well written, compiled from the best authorities, and interesting as treating of a subject which is not very familiar even to Frenchmen.

The third volume of General Ducrot's *Défense de Paris*,

* *Le Volga: notes sur la Russie.* Par A. Legrelle. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire de l'Autriche, depuis la mort de Marie-Thérèse jusqu'à nos jours.* Par L. Asseline. Paris: Goussier-Baillière.

‡ *Histoire de la marine française pendant la guerre de l'indépendance américaine.* Par E. Chevalier, capitaine de vaisseau. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *La Défense de Paris.* Par le général Ducrot. Vol. 3. Paris: Dentu.

Illustrated with twenty-eight coloured maps, is a valuable contribution to the history of the Franco-German War. It contains a narrative of the events which took place during the month of December, 1870—the attempt of the Paris troops to make a rally in the direction of Le Bourget, the engagement at La Ville-Evrard, and the bombardment of the eastern fortresses. General Ducrot's style will perhaps be found fault with as too abrupt. It is certainly the very opposite to M. Thiers's academic phrases; but we prefer it for the description of battles, and it is instructive to have the vicissitudes of war, the movements of contending armies, and the details of strategical operations explained by an expert. Besides the facts immediately connected with the siege, we have in this volume a number of documents bearing upon political matters, and the sittings of the Provisional Government are reproduced, generally without any commentary. "The more we proceed with the publication of these *comptes-rendus*, the more," says the author, "we see the irresolution, the weakness, and the blindness which could not but end with the catastrophe we dreaded so much—unconditional capitulation."

Count G. de Serre has completed, by two more volumes, the publication of his father's most interesting correspondence.* After the dissolution of the Duke de Richelieu's Cabinet, the great orator and statesman who had held the office of Keeper of the Seals was appointed Ambassador at Naples, and endeavoured to forget the excitement of Parliamentary life amongst the museums and picture-galleries of Italy. Politics formed, of course, the staple of the four previous volumes; here, on the other hand, the letters are of a more private character, with the exception perhaps of those written by M. de Chateaubriand, which contain interesting particulars about the Spanish campaign. Amongst Count de Serre's best-known correspondents we find the historian Niebuhr, who had become one of his most intimate friends, and who always spoke of him in terms of the greatest admiration. Some of our readers may remember that several years ago an English translation of Niebuhr's letters was published in London; it contains only part of those addressed to Count de Serre, and even they are given in a mutilated form. The volumes before us give the whole correspondence; and the editor has enriched his collection by a number of supplementary despatches and explanatory documents; we notice, in particular, two letters from the Count de Chambord, one from M. Berryer, and a fourth written by M. de Montalembert.

M. Vapereau's dictionary of literature is now complete†, and notwithstanding many unavoidable errors, it will be found an invaluable companion for students. It combines the advantages of a biographical lexicon with those of a treatise on *belles-lettres*, and embodies the results of the latest researches on philological, historical, and æsthetic questions. To a certain extent, no doubt, this new volume reproduces particulars already contained in M. Bouillet's *Dictionnaire d'histoire* and in M. Vapereau's own *Dictionnaire des contemporains*; but the additional matter here published for the first time constitutes more than half the work; and, moreover, the biographical articles have been carefully revised, corrected, and completed whenever necessary.

The "man of former times" whose biography is now introduced to our notice‡ will be remembered by all who have read the correspondence of Count Joseph de Maistre. A Savoyard by birth, M. Costa de Beauregard lived long enough to see the last years of the Monarchy, the Revolution, and the early promise of General Bonaparte. The opening chapters of the volume introduce us to Paris society at the time when it was perhaps the most brilliant; and it is amusing to accompany our hero to Mme. Geoffrin's salon, where Marmontel, Rochefoucauld, Greuze, Diderot, Cochin, and many others, discourse literature, art, and philosophy. Sent off to Paris for the purpose of finishing his education by mixing with all the choice spirits of the day, young Costa writes home brilliant descriptions of the sights he has seen and the company to which he has been introduced. Marmontel is in distress because his *Belisarius* is condemned by the Government censors; Voltaire abuses Fréron; Mme. Geoffrin reads to her guests the letters she receives from her friend Stanislaus-Augustus Poniatowski, King of Poland; Greuze makes himself disagreeable by his suspicious manners and his avarice. The variety of scenes described in this pleasant volume of memoirs, the historical personages crowded together on the canvas, and the account of the noble but fruitless struggle of Savoy against the French Republic, give to the whole work a dramatic interest which derives additional charm from the character of the Marquis himself—a character in which high principle, genuine wit, and patriotism are happily blended together.

M. Tissot, whose *Voyage au pays des milliards* and other anti-Prussian works have already been noticed in our columns, now publishes, as he says, the *pièce justificative* of his own remarks, in the shape of a translation of Dr. Johannes Scherr's volume on Germany.§ A Republican in 1848, and now an ardent admirer of the German Empire, Dr. Scherr is one of the most popular writers of the day; he has often been compared to M. Michelet, and he may be regarded as the best representative of

those free-thinkers who on the further bank of the Rhine temper their rationalism by a considerable amount of what we should call national prejudice. The thick and closely-printed duodecimo before us treats of German society, politics, art, and literature from the earliest times. It is not characterized by much originality, but it abounds in details of a piquant, and sometimes of a rather questionable, nature.

We mentioned just now the name of M. Michelet. A reprint of two of his most popular works has recently been issued. The campaign carried on at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France against clericalism forms, as our readers know, one of the chief episodes in M. Michelet's life. It was the result of a radical change in his political sympathies, and it produced three very remarkable volumes. The lectures on the Jesuits came first, followed by the essay entitled *Du prêtre, de la femme, de la famille*, and two years later on by *Le peuple*.¶ It is undeniable that the transformation of academical teaching into political declamation is a great mistake, and we are glad to know that this opinion is shared by many of the most eminent professors of the French University on the Liberal side. We do not wonder accordingly that M. Michelet's lectures of 1847 should have been suspended. At the same time, both *Le peuple* and *L'étudiant*† contain some of the author's most eloquent pages.

The new volume of M. de Quatrefages‡ is an important contribution to the literature of natural history. The claims of scientific investigation have never been more strongly put forward, nor the limits of legitimate speculation more clearly defined. Study, observe, examine, he says, but, in the face of questions which cannot be solved, acknowledge your ignorance; the true philosopher should know when to withhold his affirmations. The first point discussed by M. de Quatrefages is the place of man in the scale of creation; and here he argues for the unity of the human species, and sets himself to refute transformist doctrines. Whilst declaring that the problem of man's origin is insoluble, he contends that with reference to the antiquity of our race the case is quite different, geology and anthropology having succeeded in obtaining positive results. Polygenists make a great deal of the obstacles which migrations must unavoidably meet with; M. de Quatrefages meets their argument by quoting comparatively recent instances of large displacements of population. The concluding part of the volume is devoted to an examination of the facts peculiar to man; that is to say, language, and moral and religious phenomena. M. de Quatrefages is not one of those champions of spiritual philosophy who only injure their own cause by their ignorance and ill-judged anxiety. He appeals to facts which he has taken great pains to collect and to analyse; and, whilst opposing the theories of the materialist school, he has set to those who share his opinions an example of temperate discussion and accurate research which they would do well to copy.

Dr. Fournié is well known by several important works on the education of the deaf and dumb; the question of language has thus naturally engaged his attention, and now from physiological details he finds himself led to discuss problems of psychology.§ Dr. Fournié's devotion to the experimental method of inquiry does not lead him to make shipwreck on the shoals of materialism, and he belongs to the same class of philosophers as M. de Quatrefages. This fact gives additional interest to the able volume he has just published, and at the present time the fact that a medical man exists who believes in psychology is rather startling. Dr. Fournié begins with a vocabulary of the scientific terms he uses, observing that accurate definitions are of the utmost importance in treatises on philosophy, and he aims at reducing every psychological expression to a corresponding physiological equivalent. He then contends that the study of the body, and that of the immaterial principle which actuates it, are independent branches of research; the examination of the various manifestations of mind—intellect, memory, language, thought, imagination, &c.—comes next; and the volume concludes with an inquiry into the nature and constitution of the mind itself. His style is remarkably clear, and he has applied to the difficult but attractive study of psychology that admirable method which empiricism alone supplies.

The necessity of revising and reforming the vocabulary of scientific terms is pointed out also by M. Francisque Bouillier in his interesting little volume.|| *Sens, sensation, sentir, sensibilité*, are words which the French philosophers of the eighteenth century understood otherwise than we do now, and evidently no inquiry into the causes and results of pleasure and pain can be satisfactorily conducted if we are not first perfectly agreed as to the meaning of these terms. Of the book itself we need only say here that it is the second and much improved edition of a work first published about ten years ago, the leading idea of which is that pain and pleasure account for all the phenomena affecting our nature.

The work of popularizing science has still considerable attractions for many writers, and if we may judge by the supply, the demand for books of this kind is steadily increasing. M. Onésime Reclus publishes, under the title of *La terre à vol d'oiseau*¶, a geographical handbook, profusely illustrated, founded on the best authorities.

* *Correspondance du comte de Serre*. Annotée et publiée par son fils. Vols. 5, 6. Paris: Vaton.

† *Dictionnaire universel des littératures*. Par G. Vapereau. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Un homme d'outre-fois; souvenirs recueillis par son arrière-petit-fils, le marquis Costa de Beauregard*. Paris: Plon.

§ *La société et les mœurs allemandes*. Traduit par Victor Tissot. Paris: Dentu.

• *Le peuple*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

† *L'étudiant*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *L'espèce humaine*. Par A. de Quatrefages. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *Essai de psychologie*. Par le docteur Fournié. Paris: Didier.

|| *De plaisir et de la douleur*. Par M. Francisque Bouillier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *La terre à vol d'oiseau*. Par Onésime Reclus. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

M. de la Blanchère deals with the insects which lay waste our orchards, our gardens, and our vineyards*, and his useful little volume is addressed to gardeners and agriculturists, who, as a rule, know nothing of scientific classification, and care very little to be told whether this or that entomological pest belongs to the tribe of coleoptera, lepidoptera, or aptera. Describe it in plain every-day language, then tell us whether it attacks the leaves or the flowers, the root or the branches—that is quite enough; above all, ask a clever artist to portray it in a neat woodcut. Thus it is that M. de la Blanchère has proceeded, and his new work will no doubt obtain the same success as his book on the *Ravageurs des forêts*; it certainly deserves it.

We have often noticed M. Camille Flammarion's astronomical treatises; they are very valuable, but beyond the capacity of beginners; it was, therefore, an excellent idea which suggested itself to M. Delon when he undertook to condense into a portable and elementary shape the mass of information to be found in M. Flammarion's most important publications.† The twenty chapters or lectures which make up the present little book on descriptive astronomy have thoroughly attained their object; they are well illustrated, and deal with astronomical facts which all readers ought to know.

M. Grimard takes us to the *Jardin d'acclimatation*.‡ As he says in his preface, he asks us to accompany him on a journey round the world; for, without wandering beyond the limits of the Bois de Boulogne, we can study the most useful species of animals which every climate produces. This volume, written in a familiar style, is intended for children, and cannot fail to please them by the number of anecdotes with which it abounds.

We are indebted to the same author for a useful botanical handbook§, which will be acceptable to students in herborizing excursions. It is a descriptive catalogue of the various families of plants, followed by a complete list of vegetable substances, an index of writers on botany, and an alphabetical table.

The amusing narrative of M. Maxime du Camp's voyage to Egypt|| is not a new work, but was first published about twenty years ago. It is a combination of historical sketches, studies of scenery, and pictures of social life on the banks of the Nile.

The progress of modern civilization has given to gastronomy a place amongst scientific pursuits; and therefore we may here mention M. Monselet's *Lettres gourmandes*¶, where menus of the most varied character are served up between anecdotes, accompanied by an *extremes* of sonnets and a *recept* of culinary jokes. The only chapter we feel inclined to suppress is the last, containing the painfully stale anecdote about the discussion in the Roman Senate on the cooking of a turbot.

The novels of the last few weeks are of average merit. M. Billaudel takes a rather odd idea as the groundwork of his book, and the first ten pages are of a questionable nature; otherwise *Les scrupules de Christine*** might be recommended to all readers. Mme. Manvil de Grandfort does not write, like Mme. Julie Fertiault†† and M. Alfred Séguin‡‡, for the express purpose of pointing a moral; but her novelettes are very pleasant reading §§, and introduce us to personages in whose company we need not be ashamed of being found.

One of the most striking features of the present time is the mania for descriptions of Russian society. M. Ivan Tourguéneff, whose novels have set the fashion in Western Europe, and who now comes before the public with a tale of the most stirring and sensational character ||||, introduced to French readers the author—or rather authoress—known by the name of Henri Gréville. It was some time before the pages of reviews or the columns of *feuilletons* would condescend to admit the compositions of Mme. Gréville; but the spell was broken by the publication of the powerful *Expiation de Savelli* ¶¶, and now the newspaper *Le Temps* welcomes every tale which M. Tourguéneff's friend chooses to write. Popularity is a dangerous thing, and we cannot help fearing that it may spoil in this case, as it has done in many others, a writer of unquestionable talent.*** Mlle. Augusta Coupey, like the two authors we have just named, deals with Russian life†††; her novel, of a semi-historical kind, is intended to describe the aristocracy, and one of the episodes it contains is so strangely similar to the plot of the *Dani-Heffs*, that Mlle. Coupey has thought it necessary to prove the priority of her own work.

The interesting account of the lawsuit about Count Monta-

* *Les ravageurs des vergers et de la vigne*. Par H. de la Blanchère. Paris: Rothschild.

† *Petite astronomie descriptive*. Par C. Flammarion, adaptée par C. Delon. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le Jardin d'acclimatation*. Par Ed. Grimard. Paris: Hetzel.

§ *La botanique à la campagne*. Par Ed. Grimard. Paris: Hetzel.

|| *Le Nil: Egypte et Nubie*. Par Maxime du Camp. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Lettres gourmandes*. Par Ch. Monselet. Paris: Dentu.

** *Les scrupules de Christine*. Par Ernest Billaudel. Paris: Charpentier.

†† *Le bonheur au foyer*. Par Mme. Fertiault. Paris: Didier.

‡‡ *Le talleman de Marguerite*. Par Alfred Séguin. Paris: Didier.

§§ *Le mari de Lucie*. Par Mme. Manvil de Grandfort. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Les terres niérges*. Par Ivan Tourguéneff. Paris: Hetzel.

¶¶ *L'expiation de Savelli*. Par Henri Gréville. Paris: Plon.

*** *A travers champs—Les Koumissines—La princesse Oghrof*. Par Henri Gréville. Paris: Plon.

††† *Le serf de la princesse Lotowa*. Par Augusta Coupey. Paris: Didier.

lembert's Southamptons pamphlet is contained in the May number of the *Bibliothèque universelle**, which gives us likewise a further instalment of the biography of Juste Olivier, Saint-Beuve's Swiss friend. This latter paper is full of singularly valuable details on the Romantic phase of contemporary French literature.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue Suisse*. Mai-1877. Lausanne: Bridel.

In our article of last week on "The Grand Rope of the Cataract," a work entitled "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" was inadvertently attributed to Miss BETHAM EDWARDS. It is by Miss AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS, the Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE English Government has done something with regard to the Suez Canal, but what it has done is not clear. It has addressed communications to the belligerent Powers, the substance of which is embodied in a despatch from Lord DERBY to Lord LYONS of May 16; but it declines to produce the actual communications themselves, or to answer any question as to their effect. It is impossible, therefore, at present to discuss the action of the Government, except in a very tentative and imperfect way. Probably the Government is satisfied with the practical result that, under present circumstances, the passage of the Canal will be kept open for neutrals generally, and for England in particular, and wishes to defer as long as possible the definition of the conditions which in the interest of India it will be constrained to place on belligerents in this and future wars. It appears that the subject was started by M. DE LESSEPS, who submitted to Lord DERBY a proposal for the neutralization of the Canal which he said had the approval of Duke DECAZES, and which he wished England to recommend for the acceptance of other Powers. After consideration Lord DERBY informed M. DE LESSEPS that the scheme proposed was open to so many objections of a political and practical character that England could not undertake to recommend it. What M. DE LESSEPS proposed was that, in time of war as in time of peace, all ships, public and private, of every Power, belligerent or neutral, should be at liberty to pass through the Canal, the territorial authority being free to prevent ships in transit from disembarking in Egypt any troops or munitions of war. The consequence of the adoption of the resolution would have been that the entrance to the Canal could not be blockaded, and that if a Russian ship of war once got into the Canal it must be allowed to pass through unmolested, provided it did not land troops or munitions during the transit. The rule thus laid down had at least the advantage of being perfectly clear, but it had the demerit of being too clear, sound, and complete. It asked the Powers to commit themselves to more than they might have been willing to accept. This would have led to discussion and delay, and a diplomatic controversy might have disclosed divergences of opinion which would very possibly have made the adoption of a general agreement hopeless. Lord DERBY therefore decided, and properly decided, that England must not consult other Powers, but state and enforce her own views. She must impose conditions on the belligerents in the interest of neutrals, and thus prevent the delays and complications which consultation with other Powers would have rendered necessary. M. DE LESSEPS was delighted with this, and his shareholders were naturally very well satisfied with the announcement that England had promised to take care that the welcome stream of increasing dividends should flow on without a check.

Lord DERBY, in his communications to the belligerents, first addressed himself to the point of the liberty of transit for neutrals. If the entrances to the Canal are Turkish ports—which theoretically they unquestionably are—Russia has the belligerent right to blockade them, and Turkey has the right to exercise all the powers over them which ownership in time of war involves. Turkey might, for example, search all neutral vessels during the transit to see that they were not carrying contraband, or it might

close or obstruct the passage. It might do at Port Said all that Russia does at Odessa. England now interferes to forbid to both belligerents the exercise of their rights. Fortunately neither belligerent has any wish to use them, and England therefore does not thus place herself in a hostile attitude either towards Russia or Turkey. Thus much is clear; but obscurity begins when the relations of the belligerents to each other, and not their relations to neutrals, come to be considered. Does the English Government mean to say that a Russian man-of-war is to be allowed, if once it gets into Port Said, to pass through the Canal unresisted by Egyptian or Turkish troops? This is what the proposed convention of M. DE LESSEPS meant; but it does not seem certain that this is the meaning of the English Government. What Lord DERBY says is that the Porte and the KHEDIVÉ must not impede the navigation of the Canal, or adopt any measures likely to injure the Canal, and that the Canal must not be made the scene of any combat or other warlike operations. The KHEDIVÉ seems to have understood this declaration in the sense that a Russian vessel, if it could once get into Port Said or Suez, must be allowed to pass through the Canal; for he informed the Porte that, if it wished to prevent Russian vessels passing through, it must have a sufficient fleet off the entrance to prevent the enemy's vessels ever getting in. The Porte, on the other hand, does not by any means accept Lord DERBY's declaration if this is what it means, for it has announced that the Canal is to be free to all flags except the Russian, and by this it means that not only Russian men-of-war but Russian merchant ships are to be forbidden to pass through the Canal. Further, on Thursday night Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said that the Government had no wish to prescribe the particular limitations which either belligerent Power shall place on its rights. All that England asks is to protect the Canal from injury or obstruction by either offensive or defensive measures on the part of either belligerent. The Government refuses to discuss what, under certain hypothetical circumstances, the belligerents might or might not do. It leaves them to find out for themselves what they can do with regard to the Canal without injuring it, or impeding its navigation, or making it the scene of any warlike operations.

It must be owned that all this is exceedingly vague, and probably its vagueness is intentional. The English Government wishes at once to threaten the belligerents as little as possible, so as not to provoke a conflict on imaginary cases, and yet to threaten them sufficiently, so as to be able to say, if any case for interference arises, that she has given ample notice that she would interfere. Anything like the clearness of M. DE LESSEPS's rule would commit her more than she thinks prudent at present. The language of Lord DERBY and the explanations of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE are therefore indistinct, and even to some extent contradictory. Supposing, for example, a Russian merchant vessel got into Port Said, and a company of Egyptian troops boarded her and seized her as a prize. As there would be no resistance if she was unarmed, there would be nothing in the act to injure the Canal, or to interfere with its navigation. No neutral vessel would be delayed an hour, and not a shot would be fired. But it is undoubtedly a warlike operation to seize a vessel as a prize, and thus, if Port Said is to be considered as part of the Canal, the Canal would have been made the scene of a warlike operation. If a Russian man-of-war got into Port Said, it is evident that to attempt to stop her from passing through the Canal would

lead to a combat, and to provoke a combat is forbidden. Therefore, it would seem as if Russian vessels, both private and public, if once they get into the entrances of the Canal, must be allowed to pass through it; for obviously a vessel once in the Canal must have every facility given for completing the whole transit, as the Canal is only wide enough for one ship to pass at a time, and to delay an enemy's ship would be to obstruct the navigation for neutrals. But with regard to men-of-war, there is a preliminary question to be solved which is not very easy to answer. Is not the mere passage of a man-of-war a warlike operation? Let us suppose that Russia was sending an ironclad through the Canal to co-operate with its troops in Asia, would not the whole voyage of the ship be one continued warlike operation, of which during the transit the Canal would temporarily be the scene? Lord DERBY might be understood to mean that, if a Russian ironclad got into Port Said, it would not be allowed to pass, but would be conveyed by the English fleet into a Russian or neutral port. This would most certainly lead to war with Russia, or with any other strong Power which in a future war we subjected to the same treatment. For the sake of convenience we must probably invent a new rule, and decide that the passage of a Russian man-of-war through the Suez Canal is not a warlike operation as regards Turkey; which would be very much like deciding that, if the Russian Mediterranean fleet wished to join the Russian Black Sea fleet, the passage of the Dardanelles should not be considered a warlike operation. If this interpretation of Lord DERBY's language is the right one, then the declaration of the Porte is quite out of keeping with it. The Canal is not closed to the Russian flag; but, on the contrary, if a Russian vessel can get into one of the ports of entrance, the Canal is as much open to the Russian flag as the English Channel is. In this case Lord DERBY has really adopted the proposal of Mr. de Launay; and the only variation he has made is that, instead of asking other nations to consent to it, he has said that they shall abide by it. But it was exactly to avoid this kind of logical way of talking that Lord DERBY was prudently vague and obscure, and thus secured to himself, so far as possible, the position, not of isolation from other neutral Powers, but of co-operation with them.

THE WAR.

THE report that Count SCHOUVALOFF brings satisfactory assurances from his Government requires confirmation. It is probable that the English and Russian estimates of the interests of both Powers may not exactly coincide; nor is it even certain that the Russian Government is disposed to make any serious concession in the form of a diplomatic engagement. It would have been better worth while to conclude any practicable arrangement before the war had begun. For several months the less sanguine class of politicians had thought that the great preparations on the European and Asiatic frontiers supplied more trustworthy evidence of the purposes of Russia than the despatches of Prince GORTCHAKOFF or the declarations of the EMPEROR himself. The result proved that the pessimists were in the right; and it may be added that Lord DERBY was one of their number. In expressing through the AMBASSADOR the gratification with which the Government received the report of the EMPEROR's pacific assurances, Lord DERBY added, with singular frankness, the remark that the communication was the more welcome because the Russian armament was at the same moment actively proceeding. There can now be no immediate question of the discontinuance of the contest, for the pacific rumours which have lately been circulated at Berlin and Vienna appear to have no foundation; but it is probable that the Russian Government may attempt by professions of moderation to mitigate the anxiety which is the necessary consequence of the invasion of Turkey. If such overtures are made, it may perhaps be prudent to accept them for what they are worth, though even sincere promises may be rendered nugatory by unforeseen events. If the pledge is limited to an undertaking not to occupy Constantinople permanently, it would throw some light on the plan of the campaign. It would be unreasonable to ask from the Russian Government a public pledge that it will not take advantage for strategical purposes of any advantage which it may obtain. If an understanding with

Austria excludes Servia from the range of warlike operations, it is not likely that the Turks will receive notice of an arrangement which would set a portion of their troops at liberty.

According to credible accounts, 300,000 men are now assembled on the left bank of the Danube in the highest condition of efficiency. The obstacles to a passage which have been offered by the weather and the floods have probably not been an unmixt disadvantage to the invading army. Time has been allowed for bringing all the troops into position, and for accumulating stores at the nearest point to the intended line of operation. Although some loss may probably be incurred in crossing the river, the success of the enterprise is assured. The vast numbers of the invading force will render it easy to distract the attention of the enemy by crossing at different points; and some at least of the attempts will be practically unopposed. The border fortresses, which are now said to have been placed in a defensible condition, may be effectually masked by a third of the Russian army, while the remainder advances to the passes of the Balkan for the purpose of reaching Adrianople. The enormous superiority of the Russians in cavalry will greatly facilitate the advance; and the admirable qualities of the Turkish soldiers will be in great measure neutralized by the incapacity of their commanders and officers. The disproportion of numbers was perhaps greater in 1827 and 1828, and the quality of the Turkish army has since that time been greatly improved; but the organization of the Russian army, closely copied from the German model, will give the aggressor an irresistible superiority. Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory state of the Russian finances, no difficulty seems to arise in providing on the most liberal scale for all the wants of the army. The Turkish Government, on the other hand, is unable for want of money to employ cannon of the best construction, which are rusting in heaps in the outskirts of Constantinople. The vast scale of the preparations contrasts strangely with the modest designs which are attributed to the Russians by some at least of their English partisans. It is difficult to believe that such sacrifices are made for the sake of the oppressed Christians of Bulgaria. The permanent conquest of any Turkish province may possibly be prevented by the intervention of Austria; but the military aristocracy of Vienna dislikes constitutional liberty more heartily than Russian supremacy; and if the counsels of the Archduke ALBERT prevail, the two Empires will perhaps arrange between themselves a partition.

The intended annexation of the whole or the greater part of Turkish Armenia is already almost openly avowed. On that side no philanthropic pretences are required, because the weaker belligerent has neither allies nor protectors in Asia. The progress of the Russian army in Asia has thus far not been seriously impeded. Troops will probably be found for the repression of discontent among the tribes of the Caucasus without weakening General MELIKOFF's army. The report of the recapture of Ardahan proved, as might have been expected, to be unfounded; and it seems probable that Kars is by this time invested. From the announcement in the Russian papers of some unimportant skirmishes, it may be inferred that a Correspondent of the *Telegraph* has too hastily believed a rumour of a crushing defeat in which a large part of the Turkish cavalry in Armenia was said to be surprised and slain. It was not altogether incredible that four thousand Turks or Circassians should have neglected to provide themselves with the means of discovering the approach of an enemy; but so great a success, if it had been attained, would have been at once officially reported. The Russians still appear to be bent on acquiring possession of Batoum. It appears that Poti, to which the Duke of WELLINGTON attached some importance when it was acquired by the Russians fifty years ago, has been found altogether worthless. Batoum and other ports will become valuable possessions if, as is probable, the war produces, among other results, the re-establishment of Russian supremacy in the Black Sea. The extension of the Russian dominion as far as Erzeroum will ensure the military and political control of those provinces of Asiatic Turkey which the SULTAN may probably be allowed to retain. It would perhaps indicate a criminal regard to objects which are now contumeliously described as British interests to disapprove of the occupation by Russia of the upper valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris. The Persians will probably find hereafter that the neighbourhood of the

Turks was, on the whole, preferable to the approach of a more formidable Power.

If the tendencies of faction and prejudice were less familiar to political observers, it would seem surprising that professed indifference to the progress of the Russian arms should be considered by any class of Englishmen as compatible with patriotism. The little sect, indeed, of which the sentiments rather than the opinions are represented by the *Spectator*, avowedly regards the attack of Russia on Turkey as a religious crusade from which sympathy cannot be withheld without a violation of moral or theological duty. Aspirations for the triumphant entry of the Russian army into Constantinople transcend the comprehension of political trimmers or Erastians. There can be no doubt that at the end of the war the question of the passage of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles will be once more raised; and few English politicians at present share Mr. BRIGHT's desire for the free entrance of Russian fleets into the Mediterranean. The doctrine which Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to wish to convey to his admiring hearers at Birmingham is by many degrees less fantastical, though it contains no useful guidance. It would appear that Mr. GLADSTONE still cherishes the belief that the Russians would be satisfied with the hearty co-operation of England in the reform, by coercive methods, of Turkish misgovernment. If the present Government were disposed to make any overture of the kind, it would be checked by the fear of a contemptuous refusal. Recent transactions have tended to confirm the impression, which is almost universal on the Continent, that Parliamentary government exercises a deleterious influence on diplomacy. The proposition is much too sweeping; for a Minister such as CAVOUR or PALMERSTON addresses foreign Governments with far greater effect when he can show that the nation as represented by Parliament is at his back. The recent efforts of a portion of the Opposition to weaken the Government have been too exceptional to form the ground of any general conclusion; but there is no doubt that complications often arise from Ministerial statements which are composed for the purpose of satisfying domestic exigencies, while they are at the same time addressed to foreign Powers. Mr. CROSS's speech had a great effect in conciliating opposition at home, but it was inconveniently definite in its explanations of the policy of the Government; and the warning against interference with the Suez Canal which has been addressed to Russia may perhaps be liable to similar objection. It was quite unnecessary to inform the Russian Government that the greater part of its designs might be accomplished without risk of English interference. A wholesome uncertainty would have been more likely, when the occasion arose, to operate as a check on excessive ambition.

BIRMINGHAM AND MR. GLADSTONE.

ALL parties concerned were probably well pleased when the Birmingham celebration at last came to an end. Although it would be rash to assign limits to the rhetorical capacity of the most copious of orators, even Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence might have exhausted itself if the feast of words had lasted for another day. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may now boast that the oracle of which he has ingeniously possessed himself has not yet withheld a response from anxious votaries, although its powers and its good will have been severely tested. There was perhaps a previous understanding between the priest of the shrine and its mysterious inmate that no direct approval of local doctrines should be asked or granted. The political and sectarian Nonconformists of Birmingham may well be content with the sanction which has been virtually accorded to their favourite theories. Mr. GLADSTONE has not pledged himself to the disestablishment of the Church or to the future redistribution of the land. It is enough that he heartily admires the organization which has been adopted for these and similar objects. He has perhaps never before publicly accepted the political designation which has often been applied to him by his opponents; but, in defining a Radical as a man who is in earnest, Mr. GLADSTONE implies the converse proposition that a man who is in earnest is a Radical. That he is himself at all times profoundly in earnest not even his bitterest critic would dispute. It is true that he was not less in earnest when he held opinions opposed to his present convictions; but enthusiasts even more than other men live in the present, and consequently find it difficult to reproduce in imagination previous states

of mind. Mr. GLADSTONE has now taught himself to sympathize with the radicalism which prevailed at Birmingham five-and-forty years ago. At that time the managers of the Birmingham Political Union wildly offered to march with 100,000 men on London to coerce the Crown, the Parliament, and the Government; but the first impediment to their project was the answer of Colonel WILLIAM NAPIER to their offer of the command of the revolutionary army. He was not going, he informed them, to join a tailor and an attorney in a contest with the Duke of WELLINGTON at the head of His Majesty's troops. Mr. GLADSTONE was probably at the time making eloquent speeches against reform in the Oxford Union. Mr. BRIGHT, on the other hand, still cherishes his recollection of the sympathy with which he read the papers which recorded the pugnacious projects of Mr. ATTWOOD and Mr. JOSEPH PARKES.

Nothing could be more appropriate or more unobjectionable than a panegyric on municipal institutions delivered on the occasion of a complimentary reception by the Birmingham Town Council. It is true that Corporations at Birmingham and in other large towns have conferred great benefits on the community. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was during his mayoralty one of the most active and successful of civic administrators; and it is perhaps owing to his energy that the town which for the first time adopted the Public Health Act only five or six years ago has since atoned for its long neglect by the prosecution of comprehensive sanitary improvements. The purchase of the water and gas undertakings, which was effected at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's instance, will both enrich the community and facilitate measures for the promotion of the public health. It is found by experience that the municipal constituencies of large towns are not actuated by the short-sighted parsimony which might have been expected from the indifference of the poorer classes to the conditions of health and comfort. A spirited administration of municipal revenues is, for the most part, not unpopular; and the disinterested zeal of the permanent officers of Corporations affords a valuable security against negligence and stagnation. The Birmingham Town Council, notwithstanding its close character, includes some able and enlightened members, in addition to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself. In many towns the better class of the inhabitants hold themselves aloof from municipal functions; but the Town Clerk, the Surveyor, and the other principal officers maintain both the efficiency and the continuity of the local administration. Official and professional consciences may generally be trusted, especially when they involve no conflict with personal interests. On the whole, Mr. GLADSTONE was fully justified in his share of the exchange of civilities between himself and the Corporation. It could not be expected that he should remind his fervid admirers of the unjustifiable monopoly of municipal privileges and duties by one political faction. The Birmingham Test Act is quite as unjustifiable as the law bearing that title which was repealed fifty years ago.

Eloquent reproductions of familiar commonplaces on the training for political life which is supposed to be furnished by municipal experience were of course graceful and seasonable; but in Birmingham the process has been effectually inverted; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes by his federation of Liberal Clubs to extend over the kingdom the Birmingham system of arbitrary and unjust disqualification for local employment. The Corporation of Birmingham is practically elected by the Committee of Six Hundred, which again represents the Liberal Association. In the primary assemblies, as they would be called in the United States, the only qualification for membership is the profession of Liberal opinions, and the voter is allowed to attach his own interpretation to the words. No device could be more judiciously contrived to attract moderate politicians and waverers into an organization which is entirely controlled by vehement partisans. One sufficient test would no doubt be recognized by all sections of the Association. No member of the body could honestly vote at a Parliamentary election for a supporter of Lord BEACONSFIELD against a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE. In practice it may be assumed that no moderate Liberals have any practical share in the management of the Association. The various Committees and executive authorities are appointed in the American fashion, although political managers as a class are as yet neither as powerful nor as corrupt at Birmingham as at New York. The result of the system is that those citizens of Birmingham who happen to feel little confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, who are attached to the Church, who object to purely secular

POPE AND KING.

That not only Italian statesmen, but statesmen of many other nations, may find much matter for anxious reflection in the present attitude of the Papacy is incontestable. In France, in Italy, and in Belgium, the clergy are working as hard as men can work to get up a war, the object of which will be to restore the temporal power of the Pope, to break up Italian and German unity, to establish a reactionary monarchy in France, and to do away with all con-

stitutional liberty in Belgium. Those who desire such a war make no secret of their belief that the first manifest step towards the fulfilment of their wishes is to be seen in the recent action of Marshal MACMAHON. Their opponents take exactly the same view, and thus the institution of the present French Ministry is accepted on either side as the triumph of a reaction to which a religious shape is sooner or later to be given. Those who fear the war with which they are threatened look sometimes to the legions of Prince BISMARCK and sometimes to the fervour of French democracy to help them. But they expect the war just as the Turks were sure Russia would attack them, whatever diplomatists might do or say. Nor is there the slightest disguise on the other side. The ecclesiastical party openly announce their intention of getting up a war as soon as they can. For the moment they own the necessity of keeping quiet; but they animate their supporters by the prospect of a speedy conflict. The PAPAL NUNCIO at Brussels has just informed the brave Belgians who are to take part in the combat that Europe is relapsing into barbarism; that nothing but a restoration of Papal supremacy can save it; and that, although prudence now counsels inaction, the time is at hand when there will be an opportunity of using their strong arms. A very curious Society also has chosen the present as a favourable moment for revealing its existence. It is called the "Militia of JESUS CHRIST," and it is said to number a million of volunteers, principally in France and Belgium. Probably this is a great exaggeration; but the Society is so eminently in harmony with the ecclesiastical spirit of the times that it is easy to believe that its ranks will be tolerably full, more especially as women are allowed to be members. This Society is stated by its founders to be modelled on the institution of St. DOMINIC, which "conferred great benefits on society" by the ardent and effectual way in which it combated heresy and schism. Its great object is to be the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, and until the time comes for effecting this object the associates are to pray, to contribute at least a franc a month to the Pope's funds, to support the Catholic press, and to wear a white cross openly if possible, and, if not, under their clothes. It is, in fact, to be a sort of Ultramontane International. That it will have a considerable success may be safely predicted, just as it may be safely predicted that the remarkable progress of Socialism in Germany will not be without its counterpart in other countries. Socialism and Ultramontanism are the constant enemies of modern society, and they are both beginning to lift up their heads after the defeat they sustained in the German war and the suppression of the Commune. No one can say what will happen in the next few years; but, so far as materials for calculation exist, there is no reason to suppose that modern society cannot hold its own against both its enemies. We may await the struggle without misgiving, but there is every indication that a struggle is coming which will shake the Continent, although England may happily stand outside its influence. How soon it will come depends, perhaps, more on the fate of the present French Ministry than on anything else.

WOMEN'S DISABILITIES.

THE debate on the rights of women could not have come to a more appropriate termination than to be talked out by the advocates of innovation. It was not known, until Mr. COURTNEY wrote to the *Times*, whether he deliberately prevented a division which would have been disastrous to his clients, or paid them the compliment of preferring, after the fashion of women, the opportunity of expressing his feelings to the advantage of effecting his object. It was perhaps a mistake to furnish an additional occasion for the ridicule which in this instance, though it may not be the test of truth, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the establishment of female suffrage. The strongest reason against the scheme is that it is a paradoxical innovation; and paradoxes are so called because they conflict with ways of thinking which may not always find convenient expression. If cynical theorists are in the right, women are not pre-eminently distinguished by logical accuracy; but unfamiliar subjects attract a curiosity and admiration which may be traced in the numerous speeches and pamphlets of the amiable agitators for Mr. JACOB BRIGHT'S Bill; and accordingly they dwell incessantly on an argument which they fondly regard as essentially logical. For some time

past the promoters of the measure have lost no opportunity of dwelling on the supposed inconsistency of allowing women to vote for Town Councillors and refusing to allow them to vote for members of Parliament. The syllogism on which argumentative ladies mainly rely may be put in a plausible and easy shape. No anomaly ought to be allowed in legislation; the difference of the Parliamentary and municipal registers is an anomaly, therefore, women ought to vote at Parliamentary elections. It is forgotten that an opposite and not less legitimate conclusion might be substituted by the withdrawal of the municipal franchise, which was, as Mr. BERESFORD HOPE said, granted almost by mistake. A practical distinction between the two cases which are compared consists in the permanent restriction of the municipal franchise to ratepayers. It is unlikely that any enthusiast, at least of the male sex, will propose to extend the municipal franchise to married women living with their husbands. That the corresponding demand will be made on behalf of the aspirants to political equality is absolutely certain. Mr. FORSYTH was, by a characteristically feminine contrivance, formerly retained to conduct the Bill through the House of Commons on the express ground of his antagonism of opinion to the ladies from whom he received his commission. As he happened not to approve of the grant of votes to married women, it was thought that he would the more effectually cajole the House of Commons into the adoption of a measure which, if it had been passed, would have suggested a fresh application of logic. Why, it would have been asked, should the most important section of the female community suffer disabilities from which the less responsible and less experienced members of the sex have been already relieved?

The cause of female rights suffers a disadvantage from the eccentricities of the small minority of women which at present takes part in social or political movements. Nearly all the leaders of the agitating body plunged with blind vehemence into the opposition to necessary measures for protecting the public health. The error of judgment might be easily explained and readily pardoned; but the excitement which was produced illustrated the inexpediency of allowing women to take a prominent part in legislation. Temperance, vivisection, and many other practical topics must be dealt with by the sex which has not in all cases made up its mind beforehand. As Mr. HANBURY justly remarked, hysterical politicians have of late exercised far too much influence on public affairs; but only a few men permanently hold the doctrine that Governments should be guided by sentiment rather than by calm judgment. Mr. JENKINS'S protest against the arrogant selfishness of England would find a ready echo in a House which represented female constituencies. In private life little surprise is created among those who are unfortunately acquainted with lady politicians by an assertion that any woman who differs from the speaker on the Eastern question is a disgrace to her sex. The smile which is the only answer is not perhaps complimentary; but it would be churlish to argue with a zealot who is certain not to understand any unpalatable argument. White hands, according to the Spanish proverb, can give no offence even by a blow; but their immunity from retaliation depends on a moderate use of the privilege conceded to weakness. One of the favourite arguments of the agitators is that the suffrage is already possessed by multitudes of voters who are but imperfectly qualified for the discharge of political duties. Any inconvenience which may result from promiscuous suffrage is not likely to be abated by the extension of the system which is assumed to have caused the mischief. It is a still more material consideration that, if the borough voters of 1867 were not uniformly wise, they were sufficiently formidable to convince Parliament that it was unsafe to exclude them. It may be offensive to hint that the balance of political forces ultimately depends on physical force; but it is not altogether prudent to disregard natural laws. If on any great question women outvoted men, the defeated party would not for a moment think of submitting. It is perfectly conceivable that at a general election nine-tenths of the female voters might, if a philanthropic agitation were raging, select as representatives only the candidates who would support immediate war with Turkey, or with some other nation which might for the moment be unpopular. Men, if not gentler, are habitually more prudent and infinitely less intemperate. Above all, they will in all countries and ages assert

for themselves the decision of political questions, whether women have or have not votes for the Legislature. It is probable that female suffrage would after a time become absurd rather than injurious by the process of becoming a fiction; but it is not allowable to do wrong in the hope that no harm may come of it. Those who know women best, and appreciate them most highly, are disposed intentionally to abstain from explaining, or even examining, their instinctive conviction that the female intellect and character are ill adapted to the practice of political activity. It is evident that the claim of the franchise virtually involves the ulterior demand for equal eligibility to all political functions.

The depth of the hold which a Parliamentary system has taken on the national belief is proved even by the indifference which is sometimes exhibited to the essential conditions of its successful operation. It is too readily assumed that, because a supreme Assembly has long exercised undisputed authority, the same attributes would belong to a House of Commons which had ceased to represent the political forces of the community. At present all parties are content to accept as decisive the resolution of a Parliamentary majority; but it is at least possible that reckless changes in the electoral basis of the Constitution might weaken the House of Commons itself. When the smaller householders were admitted to the suffrage, they brought with them undoubted elements of strength, as well as possibilities of disturbance. All the women in England would contribute nothing in the nature of power to a House which might in some degree result from their choice. It is highly probable that the most judicious and reasonable women would decline to perform an uncounselling function; and it would be intolerable that elections should be decided by female orators and agitators. It is not impossible that the promoters of the movement may ultimately prevail over the reluctance of the House of Commons to act in opposition to the instinctive convictions of the great body of members. For the present the cause makes no visible progress; for those who engage in such calculations hold that, but for Mr. COURTNEY's pertinacity, the division would have been more unfavourable to the Bill than that of last year. Nevertheless the spirited ladies who devote themselves to the subject will continue to deliver lectures, to canvass for petitions, and to publish monotonous pamphlets and journals. A subscription amounting to several hundreds a year provides the means of agitation; and possibly there may be some minds liable to the influence of incessant repetition. It is boasted that thousands of names are affixed to petitions in favour of the Bill, and that nobody petitions against it. The statement proves too much, because there are certainly opponents of the Bill, although negative petitions are rare, and in this case non-existent. In one sense the lady politicians have the best of the controversy, because their adversaries avoid as far as possible a discussion which could not affect their profound conviction.

FRANCE.

THE Duke of BROGLIE and his colleagues have not escaped the misfortune which seems to follow all reactionary Governments in France. They come into office with a sense that they must justify their existence, and in their hurry to do something they seem to think that it does not much matter what they do or how they do it. The arrest of M. BONNET-DUVERDIER is an eminent example of this temper. The act itself and the circumstances attendant on it are alike calculated to injure the Government which directed it. The speech alleged in explanation of it was, even in the version owned to by his friends, indiscreet and violent in the highest degree. But indiscretion and violence are not characteristics which the present French Cabinet have any reason to dislike in their opponents. Nothing would serve their purpose so well as some overt act of insurrection which would give them an excuse for military repression. If they could shut up M. THIERS or M. GAMETTA, it might be worth running some risk to do it; but M. BONNET-DUVERDIER would have been far more likely, if left at liberty, to injure his own cause than the cause of the Government. Apparent impunity has a highly encouraging effect on the frothy disaffection which is common in Paris, and which has apparently found expression in M. BONNET-DUVERDIER's speech. It is especially unwise in the Ministry to be severe on adverse criticism of Marshal

MACMAHON's policy in recalling the Duke of BROGLIE to power, because that policy itself is not one which makes it prudent to encourage any needlessly minute examination of it. If M. BONNET-DUVERDIER is tried for asserting that Marshal MACMAHON is a traitor to the Republic, it will be impossible to prevent his counsel from arguing that, if the MARSHAL's acts are meant to bear such or such a construction, M. BONNET-DUVERDIER's condemnation of them is not too harsh. Marshal MACMAHON may not have exceeded the limits of his legal powers, but he has undoubtedly gone as near those limits as it was possible to do without exceeding them. In the hands of a skilful advocate such a policy may easily be travestied, and, however loudly the organs of the Ministry may disclaim the interpretation, they cannot prevent every newspaper reader from forming his own conclusion as to which of the rival portraits bears most resemblance to the original. It is the more incumbent on the Duke of BROGLIE to be careful, because there are some journals which are in a sense organs of the Ministry that will welcome any rendering of the MARSHAL's policy which makes him out a traitor to the Republic. Instead of labouring to disprove the accusation, they will accept it as the highest possible compliment to the MARSHAL. Indeed they will go further, and declare plainly that it is only on condition that he either meditates treason himself, or is willing to connive at it in others, that they are prepared to give him their support. There are already signs of a schism among the supporters of the Coalition Ministry. The journals which represent the views of the Orleanist section are anxious to dissociate themselves from any schemes involving a change in the form of government. The MARSHAL, they declare, has no intention of playing the part of General MONK. He is as resolved as ever to remain within the limits traced out for him by the Republican Constitution. To this a Legitimist organ answers that, unless the MARSHAL is prepared to play General MONK's part, the Royalists will have no motive for supporting him. They are not learned in the nice distinctions which distinguish one form of Republic from another; all that they really care about is to get rid as fast as possible of the Republic in any form. They are willing to make allowance for the MARSHAL's difficulties, but they cannot permit a Restoration to be spoken of as though it were excluded from the list of possible endings to the present crisis. With articles of this kind appearing almost daily, it is certainly imprudent in the Duke of BROGLIE to invite comparisons between one treasonable utterance and another.

The manner of M. BONNET-DUVERDIER's arrest seems as much open to question as the policy of the arrest. When once it had been determined to arrest the President of the Paris Municipal Council for seditious language, the obviously prudent course was to make the prisoner of as little importance as possible. If there was the slightest reason to suppose that he would run away, this unheroic disposition should have been carefully encouraged. The spectacle of a conspicuous Radical, or rather of a Radical holding a conspicuous position, running away from justice might have been effective. The spectacle of a Government arresting the President of the Paris Municipal Council at twelve o'clock at night, as though he were a coiner who must be discovered in the act in order to insure that sufficient evidence will be forthcoming against him, is effective also, but not quite in a way which the prudent friends of the Cabinet—if they have any prudent friends—can be expected to approve. The wiser heads among the French Conservatives have of late agreed to treat Paris as a city to which no ordinary rules can be applied, and which must be allowed to remain Radical in virtue of some physical or moral incapacity of being anything else. This is not a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the relation of Paris to France; but it seems, on the whole, to be the one which is most convenient for a Conservative Government to adopt. But it is quite inconsistent with a system of midnight arrests and strict seclusion. If it is essential to the safety of the Government that M. BONNET-DUVERDIER should be brought to trial for alleged seditious speeches, the Government must be supposed to esteem the good will of the Parisians a matter of real moment. Otherwise, why should they be so anxious to rid the Municipal Council of a President who is likely to corrupt his fellow-citizens? Probably this element in the farce is due to M. FOURRIER, who has derived it from the traditions of the Empire. Under NAPOLEON III. it was rather the fashion for the authorities to poke up the unseen volcano on which

France was supposed to be sitting; and M. DE FOURETTOU perhaps cherishes a similar preference for making himself ridiculous when the choice lies between that and doing nothing.

The mention of M. THIERS as the Republican candidate for the Presidentship, in the event of Marshal MACMAHON's resignation, seems likely to make a change in the character of the MARSHAL's appeal to the country. So long as the Cabinet thought that the Republican candidate would be M. GAMBETTA, or even M. GRÉVY, they were very well disposed to let it be supposed that, though the vote at the general election would in form determine whether the Duke of BROGLIE should remain Minister, it would in fact determine whether Marshal MACMAHON should remain President. The language of the MARSHAL's Message to the Chambers evidently implies a conviction, real or feigned, that he has but to let France understand that she can only keep him on condition of keeping M. DE BROGLIE at the same time, to obtain an assurance of popular support which will enable him to set the Left at defiance. Whether in taking this tone he thought that M. THIERS was too old to be a possible candidate, or forgot that the vote which drove him from power was the vote not of the nation, but of an Assembly which had ceased to represent the French nation, is doubtful. But that the MARSHAL or his advisers have at length come to regard M. THIERS as a certain and a very formidable rival is rendered extremely probable by the sudden cessation in the Ministerialist organs of all reference to the MARSHAL's resignation. They do not, generally speaking, say that he will not resign, but they lay much more stress upon the fact that there is no power that can force him to resign, and that, if he does not resign, he is President until 1880. It is easy to see why this reserve should be maintained if the Cabinet are afraid that the prospect of regaining M. THIERS will prove more attractive to the electors than the prospect of keeping Marshal MACMAHON. It will be of no use for the less popular candidate to go to the country with an explicit threat of resignation. The answer of the constituencies will consist of a free permission to carry out his threat as soon as he likes—and the sooner the better. But if the Cabinet can leave the electors uncertain what the MARSHAL is going to do, or, still better, if, without positively pledging him, they can make the electors think that he will remain President whether the verdict of the country is favourable or adverse, there is a chance that, in their dread of what may follow from a prolonged conflict between the PRESIDENT and the Chamber, the constituencies may after all accept the Duke of BROGLIE as an unpleasant necessity. There is some astuteness in this reasoning, and if the electors are of opinion that the MARSHAL is not to be got rid of on any terms before 1880, it is conceivable that it may be borne out by the result. On the whole, however, it seems so improbable that the MARSHAL can remain President with a Chamber elected on this very issue in open antagonism to the Ministers he wishes to work with, and refusing its confidence to any Ministers except those whom he has refused to work with, that the French electors may be expected to see that it is improbable. If they come to regard the MARSHAL's retention of office in defiance of a hostile vote of the constituencies in the light of a mere bogey, they will vote all the more for M. THIERS's candidates. The issue really turns, therefore, on the probability or improbability that the MARSHAL will cling to office against the expressed wish of the constituencies. All that is known of his character and of his estimate of his own position seems to make his taking such a course highly improbable. There is nothing to show that he is thinking of a *coup d'état*; and, if he is not thinking of a *coup d'état*, the retention of office after the decision of the nation has been unmistakably pronounced would be analogous to the defence of a position which has ceased to be tenable. Marshal MACMAHON is too much of a soldier to be easily persuaded into making such a blunder as this.

THE PRISONS BILL.

THE Prisons Bill has been fully considered on the Report, but the discussion in which the House of Commons has been engaged has been more than usually irrelevant. The principal parts in it have been taken by Dr. KENEALY and by certain Irish members, and it has been evident throughout that the heads of all these gentlemen have been with their hearts, and that these have been far away. The Bill deals only with county

and borough gaols, but Dr. KENEALY's imagination is too much occupied with the "unfortunate nobleman" who is wasting away on the bleak table-land of Dartmoor to remember that the House is not considering the case of criminals sentenced to penal servitude. The Irish members have no similar excuse; for, as one of them began the debate on Tuesday with a motion to extend legislation to convict prisons which was in the end withdrawn, they can hardly plead ignorance of the limited scope of the Bill. There is sufficient resemblance, however, between the two classes of prisons to make it easy for a speaker to attack the administration of one kind under cover of a proposal to amend the administration of the other kind. This opportunity was turned to the fullest account on Thursday. Every proposal to relax the discipline in English county gaols was abundantly illustrated by examples drawn from Irish convict prisons. It was only the intervention of the SPEAKER that saved the House from a discussion on the kindred, but scarcely pertinent, subject of the malpractices of the London police. Now that we know that Mr. WHALLEY has for years been a member of "a very zealous Committee" for protecting the public against these treacherous guardians, we ought perhaps to be thankful that we have not heard a great deal more about this subject.

The general drift of the amendments which were proposed on Tuesday and Thursday was uniformly in the direction of greater leniency. Dr. KENEALY began by moving that no prisoner should be flogged for an infraction of prison regulations except upon the verdict of a jury. He followed up this by proposing a clause to make it unlawful to inflict solitary confinement on any prisoner for more than twelve hours, or to withhold from him when in solitary confinement the ordinary diet of the prison. Next came a clause from the same quarter forbidding the use of handcuffs, irons, or heavy weights. After all these proposals had been rejected, Dr. KENEALY moved that prisoners should be attended by their own body surgeons, and that additional facilities should be allowed them of seeing and corresponding with their friends. Sergeant SIMON here took up the running, and proposed the abolition of the tread-wheel and of shot-drill. At this point the further consideration of the Bill was adjourned, and it may be supposed that every expedient for making imprisonment useless has now been disposed of. It is not necessary in order to justify the decision of the House in all these cases to deny that the position of a gaoler is one that may be easily abused, and that the administration of discipline in all prisons needs to be watched with very great jealousy. All the arguments that were alleged in these debates against the surrender of prisoners to the tender mercies of the prison officials were beside the mark. No one contends that there should be any such abandonment of the duty which devolves upon the Government of keeping these officials under strict control. The difference between the movers of the several amendments and the majority of the House related only to the means by which this control should be exercised. Mr. CROSS proposes that it shall be exercised by a body of prison Commissioners, assisted by paid inspectors and by the voluntary labours of the Visiting Justices. These Commissioners will be responsible to the Home Secretary, who is in his turn responsible to Parliament, and can be called to account for any breach of duty on the part of his subordinates. Dr. KENEALY and his allies would substitute for this general supervision a system under which no punishment worth mentioning should be inflicted for misconduct in prison, and no specially unpleasant labour be imposed upon any prisoner. The fatal objections to this latter proposal are that it mistakes the nature and purpose of imprisonment, and that it leaves the gaoler unable, in the last resort, to enforce discipline except by the violation of an Act of Parliament. Underneath all these efforts to ameliorate the condition of prisoners, there seems to lie an impression that they are usually imprisoned without just cause. Dr. KENEALY's faith in human justice has been so shaken by the misfortunes of his distinguished client that he cannot convince himself that any judge or any jury are quite what he or they ought to be. They are not only fallible, but they are too often ready to be deceived; and with this *a priori* probability against every sentence, it is well to be on the safe side, and to inflict nothing on a prisoner that he will very much dislike. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER comes to the same conclusion by a different road. All is fair in war, and every

Irishman who has been convicted of resistance to English law is a soldier in the cause of Irish independence. Adverse fortune has placed him in prison, and the least that his friends who are still at large can do for him is to try and get the law altered for his advantage. As regards punishments of the nature of the tread-wheel, the crank, and the shot-drill, there has long been a school of prison reformers who have wished to supersede them by industrial labour. The fallacy which runs through all their arguments on behalf of this change is that they regard imprisonment as simply directed to the reformation of the prisoner. It is the fault of society that he has been allowed to grow up vicious and ignorant, and society has no business to do anything more with him than to hold him in safe keeping while he is gradually being won to ways of industry and virtue. No one who believes that the reformation of a prisoner is at best a very uncertain process, and that there is much more promise of success about a well-considered effort to deter those who are in prison from coming there again, and those who have never been in prison from doing anything to get themselves there, will be much impressed by this kind of reasoning. When the administration of justice was exceedingly lax and the infliction of punishment exceedingly cruel, there can be no question that many people found their way to gaol who had done little or nothing to deserve imprisonment, and that many of those undergoing imprisonment were treated in a fashion which sent them out more brutalized than they came in. There is no reason to believe that either of these evils are now to be found except, so to speak, by accident. The possible blunder of a jury, or the possible harshness of a gaoler, is not a consideration of sufficient weight to make it expedient to convert every prisoner into a first-class misdemeanant.

Supposing that a gaol is full of prisoners of more or less criminal antecedents, we are at once met by the difficulty that they have no inducement to obey orders or to submit themselves to prison rules. It is of no avail to sentence a man to imprisonment when he is already in prison. He knows the worst that can be done to him in that way. He has made trial of the treadmill, and all the other forms of unremunerative labour. He has learned or refused to learn a trade by which he may support himself when he is released; and neither of these forms of punishment admit of being increased or repeated beyond certain limits. Consequently, if Dr. KENEALY had his way, the prison officials would be helpless in the hands of their prisoners. They would have no means of distinguishing between the violent and the well-behaved prisoner, between the man who was for ever assaulting the warders and the man who seemed really anxious to earn a decent character in gaol, and to make a new start after getting out. It is a necessary element in any adequate system of prison discipline that there should be special punishments for breach of discipline. If a prisoner is to be deterred from relieving the dullness of prison life by any violent outburst that may happen to take his fancy, he must be made to know that there are penalties in store different in kind as well as in degree from those which, as being part of the ordinary prison discipline, are inflicted upon all prisoners alike. These special penalties must be such as will involve some bodily suffering. When a man has just proved that all appeals to his better nature have failed, it is of no use to go on appealing to it still more loudly by way of punishment for his disregard of the former appeal. He must be punished in some way which will give him sharp and instant inconvenience. In other words, he must be flogged, or put in irons, or sent to a dark cell, or condemned to bread and water. If Dr. KENEALY were governor of a prison for a week, he would see cause to change his mind, if not his tone, upon the necessity for this class of penalty.

THE LISBON TRAMWAYS CASE.

THE action of TWYBROSS v. GRANT has now reached—we can scarcely say advanced—another stage. Two Judges of the Court of Appeal having taken one side and two another, the judgment of the Common Pleas Division for the plaintiff, with 700*l.* damages, is for the present sustained. There is, however, to be an appeal to the House of Lords, where the question of law will be settled. Under these circumstances, the question as to what is the right interpretation of the clause of the Companies Act of 1867 on which the action is based has yet to be determined, and

we have no intention of anticipating in any way the proceedings in the House of Lords. It is important, however, that the points of the case, as far as they have been brought out, should be distinctly understood, and these may be gathered from the language of the Judges.

There are two aspects in which the subject may be viewed—first, as to the facts showing what sort of project the Lisbon Tramways Company was, and what was its method of doing business; and secondly, as to the question how far such practices come within the Act. On the former of these points Lord Justice BRAMWELL, although he gave the defendants the benefit of a doubt as to the meaning of the law, spoke very plainly. He showed that, by reason of the various payments to be made to Mr. GRANT, the Duke of SALDANHA, and other persons, amounting together to 122,800*l.*, the contractors would retain in their own hands out of the 309,000*l.* they were to receive only the net sum of 187,000*l.*, which was all that they would have to apply to the making of the tramway. As to the payment for the qualifications of the directors, he said it was undoubtedly an impropriety, which, as he had had occasion to point out some thirty-five years ago, might bring the parties within the law of conspiracy. He went on to remark that in this instance the result was that the directors, having been nominated and qualified by Mr. GRANT for the purpose of adopting a contract prepared before they were constituted, proceeded to fulfil that purpose without having made any inquiry into the nature of the undertaking or the prospects of success. In the event, half the line had to be abandoned, and a new one, wholly different, substituted for the original project; and, in the Lord Justice's opinion, the abandonment of the line was the strongest evidence that the scheme was bad, and the directors had placed themselves in great danger of liability at the suit of the shareholders for their conduct in entering into that contract and going on with the undertaking. The Lord Justice further condemned the practice of getting up artificial premiums; and observed that it was not necessary to enter into the facts to show that, if the plaintiff had known them, he would not have taken the shares. In another part of his judgment, speaking of the concealment of the contracts, he said that he should rejoice if such "nefarious" proceedings could be reached, punished, and prevented; and described in emphatic language the mischief which was wrought by such a system. The Lord Chief Baron, who also held that the conduct of the defendants did not come within the statute, remarked that there was a fraud in the composition of the Company, not in the agreement to pay 45,000*l.* to Mr. GRANT, but in setting up a body of directors whose qualifications were supplied gratuitously, and who, regardless of their duty, allowed themselves to be induced to adopt this contract without any proper inquiry by which they would have found out that this large sum was to be paid to Mr. GRANT for doing nothing or next to nothing. The Lord Chief Justice, who took the view that the Act did apply to the practices in question, directed attention to the significant coincidence that, while part of the projected line was abandoned, and the mileage and number of stations reduced, the price to be paid to the contractors was increased by about the amount required for the payments to Mr. GRANT and the Duke. He also observed that the Chairman of the Company and the principal promoters had made private contracts with the contractors for large sums of money to be paid to them; that the capital of the Company was stated to be 200,000*l.*, with a power of borrowing to the extent of 150,000*l.* more, but would in reality be less by 72,000*l.*; that, while the sum to be expended on the work and on the acquisition of the concessions and other preliminaries was set forth as 310,000*l.*, the items referred to would swallow up four-sixths of that amount; and that these circumstances, if known, would have been calculated to create a well-founded distrust. "These were," he added, "clandestine contracts which involved spoliation of the future Company." As Lord Justice BRETT concurred generally with the Lord Chief Justice, it would appear that the Judges were unanimous on this part of the case—that is, as to the hollow character of the Company and the improper operations in which it had been involved.

It may be assumed therefore that, as the case stands, the only question which remains open is whether or not the conduct of the defendants comes within the 38th section of the Companies Act. That section provides that every

prospectus of a Company and every notice inviting persons to subscribe for shares should specify the dates and the names of the parties, and every contract entered into by the Company, or the promoters, directors, or trustees thereof, before the issue of such prospectus or notice, whether subject to adoption by the directors of the Company or otherwise; and any prospectus or notice not specifying the same shall be deemed to be fraudulent on the part of the directors, promoters, or officers of the Company knowingly issuing the same. There is no doubt that in the wording of this clause there is a certain vagueness as to what kind of contracts are intended to be included; and hence there is room for argument on both sides. Lord Justice BRAMWELL declined to make any attempt at legislation by way of interpretation, and limited himself to simply construing the statute as it stands, his conclusion being that it applies only to such contracts as would impose a burden on the Company or give it a benefit. He held, therefore, that the facts as to the secret contracts were irrelevant to the charge against the defendants, as they did not come within the enactment. The chief consideration affecting the LORD JUSTICE'S mind in forming this opinion seems to have been that many Companies had been honestly formed, and many prospectuses honestly issued, in which no mention was made of contracts not affecting the Company; and therefore that the consequence of maintaining the present action would be to establish that similar actions could be raised in all these cases. It may, however, be remarked on this point that the question before the Court was not as to possible cases which were not before it, and which might never arise, but only as to the case of one particular Company which, it was alleged, was not honestly put before the public. The LORD CHIEF BARON'S judgment was that the ground of action was entirely misconceived, and that the contracts did not fall within the statute. Next came the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who adopted the opposite view, that the concealment of the contracts was illegal, inasmuch as investors were kept in ignorance of the fact that a large proportion of the capital, or of the amount to be paid to the contractors, was to be withdrawn from its ostensible object and expended on other purposes. In answer to Lord Justice BRAMWELL, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE argued that the section was most general and comprehensive in its terms, and evidently applied to all public Companies; and, further, that it expressly referred to contracts which did not require to be adopted by the Company as well as to those which did. Moreover, there was clearly a positive evil to be dealt with, and it was natural to suppose that this was what was aimed at in the statute, when its terms were taken in their ordinary sense. "What," he asked, "in the name of common sense, is the difference in principle between a contract which takes money from the Company's funds by an obligation directly binding the Company and one which saps these funds through a clandestine contract with a contractor? The one form of proceeding is, no doubt, more subtle and insidious than the other, but it is not the less prejudicial to the interest of the Company or less essential to be made known to those who are invited to join it." The CHIEF JUSTICE also pointed out that the transactions of joint-stock companies are quite different from those between private persons, because in the ordinary business of life a man can make inquiries and require positive information, or insist on a warranty, before entering into a contract or embarking in a joint enterprise; but in such vast undertakings as joint-stock companies the individual shareholder is more or less at the mercy of those who invite him to subscribe as to the facts on which the value of the investment depends. In reference to GOVERN'S case, of which much had been said in the course of the argument, the CHIEF JUSTICE, while fully admitting that a person who sells to a Company is no more bound to disclose how, or upon what terms, he acquired the subject-matter of the sale than an ordinary vendor is bound to make such disclosures to an ordinary purchaser, held that in the case of a vendor occupying the position of a promoter there was a fiduciary, or quasi-fiduciary, relation between him and the shareholders, whose interests he was bound to protect and from whom he ought not to conceal anything which was essential for them to know.

It would be out of place, under present circumstances, to consider whether or not the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE had the best of the argument in his able and exhaustive examination of the case. As the question now stands, it remains for the decision of a higher tribunal, which may or may not adopt the same view. In the meantime, however, it is as

well that it should be understood that the only question at issue is apparently not as to the facts of the case, but only whether the law is so worded as to include the practices to which the defendants resorted.

CANAL BOATS.

THE Government have made good their pledge, and have introduced a Bill to regulate canal boats which has already been read a second time. It is impossible to look at legislation of this kind except with a mixture of acquiescence and regret. There is truth, no doubt, in what is said from time to time about the increasing frequency with which the State interferes in the concerns of its subjects. Every year the area of freedom from supervision becomes more contracted. Every year some new department is created, or an existing department has its powers strengthened, in order to maintain a more effectual watch over somebody or other. It is an additional misfortune that legislation of this kind is almost inevitably class legislation. In theory it is meant for the whole community; in practice its application is strictly limited to the poor. Cases of overcrowding as gross as anything that is to be found on board a canal boat are to be found in the servants' quarters of some great London houses. But Government leaves the footman or the housemaid to take care of themselves; at least there is no rumour as yet of a Bill for inspecting furnished houses before allowing them to be let for the season. It is not well that the poor should learn to regard themselves as the peculiar objects either of State benevolence or of State suspicion. Neither position is calculated to foster a self-reliant temper; and, in the absence of such a temper, the supervision of the best-intentioned Government can effect but little. On the other hand, the discovery is constantly being made that some small section of the population is in just as miserable a plight as those larger classes which Parliament has dealt with amidst universal approval. The crew of a canal boat, consisting usually of the wife and children of the man who has the charge of it, are found to be as unwholesomely lodged as the inmates of the houses which are being pulled down under the Artisans' Dwellings Act. The children on board are found to be as ignorant as any of the children whose want of learning called forth the Education Acts, and as completely unaffected by recent legislation as though the Education Acts were only in force on dry land. Why is Parliament to stop short in its benevolent endeavours because the superficial conditions of life on a canal bank or in a canal boat are somewhat different? The need which it thought so imperative when it insisted on every child being sent to school, or upon this or that unhealthy area being cleared, is equally pressing, and if the Legislature is not prepared to undo its past work, it is difficult to see how it can refuse to carry it on still further.

We do not profess therefore to be much in love with Mr. SCLATER BOOTH'S Canal Bill. If we could hold with the *Times* that life on board a barge is "one of the idyllic pictures of English experience," we should be equally disturbed at the notion of the great calm with which it is encompassed being disturbed by so much as a compulsory visit to a registration office. But this idyllic picture exists, it is to be feared, only in the imagination of the writer. At all events, it is an idyl which is compatible with ignorance, disease, and immorality. The children hardly ever go to school; they can seldom either read or write; they are crowded together in a manner which sets all ideas of cubic space at defiance. If Parliament has interfered, and interfered with just cause, in other similar cases, there is no reason why it should hold its hand because the victims of all these evils are not so completely within reach. The fact that they are not so is rather an additional motive for trying to get at them. If they have escaped the agencies which Parliament has hitherto set on foot, there is not much chance of their being reached by those voluntary methods whose shortcomings Parliament has been compelled to supply. If it is possible to improve their condition, there is no more reason that they should be left without instruction and without decent homes than that any other section of the community should be so left. The fact that to a hasty observer the conditions of their existence are more picturesque is no proof of any real superiority. Air is a necessary of life even in a cabin, and

ignorance is as injurious to children who drive a barge horse along a towing-path as to children who follow the plough or frighten birds. The main reason why it has been found necessary to make attendance at school compulsory is that the eagerness of parents to profit by their children's wages is very much greater than their eagerness that the children themselves should profit by their schooling. Parliament no longer recognizes this natural preference on the part of the parent as a reason why a child should be kept from school. Why should a bargee be allowed to make a profit out of his children which is no longer permitted to any other labourer? The last Report of the Factory inspectors mentions what is doubtless the very common case of a boatman who has taken away all his five children from school as soon as they have reached the age of seven, and kept them in the barge. Another father could not do this in the present state of the law, and it is only the necessarily migratory habits of the boating population that make it possible for this man to do it. The local sanitary authorities do wage war, even if it be war of a rather intermittent kind, upon overcrowding and upon dwellings that are plainly unfit for human habitation. But these evils are present as conspicuously in many canal boats as they can be in the most populous quarters of a large town. Some reports which have been printed by Lady BURDATT COTTS, and which contain the letters of a very well-intentioned though singularly priggish missionary whom she has employed to go about on the principal canals and preach sobriety, the advantages of reading, and the duty of being kind to animals, are full of incidental notices of the crowded state of the cabins in which the bargees and their families live. Unless the habit of moving from place to place is to be held to exempt a man from the obligations in the matter of health, decency, and instruction which other men are subject to, it is hard to see how the Government could have done otherwise than bring forward some such Bill as that which is now before the House of Commons.

On the assumption that there is to be any legislation about canal boats, it would be hard to frame a milder measure than Mr. SCOTTER BOOTH'S. It aims at preventing overcrowding on board of boats which are used as dwellings at night, and at making some provision for getting the children of the boatmen to school. The first object is attained by obliging every owner of a canal boat, which is used for a dwelling at night, to register it as belonging to a specified place, and as intended for the accommodation of a specified number of persons of a specified age and sex. The registration authority is to be a sanitary authority, within whose district the canal is wholly or partly situated, and each registration authority is empowered to make rules for registering and numbering boats, for fixing the age and number of persons who are to sleep in them, and for promoting cleanliness and preventing the spread of infectious diseases. The officers of the registration authority are empowered to enter any canal boat for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Act has been disobeyed. Inasmuch, however, as the Act can only be disobeyed at night, and the officers of the registration authority can only go on board the boats during the day, these provisions for inspection do not seem to be of a very alarming character. There is reason to fear that the clause about education will be evaded with equal ease. A child living in a registered boat is for the purposes of the Education Acts to be deemed to be resident in the place in which the boat is registered, and will consequently be subject to any educational by-law in force in that place. If, however, the parent satisfies the school authorities or the registration authority that the child is actually attending school in some other school district, the child shall be deemed to be resident in the district in which he is attending school, and shall be subject to any by-law in force there. So far everything is easy. If it is more convenient to a boatman to send his child to school at one end of his regular journey than at another, the school authority is directed to make the transfer easy for him. But, supposing that a boatman omits to send his child to school at either end of his journey, and, when summoned under the Education Act, pleads that he is never long enough in one place to allow of his child going to school there, what can the magistrates say? The father is bound, no doubt, under the Education Acts to send his children to school. But he is not bound to send them to a boarding-school; and, with a

constantly moving home, how can he possibly send them to a day-school? The Oxford School Board, for example, summons a boatman for not sending his child to school in Oxford, and he thereupon pleads that, if the child is to come home at night, he must travel ten miles along the towing-path to overtake the boat of which he is a registered inmate. This is a case which nothing in the Education Acts seems to meet, and for which it will certainly tax the ingenuity of the Education Department to make provision.

LONDON SOCIETY.

WE have occasionally ventured to speak of some of the characteristics of what, for want of a better name, is called "London society"; and it is with pain that we are forced to recognize that we have never known how to treat our subject properly. London is like the excellent family of the Primroses, who listened with rapt attention to what fell from their aristocratic visitors. "You may depend upon as fact that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters." If any one in these days ever read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or even knew who wrote it, we should make an apology for quoting these words at length. Revelations of the inner life of the great, such as Lady Blarney gave, are read with avidity and accepted with credulity. This is the popular style, and the fact that a new edition of a book written by the "Duke de Medina Pomar," whoever he may be, is lying on the Club table justifies the assertion. Here are fine folk indeed, pictures of all the best-known faces in society, the names being so slightly transformed as to leave the reader in no sort of doubt as to who are meant to be represented. Novelists have naturally drawn their characters from living men and women, and it would be difficult to name any book where the peculiarities of some acquaintance of the author have not been caricatured. But the license has, with few exceptions, been used with modesty and discretion. *Almack's* and the *Two Daughters* were each aimed at a particular family, and in the latter case great pain must have been inflicted. In *Lost and Saved* one of the vulgarst women of her day was supposed to have been alluded to; but our task would be endless if we attempted to pursue this train of thought. From Plumer Ward and Scott and Miss Edgeworth, however, down to the days of Thackeray and Lord Beaconsfield, the endeavour has nearly always been made to leave the portrait somewhat undefined. We may fancy we have known Lord Stoyne and Becky, and that we do know Mr. Brancepeth and Lord St. Aldegonde; but in neither name nor habits is there enough to enable us to assert that they have been transferred from real life to fiction. No such veil exists in the "Duke's" book; the smallest personal habits are noted down, and under his guidance we can gauge the character, the conjugal fidelity or infidelity, and the social position of every other person in the Peerage and Court Guide. Besides these advantages, their conversation is detailed at such length as to enable future ages to lay down on "ducal" authority how the best society of this generation talked. Lady Blarney and Miss Wilhelmina are nowhere. We have our own chronicler, and may be proud of him. Here is a fine sentence! "She wants me to go and talk with Lady Isobel Clanfyne, who I see has just arrived with her father the Duke of the Isles," says Miss Petherstone at an evening party. This is modern conversation capitally hit off, just as we might say, "There is Mr. Montagu Corry, who ascends the staircase supporting the arm of the present Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield. Both are members of several well-known clubs." It is indeed notorious that in good society no allusion is made to any one unless the chaperon is mentioned at the same time. One sentence we must especially quote, because the "Duke's" expression raises a most interesting question:—"There she is, riding in as handsome a carriage as you would wish to look at," says the Marquis of Belgrave. Not long ago the *Court Circular* announced that the Queen had been "riding" in a carriage, and the next day there appeared a contradiction to the effect that the Queen had not been riding but driving. So here is a sad dilemma! The Queen is on one side, on the other is the Marquis of Belgrave, or rather his author the "Duke." What is the outside world to believe, they who stand opposite the gates of Marlborough House to see a far-off vision of royalty? Fashion and not learning is the arbiter of disputed pronunciation and the use of words. It would be better that the Marquis of Belgrave should in a fresh edition give us a new set of rules, to which purists would at once subscribe. He will teach many things; he no doubt talks of "the Row," of a "talented" man, says "interesting" and "Berkshire," and thinks it vulgar to cat asparagus with his fingers. Rogers said it made him ill to hear people talk of a balcony; what would he have said had he ever met a Marquis of Belgrave?

To speak seriously, the publication of this class of novel is surprising. We have not read one half of it, we do not know what the plot is, or whether there is a plot at all; but what we have managed to wade through is the coarsest, vulgarst, and most contemptible rubbish we ever remember to have seen. It is the sort of stuff that a discarded lady's maid or footman might sit down and write while waiting for the chance of a new place. If this book is a true picture of what it pretends to represent, London society is indeed

very vulgar; but it shows, at any rate, that the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity is outside it. Low personal details, however, seem to find, for some reason or other, increasing favour. There are four newspapers published now which are as much at a loss for news as the besieged Correspondents were in Paris. The result is a depth of trivial and petty gossip which even the *Court Journal* would shrink from publishing in the winter. One day we are told that the Duke of Teck stopped to look at *Punch* in the street, and that some member of the House of Commons spilt around his seat; and to-morrow we shall no doubt hear that Lord John Manners likes plovers' eggs, and learns into which of his waistcoat pockets Mr. Baillie Cochrane puts his watch, and how many times Mr. Gladstone blew his nose when he last had a cold in his head. What can be the condition of mind of the man who is amused by this kind of rubbish we cannot conceive. Personal interest, and impulses due to sentiment and veneration, we can understand and appreciate. If Rousseau liked to snatch a piece of food on its way to Mme. de Warens's mouth, exclaiming that there was a hair upon it, and eat it himself, the action might be extravagant, but at any rate it was prompted by love, and finds a fit place in confessions. When the end of the cigar which Alfred de Musset had thrown away on the steps of the Opera House was picked up by a fervent admirer, the homage gave the poet infinite pleasure, and is worthy of record. But the Duke of Teck has neither written the *Nouvelle Heloise* nor the lines to Ninon, and he should be allowed to stroll up Regent Street in perfect obscurity and flatten his nose against every shop-window unobserved and unsung. Privacy and retirement are nowadays mere names, and any man above the position of a hansom-cab driver has a newspaper correspondent ready to furnish the public with an account of how he washes at home, and the length of his latch-key. The same pettiness is observable in literature. In the dearth of original work there are half a dozen chiffonniers busy at the ash-heaps thrown away by any writer of merit, and what was considered worthless by its author helps to fill up a contemptible octavo. If there is a place where a man might hope to be free from persecution, it is his own house; but that appears now to be made the usual frame for his picture. If a hostess leaves her guests earlier than usual and pleads a headache as the excuse, the fact is chronicled next day in a newspaper. It is unfortunate that so much notoriety should attach to the proceedings of a certain number of persons during the months of May, June, and July; but we suppose it is rendered inevitable by the extinction of all other societies, and the consequent aggregation of all the leisured classes into one increasing center. If they would only re-inhabit the Georgian houses which exist in half our county capitals, what a pleasant town London would be!

As it is, London society is virtually English society, and what we do and say during those three months is that by which we have to be judged. Things quite possible in old days are possible no longer. Everything is conducted in a blaze of light, and the lookers-on always see most of the game. Those who occupy large houses and give great entertainments, and indeed those who go to them, are actors, as it were, upon a stage, and are objects of study and topics of conversation to the multitude who look on. Many a woman has a notion that in London alone her daughter is likely to marry; so, poor fool, she is induced to add one more to the hundreds of persons who lead a life which has no attractions for them. If, however, she is obliged to stay at home, she indemnifies herself by finding out all she can about her bigger neighbours, and would haunt the area with the family cat could she pick up a little gossip. An eyewitness takes much less interest in a scene than the old lady to whom the story is told the following week. It is therefore a matter of general moment that the example set, and the standard reached, by London society should be as high as possible. There are great ladies left among us, but they have not the same influence as of old. They remain untouched by the stream of vulgarity which sweeps past them, but they are powerless to stem it. The number of hostesses who shut their doors to mere plutocrats is becoming smaller. If the cook is good who dishes up the "côtelettes aux larmes de veuves" and the "potage aux cris d'orphelins," very few will inquire whence came the money to pay for the services of the chef. The O'Mulligan is there, and he shouts out, as of old, "The champagne is good in this house"; and if that is the case why should anybody make a fuss about abstract qualities? It is surely a weak point in the novel of *St. Leon* to represent that adventurer as shunned by his friends and acquaintances on account of their suspicions of the source from which he drew his wealth. Were he now in London he might unblushingly give any account he pleased of his revenue. If he farmed a lodging-house in hell, and got a good dividend, the only difficulty would be to make a choice amongst those of his friends who would desire to be associated with him in the direction of the company. Fancy any London mother objecting to Peter Schlemihl as a son-in-law because he had no shadow. "A most estimable young man, my dear," she would say, "with a great deal in him. Ah! you have perhaps heard the story that he has sold his shadow to the devil for an immense fortune. Quite true; but, after all, in this foggy climate what a very useless thing a shadow is! and my Georgiana is a girl who can be trusted to make such an excellent use of wealth. Then I must say that his friend has behaved most handsomely in the matter of settlements, and the shadow will be lent my dear Peter at all the *leves* and drawing-rooms. So I really think people need not be ill-natured." Money must be obtained, and the chase after it is the most interesting of occupations. To think, to read, and to be alone, are the three pests to be shunned by those who go into the world, and those who wish to go into it; Solitude

is detestable; anything is better than your own company. Did your wife die last Sunday, your father on Wednesday, or was your husband divorced last month? Never mind, the milk is spilt; it is but part of nature's law that parents should die, and monogamy be in some cases insufficient, and you can get another husband or wife to replace the lost one. It would be a very different thing if the survivor had to be lowered into the pit in company with the dead, after the fashion of the country *Sindbad* visited. As it is, instead of two loaves of bread and a pitcher of water, dinners and balls are offered to the bereaved one, and by some people to appear in mourning at their houses is looked upon as a breach of good manners and an offence against society. A season is gone in a moment, and well-bred people should die, say in August, in order not to interfere with their relations' pleasures. To die at the beginning of a season is as inconsiderate an act as to be a long time in dying. In the next world there will be no giving in marriage, so all these tiresome *contreltemps* are only possible during quite a limited time. Trade, too, must be encouraged, and immoderate grief might ruin half Bond Street. Society would very likely be able to sleep a sound sleep and eat a hearty breakfast the morning before it was going to be hanged, but it would neither eat nor sleep if it knew that it was destined to spend the following day left to its own resources and alone.

THE SACRED WINDHOVER.

FALCONERS, who rank hawks according to their length of wing and the colour of their eyes, despise the kestrel as a counterfeit. His wings are long, as long as those of the noblest peregrine. His eyes are large and brown. His beak has the requisite notches. But he is not a falcon. He is not noble. He preys on mice and beetles, and even the all-slaughtering game-keeper spares him as perfectly innocent. People who care neither for falconry nor shooting like to watch him hovering in mid air, as if suspended by an invisible wire from the zenith. He has become a familiar and pleasing feature in our recollections of many an English landscape. He hovers over many a broad Yorkshire valley, many a dark Welsh lake, many a Devonshire glen. And for the English exile in Egypt the windhover forms a happy surprise. No book of travels he has read warned him that he would see it. Everything else is unfamiliar. The brown Nile, the low mud banks, the blue-robed women drawing water, the camels, the *Lallakes*, the tall palms, the sandy desert background—all are strange. Even the settled serenity of the pale blue sky, unvarying day after day, has, in its perpetual sameness, a quality which makes it differ *toto celo*, so to speak, from our English sky. There is something, then, delightful in recognizing as an old friend the little kestrel of our own air, hovering over a wide plain blue with lupins, or soaring above the highest cliff of the table-topped mountains, just as he hovered when we saw him last above a ploughed field in Sussex. To our eyes he looks noble, even though he lets the heavy kites chase him, and soars no higher game than a locust or a scurab. There is no region in the world, it is said, where the peregrine falcon is not found; everywhere he is, and everywhere he is scarce. But the windhover is almost as widely distributed, and in Egypt, at least, is one of the most common of birds. If we watch him closely while he sits for a few minutes on the pole of a disused shadoof, we observe that his plumage seems brighter than it is in England. The winter frosts and summer rains have not bleached it; but otherwise he is just the same. We cannot but wonder whether he finds times changed since the Tentyrites worshipped him and ate the Ombite who had eaten a hawk. Does he know that he is no longer sacred, except to a home-sick English invalid? and, as he rises in the air with a captured insect in his claw, does he look back longingly to the days when he had five hundred priests to wait on him and tanks full of young crocodiles to afford him musky entlets? The black and white kingfisher bores too, but only poised a few feet above the muddy surface of the stream. He does not soar towards the sun like the hawk, and, though *k. vishers* must have been as common of old as they are now, we do not meet them in the sculptures, where the hawk is always present. That he is the self-same bird we never doubt. Was he not immortal? who, indeed, until rifles were invented, could hope to shoot him? When the ancient Egyptians worshipped him it was as a fitting emblem of immortality.

Among the most marvellous examples of ancient art in Egypt is the shrine of the sacred windhover at Edfou. The temple is one which until lately was buried under a hill of crude brick and sand, covered with filthy huts, and surrounded with the narrow lanes and bazaars of a Fellah town. But the sand has been cleared away, and the whole temple, perfect in all its parts, has been laid open. To approach it from the river there is a walk of a mile through cornfields, the lofty pylons towering full in front above the stunted minarets of the mosques and the chimney of a neighbouring sugar factory. The path winds to avoid watercourses, and it is long before we seem to get any nearer our object. At length we cross a wide canal in whose half-dry bed potters are busy with their primitive wheels, and women are gossiping round the mouth of a well, from which they draw water with a rope like *Dalilah's* of green withes. Then the town must be traversed, with its awful smells—smells more awful for the scorching sun, the blinding dust, the swarms of black flies, the unceasing cry for backsheesh, and the fierce mangy dogs over which unwary people stumble. In one little square half-way up the hill a few

men sit on heaps of sugar-cane, watched by hungry-eyed children. At the next corner there is a crowd of women, half hidden in a cloud of dust, who dance in a circle and cry and beat a tambourine, for some one has died, and the corpse lies within that low, doorless doorway. At length the pylons are reached, and we have to descend a long flight of steps from the new level to the old. The temple has been often described. It is the most perfect in Egypt, and though it only dates from the Ptolemies, would be of hoar antiquity in any other country. But the shrine of the God is more ancient than the temple, and has had but little attention from travellers. Like a very large sentry-box cut out of a single block of blue granite, it is not impressive for its beauty, and requires a few minutes' contemplation before its size begins to tell on the mind. It is carved all over in low relief with hieroglyphs, which inform us that Nectanebo, of the thirtieth dynasty, dedicated it to Hor-hat. It is fully fifteen feet high, the chamber being nearly seven—a square space of polished stone, bearing still the marks of the bars which made it into a cage. Here in the darkness must many a captive kestrel have beaten out its little strength against the shining walls. How gladly would its divinity have been given up to soar once more in the clear air and hover again over the sandy hills or the smooth Nile. On the festal days its wings would be confined with what falconers call a "brail," made of golden lace but none the more pleasant on that account to wear—a kind of strait-waistcoat in which the visible representative on earth of Horus was carried forth in procession. The brail may be seen faithfully copied in the countless wooden hawk which, having once decorated mummy cases, are now in our museums. There must have been sacred windhoovers in many places besides Edion. There was probably one at Denderah, and another at Karnac. A granite hawk's shrine lies neglected in the streets of Cairo, where it serves during the day as a dust-bin, and during the night as a dog-kennel. Another has been made into a Christian altar at Philæ; for the degenerate Egyptians of the fifth century, though they could not quarry the granite rock for themselves, were able to break the shrine in two and to incise a shallow cross on its side. Miss Edwards gives a vignette of this strange altar, though she fails to see its full significance; for she imagines that it is of limestone, and has not discovered its original purpose. The twice desecrated shrine has a peculiar interest for the Christian antiquary. It tells of a time the most obscure in the history of the Christian Church. It lies among the painted columns of a beautiful portico, which, standing as it does facing the south, has been made into a kind of aisled church, the eastern end being marked by the broken granite altar, and by a little ambulatory cut deeply into the wall through a layer of old gods and halfobliterated hieroglyphs.

The hawk's shrine at Philæ, in its second character as a Christian altar, is not more strange, however, than the figure of Horus himself in his Christian form. There exists among the uncatalogued treasures of the Louvre a small stone statue, carved in a late and barbarous age of Egyptian art, in which the god on horseback killing the dragon Typhon is represented in such a way that, as M. Clermont-Ganneau observes, if the head of the figure had happened to have been wanting, we might have supposed it a figure of St. George. But fortunately the head is not wanting, and it is that of a kestrel. This singular piece of sculpture, and a bronze in which Horus appears in the armour of a Roman officer, afford intermediate links by which to connect the old myth of the hawk god and his combat with the crocodile and the comparatively new myth of St. George and the dragon. Mythologists throw in Perseus and Bagon, and many other personages in different parts of the world, to complicate the questions thus suggested. But it is worth while to note, as any Egyptian traveller may do, the remains of the worship of Horus among the modern Egyptians. As he passes Bibbeh, a village on the western bank of the Nile some eighty miles above Cairo, he may visit a Coptic church, where, under the name of St. George, a hero of the Moslem as well as the Christian, he is venerated, a "sheikh" of such power that the Arab sailor thinks it no sin to recite a prayer before his likeness, and to contribute a few small coins towards keeping up the lights in his sanctuary. Girdhis is not uncommon even now as a Mahometan no less than as a Christian name. The compiler of *Murray* well remarks that, though Copt and Moslem alike believe in St. George, it would be difficult to persuade them that he is the guardian saint of England; and he might have added that it would probably be still more difficult to demonstrate to the modern Egyptian that, in venerating this saint, whom even Roman Catholics have, we believe, given up, he is continuing the worship of his forefathers thousands of years ago. One of the oldest of the inscriptions lately deciphered calls the Sphinx "Horem-Khoo," the Sun in his resting-place, symbolizing the first syllable by a hawk. A hawk in a shrine is the symbol of Athor, the goddess of beauty. Everywhere, in fact, in the old carvings does the same image occur. A hawk with outspread wings hovers over the door of every temple. He represents the sky on the lid of every sarcophagus. Sometimes he stands for a letter, sometimes for a syllable, sometimes for Horus himself. Gigantic hawks in granite, bronze hawks with the mitre crown of the Pharaohs, hawks in gold, silver, enamels, and precious stones, are in every museum of Egyptian antiquities; but, though no recollection of Egypt as it is can be considered complete without the windhover suspended in the blue sky, he eludes the grasp of the artist, like a spirit, everywhere visible, but as impossible to paint as the wind itself upon which he floats.

GHOSTS IN MEDIEVAL SERMONS.

THE *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions* is not exactly the work in which one would naturally look for ghost stories. It has struck M. Hauréau, however, the well-known historian of scholasticism, that ghosts are by no means things outside the pale of science. He has therefore made and published in the *Mémoires* a collection of the bogies that he has met in the manuscript sermons of mediæval divines. The anecdotes cast some light on the workings of the human mind in the middle ages; they illustrate the action of the myth-making faculty, and incidentally they may amuse the unscientific reader. It must be said that the ghosts of the preachers are, as a rule, rather edifying than terrible. There is no more "fearful wild-fowl" than your ghost; and ecclesiastics soon found that he might be employed to point a rousing moral as well as to adorn a tale. The method of using the spectre was perfectly simple. After denouncing in his best style some particular vice—for mediæval preachers did not deal in generalities—the orator would introduce a story of an apparition who had revisited the world merely to denounce the sins he had been inclined to. Thus there is a certain monotony in these moral tales, and the ghosts of the pulpit were as like each other as the spectres of modern magazine literature. Passionately to admire, and at the same time to mistrust and even curse, science was one of the habits and standing contradictions of the middle ages. Knowledge was even more attractive then than it is now, because knowledge was a forbidden and unholy thing. Preachers introduced many ghosts of distinction to prove the vanity of science and the necessity of a life of pure devotion. Thus Aristotle was said to have appeared after his decease to a favourite pupil, who, far from being alarmed, caught at the chance of profiting by any metaphysical advantages which the philosopher might have enjoyed in the next world. "Master," said the disciple, "what is genus, and what is species?" "Brother," replied Aristotle, "that is a question of no importance. Ask me rather what it is to suffer and not to suffer—non est querendum quid genus et quid species, sed quid poena, quid non." On his deathbed Aristotle, according to the preachers, had given promise of this pious state of mind. His disciples crowded round him, and bored him with questions as to those abstruse points of doctrine which vexed the scholastic intellect. The philosopher only replied, according to Jean d'Aunay, "Into this life I entered in fear; I have lived in trouble; I depart in darkness." The moral was that logic was a perilous study, only one or two steps removed from necromancy and the black arts.

The legend of the ghost seen by Master Serlon, an English scholar, has almost the same application. Serlon's was a very favourite spectre in the dark ages. The story is told first in a sermon by Eudes of Shyrton; many commentators on Dante repeated it of Siger de Brabant, who lived long after Serlon. According to Robert de Sorbon, Serlon was a contemporary of St. Bernard (1091-1153). M. Hauréau thinks he lived somewhat later; and, indeed, from other evidence it seems that he was one of the philosophers who were terrified into silence by the reaction which had vanquished Abelard and Gilbert de la Porrée. These dates are worth considering, because this legend is an example of the usual growth of a myth from the indeterminate to the definite stage. Stories of a certain sort are anonymous at their first appearance. Fairy tales or *märchen*, for example, always deal with nameless princes in nameless lands, at the epoch called "Once upon a time." It is later, when they become full-blown myths, that they are attached to some real or semi-historical character. We find in the adventures of the heroes of Greek mythology that the old anonymous stories of fairyland are fastened to distinguished names; and, again, a great personality like that of Buddha draws into its legend all manner of floating *märchen*. A rather coarse anecdote about an American general has been traced through Rabelais to the time of Edward IV., and through a MS. in the library of Tours to a certain Hugues le Noir, at the court of our King John, where the venerable jest is lost in the mists of the anonymous. Now the ghost which Serlon saw was anonymous in the time of William of Malmesbury, which tallies almost exactly with that of St. Bernard. William of Malmesbury says the event happened about the time of the war of Maine (1060-1063), and he localizes it in Nantes. According to him there were two clerks "in literature so instructed that they wanted little of perfection." They made a compact that he who died first should appear to his friend within thirty days and tell him whether the Platonic or the Epicurean theory of the future state of the soul were correct. Soon after one of the two expired by a violent death. More than thirty days passed, and the friend had ceased to hope for any special information, when the dead man "suddenly stood before him when awake, and busied on some ordinary matter." The spectre explained that he had previously been detained by circumstances, and then, stretching out his hand, let fall three drops of blood on the brow of the other, where they burned a mark which never was effaced. The ordinary moral advice was then given by the ill-fated spirit. This version of the anecdote is certainly earlier than that which Eudes de Shyrton introduced into his sermon. According to Eudes, Master Serlo made the usual contract with a friend, who died, and afterwards appeared in a parchment cloak, covered within and without with the finest writing in the world. Being asked how he fared, he said that the cloak, which he was condemned to wear for his delight in logic, weighed more heavy than lead, and

scorched like fire. Then he held out his hand, and let fall a drop which burned Serlo to the bone:—

And for ever more that master wore
A covering on his wrist.

Just so, according to Dr. Henry More, "one took a relation of Melancthon's by the hand, and so scorched her that she bore the mark of it to her dying day." Before leaving Serlo, it may be observed that later preachers knew much more about his adventure than Eudes de Shirton, who again knew more than William of Malmesbury. They would have it that it was in the park of St. Germain that Serlo saw the ghost, and that he rushed in a great fright into the cell of St. Bernard, saying,

Linguo coarctatus, era corvis, vanaque vanis,
Ad logicam pergo que mortis non timet ergo.

These verses were long popular. In 1627, when John Prideaux, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was resigning the position of Vice-Chancellor in the University of Oxford, he repeated, amidst great applause, the lines attributed to Serlo. The *vogue* of the story in its various shapes, especially in that given by William of Malmesbury, is an odd example of the persistent scepticism and superstition of the middle ages.

Many of the ghosts in the sermons were said to be expiating comparatively trifling sins of omission. The spectre of a priest of Sens reported that many ecclesiastics in purgatory were burdened with heavy sacks full of the fragments they had dropped out of their hurried services. Some days after the death of Séverin, Archbishop of Cologne, a young clerk was crossing on horseback a ford near the city. Suddenly his horse shied and stood still, as horses and dogs still do in ghost stories. Immediately the apparition of Séverin appeared, and confessed to the clerk that he was expiating his fault of cutting short his devotions every morning that he might have more time to give to public business. We do not remember before to have heard of a troubled spirit which was able to manifest itself in the midst of a running stream. Other preachers altered this story, and spoilt it by making the Archbishop appear in the centre of a cloud of fire. Additions of this sort are seldom improvements, demanding as they do too much from the imagination of the audience. Writers of sermons made the common mistake of piling up horrors too high, and of introducing them on slight occasion. The enemy of mankind, for example, is brought in to make a dying nun confess that she is suffering agonies because she had enjoyed personal property to the extent of one thread of silk and a needle. The evils of ecclesiastical ambition are demonstrated by the ghost of a hermit who had once thought, like Bertie Stanhope in *Barchester Towers*, of being a bishop, but who had failed, and had retired in remorse to the wilderness. His brethren heard no more of the solitary till after his lamented decease, when he appeared, all radiant, to his bishop. The bishop was anxious to hear the tale of his experiences, and the ghost declared that he had died exactly at the same moment as three thousand other Christians. Of the three thousand he and Bernard Abbé of Clairvaux alone escaped purgatory; the fate of all the rest does not bear to be dwelt upon. This homily is scarcely consistent with the account given in another by a preacher who must have been a strong partisan of a certain doctrine which St. Bernard opposed. According to this orator, the spirit of the great saint was marked by a black spot, just as the ghost of a monk who had given a pair of old shoes to his poor father appeared all brilliant with the exception of the feet, which were black and unseemly. He ought to have restored the old shoes to the convent when he got his new ones, and he had, on the contrary, sinned by yielding to his natural affection.

The stories which are pure inventions have none of the interest of popular traditions wrested to an edifying purpose. At best, the invented ghost stories enabled the preachers to rebuke without risk the sins of ambitious and worldly priests and of political archbishops. Occasionally a mere secular anecdote of a certain sort served the purpose. Thus Jacques de Lausanne has preserved a rather bitter anecdote of a courtly and dissolute ecclesiastic to whom a royal patron had promised a bishopric. When a vacancy occurred, some other candidate was elected; and the priest who had looked for the place complained to his patron. The answer was:—"I did not mean to take any trouble about the matter, because I knew that the worst men were always elected, and I sincerely thought that you were the greatest scamp eligible. They seem to have discovered a still more flagrant reprobate; but, if you persevere in your present courses, no doubt you will die a bishop." It will be noticed that this tart reproof was perfectly safe, for it was put into the mouth of a king. Now kings and ghosts in the middle ages enjoyed the license ascribed by Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Roebuck to the modern natives of this island:—

Where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.

What ghosts said were always privileged communications. If a preacher wanted to malign some great man lately dead, he had only to declare that his spirit had appeared, like that of Philippe de Grève, mentioned by M. de Launay, and had confessed the practice of all sorts of enormities. Philippe de Grève, for example, held unpopular views about pluralism; but there is apparently no evidence, except that of his ghost in a hostile sermon, to show that he was a man of abandoned character in private life. Perhaps, if it had never been revealed to the Bishop of Orleans that the body of Charles Martel was "visibly taken from his tomb by evil spirits in open day," we should know less of the offences by which Charles incurred this dreadful doom. And even the "excessively gluttonous" old

woman of Berkeley might have left a respectable reputation or none at all had not William of Malmesbury extracted, probably from a sermon, the story of her disappearance on the back of a black horse, and in the arms of a fiend "of more terrible aspect than the rest." It is the same writer who, after observing that it is "better to dwell on such matters than on Ethelred's indolence and calamities," introduces the Saxon story of the men and women who were compelled by miracle to dance for a whole year in a churchyard. This legend was circulated to discourage secular festivities at Christmas; and it is not absolutely impossible that the excellent story of Glam the Vampire, in the *Grettis Saga*, was invented to show what people might expect who would not fast on Christmas Eve. But it is never easy to distinguish between the legends made up to enforce opinions and the older popular traditions which have been altered to serve the purposes of the preacher.

UNIVERSITY VACATIONS.

BOTH in Parliament and in the Universities there have lately been not wanting signs that the most cherished of all University institutions, the Long Vacation, must consider itself upon its trial; and to-day, when it begins, seems a good occasion for asking the question, what there is to be said for and against it. It is certain that the House of Commons—a body which itself sits for barely five months in the year—looks upon the Long Vacation with suspicion, and there was a singular unanimity among the speakers who supported Mr. James and Mr. Gregory in their attempts to give special curtailing powers in this respect to the Commissioners. It is certain, too, as has lately been pointed out with a good deal of bitterness in the Oxford Congregation, that at least one great authority within the University is for introducing the thin, or perhaps the thick, end of the wedge in the new regulations about the teaching of Indian subjects. On the other hand, the defenders of the present division of the academical year are collecting their forces. Honest and dishonest supporters of its utility, the genuine student and the selfish lover of ease, are rallying to their posts; and the Commissioners may be well assured that, even if powers for re-arranging the Terms are given to them, they will have to reckon with a determined opposition should they attempt any very large alteration.

At present, as is well known, Oxford and Cambridge have three terms of eight weeks each, which for Tutors and Examiners often extend to nine or even ten weeks. At Cambridge a "Long Vacation Term" of two months, during which men may come up for independent study, is a recognized institution; at Oxford one or two Colleges have lately tried the same plan with moderate success. The three vacations are a month at Christmas, a month at Easter, and four months from June to October. If we ask how the time is filled up during Term, we are naturally met with an answer which will differ according as we apply to the Passman, the Honour-man, or the Tutor. The first will probably reply that his life has been latterly made a burden to him by "harassing legislation," that the prospect of a School to pass at almost every term's end during his career is a prospect whose grim outline is never absent from his thoughts. An eminent statesman has lately charmed his own wavering constituency by a vigorous depreciation of the Oxford degree; and no doubt the majority of young men, whether belonging to the University of Oxford, or of London, or of Berlin, are neither geniuses nor bookworms. But if Mr. Lowe had taken the trouble which might have been expected of him, and had reasoned from an observation of the present rather than from a distorted recollection of the past, he might have found himself forced to represent both facts and motives somewhat differently. He might have discovered that at Oxford, as elsewhere, the coat is cut according to the cloth, and that the examinations represent not the minimum, but the maximum, that can be got out of the ordinary examinee. As a matter of fact, the amount now required for the degree is great enough, in ordinary cases, not only to fill up the reasonable working hours of the term, but to overflow into the vacation. A man who succeeds in his classical "greats" at Midsummer, and who hopes to offer Political Economy for his "second school" at Christmas, has far more on his hands than he can manage during the few weeks of the Michaelmas term. He takes his Adam Smith and his Fawcett home with him, and works his way through them, in the first instance, in the bosom of his family. As to the Honour-man, his case is even simpler. The examinations decide his line of action for him, and the examinations require two distinct kinds of qualification—a minute knowledge of certain text-books, and a careful preparation in various subjects lying around and about them. With this end a wise man divides his work as much as possible on the principle of going to lectures and writing essays during the term, and reading his books during the vacation. How many a man is at this moment gorged to repletion with the ideas and concentrated schemes of history and philosophy that have been poured into him by half-a-dozen clever lecturers, and is pining for the vacant months in which he may digest them! During the rush and hurry of Term, with its succession of elaborate lectures that had to be noted and copied out fair, its essays that had to be written to time and corrected and remembered, Thucydides and Plato were crowded out. The man whose work has really interested him looks forward to the Long Vacation with a genuine delight. It is not only the time of freedom; it is the time

when his ideas are to receive order, and substance, and settlement, from a quiet "grind" at his books.

The Tutor is really in just the same position. For him, too, the Term is a period of hurry, of distraction, of shipping from subject to subject, from teaching to administration and back again. For it must be remembered that the College Tutor is not merely a teacher. As Fellow he has to take his part in a great deal of College business, which in these days of transition and Commissions is no light matter; and he is lucky if he is not called upon to take part in heavy University business too. There is Congregation once or twice a week; and of late especially, though the debates are not reported at great length, they have sometimes reached a truly Parliamentary pitch of warmth, interest, and even length. Again, the Boards, such as the newly-established Boards of Studies, are institutions which make a heavy demand upon the time of many of the Tutors. Critics of the Universities should recollect, in fact, that very much of the work that in other countries devolves upon the Ministry of Education is done in England by unpaid Delegates or Syndicates in the Universities—Committees which are increasing in number almost annually. With these growing administrative burdens there is certainly no diminution in the tutorial work, properly so-called. Combination, it is true, has done something of late years to divide labour, and it is now a rare thing for one man to lecture on all the subjects of a School. If he undertakes philosophy, he generally leaves history alone; if he teaches scholarship or law, he keeps to two or three books or departments. But it is only natural that with this division of labour there should grow up a demand for improved quality in the work done. Healthy competition has done wonders in this way, and a lecturer now feels it impossible to stand up and talk platitudes, or merely repeat the notes of some well-known editor, or accept a course without sharply criticizing it. It is hardly possible, for instance, that in lecturing on the *Politics* or the *Annals* he could keep up with his fellow-teachers, or keep ahead of his pupils, unless he has read what the Germans and the French have lately said on the subject. And this brings us round to the starting-point. How is he to prepare his lectures except in the Long? As his work is different from that of the schoolmaster, which demands indeed great assiduity and energy, but not much preparation, so his vacation is different from the schoolmaster's holidays. Suppose he takes a month in Switzerland for his body's health, are the remaining three months too much for the undisturbed possession of his soul that must precede any satisfactory deliverance in the autumn? For it must be observed that most courses of lectures in Oxford are calculated to last a year—say from fifty to seventy lectures—in each one of which the teacher is expected to say something new and true. And although the work seldom receives its final shape during the Long, it is in the Long that the foundation is laid and the outline drawn.

It is no doubt true that in many cases—say in most cases—the British parent finds the vacations too long for his comfort, and is sadly at a loss to know how to keep his son out of mischief all through them. But he must not suppose that the remedy is simple, for that it would be altogether agreeable to him. Even admitting that a vacation which probably in its origin arose out of the need of sending the lads home for harvesting has lost that *raison d'être*, the parent must not forget that longer residence at Oxford and Cambridge means larger bills. The tradesmen of the town might, no doubt, in consideration of a prolonged season, make their charges something less excessive; and Colleges for a similar reason might find it possible to accommodate men for another two months at an increase less than proportional; but the Tutors, who regard the Long Vacation as the main inducement to stay at the Universities, would not consent to forego it except for a consideration. The Tutor has, generally speaking, been one of the crack men of his year; his contemporary first-class men are rising barristers, schoolmasters in a fair way to a great income, or flourishing men of business. He is not likely to be content with his five hundred a year, and his exceedingly doubtful prospects, unless some of the charms of studious ease are left him. Parents must be prepared, if the vacations are narrowed, to see a sudden rise in tuition fees; thirty guineas instead of twenty will be the normal standard. If they are willing to meet this, then no doubt something may be done towards keeping their sons at Oxford or Cambridge for more weeks than is now the case. But, as we have said, the Commissioners, or any other reforming body, would find it very difficult to carry a measure which did not leave, say, three weeks at Christmas and Easter, and three clear months in the summer and autumn.

YACHTING

THE sport of yachting, like that of racing or hunting, is affected by an infinite variety of patrons. Just as the part owner of a plater glories in his dignity as a racing man, and the gentleman who occasionally hires a screw for an suburban gallop classes himself in the hunting confraternity, some of whose members count their studs by the score, so there are yachtsmen with cock-boats of two or three tons whose crew, when all told, is one able-bodied man and a boy. But in the case of yachting we believe that these modest people have very often the best of it. We may take it for granted that they are enthusiasts, and without enthusiasm yachting is vanity, vacuity, and vexation of spirit, if not positive misery. We may be sure, too, that they are blessed with the

physique and stamina which make them very independent of the weather. A wild outbreak of the elements rather freshens them up than otherwise; they shake themselves cheerfully like a waterdog after a drenching from surf and rain; the strength of their internal construction is proof against external disturbance. When their craft is careering before the freshening breeze, their spirits rise with the exhilarating motion; pitching in heavy cross seas merely grinds a sharper edge on to their ready appetites; and even rolling hopelessly in a heavy swell barely deranges the serenity of their diaphragms. They have a stock of patience and natural cheerfulness, or they would never have taken to their favourite pursuit; and, unlike the sea stories which have to be perpetually replenished, the stock is only increased by trading upon it. Then, if they have a minimum of those luxuries which they take a pride in dispensing with, they have likewise a minimum of the yachtsman's cares. They have no sailing-master to dictate to them and domineer over them; no crew to get mutinous or troublesome in a life of indolent semi-occupation. They have been casting about for a suitable companion in their adventures, till at length they have chanced upon a congenial spirit; since it is comparatively easy to suit yourself with a single hand, though difficult to ship a comfortable ship's company. They attend in person to the needs of the commissariat, and that is not by any means the worst part of the fun. There is no great stowage-room in the tiny lockers of the little half-decked cabin; and the victualling is something on the scale of Robinson Crusoe's when he ran away from his Moorish master with the boat and the boy Xury. There is a junk of beef and a bag of biscuits—somehow salt beef and ship biscuits have always a singular charm for the hardy mariner—a jar of water to do the cooking and mix the grog, for which last there are ample materials, for your yachting enthusiast, though he may be temperate enough, is never a teetotaler. As for milk and vegetables, draught beer, and delicacies of that kind, you renew them at the ports at which you may touch in the course of the voyage. For our friend very likely goes on regular cruises, in which he may see at least as much of the world as many of his more ambitious brethren. Most old travellers have come to the conclusion that the secret of profitable touring is working well within your time, and doing a little quietly and thoroughly. So our friend, in place of running across for some hundred miles between sea and sky to some commonplace port on the Continent from which he turns to run back again, gives himself up to a leisurely exploration of a reach of the English coast. By experience as well as from a study of the charts, he is familiar with shoals and currents, though sometimes his trusting to his light draught tempts him to make reckless experiments. Then he may find himself hard and fast upon a mud-bank, where he has to await the mounting of the following tide. What of that? Inaction is doubtless a trial to his energy, but he is used to taking the smooth with the rough; and, what with the help of a hook and his pipe and his fishing-lines, he passes the hours not unprofitably. Then he beats along under bold cliffs and headlands, drawing near enough to the beach to appreciate their grandeur; he watches the flights of sea-fowl that circle screaming between him and the shore, with the choughs and rabbits on the face of the rocks, popping in and out of their breeding-holes and burrows. He sails up tidal estuaries, between half-submerged sweeps of sand or mud, alive with clamorous waders and divers, to land at the barrack-covered jetties of quaint, old-fashioned fishing-towns, picturesque in their slow decay. He strikes up acquaintances with local worthies, to whom the arrival of the distinguished stranger is an event; and goes on board again at nightfall to turn in and curl up with a feeling of fresh sensation that seldom comes to one in a steam-packet or a railway-carriage. But it is by no means his weakness to hug the shore, or to drag out a cautious coasting voyage Ulysses-fashion. On the contrary, he loves to run a respectable chance of being reported missing some stormy day; and sometimes stands across the bay or out to sea in weather that would make older mariners shake their heads. But he has well-grounded confidence in the qualities of his cockleshell as a sea-boat; Providence seems generally willing to lend a helping hand to nerve and skill; and somehow such haphazard gentlemen seldom come to serious grief, although very often they have narrow escapes from it.

We are very far from saying that there are no delights in the more luxurious forms of the pursuit. To say nothing of the excitement of a neck-and-neck race, when some half-score or so of famous "cracks" are heeling gracefully over to a swelling breeze, steadied by the clouds of billowing canvas, and showing those delicate lines on the bends which may make the difference between defeat and victory—to say nothing of such a spectacle as that, who has not felt admiration, or even envy, in threading a fleet of yachts in the Solent? It needs no knowledge of naval architecture to appreciate the graces of their shape; and the cut of the canvas is like the dress of a fashionable beauty when the fashions of the day chance to be in harmony with nature and common sense. There is the lightest of breezes, and the motion is gentle rather than free; but to you who probably are no great sailor, and who have just passed the night in a racking ground-swell on the Channel, that rather adds to the agreeable impression. You remember that the fortunate owners of those marvels of marine coquetry can ring fresh changes on the pleasures of society ashore. In summer, when the land-locked seas are calm, they can enjoy all the pleasures of floating picnics, limiting the numbers of the parties which they ought to know how to arrange, and leaving formality and ceremony ashore. Nor need a longer trip be anything but a social success, though a

break-up of the weather or even a sudden squall may turn enjoyment into dire confusion. There are as many meals as one always has at sea, more delicately served and abundantly varied than in commercial steamers. There is a cellar of such vintages as can bear shaking. There are well-drilled stewards and attentive valets, snug bedsides, well-ventilated cabins, and airy bath-rooms, a piano, books, and all the rest of it. Gentlemen of roving tastes who are so happily provided will naturally sometimes push their expeditions further. It is something to moor your own floating home with your family and your friends and your English comforts in the Fjords of Norway, where hotel accommodation is decidedly deficient, or among the Isles of Greece, where it is conspicuous by its absence. But in the bustle of travel nowadays the Levant and the Adriatic appear to be brought by comparison close to our doors. No doubt the scenery there is fine, and the appearance and manners of the natives are picturesque; but so they are on the Caledonian Canal, or in the archipelago of the sea of Morbihan. Ambitions have expanded with increased facilities. Travellers with means and leisure take through tickets by ocean steamers and inter-oceanic railways, making the round of the earth in the course of a summer holiday, and rapidly doing all the world's modern wonders. The man of spirit and intelligence, yacht-bound in European seas, must fret over what he is missing—the money-hunting mobs of Broadway, the waterfalls and big trees of the Yosemite Valley, the sea lions of San Francisco, the volcanoes of the Hawaiian group, Yokohama, Shanghai, Singapore, &c. &c. Hitherto he has had to choose between deferring the circuit he has long been dreaming of, and laying up his vessel in ordinary for a season. But now Mr. Thomas Brassey has set an example which others of his amphibious countrymen will probably follow. Mr. Brassey had already distinguished himself by passing the highest examinations in practical seamanship, and sailing a yacht of his own across the Atlantic. And now he has circumnavigated the globe in his *Sunbeam* with complete success and extreme enjoyment. He may well remark that the exploit “is in some respects unprecedented,” since he traversed nearly 36,000 miles in 46 weeks, allowing for 112 days in harbour. It is true that, to get the most out of so adventurous a trip, one ought to be as thorough a seaman as Mr. Brassey. “The long and lonely voyage of 12,330 miles across the Pacific” would become even duller than it must be almost necessarily had you to subside into a passenger on board your own ship, with only your family party for society instead of a mixed multitude. And the voyage was really yachting in the stricter sense of the word; for, though the *Sunbeam* is fitted with an auxiliary screw, for considerably more than half the distance she was under sail. Although her captain, fortunately for him, has the means which enable him to yacht in princely style, yet he undoubtedly belongs to the class of enthusiasts whom we have described as going to work in the rough. We suspect that, had it not been for domestic considerations, he would have been just as well pleased had there been more opportunities for the steam-schooner to display her weatherly qualities. As it is, he can sum up the gales he experienced in a very short paragraph. He can say that most of the difficulties he anticipated shrunk in reality into comparative insignificance. Thanks to the screw, they had never to resign themselves to being becalmed in the narrow seas of the tropics; so steam enabled them to dispense with the drudgery of the voyage, and avoid the baffling weather of such a headland as the Horn by carrying them smoothly through the Straits of Magellan. Thus, though they were always under sail when practicable, yet they were able to make their successive points with something like commercial precision; an important consideration to a useful member of Parliament, in these days when constituencies are so exigent.

Mr. Brassey remarks gratefully on the facilities afforded to the navigator nowadays, as contrasted with the inevitable dangers and delays that beset him in the time of Captain Cook. Now improvements in the chronometer enable one to dispense with those lunar observations which were always precarious and often unsatisfactory. Now the perilous coasts that used to be shrouded in darkness in the night-time are as brilliantly lighted as those of England and France; while, in place of groping your way among reefs and currents, listening for the warning sound of the breakers, you may be guided through every stage of the journey by carefully drawn charts which leave little to desire. It may be expected that Mr. Brassey's voyage round the earth will open up a new era in yachting, for English gentlemen with energy and leisure will be sure to follow him in the track he has piloted.

THE END OF CARDINAL MANNING'S TRUE STORY.

IN the June number of the *Nineteenth Century* Cardinal Manning has at length brought his “True Story of the Vatican Council” to an end. It was once said of a more than indifferent preacher that the most edifying passage in his sermon was his passage from the pulpit to the vestry. And we are inclined to think that the Cardinal's readers will, on similar grounds, pronounce the last passage of the remarkable narrative with which he has favoured them to be the best. “And now,” concludes his Eminence, “we may leave the story of the Council.” It was time certainly to leave “the story,” for there had been quite enough of it: But it still remains for future writers, when all the documents, as well private as official, shall have become accessible, to begin the history. As to mere statement of facts the little recorded in this last instalment of the

“True Story” was for the most part well known already, and may be read in the *Letters of Quirinus* and elsewhere. The real purport and drift of the paper is to be sought in the peculiar colouring given to the facts. But, before entering on points of detail, we have a word to say on an ingenious analogy which the writer, who is enough of an Englishman and a man of the world to know what line of argument is likely to sound plausible to his countrymen, is very fond of dwelling upon. He had before insisted that there was as much freedom of discussion in the Council as in the British Parliament, and here again we are significantly reminded that what ten bishops could do there “any single member of our Legislature may effect” by putting to the vote whether a debate shall be closed. And the supposed analogy between the two assemblies is driven further home in a subsequent passage by an express reference to “a certain debate on the 23rd of March in this year, 1877, when the majesty of the Commons of England lost itself in clamour, chiefly because a majority declined to let a minority have its way.” “Because a minority insisted on making itself heard” would perhaps be a more accurate description of what occurred at Rome, but let that pass. The parallel intended to be drawn is between the anti-infallibilist minority in the Vatican Council and the minority in the English Parliament who dissent from the Eastern policy of the Government, and it is implied that the former were treated with more rather than less consideration than the latter. A moment's consideration will suffice to show that this reasoning, however plausible, is based on a transparent fallacy. Let us assume, what is probably the Cardinal's own view, that what may be called for convenience sake the Gladstonian party on the Eastern question in Parliament or in the country is as entirely in the wrong as he certainly considers the anti-infallibilist party at the Vatican to have been. Yet there is no real analogy whatever between the two cases either as regards the nature of the dispute or the treatment of the disputants. Not as regards the nature of the dispute, for the question at stake in the one case is *ex hypothesi* an article of divine and immutable faith, which the Council was called upon to settle once for all irrevocably, and where a wrong decision would affect the faith and conscience of the Church for all future ages; whereas in the other case it is a question of practical policy, in which from the nature of the case the will of the majority must ultimately prevail. But in the next place neither the Government nor its most thoroughgoing supporters ever dreamt of treating the Gladstonian minority as the Papal majority and Church treated the minority at Rome. If they are beaten in Parliament no one questions their right—whatever he may think of the expediency of such a course—to use every effort to rouse the country and bring such pressure to bear on the Government as shall compel it to retire or adopt a new policy. In other words, it is always open to a minority in English politics to appeal from the present to a future Parliament, and this has over and over again been done with entire success. But this is precisely what the Vatican minority, who found the debate on infallibility abruptly closed without their consent and against their will, were not allowed to do; their choice lay between speaking then and holding their peace for ever afterwards. Cardinal Manning himself would have been the first to tell them that to appeal to a future Council is heresy and treason. Indeed in this very article he severely censures “Pomponio Leto” for treating the minority Bishops like “a Parliamentary Opposition.” Be it so; but he cannot blow hot and cold together. If the nature and functions of an Ecumenical Council differ so entirely from those of a British House of Commons that what is perfectly lawful for the defeated party in the one case is only deserving of excommunication in the other, it is worse than idle to excuse the conduct of the dominant party in the former by analogies drawn from the latter. No purpose can be served by such adroit special pleading but to throw dust in the eyes of the British public.

And now it is time to give one or two examples of the writer's peculiar manner of dealing with awkward facts. He quotes in full the protest read out and distributed, as mentioned by Quirinus, at the closing Session of the Council on July 13, in which the following passage occurs:—

The infamous falsehoods which have been heaped together in this matter in public newspapers of every tongue, and in pamphlets without the authors' names, published in all places and stealthily distributed, all men well know, so that we have no need to recount them one by one. But among anonymous pamphlets of this kind there are two especially, written in French, and entitled *Ce qui se passe au Concile*, and *La dernière heure du Concile*, which, for the arts of calumny and the license of detraction, bear away the palm from all others.

As to the words we have italicized, the reason why publications on the opposition side were “published in all places and stealthily distributed,” was simply, as Cardinal Manning must be well aware, because the rigorous police regulations of the Pontifical Government made publication in Rome impossible, and even private distribution difficult. But as to the two particular pamphlets which “for the arts of calumny and license of detraction bear away the palm,” our readers may recollect having heard something of their contents and authorship before. The Cardinal's comment is studiously ambiguous. “Whether history will ever record by whose hands the works here censured by name were written cannot now be said. I am glad that it does not fall to my lot to reveal them.” This language is consistent either with his knowing or not knowing the names himself; but it is hardly conceivable that he should be ignorant of what has all along been matter of public notoriety. *Ce qui se passe* was written in France by a M. Guillard, a layman, acting under inspiration of some of

the French Opposition Bishops. *La Dernière Heure*, printed at Munich, had a more illustrious origin. Cardinal Manning has himself further on in this article pronounced on its author a panegyric which is strong but not at all exaggerated:—

The Archbishop of Paris [Darby] was a man of great culture and intellectual gifts. The playfulness of manner with which he bore himself towards those who were most opposed to him took off all sharpness from the conflict in which they were mutually engaged. We then little thought of the vision of horror in which he was soon to be enveloped, and of the death which should so soon be inflicted on him in *odium Christi*. His heroic refusal for the sake of others to save his life has raised him to the fellowship of those who have won a martyr's crown.

The same studied reserve is maintained as to the authorship of *Pomponio Leto*. The volume naturally incurs a bitter malediction in company with the "double-faced and double-tongued *Janus*," who "told the world what the Council would do"—and what, we may add, it did. But after a long tirade on the audacious dishonesty of various newspapers and periodicals, the *Saturday Review* included, which are accused of still speaking of it as the work of the late Cardinal Vitelleschi after his brother the Marquis had contradicted the report, comes the following enigmatical statement:—"As to the true authorship of *Pomponio Leto* various things are affirmed. It belongs to the anonymous school of *Janus* and *Quirinus*, and seems to be the work of more hands than one, and to betray both a German and an English contributor." Our own statement the other day, in commenting on a former article of Cardinal Manning's, was this:—"Pomponio Leto is the work of the Marquis Vitelleschi, and the reports of proceedings in the Council are derived from the diary of his brother, the late Cardinal of that name, who was present" (*Saturday Review*, March 10, 1877). Is Cardinal Manning prepared to contradict this? No hint of a contradiction has emanated from the Marquis Vitelleschi, and it is universally affirmed in Italy. The only "English contributor" to the volume is the English translator, who acted under the immediate sanction and direction of the author; the "German contributor" is a creature of the critic's imagination. Some evil genius must have prompted him, when deprecating the ascription of this work to Cardinal Vitelleschi after his death, to add with characteristic and suicidal infelicity, "Pope Honorius was declared to be a heretic forty years after his death." Has he forgotten that the declaration was made by an Ecumenical Council and endorsed by two later ones, and that it was based on the explicit statements of Honorius in writings the genuineness of which is unchallenged?

We do not question Cardinal Manning's right to take a brief, if he pleases, for the Curia and the infallibilist majority, but it may be doubted if he has any claim to hold a brief for the Opposition also. And it would certainly have been kinder not to have recalled attention by a terribly compromising defence to the evasions, insinuations, and tergiversation by which too many of them sooner or later condescended to escape from a very uncomfortable dilemma. Thus the late Bishop of Montpellier wrote a letter conveying the impression that he was not the author of some very trenchant letters on the Council which had previously found their way into the *Times*; but his language was so studiously ambiguous as to deceive those only who were willing to be deceived. We all know again how Ketteler and Hefele and Haneberg were ultimately brought to submission, but it is needless to go over all this ground again now. Cardinal Manning's object of course is to reduce to a minimum the actual opposition between the two parties, and to represent the minority as only resisting the dogma as "inopportune." An appeal to their own recorded statements and protests sufficiently refutes this view. When some concession becomes inevitable, it is minimized to the utmost, as *e.g.* in the following passage:—

But it may be said that they used their right too freely and with pertinacity when they saw, or might have seen, that an immense majority of the Council were opposed to them. It is not the duty of an historian to extenuate any fault, but he ought to be still more careful not to impute faults too readily. It is not to be denied that the Council—for by that term may rightly be described its great and united majority—judged that the privilege of opposition was used too freely in matters of an indifferent or unimportant kind, and that it was persevered in too long when it was evident that no legitimate result could be obtained. The Council saw, or believed itself to see, that after a certain date the inordinate prolongation of discussion could have no effect but to render the deliberation impossible, not by argument or reason, conviction or persuasion, but by the chapter of accidents or by talking against time.

That of course is just what a minority earnestly bent on defeating what they held to be a fatally erroneous procedure would do. The tumultuous disturbances in the Council, affirmed by *Quirinus*, *Pomponio*, and others on the testimony of eyewitnesses, are as far as possible denied, but here too some admission was felt to be unavoidable:—

On two occasions the speaker tried the self-control of his audience beyond its strength. Strong and loud expressions of dissent were made, and a very visible resentment, at matter not undeserving of it, was expressed.

This is only a mild way of indicating such scenes as are described in more graphic language in the *Letters of Quirinus*; thus *e.g.* after a speech of Strauss says:—"At these words a frightful tumult arose. Several dissenters rushed to their seats, rushed to the tribune, and shook their fists in the speaker's face. Place, Bishop of Marseilles, one of the boldest of the minority and the first to give in his public adhesion to Dupanloup's Pastoral, cried out *Ego illum non damno*. Thereupon a shout resounded from all sides, *Omnes, omnes illum damnamus*. The President called Strauss to order, but he did not leave the tribune till he had solemnly protested against the violence to

which he had been subjected. . . . A Bishop of the United States said afterwards, not without a sense of patriotic pride, that he knew now of one assembly still rougher than the Congress of his own country." After this, which is only a specimen of much more to the same effect, not to dwell on the ugly revelations coming from those immediately concerned of what took place outside the Council chamber, one reads with much edification, but not without surprise, that "it can be said with the simplest truth that not an animosity, nor an alienation, nor a quarrel broke the charity of the fathers of the Council." Truth indeed is said to be stranger than fiction, and the most ingenious fable could hardly match the strangeness of the Cardinal's "true story." He has probably gazed so long on his own picture that he has learnt to mistake it for the reality. But readers whose knowledge of the facts is not derived exclusively from the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* are not likely to share his delusion.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

THERE is sometimes this advantage in short casual holidays which are insufficient for extensive and distant excursions, that they lead one to discover pleasant sequestered places which would otherwise never be thought of. Such was certainly the case in a visit lately made to a valley on the border of Brecon and Monmouth, lying in the extreme west of Herefordshire, shut in on either side by ranges of hills, remote from towns of higher standing than Hay, and, though not unknown in other days, nor without hopes of revival from an expected railway, at present practically out of the world. We speak of the Golden or Dore Valley. The approach to this valley on the north is from the parish of Clifford on the Wye, about two miles short of Hay, on the Hereford, Hay, and Brecon Railway; and the pedestrian will do well to take this interesting parish in his ramble, although the river Dore, which gives the name to the district, does not rise till just above Dorston. In Clifford, or in Hardwick, a parish cut off from it to the south, is the small, but strong, camp or entrenchment of "Mouse Castle"; and Clifford itself has vestiges of a memory-haunted castle, the reputed birthplace of Fair Rosamond, as well as a church with some features of antiquity. The castle, high above a ford of the Wye on its right bank, explains its own name, and is one of the five Herefordshire castles in Domesday. Built by W. Fitzosborne, it was granted in 1078 to Ralph de Todeni, whose daughter Margaret carried it in dowry to Richard Fitzpoutz, the grand sire of Henry II.'s traditionally hapless favourite. Of Walter de Clifford, her brother, and his making the King's messenger swallow, seal and all, a missive from his royal master, and of the Cliffords and Giffards who came after him and were prominent figures in border warfare, as well as the custodians of the castle when it fell into the hands of the Crown, we cannot speak here; it must suffice to say that the site is a strong one, and that a fragment of the north wall and a round tower with splayed slits in its two stories, with an adjoining west wall, are the chief traces of what was the original castle. It overhangs a steep escarpment, beneath which the railway passes. The outermost ward of the castle may perhaps be traced in a field adjoining the mound, and it is clear that the fortress was surrounded to landward by a wet moat communicating with the Wye. Tradition says that there are vaults beneath the ruins, and that within the memory of old inhabitants a workman, pecking with a crowbar in the *debris* near the ruined towers, lost his tool through its being suddenly swallowed up bodily. The church, high on the hill, about three-fourths of a mile above the castle and village, has a large and not ill-proportioned tower, and its nave is barrel-ribbed; but there is little that is worth notice about the rest of the building, except a wooden effigy of an ecclesiastic, full length, robed, and tunsured, in the chancel, and a coffin-lid with a carved cross in a circle at the threshold of the north door. Nothing remains of the ancient cell of Cluniac monks which surmounted another brow of the same eminence as the church, except the so-called Priory, a modern residence, beautifully placed. In another part of the parish, accessible by a lane leading out of the high road from Hay to Bredwardine, and verging towards the Wye, are tokens of ancient military occupation on the farm of Castleton, once the property of the Duppa family—namely, a tumulus or mound, almost circular and very steep, in the direction of the river, whilst to the land side are two semicircular outworks, with a seeming way of access between them. Some traces of large stones remain, but scarcely enough on which to build even a theory; otherwise one might suppose that here might have been more than a mere earthwork—perhaps a castle with a keep tower on the mound to the north.

It is time, however, that we make our way towards the Golden Valley, and to do so we take the road from Hay to Hereford in the parish of Hardwick, having for our boundary to the west the Cusop Hills and the wooded eminences in Escley, and, over all, the Hatterel or Black Mountains; whilst towards the east the barrier from the world without is formed by the bold brow of Meerbatch, with its continuation named Graigwen, connected with which at right angles is Arthur's Stone Hill, a part of which joins on to Moccas Park. Further on, the Golden Valley has for its barrier on this side the wooded hill country of Tibberton in Herefordshire, and an effectual barrier it would seem to be, so completely are the two populations of the west and east at present

divided. To such as have the time to spare we recommend a visit to Arthur's Stone, both for its prehistoric and its historic interest, to say nothing of the glimpses it affords of Bredwardine, Moccas Park, Letton, and some of the most charming scenery of the Wye. Arthur's Stone, or "King Arthur's Table," as it is sometimes termed, is a large and singular British cromlech, the capstone of which, now broken in the middle, is elliptical in form, eighteen feet in length, nine feet broad, and some two feet in thickness. It was originally supported by eleven upright stones, some of which have fallen, and, with others, lie scattered round. There is also a small mound near it, and a larger stone than the majority of those round about is imbedded in the hedge. The purpose of this stupendous pile was doubtless sepulchral; but that which served for the obsequies of "some great chief without a name" was duly used by Charles I. in the Civil War as a rendezvous and trysting-place of the troops and contingents from the Hay and Dore country, and from Radnorshire and Brecknockshire. According to Symonds's Diary, published by the Camden Society, "the King was at the Bishops' Palace at Hereford on the 16th of September, 1645, and on the 17th the whole army met at a rendezvous upon Arthurstun Heath, near Dorston (Dorston) Castle, com Hereford, and from thence his Majesty marched to Ham (Holm) Lacy, the seat of the Lord Viscount Scudamore." It does not appear therefore consistent with the topography and the details of the King's marches that he can, as the Golden Valley worthies affirm, have come nearer to them than Arthur's Stone upon the hills above Dorston, and distant some three miles or more, though it is likely enough that, accustomed to border warfare, and not averse to occasionally breaking their normal bounds, they mustered strongly at Arthur's Stone in the King's cause. At the turning of the road to the left towards it through the valley are two huge stones, to which no story can be found to attach; but before reaching these occur two noteworthy objects a little to the left of the road—namely, Newton Tumulus, which was evidently an extensive and important earthwork, with the remains of a moat and of considerable polygonal outworks; and, a little further on, another tumulus at the Bach or Bage, of smaller dimensions, but strongly placed over a pretty brook and dingle, full of wild flowers—a feature, by the way, characterizing this valley in a hundred sequestered nooks. Near Bach Tumulus, which may be connected with that at Newton, is a spot called "Scotland Bank," to which the tradition clings that it got its name from a Scot having been hunted to death by dogs here in the Civil War; but, as the Welsh name for thistles would in sound assimilate to the name Scotland, there is probably no real basis for the tradition, except the general fact that the Scots pillaged and overran the country during the troubles at this period. On the roadside, a little before reaching Dorston, is a maenhir, now doing duty as a gate-post; whether it has or has not any inscription upon it cannot be affirmed, because what seem like indentations are covered by moss, and are otherwise difficult to make out; but it was clearly recognized of old as a stone of no common order, seeing that a tradition lingers that it was thrown at a cast by King Arthur from Arthur's Stone to its present resting-place, and that later legends about it illustrate the practical wit of our ancestors in this out-of-the-world valley. We learn that one of their means of inducing the rising generation to get up early was to propagate the story that this stone was in the habit of going daily to the Wye for water at daybreak, and so incite them to rise *dilatado* in order to be able to attest it. The story is something like that of a freshman at Cambridge being taken to Magdalen Bridge to see "term divide"; as that about King Arthur's fling is like "Robin Hood's butts."

And now we find ourselves at Dorston, the entrance to which is by a ford of the Dore, which rises here, and beside which is a foot-bridge of flat stones with a rail, such as is more than once to be seen in this district, for foot passengers. The derivation of Dorston is pretty certainly *Dwr*, "water," and *ton*, "an inclosure"; and it is now generally accepted belief that the Golden Valley is a misnomer, due to the fanciful brain of some monk who, ignoring the identity of *Dwr* with Dore, chose to translate Nant *Dwr* into "Vallis Deaurata." The village is pretty, and the church has a picturesque tower, which makes a feature in the landscape. There is little else in it deserving notice excepting a double piscina of very beautiful work on the north side of the chancel, and in another place the base of a mural tablet of the same work. Besides these there is a modern stone pulpit. In this parish, however, towards the west of the church, are the site and scanty vestiges of Dorston Castle, which, but for the presence of stones at its sharply aloped sides in more or less ordered position, might seem to be only a camp or mound of the same type as that at Stocking, a half-mile or so further to the right. Other tumuli in the parish are Mynydd Brith and Nant-y-bar; but Dorston lays some claim to a history, though it is singular how completely effaced are the towers which must have crowned its eminence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when it was held by the De Solers family under the Mortimers. Mr. Robinson, in his *Castles of Herefordshire*, thinks it may have been levelled by Glendower; and if, as in the case of Charles I., there were any foundation for the theory of his passing a night in the Golden Valley, it is pretty obvious that for Dorston Castle we ought to read Snodhill, always unmistakably a fortress of more consequence, and not, like Dorston, a mere outpost or subsidiary fortress. Returning to the village and proceeding towards Peterchurch, at a

farmhouse near the brook, called the Crossways, there is a tradition that the trained-bands used to keep guard, and it was from the site of a field a little further on the left of the road to Peterchurch that the battery was directed against the castle of Snodhill. This lies to the south of Dorston and west of the Peterchurch road, on a steep and strong eminence, in a stage of dilapidation somewhat less pronounced than that of Olifford Castle. It is probably of semi-Norman construction, and has yet remaining a gateway with an Edwardian arch and portcullis groove, with some fragments of the walls of the outer bailey. It was in Henry III.'s reign a manor of the De Chandos family, and so continued till 1428, about which time the De la Meres seem to have had a moiety of the castle and manor of Snodhill as well as Dorston. It passed later on through Anne Neville, heiress of the Beauchamps, to Henry VII. and his heirs, and Queen Elizabeth granted it to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, from whom it passed, by purchase, from the Vaughans to William Prosser of London, who built Snodhill Court, an ancient extant manor-house, of the castle materials. His initials, with the date 1667, are carved on the front of Snodhill Court, still in the possession of the representatives of the Prosser family.

Snodhill is in the parish of Peterchurch, the capital of the Golden Valley, situate on the Dore, and having an area of 5,000 acres. To this the high road brings us in due course, the tall and graceful, though now dilapidated, spire indicating its whereabouts at some distance in all directions. The town or village is quiet enough; but its fine Norman church, with two chancels and a terminating apse and peculiar lancet windows, its ample and spacious nave, and the splendid yew-trees in the churchyard, avouch no less its ancient importance than its venerable antiquity. In the wall on the right of the outer chancel is a passage said to have led to a gallery, which some inhabitants profess to recollect; it might otherwise seem to have led to a stone pulpit, or possibly to a roodloft. In the apse is a very early stone altar, and above one of the doorways a rudely sculptured stone, representing a fish with a gold chain round its neck, traditionally said to be the eponymous fish of the river. One would like to know more about this sculptured fish, as also of the "Dragons' Pool," which gives the name to a farm in the parish, though we could not learn why or wherefore. The fish may have been associated with that which the Apostle was bidden to catch for the purposes of tribute money. Hard by the church is St. Peter's Well, the waters of which are still credited with healing powers, especially in cases of weak eyes. Somewhat to the west, upon the high ground, is Urishay Common, on which, as at Dorston and Fowmynd feasts, in the same out-of-the-way districts, old folks still remember the rude pastime of "pelting with crabs" to have been customary in their youth. Urishay Grange, a building of Elizabethan date, is a picturesque manor-house of past consequence, for many generations the home of the Delahays, one of whom in 1423 represented the county. The road and the river pass through the parishes, near together, of Turnaston and Vowchurch, before reaching the last of which at Poston there is an ancient camp or entrenchment, as there is also another in Turnaston parish. In the chancel of Turnaston church, which has a wooden turret, are alabaster figures of Thomas Appary and his wife Agnes, date 1522; and within the precincts of the old park of Poston, in Vowchurch, is seen, on an eminence, the round-house or casino built for Sir Edward Boughton, which is still used as a shooting box. The course of the Dore is followed onward for a mile or two to Barton, a small parish with a Norman church and square tower, notable for an epitaph to Blanche Parry, "a maid in Court, & never no man's wyfe," sworn of Queen Elizabeth's bedchamber, and a member of a chief branch of a family settled there since 1400 A.D. Through a co-heiress the property came by marriage in 1610 to Rowland Vaughan of Bredwardine, an author and agriculturist far in advance of his age. To him we owe the description of the Golden Valley, in the times preceding the Civil War, as having very many poor settlers in it—in short, that it was "the plentifullest place for poore in the kingdom." A mile and a half further is Abbey Dore, a picturesquely situated church or abbey and parish which may fairly claim to be the glory of the district. The valley here has considerably narrowed, and the tower of the restoration added by John, Viscount Scudamore, in 1634, who re-roofed the transept, rises from amidst the venerable pile and its surrounding buildings in a manner worthy of its Cistercian original. Among the special features of the present building are the restored transepts and choir of the old abbey, the chancel screen of Lord Scudamore's date, the putative altar-slab of the ancient church, with the many peculiarities of the arches and clerestories, and the varieties of tracery in the windows. Within the parish was the old mansion of Moorhampton, where tradition says that a dozen centenarian morris-dancers performed before King James I.; and Kingston Grange is a still standing example of the old-fashioned timber house of the early part of the seventeenth century. From Abbey Dore the river makes a bend to the south-east, and, leaving Ewyas Harold, which is on the Dulas brook, to the west, hastens to its confluence with the Worme, near the restored church of Kenderchurch, above the Hereford, Abergavenny, and Newport Railway, a mile north-west of Pontillas, and two miles to the south-east of Abbey Dore.

The Golden Valley district is described by Mr. Symonds, F.G.S., as a district of "old red" strata of hills of corntones, sandstones, and denuded valleys; and if we refer to Drayton for his poetical description of the river and its banks, and the climate of "the goodly

golden vale," we shall find that, with due allowance for a poet's license, there is much truth in his picture of this handmaid of the Wye:—

Banks crowned with curled groves from cold to keep the plain,
Fields battal, flowery meads, in state them to maintain.

The exploration of this district should not be deferred until the completion of the railway. The advent of civilization is apt to sweep away in its path many ancient vestiges; and though it is to be hoped that the promoters of the Golden Valley line value their local antiquities, it will nevertheless be prudent for the curious to take time by the forelock.

FRENCH ART IN THE SALON.

THE critic who passes from the Royal Academy to the Salon will be struck at once by two important elements of distinction belonging to the exhibition of Paris. He will find at the outset that, considered merely as a representative display of the year's work, the Salon is far more comprehensive and complete. It really is what it pretends to be—a national exhibition of art wherein is contained all, or nearly all, that the contemporary artists of France desire to show. How wide is the range of taste covered by the contents of the galleries of the Champs Elysées may be judged as well from the astonishing number of works exhibited as from the character of the little that is left to be represented elsewhere. With 4,616 examples of various sorts inscribed in the catalogue, it is hard to believe that much can have been omitted that was deserving a place; and this faith in the fulness of the display is only strengthened by a visit to such an exhibition as that of the Impressionistes, where we are allowed to inspect the latest manifestations of the newest and most extravagant artistic creed. In the case of modern English art the conditions are widely different. The Royal Academy is only one of a group of artistic societies, each of which supplies a distinct feature in the general display, and the student of art has to lay out quite a little fortune in shilling admissions before he can see what his more fortunate brothers in Paris can see at the cost of a single franc. But even when the scattered material has thus been collected from various sources, the impression of the whole is still in striking contrast with that to be gained from a review of the contents of the Salon. Of the various branches of art practised in England, there is only one that can be said to possess real vitality; and when we speak of a representative collection of the works of English artists we mean, in fact, an exhibition of painting, and nothing more. Sculpture only just survives among us, and engraving in the latest phases of its development is recognized only within a limited circle, and chiefly by amateurs. The modern art of France, however great may be its defects, enjoys at least a more liberal scope. It is alive in all its branches, and is perhaps strongest in those very departments of sculpture and engraving where our practice is so insignificant.

For several years past the sculpture of the Salon has taken the leading place in the exhibition, and on the present occasion, in spite of the absence or imperfect representation of several eminent sculptors, the same relation between the two branches is still maintained. The causes of this superiority are indeed not difficult to discover. It is not merely that the practice of sculpture has advanced in France, but that French painters, losing the guidance of the men who were their leaders a few years ago, are now passing through various phases of experiment without any fixed aim or settled methods of work. That movement towards a stricter realism of representation by which both arts have been affected is in the department of painting not yet complete, and many of the younger school of painters are still almost entirely absorbed by problems that concern rather the means than the ends of art. The study of landscape which gave to France a great group of painters, headed by men like Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, and Millet, has resulted in a new appreciation of the laws of aerial effect as applied to other kinds of painting as well as landscape. The truths of atmosphere, the modifying influences of changing effects of light and air upon the definition of form and colour, are now the prime objects of study to the younger generation of artists. They can perceive for the moment scarcely any ideal but this, and they are disposed to regard every style of art which does not include a representation of this particular aspect of nature as a merely artificial product to be discarded by the modern spirit. It will readily be understood that such a view of the requirements of art is not favourable to the production of very serious work. The painter, intent upon imitation of a single truth, is comparatively careless of his theme; he is careless also of those finer truths of form and character which underlie the variations of tone. His general conception of the purpose and function of art is infected with the principles of his executive style, and from constant imitation of particular truths of atmosphere he comes at last to believe that a painter is only entitled to study the aspect of life constantly presented to him, that he is bound to paint modern costume, modern streets, and modern rooms. We do not mean to say that these principles, which find their most brilliant expression in the works of men like Duez and De Nittis, are the principles of the entire French school; but at the same time no one can fail to perceive that the style of execution which they have induced now exercises a disturbing influence upon painting of all kinds. Such a style is well fitted to

express the modern feeling for landscape; nor is it inconsistent with the requirements of portraiture; and accordingly we find that portrait and landscape are among the most successful products of the French school. Apart from the excellence of the works in the former class by men like Dubois, Bonnat, and Meissonier, whose individuality is scarcely affected by the movement we have been discussing, there are in the present exhibition some admirable portraits in which the prevalent ideas of art are distinctly expressed. Of such kind, for example, are the works of Ribot, Bastien-Lepage, Fantin, and De Neuville. In the painting of landscape the study of aerial effects has a natural place, and there are several examples in the exhibition which have in this respect all the force and freshness of a sketch. Even here, however, may be observed a dangerous tendency to subordinate the permanent truths of the scene too completely to the momentary truths of light and air. Many of the landscapes in the Salon are indeed gigantic sketches, and nothing more. They record with success the right relation established between the different masses of colour; but they scarcely attempt the more difficult task of elaborating the details of the subject without disturbing this relation. Among the most delightful examples of French landscape exhibited this year are two canvases by Guillemet, whose execution is comparatively elaborate and complete. The one represents the shores of Dieppe at low tide, the other an inland scene near Armentau, and both are alike remarkable for the successful impression of life and movement in the treatment of the sky. But it is when we pass from portrait and landscape to the consideration of the higher class of subject pictures that the injurious effect of the modern principles of execution are made most clearly manifest. In works professing an ideal aim there is scarcely anything to choose between merely academic painting as represented by men like Bouguereau and Cabanel and those vast and vacant canvases of younger men where an unreal, and even impossible, design is combined with the most realistic system of execution. The large picture of the death of Marceau, by Laurens, to which the jury have justly awarded the highest honours, has no charm of colour. It is admirable in the grave force of its sentiment, and very powerful in the rendering of facial expression; but the spirit of the work is superior to its design, and the design again infinitely superior to the painting. Moreover it is to be observed that M. Laurens has not attempted to create a work of the highest qualities of style. His main object has been to represent with force and fidelity a touching historical incident, and he has therefore ordered his composition rather according to the laws of a painting of genre than by any standard of abstract beauty. The same remark applies with increased force to the large picture by Gervex. Here, however, the theme is comparatively insignificant, and certainly did not require so large a space for its display; the great merit of the work lies in its brilliant colour, in its effective combination of the tones of white and gold, and in the skilful management of light.

It is perhaps by reason of this unsettled state of the art of painting that the most serious aspirations of the modern French school find expression in sculpture. The sculptor is freed from the many temptations and difficulties that are inseparable from the employment of colour. He is not so likely therefore in the pursuit of new truths to lose sight of the importance of the old; he can never without obvious sacrifice neglect those qualities of style which give dignity to the rendering of human form. It is true that, under the influence of a genius like Carpeaux, French sculptors were driven with new impulse to the study of reality; but this tendency, if we except a few instances of individual extravagance, has had the effect of purifying and enriching the resources of the artist. A fresh observation of the ways of nature has led to a quickened appreciation of the laws of art, and the last few years have served to prove that French sculpture, in common with the most remarkable forms of English painting, is now seeking for new inspiration from the study of the work of the Renaissance. It would be impossible to find a higher example of the results of this movement than is afforded by the statue by Paul Dubois, now to be seen in the Grosvenor Gallery. This was the artist's contribution to the Salon of last year. It forms one of a series of four allegorical figures, designed for a monument to be erected at Nantes, of which only two have yet been exhibited. The others, we presume, M. Dubois is reserving for the International Exhibition of next year. On the present occasion he sends only two portrait busts. Allar, whose group of Eve and Satan was another prominent attraction in last year's show, also confines himself to portrait, while Chapu, although his works are sufficiently important in scale, scarcely satisfies the severe standard of beauty which he made for himself by his exquisite figure of "La Jeunesse" exhibited two years ago. The full-length portrait of Berryer has but little dignity in its studied elaboration of design. The gesture is oratorical, but it is not sculptural, and the flowing draperies do not yield in their outline an impression of entire simplicity. The figure of "La Pensée" upon the monument to Daniel Stern suffers in like manner from an injudicious choice of gesture, but here the execution is full of refinement and force. Then, again, Delaplanche, whose "Vierge" of last year and "L'Education Maternelle" of two years ago are not to be forgotten, falls far below himself in a fantastic figure entitled "Music;" while Falguière, who maintains a reputation in both painting and sculpture, sends as an example of the latter only the bronze reproduction of the portrait of Lamartine exhibited last year. And yet, in spite of these disappointments from artists of established fame, the collection of sculpture is eminently

interesting and attractive. It contains no "sensational" feature, like the group by Sarah Bernhardt of last year, unless the first essay in sculpture by Gustave Doré is to be regarded as a sensation. "La Parque et l'Amour" is certainly much superior to M. Doré's paintings. It is marked by greater sobriety of invention, and a more studious attention to the laws of design; it cannot, however, be accepted as a complete or satisfying performance, seeing that both figures lack distinction of type and character, and that the group only composes from one point of view. Prominent among the excellent contributions of younger and less popular artists are the works of Icard, Granet, Lemaire, and Lefèvre. The presence of any one of these artists would suffice to give distinction to our own exhibition, and in the Salon they stand by no means alone.

THE OPERAS.

SIGNOR GAYARRÈS appearance as Faust has confirmed us in the opinion we have already expressed as to his vocal and dramatic qualities. His singing in this part was marked by all the tricks and faults which have been already described, and was further rendered disagreeable by a nasal intonation which we had not previously observed. His acting was not devoid of good intentions, but was so completely wanting in dignity and grace that it became difficult to believe in the influence exercised by Faust over Gretchen. Signor Ordinas, a new singer, appeared on the same occasion as Mephistopheles. This part M. Faure has so much identified with himself that unusual difficulties are thrown in the way of any one else who attempts it. We have often commented upon the mistakes made by singers who have either presented a feeble imitation of M. Faure or attempted originality in mistaken directions. It is pleasant to note that Signor Ordinas cannot justly be accused of either of these faults. His conception of the part corresponds generally with that of M. Faure, which indeed is to our thinking the only one that can be right; but his execution was good without suggesting any direct imitation. Signor Ordinas has neither the fine presence nor the perfect art of M. Faure; but he nevertheless succeeded in making Mephistopheles a very sufficiently diabolical personage; he has a fine voice, which happily is not disfigured by tremulousness, and he used it, on the whole, to good purpose. His singing of the "Dio dell'Or" in the Kermesse scene was coarse, if vigorous; but he made up for this by the merit of his execution of the serenade in the fourth act, in which he delivered the laugh in a manner original and striking. Signor Ordinas's acting in the scene where Mephistopheles shrinks in terror from the sign of the cross aimed at originality, in the effort after which he was betrayed into an exaggeration which we may hope he will correct on future occasions. The notion of making Mephistopheles fall prostrate is not a happy one; and the singer will do well to omit this action. Another new singer, Mlle. Synerberg, appeared as Siebel, without any marked success. Mlle. Albani's Margherita we have on previous occasions spoken of with much praise; and it has certainly improved rather than lost since last year. Signor Cotogni as usual sang and acted finely as Valentine. Signor Vianesi, also as usual, took many of the times wrong, especially those of the old men's chorus and the introduction in the overture of Valentine's cavatina. The chorus behind the scenes in the first act was hopelessly and painfully out. The stage management of the opera is, with one exception, excellent. This exception is found in an ingenious device prepared at the end of the first act. When Faust has thrown off his long gown and beard, the scene at the back changes, and discovers what third-rate novelists call "a gilded saloon." The childishness and tawdriness of the effect need scarcely be seen to be believed.

The performance of the same opera at Mr. Mapleson's house has been far superior to that at Covent Garden. Signor Fancelli's acting of Faust is perhaps not very much better than Signor Gayarrès's; but his singing, though it no doubt wants something in delicacy, is excellent in intention and method. M. Faure's wonderful performance of Mephistopheles, which last year seemed as near to perfection as possible, has yet gained by the addition of such touches as the mocking defiant gesture which the singer has introduced at the point when Mephistopheles draws a circle round himself to ward off the attack of Valentine and the students. The effect produced by M. Faure's whole performance, and especially by the serenade and delivery of the devilish laugh which ends each verse, can be best illustrated by reference to a fantastic story of Théophile Gautier's, called "Deux Acteurs pour un Rôle." This tale, written at a time when its author was impressed with the weird stories of Hoffmann, relates how a young actor, famous for his playing of Mephistopheles, meets with a strange-looking man who picks holes in his performance, and says to him:—"Je n'ai pas été satisfait de votre rire; c'était un rire d'espiègle tout au plus. Voici comme il faudrait rire, mon cher petit monsieur Heinrich." Et là-dessus, comme pour lui donner l'exemple, il lâcha un éclat de rire si aigu, si strident, si sardonique, que l'orchestre et les valse s'arrêtèrent à l'instant même; les vitres du gaesthof tremblèrent." The next night as Heinrich is going on the stage he meets the stranger, who is dressed in a costume exactly like his own, and insists on taking the actor's place, observing that he cannot allow himself to be any longer misrepresented. He goes on the stage, and "ce jeu incisif, mordant, venimeux et vraiment diabolique, surprit d'abord les auditeurs. Ce qui produisait surtout

un grand effet, c'était ce richement aigre comme le grincement d'une scie, ce rire de damné blasphémant les joies du paradis. Jamais acteur n'était arrivé à une telle puissance de sarcasme, à une telle profondeur de scélératesse; on rit et on tremblait." It would be difficult to give a better account than this of certain portions of the performance of M. Faure, who does indeed seem in this part to have sounded every depth of diabolical malice and mockery, and who in the cathedral scene appears as majestically pitiless as in other scenes he is fiendishly gay and careless. Mme. Nilsson seems to us to realize Goethe's Gretchen as completely as M. Faure does his Mephistopheles. It has been objected to Mme. Nilsson's performance that she makes Gretchen too impassioned; but the objection does not seem well founded. In the first scenes there is no suggestion of passion; and, if there were none afterwards, one would have to believe that the fall of Gretchen was brought about entirely by diabolical agency, and was in no way due to human weakness. To us the gradual progress of Mme. Nilsson's Gretchen from dreamy contemplation to the self-abandonment of love appears completely admirable in conception and execution. The exquisite delicacy of Mme. Nilsson's singing, especially in the jewel song, has lost nothing of its accustomed beauty. Signor Del Puente's singing of Valentine was not altogether satisfactory; his delivery of the cavatina in the Kermesse scene was rough, and marred by the introduction of tones which would have belonged more fitly to Mephistopheles. Mlle. Justine Macvitz's rendering of Siebel was in no way happy. The orchestra and chorus were far better than at the other house, and, indeed, left little to be desired except in the unseen chorus in the first scene. The playing of the organ in the cathedral scene was especially fine. The arrangement of this scene would be improved if the niche in which Mephistopheles appears were placed in fuller view of the audience.

Two new singers have lately appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mlle. Emilia Chiomi and Signor Talbo. Mlle. Chiomi has appeared as Lucia di Lammermoor. On the occasion of her first appearance she seemed to suffer from a natural nervousness, and was, we believe, further overweighed by indisposition; but, in spite of these disadvantages, obtained a well-deserved success. In the second act especially, at the point when the marriage contract is signed, Mlle. Chiomi's performance was both vocally and dramatically full of merit; and it is evident that much may be hoped from her. Mlle. Chiomi, who possesses a voice of much freshness and power, has, we believe, gained considerable reputation on the Continent by her performance of Mignon; and we must hope to see her appear, if not in that opera, at least in something less well worn than *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Signor Rota sang well as Enrico Aston, but wore throughout an air of weak benevolence not very consistent with the character. Signor Talbo's first appearance was in the part of the Duke in *Rigoletto*. His voice, especially in the middle register, is far from pleasing in quality, and his intonation was by no means certain in many passages. His acting is of the most primitive kind. He has, however, the merit of singing without tremulousness; and possibly some of his defects should be set down to nervousness. He gained much applause by his execution of "La Donna è mobile," which he sang leaning in an ungainly fashion on a chair, and in which, when encoired, he introduced a chest C. The delivery of this note invariably assures applause to the singer who utters it, and who is supposed to have done something very clever in giving it forth. Signor Galassi's *Rigoletto* is a fine performance both in its singing and acting, and Mme. Treballi's Maddalena is, like everything this singer undertakes, admirable. Mlle. Valleria is not very successful as Gilda. What Signor Broccolini might have made of Sparafucile if he had known the notes of the part somewhat better it is impossible to say.

The return of Mme. Patti to Covent Garden is always an event of importance; but thus far at least she has appeared only in operas in which her performance has been frequently described or criticized. It is part of Mme. Patti's system that her singing never alters; her execution is always brilliant and faultless, and always makes one long for the expression of more emotion even at the cost of some blot in the dexterous performance. M. Maurel, whose successful appearance with Mme. Patti in *L'Etoile du Nord* we noted last year, has been suffering from indisposition, from which we must hope he will recover before he has to appear in the forthcoming production of *Il Vascello Fantasma*, as Herr Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* is called. M. Capoul has appeared as Raoul in the *Huguenots* with considerable success. Some doubts entertained as to his voice being powerful enough proved to be needless. M. Capoul's singing of the part had just the same faults and merits that are observed in the singer's Faust. His acting was throughout good in intention; but was sometimes spoilt by extravagance of gesticulation. At one point M. Capoul was thoroughly admirable. This was in the sudden change of expression and gesture at the sound of the bell in the great duet, which could hardly have been given more impressively than it was by M. Capoul.

THE OAKS.

IT seems to be commonly believed—if we may revert for one moment to the Derby—that if he had had a fair share of luck, Rob Roy would have beaten Silvio in the great three-year-old encounter at Epsom. Undoubtedly Rob Roy was running stronger.

than either Silvio or Glen Arthur at the finish; undoubtedly, also, Tattenham Corner has more than one Derby defeat to answer for; yet a first-class horse in moderate company ought to be able to win without having everything his own way in the race. Pero Gomez was as nearly as possible knocked down at Tattenham Corner, yet he managed to make up the lost ground and run Pretender to a head. Indeed many people thought that the head was the other way; and Pretender, if not up to the highest form, was probably quite as good a horse as Silvio or Glen Arthur. Judged by his actual position in the race—a head in advance of Rhideroch—Rob Roy would not deserve to stand very high in the handicapper's estimation; but, granted that that form is wrong, we are still of opinion that if he had been as good as was supposed, Rob Roy ought to have done more than he did in the last quarter of a mile when once he had got clear of the gigantic Thunderstone. With Chamant practically out of the way, he might even have ventured to adopt the tactics pursued—perhaps unintentionally pursued—with Placida in the Oaks, and have taken the lead at the commencement of the race, and kept it. Such a policy is bold no doubt; but a horse who is good enough to try it secures himself at any rate from disappointments on the most disappointing of courses.

The followers of public form, if terribly worried in the Derby, had their revenge in the Oaks, which was run in more than usually unfavourable weather. The nine runners included Belphebe, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, Lady Golightly, Placida, La Jonchère, the winner of the French Oaks, Plaisante, and Muscatel. The last-named had never appeared in public before, but came with a great private reputation from the North. She is a remarkably fine-looking mare, and attracted perhaps more admiration in the paddock than any of the other competitors; and, as will be seen, she took a very creditable part in the race. It was evident that Lady Golightly had made no improvement since the One Thousand; but, on the other hand, Belphebe, who beat her at Newmarket, had done well, and was in excellent condition. La Jonchère had a strong body of admirers, who relied on the good form she had shown in France, and were well content with her racing-like appearance; and Placida, if not altogether taking to the eye, was full of power and in perfect health. Altogether, the four Oaks mares, Placida, Belphebe, Muscatel, and La Jonchère, would hold their own, in looks at any rate, against any four of the Derby horses, and would possibly hold their own in a race also. According to public running, Placida occupied, and was justly entitled to occupy, the position of first favourite. She won seven races out of nine last year; and her victory at Lewes over Chevron, Shillelagh, Palm Flower, Dee, and Chamant was one of the best two-year-old performances of the season. Belphebe's head defeat of Lady Ronald in the One Thousand Guineas would not stand comparison with this achievement; and Lady Golightly has already given proof this spring of having lost her fine two-year-old form. Muscatel had only private reputation and good looks in her favour; and the French three-year-old fillies defeated by La Jonchère are believed to be only moderate. Thus, with Palm Flower removed from the competition through the death of her nominator, the way was made comparatively easy for Placida; and the race, though somewhat hazily run, was secured by her in the end with consummate ease. After one break away, the flag fell, and the favourite at once rushed to the front, and her jockey seemed wholly unable to hold her back. Astrée, who was started in order to make the running for her stable-companion La Jonchère, never succeeded in fulfilling her mission; and as it became more and more evident that the leader showed no signs of coming back to her field, the field bestirred themselves as best they could to get as near to her as possible. But every attempt was fruitless, and though her jockey so far got her under control as to prevent her from breaking away, yet he could not prevent her from maintaining her position in front. In fact, Placida went the entire course pulling double; and though Muscatel and Belphebe made a gallant challenge for victory, they could never reach the daughter of Lord Lyon, who won without having been once called upon by three-quarters of a length—a distance which, as it appeared to us, might have been indefinitely increased at her rider's pleasure. Belphebe sustained her One Thousand reputation by beating the remainder of the field, and Muscatel finished a good third. The victory of Placida was a triumph of public form, and also a triumph to Lord Lyon, whose stock have been deemed incapable of staying. The race was also a contradiction of another maxim, which generally holds true, that horses which overpower their riders in the beginning of a race will fail to stay to the end of it. There is no doubt that Placida is a mare of very high class, superior to many Oaks winners of recent years; and we think that, in estimating her at 4 lbs. below Rob Roy and on an equality with Altyre, the framer of the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, to be run at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, has very much underrated her merits. Both Rob Roy and Altyre will have to make a great improvement on their Derby form to stand a chance with the flying daughter of Lord Lyon and Pietas.

The general racing of the Epsom week was remarkable for the excellent form shown by the old horses. Dalham opened the ball by beating Controversy by three lengths for the Craven Stakes, the three-year-olds never having the slightest chance with the two six-year-olds. Then Trappist beat a good field, including Brigg Boy, Pluton, and Beumber, for the Egmont Plate; and Captain Prince's five-year-old may now be esteemed one of the best weight-carriers

of the day over his own distance. On the third day of the meeting Petrarch displayed his brilliant speed over the mile-and-a-half course he failed to compass a year ago, and won the High Level Handicap from Rabagas II., Lillian, and Queen of Cyprus. Hesper, again, carrying 9st. 5lbs., was only beaten a neck by Sweet Note in the Welter Handicap; but Lord Lonsdale's four-year-old had his revenge for this defeat on the following afternoon, when, with the weights much more in his favour, he secured the Epsom Cup after a desperate finish with Dalham. The pair were opposed by The Ghost, Pluton, Warrior, Mate, and three more, and The Ghost for once made a creditable show, not being finally disposed of till opposite the Stand. Then the finish was left to Hesper and Dalham; and the Duke of Westminster's horse, never being quite able to get up, suffered a head defeat. The fine form shown during the week by Dalham furnishes additional proof of the excellence of Umpire, who beat him at Manchester, and who is probably one of the best horses of the day. Collaterally, also, the form of Rosebery is enhanced, and the appearance of the hero of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire of 1876 in Cup races is anxiously expected. The chief two-year-old event of the week, the Woodcote Stakes, fell to Cyprus, the representative of the formidable Russley stable, but it is probable that Centenary, who ran second, may turn out to be the better of the two at some future time. For the rest, the early two-year-old form was, as often happens, turned topsy-turvy. Ersilia, Grace, and La Merveille had to lower their colours; but, in excuse for Grace, it may be said that Lady Lumley, who beat her in the Stanley Stakes, got away with a flying start, which, in a half-mile scurry, is everything. On the whole, the general racing of the week was of more than usual interest, and quite made up for any disappointment felt at the collapse of so many Derby candidates, and the consequently diminished lustre of the great attraction of the meeting.

The first of the great yearling sales of the season took place last Saturday, and it does not appear that breeders will have to complain of scarcity of purchasers or badness of prices. Forty-five lots were disposed of at Middle Park for an average of 273 guineas, which cannot be unsatisfactory to Mr. Blenkiron. The Rosicrucians quite carried off the honours of the day, a son of Sir Joseph Hawley's beautiful horse and Bas Bleu—half brother accordingly to Blue Gown—fetching 1,500 guineas, a son of Hilda realizing 1,050 guineas, and daughters of Pandora and Anderida 900 and 600 guineas respectively. The young Vespasians also sold well, the highest price obtained being 650 guineas for a son of Vespasian and Entremet. The stock of Victorious also commanded considerable attention; and, on the whole, the result of the sale was none the less satisfactory because there were no sensational prices, such as are made later in the season when large winners at Epsom and Ascot bid more out of a spirit of reckless bravado perhaps than because the article is really worth the money they offer. It is said, on good authority we believe, that any advance on 150 guineas for a yearling is clear profit to the breeder. If that be so, the figures obtained at the Middle Park sale show that Mr. Blenkiron has received no inadequate recompense for the trouble and anxiety inseparable from the management of a large breeding establishment.

REVIEWS.

LEWES'S PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND.*

THE present volume, the third of Mr. Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind*, will probably be found to be even more interesting than the two which have already appeared. It has less of abstract and logical discussion, and includes in its wide range of contents some of the most interesting and keenly contested questions of biological science. We have on former occasions pointed out the singular merit of Mr. Lewes's handling as a popular expounder of the latest results of scientific research. As he goes on with his task he seems to gain in ease and naturalness. In the present volume we seem hardly to be reading a book so much as listening to the conversational lecture of a teacher who is taking us completely along with him from step to step, and answering, as they arise, the difficulties which present themselves, but which he formulates for us much better than we could for ourselves. If the exposition errs perhaps a little on the side of diffuseness and repetition, it secures thereby that quality of readableness without which the most consummate knowledge and the most transcendent powers of style are useless. This quality of readableness is one which Germany knows not. Those whose profession compels them to much reading of German books have to groan over much waste of time and much trial of temper, because no German is acquainted with the commonest rules of rhetoric, or has any notion of how to convey a meaning to another intelligence. Mr. Lewes's style is a model of exposition, being not only intelligible, but so easy that, if it does not supersede the necessity of attention, it at least removes from it all the pain.

In his first volume of "*Problems*" Mr. Lewes was found occupying his old position of antagonism to metaphysics, but with a

* *The Physical Basis of Mind; with Illustrations. Being the Second Series of "Problems of Life and Mind." By George Henry Lewes.* London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

saving clause. Thirty years before, when first coming forward as a writer on such subjects, Mr. Lewes stood pretty nearly on the Comtist platform, denouncing all philosophy—and this in a History of Philosophy—as an illusory pursuit of shadows in the realms of the unknowable. In the first volume of "Problems" we found him reducing this sweeping condemnation of all speculation within narrower dimensions. The assiduous devotion of a life of study to the subject had not only deepened his knowledge, but chastened his intellectual aspirations. Like all other searchers after truth who had been dazzled in youth by the brilliant but superficial generalizations of Auguste Comte, he had recovered his power of sight, and "felt confident of having something like a clear vision of the fundamental inductions necessary to the constitution of psychology." "Metaphysics," which had been proscribed in the lump, were now divided into two portions—the "metempirical" portion, which was pronounced to be hopelessly impossible, and was to remain excluded from the intellectual sphere; and a residuum of metaphysics which was to be transformed by reduction to the method of science. It was now declared to have been an error in Comte that he peremptorily excluded all research into metaphysical questions. The questions exist, and will continue to be asked; ignoring them will not set them at rest. Comte's plan of "ordering" that they shall not be asked is despotism, not scientific. Mr. Lewes's old hostility to metaphysics was not abated. On the contrary, he recurs again and again to that theme. Metaphysics was "to be stamped out of existence. It is an obstacle in our path; it must be crushed into dust and our chariot-wheels must pass over it"; saving, however, a certain portion, which was "to be converted into motive powers, and what is an obstacle become an impulse." The name "metaphysics" was to be retained, because it has had godfathers so illustrious that it ought to be preserved. But it was to be retained with an entirely new meaning, to designate that division of physics which deals with "the highest generalizations of research."

On this preliminary enunciation of Mr. Lewes's general scheme in his first volume there arose among his readers much doubt as to what was his new position towards metaphysics. Some critics thought that he really stood upon the old ground of total disregard to speculative questions. They thought they saw in his apparent concessions a mere disguise of the old antagonism—a courtesy of warfare, and nothing more. One reviewer, in particular, who argued the case at great length, showed, as he thought satisfactorily, that Mr. Lewes had indeed professed to be able to give a scientific solution of metaphysical problems, but that he had first taken care to eliminate them all under his new term "metempirical." While some of his readers thus understood Mr. Lewes to be holding fast his original negation of "philosophy," there were others who took exactly the opposite view, and triumphed over having in him an illustrious convert from Positivism. They regarded the "Problems" as retracting the extreme anti-metaphysical dogmatism of the "History." They regarded Mr. Lewes's extension of the scientific method to the problems which used to be called "philosophical" as a *bona fide* enlargement of the domain of science, which was now, for the first time, made coextensive with knowledge.

The present, or third, volume of the "Problems" will no doubt be taken as confirming this last interpretation of its author's views. The interesting chapter headed "Animal Automatism" goes much further than we had yet been prepared for, in its inclusion of metaphysical inquiries within the legitimate field of knowledge. In his first volume Mr. Lewes was still found insisting upon the exclusive rights of science to possess, and legislate for, the whole domain of knowledge. All theological and ontological conceptions, everything which was not phenomenal, were banished into the region of the unknowable as metempirical. Only such philosophical questions were to be asked as could be answered in the terms, and on the conditions, of empirical science. But in the present volume, and in the chapter on "Animal Automatism," we find to our surprise a large and important section of purely metaphysical speculation brought back to our notice, not included in the method of scientific investigation, but established on its own basis in parity of rights with science. Mr. Lewes describes the development of the special sciences out of the first notion by the process of self-limitation. Each science abstracted from the complex of phenomena one single class of facts which alone it agreed to regard. Science in its progress should go on thus ramifying till all phenomena, the whole domain of the knowable, were classified and accounted for. Such would have been, in old time, Mr. Lewes's position. But now we find that, concurrently with this growth of science, a critical process was going on, which, analysing the nature of perception, was rapidly moving towards another goal. Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, directing their analysis exclusively to the subjective aspect of phenomena, soon broke down the barriers between the physical and the mental, and gradually merged the former in the latter. That is to say, the whole of the idealist psychology of the eighteenth century, including its ontological doctrine of the non-existence of phenomena, is placed side by side with science as an equally legitimate application of the human understanding, and as constituting a moiety of the domain of knowledge. Science knows nothing but phenomena; phenomena have no existence—nothing exists but my subjective "feeling." Of these two incompatible hypotheses either may be made the starting-point for our intellectual progress. The former hypothesis leads, and has led, to those magnificent acquisitions which in the last two centuries have changed the face of the globe and the course of human history by

giving man a degree of mastery over his environment undreamt of before. The latter hypothesis, that of idealism, has issued in nothing but the unsubstantial dreams of a few idle philosophers in the German schools. It is bewildering indeed to find that the two hypotheses are not only reconcilable, but are equally true and equally valuable. The inductive method of science is now no longer the only legitimate method; consciousness and the method of introspection is to rank *pari passu* with the scientific method. We seem to have lost sight of the landmark of the first volume, in which we were told that "where the speculative quits the ground of sense and verification the region of the metempirical begins, a region where we have not even probability as a guide, a morass of uncertainty, where all footing yields and all tests fail." Surely when the data of consciousness are elevated into a source of information equally valid with phenomena presented to the sense, we have got into that "world of abstraction which is peopled by purely subjective constructions without objective validity" (vol. i. p. 63). There is no such thing as mind or soul. Mind and soul are abstractions by which the "logic of signs" groups certain nervous phenomena or refers them to a fictitious cause. There is no such thing as matter or force. Existence is a mere panorama of mental states, and my body is a group in that panorama. These two opposite theories, of which the one is the negation of the other, are by Mr. Lewes taken together. In older Positivist days he would surely have employed their mutual destructiveness as a weapon against philosophy. He would have shown how two contrary hypotheses, neither of which can be disproved, issue in nihilism, and reduce speculation to an absurdity. Now he embraces them both, and combines them into one doctrine, which he calls "reasoned realism." They are two aspects of the same phenomena, according as you approach these phenomena from the objective or the subjective side. This explanation as a metaphysical doctrine may be tenable or plausible. We do not propose to examine this form of Monism, which is indeed not new, but is now brought out by Mr. Lewes with the emphasis and fulness of knowledge which he can communicate to any discussion. We only observe that, if anything be "metaphysics," this doctrine is wholly so. Mr. Lewes's "reasoned realism" is no attempt to fulfil the promise of the first volume, that metaphysical problems were to be solved by the method of science, never invoking aid from any higher source than experience.

Because we have dwelt upon what appears to us an inconsistency in Mr. Lewes's system, we must not lead our readers to suppose that the present volume of "Problems" is mainly occupied with this purely philosophical theory. In fact, this Monism—the identity of the phenomena which in one "aspect" are called physical, in another mental—occupies a very subordinate place in a volume which is devoted almost wholly, as its title bears, to biological discussion. The display of the mechanism of the nervous system occupies nearly a third of the whole book. Here Mr. Lewes combines his own practical knowledge of physiology with abundant reference to the latest records of experiment in a branch of the subject in which he admits that analysis is still in a very imperfect state. He makes it his special business to separate what is mere inference from what is verified observation. Introductory to the exhibition of the nervous mechanism is a chapter on "the nature of life." Under this head some of the abstract or general questions are treated. The theory of vitalism, that life is an agent super-added to the organism, is rejected as pure hypothesis. Life is the expression of the whole organism. It is argued against Mr. Herbert Spencer that structure precedes function. The short section on evolution and natural selection may be noticed as an excellent specimen of Mr. Lewes's manner of giving relief and freshness to a didactic exposition by interweaving a polemic against the diverging theories of accredited, or at least contemporary, writers. The paragraph which introduces the familiar topic of evolution may be cited as an example of the art by which a reader's interest is bespoken for a discussion involving much detail necessarily wearisome:—

Every one . . . must have been impressed by this marvel of marvels; an exceedingly minute portion of living matter so simple in aspect that a line will define it, passes by successive modifications into an organism so complex that a treatise is needed to describe it. Not only do the cells in which the ovum and the spermatozoon originate pass into a complex organism reproducing the forms and features of the parents, and with these the constitutional peculiarities of the parents (their longevity, their diseases, their mental dispositions, nay, their very tricks and habits), but they may reproduce the form and features, the dispositions and diseases, of a grandfather or great-grandfather, which had lain dormant in the father or mother. Consider for an instant what this implies. A microscopic cell of albuminous compounds, wholly without trace of organs, not appreciably distinguishable from millions of other cells, contains within it the possibilities of an organism so complex and as special as that of a Newton or a Napoleon. If ever there was a case where the famous Aristotelian notion of a "potential existence" seemed justified, assuredly it is this. And although we can only by fallacy maintain the oak to be contained in the acorn, or the animal contained in the ovum, the fallacy is so natural, and indeed so difficult of escape, that there is no ground for surprise when physiologists, on first learning something of development, were found maintaining that the perfect organism existed already in the ovum, having all its lineaments in miniature, and only growing into visible dimensions through the successive stages of evolution. The preformation of the organism seemed an inevitable deduction from the opinions once universal. It was asserted that the original germ of every species contained within it all the countless individuals which in process of time might issue from it. This, the celebrated "emboliment" theory, gained scientific acceptance because physiologists could not bring themselves to believe that so marvellous a structure as that of the human organism arose by a series of successive modifications, or because they could not comprehend how it was built up, part by part, into forms so closely resembling the parent-forms.

By thus placing his reader in the middle of the history of physiology, and enlisting his sympathies with the struggle of truth to disengage itself from theory, an initial interest is awakened which brings us with fresh zest to the well-worn theme of evolution. To this—the distinctive philosophical conception of our age—Mr. Lewes makes a very important original contribution. The Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection has revolutionized zoology; but it had never been applied to physiology. Mr. Lewes maintains that we must extend our notion of the struggle for existence, and must include under it the antagonism and competition of tissues and organs. There is not only an external struggle between species and between individuals of the same species, there is also an internal struggle between portions of an organism. Just as an organism which has been modified, and thereby gained a superiority over others, has by this modification been selected for survival, so one tissue or one organ which has surpassed another in the struggle of growth will thereby have become selected. The terms of Mr. Darwin's discovery must be enlarged to make it include all the biological conditions. The idea of natural selection must be subordinated to the laws of organic affinity. All the complex organisms are evolved from organisms less complex, as these were evolved from simpler forms; the link which unites all organisms is not always the common bond of heritage, but the uniformity of organized substances acting under similar conditions.

The fourth and last "Problem" in this volume, entitled "The Reflex Theory," includes a refutation, quite convincing as it seems to us, of the "purely mechanical" doctrine. The mechanical doctrine has, in fact, established itself under cover of the ambiguous use of the term "consciousness." This term, which has imported much confusion into psychology, has been really used in two very different senses—a special and a general. In its special use "consciousness" denotes a particular reflected attention to an internal state, whereby we not only have a feeling, but dwell upon the fact that we have it. In its general sense "conscious" is an epithet applied to all psychical states, whether of sensation or of thought, and quite irrespectively of the fact of our attending to the state or not. All reflex action then is conscious in the latter sense, that in which "consciousness" stands for the total of all combined sensibilities. When the sensory mechanism reacts, that is sensation. The fact of intellectual processes taking place at times with no more consciousness than reflex actions is itself sufficient to show that a process does not lapse from the mental to the mechanical sphere simply by passing unattended to. As "vitality" is a convenient artifice of classificatory language, bringing under a common term each and every physiological function of the organism, so "consciousness" is used to denote the total of the organism's psychological functions. Each organ and its function involves the whole organism. Consciousness = sensation, and is a complex product not to be recognized in any one of its factors. The organism is not an assemblage of organs, put together like a machine. The organs are differentiations of the organism, all sharing in a common activity or inter-dependent. Thus every reaction on an impression is not only a reaction of the impressed part, but the reaction of the whole organism.

This slight summary may serve to indicate the general character of Mr. Lewes's third volume. But the book itself is one which will inevitably find its way into the hands of every student of mental science who wishes to obtain the freshest view of physiology in its relation to mind. The most interesting volume will doubtless be the fourth, which is to come, in which it may be anticipated that Mr. Lewes will engage the subject of psychology pure. The increased respect which has accrued to philosophy in the last few years, its redemption from the discredit into which it had been brought by the baseless and fantastic speculations of German lecture-rooms, is a fact which can hardly be disputed. To this revival of the credit of speculative philosophy Mr. Lewes's "Problems" have probably contributed in a larger measure than any other single English work.

POOLE'S CUSTOMS AND LEGENDS OF SOMERSET.

THIS is but a small book, but it is one of a kind which all who care for local history should help to put down. Nothing is better worth studying than local customs, superstitions, and legends, when they are studied in a critical spirit. From one point of view they have their place in the general history of districts, provinces, kingdoms; from another point of view they have their place in the general history of mankind. Nor is there any better field for such study than the particular shire which Mr. Poole has taken in hand, one which has in many ways a special history of its own, and where a great number of old customs and superstitions still linger. But Mr. C. H. Poole is not an inquirer of any critical school. He belongs to the school to which we might expect to find him belonging when he carries the ominous letters "F.R. Hist. Soc." after his name, and when he gravely quotes Mr. Phœbe. To many of our readers this last name will most likely be unknown; to those who have heard it, it will give a very good means of weighing Mr. C. H. Poole, who, we may notice, besides Mr. Phœbe, largely quotes Matthew of Westminster. "B.L.," we fancy, is some new degree

in the University of London, a degree which however seems consistent with printing three lines of Latin prose as if they were verse, and describing the author as "Q. Curtii." Lastly, Mr. Poole, who has so many and so strange letters after his own name, pays a well-known and deservedly respected magistrate of the county of which he writes the very doubtful compliment of sticking "J.P., D.L." after his name. Mr. C. H. Poole has got to learn that some things may be taken for granted.

Mr. C. H. Poole is one of those people who, when they get hold of any class of subjects, leave out nearly all the best parts of it, and spoil those which they do not leave out. Here is a book of the legends of Somerset in which the finding of the Holy Cross of Montacute—rather the Holy Cross of Lutgersbury—is wholly passed by. The very name of that historic spot is nowhere found in the book, save once incidentally in telling the story of Wulfrie of Haselbury. For we can hardly call it finding the name of Montacute, when in the Index we find "Montacute, Lord, 129. Montague, Dr. 72." It almost passes belief that these two descriptions mean the same man, a well-known Bishop of Bath and Wells. The description of the Bishop as "Lord Montacute" comes from a story "given by Warburton, who quotes it from Isaac Casaubon." There is no reference to either Warburton or Casaubon. That even Casaubon—much more than Warburton—should, if either of them really did, speak of Bishop Montague as "Lord Montacute," is quite worth noticing. We believe that other instances of the same formula may be found; we have heard of "Lord Crammer." It is the usual Continental way of describing a Bishop, and it is exactly analogous to the contemporary way of speaking of Chancellors and Chief Justices, as "Lord Bacon"—whom no one would know as "Viscount St. Albans"—"Lord Coke," and a crowd of others. But it is not at all clear whether Mr. Poole knew that "Lord Montacute" and "Dr. Montague" meant the same man. It is clear that his index-maker did not.

One of the oddest customs to be found in the county of Somerset or anywhere else was one which has come to an end within a few years, by which a yearly feast was held at North Curry in honour of King John. One is tempted to ask whether there is anywhere a feast kept in honour of William Rufus. If Mr. Poole could have given us any explanation of this strange rite, we might have been really thankful to him; all that we know ourselves is that King John gave or sold—we forget which—the manor of North Curry to the church of Wells. But all that Mr. Poole can do is to tell us, in penny-a-liner's style, about a "peculiar custom until recently observed in memory of King John, the murderer of Prince Arthur." For what kind of people can this definition of the one John in our regal history be needed, and moreover who made Arthur a "prince"? But Mr. Poole does not know everything at North Curry. There is a charming story there about King John and an owl, which, with other names, is also found elsewhere. We will not tell it to Mr. Poole; but we will gladly give it privately to any one who may be thinking of treating the legends of Somerset from the point of view of comparative mythology.

We of course have a long story of Dunstan and Glastonbury; but the stag-hunt of King Eadmund and his wonderful preservation, which, in the story at least, leads to the foundation of Muchelney Abbey, is placed vaguely on the "precipitous side of an abrupt hill." The story is comically placed on the specially "precipitous" side of one specially "abrupt hill," no other than the famous Cheddar Cliffs. We cannot at this moment turn to Mr. Poole's favourite "Matthew of Westminster," whence he seems to get most of his notions about Dunstan; but it is certain that Mr. Poole finds nothing to say about Cheddar anywhere.

Mr. Poole's fitness for dealing with any matter may be judged of within a very few pages of his beginning, where he tells that "wassailing" "proclaims to us the historical fact that when Hengist [sic] and Horsa first visited this land, at the instigation of Vortigern, Prince of the Silures, the chief became enamoured of Rowena, the niece of Hengist"—and so on, with a scrap of Robert of Gloucester (not Matthew of Westminster this time) and a "paraphrase" of the passage which "occurs in the *Antiquarian Repertory*." The "Saxons" are there spoken of quite from the outside, but it appears from a later page that Mr. C. H. Poole himself has "Gothic ancestors, who fought the Southern Swedes in a mock battle, the one personifying the summer, the other the winter." Lighting candles in the room where a corpse lies is "a relic of Catholic times, not peculiar to Somerset, but which may be found existing in Northumberland and the Isle of Man." "The Church of England," Mr. Poole adds, "did its best to destroy it." In our many and varied efforts to fix the date of "the Reformation" it might have been some help if we had had Mr. Poole by us to define "Catholic times" and "the Church of England." Mr. Poole also abounds in curious remarks which seem sometimes to need a commentator. "Ghosts," we are told, "are of Christian origin, as the idea of one could not be reproduced by Paganism." "In the *History of the Skeleton of Death*"—a work, one would think, of thrilling interest—"we find that even in the middle ages great delicacy was used in speaking of death, especially in treating of kings and nobles." It is painful to hear that "a trace of a Pagan superstition is still found existing among pious Dissenters; for, on the death of a member of their community, the sweet strains of music are often said to hover over the house." We believe that the same notion has been entertained in families of the strictest orthodoxy. So again, "Touching for the King's Evil was, and is, held as a cure; for even when the Duke of Monmouth passed through Somerset, many were presented to him, and derived benefit from

* *The Customs, Superstitions, and Legends of the County of Somerset.* Collected from various Sources. By Charles Henry Poole, B.L., F.R.S.L. F.R. Hist. Soc. F.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

his healing touch." It is hard here to follow either the chronology or the line of argument. Whose touch is supposed to be effectual now? What was there wonderful in those who looked on Monmouth as King going to him to be touched? But what can the fact of a seventeenth-century King or Pretender touching prove as to the state of things now? Then what a wonderful euphemism it is to find Monmouth's insurrection so quietly described as "when the Duke of Monmouth passed through Somerset." One turns over Mr. Poole's pages to find all the old stories told, and badly told, over again without a spark of life or a breath of criticism. Alfred and Ine suffer equally. We read about "S. Cungar, son of the Emperor of Constantinople," our Emperor of Constantinople being seemingly the same as another to Mr. Poole—as one King of Denmark is the same as another to a Gloucestershire antiquary bent on displacing the real pedigree of the Berkeleys for a sham one; and Mr. Poole does not shrink from telling again that nearly the silliest of all stories about the village of Dundry taking its name from the architect having built the tower there after building two others, and saying, "Now I have done three." So again at Monksilver, another legend about the building of one of the aisles of the church is told, if we do not greatly mistake, in the very words of Mr. J. M. Neale in his *Hierologia*, without acknowledgment, inverted commas, or anything.

A book of this kind always deserves to be unsparingly exposed, because it stands in the way of something better. With Mr. Poole it would be vain to argue. When a man cannot be satisfied that "Cannards Grave" means "Cannards' grave," but must go about to find that it means "the kinchen's grove"—when he conceives that a person bearing so very modern a name as "Nancy Caniel" "lived in some period of history either never ascertained or so remote that time has effaced all traces from mortal memory"—we fear that he is beyond reformation. But the subject which he has spoiled is a good one, and even in the crude chaos of his pages hints may be found which some better qualified hand might turn to better account. Mr. Poole has notices of Mining Laws and common lands which might be useful to Sir Henry Maine. And we wonder whether it ever came into the head of Mr. C. H. Poole, as he was shovelling out his mass of rude materials, that the great master of Primitive Culture lies within the bounds of his own shire. Witchcraft is still well known in Somerset, and very curious stories can be told about it by those who go further below the surface than Mr. Poole. A small heart or an onion is still sometimes stuck with pins for the same end for which Duchess Eleanor of Gloucester was said to have made a waxen image of King Henry the Sixth. The rod still finds water, and that in most respectable hands. There is still an astrologer—perhaps more than one—who has been seen by his neighbours through the keyhole performing very strange rites in very strange company. These things are found out by scientific inquirers, and in the hands of scientific inquirers they can be made to play their part in the general history of man. As for legends of Alfred and Ine, of Glastonbury and Wells and Bath, we must warn Mr. Poole that they lie quite beyond the range of anybody who thinks it fine to put "F.R. Hist. Soc." after his name.

ARIADNÉ.*

THE study of ancient art might be expected to beget a certain temperance and calm in the modern mind. Reticence, and limit, and reserve are, it has been said a thousand times, exactly the qualities that make Greek sculpture and poetry so admirable and so unique. Why is it, then, that the students of Greek poetry and art are often so unrestrained, so Asiatic, in the expression of their admiration? As Mr. Matthew Arnold makes Homer say to some of his English and Scotch critics, "It is very well, my good friends; you do me a great deal of honour; but somehow or other you praise me too like barbarians." "One cannot help feeling that there is no very deep community of nature between them and the object of their enthusiasm." This is what one feels in reading Ouida's new novel, *Ariadné*. It is inspired no doubt by a genuine love of ancient art and of its homes in Italy and Greece. And yet there does not seem to be a very deep communion of nature between Ouida and the Greeks. We quote, for example, a passage which seems to us to be written with real though rather breathless eloquence:—

It is so beautiful, that highway to our Rome across the land from Etrurian Arezzo; the Umbrian soil is rich and fresh, masses of oak clothe the hills, avenues of oak and beech and clumps of forest-trees shelter the cattle and break the lines of olive and of vine; behind are the mountains, dusky against the light, with floating vapours veiling them, and half hiding some ruined fortress or walled village, or some pile, half palace and half prison, set high upon their ridges; and ever and again, upon some spur of them or eminence, there is some old grey city, mighty in the past and still in fame immortal; Cortona, with its citadel like a towering rock, enthroned aloft; Assisi, sacred and grey upon the high hill-top; Spoleto, lovely in her sweetness as any dream, with calm deep woods around, and at her back the purple cloud-swept heights that bear its name; Perugia Augusta, with domes and towers, cupolas and castles, endless as a forest of stone; Foligno, grand and gaunt, and still and desolate, as all these cities are, their strength spent, their fortresses useless, their errand done, their genius of war and art quenched with their beacon-fires; one by one they succeed one another in the long panorama of the Apennine range; wood and water, and corn and orchard, all beneath them and around them, fruitful and in peace, and in their midst, Jone Trasimene, soundless and

windless, with the silvery birds at rest upon its silvery waters, and here and there maybe a solitary sail, catching the light and shining like a silver shield amidst the reedy shallows.

There are many other pages which appear to show that Ouida's care for nature and art is real enough. But then, in how many other places does she show how little she has really been affected by the genius of Greek art, how little she has learned its lesson! This book is the story of four persons, or of five at the most. There is a half-learned and exceedingly archaeological old cobbler, who possesses, among other treasures, a *Hermes*—the work, he thinks, of Phidias. There is Maryx, a French sculptor of colossal genius, and Hilarion, a poet of transcendent ability as far as form goes, but heartless and a scoundrel. And there is the heroine, Ariadné, a girl of sixteen when we meet her first, the daughter of a poor painter and of a Jewess. She has lived always in a lonely place by the sea, reading Homer and Pausanias, "the old Periegetes," as Ouida affectionately calls him. On her father's death she comes to Rome to look for her Jewish kindred. Struck by her resemblance to a bronze which he believes to be an Ariadne, the old cobbler protects the girl, and introduces her to Maryx, from whom she learns his art, occupying her odd moments with a work which some one (Ouida perhaps) really should undertake—a new translation of Pausanias. All goes well, in spite of the gloomy forebodings of the mother of Maryx, an orthodox old Southern peasant woman, till Hilarion the poet wins the heart of Ariadné with a glance, carries her off, deserts her, shoots Maryx in a duel, and, lastly, wakens to moral life and to true love just when Ariadné dies of a broken heart.

Now the story of which we have given the briefest sketch may be criticized either as a romance—a novel it is not—or as an archaeological excursus. We will take the archaeology first, and endeavour to show reason why Ouida should restrain the exuberant expression of her learning till she has acquired a more accurate knowledge of her subject. By that time, no doubt, she will write in a more chastened style. As things are at present, we have "long, lush grass" in the second page, and "bestial, bloated, porphyry emperors" in the third, while Maryx is described as "a vigorous and lofty figure, with a noble head, like the Ophidian Zeus, and gleaming eyes, changeful as the skies, and the laughing mouth of Hercules." As a reader of George Sand and of Alfred de Musset, Ouida will remember that the latter poet used to cut out the superfluous adjectives of the former. Constant intercourse with works like the Ophidian Jupiter (concerning whom we have to plead total ignorance, and a suspicion that he is related to the Venus of Milo of Crotona) may do for Ouida what the author of *Rolla* did for the author of *Indiana*. It may tone down her exuberant adjectives. And now for Ouida's display of learning. As the story is supposed to be told by an old shoemaker, and as, to be dramatically correct, it must contain a few such blunders as æsthetic cobblers are likely to make, it would be unfair to charge the errors to Ouida. But surely she has made her cobbler too pedantic and too much of a classical Malaprop. Granting that Ariadné may be written with the accent as Ouida has it, why should we have *Apâte* and *Philotes* (i. 275), *Apôté* and *Philotes* (ii. 123), *Philotès* (ii. 176), *Apôté* and *Philotès* (ii. 166), *Apâte* and *Philotes* (iii. 249)? There seems a want of method in this lush wealth of opulent accents. What, again, is a "Glyptothekæ" (i. 232)? and is Apollo to be *Cytharædus*, or *Citharædus* (iii. 210), or neither or both? What ancient Roman family answered to the name of the Scipii, and why should Nisus be called Nisias? "Learning," says Hilarion, "is the only pleasure that one cannot exhaust." Ouida has still a good deal to learn, and even in the excellent classical dictionary of Dr. Smith—which, though less amusing than that of Lemprière, is more correct—she will find a sea of knowledge "like that which the child showed to St. Augustine." Perhaps, after a more serious study of the old Periegetes and similar authors, Ouida will not give all her characters that fatal "trick of natural eloquence" which, she says, was characteristic of Maryx, but which really belongs to all her people. The garrulous old cobbler turns on the stream of his classical conversation in every page. Hilarion prosés in a very tedious way about Dante, Shakespeare, and Marat, immediately after seeing one of his myriad mistresses die of cholera. In fact, Hilarion, though a great poet and a very wicked man, seems from his style of talking to have occupied much of his time in reading the *Daily Telegraph*, and the works of Messrs. Hain Friswell and Matthew Browne:—

With that divinity in him, to sit content under the mulberry trees, and see the Squires Lucy ride by in state,—one would say it would have poisoned the very soul of St. John himself. Yet never a drop of spleen or envy came in him, he had only a witty smile at false dignities, and a matchless universality of compassion that pitied the tyrant as well as the serf, and the loneliness of royalty as well as the loneliness of poverty. That is where Shakespeare is unapproachable. He is as absolutely impartial as a Greek Chorus.

The mother of Maryx even maunders in a high-flown way about the impropriety of the art of sculpture; and a boy, Amphion, whom Hilarion picked up in a Greek island, shows a romantic vein of innocent effusiveness which really and truly does not characterize the people who dwell about the borders of the Grecian sea. Here is a brief specimen of that "natural power of utterance which gave Maryx a greater sway over the minds of students than any one had possessed since Canova":—

This world of our own immediate day is weak and weary, because it is no longer young; yet it possesses one noble attribute—it has an acute and almost universal sympathy, which does indeed often degenerate into a false and illogical sentiment, yet serves to redeem an age of egotism. We have

* *Ariadné: the Story of a Dream.* By Ouida, Author of "Puck," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall; Chatto & Windus. 1877.

escaped both the gem-like hardness of the Pagan, and the narrowing self-hood of the Christian and the Israelite. We are sick for the woe of creation, and we wonder why such woe is ours, and why it is entailed on the innocent dumb beasts, that perish in millions for us, unpitied, day and night. Rome had no altar to Pity; it is the one god that we own.

Fancy Maryx, who seems to have been reading Mr. Pater, going on for hours, and then turn to the passage in which Ouida deplores the fall of Ceres Mammosa, and the introduction of Oriental vulgarity with the Gospel:—

The passion of Solomon for baskets of gold and apples of silver coloured the visions of the recluse of Patmos. The barbaric and coarse instincts of a predatory race lent their hues to the fancy of the Apocalypse. . . . The New Jerusalem is the heaven of a jeweller, or a money-lender; it has no greatness, no spirituality, no purity; it is tawdry and hard, like a blaze of ill-set paste gaw-gaws.

To take Ouida on her own ground, and answer this archaeological lady according to her archaeology, the Elysium of Pindar, with its golden fruits and flowers, is also the "heaven of a jeweller." But surely the humour which Ouida shows when she finds St. John "tawdry" is of the broadest.

It would be unfair to criticize the characters in *Ariadne* as if the book were meant to be a novel of modern life. It is quite needless to say that there never was a cobbler like the narrator, with his treasures of ancient sculpture, and his friends among poets, profligates, painters, and cardinals. Ariadne, who at the age of sixteen knows all Pliny, and Strabo, and Stephanus Byzantinus, for what we know, who learns to outdo Maryx as a sculptor, and who goes off with Hilarion with inconceivable promptitude, cannot be imagined, by the author even, to resemble any human being. Maryx himself is the artist with whom Ouida has made us familiar in other works, but whom we do not actually find exhibiting his performances, even in the Grosvenor Gallery. In fact, the persons of the story are shadows projected on the mist, and their loves have no more reality than, to imitate Ouida, the amours of Ixion. It is not that a man may not be as heartless as Hilarion; indeed all poets have his happy knack of using personal experience as material for copy; it is not that Byron was more noble than Ouida's hero, but Byron did not prose. No living creatures ever did talk so prodigiously tall as Ouida's new characters, not even the friends of Lelia and that accomplished creature herself. We must take Ariadne and Hilarion as we take Stenio and Trenmor, at whom even the author of their existence was wont to laugh. They represent certain general aspects of human life in the modern world, as seen by Ouida and by her designed, and therefore no just critic will expect them to be like actual people. It is always dangerous to interpret allegories and hunt out suppressed meanings. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for example, has made the amazing discovery that in the meeting of Daniel Deronda and Mordecai George Eliot possibly typifies "the union of Israel and his Redeemer." Of such fulsome absurdity, the high water-mark of the appreciative gush of the age, we willingly acquit the author of *Folle Farine*. But she does appear to have her hidden intentions in *Ariadne*, though it may not be safe to try to interpret them. Maryx stands perhaps for conscientious art, an object to itself; his old mother is Faith, as conceived by Ouida, feebly protesting against all the pagan luxuriance of the period, and justified, in a dreary way, by events. Hilarion seems in this mystery to be heartless Culture, awakened too late, by remorse and pain, to the consciousness of love. We don't quite know what Ariadne herself stands for, unless she be woman's love—"La forza d'Amore non riguarda al delitto."

All allegories are dreary, or all save one or two, and, allegory or not, *Ariadne* is a hard book to read through. Greater writers than Ouida—nay, the greatest writers of all—have not conquered the difficulty of making a tale interesting in which there is no human interest. In this book the characters are as vague as abstractions can be; the plot is entirely apart and remote from possibility. We would not blame it merely on that account; it is the unnecessary tedious harangues that will weary even Ouida's public. The author never knows when she has said enough. Take, for example, this description of peasant life on the Tuscan coast:—"Life costs but little on these sunny, silent shores; four walls of loose stones, a roof of furze and brambles, a fare of fish, and fruit and 'millet bread, a fire of drift wood easily gathered—and all is told. For a feast pluck the violet cactus; for a holiday, push the old red boat to sea, and set the brown sail square against the sun. Nothing can be cheaper, perhaps few things can be better." Nothing can be better, we feel tempted to say; the passage is really excellent, a picture designed by legitimate means. But Ouida will not leave it alone, and in a long paragraph expands and overdoes the sentiment, piling up epithets that dazzle and confuse. But every word in the sentence we have quoted tells. It is the same with the description of the fountains of waters in Rome—an admirable description. The short account, too, of the advantage which French students derive from their stay in the Eternal City is perfectly truthful and sensible. But Ouida's "natural gift of utterance" is unhappily out of proportion to her reflection and intelligence. *Ariadne* is rather a literary curiosity than a romance. One reads it in wonder at the caprice with which nature throws about her gifts, good things and evil. Perhaps the small but lively school of Neo-pagans may turn from the error of their literary ways when they find that Ouida can burn, with a hard gem-like flame, with the best of them.

BISSET'S STRUGGLE FOR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.*

NEARLY two generations ago, a writer as deeply impressed as Mr. Bisset himself with the significance of his task undertook to show that "there is no part of the history of this island which has been so inadequately treated as the character and acts of those leaders who had for the most part the direction of the public affairs of England from 1640 to 1660." William Godwin, the author of the *History of the Commonwealth*, addressed a public far more agitated by political passion and prejudice than that of the present day, and at the same time more imperfectly instructed as to the nature of the authorities which had long determined the current view of a chapter of deathless interest in our national history. He accordingly thought it well to protest in his preface, with a solemnity of which it is needless to cite the full expression, that he had "endeavoured to write with sobriety and a collected mind; to guard himself against mere declamation, and that form of language in which passion prevails to the obscuring of judgment." These are intentions with which we should not hesitate in crediting any historical writer who obviously enters upon a serious task in a serious spirit, and who is possessed of indisputable qualifications for its due performance. Mr. Bisset is no novice in historical research and composition; no mere reproducer of other men's notions, or digester of other men's compilations; his knowledge of the historical literature falling within the range of his subject, or capable of illustrating it by comparison and analogy, is both extensive and accurate; and he writes, if he will allow us to borrow an expression from a poet of whom he very unnecessarily falls foul, "all like a man." His book is not composed in that spirit of mere literary dilettantism applied to political realities which induced Horace Walpole to "hang up in his villa an engraving of the death-warrant of Charles, with the inscription 'Major Charta';" it is pervaded by an enthusiasm for political freedom without which all attempts to discuss the great constitutional crises of our national life seem like insipid dallies with the lessons they teach; and the struggle which he narrates is to him something different from a stage play. It is the more to be regretted that he fails to add to these important requisites in a writer of national history the highest of all, and one which no history, whether national or other, can spare. His book is only another proof that knowledge does not always cast out prejudice; that no case is too good to admit of being marred by intemperate advocacy; and that the difficulty of assuming more points of view than one in treating of a complicated historical growth is to some minds insuperable.

This *History of the Parliamentary struggle* offers only too many passages illustrating the tone and temper of its author; but, before advertent to some of these, we must say a word as to the general scheme of the book, which its title cannot be said very lucidly to indicate. The felicity of this title would perhaps hardly have been increased by its being put in a negative form; and Mr. Green's term, "the New Monarchy," though already current with more writers than can be charitably supposed fully to enter into its meaning, would have insufficiently served as a description of the system of Government against which was waged the struggle discussed in the volumes before us. The view, however, taken of the general course of our history during the period of the "New Monarchy" in so popular a book as Mr. Green's, in itself suffices to prove that there is no essential novelty in the general line of Mr. Bisset's argument. It is therefore with a certain degree of surprise, not unminged with doubts aroused by the not very clear form of the statement, that we find in Mr. Bisset's preface a kind of promise to give, so to speak, a special turn to the historical fact that the great struggle of the seventeenth century was in truth a struggle against a tyranny which had asserted, and was seeking definitively to establish, itself over the laws and liberties of Englishmen:—

What is, as far as I know, a new view of English history presented in the following pages is the conclusion, legitimately drawn from the proceedings of the last Plantagenets, at least of Edward IV., and of the Tudors and Stuarts, that their deliberate purpose being to destroy utterly the English Constitution as it had existed from the establishment of the House of Commons by Simon de Montfort, and such purpose having become an overt act by the habitual use of torture and the abolition of the ancient rule of evidence, that the accuser and accused should be brought face to face, it was the right and duty of Englishmen, as soon as they had the power, to make an example of the first of these tyrants, whether bearing the name of Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stuart, who should fall into their hands—such example being the only way of saving from destruction the system of representation, without which both reason and experience have proved that good government is impossible. The conclusion is inevitable, that the execution of Charles I. was a political necessity.

On second thoughts, Mr. Bisset is fain to substitute for the phrase "good government" that of "government not intolerably bad"; "for absolutely good government, as far as we know at present, is impossible"—a secure position which he goes on to illustrate by a tolerably familiar quotation from Macaulay, showing with copious rhetoric that Parliamentary institutions are undeniably excellent, undeniably imperfect, and undeniably safer than irresponsible government.

We have often had cause to admire—in more senses than one—the inveterate habit of historical politicians (for in truth they deserve that name rather than that of political historians) to lay down *ex post facto* principles of action for men who, though they

* *The History of the Struggle for Parliamentary Government in England*, By Andrew Bisset. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

may have known very well what they were about, were necessarily at a disadvantage in comparison with prophets enabled to prophesy backwards. Mr. Bisset's method of dealing with English history, we confess, has to us something of the savour of such attempts. Looking upon the course of public affairs during the Tudor reigns, one is at a loss to discover any traces of a consistent conspiracy on the part of the wearers of the Crown against the Parliamentary system, and still less able to picture to oneself imaginary guardians of the national liberties lying in wait to bring a tyrannical head to the block. The English Parliamentary Constitution did not descend from heaven like Socrates's ruling principle of the conduct of life, but was itself the growth of circumstances; and other circumstances, the force of which was at the most only seconded by the designs of royal statecraft, placed it temporarily, though never entirely, in abeyance. Barons and Church had been reduced to relative impotence, and the despotism of the Tudors would have found a ready instrument in the House of Commons even without the modifications of its constituencies and the manipulation of its proceedings which, as adroit administrators, some of them permitted themselves. The foundations of some of those abuses which rose to a height in the fatal years preceding the meeting of the Long Parliament were laid by Henry VII. with little, if any, consciousness of their ulterior constitutional import, and rather with a single-minded intention of securing the tenure of the throne—an object of primary moment to the tranquillity and prosperity of the nation at large. Nor was it till the latter part of Elizabeth's reign that the straining of the royal prerogative became a political problem of manifest hazard, and that the struggle began to announce itself which the accession of James and the ostentatious impotence of his foreign policy, and the naked pretensions combined with the glaring vices of his domestic rule, speedily advanced into a stage of declared conflict. We see no reason to attach to the special abuses insisted upon by Mr. Bisset the special significance which he assigns to them, so far as the general progress of this conflict is concerned. The issues upon which the Parliaments of James and the early Parliaments of Charles confronted the assumptions of the Crown were stated by them with sufficient clearness, and with sufficient repetition, to show that what lay at the root of the struggle was the utter absence of harmony between Crown and people on those questions the agitation of which has justly given to the whole movement the name of the Puritan Revolution; while the means by which the struggle was carried on in its earlier phases were found in Parliamentary rights which even the Tudors had in the main deemed it prudent to respect. The struggle for Parliamentary government begins, in its premonitory symptoms, with the mistakes, partially disavowed, of Elizabeth's later years; it is prematurely developed by the glaring contrast between blatant theory and impotent practice under James; it declares itself with the Petition of Right, and the open attempt of Charles to render nugatory his assent to that statute.

Looking at the struggle, as narrated by Mr. Bisset, from the other end, what do we see? Granting the consistency in the conspiring tendencies of our Kings, "whether bearing the name of Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stuart," what are we to say of the consistency of those who struggled on behalf of "Parliamentary government"? We will follow Mr. Bisset across the gulf which in the memorable autumn recess of 1641 sprang up between the two sections of the hitherto virtually unanimous Long Parliament. His account of this division, to explain which he thinks it "hardly necessary to go into a long digression," is, by the way, extremely unsatisfactory. Instead of expounding what signally requires exposition, he takes up his parable against a subject already (and in its place appropriately) discussed by him with sufficient distinctness—the character of King James and his Court. He summarily dismisses the lately vexed question as to the motive of Falkland's conduct by reminding us that Falkland had a high value for Ben Jonson, in whom Scott has pointed out characteristics such as "might be expected in the Court of James I."—

Now, while we know so much of Scott, who censures Ben Jonson, we know almost nothing of Falkland, who praises him, but what Clarendon, his friend and panegyrist, has told us; and we know enough of Clarendon's unscrupulous advocacy to refuse to accept either his praise or blame of any man, unless confirmed by independent unexceptionable testimony. The conclusion would seem to be that Hyde and Falkland, though they objected to the tyranny and insolence of Strafford, having got rid of Strafford, had now no objection to the tyranny and other vices of the Stuarts, provided one of them stepped into the place left vacant by the death of Strafford. Whether or not they knew as much of the darker vices of the Court of James I. as those peers who, as we have seen, went all the way with the Commonwealth men, they were not willing to act any longer with Pym and Hampden.

For it should be observed that Mr. Bisset had previously shown how "the men who knew most respecting the Court of the Stuarts enrolled themselves among those who pronounced 'the office of King in this nation to be unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous';" and that among these martyrs to this experience he had mentioned that pensive patriot, the Earl of Pembroke! But, to return to our point, what were the changes of which, conscious of the vices of the Court where he had spent his earlier days, Pembroke so cheerfully accepted the results? Beyond a doubt it was for the cause of Parliamentary government that Pym and Hampden carried on the struggle in which Hyde and Falkland now took up the opposite side; but in what sense can the same be asserted of the later stages of the revolutionary conflict? When, two years after Pym's death (Mr. Bisset comments on the contrast between his public funeral and Hampden's obscure obsequies in terms which

for once seem to us somewhat ungenerous), the second great disruption took place in the popular party, what were, in Mr. Bisset's opinion, the issues upon which it turned? They shall be given in his own words:—

According to the present very inaccurate phraseology, the two parties, at the head of which respectively were Essex and Cromwell, would be called the aristocratical and democratical parties, into which the Parliament of England was then divided. But more accurately they may be termed the oligarchical and aristocratical parties. For it was the object of Essex's party that England should select those men who were to lead her councils and command her armies, not for their fitness, but for their wealth and rank; while it was the object of Cromwell's party that fitness alone should be looked to in the selection without regard to either rank or wealth. Therefore Cromwell's object was an aristocracy in the sense used by Aristotle, as opposed to oligarchy—the rule of the best. But the word had another meaning—the rule of the best-born; and this was Essex and Holles's aristocracy—an aristocracy of titles, pedigrees, and rents. What a nation would sink to under such an aristocracy as that of Holles we may judge by the state of the English army, when Holles's friends gave commissions to their footmen; when Ensign Northerton and the Captain in Hamilton's Bawn were the representatives of a class; when the last alternative of a man of quality's lackey was a commission in the army or to take to the highway. The reader may then judge of the spirit which animated these oligarchical Presbyterians, when they sought to hunt down a man as a public enemy because he ought to form an army such that for efficiency it has never been equalled upon earth, instead of an army composed by lackeys, officered by stupid debauchees, and commanded by men whose chief recommendation for command was their being peers possessed of large fortunes.

"The best," whose claim to the title thus temperately explained we are by no means inclined to dispute, prevailed by means of the Self-Denying Ordinance, of which we may remark that Mr. Bisset rectifies the ordinarily current account. We cannot further pursue his narrative of the "struggle for Parliamentary government," except so far as to dwell for a moment on its conclusion, in which he once more recurs to the position assumed by him in his preface. On the subject of the "course of bringing the King to judgment," adopted by Cromwell and Ireton, Mr. Bisset, after "going along with them" from the time of the modelling of the army to that of the Remonstrance of the army for justice upon the King, is obliged to doubt the soundness of their proceedings. He regards the attempt to make the King responsible as an elected monarch for high treason and other crimes committed against his people, as altogether futile—for "it is useless to talk of a kingdom being elective which not only descended by a certain line of devolution, but which Henry VIII. considered so much his private property as to dispose of it by will, and which his daughter Elizabeth on her death-bed made over to James VI. of Scotland." We need not stop to suggest certain modifications in both these illustrations. In Mr. Bisset's opinion, Bradshaw might have been saved a great deal of trouble, and the King deprived of very unnecessary opportunities of moving compassion:—

Battles make kings. Battles made William I. and Henry VII. Kings of England. I have said before that the Tudors in changing the law of England as to torture and witnesses did not pretend to a new conquest—and yet the battle of Bosworth made the Tudors kings, but it was chiefly won by English against English. So were the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby; and the Independents who won them had as much right to set up a new government as the Tudors had after the battle of Bosworth. The Independents had defeated the King and his adherents in many decisive battles. They were therefore an Independent State set up by the god of battles; and they should have tried King Charles as a prisoner of war who had earned on war in a manner that had worked a forfeiture of his life; besides being the representative and imitator of a line of tyrants who, having oppressed the people of England by cruel trials and tortures which were against the law of England, was fit to be made a public example and warning to all such tyrants in time to come.

Our readers will perhaps by this time have judged for themselves of Mr. Bisset's general method of treating the history of a struggle to which he has certainly succeeded in giving a unity of its—or rather his—own. We shall not weary them by endeavouring to contrast with this method that of other historians who have been contented to show how the great civil conflict developed itself, like other revolutions, phase out of phase, till the paradoxical was made possible, till an illegal power was established in defiance alike of King, Parliament, and nation, and till at last, before a *tabula rasa* had been made for writing down the principles of the new government, the movement was mastered by the arm which had so long seemed to direct it. This, indeed, and what followed, lie out of Mr. Bisset's scheme, the limits of which are determined by his own conception; and he is spared the task of depicting Cromwell, in Guizot's phrase, "invoking necessity."

In conclusion, while repeating our tribute to Mr. Bisset's careful study and frequently most effective and instructive use of his materials, we must enter a protest, quite irrespective of political or historical views and opinions, against a violence of expression which in a grave writer is always matter for regret, if not for a rather stronger sentiment. It is not easy to pass, with the equanimity one would desire to maintain even in reading about the Tudor and Stuart reigns, over such denunciations as this:—"Indeed the whole pack of courtiers and Court or Crown lawyers of the Tudors and Stuarts were a pack of wolves in the human form"; nor, with all due remembrance of his reckless ambition and his fatal failures, can we tolerate the taste which in one page compares Buckingham to Caligula's horse, and his and his master's undertakings to "the enterprises of such things as Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban." In dealing with Laud Mr. Bisset completely gives way to his spleen, and, besides accumulating upon its object the minor charges of a bad temper and a bad digestion, offers the following at least novel illustration of Laud's wickedness of heart:—

Strafford's correspondent, the Rev. George Garrard, writes thus on the 3rd June, 1634: "No mercy showed to Fryane; he stood in the pillory."

and lost his first ear in a pillory in the Palace at Westminster in full term, his other in Chapside, where, while he stood, his volumes were burnt, under his nose, which had almost suffocated him."

The picture is revolting enough, and little calculated to raise a smile. Can as much be said for Mr. Bisset's comment?—"The suffocation was no part of the sentence; but Laud's malice and cruelty were boundless." Far be it from us to cavil at an indignation which, like that of Mr. Bisset, is always honest and often too well-founded; but invective has its limits even in oratory, and the form of expression which he quotes with approval from Oliver St. John's speech against Strafford is one which upon the whole is unsuited for the habitual use of historical writers.

CARPENTER'S MESMERISM AND SPIRITUALISM*

IN the lectures now republished with additional notes and illustrations Dr. Carpenter has given a very sufficient exposition of the latest epidemic delusion from the point of view of sober common sense. Not only to Spiritualists, but to the pretty large number of people who are inclined in a vague way to think that the Spiritualists have not had fair play, this may seem a question-begging term; and in one sense it is. For if a man has once grasped the facts that there are such things as epidemic delusions, that it is hardly possible to name any age or country which has been free from them, and that, under a great variety of forms, they have always presented the same leading characters, he will be provided with the most effectual safeguard, not merely against the cult of rapping ghosts, but against whatever new monster begotten by imposture upon morbid imagination may hereafter rise up to fill its place. Epidemic delusions have existed; we cannot be surprised at their present existence; and when we find among certain persons here and now a state of belief which has all the historical marks of an epidemic delusion, we are perfectly justified in presuming that the similar effects are due to no other than similar causes. It may be difficult to express with accuracy the logical value of a presumption of this kind; but its effect is in practice irresistible to those who are not deaf to the lessons of history and the analogies of human nature. Spiritualists appeal, for example, to a great mass of allegations, purporting to be positive uncontradicted evidence. The so-called evidence is rejected by the unconscious logic of common sense, which, however, does not always find it easy, without special training, to justify its repugnance. But common sense fortified by history tells us that one of the constant marks of an epidemic delusion is the rapid production of an immense quantity of apparent evidence in a form and under circumstances that make real scrutiny impossible. The vulgarst false prophet was never at a loss for signs and wonders, and the example of Mahomet shows how much harder it is to disclaim than to command these vouchers of the prophetic mission. *Populus vult decipi et decipitur*; and the meaning of the proverb is fully brought out only when we take the verb in a middle rather than a passive sense. Deliberate imposture may foster the mushroom growth of the host of witnesses always ready to spring up on these occasions; but the growth itself is beyond the compass of art. So in the physical order the subtle contagions of the zymotic diseases mock the clumsy skill of the poisoner. Whoso perceives these things may also perceive that the direct application of reasoning is not the most appropriate remedy for mischiefs of this kind. You cannot argue a patient out of hysterics. To take the standing instance, it is certain, as Mr. Lecky has excellently shown, that Englishmen were not reasoned out of the belief in witchcraft. Their deliverance did not come by a scientific process working in the understanding, like the spread of Galileo's or Newton's doctrines; it was the removal of a diseased habit of mind. In every such case, therefore, the task for that part of mankind which keeps its sound reason is not to fight the hydra-headed delusion in detail, but to strike at the roots of its life by cultivating sound thinking. Medicine is of little avail; it is in an improved regimen that help must be looked for.

Dr. Carpenter is fully aware of this, and the prophylactic regimen he prescribes is an early training in the principles of scientific method; not merely, be it observed, in familiarity with some special branch of science. We should be inclined to add the critical study—not necessarily a minute study—of human testimony in some of the many broad fields spread forth by law and history. It has lately been seen that a man of great scientific eminence may fall into almost incredible puerilities simply because he cannot or will not realize the truism attributed to Paley by a legendary undergraduate, "that it is not contrary to experience that witness may be false." But it is perhaps impossible to assign any certain antidote to mental any more than to physical infections. The experience of English judges in investigating facts did not save them from being carried away like other folk by the witch mania. This standing and pre-eminent example shows, as Dr. Carpenter justly points out, that even the majority of sensible people may catch the current delusion and be deprived of their common sense for a time. Whether we consider the amount of evidence, its bearing on the interest of the witnesses themselves, or the number and sort of people who believed it, the case for witchcraft is infinitely stronger than for Spiritualism. Let not the reader think, however, that we offer this familiar consideration as an argument to be used by

way of *reductio ad absurdum* against Spiritualists. Persons who have reached a certain point in self-deception are even more proof, if possible, against a *reductio ad absurdum* than against any other form of dialectic, as they have cast off all sense of absurdity. A thoroughgoing Spiritualist would find no difficulty in maintaining that there is a large element of truth in all the ancient and modern tales of sorcery, and that the unhappy creatures who in these kingdoms were convicted and executed by scores on their own confessions were misunderstood mediums.

If Dr. Carpenter's treatment of these subjects has a fault, it is that he gives himself too much trouble to expose the feats of magicians, clairvoyants, and mediums in detail. It seems to us that adherents of common sense are no more bound to give their own account of all these performances than they are bound to explain all the tricks of a conjuror. Some of the things constantly done by Indian jugglers with hardly any visible apparatus remain to this day unexplained, to say nothing of the modern inventions of M. Houdin or Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. Yet nobody (Spiritualists always excepted) thinks in these cases of calling in supernatural causes or unknown natural agencies. From the point of view of scientific physiology, which of course is Dr. Carpenter's own point of view, the study of the abnormal nervous and mental states which are the groundwork of delusions is highly interesting and instructive; and it seems pretty clear that a great deal may yet be learnt in this direction. Scientific explanation of details, so far as yet attained, is welcome to common sense, and the possession of it is an additional security; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the judgment of common sense depends upon it. The scientific view of the whole matter, on the other hand, is simply the view of common sense made more precise. A class of extraordinary phenomena, the strength of whose manifestations varies directly as the predisposition of the observer to accept them, and is liable to be indefinitely reduced by the presence of sceptical inquirers, may at once be set down as belonging to the subjective and not the objective order of events. Spiritualists say the phenomena are of a kind which can only be the product of human intelligence or something like it; and they are quite right; only common sense goes a step further and says they are nothing but the product—partly designed, partly undesigned—of the intelligence of the living human beings who take part in the proceedings. The phenomena of hypnotism, or what is sometimes absurdly called electro-biology, show the startling effects of artificially induced predisposition which may be obtained by appropriate means. But delusion from expectancy may also occur spontaneously and in the waking state. Dr. Carpenter gives the following curious example:—

A lady, whose mind had been a good deal occupied on the subject of drinking-fountains, was walking from Penryn to Falmouth, and thought she saw in the road a newly-erected fountain, with the inscription, "If any man thirst, let him come hither and drink." Some time afterwards, on mentioning the fact with pleasure to the daughters of a gentleman whom she supposed to have erected it, she was greatly surprised to learn from them that no such drink-fountain existed; and on subsequently repairing to the spot, she found nothing but a few stones, which constituted the foundation on which her expectant imagination had built an ideal superstructure.

What force, then, may not the imagination acquire by a process of unconscious self-deception when expectation is deliberately cultivated? Dr. Carpenter well says:—

Sceptical enquirers, like myself, are continually told:—"You must not form your negative conclusions from one or two failures; but you must persevere in your enquiries until you get positive results." This is just like John Wesley's advice to a young preacher, who was lamenting his want of "faith," and asking his advice as to continuing in the ministry:—"Preach faith till you have it, and then you will preach it because you have it." Spiritualistic disciples are bidden to sit hour after hour, and day after day, until they pass into the state of mind in which they can be brought to believe anything; they have been led to expect; and thenceforth they rail at scientific sceptics for not abnegating their intellectual discrimination by submitting themselves to a process which dethrones their higher powers from their normal supremacy, and leaves their imaginations free scope.

The special topic most fully dealt with in the book is that of *clairvoyance*. The successes of several celebrated performers up to a certain point, and their failures under really efficient tests, are set forth in a very clear and instructive manner. They traded partly on happy guesses and the dexterous use of information—which last can be made to go a wonderfully long way—but chiefly on the little known physical fact that to blindfold a person determined to see is in truth very far from an easy business. When experts insisted on making the blindfolding complete, the *clairvoyance* was found to come to an end. This is a type of what happens in the case of all such pretensions; the shapes of delusion and imposture are infinite even to bewilderment, the main lines are the same even to weariness.

Dr. Carpenter's book will probably convert no Spiritualist to common sense; that achievement may well pass the wit of man. It may, however, save some readers from regarding gross imposture with feelings of amiable curiosity, or giving the countenance of what is called, we believe, "candid inquiry" to an idle and mischievous folly.

CARRE'S BORDER MEMORIES.*

THIS book is a sort of family history of the Riddells and Carres, with subsidiary notices of the Elliots, Scotts, and

* *Mesmerism, Spiritualism, &c., Historically and Scientifically Considered; being Two Lectures delivered at the London Institution.* By William B. Carpenter, C.B., &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1877.

* *Border Memories; or, Sketches of Prominent Men and Women of the Border.* By the late Walter Riddell Carre, Esq. Edited by James Tait. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

other families with whom they were connected, the whole being eked out with biographical notices and would-be witty anecdotes concerning sundry local heroes whose fame for the most part has never reached beyond the counties where they are still borne in mind. The materials were collected by the late Mr. Riddell Carre of Cavers Carre, who was something of an antiquary, and for whom all the scraps of information which he could anywhere glean bearing upon his own family history or that of any of his kindred had a special interest. The particulars which he thus collected formed the delight of his neighbours as well as his own, and Mr. Riddell Carre gained a local reputation for his lectures on the worthies of real or fancied reputation who had flourished in the southern counties of his native land. Out of these lectures the volume which we have now in hand has grown. Unfortunately it has not been put together by Mr. Carre himself, as he literally caught his death of cold while going to deliver one of these highly popular lectures, and died leaving his manuscripts for other hands to prepare for the press. The task of editing them has been undertaken by a Mr. Tait, who, we take it, is, or has been, editor of the *Kelso Chronicle*. The editor disclaims any serious interference with the text, and, with the exception of some condensation by cutting off needless repetitions, professes to have given the papers to the world very much as the compiler left them. This, no doubt, showed an admirable self-control on his part, and a praiseworthy feeling of respect for the departed author. But we cannot help thinking that it would have been quite as well for Mr. Carre's literary reputation if his editor had made some attempt to break up some of the most involved sentences, so as to make them at least intelligible. As it is, the reader is more firmly convinced with each succeeding page that, though Mr. Carre had certainly a great deal to say, he did not in the least know how to say it. A paragraph referring to Mrs. Somerville, for instance, might lead any one to suppose that she had shared somewhat the nature of Cerberus, who was "three gentlemen at once":—

Dr. Somerville was of a wise well connected, and he had the honour of having for his daughter-in-law Mrs. Mary Somerville, one of the most profoundly scientific ladies of the present age. She was, besides, the niece of Mrs. Somerville, senior, who's sister married Admiral Sir William Faraday, the father of the talented authoress of the "Mechanism of the Heavens," and other works of great fame, for which she received many well-deserved acknowledgments.

This is a worse confusion even than that which existed in the mind of Laplace when he assured Mrs. Somerville herself that she and Mrs. Greg were the only two people who understood him. Still more perplexing is the account given of the second marriage of that Duchess of Buccleugh who was also Duchess of Monmouth:—

The king generously and feelingly gave the Duchess a gift of all the personal and real estates of the Duke, which had been forfeited; and after a time—say in about three years—she married Lord Cornwallis, ancestor of the great Marquis of imperishable fame, but the marriage was dissolved in about ten years, by the death of the noble Lord, to whom she had three children, one of whom—Lady Isabella Scott, succeeded to the *Michese Lordship*,—her only brother having died,—including the Bailiery and Patronage of the Church, and, under the jurisdiction act of 1747, she got £2,000 for her rights, instead however of 5,000, being her full claim. She died very soon after the arrangement was made.

Not a little amusing is it to note that, while the reader is expected at once to catch the drift of such hard sentences, it is taken for granted that he will not understand such an expression as a "Foul Raid," which is translated for his benefit into a "disgraceful expedition."

However minutely Mr. Carre was acquainted with all the ins and outs of Border raids and Border pedigrees, it is clear that his studies had not been pushed far enough to give him an elementary knowledge of any history, not even of that of his own country. He talks in all seriousness and good faith of one Solvatus, King of the Scots, as an adversary of Donald Bane, and professes himself unable to decide whether the legend about the mysterious stranger who rendered good service to this same Solvatus be a true or false account of the origin of the Douglas family. He is quite as ready to believe that the name itself originated in the words "Sholto Dhu Glas," supposed to be the Gaelic for "see that dark man," as that it became the surname of the descendants of Theobald the Fleming, from the lands of Douglas conferred on him by one of the sons of Malcolm. After such a display of credulous simplicity we are not surprised to be told in another page that the founder of the Riddell family, who "was a companion of William the Conqueror," is entered as "Monsieur Ridel" on the roll of Battle Abbey. Nor is this all. William the Conqueror himself, doubtless from having been the companion of a Ridel, finds a place in this pantheon of Border notables; and the author, going far a-field indeed from his Borderland, explains that

Battel Abbey, which is a memorial of one of the greatest achievements in English history, was built on the extensive plain of Heathfield, a little to the north of Hastings, in fulfilment of a pledge given by the great Norman, prior to the battle which gained for him the crown of England. William had been named by Edward the Confessor, the last of the Saxon line, his successor, though Edgar Atheling was the next legitimate heir, and Harold had usurped the throne.

This talk about usurping the throne brings to mind another very odd statement—to wit, that the foundation of Monmouth's sudden rise to the summit of fashion and fortune lay in the fact that "Queen Henrietta, who was fond of him, brought him to London in 1662." Whether this strange sentence sprang from a confusion between the wives of Charles I. and of Charles II., or between

either of them and Lady Henrietta Wentworth, or from a hopeless mixing up of all three, we are quite at a loss to determine.

After the Kers and Riddells, for whose special glorification *Border Memories* have been compiled, the Elliots and Scotts meet with a good share of attention. Many of the anecdotes of the Elliots are now well known since the publication of the memoirs of the Earl of Minto. Still some of them are so good that they very well bear twice telling. Not the least noteworthy of this remarkably clever family was Miss Jean Elliot, the composer of that popular Border ballad known as the "Flowers of the Forest." She figured among the literary ladies of Edinburgh, and enjoyed the further distinction of being the proud possessor of the last private sedan-chair kept in Edinburgh. The Elliots were as ready with their tongues as with either pen or sword, and never at a loss for a witty repartee. The first who took the courtesy title of Lord Minto, when made a Judge of the Court of Session, was but a younger son—a fact that his elder brother the laird was determined should not be lost sight of; and as his brother was sitting as a circuit Judge, he shouldered his way into the crowded court, silencing the ushers who attempted to clear the way for Lord Minto's brother by drily remarking, "Na, na, Gibbie's my brother." But the Elliots were well matched in wit as well as war amid their fellow-borderers. On one occasion Lord Minto took with him his friend Lord Kames to pay a visit to old Armstrong of Sorbie. His host asking who the "lang, black, dour-looking chiel" he brought with him was, Lord Minto described him as a man come to "ha' a' the Armstrongs"; which was met with the ready retort, "A' it's time the Elliots were riding." Very little behind 'he' on and Armstrongs in Border raids and fays were the Scotts. So next engage Mr. Carre's attention. He tells the old, well-worn stories about "Harden's cow" and "muckle-mowed Meg," but adds to them one of his own concerning a certain Scott who turned Quaker:—

Another of the name of John Scott of Leith became a Quaker, making himself notorious for brewing on Sunday, for which he was fined very heavily on the evidence of the Bailie and minister, with whom he was very angry, protesting that he might as well brew on the Sunday as the minister might take money for going up to a desk and talking, and throwing water in a barn's face.

In spite of this very logical defence, we are not surprised to hear that Scott appealed in vain to the Privy Council.

Scotts, Elliots, and Carres being disposed of, the remaining Border notables are massed together according to the counties which may lay claim to them. At first sight it would seem as if a vast proportion of celebrated characters had been born in Selkirk and Roxburgh. But, on looking closer, we find that the claim to celebrity is based on the slenderest possible foundation; and we read for the first time the names and life stories, often striking and pathetic, of numbers of bards or prophets whose fame has never reached beyond the boundaries of the parish which still wonders at the greatness of their gifts. Then again Mr. Carre devotes many pages to the history of the Napiers, who cannot with justice be claimed as a Border family, since their connexion with Selkirkshire came about from intermarriage with the Scots of Thirlestane. Under the heading "Miscellaneous Celebrities," we find notices of sundry "parish baddies," a race unhappily fast becoming extinct even in Scotland. But Mr. Carre finds a never-failing stock of "celebrities" in the pulpit. Ministers, whether of the Establishment or of every varying shade of Dissent, are all dignified by him with the title of "Divines." Many of the anecdotes told of these worthies are already familiar to the readers of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences," though, from Mr. Carre's long-winded way of telling them, one can scarcely recognize them as the same stories. Among these "Divines" one of the few whose name is really familiar to us is "Thomas Boston," whose "Crook in the Lot" and "Fourfold State" still keep their place as favourite devotional books with a certain class of readers on both sides of the Border. Boston, who was, we believe, one of the sect known as "Original Seceders," is described by Mr. Carre as a "Non-juror." How little he knew the meaning of the word is shown in the next sentence, where he manages to mix up the High-Church bishop and the Dissenting hymn-writer:—

Bishop Ken, the author of those beautiful morning and evening hymns so dear to the people of England, and Isaac Watts, the author of the divine songs which, I may say, are dear to all Christian people, were both non-jurors.

Perhaps the best known of all Mr. Carre's heroes is Mungo Park, who, like Livingstone, his great follower in the field of African exploration, had studied for the medical profession, and indeed for some years practised as a doctor. How little he liked the life of a doctor in a small country town we was at no pains to conceal; for, shortly before starting on his journey to Africa, we find him writing "that a few inglorious winters of practice at Peebles was a risk as great, and would tend as effectually to shorten life, as the journey he was about to undertake." One of the few names worth remembering among the "bards" is that of Henry Francis Lyte, the author of the popular hymn "Abide with me." Though he passed the greater part of his life as a clergyman in a Devonshire living, he was a Scottish Borderer by birth. His sacred poetry is so simple and so free from any sectarian spirit that it has found its way into the hymn-books of all denominations, from the *Book of Praise* down to Mr. Spurgeon's *Own Hymn-Book*. We cannot see on what grounds Mr. Carre introduces Lord Campbell as a "Border celebrity." As he was born at Gupar, Fife, the Border can claim no part or lot in his fame. Here we find, nevertheless, not only the story of his life and of his death, but also

the interesting information that his brain weighed "53½ ounces." Why Mr. Carré should consider it "very remarkable that it was found to be in a perfectly healthy state" we cannot well make out, unless indeed he regards as a symptom of approaching imbecility the fact of Lord Campbell's admiring the series of papers called the *Recreations of a Country Parson*, and not only inviting the author of them to assist him, but taking him for a *bond fide* English parson and offering him an English living, all which is set forth in a previous paragraph. Although Mr. Carré's book is badly put together, and shows a lamentable want of historical knowledge, it displays a vast deal of pains in raking up genealogical gossip, and will, we doubt not, be warmly welcomed by all and each of those who can claim kindred with any of the "Border Celebrities" whose names are handed down to posterity in its pages.

TWO NOVELS.*

MME. VILLARI'S work is not noticeable for depth of passion or power of delineation, but it is graceful, and shows that she takes pains and does not shirk the trouble that is included in all honest endeavour. Also, unlike many of our lady novelists, she seldom trips in her grammar, though her style is not always elegant; and she understands how to give the local colour of the countries wherein she lays her scenes, so that Italy is not endowed with the characteristics of England, and Germany does not appear with the features of Yorkshire and the manners of the Pictories.

The story of *In Change Unchanged* is slight, and we are not fatigued by over-rapidity of action or feverish energy of character. The book, indeed, would have been improved had a little more fire and movement been put into it; and it would have decidedly gained by compression. The plot is too weak to bear expansion into two volumes; and the various hesitations and misunderstandings between Edith and Bethune which are necessary to fill up the space become at last monotonous, more especially as a little honest straightforwardness might have done away with all doubts long before the reader is allowed the luxury of assisting at the happiness of the two lovers. And is not "Miss Whitman" too close a portrait for good work? The exact transcription of character is one of the commonest mistakes of the many which are made by inexperienced writers. They take a model, reproduce it with that inartistic fidelity to unimportant details which destroys both likeness and illusion, and then think that they must be successful because, as they say, they have taken so-and-so from the life. When their critics maintain that this so-and-so is not true to nature, they complain of being found fault with unjustly, and fall back on the old plea of an actual and living model. Yet this close copying of unimportant details, whereby the whole portrait becomes, as it were, out of focus and perspective, gives us something which is no more true to nature or fact than would be the picture of a bird with some of the feathers made out in exaggerated proportion and inharmonious precision. The most sketchy outline, correctly rendered, would be truer and more suggestive than this partial precision; and what is true of a painted picture is true of a written portrait. It is the old difference between two schools—the one which upholds the direct imitation of parts, mere unimaginative copying, whereby no idea of the whole is conveyed; the other aiming at that synthetic re-creation which preserves only the leading lines, and suggests all the unimportant details. In the portrait of "Miss Whitman," taken as it evidently is from a lady who in her lifetime was one of the most prominent figures in English society at Florence, Mme. Villari has decidedly erred by too close fidelity to her model.

The story, though, as we have said, graceful, has nothing in it specially original. A proud, warm-hearted, and cold-mannered girl marries the fascinating man of her choice; who, like many fascinating men of girlish choice, is practically worth very little, and is by no means in fact what her fancy has created him. They are entirely uncongenial, too, in nature and pursuits; she is tenacious, reserved, intellectual, and sensitive, while he is weak, good-natured, inconstant, and not specially honourable. The association of two natures so essentially dissimilar, brought together by passion on the one hand and blind idealization on the other, is necessarily one of sorrow and discomfort. Edith Daunt, the girl who marries Bertie Henderson, this handsome idol of her imagination, to find him, when too late, but a very poor kind of thing made of a very coarse kind of clay, has to pass through various matrimonial trials of the ordinary kind. Her dear old grandfather is taken ill while she is away on her wedding tour, and she comes back only just in time to see him die; her husband gets into debt, and in India "resumes his bachelor habits," "passing all his spare time in dancing, flirtation, and riding," "while she proudly resigned herself to her loneliness, and made no attempt to keep him by her side, grew daily colder and more reserved in her demeanour, and sought consolation in her old studies and the anticipation of the joys of motherhood." We must quote here the author's views on this matter, candidly expressed, and wiser than are the views of most women on the subject:—

She was wrong, of course. Had she tried to adapt herself to her surroundings, and been less austere with her husband, her path would have

been smoother. After all, he was not to blame. The idol she now discovered to be of clay had always been clay; it was her girlish imagination alone that had raised him upon an ideal pedestal. A little knowledge of the world would have made her more flexible, and taught her the true philosophy of making the best of her fate.

She still loved, though she no longer esteemed, her husband, but, persuaded of his indifference for her, would have died rather than confess it, and carefully abstained from all interference with his liberty of action. It would have been better to have roundly taken him to task than to have entrenched herself behind this icy barrier.

Greater trials are in store for this too statuesque and Minerva-like wife. Her baby dies soon after it is born, and her husband flirts outrageously with a Mrs. Trevelyan, an artful little jade who is the bad genius of the story, and poor Edith's uncompromising enemy all through. Finally, he dies in the first half of the first volume, after two years of marriage; and Edith, who had been his ice-cold wife, now, as his widow, with true feminine inconsistency, devotes herself to weeds and weeping as passionately as if her miserable marriage had been one of perfect happiness. After falling into a very morbid state of mind, she is induced to go to Florence for a season, which, we must confess, does not argue much common sense on her part, and almost excuses Bertie's naughtiness. She finds out by some letters that her grandfather, who had brought her up, had married as his second wife an Italian woman of low birth, who, it seems, had run away from him, taking his child with her. The little girl was very lovely, according to a picture drawn by her father; and Edith falls in love with the face, and expresses her intention of going to Italy to find out whether she is dead or alive. Her friend very sensibly reminds her that, "if alive, this sweet little thing is by this time a woman over forty"; but, as the story is to be laid in foreign parts, one peg may serve as well as another; and Edith goes to Florence to look for this ancient aunt to whose whereabouts she has not the slightest clue, and who, if living, may or may not prove to be a deplorable connexion. Meanwhile she falls in with "Miss Whitman" and Philip Bethune; and between love and friendship, fear and jealousy, art and literature, and her old enemy Mrs. Trevelyan to keep all alive, passes her time by no means in a stagnant condition of mind, if sometimes less than happily. At last the right moment comes; the missing aunt is discovered, and the crooked things are then made straight and the rough ones smooth. She begins life again as the wife of Philip Bethune—a husband warranted not to flirt, and who abhors debt and disorder as much as she herself does; and to this husband will be added an aunt whom she loved with prophetic fervour when only a friend, and whose companionship will be one of the joys of her future life.

It is a pretty little story, purely conceived and nicely written; and, save in the delineation of the Trevelyan, offers no point for grave reproach. But in both these characters the author has suffered herself to be ill-natured, and thus to be less the artist than the partisan. Several little touches in Mrs. Trevelyan's character, such as "her pointed scrawl" and the like, show an animus that is fatal to a story from the point of view of real art, and Major Trevelyan uses language which comes harshly from the pen of a woman.

If *In Change Unchanged* is at least true in its local colour, what shall we say of *Eugénie*? It has long been a standing reproach against French authors that they do not take the trouble to learn the most ordinary facts concerning those English people of whom they make their heroes and heroines. When they describe their English noblemen as going in for a round of *le baze* with a cabman, or selling their wives at Smithfield, we are not disposed to consider their work as showing much study or accurate ethnological knowledge. The author of *Eugénie* has not done a hair'sbreadth better; and the story, as an exposition of French life, is as absolutely silly and impossible as are those tales by Frenchmen who make two Englishmen meet in a desert and refuse to speak because they have not been introduced, or who credit the whole nation with characteristics worthy only of so many unconfined lunatics. The story of *Eugénie* sets forth how two young and beautiful French girls are living in a small country town with their widowed mother; and how there come to see them—staying in the house with them, all the same as if they had been an English family with a father and brothers to give them countenance—first a handsome young German, who turns out to be the son of Mme. de Gueymard's old friend, and then that cousin Gaston for whom Madame has destined her elder daughter Eugénie. This strikes the first false note in this curious little volume of discords. The second comes by Mme. de Gueymard allowing her daughters to entertain this young German alone; to sit with him in the garden, to take walks with him, have lessons in German from him, and, in short, to go through the whole life of American girls, rather than even of English ones, in a manner impossible to a French mother of almost any grade. When the cousin Gaston comes, who is to be, Madame hopes, her daughter's husband, she abandons even the semblance of chaperonage to him and says, "Now I shall be let off a great deal of chaperone (*sic*) duty, one of the greatest trials, and, I think, mistakes of French society; but this, as it is the law of the land (society?), we cannot very well go against it. But with Gaston with you, of course it will be all right";—this meaning that the two girls are to go with this cousin and the young German on a visit to a friend's house, where they are to stay for a day or two. Now such a speech and such a course of action as this is just as true to life in France as the selling of wives at Smithfield and taking a

* *In Change Unchanged*. By Linda Villari, Author of "In the Golden Shell," &c. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.
Eugénie. By the Author of "Miss Molly." Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1877.

friendly turn at *le bore* with cabmen is to life in England; as true as the kind of love which Max makes and Eugénie allows, as Gaston's generosity in sending her to her lover alone, in the evening in the garden, and as the secret marriage of the young people in a church by a priest. We do not expect our novelists to be very profound in any branch of science, experimental or historic; but we really think the author of *Eugénie* has gone beyond the limits of allowable ignorance—wide as those limits are—when she makes a French priest marry two young people who wander into his church, with no more inquiry, misgiving, or redtapeism than if he had been the famous blacksmith over the border (in France of all countries, where marriage is hedged round with the most carefully constructed barriers, and a secret union of the kind described is simply impossible), and puts into a French mother's mouth the formal abdication of her chaperonage over her daughter, in favour of an unmarried male cousin and a young soldier guest. Beyond all this, the book is sentimental, scrappy, goody, and decidedly a falling off from the author's first essay, *Miss Molly*, which itself was by no means up to the highest standard.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.*

A GEOGRAPHICAL caprice of nature, so to speak, has affected the relations between those British North American territories, now styled the Dominion of Canada, which were united ten years ago in a provincial Confederation. Upper and Lower Canada, properly bearing that name, occupy the interior region along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shores of the great Lakes. That river, which is the outlet of their waters to the Atlantic, should likewise be the channel of their maritime traffic, and is thus available for commerce during part of the year. But its lower course and estuary below the port of Quebec, turning from an easterly to a northerly direction, are locked up in winter by the ice barriers of a severe climate, or rather by the drift of ice from the Arctic seas. They are separated from the Atlantic shores within milder latitudes by an oblong block of the mainland, comprising New Brunswick, with an adjacent strip of Lower Canada on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, and with a portion of the State of Maine, to the southward, belonging to the New England group in the United States. The peninsula of Nova Scotia is attached to the north-western extremity of New Brunswick at its very corner, hanging far out in the Atlantic, with the large islands of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island lying outside of it, and partly enclosing the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This distribution of their lands, between the extensive navigable waters of the continental interior on the one hand and the open sea on the other, makes New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the needful doorway to Canada in the winter season. Their excellent harbours, especially that of St. John in the Bay of Fundy, on the South-east coast of New Brunswick, and that of Halifax, on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, are conveniently placed for the intercourse to be kept up with Europe by the inland Canadian provinces in winter. The harbour of Portland, in Maine, alone presents in some degree the facilities of accommodation which enable it to compete with Halifax for the external traffic of the Dominion. As Portland belongs to the United States, there are strong motives of political expediency for securing the preference to Halifax, which is not only our own port, but the nearest Transatlantic port to Great Britain.

These circumstances give a more than local or technical interest to Mr. Sandford Fleming's account of a highly creditable work of railway construction which he completed last Midsummer, furnishing Lower Canada with means of access, through the northern parts of New Brunswick, to the Nova Scotian Atlantic coast. It is remarkable, indeed, that, so long as forty-five years ago, soon after the opening of the first railway in England, a project was discussed of making a railway from Quebec to St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. This would have left out Nova Scotia entirely, but would have supplied the shortest possible route from Quebec to the ocean-shore. The scheme was propounded by Mr. Henry Fairbairn in the *United Service Journal* of 1832. It seems, about 1836, to have obtained energetic support in the Colonies, with some encouragement from the Whig Ministry in Downing Street. But it was suddenly checked by peremptory orders from that quarter, upon a representation from the United States' Government that the country lying between the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy was part of their State of Maine. The British Government, having just then to deal with the French-Canadian rebellion, did not venture to oppose a decided negative to this claim of a foreign sovereignty. A few years later, in the feeble negotiations conducted by Lord Ashburton in 1842, surrendering a large portion of New Brunswick, our American colonies were effectually deprived of their most direct independent access to the sea. A brief sketch of the history of this boundary question is introduced by Mr. Fleming into his narrative of the hindrances and disappointments of early intercolonial railway schemes. The dispute was first raised upon the application, to an actual topographical survey, of certain clauses in the Latin text of letters patent granted by King James I. to the Earl of Stirling as

founder of Nova Scotia. There was a doubt concerning the river St. Croix, from the most westerly source of which the boundary-line was to run due north until it should strike upon the nearest stream flowing into the St. Lawrence, or "great river of Canada." But there was a further ground of difficulty in applying the speculative provisions of the treaty concluded with the United States in 1783, by which the aforesaid due north line was presumed to run "along the highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean." There is, in fact, no such range of highlands directly to the northward of the St. Croix; but to the north-west, as is explained by Mr. Fleming with the aid of a special map, may be found the true watershed in question, parting the sources of the Chaudière, in Lower Canada, from those of the Kennebec and Penobscot, which belong to Maine. The highlands of New Brunswick to be reached by a due north line from the St. Croix are those which separate the Canadian Rivière du Loup and Metis, and the streams falling into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from the tributaries of the St. John, which last-mentioned river descends to the Bay of Fundy. It was established, by the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands in 1831, that the treaty of 1783, in speaking of rivers which fall into the ocean, did not mean any of those which fall into a gulf or bay of that ocean. The United States, or Maine, should possess the rivers only flowing direct into the Atlantic. Unfortunately, however, this principle was lost sight of in Lord Ashburton's concessions of 1842, which gave up the southern alluents of the upper St. John river, with an extensive tract of country in the heart of New Brunswick. It was not the whole of this, which had been wrongfully claimed and invaded; but it was the only district through which, as appeared from later surveys, a railway could well be made crossing the interior of that rugged land from the St. Lawrence estuary to the Bay of Fundy. The consequence of this territorial loss, since political and military considerations demanded an intercolonial line passing all the way over British ground, has been the adoption of a circuitous route along the north-east coast, round the Bay Chaleur, and by Miramichi on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But it may be hoped that the result will afford some compensation at least to New Brunswick in the commercial advantages it should bestow on the ports of that coast.

The intercolonial link of railway communication was the subject of an express stipulation in the Act of 1867 uniting the provinces in one Dominion. It had been preceded, we should observe, by the construction of railways in each of the three provinces, taking a parallel north-easterly direction towards the coasts of the Bay Chaleur and Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, joining Sarnia on Lake Huron with Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, had been carried on from Quebec along the right bank of the St. Lawrence estuary to the Rivière du Loup. In New Brunswick, while Fredericton, the official capital, had been connected with the port of St. John, a line had also been made from St. John to Moncton, upon the north inlet at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and thence to Shediac, on the east coast, opposite Prince Edward Island. In Nova Scotia there was a short line already opened from Halifax to Truro, which last-mentioned place is situated, like Moncton, at the upper end of the Bay of Fundy, in a corresponding branch or inlet to the eastward. To join these three provincial railways in one system has been the work of the last ten years. Mr. Fleming was first called upon to advise the Dominion Government regarding the choice of a line to cross New Brunswick and meet the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. This question, involving many local and private interests, was keenly disputed in the press and Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick. Some parties wanted the railway to go up the St. John river above Grand Falls, which was certainly the most direct course to strike the Canadian shore of the St. Lawrence at Rivière du Loup. The objection to this line being made the regular means of communication between the provinces of the British Dominion was plain enough, as it skirted the United States' new frontier under the "capitulation" of 1842. But it will nevertheless be found a requisite convenience, like the railways between Maine and the St. John, for the purposes of commercial traffic, though Canadian Dominion patriotism is unwilling to admit that the best market for the St. John district lies in the United States. A middle line, to run across from Petitcodiac, midway between St. John and the Eastern seacoast, was favoured by some of the authorities; but it would have traversed a difficult mountainous country, with little promise of intermediate traffic. We cannot therefore doubt, from the clearly and fairly stated arguments on each side in this volume, that the final adoption of the Bay Chaleur or East Coast route was fully justified. It is the one which was recommended in 1848 by Major Robinson, R.E., also by the Commissioners for the defence of Canada in 1862, and by Colonel Jervois, Deputy Director of Fortifications, two years later; it was indeed pronounced by the Imperial Government, in 1868, to be the only route which sufficiently provides for national interests. The chief engineer, however, discreetly abstained from interfering with this question in his opinion, was expressly asked by the Dominion Government, re-

The remainder of his book consists, for the most part, the minute account of the surveys and local arrangements for the different main links and minor sections of the intercolonial, most the details of engineering construction. These matters will reward the attention of readers who are curious about island, geography or topography, and those who care for professional technical examples. Some particulars may here be collected to give a precise view of the character of the entire work. The half-year

* *The Intercolonial: an Historical Sketch of the Inception, Location, Construction, and Completion of the Line of Railway uniting the Inland and Maritime Provinces of the Dominion.* With Maps and numerous Illustrations. By Sandford Fleming, C.E., Engineer-in-Chief of the Newfoundland, Intercolonial, and Canadian Pacific Railways. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

is five hundred miles from the Rivière du Loup, on the St. Lawrence estuary, to Cobequid Bay, at Truro in Nova Scotia, the head of the Bay of Fundy. This is divided by the chief engineer into four districts—namely, the St. Lawrence district, along the shore of that estuary or arm of the sea, as far as Metis, where the line turns to a north-easterly to a south-easterly direction; the Restigouche district, so called from a river of that name, which falls, with its tributary the Metapédia, into the Bay Chaleur, the Miramichi district, with the well-known commercial port of Miramichi; and the Nova Scotia district, from Moncton to Truro, connecting the St. John and Shediac line of New Brunswick with the railway from Halifax by Truro to Pictou, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The last-mentioned district is rich in mines of coal and iron, which have been accommodated in some instances, with other local interests, by an occasional bend or circuitous route. Mr. Fleming, indeed, looking rather to the general interest of the Dominion as a whole, and the cost of working its through traffic, was inclined not to give way so much to local demands, but his judgment in this was sometimes overruled, as in the building of three wooden instead of iron bridges, by the late official Railway Commissioners. His executive task seems to have been performed with praiseworthy care and skill, assisted by a numerous engineering staff, whose names, both of the living and the dead, are conspicuously recorded, with those of the contractors, in Mr. Fleming's very complete Report. The successive operations of the exploratory survey, the location and the construction of the railroad, are methodically described, we are told all about the rivers, the rocks, and the bays, all the bridges, cuttings, tunnels, embankments, and all the details of the way through such natural obstacles, and all the exact quantities of earthwork and masonry for each section. The main line is over two branches of the Miramichi river, a little above their junction near the town of New Brunswick, these having a width of 1,350 feet and 1,600 feet respectively, with tides rising five and sometimes ten feet, are not least in importance among the railway works, and there is a skew-bridge over the Restigouche, at the mouth of the Metapédia, on the boundary of the Quebec province. This seems yet more remarkable from the plans, sections, and other drawings here presented, and from the author's description of terrible "freshets" and "timber drives," battering the pieris even hitting the superstructure. We may try to fancy a "jam" of piled-up masses in the stream pent between high and steep hills with a winding course, raising its dammed back of od-water about twenty feet till the obstruction suddenly breaks, and the moving heap of thick overlaid ice, uprooted trees, logs, and other driftwood, rushes onward far down the river. In other instances, but especially in the effects of frost and thaw upon the steep slopes of cuttings and embankments, and the enticework behind masonry, engineers may learn something, we presume, from Mr. Fleming's experience in such a climate. He ventures to claim, probably not without good reason, a degree of merit for the Intercolonial, with regard to the soundness and stability of its permanent way, second to no railway of this kind in America or in Europe.

A subject of collateral or contingent interest, that of the best port and route of passenger and mail traffic from England to the chief cities of America, is treated by Mr. Fleming in the extracts from his preliminary Report of 1865, which form an appendix. He contends that the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland (this name ought to be changed, to avoid confusion with St. John's on St. John in New Brunswick), should be made the landing-place, being 1,640 miles from Valencia, at the south-west corner of Ireland. The ocean run for mail steamers is from Cape Clear to Cape Race, respectively near to the harbours of the European and American shores. A railroad should cross Newfoundland to St. George's Bay, on the west coast of that island, whence the mails and passengers could be taken by another steamer, within sixteen hours, across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Shippagan, at the entrance to the Bay Chaleur. Here is now the International Railway of the Dominion, ready for their prompt conveyance all over Canada, or to the United States. Mr. Fleming computes that from London by this means to the city of Toronto or New York the journey might be accomplished in about seven days, and in less than eight to Chicago. It does not seem at all impossible, but the Gulf of St. Lawrence is rarely navigable during a part only of the year. Halifax and Portland are likely to retain in future the maritime advantages of their open front position on the Atlantic seaboard.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE fourth volume of the translation of Comte's *System of Positive Polity*, which has been undertaken by several of the leading members of the Comteist body in this country has now appeared. It contains the essay on "The Synthesis of the Future of Mankind," translated by Dr. Congreve, together with, in an appendix, Comte's early essays, translated by Mr. H. D. Hutton, and thus completes what may be regarded as an authoritative English version of the text. In the publication of this edition such Positivists have taken the most practical way of showing their own faith in their master's system, taken literally and unrounded, by laying it open to their countrymen without any reservations; but it may be doubted how far this is likely to

be of avail. There is, of course, no question that Comte's *System of Positive Polity*. By Auguste Comte. Vol. IV. Longmans, Green, & Co.

was a man of genius, and that his earlier works contain much sound and valuable instruction. The publication of his *Cours de Philosophie Positive* has been justly called "the great epoch of his life"; for it not only demonstrated his intellectual power, but also his high-minded courage and disinterestedness in devoting himself to a cause which he believed to be essential to the progress of humanity, though he was well aware of the unpopularity and sacrifices which the propagation of it would entail upon him. Of the *Philosophie Positive* it is, therefore, impossible to speak without respect, whatever difficulties there may be in accepting some of its doctrines, but Comte's subsequent work, *Système de Politique Positive, ou Traité de Sociologie instituant la religion de l'humanité*, is of a very different character. In the latter he threw over the objective method, and adopted the subjective, instead of basing conclusions on facts proved by observation, he gave himself up to arbitrary and imaginative deductions from principles which he himself had invented in order to suit his new ideas, and in short abandoned philosophy in its scientific form for a vague, fantastic theology of his own creation. This change in his mental constitution was in a not measure due to the passionate attachment which, after being separated from his wife, he had conceived for Mme. Clotilde de Vaux, and which gradually developed into a kind of mystic adoration. When she died, he paid weekly visits to her tomb, and every day prayed to her for guidance and protection. It was under this sentimental and mystic influence that he composed his system of Positive Polity, the natural result of which was to alienate a large section of those who had previously accepted his teaching, including the most eminent of his adherents in this country. On the other hand, the "Polity" has been taken up by those who, like Dr. Congreve, regard it as containing the essence of "true Positivism." This explains the choice of the "Polity" for translation, as marking the essential elements of the new religion, which is in fact, as Mr. Lewy has described it, simply "a scheme of sacerdotal despotism." The contents of the volume before us fully confirm this view. In one of his prefaces the author asserts that "the republican situation has become the primary condition of material order, by the fact of its being the only form of government which admits of an energetic dictatorship." It is also stated, in the chapter on "the life" of the new communion, that the spiritual wants of the West are to be provided for by "a corporation of twenty thousand philosophers," of whom France would have a fourth, and that "the whole spiritual hierarchy is immediately and unintermittently under the influence of the High Priest of Humanity" (Comte himself), who "nurses, transfers, suspends, and even discards, on his sole responsibility, any of its members." It is also pointed out that "the vastness of his office makes it necessary for the Pontiff of the West to call habitually to his aid seven national superiors, a body which will be increased in proportion as the Positive religion advances towards its normal state of universality," and will furnish forty-nine members "when mankind is completely regenerated." The costume of the priesthood was not quite fixed by Comte, but it was laid down that "the form of clothing will remind people that the priesthood, by its true position intermediate between the sexes, has more affinity with the female sex, which may be supposed to imply the wearing of petticoats. Comte also gives a "decisive proclamation" that "the theoretical and practical servants of Humanity claim as their due the general direction of this world, their object being directly to construct the true Providence, moral, intellectual, and material, excluding for ever from political supremacy all the various servants of God, Catholic, Protestant, or Deist, as at once belated and an element of disturbance," and it is further stated that Positivism unites in itself the "opposite excellences of the two monotheisms its precursors"—that is, Catholicism and Islamism.

Professor Huxley has now published in this country three lectures on evolution, which he delivered in New York in September last, together with his address at the opening of the John Hopkins University at Baltimore, and a lecture on biology in connexion with the Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington. His opinions as to the theory of evolution are already well known, but this volume has a special interest as containing the latest statement of them. While admitting that "cautions men" will allow that there may have been a time when nature did not follow a fixed order, when the relations of cause and effect were not definite, and when extra-natural agencies interfered with the "general course of nature," he starts with the assumption that "whatever may be men's speculative doctrines, every intelligent person now guides his life and risks his fortune upon the belief that the order of nature is constant, and that the chain of natural causation is never broken." After stating in his first lecture the various hypotheses which have been entertained as to the past history of nature, he goes on in the second to exhibit the neutral and favourable evidence in behalf of evolution, remarking that, "whether variation depends on some intricate machinery—if I may use the phrase—of the living organism itself, or whether it arises through the influence of conditions upon that form, is not certain, and the question may, for the present, be left open; but the important point is that, granting the existence of the tendency to the production of variations, then, whether the variations which are produced shall survive and supplant the variations is a small matter which depends entirely on those conditions which give rise to the struggle for existence." He also points out that, while allowing for the persistency of certain types, it does not follow

* *American Addresses; with a Lecture on the Study of Biology.* By Thomas H. Huxley. Macmillan & Co.

from the absence of organic remains in a deposit that animals did not exist at the time it was formed, as their remains might be due to the solid material of the skeleton having dissolved away. The third lecture is chiefly occupied with illustration which is said to be afforded by the structure of the horse that "the history of the horse-type is exactly and precisely what could have been predicted from a knowledge of the principles of evolution"; and that these principles will be still further confirmed when the still lower Eocene deposits, and those which belong to the Cretaceous epoch, have yielded up their remains. Mr. Huxley then states his general conclusion that, as far as inquiry has gone, there is demonstrative evidence of evolution and a coincidence of the observed facts with theoretical requirements; in fact, "the whole evidence is in favour of evolution, and there is none against it." He also challenges the idea that evolution requires the lapse of a very vast period, inasmuch as this is at present a question between the geologists on the one hand and the astronomers and physicists on the other.

Among Mr. Bagehot's last contributions to *Economist* was a series of papers on the depreciation of silver, now republished in a volume, together with the evidence he gave as a witness before Mr. Goschen's Committee on the absence of sufficient experience of the actual condition of supply, he was prevented from arriving at any very positive conclusions; but his view was, in the main, that the great fall in the price of silver in the beginning of last year was only a momentary accident in a new and weak market, and not the permanent effect of lasting causes; that the demand for silver as currency was stimulated by its cheapness here and in America, and had carried off the late supply; that this demand could be increased as opportunities arose; and that, at any rate, there was as yet no proof that the permanent value of silver, whether in relation to gold or to commodities at large, could change so much as to render necessary any alterations in Indian currency or taxation. Whatever may be the future course of the question, these articles will at least be a useful record of an interesting phase of it.

Mr. Reginald Palgrave, who holds the office of Clerk-Assistant at the Table of the House of Commons, has put together in a clear and concise form a series of suggestions and rules for the guidance of chairmen of public meetings, drawn from the procedure of Parliament. In a prefatory letter to the Speaker he argues that the practice of the House is in one respect generally misunderstood by chairmen of meetings—namely, in the latter according priority to the amendment over the motion. Mr. Palgrave points out that this is not only a misleading practice in itself, being apt to stand in the way of a fair consideration of the original issue, but also that it is not the rule of the House of Commons, where, on the contrary, the formula—that "the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question"—is framed expressly to avert an immediate conflict between the motion and the proposed amendment, but to keep both questions before the House till the final moment. Mr. Palgrave then lays down the rules which, allowing for the difference between the House of Commons and a public meeting, he deems suitable for the latter, one of which is that the chairman should have an absolute power of immediate adjournment in the event of any rude or violent behaviour. He also notices the "Previous Question" as used in the House of Commons, remarking that it is a perplexing method, as, according to present usage, the members who propose it move that the question which they oppose "be now put," and then vote against their own motion; and he suggests that the motion should be that "the question be not now put."

An edition of Milton has been added to the well-known "Globe" series, with introductions by Professor Masson, which are in substance an abbreviated adaptation of what appears in his Library edition, and in which he aims at supplying a continuous and detailed literary biography of the poet. In his preface he notes, with a regret which will be generally shared, the disappearance of the house, No. 19 York Street, Westminster, which was Milton's residence from 1652 to 1660.

A "popular edition" has been issued of Lady Herbert's translation from the French of biographies of St. Monica, Mlle. Victorine de Galard Terraube, and the Venerable Mère Dévos, Superior of the Society of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. These biographies are written in the usual style of such narratives, and give one the impression that human nature is rather left out of account, all the saints in question being represented as absolutely perfect throughout, from childhood to their last days. Perhaps the most characteristic picture is that of the "Vénérable Mère Dévos," of whom we are told that "from a very early age she showed an unusual spirit of devotion, recollection, and silence," and during the rest of her life "her virtues and holiness were continually on the increase"; that, having once "broken through every human tie," she "allowed no indulgence to natural feelings," and held that "a Sister of Charity should avoid as much as possible all connexion with her family";

* *Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver and on the Topics connected with it.* By the late Walter Bagehot. Henry S. King & Co.

† *The Chairman's Service.* By Reginald F. W. Palgrave & Co.

‡ *The Poetical Works of...*

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culs "The Affected Ladies."

Mr. Simmonds's work on the preparation, commercial value of animal products, was prepared by order of the Committee of Council on Education, in order to serve, in the first instance, as a descriptive guide to the collection at the Bethnal Green Branch of the South Kensington Museum, and also as a practical treatise on economic zoology for the general public. It makes a very interesting and useful volume, and is well illustrated.

Mr. Austin Dobson has already made a reputation not only as a graceful writer of *vers de société*, but as one capable of an occasional effort in a higher strain; but his new volume, on the whole, scarcely sustains the favourable impression produced by his earlier writings. Most of the pieces now given have appeared in various periodicals; and it may be thought that the volume would have been improved by judicious compression. Nothing can be more agreeable in its way than Mr. Dobson's neat and flowing verses; but when collected in a mass they somewhat lose their effect from the close family resemblance which they bear to each other in mannerism and subject. His chief merit is that of metrical skill; but there is a want of depth of feeling, and the ideas are apt to be thin and commonplace. Any one who turns to *Præd* will see at once that though his imitators sometimes catch his style of versification, they cannot reproduce his wit and epigrammatic point. This is still more marked in Mr. Donmett's *Flotsam and Jetsam* and in Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell's *Pegasus Re-saddled*, which are mere mechanical exercises, smoothly enough written, but destitute of poetical sentiment.

Mr. Renton, too, has a certain command of literary expression, but he falls into the error of trying to represent the colours of nature by verbal description, as will be seen from the following examples. The moon on a cloudy night

Glow paly lemon, with a fringe
Of orange dusking.

And here is a chromatic blaze:—

And all abroad the light is mazed.
With verdure, and the greens are hazed
With amber; other hue enthralled
With topaz or with emerald.

Again, we have a picture of a

Shifting waste of alim-blue brine
And fading olive hyaline:
Till all the distance overflows
The green in watchet, and the blue
In purple. Now they fuse and close
A darkling violet, fringed anew
With light.

Elsewhere a hawthorn thicket in the dusk is described as "A gruesome greensome splashed with blood"; pines as "green stalactites in an azure heaven"; and fields as "madder-haunte

* *History of the Bengal Artillery.* By Francis W. Stubbs of Royal Bengal Artillery. 2 vols. Henry S. King & Co.

† *The Dramatic Works of Molière.* Charles Heron Wall. Vols. 1 & 2.

‡ *Animal P...*
P. L. G.

arded all creeds and religions as equally false and
dited superstitions." Some of the papers appear to have
lectures delivered to a class or popular audience, and have
been fairly interesting and useful in giving sketches of the
Creeds and Philosophies of the Ancient East, or of the
mythology and the drama of Greece. A great part of the volume
is made up with extracts from translations of Aeschylus,
Sophocles, and Plato; and the frequent and repeated blunders in
the spelling of proper names, and in various minor details, either
lead to the inference that the author's scholarship is taken at
second hand, or show great carelessness in putting the papers
into shape. A writer who exhibits so entire a confidence in his
own opinions as Mr. Marshall should study a little more accuracy
in his manner of expressing them; and it is not difficult to
conjecture why these "Popular Notes" are only published "for
the author."

Mr. Charles Tovey, who has had "a commercial intimacy" with
the wine trade for half a century, and travelled through the prin-
cipal wine countries of France, making inquiries, has produced a
revised edition of "The Wine Countries of France," describing
the different wines with their areas of growth and specific quali-
ties. In the preface he expresses his opinion that the wine trade
has been injured by the introduction of unscrupulous traders,
grocers' wine manufacturers, who supply dealers who
have no knowledge of the trade, and merely sell whatever is sent
them. He mentions that in a recent price list he saw an "Elbe
sherry" at 15s. per dozen, recommended as a "light stimulating
wine, particularly free from acidity, and, taking into consideration
its strength, cheaper than beer or any other ordinary beverage";
and on testing it found its strength by distillation to be 62 under
proof, i.e., 38 per cent. of proof spirit, and "as to acidity just as free
from that vice as whisky, which can be had from the same firm,
33 per cent. under proof, for 1s. 10d. a bottle." In the latter case
there is, Mr. Tovey calculates, a profit of 22 per cent., and in the
former of 66 per cent.

Mr. J. Longmuir has made a curious slip in the title of his
book. He calls it a *Rhythymical Index*, and explains on the
title-page that it is an index "to all the perfect rhymes of a
different orthography, and allowable rhymes of a different sound,
throughout the language." It would seem, therefore, that Mr.
Longmuir confounds rhythm with rhyme, for there is nothing in
his work about the former. As to the "allowable rhymes" which
he admits into his collection, and of which he gives examples
from "our best poets," they are in most cases not rhymes at all,
but a mere evasion of the obligation.

Mr. Gustave Masson has written a short guide to French litera-
ture, reviewing its leading features and typical characters in a
brief, but pithy and comprehensive, manner. The manual also
contains a chronological table and a list of characteristic specimens
of the chief French writers. Altogether, it is a very complete
little volume. Mr. Masson has also edited Victor Hugo's
Hernani, and Mésleville and Duverrier's *Michel Barrin* for Messrs.
Dulau and Hachette's *Théâtre Français du XIX siècle*. Other
plays by Delavigne, Lebrun, Bonilly, and Sandeau also form
part of this series.

Maps and other works relating to the war continue to appear.
Messrs. Waterlow's small twopenny pocket-map deserves notice
on account of its especial handiness and convenience, as it might
easily be carried in a waistcoat pocket or purse, and also for its
clear and comprehensive delineation of the area of military
operations. It further contains a useful survey of the strength and
armaments of the European Powers. Mr. Mackay's *Handbook* gives
a concise and popular account of the negotiations preceding
the war, the military and naval forces of Russia and Turkey, the
course of the campaigns on the Danube and in Asia as far as they
have gone, together with topographical information, and a map.
Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son have published a new edition of their
war map, with an enlarged plan of the Danube. Messrs.
Weldon also publish penny and twopenny war maps.

- * *Wine and Wine Countries*. By Charles Tovey. New Edition. Whittaker.
- † *Rhythymical Index to the English Language*. By J. Longmuir. A. M. Tegg & Co.
- ‡ *Outlines of French Literature*. By Gustave Masson, B.A., Assistant-Master and Librarian Harrow School. Dulau & Co. & Hachette & Co.
- § *Le Théâtre Français du XIX siècle*. Parts 1 to 6. Dulau & Co. & Hachette & Co.
- || *Waterlow and Son's Pocket Map of the War*.
- ¶ *Handbook of the Seat of War*. Edited by Rev. A. Mackay. Simpkin & Co.
- * *War Map showing the entire Russo-Turkish Frontier in Europe and Asia*. W. H. Smith & Son.
- †† *Weldon's War Maps*.

NOTICE

We beg to state that we decline to receive rejected Contributions, and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Mr. Tovey has collected some interesting particulars as to the
religion of the native Africans, including their conceptions of a
Supreme Being, good and evil spirits, fetichism, and so on, in regard
to which the Africans appear to be in much the same superstitious
state of mind as other uncivilized tribes. The writer, however,
thinks that their belief in the existence of supernatural spirits
and influences may be regarded as a form of religious belief in its
lowest stage, which suggests possibilities of spiritual advancement.

The reappearance for the season of Mr. Watson-Lyall's monthly
Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the rivers, lochs, moors, and
deer forests of Scotland will awaken in many minds thoughts of a
pleasant and invigorating holiday in prospect. It gives all the
necessary information as to railway, steamboat, and coach
travelling; a list of shootings, with the names of the owners and
agents, nearest post-towns, rent, &c.; and a description of the
rivers and lochs, with particulars as to how to get to them, and
how they can be fished by strangers; where quarters can be found,
and a mass of other information indispensable to sportsmen and
tourists.

Mr. Mollison has put together some practical directions for
the cultivation of flowering and foliage plants in windows and
glazed cases, which is now so much in fashion, and also for the
arrangements of plants and flowers in the body of the house.
Mr. Quin's *Garden Receipts* conveys, in a compact form, useful
information as to the way of dealing with the various insects
and other pests which are the great trouble of gardeners. Mr.
Stackhouse also has a handy little book on hardy plants for
little front gardens.

Messrs. Cook have published an entirely new edition of their
Guide to Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine. It is of a very handy
size, and contains perhaps as much information as a Cook's tourist
is likely to want.

Mr. Marshall describes his "Popular Notes" as the "result of
various papers" which he has "strung together"; and adds that he
"has been motivated in putting them into shape by having encountered
in society and current literature opinions more or less pronounced

- * *The Balance of Pain; and other Poems*. By Australia. G. Bell & Sons.
- † *Boyhood Lyrics*. By W. H. Thomas. Trübner & Co.
- ‡ *A Book of Bristol Sonnets*. By H. C. Rawnsley. Bristol: Chilcott. London: Hamilton & Adams.
- § *Antar and Zara; Inisfail, and other Poems, Meditative and Lyric*. By Aubrey De Vere. King & Co.
- || *Harry*. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerminham's Journal." Macmillan.
- ¶ *The Annual Register for 1876*. Rivingtons.
- * *The Knot Tied: Marriage Ceremonies of All Nations*. Collected by V. Tegg. Tegg & Co.
- † *One Hour's Reading: Remarkable Customs, Seasons and Holidays, and Phrases*. By W. Tegg. Tegg & Co.
- ‡ *Of the Africans*. By the Rev. Henry Royce. Gardner.
- § *and General Time-Tables and Guides to the Continent*. Edited by J. Watson.

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THE WAR.

LORD SALISBURY'S speeches in the House of Lords and in Merchant Taylors' Hall, and Lord DERBY'S adoption of the declarations of his colleague, will perhaps satisfy Mr. GLADSTONE himself that the Government has no intention of plunging into a precipitate war with Russia. Lord DE MAULEY must console himself for the ridicule with which Lord SALISBURY treated his modest suggestions by the reflection that anxieties of another kind will have been relieved by an ironical and contemptuous deprecation of war. There may possibly be alarmists who, as Lord SALISBURY says, are afraid of Russia because on a small map they can put a finger on Russia and a thumb on India. It may perhaps hardly have been worth while to protest against the random conclusions of ignorance; but it is true that the sources of the Euphrates are not near the upper waters of the Indus. It is not the less certain that the extension of Russian dominion in Asia is to be regretted, though it cannot at present be conveniently opposed. In the words of CANNING, quoted by Lord DERBY, if war must come sooner or later, it is better that it should come later; and then perhaps it may not come at all. It is not surprising that the Russian Government declines, except in one instance, to limit the scope of its expected conquests. The Suez Canal, which is practically out of reach, will not be interfered with as long as the present Russian policy remains unchanged. No promise has at any time been given with respect to Asia, and the Moscow professions of moderation in Europe are not repeated. The danger of a collision may perhaps be postponed by the great expenditure of resources which is the necessary consequence of the ambitious policy of Russia. Although it is proved by repeated instances that aggressive Governments are seldom deterred from war by want of money, the vast armaments which are now in motion in Europe and Asia must impose a heavy burden on Russian finances. The enormous fine which was levied by the victor in the last great European war has perhaps increased the temptation to engage in similar struggles; but Germany had the good fortune to overpower the richest nation on the Continent, whereas Turkey will be insolvent even before a total defeat. An indemnity for the expenses of the war would be practically paid by the subject population which is supposed to be the object of disinterested Russian benevolence.

The reports and rumours of the last few days throw little additional light on the prospects of the campaign. There are no means of estimating the importance of a check which the Russian vanguard has received in the neighbourhood of Olti; nor is anything known of the progress of the siege of Kars. The insurrection in the Caucasus seems not to have been suppressed; but it is not likely to affect directly the operations in Armenia. The difficulties of an advance through a rude mountain district may easily be understood; but, on the other hand, the Russian commanders are probably prepared to encounter obstacles which they thoroughly understand. The present enterprise was undoubtedly designed long before the time and occasion of a war of conquest was known even by the Government. It was not necessary to invent any special cause for a quarrel which was certain to occur as soon as diplomacy allowed Russia to engage in a single-handed war with Turkey. It is not improbable that when Kars, Batoum, and Baku are taken, the invading army will pause to consolidate its conquest. The subjugation of the remainder of Asiatic Turkey may well be

deferred to some future occasion. The Armenian part of the population may perhaps prefer Russian to Turkish dominion, and the inhabitants will not resist against an irresistible power. The possession of Batoum will become valuable when, as a probable result of the war, the Russians recover their maritime predominance in the Black Sea. The inconvenience of the present superiority of the Turkish fleet has been seriously felt during a few weeks of war; and probably the Russians would have experienced heavier losses if the enemy had not, with abundant folly, interfered with the enterprising designs of the foreign Admiral. It would seem that an almost desperate condition of affairs has not impressed on the Government of Constantinople the necessity of entrusting the conduct of political and military business to competent persons. The War Minister is, unless he is grossly calumniated, incapable of conducting a struggle on which the existence of the Empire depends; and none of the generals in the field have hitherto displayed ability or enterprise. On the first declaration of war the Turkish army might, without risk or extraordinary exertion, have crossed the Danube, broken up the railway by which the Russians have since advanced, and compelled the Roumanians to surrender all their military stores. Two or three weeks of moderate activity would have insured as many months of immunity from invasion; but the opportunity was neglected, and it will not recur. It is true that the Turks sometimes display unexpected energy after long neglect. It seems that the Montenegrins, who last year obtained almost uninterrupted success, are now hard pressed by a force much diminished in numerical strength. The gallant little tribe of highlanders can ill afford to lose any considerable part of its scanty numbers.

As the Russian invasion proceeds, new complications will arise on the Southern frontier of Turkey and in the islands. The Greeks made no secret of their intention to take their share in the anticipated division of Turkish territory. Prudent statesmen have long regretted that the kingdom was not in the first instance extended by the addition of Epirus and Thessaly to its present dominions. The question of also including Crete was complicated by the difficulty of dealing with a considerable Mahometan population; but the main reason for restricting the area of Greek independence was that the English Government regarded with disfavour the partial dismemberment of Turkey, while Russia distrusted the Greeks as possible rivals for the possession of Constantinople. There are strong reasons for believing that the jealousy of Russia was better founded than the hesitation of England; but those who have had practically to deal with Eastern policy may be excused if they have sometimes erred in conjecture and speculation. During the Crimean war it would have been impossible to allow Greece to create a diversion in favour of Russia; and the discouragement of the Cretan insurrection at a later period was excused or justified by reasonable fear of the commencement of a general war. The politicians who have most vigorously supported the claims of Greece are the same who have suggested the chimerical scheme of protecting the integrity of the Turkish Empire by establishing a belt of semi-independent States on both banks of the Danube. Since it has been proved that Roumania and Servia are, for political and military purposes, mere outposts of Russia, doubts may be entertained whether Greece would by any attainable increase of territory become strong enough to assert a policy of its own. Some

credit may be attached to the uniform statement of English travellers and residents that the Greeks dislike the Slaves in general, and the Russians in particular, even more heartily than they abhor the Turks. Alone among the races which inhabit South-Eastern Europe, the Greeks are conscious of superiority in civilization and in general capacity to the probable conquerors of Turkey. Their intellectual aspirations and their commercial activity would be crushed by the levelling despotism of Russia; but it is nevertheless not yet certain that after the destruction of Turkey they would be able to maintain their independence.

The Government of Athens has much reason for anxiety between popular pressure and the grave danger of war. By land and by sea the Turks are far more than a match for the Greeks, if they are disposed to withdraw any considerable part of their force from the more dangerous contest with Russia. The Greeks have no considerable army; their pecuniary resources are small; and their mercantile marine might be exposed to heavy losses from Turkish cruisers. An insurrection in Epirus, supported by volunteers, and perhaps by regular Greek troops, would cause great embarrassment to the Porte; but the result might be defeat and counter invasion before the Russians were able, if they were willing, to aid their officious allies. Montenegro seems not unlikely to afford a fresh illustration of the old fable of the dwarf and the giant; and the Greek Government is unfortunate in the weakness which prevents it from restraining warlike agitation. When the inevitable rupture occurs, greater sympathy will be felt in England for the Greeks than for any other of the unprovoked assailants of Turkey. Their natural ambition will not be attributed to Russian intrigues, though the diversion which they would effect would necessarily benefit the Northern invader. Although during the half-century of the existence of the Greek kingdom there has been some collision of Greek and English policy, the good offices which have from time to time been exchanged have established an intermittent feeling of good will. After the abdication of Otto the Greeks unanimously offered their Crown to an English Prince, and the courtesy, though it was declined, produced a substantial acknowledgment in the cession of the Ionian Islands. None of the candidates for the succession to Turkish supremacy would be so unobjectionable.

THE LAW OFFICERS.

THE Report of a Committee over which the MASTER of the Rolls presided to inquire into the mode in which the Law Officers are remunerated is worth reading as a curious illustration of the odd way in which public business is conducted in England. About six years ago it was arranged that for the future the Attorney-General should receive a fixed salary of 7,000*l.* a year, and the Solicitor-General a fixed salary of 6,000*l.* a year, for non-contentious business, and should also receive fees when they had to go into Court, or had to do something connected with proceedings in Court. This sounds a simple arrangement, but practically it has led to many difficulties. The Law Officers could not make out what was meant precisely by non-contentious business. For example, a suit to which the Crown was a party was compromised, and the Attorney-General, who was requested to settle the deeds by which the compromise was made binding, was informed to his surprise that this was a non-contentious piece of business. No Law Officer appears to have been in the least grasping, or desirous to be paid fees to which he was not entitled; but they all naturally wished to know what was the principle on which business was pronounced to be, or not to be, contentious. It was entirely in vain, however, that they asked for information. There is the strongest jealousy in each department of State of all other departments, and the Treasury treated the Law Officers as its natural enemies, who were to be kept at bay as long as possible. When a Treasury Minute was asked for by one Attorney-General, for a long time he was kept off, and could not get at the Minute at all, and then he only succeeded in seeing half of it. When another Law Officer asked the department from which a set of papers came what had been done previously in cases bearing on the point to be determined, the department calmly answered that it would not tell him, and he might find out for himself. It seems at first almost inconceivable that the Law

Officers can be treated in this way. They are persons of importance, they are asked for advice on matters of great moment to the nation, and as to which the holders of office are deeply concerned in getting correct and speedy answers, and they always belong to the political party to which the chiefs of the great departments of State belong. It might have been expected that they would be in an especial manner the pets and favourites of the different departments, that everything that could be done to assist them would be done, and that every information they wished for would be given with cordial alacrity. But the traditions of English bureaucracy are far too deep-seated and permanent for the temporary holder of any of the chief offices to overcome them; and one of the most powerful and persistent of these traditions is that each department has to work for itself, and fight a ceaseless battle with all other departments. When the Attorney-General who could not get the Minute he wanted at last got hold of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject, he got the Minute at once; but even then a second Minute on the same subject was withheld from him, because, as he was not aware of its existence, he could not ask for it. But, in the ordinary routine of business, a Law Officer cannot get at the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He must address the Treasury, and it is the business of the Treasury to baffle and outwit him, just as it is the business of the Treasury to baffle and outwit all the world outside the Treasury. It may perhaps be a comfort to the unhappy portion of the British public which has had to do with Government departments to find that even such great people as Law Officers share the common fate, and are sat upon and put off and humiliated just like ordinary people.

The plan of paying the Law Officers by a fixed salary for non-contentious business offered the departments an opening for taking an advantage of the Law Officers by which they were not slow to profit. It was obvious that, if the Law Officers were properly flooded with non-contentious business, they might be crushed and harassed in a way calculated to afford their adversaries in the departments the most lively satisfaction. There was no end to the papers that might be sent them; and the ingenious device was hit on of sending papers without the slightest clue being given to the reason for sending them. The Foreign Office, or at least the Foreign Office in Lord GRANVILLE'S time, appears to have been the greatest offender in this way. Piles of papers used to come from the Foreign Office with a mere intimation that Lord GRANVILLE would be glad to know what the Law Officers thought about them. The Law Officers had of course to read them, or skim them, and then generally found out that there was no question whatever of law involved. They were not invited to give their opinion on a question of law, but to find out whether there was a question of law, and, if so, to say what their opinion was. They had, in fact, to do the work of clerks in the Foreign Office before they could see whether they had any work of their own to do. A more complete waste of the time of public servants cannot be conceived; but it was of course a great departmental triumph, for the Foreign Office could enjoy the thought that it was taking their salary out of the Law Officers and giving them as much trouble as possible. Custom, too, has so arranged the mode in which the Law Officers have to work, that they are left utterly destitute of all machinery for the proper discharge of their duties. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT informed the Committee that when he was made Solicitor-General, two cabs drove up to his door, and out of them a confused mass of dusty papers was tumbled into the street, and he was informed that these were the archives of his office. A considerable part of the duties of the Law Officers refers to patents, and they come into office new to the work, and want, above all things, to be told what is the practice in routine cases. When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT came into office there was only one man alive who was supposed to understand this practice, and he had been a clerk of Lord COLERIDGE. "I was obliged," as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT informed the Committee, "to secure this man upon whatever terms I could. I got him for about six weeks, and then he obtained another appointment elsewhere; after that there was of course no one who knew how to do the work." There is no country in the world where such a thing could be possible except England; but in England the proper organization of a branch of the public service may be delayed for

centuries so long as a certain amount of work is practically performed and powerful persons do not complain. The Law Officers are, as a rule, men of great ability and industry, and however much they are harassed, they can contrive to do a great amount of useful work. On the other hand, they occupy a high position and earn a very large income, and they do not feel much disposed to tell their griefs to the world. It is only by accident that all that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had to endure has been made known to a pitying public. Even now that the true state of things is known, it is much more likely that the mismanagement which inconveniences the Law Officers will not be remedied than that it will. It will very probably be treated, not as an injury to the public service, but as a nuisance touching one or two individuals, who are paid very liberally not to mind it.

The fundamental notion of English bureaucracy, that each department is to look on all other departments as outsiders, sometimes leads to odd and unexpected consequences. The Foreign Office, for example, is most careful to preserve a proper amount of secrecy as to the contents of important documents. When they, or copies of them, have to be sent for the consideration of the QUEEN or members of the Cabinet, they are sent in boxes carefully locked, by the hands of trustworthy messengers, whose fidelity is recompensed by a good salary. But when such documents are sent to the Law Officers, then the Foreign Office washes its hands of them. It has got to send them to outsiders, and its responsibility is at an end. No precautions are taken to see that secrecy is preserved. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says that he always got his Foreign Office papers in an open envelope. It is supposed that it was from information obtained from this want of secrecy that the *Alabama* escaped, and, if so, the absence of a locked box may be said to have cost the country three millions sterling. Whether the carelessness that prevailed a short time ago prevails now it is impossible to say from the evidence given to the Committee. It was the business of the Committee to report on the salaries of the Law Officers, and they could not call witnesses to enlighten them on the irrelevant question whether Lord DERBY supplies enough locked boxes. It is obvious that one Minister will do things which another will not, and that many of the shortcomings or grievances of which Law Officers have to complain under the reign of a Secretary may disappear under the reign of his successor. Very possibly Lord DERBY may order his papers to be read through in his own office before they are sent to the present Law Officers, and they may be fortunate enough to be told beforehand what are the legal points on which their opinion is wanted. Different departments, too, have different traditions. It is notorious that no department is better managed, or under different Governments has been better managed, than the Colonial Office. It is not at all likely to send papers at haphazard and ask the Law Officers to read them through on speculation. It may also be added that, on the whole, England is very well governed. The very aversion of one department towards another is inspired by the zeal with which it performs its own duties. And if it could be wished that civility accompanied zeal to a larger extent than it does, this is not true of the political chiefs, who, as a rule, are uniformly courteous; and as to minor officials, it must be remembered that zeal and civility very rarely go together in official circles. No bureaucracy is so well organized as the Prussian; but few non-official Prussians can boast of having had a happy time when they have got inside a public office. There is much to admire, and not much to blame, in the official administration of England; but it has its weak points, and perhaps its weakest is that which the evidence taken before this Committee reveals, the want of co-ordination among the departments as parts of a common whole.

ETHNOLOGICAL POLITICS.

OF the many fanciful theories which have at different times produced political results, the doctrine of ethnological unity is one of the most gratuitously absurd, though, happily, it may be not the least effective. Potentates or statesmen are ready-made formula which unite their

and practical deductions. The Czech agitators of Prague might perhaps have been, as at present, disloyal to the Imperial Government of Vienna, if, like their ancestors, they had been wholly ignorant of their supposed kinship with the Russians; but scholars and pedants have for the most part unintentionally provided them with a high-sounding excuse for treason. Students of language have ascertained that the nations which speak various Slavonic dialects diverged from a common stem at a later period than that of the first dispersion of the original Aryans. Some thousands of years ago Czechs and Russians may have belonged to the same tribe, whereas Slaves and Teutons require an additional lapse of time to be assumed as having obliterated or obscured their primeval identity. The various ramifications of national pedigrees furnish no obvious reason for basing political connexion on comparative philology or on conjectural genealogy. The ambition of kings and conquerors, the seditious propensities of malcontents, adulation of power, and indifference to freedom, were known long before modern ethnology was invented; but there is perhaps some satisfaction in devising scientific methods of justifying selfishness and turbulence. Though the Czechs and the Russians cannot understand one another's language, their dictionaries and grammars present a certain resemblance which is adopted as a pretext for treasonable intrigues. A strange peculiarity of the Bohemian agitation in favour of Russia consists in the absence of ecclesiastical associations. While Russia assists the Bulgarians from religious as well as ethnological sympathy, the Bohemians, without exception, adhere to the Western schism. The convenience to ambitious potentates of having two strings to a bow could not be more forcibly illustrated. As lately as the Crimean war, Russia was moved wholly by theological considerations to help the Christian subjects of Turkey. The quarrel was first contrived through a squabble of Greek and Latin mobs at Jerusalem; and in all the diplomatic documents of the time rayals of every origin and language were compendiously designated as Greeks. Since that time the doctrine of Slavonic unity has been preached by pedants and adopted by political associations; but it is only with the present year that the Emperor ALEXANDER has publicly professed to be the champion and the leader of the Slaves.

The scandal which has occurred at Prague began with a discourse delivered by the President of the Slavonic Society of Moscow on the duty and the right of the Emperor of RUSSIA to represent and govern all the various branches of the common family. It seems not to have been altogether prudent to revive in the memory of the Austrians and Germans the predatory and subversive doctrines of General FADAEFF. Every speech and every pamphlet delivered or published in Russia has a negatively official character, inasmuch as it has not been disapproved by the censor; but the Austrian Government would not have troubled itself with Russian provocations if the agitators of Prague had not responded to the invitation to revolt. The Czech answer to the communication of the Moscow writer was an audacious expression of personal and political devotion to the Emperor of RUSSIA. The abundant flourishes of the address were copied from hackneyed precedents. Since Slavonic declaimers took to boasting of their national qualities, the bluster of French and Spanish rhetoricians in former times has been outdone. Russian pedants have discovered that barbarous rudeness is youthful vigour, and that the Slavonic races which have neither a history nor a literature are qualified and prepared to supersede the effete nations of Europe. Their destiny can only be accomplished by subordination to the policy of the great Slavonic Empire. Having helped to exterminate the Turks, the Czechs may perhaps be rewarded by the overthrow of the supremacy of the hated Germans. The agitators might perhaps have been allowed to talk nonsense with impunity if they had confined themselves to inflated metaphor and to obscure prophecy; but in the present instance the instigators of sedition were imprudently plain spoken, and some of the leaders were consequently apprehended on a charge of treason. The most serious charge has since been withdrawn in deference, according to one improbable report, to the representations of the Russian AMBASSADOR. It is incredible that the Russian Government should wantonly offend a Power to which 300,000 hostages will be given as soon as the invading army crosses the Danube. The Russian AMBASSADOR in Vienna may perhaps have rendered the prisoners a ser-

by disclaiming all sympathy with their language. The time for inviting the Austrian Slaves to accept Russian protection has not yet arrived; but the theory which has been proclaimed at Moscow and at Prague will be long available for purposes of mischief.

The ethnological system of policy originated about sixty years ago in Germany, though it was for the time confined to literature. Napoleon had reminded the Germans by his tyranny of the national existence which had been almost forgotten during the last days of the Holy Roman Empire. At that time it suited the purpose neither of Prussia with its Polish subjects, nor of Austria, which was an Empire including many races and languages, to adopt the theory that political unity depends on similarity of descent and of language. France and Russia had German subjects, and Poland and Italy were governed by aliens. England ruled a French population in Canada and in Mauritius, and Norman subjects in the Channel Islands; there are Dutchmen at the Cape, and there are even a few Germans in Heligoland. The great national revivals of more recent times were not founded on chimerical and prehistoric pretences of kindred. Germany had nominally ceased to be a kingdom only in the present century; and under the government of its six-and-thirty princes, free interchange of allegiance and public service was always customary. Above all, the German race possessed a common literature and a language which was spoken with comparatively little variation from the Baltic to the Alps. In Italy, also, national consciousness had survived from the days of DANTE and from an earlier time, and the Italian literature was even richer than the German. The Slaves have written nothing, unless the Servian ballads may be regarded as literary compositions; for it is not worth while to mention Russian fictions which are either imitations of second-rate French novels or perhaps faithful pictures of a society which, if the representation is accurate, must, according to the well-known phrase, have become rotten before it was ripe. If a Czech in the intervals of seditious agitation wishes to recreate himself with a book, he will certainly not resort to the scanty Russian catalogue.

The pretexts of Russian ambition are exactly the same with those which served the purpose of NAPOLEON III. when he designed imprudent enterprises. To the geographical figment of natural boundaries which was universally popular in France, the late EMPEROR added reasons for conquest which were founded on connexion of dialects. He aspired to be the head of the Latin races, consisting of the nations which use various Romance languages; and he even by a bold fiction classified the Mexican Indians as Latins because they talk a corrupt form of Spanish. Belgium was covered both by the philological and the geographical formula; but it has hitherto escaped annexation to France. It was not that time foreseen that BISMARCK and MOLTKE might in their turn study national genealogy, with the natural result of reclaiming Alsace and Metz from France. Low Dutch and High Dutch are as nearly related as Bohemian and Russian; yet Holland has no desire to be swallowed up by Germany. Philologists may even dispute whether between Schleswig and Jutland a district cannot be found which ought on ethnological principles to be annexed to England. It is unfortunately impossible to persuade the Americans, though they are English, to resume the allegiance which was renounced before the invention of ethnology. A century hence the English language will probably be spoken by a hundred and fifty millions of descendants from the original stock; but nothing can be more improbable than that the nation should form one political community. Even if the Slaves were really one nation, it is not desirable in the interests of civilization that the most backward race in Europe should by a combination of enormous numbers attain military and political supremacy.

SOUTHERN INDIA.

PROFESSOR MONIER WILLIAMS has recorded, in the shape of a long letter to the *Times*, the impressions he received, the facts he observed, and the conclusions he drew during his recent visit to Southern India. His composition has the unusual merit of being readable. As a rule, publications about India, whether in the form of books, pamphlets, or magazine articles, are of all

publications the dullest and driest to English readers. Nothing can be more wearisome than descriptions of the details of Indian life. People whose names we cannot pronounce live in places we never heard of, and do things in a way which is just one step above doing nothing. To interest and instruct the English public, details about India must be avoided and only general pictures drawn and general results stated. Professor MONIER WILLIAMS has the great merit of understanding this: He knows that anything like a journal of Indian travel is an abomination to the English reader; and, if he kept a journal, he has been far too wise to publish it. It is enough for us to know that he was postured with snakes, and found them in his clothes; and we are thankful to be spared entreaties to picture his horror and astonishment when one morning he was by so forth. He begins by telling us what he means by Southern India, and informs us that it is India within the tropics. He gives us the main divisions of this vast territory, and enables us to form some idea of its vastness by telling us that the dominions of the NIZAM equal in extent the whole kingdom of Italy. He describes the fauna and flora of the region, and inspires us with the notion that Southern India is a grand place, where an Englishman, if properly paid, may be content to live for a few years amid much to admire and wonder at, with many discomforts and with varying health. It appears to be a capital place for a visit of five months in winter-time, as the traveller will be perpetually interested, may animate his spirits, tried by mosquitoes, monkeys, and snakes, with the thought that the visits of intelligent Europeans elevate the native mind, and will be always sustained by the reflection that in a few weeks the whole business will be over. What Mr. WILLIAMS has to say about the plants and animals of Southern India is so condensed that it cannot be abridged. But there are one or two points in his description on which a word may be said in passing. He thinks that the exuberance of animal life which was such a constant nuisance to him has been greatly stimulated by the reluctance of the natives to take away the lives of animals in which the souls of their deceased ancestors may possibly be embodied. No doubt animals whom it would be a comfort to see killed are allowed to live and multiply near the habitations of men. But in the tropics nature as a rule beats man, and the general experience of the world shows that man can do very little to extirpate tropical pests. Mr. WILLIAMS found, for example, more tigers than he expected; but the reason was, not that sportsmen did not wish to kill the tigers, but that the tigers lived in deadly jungles, the air of which kills the sportsman instead of the sportsman killing the tigers. In the next place, when we come to plants, we find Mr. WILLIAMS speaking in a delightfully sanguine way of the future cultivation of tobacco. So bright are the hopes which tobacco awakens, that it is pronounced possible that in time the Government may be able to substitute the growth of tobacco for that of opium. This would be very pleasant. We should keep up the revenue, and at the same time be able to attend to the claims of morality. Perhaps this is too fair a vision to be realized; but still it is always a comfort even in a vision to see the possibility of a time coming when we may at once be good and lose nothing by our goodness.

Man is, however, more interesting to Mr. WILLIAMS than beasts or plants, and the greater part of his letter is occupied with an account of the natives, their character, customs, and religion. As the women are all shut up, with the exception of the wives of the Mahrattis, there is not much to be said of them; but of the men Mr. WILLIAMS speaks in favourable terms. He finds in them indeed, both physically and morally, a lamentable want of backbone; but then, if they had too much backbone, we should hardly be there to govern them. He also made the observation which all travellers find cause to make in all parts of the world, that the average native is in some ways better than the worst European. An English captain, for example, informed him that he much preferred Tamil sailors to English sailors, as they were more docile and did not drink. He might have added that they cost less, and that the Company he served would not have allowed him to employ English sailors if they had possessed every virtue under the sun. The religion of the people, however, chiefly engaged the attention of Mr. WILLIAMS. The population is not purely Hindoo than in Northern India, but especially in the country of the Malabar, the influence of the Mohammedans may be delayed in

appears to have affected the Mahomedans, and Islamism has imbibed something of a Hindoo tint. Mr. WILLIAMS scouts the notion that Mahomedans in India look on the SULTAN as the head of their faith, and says that loyalty to the SULTAN is a pure fiction of political agitators. He may be right, or he may be wrong. The Hindooized Mahomedans of Southern India may never trouble their heads about the CALIPH, while the Mahomedans of other parts of India may either think of him, or be willing to learn to think of him, with reverence. The spread of an idea must begin somewhere; and the important question is, not whether political agitators invented the idea of the SULTAN's claim on the allegiance of the faithful, but whether any large number of people embrace the idea when it is presented to them. Political agitators invented the idea of Home Rule, but the people of Ireland accepted it. Other political agitators invented the idea of Pan Slavism, but some at least of the Slavonic nations have taken up this idea in earnest. So far as can be seen at present, the feeling of allegiance to the SULTAN has a feebler hold on the Mahomedan world than might have been expected. Mahomedans who are free to choose seem no more inclined to make common cause with Turkey than the Christian world is inclined to make common cause with Russia. In India generally there are no apparent signs of any very vital interest on the part of Mahomedans in the fortunes of Turkey. The enthusiasm which prompts subscriptions to help the penury of the Turkish treasury falls very far short of the enthusiasm which collects PETER's pence. If the Mahomedans in India could turn us out of the country for their own benefit, they would no doubt be delighted to do so; and if they ever think they have an opportunity, they will be sure to use it; but whether, to all the other motives which impel them to enmity towards us, they now add a soreness of feeling at our desertion of the CALIPH, is a point on which we have no evidence of a trustworthy kind.

The essence of the Hindoo religion is propitiation. The native mind has a practical turn, and wishes to attain a definite purpose in its sacred rites. It is willing to go through any amount of trouble in its observances, if some clear gain is to be got by the process. The clearest gain that the native mind can picture to itself is the averting of evil. And its fertile fancy has been set to work to imagine all the sources of evil possible. Every conceivable calamity is attributable to some evil agency, either a god, or a devil, or a deceased man. There are good agents on the other side, and they may be propitiated to fight against the bad agents. In a dim way they recognize a Supreme Being; but they argue that he is too good to hurt any one, and so he may be left out of the account. With this exception, everything that produces the notion of power is worth propitiating, the propitiation consisting in depositing little offerings of food or of anything that the agent, if alive and in human shape, might be conceived to like. Thus on the tomb of one English official, who had terrified them during his life, the natives, as Mr. WILLIAMS informs us, deposited little offerings of brandy and cigars, hoping that he will still like these luxuries as much as he used to do, and that as long as his spirit could smoke and drink it would not occupy itself in annoying them. Again, offerings were deposited on the tomb of another Englishman who had in life been famed for shooting tigers, in the hope that his turn for worrying tigers still survived and might be somehow put to good account. Naturally enough Mr. WILLIAMS concludes by asking how these imaginative millions, with their docility and want of backbone, may be improved and enlightened. He sees how they might be made Roman Catholics after the pattern of the Catholic Indians of South America, as the change they would have to undergo would not be very great. But how are they to be brought up to the level of English good sense, right feeling, and enlightened Protestantism? Mr. WILLIAMS pronounces that the only means of attaining this desirable end is to carry out three changes. There must be "a complete reorganization of the social fabric, a new ideal of womanhood, and an entire renovation of family life." It may cheer his readers to find that Mr. WILLIAMS does not consider this a work of hopeless magnitude; but some degree of despondency is inevitable when it is discovered that one of the means he proposes, which he relies is the creation by the Government of a strong and sound middle class, is a constitutional absurdity.

taught us to reverence and love, and almost worship, the middle class; but it may be safely said that, if the British invent a new ideal of womanhood, the middle class will shine forth with a glory that has hitherto been unknown.

CLUB GOVERNMENT.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER probably forebore that his question to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the lawfulness of the Birmingham Federation would not receive a serious answer. The statute which makes the institution of an Parliament illegal was passed under circumstances which have now become obsolete, when seditious bodies in England were conspiring with national enemies for undoubtedly treasonable purposes. The mischief which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme tends to produce is of a different kind, and it is not to be averted by criminal prosecutions. It matters little whether the Conservative Associations to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN compared the Birmingham cluster of Clubs are similar in their organization to the new Federation. If they really bring large numbers of persons under the habitual control of delegates or any other kind of demagogues, Mr. GORST and his friends are, in proportion to the activity and success of their efforts, no less blameable than the political managers of Birmingham. Government by Clubs is still as incompatible with constitutional freedom and with Parliamentary supremacy as when it was established in typical perfection by the Cordeliers and Jacobins of the French Revolution. There is happily no reason to fear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will institute a Reign of Terror, or that Mr. GORST will in turn emulate the reaction which is denounced by democratic historians as the White Terror; but the Liberal Federation for which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has cleverly contrived to make Mr. GLADSTONE responsible is professedly established for the purpose of dictating to Parliament, and of securing the permanent supremacy of a single faction. In the well-known and innocent pastime of "Beggars my neighbour," children take their first lessons in fraud when they learn surreptitiously to pack the court cards in a manner which is prohibited by the rules of the game. In politics the process is described as organization, and either player apologizes for his illicit practices by pretending that the trick had been anticipated by his adversary. Packed elections may not be proper subjects of prosecution, but they tend to establish an oppressive system of monopoly and exclusion. Independent thought and conscientious preference of public interests vary inversely with the prevalence of political organization.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's federated Clubs, radiating from Birmingham as their centre, may perhaps be copied from the celebrated mother Society of the Jacobins, with its affiliated Clubs in every town and village in France; but in practice the result will be American vulgarity and corruption rather than French ferocity of persecution. If the proposed organization proves to be effective and permanent, the Council of Delegates will dictate to the local bodies the objects to which from time to time their pernicious activity will be devoted. Any independent politicians who may decline to submit to the central authority will incur the penalty which is known in the United States as "being read out of the party"; and the involuntary seceder will thenceforth, as far as the power of the Federal Club may extend, be excluded from Parliamentary and municipal honours. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's policy is adopted, the entire faction will in the first place concentrate its energies on the destruction of the Church Establishment. There will be no difficulty in securing a majority of the primary assemblies and of the delegates in favour of that or any other subversive measure; and when it is once adopted, the organized force of the associated Clubs will be directed to the attainment of an object which is nevertheless disapproved by a large section of the Liberal party. Public opinion would be far more truly tested by Parliamentary elections conducted after the old fashion with reference to various political issues. It is no consolation to the supporters of constitutional government to be told that the vicious system of the Birmingham Clubs will be adopted on the other side by Conservative associations. A contest of two sharpers is not a legitimate game. It was no compensation for the penal laws against Catholics in Ireland that Protestants were at the same time more cruelly persecuted in Spain and Portugal.

Conservative Inquisition in Liverpool would not be a set-off against the Radical Inquisition of Birmingham.

The organization of factions in America which is to be imitated or reproduced in England has attained, and probably passed, the most vigorous and most pernicious stage of its existence. The system of jobbery which has in the Northern States become almost its only instrument and motive is likely to be impaired or overthrown by some measure for the reform of the Civil Service. Legislative and judicial posts will probably long be distributed by political managers, and perhaps the several States will hesitate to adopt the practice of a permanent tenure of office, even if the example is set by the Federal Government; but it will be an evil day for Republican and Democratic manipulators of votes when the Post Office and the Custom House cease to be used for purposes of corruption. Experience will show whether it is possible to maintain the discipline of factions when the number of prizes is largely diminished. In the United States parties are not for the most part divided by any intelligible difference of principle. A man is a Republican or Democrat chiefly because he takes a pleasure in securing majorities for the side to which he has accidentally attached himself. At present divisions of parties in England are deeper and more real; and it is possible that political passion may maintain the vitality of Clubs and Unions with the aid of the municipal and Parliamentary patronage of which their leaders may be able to dispose. American managers have no Church to disestablish; and universal suffrage already prevails. It would not be worth while to tamper with the laws affecting land in a country where the supply exceeds the demand, and where landowners have consequently no chance of finding tenants. Even if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S present programme were exhausted by success, there would still be the House of Lords and many other institutions to demolish. American democracy has long since completed the conquests which still attract the ambition of revolutionary politicians in England. The creation of a dead level among a population of which the greater part lives on wages will be a dangerous and novel experiment.

No imputation on the ability of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his associates is conveyed in the expression of a doubt whether they have not already made some mistakes. The device of obtaining Mr. GLADSTONE'S sanction to the ultra-Radical movement, at the cheap cost of sympathizing with the Bulgarian agitation, was ingeniously conceived and skilfully executed; yet it is doubtful whether Mr. GLADSTONE has not lost by the alliance as much as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has gained. In deepening and widening the rent which previously existed in the Liberal party, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has at least temporarily added strength to the Conservative cause. It may be admitted that the adhesion of Mr. GLADSTONE to the new Liberal organization is an equivalent for considerable sacrifices. A more doubtful measure is the identification of the Birmingham movement with the social jealousies of Nonconformist ministers. The Dissenters have for some time past incurred the risk of offending their political allies by affecting to control and represent the Liberal party, of which they undoubtedly form a powerful section. Their effective co-operation with the Secularists in excluding religious teaching from elementary schools might have been regarded as a popular proceeding if the example had been followed by other towns, and had not been restricted to Birmingham. The actual power of the Nonconformists cannot be accurately estimated, and it probably varies with circumstances; but in England there has always been a prejudice against clerical influence in politics, and possibly the federated Liberal associations may find themselves weakened by the sectarian element which they contain. A not less wholesome jealousy has in former times checked the attempts of busy politicians to acquire more than their share of power by means of the organization of Clubs. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S political associates, except the Club-law League, have for some years after its object had been accomplished, the purpose of controlling the country and the Government. After one or two unsuccessful attempts, the managers have been gradually produced, and the result of assigning to two different sections of the Birmingham district of the seats for Liverpool and Manchester. The movement was rewarded by the conversion of Lancashire into a Conservative country; and after more than twenty years the country continues. It may be asked what the Birmingham

Club and its branches will be met by similar resistance in its efforts to extend over the country the intolerant system which it has established at home.

MEETING OF THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

THERE is not much field for speculation in the fact that the French Chambers meet again to-day. The course of events is clearly marked out. The Opposition are bound to attack the new Government in the Chamber of Deputies the moment that the opportunity of speech is restored to them, and both the attack and the defence will suffer somewhat in interest from the vote of the Chamber being known beforehand. Politicians of the class to which the conduct of affairs is now entrusted will not be much troubled by a vote of want of confidence. That a Minister should be trusted by the Chamber of Deputies is in the eyes of Marshal MACMAHON conclusive evidence that he has no business to be Minister. But even a reactionary Cabinet cannot escape the humiliating necessity of raising money; and the defeat that awaits the Ministers to-day will not relieve them from asking the Chamber to vote the Budget next week. But for this they would probably be content to set the favour of the Senate against the dislike of the Chamber of Deputies, and to postpone a general election until some chance incident seemed to give them a better promise of success. But as the Chamber which has money will not give it, and as the Chamber which is willing to give money has none to give, the Cabinet will have no choice but to ask the Senate to concur with the MARSHAL in dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. For the present, the MARSHAL seems chiefly anxious to make sure that the Senate shall not refuse this request. The report of his speech to the Legitimist delegates which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday makes him say plainly that, if a dissolution is refused him, he will at once resign. This threat will probably be sufficient to defeat any attempts which the Left have been making to dissuade the Senate from precipitating a general election. Without this it is not difficult to conceive reasons which might have moved some wavering Senators to vote with the Left on this question. There must be many weak hearts and feeble knees among the party which professedly supports the new Ministry—many who are divided between their hopes that the Government may be successful in its appeal to the country and their fears that the country will give the same answer that it did before; many who would be cheered by some sign that the MARSHAL was reverting once more to a policy of compromise, and meditated replacing the present Cabinet by one which, if it were a little less agreeable to himself, might be a little less disagreeable to the Chamber. This section of the Senators might be inclined to think that, if only time could be gained, this desirable settlement would not be beyond their reach. The MARSHAL, they would have argued, will not like seeing his Ministers continually beaten in the Chamber, and, when he is convinced that a dissolution is not to be had, he may reconstruct his Cabinet on a somewhat more conciliatory model. By that time the Chamber will be growing weary of barren victories, and may not be disinclined to accept a Cabinet of a highly Conservative, but still Republican, type. In this way the original error of driving M. DUBAISE from office would be atoned for, and matters would go on as though there had been no M. SIMON and no Duke of BURGUNDY. There would have been something to be said in favour of this reasoning, and it might perhaps have led the more liberal members of the Right to vote against a dissolution. The Left would have voted the same way in the hope that the MARSHAL would be too irritated by a defeat in the Senate to remain in office. The MARSHAL would thus have been saved by a coalition between the Senators who thought that it was time it should be no longer matters for coming to any decision, and the Senators who thought that to refuse it would leave no room for any more compromise.

Marshal MACMAHON has declared that his object by giving it the matter another way was to stand no nonsense from the Senate. To be satisfied in the popular Chamber is what every good citizen must expect, but to be defeated in the Conservative Chamber by the Chamber which has been created by a vote of the Senate is a situation which the proper organization of the popular Chamber is sure to delay for some time to come.

of. and will resign his office. This announcement will in all probability make the voting of a dissolution absolutely certain. The Senators of the Left will of course be more anxious than ever to defeat the vote, because the resignation of the MARSHAL without a general election would give them all that they most want. M. THIERS would be elected President, the administration would once more be reconstituted, and a new Cabinet would find itself in harmony with the existing Chamber of Deputies. There would be no more danger of defeat in the elections, of violence on the part of the Executive, of resistance on the part of the Republicans. The schism between the Executive and the country would at once be closed, and closed by a complete and definitive victory on the side of the latter. But the prospect which would look so bright to the Senators of the Left would have no charms for a single wavering Senator on the Right. The Conservatives who would be tempted to refuse the dissolution which the MARSHAL will ask for would be men who wish above all things to retain him as President, though they may nourish an unavowed wish that he were on better terms with the Chamber of Deputies. They regard the resignation of the MARSHAL as the greatest of political misfortunes, and, if they opposed a dissolution, their real reason for doing so would be to ward off collisions which might in the end lead to his resignation. As soon as they see that the refusal of a dissolution will make the MARSHAL's resignation inevitable, the motives which till then might have prompted them to refuse it will operate in the contrary direction. The policy which they had hoped might have averted a resignation is now discovered to be the means of ensuring it. The Senators of the Right will at once see the need of doing as the MARSHAL bids them, and as they command a majority in the Senate, they will be strong enough to give effect to their convictions.

The nearly universal prohibition of public meetings in France deprives us of the natural materials for making even a guess at what the result of the dissolution may be. It is on the cards that the appearance of M. THIERS as a possible candidate for Marshal MACMAHON's place may work a change in the tactics of the Cabinet. If there had been no one capable of convincing the country that no revolutionary measures are in contemplation, they would probably have advised the MARSHAL to make a direct and personal appeal to the electors. Order with the MARSHAL, or anarchy without him, would have been the dilemma laid before the nation; and it is at least possible that, under this pressure, the moderate Republican electors might have preferred to keep the PRESIDENT whom they know rather than exchange him for a President whom they do not know. But if M. THIERS should in effect present himself to the electors as a rival to Marshal MACMAHON, all calculations founded on the timidity of the moderate Republicans may be falsified. The country has never had an opportunity of voting on M. THIERS's name, for when he resigned office in 1873 he had not the power of appealing to it, and when the appeal was at last made in 1876, the Republicans had agreed to accept Marshal MACMAHON as their President. But though there are no data forthcoming from which to divine the vote of the electors upon such an issue, there are many considerations which make it likely that M. THIERS's name would ensure a very large measure of support. If the Duke of BROGLIE is of this opinion, he will naturally be anxious to give M. THIERS no excuse for presenting himself before the country. If the MARSHAL were made to say plainly, "Unless you give my Ministers a majority I shall lay down my office, it would be impossible to hinder M. THIERS from saying, 'If France desires it, I am willing to take up the office which Marshal MACMAHON lays down.' But if the MARSHAL makes no reference to any resignation on his part, M. THIERS cannot with any propriety suggest himself as a candidate for a place which is not vacant. It is impossible for the Left to assume that the MARSHAL will resign if his Ministers are beaten in the elections, because this would be to acquiesce in the doctrine that the PRESIDENT is somehow responsible to the country for the choice of Ministers; and that, if the country censures his choice, it is his duty not to change his Ministers, but to retire from office. Consequently, the country must be decided without any preliminary understanding having been arrived at as to the ultimate consequences of the decision. It is possible that this uncertainty may operate to some degree in favour of the Government. There may be a good number of Senators

sure that M. THIERS would be followed as a matter of course by the resignation of the MARSHAL and the election of M. THIERS, but who may not be prepared to vote against him if the result of defeating him will be to commit the Executive to a prolonged struggle with the Legislature. We do not want to keep Marshal MACMAHON, voters of this type may say, but if we must have him whether we want him or not, we would rather that he had a Chamber which he could get on with than a Chamber with which he will be in permanent antagonism. The probability that a certain number of electors will reason in this fashion may at least prove sufficient to keep all reference to resignation out of the speeches, alike of the MARSHAL or of his Ministers.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

THE debate of Tuesday on Mr. PEASE's proposal to substitute penal servitude for life for capital punishment was redeemed from dullness by a single speech. Mr. BRIGHT seldom displays greater force and dignity than when he is directing his powerful rhetoric against this "relic of barbarism." Yet the very statement of the proposed change seems to carry with it its own condemnation. "It is expedient," says Mr. PEASE, "to abolish the penalty of death and to substitute for that penalty in the case of murder penal servitude for life." It is a sufficient answer to this proposal that there is one whole class of murders, and that a class which might easily become very much more frequent than it is, in which the infliction of penal servitude would be virtually impossible. The idea of punishment implies that a man is made to undergo something which he is not undergoing at this moment. But, if penal servitude is the worst thing that a criminal can be made to undergo, what is to be done with a man who commits murder when he is undergoing penal servitude already? Sentences of imprisonment for any less term than life can be made cumulative; the punishment for a crime committed by a prisoner need not begin to take effect until the penalty originally inflicted on him has been worked out. But life sentences cannot be cumulative. The criminal has already been sentenced to all the punishment that he can endure, and there is nothing more that he can be made to suffer. Consequently, if it were made unlawful to put men to death for murder, the temptation to a prisoner already under sentence of imprisonment for life to murder a gaoler he disliked would be almost irresistible. The abolition of capital punishment would have filled our prisons with men who had already been guilty of every form of violent and brutal crime. Men of this stamp have an extraordinary faculty for conceiving intense and lasting hatreds to their keepers. Even the most kindly gaoler is compelled to inflict a good deal of suffering on the prisoners he has in charge. They are often exceedingly idle, and, in one form or another, work has to be exacted from them; they will naturally not love the man who metes out their work to them. If he is just, the worst-conditioned prisoners will dislike him; if he is unjust, the least favoured prisoners will dislike him. The strictest watchfulness cannot prevent a prisoner from finding opportunities of revenging himself for real or fancied injuries. The warders may be well armed, and well trained to use their arms; but they cannot be for ever on their guard against men in whom ingenuity has been sharpened by a long experience of crime and an entire absence of any rival matter for reflection. Sooner or later their vigilance relaxes, and the pent-up passion which has been accumulating for months or years finds an outlet.

Under these circumstances, what is to prevent a prisoner from murdering his gaoler? He will not be restrained by any sense of the value of life, or any fear of the punishment which may await him after death. These are refinements with which he has long ceased to trouble himself. His condition cannot be made materially worse than it is already, for he is in prison for murder and is to remain in prison all his days. As a murderer he is already condemned to the severest and most painful labour which the code of prison discipline allows, so that, unless undue leniency has been shown to him in the first instance, there is nothing more to be done. At all events, there is nothing of a kind which public opinion would allow to be done. In theory, of course, the State might show its merciful disposition by substituting a term of years for death. But Parliament would

though it would be difficult to assign the limits within which the exercise of criminals is allowable, public opinion has a strong tendency to accept, if not a very logical, idea that certain forms of very distinct punishment are lawful, and that certain forms are unlawful. Mutilation, for example, might prove a very deterrent penalty; but if a Bill directing that a prisoner sentenced to penal servitude should be blinded or have his tongue committing a murder, should have any small chance of becoming out out would stand but a vision of Mr. PEASE's Resolution law. Consequently the adoption of Mr. PEASE's Resolution would leave the community in the presence of a formidable danger. With the number of prisoners increased by the addition of those who are now hanged, and with the recklessness and desperation of the whole body increased in the same proportion, the only fear which now keeps a prisoner who knows that he will never be set free from murdering, or trying to murder, his gaoler, whenever a wayward fancy or ungovernable fit of rage happens to seize him, would be altogether withdrawn. The probable result would be to make the gaolers trust entirely to their weapons and to their dexterity in using them. Capital punishment would still be inflicted; but it would be inflicted in a species of chance medley. The gaolers would feel that they carried their lives in their hands, and they would take care not to lose them by over-punctiliousness. The least indication that a prisoner meant mischief would be accepted as a sufficient reason for shooting him down.

We have insisted on this particular aspect of the question because the *a priori* argument seems beyond the possibility either of proof or of refutation, and because it was scarcely referred to in the debate. Mr. PEASE thought it enough to say that, as a rule, those upon whom death sentences are passed are not dangerous prisoners, and do not come from a dangerous class. How long would it remain possible to say this after capital punishment had been abolished? At present there may be some plausibility in the statement, because the majority of murders are now committed at the bidding of some sudden impulse which does not leave time for the prospect of death to exert its naturally deterrent influence. But, if capital punishment were done away with, it is probable that a large number of assaults which at present are not pushed to the extreme length of causing death would slide insensibly into murder. It is no reverence for the lives of his victims that keeps the hero of a Lancashire kicking case from making the kick fatal. He would prefer committing murder if he could evade what follows upon murder, and if the special consequences which he dislikes were removed there is no reason to believe that he would any longer hesitate about indulging this preference. Not only, therefore, would the number of murders be increased by the addition of many which now take the milder form of savage assaults, but the character of the class undergoing punishment for murder would be altered for the worse. Nor is it necessary for the purpose of this argument that the prisoners from whom murderous attacks on the gaolers would be to be apprehended should have committed murder. There are many criminals who have stopped short of this length, but who are only induced to stop short of it, even while they are in prison, by the knowledge that this time, if never before, murder will mean certain death. If Mr. PEASE ever carries his motion, the post of warder in a convict prison will be like a forlorn hope. In this matter our sympathies are with the prison officials rather than with the prisoners over whom they keep guard.

RAILWAY BRAKES.

IT is satisfactory to observe that the Board of Trade, though it has postponed indefinitely any attempt at a general scheme of legislation with regard to the dangers of railway travelling, upon which a Royal Commission lately reported, is not disposed altogether to neglect the subject. It appears from a correspondence which has just been laid before Parliament that in July last a proposal was made by the Board to the Railway Companies Association that the latter should name two or more persons of high authority on such matters who would meet officers of the Board from time to time and discuss some doubtful or difficult point. The most efficient form of continuous brake-power was subsequently suggested as a subject which demanded attention; and, in reply to an application for a consultation on this question, Mr. LEMMON, the Chairman of the Railway Com-

panies Association, wrote a very polite letter expressing his own and his colleagues' "cordial appreciation of this considerable and practical suggestion"; and stating, in reply, that "the principal Railway Companies, representing four-fifths, or about 12,000 miles, of the whole passenger mileage, were testing in the common interest, and with the object of elucidating the action of continuous brakes under all conditions, various inventions of the kind, which were specified." It was added that, in the opinion of the Association, it was not essential to have one form of brake universally adopted; and that, though many of the systems tried afforded sufficient arresting power, trustworthy conclusions relative to the endurance of the machinery, the facility of application, and certainty of action, could only be formed after further trials and continuous use in daily practice.

No consultation appears to have taken place; but in April this year the Board appealed to the Association to be a little more explicit and specific as to what it was actually doing; and drew up a series of questions, which were sent round to the Railway Companies. The answers to these questions are given in the Parliamentary paper just issued, and may be summarized as follows. The Caledonian Railway replied that it had made experiments with the WESTINGHOUSE ordinary brake, the STEEL-McINNES brake, and CLARK and WEBB's chain-brake, and had found that they could be applied instantaneously, though the STEEL-McINNES was the only one which was self-acting; that these were in use on certain passenger trains, and that further experiments were to be made to test the automatic forms of the WESTINGHOUSE and CLARK and WEBB's systems. The Furness Company declared that "it was quite alive to the importance of having such brakes," but had "not yet adopted any kind of continuous brake." On the Glasgow and South-Western Railway the WESTINGHOUSE continuous automatic brake has been in use on the express trains to the South, and is considered to be efficient, though it is self-acting only until the compressed air is exhausted. The Great Eastern has also several systems in use, none of which is self-acting when accidents occur; but it is now fitting up an arrangement of SMITH's vacuum brake which will be automatic in case of "break away." The Great Northern works chiefly with SMITH's brake, which can be instantaneously applied, and made self-acting in cases of accident; and on this line experiments are still being made. The Great Western has also made trial of several plans, especially SAUNDERS's brake, which it thinks the best; but it cannot fix a time to fully report upon the results. FAY's and NEWALL's system is adopted on the Great Western, but it is applied by hand, and is not self-acting; the Company, however, is getting WESTINGHOUSE's automatic brake for one complete train. The Brighton Company has no continuous brakes at present; but believes that the engine brakes invented by its Locomotive Superintendent work well. The London and North-Western Company considers the CLARK and WEBB brake very satisfactory; but it does not appear that it is self-acting, and, except under peculiar circumstances, the ordinary brake is used. The London and South-Western Railway has, as from its notorious mismanagement might be expected, "made no experiments with continuous brakes," but is thinking of doing so. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company rests satisfied with the vacuum brake, regarding continuous brakes as dangerous. The vacuum brakes on the Metropolitan Railway are said to work all right, but are not self-acting. The Midland uses the WESTINGHOUSE, SMITH's, and BARKER's brakes; but only the first is self-acting. The North British Company has adopted the WESTINGHOUSE automatic brake, and, being satisfied, contemplates no further experiments; and the North-Eastern is also going to try the same brake. On the North London line the brakes can be applied instantaneously, but are not self-acting; and this Company has no further experiments in view. The North Staffordshire Railway works with CLARK's brake, which is said to be "efficient and safe if carefully applied," though there have been "complaints and claims for personal injury where it has been too quickly taken off." Still the Company holds that "it answers every purpose." The South-Eastern is satisfied with the vacuum brake.

These replies are, of course, in a way plausible enough; but the inquiries set by the Board of Trade unfortunately omitted one very important point—within what space the brakes actually in use can stop a train; and without this

the replies are comparatively valueless. It will be remembered that the experiments made, at the request of the Board of Trade, by the Railway Companies at Newark showed that the amount of hand brake-power usually supplied with the trains of the respective Companies, moving at from 45.5 to 48.5 miles per hour, failed to bring up the London and North-Western trains within 2,374 ft.; the Caledonian within 3,190 ft.; the Midland within 3,250 ft.; the Great Northern within 3,576 ft.; the Brighton within 3,690 ft.; and that, as these trains were in complete order, and previous notice was given of the exact spot at which the stoppage was to be made, a large addition must be made to these distances in practice. It was therefore held that, unless much greater control was obtained over trains by additional brake-power, it was clear that, in order to ensure safety, the distance signals must under such circumstances be, for a level line, carried back a mile; and the Commissioners laid down the principle that no train can be considered properly equipped which is not furnished with sufficient brake-power to bring it, at the highest speed it would be running at upon any gradients in its journey, to an absolute stop within five hundred yards, and expressed a belief that means might be found by which this could be done with certainty and safety.

Now the question is, whether this condition is really complied with on any line at this time, or whether the new appliances which certain Companies say they intend to adopt will fulfil it. It may be admitted that, as far as experiments have gone, some of these appliances are satisfactory; but an experiment is in all cases, and above all on a railway, very different from actual working, in which things are done with much less care and more confusion and muddle. Moreover, even when the automatic brakes are adopted, it seems as if they are intended only for special emergencies, and that the present inefficient hand-brakes are to be the usual resource. This indeed is candidly admitted by the London and North-Western Company, whose guards are given to understand that "for ordinary stoppages at roadsides or terminal stations the van brake"—a hand brake—"alone is to be used," except under special circumstances, and that "the patent brakes are not to be used for such ordinary purposes, or for stopping a train entering a terminal station." Moreover, there are not a few lines which have no automatic brake-action at all, or only in a partial form—that is, when it is expressly put on. It is no-doubt true that automatic appliances ought not to be solely relied upon; but they are important in their way. According to the report of experts on the Newark trials, "not only should a driver and guards be able, independently or acting in concert, to promptly put in action all the brakes of a train, but also, in case of the severance of a train, they should have complete control over the brakes of the several portions to which they might respectively belong, to apply or release them according to their judgment, so that they could modify the automatic action instantaneously if required." But it is very doubtful how far this ideal will be attained in ordinary journeys, which are those in which passengers are most interested. Another circumstance which prevents us from being very sanguine as to the resolution of the Companies to do all they can in this matter is that, although their present arrangements are practically under the standard of the stopping power which ought to be enforced, most of them intimate plainly enough that they "do not contemplate any further experiments." Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that the Board of Trade will not be satisfied with the vague and possibly misleading statements made by the Companies, but will take the opinion of some independent authority as to the facts of the case.

THE GOVERNMENT IN A FIX.

THE scene which took place in the House of Commons on Thursday night shows very plainly the distracting dilemma in which the Government have placed themselves by the illogical and fluctuating course which they have pursued with regard to the Bill for closing public-houses in Ireland on Sunday. This is a subject which has been under discussion for some years, and the question at issue is in itself a very simple one, though the necessity of finding a solution is in one way or another makes a serious

difficulty for the Government. There is apparently a large body of the population of Ireland which, for reasons of its own, is anxious to get all public-houses closed on Sundays; on the other hand, there is another section which is very strongly opposed to this proposal, and which argues that, so far from such a measure tending to promote temperance and sobriety, it would have the very opposite effect by driving the people into the shambles which would be established if the regular houses were closed. It is quite certain that there is already in Ireland a great deal of drinking on Sunday, and it is difficult to believe that the appetite for this indulgence, which would seem to be deeply rooted, will immediately be overcome by closing all the public-houses on one day of the week.

In order to understand the position of the Government with regard to this question, it is necessary to go back a little and observe the various stages through which they have passed. At first they were disposed to offer a decided opposition to the measure; but the agitation which was going on in Ireland began to have its effect, and, though having a clear conception of the difficulties which Mr. SMYTH's Bill would involve, they adopted a temporizing tone. Accordingly, when the second reading of the Bill was moved on the 12th of February last, the IRISH SECRETARY gave it a qualified approval; and, in spite of strong remonstrances from a certain number of Irish members, it was carried by an overwhelming majority. On this occasion Sir M. HICKS-BEACH repeated what he had stated in the previous year, that, in his view, based upon the evidence of magistrates and police authorities, it was not advisable that total Sunday closing should be adopted in the larger towns, there being reason to fear that either there would be a widespread evasion of the law, or if the law were thoroughly enforced, a danger of riotous proceedings. Here were, indeed, obvious reasons why the Government should be cautious how they committed themselves to a movement from which such results were expected; but at the time their chief object was to diminish the pressure of Irish opinion. A compromise was therefore resolved upon, which was that, after the Bill had been read a second time, it should be sent to a Select Committee, in order to be thoroughly considered and sifted, and adapted to the different circumstances of town and country, but without entering into the whole question of *indio*. This Committee has since reported in favour of disregarding the distinctions between large and small towns, placing all alike under the operation of the measure; and the Bill, thus backed up, has now come on again. On Thursday Mr. SMYTH appealed to the Government to state their intentions with regard to it. To this Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE replied that, as the Bill would necessarily lead to considerable discussion, it was difficult to see how a day could be obtained for it; and he begged to be excused from making a definite statement as to the intentions of the Government. Upon this Mr. SMYTH rose at once, and, asserting that it was distinctly understood that the appointment of the Committee took the question out of the hands both of the House and the Government, and left the question to be settled by its report, whatever it might be, announced that on Monday he should repeat his question, and moved the adjournment of the House. Other members expressed the same view, and finally it was arranged that Sir WILFRID LAWSON should give up the Wednesday which he had obtained for the Permissive Bill in order that the Irish Bill might be taken. And so the matter at present stands.

This condition of things is, of course, very embarrassing for the Government; but it is also obvious that they are themselves responsible for what has happened. They have been playing with the question without distinctly making up their minds what they should do about it, and they must take the consequences. They had good reason for their doubts in the first instance as to the expediency of such a measure as the Sunday Closing Bill, which in principle would affect not only Ireland, but the whole kingdom, and nothing has occurred to remove those doubts. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, in February, declared that they could only sanction the Bill if they felt that the experiment could be made with safety, and the conditions of safety on which they insisted are now refused; so that the Government do not know which way to turn.

THE FELLAH.

A LITTLE girl asked her father who was starting for Egypt, if he should see Joseph at Cairo. The question was not so absurd as it may have seemed. Nothing astonishes the modern tourist more than to find the scenes described by Moses, and represented by the paintings in ancient tombs, still faithful pictures of the manners and customs of to-day. But Joseph, the "discreet and wise" ruler, is nowhere to be discovered. There are prisons and executioners, coats of many colours, and Mrs. Potiphara in abundance. There are lean kine and fat sheaves, corn as the sand of the sea, honey, spices, myrrh, nuts, and almonds. There are cruel taskmasters and forced public works. The first-born is mourned in many a house, for the conscription has taken him and he returns no more. On all sides may be heard a great and bitter cry, not on account of bad harvests or unseasonable weather, not because of earthquakes or the low price of wool, but for unjust, grinding taxation, and hard, ill-paid toil. "We work all day," said a Fellah lately, "for a morsel of bread, and the Khedive takes it out of our mouths." It is extremely difficult to obtain correct information with regard to the real position of the peasant farmers in Egypt. It is impossible to believe even the oath of a native; but, by sifting contradictory statements, by contrasting the replies given by different dragomans to the same question, by riding along the inland roads, seeing the daily life and occupations of the people in their villages, shopping in the bazars, and becoming acquainted with the small artisans, but above all by talking with the sailors who come from the various little towns round about, an intelligent person may, with a very moderate smattering of Arabic, obtain a fairly true notion of the state of that interesting and misgoverned country.

The announcement made lately that additional exactions are to be laid on the already overburdened people cannot fail to raise a feeling of indignation in the mind of any one who has become acquainted with the Fellah at home. We talk much in England about slavery in Egypt, and are greatly shocked that such a thing should exist anywhere. Benevolent people ask questions about it in Parliament, and old ladies become hysterical on the subject. The fact is that the position of a slave in an ordinary household is luxurious idleness and well-fed comfort compared to that of the peasant proprietor or agricultural labourer. There are strict and humane laws made for the slave. He can have justice for every wrong except that which made him a slave. But the Fellah is practically helpless. No one can interfere because the taxes are increased in the Said, or because the land is in some places relapsing into desert, since the people can no longer buy seed, having nothing left after the collector's visit but their naked, hungry children and the bare mud. The money raised by taxation goes to enrich the collector, the governor, the pasha, the Khedive, everybody except the native Egyptian and Egypt. New streets and palaces, gardens and harems, harbours and lighthouses, are being made; but nothing comes back to the earners of the money which pays for these costly undertakings. Great sugar factories are built in which the machinery is constantly changed as English or French overseers are appointed. The old works are left to rust on the banks, though their price has been wrung from the life-blood of the people. When things were supposed to be at their worst last year, the Viceroy gave a sumptuous breakfast and presented each guest with a costly ring. His sons are growing up and require establishments. English horses, diamonds, eunuchs, and pretty Circassians are expensive necessities which must be provided. Daughters require dowries suitable to their exalted rank. Still more expensive are standing armies and fruitless expeditions to Abyssinia and Turkey. Immense sums go to entertain foreign visitors of distinction and to provide steamers and trains for them. English people are apt to forget that the Khedive, with all his virtues, is still a Turk. He impresses strangers who have the privilege of an interview with him by his ability, industry, intelligence, and good impulses. But he has had no early practical training, and has all his experience to acquire through making mistakes. Were he William Pitt himself, he could not succeed in filling the positions simultaneously of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Foreign Minister, Minister of War, Board of Works, and general autocrat.

The land, as its peasant cultivators say, is gold, not mud. For ordinary crops it requires no manure and little labour. The yield, with the most primitive tillage, is enormous. Two crops of corn may be grown in a year, or even three. The moment a canal is made, the ground in its vicinity grows green. It needs no preparation for the seed but a little surface scratching and small watercourses for irrigation. Along the Nile the shaduf goes all day long, except during the inundation, when it is not required. In some places the sakia, with its rows of graceful earthen jars, raises water both day and night. At the wheel two yoke of patient oxen relieve each other, driven by a child who ought to be at school. The Khedive spent a great deal of money in putting up large pumping engines; but they have turned out useless, partly because of the non-existence of fuel, partly because the smaller parts wear out, and cannot be replaced by native workmen. There is some talk of cutting a canal and floating wood down from the upper Nile. M. Lesseps has lately been over the ground, but bondholders must surely by this time be becoming somewhat chary of their help. Meanwhile the old labour-wasting methods must be retained. New canals might be multiplied indefinitely, always with splendid results, but, under the present system of

forced labour, they can only be cut at the cost of the lives of many bread-winners. The Fellah, drafted away from his home, hard worked, ill-fed, harshly treated, dies of the slightest illness. It is said that, when a new canal is begun, the Khedive seizes the land nearest to it, his officers take what comes next, and the Fellah who makes it gets little or no benefit. He is obliged still to stand at his bucket, and, with only a rag round his loins, work the water up to his little tenement, while the intense sun blazes down on his bare back and shaven head. It is unlikely that any private enterprise can spring up amongst the people to improve the cultivation of their farms. They are too poor, and have not time to learn about new inventions. The fine climate prevents them from being braced to exertion and rebellion, as would be the case in a more northerly country. But they do feel very sore to see the land slipping into the hands of large proprietors who take all the finest ground for sugar-canes. When the present Viceroy succeeded, he had no estates. Now he owns a very large acreage. This change in his circumstances was not brought about by means which would be approved here. A case in point is that of a sugar estate not far from Farshoot, but on the east bank. The land was bought at the Government valuation from the present proprietors, who were never paid, it being arranged that the price should be taken out in exemption from labour at the factory and in sugar. After a time it turned out that the land did not suit sugar, and the factory was abandoned. It stands empty and useless, though it cost many thousands of pounds and much forced labour. But what became of the land? It was sold back to the original proprietors again at the Government valuation, which had been revised—that is to say, raised—but ready money was exacted for every acre. It need hardly be added that the whole district is reduced to absolute beggary, that the Government is not exactly popular, and that a man whose camel was "requisitioned" to carry cane killed it rather than let it go.

At sugar factories forced labour is the rule under a thin disguise. The labourers are paid in sugar, which is valued at the Cairo price. If a man wishes it he can sell his sugar to the authorities at the factory, but it is at the local price. As the sugar is useless to him, he is thus robbed of a third or a fifth of his earnings. The land itself is made the means of similar extortions. It is revalued for taxation every six years, and if it is situated by the river, where the banks are altered by every inundation, the unfortunate farmer has often to pay for several years after his land has disappeared. Land left dry becomes the property of the village or "commune," and last year a sheikh was murdered by his own villagers for appropriating some common land to his own use. For this the village was burnt by the Khedive, who seized the land of the whole commune himself; and nothing can more plainly show the state of political degradation to which Turkish rule has reduced the country than that the punishment was looked upon as just, and acquiesced in without a murmur. The people do not care to grow sugar for the Khedive's benefit, but much prefer corn crops, of which both barley and wheat are everywhere common. The Fellah rarely eats his own wheat. It is a luxury far beyond him; but sailors in the Nile boats live on the brown bread made from it. The corn is left standing till it is perfectly hard, as there is no rain or wind to hurt it. It is in ear in February, and is reaped with the sickle; but in Nubia it is pulled up by the roots; and the farmer often, if he has a good crop, goes with it himself by boat to Cairo. It is classed according to the colour, which varies very much, and the straw is chopped fine as food for camels or fuel for steam-engines. The ordinary bread-stuff is "doura," which is much like Indian corn. This is sown before or during the inundation, "cast upon the waters," and is sometimes swept away. It is often roasted before it is ripe, but generally made into unleavened cakes. It is also given to fowls by those who can afford to feed their chickens; but generally the poor beasts pick up a precarious living amongst the dust-heaps, so that their eggs never taste fresh or milky, and their bodies are nothing but bones. The great staple in Egypt, however, is the date. Palms are heavily taxed by the suicidal policy everywhere seen under Turkish rule; and the Arabs say, alluding to this tax, that where the Turk comes no trees can grow. So highly is it esteemed that, according to the native legend, when Allah had made man and woman, he had a little clay left, and of this made a date-palm.

Constant ill-usage has made the Fellah a coward and a liar, but he has courage and endurance when suffering is inevitable. You may see a man at work in heavy irons, yet he wears a cheerful countenance, and greets an old acquaintance with a pleasant laugh. He has committed no crime, and everybody knows it; but a crime had been committed, and somebody had to be punished. "Khatmet" willed that he should be charged, and, having no money to bribe the judge, he is condemned. So, too, rather than pay an increased tax, he will submit to the bastinado, and may be heard to boast of the number of blows he can bear and the weeks during which he was unable to put his feet to the ground. He looks upon the Government as his natural enemy, and with good cause regards taxation as a border farmer must have regarded blackmail. To him the Khedive is the lineal successor of the Bedouin robber who robbed his forefathers. He has no remedy against an overcharge, and no voice in the assessment of the tax. If there were a printed form setting forth his liabilities it would be useless, for he could not read it. By nature he is gay, sober, and saving; yet he can be lavish on occasions, and does not grudge money spent in hospitality or charity. His own wants are few,

but among them is music. Nothing can be done without singing. He sings at work, at play, in the field, at the wedding; at the funeral, as he rows his boat, as he rides his camel, in fact everywhere. Sometimes, as when he works the shadoof, there is great beauty in the oft-repeated cadence; but generally the European ear can find no melody in his music. The scale differs so much from ours that it cannot be played on any of our keyed instruments; and the principles on which it is founded are so involved that it is hardly possible even for a trained musician to unravel it. There is probably a mixture of the Greek and Asiatic scales; possibly there is a remnant of old Egyptian harmony. The scientific musician finds much to interest him in following a song on the violin, but to the vulgar musical ear it is distracting. It may be roundly asserted that the attempts made by Lane and others to write Arab melodies in our notation are ludicrous failures. The native performers sometimes show great skill in manipulating an instrument with two strings, and some Egyptian Paganini may blush unheard and waste his sweetness among dusky sailors on the Nile. At Cairo a leaning towards the European scale is sometimes very perceptible, owing to the opera companies which go there every year, and the military bands practise a kind of compromise which is most distressing to hear; but a concert of expert native performers in the Ezbekiyah Gardens is well worth hearing. In the country singers extemporize to a tune, but have special airs appropriate to all possible occasions. No other art is practised, and life goes on under the most simple conditions.

The Fellah wears but one garment, and suffers from cold in winter, for he has no fire and no bedclothes, except perhaps a kind of quilt. He lives on unleavened bread, sour milk, raw vegetables, but sometimes for weeks together has nothing but dried dates. In towns the food is sold ready cooked, and consists of different kinds of haricots and lentils. His house is roofless, except for a few canes laid across the low mud walls. It contains no furniture; but in Upper Egypt there is generally a mat at the door and a sort of raised divan made of mud. He can afford but one wife, who, like himself, has but one garment and a hood or veil, while his children go naked. In this respect, indeed, travellers remark greater poverty year by year. There is immense mortality among the children, partly, no doubt, from the dirt in which they are kept, as they are never washed before they are seven years old, but partly also from the absence of medical aid and the universal ignorance of the causes of disease. The women are in every respect inferior to the men. They are too poor to have employment; they have no stockings to darn, no house linen to mend, no furniture or cooking implements to clean. They wash their one garment in the river, cleaning it with a piece of mud which acts like soap and pumice combined. They wear their bracelets and necklaces in the field where they pull corn or herd the cattle. They carry all the water required in their houses from the river in heavy jars, and sit long on the bank gossiping and catching fleas. Women in Egypt do not say prayers like the men, and have a soulless expression which contrasts strangely with the intelligent and even noble look frequent among their husbands. Their highest idea of life consists in doing nothing. The daughters of a family are kept at home as long as possible, as it is a mark of respectability to retain them at least till they reach fifteen; but this advanced age is only attained in comparatively wealthy homes. In Nubia the position of women is better. Though the clothing is even scantier than in Egypt, they have some idea of working embroidery, weaving mats, and making baskets; and they keep their houses in better order, spreading the golden sand on the floor and sweeping it clean. There are doors to all the houses, and sometimes an iron lock and even a knocker. Over the doorway there is an attempt at ornament, and a plate or saucer begged from a passing dahabeenah is sometimes inserted. Before the door is a row of round mud bins like barrels for storing corn; and there are separate pigeon-houses. The pigeons everywhere eat more than they are worth, and contribute greatly to the dirt of the houses in Lower Egypt. Fever is rare, considering the filth, but there are stomach complaints and innumerable skin diseases of great severity. Ophthalmia is said to be decreasing in Cairo since the opening of wider and better-watered streets, but everywhere else it is very common, and seems to be carried by the flies from child to child. There is also a mysterious sleeping sickness, about which doctors differ; it is always fatal. A man comes home from his work, lies down, and sleeps for three days, when he dies. It is impossible to get leave to make a post-mortem examination, though English physicians have repeatedly attempted it.

It is hard to imagine a more dreary existence than that led by the ordinary Fellah. He is born, works hard all his life for wages of which he is robbed at intervals under the name of government, and dies in his birthplace, his whole view through life having been bounded by the table-topped mountain at his own side, of the river and the table-topped mountain at the other, under whose rocky sides a few little mud domes, a few little heaps of skinned gibbons, mark the nameless graves of his people, the place to which, when the end comes, his body will be rowed across the Nile to a chest from the Koran, just as five thousand years ago his ancestors were ferried over to the mummy pits, while a hymn was sung to Osiris, the Judge of the Dead.

SERENDIPITY.

AN ungrateful world has probably almost forgotten Horace Walpole's attempt to enrich the English language with the term "Serendipity." To speak of a man as "gifted with unusual serendipity" is as much as to speak in an unknown tongue. The philological mind would go to work on the expression, and probably resolve it into "a carpet-bag word" of the sort introduced to science by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. Yet the term has nothing to do with that combined serenity and pity with which most people are capable of observing the misfortunes of their friends. It expresses a more original condition of mind, and being, as it is, a name for what is otherwise nameless, deserves a better fortune than oblivion. It is never easy to say which new vocables will, and which will not, survive, and the extinction of "serendipity" merely shows that, like the Dodo and the Moa, it has somehow failed to adapt itself to its environment. To find out the reasons of this want of success is not very difficult; but in the meantime it may be as well no longer to keep back from the unconstructed meaning of serendipity, and the nature of the quality on his share in which Walpole plumed himself.

It may be asserted in favour of Walpole's coinage that it expresses a certain form of luck which otherwise must go nameless. A person fortunate enough to be endowed by nature with serendipity is a person who has the gift of putting his hand, at once on the very thing that he happens to want. It does not matter how suddenly the wish has risen in his mind—he finds what he needs or covets the moment he looks for it, or even when he has not yet begun to take the trouble to look. In a way he resembles the hero of Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, but with a happy difference. The owner of the *Peau de Chagrin* had every desire satisfied, but with each satisfaction the malign charm sank into smaller space, and the life of its possessor dwindled. There is no such drawback in the case of serendipity. The expression was derived by Walpole from a certain Prince of Serendip in a fairy tale, a kind of Fortunatus, who had the luck to find in an instant everything he was in search of. Probably the obscure derivation of the term was among the causes which prevented it from enjoying the blessed survival of the fittest.

It is clear enough that serendipity is a very different thing from mere ordinary luck. We call a man lucky, for example, who escapes unhurt in a railway accident, or in the explosion of his domestic boiler, or when a run-up house in a new quarter falls upon him; in short, a man is lucky who evades any of the numerous perils with which mechanical science has enriched daily life. This use of the word "luck" is of course slightly illogical, for the man is really more lucky who happens not to be involved in any accident at all. But this sort of good fortune is quite distinct from serendipity. Take another kind of luck. We call the man lucky who is always meeting with chance gifts of fortune. The old lady whom he rescues from a yelping poodle leaves him an estate; he cannot enter his name in a club lottery without winning the sweepstakes; all ordinary things go well with him, and extraordinary hazards fall out, as it is by special arrangement or pre-established harmony, for his comfort and well-being. But serendipity is entirely distinct from this favouritism of fortune. The mere lucky man gets things without looking for them or thinking of them; the man with serendipity has to be grateful for much smaller favours, but then they are the favours which he happens particularly to want. The fairy or fate who presided at his birth made him the magical present of the power to evade small and tedious exertions. Take the instance which Walpole seems to have had especially in his mind. Two men may be in doubt about a reference in a book—a reference which it is necessary for their work or for their mental satisfaction that they should find. Give one of them indexes without number, as indexes have always been in this imperfect world, and he will labour in vain, and search for hours with no result but loss of time and temper. The other, the man with serendipity, has only to take up the first volume that lies near his hand, or even by chance to look at a newspaper, and what he wants or a clue to what he wants leaps to his eyes. His literary luck brings him the very passages that he would have most earnestly desired to seek out as soon as the idea that he needs them flashes through his mind. He may be in all other matters as hapless a mortal as any that breathes. His life may be a mere embroglio of cross purposes, a tragedy of errors; all his investments may prove rotten; he may break every bone in his body in a series of accidents; but this one good thing of fortune he possesses.

Serendipity is not confined, of course, to a happy knack of hitting on the right page of a book at the right time; though even this is no small boon, as people who lack it will confess. In all the minor matters of life the gift has its power, and the owner of the gift falls in with just what he has begun to wish for, and would soon have begun to look for. If he has set his heart on any out-of-the-way possession—a rare old book, a particular piece of antiquated furniture, a park back of unusual acquisitions; a house in the country within easy reach of town—the desirable thing falls, as it were, into his lap. The first bookstall he passes has the rare volume; a broker in a back-street where he has lost his way happens to display the carved chest; the man who dines at the next table to him at the Club is parting with the horse, or wants to let the house. The inheritors of the luck of the Prince of Serendip save a small fortune in advertisements, and a world of trouble in running up and down in search of what they need. The luck, the gift takes the shape of securing at the first venture

servants and governesses who are "treasures," and who get married just in time to prevent them from becoming old family retainers of the tedious and trying kind.

Luck, in the large sense of the word, is so marked an influence in human affairs that people have tried to account for it and for its opposite by certain characteristics in the persons who have it or have it not. The want of luck may no doubt cause a certain shade of melancholy in the expression of the face; but early theorists turned the matter the other way, and thought that they could detect in the countenance, not the trace of bad fortune in the past, but the presage of it in the future. Indeed it is not easy to guess why Charles I. should have looked unlucky before his misfortunes began. In the Icelandic Sagas every one seems to have read bad luck in the faces of certain men—Skarphedin, for example, whose splendid strength, courage, and backing of friends gave every promise of prosperity, but who yet failed to make strangers take his side and share his fortunes. But superstition taught, or experience showed, that good fortune would not go with a peculiar, indefinable yet perceptible cast of face and character. In the same way it is often noticeable that lucky people have a brilliant, a sort of magnetic, fulness and force of life which seem to attract and command the inscrutable influences that make for success in matters of the merest chance. This theory of personal influences of a mystic sort has been used by otherwise sensible people to explain a fact which is a sort of serendipity unattached; the fact, namely, that the thought and the mention of some persons seems to force itself on the mind and into conversation immediately before the appearance of these persons on the scene. We may fancy that they are hundreds of miles away, yet the notion of them presents itself to the fancy or memory, and lo, the actual man is before us. This faculty, in its highest power, is naturally ascribed to a being with such a potent personality as our ghostly foe, who notoriously appears whenever he is spoken of.

These fantastic theories of luck may be dispensed with in the attempt to explain serendipity. There is a common-sense way of looking at this gift, which leaves a very minute residuum for magnetic and mystic expounders to clear away. The fact is, a person who is proud of his serendipity is often one whose desires are set on matters close at hand (though to his innocence they seem rare or difficult of attainment), and who is easily pleased, and triumphant over small successes. Serendipity means contentment, heightened by that complacency with which we all regard a thing so peculiarly personal to us, so much our very own and unshared by others, as our luck. It would be a pity if philosophy ever drove out of the world this idea of luck, on which so many good little books for the young wage war. The idea of a fortune which is attached mysteriously and invisibly to each of us is among the greatest consolations to humanity. Whether the luck be good or bad, whether it affects the shape of small or great failures and successes, it is equally food for self-complacency. We are so much the more important in our own eyes because we are the favourites or the victims of a vague spiritual force, and have a little share of the attentions of an unknown cosmic influence. The contented man does not ascribe his placid habit of hitting on what suits him to his temperament, but to his chance, to his serendipity. The discontented finds an unfailing consolation in saying "Just my luck," and in having something outside, something fatal, to blame in place of his own shiftlessness. Of course it is obvious that the notion of luck obscures every one's knowledge of himself; and in the case of the discontented this is perhaps a pity. Their friends soon learn to dread the reproaches which they heap on their usual luck, for with each reproach the victim of misfortune becomes less aware than before of what manner of man he is. But it does no harm to any one that the happy mortal gifted with serendipity should increase his self-complacency by valuing his immaterial treasure. He is a person with many little tastes which are easily gratified by many common little chances, and if he likes to conceal these humble characteristics from himself, and to raise in his heart a small altar to Good Fortune, no one is the worse for the delusion. The case of literary serendipity is less innocent, for the man who always hits at once on the reference or quotation that satisfies him is probably far from being too conscientious a student.

THE WICLIFFE CENTENARY.

IT appears that last Sunday was the five hundredth anniversary of John Wycliffe's condemnation by the Pope. And of course so excellent an opportunity of getting up a Protestant demonstration could not be let slip either by divines of Dean Stanley's peculiar type—who preached on the subject at the Abbey—or by the Evangelical and Dissenting notabilities who assembled on Monday evening at Exeter Hall to commemorate the auspicious occasion. One familiar name indeed is conspicuous by its absence. The report states that the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., was to have presided, but that a letter was received from his lordship at the last moment expressing his deep sympathy with the demonstration, but regretting that the state of his health prevented his attendance. There appears, however, to have been a little mistake here. Lord Shaftesbury wrote to the *Times* the next day to say, with some excusable asperity, that he had addressed two letters on the subject, to Dr. Cather and Dr. Angus, in neither of which had he said anything of the kind; on the contrary, he had absolutely refused either to preside or to attend the meeting. We venture to think he showed a sounder discretion than some

of the gentlemen who appeared on the platform, but of that our readers will be able to judge better for themselves presently. In the absence of Lord Shaftesbury the chair was occupied by Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, whose opening address was, both in a religious and intellectual sense, very much what might have been expected from a prelate belonging to the extreme Evangelical section of the disestablished Irish Church. He said a good deal more about Protestantism in general and Irish Protestantism in particular than about Wycliffe, and what he did say about the hero of the day was remarkable rather for alliterative rhetoric than for historical accuracy. To call Wycliffe "a Reformer before the Reformers, a Protestant before the Protestants, an Old Catholic before the Old Catholics, a translator before those to whom that title was usually given (did Lord Plunket never hear of St. Jerome's translating the Bible?), a writer and collector of tracts before the Tract Society had a local habitation and a name," was of course a safe bid for the rapturous plaudits of Exeter Hall. Much the same thing has been repeated to weariness of Huss, Tauler, Savonarola, and other mediæval worthies, with about equal infelicity; it only means, so far as it means anything at all, that they somehow or other, though in very various ways, came to grief with the ecclesiastical authorities of the day. We really hardly know in what more dignified language to express it. As to "the Reformers" and "the Old Catholics"—the latter especially—we are by no means clear that they would altogether appreciate the compliment thus thrust upon them. Some of Wycliffe's most pronounced opinions would be quite as little palatable to Prince Bismarck as to the Pope. A "Protestant" in one sense he certainly was, for he spent his life in protesting against everybody and everything about him; the question is whether he did not "protest too much" by a good deal. Lord Plunket, it is fair to say, went on to give a more specific description of his hero, but unfortunately as he advanced in definiteness he betrayed a more definite misapprehension of the facts. "Wycliffe," he observed, "was a man of great intellectual power, of statesmanlike wisdom, of great and varied learning, of dauntless courage, of true piety, and above all a self-sacrificing, earnest follower of the Great Master." To the last part of the panegyric we have nothing to object, except that it is not easy at this distance of time to discriminate with any confidence between the very opposite estimates of Wycliffe's character which have come down to us. But praise of his "statesmanlike wisdom" and "dauntless courage" would sound from the lips of a less partial and better informed panegyrist very like a studied sarcasm.

Dr. Cather, who followed the Bishop and is described as "General Secretary of the Christian League and Systematic Benevolence Society," made a statement explanatory of that high-sounding designation, which the reporter calls "lengthy" and has considerably spared his readers. He added however that he had heard Mr. John Bright express an opinion "that Wycliffe was the greatest man England ever produced." Mr. John Bright has expressed many opinions in the course of his life which we should hesitate to endorse, but we have sufficient respect for his judgment to be willing to hope that Dr. Cather's memory was here again at fault, as in the case of Lord Shaftesbury's letter. He wound up by observing, what is perfectly true but does not quite chime in with the Bishop's eulogy on his "dauntless courage," that Wycliffe "outlived the storm, and died peaceably at Lutterworth." Then followed the great oration of the evening by Dr. Farrar, who moved a resolution long enough to be a speech in itself, attributing to Wycliffe almost everything, sacred or secular, for which Englishmen have reason to be thankful, though he contributed in fact very little to any of the seven "results" so elaborately drawn out and to most of them nothing at all:—

That this meeting desires most devoutly to record on this the 500th anniversary of John Wycliffe's condemnation by the Pope in five Bulls, addressed to the King, Parliament, University, Primate, and the Bishop of London, on the 11th of June, 1377, its exalting thanksgiving to Almighty God for the heroic, sublime, and unparalleled labours of this one foremost scholar, patriot, divine, statesman, and philanthropist, which he continued for thirty years, almost single-handed against all odds till his peaceful death at his rectory in Lutterworth, in 1384, have resulted, under the Divine blessing, in (1) the establishment of our national independence; (2) the restoration of our Primitive Faith; (3) the translation of our English Bible; (4) the formation of our liberties; (5) the formation of our language; (6) the creation of our literature and science; (7) and the consequent and ever-increasing greatness of the British Empire and of the English people, and calls upon the nation to glorify God in His honoured servant.

Dr. Farrar, however, prudently confined himself to "three immense services" for which "the Christian Church" (which must here be interpreted to mean the Protestant portion of it exclusively) "owed Wycliffe a deep debt of gratitude"—his repudiation of Transubstantiation, of "sacerdotalism," and of auricular confession. The selection of topics had at least the merit of being admirably adapted to the atmosphere of Exeter Hall. But Dr. Farrar, who is an impressive, if somewhat emotional preacher, can talk much better sense, when he pleases, than the slipshod and—we must be pardoned for adding—somewhat offensive claptrap which formed the staple of the speech he condescended to deliver last Monday. As to Transubstantiation, it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain what Wycliffe taught on that or any other controversial point of doctrine, inasmuch as, not being "actuated by the spirit of martyrdom"—as Hume mildly expresses it—in all his trials for heresy "he so explained away his doctrine by tortured meanings as to render it quite innocuous and inoffensive," and his disciples for the most part "imitated his cautious disposition," Huss

indeed, who may be considered his most illustrious disciple at a later period, was much more outspoken, and paid the penalty of his courage with his life, but there is no reason to believe that Huss ever rejected the received doctrine of the Eucharist. Dr. Lingard inclines to the view, which is also that of Sir J. Mackintosh, that Wicliffe maintained something very like the theory of consubstantiation or "impanation" afterwards adopted by the early Lutherans. If so, it is hard to see what particular debt of gratitude anybody owes him for formulating a dogma which is equally abhorrent both to Catholic and Protestant belief, and is, to say the least, not at all more Scriptural, while it is less easy to comprehend than that which it is intended to replace. "Sacerdotalism" is a word of wide and rather ambiguous significance; the reasoning by which Wicliffe assailed it would be quite as fatal to Dr. Farrar's position as Canon of Westminster as to that of Pope Eugenius or the Queen of Spain's confessor, to whom he refers. It is by no means clear that Wicliffe repudiated auricular confession as such—Huss certainly did not; and it is scarcely conceivable that he can have repudiated it, as Dr. Farrar alleges, "on the (wholly irrelevant) ground of his great doctrine that the Gospel itself was a sufficient guide to every Christian soul," for the professed object of confession is not "guidance" but absolution.

We must protest still more strongly, in the interests of historical fidelity, which controversialists of all schools are terribly prone to ignore, against Dr. Farrar's daring parallel between what he calls Wicliffe's "appeal to the laity" and the similar appeal of St. Athanasius to the people against "an Arianizing Court and Clergy," or even of Luther, when he "threw himself on the people and beat a bigoted Emperor and an infidel Pope." Luther was a man, whatever may have been his faults of conduct or opinion, who never lacked the courage of his convictions; when he said he would go to Wittenberg if it rained Duke Georges all the way, he meant it. Anything more unlike the character and career of Wicliffe can hardly be conceived. Dr. Newman has reminded us of St. Hilary's saying about the Arian period, "*Sanctiores sunt aures plebis quam corda sacerdotum*," but he explains that "sacerdotalism" means principally the bishops, or governing body of the Church, and that, as a rule, the clergy and the faithful held together in their adherence to the orthodox creed. But it was against the great body of the clergy that Wicliffe's fiercest anathemas were hurled. What can alone be meant by his "appealing to the laity," and how far it bears any analogy to the proceedings of Athanasius or of Luther, will appear from a very brief review of his eccentric career—which would not, we fear, have won, like Dr. Farrar's, "great applause" at Exeter Hall. It can only boast the humbler recommendation of being based on fact. The stern reformer of the luxury of the priesthood began his career by a violent attack on the friars, whose zeal and popularity had aroused the jealousy of the secular clergy, on the ground that a life of mendicancy was opposed to the precepts of the Gospel, and he charged them with no less than fifty heresies. His own life was austere, and there is no need to question his sincerity, but the justice of Hume's remark is indisputable, that "this is a circumstance common to almost all who dogmatize in any new way; both because men who draw to themselves the attention of the public, and expose themselves to the odium of great multitudes, are obliged to be very guarded in their conduct, and because few, who have a strong propensity to pleasure or business, will enter upon so difficult and laborious an undertaking." In his newborn zeal against monasticism Wicliffe contrived to get the Franciscan warden and fellows ejected from Canterbury Hall in Oxford by Archbishop Islip, who was dying, and himself made warden; but Islip's successor, Simon Langham, quashed the appointment, as violating the charter of foundation, and the Pope, to whom Wicliffe appealed, confirmed the primate's decision. We do not say *post hoc, propter hoc*, but then, and not till then, Wicliffe proclaimed "the Roman Church to be the Synagogue of Satan"; and thenceforth, having meanwhile accepted various pieces of preferment, including the rectory of Lutterworth, he turned his attack on the beneficed clergy and the Pope, insisting that every priest was bound to imitate the poverty of Christ; a contention not easy to reconcile with his previous assault on the begging friars, or with his own position as a well-beneficed clerk. His invectives were so coarse and violent that he was at last summoned to appear before the Primate and Bishop of London at St. Paul's; and here comes his "appeal to the laity." He appeared before his judges between the two most powerful subjects in the realm, the Duke of Lancaster and Percy the Lord Marshal, who began by insisting that he should be seated, to which Courtney, Bishop of London, naturally demurred, as being against all precedent for the accused in the presence of his judges. A sharp altercation ensued, the result of which shall be told in Hume's words:—"The Londoners, thinking their prelate affronted, attacked the Duke and Marshal, who escaped from their hands with some difficulty; and the populace, soon after, broke into the houses of both those noblemen, threatened their persons, and plundered their goods. The Bishop of London had the merit of appeasing their fury and resentment." This does not look as if "the laity, the Christian people themselves," responded very warmly to Wicliffe's appeal. The fact is that he appealed, then and afterwards whenever he got into trouble, not to "the people," but to certain magnates who shared his antipathy to the clerical order, and were powerful enough to screen him against the laws both of Church and State. He was treated on the whole with remarkable moderation by the ecclesiastical authorities, to whom his great patron, the Duke of Lancaster, at last advised him to submit, which he

did, seeing the danger of resistance, and retired to his living. He had a stroke of apoplexy while hearing mass in his own church at Lutterworth, and died at the rectory two days afterwards, December 30, 1384.

We have already explained the difficulty of ascertaining the real nature of Wicliffe's doctrinal ideas. The points, however, about which there is least room for doubt—as laid down in the forty-five propositions from his works condemned by the Council of Constance—are precisely those with which modern Protestants, especially Protestants belonging to an Established Church, can least be expected to sympathize. By a strange confusion of theological and feudal notions, he excoagulated the notion that the right of property is founded on grace, and—inasmuch as forfeiture of goods is confessedly the penalty of treason—is forfeited by sin, which is treason against God. On this comprehensive principle he "laid the axe to the root of sacerdotalism," as Dr. Farrar puts it, by insisting that every official act of priest, bishop, pope, or civil ruler in a state of mortal sin or predestined to reprobation (*præcursus*) is null and void; a view by the way against which one of the Thirty-nine Articles is expressly directed. In its temporal aspect this doctrine, which Huss afterwards adopted, "laid the axe to the roots" of all property and all government, and it was naturally regarded with as little favour by English statesmen as by the Emperor Sigismund at Constance. Endowments were forbidden by Scripture, and were due to "the instigation of the devil"—who occupies a remarkably prominent place in Wicliffe's programme throughout; "God is bound to obey him," and the extreme fatalism—or what was afterwards called Calvinism—is affirmed emphatically. Hume, who would hardly have agreed with Lord Plunket about Wicliffe's "statesmanlike wisdom," does not certainly exaggerate in saying that he "appears to have been strongly tinctured with enthusiasm," though it is not equally clear that he was "thereby the better qualified to oppose a Church whose chief characteristic is superstition." The superstition of endowments, which he at once enjoyed and denounced, has already survived Wicliffe for five centuries; and the chief theological superstition to which this great precursor of the Reformation "laid the axe" was reaffirmed, as we have seen, with peculiar emphasis two centuries after his death by the Reformed Church of which his admirers consider him the progenitor.

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT may have been observed by puzzled readers of the *Times* that the leading journal has got into a curious trick of regularly omitting the only important part of the programme of business in the House of Commons on Fridays. It gives the formal "Orders of the Day," and also the formal "Notices of Motion," which only come on at some unknown hour on a Friday night; but, with the rarest exceptions, it leaves out the "Notices of Motion on going into Supply," which, though technically mere amendments, are practically the special business of Friday sittings. For instance, on Friday in last week there happened to be a number of notices on the paper coming under this category, of which no trace whatever was to be found in the bill of fare printed in the *Times*. Mr. P. A. Taylor was to lend off with his motion in favour of opening national Museums and Galleries on Sundays, on which Colonel Beresford had given notice of an amendment declaring such a change not expedient; and there were also notices with reference to Irish currency, the trial of civil actions in the provincial centres of England and Wales, the election of local Poor-law Boards, the De Morgan petition, and other subjects. But not a syllable of all this was given in the list of Parliamentary business in Friday's *Times*, though it constituted the real business of the night. This is a blunder which the *Times* commits every week with an apparently complete unconsciousness of the absurdity of excluding from the programme the essential element of the proceedings on Fridays; and it is possible that there is perhaps a similar confusion of mind on the part of many of the public, which, as a rule, knows little of the way in which the House of Commons does its business. It may be worth while, therefore, to explain the rules of the House of Commons as to the motions on going into Committee of Supply on Fridays, as compared with the motions on Tuesdays.

It is well known that in the House of Commons certain days are set apart for considering the "Orders of the Day" (or matters which the House has already agreed to consider on a particular day), other days being reserved for original motions. Thus Monday, Thursday, and Friday are appointed for the Government "orders"; Wednesday for the orders of independent members; and Tuesday for notices of motion by the latter, although, when the pressure of business reaches a certain point, Tuesdays also are appropriated by the Government. On the other hand, Sir T. Erskine May points out in his work on Parliamentary Usage that, owing to the Committee of Supply or Ways and Means being always, by rule, the first "order" on Friday, Friday practically becomes a notice night, the Government having merely the residue of the sitting after all the notices and debates on going into Committee have been disposed of. There is, however, an important difference between private members' notices on Tuesdays and on Fridays, which is this—that on Tuesday the notice of motion is a substantial one; while on Friday it comes under the form of an

amendment on the motion "That the Speaker leave the Chair," or, in other words, that the House should go into Committee of Supply. Therefore on Tuesdays those who are in favour of the motion of which notice has been given vote "Aye"—i.e. a direct affirmation of a principle; while on Fridays they vote "No" on the question whether the Speaker shall leave the Chair, in order that the proposal which they support should be made a substantive motion, which is done whenever it is successful. Moreover, on Tuesdays there may be as many divisions as there are movers of motions; but on Fridays the House, by a sort of self-denying regulation, allows of only one division on the motion to go into Supply. This, however, does not prevent as many talks on different subjects as members choose to raise; and if a notice not yet reached is thought by any member to be inopportune, the object of the tactics is to secure a division being taken on some preceding one, so that no subsequent division can occur. This condition is fulfilled if the motion is negatived without a division; that is, if the Speaker has formally put the question and taken the voice of the House on it, a division not being challenged. One objector is enough to prevent the withdrawal of a motion; and a withdrawal is often prevented, not out of any ill-will to the motion itself or the mover of it, but only from a desire to avert a later division on some undesirable question. On the other hand, a division or formal putting of the question resulting in the rejection of the amending motion which has formed the subject of debate sets free the tongues of those who have already spoken to discuss any fresh topic. Otherwise the unity of the debate, in spite of the diversity of questions raised, would only allow of a single speech to each member. Accordingly the old hands never like to use a Friday motion merely to "call attention," without adding "and to conclude with a motion," for, without such a condition, the negating expedient has no place. If, however, a Friday amendment became the main question, then an amendment might be made on it; but such an event would generally involve a Ministerial defeat, and is therefore rare. On Tuesdays a member may speak as well as vote on each successive question, but on a Friday he can only speak once, unless the division or negating has, as we have explained, been interposed; so that Ministers, who have when the talk goes on from topic to topic no privileges of debate beyond those of any other member, have to reserve their answers till they can combine them in a single speech.

A place and priority for motions on these two days—Tuesday and Friday—is obtained by ballot, which is also used in giving priority on private members' Bills at the beginning of the Session. On each of these days—as indeed on every day, though the process is only of importance on those two days—a paper with numbered compartments lies on the table, and each member who has a notice to give puts his name against a number. Then the Clerk, putting the numbers into a glass, draws them out one by one by lot, and calls them out; and the Speaker, who holds the paper, names the member to whom that number corresponds, who thereupon gives his notice and chooses his day. At one time it was the practice to allow members to give notices for any day, however distant; but by a Standing Order it is now laid down that no one can fix a day further off than that day four weeks, the Easter and Whitsuntide recesses not counting. The Order Book cannot therefore be occupied in advance for a longer period than this, if the House is sitting without interruption. Thus the lucky first man of last Friday took Friday, July 6, for which he stands first. Those who are less fortunate may and do go on balloting from Tuesday to the next Friday, and from Friday to the next Tuesday, till they get a good position. It is always possible to transfer a notice from one of these days to the other, provided it is at a further date; but there is no power of anticipating a date already fixed. As we have explained, a member not the first in order is sure of his division only on a Tuesday, when he has also a right of reply, which no Friday man has. *Per contra*, a Tuesday man may have the wind taken out of his sails by an amendment, while the vote on the Friday motion must be a direct "Yea" or "No" on the words as offered and without change; for, as that motion itself is an amendment on that of the Speaker leaving the Chair, it cannot be re-amended on. Thus there was last Friday no chance of Mr. P. A. Taylor carrying his motion about national Museums and Galleries. Would there have been any modified conclusion reached or commission of inquiry directed if it had come on a Tuesday? Practically, however, a man is very lucky and happy to get in on either day.

In an ordinary way the modes of evading or superseding a question are by the adjournment of the House or of the debate, by a motion "that the Orders of the Day be read," by moving the previous question, or by amendment; but it will be observed that when the motion is to go into Committee of Supply this result may be secured by the voice of the House deciding in favour of the Speaker leaving the chair before the notice objected to is arrived at. In regard to the "previous question" there is at present an awkwardness which is pointed out both by Sir T. E. May, in his *Law and Usage of Parliament*, and by Mr. R. D. Palgrave, Clerk Assistant, in the Handbook for chairmen of public meetings which he has just produced. Sir Thomas describes the "previous question" as an ingenious method of avoiding a vote upon any question that has been proposed, but remarks that its technical name does little to elucidate its operation. In general the Speaker puts the question when there is no debate or after a debate is closed; but by a motion for the "previous question" this act of the Speaker may be pre-

vented. The words of the motion are, "That that question be now put," and those who wish to prevent its being put vote against the previous (which is really the latter) question; and if it is resolved in the negative, the Speaker is prevented from putting the main question, as the House has thus refused to allow it to be put. If the previous question be put, and resolved in the affirmative, no alteration in the motion, nor any further debate or motion for adjournment, is allowed, but a vote is at once taken. Hence it happens that the members who move and second the "previous question" have to vote against it, and indeed are usually appointed tellers for the Noes. It appears that in 1778 the Congress of the United States adopted the "previous question" in a negative form—i.e. "that the main question be not now put," which appears to be at least a more logical form than that used with us, though it has a different object, the effect of the "previous question" in America being immediately to suppress all further discussion of the main question. In the House of Commons the effect is only temporary, "that the question be now put," and it may be brought forward on another day. Mr. Palgrave recommends this form of words to chairmen of public meetings, and also for Parliament, as it shows clearly the object of the motion, and those who respectively support and oppose it vote "Aye" and "No."

While we are on the subject of Parliamentary rules, there is another point upon which some recent incidents seem to suggest that more efficient action is required on the part of the Speaker or the House. Although by the ancient custom of Parliament, as well as by law, a member may not be questioned out of Parliament for words spoken in Parliament, he is liable to censure and punishment by the House itself; and the House has the right, through the Speaker, to admonish, order into custody, or even expel, an offending member for misconduct. A happy change in Parliamentary manners has in recent times rendered the exercise of this authority unnecessary, except on very rare occasions; but, if there should be any more unpleasant scenes such as those which have lately occurred, it might be as well that the Speaker should take the opportunity of impressing on the House that it is responsible for the personal behaviour of its members, and is bound to repress displays of rudeness and temper which tend to create disorder and lower its dignity. We find in Hakewell's digest of "the old manner of holding Parliaments" such orders as the following:—"April 1604. Agreed for a Rule of the House; He that digresseth from the matter to fall upon the person, ought to be suppressed by the Speaker"; and also, about the same time, "Agreed for a general rule:—if any superfluous motion or tedious speech be offered in the House, the party is to be directed and ordered by the Speaker." And again, "No reviling or nipping words must be used," and "if any man speak impertinently, or beside the question in hand, it stands with the orders of the House for the Speaker to interrupt him and to know the pleasure of the House, whether they further hear him." In May 1610 a member having made a speech which was deemed impertinent, and "there being much hissing and spitting, it was concurred for a Rule, That Mr. Speaker may stay impertinent speeches." There are undoubtedly symptoms on the part of certain members of Parliament of the present day of a disposition to use violent language and to indulge in personal attacks which would seem to call for a prompt and vigorous intervention on the part of the Speaker.

THE MODERN SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IF Rip van Winkle could just now revisit the earth and wake up, not on his native mountain, but in London, he would see much that would surprise him; but we doubt whether anything would surprise him more than that new product of modern needs—the modern schoolmistress. It is true that woman in general would be a sore wonder to him, and it would be long before he recognized the beings whom he had last seen hooped and powdered in the perpendicular results of the millinery of to-day. Possibly he might be led to suppose that the comparative material nothingness of the women of the present time was a sign of their mental state, and that the reason why they made their heads appear as small as possible was a modest consciousness that their strength did not lie in that quarter. An inference so hasty would probably be corrected by a little conversation with any of the subjects of it; but, if it were not, an infallible cure would be found in an evening spent in "High School" society. When sleep overtook him—nay, till his sleep was well nigh over—seminaries and academies for young ladies were universal, and Miss Pinkerton reigned supreme. Iron gates and trim grass lawns led up to a shining door resplendent with a huge brass plate announcing in the most approved style of handwriting the purpose of the square-built house. The half-way wire-blinds gave an ineffable air of propriety and of the seclusion necessary to the mysterious "use of the globes" and other accomplishments of which prospectuses spoke so feelingly. Parents anxious to do their enlightened best for their daughters could but send them to these suburban retreats for a course of masters and blackboards in order to fit them for social life. How beautiful were the letters they used to write! How invariably "in music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework" were the Misses of fifty years ago "found to have retained their mental faculties!" Rip van Winkle might well be surprised if, with a senile tenderness for the past, he were still to cling somewhat to

the red brick houses, the broad gravel walks, the "dignified deportment and carriage," the two-and-two promenades of the academy on Chiswick Mall.

Miss Pinkerton is, however, not extinct even now. She exists in two forms—Miss Pinkerton pure, and Miss Pinkerton improved and improving. It is the pride of the former to hold to the old days; her "dear charges" have been committed to her to become accomplished members of society, and she has a shrewd suspicion that education in the modern sense is only a step removed from infidelity. She flourishes at Brighton, at Obeltenham, at Bath, and wherever else dull fashion and dull pulpit ministrations have made themselves a home. She admits no one to her intimacy save the spiritual adviser with whom, over the "parlour" tea-table, she discusses Low Church dogmas with a flattering deference. Inspired by him, she meets an invitation to send her pupils in for "the Cambridge" by the answer, "We desire that our dear children should grow up as modest violets and not as flaring sunflowers." But the march of intellect has carried off some of the sisterhood, and Miss Pinkerton improved and improving is already a considerable variety. She is found for the most part in large towns, or near them, forced, willy-nilly, to respond to a demand which she but half understands to add extra lessons and courses of lectures to her young ladies' education. She may be known by her indiscriminating zeal to rush into everything at once, and also by a prevalence of text-books and primers of the latest kinds in her drawing-room. Occasionally she outdoes herself by an effort after practical teaching of the most enlightened type, and engages a female celebrity to give a course of lectures on "Cellular and Vascular Tissue" to her girls, prompted thereto by a hazy idea that education somehow means something beyond the names of the rivers of Russia. What follows when the celebrity has been introduced to her class would be amusing, were it not a little pathetic. Rows of well-dressed girls, armed with notebook and pencil, confront the lecturer with a look of mingled curiosity and dismay. For a minute or two the pencils are in motion; but first one stops at the word "coll," and then all at the definition of "tissue." As the celebrity gets deeper the more showy girls relapse into a blank stare, the flippant ones begin to giggle, and here and there a well-meaning but too nervous subject may actually be seen to weep bitterly at the incomprehensibility of it all. The teachers themselves give up after a brave attempt to understand, and fall back into placid indifference; the Lady Principal matures plans for getting promptly rid of this terrible product of the higher education of women.

The superseder of Miss Pinkerton is a being of wholly different make and intention. She is the crown and flower of the modern "High School for Girls," without which no town can call itself complete. It is odd to see in how many points the sudden and much-needed reform of girls' education which these latter days have witnessed has resulted in providing for the sister an organization singularly like that which had already been found not too perfect in the case of her brother. The High School for Girls is, in fact, little else than a copy of the public school for boys. Latin is included as a necessary subject in the school course; music is optional; and though cricket and football have not yet been recognized by the Councils, a daily drill has taken the place of the backboards of an earlier generation. It is only natural that, as soon as a High School is established in a town, the staff which has to carry out the new programme should find themselves in the position of public characters. The prospectus is printed in the most approved fashion, with a list of the teachers and their honours. It is true that the mystical symbols which decorate a masculine list do not yet appear, and no head-mistress has up to this time put D.D. after her name; but she is sadly unfitted for her post if she cannot add the titles of "certificated in mathematics, political economy, science, and languages," and claim honours from Oxford or Cambridge, or both. With these qualifications it is no wonder that the head-mistress is rapidly becoming a great social power. The ordinary avenues to social success are not for her. She makes herself felt, not by her dress or her drawing-room, not by her sayings or her *savoir-vivre*. The field of her action is the prosaic little "office" in which she draws up time-tables, regulates the visiting masters, and receives the inquiring parent. The master, however distinguished he may be, the parent, however excusable her anxiety about her child, are both of them promptly reduced to submission. To the one, who may have come late to lesson, the special value of five minutes, from the High School point of view, is ruthlessly pointed out; to the other a firm, but courteous, command is given that her child must have "an absolutely quiet room for work," and goloshes and waterproof framed with a due regard to "the physiology of the growing girl." With a like regimental severity, the under-teachers, who are rarely admitted to private interviews, are reminded that a High School cannot listen to individual complaints or regard individual fitness, and that a special devotion to chemistry ought not to stand in the way of the teaching of English literature to a class of thirty girls. There is no corner into which the iron "system" does not penetrate. Even the terms' needlework is arranged beforehand in quantity and kind. Just as, in Plato's belief, the original archetypal Idea of a Bed existed in the mind of the universe long before its copy existed in the actual world, so the archetypal Quilt exists in the mind of the head-mistress at the beginning of term, and is gradually translated into fact by the weekly sewing-class.

And if the head-mistress is a great fact, no less in her own way is the assistant-mistress. Already numerous enough in many pro-

vincial towns, and in many corners of London, to make a separate little society for themselves, the whole of the time that these energetic young ladies can spare from the exercise-books is given to meditation and sweet converse upon the future of "the movement." The growing numbers of the school list, the whispers of parents, the examiners' reports (for already the High School has its examiners), are looked for or listened to with feverish anxiety. The old-fashioned gossip of governesses, which out of school hours was content to spend itself on the sanctities of this pupil and the untidiness of that, has given way to debates on the good and evil of Fröbelism, and a comparison of the standards of the three examining Universities. The assistant-mistress, in fact, keeps herself alive in despite of the piles of note-books, which often mean a night half spent in correction, by her enthusiasm for a new idea. As yet, it is true, she is sadly disorganized, and spends upon her work at home quite twice the necessary amount of time; but the cure for this will come when her own preparation has been more systematic and orderly than till now has been possible. As yet, too, she is perhaps a little too conscious of the importance of her own part in the work, and signs of mutiny have now and then been visible when the head issued an unpopular order. But who shall blame her? Has she not male examples before her—examples of successful mutiny in the very head-quarters of the public school system? Fortunately, however, this danger is not a great one, for the mutineers are few, weak, and inconsiderable, while the Councils are strong and vigilant. On the whole, the assistant-mistress may be said to be an admirable development of our time, and only to fall short of perfection in certain elements that time will bring—a firmer grasp of the multiplication-table and the Latin grammar, and perhaps a rather stronger sense of humour.

NOW AND THEN.

IT is the fashion at present in certain quarters to contrast the Tractarian and Ritualistic movements somewhat as follows. The former, we are told, was conducted by men of great ability and learning, and of manly common sense, which saved them from the folly of associating their doctrines with antiquated dresses and an obsolete ceremonial. The early Tract-writers addressed the intellects of their congregations, and were scornfully indifferent to the meretricious appeals to the senses on which those who claim to be their spiritual successors so much rely. And the sobriety of the Tractarians has had its reward. They have imprudently, the Church at large with their principles, and their right to hold their positions in the Church while zealously propagating their doctrines is no longer contested even by the most extreme of their opponents. It must be admitted that there is some truth in this way of stating the case, but it is very far from being the whole truth. It is, in fact, the opinion of posterity, and differs very widely indeed from the contemporary judgment passed upon the Tractarian movement. No man of mark among the Tractarians received the slightest recognition from the official dispensers of patronage. Dr. Pusey obtained his appointment before he had any connexion with Tractarianism, and has been neglected ever since. Keble would have ended his days as a country curate or college tutor if a private patron had not offered him a living of modest income. He was even refused the barren compliment of an honorary canonry in the cathedral of the diocese where he had spent his life. The gentle and gifted Isaac Williams died as he had lived, a poor curate in an obscure parish. And the greatest of them all in brilliancy and versatility of intellect, as well as in personal influence, if he had left the University and forfeited his fellowship by marriage, would probably have shared the fate of Isaac Williams. Nor was it mere neglect of which the Tractarians had reason to complain. They were the victims of a persecution in comparison with which that of the Ritualists is but child's play. The staid and learned men whom it is the fashion now to patronize and hold up before the new generation as examples to be imitated cut a very different figure in the literature of about thirty years ago. Let us give a few examples, as we find them reported in the *Times*: and they shall be chosen from various parts of England.

On the 26th of December, 1844, an excited public meeting was held at Torquay "for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken in reference to the innovations recently introduced into the services of the Church of England." The chair was taken by "a county magistrate," who "expressed in very forcible and feeling terms his sense of the importance of the present crisis in regard to the future destinies of the Church of England; it was this feeling alone which could have induced him, High Churchman as he professed himself to be, to take a step apparently in opposition to the Bishop of his diocese." A Mr. Philipps, "also a county magistrate," moved the first resolution in a long speech, in the course of which he "called upon the meeting to pronounce with one voice that the pernicious pranks of the Tractarian clique should no longer be tolerated; that the patience of their congregations had been already tried too long; and that the simple majesty of the reformed religion should be no longer defaced by idle mummeries, or the holiest doctrines of our faith insidiously perverted." "He adverted with much earnestness to the overtures which he knew to be making between the leaders of the Tractarians and the Romish hierarchy. He knew of their midnight conferences at St. Oseot. He had seen their letters. He commented with much force upon the fallacy of the argument for the sacrifice

from the rubrics; the garments there enjoined are an alb, a vestment, and a cope." We do not know whether this worthy county magistrate is still alive. If he is, we should like to know his opinion of the Ridesdale judgment. The "innovations" which had so alarmed the good people of Torquay were the use of the offertory and of the surplice in the pulpit, and a resolution in condemnation of them was "carried with only one dissident." On January 2, 1845, a great meeting was held in Exeter in consequence of a requisition "signed by 1,800 churchmen, the heads of families." The Mayor presided, and the meeting was attended by an imposing array of influential names. The quality of the speeches may be gathered from one or two extracts. One speaker declared that—

He was happy to say that, though old, his mental eyesight had not become so dim but that he could perceive the beauty of the countenance, the fairness of the complexion, and the well-proportioned form and figure of our excellent Church. (Cheers.) Yes, and through all the false attire, all the mystifying veils, and all the meretricious ornaments with which a certain class of half-Popish divines at the present day were pleased to dress her up. (Cheers.)

The orator went on to compare the surplice to "the vestments taken to the Jewish High Priests of old for examination if anything like a fretting leprosy infected them, that, if so, they might be burnt." It was in Oxford that "the plague had broken out to a fearful extent; and as some robes with lawn sleeves had not escaped the leprosy, they were afraid that the whole paraphernalia of our excellent Church would be infected with the same contagious distemper." After much more eloquence of the same description, the meeting adopted an address to the Queen in favour of such a revision of the rubrics as would effectually prevent the "revival of those obsolete laws and regulations by some of the clergy." Exeter was, in fact, in a state of riot for months. The rector of one of the churches, a near relation of the present Earl of Devon, had to be protected in his church and escorted home by the police, an infuriated mob of some 800 people "yelling and hooting" after them. The *Times* of January 1, 1845, describes in a leading article one of those disgraceful scenes:—

A dense mob was collected outside the church doors to escort the clergyman home, with jeer, hootings, and execrations. Meanwhile the church itself is profaned by the most irreverent tumult. Part of the congregation leave the building when Mr. Courtenay ascends the pulpit, and so great a noise prevails that he can scarcely be heard. The police have to form a bodyguard to protect him from something more than the noisy violence of shouts and hisses. The peace of the town is seriously compromised.

The magistrates refused to punish the rioters, and the end of it was that poor Mr. Courtenay was worried into his grave, his only offence consisting of wearing the surplice in the pulpit in obedience to the published wish of his Bishop. Nor was the excitement confined to the diocese of Exeter. The whole country was in a flame of insurrection against the surplice, and the metropolis naturally took the lead. The *Times* of March 19, 1845, gives a report of a great meeting in Middlesex, presided over by a certain Mr. Liquorish, "the senior churchwarden." One speaker declared that England was "deluged with Jesuits," and the *Times* reporter is careful to note the following:—

Several old parishioners, some of who were affected even to tears, came forward to protest against practices which drove them from the church where their fathers had worshipped, and where healing memories of holy things soothed, whilst they sanctified, their Sabbath visits. All this, they said, was changed by the practice of their rector. The son passed by the grave of his father; the widower of his wife; the mother of her child; to seek in some remote and unaccustomed house of worship that spiritual sustenance which the novel practices of their new rector had rendered unacceptable at their hands.

"The novel practices" which caused all this havoc of family affections, it may be well to explain, were two in number—the surplice in the pulpit and the chanting of the Psalms. But other places had even more doleful tales to tell. The leading newspapers of London had Special Correspondents scattered up and down the country, just as they now have at the probable battle-fields in Turkey. One of these reports that the intolerable "thorn in the flesh" of the Protestants of Ware was that "the minister, not the clerk, gave out the Psalms." The excitement and the riots culminated at last in animated debates in Parliament. Earl Fortescue opened a debate in the House of Lords, and strongly urged the necessity of revising the rubrics, with the view of making the offertory, the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and the chanting of the Psalms in parish churches illegal. Lord Brougham took part in the debate, and in a wise and statesmanlike speech deprecated the introduction of such subjects into Parliament. He trusted that their lordships would "on no account bring into Parliament matters which it might not be very easy to get out of Parliament. As a son of the Church of which the right reverend prelate (Bishop of Exeter) is a father, I join with him in the hope that these matters may never be brought into discussion in this House at all."

The press of England, with scarcely an exception, not only joined in the agitation against Tractarianism, but hounded it on. It would not even admit that the folios, as they were deemed, of the Tractarians were redeemed by any gleam of intellect or any nobility of character. The silliest of the Ritualists of to-day is treated with more respect than Dr. Newman and his followers were thirty years ago. "There is not," said the *Standard*, "a particle of true intellectual vigour, or manhood, or candour in his (Newman's) whole sect." The *Times*, indeed, strove manfully for a time to stem the torrent; but it, too, yielded to the current at last, and sought to control the tempest by going along with it.

The Bishops, it must be added, with but few exceptions, rivalled the platform agitators. Here is a posy from the episcopal charges of the period. The Tractarians were described as "superstitious," "zealots," "mystical," "malignants," "snakes in the grass," "Oxford heretics," "Jesuits in disguise," "tamperers with Popish idolatry," "agents of Satan," "a synagogue of Satan," men "walking about our beloved Church polluting the sacred edifice, and leaving their slime about the altars," "whose head," said one pious prelate, "may God crush!"

The cry then was that the Tractarians were fulfilling with too much strictness the obligations of the rubrics. Their opponents claimed not only the liberty of being lawless themselves, but of imposing their lawlessness on those who wished to obey the law. The Bishops of Exeter and London had said that the clergy were under a stringent vow to obey the rubrics. "We none of us are under such stringent vow," said Bishop Stanley of Norwich in the House of Lords, "for we never can obey all." It will hardly be believed that it was seriously proposed to remove the two former prelates from the bench in consequence of this opinion in favour of rubrical observance. Though but a generation from that exciting period in point of time, we are sundered from it in thought and feeling by at least two centuries. And what is the moral? Surely that these questions, however fiercely agitated for a season, will gradually settle themselves if left to run their course in the arena of rational discussion. A Public Worship Regulation Act thirty years ago would inevitably have resulted in the dis-establishment and disruption of the Church of England. But there were a few bishops then who kept their mental balance and did not mistake a transitory gust of superficial clamour for the mature convictions of the nation. There were also Chancellors and ex-Chancellors who saw and deprecated the danger of invoking the aid of Parliament and legislating in a panic. That danger has been unheeded by less sagacious and less prescient successors, whose mismanagement of a very ordinary controversy has landed us in a crisis of which the issue may be harmless or momentous according to the line of action adopted in influential quarters within the next few weeks. It is not yet, we believe, too late to remedy a grievous error. But there is no time to be lost, and the first step in the right direction is to deliver the Church from the uncontrolled domination of the lawyers. The Legislature has happily entrusted the Bishops with an incontestable discretion in the matter, and history will hold them responsible for the consequences. Let them take warning from their predecessors of a generation back, and not barter for the applause of the passing moment the good opinion of posterity—and not a distant posterity either.

THE BYRON MEMORIAL.

BYRON having once modestly expressed a hope of being "remembered in his line with his land's language," it has been thought necessary and appropriate to get up a street monument in commemoration of him, as if a more imperishable and impressive memorial for all time did not already exist in his works. This is stated to be the object for which nearly 3,000*l.* has been subscribed, and a marvellous collection of models of statues brought together for exhibition in an out-of-the-way corner of the Royal Albert Hall. The scheme was first brought before the public in July 1875, at what is called a "large and influential meeting," which was held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Disraeli, "to consider and determine what means should be taken to found a national memorial to Lord Byron, the illustrious poet." It is perhaps significant of the class of mind characteristic of the working promoters of this project that they should think it necessary to proclaim, for the edification of the world, that Byron was an "illustrious poet," as if that were a fact previously known only to themselves. There is a well-known story of a collector of stamps in the North of England who, having had some official communications with Wordsworth, and representing himself as an acquaintance of the poet's, was asked to a party at Haydon's, where he entertained the company with such ejaculations as that "Shakspeare was a great man," "Milton was a great man," and so on, till at last poor Lamb was driven to ask to feel the gentleman's bumps, and had to be got out of the room, singing:—

Hey, diddle diddle, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on.

Some people may feel inclined to join in this chorus over the present wonderful discovery of Byron "the illustrious poet." Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the meeting is given as an introduction to the catalogue of models. He begins by stating that he wishes to take this opportunity of attempting to draw the minds of his hearers "to the real object which they had before them." Then he recounted, also as if it was very much a novelty to the minds to which he condescended to impart the information, that "in the twelfth year of this century a poem was published by a young man which instantly commanded the sympathies of the nation"; that for twelve years he poured forth a series of "complete creations, distinguished by their power of expression, and by the decisive energy of their imagination," and that after these twelve years he died, "not only admired in his own country, but revered and adored by Europe." It may, perhaps, be doubted whether there is not a little exaggeration in this. Byron's reputation as a poet varied very much with different classes; and though of course he had a great influence, especially

on poetical natures, there were many who regarded his works with anything but reverence and adoration. The problem which the Chairman found he had to solve was "how it was that, after the lapse of half a century, they were met there for the first time in public meeting to devise some means of a national expression of admiration and gratitude to qualities so transcendent?" This might, the speaker said, be owing to the private character of Byron not having been exactly what it should have been, and to his erroneous views on some subjects; but "private character was scarcely an element in the estimate of literary genius"; and the poet was very young. And after this rather feeble exordium, the "illustrious statesman," as no doubt he will be called when it is some day proposed to commemorate him by some grotesque and ugly statue, went on to say that "We are met here to-day at last to do some justice to one of the greatest of England's sons." It is really a weak point of English public life that a very able and distinguished man should not be ashamed to get up and talk such balderdash, unless indeed he has the excuse of a secret purpose of showing his contempt for the silly busybodies who had entrapped him into such a situation. Justice to Byron is, in the highest sense, an appreciation of his works; and this has been and is still fully exhibited. The circulation of his writings has been world-wide, and so, in a way, have been the impressions they have produced. Still it may be admitted that is no reason why he should not have a monument; and Lord Beaconsfield had one irresistible reason for bestowing his patronage on the scheme, which was that Byron's son-in-law was his companion in a visit to Albania, and on this ground he "expressed his individual desire to see in some public place a semblance of this great spirit, so that the English people when they pass shall recognize one of the greatest masters of the English language."

There is no doubt some excuse for the eminent persons who, like Lord Beaconsfield, lent their names in the first instance to this hollow and ridiculous glorification, as it has turned out, of Byron, that they did so in pure ignorance of the sort of people who were the chief promoters of it, and of the way in which it would be managed. When Lord Beaconsfield expressed his "desire to see in some public place a semblance of this great spirit," it is impossible to suppose that he had any idea that the semblance was to be akin to the absurd and contemptible objects which are collected at the Albert Hall, or to be associated with a method of securing notoriety for various obscure aspirants to public notice who thought this a convenient method of advertising their names. The initial mistake made by the wire-pullers of the Committee, the rest of the members being merely nominal, was to offer the prize of doing the statue to unrestricted public competition. It is said that Mr. Woolner, Mr. Calder Marshall, and Mr. Durham were invited to join the Committee; but, if the promoters had had any idea of the self-respect of true artists, they would have made a choice of some one sculptor who had given such proofs of his power as to warrant confidence in what he would be likely to produce. As it is, no professional man of any position could think of stooping into competition with the sort of Italian stucco-figure men and New Road statuary who rushed into the arena. The Committee may not indeed have had sense enough to foresee the rubbishy result which was inevitable under the conditions of competition; but, after the melancholy experience of the first exhibition, their eyes should have been opened. Nothing could illustrate more glaringly the ludicrous incapacity of the persons who have had the management of this affair than the samples of modern sculptural art which have been sent in. It may be admitted that a diminished plaster model of a statue is not calculated to give an adequate idea of what the work might be when completed in bronze or marble; but the flagrant and offensive absurdity of the works which have been brought to light by this competition, even in its second development, clearly stamps its character. It may be perhaps too true that sculpture is not the most successful branch of British art, though we have some artists in that line of genuine ability; but it is difficult to understand how any one with the most primitive conception of art should ever have allowed such a vile representation of any department of it as that which is supplied by the designs for the Byron Memorial. Nothing could be more foolish in conception, or of a worse style of execution. There is hardly one in the whole lot which makes the faintest approach to a likeness of the poet, and the attitude and expression are usually of the most grotesque and fantastic kind. The drapery of the figure is also usually a mixture of classical and modern costume; and it is thought to be indispensable in order to enable the public mind to recognize, as Lord Beaconsfield phrased it, that Byron was "one of the greatest masters of the English language," that the bard should carry a pen or pencil in one hand, a volume for writing in the other, and a lyre under his arm, or hanging from his neck. One model is described in the catalogue only by the mention that "The figure in front of Pedestal represents Poetry," which it is actually necessary to say, because the figure in question might otherwise be thought to be an applewoman overcome with liquor. "Byron in an attitude of meditation" is evidently dropping off to sleep; "Lord Byron descending from Parnassus" wears a costume of the French revolutionary period, and tall, gaping Hessian boots. "The idea of a design to commemorate Byron in the double character of English poet and Greek patriot" represents him in a sailor's dress, with an Attic mantle. In one case he has the air of a defiant Ajax, in another he wears a low-necked dress, and apparently has bare legs or skin tights. It need hardly be said that he is always awfully curly, this part of him having evidently been studied from the

wax images in the hair-dressers' windows. Even the model which has been chosen for execution in bronze, though not so clumsy and absurd as most of the rest, presents merely a spruce, naphy-pamby young fellow, without the faintest resemblance to Byron, except, perhaps, that he is sitting on a rock, and is supposed to be looking over the sea. There are, no doubt, some very bad statues in London already; but it will be disgraceful if no better one than this can be found to perpetuate the semblance of Byron. That such a paltry, mechanical piece of work should be set up in a public place as an example of what English sculpture has now come to would certainly be to cast a very unfair stigma on this branch of art. It is to be hoped that some of the distinguished persons who are on the Memorial Committee will interfere to prevent such a scandal as that which would be involved in allowing money to be wasted, and public taste outraged and discredited, by the permanent exhibition of such an inferior work. It was natural that no artist of the slightest reputation should enter into such a competition; and the result has been, not to encourage talent, but to offer a premium to common slop-work. It is surely not too late to reverse the unfortunate decision which has been come to. If it is persisted in, those who have been beguiled into promising subscriptions will be fully justified in withholding them.

FINANCES OF OUR GREAT TOWNS.

THE future of England is year by year becoming more and more dependent on the condition of our towns. Already the urban population largely exceeds the rural, and, according to the last Census, it is increasing more than twice as fast. Assuming, then, that the forces which are now attracting the people from the country to the large centres of industry continue in active operation, and that they are not counteracted by political changes or by inventions that will entirely transform the methods of agriculture, it is possible that the time may come when England will consist of a multitude of towns divided one from another by parks and gardens. Whether that state of things will ever actually be reached or not, it is evident that the tendency of modern commercial and industrial development is to approximate towards it. Hence the surpassing importance of urban organization. It is manifest that the massing of the population in towns tends to augment inordinately the cost of administering these. It brings together all the agencies injurious to health—overcrowding, bad air, noxious vapours, filth, destitution, intemperance, vice, and crime; it removes the green fields, and with them the means of healthful exercise and innocent recreation, beyond the reach of the very young and the very old, the busy and the poor; and it renders necessary the bringing of water from a distance, the providing of artificial light by night, and the protection of life and property from violence and accident. Thus a heavy expenditure becomes imperative, and the progress of science, the spread of more enlightened views, and the triumph of democratic principles tend to increase it. In some countries, accordingly, more particularly in the United States, the extravagance of city governments is already straining the national institutions. Here in England, however, we have safeguards which are wanting both where there is a great and long-continued influx of foreign immigrants, and where local self-government is a plant of recent growth. Our urban populations are everywhere homogeneous. They have inherited all the aptitudes acquired by centuries of free and orderly government, and by the training of successive generations in the management of their own affairs. And in the last resort they are subject to the control of a Parliament which is at once experienced in financial administration, and properly regardful of the claims of local autonomy. These are great advantages. Have they kept our towns from compromising their future by engaging in expenditure which they cannot afford? The annual Local Taxation Returns which have just been issued enable us to answer this question. It would obviously be impossible within our limits to deal adequately with those returns as a whole. We propose, therefore, to take the cases in which the influences at work on urban populations may be supposed to be most highly developed. Outside the metropolitan area there are four towns in England which at the period of the last Census contained more than a quarter of a million of people, and at the same time were municipal boroughs. Thus they enjoy local self-government, they are inhabited by vast populations, and are possessed of immense wealth. Of the four one is a seaport, the other three are manufacturing centres; but the staple manufacture of each is different. The four towns are Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, and in them we may fairly expect to find the tendencies of English urban life fully developed.

Liverpool is the most populous of English provincial towns; in round numbers it contained six years ago half a million of inhabitants. It is also the wealthiest, its rateable value being somewhat over two and a half millions. Unfortunately, we are not able to ascertain the entire income and expenditure of all the various administrative bodies in the town, since the poor-rates of Liverpool are not distinguished in the return before us from those of the whole county of Lancaster—a very serious defect which greatly impairs the value of the publication, and ought to be repaired next year. Leaving the poor-rates out of the question, then, we find the total receipts from all sources for the year 1875-6 to have amounted to the enormous sum of 3,280,000*l.*, or nearly three quarters of a million more than the total rateable value of the property of the town. We hasten to explain,

however, that only a small part of this immense sum was actually raised on the property of the town. Over a million was the proceeds of tonnage and ballast dues levied by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board; over three-quarters of a million more was borrowed by the same authority; considerable additional sums were derived from other loans, from Treasury subventions, from rents and sales of property, and from fines on the granting of leases. At the outset, therefore, we subtract 1,092,974*l.*, the amount borrowed, which leaves the income raised within the year 2,187,227*l.* From this sum, again, we have to deduct 43,887*l.* contributed by the Treasury. Of what remains more than a million, as we have already said, comes from tonnage and ballast dues; over a quarter of a million was paid for water and gas; and large additional sums were the proceeds of other tolls and dues, of rents, and fines. The actual revenue raised by taxation, exclusive of poor-rates, the amount of which is not given, is thus reduced to 353,710*l.* This amounts to almost one-seventh of the rateable value of the borough, or to somewhat less than three shillings in the pound, to which, however, has to be added the cost of poor relief, which would raise the rate probably to between four and five shillings in the pound, or to more than 20 per cent. of the rateable value—an enormous taxation certainly, when it has to be added the cost of the Imperial Government. The sums we have deducted, the reader will perceive, are not, in any true sense of the word, taxation. The expenditure on the harbours and docks, for example, resembles rather the outlay of an improving landlord than the expenditure of a Government. So, again, the gas and water rates are really payment for services, just as the income of the Post Office is. And, of course, rents and fines nobody would confound with taxation. The expenditure from these various sources may or may not be extravagant. Into that point we are not now examining. What we wish to make clear is that the income itself is not derived from taxation.

Manchester is the next most populous town, having, in 1871, had 351,000 inhabitants. It is also the next wealthiest, its rateable value being 2,125,757*l.* Its income from taxation proper amounted to 323,437*l.*, which is not far short of that of Liverpool. Again, it will be understood, we exclude poor-rates, as not being ascertainable. The total expenditure from all sources amounted to no more than 1,512,813*l.*, or less than half the Liverpool total; the difference, of course, being due to the fact that Manchester is an inland town, and that the Liverpool outlay on docks is quite as much for the benefit of Manchester as for that of Liverpool itself. We need not go through the several items of receipt. It is to be noted, however, that the water and gas rates yield together about half a million a year, showing that the borough is not only a taxing authority, but that it is also a great manufacturer and employer of productive labour. The population of Birmingham is but slightly smaller than that of Manchester; its rateable value is, however, considerably less. Yet its total expenditure is greater, amounting to 1,810,933*l.* From the way in which the returns are made up it is not possible to ascertain how much of this sum is derived from taxation. We are not told why the information is not supplied in this instance, or what is meant by the heading "all other sources." It is clear however that, if the publication is good for anything, it ought to give so essential a detail as this. We find at the same time that 659,288*l.* was raised by loans, and 12,524*l.* contributed by the Treasury. Lastly, we come to Leeds, whose population six years ago but just exceeded the limit we have drawn, and whose rateable value is slightly under a million. Its total expenditure amounted to 823,629*l.*, of which 122,541*l.* was raised by taxation. In conclusion, we find the total outstanding debt of Liverpool to have amounted to 18,573,074*l.*, 14,400,000*l.* of this large sum being on the security of the tonnage and ballast dues; the debt of Manchester amounts to about five millions; that of Birmingham to 1,500,000*l.*; and that of Leeds to 3,185,000*l.* In every case it will of course be understood that we exclude the poor-rates and the debts contracted on their security, as they are not distinguished from those of the counties in which the boroughs are situate. Both the taxation and the debt, we would observe in concluding, are heavy, yet they are not such as to compromise the future of the towns whose finances we have been considering, or seriously to enhance the cost of living. The expenditure is incurred for the most part in works of public utility, designed to make the towns more healthy, to improve the education of the people, and to increase the security and comfort of life. Whether those works are always economically conceived and executed is another question. Our object here is to ascertain, not whether sanitary reform is pushed forward with sufficient diligence or planned with intelligence, but whether, in endeavouring to effect it, the solvency of the towns has been endangered. We may safely say that it has not. With the exception of Liverpool, for example, the debts in no instance reach four times the rateable value; and in Liverpool the bulk of the debt is secured, not on the rates, but on special dues. It is to be borne in mind, too, that a large part of all the loans was contracted on the security of tolls and dues.

It is to be regretted that the returns do not clearly distinguish between the different kinds of expenditure incurred by our towns. A very large part of it is, as we have said, in the nature of investment and of improvement of property, as, for example, the outlay on docks, harbours, gas, and water. Under the same head we may place the works undertaken in execution of the Artisans' Dwellings Act. This is an increasing item, and one which requires to be closely watched. It would be desirable, therefore, to classify it distinctly.

Another branch of expenditure is purely sanitary, a third is charitable, a fourth educational, and a fifth strictly municipal. It would add very greatly to the value of the returns if these various items were set out intelligibly. It would enable us to detect in which of them the greatest tendency to extravagance and abuse may lurk, and consequently to devise safeguards in time. The present abstracts are almost worthless for these purposes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

v.

THE remaining galleries at the Royal Academy have, on the whole, less of interest than those of which we have already given some account; and some works of importance contained in them we have already noticed together with other works by the same painters. Taking the landscapes in Gallery No. V. we may notice for its pleasant effect and clever painting Mr. Cecil Lawson's "View from Don Saltero's, Choyne Walk; temp. 1770" (396). The impression produced is rather that of a Dutch river scene than one on the Thames; but the Thames may possibly have worn a Dutch aspect in 1770. Mr. Taylor's "The Cliff, Southwold," is a clever work, cast in a somewhat hot and affected scheme of colour. Mr. Robert Leslie's "Calm off the Foreland" (414) is quaintly true; and Mr. Hodgson's landscape, with the motto "Their Haven under the Hill" (428), is excellent in the truthfulness of the water and the atmospheric effect. Mr. Vicat Cole's "Arundel" (432) is an impressive rendering of a river scene, with boats lying opposite to a picturesque group of houses, and a deep brilliant glow in the sky at the back. Close to this hangs Mr. O'Connor's "Newcastle-on-Tyne" (431), which is pleasantly quiet in colour and admirably correct and forcible in drawing. Mr. Boughton's "Homeward" (452) is a very delicate piece of landscape, somewhat too green in colour. An unfinished picture of "The Street and Mosque of the Ghoreegah, Cairo" (454), by the late Mr. J. F. Lewis, R.A., serves to show how much art has lost by the painter's death. Among the portraits may be noticed a fine work by Mr. Oulless—a portrait of Mr. William Fane de Salis (402)—which differs from the painter's ordinary work in showing marked traces of Sir William Boxall's influence; Mr. C. E. Hall's clever portrait of the Master of Sinclair (429), and Mr. Hubert Herkomer's portrait of Mrs. Henry Mason (417). This is a work which grows upon one the more one looks at it. The face and figure are excellent in truthfulness and relief, and the landscape in the background is full of atmosphere. Mr. E. E. Waller's picture (called "Home?" (453) is remarkable for its pleasing truthfulness, and for the pathetic feeling given to the figure of the young man who returns to find "no sign of home, from parapet to basement." Mr. Bridgman's "Pharisee and Publican" (391) is a fine effect of quiet colour, but the figures seem wanting in character. "A Basket of Roses" (338) is a charming example of M. Fantin's work. Gallery No. VI. contains Mr. Poynter's diploma picture, "The Fortune-teller" (503), a naked woman sitting at the edge of a bath while an old crone looks into a crystal globe. There is a disagreeable hardness of realism, and an utter want of beauty both in composition and colour, and the drawing of one of the naked figure's arms is false. The painting of the marble makes one long to go and look at some of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work. In this room are found two martial pictures by Mr. Crofts (407, 528), of which we prefer the second and smaller one. In the first, "Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor," there seems to us to be a certain want of movement. Mr. John Charlton's "Rescue" is a very forcible representation of a stable on fire, in which the agony of the horses would be too painful but for the suggestion that help is at hand. Mr. J. Watson Nicol has two pictures skilfully painted—"When a Man's Single he Lives at his Ease" (516), and "Looking up an Old Acquaintance" (532). The first, a man clothed in green, sitting and smoking by the side of a table with a flask of wine on it, his legs stretched out in delightful self-complacency, is full of quiet humour; and there is a distinct meaning distinctly expressed in the second, a man in a black surcoat bound with a yellow scarf selecting one from among several swords which may be Andrea Ferraris. Mr. B. W. Leader's rendering of "A Fine Autumn Night, Lucerne" (508), is extremely pretty, but the effect is somewhat too bright and distinct for moonlight, and the general effect is marred by the artist's flickering touch, which, to a greater extent, disfigures his artificial representation of the "Valley of Clear Springs, Lauterbrunnen" (1348) in Gallery No. X. Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Baptism of Flowers" (509), in Gallery VI., is attractive, although wanting much in gradation; and Mr. G. Reid's "Gorse in Bloom" (519) is somewhat spoilt by its extreme sketchiness. Mr. Oulless's fine portrait of the Recorder of London (495) and Mr. Watts's eccentric but poetical "Dove" (566), we have already mentioned. Mr. Frederick Morgan's "Parting Shot" (474) has much charm, and Mr. H. Moore's "Loss of a Barque in Yarmouth Roads" (489) is a fine and stirring sea-piece.

Gallery VII. is remarkable for three foreign works of much excellence. Signor Tito Conti's "The Introduction" is an exquisitely careful and true piece of painting in the French school which has reproduced the combined breadth and minuteness of the Dutch masters. A "Scene in Rome" (623), by T. Ethofer, is one of the happiest imitations we have seen of Señor Fortuny's manner; and Herr Munthe's "Winter Evening" (644) differs agreeably from the generality of this painter's well-known winter scenes in possessing more movement than is usual with him. Another

remarkable picture, by a British artist, is Mr. MacWhirter's "Over the Border" (588). There is immense expression in the figure of the horseman flying at full speed to gain safety, and the luminous evening sky in the background is completely true. Mr. T. M. Rooke's triptych of "The Story of Ruth" we spoke of with praise in our first article. The first of the series is, to our thinking, the most pleasing, in that it is free from the hints of affectation conveyed in the other two. Mr. Rooke has evidently been influenced by the style of Mr. Burne-Jones, from whom he may no doubt learn much, at the risk, however, of catching certain disagreeable tricks to which we have before made reference. Directing attention to Mr. O. W. Wyllie's "Digging for Bait" (577), Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Intercepted Despatches" (573), and Mr. Briton Rivière's "Lazarus" (589), we pass on to Mr. Boughton's "Snow in Spring" (640), a composition charged with tenderness, in which the only fault we can pick is that snow so scattered as Mr. Boughton has represented it could hardly lie unmelted on the ground.

The Lecture-Room should perhaps be excepted from what we have said as to the want of interest in the later compared with the earlier galleries of the Academy. Here are to be found works of importance both from tried and comparatively untried hands. Among the latter, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, in his "Potato Harvest in the Fens" (1031), has done much to increase his rising reputation. The picture is full of life and vigour; rustic types are made pleasant and interesting without any affectation or theatrical departure from truth, and the scheme of colour is attractive. The work would be more completely satisfactory if some of the heads were more finished. Near to this is Mr. Yeomans's large picture of "Amy Robsart" (1027), which shows the discovery of Amy Robsart's body at the bottom of a flight of stairs by Forster and a servant. The expressions and attitudes of the two men are well imagined and executed; what gives a certain disagreeable effect to the work is the hot colour, which contrasts too strongly with the white figure lying at the foot of the steps. Mr. Hubert Herkomer has "Der Bittkrang" (916), a picture of peasants descending a hill in prayer for the harvest, which is fine both in feeling and colour. Mr. Brett's "Mount's Bay" (946) is an unhappy specimen of this painter's work. Every object in the picture is worked out with equal distinctness and brightness, giving as a result a composition in which there seems to be no regard for differing values. The lichen and other growths on rocks at a considerable distance are as clearly marked as those in the immediate foreground, and throughout the picture there is no relief from the hot sun that beats down on the sea, which is painted with unaccustomed hardness. Mr. John Collier's "The Aiguille Verte from Argentière" (971) is a work fine in composition and colour, and very true to its subject in general effect. The foreground is exact and careful without over-elaboration, and the distance between this and the Aiguille is well expressed. The only fault to which we would call attention is that the mist which "puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine" on the mountain-side is in one place so solid that it might be taken for part of the ice-slope. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Tracking in Holland" (985) is a piece of daring effect, marred by the false drawing of the figures. Among many small pictures hanging near this we may notice for its care and pretty effect Mrs. Crawford's "St. Patrick's Servant" (978). Mr. Farquharson's "When Snow the Pasture Sheets" (1017) gives perhaps the best rendering of a snow-covered field to be found in the Academy; and the effect of the light coming through a dark line of trees is admirably true. Mr. P. Degraeve's "The Charity School" (1038) gives, in a somewhat sketchy manner, a singularly humorous aspect to a pleasant collection of incidents. "The Battle of the Alma" (937), by Mr. Philippoteaux, is remarkable for its immense movement and harmonious grouping of many incidents of a battle-field. Mr. A. Stuart Wortley's "Grouse-Driving" (932) is a careful rendering of a scene which will be chiefly interesting to sportsmen. "Coming South, Perth Station" (922), by Mr. Earl, is a perpetuation of a style of so-called art of which we fondly hoped we had seen the last. Mr. Luke Fildes is poorly represented by "Playmates" (1059), to paint which he would seem to have borrowed Mr. Poole's palette. Mr. Alma Tadema sends a very quaint and pretty picture of a child wisely studying a big book, called "A Blue-Stocking" (974). Mr. Otto Weber's "He's Cast a Shoe" (957) has much cleverness; as has, in a different direction, Mr. Wooldridge's "Winter Roses" (969).

The last gallery of oil-paintings, No. X., contains "No Hope" (1335), by Ferdinand Fagerlin, a fine and pathetic cottage scene, which may be compared to its advantage with Mr. Faed's attempts in the same direction. In "No Hope" there is no kind of straining after effect; the desired impression is conveyed with a sombre and tender truth which is far more satisfactory than the stately prettiness in which Mr. Faed is wont to indulge. Mr. Poindestre's picture of buffaloes clearing the canals of the Pontine marshes from weeds (1340) is an odd, but by no means unpleasant, work; and M. Adrien Moreau's "Dancing Bear" (1325) is a picture of much cleverness, painted in a manner rather too spotty. Mr. Burgess's "Licensing the Beggars—Spain" (1377) is a happy and dramatic example of the painter's work. Mr. Hennessy's sober and pathetic "Notre Dame des Flots" we have already mentioned. Sir R. P. Collier's "Scene near Argentière" (1380) is a most true and successful rendering of a scene to which stream, foliage, and glacier combine to give a pleasant effect. Sir R. P. Collier has made a special study of glaciers; and we cannot think of any professional painter who catches their peculiar form and colour with equal happi-

ness. Mr. Orchardson's "Jessica" (1388) is to our thinking spoiled by a dirty and unpleasant colouring, just as is his otherwise graceful "Queen of the Swords" (174) in the Great Gallery. The best picture by Mr. P. Graham in this exhibition, and we are inclined to think one of the best he has ever painted, is found in the last room. Nothing could be more true and more full of suggestion than "The Gently Heaving Tide" (1371), in which we see a billow of wonderfully transparent green water swirling up over weed-covered rocks, while sea birds hover on its surface. So true is the effect that one can almost hear the screams of the birds and the liquid voice of the weltering sea.

We may take this occasion of noticing the third series of Mr. Henry Blackburn's *Academy Notes*, which contain well-selected sketches of the pictures, with brief and appropriate comments, and will be found useful both as a guide and a reference. An *Illustrated Handbook to the Supplementary Art Galleries of London*, edited by Mr. Pascoe, is an imitation, and a very miserable one, of Mr. Blackburn's ingenious notion. The sketches are poor and coarse, and the quality of the letterpress can be judged from this extract concerning a well-known picture-gallery:—"Much consideration is shown for the personal comfort of visitors, who, in the well-ordered restaurant on the ground-floor, will find more than ordinary attention paid to their individual wants, and with (sic) an admixture of civility not commonly met with in public places."

REVIEWS.

PALMER'S TRANSLATIONS OF ORIENTAL POETRY.*

THE appearance of these two volumes, composed mainly of translations from the Arabic, with versions of some of the odes of Hafiz and others, and with some original pieces, may set readers thinking whether Oriental poetry can ever be made more popular in England. Sir W. Jones wrote an essay in which, without derogating from the merits of his favourite classical authors, he dwelt on the ample materials and the rich and creative invention of Persian and Arabic poets. They have, it may be admitted, the command of copious, refined, and elegant languages. The physical aspect of their country is varied, and it makes them familiar with nature in her sublime and terrible moods. The climate is proverbially favourable to voluptuousness and love. There is no want in Oriental history of events that stir the blood and fire the imagination. And, putting aside a vast crowd of mere versifiers and imitators, Persia and Arabia have produced works which competent judges declare to be instinct with deep and genuine poetic feeling. Why then should not Leila prove as captivating as Lalage, or Hafiz rival, or at least approach, the delicacy and refinement of Horace? The answer depends on a variety of considerations. Apart from the linguistic difficulties of Arabic, and the comparative isolation and remoteness of Persia as a country, Eastern poets are apt to run into extravagance and bombast. Their metaphors are forced; their images unnatural; their style often wearisome; their allusions obscure; their erotic pieces impure and offensive; and their sublime passages of that kind which is rather less than one step from the ridiculous. Readers who have a store of good poetry at their own doors will not take the trouble to make excursions into regions protected by barriers not easily traversed, in order to gather fruits which, if they do not turn to ashes, are either mawkish and insipid or too highly flavoured for the European palate. To enter into Oriental poetry thoroughly, to find bits of Homer in the Shah Namah, to detect Alceus and Anacreon in Hafiz, to recognize in Sadi a kindred spirit with Horace, will always remain the privilege of a few. These remarks must not be taken in disparagement of Professor Palmer's praiseworthy attempt to bring home to English readers the merits of those Arabian and Persian writers to whom he has devoted so much labour, and whom no one is better fitted to interpret. We shall begin with his gilt-leaved volume which displays beautiful Arabic characters on its cover.

Beha-Eddin Zoheir, like Milton, was a secretary as well as a poet. He was attached to the service of a prince descended from Saladin, who, after divers vicissitudes, became ruler of Egypt. The poet enjoyed his friendship, and the reputation of being the "best writer of prose and verse" and the "best calligraphist" of his time; the latter distinction, we fear, not being always assignable to poets at this day. Professor Palmer has written a preface to his author in Arabic, for the edification, we apprehend, of native scholars at Cairo and Damascus, and we readily admit that the style and sentiments, as far as they can be preserved in the English garb, justify the translator's praises of his author's originality and simplicity. The poems, some of which are very short, while none are of the length of the *Giaour* or of a single canto of *Marmion*, number four hundred and fifty. They may be roughly divided into—1. Panegyrics or congratulatory odes; 2. Amatory sonnets; 3. Poems addressed to friends and acquaintances; 4. Epigrams and short satirical pieces. Of the first kind are various odes in praise of his master, or of Amira when they had returned

* *The Poetical Works of Beha-Eddin Zoheir, of Egypt. With a Metrical English Translation, Notes, and Introduction, by E. H. Palmer, M.A., Lord Almoner's Reader and Professor of Arabic, Cambridge.* Cambridge: University Press. 1877.

The Song of the Reed, and other Pieces. By the Same. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

from the wars or had assumed the administration of provinces. The second division, as might be expected, abounds in dark eyes, perfumed lips, statures that resemble lances, cheeks of roses, and teeth of pearls. But these expressions occur in the first class also; and they have one peculiarity to which Professor Palmer draws attention and which his erudition does not satisfactorily explain. In erotic verses, he tells us, Eastern poets employ the masculine gender whether the subject be male or female. With Leila and Zuleika this may be a more recognition of woman's rights to an equality with men. But there is something jarring and unpleasant in the use of bent amatory language to the son of Al Malik the Perfect, to the Amir Nazir-ud-din Al Lamti, or to Ibn al Ghulam. Sometimes it is difficult to make out whether the object of the poet's adulation is a man or a woman, and we gather from the preface that even the translator himself is at fault on this head. Poems to friends and acquaintances are, however, not all of the sort which recall unpleasantly the Second Eclogue of Virgil, and possibly such expressions at Oairo and Damascus may have been construed as the lawful utterances of gratitude for past favours and respect to high office. Invitations to picnics and to wine and pleasure parties, condolences on the deaths of friends, on illnesses and disappointments, appeals and answers, are, however, free from such blunders, while several are remarkable for elegance and point. The fourth or last class show that the poet was as irritable as most of his tribe, or else that he had the ill-luck to be the constant prey of intrusive acquaintances. There are a dozen or more pungent poems on "bores" and fools, and others on negroes, tiresome old women, reprobates, wretches, busy bodies, and designing girls. In one, the indignant author threatens to cut off the ears of a slanderer and brand him on the brow; in another, a friend is blamed for keeping a useless mare that no one can ride; an atheist comes in for a sneer which vindicates the poet's orthodoxy, and which without a note would be quite unintelligible; and an antiquated beauty is very properly warned that she had better desist from aping the airs of her juniors and discard dye and pomatum, as she can never appear in any better light than an old volume with a new back. The translator's notes, when we get them, are brief and yet perspicuous; but our only complaint is that they are too few in number. It is not every one who knows that Hatim Tai is the type of Oriental generosity and hospitality, and who remembers that this chief served up his best horse rather than allow a guest to go to bed supperless; nor can we be quite sure whether Tuabat-Sharan may be the brigand mentioned in one of Mr. Gifford Palgrave's clever essays on Eastern questions. Mr. Palmer is doubtless quite right in not making his versions too literal. Easy, and not stiffness, is what we look for in such a work, even at the sacrifice of some accuracy. But occasionally his desire to paraphrase his author carries him too far. Such expressions as "benedicite" for blessing, a "darkie" or a "nigger" for a negro, an "etienne," are out of place altogether, and Mr. Palmer must be the first Oriental scholar who has selected "Count" as the equivalent for the word Sahib. We have said little of Mr. Palmer's qualifications as a poetical translator. If not quite of the first rank, they are certainly of a high class. For ease and facility, for variety of metre, for imitation, either designed or unconscious, of the style of several of our own poets, these versions deserve high praise.

But it is time to allow the translator to exhibit his favourite author in the dress given to him. The following will remind readers of a well-known ballad by Mrs. Norton, now Lady Maxwell, which thirty years ago was often sung:—

They called my love a poor blind maid,
I love her more for that, I said.
I love her, for she cannot see
Those grey hairs that disfigure me.

In the English ballad the lover, and not the maid, is blind; but the resemblance is striking. Out of a panegyric to the Amir Mejed Uddin El Lamti we select the following stanzas, which preach a morality not unworthy of a Christian warrior:—

All time is a season of fasting
To thee who art righteous and good,
And life is a Ramadan lasting
To one of thy temperate mood.
When the reins of thy charger thou takest,
No rosary else dost thou need;
And a mosque for devotion thou makest
The back of thy steed!

A picnic on the Nile, after describing the water-wheels, the carpet of flowers, and the ripples of the river, introduces among the company

a reverend divine,
And here a man who worshipped wine;
Here, very grave and sober folk;
There, others who enjoyed a joke.

And again:—

And Coptic monks, you understand,
A learned but a jovial band;
And pretty faces, too, were there,
The owners kind as they were fair;
And one who from the Psalter sang
In tones that like a Psalter rang.

Nile scenery is somewhat tame and flat, as the Delta must be; but here is a good epigram on the weather:—

The summer with untimely heat
Has come upon us far too soon.
Oh! April, this unwonted feat
Will leave no work at all for June.

Out of the many denunciations of the genus bore we select one on the friend who holds fast to the poet, and who

has no soul, but on the whole
Rocks do not often have a soul.
Meet him where-so'er I may,
I count it an unlucky day.

We do not know whether our winter visitors to Egypt will quite endorse the following:—

No city like Cairo I treasure,
Of all the fair cities I know.
There's nought like its life full of pleasure
And wealthy contentment, I trow.

In his travels the poet had to seek a night's lodging with an Armenian, and he breaks out afterwards:—

Night, toil, and travel brought me 'gainst my will,
I cannot bear a part of all my woe:
Your speech, the water-wheel, the drum, the mill,
And which to grumble at I do not know.

An elegy to the poet's son is presented to us in the metre which one of the greatest of memorials to a departed friend has made familiar to this generation. Indeed a reader might be pardoned for turning over *In Memoriam* in the expectation of finding in it the following stanza, which is one of twenty-seven moulded very much alike:—

This thing is hard for me to bear,
That when-so'er I turn my face,
And search in thy accustomed place,
Alas! I do not find thee there.

In contrast to this comes a drinking song of eleven stanzas, of which the first is a fair sample:—

Come, sing to me, my comrade, sing!
And fill for me the sparkling cup;
For, ere the crier's call shall ring,
I woe, we should betimes be up.

The crier is of course the muezzin. Some excellent liquor, praised in another song, would, we are told,

have made an old man young,
Have made you look on wrong as right,
Have made you look on right as wrong.

An elegy on one of his brothers, a very early attempt of the poet, cannot be quoted at length. We have no room even for a sample. But it does not rise to the level of the celebrated lines of Catullus:—

Tu mea, tu meos fregisti comoda frater;
Tecum una tota est nostra precepta domus.

All the above, it ought to be remembered—elegies, odes, fugitive pieces, sonnets, quatrains—are the production of a poet who died three-quarters of a century before the birth of Chaucer, and forty years before the date when Dante commenced his great work. As Mr. Palmer observes, the tone often reminds us of our own writers of the seventeenth century.

The second and smaller volume is made up of selections from the Masnavi, a mystic poem by Jellal-ud-din Rumi, of songs from Hafiz and one or two other poems, and of original pieces, some of which are rather in the style of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. We prefer to deal with Mr. Palmer as the translator only, and shall conclude the present notice with a few more extracts. One poem belongs to the seven *Moadlakat*, or prize poems suspended at the Kaaba or temple at Mecca. They were transcribed in letters of gold and engrossed on Egyptian paper—so says Sir William Jones, who translated the whole of them literally in prose. They are considered the finest poems written before the time of Mahommed. In the one selected, Antar, the Arabian hero, speaks throughout; and, beginning with love and softness, he goes on to describe the fleetness of his own camel and his prowess in battle, and ends with vengeance on his foes, "bitter as coloquintida" to the aggressor, rejoicing grimly in the retribution that overtook two men who had attacked his reputation. We add the prose version of Jones, which shows that Professor Palmer has faithfully preserved the spirit and meaning of the original. Jones says:—

I ceased not to charge the foe with the neck and breast of my horse until he was mangled in blood.

Mr. Palmer:—

I urged him forward, charging on the spears,
Till wounds had woven him a bloody vest.

The fierce termination in the two translations has an Homeric touch, and is as follows. Jones translates:—

Yes! they injured me; but I have left their father, like a victim, to be mangled by the lions of the wood and by the eagles advanced in years.

The latter phrase is somewhat awkward as applied to birds instead of men. Mr. Palmer omits the epithet:—

Well! let them threaten, but I left their sire
A feast for vultures and for beasts of prey.

The song of Hafiz, well known to Anglo-Indians, is popularly called *Taza-ba-taza*, because these words, "fresh and fresh" recur regularly at intervals. Mr. Palmer begins:—

O! minstrel sing the lay divine,
Freshly fresh and newly new,
Bring in the heart-expanding wine,
Freshly fresh and newly new—

and so on for four more verses. We recollect a version of the same song by the late John Lang, author of *The Weatherbys* and other

novels, in which this refrain was not always translated, and the effect was rather happy :—

O! minstrel sing a song to me
As fresh and new as it can be;
And let the liquid verses flow,
Taza-ba-taza, nau-ba-nau.

A translation from Anvari is cleverly done in the style of Præd; but the metre is too lively, to our thinking, for the solemnity of the subject, which deals with Lucifer, Adam, repentance and atonement, the floodgates of Noah, and the wonder-working rod of Moses. Nebuchadnezzar, in another poem, reappears as a king who consigned a Christian child to the flames, which spared the martyr and devoured the attendants. The following is striking :—

The idol in the market stands,
Wrought deftly by the graver's hands,
And visible to every eye.
Yet doth a truer idol lie
That monarch's cruel heart within,
And fashioned out of his great sin.
SELF is the name by which they call
That idol—type of idols all.

Readers who like variety will prefer the shorter of these two volumes for choice of subjects. But we have no hesitation in saying that in both Professor Palmer has made an addition to Oriental literature for which scholars should be grateful; and that, while his knowledge of Arabic is a sufficient guarantee for his mastery of the original, his English compositions are distinguished by versatility, command of language, rhythmical cadence, and, as we have remarked, by not unskilful imitations of the styles of several of our own favourite poets, living and dead.

BURTON'S SIND REVISITED.*

THE province of Sind is not exactly a lively topic for an author who aims, like Captain Burton, at being not only instructive but amusing. It is arid, sulphurous, and in its physical characteristics disagreeably allied to the Desert which is its immediate neighbour. "It is an unhappy valley, a compound of stone, sand, and silt." The sun is supposed to glow there with a fiercer ray than in almost any other part of India; its winter is boisterous and chilling; its inhabitants, the rugged children of an ungrateful soil, offer no special attraction; and its past history, if we except some fragmentary suggestions of Alexander's invasion and a few unimportant Buddhist remains, is, for all practical interests, a blank. Captain Burton, while pointing out the resemblance in many superficial particulars between Sind and Egypt, dwells emphatically on the marked distinction between the two countries as regards their monumental remains; while Egypt teems with memorials of every race that has lived and laboured or fought on her plains, while the ruins of a half-buried past confront the traveller at every turn, in Sind he will have to be content with an occasional mound, a few "Druidical" stones, and here and there a brick bearing the cross-legged image of the meditating Buddha. Why any one who has seen it once thoroughly enough to write a book about it, as Captain Burton did some twenty-five years ago, should care to "revisit" a region so little favoured by nature, history, or art, is a problem which we shall not attempt to solve by conjecture, and towards the solution of which we are constrained to admit that Captain Burton's volumes give us but slight assistance. They cannot in truth be said to be very pleasant reading, except to that curiously constituted class of mind which finds satisfaction in the mere detail of travel and the bare delineation of unfamiliar places and people. Nor is Captain Burton's narrative rendered more agreeable by the old-fashioned, barbarous pleasantry of introducing an imaginary comrade to whom the entire volume is supposed to be addressed. An author may surely say that he started for the East without disguising the fact under such dismal fun as "Stop in, Mr. John Bull"; "After you, sir"; "You sighted from afar Port Suez"; "You ask me about Jeddah and I refuse to answer, to tell a twice-told tale," &c.; and keeping up the absurd impersonation to the end of the performance, where he wishes Mr. Bull an affectionate farewell. The contrivance recalls the unhappy educational epoch when enthusiastic teachers hoped to overcome the natural aversion of youth to wholesome knowledge by dialogues in which the dates of battles and the names of queens lurked in an unsuspected phrase. It certainly, let Captain Burton be assured, never yet amused any single human being, and it gives an air of trifling and folly to his work which would make many readers throw it away in impatience. In the next book of travels which the author gives us he will, if he follows our advice, not try to be funny.

There are many subjects in the present volume which are of great interest, and deserve serious discussion, so that it is especially provoking to have them beset with unmeaning frivolities. For instance, the author considers that the present system of enlistment and invaliding in the Sepoy regiments in Sind is fatal to the efficiency of that force, and he quotes a long memorandum by Colonel Beville, C.B., commanding No. 1 Beloch Regiment, in support of this opinion, "as the opinions of so old and distinguished a soldier, published in 1873, should not be withheld from you, Mr. John Bull." Formerly, it appears that, as "Irregulars," these troops were enlisted only for five years; for good conduct in

Abyssinia they were promoted to be "Regulars," and the shorter period of service was changed to life enlistment. This system, and the accompanying pension rules, Colonel Beville considers to be a mistake, encouraging malingering, causing dissatisfaction throughout the ranks, retaining incapacitated men in the ranks, and preventing able men from enlisting. Colonel Beville's memorandum bears marks of experience, earnestness, and interest in his subject, and the system of an enlistment for ten years which he proposes to substitute is no doubt well worthy of discussion in the right place and manner. But jauntily to introduce it in a few flippant paragraphs to "Mr. Bull's" notice, and to say, as the author does, that the force is no longer what it was, and that "for this decline the authorities have only to thank their own folly," is exactly the way to postpone serious discussion, to confuse and annoy those who are anxious to get at the real merits of the case, and to add to the amount of prejudice, ignorance, and random talk with which every subject of this nature is apt to be beset.

Another and more objectionable instance of Captain Burton's trifling method is to be found in the early part of the second volume, where he discusses our position as alien rulers of populations infinitely remote from us in faith, manners, morals, and feeling. Russophobia he disposes of at once as the distorted vision of a morbid imagination. "You open the map, Rawlinson's or Gordon's. You produce and fix on your spectacles. You bend over the page and pass your finger slowly, very slowly, over the ten, over the twenty-five degrees which still separate the nearest limits of the two Empires," &c. This performance is supposed to convince "Mr. Bull" that we have nothing to fear from Russia for a century at least. Thence the author passes to internal dangers. As to these our difficulties arise, he says, from three characteristics of the subjects with whom we have to deal—"the action of their national faith, the social position of their women, and the nature of their penal code." As to the first of these he instances the case of a Mussulman Sayid insulted by a Hindu sweeper. The British rule has placed them on the same footing, but the Mussulman's pride of race and religion cannot brook the degradation of equality. "He returns home, tears his beard, dashes his turban to the ground, assembles his friends, threatens, cabals, and agitates, till he raises a tumult, which, if circumstances favour it, may end in massacre and rebellion." In connexion with this susceptibility the author objects to the rigid severity with which the British Government has punished acts of violence prompted by adultery. In Afghanistan, for instance, he thinks that "the universal discontent, excited in the breasts of the people by the conduct of the women under the new rule" must rank high among the causes of our disasters in that country. So far as British India is concerned, we believe this to be a mere delusion. In the wilder tracts, and notably on the North-West frontier, we had to deal with very savage populations, amongst whom a sort of traditional vendetta, arising chiefly out of rapes and bullock-thefts, had taken a firm root. There was much to justify a departure from the ordinary law, and the concession of something to the tastes and customs of a barbarous populace. The rulers of the country determined, however, to allow the law to take its usual course, and experience has shown, we believe, in the clearest light the wisdom of this decision. Deeds of violence, unflinchingly punished, have steadily decreased; the general population has improved in habits of order and submissiveness, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that our position in the country would have been stronger, or our hold on the population more thorough, if we had allowed any injured husband who chose to do so to exercise lynch law on the supposed objects of his displeasure. But it is against the leniency of our penal law that Captain Burton is especially vehement in his objections :—

Our punishments, too, how contemptible they must appear to the ferocious barbarians that incur them. The Affghan is detected stealing; he looks to have his right hand chopped off; we lodge him in what he considers a luxurious retreat, where he can eat, drink, smoke, and abuse the Frank in plenary animal satisfaction. He appropriates his friend's spouse; instead of perilling life or limb, he knows that these benevolent fools, his rulers, will hang the husband who harms him. Overheard blaspheming, a crime for which he would be stoned to death amid the ferocious exultation of his fellows, he now can laugh; under our rule sacrilege is not a capital offence. He commits murder, and is detected: he expects nothing but a horrible death, to be suspended by the ankles and chopped in two like a sheep hung up in your butcher's shop, or to be flayed alive, one of the most excruciating tortures that human ingenuity ever devised. He smiles when he is told that he has only to dangle for an hour at the gallows without the prospect of being left there to feed the crows, or that he is simply to be shot without the preliminary of being bustinadoed till sensation by slow degrees is expelled his form.

The author goes on to give instances in which the Eastern rulers, by various horrible punishments, cutting to pieces, impaling, blowing from cannon, &c. &c., have succeeded in enforcing their will in some particular; and he describes in detail the way in which a Turkoman village might, in his opinion, be reduced to perfect "order." The plan consists in marching on the village at night, firing it, killing all the men, and handing the women and children as a present to the soldiers. It is true that he admits that "no British officer could perpetrate such atrocities," but he considers that the British official, "hating cruelty, verges towards the other extreme, an unwise clemency, far more cruel than wise severity;" and he indicates the respects in which he would intensify the severity of the present penal law.

As to all this, we confess that we regard these hankerings after the savagery of native Governments with the utmost suspicion and dislike. There is nothing in the criminal statistics of India to sug-

* *Sind Revisited; with Notices of the Anglo-Indian Army, Railroads, Past, Present, and Future, &c.* By Richard F. Burton. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

gest that our administration of justice fails for the want of these horrible expedients. The countries where these barbarous practices still linger are precisely those where law has least force, where order is least steadily maintained, where the barbarities of the code are to a large degree reflected in the habits of the people. We hold our place in India by force not of the terror inspired by occasional acts of severity against criminals, but of patient, calm, inflexible determination to do justice according to the best of our ability. When Lord Mayo was assassinated, there were not wanting those who, in the true spirit of Captain Burton's doctrine, urged that the author of so signal a crime should be punished with some exceptional penalty, which should make his act and its doom a warning to future times. The Government of India determined, and no doubt with perfect justice, that the right course to take was to exhibit the administration of the law unmoved even by so extraordinary an event as a Viceroy's murder, and to punish the culprit as any other offender. If Captain Burton thinks otherwise, he disagrees with all that school of thoughtful and patient administrators which has brought India to its present degree of order and prosperity; and we certainly prefer the conclusions at which such men have arrived to the carelessly conceived and rashly expressed fancies of an irresponsible observer.

The preceding observations will have sufficiently indicated our opinion of the worth of Captain Burton's work. He has several of the qualifications of a good writer of travels; he is interested in and knows something about history, geology, botany, ornithology, field sports, and domestic customs. He observes much, and describes what he observes with some liveliness and vigour. But the value of his writing is seriously impaired by the strain of semi-jocular, semi-serious, offhand criticism which constantly afflicts us at an inopportune moment, and by attempts at jocosity which seem especially out of place when applied to matters as serious as the great problems of Indian administration. India is a country which suffers, we believe, from a dearth of competent critics. The work to be done is so large, the men to do it are so few, the necessity for prompt action is frequently so urgent, that many things are done which maturer counsels or stronger intelligence would have ordered otherwise. Every careful and considerate expression of opinion by an onlooker is therefore a gain; but for that very reason we deprecate the random and ill-considered observations of travellers who spend a few months in the country, hold a few casual conversations with the officials that cross their path, exchange a few remarks with such of the peasants as can talk their language, and thereupon consider themselves duly qualified to lecture the administrators of India on their shortcomings, and to enlist European opinion on one side or the other of controversies which need all the skill, care, and experience that can be brought to bear upon them.

DARWIN'S CROSS AND SELF FERTILIZATION OF PLANTS.*

THE interval which has elapsed since the publication of Mr. Darwin's *Cross and Self Fertilization of Plants* has enabled scientific opinion on either side of the Atlantic to bear witness to its value as an exhaustive investigation of one main problem in vegetable physiology. Though he has often modestly lamented that he is no botanist, it would be difficult for any professed or special student of botany to point to more thorough or more valuable work than that which Mr. Darwin has already contributed to science in his studies of the fertilization of orchids, and the habits of climbing and insectivorous plants. His latest labours in the field of botanical research testify no less strongly to his scientific activity and his sympathetic grasp of natural truth. Fifteen years ago he laid down the broad doctrine that nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization, and the interval has been spent in accumulating a mass of observations and experiments, with the result of confirming and extending that fundamental law as no less essential to vegetable than to animal life. This was the main result of a series of observations carried on for more than twenty years before that date, much of which he now acknowledges to have been set aside as superfluous by the many excellent works which have been published in the interim, especially those of Sprengel and Hermann Müller. Instead of putting forth a mass of miscellaneous facts of this kind, it seemed to Mr. Darwin better to work out one group as carefully as possible, and this he has accordingly done in the present work, which is the complement of that on the fertilization of orchids—a class of plants which he had shown to be pre-eminently constructed to favour, or rather to necessitate, cross-fertilization. To speak of them, however, as forming an exceptional case, as some observers have done, is, as he abundantly proves, an error. Without any special thought of the effects of close inter-breeding, but for the sake of determining certain points with respect to inheritance, he raised side by side two large beds of self-fertilized and crossed seedlings from the same plant of *Linaria vulgaris*. To his surprise, the crossed plants, when fully grown, showed a marked superiority in height and vigour over the self-fertilized ones. For fear of any accidental cause having led to this result, he repeated the experiment with two large beds of the carnation *Dianthus caryophyllus*, a plant which, like the *Linaria*, is almost certainly sterile if insects are ex-

cluded from it. Here too the self-fertilized seedlings came up plainly the less tall and vigorous of the two. His attention being now thoroughly aroused, he determined to make a series of experiments with various kinds, which experiments he kept up for a period of eleven years, every care being taken to exclude insects during the process of fertilization by means of nets of extreme fineness. Half the plants, carefully marked, were fertilized with their own pollen, half with pollen from a different plant, the natural sex of the crossed plants being at the same time preserved in order to render the experiments as like as possible to what goes on in nature. Some of the flowers which were crossed may indeed thus have failed to be fertilized, and have been afterwards become self-fertile; but for this and some other sources of error allowance was carefully made. The experiments were carried on through several generations, in some cases as many as ten, and the process of intercrossing was widely extended, the plan generally followed being to put into competition and to compare intercrossed plants, which were most commonly the offspring of more or less closely related plants, with the self-fertilized plants of each succeeding generation, all having been grown as far as possible under the same conditions.

Nine chapters out of the twelve into which his work is divided are devoted by Mr. Darwin to the record of the observations upon which his general conclusions are based. These observations bear striking witness to the unwearied patience and conscientious toil which characterize the true naturalist and the trustworthy discoverer. The three chapters which remain are occupied with the means of fertilization, the habits of insects in relation to the fertilization of flowers, and the general results which he is led to draw from such copious and carefully sifted stores of natural facts. The whole work may be said to form a compendium of the natural history of sexual reproduction among plants, throwing a flood of light not less novel than clear and satisfying upon many seeming anomalies in this branch of botanical science. Nothing, for instance, could well be thought more clumsy or purposeless in nature than the existence of hermaphrodite flowers side by side with the bisexual arrangement which all botanists concur in holding to be the more advanced or perfect method. It being by common consent most advantageous for an ovule to be impregnated by a pollen-grain from a different flower, and that the more widely apart the better, of what benefit is it that the stamens and pistils are found together in the same flower? Here is an apparent instance of that perpetuation of useless, or even detrimental, organs or functions which might be deemed a blot upon the beneficent wisdom of nature, and would be admitted by Mr. Darwin as fatal to his whole *rationale* of nature's procedure in the field of organic life. He is ready, as usual, with an ingenious solution of the problem. Injurious as perpetual self-fertilization undoubtedly is to plants, it is better than no fertilization at all, which would be absolutely fatal to plant life. The essential function of a flower is to produce seed, if not in one way, then in another. An alternative process is in this instance provided. Supposing cross-fertilization to be at fault, carried on as it is by the wind or insects, and liable to accidental interruption, there remains the chance, which is better than none, of the ovules of an hermaphrodite flower being self-impregnated. There are isolated cases, like that of the bee-orchid, in which self-fertilization seems the permanent and the only mode of propagating life; but further consideration is here doubtless to be applied. Whatever hesitation may still exist among botanists as to adopting diclinism as the higher form of floral development, Mr. Darwin is of opinion that hermaphroditism was the earlier of the two, even the higher animals being the descendants of hermaphrodites, such hermaphroditism having been the result of the conjugation of two individuals, their slight differences representing the two incipient sexes, and their union giving rise to that bilateral symmetry which belongs to all the higher animal organisms. In like manner he conceives the higher plants to have developed from extremely low forms, these having conjugated; the conjugating individuals differing somewhat from each other, and thus representing one the male the other the female organism. The diœcious were, according to this view, the primitive forms of plants, passing on by conjugation to the hermaphrodite, and by further differentiation not so much reverting to a diœcious type as developing a higher order of fecundation:—

Why the descendants of plants which were originally diœcious, and which therefore profited by always intercrossing with another individual, should have been converted into hermaphrodites, may perhaps be explained by the risk which they ran, especially as long as they were anemophilous, of not being always fertilised, and consequently of not leaving offspring. This latter evil, the greatest of all to any organism, would have been much lessened by their becoming hermaphrodites, though with the contingent disadvantage of frequent self-fertilisation. By what graduated steps an hermaphrodite condition was acquired we do not know. But we can see that if a lowly organised form, in which the two sexes were represented by somewhat different individuals, were to increase by budding either before or after conjugation, the two incipient sexes would be capable of appearing by buds on the same stock, as occasionally occurs with various characters at the present day. The organism would then be in a monœcious condition, and this is probably the first step towards hermaphroditism; for if very simple male and female flowers on the same stock, each consisting of a single stamen or pistil, were brought close together and surrounded by a common envelope, in nearly the same manner as with the forests of the Composite, we should have an hermaphrodite flower.

No possible interbreeding of animals, Mr. Darwin points out, can compare in closeness with the self-fertilization of hermaphrodite flowers, conjugation in the latter case taking place between cells of the same individual growing in near proximity to one another. Now there is, on the one hand, the known fact that where too

* *The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom.* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: John Murray. 1876.

wide a difference between individuals in the act of union exists, whether in animals or plants, the resulting hybrid is practically unfertile; while, on the other hand, all Mr. Darwin's experiments tend to show that so close a relationship as that of self-impregnation is no less injurious to fertility. Where, then, it is to be asked, is the golden mean to be assigned? Here come in with effect our author's original and characteristic speculations on the origin of species. Formerly naturalists had been contented to say that those animals or plants were of distinct species which were in no case mutually fertile, or at least never beyond the first generation, like the ass and the horse. To question after this how far individuals of different species could be brought to interbreed was to reason in a logically vicious circle. Hence, when individuals of reputed distinct species were found mutually fertile, they were relegated to the category of varieties. To have pointed out the fallacy of such an evasion as this was the crowning distinction of Mr. Darwin's great work. No absolute definition of species has ever been found possible. What is called fixity of species is the result of the continuity of external conditions. So long as the biological conditions remain unchanged, there is no reason why a species should vary. We find deep-sea brachiopoda unvarying through long geological ages. The infusions of the now accumulating ocean-ooze are identical with those of the upheaved chalk masses. When these conditions are changed, the equilibrium is disturbed on the one side or the other. Extinction ensues, or what is called a new species is evolved. It is, then, by the importation of fresh elements of vitality in the new conditions of germination involved in crossing with a fresh stock that the benefits of cross-fertilization may be conceived to take their rise. In the process of differentiation thus set up, and continued from generation to generation, may we not see the cause of that progressive vigour, vitality, and beauty which is the fact undoubtedly established by Mr. Darwin's long train of experiments? The fertilization of one of the higher plants depends, first, upon the mutual action of the pollen-grains and the stigmatic secretion or tissues, and afterwards upon the mutual action of the contents of the pollen-grains and ovaules. Both actions, judging from the increased fertility of the parents when undercrossing, and from the increased powers of growth in the offspring, are favoured, Mr. Darwin thinks it proved, by some degree of differentiation in the elements which intermix and unite so as to form a new being. He is enabled to illustrate this fact by the analogy of chemical affinity, which comes into play only between atoms or molecules of different natures. He quotes the remark of Professor Miller that, generally speaking, the greater the difference in the properties of two bodies, the more intense is their tendency to mutual chemical action, while between bodies of a similar character the tendency is feeble. This observation accords well with the feeble effects of a plant's own pollen on the fertility of the mother plant and on the growth of the offspring, compared with the powerful influence in both ways of pollen from a plant which has been differentiated by exposure to changed conditions or by such variation as, for want of an observed cause, is termed spontaneous. The analogy, indeed, fails in face of the negative or weak effect of pollen from one species on a plant of a distinct species, nor can we wholly tell what limits of differentiation are required or laid down in nature for the fertility of vegetable unions. But neither are we led to expect the same rigorous limits in the action of living organisms which we meet with in the phenomena of chemistry, nor have we anything like the same experimental knowledge of the laws of physiological operation, especially of those concerned with the sexual elements of life. We cannot state the reason why the individuals of certain species profit greatly, and others very little, by being crossed. Why is the advantage of even a cross sometimes directed exclusively to the vegetative system, sometimes to the reproductive system, though commonly to both? Why should some individuals of the same species be sterile, whilst others are fully fertile with their own pollen? Why should a change of climate either lessen or increase the sterility of self-sterile species? And why should the individuals of some species be more fertile with pollen from a distinct species than with their own pollen? Here, as throughout the field of nature, we have many facts so obscure that we may well, with Mr. Darwin, "stand in awe before the mystery of life." Yet these facts belong to that class in which we look especially to his remarkable powers of observation and analysis for a solution of the mystery.

GARTH.

THIS, the third novel which Mr. Julian Hawthorne has published, is in many respects better written than his first two productions, but, in spite of that, it affords far less hope than they did of his ever becoming a good novelist. *Idolatry* was a work of much extravagance, in which however there were signs of original power. *Garth* is neither more nor less in its general aspect than an imitation of the older Hawthorne's method and style, while reminiscences of certain other well-known authors crop up less patently in holes and corners of the book. Whether Mr. Julian Hawthorne is or is not intimately acquainted with the works of Hans Andersen we do not know; but the first chapter of his present volumes, which he chooses to call a Bird-Prologue, certainly reminds us very forcibly

of a tale by the Danish writer called, if we remember right, "The Roses." The conceit in both instances is precisely the same; the difference is that Mr. Hawthorne's touch has not the grace and lightness of Hans Andersen's, and that he falls utterly to give to the talk of his birds the fanciful and pretty fun with which the great fairy-tale writer invested all his dialogues, whether between animals or objects of still life. The house which the swallows discuss in this opening chapter stands in New Hampshire, and is called Urnhurst; and the second chapter tells us the legend which of course is attached to it. A certain Captain Urnson, who had left the service of the Protectorate in England, came to the spot on which Urnhurst afterwards stood, and unknowingly, in taking possession of the soil, disturbed the grave of a great Indian sachem. Two Indians had watched him unobserved, and one, rushing forward, aimed an arrow at the Captain, which glanced off his helmet and wounded his wife. The Captain drew a pistol and shot him down, and to the terror expressed in his followers' faces answered, stamping down the grave which now held two bodies, "It is my deed, and thus do I trample down this blood and all superstitious terrors." Meanwhile the other Indian had fled back to his tribe, and it was supposed that through generations a blood feud was cherished by them. The experienced novel-reader will probably divine at once that the descendants of the insulted tribe and of Captain Urnson meet in the course of *Garth*, and in that he will not be mistaken. Garth Urnson, after the birds have delivered their tiresome prologue and the legend of the house has been related, is introduced to us walking about his farm in the prime of his manhood; and as soon as this introduction has taken place we are asked to go back to the day of his birth and follow the history of his childish and boyish days. This jerky style of narration has, as far as we can see, nothing to recommend it, and it has for a reader the disadvantage that when he has got through nearly three volumes he has to turn back to the first in order to identify the point at which he has arrived. Parson Graeme, a gigantic and jovial person, father-in-law to Cuthbert Urnson, Garth's father, comes in while the boy is still an infant, and delivers himself of a discourse which seems introduced for the purpose of dragging in yet another legend about the Urnson family. Ralph, son of the original Captain Urnson, had but one friend, it seems,

and him he killed in some mad quarrel or other. And for that matter the saying is, that every true Urnson will kill the man he loves best.

"Father!" exclaimed Martha, horror-stricken. "Hand me down the old pistol from above the fireplace, my dear," said Cuthbert, in a tone of quiet determination. "I will shoot both your father and Garth, for fear of making a mistake between them."

The character of Cuthbert Urnson is drawn apparently with considerable pains, and might be regarded, in spite of some absurdities, as a successful effort, if it were not obviously unoriginal. When Garth is five years old his father entrusts to his care a birch-rod, with a lecture upon its use, and an assurance that it will never be employed except at Garth's own request. Two years later the boy commits some grievous fault, and after a long struggle between himself and his conscience, gravely asks to be whipped. After this Garth develops a taste for chivalry, and rides about equipped in some of the ancient Captain Urnson's armour. As time goes on he cherishes a boyish passion for a certain Madge Danver, a kind of remote cousin of his. Madge was almost universally popular among grown-up people:—

She possessed a charming vivacity and confidence of manner, tempered by a subtle tact which enabled her to steer clear of the vulgar conceit and self-assertion of most so-called clever children. Her face was rather French in type—long and dark, with large oval eyes and vivid scarlet lips; and in her earlier years she had a tendency to the use of French idioms in her speech. For the rest, she was good-humoured, cheerful, neat, and possessed a favour and accent of her own. Her very dress, without being conspicuous, could only have been worn by herself, and she attracted a half-amused, half-pleased attention wherever she went. Such attention never disconcerted her; she was not born for seclusion, and the eye of the world had no terrors for her. There was a touch of worldly wisdom in her composition, which, as often as it came to the surface, had an indescribably piquant effect. Her voice was endowed with a certain soothing or caressing intonation, employed only upon occasion, but which might have flattered an idle or coaxed a flint. . . . If she were a coquet, coquetry was as natural to her as plain faces or slow wits are to other young ladies, and perhaps she was no more to blame for her fling than they for theirs.

One effect of Garth's feelings with regard to Madge is that for the first time in his life he consents to go to a picnic in the forest, which is Parson Graeme's annual delight, and which Garth in his peculiar shyness has hitherto avoided. He arrives at the place of meeting before any one else and climbs up into a big tree, where, for various insufficient reasons, he remains until the picnic is over, watching the attentions paid to Madge by an Indian half-breed, named Sam Kineo. Afterward Sam and Garth meet in the forest, and on Sam's boasting of the kisses he has received from Madge, Garth challenges him to fight:—

Sam fought with his strength, but Garth put the annihilation of all evil into every blow. He got more and more terribly in a rage each moment, but it was rage that calmed and cooled the faculties, not blinded them. No enemy is so unpleasant to meet as one of this kind; only killing can beat him, and if not killed, he is very apt to kill. Garth's face was fixed in a singular expression—a compound of a smile and a frown. He was bleeding from a blow on the chin. Two hundred years before an ancestor of his, on his wedding-day, had looked precisely thus.

We have extracted this passage, not because we have any special admiration of it, but because it fully supports what we have said of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's ill-judged imitation of his father's manner.

The result of the fight is that Sam Kineo gets a heavy fall,

and Garth thinks that he has killed him, and will surely be hanged, to which fate he makes up his mind, just as he did to that of the birch-rod in earlier days. Other adventures of this remarkable youth, including a dangerous descent of rapids in a canoe, to which he is goaded by Madge, we must pass over, to come to his entrance at Bowdoin College. Here, partly by dint of turning a party of aggressive Sophomores out of his rooms, he obtains considerable influence, and, becoming afterwards a friend of the leader of these Sophomores, is informed by him, in the course of a strangely unnatural, pretentious, and tiresome conversation, that he, Garth, is a genius. Certainly what we learn of him from Mr. Julian Hawthorne corresponds well enough with some popular, or once popular, idea of what a genius should be. That is, he appears to be fit for nothing, and singularly arrogant. It afterwards turns out that his genius lies in the direction of painting, for which art he has always entertained a holy horror, believing the sacred pictures of the Italian masters to be an invention of the devil. After a year and a half Garth goes back home, and is received by his father, who holds a long discussion with him on painting and other deep matters, and makes no mention of the fact that Garth's mother has just died, which he learns by chance from his grandfather. This reticence on Mr. Cuthbert Urnhurst's part is held by the author to be an act of admirable heroism, the merit of which our more limited vision is incapable of discovering. There presently arrives at Urnhurst a certain Golightly Urnhurst, a brother of Cuthbert's, accompanied by Elinor Golightly, who is his mother's grandniece. By this time Garth has got over his pious objections and taken to painting. Uncle Golightly offers him a large sum for a picture of the family legend because it contains a portrait of E'er. This picture is subsequently destroyed by Madge Danver in a fit of jealous fury. It must not be supposed that these events occur with anything like the rapidity with which we have narrated them. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has doled them out in the midst of a quantity of dull conversations between unreal people, and reflections of his own whose shallow affectation of meaning grows more and more wearisome as the book goes on. Various extraordinary things come out in the long course of the book. Sam Kineo returns mysteriously from a long sojourn abroad, and is admitted to Urnhurst by an old Indian cook called Nikomis, who happens to be his grandmother. It is supposed by her and himself that he is none other than that well-worn personage the rightful heir. To account for this the author has prepared an intricate genealogical puzzle, to which he no doubt has the clue, but of which we confess we have been unable to retain any clear impression. There is also much secret villainy on the part of Uncle Golightly, whose schemes are on the point of being unravelled by Jack Selwyn, Garth's college friend, when Madge Danver unexpectedly steps in for the purpose apparently of allowing the complication to exist so long as to fill up a third volume. The device by which she throws Selwyn off the scent is so transparent that a man of Selwyn's supposed cleverness must have seen through it. Finally, in some strange fashion things seem to be set right. Kineo, who has for long been lying concealed in the house at Urnhurst waiting his chance, is brought to see that such chance as there is is much against him, and that it would be wise to remove himself quietly. But instead of doing this, he appears in the midst of a skating party one evening, exhibits various surprising feats, and then skates off, to the great relief of Garth, who is for a time unaware that he has taken Madge Danver with him. When he finds this out, he skates after them, and catches them up, in spite of their start:—

Onward still he swept, and the pace must have quickened, for that spirit of the old Puritan was now outtipped! Blessed were the barren miles of ice that had hindered his revenge! Nor were they barren, since they had brought forth this fair fruit in him. He loosened the hatchet from his belt, and swinging it from right to left, sent it thence whizzing and spinning far across the glassy surface. "I'll get her, if God pleases," he said aloud; "let the devil's part go!" But Providence knows many ways of saving; and that which seems the speediest is not always so, where wayward human souls are concerned.

Nearly an hour had now gone by, and the moon, looking down through a cloud-rift upon the long-drawn icy surface, marked the shadows of three human figures hastening along it, two in advance and one pursuing: and the space between pursuers and pursued grew constantly less and less. At length the latter, being within about four hundred yards of the old wooden bridge, came to a standstill. The buckle of the man's skate-strap had given way, and he knelt to repair it. The woman, after restlessly watching him for a while, threw herself down on the ice near by, and gazed back toward the place whence she came. Suddenly she crouched low and laid her ear against the surface; then leapt to her feet with a low exclamation. She had heard the ring of steel, approaching fast. The man, too, arose with a curse, holding one skate in his hand.

We then get a second reproduction (as if one were not more than enough) of the family legend in the struggle between the two men, and Kineo, in consequence of Garth's generosity, goes on his way, followed secretly by Madge. Cuthbert Urnhurst is immediately afterwards accidentally killed by his brother. In after years Garth marries Elinor; they return to Urnhurst in time to see it burnt down, and the novel is finished, as it is begun, by a bird-dialogue. The book is completely unsatisfactory, and consists of a tedious working out of a conceit of the kind which the elder Hawthorne might have turned into a delicious short story, but which the younger evidently could not handle with success even within far narrower limits than those of *Garth*.

THROUGH NORWAY WITH LADIES.*

AFTER an interval of twenty years Mr. Williams has written a sequel to a former book of his, *Through Norway with a Knapsack*; but in the work that has now appeared he has broken different ground. Twenty years ago, as he tells us in his preface, he gave the experiences of a hardy pioneer in the rough, who has since been followed by increasing numbers of his countrymen. On this occasion he travelled with a party of half a dozen schoolgirls, in such comfort or luxury as the circumstances admitted. Perhaps this second journey was even more of a success than the former, since he can boast that it was accomplished without the slightest accident, although the young ladies themselves drove the carriages over the mountain roads, "and up and down some hills that a professional English coachman would refuse to attempt." This immunity from mishap was perhaps not so very wonderful. A clever Norwegian pony will drive himself, and puzzle his driver to throw him down. The natives seem to have been most chivalrously courteous to the travellers, always providing the best animals available, and often sending experienced men in charge instead of the ordinary girls and boys. At any rate it is certain that Mr. Williams and his young charges found that they could get along exceedingly pleasantly. Prepared to take the rough with the smooth, they seldom found much to complain of in the accommodation; and their worst embarrassments were caused by their number, which involved considerable telegraphing in advance, while it occasionally led to inconvenient crowding at the posting stations as well as on board the coasting steamers. Since Mr. Williams's knapsack journey the cost of travelling in Norway has materially increased. But even now, relatively speaking, it is exceedingly moderate, and moreover the fare and the quarters have improved more than proportionately. Norwegian posting-masters and innkeepers are a very independent race; but it is rarely that they will not do their best if you approach them in the right way; and they are almost invariably inclined to be gallant to the fair sex. The daily expenses of each member of Mr. Williams's party averaged only nine shillings even in the hotels in the larger towns; and we can only wish that innkeepers elsewhere were to regulate their charges by the Norwegian wine-lists. We might distrust the vintages of Château Lafitte or Romanée at six shillings and eightpence, but it is something as times go to get sound claret at two shillings and ninepence, when one considers the distance between Bordeaux and Scandinavia. The ordinary dinner charge on board the steamboats is less than half-a-crown, and that includes soup, fish, and two dishes of meat, with a most luxurious dessert and a variety of piquant *hors d'œuvre*.

Tourists who may provide themselves with his book will find Mr. Williams an entertaining and instructive guide. But he has very decided opinions and prepossessions, as well as relays of pet hobby-horses which he is in the habit of riding indefatigably. His observations on glacier-motion are interesting and valuable; but he is too ready to bore you with them, in season and out of season. And then the range of his remarks is decidedly rambling and desultory. Any chance incident serves for the text of a tirade on some social question, where he is pretty sure to be at issue with the great majority of his fellow-mortals, and which he disposes of out of hand with a pleasant assumption of infallibility. The reader, however, must have a decided advantage over the chance travelling acquaintances with whom the author may have discoursed in Norway, as he can skip at his discretion when digressions bore him. And Mr. Williams writes agreeably and describes graphically, while the route he followed was a very comprehensive one, considering that his party consisted of ladies. They coasted to the northward, past the North Cape to the weather-beaten shores of the Varanger Fiord; then, landing at Trondhjem on their return, they pushed to the south across the Dovrefield to the valley of the Romsdal Fiord, whence, taking a fresh departure, they described a picturesque détour travelling inland through the mountains to the capital. At one time or another they had opportunities of repeatedly admiring every variety of scenery, and, we may add, of experiencing every vicissitude of weather. In point of climate, indeed, they were far from fortunate, since they were informed by old residents in the country that it was the worst summer that had been known for many years. And nowhere perhaps are you more dependent on favourable weather for a successful tour. It is not only the intense unpleasantness of wet and cold, though that is much; but, when the mists from the uplands meet the fogs from the sea, you miss all the magnificent effects of the mountains and precipices that lock in the winding arms of the sea. There is no waiting patiently for better luck, for the steamer will move onwards with you whether you like it or not; and it is quite possible to reach the latitude of the North Cape without having had more than glimpses of the country. Happily, this was not the fate of Mr. Williams and his young charges. They could enjoy the rugged contours of the Lofoden Isles, though the steamer, hurrying on its course, paid the group but a flying visit. Mr. Williams recommends, by the way, that those who have leisure, and are indifferent to roughing it, should make a closer inspection of those remarkable islands by taking a passage on board one of the small packets that ply among them. You would have to put up with cramped accommodation, primitive cookery, and objectionable smells; but at least you would be safe from the sorrows of sea-sickness, since almost all the channels in the archipelago are protected by natural breakwaters.

* *Through Norway with Ladies*. By W. Mattien Williams, F.R.A.S., Author of "*Through Norway with a Knapsack*," &c. London: E. Stanford 1877.

The party reached Tromsø in time to see the midnight sun, which is visible for the last time over the horizon on the 21st-22nd of July. It is on the 22nd of January that the sun makes his appearance for the season there after an absence of a couple of months, and then the inhabitants celebrate the turn of the year with salvoes of guns and extraordinary festivity. From Tromsø they steamed to the north between the mainland and the rugged islands that fringe it, "undistinguishable one from the other as we pass them, but wild and grand on all sides." Tromsø had grown in importance since Mr. Williams visited it twenty years before, but it appeared to have been thriving at the expense of Hammerfest. The latter town showed fewer signs of life than formerly, and there was less commercial activity in the harbour. Nothing struck the travellers more than the countless swarms of sea-fowl that breed on the almost inaccessible ledges of the North Cape and the neighbouring headlands. The face of the Fugleberg, which is even grander than the more famous promontory, is "a gigantic structure rising from the sea to the summit," and grooved in a succession of narrow shelves. Many of them are more than a mile in length, and they are separated from each other by intervals of only two or three feet. Along these shelves the sea-birds seem to "dress" themselves by the hundred thousand, squatting about eight or ten inches apart. "They appear like an audience of a million or two of pignies in evening dress—all shirt-front—occupying accurately measured seats, all numbered and strictly reserved." At the sound of the steam-whistle they rose in clouds, the rush of their innumerable wings mingled with their shrill, wailing cries. The codfish are more abundant in the seas than the sea-fowl upon the cliffs. Whenever the vessel touched at one of the lonely little settlements, the lines were thrown overboard and the fish hauled in fast. The codfishing is being carried on more systematically and with steadily increasing profits. At present about 50,000,000 cod are exported annually by the Norwegians, besides those that are captured by foreign craft or kept for consumption at home. There comes annually a fleet of vessels from the French ports, with many Russians besides. At Vadsø the visitors were struck by the curious spectacle of spaces of many acres around the little town, covered with low wooden scaffoldings hung thickly with the fish in course of drying—a sight which from a distance suggested to Mr. Williams those trellised vines which are the glory of Italian landscapes. But this lucrative industry has its drawbacks. The whole place is redolent of cod, and the fragrance of the fish in course of curing is overpowered by the odours from the caldrons where the livors are being converted into oil. Fish guano, too, is another staple production; and latterly an enterprising native has carried out with excellent results a novel method of catching whales. The ladies were lucky enough to see a huge carcass in the act of being broken up; a group of bloodstained men were working up to their armpits among the flesh and blubber; the water of the little cove was reddened with gory streams; and the stench was even more overpowering than anything they had as yet experienced. We have an amusing account of the visit they paid on the return journey to the standing Lapp encampment in the neighbourhood of Tromsø. They had arranged to have the reindeer herd driven in for their inspection, and were a good deal disenchanted in many respects as to preconceived impressions. The deer were small and rough in the hide, and anything but remarkable for docility. Each of the females had to be lassoed and secured before being milked in a series of struggles.

After the somewhat cramped accommodation of the steamers, carriage travelling came in as an agreeable change. Being then in the height of the tourist season, the party wisely made comparatively short stages so as to increase the chances of finding accommodation. Many of the stations were excellent, some poor; but the former decidedly predominated. Things no doubt are apt to change from year to year; but the station of Sande was so exceptionally good that it is worth while calling attention to it. The travellers were tempted to remain there for several days, luxuriating not only on the fruit, pastry, and cream which must have recommended themselves especially to the tastes of the young ladies, but on fish and game and mountain beef and mutton. The currant-bushes in the garden were phenomenal; the boughs were bending to the ground under the weight of their luscious bunches, and the yield of the cherry-orchards was marvellous. The vale of Sande is surrounded at no great distance by magnificent mountain scenery; the "water-falls and torrents are too numerous to specify or bear separate names," so that other tourists might do worse than follow Mr. Williams's example in reposing from their fatigues by breaking their journey there. Besides hints of this sort which we gather incidentally from the general narrative, Mr. Williams gives a good deal of systematic practical information in his appendix, which may be useful as a guide for the present season. So that we may unhesitatingly recommend his book, though his readers must be prepared to put up with certain peculiarities of opinion.

FRENCH WORKS ON GEOGRAPHY.*

THE complaints once made about the ignorance of our French neighbours in matters connected with geographical

* *Nouvelle géographie universelle*. Par E. Reclus. Vol. I. L'Europe méridionale. Vol. II. La France.

Géographie historique et administrative de la Gaule romaine. Par E. Lejard. Vol. I.

Nouveau dictionnaire de géographie universelle. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Livr. I.

Histoire de la formation territoriale des états de l'Europe centrale. Par A. Himly. 2 vols. 8vo.

science must have referred to the system of teaching rather than to the lack of qualified teachers; for it seems difficult to believe that volumes such as those now before us should be the result of the Franco-German War. MM. Reclus, Desjardins, and Vivien de Saint-Martin had begun accumulating materials for their respective works long before a conflict between France and Germany was anticipated, and we refuse to look upon them in the light of penitent sinners who have been brought to see the error of their ways. We take up first the magnificent *Géographie universelle* for which we are indebted to M. Elisée Reclus. When the fourteen or fifteen instalments of which it is to consist are published, it will be certainly one of the most exhaustive treatises of the kind ever issued either in France or elsewhere. The author starts from the eastern coast of the Mediterranean; he conducts us through Greece, Turkey, Roumania, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, landing us, at the beginning of his second volume, on the shores of his native country. A general survey of the whole subject introduces most naturally details respecting the various provinces. What is the physical constitution of the soil? How has it been affected by meteorological and other causes? What races have successively inhabited the land, all more or less helping to mould the people such as we find them at present? Such are the questions discussed by M. Reclus in his preliminary chapters, and under his pen the matter-of-fact details of geology and hydrography become lifelike and almost fascinating. M. Michelet, in the second volume of his *History of France*, set the example of illustrating the intellectual and moral tendencies of the several French districts by the configuration of the territory, the peculiarities of the climate, and the consequent productions of the soil. M. Reclus takes up the same idea, but he does so more scientifically than the celebrated Professor; and his remarks, coupled with the map of prehistoric France drawn by M. de Mortillet, will be found extremely valuable. The origin of the Iberi, the Celts, and the Kymri is a question respecting which M. Reclus differs from many writers on ethnology. He quotes Onalius d'Halloy, who denied entirely the supposed emigration of the primitive inhabitants of Gaul from the plateau of Central Asia; and, according to him, M. Pictet's map of the Aryan colonization has no other value than that of being a *pièce justificative* in the prevailing mania of tracing back everything to Asiatic sources. After these preliminaries, M. Reclus takes us to the region of the Pyrenees, and, gradually working his way in an easterly direction, he studies the Jura district, the central provinces, Brittany, Normandy, and finally the Northern departments. The large scale on which the work is planned enables him to vary his statistical details by excursions into the domains of archaeology and history; besides which a special chapter is devoted to an account of the government and administration. This is a part where many of M. Reclus's readers would probably think that his political sympathies have led him to unsound conclusions; but the case is just the reverse, and we look upon the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of the volume as by far the best.

With M. Ernest Desjardins geography is treated as the handmaid of history, and the data it supplies are brought in to illustrate questions of government and of religious, social, and political organization. As the author observes in his preface, the geography of the Roman Empire had until recently been merely limited to a scientific discussion about the position of localities which have long since disappeared, and their identification with modern places. Valois, d'Auvillo, Gosselin, even Walckenaer, did not venture any further, for the simple reason that they lacked the means of information we now possess, and that as recently as half a century ago certain aspects of antiquarian research were completely unknown. At the time when Dom Bouquet and his fellow-Benedictines published the first volume of the *Recueil des historiens*, the texts of the classical writers of Greece and Rome were the only available sources for an acquaintance with the geography of the Empire; a few monuments had, it is true, been studied, but very imperfectly, and the inscriptions collected by Gruter, Muratori, Maffei, and a few other scholars were neither accurately transcribed in some cases nor correctly interpreted. It is not too much to say that the conditions of historical geography are now completely changed. We should be the last to deny the merits of the illustrious archaeologists whom we have just mentioned; but if we study the works of Borghesi, MM. Renier, Mommsen, Henzen, and De Rossi, we see at once what improvements have taken place during the last half-century even in the field of epigraphy. Numismatics come next; the contemporaries of Dom Bouquet had at their disposal a very limited number of coins, compared with the extensive collections of the present day, and those belonging to the Merovingian period or of strictly Gallic origin were remarkably scarce. Diplomatics should not be forgotten; the charters and other official documents of the middle ages supply a vast amount of information on the period of transition between the Roman régime and the Teutonic. Finally, there are the discoveries made in the very soil of Gaul, which are almost daily adding to the store of information we already possess.

We cannot here attempt to follow M. Desjardins through the development he gives to the ideas we have only summarized; enough has been said to prove the opportuneness of the present publication, and the reader must judge for himself how far the plan which the author has sketched is carried out. What this plan is we shall now state as briefly as possible. Like M. Fustel de Coulanges, his colleague at the Institute, M. Desjardins is a decided *Romantist*, and he takes, in his view of modern history, a line of thought diametrically opposed to that

adopted by MM. Amédée and Augustin Thierry, Henri Martin, and Guizot. According to him, we must unlearn as fast as possible all that we have been accustomed to hear in the school and lecture-room on the despotism of the Imperial system and the mal-administration of the Cæsars; as a matter of fact, he says, the Emperor delivered the provinces from the tyranny of the proconsuls, and Gaul, in particular, enjoyed during the three centuries following the downfall of Republican institutions an amount of prosperity which it would be absurd to deny. If so many erroneous views have been circulated as to the nature and character of the Imperial Government, it is mainly owing to the fact that students have drawn from documents referring to a certain period conclusions as to an entirely different period. What should we say if we heard of some historian applying to the administration of Louis XIV. a text borrowed from the Code Napoléon or the principles of legislation in use at the present time? The facts brought to light by the progress of numismatics and epigraphy will fortunately assist in dispelling all these errors, and placing in its true light the state of Gaul considered as a province of the Roman Empire.

The work of M. Desjardins is intended to form three volumes, the present one being a kind of geographical introduction. He takes in succession the orography, the hydrography, the description of the sea-board, the climate, and the natural productions of each district; and the excellent coloured maps with which the book is illustrated enable us to form an accurate idea of the revolutions which have taken place in several localities in consequence either of the steady inroads made by the sea, or, on the other hand, through the gradual accumulation of sand, earth, shells, &c. It is evident that, for want of understanding these physical changes, it would be impossible to explain a large number of apparent geographical puzzles which we find in the narratives of classical historians and mediæval annalists. Thus the changes which have occurred in the estuaries of the Rhône, the identification of *Bononia* and *Itius portus* on the Northern coast, and the determination of the part of Armorica inhabited by the Veneti, are topics requiring to be cleared up as completely as possible. M. Desjardins is not satisfied with merely referring to his authorities; he quotes the principal passages, transcribes epigraphic monuments, and borrows from old geographical lists indications which he compares with the terminology of classical writers. Thus, to quote his concluding remarks, the volume we have been noticing gives us, so to say, the scene of the events to be afterwards related; and our acquaintance with the soil of Gaul, its productions, configuration, and climate will enable us the better to understand the policy followed by the masters of the world in the government of the vast dependency which extended from the Rhine to the Pyrenees.

M. Vivien de Saint-Martin is another writer who has done much for the improvement of geographical science. Without mentioning his *Année géographique*, decidedly the best of the series of year-books published by Messrs. Hachette, let us say a few words about his new *Dictionnaire de géographie universelle*, the first two parts of which have recently appeared. Published in quarto shape, printed in three columns in very small type, each *livraison* contains an amount of information which is perfectly wonderful, and which makes the work not only a gazetteer, but a bibliographical dictionary, a philological treatise, and a repertory of history both ancient and modern. The very first word, the substantive *aa*, for instance, gives the author an opportunity of discussing a point of etymology. In Holland, in Sweden, in Switzerland, *aa* means a river; it is the old Teutonic *aha* and *au*, corresponding to the Gothic *aha*, the Anglo-Saxon *ea*, the Gaelic *abb*. Through the modern Persian *ab*, it can be traced back to the Sanscrit *ap*, *apa*, *avaya*. The Greeks, as we can see in Hesychius, designated an assemblage of waters by the word *aa*. The article Afghanistan is completed by a bibliographical list extending over a column, which gives the most recent authorities in the various European languages. The one on Africa contains a very interesting description of the maps of that continent drawn since the well-known chart of Fra Mauro, drawn between the years 1457 and 1459, in one of the rooms of the library belonging to the Camaldole Monastery at Venice. The *Agau* or *Agauas* of Abyssinia, described by Bruce and M. d'Abbadie, are interesting from the philological as well as the ethnological point of view; the French traveller had noticed that their vocabulary comprised a certain number of words having great affinity with terms expressing the same ideas or objects in the European languages. Further studies have tended to generalize this fact, and to show that at some period there must have been a direct and decided influence exercised by these languages on the idiom of the Agauas.

M. de Saint-Martin's Dictionary has for its natural adjunct an atlas drawn under the superintendence of M. Etienne Colin with almost artistic perfection. The maps of which this atlas consists form three distinct divisions, the most important of which reproduces the geographical and political features of the several countries such as they exist now. With the exception of Turkey, all European States boast of their topographical maps taken from trustworthy and faithful survey; the task of the French draughtsman was limited accordingly on this occasion to the reduction of the original designs, bringing out as clearly as possible all the physical details. In other cases M. de Saint-Martin had at his disposal only the narratives of travellers, local maps, and, in a few instances, some national documents. The labour was then of a more difficult character; our author had to compare and

to combine these various sources of information, selecting what were of chief importance, and endeavouring, amongst sometimes conflicting views, to distinguish the most authentic.

Historical geography could not be neglected, and although d'Anville in this speciality did excellent work a century and a half ago, yet we need scarcely say that the whole subject has since then been completely revolutionized. M. Desjardins brings out this point very strongly in the volume we have already noticed; and the necessity of keeping historical geography *au courant* of the present state of the civilized world has suggested to M. Himly a most valuable work, the first two volumes of which were published a few months ago. The author deals with central Europe, and traces the various political transformations through which Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland have passed since the earliest times. Physical peculiarities, such as the course of rivers and the direction followed by mountain systems, are not always taken in these days as a guide by diplomatists in the determination of frontiers and the grouping together of provinces; but still they were the original boundaries fixed by nature, and at any rate it is important to show what are the resources available in the different political divisions of Europe, and how far the configuration of the soil can account for the vicissitudes of war and the combinations of statesmen. Like M. Reclus and M. Ernest Desjardins, M. Himly has therefore bestowed special attention upon physical geography; the whole of the first book is taken up by it, and many readers will no doubt regard it as the best part of the work. We cannot attempt to follow the learned author through his description of the rise and development of the German Empire, from its humble commencement in the Roman epoch to the establishment of the Confederation. History here becomes very puzzling, and it requires all the learning of a scholar such as M. Himly to thread his way through the intricacies of the mediæval epoch, with its petty rivalries of dukes and counts, margraves and princes. The history of the Austrian monarchy comes next. M. Himly traces it back to its origin, and brings it down to our own times, when Prussia takes its place, and endeavours to realize that ideal of a united Germany which had hitherto seemed impossible. The temptation to introduce in this part of the work allusions to the politics of the day was a very strong one, but M. Himly has resolutely kept within due limits, and he leaves facts to speak for themselves. In the fifth book we are introduced to the vicissitudes of the smaller German States; Switzerland comes next under consideration, and the volume ends with the history of the Netherlands. We see at once what the author's plan is; he considers history from its practical side; he tells us how a war, a treaty, a matrimonial alliance has modified the frontiers of this or that State; he illustrates the map of Europe as it stands now, comments upon it, and discusses the great ethnographical, topographical, and statistical facts which have gradually led to the present arrangement of political communities and to the distribution of power. We may safely say, in conclusion, that the works of MM. Reclus, Desjardins, Vivien de Saint-Martin, and Himly are a sufficient answer to the critics who are still disposed to call in question our neighbours' proficiency in geographical knowledge.

DIAMONDS.*

IN the year 1694 it was discovered by actual experiment at Florence that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III. had one fixed in the focus of a burning-glass, and, after some exposure to the rays of the sun, it cracked, coruscated, and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yielding any scientific results. It was only a sovereign prince who could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting-furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burnt in France. A jeweller named Le Blanc denied the possibility of burning diamonds, and suspected some unfair play on the part of Macquer, the chemist who conducted the operation. He had often, he asserted, exposed diamonds to great heat with the sole result of increasing their brilliancy. Mr. Streeter has done the same with success. But Le Blanc only knew half of what Mr. Streeter knows, and when the chemists demanded that he should enclose some diamonds in coal in a crucible, he rashly assented, and in three hours they had all disappeared. Then another jeweller, Maillard, by name, who seems to have had a suspicion of the scientific truth, put three diamonds into an earthen pipe bowl, packed in powdered charcoal, and exposed them without injury to intense heat. Lavoisier, who was present, proved in 1776 that by shutting out the air the diamond was preserved in a furnace, but that the admission of oxygen, with which the carbon combines, allows the diamond to burn like a piece of coal. Sir Humphry Davy succeeded in proving that the diamond contains no hydrogen; "and," adds Mr. Streeter, "it is almost unnecessary to say that the gas formed from the combustion of Diamonds is carbon-dioxide (carbonic acid Co²), the gas yielded by every fire and gas-burner, and by the combustion of our own bodies; these latter, in the combustion that attends their very living, evolve carbon-dioxide by the lungs, so that the old fable of the maiden

* *Precious Stones and Gems*. By E. W. Streeter. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

from whose lips fell Diamonds may have a really scientific basis after all." This is very pretty, no doubt. But the coalheaver exhales CO^2 as well as the maiden in the fairy tale; and the carbon-dioxide evolved by the London Gas Companies is not of a quality to suggest diamonds, or indeed anything of unusual brilliancy. People who do not find gas sufficiently expensive may learn in Mr. Streeter's pages how to burn diamonds, and can take their choice of two or three methods. As there seems always to be some uncertainty as to the result, a little refreshing excitement might be connected with these experiments, and while they would not cost more than horse-racing, they would generally leave as little behind by way of profit. A burning diamond must be well worth seeing. Guyton de Morveau consumed one in oxygen gas under a burning-glass:—

First he saw on that corner of the Diamond which was in the exact focus of the lens a black point, then the Diamond became black and carbonized. A moment after he saw clearly a bright spark twinkling, as it were, on the dark ground; and when the light was intercepted the Diamond was red (red-hot) and transparent. A cloud now passed over the sun, and the Diamond was more beautifully white than at first; but as the sun again shone forth in its full strength, the surface assumed a metallic lustre. Up to this point the Diamond had sensibly decreased in bulk.

The half-burnt gem was then reprieved for a day or two, but on the resumption of the process disappeared. Fourcroy was able to make a black mark on paper with diamond soot, and there seems to be no doubt that incrusting "black carbon" may be produced in sufficient quantities to be seen, while the dark marks on some diamonds may be removed by intense heat, applied with care, so as not to complete the act of combustion.

How the diamond comes into existence is perhaps a more interesting question than how it may be destroyed. Acids have no effect upon it, so that it may be argued acids did not make it. But most of the answers to the question only remove it a degree further back, and men seem as unable as ever to produce diamonds artificially. To say that they consist of sublimated charcoal is like saying that a net consists of a "series of reticulations." Newton gave it a vegetable origin, Parrot made it volcanic, Goebel electric, and Liebig ascribed it altogether to a process of decomposition, adding "What kind of vegetable substance, rich in hydrocarbons, was that the decomposition of which gave rise to the diamond, and what particular conditions had to be fulfilled in order to crystallize the carbon, are not at present known to us." Mr. Streeter, however, inclines to a different view from any of these. Many puzzling appearances can be explained only on Simmler's theory, which is that the diamond "is the result of the crystallization of carbon from a liquid solution." Carbonic acid in a liquid form may have collected in remote cavities under tremendous pressure, and where it found some pre-existing form of carbon, perhaps coal or another vegetable substance; a sudden abatement of the pressure would account for the existence of the pure carbon sometimes found, while the crystallization of the solution, by the evaporation of the fluid, would sometimes take place instead. By some such theory may be explained the rough rind of the native diamond, the occasional presence of pieces of quartz enclosed, the peculiar form of a white stone from which a yellow one appears to grow, and the finding, by Tavernier, in the cavity of a large diamond, of some black carbonaceous matter which was pronounced to be vegetable mud. As to the possibility of making diamonds Mr. Streeter does not give us much information, though he by no means denies it; but, if carbon is to be crystallized, the process would probably be so long, so difficult, and so seldom successful, that the artificial would cost as much as the natural stones. Crystals of boron have many of the properties of the diamond, but can be made only very small in size, and of no commercial value.

It is not very easy to make out which is the largest diamond now in existence. Mr. Streeter mentions two as entitled to the honour—the Braganza, in the crown of Portugal, and one which belongs to the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. The Portuguese jewel is of doubtful quality. It weighs 1,680 carats, and is the size of a hen's egg, but is believed to be only a white topaz. The Portuguese Government withhold any information on the subject, but if it is genuine it is worth nearly sixty millions sterling, unless Mr. Streeter's printers have made a great mistake. The Borneo gem was found on the island about 120 years ago, and weighs 367 carats. A governor of Batavia is said to have offered 150,000 dollars and two men-of-war for it without success, and though many battles have been fought over it, the Rajah regards it as a talisman, and it is still in possession of the same family. The Orloff diamond in the Russian Imperial sceptre weighs 194½ carats; Catherine II. gave 90,000*l.* for it, and pensioned the merchant who brought it to her at 4,000*l.* a year. It is not out to advantage, and another among the Russian crown jewels, which weighs 86 carats, is but partly cut. It is easy to understand a reluctance to have diamonds cut. The advantages of cutting are not always very plain, while the enormous diminution of weight which commonly ensues affects the public estimation more than the increase of brilliancy. The famous diamond which the Regent Orleans bought from Governor Pitt for 135,000*l.* formerly weighed 410 carats; but was reduced by cutting to 136½. The Duke of Westminster has one which was reduced by cutting from 89 to 28 carats. But the most prominent example of the kind is afforded by the recent history of the Koh-i-noor, which weighed 186 carats when it arrived in this country, and lost 80 by cutting in 1851. Why it was cut at all nobody seems very well able to say, and competent judges deny that its brilliancy has been increased to such an extent as to make up for the loss. Sir David Brewster warned

Prince Albert of the impossibility of improving the lustre without serious diminution of weight; but a foreign diamond merchant thought differently, and, as is usual in England, any opinion on matters of the kind is taken before that of a native. The vulgarity of taste which only admires regularity has deprived the world of many great diamonds, and we shall probably have to wait long before it is universally acknowledged that symmetry is not absolutely necessary to beauty. The ancient regalia of the Visigothic kings in the Hôtel Cluny, the so-called sword of Charlemagne in the Louvre, the ruby in the English crown at the Tower, are not less beautiful because they look a little rough. The great jewel wearers and collectors, the rajahs of India, seldom have their diamonds cut into regular forms, and the Koh-i-noor was no exception. Its history may be traced for nearly two thousand years, and it seems that at some remote period it weighed 793½ carats; but that Shah Jehan had it cut by a Venetian in his service, who contrived to reduce it to the 186 which it weighed when it reached this country.

The most valuable part of Mr. Streeter's book is that which relates to the diamond-producing countries. It seems that about the beginning of 1867 the first stones were found in South Africa, one which weighed upwards of 21 carats having been exhibited in that year at the Paris Exhibition. At present, Mr. Streeter considers South Africa the chief diamond field of the world, and in 1870 he sent out an expedition under Mr. Tobin to explore on the spot. He is of opinion that the crystals were "originally developed in an igneous matrix, belonging probably to that large series of eruptive rocks which have burst forth through the Karoo strata at so many points in South Africa." By denudation the gems have been carried all over the country. Among the largest South African diamonds yet found one weighed rough 83½ carats, and was reduced in cutting to 46½; another weighed, when cut, 60 carats; but the largest of all is the famous "Stewart," which weighed in its rough state nearly two ounces, and of which Mr. Streeter gives a picture. Twenty per cent. of the African diamonds are of the first water, and already the Brazilian mines are beginning to suffer. When the South American colonies first sent diamonds to Europe, the Indian merchants were frightened at the prospect of competition, and the stones used to be sent from Brazil to Goa, and thence home to Portugal as Indian diamonds. Very few large stones have been found. The largest weighed 254 carats before cutting; but in ten thousand specimens it is rare that more than a single stone weighs 20 carats. In all the Brazilian works, two whole years only produced one diamond over 30 carats. The Indian fields appear to be exhausted—in comparison, that is, with those of South Africa; but it may be said of all that scientific knowledge has totally altered the conditions under which the search has been carried on. Mr. Streeter, for instance, prophesies that a diamond-field will be discovered in Queensland, and that the New England district of New South Wales will sooner or later be found to yield stones of paying quality. About sixty have already been found in the gold-fields of Victoria; but few of them have been of good colour or large size. It is difficult for people who have no property in those parts to feel any great interest in the question; a point of far greater importance to mankind being that which relates to the use of "carbonado" for rock-boring. "Carbonado" is pure carbon, and was first used in cutting diamonds, being of extreme hardness. But of late years it has been found so useful in boring that its price has risen from one shilling to eighteen a carat. The stones are fixed in a ring of steel—Mr. Streeter says an "amular ring"—and are pressed down into the rock, while the crown is made to revolve several hundred times in the minute. So hard is the carbonado that a mile of granite can be bored through before the stones are seriously worn.

SEACLIFFE.*

THE author of *Seaclyffe*, in a dedicatory epistle, says that he will be grateful if the Very Rev. John Caird, Principal of the University of Glasgow, does not discover in the work "any instances of violent improbability, glaring anachronism, or culpable ignorance." We do not pretend to any peculiarly intimate knowledge of the period—that of James I.—in which the story of *Seaclyffe* is cast. But, after reading the novel, we do seem to have encountered incidents and characters of a rather unusual and even startling sort. There is so much writing in *Seaclyffe* of a kind which is new to us that we propose to lay a sketch of the plot before our readers, who will then be able to judge for themselves as to the Rev. Dr. Caird's chance of discovering in the work examples of violent improbability or glaring anachronism.

At a period in his glorious reign when James was divided between his fondness for "Steenie" and his affection for Carr, one of the rulers of the Jewish Synagogue in London appeared before the monarch with a petition. We had not been aware that a Jewish Synagogue was tolerated in the time of the British Solomon; but that is a matter of detail. Ezekiel, the petitioner, was got up in phylacteries and other vestments, regardless of expense and of the feelings of a Christian crowd, who seized him when he left the presence, and bore him off to a place near the palace, "where the embers of a fire that had only that morning been employed to burn a heretic were slowly smouldering in the ashes." Ezekiel was rescued by the guard, but vowed "to cut off him that had done this evil" and insult to a ruler of the great congregation. Now in the crowd was a man called Seaclyffe, whose

* *Seaclyffe*. (First Issue.) 3 vols. London: Provost & Co. 1877.

was assisted by his accomplices, and when Ezekiel offered a reward for the detection of his persecutor, it struck Peregrine Potts, a discarded secretary of the Scotch Earl of Seaclyffe, that he might as well denounce that nobleman, and win the reward, with the money he would publish his epic poem, and secure immortality. Potts, who was very poor, and therefore wore "a richly-lowered damask morning-gown," found Ezekiel in rather a bad temper. "He was about to give orders to one of his servants to take Potts down to one of the vaults," when he thought better of it, and listened to his evidence. The poet had forged a letter, in which the malignant Earl addressed him thus:—"Believe me, dear Mr. Potts, yours truly, Seaclyffe," a sentence in which every one will recognize the epistolary style of the period. Meanwhile, the Earl, who had just returned from Egypt to his castle, was awaiting in a great fright his marriage morn. Dinner, which was shared by his cousin, Henry Aubrey, and by Mustapha Effendi, a native of Persia, and one of the many magicians of the story, "took place in a large, arched apartment." "The Earl was unusually dejected," and "was depressed in the extreme." Henry Aubrey only bored him when he "spoke of the pleasures of the Angle or the Chase." "He was lost in reverie, and suddenly springing from his seat exclaimed, 'I see it; it is only, however, what I expected.' 'See what?' inquired Mustapha. 'The Spectre with the Bloody Hand,' replied the Earl. 'It is the evil omen of our house, and has appeared regularly at a marriage fit at least three generations.'"

The spectre kept going out at 11 in, and then the servant brought in the letter-bag. Seaclyffe's betrothed "wrote a hurried line, to say she was well," but had been frightened by an owl. Then there was a threatening letter from Ezekiel, beginning "Nazarone," and another of an extortionate character, from Potts. Thus the eve of the Earl's marriage was even less festive than usual. It now became Ezekiel's interest to get at Henry Aubrey, the heir-presumptive of the Earl. An astrologer had predicted quite a large number of things about this youth, and chiefly that he should involve his mother in some terrible disaster. Now Henry, who had been rather fast, and had "lost heavily on the turf," possessed a dangerous friend named Dr Bellini. The doctor belonged to a secret society for putting down kings and vivisectioning traitors, and somehow contrived that Henry should join that society, and should run up from Scotland to town, to borrow money from Ezekiel. In his absence an event occurred which is best given in the words of the author:—

"Has anything unusual occurred at Ravenstower since I left?" anxiously inquired Henry Aubrey of Dr Bellini, whom he found sitting in the library, with a map of Europe spread out before him at full length.

"Nothing very particular," said Dr Bellini, with his usual air of immobility, "with this exception, that your mother has become immortal."

"My mother dead! how, and when?" inquired Henry Aubrey.

"Do not get excited," said Dr Bellini, "death is as common as life, and probably more to be desired."

"Tell me," said Henry Aubrey, unable to control his rising emotions, "when I was deprived of the only being to whom I was attached upon earth."

"Be calm, and I will relate to you what has happened," said Dr. Bellini.

"I will control myself as far as I am able," said Henry Aubrey, dissolved in tears.

The doctor then explained that Henry's mamma, a somnambulist, had been gadding about in his room, and that he had casually shot her with a pistol:—

"It might have happened to you as well as to myself."

"It might, certainly," said Henry Aubrey. "Still, it is a most melancholy event, and deepens in my mind the impression that I am doomed to be the victim of misfortune. I ought to have told you, before setting out for London, that my mother was a somnambulist. I now see my error."

"You should have informed me of these circumstances," said Dr Bellini. "Had you done so, I should have taken precautions against the melancholy event which has occurred."

"I regret now I did not do so," said Henry Aubrey.

It afterwards appeared, when Mr. Aubrey revived his mother by pricking her hand with a lancet, that Bellini had only drugged, not shot, her. However, she died soon afterwards, while Aubrey's confidence in his friend was unbroken by the melancholy incident. At the funeral the Jew, who had run down from town to Seaclyffe, arrested the body of Aubrey's parent for her son's debt, and, if Lord Seaclyffe had not interfered, the mortal remains of the lady would have been taken to London. The interference increased Ezekiel's fury, because his enforced absence from town—he seems to have missed the express train—cost him "at least five thousand pounds." Shortly afterwards Henry Aubrey disappeared, and was found by the Earl on a desert island inhabited by an interesting anchorite. This hermit, who was the second son of an earl, had in youth wanted to marry a lady whom his relations did not approve of. After some delay, spent by the swain in a private lunatic asylum, the maiden went mad and drowned herself, and the anchorite shot his elder brother—an act which he often thought of afterwards with regret. As he put it himself, not without humour, "But for an unfortunate event, I would have succeeded, at the death of my eldest brother, to the estates and title of my father." After leading a roving life, the Anchorite married, and had a son, who was stolen from him by the villain Ezekiel, who never saw virtue that he did not persecute it. Nevertheless, the Anchorite had hopes of recognizing his offspring should he meet him in after-life—say, in a garden, with a pig-faced lady and a mermaid. "I should know him at once, by what you seldom see—pink-coloured eyes, hair as white as wool, and the figure of a cross impressed by his mother, who was a devout Roman Catholic, on the upper part of his right

arm." The reader must carefully keep in mind the existence of this noble youth.

Henry Aubrey recovered from the effects of his sojourn with the anchorite, and fell in love with the daughter of Ezekiel. The Jew made him promise to secure for his collection "one ounce of the blood, a lock of hair, and half of the heart" of Lord Seaclyffe's only daughter, the alternative being something like the bargain of Shylock. Aubrey was moved. "Of two evils," he said, "I suppose I must choose the least; I agree, but with reluctance, and a solemn protest against the injustice of the act." Not long after this arrangement the Countess of Seaclyffe disappeared. No trace was found of her except a coffin, which was drifted to the shore, "with the words painted on the wood of which it was made, in white letters, 'Died at sea, of a broken heart, the Countess of Seaclyffe.'" Overcome with grief, the Earl, on the recommendation of the false Henry, determined to travel and study archæology. "The Pyramids, of which we know as little now as was known three thousand years ago, might occupy your attention for one year, and, if you should resolve to remain for another, you might endeavour to penetrate the mystery which hangs over the source of the Nile." The Earl, with his work cut out for him, was to set off to anticipate M. Champollion and Sir Samuel Baker, while Henry Aubrey plotted against his infant daughter. But the claims of humanity delayed the Earl. An eccentric woman of genius, a *protégée* of his, was to be hanged for destroying one of her numerous illegitimate children. He stayed in England to resuscitate and rescue her after the execution, and was arrested as a magician. By the help of the woman, Henry Aubrey flattered himself that he had got rid of the henchman of Seaclyffe. He also tried to make a large dog worry the Jew, and he assaulted and nearly strangled an idiot, whom he then shut up in the ice-house of his extravagant establishment. Though apparently successful in these crimes, Henry Aubrey was not happy. The daughter of the Jew refused his hand, and neither imprisonment in a haunted room, nor the excommunication of the Synagogue, nor the incantations of a witch named Jezebel, had any effect on her resolution. Meanwhile the Jew himself had fallen on evil days and evil tongues. He was tortured in a variety of ingenious ways, and would have been actually roasted, which he knew that he could not stand, but for the clemency of King James. At the trial of Seaclyffe for witchcraft, the woman whom he had rescued made a number of compromising statements about the Earl's enemies, and it ended in Seaclyffe's acquittal. What more natural than that he should now at last carry out his plan of foreign travel, and pay a visit to the Dey of Algiers? In the most lovely ornament of the harem of that prince, or rather in the prince's most respected female friend, he recognized his long lost wife, who had never really, as the inscription on her coffin falsely stated, died at sea of a broken heart. On the contrary, she had been spitted away to Algiers by Ezekiel, and there her talents had charmed the leisure of the Dey, a truculent monarch with a taste for poetry and the arts. The feunited pair returned to England, where the Earl chanced to encounter a young man of unusual beauty—an amateur alchemist. "Tall and extremely handsome, nature had given him hair almost of snowy whiteness, and eyes of a pinkish hue, so that any one who saw him once would be sure to recognize him again." Naturally the Earl at once "spotted" the long-lost son of his friend the Anchorite. After this happy encounter all went well. Every one of Henry Aubrey's diabolical designs proved a failure. The dog would not worry the Jew. The idiot whom Henry had assaulted was none the wiser for his sojourn in the ice-house. The heiress of Seaclyffe, contrary to all expectations, turned up alive and was recognized by the fact that she had the mark of a daisy on her arm. "The Countess fainted from excessive joy," while the Anchorite prepared and partook of a simple repast, and every one wept on the bosom of his dear ones. The Jew repented and showed an exemplary contrition, the Anchorite regained his family honours, and his son, the Albino, was married by Mustapha to the daughter of the Earl of Seaclyffe. The reader will ask what became of Henry Aubrey. We regret that we are unable to gratify his natural and even laudable curiosity. * It is enough for us to know that in the bridal dress of the heiress of Seaclyffe "there was nothing either tawdry or pretentious"; and that Mustapha, at the wedding feast, wore an expression "which combined the wisdom of the sage, the resignation of a martyr, and the simplicity of a child." To be sure, it was not his marriage, so it was less hard for him to look resigned. Still a wedding breakfast is a trial, even to an Oriental sage.

The student is now in possession of the main facts in the romance of *Seaclyffe*. It is for him to decide whether the work does not contain one or two touches in which probability has been neglected, and local colouring rather hastily laid on. Without assuming a minute knowledge of a remote historic epoch, we do seem to detect here and there a flaw in the construction of the tale. With a conscientious regard for the bibliophile of the future, the author has announced on the title-page, that this is "the first issue" of his really remarkable publication. The moralist will regret that the writer's sense of poetical justice is so easily satisfied in the case of Henry Aubrey, who really, in spite of his beautiful language, was not at all a good sort of man. The Anchorite, too, is thought none the worse of by society on account of that business of the fratricide, and the Jew is asked to the wedding of the heiress of Seaclyffe, just as the Hebrews are invited to the marriage of Daniel Beronda. He is a nice Jew, this Daniel's friend, but still not at all a respectable character.

The affront offered to Ireland is of a shadowy nature. The other provisions of the Continuance Bill were unopposed, except indeed that Captain NOLAN thought fit to object to the Masters and Servants Bill, on the ground that a new measure ought to have been introduced in the present Session. Saturday morning was, as some of the speakers admitted, devoted exclusively to Irish affairs, though perhaps the choice of an unusual day may be thought to have involved a slight. Objections were as easily made to the principle of coercion as if the Bills had not been contemptuously amalgamated with a mass of uninteresting English measures. It appears that, as might be expected, peaceable persons living under a strict and exceptional law are occasionally subjected to inconveniences for which they receive no equivalent except in the greater security of their persons and property. One member related a touching story of himself and his son, beginning with the bursting of a gun-barrel which could not be sent to Cork for repair until it was taken there by a friendly magistrate. The Inspector of Constabulary could only take charge of the damaged implement when he had occasion to send an escort to Cork. Perhaps he was afraid that otherwise Fenian conspirators might obtain possession of the formidable weapon. The speeches against the Coercion Acts were perhaps not absolutely decisive. Some members referred to the diminution of crimes of violence, and to the satisfactory reports of the Judges of Assize, in proof of the tranquillity of Ireland. The condition of the country has greatly improved during the last two or three years while the exceptional Acts have been in force. It is entirely uncertain whether order would have equally prevailed if there had been no check on the seditious extravagance of the newspapers, and if the population had been allowed to provide themselves with firearms. Some time has probably elapsed since a suspected prisoner has been committed who might, under the ordinary law, have claimed his release by writ of Habeas Corpus. The knowledge that the authorities are armed with sufficient power inspired a wholesome caution. The continuance of the Peace Preservation Act and the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act are the only measures specially affecting Ireland which have been passed during the present Session. The Irish Judicature Bill would, even if it had been pressed, have excited little enthusiasm. Irish lawyers, though they acknowledge the propriety of establishing the same Supreme Court for the whole of the United Kingdom, have for the most part been opposed to the abolition of the judicial functions of the House of Lords. The proposed reduction in the number of Irish Judges was highly unpopular, although Mr. SULLIVAN professes to approve of the project. When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER appealed to the forbearance of Mr. BUTT and his supporters on the ground that a reasonable portion of the Session had been devoted to Irish affairs, he referred to the debates on Home Rule, on the purchase of Irish railways, and on the Irish judicial system, and to other discussions which, however instructive, were utterly barren of result.

The considerable body of Home Rule members who were returned at the general election have on the whole done no discredit to their constituencies. It fortunately happens that neither party had any sufficient motive for bidding for their support, and consequently they have not, like their predecessors in former Parliaments, complicated political calculations by alliances formed for special purposes. On the majority of questions the Home Rule members support the Liberal party, if only because it happens for the present to be in opposition. In former times Mr. DISRAELI repeatedly made overtures for an understanding with the Roman Catholic members; and he might perhaps have ultimately succeeded if his combinations had not been defeated by the imprudence of the late Lord DERBY. Since the date of the Irish Church Bill Mr. DISRAELI has become a zealous Protestant, and his opposition to Rome has recently been stimulated by the unexpected interest shown by the House of Commons in the Public Worship Bill. On every ground Mr. DISRAELI would now be disinclined to court the Irish Roman Catholics; and he is independent of their Parliamentary support. Mr. GLADSTONE has since the first days of the Session absented himself from Irish discussions; but Lord HARTINGTON expressed in the strongest language, and with the apparent approval of his political associates, the firm determination of the party not to tamper with the integrity of the United Kingdom. Left to themselves, the supporters of Home Rule have offered no factious interruption to general business, nor can it be said that they

have occupied an unreasonable space of the time the disposal of Parliament. Mr. BUTT had long been known as a fluent and effective speaker. Mr. SULLIVAN has in his first Session displayed considerable oratorical power. There is no reason to expect that during the continuance of the present Parliament the cause of Home Rule will be materially advanced; but its promoters have done their cause no injury. In the division on Mr. BUTT's motion for Home Rule they attained the estimated number of sixty votes; and they ascertained that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, they have nothing to hope from any alliance with English or Scotch Liberals of an extreme type. Only a few candidates in Great Britain condescended at the last election to bid for the votes of the Irish population in large towns by promising to join in the agitation for the dismemberment of the Empire. Not one among the scanty number ventured to speak in favour of Mr. BUTT's motion.

The most exciting debates of the Session have had little interest for Irish Roman Catholics. The Public Worship Bill affected them as little as the Bill for abolishing patronage in the Scotch Church, and the Endowed Schools Commission had exercised no jurisdiction in Ireland. The most gratifying result of the Session to the more far-seeing Home Rule members probably consists in the failures and disasters which have befallen the Government, though they have enjoyed a partial triumph in their opposition to the Continuance Bill, and also in the exhibition on Thursday night of a pertinacity especially congenial to their feelings. The Conservative majority is still unbroken; but there are symptoms of divisions in the party, if not among the Ministers themselves. The official promoters of the measures which have been withdrawn acquiesce only ostensibly and under compulsion in the disappointment of their hopes. Notwithstanding the great advantages with which he commenced the Session, and the disorganization of the Liberals during the prolonged absence of their leader, Mr. DISRAELI has not hitherto succeeded in making use of the power with which he was entrusted by the country. Advocates of Home Rule and of other mischievous innovations are beginning to recover courage in the anticipation of another political change which may restore their power of deciding the conflicts of evenly-balanced parties.

THE WORSHIP BILL IN COMMITTEE.

ONLY a courageous man could venture to sum up the final character of the ARCHBISHOPS' Bill until it has come up again to the Lords and back to the Commons. But enough has taken place in the Lower House to show that it will very certainly disappoint both the hopes and the fears with which its friends and its foes received its first proclamation by the hand of the "clever fellow." It was unblushingly brought in as a measure to put down what is called Ritualism by prelates whose official responsibility ought to have been a guarantee for their restraining rather than inflaming popular prejudice against undefined classes of clergymen, some of whom, as the ARCHBISHOPS well knew, were only Ritualists in the language of excited Puritanism, while others were men whose wayward extravagances were qualified by conspicuous self-sacrifice in the discharge of their pastoral office. In the hands of the Commons it has become an engine to enable an irresponsible Episcopate to enforce a hard and obsolete, not to say impossible, compliance with the Act of Uniformity upon all the clergy of the land, in disregard of moderating considerations of local circumstance and charitable common sense. This is as far as it goes a gain. The Bill in its earlier form of partial persecution might have worried out of the Established Church a party which has, at all events, the merit of possessing no small proportion of the learning and the devotion with which the Establishment can as a whole be credited, while the Puritan and latitudinarian residua would have soon learnt that if ever a threefold cord is unluckily broken, the weakened strands are unable to resist the slightest tension. As it now stands, it torments impartially, and, considering that the cuticles which can least resist the stings of parishioners who are not only aggrieved but rubrical are those of the votaries of the Church Association, we imagine that the Bill will not have very long become a reality before some of its warmest friends will gladly welcome a *modus vivendi* such as Convocation has undertaken to provide during the coming year.

This condition of things has been reached from peculiarities attaching to the composition of the House of

heterogeneous Conservative majority which are only just straggling into prominence, but which will probably assert themselves before the term of the Parliament has run. Mr. GRADSTONE's capricious and unexpected dissolution naturally produced a general scramble after seats on the principle of "first come first served," so that while in all likelihood the relative proportions of the parties were not much affected by the *coup d'état*, the antecedents of individual members were more local than would have been the case had there been a longer time to select candidates. On the whole Puritanism made no very conspicuous figure on the hustings except in one district. Lancashire Toryism having long taken "No Irish need apply" as its motto, its political religion has become conspicuously Protestant after the model not of the Prayer-book, but of Exeter Hall. So long as the Conservatives were out, the Lancashire squadron shared in the modest labour of making up minorities; but now that the party to which it belongs is on the SPEAKER's right hand, the hard-headed men, in whom great natural shrewdness contends with narrow education and provincial prejudice, have affected towards Toryism the attitude which the Irish, the Scotch, and the philosophic cliques successively assumed in regard to Liberalism. Their vehemence in pushing this Bill to a second reading carried with them the rank and file of country gentlemen, who are certainly not Ritualists, but who as a body as little accept Puritanism. These, however, were, so far as they acted consciously, animated by an honest, though contracted, idea of rigorously maintaining positive law, and it was not long before, in opposition to their Northern taskmasters, they carried words enacting that defect of ornament and vesture should be as unlawful as its excess. The concession is threatened on the Report, but anyhow the fact of its having been carried in the Committee must tell, while its excision would brand the Bill with a fatal mark of insincerity. Mr. DISRAELI has characteristically been sitting dumb during the Committee and waiting to see which side appeared most immediately popular. The lungs at all events of Lancashire prevailed, and he now walks a man of God hardly inferior in sanctity even to Lord PALMERSTON. If we could suppose that this alliance was likely to be permanent, we should anticipate difficulties for the vexed Establishment; but we can hardly imagine that a party who are at all events high-spirited and generous, and to whom the dogmatism of Lancashire politics has long been intolerable, while they had only to vote against it, will submit to its dictation now that it has mounted the Orange cockade and claims to rule their actions.

The discordant impulses under which the majority pressed the Bill on Tuesday evening manifested themselves in a rampant display of incredible inconsistency. Somewhat early in the debate the Committee hampered the wholesome discretion of quashing vexatious proceedings, which the Bill as it stood reserved to the Bishop, by creating an appeal to the Archbishop which was at once insulting to the suffragans generally, whom it stamped as unworthy of ordinary confidence, and also provocative of all the petty irritations in which ill-conditioned parishioners are invited to indulge at absolutely no personal expense. The Committee which had thus branded the Bishops of England as men unfit to walk alone was at the close of its proceedings called upon to consider the only one thing wanted to complete the absolute impartiality of the remedy which the Bill professed to apply to the disorders of the Church. All churches without exception—parish churches, cathedrals, abbeys, and college chapels—have been dragged into its clutches; all priests and deacons, from the Deans of Canterbury and Westminster to the curate of six weeks' standing, are amenable to its monitions and deprivations. Only the Bishops—men who have never been taxed with any superfluous regard for rubrics, and whom the Committee had just pronounced unworthy to be left in enjoyment of discretion over the prosecution of frivolous suits—had no place in the otherwise all-inclusive system. Accordingly, a clause was moved to enforce rubrical conformity upon the Bench by provisions founded *mutatis mutandis* on the remaining Bill. All at once the men who had previously been snubbing the united body of suffragans burst out—the proposal could not be serious, it was degrading the rulers of the Church, Bishops could not do wrong, the Bill would be lost, and so on—and the suggestion was rejected by a majority not much less than the one which crippled episcopal discretion. Mr. DISRAELI voted with the majority, Mr. HARDY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE,

and Lord JOHN MANNERS with the minority, while the Lancashire phalanx was on both occasions upon the winning side.

This display of unfairness was almost sublime in its effrontery, but the ruling clique had already exhibited a petty and ignorant jealousy which was in its way equally instructive. The Bill, as it went into Committee, concluded with a clause of exemptions, in which, with other places of worship which could not plead the same positive claims, the College chapels and University churches of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham were recited. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—forgetful that while a member at Oxford he is a Professor at Cambridge—burst into one of those declamatory appeals to Puritan suspicion in which he has lately been shining, and Lord SAXON capped the stilted acrimony of the front Opposition Bench. The claim for the exemption of the Universities was nothing less than statutory. The University Tests Act of 1871, while providing for the maintenance of Church of England worship in the chapels, lays down that, in spite of the Act of Uniformity (which it recites), the visitor may sanction the adoption by the College authorities on week days of a service "selected" or adapted from that of the Prayer-book, while the Shortened Services—or more properly Act of Uniformity Amendment—Act of the following year particularly refers to, in order to confirm, this provision. Dr. BALL attempted to show that the College chapels got nothing more from the University Tests Act than that which the Act of the year after conferred on all parish churches; but his argument rested on a misapprehension. The Shortened Services Act lays down specific omissions which, and which alone, a clergyman may make in the prescribed order of morning and evening prayer, while he is bound to observe the regulated sequence of parts. The Universities Act permits the authorities of each College to rearrange the *disjecta membra* of the services according to their own discretion. As to the University churches, every one knows that a main feature of the Oxford or Cambridge Sunday is the University sermon, with the short and specific service with which it is accompanied. But there were even deeper objections to the rejection of the clause. At present there is no machinery to work the Bill in any College chapel; while it would be difficult to construct any which should be consistent with its principles of encouraging congregational objections, and which should not either set up students as delators of the authorities under whom they were placed, or proceed on the assumption that their souls were worth less than those of graduates. Besides, the chapels are, as Mr. HENRY pointed out, of a private character, and the Universities themselves had unequivocally expressed the value they set on the exemption. All these reasons were pressed, but the Lancashire members would see nothing in the clause except a deliberate attempt to practise unlawful rites on the part of institutions about which it was pretty clear that they know little and cared less, and, as on other divisions, they led the large proportion of the House into their lobby. The natural sequel of this heedless legislation is that Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY has to encumber the Bill on the Report with a perfectly useless and unworkable, but not less vexatious, clause, which is intended to bring the chapels of the Colleges and of the Inns of Court within its scope by substituting visitors for bishops, and graduates or barristers for parishioners.

THE DEBATE ON DISSOLUTION.

THE result of Wednesday's debate in the French Assembly was so well ascertained beforehand that no considerable speaker seems to have troubled himself to take part in it. It is probable that the present Assembly will stay where it is until its departure is gently accelerated by external pressure. Public and private motives alike prompt a majority of the deputies to this course. The Assembly has had very good reason to be ashamed of itself, and representative bodies in this position are naturally slow to face their constituents. No matter which theory is adopted as to the charge committed to the Assembly in 1871, the deputies will equally be found wanting. If we say, with the Republicans, that it was elected to make peace with the Germans and to provide for the burdens which the acceptance of peace involved, it has clearly stayed beyond its time, and wandered off into discussions with which it had, properly speaking, no business to meddle. If we say, with

the Monarchists, that it was elected to decide between Monarchy and the Republic, and to rejoice the heart of every true Frenchman by restoring him to the loving arms of a legitimate King, it has equally failed in its duty. The one thing that it has done is a thing that could by no possibility have been foreseen at the time of the election. It has created the Septennate. Even then it has liked its own creation so little that it has refused to go on with the work. These are not the antecedents which make the prospect of dissolution pleasant. To have done that which you were never bidden to do, and to have left undone that which you were bidden to do, is good material for a general confession, but election addresses ought to take a less penitential strain. It does not require much modesty to teach a deputy who feels that absolutism is all that he can ask, and more than he deserves, that his re-election is very improbable; and country life in France is not so amusing that men who have left it behind for the first and last time should be anxious to make their stay at Versailles any shorter than it need be. The daily debates yield some excitement, and the mere thought that he is somebody, even though it be only one among 750 somebodies, is a pleasant change to a man who before 1871 had never dreamed that such a distinction was reserved for him. Public grounds for dreading a dissolution are not so completely wanting but that a deputy who dislikes being candid with himself may easily find another explanation for voting against the proposal. After all, nobody can certainly predict what sort of people the new deputies may be, and to entrust the future of France to men about whom all that we know is that nothing can be known would be an act of great rashness. Of course the deputies who rely on this argument forget that to leave the future of France in the hands of men who have proved that they are quite unfit to have such a trust committed to them is an act of equal or greater rashness. But it is not easy to convince timid people that inaction may be as dangerous as action, or that when the tide is rising a boat may be safer than a rock. The present Assembly does not mean to do any mischief, and this is more than can be said of any future Assembly. There is great persuasive force about a statement of this kind, and in various forms it makes the staple of most of the reasoning against an appeal to the country.

A more interesting question than the probability of the Assembly dissolving of its own free will is the probability of its being compelled to dissolve by a hint from Marshal MACMAGON. In his speech on Wednesday the new MINISTER of the INTERIOR resorted to the expedient, so well known to mothers, of taking for granted that the deputies were going to be good children and do just what they were told. They have been a little fractious lately, it is true, and have made wry faces at the Septennate whenever that necessary, but untempting, dose has been offered them. But this is quite accounted for by the heat of the weather—always a disturbing element in large nurseries—and General CHABAUD LATOUR feels sure, or says that he feels sure, that when the summer is over the Assembly will return with a firm determination to spend the winter afternoons profitably. On reassembling, my dears, we shall discuss the constitutional laws, and there will, I am convinced, be a sufficient number of good children among you to pass them in a shape adapted to the interests of the country. Your father and I advise you to take your usual rest, and by way of holiday task to ascertain the wishes of your constituents. On your return you will be disposed—this is a point on which no doubt can be permitted for a moment—to pass laws designed to “give the MARSHAL additional strength, and to produce that “calm indispensable both to those who work and those “who wait.” What those last words—which suggest that General CHABAUD LATOUR has lately been studying MILTON’S sonnets—precisely mean is not obvious, but the general drift of the Minister’s speech is plain enough. The Assembly has pledged itself to give Marshal MACMAGON certain additional powers. The MARSHAL expected that this pledge would have been fulfilled before the prorogation; but he is willing to give the Assembly another chance of life by extending the time allowed it to make good its promise. If the Septennate is organized next winter the MARSHAL will be satisfied, and with this intimation he dismisses the deputies to their homes. When they come back to Versailles they will know what the work to be done is, and that the only alternative open to them is to do it themselves or to find a way for those who will do it. If

they choose the first, and pass the constitutional laws in a shape agreeable to the MARSHAL, all will go well. There will be no dissolution, and France may rest content under an Assembly which, if it does not represent its constituents, at least knows what is good for them better than they do themselves. If the constitutional laws are again postponed or defeated, the Government will have no difficulty in getting rid of the Assembly. The minority in favour of a dissolution is large enough to be converted into a majority by the mere addition of the Cabinet and their immediate supporters, and even if it were not so, no party would like to incur the discredit of seeming afraid to meet the electors when once Marshal MACMAGON has declared that the time has come for them to do so.

The question whether there will be a dissolution after the recess resolves itself therefore into the question whether it is possible to construct a majority in the present Assembly in favour of organizing the Septennate. There are only two ways in which this object can be attained. One is to organize the Septennate pure and simple—to return, that is, to the old Right Centre idea; the other is to organize it in conjunction with the Republic—to adopt, that is to say, the Left Centre idea. It would probably be possible to secure a working majority in favour of the latter scheme provided that the Government would support it. But then there is nothing to show that the Government is prepared to support it. Marshal MACMAGON apparently holds that he is equally bound to prevent the Republicans from stealing a march on the Monarchists, and the Monarchists from stealing a march on the Republicans. So long as he adheres to this view he cannot vote for, or even remain neutral on, the CASTAINE-PÉRIER or any similar proposal, and the Republicans are not strong enough in the Assembly to carry their point without the aid, still less against the opposition, of the Government. What the MARSHAL himself would probably like would be to reunite the old Conservative majority, and vote a Constitution identical with that which the Duke of BROGLIE was unable to carry. The *Times*’ Correspondent makes a statement which is ominous of failure as regards this scheme. The Legitimists, he says, are determined to make one more effort to restore the COMTE of CHAMBORE, and they will make it during the coming recess. Now the old Conservative majority cannot be reconstructed without the Legitimists, and the principal occupation of the Duke of BROGLIE for some time to come will be to convince them that it is their best policy to act once more with the Right Centre. What chance will such a tame suggestion as this have with men who are already engaged in the exciting business of scheming for the last time to effect a Restoration? While this latter plan is in the air the Duke of BROGLIE will talk to deaf ears and preoccupied hearts. When this project has again been defeated the counsels of the Right Centre will be more distasteful than ever to the Legitimists. They will be accusing the Orleanists of treachery to the Monarchical cause, of self-satisfied interference with the plans of their lawful sovereign, of a disloyal determination to subject HENRY V. to restrictions which would have been rejected by the greatest of his ancestors, and were only assented to by the most unfortunate of them. Men who bring these charges in earnest are not easily won over to co-operation with the men against whom they bring them. The Legitimists will not have even a second vote to give to the Septennate: they will probably hold that even the most extreme Republican is a more respectable, because a more open, foe than an Orleanist. Consequently when the Assembly meets again their hostility will be even more pronounced than it has been this Session. The misdeeds of the Orleanists will be fresher in their recollection, and their determination to tempt any dangers rather than accept safety at the hands of the Right Centre will be proportionately resolute. So far, therefore, as it is possible to forecast what will happen three months hence in France, it seems likely that Marshal MACMAGON, finding himself hemmed in by the Republic on one hand and a Restoration on the other, will try what a dissolution will do to help him out of his dilemma. He has more faith in the Septennate than most of his countrymen, and he may perhaps be genuinely convinced that a general election would return him a more manageable Assembly.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE proposed Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States will probably be eventually concluded, although the Senate has, perhaps for the purpose of proclaiming its indifference, adjourned without taking the project into consideration. In a certain sense it is an anomaly that a dependency should negotiate an important treaty with a foreign Power; nor can any Reciprocity Treaty fail, at least in the first instance, to be injurious to English commerce. It may nevertheless probably be expedient to acquiesce in the proposed arrangement, and even to take part in the negotiations, as far as may be necessary for the removal of diplomatic difficulties. Canada is loyal to England, on the well-understood condition that the colony is never to make a sacrifice for the benefit of the mother-country. If the Canadians think that free commercial intercourse with the United States is indispensable to their prosperity, it would be difficult to prevent their acceptance of conditions which may be injurious to England and even to themselves. It is uncertain whether the whole North American Continent may not at some future time be united in a single Confederation; but few Englishmen desire to accelerate the union. Any attempt to obstruct the establishment of Free-trade between Canada and the United States would furnish a powerful and plausible argument for the annexation which the majority of American politicians hold to be inevitable. By a curious inconsistency Protectionists in the United States, as in Russia, are at all times willing to remove further and further off the barrier which is to exclude foreign competition. The same Congress which maintains distinctive duties on imported commodities would gladly institute Free-trade with neighbouring countries on a condition that they should be included within the dominions of the Union. The popular opinion on proposals for reciprocity will be mainly influenced by the light in which a close commercial connexion with Canada may be regarded. After the close of the war, the former Reciprocity Treaty was denounced by the Federal Government in resentment of the impartiality or Confederate sympathy which was attributed to the colonists. The American manufacturers probably stimulated the feeling which found vent in the rupture of commercial intercourse, but the measure was due rather to national passion than to selfish calculation. A renewal of the treaty may perhaps now be made popular as a commencement of the process which is to detach Canada from the English Empire. The effect of commercial relations in facilitating political union has received a striking illustration in Germany. The States which formed the Zollverein had become accustomed to the supremacy of Prussia long before the establishment either of the Northern Confederacy or of the more recent Empire. It is not proposed by the promoters of the Reciprocity Treaty that Canada and the United States should agree on a common tariff, but one of the objects of the American negotiators is to discourage the importation of English goods into Canada as well as into the States. Hereafter it is not improbable that the inland Custom Houses will be altogether abolished.

The authors of the Washington Treaty gave the first impulse to the present movement by opening the Canadian fisheries to the citizens of the United States in return for a similar privilege allowed to Canadians in American waters. As it happened that the Canadian fisheries were valuable and the New England fisheries almost worthless, it was provided that a money payment to the Canadian Government should form part of the consideration. Rights of passage were at the same time granted over the ship canals on either side of the St. Lawrence; and the details of the arrangements both as to the fisheries and the canals were referred to future negotiation. By the projected treaty the money payment is to be remitted in consideration of the commercial advantages of reciprocity; and both Canada and the United States agree to improve their respective canals so as to connect for joint use the upper waters of the great lakes with the sea. The object of the agreement seems to be laudable; and it must be presumed that the Canadian negotiators will take care that their rights and liabilities are fairly balanced. It is for the general interest that all land and water highways should be freely open for the use of all nations. If two neighbouring communities, accustomed to daily unrestricted intercourse, become in the end unconscious of the imaginary line by which they are separated it is not in the power.

nor is it for the interest, of England to prevent a virtual union which may perhaps afterwards assume a more formal shape. Yet it is a cause for reasonable regret that ignorance and prejudice should render it necessary for Canada and the United States to provide artificially for an intercourse which, but for vicious laws, would be independent of diplomacy. The Reciprocity Treaty is not an unqualified advance in sound commercial policy. As far as Canada is concerned, Free-trade with the United States implies distinctive duties on English trade, to be either directly or indirectly imposed. Since the abolition of the former Reciprocity Treaty Canada has been induced to cultivate foreign commerce; and the experiment has been so successful that the Dominion is, after England and the United States, the first of existing communities in the magnitude of its commercial marine. The duties on imports, although they are improperly high, have been for the most part imposed for the legitimate purpose of revenue, although, like all new countries, Canada bankers after the imaginary independence which is supposed to be secured by the establishment of native manufactures. According to the terms of the proposed treaty all Canadian produce is after a certain interval of time to be admitted into the United States free of duty; and consequently the temptation to cultivate and to protect domestic manufactures will be increased in the proportion which the American market bears to that of the Dominion. If the plan is adopted, English products will still be liable to heavy duties on the American frontier, while similar articles made in Canada will be entitled to free admission. It will become the interest of Canadian dealers to prefer domestic manufactures; and eventually perhaps the American tariff may be applied to sea-borne goods entering Canadian ports. The liberality of the American Government may be explained by the backward state of manufacturing industry in Canada. If the United States manufacturers should find themselves able both to undersell their neighbours and to exclude the productions of European competitors, they will justly applaud the acuteness of their diplomatic representatives.

As English interests are not likely to be regarded by the negotiators on either side, it may be prudent to accept without reluctance an arrangement which will in some respects be beneficial both to Canada and to the United States. The monopoly of the fisheries concerns the Canadians alone; and while it was not likely to be given away without an equivalent, it was a dangerous though valuable possession. American fishermen were incessantly poaching in Canadian waters, and successive Secretaries of the State Department were ingenious in discovering legal excuses for the trespasses which were committed by their fellow-citizens. It was never easy to come to an agreement as to the measurement of the limit of three miles which bounds the appropriated marine territory. One party demanded that the boundary should follow every indentation of the coast; while the Canadians wished that the line should be drawn from headland to headland. If a Canadian cruiser seized an intrusive fishing-boat the commander of the nearest American ship of war was generally ready to remonstrate, and occasionally to threaten recourse to force. It was not a gratifying reflection that, among the many concessions by which the Treaty of Washington was purchased, the English plenipotentiaries had surrendered the Canadian fisheries. If the American fishermen are admitted to share in the fisheries by the provisions of a local Reciprocity Treaty, no reasonable objection can be made to the free disposition of property by its undoubted owners. When at some distant time political majorities in the United States learn the rudiments of political economy, Reciprocity Treaties will become obsolete. In the meantime, while Canada will suffer by any augmentation of the tariff on sea-borne goods, the advantage of the treaties to the United States will be almost unmixed. The mischief of a Protectionist policy varies inversely with the area in which it is practised. The North American States constitute a little world of their own which will be doubled in extent by the inclusion of the Canadian Dominion. The French provinces before the Revolution, and the little German States before the establishment of the Customs Union, were debarred from commercial intercourse with their immediate neighbours. The Pennsylvanian ironmasters are compelled to content themselves with the exclusion of England and Belgium from equal competition. If Canadian minerals should be worked on a large scale, American producers must be prepared for equal contest. They are probably fitted in the

hard to attach discredit to Marshal MACMAHON for the conduct of inferiors whose names he has never heard. But there is no getting over the fact that strong Governments have a way of inspiring dread in their most distant subordinates, and that, when this sentiment is markedly wanting, it is a fair inference that the qualities which are supposed to create it are wanting also. Indeed, it matters but little whether the inference is fair or unfair; for, whichever it is it will not be the less drawn. Marshal MACMAHON'S Government may be the victim, as regards M. BAZAINE, of undeserved misfortune, but the opinion which Frenchmen will form of it will certainly be less compassionate. They will be inclined to say that a Government which cannot obtain from the Legislature the powers that it has itself declared to be essential, which cannot control the strife of parties or find a single politician willing to take office under it, and which in two conspicuous instances has proved itself unable to keep its prisoners under lock and key, must be a very weak Government indeed. This is not exactly the character with which it will be convenient for Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers to meet the Assembly next November.

There is another view that may be taken of M. BAZAINE'S escape which, though certainly untrue, may not for that reason be the less injurious to the Government. Frenchmen are naturally suspicious, and treachery is the explanation which most often suggests itself when any misfortune happens to them. The Government has been suspected of Bonapartist tendencies before now, and it is not unlikely that this suspicion will fasten itself with increased intensity upon the facts that the leading Bonapartist general has been condemned to death, has had his sentence commuted, has been treated with remarkable leniency during his imprisonment, and has finally been allowed to escape. Of course no one whose judgment is worth considering will come to this conclusion, but then the mass of every nation is composed of persons whose judgments are individually not worth considering. It is not the real evidences of complicity with a political party that make most impression on them, but some superficial symptom which strikes their fancy as having some occult meaning which never belonged to it. There was a time when to have been suspected of Bonapartist leanings would have been the worst fate that could have befallen a French Government, but this cannot be said now. It is not at all clear that the charge of conniving at M. BAZAINE'S escape, even if it is generally believed by the more ignorant part of the population, will make Marshal MACMAHON'S Government unpopular. It is quite possible that the effect of it may be to strengthen the belief that the Empire will some day be restored, that Marshal MACMAHON foresees this as clearly as other people, and that he is shaping his conduct accordingly. This is the sort of impression which Bonapartist agents ought to be able to make a good deal of, and, if they come upon any traces of it, they may be trusted not to let the occasion go unimproved. It is just possible that this state of things may somewhat alter the attitude of the Government towards the Left Centre. The composition of the present Cabinet is supposed to be strongly anti-Imperialist, and the suspicion of Bonapartism will consequently be one of which the Ministers will be extraordinarily impatient. In this frame of mind they will be disposed to look about them for some means of convincing the country of its blunder. Measures of administrative severity will hardly serve their purpose, partly because the Bonapartist agents will have sense enough to be exceedingly careful not to give the authorities any excuse for taking steps against them, and partly because proceedings of this kind are very easily represented as being mere blunders. The measure which would most dash the reviving hopes of the Imperialists would be the establishment of a genuinely Conservative Republic; and if the MARSHAL and his Cabinet should see this at the eleventh hour, they may be inclined to revive M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER'S motion in order completely to dissociate themselves from a system which they dislike even more than they dislike the Republic.

If any lingering hopes of reconstructing the old Conservative majority have survived the Session, they must be destroyed by a remarkable outspokenness of the Legitimists. They have insisted on dragging the extraordinary humility of the Right Centre into the full light of day. Whatever other faults this party may possess, it is certainly singularly free from undue sensitiveness. Every time that it has been smitten it has turned the other cheek to the assailant, and asked for the agony of a second blow. There is, we sup-

pose, a point at which even an Orleanist would turn, but where that point is has not been discovered. The Extreme Right have done their best to find it out, but as yet each new insult has only provoked a fresh act of submission. The last turn of the roller has been administered by M. BÉNAZET, the President of a "Congress" of provincial Royalist newspapers. In a letter to his brother editors he sets out at length the occasions on which the policy of the Right Centre has been thwarted by the Extreme Right. He goes back to the end of April, when the same journalists dared to set up the banner of France in the presence of the men who had rejected their King because he had refused to accept the banner of the Revolution. He reminds his colleagues that at the very time when the Duke of Broglie was preparing to organize the Septennate, they conjured the Royalist deputies not to vote any of the constitutional laws which the Ministry were about to submit to them, and that fifteen days later the Duke of Broglie fell through the action of the Extreme Right. Notwithstanding this, the Government of Marshal MACMAHON did not renounce the idea of organization. The President of the Republic appeared on the scene in person. Then followed in quick succession, the review with the Order of the Day, the imperative Message, the orders carried by M. DE BOURGEOIS to the Commission of Thirty, the suspension of the Union. All this parade came to nothing, owing to the constancy of the Extreme Right. The Government, continues M. BÉNAZET, has been driven to take refuge in an adjournment which it had at first refused. It has covered its retreat by an attack upon the Republic, but every victory gained over the Republic is a victory for the Extreme Right. By forcing Marshal MACMAHON to quarrel with the Republicans, they have destroyed the best chance that the Septennate had of establishing itself. This analysis of the second half of the late Session has the merit of being entirely true. M. BÉNAZET claims no praise for his friends to which they are not justly entitled. The labours of the Assembly have come to nothing because the deputies of the Extreme Right have so determined. They have willed that no constitutional laws should be passed, and none have been passed. They have willed that the Duke of Broglie should cease to be Minister, and he has been turned out of office. They have willed that no more business should be done this Session, and General DE CISEY has become suddenly convinced of the Assembly's need for repose. The power of the Extreme Right is beyond dispute. Every other party in the Assembly has been obliged to see its wishes go unfulfilled. The Republicans cannot organize the Republic, the Right Centre cannot organize the Septennate. But the Extreme Right, which was equally bent upon defeating both proposals, has been able to defeat both.

It must be clear, one would think, to the least intelligent member of the Right Centre that a party which expresses itself in this way, just at the moment when the Duke of Broglie is about to move heaven and earth to bring the Right Centre and the Extreme Right into agreement, is absolutely resolved to make no concessions. The temper of the Legitimists has become more unbending in proportion as their hopes have grown fainter. They never had less chance than they have now of placing the Count of CHAMBORED on the throne, and they never were less inclined to offer practicable terms to the allies without whose co-operation their prospects can never be any better than they are. It seems incredible that the Right Centre can long go on expecting to change a determination which only grows stronger under adverse circumstances. Perhaps the cessation of these hopes may lead the party to support Marshal MACMAHON if he should be induced by other considerations to make a move in the direction of the Republic.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

NEARLY all the great English Companies have announced their dividends for the half-year; and the prospects of shareholders will not be rendered more cheerful by the forthcoming Reports of the Scotch Companies. The collective loss, as compared with the corresponding periods of 1872 and 1873, is heavy, though the decline had been anticipated. The dividends of the most prosperous lines, such as the North-Eastern, the North-Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Midland have fallen by an average amount of 1½ per cent. per annum. As the ordinary stock of these four Companies exceed 80,000,000, the income of the proprietors for the half-year

is reduced by 500,000*l.* The dividends on Preference Stock and the interest on Debenture Stock are of course unaffected by the stagnation of traffic and the increase of working expenses. Less flourishing Companies suffer in a much larger proportion. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company pays at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on 4,000,000*l.* of ordinary stock; the North Staffordshire Company at 1 per cent. on more than 3,000,000*l.* In both cases a small diminution of receipts would have left the shareholders without an income, and would perhaps have prevented full payment of the preference dividends. The Great Eastern Company pays no dividend on upwards of 8,000,000*l.* of stock; and a part of the preference dividend has not been paid. The needier class of proprietors will suffer severe hardship; and if the depression continues, the railway service will certainly not be improved. Shareholders will derive faint consolation from the probable suspension of the popular clamour to which they are subjected during seasons of prosperity. It can scarcely be expected even by railway theorists that lines should be unnecessarily doubled at a moment when the capital already expended produces little or no return. The Board of Trade itself will perhaps be inclined to reconsider its approval of the proposal that all existing tariffs shall, as Mr. Warr lately suggested, be summarily abolished, to be replaced by rates arbitrarily fixed by the Railway Commissioners. The Legislatures of some of the Western American States lately attempted to violate in the same manner the conditions on which capitalists have provided for the public benefit the means of railway construction. It may be hoped that the Parliament of the United Kingdom is not prepared for a similar confiscation of property merely because it happens to be held in shares and not in bulk. Railway proprietors have no right to complain of the vicissitudes which attend their speculation; but when their pockets are empty they are, according to the Latin adage, entitled to sing in the presence of the would-be robber at the Board of Trade or elsewhere. The tradition of liberality and efficiency is so fully established among directors and railway managers that much provocation and discouragement will be required before they can be induced to reduce the standard of accommodation to a Continental level; but railway reformers ought to remember that there are limits to the endurance of shareholders who receive 1 per cent. on their investments. On the other side, Railway Boards would be well advised to anticipate legislative interference by abandoning some practices which are the more perverse because they are wholly unprofitable. There is no reason why railway tickets should not be obtainable at any time which may suit the convenience of passengers; and in many cases neighbouring Companies might time their trains to run one another more conveniently than at present. Various drawbacks to the admirable organisation of the English railway system produce a prejudice altogether disproportionate to their number and magnitude.

Although trade and manufacturing industry have thus far shown few indications of recovery, some of the causes which have produced a diminution of railway dividends already tend to disappear. The cost of steel rails has fallen from 17*l.* to 11*l.* per ton; and the cost of iron rails from 11*l.* to 8*l.* The whole difference in price is not a clear gain to Railway Companies, because the value of the old iron is diminished in the same proportion; but the excessive price of iron and steel has been one considerable element of the recent increase in working expenses. The reduction in the price of coal will affect for the first time the expenditure of the current half-year, for nearly all the Companies had unavoidably bound themselves by contracts which have only now expired. The contracts which are now in force are probably founded on a reduction of not less than 50 per cent. The weekly expenditure of the large Companies on coals is so large that some of them will save from 2,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* per week by the diminution on prices. A saving of 3,000*l.* is equivalent to an increase of 6,000*l.* in the weekly traffic returns, because the gross receipts are subject to a deduction of 50 per cent. for working expenses. As the whole benefit of reduction in the price of coal will accrue in solvent Companies to the ordinary shareholders, they may reasonably expect for the next year an average increase of 1 per cent. in their dividends. Although it can scarcely be expected that the price of coal will revert to its former level, there is no reason to apprehend an early return of the dearth of 1873. The enormous profits made at that time by coalowners gave a strong

impulse to mining enterprise, and in many places preparations have been made for bringing the coal of the deeper seams for the first time into the market. The capital which has already been expended on new pits affords a guarantee that within two or three years the supply will be largely increased; and there is no reason for expecting a corresponding addition to the demand. Even if the iron trade resumes its former activity, the abnormal disturbance of the price of coal will probably not be repeated. The colliers, whose industry varies inversely with its remuneration, have everywhere submitted to a considerable reduction of wages, and consequently it may be hoped that their labour will once more become comparatively regular and efficient. Their efforts to stint the supply of coals by arbitrary rules of their own may perhaps continue to exercise a pernicious influence. Another cause of the late increase in working expenses remains for the present in full operation. The Railway Companies have hitherto made no attempt to reduce the wages of the men in their employment. It is possible that they may receive some compensation for increased expenditure in efficiency of service and in security against combinations for advance of wages. It is doubtful whether Mr. GLADSTONE's advice to his fellow-shareholders in the Metropolitan District Railway is not founded on too vague a generalization. Railway Companies have found by varied experience that the most profitable rates seldom coincide with either the highest or the lowest rates. Their best customers as passengers are the middle classes, who live in one place and conduct their business in another. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps felt a delicacy as a shareholder in relieving the suburban railways from the monstrous injustice of a tax from which omnibuses and river steamboats are exempt.

In the case of some Companies the apparently large reduction of dividend is due to a change in financial arrangements, or in the mode of keeping the accounts. The balances carried on to the next half-year ought to be compared with the corresponding amounts in former years if it is desired to make a strictly accurate comparison. One or two Companies have but lately conformed to the law which prohibits the payment of interest out of capital on unproductive outlay. The restriction is in itself purely artificial, and it has been imposed, at Lord RUSSELL'S instance, with the express purpose of discouraging railway enterprise. Private capitalists would in the ordinary course of business charge all the costs of an improvement on the expected returns, nor is there any reason why shareholders in a joint-stock undertaking should be subjected to special disabilities. Unfortunately any member of a Company, acting perhaps in the interest of a hostile competitor, may enforce, by proceedings in equity, the strict observance of the law. The payment of interest out of revenue derived from the existing undertaking ultimately involves neither loss nor gain to the proprietors, although it often causes extreme and unreasonable inconvenience to those who are temporarily deprived of their income. Where the net revenue is, as in the case of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, almost entirely absorbed by the interest on unproductive works, it is only by an elaborate calculation that it becomes possible to estimate the value of the whole undertaking. The Chairman of the Sheffield Company stated at the general meeting that, but for the operation of Lord RUSSELL'S rule, the dividend would have been at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. The Midland Company, which is better able to bear the burden, has to provide interest on a much larger capital invested in lines which at present yield no return. The Settle and Carlisle Railway, of which the completion has been unavoidably delayed, has cost between two or three millions, which will in two or three years produce an ample return. In the meantime the charge of 50,000*l.* a year on the receipts of the rest of the system evidently bears no nearer relation to the value of the productive lines than if it were the cost of a coal-pit or a cotton factory in which the profits of another industrial undertaking might have been invested. The numerous lines which are now in course of construction will create additional traffic for the owning Companies, but they will also, and to a greater extent, produce a diversion of existing traffic. By means of the Settle and Carlisle line the Midland Company will appropriate a large share of the Scotch West Coast traffic, which now exclusively belongs to the London and North-Western. The Midland, the Great Northern, and the Manchester and Sheffield have, by

their joint undertaking of the Cheshire lines, already begun to divide the Liverpool trade with the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. The Great Northern and the London and North-Western have promoted competing lines from the North and South into Leicestershire, which had been the special preserve of the Midland; and the London and North-Western will have the free use of a line which the Great Northern is constructing side by side with the Midland line into the heart of the Derbyshire coal-field. The Midland Company has by the legislation of the present year obtained access to the coal-fields and ports of South Wales, of which the traffic had been hitherto divided between the London and North-Western and the Great Western. Whatever may be the advantages of competition to Railway Companies, there can be no doubt that it is universally desired by freighters and by trading communities. For some years past competing lines have been projected and authorized with unceasing activity, although some districts form an exception to the general practice. The three Companies which occupy the South-Eastern counties have lately concluded a three years' truce, and the North-Eastern Company reigns undisturbed over North Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. An estimate of the prospects of a Railway Company requires almost as complicated a calculation as the determination of the movements of a planet. It is necessary to take into account not only the original velocity and the centripetal force, but the attraction which is exercised, in proportion to their mass and proximity, by all the other adjacent or competing bodies.

SEÑOR CASTELAR.

SEÑOR CASTELAR has after a long interval returned to active public life by delivering at Malaga a speech which probably loses the greater part of its value in an abridged English version. Although comparisons of the oratory of different countries and languages are but indefinite and conjectural, it is probable that, as a master of impassioned and ornate rhetoric, CASTELAR surpasses all contemporary rivals. A summary of the principal propositions of one of his speeches is as unsatisfactory as a description of a picture or a prose translation of a poem. Literary critics might fairly decline to exercise their judgment on the meagre skeleton of an artistic composition; but an orator who has overthrown and administered Governments becomes also amenable to political comment. A speech which has been received with enthusiastic applause illustrates the mental condition of the audience as well as the ability of their eloquent instructor. To an Englishman or an American accustomed to take elementary truisms for granted, it appears strange that it should be necessary in Spain to propound with didactic emphasis and fulness the simplest rudiments of political doctrine. That disorder and anarchy are incompatible with freedom is to the members of a settled and self-governing community, if not a self-evident truth, at least a part of established and undisputed tradition. It might have been supposed that Spaniards had learned by the practical experience of three or four generations that compulsory submission to force is the inevitable alternative of obedience to law. The elaborate despatch in which the FOREIGN MINISTER of Spain has lately proved that the Carlists are morally and logically in the wrong affords another illustration of the elementary nature of political controversy in Spain. In former years Señor CASTELAR taught his admiring disciples that laws and institutions of which they happened to disapprove were not sanctioned by any moral obligation. Republicans in Spain, as in France, refused to acknowledge the authority of majorities or of Governments when it clashed with the divine right of their favourite form of political organization. It is true that CASTELAR was always a sincere enthusiast, and not a selfish revolutionary disturber. An inveterate believer in fine phrases and benevolent sentiments, he selected as his teacher MAZZINI, who in his most exalted aspirations rejected the vulgarer forms of Socialism and the bloodthirsty designs of modern Jacobins. There was perhaps some excuse for preferring a Republican Utopia to the condition of Spain under the licentious Court of ISABELLA, or under the control of a long succession of military adventurers and intriguing Parliamentary rascals. CASTELAR and his friends resented the supremacy of the army before they had appreciated by practical ex-

perience the domination of the rabble. It is natural that a sanguine theorist roughly awakened from his illusions should desire to reconcile as far as possible his mature convictions with the remains of his former creed.

On some points the speech at Malaga may have sounded like a repudiation of Señor CASTELAR's earlier opinions, but the retraction was incidental and perhaps unconscious, while his main object was to assert and maintain his political consistency. One significant omission indeed may be accepted as a tacit confession of error. Federalism has perhaps finally disappeared from the Republican faith of which it had so oddly formed a part. The genuine Federalists of Spain, like the partisans of the Commune in France, desired to establish a cluster of petty Republics, in each of which clubs and demagogues should exercise absolute power untroubled by the interference of central Governments or of military force. The Spanish Federalists derived a colour for their doctrine from the historical fact that the monarchy had been formed by an amalgamation of petty kingdoms, and that it had absorbed and suppressed ancient municipal franchises. It would seem that CASTELAR and other well-meaning democrats supposed themselves to be Federalists only because the title had been appropriated by the extreme Republicans. As soon as the experiment of Federalism was tried after the abdication of King AMADO, it became impossible to tolerate the turbulence of Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, or the traitorous secession of Carthagena. When a Republican Minister announced that he would never use force to coerce rebels who held his own political opinions, it became necessary to choose between the disruption of society and the abandonment of idle theories which now for the first time acquired a meaning. In his speech at Malaga Señor CASTELAR dwelt perhaps too long on his former determination to suppress at all hazards the ruinous insurrection of Carthagena. He abstained from reminding his hearers that the first step to the restoration of national unity was the suspension of the sittings of a factious Cortes, nominally returned by universal suffrage. Government by one person is not the most perfect type of a Republic, but it was for the time necessary, and therefore justifiable. When CASTELAR professed himself a Federalist he had not thought that he should have to contend with Federalism at Carthagena. There was retributive justice in the destiny which compelled him to leave to his successor the final suppression of the rebellion. The disorganization of the army which he had strenuously promoted alone prevented him from reducing the insurgents to submission in a few weeks, even if they had dared to rise against a Government which could dispose of a regular and efficient force. But for the prolonged resistance of Carthagena the Carlists would perhaps have failed to organize a formidable civil war.

The arguments by which CASTELAR proves that a democratic Republic is the only admissible form of government are of a figurative and windy nature. The discoveries of science, the progress of industry, the mutual dependence of man on man, with a score of other commonplaces, are, it seems, the mysterious agents which make of modern society an inevitable democracy. The enumeration of the reasons for a Republic is neither more nor less convincing than one of the Count of CHAMBORD's periodical demonstrations that the welfare of France depends on the restoration of the White Flag and of the ancient dynasty. The progress of industry in its later or earlier stages requires a government, whether it is called a Monarchy or a Republic, which is able and willing to protect property, and if possible to leave trade alone. In some countries, including the United States and Switzerland, order and freedom are tolerably well protected by magistrates and Legislatures elected for a time. In England the same objects are not less effectually attained under an hereditary Chief of the State. Those who doubt whether a Republican form of government is well suited to Spain have a difficulty in conducting the controversy with Republican bigots whose opinions are wholly independent of expediency and of fact. A politician who would think it absurd to propose that Switzerland should become a kingdom may fairly assume that his scepticism as to a French or Spanish Republic is not a mere superstition. There is no similar presumption in favour of an enthusiast who believes in the Republic as a Spanish bishop or an English convert believes in the infallibility of the Pope. Faith claims to move in a higher sphere than reason, and consequently they cannot readily be compared. All the conditions of liberty which are correctly expounded by Señor CASTELAR were as fully secured, as far as laws

and constitutions could operate, under AMADEO as in the singular Republic which is administered by SERRANO. When the multitude at Malaga was advised to render the Republic orderly and stable, and to treat Monarchy as unquiet and revolutionary, it may perhaps have occurred to any dispassionate politician who might accidentally be present that it would have been equally easy and equally instructive to invert the suggested conditions of good government. As the Count of CHAMBORD would say, all good Frenchmen know that the Monarchy of St. Louis is orderly and stable, while the Republic has hitherto been unquiet and revolutionary. If a Republic possesses the supernatural attributes which are ascribed to it by its devotees, it ought to secure, or at least to promote, the public virtues which are, as CASTELAR rightly holds, indispensable to its success.

Political prophets, whether Republican or Legitimist, are at a disadvantage as compared with the religious zealots whom they strongly resemble. DRYDEN'S milk-white hind, or the Romish Church, of which she was the symbol, was immortal and unchanged :—

Without spotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.

The not less divine and immaculate Republic has, according to CASTELAR, incessant reason to fear danger, for "the first shot fired against order by a Republican would perhaps be the death wound of the Republic"; and "society placed between anarchy and dictatorship will always choose a dictator." A Church which seems, like that of Rome at the present time, to labour under adverse circumstances, may perhaps be nevertheless achieving an invisible triumph; but a Republic which is either suppressed or maintained in suspended vitality under MACMAHON or SERRANO can scarcely claim to be unchanged and immortal. No other political organization is in truth more sensitive or more perishable. A King or an Emperor who has suppressed resistance to his authority finds his prerogative strengthened and confirmed; but a Republic, or indeed a free government, finds it impossible to extend its full benefits to the rebels who assail its principle. The freest of all Governments is compelled from time to time to pass Coercion Acts for Ireland. After the close of the American Civil War the Southern States were for a time deprived of nearly all their constitutional rights. It is possible that when an orderly government is restored in Spain, it may bear the name of a Republic, but for a long time it must rest on force. The establishment of permanent Republics on the Continent of Europe is only made difficult because the most zealous Republicans are enemies of society. When a Republic was proclaimed in Spain in the spring of 1873, the extreme revolutionary faction at once seized for themselves the power which the more moderate professors of the same nominal faith had hoped to secure. When the nation recoiled in disgust from anarchy, CASTELAR made the Republic tolerable by administering it as an absolute monarchy; and his successors have continued the same provisional substitute for a regular form of government. That a system which was found intolerable on a six months' trial is indispensable, sacred, and perpetual, is a proposition which requires more than eloquent declamation to prove it.

DROUGHT IN ENGLAND.

WATER Companies and water rates have pretty well banished the old-fashioned notion that air and water were almost equally plentiful. If the progress of civilization continues to be as rapid and unsavoury as it has hitherto shown itself, even fresh air may come to be laid on at so much a quarter; but at present the difference between the supply of the two commodities is very marked. There are many parts of the country in which water is only to be had with difficulty, while pure water is not to be had at all. Several causes have contributed to this alarming result. Improved systems of drainage have dried up the wells and emptied the pools which used in many districts to serve as natural tanks. The soil which once was a sponge has been converted into a sieve. Instead of retaining the winter rains until they are slowly dried up by the summer's sun, it sends them on at once to the nearest watercourse. The rivers themselves suffer under this treatment. They overflow in wet seasons, and are almost empty after a long drought. Even if they were as full as ever, the quality of the water is such that an abundance of it would be only a

doubtful benefit. Modern drainage not only subtracts moisture, it adds solid matters of a highly mischievous kind. Sewage and the washings of manufactories are a very common but a very unsatisfactory drink. Wells in porous soils share the same disadvantage. The poison that finds its way into the earth passes through it too rapidly to lose its pernicious properties, and the springs that it contaminates make the best possible medium for communicating any infection with which it may be charged. Thus, of the three natural sources of drinking water, two, rivers and wells, are so foiled as to make them in many cases actively injurious to health, while the third, rain-water, is recklessly allowed to run to waste. We should expect in this state of things to hear of much suffering and much preventable disease; and what little information there is on the subject points in the same direction. Warning voices are raised from time to time of the inevitable famine of water that must follow upon the next prolonged drought. This summer we have heard of farmers being obliged to send their teams fifteen miles in search of water, and of children crying for thirst which their parents cannot relieve without going a long distance or paying money which they can ill spare. The reports of the inspections which are instituted by the Local Government Board on the occasion of the outbreak of any epidemic almost invariably return polluted water as one of the causes, if not the sole cause, of the disease. These are only chance examples which present themselves without being looked for, but it is easy to divine from them what would be the result of a detailed and systematic inquiry into the water supply. It is not every village that has a Correspondent of the *Times* living in it. There are many cases in which the causes of disease are all present without disease actually showing itself, and it is only in the latter event that any investigation is instituted. Probably there is hardly a village in England in which many of the wells are not poisoned, and in the drier parts of the country hardly a village in which, during some part at least of the year, water is not inconveniently scarce.

It needs no argument to show how formidable a state of things this is. It has been proved by experience that no vehicle of disease is so fatal as drinking-water. If water were always pure, cholera would be almost banished, and the risk of typhoid fever reduced by more than one-half. And though it is known what harm bad water can do in cases of infectious disease, no one can accurately estimate the extent to which other complaints come from the same cause, or how far its effects may be traced in a condition of general ill-health almost as mischievous in the long run as acute disease. The evils that follow from scarcity of water, though less obvious perhaps, are not less serious. Where there is a difficulty in getting water to drink there can be no question of washing, and when dirt is accepted as a permanent necessity, there must in a majority of cases be ill-health and loss of self-respect. Again, though there may be a difficulty in getting water to drink, there is never any difficulty in getting something else. The first requisite to sobriety is to have the means of satisfying thirst without going to the public-house. When water is scarce or bad it becomes a mockery to preach temperance. Men are prone enough to drink to excess when they have only their taste to please; what must be their temptation when they have a natural want to satisfy, and can only satisfy it by beer? All the efforts of philanthropists and moralists must be of little avail so long as dirt and drunkenness are unavoidable; and without abundance of water it is hard to see how either can be prevented. It would be difficult, therefore, to exaggerate the importance of this question of water supply as regards its personal aspect; and besides this, there is its agricultural aspect to be considered. Farmers who have to send their horses many miles for water are at an immense disadvantage as compared with farmers who have all they want close at hand. A horse can but do a certain amount of work in a day, and if for some hours he has to be thus employed, he cannot be employed in other and more profitable ways. Besides the waste of labour entailed by having to bring water from a distance, considerable injury to the more delicate crops and to stock is involved in not having a plentiful supply of it always ready. In very dry seasons many parts of England reproduce on a small scale some of the phenomena of a drought in India. There is no food for the cattle, and they have to be killed off and sold for what they will fetch to avoid the alternative of seeing them die and fetch nothing.

The question of water supply calls for much more careful attention than has yet been bestowed upon it. Some useful suggestions will no doubt be made by the Royal Commission on the pollution of rivers which has now brought its labours to an end. But rivers after all are only a small part of the whole subject. It is not merely the causes which lead to rivers being foul that need looking into; the causes which lead to their being empty have an equal claim on public attention. Again, but a small part of the drinking-water of the population is drawn from rivers. Wells and springs of all kinds are in this respect of even greater importance. The questions how far drainage has diminished the amount of water supplied through these channels, and how far it has affected the wholesomeness of what is supplied, have not been dealt with, though they must affect at least as many persons as the questions included in the Commissioners' instructions. If the two charges of deficiency and impurity can be made good against the water obtained from wells—and in many instances there is every reason to believe that they can be made good—there is the further question to be considered what sources of supply can be substituted for wells. One expedient is to extend the system at present in use in most towns to larger areas. There are still districts in which the supply of water is unfailing and enormously in excess of local requirements. Indeed it would be more accurate to say that no local requirements exist. From the lakes of Wales or Cumberland, or from reservoirs constructed among their mountains, water might be conducted to all parts of England. The expense of this system will probably stand in the way of its adoption except in the case of great cities, although under an improved system of local administration the force of this objection might be lessened. A less ambitious design might embrace the storage and utilization of the surplus waters of each district. Even in places where water is scarcest it may often be running to waste a few miles off. The evil of modern drainage is that it carries water too quickly into the nearest river and thence into the sea, and, if the current could be intercepted, reservoirs might gain what wells lose. The simplest and perhaps the most effectual expedient of all would be the storage of rain-water. In this climate the winter rains might furnish water enough for the whole year if they could only be laid up till they were wanted, and there is nothing in the problem how to do this that would be beyond the skill of a competent civil engineer. But before any of these remedies can be applied on a scale sufficient to meet the need, the extent and character of the existing water supply must be accurately known. It is not defective everywhere or impure everywhere. In some places it is both; in others it is on the eve of becoming both; in others it is perfectly satisfactory; in others nothing but a little rearrangement is wanted to make it so. The local Government Board may have the means of arriving at this knowledge through their own officers, and when once it has been obtained, they can call in the best engineering authorities to determine what measures must be taken to ensure an adequate supply of wholesome water in every part of the country. If the inquiry is too extensive to be undertaken by a Government department which already has its hands full, the proper instrument for the purpose would be a Royal Commission. The Commissioners who have lately been investigating the kindred subject of the pollution of rivers might have their powers renewed and extended for this purpose.

EDUCATIONAL COMPROMISES.

IN the last of the chapters on Compromise which Mr. JOHN MORLEY has been writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, the Education Act of 1870 is quoted as an example of what compromise ought not to be. It was not only, says Mr. MORLEY, a small reform, but it was a small reform made on lines and in a direction antagonistic to those of the great reform which must ultimately follow it. "It was clearly agreed among the Government and the whole of the party at their backs that at some time or other, near or remote, if public instruction was to be made genuinely effective, the private, voluntary, or denominational system would have to be replaced by a national system. To prepare for this ultimate replacement was one of the points to be most steadily borne in mind, however slowly, and tentatively the process might be conducted. Instead of that, the author of the Act de-

liberately introduced provisions for extending and "strengthening the very system which will have eventually to be superseded." It is something to get hold of a charge against the Act which really goes to the bottom of the matter. There is no doubt whatever that the effect of the provision about new building grants was what Mr. MORLEY describes it to be, a deliberate extension and strengthening of the voluntary system. It may also be admitted that the introduction of a national system was the introduction of a power which will probably some day absorb the voluntary system. But, though we may accept Mr. MORLEY's account of the facts, we cannot accept what he considers to be the identical statement, that by this small reform the author of the Act made the future great reform the more difficult of achievement. On the contrary, we hold that the manner in which the introduction of a national system was combined with the extension of the voluntary system, which it may very likely one day replace, will make this eventual replacement easier, while it tends to raise the standard of education in the interval. As regards the first position, it must be borne in mind that the provision about building grants did to a very great degree disarm the advocates of voluntary schools. Mr. FORSTER had declared that he had no enmity to voluntary schools, but it is doubtful how far he would have been believed if he had not given this indisputable proof of his good will towards them. It may be objected that it was not necessary to disarm the supporters of voluntary schools, since the Government majority was large enough to carry the Education Bill against any amount of Conservative opposition. This view underrates the number of allies which on this question the Conservative Opposition would have found on the Liberal benches. The supporters of voluntary schools in the House of Commons were not all opponents of the Government. Many of them were men who habitually voted with the Government; and if they had for once voted against the Government, the Liberal majority might have dwindled away to nothing. But, setting this aside, the successful working of the Bill depended in a great degree upon the temper in which it was received in the country. If the supporters of voluntary schools had everywhere opposed the formation of School Boards, and had refused to be elected on them where their formation was inevitable, a great deal of educational energy and educational experience would have been lost to the national system. The School Boards, instead of being worked in accord with the voluntarists, would generally have been animated by active hatred of them. The influence of this feeling would have been seen in their educational policy; and, since the moderate element in the constituencies would have been in a great measure unrepresented, owing to the refusal of voluntarists to offer themselves as candidates, there would probably have been a good many reproductions of the Birmingham School Board. Under these circumstances the Conservative reaction would have been as conspicuous in the region of elementary education as it has been with regard to Endowed Schools. The first Bill introduced by the new Ministry would have been a Bill to modify the Act of 1870, and if the time between 1870 and 1874 had been spent in fierce contests between the advocates of School Boards and the advocates of voluntary schools, it is probable that the legislation of the present Session would have placed the former in a far more disadvantageous position than that which they hold under the Act.

It may be objected that the voluntarists might have been propitiated by a smaller concession than the liberty to build new schools with public money for a specified time. The answer to this is found in the fact that this particular concession has another merit, that of improving the standard of elementary education for the present. As yet we have hardly made acquaintance with the kind of schools that will be maintained by School Boards which have been formed against the will of the ratepayers, and whose members represent for the most part a dogged conviction that children are better without education than with it. School Boards of this type will soon be common throughout the country. Not a week passes that orders for their compulsory formation do not go out from the Education Department. The parishes to which these orders apply have usually had no mind to supply their educational deficiencies. If they had any desire to do so they would have formed a School Board as soon as their want of school accommodation was communicated to them, and not waited till they were forced to form them. A School Board elected under the influence of this temper is

not likely to display any zeal in the cause of education. By and by, as the parents come to feel interested in their children's advancement, things may be different, but as yet the question is likely to be treated simply as it affects the rates. The main object which the School Board will propose to itself will be to spend as little money as possible. A national school conducted on this principle will be inferior as an educational instrument to a voluntary school which has been founded perhaps to keep out a School Board, and which will be constantly in fear of having one created if the educational wants of the parish are not properly supplied. In a great many districts the choice lay between putting the school into the hands of the parson or into the hands of the farmer. The result of the extension of the time within which building grants could be applied for was no doubt in many cases to put the school into the hands of the parson; but we believe that for some years to come the interests of education will be better served by this course than by the opposite one. A good voluntary school is better than a bad school which calls itself national; and if Mr. FORSTER sacrificed consistency by increasing the number of voluntary schools at the same time that he was providing for the creation of other schools wherever voluntary schools were wanting, he sacrificed it in the interests of the children who have to be instructed.

Nor do we admit that in taking this course Mr. FORSTER can be fairly charged with forgetting that at some time or other the voluntary system will in all probability have to be replaced by a national system. That replacement will only be effected with the good will of the voluntary schools, and the less enmity there is between the friends of the two systems at starting the more likely will the voluntarists be to make over their schools to the public authorities. When once a national system is set on foot—and it is set on foot in principle as soon as the State undertakes to supply all deficiencies that may be detected in the provision of voluntary schools—the managers of every voluntary school will know that when they give secular instruction to the children, they give at considerable cost to themselves what the State would give equally well if the voluntary school were closed. This is a reflection which, as the flames of controversy die away, must naturally affect in a highly unfavourable manner the zeal and liberality of the supporters of voluntary schools. It is one thing to spend time and money in having children taught to read, write, and cipher when without this expenditure they would not be taught at all, and it is another thing to spend time and money for this purpose when without this expenditure the children would be taught equally well at the cost of the community. For some time to come no doubt the supporters of voluntary schools will assure themselves that children can only be taught religion by the same person who gives them secular instruction. But this assurance will at last be sapped by the discovery that other voluntary schools have been made over to School Boards on terms which allow of the children getting as much and as good religious instruction in other ways. When this discovery has once been made, the clergy will wonder that they could ever have burdened themselves with the provision of secular instruction when it was so much easier to leave that to be provided by some one else and to concern themselves solely with the provision of religious instruction. The building of new voluntary schools therefore was only the building of schools which are destined, if this anticipation proves correct, to become national schools at some future time, not by virtue of a triumph of one system over another, but by the gradual withdrawal of the voluntarists from a work in which they will have ceased to take any special interest. The replacement of the voluntary system by a national system would not have been really forwarded by a measure which made it a point of honour with the supporters of voluntary schools to carry on their present rivalry with School Boards, and any less conciliatory Act than that of 1870 would probably have had this effect.

WEAK POINTS IN COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

THE current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains a contribution to a very important controversy which may be worth notice. Mr. Scoones has written a paper upon the mode of appointment to the Civil Service of India, at the invitation, as he tells us, and "under cover of the moral support of some Headmasters of leading public schools." The paper is moderate and

sensible, and is founded upon a very intimate knowledge of the facts. If we were disposed to be critical, we might complain that we are here and there left rather in the dark as to the precise drift of Mr. Scoones's argument; but we must not be too hard upon a specimen of English composition which is patronized by the Headmasters of public schools. His general meaning is abundantly plain; and he makes a very definite proposal on which we shall presently offer a few remarks.

The first part, however, of the paper is occupied with an attack upon certain details in the existing arrangements; and we take Mr. Scoones to infer that the alteration of these details would remove the most serious objections to the competitive system. He complains, for example, of the well-meant device by which a certain number of marks is deducted from the total in every subject. The purpose of this regulation was of course to hinder candidates from attacking a large number of subjects in the hope that even a smattering of information upon each would catch a few marks. Mr. Scoones says that the system works very unfairly. If, for example, a candidate gains 625—that is, half—marks out of the 1,250 assigned to mathematics, 125 marks are deducted from his total, and he therefore counts 500 marks. If he gets half the marks, or 187, in each of three modern languages in each of which the full marks would be 375, 125 marks are deducted from his score in each of the three. Thus 375 has to be deducted from his total of 561 marks, or he counts only 186. Therefore, says Mr. Scoones, if we assume that a fair knowledge of the language, literature, and history of the three countries should be equivalent to a fair knowledge of mathematics, a gross injustice is done. The total marks apparently assigned in the one case are 1,250, and in the other 1,135; and yet of two candidates who get half marks in each, one is allowed 500 and the other only 186. We find it very difficult to judge of this argument. In the first place, we really cannot say whether a knowledge of three languages ought, or ought not, to be equal to a knowledge of mathematics; in the next place, we cannot say whether it is as easy to get half marks in the mathematical examination as to get half marks in the literary examination; and, further, we do not see why any wrong could not be remedied by altering the total marks assigned as easily as by altering the system of deduction. It is surely a fallacy to argue that the value of two different departments of knowledge is assumed to be equal because the total marks assigned to them are approximately equal, and then to show that the system of marking, when rightly understood, proves that the examiners do not value the two kinds of knowledge equally. The candidates know the conditions beforehand; and all that clearly results is, that knowledge spread over three subjects pays less than knowledge concentrated upon one. This was precisely the object of the regulations. Mr. Scoones, however, tells us that for some reason, which he does not explain, the object has not been secured. As a matter of fact, candidates scatter their efforts very widely; and, for example, only 53 out of 1,170 candidates in five years confined themselves to two branches of knowledge. As Mr. Scoones does not help us to understand this result, we shall not attempt any conjecture for ourselves. In fact, it would be impossible here to go into the minute considerations which would be necessary for judging of the working of the plan, and which require for their appreciation an intimate knowledge of the facts.

Mr. Scoones's opinion doubtless deserves attention; but we must leave the discussion to experts, with a single remark. The plan of deducting marks is certainly a rough and mechanical expedient. It is an attempt to lay down a hard and fast line to force examiners to do their duty. A skilful examiner could sufficiently discourage superficial knowledge without any such self-acting apparatus. An examiner may, if he chooses, set a paper in mathematics which should prevent a senior wrangler from getting twice as many marks as the "wooden spoon," or should enable him to get a thousand or ten thousand times as many. The scale by which men's talents are measured may be so arranged as to separate the best candidates as widely as possible from the worst, or so as to distinguish most accurately between the bad and the very bad, and give only a slight advantage to the really good. Different systems may be useful in different cases; but in any case questions may be asked in such a way as entirely to neutralize or greatly to intensify the effect of the deduction system. It is therefore much more important to know how the examiners discharge their duties in practice than to know what are the official rules. And we are sorry to see that Mr. Scoones makes the very serious complaint against most of the examiners that their standard is altogether fluctuating and arbitrary. In one year we are told that only one candidate got over 500 marks in mathematics, only 3 over 400, and 14 over 250; whilst 37 did not qualify. In the next year 15 got over 500, 26 over 400, 44 over 250, and only 15 did not qualify. We can easily understand that such fluctuations, which must be due to variations in the examiners rather than in the merit of the candidates, must make the whole system uncertain; and Mr. Scoones gives some striking instances to show how poor candidates have been seduced into taking up some study by the leniency of the examiners of one year, and found that their labours were entirely misguided owing to the severity of their successors in the next. The great virtue of an examination is an approach to fixity in the standard of merit; and Mr. Scoones has certainly shown cause for complaining of some of the results hitherto obtained. Incidentally, too, he gives a rather unpleasant picture of the system generally. Admitting the force of his protest against the sweeping accusations against crammers, we cannot say that his revelations suggest that

they would in any case supply a very healthy system of education. It is "quite intolerable," he says, to listen to the "ever-recurring question," "Do you think such and such a subject will pay this year?" His moral is apparently that there should be more certainty as to what will pay. We should be inclined to add that an education which consists entirely in devoting years of labour to studying subjects which "pay," irrespectively of any more intelligent motive, is a radically bad one. Even if the standard were made as invariable as possible, a young man who works for four or five of the most precious years of his life exclusively with a view to getting marks, and whose teacher encourages him to work exclusively for results, is under a very unhealthy intellectual stimulus, though the name of "exam" may imply a distorted view of its evils. However skilfully the examination test may be manipulated, it is always liable to this grave objection of narrowing and lowering the whole aim of education; and though it may be difficult to suggest any practicable alternative, we are not surprised that such a system of appointment leads to very serious evils.

Mr. Scoones recognizes such evils, and has a plan for meeting them practically. He admits that there are other qualities besides more skill in passing examinations which should fit a man for taking part in the government of a great empire. He proposes, therefore, a scheme which should allow of their being tested. Instead of selecting the candidates absolutely by the result of the examination, he would take the 65 or 70 best candidates for the 40 annual vacancies. These probationers should be brought together in a college for a year. At that time a competent staff of adjudicators should select the 40 most suitable for final appointment, and give some rewards, such as appointments to the Engineering College, to three-fourths of the remainder. The plan is, of course, a very rough one, and Mr. Scoones admits the difficulty of forming a satisfactory board of judges. Supposing that these difficulties can be surmounted, we agree that the plan recognizes one great evil of the present system. It was doubtless a mistake to abolish Haileybury. The system of open competition might have been applied as freely if the entrance to Haileybury had been thrown open as by the present arrangement. As it is, young men are left for two years after their first examination to pick up knowledge as they please, subject only to their being continually harassed by examinations. The advantage of bringing them together under a tolerable system of training, and encouraging that *esprit de corps* which is naturally stimulated amongst fellow-students, is generally admitted now that it has been lost. But when we have admitted that Mr. Scoones's plan recognizes these considerations, we must add that it seems to be very doubtful in some other respects. The main objection is abundantly obvious, and is tacitly recognized by Mr. Scoones. On the present plan, a successful candidate has at least gained a certain appointment. On Mr. Scoones's plan he would only gain the chance of receiving an appointment. He would become a probationer, and the chances of his being finally successful would be only as 4 to 3 or 2½. It is plain that this would very much diminish the attractions of the appointments. The youth who had become a probationer and failed of final success would have suffered a positive injury. Till the age of perhaps two or three-and-twenty he would have been preparing himself for a special profession, and would then be turned loose upon the world with much of his labour thrown away. At present a candidate who fails in his examination has plenty of time to take to something else. Under the proposed plan the time spent at the college would be to a great extent wasted for any other purpose; and a year sounds a long time to a young man, as it gives a distinct start to his contemporaries who have pursued the direct course through the Universities to other professions. So far, therefore, as the plan is effective it will clearly tend to frighten away some of the youths who are now attracted; nor do we suppose that by substituting for some of the successful candidates a selection from the twenty or thirty below them on the list any great improvement would be made in the material. Mr. Scoones, as we have said, seems to recognize this difficulty, and he meets it in two ways. He limits the residence in the proposed college to a year, which we fear would decidedly injure its efficiency, both because the time for special study would be short, and because a college in which each year is entirely distinct from its successors and predecessors would have but a faint corporate vitality. And he proposes to give some sort of consolation prizes to most of the unsuccessful. This last scheme would, of course, soften the blow; but we doubt whether it would be very agreeable. The youth whose ambition pointed to the Civil Service would very probably not care to become an Engineer, and perhaps the Engineers would not welcome the addition to their ranks of the failures of the Civil Service. Without going into details, however, the proposal strikes us more as a recognition of a weak point in the scheme than as offering an efficient remedy. Like other compromises between two principles, this attempt to reconcile the scheme of appointment by competitive examination and appointment by skilled and impartial judges is more ingenious than satisfactory. Still it may suggest a ground for future discussion, and stimulate the increasing conviction that we have not as yet hit upon an ideally perfect arrangement.

DEVIZES.

THE name of the town of Devizes at once strikes the ear as something which does not readily fall under any of the classes into which English place-names commonly fall. It is not a Roman

or British name which has lived through the English Conquest. Nor is it an English name either describing the place or preserving the memory of a tribe or of an early owner. Nor yet is it, like Beaulieu and Richmond, a name palpably French, witnessing to the days when Norman and other foreign settlers had made French the polite speech of the land. The name is Latin without being Roman. For once the Latin name is not made from the English, but the English from the Latin. The castle "ad Divises" has become Devizes, or rather "the Devizes." The article was used as late as Clarendon and, we fancy, much later; the popular local name of the place is "the Vizo." It is plainly called from a boundary or division of some kind, but what boundary or division is not at first sight very clear. It must be remembered that the name "Divise" is not found till the foundation of the castle by Bishop Roger of Salisbury in the time of Henry the First, of which more anon. The town is one of the same class as Richmond, one which has arisen around a castle of comparatively late foundation. Why then did Bishop Roger give his fortress so odd a name? Dr. Guest points out that the town of Devizes overlooks the Avon valley, that it stands just on the border of that narrow slip of territory which the Britons kept after the victories of Ceawlin up to the battle of Bradford in 652. He holds that the march district was called "Divise," and that the castle took its name from the district. He refers to the town of Mere in the same county, a good deal south-west of Devizes, where the name, an English equivalent, as he remarks, of Divise, is clearly derived from the border position of the place. It is very seldom, and always with great diffidence, that we set up our judgment against that of Dr. Guest, but this is a case in which we are strongly tempted to do so. Mere is an English word, and the name may be as old as the first English occupation of the district. Divise is a Latin word, and Dr. Guest does not bring any instance of the name being used before Bishop Roger's time. It would certainly be strange if a district had, for five hundred years, kept a Latin name of which no trace can be found. It certainly seems to us more likely that the "divisa" from which the castle took its name were some smaller local boundary, and we believe that local antiquaries are ready with more than one explanation of this kind. And as for the oddness of the name, it must be remembered that it is not a name which arises from any settlement or tradition, but from the fancy of one man. In such cases eccentric names have often been given in all ages.

Another question may arise whether the place had any being at all before the foundation of the famous castle. Most of the great Norman castles were reared on earlier sites; the mound and the ditch, as we have been taught by Mr. Clark, are for the most part English works—works most commonly of Edward the Elder or of his sister the Lady of the Mercians. But their works are placed along the line of defence against the Danes, and they are found in places which bear intelligible names, whether of English or earlier origin. One hardly sees why they should fortify a post in the heart of Wessex, and, if they did, the place would bear some name, and it is not likely that that name would be Divise. But, whether the earthworks belong to an earlier time or not, it is certain that the vast fosse, the mighty mound which the unseen railway now passes under, was first crowned by a castle in the later sense by Bishop Roger. Certainly no place brings more strongly home to us the temporal position of a Bishop in those days. The episcopal castle and the episcopal palace are two very different things. The palace, in strictness of speech, is the Bishop's dwelling in the episcopal city. It is only a piece of modern affectation which, since both the English Metropolitans have forsaken their natural homes, speaks of the manors of Lambeth and Bishoptorpe as palaces. The episcopal palace, hard by the episcopal church, sometimes actually joining it, is for the most part in strictness a house. Standing, in many cases, within a walled town, it needed no great amount of defence, and even when, as at Wells, some degree of fortification was needed, it was plainly no more than was needed for protection in case of danger. Castles in the strict sense in the episcopal city, castles like those of Durham and Llandaff, are quite exceptional, though they may be easily explained by the circumstances and history of the places where they are found. At Durham Bishop Walcher was placed by William as both temporal and spiritual ruler among a fierce and half-conquered people, who had slain two former earls, and who were in the end to slay the Bishop himself. It is not wonderful that he was placed in a fortress even within the episcopal city. At Llandaff a Bishop placed among the turbulent Welsh, and whose city was a more unwall'd village, needed a fortress no less than his more princely brother of Durham. Wolvesey, the castle of the Bishops of Winchester, not actually within the city, but just outside of it, was more remarkable and unusual. But in episcopal dwellings away from the cities, the castle is, in the days with which we are dealing, the rule. The Bishop of the first century or so after the Norman Conquest, turned by the Norman polity into a military tenant of the Crown, dwelling commonly as a stranger among strange and often hostile people, raised most likely to his see as the reward of temporal services to the Crown, as soon as he got away from the episcopal city and its more peaceful associations, as soon as he found himself on his rural estates, began to feel like any other baron on his rural estates. He raised for himself, not a house, not a palace, but a castle in the strictest sense; a fortress not merely capable of defence in case of any sudden attack, but capable of being made a centre of military operations in case the Bishop should take a fancy, in times of civil strife, to make war upon some other baron

or upon the King himself. And Roger of Salisbury was not likely to be behind his brethren in this matter. The poor clerk who had taken the fancy of the Ætheling Henry by the speed with which he gabbled over the service in his lowly church in a suburb of Caen, and who was thereon declared to be the fittest of all chaplains for soldiers, had risen with the fortunes of his patron, and, as the chief minister of the Lion of Justice, he was the most powerful man in the realm. Architecture, both military and ecclesiastical, was a special taste of his, and it would seem from the description of his works given by William of Malmesbury that the later form of the Norman style, the form where a finer masonry and more elaborate kind of ornament came into use, was in some measure his creation. As Bishop of Salisbury—that is, not of the new Salisbury in the plain, but of that elder Salisbury where the city itself was the mightiest of fortresses, but where the Bishop was not the sole lord of the city—Roger was not unnaturally stirred up to the raising of fortresses on the episcopal estates which might be wholly his own. At Malmesbury he gave great offence to the monks by building a castle within the very precincts of their monastery. At Sherborne, the town which his last predecessor but one, the Lotharingian Hermann, had forsaken for the old British hill-fort, he built another castle; but, unlike Malmesbury, quite distinct, and at some distance from the minster. But his great work was at the Devises; the huge earthwork, whether he threw it up himself or found it there already, was crowned with a castle which was said not to be surpassed by any castle in Europe. Its fragments show that it must have been an example of a rich form of the style of which its founder was such a master, a form intermediate between the stern simplicity of the days of the Conqueror and the lavish gorgeousness of the days of Henry the Second. But unluckily all that is now to be seen consists of mere fragments here and there, fragments for the most part built up again as meaningless ornaments in the midst of the most fearful piece of modern ginnerack that human eyes ever beheld. But the mound and the ditch at least are there. It would need more than another Roger to get rid of them, and we can without much difficulty call up before our eyes that remarkable episode in the most troubled time of our history of which the castle of the Devises was the scene.

The sudden imprisonment of Bishop Roger by command of Stephen seems to have been the turning point of his reign. It at once set the clergy against him, and it seems besides this to have awakened general wonder as something so unlike the general character of the King. He who was held to be, in the words of the Chroniclers, a "mild man and soft and good, and who did no injustice," suddenly turns about, and, without any very clear reason, seizes in the most ignominious way on two of the chief men both in Church and State. People were struck both with the act in itself and with its strangeness in a man like Stephen, who, whatever were his faults, is not at any other time charged with cruelty, or even with lack of generosity, in his own person. But the moral difficulty is perhaps not very great. A man like Stephen, mild and gentle rather from temper than from principle, would, if he were once stirred up to what he was told to be an act of energy, be most likely to overdo matters, and to be energetic at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Anyhow, here was the great Bishop Roger, the most powerful man in England, the minister of the late King, suddenly seized along with his nephew Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, and his avowed son Roger the King's Chancellor, during the sitting of a great Council at Oxford, and threatened with all manner of threats, unless all the castles and their possessions were surrendered to the King. But our concern is only with the one castle which was Roger's great work. Another nephew, Richard Bishop of Ely, managed to escape to his uncle's fortress, "ad Divisas fortissimum oppidum," where the chief tower ("principalis munitio") was held by the younger Roger's mother, Matilda of Ramsbury, who was likely enough the Bishop of Salisbury's unacknowledged wife. The King comes before the castle, on the site doubtless of the present approach from the town, swearing in his wrath that the younger Roger shall be hanged and the elder kept without food unless the castle is at once surrendered. Another version indeed makes it a voluntary offer on the part of the Bishop of Salisbury, in the hope of making his nephew yield, that he will not eat or drink till the castle is given up. In either case we have the picture of the mild Stephen suddenly turned as fierce as William Rufus, with his three prisoners, the two Bishops and the Chancellor, the Bishops just released, it would seem, from their wretched imprisonment, one in an ox's stall, the other in some miserable shed not otherwise defined. There is the great Bishop Roger, suddenly fallen from his pomp and power, standing faint and hungry before the walls, allowed to make the attempt by the sad sight and by his sad words to move his obstinate nephew the Bishop of Ely to surrender, if only to save the life of his uncle. We see the pair on the walls, the Bishop of Ely unmoved by his uncle's pleading and ready to let him or anybody else starve rather than give up the stronghold within which he has found shelter. Then the King is moved to further wrath; a gibbet is set up, the Chancellor is to be hanged at once. But his mother holds the strongest tower, her heart is moved for her son, if the Bishop's heart is not moved for his uncle; she will give up anything for her child. The great tower is at once surrendered, and after that the resistance of the Bishop of Ely and his followers is all in vain. We read the story, we go to the spot, and try to call up the scene. If the castle stood there untouched, it would be easy; if nothing stood there at all, it would not be very hard; but when the castle of Bishop Roger is turned into a grotesque modern mockery, what is to be done?

Some comfort, however, may be drawn from a visit to the two churches of the town. They have not fared worse than churches commonly do in the space of seven hundred years. They have at least not been deliberately and of malice aforethought turned into shams. There are not many towns in England which still keep two vaulted Norman choirs, one of which is not unlikely to be the work of Roger himself.

MEDIEVAL PROJECTORS.

WHEN Chaucer's pilgrims had reached the old village of Broughton under the Forest of Blean, within six miles of Canterbury, and about a mile to the south of the present high road, they were overtaken by a man clothed in black with a white surplice underneath, his cloak sewed to his hood, his hat fastened by a lace hanging down his back, and a saddle-bag, which contained his scanty clothing, thrown across the crupper. After long looking, Chaucer perceived that he was a Canon accompanied by his Yeoman, or servant. In the morning they had seen the company ride forth from their inn, and had spurred forward to overtake them. The dapple grey horse of the master sweated so that it was wonderful to see; while the servant's, flecked with foam like a pyc, was well nigh foundered. The Yeoman, full of courtesy, fell into conversation with Harry Bailly, the host and guide of the pilgrims, and began to praise the Canon his master, saying that, homely as he rode among them, he was a passing man, and could, if he would, pave all the way to Canterbury with silver and gold. "Bless us!" said the host, "if he be a man of such worship, why does he care so little for his dignity as to ride in those dirty, ragged old overalls not worth a mite; if he can buy better cloth, why goes he so sluttish?" "Well," replied the Yeoman, "it fares with my lord as with other men of over-great wit—he misuses it." In answer to further questions he went on to confess that, master and man, they dwelt together among thieves in holes and corners, for ever poring over the fire to multiply gold, always hoping and always failing, groping after the science which fled far before them and would, at last, lure them on to beggary. The Canon, suspecting that his servant was speaking of him, drew nigh and bade him hold his peace, for he was discovering what should remain hidden. The host encouraged the Yeoman to tell on, and not care for his master's threats. "I care for them but little," said he, and when the Canon saw that all his secrets would be disclosed, he fled away for very shame; and the Yeoman proceeded to lay open the lives of two professors of alchemy—one, his master, who duped himself as well as his neighbours, the other, a false Judas of a Canon, who was a mere cheat.

The introduction of the Canon's Yeoman, when several of the pilgrims had not yet told their tales, seemed so extraordinary to Tyrrwhitt that he supposed some sudden resentment had moved Chaucer to break the order of his work in order to insert a satire against alchemists. If it were so, it was a lucky accident; but was it not rather one of the purposed interruptions, and the happiest of them all, by which he has given reality and life to the journey? The earnest protestation that his master was not the treacherous Judas for whose cursedness the Yeoman would have blushed if everlasting blowing of a hot fire and the fume of mercury had not consumed his redness, the unmeasured invective which breaks forth throughout the tale, and the fear lest it should be taken as directed against all professors of alchemy, indicate that Chaucer was not unacquainted with alchemists, and was full of bitterness against some one of them. However that may be, the prologue and the tale prove the strong sense which preserved him from the delusion of the philosophers of his time, and of times long after him, and how well he understood the character of a class of men—the projectors—whom Dean Swift feared, hated, and ridiculed. Tyrrwhitt has mentioned two instances of the general belief, in that age, of the art of transmuting metals. The rose nobles of Edward III. in the year 1343 were supposed to have been coined from gold made by Raymond Lully in the Tower, and in the year 1404 it became felony, by statute, to multiply gold or silver. As late as the year 1618, Sir Giles Mompesson, Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach, and Francis Michel, a poor, sneaking justice of Clerkenwell, the Justice Greedy of the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, had found out a new "alchymistical" way to make gold and silver lace with copper. They sued for a patent which Lord Bacon, then Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and the Attorney-General certified to be fit and convenient, and that it would redound to the King's profit at least 10,000*l.* a year. In the space of nearly one hundred years, excepting a Latin translation of two books of *Troilus and Criseide*, three of the *Canterbury Tales* were the only works of Chaucer published. Of these the "Canon's Yeoman's Tale," printed in 1652, was one, and may have borne its part, with Ben Jonson's admirable comedy, in dispelling the illusions of the students of alchemy, and turning men from the alchymistical way of making gold and silver out of copper.

A more remarkable instance of the prevalent belief in alchemy in the fourteenth century is to be found in Rymer. In the year 1329 Edward III. sent writs to the sheriffs stating that John le Rous and Master William de Dalby, by the art of alchemy, knew how to make, and had made, and were making silver; and because by making that metal, if really it could be made, much profit might come to the King and to the kingdom, Thomas Cary had been appointed to bring them up safely to the King, together with the instruments used in their art, conducting them honourably if they would come; if not, using force. Gower believed in alchemy, or, as he calls it, "aleconomie." He had no faith in modern pro-

fessors of the art, and exhorted them to renounce it as sure to bring ruin upon them; but that the science in itself was true he affirmed confidently:—

To get a pounce thei spenden five,
I not how such a craft shall thrive.
In the maner as it is used
It were better he refused
Than for to worchen upon wene,
In thynghe which stant not as thei wene;
But not for thy who that it knewe,
The science of hymselfe is trewe.

And he goes on to say that the elixir was grounded upon nature, but modern alchemists could not discover it by reason of their ignorance. Chaucer had no such faith in the truth of the science. After telling with much humour, by the mouth of the Yeoman, the doctrine of the alchemists and their practice—how they blew the fire until their hearts fainted, and inhaled the fumes of quicksilver until they were of the hue of lead; the sordid misery, the threadbare array, the ill savour, infecting the passenger a mile off, of the sincere professors; their hope for ever deferred, and the madness which impelled them to waste on that cursed craft all their goods to the last sheet and mantle—he proceeds to describe a Judas among canons, an unbeliever who pretended to be sincere in order to cozen his fellows. He entreats those who use the art to renounce it before they purchase the curses of the folk whom they beguile. Then, still in the character of the Yeoman, he ends, not by confessing that the science in itself is true, but, ascribing to Aristotle and Plato the lore of the middle ages, he tells with grave irony how the philosophers had explained the mysterious by darker mystery, and, fencing with plain questions by one evasion after another, had finished with a protest that they were forbidden by the highest authority to reveal the secret; wherefore, concludes the Yeoman, since they may not tell how the stone may be discovered, I counsel that it is for the best to let it go:—

Thus, thus conclude I, sin that God of heaven
Ne wol not that the philosophes seven
How that a man shal come unto this ston,
I rede as for the best to let it gon.

The same sound common sense taught Chaucer to reject astrology. In his treatise on the Astrolabe, in which he has shown himself a master in science, he writes:—"The Ascendent sothly is as well in all nativites, as in questions, and as in elections oftymes is a thynghe, whych that these Astrologiens greatly observen." "Nathelless these bene observances of Judiciali mater and rytes of paynymis in which my spirite hath no faythe ne knowynge of hir horuscopum." In the Franklin's tale again he speaks of astrology with utter contempt:—

Which book spake much of operations
Touching the eight and twenty mansions
That longen to the Mene, and swiche folie
As in our dayes n'is not worth a fle

To make illusion
By swiche an apparence or joglerie,
(I can no termes of Astrologie)

To make his jupes and his wretchednesse
Of swiche a superstitious cursednesse.

Not less admirable in their kind than the common sense which preserved him from the illusions of his day were the rare insight and power of expression which enabled him so thoroughly to distinguish and so perfectly to portray the two Canons, the impostor and the frantic projector—the latter perhaps the more dangerous of the two. The excellence of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* lies in the display of various modes of covetousness, in the sensualist, the zealot, and the grovelling, greedy, credulous trader. The professor of the occult sciences Subtle, and the yeoman Face, are, like the false Canon, cheats. Our Yeoman's master was of another mould—a projector, an earnest believer, a bigot to alchemy, of iron will, laborious, patient, enduring, and disheartened by no failure. The impossible project with which his brain teemed had brought him to rags, and he was fain to look abroad for means to work out the splendid success of which he never doubted. Had he been an ill-natured projector he would have despised and hated the dolts whom, to use the Yeoman's words, he made as great fools as the wisest—despised them because they could not comprehend his great scheme, nor altogether dispel a shade of doubt in its verity; hated them because they yielded their substance grudgingly, with conditions for sharing the fruit of the intellectual power by which, in his own esteem, he was exalted immeasurably above them. The Yeoman's master was good-natured. He was wanting, as regarded his neighbour, in nothing but morality. If those whom he had well nigh drained of their substance grew slack to supply his need, as beggary stared them in the face, he cozened them with a good intent. He would not have them, for the sake of the small pittance left, cast away the sure and inestimable benefit of the stone; therefore he sought to strengthen them in his own unwavering faith by feigned experiments, in which one pound seemed to be made into two. Alchemy and astrology have given place to other illusions; but Chaucer's alchemist is of all time, and always, believing with his whole heart that he prepares blessings for those whose faith is not so strong as his, in danger of using deception as he drags them down to be smothered with himself in the silver mine under the little hill Lucra. The Yeoman is drawn with the same force and truth. While he has not yet escaped from the spell which the Canon's positive conviction and firm will had cast upon him, he

boasts of his master's dignity and power; but he is disturbed by the host's question why so worshipful a man went about so ragged and dirty; and, when forced to remember the life in blind alleys among thieves, how he had blown the fire till his countenance was like lead and his eyes bleared, and had only succeeded in making himself a beggar, his trust is shaken, and fails altogether when his lord rides away, not daring to listen to the tenor of his life told by his servant. Upheld by the society of his fellow-workers and fellow-believers, like every man of them the Yeoman was full of faith, and believed himself as wise as Solomon; but now, surrounded by sceptics, old scruples revived, and he recollected that he had always been in some sort a doubter, although—notwithstanding he had spent all he had, had borrowed gold which he could never pay, and feared in his heart that the elixir would not be found—he never could resolve to cease from the work; for there still lurked within him a creeping hope that the discovery might one day come to pass.

There is one scene—it may be, too diffuse, perhaps the last eighteen verses might have been spared—excellent in its kind, from which Ben Jonson seems to have borrowed the description of the designed and accomplished destruction by Subtle of the elixir which, as he pretended, he had all but completed when it vanished in smoke through the wickedness of Sir Epicure Mammon. In Chaucer the ruin is accidental, and he tells in one word that the accident was always happening. The Canon had tempered the metals on the fire; the crucible in which they were bubbling burst, and, farewell! all was gone. The boiling metal flew hither and thither; part through the wall, part into the ground; part was scattered about the floor, and the rest leaped into the roof. The workmen fell to chiding; such woe, raucour, and wrath were there as are found only in the kingdom of Satan. One said that the fault was in making up the fire; another, that it was in the blowing—"Then," says the Yeoman, "I was afraid, for to blow was my office." "Straw!" quoth a third, "you are ignorant and foolish; the mixture was not rightly tempered." "Nay," said a fourth, "hold and hearken to me; the cause was that our fire was not made of beechen wood." So they strove together until the strife called forth the Canon. Calm and gentle, *pietate gravem ac meritis*, he hushed the tumult, spake of the bursting of the crucible as of a thing for which he looked as duly as for his daily bread; yet promised that it should never happen again; and, confident as though the stone were already in the pocket of his ragged garment, bade them pluck up their hearts and be merry:—

What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don,
Of these perils I wol beware of sone.
I am right sikur, that the pot was crased,
Be as he may, be ye no thing amased.
As usage is let swep the flore as swithe;
Plucke up your hertes and be glad and blithe.

LITERARY POLICEMEN.

A GOOD deal was said lately as to the opinions of the police on the subject of the early closing of public-houses, and it was remarked that policemen might be inclined towards any course that would save themselves trouble. The Report of the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis which has just appeared supports this remark, and shows that some zealous superintendents carry their zeal for early closing to an extreme point. The force has lately taken a decided literary turn, and the early closing of public-houses would no doubt afford to policemen greater leisure for that "educational" advancement which has become necessary for promotion. It was easy to believe the statement of Mr. Cross that, if public-houses were closed and coffee-shops remained open, intoxicating drink would be supplied in an illicit manner; and the Licensing Act provides that all places of refreshment shall be closed at the same time. But if the advice of the Superintendent of the Marylebone Division be adopted, a further measure of restriction will be proposed next Session. "Coffee-stalls," he says, "should be prohibited between 12 at night and 4 A.M. They are simply common nuisances, and are not, except in very special instances, required." We do not speak from actual knowledge, but we infer that the compound sold at these stalls under the name of coffee is not often genuine; and if on this ground the police proposed to treat the stalls as nuisances, we should feel a certain sympathy, which we admit to be wholly unjustifiable, in the success of their proceedings. It is possible indeed that the so-called coffee may be occasionally fortified with a spirit equally undeserving of the name of brandy, and although this may be an offence against the Excise, it would be venial, or even praiseworthy, in a sanitary point of view. The police would probably be well pleased if everybody in London would go to bed at midnight and stay there until four o'clock; and they desire at any rate that those who are in the streets between these hours should be cut off from all possibility of refreshment. Another superintendent says that "the keepers of fried fish, pie, and oyster shops" continue to give trouble to the police and annoyance to the inhabitants. This officer writes from Whitechapel, and we are pleased to hear that that district has grown so genteel that its inhabitants object to the eating—at least in a disorderly manner—of eel-pies. The consumption of these delicacies appears to proceed in the manner least satisfactory to the police at those shops which do not offer sitting accommodation to their customers. The Report states that the Excise authorities refuse to license certain shops on account of their not having the requisite accommo-

dation, and that these shops more especially give trouble. We presume that these shops, not having licences as refreshment-houses, do not venture to keep open after nine o'clock at night, and before that hour the trouble they give cannot be so very serious. Eating fried fish standing up is not, we should think, a particularly exhilarating occupation, and persons who can get jolly over an eel-pie must possess remarkable talent for conviviality under difficulties. We do not object to the closing of fried-fish shops, licensed or unlicensed, at the same hour as public-houses, but this worthy officer, taking his tone doubtless from the Home Office as it was under Lord Aberdeen, seems to wish to close these shops altogether. Some of his colleagues seem to think it enough to say that "loose characters" frequent a shop in order to condemn it, but we venture to remark that even a prostitute may be lawfully supplied with an eel-pie. On particular occasions the West-end of London suffers from irruptions of "roughs" who are believed to be of Eastern origin, and probably if we pictured to ourselves these barbarians at the hearth fires of their race, we might conceive them to be engaged in the consumption of eel-pies purchased with coppers extracted from the pockets of West-enders.

It is gratifying to hear that in the Paddington division "only one crime of any magnitude" has been committed, and consequently the detective officers "have not had their energies directed to the apprehension of great offenders," who would probably have escaped. In this state of comparative leisure the superintendent of the division has addressed his mind to the consideration of the "educational test for promotion," and the style of his remarks convinces us that he at least need not fear the application of the test to which he objects. This test, he says, though it gives to the public intelligent, well-spoken, and well-informed men, shuts out many who would make the best officers. He would not suggest that there should be no educational qualification required, but he does think, and so do we, that upon the strong recommendation of the superintendent, the Civil Service examination might be waived in certain cases. We regard the method of examination as better than jobbery for admission; but as inapplicable, or nearly so, to promotion, which should depend upon the sense which a man's superiors have of his efficiency. The notion of the Civil Service Examiners selecting a detective sergeant by competition is rather whimsical. I have, says the writer, divisional detectives who are clever, experienced men, and but for the one drawback of want of education, would make the best detective sergeants, "for they are most energetic in the pursuit of offenders, will stand or lie in a mow, in a ditch, in a stable, a cab, or in a box, and will watch for hours without stirring, on purpose to catch or to keep observation on some persons whom they suspect, which I am afraid the educated detective would not do, and from their knowledge of crime and its perpetrators are certainly the best men to give instructions to others in intricate cases, but want of education keeps them from such a position." Certainly the mania for examination has gone pretty far if we apply it to the selection of officers of the detective police. It is doubtful whether an examiner could be found to set a paper on "Crime and its Perpetrators"; and the capacity for standing patiently up to the neck in a dunghill seems scarcely to admit of being measured by marks. The ingenious persons who undertake to choose detective officers by this method would perhaps be capable of proposing to set papers to all the inhabitants of a street until they discovered the perpetrator of a crime committed in it. Another superintendent testifies with equal emphasis against imposing an educational test on sergeants. "I find," he says, "that the very best policemen as regards thief-taking are men who generally are unable to pass the examination required for a sergeant." Thus a constable seized a suspected burglar and held him until assistance came, in spite of a violent blow with a "jemmy," under which perhaps a more scholarly head might have yielded. Another superintendent suggests, with even more force, that the educational test imposed upon a sergeant before he can become inspector should be modified. There are, he says, many sergeants "good practical policemen," well qualified for inspectors, who would fail to pass the educational examination, as we can quite believe. The wonder is that this absurd system of examination should have established itself so strongly.

We must admit, however, that by examination or other means the literary character of the police has been well sustained, and we can only hope that the authors of the district Reports before us have not disused the truncheon as they became familiar with the pen. Here and there severe criticism might find a blemish. Thus, one superintendent states that "stray dogs appear to be as prolific as ever"—meaning, not that stray dogs of the female sex produce puppies while in custody of the force, but only that stray dogs are numerous. The same officer discourses in a high moral strain upon the lamentable fact that "persons of a position in society" are among the visitors to night houses. He thinks they would never do so "if they would give the subject but a moment's serious reflection, and consider the result to themselves if their friends and relations were cognizant of their conduct." There are some twenty superintendents of police, and every one of them could write an essay in this style, and probably among them they could compose a magazine and review. Thus much education has done for the police, but whether it has made them more patient and skilful in watching and detecting thieves is questionable. The writers of the Reports take credit, and we hope justly, for having administered the Contagious Diseases Acts, so that the prejudice once entertained by many persons against

these Acts has become a thing of the past. An enthusiastic superintendent states that those persons now see that "the despised daughter of frailty" has a way of escaping from her degrading position through the kind influence of those with whom she is brought into contact by the operation of the Acts. The number of naval stragglers brought in by the police has been less than the year before, and this is treated as a result of "an improved tone of morality in the navy;" which must be gratifying to those commanders who take an interest in the welfare of the crews entrusted to their charge, "and who, it is pleasing to note, are becoming more numerous every day." We will not be so unkind as to suggest that the diminished number of stragglers brought in might be ascribed to relaxed vigilance on the part of the police. But we cannot help fearing that thief-taking and other cognate business may come to be regarded as secondary to the general supervision of the conduct and condition of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, from captains in the navy to despised daughters of frailty and profligate dogs. It surely is beyond the province of the Superintendent of Police at Portsmouth Dockyard to estimate the degree of interest which naval officers take in the welfare of their ships' companies. The Superintendent at Woolwich Dockyard is happy in the occurrence of a topic particularly suitable to the display of his literary talent. "The year has been distinguished for visits made to the Arsenal by august personages." The Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Russia and suite were received by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Heads of Departments, &c. "The 21st June will long be remembered in Woolwich as the day on which His Majesty the Shah visited the Arsenal." It is not perhaps surprising that the Shah's visits to public places should have particularly impressed the memory of policemen, because his Majesty carried on his august person diamonds which all the thieves of London must have regarded with longing and despairing eyes as a magnificent but wholly unattainable "swag." Nevertheless we do not see the necessity of recording the names of the distinguished civil and military officers who accompanied or received the Shah, unless indeed it had been added that none of them had their pockets picked. "The day was beautifully fine" and many thousands of well-dressed persons "availed themselves of the privilege" of standing on the grass plots to view the ceremony. Then came the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia and the Prince of Wales, and a few days later the Shah turned up again within the territory of this most fortunate of superintendents. This time he came to view Greenwich Hospital; he was attended by notabilities as before, and "a *de-jour* of the most *recherché* description" awaited him in the Painted Hall. This is really too much. We are sorry that the literary exercises of the police should end in unmitigated penury-aiming. But these are the beautiful results of education.

DEAN STANLEY ON GENERAL COUNCILS.

DEAN STANLEY has contributed to the *Contemporary Review* a short paper on "Christianity and Ultramontanism," designed, as he informs his readers, as a slight contribution—it is certainly a very slight one—towards completing a discussion recently carried on in that magazine. He adds, and the statement is repeated soon afterwards, that "it confines itself to the historical aspect of the subject." And to its historical aspect, especially in one important particular on which the writer has chiefly dwelt, our criticism will also be confined. We might indeed question at starting the historical correctness of the Dean's rather peculiar definition of Ultramontanism, as the theory that "in all times and places Christianity has been propagated by a corporation or caste of men, who have been the exclusive depositaries and expounders of its truths"; whereas the opposite, and as he holds the true, theory is that Christianity is propagated and the advance of truth and goodness accomplished, not by one particular corporation or order of men, or through any one form of polity, but "by the joint influences of all good elements in human nature, and in the order of the world, working together." This distinction of theories is, on the face of it, what logicians call a cross division, for no one in his senses ever imagined that the advance of truth and goodness in the world depended solely on the ministrations of a clerical corporation; while on the other hand there are probably not many who would care to maintain that Christianity has been, or is ever likely to be, propagated in the world without such direct agencies being called into play. The Dean is indeed himself obliged to allow that perhaps no one has held either view "with absolute consistency;" and he might have added that probably no one has ever professed to hold either view, in the form here stated, at all. What he really means, or must charitably be presumed to mean, is that one party holds an organized and visible ministry, with certain inherent rights and powers, to be part and parcel of the divine institution of Christianity, while another regards all such claims as mere variable accidents. In this sense his two theories have no doubt an historical existence, and the former might be roughly described as the Catholic theory, though it has been equally maintained by large bodies external to the Roman Catholic Church, as for instance by the entire Eastern and a large section of the English Church. At all events it is certainly not Ultramontanism, which, if we "confine ourselves to the historical aspect of the subject," means a particular theory about Papal rights and prerogatives maintained by one, and denied by another, party in the Roman Catholic Church. On the re-

spective merits of their views the Dean's slight contribution throws no light whatever. He probably thinks the controversy beneath his notice, and considers both sides about equally in the wrong; and of course he has a right to his own opinion on the subject. Only it remains true that the title of his paper is a misnomer. And its incongruity becomes the more amusingly conspicuous when we find him taking, as the chief and "most obvious case" for testing the historical weakness of what he calls the Ultramontane theory, the example of General Councils. No doubt Ultramontanes, being Roman Catholics, are obliged to admit the authority of General Councils; but, if there is one point which sharply distinguishes their theological attitude from that of the opposite section of their co-religionists, it is their studied depreciation of Councils in comparison with the loftier and more available authority of Popes. However, we are not going to discuss here the abstract merits of Catholic and Protestant, or of ecclesiastical and Erastian views of Church government—and this latter theory is what the writer is throughout really advocating—still less the pros and cons of Ultramontanism proper, to which he scarcely adverts at all. He has given us an historical summary of the action of General Councils from Nicaea to Trent, according to his own estimate of their proceedings, and to a brief examination of some of its leading points we propose to devote such space as remains to us.

The Dean of Westminster has written some Historical Sketches of the Eastern Church, and was once a Professor of Ecclesiastical History. While therefore an attack on the pretensions of General Councils struck us as a very strange method of illustrating the falsehood of Ultramontanism, we turned with considerable interest to his review of the proceedings of those assemblies in times past. We are sorry to be obliged to add that we turned from it after a careful and wondering perusal with a blank sense of mingled perplexity and disappointment. Though he professes to be running through the whole line of General Councils, the Dean has in fact selected seven only out of the twenty or twenty-one commonly so-called—four of the ancient and three of the mediæval Church—whereby to illustrate his theories. The first four Councils from Nice to Chalcedon, to which the Church of England appeals for her standard of heresy, are thus summarily dismissed. "The Council of Nicaea—what is there that actually remains to us from that venerable assembly? A creed which, however good in itself, was for the most part not composed by the Council, but only adopted by it . . . and of which the only word of importance inserted by the Council was adopted as a mere party move, and afterwards hardly ever used by Athanasius, its chief champion." The Nicene Creed was not composed by the Council of Nice in precisely the same sense in which the Toleration Act was not composed by the English Parliament. And it would be just as true to say that an Act of Parliament is not really the work of Parliament, but of the member who proposes or the draftsman who puts it into shape, as that creeds or canons are not really the work of the Council which authenticates them. And as to Athanasius's politic and provisional abstinence from the use of the famous formula (*homoousios*), in order to win over the Semi-Arians, it proves nothing whatever as to the fitness of the term for the purpose for which it was originally devised, and to which it has been applied from that day to this. Of the Council of Constantinople we are told still more briefly, and with even less approach to accuracy, "Nothing is now cherished except a portion of a creed which it certainly did not compose." From the Council of Ephesus "there remains only the famous word *θεωσμός*, which has not been deemed worthy of acceptance in any Protestant Church"—a statement which is incorrect if the Church of England is meant to be included under the category, and irrelevant if it is not. For no decrees of the ancient Councils are deemed worthy of acceptance by the foreign Protestant communions. We are finally asked "How many Christian pastors of any Church have gone to the stormy debates and ambiguous decisions of the Council of Chalcedon?"—which most unambiguously condemned Eutychianism—"for the purpose of refreshing their spiritual life?" It would be about as reasonable to ask how many Christians have gone to the *Pilgrim's Progress* for the purpose of learning the true doctrine of the two natures of Christ. We have no time to enter here on a vindication of the first four General Councils, and it is quite enough to observe that Dean Stanley has judged them—detailed inaccuracies apart—by tests which are so transparently inapplicable as to deprive his statement of any value whatever. But, as he refers to Hooker as a high authority in a later part of the article, and as Hooker was certainly very far removed from any suspicion of Ultramontanism, we may perhaps venture to remind our readers of a well-known passage in the fifth book of the *Eccelesiastical Polity* giving his very different estimate of the matter:—

To gather, therefore, into one sum all that hitherto hath been spoken touching this point, there are but four things which concur to make complete the whole state of our Lord Jesus Christ: His Deity, His manhood, the conjunction of both, and the distinction of the one from the other being joined in one. Four principal heresies there are which have in those things withstood the Truth: Arians by bending themselves against the Deity of Christ; Apollinarians by maining and misinterpreting that which belongeth to His human nature; Nestorians by rending Christ asunder and dividing Him into two persons; the followers of Eutyches by confounding in His person those natures which they should distinguish. Against these there have been four most famous ancient general councils; the council of Nice to define against Arians, against Apollinarians the council of Constantinople, the council of Ephesus against Nestorians, against Eutychians the Chalcedon council.

And, after speaking of the terms used for this purpose, he pro-

ceeds:—"Within the compass of which four heads I may truly affirm that all heresies which touch the Person of Christ, whether they have arisen in these later days or in any age heretofore, may be with great facility brought to confine themselves." On the theological bearings of the matter we of course say nothing here. But the extract just given will at least suffice to prove that writers not less eminent or learned than Dean Stanley, and quite as little open to the imputation of Ultramontanism, are completely at issue with him as to the substantial and permanent services rendered to Christianity by the ancient Councils of the Church.

From the Council of Chalcedon in 451 the reviewer passes at a bound to what he somewhat enigmatically calls "the Council of the Lateran." As there were four Lateran Councils, the first of which was held in 1123 and the last in 1215, we were at first wholly at a loss to know what Council the Dean had in his mind. His comment on "the Council of the Lateran" is that "it gave us its sanction of Transubstantiation and of the Albigenian Crusade." The former part of this statement might be applied to two of the Lateran Councils; the latter is not true, except in a very indirect sense, of any of them. The teaching of Berengarius on the Eucharist—which may be described in later phraseology as Zwinglian—was condemned at the Second Lateran Council, and the dogma of Transubstantiation formally defined at the fourth. It is apparently to this last that the reviewer refers, for, although the crusade to which it gave its sanction was not the Albigenian, but the fifth crusade to the Holy Land, afterwards conducted by Andrew II. King of Hungary, it assigned to De Montfort the cities taken from the Albigenians in France, and may thus be said to have given a kind of *ex post facto* sanction to the war. Had the sanction been more direct, the case is not such a simple one in its "historical aspects" as Dean Stanley appears to suppose. The Albigenian heresies were to the full as violent an outrage on the public opinion of Christendom in that day as Mormonism is in our own, and a high ecclesiastical dignity might have been expected to remember that the direct sanction given in the Old Testament to the extermination of the Canaanites does not stand less in need of explanation than the indirect condemnation accorded after the fact by the Fourth Lateran Council—if it is the fourth to which he refers—to the wars of Simon de Montfort. Once more the reviewer passes *sicco pelle*, not this time over eight, but over more than two centuries, and four intervening General Councils, and pounces on the Council of Constance—the very last, one would have thought, in the whole series to be included in an indictment against Ultramontanism. And here he is even less felicitous than in his dealings with "the Council of the Lateran." At Constance, to quote his own burning words, "the blameless John Huss was burnt alive, the infamous John Petit, and the infamous John XXII. (XXIII.?) with difficulty condemned, almost condoned." And then, appropriating a statement of Hallam's which later criticism has conspicuously disproved, he adds that "it is easy to weigh the retrenchment of a few abuses against the formal sanction of an atrocious maxim." This of course refers to the supposed decree of Constance, triumphantly cited by Gieseler, that no faith is to be kept with heretics, which however, if not a pure fabrication throughout, is at best a draft of a motion proposed by some member of the Council, but certainly never accepted. Nor had the Council any need to adopt it as an apology for burning John Huss. Dean Stanley should know better than to endorse the worn-out calumny about what Coleridge calls with ingenious infelicity "the Pope-wrought perfidy, that made an empire's plighted faith a lie," forgetting that the "perfidy" at all events could not be "Pope-wrought" at a time when there was no Pope. But in fact there was no perfidy at all. John Huss came to Constance, as he himself repeatedly stated, with no other safeguard than a verbal promise from the Emperor of protection on his journey, which was faithfully kept. The written safeguard reached him after his arrival there and guaranteed him against all violence on the road to or from Constance in the event of his return, but did not and could not guarantee him against the sentence of the supreme tribunal to which he had himself appealed, and by whose judgment he had over and over again declared his readiness to abide. That burning heretics is an "atrocious" practice we have no desire to dispute, but it was in accordance with the universal custom and sentiment of the day, and Huss himself did not complain of the sentence on the ground that it was a breach of faith, or that burning heretics is wrong, but simply on the ground that he was not a heretic. But, judged by any standard of doctrine which the Council could possibly recognize, he was undoubtedly a heretic, and it so happened that some of his opinions were of a nature to be far more alarming to civil than to ecclesiastical authorities, and would, if consistently carried out, have made all regular government in Church or State an impossibility. Hence the extreme bitterness manifested against him by the Emperor Sigismund when it became clear what his real opinions were. As to the Dean's sensational contrast of Huss with "the infamous John Petit and the infamous John XXII.," that may be dismissed in very few words. Jean Petit, as we had occasion to mention the other day, wrote a work in defence of tyrannicide which the Council of Constance condemned. His doctrine may be "infamous," but it was maintained by a host of later writers, Catholic and Protestant, to some of whom at all events even, Dean Stanley would scarcely venture to apply that epithet, and we are not aware of any charges against the personal character of the author. As to "the infamous John XXII." (XXIII.) we must be content to refer the Dean to Hefele's volume on the Council of Constance, his utter ignorance of which is attested by every word he has written on the subject. John was

certainly no saint, but there is no evidence that he was any worse than the general run of dignified ecclesiastics of the day, though he was greatly their superior in ability. The contemporary judgment of Leonardo of Arezzo is probably not far from the mark:—"Vir in temporalibus quidem magnus, in spiritualibus vero nullus omnino atque ineptus." It was more on ecclesiastical than moral grounds, and on account of his breach of faith in deserting the Council, that it suspended and deposed him.

It is admitted that the Council of Trent effected many useful reforms, and that the chapters on Justification throw a good deal of light on an important subject, but we are asked whether "its acts contain anything like a code of permanent and universal truth," as though it were the business of a Council to compose a supplementary Bible. And in the same spirit the writer, possibly haunted by some vague consciousness that his detailed indictment against the acts of General Councils is not very conclusive, proceeds to notice their omissions:—

How many are the good words and works in which the Councils have had no part? The Creeds: Even the Nicene or Constantinopolitan Creed is in substance the creed not of a Council but of Eusebius and Epiphanius. The Apostles' Creed, and, with all its merits and demerits, the Athanasian Creed, is not sanctioned by any Council at all. The Canon of Scripture: It was not adopted, or sanctioned, or explained by any Council until the Council of Trent; and the decision of that assembly, recognizing as authorized only the received version of the Vulgate, no educated man, either Roman Catholic or Protestant, can in the present day accept. Theology: Is there any single theological question which any Council or Synod has argued or decided with an ability equal to that of any of the great theologians, lay or clerical? The nearest approach to it are the chapters on Justification in the decrees of Trent, and on the Bible in the Westminster Confession. But how inadequate to the needs of the case, how inferior to the truly inspired utterances of individual genius!—to the enlightenment of the world by Origen, by Jerome, by Augustine, by Dante, by Hooker, by Bacon, by Thomas à Kempis, by Bossuet, by Luther! The formation of the hymnology, or of the music, or of the liturgy, or of the morals of Christendom—all these were the works of public opinion, of general instinct, or of gifted individuals—not the work either of a general council or of the corporate or synodical action of the clergy as such.

And again soon afterwards we are solemnly informed that the whole literature of Christendom, its poetry, philosophy, history, hymnology, science, and theology, its art and legislation for at least three hundred years—during which period by the way there have been no General Councils—its charities and philanthropic institutions, are the work of other agencies. No doubt. But it is impossible to read this portentous catalogue of the services which Councils have failed to render without being reminded of the very similar complaint made against *Paradise Lost*. "After all, it proves nothing." After all, says the Dean of Westminster in effect, whatever else Councils may have accomplished, they did not give us the art, the literature, the science, the painting, the poetry, the history, the hospitals, not even the theology of Europe. They cannot match the intellect of Augustine, or the depth of Origen, or the wisdom of Hooker, or the science of Bacon or the genius of Bossuet, or the devotion of Thomas à Kempis. And therefore at the bar of history they are self-condemned. Neither, we may add, did the English Parliament give us our national literature, or poetry, or music, our ancient Universities, our churches, our scientific institutions, our railways, our electric telegraph, our benevolent societies, or even our political economy. Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth, Gibbon and Hume, Adam Smith, Burke, Watt, Stephenson, Faraday, Mill, and hosts besides of not less memorable names, are due to other agencies than can be found in the Palace of Westminster. Even the laws made in Parliament "are not composed but merely adopted by it." Therefore it is absurd to talk of Parliamentary government as the palladium of our liberties and source of legitimate authority. The advance of the national spirit and national welfare is promoted "by the joint influence of all good elements in [English] nature, and in the order of the world working together," and not by particular Acts of Parliament. It is hardly necessary to pursue the parallel further. We may hope that before the Dean again enters on the history of General Councils he will have paid a little more attention to the facts of the case, and have learnt to take rather a wider view of its bearings on the history of the Church and the world.

TEMPLE BAR.

THE disturbance of Temple Bar is at any rate a visible proof that work has been seriously commenced upon the Law Courts. The digging of the foundations of the new edifice has been proceeded with so energetically, and we might almost say inconsiderately, as to cause a slipping or sinking of the ground supporting the old and, as some would say, venerable structure. It is perhaps not to be regretted that a question which might have given trouble has been thus practically settled. The decision is said to be reserved for the Common Council when they meet after their vacation, but, however they may invigorate themselves by change of air and scene, they will find their strength unequal to keeping Temple Bar in its familiar place. If it cannot stand without hoarding and shoring it had better come down, because the most enthusiastic antiquary can hardly admire a structure composed partly of stone and partly of planks and timber. And further, although the Bar remains, and is as well as can be expected under the circumstances, the gates are gone, and gone never to return. The ceremony of closing them on the approach of a herald with a proclamation can never be repeated. We do not know whether the gates have been carried, but we are sure

that not even a general and an army could bring them back. Lord Ellenborough desired on a memorable occasion to show that the wave of Afghan conquest had been rolled back from India by British power. But not even Lord Ellenborough could resist the progress of that change which has removed these gates from Temple Bar. It would indeed be almost as easy to replace above the Bar the mouldering heads of traitors. But if the Bar must lose its gates, it had better disappear altogether from its present site.

Yet the removal of Temple Bar, whenever it shall be consummated, will be matter of regret, just as we regret the substitution of commodious modern houses with plate-glass shop-fronts for the dark and awkward, but picturesque, dwellings of mediæval traders. Nothing so surely carries back the mind to the past as its visible monuments, and a mind can hardly be in a healthy state which dwells wholly in the present. On this account we think it would be worth while to re-erect Temple Bar on the best site that can be found for it. As long as it stands anywhere, the recollection will survive that it served, among other purposes, to exemplify the justice or vengeance of Government against traitors. For many months a play has been performed at the Olympic Theatre of which the subject is a Jacobite plot for the assassination of King William III. The play is founded upon a real plot for which the authors suffered death and gave their heads and limbs for the ghastly ornamentation of Temple Bar. These victims were of the party which a few years before had triumphed even more savagely. After Monmouth's defeat there was no town or village of Somersetshire that had supported him which had not always before its eyes horrible examples of the penalty of rebellion. Macaulay relates that a labouring man who assisted the executioner at Taunton in the disgusting process of seething the quarters of traitors in pitch was called in his village "Tom Boilman," was shunned like Cain, and perished by lightning, which his fellow-villagers regarded as Heaven's vengeance for his sinful and shameful work. It is easier for us to conceive the state of mind which delighted to witness cruel and sanguinary punishments than that which endured the obtrusion of hideous objects on daily life. Every time that the Guildhall and the Halls of the great Companies entertained guests of rank and fashion from beyond Temple Bar, these guests passed under an archway garnished with human heads and limbs. Belief in the deterrent effect of punishment was in those days absolute, and in a struggle for life and death between rival parties in politics and religion all means were used without remorse to put down and keep down enemies. We could easily bring ourselves under the influence of terror and hatred to cut off heads, although we may now think such severity far from our refined natures. But it may be doubted whether any panic or provocation could induce us to fix our victims' heads on spikes and look at them as we drove to dine off turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor and aldermen. The nearest approach to the feelings of those times was made in India, when the blowing away of Sepoys from guns was used as a punishment, doubtless necessary, for mutiny. Colonel Stuart, in his *Reminiscences of a Soldier*, has lately described the share which duty compelled him to take in one of these executions. He placed a party of his men immediately behind the gun, and we will not enter into further details. Yet this punishment was adopted under the belief, apparently well founded, of its deterrent effect; and as Colonel Stuart writes:—"We were living in times when no one could tell what a day would bring forth, and we had plenty of evidence that the corps most faithful yesterday would with pleasure cut our throats to-day." These words of a man now living may help us to understand how our ancestors, when King William III. had narrowly escaped assassination on his way for a day's hunting in Richmond Park, cut off with alacrity the heads of the conspirators, and stuck them up on Temple Bar.

Let us try to realize another event nearer to our own time, which furnished indeed the latest horrors of the Bar. In the month of November 1745 the state of affairs in England was most alarming. Prince Charles Edward had landed in Scotland in the last days of July, and being joined by large numbers of Highlanders, had outmanœuvred General Opepe, the commander of the few Royal troops in Scotland, taken possession of Edinburgh, and defeated the Royal army at Preston Pans. Meanwhile, regiments which had shared the honourable but disastrous battle at Fontenoy were brought from Holland to London and marched to the North. Dutch, Danes, and Hessians, as well as English regiments, were employed against the Highland savages who were threatening to capture and sack London. The King reminded the officers of the Guards of the precarious condition of the country, and told them that, though he had had so many recent instances of their exertions, yet the necessities of the time induced him to demand their services again. Thus exhorted, the Guards marched to Lichfield and joined the Duke of Cumberland, who warned the Government that they must prepare for the defence of London in case the Highlanders should slip past him. There is a tradition that the Duke hanged a tollgate-keeper who gave him untrue information as to the enemy's movements. This week in which Englishmen have invaded Scotland in large numbers may be opportune for remembering the Pretender's march to Derby. At that day a Highlander was regarded not with sentimental admiration, but with disgust and horror. On the 2nd December the Duke, in order to intercept the insurgents on their march to Chester, advanced to Stone, expecting an encounter; but Lord George Murray, the Commander-in-Chief of the Highland

army, suddenly turned with his men to the left, gained by a forced march the high road to Ashbourne, and on the 4th reached Derby, thus placing himself between the Duke and the metropolis. The *History of the Grenadier Guards* lately published gives some curious details of the military incidents of this, the last campaign on English soil. The Londoners were resolute in adherence to their Protestant and Hanoverian King. "Several wealthy citizens enlisted as volunteers in the Guards." A camp was formed to cover London, and the movement of some companies of Guards thither furnished Hogarth with the idea of his picture of the "March to Finchley," which, however, is a caricature. Scouts were sent into Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire, and Englishmen armed and drilled generally, and prepared themselves to dare and endure, and, when their time came, to inflict, just as did their descendants when the tide of Indian mutiny rose daily higher, and showed as yet no sign of turning. If the Highlanders really had reached London, we may doubt whether romance and poetry combined could have made the name of Macdonald and Cameron other than odious in Southern ears. But they, finding no support in England, retreated from Derby towards their own country, and the Duke pursued them, having for expedition mounted a detachment of Guards on horses furnished by the farmers. But soon an alarm of invasion from Dunkirk recalled the Duke to London, and in his absence General Hawley was defeated by the Highlanders at Falkirk. However, the French did not strike at the right time; the tranquillity of London was restored, the volunteers returned to their civil duties, and the Duke marched again to Scotland, and crushed the last hopes of the Stuarts at Culloden. The termination of the rebellion was followed by the trials and punishment of its leaders. Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock were executed on Tower Hill, and other rebels suffered on Kennington Common. Lord Lovat was executed a few months afterwards. It cannot be said, looking at the magnitude and character of this rebellion, at the ideas which had always prevailed as to the treatment of vanquished rebels, and at the length and bitterness of the struggle between Catholics and Protestants and the Houses of Stuart and Hanover, that these punishments were excessive either in number or degree. Death to noble traitors by the axe had always been the law; and it had become habitual, and was supposed to be a salutary deterrent practice, to stick their heads on spikes and leave them to wither in the sun and wind. Thus it was natural that Temple Bar should become once more and for the last time a place of skulls. Happily for us our civil and religious differences are now for the most part settled at the polling-booth. But if we suppose the fate of Throne and Church to depend upon an imminent battle between one army advancing from Derby and another encamped at Finchley, we shall gain some idea of the excitement of the minds of Londoners in December 1745, and shall not violently blame, even if we may regret, the severities which they wreaked on their defeated enemies a year later. Rather let us own that in a time of equal peril we could not show more courage, and might easily show as much blood-thirstiness. This lesson Temple Bar as long as it stands may profitably teach.

THE SURREY ASSIZES.

AT the conclusion of the Guildford Assizes Mr. Baron Bramwell made some important remarks upon the business done or left undone there, which have been supplemented by an interesting statement in the *Times* of what may be called the birth and character of the causes entered for trial, and of the ends they came to. This statement is valuable as showing the condition to which the judicial arrangements of the country have been reduced, and the urgent need of that reform which the Judicature Act professes to supply. The business of this assize, so far as it has come before the judges, has been disposed of by two judges in thirteen working days, but this could only be done by the assistance of a learned gentleman, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, sitting in a third Court, and trying common jury cases. We do not object to this practice, which a glance at the Assize reports will show to be frequent, and we have only to remark upon it that the country thus gets the benefit of the service of a highly-trained lawyer without paying for it. The experience thus gained is doubtless useful to those who may hereafter become judges, and the practice of including Queen's Counsel and Serjeants in the Commissions of Assize is part of that ancient system which we should desire to protect against hasty and ill-considered change. But there has been held at Guildford what was virtually a fourth Court, in which another Queen's Counsel has been sitting as arbitrator in a case which, under the existing system, could not be tried in a regular court at all. This was an action by a Surrey landlord against a tenant for breach of covenants as to course of husbandry, and it involved matters with which a jury of farmers would be far better acquainted than one of tradesmen. The sittings of the arbitrator have been public, and they have been freely attended by the farmers of the neighbourhood, among whom the case has excited considerable interest. This statement, which we take from the *Times*, would go far, in our judgment, to show the expediency of continuing to hold an assize at Guildford. It is desirable that farmers and other classes should attend the hearing of cases in which they take an interest, because they may thus learn something that may be useful to them.

Wherever courts of justice are open auditors frequent them, and the attendance upon judicial proceedings is a valuable part of political education. This case appears to have been peculiarly suitable for trial by a jury chosen, according to the old principle, from the neighbourhood where the case arose, and we assume that the reason for referring it to an arbitrator was the impossibility of obtaining at this time of the year the attention of a judge and jury. But even if we suppose that the case was unsuitable, from its complication, for trial by jury, that is no sufficient reason, irrespectively of present rules of practice, why it should not be tried before a judge. The consent of the parties which would be necessary to arbitration would suffice for trial before a judge without a jury, but the consent of the judge would also be necessary, and that he might reasonably withhold. He might fairly say that he had not time to get through the regular duty of the assize and could not assume any responsibility that did not properly belong to him. It comes, in fact, to this, that a cause which would require several days to try cannot be tried at all, and the parties must provide a judicial tribunal at their own expense. If a tax were imposed upon all suitors alike none could complain, and, in fact, a tax is imposed upon all suitors who try their cases before special jurors. But it often happens that suitors cannot have what they want even by paying for it. In fact the judges who hold the Summer Assize are like tradesmen who cannot meet their liabilities. The most importunate or lucky creditors get paid in full, and other creditors get nothing. Mr. Baron Bramwell appears to think that even if assizes continue to be held at Guildford and the two other towns which have been used to have them, the suitors would prefer to resort, when the new judicial system is established, to London; and perhaps to a large extent they would. All we should contend for is that the option of doing so or not should be reserved to them. If a case arises in the neighbourhood of Guildford, it is easier to try that case at Westminster than at Croydon, because the journey by rail is half an hour shorter, and there are more trains. But if a case arises in the neighbourhood of Guildford, it may be tried at Guildford if the assize happens to be held there, and if not it may be tried at Westminster. There can be no possible objection to offering this alternative, except that it might involve an occasional waste of a judge's time, and this Mr. Baron Bramwell properly says ought not to weigh against it. He expects, indeed, that the County of Surrey will arrive at the conclusion that its assizes can be most conveniently held at Newington, and if that be so, there is little use in contending for the local principle, because Newington is part of the metropolis. We think there is much to be said against centralization, but if those most interested give up the contest, outsiders can hardly be expected to maintain it.

The remark of Mr. Baron Bramwell that "the question turns on *Bradshaw*" tells both ways, because, if it is easy for the suitors of Surrey to come to Westminster, it is easy also for the judges of Westminster to come to Guildford. As regards the alleged disposition of the county to do its business at Newington, it was explained at the county meeting held at Guildford on Thursday that, as regards the criminal business, the prisoners are at Newington already and it is inconvenient to remove them. As regards the civil business of Quarter Sessions, it appears that when the question of its removal was brought forward at Guildford it was rejected by a large majority, and when the same question was brought forward at Newington it was carried by a majority of one. Further discussion of this question will probably produce something like agreement as to what is the most convenient course. As regards the general question, it is manifest that the arrangement recently proposed of the circuits has gone upon the idea that there are only so many judges disposable, and, as two more judges are wanted for the North, they may be taken from the South. The people of Surrey may reasonably object to the question being dealt with in this way. Let the public convenience be first considered, and let the number of judges which it requires be appointed, but do not fix the number of judges and then compel the public convenience to adapt itself thereto. It has been suggested as one means of lightening the labours of judges at assizes that an enlarged criminal jurisdiction should be given to magistrates at Quarter Sessions. But this proposal also ought to be considered on its merits, and there is obviously much to be said against it. Supposing it to be adopted, there would be an immediate revival of the demand which has been frequently urged for appointing paid Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and this certainly would cost more than any probable saving of judges' salaries. At present, when a judge tries prisoners at the assizes many magistrates come into court and listen, and they are likely to hear something that may be useful in the performance of their own duties. It was well said by a speaker at the meeting that "the object of the assizes is that people should see and feel how the law is administered," and thus learn to respect and place confidence in the law. That is an object of the highest importance which cannot be exactly appreciated in money, and which therefore some minds have a tendency to disregard. The members for the county of Surrey will doubtless press this consideration upon Government and Parliament. They may fairly urge that the reason why so few county cases had been tried at the late assize was that "the parties knew that, if the proceedings were likely to last any time, the chances were that the case would not be heard." It is desirable, however, that these cases should be tried in the county, and that proper time should be given for trying them. Suitors are now subjected to a constantly increasing pressure to consent to

refer or settle their cases, and if they resist to-day they yield to-morrow. The *Times* states that more than a hundred cases out of 160 were withdrawn from trial, or disposed of without being really tried, and we may be tolerably sure that if the same cause list were commenced at Westminster next November by a judge sitting continuously, a much larger proportion of them would be tried. If this be so, the necessity is manifest for some such improvement as the Judicature Act proposes. The truth is that if the lawyers had been alive to their own interest, they would have established continuous sittings with juries at Westminster or in the City of London twenty years ago, and they would have devised some system by which, before the expense of preparing for trial was incurred, the cases which are and are not suitable for trial by jury could have been distinguished. Few judges who have had much experience would desire to take upon themselves the decision of questions on which there is contradictory testimony, and in what are called "running down" cases judges usually congratulate themselves that the question is for the jury, and not for them. In these cases and many others, the various experience of the jurymen is a valuable help to their decision, and thus there are questions as to the amount of damages which no judge could settle satisfactorily to himself, and which are far better settled by persons brought together casually for the purpose. It would be inconvenient, to say the least, that a judge should acquire a reputation for placing a high value upon the wounded feelings of young ladies, or should have to place a value on their feelings when he was known to hold a strong opinion that they ought not to be compensated in money at all. We do not think, therefore, that trial by jury in suitable cases is likely to become unpopular, but it is time to put an end to the absurd practice of summoning jurors to try 160 cases when it is perfectly well known that not one-third of them will be, or can be, really tried.

BASE-BALL.

AS a man's nature is most readily detected in his unguarded moments, so the characteristics of a nation appear most clearly in its games. The coolness, persistency, and careful skill of the English find an apt field for their exercise in cricket. The nervous fiery temperament of the Gaul allies itself happily to his love of finesse, his possession of the *esprit Gaulois*, in the quick yet well-planned combat of the foil. The same tendency to let off superfluous energy by the means of personal conflict which belongs to the fencing schools of Paris assumes a form which has a more serious and a more grotesque side among the students of Germany. With them the harmless encounter of buttoned foils is replaced by the duel with the *schläger*, a blade peculiar to the German Universities, which from its combined tenuity, flexibility, and sharpness, may be said to resemble a harlequin's wand with a razor's edge. To mitigate the savagery of the contests which might be entered into with such dangerous weapons as these, the practical good sense which pertains to the German character stepped in and muffled the student duellists to the chin in impenetrable paddings, while it protected their eyes with iron-rimmed spectacles. So thick is the leathern armour provided for the warriors that many of the cuts delivered with the keen blade are parried by the padded right arm. In this curious arrangement of apparent danger and actual safety, the German mind perceives, as a rule, nothing ridiculous. On the contrary, the institution of duelling is regarded by the German student exactly as is that of cricket by the English public schoolboy or undergraduate. It is his physical religion. We remember a conversation between two undergraduates, one of an English, the other of a German University. The German inquired what were the sports in favour among the youth of English University life. There was cricket, he was told, and boating and various other athletic amusements. "But there is no duelling?" "No." "Ah, then it cannot really be a University." Preconceived ideas of duelling do not quite accord with its interpretation at a German University. In the world at large a duel used to imply an individual quarrel between two members of the community. Among German students it signifies merely a trial of skill between the members of two *corps*. Side is opposed to side exactly as in cricket; but each side offers only one representative at a time. Whatever shred of likeness there may be between the nose-slitting amusement of Bonn and Heidelberg and the cricket of our Universities or of our public schools, there is this wide difference, that Englishmen who have in their young days been devoted to cricket never lose their interest in it in after life, while the most renowned swordsman of a German *corps* will in the course of a few years regard his prowess as a vain thing fondly imagined. But indeed it would be as absurd seriously to compare cricket with this student duelling as with the cruel bull-fight of Spain or the lazy but harmless, if childish, *morra* of the Italians. It may be said that there is another game of some importance in Italy, which, resembling tennis in some points, may be called a variety of the genus cricket in that its component parts are a ball and a striking power. But this game is not sufficiently widespread or popular to deserve the title of national.

It would be surprising if America, cherishing many institutions of the old country, should pass over one so venerated as cricket. It is also in accordance with the spirit of independence which is the boast of Americans that, while they look kindly on the English national game, they should strike out a new game to be more especially their own. The friendly rivalry existing between

England and America led some while ago to a contest between the "wet-bobs," to use an Eton phrase, of either country, and it was only fair that the "dry-bobs" should show what they could do. Cricket-matches between Americans and Englishmen are not without precedent, for in 1859 America challenged England at cricket, and the challenge was accepted by the best English Eleven of the time, who went out to America and returned having reaped success. It is possible that the supremacy of base-ball over cricket was not then so firmly established as it is now on the other side of the Atlantic; now the older is clearly held inferior to the younger game. It may be that the love of invention, of creating something new, which belongs to a new people, has led to the up-raising of base-ball above all other games. Yet in the essence of base-ball there is nothing new. A letter in the *Times* has pointed out that in 1748 a game called base-ball was played by the family of Frederick Prince of Wales. It is possible that the resemblance between this and the American game of to-day extends further than the name. The origin of base-ball may be traced back without difficulty to the club-ball of the fourteenth century. In Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes* there is a representation of two men engaged in this amusement, or in one very closely akin to it. One is delivering a ball to the other, who stands with the deprecating aspect which seems inseparable from mediæval figures, ready to receive it with a rude kind of club. In this delivery of a ball and its reception with a bat, the germ both of cricket and base-ball is easily recognized. It is curious that the attitude of the two figures is more nearly approached in base-ball than in cricket. This may be taken as an indication either that the American game is an intermediate step between club-ball and cricket, or that the base-ball players have employed a conservative wisdom in rejecting the branches to get to the root of the tree. The former interpretation is likely to find general acceptance, inasmuch as all men who have been schoolboys will recognize in base-ball the development of a game which was common in their school days, and being held inferior to cricket, was regarded rather as a trivial amusement wherewith to while away an odd half-hour than as a serious sport to which much time and practice were to be devoted. Base-ball is, in fact, a kind of glorified rounders.

The method in which the runs are obtained is precisely the same as at rounders. The rough humour which put a man out by hitting him with the ball as he ran has disappeared, and seems to have been replaced by the throwing of the ball into one of the goals or bases before the runner reaches it. The bat used is a development of the stump or stick employed at rounders by English schoolboys, and may be said to come between it and the cricket-bat, as the German student's *schläger* does between the small-sword and the sabre. That the use of the bat is not the most important feature in base-ball is at once evident. Thus one of the chief beauties of cricket is absent from the game. There are none of those pretty cuts, well-judged drives, and wary receptions of dangerous balls which are the delight of the spectators at Lord's. On the other hand, it may be said that most of the niceties of batting at cricket are lost upon spectators without special knowledge. The hard hitting which appears the main object of the batsman at base-ball appeals to all who see it, however ignorant they may be of the game. But the absence of a wicket to be attacked and defended is a serious disadvantage to base-ball in the eyes of on-lookers. In the matter of bowling also the American seems far inferior to the English game. The variety of the English bowling contrasts favourably with the apparent monotony of the pitching at base-ball. There is probably a great deal of skill in this which it is impossible to discern without a close acquaintance with the game; but the constant employment of the same action by all the bowlers strikes an English eye as wearisome. On the other hand, base-ball is free from the weariness which comes over the spectators of a cricket-match when steady play on both sides is evinced by the fact that for some half-hour or more nothing happens except the movement of the field and the change of bowlers at the end of every over. In base-ball, action is continuous and rapid. The interest lost in the matter of bowling and batting at base-ball is made up in that of fielding. After due allowance is made for the difference between a cricket ball and the ball which is employed in the American game, the fact remains that the fielding of the American players is singularly accurate. The certainty with which catches are made, the judgment and quickness with which the field back one another up, the neatness and rapidity with which balls are stopped and thrown in, might serve as models to cricketers. The employment of one of the side who are in to watch the movements of the field and advise the runner accordingly is a quaint device which savours of American acuteness. The running is of course a great element of the game, and is a very pretty feature in it. It gains in grace probably from the fact that the runner is not embarrassed by a bat. One curious circumstance of base-ball is the waste of force which follows from the rule according to which all hits must be made within certain limits. By this means all the fine hits in the direction of square leg go for nothing. Another remarkable feature of the game is the process which takes the place of stumping out by the wicket-keeper at cricket. If a runner unwarily advances too far from his base in order to gain beforehand some of the distance which he hopes to run, it seems competent for the bowler to put him out by throwing the ball into the base before he can return to it. This gives rise to the employment of the same kind of histrionic feints and ruses which make a distinguishing feature of American card-games.

A bowler will watch his opportunity two or three times, and apparently abandon the idea of outwitting the runner. Then, as he seems about to deliver the ball, with a marvellously rapid change of action he will do his best to throw the runner out. This amongst other things lends a variety to the game, and helps to keep the spectator amused. Base-ball is certainly pretty to look at, and probably appears a game of considerable skill and interest when the intricacies which it has gathered to itself in the process of development from rounders are mastered. It is not likely, however, to become so popular in England as to endanger the reign of cricket.

LOAN EXHIBITION FOR ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

A COLLECTION of choice paintings and rare works of art, which excites unwonted interest in France, and indeed throughout Europe, has been got together for the purpose of aiding the fugitives from Alsace and Lorraine in the project of planting a colony in Algeria. Among the contributors are the Duke of Aumale, the Count and Countess of Paris, the Duke of Chartres, the Duke of Broglie, Count Haussenville, several members of the Rothschild family, and MM. Thiers, Lebarte, Gérôme, Hébert, Viardot, Wilson, with many others. Our English collectors have long been accustomed to place their treasures upon loan for the pleasure and instruction of the public; but French connoisseurs have hitherto shown a reserve in this respect which, on the present exceptional occasion, enhances the value of their favours. It is pleasant to find after the spoliation and impoverishment of France over a period of well nigh a century how much art treasure remains intact in private hands. It is true that events which denuded France enriched England; it is evident, for instance, that it might be possible to get together a finer collection of Sèvres China in London than in Paris; but seldom have we seen in any capital of Europe such rare examples of enamels, Henri-Deux ware, and tapestries. The collection of *faïences françaises* generally is good; there are some choice classic and early Christian ivories; and the examples of the French school of painting are also remarkable for number and excellence. In fine, this exhibition at the Palace of the President of the Legislative Body may be compared to a union, were it possible, of the British Institution with the Loan Exhibition of 1862. We must content ourselves with a general description of the works best worth notice.

The pictures, as usual, excite most interest, though, with the exception of those of the French school, they are of less value than the general *objets d'art*. The gem of the collection is "*La Vierge d'Orléans*," by Raffaele, lent by the Duke of Aumale. The other examples of the Italian schools are, with few exceptions, either doubtful or second-rate; in such dubious or inferior category may safely be placed "*Saint-Antoine tourmenté par les démons*," by Michael Angelo; "*La Sainte Famille*," by Fra Angelico; another "*Sainte Famille*" by Giovanni Bellini, and a couple of portraits by Velasquez. We may mention that, according to the usual custom in loan exhibitions, the directors have felt it their duty to adopt without question the names and descriptions given by the owners; thus a *portrait d'homme* is entered under Antonello da Messina, although Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle expressly say:—"This beautiful and delicate piece is not by Antonello, but by Andrea Solario." The same historians give credence to a picture of undoubtedly high quality—"The Virgin seated on a throne, holding the Infant on her knee"—in the collection of M. Reiset, which is ascribed to the rare painter Zagarelli da Cotignola. We notice that from Beckford's Fonthill collection comes an "*Infant Christ*," by Luini. On the whole, there is little sign in France of the archaeological tendencies—the reversion to early historic periods—which have so strongly prevailed in England, as exemplified in the National Gallery, and in the collections of Earl Dudley, Mr. Fuller Maitland, and the late Mr. Barker.

The Dutch masters are better represented than the Italian. Of first-rate quality is "*Plage de Scheveningen*," by Ruysdael, from the collection of the Duke of Aumale, and of no less merit are "*Chevaux au pâturage*," by Paul Potter, lent by Count Henri de Greffulhe, and "*Paysage*," by Wynants, formerly in the Galerie Dellessert. There are also two portraits by Antonio More, from the collection of the Countess Duchâtel, which are of an excellence that would be exceptional even in England. Likewise may be observed a few first-rate examples of Netscher, Van der Meer, and Van der Heyden. The works we have enumerated are on an equality with the pictures in the Peol collection.

But beyond doubt the strength of these Galleries lies in the never-to-be-forgotten collection of the French school, especially in what may be called its Orleans period, embracing Ingres, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Delacroix, Decamps, Cogniet, Ary Scheffer, and others. Yet the history of the school is carried back to its earlier years in the time of Francis I. by an exquisite portrait of his Queen Claude from the pencil of the Court painter, François Clouet. The eighteenth century, that fanciful and frivolous epoch which shows itself supremely blatant in the Hertford collection, is here also conspicuous in Boucher, Watteau, Lancret, Fragonard, Pater, and Greuze, artists who show their best as well as their worst in a total of sixty-four works, of which no less than twenty-five come from the prolific and sensuous pencil of Greuze. "*Reading the Bible*," formerly in the Galerie Dellessert, is a favourable example of the soft sentimentality to which the artist could surrender himself when he affected to be serious or semi-

religious. The whole of this art was, like the social and political condition, false and far removed from nature. The art, in common with the surrounding structure, fell, and then followed the usual interregnum, or rather anarchy. Thus in these Galleries we read the chequered story of a nation's history.

The collection of portraits is in all points remarkable, sometimes in artistic worth, always for the sake of history. As often happens, especially in periods of decadence or corruption, a painter does not go far wrong as long as he sticks to portraiture. The likenesses of the reigning houses are remarkable. We have already mentioned Clouet's admirable head of the Queen of Francis I.; then, by Rigaud, comes a portrait of Louis XV. as a child, and, by Greuze, a portrait of Louis XVI., also when young. In every way worthy of attention are also the varied versions of Marie Antoinette, from the pearly days when, in the rapturous words of Edmund Burke, she lighted on this orb as a delightful vision, "glittering like the morning star, full of life, splendour, and joy," down to the hours of her imprisonment in the Temple. Amid all change the same face reigns supreme, proud and fascinating, even in humiliation and calamity. The Napoleon dynasty is permitted to assert itself through "*Le roi de Rome*," by Gérard; "*Napoléon I^{er} le soir de Waterloo*," by Charlet; "*1814—retreat in snow*—by M. Meissonier; and a sketch for the famous "*Apothéose de Napoléon I^{er}*," by Ingres. The Orleans dynasty, the living representatives of which are leading promoters of the Exhibition, is kept unostentatiously in the background; the only portrait of the family which we can recall is that of the late Duke of Orleans, by Ingres, contributed by the Count of Paris. In these Galleries we find the retrospective record of the clear intellect, the sparkling wit, the beauty, and the grace which have ever shone in the French character. Here are portraits of François Arago and of Lamennais by Ary Scheffer, of Mme. de Staël and of Mlle. Récamier by Gérard. And from the remarkable "*Collection de la Comédie Française*" comes the portrait of Molière, in the character of Cæsar, by Mignard, while, among other theatrical celebrities, stand conspicuous Mlle. Georges, Mars, and Duchenois. It is evident that the French possess ample materials, both in point of subject and of art, for making a rich Historic Portrait Gallery.

We have seldom, if ever, seen a collection more honourable to that great epoch in the French school which, on the overthrow of David and the classicists, began with Géricault and ended with Delacroix and Delaroche. Here is a vigorous sketch in oils for Géricault's masterpiece in the Louvre, "*The Wreck of the Medusa*," a prodigy of dramatic power which annihilated cold classicism and fired the art of the half-century which followed with the action and passion of nature. The chief exceptions to the Romantic style, which thenceforth held sway, are found in the severity of Ingres and the pale placidity of Ary Scheffer—two honoured masters here seen at their best. Scarcely could we name since the days of Raffaele anything more mature in typical form or more exquisite in the flow of harmonious lines than the "*Vénus Anadyomène*" and the "*Odalisque*," by Ingres, and the nineteenth century cannot show anything more noble or grandly imaginative than Ary Scheffer's "*Roi de Thule*" and "*Françoise de Rimini*," both from the collection of Mme. Marjolin-Scheffer. Paul Delaroche, who occupies an intermediate place between the sober and stately Academic style on the one side, and the more lawless school of romance and of colour on the other, is seen to advantage in his historic character in "*L'assassinat du duc de Guise*," from the collection of the Duke of Aumale. Delaroche also had religious phases, especially at times when he threw the shadow of his melancholy over scenes of the Passion Week; there scarcely exist in Christian art works more true or pathetic than "*L'évanouissement de la Vierge*" and "*Le retour du Golgotha*"—both belonging to M. Delaroche-Vernet. The leader of the opposite party, Delacroix, the Titian, or rather the Rubens of Paris, who rushed in hot haste into a colour which confounded form, is fairly well seen in "*Cleopâtre*," and in a sketch for "*L'entrée des Croisés à Constantinople*"; the last belongs to the Duke of Aumale. But Decamps is the genius who asserts most power; we have not seen this supremely creative painter in equal versatility or originality since the International Exhibition in the Champs-Élysées in 1857. Specially grand are the nine designs then, and here again, exhibited from the history of Samson; the figures might almost be from the hand of Michael Angelo, and the accessory landscapes by Salvator Rosa. It is but too evident whence M. Gustave Doré has taken some of his most thrilling thoughts. But Decamps did something better than revel in the riot of ungovernable fancy; by the fling of his hand, by the impetuous sweep of his pencil, by his range through boundless space, by the grandeur of his forms and the terror of his shadows, he brought into his wild creations the sense of the supernatural.

Among the miscellaneous collections the rarest treasures are eighteen specimens of Henri-Deux ware, a very large proportion of the total number of existing examples. Of these the Baroness de Rothschild lends a *tazza* of elegant form, Baron Gustave de Rothschild six pieces, some of which are of the finest possible quality, and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild seven specimens, of which the "*biberon*" is almost unexampled for size, design, and workmanship. It is instructive to observe how unequal in art merit are these eighteen examples of a manufacture which, notwithstanding much research, is still clouded in mystery; some are left absolutely unfinished, miniature cornices and other members being moulded simply in the mass; again, while certain specimens are almost faultless in the combination of architectural structure, of the figure and of surface decoration, others fall into a confused

hodge-podge. Differences may also be observed as to states of preservation; thus while a few specimens remain without chip or reparation, others show figures wanting heads or surfaces which have been painted over. It were vain to conjecture the number of thousands of pounds sterling which this almost unexamined assemblage would fetch, especially when we remember the sum at which Mr. Malcolm acquired perhaps the finest specimen we possess in England. The reconsideration which we have been able to give in Paris to this truly unique ware inclines to the conclusion that the extravagant prices now reached are scarcely in excess of its very exceptional art merit.

Another art fabric in which France stands supreme—that of enamel-work—is also here exemplified almost exhaustively. There are triptychs in champlevé as early as the twelfth century; also to the same period belong two remarkable figures of St. Paul and St. Thomas, richly decorated with enamel. The later and more pictorial styles of Limoges, the grey as well as the coloured, are represented by superb specimens; and it would indeed be sad if France had found herself denuded of art products of which she may be justly proud. Palissy ware is not so obtrusive as might have been feared, and we gladly encounter, instead of frogs, snails, and serpents, “*La nymphe de Fontainebleau sous les traits de Diane de Poitiers*”; the figure is here treated with a severity and command for which we had scarcely given Bernard Palissy credit. Tapestries, as might be expected in France, abound. Among many others we may mention a Gothic triptych of the fifteenth century, highly elaborated as an easel picture, and representing Christ crowned by the Virgin, with attendant angels and accessory fountains and flowers. The whole work is extremely beautiful. The art of illumination, in which France also takes a lead, finds an early commencement in the “*Évangélaire latin de l’abbaye de Luxeuil*”; manuscript du XI^e siècle, avec miniatures”—style rude Byzantine, colours pale on gold ground; also of great archeological value are the “*Commentaires sur l’Apocalypse de San Beato*”; manuscript du XII^e siècle; école d’Aquitaine”; the figures, on a blue ground, are lower in character than in the contemporaneous mosaics of Italy. Likewise as an important link in this Gallic school follows “*Une miniature sur vélin par Jean Fouquet*,” painter to Louis XI. How consummate was the art of Fouquet may be seen at Frankfurt in a private collection which no traveller should fail to visit.

With increased interest and appreciation we renewed acquaintance with the works of the deeply lamented Princess Mary of Orleans, who, though in some sense not more than an amateur, ranks, we incline to think, as the first female sculptor the world has yet seen. “*Jeanne d’Arc*,” “*Chasse au faucon*,” and “*l’Amazone au lévrier*,” all in bronze, are compositions which in any country and in any time would assert their title to a place in the first rank for originality in conception and mastery in treatment. The Orleansists have reason to be satisfied with the position which the present Exhibition gives them. It becomes apparent that around them gathered the best art talent of France.

REVIEWS.

STUBBS'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

IT is not without truth that Professor Stubbs begins his great task by saying that “the History of Institutions cannot be mastered—can scarcely be approached—without an effort.” To write his present volume must have been work in the truest and highest sense, and to read it is not exactly play. We sometimes see books advertised “for summer reading” or “for seaside reading,” formulae which always remind us of those Roman knights who had lighter rings for summer wear and heavier for winter. Those who draw a distinction between their summer and their winter reading will, we suspect, not venture upon Mr. Stubbs in the summer, if they even venture upon him at all. To the scholar his work will be equally welcome in summer or winter or any other season. Still to master such a thick-set mass of knowledge and thought does call for an effort. But Mr. Stubbs doubtless only writes for those who are ready to make an effort, and those who do make it will be rewarded by admission to such a storehouse of knowledge as has never been thrown open to Englishmen before.

Mr. Stubbs's work at once supplies us with an answer to the charge brought by Dr. Gneist against English scholars, that they do not attempt to grapple with their own constitutional history in any connected and scientific way, but treat it only piecemeal, in what he calls an antiquarian fashion. Here at last we have the thing done in a way as thorough and systematic as anything that any of Dr. Gneist's own countrymen could send forth. Mr. Stubbs has the same wide and close grasp of his subject which we see in the best German writers, and he may set Dr. Gneist a lesson in that minute accuracy of statement and reference which the Berlin Professor is very far from having reached himself. We would rather compare the native constitutional historian of England with the native constitutional historian of Germany. We have here a worthy companion-piece to the great *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte* of Waitz. Thus far Oxford and Göttingen may be content to walk together as equal yoke-fellows. It would be

painful to our insular feelings to carry the comparison further. The Worthies of All Souls would hardly, for their own sakes, wish to be matched against the continuation of Lappenberg and the monograph on Earl Simon. We have indeed the small comfort of thinking that the second Göttingen Professor does not belong to Göttingen only. If we must give up ten parts in Dr. Pauli to his own land, it is something that Oxford and Edinburgh may each fairly claim one part in him.

The work of Mr. Stubbs is the first Constitutional History of England, at once minute and continuous, which has been undertaken since a wholly new light has been thrown upon matters of this kind by the researches of the great German writers, Waitz, the two Maurers, and others. In his view, the growth of English institutions is not a mere isolated thing, something confined within the bounds of our own island, something for English antiquaries or English lawyers to make guesses at, without getting beyond their own narrow range. In his view, it is part of the great story of the development of Teutonic institutions. The further relations between Teutonic institutions and the institutions of other Aryan races he was perhaps, in a work strictly historical, hardly called on to enter upon at any length. It shows the millenniums through which we seem to have lived in point of historical insight within a very few generations, if we compare the fulness, the scientific precision, the wide comparative grasp, of the opening chapters of Mr. Stubbs's History with the childish talk of Blackstone or even with the meagreness of Hallam. It is no disrespect to those who doubtless did their best according to their light, to mark how very much more light has come among us within a very short time. Of course the time between Hallam and Stubbs is bridged over by two great writers; but the learning and genius of Sir Francis Palgrave were constantly warped by his strange and one-sided theories; and Mr. Kemble, who was the first to open to Englishmen the results of German scientific research, had no great gift of exposition; he deals with things in an unconnected kind of way, and after all his work covers only a few centuries at the beginning of our constitutional history. Mr. Stubbs, for the first time, gives us the unbroken history of our constitutional development, from the first notices of German institutions in Cæsar down to the Great Charter of John. Of course at this time of day Mr. Stubbs does not stoop to argue that English institutions are Teutonic. There are others whose business it is to expose fictions; he has simply to deal with facts. But it is well to remember, what comes out most strongly in his opening chapter, that the political origin of institutions and the ethnological origin of the people among whom those institutions grow up are questions which are really quite distinct. Thus, in Mr. Stubbs's point of view, France and Spain are Teutonic countries hardly less than Germany and England. At first sight this seems startling because, from the point of view of language and from the point of view of blood, the Teutonic element in France and Spain is merely a small infusion. But Mr. Stubbs, from his point of view, is right in placing France and Spain in the Teutonic group, just as a philological writer is right in placing them in the Romance group, while a writer who dealt mainly with the actual races of men, and not with either their institutions or their languages, would be no less right in placing over Romans and Teutons to get back to Celts and Iberians. The prevailing blood in France is undoubtedly Celtic; the language is Latin modified by the circumstances of a Teutonic conquest; but when we come to the political institutions and the consequent political history, the precedence of the elements is reversed. While we have a Latin language modified by Teutonic influences, we have a Teutonic polity modified by Latin and Gaulish influences, modified by the circumstances of a Teutonic settlement in a Gaulish province of Rome. Mr. Stubbs accordingly starts by classing together Germany, England, France, and Spain as the four countries where the history of Teutonic institutions under four different sets of circumstances has to be studied, and he does not scruple to fix upon England rather than Germany itself as the country where the original Teutonic elements have had the freest ground for growing into a national polity. In England the tendency has always been to unity, to the fusing together of the various kindred tribes and their kindred, but not identical, local institutions. In Germany, on the other hand, a number of causes, above all the annexation of the Crown of the Empire to that of the German kingdom, the “Mezentian union with Italy,” as Mr. Stubbs calls it, gave a less national character to the central monarchy, lessened its strength while exalting its dignity, and tended, not to fusion, but to separation among the several parts of the nation. In this way he traces out the chief points of difference as well as of likeness in the course which institutions that started from the same point have run in different countries. But, whether among those who tarried in the old land, among those who settled in the midst of conquered Roman provincials, or among those who made for themselves a new home by sweeping away all traces of the Roman and his subjects, the institutions of all alike spring from one common source, and to that source our present teacher traces them up in a way which must be perfectly clear to every one who has eyes to see anything at all. Never was the true Teutonic character of the English nation and its institutions more fully and clearly put forth than it is by Mr. Stubbs. Yet we could almost wish that he did not so often use the word “German” in a general sense. To most minds the word “German” conveys the meaning of something distinctively High-Dutch, and its use, as applied to anything English, always calls up a crowd of shallow objections from people who have not learned the difference between High and Low. Mr. Stubbs would probably answer that he writes, not for fools, but for

* *The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By William Stubbs, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1874.

wise men, that he assumes that people have mastered obvious truths before they enter on that deeper research to which his volume is the best guide. Still it is always better to avoid giving any occasion for misconception, and it would also have been better if, in dealing with our earliest times, he had kept to the true name "English," which he uses almost alternately with the misleading "Anglo-Saxon." Nothing is plainer than that there is not a jot of confusion in Mr. Stubbs's own mind; but men of his class are sometimes tempted to forget that phrases which they can themselves use without confusion often lead to confusion in the minds of their readers; and that, though they may write for the wise only, their books often fall into the hands of those who are not wise.

The book is, in short, a masterpiece; it is the carrying out in minute detail of what the author had already traced out in the various sketches and summaries attached to the Select Charters. It is brimful of all the knowledge on the subject scientifically treated and orderly arranged. Yet it cannot be denied that it is stiff reading; it reads more like a German than an English book. That the stiffness is in the subject and not in the writer is plain to every one who remembers the easy flow of Mr. Stubbs's personal portraits in his various prefaces and of the commentaries on the Select Charters. It is the necessary result of cramming such a gigantic mass of thought and knowledge into so narrow a compass. We have heard it said, and with perfect truth, that Mr. Stubbs's book is not nearly so easy to read as Hallam's. The cause is obvious. Mr. Stubbs has about ten times as much to tell as Hallam had. And, during this part of his work, Mr. Stubbs has the great advantage of not being a lawyer; for at this stage it is an advantage, though at a later stage the gain is on the other side. We will not say that no lawyer can write early history, because there are men in every profession who can rise above the trammels of that profession; but, down at least to the reign of Edward the First, the technical lore of the lawyer is distinctly a hindrance. It is a hindrance, because it supplies the temptation, which only a very independent mind can overcome, to carry back existing rules and existing institutions to a time before their own date, and, instead of the facts of the case, to substitute a mass of arbitrary legal fictions. The two ideals of the mere lawyer are the king and the lord of the manor. Because the king and the lord of the manor have played a most important part for many ages, he carries them back into times when the lord had no existence at all, and when the king was quite another person from what he became in the days to which lawyers' notions apply. As long as any man has the notion in his head that there has been an hereditary king from all eternity, and an hereditary lord of the manor from a time only so far short of eternity as to allow the king time to make him a grant, the development or corruption of the institutions once common to the whole race can never be understood. What the lawyer, when he looses himself from his trammels, may rise to, we may see in Sir Henry Maine; but where he has a natural tendency to abide we may see in Mr. Finlason. The great point is fully to take in that both the king and the lord are both of them, we will not say ungodly men, but certainly men who have crept in unawares, and that the lord has crept in at a comparatively late time. The gradual changes by which the system which we see after the Norman Conquest was worked out of the older English institutions—that is, the common Teutonic institutions—the Norman Conquest itself bringing comparatively little that was absolutely new, but strengthening and hastening tendencies which were already at work, are now traced out in a way in which they have never been traced out before. No one has hitherto tried in the same systematic way to compare the institutions of the two periods, and to show the steps by which one changed into the other. On the growth of manors Mr. Stubbs has perhaps thrown as much light as can be thrown, but the thing is inherently obscure in itself. It is almost in the nature of things that it should be so, as the change from the free community to the lordship was the result, not of any legislative act, not of any one great event, but of a gradual process of whose stages no record was likely to be kept. But it is plain that here too the Norman Conquest only put the finishing stroke to a process which was already at work. The grants of *sac* and *soc* and the like, answering to the *emunitatem* of the German writers, gradually undermined the old local institutions, but in England at least they never wholly destroyed them. Notwithstanding all changes, the old local institutions went on growing into new forms and adapting themselves to new states of things. Meanwhile the royal power was strengthening, and the Norman kings brought in, not indeed a new constitution, but a new and more vigorous system of administration. The relation of the old and new elements to one another is set forth by Mr. Stubbs in a remarkable passage, one clause of which however might have been the better if some other word could have been found for "organism":—

The principle of amalgamating the two laws and nationalities by superimposing the better consolidated Norman superstructure on the better consolidated English substructure runs through the whole policy. The English system was strong in the cohesion of its lower organism, the association of individuals in the township, in the hundred, and in the shire; the Norman race was strong in its higher ranges, in the close relation to the Crown of the tenants in chief whom the king had enriched. On the other hand, the English system was weak in the higher organization, and the Normans in England had hardly any subordinate organization at all. The strongest elements of both were brought together.

What more than anything else distinguishes the newer system from the older is the fiscal spirit which reigns through the whole

Norman administration. The great aim and object of everything is to get money for the king. But while this led to a large amount of oppression, on the other hand it fostered the growth of an administrative system which might be used for other purposes, and it also called forth that spirit of resistance to oppressive demands which became the soul of later English freedom. All this Mr. Stubbs works out with wonderful care and minuteness. His former studies in the early Angevin reigns have made him better able to deal with this branch of his subject than any other man. Elsewhere he has given us living personal portraits of the men themselves; here he has discharged a far harder task, both of minutely tracing out their system of government, and showing what it sprang out of, and what it grew into. Some special points illustrating the way in which Mr. Stubbs deals with the great questions which his subject suggests we must keep for another notice.

A GENEVESE POET.*

AMONGST other results of modern centralization may be reckoned the gradual extinction of various minor literary capitals which flourished in provincial towns during the last century. Edinburgh in the days of Hume, Adam Smith, and Scott could often stand a comparison with London. Though perhaps it has not entirely lost its glory, the most distinguished Scotchmen of the present day have shown a disposition to leave their native country which would have startled even Johnson. The Universities and the Church induce some eminent writers to resist the general centripetal tendency; but London undoubtedly tends to attract to itself a larger proportion of talent in this as in most other professions. The same tendency naturally manifests itself in French literature. Geneva has been the birthplace of many eminent men and the dwelling-place of many others. It is enough to mention the names of Rousseau and Saussure to prove that in the eighteenth century the intellect of Geneva could influence France and the world. At the present day the glories of Calvin's city have become rather faded; and though Geneva has in more than one way an importance disproportionate to the numbers of its population, it can hardly be regarded as a great centre of literary activity. We have indeed seen a collection of poems by recent Genevese writers which shows that a certain fashion of verse-writing still survives, or was recently alive, though, to say the truth, the performers seem to deserve credit rather for a polite accomplishment than for much original genius. There are, however, two residents at Geneva whose reputation is of a higher order. One is M. Victor Cherbuliez, whose last novel, *Mlle Holdemé*, was lately reviewed in these columns; and the other is M. Marc Monnier, a well-known political writer, who lives at Geneva, though we believe that he is by birth a Frenchman. He has recently published a rather ambitious poem, of which we shall presently speak; but he was previously known as the author of some very clever pieces of playful satire, to which it is not easy to find an exact parallel in English literature. We may perhaps say that, if *Dame Europe's School* had been written in witty verse, it might have passed for an imitation of M. Marc Monnier. Some of his comedies have been collected under the title of *Théâtre de Marionnettes*; they are, in fact, in the form of plays, but such as, if we could suppose them to be acted upon any stage, would be most suitable to a company of puppets. The form, however, is merely chosen as the most convenient vehicle for light, though often telling, satire upon contemporary politics. The motto prefixed to his last performance, which refers to the German war, is sufficiently significant:—

Le Français a l'esprit moqueur
Même quand il n'est pas en fête,
Et vaincu, se rit du vainqueur,
Qui sera toujours le plus bête.

Upon M. Marc Monnier has fallen some corner of the mantle of his great neighbour Voltaire, who would have fully appreciated and heartily enjoyed some of the strokes of wit aimed at the successor of the great Frederick. The satire, indeed, was sufficiently keen to excite the susceptibility of French officials. In a piece published in 1865 one of the speakers proclaims an Encyclical; he announces

Que le froc a des parfums d'ambre,
Que le printemps vient en décembre,
Que la paix règne entre les rois;
Enfin que deux et deux font trois;

and adds, that if anybody chooses to say on the contrary,

Que le froc sent mauvais parfois,
Que décembre est un vilain mois,

or that two and two make four, he will be sent, as the Pope in the *Ingoldby Legends* expresses it, "where good manners won't let me tell." An unlucky writer quoted these lines in a French newspaper, and was punished by a fine of a thousand francs and imprisonment for three months.

The authorities under the Imperial Government held that a disagreeable allusion was concealed in the reference to December. We have a natural objection in England to such modes of restraining the liberty of the press, but we may allow that they have one advantage. Satire which has to evade such scrutiny must be very dexterously smuggled into verse; and though M. Marc

* *Théâtre de Marionnettes*. Par Marc Monnier. Geneva: 1871.
Vie de Jésus: racontée en vers français. Par Marc Monnier. Paris: 1874.

Monnier has the advantage of living at Geneva, he has that delicacy in the use of his weapons which has been fostered amongst Frenchmen by constant practice in "saying everything where nothing is allowed to be said." His touch is light; and though his meaning is generally clear enough, he can be cutting without being brutal, and has the air of being most playful when he is saying the most serious things. In short, he has that happy French art which is most wanting in our rough English satire, and which it is scarcely possible to describe adequately without using words borrowed from the French themselves. We can feel the difference between "chaff" and persiflage; or between the faculty which we describe when we say that a writer is witty and that which is implied by the epithet *spirituel*. If we did not recognize the difference, M. Marc Monnier, as compared with any ordinary English political satirist, would supply an excellent illustration of its meaning. We may, however, best give some notion of his writing by taking one of his most recent performances, the meaning of which requires no Daniel as an interpreter. It is a new version of *Faust*, which opens with a parody of the familiar scene in heaven. Mephistopheles appears before Providence, who has been allowing the world to get into considerable disorder, and makes a bet that he will seduce Faust in three days. Faust is a good German, much in the habit of praying to Providence, and with a fine collection of sticks, whips, canes, and clubs ready for use in a good cause. Mephistopheles introduces himself according to precedent, and induces Faust and his friend Kaiserlich to attack poor Hamlet the Dane, who has become a very peaceable, quiet person since Shakespeare's time. Malbrouc looks out of his window and remarks to Sabre-de-bois that a row is taking place. "Je crois," says Sabre-de-bois, at his door—

Je crois qu'on dévalise Hamlet.

MALBROUC.

Ils sont deux contre un, les Vandales.

SABREDEBOIS.

Et lui soutirent les sandales.

MALBROUC.

Pour châtier ces deux poultrous—

SABREDEBOIS.

Corbleu !

MALBROUC.

Rentrons chez nous !

SABREDEBOIS.

Rentron ! (Ils rentrent.)

We need not describe at length how Mephistopheles presently makes friends with the Italian Machiavelli; how the two together fall upon poor Kaiserlich and strip him; how Mephistopheles contrives to humbug Sabre-de-bois into looking on without interference, and afterwards tricks him into insulting Faust. Mephistopheles has a very simple system; he always plays with his cards on the table, and announces his worst plans beforehand :—

Quand j'ai quelque infamie à faire,
Je l'annonce à chaque hémi-sphère ;
Les badauds, pensant que je mens,
Ne gênent pas mes mouvements ;
C'est ainsi que je les dépouille,
Et quand plus tard ils chantent poultrous,
Je leur réponds : Mes bons amis,
Ne vous l'avais-je pas promis ?

Finally, Sabre-de-bois is thoroughly beaten, and Marguerite, an innocent peasant girl, who lives, we should suppose, somewhere near the Rhine, is carried off by Faust. Malbrouc contents himself with a modest protest; Mephistopheles argues that he has won his wager and made out Faust a robber, murderer, and ravisher. Providence asks Faust to which power he belongs, and Faust humbly replies, "Je suis à toi, ma Providence !" Mephistopheles concludes, "Maintenant tirez le rideau !" and the little play concludes for the present. The puppets have said their say smartly enough; and even people who take a rather different view of the true character of Mephistopheles, Faust, and Sabre-de-bois, may admit that they have interpreted the French view of recent history with abundant ingenuity and epigrammatic vigour.

The series of Marionnette comedies goes as far back as the American war; and we may presume that M. Marc Monnier's adherence to this method of uttering his feelings shows that it is natural to him, and has been appreciated by his readers. The other poem to which we have referred is as odd a contrast as can well be imagined; but French gallantry is equal to anything. The author of a *Théâtre de Marionnettes* might be supposed to be an ingrained satirist, and to be likely to take the cynical view of most subjects of human thought. We might naturally fear that one who inherits so much of the Voltaire spirit would treat the *Vie de Jésus* in a manner not precisely edifying to ordinary Englishmen. The very notion of transferring the Gospels into French verse has something rather startling to our minds; and M. Marc Monnier's antecedents would scarcely suggest that he was the fittest man for the task. We cannot, indeed, conscientiously say that the book is likely to be an edifying one to English readers. For most purposes, we may venture to say, we prefer to read the original documents or the most literal translation obtainable. Some writers have obviously been under the impression that they could materially improve upon the originals. We have more than once had the misfortune of reading sermons and treatises in which the simple language of the Gospels has been overlaid with a mass of rhetorical verbiage which to our minds has been simply disgusting. Milton has of course given a precedent for expanding hints given in the Scriptures into magnificent poetry. Whether

Milton would have chosen such a theme if he had lived at the present day is a question which would admit of some argument; but at least we should be induced to say that nobody ought to do it who is not conscious that he is a worthy rival of Milton's, without deciding whether, even in that case, he might not employ his genius for a better purpose. At any rate we must confess that M. Marc Monnier's performance is only noticeable by us as a literary curiosity. There is indeed no sign of intentional irreverence in his writing. He has altered the text as little as possible; most of his poetry is simply taken from the words of the original, altered as little as is compatible with presenting them in a French dress. Everybody who has been brought up under the influence of the English regard for even the letter of the Bible is probably conscious of a slight, and of course utterly irrational, shock when he reads for the first time even a literal prose translation of the Gospels into a modern foreign language. He has associations with words which sometimes strike him rather oddly when used in a sacred connexion. Of course a little reflection dissipates the sense of incongruity in this case; but it does not vanish quite so quickly when he sees the familiar phrases forced into the French heroic metre, especially if he has shared the ordinary English distaste for most French poetry. The difficulty of fairly criticizing the work of M. Marc Monnier is therefore so great that we must decline the task; and will simply leave our readers to judge for themselves from a fragment, which we select because it is short, and because there is nothing in it which can jar unnecessarily upon even an unreasoning instinct of reverence. Here is a version of a few verses :—

Les disciples parfois avaient l'âme jalouse.
Comme chez eux plus d'un se croyait le plus grand,
Et qu'ils se disputaient entre eux le premier rang,
Jésus prit un enfant qu'il mit entre les douze :
"Voilà ceux," leur dit-il, "que j'aime et je défends ;
Le royaume du ciel est à qui leur ressemble,
Hommes, soyez comme eux. Laissez venir ensemble,
Laissez venir à moi les plus petits enfants !"

If anybody likes to read the Gospels in this form, he may find them all done into beautifully printed and fluent verse in M. Marc Monnier's version.

THE COUNT OF PARIS'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

(Second Notice.)

IN a former notice we have given unqualified praise to that preliminary part of this work which undertakes to trace the growth of the American army of 1861-65 from its early germs in the provincial militia battalions that fought so gallantly in the Seven Years' War. As we then pointed out, it has been a great deal too much the fashion in Europe to treat the levies which served the cause of the Union as though they were some perfectly new creation, instead of being but a revival on a grand scale of the volunteer forces of former American contests. In truth, the system which produced the hardy troops who aided the British regulars to wrest the dominion of North America from the French, and who not long after drove the same regulars from point after point until they lost all hold on the Thirteen Colonies, was not dead during long terms of peace, but merely slumbering. The same free, active, adventurous spirit was forthcoming at the later crisis as in the earlier. No doubt it was burlesqued by the comical "loafers" of the Atlantic cities, who showed all the rudeness of the early settler without his virtues. But, viewed as a mass, the raw material was almost as tough in the days of Bull Run, panics notwithstanding, as in those of Brandywine, and, with all the faults that were so prominent to the professional observer, it had by instinct an individual power and readiness which, under certain circumstances, and on its own ground, would have made it more formidable than the best-trained soldiers of Europe. The fact that this was so, and the reasons why it was so, are themes that have never been thoroughly handled before the Count of Paris undertook them, and there is not a word to be said against his execution of this part of his great task.

But it would have been well, we are bound to say, if he had confined himself to the purely military treatment of his subject; for the philosophic breadth with which he reviews American warfare suddenly vanishes when he comes to the more difficult subject of American politics. In one of his introductory chapters, "L'Esclavage," he undertakes to do for the origin of the great struggle what he had previously done for that of the Union army that engaged in it; and the very title shows that he approaches the subject with such a prejudiced view that his judgment is no longer to be trusted. Of course any writer has an easy task who undertakes to prove that the dreadful contest of 1861 would not have broken out when it did, nor the combatants have been spurred with the same fierceness of passion, had not the slave-holding States risen against the Union avowedly to maintain their cherished institution. But when this is said, and when the features of a slave-holding Republic, confessedly to be maintained as such, are painted in the darkest colours and denounced in the best set terms, the whole difficulty is by no means disposed of. The historian who would really exhaust the question must go back to the foundation of the Union. He must not only ask, but answer, such questions as—

* *Histoire de la guerre civile en Amérique*. Par M. le Comte de Paris, ancien aide-de-camp du général Mac-Clélan. Tome I et 2. Paris : Lévy, 1874.

Who was it that could have prevented this struggle coming on in course of time? Where is the exact point to be fixed at which the victorious Virginian patriot who owned slaves under Jefferson became the enemy of mankind for adhering to the system of slavery in the days of Lincoln? Whose fault was it that the founders of the Union evaded the settlement of the question which afterwards grew into violent disruption, and even prepared the way for this disruption by leaving the right to secede a subject untouched by the Constitution? The fact is that to any one who views the history of the United States down to 1860, apart from any preconceived views on the subject of slavery or of secession, it is sufficiently apparent that the former, once suffered legally to grow within a section, must inevitably at some time or other have led to the latter, and that the right to secede in order to protect her property and her hitherto recognized rights was one which could only be disproved to the South by the arbitrament of the sword, in default of any power sufficiently wise and despotic to settle the matter peacefully. But to see this, and to say it plainly, is neither to condemn nor to justify slavery in the abstract. It is simply to assert that the Union was originally imposed by circumstances on such diverse elements as could not be for ever retained together by any peaceable means. In view of the interests of humanity the solution brought by the war may have been a just and happy one; but, as regards the contending parties, there could really be no more guilt on the one side than on the other, since each was but doing that which the conditions imposed on it by inheritance compelled it to do. We have gone out of our way to say this, because the declarations of the Count of Paris in his slavery chapter add not one word of novelty to the stock Union arguments framed after Union had become identified with Abolition. And he ignores the broad fact that President Lincoln himself, though elected to serve anti-slavery purposes, declared over and over again, long after the war was fairly begun, that it was waged for Union and not for Abolition; in other words, the crime of the slaveholders was not that they were what their ancestry and laws had made them, but that, being slaveholders, they revolted against a Government which was framed originally to protect all the inner economy of every member of the Union, but was gradually becoming, as they had cause to fear, more and more onesided against the South, and more and more able to give weight to its partiality.

We are sorry to be compelled to go on and observe that the Count's political feelings on this subject have influenced his treatment of that part of his military matter which deals with the framework of the Confederate army. Thus we find him making it a sort of crime on the part of the Southerners that the minority amongst them who dreaded parting from the banner of the Union were reduced to silence by the violence of the dominant party. No doubt they were. But it is certainly not less matter of history, to put it mildly, that New York mobs brought over the reluctant members of the press in that city to the Union side by a kind of pressure not a whit more constitutional than the revolutionary Committees which the Count (on very doubtful authority, as we think) builds up all over the South to carry on the process of political conversion. Here again, so far as the facts are really ascertained, each side pursued the same end with whatever means came to hand. Nations cannot make war effectively whilst parties within them denounce the whole proceeding as an iniquity, and they instinctively discover this as soon as the work is seriously entered on. We know no authority higher than that of the second-hand gossip of the *Tribune* for such stories as the Count gives of Unionists in the South condemned to instant death, "round the bar on which gin and whisky were flowing, whilst violent men held judgment on their fellow-citizens." But we do know it for certain that a journal of New York in the April of that strange year, 1861, was praising the efforts made by the Charleston patriots to take Fort Sumter, and within three months later was thundering against the "Rebs" with all the zeal of a neophyte. Such conversions are too common in every revolution, and a philosophic writer is bound to explain rather than to condemn them, much less to suppose them limited to one party in a civil struggle.

But we must pass to the more strictly military part of this history, where we are able to speak with more pleasure of the author's labours. We purposely select that portion of which he was an eye-witness. Excellent is his account of the reorganization—if that can so be called which dealt with what hardly knew any organization before—of the beaten army of the North under MacClellan after Bull Run. A graphic yet truthful picture is here given of the immense difficulties which the new chief encountered at every turn, and more especially of the rude condition of the levies placed under his charge with what, according to European judgment, would have been utterly inadequate powers of military control. The difficulties met with in the ignorance and inexperience of his volunteer officers, the means taken to purge this body of its most incompetent members, and the despair of the rejected, "for besides the dishonour, it was a heavy pecuniary loss to them," are all admirably told. Indeed this whole chapter, "*Les Préparatifs de Combat*," can be studied in every page with both pleasure and profit. That the young Commander-in-Chief was able to do anything at all with such raw material is very justly explained as owing to a cause which has hitherto been little recognized on this side of the Atlantic—namely, to the high moral calibre of the men enlisted.

On the other hand [it is said, after reciting the difficulties] the intelligence and education which placed the greater part of the rank and file on a level

with their military superiors inspired them with a natural respect for those of their chiefs in whom they recognized the necessary qualities for commanding them, and caused them to accept without a murmur the obligations and restraints of a military life as soon as they were got to understand their necessity. Leaving to a few regiments, composed for the most part of European adventurers, the monopoly of insubordination, they had none of that turbulence which is often associated with the name of volunteer. A few warnings were sufficient to remind them that, the oath once taken, there were to be no more amateurs with the colours.

And our author goes on to narrate in detail the single instance which occurred of open resistance to MacClellan's authority. This took place in the streets of Washington itself, and was easily suppressed by a slight show of some regular troops that were at hand, the disobedient regiment promptly returning to its duty, and showing thereafter the most earnest desire to win back the flag which it had forfeited in its disgrace.

The Count was present during this whole period of preparation and apparent inaction, for he joined the army not long after its misfortune at Bull Run. His first volume closes at this point, and the second will be a disappointment to those who look to find in it the story of that particular campaign of MacClellan's in which he personally shared. It is devoted to other early portions of the war. The last chapter, however, under the title of "*Hamp-ton Roads*," treats of the final preparations for the great undertaking, and the difficulties which the General-in-Chief met with at the hands of the President in his design of carrying his army away from the vicinity of Washington by water, in order to attack Richmond the more easily. The plan of MacClellan in its details was ably conceived, as it is here very ably drawn. He would have left Washington protected by 22,000 recruits covered by the new works. Near it were to be 30,000 troops under Banks and the German general Blenker, half of whom were told off to guard the approach down to Shenandoah Valley, whilst the rest might be posted at Manassas, with the Washington works and garrison in second line. This was more, it is properly observed, than was required to protect the capital for the moment, until the coming danger of Richmond should draw the main Confederate army that way, when MacClellan had even proposed to detach Blenker's division into Western Virginia. With his own Army of the Potomac he was preparing to force his way up the Yorktown peninsula to the east side of the capital of the South. Finally, the reserve corps of MacDowell, containing 38,000 of the best trained of the volunteers, was to be moved suddenly in transports after MacClellan had actually fixed the attention of the defenders of Richmond, to turn the works which he would have before him.

The accomplishment of the task assigned to this corps was, in the eyes of General MacClellan, indispensable to insure rapid success in the campaign. But at the very moment that he was about to embark MacDowell received from the President the order to remain in the neighbourhood of Washington, and a laconic despatch told MacClellan that the troops he awaited so impatiently were withdrawn from his command. Since the operations had begun he was deprived of nearly a third of the army he had formed with such pains, and to the good organization of which he had sacrificed a part of his popularity. . . . It will be seen in the succeeding volume how dearly this fault was paid for.

With these words the Count closes the present instalment of his work, and prepares us to look with interest for its continuation. Of its merits as a military history we have already said much, and few readers will be found to dispute them. If there be any such, they will probably be persons who have as strong political prepossessions on the American question as the author himself, but who give their personal sympathy to the lost cause as warmly as his is bestowed on that of the victorious Union.

JOHNSON ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

THIS book would be more useful if it were briefer and clearer as well as less didactic and theoretical. We have no doubt that its author would make less ado about pricking out a garden plan or levelling the side of a hillock than about constructing a sentence, or at any rate writing half a page. Feeling a high sense of the responsibility of authorship, he must needs consult the dignity and depth of his subject rather than the leisure of practical readers, and, having read Mr. Ruskin with individual profit, he is led to retail Ruskinism without its force. The result is naturally surplusage and vagueness, for hints on style and taste and arrangement repeat themselves with cumbersome solemnity, and a good many pages are taken up with dissertations on the beautiful and on love. But it is worth while occasionally to encounter all this for the sake of the valuable matter that lies beneath, and we can make allowance for unconscious haziness on paper in one who understands his art and can realize his ideas in practice. If we allow for this weakness, and for that other which seems common to the class of professional landscape-gardeners—namely, the conviction that an amateur cannot possibly do right or avoid ruinous mistakes if he follows the dictates of his own taste, or admits the suggestions of his own unaided eye—there will be found enough of sound truth and useful hints in Mr. Johnson's hundred and fifty pages to interest the curious and instruct the doubtful horticulturist.

We shall confine our remarks to the most practical chapters of the three books which make up the volume, and which discuss respectively beauty, laws of order, and principal effects and styles

* *The Natural Principles of Landscape Gardening*. By Joseph Forsyth Johnson, Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Belfast. Printed for the Author by Archer & Sons, Belfast. 1874.

of scenery. In Ch. II. of the first book a good deal may be learned on the topic of "line and colour" which will stand the amateur in stead when he is planning the decoration of his beds. With trees, shrubs, and lower growths in the shape of carpeting plants and the like, colours, tints, and shades have to be considered with a view to happy arrangement. The rule given in p. 21 is not to be controverted, that not more than two primary colours should be resorted to for the decoration of beds, and of these colours scarlet and yellow are better for boundaries to a centre than for the centre itself. Blue is perhaps the best master colour for every scene, and experience justifies Mr. Johnson's caution against the abuse and profusion of yellow. A little goes a long way in golden foliage, as may be seen by any one who, after a surfeit of yellow calceolarias in a bed-centre, falls back upon "gold-chain geraniums" in their place, and finds the change an excellent one. In reds and yellows nature furnishes a rich choice of flower, fruit, and foliage. Both deciduous trees and many of the conifers and other evergreens supply rich golden effects in the aspect of their foliage; and as to reds, the Red Dogwood and suchlike trees in their bark, the scarlet thorns and chestnuts in their flower, the American oak, English elm, and common beech in their leaves, and a host of evergreen and deciduous shrubs in their berries, furnish a succession and variety of these all the year through. Mr. Johnson endeavours to teach us how to blend, compare, and contrast these, and in so doing he maintains that "yellow seems to approach the eye, red to retain its position, blue to retire; dark shades to give depth, and light ones elevation." Perhaps we may judge of his other postulates by the last, and no one will dispute the importance of light shades to impart height, and to contribute to distant effects.

Carrying these principles into the second book, the author applies them with effect in his chapters on Lines of Sight, Lines of Distance, and so forth, as well as to the decoration of given spaces with the three grades of vegetable growth—carpet-plants, shrubs, and trees. His problem is so to occupy a given site that its charm shall not be fitful, its outlooks not fewer than nature gave or art can contrive, its facilities of enjoyment not curtailed either by blundering obstructions or by indifference to palpable rules and laws of beauty. Thus, in the first place, he would plant for future as well as for present effect, and to this end would blend the bedding-out system with an arrangement of herbaceous subjects and evergreen shrubs with an eye to permanence. The space between the back outlines and the foreground of a landscape he would allot to growths of summer display, the outlines themselves to plants that may charm even in the winter. It is obvious that among the latter the Rhododendron, Ilex, Arbutus, Berberis, with other and smaller growths, will be prominent by way of basis to their attractions, but the tables of special effects of trees and shrubs given at pp. 94-5 will perhaps be more suggestive of hints to the reader than the somewhat more technical plans with which the work is illustrated. We sympathize with Mr. Johnson in his crusade against the mixed dotting system, and in his plea for harmony of arrangement. Though we hardly think he need have cautioned readers of sufficient cultivation to open a book on landscape gardening against putting scarlet geraniums in a "rosetum," we commend him for the hint that such vegetable forms as ivies, hollies, and rhododendrons are best grouped with their own varieties, for purposes of comparison rather than of contrast. So with carpeting plants, woolly plants, minute-leaved, succulent, and trailing plants; though it is not objectionable to mass with each other subjects of similar habit—e.g. *Pentstemon* with *Antirrhinum*, or *Primulas*, *Alyssum*, *Gentiana acutis*, *Campanula*, and *Lobelia fulgens*. To revert for a moment to the rose-bed, it is a good hint of Mr. Johnson's, towards the end of his volume, that it may be advantageously interspersed with plants of the Acer negundo or the Spirea Lindleyana, which will both enhance the beauty of the roses when in bloom, and furnish a pleasing object to fall back upon at other times—to say nothing of the value of the Acer negundo as a foliage plant, and of the Spirea for bouquets.

In considering his materials for covering the lawn or garden space effectively, our author lays down the law that shrubs should be arranged, "firstly, according to their masses, and, secondly, in accordance with their outlines," whilst with trees, on the other hand, it is just *vice versa*. In illustration of the former position he cites the rich character of grounds planted with rhododendrons:—

The effect of their undulations and foliage-massing and outlines, loaded with brilliant flowers, may be much enhanced by borrowing hues of silver and gold from other plants, more especially at the season when rhododendron flowers are scarce. Their masses of rounded foliage gain much by being contrasted with growths of columnar and horizontal form.

We may here observe that there is no real discrepancy between this remark and one to which we have already referred about massing rhododendrons, ivies, &c., with their own varieties, because in the latter case it would seem to be the effects of outline in particular trees and larger shrubs that are contemplated by the author. In the same sense he dilates, further on, upon the fitness of rhododendrons as supplying a basis for effects of larger growths of vegetation, and a point of union between these and plants in the middle line of sight. "The Rhododendron," he adds, "is beautiful when employed to realize a leading effect in scenery, particularly when surrounded by vegetation of a darker shade than its own, such for instance as is witnessed in many species of the fir tribe." How sound his views are on the matter of allowing room and space for shrubs and trees may be seen in the rare beauty of even so everyday a tree as the larch, when it

has been thus liberally treated. Instead of displaying a bare trunk and limbless sides, its draped and pendulous lateral branches kiss the very ground with their fringes. In his interesting pages on the different characters of trees our author pleads for full room for the grand tribe of Piceas to develop in; and he maintains that, when so treated, either singly or in a judicious group, upon a suitable site, they are as worthy of admiration as even the chestnut avenue in Bushy Park. Among evergreens he has a great leaning to the Cedar of Lebanon, for which he rightly deems the Cedrus Atlantica, in its light, bright hues, a poor exchange. It certainly has not the same grand and sombre effect in giving unity to scenery, or enhancing the façade of buildings. The Picea he would rightly relegate to a greater distance, and then he would not suffer them to be arranged in avenues, for which deciduous trees suit better. Certainly modern experiments in this direction incline us to agree with him, though we cannot shut our eyes to existing fine effects in avenues of Scotch firs, planted, according to tradition, in tacit proof of the attachment of the planters to the cause of the exiled Stuarts. As if to meet the landscape-gardener's demand for permanency of agreeable form and foliage, the conifers, as is shown in Mr. Johnson's second book, may be used with good effect in cases where spiral, pyramidal, columnar, tabular, or pendulous habit, as well as hues and shades of green and gold, semi-green, grass-green, and silver, are required for the necessities of landscape beauty. It is impossible to glance at the descriptions here given of the various deciduous trees, their qualifications, and their fitting localizations. We must, however, heartily endorse Mr. Johnson's wish "that a name should impart something of the character of species, as with the *Populus fastigiata*, or columnar poplar, reminding us of their beauty and, if it might be, economic uses." Something, he thinks, might be done by the Royal Horticultural Society to promote the correct terminology of plants, both in books and in public parks and gardens. We may remind him that a meritorious step in this direction has been taken, some years ago, in the Victoria Park at Bath, where every tree and shrub is carefully labelled, and the same practice prevails more or less in the London Parks. We should like to see it extended to our provincial arboreta. It takes some little education in arboriculture to appreciate such abnormal facts in tree-life as the instance which Mr. Johnson quotes of the *Quercus ilex* becoming deciduous in the winter of 1870-1; of a distinctly pendulous *Thujaopsis borealis* at Castle Leslie, and a perfectly pyramidal *Taxus baccata* at Highborough, which last had not been so shaped by the knife. Nor is it, we suspect, generally known that the common yew will grow and flourish on the roots of other trees, even of the elm and the beech, and instead of striking out aloft, will carpet the ground for many years.

We have as yet said nothing of the author's views as to laying out the ground which he purposes to cover with shrubs and trees. It is in truth here that we can only partially follow him. Though he honestly discourages such *tours de force* as removing mountains and introducing lakes without consideration of the natural features of the situation, we think he unnecessarily multiplies his heads of arrangement when he discusses "General Effects, Recesses, Grouping, Promontories, Avenues, *Extents*, *Expands*, Intermediate Scenes, Leading Objects, Artificial Work, Bowers, *Rests*," &c. Some of these heads are far too technical for general application, and we should tremble for the result of a development of ground *secundum artem* to this extent. Undoubtedly in undulating ground, or ground which can easily be rendered undulating, sites of depression will admit of their own special effects, and sites of elevation of theirs likewise. Mr. Johnson calls the former *Recesses*, dividing them into the Flower-garden, the Rockery, the Rosery, and the Wilderness; and the latter he calls *Promontories*, which aid in harmonizing scenery, and furnish centres and outlooks surmounted and diversified by striking tree-forms. It does not appear with which of these divisions the bowers are to be associated. The flowering ash, Robinia, and weeping birch might point to a promontory, but the Clematis, of which, along with a variety of more delicate and fragile climbers, we should prefer to weave our bower, would seem better adapted for the shelter of a recess. A good list of such climbers is given in p. 136, with honourable mention of Mr. Jackman's success in the development of the Clematis. To the arrangement designated *Rest*, p. 103, we looked in the vain hope of discovering something new in garden seats—at the very least a new edition of the "*vivo sedilia saxo*" of Virgil and Ovid; but a glance showed us that "ivies, vincas, and evergreen shrubs" were accessories which did not promise "repose" in the sense we had fondly imagined, at all events not repose undisturbed by insects and slugs. Mr. Johnson makes much, but not too much, of water-effects, where they can be had, and he ventures on a mild joke when he remarks that "rooteries are sometimes substituted for rockeries."

When we arrive at the third part of the author's subject—our remarks on which must be crowded into two or three sentences—we seem to tread familiar ground. Scenery, we are taught, has two divisions—natural and artificial effects, the latter being associated with buildings, the former with land. It is here that the relation of park and garden to a mansion becomes alike interesting and instructive. We are taught how to lay out the interval between art and nature, between the house and the ha-ha; and between the precincts within the range of a sunk fence and the natural undulations beyond it. The Irish juniper, for instance, in its columnar growth harmonizes best with the former, the *Pinus excelsa* with the more far-away slopes. "Wild scenery ought not to come too close to our doors, nor the waving and sometimes rugged outlines

of the forest prove the limitaries of great mansions. It is well to have some intermediate character of lines to give union, e.g. the Oedrus Libani in all its natural majesty will not, when in contiguity, prove incongruous." Hints such as these show a practical grasp of the subject to which Mr. Johnson's literary power scarcely does justice; and the same remark applies to his ideas about roads, public and private, avenues, walks, and the like. Still, whatever may be the defects of literary style, his work is quite worth a careful perusal, and we have only to wish that its bulk were reduced by two-thirds, which it easily might be if the author would confine himself to practical matter.

FREEMAN'S COMPARATIVE POLITICS.*

THE difficulty of finding a name seems likely to press with increasing weight on the discoverers or propounders of new sciences. The science which concerns itself with the growth or structure of any given language received without much hesitation the title of philology; when the field of research was extended to all the languages with which it might have any affinity, comparative philology was readily suggested as a fitting name for the science in this its wider application. In the same fashion, mythology, which brings together and scrutinizes the epical or popular stories of a single people became comparative when these stories were examined side by side with the traditions of tribes which might or might not be of kin to that people. It is not less obvious that, if any two or more tribes have a common language and common epical traditions, and if these traditions betray an indefinite agreement in thought, manners, and habits, they may have like correspondences in their political growth, and thus in their modes of making and administering law. It is even more likely that they will resemble each other in matters which seem in priority of order to have preceded the formation of any definite political ideas—in other words, that they will exhibit points of likeness in religious thought. The method which seeks to determine and arrange the points of likeness and difference under these two heads deserves the name of a science not less than that which concerns itself with the speech or the myths of any given tribe or people. But at present no better name has been hit upon for the one than the Science of Religion, while for the other Mr. Freeman contents himself with the title of Comparative Politics, and would prefer to retain his science without a name rather than that it should be labelled "Sociology."

"If any persons choose to lay stress on this lack of a satisfactory name, we have no intention of following in their steps. Still less do we care to determine whether, in upholding the claims of a new science, or of a science supposed to be new, Mr. Freeman has said things which he or others have said already. We do not even care to treat the existence of the science of comparative politics as a subject for discussion. We will assume it to be fully proved; and at this time of day we may surely do so without fearing to be accused of going too far or of unlawful exaggeration. For those who know what is meant by the term race, and who therefore know what is meant by the distinction which separates Aryan from Semitic or Turanian tribes, there can be no need to say that if Aryan tribes resemble each other, to whatever degree, in their speech and in their forms of religious and philosophical thought, they will resemble each other also in their popular usages and in their methods of making and administering law. The three things will hang together, and the real question will be to ascertain the circumstances which have determined not so much the points of likeness as the points of difference, and to measure the degrees of evidence which may in each case justify a positive or a negative conclusion. That Mr. Freeman's position, so far as he states it, is fully borne out by fact, we have no thought of disputing; but this may be said of many, perhaps most, of the conclusions of Niebuhr, Arnold, Thirlwall, and Grote; and it seems clear that we cannot expect to get rid of difficulties until we have fairly sought to ascertain whether any given matters assigned as causes for a particular state of things are not rather to be regarded as effects of a previous cause, the knowledge of which is really needed to explain the seeming mystery.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of the first importance to determine the measure of confidence which we may place respectively in the three sciences of comparative philology, mythology, and politics, even if we say nothing of the comparative science of religion. We have heard much of the wonders achieved by the first of these sciences, which in Mr. Freeman's eyes seems invested with more of the attribute of infallibility than we should choose to assign to it. Exceptions to Grimm's Law are by no means altogether lacking; nor is it as yet conclusively proved that, even if the radically distinct origin of the great branches of human speech be granted, the analogy of sound which suggested a root for the one might not suggest the same root for the other. Mr. Freeman thinks that there is at least room for the belief that the simple stories and easily imagined situations "which form the staple of the legendary lore of most nations, may have been invented over and over again in distant times and places"; but he seems to regard it as inconceivable

that, although the grinding of corn may have been frequently hit upon, those who discovered it "should all have called the instrument of grinding a mill." If the word *all* be struck out, we see no insurmountable difficulty in believing that the sound made by the rubbing of stones together may have suggested to many tribes the root *MR* or *ML*, and that a certain likeness should be traced even among the derivatives from these roots in their several dialects. His own position is probably weakened by the jealousy with which he reserves to the science of philology the final verdict in deciding the identity or diversity of popular myths. If the names in two or more given stories of which the incidents are alike be philologically the same, they come from a common source; and so there can be no doubt about tales in which Helios, Selene, Asterodia, and Hersé are the actors. But the same confidence cannot be felt where this clue of language is lacking; it cannot even be felt in all cases where it is found. The etymological connexion between the Charis of the *Iliad*, the Charites of the *Odyssey*, and the Vedic Harita cannot, Mr. Freeman holds, be disputed; but he also regards the opinion "that they took their name from the noun *χάρις*, in the later and ordinary sense of the word, after that later and ordinary sense had parted off from the original root," as not untenable. It is, we think, to say the least, to the last degree unlikely. That *Atē* and the *Latai* are direct impersonations from the later sense of the words is extremely doubtful; and although there seem to be some manifest impersonations in the Hesiodic theogony, as of the Long Hills, these impersonations have no office. The Charites wrap Phoebos in the pure white robe at his birth, and anoint Aphrodite with the glistening oil. It is almost impossible to believe that beings invented from a word after it had lost its original meaning should fervor in their work to that earliest sense which is preserved in our word "grease."

But although Mr. Freeman maintains that a comparison is not unassailable until it has been approved by the strictest philological tribunal as coming within the sphere of its jurisdiction, he seems to be somewhat impatient of these trammels, and to plead for the acceptance of inferences which flow or seem to flow from such comparisons. The positive argument in the science of comparative politics he regards as conclusive; but the negative argument, he thinks, is by no means so strong:—

The caprice of language is so great, words drop out of use in one tongue and are kept in use in another in such a singular way, that the mere fact that cognate institutions are not called by cognate names is not, of itself, proof that they are not part of a common heritage. We must weigh all the circumstances and all the different forms of evidence. Of all the forms of corroborative evidence, the philological form is doubtless the highest, but it is not the only one. If two nations are shown by other evidence, especially by philological evidence applied to other subjects, to be kindred nations, holding in common a large share of the primitive common stock—if the nature of their political institutions, no less than of their language, their mythology, their customs of other kinds, naturally suggests the thought of a common derivation—the mere fact that their institutions do not bear cognate names is not enough to disprove, or even to throw doubt upon, the common derivation of those institutions.

This position is, we believe, thoroughly sound; but it is certainly not strengthened by placing narrower bounds on inference in the kindred science of comparative mythology. It may be convenient for Professor Max Müller to confine himself to an examination of those myths in which, although they belong to different languages and tribes, the names are philologically identical. He has nowhere, so far as we are aware, put the fact of his thus limiting himself on any other ground than that of convenience; but no reason is thus furnished why another should not extend his view to myths in which, while they unquestionably resemble each other in substance, the names translate each other, or in which identical incidents occur in a complex sequence which makes the notion of independent origination impossible. There is no etymological connexion between the Teutonic story of the Spirit in the Bottle, and the *Arabian Nights* tale of the Fisherman and the Jin; nor between the Greek *Oidipous*, who knows nothing, and the Boots or the Great Fool of Teutonic and Celtic tradition; but their connexion is as manifest as that between the Senate of the Romans and the Gerousia of Sparta.

The philological argument will probably be found to go further both in politics and mythology than is commonly supposed. The English *cyning* and the Gothic *thiudans* translate each other, as being each called after the *kin* or people, and they both denote the same office. The Greek *Basileus* and the Latin *rex* translate each other, but the names have not the same origin; yet the *regnum* of the Latin King is the *rice* of the English; if of the one we say *rex*, of the other we say that he *riceth*, as the Greek *Basileus* was said *ἀρχαυ*—all these words being referred by Dopp to the root *braj*, to *shine*, which gives us the Eastern *raja* on the one side, and the Teutonic *Hrugi* or Light God on the other.

With the rest of this volume we have only to express our hearty agreement; nor do we quarrel with anything in it because we are familiar with it already in Mr. Freeman's pages elsewhere. The facts stated seldom come in the same connexion, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, it is absolutely necessary to state many facts or discoveries again and again, until they work their way down into the minds of all alike. The connexion between the languages of Greeks, Latins, and Germans is still hidden from vast numbers of people, and the putting forth of comparisons between their habits, laws, and their political institutions is like the uttering of dark sentences. But probably some of the points on which Mr. Freeman insists might have been made plainer if he had carried his examination somewhat further back. Thus we are told that the gathering of *curia* or *phratry* forms the tribe, the gathering of tribes

* *Comparative Politics*. Six Lectures read before the Royal Institution in January and February, 1873. With the Unity of History, the Rede Lecture read before the University of Cambridge, May 29, 1872. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

forms the State. But alike at Rome and at Athens tribes formed of *curie* and *gentes* lost their political significance, and gave way as political institutions to tribes of later origin founded on another principle. In the later stages of both Commonwealths, the elements of which the Commonwealth was made up were no longer the primitive genealogical tribes, but tribes which were essentially local.

This is, of course, perfectly true, but there is a distinct effort of mind in retaining our knowledge of the change until we know why the change was rendered necessary; because, namely, the genealogical tribes represented ultimately an aggregation of families, each of which at starting had formed the beginning and end of society, founded on the worship of the dead lord or lords, keeping up a ritual in which it was a profanation for any one not of kin to share, regarding all without its own circle as dogs or snakes, bitterly intolerant and intensely cruel in its exclusiveness; because, further, this root of all bitterness was carried on into those unions of such isolated families which made up the clan before the union of clans formed the tribe—the clans and tribes acquiring of course a fellow-feeling and a certain spirit of forbearance towards each other, but retaining for all who lay beyond a hatred not less fierce and bloodthirsty as being a hatred of those who were enemies of their gods; because, further, the chiefs of these families had set up their landmarks and shut out the common herd from all hope of becoming themselves owners of the soil, and because the remedies applied by such legislators as Solon, although for the time they did much, failed to touch the root of the disease. Hence the substitution of local for genealogical tribes was really a deathblow dealt to Eupatrid ascendancy; it ensured first the growth and then the supremacy of the people; it asserted that religion—the old religion, to which alone the Eupatrid would allow the name—was not to crush mankind for ever beneath a rod of iron. But although it did all this, the genealogical tribes were not extinguished. At Athens, as elsewhere, they continued to exist, as bodies whose interests were by no means always the interests of the State, of justice, or of humanity; and their malignant influence showed itself in the frightful iniquities to which the Athenian rabble suffered itself to be bounded on after the victory of Arginæusai.

In short, everywhere we find this spirit of isolation—the primitive separation of the brute in his den, strengthened by the religion which had its root in the worship of ancestors—cropping up in greater or less strength. We find it at Athens, checking and hampering the action of statesmen as far-seeing as any of what we are wont to speak of as our own enlightened times, and almost everywhere else in Hellas, well nigh preventing all political growth, and rendering utterly impossible the formation of a Greek nation.

We touch a point here in which difference of terms implies a difference of things. Mr. Freeman admits that we “expect, as a rule, the nation to form a single government,” and that “political unity enters into our general idea of a nation”; but this fact, he holds, “merely shows how greatly we have changed in this matter from the political ideas of earlier times.” In the Greek mind, for example, he urges, “there was a distinct idea of a Greek nation, united by a common origin, speech, religion, and civilization.” Surely so wide a difference in reality involves a substantial difference in the notion of which that reality is an expression. Whatever else a nation may be, it is surely a body the members of which are under certain duties to one another. Of these obligations the Greek knew nothing. The war of Boiotians against Phokians was not civil war; it was not a thing to which they felt the least repugnance; it was the most natural thing in the world. When Achilles said that he had no liking for a man who loved war, he added that by war he meant a contest between members of a *phratría*, i.e. between those who professed to trace their origin and to pay their worship to a common ancestor. The Amphiktyoniai, great or small, were in no sense nations national; at best they were mere religious fraternities which bound their members to no special courses of action if they chose to regard one another as enemies. In other words, they did little or nothing to weaken and root out the spirit of isolation which for all Greeks, except the Athenians, may be said to have remained the very breath of life. During three, or perhaps four, generations Athens did what she could to counteract this fatal tendency, but she was attempting a task beyond the time, and she failed. Mr. Freeman might perhaps have brought out more clearly the nature and ends of the work which some Athenian statesmen at least had set before themselves; but the contrasts drawn between Athens and Sparta, and again between these and Macedonia and Rome, are among the most instructive portions of this volume.

SOME TIME IN IRELAND.*

IRELAND was long celebrated for its blunders and bulls, but of late years it has proved prolific in bores. It is to be hoped that, in accordance with the old saying about the happiness of a country which has no history, the prosiness of modern books about Ireland denotes the calm of increasing prosperity. Why the book which we have now before us was written can be known only to its author. This venerable lady, who lived in the county Waterford a long time ago, and who now publishes the chronicle of her frocks, her flirtations, and her fine acquaintances, has no perceptible aim of any kind. There are faint indications of a wish to instruct

the “legislators who assemble in St. Stephen’s, Westminster,” and perhaps the author expected to rouse the attention of gossips by her free mention of persons and places, as for instance, of a well-known proselytizing Bishop, and of an excitable lady of the Bonaparte family. But few things are more dreary than sketches of character by a writer who neither appreciates character nor knows how to draw.

Although there is little worth reading in the book, it is racy of the author’s native soil. It is pervaded with the volatile essence of Irish gentility, and, though the analysis may not be agreeable, this extraordinary phase of human nature is singular enough to be worth examining. “We never affected to be considered native Irish,” she says, and she is careful to explain that her ancestors “came over with other Cromwell settlers.” And then we have a fairly true, if trivial, sketch of servility and arrogance, of bigotry and religious indifference, of rackrenting and ostentation, and of shift instead of thrift in the annals of this “leading family.” The writer appears even to have lost the last inheritance of such parentage as she describes, for she misses the grotesque humour, the incongruity yet the pathos, of the situation. The race of orators and wits who buzzed and stung in the Irish Parliament was not extinct at the period when these chronicles begin, but there is no trace of them here; the author is chiefly concerned with the misdeeds of her governors, the tricks to catch the major or the captain on the Mall at Waterford, or the millinery of her sisters. Many pages are devoted to the unutterable glory of a ball at Curraghmore, and to the galaxy of young noblemen who were there. Now, in a novel certain details of the dietary and pinaflores of childhood may be useful in evolving character, but we get no clearer notion of Irish society by records of Miss Kathleen’s porridge and Miss Eveleen’s “hat of white chip with detached bouquets of forget-me-nots.” Probably there were elements of fun in the Dunmore *collegiatura*, where the nobility and gentry of the county packed themselves into a row of cottages by the sea and chaffered for the shilling chicken of tradition and enjoyed a primitive community of crockery and saucepans. But if there were humorous passages in this kind of life, the spirit of the fun has evaporated, leaving but a residuum of vulgarity.

The author turns from domestic life every now and then and tries her hand on historical and political subjects with indifferent success. O’Connell crosses the stage at a contested election, “his right hand waving his cap, his left placed on his breast, across which was a broad green sash”; and of course he appeals to the “hereditary bondsmen.” There are “priestly denunciations,” evictions, and the machinery familiar to us in Irish affairs, not omitting the showy, dishonest, tyrannical land agent who has for nearly two hundred years played so large a part in them. This ancient lady shows questionable taste in gossiping as freely as she does about families and persons who, whatever their sine, hardly deserved the cruel fate of being thus commemorated. Yet after all, her visit to Curraghmore has a moral worth noting. Her Cromwellian father represents a class. He was a large landed proprietor and an important personage in the county, but he had none of the dignity of an English squire of the same rank. By tradition and practice he and his forefathers were mere dealers in land. The rights and privileges of their position were greedily maintained, but only as so much stock-in-trade, while political and religious ascendancy was deemed precious because it enhanced the value of the bargain with the English Government. It is perhaps natural that this species of gentry should be depressed and servile in presence of the English party in the great house of the neighbourhood. They cringe to the “Marquis, his amiable lady, and the sweet Lady Constance.” London clothes, London airs and gossip are the paradise of the children of the Cromwellian settlement. There is a special roll in the phrases that treat of the English magnates, and in the reflections on their morality at the end of those chapters that introduce us to the festive scenes in which Lord Jocelyn dances “superbly,” and in which “an intimacy is established” with the transcendent Lady Constance. “Alas,” mourns the author, “in the language of the patriarch,” even these “have said to Corruption, thou art my father!”—language which in another sense the politician might well apply to the Irish gentry, whose characteristics the book is intended to set forth. Coming down from the mount of aristocratic glory with its effulgence full upon them, the family remain in a rapture during some days. Only a contested election, in which the “Romish” priests of course play an evil part, brings them back to the joys and excitements of “the Mall,” the Cathedral gallery, and the fashionable milliner’s shop of Waterford.

The political battle between clergy and landlords for the votes of the people is far from being so amusing and instructive in these pages as in some recent reports from the West of Ireland. As usual, no one appears to be the least in earnest. There is no principle to control the conduct of rich or poor, though principles are trailed in every direction for aggressive purposes. The author, while ignoring the faith and hopes about which the Irish are really in earnest, unconsciously expresses the national superficiality. Of her reminiscences, now of a bonnet, now of a brutal murder, of her reflections, whether on the massacre of police at Carrickabock during the tithe war, or on the best way to catch a husband, it is impossible to know which are meant in jest and which are serious. If she ridicules the priests, she is not less satirical at the expense of the “Evangelical wave.” She shows the usual Hibernian disrespect for everything Irish, including her uncle, a dignitary of the Protestant Church; and even when she utters the stock remarks

* *Some Time in Ireland: a Recollection.* London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

about the late Establishment, or the famine, or about the social sores with which we are too familiar, it is difficult to resist the suspicion that when she is most solemn and bombastic she least expects to be taken in earnest. The glimpse she gives of her class and its ideas, however slight, reveals at least some of the weaknesses which have made it contemptible and injurious to the people it was supposed to lead. We see something of the disreputable struggle by these land traders to be great men on swamped estates, of their incapacity for co-operation because of mutual distrust, and of their consequent loss of caste and power. Their clamour rends the air when truth is spoken of them, yet their indifference to truth is extraordinary, except when for some jobbing purpose it suits them to be sensitive.

This book, except in so far as it unconsciously betrays certain flaws in Irish character, has hardly the merit even to provoke a smile. The author, venerable matron as she announces herself, betrays her natural frivolity in every page. She buttonholes us to tell of her delightful acquaintance with the "tall and slim Lord P.," with Lord J., a "man of fashion, with a decidedly military carriage," and with "the Marquis." We have specimens of aristocratic chit-chat concerning "the Earl's Mother, who prays, preaches, and expounds in public," and we are bound to confess that our author shows a very pretty familiarity with exalted personages when she adds, "Every one knows what Lord Jocelyn's Father's views are about worldly amusements," capital letters being indispensable in expressing these august relationships. With the same gush she makes obeisance to "the last of the Prince Bishops of the Irish Church," and to the "brick-coloured satin Toques" of his sisters, who did the honours of that hall at Curraghmore which was the culminating point of our heroine's career. Her question to her uncle the canon, while driving thither in his carriage—doomed subsequently by the "trudging policy of the English Government" to be "laid down"—will serve as an example of the author's opinions. *Apres* of a shabby equipage which follows, she asks:—

"Uncle, is there any connexion between politics and post-chaises?"

"Very good, Kathleen; your father will not have to be ashamed of his pupil. There is a connexion. If England had not absorbed the Irish upper classes, we should have had a resident aristocracy, with their becoming equipages, and a body of wealthy gentry taking a proper pride in keeping up carriages adapted to their position—very different to that which is hanging on us."

Satire could scarcely go further than this ingenuous exposition of the grievances and duties of "carriage people" in Ireland.

It is evident that when the author of these reminiscences leaves her native land her prejudice abates. Cheltenham and Leamington soothe the distempered spirit, and after a time she is ready to converse with Cardinal Wiseman and even to look on at Romish ceremonies. It is unfortunate that she should have resorted to exciting topics. She ought to have avoided the old stimulants of appropriation clauses, Catholic claims, and Lord Waterford. As it is, they seem to have quite upset the balance of her mind, or surely she would not in her preface have suggested Home Rule as a step towards bringing about that happy state when the Protestant canons of Ireland shall maintain their carriages in due splendour, when domesticated marquises shall give perennial balls to a numerous "army," and admiring Saxons crowd to do homage before Erin's daughters.

THE COINS OF ANCIENT SYRACUSE.*

ABOUT a year ago, in noticing Mr. Poole's Catalogue of the Greek Coins in the British Museum, we expressed the hope that the science of Greek numismatics might be developed not merely by general catalogues, but by critical essays and monographs on the coins of particular Greek cities. The memoir before us, in which Mr. Head gives in a very clear form the numismatic history of Syracuse during a period of more than three hundred years, is a welcome instalment as far as it goes. Numismatists and students of art need hardly be reminded that the coinage of Syracuse is more continuous and complete than that of any other Greek city. Those celebrated silver pieces known to the collector as Syracusan medallions, but which it would be more correct to describe as decadrachms struck by the two Dionysii, are among the finest efforts of ancient numismatic art, and are the more interesting to us because through a series of earlier coins we can trace the successive steps by which this marvellous perfection was attained. The method of Mr. Head's memoir is to show how by numismatic evidence the entire series of Syracusan coins can be classed in periods from the latter part of the fifth century to the capture of the city by Marcellus B.C. 212. In its main outlines this classification corresponds very nearly with that proposed by the late Duke of Luynes in the *Revue Numismatique* (1843). It was that distinguished archaeologist who first identified the archaic silver decadrachm of Syracuse with the Demareteion struck by Gelon I. in honour of his wife Demarete about B.C. 479, the year after his great victory over the Carthaginians at Himera. On comparing the legend of this coin with the dedicatory inscription on the helmet dedicated by Hiero I. at Olympia about B.C. 475, we find such a marked resemblance in the forms of the letters as fully to justify the identification proposed by the Duke

of Luynes. The date of this archaic decadrachm being thus found, there is little difficulty in determining the chronological succession of the silver coinage of Syracuse generally. Certain coins more archaic than the Demareteion in style, and differing from it in type, are on good grounds assigned by Mr. Head to the period of the Geomori, whose oligarchy preceded the rule of Gelon. Another cardinal point in the chronology is the coinage of the two Dionysii, B.C. 406–345. If we assume, as numismatists now generally assume, that those splendid medallions to which we have already referred are decadrachms struck by the Dionysii in imitation of the earlier Demareteion, we can range round these cardinal specimens of the Syracusan mint a number of smaller contemporary pieces; and, having thus demonstrated by emphatic examples the general characteristics of the Archaic and of the Finest Periods of Syracusan art, we have no difficulty in discriminating the coinage of the Intermediate or Transitional Period, which ranges from B.C. 406 to B.C. 406. From the time of the Dionysii the work of classification is much easier. The mintage of the democracy restored by Timoleon, B.C. 345–17, is recognized by the Corinthian types then introduced; the coins of Agathokles, B.C. 317–289, of Hiero II., his queen Philistis, and his grandson Hieronymos, B.C. 216–5, all known to us by their legends, enable us to class a number of pieces struck during these reigns, but not inscribed with the name of the ruling prince.

The admirable photographic plates executed by the autotype process, which illustrate Mr. Head's memoir, exhibit most clearly and emphatically the development of Syracusan art through these successive periods; and when we compare this long series of coins with the contemporary works of Greek sculptors, we see how the broad characteristics of style which distinguish the monumental works of successive centuries repeat themselves with a regularity to which there are few exceptions on the coins of the same periods throughout the Hellenic world. If we possessed the coinages of the principal Greek cities in a series as perfect as Syracuse exhibits, we should have, as it were, so many biographies in illustration of the general scheme of ancient art; but when we examine the extant specimens of other Hellenic mints, we find no such complete chain of numismatic evidence as at Syracuse, but rather a few disconnected links, the original sequence of which cannot be determined, because we do not know how much is wanting to complete the series. The coinage of Syracuse is a fair volume with hardly a page wanting; the coinages of other Greek cities are for the most part but stray and tattered leaves torn from such a volume. After perusing the numismatic history of Syracuse from beginning to end as it is recorded in Mr. Head's plates, the following points strike us as specially noteworthy.

We have, first, to note the marked preference for certain types which prevails in the silver coinage from the time of the Geomori till that of Timoleon. During this entire period the dominant type on the reverse of the coins is either a four-horse chariot or a horseman. Both these types from the time of Gelon I. onwards, if not from an earlier date, commemorate Agonistic Victories, and that these victories were gained at Olympia seems on the whole the most probable supposition. In a valuable memoir in the tenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, Mr. Poole notes how this chariot type prevails in other cities of Sicily, such as Agrigentum, Kamarina, Katana, and shows how in the several instances its adoption may be connected with Agonistic Victories recorded in Pindar and elsewhere. Chariot-races and horse-races were then, as now, contests in which the rich only could win the prizes; and thus these Agonistic types on coins seem always associated with aristocratic or monarchical rule, and it may be doubted whether they were ever introduced under other political conditions. It was but natural that the rich and the ambitious should prefer these Agonistic types, for the coinage was thus made to publish the honour gained by the city, while it commemorated the wealthy aristocrat or political adventurer at whose cost this honour had been won; and doubtless this compendious publication, through a currency which passed in daily traffic from hand to hand, contributed not a little to that celebrity of the victor of which the "breathing Bronzes" dedicated at Olympia and the fervid Odes of Pindar were the nobler and more abiding record. On those earliest silver tetradrachms of Syracuse which are attributed to the Geomori, the quadriga is driven by a male charioteer, the horses move with hearse-like monotony; there is as yet no symbol of Agonistic Victory. On the coins of Gelon I. the winged personification of Victory, whom the Greeks called Nike, makes her first appearance, lying rather than flying above the chariot. From the reign of Hiero I. to that of Dionysius I. this type continues with little change; in the later specimens better modelling gives more life to the horses, and the Nike becomes more volatile; but the old slow movement is retained, as if the incident represented were not the chariot race, but the triumphal procession after the race.

With the accession of Dionysius there is a marked change in the design of the coin. It is no longer the triumphal procession, but the contest itself in all its intensity, which is represented. The horses dash forward eagerly, their tendency to loose and dissipated action is by the skill of the charioteer so modulated as to blend into one common movement, which may be described as a harmony made up of discords; and this marvellous result is accounted for when we look at the charioteer. No mortal hand guides these fiery steeds; it is a goddess—perhaps Persephone—who has taken the place of the bearded charioteer whom we find on the earlier coins. We would here draw attention to the execution of these coins. The skill with which the forms of the four

* On the Chronological Sequence of the Coins of Syracuse. By Barclay V. Head, Assistant-Keeper of Coins and Medals in the British Museum, Hon. Sec. of the Numismatic Society of London. London: John Russell Smith. 1874.

horses, so intricately combined in their united action, are yet so clearly detached and relieved against the field and against each other, is a *tour de force* hardly to be surpassed in numismatic art.

While in the chariot groups of the earlier Syracusan coins the severe and chaste simplicity of the design seems the fit emblem of an earnest and high-minded democracy, there is on the other hand in these later compositions a felicitous audacity of invention, a consummate mastery of execution, which reminds us of some of the groups in the contemporary frieze of the Mausoleum, and seems altogether in keeping with the splendid pomp with which the Dionysii masked the terrors of their iron rule. The jealous misgiving with which these tyrants regarded distinguished citizens did not apply to the artists whom they patronized, and thus we find on the Syracusan medallions, what was hardly ever permitted on the coins of Greek autonomous cities, the names of the die-engravers, Kimon, Eukleides, Eaninetos, and others, whose respective styles may to a certain extent be distinguished in extant specimens. On the coins struck by the Dionysii there is a change in the action of the Victory, who no longer crowns the horses as in the earlier type, but lies to meet the charioteer holding out the wreath; her movement, being thus counter to that of the horses, seems to enhance the speed and momentum of the bounding group.

We have as yet only dealt with the reverse of these coins. On the obverse the prevailing type is a female head, round which are set sometimes three, sometimes four, dolphins. Occasionally the head, encircled by dolphins, is that of the goddess Athene. Dolphins are the well-known symbol of salt water in ancient art, and therefore it seems probable that the heads so encircled represent goddesses whose temples stood in the island of Ortygia, the most ancient quarter in Syracuse, and its original citadel. This position, naturally strong, was specially fortified by the elder Dionysius, who established in Ortygia his seat of government and his palace. He would probably keep his treasure and his mint in one of the temples on the island, of which the two most celebrated, according to Cicero, were that of Artemis and that of Athene. Now if the coins of the Dionysii were struck in Ortygia, the head of Athene, encircled by dolphins, probably represents in the compendious symbolism of ancient art the temple of Athene on the sea-girt island; and by parity of reasoning the other female head surrounded by dolphins ought to be that of Artemis, as K. O. Muller supposed it to be. There is, however, no certain evidence in support of this conjecture, and the head in question may in some cases be a personification of Ortygia itself, while other coins may represent Persephone, and others the Ortygian Artemis. Another type, which can be more positively connected with the island, represents the head of Arethusa, that nymph so celebrated in Greek legend, who, flying from the pursuit of the Arcadian river god Alpheios, escaped to Ortygia, where she was changed into a fountain, the fresh waters of which still bubble up on the shore of the island.

On looking over the plates in the work before us, it is curious to observe how, after B.C. 345, when the rule of the Dionysii was replaced by democracy, the type of the silver coinage also changes. That well-known Corinthian type, a helmeted female head, with, on the reverse, a Pegasus, occurs abundantly; the chariot type is also found, but less frequently; but of the dolphin-encircled goddess Mr. Head only admits one example. The cause of this change in the mintage was doubtless political. When Timoleon, the Garibaldi of ancient Sicily, leading an expedition from Corinth against the younger Dionysius, succeeded in his daring attempt by the special grace of Demeter and Persephone, he demolished the Ortygian stronghold of the dethroned tyrant, and erected on its site courts of justice. It was but natural that he should at the same time efface from the coinage the symbols by which the Ortygian fortress had been associated with supreme authority, and that he should substitute for these symbols the types of his native Corinth, whose aid as mother city had so largely contributed to the revolution which freed Syracuse. When compared with the splendid coinage of the Dionysii, the pieces struck by Agathokles and his successors are tame and monotonous. The names of the die-engravers no longer appear on the coins, nor does their work attempt to rival the subtleties which through all time will give celebrity to the masterpieces of Kimon, Eukleides, and their compeers. But in this later Syracusan coinage, as in many other coinages of the Macedonian period, the historical interest in some degree compensates for the artistic shortcoming. The assumption of the title of Basileus by Agathokles, his great victory over the Carthaginians, and the brief reign of the Epirote Pyrrhus in Sicily, are all commemorated on their coins; while later still on the coins of Hiero II. we recover the name of his queen Philistis, a name still to be seen on her seat in the theatre of Syracuse, but wholly unrecorded by ancient writers.

CRAMLEIGH COLLEGE.*

CRITICS who complain of the immense numbers of novels which are published every season forget how wide a field of usefulness novel-writing now occupies, and how many other resources of folly it is rapidly superseding. In ages which are called dark and barbarous, every man who was discontented resorted to caves and other fastnesses, and thence made incursions, and avenged himself on society. This is the case even now in Spain and other countries where literature is at rather a low ebb.

* *Cramleigh College*. By Henry Belcher. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

How much more fortunate is England, where the man with a grievance merely writes a novel with a purpose, and throws this harmless pebble at the public! Novel-writing has saved many a woman from the still lower depth of minor poetry, from religious depression, and from inflicting herself spasmodically on the local poor. It is the safest safety-valve, the mental anodyne nearest to hand, the easiest occupation for indolent conceit, the best cure for the aching heart; for the treacherous lover can always be drawn from real life, and persons who shrink from breach of promise cases may put the false one into a book. Thus novel-writing affords many of the consolations which our energetic forefathers sought in war and in religion, and society becomes more peaceful, though less picturesque. In place of bandits and crusaders we have crowds of writers of fiction. Life is much less stormy than it was before reading and writing became such common accomplishments, and the efforts of silly people are only annoying, not positively pernicious. Still they are very numerous, and very wearisome to those who have to read them. Which may be the very silliest of these silly ones, we sometimes wonder, just as Mr. Carlyle once speculated as to where the greatest of living fools might be existing all unconscious of his greatness. The question admits of no answer, and the wonder will never be satisfied. The *chef d'œuvre* is equivalent to the *chef d'œuvre*, and there are sublimities of silliness among which no man may decide which is the most barren and worthless. Who shall judge between the frantic author who drags his characters through crimes that are artistically blunders and the twaddling writer who dawdles over the conscientious scruples of consumptive cousins? But if opinions differ as to which may be the most imbecile fiction of the period, no reader of *Cramleigh College* will have much hesitation in pronouncing it to be the most tedious. Victor Hugo once said of another French poet that his works caused a new kind of shudder, and the author of *Cramleigh College* has managed to cause a new sort of yawn. This is his private glory and distinction, for unluckily there is nothing singular in his bad grammar or in the jargon which he takes to be English. Novelists have long accustomed us to such sentences as "He valued people, like certain persons are said to value books, by their blinding"; "He was kept in front of the black-board until he felt somewhat like an Egyptian statue must feel, as having sat down never to get up again." Nor is Mr. Belcher original in calling soap and towels "minor accessories of aqueous hygienics." Many writers are practised in such beauties of style, and most are dull; but Mr. Belcher is wearisome of set purpose, and dull in obedience to an æsthetic theory of his own invention. He has obviously given some thought to the conditions of fiction, and favours us with his views as to what a romance should be:—

There still remains a vast amount of mere commonplace matter that the hand of a master could touch, clear of undramatic element, by rearrangement of parts, and make powerful, didactic, full of feeling, for most of us. I should like to read a novel dealing with this stage of life. . . . The adventures of a half-pay captain, married to a lady with a small fortune in the Three per Cents., might be worked up into a most interesting narrative.

Mr. Belcher acts on his own theory, but he cannot be said to have worked up his petty material and dreary characters into a most interesting narrative. There is no element in *Cramleigh College* that is not commonplace and sordid; there is no single character who, if met in real life, would not be recognized as a typical bore. The lay figures of other novelists are dreary because they have no animation, because they are mere puppets. But the characters in *Cramleigh College* are drawn rather carefully, and so to speak lovingly, from the most tiresome people that an unlucky man might meet in the course of a long and unhappy existence. And the author has been careful to provide them with what Mr. Congreve would call an appropriate *milieu*, an atmosphere of tedium.

Cramleigh College is a novel with a purpose, or rather with two or three purposes. The writer has a grudge against competitive examinations and crammers. This grievance pervades his first volume, while the third is occupied with the dangers of financial speculation. There is absolutely no plot, for the typical bores who do duty for characters have no passions which might supply the stuff for a plot. The reader is left to contemplate these persons, and to derive what pleasure he may from the comparative study of different forms of meanness and vulgarity. Perhaps in the complete absence of any other interest, it may be as well to give some account of the different bores whom the author has depicted with such tender anxiety. Bore number one, his favourite specimen, is the hero's mother, who is thus described:—

She, in her eagerness to find out all that could readily be known of a new topic, would fill her drawing-room with outlandish people twice or thrice a week. Experiments were conducted that filled the house with noises, burnings, and uncelestial smells; sometimes she fossilized, and then it was bones, sometimes she spiritized, and then it was ghosts; sometimes she parochized, and then it was soup.

Elsewhere her praises as a specimen of dreariness are stated with proper pride:—"Her mind was of the cast that bores some folks terribly. It would be hard to conceive a greater bore than Hester Chatfield might be to not a few persons to be met with in life." Her surroundings are described as being quite worthy of her. Mr. Belcher has introduced some of her insufferable connexions, confessedly because they are depressing, and he dismisses them thus:—"This couple drop away from our view. It is true they have played no particular part in this story, but what more was to be done with them?" What indeed? and what amusement can be got out of any of the other dullards who do play some part in this story, such as it is? The parochizing woman's part is to pet her son, and make

love to his schoolmaster. The son Arthur, who is the hero of the tale, is simply a Cub, who is sent to Cramleigh College—a private school kept by one Dr. Chatfield Jonah, a bore of the old school. The doctor's forte is preaching sermons—we are actually favoured with one—and making misquotations from Horace. These accomplishments endear him to the widow, and while she is longing for the teacher, the Cub is plucked in an examination for the army. Soon afterwards he has something as like brain fever as his constitution admits of, and his personal appearance is improved by his illness. At least we suppose that is what we are meant to gather from the following remarkable sentence:—

His figure was slight as yet, but on the whole looked a fair reproduction of some old Norse stock. He would have made a capital Balar, given the large limbs of that Hyperborean Apollo, but had a certain languid ease, out of place in one so much like a Bare Sarker, yet was not unbecoming in a young gentleman of the nineteenth century.

This reads like an unfair reproduction of some of Mr. Kingsley's old Norse stuff, but the reference to our friend the Bare Sarker is welcome as a momentary escape from the usual level of the story. The Cub is sent to Ireland for the benefit of his health, and it might be expected that the author would grow less tedious under the influence of Irish air. An ordinary novelist would be tempted to borrow animal spirits from an imitation of Lever or Lover, but Mr. Belcher never loses sight of his purpose. He is careful to impress us with the belief that Irish humour is a myth, and that dirt and drink are the only characteristics of the island. The town of Knockdownmore is thus described:—"Its chief feature is a bridge. Without this bridge nothing would be left for the Knockdownmoreites but to hang themselves from sheer inanition." By inanition it is improbable that Mr. Belcher means starvation, though to hang oneself from starvation would be a very Irish way of solving the riddle of the earth. Knockdownmore, slovenly as it was, was the residence of Miss Evelyn Blake, the heroine of this story. Miss Blake was well worthy of the Cub's affection. "She was the kind of girl that has a quiet way of making love to any presentable man without the slightest glimmer of consciousness that very few men can stand being made love to by the Eva Blakes of the world." This unconscious creature has a way of kissing the Cub, and of employing "an elevation of her pretty eyebrows, and a contraction of the eyelid, the left eyelid," which must have done a good deal to relieve the tedium of Knockdownmore. Her uncle, Colonel Blake, runs the other bores of the story very hard; indeed we incline to think that he is the most musty and repulsive specimen in the collection. He is a learned campaigner who translates his talk into Greek, and quotes no less assiduously than the Doctor. By a rare stroke of genius the writer has contrived to keep either the Colonel or the Doctor eternally on the stage, and sometimes they are both present together, so that we can never escape from shreds of the Latin grammar. The other inhabitants of Knockdownmore are squireens and louts. Evelyn makes love to one of them, though he is not very presentable, and there are some dull adventures at a ball, where drunken men exchange blows and apologies. The Squireen takes Miss Blake and her cousin for a cruise by themselves in a yacht, proposes, is rejected, drinks himself stupider than he was before, and allows the yacht to be nearly run ashore. The characters are rescued by a man-of-war's boat commanded by Archie Lambert, a school companion of the hero, and Eva makes a good deal of love to him. She had already displayed her piety by "singing a little hymn" in the cabin of the yacht during the storm. Meantime the Doctor marries the hero's mother, and he and Eva are separated for two years.

As the Cub has grown too old to be crammed, the author now feels inclined to chastise the folly of rash speculation. So a wholly impossible stockjobber and member of Parliament is brought on the scene. We are asked to believe that this man was a cunning hypocrite who thought he could gain public confidence by winning the friendship of the foolish head of Cramleigh College. Of this hypocrite the author tells us that his vice was too subtle "to be hapdled successfully within the compass of three acts. The lines of it are not sufficiently deep, the features not sufficiently broad." There is nothing peculiarly "fine" in paying for a testimonial to a popular preacher with the view of borrowing some of the splendour of his sanctity, and all his wife's money. This is the delicate stratagem of Mr. Farindon, M.P., who invests the money in some bubble company. The bubble bursts, and the Doctor is considerably improved as a character by a paralytic stroke. He quotes Horace no more, but sinks into ordinary idiocy. The Cub marries Eva, who had failed to induce "any presentable man" to come forward in earnest.

This is the sum of the story; and it is difficult to see what excuse can be made for a tale which drags us through such dreary scenes and into such tedious company. There are cubes, silly widows, vulgar flirts, drunken squireens, and foolish pedants in real life, and their adventures probably have some feeble interest for themselves and their relations. But it is not easy to see what class of readers can be amused by a servile copy of their proceedings. Mr. Arnold says, in reference to Heine's bitter pictures of society, that it was to make us forget such barren nothings that "God gave the poet his song." Mr. Belcher is no poet, and the only gift he has shown is that of sufficient perseverance to fill three volumes with twaddle. Still he is responsible for the use he makes of this talent. It would be far better to hide it away for ever than to go on producing stories so ineffably tedious and depressing as *Cramleigh College*.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FEW, it is probable, among the readers of Goethe's biography and correspondence have hitherto believed in the purely Platonic character of his attachment for Frau von Stein.* One of the highest living authorities on all subjects connected with Goethean literature now comes forward to maintain the proposition; and if he cannot be said to have produced much testimony in its favour, he is at all events successful in showing that there is just as little to be urged against it. The question seems one eminently adapted for being let alone. Goethe's letters to the object of his attachment are as interesting under one hypothesis as the other, and are reconcilable with either. The tone of Weimar society is not materially affected by one *liaison* more or less; and, take what view we may, Frau von Stein's husband appears equally a nonentity. So little, in fact, does he appear at all, that sterner moralists than the Weimar circle might feel tempted to apply the maxim *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus*. If people will form an opinion on the matter notwithstanding, they must at least bear in mind that half the documentary evidence is missing. Frau von Stein preserved Goethe's letters with religious care, but reclaimed and destroyed her own. No hint, at least, is given of their existence. The loss is much to be regretted, not for their possible bearing on the scandal of her day, but inasmuch as they would have materially contributed to determine the actual extent and nature of her influence on Goethe. Herr Düntzer rates this very highly, and is equally confident of its ennobling and purifying effect. He sees in her Goethe's Egeria, the guardian angel who guided and chastened the impulses of his versatile temperament, and educated him into that lofty conception of feminine dignity and purity typified in his *Iphigenia* and *Tasso*, dramas undoubtedly planned during the period of his attachment for her. A few specimens of her letters to him would contribute more than pages of speculation towards a decision of this question. Although, however, Herr Düntzer has not been able to recover these lost treasures, the assistance of Frau von Stein's family has enabled him to present us with several specimens of her communications to less interesting correspondents. These have been of much service to his book, which in the dearth of such material would have been little else than a commentary on Goethe's letters to her, and even now is hardly readable or intelligible without constant reference to them. Some of the new letters are very interesting, especially those from the Duchess of Weimar, whose regard for Frau von Stein seems to have been strong and genuine. The heroine's own letters, with every allowance for their usual reference to disagreeable business, still appear comparatively commonplace, and suggest that the secret of her influence over Goethe consisted less in moral or intellectual distinction than in her personal fascination, assisted by her slight seniority to himself, and her habituation to what was to him the novel sphere of Court life. According to Herr Düntzer, the ultimate rupture of their intimacy was occasioned by the Platonic yoke imposed by the lady having become intolerable to her adorer; this solution is as defensible as the more ordinary one, and not more so. There can be little doubt that, from whatever cause, Goethe had become weary of Frau von Stein before his departure for Italy; absence, new influences, and his own surprising mental development completed the estrangement, and Frau von Stein's inability to accommodate herself to the new condition of things precipitated the breach. Goethe did not acquit himself to advantage here; he must have felt very hard driven indeed when he could find no better answer to what must be presumed to have been a passionate appeal than to reproach the writer with her addiction, in spite of his remonstrances, to that pernicious beverage, coffee. It is impossible not to sympathize with Frau von Stein's laconic commentary—"O!" The second volume will comprise her biography after the death of her husband (1793), and will, it is announced, contain a much greater amount of unpublished correspondence than the present.

The second series of *Sketches of St. Petersburg Society*† would be more likely to attain their object if this were less obtrusively conspicuous. They are professedly the production of a Russian; such may be the case, but, if so, it is a Russian who thinks and feels as a German, and who derides the idea of his own country ever developing an indigenous civilization. It is improbable that any genuine Russian would display such deficiency in patriotic feeling, and still less likely that he would be inspired by this writer's determined animosity against France. The work is indeed in great measure a denunciation of French influence as a source of social corruption, in support of which the old story of Pushkin's death in a duel with a French officer is recounted at considerable length. The animus thus evinced deprives the writer's statements of much of the weight to which they might otherwise be fairly entitled when he descends to contemporary matters. It is impossible to resist the inference that German influence must be much on the decline in Russia to account for such bitterness of feeling. Too much importance, however, must not be accorded to this circumstance, as, whatever the tone of feeling in Russian society, the political course of the country will unquestionably be determined by her interests, and her alliance will always be attainable by the highest bidder. The last chapter of the work is devoted to the St. Petersburg Academy, of which a very unfavourable account

* *Charlotte von Stein, Goethe's Freundin*. Ein Lebensbild, mit Benutzung der Familienpapiere entworfen von H. Düntzer. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Neue Bilder aus der Petersburger Gesellschaft*. Von einem Russen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

is given, visibly tinged, however, with the same prejudice as all the rest. There may be, and probably is, much truth in all the writer's assertions, political and otherwise, but it will not be safe to accept any of them until confirmed from some less suspicious source.

The administration of Alsace* by its conquerors, both before and since the final cession of the province, served to raise many delicate problems both in international law and in general ethics. Professor Löning, of the University of Strasburg, has prepared a very temperate and well-digested account of these various questions as they arose, and of the processes of reasoning which on each occasion conducted the German authorities to a decision in their own favour. The book is an interesting example of the twofold tendency so frequently remarked as characteristic of our times—on the one hand, to reduce as far as possible the pressure of hostilities upon the private citizen: but, on the other, to curtail in like proportion his opportunities of taking a part in the defence of his country. This tendency is evidently very convenient to States where every able-bodied man is or may be made a regular soldier; as this is not the case in England, we can but trust that our jurists and diplomatists will be careful of countenancing any reasoning, however specious, which tends to restrict the formation and free action of irregular troops. The behaviour of the invaders shows that they dreaded the general resistance of the population more than anything else. Not the least inconvenience entailed by it was the exasperation produced by the measures of repression and retaliation to which they were compelled to have recourse, the memory of which may be said still to fight for France after the overthrow of her armies. We see no reason for concluding that these severities were in excess of what any other conquerors would have resorted to under similar circumstances; but their effect not the less emphasizes the hard fact that, when territory is at stake, it is the interest of the defeated party to embitter the struggle as much as possible. The annexation also raised a number of most interesting if less exciting questions, legal, financial, commercial, which are discussed by Dr. Löning with excellent temper and admirable perspicuity.

Adolf Ebert's History of Latin Christian Literature† is designed as the first volume of a complete history of the mediæval literature of Western Europe. It is consequently written rather from the literary than the theological point of view, and will appear an inadequate performance if judged with reference to the special needs of theological students, but is perhaps on that account all the better calculated to attract as well as instruct the general reader. It is also not professedly confined to works relating to religion, though practically almost restricted to this branch by the poverty of early Christian literature in every other. From the fiery outburst of the new element in Tertullian, the story is pursued until its almost total stagnation in the age of Charlemagne. The animation and energy which excite our admiration down to the fall of the Roman Empire had arisen from an influx of ideas new to classical literature, which by the conclusion of the last great ecclesiastical controversy had become totally exhausted. Its gradual renovation and transformation from a theological literature confined to a single dead language to a general literature vested in a living speech will form the subject of the second volume, in which especial attention will be given to the influence of Church hymns on the development of popular vernacular poetry. The present volume is prefaced by an able survey of the causes of the dissemination and ultimate triumph of Christianity under the Roman Empire.

Lieutenant Janke's book of travel‡ scarcely bears out the promise of the title-page. We are led to expect a work replete with professional information, and find instead the tour of a man of taste and letters, who details the ordinary incidents of an Italo-Levantine tour in a pleasant scholarly fashion, and only seems strangely unaware how little he has to tell that has not been already told. At the end of the book, however, we do meet with serviceable technical matter in the shape of an appendix on the organization of the Italian army. The writer speaks very favourably of the zeal and intelligence of the Italian officers, and of the excellence of the military arrangements in many respects. The chief drawback seems to be the condition of the fortresses, to place which in a proper condition would require an outlay far in excess of the resources of the nation.

That indefatigable traveller and voluminous author, Dr. Adolf Bastian§, proceeded to Lower Guinea last year as pioneer of the German exploring expedition which has selected that little known region as its basis of operations. After remaining a short time he was joined by Dr. Güssfeldt, the working head of the expedition, and returned after seeing due provision made for the successful execution of the enterprise. Everything has evidently been most carefully organized, and the undertaking wears rather the aspect of a permanent establishment in the country for scientific purposes than of a mere incursion of explorers. It only remains to be seen whether the audacity of the travellers will equal their

forethought, and whether they will venture sufficiently far from their carefully secured base to rival the fame of a Schweinfurth or a Livingstone. The shortness of Dr. Bastian's stay and the object of his mission were unfavourable to any extensive explanations on his own part. His personal narrative is nevertheless very interesting, and is composed with a clearness and simplicity strongly in contrast with the confused accumulation of valuable but indigested facts, chiefly derived from old travellers and geographers, which make up the larger part of his volume. Though claimed by the Portuguese, Lower Guinea north of the Congo appears to enjoy political independence, only slightly restrained by the influence of the numerous European factories. These mostly belong to the Dutch African Trading Company, which finds it however advantageous to employ Portuguese as its subordinate agents. The relation of the Europeans to the natives is in general amicable and mutually advantageous, the slave trade being now extinct, and no great negro power like Dahomey or Ashantee existing that might be capable of rendering itself troublesome. In fact, the excessive subdivision of the aborigines into small independent tribes is one of the difficulties of the traveller, each chief requiring to be propitiated by a separate negotiation. Another obstacle is the impression prevailing among them that all white men are literally brethren, in consequence of which any European is liable to be detained and held responsible for debts contracted by perfect strangers, which he is expected to discharge for the credit of the family. Human sacrifices like those of Ashantee and Dahomey seem to be unknown, but a still more devastating scourge is the reference of most physical disorders to witchcraft, and the continued slaughter of persons indicated by the priesthood as the culprits. The religion of the country is the grossest fetishism; the Catholic missions seem to have disappeared without leaving a trace. Dr. Bastian met with the utmost kindness and civility both from the Dutch and the Portuguese trading agents, and there seems every reason to regard the choice of Lower Guinea as a point of departure as highly judicious. We must suppose that one of the first endeavours of the expedition will be to open up the Congo, the least known of the great rivers of Africa.

The third part of Von Heuglin's narrative of the German expedition to Spitzbergen* is devoted to natural history. The fauna of that inhospitable region is richer in mammalia and birds than might have been expected; and the same remark would probably have held good of the lower orders of animal life had time and opportunity for investigation been available. The defectiveness of the chapters on botany and geology no doubt admits of the same excuse. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the account of the vast accumulation of drift-wood found far inland, testifying at once to the direction of oceanic currents and to the upheaval of the land during the present geological epoch. These heaps have no connexion with the vastly more ancient deposits, formed *in situ*, of fossilized timber in Greenland.

The administration of our sanitary laws† is so continually affording matter for complaint and cavil that it is with a pleased surprise that we find it actually an object of admiration to an intelligent foreigner. It may well be that we ourselves are unduly exacting, and, in our impatience at the numerous shortcomings of our system, fail to consider the large amount of good which it accomplishes. Dr. Finkelburg's favourable opinion of English sanitary legislation is in some degree due to the important part reserved by it for members of his own profession. He is also a strong advocate for local self-government, and perceives clearly that a task involving such endless minutiae as the care of the public health is one in which the public itself must take an active interest, and which cannot be performed by the most zealous of centralized administrations. At the same time he fully allows that some control from an external authority is essential to overcome the occasional obstructiveness of local bodies, and he highly approves of the recent English legislation with this object. His work is in the main a history of our sanitary laws since attention was first directed to the subject by the cholera of 1832, with an appendix giving a comparative view of the legislation of other civilized countries, and an exhortation to his countrymen to uphold the Teutonic principle of reliance on local management, rather than the dependence of Latin races on the machinery of an organized bureaucracy.

Dr. H. Duntzer must, as things‡ go, be reckoned among the more conservative critics of Homer, as he postulates no more than four Homers, respectively authors of the *Mûve* and the *Iliad*, whose juxtaposition has made the *Iliad*, and of an *Odyssey* and a *Telemachiad* as constituents of the second great epic. All these compositions, he considers, originated in Chios, from about a century previous to the first Olympiad until a period somewhat later than that of the institution of the festival. The writer may therefore be said to occupy a point of view equidistant from the speculations of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Paley.

Dr. P. Doetsch's essay on Juvenal in the character of a censor of his age§ is little more than a compilation of passages from the works of the satirist, in preparing which he has hardly been suffi-

* *Die Verwaltung des General-Gouvernements im Elsass. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Völkerrechts.* Von Dr. Edgar Löning. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Geschichte der christlich-lateinischen Literatur von ihren Anfängen bis zum Zeitalter Karls des Grossen.* Von Adolf Ebert. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reise-Erinnerungen aus Italien, Griechenland und dem Orient. Mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der militärischen Verhältnisse.* Von A. Janke. Berlin: Schneider. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die deutsche Expedition an der Loango-Küste.* Von Adolf Bastian. Berlin: Asher & Co.

* *Reisen nach dem Nordpolarme in den Jahren 1870 und 1871.* Von M. T. von Heuglin. Th. 3. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die öffentliche Gesundheitspflege Englands nach ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und gegenwärtigen Organisation.* Von Dr. Finkelburg. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die homerischen Fragen.* Von Dr. H. Duntzer. Leipzig: Hahn. London: Nutt.

§ *Juvenal ein Sittenrichter seiner Zeit.* Von P. Doetsch. Leipzig:

ciently attentive to his own judicious maxim, that a satirist is inevitably an exaggerator. It is probable, however, that Juvenal's exaggeration does not so much consist in inaccuracy with respect to individual traits of corruption as in the omission of everything tending to indicate a healthy state of moral feeling. The letters of his contemporary Pliny would give a totally different impression of the age, and to obtain a faithful delineation of it it is necessary to combine the testimony of the declamatory moralist with the lettered magistrate with that of the representative "man about town," Martial.

Dr. Alexander Schmidt* may safely congratulate himself on having attained the modest ambition he professes of having in his *Shakespeare-Lexicon* produced a work useful to every Englishman. It is much more than this—a monument of taste and diligence, and, so far as we can at present judge, of copiousness and accuracy. It cannot fail greatly to promote the study of the author and the critical recension of his text, while adding yet another to the numerous instances of Germany doing for us what we ought to have long since done for ourselves.

Dr. W. Wagner's agreeable little essay on Shakespeare† is principally called forth by the recent attack of the late Rodolph Benedix. It may be doubted whether it was worth while to wipe away the aspersions of a critic so unfortunately constituted as to be incapable of seeing anything admirable in the *Tempest*, especially as Dr. Wagner takes little notice of Benedix's strictures on the only side on which they are entitled to attention, the fitness of Shakespeare's plays for the modern stage. His own remarks, however, if not profoundly original, are almost always just. In speaking of *Troilus and Cressida* as probably a hasty work for stage purposes, he seems to forget that it alone among Shakespeare's pieces was never acted before publication. We could wish he had found more to say about Shakespeare's comedies.

* *Shakespeare-Lexicon*. A Complete Dictionary of all the English Words, Phrases, and Constructions in the Works of the Poet. By Dr. Alexander Schmidt. Vol. I. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Shakespeare und die neueste Kritik*. Von Dr. W. Wagner. Hamburg: Note. London: Williams & Norgate.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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SPAIN.

WHEN some Carlist officer indulged himself and gratified his followers and superiors by murdering a German prisoner, he can scarcely have anticipated the political consequences of a pleasant and familiar crime. The recognition of the Government of Madrid by several European Powers has undoubtedly been accorded at the instance of the German Government, which has justly resented the outrage perpetrated on one of its subjects. Don CARLOS indeed has been advised to assert that Captain SCHMIDT was taken with a revolver in his hand at the head of a body of incendiaries. To any person better acquainted with the world than a Legitimist Pretender it is simply incredible that a German officer of reputation in the position of a non-combatant should have employed himself in wantonly setting Spanish houses on fire. In the same sentence Don CARLOS describes Captain SCHMIDT as a spy, without understanding that the two accusations are inconsistent with one another. Spies pursue their avocation within the enemy's lines in the most peaceful and unobtrusive manner. It would not answer their purpose to collect illicit information with a revolver in one hand and a torch in the other. Captain SCHMIDT's countrymen are with good reason convinced that he was put to death because he was a German, and perhaps also because he was a Protestant. Some English partisans of Carlist orthodoxy have characteristically taunted the victim with a supposed recantation which the murderers may probably have tried to extort. As far as England is concerned, there is a certain awkwardness in the choice of a time for recognition; but if the measure is agreeable to Germany as well as to Spain, it may perhaps be contended that a double object has been attained. Patriotic Englishmen are accustomed to restrain the impatience which is naturally produced by the habitual and ostentatious timidity of successive Ministers. For many years past the Foreign Office had regulated its policy by the fear of giving offence, and the result might have been anticipated by any observer of the tendency of the same kind of nervous solicitude in private life. The recognition of the Spanish Government has probably been delayed in deference to France, and it is at last, without any change of circumstances, granted to conciliate Germany. It happens that Don CARLOS has lately attained a degree of success which may probably be the final limit and turning point of his enterprise. Although the atrocities perpetrated under his authority have provoked just indignation, the Madrid Government has certainly not acquired increased solidity by the recent disaster. The question whether a new Government is to be recognized ought to be considered with exclusive reference to facts, and as far as possible independently of moral preference or disapproval. If a foreign nation deliberately prefers an absolute monarchy or the supremacy of a Jacobin Club, it is entitled to exercise its discretion without external control. The Spanish Republic, if there is a Republic, is neither so bad nor so good as to form an exception to the general rule.

The meaning and value of recognition are not easily defined. It has not been disputed or doubted that the actual Government of Madrid has enjoyed nearly all the rights which belong to a Sovereign State. Its flag has been known on the sea after as well as before the abdication of King AMADO; and during the whole interval the Ministers of England and of other Powers have continued to reside at Madrid, and to hold constant intercourse with the Government for the time being. The German Government is true, professed entire impartiality between the

Madrid authorities and the Carthagena insurgents; but the English Admiral, when he had become possessed of the ships which had been taken from the rebels by a German Commodore, was ultimately directed to return them, not to the belligerent who had been last in possession, but to the Government of Madrid as the representative of the nation. It was impossible to express more clearly the opinion that Carthagena was in rebellion against a Government which for the purpose must have been regarded as legitimate. The Carlist insurrection is more formidable, and it has lasted longer; but the recognition is equivalent to an admission that Don CARLOS is, in spite of his own sweeping assertion, not King *de facto* even in the provinces of which he holds military occupation. Whether he is King *de jure* is a question which exclusively concerns the subjects over whom he seeks to establish his right. The Spanish Ministers in London and other capitals will henceforth be received in an official capacity, and probably diplomatic communications will be more conveniently transmitted. It may be hoped that the relations which have been at last re-established will not be hastily disturbed. Nothing is more probable than a further change in the form of government in Spain; but it will be quite unnecessary to suspend diplomatic intercourse because the PRESIDENT of the Republic may possibly call himself Regent for Don ALFONSO. Lord DERBY exhibited sound judgment in falsifying the rumour that he had recommended the convocation of a Cortes as the condition of recognizing a Government which has not yet received Parliamentary approval. Marshal SERRANO is obeyed throughout all the provinces which are not controlled by the Carlists, and he disposes of an army which probably by this time numbers 150,000 men. The same ruler, or a successor, will be equally entitled to represent the nation if he thinks fit to assume another title with or without the sanction of a Cortes.

It seems not altogether improbable that Provisional Governments may become permanent in more than one European State. In different countries and ages temporary makeshifts have often grown into lasting institutions, as when the Roman commander of the army and Chief of the Senate assumed the modest title of Emperor, which is still, after nearly two thousand years, coveted by the most ambitious founders of dynasties. In India, hereditary Ministers, such as the Peishwa of the Marhattas, repeatedly acquired independent sovereignties, while they retained the title of their original offices. The French Septennate and the Government of Marshal SERRANO are tolerated by all parties because they represent a truce or compromise. The institution of universal suffrage, which threatens to render government impossible, is sometimes content to suspend itself on condition that it is not formally disavowed. The democrats in many parts of Europe are obstinately opposed to the kingly title, which AUGUSTUS himself could not safely have assumed in Rome. On the other hand, the upper and middle classes are with good reason unanimously hostile to a Republic in which, as they apprehend, their deadliest enemies might at any time become supreme. As all parties naturally shrink from civil war, nothing is more convenient than the continuance for an indefinite time of an interregnum which provides for social order, without giving either Royalists or Republicans a decisive victory. PAUL, who had the merit of inventing or applying the system of provisional government, might perhaps not have been assassinated if he had been content to dispense with a more definitive arrangement. Experience has shown that nations almost invariably fail when

they attempt deliberately to provide themselves with constitutions; while, on the other hand, temporary expedients are almost always recommended by considerations of convenience. The principal objection to Septennates and other Provisional Governments is that they constantly fall into the hands of soldiers. The Assembly which has for the first time since the fall of Louis PHILIPPE striven vigorously to assert Parliamentary supremacy in France seems to be, at least in the estimation of foreign observers, thoroughly discredited. In Spain representative government has proved an entire failure; and if a civilian were now President of the Republic, he would be entirely dependent for the maintenance of his authority on the chiefs of the army. It is fortunate that some military rulers are, like MACMANN and SERRANO, moderate in the exercise of their power.

Any error which may have been committed in the selection of a time for recognition will be readily condoned if the courteous advances of the Great Powers should coincide with a successful movement against the Carlists. It seems that the long period of inaction which succeeded the discomfiture of Estella has at last closed, and that General ZABALA and his lieutenants are moving on the Carlist positions. The interval has probably been employed in the provision of military stores, and in introducing some elements of discipline among the raw recruits who form the bulk of the army. If it is true that General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ has been appointed Minister of War, he will probably be as efficient in directing the operations of the armies as in immediate command. General PAVIA, on whose energy much reliance is placed, has apparently not yet recommenced the campaign. Notwithstanding the partial successes of the Carlist leaders, the difficulties of SERRANO are much less than those which CASTELAR was compelled to encounter a year ago. The Communist insurrection finally subsided with the fall of Carthagena, and the Republicans deserve credit for the suspension during the continuance of civil war of their agitation against the Government. The partisans of Don ALFONSO have every reason to wait with patience for a future opportunity. It is advantageous to their cause that a Provisional Government should be charged with the suppression of the rebellion; and they have many friends among the general officers of the army. A Pretender who is still a minor can scarcely fail to profit by a delay which will eventually remove his disqualification; yet it is by no means certain that the Provisional Government will make way for any claimant of the throne. The war is so far convenient that it furnishes the PRESIDENT with an excuse for indefinitely adjourning the convocation of the Cortes. Spain stands in no urgent need of eloquent speeches, and a new democratic Constitution would be a wholly superfluous composition. The hopes which have been excited by the recognition accorded to the Government by Germany, England, France, and Italy, may perhaps be disappointed; nor is the hesitation of Russia seriously important. Few Spaniards can have desired the intervention which was not long since described as probable; but it must have been mortifying to be constantly reminded that in the opinion of Europe the existence of the Republic was provisional and precarious.

BRIGHTON AND SHEFFIELD.

MR. FAWCETT'S old supporters at Brighton have been paying him a compliment which he amply deserved. They have been holding a meeting to express in a public and formal manner their regret that he is no longer their member, and their congratulations on his having so quickly found another seat. No one has shown more independence in Parliament than Mr. FAWCETT, and his independence has been of the only sort possessing much real value, that which springs from a man's having with patience and labour thought out and worked out subjects for himself. In return Mr. FAWCETT had an opportunity of gratefully acknowledging how much he owed to Brighton, where he found nearly ten years ago a constituency willing to give a fair trial to a stranger, to a young man almost unknown, to a man not rich, and to one suffering from an infirmity which seemed to doom him to a life of inactivity. Mr. FAWCETT triumphed over this great obstacle with a courage which excited the admiration and respect of men of all parties, and he made a name and position for himself by the course he took and the resolution he showed in dealing with questions of considerable importance. His Brighton friends more especially dwelt, in addressing him, on the

part he had taken in helping forward the measures by which the Universities were relieved from tests, on his indefatigable endeavours to awaken public attention to the importance of Indian affairs, and on the amendments he had endeavoured to carry when the Reform Bill was under discussion. Mr. FAWCETT, in reply, said that he had found considerable indifference and apathy about India in the House of Commons, but that in this respect the House of Commons did not represent the country, for during his recent contest at Hackney he had discovered that nothing had been more beneficial to him than his reputation for having given much time and thought to Indian affairs. The divergence which Mr. FAWCETT thought he perceived between the House of Commons and the constituencies as to the interest attaching to problems of Indian government is, however, in the main imaginary. Members are as well aware as electors that it is very important to understand Indian questions, but they are also aware that it is very difficult. They have the good sense not to meddle in matters which are beyond them, and a mistake as to which may cause incalculable misery to millions of human beings of whose wants and capacities they are totally ignorant. They leave Indian affairs to be discussed by those who have learnt about India in the school of official experience, or who have, like Mr. FAWCETT, devoted years of study to the acquisition of the necessary information. Electors can show their interest in India by putting a candidate on the back who has got India up by patient study, but members can only show their interest about India by studying it for themselves; and this is a very different thing, and it is quite impossible to expect that any great number of members will ever have the courage to rival Mr. FAWCETT in his laboriously acquired knowledge of Indian questions. If a member is known to have gone through an amount of labour from which most men would recoil, in order that he may bring independent criticism to bear on the policy of the Indian Government, this is an excellent reason for a constituency resolving that he shall not lose the opportunity of rendering a great public service; but it is not possible that the common run of members should do as he has done, and nothing could be worse than if members, in order to impose on constituencies, got into the habit of dragging Indian questions before Parliament and discussing them in a shallow and artificial manner.

The reference to the University Tests Bill warmed Mr. FAWCETT into saying much about the recent contest in the House of Commons over the Endowed Schools Bill. He spoke of the measure, as many other Liberals have done, as a rallying point for their party. He had believed that the new Ministry was going to be as Liberal as could be reasonably wished; but when this Bill was proposed, he discovered that the Liberalism of the Conservatives was not to be trusted, and that they meant to have their own way in one direction at least. It is true that the Ministry gave in, and Mr. DISRAELI bungled out of his scrape by affecting not to be able to understand the clauses of a Ministerial Bill. But his party would, Mr. FAWCETT thought, force Mr. DISRAELI to make very much the same proposals in a clearer form. These proposals are, in Mr. FAWCETT'S opinion, simply monstrous. His theory is that Parliament has already adopted the principle that endowed schools, except those of comparatively recent date, belong not to the National Church, but to the nation, for the benefit of all persons of whatever creed. The Nonconformists would thus have had a handsome present made to them, and now the Conservatives, plundering and blundering, propose to rob those on whom the gift has been bestowed. The truth is rather that Parliament did by the University Tests Acts take away a part of the exclusive privileges of the Established Church, and that the theoretical arguments which Parliament in passing these Acts overruled are very much the same arguments by which the right of the Church to treat most of the older schools as Church schools is defended. On the other hand, it is equally true that these arguments are the very arguments on which the existence of the Church as an Established Church itself depends. The real question is, how far Parliament can go in breaking through the exclusive privileges of the Church without doing away with the existence of the Establishment. The principles on which a College Fellowship originally created to ensure masses being said for the soul of a founder is now given as a means of providing a young man, whatever his religious creed may be, with a comfortable income on his first start in life, might logically be extended to putting ministers of all religious persuasions into the receipt of

parochial tithes. But the nation does not wish to see any such logical extension of principles; and what is really at issue is whether the nation wishes, or wishes wisely, that these principles should be carried so far as to take away the control of the older Endowed Schools from the Church. It is inverting the use of ordinary language to speak of not taking away from the Church as a robbery of Nonconformists. The Liberal party have no cause to be ashamed of their work. They may quite fairly say that what a former generation gave to one ecclesiastical body, they wish to give to all British subjects without distinction of creed. But it is very confusing if they insist on saying that those who wish to preserve the system which a former generation has transmitted to us are robbing those who would gain by this system being abandoned. Mr. FAWCETT got on much less disputable ground when he touched on the effects which the vehement debates on the Endowed Schools Bill have had on the position of parties. Mr. DISRAELI had to break away from many of his colleagues to snuff out a Cabinet measure, and to offer a very poor sort of excuse for doing so. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, found for once an enthusiastic party behind him, and had an opportunity of convincing every Liberal that he is so very much superior to every other leader of the party that there can be no possible competition while he is there to take the foremost part, and that without him the party is shorn of half its strength. By no one does this seem to have been felt more forcibly than by Mr. FAWCETT; and he could appeal safely to the recollections of his hearers when he said that his inclination to maintain his own opinion against Mr. GLADSTONE's had been the sole cause of such differences as had existed between him and the Liberals of Brighton while he was member for the borough, and that therefore he might be trusted when he said that the history of last Session had convinced him that not only can there be no other leader of the party, but that Mr. GLADSTONE, by leading the party even when it is in opposition, could do the nation such a great service that his conscience ought to forbid him to abandon his post.

The next day Mr. FORSTER visited Sheffield, and thus gave the English public the opportunity of knowing what another Liberal of eminence had to say. But Mr. FORSTER was in a very different position from that which Mr. FAWCETT occupied at Brighton. He had not come on a serious occasion or one which would allow of party discussion. Some new schools were being opened at Sheffield, and Mr. FORSTER, as a great educational authority, was asked to be present. He came with the laudable intention of showing how pleasant he could be. He would show his new friends what a cheery good-humoured man he was, and what hearty little nothings he could produce for their benefit. About a third of his speech was accordingly devoted to himself and his coming to Sheffield, and how he felt before he came and after he had got there. He had never before been at Sheffield, which he regretted most sincerely, except that he did not regret it at all, because, if he had been there before, he could not have come for the first time on so auspicious an occasion. He had read an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which very nearly made him resolve not to come, but he read it through again, and was more resolved to come than ever. Now he had got there, he thought the new schools beautiful and very cheap, much cheaper than new schools had been found to be at Bradford. Recollecting in time that this contrast, though complimentary to Sheffield, was the reverse of complimentary to the borough which sends him to Parliament, he continued to keep up his character for universal pleasantness by remarking that the taxpayers at Bradford were delighted with their dear schools, and thought them an excellent investment, as they diminished pauperism and crime in a most wonderful way; and if the Bradford people were quite content, there was no reason why the Sheffield people, who had every prospect of attaining the same result at a less cost, should object. As to party politics and the present Ministry, Mr. FORSTER was not troubled with the misgivings that haunted Mr. FAWCETT. He had perfect confidence in the Duke of RICHMOND and Lord SANDHURST. They would, he was quite sure, do precisely what he would have done if he had stayed in office. He would have introduced the Scotch Educational Code into England, and so will they. He thinks the country ripe for universal compulsion, and he cannot doubt that two such excellent and sensible men agree with him. It was, as it was meant to be, a pleasant, thin, jocular speech, adapted to a provincial audience, and Liberals ought to recognize that it is by no means a bad

thing for their party that some of its leaders should study how to be conciliatory, and should make friends instead of enemies where they can. Mr. FORSTER has, however, studied the subject of education very thoroughly, and he could not make a long speech about it without saying some things that were really worth attending to. He pointed out, for example, what deserves to be borne carefully in mind when those who expect very much at first from an educational measure are inclined to grumble at the small results produced at the outset. As, under such a measure, children are brought for the first time to school at an age when they ought to have made considerable progress, they are necessarily very backward, and the standard the school attains is consequently a low one, much lower than the same school will attain when the older children have been properly trained from infancy. Mr. FORSTER also drew attention to the impossibility of allowing the distinction to remain between children who are under the Factory Acts and those who are not. If some children are allowed to work half-time and go to school for the rest after a certain age, all must be allowed to do so. Parliament, if the Government asks it, will, Mr. FORSTER thinks, be quite ready to make education compulsory up to a certain age, but after that age all children must be permitted to earn something towards their keep as well as go on with their learning. Mr. FORSTER has throughout all the recent controversies on education had the merit of trying to see the real facts with which he had to deal, and he has thus done infinitely more for education than he could have done if he had been bent on carrying out at all hazards what he thought theoretically the best system. The moderation and good sense of what he said at Sheffield were quite in keeping with all that he did in office, and he is now taking the best means of ensuring that, if he cannot himself carry out what he wishes to see done, his successors in office shall do his work for him.

ICELAND AND DENMARK.

THE people of Iceland are keenly interested in the new Constitution with which they celebrate the millennial anniversary of their settlement, though they are but partially satisfied with the actual form of the instrument. Of the purest blood of the North, their ancestors took refuge from tyranny and proselytism in the inhospitable region which has never since been without the elements of civilization and political life. The Icelanders still use the classical Scandinavian tongue which has been superseded on the mainland by more modern dialects; and Northern literature consists mainly in reproductions or imitations of the legendary poetry of Iceland. Remoteness has not exempted them from the discontent which has spread in modern times through all civilized communities. The Danes have committed in Iceland the same errors of policy which lost them Schleswig and Holstein; and, finally, the people of the island have insisted on obtaining the local independence which is now substantially conceded. The old system of monarchy was well suited to the prevention of jealousies among different States and provinces which might be united under a single dynasty. As Schleswig and Holstein were well content that their Duke should also be King of Denmark, Iceland was not conscious of inferiority to the other provinces of the kingdom. When the Danish Kings at a late period surrendered their absolute power, the Parliaments which became supreme claimed to govern in the exclusive interest of Denmark the outlying dependencies of the Crown. The innovation induced the people of the Duchies to invoke the powerful protection of Germany; and the Icelanders have ever since consistently resisted their subjection to foreigners with whom they felt little sympathy. The German Prince who has by unexpected fortune succeeded to the Crown of Denmark probably entertains no prejudice against any portion of his subjects. It would in any case have been fitting that the King should attend the secular festival of the island; and he secured a welcome by bringing with him a Constitution which seems likely to remove or largely to diminish existing grievances. Strangers can scarcely be qualified to judge of the merits of a provision for the government of a community which probably only needs a few constables and a reasonable system of parochial rating. There is little crime in an island where there is scarcely anything to steal; and the expenses of government must be within a moderate com-

pass. Home rule seems natural to an almost inaccessible country which is never likely to require an army or a navy, or to be entangled in foreign relations. To the inhabitants of the South Iceland only offers the attraction of a place of occasional summer resort, and the keener interest of its early history and original romance. Antiquaries and philologists will seldom direct their attention to the modern constitutional rights and wrongs of Iceland.

It is still uncertain whether the democratic institutions of Denmark itself will ultimately be found compatible with monarchy, or indeed with any form of orderly government. Not only semi-feudal privileges, but the rights of property, are threatened by the representatives of universal suffrage, who are said to include in their number a large proportion of Socialists. It is indeed probable that the farmers and peasantry who form the most important part of the constituency only accept the support of theoretical revolutionists with the object of extorting concessions from the landowners; but when the political omnipotence of majorities is exerted for the purpose of changing the distribution of property, it is not easy to foresee the termination of the process. The King's visit to Iceland coincides with a Ministerial change at home which will fail to restore the harmony of the Legislature. As in several English colonies, the Upper House is at variance with the Lower; and the King has hitherto, in strict accordance with the Constitution, refused to acknowledge the absolute supremacy of the more popular body. The Volkthing, like the other innumerable copies of the English House of Commons, claims the absolute control of financial policy and the substance of political power. The Landthing has under the Constitution co-ordinate authority, but the assertion of its rights finds no favour with the democratic party. In Denmark, as in many other parts of the world, political projectors may study with advantage the almost insurmountable difficulties of creating a Second Chamber which will not produce a periodical deadlock. The House of Lords only maintains itself with the aid of its historical dignity, by the painful exercise of incessant tact and prudence. The Senate of the United States alone among Upper Chambers preponderates over the Assembly which is more directly elected, both by its legal attributes and through the general estimation in which it is held. All attempts to imitate either the Senate or the House of Lords have hitherto proved abortive. The majority, when its will is once recognized as the basis of political power, cannot be made to understand the necessity of artificial checks and balances. In the Australian colonies Legislative Councils have always ultimately been forced to give way to the Representative Assemblies, and in Canada the supremacy of the House of Commons is undisputed. The Prussian House of Lords has habitually allied itself with the Crown, which is still the centre of political power. In Austria and Italy the Upper Chamber avoids envy by abstaining from any prominent share in the conduct of affairs.

Wherever Parliamentary institutions prevail, legislation is only a secondary part of the business of representative assemblies. Sovereignty rests with the electors of the Ministers who practically govern the country. In England, although the Cabinet is a Committee of both Houses of Parliament, it holds office at the discretion of the majority in the House of Commons. The assembly which can at any moment dismiss the Ministry by a vote of want of confidence is practically supreme. It is in the nature of things impossible that the power of nominating the Executive Government should be divided. In the United States the appointment rests with the majority of the population; and consequently the power of Congress is less than that of a European Parliament, although the Senate in some respects controls the prerogative of the President. Where the Ministers are not directly or indirectly selected by popular suffrage, the government is virtually absolute if they are appointed by the Crown; and it is Parliamentary when they derive their power from an elected Assembly. In France at the present moment a compromise has been established between the Assembly and the President, who holds office for a fixed term of years. Marshal MACMAHON, while he claims the right of selecting his own Ministers at pleasure, habitually defers to the opinion of the majority of the Assembly when it is plainly expressed. The majority of the Danish Volkthing in their struggle against the Second Chamber may quote the precedent of the existing English Constitution. Their claim to control the appointment of Ministers would perhaps not be seriously disputed but for the revolutionary spirit which

would probably determine their choice. In the absence of accurate and comprehensive local knowledge, no prudent foreigner would form a confident judgment on the pending controversy. The strange enthusiasm of the majority of English journalists for republicanism and universal suffrage in every country but their own receives no encouragement from the Conservative classes in any part of the Continent. The application of English constitutional analogies to the present circumstances of Denmark is only claimed by the democratic party. It is perhaps natural that philanthropic sentimentalists should prefer symmetry to expediency when political experiments are to be tried at a safe distance, and at the expense of unknown aliens.

In days gone by, when the Prussian Liberal party was engaged in active opposition to the Ministers of the Crown, Prince BISMARCK delighted to irritate their leaders by assuring them that he would have acknowledged their pretension to exercise the powers of the English Parliament if only they had really held a corresponding position in the country. He declined to place a set of country lawyers and professors on a level with the great proprietors and with the recognized statesmen of England. Although his frankness may have been neither courteous nor politic, his judgment was, as usual, sound. The English House of Commons has, on the whole, notwithstanding successive extensions of the suffrage, continued to consist of the conservative sections of society and to include the ablest statesmen of the day. Its members have on the average been richer, as they have become less exclusively aristocratic; and happily, in spite of agitation, there are as yet no working-men in the House of Commons, and only two professed representatives of the working class. The Ballot has unexpectedly at the last election diminished the influence of demagogues. The feeling of the community is still so much opposed to revolutionary measures that the last Government was driven from office because its chief was with good reason suspected of indifference to the maintenance of the great institutions of the country. The shallow theorists who affect or feel sympathy with democratic movements in Spain, in France, or in Denmark, would for the most part deprecate agitation in England for similar objects. The English Constitution works tolerably well in consequence of the operation of causes which are popularly defined as anomalies, or as instances of the illogical temperament of the nation. In real life, as in physical nature, there are neither inconsistencies nor interruptions of the necessary sequence of cause and effect. The English Constitution is founded, not on prattling rhetoric, but on the result of circumstances and on long experience, which might, if it were examined, be verified by logical deduction. It is not the fault of less fortunate communities that they have been compelled to trust to chance for the practical operation of constitutions previously manufactured. The government of a numerical majority, when it has been formally and recently established, can scarcely be corrected by the fictions and evasions which in a more historical polity tend to mitigate its mischievous tendencies. The King, the Ministers, and the upper classes in Denmark have to reconcile, if possible, with the welfare of the nation crude institutions which are yet hardly half a century old. It will not be surprising if they fail in their patriotic efforts; and the issue of the struggle will probably not be determined by the interpretation of any written document.

FRANCE.

THE election for the department of Calvados is the most remarkable and significant of any that have taken place recently. It is not only that a Bonapartist has been elected. The new deputy was for a long time Prefect of the department under the Empire, and acquired considerable influence and popularity in the district; and it might seem as if his success was rather a personal than a party one. But the history of the votes given on this occasion, and of those given in the same department on previous occasions since the fall of the Empire, shows that much more is involved than the triumph of a popular ex-Prefect. Of the eight members returned when the present Assembly was first constituted, five were Monarchists and three moderate Republicans, and at that election a very large proportion of the constituency voted. In 1872 there was an election for a single vacancy, and a moderate Republican was returned, but a much smaller number of voters took part in the election. There were three defeated candidates,

who were respectively a Legitimist, an Orleanist, and a Bonapartist, the last only polling 3,000 votes. Now a Bonapartist has been returned with 40,000 votes given for him, defeating a Republican candidate with 27,000 votes, and a Legitimist with 9,000. It is impossible to ascribe this rise from 3,000 to 40,000 votes given in favour of the Bonapartist candidate to personal merits or attractions. The department of Calvados has returned a Bonapartist because it likes a Bonapartist better than a candidate of any other shade of political opinion. Nor is it difficult to see where his votes have come from. The Orleanists and many of the Legitimists have gone over to him. They despair for themselves, and, as they have to choose between the Empire and the Republic, they choose the Empire. They find more that suits them in an Imperial Court and in a Government that governs than in such liberty as a Republic has to offer them. They want peace, quiet, and prosperity. They are very tired of the wrangles and impotency of the Assembly. They see little in the press to make them care much for its liberty being preserved. They do not understand how a Conservative Republic is to be kept Conservative. Not that such people are burning for an Imperial restoration, or care much whether the EMPEROR and the PRINCE IMPERIAL come back one year or another. They are not Bonapartists or Imperialists; they are simply thriving, prudent people, who want a strong, settled Government, and do not want to be kept for ever in a state of suspense. They quite approve of Marshal MACMAHON being at the head of affairs so long as may be possible or may suit him, and the successful candidate in Calvados had to pledge himself to support the Septennate in order to win the votes of those who did not belong to the Bonapartist party. If it could be always vacation time, and Marshal MACMAHON could be always making pleasant tours about the country, every voter of this stamp would be perfectly satisfied. But they know that the time must come when the MARSHAL'S vacation and holiday tours will be over, and, as they are asked what they think they would like to come next, they have gradually arrived at the conclusion that, among all the bad things which are offered them, the Empire is perhaps the least bad.

The history of the Orleanists since the fall of LOUIS PHILIPPE has been a very curious one. They were the only people of whom the late EMPEROR was really afraid; for they alone had to offer France a family of Princes of conspicuous personal merits and ability. Their leaders were men of great historical eminence. The party generally had wealth, respectability, and education. They kept running their thorns of criticism and protest into the EMPEROR'S side, and the EMPEROR acknowledged that these thorns hurt him. At last the Empire fell, and it seemed possible that a BOURBON might again reign in France. The Orleanists decided that they would consolidate the Monarchical party by a fusion with the Legitimists rather than play the bolder game of setting up a King of their own. There was much to be said for this. Unless a BOURBON Monarchy was supported by the great bulk of the aristocracy and men of social eminence, it would have little to lean on, and it is always painful and generally dangerous to obtrude family dissensions on public notice. As they consented to come back as subordinate members of the family of the Count of CHAMFORD, the ORLEANS Princes kept themselves in comparative retirement. They never spoke and seldom voted in the Assembly, but on great occasions their votes were at the command of the Monarchical leaders. As they thus occupied almost a private station, they thought themselves entitled to reap the advantages as well as the disadvantages of their position; and the Assembly passed a law by which what remained unsold of their forfeited estates was restored to them. In seeking this they sought nothing but simple justice, just as in taking no prominent political part they were merely carrying out honourably the bargain they had made with the Legitimists. But there can be no doubt that both their retirement from political life and the restoration of their estates have lowered the esteem in which they are held. They were able men and of royal birth; but, when compared with the EMPEROR, they had the defect of not seeming even willing to pretend to govern; and while the EMPEROR lived his last days and died in poverty, the ORLEANS Princes had, however honestly, come into large additional revenues through the war which cost humble Frenchmen so much hard-earned cash. The leaders of the party had the courage to stick to their principles, and to keep the Count of CHAMFORD off the throne,

rather than submit to a monarch who threw dirt on everything that the sons of LOUIS PHILIPPE had been taught or accustomed to honour. They were the chief authors of the Septennate, and, as they were obliged to wait anyhow, for their King cannot be King while his cousin lives, they naturally wished every one to wait too. But, although the Government owes much to them, and although they have considerable influence personally in the Assembly, they have gradually seen their power diminishing even at Versailles; while in the country it is now shown that those who were inclined to hope and wait with them think further waiting useless, and a Bonapartist is elected without there being even an Orleanist candidate to oppose him in a department which boasts that it contains the home of M. GUIZOT.

When M. GAMBETTA was at Auxerre a short time ago he announced for the benefit of his Republican friends a truth the force of which is made more obvious every day. The Republic, he said, cannot be constituted so as to last unless it gains the support of the Orleanists. He did not mention the Orleanists, but he described the class of men he wished to win over, and, if the term Orleanist is used in a broad sense, it was the Orleanists whom he described. The Republic, if it is not to be the mere triumph of a party totally unfit to govern, must be a Conservative Republic: and to be a Conservative Republic it must be supported by known Conservatives, men who command general respect and who are certain to keep as far aloof from the Commune as any one in France. M. THIERS fell because men of this stamp would not join him in setting up a Conservative Republic, and he told them, what was indisputably true, that in upsetting him they were paving the way for the Empire. Whether the more Liberal leaders of the Right Centre could now do what a short time ago they could have done easily, and keep the Imperialists in the background by openly aiding in the establishment of a moderate Republic, or whether the time is gone by and they have missed the opportunity once for all, is uncertain. It would be very rash to conclude from the Calvados election that a serious effort to establish such a Republic would fail. The candidate who called himself a Moderate Republican was defeated by a decisive majority; but then a Moderate Republican is, under present circumstances, a person who has no chance of setting up a Moderate Republic. The result might have been very different if the Orleanists, whose votes carried the Bonapartist candidate, had been invited to support their acknowledged leaders in setting up a Government that had a promising future before it. That the Empire will be restored as soon as Marshal MACMAHON drops, or can be gently got out of the way, is as certain as anything can be in French politics, unless the Right Centre, or a considerable part of it, pronounces for the Republic when the Assembly resumes its sittings. The real doubt is whether, if the Orleanist leaders had to choose, they would prefer a Republic in which they were prominent to the Empire. They have much to sway them both in one direction and the other. On the one hand, their political principles are really identical with those of moderate Republicans, and it must be a bitter thought to them that, unless they now take a decisive stand against the Empire, their Princes will be once more sent out of the country. On the other hand, all social influences tempt them to acquiesce in the restoration of the Empire. The Legitimists will have no very serious complaints to make against them if both parties have shared an equal defeat and are equally extinguished by a Bonapartist restoration. But if, through what Legitimists would call the treason of the Orleanists, anything so hateful to Legitimists as a Republic were established, there would be endless feuds in families and in social circles, and the more eminent Orleanists, though conspicuous and prospering in public, might be very far from happy or prosperous in private life.

CANADA AND THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

THE fate of the negotiation for a Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States has perhaps been already indicated by the adjournment of the American Senate before it had expressed any opinion on the subject. Mr. FISH seems for some unknown reason to have deviated from the regular course of business by sending the draft of the Treaty to the Senate for consideration before it had been approved by the PRESIDENT. According to his own statement, the SECRETARY of STATE, having himself agreed to the draft, proposed to elicit from the Senate an opinion

whether it would be desirable to sign the Treaty. It was not the duty of the English Commissioners to make any comment on the relations between the President and the Senate, although they may probably have suspected that Mr. Fish's deviation from the ordinary practice indicated little enthusiasm for the conclusion of the Treaty. The result of the negotiation will be regarded in England with entire indifference, except so far as it may affect the interests and wishes of Canada. The conclusion of an equitable arrangement on any subject with the United States would excite reasonable surprise. The Correspondence which has been presented to Parliament fully explains the origin and progress of the negotiation. The Canadian Government some time since instructed Mr. GEORGE BROWN, a Senator of the Dominion, to proceed to Washington for the purpose of ascertaining whether the principal statesmen of the United States were disposed to enter into a new Commercial Treaty. The immediate object of the inquiry was to find a substitute for the mode of settlement of the Fishery claims which had been provided in the unfortunate Treaty of Washington. By the terms of that ill-omened instrument the money payment to be made by the American Government was to be settled by arbitration; and the Canadian Government foresaw that either their own country would be annoyed or the Americans would be disappointed and angry. They consequently wished to merge the question of compensation for the fisheries in a more comprehensive arrangement, and at the same time to renew the facilities of intercourse which were abruptly terminated when the United States denounced the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866. The policy of the Canadian Government was prudent and sagacious, and the agent whom they had employed returned to Ottawa with encouraging assurances. The Ministers then proceeded to request the Imperial Government, through the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, to authorize the English Minister at Washington to enter into negotiations for a Treaty with the Government of the United States. Lord CARNARVON and Lord DUFFERIN assented as a matter of course to the proposal, and Mr. BROWN was associated as plenipotentiary with Sir EDWARD THORNTON. The Commissioners commenced their labours by drawing up for presentation to Mr. Fish an elaborate Memorandum on the commercial relations, present and past, of the British North American provinces with the United States.

The statements and arguments of the Memorandum may perhaps not be less persuasive because they are largely founded on an economical fallacy which still prevails on the continent of America, though it has for several generations become obsolete among political economists. The Commissioners think that they have proved that the traffic of which they record the history has been extremely valuable to both countries, but that the United States have from first to last reaped the largest advantage from it. In other words, Sir EDWARD THORNTON and his colleague believe in the so-called Mercantile theory which teaches that trade is a gain to the seller and a loss to the buyer. It is strange that an absurdity which was exposed by ADAM SMITH a hundred years ago should reproduce itself in an English State paper of the present day. It might have been expected that Lord DUFFERIN would call the attention of the plenipotentiaries to a blunder which pervades the whole of their Memorandum; but perhaps it may have become a rule at the Foreign Office to abstain from all interference with the relations between Canada and the United States. The Commissioners prove by statistical tables that at all times the so-called balance of trade was in favour of the United States, and more especially that during the sixteen years' duration of the Reciprocity Treaty there was "a gross cash balance in favour of the United States of 20,454,520 dollars. But the balance was in fact much larger than this. During the first ten years of the Treaty the transactions between the countries showed a clear balance in favour of the United States of 62,013,545 dollars." It is lamentable to reflect that Canada should have incurred a loss of 12,000,000*l.* by a freedom of intercourse which the Commissioners who report the disastrous news are unaccountably endeavouring to restore. In the transactions of private life Sir EDWARD THORNTON and Mr. BROWN would probably not think that a man was necessarily a loser because he bought a commodity which he required for its price in the market. The articles which were represented by the large balance against Canada must have been worth something to their purchasers. The real advantage of reciprocity to both countries was proportionate to the interchange of commodities which amounted to more than

10,000,000*l.* a year; but perhaps it may be proper in addressing American Protectionists to use their own language, as in conversation with children. The delusion that exports are exclusively profitable is perhaps inveterate, and the Government of the United States may be disposed to listen favourably to diplomatists who in economic knowledge are not in advance of their own countrymen. It is not uninteresting to learn that during the continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty the exports of the United States to Canada exceeded those which were taken "by China, Brazil, Hayti, Russia, and her possessions, Venezuela, Austria, the Argentine Republic, Denmark and her possessions, Turkey, Portugal and her possessions, the Sandwich Islands, the Central American States, and Japan, all put together." Without following the same whimsical order of enumeration, it may be worth while to quote the statement that England and her colonies take 67 per cent. of the exports of the United States, leaving 33 per cent. for the rest of the world. The fact that Austria, Venezuela, Japan, and the other countries in the list receive a cash balance from the United States is wholly immaterial.

On the abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty, Canadian industry was stimulated to seek new outlets. The federation of the Provinces was accomplished in fifteen months; the inland water communication was greatly improved; and "the great ship-building and fishery interests received a new and vigorous impetus." The total imports and exports of the Dominion and Newfoundland amount to 48,000,000*l.* a year; and it may be doubted whether any other country with a population of only 4,000,000 enjoys equal commercial prosperity. The commerce with the United States formed in the last year of the Reciprocity Treaty 52½ per cent. of the whole. It now amounts to 35 per cent. Recurring to their favourite delusion, the Commissioners add that, whereas the cash balance in favour of the United States had amounted between 1820 and 1826 to 39,000,000*l.*, the total balance against the United States in the last seven years amounts to 10,000,000*l.* Notwithstanding all the impediments to trade which result from perverse American legislation, Canada is, after the remainder of the British Empire and Germany, the largest customer of the United States; and, again, it is stated that the balance of trade, though adverse, is less unfavourable in dealing with Canada than in the exchanges with twenty other countries which are enumerated. Of the whole imports from Canada less than 1,000,000*l.* were admitted free of duty; while 6,000,000*l.* were subjected to an average duty of 25 per cent. Of the importations from the twenty countries, about three-fourths were admitted free of duty. The Commissioners disclaim any desire to criticize the manner in which the United States think fit to regulate their duties. Their statements are only intended to show the comparatively disadvantageous position occupied by Canada, as a reason for proposing the establishment of more equitable relations. Probably no argument which could be devised would weigh less with American politicians; but some of them may be influenced by the irrelevant statements about the balance of trade. Lord DUFFERIN'S statement that a one-sided treaty was impossible appears to have commanded the assent of a meeting which he addressed at Chicago; but the merchants of a great corn-mart and freshwater port have no interests opposed to freedom of trade, and Chicago would perhaps profit more largely than any other place in the United States by the free use of the Canadian canals. The domination of the manufacturers who have controlled the commercial legislation of the United States from 1861 to the present time is not yet overthrown.

At this point of their exposition the plenipotentiaries apparently began to think that they had proved too much. American economists are profoundly convinced that the gain of one party in commercial intercourse must be a loss to the other; and they may naturally inquire why, having prospered so well since the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, Canada should now seek its restoration. The answer is sufficient, though perhaps it may not be altogether consistent with some parts of the Memorandum. "The population of the United States is 40,000,000, and that of the Dominion is but 4,000,000. The boundary between them is for the most part a surveyor's line, often unknown even to those who live beside it; and it is of the utmost importance to Canada that common interests and mutual good will should exist between the countries. Good as their present markets are, they would gladly have the old one in addition." If there were a question of establishing free intercourse

for the first time between the borough of Finsbury and the City of London, the general reasons suggested by the Commissioners would perhaps be deemed conclusive. For once they forget the balance of trade, and assume that an aggregate of mutually profitable bargains can scarcely constitute a collective loss. They finally propose that a long list of classified articles shall be freely admitted into both countries, that the citizens of the United States shall enjoy equal rights in the Canadian coast fisheries, and that the canals on either side the border shall be opened on equal terms to the commerce of both countries. In one passage of the Memorandum the Commissioners state that articles imported free of duty from the United States must be admitted on the same terms from Great Britain. Unless equality of treatment is secured, English commerce will be injuriously affected by the conclusion of the Treaty; and, on the other hand, American monopolists will apprehend the competition of English goods which may perhaps be disguised as Canadian products. It is on the whole the policy of England to allow to Canada almost entire commercial independence. The proposed Treaty would evidently be advantageous both to the Dominion and to the United States; and it is not desirable that the Imperial Government should interpose selfish objections. The present prospects of an early settlement are not favourable; but in some of the States the Democrats find it expedient to advocate free trade and the renewal of specie payments. The doctrines of political parties in America approximately correspond with the supposed opinions of the majority, and with the decline of the Republican party a more rational economic policy may perhaps become popular.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

AMONG the Reports of Secretaries of Legation lately presented to Parliament is one of great interest from Mr. WATSON on Education in Japan. The extraordinary movement which in a few years has revolutionized Japan and made it a new country, with new aspirations, new ideas, and new powers, has among other things shown itself in a growing thirst for education after the pattern of European nations. Previously the Japanese had busied themselves with a sort of education, for they were naturally far too quick and ingenious a race not to see in some dim way that knowledge is power. But unfortunately, under the guidance of Chinese teachers, they had devoted their energies to cultivating verbal memory; and a young man was the idol of his family and the pride of his friends when he knew 10,000 hieroglyphics by sound and sight without attaching any meaning whatever to any one of them. Now they are almost more European in their views of education than Europeans themselves. They have had the advantage of starting fresh, and have adopted the most improved systems, the newest books, the latest appliances for conducting and interesting classes. As the United States equally with England are a great power in Japan, English teaching and English books hold the pre-eminence. But Japan borrows of every one, and French, German, Russian, and even Dutch are learnt, or can be learnt by those who wish it. It is scarcely necessary to say that the main impetus comes from the Government, and that as yet it is only in those circles where the influence of the Government is most felt, and in a few large towns, that education has really begun. But the Government is determined that, if possible, the system of education shall grow until the body of the people are fairly educated, and that those who belong to the higher classes shall have an education of which no European need be ashamed. Physical science, mathematics, a thorough knowledge of the Japanese language, some knowledge of one, or perhaps two, European languages, and a creditable acquaintance with moral philosophy and the code of moral duties, are to occupy the mind or form the aim of an educated Japanese. Girls as well as boys are to receive the benefits of the system, and a series of schools, ascending from those where the rudiments are taught to those where the highest subjects are studied, has been, or will be, established. Nor is poverty to be any bar to the studious. Those who wish to pursue the higher studies, but have not the means to do so, may live and learn at the expense of the State; but they have to undertake, and to procure some friend to guarantee their undertaking, that they will either repay the State or spend a fixed length of time in the service of the Government; and obviously it will be in the

capacity of teachers that the State will for many years principally employ them.

About two years ago a law was promulgated by which the Imperial Government decreed that 53,760 schools should be established in Japan, all under the control of a central Board of Education. The whole country was to be divided into seven circuits, with the capital as an eighth, and in each circuit there was to be a High school. Then, again, each circuit was to be divided into thirty-two districts, and in each district there was to be a Middle school; and each Middle school district was to be divided into 210 subordinate districts, with a Primary school in each. This great scheme was only intended to be a sketch or programme of what with time and patience it was hoped to realize; and of course little has as yet been done to realize it. But, in one way or another, there were at the end of last year about half-a-million of persons receiving education in Government schools, and this seems a very good beginning. But the Government is well aware that it is one thing to set up schools, and another to get scholars to go to them. There is accordingly a provision by which the catastrophe of schools standing empty and teachers idle will, it is hoped, be averted. There are to be inspectors appointed in each middle school district, to each of whom twenty or thirty primary schools will be assigned. It will be their special duty to encourage the inhabitants of the district to go to school. They will also do the business part of education, will attend to the buildings and the expenses, and will confer together, and, generally speaking, exert themselves to facilitate the progress of learning; and Lord LYTTELTON will be surprised to hear that the Imperial decree specially provides that "persons shall be chosen for inspectors who are popular with the inhabitants of the district." The troubles of the 25th Clause seem to have no parallel in Japan. Education is to be entirely secular in so far as is consistent with the fundamental tenets of the Shinto faith, and the Shinto faith does not appear likely to cause much difficulty. Proselytizing is, however, to be discouraged so far as it might be conducted through the education which the Government provides; and this is very wise, as our Indian experience has shown; although, as no Christian minister will henceforth be employed in Government schools, the services of several devoted and able men who have begun the work of education in Japan will now be lost to the Government service. Private schools, however, are to be encouraged and recognized, and in these the missionary may teach what he pleases. Further, the Government, at the same time that it decreed the establishment of schools all over the country, published an elaborate programme of what it desired to see taught in the schools of the three classes. It was meant as a standard up to which teachers were to try to work, not as one which there was any prospect of seeing introduced very widely at first. In the primary school, which pupils of ages from six to thirteen are to attend, the children are to study five hours a day for six months, with every fifth day as a holiday. It is scarcely necessary to say that the three R's are to occupy most of their time, arithmetic being taught after the European method of calculation. But even the younger boys are to learn something besides, especially geography and a little natural philosophy, while one hour every week is to be devoted to "explanations of the passions," and two to oral lectures on the means of preserving health; and boys who are somewhat advanced are to be made acquainted with the forms of letters and agreements common in everyday use. At present the little boys who are to possess this knowledge are imaginary beings, but, if they ever appear in flesh and blood, it is very possible that their distant little English brethren might have something to envy in the instruction they will have received.

There were a year ago seventy-two foreign instructors employed by the Education Department, which has an American Professor as its professional adviser; and Russian, Chinese, French, English, and German are taught in the higher schools, though not perhaps all in any one. In what proportion European languages are learnt may be gathered from an example given by Mr. WATSON of a middle school where accommodation is provided for 130 pupils learning French, 170 learning German, and 300 learning English. There are 150 young Japanese who are students of medical science, 220 studying special subjects and 300 pursuing their studies abroad, all or almost all, of whom will in time pass into the service of the State in return for the

money spent on their education; and there are already 1,100 young men who are in Government employ after having completed their course of instruction in Japan or abroad. Outside the sphere of the Education Department the services of foreigners have also been freely and impartially employed. The principal school of medicine and surgery at Yedo is under the care of Germans, the whole teaching being conducted by German professors, without any interference on the part of the authorities; while at the Government hospital in Nagasaki there are 41 students studying medicine under the supervision of two Dutch doctors, and a Prussian has been engaged to teach these students Dutch and Latin. The Naval College and a college for marine cadets are superintended by English officers, while the education and instruction of officers for the Army and the construction of docks have been entrusted to Frenchmen; and a College of Engineers to supply the wants of the department of Public Works is to be established under English management. The services of Americans are principally engaged for the superintendence of large schools; and most of the works used in schools are translations from the publications of English and American writers. Great pains have also been taken to teach the native teachers, of whom, when the system is fully developed, there will be 50,000. Normal schools have been established for this express purpose, and the first thing which those attending them are taught is, how classes are conducted in a foreign, which apparently in practice means an American school. They are also shown how discipline is to be enforced, and classes taught to recite in concert; and a sufficient number of children attend for the young men to put their knowledge in practice. At all schools the children are made to adopt, more or less, European habits. They are obliged to sit while they learn or eat, instead of squatting on the floor. No change has been made in the costume of girls, but in many of the higher schools the boys are made to wear a uniform; and in all the higher schools food is prepared in the European manner, and the sick are treated according to the ways of European doctors. The pupils are described as on the whole very apt, quick, and desirous to learn, and they give little or no trouble. Of course there are countless difficulties to contend with. The Education Board, which knows little of its duties from practical experience, is apt to interfere, to give an order one day and revoke it the next. Some of the premises engaged by the Government have turned out very bad bargains. There is great difficulty in carrying on communication between foreign instructors and Japanese pupils, as the foreigners take a long time to learn Japanese and the native interpreters are so inefficient as to be nearly useless. For years the Japanese have been taught to shun and hate foreigners, and they cannot put off old habits in a day. But every great step in progress presents at its beginning its own special difficulties, and the step in progress which Japan has begun to take with regard to education is really astonishing. The EMPEROR and EMPRESS take the greatest personal interest in the work of education, and at present education in every form is the fashion of the day. If the fashion lasts, without a counter revolution to check it, for another quarter of a century, Japan may not improbably become one of the best educated countries on the globe.

SCOTCH AND IRISH PEERS.

THE Committee of the House of Lords which lately considered the grievances of the Scotch and Irish peers has made one recommendation which ought at once to be adopted. There can be no reason why the Crown should continue to exercise the prerogative of creating one Irish peer for three peerages which may become extinct; or why, when the number is reduced to one hundred, it should be lawful to supply every vacancy as it occurs. Sir BERNARD BURKE represented to the Committee that when the number was reduced to a hundred it would be necessary, according to the letter or spirit of the Act of Union, to prevent the number from being further reduced; but the Act merely provides that from that time a new Irish peerage may be substituted for every peerage which becomes extinct. The power of making Irish peers was retained, against the wish of the existing body, at the instance of the English Government, which had found it convenient to bestow hereditary titular dignities. It is impossible that the abandonment of the prerogative should be considered an injustice to Ireland; and the passion of recent Prime Ministers for squandering public honours

may be sufficiently gratified by making further additions to the House of Lords, and by scattering baronetcies broadcast. Mr. GLADSTONE in five years made thirty peers of the United Kingdom, and his successor has already begun to follow his example. It would be difficult to define the exact degree of merit or social and political importance which entitles a man to be more than a baronet and less than a peer of Parliament. When the Union with Scotland was effected, English Ministers had not thought of increasing their patronage by the institution of a new and anomalous dignity; nor would the Scotch peers who had formed a part of their national Parliament have approved of a degradation of their order. During the eighteenth century the privilege of sitting in the Irish House of Lords was lightly esteemed by the Englishmen who from time to time accepted Irish peerages; and for Irishmen the standard of qualification was lower than in England. GEORGE III. announces in a letter to Lord NORTH his determination to create no more Irish marquises, on the ground, amongst other reasons, of his respect for English earls. It would scarcely have occurred to the King or to his Ministers that the titles which were given as rewards for political services, sometimes of a questionable nature, would at a future time serve as a pretext for claims to seats in the Imperial Parliament. When Mr. BUTT revives an Irish House of Lords, the peers created before or after the Union will have an indisputable right, if not an inclination, to resume their legislative functions.

One disability under which Scotch peers labour must henceforth excite but little compassion. Of thirty-four who neither sit as representative peers nor as peers of the United Kingdom twenty-seven objected, in answer to a circular inquiry, to any measure which should enable them to sit in the House of Commons. The Committee nevertheless recommends the removal of the disqualification, but the Duke of Buccleugh, Lord SALTOUN, and Lord ELPHINSTONE protest against the proposal for reasons which are entitled to some weight. The prohibition has never been directly imposed, and the protesting peers contend that no permission to sit in the House of Commons could be granted to them which would not extend to all the peers of Great Britain. Before the Union Scotch peers occasionally sat in the House of Commons, as English subjects are still not rendered ineligible by the accident of their bearing foreign titles. The best known instance is that of the Lord FALKLAND who owes to the friendship of CLARENDON the preservation of his memory. The Treaty of Union provides that all peers of Scotland shall thenceforth be peers of Great Britain, with precedency immediately after the peers of like rank in England at the time of the Union, and that the Scotch peers shall enjoy all privileges of other peers of Great Britain except that of sitting in Parliament. It is only because they are peers of Great Britain that the Scotch peers are debarred from sitting in the House of Commons, and the disability notoriously depends on common or constitutional law, and not on any legislative enactment. It would of course be within the power of Parliament to enable a portion of the peers of Great Britain to become eligible for the House of Commons, but it is highly improbable that such a Bill could be carried against the wish of those who are principally concerned. No similar provision is contained in the Irish Act of Union, which expressly declares that no Irish peer shall be disqualified from serving as member for any county, city, or borough in Great Britain. The Irish peers in general receive coldly the suggestion that they should also be enabled to represent Irish constituencies. Even a disability may sometimes be accounted a distinction, especially when it can be explained on historical grounds. At the time of the Union it would have been inconvenient to disqualify the Irish peers who then sat in the House of Commons, but no similar difficulty applied to Irish seats. The proper place for an Irish peer is in the House of Lords, if he can persuade his colleagues to elect him as a representative. Unluckily, it happens that, unless he professes Conservative opinions, he has no chance of becoming a representative peer. The Committee has declined to approve the suggestion of a cumulative mode of voting which might sometimes give a Liberal peer a chance. As the Scotch peers are almost unanimously Conservative, no mode of voting which could be devised would affect the character of their representation. It will be strange if the Liberalism of Irish peers long survives the Church Act, the Land Act, and the Home Rule agitation.

The process of establishing a claim to vote for a representative peer is more rationally arranged in Ireland than in Scotland. It seems that any intruder may tender his vote at Holyhead; and that it is a mere chance whether the unsoundness of his pretensions is discovered. The claimant of an Irish peerage lays his credentials before the Lord Chancellor, who in doubtful cases refers the matter to the Committee of Privileges. The Scotch Roll contains a list of peerages, and not of persons qualified to vote; and both in Scotland and in Ireland something might be done to correct other anomalies of detail. The question is whether it is worth while to cultivate strict symmetry in dealing with an institution of little political importance. Lord ELPHINSTONE, who is the principal advocate of the pretensions of Scotch peers, undertook to prove, by ingenious statistics, that their proportionate numbers had diminished since the Union. At that time there were 166 lay peers of England; and there are now 422 of the United Kingdom. If 45 of the number who are also peers of Scotland, and 80 who are peers of Ireland, are deducted, there will remain 297 as compared with 166, while the number of Scotch representative peers in 1874, as in 1707, is restricted to 16. There are only 34 Scotch peers who have not hereditary seats in the House of Lords, and therefore there are only 18 who are actually excluded. Lord ELPHINSTONE suggests that the number of representative peers ought, in proportion to the present number of peers of Great Britain, to be increased by 12, which would leave only 6 peers entirely without seats. It would follow from this argument that the small remnant might without inconvenience be absorbed, and that the representative peers should sit in the House by permanent and hereditary right. The fallacy of Lord ELPHINSTONE'S reasoning consists in his disregard of the fact that 45 out of the 297 have been selected from the ranks of the Scotch peerage. At the time of the Union only two or three Scotch peers held English peerages, so that Scotchmen formed about a ninth part of the whole body. The 61 Scotch peers who sit either as representatives or by hereditary right now form between a fifth and sixth part of the whole number of peers of Great Britain. Lord ROSEBURY reminded Lord ELPHINSTONE that during the present century 39 Scotch peerages have been absorbed. The continuance of the same process would dispose of the remainder within a reasonable time.

The 18 respectable gentlemen who have no seats in the House of Lords, and who have no wish to sit in the House of Commons, are partially consoled by social rank and precedence; and their sorrows are borne by their neighbours, if not by themselves, with fortitude. Three or four of the number seem to have no political opinions whatever, and nearly all the rest have the satisfaction of agreeing with the majority of the House of Lords. The Irish peers, though they are more numerous, have the advantage of being eligible to the House of Commons. They have lost little by the deprivation of the privilege enjoyed by the ancestors of those whose peerages date before the Union. The Irish House of Lords was not a venerable or illustrious assembly even during the eighteen years of independence which form the golden age of discontented Irish patriots. It is obviously out of the question to admit the whole body to the House of Lords, and the proposal of the Select Committee that four additional representative peers shall take the place of the disestablished Bishops hardly deserves consideration. When Mr. BUTT'S Irish Parliament is reconstituted, the Roman Catholic Bishops will probably demand the seats which were held by the prelates in early times. The House of Lords will best show its wisdom by discountenancing any change in its existing constitution. It is not desirable to examine, with reference to expediency, rights and privileges which have their origin in custom, or to weaken the argument in favour of an hereditary assembly which is founded on the proved difficulty of providing a substitute. Life peerages and absorbed Scotch or Irish peerages are but patches on an old garment which is not even in need of mending. Mr. BRIGHT, when he was a Minister, talked with characteristic courtesy about tinkering the House of Lords; but a hint may be taken from an enemy, though it is rudely expressed. The half-dozen Civil Knights of the Bath who would like to be life peers, the 18 Scotchmen and the 70 or 80 Irishmen who are peers, but not peers of Parliament, must be content to suffer for the good of the community.

NEW LIBERAL CLUBS.

AT the present moment the Liberal party would appear to be engaged on a curious experiment, the results of which may perhaps throw some light on the processes of political development. There can be no doubt that the party has been severely shaken by recent disasters, but there can of course be equally little doubt that at some future time it will renew its strength, and once more exercise a predominant influence on the course of public affairs. The only question is, how long it will be before this time arrives, and whether the Liberals themselves can do anything to hasten its advent. Just now their party is in pieces; can it, by taking thought, put itself together again, and make itself, by its own effort, large and strong? This is the problem which has to be solved, and it will be interesting to watch the result. It has been authoritatively announced that a vigorous effort at reorganization is about to be made, and that no means of accomplishing this object are to be left untried. All the latest appliances and improvements in the art of organizing a party are to be introduced, and the leaders of the movement are quite willing to take a lesson from the ingenuity of their opponents. The Liberals, we are told, have meditated seriously on the events of the last election, and think that they have discovered the reason why the Conservatives were so successful. It was, it is supposed, because they had so many nice clubs; and the Liberals are now determined to have as many and as attractive clubs as their rivals. In London there is to be a grand new club in the City for men of business, and there is to be another at the West End, and various minor clubs are to be set up in different parts of the country. It is expected that in this way not only will the existing Liberals be brought together, but other people will also be tempted to embrace Liberalism in order to enjoy the advantages of these delightful establishments, and that the members of all these clubs will be bound together by social intercourse of the most brotherly and loving kind, and will all work together with the most perfect harmony and devotion for the good of the party. It would appear that the Liberals have become quite cheerful in the contemplation of this agreeable prospect, and there is certainly no reason why they should not have as many clubs as they choose. It is true that this view of the tastes and functions of a great party is somewhat of a descent from the heroic elevation of a few years ago, when the stimulus of sublime principles was thought to be sufficient; but it is perhaps not unnatural that people who have not succeeded in flying should be disposed to make the best of a more vulgar style of locomotion. The plan of attracting customers by the offer of refreshments has before now been heard of in the competition of rival shopkeepers, and has indeed been improved upon by the ingenious Mr. COLE at the South Kensington Museum, where all visitors to the bar and grill-room are duly scored at the wicket as votaries of art. Mr. STANSFELD once laid down the principle that the existence of the Liberal party was an object in itself, and that the choice of measures was only a means to that end. The provision of social accommodation, if it will serve the purpose, may be gratefully accepted in preference to periodical revolution. The Liberal party will henceforth appeal for support on the ground, not only of blazing principles, but of choice cookery and well-ventilated billiard-rooms; and its programme of policy will assume the form of a bill of fare.

The number of clubs in London is rapidly increasing, and, from the advertisements of new ones which are constantly appearing, it may be doubted whether this form of enterprise really needs to be taken in hand by the noblemen and gentlemen who lead an important political party. It would seem as if there were already clubs for everybody who wanted them, and plenty of speculative wine-merchants anxious to supply any additional accommodation of this kind that may be required. The question, however, is whether the new clubs are likely to strengthen the political vitality of the party which is starting them under the most distinguished patronage. In some degree the Conservatives may possibly have derived advantage from meeting together in clubs, but it is easy to exaggerate the importance of this agency, and it does not at all follow that the Liberals will find it equally serviceable. The Reform Club has been in no want of members, but it is doubtful if in recent years it has tended materially to promote the cohesion of the party,

or to impart force to its operations. It is not in accordance with familiar experience that men are invariably led into more affectionate relations by being brought together in an intimate manner. The personal qualities which are usually found in connexion with a Conservative turn of mind are naturally favourable to peaceful and pleasant association, while they at the same time tend to assist the discipline of the party. The main reason why the Liberals recently suffered a collapse was no doubt that they had fallen away from the spirit and temper of the bulk of their countrymen, but personal causes might also be discovered for their internal disintegration. As social equality advances, any sort of distinction that will mark a man off from the rank of his neighbours is more eagerly sought after; and political agitation offers a tempting escape from obscurity to many persons of the class from which the Liberal ranks are chiefly recruited. It has been observed that on this side of the House of Commons members are apt to accept the general guidance of a leader only on condition that on certain questions they shall be allowed to come to the front themselves, and that an inconvenient ingenuity has been displayed in inventing or discovering questions suitable for this purpose. It has been said that the Liberals are necessarily more exposed to internal dissensions than the Conservatives, because they think for themselves and consequently vary in their conclusions. It might be more correct to say that the Liberals are more prone than their opponents to take up personal points of view, and to indulge the desire for personal distinction or notoriety. The Conservatives, if more sluggish, are at least more patient and adhesive, and these characteristics are probably displayed in private as well as in public life. The independent activity of mind which some of the Liberals complacently claim for themselves is not greatly conducive to social harmony, and it is quite conceivable that persons of this class might not love each other more from meeting each other constantly. The disposition of the majority of the members of a club is towards ease and quiet, which are likely to be disturbed by the restlessness of violent reformers. There is no reason why the experiences of the Reform Club should not be repeated in a new building with another name. A club which is intended for the purposes of political agitation ceases to be a club in the ordinary social sense and becomes a mere committee-room. Some great men, like great mountains, are more impressive when under a cloud, and there is a whimsical absurdity in fancying that a Liberal neophyte will be fired to enthusiasm for his political creed by having the opportunity of seeing his leader eating a mutton-chop or playing billiards.

It is probable that the new Liberal clubs will have no difficulty in obtaining members, but it may be reasonably doubted whether they will answer the special objects of their promoters. It is necessary, no doubt, that a party should not only have a policy, but should be in working order, so as to be able to give effect to its principles, and clubs and other associations have their uses in this way. They are part of the apparatus with which a party works, but the apparatus is of little value except in the hands of people who have a distinct purpose and settled plans. The misfortune from which the Liberals are at present suffering is that they are not agreed upon any definite aims. Their stock-in-trade of practicable proposals is exhausted, and some time must elapse before new questions reach the point of growth at which they can be utilised for political purposes. The Liberal party, in fact, shares, in spite of itself, to a large extent the general mood of the nation. It would like to do something in order to show that it exists; but there is just now nothing for it to do except to watch the Government, and to supply the negative criticism which stops short at objections and proposes nothing as an alternative. It has not only to make up its own mind as to what had better be attempted, but, when that stage has been attained, it will further have to apply itself to bring round the general opinion of the country to its views. If the agreement which is now wanted could be supplied, the clubs would be quickened by the new life of the party; but it is reversing the natural order of things to imagine that the clubs will produce that harmony the existence of which is an indispensable preliminary to their own success. The truth would seem to be that it is extremely little that any political party can do directly to bring about the condition of affairs in which it is likely to be uppermost. It can

only watch its opportunities, and in a slow quiet way contribute to the formation of opinion. It must wait for the tide which will come only at its own time.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

THE address of the President of the British Association is always looked forward to with great interest as well by the literary as by the scientific part of the community. The somewhat popular constitution of the Association controls the selection of President so far as to prevent the choice of a dry specialist, however high his reputation may stand—an advantage, however, which is not much felt at the present day, when we have few eminent specialists who do not possess sufficient breadth of knowledge and interest to enable them to fill the position satisfactorily. Hence the President is generally a man well known to the public, and, as there is a tacit understanding that his address should not be too technical, the result is that we have the pleasure of hearing a statement of the achievements and prospects of science, or of some special branch of it, made by a man fully qualified to speak with authority, and with every imaginable stimulus to acquit himself as well as possible on account of the publicity of the occasion and the honour that has been done to him by his selection for the post. And there is a particular interest in the occasion when the President is a man who has not escaped taking a share in the public controversies of the day. Prevented by his position from appearing as the partisan, and yet not expected to sink his own personality so far as to avoid the subjects with which his name is connected and through which he is best known to his audience, he has the task of combining the aims of an advocate with something of the formal impartiality of a judge. In selecting Professor Tyndall for the post the Committee must have felt that they were choosing a man who was specially qualified for it. There could be no fear that he would fail in maintaining his individuality, and, on the other hand, so practised and popular a speaker might well be trusted to avoid giving offence. He has more than once, it is true, incurred great odium by the outspoken way in which he has declared his opinions, and he has been pronounced rash for so doing; but it has required only a few years to see that he had calculated better than his adversaries the amount of popular support that his views would presently obtain. His acquaintance with Germany has probably taught him that honest impatience of any concealment of opinion which is so characteristic of the country which was obliged to content itself with intellectual freedom until the fortune of war led to its becoming politically free; but he has not lost the caution of his native land. There was just as little doubt that his address would be a success when delivered as there was that it would provoke keen controversy afterwards.

In neither respect has his address disappointed expectations. It is somewhat premature to speak of the controversy it will excite, but both the subject and the treatment were such as to render it all too certain that controversy will follow. We confess that we were surprised that the President so wholly abandoned himself to elaborating one idea, and that one so distasteful to a large portion of those interested in science—the idea of the utterly mechanical nature of the universe, animate and inanimate alike. That he would touch on the so-called points at issue between science and religion was to be anticipated, but we expected that past experience would have taught him to content himself with incidental references to them, without taking one for his text. But he has shown himself to be one of those eager champions of science whose zeal will not permit them to allow science to colonize quietly district after district over which of old theology exercised a nominal sway, but who insist on the formal cession of the whole. Such champions are responsible for most of the ill-feeling between the members of the two schools of thought, if we may call them so. There would be little opposition if those parts of the universe only with which science could deal were formally claimed. No doubt theology thought it a usurpation when she was dictated to on the subject of the structure of the solar system. But she soon found that her own ideas were very vague and scant on the subject, and rested on no basis whatever, while the rival ones were clear in detail, and rested on indefeasible evidence. So she gave up with a tolerably good grace, and subsequently showed that she had so far profited by the lesson as to repeat the process with much greater grace when geology and other sciences came to take from her other portions of the unknown, which she had supposed to be beyond the reach of science and to be in her own realm. But theology still objects to make formal cession of lands which science can no more cultivate than she can, and really this tolerably harmless little peculiarity might as well be so far respected as that one should not go out of the way to provoke opposition by insisting publicly on her ceding them. Darwinianism, so far as it has been demonstrated with any degree of certainty, is as freely admitted by that part of the clergy who keep pace with the literature of the day as were the fundamentals of geology some few years ago; and when we are in a position to demonstrate the mechanical origin of life, or even to make it probable, save by a superficial generalization whose cogency varies inversely as the thoroughness of the study on which it is based, then the same people will admit the truth of this doctrine. But they have a right to demand that we shall not ante-date the possible discoveries of the future and require from them immediate belief. One of the worst effects of this course of conduct is that the

opposition which it raises renders social reformers powerless against forms of practical superstition which would long ago have vanished under the influence of growing enlightenment, had not the pioneers of that enlightenment caused it to be viewed with so much jealousy by the mentally more conservative part of the community.

It must not, however, be thought that the address was offensively polemic in tone, or even that it showed a disregard of the feelings of those who differ from the speaker on the point. A perfect conception of the tone and structure of Professor Tyndall's address may be obtained by imagining some eminently diplomatic Italian Minister of the present day—some Italian Lord (Crauville)—addressing an influential audience, partly lay and partly clerical, on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. He would point out how in the very earliest times there had been eminent men who had doubted the advisableness of such a power and who had even prophesied its dissolution; and, while sketching the progress of this idea, he would dwell on the encroachments that had actually been made on the Pope's temporal sway, and how these encroachments had subsequently been acquiesced in, and were at present so little subjects of contention that the very persons who had been instrumental in effecting them were now honoured names. All this would be done without a trace of harshness; and if he chanced to mention that the Papal States were governed at certain periods execrably, or to dwell for a moment on the happy condition of people living at the same time but under different government, he would protest against its being his intention to impute any blame to any one, and would probably go out of his way to excuse it in some ingeniously unsatisfactory manner. He would urge that, after all, the temporal kingdom claimed was very small and unimportant compared with other kingdoms; that it could not be of importance to so great a spiritual potentate whether or not he retained this little fragment of temporal sovereignty—nay, that by challenging rivalry with other temporal sovereigns his dignity was rather diminished thereby; and he would conclude with the assurance that all felt how greatly his spiritual power differed from, and in fact transcended, aught that mere earthly monarchs claimed, and that they fully felt and rejoiced at its unassailability. But throughout the whole would run a quiet consciousness, expressed rather in style and manner than in words, that while it was well to speak thus in order that all things might be done amicably and with good feeling, it was not of the slightest importance to the thing itself; for that, whether the clerical portion of his audience liked it or not, the said temporal power must go, and that speedily and irrevocably. Just such an address was that of the President on Wednesday last. He dwelt first on the crude but far-seeing guesses of such men among the ancients as Democritus, Empedocles, and Lucretius at a scientific theory of the universe, and showed how they heralded the advance that was to be made in ages long subsequent to them, whereby domain after domain of phenomena would cease to be regarded as the results of capricious and anthropomorphic powers, and would be allowed to be under the rule of fixed laws. Then he touched on the scientific stagnation of the middle ages in Christendom, and the bitter persecution to which the forerunners of our present enlightenment were exposed. But he makes admirable excuses for this conduct of the Christian Church of that day, so that we are bound to regard the fact that warm praises of the Mahomedans follow as the consequence solely of his impartiality and his adoption of a chronological arrangement. Through Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton he passes on to Pere Gassendi; and then we arrive at one of the most characteristic parts of the whole, the digression on Bishop Butler, whom he makes hold an imaginary discussion with a follower of the Lucretian philosophy. It is needless to say that the result of this dialogue is satisfactory to all parties; that if the Lucretian is shown to be too narrow in some of his views, yet the Bishop obtains his victory by arguments which, if they are not quite such as he would have used, have the greater merits of being offensive to no one, and of pointing directly to the amicable arrangement to which the address is meant to lead up. Then Darwin and Spencer come under review. Vast as are our obligations to Mr. Darwin, and greatly as he has tended to raise the reputation of English science in the eyes of the world at large, we cannot approve of such fulsome adulation of a living man as was indulged in by Professor Tyndall in relation to him. The general principle that extravagant compliments uttered in the presence of the person to whom they refer are an impertinence applies to extravagant laudations in a public address like that of the President of the British Association, if the person be alive, even though he be not actually present to hear them. These writers carry him to the extreme point of his advance. The former supplies him both with an account of the development of the physical nature of the higher forms of life and with an explanation of the cause of that development. What Darwin has done for physiology Spencer would do for psychology, by applying to the nervous system particularly the principles which his teacher has already enunciated for the physical system generally.

Adopting the conclusions of these writers, if only as provisional and imperfect solutions, at least as so far true that they can only be supplanted by others framed on the same general lines, Professor Tyndall stands free to face with the question with which he has in reality been dealing throughout—Are we still to leave to the domain of special creation the origin of life and consciousness? And here he professes himself deserted by these his latest guides (though this is hardly fair to Mr. Spencer), and, facing the question as it were alone, he pronounces in favour of the

theory that life arose from the automatic action of matter. "Abandoning all disguise," he says, "the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." The boldness of this utterance is, however, speedily toned down, though rather in form than reality. Though it is clear that the speaker would cut off religious ideas from all contact with the external world, yet religion is not to be banished from the human mind. On the contrary, he speaks of the "immoveable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man," and is even so gracious as to intimate that it may be made useful. "The lifting of the life is the essential point, and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives motive power from an ultra-scientific source." Having thus patted religion on the back, with assurances that science does not object to it if it will kindly give up all that science wants it to give up, he proceeds to his peroration, which, whatever may be thought of its sentiment, must be credited with possessing great dignity and force. There is no concealment of the claim that he makes on behalf of science. It is true that he phrases it as a claim to the right of discussing the subjects of which he has been speaking as being within the scope of science; but the hint that at the present day the choice of "intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death" is open to us, and the reference to the "inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge," mean much more than that phrase might be supposed to connote. It means that man's life from his birth, which is its commencement, to his death, which is its extinction, is to be a subject for science, and for science alone; and though up to this time the President had maintained a most gracious tone towards the highly modified form of religion of which he approves, yet he now cannot be prevailed to make any greater concession to it than the assurance that if the human mind, after enjoying all the happiness that science and art can give, still remains unsatisfied and persists in thinking of and trying to fashion "the mystery from which it has emerged," the speaker would affirm it to be a field for the noblest exercise of the "creative faculties."

No doubt many persons will hail with delight this outspoken demand for complete freedom to regard all knowledge as scientific as opposed to religious, and they will admire the honesty of purpose which led Professor Tyndall to choose his presidential address as the occasion of his manifesto. While we fully appreciate the honesty of the motive which led to the choice, we much doubt its wisdom. As we have before said, there is not the slightest opposition on the part of any Church or religious party to any special study. Even the Ultramontanes, though they must be sorely troubled to reconcile this part of their conduct with the Syllabus, do not dare openly to object to any department of research, and only hinder it, if at all, by supporting and assisting those who attack it by arguments and other legitimate weapons. And, this being the case, we do not see why those who are not framed for special researches, but rather for being the spokesmen of science, should bring odium upon it by trumpeting forth on occasions like these such of their beliefs as are most controverted even among themselves, and are most objected to by a large part of the outside world. It does not do much to settle the questions in dispute. Professor Tyndall confesses, as of course he must, that in deciding that the atoms possess in themselves the potentiality of forming conscious beings he goes beyond evidence, and under such circumstances he cannot claim to have established a right to be followed by others. If the step be a right one, it will be taken in due course of time by mankind in general, and the way to hasten that time is by increasing the evidence on the subject, and not by rousing opposition by confessedly premature manifestoes. The world takes a long time to digest new knowledge, but it does inevitably digest it at last. When this is done, its behaviour will be affected thereby in the right way, but you cannot antedate that time by preaching what, after all, are only possibilities, not certainties. And the occasion is one which should be sacred to science, not to polemics between science and its real or fancied foes. There is too much danger of so popular a gathering as that of the British Association becoming too dilettante in tone and doing little or nothing for the real progress of science. Nothing pleases dabbles in science better than wide generalizations, and the less rigorous the demonstration the less difficult is it to them to master. Such people will necessarily be attracted by an address like that of Professor Tyndall, but they are not desirable members of a scientific association. On the other hand, many real scientific workers will be offended by it (apart from any religious grounds), because this light and easy theorizing, which finds no difficulties in framing hypotheses or in hypothesizing the evidence necessary to justify so doing, is positively distasteful to those who are patiently demonstrating the detailed truths of science, and who know perfectly well that it is only thus that science can be permanently advanced. It is not jealousy on their part, but it arises from a fear that the applause which attends the man who is the first to make generally known a scientific guess or discovery may not only stimulate unscientific haste in conjecture, but may lead scientific men to prefer to gain renown through the discoveries of others rather than to merit it through their own. And we think that when the direct effect of

hearing the speech has passed away, there will be not a few even of the enthusiastic audience that applauded Professor Tyndall who will be of opinion that it would have been better if the address of the President of the British Association had been more strictly confined to subjects directly connected with the immediate work of scientific discovery.

AN OPENING FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

A DISCUSSION is always going on as to the classes which are most fitted for emigration, and the places most fitted to receive them. One country invites only sturdy labourers; whilst another requires men of moderate capital. As a general rule, however, it seems to be agreed that the classes which make their living by their brains had better stay at home. Intellectual accomplishments are more highly valued in comparison with mere muscular excellence in an old than in a new country. In short, people with brains and without either money or muscles had better be content to stay in England. To this rule, however, there is evidently one exception. We are glad to discover that there is an excellent opening upon the other side of the Atlantic for a class which is perhaps not so numerous amongst ourselves as is sometimes suggested, but of which we may at least say that the supply always exceeds the demand. There are, in short, a certain number of young gentlemen of good birth and decent education who are gradually going to the dogs. We have but too frequent opportunities of witnessing some of the stages of this melancholy process. Novelists have described the successive phases of the development. We know them all, from the young gentleman who is inclined, in gentle language, to exceed his income, to the unfortunate being who has sunk to a billiard-marker, a recruit in the Zouaves, or even a crossing-sweeper or a sandwich-man. The details vary, but the general nature of the process is painfully monotonous. One provoking peculiarity of the race is its tendency to be always turning up again. One's respectable relations sometimes appear to set a very slight value upon the family tie; but it is annoying to see the tenacity with which your third cousin once removed will assert the right of his blood, if only he happens to be a thoroughbred cheat and scoundrel. It would therefore be a public benefit if some region could be discovered in which such people might receive so warm a welcome that they would not be disposed to leave it. If any of our readers (we beg pardon for so strange an hypothesis) happen to be thoroughly unprincipled, and find it increasingly difficult to work upon the benevolence of their relations, we have much pleasure in referring them to the career of the "Right Honourable Lord Gordon." It is often said after dinner that Englishmen and Americans are united by the closest of ties; and references to Shakespeare, Milton, and Cromwell are adduced to confirm the theory. There is another connexion not so generally avowed, but which is in one respect even closer. Americans at times can occasionally be more English even than the English themselves. "Our loyal passion for our temperate kings" is appreciated in America, but cannot well be exceeded; but our love of a British noble has its limits. We recognize the fact that a man who calls himself honourable may sometimes be little better than an impostor; and here, it seems, the American goes distinctly ahead of us. Love for the British aristocracy, which is of course to be commended in moderation, is pushed on the banks of the Mississippi to an excess which we can hardly approve. So warm is the devotion of those simple-minded democrats to the title of lord, that they will not even entertain the possibility of its being falsely assumed. Even the most hardened of rogues must surely shrink from committing such a profanity as to claim alliance to the British peerage without a real claim to the honour. Such, at least, is the only theory which will give a logical justification for the behaviour of the good people of Minnesota to our distinguished countryman. A gentleman, it seems, came to the principal hotel at St. Paul's in that State some three years ago, calling himself G. Gordon. He preserved an aristocratic reticence as to his true character; but it "came to be understood" that he was a nobleman of immense wealth, and that he intended to import a colony of Scotchmen from the family estate. His note-paper was stamped with a coronet; and the Minnesotans darkly whispered amongst themselves that it was the mystic symbol which in England implies an earl's dignity. Though his modesty prevented him from calling himself "lord," he accepted the designation when it was volunteered by his acquaintance. The Northern Pacific Railway Company was thrown into a fine frenzy of enthusiasm. It invited the Scotch nobleman to inspect the territory at its disposal. A party was organized with long trains of waggons, provisions, servants, and French cooks. Champagne flowed freely at every meal; and three months were consumed in a delightful trip through a most interesting country. The expense of the excursion amounted to 15,000 dollars; but it is said that the officials do not much like to talk about it. Lord Gordon returned delighted with his hosts, delighted with the country, and delighted with everything, but then somehow faded away into the dim distance. The Scotch colonists never came, and the lands were never bought.

Such a success was creditable; but Lord Gordon Harcourt Gordon—that appears to have been his full title—meant it to be a mere stepping-stone to further and still more glorious adventures. What follows, indeed, is so amazing that we find it difficult to believe in it, even on good evidence. Of all cities in the world, New York is supposed to possess the keenest speculators. Amongst

all the speculators in New York, few, it may be presumed, can be put beside those skilful gentlemen whose management of the Erie Railroad has become proverbial. Considering, too, what cruel imputations have been made upon their character by the outside world, one might suppose that, if they had any weakness, it would not be that of a too easy credulity. To take in Mr. Jay Gould is an enterprise in the annals of swindling which we can only compare to an attempt to outmanœuvre Moltke, or to impose a modern daub for a genuine Raffaele upon the Director of the National Gallery. And yet nothing less would satisfy this gallant Gordon; who, one would suppose, must have been the object of some suspicions after the performance at Minnesota. And yet he came, saw, and conquered. He trusted in the coronet upon his note-paper, as Constantine trusted in the sign of the cross; and his trust was justified. The talisman of an English peerage has indeed wonder-working powers in America. It is a loss to literature that his lordship has not survived to write his memoirs and give us full details of this most gallant of exploits. All that we are told is that he graciously accorded an interview to Mr. Jay Gould; that he represented himself as in some way empowered by the English shareholders; and that hereupon Mr. Gould placed in his hands 200,000 dollars in cash, 300,000 dollars in shares, and his resignation as President of the Erie Company, to take effect on the appointment of a successor. Besides this, Mr. Gould entrusted Lord Gordon with \$36,000, with which Gordon was to present a farm to Mr. Greeley, as a mark of favour and as an inducement to be favourably regarded by the *Tribune*. And here, alas! Lord Gordon culminated. He was suspected, forced to disgorge much of his plunder, and cruelly cast into prison. He managed, indeed, to escape for a time, but was at length arrested on the complaint of some previous victims in Edinburgh, and ended his career by blowing his brains out. He had lost his Waterloo, but had not the long-suffering of Napoleon. Who can say but, if he had been patient, he might have had another hundred days of glory, champagne, and adulation from railway companies? But no man, however great, is armed at all points. We must pity rather than condemn him too sternly. After all, whatever success might have awaited him in the future, he had probably had the most glorious triumph ever won by a swindler with so few advantages; and to have cheated even the people of Melbourne and Sydney after making the conquest of New York would have been a triumph unworthy of so great a soul.

The story, as it stands, is sufficiently instructive. Why should any disreputable young nobleman stay at home? In England he must of necessity be more or less a drug in the market; and his pretensions can be too easily subjected to a severe scrutiny. In every country town there are some people who know the peerage as well as their Bibles, and would be able to estimate the true value of his relationship to a great man. After taking in a confiding tradesman or two, and living for a few days at a grand hotel, vengeance must inevitably descend upon him. But in the Far West, where a downright cheat can obtain such startling results, what might not be effected by a man who had really some substratum of fact to support his pretensions? If the mere glimpse of a coronet on a sheet of note-paper attracts such offers, what would not be the value of genuine credentials, such as even a black sheep might easily obtain from his family? The mines which have been worked by confiding Englishmen in America have not always turned out to be a great source of wealth to their proprietors. But evidently there is a mine in the unfeigned enthusiasm of the genuine democrat for an English lord from which the most dazzling profits may be extracted by skilful management. We must fear, indeed, that Lord Gordon has rather injured the prospects of his successors. Like the Spanish conquerors of Mexico, he has left but small gleanings for those who shall come after him. Yet there must be many pickings still left in the remoter parts of the country. A man who cannot dig and is ashamed to beg may still find ample employment in the third great department of industry by which fortunes may be realized. Poor Gordon's suicide will probably tend to throw discredit on his trade, but that is only another proof that ambition may aim too high. If he had had the sense to retire at the right moment to some country where extradition treaties are not in existence, he might even now have been living like a prince, and possibly have founded a family from the plunder of Jay Gould. If our modern nobles, as indignant democrats sometimes tell us, owe their origin to piratical enterprises, why should not the nobles of the future trace their descent from the pirates in kid gloves of our days? A century or two hence, moreover, the story might be altered, and the primitive Gordon be supposed to have been a Pilgrim Father or a Revolutionary general. Meanwhile, to use the customary formula, his story will not have been written in vain if it persuades only one outcast from the English nobility to live upon the plunder of foreigners instead of being a burden on his own relations.

Finally, we must say a word for the admirable illustration thus afforded of the truth of the familiar line about the

Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.

We may now add the simplicity of the cunning. It is really pleasant to find that Mr. Jay Gould has some human weaknesses. We have been so much accustomed to look upon New York financiers as a superior order of beings that we are glad to discover that they sometimes fall into traps as well as set them; and we admit that we feel a certain glow of national pride when we think that these acutest of mortals have been taken in by an Englishman. Saratoga and Yorktown are to some extent avenged.

THE "TITLE OF REVEREND."

MEN'S minds have been of late so largely given to ecclesiastical questions that it is not wonderful that, now that the Silly Season has set in, its little showers and breezes have taken an ecclesiastical character. The letter of the Bishop of Lincoln about giving the title of "Reverend" to a Wesleyan minister came at a happy moment for the tribe who, as soon as the Session of Parliament is over, run to show off their small learning in the shape of letters to the *Times*. There can, we think, be no doubt that the Bishop was wrong. No kind of principle is involved in giving the "title of Reverend" to a Dissenting minister. The thing is so wholly indifferent that the man who held the highest notions of sacerdotal power and dignity might do it without giving up one jot of his position. We have heard of a man who was so orthodox that, whenever he passed a place of Nonconformist worship, he used to cross himself and spit. We have heard of another who, being himself the son of a Nonconformist minister, reached that pitch of zeal that he made it a matter of conscience always to direct to his father, not as "Reverend," but as "Esquire." Now we venture to think that in this last case the description of "Esquire" must have been, from any point of view, as inaccurate as "Reverend"; and even the man who crossed himself and spat, if he could have brought himself to do an act of courtesy to such a priest of Baal as he must have deemed the occupant of the tabernacle, might have done that act of courtesy without any damage to his own faith in the exclusive divine commission of duly ordained bishops, priests, and deacons. We can understand a Roman Catholic refusing to give the name of Bishop to an Anglican prelate whom he does not hold to have been validly consecrated; we can understand an Anglican refusing to give the title of Bishop of Beverley or Birmingham to one whom, though he holds him to be a true bishop, he does not hold to have any lawful jurisdiction at Beverley or Birmingham. Few people would see any surrender of principle in giving the mere title; still it is quite intelligible that there may be a real scruple of conscience either way. To call a man bishop or priest whom the speaker does not look on as a lawful bishop or priest may to very scrupulous minds seem like the assertion of a falsehood; but in adding or not adding a mere adjective prefix of "Reverend" to a man's name there can be no question of principle any way. Such an adjective is a mere piece of courtesy which involves no doctrine and no fact. To call a man "Reverend," or worthy of respect, involves no question whatever as to the validity of a man's orders; it does not necessarily imply that he claims to be a minister of religion at all, for we have before now seen such a formula as the "Reverend Judges." If any scruple could arise, it would be about calling a man "Reverend" whose personal conduct did not entitle him to respect, just as the same scruple might be raised as to calling a man "honourable," "learned," or "gallant" who may personally not deserve the adjective which courtesy attaches to all members of his rank or profession.

"Honourable" and "Reverend" are in truth mere adjectives of courtesy, exactly like "learned" and "gallant." It is simply by accident that the one pair of adjectives sticks closer to their bearers than the other pair. In any formal description we always call the peer's son "Honourable So-and-So," and the clergyman "Reverend So-and-So"; but though the barrister and the naval or military officer are in certain formulae spoken of as "learned" and "gallant," we do not in any case speak or write of the one as "Learned John Snooks" or of the other as "Gallant Peter Tomkins." It might have so happened that, as an ordinary clergyman is called Reverend, a Dean Very Reverend, a Bishop Right Reverend, and an Archbishop Most Reverend, so an ordinary barrister might be called Learned, a Queen's Counsel Very Learned, a Puisne Judge Right Learned, and a Chief Justice Most Learned. And if the army had adopted a like ascending scale of gallantry, we might have questions raised whether Volunteer officers were entitled, any more than Nonconformist ministers, to the special adjective belonging to their Volunteer rank. It is mere chance that "learned" and "gallant," though the accepted adjectives for two professions, have not actually become part of the personal style of each member of those professions. "Honourable" and "Reverend" have stuck much closer, and of the two "Reverend" has stuck much closer than "Honourable." No peer's son puts "Honourable," no Privy Councillor puts "Right Honourable" on his card. But every clergyman, as far as we know, puts "Reverend" on his card, and we have even seen so grotesque a formula as "Rev. and Mrs. A. B." Now a man may very properly put "Lord" or "Sir" on his card, because those words are strictly titles which merely mark the fact of his rank; but the adjectives "Honourable" and "Reverend" are strictly, not the description of a certain rank or profession, but the assertion of the virtues which are thought to become that rank or profession. A man may very properly tell another that he is a peer or a baronet, which are simply facts; he should not himself tell you that he is "Honourable" or "Reverend," as that is a point about which there may be a difference of opinion. But, as things now stand, the conventionally "Reverend" man asks us, almost orders us, to revere him, while the conventionally "Honourable" man more modestly waits till we honour him of our own free will. In fact, to the clerical mind at least, "Reverend" has ceased to be a mere respectful adjective like the others; it has got to be looked on as being something even more than the description of a profession; it has almost come to be the assertion of a doctrine. In short, all these adjective titles, or, more strictly, adjective descriptions, from "Most Noble" and "Most Reverend" down to "Reverend," "learned,"

and "gallant," are simply cases of the old fashion of not speaking of any man without some respectful epithet. There was a time when people applied such epithets almost as they pleased, but usage has gradually settled what adjectives are to be given to this or that rank, office, or profession. But all this is simply a matter of usage, not of principle. To use any of them wrong, to leave one of them out where it ought to be used, to put one of them in where it ought not to be used, is at the worst a sign of rudeness or ignorance; it involves no misstatement of fact. Usage settles the whole thing. If usage dictates that the Dissenting minister should be called "Reverend," the man who looks on his claims to the ministry as a mere imposture may still give him the description which usage prescribes, just as he may without scruple of conscience apply the adjective "Honourable" to a peer's son whose personal conduct he knows to have been dishonourable, or the adjective "learned" to a barrister whose stock of legal knowledge he may know to be very small.

The stiffening of all these honorary adjectives, which were once bestowed with a good deal of free choice on the part of the bestower, into mere titular prefixes has necessarily happened gradually, and the stiffening took place in the higher ranks earlier than in the lower. But even in the higher ranks they cannot be looked on as quite settled during the seventeenth century. In the present ordination services the Archdeacon, or whoever else presents the candidates for the orders of Deacon and Priest, addresses the Bishop as "Reverend"—not as "Right Reverend"—"Father in God." But the Bishop who presents the Bishop-elect for consecration addresses the Archdeacon as "Most Reverend Father in God," and it is plain that this same address must be used when, as sometimes happens, the chief officiating Bishop at a consecration is not an Archbishop. We have before us a portrait of Bishop Pearson prefixed to the fifth edition of his Exposition of the Creed, bearing date 1683, in which he is described as "Reverendus in Christo Pater," not "Reverendissimus" or "admodum Reverendus"; but, to show how unfixed the use of adjectives of this kind still was, Pearson himself, in his dedication addressed to his parishioners of Eastcheap, describes them as "The Right Worshipful and Well-beloved." In Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, printed in 1691, Wharton, writing in 1689, addresses his dedication to Sancroft as "Reverendissimus in Christo Pater ac Dominus," but he begins in the vocative case, "Illustrissime pater," which has never become a formal description of an English Archbishop. It would take a good deal of trouble, more perhaps than the thing is worth, to trace the exact time when each adjective stiffened from a complimentary epithet into an adjective title. Some such epithets have never come into conventional use at all. Thus, in the sixteenth century, a lady was sometimes addressed or described as "right virtuous," but "Right Virtuous" certainly never became a formal title of anybody. Among the clerical descriptions we fancy that those of Deans and Archdeacons, "Very Reverend" and "Venerable," are the most modern of all. "Vir venerabilis" was, at least as late as the sixteenth century, a common way of speaking of any man, clerical or lay, whom the speaker delighted to honour, and we have seen books in the last century, and we think in the present, in whose title-pages an Archdeacon is described simply as "Reverend." The correspondents of the *Times* are doubtless right in the inferences which they make from title-pages and parish registers to show that, all through the seventeenth century, "Reverend," as applied to a clergyman, was simply a complimentary adjective, often coupled or alternating with some other complimentary adjective, the title being Mr. or Dr. according to his degree. We remember two editions of Hooker, in one of which he is described as "that learned and judicious divine, Mr. Richard Hooker," and in another as "Mr. Richard Hooker, that godly, learned, judicious, and eloquent divine." Here we have a number of epithets among which "Reverend" is not found. None of them has stuck to the clerical order as a whole, though one of them has stuck to Hooker himself. "Reverend" doubtless stuck more easily than any other simply because of its vagueness; but it certainly did not become a merely conventional title till the last century, and traces of its earlier use lingered on till our own time. Thirty years back the University preachers at Oxford were always announced as "Rev. Mr. B."; that is to say, the man bore his title as a Master of Arts with the complimentary adjective "Reverend." Now it is "Rev. John B.," the title being lost in the adjective.

As for the correspondents of the *Times*, a seventeenth-century poet bids us not to scorn to "pick out treasures from an earthen pot." Here and there a fact may be learned even from the blunderers, or from that class yet more amusing than the blunderers—those who have got hold of a truth, but who put it in such a way as to show more ignorance than any blunder. This peculiar gift seems to be a special inheritance of those who write the "table-talk" in the *Guardian*. But it comes out also in a very respectable measure in some correspondents of the *Times*. Anyhow we must put on record, as the very first fruits of the present Silly Season, the state of mind of Mr. Brooke Lambert, who writes from Tamworth to explain to the world, with no small degree of triumph, that he does not know the difference between a Nonconformist and a Non-juror. This is a promising beginning, which it will be hard for any later practitioner in the art to outdo. Mr. Brooke Lambert is in such a desperate hurry to be thankful for a very small mercy that he sees a sign of liberality towards the Dissenting brother where the entry, if it marks anything, really marks sympathy with one who claved to the Popish Pretender, and refused the

oaths to the Protestant sovereign. Here is Mr. Lambert, Reverend doubtless, if not learned, to speak for himself:—

I am thankful, for the honour of my parish, to say that it was not withheld even in a case which reminds one of the matter discussed at the Canborno Conference. It fell to the lot of one of my predecessors to bury a Nonconformist. The entry of the burial is as follows, 1736-37:—"10 March, buried ye Rev. Thomas Worthington, a nonjuror of Tamworth." In this he only followed the example of an earlier vicar, who, when "Thomas Flavell, Presbyterian teacher of Tamworth," died, allowed him the prefix of Mr. (Master)—a prefix used with great parsimony in those days.

For Mr. Lambert there may be a possible excuse that the early associations of Tamworth, the mound of Æthelred and the minster of St. Edith, may have so occupied his mind that he felt ill at ease in such modern times as those of Nonjurors and Nonconformists. But what are we to say to the other gentleman, learned doubtless, if not Reverend, who writes from the Temple by the name of "S. P."? He is really worthy of being preserved at full length:—

Sir,—The letter of the Rev. Brooke Lambert in the *Times* of to-day is not only exceedingly interesting, but valuable for the results of labour and research displayed.

One of the instances, however, is scarcely strong enough in itself to support his argument. The term "nonjuror" did not necessarily imply a Nonconformist, and the Rev. Thomas Worthington, dying in 1736-7, might have been entitled to the prefix Reverend as having been an ordained priest of the Church of England, at the same time he would have been properly described as a nonjuror if, in consequence of his attachment to the exiled Royal family, he had declined to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to the Hanoverian dynasty. The conjecture—for, of course, it is nothing more—that Mr. Worthington was one of the survivors of the Carolinian and Jacobean clergy is certainly not weakened in its probability by the date of his death, and you will observe his age is not given.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

S. P.

Temple, August 13.

This is really perfect. Mr. Lambert's blunder, as a blunder, is first-rate, and is not likely to be soon outdone. But "S. P." is master of the higher art. Nobody can deny any one of his propositions. The ingenious man who wrote a book to prove that Mahomet never was a Cardinal at Rome hardly gets beyond the learned gentleman who tells us that the term Nonjuror did not necessarily imply a Nonconformist. In short, if the season goes on as it has begun, it will be one of the richest on record.

CASABIANCA-ISM.

OF all the lore which Hodge inhales at the fount of Hemans, there is probably none which makes a deeper impression than the lady's well-known lines on the youthful hero of the *Orient*. There is hardly a school-book series in which they do not figure; hardly an elementary school in which they are not over and over again committed to memory. The secret of the favour which the little poem has met with at the hands of educationists is not far to seek. Youth is inclined to unruliness and indiscipline; it is highly politic, therefore, to enforce the opposite virtue of obedience to order by a shining example, and a story which cannot fail to enlist the enthusiastic sympathy of childhood. The harassed pedagogue has good reason for trying to instil into his pupils a fervent admiration of the "boy on the burning deck," if it induces them to remain steadily at the post or task which he has assigned to them. But there is this inconvenience in teaching by models, that their influence may be too potent and preponderant, and that they may disturb the moral and intellectual equilibrium which it is the aim of education to establish. Obedience is a fine thing for the young, but it is possible to exaggerate its importance as a guide for human conduct. Mere obedience will not fit a youngster for dealing with the various and complicated emergencies of life. Presence of mind, resourcefulness, a capacity for intelligent initiative, are equally necessary ingredients in the formation of character. It is just because Mrs. Hemans's little poem operates as a discouragement, if not as a tacit rebuke, to these much-needed qualities that we are inclined to regret its immense popularity, and that we should be glad if Lord Sandon would signalize his tenure of office by decreeing its exclusion from the school-books on the list of the Education Department.

Let us attempt to define with something like precision the phrase which we have ventured to place at the head of these remarks. By Casabianca-ism is to be understood a blind adherence to the letter of an order, or of an engagement, or to a state of things, when all the conditions under which the order was promulgated, or the engagement entered into, or the state of things came into existence, have essentially altered. Of course it was an act of sublime obedience in Casabianca to remain where his father had told him, to perish in the flames, and in a child such an action was not only magnificent, but perfectly intelligible. But had he possessed the mental flexibility which comes with riper years, he would probably have perceived that the tremendous change in the state of things on board the *Orient*, since his father's order was given, virtually cancelled that order, and restored to him his freedom of action. When the order was given the vessel was intact, and in good fighting condition, and it was presumably for some useful strategic purpose that he was stationed at his post. His father was alive to direct the movements which the occasion required. The case was entirely altered by the course of subsequent events. The ship had caught fire; all but he, as Mrs. Hemans tells us, had fled; the Admiral had fallen in the conflict. In this new aspect of affairs, what he should have done, had he been as quickwitted as he was brave, was to have reconsidered his situation and the duty which had been

assigned to him, from the point of view of the exigency which had supervened, and of his father's wish, had he been alive, in the new crisis, to express it. The last thing his father would have desired was that he should stay to perish in the final explosion. Instead of indulging in that series of appeals to the wind which our poetess has emphasized with so much pathos, he should have flung himself into the waves, and endeavoured to save a life so precious to his family and to France. The annals of heroism would have been poorer by one illustrious example; but, by way of compensation, Mrs. Hemans would not have written her little poem, and the sanction of a most popular lyric would not have been given to the notion that there is no room for the exercise of common sense in the interpretation of an order, that an engagement must be fulfilled to the letter, no matter how radical the change in subsequent circumstances, and that duty does not admit of an intelligent discharge, but is a fetish enslaving the mind, or paralyzing it, like the circle of chalk traced round the silly hen, into imbecility.

Perhaps there is no class who exhibit more signal proof of having laid to heart this lesson of their childhood, and of shaping their conduct by it, than the class of domestic servants. Nothing they like better than for their masters to commit themselves to a string of standing orders for the regulation of household details, which will save them the trouble of thinking, rid them of all responsibility, and reduce them from rational beings into mere machines. What they most shrink from is a discretion, the mental labour of a doubt or a hesitation. They like to have their path made plain to them by clear unelastic rules, to which they may cling with blind unswerving fidelity until they are expressly cancelled. Master has said it, and until he unsays it, come what may, the thing is to be done. You are a man of many books and papers, and have a salutary dread of the matutinal pitchfork wielded by Eliza the housemaid. Of two evils, dust or chaos, you prefer dust. So you promulgate an order that the contents of your library-table, pigeon-holes, and shelves shall be as far as possible respected. But in giving this order you have never meant of course to interdict the intelligent use of the duster. Nevertheless the Casabianca fetich at once operates in the faithful Eliza's mind. She takes her stand mentally on a "burning deck" of her own, and is prepared to see cobwebs overspread your shelves and dust accumulate inch-deep on your writing-table, before moving a finger in contravention of her master's order. Or you are an enthusiast for fresh air, and it is a standing instruction to the housemaid that when after breakfast you leave for chambers, your windows shall be flung wide open. Of course not in all weathers; and had you been by when the darkening heavens gave warning of a tropical downpour, you would naturally have closed them. Not so does your Casabianca in petticoats interpret her duty. She will stick to the order you have given—*rua! calum!* So you return to find your chintz curtains splashed and soiled, and a pool on your pretty Brussels carpet. The mildness of two successive March mornings induces you to order that in future the fire shall not be lighted in the breakfast-room. The third day comes a frost, a nipping frost; you descend to find that your order of yesterday has only been too literally obeyed, and to eat your toast with teeth chattering with the cold. With teeth chattering from the cold you straightway order that the fire shall henceforward be lighted; and lo! on the first balmy, spring-like morning you descend to find yourself roasted like your own toast before a fire which rivals the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar the King. Nor is John Thomas at all behind Eliza in assimilating and acting upon the lesson engraved on his memory by the school-book of his early years. Studious of economy, you issue a ukase against domestic expense. But of course you have never meant to place a veto on the needful repair of your wardrobe. Nevertheless your order is so interpreted by your faithful Casabianca in livery; and, pending its recall, you watch with a melancholy sort of interest the unchecked decay of your boots and the progress of the moth fretting your garments. With the terror of a builder's bill before your eyes, you have forbidden any hasty recourse to that costly functionary. But you are far from intending to expose the inmates of your household to the risk of typhoid fever through the want of a little timely attention to the drains. Yet you find on your return from the sea-side that you have been betrayed into this inhuman attitude by the blind adherence of your Casabianca of the pantry to the letter of his instructions. Anxious for an interval of thorough repose, you desire that no letters be forwarded to your retreat in the country. But a communication on Her Majesty's Service, with the signature of the Minister in the left corner of the envelope, was plainly not intended to be included in this general embargo. It is with dismay that you find on coming back that your prospects are seriously compromised by its having lain unanswered for a fortnight. You issue an order that during certain hours of the day you will be denied to all the world. But of course you never intended it to apply to your cousin the rich Indian nabob, whose rupees you are not without some hopes of inheriting. Yet you learn on inquiry that this important and irritable relative has been turned in dudgeon from your door by the Casabianca who acts as your janitor. An amusing story is told in the *Life of Faraday* which illustrates the excess of fidelity of which the domestic of the Casabianca type is capable. The great chemist had a servant, whose office it was to keep up certain furnaces in his laboratory at an even heat. On the evening the good man was released from this duty. But one night his master, absorbed in thought, retired to bed, without giving his attendant the usual permission

to depart. On entering the room on the next morning he found, to his astonishment, the faithful man still stoking the glowing fires as he had continued to do all the night long. Not having received an express order to retire, he had not ventured to desert his post, although, unless he was a perfect idiot, he must have known that his long vigil was useless, and, by unfitting him for the next day's work, mischievous. We can see nothing to admire, as a gushing reviewer found, in this trait. A much slighter effort of reason than that which the inferior animals exhibit would have led the man to see that his master's retirement for the night implied his own dismissal. Not to have perceived this argued a defect of the imagination and a torpor of the understanding which, one would think, must have led Faraday to avail himself of his future services in fear and trembling, and with the consciousness that he was attended by an Oriental slave, spell-bound by the order of a superior being, rather than by an Englishman of average intelligence.

But Casabiancas are to be met with in plenty out of the ranks of domestic service, and their disastrous action is felt in more serious matters than the small mishaps of domestic life. Not a few unhappy marriages, for instance, may be traced to the stolid fidelity to an engagement when all the conditions under which it was contracted have altered, and when, if the parties thereto were wise, they would suffer it to lapse. In his "young and curly" days the clerical Damon plights his troth to some rustic Phyllis, the cynosure of neighbouring curates. The young couple are too poor to marry, and must wait indefinitely for the college living of which Damon, as Fellow of St. Gregory's, Canford, has expectations. But the vacancy is long in coming. The obstinate longevity of the actual incumbent of the rectory of Monklands-in-the-Fen dooms them to long and weary years of deferred hope. Meantime their tender transports become cooler. Damon consoles himself with Art and Aestheticism, with Long Vacation rambles and Common-Room port. Phyllis has a much harder lot, the monotony of which is broken only by the gleam of excitement with which she studies each morning the obituary of the *Times*. At last the over-ripe plum falls. Monklands is vacant, and they are free to marry. But Damon is no longer the Damon of a quarter of a century ago; he is a confirmed old bachelor with luxurious tastes. Phyllis, too, is sadly altered. Years of waiting have told upon her spirits and temper, and she is now a sour and snappish old maid. If they were wise they would recognize the logic of facts and agree to a mutual release. But no, the Casabiancan pamelito demands its victim. The engagement which Damon contracted at two-and-twenty he must fulfil as a sexagenarian. So they marry, and are wretched for the residue of their joint lives. The sympathy of the British jurymen for the Ariadne of modern life is notorious, and it has been carried of late to somewhat extravagant lengths. But it is impossible for more dispassionate judges not to feel something like admiration for the good sense shown by not a few defendants in actions for breach of promise in retreating from the "burning deck" of ill-assorted wedlock at the cost of swingeing damages.

In public life as well as in the transactions of private and domestic existence Casabiancas abound. Their path through history is strewn with disasters or blunders. What a fine specimen of the type, for instance, is furnished by Charles I., clinging in Puritan times to prerogatives the exercise of which had been possible under the absolute Tudors, and perishing in defence of them on the "burning deck" of revolution; and again by George III., taking his stand on the "burning deck" of Irish disaffection in defence of his Coronation Oath, and refusing at the risk of a civil war to concede Catholic Emancipation. The fact is that there is in the English nature overmuch sympathy with heroic pedantry, and too little with the much rarer quality of wise audacity which discerns the moment for disobeying an order, brushing away an engagement, or breaking with a system no longer entitled to be binding, and which does not shrink from acting on its intuition. Mrs. Hemans has given quite innocently an impulse to the contrary course of action. She has invested blundering fidelity with the halo of lyrical fame, and encourages in her young readers the temper which would rather do the wrong thing under the shelter of authority than the right thing on its own unauthorized initiative. If the poem is to retain its place and its wonderful popularity in the school-book of the period, at least its effect ought to be counterbalanced by that of another short lyric in which some act of brilliant and happily-timed subordination is commemorated; say, a few stanzas on Nelson's refusal to notice his admiral's signal at the battle of Copenhagen.

COMPARATIVE HEALTH OF WATERING-PLACES.

AMONG various causes which lead people to one sea-bathing or water-drinking place rather than another, the statistics of the Registrar-General have doubtless some influence, although less perhaps than the compilers of them suppose. An invalid whose doctor recommends a "bracing" air in August would not be deterred from visiting a place where deaths from throat and chest complaints had been above the average in March. Indeed invalids are so much influenced in this matter by their doctors that they probably derive benefit from particular places as much through the imagination of salubrity as through its reality. To a great extent one place is as good as another, and a fashionable doctor who represents one place as better than another propagates a harmless, or even valuable, delusion. If it should happen that the

doctor is interested in property in the place which he recommends, that fact, although it may bias his judgment, will not greatly prejudice his patients. They believe that the place suits them because he tells them so, and their faith helps to make them whole. The notion that good air prevails in only a limited district may be compared to that which confines the reputation of a particular wine to the produce of a single hill. There are no doubt some instances of special favouritism of nature, but generally she dispenses her bounty with a large and liberal hand. It is at any rate always possible to mark a difference in wine by price; and if air were bottled and imported, we should soon find people ready to pin their faith on some particular seal as indicating a distinct superiority to all other home, colonial, or foreign atmospheres.

The seaside and summer resorts which stand highest in the Registrar-General's list will hasten to advertise their pre-eminence, while those which are placed lower will remark that after all statistics do not prove much. If no living creature goes to a place in winter, nobody can die there; and a low rate of mortality in January proves nothing as to salubrity in July. Again, a place may be badly drained, or not drained at all, and yet during nine months of the year there may be no serious fever, partly because the inhabitants are few and sparse, and partly because they are acclimatized. But in the other three months, with hot and dry weather and crowded houses, there may be much sickness and some deaths from bad air and water. We suppose that even Cologno is not always stinking, or at least not "body and soul stinking," as it is in the ordinary tourist season. Without mentioning names, we may take it as well known that several favourite seaside places in England have altogether outgrown the limited provision which was originally made for draining them, and some have adopted cheap makeshift remedies which tend rather to aggravate the mischief. If sewage be poured into the sea, it washes to and fro and in and out with every tide, and thus perhaps it is more pernicious to health, as well as more unpleasant to the senses, than if it were allowed to percolate the earth. It may perhaps have been an error of recent writers to attach too much importance to the defects which they supposed themselves to discern in sanitary arrangements. At any rate it appears that the theories of these writers are hardly borne out by the Registrar-General's statistics. But it may be answered that the statistics, and not the theories, are wrong, and we must allow that conclusions derived solely from statistics may easily be carried into error. Thus we are told that the mortality of certain seaside towns exceeds, while that of others falls short of, 17 per 1,000. It becomes highly important to know at what time of the year the numbers were taken which form the basis of this calculation. Are they merely the results of the last census with corrections, as we suppose they must be? Assuming that they represent what we will call the regular population of a town, it is obvious that the proportion of transitory to regular population will vary in different towns. Thus one town which we will call A may be a port with a steady trade, while another which we will call B may be a mere health-resort on a beach which cannot be approached even by a small vessel except in calm weather. Assume that A has a population of 5,000, and B a population of only 1,000 during nine months of the year, and that during the remaining three months each contains 5,000 visitors. Assume the rate of mortality to be 20 per 1,000 for the year, or 5 per 1,000 for three months. Then, in A there would die $5 \times 20 + 5 \times 5 = 125$ persons in the year; and in B there would die $1 \times 20 + 5 \times 5 = 45$ persons in the year. Thus the deaths in A would be 125 in 10,000, and the deaths in B would be 45 in 6,000, or 75 in 10,000; and thus it would appear that A, the place of trade, is less healthy than B, the place of pleasure. But this result would be obtained by taking the census in the season. If we took the census at dead winter we should find in A 125 deaths in 5,000, or 25 in 1,000, and in B 45 deaths in 1,000, and it would follow that A is more healthy than B. It will not be forgotten that many seaside places consist of an old town and a new, which are really separated by situation, character, and taste, and yet are treated as one town for registration purposes. Another important consideration is that the Registrar-General supposes all towns to grow at a fixed rate since the last census, whereas some seaside towns have grown from nothing into considerable places in three years.

Let us take the case of Margate, which is selected for special comment by the Registrar-General, and let us observe that the last census was taken on April 3, 1871. In the month of April the season has not begun at Margate. When it does begin, pretty close packing is, we should think, the rule in lodging-houses. We should suppose that, as compared with some other seaside places, the regular population of Margate bears rather a low proportion to the transitory population, and, if so, it follows that the apparent death-rate per thousand will be rather high. This would partly account for the position of Margate in the third class in the health scale, which the Registrar-General ascribes wholly to its imperfect sanitary arrangements. He says that it ought to be one of the healthiest towns on the coast, whereas the description given of it by competent authority in 1873 was "truly deplorable," and "we have no evidence of any efforts to carry out the great works required to restore the town to sweetness and salubrity." The water was not free from fault, the rank drains and the dirt of ages accumulated by neglect were worse even than they had been described. The Registrar-General proceeds to say that Ilfracombe, "in many ways charming," has suffered by neglecting the warning voice of its medical men, and it

stands even lower than Margate in the third class. We have no desire to weaken the force of these reproofs and warnings, but we cannot help remembering that in the autumn of 1871 some pretty strong statements were made as to the sanitary arrangements of Scarborough, which, it was said, were not adequate to the necessities of a large transitory population, and could not easily be made adequate. Yet Scarborough now stands first on the scale of salubrity. We are not surprised, as the Registrar-General appears to be, that "rival Continental watering-places" neglect to supply information corresponding to that which he obtains in England. As regards some of these places, that information manipulated by English statisticians might afford results likely to injure, and perhaps undeservedly, the character of the places giving it. The very excellence of a particular water might cause it to be resorted to in a large number of serious cases, and thus the place which produced it would be credited with a high proportion of deaths. There are places on the Continent where almost nobody lives in winter, but many people live, and some die, in summer. It would be easy to make it appear by statistics that these places are unhealthy, although English doctors send patients to them year after year under a belief, justified by experience, that great good may be derived from them. To some places it is notorious that English invalids go too late, and it is commonly said on an arrival that he or she is come to die. Yet it would be wrong to quote these deaths to prove the unhealthiness of the place.

As the Registrar-General takes so much interest in marriage, we may venture to remind him that courtship is a necessary preliminary, and that the convenience which a seaside place affords for flirtation is altogether irrespective of the completeness or otherwise of its sanitary arrangements. Besides, if *she* is at Margate, that fact suffices to restore sweetness and salubrity to that ill-conditioned town. It is a pity that some record cannot be kept of the number of young ladies who have become "engaged" during a season at each of the places included in this return. The Registrar-General might truly say that such a record would be "full of interest, and might be studied with advantage." He might deduce from it valuable conclusions as to the utility or otherwise of organizing amusements at the seaside. At the majority of English places there are no balls, because, if there were any, everybody would want to go to them, and that would be inconvenient. But we believe that at Margate there is public dancing every night, and at Scarborough there is, or lately was, dancing regularly among the company staying at the hotels. Another subject worthy of investigation would be a comparison of the advantages of boarding at an hotel or taking lodgings. Statistics upon these points, if they could be had, might, under the skilful manipulation of the Registrar-General, be made the foundation of a theory as to the means of promoting marriage. But as regards mortality, figures can only be used with great caution. It necessarily fluctuates from accidental circumstances, and "it may happen that places unhealthy in spring may be healthy in summer." We should prefer facts to figures, and if Margate or any other place is badly drained or watered, let its sanitary authorities be called to due account.

IRISH NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

MOST likely no great degree of attention has been given to a little dialogue which took place in the House of Lords shortly before Parliament was prorogued. The speakers were Lord Carlingford asking a question and Earl Beauchamp answering it. The subject was the ancient ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland which have been handed over to the Board of Works—that is, practically, the buildings on the Rock of Cashel, as the only buildings which as yet have been so handed over. In the short dialogue on the subject the parts which might have been looked for from the two noble lords were in a manner reversed. We had never heard of Lord Carlingford as a professed antiquary or as boasting of more zeal for ecclesiastical monuments than naturally belongs to any man of education and taste. Lord Beauchamp, on the other hand, is known to many as having been an ecclesiastical antiquary from his youth up. Yet here it is Lord Carlingford who appears as the champion of ecclesiastical monuments, and Lord Beauchamp as one who rather snubs them; it is Lord Carlingford who is anxious that proper care should be taken of them, and Lord Beauchamp who thinks that any care or no care is good enough for them. Lord Carlingford "asked whether the Government intended to appoint a competent person in connexion with the Board to see that the duty of keeping the monuments in a proper state of repair was satisfactorily performed." He added that "an impression prevailed among a great many people in Ireland that the Board of Works was scarcely competent with its present staff to maintain in proper condition those venerable buildings." And he further added the obvious truth that "they could scarcely be dealt with satisfactorily unless some skilled person with archaeological tastes and knowledge were appointed to look after them."

Lord Carlingford spoke the language of fact and common sense, language which everything that we have hitherto heard of Lord Beauchamp would have led us to expect that he would cordially echo. But no; Lord Beauchamp the Court official would seem to have become quite another man from Lord Beauchamp the Worcestershire antiquary. Lord Beauchamp now "points out that the buildings in question were necessarily ruins, and that the primary object ought to be to preserve them in their present condition rather than to repair or restore them." So far

so good, except that two of the buildings on the Rock of Cashel, the round tower and Cormac's chapel, cannot be called ruins. Both of these, unless they have been strangely and sadly pulled about since we last saw them, are whole and perfect buildings with their roofs on. There is really no reason why divine service—after what rite we will leave an open question—may not be again said in the chapel, and why bells may not again sound in the tower. To keep them in their present condition certainly does not need "restoration" in the sense in which people, when they have hopelessly destroyed an ancient church, say that they have "restored" it, but it may often need "repair." And the same may be said of several of the other buildings which are not yet put under the care of the Board as national monuments, but which ought to be so. With the later cathedral on the Rock of Cashel the case is different; that is strictly a ruin and needs only careful preservation. All that both classes need is not to be allowed to get into a worse state than they are in now; but the process of saving them from such a worse state is not exactly the same in the case of buildings which are already actually ruined and of buildings which are not. To draw the proper distinction, to do in each case just what ought to be done, neither too much nor too little, is certainly a matter of some delicacy, and a matter which we would have thought that every one would see, and that Lord Beauchamp would be one of the first to see, needs some measure of skill and knowledge. But the rest of Lord Beauchamp's answer to Lord Carlingford is really one of the most amazing things that we ever read:—"The work of preservation, he might add, was one which did not require any great amount of skill, and would, he thought, be better discharged by a surveyor than by a person such as the noble lord had described, possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge." Up to the moment that we read this we had always looked on Lord Beauchamp as a member of the class described by Lord Carlingford as a person possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge; but now we know not what to think. The notion that anybody is fit to look after such monuments as those on the Rock of Cashel; that "archaeological tastes and knowledge," that is, knowing about them and caring about them, are rather a disqualification for looking after them; that, in short, they would be better looked after by some one without taste or knowledge, by some one who knows nothing about them and who cares nothing about them, is a notion which we should not have expected to have come into the head of any man, least of all into the head of Lord Beauchamp. Then there is the strange contrast between surveyors and persons of taste and knowledge, the implied assumption that a surveyor cannot be a person of taste and knowledge. Why should he not? We know nothing of the management of the Irish Board of Works, but we can hardly believe that in choosing their surveyors they have made it a *sine qua non* they shall be persons not possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge. Lord Beauchamp's assumption that a surveyor cannot be a fit man to look after ancient monuments is only less amazing than his other assumption, that an unfit man will look better after them than a fit one. The title of surveyor is that which is borne in various characters by several of our best architects, men of whom Lord Beauchamp cannot approve, as they are certainly not lacking in taste or knowledge. Such surveyors we conceive that Lord Beauchamp would not employ, as being lacking in the needful amount of tastelessness and ignorance. We have it now laid down on Lord Beauchamp's authority that taste and knowledge about any particular matter are to hinder a man from employment in any branch of the public service which deals with that matter. Unskilled labour would seem to be likely to rise in value wherever Lord Beauchamp has his own way. Perhaps we are to see a reaction from the excessive love of competitive examinations; or rather competitive examinations are to be turned the other way. In any department under the care of Lord Beauchamp, especially in any department which has anything to do with ancient monuments, the examination would seem likely to be carried on on the principle of a donkey race. Let a man show any degree of taste and knowledge about the matter in hand, and he will certainly be sent back to his studies till he is in a condition to show the needful amount of tastelessness and ignorance.

So much for the conversation in the House of Lords. Let us now look to the facts of the case. Lord Carlingford is certainly right in saying that an impression prevails that things are not quite as they should be with regard to the Rock of Cashel. That impression is represented in a letter in the *Dublin Daily Express* of August 8th, from one of the best of Irish antiquaries, Mr. James Graves. Mr. Graves refers to an answer given by Sir Michael Hicks Beach to a question of Mr. Mitchell Henry put in the same spirit as the question of Lord Carlingford. Perhaps in our amazement at the answer made by Lord Beauchamp we were too much overwhelmed to see what anybody else said. But Sir Michael Hicks Beach is in this matter a still more important person than Lord Beauchamp, and he, it seems, had given Mr. Mitchell Henry the answer that no inspector such as Lord Carlingford and Mr. Henry asked for was needed, because the Board of Works had no intention of restoring any of the monuments vested in them. Now, according to a report of Mr. Graves, who had been to Cashel and seen things with his own eyes, Lord Beauchamp and Sir Michael Hicks Beach, sitting at Westminster, must have been strangely misinformed as to the state of things on the Rock. Some persons, whether possessed of archaeological tastes and knowledge or not, were, as far back as the middle of June, very busily employed on the Rock, and employed in doing the very things which Lord Beauchamp and Sir Michael Hicks Beach more than a month after said were not to be done. Mr. Graves says that he

"found a very intelligent clerk of the works and a large staff of operatives in possession of the Rock." We are sorry for the clerk of the works, because, if he is very intelligent, that is a quality which comes so near to taste and knowledge that Lord Beauchamp may perhaps make interest to have so dangerous a person sent away. But we will let Mr. Graves tell his own story:—

Mr. Reade, the clerk of the works, kindly gave me every information as to the proposed operations, and I found that besides the works of simple conservation it was intended to restore:—

1. The Bishop's palace or castle.
2. The vicar's hall.
3. The east window of the cathedral.
4. The buttresses of the cathedral.
5. The battlements of the cathedral.
6. The enclosing wall of the Rock.

This is really enough to make every one—every one at least of the class disapproved of by Lord Beauchamp—who has ever been at Cashel stand aghast. Mr. Graves naturally cries out, "Now if this is not restoration, I do not know the meaning of the word." Unluckily we do know the meaning of the word rather too well, and it means something which, as applied to the buildings at Cashel, would be very ugly indeed. It means making them new; it means destroying them as ancient national monuments. None of the buildings on the Rock of Cashel ought to be "restored," even in the best sense of the word "restored." Cormac's chapel and the round tower may very likely need repair; as they are not ruined buildings, it may possibly be needful here and there to put in a new stone to keep several old stones in their places. In the actually ruined buildings we should not like to see even so much as this done; all that is wanted is to keep them from getting worse. And to go and put new battlements where the old ones are broken away, which we take to be the meaning of "restoring the battlements," is simply monstrous. But yet more monstrous is the state of things when all this is actually going on at Cashel, and meanwhile official persons get up in both Houses of Parliament and say that nothing of the kind is even going to be done.

As to "restoration" at Cashel, and indeed at many places beside Cashel, we will again quote the words of Mr. Graves:—

I have had some experience in the conservation of ancient buildings myself, and I feel persuaded that incalculable injury may be done, even in works of simple preservation, unless the workmen are placed under the constant supervision of some one perfectly acquainted with the characteristic features of the various styles in which our ancient churches were built. When it comes, however, to restorations such as those which are in progress, or contemplated, at the Rock of Cashel, the unmitigated oversight of a properly-qualified inspector is absolutely necessary, if the character and authenticity of our "national monuments" are to be preserved.

If there is anything to be said against this, it is that Mr. Graves is a little too mild, that he lets off the notion of restoration of any kind on the Rock of Cashel rather too easily. Mr. Graves, in short, speaks on this head much as, up to his answer to Lord Carlisle, we should have expected Lord Beauchamp to speak. What may be the cause of this change in the noble Earl it is not for us to guess. But at any rate in the next Session both Lord Beauchamp and Sir Michael Beach will do well to take care that the answers which they make to questions in the two Houses of Parliament shall not be the direct opposite of the facts.

THE MODERN SAVAGE.

WITHOUT venturing to pronounce an opinion whether a fight between a man and a dog did take place at Hanley, we may at least say that the locality was not ill chosen for lending an air of probability to such a narrative. Indeed we might go further and say that in Lancashire, which is not far from Hanley, more brutal and barbarous proceedings than this fight habitually occur, and the law has hitherto appeared powerless to prevent them. Dogs delight to bark and bite, "for 'tis their nature to," and it is rather a stretch of language to say that it is cruelty to a bulldog to let him go at a man. Probably both the dog and the man would rather fight than not. It cannot be doubted that such fights have taken place. Many years ago, says a competent authority, dog-fighting was a fashionable pastime in Staffordshire, and hence the selection of Hanley as the *locus* of such a story would be perfectly appropriate. We heard not long since of a man who for a bet would draw a badger as a dog does. It is not more surprising that a man should match himself against a dog. The Mayor of Hanley, while assuming that the fight was "a myth," complains of "reflections upon the character and conduct of the Potteries in general, and Hanley in particular," which, we fear, are not wholly undeserved. Mr. Greenwood answers the Mayor by asserting that "such sport and worse is not unfrequent in the Black Country," and there is reason to fear that Mr. Greenwood is correct. He ascribes to himself a desire to poison "the dirty-white bulldog" which was afterwards one of the combatants, but we cannot see why he should entertain that idea. A bulldog only acts according to his light in pinning another dog or a man, and we are clearly of opinion that he is not the most objectionable creature that the Black Country contains, and might indeed afford a model of good manners to some of its inhabitants. The Correspondent of *Land and Water*, who sought for traces of the alleged fight, confesses that he is "a great lover of bulldogs, and not averse to a good boxing-match," and he thus felt a double interest in Mr. Greenwood's story. He found at Hanley an old man who had lived in that town fifty-one years. Years back, said he, cock-fighting and dog-fighting were very

common, but they were things of the past. He had read "Brumby's" fight with "Phisic," and did not believe a word of it. He had heard a story of a man-and-dog fight in his early days. The Correspondent stumbled upon an old member of the P. R. whom he once saw at work in his palmy days, and this gentleman says, and we incline to believe him, that if there had been such sport he must have seen it or heard of it. He also spoke "in a quiet, earnest way" about the reward of 20*l.*, which the Correspondent thinks would be very useful to him just now. On the other hand, Mr. Greenwood "reasserts, with the utmost emphasis, what he has already written on the subject, and is confident that at no distant date the strict truth of the incident will be fully proved." And thus the matter stands at present.

It is strange that such a question should arise and appear so difficult of solution. Our present object, however, in referring to it is to remark that a considerable number of people think that this man-and-dog fight, even if it did not happen, yet might happen. We do not wish to wound the just susceptibility of the Mayor of Hanley, and therefore, if we use the name of that town, we regard it only as typical of what Mr. Greenwood calls the Black Country, where mines and furnaces abound. We should be glad to believe that Mr. Greenwood's story is a myth and a libel on the district. But even if dog-fighting has gone out, it appears that other and worse things have not gone out, or have come in. There are two music-halls in Hanley, and we believe that other towns of equal importance are similarly provided. Fifty years ago there were no music-halls, and there were dog-fights and boxing-matches in plenty. Now boxing and perhaps dog-fighting have gone out, and undeniably kicking has come in, or at least is in. The Correspondent of *Land and Water* says that "he is not averse to a good boxing-match," and it really begins to look as if the rules of the P. R. might be, in the Black Country, civilization. One of these rules, against hitting a man when he is down, was formerly received almost universally by Englishmen. Thus much at least of manliness the P. R. taught its votaries, and the lesson is greatly needed now. If there was a row in the streets, the passers-by formed a ring and saw fair play. If two or three men set upon one, they would be restrained, and compelled to fight turn and turn about. But now, when the progress of civilization has destroyed the P. R., there seems to be nothing in its place. The papers are constantly giving accounts, most frequently from Lancashire and Durham, of two or three men setting upon one, knocking him down, and kicking him as he lies upon the ground with boots studded with heavy nails or tipped with plates of iron. Some of the cases of kicking which have been lately reported are not only worse than a fair stand-up fight in a well-kept ring, but we had almost said that they are worse than the alleged man-and-dog fight which is such a libel on the town of Hanley. It would be at any rate fair give-and-take between the man and the dog, and the man for himself, and the owner of the dog for him, would have the opportunity of crying "hold enough." Both the man and the dog, too, would be confined, as we understand, to the weapons which nature has supplied; and, although they might cause each other intense pain, they could less easily inflict irreparable injury. Nevertheless, a fight between a man and a dog probably would be, and certainly ought to be, a "sickening spectacle." The description of it, and still more the thing itself, must be shocking to any decent mind. Yet if such a thing occurred anywhere, it would probably be in a country where kicking with iron-shod boots is habitual. It is even said that women have taken to kicking as well as men; and, if this be so, we shall really think that the Black Country is progressing backwards. In the palmy days of the P. R. it was assumed that women fought only with their tongues, or at worst with their finger-nails. The collier who said when his wife beat him, "It pleases her and it don't hurt me," would scarcely perhaps have been so quiescent if she had kicked him and jumped upon him with iron-shod boots.

The frequency of these kicking and jumping cases may lead us to inquire whether, as regards a large mass of mankind, there either has been or can be anything that deserves the name of civilization. Macaulay instances several points in which he thinks that, comparing the time when he wrote with the beginning of the eighteenth century, there has been a softening of manners. But if the common people kick in a state of civilization, what must they have done in barbarism? This week a woman has been charged with "cruelly assaulting and stamping upon" her daughter of eight years old. The child stated that her mother was very angry because the place was in a mess, and she first slapped her, and then knocked her down and jumped upon her and kicked her while she was upon the ground. A medical witness found the body, legs, arms, and shoulders of the child nearly covered with bruises. The mother was sent to prison for six months, declaring that "she would not forget" the witnesses who had appeared against her. This case, which was brought forward at Worship Street Police Court, is really more alarming than the man-and-dog fight, supposing it to have occurred at Hanley. At the worst there is only one "Brumby," but women capable of misusing children seem to be numerous, and the propensity for what may be called "kicking murder" has become epidemic. The hour for closing public-houses is specially productive of this sort of violence, and although the Black Country enjoys a bad eminence in these outrages, they are not confined to it. A publican wishing to close his house used such force as was necessary to expel a man who had been drinking there. The man having been pushed out returned, and, taking a reaping-hook with both hands, made a chop with it at the publican's

head, of which the effect, as described by an eyewitness, was that "the back of the victim's head hung down his neck." Fortunately the wound was not mortal, and the man is likely to recover. This case occurred recently in an agricultural county, and rivals in brutality the worst of those kicking cases which have been lately so frequent among the puddlers of the North. We may add that the ploughman's boots, if he took to using them in the same way, would be quite as formidable as the puddler's. It appears like, while such cases occur, to suppose that among the bulk of the mining, manufacturing, and rural populations any real progress in civilization has been made. Probably many of our readers will by this time be of opinion that, if such a thing as a man-and-dog fight has not, it easily might have, happened at Inverley. Indeed we do not think that this fight, assuming that it did occur, would be by any means the worst thing that has occurred in the Black Country during the present year. Both the man and the dog would obey the impulse of their savage natures; but it cannot be alleged that a man who is knocked down and jumped upon with heavy boots is other than an involuntary sufferer. The knife of Southern Europe is a terrible weapon always ready for use at the dictate of passion, and this is exactly what may be said of the iron-shod boot of Lancashire. It is in fact impossible that any people of any country or period could carry brutal violence further than it has been carried in the kicking cases lately reported from the mining districts of England.

All orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived, says Macaulay, important benefits from "the mollifying influence of civilization on national character." Recent experience inspires a doubt whether these important benefits may not be imaginary. Indeed, almost the only point on which we feel sure is that at the time of which Macaulay writes barbarity was expressed by punishment, and if the barbarity remains the same punishment ought to be applied to it. The most recent example of "ruffianism" which has ceased to be "extraordinary" comes from Birmingham. Three men assaulted a married woman as she was standing at her door with her husband. The husband remonstrated, whereupon he was set upon and kicked. He retreated, and the gang followed him, knocked down an aged woman and jumped upon her, and throw her down a flight of stairs. After they had committed more violence the police arrived, and the "roughs" defended themselves against arrest with a poker and a ole. Imprisonment is not an adequate punishment for such an outrage as this, and it begins to appear necessary to resort to the method of the seventeenth century, by which the "roughs" of the period were brought summarily to a whipping-post.

A DAY OUT OF TOWN.

THE third-class excursions indicated in the daily papers by the title of "days out of town" have of late years become quite as much a recognized institution as the press of Parliament. The excursionists are to be met with everywhere at this season. They are the terror of elderly ladies who, having paid for first class tickets, justly expect their full share of a first-class carriage to be reserved for them. They are the recognized prey of railway accidents, and are excuse for all deviations from the published time-tables. In picturesque neighbourhoods they are the thorn in the flesh of the regular residents, who find, where every prospect pleases, that not only men, but women and children, and especially infants in arms, are vile. They are the subjects of many a pathetic appeal in the *Times*: they are the joy of country public-houses, and will empty an ordinary beer-shop at a draught. To the railway porter, whom they defy, they are the scum of the earth. To shunt a luggage train into a large party of them he cannot be persuaded to regard as anything worse than an accident. They strew broken glass over the fairest valleys in England; they litter Bushey Park with orange-peel, and whiten the graves of Cistercian abbots with old newspapers. Where archaeologists go, they go, but they do not revere; where landscape-painters paint they sing. They eat pork-pies on the upland lawn, and dance merrily round the aged thorn. They stare vacantly at Hampton Court beauties, and listen unmoved to the words of housekeepers in show places. They thirst much and perspire much, but on the whole seem to enjoy themselves. Their hearts are light, if only for one day, and, since two score of them are an ordinary load for a pair of horses, it is to be hoped, in the interests of humanity, that their bodies are light too.

A little guidance and sympathy might sometimes be well bestowed on these nomadic hordes. There is a humanizing influence in fine scenery and venerable associations to which they are not wholly insensible. But the feeling needs to be called into play. They cannot apparently awaken it for themselves. The people who are most capable of instructing them without tiring them are too much given to despising ignorance, and have no idea of coming to meet it. Yet when, by chance, a party of excursionists hear a stirring address on the history of some old ruin or the field of some great battle, the speaker has never to complain of any want of attention. This sort of thing is left too much to clergymen. The very fact that it is their duty to do it makes it distasteful to excursionists who have come away from duty and all connected with it for the day. The difference may be seen when a party of operatives, a working-men's club, with its committee to organize, is compared with a school treat, where a very different system of management prevails.

It is very easy to give school children a feast of buns and tea.

The daughters of the squire feel that they look their best as, in artistically simple costumes, they hand the bread and butter or fill the overflowing cups. How becoming it is to play ball with the little ones, or minister tenderly to the consolation of some chubby darling who has broken his knees in a race! These offices are their own reward. They combine in sweet proportions the beautiful and the good. Mamma for once overlooks a little flirtation with the curate or some other ineligible. Her face beams with motherly kindness as she looks towards the human creatures who at other times are so very far off. It is much the same when the village choir visits the rectory. In the country the clergy are the great levellers, and at a church luncheon or a harvest festival the old woman from the almshouse is helped to chicken by the county member, and the bishop's wife is indebted to the schoolmaster for the salt. But in the great manufacturing towns, and above all in London, such social amenities are impossible. So at least most of us think. The lady who can organize a Christmas-tree for the Sunday scholars of her country village, who can call together mothers' meetings and arrange all the details of a bazaar for the restoration of the church, would stand appalled before the prospect of entertaining a hundred dock labourers from the East-end, and would succumb altogether to the effort of receiving their wives and children. From them, notwithstanding her most elaborate blandishments, she will receive no pretty courtesies, nor will a single forelock be pulled upon a single head. They cannot sing, or, if they could, her hair would stand on end at their songs. They cannot distinguish between grass and gravel in the garden, and will lie at full length upon her mignonette. The children cannot play in the sunshine which they have never seen so bright before. They cannot run races, for they have never run in town. Two of them will be found plotting in a corner the surreptitious concoction of a mud-pie from the contents of a new flower-bad. Two more will be detected in imprudent investigation of the beehive. The women will shock her susceptibilities even more. Their shabby finery, their loud voices, their rough language, their fear and contempt for their husbands, their chastisement of their children, their nourishment of their babies, all the coarse and suchlike things will horrify her. But above all she is surprised at their want of reverence, their complete insensibility to her exalted dignity. They take no notice of her presence, or they ask personal questions with simple directness, and contradict her with prompt readiness. When she gives them her strongest tea and bestows upon them her sweetest buns, they openly hint at a preference for beer, and even insinuate the addition of a drop of gin. When at length they are gone she vows that her efforts in this direction must cease, and that henceforth she will content herself with the enjoyment of such charity as her own neighbourhood permits.

The Lady Bountiful's disappointment, however, would be mitigated did she know that her kindness was not quite thrown away, that the day at her house is long remembered with pleasure, that her guests were wholly unconscious of their own deficiencies of manner, and quite ready to pardon her haughty deportment. If the same party came back to her a second year, she would find them improved; improved from her point of view, that is. The mollifying influence of gratitude would show itself in a less shy reserve on the part of the men, and a little more delicacy on that of their wives. They would greet her with a smile, if not with reverence, and would perhaps address her with something akin to respect. Perhaps in the long run she might even discover that they were subject to like passions with herself, that they were not altogether exempt from tender feelings, and could be softened by the exercise of sympathy. Without some bond of the kind it is hopeless to attempt any intercourse between the poor and the rich which will not do more harm than good. The experiment has been tried with success. There are houses in London, nay, even in the fashionable squares of the West, where it has succeeded. Parties are given now and then. The streets and lanes of a crowded district, in Westminster or Soho furnish the guests. The silk and velvet hangings of the drawing-room and the picture-gallery are uncovered. The family plate is on the supper-table. Flowers are everywhere, and a nosegay is provided for every guest. Young gentlemen come too, and read a ballad from Tennyson or a chapter from Dickens. Young ladies sing "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home," and the hard look dies out of stony faces, and tears run down from bleared eyes; the long-forgotten days return, the vows made years ago at some country confirmation, the advice of parents dead and buried, the love of hearts and the sound of voices long silent, rise up like incense and perfume many a weary day afterwards. The servants are seldom unwilling to enter into the spirit of such occasions. They too may be benefited, incredible as it may seem to their lofty minds, and a little of the contempt of their race for the vulgar crowd may be removed.

There are, however, great difficulties in the way of such efforts as these. If you have a few acres of grass in the country, or even a large back garden in the suburbs, you may manage with more ease. Something of the kind has been done by bringing a party from Lambeth or Rotherhithe up the river in a steamboat. The tea is laid in the garden, and the grass is abandoned to the tramp of heavy feet. The men are allowed to smoke their pipes, and cigars are offered to those who prefer them. An extempore booth is constructed, and a play performed by the young ladies of the family. It represents some domestic story calculated to interest and move the feelings of the audience—the loves of the two servant-maids, perhaps; the rival fascinations of the shopboy and the baker's man; the joys and sorrows of home; the evil effects of

excessive alcoholism; the man who beats his wife, and the woman who scolds her husband, with the old moral of Hogarth's apprentices, and not too much sermonising to point it. It is not given to every one to be able to accomplish such things. But something of the kind may be done; and when, as the evening wanes, an orator is chosen by the party and mounted on a form to deliver himself nervously of a string of words, chosen more for their magnificent length and sound than for their absolute appropriateness, he yet conveys unmistakably the hearty thanks of self and mates for the entertainment, and it is easily perceived that something has been done, not without the attainment of a measure of civilizing influence.

The great difficulty and drawback about excursions from London is their eleemosynary character. The appeals in the daily papers are for subscriptions from the wealthy to take the schools or clubs of some poor district for a day in the country. We cannot help thinking that this might be better managed. One or two clergymen and organisers at the East-end have tried a different system with success. A small monthly subscription throughout the year, or a small payment by tickets at the time, suffices to cover the expense of chartering a steamer or a excursion-train, or to pay for a few vans. What is then wanted from the wealthy is leave to visit a park, or to walk through a great house, with a gift of fruit and flowers, and perhaps the loan of a tent for dinner. These are things which money cannot buy, and for which subscriptions are subscribed in vain. Shady trees, many banks, a limpid spring, a few hampers of cherries or gooseberries, and a few baskets of roses are worth more to excursionists from London than anything they can buy at home to take with them.

GREAT ADELPHI DRAMAS.

THE genuine old Adelphi drama holds its ground against all the frivolities of the modern stage. The only fault that can be found with the *Prayer in the Storm* as a work of sensational art is that the grand effect occurs at the end of the second act, or less than half way through the piece. There is, indeed, a good deal of talk about skirmishing with Indians in the third act, and we even hear the sound of firing, but, as a sentry in uniform walks the stage composedly throughout, we are not greatly disturbed by that which he so manifestly considers unimportant. The play begins on the deck of a ship belonging to the French navy, about the year 1708. An adventurer named Pedro persuades part of the crew to mutiny, while part remains faithful. In a scuffle on deck the captain gets Pedro down, and is about to kill him, when an ally of Pedro seizes the captain's little daughter, and by threatening to throw her overboard obtains a reprieve for Pedro. There is, of course, a grand tableau. The captain stands over Pedro threatening death, a repulsive-looking scoundrel holds the child in his arms, the mother rushes screaming upon deck. Pedro, having escaped, turns the tables upon the captain, who is now disarmed, and placed with his wife and daughter and a faithful follower, who has a talent for being funny under difficulties, in an open boat, and turned adrift to encounter harrowing perils in the Arctic Sea, amid which the comic follower delights the audience by lamenting that he cannot go back to Putney. This simple species of drama flourishes irrespectively of hot weather and the assumed captivity of London. The operas are closed, and a French manager is performing the last scene of all in the Court of Bankruptcy; but still the familiar spectacle of a combat with cutlasses and pistols on a ship's deck at sea suffices to win applause from full pit and galleries at the Adelphi. The newspapers have lately passed severe criticisms on M. Hervé's "Ashantee Symphony" at Covent Garden Theatre, in which, however, the clever composer knew quite well what he was doing. His work is—to use the only suitable word—"bosh," and he never meant it to be anything else. Whether he has rightly gauged the taste of London in the autumn may perhaps be doubtful. There must be many thousands of persons still left within two miles of Covent Garden who think that sufficient fuss has been already made about the Ashantee war. Sir Garnet Wolseley could hardly decline the dedication of this "heroic" composition, which we think, but are not sure, is slightly too heroic for English taste. It is only natural that M. Hervé, like other imitators, should go a little beyond his model. There is a story of a Frenchman, who valued himself on being a citizen of the world, telling an assembly of Heads of Houses and Dons at Oxford that "when he was in England he said 'Goddam' with the English." There was a picture by the lamented John Leech in which an English huntsman shouts after an excited French gentleman in faultless coat and top, "Hullo! there, you Sir, do you think you can catch a fox?" and the Frenchman answers, "I do not know, mon ami, but I will try." In both these instances the foreigner is slightly more English than the English themselves, just like the hotelkeepers in Belgium and Germany, who give us much more roast beef than we should get at home. In the same way we suggest that the patriotic self-complacency of Englishmen at the glorious result of the Ashantee war has perhaps been in a trifling degree exaggerated by M. Hervé. We say "perhaps," because we thought so before seeing the *Prayer in the Storm*, and our opinion has been rather shaken by observing the success which an artist too modest to give his name has there attained by laying on colour thickly. There has surely been no prayer so successful as that upon the stage since the *Crucifix* was produced, and we fully adopt the opinion of Mr. Puff that "in great emergencies there is nothing like a prayer." The captain,

with his wife, daughter, and faithful follower, are encamped upon ice which is expected to break up when summer comes. The faithful follower describes in his comic vein adventures with Polar bears; while the captain breaks up his boat to furnish fuel to his shivering family, and thus destroys their only hope of safety, when amid a tremendous storm the ice divides and sinks beneath their feet, giving place to billows which are worked with tremendous energy by the machinists. A glorified vision of the mother is seen floating into eternity on a block of ice. Both parents perish, but the daughter and the comic servant escape to suffer adventures through three more acts, which are necessarily tedious after the excitement of the first two. The daughter, who has been brought up by Indians, is attracted by the sound of a half-remembered language to a French settlement in California, where she encounters her aunt and cousin, and also the adventurer Pedro, who has become immensely rich by the discovery of gold. The whole party find their way back to France in the time of the Regent Orleans, and the comic servant, notwithstanding his ardent desire to return once more to Putney, has managed to make himself tolerably well at home in Paris. There is a noble lover of the cousin, between whom and Pedro there had been talk of a duel in California, and Pedro himself professes to be in love with the girl (now reclaimed from Indian feathers and paint, and dressed in the highest Parisian fashion) whose parents owed their death to him. Ultimately Pedro's ill-gotten wealth fails to secure his influence with the Regent. Crime is baffled and virtue is rewarded, as is necessary in all plays which appeal to the unfashionable multitude for its patronage.

Another "great Adelphi drama" holds possession of the Princess's Theatre. Both as actor and author Mr. Webster has had considerable success, and in both capacities he is preferable to his imitators. His well-known play of *Janet Pride* contains no grand sensational scene, and there is a suitability to recent circumstances in the arrival of an adventurer under an assumed name from Australia. A convict desiring to return home could scarcely, however, assume a more dangerous alias than that of an ex-sergeant of a line regiment, which part would be even more difficult to sustain than that of a retired officer of carabineers. Whatever else may be obliterated by time or art, we may be tolerably sure that the habit acquired by twenty years of being drilled and drilling would be indelible. But we must allow something to the necessity of getting Richard Pride back to London in order to begin the play, in which he steals a watch, and so contrives that his own daughter, whom he does not know, is accused, upon apparently conclusive evidence, of the theft. In the last scene, which represents the Old Bailey, Janet Pride is tried for this theft before the Recorder, in whom the majesty of the law is sustained by a sufficiently red nose. As several modern dramas introduce a court of justice, we must suppose that the curious travesty of legal proceedings which they represent is interesting, and we are justified in assuming that the reality of such proceedings is more interesting still. An average trial at the Old Bailey would afford more entertainment than the last act of this play, and would be as well attended. The play, of course, has a moral of the clearest type, as all plays of its class have. Drink brings Richard Pride to ruin. He has committed his first crime and has escaped to Paris with his wife and child. While the party are starving in a garret, he abstracts from a drawer the last little hoard of money that his wife has, and spends it upon himself and some jolly companions at a tavern. His wife, hopeless of the child's welfare, determines that it shall be brought up as a foundling, and falls dead at the moment of accomplishing, with abundance of despairing gestures, its deposit at the gate of a hospital. A woman in rags staggering and falling in the snow is probably a more common incident in Paris than a drunken Englishman leading a party of drunken Frenchmen in a chorus of "We won't go home till morning." However a play of this kind requires strong effects, and Mr. Webster and Mrs. Mellon are eminently qualified to produce them. Richard Pride recognizes his dead wife, and is at the same moment arrested under an extradition treaty and carried back to England to be tried and transported. It is not the least of the difficulties of the modern dramatist that he can no longer transport his hero, as could be done when Mr. Webster wrote this play. Richard Pride escapes from the penal settlement, assumes a picturesque costume of skins, takes a partner, and sets up in business as a bush-ranger. Sergeant Grey, who has just taken his discharge from the army and received arrears of pay, and is going home to England, is treacherously murdered by Pride's comrade, whom Pride thereupon shoots for violating that sense of honour which prevails among all right-minded convicts. It is clear that, if Western Australia had known of the existence of Richard Pride, that colony would have applied to have allotted for its service a felon of such elevated principles. He possesses himself of the papers and money of the murdered sergeant, assumes his name, and returns to England.

Thus far is only prologue. The regular play opens at the lodging of a French watchmaker in Greek Street, Soho, where Richard Pride, under the name of Grey, has somehow become domesticated, while his daughter Janet, who was brought up at a foundling hospital in Paris, and whom he does not know, is living with the watchmaker as a servant. A customer calls upon the watchmaker, bringing for repair a valuable watch, and Richard Pride sees in him the master whom he robbed twenty years ago, and he fears that the recognition will be mutual. He determines to quit London, and to steal the watch to obtain the necessary money. Burglary

to low slow music is an ordinary incident of these plays, but this burglary in Greek Street is delightfully complicated by somnambulism. An apprentice who is Janet's lover, and does the comic business of the piece, is set to guard the valuable property in his master's workroom, and of course goes to sleep. Richard Pride enters burglariously by window with dark lantern, and extinguishes rushlight. Janet Pride enters walking in her sleep, and indicates by pantomime anxiety for the safety of the valuable watch. Exit Richard Pride by one door, and enter the watchmaker, who fancies he has heard a noise, by another. The result of this ingenious jumble is that Janet Pride is accused of the theft which has really been committed by her father. She is taken to prison, where her father visits her, and she is tried at the Old Bailey, with one learned gentleman in a wig to prosecute, and another learned gentleman in a wig to defend, and the Recorder in a bigger wig to sum up. At the moment when the jury are about to give their verdict, Richard Pride shoots himself in the purlious of the Court, and enters it with faltering steps to declare his own guilt and his daughter's innocence. The Recorder and the Bar form a sort of chorus to his last dying speech and confession, upon which the curtain falls. The audience, it is to be hoped, are duly impressed with the moral of the play, that drinking leads to crime. Mr. Webster, who seems to be now making the first of a series of last appearances, has doubtless chosen this as a part in which he has conspicuously shone. His unquestionable talent has usually exerted itself in rather a barren field. But, although we find the "great Adelphi drama" a small and poor affair, it is at any rate equal to keeping two London theatres going in the month of August. Both as actor and author of this sort of drama, Mr. Webster has attained whatever eminence it could confer.

REVIEWS.

BIRKS ON MODERN UTILITARIANISM.*

WHEN we reviewed Mr. Birks's first volume of lectures last winter, we expressed a faint hope that he might show himself less incompetent when he came to examine the opinions of other teachers in moral science than when he attempted to give an account of his own. That hope, such as it was, is now wholly disappointed. We have to say, as we said before, that were it not for Professor Birks's official position at Cambridge, his treatment of moral philosophy would not be worthy of serious notice. The faults which we then censured are now repeated with little or no amendment. Professor Birks appears to be a well-meaning but short-sighted theologian who is thoroughly frightened and angry at the whole course of modern thought and speculation, and cannot make up his mind either to welcome new things with such men as Mr. Kingsley, or to stand up and fight against them with such men as Archbishop Manning and Father Dulguais. His attitude is more like that of the people in the *Water-Babies* who spent their lives in crying "O don't tell us" and running away. Professor Birks is filled to overflowing with wrath against the wickedness of utilitarian morality. He cannot consider with any calmness the opinions of those who differ from him, and the clear stream of reason is swallowed up in hopelessly troubled outpourings of *odium theologium*.

The plan of this work is to examine and compare the three modern types of utilitarianism as presented by Paley, Bentham, and J. S. Mill. By fixing these limits Mr. Birks has gained two things. One is the rhetorical antithesis between Cambridge (meaning Dr. Whewell and other opponents of Mill) as the head-quarters of truth, and Westminster (meaning the founders of the *Westminster Review*) as the head-quarters of falsehood, which antithesis is the chief grace of Mr. Birks's chapter of historical introduction. The other is a greater matter. This limited plan enables Mr. Birks, both in the introduction and throughout the lectures, to take no notice whatever of Mr. Herbert Spencer or Mr. Darwin. This of course saves a great deal of trouble, and will make Professor Birks's defence of what he calls objective morality much more plausible and complete in the eyes of students of moral philosophy, if any such there be, who are not aware of the wholly new strength given to the empirical theory of morals by Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Darwin's work. What Mr. Birks may think of it of course we cannot tell. Perhaps he really does not know that he has yet more enemies to speak with in the gate after he has excommunicated Bentham and Mill to his heart's content. Perhaps he thinks Mr. Spencer and Mr. Darwin are such abominable heretics that it is a shame even to speak of them in a University chair. Perhaps he means to do battle with them also in due season, and is now only trying his arms. We can find only one phrase that gives any clue, and that is a doubtful one. Professor Birks speaks of "some reasonable regard to the accumulated and inherited experience of mankind." Can he possibly be ignorant of the meaning now borne by those words? Or does he obscurely hint that he is willing to seek even such dangerous allies as Mr. Herbert Spencer against the teachers he specially abhors? We cannot tell. Subject to these doubts, however, the course Professor Birks has so far taken seems to us much as if the engineer of a place besieged by modern artillery should spend his time in "examining and comparing" the

battering powers of catapults and mangonels. There are one or two other odd things in this same introduction. Professor Birks claims the support of Mr. Hutchison Stirling and Mr. Lecky, but misspells both their names in doing so. He does not notice the short but weighty restatement of the questions at issue and the utilitarian answers to them which has lately been made by a Cambridge man—we mean Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's *Note on Utilitarianism* at the end of his recent book. To be sure it is on the wrong side, and so might spoil the antithesis of Cambridge and Westminster. But the oddest thing of all, if indeed we should not use a stronger word, is that Professor Birks actually charges J. S. Mill with having been afraid of publishing his real opinions in his lifetime:—

His *Autobiography* has placed in clear relief what nearly all discerning and intelligent readers must have suspected before, that his sensationalism in metaphysics, and utilitarianism in ethics, were really connected with an early formed and deep-seated antipathy to all the distinctive features of the Christian faith. It is well that the veil should at length be withdrawn. It is no sign of that heroism, the want of which in Paley he has condemned with extreme severity, that it should have been permitted to rest upon his true opinions on these subjects so long.

Mill was certainly not wont to err on the side of caution in expressing what he felt on most subjects, and if he never made any statement in positive terms of his belief or unbelief on theological subjects, it was because he wrote as a philosopher and not as a theologian; but that is just what Mr. Birks cannot abide. Besides, it is idle to talk of a veil having been withdrawn. The opinions in question could be no matter of mere suspicion to any reader of ordinary knowledge and judgment. It would be hard to find a more unfair or ungenerous charge against the memory of a man who was notoriously so far from being given to dissimulation that he was incapable of it even in cases where it is commonly thought right and wise. As for the "sensationalism in metaphysics" of a thinker one of whose latest essays was an admirable exposition of Berkeley's immaterialism, it may serve as a specimen of Professor Birks's accuracy in the use of philosophical terms.

It would be an unprofitable task to follow the Knightbridge Professor through all his carpings and chidings. For reasons already hinted at, we hold it a matter of great indifference whether more holes can be picked in the system of Paley or of Bentham, or whether J. S. Mill was wise or unwise in treating Paley with so little respect as he did; nor has Mr. Birks dealt with these topics so as to invest them with any peculiar interest. The thing that comes out most clearly is that Professor Birks has yet to learn the rudiments of controversial civility. J. S. Mill has said in effect that the value of Paley's work is much lessened by a presumption, arising from inspection of the work itself, that he set out, "consciously or unconsciously," to prove foregone conclusions. Now Professor Birks treats Paley with comparative tenderness, considering that he was a Cambridge man and had a "sincere faith in a diluted Christianity." So hereupon he falls into a mighty rage and talks (notwithstanding the saving words we have cited) of indirect calumny, imputing corrupt motives, and the like. There is, in fact, no attack on Paley's personal character except in Professor Birks's imagination. The fault J. S. Mill rightly or wrongly found in Paley is not moral, but intellectual, and is one from which hardly any man can hope to be entirely free. The power to form a wholly unbiassed judgment on any question other than a question of fact in which one has no interest is a rare and difficult excellence of mind. But it is natural that Professor Birks should impute to others the sort of personal feeling which he himself brings to the discussion. In the same way he cannot be content with saying that he thinks Bentham's comments on the "ascetic principle" unfair, but must needs pass a solemn moral censure upon Bentham for bearing false witness against his neighbour. Bentham on the whole fares the worst of all the three heretics at the Professor's hands, as having been the most plainspoken and aggressive. Mr. Birks is not satisfied with demolishing his morality. Early in the book he makes a grudging acknowledgment of Bentham's "partial merit as a jurist," but later he takes much pains to say that, although he does not profess to be a competent critic of Bentham's jurisprudence, it is nevertheless his "deep and settled conviction" that when a man's ethical speculations are so shocking his legal speculations must be very nearly as bad. It is suggested in one place that Bentham's influence has been much overrated, and in another that it may be answerable for the present troubles of France and Spain. To crown all, Mr. Birks assures us that he does not remember "in the course of forty years to have met with any one who professed himself indebted to Bentham for a single important idea." We can only suppose that during that time Mr. Birks has employed a skill and diligence worthy of a better purpose in confining his conversation to persons of his own way of thinking. In the midst of these amenities the reader will be agreeably surprised to learn that Professor Birks disapproves of "reckless abuse of celebrated writers whose religious creed or political leanings displease us." Bentham and Mill are celebrated writers whose religious creeds and political leanings displease Professor Birks; but either they are too bad for any abuse of them to be reckless, or Mr. Birks has different notions from most people as to what amounts to reckless abuse. Besides these personal attacks, there are a great many metaphorical flowers of speech designed to set forth the meanness and wickedness of utilitarianism. The system is compared to the bridge built by Sin and Death in *Paradise Lost*. We are also told that it "will swiftly land its disciples in a blind, dark, and gloomy fatalism." A favourite image is the contrast between the "low marsh-lands" of utilitarian morality and the "lofty mountain-tops"

* *Modern Utilitarianism; or, the Systems of Paley, Bentham, and Mill Examined and Compared.* By Thomas Rawson Birks, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

which Professor Birks says he was especially disappointed at not finding in Locke, and which, we presume, he finds in himself. We are as much in the dark as ever as to what these mountain-tops of the true objective morality may be. For we still find only vague phrases about a kind of moral geometry—a metaphor the danger of which we formerly pointed out—and “an ideal standard of humanity . . . conceived as prior to the actual conditions of human life.” As we happen to live in the actual conditions of human life, we are low-minded enough to ask only for a rule by which we can govern ourselves under these conditions. The lofty mountain-tops are too high for us.

We ought perhaps to give a specimen or two of Professor Birks's reasoning. He tries to retort on utilitarians the charge of deserting the inductive method, and he does it on this wise:—

Utilitarianism, again, is so far inductive, that it refers to experience to decide what things are pleasant or painful, and also in what cases, or to what extent, pleasure may lead to pain, or pain to pleasure. But in its main and fundamental principle, that the rightness or wrongness of actions is to be determined by their tendency to the greatest sum of pleasures, diminished by the smallest amount of pain, and by that alone, it is plainly intuitive first, and then deductive, and deserts the path of induction altogether.

Mr. Birks does not see that the object of the utilitarian theory is not to set up a new test for the presence or absence in actions of a mysterious quality called rightness, but to find out and express in terms fitted to lead to scientific prediction what people really mean when they call actions right or wrong; and this is done by a strictly inductive process—namely, by comparing the kinds of actions which people have in fact called right or wrong at different times and places. This is well brought out in Mr. Fitz-james Stephen's tract which we have already mentioned. Again, Professor Birks quotes the passage in which Mr. Mill seeks to show how virtue comes to be loved for its own sake, though at first desired not as an end but as a means, and illustrates this by the familiar case of the love of money for its own sake. On this Mr. Birks triumphantly asks, Is not the love of money for its own sake a bad thing? And “If the Utilitarian creed be correct, why should not the acquired love of virtue for its own sake, however conceivable as a fact, be equally worthy of blame?” Such a question is almost childish. Of course the answer is that, on the whole, the welfare of mankind is helped by the habit of loving virtue for its own sake, but hindered by that of loving money for its own sake. We pass over lesser blunders, such as the statement that utilitarians define happiness as the summation of “momentary pleasures,” and we do not say that Mr. Birks's remarks on points of detail may not sometimes be right. Still less do we undertake to defend Bentham or Mill against all comers. But we do think they have earned the right to be criticised with competent understanding and decent respect.

It must be allowed that this book contains about three consecutive pages of good sense—namely, Bentham's observations on the principle of sympathy and antipathy, which serve as a text for one of Professor Birks's bitter homilies. We may fitly conclude by quoting from these the paragraph which seems most applicable to Professor Birks himself:—

Another man says that there is an eternal and immutable rule of right; that that rule of right dictates so and so; and then he begins giving you his sentiments upon anything that comes uppermost, and these sentiments, you are to take for granted, are so many branches of the eternal rule of right.

SOCIETY AT MADRID IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE Countess d'Aulnoy, hitherto best known, at least to English readers, as the inventor of lively fairy tales, is presented to us in this reprint of her travels in Spain as an equally lively observer; not, however, an observer of the same things that excite the attention and raise the enthusiasm of the modern traveller, for the subject-matter of travels has changed in the last two hundred years, and what a modern authoress would expatiate on in her finest manner excites very little of Mme. d'Aulnoy's attention. But the reader is, in our opinion, no loser by the difference; for men and manners reproduce themselves on paper much more easily than the charm of rocks, mountains, and sunset effects, which make very dull reading in all but a poet's hands. The Pyrenees are with her things to be got over, not described. She misses on their heights the *beaux châteaux* which make the banks of the Loire fairyland; and though she admits that nature in those regions, in spite of its horrors, has “quelque chose de très beau,” she spends much more time in describing the tapestries of a castle, when she does find one, than in noting the particulars of this impression. In fact, eager sight-seer as she is, she finds so little to tell on her way to the capital that she has recourse to imaginary adventures to give interest to her letters. Crossing the Pyrenees in February (1669) was, however, no trifle for a Frenchwoman of the period. It gives us a high idea of her spirit and enterprise. She travels in state with a large attendance and ample means, and everywhere is received with distinguished attentions. What the motive was for such a journey, or whether it had any other motive than to visit a relative of high consideration at Madrid, does not appear. Her style is easy, and entirely free from the formalities which encumber the letters of that noted politician the Princess des Ursins, written from the same capital some five-and-twenty

years later. We do not find her apologising to her friend, “I cannot do myself the honour of dwelling longer on these gloomy topics.” What she laid herself out to describe were the habits and manners of the Spanish Court and great world, which she had every opportunity of observing, for her vivacity, good humour, and knowledge of the world must have made her everywhere a welcome guest. We might also add her tolerance, but probably there was no idea of anything to tolerate in the lofty sphere open to her inspection. She sets down what she hears and sees without the scruples and with none of the circumlocution which would have been indispensable in these days. She sees what is wrong, but her line is rather to note it as a Spanish variety of wrongdoing than from the general moral point of view.

No picture of manners can be more strange than that here presented to us. Most people sin to amuse themselves, but amusement seems with a Spanish grandee of that day scarcely to enter into his calculations. Decorum and etiquette reign, nay tyrannize, everywhere, and religion exacts its tribute in the most unlikely scenes, and from professors the furthest possible from doing it credit. For example, not only was the King's queen compelled on his death to enter a convent, but his mistresses were under the same obligation. In fact a great deal that we read can only be explained by the hold which Moorish manners and ways of thought still had on society and family life. The men had learnt to sit like Christians, but the ladies still sat on the ground, to the infinite inconvenience of their visitor, who made the experiment till she could bear the uneasy position no longer, when her pretty hostess was prevailed upon for the first time in her life to sit on a chair. The separation of the sexes was maintained with almost Mahomedan strictness. On one occasion sixty ladies assembled for a visit of ceremony, “without one poor solitary hat among them,” their attendants being dwarfs. But not the less were their heads entirely full of the subject which it was the great aim of fathers, husbands, and duennas to keep out of sight and thought. On this all their ingenuity and a surprising patience exercised themselves. Mme. d'Aulnoy is constantly struck by their charm of manner and grace of expression, and also by the spirit and constancy with which they conducted love affairs, which were the absorbing interest, the prevailing topic, and almost the only occupation of lives with little else to interest them.

Everything tended to make the life of a Spanish grandee dull and difficult. Nothing but pride and an overpowering idea of consequence, and probably the “pitiable idleness” in which they were trained, could have made men submit to the enormous inconveniences which rank entailed upon them. The higher the rank the more intolerable the trammels of etiquette, till they reached their height in the King's person, whose movements were so ruled by it that custom, quite apart from his wishes, regulated them. On this head our author tells the celebrated story of Philip III. dying of erysipelas because the right nobleman to move the brazier further off could not be found. One of the first things that struck a stranger was the enormous number of useless servants in great houses under the titles of domestics, pages, and gentlemen. When a great man died, if he had a hundred servants, his son was bound to keep them all without diminishing his previous establishment; if his mother died, all her women must be adopted by his wife:—

J'ai été chez la duchesse d'Osone (c'est une très-grande dame). Je demeurai surprise de la quantité de filles et de duennas dont toutes les salles et les chambres étaient pleines. Je lui demandai combien elle en avoit. “Je n'en ai plus que trois cents,” me dit-elle, “mais il y a peu que j'en avais encore cinq cents.”

And with all these hundreds of servants the law did not allow a nobleman to be attended by more than three lackeys, one of whose business it was to walk by the side of the horses that they might not entangle their feet in the long traces, a privilege of rank cherished in proportion to its inconvenience. The sense of distinction and of possession was enough for the grandee; to use and to enjoy what he possessed was a vulgar satisfaction which he left to his inferiors and creditors. Thus he had magnificent carriages which he never used, and astounding services of plate, consisting of hundreds, nay thousands, of dozens of plates and dishes, and was content to dine by himself—being however served by the page on his knees—on two eggs and a pigeon, if indeed these came safe to table; for the servants so pillaged the dishes on the way to table that Mme. d'Aulnoy recommended to her hosts the precaution of the Bishop of Burgos, who had on one occasion presented her with a ragout locked into the dish by the cook, the second key being usually in the keeping of the master of the banquet, though forgotten in this particular instance. It was wholly inconsistent with a great man's dignity to look after his affairs, or to question his agent's accounts, or even to visit an estate that was not colossal. A man or woman of quality, says our author, who was of another temper herself, would rather do than bargain with a shopkeeper or receive change out of a piece of gold. The idea of making the most of their money was intolerable to men whose glory and highest ambition was to sit covered in the presence of the King, and some other equally fantastic privileges and immunities. This indifference to money and to personal luxury is, however, the redeeming point of the character brought before us. Mme. d'Aulnoy, whose *embonpoint*, as seen in her portrait, does justice to the good appetite she owns to, remarks on both men and women being small eaters, which accounts for the excessive thinness of the women, valued by them as a beauty, but far from such in her eyes; as she observes on “cette petite peau noire collée sur des os.” To the Temperance Society every Spaniard

* *La Cour et la Ville de Madrid vers la fin du XVIIe siècle.* Par la Comtesse d'Aulnoy. Édition nouvelle, revue et annotée par Mme. B. Carey. Paris: E. Plon et Co.

of that date ought to be a hero. The national sobriety is always impressing their foreign observer, and the horror of drunkenness was such that to be called a drunkard justified, as it always ensured, assassination.

The women in these spheres were equally victims to the penalties of greatness. We have always heard that the Queen of Spain has no legs, but the saying ought rather to have been that neither she nor any Spanish lady of rank has feet. All the sex's delicacy gathered round this member. The Queen of Philip V. hunting with the King fell from her horse with her foot in the stirrup. Don Alonzo Mariquo, St. Simon tells us, had the address and hardihood to disengage her foot in time to save her life, but, at once remounting his horse, he galloped to the nearest sanctuary, knowing that to touch the Queen's foot was death. Our author, being present at the toilet of a Spanish beauty (to which she remarks, in distinction from France, no men were allowed admittance), observed the lady at one point lock the door, take out the key, and draw the bolts, and, being asked the reason for these precautions, said she knew there were gentlemen in the house, and she would rather die than they should see her feet; which, it is observed, were of the *petitesse* of a child of six or seven. The dress was made so long in front for the purposes of concealment that walking was a difficulty. In fact, except that Mme. d'Aulnoy remarks on the singular grace of their movements—"more flying than walking," "elles serrent leur coude contre leur corps, et vont sans lever les pieds comme lors d'un glisse"—it would seem to have been the aim to prevent women of distinction from walking at all; for the Court dress required them to put on "chapius," a sort of shoe which raised them high from the ground, but which required that the wearer for security's sake should be supported on each side. The restraints to which women were condemned have been the source of thousands of comedies and romances. Our author, relating the arrival of the French bride of Charles II., which happened during her residence in Madrid, writes:—

C'est une chose digne de pitié que le procédé qu'a cette vieille camarera avec elle (la reine). Je sais qu'elle ne souffre pas qu'elle ait un seul cheveu frisé ni qu'elle approche des fenêtres de sa chambre ni qu'elle parle à personne.

And with regard to the natural curl, which was among things forbidden, a touch of barbarism is noted of which there are other indications:—

Elle nous dit que la reine avait été bien plus émue de l'incivilité de la camarera mayor, qui voyant quelques-uns de ses cheveux mal arrangés sur son front, avait craché dans ses mains pour les unir.

It may have been the extraordinary dominion exercised by old ladies which gave rise to a singular habit here recorded, and verified by another authority. The Spanish ladies devoted themselves quite as much to the cares of the toilet as the ladies of any other country, rousing to such an excess that their critic had in one instance seen boiled lobsters less brilliant. Not only the cheek, but the chin, the tips of the ears, the shoulders, and the hands were all tinged; but to these heightened charms they added a pair of spectacles:—

Je demeurai surprise, en entrant chez la princesse de Monteleon, de voir plusieurs dames fort jeunes avec une grande paire de lunettes sur le nez attachées aux oreilles, et ce qui m'étonnait encore davantage, c'est qu'elles ne faisaient rien où des lunettes leur soient nécessaires. Elles causaient et ne les ôtaient point. L'iniquité m'en prit, et j'en demandai la raison à la marquise de la Rosa, avec qui j'ai lié une grande amitié. C'est une jolie personne, qui sait vivre et dont l'esprit est bien tourné; elle est Napolitaine. Elle se prit à rire de ma question et elle me dit que c'était pour la gravité, et qu'on ne les mettait pas par besoin, mais seulement pour attirer du respect. "Voyez-vous cette dame," me dit-elle, en me montrant une qui était assez proche de nous; "je ne crois pas, que depuis dix ans elle ne les ait quittées que pour se coucher." Sans exagération elles mangent avec, et vous rencontrerez dans les rues et dans les compagnies beaucoup de femmes et d'hommes qui ont toujours leurs lunettes.

Passive endurance of inconvenience is a universal trait, down to the cherished dirt, mud, dust, and intolerable nuisances of Madrid—which a German writer said you could smell six leagues round, and any attempt to purify which raised almost a riot. The inhabitants even considered them necessary to health:—

Quand il meurt un cheval, ou quelque autre animal, on le laisse dans la rue où il est, fût-ce devant la porte du palais, et le lendemain il est en poudre. L'on est persuadé que si l'on ne jetait pas ainsi ces ordures dans les rues, la peste ne serait pas longtemps sans être à Madrid, et elle n'y est jamais.

Into the excessive corruption of manners which is often indicated by our author we need not enter. Idle and ignorant, married at sixteen or seventeen, and henceforth freed from all restraint, and never quitting Madrid unless for some great employment for which he was unfit, the Spanish nobleman started in life with no chance. Two passions swayed his life, and furnished at once his business and his recreation. The strange love of blood and horrors, which every memoir of the time dwells on as a national characteristic, mixes itself equally with his amusements, his love, and his religion. Assassinations were not so much a scandal as a duty where honour had been attacked or impugned. The only blood that was willingly spared was that of criminals. The Countess is present at a bull-fight of extraordinary magnificence, where one man is killed on the spot, and two others were mortally wounded:—

Cependant ils disaient tous que la course n'avait pas été fort belle, parce qu'il n'y avait guère eu de sang répandu; que pour une telle fête il y aurait dû avoir au moins dix hommes tués sur la place.

Among the preparations for the marriage of Charles II., whose bride she saw enter in procession, was an *auto da fé*. Whether her curiosity would have led her to assist at it she does not say.

but she gives the ceremonial, as it was reported to her, as a pious and splendid spectacle. The tone quite explains what excites Horace Walpole's wonder in speaking of an insurrection in the Madrid of his day against the ordinance commanding hats to be cocked and cloaks shortened—"A nation that has borne the Inquisition cannot support a cocked hat!" Nobody objected to see a Jew or a Protestant burnt. But her account of the disciplinants in the Holy Week is the strangest in relation to this subject:—

C'est une chose bien désagréable de voir les disciplinants. Le premier que je rencontrai pensa me faire évanouir. Je ne m'attendais pas à ce beau spectacle qui n'est capable que d'effrayer; car enfin figurez-vous un homme qui s'approche si près qu'il vous couvre tout de son sang; c'est là un de leurs tours de galanterie. Il y a des règles pour se donner la discipline de bonne grâce, et les maîtres en enseignent l'art comme on montre à danser et à faire des armes.

Then follows a description of the dress concealing the face, having two great holes at the back, baring the shoulders, with ribbons hanging to the sleeves:—

Ils en mettent aussi un [ruban] à leur discipline; c'est d'ordinaire leur maître se qui les honore de cette faveur. Il faut pour attirer l'admiration publique, ne point gesticuler des bras, mais seulement que ce soit du poignet et de la main; que les coups se donnent sans précipitation, et le sang qui en sort ne doit point gâter leurs habits. Ils se font des écorchures effroyables sur les épaules, d'où coulent deux ruisseaux de sang; ils marchent à pas comptés dans les rues; ils vont devant les fenêtres de leurs maîtres, où ils se fustigent avec une merveilleuse patience. La dame regarde cette jolie scène au travers des jalouses de sa chambre, et par quelque signe elle l'encourage à se courber tout vit, et elle lui fait comprendre le gré qu'elle lui fait de cette sorte de galanterie. Quand ils rencontrent une femme bien faite, ils se fustigent d'une certaine manière, qui fait ruisseler le sang sur elle. C'est là une fort grande honnêteté, et la dame reconnaissante les remercie.

Returning from this extraordinary exercise, the penitent first has his shoulders rubbed with salt and vinegar, and then sits down to supper with his friends, each one assuring him that in the memory of man no one had given himself the discipline with such grace. "Do not think," she concludes, "that I embellish my story to amuse you; it is all true to the letter, and any one who has been at Madrid will tell you the same." We conclude for want of space, though we could willingly have given some good stories and dwelt longer on her estimate of character and on the good qualities which, in spite of these grave faults and strange eccentricities, engaged Mme. d'Aulnoy's admiration and sympathy. She evidently liked the Spaniards—men and women—with whom she associated, and was liked by them.

MISS WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN SCOTLAND.*

IN the year 1803 Wordsworth, who had then been settled at Grasmere for some time, made a tour with his sister in Scotland. Miss Wordsworth kept a journal, some fragments of which were prefixed to the poems suggested to her brother during the tour. Principal Shairp, who edits the journal now for the first time published entire, is of opinion that lovers of Wordsworth's poetry will have learnt these sentences by heart. Though we feel the danger of the avowal, we must confess that the test thus suggested is rather too stringent. We hope that it is possible to be a very sincere lover of Wordsworth and yet not to be blessed with so retentive a memory. Miss Wordsworth's journal, however, is not only very excellent in itself, but is interesting as an illustration of her brother's poetry. We have been rather spoilt of late years by many descriptions of scenery pitched in a much higher key than that journal. Every scribbler thinks it right to be in an ecstasy on the sight of a mountain; and, if we were confiding enough to take their own words for it, we should suppose that modern tourists are incomparably more sensitive than their grandfathers. Yet people who have had an opportunity of watching the tourist on the spot, and of afterwards reading his descriptions, are inclined to be slightly sceptical. To all outward appearance, a gentleman has passed his half-hour or so on the top of a hill in grumbling at the quality of the luncheon supplied by the last hotel; and has at most shown due homage to the view by getting up a smart geographical controversy with his companions. When he comes home and puts his remarks on paper, we find that underneath this frigid exterior he ought to have been filled with poetic rapture; and perhaps it is not uncharitable to suppose that some of the rapture was concocted in cold blood. Even where there is genuine feeling, few people dare to express themselves naturally. Nobody can doubt, for example, Mr. Ruskin's intense enjoyment and delicate appreciation of high mountain scenery; and yet in some of his really eloquent passages we feel that there is a little too much self-consciousness and foregone determination to be striking. In Miss Wordsworth's journal there is a complete absence of any such questionable ornament. She is writing down her impressions as faithfully and briefly as she can. If she happens to think a mountain view ugly, she says so in plain terms without having the fear of guide-books before her eyes. So little had been said about Highland scenery in 1803—two years, that is, before the appearance of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—that as yet there was no temptation to hypocrisy. No tyrannous public opinion had marked out the particular spots where you were to shed tears, and the others where you were to be annoyed by some evidence of bad taste. When an expression of delight in the scenery comes we feel that it is absolutely sincere, and are moved to sympathy ac-

* *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803.* By Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by J. C. Shairp, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Donald. 1874.

cordingly. At the same time we perceive that the descriptions, though very plain in expression, are made with something of a purpose. In some cases they are brief notes of scenery and impressions which Wordsworth afterwards turned into poetry. But even where they have not actually been turned to account in this way, we can see the marks of the habitual practice. As a painter jots down rough memoranda in a sketch-book which may give him hints for future composition, Miss Wordsworth is always accumulating possible suggestions for her brother's work. The intention may not be consciously entertained at every moment, but the habit has been acquired with a view to such purposes. The result is to impress a peculiar character upon the journal. As Principal Shairp says, there is very little fine writing; but those parts are selected for notice which would tell in poetry. We constantly come upon little vignettes of scenery or brief anecdotes of character which might have served as a text-book for characteristic poems. Frequently the material has been used, and the editor has given in an appendix the poetry which was suggested by the prose. Elsewhere we must fancy for ourselves what would have been the treatment. A quotation or two may best illustrate the character of these notes for poems. Here, for example, is a passage which suggested a well-known poem:—

The sun had been set for some time, when, being within a quarter of a mile of the ferryman's hut, our path having led us close to the shore of the calm lake, we met two neatly-dressed women, without hats, who had probably been taking their Sunday evening's walk. One then said to us, in a friendly, soft tone of voice, "What, you are stepping Westward?" I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression was in that remote place, with the Western sky in front yet glowing with the departed sun.

And here is another evening scene, which has not been put into verse, though it dimly recalls a number of passages in Wordsworth's poetry which are almost identical in sentiment:—

At that time of the evening when, by looking steadily, we could discover a few pale stars in the sky, we saw upon an eminence, the bound of our horizon, though very near to us, facing the bright yellow clouds of the West, a group of figures that made us feel how much we wanted in not being painters. Two herdsmen, with a dog beside them, were sitting on the hill, overlooking a herd of cattle scattered over a large meadow by the river-side. Their forms, looked at through the fading light, and backed by the bright West, were exceedingly distinct, a beautiful picture in the quiet of a Sabbath evening, exciting thoughts and images of almost patriarchal simplicity and grace.

We need not inquire whether, as the editor thinks, these and other passages in Miss Wordsworth's writings indicate original powers which might have fitted her to take an independent place in literature. Sometimes the poetic version adds but very little to her plainer prose, but it must be also remembered that in that very little often lies the whole indefinable charm of poetic treatment. In one particular case where the brother puts into verse a sentiment common to the two we cannot affect to admire the result very warmly. When at Dumfries they heard some remarks about the temptations to which the sons of Burns were exposed, Wordsworth gave them excellent advice in some stanzas, one of which we may quote, as our readers are not likely to know it by heart. He tells them to be watchful:—

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you, and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your father's name will make
A snare for you.

The question which these verses suggest is whether it would be better to be sober and never do anything better, or to drink and write some of Burns's lyrics. Luckily Wordsworth could rise into loftier regions; and his sister's journal is full of suggestions for his most characteristic vein of thought. The homely life of the Scotch peasantry, and the noble scenery of their hills, are touched with equal tenderness of feeling. Miss Wordsworth's taste in mountains is a little coloured by her natural prejudice in favour of the English lakes. The editor indeed says, in his pleasant introduction to the journal, that the Wordsworths did not look upon the Scotch hills with a sense of rivalry, but of brotherhood; and he adds that they were free from the vulgar habit of comparing. It is creditable to his freedom from Scotch prejudice that he should take this view. There is only one place in which his patriotism is a little too much for him, and that is where Miss Wordsworth innocently remarks that the herrings of Loch Fyne are superior to "those which we got in the North of England." "I should rather think so" is the indignant comment excited by the bare suggestion that some possible scale of comparison could be arranged with whatever advantage to the Scotch commodity. There are, however, a good many comparisons between English and Scotch scenery, not of course according to the vulgar fashion of the modern tourist, who likes to have mountain peaks arranged in precise order of merit. And we must add that, as a rule, Miss Wordsworth inclines to assert the superiority of the English scenery more frequently than we should have expected. She seems to have been more struck than a modern tourist would think right by a painful sense of the savage and barren character of the Scotch hills. Neither Wordsworth nor his sister took the misanthropic or Byronic view of scenery; they liked to see the smoke of a cottage chimney, or a flock of sheep, or a cluster of trees round a farmhouse in the foreground of their landscapes. Nor is it to be forgotten that Scotch travelling was then a very different thing from what it is now; and that the hardships to be endured were sufficient to be really trying to the health. Miss Wordsworth seems to have been a very good traveller; but Coleridge, who had rashly joined them,

apparently had enough of roughing it after a visit to the Trossachs, and deserted his over-hardy companions. The tourists who this autumn visits Loch Katrine, Inverary, Loch Awe, or the pass of Killiecrankie, may add to his comforts by taking this volume with him and comparing his luxurious hotels with the smoky huts and taverns in which the Wordsworths had frequently to take refuge. When he compares the bill presented to him with such charges as seven and sixpence for a day's board and lodging for brother and sister, with a horse and carriage, he will perhaps reflect that there are two sides to the question. It is, however, worth remarking that the tide of tourists had already set in, though Scott's poetry had not yet increased the returns of duty on post-horses. Principal Shairp quotes two or three publications which show that the Trossachs in particular were beginning to attract notice about the year 1790; and, in more accessible places, we find from Miss Wordsworth's journal that the tourist was already a recognized variety of the human species, and that Scotch innkeepers were learning how to turn him to account. Indeed we are generally accustomed to assign too modern a date to the recent taste for mountain scenery. The Alps had already attracted a large number of tourists during the generation which intervened between the Seven Years' War and the French Revolution. When English travellers were confined to their own island by the outburst of the new war, the Scotch mountains naturally received a greater share of attention, and it is probable that the Trossachs would have been soon advertised by some innkeeper even if the *Lady of the Lake* had never been written. Few travellers, however, either at that period or at any later time have enjoyed that favourite spot more keenly than the Wordsworths, who visited it twice and found it difficult to express their warm admiration.

We may add one trifling remark. The Wordsworths are surprised by hearing a Scotchman call the weather "gay and dull," and by other similar usages. Principal Shairp explains that "this is none other than the well-known Scotch word 'gay'—indifferently, tolerable, considerable." He is of course quite right, but it strikes us as odd that the Wordsworths should not have recognized it, inasmuch as we have constantly heard it used in precisely the same sense in the English Lake district. It would be easy to make a plausible argument showing how this inattention is characteristic of Wordsworth as compared, for example, with Scott, who could never have missed such a phrase. But we leave the task to our readers.

* HUNT'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF ITALY.*

ON glancing over this compact little History of Italy, which forms one of the series of school-books now appearing under Mr. Freeman's editorship, one cannot but reflect how happily, speaking from a purely literary point of view, the course of modern Italian politics has run. It is not so long since the history of Italy was a melancholy tale of freedom lost for lack of knowledge how to use or keep it, of a people with noble gifts crushed and degraded under the yoke of priests, despots, and aliens, and the chronicler could speak of unity and freedom only as matter for patriotic dreams. Had our historian written only just before the late war, he might indeed have spoken in tones of triumph of what had already been done, and of hope for what yet remained to be done, but his story would still have been like a novel with the third volume lost. The hero would still have been seeking the heroine who was to reward his labours; the King of Italy would still have been outside the gates of Rome. As it is, the author is enabled to drop the curtain on a dramatic *dénouement*, leaving Rome, shorn indeed of her somewhat hollow grandeur as the capital of the world, but rejoicing in the truer, if more modest, dignity of being "the seat of a liberal and enlightened Government, the head of free and united Italy." We have only quoted a few words, but they are enough to show that Mr. Hunt goes heartily along with the Italian King and people, and that consequently, wherever his work may be adopted as a text-book, it will not be where Archbishop Manning has influence. The Italian Government, on the other hand, might find it to their advantage to have it translated into their own tongue, and used in all the schools of the country, so well does it tell the tale of the triumph of the Liberal cause and the accomplishment of Italian unity. It is not often that contemporary history is made clear and even interesting in a short compass, but this feat the author has performed, showing himself able to do justice alike to the brilliant achievements of Garibaldi, and to the less romantic but more statesmanlike work of Cavour. No theological animosity is displayed, nor indeed are religious questions, as such, entered upon at all. But it is impossible to tell the history even of quarrels long gone by, of the strife of St. Anselm and William Rufus, of St. Thomas and Henry II., much more that of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel, without hurting somebody's religious or political feelings; and the most conscientious attempt to be impartial inevitably ends in giving the advantage to the secular side of the dispute. Mr. Hunt is able to dwell upon the mysterious, half-religious reverence with which men of the age of Dante regarded the Emperor, because the Empire and all the lofty visions connected with it are gone for ever; but he cannot bring out so clearly the well nigh divine position which the Pope still holds in the minds of many, because the question is too "burning" a one to be handled with safety. There is perhaps

* *Historical Course for Schools. History of Italy.* By William Hunt, M.A., Vicar of Congresbury, Somerset. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

something almost *naïf* in his remark that "Pope Pius, by uttering curses and complaints against the policy of the King and his Government, has made it difficult for the King's Ministers to deal with him on those terms of cordial respect which they would wish to observe." In the ears of one of the faithful this must sound much as if Robin Hood and Little John had represented that the Bishop of Hereford, by uttering curses and complaints against them for abstracting three hundred pounds from his "portmantua," had made it difficult for them to deal with him on those terms of cordial respect which they would have wished to observe. And we may be sure that no Roman Catholic instructor in this country will consent to let his pupils hear, in place of pathetic rhapsodies about the "prisoner of the Vatican," the simple and unromantic facts that the Pope's "personal comfort and dignity were carefully considered by the King," that "he was even allowed to keep his guards, and an ample income was secured to him." As for the statement that "the loss of Rome and of all temporal dominions in no way changed the spiritual title and power of the Pope," the Ultramontane reader may perhaps retort that, if by spiritual power is meant the ability to consign one man to heaven and another to hell, the information is unnecessary; for this power, if it exists at all, would remain the same whether the King of Italy were to throw the Pope to the lions, or himself to come a bare-footed penitent to the door of the Vatican. Those who are not Ultramontanes will probably, like ourselves, be well content with Mr. Hunt's account, and wish for no alteration, save that the time may come when the last section, "Italy since 1870," will have to be re-written, and when "the work of regenerating a country which has suffered more than any other from a long bondage, both mental and physical," will be spoken of, not as a difficult task still to be completed, but as an accomplished fact.

When we turn to past times, the interest of the narrative is less, though not altogether by the fault of the author. There is no leading idea, such as that of Italian unity, to connect the narrative, which of necessity skips to and fro among the various States—Rome, Florence, Milan, and so forth; and the charm of character or of picturesque detail is denied by the stern requirements of brevity. Mr. Hunt's epitome has a great deal of information crowded within its narrow limits, and is throughout the work of one who has a firm grasp of his subject, and an interest in and love for the country whose history he writes; he has arranged his materials well, and wound his way skilfully through the maze of Popes, Emperors, Kings, Grand Dukes, Republics, tyrants, and what not. The name of the editor alone would be enough to guarantee the careful bringing out and explanation of one complicated and puzzling subject—the relations between Italy and the Emperor. Nothing can be plainer than the following account of the position of the German potentate who was also rightful sovereign of Italy:—

The crown of the Italian kingdom or of Lombardy, and that of the Empire, which latter brought with it rights over Rome and the Lombard Duchies, were now again worn by a German King; and from this time the belief began to grow that he who was chosen King by the Germans had a right to be crowned King of Italy at Milan and Emperor at Rome. The coronation of Otto was a great revival of the Empire, for the Italian Emperors had been no more than Kings of part of Italy with a high-sounding, but in their case a meaningless, title. But from that time the great armies of the German Kings made the title of Augustus again venerable. If the Imperial dignity had remained in the hands of Italian Princes, it would certainly have lacked the vast and splendid theories which clustered round it, but possibly the Italian King, aided by so great a name, might have formed a free and united Italy. As it was, the Empire gained in strength by being joined to a great power like Germany; but as the German King thus became rightful Emperor and King of Italy, it thus strangely happened that the lawful Sovereign of the land was of another nation.

Kings of the Romans, Emperors-elect, and Emperors, all receive their proper titles in this volume, instead of being, as usual, jumbled together under the misleading name of Emperors of Germany; and the Emperor of Austria—a potentate whose title is a sufficient crime to make him odious in the eyes of the champions of the Holy Roman Empire—is not allowed a chance of decking himself in the plumes of the successor of Augustus. The Empire, says Mr. Hunt, "consciously and decidedly," "was founded by Augustus, it was renewed by Charles the Great, it was restored by Otto, and it came to an end by the abdication of Francis II." We doubt, however, whether clearness is gained by refusing to allow Francis the title which he gave himself, and putting him off with that of "Austrian Emperor," which might equally well denote a Roman Emperor of Austrian birth. However, *Cæsar*—meaning the genuine *Cæsar*, and no Austrian or Corsican counterfeit—certainly has here all that is his rendered unto him, and perhaps a little more respect than is due to one of the many forms assumed by that curse of the world, the Grand Regulator who is to put everything right. Mr. Hunt truly remarks of the Italians of the age of Dante, "The study of the literature and the law of Rome in early days strongly implanted in men's minds reverence for the Emperor, a feeling often to be disappointed, and at last crushed by a nearer acquaintance with the bearer of this mighty title." That is to say, the Empire was a chimera, and required the enchanting effects of distance to make any one take it for a reality. The relations between the spiritual and the temporal Head of Christendom are equally well treated, and indeed almost all the political parts of the book are excellent, though, as a matter of language, we protest against being told that the Pope's "position as a temporal prince made his existence as much a given point in Italian politics as the existence of a king in Naples." This piece of modern jargon will probably sound as

mysterious to the youthful student as Mazzini's assertion that Rome—we quote Mr. Hunt's version of his words—represented "the eternal gospel of oneness to the people." Like epitomes in general, the book as a whole fails to be entertaining, although now and then the narrative becomes interesting, and sometimes even spirited. Besides the modern parts, of which we have already spoken, some of the incidents of Florentine history, particularly the conspiracy of the Pazzi, the ordeal and death of Savonarola, the siege and fall of Florence, and the death of her gallant defender Francesco Ferruccio, are among the best told in the book. The famous interview of the dying Bayard and the traitor Bourbon is given simply and impressively; but it might be asked why, when there was so little room to spare, the author chose to commemorate a scene between two Frenchmen, which might fairly have been left to French history, and did not rather devote the space to some incident more properly belonging to the Italians. In speaking of the havoc made among the French nobles and captains at Pavia, he gives a line to the memory of an Englishman who perished with them—Richard de la Pole, whom he erroneously describes as "grandson of our George Duke of Clarence." Here there has evidently been a confusion between the De la Poles who were nephews of Clarence, and the Poles who were his grandsons. The sections on miscellaneous subjects, such as the arts, are good, and architecture in particular is treated at more length, and in a more appreciative and interesting fashion, than is usual in a book of this class. The characteristics of the great schools of painting are well given in few words, although a slip has been made in describing the Cartoons of Raffaele as "designs from the Acts of the Apostles"—a description at least inadequate, seeing that the Miraculous Draught of Fishes and the Charge to St. Peter are both subjects taken from the Gospels. Mr. Hunt traces the fortunes of the Cartoons from Flanders to Hampton Court—perhaps, to be quite up with the march of modern events, it should have been added that they have now found their way to South Kensington—and he duly records Cromwell's good deed in saving them for England. Literature is rather capriciously treated. There is much about Dante, but Ariosto is only mentioned as a poet who wrote in Italian instead of in Latin, and Bojardo and Tasso are not so much as named, although Manzoni, by virtue of being a Liberal and writing with a political motive, gets a comparatively long notice.

The chief fault of the book is its frequent carelessness of style. Mr. Hunt writes in a calm and quiet tone, and avoids long words, but his language is often poor and awkward, and sometimes obscure. The iteration of "very," "great," and "but," three favourite words with this author, is vexatious both to ear and eye. "A great number were enlisted at Venice, both of those who had fled from the tyrant's cruelty, and many citizens of the Republic, which was endangered by Eccelino's great power." "But the Guellic party chose Otto, the son of Henry the Lion, who had been Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, but who had lost a great part of his dominions." When the Duke of Wellington put four *ands* into one paragraph, Cobbett remarked, "Never was this poor conjunction so worked before, except, perhaps, in some narrative of a little girl to her mother." Here, however, the conjunction *but* is worse treated, for it does duty seven times in one page. As for reckless employment of pronouns, take the following sentence:—"The armies of the Italian cities were no longer composed simply of citizens, for the different lords chose rather to hire heavy-armed cavalry, who were entirely dependent upon *themselves*, than to trust arms to *their* subjects which might be used to regain *their* freedom." Taking another sentence, we read:—"The cruelty, lust, and avarice of the conquerors brought very great evils upon the cities of South Italy, which were enriched by commerce, and offered *them* a tempting bait. *They* called the Emperor Lewis to help them, and he undertook the siege of Bari." It is only by attention to the statements which precede and follow that the reader can discover that the Emperor came to the aid of the afflicted cities, and was not, as the grammar implies, called in by the Saracen conquerors to lend a hand in the plundering. Then we are told:—"King Lewis and Ludovico both offered to help the Florentines against the Pisans, but *they* could not but remember that both parties had been the cause of their having lost the city in the first place, and *they* stood neutral." After reading this sentence over with the utmost attention, we are still in the dark as to who could not but remember, who stood neutral, and who "both parties" were. It is the more pity that there should be such blemishes as these, because Mr. Hunt can and often does write well, and because the matter is so good that it would have been worth the author's while to have bestowed some pains in making the manner more worthy of it. The very passage which is so thickly studded with *buts* contains an excellent account and comparison of the Italian and French systems of warfare in the fifteenth century, and might with little trouble have been made a readable piece of composition. A school-book, of all books in the world, ought not to contain sentences which would scarcely pass muster in a schoolchild's exercise. However, setting aside these faults of style, Mr. Hunt's work will no doubt be found of much use. The art, and to a certain extent the literature, of Italy are familiar subjects, but her political history is little known or understood by ordinary English people; and this book cannot fail to be welcome to many who wish to learn something of the fortunes of the land which in our own days has risen from a geographical division into a living nation. We will conclude with the suggestion that a chronological list of the Popes and Emperors should be added in

the next edition. This would be a great help to the reader, who at present is liable to be confused by the rapid succession of the spiritual potentates—sometimes two of them at once—and the passing and re-passing of Cæsars across the scene.

LONGEVITY.*

THE case of the Tring centenarian, Betsy Leatherland, as lately stated in the *Times*, is only another proof of the ascertained fact that human life in these days may occasionally exceed the centenary barrier supposed by some to be its *ne plus ultra*. Betsy Leatherland is said to have been baptized on the 24th of April, 1763, at Olinnor, Oxon; married twenty-two years later at St. James's, Dover; left a widow in 1816 at Carrick-on-Shannon; and to be now living in her 111th year under the roof of friends at Tring, occupied during the winter with net-making, and in the harvest-tide toiling in the wake of the reapers. It appears from Mr. Piggott's letter to the *Times* that the few facts of her long life with their dates and vouchers are forthcoming in their order and sequence, though they could hardly escape the ordeal of Mr. Thoms's scrutiny, especially as Mrs. Leatherland's years have so exceptionally overleaped the barrier; but the real interest of this and similar cases—which are now too numerous established to admit of a wholesale negative—is not so much in the bare fact that human life is sometimes prolonged beyond a given limit, as in the help they offer towards the discovery of the causes conducive to such prolongation. If we accept the plausible calculation of Flourens that natural life is capable of extension to five times the period of growth, and if maturity is a variable quantity ranging from eighteen to twenty-one years, it follows that man's life is capable of reaching to ninety or from that to a hundred and five years. Whether much would be gained to the world by the frequency of such an exceptional prolongation of life is perhaps as questionable as the advantage of it to the persons themselves, who, we are told, are mostly loud in professing their readiness to depart. But not the less is it desirable, both on public and private grounds, to ascertain how far the effects of age can be mitigated or retarded, and to discover what conditions make for longevity or the contrary. The belief is common that the term of human life has increased in England and in other countries during the present century, and it is not impossible that it may be susceptible of greater and more general increase. In satisfaction of a natural and widely-spread curiosity on this subject, we have to offer a few crumbs of information and inference picked out of the most recent literature of longevity—namely, a volume by Dr. John Gardner, on the *Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age*, which has just reached a second edition, and a paper read by Sir George Duncan Gibb, before the Anthropological Institute, on the Physical Condition of Centenarians. In many points the two writers will be found to agree, and the design of the one to examine the physical troubles incidental to advanced age with a view to their mitigation or avoidance is supplemented by the observations of the other with reference to a given number of examples of healthy and vigorous longevity.

An eminent physician once went so far as to maintain in his anatomical lectures that, "as far as he could observe, the human body, as a machine, was perfect; that it bore within it no marks by which we could predict its decay; that it was apparently calculated to go on for ever, and that we learned only by experience that it would not do so." Whether from enthusiasm in their subject, or from a confidence strengthened by research and inquiry, this belief is but a somewhat strong expression of that of many medical men. Dr. Gardner, for instance, seems by no means to despair of the eventual discovery of an "elixir vite," and argues for its probability from the analogy of anaesthetics, so long deemed visionary, but now so largely multiplied and so generally accepted. We cannot follow him into the consideration of the specific medicines derived from the vegetable kingdom or found among the products of the chemical laboratory, which he anticipates will at no distant period be found to arrest the ravages of time on the human constitution. One of these is a vegetable remedy known by the name of Podophyllin, on which he relies to relieve the gouty constitution from its pervading poison. It is a resinous extract from the rhizomes of a herb of the Ranunculaceæ order, much used by American practitioners as a substitute for mercurials, and recommended to European use as entirely innocuous. Another on which Dr. Gardner sets great store is a patent medicine, in which the chief ingredient is the winter cherry (*Physalis Alkekengi*), said to be very useful as a diuretic, and reputed to be of decisive efficacy against gout. In like manner, "mullein" (*Thapsus verbascum*) is commended in cases of bronchitis, and "digitalis" or preferably "veratrum viride" (another importation from America), for rheumatism in the region of the heart. But the only part of the advice as to these remedies which we should venture unreservedly to endorse is the caution not to dabble in any of them except under the direction of a trustworthy medical practitioner. Indeed we should be disposed to look for typical cases of longevity amongst persons less artificially kept alive than

by such a course of corrective and restorative medicines. Possibly the French writer who said "Men don't usually die, they kill themselves," may have allowed a fair margin for those who killed themselves by physic. We are much more inclined to go along with Dr. Gardner in attaching efficacy in retarding the inroads of old age to (1) mental tranquillity; (2) moderate sobriety; (3) warmth and good temperature. Fretting and fuming will wear out the best-constructed human machine; yet it is easier to prescribe than to practise on one's pillow "a determined direction of the thoughts to some subject as remote as possible from the ordinary and habitual currents, or one which can be entertained without the least admixture of emotions of a disagreeable kind" (p. 138). Nor indeed is it a great encouragement to the earnest seeker after the "elixir vite" who has secured a livelihood, but not a retiring pension, at threescore, to be told that rest ought to come at sixty at the latest. That a moderate use of wine is beneficial in advanced age, and that it, as well as the diet, should be regulated with a reference to former habits, is a position which needs no argument to support it. Light and frequent meals, due attention to clothing and ventilation, and moderate habitual exercise, must needs tend to secure the physical system against sudden disorder or the incidence of fatal interruption of functions. As Dr. Gardner sums it up:—

A tranquil mind, well-selected diet, moderation in the use of wine and other stimulants, exercise short of fatigue in favourable states of the weather, confinement to a warm house in cold and wet weather, well warmed and ventilated sleeping apartments, clothing adapted to the seasons, maintenance of the annual heat of the body, particularly of the lower extremities, careful avoidance of external influences tending to produce disease, malaria, and the like; judicious bathing, to secure a healthy skin—these are the principal points claiming the attention of aged persons, even when enjoying the best health.

Now these are just the points upon which Sir Duncan Gibb's personal examination of six ultra-centenarians, two of them male and four female, especially bears. It would seem that each and all of them were born with a capacity for long life, and, through favourable circumstances, conditions, and accidents, cultivated and did not impair that capacity. Luning, one of the men, a Hanoverian naturalized in England, died at Morden College, Blackheath, in 1870, at the age of 103, and is one of the admitted centenarians of Mr. Thoms's narrow list. The other, Eldritch, was alive and hearty, though just beginning to fail in intelligence, in 1872, at the age of 104. Sir D. Gibb, in comparing the two, observes:—"Luning had the appearance of one of the oldest men I ever saw, and just such as I could fancy in a person of his age; but it was completely eclipsed by that of Eldritch, who was a veritable patriarch, with locks of silvery grey hair reaching to his shoulders, and a beard of similar colour." His face wore a remarkably sweet expression, and there was no mistaking his great age. But the facts which came out most prominently in this examination were that in the case both of the males and females there was perfect integrity of the lungs and heart, especially of the former, perfect respiration and regular chest-expansion, and also, in four out of the six cases, good "bellows-power," to judge from the firmness and sonorous clearness of the voice, and the measured breathing during conversation. The epiglottis, or cartilage at the top of the windpipe, was in each vertical, as in its natural state, and not pendent, so ensuring the freest admission of air through the openness of the upper part of the larynx. The appearance of the countenance in all is described as a sort of silvery expression with great toughness of skin. The action of the heart in each was moderate and quiet, but not feeble, that organ itself being in no case enlarged or fatty. What is still more to the point, all had perfect digestion, and all a perfect composure of mind. In almost every particular the special senses—sight, smell, &c.—and the mental faculties were unimpaired; and as to condition of mind and body there was an absence of those changes which Dr. Gardner and Sir D. Gibb agree in looking for in persons approaching the allotted period of threescore years and ten.

Dr. Gardner, it would seem, attaches much importance to a keen watching of the human framework, as it approaches the grand climacteric of sixty-three years, with a view to the timely "stitch in time"; and has his own special correctives and preservatives to suggest. There is doubtless much truth in his remarks upon the effects of impure water in hastening premature decay, and we observe that Sir Duncan Gibb coincides with him in the opinion that the question of climate is unimportant as regards the attainment of longevity. As to travelling, he arrives at the prudent and comfortable conclusion that "the majority of persons who have passed the line of demarcation between adult and old age would do best by making judicious arrangements at home for warmth, pleasing occupation, exercise, and diet." Doubtless, also, food and regimen have a great deal to do with length of years, and here, rather than in medical nostrums, is the true use of a professional advisor. What to eat, drink, and avoid are questions oftener solved in theory than in practice. And it is only approximately that such typical longevitarians as Sir Duncan Gibb's little band can assist us in this matter, inasmuch as they seem to have been born to live long, and must have come into the world with a manifest predisposition that way. It would not do, of course, to indulge in raw cucumber, gooseberries, and the like up to the age of a hundred because Miss Wallace did so with impunity, even if it were safe to imitate her seven meals in the twenty-four hours. But it is safe to infer that frequent and moderate meals are better than to combine the extremes of fasting and gorging, after the

* *Longevity: the Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age.* By John Gardner, M.D. Second Edition. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

The Physical Condition of Centenarians. By Sir G. Duncan Gibb, M.A., &c. *Journal of Anthropological Institute.* Vol. II. No. 1. London: Trübner & Co.

manner of persons who bring upon themselves what Dr. Marshall Hall used to call the "temper disease" by total abstinence from food between breakfast and dinner. Perfect composure of mind can no more consist with such a trial to the morale of the best-tempered human being than perfect digestion. Thus much, however, is established in the examples cited by Sir D. Gibb, that in all the diet was simple and plain, and that the habits of all were temperate. If, as in the case of five out of the six, the teeth were quite equal to their office, and in one of the five as good as new, this may be an argument for taking more care in youth of those important functionaries, which exercise so vast an influence over health and digestion. On the whole, perhaps, we should be safer in accepting Sir D. Gibb's conclusion, that to reach the age of a hundred requires a naturally healthy constitution and an unimpeded performance of the great vital functions, than in believing with Dr. Gardner in the possibility of arresting decay with such precision as to prolong life to an extent yet unrealized. The former writer so far agrees with the latter as to believe that simplicity of regimen and avoidance of starch of potato, malt liquor, and cheese, which in their assimilation lead to changes in the bloodvessels that close life at the ordinary period, may ward off the predominance of an element most antagonistic to longevity; but he stops short of the proposal of Dr. Gardner to submit the whole question to public experiment, and to test the capacity for long life of a dozen men and a dozen women in a kind of Prytæneum, where they are to be subjected to treatment specially calculated to promote longevity. "Let them," writes this fond enthusiast, "be placed under careful and strict supervision: protected against all known external agencies capable of causing disease; supplied with clothing, allowed exercise, and a table furnished with every necessary and wholesome food." It must be added that these two dozen centenarians *in posse* are to be selected from "among the inmates of Unions," and this after ascertaining the history and antecedents of themselves and their ancestors, with a view to eliminating any element of hereditary disease. Further, they are to be instructed as to the aim and object of their being thus gathered into a sort of college of health, and lectured on the enormity of waywardness and indocility. But, to say nothing of the difficulties of making a satisfactory selection—especially out of the average workhouse—is not this notable plan fraught with failure in its minor details? Betsy Leatherland has, we are told, reached her 111 years by having led from youth to age more or less the gipsy life to which she was born. Sir D. Gibb's centenarians, for the most part, have their old age cheered by the care and kindness of descendants, perhaps in two or three generations. It is one secret of long life to live, when old, with the young. Lonely old age realizes the adage, "Obit anus, abit onus." But such a race for long life as Dr. Gardner suggests would break down through sheer weariness. To say nothing of the intolerable constraint and tedium, and the sense of being cooped and fatted for a purpose, at least a third of the twelve would be pretty sure to die of the prosings in the chimney corner. Perhaps, in any case, it is just as well that such schemes are likely to be abortive, for an increase of centenarianism might sadly disarrange the existing order of succession, and complicate, by overcrowding, the struggle for life.

MANUALS OF LITERATURE.*

IT is said that Mme. Necker, having convinced herself that everything could be learned by profound study, set to work to acquire the art of conversation by rule. Of course she failed utterly in her attempt. Now, though there are few people who would not at once smile at the idea of talking well by rule, there are a great many who apply Mme. Necker's principle to the art of talking on paper, and who imagine that in order to become a good writer one has nothing to do but to study an English grammar and to learn by rote certain rules which they look upon as the laws of composition. Mr. Minto clearly belongs to this class of persons. In the introduction to his *Manual of English Prose Literature* he offers to students of the English language many pages of rules for the formation of style, and talks a great deal about the "elements of style" and the "qualities of style" and the "elegances of style." Indeed he gives so many directions as to the way in which everything must be said, that we feel sure any unfortunate being who tried to remember them all would be certain to forget, by the time he got to the end of them, what it was that he meant to say.

Mr. Minto seems to think that the great secret of success in literature lies in imitating the style of somebody else. He therefore sets to work after the fashion of children who, having got a speaking doll or a running mouse, or any other new and curious toy which they long to imitate, pull it to pieces to see how it is made, and find to their sorrow that seeing how it is made is very different from being able to make it. Mr. Minto, when he finds a piece of writing of unusual beauty, pulls it to pieces too, or analyses it, as he calls it, and then expects his students to produce something as good or better; for Mr. Minto always finds something to amend in the style of the best authors. In some respects this "Manual" differs from

the many other "Manuals of English Literature" which are published year by year without effecting that marked improvement in the style of written English which they all declare to be the aim of their existence. Mr. Minto deals with prose-writers alone; but, before entering on the consideration of prose-writers of an earlier date, he devotes a third part of his book to the examination of the merits and claims to admiration of the three men whom he looks upon as the greatest among the prose-writers of the nineteenth century. These three are De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle. Of the first and of the last of these Mr. Minto is enthusiastic in admiration. To be sure he does say that the works of De Quincey are only a profitable study to the student who knows what to imitate and what to avoid. But surely the student who knows so much has got beyond the stage at which copying any one's style can be of use. Whatever the merits of Mr. Carlyle's style may be, it certainly cannot be recommended as "Standard English"; but this Mr. Minto has not yet found out. With Lord Macaulay he has much fault to find, and he takes the liberty of altering several of his sentences and paragraphs, and, as might have been expected, he alters them in every instance very much for the worse. Mr. Minto's power of appreciating Lord Macaulay may be best judged of from his telling us with solemn gravity that Lord Macaulay "kept up an acquaintance with such books as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, chiefly for the purpose of drawing upon them for ornamental illustrations." Has Mr. Minto no faith in human memory? Has he himself contrived to sweep clean out of his head all the fairy tales and funny rhymes that first taught him what the world was like beyond the four walls of his nursery? or does he think that every man who by chance may quote these friends of his childhood keeps a small library of picture-books for private study? As for one of the books from which Lord Macaulay is thus supposed to have read daily lessons, Mr. Minto is as blind to its beauties as he is to those of Lord Macaulay's own style. We mean the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book which perhaps has had the longest spell of popular favour of any book in the language, which has triumphed over all prejudices of social, political, and religious sects, and which still has a fascination for readers of all ages and of every class. In Mr. Minto's opinion this famous book has been vastly overrated. He tells us, somewhat to our amazement, that although Bunyan's "language is homely, it is not the language of everyday life, but rather that of the Church, of the Bible, of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*." Does Mr. Minto really think that the translators of the Authorized Version and the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, books which were specially designed to gain a hold upon the people, set to work to invent a language as unlike the "vulgar tongue" of their day as Mr. Carlyle's style is unlike the English of our own?

Mr. Minto, however, has views of his own about excellence of style. We had hitherto held that the best style was the style which most clearly conveyed the thoughts of the writer to the mind of the reader. Mr. Minto, it would seem, thinks otherwise. He scoffs at the notion that the difficulty of a subject can never be pleaded as an excuse for want of clearness, and that if an author's own ideas are clear, he should always be able to make them clear to others. Mr. Minto boldly asserts that "want of simplicity is not an absolute fault." He considers that "abstract subjects such as science or logic cannot be treated of in simple words, and that, though such words may make the subject clear to the unlearned, they only confuse the learned and scientific reader." If this were so, it would seem that the study of science must have a very bad effect on the brain, since it makes its followers incapable of understanding plain English. But the fact is quite the reverse of this. Those who have thoroughly mastered any science find no difficulty in imparting their knowledge to others in the simplest words. It is only semi-ignorance that loves to conceal its lack of light behind the veil of scientific slang. Men of real power know that if they wish to be understood they must find their words in the world. No words are so clear as common words; therefore, as clearness is the greatest characteristic of truth, if their thoughts be true, they must clothe them in familiar words. It is, indeed, only by the use of these familiar words that they can ever make their thoughts pass current as acknowledged truths.

Such a book as Mr. Minto's, painstaking as it is, is practically useless. It is impossible to make a book as one might make a pudding, by mixing up a variety of ingredients according to a carefully prepared recipe. It would be as hopeful a task to set to work to make a fine picture by grouping a given number of objects in strict accordance with the laws of perspective and of colour. The art of writing well may be learnt, but it can never be taught. The various devices which Mr. Minto suggests as "useful school exercises" remind us of the task of "turning Chaucer into good English," which is, we believe, much in favour in certain ladies' schools. The plain truth is that it is impossible to give a strict definition of style. The charm of a happy style is easily felt, but it is hard to understand, and harder still to explain. Southey said that to write well men have only to write as they speak; but Southey was wrong, for the words that sound very well when warmed by the expression of the speaker's glance and tone are often found to fall far short of his meaning when they are set down in black and white. Hence it comes that many a good speaker is a very poor writer, and that others again, like Goldsmith, can "write like an angel," yet speak "like poor Poll." Our greatest writers have been for the most part men of desultory reading who certainly never attempted to form their style by adhering closely to any fixed

* *Manual of English Prose Literature*. By William Minto. London: Blackwood & Sons.

Lost Beauties of the English Language. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Chatto & Windus.

Introduction to the Language and Literature of England. By G. B. Abernethy-Mackay. Calcutta: Wymann & Co.

rules of composition, still less by imitating the style of another author.

The title of Dr. Mackay's book, *Lost Beauties of the English Language*, gives us no inkling of the nature of its contents. It is merely a collection of words picked up at random, but many of them are not "beauties," and many more are not "lost." It is by the author's introductory essay that we must judge of his fitness for carrying out the difficult task he has undertaken of winning back a place in the popular speech for words which have dropped out of use. Dr. Mackay begins by announcing that "Many learned and interesting works have been written on the origin, growth, and present state of the English language." It is perhaps just as well that he gives his readers this information at starting, as they might read through the whole book without guessing that any learning or research had ever been brought to bear on the subject. Whatever these "learned and interesting books" may be, Dr. Mackay heeds them not, but trusts solely to the light of his own inspiration. In his first page he tells us that all the languages of antiquity have passed through their several stages ending in their death, and that "after death has come the apotheosis or burial in books." But by the time he has got to the next page it seems to have struck him that, after all, perhaps modern languages did not spring up like mushrooms, but must have a root somewhere, as he talks of "the languages of modern Europe that have sprung directly from the Sanskrit and the Celtic." Unfortunately he does not tell us whether English has sprung from the Sanskrit or from the Celtic. Whichever it sprang from, however, Dr. Mackay is very hopeful about English, and thinks that it will one day be the all-pervading language of the civilized world. We are quite willing to believe in Dr. Mackay's prophecies about the future of English as long as we are not required to agree with his notions about its past history. Dr. Mackay says, "The English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and five or six hundred years ago may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Saxon." Again, we are told that the "Old English words derived immediately from the Dutch and following the Dutch rules of pronunciation are exceedingly numerous." Dr. Mackay, it is clear, cannot get rid of the notion that when the English of Northumbria changed masters they somehow changed tongue too, and forgot how to speak English. He tells us that Anglo-Saxon is derived from Low German, and that Scotch-Saxon is derived from Dutch, Flemish, and Danish. The philology to be found in the explanatory notes appended to the words in the vocabulary is very much such as we should expect to find from the tone of the introduction. Whenever Dr. Mackay lights on a word in a foreign tongue like an English word, he at once takes it for granted that the English word is derived from the foreign one, though the former may bear unmistakable signs of being the elder born. He thus derives "beck" from the German "bach," "starve" from "sterben," "thorp" from "dorf," "weldin" from "wolken," "sheen" from "schön," "wort" from "wurz," and so on. With strange inconsistency, in illustration of the use of some of these very words to which he ascribes a German parentage, he gives quotations from Chaucer, Gawin Douglas, Shakespeare, and other writers who can hardly be supposed to have reckoned a knowledge of High Dutch among their accomplishments. Some of Dr. Mackay's derivations from the Gaelic are wondrously ingenious. "Quick," he tells us, is from the "Gaelic coig, five, applied to the five senses, thence to one in possession of his five senses—living quick." We had thought that seven senses was the number which it was supposed one would lose on seeing anything very startling. But doubtless Dr. Mackay discerns a mystical meaning in the rhyme "One, two, three, four, five, catching fishes all alive."

In his title-page Dr. Mackay calls his book "An Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers." There is, we grant, great room for improvement in the English preached by popular preachers; but we fear that, should one of their number address some of the words to be found in this collection to his fashionable admirers, he would only succeed in sending them away "all amot" at the unvoiced sounds, and convinced that their idol has lost some of his senses, seven, or five, or whatever number they may consider him to have been possessed of. If Dr. Mackay wishes to be a real reformer of the English of the present day, he should remember that example is better than precept, and should abstain from the use of foreign words when English ones will do quite as well. Why should we be told that a "ship-master is a mere *employé* in the mercantile marine, and ought not to be called captain, which is a military title, and only allowable in the case of an officer in the naval service of the sovereign." Of course "master" implies employing much more than being employed, and captain carries us back to those days before the existence of "Cheeks, the marine," when Monk shouted "Left wheel" to his ships, and when land troops had to fight as best they might on shipboard. But Dr. Mackay seems to have forgotten a better word than either captain or master, a word which has been in use both before and since the days of Sir Patrick Spens. Does not the old song tell us that

The King sat in Dunfermline Town
Drinking the blood-red wine.
O! whaur shall I find a skeely skipper
To sail this ship o' mine?

Whereby we learn that the king himself applied "skipper" even to "an officer in the naval service of his sovereign."

The next book on our list is *An Introduction to the Language and Literature of England*, by G. B. Aberigh-Mackay. Whether

this Mr. Mackay be derived from Dr. Mackay or not we are not told, but we should think that, according to Dr. Mackay's theory of derivations, the whole clan Mackay must, somehow or other, be derived from one another. On turning over Mr. Mackay's pages, however, we see at once that what he knows about the English language has certainly not been derived from his namesake, and that he seems to have read and partly understood some of those "learned and interesting works" of which Dr. Mackay has only heard. From these works he has found out that the English people could not only speak their own language, but also knew that it was called English, and that it did not signify in what part of the island they lived, for they spoke English just as much north of the Tweed as they did south of it. Still he seems to think this simple truth too startling to be allowed to pass without some explanation, and forthwith he tries to explain it away, and to perplex his readers by talking about "Original English," "Semi-English," "Middle English," "Broken English," and so forth, thus needlessly filling up many pages of a book which strikes as being much too small to do justice to so large a subject. The Historical Sketch indeed takes up more than a third of the whole book, and this seems the more to be regretted when we find what sort of history it sets forth. We learn from it that the Normans under Rollo the Changer (freely rendered "Freebooter" by Mr. Mackay) obliged the Franch King to give up to them a "province on the coast of France." Shortly afterwards, we are told that none of the Norman "or Angevin kings of England, with the exception perhaps of Richard II., ever could or did speak English." Now every one knows that Edward I. could not only speak English well, but that he could jest in it too, a liberty which no one ventures to take with a foreign tongue unless he is quite at home in it. The King who could write bidding his son "win his shoes and boots worthily" in putting down the rebellious Scots must have felt very much at home in the language he was using. The rest of Mr. Mackay's little book contains short notices of English authors, small and great, from Caedmon down to Keats. They are much like other notices of English authors in other small books of the same class; that is to say, they are made up of a pair of dates and a list of the author's books, the name of the place where he was born, and of the school he was sent to. Sometimes Mr. Mackay ventures on an opinion as to the author's merits, as when he tells that "Hume's *History of England*, though abounding in error and prejudice, must ever remain a standard historical authority." If we may judge of Mr. Mackay's powers of criticism by this sentence, we cannot regret that he had not more space for displaying them.

A BOOK ABOUT BRISTOL.*

THE title-page of this volume is in no respect a misnomer. It describes exactly what may be expected in the work which it introduces. No other designation could so accurately describe the miscellaneous nature of the contents of the book. If the author occasionally travels beyond his brief, his digressions at least admit of the defence that they have some indirect connexion with the city of his residence. He is evidently a person who has thought it his business to make himself familiar with all that concerns the place, and whose pleasure has been to hunt up all the archives of Bristol, not only in the volumes under his care at the Bristol Library, but also in parish registers and ancient documents which have perhaps not been read for centuries. Mr. Taylor has a right to describe his work as he does, as being derived from "original research"; and the evident amount of pains and trouble bestowed on that research makes us much regret that the result should appear in so unsystematic a form. The book is partly a guide-book for strangers, partly a handbook for antiquaries; it contains several interesting little bits of historical information which do not lie exactly on the high road of English history, and many anecdotes of celebrities which are amusing enough, but which do not fit into any well-concerted plan or purpose in writing. It looks as if the writer had dotted down little bits of information as they came to hand, and had crammed them in where he could without regard to arrangement or system. There are even repetitions of parts of the same story in different parts of the work. From the whole we gather that the author has a considerable amount of knowledge of various subjects, but, we must add, very little power of presenting that knowledge in an interesting manner. Mr. Taylor is just the kind of writer whom we should like to encourage, for we are sure he may do better service to the cause of history and literature than he has yet done. But he must not again attempt to unite the penny-a-lining of a guide-book with the more accurate style of writing adapted to a work which aspires to a higher class of readers. We do not mean that the style of writing in which Mr. Taylor sometimes indulges would meet our approbation even in a professed guide-book; indeed he sometimes uses words and expressions in a sense which cannot be justified; but we are glad to see these blemishes almost entirely disappearing towards the end of his book, which is the most business-like part of it, when he is describing the destroyed churches of the city.

The volume may be divided roughly, but certainly not with logical precision, into four parts, the first of which contains historical notices, the second is devoted to the description of old

* *A Book about Bristol: Historical, Ecclesiastical, and Biographical; from Original Research.* By John Taylor, Librarian of the Bristol Museum and Library, Author of "A Guide to Clifton," "Tintern Abbey, and its Founders," &c. London: Houlston & Sons.

churches, the third gives some details about Bristol in mediæval times, and the last professes to be a guide to the streets and principal buildings. The historical notices, which run over a period of eight or nine centuries, are brief, and as they are almost wholly taken from printed books, we may pass them by without further notice. When the author comes to the description of the churches he is more in his own element. His previously published guide to Tintern shows what are his natural tastes, and how he has turned them to good account by his knowledge of photography, which he has used with good effect in that volume, though he has not embellished the present volume in the same expensive way. This part of the work exhibits both the strong and the weak points of the writer, who is both learned and ignorant—that is to say, he knows so much of all the miscellaneous subjects of which he treats that we are surprised every now and then to find him quite ignorant of common things. This part also exhibits occasional instances of a stilted style of writing which he ought to be on his guard against. The Cathedral naturally leads the way, and here we have very properly inserted (p. 51) Mr. Street's description of the Abbey Gateway, in which that architect gives his opinion that it is original, and not, as has been supposed, a copy of the fifteenth century; but instead of saying here all that was to be said on the subject, Mr. Taylor recurs in another part of the book a few pages later to the counter theory, giving Mr. Godwin's opinion, which we can scarcely think to be correct. Here, too, we find instances of the use of fine language—*re-edified* for *rebuilt*, and so on; and the writer has not quite come up to his work as guide to the Cathedral. We should, for instance, have expected a fuller description of the east window, the whole tracery of which consists, appropriately to a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity, of a most elaborate representation of the idea of Three in One. The historical notices range from the time of the first abbot down to the present, or at least to the last generation, when Sydney Smith held a prebendal stall. Under the sub-section, "Knightly Names of the First Minor Canons," we have the names and the salaries, with a note added to the effect that the prefix of "Sir" is clerical rather than baronial; the author seems to forget that this was the common designation of a priest, and had nothing whatever to do with baronial rank. Again, the impeachment of the Protestantism of Day, Bishop of Chichester, is quite out of place, as he never was or professed himself a Protestant, a name he probably would have abhorred, having been deprived by Edward VI. for adhering to the old learning, and kept in prison nearly till his death. Again, there is something amusing in the idea of Cardinal Wolsey's correspondent being spoken of as "one Hannibal." So important a functionary as the Master of the Rolls need not have been described as if no one had ever heard of him. Such mistakes, taken in conjunction with the amount of learning and original research which the volume displays, are the more provoking as they puzzle a reviewer on what principle to account for them. Nor probably is there any better account to be given of them, or more honourable excuse for the writer, than to say that we suppose he is a self-taught person. If this is so, he is a remarkable instance of combined ability and perseverance. How industrious he has been may be gathered from many of his researches, and especially from his notices of St. James's Church, Bristol. The vestry accounts belonging to this church go back to an early period, and some interesting extracts have been made from them. Everything seems to show that this parish has had an almost continuous succession of Puritan ministers from the early days of Elizabeth up to the present time. We doubt whether anywhere else in England a penalty for Sabbath-breaking could have been enforced in 1679, such as it appears, the minister and churchwardens of the parish procured in a sentence against four persons for exceeding the ordinary length, whatever that may have been, of a "Sabbath day's journey":—

So strict observers of the Sabbath were the people of this parish no longer ago than 1679, that at a vestry then held here four persons were judged guilty of a most heinous crime, and were cited into the spiritual court for purloining the Lord's Day in travelling to Bath on foot, to the great dishonour of Almighty God and true religion, for which they confessed their sins in the said Court and paid 20s. for the use of the parish.

The Puritan spirit, however, had existed from an earlier date than the reign of Elizabeth at Bristol. Amongst the anecdotes scattered so thickly through this volume we have one relating to the mayoralty of John Stone, who, Mr. Taylor tells us, had four wives; but what is more to the point, he enables us to add another example to the two hundred and odd martyrs of Mary's reign:—

When he was at Mass there came a weaver out of a little door in the weaver's chapel, and exclaimed, "Fie upon the idolatrous worship!" upon which this John Stone caused his serjeant to apprehend him, and being convicted he was burnt for the offence on St. Michael's Hill, near the turnpike, where the four roads meet.

Nothing seems to come amiss to Mr. Taylor. His anecdotes range from Pickwick to Puritanism, from murders to ghost stories, from Harold the Danutless to the poet Southey, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, and the subjects occur somewhat in the helter-skelter way in which we have here arranged them. His fondness for differences of religious belief and anecdotes connected with them makes us almost wonder and regret that he has not inserted a tradition, which we remember to have heard, of the difference between the General Baptists who assembled at Broad Mead and the Particular Baptists who worshipped at the Pithay, of whom it was said that the former believed that the latter would be lost, whilst the Pithay congregation,

it was said, feared that the others would attain this fate. We do not guarantee the truth of the story, which must be judged of by antecedent probabilities.

At the end of the volume we come to some scattered notices of some of the sixteen destroyed churches of the city. Bristol has been called the city of churches, and they still stand very close together in the older parts, forming in this respect a striking contrast with the additions which have been of late years made to the streets and buildings of the old city. Mr. Taylor has had access to the documents of St. Ewen's which have not shared the fate of the church itself, and reach back to the fourteenth century, or perhaps earlier. He has given several interesting extracts. We wish he had printed many more. The last set belong to the year 1548, and bear upon subjects which have been more or less before the public during the last few months. It furnishes a somewhat curious illustration of the meaning of the much-disputed Ornament Rubric that at the very time when the churchwardens were paying for the use of the axe and the hammer in demolishing rood-lofts and images, and buying the newly-compiled Homilies and Injunctions, three items of the account are for mending a cope, placing an embroidered green stole, probably a frontal, before the high altar, and for bringing the holy oil. And this, unfortunately for the Church Association, belongs to the second year of the reign of King Edward VI.

There is an Appendix which modestly occupies only a single page, and which contains a valuable piece of information which has never before seen the light. And here Mr. Taylor has made good use of the MS. stores of the library which is under his care. It relates to the founding of the see of Bristol. No historian has noticed the fact that the Pope in Mary's reign gave his sanction to the existence of the see which was one of the six founded by Henry VIII. without the approbation of the Apostolic See after the severance of this country from its dominion. After the resignation of Paul Bush, who was made the first bishop of Bristol by Henry VIII. in 1542, John Holyman was appointed to the see, and was consecrated in 1554, but by some mistake of Cardinal Pole's, his original appointment took place before the see had been properly recognized by the Pope; and the document in question, which we wish Mr. Taylor had printed at length, is intended to remove all objections that might be taken on the score of informality, and to place Holyman in the firm possession of his see, just as if no mistake had been made as to the original foundation of the bishopric. It is very remarkable that so important a Bull should never have found its way into print, and should not even have been copied for the Vatican Transcripts in the British Museum. We hope that before long, not only this, but several other manuscripts from the Vatican Library may be copied and made accessible to English students of political and ecclesiastical history. In the present instance, we are indebted to the zeal of a Bristol citizen for the existence of the transcript, Mr. Harford, a gentleman who bears a time-honoured Bristol name, having procured it when residing at Rome nearly half a century ago.

LIFE OF T. T. LYNCH.*

WE have no doubt that if the good man some passages of whose life are here recorded by Mr. White could have anticipated the posthumous honour that was in store for him, he would have deprecated it as heartily as did a more eminent minister of the same religious communion, Dr. Thomas Finney. Yet we cannot wish that this little book had never been written, true as it obviously is that "the materials for an adequate and attractive biography do not exist" in the case of its subject. It is interesting and very instructive to turn over these meagre pages, wherein is enshrined by loving hands the memory of a man not at all obscure within his own circle, who passed a life of fifty-three years in London, but was scarcely known to the general public. Yet Mr. Thomas Lynch, the Congregational (or, as he rather liked to style himself in his old-fashioned way, the Independent) preacher, was, in his way, a remarkable man; one who by example, as well as by precept, taught those around him to suffer bravely and cheerfully some of the sorest ills our nature is heir to—pain, detraction, anxiety, poverty, and this enduring from the cradle to the grave. Throughout his whole career, indeed, Mr. Lynch could hardly have known what prosperity meant. Born at Dunmow in Essex in 1818, when but two years old he lost his father, a surgeon in that little town (famous as the scene of the periodical farce of the *bacon-bitch*), who sacrificed himself by rising from a sick bed to attend a patient seized by sudden illness. The widow, with a burden of eleven children, settled at Islington, and fought hard to gain them bread. She is described as "a woman of great energy, and most genial disposition—artless, affectionate, cheerful, attracting the love of all that knew her"; pious, and rejoicing over the pious thoughtfulness of her son; but doubtless a Nonconformist, for Thomas, while only in his twentieth year, spoke of himself as a "Dissenter," though he did not formally join the Congregationalist body till three years later. With the English Church and its clergy we may charitably presume that he formed no real acquaintance at any period. Happily he seldom speaks of them, but when he does, it is with a bitterness of spirit which mere ignorance will best account for. "A haughty arch-priest" and "a hard sea-monster"

* *Memoir of Thomas T. Lynch.* Edited by William White. London: Isbister & Co.

(p. 265) are the convertible terms of his playful moments. In his more earnest moods he writes:—"As I stand in a cathedral, I say, 'Ah, how glorious you would be were it not for the clergy'; and then I add, 'You are grand enough to rest patient for a century or two; you are a tomb now, you will be a shrine by and by; you wait for worshippers, and shall not wait vainly'" (p. 178). But in truth a century or two were long to wait for such a blessed consummation. "I believe in justice," he writes quite near the end of his life, "and Anglicanism is injustice. The Established Church could not remain as it is for a twelvemonth, but for the superstition of Respectability, and out of that fetid mist we must all keep our heads lifted up clear and high" (p. 290). Elsewhere, "Episcopalians, Unitarians, Catholics" (sic), are included in the same category of evil.

It is not our design, however, to exhibit Mr. Lynch as a narrow bigot, still less as a mischievous demagogue; we rather aim at noting the sad influence of perverted training and inveterate prejudice even over an ingenuous and reflecting disposition, as beyond question his was, in spite of the rabid outpourings we have just quoted. *Omne ignotum pro odioso* is a ruling principle with too many persons, and one ought rather to grieve over than to condemn the blind aversion which was the natural result of antecedents such as we have now to detail. His mother sent the boy, of lively vigorous intellect, with an eager thirst for knowledge, to some school at Islington, in which he was afterwards employed as usher. He came to read a little of the Septuagint and Greek Testament with a fellow-assistant, who valued him so much (so he called to mind long afterwards) that he bought himself a Hebrew grammar, lexicon, and Bible, on purpose to help the youth by learning the sacred tongue with him. At eighteen a sudden affliction overtook him. Whilst sitting at dinner he was seized with a constriction of the throat, which for the rest of his life, except at a few intervals, hindered his swallowing solid food, but did not touch the voice or any vital organ. His appetite continued good, and he had thus often to endure the pangs of semi-starvation. This strange affliction set its mark upon Lynch's whole career. Study and business being necessarily suspended, he sought for recreation in botany, in verse composition, and in music, in which last pursuit he found exquisite satisfaction, his favourite composer being Purcell, who, as he justly thought, has never received the appreciation that is his due. After a while he resumed the teacher's work, of whose responsibilities he had formed grand ideas, as also of the qualifications, particularly the moral qualifications, that are required of him. Feeling the effort of a fresh experiment at tuition to be beyond his strength, he was compelled to fall back again on retirement, which he beguiled by trying to make up for the defects of a shambling education by private reading and attending a few lectures at University College. Meanwhile his inclinations were gradually tending to the ministerial office. He took his part in Sunday-school work and cottage lectures to the poor, and even joined for a brief time the College at Highbury as a day student, though he was soon led to withdraw by his nervous weakness. In spite of all his infirmities, his cherished purpose was carried into effect, though not till his twenty-ninth year, that in which he lost his mother. In 1847 he became known to the Independent community at Highgate, which was then in a dwindling condition. Such as it was, he accepted the invitation of the congregation and became its pastor. "There are here," he writes, "nightingales and cuckoos, as many as one could wish; but Christians and Dissenters are by no means so plentiful" (p. 71). The Dissenters may be estimated by the average number of Mr. Lynch's hearers—about six men and twelve grown women; those who know the pleasant village of Whittington and Sir Roger Cholmely, of Coleridge and the nightingales, will surmise that there may perhaps have been a few Christians there who were not Dissenters. But a twelvemonth sufficed for dreary work like this. To borrow his own language in his farewell sermon, "The feathers of the sitting bird become worn and her breast sore, but when life appears she is rewarded with the joy of parentage. But what if her eggs were but chalk egg-shaped, or have lost vitality. . . . Poor bird! feathers worn, breast sore, but no young. And poor minister! if he spends and grieves himself, and no hopeful results."

With this appropriate metaphor on his lips he came down from the hill of cuckoos and nightingales to a concert-room in Mortimer Street, there to tend a few stray sheep who had wandered from the fold of Dr. Leifchild, and with whom, and with others whom he gathered round him, he subsequently removed to a larger place unassouly situated in the Mews behind Fitzroy Square. His highest translation was from a room in Gower Street to an iron chapel near the Hampstead Road, not very commodiously erected over a railway tunnel. The twenty-four years of his humble ministry were constantly interrupted by paroxysms of illness which enforced upon him vacations, sometimes of more than a year in length, and were embittered by a dispute whose miserable details take up a full third of Mr. White's volume, and which is dignified by him with the name of "The Rivulet Controversy"; the *Rivulet*, as appears from his description, being a little rill of holy song set running by his hero over the parched desert of orthodox Congregationalism, whose assemblies had long recognized but one divine poet, dear old Isaac Watts. Since no church or minister was obliged to use Mr. Lynch's hymn-book unless it seemed a good one, it is hard to see how the simple attempt to enliven the public exercises of religion in this way could be deemed a profane use of the unwelcome leisure imposed by sickness on its

author. But the new hymns were vigorously attacked by certain religious newspapers—the *Morning Advertiser* in particular—and by these ruthless critics the *Rivulet* was proclaimed to be absurd, unspiritual, pantheistic, and was characterized by other choice epithets which mean much or nothing according to the habits and powers of those who use them. If, as we rather fear to be true, the new hymnologist was "not even at the bottom of the scale as Post," that fact might surely have settled the whole matter, and spared the poor invalid a world of pain. For Mr. Lynch took seriously to heart all the harm he read about himself. Even time failed to bring to the hapless rhymist its wonted assuagement. From 1855, the date of the publication of the *Rivulet*, down to 1871, when his long disease came somewhat sharply to an end, he never ceased to regard himself as an injured, maligned, and smitten man. A loving wife and son were the only earthly solaces of his weary, uneventful pilgrimage. His portrait, which faces the title-page, reminds one for a moment of Liston's expression when he acted Mawworm; but a second glance dispels the illusion, and the deep lines of the countenance speak of days and nights of anguish as well of body as of soul.

Mr. White declares that those who knew Lynch, whether through his ministry or his writings, were urgent to have some account of his career, however imperfect. "If there is not much to tell," they say, "at least let us have what there is." The result may disappoint them if they expected much in quantity, for his extant letters are few, and of his fresh and genial conversation almost nothing is preserved. What they will find is, however, interesting and instructive. We do not believe that Lynch ever consciously gave up any one of the drier dogmas of his denomination, but he habitually breathed a free and pure atmosphere in a higher region of thought. His view of life in the abstract was a cheerful one. "I am inclined to think," he wrote early, "that there is more sweet than bitter mingled in man's cup—that there are more happy persons in the world than sad ones—that the joyous moments of human life, of every individual life, outnumber those of pain." Nor did he abandon this faith in his later years; almost his last words were, "Now I am going to begin to live." Without professing to be an exact scholar, he had maturely weighed the best thoughts of many of the profoundest thinkers; and in public lectures he delighted to impart the literary knowledge he had diligently stored up. Of his pleasant humour we will give just one specimen, not remarkable in itself, nor the best we have met with, but as a convenient mode of introducing what little we have further to say. A case of wine is sent to him in sickness from the shop of a Mr. Oliver:—

I must send you, according to the adage, a Roland for your Oliver. Roland was, I believe, a knight who could give stroke for stroke, and if he could not pay one kindness by another, no doubt he at least gave thanks promptly and heartily, as I do.

Your wine came with curious timeliness. The last glass of a last bottle had just been poured out, and I had said, "Now we must go to the dogs," meaning we must accept one of two evils, a pulse too low for the want of wine, or a pulse too low through procuring it. "To the dogs," said my wife. "No," said I, "though there is a vine enough there, doubtless; to the dogs," which she said was wicked. But could it be wicked, when, five minutes afterwards, as I was sipping a cup of coffee, "a case of wine" was announced?

This is something in the tone of Cowper, and to our mind is quite as edifying as the practice of Mr. Müller of the Bristol Orphanage, who, in his day of small things, used to draw by prayer upon the Bank of Faith. But is poverty such as we have here a glimpse of a whit the less deplorable because it is borne without complaint or ostentation? No doubt the gulf seems wide enough which yawns between the village minister dismissed from his pulpit for buying tea at the wrong shop (and we have actually known such an instance), and the mighty Beecher who makes his church an auction mart, or the mighty Spurgeon who has triumphed over lordly deacons; but they all alike owe the bread they eat to popular acceptance, and to be long popular a man must follow general opinion, not presume to lead it. Those who cannot bow the neck will fare like the subject of our memoir, and many a worthy and able man besides; they will not suffer absolute want, perhaps, but the fear and the near prospect of it will ever be upon them to damp their energies and fetter the free exercise of their nobler faculties. Poor Lynch kept a "Raven's Book," wherein he recorded such seasonable chance gifts (if, indeed, there be any chance in the matter) as his case of wine, but he had to complain that out of ten whom he had striven to benefit by his counsel, nine went away and made no sign (p. 275). Is he too feeble to preach oftener than once on Sundays? Then he feels himself compelled to say to his flock, "You will have to provide for the evening elsewhere. Let all feel free then to lessen their subscriptions" towards his maintenance. Is he so fortunate as to receive presents from his hearers, once of 70*l.* (p. 90), once of the vast sum of 200*l.* (p. 270)? "A sincere and faithful man" writes to tell him he is not pleased, that he envies neither pastor nor people, and fears they will be "ultimately ruined" (p. 278). The donee addresses the donors with sense and manliness:—

No directions have been furnished to me as to how I am to dispose of my two hundred pounds. It is a free gift, for my free use. But, as a free man, I shall feel bound so to spend and to save as may best enable me to make more efficient the spiritual service it is my duty and honour to render. Money is vile or precious according to the getting or the using. The having it is no sure heaven, the want of it may be a sharp purgatory. It

is a minister of sin and of righteousness; never the most, and sometimes the least, servicable of things; but usually a capital servant if it has even a tolerably sensible master.

If the getting up a testimonial is often a presumption that something has gone wrong (p. 91), it certainly was not so in this instance.

Would it not be well if wealthy Nonconformists, whose consciences or tastes force them to withdraw from communion with the National Church, would take more care than they do that pious and deserving men who labour among them should not come to poverty merely because they lack in their ministry just those qualities which are the least valuable and deserve the least esteem? Noisy and worldly-minded pastors will pursue their own interests keenly enough, and, if cast down from one position, will contrive to fall on their feet in another. "I do not want to go into the wilderness," says Lynch on one trying occasion, "but if I must, I have been there before, and perhaps an angel may meet me, bearing a pitcher of water, and I may find manna on the ground." To provide that in time to come such men as he should not have before them a prospect thus dreary when they have reached near fifty years of age, were surely a more worthy and Christian enterprise to spend zeal and strength upon than the poor endeavour to bring down the whole body of the English clergy, *per fas nefasque*, to the same forlorn and humiliating predicament.

ONE ONLY.*

IT has often been lamented, and with good reason, that while there exist schools of painting, of sculpture, of music, in every direction, there should be no recognized school of writing. The man or woman whose ambition it is to succeed with brush or chisel, with voice or instrument, finds the means of education ready of access. For those whose desires tend towards the skilful handling of the pen there are no such means provided. This is the more to be regretted because almost every one is in the habit of thinking himself capable of writing a book, although it might never occur to him that he was fitted by nature to excel in any other artistic line. A high authority on the subject, Dr. Wendell Holmes, has indeed delivered his opinion that every man has it in him to write one good novel; but this is one of those half-truths of which the repetition is somewhat dangerous. Those who quote this dictum in self-defence forget that its author has stopped short at saying that every man has it in his power to write one good novel. He has not added that every man can do this without taking pains to cultivate his power; still less has he said that the power of writing one book implies the power of writing many. It is curious that the same delusion which seems to prevail as to the existence of a universal gift for writing is applied almost to the same extent to the art of acting. Both these beliefs are in their nature singularly unreasonable. It is common enough to hear this kind of advice given to one in want of money or employment, or both, "Oh, write a novel. Anybody can write a novel." What the speaker really means is that he himself could write one. It is unfortunate that, in spite of this, the advice is frequently acted upon. As a matter of fact there are probably no callings which involve more hard work for the attainment of real success than those of the actor and the writer. We had occasion not long ago to point out some of the disastrous results which follow from the want of literary education. While such results are observed to follow frequently from the want of a school, some credit is due to writers who make for themselves a school by the imitation of models which are recognized as good. And this credit is due to the writer of *One Only*, which we may take without much danger of mistake to be the work of a woman. What model the author has selected will be easily discerned from one of the opening passages of the book:—

Thirty years ago the beauty of Aldersham was Miss Rose Camden, the only daughter of an old major, who lived in a small house half-way up the hill behind the town, and was employed as his agent by a nobleman in the neighbourhood. This young lady was standing one morning—it was a market-day—at the end of the bridge near the water-mill, talking to a gentleman who had dismounted from his horse, and was stroking and gazing at it absently, while he gave her his full attention. It was May-time; the pear-tree on the end of the mill was a mass of blossom, and so was an orchard higher up the lane; a blue sky was over their heads, birds were singing, and merry sounds came from the street. The gentleman who was talking to Miss Camden thought her prettier than all the flowers in May. She was fair, small, delicate, and certainly very pretty, with the complexion of a lady in Sévres china, and blue smiling eyes, "like Wedgwood saucers," as they were described by one of her rivals.

The influence of Miss Thackeray is here readily perceived in the accumulation of undefined details of scenery. It is a favourite device with the author of the *Village on the Cliff* to describe birds singing and merry sounds coming from the street without more particularly stating what are the birds and what the merry sounds. In this way a pleasant dreamy impression is produced upon the reader; his imagination is gently stimulated to fill up for itself the details which are only suggested by the writer. From this happy medium between too great and too little elaboration of description, as well as from many other causes, Miss Thackeray's books are always pleasant to read. The writer of *One Only* may be congratulated on having chosen a good model to follow; but imitators should not forget the maxim, "*Decipit exemplar vitis imitabile.*" It must be said also that in the present case the disciple has not

always paid sufficient attention to the method of the master, and therefore the work produced presents in parts an incongruous appearance.

It will be easily imagined that the gentleman who is introduced in conversation with Rose Camden is not the only one of her admirers. He is a young man named John Atherley, the banker of Aldersham, good-looking, and rich. But there is another young man named Charles Fenwick, who is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He is not particularly good-looking, and is particularly strange. He is a dreamy, sentimental creature, full of old-fashioned fancies and formalities. Much may be allowed for the influence of a wholly retired life spent in the company of an invalid mother and brother; but it is scarcely conceivable that even under these circumstances a young man of the present age should invariably address the girl with whom he is in love as "My dear young lady." Apart from a few trivial mistakes of this kind, however, the character of Charles Fenwick is neither ill conceived nor ill executed. It is no doubt true to nature that such a man should concentrate his whole power of affection on "One Only," that one being a girl like Rose Camden. Soon after the scene of which we have quoted part, Major Camden and his daughter pay their first visit to Mrs. Fenwick, and Rose, while walking through the garden with Charles, confides to him that she has a trouble from which he might possibly extricate her, and promises to consider the possibility of asking his help definitely. The reader has been given to understand that Rose is not really so good or so charming a person as she appears in the eyes of John Atherley and Charles Fenwick. Still it is a little surprising to find that the help which she decides to ask for is the loan of fifty pounds, for which Fenwick generously substitutes a hundred. It is true that she exhibits a certain shame in making her request, and, considering the object for which, as afterwards appears, it has been made, she could hardly do less. This is the beginning of an intimacy with Charles Fenwick and his family which Rose fosters and encourages in every way. The invalid mother and brother find a new interest in the prospect of Charles's happiness, and the old lady presents her with a bracelet valuable as well from associations as for itself. To the acceptance of this gift Rose exhibits an almost invincible repugnance, but it is forced upon her, and is regarded as a kind of seal set upon her unexpressed engagement to Fenwick. The hopes of all the people who are looking forward to the completion of this engagement are defeated, as the reader has conceived that they would be, in an unexpected manner. There is a garden party given by Lord and Lady Aldersham, the magnates of the county, at which there is much talk over the marriage which is supposed to be impending between Fenwick and Rose. In the midst of the party, however, Rose is found to have disappeared suddenly, and inquiry leads to the discovery that she has eloped with an Oxford undergraduate named Dupuis, paying the cost of the post-horses, the licence, and other necessities with the money which she borrowed from Fenwick. We called attention just now to the gift of a bracelet from Mrs. Fenwick to Rose Camden, because it is dwelt upon at some length by the author, and leads to a curious blunder on her part. It is not credible that so courtly an old lady as Mrs. Fenwick is described to be should, on hearing the news of Rose's elopement, think of the loss of her bracelet before the destruction of her son's happiness, and spend her time alternately in calling the woman whom he has loved a thief, and abusing him for not instantly recovering her property.

With the elopement of Rose Camden the best part of *One Only* is concluded. Although it contains many improbabilities and mistakes of treatment, such as the introduction of a number of entirely superfluous characters, it contains some promise. The writing is often pretty, and is commendably free from faults of grammar. It is unfortunate that this should be matter for commendation at all, but as the presence of bad grammar is a crying fault in the novels of the day, it is only fair to notice its absence in the work of a new writer.

The marriage of Dupuis and Rose is followed by the return from India of a brother of Charles Fenwick's, who has been mentioned at intervals in the course of the story. There is no kind of reason why he should appear at all, as he only returns in order to die almost at the same time as his mother. There is a sort of passion for the introduction of death scenes in novels of the present day. The fashion was set some time ago by a writer who in her first attempt undoubtedly displayed power enough to warrant her handling the subject. But it is a fashion which it is ill to follow, and it would certainly be difficult to find a scene of the kind more out of place than the death of the mother and son in *One Only*. It possesses neither dignity nor pathos, and is evidently dragged in merely because the subject is supposed to be attractive. Gerald, the invalid brother who has been mentioned before, is killed off soon afterwards, and after this wholesale massacre the author introduces us to a new generation. Atherley the banker is married and prosperous, and possesses a fascinating daughter: Mrs. Dupuis is living in wretched poverty with her husband, who has developed into a cross, peevish, elderly gentleman. Harry, her favourite son, a young man of the honest and athletic type, has just been thrown out of an employment for which he was but little fitted, by the breaking of a bank in which he held a clerkship. He goes to Aldersham with a letter to Atherley from Mrs. Dupuis, appealing to her former lover to do anything that he can for her boy. He is taken into the bank as a clerk, and visits at Atherley's house. As a natural consequence he falls in love with his employer's daughter, and is prevented from revealing his love by the consciousness of

* *One Only*. By E. C. P. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

his poverty. It is perhaps needless to add that during his stay at Aldersham he rescues Charles Fenwick, now a broken-down old man, from a robbery with violence, and that Charles Fenwick dies conveniently soon afterwards, leaving all his vast wealth to Harry. About this time Mrs. Dupuis also dies. These frequent deaths are extremely tiresome, and are, moreover, out of keeping with the tone of the book, which is in the main quiet and pleasant enough. Indeed, the author would do well to remember that the step from a certain sort of quietude to dulness is not very long. If she contemplates writing more novels than *One Only*, she will do well also either to study more accurately, as we have before suggested, the model which she chooses to imitate, or to strike out a line for herself. Meanwhile, it must be remembered that a copy of some merit is better than an original of none.

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THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.

AS the representatives of the different Powers at the Brussels Conference have determined that their deliberations shall be private, it is not known, except by imperfectly authenticated rumours, that they have made any considerable progress in their undertaking. The English Government has taken ample precautions against the risk of any alteration in the laws of war or of any interference with the practices of maritime warfare. In answer to a formal inquiry the Russian Government assured the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg that there was no intention of discussing any matters not included in the original programme. "Consequently it is understood that neither maritime operations, nor naval wars, nor the relations of belligerents at sea, nor in general the recognized principles of international law will be entertained by us [the Russian Government] or brought forward for discussion." Notwithstanding the explicit assurance which is thus given, Lord DERBY adheres to his refusal of plenipotentiary powers to the English delegate at the Conference. Sir A. HOBBSFORD is to refer every point to his Government, which is not prepared to assent to a scheme for the regulation of military operations without considering it in all its bearings. The reservation is justified by the indefinite language of some parts of the Russian scheme. It is possible that the English Government might regard as involving questions of international law proposals which, in the judgment of the majority of the Conference, might only affect the details of military operations. The provisions for the military occupation of an enemy's territory may or may not be calculated to diminish the evils of war; but it can scarcely be doubted that they would largely modify the rights and duties of belligerents. The prudent firmness of the FOREIGN MINISTER may probably have been exercised in consequence of recent experience of grave difficulties arising from hasty attempts to alter international law. The timid precipitancy of the late Government in adopting the Three Rules of Washington resulted first in the adverse judgment of the Geneva arbitrators; and since that time it has been found impossible to agree as to the manner of submitting the Rules in accordance with the Treaty for the approval of other nations. The Government of the United States wishes that the Rules should be communicated without note or comment, although it is notorious that some of them admit of two opposite interpretations. The first attempt to substitute in international jurisprudence statutory legislation for the judicial interpretation of principles originally established in practice has not been fortunate. Lord DERBY is fully justified in declining beforehand to discuss new projects of law which might be consciously or unconsciously influenced by other interests than those of England. It is not desirable to interfere with the existing rights either of belligerents or of neutrals without a clear understanding of the possible effects of innovation.

The answers of the Governments now represented at the Conference to Lord DERBY's Circular are generally satisfactory, though they are not all equally explicit. The Duke DE CAZES, on behalf of France, remarks that the Russian programme includes no reference to maritime operations, and that therefore the French representatives could only deal with such questions "incidentally, in order to oppose, should occasion arise, the assimilation of operations of maritime warfare to those of warfare on land." The French delegates will be instructed to oppose any such extension, and in assuming the possibility of the discussion the French Minister is perhaps scarcely consistent with his

previous limitation of the business of the Conference to the express terms of the Russian proposals. It had been supposed, from the language used by the Minister in the Assembly, that the French Government entirely assented to Lord DERBY's opinion; and perhaps the comparative vagueness of the Note addressed to Lord LYONS may be merely accidental. The Spanish Government not only objects to any change of international law, but specially protests against the suppression of privateering, and the abolition of the right of capturing goods in enemies' vessels. It had been forgotten that Spain was not a party to the Resolutions appended to the Treaty of Paris in 1856, by which the parties to the Congress renounced the right of issuing letters of marque. The illusory nature of the change was illustrated during the American Civil War, in which neither belligerent equipped a privateer, though the United States had refused to agree to the Resolutions of Paris. It is perfectly easy to give a public commission to cruisers, instead of relying on private enterprise. Privateers were at all times useless to the State from which they received their license to plunder, except for the purpose of injuring an enemy's commerce. An armed vessel which will on occasion fight, as well as capture merchant vessels, is more useful than an old-fashioned privateer. The Swiss Government has not unnaturally taken the occasion of the Brussels Conference to propose the adoption of certain Additional Articles to the Geneva Convention, of which the consideration has been delayed by the war of 1870. The President of the Confederation assures the English Government that the Swiss representatives will not raise, directly or indirectly, any question relating to naval warfare. The further undertaking that no such discussion should be admitted perhaps becomes unnecessary in consequence of the guarded policy of England. The other minor Powers for the most part assent to Lord DERBY's proposals; and on the whole it is nearly certain that the attention of the Conference will be confined to its proper objects.

The form of the answers returned by some of the Powers throw a certain light on their political relations. The table of contents which is, as usual, prefixed to the despatches is not strictly accurate. A document forwarded by Sir A. BUCHANAN is described as "Answer of the Austro-Hungarian Government giving required assurance." The English Government had asked for an assurance that the Austro-Hungarian delegates should be instructed to confine themselves to the consideration of details of military operations of the nature of those dealt with in the project of the Russian Government, and also that they should entertain no proposals affecting maritime warfare. Count ANDRASSY replies that nothing is to be done with respect to maritime law, or any point in the law of nations which is not included in the programme of the Russian Government. Lord DERBY has from the first consistently refused to discuss any point of international law, whether it may or may not be mentioned in the Russian project. The German Government is still less explicit in a statement which seems to imply a perfect understanding with Russia. Count MÜNSTER simply informs Lord DERBY that nothing can be further from the intention of his Government than to extend the scope of the programme, and that "on this ground we shall signify to our plenipotentiaries that the declaration of the Russian Government is to be their guide." As some passages in the Russian Circular might be interpreted as affecting maritime warfare, the German Government reserves to itself liberty to exceed the limits of discussion which have

been proposed by Lord DERBY. As in the case of the abolition of the Black Sea Treaty, the two Imperial Courts appear to have concerted their policy without reference to the wishes of England. The answer of the Italian Government is the most unsatisfactory of all the documents relating to the Conference. *Cavaliere VISCONTI VENOSTA* carefully abstains from giving the assurance which had been requested either as to maritime warfare or as to the law of nations; and at the same time he avows, not without ostentation, the unbounded confidence of his own Government in any policy which Russia may think fit to adopt. Italy has, it seems, "agreed to be represented at the Conference without subordinating its adhesion to the greater or less extension of the programme which the proposing Power had presented. For this reason Italy is now in a position to agree in this respect to the decision which the Russian Cabinet may take in consequence of the observations of that of London." A further suggestion that the enlightened Government of England ought to contribute to "conciliating the philanthropic tendencies of the age" with the positive interests of each of the contracting States probably means, when it is translated from diplomatic jargon into ordinary language, that the maintenance of belligerent rights at sea proceeds from selfish motives which prevent England from coinciding with "the philanthropic tendencies of the age."

Lord DERBY's vigilance affords ample security that his Government will not be a party to any ambiguous declaration by which the promoters of the Conference may seek to affect the rights either of belligerents or of neutrals, and, if the secondary States of Europe are well advised, they will regard with the utmost jealousy proposals for altering the law of nations. Any decision at which the majority of the Conference may arrive without the assent of England can scarcely be considered binding, although it may possibly exercise a prejudicial influence. It may be taken for granted that Germany and Italy will give unqualified support to every proposal of the Russian plenipotentiaries. The policy of Austria is more uncertain, although there is reason to suppose that on some political questions the three Imperial Governments have agreed to act in concert. France, which might be expected to incline to the side of England, is embarrassed by traditional hostility to maritime pretensions which have in modern times been only partially abandoned; but as France is now, as formerly, more powerful at sea than her great rival and possible antagonist, there is some probability that the French delegates will be instructed to discourage the discussion of maritime laws of war. It may be hoped that the French Government will not be tempted by consciousness of its revived military strength either to favour provisions for the benefit of invading armies, or to interfere with the commerce of neutrals. It was Germany, and not France, which objected during the late war to the trade in arms and military stores. Those parts of the Russian programme which are concerned with exclusively humane objects will probably be adopted by the Conference with little objection, as they will be in the nature of declaratory enactments. The Emperor ALEXANDER, like his predecessor and namesake, may probably have been influenced by benevolent motives in proposing measures from which he may incidentally derive political advantage. The Holy Alliance originated in a kind of religious enthusiasm, as the Brussels Conference is due to a benevolent impulse. Lord DERBY inherits the insular cynicism which prevented Lord CASTLEREAGH and the Duke of WELLINGTON from sharing the sublime aspirations of ALEXANDER I. As the Italian MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS significantly suggests, the English Government has at all times hesitated to swim with the philanthropic current of Continental opinion. Such measures as the suppression of the slave-trade and the emancipation of the West Indian slaves are of course attributed by foreign critics to calculating egoism.

FRANCE.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S tour in Brittany is the event of the day in France, and is no doubt of great interest to the MARSHAL and of some interest to the Bretons. The rest of France probably does not pay much attention to it. The estimation in which the PRESIDENT is held by a large number of his countrymen may be judged from the fact that those who wished to show that he was a greater man than was usually considered made much of being able to assert that he thought of this tour all by him-

self, and that no Minister aided in the conception of the bright idea. Possibly the MARSHAL was not aware that he was doing anything very remarkable, or that it required anything like genius to conceive the idea of going to look at the West of France. He goes about this new duty, as about all his duties, in a simple business-like way, works very hard, gets up very early, sees everything, says little, and exchanges the proper compliments with the local officials. Fortunately he has not got to tax his brains in order to make political remarks. He has one thing to say whoever may address him, and he says it. If a Bishop asks him to remember the ties that connect France and the Papacy, he replies that the Septennate is going to last seven years. If a Mayor or eminent commercial person observes that something definite in politics would be acceptable, he replies that the Septennate is going to last seven years. If complaints are made of the unsatisfactory proceedings of the Assembly, and hopes expressed that the MARSHAL may see his way to getting a new Assembly of a better type to support him, he replies that the Septennate is going to last seven years. It is a simple way of avoiding delicate questions, saves thought and time, and has the enormous merit of being exactly as good an answer to one person as to another. No one appears to be either dissatisfied or satisfied with the PRESIDENT, or to have any strong feelings about him or the Septennate. The towns of Brittany are Republican, although the country population is Legitimist, and in some towns there were as many cheers for the Republic as for the PRESIDENT. In fact, as those who were labouring to collect information for the public had not much material at their command, they appear to have chiefly devoted themselves to testing the quality and amount of cheering which was bestowed on the MARSHAL personally, as compared with that which the name of the Republic awakened. The Paris papers have not been condemned to silence or forced to give an official colouring to their statements, and they have freely characterized the reception given to the PRESIDENT as warm, or cool, or icy, according as their private information or political prejudices induced them to write. The MARSHAL and his Septennate have probably got not much good or harm by this tour in Brittany, but, so far as any effect has been produced either way, harm has been done rather than good. He has made it clear that if he thinks the Septennate a definite, intelligible, comfortable sort of government, there are very few who share his opinion, although they have not any objection to him personally. One candidate has indeed ventured to come forward as an avowed Septennatist, and Marshal MACMAHON ought to be very proud of such a man. But his announcement that the Septennate exactly suited him, that he believed in it, and longed to support it, was immediately received with a storm of ridicule. All parties agreed that to belong to the wrong party was disreputable and dangerous, but they also all agreed that to believe in the MARSHAL and his Septennate was something worse—it was simply ludicrous. The author of a scheme of government who finds that his very first convert is crushed under a load of bad jokes can scarcely be consoled by ascertaining that, if he goes to the provinces in official state, he will receive decorous official reception.

While the PRESIDENT is away, his Ministers have still got to attend to current affairs at home and abroad. In the Duke DECAZES he has a very prudent and capable Foreign Minister, who steadily pursues a moderate, sensible, and liberal policy. The Duke has been questioned by the Permanent Committee as to the recognition of Spain, and his answer was as good an answer as could have been made. France was not inclined to take the initiative or to act alone in recognizing Spain; but, when invited to act in concert with other great Powers, it would not stand aloof. It wishes to show that it is prepared to take such a place in Europe as circumstances permit it to assume, and to cultivate friendships and alliances by being ready to act in concert with its neighbours when invited to do so in any reasonable manner. Duke DECAZES had also the courage to avow that he did not wish to see France put in a false position by seeming to associate itself with the Carlists more closely than England or Austria has done. Germany has remonstrated against the assistance or connivance which the French authorities in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees have extended to the Carlists, and the French Government has denied that it has been in fault. But, if it had been backward in recognizing the Government of SERRANO, it might have been suspected of not being friendly to SERRANO'S

enemies, and this was a suspicion which the FOREIGN MINISTER thought it prudent to avoid. He has indeed made up his mind at last that France ought to do something more than not help the Carlists; and perhaps it may be set down as one of the natural consequences of the formal recognition of the Madrid Government that a French gunboat has been despatched to prevent supplies to the Carlists being sent across the Bidassoa. The duration of the Carlist struggle has been in a great measure due to the distrust of its own navy entertained by the Spanish Government. It is properly the business of Spanish vessels to prevent arms and guns being sent by water to the insurgents. But the Government of Spain, although it has a navy, has not a navy that it dares to use; and so the Carlists have really had the command of the sea. Still it cannot be within the scope of the duties of a friendly neutral to allow its frontiers to be made the base of military operations for a rebel army; and whether the Spanish navy does its duty or not, France will do what her Foreign Minister conceives she ought to do under the circumstances, and will stop supplies going to the Carlists from France. In much the same spirit Duke DECAZES has allowed it to be expected that before very long he will remove a cause of offence which has much vexed another neighbour of France, and that the *Orénoque* will be withdrawn from the waters of Civita Vecchia. The presence of the vessel in an Italian harbour would have been a matter of no moment had it not been originally sent and kept there as a protest against the treatment which the Pope has received from Italy; and Italy has strongly represented to France that to let the *Orénoque* stay on now is to raise a suspicion that France is not sincere in its declaration that it accepts the facts which Italy has accomplished. This is so obvious that the *Orénoque* would have been recalled long ago only that the Legitimist party attach very great value to keeping alive this one ground of quarrel with Italy. The French Government has now apparently come to the conclusion that it is no use trying to conciliate the Legitimists, and that the pursuit of a frank and loyal policy towards Italy is not to be abandoned in deference to a party which, whether it is conciliated or not in this way, will do all the harm to the Government of the Septennate that lies in its power.

In the sphere of home politics the chief incident has been the discussion raised by some members of the Permanent Committee as to the prosecutions at Marseilles. The MINISTER OF JUSTICE explained that he, and he alone, was responsible for these prosecutions. Although in some of the cases nearly four years have elapsed since the alleged crimes were committed, yet he thought it essential that crimes so terrible should not, if they had been really committed, go altogether unpunished. He had done his very utmost to ensure that no one should be prosecuted for any acts which, under the widest extension of the term, could be called political. But, to the best of his belief, there had been many murders and robberies committed which had been entirely apart from the triumph of this or that political party. Marseilles, both during a great part of the German war and during the struggle with the Commune, was in a state of anarchy, and it was only at last, by the employment of an overwhelming military force which made all notion of resistance hopeless, that order was restored. It would be a fatal precedent, in the opinion of the MINISTER OF JUSTICE, if deeds of bloodshed and pillage were allowed to be perpetrated at such a time with perfect impunity, and if murderers and robbers were to be free from the consequences of their crimes simply because one political faction happened to be uppermost in the district at the time when their crimes were committed. The Republican members of the Permanent Committee were quite entitled to insist that the prosecutions should be shown to be free from all political bias. It is very easy, especially in France, for a triumphant faction to wreak its vengeance on those whom it has conquered, by wholesale punishment under the forms of justice. But if it can be made clear that the Marseilles prosecutions are really not in any way political, no set of people ought to be more grateful to the Government for undertaking these prosecutions than Republican deputies. The great difficulty under which their party labours, is that its history is associated with the performances of every kind of ruffians. That a Republican Government means murder and pillage is the notion which keeps very many Frenchmen from believing that a Republic can ever be anything but a disgraceful Government to live under. That Republican revolutions in France have often been accompanied by atrocious crimes is a matter of simple

history, and nothing could be more fatal to the Republican party than that the belief should be generally entertained that murder and pillage are the inseparable attendants of a Republican Government, and are viewed with indifference, or even approval, by Republicans, so long as the murderers and robbers will but take the trouble to kill and steal to the tune of "Vive la République!"

VAGARIES OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association, which has done so much for science, would have been better advised if it had, as in its earlier years, strictly confined itself to its proper object. Mathematicians, chemists, physiologists, and astronomers ought to hold themselves apart from projectors and theorists who frame vague generalizations for the purpose of deducing economic or political results. The discussions of the Section over which Lord O'HAGAN presided at Belfast would, even if they had led to sounder conclusions, have had nothing to do with science, which means the systematic knowledge of natural processes. Even the most inveterate devotees of the study of crotchets must have been startled by the energy of the ingenious ladies who on one day, after Aristophanic precedent, occupied the place of meeting to the almost entire exclusion of the less enthusiastic sex; yet the feminine assertion that education was not only a science, but the first of sciences, was only an exaggerated form of the assumption that expediency, convenience, and the ordinary conduct of human life are subjects of scientific inquiry. The innocent economists who deprecated the coinage of half-crowns because there are only eight half-crowns in a pound were under the impression that there was something especially scientific in decimal calculation, although they had not succeeded in understanding the distinction between coinage and money of account. The British Association may reasonably take notice of the fact that men have ten fingers, and that consequently they have constructed a system of decimal arithmetic. Whether florins or half-crowns are best adapted to the purposes of the market and shop is a question for retail dealers and their customers, rather than for arithmetical professors. The Social Science Association, whatever may be its substantive merits, has a use of its own in providing a receptacle for the rubbish which collects round the outskirts of scientific inquiry. Guesses, fancies, and hobbies might be advantageously relegated to the domain of a Society which has nothing better to do. The reporters explain the injudicious laxity of the managers of the British Association by the perfectly credible statement that the Economic Section attracts the largest and most popular audiences. Demonstration, deduction, and induction are laborious employments of the mind; and only regular students of science understand the technical language in which it is necessarily taught. There is no difficulty, except that of fixing the attention, in following a sermon or a discourse on education.

If the collection of materials without method could be accurately described as a scientific operation, the proceedings of the Economic Section might furnish some curious illustrations of psychology. Nothing is more odd than the propensity of practical men to exalt the results of special experience into general propositions. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, in the course of a distinguished career in Indian administration, has necessarily been familiar with systems of land tenure utterly unlike the forms of ownership which are known in England or in Europe. Not sharing the prejudice of those who think that the English distribution of property is necessary and universal, Sir G. CAMPBELL jumps to the more baseless conclusion that it is intrinsically artificial and unsound. It is strange, and yet intelligible, that a mind of more than ordinary acuteness should be deluded by the mistaken liberality of the British Association into the belief that his theories of land tenure have any connexion with science. Sir G. CAMPBELL's paper commenced with the whimsical proposition that property in land is not properly called property, but privilege. The custom of primogeniture is, as he contends, a proof that the ownership of land was originally regarded as an office or public function. On this fantastical ground he is opposed to the subdivision of property, while with unconscious inconsistency he proposes to promote tenant-right, which, as far as it extends, must be a usurpation of the official duties of the landlord. If England

were an unoccupied country, about to be settled under the control of a benevolent despot, lucubrations such as those with which Sir G. CAMPBELL amused the Economic Section might perhaps have some practical use. The rent of land might be reserved by the State, or apportioned among elected or hereditary functionaries, while the occupiers might be secured in the enjoyment of their allotments for longer or shorter periods, or perhaps in perpetuity. It might be a curious inquiry whether the title to a little freehold is a property or a privilege, or, in other words, whether possession is inalienably burdened with a trust. Londoners, like the rest of mankind, are undoubtedly subject to some kind of moral responsibility for the use of their property and their opportunities. In England, whatever may be the case in India or Utopia, their land is their own in the same sense as their money.

Historians and jurists have in recent times thrown much light on primæval notions and customs relating to the tenure of land; but those of them who combine common sense with learning are not disposed to substitute archaic practice for the results of modern civilization. In other and more legitimate departments some of the greatest authorities of the British Association have maintained the theory that complex organizations have in all cases arisen out of simpler forms. In political or economic development there may sometimes be retrogression rather than progress; but on the whole the presumption is in favour of the latest results of the longest experience, and there is a probability that each separate community has adopted the system best suited to itself. If Sir G. CAMPBELL attaches any but a figurative meaning to his definition of property in land as a privilege, he must imply the existence of corresponding duties; and it would be difficult to contend that either privileges or duties could be, except under definite restrictions, the subject matter of purchase and sale. If a landed estate is a honeypot, there must be some check on the simoniacal bargains which would substitute incapable buyers for competent vendors. Sir G. CAMPBELL appears not to object to the hereditary devolution which provides no sufficient security for the discharge of public functions. Although investigations into the origin and principle of landed property have a certain attraction for speculative intellects, the difficulty of introducing any change in the system which would not involve great injustice is practically insurmountable. The conversion of absolute ownership into fiduciary possession will perhaps become more probable if the process of accumulation is carried to excess. The owner of a county becomes in public estimation a kind of public functionary, who may be compelled by opinion, if not by law, to provide within certain limits for the welfare of his dependents. For this reason the concentration of landed property in fewer and fewer hands tends directly to impair security of tenure. The nobles and petty princes of the middle ages were in many respects more absolute than the monarchs by whom they were afterwards superseded. Modern potentates themselves admit that they have duties as well as rights.

Theorists who propound arbitrary doctrines on the subject of property in land often forget that all proprietary rights are equally the creation of law. If the owner of some thousands of acres is merely the incumbent of an office held for the benefit of the community, the possessor of a million in personal securities can claim no exemption from similar liabilities. It has been truly observed that the owner of a five-pound note has practically the power of enforcing service from his fellow-creatures to the value of five pounds. The mortgagee of lands is not less responsible for the expenditure of the interest which he receives than the mortgagor for the mode in which he disposes of the residue of the rent. Both, either in their own persons or through their predecessors, acquired their absolute or qualified rights for pecuniary consideration; nor can they, as long as the present order of society exists, be justly expropriated, except for some special public advantage and on payment of due compensation. Socialism, or the community of property, is an intelligible and consistent system; and it is the only logical alternative of proprietary right. Those who are not disposed to promote the equal tenure of all things in common will act wisely in regarding property as an ultimate fact. If the public interest requires a modification of the conditions on which any kind of property is held, the owners ought to be paid in full for any sacrifice which may be demanded. The speakers who followed Sir G. CAMPBELL in the discussion dilated on the operation and principle of the Irish

Land Bill, which has hitherto furnished the only precedent for transfer of property by legislation. In that case it was contended by the promoters of the measure that it was necessary for the security of the country, and also that the landowners would receive compensation by the removal of dangers to which they were exposed. Arguments of this kind, whether or not they are sufficient, are legitimate and relevant, and they bear no relation to the fundamental doctrines of property. Mr. GLADSTONE himself would have failed to command the support of the House of Commons if he had professed to found the Land Bill on scientific principles.

THE NEGRO DIFFICULTY IN AMERICA.

THE troubles which now attract attention in several of the Southern States of the Union have long been foretold by foreign observers, though they have hitherto not impaired the cheerful confidence of native politicians. The rashness which Americans display in the conduct of public affairs may be explained both by circumstances and by the national character. The unequalled prosperity of the United States, and the apparent immunity from bad consequences which has been found compatible with political recklessness, have naturally produced excessive reliance on popular institutions and on resources which may well seem inexhaustible. The evils of a restrictive commercial policy are reduced to the lowest point in a vast country teeming with various productions; and the universal indifference to the qualifications of legislators and administrative officers is almost excusable where new laws are seldom wanted, and where every local community governs itself. The characteristic confidence of the Americans in themselves and in their favourite theories was confirmed and increased by the successful termination of a civil war which had at first seemed both to themselves and to the rest of the world to threaten the disruption of the Republic. The victory, though it had only been attained by enormous efforts, was finally complete; and it proved not merely that twenty millions were more than a match for eight millions, but that the citizens of the Northern States were determined to sacrifice fortune and life rather than the unity of the Federation. The policy which was to be pursued towards the conquered States was at first in doubt. The general feeling was in favour of magnanimous forbearance to the defeated enemy; but at the same time the dominant party was inclined to be lavishly generous to the freedmen, who were regarded both as dependant clients and as useful allies. Notwithstanding the fanaticism of philanthropists a moderate course might perhaps have been adopted, if an incapable President, raised by accident to his high position, had not foolishly provoked the antagonism of Congress to a mode of treatment which was intrinsically not unwise. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, who succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Mr. LINCOLN, had been elected Vice-President in reward of his adhesion to the cause of the Union, and partly because, having been a journeyman tailor, he retained the manner and modes of thought of his early life. It soon appeared that a Southern American of humble origin felt no sympathy with the political pretensions of the negroes. Assuming, by an explicable blunder, the absolute power which had been conceded to his predecessor during the war, the PRESIDENT affected to grant premature amnesties to the late enemies of the Union; and consequently Congress, in resisting the usurpation, was naturally induced to reverse Mr. JOHNSON's policy.

By an amendment to the Constitution, carried in the absence of Senators and Representatives from the States which had belonged to the Confederacy, every State was prohibited from inflicting disfranchisement or disability on account of race or colour. The vulgar demagogues who led the Republican party in the House of Representatives, including Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and General BUTLER, expressed an opinion, which was widely prevalent, that universal suffrage was not so much an instrument of government as a weapon of defence. The Abolitionists, of whom Mr. SUMNER was the most conspicuous, had already, by listening to the echoes of their own declamation, become convinced that the negro was morally and intellectually the equal of the white American, and that he was equitably entitled to compensation for the sufferings attendant on his former condition. Between them the fanatics and the demagogues carried by irresistible majorities the measures which are now producing their inevitable results in the Southern disturbances. The PRESIDENT, who, in comparison with his

triumphant opponents, seemed accidentally almost to have risen to the rank of a statesman, was overwhelmed with obloquy; and the impeachment which was promoted by the Republican leaders would have terminated in his penal dismissal from office, but for the creditable firmness of a few Republican Senators who refused to yield to popular clamour. The capacity and honesty of the House of Representatives was about the same time illustrated by a nearly unanimous vote in favour of a partial repudiation of the National Debt. On the question of defrauding the public creditor the PRESIDENT agreed with his fiercest assailants; but the Senate, not for the first or last time, interposed between the Lower House of Congress and national disgrace. During the debates on the political enfranchisement of the negro, the Republicans contended that the coloured race was entitled to protection, and that the only mode of satisfying the claim was to enable the freedmen to protect themselves. It was not unreasonably believed that public functionaries elected by negroes would be devoted to the interests of their constituents; and it was not thought necessary to inquire whether the coloured voters, after providing for their own security, might not encroach on the rights and liberties of their former masters. By a grave though intelligible mistake all persons who had exercised civil or military functions under the Confederate Government were rendered incapable of office; and consequently the white population, at the same time at which it was swamped by the admission of the negroes to political power, was deprived of its natural and accustomed leaders.

The negroes were, as might have been expected, amply provided with political guides in the form of Northern adventurers of the lowest type, who saw the opportunity of making their fortunes at the expense of the citizens of the Southern States. A manager of conventions and elections in any part of the United States is not an admirable specimen of humanity; and the "carpet baggers," as they were called, were as much more unscrupulous than the Northern members of their profession as a South Carolina negro is stupider and more ignorant than an Irish inhabitant of the city of New York. South Carolina and some other States rapidly attained the ideal condition which has in Europe long been the dream of Red Republicans. All the taxes were levied on the whites and spent by the blacks, or rather by the impudent strangers who administered their political power. In other States rival Governments and Legislatures contended in arms, or in the ante-chamber of Washington, for opportunities of tyranny and extortion. On the other hand, the more lawless part of the white community organized armed bands, which sometimes committed atrocious outrages on the negroes, with the result of alienating the sympathy of the respectable part of the Northern population from the oppressed victims of Republican misrule. The Ku Klux organisation has of late been apparently either suspended or dissolved, and the conflict of races and factions is becoming more exclusively political. The Senate has unwisely increased the irritation which prevails by passing, in compliment to the memory of Mr. SUMNER, the Civil Rights Bill, which purports to secure social equality to the negroes in all parts of the Union. The Bill had not become law before the adjournment of Congress, and probably it will not be revived; but the vote of the Senate has tended to inflame the resentment and dislike which have been caused by experience of negro domination. The final issue of the struggle has never been doubtful. It is impossible to maintain, except by external force, the supremacy or even the equality of an inferior race, which is also in the whole of the Southern States a minority of the population. Dispassionate critics, who were condemned by philanthropists as heartless partisans of oppression, from the first warned Republican legislators in vain that the ambition which they strove to implant in the negro was dangerous if not suicidal. It was certain that the Northern community would ultimately sympathize with its own countrymen rather than with the objects of temporary patronage and benevolence. The Southern whites will have no difficulty in re-establishing their predominance when they and their political allies form the majority in the Union. Some political symptoms seem to indicate the approaching decline of the party which has now directed the policy of the United States for thirteen years. The return of the Democratic party to power would not be an unmixed advantage; but a coalition of Democrats and Liberal Republicans might perhaps not be found so useless in 1876 as it proved through the absurd selection of Mr.

GREELEY in 1872. A Republican Convention which has nominated Mr. HARTRANFT as Presidential candidate also denounced the project of a Canadian Reciprocity Treaty and the principle of Free trade. The large section of the Republican party which is interested in the removal of protective duties can scarcely co-operate at the next election with the Protectionist manufacturers of Pennsylvania and New England. New political combinations will facilitate a change of policy towards the Southern States; but, even if the Republican party should retain its unity and its predominance, there is no danger that a second Hayti will be established within the territory of the Union.

If the Americans are rash in incurring political risks, they have also a remarkable aptitude for redressing the evils which they have carelessly produced. They have apparently not been cured of their superstitious belief in universal suffrage, either by the condition of the city of New York under the rule of FISK and TWEED, or by the spreading anarchy of the South, with its KELLOGGS, and BROOKSES, and MOSESSES; but it was found possible to send TWEED to the Penitentiary, and in all probability the nuisance of negro domination will ultimately be abated. A large proportion of the difficulties with which it will be necessary to grapple was inherent in the relation of the two races after the inevitable abolition of slavery. By a long succession of costly experiments the true medium between chaotic equality and oppression may perhaps be ultimately discovered. Enthusiasts who disregard all distinctions of colour are not aware that they supply a posthumous justification of the slave-trade. Negroes who are supposed to be equal to the best citizens of European descent ought to rejoice in the vicarious sufferings by which their ancestors purchased the extraordinary elevation of their race. More temperate observers acknowledge that the coloured politicians of the Southern States have made a great advance on the condition of their indigenous kindred. Jobbing, and repudiating, and rioting are more civilized occupations than slave-hunting for the Zanzibar market, or participation in Ashantee customs. Even the right of voting might be comparatively innocuous if the negroes elected rulers only for themselves, and not for their betters. Universal suffrage, which is a rude and cumbersome instrument even when it is unavoidable, becomes absurd and intolerable when the constituency is not practically homogeneous. The example of Jamaica illustrates the inconvenience of representative institutions when the franchise is either confined to a white minority or extended to a coloured majority. It remains to be seen whether order and civilization in the Southern States can be reconciled with the retention of any share of electoral power by the coloured population. The politician who may provide for the security of the negroes against oppression, without allowing them a mischievous and unnatural predominance, will deserve a high place among American statesmen and legislators.

JOVIAL SOBRIETY.

WHILE Parliament is sitting people do not live much beyond ninety, and are, indeed, thankful if they are allowed to attain that age without question. But directly the prorogation has taken place, the aged have a much better time of it, and centenarians, as they are called, are plentifully and easily produced by rival villages. The miseries of mankind also increase very conspicuously during the vacation, and those who got on well enough before now indulge themselves freely in having "pests." There is a pest of ants in one place, and a pest of grasshoppers in another, and a pest of wasps in a third, and each locality in turn feels a proper degree of British pride in its special misery. In such a state of things, when the mind of man has run down, and dulness reigns uncontested, the public speaker who offers an assortment of even moderately good jokes is a benefactor to his race. Strange to say, a benefactor of this type has appeared in a most unexpected quarter. The prophet of fun has arisen in the dismal Gath of Teetotalism, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON without beer has been much more amusing than most men with it. He welcomed in his grounds no fewer than ten thousand 'Good Templars and Rechabites, and there, with this vast assemblage of damping enthusiasts before him, with those awful beings, "the local leaders" of temperance, ready to address everybody in the most serious language, with nothing to stimulate himself or his audience, many of whom have been "Babies of Hope" from their cradle, and to their dying day will

never quaff a cup of kindness, he stood in the open air in the middle of the vacation, and made a series of jokes, many good, some very bad, and all amusing. How the centenarians, if there had been any there, would have congratulated themselves on having lived to see his day! and even the people with the ants and grasshoppers and wasps would have forgotten for a moment the splendour of their respective calamities under the influence of his radiant good-humour. Of course he knew, and they all knew, that Good Templars were laughed at, but so was ELISHA. They certainly did wear very curious dresses, which they are pleased to call regalia, while Sir WILFRID LAWSON himself preferred combating intemperance in a shooting-jacket; but there are, as he urged, men of such a cast of intellect and character that they cannot combat intemperance with any effect or satisfaction unless they put on regalia. He could not quarrel with them, for they were, as he said, but copying the clergy, who find it convenient to put on a special kind of dress in their great conflict with evil. And some consolation of this sort, some concession to the weakness of human nature, seems necessary with the Good Templars, for they have a perilous turn for backsliding, and need much to keep them straight. Sir WILFRID LAWSON had the courage to say that he felt sure that, although it was a Good Templars' meeting, yet if he invited the meeting generally to liquor up with him, the invitation would be widely accepted; and this appalling statement was received with laughter. It went home to their hearts, and they laughed to think how true it was. But they knew they were safe; for a man is, as Mr. CARLYLE long ago pointed out, the creature of his own clothes, and the most inconsiderate man would shrink from liquoring up while he had got regalia on. Sir WILFRID LAWSON can, indeed, be the apostle of sobriety in a shooting-jacket. But that is because he is an exceptional man. He is merry without priming; he is jocose by nature. He has the fun of life without beer to aid him. But his Good Templar brethren are not so fortunate. They have a very dismal time of it. They spend their pleasantest hours in listening to collections of statistics about the vices of other people. They have got into that state of calm despair in which they would rather hear a local leader than not. All that is left to remind them that they are still in the "warm precincts of the cheerful day," is their regalia; and the cruellest publican cannot really grudge them this one solitary pleasure.

The worst of it is that, even with their regalia to help and console them, the Good Templars and Rechabites do not do much good. They are not, perhaps, exactly the sort of persons to do much good; and when Sir WILFRID LAWSON observed that although there were no born drunkards, there were many born fools, he must have felt that his remark might be taken by many among his audience as unpleasantly personal. They might, as their host with his jocose common sense explained to them, picnic every day, and pass resolutions, play music, wave banners, and sing temperance songs; but unless they did something else the publicans would laugh them to scorn. The question was, what else they could do. Little trumpet half-measures came to nothing, and every attempt to try them had ended in disappointment. First, workmen's clubs were to be the universal panacea; but that remedy has been tried over and over again, and the publicans have already beaten the clubs out of the field. Then it had been proposed that workpeople should agree only to drink at meal-times. But Sir WILFRID LAWSON knows the beeriness of human nature much too well to put any faith in such a broken reed. If the suggestion were adopted, he felt sure there would be a great many meals in the day. People would, he said, carry bread and cheese in their pockets so as to have a perpetual excuse for a glass. Something might indeed be done if the great regalia notion could be turned upside down, and if the drinkers of beer were forced to wear appropriate regalia. If those who proposed to drink were required to take out a licence stating the amount of their intended consumption, and had to wear this licence in the sight of all men, the effect would be startling. Even that device, however, might fail, for here again Sir WILFRID LAWSON's fatal knowledge of human nature came in, and he owned that these badges of intoxication might win more hearts than they would alienate. "Fancy a half-barrel man, going about; how popular he would be in Cumberland." Or fancy a three-bottle man. Sir WILFRID LAWSON was sure that a man of that mark would get into the beer

Parliament without a contest, and when he got there he would be so highly respected that, if they did not make him Prime Minister, they would be sure to make him a Bishop. It is scarcely necessary to say that this facetious sally was received with much laughter on the part of the Rechabites, who probably think more of the local leaders whom they know than of Bishops of whom they know nothing. As all minor expedients were, in the opinion of this laughing philosopher, perfectly useless, since human nature would have beer if it could, the only thing was to take care that it should not be able to get beer. The shape in which Sir WILFRID LAWSON wishes to see this crushing of human nature accomplished is the very illogical and inadequate one of the Permissive Bill. If in one parish human nature is deprived of its beer, he is content that in the next parish it should have as much beer as it likes. He would probably reply that he only aims at what he thinks he can get, and that to make even one parish sober is a gain. But does he really believe that he has any chance of getting even the little that he asks for? "In 1872 the clock," he said, "struck BRUCE; in 1874 it struck CROSS; when did they intend that the clock should strike LAWSON?" When, indeed! It is a clock that still wants a very great deal of winding-up.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON appears to treat the Permissive Bill very much as his friends treat their regalia. It would be absurd to make so much fuss and, after all, look no different from any one else. He must have something to show, and his bit of ribbon and tinsel—if that is an adequate description of regalia—is a piece of legislation about as imposing and unsubstantial. With a shooting-jacket and a merry heart, and a draft Bill in his pocket, he goes on his pleasant way, fighting intemperance to the utmost. But he is very far from being a tomfool, and it may be doubted whether he believes in his own regalia more than in the regalia of other people. The publicans who can laugh at picnics, and resolutions, and banners, can also laugh at the clauses of an imaginary Act of Parliament. Although he is laughed at, Sir WILFRID LAWSON will no doubt persevere. But his humble friends are no more inclined to fall below the standard of ELISHA and give in because they are laughed at than he is. They will go on with their picnics, and resolutions, and waving of banners, just as he will go on with his little Bill. The Bill and the regalia are equally symptoms of the state of mind in which men who get excited over a subject too big for them, and want to do something great to promote their own views, insist on doing something of any sort rather than do nothing and wait, and go on lamely and quietly like the unenlightened. It is precisely the same state of mind that prompts zealous Catholics to go on pilgrimages in the latter part of the nineteenth century. They burn to do something great for the cause of the Church, and rather than do nothing they will go off to a shrine where they really are not clear that a miracle was not once wrought. Mr. COOK lends them their regalia, and off they start in their thousands. The more they are laughed at the more they feel like ELISHA. The world may laugh the wrong way some day. Who knows what will happen? There may be another miracle, and this time a good, honest, demonstrable miracle, wrought at the shrine, and then how true it will be that he laughs best who laughs last; just as it may happen that the half-barrel men of Cumberland will be suddenly so smitten with a love of regalia and of beerless picnics that the publicans will have to shut up shop in despair. Meanwhile anything is better than humdrum quiet, and regalia and visits to shrines inspire at least the pleasant sense of doing a little more than nothing. The lovers of quiet practical stay-at-home religion are made uneasy by pilgrimages, and those who see in the spread of education, and the gradual conquest of barbarism, the only cure for drunkenness, look on the Permissive Bill and beerless picnics as little more than well-meant child's-play. But if there are any people who thoroughly despise mere unenthusiastic good people, it is pilgrims; and if there are any people who thoroughly despise those who hope to stop drunkenness by education, it is Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his guests. It is a controversy settled, not by argument or ridicule, but by the natural bent of the mind; and as people get in a free country more and more accustomed to follow out their private fancies, we may be sure that there will always be many persons who, in some of the different shapes which varying fashion suggests, will feel and gratify their natural craving for relics and shrines, or for regalia and draft Bills.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

A THREATENED quarrel between China and Japan is a symptom of the vast processes of change which have supplied to the present generation an unprecedented variety of political experience. Both States had long been regarded as strange and almost unintelligible instances of an ancient and stagnant civilization. The trade of China was valuable both to the East India Company while it enjoyed a monopoly and to the merchants who eventually succeeded in removing the former restrictions. In Japan, according to popular legend, the Dutch were allowed a limited intercourse on condition of tramping on the Cross; and it was more certain that all other foreigners were absolutely excluded from the kingdom. The extraordinary aptitude of the Japanese for the adoption of novel practices and modes of thought could by no possibility have been anticipated, even if the remarkable literature of which only a few specimens have been since translated had been known to foreigners. The Chinese also have been profoundly influenced by the results of two unsuccessful wars. Although their Government still struggles to evade the recognition of the Western Powers as equals, the Chinese have begun to pay the barbarians the compliment of constant imitation. They employ an English officer to collect their Customs duties; and although local interests have hitherto been strong enough to prevent the introduction of railroads, the Government of Peking has made great efforts to provide weapons and military stores of the most improved modern patterns. The tenacity with which their traditions of empire have been preserved has not been relaxed as the military resources of the Government have increased. After the capture of Peking by the English and French armies, the Taiping rebellion for a time seemed to threaten the existence of the reigning dynasty; but as soon as the Imperial armies were placed under the command of a capable English leader, the insurrection was totally suppressed. The Mahometan Turks of the Western provinces who supposed that they had finally thrown off the Chinese yoke now find that the Imperial power is once more becoming irresistible. Part of the lost territory has been already recovered; and the ruler of Yarkand will probably find difficulty in maintaining his independence. If the Chinese, who are naturally indifferent to danger, once succeed in organizing their forces after the European fashion, their enormous numbers will render them extremely formidable. It was always difficult to believe, except in a vague and careless manner, that three or four hundred millions of people acknowledged the authority of a single Government. Except by a great superiority of arms and discipline, no existing State would find itself a match for China.

The Japanese came within reach of Western influences much later than their neighbours; but they have since made far more rapid progress. The chivalrous sentiment of their romances, which is represented in their institutions by the singular practice of regulated suicide, seems to indicate the moral and perhaps the intellectual superiority of Japan to China. A still more remarkable quality was exhibited in the political revolution which immediately followed the admission of foreigners into the kingdom. The hereditary chief of a great feudal aristocracy was discovered to be a usurper, at the very moment when it became evident that it was expedient to concentrate authority in the hands of an undivided Government. As if by instinctive prescience of future political wants, the nation had held in reserve for nearly a thousand years a king by divine right, descended from the Gods, and indisputably entitled to the allegiance of all his subjects. An inchoate Parliament which was about the same time experimentally established has apparently not proved successful; and the people of Japan have the genuine political power of conforming their practice to the necessities and convenience of the time. It is difficult to estimate too highly the candid recognition of foreign superiority which has induced the Japanese Government to send students to Europe and the United States to learn arts which they may afterwards communicate to their countrymen. If the result has been in some cases to produce pedants and pretenders, the travelled revolutionists will find that their weakness is fully appreciated by their countrymen. It is highly probable that some of the innovations which have been adopted may have been premature, and that there will be occasional reaction. The mechanical skill and knowledge which have been acquired

are not liable to similar drawbacks. A nation which twenty years ago had probably not altered its system of ship-building or its armaments for centuries has already provided itself with ironclad vessels and with guns of the most advanced type; and native engineers have learned to manage European machinery. The feudal levies of the great provincial chiefs have been superseded by a regular army, which has acquired some rudiments of European discipline. The paradox of an elaborate civilization which seemed to be incapable either of progress or retrogression has made room for the most rapid advance hitherto recorded in history.

The Japanese Government will perhaps be sufficiently prudent to avoid an actual rupture with China. The expedition to Formosa requires no elaborate explanation, for the barbarous inhabitants of the island had committed numerous outrages on Japanese subjects. In answer to a remonstrance made by the Japanese representative at Peking, the Foreign Minister informed him that his Government was not responsible for the maintenance of peace and order in Formosa. The disavowal of responsibility may perhaps, in the language of Chinese diplomacy, be equivalent to a mere refusal of redress, nor is it improbable that the Japanese Envoy may have understood that the disclaimer implied no renunciation of sovereignty. English naval commanders have frequently inflicted punishment on local Chinese authorities for outrages on English residents or traders; and although, according to the terms of the existing treaty, all complaints ought to be preferred to the Central Government, the old practice has generally been found more effectual than any diplomatic communication. The Japanese Government sent an expedition to Formosa which seems to have met with little resistance, and it is not at present known whether a permanent conquest was contemplated. The Chinese have now insisted on the evacuation of the island, and, if the Japanese Government comply with their demand, the matter will be amicably arranged. As the Chinese navy contains no vessels which are capable of encountering the Japanese ironclads, it is possible that the invaders of Formosa may rely on their naval superiority; but it would be highly imprudent to commence hostilities with an enemy who will sooner or later inevitably prevail by mere force of numbers. The Chinese and Japanese are perhaps equal in military qualities, but the resources of China are inexhaustible. If it is not thought prudent to engage in a naval contest, the Chinese will find little difficulty in landing troops in Formosa, who will be supported by the native population. The territory and the harbours of Formosa might perhaps be valuable if they could be safely acquired, and the substitution of a more civilized race for the piratical inhabitants would tend to general advantage; but no acquisition of the kind could be worth the risk of a serious quarrel with China. If the Japanese navy is employed elsewhere in the repression of piracy in the Eastern seas, the commerce of all countries will be greatly benefited.

It is not known whether the Government of Japan has reasons of domestic policy for undertaking aggressive enterprises. It is highly probable that recent changes may have created discontent which it may be thought prudent to divert into the channel of foreign enterprise; and Japan is showing itself sufficiently like Europe to render conquest and military fame the most certain foundations of popularity. The national feeling, if it has been consulted by the Government, will perhaps be satisfied by the attainment of the original object of the expedition; and withdrawal in deference to Chinese remonstrances may easily be explained away. On the other hand, it is possible that the invasion of Formosa may have been part of a deliberate policy for gratifying the national ambition and forming an efficient army. It is impossible to foresee the immediate result of a war between Japan and China, though the greater Power would in the long run almost certainly succeed. It would be difficult for the Western Governments to remain indifferent to the injuries which would be inflicted on commerce and to the diplomatic complications which might probably arise. A war between two States which still remain outside the pale of European civilization would present some strange peculiarities. The national consciousness which makes the quarrel possible has been created by the novel modes of thought which have in both countries arisen from intercourse with foreigners. Before the late revolution the Japanese Government would probably not have thought it worth while to resent the cruelties which were perpetrated by the inhabitants of Formosa on shipwrecked

mariners; and the Chinese Government in its turn might have regarded with indifference a quarrel between the Japanese and the people of Formosa; nor would it have apprehended the annexation of one of its own dependencies. The Foreign Residents at Jeddo and Peking will not fail to exert their utmost influence for the prevention of war. If the contest proceeds, the trade in arms will flourish in both the belligerent countries, and probably the Japanese will show their full appreciation of civilized methods by contracting a loan. It is difficult to regard as aliens from the community of States nations which possess ironclad men-of-war and a national debt; yet the terms of a Japanese loan contracted for a war with China would probably be onerous.

SICILY.

EVERY nation has some thorn in its side, and Italy has more than one; but, of all its thorns, Sicily is perhaps the most troublesome. Sicily has had a melancholy history, and has been going downwards ever since it ceased to be the granary of Rome. It has been conquered, pillaged, overrun by its numerous oppressors, but never has had any good done to it; and its last holders before it was annexed to the kingdom of VICTOR EMMANUEL, the Neapolitan BOURBONS, adopted the simple plan of allowing it to do exactly as it pleased, and get on as it best could with its inveterate abuses, provided it yielded a handsome annual revenue for the KING to spend. From time immemorial there has existed in Sicily a peculiar species of brigandage, which is even now one of the greatest powers in the island. The brigands are not like the Neapolitan brigands. They do not form bands, and swarm about districts which they have made their own. They are part and parcel of ordinary Sicilian society, and seem to pursue the ordinary avocations of life in the four western provinces, and especially in the city of Palermo. When they are wanted by their chiefs to act they are ready, and meanwhile they do a large amount of robbery and murder on their own account in a quiet way, and with almost perfect impunity. If they commit smaller crimes they are, indeed, punished when they are caught, but if they go high enough in crime to be tried by a jury, they are acquitted as a matter of course. From time immemorial, also, the brigands have been the allies of the clergy; not always the political allies, for the brigands joined GARIBALDI with conspicuous enthusiasm, but the social and domestic allies, and now they and the priests are sworn friends, and hate with equal intensity the Italian Government. Formerly the Sicilian Church had a sort of independence of Rome, but since the proclamation of the Pope's Infallibility this independence has been abandoned, and the Sicilian priests are the obedient tools of the directing authorities of Ultramontaniam. The soil of Sicily is for the most part the property of great holders, and such cultivation as is bestowed on it is the work of peasants who live in towns and go out to labour for a few hours in the day. There are no villages, no farmhouses, and scarcely any roads, so that there is no rural population to withstand the brigands, or to be oppressed by them. The great proprietors have long been accustomed to live on very comfortable terms with the brigands and the priests, with both of whom they made satisfactory bargains. Were it not that Eastern Sicily is more advanced in civilization than Western, and that even in Western Sicily there is some sort of commercial life which asks the Italian Government to protect it, society in Sicily would be arrayed altogether against the Italian Government. And what troubles England with regard to Ireland also troubles Italy with regard to Sicily. A Constitutional Government must respect the forms of freedom, and as Sicily returns deputies to the Italian Parliament, these deputies, although politically they may not belong to the party in Sicily hostile to the Government, naturally seek to please their local friends by calling out that Sicily is enslaved, and oppressed whenever means adequately strong are taken to repress crime. It is not therefore to be wondered at that Sicily annoys and embarrasses each Italian Ministry in turn; and of no part of the Italian Kingdom is it more true than of Sicily that Ultramontaniam is for Italy a political danger, and not merely a proposterous creed, and that it means the central energy of a great force which is doing its utmost to shake off a civilization it detests, and to restore the beloved reign of every kind of abuse.

A writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, M. LOUIS-LIANDE, has collected from Italian sources many curious facts bearing on the recent history of Sicily. Before GARIBALDI arrived in 1860 to make Sicily the basis of those operations which were to end in imposing on Sicily the Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL, there was a state of things, even in the bad parts of the island, which had a strange outside show of order. The police were the brigands, and the brigands were the police; and there was a kind of organized robbery which made things not so very bad for those who had no choice but to submit to be fleeced. The public force consisted of what were termed "companies" of arms, relics of the times when each feudal owner had his retainers to fight for him and carry on his quarrels with his neighbours. The captain of a company undertook to be responsible for the peace of a district. If any very great outrage was committed, or if the injured person had sufficient social standing to call with effect for redress, the captain paid an indemnity. No one ever thought of following up the offender by any process of law; but if the criminal was one of the friends of the brigand police, the captain repaid himself by spoiling as quickly as he could some inhabitant of a neighbouring district, while, if the criminal was a stranger trespassing on the sacred ground of the company, then he was killed off at the first opportunity, and the Judge of the district—for the farce of having Judges was kept up—was merely informed that there had been a death, and no more trouble was taken. For eleven years the whole police of Sicily was under the direction of a first-class brigand, who, until he got excited by adverse political news in 1859, was the mildest of men, and made everything as comfortable as possible. There was a sort of security under his administration. Travellers paid to be safe, and they were safe. And it was only towards the close of this supreme police-brigand's reign that he lost his authority, because a brigand in a very inferior position ventured to try to assassinate him in open day as he was walking with his wife, and was allowed to escape with impunity. When GARIBALDI arrived, the brigands generally took his side, and, as a good way of showing their enthusiasm for his sacred cause, broke open all the prisons, and restored their suffering brethren to a liberty by which they profited so much that GARIBALDI's regiments were quite inconveniently full of convicts. But GARIBALDI was not the sort of man to let his followers pursue their own devices; and while his Dictatorship lasted he made the brigands feel they had a master. At last, however, the Italian Government took possession of Sicily, and behaved as a regular Government is bound to do. It introduced law and trial by jury, and reforms in the police and in the magistracy, and did its very best to put down brigandage by main force. But its success has been very imperfect, for the brigands gained more by having juries to try them than they lost by having soldiers to hunt them down. It is indeed most difficult to hunt brigands down in Sicily, for almost every one is a brigand or a friend of a brigand, and no one would dream for a moment of doing anything so unhandsome, so dishonourable, and so un-Sicilian as helping Justice to catch and punish a murderer. There is, too, a strong local spirit in Sicily, and the Sicilians are indignant that they have not Home Rule after their own fashion, and that strangers like the Italians persist in interfering and forbidding them to cut each other's throats. Sicily for the Sicilians is the cry of the brigands; and as Sicily for the Sicilians means Sicily for the Ultramontanes, it is the cry of the priests too, and the sort of treason which PRINCE BISMARCK so much dislikes is quite the fashion in Sicilian pulpits.

It is a bad state of things, but it must be said, in justice to the Italian Government, that it is a state of things which it has worked hard to mend. General MEDICI, one of GARIBALDI's companions, was sent to Palermo in 1868, and for four years held the chief civil and military authority in his hands, and made even the brigands respect him. But there were loud outcries against this unconstitutional union of the civil and military powers, and it unfortunately happened that some of the leaders of the Parliamentary Opposition who had joined in these outcries came into office, and had to see the result of their clamour in the resignation of General MEDICI, and in things getting much worse in Palermo since he left. The Palermo brigands tried the experiment in 1866 of an open outbreak against the Government, and for about a week the city was in their hands. But when a sufficient number of troops could be collected, the insurgents received so severe a lesson that

it will be with very great hesitation that they will again openly defy Italy. If Italy went to war and encountered disasters of any kind, a Sicilian insurrection would be a certainty. But, as things are at present, there is more of a sullen opposition to everything the Government does than risk of a violent catastrophe. The law is looked upon as a foreign and evil invention by the true Sicilian, and he resists it as much as he dares, and gains glory and social esteem by the amount of resistance that he ventures to show. If a new law is introduced which is distasteful to the brigands and the priests, it is simply ignored, unless the penalties of disregarding it are too heavy. The people of Palermo for the most part decline to go through the form of civil marriage, without which the religious ceremony has no legal effect. The Government can make their children illegitimate in point of law, but it cannot make them marry otherwise than as they please. In fact, it is not those who are at present confronting it that the Government can hope to do much with, or reduce to order and obedience. It is obliged to look to the future, to educate children, to make roads, to improve ports, to lay the foundations of a new era of material prosperity. It has done much more in this way for Sicily than could have been expected, considering the great disadvantages under which it has to work. It has built a great number of schools, and got a fair proportion of children to attend them; it has spent large sums on public works; it will soon open up the interior of the island, which is at present almost unknown to the dwellers on the coast; it is making Palermo an excellent commercial harbour, and a very considerable commercial centre. In the meantime, if it only will abolish trial by jury and give up all attempts to govern Sicily according to Sicilian ideas, then, as M. LOUIS-LANDE says, there may be hopes for Sicily even in this generation. He invites his French readers to look at Ireland and see the happy effects produced there by Coercion Acts. Perhaps Irishmen would not think the comparison complimentary; but it is only when foreign critics examine carefully into the difficulties under which government is often actually carried on that they can recognize that measures must often be taken which Liberal Governments honestly regret.

THE PLIMSOLL COMMITTEE.

IT is satisfactory to observe that Mr. PLIMSOLL and his Committee do not intend to abandon their efforts to provide greater securities for the safety of merchant crews at sea; but we cannot help being rather afraid that between the Committee and the Royal Commissioners there is some considerable danger that, in the end, matters will be left pretty much as they are. The PLIMSOLL Committee have published a reply to the Commissioners' final Report, in which they dispose of many of the arguments of the Commissioners in favour of allowing the owners of ships, in the interests of commercial liberty, to do pretty much as they please with their ships and crews; but they are certainly less successful in justifying their own proposals for ensuring the safety of vessels. It is unfortunate that the Commissioners concentrated their attention too exclusively on the supposed necessity of allowing shipowners to run any risks they choose in order that they may do as much business as possible. Shipowners may be trusted not to neglect any opportunity of extending their profits; but they are apt to forget that waste of life cannot be considered a legitimate expenditure, and it is on this side that some pressure requires to be applied to them. At present it is the practice of all the more respectable shipowners to subject their vessels to a periodical inspection, in order to ascertain whether they are seaworthy; and Mr. PLIMSOLL urges that this inspection should be made compulsory, and that ships which are not registered by LLOYDS or one of the other surveying Companies should be surveyed by the Government. To this the Commissioners reply that a Government survey would be a bad thing, because it would destroy the shipowners' sense of responsibility, and also because it would lead to a bad system of shipbuilding in future. This argument is obviously of too sweeping a character, and, as the PLIMSOLL Committee point out, would strike not merely at a universal survey but even at the partial survey by the officers of the Board of Trade, which is already enforced in certain cases. Under the Act of last year 294 ships were surveyed down to June 30, and 281 of these ships were condemned; but, according to the

view of the Commissioners, it would have been better to have left these unsound ships alone, and to have allowed the owners to send them to sea on their own responsibility. Moreover it would seem to follow that, if the Commissioners are right, the whole course of recent legislation in regard not only to ships but to mines, factories, and houses, is injurious in its influence, as tending to destroy the responsibility of owners, and to promote a dangerous style of construction.

The PLIMSOLL Committee, while exposing these fallacies, fail on the other hand to see that the most substantial objection to a compulsory Government survey is founded on practical expediency rather than on principle. There are already great differences between the rules of the various surveying Companies as to the conditions of seaworthiness, and it is not desirable that the Government should interfere with a system of its own. Moreover there is an indirect as well as a direct way of exercising compulsion, and in this instance the indirect way is at once the simplest and likely to be the most effectual. The absence of a certificate of survey might be used against an owner, in the event of any disaster happening to his ship, as a proof of carelessness or neglect on his part, and a ground for compelling him to pay heavy damages. It is urged by the Commissioners that, if there were a load-line beyond which no ship should be permitted to be loaded, everybody—even those who did not already load as low as that—would be tempted to load quite down to the line, relying on the assurance that it was perfectly safe; but the Committee answer that the shipowners are at present free to do that, "and worse." Honest owners understand that, for their own sake, it is not desirable to load too deeply, and they would no doubt be guided by the same considerations whether there were a fixed line or not. Besides, if the line were a safe line, there would be no danger in loading down to it. Here again the answer is sound enough in itself, but scarcely touches the right point, which is that it is impossible to have a fixed line adapted to all vessels, and that there will always be differences of opinion as to what constitutes the true line of safety.

The demands of the PLIMSOLL Committee have an appearance of simplicity which will be found to be somewhat delusive. All they ask, they say, is that ships needing repair shall be repaired, and that ships shall not be overloaded; and this seems at first sight reasonable enough. The difficulty is to determine what are necessary repairs, and at what point overloading begins. If the Government were to undertake to regulate these matters in all cases there would inevitably be some risk of error, and the burden of responsibility would be shifted from the owners to the Government officials. There are so many different kinds of ships that it is practically impossible to lay down any absolute rule which shall apply equally to them all. Moreover, if any rule were laid down, ships would probably be constructed so as to comply with its formal requirements without reference to actual security, the builders and owners being screened by the Government rule. Here again the most effectual method of dealing with shipowners who are likely to be careless as to the safety of their ships is not to prescribe minutely how their ships shall be built and loaded, but to make them responsible for the safety of the vessels, and let them know that, if anything goes wrong, they must expect to suffer for it. As it is, the class of honourable shipowners voluntarily do all they can to protect their crews; and shipowners of a lower class would understand the advantage of doing so too if they were aware that every disaster which might happen through carelessness or recklessness would be visited on their heads, or, to take a more sensitive part, their pockets.

The mistake which seems to us to be made by the Committee is that, while the ends which they seek to secure are excellent, they are on the wrong track as to the means of attaining them; and as long as they obstinately persist in advocating impracticable measures, and in refusing to be satisfied with anything less than a compulsory Government survey and a fixed load-line, they are only playing into the hands of those who desire that nothing should be done at all. Self-interest is one of the most powerful influences in the world, and the great object should be to make shipowners who are disposed to think more of freights than of lives feel that it is their own interest to take good care of their crews. We have repeatedly pointed out that, of all the persons concerned, the common seaman is the one who has the keenest interest in the safety of the ship.

The owner is covered by his insurance, the underwriter sets particular losses against the general profits of his business, and the captain, too, is probably tempted by the prospect of a bounty, or by a share in the speculation, or perhaps merely by a desire to ingratiate himself with his employers, to play a desperate game. But the seaman has little else than his life to care for, and may be trusted to do his best for it if he is only supplied with the means of ascertaining whether the ship for which he is engaged is sound, and of making his grievances known. It is very seldom that unsound ships are deliberately sent to sea in order that they may go down, and it is not in these cases that loss of life usually occurs. Nothing can be more absurd than to describe shipowners as if they were exceptionally wicked and inhuman. They are just the same as other men, and what happens in the shipping trade is only what happens in all trades. In the press and haste of modern competition there is a natural tendency to force the pace, and to try to make as much out of everything as possible. The old way of doing business was to avoid risks, and to stick to safe, steady transactions; but the fashion has changed, and all sorts of risks are now freely accepted on the assumption that, if business can only be pushed to the utmost extent, there will be sure to be a sufficient margin for losses. Credit, for example, is given with reckless facility, and a large allowance for bad debts is part of the regular course of trade. The recklessness of the shipowners is of a similar kind. They certainly do not want to lose any ships or drown any crews if they can help it, but they have unfortunately got into the way of taking these things rather too easily, as if they were ordinary and inevitable risks. This is a bad habit of mind, and it is well that something should be done to shake them out of it. It may indeed be hoped that one result of such legislation as has already been tried will be to correct the thoughtlessness which is in a large degree the source of the evil. What is needful is that shipowners should be made to feel that loss of life at sea is something more than a common hazard of trade, and that they are bound to do everything in their power to reduce to the lowest point the chances of disaster. The existing law, as far as its objects are concerned, seems to go about as far as is expedient, at any rate for the present, but it manifestly fails in providing a sufficiently simple and effectual means of carrying out these objects. If Mr. PRIMSOLL and his Committee, instead of wasting time in the advocacy of impracticable measures, would apply themselves to the amendment of the existing law in the way of providing for authentic information as to the condition in which vessels leave port, and for prompt redress against careless or reckless shipowners, they would be much more likely to command the support of public opinion, and to serve the class in whom they are interested. As it is, they are simply supplying the opponents of all reform with plausible arguments against doing anything at all, and perhaps even for attempting to reverse what has already been done.

THE ABOLITION OF PRIVACY.

THE *New York Times* has made some sensible and opportune remarks upon what it calls the abolition of privacy. The condition of public opinion illustrated by the Beecher scandal is certainly calculated to suggest some unpleasant reflections. The evil is described very pithily in one sentence of the article. "The American citizen," it says, "who is coolly asked to submit for publication his opinion as to whether his brother is a scoundrel, or his friend a liar, or his friend's wife a shrew or a harlot, does not kick the inquirer down stairs; he does not even show him the door; he meekly complies with the demand." The *New York Times* knows better than we do what is the state of feeling of American citizens upon these matters. We would fain hope that things are not quite so bad as it describes, even in America; and they are certainly not so bad in England. Our interviewer is not yet a privileged being, who has a right to confess anybody, and then to make the confession public. And yet we are sorry to have to admit that there is some tendency even in England to disregard the rights of privacy, and that the disposition of newspaper reporters to interfere in matters which do not concern them grows stronger rather than weaker. To denounce the evil is easy enough; but, as usual, it is not quite so easy to suggest an effective remedy. When such a case occurs as that of Mr. Beecher the evil is flagrant; nobody can say a word on behalf of a practice which leads to such disgusting results. Mr. Beecher himself says very truly in his defence, "It is time for the sake of decency and public morals that this matter should be brought to an end. It is an open pool of corruption, exhaling deadly vapours." Mr. Beecher's interest in suppressing the discussion is too great to allow his words to have much weight

in the matter; but his sentiment may be fully endorsed by impartial spectators. The misfortune is, that whilst everybody protests, the very protests act as an advertisement. Some of the offenders may be impudent enough to urge that, as the matter is made public, at any rate they cannot afford to leave the dirty business to their rivals. Others may cover the same sentiment more decorously by saying that, as the imputation has been published, it is fair to the persons implicated that the minutest details of the apology should be published also. In one way or other there seems to be an active competition in spreading a disgusting story which, one would have thought, should have been kept as quiet as possible by the common consent of everybody concerned. When once the matter has oozed out, all the accumulation of disgusting detail follows by an inevitable process. Corrections become necessary; each correction involves a further imputation, and the imputation requires another answer; and so the controversy spreads and ramifies till every corner of the "cesspool" has been thoroughly stirred up, and its malodorous vapours have spread into every corner of the country. They do these things on a large scale in America, and we can only hope that the disgust caused by so flagrant a case may do something towards bringing about a correction of the evil.

But how is the evil to be corrected? The answer is not quite so clear as it may seem at first sight. Are we to say, for example, that such scandals should never be published at all? That would undoubtedly be a very simple remedy, but it is one which could scarcely be adopted without qualification. If a celebrated preacher or statesman is subjected to an imputation upon his moral character, it is clearly desirable that some discussion should be possible. When such matters come before a court of justice the rule is comparatively clear. In England, at any rate, discussions upon the merits of the case are postponed until the question has been decided by a competent authority which excludes irrelevant talk. One obvious moral from Mr. Beecher's case is that mischief invariably results when the functions of a court of justice are usurped by a number of unqualified amateurs. We heard enough in all conscience about Arthur Orton, but if the whole affair had been unrestrictedly discussed by newspapers, instead of being kept within certain limits by legal authority, the world itself would hardly have contained the literature that would have been generated. Trial by newspaper naturally implies the introduction of all kinds of irrelevant and irritating topics, and, it may be, of topics only interesting to a prurient imagination. If a well-known English clergyman had been prosecuted for immorality in a court of law, some bounds would have been set to public curiosity, and the duty of newspapers might have been defined by the limits thus imposed. Without, however, discussing this particular case, it must be admitted that there are cases in which newspapers may rightfully interfere, and where legal processes would be inapplicable. We cannot complain that people should be more or less responsible to public opinion. When it is lamented that the old fences of private life have been broken down, it is only fair to add that the conditions have been materially changed. In old days a man who lived in a country village had no fear of newspapers before his eyes; but he was under an active surveillance quite as irritating. His neighbours gossiped about every detail of his life; and scandal was not the less venomous because it was less open. The advantage of life in a modern capital is the great increase of personal freedom in such matters. We have no neighbours, and can do as we please in many affairs where we should elsewhere be in constant dread of annoyance. Nobody knows or cares whether the man who lives next door to him in a London street goes to church or passes Sunday mornings in drinking or sleeping. The same change has to some extent taken place in public life. A statesman lives in a larger sphere than formerly, and is not subject to the same minute inspection. A century ago Junius attacked the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton for their private vices in a manner which would not be tolerated for a moment at the present day. A man may occupy a conspicuous position in Parliament, and of thousands of people who read his speeches not one in a hundred may have any knowledge whatever of his private character. The rise and progress of the interviewer is not so much indicative of a radically new evil as of a reappearance of the old evil in a new form. The interviewer is the old village gossip revived on a colossal scale. He is endeavouring to restore in a magnified form the system of bondage from which we hoped that we had finally escaped. He is to the modern man of eminence what the girls at the fountain were to Gretchen in *Faust*. He is more terrible, in so far as it is more disagreeable to know that many hundred people are gloating over the details of your private life than to know that half-a-dozen neighbours are talking scandal; and he is less terrible, in so far as the readers are further off and regard you more as an abstraction than as a concrete and recognizable human being. On the whole, in such a case as that of Mr. Beecher, the new evil is undoubtedly worse than the old. The intoxication of celebrity in so vast a public is overpowering, and when the celebrity is suddenly changed to notoriety of the most unpleasant kind, the suffering is proportionally great. So conspicuous a man has not the refuge granted to more commonplace victims of losing himself in a crowd; and poor Mr. Beecher, whether innocent or guilty, must feel for the rest of his life that, wherever he goes, the eyes of an omnipresent public will be upon him, and that he will be enveloped in an impalpable atmosphere of scandal.

In proportion, then, to the possible greatness of the evil is the strictness with which the ordinary rules of private life should

be enforced. The Positivist rule, *vivre au grand jour*, was interpreted by Mr. Mill to mean that everybody should be at the mercy, in every detail of his life, of an organized public opinion of tremendous power; and he naturally inferred that such a system would imply the most crushing tyranny ever imagined. Nobody ever attributes any doctrine to Positivists without its prophets immediately demonstrating that the statement implies a complete misconception of Comte's most vital principles. We shall therefore only say that, if Mr. Mill were right, the modern interviewer appears to aim at carrying out a similar system, with this unpleasant difference, that, whereas on the Positivist scheme opinion was to be controlled by certain immaculate priests, the interviewer would be controlled by nothing but the taste of popular readers. To resist such a tyranny even at its beginnings is most essential, if newspapers are not some day to become an intolerable nuisance. And yet it must be admitted that it is not quite easy to draw the line between a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the power. There are many criticisms upon public men which are not only fair but essential to the preservation of a healthy responsibility. There is a misconduct which cannot be reached by law, and there are cases in which the law requires to be supplemented by general discussion. If then it is required to point out the precise line of distinction between a legitimate and an illegitimate appeal to public opinion, we can only reply that the distinction must be felt but cannot be defined. The same difficulty occurs every day. There is some gossip about his neighbours in which a gentleman will indulge; there is another kind of gossip by which he would feel himself to be defiled and disgusted. If a man asks to which category a particular story belongs, the only answer is that, if he is a gentleman, he will know by instinct; and that, if he is not a gentleman, he had better learn to be one as soon as possible. In like manner, there are questions which an interviewer may ask, and to which the interviewer may reply without any loss of dignity; there are others—those, for example, suggested by the *New York Times*—to which the only proper reply would be conveyed through the toe of a boot applied to the most convenient part of the interviewer's frame. To lay down a set of rules for defining precisely what a man of thorough self-respect and delicate feeling would feel and do on any given occasion is a task beyond the powers of any human legislator. And yet on any such occasion the instinctive answer may be as decisive and unambiguous as the answer to a mathematical problem. The nearest approach to a rule which can be given is that an interviewer should publish nothing which he would be ashamed to publish under his own name if he were a man of sensitive and refined feelings. Unluckily this is to prescribe a rule which is too often like telling a blind man that he ought to act as if he had a lively eye for colour. All that remains is to endeavour to apply the lash as vigorously as possible whenever the rule is broken by people who are sensitive to nothing but a lash. Even the most hardened interviewer is more or less vexed when he is told that he has acted like a blackguard, and by working on that little germ of feeling we may possibly in time establish a law which will enable us to keep these persons in order. And meanwhile it is worth noticing that the people who complain of these unwarrantable intrusions have frequently a chance of doing good service. If only some statesman would have the courage to kick an interviewer down stairs, and to tell an inquisitive public that he heartily despised their curiosity and would not condescend to administer the most trifling satisfaction to it, he would probably be astonished by the amount of sympathy he would excite. People are very fond of asking impertinent questions, and therefore it is too often assumed that they are gratified by compliance. But such questions are often asked out of thoughtlessness, and the asker despises the man who yields to his temptation. There is a charm even to the vulgar about a good resolute No, and if the man who gets a slap in the face seldom enjoys it, the crowd of spectators in whose name he acts are as much pleased by his discomfiture as they would be by his success. We should be glad to see the experiment tried, and we predict, not only a gain of respect, but even of immediate popularity to the man who will resolutely slam his door in the face of one of these Paul Pry's of journalism.

ULSTERMEN.

THE members of the British Association have had an opportunity this year of making themselves acquainted with a race which seems thus far to have received a smaller share of attention than it deserves. The typical Ulsterman differs so much from the Irishman with whom he is usually classed that to some of his recent visitors he must have appeared almost as a new discovery. The familiar *bragoo* so well known at the minor theatres, and even in the streets, of London, will have been missed. The rags and dirt, the begging and the ignorance, together with the gaiety and carelessness, expected as part of the true Irish character, will have been looked for in vain. In Belfast the so-called Milesian who figures largely in our police-courts is a mere colonist, as he is here. Such people exist there, and in larger numbers even than here, but they are not the natives. The true Ulsterman is quite another kind of being. Although he is clean in his personal habits, he wants the English neatness. His talents are neither for music nor for poetry, nor does he cultivate the arts. With him *ahrewdness* takes the place of wit, and though he does not, like the Scotsman, require the help of a surgeon before he can see a joke, neither does he, on

the other hand, like the Irishman, place fun before every other moment of enjoyment. He is often taciturn, yet seldom wants an answer. He never wastes a word, yet on occasion can speak with volubility. He is capable of sarcasm, yet on the whole despises the man who makes a joke without provocation. He takes his pleasures, like an Englishman, sadly, and is still more limited in their range and variety. He hates ceremony, and is often wanting in politeness, yet he will risk imprisonment to join a party procession, and is hospitable to a fault. His morals are not on a par with those of his fellow islanders, but religion is the very breath of his nostrils. He never forgets his Protestant principles, however seldom he may act on them. He heartily abhors and despises Papists, and prays to be delivered from the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities. When whisky deprives him of his self-control he defies the police with a war cry which takes the invariable form of maledictions on the Pope. Yet he does not habitually indulge in bad language, and at the worst gives expression to his feelings only by the use of a monosyllable which he pronounces "dawn." He possesses also a form of oath which, allowing for the heinousness of all profane swearing, must be considered vague if not innocent. He asseverates a proposition with the mysterious sentence "By this and by that," whose depths of hidden meaning have not yet been revealed to the students of folk-lore. In the lower walks of life he is a Presbyterian, but as he rises in the social scale he prefers the Episcopal form of divine worship—in his heart, however, despising all ritual as savouring of Babylon, and sturdily refusing to permit the use of the cross either on the gable of his church or over the graves below. He always calls himself an Irishman, and is proud of the name; but his contempt for Irishmen of another province is supreme. The Hibernian side of his nature is chiefly shown in his sectarian vehemence; if he still oftentimes considers work to be derogatory to a born gentleman, yet he is industrious and frugal himself, averse to accepting alms, and proud of hard-earned success.

A nature so full of contradictions should be worthy of study, yet, with one or two exceptions, we cannot recall any books in which the character is described. The race itself is deficient in poetry as well as in music, and has not produced many novelists of note. The fairy mythology, the lore of semi-historical legend, is unknown to it; and one song, barbarous alike in words and in music, commemorates the ultimate fact in its history. The harp of Ireland has no place in Ulster. Drums and fife furnish it with the means of playing party tunes, and the "Protestant Boys" merits no better exponent. While the name of Belfast, which the Ulsterman contrives to pronounce in one syllable, represents to his mind the noblest commercial city in the world, the name of Derry awakens his whole patriotic sentiment. To him Derry is a sacred place; the Mecca of his religion. His aristocracy consists of the descendants of those who fought in the siege, and the man who can say he reckons one of King William's soldiers among his forefathers is in Ulster like a Hadji in Turkey or Egypt. So it comes to pass that with the most radical professions, he will vote as a Tory, and, upholding tenant-right, Presbyterianism, and personal liberty, is ardent in his loyalty and untiring in his denunciations of Republicanism.

His language, as might be expected from his origin, contains a curious mixture of component parts, gathered from Scotland, Ireland, and England, but moulded by his own individuality into a peculiar patois. It partakes, on the whole, more of the nature of the broad Yorkshire, such as may be heard in the dales, than of any other English dialect. But Scotch, and especially Lowland Scotch, enters largely into its composition. From Ireland it borrows its guttural, and, without any of the sweetness and softness of Munster, it has absorbed many southern peculiarities. The Ulsterman cannot distinguish "shall" and "will," nor does he object to such forms as "banes" for "beans," or "sowl" for "soul." How far this was the English pronunciation at the time of the colonization of Ulster we must leave to Mr. Ellis and Dr. Hume to say; but although in Down or Armagh it is not uncommon, it is by no means the rule. The pronoun "I" is habitually altered to "a" or "aw," and the vowel "u" has a sound analogous to that of the German "ü." The Ulsterman always says "ay" when he means "yes," and "man," which he pronounces like the German "*mann*," he applies with familiar indifference to all ages and both sexes. He begins every sentence with "I say," spoken very rapidly so as to sound like "assay," and he frequently softens his consonants or omits them altogether. There is, however, a business-like tone in his method of speaking, and those who have business dealings with him find that he carries it beyond a mere sound.

For the thoroughbred Ulsterman is as acute as the Yankee. He is no more to be taken in than a Scotchman. He is industrious in his habits, and hates idleness in others, and though he gambles with flax, one of the most precarious of all agricultural productions, he never depended on the potato for his food, and therefore suffered less from the effects of the Irish famine than any of his countrymen. He cared little for the Land Act, for as long as he paid his rent he had nothing to fear from eviction, but since it has passed he has availed himself of it to the utmost. The number of cases decided in Ulster since the Act came into operation is already said to exceed those of all the other three provinces, and there alone have the tenants bought their holdings to any considerable extent. He is law-abiding as a rule, but very fond of litigation, which he looks upon as a lottery in which he may win a prize. "To get the law" of a man is in his language to take an advantage of him, and while his conscience is very scrupulous as to worshipping graven images or admitting a crucifix into his house,

he will half kill a Romanist in a party fight, and at the subsequent investigation swear away his liberty with steadfast and unswerving determination. This party element enters into and defiles all his good qualities, and moderation in political or religious questions is hateful to him. If he dislikes Papists, he abhors "triumphers," and with all his frugality and all his industry will rather pay a heavy fine, or go to prison, than fail his lodge on the Twelfth of July, or hesitate to get drunk in honour of the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory of that great and good King, William III." The Party Processions Act, though constantly and even severely enforced, did not subdue this spirit in the least, and its repeal makes no difference whatever to him, unless indeed it robs his favourite amusement of some of its zest, and deprives him of a source of unfailing and perennial excitement.

But this is the darker side of the picture. The Ulsterman has qualities of the highest value in any nation. If he is not so careful and so steady as his opposite neighbour in Scotland, he exhibits a greater amount of social talent in several respects. His "wit" is not so dry, but it is more comprehensible. He is almost as well educated as the Scotchman, and even better able to make use of what he knows. He loves a laugh and a quick reply above all things, and is most mortified when he finds himself unable to cap a story. But his repartee is seldom ill-natured, and, though he will not, like a pure Irishman, risk open friendship for a joke, he despises the man who takes seriously what is meant in jest. He loves a delicate distinction, and is fond of learning new forms of expression. It was an Ulsterman who, when some one sneered at his cart, remarking, "One of your wheels is red and the other blue; they are not fellows," promptly replied, "No, they are not fellows, but they are comrades." It was a shrewd Ulster slater who asked the Evangelical nobleman why he provided tin-headed nails for his castle roof if he believed the world would come to an end in ten years. And it was an Ulster marquis who endeared himself to his tenantry by the memorable bull uttered in his speech at an agricultural dinner, "I wish my farmers would use iron ploughs, because they last for ever, and will afterwards sell for old iron."

It is, however, out of Ireland that Ulstermen have made the most of their talents. They are almost as fond of the way to London as the natives of Scotland. Nor do they fail when they go further. Ulster has furnished England with at least one Prime Minister, if not two, and India with a Viceroy as well as a whole Gazetteful of heroes. The Pottingers and Nicholsons, the Lawrences and Montgomeries, who have come from Derry or Down, are innumerable. They have left a mark on the world's geography as explorers, and, having furnished Franklin with his second in command, sent McClintock to find his bones, and McClure to discover the passage he had sought in vain. It is an Ulsterman who now presides over the deliberations of the House of Lords, and another who holds the terrors of the law over Ritualist curates from the Committee of the Privy Council. An Ulsterman from Belfast was but lately chief Minister of Canada, and another is now the Governor-General. An Ulsterman was with Nelson at Trafalgar, another was at Wellington's right hand at Waterloo. To say that Ulstermen are proud of themselves is to malign them. Pride is a vice to which, as Protestants, they cannot acknowledge, and it must be remembered that the only Irish Bishop on the English bench comes from the Northern province; but to say they are not proud would be to accuse them of ingratitude to Providence. We do not need to solve the difficulty here, and no doubt the members of the British Association have had it presented to their minds sufficiently often at Belfast. Conceit is the besetting sin of provincials, and it besets Ulstermen with remarkable success. Clever, independent, and usually endowed with great bodily vigour, they may be pardoned for a little of that *amour propre* which would be such a gain to the Irish of the other three provinces and elsewhere.

The one thing in which the Ulsterman contrasts least favourably with his brother Irishman is his want of poetry. Even when he would be pathetic he fails. It is true that a Belfast house issues annually the largest number of valentines for the use of the whole world. The Ulsterman can bring no skill to bear on the peculiarly Irish science of love-making. He makes his courtship a matter of business, but does not transact it with his usual celerity. He thinks more of what his intended has than of what he is. It was an Ulsterman who at a funeral observed the awkward work of an unaccustomed hand, and exclaimed, as he seized a shovel, "I was not seven years counting a sexton's daughter without learning to sod a grave." And, no matter how large the bride's fortune, he always grumbles over the marriage fee. "Wouldn't half-a-crown timplt ye?" asked a bridegroom of the officiating minister, when the clerk demanded the usual five shillings. On the other hand, his belief in destiny is unwavering. When a clergyman expressed his surprise that a husband should be found for an old and portionless woman, he was briefly reproved in the reply, "There's critters for critters." On a similar principle it is considered reprehensible to speak of any one as an idiot, and simply flying in the face of the Creator to call anybody ugly. Plainness is more delicately characterized by the word "ornary." An expected death is alluded to by the form, "We're waitin' on him"; and the nearest approach to poetical expression is illustrated by the story of a recent traveller in Tyrone, who, having inquired for the fisherman that had attended him in a previous expedition, was informed that he had died suddenly on the floor of his cottage—"the water that was boiled to make his tay shaved him when he was a corp."

OLD HOUSES.

IN some parts of England a chief place among the objects of an antiquarian ramble is held by the ancient houses of the district. This is chiefly the case in those counties or parts of counties which have not been swallowed up by large towns; and these districts again divide themselves, according to the material, into the regions of stone, timber, and brick. In a district like Northamptonshire or Somerset, which is neither a wilderness nor a province covered with houses, but which is full of small towns and large villages, and where good building stone is found in plenty, ancient houses of stone are naturally abundant. In the East of England, on the other hand, lack of stone drove men to the use of brick, and an English brick style therefore grew up there answering to the brick styles of Italy and Northern Germany. In the West Midland region again, neither stone nor brick, but wood, is the prevailing material; and any one who has studied the domestic architecture of Coventry and Chester knows that it is very far from being a contemptible material. Each of the three materials, stone, brick, and wood, has its own peculiar forms, but it is, naturally in the stone district that we find houses of the greatest antiquity and showing the highest forms of art. Still, in both these respects, we set a lower standard in the case of houses than we do in the case of churches. It is plain that, except in the very greatest houses and in their most dignified portions, it is impossible to reach the same degree of stateliness which is reached in a church of the second, or even the third order. And so with regard to date, the Romanesque houses in England may be counted on the fingers, while no one despises a house even of the seventeenth century. The great mass of our old houses belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; anything of the thirteenth or fourteenth is at once noticed as unusual. Of the few houses earlier still, most of the instances are to be found in towns, like the Jews' House at Lincoln, and Moysey's Hall at Bury St. Edmunds, buildings which have suggested a notion which is at least worth examining, that the oldest stone houses in England are always the work of Jews. Two of the oldest houses in England which are not strictly in a town are the ruined house at Christchurch and Morton Hall at Cambridge, but each of these, if not strictly in a town, is close under the protection of a castle. The truth is that the growth of the rural domestic architecture of a country is the best of all guides to the growth of its civilization. There is a stage where no man who is not great enough to be lord of a castle is safe anywhere but within the defences of a walled town. The undefended house in the open country is a sign that the law is strong, and that the master of the house is not afraid of any hostile attacks from his neighbours. This forms one of the points of difference between England and France. "Manor" is a French word, but it has become in use far more English than French. The English manor-house translates the French *château*, the use of the French word preserving a tradition of the time when the manor, as a rule, had to be a castle. That is to say, to live in an undefended house in the country was safe in England sooner than it was safe in France. For the same reason we lack in our English towns the stately private houses, often of ancient date, which belonged, and sometimes still belong, to the noblesse of the neighbourhood. That is to say, the French *seigneur*, not feeling himself safe except within walls, divided himself between his castle and his town-house at a time when the English knight or esquire could safely make his rural manor-house serve for both. Because the power of the law was thoroughly established over the whole country at an earlier time in England than anywhere else, we lose something in the way of castles and palaces, of town-houses and civic buildings, but we gain in that large class of houses on a moderate scale, dwellings of the lords of a single manor, which form a marked feature in several districts of England. In some parts indeed they are so usual and so marked that people actually know that they are houses; otherwise, as a rule, any piece of mediæval architecture which is at all fragmentary or found in an unusual place is vulgarly set down as a church, or at least as having had something to do with monks or nuns.

In the districts of which we speak the manor-house, now and then of an earlier date, but most commonly of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, is still found in many a manor, but it is not, as a rule, still dwelt in by its lord. As a rule, it has sunk into a farm-house. Nor is this very wonderful, for it is quite certain that no modern squire, and indeed no modern farmer, could make himself comfortable in a house of the twelfth or the thirteenth century, while it perhaps needs some little antiquarian turn to be quite at home in a house even of the earlier Tudor times. When the Elizabethan period is reached, no one need complain, but then, though picturesqueness of outline is in some respects increased, the purity of architectural style is past. Perhaps the luckiest man is he who comes in for a hall and a porch of the days of Henry the Seventh, with a few rooms added in the days of his granddaughter. The work of the two dates supplies variety without any real lack of harmony, and the grouping of the two parts of the house will most likely be better than if the whole had belonged to either date. In the earlier type of house there is commonly only one room, strictly so called, of any importance, namely the *solar*. There is not the same display of large windows and rich ceilings, though both of inferior detail, which we find towards the end of the sixteenth century. The hall still remains the great feature, indeed the only strictly architectural feature. The hall, ranging the full height of the house, with its open roof, with its oriels at one end and its screens and gallery at the other, is the great fea-

ture of the mediæval house, great or small, from the lowly hall of the smallest manor or parsonage to the pillared ranges of Oakham and Winchester or the vast spreading roofs of Westminster and Hampton Court. As manners changed, as the master of the house left off dining in the hall, the hall lost its importance. It became no longer a distinct architectural feature the full height of the house; it became little more than a large room with other rooms over it, and it gradually sank to be a mere entrance, a hall in the modern sense. But meanwhile the other rooms of the house were growing both in number and size; men were building houses so full of glass that it was hard to find a place in them out of the reach of the sun. The purity of mediæval detail was also dying out, and Italian elements were creeping in. A house like Montacute, with all its stateliness, is not so strictly a work of architecture as a house of a third of its size one hundred and fifty years older, which still keeps the hall as a distinct feature. But, on the other hand, now that we have developed the use of dining-rooms and of various other rooms of different kinds, it cannot be denied that a house like Montacute is much more convenient to live in. The lucky man, we again say, is he whose house, great or small, gives him something of both dates, where the hall of the fifteenth or sixteenth century is not unequally yoked to the living-rooms of the sixteenth or seventeenth.

It is to be noticed that, as the original use of the hall died out, the mere entrance to the house gained in effect. In the older type of house, where the hall is the main feature, the porch or other door does not open at once into the hall, but into the dark and narrow passage called the screens. The hall itself is entered only through the screen, but when the hall had sunk from dining-room and almost everything else into a mere entrance, the entrance naturally gained in stateliness. On the other hand, where space is an object, the entrance has again lessened, till by a caprice, or rather a survival of language, we often hear the word "hall" applied to a passage no wider or lighter than the screens which led to the ancient hall. The hall, in short, died out as the necessity for it died out. The manner of life which had once been usual in the castle and the manor-house died out before a new set of social ideas; the whole household no longer dined in each other's presence, and the common table, and with it the common hall, lived on only in institutions like Colleges and Inns of Court. There the hall still goes on, applied to its old purpose, while in those houses where it is still left it has become a drawing-room, an entrance, or nothing at all. Nowadays we should design buildings of very different plans for a college and for a large private house. In the fifteenth century one plan did for both. Professor Willis has pointed out that the ground plans of Haddon Hall and of Queen's College, Cambridge, were almost exactly the same.

In one main point our ancient houses, like all our ancient buildings, teach us a lesson which is for all time and for all styles. Every one has heard the story of a man who built himself a house with a very stately front, which looked remarkably well on paper, but who, when he went to take up his abode in it, found that his architect had forgotten the staircase. Such a mistake was not likely to be made either in mediæval or in Elizabethan times. The mediæval architect might make his staircase a mere corkscrew, and not according to the statelier and more convenient pattern which came in from Italy; but he was quite safe to make a staircase of some kind, as he was safe to make everything else which was really wanted. There is the key to one main difference between ancient and modern designs. A modern design for a house or any other building constantly gives one the idea that the architect first drew a picture which should look pretty, and especially which should look unlike anything else, and then divided it into rooms as he could. The house of Queen Anne's time, built in no particular style of architecture, has no claim to be picturesque; but it is solid and straightforward; and, because it is solid and straightforward, it is, if not exactly beautiful, yet not exactly ugly. Houses of this type are far less offensive than such as we see nowadays, where one says "I will be Italian," another "I will be Gothic," another "I will be Elizabethan," another "I will be something nondescript such as nobody ever saw before." All of them show a conscious striving at being picturesque, beautiful, eccentric, or something or other. The Queen Anne's house aims at nothing of the kind, and is so far better; but the earlier types are better still, in that without any striving they gain the objects which the modern architect strives after. The house-builders of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries simply built what they wanted in the best way that they knew how to build, and it came out picturesque and beautiful without any effort. A man wanted a hall, a chapel, a kitchen, a solar, a gateway, or anything else; he made them as he wanted them, in such relation to each other as he wanted them; he made the best doorways and windows and roofs that he knew how to make, and the design made itself. Out came Wroxhall or Chalfeld or Lytes Cary by a kind of natural selection. If he wished to equal or outdo the ancient builders, he must set to work in the same way. An ancient architect did not put a gable in this or that place simply to look pretty. He put his gable in the place where it was wanted and made it of the size of which it was wanted to be; but he also gave it the best architectural character that he knew how to give it, and thorough success was the result. In all this we cannot do better than follow the wisdom of our forefathers, and we may fairly follow them in their particular ways of doing things whenever those ways of doing things suit our own modern purposes. Take for instance the making of windows. The common sash window is confessedly ugly; so people nowadays run off to

bring in all the strange dodges which have come into vogue ever since there went forth a decree from Mr. Ruskin that all architectural forms which had been in any age used by Englishmen were for the future to be tabooed. But meanwhile the old-fashioned English window still abides, constructed on the principles of common sense, as the Ruskinian window is constructed on the principles of make-believe. Stick your glass in your mullions as your forefathers did, but learn something withal from modern experience. Had the mediæval builders known such a thing as plate-glass, they would have used plate-glass, and, using plate-glass, they would have put their mullions further apart. For some mysterious reason they cared less for fresh air than we do, and took less pains to make their windows open. But with a little care it is easy to reconcile ancient beauty with modern convenience, without running off into any of those fashionable dodges, those new developments of culture, which to plain English eyes seem neither beautiful nor convenient. You may make a straightforward mullioned window which the architect of Thornbury himself need not have despised, but which lets in all the light and all the air that any one can want, and which, instead of shutting out the view, shows it to greater advantage. Both in building and in politics there is nothing like the wisdom of our forefathers, if we only know how to make use of it. The models which they have left us are neither to be scornfully cast aside nor to be blindly imitated. We shall do best by doing as we may believe that they would have done in our circumstances, with our new needs and our new means of supplying those needs. At all events let us follow their great rule; let us build the thing which we really want, as we want it, in the best way that we know how to build it. If we follow our forefathers in doing this, we may come to raise such works as they did. But we shall never do so if we set to work on no principle but that of making each new building queerer than the building last before it.

THE PATHOS OF PLEASURE-SEEKING.

THE word pleasure-seeker, as any intelligent schoolboy would be able to tell us, is a compound built up of a French and a Teutonic element, which together denote the active pursuit of enjoyment. And the definition thus arrived at is favoured by a survey of the recognized use of the word in our standard literature. Yet an inquiring young foreigner, say some studious Oriental, who happens to be in our midst just now learning our language, might not improbably feel perplexity at hearing some of its frequent applications. If at the holiday season of the year he encounters at a railway station or in a steamboat a man looking particularly hurried and confused in the midst of his numerous progeny and their unmanageable baggage, he is told that this afflicted person is a pleasure-seeker. He will turn to his pocket-dictionary and no doubt feel a little puzzled. Possibly, attracted by rumour and by curiosity, he may visit one of the frequented resorts of the pleasure-seeking public with the anticipation of some species of gorgeous festivity, or possibly some potent influences akin to those of his familiar opiates disposing to a luxurious indolence. Yet here, too, perplexity awaits him. The goal to which were hastening the flurried, dust-begrimed, and fatigued travellers who excited so deep a feeling of pity in his breast appears to be anything but the sensuous Paradise he had been rash enough to imagine. Instead of the voluptuous ecstasy or serene delight which he thought was attracting this crowd of itinerants with something of a dreadful force, he finds for the most part indications of painful restlessness and ennui. Pacing up and down the elegantly constructed pier or esplanade there presents himself the same type of man that he recently found burdened with travelling afflictions. He looks much like a fine tiger in one of our menageries—confined, impatient, and morose. He occasionally resorts to newspaper or pipe, but neither proves a very effectual sedative to his perturbed spirit. His wife and daughter appear meanwhile to be deriving some degree of amusement from sundry promising acquaintances. Thus, then, exclaims the curious observer, these odd Englishmen take their annual draught of holiday pleasure. Elsewhere he may find examples of the same class of ardent and much tried pleasure-seekers looking for a realization of their dreams, not in stationary inaction by the dreary murmuring sea, but in some form of wild exertion. On the steep sides of Snowden or Helvellyn he may meet oppressed-looking persons panting and toiling upwards under a broiling sun, and his polite companion endeavours perhaps to explain to his bewildered intelligence that in this way British families are wont to disport themselves. Hardly less puzzling would appear to our imaginary learner the voluntary sufferings of well-to-do ladies and gentlemen in the steamboats which ply about the west coast of Scotland and elsewhere. Nor would he be much enlightened if he followed the comfortable obese middle-aged man to his untrod moor, and saw him helplessly sweltering and molling amid unknown bog and swamp, or if he accompanied some of the thousands who periodically overrun certain parts of the Continent, ignorant of the languages and customs of the countries they visit, and gloomily repining at the gross impositions to which they are everywhere subjected. Supposing our thoughtful observer of English habits to try, in a Socratic manner, to make an induction from all these varieties of pleasure-seeking, of the central idea contained in them, it is easy to see what a hopeless perplexity is likely to possess his mind. In no one of these quaint devices of the pleasure-seeker can he recognize any familiar ingredients of human enjoyment; and perhaps he might ultimately conclude that the practice of

autumnal flitting to sea and mountain is a survival of some ancient religious ceremony, by the self-imposed sufferings of which the worshipper is supposed to propitiate certain august deities presiding over the more imposing phenomena of nature.

An interpretation of our annual excursions so little flattering to our intelligence and civilization would, without doubt, be indignantly resented by every true patriot. And it would be easy indeed to retort to our fictitious visitor's exclamations of surprise that modes of enjoyment vary with national temperament, and that an Englishman studying the festivities of Japan or China would often find it as difficult as he has done to detect the sources of pleasure. This answer has no doubt some degree of force. Many forms of English amusement spring immediately out of the robust muscular activity of our race, and to a body well-braced and teeming with spare energy, a stiff day's walk, an ascent of some savage mountain peak, a tiring scramble through stubble or swamp, may bring a keen relish not conceivable to the more luxurious temperament of hot climates. So strong a characteristic, indeed, is this love of action, that the richest sensuous impression may fail to convey high pleasure unless there has been eager and arduous exertion in pursuit of it. Thus it is, for example, that people who have rarely troubled themselves to note the majestic splendour of a lowland sunset will burst into raptures at the like spectacle when they happen to have toiled up Snowdon or the Rigi in order to witness it.

Yet, allowing the full force of this rejoinder, it strikes one that there is still ample ground for the naïf perplexity of our supposed visitor. For in very many cases, we think, the poor plagued pleasure-seeker who excited his compassion would himself be ready to confess the utter vanity of his aims. Nay more, some few would be inclined to admit frankly that they had no expectation of deriving any pleasure from this custom of autumn trip. The professional man, for instance, who in week subjection to his family obligations consents to wander forlorn for several weeks over the sandy shore which happens to suit the fondness for society of his sisters or daughters, is only an apparent pleasure-seeker. The two sexes have sometimes totally dissimilar conceptions of enjoyment, and the resort which offers abundance of amusement to women whose greatest daily excitement is a dinner party and the promenade may be insufferably dull to their devoted protector. This is but one form of that singularly overlooked variety of modern hardship, the subjection of men and may perhaps be obviated when the idea of the value of individual liberty shall have penetrated the regions of the domestic relations.

Not only so, but even in the case of the uncoerced pleasure-seekers who start on their autumn ramble of their own free will, the art presents its melancholy aspects. People rush from town to mountain or moor in the full belief that unimaginable delights await them. They are *bona fide* pleasure-seekers. Still, when one lights on them in the hours of fruition, they seem anything rather than the enviable partakers of the highest human felicity. It would be easy enough, no doubt, to moralize on this gloomy fact, and to point out how illusive are all the anticipations of mankind. (Or one might attempt, more philosophically perhaps, to explain how it is that so few pleasures come up to our ideas of them, and to show how large an ingredient of most of our enjoyments lies in the very act of anticipating and pursuing them. But, leaving these more ambitious aims, we may content ourselves with indicating one or two special reasons for the frequent fruitlessness of this annual search for pleasure.

These failures to realize an annual felicity seem to be due to the great liability of a person nowadays to pursue his pleasure in a manner unsuitable to his capacities and habits. It might be said, no doubt, with some amount of truth, that few Englishmen possess a keen capacity for prolonged gratification; and certainly we betray, in comparison with some other nations, a striking absence of individual originality in planning new and fitting schemes of enjoyment. But, apart from these permanent hindrances, we may call attention to a number of influences which seem to concur just now in exposing people to this risk of illusion. One of these is obviously the new opportunities of travel afforded by the improved facilities and increased cheapness of travelling, and by the greatly altered distribution of wealth, both of which are a part of the industrial progress of the age. By reason of the latter, people are continually finding themselves in possession of money for which they have never before had occasion to discover uses; and as the advance of our railway system is ever bringing them new temptations to extended touring, there is little room for wonder that so many novices set out on the difficult paths of travel. The plain uncultivated citizen finds perhaps his usually quiescent imagination inflamed by brilliant handbills setting forth the proximity of Paris, the Rhine, and Italy. In an evil hour he yields to the importunate enticement and sets out on his foreign tour. Ignorant of the languages, modes of intercourse, and habits of life of the cities he visits, he soon discovers these unsuggestive surroundings to be unbecomingly and inhospitable. He has not the requisite culture to enjoy works of art, or to derive pleasure from observing the habits or studying the history of the people he visits; and he very soon wearies of the incessant jargon, and with a deep conviction that all foreigners are the leagued foes of the British tourist, he returns miserable and embittered. We remember once falling in with such a simple tourist among the warm beauties of Venetian architecture. By some strange freak he had set out from the Black Forest, the original aim of his excursion, for that city, being impressed apparently by somebody's description of its glories. He was able to endure the swift succession of Church

visitings, with the French or broken English of the *sacristani*, for three days only, and his look of weariness and despair when we last saw him was something unspeakably touching. Fifty years ago persons who entertained the plan of a foreign tour studiously prepared for it, and were possessed of the knowledge and culture fitted to profit by the plan. But, in spite of compact handbooks and manuals of conversation, the modern tourist too often finds the adverse forces of his new environment too much for him. Much the same thing may be seen among the less opulent classes. They are constantly inveigled into pleasure-trips for which they have little fitness. The simple bucolic whom one occasionally sees at a watering-place may serve as an illustration. He wanders, like some sad shade, with the equally gloomy forms of his wife and children, over the wide waste of sands, and looks moodily out on the harvestless sea. His mind is unprepared by reading and information to take interest in the new objects which present themselves. The sea has no poetical associations, no suggestions of beauty, of mercantile profit, or even of thrilling disaster, for his imagination; and with thoughts still chained to the fields and cattle of his daily care, he longs for the evening train which is to bear him back to his familiar haunts.

Closely connected with these industrial changes are other and social changes which help to explain the luckless choice of amusement made by so many people. The gradual transformation of the social system from an aristocratic to a plutocratic basis is accompanied by the imposition of a growing number of artificial criteria of rank. The natural and inimitable test of birth being gradually superseded, a code of new and stringent rules comes to be enforced, compliance with which is supposed to establish a person's competence to enter and adorn a certain grade of society. These tests are naturally directed before all other things to pecuniary capabilities, and hence the increasing number of necessary extravagances under the burden of which so many people groan. Thus we find that hardly anybody who wishes to maintain an unambiguous social position is really at liberty to choose his mode of spending his autumn. The man on 'Change or the professional man who is anxious to keep well with his watchful neighbours, learns from his wife or daughter that this fashionable English watering-place, or that Swiss valley with its splendid hotels, is considered the thing for the season, and, however much he might prefer a quieter and less costly resort, the force of social calculations proves too much for him. From this it follows also that in the eager attempts of persons to wedge themselves into a slightly higher stratum of the social formation, they so frequently seize on the favourite amusements of that higher level. Whether it be the successful Liverpool speculator who tries somewhat late in life the vigorous pleasures of the chase, or the New York aspirant to social recognition whom one so often sees ignorant and helpless, trying desperately to draw a little enjoyment from the European tour which is to float him safely into the desired haven, or the cleverly advertising West-End tradesman who takes a box at the opera and feels compelled to doze away a certain number of evenings in this bright portal to a higher sphere, we see in all cases alike the same sorry kind of pleasure-seeking under the force of a dominant ambition for social elevation. The impulse to earn the esteem of one's fellows, though it be only for pecuniary attainments, is no doubt a worthy one, and it ought perhaps to be regarded as a mark of social progress that so many people are ready to sacrifice personal gratification to considerations which have some altruistic elements in them. Yet one can hardly help feeling a touch of pity for the persons who thus try to delude themselves into the belief that they are in search of pleasure, and who are ready to commute the few opportunities of intense enjoyment which life offers them for the chances of another nod of recognition or two from fashionable equipages.

ROMAN REMAINS AT LYDNEY.

NEARLY two years ago (November 2, 1872), in a notice of Murray's Handbook to Gloucestershire, we glanced in passing at the existence of curious and important Roman remains on the north-west bank of the Severn, as well as on the opposite side of the river and county, round about Cirencester, and we pointed to the association of the name of Bathurst with the preservation of both. The Woolhope Field Club—which does not, as is slanderously reported, limit its researches to the edibility of toadstools and puff-balls, but takes a lively interest in the antiquities as well as in the natural history of Herefordshire and its confines—has this year paid a visit to Lydney Park, the seat of the Rev. W. H. Bathurst, and the site of a far more extensive Roman occupation than many of our antiquaries and archaeologists imagine. Unhappily by tourists, though not exempt from the neighbourhood of tall chimneys and the shriek of the railway whistle, Lydney Park stands beside the road from Gloucester to Chepstow, within an easy mile of the little town which gives it its name, on beautifully undulating ground at the outskirts of Dean Forest, and commands a grand outlook on the broad estuary of the Severn, and the Stinchcombe Hill and Vale of Berkeley on the other side of it. To the sketcher and lover of the picturesque its glades and uplands offer sylvan scenery of singular beauty; and whether he regards the hale and magnificent old oaks and Spanish chestnuts, or the plane, service, and other fine-grown rarer trees near the mansion, or yet again the small-leaved limes which, in the precincts of the remains of the Roman camp, villa, and temple, have bent their massive lateral branches to the earth only to start up afresh with new roots and a hardy independence of the parent stem, the arboriculturist

might deem himself fortunate were he fixed for a week or more within reach of so attractive a field for his special study. At one time his path will be across a rich sward, the fertility of whose soil is attested by splendid timber; at another beside limestone rocks through crevices in which straggle roots and trunks of trees; whilst in the dell below trickles a tiny brooklet to complete a scene which the common folk believe to be a demeane of fairyland. At the extremity of the park, about two miles from the mansion, are vestiges of the old Roman mines and ironworks, known here, as at Coleford and Bream in the region of Dean Forest, as the "Scowles." A writer on Dean Forest surmises that "scowles" is a corruption of the British word 'crowl' = caves; but it is obviously safer, with the veteran antiquary, Mr. Thomas Wright, to confess utter ignorance of the "unde derivata," albeit the verb to "scowl," which in one sense is to "look red and hot," might suggest an etymology for want of a better.

The Scowles, whencesoever named, designate uneven ground composed of cinder-heaps and sparse vegetation, and occasional copse-wood, hard by the entrance of an ancient Roman iron-mine. They are not uncommon in other parts of Dean Forest, and one such may be visited by Wye tourists in the neighbourhood of Symond's Yat. But that which renders Lydney Park almost unique in its interest is that, apart from this trace of Roman occupation, almost every square foot of it attests the former presence of the civilizing conqueror who inspired those he subdued not only with something of his industry, but also of his refinement and cultivation. Two camps of considerable strength and importance show it to have been a first-class military station of the Romans, commanding the Severn, and covering, according to the Hand-books, some eight acres. The larger of the two is of an irregular oblong shape, 830 ft. long and 730 ft. broad. It is single-ditched on all sides but the east, where, as the ascent is less steep, the ditch is twofold. The lesser camp is single-ditched and round. Within the entrenchments of the larger of the two, which lies to the right of an undoubted Roman road communicating with Caerwent, the father of the present owner, Mr. C. Bragge Bathurst, sometime Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a kinsman of Lord Sidmouth, was the first to discover and excavate the remains of a very considerable Roman villa or palace, with commensurate offices and adjacent buildings. To summarize a note of Dr. Ormerod to his elaborate paper on the "British and Roman Roads leading to Caerwent" (*Archæological Institute Proceedings*, Bristol, 1851), the excavations disclosed the foundations of an irregular quadrangle, the sides of which averaged two hundred feet, exclusive of offices to the north-west, and of a palatial fabric on the north-east side. This latter had a portico along the west front, and an open court in the centre, surrounded by corridors in which, as well as in several chambers, occurred tessellated pavements, two of which were uncovered for the inspection of the Woolhope Club on their recent visit. To the north of this building and detached from it are hypocausts of considerable extent, the system of flues beneath the floors of the chambers above being distinctly traceable, although it would be too much to say that there is any extant proof that these chambers were bath-rooms. Here, too, are tessellated pavements of elaborate pattern, one of which was uncovered as a type of the rest, and which have remained carefully covered and preserved since their excavation by the first investigator, who had the forethought to treasure up the coins and numerous relics found on the spot, and to have plans and drawings executed, amongst which were engravings of no less than eleven tessellated pavements.

We have yet to speak of that part of the principal quadrangle which is most interesting to the classical antiquary—namely, the traces of a temple, 95 ft. long by 75 ft. broad, from inscriptions and votive tablets in which may be gleaned at least the probable name of the owner and his seemingly Romano-British tutelary God. According to three inscriptions found in this temple and preserved in Mr. Bathurst's interesting museum on votive tablets, this God was named Nodons, Nodens, or Nudens, and there is fair reason for supposing that he was a local British deity, adopted, after their accommodating fashion, into the tolerant Pantheon of the Romans in Britain. Old-fashioned readers will remember how forcibly Paley points out this characteristic of Roman policy in the first chapter of his *Evidences*. In the ruins of the temple was found an inscription in large characters, covering a long space, and, allowing for two or three lacunæ, easily decipherable. Its surroundings included a fanciful border representing the twisted bodies of salmon, the fish of the Severn, and cocks, serpents, dogs, and representations of human limbs, in connexion, it would seem, with the divinity of the temple. It would be going too far to say that this inscription indicates in so many words the purpose of the building in which it was found, or the name of the deity to whom it was presumably erected. Yet the burden of it, taken in connexion with the three votive tablets already mentioned, may be said to settle the question. D.A. . . . FLAVIUS SENILIS (IT RUDS) PR. REL. EX STREPIBUS POSSUIT O. . . . ANTE VICTORINO INTER. . . . ATE. The first two letters are possibly the pronomina of Flavius Senilis, who may well have been the owner of the villa, even as he in this inscription claims to have been the founder of the temple. It has been surmised that the abbreviated words PR. REL. stand for "præses religionis," an ecclesiastical title for which authority is not forthcoming; but they may also stand for "pretis relato," which, taken in connexion with the words next following—A.E. XX STREPIBUS, or stipibus—would signify that the cost of the altar or shrine was liquidated by the small pieces of money paid freely or

at the instance of the priests by the votaries. Such faulty spellings as "strepibus" for "stipibus," "possuit" for "posuit," &c., may be illustrated from the other inscriptions as well as from the whole range of later Roman epigraphy; and the learned Dr. McCaul, of University College, Toronto, has illustrated the practice of defraying the cost of putting up altars, statues, shrines, and the like from "penny contributions" by an extant inscription in Switzerland to Mercurius Augustus. It is in truth to Dr. McCaul's *Britanno-Roman Inscriptions*, published in Toronto and London in 1863, that we owe some of the most scholarly attempts at the solution of the inscription we are discussing. From what has been already made out, and the filling up of the lacuna between O and ANTE with two letters PUS CUR (opus curante), a text will have been reconstructed after a fashion which will be thus translatable:—"Flavius Senilis set up this temple at a cost defrayed by small money-offerings, Victorinus being the builder or clerk of the works." It should be noted that Victorinus is known to have been a name common among the Silures, and it will be observed that as yet we have not attempted to explain the defective INTER. . . . ATE. The only plausible solution of it is Dr. McCaul's suggestion that we should supply AMN=Interamnate, and understand the word as an adjective denoting the place of birth: so that Victorinus will thus be further identified as a local builder, Victorinus the Interamnian, or a native of the country between two rivers—"the eye between Severn and Wye," of which the proverb holds. This appendage of the birthplace is quite classical; and indeed in Cicero, *pro Milone*, we find mention of one Cusinius, cognomento Scela, Interamnus; who was a native, of course, of Interamna in the mother-country. Against this ingenious restoration and conjecture militates the fact that the fragment of the first missing letter which is still visible is unlike the top of the other A's in the temple inscription; but exact uniformity in the shape of the written characters is perhaps not more to be looked for than strictness of orthography. What makes the suggestion of Interamnate more helpful and ingenious is that it will serve to unriddle the puzzle of another "Inter" in one of the votive inscriptions, which we need not print in full, but of which it may suffice to say that its legend purports that "one Silvianus wagered a ring; one-half (the value of it) he presented (or vowed) to the God Nodens, and (as a certain Senecianus won the bet, and left Silvianus to pay his vow to the God how he could) besought the deity not to grant the blessing of health to any one bearing the name of Senecianus, until the said ring was lodged by its winner in the god's temple." After the words "donavit Nodenti" in the inscription, follows "Inter" with no accusative after it, but a relative clause beginning "Quibus nomen Seneciani." One explanation is to suppose an ellipse of "eos"; another to take "Inter" as a fragment of "In termino," referring to a terminal statue of Nodens. But the former is harsh, and the latter more than doubtful, as the terminal nude statue hard by has nothing to identify it with the British Æsculapius, as Nodens is accounted to have been, but has much more the appearance of a Pan, or Silenus, or of a terminal bust of Socrates, as figured in King's Horæ. But if we might take the fragmentary "Inter" for "Interamnati," on the faith of the plausible complement of Inter=ate in the other inscription, we have the God's locale, as well as that of Victorinus, satisfactorily identified. In such matters conjecture of course demands a very liberal margin; but it strikes us that Dr. McCaul's conjecture is in the very spirit of cautious scholarship, and shows, like other of his epigraphical studies, a remarkable acuteness in conjectural criticism. This votive inscription is on lead or pewter. Two others of briefer tenor are on stone; and one of them records that Flavius Blandinus, a light-infantry man (*armatura for armatus*), readily, as was meet, paid his vow to the great God Nodens; while the second declares that Pertillus, as was meet, paid to the God Nudens his promised vow. In this latter occur two orthographical irregularities, "promissit" and "Nudente" for Nudenti.

Whether the God's name was Nodens, Nudens, or Nodons, and whether such name is, as Sir Samuel Meyrick thought, traceable to the British "nodd," to preserve, or to Nodutus (or, as Varro calls him, Nodinus), said by Amobius and Augustin to be a rural God presiding over the "noli culmorum," is not of so much interest as the strongly corroborated fact that there was at Lydney a temple to a God of healing, held in repute and esteem by the military colony settled there, which seems to have testified this esteem by typical offerings in acknowledgment of his sanatory powers. As the application of the Greek epithet *ἰατρεὺς* to Æsculapius is problematical, we may be excused for citing another conjecture of Dr. McCaul's, which favours the identification of Nodons with Nodutus. "The circumstance that limbs were here offered" suggests to him the possibility of this God's connexion with the cure of diseases affecting the joints or "nodi," and the query whether the same deity may not have presided over "vegetable and animal nodi." However it be, here are three tablets—one in lead, as we know from Tacitus (*Ann. II.*, 69), was usual in recording execrations—witnessing to the name, and more or less to the functions, of a deity the remains of whose temple with the name of its founder and builder lie within the precincts of the greater camp. And this is the more interesting as, while Gross in his *Antiquities* avers that there are no traces of Roman occupation on either bank of the Severn beyond Gloucester, Hartshorne has made no mention of Lydney in his survey of the camps of the Romans in this neighbourhood. That there was an important Roman station there, and that, when Rome had established herself in Britain, it became the site of a palatial residence for some officer of distinction, is borne

upon the face of the ground itself, with its entrenchments, foundation walls, and numerous tessellated pavements. The museum in the mansion corroborates this conclusion by numerous coins of Galba, Hadrian, Antoninus, and other emperors, by curious and diverse fragments of pottery and tesserae, as well as rings, gems, hair-pins, fibulae, and many more accessories of civilized Roman life. On two pieces of pottery are female faces with the hair so elaborately dressed that they might provoke the jealousy of modern "artistes," and the female terminal statue at one extremity of the greater camp gives evidence of no small skill in the use of the brush and the curling-irons.

To turn, in conclusion, to the later traditions of Lydney Park, with a parting reference to its magnificent timber, it must be noted that the Manor of Lydney was granted to a gallant sailor, Sir William Winter, by Queen Elizabeth in recognition of his services against the Spanish Armada. Oddly enough, old Fuller, as well as Evelyn in his *Sylva*, refers to the tradition that one object of that futile scheme of invasion was to destroy and efface the noble woods of Dean Forest. If so, nothing could be more fitting than the grant to this naval hero of an outlying portion of that forest, which still, after the lapse of three hundred years, can boast of oaks and chestnuts of such grand dimensions as to be the glory of the district, and to deserve the envy of the foreigner.

JAY v. THE GRESHAM ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THERE appears to be a difficulty in defining "temperance." A special jury of the county of York have been engaged for several days in trying the question whether a deceased lady of the name of Jay was of sober and temperate habits, and they seem to have adopted the distinction between *ebrius* and *ebrius* which is explained in a well-known novel. So far as can be judged from a condensed report of evidence, Dr. Jay, the plaintiff in this case, has succeeded under considerable difficulties. He was husband of the deceased lady, and he brought an action against the Gresham Assurance Society upon a policy of insurance of her life which was effected in 1872, about a year after his marriage with her. His own counsel stated that shortly after he was engaged to Mrs. Jay he noticed in her "some symptoms of excitement, which he ascribed to the effects of liquor, and under that impression he wrote to break off the engagement." Afterwards, however, he discovered that he was mistaken, and recalled his letter. Another fact was mentioned by the plaintiff's counsel in his opening. Mrs. Jay fell into a ditch between Scalby and Scarborough, but the ditch was covered with grass, and had deceived other people in the same way, and counsel undertook to prove that when Mrs. Jay fell into the ditch she was perfectly sober. This is what lawyers call a plea in confession and avoidance, and unfortunately the admission that Mrs. Jay fell into the ditch is clear, while the evidence that she was sober at the time could hardly go beyond this, that the witness saw no reason to suppose that she was tipsy. An obstacle still more serious to the plaintiff's success existed in a letter of the plaintiff, containing the words, "I never knew till she was married, and the life insured, that Mrs. Jay's failing was of old standing." The plaintiff's explanation of the word "failing" is that it meant "excitability." It is quite possible, however, that the plaintiff may have persuaded himself, when he signed the proposal for the policy, that it correctly described Mrs. Jay's habits and condition, though he may have learned to take a different view afterwards. But the question for trial was whether the description was substantially correct when the proposal was made, and, as the jury have found a verdict for the plaintiff, we must take it that they thought that this "excitability" which the plaintiff ascribed to his wife was compatible with sober and temperate habits.

A former clergyman of Scalby stated that he had known Mrs. Jay, and had never seen anything about her to denote intemperance. About twenty-four other witnesses were called to speak to the same point. They all agreed in describing her as an "excitable" woman, but declared that they never saw any signs of intemperance about her. On cross-examination, however, two of these witnesses admitted having seen Mrs. Jay apparently under the influence of liquor. The defendants, on the other hand, produced medical evidence to prove that, during a period of several years, Mrs. Jay had been advised and treated as a person of intemperate habits. Thus a witness who had attended her in the years 1864-6 "remonstrated with her on the subject of drinking, and advised her to give up brandy altogether." Another witness attended her for the last time in 1871. "He warned her that she was ruining her health and constitution by indulgence." There was also evidence of witnesses connected by marriage with Mrs. Jay, who, it was suggested, were unfriendly to the plaintiff. Her brother-in-law "had seen her absolutely drunk three times." He had told Dr. Jay before his marriage that Mrs. Jay (then Mrs. Lupton) took an excessive quantity of stimulants, and warned him against marrying her. But this witness also stated that, when she came on a visit to him in the autumn of 1872, she was better. "After that visit she went to Malton to be examined by Dr. Hickson on behalf of the Assurance Society." It is beyond doubt that Dr. Hickson passed her, and he stated in the witness-box that when he passed her she showed no signs of intemperate habits. She was married in September 1871, the proposal for insuring her life was dated August 19, 1872, and she was examined probably within a month afterwards. Thus, when Dr. Hickson saw her, she had been under

the care, both marital and medical, of Dr. Jay for nearly a year, and it is highly probable that both her habits and her health had improved considerably during that period. Dr. Jay first became acquainted with her in July 1871, only about two months before his marriage with her, so that substantially the whole of his knowledge of her habits was obtained when those habits were likely to be under his influence. She had been left a widow in 1870, and, supposing the tendency towards stimulants to have existed before that time, it was likely to increase during widowhood, and might possibly decrease again after her marriage with the plaintiff in 1871. This view of the case may explain not only the plaintiff's statement, but also the fact that the jury, after five hours' deliberation, substantially adopted it, as they must have done to find a verdict in his favour. They may have thought that Mrs. Jay was capable of being described, without violent untruth, in August 1872, as a person of sober and temperate habits. If they did not think this they ought to have found their verdict for the defendants.

The jury might possibly think the law, as explained to them by the Judge, severe, and might incline to mitigate it in practice. Mr. Baron Amphlett seems to have told them that the proposal which was the basis of the policy amounted in law to a warranty, so that, if the questions put by the Assurance Office were answered untruly, although the untruth was not known to the insurers, the policy would be vitiated. "This," he said, "was a harsh construction. But, as the law stood, he was bound to lay down that rule." The use of the word "warranty" in connexion with this subject has been objected to, as tending to introduce confusion, by a learned Judge, who said in a well-known case, "The breach of a warranty does not avoid the contract, unless the warranty amounts to a condition." Mr. Baron Amphlett doubtless meant to use the word "warranty" in this sense, as a warranty in the nature of a condition. The proposal was the basis of the policy, or, in other words, the policy was only granted on condition that the statements in the proposal were true in point of fact, and not merely true as far as the plaintiff's knowledge went. Policies are now usually framed so as to avoid any possibility of such questions as formerly arose, whether, in the absence of fraud, a statement untrue in fact would avoid the policy. As no point was made upon the construction of the policy in the present case, we may assume that the Judge's reading of it was correct, although he said that this was a "harsh construction." It follows that the jury might have found against the plaintiff without convicting him of fraud; but it was assumed by the plaintiff's counsel that if Mrs. Jay's habits were such as the witnesses for the defendants had stated, Dr. Jay must have known of them, "and therefore it was impossible to separate the question of fraud from that of warranty." It seems to us, however, equally impossible to disbelieve some parts of the defendants' case, and therefore we can only infer either that the jury thought those parts of the case compatible with sober and temperate habits in the deceased, or that the jury did distinguish between fraud and warranty, and, thinking that the plaintiff had been honestly incorrect in his answers, determined to do what they thought justice in spite of law. The appearances at the *post mortem* examination are very difficult to get over. Even Dr. Hickson, who had examined Mrs. Jay for insurance, admitted that "friability" of the liver, such as was found in her after death, might be "an early sign of fatty degeneration of the liver," and that was sometimes due to intemperance. Three medical witnesses called by the defendants declared their opinion that the appearances found on the examination had been caused by the abuse of stimulants. Taking these opinions in conjunction with the evidence of other medical men who had attended Mrs. Jay in the years previous to 1871, a strong *prima facie* case is made out against the probability that Mrs. Jay's habits could have been strictly sober and temperate in 1872. Even her brother-in-law, who stated that, when she came on a visit to him in the autumn of 1872, she was better, added, "he checked her from drinking brandy."

It is unsatisfactory to attempt to form an opinion on such a case from necessarily brief reports of evidence. There will perhaps be a motion for a new trial next term, and, if so, the discussion may be expected to range over the whole of the shorthand-writer's notes; but on a hearing *in banco* it will not be necessary for the plaintiff to denounce the defendants as listening to and collecting scandal, nor for the defendants to answer that the protection of their shareholders is the only object of their proceedings. It is a serious matter for an Assurance Company to attempt to resist a claim and to fail in so doing. As was said by the plaintiff's counsel, the case is important to all persons who effect insurances on their lives, and who wish to know whether they are bequeathing to their families a law-suit or a provision for their subsistence. We shall look therefore with interest next November to see whether any further proceedings are taken in the case.

MACAULAY IN OFFICE.

IN his essay on the Life and Writings of Addison, Macaulay refers to an idle tradition that the author of the best papers in the *Spectator*, when in office, was sorely puzzled about the preparation of a letter to the King, and had to call in a clerk, who at once did what was wanted. And then the modern essayist proceeds to demolish a story "flattering to mediocrity," and to "deprive dunces of their consolation" by showing that Addison probably wanted some information on a mere point of official

form, which the ablest statesman cannot know by intuition, and which it is the duty of permanent Under-secretaries and of head clerks to have at their fingers' ends. The origin of the anecdote is doubtless to be traced to that dislike of literary ability which pervades the official intellect, brought up entirely on Resolutions, "Proceedings," and red tape. It flavours some of Mr. Trollope's characters—Butterwell, Sir Raffle Buffle, and even Adolphus Crosbie. There is a feeling in some quarters that a man who can write a slashing leader cannot be trusted to pen an official "wig"; and while some critics marvel how Mr. Tom Taylor can ever have shown himself efficient as Secretary to the Board of Health, others are never so delighted as when they can detect a grammatical error in the *Juventus Mundi*, or an inappropriate epithet in *Coningsby* or *Lothair*. The truth is that, though there are certain characteristics which mark a good official style, there is no reason whatever why men distinguished at the bar, in the senate, or in literature, should not confute a diplomatist or instruct a subordinate in language simple, perspicuous, and yet strong. The official style of both Croker and Canning is said to have been a model of that species of composition. We have been led to make these remarks by the perusal of a small volume which contains the minutes of Lord Macaulay on Education in India, written in the years 1835, 1836, and 1837. After the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company in 1833, Macaulay filled the new office of fourth or Legal Member of Council, during a part of the administrations of Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland. At the same time he discharged gratuitously the duties of President of the Committee or Council of Public Instruction. This office was by no means a mere sinecure, nor was it one in which the occupant, like a Lord Rector, could clear his conscience by the annual delivery of an elaborate historical essay. The Council had its secretary, who drafted the correspondence, kept the books, and prepared the agenda; but the members had the superintendence of all the existing colleges and schools in the Bengal Presidency, and this involved the solution of all local and petty squabbles, as well as the determination of those broad and important principles which are sure to be hotly discussed as soon as the State sets itself in earnest to educate any portion of the community. Many men very familiar with the career and character of Macaulay might be inclined to surmise that, as President of this Council, he must have occupied himself solely with great subjects, and that he left details either to his secretary or to the colleagues whose training and experience had made them familiar with Oriental literature and Anglo-Indian life. Nothing of the kind happened. Macaulay certainly was called on to put forth his whole strength in the celebrated controversy of the Anglicists and Orientalists; and the minute which he penned in favour of the English language is, in finish, argument, and point, almost equal to his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. But he really seems to have thrown himself into the ordinary work of control and direction with single-heartedness and zeal. At that epoch there were no Inspectors of schools. The whole business was done by Local Committees. Everything was referred to the governing body at Calcutta, and Macaulay had to decide what amount of rent should be sanctioned for a school-house, what sort of books should be purchased as prizes, and what travelling allowance should be recommended for a master who was transferred from one school in Behar to another in the North-Western Provinces.

Now we were quite prepared to find in Macaulay's notes and minutes some very clever writing, some ingenious paradoxes, and some occasional dogmas. But we were hardly prepared for the amount of conciliation which he evinces in dealing with irritable colleagues and subordinates, and for the strong, sterling, practical common sense with which he sweeps away rubbish or cuts the knots of local and departmental problems. Some of his decisions are still influencing the course of education in India to this hour; and others, on transient or ephemeral topics, have a pleasant flavour of originality or humour about them. Though the educational system was not very old, abuses had already crept in. A gentleman named Adam, well known for his compilation of statistics of indigenous vernacular schools, lamented the discontinuance of "hereditary professorships." Macaulay reminds his colleagues that there is something "extravagantly absurd" in such appointments, and says:—"Here are six endowments of the same sort. Two are continued, and Mr. Adam acknowledges that they are mere jobs. But if the other four were revived, 'an immense impulse would be given to learning.' I am forced to say that I do not see how Mr. Adam has arrived at this conclusion." The Local Committee of Furruckabad, having spent 12,000 rupees very heedlessly, ask for 8,000 rupees more. They are told that a "large grant of money has been spent in enabling a cunning old Mussalman to acquire a high character for piety and munificence amongst his brethren at the cost of the State. The only use to which, as far as I can see, this institution [a Madrassa or Mahomedan school] can now be put is that it may serve as a warning to us in our future dealings with these liberal founders and endowers of colleges." A martinet colonel urges the necessity of putting military men on the Committee as a check on the civilians. He is informed that the "Council have never, to the best of my belief, been troubled by such idle jealousies. I would appoint the fittest men, without caring to what branch of the service they belonged, or whether they belonged to the service at all." The practice of giving false encouragement to learning called forth some apt remarks. Almost as many prizes were given in one school as there were students; and in another the boys received stipends to tempt them to learn. The President says

truly that the most trifling honorary distinction—a copper medal, or a book worth two rupees—if given only to one highly distinguished student, would do more to excite industry than a thousand rupees laid out in presents to the majority. And he "cannot consent to pay anybody to study until we have the means of furnishing instruction to all who are desirous to study without being paid." At that very time it had been actually proposed that, certain stipends having been abolished, compensation should be given to those students who in process of time, and in the run of promotion, might have enjoyed the same. Macaulay demolished this contention by showing that a vested interest was one thing and a contingent interest another; and he followed it up by remarking that, though when the posts of Teller and Auditor of the Exchequer and of Chief Justice in Eyre were abolished in 1817, as were half-a-score Irish bishoprics in 1833, the rights of incumbents were respected, yet Parliament stopped there, and never considered the case of an Irish curate who might have been a bishop, or of a young politician who had a fair chance of becoming Chief Justice. "Let those who have anything keep it, is a plain rule. But let those who hope for anything get it, is quite a different rule." In the same strain he objected to pension the families of schoolmasters, or a corrector of the Arabic press whose situation had been abolished as utterly useless, and he annihilated a ridiculous proposal to start an infant school, resembling those of England, for the children of coolies and tailors. This absurdity was the more startling because it was backed by men who pretended to have some knowledge of "the habits and feelings of the natives."

The passage in which Macaulay discusses the relations of parents to children, and the duty of individuals and of Government to step in occasionally and supply what is wanting, is too long for quotation. But its general sense is admirable, and it ends with a sentence which, like that of a Bishop not long ago about England free and England sober, may startle and alarm, though it is not the less true:—"I would rather hear a boy of three years old lisp all the bad words in the language than that he should have no feelings of family affection; that his character should be that which must be expected in one who has had the misfortune of having a schoolmaster instead of a mother." In the comparative infancy of education the Council was occasionally sorely troubled to find any masters competent to teach sharp young Hindus. They got the leavings of other professions—missionaries tired of converting or of not converting the natives, a sub-editor who had quarrelled with his chief, a clerk who had lost his place, and a shopkeeper who had failed. But the President would not reject a candidate who could not spell the word "proselytize" correctly, nor another who mistook Argos for Corinth, and sent Crassus to Spain instead of to Corinth. He was for any candidate of respectable character who could "read, write, and work a sum." This tenderness is remarkable in a writer who was perpetually twitting English gentlemen with their deficiency in the knowledge attained by fourth-form boys and girls at a boarding-school. On the subject of proper books for school prizes, and even for school courses, something may be learnt even now from such a discussion on India. *Robinson Crusoe* was worth all the grammars of rhetoric and logic in the world. *Jack the Giant Killer* and *Gulliver's Travels* were far superior to books filled with idle definitions and distinctions which "every man who has learned them makes haste to forget." "Who ever reasoned the better," asks the President, "for having been taught the difference between a syllogism and an enthymeme?" "or who composed with greater spirit and elegance because he could define an oxymoron or an aposiopesis?" On another occasion he objected to pay 300l. for an Asiatic version of Bridge's *Algebra*, "a translation which nobody will read, of an original which nobody was ever the wiser for reading." Then a certain gentleman was going to leave the station of Hooghly, and, as constantly happens in Indian society, wanted to dispose of his library. The Local Committee was willing to take it in a lump, and would have rewarded Nabin Ghose and Mohan Bose, successful prizemen, with Abercrombie on the "Intellectual Powers," Dick's "Moral Improvements," Young's "Intellectual Philosophy," and Chalmers's "Poetical Economy," whatever this last work may be. To this list were added such attractive compilations as Niggen's "Earth," Mudie's "Sea," and somebody else's "Fire and Air." Macaulay, premising that there ought to be a marked distinction between a school-book and a prize-book, and that he had not forgotten his delight at getting Boswell's *Life of Johnson* when he was fourteen, gave his colleagues off hand a list of prize-books, including amongst many others *Gil Blas*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Southey's "Nelson," some of which maintain their ground in India to this day.

In short, though we are occasionally reminded that Macaulay in office was still the biting essayist and the irrepressible scholar, his perception of scholastic absurdities, and his refutation of official crotchets, appear to have supplied to his colleagues exactly what they required. One member wished to imprint armorial bearings of some kind on an array of well-bound prize-books. Macaulay reminds him that heraldry is not a science, but a system of arbitrary canons, which in the eyes of Englishmen are only saved by associations and memories from absurdity and grotesqueness. But to Hindus, and more especially to Mahomedans, "a lion rampant with a folio on his paw, with a man standing on each side of him with a telescope over his head, and with a Persian motto under his feet, must seem very mysterious or very absurd." He was in the main right; but the natives of India have long learned to tolerate in their rulers many social customs which must to them appear more unattractive or offensive than embla-

soned books. With equal point and earnestness did the pen of Macaulay protest against encouraging a taste for architectural elegance in schools for which the essentials had not been provided; against widening the breach between Hindus and Mahomedans by educating them separately, or by allowing either class to monopolize a liberal education; against giving too many holidays; and against teaching English without at the same time giving lads the opportunity of learning their own vernacular tongue. And in one of his earliest minutes he sketches out a plan which, though recommended by several Indian officials of great practical experience, is in Bengal Proper only just now introduced in its fulness, and was only tried at all by the present Governor of Jamaica ten years ago, a quarter of a century after Macaulay's time. This was simply to build up a system of vernacular education for the masses by improving the existing village schools. Macaulay would have given grants in aid, of small amount, to the dominies who preside over these rural seminaries, on the principle that it is preferable to elevate them, where they exist in thousands, than to endeavour to supplant them by scores or hundreds of our own invention. The germ of another very serious difficulty was clearly foreseen and predicted. The object of educating the intelligent portion of the native community is that they may be conductors of knowledge to the people. But it is obviously useless to fill them with knowledge at one end and then to separate them from the masses at the other. Yet something of this kind has happened, and it is what Macaulay foresaw. A native who has graduated in Arts or Law in any Indian University is to a certain extent estranged from his countrymen. His one object is to gain a situation under Government, or to obtain success at the Bar. The time may come when it will pay a native to take honours in surveying, to create a literature for thousands of readers, or to find some other way to independence than the judicial or executive lines. But this time has not arrived. And though the public service is more efficiently recruited than it used to be by the plethora of educated collegians, yet we submit that the highest aim of all State education is not that holders of prizes should become holders of places and pensions.

One more extract and we have done. At one of the colleges of Calcutta the yearly distribution of prizes was followed by an exhibition of spouting for the edification of the English and the native community. The selection was unfortunate, and the actors and the play were so effectively disposed of by Macaulay's rhetoric that, to the best of our knowledge, the thing has never again been tried:—

I can conceive nothing more grotesque than the scenes from the *Merchant of Venice*, with Portia represented by a little black boy. Then, too, I think the subjects of recitation ill chosen. The society of Calcutta assemble to see what progress we are making, and we produce, as a sample, a boy who repeats some blackguard doggerel of George Colman's about a fat gentleman who was put to bed over an oven, and about a man-midwife who was called out of his bed by a drunken man at night. Our disciple tries to hiccup, and staggers about in imitation of the tipsy English sailors whom he has seen at the punch-houses. Really, if we can find nothing better worth reciting than this trash, we had better give up English instruction altogether.

It may be doubted whether scenes from *L'Avocat Patelin* or *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are altogether suited to annual displays at our public schools. But there can be no question that Macaulay conferred a lasting benefit on Young Bengal by refusing to permit Hindus to graduate publicly in buffoonery and vulgar oaths. We have no space left to give any summary of the grand controversy between the Anglicists and the Orientalists, in which Macaulay triumphed and the Pundits were defeated. *Cicerone laudatore opus est*. The historian should have described the battle himself; prejudice, ponderous but useless erudition on one side; light, sweetness, and a liberal education on the other.

The little volume from which these extracts have been taken exhibits Macaulay in a new and pleasing light. The work begun by him and his colleagues is bearing fruit to this day, and the cardinal principles of his policy have never been assailed with success or abandoned without detriment. The connexion of Macaulay with the East is now half forgotten; in another generation his residence at Calcutta may become as recondite a question of scholarship as the two or three visits of *Æschylus* to Sicily; and some diligent student of the twentieth century may possibly have to take some pains to prove to a sceptical or ill-informed public that the founder of the Indian Penal Code and the friend and colleague of Lord William Bentinck was one and the same person as the author of the *History* and of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

THROWING A LIGHT ON IT.

A CONFERENCE of Spiritualists was lately held in London, and arrived at the conclusion that the great need of the age is a recognition of the truth of Spiritualism and a practical acceptance of its teachings. Within a week after this Conference some proceedings took place at Gateshead which do not render it probable that this great need of the age will be speedily attained. It appears that Mr. Auckland, grocer, of Gateshead, paid a shilling and got a ticket of admission to a room in Freemason's Hall in that town. His assistant, named Rook, paid a shilling, and was admitted at the same time. They sat down. One of the party assembled in the room said that any gentleman present might fasten the hands of the mediums. Mr. Auckland saw two women opposite to him. These were the mediums. They appeared to be

fastened. He was requested to sit in a particular place. His hands were held by two persons. Before the gas was turned down, it was stated that those of the company who were sitting opposite to the mediums might put their feet on the mediums' feet, to feel whether or not they attempted to withdraw. Mr. Auckland hereupon put his feet on the feet of one of the mediums. He saw some one attempt to fasten the medium to the chair. The gas was now turned down, and some one began singing a "spiritual" hymn very lustily. The medium who was opposite to him sang very heartily. He did not sing. The song was "Shall we gather at the river." Mr. Auckland still had one of his feet on those of the medium. After that, some one sang "a Newcastle song," which is described as "quite different from the sentimental song" about gathering at the river. After other songs, Mr. Auckland put his hand into his pocket and took hold of a lantern which he had brought with him. There was a noise, and he turned the lantern to that part of the room whence the noise proceeded. The noise was like as if some one was beating something about the floor. It was said that that was the spirit "Geordie." On turning his lantern on the spot, he found that the medium furthest from him was in the act of sitting down in the chair, and the straps he saw hanging loose. "He had not the slightest doubt about that being the fact." He found no one on the floor. He saw no man in any place except the circle. He saw nothing to account for the noise that he heard except the medium at liberty. After a few minutes, the gas was turned up, and one of the mediums was taken out of the room. She was said to be in hysterics. Mr. Auckland now attempted to leave the room, but was pushed or held back by two leaders of the meeting, Mr. Blake and Mr. Pickup, against whom a charge of assault was preferred by Mr. Auckland. The real object of this proceeding appears to have been to give Mr. Auckland an opportunity of stating on oath before magistrates what he saw when he turned the light of his lantern upon the Spiritualists. He admitted that he knew that it was to be a dark *séance*, and that strangers were only admitted on condition that they linked their hands, and did not unfasten them during the performance. He did not remember being told, when he first went in, not to expect any manifestations.

The assistant, Rook, was also examined, and said that he went with his master to the *séance*. He sat down, and his hands were held. He saw a light flash from his master's lantern, and he then saw a man, a member of the Society, with a ginger beard, who was one of the circle when the gas was turned down, lying on the floor with a broken fiddle in his hand. He also saw one of the mediums in the act of sitting down, and one of the members leaning on the arm of the chair. A witness for the defendants said that he told Mr. Auckland that he would have to stop until it was seen whether he had done any damage. "The fiddle was broken, and the medium was in hysterics." He was certain that she was in hysterics. He described himself as an "investigator," and he admitted that he held Mr. Auckland's hand, and would not allow him to put out his foot. He said that when the lantern was turned on, the mediums were sitting in their chairs. Another witness, who was not a member of the Society, heard some one ask the persons present to take hold of each other's hands, and not to unfasten them until the gas was turned on, "or the consequences might be very serious." It was explained that a musical box, or something of that kind, might be floating about the room, and if the light was turned on it might come down, and do some one a serious injury. There were some rappings, and things of that sort, and then Mr. Auckland flashed a light across the room. He heard convulsive sounds proceeding from one of the mediums. He recognized her face, and would swear she was on the chair, and had the straps round her wrists. He believed the girl was in hysterics.

The discussion between advocates on the question of assault is, for our present purpose, immaterial. The magistrates ultimately decided that both parties were in the wrong, and that each party should pay their own costs. The man with the ginger beard, whom the witness Rook said he saw lying on the floor with a broken fiddle in his hand, was not called as a witness, nor does any attempt appear to have been made to compel Mr. Auckland to pay for damage to the broken fiddle or to the girl who had hysterics. No musical box descended on anybody's head. If Mr. Auckland and his assistant are to be believed, their testimony ought to be conclusive. Mr. Auckland swore that when he turned the light on, the medium furthest from him was in the act of sitting down, and the straps were hanging loose. But a witness on the other side swore that one of the mediums was on the chair with the straps round her wrists. This, however, may have been the medium nearest to Mr. Auckland, and she might have good reasons for not moving. Another witness swore that the mediums were sitting in their chairs. If he spoke as to a moment later than that spoken to by Mr. Auckland, the two statements might be consistent. The assistant, Rook, swore that he saw one of the mediums in the act of sitting down. He also swore that the man with the ginger beard was on the floor, but Mr. Auckland saw no one on the floor. However, they both agree that one of the mediums was in the act of sitting down, and this is as strong evidence as is likely to be ever attained in such a case. But probably it will convince only those who did not need to be convinced. At the Conference of Spiritualists, a member remarked that a piece of cloth cut off by a female spirit from her "materialized" skirt was found to have been dressed with lime in the Manchester fashion, "and he admitted that this presented a

difficulty to Spiritualists which had not yet been accounted for." The candour of this admission surprises us, for we should have thought that a person capable of believing in a "materialized" spirit at all would have been easily able to believe that the spirits could dress in any fashion whatever. Another member mentioned an instance in which spirits had manufactured pills which were afterwards taken with marked effect by a lady of his acquaintance. If it appeared on examination that these pills were made of ordinary doctor's stuff we should not expect that Spiritualists would be at all shaken in their belief. Indeed the spirits of the middle ages were abundantly materialized. We all remember the story of St. Dunstan's servant who, in his master's absence, used his charm, and ordered the spirit which answered the call to be perpetually bringing more beer. The spirit obeyed this order so energetically that the servant was almost drowned in beer when his master rescued him. Hitherto the modern spirits have supplied little except remarkably poor verses. If there be any desire to hold a really experimental *séance*, we would suggest that the floor of the room might be covered with fine sand, as was done when Daniel solved the mystery of the nightly consumption of provisions in the Temple of Bel. Neither a medium nor a member with ginger beard would be able to assist the spirits in their performances without leaving marks upon the floor. But perhaps, if marks were clearly seen, it would be alleged that a "materialized" spirit made them. The priests of Bel, upon the discovery of their imposture, were put to death, and it would be useful if, upon clear proof of fraudulent practice by Spiritualists, they could be punished summarily as rogues and vagabonds. The Duke of Gloucester, in *King Henry VI.*, miraculously cures a cripple at St. Alban's by sending for the town beadle with his whip. Those who pretend that a musical box can float in air, but only while hands are joined and light excluded, deserve to be encountered with the same convincing argument.

One Dr. Davies read a paper at the Conference, in which he defined his position with regard to Spiritualism as that of an inquirer, adding that, even if he became convinced of its truth, he saw no reason why he should alter the opinions he at present held as a clergyman of the Church of England. It appears to us that a good deal depends upon what may be the opinions which Dr. Davies at present holds. We should think that Spiritualism is inconsistent with any rational form of Christianity. Indeed a speaker at the Conference thought "that the expression of sympathy with the New Testament ought to be expunged from the Association's principles," and we incline to agree with him. He believed that the introduction of the theological element militated against the spread of Spiritualism, especially in the Midland counties, "where the people are rather Radical in their tendencies." Some revelations, however, are quite orthodox, while others supply improvements upon the Bible. Thus we find that a spirit calling himself the Egyptian has appeared several times at Brighton. This is, or was, a wicked spirit, but Mrs. Woodforde, "a lady in every sense of the term," seems now to have him under control as fully as Michael Scott had "the fiend in the shape of a huge black horse" on which he rode through the air from Scotland to Paris. A gentleman of the name of Snow testifies to the beneficial effect on his health of a course of mesmerizing which, through Mrs. Woodforde, he has undergone from her guides, including, as we understand, the once wicked, but now penitent, Egyptian. Mr. Snow feels sure that "all persons whose constitutions require a refined and delicate influence could not do better than apply to the same source." We only hope that Brighton is duly sensible of the privileges it enjoys. It keeps the devilish in the Aquarium, and the Devil himself may be spoken with by persons requiring a refined and delicate influence for their constitutions, if they think proper to apply to Mrs. Woodforde. It almost makes one melancholy to hear that the Devil has thus taken to a pious course. He was in life an Egyptian prince or chief who oppressed and tortured the children of Israel, and since his death for three thousand years he has tempted men and women to murder, rapine, and every evil deed; but now he is sensible of a strange softened feeling, he sees the wickedness and vileness of his past existence, he asks for our pity and our prayers, he is willing to make himself generally useful at Mrs. Woodforde's *séances*, and, in short, he may be safely recommended as a very nice man for a small tea-party. We cannot help saying that this is a sad come-down in the world for him, and we can only hope that he may be spared the additional humiliation of having a lantern turned on during his revelations. Dr. Davies will no doubt be glad to hear that Mr. Snow considers that the Christian doctrine of mediation has been elucidated at Mrs. Woodforde's *séance* at Brighton. The *Spiritualist* may be expected to explain in an early number that the truth of its principles has been conclusively demonstrated at (Lutescent). We think, however, that if Mr. Blake and Mr. Pickup were so clearly in the right they need not have got into such a passion with Mr. Auckland. We do not find that the apostles of Christianity ever threatened to smash anybody's nose.

THE SPHINX TRANSLATED.

IT would be unfair to judge of a French play by an English version, and particularly unfair when that play happens to contain the character of a Frenchified Scotchman, which is absurd even in the original, and cannot help becoming extravagantly ludicrous in a translation. The heroine of the *Sphinx* is a married lady who, during her husband's absence on foreign service, contemplates,

or pretends to contemplate, elopement with a Scottish marquis. The refinements by which French dramatists endeavour to give an air of novelty to adultery perish in the attempt to transfer them to the English stage, and the loss is not greatly to be regretted. Lord Astley describes himself as a man who asks nothing, who expects little, and who gives everything; and he thinks, and so do we, that the lady may be at loss to understand the devotion which he offers to her. To ask a married woman to run away with you, and to say that you are asking nothing, is certainly putting a new gloss on an old-fashioned sin. Lord Astley has thought that Blanche de Chelles was suffering a premature weariness of life, and he has dreamed of providing for her in his Scottish castle a retreat from fatigue and disgust, where she may reign alone; for he promises, and his word is sure, that he will never trouble her with his presence without being summoned by her. The sole privilege that he would claim would be that of guarding her domain, and of protecting against all comers, even at the cost of his own life, the repose of hers. It is only necessary to translate Lord Astley's speeches somewhat closely into English in order to see what sad stuff they are. Why should Blanche exchange a lively château in France for a dreary castle in Scotland? Why should she go all that distance to attain a result that is perfectly practicable close at hand? The Admiral, her father-in-law, is both willing and able to lock her up, and to shoot any man that may try to speak to her. Of all inducements to adultery, the most unlikely would seem to be a promise by the lover that he will never come near his mistress unless she sends for him. But this lady is supposed to have nothing vulgar about her, even in her sin. Whether she finds the promised solitude of a Scotch castle attractive is not clearly explained, but she makes an appointment to elope with Lord Astley, which is interrupted. That estimable nobleman, when he next appears, is preparing to return to Scotland alone, and his sole anxiety is to bestow before departing some advice upon another lady, Berthe de Savigny, which we must take leave to call impertinent. We are told that he spends his vast income magnificently, and he is equally liberal with his opinions. The author had not, in this character of Lord Astley, the slightest idea of a satire upon Scotland, but, on the contrary, he seems to think that he has drawn a fine portrait of a Northern nobleman. The substance of Lord Astley's advice to Berthe is that she should keep an eye on Blanche, who is too fond of Henri de Savigny, Berthe's husband. After an intolerably long speech, he ends with the warning, "If ever Blanche should become a widow, look out for yourself." One can only pity the actor whose fate it is to deliver this ridiculous speech in English. One can feel sympathy with virtue, and interest in the bolder forms of vice, but this Scottish marquis is only fit to talk scandal at a tea-party of old ladies. He has conceived, he says, a profound esteem for Berthe, and he desires to prove it by advice of a highly delicate nature, which he hopes she will receive as if it were the last testament of one who is departing. He prophesies that the heart which is now estranged from her (meaning her husband's) will return, and he asks from her encouragement to perform the painful duty which he has assumed. Thus he comes near to his purpose of warning Berthe against Blanche, and we feel inclined to ask, What has he to do in such a business? He protests that he does not seek to avenge himself on Blanche for deceiving him by seducing her, but he looks a good deal like it. There may come, he says, a moment when not only the peace, the home, the credit of Berthe will be threatened, but something else, meaning probably her life. He knows how much there was, and still is, that is noble, generous, and charming at the bottom of that strange and troubled soul of Blanche; but there is much also that is terrible. Women like her are stars escaped from their orbits which know no laws. To-day they attain heroism, to-morrow crime. And he concludes with a solemn and mysterious warning, by which he appears to intimate that Blanche, capable at any moment of adultery, could for an adequate consideration come up to murder. The only parallel to this scene that we can find occurs in a drama produced by Mr. Crumple on the provincial stage, where somebody in a cloak said "Beware!"

When this play was first performed in French at the Princess's Theatre, with Mlle. Favart as the heroine, we described its plot and characters, and the death-scene to which it owed its popularity. Even under these favourable circumstances we were compelled to say that in parts it was not only disagreeable but dull. But it is not until the play is translated into English, and an attempt is made to perform it on the English stage, that we become fully sensible of its dreariness, and, in some scenes, of its absurdity. A Scotch lord would be to a French audience a merely fabulous monster who might utter any wild extravagance without exciting their surprise, and if we hear a French play even in London we accept things in it from the French point of view. But when a Scotchman talks nonsense in his native tongue, there is no illusion to prevent our discovering that it is nonsense and nothing else. It is a pity that the choleric old Admiral does not kick Lord Astley out of his house. It is all very well for Blanche to express her rapture for "ce pays sauvage," meaning Scotland, but to us it is a decent Christian country, inhabited by people who behave themselves rationally. The author pays Scotchmen the compliment of making Lord Astley speak French "sans accent," but by way of set-off he talks in a deplorably silly way. According to him, Blanche de Chelles is an "intéressant produit de notre haute civilisation," upon which he delivers a lecture suitable for a meeting of the British Association. He explains that she was born grown up, that for her the forbidden fruit had lost its flavour

almost before she had tasted it, and that she cares not for love unless it be seasoned by crime. The only limit that further discussion indicates to this lady's capacity for vice is that her father-in-law, the Admiral, will certainly shoot her if he finds her out. One could with difficulty imagine a more dreary subject for a play. To see it is like eating ashes in place of bread. When we remember that the *Sphinx* was produced at the Théâtre Français it is difficult to bring ourselves to believe that there is really nothing in it except a suicide at the end. The play opens after dinner at the château, and Blanche, who has a long trailing dress, and is altogether magnificently got up, announces that she is going to row upon the lake. The gentlemen who are rivals in her service might find employment in tucking her skirts into the boat. Ladies sometimes row, or pretend to row, on the Thames, but they do not usually go afloat in evening dress, nor do they require gentlemen to attend them with fans. However, Blanche returns, exclaiming that she has blistered her hands, and is thirsty. She orders one of her suite to fetch her some grapes, and he obeys, remarking that she has had her dinner and will make herself ill. It occurs to us that, if this be comedy, we have been talking comedy all our lives. Presently she explains that her ring has hurt her hand in rowing, and this leads to the further explanation that this ring bears a sphinx's head in which is concealed poison. We gather from her calling her horse "Black," and other symptoms, that the author supposed himself to be copying one side of her character from England, but it appears to us that he knows as much about English girls as he does about Scotch lords. This "interesting product of our high civilization" has written a number of letters to a gentleman, Henri de Savigny, which she has not sent to him. When that gentleman, who has a wife, Berthe, expostulates with Blanche on the frivolity of her life, she hands him the packet of letters in order to convince him that she is capable of serious feeling. Afterwards these letters come into the hands of this gentleman's wife, and she insists that Blanche shall quit the neighbourhood, threatening, if she does not, to show the letters to the Admiral, who will certainly punish her infidelity to his absent son by shooting her. This threat produces a quarrel between the two ladies over their afternoon tea, and Blanche, after some momentary inclination to poison her rival, concludes to poison herself with the contents of the ring, and dies.

There are at this moment seven theatres open in London for plays as distinguished from operas, and two of them are occupied with translations of French comedies on the interesting subject of adultery. The heroine of *Led Astray* has a husband to look after her and to do any necessary shooting, and the scene before he goes out for a duel with one of her admirers gives scope for impressive acting. But if we except the dying agonies of Blanche, which are unpleasant, there is nothing in the *Sphinx* to raise emotion of any kind. It is naughty, but it is not nice. If you take one of Congreve's plays, and strike out all the wit and the broad indecency, you might by reading it prepare yourself to endure with patience a performance in English of the *Sphinx*. It avails not to remark that Mlle. Beatrice presides over a well-drilled company, and that she performs the heroine with skill and without extravagance. It is a pity that so much labour should be bestowed on a barren field. We cannot believe that any translation or adaptation of this play will be successful on the English stage. The play of *Dalila*, by the same author, was only moderately successful, although it showed an extravagance that was almost poetical. It is a pity that Mlle. Beatrice should have incurred so much expense in producing the *Sphinx*, but fortunately the dresses and decorations will do equally well for another play of the same class. It begins to be a serious question what French dramatists are to do when all forms of actual and possible adultery have been exhibited on the stage. Among the products of high civilization, a vigorous and wholesome drama does not seem to be included.

REVIEWS.

FLINT'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.*

WHEN, on taking this volume in hand, we found that we had to do with a man who knew of Wegelin, we were at once prepared to find in Mr. Flint an instructor. And Mr. Flint not only knows of Wegelin, but knows more about him than the Germans themselves do. Even Rosenkranz, whose mention of him drew Mr. Flint's notice to him, was imperfectly acquainted with his writings. Wegelin was a Swiss pastor and librarian of St. Gallen. His friend Sulzer, who knew him to be too good to be wasted on a remote and obscure position, obtained his removal to Berlin, in the capacity of Professor of History in the new Ritterakademie. This occasioned his *Histoire universelle et diplomatique* to be written in French, and its language has probably contributed to bury his book in entire oblivion. His name is indeed preserved in our biographical dictionaries, but his book will hardly be found even in great public libraries. Schlosser, who knows Iselin, has no mention of the more considerable Wegelin.

We have only mentioned one little-known name as a specimen which may serve to show that Mr. Flint is no bookmaker, retailing information from secondhand sources, but has made at least some

search among original authorities. The subject he has selected is a new one, in this country at least. Philosophies of history we have had many, but we are not aware that any English writer has hitherto devoted a book to a history of these philosophies. The impalpable character of the subject thus selected is an obstacle in the way of its successful treatment. Professor Flint feels this difficulty, for he declines at the outset to give any definition, or to attempt a precise description, of what the philosophy of history is. Written history is itself at best slippery ground, and can only be considered a conjectural interpretation of the real course of things. The philosophy which is erected on this quaking soil can hardly be a very substantial foundation. This ideal erection becomes in its turn the subject of a history! A less tangible matter historian surely never undertook to deal with.

All histories of abstract ideas are liable to the same defect—namely, that they tend to become mere abstracts of the books professedly published on the subject. Professor Flint is no exception. After an attempt, in an introduction of sixty pages, to pursue and disengage his idea through the early, classical, and mediæval periods, he fairly lapses into the usual system of analysing books. We know that this is inevitable, and we acquiesce in it. It is not a greater falling off than Mr. Buckle's, who opened with a solemn denunciation of ordinary histories, asserted that the only historical facts which an historian of civilization could regard were statistics, and then, in the very same volume, degenerated into retailing precisely the same anecdotes, and the same imperfectly vouched facts, which all other historians had always been repeating from the beginning of historical writing downwards. Thus it has ever been with the attempt to write the history of an abstract idea. It ends sooner or later in a history of books. And a history of books is a very different thing from a history of the progress of an idea. Where we have to do with opinions, the important thing is not the bare utterance of an opinion, but its prevalence. It is nothing to the historian that some solitary thinker has committed an important truth to the obscure pages of some neglected writing. What the historian must desire to represent to us are the broad phasos of belief which have been influential on the course of human affairs from age to age. This is a very different matter from the contents of the books of the great philosophers. Professor Flint is doubtless quite aware of this. He says himself with great truth that philosophy advances not by a series of great steps, or by the succession of great systems, but by every labour that extends the limits and increases the wealth of human thought. Its progress does not depend upon the last great thinker, but upon utilizing for the purposes of political and social life all the acquisitions of the whole past. The mode of thinking in any age is the result of the total antecedent thinking of the age which has gone before. It is the sum of the acquisitions of all the subordinate sciences, each of which advances by countless small steps. These ideas alone deserve the name of philosophy which correspond to the requirements of the new epoch.

It is this prevalent belief about the course of human events which Professor Flint announces in the opening as his subject—the belief, namely, that the reign of law somehow extends over human affairs; that the fate of nations has not been abandoned to caprice and chance, but is embraced within a system of order; that amid all the apparent confusion and incoherence there has been some sort of growth, some sort of development of the mind and spirit of the human race. It is not merely a book-lore or a closet speculation of which he will be the historian, but a practical belief which has been operative since history began. While men are still disputing as to the reality of any philosophy of history, as to its existence at all as a separate science, the cares and trials of common life, the movements of population, the struggle for existence, all these have for countless generations been bringing the problem in manifold forms before the human mind, and in contact with the human heart. Some kind of philosophy of history must have been as old as history itself, and the first question man proposed to himself may well have been that which Milton puts into the mouth of Adam, "How came I thus, how here?"

To trace the transmission, metamorphoses, and modifications of belief on the subject of the government of the world, to find the influence of this belief on public conduct and human action, would be indeed a most interesting investigation. But then it would be one of appalling magnitude. To ascertain the prevailing opinions of any one age, say of any one century, is almost a life work for any man. For nothing less is required than a complete survey of all the extant literature of the period. To the physical labour of reading such a mass of material has to be added the nicest tact and acutest critical sensibility to detach from it the sentiment of which we are in search. It is a much easier proceeding to which historians of philosophy find themselves impelled. They start with proposing the problem as we have proposed it. But they soon find this idea too unsubstantial and elusive to bear historical handling, and the material vehicle in which it is held suspended hopelessly extended in volume. They accordingly renounce their original scheme, and confine themselves to giving an account of the books professedly published on the speculative part of their subject. This is also the course that Professor Flint's book has taken. His introductory chapter is his only general chapter. Only here does he attempt to deal with prevalent opinion as distinct from professional speculation. In this chapter he reviews history as conceived by the great Oriental nations, by the Jews, and among the Greeks. He then shows how the idea of universal history was the result of the Roman universal empire. Christianity introduced upon this the consciousness of a spiritual unity

* *The Philosophy of History in France and Germany.* By Robert Flint, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, University of St. Andrews. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

of the human race, and the conception of a providential plan embracing an explanation of the degradation of the species, and holding out the means of recovery. The mediæval writers had not a sufficient acquaintance with the facts of history to frame a philosophy of history. Their history is biography. Individual actors, strong men armed, were the subjects of their narrative when it spoke of "the world," the virtues and prodigies of saintly men when it spoke of "the Church."

So far, for about sixty pages, we have a history of the philosophy of history on the theatre of the civilized world. The presentation has the fault of vagueness. It wants precision, and needs to be authenticated by the citation of the vouching texts. From this point onward we leave the public stage, and find ourselves confined to the books of the French and German speculative thinkers who have written professed treatises on the subject of the philosophy of history. This *résumé* of literature, including as it does an analysis of the contents of some five-and-twenty French and as many German books, makes a very useful compendium. Many persons will be glad to have such a manual for reference. Many of the books analysed, too, are written in a way which makes the reading of them fairly impossible. The books of wool-gathering German philosophers, childishly ignorant of the elementary rules of composition, are specially offensive in this respect. We are most thankful to Mr. Flint for the labour he has bestowed on giving in an intelligible form a summary of the speculations, or ideas, of Scholzer, von Müller, Kant, Schelling, Steffens, Görres, Krause, Lotze, many of whose books are either inaccessible or are too toilsome reading to repay the time it would cost to extract any valuable metal from the dross. If Herder and Lessing are much more widely known, this is due less to the intrinsic merit of their theories than to the lucid style which distinguishes their writings from the barbarous and pedantic jargon of their compeers. Lessing especially is a master of language. And it would be difficult indeed to believe that Albert Thaers, or any other than Lessing himself, could have composed the tract "On the Education of the Human Race," in virtue of which Lessing may be placed among those who have speculated on the philosophy of history. The style is our evidence. As to Lessing's theory—namely, that God acts as the educator of mankind by revelation, but that in so acting He does not displace reason, but elicits it—it must be regarded as a mere imaginative play of ideas, such as one of the Platonic Dialogues is, and not a legitimate deduction from the facts presented by the history of the world. It is not only unverified, but is incapable of verification.

The careful analysis of Bunsen's *God in History* will be acceptable to many whom the bulk of the three volumes may deter from the attempt to read them. There are other reasons too, besides mere bulk, which throw this remarkable book into the shade. The chief of these reasons is that the speculation it contained was largely built on the facts of comparative philology, and these facts were then too imperfectly ascertained to be the data of an induction as to the world's history. The conception which guided his researches into primeval history was a noble one, but the science was not ripe for his conclusions. He attended exclusively to the mental product of the race, overlooking its physical conditions. He studied man merely as what religion and language show him to be, and overlooked the equally important biological and ethnological considerations. Since Bunsen wrote, twenty years ago, the prehistoric ages have had more attention bestowed upon them than they had had in all the time previous. Hence Bunsen's labours have been but the work of a pioneer, and the great work of his life, the *Gott in der Geschichte*, the last work he lived to complete, but the first he conceived, is already in so short a space of time gone by. Indeed much of the speculation was crude even at the time. His division of history into three epochs—the Hebrew and Zoroastrian, which produced speech and mythology; the Greek and Roman, which produced poetry, art, and civil policy; and the third, the German and Romanic peoples, to whom he attributed science—are hasty inferences from arbitrarily selected facts. Bunsen as a man was much more admirable than as a philosopher; what he has left behind is the memory of a noble life, of a pure and aspiring soul, not any solid and enduring legacy of thought.

Another analysis brings a little-known name to the notice of English readers. Ernst von Lasaulx is a contrast to Bunsen. Bunsen, joyous and sanguine, looked confidently forward to the future of the race as sure to realize the Utopian dreams of philanthropists; to the time, near at hand, when the triumph of the divine principle upon earth is to be manifest and universal. Ernst von Lasaulx's thought, on the other hand, is pervaded by a vein of melancholy. He is overwhelmed by a sense of the nothingness of life, of the preponderance of the vain and illusory in human affairs. This deep impression of personal despondency is all that gives originality or interest to his views. Judging by Mr. Flint's exposition of them, they are in no relation to the facts of history. They are a mere succession of fanciful analogies, such as present themselves to an imaginative mind which habitually reviews the general course of things in a gloomy spirit. Like Roman Catholic writers in general, Von Lasaulx seems to be without any sense of scientific reasoning. He dwells on the thought that nations, like individuals, must in the course of nature die of age. Each nation has had allotted to it a certain amount of vitality, which must gradually develop itself in the formation of speech, religion, a constitution, art, metaphysics, &c. This original amount of force is of necessity thereby gradually exhausted, so that the nation has no sooner reached maturity than its powers begin to fail, and a process of decay set in, which inevitably ends in dissolution.

account is Conrad Hermann. His books are little known in this country. But no other living German thinker has occupied himself so long and so earnestly with this department of inquiry. His *Philosophy of History* (1870) has taken at least a quarter of a century to mature. According to Conrad Hermann the central problem of historical science is the relation of necessary law to personal freedom. Its solution must be sought, not by definition, or outside of history, but in an unprejudiced and comprehensive study of human development as a whole. Necessity and freedom are both present in history. The one does not exclude the other. Their co-existence is undeniable, but it is a riddle which he cannot solve. The course of humanity must be conceived of as a work of art. Hermann rejects the view that history is an organism, that its unity is that of a self-evolving principle. It is a system of means divinely arranged for the securing of spiritual ends. It is the work of a free, creative intelligence who has adjusted all with the purpose of preparing morally perfectible beings for another and higher life. The business of the philosophy of history is to show what adaptations of means to ends can be traced in the course of things, how part is adjusted to part, how all the parts are correlated into a system, and converge to a final cause. This is enough to show that Dr. Hermann's system has no scientific character about it, and is but woven of the same metaphysical stuff of which so many previous "systems" have been manufactured. Indeed, if we may judge from the rest of Mr. Flint's exposition, this latest system is very "loose thinking" indeed. We will hope that it is so cloudy as to be incapable of importation into this country. Dr. Hermann is obviously a man who loves truth and justice, but he has lamentably sacrificed both to what at present passes current in Germany for patriotism, a Teutomania not less irrational and pernicious than French "chauvinisme."

The present volume of the *Philosophy of History* is only an instalment. Another volume is to treat of Italy and England. It would enhance the value of Professor Flint's analyses of the books he has read if his style were a little more condensed. If, instead of the lectures as he delivered them, he would give us the "substance of lectures," the bulk of the volume might be much reduced, and a greater degree of precision of statement attained.

FITZGERALD'S BOSWELL.*

"THE most curious edition," wrote Johnson, "is commonly the first, and the most useful may be expected among the last." Language, if not thought, has strengthened since Johnson wrote, and Mr. Fitzgerald, going far beyond the consideration of what is most curious or most useful, declares that such an edition of Boswell's Life as he now gives us "has become an absolute necessity." Johnson, we remember, once scolded Mrs. Thrale for using the word "terrible" on some small occasion. We wonder what he would have thought of Mr. Fitzgerald's "absolute necessity." It is somewhat disappointing to find that a man can not only have read, but also worked at, the Life of that great master of exact language, and yet in his use of language can be so careless. Boswell was too eager in his boast that he had Johnsonized the land. His very editors, so far from thinking, do not even talk, Johnson.

Mr. Fitzgerald, however, has done good service in republishing the first edition of Boswell as it was originally printed. Whether, with Mr. Fitzgerald in the eleventh page of his introduction, we consider "Boswell's work as unbedded in a mass of concrete and rubble," or whether, with Mr. Fitzgerald in the nineteenth page, we consider the "information which has adhered to the sides and bottom of Mr. Boswell's fine vessel, and has certainly impeded its sailing powers," in either case we are glad of an opportunity of examining the work when freed from the concrete and rubble, and the vessel when cleansed from the information. We are not indeed so much indebted to him as many persons might be. We could never read Boswell in Croker's edition, or in any edition founded on Croker, and so we had been but little troubled with the work of the editors. Nevertheless it is an undoubted fact that most of those who think they are reading the immortal Life read, as Mr. Fitzgerald says, "a Life of Johnson, not Mr. Boswell's Life of Johnson." Each editor has thought himself at liberty more or less to alter the very text whenever he had some fact to add or some error to correct. Mr. Croker, of course, was the greatest sinner in this respect, though happily the mistake that he made is very easily set right, while the light that he threw upon many an obscure passage will shine as long as men delight in reading the first of all Lives. It is true, indeed, that the later editors of his great edition had cut out a good deal of the materials which he had interwoven with the text, and had given it in the form of footnotes. Nevertheless, even with their corrections, the text was very far from being as the author left it. All those then who delight in Boswell will do well to get this reprint of the first edition. Even if, like ourselves, they had already read a text which was not far from being pure, they will nevertheless, like ourselves, delight in having a good excuse for reading once again an old favourite. We are glad, on the whole, that it is Boswell's first and not his second edition that Mr. Fitzgerald reprints. We do not, indeed, quite follow him in the course of reasoning which leads him to this result, but with the result itself we are content:—

The artistic mode of dealing [he says] with such a miscellany would be to

* Boswell's Johnson. A Reprint of the First Edition. Edited, with New Notes, by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 3 vols. London: Bickers & Son.

present the original work, which in a certain sense was complete and homogeneous, and mark the distinct and transitional character of the alterations and additions by placing them on the same page, but in a different shape. That such is the logical course is evident from the fact that, if Boswell's last edition were reprinted "textually," the numerous Langton letters would figure as an appendix to the second volume.

Mr. Fitzgerald will perhaps say to us, in Johnson's words, "I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

While we gladly accept this reprint, we cannot but regret that the editor has not been so successful in the execution of his work as he was happy in its conception. He has not merely given us a reprint of the first edition, but he has added new notes of his own. We wish we could say of his book what Johnson said of Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland*, "It is a book which will always sell, it has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation." Mr. Fitzgerald has indeed a considerable familiarity with the literature of last century, but he has none of those exact qualities which gave its great merits to Lord Hailes's work. From him must be expected no stability, no certainty, no punctuality. As we read through his edition we soon felt the want of the date which in all the editions of Boswell that we had seen was given, together with the year of Johnson's age, at the top of every page. We remembered indeed that it was to be an exact reprint of the first edition. Nevertheless we thought that, as in the Bible the pages are often given in an obscure corner at the bottom of the page, so somehow or other might have been entered, in an apologetical kind of manner, those most convenient dates. What was our surprise, on consulting the copy of the first edition at the British Museum, to find that in it these dates were given throughout! An editor who is so careless about dates as to omit them wholesale in a reprint which professes the most perfect purity can never hope—we again quote Johnson—"either to fill the hunger of ignorance or to quench the thirst of curiosity." In his preface too he gives his references in the most inconvenient form. Most writers who refer to Boswell, aware of the vast number of editions that have been published, give not the page, but the month and year. Mr. Fitzgerald quotes the single-volume edition of 1862. There may possibly be people who not only possess, but who also read, Boswell in a single-volume edition, though we doubt it. Of this, however, we are sure, that any one who cared enough for Boswell to look out Mr. Fitzgerald's references would care too much for him to have him in the single-volume edition of 1862. We, at all events, were put to a great deal of unnecessary trouble in hunting out the passages in which we cared to follow Mr. Fitzgerald's lead. Again, the corrections made by Boswell in his second edition are given in a most inconvenient way. In page 395 of the first volume, for instance, at the bottom we find this note:—"Cor. et. Ad.—Line 3. For 'or' read 'nor.'" To the word "or" no mark has been put to call our attention to the correction in the foot-note, and so, when we reach the end of the page, we have, if we care to see the effect of the correction, to count eight lines down from the top to find the word that has to be altered.

When we come to consider the notes which Mr. Fitzgerald has struck out, and those which he has put in, we quite agree with him as to the general principle on which he goes. He says that we ought in each case to ask, "Would the information, or details, have been adopted by the biographer himself?" There were a great many letters and documents which Boswell no doubt would have inserted if he could have got at them. These certainly should be given in foot-notes or in an appendix. There are a good many errors which Boswell made, and which he would no doubt have corrected had they been brought before him. Of these errors notice should be taken. There are not a few matters which Boswell very properly left in a certain obscurity, out of regard for those who were living when he wrote. It is many years since, with equal propriety, light was thrown on them, for those had long passed away to whom consideration had had to be shown. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, has struck out much information that Boswell would have been delighted to get, has left in not a few errors that Boswell would have listened to correct, has made errors of his own into which Boswell would have been vexed to have fallen, and has left much in obscurity which previous editors had brought into light. We must at the same time do him the justice to admit that he has got together a considerable amount of now and interesting information. We wish he would have spared us such notes as the following:—"This noble piece" (one of Johnson's prologues) "contains argument and true dramatic principles, besides some majestic poetry," or "The whole scene" (Dr. Dodd's execution) "is full of a ghastly interest," or "This appears to be one of the most charming touches of character recorded by Mr. Boswell." While such notes as these are inserted, we find many omitted of great importance. We would instance Dr. Kearney's ingenious explanation of the passage where we are told that Mr. Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell) quoted what was said of Alcibiades by a Greek poet, and the Bishop of Ferns's correction of yards square for square yards.

Perhaps reasons of copyright may have compelled such a wholesale neglect of the information given by recent commentators, more especially by Mr. Croker; but no such excuse can be found for the errors that have either been left in the text, or have crept into it through the carelessness of Mr. Fitzgerald's printer. In page 398 of the first volume Mr. Fitzgerald says, "Though Boswell praises Mr. Baldwin for his printing, the two editions were printed carelessly"; and he goes on to say

that "the whole offered a unique specimen of typographical confusion. The above passage is thus jumbled." What Mr. Fitzgerald means by "the above passage" we cannot even guess. A near approach to it, however, we have found at page 422 of the second volume. Boswell certainly was no classical scholar, and no doubt in his first edition errors enough were made in his Greek and his Latin quotations. Though a reverential regard for an exact reprint of the first edition justifies a reproduction in the text of all the errors that originally appeared, nevertheless it neither warrants the insertion of fresh mistakes, nor forbids a footnote by way of correction. In one case where, in the diploma given by Trinity College, Dublin, we find two errors in the Latin within two lines, we ascertained that the former of these errors certainly occurs in the first edition, though Boswell had corrected it in the second. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, prints *Anna Domini*, and, to the confusion of the sex of the Fellows of Trinity, *singularum minus*. But what is that to the following wonderful piece of Greek? *αρις ον αν οιδε γυα ελκασσαν γενομενον*. We have not here referred to the first edition, but we doubt whether the fault is Boswell's. Not much inferior to this is "Η παρι σου οισωσι παρουν εις κρηνην. A curious typographical blunder which Boswell himself corrected in his second edition is left uncorrected in the edition before us. Our readers will remember how one evening, when Boswell teased Johnson with his reflections about death, he was dismissed with the stern command "Don't let us meet to-morrow." Boswell, however, ventured to visit him, having first sent a note in which he said that if he had been in the wrong it was not intentionally, and that, though he should call upon him, he would only stay five minutes by his watch. We will here quote from Mr. Fitzgerald's edition, which, as we have said, is the same as the first:—"I whispered him, 'Well, Sir, you are now in good humour'; Johnson, 'Yes, Sir.' I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me, and smiling, said, 'Get you gone,' in a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some while." In the second and every following edition the passage is correctly printed, "'Get you gone,' a curious mode," &c. In the account given of the meeting between Johnson and his old college friend Edwards—the retired solicitor who had always found cheerfulness breaking in upon him whenever he tried to be a philosopher—an error in the text is left unnoticed. It was not nine-and-thirty years, as Boswell says, but nine-and-forty, since the two at an alehouse near Pembrokeshire Gato had talked of the Eton boy, and the single line that was wrongly assigned to him. But Mr. Fitzgerald, we fear, had he known Johnson, would have lain almost as much open as Mrs. Thrale to the reproach of being "careless of exactness." In one case, in noting a statement of Mr. Croker's about Hawkins's book, he says, "Boswell's work did not appear until several years after Hawkins's death." Now as Johnson died in 1784 and Boswell in 1795, and as both Hawkins's and Boswell's books were published within these years, it is at once seen that there must be no small exaggeration in the use of the word "several." It so happens, however, that the one book was published in 1787 and the other in 1791. Mr. Fitzgerald brings forward some curious information to show that Boswell was right, and Croker wrong, as to the duration of Johnson's residence at Oxford. But we have not space here to enter into the question with the fulness that it deserves. We shall hope to return to it on some future occasion.

We must, before we conclude, point out briefly a few of the other mistakes into which Mr. Fitzgerald has fallen. "The four lines from Shakespeare on 'the honest chronicler,' Griffith—usually prefixed and marked 'Boswell' by Mr. Croker—are not found," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "in the author's editions." Mr. Croker was quite right in marking them "Boswell," for they are given by the author in his second edition. In p. 331 of vol. 1, to the word "garretter" which occurs in the text, is given a note, "This madman eloped," &c. It was not the "garretter," but Mr. Hervey, who eloped. In the next volume, in a note on Lady Galway, we are told:—"This wonderful old lady was alive in 1840. Mr. Croker, who was acquainted with her, has a very pleasant note on the subject." It was not Lady Galway, but her daughter, the Countess of Cork, whom Mr. Croker knew. As the daughter was born in 1747, her mother must have been a very wonderful old lady indeed if she was alive in 1840. In his first edition, Boswell had "unadvertently on Dr. Smollett's ignorance" for having called, as he thought, Johnson "that great chum of literature." In his second edition he had done his best "to propitiate the *manes* of that ingenious and benevolent gentleman," by owning that chum was certainly a mistaken reading for Chum. He goes on to add:—"For this correction I am indebted to Lord Palmerston; whose talents and literary acquirements accord well with his respectable pedigree of Temple." Nevertheless, in a later part of the same volume we find the following passage, without a word of comment:—"You will find in my second edition a correction of *chum* to *charm*, suggested to me by Lord Palmerston." Surely Boswell in this letter, which Mr. Fitzgerald gives in a note, must refer to the passage we have just quoted. But what would the *manes*, if *manes* in such a case there be, of that other ingenious and benevolent gentleman, David Hume, say, when he finds his name printed by Mr. Fitzgerald in one of his notes Home? Has he never read the philosopher's will, and does he not know that a legacy depended on whether Home was spelt Home or Hume?

We have yet to wait before we shall see such an edition of Boswell as Boswell deserves. Mr. Fitzgerald, in spite of all his faults, has made a step in the right direction. We hope the day may come when to the text of the first or second edition may

be added all the curious information that has been gathered by a long line of commentators. We shall then have a work which, while it will be no less curious than the first edition, will be acknowledged to be the most useful among the last.

STUBBS'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

(Second Notice.)

WE have already given some notion of the general object and character of the new work of the Regius Professor of Modern History; we will now go on to follow him somewhat more minutely through the main course of his volume, and to dwell on some points more in detail.

He begins, as we have said, with the beginning. His opening chapters give the results of the last researches into the Teutonic antiquities of the mainland. Then he comes to "the migration," the settlement of the Angles and Saxons in Britain. Here he stops to contrast the English Conquest of Britain and the Frankish Conquest of Gaul, pointing out the differences between the position of the conquerors in the two cases, and the differences in the state of the lands into which they severally came. All dreams of deriving anything English from anything Roman or British are of course cast aside. All that Mr. Stubbs admits is that a few of the greatest cities, like London and York, kept up a continuous existence, though we need not say that he gives no ear to the phantasy which tries to trace up English municipalities to a Roman source. The completeness of the national migration is strongly put forth by Mr. Stubbs. The English invaders brought with them into Britain all that they had on the mainland; their life in Britain was simply a continuation of their life in Germany, modified of course by the circumstances in which they found themselves in their new country. They brought over their wives and families, they brought their slaves, and, as Mr. Dawkins showed some years back, they brought their cattle. "The tribe was as complete when it had removed to Kent as when it stayed in Jutland; the magistrate was the ruler of the tribe, not of the soil; the divisions were those of the folk and the host, not of the land; the laws were the usages of the nation, not of the territory." He then goes on to trace the state of things after the settlement, the tenure of land and the classes of men; but Mr. Stubbs holds that Mr. Kemble has exaggerated somewhat with regard to the mark, the name of which is so rare in England. The truth doubtless is that the English at the time of their conquest had got beyond the earliest form of the mark system, and the mark could hardly have in any case kept up its original independence under the circumstances of the conquest. Mr. Stubbs nevertheless sees large traces of the mark in all our local institutions, and specially in those manorial courts and their various incidents which at first sight have such a feudal look, but which have really grown out of the village community. The lord has stepped in within his range, just as the king stepped in within his wider range, and in both cases the tendency of later times has been to return under other forms to the primitive state of things. The traces of the mark as an administrative unit are fast passing away among us; but they are passing away, not by increased subjection to lords, but by merging into larger self-governing bodies. In England the aspect of the township and the parish outgrew the aspect of the mark. "The historical township," says Mr. Stubbs, "is the body of alodial owners who have advanced beyond the stage of land-community, retaining many vestiges of that organization; or the body of tenants of a lord who regulates them or allows them to regulate themselves on principles derived from the same." Mr. Stubbs works out the history of the township in early times, and the township leads him up to the burh, the origin of English cities and boroughs. The English borough, like all other things English, has come of itself. It was not in its beginning an organized political society like an ancient Greek colony; it differed from the village community only in being more thickly inhabited and defended for military purposes. These circumstances caused its institutions to take the form of those of the hundred rather than those of the mere township. Through the hundred he gets up to the shire, and here Mr. Stubbs points out the different way in which the shire arose in different parts of England, and also points out how, alongside of the ordinary hundreds, there were also, hundreds or liberties under separate, most commonly ecclesiastical, jurisdiction; that is to say, the lord had crept in here also as well as on a greater scale in the kingdom, and on a smaller scale in the manor. Lastly, at the end of the fifth chapter, Mr. Stubbs points out that when, under Canute and afterwards, several shires were united under a single earl, it was rather a case of plurality than of union; the earl was still earl of each shire separately, and held the usual courts and assemblies of each without having any general court or assembly for the whole land under his jurisdiction.

In his sixth and several following chapters Mr. Stubbs deals with the political side of the Old-English institutions, and the stages of their development, with the King and his Witan, the origin and the extent of their powers, and the way in which those powers and the manner of their exercise gradually changed. This last point brings us up to one of the greatest merits of Mr. Stubbs's book. Even people who are not among the most ignorant people, who do not

believe that all "the Saxons" lived at the same time, are apt not to take in the great changes in political and social respects which took place within the first six hundred years of our history. These changes, parts of a change which was going on everywhere, have never been worked out with greater clearness than they have been by Mr. Stubbs. The general result he thus puts:—

The general tendency of the process may be described as a movement from the personal to the territorial organisation; from a state of things in which personal freedom and political right were the leading ideas, to one in which personal freedom and political right had become so much bound up with the relations created by the possession of land, as to be actually subservient to it: the Angel-cynn of Alfred becomes the Engle-lande of Canute.

He then traces out the stages, showing that the English and Briton never were in the first stage, the stage where everything is personal, when territorial notions had not come in at all, because that stage of our national life had already been passed before we left the mainland. On the other hand, he shows that the last stage of the process, that which led to the fully developed feudalism of the Continent, was never reached in England left to itself. This final step was taken, as Mr. Stubbs says, by the Norman lawyers, not by the English Kings; the change of which the change in the royal style from "Rex Anglorum" to "Rex Anglie" was the outward sign, was undoubtedly, as Mr. Stubbs says, the work of lawyers more than of anybody else. We had got so far on the road towards feudalism that it needed not so much any formal legislation on the part of the Conqueror as the bringing in of a new way of looking at things, a crowd of legal fictions and of legal subtleties, to make England feudal so far as it ever became feudal. But then comes in a most important distinction which runs through the whole of the changes which the Norman Conquest brought about, and which makes that great event and its results so striking a comment on the saying of Themistocles, "We should have perished if we had not perished":—

They left the ancient local organisation unimpaired, out of which a system was to grow that would ultimately reduce the landownership to its proper dimensions and functions. If the system had in England ripened into feudalism, that feudalism would in all probability have been permanent. Happily the change that produced feudalism for a time introduced with it the necessity of repulsion. The English, who might never have struggled against native lords, were roused by the fact that their lords were strangers as well as oppressors, and the Norman kings realised the certainty that if they would retain the land they must make common cause with the people.

In another chapter Mr. Stubbs deals with the ecclesiastical history of the time, pointing out the strictly national character of the English Church—national, not only in being comparatively free from foreign interference, but national also as being the chief tie which bound the different parts of the nation together—"national," as Mr. Stubbs says, "in its comprehensiveness as well as in its exclusiveness." "Englishmen," he goes on, "were in their lay aspect Mercians or West-Saxons, only in their ecclesiastical relations could they feel themselves fellow-countrymen and fellow-subjects." So again he goes on to trace the influence of the Church in keeping up English nationality after the Norman Conquest:—

The unity of the church was in the early period the only working unity; and its liberty, in the evil days that followed, the only form in which the traditions of the ancient freedom lingered. It was again to be the tie between the conquered and the conquerors; to give to the oppressed a hold on the conscience of the despot; to win new liberties and revive the old; to unite Norman and Englishman in the resistance to tyrants, and educate the growing nation for its distant destiny as the teacher and herald of freedom to all the world.

Almost the only point on which we should be inclined to question Mr. Stubbs's notions is with regard to the constitution of the Witenagemot. He holds that, while the smaller assemblies of the township, the hundred, and the shire were strictly primary assemblies, the great council of the nation had another character, and was, not indeed strictly speaking representative, but certainly select. We have always held, on the other hand, that in theory the Witenagemot was an assembly of all the freemen of the kingdom, just as the assemblies of smaller districts were assemblies of all the freemen of those districts; but, by the very nature of the case, the assembly would on all ordinary occasions shrink up into an assembly of the chief men, enlarged when some exciting question was afloat, and, when the assembly was held in a large town, enlarged by an unusual concourse of the citizens of that town. Under this head, to take one instance only out of many, come the many cases in which the citizens of London take a share in the election of Kings both before and after the Norman Conquest. But Mr. Stubbs admits that on such special occasions large bodies of men did come together, and, if they did not actually deliberate—which they are not likely to have done in any case—at least gave their assent to what the chief men had voted. The two views come practically to much the same thing; it is rather a difference as to the theory of the assembly than as to its actual working. We do not see how such phrases as "all folk," "all the people of the land," and such like, which we find applied to elections of Kings and the great national acts, can be explained except by supposing that every freeman had an abstract right to attend, and that, on certain special occasions, that right was actually exercised by large bodies of freemen. It is such a rare thing to find even the smallest mistake in Mr. Stubbs that, as we have mentioned a difference of opinion, we may mention a single case in which he has gone wrong in a date. In page 282 he speaks of certain bishoprics, Exeter among them, as being in the hands of foreigners in the year 1070; we need not

* *The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By William Stubbs, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1874.

go further than his own "Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum" to show that Leofric kept his own bishopric till 1072.

The nature and effects of the Norman Conquest were never better set forth than they are in the present volume. Mr. Stubbs thoroughly feels how the Conquest and all that came of it were affected by the fact that William claimed the crown by legal right. This at once distinguishes the Norman Conquest, with the gradual confiscations of land which followed it, from the conquest and parting out of a large part of England by the Danes at the end of the ninth century. The general results he thus sums up in a remarkable passage:—

The adventurous and highly-strung energy of the ruling race communicated itself to the people whom it ruled; its restless activity and strong political instinct roused the dormant spirit and disciplined even while it oppressed it. For, in the second place, the powers which it called forth were largely exercised in counteracting its own influence. The Normans so far as they became English added nerve and force to the system with which they identified themselves; so far as they continued Norman they provoked and stimulated by opposition and oppression the latent energies of the English. The Norman kings fostered, and the Norman nobility forced out the new growth of life.

He then traces out the gradual changes in the system of law and administration, and especially in the tenure of land, which were brought in by the highly trained officials who grew up under William and his successors. To them we owe the gradual introduction of the military tenures, of which, to the confusion of those who draw their notions of history from lawyers and popular books, there is no trace in Domesday. The oath of Salisbury, by which every man in the kingdom became the man of the king, is put by Mr. Stubbs in its true light; so far from being, as many have dreamed, the introduction of the feudal system, it was, as Mr. Stubbs shows, a measure distinctly anti-feudal. It was a measure taken to keep England from that great evil of feudalism by which personal duty to the immediate lord was allowed to overshadow the higher duty to the State, and to the King as its chief. This great law, and the doctrine out of which it sprang and which it strengthened, certainly did more than any one cause to keep England from falling under as France and Germany did. So Mr. Stubbs goes on, tracing in all points the gradual effects which the new notions had, and how they worked their way step by step much more as a matter of administrative procedure than of formal legislation. One point which he especially brings out, and which stands in close connexion with the Salisbury oath, is the very sparing way in which the Conqueror bestowed earldoms. He had no mind to create, or even to continue, any power which could in any case become a rival to his own. He had no mind to have anyone in England who should stand to him in the same relation in which he himself stood to his own over-lord at Paris. He continued for awhile those of Edward's earls who submitted to him, but, when they were got rid of, he gave them no successors. There was never again an Earl of the Mercians or Northumbrians in the same sense in which those titles had been borne by Edwin and Morkere. Nor did he fall back on the older practice of planting an earl or ealdorman in every shire. Earl, "Dux," "Comes," were names which suggested ideas which had been found dangerous on the Continent, and he preferred to put the management of the shires under the care of his own personal officers, the sheriffs. It was only on the dangerous Scottish and Welsh borders and in Kent, which events showed might pass as a Picard border, that William allowed earls as a kind of necessary evil; and two of these, it should be noted, were Bishops, who could not found dynasties. Mr. Stubbs points out that the title of earl has been wrongly given to several of William's followers who received vast grants of land, and whose descendants in some cases grew into earls, but who did not hold earldoms under William himself. And all William's immediate successors, except Stephen, the first creator of *pseudo-comites*, followed the same policy.

We have traced Mr. Stubbs through only about half of his book. That half may be taken as a specimen of the whole; but this is not quite all. An examination of the earlier part is more necessary. Mr. Stubbs has in his Prefaces shown himself master without rival of the Angevin period. In this book he has shown himself to be equally master of the periods which went before it. We have therefore chiefly confined our more minute examination to the times of which he has said less in his earlier works. The masterly sketches in his *Select Charters* showed his grasp of the general subject; the present volume shows his knowledge of the minutest details. Of the later parts of the present volume we will only say that they worthily continue the parts of which we have specially spoken. We shall look anxiously for the remainder of the work. Up to the time which he reaches in this volume, Mr. Stubbs really stands alone. No one before him has dealt with the constitutional history of England from the earliest beginnings to the Great Charter in a manner at once scientific and systematic. In later times he will find more formidable rivals. He will have to grapple with the lawyers on their own ground, in times when their technical knowledge becomes really a help and is no longer a hindrance. And we shall be specially anxious to see whether, in dealing with times beset with controversies which come more home to modern passions and prejudices than the controversies about earlier times, Mr. Stubbs can still keep the same wonderful calmness, the same perfect readiness to do justice to all sides, which he has shown in dealing with the first eight hundred years of English history.

L'EAUFORTE EN 1874.*

THIS is a better collection of etchings than most of those which have been issued by the same publisher. M. Cadart has done a great deal for the revival of etching in France, but there has generally been this cause of limitation to his usefulness, that whilst he published many plates that were really valuable, he also published many others that could not but convey a very unfavourable impression of etching to the public mind. This was the more to be regretted because etching is not naturally a popular art; it is not an art which the general public naturally and easily understands; so that the general public, when it sees a bad etching, does not think "that is a bad plate," but it thinks "that is an etching, and really what a disagreeable art it is!" In this way the art has been held responsible for a great quantity of defective work done by people who had never mastered it; and something of this unfortunate result is due to M. Cadart, who brought out into the glare of publicity a number of plates which ought to have remained for ever hidden from human eyes. We see now with the greatest pleasure that he is becoming more severe in his choice of artists. Every plate in the present set of thirty is worth having, and some of them are as good as anything done of late years, except the work of one or two quite exceptional geniuses. M. Burty, the well-known French critic, has written an interesting introduction, giving an account of the recent history of the art, showing the state of total neglect into which it had fallen under the First Empire, and the circumstances of its revival. Etching was a living art in France long before the era of Napoleon, and yet it not only languished, but actually died out, so that modern etching is not a continuation, but a resurrection:—

Si une école de Peintres eût dû ne jamais se désintéresser d'un mode de traduction rapide, coloré, étonnant, cursif en quelque sorte, infiniment varié, toujours personnel, c'était assurément celle des Peintres français. Et cependant l'auferste, qui nous avait donné Callot et Della-Bella, Saint-Iny, Israël Sylvestre, l'illustre Claude le Lorrain, puis Gillot, Boucher, Gabriel de Saint-Aubin, Fragonard, pour ne citer que quelques-uns, l'auferste ne survécut point au triomphe de l'école de David. Le réformateur et ses élèves, en réagissant contre les grâces aimables et la décoration du XVIII^e siècle, proscrivaient du même coup tout ce qui n'était point de doctrine austère. Le Burin, aux travaux disciplinés, devint la gravure par excellence.

It is curious that Ingres, who was a pupil of David, and quite as austere as his master, once etched a plate which in its own severe way was successful—the portrait of a bishop—and that this plate should have remained isolated. We think that although it is true, as Mr. Burty says, that etching "dit tout ce que l'on sait lui faire dire," there is after all a genius of etching, as there is a genius of the English language, and that the mind of Ingres would not naturally be in accordance with the genius of etching, just as the mind of some thorough Frenchman would not be in accordance with the genius of English. It appears to us that the etched line lends itself much more to the romantic or naturalistic temper than it does to the classical temper, and that the burin is quite the natural interpreter of an artist who accepts the classical discipline. If this view be correct, it is not surprising that the art of etching should have been unpractised by the classic schools, or by any one so long as their doctrine was predominant. In 1831 Charles Lenormant, a clever art-critic of that time, had the idea of illustrating his articles by means of lightly-sketched etchings on copper, and Alexander Decamps, brother of the famous painter, carried out the same scheme in 1834; but unluckily only a few copies were printed directly from the plates themselves, the large impression being more cheaply reproduced by a lithographic transfer which necessarily lost much of the quality of true etching. Eugène Delacroix resorted to etching, but did not practise it much. Marihat, Decamps, Paul Huet, and others employed it more or less. Célestin Nanteuil employed etching skilfully for picturesque figure compositions, and Paul Huet made good use of the same process in landscape.

M. Burty tells us that Huet was the first Frenchman who appreciated Constable, the founder of modern French landscape. Constable tried etching a little, and it is much to be regretted that he did not live in the midst of a vigorous *renaissance* of the art which would have carried him well over the practical difficulties. Constable never became an accomplished etcher in his own person, and yet the nature of his talent as a painter had an indirect influence on the revival of etching by carrying modern landscape art into grooves which inevitably led the painters towards etching. Paul Huet tried all the means for the multiplication of drawings which were known at that time; he tried lithography, wood engraving, and etching. In the last he became eminently skilful in quite a peculiar way. He learned it of Jeanron, a clever and persevering "chercheur," as M. Burty calls him, and Jeanron was also the teacher of Charles Jacque. M. Burty thinks the only modern to be compared with Huet in certain qualities of landscape drawing, "pour l'élégance du jet des branches, le modelé accidenté des troncs, la poésie aristocratique du site, le rendu des reflets dans les eaux calmes," is our countryman, Mr. Seymour Haden. In our opinion both Paul Huet and Mr. Haden are distinguished for their poetical sense of landscape; but we consider Mr. Haden's method as an etcher superior in this, that it is more simple, complete, and synthetic. Paul Huet employed a multitude of little touches where Mr. Haden employs the more continuous line.

After Paul Huet came Charles Jacque and Méryon, and then

* L'auferste en 1874. Trente auferstes originales et inédites par trente des artistes les plus distingués. Texte par Ph. Burty. Paris: Cadart.

began that large production of etchings which has been so much encouraged by the establishment of M. Cadart's publishing house, almost entirely dedicated to etching, and also by the two art publications, *L'Artiste* and *La Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, which admitted etchings as their principal illustrations. We may just observe, in passing, that the sort of encouragement given by M. Cadart is in one respect more advantageous to etching as an independent art. The plates in the *Gazette* are almost always copies from pictures; whereas M. Cadart's publications—as, for example, the one before us—are original conceptions of the etchers themselves. The reader at once perceives the difference in the effect upon the art. Suppose, for example, that water-colour painters were employed only to copy oil-pictures; it is evident that the peculiar merits and qualities of water-colour would have a less chance of complete development than they have when water-colour is encouraged as an independent art. It is especially for this reason that M. Cadart has claims upon our gratitude, and he has certainly never issued anything less open to objection from the critical point of view than the portfolio of etchings now before us.

The first plate is by M. de Rochebrune, and represents the chimney-piece of his own studio. M. de Rochebrune is a nobleman-artist, who lives, when in the country, in a grand old château of his in La Vendée, and his studio is one of the finest rooms in the château. The chimney-piece is a magnificent piece of highly picturesque, semi-barbarous Renaissance work, a great mass of elaborate sculpture with very big stone griffins for caryatides, coats-of-arms in the upper panels, and other caryatides between them. The fire-dogs are tall iron harlequins with shields and clubs. The plate is a large one, and thoroughly well done, in a firm decided way, without any trace of the amateurship which might have been expected under the circumstances; for it rarely happens that a man is at the same time proprietor of magnificence of this kind and artist enough to reproduce it so effectively on copper. The plate is as well and decisively bitten as it is firmly and solidly drawn. M. Jules Héroau gives an omnibus station at Paris with a snow effect, which is well conveyed in a few lines. Célestin Nanteuil has a highly finished study of an Italian female model in national peasant costume, entitled "Jacintha," treated delicately in the flesh and powerfully in the drapery. M. Lalaune has a clever sketch of Concarneau, Finistère, done in his old manner, which we decidedly prefer to the more recent manner he has adopted in working from pictures; in this plate the light-and-shade is cleverly suggested, but not carried beyond suggestion; whilst the play of line is arteable as a *croquis*. A rather simple piece of landscape by M. Yon, entitled "A Saint-Ouen," the subject of which is nothing but a very flat bit of river scenery, with low shrubs and trees, and a man in a punt, is very prettily composed, and has much of the completeness of a picture. M. Hédouin, who is one of the most thoroughly accomplished etchers in France, has drawn two young ladies, one of whom is examining a flower, whilst the other is looking at it over her shoulder; anything more charmingly delicate than this plate, whether in sentiment, composition, or execution, it would be difficult to imagine. It unites a rare refinement of design with the most skilful management of lights and darks, and is, in the way of delicacy and skill, the gem of the whole collection. M. Chauvel's landscape, "Environs de Rouen," a scene by the river under a passing shower, is as simple as possible in arrangement and in biting, and would be perfectly successful had the foreground been more thoroughly studied and not quite so heavy in execution. M. Charles de Gravesande (a French form of his real name, which is Carel van S'Gravesande) is a young Dutch artist who has already published a portfolio of admirable etchings, and he contributes to the present publication a plate entitled "Au bord du Vecht, Hollande." It is composed of the usual Dutch materials, a windmill, water, trees, and a sailing-boat, but we rather miss the low Dutch distances which are often so agreeable in scenery of that kind. It seems to us that this scene, though not without beauty, is rather too much shut in by the trees on the second plane, but the water is excellent and not at all over-laboured. As M. Veyrassat is a contributor, the reader is already aware that his plate must necessarily represent the opposition between a white horse and a dark one, and that the horses are of the heavy useful breed which belongs to M. Veyrassat as a sort of personal property. We suspect that he keeps two horses of this kind, a white one and a black one, in his own stable, and has them out every day to study from, he draws them so often and so well. M. Bonvin contributes a rather strange-looking yet truthful study of "Bords de la Rance, près de Dinan," which we perceive at once to be a little river estuary near the sea. The subject is lighted rather violently from above by sky-light, so that we have a very light foreground, represented mostly by white paper, light gunwales to the boats, and a dark screen of rising land on the other side the water, the temper of the work being that of intense veracity. M. Legros has chosen for his subject the fable of *Le Bonhomme Mièvre*, which, by the way, has been told at length in verse imitated from Lafontaine by the Chevalier de Chatelain. The legend is that the old man Poverty, one summer evening, received in his wretched cabin the visit of Saints Peter and Paul, who in return for his hospitality, such as it was, offered to grant any wish he might express. "Robbers steal pears from my pear-tree," he answered; "grant then that whoever climbs the tree may be unable to get down again without my permission." Death came to call on the old man, who craftily induced him to climb the tree, and then kept him there till he promised to let him alone for ever; hence the perpetuity of Poverty that never dies out from the surface of the earth. The

execution of this plate is simple in the extreme, and it may be specially mentioned as a good specimen of the kind of etching which a painter may do at once without apprenticeship to the refinements of the craft. It is excellent in its own plain way, but bears the same relation to highly artificial modern etching that a Dürer woodcut bears to clever modern wood-engraving. Beauty is not its object, still less prettiness, but it is full of expressional power and awful ghastly invention. Of all the plates in this collection it is nearest in spirit to the weird imaginative work of the early Germans, and, considered merely as handicraft, is far preferable to the sort of finish which is not only common in these days, but vulgar in itself and in its appeal to the tastes of the vulgar.

Not very much is to be said of M. Lançon's "Old Lion" but M. Lançon has often drawn animals with remarkable skill and knowledge, and a semi-failure scarcely diminishes our general confidence in the artist. M. de Nittis has etched "*La Danseuse Holoke-to-Zen*" in a way that is perfectly provoking—so well and so badly; there is a fine evanescent quality of light-and-shade, and such a suggestion of rich texture and colour that we are reminded of a fine colourist's work in oil; yet at the same time there are downright outrages against good taste, most notably in the horrible arm, which is so placed as to make it as hideous as possible, and so shaded that it looks neither feminine nor even human. M. L. Petit, who is well known as a clever caricaturist, gives us two scenes of the middle ages from a caricaturist's point of view, rather disgusting in some details but really lively and skilful. One of the least satisfactory plates in the collection is the Tomb of Mary Queen of Scots in Westminster Abbey, by M. Ballin, in which the architecture is not very well drawn, whilst the light-and-shade is rather confused. Elaborate architectural subjects of this kind are difficult to manage satisfactorily; they require such perfect precision of hand and such clever arrangement of light to keep them well together. M. Martial's "*Ancien Paris, Rue Saint-Eloi*," is much more satisfactory in these respects; but there are, or used to be, many much richer subjects in old Paris, and M. Alfred Taïe has hit upon one of them in "*Les Vieilles Maisons du Pont Neuf*," whose roofs are a wonderful accumulation of chimneys, galleries, and dormer-windows. Yet we cannot help observing what a pity it is that M. Taïe does not submit himself to a course of linear perspective, his drawings, as in the present instance, being generally disfigured by glaring errors in this respect. M. Détaillé contributes a very fine spirited sketch of a Prussian lancer on horseback, and the tree-trunks in the foreground of "*Le Lac Nemi*," by Jules Laurens, are full of masculine power. On the whole, the collection is greatly above the average of contemporary work, and may be said to steer fairly clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of etching, which are the unmeaning scrawl in line, and the superfine over-laboured shading.

STRANGE'S DEVELOPMENT OF CREATION.*

WE have had many a time of late to speak of applying the curb to the use of the imagination in matters relating to science, to which faculty there has been a tendency on the part of some high authorities to allow over much of the rein. A protest or caution of this kind becomes the more necessary in proportion as the groundwork of technical training and discipline is wanting, or as the sense of responsibility caused by a public position or by the profession of a teacher is not felt as a check upon the fancy. The amateur who at the worst has but to be laughed at, or the retired man of office or business whose leisure must be filled up somehow, will be just in the mood for a caper amid woods and pastures new to the sense of curiosity, and for a flight of the imagination amongst the mysteries of time and space. He will be ready any minute to rush in where angels fear to tread, and to come out with some spick and span theory of creation from beginning to end, or some cut and dried system of universal science. It must be very pleasant to sit in an armchair with a batch of the newest and most advanced books of scientific discovery or speculation, and set to work outdoing them all in novelty and grandiosity of scheming. The received thing nowadays with writers of this sort seems to be to begin with a fling at the ancients all round, picking in particular a lot of little holes in the Bible, the biggest of which were long ago picked with far more point and penetration by Tom Paine; and, by way of making up, we presume, to the world for the loss of its worn-out beliefs or usages, to startle old-fashioned folks by the most thrilling sensation yet proclaimed in the name of science. Trying the Bible as a manual of geology, they tell us with pity how sadly it is behind the age. Happily they are kind enough, like the writer of the work before us, to supply the void. "The Biblical representations having been exposed as untenable, it has become a necessity with most instructed persons to frame upon the ascertained facts some surer ideal of the mode in which the creative processes have been carried on, and to form some conception of the true probable periods involved in bringing them to their present stage of development." We all know the pomp and roll of words with which the "present enlightened generation" is set down to its lesson. "The scenic view suits the sentiments of an uninstructed mind, and was devised in days of unavoidable ignorance. The comprehension of the well-ordered,

* *The Development of Creation on the Earth.* By Thomas Lumisden Strange, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

truly-balanced, never-ending correlation of forces, with their perpetually diversified results, feeds the apprehensions of those who have better discernment. . . Our privilege is to contemplate"—and so forth. "Mind your pronouns, young man," was Dr. Parr's rebuke of an earlier outburst of this sort. What terms would the blindest old scholar, we wonder, have applied to a writer who speaks of the "actual processes of *elimination*" as among the triumphs of the new learning, and later on of the "elimination of forms from pre-existing materials"? We hear a great deal, from writers who are for ever decrying the old learning, of the inferiority of the study of languages compared with that of physical facts. It were well if they made sure of a little at all events of the lower knowledge in themselves before going on to set us all right in a manner which they think befits the present enlightened generation.

Such is the office undertaken by Mr. Lumsden Strange, who has followed up sundry little tracts upon Biblical difficulties with a couple of essays introduced in the words we have quoted, in one of which he demolishes in forty pages the whole Darwinian theory, and in the other builds up, within fifty pages more, a new theory of the antiquity of the earth and its human inhabitants. A series of extracts from well-known manuals and treatises of more or less value are woven together, with but a slender thread of the compiler's own spinning, into a fair enough summary of what may be considered the generally recognized processes through which the crust of the earth has passed to its present condition, and been peopled by its existing flora and fauna. But the writer seems impatient of the caution which tends to restrain most original thinkers and observers within the limits of experience or verification by fact, and is prepared to advance nearer to the primary source or fountain-head of life on the globe. The multitudinous and often conflicting results of observation in the lower sphere of life, amongst the infusoria in particular, satisfy him of the existence of a cause or power of coming into being independent of and anterior to parentage. The experiments of Dr. Bastian and others seem to him conclusively to forbid the idea of germ germination, and to make it clear that alterations wrought upon the material components of organized bodies by influences affecting them from without, and not an ever-varying and never-failing supply of germs, give rise to the several forms of simple life and their changes, in which the animal and vegetable blend indistinguishably together. Though professing to discard, with Dr. Bastian himself, the term "spontaneous generation" as incorrect—the ultimate spring or source of life, or any principle of true spontaneity in matter, being beyond attainment, or even mental conception—Mr. Strange unequivocally proclaims himself of that school which holds to the evolution of living out of lifeless constituents. He seeks to pin the upholders of the opposite, or germ, theory to the rule that sexual intercourse is necessary to reproduction. It is "ordinarily necessary," at least, he makes them say. But he goes on to make a point of propagation by fissure and germination, as if that class of facts were fatally opposed to it. "Even fertile germs being induced sexually, there is evidence of perfect forms being introduced without the operation of the sexes, though the one system by advanced developments passes into the other." The theory to which he is led by the results of the most recent investigation is that "all forms have been composed originally out of the surrounding elements, and, when established persistently, are constituted to continue themselves by sexual generation."

Thus far we have not got much beyond the stage of the *Vestigien*, save in the richer and more definite means of illustration furnished by the advance of special studies. It is far from clear that we have finally disposed of the time-worn scholastic problem, Which was first, the egg or the hen? for even Mr. Strange concedes that there could be no operative germ without a preceding germ-producer. He, however, not only plunges into the deepest arcana of life, but soars to its higher flights. Only the lowest forms of vegetation and animals are included in the operations we have hitherto been concerned with. "The question is, Have the higher forms been similarly produced?" Mr. Strange is ready with the answer. "Our familiar experience of life evolved from germs and embryonic forms generated by the means of sexual intercourse, gives us indeed the rule of reproduction governing the existing species; but it will not account for the first introduction of these species, which necessarily was effected without antecedent parentage." The higher infusoria have also, we are told, been brought finally under the law of heredity, but yet "we know there was a time when they were composed and endowed with life without the intervention of parents. The germ is in their instance not a primary, but a secondary condition." We are warranted then, Mr. Strange thinks, in concluding that the superior races, including, we presume, our supreme selves, have in like manner been brought into being:—

The causes that have served to introduce the infusoria may be those likewise to which the higher orders owe their primitive existence, their law of sexual reproduction becoming established among them when, as with these infusoria, they had attained their ultimate perfected forms.

Men of the highest science have professed themselves unable to entertain in thought the beginning of anything. With Mr. Strange "the beginnings of form have been continually given forth."

And we to think that the rule operating in the instance of the infusoria, and of all vegetation, small and great, is not the rule that occurred when the higher forms of animal life were introduced to stock the globe?

Mr. Darwin has been unfairly abused for dogmatism in seeking to account for all varieties of the animal creation by descent and transmutation from some one or few primitive humble organisms. Yet how this could have been effected he is modest enough to avow

himself wholly unable to conjecture. Mr. Strange, who thinks poorly of the Darwinian hypothesis, sees his way out of this difficulty by the aid of a suggestion of Mr. St. George Mivart's. "All geographical difficulties would disappear if we could concede the independent formation in different regions of all the organic frames, however high in the scale of nature, equally as may be conceded as to the infusoria." "If," indeed! To the advanced intelligences in whose name our author speaks there may seem no more difficulty in making a man than a monad. It is but adding another link to the chain, and the new link may logically cohere with the links preceding it. Still, when the chain becomes, in more senses than one, so much the more weighty with every link added to it, it behoves us to look more carefully whether the first link of all is securely forged and fixed.

In his second paper Mr. Strange starts with a brief but very excellent summary of the evidence of vast local changes of climate upon the earth's surface, and of a corresponding range or variation of life in plants and animals; with especial reference to the relics of man, both by way of imbedded bones and fabricated implements, extending back to an antiquity commensurate with these mighty cycles of temperature. How are we to account for those vast alternations which have left ice-borne boulders or glacial striations as near the equator as Madras, or two degrees across it on the American continent, with *débris* of a subtropical fauna and flora as near the pole as observation has hitherto been found possible? How, again, are we to explain phenomena like those displayed by Kent's Cavern, where the uppermost black mould is underlain in succession by three floors of stalagmite, between which have been deposited a second land of black mould and two or three feet of brown breccia; the whole interspersed with remains of animals differing in species but now extinct, the breccia stratum including human remains, as well as blocks of limestone, some of great size, fallen from the roof? Mr. Strange dismisses as inadequate the view represented by Sir Charles Lyell, that changes in the massing of land round the poles and along the equator, together with the resulting alternations of oceanic and aerial currents, have brought these great effects to pass. Neither does the variation in the ellipticity of the earth's orbit, nor the admitted degree of varying inclination of her axis, nor any conceivable change of climate in her passage or that of the solar system through space, to any extent satisfy him. He seems to be taken for a while with the supposition of Mr. Mackay of Norwich, put forth in 1827, that the precession of the equinoxes is not circular but spiral, the poles shifting their position four degrees at each revolution of the equinoxes, every such revolution taking up 25,000 years, and a cycle of 2,200,000 years bringing about a complete rotation of the poles. Indian and Egyptian lore has been brought in to fortify this opinion. In some 200,000 years, it results, the poles of the earth and of the ecliptic will be one, universal spring prevailing over the earth. At other periods either pole would in turn be presented to the sun. In some respects similar is the theory of Colonel Drayson, who, however, adopting a different rate of angular change, obtains a precessional cycle of 31,840 years, at the half of which period the poles would be brought into such a position as to induce a glacial temperature in winter, with a tropical one in summer in all places within 54° 34' of latitude north or south. But neither theory will hold good for a moment, the vast secular duration of alternate heat and cold being altogether beyond a mere annual variation, which would do no more than make summer extra hot and winter extra cold. A different and more abiding alteration must be sought for in the relation of the earth's surface to the sun. And this consists, Mr. Strange believes, in the earth's constantly altering its position with respect to its own poles. "Either the mass of the earth is always, though slowly, moving away from its poles, or the polar axis is slowly altering its position across the earth." What, he asks, constitutes the rotating axis of the earth, or what is the power which makes the earth rotate upon its axis? From the observations of Faraday and others it may be deduced, and beyond doubt with much reason, that this rotating force is the magnetizing power directed by the sun upon the earth. There is not much in Mr. Strange's illustration from the magnetism observed in iron ships, in which he would fain see but the action of solar magnetism, passing over the molecular changes induced by hammering combined with the polarity of the ship's position during construction. A correspondent has, however, made good the rotation of a ball of wood in water by means of a magnet, and Professor Tyndall's experiments in diamagnetism point the same way. Now conceive the sun, the great magnetizer, to change its axis, besides rotating on itself as it does in some twenty-five days. Would not the magnetic current emanating from it affect correspondingly the axial rotation of the earth? The secular variations in the declination and dip of the needle—the former reducible to about 320 years—indicate variations of the solar magnetic force, and encourage the belief that such a change may affect the axial position of the earth, bringing all places in succession under those climatic changes which we have to account for. Four transitions of climate would, Mr. Strange argues, be brought about in the course of each entire revolution. Each part being twice in a line with the poles, north and south, and twice intermediately in a line with the equator, would be subject in rotation to two glacial and two torrid epochs; and these changes closely correspond, he insists, with those exhibited by the quaternary and tertiary strata. Now a sphere like the earth must of necessity rotate round its shortest axis, which is in the case of the earth about 26½ miles less than its equatorial diameter. If then the earth shifts its axis in relation

to the sun, the form of the earth must yield to adapt itself to this new position, with the inevitable result of a tremendous racking and straining of the strata, upheaving chains of mountains like the Andes, and causing corresponding faults and fissures elsewhere. The existing poles must, Mr. Strange is not afraid to say, have gone over during the tertiary period, and within the range of human life, no less than 480 degrees, extending to a range of 2,880,000 years, which he finds to a great extent borne out by "ancient Aryan" and Egyptian traditions. It was the terrific stretching and cracking of the rigid crust during these tiltings or rockings of the earth, as the former pole turned by degrees towards the sun, and bulged under the novel centrifugal expansion, which brought down the limestone masses about the ears of the terrified prehistoric inmates of Kent's Cavern. Of those blocks of stone Mr. Strange makes a great point. From what cause they could have fallen seems to have strangely puzzled the geologists to whom he refers. Still the fact that stratified masses, percolated by water, should occasionally come down by the force of gravity, need scarcely be thought so remarkable a portent that the great globe itself is to be turned top-sy-turvy to account for it. Moreover, must not the same shocks have brought down whole mountains upon the heads of the unhappy cave men as they ran out? It is difficult to conceive anything lofty not being brought low during these reiterated concussions, leaving at least more widespread and conclusive proofs than those of the Devonshire cavern.

We have not space to go just now into anything like the full consequences involved in these tremendous oscillations of the earth. But what are we to suppose the water to have been about, whilst the once polar level was being raised six-and-twenty miles, and the former equatorial zone proportionately flattened in? What must have been the relative superficial changes of land and water, the sea of course keeping its usual level, in relation to the general spheroidal mass and to the new axis? No geologists have disputed the fact that the ruling geographical features of the globe have undergone no material change during the human epoch, in the course of which those gigantic local movements are supposed to have occurred. Mr. Strange himself anticipates objections on the score that "the geographical changes they involve have not been observed to occur." But of this he thinks no more than of the fact that no astronomer can be got to lend the slightest countenance to any such violent tampering with the poles. "The value of this objection depends upon whether the condition of scientific knowledge is such that we may conclude what astronomers have not detected does not exist." Not three hundred years have elapsed since every astronomer denounced Galileo, and what unexpected truths have within that time been brought to light! "The fall of an apple exposed the law of gravitation"—Mr. Strange's way of putting a mythical anecdote—and why should not a new astronomical movement be brought to light, or, as he would prefer to say, be "eliminated," in addition to the diurnal and the annual movements which have done duty so far?

Referring in his postscript to Professor Geikie's *Ice Age*, the ample and carefully compiled facts of which he finds in a great measure handy to his purpose, Mr. Strange is impatient with that able physicist for not following out his speculations upon the causes of these phenomena in the direction or to the extent of his own bold hypothesis. The variations in axial inclination and orbital ellipticity which contented the Professor and Mr. Croll are far from coming up to the requirements of a theory which provides Britain with a climate "at one time icy like that of Greenland, at another torrid as that of India or Central Africa." We pass by this ultra statement of the facts of the case, resting, as it mainly does, upon the finding near Leeds of the remains of a hippopotamus, which might well have floated down stream hundreds of miles from the scene of his gambols in the tropics. Of Mr. Strange's logical use of the evidence as it is we may judge from his seeing in a remark of Professor Geikie's, that mere proximity to the sun will not necessarily produce a warm season, a reason for believing that the effect of distance from the sun is to induce heat, and of propinquity to induce cold, and this by way of accounting for our having snow and ice continuously at all seasons of the year on the Himalaya and the Andes, not the slightest heed being given by him to the effect of diminished radiation from the earth's surface. Perhaps if he took sufficiently into account the facts of the case as they actually exist, he might feel little need for any addition to the movements already recognised by science, certainly none for the violent revolution which he has himself seen fit to hazard. With the existing ice-sheet coming down in Greenland to a latitude all but that of northern Scotland, and with the grandest glaciers of the globe enveloping the Himalayas all but within the tropics, is it not permissible to believe that some further modification of the existing limits of land and water, as the result of local changes of level, followed by different sets of oceanic and aerial currents, would go far towards meeting the requirements which these secular alternations of climate force upon science? On this aspect of the problem we have written before, but there is another view of it which we have never seen before, and which we confess strikes us as a poser. In the crowning argument of his book Mr. Strange carries us beyond the finite range of time and sense into the eternal fitness of things. A kind of cosonical equity takes the place of physical law. "The sun being the great supporter and regenerator of the terrestrial system, it is a fitness of arrangement which may present every portion of the globe to receive in turn his genial influences." Things are most unfairly managed now. "One place is habitually buried under ice and another scorched up in un-

bearable drought." Turn and turn about is the rule in the amended cosmogony which Mr. Strange has to reveal. All parts of this earth have been, or are to be, in turn Arctic, Temperate, and Tropical. Mr. Strange starts with a great impatience of what he calls "cosmic representations" and "epasmodic efforts" in the old-fashioned notions of creation. He must pardon us if we show ourselves a little impatient of the tremendous drama which he calls upon us to admit and to admire in their stead.

A PATRICIAN OF VENICE.*

THE political and social institutions of the Venetian Republic, at the time of its highest apparent prosperity, are minutely described by M. Yriarte in this memoir of a Venetian nobleman, who filled many public offices during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Marco Antonio Barbaro, though a person of second-rate historical importance, is an excellent representative of the able and patriotic men, born and trained to the work of civil administration, to whose care for many generations the welfare of Venice and her colonies or conquered provinces was safely entrusted. His labours as a diplomatist, too, both at the French Court under the rule of the Guises and of Catherine de' Medici, and in the negotiations with the Sultan for a definitive peace after the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, connect this active patrician with the general affairs of Europe. For our own part, indeed, we should have preferred a biography of his elder brother, the versatile and accomplished scholar Daniel Barbaro, who came as ambassador to England in the reign of Edward VI., and afterwards, having become a Churchman, was summoned as patriarch of Aquileja to attend the Council of Trent. But the life and times of Marco Antonio serve equally well as a framework for illustrative notices of Venetian and Continental history.

The nobles of Venice and their sons, from the age of twenty-five, numbering above twelve hundred persons, were expected, and even compelled, to sacrifice much of their private leisure to the service of their country. It is one of the indirect benefits of Parliamentary government, before it declines to a democratic basis, that the heirs of wealth and social influence are preserved, in some degree, from the demoralizing habits of the idle man of pleasure. All Venetians of rank were summoned by sound of bell every Sunday, saint's day, or holiday in the year, at eight in the morning in summer, and at noon in the winter, to attend the Great Council, which sat during four hours. This *Maggior Consiglio* was the permanent constituent and legislative assembly. It further delegated 20 of its elder members to the Senate, which comprised also, *ex officio*, the Councillors of State and Ministers, the Council of Ten, the chiefs of departments, the governors of some provinces, as well as ambassadors, when not absent on duty, and the forty judges. The Senate met every Wednesday and Saturday. It appears that the actual attendance in the Great Council averaged five or six hundred, and in the Senate about one hundred and eighty. The functions of the Great Council were to elect nearly all the magistrates, ministers, and councillors, from the Doge appointed for life down to the local prefects, and to pass the laws proposed by the Ministry or College of Government, or to decide questions referred to it by the Senate. Elections were here conducted by the nomination for each vacant post of four candidates, whose merits had been repeatedly compared in several ballotings of a large committee; having an inner sub-committee for the previous task of first selection. One of the four nominated candidates was afterwards to be chosen by the votes of the whole Great Council. The full College of Government, or Executive Ministry, consisted of the Doge with his six Councillors of State, who formed the inner Cabinet; the six *Savii Grandi*, who had free access to the Doge's Privy Council for the purpose of advising him, and of proposing measures to lay before the Senate or the Assembly; also three chiefs of the Quarantin or judiciary; three of the *Avvocati del Comune*, a sort of heralds' and lawyers' College, by which the pedigrees and privileges of nobility were guarded; the two *Provveditori*, or Commissioners, who took care respectively of the harbours and canals, and of the naval arsenal; the five *Savii di Terra Ferma*, who directed all military establishments on land; and five young Assistant-Ministers, called *Savii alli Ordini*. This College of Government met every day, and the Doge had a separate conference daily with the Cabinet Ministers and the *Savii Grandi*. He was not allowed, indeed, to perform the most ordinary act of government, to see an ambassador, or to write a letter of business, except in the presence of several Councillors. By the intervention especially of the *Savii Grandi*, the Senate, which disposed of all political affairs at its discretion, exercised a constant control over the daily business of administration, the minutes or reports of which were presented weekly. Every official despatch or instruction was, as a matter of course, submitted without delay to the approval of this vigilant and industrious deliberative body. It was by the employment of a large staff of secretaries, or rather editors, to analyse and to digest the mass of records and correspondence, that the Senate was enabled to get through its work.

A limited number of young nobles, chosen by drawing lots on a fixed day, were allowed to begin their political career, but without a legislative vote, at the age of twenty instead of twenty-five. Marco Antonio Barbaro in 1538 was one of these. He had already

* *La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au seizième siècle*. Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: E. Plon et Cie.

been an unofficial attaché to the embassy of one of the Giustiniani at the Court of Francis I. Marrying, after three or four years, a daughter of Marco Antonio Giustiniani, he devoted himself with modest patience, during twenty years, to the ordinary public duties of his station. He sat in the Great Council, and served as an Assistant-Minister. In 1559 he became a senator, and in the next year obtained the appointment of a Savio di Terra Ferma, one of the heads of the Executive Administration. During thirty-five remaining years of his long and useful life, Marco Antonio Barbaro was constantly in office, either as Minister, Cabinet Councillor, Savio Grande, Ambassador, or special Chief Commissioner, Procuratore or Provveditore. His occupations were varied, having to deal with the finances, foreign diplomacy, the University of Padua, the navy, arsenal and dockyards, the rebuilding of the Rialto bridge, the frontier fortresses of Friuli, and the regulation of prerogatives at the election of a new Doge. He was for three years in France as ambassador, and nearly six years at Constantinople, where he was detained as a prisoner during the war from 1570 to 1573. He was sent also to Rome in 1585, on a formal mission to compliment the new Pope, Sixtus V. Amidst these diverse public engagements Barbaro found leisure to cultivate a taste for art, like other Italians of rank in the age following the Renaissance. He did not, indeed, equal his brother Daniel, who designed the fresco-painted ceilings of two grand halls in the Doge's Palace, that of the Pregadi or Senate, and that of the Council of Ten. But the two brothers jointly erected and adorned, with the aid of Palladio, Vittoria, and Paul Veronese, the most renowned architect, sculptor, and painter of their day, a rural mansion displaying many artistic beauties. The Villa Barbaro, at Maserà, on the hills near Asolo, north of Venice, is recommended by M. Yriarte to the attention of tourists who have some knowledge of the Italian mind as well as of the conventionalities of art. Marco Antonio Barbaro with his own hand modelled the figures of Diana and Actæon, of Triton and Amphitrite, in front of a grotto which was here built for his repose.

The Turkish war, in which Venice, with the States of Central Italy, obtained the brief but powerful co-operation of Spain, is the most important historical transaction of Barbaro's life. His diplomatic errand in France, between 1561 and 1564, was that of a spectator and reporter watching the conflict of parties. The civil war, then recently begun, was carried on in those years with some vigour by Condé and the Huguenots against the ruling courtiers and ecclesiastics, with whom Venice was on friendly terms. The deaths of the King of Navarre and the Duke of Guise were incidents of this conflict which Barbaro had to announce with strong expressions of condolence. It was the traditional policy of Venice to profess great zeal for the Catholic Church in foreign States, while firmly resisting every attempted encroachment of Papal or clerical authority within its own dominions. Members of the Senate who chanced to have any connexions in that quarter were frequently expelled with the cry of "Fuora i Papalisti!" The clergy were uniformly excluded from every Government office; but the taxation of their estates for the service of the Republic was a measure to which the Pope's assent was regularly sought. The astute politicians of Venice were fully aware of the use that might be made of Church influences and sanctions in aid of their secular designs. They looked on with keen interest at the opening of the Council of Trent, which found its able historian in Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Venetian advocate of Broad Church interests. At a later period they were met by Sixtus V. in a spirit of amicable compromise, and some points of disputed jurisdiction were arranged to their satisfaction. But the Pope's displeasure was again excited by the readiness of Venice to set the example of recognizing Henry IV. as King of France. This took place, however, shortly after the death of Marco Antonio Barbaro, who could not have guessed at such a result when he witnessed, thirty years before, the beginning of the long religious wars.

In the great struggle between the commercial Commonwealth and the Mussulman Power in the Levant, it was the fortune of our Patrician to perform a serviceable, though not glorious, part. The Embassy at Constantinople was a highly lucrative appointment, from the large amount of fees payable on Venetian trade with Turkey. No one could expect, as a rule, to enjoy this profitable foreign mission above two years. Messer Barbaro was therefore a lucky man to be imprisoned by Sultan Selim II., after a sojourn of a year and a half, and confined, but not very severely, till the conclusion of peace three years later, when he was obliged to stay another year for the introduction of his successor. He received from the Council of State and Senate their emphatic thanks for his punctual obedience to all their commands. It seems, however, to the reader of this narrative, with no preconceived notion of Barbaro as a surpassing genius in statesmanship, that his ability was proved chiefly in managing to send constant and precise information to Venice of all that the Turks were doing. A host of spies and messengers were kept in his pay; the Jews and the renegades were particularly useful. He sedulously endeavoured, at the outset, to make things smooth and pleasant by all manner of private friendly offices, gifts of a complimentary kind, or secret money bribes, to the Sultan's Ministers and harem, and to the household servants at the Porte. Even by these means, however, he was not able to prevent the war. It was undertaken by Turkey for the reconquest of Cyprus, quite as much as for the suppression of piracy, then practised by the

Uscoques with impunity from the Gulf of Quarnero. The Turks, on their side, were equally offenders against Italy and Spain, permitting corsairs from every port of Northern Africa, Western Asia, and the Greek Isles, to prey upon the argosies of Christian merchants, and to make frequent attacks on the Venetian outposts along the Eastern Adriatic coast. But Cyprus, for which Venice already paid tribute to the Sultan, and the Ionian Islands, which were held on the same condition, were the main objects of Turkish desire. The Morea and Albania, formerly provinces of the Venetian Empire, had fallen a century before this time under the power of the Crescent. The final contest was now to be fought out, in spite of the pacific disposition of the trading Republic, and the complaisance of its circumspect agent at the Porte. The Sultan demanded the absolute surrender of Cyprus, because, he said, it was the rendezvous of pirates from the Adriatic who ravaged the Turkish shores. The war began in June 1570, with the invasion of that island; the town of Nicotia was captured in September, and 20,000 of its garrison and people were slain. Venice, upon this occasion, made a desperate effort to defend her old position in the Levant. A fleet and an army were equipped, which were reinforced by a few galleys and troops belonging to the Pope, to the Grand Duchy of Florence, the Duchy of Ferrara, the Republic of Genoa, and the Knights of Malta. But the most effective ally was King Philip II. of Spain, who engaged to pay half the cost of the war, and sent his own fleet and army, under his young half-brother Don John of Austria, to aid the Italian forces. It was not till the autumn of 1571 that they were all collected and in motion, before which time Famagosta, the last fortress held by the Venetians in Cyprus, was captured after a twelve-month's siege, and its heroic commander, Bragadino, was savagely flayed alive. In the great battle of Lepanto, on the 7th of October, the allied navies of Spain and Italy gained a splendid triumph. We cannot refuse our sympathy in reading of the popular exultation at Venice upon the news of this victory; but its effect on the political destinies of the Mediterranean was remarkably slight. The Turkish fleet was reconstructed so rapidly that it would next year have destroyed every remnant of Venetian sovereignty in the Archipelago but for the continued aid of Spain. When the dilatory and evasive proceedings of 1572 showed that this aid could no longer be relied upon, it became impossible for the Republic, oppressed by the losses it had incurred by the stoppage of its trade, and by the devastation of its eastern provinces, to carry on the war. Barbaro was therefore instructed, with the strictest privacy, unknown to the other allied Governments, to negotiate for Venice a separate peace, by which Cyprus was given up to the Sultan, in addition to the payment by Venice of a large pecuniary indemnity, and the augmentation of yearly tributes due to the Porte. "One would have inferred," says Montesquieu, "from these terms, that it was the Turks who had won the battle of Lepanto." The treaty of March 1573 was indeed a "lame and impotent conclusion," but if it was a "calm, dishonourable, vile submission," the blame should not fall upon the Ambassador at Constantinople. He seems, however, to have been anxious for peace, as he described the power of the Turkish Empire, in a memorial which he read to the Senate after his return home, with a manifest apprehension of its dangerous extent. The Senate and Great Council, after determining to accept peace at any price, found it expedient to make a show of being highly gratified with this result. More than usual honorary recompense was therefore awarded to Barbaro, who was now appointed Procurator of St. Mark, the second official rank in the State.

The later chapters of M. Yriarte's book supply ample details of the administrative work in which this diligent Patrician was employed during the remaining years of his life. We learn all about the constitution of the University of Padua, which was thrice placed under his direction, and which had a hundred professors, with a thousand students of the noblest families, devoting themselves to jurisprudence, to civil and canon law, to theology and philosophy, to mathematics, to what was then taken for chemistry, botany, anatomy, and physiology, with the best lights they could procure. Among the professors of this University in the sixteenth century were such men of European fame as Fabricius, Vesalius, and Fallopius, the anatomists; Paolo Sarpi, the ecclesiastical lawyer and historian; Panciroli, the juriconsult; and, finally, Galileo, who was appointed in 1594, and whose salary was doubled in 1609 as a reward for his invention of the telescope. Another topic of some interest related in connexion with Messer Barbaro's manifold public services is the management of the Venetian arsenal and dockyard, which at the date of the battle of Lepanto employed 16,000 workmen, and was famous for the perfection of its shipbuilding and its cannon foundry. This is a subject that should have especial interest for some English readers; and it is worth while to observe that parties of the ordinary townspeople, chosen by lot, were obliged to attend a weekly school of gunnery practice, with yearly competitions, as at Wimbledon and Shoeburyness, for prizes given to the best marksmen. There is much in these authentic passages of Venetian history to help one to a better understanding of the Court fashions of the Elizabethan period in England, and of those plays of Shakspeare which deal with romantic stories of Italian life.

DE VERE'S ALEXANDER THE GREAT.*

MR. DE VERE has taken a great man for the central figure of his poem, and, in doing justice to his greatness, does not forget the realities of flesh and blood. As Mr Carlyle has said, "a man's religion is the chief fact concerning him," and the relations of Alexander with the Unknown Power necessarily entered into the brief and pregnant tragedy of his life. This is the point of view from which Mr. De Vere has treated the subject. In this portrait of a hero of whom so much, and yet so little, is known, the imagination is free to appreciate in its most tragic expression that shock of free will and destiny from which the sparks of religious faith are struck out. The Empire which held in solution the ancient kingdoms and races of the East from Egypt to Lahore is a fitting stage for the "strong King" of prophecy. Dramatic unity is given to the long procession of nations and creeds in this play by the incident of Alexander's visit to Jerusalem. Whether or not Josephus is to be trusted on this point, Mr. De Vere has made effective use of it; but the poet is not unsupported by an historian as little credulous as Bishop Thirlwall, who compares the meeting of Alexander and the Jewish clergy to that of Attila and Leo, and who deems the story to be well founded, notwithstanding the silence of the Greeks. The action of Jehovah in the king's doom is the key to the drama. The failure of Alexander would remain a remote historic fact, the ten years of conquest covered by the play would be unmanageable in a tragic sense, but for the spiritual crime with which the end is connected. The hero is represented as complete in all human perfection and free from the lower vices:—

All the buried ages
Summ'd their old wealth to enrich, for man's behoof,
With virtuous wisdom one Olympian mind,
Which, grappling all things—needing not experience—
Yet scorn'd no diligence.

His failure comes of disobedience to the heavenly vision and to the prophecy revealed to him at Jerusalem. The deterioration of his conscience and his spiritual decline, as conquest follows conquest, are shown in the less noble expediency which governs his purpose when he has once denied acknowledged truth as inconvenient to empire. Yet he is always great. The mean and shallow traitors who fulfil his doom are so indescribably inferior to him that the Divine hand is almost visible as it strikes through them. He is a head and shoulders above all other men. Utilitarian on an Imperial scale and with Imperial power, and worshipping without restraint an ideal humanity of the noblest type, the pupil of Aristotle confronts and grasps the ancient religions on his path. He accepts them only as they subserve his empire and conduce to the beneficent rule he desires. He would be a God-like providence furthering all labour and aspiration of mankind. Yet, as his general Ptolemy mused while waiting for the King at the Temple-gate of Jerusalem,

On something deeper in us than self-love
Who'd lift mankind must build.

It was to this "something deeper" that Alexander had refused homage. Religion had henceforward for the King no meaning till the end had come upon him at Babylon, and Hebrew captives singing the songs of Zion brought to his bewildered soul some airs from heaven. At the moment of his highest fortune, and while appealing to the superstition of men and to his own by decreeing to himself divine honours, he reveals the weakness brood of his spiritual crime when he confesses lapse from his earlier hope:—

This only know we—
We walk upon a world not knowable,
Save in those things which knowledge least deserve,
Yet capable not less, of task heroic.
My trust is in my work; on that I fling me,
Trampling all questionings down.
I sometimes think
That I am less a person than a power,
Some engine in the right hand of the gods,
Some fateful wheel that, round in darkness rolling,
Knows this—its work, but not that work's far scope.
Hephestion, what is life? My life, since boyhood,
Hath been an agony of means to ends."

There are love-scenes tenderly touched, but quite subservient to the main current of the tragedy. There is a plot, but, as we know the inevitable end, it does not distract attention from the central interest of what is rather a tragic masque than a play in the ordinary sense. The scene changes from Troy to the Caspian shore, and from the Jaxartes to the Indus, but we hardly notice the stage directions. Fortunately we are not distracted by tricks of local colour or by the realism which, while careful of costume and climate, neglects the springs of thought and feeling. No revelations of Mr. De Vere's particular crotchets disturb us, though, as is quite credible, the keen-witted Greeks guess at truth much as men guess now. The Persian creed, nobly drawn, has interest for modern worshippers of Heat and Force. The pantheistic pride of India finds expression in Calanus, the Brahmin of the drama. Mr. De Vere secures by breadth of painting the sympathies of the nineteenth century for his classical personages; and Ptolemy and other characters are foils to the great King whose genius

stood
On the mountain-tops breathing the breath of Gods.

* *Alexander the Great: a Dramatic Poem.* By Aubrey De Vere. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

but who "measured all things by the needs of Empire" only. Rapidly the pride grows in him that saps friendship and judgment. Though the despicable cynic Phylax strikes at him through his friend, and severs the one tie by which Alexander was bound to wholesome earth, it is contempt for the conditions of humanity, and a grief excessive in its arrogant self-love, which bring him to his death-bed at Babylon. He is struck down in the re-establishment of the city which has so long symbolized the lower world that the poet may well use the omen.

While he invests the subject with religious awe Mr. De Vere does not sacrifice action to reflection. In the artistic combination of his materials he has probably found the tradition of Alexander's friendship for Hephestion (*sic*) somewhat unmanageable; but by establishing in an opening scene the parallel between Hephestion and Patroclus, the tie gains at once its poetic uses, and plays a part in the love-scenes and in the household life where Alexander has obviously no place. But, if the plot is hardly a plot, the poem is full of dramatic contrast. Thus the speech of Ptolemy acknowledging man's incapacity so to dissociate evil from good as to build stable empire precedes the interview of Alexander with the Jewish high-priest, when the King rejects the revelation of the limit of his power. When pride has wrought in him the madness which confuses the divine and human, Calanus the Brahmin presently touches the extremity of a yet greater arrogance, and in suicide "rejoins the infinite." There immediately follows the charming scene of reverent and self-forgetting love, where Arsinoe and Hephestion strengthen one another to self-sacrifice for noble ends. The daughter of Darius, anticipating the troubles of her marriage with Alexander, which for a political reason has been decreed, says:—

Feel them I may;
I know not if I ever feared; I think
I never shall. Fear not for me, Hephestion;
Not wholly sorrows were the sorrows past;
Those that must come will not be wholly sorrows.
Oh, there's a sweetness spread o'er all the earth
The trampling foot makes sweeter. . . .
Life is peace
To those who live for duty. Peace more pure
Will find us after death.

HEPHESTION.

The moon is risen:
I see it not, but see you in its light,
Like some young warrior, silver-mailed and chaste;
Or liker yet to her, my childhood's wonder,
Great Artemis, as I saw her statue first
Against the broad, full moon, while snows high heaped
Ridged her dark wintry porch. Farewell, Arsinoe!
There was a mist that brooded on my spirit;
That mist is raised. To you no ill can come
That virtue will not change to its own essence.

When soon afterwards Hephestion dies, poisoned by the cynic leech Phylax, the end draws visibly near, for grief drives the King to ever more frenzied restlessness. During his brief household peace at Ecbatana, in "diligent musings" he resolves to see once more the high-priest of Jerusalem:—

But in the gloomy raptures of just wrath
That mood went by.

The "unobsequious Fates" are at his heels. As he listens to the Psalm of the Hebrew captives working in the Babylonian marshes he is fever-stricken, and there only remain for him half-delirious dreams and recognition too late:—

'Twas not the mists from that morass disastrous,
Nor death of him that died, nor adverse Gods,
Nor the Fates themselves; 'twas something mightier yet,
And secret in the great night, that slew me.

After a scene in which Arsinoe's pathetic trust that the Lord of Light is not the less the Lord of Love—

A love that out of love created all things;
A love that warring ever willet peace;
A patient love from ill educing good;
A conquering love triumphant over death—

relieves the gloom, there remains but the King's death to follow. His last words recall the opening scene at Troy, when the "deed unborn" was offered to Achilles by his heir; and they give the measure of his friendship, which was a doom rather than a spontaneous sympathy.

It is impossible within our limits to do more than direct the reader's attention to the dramatic use of landscape in many passages. Nature subserves the delineation of character throughout, but with reticence worthy of the theme. No fantasies of style or mannerisms interfere with the plain purpose of Mr. De Vere's work, and common sense balances its imaginative power. A slight archaism of style lends illusion; but the poet is not afraid of those modern phrases which link the subject of his drama with modern thought. Of course faults could be found in the occasionally rugged rhythm, and here and there a line might be relieved from over-weight of meaning; but in a work like this we are not careful to note trifling imperfections.

RULING THE ROAST.*

WE have before now had occasion to remonstrate against the ridiculous fashion which authors, and especially lady authors, follow in the naming of their books. It is no longer considered necessary that there should be any connexion between a novel and its title. They are things apart from each other. When the novel is written a name is bestowed upon it, not in order to indicate its contents, but to call attention to the fact that the novel exists. In many cases it would be quite as well if this fact were suppressed. As the object of the title is to attract curiosity, it is natural that the author should strive to make this as unusual as is possible. As there are many novels, and for every one an author who desires to direct the public eye to his production, a kind of race for oddness may be observed to take place in the advertisement columns of the newspapers. Fragments of Scriptural texts, lines from Shakspeare or from popular poets of the day, proverbs, alliterations are all pressed into the service of the hurrying crowd of novelists. The effect is not pleasant. We do not wish to deny that the finding of an attractive title to a book is a laudable object; but the book and its title should have some kind of reference to each other. Even the catchpenny advertisements of drugs and hair-washes from which the present fashion of naming novels would seem to be borrowed generally serve to point out the nature of the article whose merits they proclaim. In the case of works of fiction this is considered superfluous. It is true that there does exist this rule, that an extravagant title heralds an extravagant book, just as the clanging of a gong at a fair betokens the exhibition of an exciting spectacle, a melodrama, a monster, or a wild-beast show. Only there is generally some amusement or excitement to be got out of the fair; there is very often none to be got out of the novel.

It must be admitted that Lady Wood's novel bears a more appropriate device upon its covers than do many of its compeers, inasmuch as it contains several passages concerning cooking. On the other hand, the inscription on the outside of the volumes is at variance with their inside, in that the events there described turn mainly upon the fact that the principal characters have no roast to rule. Possibly, however, the title may have an esoteric meaning connected with the present fashion of schools and colleges for women, and may be intended to point the moral that the heroine, who is an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, would have been better employed in attending the lectures on cookery at South Kensington than in the study of dead languages. It is not her fault, however, that she is so well-read, as she is the daughter of a country clergyman who takes pupils, and whose chief delight it has been to instruct his daughter in Latin and Greek. Subsequently she employs great part of her time in coaching her father's pupils when they get into difficulties over a knotty passage. Having been informed how excellent a scholar this young woman, Myra Leith by name, has become, the reader is a little surprised to find in one of the early pages of the book that she thinks the Greek words *οὐδὲν ἴσαρ* represent the English "None is equal to you." However, as a rule, her scholarship is correct enough. It is true that she ensures accuracy by confining herself to quotation.

She is introduced to the reader in the act of helping Peath Sandridge (the love of odd names seems to have penetrated from the outside to the inside of the book), son of the Earl of Arras, and a pupil of Dr. Leith's, over his difficulties with the Greek Testament. Peath Sandridge is, after his cold-blooded fashion, in love with her; so is Sandal Tyne, a former pupil of her father's, whose wild ways serve to show in high relief the extreme propriety of Sandridge's demeanour. It is evident that Myra very much prefers the former pupil to the present one, and in this preference the reader is apparently expected to sympathize. It is difficult to do this after reading of the extreme rudeness of his conversation, and becoming acquainted with the poems which his love inspires him to address to Myra. One of these is distinguished by a large-minded disregard of rhyme and rhythm. The other has for its theme the image in the poet's mind of Myra at her prayers, and is chiefly remarkable for a line devoted to the beauties of her night-gown. Sandal Tyne, instead of making a proposal to Myra in an ordinary fashion, chooses to adopt the plan, which is perhaps romantic, and is certainly unpractical, of writing a proposal and placing it between the leaves of a dictionary in her father's study. Not unnaturally by the time it is discovered Myra, imagining that Sandal has disappeared for ever, has accepted Peath Sandridge. This event has been hastened by a burglary attempted at Dr. Leith's house, in resisting which he receives injuries so dangerous that he is anxious to make certain of his daughter's possessing a home in the future. After Peath's proposal has been made and favourably received, Myra finds Sandal Tyne's artfully concealed communication, and goes to her room "to read and re-read the love-letter and verses, and then weeping to bury her face in the pillow and sob, 'Tis too late! too late!'" Not one of the characters in Lady Wood's novel ever condescends to say "it is," or "it was," or "it will." It is always, whether on the most exciting or the most trivial occasions, 'tis, 'twas, and 'twill.

The marriage ceremony gives the writer of *Ruling the Roast* an opportunity of taking one of the most remarkable flights out of all ordinary rules of grammar which in all our experience of novel-grammar we remember. The bride's costume and appear-

ance are described in a commonplace method. Then follows this extraordinary picture of the bridegroom:—

Peath looked every inch a gentleman, though rather too tall and spare looking, narrow-shouldered, and hooked nose.

After the marriage the "hooked-nose" Peath and his wife go to stay with the Earl of Arras. Peath is somewhat nervous as to the effect which his unsophisticated bride may produce upon his proud and eminently correct relations; and for this nervousness it will be seen that he had good reason. The reader has been led to regard Myra as a kind of artless maiden whose education has been unfortunately and unavoidably neglected save in the matter of Greek and Latin. He is induced to believe her a girl who, if ignorant of the polished luxury of society, is well acquainted with the decencies of life; who, if her manners are somewhat brusque, yet possesses what is called an innate refinement. How far this belief is well founded may be judged from some account of her conversation and behaviour at dinner (the italics are the author's):—

It would have puzzled a cleverer person than Lady Induivre to find a subject of conversation with a young person so incuriously placed.

"I dare say she knows nothing—very young and ignorant, doubtless."

"Do you like Périgord pie?" she asked Myra at length, as one was placed on the table.

"I do not know; I never ate any."

"Pray allow me to put some on your plate," said her brother-in-law.

He watched her as she tasted it.

"I know how to make most pies," said the frank young bride. "Rump-steak, pigeon, partridge—*stunners*. Oh, shouldn't I catch it from the Doctor for saying that! Slang, you know," she said, nodding familiarly at her sister-in-law.

"I imagine, then," said Lord Lyrate, "that your worthy father, Doctor Leith, did not instruct you in this modern phraseology. May I ask how you acquired it?"

"By running about over the vicarage, first with one pupil and then with another. Such fun it was."

A dead silence fell on the company at this revelation.

The butler filled Myra's glass with sparkling Moselle. She drank it down at once, observing it was very nice *fin*, quite as nice as *ginger pop*.

Myra, quite unconscious of the chills she had shed over the company, proceeded to give her opinion of what she had just consumed from her plate.

"It is very nice, but what it is made of passes my conjecture."

"It is made of the livers of geese," said Lord Lyrate. "They are nailed close to a hot fire, to enlarge their livers, and then, when the geese are sufficiently diseased, they are made into pies, and we eat them."

Myra's face flushed, and her eyes sparkled with anger; but presently she smiled and said—

"Ah, Lord Lyrate, you are boxing me, just as the pupils used. Such cruel things cannot be done, or if they were, we English folks would never be so wicked as to buy them."

"I believe," stammered his Lordship, "that it is perfectly true."

"And you eat such food, and enjoy that which has caused such prolonged suffering? Ah! I shall never forget it, though I ate it unknowingly. It makes me sick to think of it," said the plain-spoken young lady.

It is not surprising that such a description as Lord Lyrate's should turn his hearer sick. Lord Lyrate is not more remarkable in his ways and manners than are the rest of the Sandridge family. He causes Myra great mortification by exposing her ignorance of French, but she has her revenge when a new picture of Lord Arras's is opened. Here is the description given of it by the writer, in which the confusion of tenses may be noted:—

The scene represented a wild sea-coast, and lying on the sands was the figure of a youth, whose beauty was dimmed by coming death. A few terrified attendants are lifting his head, and disembarassing him from the wreck of his chariot. In the far distance, rushing towards the mountains, were his steeds, pursued by a monstrous creature, in the form of a bull, breathing fire from his nostrils.

Every one is at a loss to know what the subject of the picture can be, until Myra discloses that she knows where to find it, and takes from the library shelves a copy of Euripides's *Hippolytus*, which neither the Earl nor his son is able to construe:—"Tis some years since I was a prefect of Winchester commoners, Mrs. Peath," says Lord Lyrate; "my Greek is somewhat rusty." "Like my French, eh?" she replies. It is in the first place improbable that a man who had been high up in a public school should lose all knowledge of Greek in a few years. In the second place, a man who can quote French so fluently as Lord Lyrate does is more than likely to be acquainted with the scene in Racine's *Phædra*, which is a tolerably close copy of that in Euripides which Myra translates for the benefit of her father and brother-in-law. Myra's knowledge of Greek, however, stands her in yet better stead than this, for by quietly prompting a bishop in the middle of a quotation from Plato she arouses his interest in herself and recalls her father to the memory of the prelate, who presently bestows a good living upon him. The gift is well timed, for, on the return of Myra and Peath to their modest living, the hitherto weak and submissive Peath launches with unconquerable obstinacy into a course of wild extravagance. A great part of the book is taken up with a minute account of the domestic misery and squalor resulting from this, which is singularly unpleasant. In a novel of the calibre of Lady Wood's production one looks for amusement, and this, it must be said, is to be found in many parts of *Ruling the Roast*, although it is often unconsciously provided. The thought, perception, and power of a first-rate writer are required to deal with the more serious aspects of life. And it would be difficult to find anything more serious and more out of place in an ephemeral novel than the spectacle of a clergyman gradually reduced to poverty by his own extravagance, until from borrowing money and never repaying it he descends to embezzling the Sacrament money. Few things tell more heavily against a writer than the inappropriate introduction and inadequate treatment of a tragical situation.

Such interest as there is in *Ruling the Roast* is divided between

* *Ruling the Roast*. A Novel. By Lady Wood, Author of "Sabina," "On Credit," "Wild Weather," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.

the fortunes of the Sandrighes and of Sandal Tyne, the former lover of Myra. There are some ideas originally good in the working of the plot, but they are used in so robbing and inconsecutive a manner that all their goodness evaporates. The different parts of the story do not hang together in any way. We have called attention to some offences against good grammar in *Riding the Roast*; it is unpleasant to add that there are some quite as bad, and of a kind far too common in novels nowadays, against good taste.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE fame of General Lee has so completely overshadowed that of all the other military chiefs of the Confederacy that probably few of the European public now remember that there was a commander of the army charged with the protection of the Southern capital before the great soldier who has linked his name in undying glory with the defence of Richmond. And yet General Joseph Johnston—for, of course, it is of him we speak—gave evidence of abilities which entitle him to no mean reputation as a strategist. On the field of Bull Run he was the senior officer, and as he was the first chosen to beat back Northern invasion, so in the last decisive struggle, when Sherman had scattered the army of Georgia and was beginning his famous march to the sea, it was to Johnston again that the Confederate Government turned as the only bulwark of the Carolinas. A history from his own pen, or, as he more modestly styles it himself, a narrative, of the military operations* directed by this eminent soldier in the greatest of modern civil wars, cannot but be highly interesting to the military student. In a brief introduction of less than three lines it is unpretendingly offered as a contribution of materials for the use of the future historian of the war. And it is written in the tone and spirit we should expect from one who had borne himself so steadily against tremendous odds. There is no vain boasting of the superiority of Southern soldiers, and no disparagement of Northern courage. On the contrary, the General goes out of his way on more than one occasion to bear testimony to the gallantry of the foe. And even when writing in self-defence—for the book is essentially a defence of the General against the strictures passed upon him—he never forgets the dignity which becomes his character and antecedents. At the same time the fact that the work is an *apologia*, a justification of his military operations, somewhat detracts from its value: while the omission to supply maps very seriously impairs its usefulness. It is impossible for a reader to follow intelligently the details of a battle, and of the movements which preceded it, without a plan of the field before him. And we would urge upon the publishers of the "Narrative," when preparing for a second edition, to supply this strange omission. Like his more famous chief, General Joseph Johnston was a Virginian, and, like him, too, he held a commission in the United States army at the outbreak of the war. General Johnston devotes a brief space to justify his resignation of his commission, and his passing over to take service with the Confederacy. Undoubtedly it is a very grave step on the part of a soldier to range himself on the side of an insurrection, and one which is rightly judged on the most rigorous principles. But the cases of Generals Johnston and Lee are entirely different from such a desertion as that of the unfortunate Colonel Rossel, or, indeed, from that of any other officer in a European army. The result of the Civil War has decided now that a State has not the right to withdraw from the Union. But when Secession took place, that was not the received doctrine. This is not the place to enter into the constitutional argument, and, indeed, it is sufficient to remark that the whole South repudiated the doctrine in the most practical manner possible, while in the North the Democratic party at least openly maintained that the South was acting within its right. If, then, Generals Johnston and Lee erred, they erred in common with the vast majority of Americans in holding that a State had the right to secede, and that to his State a citizen owed his first allegiance. As long as Virginia remained in the Union both officers retained their commissions and did their duty. As soon as Virginia seceded, both resigned their commissions and hastened to place their services at the disposal of their State. General Joseph Johnston had been the senior in rank in the United States army. At the time of his resignation he was Quartermaster-General with the commission of a Brigadier-General, whereas Lee had been only Lieutenant-Colonel. But on Johnston's arrival in Richmond he found that Lee had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of the State with the rank of Major-General. Johnston was at once given the same rank, and entrusted with the training of the State levies. On the accession of Virginia to the Confederacy, however, General Johnston entered the Confederate service, and received from President Davis the command of Harper's Ferry, while General Beauregard was appointed to the Confederate command at Manassas, Lee still remaining in the service of Virginia. The first serious attack was made by the Federal army under General McDowell against Manassas. Johnston at once hurried to the relief of Beauregard with a portion of his army, leaving the remainder to hurry after him as quickly as it could. He arrived in time to consult with Beauregard, and agree to the plan suggested by the latter. But before the plan could be carried out the Federal General attacked, and Bull Run was the result. This great victory secured Virginia from invasion for the remainder of

the year. McClellan was appointed to the command of the Northern army, and he devoted the autumn and winter to the work of properly organizing and disciplining it. Early in the following spring he moved his forces by water to Fortress Monroe, and thence advanced up the peninsula to invest Richmond. General Johnston assumed the direction of the operations undertaken against him. Johnston strongly urged upon President Davis to fall back upon Richmond, collect there the whole military force of the Confederacy, allow McClellan to approach the city, and then, when he was at a distance from his base, fall upon him, and inflict such a blow as would decide the war at once in favour of the South. A council of war was held, at which Lee was present, and, mainly by Lee's advice, as Johnston states, the plan of the latter was set aside. Under these circumstances General Johnston determined to delay the advance of the enemy by every means in his power, without, however, bringing on a general engagement too soon. Accordingly he occupied in force a defensive line constructed by General Magruder, which stretched from Yorktown to Warwick Court House. The line was too long, and besides admitted of being turned, but the Federal General sat down before it, and erected siege batteries. When they were ready, the Confederates retired. At Williamsburg Longstreet's and Hill's divisions, to allow time for the removal of the baggage and ammunition, engaged a portion of the Federal army and inflicted a loss twice as great as these divisions suffered themselves, and then the army once more fell back slowly to the neighbourhood of Richmond. McClellan's forces in their advance were divided into two parts by the Chickahominy. Johnston took advantage of the separation to direct twenty-three out of his twenty-seven divisions against the Federal left wing, consisting of two corps, or about two-fifths of the entire Federal force. The Battle of Seven Points, which ensued, was indecisive, as night fell before the Confederates could improve the advantage they gained, and General Johnston, having received a severe wound, was never able to resume the contest. A few days later General Lee was appointed to his command. Before Johnston had completely recovered, he was ordered to the West to superintend operations in Mississippi and Tennessee, but want of means compelled him to look on helplessly while Grant reduced Vicksburg and Pemberton's army. The disasters experienced by General Bragg next summoned him to the command of the army of Tennessee. In a campaign of seventy days, opposed to an army under Sherman more than twice as numerous, Johnston boasts—and the boast is corroborated by two of his corps commanders—that constantly fighting partial engagements, and skirmishing day after day, he never lost an action, though he abandoned much territory, and handed over the army to his successor improved in morale and effectiveness. He adds that he had brought the enemy to the neighbourhood of the position where he had intended to make a final stand, where they would not be able to avail themselves of their superiority of numbers, where, if defeated, they would be far from their base, and where, if he himself suffered a reverse, he had a strong position to fall back upon. However, the Government was dissatisfied because he retired persistently before Sherman, and he was removed from the command. He retired into private life, whence he did not again emerge until the army of the Tennessee had been shattered to pieces under Hood, and Sherman had penetrated to the heart of the Confederacy. Then he was once again summoned into the field, but it was only to have the melancholy honour of being the last Southern General who surrendered an army to the conqueror.

The recent death of Mr. Sumner* has called forth a plentiful crop of lives, memoirs, notices, eulogies, and funeral orations, all of which, so far as we have seen, have a common fault. They exaggerate extravagantly the influence and abilities of their subject. The natural desire to speak well of one who has so lately passed away is intensified in the present case by that abnormal hero-worship so strongly developed in the Americans of our day. And hence the impression likely to be left on the mind of a person previously unacquainted with the Abolitionist agitation by a perusal of this biographical literature is, that next to nothing had been achieved by the predecessors of Mr. Sumner, but that his entrance into public life speedily transformed an insignificant clique into an influential national party. The work of Messrs. Chaplin shares in this common defect, and, though the authors tell us that they have had access to private papers and other fresh sources of information, we cannot find that they have made any important addition to what was before known of Mr. Sumner's life. Still the book contains some good anecdotes. But its interest would be greater if it were written in a less pretentious style, and displayed less of the taste of an interviewing reporter.

Anything from the pen of Mr. Wells† is sure to be deserving of attention, and although the subject he discusses in the present little pamphlet is not of great general interest, it yet curiously illustrates one tendency of democratic government in the United States. In the year 1864 some of the American railways connecting the great centres of trade and population, finding postal communication rapidly increasing, began to run what are known as "postal cars." These postal cars are in reality travelling post-offices, which receive the mails unsorted. Post-office clerks make up the bags *en route*; and drop them at the various wayside offices. It will be seen that the accommodation thus afforded to the public is very great. About seventy per cent. of all the matter now con-

* *Narrative of Military Operations directed during the late War between the States.* By Joseph E. Johnston, General C.S.A. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Life of Charles Sumner.* By Jeremiah Chaplin and J. D. Chaplin. Boston: Lothrop & Co. Dover, N.H.: Day & Co.

† *The Relation of the Federal Government to the Railroads.* By David A. Wells. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

vayed by mail is carried in these postal cars, and it is in evidence that, if the Government were obliged to sort all letters and papers in its own post-offices, it would have to hire three or four large warehouses for that purpose in the city of New York alone. Yet the Government contributes nothing to the construction or repair of these cars, and, until last year, it refused to pay more for them than previously to 1864 it paid for mere conveyance. Moreover, it claims the right to send by these cars as many special agents as it deems necessary, and these agents, unlike private persons travelling with free passes, have a right of action against the railways in case of accident. Lastly, the Government insists upon paying the Companies by drafts upon the various post-offices scattered along their lines. In other words, it compels the Companies to collect its revenues for it. The Companies refuse to continue the service on these conditions, and the object of Mr. Wells's paper is to point out the real nature of the pretension put forward by the Government, namely, to compel railways to perform a special service which they have not contracted to perform, in a way dictated by the Government, and at rates of whose sufficiency the Government is the sole judge.

The Reports of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts* have acquired in America a deserved reputation for earnestness of effort to make them what such documents ought always to be, and the present Report will increase this well-earned distinction. It contains a mass of minute information which throws more light upon the actual condition of the greatest of New England communities than is anywhere else to be found within the same compass, and some of the special papers included treat very ably of matters in which we are all intimately concerned. There is, for instance, a paper by the chairman, Dr. Rowditch, on preventive medicine, in which the influence of occupation, recreation, residence, clothing, food, exercise, and the like, in preventing disease, and more especially in preventing the disease from which New England so frightfully suffers—consumption—is discussed in a very instructive manner. One opinion arrived at by Dr. Rowditch, though he freely admits that he has not been able to collect a sufficient number of facts to warrant him in putting it forward with confidence, is, it may be mentioned, that the use of pork as a principal article of food predisposes to consumption. And he seems inclined to think also that salted meats, pickles, and various kinds of pies and cakes, have a similar tendency. Of course it was already well established that all these kinds of food are less nutritious than beef, mutton, fowl, and fish. But perhaps the most interesting papers are those upon the health of farmers, and upon the influence of school-attendance upon health, more particularly upon the health of girls. The paper on the health of the farmers of Massachusetts is especially good, as a type of a kind of which we have unfortunately too few in the official literature of any country. That upon the sanitary aspect of education is also excellent. It tends very strongly to confirm the views put forward by Dr. Maudsley a little while ago.

The next book upon our list is also a publication of a Massachusetts State Board †, and is executed in the same admirable manner. In its first paper it treats of the subject which we have just mentioned—education—but from an entirely different point of view. Its object is to show that the difficulty which we feel so strongly here at home, that of getting the children into the schools, is also experienced in the home of the vaunted common school system. The second paper is an attempt to ascertain the earnings of one class of professional men in Massachusetts. Unfortunately, the attempt is not very successful. The comparative failure must be attributed to the perhaps natural unwillingness of the persons addressed to furnish information, and the want of power in the Bureau to compel answers. The remaining papers are all excellent, and together supply a mass of information respecting the homes and earnings of the working classes, as well as the present state of the various manufactures of Massachusetts, which is invaluable to the student of the social condition of the American people.

Still another official report ‡, less interesting and less readable, yet of value to geologists, metallurgists, miners, and speculators in mines, is that of Mr. Raymond, United States' Commissioner of Mining Statistics. The work treats of the mines and mining of the whole vast region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, and is the fruit of the labours of a large number of contributors.

When Lewis and Clarke ascended the Missouri in 1804, they found four tribes of agricultural Indians, numerous and prosperous, inhabiting eight permanent towns in the Upper Missouri Valley, west of the Dakota nation. All that now remain of these prosperous tribes are collected in one small village of about two thousand five hundred souls at Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory. The four tribes are reduced to three, one having suffered so frightfully from smallpox in 1838 that the few survivors joined the Hidatsa, accepted its chief as theirs, and adopted its traditions, myths, and ceremonies. It is with the language of the tribe thus reinforced that Mr. Matthews§ makes us acquainted. It is a curious,

and to the student of prehistoric man, as well as to the philologist, an interesting fact, that, though the three tribes inhabit the same village, and for at least a hundred years have been near neighbours, living on terms of peace and intimacy, and freely intermarrying, each speaks nevertheless a distinct language. And not only do the languages show no tendency to coalesce, but nothing more than a remote likeness can be traced between two of them—a likeness pointing probably to a common origin in the distant past; while, more remarkable still, no resemblance of any kind has yet been discovered between these two and the third. To make the survival of these languages side by side yet more surprising, Mr. Matthews tells us that almost every member of each tribe understands the language of the others, so that "it is not an uncommon thing to hear a dialogue carried on in two languages, one person, for instance, questioning in Madan and the other answering back in Grosventre, and vice versa." Moreover, many of them are acquainted with the Dakota tongue, and all understand the sign language. So it will be seen that, savages though they be, they are by no means unskilful linguists.

Our readers will recollect the arrest last year of a Correspondent of the *New York Herald* in Cuba on a charge of treason, in having made his way from the Spanish lines to the part of the island held by the insurgents, and thence returned to the Spanish quarters. By the intervention of a British man-of-war, Mr. O'Kelly*, the Correspondent in question, was saved from the fury of those into whose hands he first fell. And his case having been taken up diplomatically, he was, after a weary confinement, conveyed to Madrid by the orders of the Home Government, where, on the advent of Señor Castelar to power, he was finally set at liberty. Mr. O'Kelly has availed himself of his freedom to write a narrative of his adventures and hair-breadth escapes. And as he passed some time with Spanish troops on the march and in camp, visited slave plantations, contrived to elude the vigilance of the authorities and enter the Mambi-land, or insurgent's territory, conversed with Céspedes and other chiefs of the insurrection, and finally made acquaintance with Spanish gaoles and gaolers, both in the colony and the mother-country, it will be seen that the tale he has to tell is sufficiently exciting.

Of a different order is *Syrian Home Life* †, a patchwork composition, compiled from a portion omitted from a former work of an American missionary, old letters from the same to a New York journal, freshly furbished up, and some more letters from other members of the mission.

The object of Mr. Marsh's work ‡ is to trace the character and extent of the changes produced by human action in the physical conditions of the globe, and to suggest the possibility of the material improvement of exhausted regions, such as some of the countries of Southern Europe and Western Asia, which were once the seats of luxurious civilizations and were celebrated for their bounteous fertility, but are now in great part waste and uninhabited. The book is a new edition of an older work, and is in many parts rewritten and considerably enlarged.

The Constants of Nature § is a compilation of specific gravities, boiling and melting points, and chemical formulae, forming the first part of a series to be published by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

And in connexion with this work we may notice the three parts of the *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia* ||, forming the volume for 1873. The publications of this Society date back to 1817, and are contained in four series of volumes.

To Americans busy in clearing and settling a continent, in making money, and working out the problems of social and political democracy, the study of philosophy offers few attractions. There has as yet, indeed, been no time for the formation of an hereditary leisured class amongst whom the taste for such studies would naturally grow up. And the Colleges and Universities are too poorly equipped to stimulate the growth of the taste. Yet there are a few who venture to follow the highest flights of European speculation. One of these is Mr. Hall, who has translated almost one-half of Dr. Rosenkranz's tribute to Hegel¶, composed on the occasion of his centenary in August, 1869.

We need not expend many words on Mrs. Ward Howe's *Sex and Education*** Mrs. Howe, as the reader may possibly be aware, is one of the leaders of the American Women's Rights party. She looked upon Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education* as an attack upon her views, and in the present little volume she has undertaken to demolish her assailant. We are afraid, however, that the Doctor will be ungallant enough not to consider himself refuted.

As the first attempts of a young author, the Poems †† of Edith

* *Fifth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts.* Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour.* Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Mining Industry of the States and Territories of the Rocky Mountains.* By Bonister W. Raymond, Ph.D. New York: Ford & Co.

§ *Grammar and Dictionary of the Language of the Hidatsa; with an Introductory Sketch of the Tribe.* By Washington Matthews. New York: Cramsey Press. London: Trübner & Co.

* *The Mambi-Land; or, Adventures of a "Herald" Correspondent in Cuba.* By James J. O'Kelly. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Syrian Home Life.* Compiled by Rev. J. Riley from materials furnished by Rev. H. H. Jessup. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *The Earth as Modified by Human Action.* A new edition of "Man and Nature." By G. P. Marsh. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *The Constants of Nature.* Part I. By F. W. Clarke, S.B. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

|| *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: Academy of Natural Sciences. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Hegel.* By Dr. Karl Rosenkranz. Translated by G. S. Hall. St. Louis: Gray, Baker & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

** *Sex and Education.* By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Robert Brothers. London: Trübner & Co.

†† *Poems.* By Edith May. New York: James Miller.

May are of fair promise. The writer has already acquired considerable power of expression, and is not without an ear for rhythm. Of the next poems* we have less to say. Mrs. Piatt is a veteran author, and she writes verses with considerable facility, but we cannot truthfully call them poetry.

Papa's Own Girl† is a novel with a purpose, the social palace at Guisee furnishing a hint for the plot; and, like most such novels, it is more didactic than interesting.

The next novel on our list, *Prudence Palfrey*‡, has more merit. It is a sketch of clerical life in a New England village, but it is to be hoped the minister is not to be taken as a type of his class.

The magazines § whose titles will be found below call for little notice at our hands. None of the papers are of striking merit, and in general the best are by English writers. Indeed, the fact that contributions are so largely drawn from this side of the Atlantic is itself a proof of the low state of periodical literature in the United States.

* *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles*. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Papa's Own Girl*. By Marie Howland. New York: J. P. Jewett. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Prudence Palfrey*. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Old and New*. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Forum. Baltimore: Taylor & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Lippincott's Magazine. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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Flint's Philosophy of History. L'Eau-forte in 1874. Fitzgerald's Boswell. Stubbs's Constitutional History. Strange's Development of Creation. A Patriarch of Venice. De Vore's Alexander the Great. Ruling the Roast. American Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 982, AUGUST 22, 1874:

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christ Carrying the Cross," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Entombment," "The Resurrection," "The Ascension," "The Pentecost," "The Last Judgment," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 26 New Bond Street. Ten to Six Admission, 1s.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, GLASGOW, September 30 to October 7.

President—The Right Hon. Earl of ROSEBURY.

Presidents of Departments.

The Right Hon. Lord MONCRIEFF.

The Right Hon. Lord NAELER and ETRICK, K.T.

The Right Hon. LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., F.R.S., M.P.

Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL.

President of the Council.

G. W. HASTINGS, Esq.

Prospectuses and Particulars may be had at the Office, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

C. W. HYALIS, General Secretary.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 4th of September, 1874. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of September, inclusive.

J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

British Museum, August 27, 1874.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, S.E.—The MEDICAL SESSION for 1874 and 1875 will COMMENCE on Thursday, October 1, 1874, on which occasion an ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. MACCORMACK at Two o'clock.

Medicine—Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Clapton, Dr. Murchison. Honorary Consulting Physician—Dr. Barker and Dr. J. Risdon Bennett. Honorary Consulting Surgeon—Mr. Frederick Le Gros Clark. Physicians—Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Clapton, Dr. Murchison. Obstetric Physician—Dr. Barnes. Surgeons—Mr. Simon, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. Croft, Mr. MacCormack. Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. Liebreich. Assistant-Physicians—Dr. Stone, Dr. Ord, Dr. J. Harley, Dr. Payne. Assistant-Obstetric Physician—Dr. Gervis. Assistant-Surgeons—Mr. F. Mason, Mr. Henry Arnott, Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe. Dental Surgeon—Mr. J. W. Elliott. Assistant-Dental Surgeon—Mr. W. G. Ranger. Resident Assistant-Physician—Dr. Turner. Resident Assistant-Surgeon—Mr. McKellar. Apothecary—Mr. B. W. Jones.

Medicine—Dr. Peacock and Dr. Murchison. Surgery—Mr. Sydney Jones and Mr. MacCormack. General Pathology—Dr. Bristowe. Physiology and Practical Physiology—Dr. Ord and Dr. John Harley. Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Francis Mason and Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe. Anatomy in the Dissecting Room—Anatomical Lecturers, Mr. Rainey and Dr. R. W. Reid. Practical and Manipulative Surgery—Mr. Croft. Chemistry and Practical Chemistry—Dr. A. J. Bernays. Midwifery—Dr. Barnes. Physics and Natural Philosophy—Dr. Stone. Materia Medica—Dr. Payne. Forensic Medicine and Hygiene—Dr. Stone and Dr. Gervis. Comparative Anatomy—Mr. C. Stewart. Ophthalmic Surgery—Mr. Liebreich. Botany—Mr. A. W. Bennett. Dental Surgery—Mr. J. W. Elliott. Demonstrations of Medical Anatomy—Dr. Payne. Anatomy and Practical Pathology—Mr. H. Arnott. Mental Diseases—Dr. Wm. Rhys Williams.

T. B. PEACOCK, M.D., Dean.

R. G. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary.

Any further information required will be afforded by Mr. WHITFIELD.

GUYS HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences in October. The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by Sir WILLIAM GULL, Bart., on Thursday, October 1, at Two o'clock.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Consulting Physicians—Sir W. Gull, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.; G. Owen Rees, M.D., F.R.S. Physicians—S. O. Habershon, M.D.; S. Wilks, M.D., F.R.S.; F. W. Pavy, M.D., F.R.S.; W. Moxon, M.D. Assistant-Physicians—C. Hilton Fagge, M.D.; P. H. Pye-Smith, M.D.; Frederick Taylor, M.D. Consulting Surgeons—J. Hilton, Esq., F.R.S.; E. Cock, Esq. Surgeons—J. Birkett, Esq.; J. Cooper Forster, Esq.; Thomas Bryant, Esq.; Arthur E. Durham, Esq. Assistant-Surgeons—H. G. Howe, M.S.; N. Davies-Colley, M.C. Consulting Obstetric Physician—Henry Oldham, M.D. Obstetric Physician—J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S. Assistant Obstetric Physician—A. L. Galabin, M.D. Ophthalmic Surgeon—C. Bader, Esq. Assistant-Ophthalmic Surgeon—C. Higgins, Esq. Surgeon-Dentist—J. S. A. Salter, M.D., F.R.S. Assistant-Surgeon-Dentist—H. Moon, Esq. Assistant Surgeon—W. Liddell Purves, Esq. Medical Registrar—Frederick Taylor, M.D.; J. F. Goodhart, M.D. Surgical Registrar—Frederick Durham, Esq. Apothecary—James Stocker, Esq.

The Hospital now contains 600 Beds. Of these 221 are for Medical Cases, 250 for Surgical, 25 for Gynaecological, 48 for Syphilitic, and 50 for Ophthalmic Cases. There are also 30 Children's Cots, and 84 Reserve Beds, with 8 in private rooms. In connexion with the Lying-in-Charity, about 2,000 Cases are annually attended by the Students.

Number of Patients relieved during the year, about 61,000.

WINTER SESSION LECTURES.

Medicine—Dr. Wilks and Dr. Habershon. Clinical Medicine—Dr. Habershon, Dr. Wilks, Dr. Pavy, and Dr. Moxon. Surgery—Mr. Cooper Forster and Mr. Birkett. Clinical Surgery—Mr. Birkett, Mr. Forster, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Durham. Anatomy—Descriptive and Surgical—Mr. Durham and Mr. Howe. Physiology and General Anatomy—Dr. Pavy and Dr. Pye-Smith. Clinical Lectures on Midwifery and Diseases of Women—Dr. Braxton Hicks. Chemistry—Dr. Debus and Dr. Stevenson. Experimental Physiology—Mr. A. W. Reinold.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

Practical Surgery—N. Davies-Colley, M.C. Anatomy—Mr. Clement Lucas, Demonstrator; Mr. Golding Bird and Mr. Jacobson, Assistant-Demonstrators. Practical Physiology—Dr. P. H. Pye-Smith. Morbid Anatomy—Dr. C. Hilton Fagge and Dr. J. F. Goodhart. Cutaneous Diseases—Dr. C. Hilton Fagge.

Clinical Lectures in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, Weekly. Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and of the College of Surgeons. The Museum of Anatomy, Pathology, and Comparative Anatomy (Curator, Dr. Fagge) contains 10,000 Specimens, 4,000 Drawings and Diagrams, an unique collection of Anatomical Models, and a Series of 400 Models of Skin Diseases. Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their Education and Conduct. Fees: £40 for the first year; £40 for the second; £40 for the third; and £40 for succeeding years of attendance. One Hundred Guineas in one payment entitles a Student to a Perpetual Ticket. The House-Surgeons and House-Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, the Clinical Assistants, Preceptors, Dressers in the Eye Wards, and Clinical Clerks, are selected from the Students according to merit. Six Scholarships, varying in value from £25 to £40 each, are awarded at the close of each Summer Session for general proficiency. Two Gold Medals are given by the Treasurer—one in Clinical Medicine, and one in Clinical Surgery. A Voluntary Examination takes place at Entrance, in Elementary Classics and Mathematics. The First Three Candidates receive respectively prizes of £25, £20, and £15. Several of the Lecturers have Vacancies for Resident Private Pupils. For further information apply to Mr. STOCKER, Secretary, or the Dean, Dr. F. Taylor. Guy's Hospital, August 1874.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN SCIENCE.

Two Scholarships in Science have been founded at St. Bartholomew's Hospital: 1. An Open Scholarship of the value of £100, tenable for one year, to be competed for in September. The Subjects of Examination are Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. The Successful Candidate will be required to enter at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in October next. 2. Preliminary Scientific Scholarship of the value of £20, tenable for one year, to be competed for in October next, by Students of the Hospital of less than six months' standing. The Subjects of Examination are identical with those of the Open Scholarship. For further particulars and syllabus of subjects, application may be made, personally or by letter, to THE WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Galway.—SESSION 1874-5.—

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.
The FIRST MATRICULATION EXAMINATION for the Session 1874-5 will be held on Friday, October 10. The EXAMINATIONS for SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS of the First Year will commence on Monday, October 13, for Scholarships and Exhibitions of the Second Year on Thursday, the 20th.
By a recent regulation of the Council, all Scholarships and Exhibitions of the Second, Third, and Fourth Years must now be competed for by students who have attained the requisite standing in any Medical School recognized by the Senate of the Queen's University, and have passed the Matriculation Examination in the College.
At the ensuing Examination, Eight Scholarships, of the value of £25 each, will be offered for competition, viz., Two to Students of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth years respectively. In addition, Four Exhibitions of £40 each will be offered, two to Students of the First, and Two to Students of the Second Year respectively; and Two Exhibitions of £10 each—one to Students of the Third and Fourth years respectively.
All Scholars are exempt from payment of a moiety of the fee for the compulsory classes. This rule does not apply to the Class of Medical Jurisprudence.
By order of the President,
T. W. MOFFETT, LL.D., Registrar.

August 20, 1874.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—MATRICULATION and PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATIONS.
SPECIAL CLASSES for these Examinations are held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The Classes are not confined to Students of the Hospital.
A Class for the Matriculation Examination is held twice in each year, from October to January and from March to June.
A Class for the Preliminary Scientific Examination is held from January to July.
For particulars application may be made personally, or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, SCHOOL.

Head-Master—T. DEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S.
Vice-Master—E. R. HORTON, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.
The SCHOOL will RE-OPEN for New Pupils on Tuesday, September 22, at 10.30 A.M. The School Session is divided into three equal Terms. Fee, £2 per Term, to be paid at the beginning of each Term. Gymnastics, Fencing, Drilling, and Advanced Drawing, extra.
Extensive additional buildings, including spacious Lecture Rooms for the Classes of Chemistry and Experimental Physics, have recently been completed for the use of the Pupils attending the School.
A Playground of about two acres in extent, including several Pigeon Cotes, is attached to the School.
Discipline is maintained without corporal punishment.
A monthly Report of the progress and conduct of each Pupil is sent to his Parent or Guardian.
The School is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways. Season Tickets are granted at half-price to Pupils attending the School.
A Prospectus, containing full information respecting the Courses of Instruction given in the School, with other particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the College.
JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

August 1874.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The TWENTY-FOURTH SESSION will BEGIN on THURSDAY, October 1. Prospectuses may be had on application.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1834, for the General Education of Ladies, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.
Patron.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES.
Visitor—THE LORD BISHOP of LONDON.
Principal—The Rev. J. L. DAVIES.
The CLASSES will re-open for the Michaelmas Term on Monday, October 5. Individual instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music. Special Classes are formed for Greek and Conversation in Modern Languages. Boarders are received within the College walls by Miss WOOD. Prospectuses may be had on application to the Faculty, 68 Wimpole Street, W.
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.

For GIRLS from Five to Fourteen.
The CLASSES will open for the Michaelmas Term on Monday, September 22. Prospectuses may be had on application to Miss PARRY, 58 Wimpole Street, W.
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

LADIES' COLLEGE, POLYGON HOUSE, Southampton.

Patron.
The Right Hon. the LORD BISHOP of WINCHESTER.
President.
The Right Hon. COWPER-TEMPLE.
Hon. Secretary.
Surgeon-General W. C. MACLEAF, M.D., C.B.
Lady Principal.
Miss DANIELS, assisted by English and Foreign Governesses and a Professional Staff.
TERMS MODERATE.
The COLLEGE RE-OPENS on September 15.
Applications for Nominations to be made to the Lady Principal without delay.

LADIES' SCHOOL, TAUNTON, for the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN.—The Education given is a thoroughly sound one, and the assistance of experienced Masters is procured in the study of those branches of learning which are often omitted in the Education of Ladies. The real work done is tested by the College of Preceptors, and the Oxford Local Examinations, and by Examinations in the School itself. 7 Pupils passed the Senior Oxford, and 6 the Junior, in the June Examinations, 1872-73; and at the Christmas Examinations of the College of Preceptors, 17 Third-Class, 14 Second-Class, and 5 First-Class, including Special and Honour Certificates, were gained by the Pupils; and the College First Prize for English subjects at both Examinations. Prospectuses forwarded on application to Miss REED, Mary Street House, Taunton. The next Term will begin on September 21.

D O V E R C O L L E G E.

President—The Right Hon. Earl GRANVILLE, K.G.
Head-Master—The Rev. M. BELL, M.A., late Scholar of Ch. Coll., Cambridge.
A liberal education by Graduates of the Universities.
Tuition Fees, from Ten to Fifteen Guineas per annum. Board in the Head-Master's House, £10 per annum.
The College will re-open on September 15.
Apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or the HONORARY SECRETARY.

THE WESTERN COLLEGE, BRIGHTON.

Principal—Dr. W. PORTER KNIGHTLEY, F.C.P.
The Pupils of this long-established School enjoy the highest Educational advantages in preparing for Mercantile Life, as well as for the various Competitive Examinations, whether of the Oxford and Cambridge Local, the University Matriculation, the Civil Service, the Military College, or Direct Commissions, in all of which Dr. KNIGHTLEY's Pupils have taken high places in the Honour List. In addition to the intellectual and moral training, superior health conditions are secured by all the appliances of a well-arranged residence in this favourite watering-place. Prospectuses of terms and Class-lists may be obtained by application to the PRINCIPAL, personally or by letter.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE BOARDING HOUSE.—The

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FRANCE.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is said to have returned to Paris very much disappointed with the results of his tour in Brittany. There was no want of proper politeness in the reception bestowed on him, and there was an ample recognition of his own personal loyalty and good intentions. But there was not the slightest enthusiasm, and where he had hoped to find gratitude for what he had done, and a favourable appreciation of what he intended to do, he found apprehension, a vague sense of disquiet, and a disposition to hint to him in a cautious and polite way that he was somehow on the wrong tack. It does not seem to outsiders very surprising that he should have had this kind of disappointment to endure. But it is also easy to understand that he may have felt keenly the disappointment which he has had to undergo. When the Legitimist scheme fell through last autumn, France was not ready for any definitive form of government. The Orleanists were entirely out of the field owing to the Fusion. The Imperialists had not begun to recover from the shock of Sedan. The Republic might have been established if the Assembly had been dissolved; but the Assembly could only at that time have been dissolved by force, and a Republic the existence of which had been owing to a *coup d'état* would have had a fettered and frail life. That a breathing time was necessary for all parties was obvious, and it was a great thing that an opportunity of gaining a breathing time should be given by a chief of the Executive who was respected by all parties, hated by none, who was fairly popular with some important sections of society, and who had not the slightest wish to overpower the law, or to set up a military dictatorship. Marshal MACMAHON has procured France tranquillity. Good order reigns everywhere. He has scrupulously respected the law. The army is considerably improved, and has been made as little political as possible. The foreign policy of France has been brought into a liberal and consistent shape. Without loss of dignity every effort has been made to be conciliatory, and the mistakes which the effervescence of the country against Germany seemed likely to cause at one time have been avoided or repaired. Marshal MACMAHON has not been a party man. He has not excluded old servants from serving the country because they served under a fallen dynasty. He has not been harsh, or cruel, or vindictive. What he was wanted to do he has done well. He has given France that which he undertook and was asked to give it. The Assembly has certainly not distinguished itself lately, and has shown a fatal want of common sense and political foresight. But this is not at all the MARSHAL'S fault. He has looked on quietly while the Assembly has been going on from one scrape to another; and the only time he has interfered has been to extricate it from the embarrassment in which it found itself from not being able to decide what Ministers should have its confidence. How, then, Marshal MACMAHON may have well asked himself, did it happen that his tour was a failure, that no one seemed to recognize his services, and that the form of government which had been created to save France from anxiety was found practically to be itself a cause of anxiety?

The reason is obvious; the Septennate is only a temporary expedient, and as time goes on, the inconveniences of a temporary expedient make themselves felt. For seven years the MARSHAL says he and his Septennate are going to endure. That, he says, is the law, and he will take care to see the law respected. But no one can possibly be sure that

there will be even this amount of respite. Circumstances may easily be too strong for him. There must be a new Assembly before long. How could he retain power if the nation by its vote expressed a clear wish that the PRINCE IMPÉRIAL should be placed on the throne? If the new Assembly was strongly Republican it would no doubt organize his Septennate for him, but it would organize it in a distinctly Republican sense; and then, if he did not resign, he must either quarrel with the Assembly and show himself willing to abandon his position of a rigid upholder of the law, or he must be willing to act, not as a man above all parties, but as the accepted chief of one triumphant party. Even if it is supposed that the Septennate will really last seven years, what are quiet people to do meanwhile? How are they to behave? To whom are they to look? To whom are they to apply? What latitude is to be given to contending parties? The newly elected member for the Calvados has issued an address to his constituents in which he says that he frankly accepts the Septennate—as every one does nominally—but at the end of the Septennate he advises his countrymen to recall a dynasty which, in spite of its final errors, bestowed great benefits on the country. These are his opinions, and he is quite entitled to announce them. The Septennate avowedly leaves open what is to happen at the end of the seven years. But meanwhile no party knows exactly what it may do and what it may not do. The Bonapartists are treated as public enemies if they conspire—that is, if they combine to work for the triumph of their party when the Septennate is finished. Extreme Legitimists are being withdrawn from posts where their official position might make them dangerous. When Marshal MACMAHON was touring in Brittany, the only political cry he heard was “Vive la République!” and no doubt most of the Breton towns are Republican. But it has been truly remarked that any other cry would have been illegal and seditious. If an enthusiast had shouted “Vive le Roi” or “Vive le Prince Impérial,” he would have been immediately arrested. All parties alike are told that they must wait for seven years, but meanwhile one party alone has the advantage of a legal existence. This produces irritation and confusion. In daily life Frenchmen are always wanting a thousand things which they look to some one with influence to get for them. But who is to say where the centre of influence will be at the end of seven years? It is not a very high way of looking at things to consider in what quarter it will pay best to bestow votes and obsequiousness. But it is a very French way of looking at things, and, in the present state of things, Frenchmen with an eye to their private advantage are very much puzzled. They may be courting a Legitimist or an Imperialist prefect, and may find that all their labour is destined to be thrown away; and they feel it very hard on them that, when they would have been just as ready to toady a Republican, they should not have been helped to know which was the rising and which the setting sun. These general perplexities, these private uncertainties, must before long bring on a crisis, and it is quite obvious what this crisis will be. The immediate future of France depends on the Orleanists. If they pronounce for a Republic, there will be a Republic with a fair chance of lasting. If they hang back, and let things glide on, there will be a restoration of the Empire. We hear of one Orleanist of local eminence—the Vice-President of the General Council of the Gironde—who has already made up his mind, and who, having been a distinguished Orleanist, now recognizes that the Republic is the only possible Government for him.

and men like him. The question is whether his example will be generally followed.

There is also another reason why the Septennate causes uneasiness, which has been very well explained by M. MICHEL CHEVALIER in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The Government of the Septennate is a temporary expedient, and lives by temporary expedients. It cannot afford to take a general and wide view of France and its requirements. Wherever it is thought that a little money can be got, a new tax is put on, and no account is taken of the incidental effects of such a tax on the industry and commerce of the community. France is falling behind its rivals and neighbours in the means of transport and in education. Local railways are discontinued even when the departments are willing to pay for them, because the central authorities stand by the old railways, which dislike these rural innovations, and from which it is easy to collect the taxes that have been recently imposed. The transport of goods by slow trains is now taxed, and the tax helps to make it unprofitable for different parts of the country to exchange their products. The large sums that have been spent on the equalization of France remain comparatively idle because the works wanting to complete the system are not taken in hand. The small operations of commerce are fettered in every way, and the postal and telegraphic arrangements are conducted with the view of getting a trifling revenue for the State, and not with that of making the country generally alive and active. At every turn the thought is forced on the mind that those who govern are acting like clerks anxious to make up a sum, and not like strong intelligent governors taking thought for France as a whole. Possibly M. CHEVALIER may exaggerate his case, and undoubtedly the whole complaint seems to Englishmen too much founded on the assumption that a Government ought to do everything. But then it is not as if the present Government left things alone. On the contrary, it interferes with everything. Frenchmen do not mind that; but they ask, or at least the more intelligent of them ask, that if Government interferes it shall interfere wisely. The French of the present generation have been accustomed to something better than they have now. It was the great merit of the Empire that it did, according to its lights, look on France as a whole, and endeavoured to shape its measures so that France generally should advance in wealth. The Emperor forced the Treaty of Commerce on the country with this object, and the country learnt to recognize that the Emperor was right. It is not therefore to be wondered at that many intelligent Frenchmen wish for a Government sufficiently definitive and strong to do something like what that of the Emperor did. Of course in a time of financial difficulty such as that which the war has caused, the Government cannot do as much, however wise it may be, as the Emperor did in his palmy days. Reasonable men would make reasonable allowance for the difficulties which every French Government must, under present circumstances, have to encounter. But it is one thing to have to do with a Government which even under difficulties is still following a broad and enlightened commercial policy; and it is quite another thing to have to do with a Government which, like that of the Septennate, has no commercial policy at all except that of collecting every sou it can get hold of and of letting things generally drift as they please.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.

THE abortive proceedings of the Brussels Conference will probably prevent for some time the renewal of premature attempts to substitute a code for the common law of nations. There is something paradoxical in the project of settling beforehand in friendly discussion the methods by which contingent quarrels are to be conducted. The nearest analogy to the Brussels Conference was furnished by the rules of duelling which were drawn up in Ireland during the last century for the guidance of the Bar, of the Bench, of Parliament, and of society in general; but even in that case the legislators were not necessarily future combatants, while the European Powers represented at Brussels had no possible enemies but their colleagues in the Conference. In meetings of the representatives of independent States, as in other deliberative assemblies, it is necessary to settle disputed questions by a majority of votes, but a Conference differs from a Parliament in the un-

equal authority of its members. The House of Commons, notwithstanding its laudable attachment to party discipline, delights in occasional opportunities of defeating the leaders on both sides when they happen for once to be united. When Holland, Belgium, and Spain outvoted Russia and Germany, the probable course of future wars is not affected, though weaker States are fully justified in refusing their assent to proposals which are made in the interest of great military Powers. It is true that the new rules which were rejected by the Conference might have made little practical difference in actual war. Holland is, with or without an international code, incapable, except with the aid of powerful allies, of resisting an attack by Germany or France. NAPOLEON III., in the project of treaty which he incautiously tendered for the acceptance of Prussia, took it for granted that he could at any time annex Belgium without serious resistance. The principal objection to new military legislation is that it would supply causes of complaint or pretexts of oppression when the Government of an invaded country found it convenient to use a mode of resistance which might have been directly or constructively prohibited. If the wolf and the lamb had held a Conference before their final collision, a rule would probably have been suggested or enacted which would have rendered it unlawful to drink of the stream either above or below the place which might be selected by the stronger belligerent.

Baron JOMINI seems to have well deserved the vote of thanks which rewarded his labours as President of the Conference. It was his duty to procure, if possible, the adoption of the Russian proposals, and in default of success to persuade his colleagues to adopt some form of resolutions which would serve to conceal his failure. With his hereditary knowledge of military matters Baron JOMINI seems to combine the diplomatic virtues of courtesy and adroitness. He may perhaps in an early stage of the proceedings have arrived at the conclusion that the project of a code of war was hopeless, and that it would be of little use if it obtained the assent of the majority in the Conference. The United States were not even nominally represented, and England only appeared by an agent who was prohibited from voting except under direct instructions from his Government. It was improbable that France would cordially approve of proposals supported by Germany; the minor States consistently opposed every provision which appeared likely to interfere with the defence of invaded countries. Even if the resolutions of the Conference become a part of the law of nations, they will only add a formal sanction to rules which had long before been tacitly adopted. If a countryman working in the fields, with a gun hidden near him, shoots a soldier of an invading army from behind a hedge, he will be liable to the summary execution which he will fully deserve. On the other hand, any distinctive badge will authenticate the right of a captured combatant to be treated as a prisoner of war; and the representatives of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland voted against the insertion of the condition that volunteer corps must be under the control of the general of the regular army. Inhabitants of a country occupied by an invader will undoubtedly be shot in the future, as in the past, if they are detected in conveyance of aid or information to their own Government or its officers; but they will have the satisfaction of knowing that the drumhead court-martial has sentenced them in accordance with the customs and necessities of war, and not because they have been formally recognized as spies by the Conference of Brussels. French residents at Versailles fully understood in 1870 the risk of communicating with their countrymen in Paris.

It is not yet known whether the English Government has approved the resolutions of the Conference, or whether they are to be formally notified to States which took no part in the proceedings. The wonderful complications which have resulted from the unfortunate Treaty of Washington may serve as a warning against the hasty publication of international rules of war which happen not to be generally binding. The English and American Governments, after undertaking by treaty to communicate to other Powers their newfangled rules, discovered that their joint legislation was ambiguous, if not unintelligible. The opposite interpretations which they respectively placed at Geneva on phrases which had been devised only a few months before placed an obvious difficulty in the way of the performance of their obligation to invite the adhesion of the rest of the world to their separate agreement. Any

Government which might have received communication of the rules would have naturally inquired whether they were to be understood in the English or American sense, or whether a third party was entitled to affix his own meaning to the mysterious document. Mr. GLADSTONE, with characteristic indifference to questions which concern the honour rather than the pecuniary interest of the country, once carelessly informed the House of Commons that the new rules had been notified to foreign Powers in accordance with the Treaty; but he afterwards learnt from his colleague at the Foreign Office that it had so far proved impossible to comply with the undertaking. Mr. FISL, in consistency with the uniform policy of his Government, declined any aid in the removal of an embarrassment which seemed to affect England more immediately than the United States. He was willing to communicate the text of the rules without gloss or comment, but he reserved the right of interpreting them in any sense which might suit the policy or interest of the United States. The consequence has been that the Treaty so far remains unfulfilled, and the Government of Washington is probably aware that the people of the United States are perfectly indifferent to the fate of rules which once for all served the purpose for which they were designed in the Geneva Arbitration. If the Russian Government thinks fit alone, or in concert with any of its allies, to recommend the Brussels Resolutions for general adoption, the proposal will be courteously received and afterwards forgotten.

There appears to be no sufficient ground for the conjecture that the Conference was suggested by Russia through jealousy of the recent pretensions of Germany to European supremacy. It is possible that the refusal of Russia to recognize the existing Government of Spain may be explained by a natural wish to assert the independence of her own policy. There is no doubt that during the interchange of visits by the three Emperors in 1873 some general understanding was established as to the pursuance of a common policy in certain events; but the extent and limits of the agreement are unknown, and it may probably not have included questions such as the recognition of Spain, of remote or secondary interest. The object of Germany must have been to detach Austria and Russia from a French alliance; and all the Powers may have felt an almost equal interest in the maintenance of peace. Russia can be exposed to no danger from Spain; and it was unnecessary to adopt the natural resentment of Germany on account of the murder of Captain SCHMIDT. The diplomatic correspondence preparatory to the Conference, as far as it is known by the publication of the English Blue Book, indicates an anxious desire on the part of Germany to promote the success of the Russian proposals. If in the course of the deliberations General VOICHTS RUTZ was even more zealous than Baron JOMINI himself in defending the interests of invading armies against patriotic defenders of an occupied territory, the policy of the German and Russian Governments was essentially the same. The Italian plenipotentiary, who seems to have taken little part in the discussion, had been instructed to support the proposals of Russia. Any disciples of MAZZINI who may still be found in Italy may probably have resented the condemnation of their master's doctrine, that foreign occupation ought to be resisted by the daggers of an indignant population precipitating itself in irresistible numbers on the astonished armies of the alien. As it was not by such means that the liberation of Italy was accomplished, the Government of Rome may be excused for inclining to the side of regular armies against tumultuary insurrection. The Conference has fortunately done no mischief except to the cause of unnecessary changes in international law.

THE EMIGRATION CONTROVERSY.

THE controversy whether emigration is a good thing has the advantage of being necessarily interminable. Like most other operations, removal to a new country is desirable or inexpedient according to circumstances; but on the whole a dissatisfied agricultural labourer is more likely to improve his position by settling in Canada, in New Zealand, or perhaps in some of the Western States of America, than by staying at home and striking for an increase of wages. Discomfort and excess of toil are in themselves objectionable; but farm-labourers, using their experience as a test, are not likely to be excessively delicate in the matter of food and lodging. Although

they may have to learn new methods of applying their strength, the nature of their previous employment has been more various than that of town-bred artisans. Every rural labourer can use a spade, an axe, and a pickaxe; and he knows something of cows, pigs, sheep, and horses. In a new country he will always command higher nominal wages than at home; and, if he is fortunate enough to save money, he will ultimately be able to invest his little fortune in freehold land. His children, brought up in the ways of their adopted home, will have no difficulty in acquiring independence. The highly coloured statements of emigration agents, though they may be neither disinterested nor strictly accurate, afford the best proof that there is a demand, and therefore a market, for labour. Governments and private associations would not take the trouble to advertise the advantages of emigration if they were not anxious to increase the working population. In thinly inhabited countries every additional settler who cultivates his own lot of land adds to the value of his neighbour's property. It is possible that any particular district may be overstocked with blacksmiths or with carpenters, though skilled mechanics will sooner or later be able to secure a comfortable livelihood; but it might have seemed impossible that there could be too many hands employed in ploughing, in sowing, and in reaping. Yet Mr. MASON, an able American writer, has published in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* an argument which leads to the conclusion that, "save under very exceptional circumstances, chief among which is the possession of considerable capital, the working-man who comes to the United States now, comes to sure and speedy pauperism." It is lucky, rather for the rest of the community than for themselves, that many English labourers are not of an enterprising disposition. In Suffolk it appears that some of them reject the overtures of the emigration agents on the ground that they prefer staying at home to being sold as slaves. Some of them are perhaps acute enough to foresee that they will derive a benefit from the emigration of their more active comrades, who will raise the price of wages at home by ceasing to compete with them in the labour market.

It is highly probable that, as the practice of emigration becomes more familiar to the minds of English labourers, it may attain large and inconvenient dimensions. There is no reason why it should be thought more difficult to emigrate from England to Canada than from Massachusetts or Western New York to the valley of the Mississippi. A sea voyage is scarcely a greater hardship than a long railway journey, except for the annoyance of sickness. The difference is rather one of national habits and modes of thought than of geographical convenience. Americans are educated in the belief that they are at home in any part of the States, and they find in fact, wherever they go, the same local institutions. Since the recent extension of railways it has been usual for whole village communities in New England to emigrate in a body to the more fertile soil of the West. They take with them their friends, their associations, their several trades and employments, and, above all, a considerable amount of capital, and perhaps they give the new settlement the name of their former home. After a short time nothing is changed except that in a more genial climate and on a more fertile soil they find themselves richer than before. The Welsh, who are of a more migratory and more thrifty character than the English, have in some instances adopted a similar course. There are settlements in the Western States with Welsh chapels and names brought from home, where resolute attempts to keep up the use of the ancient tongue are still not wholly abandoned. The more general migration of the rural population of the Atlantic seaboard excites serious apprehension. Large tracts of country have already relapsed into wilderness or forest, and it becomes more and more difficult to retain a sufficient amount of labour on an ungrateful soil. The contented rural life which is a favourite theme with American novelists is in the East gradually becoming obsolete. The Irish have to a certain extent taken the place of the more fastidious natives, contenting themselves with extracting a more frugal livelihood from the land; but as a general rule it is found economically impracticable to replace by artificial methods the elements which are extracted from the soil. The land of the Eastern States constantly becomes poorer where it is cultivated, and the Irish incline more and more either to stay in the great towns or to follow the westward stream of emigration.

As to the prospects of emigrants of the more educated

class, there is little difference of opinion among persons of competent knowledge. A small capital will produce a much higher return where money is comparatively scarce, and in the hands of an active man who is able and willing to work it may multiply itself rapidly. On the other hand, a small fortune is easily lost in hasty or injudicious investments, and no kind of speculation is, in default of local knowledge, more uncertain than the purchase of land. Adventurers of the middle class without capital have scarcely a chance of success either in the colonies or in the United States. In the great American cities they are forced to compete with large numbers of native candidates for employment who are crowding more and more from the country into the towns. One effect of general though superficial education, and of the wide diffusion of popular literature in America, has been to render the dulness and obscurity of rural life distasteful to the younger generation. Rude plenty and tranquillity are found less attractive than the hope of wealth or the excitement of political notoriety. A clerk, a lawyer, or a schoolmaster has a better prospect of rising in the world than a farmer, although he may be exposed to greater risk of failure. A foreigner necessarily competes at a disadvantage with an American, who is probably at least his equal in capacity, and who commands more favourable opportunities. If any young man who cannot maintain himself in England by manual labour is determined to emigrate, he has a better chance of success in New York or Philadelphia than in any English colony. The correspondence on emigration which has lately appeared in the newspapers throws some light on the precarious nature of the enterprise.

It would probably be found on inquiry that the literary and professional class contributes but little to the internal migration from the more settled parts of the Union to the Western States and Territories, but the demand for lawyers and newspaper writers is more than amply supplied. Clerks and shopmen have a wider field of employment at home than in any other part of the world. In their own country it matters little whether they stay or go, while the movements of the agricultural population may become in the highest degree important. A purely cosmopolitan philanthropist ought perhaps to approve of any change which is for the benefit of those whom it immediately concerns. If the inhabitants of an English county were collectively removed to the prairies, their labour would perhaps be more productive and their own condition more prosperous than at present; yet patriotism always includes a local element, and desires that the objects of its regard should not become aliens. Thirty or forty years ago a general impression prevailed that population in England was pressing on the means of subsistence. Before the introduction of ocean steam navigation it was improbable that the redundancy would be corrected by emigration, and it has been relieved by different methods. The rural districts have in the interval not become more populous, but the enormous increase of manufacturing, commercial, and mining industry has absorbed more than the surplus. In most parts of the country it has now become difficult to find hands for all the work which is required; nor would it even have been possible except by the increased use of machinery to get in the late harvest. Farmers in the Eastern counties and elsewhere will, if they are well advised, not press too far the consequences of their recent discovery that they have sometimes employed a superfluous number of workmen. It is said that some Suffolk employers find that by dispensing with a fourth or fifth part of their customary staff of labourers they can secure a more profitable return. It is well known that prosperous farmers sometimes undertake unnecessary jobs, either to gratify their own taste for finish and completeness or for the purpose of providing occupation for workmen whom they are unwilling to dismiss. It is natural that the late struggle should have suggested to them the expediency of measuring their expenditure by their actual wants, and that they should accept the challenge of their former dependents to regulate all industrial relations by the law of the market. When temporary irritation has subsided their more generous instincts will be found their safest guides. Their victory in the struggle with the Labourers' Union was only rendered possible by the existence of an ample margin between their urgent necessities and their ordinary scale of employment. It was proved by experiment that they had paid the full price of labour and something more; and that they had not, until they were compelled to act in self-defence, brought in strangers to

compete for their benefit with their regular workmen. If the employers should now deliberately restrict their outlay in wages, this will directly promote the migration of labour either into the towns or to the colonies and foreign countries. The continuance of a judicious liberality offers the best guarantee against local scarcity of labour. The managers of the Union would speedily renew their attack if they had reason to believe that the demand at last exceeded the supply.

THE BEECHER SET.

MR. BEECHER has obtained an acquittal from the Committee of his congregation which was appointed at his own request to inquire into the charges against him, but there is no reason to suppose that this decision will put an end to a nasty controversy. We have no intention of going into the question of Mr. BEECHER's alleged misconduct. That is a matter which can be dealt with only by a regular judicial tribunal, armed with the necessary authority and acting on strict rules of evidence; and we gladly leave it to those whom it may concern. There is, however, one aspect of the subject which seems to come fairly under observation. It is well known that the great feature of Mr. BEECHER's preaching is the artistic cultivation of that sensationalism which has already a strong hold on American literature; and which is simply a sort of dram-drinking, and we are now able to estimate the effects of this unnatural excitement upon those who are subjected to it. It is perhaps significant of the nature of the admiration which Mr. BEECHER excites among his friends, that what seems chiefly to strike them in his defence is its artistic excellence. It is pronounced to be one of his most brilliant literary efforts; but those who consider the position in which he stands, and the charges hanging over him, might perhaps prefer a little less of the parade of literature on such an occasion. Much of it reads like passages from a novel. "I went forth," he says, "like a sleep-walker, while clouds were flying in the sky. There had been a snow-storm, which was breaking away. The winds were out, and whistling through the leafless trees, but all this was peace compared with my mood within." He gives a graphic account of his visit to Mrs. TILTON after her confession. "White as marble, with closed eyes as in a trance, and with her hands upon her breast," she reminded him of "some forms carved in marble that he had seen upon monuments in Europe." A large part of the defence consists of an analysis of the writer's moral nature. He is one, he says, upon whom trouble works inwardly, making him outwardly silent, but reverberating in the chambers of his soul; and when at length he does speak it is a pent-up flood. He also inherits a tendency to sadness and hypochondria, and in certain moods of reaction the world becomes black to him and he sees very despairingly. Yet outwardly, he says, he is full of overflowing spirit and gladness, and only those who are very intimate with him know of his gloom and despondency.

It will perhaps be thought that it would have been better if Mr. BEECHER had been content with simply denying the charges against him, and had left to others the analysis of his moral nature. Yet the style of the defence is eminently characteristic of the spirit which seems to have animated every one in this miserable affair. Here is a foul, unsavoury scandal, an open pool of corruption, as Mr. BEECHER himself justly calls it, and yet everybody seems to be anxious to stir it up and make as much of it as possible. The sum of Mr. BEECHER's statement is nothing more than a personal denial of the charges, which might have been compressed into a few plain straightforward sentences; but he saw his way to making a sensational display of his moral nature and sufferings, and the instinct was too strong to be resisted. He felt bound to make a thrilling story of it, something that would be talked about, and that would minister to the general craving for romantic excitement. The whole of the correspondence which has been published in connexion with this case shows the same morbid tendency to flatulent and hollow talk. In Mr. and Mrs. TILTON we see a couple of weak, commonplace creatures, gifted with a diseased literary fluency and fondness for big words, who are perpetually working themselves into a state of rhapsodical frenzy. They exchange hysterical letters, in which they exalt each other in the most absurd way, and affect to soar above mere ordinary humanity. TILTON

spins long gushing sermons about his feelings and aspirations and the state of his soul, and his wife responds in a similar strain. She lives, she says, "in profound wonder and hushed solemnity at this great mystery of soul-loving." BEECHER and TILTON, too, write in an equally pretentious and inflated way. BEECHER wishes it to be known by TILTON in confidence, but "not got into the papers," that the mainspring of his preaching is not natural gifts or secular ambition, but "God's own self working in me"; and TILTON writes to thank him for his "sweet and precious letter," and "the fair and winning thoughts of the other life" with which BEECHER is connected in "such a strange and beautiful way." There is no trace of simple, unaffected intimacy in the letters. They are all written in a sort of falsetto, and in a dialect as unlike that of everyday life as possible. The language of the affections is wrested for the purposes of religious communion, and something akin to fondling may be detected in the interchange of spiritual endearments. One of Mrs. TILTON's favourite themes is "the peculiar phase of CHRIST's character as a lover." Altogether the impression which one derives of the mental and moral condition of the different persons in this nauseous drama is anything but prepossessing. They seem to be all more or less infected with a sickly taint which finds expression in greasy cant and emotional delirium.

If the case against Mr. BEECHER had rested only on Mr. TILTON's accusations, it would have deserved little attention; and Mrs. TILTON's confession, which she afterwards retracted, might also have been explained away. TILTON appears to be a flighty, light-headed person, with a passion for notoriety, who is quite capable of being deluded by his own imagination, and whose honesty besides is open to some suspicion. Mr. BEECHER's most formidable accuser was in fact Mr. BEECHER himself, and his defence was therefore mainly directed to getting rid of what seemed to be the natural construction of his own admissions. He had written letters expressing the deepest sorrow, contrition, and remorse for something which he had done, and he had paid money, even at the cost of mortgaging his house, to the man who had threatened to expose him. "I had," he said, "to keep serene as if I was not alarmed or disturbed; to be cheerful at home and among friends, when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet to come up fresh and full for Sunday." He had offered to face destruction in order to satisfy TILTON; to "step down and out," if that would do any good. Mr. BEECHER, however, now states that his penitential expressions had reference only to his having advised the proprietor of a newspaper which TILTON edited to dismiss him on account of his connexion with the Free Love movement, and to his having also counselled Mrs. TILTON to seek a divorce. He was deeply grieved when he saw the domestic misery which followed, and was anxious to make amends, and if possible to undo the mischief. He was also shocked to discover that, unconsciously on his part, he had acquired an influence over Mrs. TILTON which excited her husband's jealousy.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary part of the affair is the singular relations which appear to have existed between Mr. BEECHER and various persons connected with what is called "the scandal." It was on the 27th December, 1870, that Mr. TILTON sent Mr. BEECHER a card, calling upon him, for reasons which he was assumed to know, but which the writer forbore to state, to withdraw from the pulpit and quit Brooklyn as a residence; and it seems to have been immediately after this that Mr. BEECHER gave the advice which he soon afterwards regretted. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more serious charge against a minister of religion than that which TILTON made against BEECHER, and which was supported by a confession purporting to be written by his wife. Either the charge is true, or TILTON and MOULTON are a pair of infamous scoundrels. Yet Mr. BEECHER, after his first fit of anger, when he seems to have thought of assuming the aggressive towards his assailant, is full of Christian pity and forgiveness. After the charge was made he and TILTON continued to meet, to shake hands, and to talk "in a friendly way," and BEECHER even visited at TILTON's house. Mr. MOULTON stood over him with a pistol and compelled him to surrender Mrs. TILTON's retraction of her confession, and was continually bleeding him, as he now says, for hush-money for TILTON. Yet all this time MOULTON is treated as his dearest friend, dearer if possible than TILTON, for whom he is ready to sacrifice himself. MOULTON is "the friend whom God sent

me," and whose "hand tied up the storm that was ready to burst upon our heads." So the pastor writes to the wife of his accuser; yet "the storm," he now asserts, was nothing but a threat to publish an infamous falsehood. Is it not, he asks, an intimation of God's intent of mercy that three unhappy creatures such as ELIZABETH, THEODORE, and himself should have such a common friend as MOULTON? "Oh, that I could put in golden letters my deep sense of your faithful, earnest, undying fidelity—your disinterested friendship." Nevertheless MOULTON is now accused of participation in a wicked conspiracy. Again, he says of THEODORE, the man who (if we assume his innocence) had maligned him in the most horrible way, that if a reconciliation is to take place, "THEODORE will have the hardest task, but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things?" He wonders whether ELIZABETH knows "how generously T. has carried himself towards me." He meets his slanderer in the cars, and remarks with servile gratitude, "He was kind; at the end he told me to go on with my work without the least anxiety in so far as his feelings and actions were the occasions of apprehension." It may seem to some almost an exaggeration of Christian meekness to thank a man for his kindness in refraining from publishing an abominable calumny. But Mr. BEECHER's gratitude knows no bounds. He mortgages his house and pays over 7,000 dollars to MOULTON for TILTON's benefit, and praises TILTON for his "generous impulses," though he admits that his "strong theatric nature" made it impossible to rely upon him. Thus the trivial incident of an accusation of adultery left this happy family as affectionate and united as ever. TILTON and his wife lived together as before, and the charitable pastor whose character had been assailed expresses his profound sense of the generosity with which he has been treated, and is willing to make any sacrifice in return for the imputations heaped upon him. This is certainly a puzzling and mysterious situation, but Mr. BEECHER's offer to retire from his church as a concession to the inventor of what he alleges to be a wicked libel is most bewildering of all. Many a man before now has succumbed to the terror of a false charge, and bribed his accuser. But Mr. BEECHER appears not only to have paid for silence, but to have assumed his own guilt in his intercourse with his persecutors. On his own construction of the matter, the moral cowardice which he has displayed in conniving at the villany of which he was himself the immediate victim is almost as great an offence against society as the personal misconduct with which he is charged.

That craving for perpetual excitement which is the besetting weakness of the American nature would seem to be accountable for much of the mischief in this case. It is evident from the letters which passed between Mrs. TILTON and her husband that she is a vain, weak, impulsive person, with a morbidly developed imagination. She had dreams of intellectual and spiritual communion with kindred spirits far above the ordinary level of humanity. Her husband's occupations took him a great deal away from home, and letter-writing, however ecstatic, is apt to be dull work. She wanted sympathy and mingling of soul with soul, and it appears to be Mr. BEECHER's practice to extend his ministrations to intimate social communion with his flock. He has described himself as being so familiar with the families of his congregation that he goes in and out amongst them just as if it were in his own house. Mrs. TILTON also presents us with an interesting sketch of the pastor, "in fine spirits, making calls." "He de-votes," she says, "Wednesdays and Thursdays to this work, till further notice; has three hundred to make; made twenty to-day; enjoys it immensely. He called on the WHITELOCKS to-day and kissed them all round, LIZZIE WOOD included, he said." In another letter she speaks of her cheek flushing with pleasure at the mention of his name or his arrival on a visit. Her delight and pleasure "in his friendship" was continually increasing, and she felt that she had "lived a richer and happier life" since she had known him. He brought flowers when he came, played with the children, discoursed on high matters with herself, and told her she exercised a most calming and peaceful influence on his nature. It must of course be a fine thing to move about in this way and to make oneself everywhere as much at home as if it were one's own house. A pastor who is not only "fresh and full" on Sundays, but who is always ready for a kiss or any bit of fun during the week, is likely to acquire a peculiar influence in the households of his congregation; but, as Mr. BEECHER

would perhaps now admit, all this is attended with some danger. The good man who feels like a father to everybody may be sure of himself, but he cannot answer for others, and in the course of the romping and kissing misunderstandings may arise. Mr. BEECHER pleads that he was not aware of the feelings with which Mrs. TILTON had come to regard him, and that he did nothing consciously to encourage them; but it is evident that relations of such delicacy as those which Mr. BEECHER has apparently endeavoured to maintain with his flock are extremely liable to misconstruction. There may be a charm in the freedom from prim clerical etiquette which prevails at Brooklyn, but it has its disadvantages, especially in a community where spiritual emotion is cultivated for its own sake at the expense of principle. It appears that Mrs. HOOKER, Mr. BEECHER's sister, who has adopted the doctrines of the Free Lovers, is disposed to believe the charges against him and accordingly to welcome him as the leader of a new woman's movement. She has proposed that he should ascend the Plymouth pulpit and read a confession which she has drawn up for the purpose, and then she will plead on his behalf. The invitation has not, however, been accepted. Altogether the circumstances out of which this scandal has arisen, and the manner in which it has been treated by the various persons concerned, are extremely bewildering. We seem to be in a world from which plain common sense is banished, and where the ordinary notions of propriety and decency are reversed.

SPAIN.

IT may be conjectured that dissatisfaction with the progress of active operations against the Carlists is in some degree connected with the Ministerial crisis which has just occurred at Madrid. Not only was the defeat of Estella a heavy blow, but it disclosed the weakness and want of organization of the army. Marshal CORTES's energy and his great reputation had inspired a confidence which seems not to have been justified by the resources at his command; and it would have been dangerous, or perhaps impossible, for his successors to continue the vigorous campaign which began with the relief of Bilbao. During the two months which have elapsed since the death of CORTES the balance of success has inclined to the side of the Carlists. They have entered several towns in different parts of Spain, though they have been for the most part unable to retain their acquisitions; and they have obtained possession, through the treachery of the garrison or the inhabitants, of the important fortress of Seo d'Urgel, with a considerable number of heavy guns and a quantity of stores. They now threaten Irun and Fontarabia, in the immediate neighbourhood of the French frontier, and they have once more blockaded Bilbao. Their insufficient provision of artillery has hitherto prevented them from taking by a regular siege any fortified town which was properly defended. They have been repelled in several attacks on Poyceda, which perhaps General LOPES DOMINGUEZ may finally succeed in relieving; but the movements of the national generals have hitherto been timid and ineffective, probably because they are unable to trust their undisciplined levies. According to the latest accounts General LOMA had received a check, and Marshal ZABALA had gone to Madrid, where his arrival has been followed by a change of Ministry. The Carlist army, which is now vaguely estimated at the number of 60,000 or 70,000 men, consists entirely of volunteers, though in some districts considerable pressure may have been used. The inhabitants of the Basque provinces and of Aragon belong to the most warlike part of the Spanish population; and a considerable part of the Carlist troops are really zealous in the questionable cause for which they are fighting. The Government of Madrid is compelled to rely on the system of conscription, which is probably more unpopular in Spain than in any other part of Europe. As purchase of exemption from compulsory service is allowed, the dislike of the conscripts for the service is aggravated by jealousy of the privileges of the more favoured class. Experience shows that in actual war good soldiers may be manufactured from the most unpromising materials, but as long as the army consists mainly of unwilling recruits fresh from their homes, it must form an unmanageable machine.

In the analogous war of the Vendée eighty years

ago, the forces of the central Government were, like the Spanish army, composed principally of recent levies, while few of the Royalists were professional soldiers; but it would be unjust to the supporters of either side in the French civil war to compare them with the Spanish combatants of the present day. The cause which the Bretons defended was more intelligible than the rights of Don CARLOS, and the Republican armies fought with the energy of genuine fanaticism. The American civil war furnished a more recent illustration of the comparative inefficiency of troops which had not been regularly trained. In courage and in patriotism the armies on both sides were unsurpassed, but all the earlier campaigns were indecisive; and it was only by an overwhelming preponderance of numbers and military resources that the Federal Government succeeded after five years in crushing the existence of the South. No war in ancient or modern times has been so costly, and the loss of life was enormous. Spain is neither so rich nor so liberal as the United States, and the frequent skirmishes which are reported are insignificant and bloodless in comparison with the great American battles. The prudence of the chiefs on both sides is perhaps excusable, but their aversion to encounter an equal enemy deprives the war of some of its interest. The hardships inflicted on the provinces which are the seat of war would probably be more intolerable if the country were further advanced in civilization. There are no manufactures to be interrupted; the contraband trade is probably facilitated; and agricultural operations proceed as in a state of peace. It may be conjectured that at a comparatively short distance from the scene of contest little interest is felt in the events of the war. Nine-tenths of the people of Spain are unable to read, and they have probably but an indistinct comprehension of even the broadest public interests. The populace of the towns, which has received a certain kind of political education from the speeches of demagogues, probably combines hatred and fear of the Carlists with a strong suspicion that the Government of Madrid, the generals of the army, and the whole body of official persons have a treasonable understanding with the enemy, or are engaged in plots for the restoration of the BOURBONS. It is, in fact, not unlikely that Don ALFONSO may profit in the end by the weariness of all parties, and by the antipathy of the officers of the army to the Republic. For the present Marshal SERRANO and his Ministers are fully employed in providing reinforcements and supplies for the army.

The readiest pecuniary recourse of a Spanish financier in difficulties is always some form of repudiation. The national creditors have again and again been induced or compelled to accept some more or less solid security instead of the interest due upon their bonds, which is required by the Government for more urgent payments. An operation of this kind was effected by consent only a few months ago; and, as a part of the arrangement, certain bills of purchasers of national property were appropriated to the bondholders, and lodged for their benefit in the Bank of England. Every formality which could be devised or applied, including the formal sanction of the Council of State, apparently secured the performance of the contract; but the present Finance Minister, Señor CAMACHO, declined to perform the obligations of his predecessors, and the complaisant Council of State approved of his withdrawal from the engagement. On inquiry it was found that the deposited bills had been removed from the Bank of England; and the unfortunate creditors are now coolly requested to enter into some new alternative arrangement. The sympathy which might be felt for defrauded bondholders is in some degree alleviated by the reflection that they are probably speculative purchasers of discredited securities. The price of a coupon bears a definite proportion to the confidence which is reposed in the national solvency and honour; and the probability that some Señor CAMACHO would administer the finances of Spain will have been anticipated and discounted by a judicious purchaser. The Spanish Government would perhaps be honest if it could, because an improved reputation would largely increase its facility of obtaining credit. Repudiation is a highly profitable operation if it can be practised once for all, but a debtor who is likely again to become a borrower injures himself as well as his creditor by refusing to pay. During the greater part of the reign of Queen ISABELLA, Spanish Bonds were excluded from the principal Stock Exchanges of Europe in consequence of the financial bad faith of the Government. The public creditor would now gladly recall the worst times of the Monarchy;

and he perhaps vaguely hopes that, if the Carlist war is ever terminated, a settled Government may attempt to revive the confidence which has been so long and so rudely disturbed.

Although the formal recognition of Marshal SERRANO'S Government has not yet been accomplished, Lord DERBY has judged rightly in not allowing the national policy to be affected by controversies between English capitalists and a foreign Government. It is now finally settled that a private lender is not to calculate on the intervention of his own Government as part of the security given by a foreign State. The same rule which prohibits the employment of fleets and armies to enforce the payment of private debts applies equally to measures of national policy. The recognition of the present Spanish Government can only be justified on the assumption that it is entitled to represent the nation. No process by which foreign creditors can be mulcted of their dues would in the smallest degree weaken any obedience which the Spaniards may be disposed to render to the Government of Madrid. The fact therefore on which alone the claim to recognition depends is not altered by the financial dishonesty of the Government. Cruel, tyrannical, and fraudulent Governments have frequently been admitted to diplomatic intercourse by Powers which were not disposed to regulate their policy by their moral estimation of their neighbours. The English Government ought to have recognized SERRANO'S Government without waiting for the decision of Germany; and it will not be deterred from completing the acknowledgment because Russia has unexpectedly refused to join in a harmless act of courtesy. The causes of the Russian hesitation have not been explained except by the conventional statement that the permanence of the Republic and its acceptance by the Spaniards themselves have not yet been sufficiently proved. It is hardly probable that the Emperor of Russia should object to the form of a Republic, which his father on several occasions ostentatiously preferred to that of a Constitutional Monarchy. Russia has often exchanged fulsome professions of respect and regard with the United States, and the Emperor's Government is represented at Paris. Whether the Government of Madrid will derive any advantage from the recognition of the other Powers remains to be proved. The French Legitimists will display additional zeal for the cause of Don CARLOS because the French Government has made advances to the Spanish Republic at the instigation of Germany. It is not known whether any measures have been adopted for diminishing the facilities which have hitherto been afforded to the Carlists at the frontier. The Government of Madrid is accused of scandalous negligence in delivering passports for France to the Carlist agents.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE Republican Convention of Pennsylvania will probably find that it has made a blundering party move. The State has long boasted of its repeated success in deciding Presidential elections, and, although its proportional power has been diminished by the more rapid growth of population in the West, the authority of Pennsylvania is still respected by election managers throughout the Union. The local leaders apparently calculated that they would secure an advantage by being early in the field, and they have strictly conformed to the traditional rule of preferring an obscure candidate who may as little as possible provoke envy or jealousy. In a canvass prolonged through two years Mr. HARTMAN'S name may perhaps acquire the notoriety which is more indispensable than eminence or merit; but, if the Pennsylvanian candidate is accepted as unobjectionable, he will add no strength to the cause which he is selected to represent. In an old-fashioned contest between two organized factions professing definite and adverse political doctrines, it was sometimes the interest of the party which was opposed to the actual President to commence its canvass long before the expiration of the current term; but where the issues of the election are likely to be settled with reference to unforeseen events and to shifting opinions, there is some risk in anticipating the appointed period of the contest. In the present instance the promoters of the Pennsylvania Convention have published a challenge, not to their formidable opponents, but to the former nominees and favourites of themselves and their political allies. There may perhaps be sound reasons for adhering to the custom by which since the time of WASH-

INGTON Presidents have been restricted to two terms of office; but the Republican party will care more for success than for any constitutional tradition, and it is not improbable that General GRANT, who is known to desire a second re-election, may prove to be the most popular candidate who can be found. Electioneering politicians will not fail to consider the possibility that, if he is rejected by one party, General GRANT may take refuge in the opposite camp. He began life as a Democrat, and he is only a Republican by accident, because it suited the purpose of the majority for the time being to prefer a candidate whose military services had entitled him to the highest honours which the nation could bestow. During his tenure of the Presidency General GRANT has not scrupled to avail himself of the services of intriguing Republican politicians, and he has more than once inclined to the side of the coloured agitators in the Southern States. Of late it has been observed that he has held the balance more evenly; and if his claims to a third nomination are rejected by his former supporters, he may find his advantage in renewing his Democratic connexion.

An ostentatious denunciation of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty, and of the general principles of Free-trade, seems to indicate that the manufacturers had contrived to obtain the control of the State Convention for the purpose of using its influence rather for their own private advantage than for the benefit of the party. It is perfectly intelligible that monopolists should prefer the maintenance of their own privileges to any political object; but it is less easy to explain their rejection of the candidature of General GRANT, who has hitherto consistently supported a protective tariff. The explanation of their distrust may perhaps be found in his veto on the Bill for the expansion of the currency. The President had, notwithstanding his want of economic training, laboriously arrived by his own unassisted acuteness at the conclusion that an early return to specie payments was desirable, and that it was not expedient by adulterating the currency to defraud creditors for the benefit of debtors. The Republican manufacturers may not unreasonably have suspected that a mind capable of attaining to one rational conclusion might eventually discover the fallacy of the whole theory of Protection. It may be presumed either that Mr. HARTMAN is interested in the maintenance of monopoly or that he is at least incapable of conviction. On many points of the dominant Republican creed there seems to be no reason for doubting the President's practical orthodoxy. He has uniformly discountenanced schemes for reforming the Civil Service, and many of his appointments have been made with a truly popular disregard of character and fitness. Nevertheless the Republican seceders are perhaps right in their suspicion that the President has rather conformed to the principles of the party than undergone a genuine conversion. Their wish to prevent his renomination is perfectly natural, but it is improbable that they can forecast at a distance of two years the conditions of a contest in which he might perhaps be the most available candidate.

The victory of the advocates of Free-trade is as certain as the date of their inevitable success is doubtful. If the supporters of the Reciprocity Treaty, and of a reduction in the tariff, ally themselves at the next election with the Democrats, they may probably be able to appoint a President. The interests of agricultural production and of commerce concern a vast majority of the inhabitants of the Union, while the protected manufacturers are comparatively few; and even in elections by universal suffrage there is sometimes an advantage in being in the right. Whether Free-trade will prevail in 1876, in 1880, or in 1884 it is impossible to foresee. A more urgent and still more important question will perhaps before the next election press for immediate solution. The most intelligent part of the community begins to repent of the precipitate legislation which is producing its necessary result in the spreading anarchy of the South. The forcible establishment of nominal and legal equality between an inferior and a superior race was from the first destined to prove abortive. Silly verbal quibbles about the superiority of the ballot to the bullet have not prevented resort to force, either when the coloured voters have won an election or when they have failed. In Louisiana, where a principal manager of the local Republican faction is an office-holder nearly connected with the President, the Federal troops have been employed on the side of the negroes and their political guides. In Arkansas, the President, having to choose between two rival Governors, preferred the competitor

who seems to have been legally elected. Grave disturbances have now broken out in Tennessee, where the coloured population was dissatisfied with the success of the white citizens in a State election. According to the latest accounts, negro insurgents had begun to drill and to collect arms, and the authorities had put to death several of the ringleaders. If the Southern States formed a separate community, at liberty, like the Spaniards, to settle their quarrels without external interference, the result of a war of races might be easily foretold. The whites are superior in numbers, in intelligence, and in power of organization; and they would inevitably prevail in a struggle with their former slaves. At present it is their interest to secure by moderation the support and approval of their Northern countrymen.

The Federal force may perhaps, notwithstanding its small numbers, be strong enough for a time to repress actual outbreaks, and to reduce civil war to a smouldering condition; but a thoroughly artificial and vicious state of political society will require organic remedies. If no previous revolution intervenes, both the contending parties in the South will tender their support to the candidate who will pledge himself most strongly to their respective claims. The Democratic party in the North will vote unanimously for the candidate who is favoured by the white population; but it seems probable that Republican opinion will be uncertain and divided. Against the restoration of slavery, and against systematic oppression of the coloured people, the respectable part of the Northern population would be unanimous; but the incapacity of the negroes to share in the government of the country is already acknowledged by all dispassionate observers. If the national prejudice against a politic restriction of the suffrage is found to be invincible, it will only remain to evade by some elaborate fiction the constitutional rights which it may be thought impossible openly to withdraw. In America, as in Europe, a tolerable licence necessarily leads to the establishment of some kind of dictatorial power; supreme executive authority can only be administered by the PRESIDENT, or in his name by the commander of a military force. If the South is to be governed arbitrarily for the benefit of its irreconcilable factions, General GRANT would probably maintain peace more effectually and more easily than a civilian who might be embarrassed by political prejudices. It is still remembered that at the close of the war he offered the Southern General terms so liberal that they were disavowed by the PRESIDENT. He must by this time have learned something of the art of government, of which he was originally ignorant; and he still retains a part of the popularity which was earned by his services in the war. While the disorders of the South require the exercise of all the statesmanlike vigour which may be found in the Union, it would be an inexcusable error to select an unknown candidate, such as Mr. HARTNETT, for the next Presidential term. General GRANT may perhaps, when the time of election arrives, profit by the remarkable absence of distinction among the politicians of the day.

POPULOUS PLACES.

IT is no doubt desirable that the Legislature in passing an Act should have a distinct idea of what it desires to do, and should take care that the idea is clearly conveyed in the language of the statute; and there is obviously a failure of duty when it shirks this obligation and throws upon others the responsibility of discovering or imagining what it may be supposed to have meant. At the same time, we cannot help thinking that perhaps rather more fuss is just now being made about the difficulty of defining "populous places" under the Licensing Act than is at all necessary. The Amendment Act was passed at the fag-end of the Session, when members were weary and time pressing, and when there was a disposition to evade rather than to take the trouble of surmounting any difficulties. It was foreseen that there might be some embarrassment in determining what was and what was not a populous place; but nobody could suggest any more convenient phrase, and it was thought to be rather a recommendation than otherwise that it left some discretion to the magistrates. It is enacted that 11 o'clock shall be the closing hour for public-houses in every town or populous place. There is no difficulty in ascertaining what is a town, for it is explained to be any urban sanitary district of one thousand inhabitants and upwards. A populous place, how-

ever, in its ordinary sense means only a place where there are people, and no hint is given as to how many people are required to make a place populous, except that there must be at least a thousand. All that the Act says is that a populous place shall mean any area with a population of not less than a thousand, which, by reason of the density of such population, the County Licensing Committee may by order determine to be a populous place. The duty of settling this question is therefore thrown upon the magistrates. It is possible that it might have been more convenient if the Legislature had fixed some general rule for the guidance of the local authorities, but of course a fixed rule would have deprived the magistrates of the discretion which it was supposed to be desirable that they should possess. We suspect that most persons, if they were asked to take a journey by railway, and to say whether the stations at which they stopped were populous places or not, would not have much difficulty in agreeing on the subject. A town has been defined by one of the Judges to be a place containing a number of houses congregated together—an inhabited spot where the occupation is continuous. It is true that this description would equally apply to a village, and that it affords no clue to the number of houses required as a qualification for the title of town. Yet it might, in conjunction with the condition that there must be at least a thousand inhabitants in order to constitute a populous place, be taken as a basis for a definition of that much abused expression. A populous place may be considered to be a collection of inhabited houses, not scattered at varying intervals over a large area, but all gathered together in a compact series of streets, so as to be a town, in fact, in everything except name. There are places with a thousand inhabitants which do not approach at all to the character of a town, because the population is loose and straggling. On the other hand, there are places which are only not towns because they do not possess the requisite urban sanitary organization.

There would seem to be a curious perversity in the action of some of the magistrates on this subject. There can be no doubt, we should say, that it was certainly not supposed by the Legislature that it would be impossible to discover any populous place in Buckinghamshire. Yet this is the conclusion at which the Licensing Committee of that county has arrived. If we turn to the *Gazetteer* we find that Chesham, Great Marlow, Wolverton, Amersham, Wendover, and other places have each a population of from 1,600 to 6,000, collected together in a close compact form, so that, in fact, they are practically towns, except that they have not the urban sanitary constitution. Two of these places are, in fact, the third and fourth most populous places in the county. It is absurd that such places should not be treated as towns as regards the hours at which public-houses should be closed. Their social circumstances are the same as those of a town, their wants are the same, and, if it is right that towns which are practically towns should have their public-houses open till 11 o'clock at night, it is only reasonable that these other places should also be under the same rule. The consequence of this decision will be, as has been pointed out, that the closing hour in towns of 1,200 or 1,500 people will be 11 o'clock, while in places of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants it will be 10 o'clock. It will be observed that the point to be determined is not merely the extent of population in a place, but its density, and those who are now calling out for a hard and fast definition would be usefully employed if they would exercise their ingenuity in endeavouring to devise one. It might perhaps be done by requiring a certain proportion of inhabitants to every acre; but it is not at all unlikely that a definition, if attempted very closely, might give rise to at least as many difficulties as the want of one. All that would seem to be required is a little common sense on the part of magistrates, and willingness to give effect to the obvious intentions of the Legislature. A "Somersetshire Magistrate" who has written a very sensible letter on the subject has pointed out that the natural way to distinguish a populous place from a scattered rural district is to observe whether it is furnished with a common supply of gas or water, and the ordinary appliances of an urban community. These matters may be ascertained, and a reasonable deduction drawn from them, without requiring any superhuman sagacity on the part of gentlemen who are not usually supposed to possess it. Magistrates who are anxious to give effect to the law will find that they have a comparatively simple task before them; but of course there are none so blind as those who

will not see a populous place of 5,000 inhabitants. In Dorsetshire the Licensing Committee has resolved to hold an adjourned meeting for the purpose of receiving applications from districts whose inhabitants desire them to be defined as populous places; and if they can show that their social condition is similar to that of towns where public-houses are open till 11 o'clock, they will probably get what they want. A question has been raised as to whether the Licensing Committees are bound to fix the boundaries of populous places on the 1st of September or have power to adjourn; but there can hardly be any doubt that, whatever ambiguity there may be in the law, the Judges would recognize the right of adjournment within reasonable limits.

There is another matter connected with the liquor laws in which the Legislature has endeavoured to evade the responsibility of explaining its own meaning in a distinct and definite manner, and that is in the case of the celebrated *bonâ fide* traveller. A publican who has a house near Finsbury Park was brought before the police magistrate the other day for selling intoxicating drink at unlawful hours. It appears that a great many thirsty people find their way to the defendant's house on Sunday during the hours when public-houses are closed, and obtain drink in the character of travellers. This was the first case under the new Licensing Act, which leaves it, in the first instance, to the discretion of the landlord to decide whether or not he will believe the statement of the person alleging himself to be a traveller; and, in the second place, to the discretion of the magistrate to say whether the publican really did believe what he was told. It will be seen that there is a good deal of margin for discretion here pretty well all round, and it must be very difficult for a magistrate to know whether a publican believes what his customers say, as well as for the publican to know what he ought to believe. It is obvious that, except in the case of persons who are actually known to him, the landlord has no possible means of ascertaining where his customers come from. There are many persons who like to take a walk to Finsbury Park on a Sunday morning, and if the weather is hot they will naturally be thirsty. On the Sunday in question 1,320 persons were admitted to this public-house, and they were each asked whether they were travellers, and replied that they were. The magistrate remarked that it was most improper to admit hundreds of persons in this way; but it is evident that a publican must take each case individually, and that, if the number accumulates, that is not his fault. A thousand *bonâ fide* travellers have just as much right to demand refreshment as a couple; the only question is whether the applicants properly come under the designation of travellers. The magistrate told the landlord that he was bound to take reasonable precautions; but when he was asked to say what were reasonable precautions, he replied that he would rather not express any opinion on the subject. Unfortunately his caution broke down here, and he went on to observe that he thought a publican would not have much difficulty in discovering whether an applicant was entitled to admission. It is perfectly obvious, however, that a publican must have the greatest possible difficulty in ascertaining where a man whom he never before saw in his life usually lives, and whether he is telling the truth as to his residence; and it is not easy to see what more he can do in such a case than ask the usual questions and take the answers on trust.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO PONTIGNY.

WE have heard the case put, whether, if crusades were still in fashion, Messrs. Cook and Son would offer "personally to conduct" them. Perhaps however in those days their offers would have been rejected, at all events by the first batch of zealots who set forth, unconscious of policy, in honest and ignorant faith. A system of tickets, coupons, and such like would have seemed of the earth, earthly, to those who committed themselves to the divine guidance of a goat and a goose, or to the honest man who set out in his cart and asked at each town which he came to whether that was Jerusalem. But if Messrs. Cook and Son have not in these times the chance of "personally conducting" a crusade, they can at least, by something like the lawyers' doctrine of *cy pres*, conduct the next thing to a crusade—namely, a pilgrimage. A crusade is, in short, a pilgrimage with fighting thrown in; and in the land of Moab at least, Mr. Cook's pilgrims seem, if they do not come in for actual fighting, at any rate to pay some kind of black mail which may pass for a payment to avoid fighting, a kind of scutage paid to the enemy. It would seem then that in the more distant expeditions of Messrs. Cook a touch of the crusading element really

is added, and perhaps if there ever should be a crusade to restore the temporal power of the Holy See, Messrs. Cook will undertake "personally to conduct" the pious warriors by land or by sea, as the Venetians conducted the heroes of the Fourth Crusade. The next time that any exploit happens of the nature of the taking of Zara, it may be that holders of coupons will be entitled to free quarters in the conquered city. But till there is a chance of conducting a real crusade, it is something to be able to conduct a real pilgrimage. And perhaps it might be better if all pilgrimages could be put into the hands of Messrs. Cook, for we are sure that under their guidance the pilgrims would not be allowed to behave so badly as some of the order are said to have done lately in Canterbury Cathedral. But, while we are writing, Messrs. Cook's last set of pilgrims are on their way to a shrine more distant than Canterbury, though nearer than Moab. If all the world has not heard of the pilgrimage to Pontigny, it is not the fault of Archbishop Manning, nor of the *Times* and its Correspondents. But why do they go to Pontigny? They go, it seems, to do reverence to St. Edmund of Canterbury, who is there buried, though it would seem from one correspondent that the whole of him has not been allowed to stay quietly in his grave. But if we ask why they should go to do reverence to St. Edmund the question becomes a little darker. It is really amusing to read the letters of Archbishop Manning, all the more amusing because on some important points he has really got hold of English history by the right end. But he is bound somehow to force the facts of English history into some kind of agreement with the theories of Ultramontaniam, and to believe that all the ecclesiastical worthies of mediæval England stood in the same kind of relation to the Pope in which he stands himself. Now we have often pointed out the general difference between the position of men who accepted a doctrine which it had not come into their heads to doubt and of men who accept the same doctrine in the teeth of doubts and controversies of all kinds. Even if it could be proved that St. Edmund thought exactly about the supremacy of the Pope as Archbishop Manning thinks, he would still have held the doctrine in quite another way. But nothing can be plainer than that we really have no need to draw this distinction, because nothing is plainer than that Edmund Rich was not, as Archbishop Manning gives him out, a zealous supporter of the supremacy of Rome, but rather as strong an opponent of it as a very gentle and rather timid nature would let him be. It is amusing to compare Dr. Manning's notion of St. Edmund with Dr. Hook's, who of course works as hard as he can to put St. Edmund in an exactly opposite point of view. The true picture no doubt lies somewhere between the two, but there can be no doubt that Edmund Rich, St. Edmund the Archbishop, who withstood both Pope and King and suffered at the hands of both Pope and King, though his resistance was not so fierce nor his sufferings so hard as those of some other ecclesiastical heroes, is entitled to a place, not among those who served Rome against England, but among those who stood up for England against Rome.

In short, Dr. Manning and his followers have hit on the wrong Archbishop and the wrong place of pilgrimage. Instead of going to Pontigny to reverence Edmund Rich, they should go to St. Gemma to reverence his predecessor Richard. To be sure the journey would be longer. St. Gemma is only two days' journey on this side Rome, according to the day's journeys of the thirteenth century, and it is not so easy to find on the map as Pontigny. But we doubt not that the energy of Messrs. Cook would easily get up a pilgrimage to St. Gemma, and, at any rate, as it is north of Rome and not south, it can hardly be such dangerous travelling there as it seems still to be in the land of Moab. As Archbishop Richard was buried at St. Gemma, he is most likely there still. And as his body wrought at least one miracle after death, it seems hard that he has been left all this time without even so much as a B to put before his name. Richard wrote some books as well as Edmund, and he was a much more faithful servant of the Holy See. For his chief exploit was to go to Rome to complain of the King and the King's Minister; and it is not wonderful that Gregory the Ninth listened with all favour to an English Archbishop who came on such an errand. Edmund went to Rome also, but he went to complain of the way in which the Papal Legate interfered with and thwarted all his own plans of reform, and of course he got very little comfort from Gregory. Edmund, in short, through the whole of his not very long archiepiscopate, had, as became a good Englishman in the reign of Henry the Third, Pope and King together always against him. Dr. Manning tells us that it was "in defence of the laws and liberties of the Catholic Church" that St. Edmund "died in exile." There is a sense in which these words are true, but they are not true in the sense which they will doubtless convey to Dr. Manning's readers and hearers. If by the laws and liberties of the Catholic Church we mean the common rights of the Church of England and of any other national Church as against the usurpations of the See of Rome, for such laws and liberties St. Edmund certainly did strive. And, if a man who goes abroad of his own act is said to be in exile, St. Edmund certainly died in exile. From Dr. Manning's description anybody would think that Edmund was a fierce asserter of ecclesiastical rights against the King rather than against the Pope, and that it was by the King's act that he was banished. But in truth Edmund had no quarrel with the King, save in so far as the King backed up the Pope in aggressions against the Church and realm of England.

In fact, at this stage Robert Grosseteste seems to have thought his metropolitan rather slack in asserting ecclesiastical privileges of any kind. Robert was strong against the clergy hold-

ing secular offices as well as being subject to secular courts. Edmund thought it better to tolerate pluralities and the holding of secular offices by churchmen, rather than forbid abuses with a reservation of the Pope's power to allow them, a power which was certain to be exercised in the very cases where the abuse was greatest. It was better of the two that a plurality of benefices should be held by Englishmen, who might perhaps discharge the duties of some of them, than by Italians who would certainly never come near any of them. The strife of that day was not like any of the strifes earlier or later, and it was in some points a more healthy strife than any of them. King and Pope were leagued together against the clergy and people of England: both alike were eager to seize their money and to promote foreigners at their expense. Edmund censured Simon of Montfort for his uncanonical marriage, but the strife in which Edmund was engaged was the same strife in which Simon was engaged thirty years later; the wonder is that Edmund was ever canonized at Rome. There is no doubt that the honour was granted most unwillingly; but as Edmund did not die under any ecclesiastical censure, and as his life had been a model of saintship according to the standard of those times, the honour could be granted without actual inconsistency. It was wrong from Innocent the Fourth by the general demand of England, and, if we like to believe the story, it was further wrong from him by finding in his own person that the patriotic Englishman had miraculous powers of healing. So, we all know, had Simon, but then they were not exercised for the healing of a Bishop of Rome. But the canonization of Edmund was in the end politic. We see by this present pilgrimage that it has answered. Had Edmund died excommunicate like Simon, not only would Dr. Manning never have thought of sending a pilgrimage to his grave, but the men of his own time would, as in the case of Simon, have been better able to see in him the champion of England against Rome. The canonization blinded men's eyes. Edmund became a champion of the Church in the more convenient sense of the word Church, and now he is held up to reverence as a supporter of the usurpations which he passed his primacy in withstanding. At the same time we must allow that Edmund himself did give a certain handle to this kind of treatment; he did in a manner give occasion for the enemy to blaspheme. Would people go on pilgrimage to him if his tomb were to be found in any of his English haunts, at Abingdon, at Coler, at Salisbury, or at Canterbury? We know not. There was a weakness in Edmund's retiring from his duties to any place, especially to a place beyond sea. But his choice of Pontigny made it specially easy to turn him into a saint of the common type. Edmund no doubt went to Pontigny because Thomas had gone there. The two men were utterly unlike, though it is almost as unfair to claim Thomas as it is to claim Edmund as a mere advocate of the Roman supremacy. Still, in character and position and in the cause in which each strove, Thomas and Edmund held quite different historical positions. But Edmund's own act certainly did a good deal to confound the two. By Edmund's time Thomas had become the received type of a saintly archbishop. What Thomas had done was therefore the right thing for Edmund to do. Thomas had gone to Pontigny; therefore, when Edmund found that he got small comfort at Canterbury, and would certainly get less comfort at Rome, he went to Pontigny too. By so doing he gave a great handle towards mixing up two careers which were in truth quite unlike one another.

It is of some importance that the true position of Archbishop Edmund should be cleared up. Englishmen should not let the enemy rob them of all their worthies. Archbishop Manning of course speaks from his own point of view, and we do not blame him. But there was the *Times* a few days ago talking away—we forget the exact words—about Edmund being ever to spend “national property” and “national” something else on behalf of a foreign power. Seeing that what Edmund really did was to try to hinder a foreign power from seizing English money, this is hardly an answer to gainsayers. Archbishop Manning must indeed chuckle when he reads this kind of thing, and we do not know that churchmen are much mended when some well-meaning man sends to the *Times* an extract about St. Edmund from some modern compilation, in which he is grotesquely spoken of as “a Berkshire clergyman.” Dr. Hook gives the facts, but he of course as naturally colours one way as Dr. Manning colours the other. Still Roger of Wendover and Mathew Paris are to be had, and we rather think that Mr. Bohn has published a crib of them, for the benefit, it may be, of pilgrims and writers in the *Times*. At all events, though we do not claim to put Edmund on a level with Stephen Langton and Earl Simon, we do claim him in his degree as an English patriot and an opponent of Rome. The Ultramontane who goes to Pontigny in the belief that he is going to worship at the tomb of one who would have had any sympathy with himself may undoubtedly be reckoned in the number of those who worship they know not what.

THE ART OF SKIPPING.

CONSIDERING how much more people read, or are supposed to read, nowadays than they ever did before, it is not a little strange how seldom they are aware that there is room for the exercise of art in reading as well as in other occupations. The remark which Socrates made on statesmanship, that it was an exceedingly difficult and complicated business which everybody practised, and nobody thought himself bound to learn, applies with tenfold

force in our own day, not merely to its original object, but to an infinity of other matters. And the exercise of reading, in which many of us spend, whether for work or for pleasure, a very appreciable proportion of our lives, certainly falls within the spirit of his censure. We learn in our infancy to read words, but we are left to pick up the way to read books. Advice about the choice of the kind of matter to be read is indeed plentiful enough, and is not unfrequently overdone; but how to read the things chosen intelligently and economically, how to extract the greatest profit with the least expense of time and eyesight—this, which surely is a thing worth knowing, is left for the most part to come by nature. So far as we are aware, there is only one current precept on the subject, and that is radically wrong. As the prejudice created by it must be cleared away before any reasonable conclusions of a positive kind can be arrived at, we shall do our best to expose the venerable fallacy at the risk of being held to encourage idleness, desultoriness, and naughtiness generally.

Almost every one who was fond of reading as a child must more or less distinctly remember having impressed on him at various times that “it is wrong to skip.” This maxim is answerable for a quantity of time and trouble wasted in useless reading by the children who listen to it, after they have come to riper years, which, if the statistics could only be collected and nicely made out, should be enough to raise a clamour for a Royal Commission. The general proposition is indeed softened by explanations and qualifications, by the time when young readers are thought to be of sufficient discretion to follow them. But the qualifications are all wrong too. The rule commonly taught, as modified by exceptions in teaching or practice, comes to this. It is wrong to skip in reading a solid book. The more solid the book, and the more important the matter, the greater is the offence of skipping. It is venial to skip in reading poetry, and quite harmless to skip in reading novels. This rule appears to us just as wise and sensible as if a parent whose son was about to travel partly on business in cities, partly in the country, and partly among works of art, were to advise him in this fashion:—“I would have you above all things remember to keep a most observant eye on everything about you in the places where you do business. If you confine your attention to what concerns yourself, if you cannot tell me what other people were doing, if you fail to note all the things in the counting-houses and the shop-windows, I shall take you for an idle fellow. As to the country, no doubt you had better observe its beauties than not, but it does not much matter. As to pictures and so forth, certainly they are good in their way; but as they are only made to be looked at, why you may look at them just as carefully or carelessly as you please.”

Instead of acting by analogy to such advice as this, which we need not spend time in showing to be counter to the general opinion and habits of mankind, we prefer to treat reading as a branch of human life, and to hold a doctrine directly opposed to the popular fallacy. We maintain that the true belief as to skipping is to this effect—generally speaking, *it is not wrong to skip*. Skipping is an important part of the art of reading, and should be practised systematically. It is most to be practised in solid books—by which we mean, for the purposes of this discussion, books that are read merely for information. Solid or serious reading consists in attending to the matter of a book independently of the form, except indeed when the form itself is the primary subject of study, as for instance from the point of view of a philologist or historian of literature. The more solid the book, the more expedient it is to skip, and the more useful it is to know how to skip judiciously. But when the form is of sensible importance to the reader as compared with the matter—or, in less abstract language, when a book is read partly or wholly for entertainment and æsthetic pleasure, independently of information—then the art of skipping is no longer in its proper place, and should be very sparingly used, if at all. It is generally a mistake in poetry, and it is absolutely wrong in a good novel. We do not mean to forbid a cursory glance at a novel or volume of poems about which nothing is known, honestly intended as a preliminary inquiry to ascertain whether it is worth reading at all. One has a perfect right to look into a book and say that it appears to be worth reading or not worth reading as the case may be; and the faculty of doing this with a reasonable chance of guessing right is indeed closely connected with the art and mystery of skipping. But we must protest against the habit of tasting a good novel by dips and skips—which really is nothing better than taking extracts at random—and then pretending to have read the novel. This way of treating the masterpieces of fiction, though we fear it is not uncommon and meets with but little reprehension, we take to be no less vicious and demoralizing than the much decried practice of skipping in books of solid instruction is in truth wholesome and laudable. The same observation applies, though in a less degree, to the reading of poems.

Our position may seem paradoxical, but it can be established by indisputable steps. Let us begin at the beginning with the extreme of serious literature. The books which are wholly made up of solid instruction, or profess so to be, which are completely free, so far as human frailty will allow, from any suspicion of art or amusement, are Charles Lamb's class of *bibliothèque* books, which are no books. The class includes nearly all dictionaries—not quite all, for M. Littré, and perhaps a few others, have a way of writing a series of disjointed but fascinating essays disguised in the dictionary form—most encyclopædic literature, of

course with individual exceptions, and a considerable part of books of reference and scientific treatises generally. Now it may be safely said that no one ever supposed that such books were meant to be read continuously, that there was *any* virtue in reading them from beginning to end, or any vice in looking into them to find particular things as wanted. Indeed it is generally admitted that the worker in any special subject on which much literature exists is at a disadvantage if he does not know how to use books of reference properly—that is, if he is not an adept in the art of skipping. This is especially true in the profession which of all others is the most rigorous in requiring accurate knowledge and the least favourable to slovenly habits. Half the practical aptitude of a lawyer, at any rate of an English lawyer, depends on his being able to use his books discontinuously, so as to pick out the very thing he is in search of, and not waste time on its irrelevant surroundings.

But if thus much is conceded, why should the principle of skipping be confined to books which are manifestly and on the face of them not readable? Why is it right to flit from page to page of a dictionary by the help of the alphabetical order, and wrong to travel from one part of a history or a book of travels to another by the help of the index (if the book happens to be tolerably indexed), table of contents, or otherwise? We can see no answer to this, so long as the object of reading the book is knowledge and not artistic pleasure. The writer can at most only guess what things it will be convenient to tell; an intelligent reader must know best what things he wants to be told. It is the same with argumentative writing, essays, and the like. You see by a glance at the first page of half-a-dozen that the whole space is filled with setting forth an argument with which you are quite familiar, to which you will never be converted, or to which you need no conversion; by what manner of duty or reason can you be bound to read the other five pages? It may be answered, Because the style gives a new lustre to old matter. But then you are no longer reading with the single view of information, and the instance is no exception to the first branch of our rule, but a confirmation of the second. It shows, not that it is wrong to skip when you read for learning, but that it is right not to skip when you read for pleasure.

In reading what may be called literature of exposition, especially in really good essays, it is often difficult to say how much of the general pleasurable impression is due to the substance of the author's meaning, and how much to the form. This may be regarded as a kind of neutral ground, where skipping may in some circumstances be allowable and expedient, in others a grave mistake. When we come to fiction the case is much plainer. A good work of fiction, whether in prose or in verse—we are here speaking only of good works—is a work of art, and can be rightly enjoyed only by entering into sympathy with the artist's mind and accepting his work according to his intention. In a perfect poem the place of every word, in a perfect novel the place, if not of every word, of every episode and of every paragraph, is important; and the reader who skips throws away the pleasure he was meant to derive from the harmony of composition, in which very possibly the beauty of the whole may chiefly consist, and despises the best part of the artist's labour. He might as well go to see a good play, and then wilfully miss every alternate scene. In saying this we are no doubt setting up a high standard of light reading. We assert by implication the doctrine, which many will think severe, that a novel not worth reading continuously is not worth reading at all; and this principle would lead to the conclusion that a vast quantity of current and accepted literature has no business to exist. And so we are perhaps committed to a paradox worse than the first. We should not be disinclined to do battle for it if space allowed; but the whole subject of novel-reading is too large to be disposed of in a closing sentence, and one paradox at a time is enough.

FATHER THEINER.

THE death of Father Theiner deprives the Church of Rome of one of her most conspicuous members, and closes a strange career. He was born in Silesia, in 1804, and in his youth belonged to a group of men whose attachment to the Catholic Church was uncertain, and who lived at open war with her laws and authorities. For a whole generation the temper of the Silesian clergy has been exceptional. One Prince Bishop became a Protestant; another was long renowned as the most independent and enlightened prelate of his time; a third was involved during his early years in the same contentions as Theiner. The Theological Faculty of Breslau was continually in hot water, and Bishop Reinkeus is one of its Professors. Father Theiner's first work, a treatise on the law of Celibacy, was written in conjunction with his elder brother Anton, who was an active assailant of Rome and died out of communion with the Church. At that time Theiner was extremely young, and he afterwards avowed that the views put forward in his book were suggested by other influences than sincere religious zeal. Towards Protestantism indeed he had no inclination, and during this phase of his opinions England in particular inspired him with a grotesque aversion. When he left his country at the age of twenty-seven he was loosely and imperfectly trained. He possessed neither deep convictions nor high aspirations, and he showed little promise of future distinction beyond the common inheritance of his race—the power of patient, obscure, and thankless toil. His travels were first directed to the

collection of materials for the early history of the Canon Law. At Paris he made the acquaintance both of Guizot and of Lamennais, but neither of the two hostile teachers claimed any influence over his unsettled mind. In 1832 he came to Rome, went through a course of religious exercises at St. Eusebio, and came out from them a fervent Catholic. But the shadows of his early experience darkened the remainder of his life. The sense of scandal to be atoned for, and of evil to be made good, remained with him to the end. If it operated as a restraint and an impediment to action, it also served as an encouragement to tranquil endurance under trials and humiliations which a more refined character would have found hard to bear. When he became an important personage his enemies affirmed that there was better reason for his repugnance than he cared to admit. They related that he had made himself so useful to the French Government by his reports on the schemes of the Legationist clergy in 1832, that they sent him on a similar errand to Rome, and that there, after his conversion, he betrayed his employers to Cardinal Bernetti.

Theiner repaid the friendship of the Jesuits by an enthusiastic admiration, and even thought of joining them. It is said that they were unwilling to admit him, but that they made him very advantageous offers to write their history. The commission was ultimately given to Grégoire Joly, and the change was a judicious one. Theiner's book would have been less readable without being more solid. Although he was able to write in four languages, in all of them he was confused and declamatory. He knew how to pile quotation upon quotation with the external erudition of the seventeenth century, but he had not learnt to defend an argument without triviality or to assail one without violence. He complained that translators, with an excess of delicacy, omitted the telling passages of his books. Sometimes he himself saw reason, in second editions, to prune the coarse exuberance of the first. No man of equal mark in letters, excepting Ewald, has ever wanted so completely the note of good breeding. No wealth of material could redeem his defects of method, of temper, and of taste. But readers who were repelled by the tone of his ungainly volumes on the Swedish Reformation, the ecclesiastical policy of Frederick the Great, or the conversion of German princes, could not help admitting that the author had been fortunate in his opportunities, and was working a vein of the richest ore. For fifteen years his writings met with no applause, and his position in literature was hardly recognized, but it was known that he could handle a pickaxe better than any workman in Rome. Theiner turned, like Newman after him, from the Jesuits to the Oratorians. In the spacious and quiet convent of the Chiesa Nuova he found a splendid library, a goodly store of manuscripts, and the papers of Raynaldus, the continuator of Baronius. Before the death of Gregory XVI. he was admitted into the Papal archives, and after the revolution he was placed over them.

It was an attractive plan to employ Germans in departments where there was most to apprehend from Germany, and the experiment was afterwards tried over again in the persons of Heitsch and Schneider. It was supposed that the presence at the Vatican of a man steeped in the secrets of the Prussian schools would embolden Roman evolutions to deal with the pretentious science of Göttingen and Tübingen. The countrymen of the new Prefect complained bitterly of his disregard for the claims of patriotism. He was not corrupt like the traditional guardians of southern collections, and he had not the pleasant plausibility with which they at once lead on and baffle the inquisitive traveller. Theiner had been placed there to drive others away, and for many years he did his work with signal success. He knew the value of the treasures given into his charge, and he wished to keep them for himself. It was the right place for him, and he made the most of it. As a purveyor of the raw materials from which histories are woven he holds the highest place, and surpasses even such men as Mühlton and Muratori. Beside many smaller works, he produced in ten years fifteen folios, four-fifths of which consisted of entirely new matter. They relate chiefly to countries lying outside the great central current of European history, and the attention he bestowed on Poland, Hungary, and Croatia might have been more usefully directed to France, Spain, and the Reformation. The best of his publications perhaps is the *Codex Diplomaticus* of the Temporal Power; the most careless is the volume on Iceland. His eagerness to avail himself of his incomparable advantages and of his boundless material made him too hasty in the process of selection and preparation. Compared with another German who held a similar position in the Vatican, Holstenius, his inferiority is apparent. But, though not a first-rate editor, his work is not worse done than that of the French Benedictines, such as Montfaucon, or than that of Cardinal Mai, or than some of the earlier and later volumes of the German *Monumenta*. It will be felt hereafter how fortunate it was that the last Prefect of the Secret Archives should have been so quick and so profuse in printing them. Theiner himself found that the collection had been tampered with, and there is too much reason to fear that before the Papal manuscripts are made public the gaps will have multiplied. For exact scholarship his studies had not prepared him. His early training fell in pre-historic times, and he left Germany before the critical accuracy of Hermann and Bekker had been extended from classical literature to the general purposes of history. From the age of thirty he studied in the worst of all schools, and was the colleague of a man notorious as a composer of texts. He had not sufficient youth or flexibility or freedom to keep pace with the progress of historical science, and in his later years his relation towards its masters was as that of Gillies to Grote, or of Hallam and Palgrave to Stubbs and Freeman. In

estimating his success and failure, it must be remembered that, as an officer of the Papal palace, he held a position of great dependence, and was subject to the control of rigid censors. The highest interests might be compromised by works issuing from that tower which overtops the Braccio Nuovo and commands the garden of the Belvedere. Whatever he published came forth under the special sanction of the Pope. The favour, and even confidence, which Theiner at one time enjoyed placed him under still stricter obligations. It was inevitable that his books should become discredited by the omission of documents and parts of documents from the fear of giving offence. In his volume on English history, for example, he gives no letters from Campeggio during the winter of 1528-9—during the critical time, that is to say, of the illness of Clement and of the burning of the secret Brevé. Yet a full diary of the proceedings was amongst the papers before him. Hardly any student of Theiner's works will venture to affirm that these restrictions on free and honest speech were altogether repugnant to his nature. A quarter of a century spent amongst the records of Papal policy and action during seven hundred years had strongly impressed him with awe of a power exercised with so much vigour, with such continuous adherence to the same maxims, and for the most part with so much devotion to spiritual and ideal aims. No other man had seen these things so closely, or had been so much exposed to an influence which must be intelligible to every one who has read the epistles of Gregory the Great or the yet more imposing correspondence of Innocent III. Theiner seemed to feel that the evil that Popes have done lives after them and need not be dwelt on, while the good is oft interred with their bones and needs to be drawn forth again into the light of day. He speaks with veneration of Clement XIV., though he knew that he had won his election by promising to suppress the Jesuits; and in three folio volumes occupied with the life of Gregory XIII. not a word escapes him which would show that he was aware of the extraordinary infamy of his hero.

Most of Theiner's work was executed by the easy process of copying what was in his custody. But he was engaged for many years on a far more serious task. At the close of the Council of Trent the decrees were published, and Massarelli, who had acted as secretary from the beginning to the end, was charged to prepare a report of all the proceedings from day to day. But when the work was done, and before it received the last touches, the idea of publication was abandoned and the MS. was locked up in the Castle of St. Angelo. In 1857 Theiner obtained leave to publish it. He made diligent search at Rome, at Naples, and at Florence for those other sources of information from which Pallavicini had supplied the deficiencies of the jejune and reticent diary. He announced a vast collection in seven volumes, and, in the hope perhaps of dissuading opposition, he gave out that the credibility of the Jesuit historian would be signally vindicated. A part of the work had been printed when the approach of the Vatican Council made it desirable to suspend its further progress. Early in 1869 a few sheets were placed in the hands of trusted officials. They contained the Secretary's account of the standing orders of the Council, of the mode of conducting the debates, and of the regulations relating to freedom of discussion. When it was found in the following winter that the Austrian bishops who objected to the new regulations had the old ones in their hands to appeal to, it was at once declared that Theiner had betrayed to the Pope's enemies that which it was his special duty to suppress, and he was required to resign the keys of the Secret Archives. In reality this charge was only a pretext. The printed fragment of Massarelli contained little or nothing that was new. Copies were known to exist in several European libraries; the substance might be found in the very first pages of a work two centuries old with which every theologian is familiar; and the most pointed and significant passage had been recently made public by an Italian priest.

The storm which burst upon Theiner in the spring of 1870 had been brewing for twenty years. In a city as remarkable for enviousness as for urbanity, his position as a foreigner and the personal benefit he derived from his familiarity with treasures from which all others were excluded were enough to make him enemies. During the Liberal era, when the Jesuits were much in his way, Pius IX. had encouraged Theiner to justify the Pope who suppressed them. Although the documents relating to that most important year, 1773, had been excluded, his *Life of Clement XIV.* contained much in the matter, and still more in the spirit, which was offensive to the Society, and their best preacher, Ravignan, won his spurs in literature by preparing a reply to it. Some years later Theiner furnished a rival order with the means of casting grave reproach on the Jesuit missions in China. He allowed his own countryman, Laemmer, to compile a whole volume out of the forbidden treasures in his keeping. He published two volumes full of Bonapartist enthusiasm in order to weaken the impression made by the great work in which D'Haussonville has exhibited the policy of Napoleon against Pius VII. It was assumed that he had done this for a reward, and it was asserted that, under the same inducement, he had trusted papers which he ought to have held sacred to indiscreet and wealthy Protestants, and even to Anglican bishops; that, regardless of excommunication, he had introduced foreigners within the sacred precincts of the Archives, and that he had supplied Rauscher with books to compose his anti-Papal pamphlets. Above all, it was notorious that, as soon as the old disputes put off their disguise, and were definitely reduced to the fundamental choice between acceptance and repudiation of

the Jesuit system, Theiner, in spite of many concessions, and of much doubt and indifference in particulars, was at heart an enemy. He made some efforts to vindicate himself, and to prove his thorough compliance with the letter of the new law. But there was no denying that, after dedicating one book to the Pope, he had dedicated another to Hohenlohe, and a third to Strossmayer, that he lived on intimate terms with Friedrich, and that he counted Döllinger among his friends. It is certain that in a pontificate controlled by Jesuits Theiner's place was not at the Vatican. He must have felt that he was a meat sacrifice to the altered spirit of the time. His consciousness of how his fate had been incurred gave to his bearing under misfortune a patience which was not without dignity and grace. His small but valuable library was purchased by a friend. Several unfinished works, including one on the struggle between the Avignon Popes and the Babylonian Emperor, another on Benedict XIV., and a continuation of the *Annales Ecclesiastici* from Sixtus V. to Pius VI., are said to be among the papers he has left. His last days were occupied in carrying through the press the Acts of the Council of Trent, which he had reduced from seven volumes to two by sacrificing most of the subsidiary matter. In the summer Theiner went to Austria to superintend the completion of this his last and greatest publication. On the day on which he was to return to Italy he wrote to a celebrated English divine that his work was done, and expressed a hope that a better knowledge of the Council of Trent might hereafter promote the reform of the Church and the reconciliation of Christendom. Three weeks later he was dead. His long life closed, as it had passed, amid much obstinate labour and little joy. In spite of many faults and shortcomings he had rendered great services to learning, and, so far as learning serves religion, to the Church which he sternly loved. His death leaves vacant among European scholars a place which none can fill.

THE HARVEST.

THE clearance from the harvest fields of their golden sheaves is to most people one of the most striking reminders of the passing away of the summer time. To the townsman probably it indicates the ending of the too short summer holiday; to the fortunate few it may mean only the clearance of their shooting ground, while it warns other happy men that the time is come when their horses must be got into hunting condition. Apart, however, from the fading pleasures of those who have been basking in the sun, or from the present enjoyment of those who are driving the partridges from stubble to roots, and from roots to stubble, there is an interest of a more absorbing kind, more or less direct, in which there are few who do not participate, from the statesman at the helm of affairs to the lowest grade of labourer. With all who concern themselves about the fruits of the year's husbandry, and who know what is practically meant by the difference between a good harvest and a bad harvest, it is at the end of August that their anxieties, their hopes, and their fears culminate. It is then that they learn the results of the labours of the tillers of the soil. It is then that they can summarize the effects of the previous winter's frosts and snows, of the genial or ungenial spring, of the scorching or rainy summer. It is then that the merchant gives a hasty glance at the past and sums up its realized profits or losses, and seeks all available information as to the now ingathering harvest on which to form a basis for his speculations in the future. The cost of our bread and of our beer, of our beef and mutton, of the keep of our horses, the doubt whether we shall have enough cotton and tobacco, and what the olive and the grape will yield, are problems for the solution of which we have now more or less adequate data, and they are questions which concern us all. In most countries of the world the national interest is centred in, and the national prosperity depends upon, the success or the failure of the great local crop, whether it be of corn, cotton, sugar, or wine. Our country is so omnivorous that it has an interest little short of universal in the crops of the world. Whatever the earth produces may be found in our markets, and the absence, or even scarcity, of any notable product becomes a hardship and a privation, and probably deranges some branch of manufacturing industry among us. And it cannot be too fully recognized that a revolution has within the last few years taken place in the food as well as in the habits of the masses of the people. Cheap feeding for the working classes was always regarded as a necessary condition of the prosperity of the country, and cheap bread was formerly regarded as synonymous with cheap food. The increased cost of the necessities of life was once the common and only plea urged for increase of wages. Bread was then the staff of life, but now no one imagines that a cheaper loaf would enable employers to reduce wages. Cheap bread is no longer sufficient for the million; its higher or lower price does affect them, but only to the extent of preventing them from enjoying, or enabling them to afford, luxuries. The working class does not save thriftily in times of cheapness, but spends what comes into its hands. The difference between cheap and dear bread is spent in luxuries—meat, drink, and dress. What we cannot produce ourselves must, either in the raw or manufactured state, be obtained from abroad, and thus it is that our interest in the produce of the world has an ever-widening range.

Naturally the chief interest of the country has reference to the produce of our own fields in the way of bread and meat. And the

experience of the past few years has taught us that the only anxiety which really need be felt is as to the future supply of meat. Englishmen have become more than ever a meat-eating people, and the cheaper the loaf the more money they have to spend on meat, and the greater is the demand for it. Even with comparatively high-priced bread we have found that the demand for meat has been so great of late years as to enhance its value to previously unheard-of prices; and, as we shall presently see that there is almost a certainty in the coming cereal year of low-priced bread, we may anticipate that, even with a fairly full supply of meat, the demand for it will be so great as to drive prices higher than ever. It seems to be doubtful, however, whether the supply can be a full one; for it must be remembered that during the past summer there has been no growth of grass, the hay crop was a very bad one, and, except in the North, roots have to a great extent failed. There has been no fattening of beef and mutton during the summer in the pastures, so that the work will have to be done to a large extent by artificial food in the sheds during the autumn and winter; and it will need all the stimulus of high prices to tempt our farmers to undertake so expensive an operation on the considerable scale which our needs demand. It is useless to look for increased supplies from abroad, as we already sweep all available markets within our reach, while the quantities that are brought from the Antipodes are not yet sufficient to make their mark in the way of influencing home prices. Cattle food is dear, and there seems to be every reason for anticipating that the price of meat will be at least as high as ever, even if it be not higher than we have yet seen it. As the difficulty of bringing over fresh meats from long distances seems for the present to be insuperable, the energies of inventors and speculators must still be directed to the importation of lean stock. Abundance of foreign feeding material is to be had, and our farmers are adepts in the art of laying good meat on lean carcasses.

The results of the wheat harvest just concluded afford the most complete contrast to those of last year's harvest. It may be remembered that our estimates of the last crop of Western Europe indicated the necessity of drawing from the rest of the world supplies of immense amount—such an amount that it appeared improbable that they would be forthcoming. It was pointed out at the same time that the potato crop was by far the largest and the soundest that had been grown since the outbreak of the disease, and the hopes which we expressed that the supply of this root would to a very great extent reduce the demand for bread have been realized; for, although the countries of Western Europe have imported wheat on an unprecedented scale, yet the imports have not been so large as would have been required had consumption relied on bread alone. The immense amount, however, of wheat and flour that has been despatched from the Atlantic ports of the United States fairly astonished those skilled in the trade; while the arrivals from California, Chili, Australia, New Zealand, India, and even Japan, show that, with the existing facilities of railway and steamship communication, the entire world sets itself to supply our wants as soon as they become known. High prices were predicted, and perhaps the range of prices was high as compared with years of average abundance, but it did not approach the rates that have been reached even in recent years when the home crop has been poor. Russia, perhaps our most constant purveyor, was unable to afford her usual proportion of our supply. California again made a steady advance in her exportation, and her propitious climate appears to render the production of an enormous and increasing crop of fine wheat year after year almost a certainty. Her acreage of wheat this year is said to approach two and a half millions, while that of the United Kingdom is less than four millions. The country may well be congratulated on having obtained its supplies of bread during the cereal year just closed at a cost far less than could have been anticipated. It has not been without influence on the value of wheat that the crop just reaped presented throughout the period of its growth an appearance promising great abundance. But the experience of the threshing-machine does not quite bear out the promise which was founded on the luxuriant appearance of the fields. From the accounts that have appeared since threshing has begun, it may be judged that the yield of wheat is by no means an extraordinary one. It does not approach, for instance, the great crop of 1868. But still it cannot be doubted that it is rather above an average. The reports of competent judges supplied to the agricultural journals, taken in the aggregate, are in agreement on this point. There are, however, those who estimate the crop at less than an average, and among them appears Mr. Sanderson, who writes to the *Times* that his estimate of the yield is seven per cent. below an average. Mr. Mechi supports him, making an exception, however, for his own county, where he says there is a full average. However trustworthy these authorities may generally be, the observations of independent observers spread over the whole country are at variance with theirs, and it will be safer to accept the unanimous opinion of the multitude of counsellors as correct rather than that of these gentlemen. But it really matters little whether the crop is an average, or a little over, or a little under. The quality of the grain is spoken of as varying, and, whatever may be the quantity grown in the United Kingdom, it is certain that the European crop is a good one, and that England will be the only importing country this year. France and Belgium are reported to have about 15 per cent. above an average; Germany has a crop of fine quality and over an average in quantity; the Austro-Hungarian Empire has enough to allow an exportation of three millions of quarters of wheat;

and Russia, though irregular, will have enough to enable her to export largely. The United States have a good crop, even if it be not so large or of so good a quality as that of last year in the Atlantic States; while the available quantity in California is said to be larger than ever. Last year the doubt was whether it would be possible for us to obtain enough, as France was competing with us. This year there will be no competition; our merchants will have no need to seek for wheat; the producers, having no other customer, must send it to our doors. We shall not only have plenty, but superabundance. There has been already a very heavy fall in prices, and the country has the advantage of obtaining its supplies at moderate rates from the very commencement of the cereal year. As stocks of old wheat are well nigh exhausted, and as consumption of new wheat on a large scale has already begun, the current demand may be expected to absorb the supplies that may be brought to market for some weeks to come. But when shipments of the new crop arrive from abroad in addition to our home supplies, it is certain that we shall have more than we can consume, and a further fall in prices will take place. It may be confidently anticipated that bread will be cheap for the next twelve months. The potato crop is again a good one. In many districts it is larger even than that of last year, and it is quite as free from disease as it was then. During the drought the tubers were said to have ripened prematurely in many parts, and since the rain they have been growing again, thus destroying the value of the original crop. Yet we may reckon on an abundant supply of potatoes. On the whole, we look for very cheap bread and dear meat.

WITH THE CAMBRIANS AT WREXHAM.

TO three-fourths of the British public the archaeologist seems a harmless lunatic, who might be passed by with good-natured contempt if he did not controvert the maxim *quieta non movere*, and if he were not an excuse to local sightseers for creeping into big houses not otherwise approachable. And yet, if any persons owe a debt of gratitude to Archaeological Societies, it is the owners of historic names and ancestral acres, who find in the genuine archaeologist a warm chronicler of their ancient glories, and a propagandist of a conservative spirit by the reverence for old names and things which he infuses into the camp followers. Full well does the antiquary know, as he enters a border town in a train crowded with old-fashioned *savans* equipped with all manner of valises and "vascula," that he owes it to modern toleration that he is neither burnt as a wizard nor consigned as "dangerous" to the nearest asylum; and it is the nearest approach he can make to martyrdom to brave the finger of scorn in his endeavours to trace the "origines" of old homes, families, and institutions, and, in doing so, to contribute to the accuracy of early English history. With how mixed a feeling he is regarded by those whose old memorials are commemorated in his researches is seen in the frequent disclaimers of any special archaeological knowledge by such men as Sir Watkin Wynn, the new President of the Cambrians, who, by his local knowledge, his good sound sense, and his love for a wide district over every foot of which he has walked, ridden, or driven, approved himself at the meeting at Wrexham an antiquary in spite of himself. On the other hand, the celebrated Mr. Whalley proved himself a hollow archaeologist; and after exhibiting at Ruabon two fragments of a stone effigy which he believed to be of the sixth century, but which the veteran Mr. Bloxam at once pronounced to be of the fifteenth, avenged himself at an evening meeting by cutting into a very interesting discussion as to the purpose of Offa's Dyke, and by protesting that the Cambrian archaeologists would do better if they would "rise above the consideration of the material remains of ancient times," and devote themselves to the construction of histories which did not favour Romish interests and Papal aggression. On the whole, however, notwithstanding such occasional interruptions, the evening meetings and the excursions of the Wrexham week may be said to have yielded fair average fruit, and the arrangements of the local Committee were such as to minimize the unavoidable fatigue of the latter and the necessary dryness of the former.

Of the Papers read, the two of most interest were Mr. D. R. Thomas's "Notes on the Archaeology of Wrexham and its Neighbourhood" and the local secretary Mr. Trevor Parkins's Paper on Offa's Dyke. The first of these went deep into the earliest history of the district, and was especially interesting where it showed that the primitive features of the country and its first inhabitants are stereotyped in the nomenclature of the river districts and hill country, as, for the matter of that, they are in the names of the towns. It may be that Wrexham itself is nothing more nor less than the "home of heather," as indicating the physical aspect of the district in early times. To these lucubrations of the learned author of the *History of the Diocese of St. Asaph*, based on a wide antiquarian research and a rare knowledge of his native tongue, the archaeologists of his audience found very little to demur, though one of them took exception to Mr. Thomas's opinion that in the modern coracles to be seen later in the week at Bangor Iscoed, and Overton, might be seen the traces of the early British boats of wickerwork, the art of making which they taught to their Roman masters. But the objection that the ancient coracle was much longer and more substantial than that now in use on the Dee—for did not the coracles of Cæsar's time hold from fifteen to thirty passengers, and did not Columbus cross to Iona with a company of six or eight?—is to be met with the common sense rejoinder that "a boat is a boat," and

that it is not so much the point at issue whether the round wicker hide-clad vessel was a cock-boat or a man-of-war, as whether its fabric and material in days long ago were or were not identical with those of the coracles on the Dee. The paper on Offa's Dyke provoked more discussion, and perhaps claimed wider interest, because the Cambrian antiquaries could not fail to come upon it at almost every turn in their daily excursions. If not on Offa's Dyke, they were constantly coming on its equally curious double, Watt's Dyke, which begins at Basingwerk Abbey and runs south through Malkin, Hope, the gorge of the Alyn, Wrexham, Wynnstay (formerly called Wattstay from this circumstance), and Oswestry, finally disappearing in the flats to the north of the Vyrnwy river. It was pointed out by Mr. Parkins that this dyke was less than a third of the length of that of Offa, which, extending from Tidenham opposite Chepstow, and from near the Severn Estuary, across parts of Gloucestershire and Herefordshire and the county of Radnor, traverses Clun Forest on its way to Montgomery, and runs past Llanymynach, Selattyn, Chirk, Ruabon, and Mold, to its terminus on the Flintshire coast, near Prestatyn, or Tryddyn Chapel, eight miles south of Conah's Quay. The two dykes run more or less parallel to each other, at an interval which varies from a hundred yards to three miles, and it is the venerable opinion of the poet Churchward that this interval was neutral ground—an opinion which Mr. Parkins was disposed to controvert. More incontrovertible is the fact, easily observable, that the ditches of both dykes are invariably on the western side, a reasonable proof that they were not erected for the defence of Wales; and, so far at least, this fact favours the surmise that both may have been the work of Offa, though Mr. Penwell considered that of Watt to be several centuries earlier than Offa's. The quotation from Dr. Powell's translation of the Chronicle of Cadwallader of Llancarvan distinctly alludes the Clawdd Offa to have been made by Offa "the better to defend his country from the incursions of the Welshmen;" and this is consistent with the account of Asser, a Welshman who would know the local traditions. Mr. Parkins suggested that it was probably a work of many years, designed by the Saxons for the circumscribing of the Welsh boundaries, and that it took the name of Offa because he put the finishing touches to it. Great diversity of opinion existed among the antiquaries as to the object of these dykes; those who knew their character in South Wales and the border agreeing with some North Wales authorities that the Dyke could never have been more than a line of demarcation, whilst Mr. Parkins held it to be this and something more—namely, a frontier barrier connecting the numerous camps along its course, and capable of being used for defensive purposes on an emergency. It must be owned that some of the points at which the Offa Dyke was examined by the archaeologists bespeak something more than a mere boundary line, or a provision against a cattle raid, as Professor Dabington suggested, remembering perhaps a bardic allusion translated by the late Mr. Love Peacock in his *Misfortunes of Elphin*, which runs:—

The mountain-keep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore thought it meet
To carry off the latter.

It is hard to persuade oneself that Offa's Dyke at least was not intended to restrain the forays of the Welsh. The intention may not have been realized to the full, but even so it would have had its secondary use as a "march" which the Welsh were never to overstep without a sense of violated law.

We have dwelt at some length on this topic because the tourist in either North or South Wales cannot help having his mind exercised by these standing memorials of the past, which suggest more tangible questions than the interpretation of British Latin, and Ogham inscriptions—a subject on which Mr. Rhys discoursed to the Association at one of the evening meetings. The subject was too recondite for a mixed audience to profit by, though it gave occasion to one or two curious illustrations of Welsh Latin. The almost invariable use of "jacit" for "jacet" (the active for the neuter) appears to have been the result of copying the Welsh or Gaelic idiom. When we learn that an inscribed stone near Brecon contains the words "surrexit hunc lapidem" (*i.e.* "rose this stone"), we are reminded of the modern Yankeeism, "I was rose, or riz."

Of the excursions made in the Cambrian week none perhaps was more successful than that to Chester, where Dean Howson commented on the glories of his revived cathedral, and Mr. Wynne Fowkes and Mr. T. Hughes acted as guides to the early Norman church of St. John, and the various Roman, mediæval, and Elizabethan memorials of that historic city. The beautiful Perpendicular churches, too, of Wrexham and Gresford, were visited during the week; but our more immediate concern is with the castles, camps, and ancient houses which are so striking a feature of this border country. Caergwile ("the camp of the giant Legion") is an example of a camp and a castle on one and the same site; for it has passed through a series of vicissitudes arising out of its commanding situation, which made it, with Ceor Estyn on the opposite height, a key to the passage into Wales. Originally British, it was later a fortified Roman station, and, still later, a stronghold granted by Edward I. to Davydd, the brother of Llewelyn, and a resting-place for Queen Eleanor, who, tradition says, narrowly escaped being burnt in the conflagration of the castle whilst lodged here on her way to Carnarvon. The outlook on the country around, near and far, shows the importance of such a post. The eye ranges from Runcorn and Overton Brow in Lancashire to the isolated height of Beeston Castle in Cheshire, and has a glimpse

of Delamere Forest, with a full view of Chester, Hope, and other nearer objects. Few situations could be finer or stronger; and after it the British camp of Gardlen, in character, though not in strength or dimensions, akin to Ceor Gyrfan or Old Oswestry, seems tame and insignificant. Within a moderate drive of Caergwile is Hawarden Castle, which was approached by a pretty woodland drive, the untimbered spaces of which are one mass of bracken diversified by the yellow ragwort (*Senecio vulgaris*). By Hawarden Castle the antiquary means the old Edwardian ruin, from the drum-keep of which there is a very fine view of the river and vale of the Dee; and amongst its other remaining features are a recently discovered chapel halfway up the stair to the keep, with a piscina and an altar with the consecration cross upon it, a portcullised entrance gate, and a perfect double fosse. In Mr. Bloxam's opinion this castle occupies the site of an older British fortress. The residence of Mrs. Gladstone, and of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, is a modern structure of the last century. A more memorable place, though at present more modern in its features, is Chirk Castle, visited on the first day's excursion. Standing on the site of the ancient Castell Orogyn, and once a stronghold of the Mortimers, its present structure represents the work of Sir Thomas Middleton, who purchased it in 1595 of the St. Johns, and, according to an inscription on one of the doorways, rebuilt it in one year, 1636. This Sir Thomas changed sides during the Civil Wars, and at one turn of the tide is found as a Parliamentarian general besieging the Royalists in his own castle. Later on, as a Royalist, he vainly strove to hold it against his former allies. The old servants' hall is still hung around with the swords, muskets, and other guns of the period, as well as with a pair of contemporary jack-boots, a pair of black-jacks, and, most curious of all, with a veritable Covenanters' hut, such as is seen in the illustrations to *Lame Walton*, together with what Mr. Bloxam described as its "case," a very early specimen of the now general hatbox. Compared with this hall, and the tower, whence seventeen counties may be discerned, the battlements surrounding the quadrangle, and the dungeon, with its forty-two steps, the interest of the present living-quarters, especially the saloon embellished by Mr. Pugin and filled with fine portraits by Sir Peter Lely, Cornelius Jansen, and others, is only secondary; whilst it is melancholy to see the neglect of the ancient chapel, which one of the Beldaphs in the early part of the last century refitted, according to his lights, but which his descendants have suffered to lapse into an almost ruinous condition. It requires a ramble through the broad and lovely park, with its hundreds of giant oaks that might pay a king's ransom, to restore one's spirits and temper. Whilst on the subject of timber, we must say a word about the oaks and elms of Wynnstay, with its avenue of a mile's length, and its many noble ancestral trees about the park, especially in that part of it which leads to the Column. It is the largest park, we are told, in Wales, and contains the largest oak, one to the left of the avenue, measuring fifty feet in circumference. The house at Wynnstay, it need hardly be said, is modern, its predecessor having been burnt to the ground in 1858; and it is perhaps unfair to criticize its architecture, as Mr. Ferrey's plan has not yet been fully carried out. Within it is full of interest, full of fine paintings, of curious books and manuscripts, and of a quaint blending of relics of local antiquity with modern racing cups won at Chester. There would have been a larger show of the former but for the unfortunate conflagration, in allusion to which a legend in Welsh round the large saloon reiterates the profound saying of one of the sages of Wales, that "it is easier to burn a house than to build one."

JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A.

WHAT England, which can boast of Flaxman and of Gibson, should yet care so little for sculpture, need be no matter for surprise. People who live so much within houses as we do, and whose gardens and pleasure-grounds are neither ornamental nor useful during so large a part of every year, cannot be expected to take much interest in white marble statues designed expressly for "standing naked in the open air." If they are made of common marble they soon lose colour and surface. The snow blackens them; the rain turns them green. Only those will resist the weather which are carved in stone so hard that good work is performed with difficulty and at great expense. Even in the grounds attached to large country houses statues are seldom seen. At Chatworth all that are of value are in a gallery within the house. At Knole two statues are in one of the courts, but they are of bronze, and bronze by no means answers to the requirements of the landscape gardener; white marble, to contrast with green trees and grass, and to be reflected in calm ponds, is the best for his purpose. In practice, however, we banish sculpture to our churches and cemeteries, contenting ourselves with bronze in our public places, and with nothing at all in our private ones. How far time may deal gently with Leicester Square and the Albert Memorial we cannot yet tell, but we fear the account, when it does come, will not be satisfactory. One school of art which has come into existence of late years is that of stone carving in architecture, but at best it only stands towards the fine art of sculpture as landscape stands towards figure-painting. Still, when we see the admirable modern work often performed in the ornamentation of restored cathedrals and college museums, we may congratulate our age on the revival of a kind of sculpture so long torpid as to have been virtually dead.

But the present state of sculpture as an art of the highest kind is in England, as well as abroad, matter for melancholy reflection. The more so as we have lost in Mr. Foley a sculptor of whom we were justly proud, and of whom it is no disparagement of his fellows to assert that he was the very best we had. Only one living artist deserves to be named with him, and Mr. Woolner will pardon us for saying that, if he is now second to none, he was ten days ago second to Mr. Foley. America has produced at least two, if not three, sculptors who rivalled Mr. Foley; but France, although the average merit of its artists is high, does not now possess one whose purity of design and perfection of finish are equal to his; whilst in Italy sculpture, like painting, has degenerated into little more than mere dexterity in carving. The saddest matter for reflection is that, though we valued him so highly, his most ambitious works have been suffered to leave our shores. When he had completed his equestrian figure of Lord Hardinge efforts were made to secure a replica for London, but they were not successful; and when the magnificent statue of Outram was so much admired during its temporary exhibition in Pall Mall, a similar attempt was similarly abortive. This is the more to be regretted because, though our hopes of the sitting figure of Prince Albert are justly great, yet we feel that no sitting figure, however grand and however graceful, can be expected to rival in magnificence of effect either the one or the other. And as India has deprived us of Mr. Foley's finest equestrian statues, so Ireland can boast of his best standing figures: for his Goldsmith and his Burke, two of the most gracefully modelled bronzes he ever produced, are set one on either side of the entrance to Trinity College in Dublin. Another statue, somewhat like them in design, the lamented artist had just completed in clay, ready for the casting; but this, which represents "Stonewall" Jackson, and which was subscribed for by English admirers of the great Confederate general, is also destined to depart from England, having been commissioned for presentation to the State of Virginia.

In London, however, we have one of Mr. Foley's noblest efforts. In front of the War Office, and close to the scene of his last labours, we have the bronze statue of Lord Herbert of Lea. There is remarkable grace in its proportions, and a simple pathos, not unmixed with dignity, in its attitude—the head bent down, and supported as if in deep, perhaps melancholy, thought, upon the hand. A comparison of this figure with that of the same subject at Wilton, by the late Baron Marochetti, will at once dispel any doubts as to the immense superiority of the Irish over the Italian artist—a superiority brought into remarkable prominence by a fact which is fresh in the memory of most of us, for when, after Marochetti's death, his full-sized model of the central figure for the Albert Memorial was placed underneath the canopy, it was found so wanting in all the qualities looked for in such a performance that every one was glad to hear of its rejection, and equally glad that Mr. Foley was appointed to fill the vacant pedestal. The completion of his model had occupied him for some time, and the result of his labours has fully justified the choice; so fully, indeed, that there have not been wanting many who wondered that, instead of a foreigner, however eminent, Mr. Foley had not in the first instance been selected for the task. It is now, however, satisfactory to think that the supreme effort of his genius will adorn a monument by which in future ages the art of our own time must be so largely judged. The group representing Asia has been long enough before the public for an impartial opinion to have been formed, and it is not many months since its merit was pointed out in these columns. Even if it is pronounced inferior to some of Mr. Foley's other efforts, it is at least so far a success that it completely eclipses the three groups with which it is associated. It is perhaps a question whether this amounts to praise.

The grace which distinguished more or less all the productions of his chisel is better exemplified by some of his other public works. When the ancient chapel of St. Stephen, so long connected with the glories of our blood and State, was removed to make way for the hall which now occupies the site, a happy inspiration arranged for a series of statues of the great men whose voices had been heard within the old walls. For some four centuries, from the reign of Henry IV. to that of Queen Victoria, the House of Commons had assembled in the chapel, and here the greatest Englishmen had for twelve generations exerted their eloquence. If it was necessary to remove even the ruins, and to substitute a gallery the exact use of which has yet to be discovered, it is at least satisfactory to observe how the wall space is appropriated. The competition in Westminster Hall for the honour of filling those pedestals brought out some of the first talent of the day, and the exhibition of two statues, which we shall notice more at length, secured to Mr. Foley the foremost place. Of the twelve statues of statesmen which now decorate St. Stephen's Hall, two, those of Selden and Hampden, are by him, and it is not too much to say that they are the best of the series, although the average excellence of all the twelve is tolerably high. He also made the fine sitting figure of the architect of the Palace.

But Mr. Foley's minor efforts were not unworthy of him. His "Ivo and the Infant Bacchus" was one of the two referred to above. It was first exhibited in 1840 at the Royal Academy, and was in the purely classical style, of which unfortunately we have so few examples. It depended wholly for its interest on the beauty of the composition and the finish of the execution, having no modern associations to recommend it to notice. But to those to whom sculpture is good only so far as it approaches the examples of the Greeks, this was a subject for almost unqualified admiration. Even this was rivalled by the other statue, the "Boy

at the Stream," a single figure, in which the artist attempted a most difficult task with a considerable measure of success. A young bather hesitates on the brink of a river, leaning back, with an arm stretched up over his head to a branch above, and with one foot pushed forward to touch the water below. The attitude presents, therefore, to the spectator a continuous sloping line from the upraised hand to the down-stretched foot, yet it is managed with such skill, and modelled with such delicate curves, as to give no appearance of awkwardness and no stiffness or formality. These were both early works, but they best represent his powers in marble.

We have already remarked that the chief quality of Mr. Foley's art was its grace. Occasionally his remarkable softness of outline degenerated into something approaching weakness, but in his greater works no such fault is to be found. They were not in marble, but in bronze. The group of Lord Hardinge on his charger will probably be always regarded as his highest achievement. It is in many respects preferable to the Outram. The two stand side by side at Calcutta, and are modelled to the same scale. But this association must render still more unsatisfactory the want of repose in the second figure. Lord Hardinge sits upright on his pawing horse, and restrains it with a firm rein, while he looks before him calm in his dignity. Outram is represented in violent motion. Curbing his horse sharply with one hand, he sits round in his saddle, and holds with the other his drawn sword at a right angle to the axis of the group. His head rests on the flank of the animal, and is the only thing at rest in the whole composition. His countenance is full of ardour, not to say of passionate emotion, and the horse, thrown back almost upon its haunches, paws the air with the fore foot and lashes wildly with the tail. There is no one point from which the statue can be satisfactorily viewed, and the whole effect is as unquiet and as much removed from anything monumental as can well be conceived. Yet, with all these faults, the group is so bold, so full of life and vigour, and so faithfully modelled, that criticism is absolutely set at naught and denied. The originality and talent of the artist are supreme, but the astonishment excited by so powerful an effort of plastic force can scarcely be reckoned a legitimate object of true art. In the other statue there is equal force, but it is latent, and the strength of the design, though not so prominently obtruded, is equally real and much more satisfactory.

Considering the even and sustained excellence of his works, it is worth noting that Mr. Foley never soared into the ideal regions which Thorwaldsen and other great sculptors loved. It is often said that the ambition of every artist in marble is to carve a Venus; and with Gibson, and Canova, and the ancients for exemplars, the aspiration is a worthy one. But it does not seem to have stirred Mr. Foley. He may have nourished some such design, and his *Egeria* at the Mansion House approaches the ideal. But he was, as we regret to observe, only fifty-five, and, had not his life been prematurely cut off, he might have yet executed works greater and higher than any he leaves behind him. That a difference with the governing body of the Academy should for some years have deprived the annual exhibitions at Burlington House of his statues must always be deplored. What his own modesty and retiring disposition would not have desired in his lifetime may now, perhaps, that he is gone, be carried out, and an adequate number of his designs, in plaster, marble, and bronze, be expected to grace the winter exhibition to which we have learned to look forward without fail.

It is too soon to attempt any estimate of the extent of his powers, or to endeavour to fix his exact place in art. The shadow of death is still over his home and his studio. Our regret is too fresh to permit an impartial judgment. Considering his unimpaired industry, he did not produce much, or, to speak more accurately, many things. With him talent was indeed a capacity for hard work. There is no carelessness in anything that he did. Completeness without tardiness, grace without loss of vigour, tenderness without anything mawkish, these were his characteristics. Where he will stand when measured by the stature of Flaxman and Gibson we cannot yet pronounce. But the great in art among whom he rests in St. Paul's have received into their silent society no worthier companion. And the trends he has left behind will not easily fill his place among the living. There were few artists in London less known out of their own immediate circle, but none whose modesty, whose kindness, whose genius had more firmly endeared them to their fellows.

OTTER-HUNTING.

THE general principle of the existing law in regard to the cruel treatment of animals in the way of sport is, we believe, that while tame animals are protected altogether, wild animals are not allowed to be baited within an enclosed space. As long as there is no enclosure a wild animal is quite at the mercy of any person who chooses to pursue it. Thus it happens that, although rattling is prohibited, otter-hunting is still regarded as an innocent and lawful recreation. Yet it would be difficult to say in what respect otter-hunting, as practised for amusement, is less cruel and revolting than the slaughter of the rat-pit. A correspondent of the *Scotman* has just furnished that journal with an enthusiastic account of a bout of otter-hunting in Selkirkshire which certainly betrays a somewhat curious conception both of sport and of humanity.

We will endeavour to give some idea of the nature of this

noble and manly exercise, and as nearly as possible in the graphic language of its gushing votary. Otter-hunting is not, it seems, a regular sport in Selkirkshire. In the first place, the proprietors of salmon fishings wage war upon the otters in the Tweed as systematically as a farmer upon rats in the poultry-yard, and the result has been that they are now pretty well exterminated in this region. Another obstacle in the way of sport is the character of the ground, for "along the entire river-side drains and conduits are encountered in such abundance that it would almost appear as if these strongholds had been put down expressly for the convenience of the game." Moreover, the precipitous banks, thickly covered with furze and brushwood, and honeycombed with innumerable subterranean passages, render "digging-out" extremely difficult and laborious. Still, the greater the difficulty the greater the glory, and therefore the master of the "celebrated Carlisle pack of hounds," eager for fresh triumphs, resolved to cross the border and make a foray down Tweed-side. A considerable crowd gathered to witness the hunt, and we are startled to find it recorded that it included a number of ladies, and even young ladies, who watched the sport with much enjoyment to the end. The pack of dogs numbered fifteen couples, and we have of course a glowing description of their merits. Followed by about a hundred and sixty spectators, Sandy, the huntsman, conspicuous in his scarlet coat, ran his dogs briskly up the stream, and soon they were on the drag of an otter. The scent was traced to a "cundy" or opening in the river-bank. "Off went the terriers into the drain, and the huntsman, listening from the water at the mouth of the suspected hiding-place, immediately afterwards heard the dogs setting at the game." The elevation of otter to the rank of game may perhaps be excused as a touch of poetical license on the part of the chronicler. The otter in this case, however, could not be found; so another was sought for. The "cundy" round which the pack had now assembled was, we are told, an uncommonly ugly one. "Immediately over the entrance to it were the roots of a large tree, which, spreading beneath the hollow bank, might have afforded half-a-dozen otters the means of dodging three or four times that number of dogs, while it was apparent that the drain itself had several ramifications, into any of which the quarry might find its way when driven from another." A council of war was now held, and it was resolved to drive the otter away from his retreat. Preparations were therefore made for digging-out. Coats were stripped, and plenty of willing hands set to work with picks and spades. "Amid the whining of the hounds, the scraping of terriers, the shouting of the huntsman, and the excitement of everybody—not excepting the ladies, who had followed in conveyances—a cutting into the drain was speedily effected." It was not, however, until three openings had been made that the otter was caught sight of. He was instantly pinned by the terriers, and "here followed a piece of sport such," we are assured, "as is seldom seen, even in otter-hunting"; and we must say that we hope that it really is seldom seen. "Into the cutting—an excavation of about three feet deep and as many in length—all five terriers leaped, and fastening on their game, under the very eyes of the spectators, made a vain attempt to worry him, the hounds being meantime held off by the huntsman." The dogs had a tough job, but they "stuck to their work, and for the next three minutes the most that could be distinguished in the struggling group was the wicked-looking eyes and shining ivory of the otter as he savagely punished his opponents." It is possible, of course, that the otter, if he had had a chance of describing the scene, might more reasonably have spoken of the "wicked-looking eyes" of the gallant sportsmen who were deriving pleasure from the sight of his miserable struggle for life. At last, we are told, it was seen that "the only chance of prolonging the hunt"—that is to say, the wanton torture of the wretched otter, which was supposed to be in danger of being too summarily put out of his agony to please the hunters—"by getting the otter into the water, would be to tail him." With a view to effect this the gentleman in charge of the pack seized the otter by the brush, but was compelled to drop him. "Again for a few minutes the worrying was renewed," until another sportsman joined in the worrying, and "by sheer strength tore away the prize from the terriers" and flung it into the water. The whole pack of dogs plunged after it, "followed by about a score of gentlemen, whose ardour the cooling bath served in no degree to abate." The otter succeeded in again getting into a hiding place at the root of a tree, the scent was lost, and it seemed as if, after all, there was not to be a kill. The wretched creature was, however, once more detected, and "a splendid mid-river hunt was witnessed, the otter swimming down stream, with the dogs yelping and plunging after him." Being all but hunted down, the wretched beast made for the north bank, where Sandy, seeing that he was quite exhausted, seized his tail and held him up in view of the hounds—a fine-looking dog otter, weighing fully twenty pounds. "The dogs, both hounds and terriers, fastened on their prey with a will, and within a couple of minutes, during which the otter did not fail to bleed several of the terriers, all was over," or, in other words, the helpless animal was torn to pieces by the dogs as a delightful finish to this exquisite amusement. And so ended "one of the finest runs the Carlisle pack has had this season."

There could hardly be a more striking illustration of the extremely artificial ideas which many persons entertain with regard to what constitutes sport, as well as what are the obligations of humanity, than the popularity of this nasty and brutal amusement of otter-hunting in the Border districts. It should be observed

that this sport is not confined to people like the roughs of the Black Country or to the lower classes of the districts in which it is indulged in. It would appear that country gentlemen and farmers of the better sort take part in these disgusting exercises, and enjoy digging out the otter, and even having a personal tussle with him in the water. It may be said that the chief difference between fox-hunting and otter-hunting is that in the former case the sportsmen are mounted on horseback, and that a sport ought not to be disparaged merely because it is pursued in a humble manner on foot. At least, however, the art of bold and skilful riding is, in its way, a very useful and important accomplishment, and as much can hardly be said for tramping up and down the side of a river, bawling to dogs in order to incite them to worry an otter. Moreover the pleasure of fox-hunting lies, not in the sufferings of the fox, but in the exhilaration of the chase, which indeed, if hunting-men had only a little imagination, might be enjoyed just as well without a fox at all. It is impossible to read the accounts of otter-hunts which appear from time to time without being struck by the sort of gloating satisfaction with which the agony of the wretched vermin is described. Moreover fox-hunters do not take a direct personal part in the capture of their victim as the otter-hunters do. It is certainly not our intention to justify fox-hunting in every respect; but it is obvious that it has various redeeming qualities which are entirely wanting in the other case. It is quite right no doubt that otters should be kept down, or, if possible, exterminated, inasmuch as they prey upon the fish, which are valuable property. But they should be killed in the simplest and most expeditious way. The bad point of otter-hunting is the pleasure which is apparently derived by the sportsmen from a very disgusting sort of butchery. In the instance we have cited, the sufferings of the otter were deliberately prolonged in order that as much fun as possible might be got out of its protracted torture. The most serious aspect of the case is not, however, the misery of the animal, but the effect which such savagery can hardly fail to produce on those who witness and take part in it. If ratting is admitted to be a demoralizing sport, it is impossible to imagine what can be said in favour of otter-hunting. Quite recently a gentleman in Cumberland discovered that his keepers were in the habit of making sure of sport by providing a "bag" otter, which was hunted from time to time till fairly worn out, and which, from having been kept in captivity, was of course no match for the dogs. Setting dogs to worry rats in a pit is not a whit worse than setting dogs to worry an otter in a hole. In reading the account of the spade-work which appears to be indispensable in this amusement, one cannot help wishing that the otter-hunters would imitate the example of Mr. Ruskin's young friends at Oxford. If they must dig, it would be much better that they should employ themselves in making good roads and ditches than in contriving wanton torture for miserable vermin, to say nothing of the sufferings of the dogs, which are often maimed or killed. Altogether, otter-hunting appears to be about as cruel and barbarous a form of sport as can well be imagined, and if it is to be considered a legitimate amusement, there is no reason why rat-hunts in the sewers should not also be permitted. The whole subject of the rules relating to cruelty to animals requires to be considered, in order that the law may be thrown into a logical and consistent form, and it is to be hoped that this very necessary work will not be too long delayed. It is unfortunate that the charge of these questions in Parliament is too often given to legislators who have plenty of tender feeling, but very little common sense. A law which aims at too much is certain to defeat its object, but the deliberate and wilful torture of any animal for the mere sake of sport, and beyond what is unavoidable in the necessary measures for its destruction, ought certainly to be punished.

DIES IRÆ.

THE new number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an article on this sequence, signed by Mr. A. Schwartz. The writer's name, by itself, would lead us to expect an acquaintance with German literature, and it is to Germany that we are chiefly indebted for our information as to the history of this and other Latin hymns. The subject, too, would warrant our supposing that Mr. Schwartz had consulted at least some of the authorities who have devoted time and trouble to it already. But his knowledge appears to have been acquired without any reference to the works of Daniel and Mohnike, and the investigations of which he speaks with complacent self-satisfaction to have been confined to a reading of the history of the Franciscan order which was published two centuries ago or more by Wadding, an Irish friar, whom Mr. Schwartz uniformly quotes under the grotesque latinized form of his name. The English style of Mr. Schwartz is so good that we cannot easily believe he is not a native of this country. But if this is the reason for his ignorance of the *Hymnologische Forschungen*, it yet will not account for his never having seen the most ordinary English authorities. That any one should sit down gravely to write about the Latin poetry of the middle ages without a long and careful study of the numerous works of the late Dr. Neale is almost incredible; and it is equally wonderful that, treating of *Dies Iræ*, he should never have read what Archbishop Trench and other English writers have said of this famous sequence. But no such course of study seems to have been pursued, and Mr. Schwartz has plunged into his subject with the air of a man who had made a discovery himself, or of one

whose reading had broken off very near the point at which the whole modern literature of Latin hymnology begins. It is now about a twelvemonth since an article by the same author appeared in the same magazine and upon a similar subject, the *Stabat Mater* of Jacopone. And in treating of this well-known poet he fell into an error of omission very like that which is the occasion of our present remarks. He did not so much as mention the *Stabat Mater Spectosa* of Da Todì, and apparently was quite ignorant of its existence. In his present paper he complains that, notwithstanding all his endeavours, he has not been able to find either of the other two hymns with which Thomas of Celano is credited; a failure only explicable on the theory that all his endeavours had been made with a resolute determination to consult none of the usual authorities. This obliquity is the more to be lamented because Mr. Schwartz writes and criticizes with evident ability, and would probably, to judge from these two papers, have been able to throw some light on a difficult question, and one which few writers are competent to discuss. Although the literature of the mediæval rhyming hymn-writers excites a growing interest at the present day, and although some modern students, including several of the highest eminence, have amused their leisure with translations of English hymns into the old language of religion, much remains still to be done, especially in identifying the age of the original manuscripts in which such poetry is to be found.

Whether or not Thomas of Celano wrote the *Dies Iræ*, there are good grounds both for attributing it to a member of the Franciscan order, and for assigning it to a date very nearly contemporary with St. Francis himself. We are not concerned to go into the question. It is fully stated and weighed by Daniel, and though the fifth volume of his *Thesaurus* is somewhat scarce, and does not occur in the Catalogue of the British Museum, it is to be found in more than one public library of London; and the more important portion of his notice of this sequence is contained in the second volume, which is sufficiently common. It is, however, in the fifth volume, as Archbishop Trench has pointed out, that the two hymns relating to St. Francis are to be found. The first of them begins with this stanza:—

Fregit victor virtualis
Ilic Franciscus triumphalis
Crucis adversarium:
Crucis later cordialis
Princeps pugne spiritus
Insignis amantium.

The whole poem consists of seven or eight similar verses interspersed with a kind of chorus:—

Dicas nobis, O Franciscus,
Cur affixus sis in cruce?

Or:—

Die, Franciscus, quid fecisti
Postquam Jesum aspexisti;

and the Saint is made to answer to the first question:—

Quia crucis contemplator
Atque carnis supplantator
Semper fui sedulus:
Quia mundi abdicator
Atque crucis imitator
Vite Christi bajulus;

and to the second:—

Dulcem Jesum quo ardebam
E vicino distinguebam
Aspectu seraphico:
Grato vultu astuabam
Et effectum excedeabam
Affectu mirifico.

From these specimens it will be possible for a competent critic to judge how far it may be correct to assign the poem to the author of the *Dies Iræ*. Daniel gives the text as it was contributed by Dr. Neale to the *Ecclesiologist* in 1853. He had copied it from a manuscript book of Hours in the National Library at Lisbon. But the hymn had already been printed several times, and a writer in the *Rambler* pointed out, during the same year, that it was to be found in at least three French books of devotion before 1555.

The other poem attributed to Thomas is of a somewhat different character. It is printed in the *Acta Sanctorum* for October, and seems, from the way in which St. Francis is addressed, to be of later origin than the *Fregit victor*. It begins thus:—

Sanctitatis nova signa
Prodierant laude digna,
Mira valde et benigna
In Francisco credita.
Regulatis novi gregis
Jura dantur novæ legis,
Renovantur jussa regis
Per Franciscum tradita.

And the best verse is perhaps this one:—

Quærit loca lachrymarum.
Promittit voces et amaram,
Genit matris tempus carum
Perditum in seculo.
Mentis autro sequestratus
Plorat, orat humi stratus
Tandem mente serenatus
Latitat ergastulo.

However highly these two poems may be estimated, it cannot be denied that at best they are very inferior to the *Dies Iræ*. They have little of the musical intonation, little of the easy and flowing rhythm, and, what is more to the purpose, they are wholly wanting in the force and majesty which make it what it is. Still there is no reason to be derived from a comparison of the three which

would justify us in supposing that they were not written by the same writer, although no testimony to connect them with Thomas of Celano has been quoted of earlier date than that of Bartholomew Pisano, who lived at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries. It has not been uncommon in the annals of literature to find a poet who deserves to be known by a single poem only. Wolfe would be forgotten but for his *Burial of Sir John Moore*. Shirley and Shenstone and Carey are chiefly remembered for a single effort of true genius; and, to keep within the boundaries of the Franciscan order itself and the number of the founder's own disciples, St. Buonaventura and Giacomo da Todì, although both were voluminous writers, would neither of them be known out of a narrow circle but for the *Stabat Mater* of the one and the *Recordare Sanctæ Crucis* of the other.

Collectors of the curiosities of hymnology have a fair field opened to them by the number of translations made of the *Dies Iræ* and the number of versions which exist of the original. A hymn which has appealed so warmly to the feelings of great men in all ages since it was first composed is sure to have enjoyed the good offices of numberless imitators and improvers. What Goethe has done in his *Faust*, and Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, has been done by a still more recent writer in a comparatively modern novel. Every one who has read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* will remember the use made by Mrs. Stowe of the lines—

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tue viæ:
Ne me perdas illa die.

Yet it is curious to note that, though Daniel gives translations into Greek and German, and, though some of our best living writers have tried their hands upon it, no adequate rendering of the original has ever been produced. Perhaps it is even stranger to observe that the best English version is apparently unknown to almost all the commentators. Among the curiosities of literature bibliographers are acquainted with a few manuals of devotion printed in the last years of the disastrous reign of James II. Among them is one of which we have met with but a single copy. Our researches have perhaps been conducted too much upon the plan pursued by Mr. Schwartz, but that the book in question is scarce may be gathered from the fact that no copy is known to exist in the national library at the British Museum, nor yet, so far as we are aware, in any of the other libraries to which the public have access in London. It is a little duodecimo entitled *The Office of the B. V. Mary in English*, printed by Henry Hills, "printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty for his Household and Chappel; and are to be sold at his Printing-house on the Ditch side in Black Fryars, 1687." It contains, according to a summary on the title-page, among other devotional offices, "the sequence, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, that is sung at solemn Mass for the Dead, and the *Libera* that is sung after Mass for the Dead; all in Latin and English." We venture to subjoin a few verses, choosing those in preference which attempt to overcome the difficulty of rendering those stanzas of the original most often vainly essayed by translators of the present day. The first verse is of the usual type:—

Day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the world in ashes lay:
David and the Sybills say.

This is hardly equal to Scott's

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,

but he avoids the last line. *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has, besides Scott's paraphrase, a rendering by Dr. Irons, whose first verse is perhaps the best of the three, though it does not give the original literally:—

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

But the second verse in King James's little book is by far the most successful imitation of the Latin:—

What a fear will all surprise
When the Judge aloft in Skies
Comes to hold his great Assize!

The three verses which commence with the line

Rex tremende majestatis,

are thus given:—

King of dreadful glory mine,
Who savest freely those are thine,
Save me, Fount of Love Divine.
Jesus sweet remember, I
Am the cause thou canst not die,
Damn me not eternally.
Lost, thou me hast weary sought;
On the cross me dearly bought:
Let not those pains profit nought.

And what is usually made the last stanza, as indeed, both in the judgment of Archbishop Trench and of Mr. Schwartz it should be, is thus rendered:—

Lowly suppliant, I thee pray,
With a heart contrite as clay,
Guard me on my dying day.

Nothing is further from our thoughts than any wish to discourage investigators in this field. But it is not either to ancient or modern printed books that their attention should be directed. Above all, they must not stop short at Wadding, or Clichtoveus, or Durandus, nor even at Leyser or Wolf. To determine the

authorship or age of a Latin hymn requires the comparison, not so much of authorities, as of original manuscripts. The date of the writing is a matter on which many can pronounce, and the occurrence of any remarkable hymn should always be carefully noted. We have as yet only the authority of Mr. Thomas Wright for assigning the *Our Mundus* to an English writer earlier than Jacopone, but its appearance in an English manuscript of the thirteenth century is not conclusive. The great poem from which Dr. Neale has given us "*Jerusalem the Golden*," again, is but little known, and its latest editor has for some inscrutable reason omitted to name his original authorities. In fact, the whole subject is in an unsatisfactory condition, and it is disheartening to see a writer apparently so well qualified by education and critical power as Mr. Schwartz wasting his time and ours by such a pair of articles as those to which we have referred.

THE MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE.

THE discussion as to the merits of the Martini-Henry rifle which has been carried on in the *Times* for several weeks appears to have pretty well worn itself out. The controversy has indeed ceased to have any real life in it for some time past, and when it comes to men gravely considering the question by the light of some mysterious law in obedience to which it appears that soda-water bottles ought to travel eternally through space back side foremost, it is clear that they have wandered about as far from all useful discussion of the subject as it is possible to go without losing hold of it altogether. But, although the controversy has all along been overlaid with a vast amount of what may be fairly called rubbish, and has disclosed the fact that a number of practical riflemen, after all, know very little about rifles, it has not been altogether unprofitable, and it has elicited some interesting expressions of opinion from men who have a right to be heard on the subject.

The importance of thoroughly satisfying ourselves that the rifle with which our troops are about to be re-armed is in all respects an efficient and superior weapon is paramount to all considerations of the amount of time, trouble, and expense expended on its introduction; and if it could be shown that the Martini-Henry was in any respect the failure which some of its opponents allege, it would certainly be no sufficient answer to say that it was the result of the prolonged deliberations of more than one thoroughly competent and conscientious Committee, and that the experimental trials with the arm were continued at no little cost over a period of rather more than four years. Nor would it be a sufficient answer, if the arm proved really unsatisfactory, to point out that, if the question were to be reopened, the re-arming of our troops must be postponed for some indefinite period, during which they must be content with the useful, but now somewhat antiquated, Snider-Enfield. On these accounts, while it seems desirable that the subject should receive careful consideration, and that the objections which have lately been so copiously urged against the new rifle should, if possible, be traced to their source, it hardly appears to us necessary to travel over ground which has already been covered in these columns, and to recapitulate the history of the weapon and the circumstances of its introduction.* We prefer to go at once to the point, and consider whether the statements which have recently been made respecting the supposed shortcomings of the arm are such as to justify anxiety, and to warrant any hesitation in the issue of the large number of Martini-Henry rifles now in store. Have we got, in this arm, a thoroughly efficient weapon? Is really the question for consideration; to which the further questions whether Colonel Fletcher's Committee properly discharged its duty, or squandered the public time and money, and whether the opposition to the arm is or is not an interested one, promoted by disappointed gunmakers and fostered by rival inventors, are entirely subordinate.

In order to consider this question properly it is necessary to bear in mind that the Martini-Henry, like every other breech-loader, is really a composite weapon, consisting, in fact, of three main elements—the barrel, the breech-action, and the ammunition—and that between these elements there is no necessary and inseparable connexion whatever. Indeed, the Henry barrel was originally wedded to the Henry breech-action, and the Martini breech to the Martini barrel; while both the original arms fired ammunition differing in many essential details from the Boxer-Henry ammunition now in use. It would, therefore, of course be possible to modify or supersede one of the elements of this combination without abandoning or modifying either of the other two. The Henry barrel, or the Martini breech, or the Boxer cartridge, might, either of them, be given up, and the remaining distinctive features of the arm retained. It is remarkable how persistently this elementary fact is ignored in the criticisms of the arm. An attentive consideration of the grounds upon which the opponents of the Martini-Henry rifle allege that it is a failure, will show that there is really very little in common among them as to the nature of the defects. A condemns the arm because it recoils too much; B, because it heats too rapidly; C, because it fouls; D, because the breech-action is "unmechanical"; E, because he objects to a spiral spring. It may no doubt be urged that this only makes the matter worse, as indicating that the arm is thoroughly bad all round, and this would no doubt be the case if the several critics could each make good their respective objections. But it is proper to point out that the force of A's objections is not necessarily

increased by the fact that B and C have also objected to the weapon on separate grounds; the barrel is not necessarily bad because the spiral spring is defective; and the case which has been presented against the arm has no doubt acquired a specious and really unfair importance from an appearance of unanimity of criticism which in fact does not actually exist. It is important, therefore, when the Martini-Henry rifle is condemned, to discover which particular element of the combination is called in question; and on this account it is indispensable that the subject should be treated in detail, and that each objection should be taken separately, and not lumped together with the rest in a manner which, however useful as a means of exciting public prejudice, is worthless for the purpose of accurate and scientific investigation.

Taking, then, the breech-action first, let us consider what are the objections which have been alleged against it, and how far they are tenable. With the objection that the breech-action is "unmechanical" we are quite unable to deal, for the reason that the expression is wholly vague and unmeaning. It was an objection which was very freely used until Mr. Nasmyth gave it what we had hoped would prove its *coup de grace* when, in examination before the Small Arms Committee, he said:—

Mechanical and unmechanical is a sort of slang term in mechanism. . . . There is nothing unmechanical in any constructive arrangement that accomplishes its object, and, if that object is accomplished in a simple and effective way, that combination is good. . . . I think the ends are very admirably attained in reference to the rising block [of the Martini action] by the means employed. It is objected that it is a lifting of the weight at the wrong end. The whole mechanical construction of the human frame is based on lifting weights at the wrong end; all our limbs are lifted at the wrong end, so to speak.—(Q. 70).

The very random assertion that the arm has been condemned by every mechanical engineer who has considered it may be shortly disposed of by the statement that the only four mechanical engineers by whom the breech-action has been formally considered, Mr. Hutton Gregory, Mr. Nasmyth, Mr. Polo, and Mr. Woods, have expressed the highest opinion of it; and to this testimony might be added that of the practical men connected with the Government departments upon whom the duty of manufacturing the weapon devolves.

Passing to the next objection, which has been elaborated with a great parade of mechanical phraseology by Mr. Dunlop, that the spiral spring is defective because it gives a push rather than a blow, it is only necessary to observe that this objection is neither theoretically nor practically tenable. It is not theoretically tenable, because, as Mr. Polo has demonstrated mathematically, "Although the dynamic force of the blow" (struck by the spiral spring) "is less" (than that struck by the flat spring), "the striking velocity is greater; or, in other words, instead of being, as has been asserted, analogous to a dead pressure, the Martini spiral spring really strikes a smarter blow than the old lock action" (Q. 9). It is not practically tenable, because, as a matter of fact, the spiral spring does its work exceedingly well, exploding the caps with a regularity and certainty which leave nothing to be desired. It may be added that every spring goes through a variety of tests before being placed in the gun, including the striking of over five hundred blows; it is very rare indeed for a spring to break, and even if it did, it could be replaced in less than a minute.

Next, it is alleged that the "pull-off" of the gun is liable to vary. If it is meant by this that the construction of the lock is such as normally to involve an uncertainty in the pull-off, then it appears to us that this is an objection which was very completely disposed of by the mechanical engineers who reported on the arm, as any one may see who will take the trouble to refer to the evidence; and if it is meant that the pull-off is liable to be variable if dirt or grit gets in, it may be sufficient to remark that, if dirt gets into any lock, it will work less easily and correctly than when clean; and if the Martini lock enjoys no special immunity in this respect, it at all events possesses the advantage of being exceptionally well protected against the entry of dirt and other disturbing causes. Then it has been said that the pull-off may be easily tampered with in the Martini rifle, and made much less than it should be. On this point we would observe that it would be exceedingly difficult to make a lock which could not be thus tampered with; the Snider lock can be tampered with in exactly the same way, and it can easily be made to pull-off at, say, eight pounds, then at two pounds, and then back again at eight pounds. The trick is so well known to riflemen that it indicates a very strong determination to find fault with the Martini-Henry, or a very imperfect acquaintance with rifles generally, when the new Government arm is represented as being specially open to objection on this score.

The objection that the leverage of the extractor is less than that of some other arms is not worthy of serious consideration, seeing that not the slightest failure has occurred in regard to the extraction. If the lever is sufficient to do its work, that is all that is necessary.

We believe that the foregoing summary exhausts the charges brought against the breech-action, and these charges certainly do not appear to us to warrant the slightest uneasiness as to this portion of the arm. Turning to the barrel, we find that the critics object that the shooting is not always what could be desired, that it fouls and heats rapidly, and that the recoil is excessive. The objection on the score of inaccuracy is not one which has been very prominently put forward, and it is flatly contradicted by the facts. There is no point which was more carefully and precisely investigated before the arm was recommended for adoption, and its subsequent performances at Wimbledon and on the proof-grounds

* See *Saturday Review*, September 17, 1870; April 8th, 1871.

have certainly not belied the promise of its earlier performance. The only trustworthy way of testing the shooting of an arm is by firing it from a fixed rest; and as a very large proportion of the guns and ammunition manufactured at Enfield and Woolwich are daily proved by firing in this way, there is available a mass of accumulated experience of the accuracy of the arm to disprove the curiously incorrect assertion that there has been any failure in accuracy. And even if there had been any such failure, that would be no sufficient reason for assuming that the barrel was in fault—not, at least, until the fault had been shown not to rest with the bullet or powder. As to the rapid fouling, it must be remembered that the fouling of a breech-loader does not affect facility of loading; it is therefore only necessary to consider it in relation to its influence upon the accuracy of shooting; and we believe it may be confidently asserted that fouling does not occur in the Martini-Henry rifle within the number of rounds that a soldier would be likely to fire at any one time on service without cleaning, to a degree sufficient to affect the accuracy of the arm.*

The rapid heating of the barrel is very simply dealt with—if indeed it has not been dealt with already—by the use of a leather pad or protector; and in any case it is not a defect specially connected with the Martini-Henry, seeing that it would exist in any rifle having the same charge of powder and thickness of barrel. The question of recoil is the next point, and this appears to us to be the most important, as it certainly is the best sustained of the objections against the arm—though even here we have no hesitation in saying that the objection has been exaggerated. Before considering it, however, it may be well to say a few words about the third element in the Martini-Henry combination—the ammunition. Except in so far as the weight of powder and bullet connect themselves with the question of recoil and accuracy, no complaint seems to have been made of the ammunition. The cartridge appears to do its work of checking the escape of gas well, it extracts easily, and its general qualities being the same as those of the well-tried Boxer cartridge, which has been in use with the Snider since 1866, it may be accepted as thoroughly satisfactory. This leaves us with the powder and bullet, and brings us back to the question of recoil.

We find, on referring to the Report of the Committee, dated July 12, 1870, that this point was very closely considered by them, and that among the questions submitted to the troops by whom the two hundred experimental arms were tried was this:—"Is any inconvenience experienced from recoil?" To this question forty-nine answers were returned from different regiments. Of these forty-nine answers, twenty were simply "No"; eleven were what may be called a qualified "No" ("No; but more than with the Snider"; "Not since the men have been cautioned not to place the thumb across the head of the stock"; "No inconvenience, but the recoil is greater than with the Snider," &c.). One regiment returned no reply; the remaining regiments (seventeen in number) replied more or less decidedly that the recoil was inconveniently great, but in the majority of cases it was stated that this did not occur until after a large number of rounds had been fired. The Committee's remarks upon these replies are as follows:—"The great majority of the answers state that the recoil is not excessive. This opinion is in accordance with the reports previously received." These trials were with the "long-actioned" Martini-Henry arm. When the "short-actioned" arm (for the "bottle-necked" cartridge) with a shorter and lighter barrel was proposed, this Committee carefully kept the question of recoil in view, and they reported that they found that, "by shortening and reducing the comb of the stock, the recoil from this rifle" (weighing 8 lbs. 12 oz.) "is less felt than the recoil of the original Martini-Henry pattern arms, which weigh 9 lbs. 7 oz." Two things are apparent from these extracts—1st, That the recoil of the weapon before adoption was pronounced by the large majority of the regiments who tried it to be not excessive—and we have not seen, in the course of the recent controversy, any statement that the army generally has reversed this opinion; 2ndly, That the question of recoil is in a great degree bound up with the question of the form of the stock, and this of course will be a variable element according to the height and make of different men.

The question at present to be considered, then, is whether the opinion expressed by the majority of the regiments as to the recoil of the experimental arm is still retained by the rank and file with regard to the present arm; and this, as the *Times* very properly observed, is a question which can be decided by the rank and file of the army, and by no one else. If there are any *prima facie* grounds for instituting this inquiry, it should be carried out forthwith, and a conclusion could be arrived at in a very few weeks—if, indeed, the School of Musketry is not already in a position to state authoritatively the opinion of the men on the subject. If the replies should generally be to the effect that the recoil is inconveniently great, then what steps would have to be taken? Not, happily, the very serious step which the opponents of the arm and rival inventors would gladly persuade the public is inevitable—the abandonment of the Martini-Henry rifle in favour of some other weapon, but simply the readjustment of those elements upon which the recoil, or the inconvenience experienced therefrom, depend; and these elements are three in number, (1) form and length of stock; (2) weight of arm; (3) weight of charge and bullet. We trust that the verdict of the army will be that the recoil is not excessive—it is, at any rate, no greater than is experienced with an ordinary fowling-piece firing $\frac{3}{4}$ drachms of powder and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shot, being only about 63 lbs. as compared with 53 lbs. with the

Snider; but if it should be otherwise, then one or other of the solutions indicated above may without difficulty be adopted. Of the three it is probable that the reduction of the weight of charge and bullet would be attended with the least inconvenience; and experiments have shown that a slight reduction of the weights of the bullet and powder (as, for example, to an 80-grain charge and a 410-grain bullet) may be effected without materially prejudicing the practical efficiency of the rifle. Of course a 410-grain bullet (with 80 grains of powder) would have a somewhat inferior range, accuracy, and penetration at long ranges to the present 480-grain bullet and 85-grain charge; but it would, we believe, possess a flatter trajectory at what may be regarded as the normal fighting ranges, and the reduced weight would certainly allow a rather larger number of rounds to be carried. If the recoil were also thereby sensibly reduced, the balance of advantages would probably be considered to incline to the side of the lighter bullet and charge. But although we should be prepared to regard this slight reduction with tolerable complacency, we are of opinion that the present weights should not be disturbed without thoroughly sufficient reason, because those weights have been demonstrated, by the most exhaustive experiments, to form, with a .45 inch bore, the best shooting combination that can be contrived, and it is undesirable that we should be content with second-best so long as the best is within our reach.

A careful consideration of the criticisms to which the Martini-Henry rifle has been recently subjected can hardly fail, we think, to bring dispassionate observers to the conclusion that the outcry which has been raised against the arm is not justified by any defects which our experience of it has brought to light, and that, with the solitary exception of the alleged inconvenient recoil, all the objections which have been urged are objections which have been urged, considered, and disposed of over and over again. There appear to be no grounds whatever for the slightest anxiety on the part of the army or the public, still less for any reopening of the question. As regards the single objection worthy of serious notice—namely, that the arm has an excessive recoil—we have yet to receive the verdict of the men for whom this weapon has been manufactured as to whether this objection has any real practical existence, and whether such complaints as have been made on this score have not been greatly exaggerated. But if the recoil should be considered by the army at large to be inconveniently heavy, this defect would in no way impugn the principle of the arm, whether we consider the breech-action, the barrel, or the cartridge, and can be rectified in a manner which will leave us with what, we have no reason to doubt, will still be the most effective breech-loading rifle yet introduced for military use.

REVIEWS.

KHIVA.*

"WHEREVER there is anything uncomfortable to be done," said the Chairman at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, "there the Special Correspondent is sure to be found." Nothing now is too remote or too arduous for his adventurous spirit. The arid plains of Behar, the dense jungles of West Africa, and the glowing sands of Turkestan, have, during the last twelvemonth, been witnesses of his energy. The writer of the present work is an American gentleman, the Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and we commence by saying that he has given us a record of his adventures, graphic, spirited, interesting, and entirely free from those innate or inherited failings to which the race of men who have occasion to use both pen and revolver is justly supposed to be liable. Mr. MacGahan is also a sportsman; something of an artist in his descriptions, though not able to handle the pencil or the brush; if not acquainted with Turkish or Persian, he has made some progress in two or three European languages; his style is free from what we have been accustomed to reprehend as Americanisms; and the whole book contains no passage which we should wish unwritten, no outburst of national antipathy, and scarcely a single instance of bad taste or ungenerous feeling. The conviction left on the mind after an attentive perusal is that the writer has compressed into the space of five months a remarkable variety of events well worthy of narration, and has told us nothing which he has not personally witnessed, or which he has not every reason to believe to be substantially true. He has judiciously divided his book into three parts. The first is taken up with an account of the obstacles and perils of his stern chase after General Kaufmann; the second with the attack on the capital of Khiva; the third with a flying expedition to punish the Turcomans, who have become infamous as the pirates of the desert. The chapters are very numerous and very short; the most striking scenes are illustrated by sketches taken from the Russian artist Verestchagin; and the style is of a kind which never wearies or disgusts. To convey a just idea of the campaign, it was inevitable that the author should dwell on his own personal adventures; but we are quite certain that any redundancy in this part of the work will be readily pardoned, even without the pleas put forward in the preface, that the country was strange, the circumstances peculiar, and the manners and customs

* *Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva.* By J. A. MacGahan, Correspondent of the "New York Herald." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

of the people comparatively unknown. The difficulties thrown in the way of a Special Correspondent bear some family likeness to those experienced by the Russian soldiers themselves. And it is only just to Mr. MacGahan that we should give a summary of what he went through in pursuit of his main object, which was to be present with the leading column at the fall of the capital of the Khan.

In the middle of April 1873 the writer started from Kazala, a small fortified station on the Jaxartes or Syr-Darya, about fifty miles from the north-eastern shore of the Sea of Aral. From this place to the Russian army, three hundred miles of desert had to be traversed. We should explain that the Russians advanced in five divisions, of which, however, only three demand special notice; one came from the Caucasus on the west, under Colonel Lamakin; another started from Tashkend, or the "Stone city," now a Russian possession, and from the exactly opposite direction, in Eastern Turkestan; the third, commanded by the Grand Duke Nicolas, came right down the "Red Sand" desert by a direct line about equidistant from the other two. After some preliminary obstructions the Special Correspondent was permitted to go from Kazala to Fort Perovsky on the Jaxartes, but evidently under the impression on the mind of the Russian Commandant that he was making for Tashkend. At Perovsky the officer in command proved less obstructive, and saw no reason why an impetuous journalist should not attempt the apparently foolhardy project of running the gauntlet through roving tribes of Kirghiz, to suffer terribly from heat and thirst, or perhaps to die by fever in plains which produced nothing but absinth and brushwood; and this in company with a strange guide, a young Kirghiz, and a Tartar servant who had been picked up at Orenburg, and who was ready to promise everything, and to do nothing at all. The Kirghiz tribes, however, proving friendly, and this part of the desert less inhospitable than might have been anticipated, Mr. MacGahan managed to reach a place called Irkibai in four days and a half, and Khala Ati, otherwise Fort St. George, after a good deal of hardship, in little more than seventeen days. But here the Correspondent had to deal with something worse than doubtful adherents, blazing suns, wells of bitter or putrid water, and dearth of supplies, in the shape of a certain Colonel Weimann, an officer high in command, of German extraction, and stubborn and impracticable. No pass could be granted to proceed a step further without an order from General Kaufmann; and this high and mighty potentate, so Colonel Weimann seemed to put it, could not give permission without being seen, and could not be seen without previously giving permission. There was nothing for it but to give Weimann the slip; and this was skilfully managed by dropping off in the darkness from the rear of the column, which was just then starting from Khala Ati, and by taking to the desert, with the certainty of having only black bread to subsist on, and with the chance of being cut off and made prisoner by hands of marauding Turkomans. It is pleasant to think that this happy audacity was eventually crowned with success. At a place called Altı-Kunduk, or the "Six Wells," our author fell in with another detachment, left behind by General Kaufmann, was refreshed with Liebig's extract of meat, milk, mutton, and a bottle of *vodka*, and was suffered to proceed on his way to the Oxus, in the hope of coming up with the main army. This allowed him just time enough to escape an officer whom, with twenty-five Cossacks, the incensed Colonel Weimann had despatched post-haste to recapture the fugitive. After being again disappointed in finding nothing of the General except the ashes of his camp-fires, this plucky Correspondent closed his desert ride of thirty days by coming up with the main army just in time to hear the roar of cannon and to witness the battle of Sheikh Arik, and to be received in the camp, not as a runaway, but as a "moldyetz," or brave fellow, whose movements had been watched, and whose arrival was greeted with as much interest as if he had been one of the Czar's couriers from St. Petersburg.

From this epitome of a journey characterized by unflinching determination, inventive fertility of resource, and visible ascendancy over Oriental nature, there is much detail that we unavoidably omit. There are sundry experiences which, if they cannot bring into relief the familiarity with Eastern languages and habits which in like circumstances would have been displayed by Mr. Palgrave, Captain Burton, or M. Vambéry, have yet a piquancy and a flavour of their own. And we recommend readers to peruse the work itself in order to learn how this dashing American might have married two Kirghiz damsels on a dowry of a horse, a camel, twenty sheep, and a *kibitka* properly furnished; how he shared his little delicacies with his native guides and servants, but insisted on his commands being obeyed to the letter, and without a murmur; how, after the scanty fare of the Kizzil Kum, he feasted on apricots, melons, and "hot wheat cakes," like the Virginian captain on buckwheat ditto in one of Fenimore Cooper's novels; how, without fear of knife or bowstring, he made his way into the very centre of a Khivan household, was drenched with green tea, and had water poured over his hands, in the genuine Homeric fashion, by innocent and talkative female inmates; how he dined one day with an Uzbeg chief in an umbrageous and well-watered garden of the capital, when the dessert came first, the sweetmeats and cream next, and the heavy *pilao* and rice last of all; how, on another, he was entertained by the Grand Duke Nicolas, and how he shared with that distinguished personage the honour of being tossed in the air by the soldiers, who received him in their arms, and who, it seems, are thus wont to prove their particular affection for a good man and true; how he joined in a charge against Tur-

komans, the description of which suggests elephants trying to come up with gazelles; and how he learnt something of a new kind of fish which the Russians discovered in the Oxus, but which had hitherto been thought peculiar to the waters of the Mississippi. All this and more cannot be given within our limits. But there are some points beyond the personal experiences of the writer, to which we willingly advert.

The description of the town of Khiva strikes us as particularly good in its way. After the dust and heat of the desert it was like Eden to see rippling canals carrying water into fields of waving corn and orchards of ripe fruit; to look up to graceful poplars and to repose under the shade of gigantic elms overspreading dark pools; to inspect houses inclosed by walls with buttresses and strong bastions; to gaze on a celebrated tower of porcelain built of burnt tiles, blue, purple, and green, and skilfully arranged so as to present varied shapes and figures to the eye; to range at will through an armoury which would furnish specimens of odd weapons of all kinds to half the museums in Europe; and to wander listlessly through the bazaar, whence heat and light are excluded, and where tea from Upper India is found side by side with the Russian samovar or tea-urn, and with the plums, apricots, and peaches of Khiva itself. Amongst other curiosities, the Russians are reported to have discovered a beautiful breech-loading-rifle, with a field-glass and a musical-box, presented by the present Viceroy of India to the Khivan envoy so late as 1872; and they also may very likely have come on some papers left by Lieut. Shakespeare, or more possibly by Lieut. Abbott, dating from the days of Russophobia in 1840. Both officers, it may be remembered, figure conspicuously in the narratives of Lord Auckland's policy, and the former was afterwards knighted for his share in releasing the English officers and ladies who were detained by Akbar Khan after the Cabul massacre, and eventually closed an honourable career as Resident of Haroda some ten or twelve years ago.

Correct particulars of the taxation and the revenue of an Asiatic sovereign encircled by a wilderness and subject to no pressure from without are always difficult of extraction, even for officers long accustomed to fathom the mysteries of irregular cesses, payments in kind, divisions of crops between rulers and subjects, and exemptions made in favour of orthodox believers. Without, then, imputing to Mr. MacGahan the slightest bad faith, we should warn readers against accepting implicitly his account of Khivan finance. Indeed he admits that another gentleman who devoted a good deal of time to an investigation of such matters, in which it could have been no one's interest or business to disclose the truth, found them a chaos of hopeless confusion; and that it is impossible to form a correct estimate of the taxes really collected. If the total revenue is not more than 45,000*l.* of English money, all we can say is that Khiva will hardly pay, and that this would be more than doubled by the land-tax easily collected from an average Indian "Famine" district. But the whole picture of Khivan life and habits is by no means dismal or discouraging. The Khivans have excellent mutton, abundance of fruit, corn, and vegetables, wherever water can be made to flow and trees to take root; the Turkoman horses are remarkable for speed and endurance; and the climate, though marked by vicissitudes of heat and cold, is dry, exhilarating at most times, and absolutely unendurable at none. The population, exclusive of the Kirghiz of the Kizzil Kum, is conjecturally estimated at half a million. Of course the Khan's ideas about Farangistan were of that nebulous character which Turkish travellers and Indian Political Residents, when dealing with conservative Pashas and Rajas, have found it so difficult to enlighten. The ruler of Khiva could not understand how any American Khan or President would allow himself to be quietly deposed after a reign of only four years, and we may be quite sure that he would persist in attaching a deep political significance to the recent marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. MacGahan, without conceiving himself entitled, on the score of his adventures, to lay down the law oracularly on the Central Asian question, has some remarks on the general aim and policy of Russia which are more worth attention than a good many of the inflammatory articles indited at intervals by some doctrinaires of the Indian press. Not the least valuable parts of his work are his statistics of the forces employed in the expedition. General Kaufmann brought from Tashkend a force of only 2,500 men, made up of 1,650 foot soldiers, 600 Cossacks, and not more than fourteen pieces of artillery. The Kazala or central column did not amount to more than 1,400 men, with artillery in proportion. Besides this we have the western or Caucasian column under Colonel Lamakin. The main difficulty, as may be supposed, appears to have lain in getting the men and the baggage across the desert, and in compelling the Turkoman cavalry to stand and fight. The defence of Khiva, in spite of some strategical advantages, can hardly be spoken of seriously. And, with the exception of one or two occasions when slender outposts were surprised and a few skirmishers slaughtered, the danger or loss to the Russians from their light-heeled or invisible foes was infinitesimal. The real generalship consisted in overcoming the desert and in conveying across such a country a force large enough to provide against mishaps or contingencies, but not so unwieldy as to swamp the commissariat. Mr. MacGahan thinks, and so do we, that for the present a Russian Governor-General in Eastern Turkestan will have quite enough to do in consolidating his influence at the capital and introducing some order amongst the marauders of the steppes. The account of the Russian pursuit of the Turkomans after the fall of Khiva has some painful incidents in regard to which it is very necessary that we should bear in mind what has been the character and what the favourite pursuits

of these unprincipled robbers for generations past. Philanthropists may be ready to exclaim with horror when they read of five hundred Yomuds cut down by the Cossacks or laid low by the breechloaders, of widows weeping and children playing unconsciously over the dead bodies of their husbands and fathers, of valuable carpets and silks carried away as "loot," and of cartloads of grain and household stuff burnt as not worth the carriage. But no sensational writer could well exaggerate the horrors endured by inoffensive Persians, Russians, and others who have hitherto invited the rapacity of these Yomuds and supplied the slave market of Khiva. It is one gratifying point in the Russian ascendancy that henceforth there may be peace and security in the regions round Turbat Haidari and for the caravans of Meshed "the blessed." But even this consideration should not blind us to a state of things briefly indicated by the present author, when possible railroads, generally improved communications, increased facilities for commerce, and irresistible local prestige, if not the entire absorption of the three Khanates, will put Russia in a different position; in one which may bear the same proportion to General Kaufmann's late advance as the campaign of this officer bears to the disastrous expedition of Perovsky. And whenever the curtain is again raised, it may be ten or twenty years hence, for the next act of a drama where the Ten Thousand march onward instead of retreating to the sea, we can only hope that the chronicler of the day may be some one as resolute, as candid, and as graphic as Mr. MacGahan.

TAYLOR'S LEICESTER SQUARE.*

THIS is a bad specimen of a bad kind of book, and certainly ought never to have been written by a man with such fair claims to a respectable rank in literature as Mr. Tom Taylor. What would have been thought six months ago if any equally well-known man had brought out "Wapping: its Associations and its Worthies; with a Sketch of the Claimant's Character from the Notes of the Lord Chief Justice, and an Essay on Lancet Marks, by Sir William Fergusson?" It would have been an equally legitimate literary undertaking, and a trifling effort of ingenuity would have enabled the writer to introduce precisely the same class of matter as forms the padding of the present work. If Mr. Taylor had anything new to communicate, the case would have been different, but we have read his volume from beginning to end, and have no hesitation in saying that, except where he is blundering, there is hardly a line in it which will have any novelty to nine-tenths of Mr. Mudie's subscribers. In fact, we have met many amateur performers at Penny Readings who, with Peter Cunningham's *Handbook* and Mr. Henengo Jesse's *London*, opened at the right places, might be backed to "deliver" an equally good book without further preparation.

Leicester Fields, or Leicester Square, derives its name from the illustrious family of which Sir Philip Sidney was the most distinguished member. His father, Sir Henry, whom Mr. Taylor pronounces to be "the greatest, wisest, and justest Lord-Deputy Ireland ever had before or since," had married the daughter of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, whose two sons, Lord Guildford and Lord Robert, are of course made to figure as the "ill-starred" and the "infamous"; in spite of which, however, there can be no doubt that Sir Philip always felt infinite pride in his "Dudley blood," and by no means looked down upon the character and talents of his "infamous" uncle. As Robert Earl of Leicester was considered to have died without any legitimate issue, and Sir Philip had left only an infant daughter, his younger brother, Sir Robert Sidney, became the representative of both the families, and naturally looked to be raised to the peerage. But Elizabeth moved in a mysterious way in such matters, keeping him untitled in the semi-banishment of the governorship of Flushing, and James had been some time upon the throne before he was created Viscount Lisle and Earl of Leicester. During his long absences in the Low Countries, his family had resided in Baynard's Castle, a huge building which stood upon the banks of the river, nearly opposite to the present office of the *Times* newspaper. We suppose there must be some slip of the pen, but, if we may believe Mr. Taylor, historians have all hitherto been wrong about Sir Philip Sidney being mortally wounded in battle:—

Up to the reign of Elizabeth, the Sidneys, like most of the nobility, had lived in the City. Sidney House was on the west side of the Old Bailey; but Sir Henry occupied Baynard's Castle, where his first son died, and where Robert was born.

We cannot quite make out whether the Sidneys occupied Baynard's Castle by a special grant from the Crown, or by the permission of the Earl of Pembroke, who had married Sir Henry's only daughter, the lady immortalized by Ben Jonson in the epitaph which is here shockingly misquoted. This little piece is remarkable for its exquisite polish, and we are surprised that Mr. Taylor, who has himself spun so many verses in his day, should mar

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,

by substituting "killed" for "slain" in the second line, and by transposing "learned and fair" in the third. Ben was such a perfect artificer in language that it is always unsafe to muddle

* *Leicester Square: its Associations and its Worthies.* By Tom Taylor. With a Sketch of Hunter's Scientific Character and Works, by Richard Owen, F.R.S. London: Bickers & Son. 1874.

with what he wrote, and even Mr. William Howitt failed to purify and elevate him so much as he supposed when he silently changed *milk* into *cream* in the famous exclamation—

Wine, it is the milk of Venus!

Sir William Sidney, the elder son of this first Earl of Leicester of the new creation, was a young man of singular promise, and died about the same time as Prince Henry, and it is believed, of a similar kind of fever. His place in the family was taken by his next brother, Robert, who in his turn succeeded to the earldom, and obtained the grant of the land on which he built the stately mansion of Leicester House. Here again Mr. Taylor is somewhat contradictory. At p. 236 he says:—"It stood a good way back from the Square, occupying nearly the western half of its breadth, with gardens behind it, running back as far as Lisle Street"—a description which would be tolerably near the truth if northern were substituted for western, and the back gardens of Gerrard Street were made its boundary behind. At p. 27, however, altogether another account is given, and we are told that "the site of the old house must have been about the centre of the present square"; an assertion which he supports by mentioning in a note that Mr. Knowles, the "architect of the alterations," had discovered extensive foundations within the enclosure. But a reference to Strype's elaborate map of St. Ann's parish, published in 1720, will show that the position of Leicester House does not admit of a question, and the foundations in all probability were those of an advanced porter's lodge, or of some of those buildings which were run up in the beginning of James's reign, and ruthlessly pulled down in the terms of the Proclamation. This Earl of Leicester, as Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden, strongly resembled his uncle Sir Philip, being, like him, "no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, and of high blood, and long"; but with these outward blemishes he inherited also the noble qualities of his race, and did not require to be reminded that, to use the words of the same poet, addressed to his dead brother—

'T will be exacted of your name, whose son,
Whose nephew, whose grandchild you are.

Great as his position was, and worthy as he might have been to fill it, he is better remembered as the father of Algernon than by any personal achievements of his own. The stern and determined mind of the young Republican led him very early to play a leading part in his father's family; but we doubt much whether Leicester House was ever frequented by "Hazelrigg and Ludlow, Lambert and Henry Neville, Milton and Oyrac Skinner, Harrington and Selden, Vane and Bradshaw, Wildman and Marten, the *intriguantes*, in fact, of the Revolution," the goodly company with which Mr. Taylor invites us to people it. Algernon Sidney is evidently one of his great favourites, and we may expect to see him ere long on the boards of the Olympic, exclaiming "methinks" or "methought," as certain worthies of the next generation are now made to do in every sentence they utter. It is strange, however, that, when dwelling upon his poverty and his uncompromising spirit, Mr. Taylor fails to make the slightest allusion to the money paid to him secretly by the French Minister. When Sir John Dalrymple first made the discovery, he says he "felt very much the same shock as if he had seen a son turn his back on the day of battle," and immediately made it as public as possible. Mr. Taylor more wisely shuts his eyes to the circumstance altogether.

The next person taken up is Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who is almost always affectingly spoken of as the Queen of Hearts, which Mr. Taylor would lead one to suppose was the name by which she was habitually known. She died in Leicester House, and so far may be called a "Worthy of the Square"; but there was no necessity for telling over again the story of the Palatinate, or for emulating Mr. Hepworth Dixon in describing her as "the mother of more lusty sons and beautiful daughters than were ever given by queen to king," and adding that

the fiery young sworder, Duke Chri-tian of Brunswick, the knightly and courtly Count of Thurn, the grizzled old *condottiere* Mansfeldt, the heroic, high-minded and far-sighted Gustavus Adolphus, the impetuous Bernard of Weimar, the noble and generous Lord Craven, all were alike her devoted servants, ready to sacrifice life and limb, to say nothing of time, toil, and money in her service.

If it was excusable to regard the Queen of Bohemia as a "worthy," we can hardly say the same for bringing in the murder of Thomas Thynne, which took place in Pall Mall, as an "association"; the only connexion between the event and the locality being that some of the crowd ran off to the house of a Swedish physician who lived in the Square, most likely to "fetch the doctor" to the dead or dying man. In this process we are assured that "Leicester Fields was astir with flumbeaux and coaches. Lords in ruffled clothes and crumpled periwigs were moving about with armed servants," &c., &c. These are capital "stage directions," but they are out of place where they are found. Peter the Great is the next "worthy," his right to be introduced consisting in the circumstance of his having been present on one occasion at a party given by Lord Caermarthen. This leads to a sketch of his career, and long stories about Evelyn and Deptford. Shortly afterwards Prince Eugene paid a still more flying visit to the Square, and is at once pounced upon as another worthy, and we are treated to a disquisition on the origin of the War of Succession, and the theory of the Balance of Power.

But we must hurry on to the immortal four whom it has been the pleasure of Mr. Albert Grant to select for particular commemoration. The house of Sir Isaac Newton is first brought

before us, and we are told of the company which did, as well as of the company which "may have," come under his roof. We are also told how, in the autumn of 1665, "to a new made Bachelor of Arts, sitting in his orchard, was revealed, in musing on the fall of the apple, the conception of the force that keeps the planets in their orbits," and so on for five-and-twenty pages, illustrated with woodcuts of Newton's telescope, his birthplace at Woolthorpe, and his rooms at Trinity! At last we get back to the house in St. Martin's Street, and are informed that it "had at least one eminent occupant in the same century. Dr. Martin Burney, a skilful organist, sound teacher of music, and a genial, busy, and intelligent man"; a description from which it is evident that old Charles Burney is meant, and not his grandson Martin, whose dirty hands while playing whist have been immortalized by Charles Lamb. Mr. Taylor refers with just admiration to Miss Burney's "Diaries," but he must be unacquainted with an earlier publication, though a much later composition—her *Memoirs of her father*—or else surely he would not have failed to quote the extraordinary description she gives of this house. In youth she had been conspicuous for the easy plainness of her style, but long residence in France had rusted her English, and caused her to write the most marvellous jargon that has ever found its way into print. "St. Martin's Street," she says, "was situated in the populous closeness of the midst of things," and, "though not narrow, except at its entrance from Leicester Square, was dirty, ill-built, and vulgarly peopled." Mr. Taylor ought also to have remembered that Macaulay has said "that few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or St. James's Square a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's cabin."

The chapter on the doings in Pennant's "Ponting-place of Princes" is perhaps the worst in the book. It is obviously framed on Thackeray's *Lectures on the Georges*, and not on an independent study of the memoirs, and diaries, and letters of the times. The author seems in particular to misunderstand Bubb Dodington, and, in imitation of Thackeray, casts off Leicester Square altogether, and crosses the sea to tell all about the murder of Count Konigsmark in distant Hanover. Gradually he works his way up to the erection of that equestrian statue of George I. which has caused so much merriment in recent years, but altogether omits to mention that the companion statue of George II. was put up at the same time, and still stands highly respected in the neighbouring open space of Golden Square. Here too he makes an utterly inexcusable blunder in asserting, as if it were a perfectly established fact, that Pope had accepted a gift of a thousand pounds from the Duke of Chandos not long before he satirized him under the name of "Timon." We stood amazed when we came to this, and referred to the *Life of Pope* by Dr. Carruthers, a work which we have always found as safe to quote as it is pleasant to read. We there found, indeed, that some one of the poet's many libellers had accused him of receiving five hundred pounds from the duke (half Mr. Taylor's sum), but that he had indignantly denied it, and, as the denial was made during the duke's lifetime, the accusation was utterly discredited. Mr. Taylor is evidently thinking about the money said to have been given by the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress the character of her husband: a vigorous bit of satire which is well known to be still in existence, and is destined to see the light before many months are over, when it will be found that "paper-sparing Pope" was equally careful not to waste his verses, and that some of the lines which were intended for Churchill, whom they hit very hard, had been diverted to Cromwell, against whom they are perfectly harmless. The next chapter, No. XII., is dedicated to "Hogarth at the 'Golden Head,'" where it is related that this golden head was made of "pieces of cork, cut, glued together, and gilded by Hogarth himself," without the slightest hint of the most important point, that the image was the likeness of Antony Vandyck. We then have the story related by the gossiping J. T. Smith of his father having once asked Barry the painter if he had ever seen Hogarth:—

"Yes, once," he replied, "I was walking with Joe Nollekens through Grandborne Alley, when he exclaimed, 'There, there's Hogarth.' 'What,' said I, 'that little man in the sky-blue coat?' Off I ran, and though I lost sight of him only for a moment or two, when I turned the corner into Castle Street, he was patting one of two quarrelling boys on the back, and, looking steadily at the expression in the toward's face, cried, 'D—n him! if I would take it of him; at him again!'"

This reads circumstantially enough, but a little consideration of dates will prove it to be altogether untrue. Nollekens went to Italy in 1760, and Barry did not arrive in London from Ireland till some time in 1764, the year of Hogarth's death, while Nollekens did not return from Italy till 1770. While on this subject, we may add that this same Smith says that he had "several times heard Mr. Nollekens observe that he frequently had seen Hogarth, when a young man, saunter round Leicester Fields with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder." Applying to this also the test of dates, Allan Cunningham showed that Hogarth was forty years old, and had been married eight years to Sir James Thornhill's daughter, when Nollekens was born. Yet Smith is now always described as the accurate and the scrupulous, and his works are a perfect quarry to all the bookmakers.

We have already perhaps said more than enough of Mr. Taylor's volume, but must yet add a few notes to justify our unfavourable opinion of it. We shall set them down perfectly at random. At p. 153 Locket's tavern is described as standing "near the site of George III.'s statue," whereas in truth it was close against the

present Admiralty, and built on ground which had once belonged to St. James's Park:—

The fate of things lies always in the dark,
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park?
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
And wild ducks quack where gashoppers did sing.

It stood, in fact, in Buckingham Court, a passage which may still be found retaining the same name by any one who chooses to look for it. At page 375 we are told that the quarrel between Sir Joshua and the Academy "was connected with the election to an Associateship, as between Bonomi and Edwards." Now the quarrel took place in 1790, and Edwards was elected an Associate in 1773, seventeen years before. Had Mr. Taylor referred to his own *Life of Reynolds*, which we can very well understand his being unwilling to do, he would have found that the quarrel was about the election of a Professor of Perspective, the body of the Academicians wishing to nominate Edwards, whilst Reynolds was determined to force Bonomi upon them, first as an Associate, and then to the Professor's chair. At page 81 he talks of the two Minister brothers as the "Duke of Newcastle and Thomas Pelham," whereas we had always fancied that the Duke's name was Thomas, and his brother most certainly was always spoken of as Henry. At p. 109 there is a letter from Lord Leicester in which the receipt of 200*l.* is acknowledged for "three months' *lounge*" of the house in the Square. Lord Leicester had been three parts of his life on the Continent, and the word is evidently a misprint for "lounge." Mr. Taylor admits that he thought so himself at first, but has altered his mind, as "one can see a meaning in lounge, the payment for *lending* a house!" Of the misspelling of names, that fruitful source of confusion, there is no end. The Bristol Harveys are generally Harveys; Ozias Humphrey is Humphry; Sir James Mackintosh is Macintosh; Sir James Clerk of Pennycook is Sir Thomas; William Sharp, the engraver, is Sharpe; Miss Blandy, the murderess, is Miss Blaney; David Allan, the painter, is Allen; Foubert, the riding-master, after whom Foubert's Place is named, is Faubert; and Elliott, Lord Heathfield, is Elliott. Lastly, we can only make a guess at what is meant by saying that George II., when in England, kept his son within "the whiff and word" of his own temper.

An attempt to enumerate Mr. Taylor's sins of omission would require a separate article. But we must ask why no notice is taken of such eminent residents as Cayner and Talma, and Mary Tofts the rabbit-breeding woman of Godalming?

HADLEY'S ESSAYS.*

THIS is a volume of papers of a very high order from the pen of a lately deceased American scholar, whose name, we are ashamed to say, was unknown to us when we opened the book. Mr. Hadley was Professor of Greek in Yale College, and of his merits in that branch of study, as well as in some matters touching Latin and English, the present collection gives us good means of judging. But from Mr. Whitney's preface we learn that his studies took a much wider range than anything here would have led us to expect. Celtic philology and even Roman law are subjects not wholly foreign to some of the points discussed in this volume; but Mr. Whitney further tells us that in "mathematics he early displayed an ability that bid fair, if he had continued his devotion to it, to place him among the foremost men of the day in that branch of science." That he was, "in the opinion of all who know him most fully, America's best and soundest philologist," we can easily believe; he would have ranked among the best and soundest philologists anywhere. The subjects treated of in this volume do not, however, all come under the head of philology; some of them have a fair claim to come under the head of history so called. How well Mr. Hadley could state and weigh the arguments on both sides of a question is very clearly shown in the first paper in the volume, headed the "Ionians before the Ionian Migration," in which he discusses the theory—the wild theory we were half tempted to call it—of Ernst Curtius about Ionian settlements in Asia Minor and elsewhere ages before any of the dates commonly given to the migration from European Greece to Asia Minor. On this matter we spoke our own mind at no great length when we reviewed the first volume of Curtius's History. The paper, as here printed, consists of two—the first dated in 1856, soon after the first announcement of the theory of Curtius, the second in 1863, in which Mr. Hadley gives a summary of the controversy which the theory of Curtius has stirred up among the scholars of Germany. In this he states and balances the arguments on both sides with singular skill and fairness. Mr. Hadley's own conclusions, though they are not at all strongly expressed, seem to be distinctly opposed to the doctrine of Curtius. To our mind the theory seems to have nothing whatever to rest upon, and we read with great delight the remarks of Gutschmid, in which, though perhaps, as Mr. Hadley says, put forth with a needless degree of fierceness, he makes some good points against the theory of Curtius. Moreover Mr. Hadley well points out the way in which Curtius has changed his ground between the earlier and the later setting forth of his doctrine. To us it seems that—putting aside the supposed Egyptian evidence till it is placed before us in some form which will bring it within the reach of Western historical criticism—all the appear-

* *Essays Philological and Critical, selected from the Papers of James Hadley, LL.D.* London: Macmillan & Co.

ances which tell in favour of the Ionian theory of Curtius may be explained by the doctrine of the original and more distant kindred of the Greeks and the nations on the other side of the Aegean. Miletus in the Homeric Catalogue appears as Carian, and the Carians appear as a people of barbarous tongue; this is quite enough to show that Miletus was not inhabited by Ionians in any intelligible sense of that word; but it does not prove that the Carian occupants of Miletus were as far removed from the Greeks as the Phœnicians, or even as the Persians. If their tongue had parted off so far that they could not be understood in common discourse—that is, if they differed only as Englishmen, Danes, and High Germans, or as Italians, Spaniards, Provençals, and Frenchmen—their language would certainly be set down in Greek phrase as barbarian. Yet the original kindred would be not the less a real one, and it would not the less have the real effect of making a fusion of conquerors and conquered more easy than if they had been utterly alien to one another.

These two essays, which certainly have as good a right to be called historical as philological, are followed by some pieces more distinctly philological—"On the Root *prach* in Greek," "on the Greek Genitive as an Ablative Case," "on Bekker's digammated Homer." The one on the root *prach* has chiefly to do with the remarkable Greek word *πρασιος*. *Prach* in Sanscrit is held to be a compound of *pra* and *ich*, and Mr. Hadley sees the actual process of this formation in the Greek *προις* and its cognates. He also sees in Greek a solitary trace of the *prach* root in its compounded state, a cognate therefore of the Latin *precor* and *procius*, Old-English *fregman*, High-Dutch *fragen*, &c. Mr. Hadley casts aside the old derivation which brings *προις* from *πρ* and the root of *ερεω*, and follows Buttmann in deriving *πρασιος* from *ερεω* and *πριω*, but from *πριω* in a special sense in which it belongs to the *prach* root. It is, he allows, odd that a root which is so widely spread in the cognate languages should appear in Greek only in the shape of a single compound, which, as we have it, must have been "formed after the Greek language had assumed its distinctive character." He remarks that the accidental likeness between this *πριω* and *πριω* in its more common use may have helped to bring about the loss of the word in its rarer shape, and Mr. Hadley's Celtic learning supplies him with a parallel from the history of the same root in the Irish language:—

The Irish retains the root, but only in composition with a proper Irish prefix—a compound, therefore, which must have been formed after the language had assumed its distinctive character. From the Welsh it seems to have disappeared altogether.

In the paper which Mr. Hadley has given to Bekker's digammated Homer he goes very carefully through the various cases in which Bekker has introduced, or has declined to introduce, the lost consonant into the Homeric text. And thence he goes on to discuss the other theories, not nearly so well known, by which other scholars, as George Curtius and Ahrens, have held that the hiatus in Homer is sometimes caused by the loss of other letters besides the digamma, as *σ* and another letter answering to the German *j* or the English *y* consonant. But Mr. Hadley, after going through the examples quoted in behalf of these theories, rules that they are most rare and doubtful, while about the digamma there can be no doubt at all except as to particular cases of its use. Mr. Hadley then goes on to a paper as much musical as philological, "on Greek Rhythm and Metre," and thence to the eternal controversies about Greek accents and Greek pronunciation. With regard to the last question, the essay dated in 1870 has chiefly to do with a document referred to by Mr. A. J. Ellis as illustrating the pronunciation of Greek in the tenth century. On this document, in which an attempt was made by an ancient English, or more likely a Welsh, scribe, we said something in reviewing Mr. Ellis three years ago.* But it still seems to us strange that neither Mr. Ellis nor Mr. Hadley thought of comparing the Greek as written in Western characters by this unknown English or Welsh scholar with the Greek written in Western characters by the famous Liudprand. It is rather curious to see the way in which the natural strength of Mr. Hadley's mind, though he does not seem to have been very well versed in early English history, deals with Mr. Waring's feeble treatment of the historical side of the question about this document. Mr. Hadley pertinently asks what is the age of the manuscript. Mr. Waring says that it belongs to the latter half of the tenth century, on this ground:—

Now Mr. Waring observes that Eadgith, an Anglo-Saxon princess, married Otto I. of Germany in 930, and her son Otto II. married Theophania, a Greek princess, in 972. He supposes that "at the court of Otto a constant connection was kept up with the Anglo-Saxons and the Greeks, and thus a means was opened for the priests of the former to receive some tincture of Hellenic letters. We shall therefore hardly be wrong," he says, "in referring such transcriptions to the latter part of the tenth century."

"Eadgith, an Anglo-Saxon princess," is not quite the way in which a man who was much at home in the tenth century would speak of one of the sisters of Glorious Æthelstan, and he exposes himself further by fancying that Otto the Second was the son of his father's English wife. It was a great law that no Englishwoman could be both the wife and mother of an Emperor. Forgetting the existence of Archbishop Theodore, Mr. Waring argues that Englishmen of earlier days had no opportunity of learning any Greek. And to this he adds something about "the close connexion of Canute with Rome, and the subsequent Norman influence through Edward the Confessor," as making "a later date almost impossible." Mr. Hadley's natural sense enabled him to say,

"These historical reasonings do not seem to me to be very decisive," but he does not appear to have known enough of early English history to put Mr. Waring's confusions right. But he goes on to make some very valuable hints on the way in which the Greek is expressed in this manuscript, though at every step we lack the obvious comparison with Liudprand. Mr. Hadley is naturally surprised that the English *p* is never used for the Greek *θ*, but if the manuscript be Welsh, this is at once explained, as indeed Mr. Hadley himself remarks two pages after, when he seems inclined to believe that the manuscript is Welsh. This was the suggestion of Mr. Haddan, and every time we think about the matter it comes more home to us that Mr. Haddan was right in this as in most other things. Mr. Hadley's most curious remark is about the distinction which the scribe makes between *υ* and *ι*, of which he expresses *υ* by *y* and *ι* by *i*. But he also expresses the Greek *α* by *y*, which proves several things, as we remarked when we spoke about the matter three years ago. When this manuscript was written, *α* and *υ* must have been sounded alike; but they could not have been sounded as the Greeks sound them now, exactly the same as *ι*. The sound which is doubtless meant is the German *u*, a stage through which *α* and *υ* would naturally pass on their road to the modern sound of *ι*; and as Liudprand expresses *υ* by *y* and *α* by *i*, we have a further argument, first, that the change happened faster with *α* than it did with *υ*, and, secondly, that this manuscript is older than Liudprand. Nor does it make much difference that in the modern Welsh spelling the modern *y* has not the sound of *u*—sometimes of English *u*, sometimes of *i*: for the old Welsh spelling differs a good deal from the modern, and the *i* sound in the final syllables seems to show that the Welsh *y* has in those cases passed through the *u* stage. But the most curious thing of all is that Mr. Hadley here brings to bear certain statements of the old Greek grammarians by which it is plain that in the fourth century of our era *α* and *υ* were sounded the same, and differently from *ι*. And more remarkably than all Mr. Hadley adds:—

It is a curious fact that this pronunciation of *α* appeared among the Boeotians several centuries before the Christian era, as in *τῷ δῶλῳ* for *τῷ δῶλῳ*, *ἐντα* for *οἷα*. What adds to the wonder is, that the changes in *α* and *υ* should have been likewise anticipated among the Boeotians: as in *ὑπάκουσθαι*, Boeotic for *ὑπακούσαι*; *ἴν*, Boeotic for *ἴμ*. The Boeotians, backward as their Athenian neighbors thought them, were certainly, as regards pronunciation, in advance of their age.

The next paper, headed "Ross on Italicans and Greeks," shows that Mr. Hadley, among his other gifts, was in no small degree master of the art of sarcasm. Professor Ross of Halle, well known as a traveller in Greece, writes as lately as 1856 a tract with the heading, "Sprachen die Römer Sanskrit oder Griechisch?" The notion that nothing can simply be itself, but that everything must be "derived" from something, the notion that the object of Comparative Philology is to "derive" Greek or anything else from Sanskrit, is one which we have always to be fighting against; but we should hardly have looked for it, within the last twenty years, in one who, like Professor Ross, certainly is a scholar in the narrower sense. But here is the case of such a one who, so short a time ago, was not satisfied with the facts that the Romans spoke Latin, that Latin is a tongue akin both to the Greek and to the Sanskrit, but much more nearly akin to the Greek, but who mocks at any connexion with Sanskrit altogether, and seriously sets himself to prove that Latin is "derived" from Greek, or rather that it is a corrupt dialect of Greek. Another doctrine of Professor Ross is that the modern Greek pronunciation is not only of the respectable antiquity which it undoubtedly is, but that it is a thing which has been unchanged from the beginning, and which Professor Ross thinks represents the pronunciation of Homer or of anybody before Homer. As for his Latin, Professor Ross believes that *consul* is a corruption of *συνβουλος*, and *junius* of *ἰνδρινος*, derivations which, as Mr. Hadley truly says, sound like burlesques invented by an enemy. But this last derivation leads the way for a skilful remark of Mr. Hadley that, while the *ζ* in such a word as *ζυγόν* could not possibly change into the *j* = *y* of *jugum*, the change the other way is very easy. *Ζυγόν*, of course, is a later form than the Latin *jugum* and our *geor*, *yoke*, or *joch*. Yet it sounds strange in the middle of this to find such a sentence as the following:—"The Scottish *bane* is not necessarily derived from the English *bone*, in fact there is no reasonable doubt that both have arisen independently from the Anglo-Saxon *bán*." It is odd that Mr. Hadley should not have learned to speak of his own language in the same scientific way in which he speaks of all others. Yet there are several papers of a high kind on English matters in Mr. Hadley's volume, some of them on subjects of which we have sometimes spoken ourselves, as several questions arising out of the great work of Mr. A. J. Ellis, and one on Mr. Manning's queer notions about the English genitive. There are also a good many shorter and more miscellaneous papers, one or two on Biblical subjects, and one or two containing good advice to the students of Yale College, especially the most sound and practical doctrine that those who read and write much ought to eat a good deal to make up. And he adds the no less necessary rule that they ought also to take a good deal of exercise. We can almost fancy that we see the results of an observance of these precepts in the manly and hearty tone of Mr. Hadley's own writings.

CHATEAUBRIAND.*

(First notice.)

THE literature of criticism is not generally so permanent as the literature of creation. Although quantities of novels and poems are published every year for which nobody but their authors would predict any but the most ephemeral existence, still the novelist or poet who really possesses the gifts of nature which are necessary to good quality of workmanship has much better chances of duration than the critic of equal relative culture and capacity. Yet there is an art of criticism, the higher or highest art of criticism, which may produce a kind of literature that may survive at least the lifetime of its authors; and of all critics who have ever written upon their contemporaries, Sainte-Beuve possessed in the highest degree the qualities which ensure the lasting esteem of the cultivated class. New editions of his writings will therefore probably continue to be published, until either the reading public so generally attains his level that he will appear no longer eminent, or else until new views of literature become fashionable, of a nature incompatible with continued deference to his own. It is difficult to believe that either of these contingencies can be very near. A critic of Sainte-Beuve's combined delicacy and acuteness of perception is a rarer phenomenon in the intellectual world than a poet of great imaginative force; so that it is in the highest degree improbable that the public generally, even though taught by the critic himself, will ever arrive at an equality with him in this respect; whilst, on the other hand, new fashions in literature, being, like all mere fashions, transitory, will not have time to overthrow a system of criticism that was simply a development of permanent good sense. The most serious danger to the duration of critical writings equal in quality to Sainte-Beuve's is that the books and persons that formed their subjects may not continue for very long to attract the attention of posterity. This, however, is not likely to affect the volumes before us, which relate to a personage of the greatest importance in the last generation, and to the interesting group of literary people who surrounded him.

The origin of considerable undertakings may often be traced to some very trivial incident; and Sainte-Beuve, in his introduction, tells a curious story about something that happened to him in Paris, and that led to a temporary exile in which he composed this essay, first delivered in the form of lectures to a class of students in Belgium. In October 1847 he occupied a lodging in the Institute; being one of the librarians of the Mazarine Library, and in this lodging he was troubled with a smoky chimney. To repair this chimney was the duty of the French Government, so Sainte-Beuve addressed himself to the Minister, the repairs were executed, and he thought no more of the matter. Then came the Revolution of 1848, and lists were made out, from the accounts of the preceding régime, of people who had received public money. There was a rumour that Sainte-Beuve was one of these people—that he had received at various times sums of considerable importance. He denied this indignantly in the *Journal des Débats*, and did what he could to have the accusation put into a definite shape, with evidence. At the same time, and on account of this accusation, he resigned his place of librarian at the Mazarine. Now Sainte-Beuve had an enemy called Génin, and this M. Génin was convinced that an article of his had been refused by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on account of Sainte-Beuve's interference, so he spread the rumour about public moneys. At that time it was not easy for a man of letters to live in Paris by such labours as Sainte-Beuve's, and therefore he went to Belgium, where he delivered the course of lectures which formed the basis of the work before us. The mystery of the public moneys was cleared up afterwards. All that could be brought forward in the way of definite evidence was this entry:—"M. Sainte-Beuve, 100 francs." Suddenly he remembered the smoky chimney, which must have cost about that sum to cure its evil habit. And so, because a chimney smoked, Sainte-Beuve had been exposed to a calumnious accusation, had been obliged to make a public fuss about his honour, to resign his office of librarian, to go to Belgium, to deliver lectures; and if the chimney had not smoked, this book would never have been written. Such is the mystery of cause and effect in the affairs of men; but it is probable that, although smoky chimneys may have frequently interfered with the production of a good book, by spoiling temper and eyesight, they have never in any previous instance directly led to it.

No one more than Sainte-Beuve recognized the necessity for a high court of appeal in matters of intellectual culture—some great prince, or circle, or an enlightened public opinion—and under the Directory there was no efficient influence of this kind. The turmoil of revolutions is hostile to the production of thoughtful or finished literature, and men hear only the echo of the great noise:—

En somme, il ne se fit point, il ne put point se faire de grandes œuvres, de grandes compositions littéraires durant les dix années ardentes de la Révolution. La tribune eut ses moments de tonnerre et d'éclat, la scène eut ses soirées brillantes, comme la presse eut ses pamphlets du matin. Ces sortes d'œuvres n'excèdent pas le degré de suite et d'attention que permettent les circonstances. On peut avoir le *Philinte* de Fabre d'Églantine, le *jeune Cordelier* de Camille Desmoulins, et même l'*Agamemnon* de Lemercier; on ne se met pas à écrire l'*Esprit des Lois* sous la Constituante ni sous le Directoire; ou si on se mettait à l'écrire, la plume tomberait des mains bien des fois, et il y aurait tel moment de désespoir où l'on jetterait au feu le manuscrit.

* Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire sous l'Empire. Par Sainte-Beuve. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Lévy.

Sainte-Beuve thought it possible for men absorbed in scientific pursuits to forget the tumult around them, and absorb themselves in labours having no reference to the events that take place upon the surface of the earth; but the writer deals with material too human in its nature for such isolation to be possible in his case; and he cannot write well whilst the great drama is being acted before his eyes—he must wait till the lava has cooled before he can employ it as material. After giving a list of the literary men of that time, he says that each of them lived (in his literature) from hand to mouth, improvising, and stitching together whatever was dictated by the spirit of party or by necessity:—

Pour qu'une littérature ait de la vie avec ensemble et consistance, il faut une certaine stabilité non stagnante; il faut, pour l'émulation, un cercle de juges compétents et d'élite, quelque chose ou quelqu'un qui organise, qui régularise, qui modère et qui contienne, que l'écrivain ait en vue et qu'il désire de satisfaire; sans quoi il s'émancipe outre mesure, il se disperse et s'abandonne. Au dix-septième siècle on avait eu Richelieu; on avait eu Louis XIV aidé de Boileau. Au dix-huitième siècle on avait la société, l'Opinion, cette reine d'alors. Les grands siècles littéraires ont toujours eu ainsi un juge, un tribunal dispensateur, de qui l'écrivain se sentait dépendre, quelque façon, ou pour parler comme La Bruyère, quelque *baïastre*, duquel descendait la palme et la récompense.

However, even in the Revolution itself some had hopes, which more recent experience has proved to be not altogether unfounded, that liberty might regenerate the arts and give them new life and vigour. Daunou made a speech in this sense, which Sainte-Beuve quotes with a note of his own, written in 1849, in which he expresses doubts about the compatibility of taste with liberty, and seems to prefer a certain restriction, believing even that the censure of the press, like rhyme, may be profitable to thought by hampering it, and forcing it to use a certain ingenuity by which it finds good things which in a time of perfect liberty it would never have troubled itself to seek for. In an appendix to this note (written much later) Sainte-Beuve, speaking only with reference to taste in literature, expresses the opinion that the restrictions of the Second Empire were decidedly favourable to certain writers, who, in consequence of it, were able to convey the impression that they would have displayed great talents if they had not been so much hampered, and he gives M. Prévost-Paradol as an example. This same Daunou, in reply to a deputation from the Institute, said that "il n'y a de génie que dans une âme républicaine," which is exactly the reverse of what M. de Bonald asserted when he affirmed that the genius of letters could only come to perfection under a monarchy. Madame de Staël thought that the Revolution might ultimately enlighten a greater number of men, but that during several years the vulgarity of language and manners must cause taste and reason to retrograde in many ways. Sainte-Beuve recognizes the justice of this apprehension, and regrets the tendency of modern writers (which springs from a commercial necessity) to look rather to the number than to the distinction of their readers, "de vouloir la grosse gloire plutôt que la grande."

After the noise and discomfort of the Revolution, in which so many minds had been for long deprived of the tranquil enjoyment of their own ideal, Chateaubriand came with his *imagination catholique* and a certain charm which was exactly what the wearied souls of that time were hungering and thirsting for after the blood and dust of an unparalleled social convulsion. Sainte-Beuve calls both Fontanes and Chateaubriand "des épicuriens qui avaient l'imagination catholique," and heads, with great knowledge of human nature, especially of French human nature, "Il y a des hommes qui ont ainsi l'imagination catholique indépendamment du fond de la croyance. Les pompes du culte, la solennité des fêtes, l'harmonie des chants, l'ordre des cérémonies, l'encens, le rayon mystérieux du sanctuaire, tout cet ensemble les touche et les émeut." Fontanes predicted the kind of writer who was destined to supply the peculiar need of the time. He suggested that a writer who would prove the utility of religious opinions ought to have a style worthy of the subject:—

L'élevation et la sensibilité y domineraient, mais sans faste et sans effort. C'est la qu'on aimerait cette heureuse suite de mouvements et de raisonnements qui forment l'éloquence: car dans un tel ouvrage il faudrait à tour forcer la conviction et parler à l'enthousiasme. Le charme, qui persuade, y serait peut-être plus nécessaire que la logique victorieuse, qui subjugue la raison. C'est donc à une âme douce, plutôt qu'à une âme fière, qu'il appartient d'écrire sur les opinions religieuses. Ce livre important reste encore à faire: il mérite un grand écrivain.

The "grand écrivain" appeared in the person of Chateaubriand. As Vinet said of him, "Après tant de dissertations et d'analyses, il sentit qu'il fallait chanter, et il chanta":—

Il chanta [says Sainte-Beuve] les sujets éternels qu'une éclipse funèbre avait trop longtemps voilés, que la persécution et le martyre avaient rajeunis—les pompes religieuses et sociales qu'il égalait, en les retraçant, par la splendeur de ses tableaux, et sous lesquelles il introduisait (au risque d'en altérer l'esprit) je ne sais quoi d'ému, de sensible, et même de troublant, qui les rendait plus mystérieuses encore et plus chères. Il combina, par un mélange hardi et où les contrastes choquaient moins qu'ils n'éblouissaient, la poésie de l'antiquité dont il était plein avec une poésie toute nouvelle du moyen-âge, et aussi avec une peinture merveilleuse des scènes naturelles immenses, auxquelles les derniers grands écrivains eux-mêmes n'avaient point accoutumé. Ce fond si dissimulable, et qui n'aurait point supporté le regard du froid examen, mais si admirablement revêtu, saisit à l'instant les imaginations lassées et altérées, qui voulaient à la fois retrouver, adorer ce qui leur était cher, et le retrouver cependant sous une forme légèrement inconnue. De là son succès, qui donna le signal d'une renaissance, et qui ressemblait tout ensemble à une reprise de possession du passé, et à une marche en pompe vers l'avenir.

The basis of Chateaubriand's character, in what directly affected his literary career, appears to have been an incurable *cnnui*. "Je crois," he said, "que je me suis ennuyé dès le ventre de ma mère." It was a sort of malady which became epidemic

amongst the *élite* of that time, especially amongst the younger and more sensitive. The French call it *le mal de René*, Chateaubriand's hero, but a similar state of feeling was experienced and propagated by the author of *Childe Harold*. It was capable of highly poetical expression, and was at that time taken to be nothing less than poetry itself. Byron and Chateaubriand were poets who found this tone a good dominant tone to work in, because it gave full scope to dissatisfied aspiration, and to that vague "longing after the infinite" which even the most practical people experience when realities disappoint them. In external nature Byron found the vastness and monotony of the ocean an harmonious illustration of this spirit, whilst Chateaubriand found his illustration in the great forests of America. Both of them had, in addition to this perpetual *ennui*, a source of inspiration in the ardent sensuousness of youth. Sainte-Beuve believes, however, that in the literature which Chateaubriand produced there exists a visible mark of decadence, not of personal but of general decadence, in the absence of interior harmony between what is really and what is only ostensibly the source of inspiration. For example, Chateaubriand goes to Jerusalem, and is supposed to go there to visit the holy places as a pilgrim, but he confessed later that he went in an entirely different spirit. He talks about leaving the port of Deademona and Othello, which is his un-pilgrim-like manner of designating Venice, not to carry his repentance to the tomb of Christ, but in order to find the materials which might bring him fame, and through fame, love. There was a lady, it appears, in Spain, and this lady's bower was the last stage of the pilgrim's tedious course, and that which was oftenest in his thoughts. The project of playing upon people's religious sensibilities in order, first to win a brilliant notoriety, and then, by means of that notoriety, to dazzle the minds of women, is a project strikingly incompatible with that singleness of moral and intellectual purpose which belongs to the ideal either of pilgrimage or of authorship. A desire for success with the fair sex was to the last one of the ruling motives of Chateaubriand, and it was this which made him so ill endure the idea of growing old. We cannot positively affirm, though we may imagine, how Byron would have supported the approaches of old age, but what we only guess in the case of Childe Harold, we know in the case of René:—

Ceux qui l'ont connu savent qu'il n'a jamais pu se consoler de vieillir, qu'il n'y a jamais consenti; il a pris la vieillesse comme un simple affront, et nul n'a mérité si bruyamment le deuil de la jeunesse; il était, à ce sujet, comme ces rois d'Asie qui, de colère, déchirent leurs vêtements.

Sainte-Beuve thinks that the chemistry of Chateaubriand's nature was compounded of these elements:—

d'une part, l'ennui sauvage, avide, insatiable, comme base et comme fond; d'autre part, sillonnant ce vague *ennui*, l'éclair idéal, électrique, du désir; et l'honneur seul, l'honneur chevaleresque, pour tenir et maîtriser tout cela.

This sentiment of honour in Chateaubriand was a tradition of the old French noblesse. Sainte-Beuve defines or describes it very accurately in a few words:—

On est prodigue, libéral, plein d'éclat et de noblesse; on s'expose, on se sacrifie un moment; mais à ce prix on se passe bien des passions et tous ses caprices. Du moins il y a là un ressort puissant, quelque chose qui se révolte contre toute lâcheté, contre toute cupidité sordide, contre toute bassesse. Dans un temps dont M. Royer-Collard disait: "L'abaissement éclate de toutes parts," il y a là du moins quelque chose qui ne vous rabaisse pas.

Add to these characteristics an immense imaginative energy, with a remarkable literary power that captivated great multitudes of readers, and you have what was most essential in the nature of Chateaubriand. His words fixed themselves and produced lasting effects:—"Ses paroles ont avec elles un mordant qui les grave; il a ce genre d'amertume qui accompagne la force." He had an intense sense of some aspects of external nature, which in his day was nearly new in French literature, and he made a great literary discovery, that of the vast solitudes of Transatlantic forests. This delight in the grandeur of wild nature seldom, however, long survives the period of early manhood, unless sustained, as it was in the case of De Saussure, by persistent scientific studies, or else, as in that of professional landscape-painters, by an interest in the endless problems of art. Several years after *Atala* was written, Chateaubriand travelled in Italy, and perceived that his feeling for the sublimity of external nature had lost much of its early intensity. Writing to his friend M. de Fontanes, he expressed this difference as he felt it, and the passage is worth quoting for the light it throws upon a change which had been observed in others, but which is peculiarly interesting in Chateaubriand, who had gone much further than most of his contemporaries in the landscape-enthusiasm of the age:—

Aujourd'hui je m'aperçois que je suis beaucoup moins sensible à ces charmes de la nature; je doute que la Cataracte de Niagara me cause la même admiration qu'autrefois. Quand on est très-jeune, la nature muette parle beaucoup; il y a surabondance dans l'homme; tout son avenir est devant lui; il espère communiquer ses sensations au monde et il se nourrit de mille chimères. Mais dans un âge avancé, lorsque la perspective que nous avions devant nous passe derrière, que nous sommes détrempés sur une foule d'illusions, alors la nature seule devient plus froide et moins parlante; les jardins parlent peu. Pour que cette nature nous intéresse encore, il faut qu'il s'y attache des souvenirs de la société: nous nous suffisons moins à nous-mêmes; la solitude absolue nous pèse, et nous avons besoin de ces conversations qui se font le soir à voix basse entre les amis.

Chateaubriand's manner of composition was exactly the opposite of Wordsworth's, for he could only work or compose whilst actually holding the pen between his fingers. He said himself that he never even thought about his writings when not seated

at his desk. However, when he did sit down, it was for a long sitting, often for a sitting of twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch. Sainte-Beuve accounts for this by the nature of Chateaubriand's intellectual performance, in which there was no continuous development of reasoning. His literary work was nothing but a series of recommencements, brilliant, but broken. There was no regular flow of discourse, but only a multitude of sparks. Sainte-Beuve appears to think that a more continuous mental process would have been apt to go on of itself at other times also. Rousseau, on the other hand, said that he never was able to compose pen in hand, but wrote in his own brain when he walked out in the woods, or lay in bed during long sleepless nights. Chateaubriand read largely, but with a view to his own subsequent literary performances, not simply for reading's sake. He had not the serious qualities of the historian, but possessed one quality, valuable above all others to a man of letters, which Joubert well defined in a letter to Madame de Beaumont:—

Ce livre-ci (*Atala*) n'est point un livre comme un autre. Son prix ne dépend point de sa matière, qui sera cependant regardée par les uns comme son mérite, et par les autres comme son défaut; il ne dépend pas même de sa forme, objet plus important, et où les bons juges trouveront peut-être à reprendre, mais ne trouveront rien à désirer. Pourquoi? Parce que, pour être content, le goût n'a pas besoin de trouver la perfection. Il y a un charme, un talisman qui tient aux doigts de l'écrivain. Il l'aura mis partout, parce qu'il a tout manié, et partout où sera ce charme, cette empreinte, ce caractère, là sera aussi un plaisir dont l'esprit sera satisfait. Je voudrais avoir le temps de vous expliquer tout cela, et de vous le faire sentir pour chasser vos poltronneries; mais je n'ai qu'un moment à vous donner aujourd'hui, et je ne veux pas différer de vous dire combien vous êtes peu raisonnable dans vos défiances. Le livre est fait, et par conséquent le moment critique est passé. Il réussira, parce qu'il est de l'Enchanter.

The italics in this quotation are Sainte-Beuve's, who fully endorses the opinion of Joubert, and adds to it in a note a passage from Eugène Delacroix (the painter), who said that nature had given to each special talent a peculiar talisman of its own. Sainte-Beuve says that without talisman there is no charm, and that when this is wanting there may be labour, effort, merit, whatever belongs to criticism, but there is neither magic nor poetry. Here he touches upon what most deeply concerns all workers in the higher literature, and all artists whatever. Have they the talisman? this, for them, is the main question. If they have it, the world will pardon many deficiencies and many inaccuracies, but if they have it not they labour vainly. What the talisman precisely is it might be more difficult to define, for it is a thing to be felt rather than explained; but it clearly indicates sympathy, and a certain strength of imagination, working in harmony with some strength of feeling in the public that desires a high excitement. We must not forget that the talisman depends for its magical effects quite as much upon the state of the public mind as on the mind of the magician himself. Chateaubriand was fortunate in having the talisman, but he was fortunate also in a public which eagerly desired the very kind of excitement he was able to produce. Great numbers of his countrymen longed for certain emotional conditions from which the Revolution had severed them, and the writings of Chateaubriand gave them the emotion which they needed. To us, who read the *Gospel of Christianity* with other eyes, it may be not readily conceivable that it brought so much consolation to a weary and hardly-used race of men. But so it was. The book came to them like an angel's gift, and they exalted the giver of it to a level with the great religious and moral benefactors of mankind. He lived to see the fading of some of these illusions, yet he always bore, and has left behind him, one of the most famous names in literature.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

SINCE our last notice of this work little progress has been made towards its completion. One more volume indeed has appeared, bringing down the Commentary to the Song of Solomon. But it is to be feared that the Revision of the Text at the hands of the two "Companies" will be presented to the public before the *Speaker's Commentary* is finished.

We had occasion, in speaking of the second volume of this series, to call attention to the marked superiority of the critical matter supplied by Canon Rawlinson of Canterbury over the contributions of some of his colleagues in the work of exegesis. The whole of the third volume, which we now proceed to notice, is by the hand of the same competent scholar and critic. We find no reason to alter our former favourable judgment after considering the introductory essays and the running annotations which Mr. Rawlinson has provided for the Second Book of the Kings, the First and Second Book of the Chronicles, and the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. Once more, however, we have to renew our complaint of the dryness and poverty of spiritual interpretation in this Commentary as a whole. It will continue to be a book of some permanent value, to be consulted in cases of obscurity in difficult passages; though, as a devotional guide, helping the reader to the deeper senses and inner life of the Scriptures, it is altogether useless. But what is really wanted, and what this Commentary was intended (as we imagine) to supply, is an explanation for popular use of the general scheme of the written Revelation as a whole, interpreted by the one key to Scripture—

* The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611); with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol. III. 2 Kings—Esther. London: John Murray. 1873.

namely, the Person and Office of the Messiah. For anything of this sort the reader will look to these pages in vain. Take, for instance, the two Books of the Kings. They are treated solely as dry historical annals. But a very thoughtful living theologian, Mr. Andrew Jukes—who is, we believe, a Nonconformist—has published, under the title of *The Mystery of the Kingdom*, a much more profound view of the religious value of these historical books, which is not even noticed by the commentators whose joint work is now before us.

Canon Rawlinson is most in his element, we think, when he brings to bear on the sacred text the results of his own and his brother's distinguished historical and linguistic scholarship in the fields of Oriental literature. We turned with interest to see what reference would be made to the famous Moabite Stone discovered in 1869, in connexion with the Mesha, mentioned in the third chapter of 2 Kings. An "additional note," on the bearing of this Moabite stone upon the Jewish history, did not disappoint us. It would have been well perhaps if Mr. Rawlinson had given the text of the Moabite inscription, or at least some exact reference to where it might be found. But the absence of exact reference is one of the most conspicuous defects of the *Speaker's Commentary*. There was great value in the books of older scholars in the list always given of the particular editions of all the works quoted or referred to. A book is almost useless to students which does not give precise references. In the place before us Mr. Rawlinson sets out fairly the arguments for the two possible dates of the Moabite inscription, without telling us which of the two he himself adopts. But he sums up ably the points established and the doubtful conclusions suggested by the inscription. Among the former the two most remarkable, excepting, of course, the value of the incidental testimony to the Scripture history, are the facts that the God of the Israelites was known to the Moabites under the quadriliteral name which we pronounce "Jehovah," and that there was a sanctuary of the true God at Nebo, in the Trans-Jordanic territory, where sacred "vessels" were used in His service and worship. We agree with Mr. Rawlinson in his conclusion that this remarkable inscription does not prove that the Moabites had at any time made any considerable progress in civilization or in intellectual culture. We may here point out another confirmation of the Hebrew records by contemporary history, in the fact, first noticed by the present commentator, that the only record of that "war of independence" in which Naaman (2 Kings, v. 1) became distinguished is supplied by the Assyrian monuments. A very valuable note, from the acquaintance which it shows with the Assyrian monumental records, is appended to 2 Kings, xv. 19, the passage in which the first mention occurs in Scripture of Assyria as an aggressive power. The monuments of Nineveh are also made of great use in illustrating the military preparations of Sennacherib against Hezekiah.

Leaving questions the interest of which is mainly historical, we notice much to commend in Canon Rawlinson's scattered notes on the character and work of the prophet Elisha. We regret that he did not combine in one dissertation his view of this prophet's life and mission. But if the notes on the chapters which relate his history are read consecutively—which few, we fear, are likely to do—a very lifelike picture of the prophet will be obtained. For example, the "double portion" of his master's spirit which Elisha prayed for is well explained. Then there is a valuable hint, from the history of the Shunamite, that the prophet must have maintained regular services on Mount Carmel, "new moons and sabbaths," for the benefit of those who were still faithful in the northern kingdom. Again, we notice a sensible note on the "trivial character" of some of Elisha's miracles, which we may perhaps advantageously transcribe:—

We are apt not to be satisfied unless there is clearly seen by us to be a "dignus vindice nodus" in each case of miraculous interposition. But we really know very little as to the laws which govern the exercise of miraculous powers, where such powers have been committed by God to a mere mortal. It is possible that they may sometimes, like natural gifts, be so much under their possessor's control that he can exercise them or not exercise them at pleasure. And it may depend on his discretion whether they are exercised in important cases only or in trivial cases also. Elisha had evidently great kindness of heart. He could not see a grief without wishing to remedy it. And it seems as if he had sometimes used his miraculous power in pure good nature, when no natural way of remedying an evil presented itself.

We proceed to notice some improved translations—but there are few of them. Such, for instance, is the speech of Hazael, "But what is thy servant, this dog, that he should do this great thing," which has quite a different meaning from that given by the common rendering. Such again is the description of Elisha's long and meaning look at Hazael which detected the guilty thought in the King's mind. "Elisha settled his countenance and set it (towards Hazael) till he (Hazael) was ashamed." Then again we find many apt illustrations from Oriental manners and customs. Thus Jezebel "put her eyes in antimony," which is the literal rendering of the words translated "painted her face." So when Ahaziah's brethren were slain "at the pit of the shearing-house," properly "at the well of Beth-Eked," we are reminded that, as at the massacre of Mizpah mentioned by Jeremiah, and at that of Cawnpore in our own recent Indian history, a well furnished a convenient receptacle for the murdered victims. We have no space for Canon Rawlinson's statesmanlike sketch of Jehu's character and policy, nor for an able note in which he disposes of all the fanciful books written to identify the lost Ten Tribes with any existing race or body of persons as nothing better than "ingenious exercises."

The Introductory Remarks on the Books of the Chronicles are very masterly. The author is inclined to prefer to the common title the LXX. title of *Paraleipomena*, or "Things Omitted." He considers that these books were written by Ezra after the Return from the Captivity; not however merely or chiefly to supply what had been left out in Samuel or the Kings, but rather "with an immediate practical object, that of meeting the peculiar difficulties of his own day." Accordingly, he calls attention throughout to the Levitical spirit shown by the author. In other words, the main object of these books was to instruct the returned Israelites in the routine and meaning and political, as well as religious, value of the Temple Services. It is high but deserved praise to say of this particular Introduction that it tells the reader pretty nearly all that he wants to know as to the authorship, date, and purpose of these books. The text of the Chronicles is corrupt, and the meaning often obscure; but they are of great interest and value. It is a very great advantage to church-goers that the New Lctionary of the Church of England has selected for public reading several chapters from these somewhat undervalued books. For instance, much additional information is given in 1 Chron. xxi. as to David's numbering of the people and its consequences, and as to the sacrifice at the threshing-floor of Araunah, otherwise Ornan. There is a whole mine of buried knowledge as to ancient music in the fifteenth chapter of the First Book, which describes David's ordinances for the choral worship of the Tabernacle and the Temple. Mr. Rawlinson has not brought any special technical knowledge to bear on this subject; but it would reward, we are convinced, the research of a competent musician. We do not find that in the following volume the musical directions in the headings of the Psalms receive any adequate explanation. Mr. Rawlinson, in commenting upon the skill of Hiram of Tyre, who was sent to Solomon for the building of the Temple, aptly compares with his versatility in art the examples of Theodore, the Samian, in early history, and of Michael Angelo in more modern times. There can be no doubt that no artist can be of the highest force whose skill is restricted to one branch of art only.

There is much that is of great interest and value in Mr. Rawlinson's annotations on the short books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. But we demur to a note on Ezra vi. 10, in which "the sacrifices of sweet savour" are explained as probably meaning nothing but offerings of incense. Surely the animals mentioned in the preceding verse, together with wheat, salt, wine, and oil, which the decree of Darius ordered to be provided day by day for the burnt-offerings, points out that the passage refers to the burnt-offerings, and meat-offerings, and peace-offerings of the Law. Does not Mr. Rawlinson remember that sin-offerings and trespass-offerings were the only ones which were *not* sacrifices "of sweet savour"? We notice, on Ezra vii. 6, a valuable note on the scribes, of whom we read so much in the Gospels. Our commentator thinks that the professional scribes, who were students, interpreters, and copyists of the Law, did not exist as a class till after the Captivity, when it became of importance to retain a knowledge of the old dialect then beginning to disappear in common speech. An acute note on Nehemiah ii. 19, wherein "Geshem the Arabian" is mentioned as an ally of Sanballat and Tobiah, reminds us that the recent discovery of the fact that Sargon peopled Samaria in part with an Arab colony explains the presence of a man of that nationality among the enemies of the returned Hebrews.

We note, in conclusion, two valuable appendices on certain Persian words in Ezra and in Esther. Mr. Rawlinson identifies the Akhasverosh (Ahasuerus) of Ezra with the Persian Khsayarsha, which the Greeks and Romans abbreviated into Xerxes. The name Esther, which some have tried to connect with the Greek *aster*, a star, seems rather to be the Persian equivalent of Hadassah, the Hebrew word for myrtle, and thus to answer to the Greek name *myrica*.

The following volume, the fourth, which contains Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles, is the work of several writers. We hope to recur to it on a future occasion.

SCOTCH SONG AND SCOTCH CHARACTER.*

IF Professor Clark Murray wished to say anything of interest about the ballads of Scotland, it is a pity that he allowed himself to be trammelled by the conditions of the St. Andrew's Society of Glasgow. It seems that the Society offered a prize for an essay about the effects of the Scottish ballads on the character of the people. Now no one can be better aware than Dr. Clark Murray that national songs have a very moderate influence on national character. It is the genius of a people that produces its popular poetry, and the poetry only slightly reacts upon the genius. Historical ballads, for instance, telling of the exploits of patriots, keep up a spirit of national independence. Thus the *tragedies* of the Romaic klephts foster hatred of the Turk and of the tourist, just as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace" refreshes the Caledonian's contempt for the cockney. In the same way ballads of superstition aid the survival of primitive beliefs. The Nereids might have been forgotten in Greece, the fairies in Tweeddale, if popular songs had not kept them alive in the popular memory. Again the drinking chants in which Scotland is so rich do much to benefit the revenue,

* *The Ballads and Songs of Scotland*. By J. Clark Murray. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Scotch Song. By Mary Carlyle Aitken. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

and to stereotype the national love of whisky. But these influences, in spite of Fletcher of Saltoun's "very wise man," who was so anxious to make the ballads of a nation, is nearly all that popular song possesses. The Scot is patriotic, superstitious, thirsty, sometimes sentimental, and these qualities produced the Scotch ballads, and the ballads rather help to keep the qualities in high esteem. And that is almost all that needs to be said on this subject. Dr. Clark Murray admits this:—"A certain type of character, for example, cannot be due to the agency of the people's songs alone, for the people's songs are, in the first instance, due to its character." And here is the ground of our complaint against Dr. Murray. He has made the limits imposed on him by the St. Andrew's Society of Glasgow an excuse for writing a book which far outruns these limits, without adding anything to our knowledge on disputed points of ballad lore. The antiquity of the Scottish folk-songs, the manner of their production, the kind of society from which they sprang, the changes which oral tradition has produced in their original forms, their relation to the ballads of other countries are all matters which Dr. Murray leaves obscure. He thinks that he is deterred from the use of the comparative method by the very nature of his task:—"In order to estimate the amount of the influence which the songs of Scotland have been exerting on the life of her people, it is not necessary to hazard any comparison between these songs and those of any other country, even though such a comparison need not be dreaded by the most patriotic Scotsman." It would do the most patriotic Scotsman no harm to learn that other nations possess a volume of popular song much fuller, more graceful, and more musical than his own. And it is only by finding out in what respects Scotch ballads agree with and differ from the poetry of other nations that he can discover in what way they may have helped to produce that fine flower, the Scotch national character.

It has long been known, if we may attempt the comparison which Dr. Murray neglects, that many traditional Scotch ballads have counterparts in the popular literature of Denmark, of Germany, and of France. Thus Gérard de Nerval has printed a French ballad identical with the Scottish "Water o' Wearies Well," and a similar story occurs in the folk-songs of the Provençal *peïats*. The Scotch "Earl of Mar's Daughter" is also found among the ballads of the Champagne country. These resemblances, and others of the same sort, of course prove little, as there was constant intercourse between Scotland, Denmark, and France in the middle ages, and one country might borrow tales and songs from another. But it becomes a different question when we find the inhabitants of modern Greece in possession of a body of song of which the Scottish ballads seem only echoes and fragments. Few peoples are more remote from each other in every way than those of Greece and Scotland. The peasantry of the latter country, as Principal Shairp recently observed, owe many sterling and disagreeable qualities to the unwhispering east wind of their native hills. Stern, cautious, little addicted to music or to the dance on the village green, no rustic could be less like that Oubéitan shepherd whose elegant existence was free from all vulgar associations because there were no sheep in Oubéiti. The Greek peasant, on the other hand, is the most picturesque being that the tourist can encounter. His life, if we may trust travellers like Von Schmidt and Mr. Tozer, is a perpetual idyllic opera. There is no event which he does not celebrate by song and dance. When he leaves his home he dances at his relations if they have been disagreeable, and sings rural satires about their conduct, and when he is married his friends favour him with a genuine epithalamium. When he is dying he chants a death-song, like Grettir or Gunnar in Icelandic story, and when he is slain his widow calls for vengeance in a dirge. In fact the modern Greek seems to display survivals of that rather early stage of culture when man, as Mr. Darwin thinks, had learned to sing, but had not got quite so far as to speak. Now the point which Dr. Clark Murray would have found not uninteresting, if he had "hazarded a comparison" between Greek and Scotch folk-songs, is this—that the ballads of these two races, so widely separated at present in character and customs, are essentially identical. National song then can have but little to do with moulding national character. We go on to establish the position of the sameness of Greek and Scotch folk-songs.

When the Imperial Government, in 1852, appointed a Commission to search for the scattered remains of French popular poetry, M. Ampère issued instructions which are valuable for our purpose. He said that the genuine folk-song always presented the following features:—"The use of assonance instead of rhyme, the brusque character of recital, the textual repetition, as in Homer, of the speeches of the characters, the constant use of certain numbers, as three and seven, and the way in which gold and silver are lavished on the commonest articles of everyday use." Now all these notes are common to the Romance and the Scotch ballads. In both we hear of knives, shipmasts, horses' shoes, chairs and tables, made of gold. Talking birds are part of the machinery of both, the omniscient "popinjay" who always "up and spoke" is akin to the *épica poulletier*, the three birds who generally introduce the story in the *tragoudins* collected by Faurel, Passow, and Le Grand. And the very plots of the narrative ballads are sometimes the same. In both countries rose and briar mingle their boughs above the graves of lovers; and in both identical and non-Christian views prevail as to the state of the dead. The spectral lover in the Scotch "Proud Lady Margaret" is another form of the ghostly brother in the "Night Ride," which answers in Greece to Lenore's death ride in Germany. Thus of the four classes into which Dr. Clark Murray

divides Scotch ballads, the superstitious are akin to those of Greece, the plots of several of the romantic legends are the same, the spirit of the Border warlike ballads and of the klephtic *tragoudins* are identical. As to love songs, the Greek, as might be expected, are distinguished by Oriental imagery, and by a curious exotic languor. The Caledonian lover says

I'm young and stout, my Maribon,
Name dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Maribon,
I'll coo gae draw up wi' Jean.

This is practical, and very unlike the Greek Iannoula, who sings how she chose a dying lover "that is not long for love and me." But, except in matters of taste like this, the character of Greek and Scotch ballads is as similar as the character of Ettrickdale shepherds and Spartan peasants is different.

The fact is that ballads, like *maharekes*, are common to all European races. They point to a primitive "solidarity of the peoples," which did not consist in international strikes, but in common traditions and innocent beliefs and festivals. There is a common basis, there are common "notes" of popular poetry in Scotland, in Brittany, as M. Luzel's collection shows, in Denmark, in Servia, and in Greece. Differences of sentiment occur; there is a Scotch homeliness in the ghosts who say

farewell to the bonny maid
That tends our mother's fire;

and there is a curious relenting in the Scotch hardness when Edom o' Gordon thinks

I might have spared that bonny face
To have been some man's delight.

Such traits have a literary interest, but on the whole the comparative study of popular songs has a different charm. They are the spontaneous voice of the unlettered people, uttered in moments of excitement, as when the dead are lamented in dirges, or stories are told in rough verse to the tune of dances in the open air. "This poetic," said Puttenham, in 1589, "is more ancient than the artificial of the Greeks and Latines, coming by instinct of nature, and used by the savage and uncivil, who were before all science and civilitie." Ballad fragments out of this stage of peasant life survive in countries where song is silent, and dance prohibited by the Kirk, and they prove that even in Scotland rural life was once idyllic. Some of the pretty dances and burdens of Scotch children are also relics of the age when "wenches and damocels," as Gawain Douglas says, "sang ring songs, dances, leades, and roundes." The Reformation and the east wind have long ago put a stop to such practices. But for all that the interest of Scotch ballads is not the influence which they exerted on the Scotch character, but the proof which they afford that the country was once "merrie Scotland." The Scotch, too, had once their dances in the free air, their gatherings to welcome May, and wanderings through the woods on Midsummer night. Life did not lack the innocent pleasures which under summer skies it still affords.

It would be scarcely possible to guess this from the more artificial and rather pedantic Scotch strains which Miss Aitken has collected for a new volume of the *Golden Treasury* series. These are the effusions of Hogg, Tannahill, Balcanquhall, Tytler, "an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body," and other choice spirits. Miss Aitken has not been very successful in the task of selection. Some of the songs, as those by Monroë and Ayton, are couched not in the Scotch tongue, but in the English dialect. Others perhaps are only too Scottish:—

At thorny dike, and birken tree,
We'll daff, and we'll be weary O;
They'll sing ilk of frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Such verses require to be rendered with the same spirit as Mr. James Binnie showed in his song about the "Laird o' Cockpen." The songster must "toss his glass, and bab to one man, and wink to another," to enable the Southron to take the points of his lyric. The Northern melodies which can do without such assistance have already appeared in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. What reason can there be for reprinting

Ah sic' a yumping,
Ah sic' a yumping,
An sic' a yumping,
About the little hare?

And we wonder what Miss Aitken means by this remarkable sentence in her introduction:—

In Part I. are such songs as are devoid, or almost devoid, of the comic element—namely, serious love-songs—for the most part lyrical, what Wordsworth would call "Songs of the Affections," an unsuitable name here, however, the Scotch being by nature a taciturn people, and mere affection seldom tempting them to sing.

Songs are generally "for the most part lyrical," and it is very cautious to adduce authority for considering love one of the affections, except in Scotland. The Scotch, though taciturn, are amorous; not like the Dutch, of whom Mrs. Aphra Behn's biographer says, "Ye may think that a Dutchman cannot love." Perhaps Miss Aitken means that more affection, without a tocher or dower, cannot make a Scotsman sing; and indeed there is a good deal of reference to tochers in the serious love songs of this frugal race. Probably it is not Miss Aitken's fault that she has not made a very attractive volume out of the choice lyrics of the North. What can be done with a nation one of whose choice lyrics is all about "yumping"? The really good Scotch songs, exclusive of Burns's best attempts, could be compressed into a very, tiny volume indeed. About most of the lyrics reprinted here it

might be said "they have been done in a corner," the poet's corner of some local journal. Perhaps Scotch patriotism would have done well to leave them there.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND NORTH CALIFORNIA.*

THE shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean, though separated from each other by vast intervals, are in these days linked together by many ties of commerce and colonization, and seem likely to be either occupied by English communities or subjected to the influence of nations speaking the English tongue. The American Union exerts a predominating influence in the North Pacific; while the South Pacific, including both Australasia and the ports of our South American trade, sees a good deal more of the British flag. Our mercantile intercourse with China and Japan is indeed carried on by a different route. It does not swell the main traffic across the Pacific north of the line; but our new Pacific mail route from New South Wales and New Zealand now strikes San Francisco instead of Panama. The Chinese emigration, one of the most important agencies of industrial progress in that hemisphere, has affected California more largely than Australia; but its movement to our southern colonies may yet be increased by a judicious and liberal policy. In the meantime, the Sandwich or Hawaiian Isles, forming a halfway station between Asia and North America, have become a kind of ward or apprenticeship to the United States. This has been brought about, without any political dependence, by social and commercial influences, and in the first instance by missionary preachers and schools. The prospects of Hawaiian civilization, begun some fifty years ago by the agents of Christian philanthropy from New England, are, therefore, a topic of natural concern to Mr. Nordhoff's fellow-citizens at Brooklyn and Boston. In their minds, too, this subject is readily associated with that of his reports on California, Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia, the western coast regions of their own continent. It is worth while for us to comprehend this Anglo-American outlook over the western oceanic world.

The first half of Mr. Nordhoff's book is a pleasant description of the island group, consisting of four or five larger and half a dozen smaller isles, now commonly known by the name of the largest, Hawaii, which was formerly spelt Owhyhee. Mr. Nordhoff seems to have visited the islands with a small party of friends from New York for personal recreation and instruction. They had ample leisure, of which they made an active and intelligent use. They enjoyed the mild climate, a perpetual summer tempered by the winds of the ocean. They admired the bold and varied scenery of volcanic formation, with striking contrasts of rich verdure and cliffs or beds of lava thrown up by subterranean fires. They inspected the active volcano of Kilauea, with its terrific lakes of molten lava, a furlong wide. Here the grey surface of the liquid mass is seen rippled by red circles of fire, heaving in the centre and bursting its crust, at intervals of a minute, and tossing a fiery wave to the height of thirty feet. This was its state in March 1873, but the aspects of the Hawaiian volcanic phenomena are different in other months or years. The great crater of Kilauea, within which the twin lakes above described have their place, is nine miles in circumference, and a thousand feet deep. It was till lately roofed over with a sort of immense picecrust, which suddenly fell in with a crash. The extinct crater of Haleakala is twice as deep and thrice as large. The shore of Puna for seventy miles is strewn, or rather heaped, with lava blocks, through which a horse-path is beaten for the traveller. Lava bubbles and hollow cones of cinders are found standing here and there. The volcanic mountains of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea rise to 14,000 feet, but with a gradual swelling ascent, and there are no sharply outlined summits. Snow lies upon the highest ridges. In each of the principal islands a surprising difference of climate as regards moisture between the windward and leeward sides is caused by the Pali, lofty and compact mountain ranges which exclude the trade-wind vapours from the western shores.

The extent of land available for either agricultural or pastoral uses is very limited. Deep gorges and narrow valleys, shut in by the mountains, with but a few acres of level bottom, contain the little plots of ground which are planted with taro, a wholesome esculent root. The taro field needs culture under water, like a rice-field. This root is baked and beaten into a mash called poi, which is the common food of the people, but rice is also eaten. Sugar plantations have employed some foreign skill and capital; but the want of a convenient market has deprived the owners of adequate profit. Both cotton and coffee have usually suffered from blight and caterpillar; the cacao is not more fortunate. Corn does not thrive, and it is not worth while to grow fruit. Some grazing may be found in certain districts for cattle and sheep. But, on the whole, in Mr. Nordhoff's judgment, there are few opportunities in this region for making a fortune by industrial investments. Sugar and rice may be cultivated to some extent by means of Chinese coolie labour, and that is all. He deprecates the political annexation of these islands to the United States, as neither desired by the native people nor required by American interests. The purchase of the commodious Pearl River harbour, ten miles from Honolulu in the island of Oahu, would provide the Union with a commanding naval station,

if such an acquisition were needful in the present state of international politics. But Mr. Nordhoff thinks it is not required, inasmuch as his country is not "a second-rate Power likely to be bullied by other nations." He prefers to look upon the Happy Isles of the Mid Pacific as an agreeable retreat for Americans of refined taste, with an idyllic longing for the grace and peace of a social condition altogether unlike that of their own bustling cities. It is delightful, he says, to a jaded New Yorker, instead of frantically rushing after latest items of news at all hours of the day and night, to stand upon the wharf at Honolulu and watch the departing steamer, with the serene consciousness that there will not be another mail for a whole month. As there is no submarine telegraph, the most anxious or ambitious speculator on contemporary affairs must be content to let the world get on without his superintendence, all except the 56,897 souls inhabiting this "toy kingdom." Some of us have experienced this sense of relief during two or three days' respite from the postman and the *Times* in the Hebrides or the Channel Islands, and can sympathize with the American oppressed by his responsibility for the welfare of a continental commonwealth.

The praise which Mr. Nordhoff gives to the little band of Puritan evangelists and American civil administrators by whose labours the dwindling remnant of the Hawaiian people has been trained into habits of order and comfort, is doubtless well deserved. At the same time we must confess to a certain amazement, which has occurred to us in other similar instances, when along with pleasing reports of moral and physical welfare resulting from an imported superior civilization we peruse the statistics of a quickly perishing race. These Kanakas, as the natives of the Hawaiian Islands call themselves, are a good-humoured, intelligent, and docile people. Their soft Polynesian temper has not been stiffened by their New England teaching, but they have been drilled into a fair observance of personal and social decencies, like the majority of professed Christian nations. Their manners are frank and gentle. Theft and homicide are not more frequent with them than with other folk. Mr. Nordhoff says they are not lazy, which is much to say for the inhabitants of a land which knows no winter and which yields plenty of cheap food. But the Kanakas need only work two days in the week, and may then lie on the grass. They all go to school in youth and learn to read and write; they all go to church or meeting, just like the people of Massachusetts. Every man reads his newspaper, as well as his Bible; the native gentlemen are magistrates or members of Parliament, and there are even native ladies. It was therefore in a spirit of reflex irony, as those who heard Mark Twain in London will remember, that his lecture was entitled "Our Fellow Savages in the Sandwich Islands." All this appears very satisfactory till we fall upon census returns, with two startling arithmetical figures; namely, first, 130,315, the actual number of the Hawaiian native population in 1832; secondly, 51,531, its number in 1872, after forty years of benevolent and apparently efficient social reform. It is the same with the kindred Maori nation of New Zealand, which has been diminished by more than half within thirty years. These races have neither been slaughtered nor starved under the protection of a civilized government. Their tribal wars and massacres have been stopped. They have, in some cases, been fed and clothed, or furnished with seed and land to enable them to grow food. They have been cared for, upon the whole, with as much zeal and assiduous public charity as the poorer classes of our countrymen in Europe. But when prevented or dissuaded from killing each other, they simply die out of their land, having begotten and reared no children to fill their place. In the meantime, however, the Kanaka has at any rate an easy life of it, with as few cares and toils as any man upon earth. He can afford to sleep at noon, or to amuse himself by galloping half-broken horses or swimming upon surfboards. He wears a loose ungirt frock, and fills his stomach at pleasure. His rulers affect no vexatious bigotry; feasting, dancing, singing, and card-playing are not proscribed under the mild reign of King Kalakaua. Many youths in the upper class of natives get an English education. They are as proud and fond of the little insular realm as Manxmen of their Tynwald and House of Keys. The unassuming monarchy, which is practically almost elective for lack of heirs, is supported by rich princes and nobles, whose old feudal privileges are surrendered, but who are still revered by the common people.

The second portion of this volume is a descriptive and statistical account of the Sacramento Valley and the Mendocino coast district, north of San Francisco, the Columbia River and Puget Sound, to the northern frontier of the United States territory, with a glance at Vancouver Island. The author has carefully examined those parts of California, Oregon, and Washington, with a view to giving advice to New England agricultural settlers who might be inclined to go there. It is a region with many advantages of situation, soil, and climate, to which Mr. Stamer's "Gentleman Emigrant," recently noticed by us, might well direct attention. Land lots are for sale on easy terms along the Sacramento Valley railroad. The citizens of California, indeed, show as keen and strong a spirit of enterprise as prevails in any State of the Union. Sheep and cattle grazing, as in Australia, wheat and barley growing, the cultivation of raisin-grapes, almonds, peaches, cherries, and a variety of fruits; the dairy-farming in Marin County; the growth of tobacco, the production of silk, the cutting of redwood and other timber in the Oregon forests, with the salmon and coast fisheries, are recognized sources of wealth. They are not likely to be neglected by the active Californians, if the senseless outcry against Chinese labour, raised by the "Hoodlums," or town rowdy mob of San Francisco,

* *Northern California and the Sandwich Islands.* By Charles Nordhoff, Author of "California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence." London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low, & Searle. 1874.

be not allowed to deprive the country of useful hands. The number of Chinese working in California is nearly fifty thousand; they are not very nice people, but they are most trustworthy and diligent servants in every drudging task. Their immigration, the ocean passage from China and their reception at San Francisco, the contracts for their first employment, the care of those who fall sick, the relief of those in distress, the funeral rites for those who die, and the means of returning to China with any money they have saved, are managed by Chinese voluntary societies. These companies have corresponding associations in China, but somewhat resemble the trade-unions of our European artists. In the Sandwich Islands there are two thousand five hundred Chinese. The number of Chinese at present in all our Australian provinces together is under thirty thousand, many of whom are gold-diggers on their own account. A New England farmer, bringing his family to live in a Californian home, might reasonably be unwilling to keep Chinamen in constant association with the inmates of his own household. But much work is to be done in which they can be employed without risk of contaminating or offending others. Such are the very useful operations in the Sacramento and San Joaquin alluvial plains; the reclaiming of the "tule" lands, to the extent of several hundred thousand acres, by constructing dykes against the overflowing river. "Tule" is a species of tall reed, which, decaying yearly, with some rank grasses of the marsh, has mingled with the deep mud, and this compost of rotten vegetable matter has made a wonderfully fertile soil. When enclosed and drained, its surface is burned; corn is at once sown thinly in the soil or ashes; a flock of sheep is driven over it to tread the seed in; and the first wheat crop from land thus prepared will often be forty or even sixty bushels an acre. For the second year's crop the land is ploughed; but the horses must be shod with broad slabs of plank, that they may not sink into the spongy depths of the quaking field under tillage. It is not stated that a residence upon such land is unhealthy, while the profits of owning and farming it may be enough to compensate even for the risk of malaria fever. Mr. Nordhoff describes other notable examples of agricultural improvement on a grand scale, with the best mechanical aids, in which California may teach a lesson to older and more populous States. There is an estate of 18,000 acres belonging to a Mr. C. W. Howard, divided into nine dairy farms for the sole purpose of making butter from the milk of 1,500 cows, which is a characteristic instance of thorough devotion to one practical object. Several other great landowners are mentioned as possessing 20,000 or 30,000 acres of the richest land in the most convenient situations, with long rent-rolls of tenant-farmers. This state of proprietorship in some districts of California may perhaps be expected to influence hereafter the social and political life of the community.

Oregon and Washington Territory, with much picturesque scenery of wood and water, deserve the tourist's attention, though comparatively backward in fitness for industrial occupation. An Englishman with two or three summer months' leisure, carrying his rod and gun or his sketch-book, might find it worth while to cross the Atlantic and the American Continent for a ramble thereabouts. He would visit, in a few weeks, the Farallon Isles of the coast, with their sea-lions and diverse species of sea-fowl; the sublime volcanic peaks and strange lava-beds of the interior, Mount Shasta, the Klamath district, and Mount Hood; the cascades and dalles of the Columbia River, and the winding inlets of Puget Sound. From these places he would pass to the shores of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, a remote and sequestered part of the Canadian Dominion. It is but five thousand miles' journey from Great Britain; and Mr. Nordhoff's account of the Far West may invite some reader to start at once in that direction, with good prospects of enjoyment.

ORKNEYINGA SAGA.*

MR. ANDERSON has carefully edited a Saga which is certainly not without value for the early history of Scotland. The period which it covers is practically not much more than two centuries, the last event mentioned in it being the burning of Adam, Bishop of Caithness, which took place in 1222. The closing sentences speak of the vengeance taken for this deed as still quite fresh in the memory of men, and may therefore be taken as proving that the Saga was completed before 1225, a conclusion confirmed by the fact that quotations from it under the title of "Jarla Sagan" are made by the compiler of the *Fagrskinna*, which is known to have been completed in, or shortly before, that year. Under the same title its earlier chapters are embodied in the *Olaf Saga* of Snorri Sturluson, who died in 1241. It follows that from the *Orkneyinga Saga* not much is to be gathered of the history which is given in ample, if not wearying, detail in Mr. Anderson's elaborate introduction. The treaty by which Magnus IV. ceded to the Scottish King Alexander III. all the rights of the Kings of Norway over the Isle of Man and the Sudreys was not executed until more than forty years had passed from the last event noticed in the Saga, when the last of the Norse Earls of the Orkneys had still ten or eleven years of life before him. Hence Mr. Anderson has undertaken a task not

necessarily involved in the work of an editor of the *Orkneyinga Saga*, by adding the history of the earldom through the subsequent lines of Angus, Strathern, and St. Clair, and the history of the bishoprics of Orkney and Caithness to the year 1469.

These introductory chapters will give to those who are curious in such matters an ample store of genealogies recording the complicated alliances of families whose power presents no very distinct image to the modern mind, and giving the somewhat barren records which alone tell us of the lives of men redoubtable enough in their own day, yet not specially remarkable among their fellows. Nor can very much more on the whole be said of the actors in the Saga itself. In its earlier portion at least it is probably not a contemporary document; but although much of it may have been put together from the songs of bards, and although we may have to make allowance for the exaggeration or the evasions of poets when singing the praises of feudal chiefs whose power must be upheld at all costs, there is nothing in the extent of time over which these oral traditions extend to call for any large measure of doubt as to the general correctness of the story. That oral tradition may, amongst a people of fair intelligence and moderate truthfulness, be trusted generally for about one hundred and fifty years was admitted by Sir Cornwall Lewis himself; and in determining the measure of trust to be recorded in each particular case we have no specially difficult task when, as with the *Orkneyinga Saga*, we have other documents, some of them strictly contemporary, by which they may be checked.

The first impression left on the reader's mind by this Saga, as by others of the class to which it belongs, will probably be that of an astonishing fulness of personal details, not attainable even amongst modern writers except by novelists, who may be supposed to see round corners or hear men talking within stone walls. But it soon becomes apparent that these personal details are mostly due to the habit of presenting in the form of dialogue or conversation between the actors events which probably came to the bard, or the chronicler in a sufficiently dry and accurate form. An Orkney earl submits himself to Harold Hardrada, Sigurd's son, whose resentment, as he well knew, he had seriously provoked. The King accepted his submission, and continued on friendly terms with him until his anger was roused by the discovery of some fresh wrong which led the earl to express regret that he had been too merciful to an enemy whom he had had in his power. This, thrown into a dramatic form, gives us two conversations, the accurate reporting of which is by no means likely, and about which we become more suspicious when we find that these personal details are as abundant at the beginning of the Saga as at the end of it, and that they are least plentiful just in those parts which from comparison with other records we have reason to regard as most nearly historical. The vivid picture which exhibits Earl Thorfinn in conference with Harold Hardrada gives place to dry recitals when the Saga touches on the victory of that king at Holderness and his death at Stamfordbridge:—

He went from Orkney to England and landed at a place called Kildland, and took Skaraborg (Scarborough). Then he touched at Hallarnes and had a battle there in which he was victorious. The Wednesday next before Mathiasmas (20th September) he had a battle at Yorbik (York), with the Earls Valthief and Morukari. Morukari was slain there.

The rest of the story to the dismissal of Olaf, the son of the Norwegian king, by the English Harold, is told in the same unadorned fashion. But the meagreness of the narrative is no surety against misstatements. If we have slender grounds for believing that Walthief was concerned in the struggle with the Northmen, we know that Morukari was not slain in the battle. The mistake is pointed out in a note which, however, tells us that "Morukari was present at the battle of Hastings, and he and Walthief went afterwards to Normandy with William the Conqueror," as though this were all that is known of the subsequent history of these two men. Elsewhere, when the Saga is giving the dates determining the time of the beheading of the sainted Earl Magnus, the editor is obliged to note that these dates are "self-contradictory and utterly irreconcilable," the amount of the error extending to about a quarter of a century.

On the other hand, although we have to deal warily even with the least adorned statements of this Saga, we have none of those manifest absurdities and impossibilities which run through some Sagas reputed to be historical, and notably the Icelandic chronicle or myth of *Grettir*. The *Orkneyinga Saga* has no heroes who do the deeds of Herakles or Samson; and although it has its tales of cowardly murder, it nowhere speaks of fifty or a hundred men lurking in ambush to surprise and slay a solitary man. Hence the Saga may be taken as exhibiting with tolerable faithfulness the manners and fashions of the times, however vague and indistinct may be the personal portraits which the Saga-man delights in giving. These may be passed by as the drawings of a very free hand. If Earl Thorfinn "was a man of very large stature, uncouth, sharp-featured, dark-haired, and sallow, and swarthy in his complexion," if he had "a gold-plated helmet on his head, a sword at his belt, and a spear in his hand, and he cut and thrust with both hands," if he was "avaricious, harsh, and cruel, yet a very clever man," and if of the two brothers Einar and Brudi the former was "clever and fond of company, eloquent and beloved," while the latter was "stubborn and taciturn, disagreeable and avaricious, yet a great warrior"—all these, or most of them, are features too common in a coarse and brutal age to

* The *Orkneyinga Saga*. Translated from the Icelandic by Jon A. Hjalatalin and Gilbert Goudie. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

* See *Saturday Review*, January 29, 1870.

distinguish one man specially from another. But on their ways of life and modes of thought the evidence of such Sagas is invaluable.

Among the most characteristic of these pictures of life and customs is the chapter which tells of the dealings of the Orkneyan Earl Hakon in Norway with a spæmann or sorcerer. Hakon's Christianity sat very loose upon him, and his declaration of thorough neutrality draws from the spæmann an expression of gladness for the scant regard which he pays to the faith of his kinsmen:—

"Truly [says the magician, speaking of Christian ascetics] they who apply themselves to such things are strange men. They keep fasts and vigils, and believe that by such means they will be able to ascertain that which they desire to know, but the more they apply themselves to these things, the less they ascertain of what they wish to know when it is most important to them to know it. But we undergo no bodily pains, yet we always obtain knowledge of those things which it is of importance to our friends not to be ignorant of. Now matters will go between us in this way, that I shall help you because I understand that you think you will rather obtain the truth from me than from the pændlers of King Lugi, in whom he puts his entire trust."

The prophecy which follows this high-sounding preface is not much less meagre and ambiguous than the oracular an-ways which are said to have deluded Cæsar or Maximian, and perhaps not much more ingenious than the predictions of gipsies in our own day:—

"If you wish your whole fate unfolded, it is a long tale to tell, for there is a great future in store for you, and grand events will happen at certain periods of your life. I foresee that you will at last become the sole ruler of the Orkneys, but you will perhaps think you have long to wait. I also see that your sons will rule there. Your next journey to the Orkneys will be a very eventful one, when its consequences appear. In your days you will also commit a crime, for which you may or may not obtain pardon from the God in whom you believe. Your steps go further out into the world than I am able to trace, yet I think you will regret your bones in the northern parts. Now I have told you what has been given me to tell you at this time, but what satisfaction you may have derived from your visit rests with yourself."

The interview closes with the expression of a hope on Hakon's part that his fate may prove better than the prophecy, and of a suspicion that the spæmann may not have seen the truth, and with the retort of the sorcerer that, though Hakon was free to believe or not as he pleased, all things would come to pass as he had said.

The crime referred to by the spæmann was, seemingly, the murder of St. Magnus. Similar deeds may be said to form the staple of the Saga, but if the murders are cruel, they are cruelly avenged. The record closes with a notice of the mutilations, deaths, confiscations, and outlawries inflicted by Alexander's "Sons" and for the burning of bishop Adam of Caithness, in 1220. His predecessor Jon had fared not much better. His mission to meet the Orkneyan Earl Harold in the hope of saving his people from his vengeance, he was seized by the orders of his chief, his tongue was cut out, after which, the Saga adds, a knife was thrust into his eyes and his sight destroyed. Even here, among the latest entries in the Chronicle, the facts are not so sure as they might be. Fordun says that they left him the use of his tongue, and, in part, of one of his eyes; and the Saga-man calls his own statement into question when he adds that the Bishop almost immediately afterwards recovered both his speech and his sight at the grave of the holy Tröllhanna. Perhaps the truest account is preserved in the letter of Innocent III. to the Bishop of Orkney, prescribing the penance to be performed by the criminal, and asserting that Lombard, a layman, the bearer of the tidings to Rome, had accompanied his master on an expedition into Caithness; that there the Earl's army stormed a castle, killing almost all who were within it (an incident not noticed in the Saga), and that "this Lombard, as he says, was compelled by some of the Earl's soldiery to cut out the Bishop's tongue." The Pope seemingly knew nothing of the blinding, for the penance has no reference to the criminal's eyes, although it enjoins as a portion of the burden to be laid upon him

that he shall hasten home, and barefooted and naked, except breeches and a short woollen vest without sleeves, having his tongue tied by a string and drawn out so as to project beyond his lips, and the ends of the string bound round his neck, with rods in his hand, in sight of all men, walk for fifteen days successively through his own native district, the district of the mutilated Bishop, and the neighbouring country.

The conclusion being that he shall spend three years as a crusader in the Holy Land.

The most interesting part of the introduction is perhaps that which relates to the Cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall, a church majestic in itself, even as compared with the great churches of England, and in nothing more remarkable than for the strange contrast exhibited by the ecclesiastical buildings of the surrounding islands. Some of these churches, nave and chancel together, are less than forty feet in length by twenty in breadth, while their chancel entrances are about two feet in width by four in height, an arrangement which might be acceptable to many persons nowadays as an effectual check to excessive Ritualism. To this account of the Christian churches the editor adds a description of Macsow and the Stones of Stennis, illustrating the horrible rites which accompanied the burials in these mound-sepulchres by a long quotation from the Arabian Ibn-Fozkand, an Ambassador from the Caliph Al-Moktadir in the early part of the tenth century. The Northerners of that age retained their partiality for burning their dead. A bystander at one of these ceremonies said frankly to the Ambassador, "You Arabs are fools. You take the man whom you have most loved and honoured, and put him down into the earth where vermin and worms devour him. We, on the contrary, burn him up in a twinkling, and he goes straight to Paradise." On

this occasion only one woman, it seems, was sacrificed to accompany her master into the unseen world. The offering of one victim was probably a survival of the earlier practice which would have slaughtered all his wives together.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.*

THIS book belongs to a class whose days, it is to be hoped, are numbered. Its heroine is a young woman who arrives in the character of companion at High Athelston, the country house of Lady Athelston, the great lady of a county which the author chooses to call Highshire, where she and her son, Sir Neil Athelston, "the idol of many a London drawing-room, and withal the handsomest young baronet in half-a-dozen counties," as we are told, are living. When she begins by entering the house "with just such a quiet grace as one could fancy in its young mistress," one begins to suspect, both from the fact and the apostrophe which the writer employs with such skill to emphasize it, that there is some mystery connected with her and with it. And it is gratifying to find this suspicion confirmed by a "certain shrinking in her eyes and steps" as she walks about the passages, as well as by the unpleasant coldness with which she receives the attempts of Sir Neil to make himself pleasant, as he leans against the chimney-piece in "his faultless evening dress." This epithet seems, in the minds of many authoresses, from Miss Braddon down to writers in the *London Journal*, to be as inseparably connected with men's evening dress as is "long-shadowed" with spears or "noisy" with the sea in Homer. It is less easy, however, to assign a cause to the English epithet than to the Greek one; and if there were any chance of such novels as *Victor and Vanquished* being preserved as long as the *Iliad*, the constant recurrence of the expression in their pages might give rise to much theorizing by future commentators. It is probable, however, that they will be spared this trouble. On the day after Miss Chester's arrival at High Athelston, Sir Neil, who is described as being selfish, indolent, and spoilt, but with all his faults a gentleman, lies in wait for her in the grounds with a view to renewing the attentions which she has before received with so little kindness. Their conversation is brought to an abrupt close by his advising her not to take up archery as a pursuit, but to leave it to stronger hands than hers, and pointing his advice by putting out his right hand and touching her "slight white fingers" with a rapid though gentle gesture. On her resenting this extraordinary piece of impertinence from a young man whom she has only seen once before, and that only for a few minutes, and to whose mother she is engaged as companion, by going straight away from him into the house, he mutters to himself that "it is not natural, and she seems to have some mad reason for her incomprehensible behaviour."

There is indeed something incomprehensible in this incident, but the student of *Victor and Vanquished* will soon cease to be surprised at anything which happens among the singular people whom he will encounter in its pages. Close upon Miss Chester's repulse of Sir Neil follows an interview between him and one Eustace Jeffrey, a tutor in the neighbourhood, who is easily recognized as the clever schemer and villain of the book, amongst other things by the extraordinary glamour which seems cast by some kind protecting power over all his actions and words, as it is over those of so many villains in novels. Thus, while to the reader he appears to go about his schemes with a marvellous want of ingenuity, with a stolid openness and persistence which must inevitably lead to their discovery, the personages with whom he has to deal see nothing and suspect nothing; Mephistopheles or Iago could not accomplish their ends with greater smoothness and success. Sir Neil, who at other times displays no natural absence of perception, is no more impressed by the fact of Jeffrey immediately turning the conversation with considerable awkwardness to the subject of Miss Chester, and counselling him to make prompt love to her, than by his saying, not a minute after he has denied all knowledge of her, that if Sir Neil wants any assistance to his suit, he can supply it. As a relief from the presence of this smiling villain we are introduced to Miss Marjorie Castillain, who has been for a long time engaged to Sir Neil, and comes, out of the kindness and frankness of her heart, to call upon Lady Athelston's companion. So frank, cheerful, and open-hearted is this young lady, so little fettered by any of the iron laws of convention, that in the course of her first conversation with Miss Chester, of whom she knows absolutely nothing, she describes her father, "in a fresh young happy voice," as an inveterate mean successful miser, and her sister as a beast. It must be admitted that Miss Chester keeps up with some success the self-contained and strong character which has been assigned to her by her conduct when this decidedly startling revelation is made to her. She exhibits no surprise, and makes probably the best reply she could make under the circumstances, "I hope not." Here is a specimen of the pleasant confiding way in which Miss Marjorie talks to a stranger whom she sees for the first time:—

"Louisa would tell the world in a bewailing tone, and be supremely happy. Miss Chester, haven't I cause to love, honour, &c., my father, who never utters a loving word to me from morning to night, and only remembers my existence just as an agent in this marriage; while he knows the Athelstons are a selfish, dissipated, unprincipled race? I do not think there ever will be a good and upright master here until the old name dies out; and there does not seem much prospect of that, does there, when you look at the stalwart figure of the present baronet?"

* *Victor and Vanquished*. By Mary Cecil Hay, Author of "Hidden Perils," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1874.

No doubt some license, or at least some departure from ordinary rules, may be allowed to the conversation of a genius, and one cannot doubt that Miss Marjorie had a touch of genius when one reads afterwards of how she solves a difficulty on being asked by the man to whom she is engaged to play something lively—"Tom and Jerry," for instance—and by the man whom she loves to play something grave. She plays the "quick, gay old tune," but infuses into it so much pathetic and mournful harmony that tears rise into the eyes of those who listen. This is as curious a feat as that performed in Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer* by Gilliat, who serenades his ladylove on the bagpipe with "l'air mélancolique de Bonnie Dundee."

While Miss Marjorie indulges in such eccentricities as these a dark plot is thickening around High Athelston. A few days after her arrival there Miss Chester goes out alone after nightfall to a lane wherein stand two cottages, one tenanted by a cross and scolding old woman, the other by a poor struggling artist with whom she wages a deadly feud, and a little boy. In the latter Miss Chester has so strong an interest that she remains for a considerable time perched on the window-sill in the darkness and the cold, gazing eagerly through a chink in the shutters into the room inside. It is difficult to guess why she remained there instead of going into the room, whose occupant she knew to be her twin-brother, devotedly attached to her, except for the purpose of mystifying the reader and prolonging the story. It should be said that in the scenes between this artist, who, finding perhaps the singularity reigning all around him infectious, has adopted the very singular name of Fitz Spendir, and Jet the boy whom he has adopted, there are indications that the writer could, if she chose, do far better work than is for the most part put before us in *Victor and Vanquished*. They contain some real perception of character, and power of giving it expression and life, enough to make one wish that the author had cultivated her talent in that direction instead of following in the paths of mystery and sensation. Fitz Spendir, it seems, is living in the utmost quiet and seclusion in this cottage, executing commissions for a Colonel Stuart, who has made a protégé of him; but his quiet is doomed to be disturbed. Jeffrey, with his insidious villany, manages to secure an interview with Doreas Cheere, the artist's next-door neighbour, in her cottage, and in the course of it to discover that the partition wall between the two houses is so thin that one standing against the wall in one of them can hear every word spoken in the other. He soon makes it evident that his secret object is to get the chance of standing frequently in that position, and that he must devise some means for securing that chance. Of course so deep a schemer finds a plausible excuse at once. He is turning over the books and papers on Mrs. Cheere's table when he comes upon an Illustrated History of England by which she sets great store. Here is the very thing desired close under his hand. May he come in every now and then and look at this valuable and interesting work? Having obtained permission to do this he laughs as he walks away bugging himself at the thought of his dexterity in preparing for the work lying before him, "the crafty, cruel work which his hand and heart were skilled to do and design." This crafty cruel work he proceeds to execute further by persuading Lady Athelston to write again to the lady from whom Miss Chester brought her character and references. This Lady Athelston does, but without any effect, as Miss Chester frustrates her intentions by going to the post-office and stealing the letter from the counter where it lies. That a young woman who has installed herself in a situation by means of a false character should not stick at this is perhaps not surprising; but it is a little strange that Miss Marjorie, who in spite of being, according to her own artless account, daughter to a miser and sister to a beast, is supposed to be a charming and excellent young woman, should do precisely the same thing, when by an unlucky mischance the letter falls back into Jeffrey's hands and is posted again. While all this has been going on we have been learning by degrees that Fitz Spendir, Miss Chester's twin-brother, is in fact the rightful heir of High Athelston, by virtue of course of that most convenient occurrence, a secret marriage; and that he has been ruined early in life by Jeffrey, whose plots to get him transported for a forgery which he never committed, although worked out with his usual dexterity, were crowned with signal success.

It would be idle and tedious to follow out the confused intricacies of the plot. It is enough to say that Jeffrey, having overheard, and caused Mrs. Cheere to overhear, Fitz Spendir saying in a moment of passion, "I should think it no sin to kill Eustace Jeffrey," sets to work to persuade the artist to throw him into a deep tarn, and succeeds. It is needless to say that he is not drowned, although how he managed to escape all observation as he got to shore, the tarn being watched by numerous observers, is never explained. He disappears and departs to Africa, leaving Fitz Spendir accused of murder—a very proper aim no doubt for so accomplished a villain; yet one cannot help reflecting that in order to compass it he had to give up all the pet schemes of a rich marriage in Highshire which he had long indulged, and was then just on the point of successfully concluding. Surely there has seldom been set down a better instance of a man cutting off his nose to spite his face. At the supposed murder there is a great deal of surprise, horror, and indignation, yet so little trouble is taken to secure the assassin that he is able to walk quietly to the railway station and take his place in a train with a view to escaping, which he no doubt would have done had not his intentions been suddenly

changed by his catching sight of a Biblical inscription hung up in the waiting-room. During the time which he occupies in this performance his sister, who saw him throw Jeffrey into the tarn, has fled from the terror of being called on to give evidence against him, and wandering long among the hills finds refuge at last with an old woman who tends and nurses her, and finds in her a brightness and comfort for her lonely cottage. Miss Chester's first action on recovering her strength is to go away while the old woman's back is turned, and make her way to London, where she is found fainting on a doorstep by Sir Neil Athelston, and brought back to the scene of her brother's misfortunes. Then follows his trial at the assizes, a trial which is conducted in quite as remarkable a fashion as one would expect from the rest of the book, the scale being finally turned in the prisoner's favour by the weight of a mass of absolutely irrelevant evidence contributed (by kind permission of the Bench) by Doreas Cheere, the cross old woman living next to Fitz Spendir, of whose long-lost child it appears that the boy adopted by the artist is the son. Fitz Spendir makes immediate use of his liberty to wander through the country in search of the register of his mother's marriage, which, although he has no real clue to the church where it was deposited, he succeeds in finding. Having found it, however, he is seized with fever, and dies leaving his sister to marry Sir Neil, and so occupy her ancestral home. Absurd and impossible as *Victor and Vanquished* is, it has a certain spirit which makes it more readable than many of its class, in saying which we are, however, giving it no great praise; but it also contains hints of a capacity in the author for better things, and it is to be hoped that she may cultivate that capacity.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have received a number of valuable works from a single publishing house in Paris, each of which would deserve detailed comment; but we must be content to notice them briefly in succession. The first of which we shall speak is M. Duseigneur Kléber's interesting monograph on the silkworm*, comprising a description of the various species, a history of the transformation undergone by the cocoons, the breeding of the insects, the preparation of the silk, &c. A work like this would, as the author remarks, have been impossible twenty years ago, for the simple reason that the breeds cultivated in France, Italy, and Spain offered the closest physical resemblances to each other, and none of the countries interested in the production and manufacture of silk thought it worth while to ascertain what fresh resources could be derived from foreign districts, where the insects were supposed to be of an inferior quality. The disease which has visited the silkworm, by destroying the old varieties, has had the happy result of obliging the growers to seek for new types, and thus it is that what was at the time a real calamity may be said to have extended and perfected all the branches of industry connected with silk. M. Duseigneur Kléber, who is evidently thoroughly conversant with these questions, has produced a treatise which exhausts the whole subject of sericulture, and which is illustrated with characteristic engravings and an excellent map.

Many valuable works have been produced from time to time on the subject of roses, but they are now generally considered as incomplete, on account of the introduction within the last few years of numberless varieties previously unknown. Even Redouté's splendid volume is now seldom consulted, and amateurs preserve it in their libraries chiefly as a monument of what was the condition of a speciality in horticulture towards the beginning of the nineteenth century. M. Rothschild has therefore deserved well of the public by bringing out a new treatise on roses†. The preface, from the pen of M. Naudin, member of the French Institute, gives a few general remarks; Messrs. Jamin and Forney then discuss in detail the formation of a rose garden, the principal varieties of the plant, and the best way of bringing them to perfection; and they conclude with a brief description of sixty species, giving in each case a large-size chromo-lithograph from the pencil of M. Gröben, an artist well known by his experience as a botanical draughtsman. Sixty woodcuts also are interspersed throughout the volume.

The labours of M. de Saulcy in connexion with Jewish archaeology have long since been appreciated in England; we have often recognized their undoubted merit, and it is with great pleasure that we speak once more of the researches of the distinguished French antiquary. The volume now before us forms the sequel of one devoted to Jewish coins, which, as soon as it appeared, suggested publications of the same kind both in Germany and in this country. On the present occasion M. de Saulcy aims at describing the autonomous coinage of Palestine‡, reserving for another instalment the period of the kings. His object being to study exclusively the regions over which the Jewish rule prevailed more or less firmly, he has left entirely unnoticed Phœnicia properly so called—that is to say, the tract of country extending northwards from the Scala Tyriorum, or as it is now designated, the Bar-el-Abidh. The Synecdoche of the grammarian Hierocles, completed by Reland's *Palestina illustrata*, will enable the student to identify all the places whose coinage is described in M. de

* *Le cocoon de soie*. Par M. Duseigneur Kléber. Paris: Rothschild.

† *Les roses: histoire, culture, description*. Par H. Jamin et E. Forney. Paris: Rothschild.

‡ *Numismatique de la Terre Sainte*. Par F. de Saulcy. Paris: Rothschild.

Sauley's new volume; but, in addition to this source of information, he has given in his preface a classified list of the various cities mentioned, adding likewise a chronological table of the reigns to which the specimens described respectively belong. Most of the coins enumerated have been examined by the author; the remaining pieces are named from the most trustworthy sources—such as Mionnet's lists, &c. Each section of the work is preceded by a short geographical notice, which will be found extremely valuable, and the twenty-five plates which terminate the volume reproduce all the most noteworthy specimens. We should add that the numismatic collections of England and France have alone contributed to M. de Sauley's catalogue; nothing is borrowed from German museums.

We had very recently occasion to thank M. Champfleury* for an amusing volume on historical caricatures; the agreeable octavo which he now devotes to children will help to establish his reputation not only as an excellent humourist, but also as a shrewd observer of human nature. The war with Germany, with its accompanying disasters, modified to some extent M. Champfleury's original plan, and led him to give a more serious character to what was originally meant for a mere outburst of fancy and imagination. The third and concluding part of the volume, treating as it does of pedagogy, contains remarks which every one should study who has to do with the training of children, and the illustrations added so plentifully in the various shapes of woodcuts, etchings, and chromo-lithographs, are admirable. They comprise copies from the works of Rubens, Breughel, Germain Tilon, Chardin, and others, besides the productions of contemporary artists. Many of our readers may remember M. Champfleury's witty monograph on the genus *cat*; in treating of children he has been equally successful.

Any notice of Dr. Civiale's volume on lithotripsy† would be beyond the province of this journal, and we merely mention the work for the information of professional readers. Count de Lagondie's two little volumes‡ are likewise too special in their character to be discussed in this place; but we can recommend them to the consideration of all persons interested in horses, adding that the author readily acknowledges the obligation he lies under to the pseudonymous writer whose *nom de plume* of Stoneheuge has become so popular on this side of the Channel. The pictorial illustrations, genealogical tables of celebrated racehorses, indices, &c. &c., add to the value of the book.

Drawing, says M. d'Henriet§, has too long been considered merely as an *art d'agrément*, a pleasant pastime, an elegant recreation; but in his view it should be regarded in the light of a language—the universal language of form; thus viewed, it is an essential part of all programmes of education, and should be seriously studied. Both teachers and pupils seem to think it their business to seek especially for effect in their attempts to reproduce either natural objects or works of art, and consequently the system of instruction adopted by most schools is one where routine prevails to a deplorable extent. In publishing a manual of drawing for elementary schools M. d'Henriet has endeavoured to introduce the reforms which experience has taught him to be necessary; his course of instruction comprises geometrical drawing, perspective, and anatomy; it is exemplified by numerous engravings inserted in the letterpress, in addition to a folio atlas of forty-four lithographs.

M. Cousin's well-known studies of French society in the seventeenth century have set an example which still continues to be zealously followed. After M. Pierre Clément's sketch of Mme. de Montespan and his more elaborate volumes on Colbert, to which we may add M. Momnier's work on Chancellor d'Aguesseau, we have now a monograph of Séguier, by M. René Kerviler||, an author whom we hasten to welcome amongst the most learned and industrious investigators of the *grand siècle*. For thirty-seven years Keeper of the Seals, distinguished equally as a statesman and as a patron of literature, Pierre Séguier deserved a place in the gallery of French celebrities; and, thanks to M. Kerviler, he has now obtained it. The sources of information respecting his political and private life are abundant; in addition to forty-six volumes of correspondence hitherto unpublished, the memoirs of the times are full of details which required merely to be put into a proper shape, and M. Kerviler has done this with considerable success. His volume comprises, first, a biography of Pierre Séguier; next, a brief account of the various Academicians who frequented the Chancellor's hôtel; and, thirdly, a very copious appendix of *pièces justificatives*. The details respecting Fouquet's trial occupy, as may well be supposed, a conspicuous place in this book; we know from Mme. de Sévigné's letters that Séguier conducted the whole affair with the firm intention of upholding the dignity of the Crown and of punishing the scandalous malversations which had rendered the Surintendant's name so thoroughly hated in France. M. Kerviler shows that the judgment passed upon Séguier's behaviour by Lefevre d'Ormesson and the *scintillante margotte* was extremely unfair, and he has no difficulty in vindicating the Chancellor's character against the calumnies of the Jansenist cabal.

The literary history of the Théâtre Français is well known, or at least it ought to be familiar to all students of dramatic art, for it has been discussed in several excellent works, such as those

of the brothers Parfait, M. Alphonse Royer, and Maupoint. The administrative history is a totally different subject, and no one had attempted it before M. Bonnassies.* Like all other public establishments in France, the Théâtre Français has since the days of Molière been the subject of laws, rules, decrees, and orders of every kind. Besides the legislative enactments dealing with it, there are also many documents of a more secret nature bearing upon the finances of the society, its quarrels with authors and performers and the like, which form an essential part of a history of the subject. Such is the task undertaken by M. Bonnassies. Having explored from beginning to end the records, title deeds, correspondence, and other papers relating to his subject, he set to work, and has composed a volume which forms a very satisfactory addition to those we have above mentioned. The administrative history of the Théâtre Français embraces three periods, corresponding to as many divisions in the present work—the 1st, from the arrival of Molière at Paris (1658) to the decree of the Council (1757) which gave a legal sanction to the constitution of the society; the 2nd, from the second half of the eighteenth century to the Revolution, when the society was dissolved; and the 3rd, from 1799 to the present time. The volume before us gives only the first of these epochs, and will be followed by two others. It is curious not merely from the official details which it supplies as to one of the most thoroughly national establishments in France, but on account of the anecdotes it furnishes about the private lives of the actors, and their relations with the Court and the public.

M. Pricot de Sainte-Marie has written an interesting pamphlet† on the Southern Slavonic populations; and at a time when questions of nationality are so universally discussed a publication of this kind is opportune. Ducange, the author of the mediæval glossary, is the first French author who described the establishment and formation of the Slavonic kingdoms in ancient Illyria. Quite recently M. Hilferding in Russia, and M. Ratchki in Austria, have made valuable researches on the same subject; from these three writers M. Pricot de Sainte-Marie has derived the materials for his own work. The first part of his monograph gives the physical geography of the country inhabited by the Southern Slavonic peoples—that is to say, the Balkan peninsula; questions of origin are then examined, and the various opinions propounded are carefully weighed. In the second part we find a brief sketch of the history of ancient Illyria under the several régimes to which it was subjected, and the work concludes by a description of the formation of the Slavonic kingdoms in the Balkan peninsula from 630 to 810 A.D.

In publishing a part of his political memoirs, M. Jules Simon‡ has endeavoured to show the intimate connexion which exists between the origin of the Second Empire and its terrible catastrophe. The principal subject of his book is the Government of September 4, its acts and its attitude both towards France and towards foreign Powers; but in order to understand fully the responsibility it had assumed after the capitulation of Sedan, it was necessary in the first place to consider the circumstances which had led to the Prussian war, and to show how the state of things developed by the Imperial system had rendered the humiliation of the country inevitable. It is always a matter of regret when a statesman, in order to justify himself, is obliged to accuse those whose position he occupies, but in the present case no other alternative was possible. M. Jules Simon begins therefore by describing the *coup d'état* of 1851; he shows us the manner in which it was prepared, the resistance it encountered, and the unscrupulous measures resorted to by the Prince-President to re-establish despotism. The foreign policy of the Empire forms the subject of the second part of the volume. The author accuses Napoleon III. of having most effectually contributed to the development of Prussia by allowing the dismemberment of Denmark and the ruin of Austria. After such a Machiavellian course of policy was it not madness, he asks, to attack Prussia? to attack it especially (as he assumes) against the wish of France, with unprepared means of action, and merely for the sake of establishing on a firmer basis a tottering dynasty? Such is the line taken by M. Jules Simon in a book written, no doubt, under the influence of strong party feeling, but at the same time in a dignified and calm style. The volume will prove an important *mémoire à consulter* on the events of the last twenty years.

The work of M. Clamaguran on Algeria partakes of the twofold character of *impressions de voyage* and of a political treatise§; it was suggested to the author by the perusal of the last chapter of M. Provost Paradol's *France nouvelle*, and it consists of a series of articles originally published in a review. M. Clamaguran's object is to show the importance of Algeria as a means of counterbalancing the ever-extending power of the Teutonic, Slavonic, and Anglo-Saxon races, and as a kind of vantage-ground for France, the representative and the champion of Latin civilization. His narrative is complete and interesting; he discusses not only political and economic questions, but also topics connected with natural history, ethnology, and agriculture; he describes the re-

* *Les enfants*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Rothschild.

† *La lithotritie et la taille*. Par le Dr. Civiale. Paris: Rothschild.

‡ *Le cheval et son cavalier*. Par le Comte de Lagondie. Paris: Rothschild.

§ *Cours rationnel de dessin*. Par E. d'Henriet; avec un album de planches. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Le chancelier Pierre Séguier*. Par René Kerviler. Paris: Didier.

* *Histoire administrative du théâtre français (1658—1757)*. Par Jules Bonnassies. Paris: Didier.

† *Les Slaves méridionaux*. Par M. Pricot de Sainte-Marie. Paris: Le Chevalier.

‡ *Souvenirs du 4 septembre: origine et chute du Second Empire*. Par Jules Simon. Paris: Lévy.

§ *L'Algérie, impressions de voyage*. Par J.-J. Clamaguran. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

sources of the colony, speaks of the improvements which might be introduced into the administration, and, in short, gives us a valuable hand-book for Algeria. His remarks on the institutions of Kabylia form an appropriate supplement to the volume.

M. de Guernon-Ranville,* whose Memoirs are now published for the first time, was one of the most distinguished members of Prince Polignac's fatal Ministry, and alone, we believe, amongst his colleagues protested against the ordinances which brought about the Revolution of 1830, and which, he remarked, were *inutiles et impuissantes à rien altérer*. If the *coup d'état* contemplated by Polignac was a blunder, what shall we say of the measures taken to carry it out? If we may believe M. de Guernon-Ranville, whose authority is confirmed by other historians, there was a moment when the insurrection could have been easily crushed. No one, however, seemed capable of giving advice. Marshal Marmont's conduct in particular is inexplicable. Even supposing that he did not behave treacherously, his strategic arrangements were utterly absurd and ridiculous. M. de Guernon-Ranville is right when he praises the diplomatic qualities of Prince Polignac; he is right also when he deplores his senseless obstinacy, and his complete inability to cope with events which he knew not how to foresee or to meet. The scenes in the fortress of Ham, where the ex-Ministers were confined after their trial, are not without a certain disagreeable interest. It is painful to read the narrative of those perpetual squabbles among four clever men who, having nothing to do, spend their time in accusing one another, and making their captivity still more tedious than it really was by unprofitable recriminations.

M. F. Maillard has already contributed two interesting works to the popular literature of Paris during the war and the Commune. His *Histoire des journaux*, followed by the *Affiches et professions de foi*, is amusing, and at the same time full of historical interest. His present duodecimo gives an account of the songs, pamphlets, and satires which were sold through the streets, and which professed to give patriotic revelations about the heroes of the day, together with suggestions for the defence of the capital, the safety of France, and the happiness of the human race. M. Maillard has analysed no less than 435 of these documents, adding an index and a table of the authors. An amusing vignette on the title-page represents a *chiffonnier* picking up amidst a heap of rubbish some of these squibs or caricatures, and exclaiming, "Dire pourtant que tout ça c'est de l'histoire!" We hope that on some future occasion M. Maillard will recast his amusing *catalogues raisonnés*, complete them, arrange them into a single work, and then we shall have an excellent supplement to the bibliographical volumes of M. Hatin, M. de Labédoyère, M. Deschamps, and M. Marron. Just as the *Mazarinades* throw much light upon the war of the Fronde and the minority of Louis XIV., so the newspapers, bills, pamphlets, and the like enumerated by M. Maillard contribute to make us acquainted with the character of the Parisian mob during the last revolution.

Our neighbours have lately had such an epidemic of "physiological" romances that they must be heartily glad to read something in a purer style. At any rate we can cordially recommend M. Fiévée's *Légendes militaires*†; they are two in number, and written in a dashing manner which reminds us a little of Alexandre Dumas. The Regiment of Champagne might well be proud of its history; after having defended Mézières under the command of Bayard, and driven away Charles V. of Austria from the walls of Metz, it now preserves the island of Saint-Martin de Rhé to France, and, led by the valiant Marquis de Thoiras, it defeats Buckingham and the English fleet. The romantic part in this stirring legend is performed by the celebrated Marion de Lorme, who appears under the name of Fidès. The second story belongs to the eighteenth century, and its real subject is the rivalry between two regiments (Auvergne and Piedmont), a rivalry which manifests itself by daily duels. The Marquis de Castries, commanding the French troops, has resolved upon making an example, and he condemns to death his own son-in-law, M. de la Rochetournoi, who had challenged and killed an officer in the Regiment of Piedmont. The exasperation has reached its height, when the victory of Clostercamp and the death of the Chevalier d'Assas obtain what M. de Castries could not accomplish. The reconciliation between the two regiments takes place on the battle-field.

M. Octave Feuillet's latest productions will certainly not add much to his reputation. *M. de Camors* was already a strange departure from that style which had obtained for the author the nickname of *Musset des familles*, but *Julia de Trécaur* is infinitely worse‡; it is enough to say that it is the novel from which has been taken *Le Sphinx*—the nauseous play now performed in London, after having obtained such success on the other side of the Channel.

Count de Gobineau, at present ambassador in Sweden, is especially known for several excellent works on Oriental history and archaeology. We are sorry that we cannot give to his novel *Les Pliades*§ the same praise that we bestowed on his *Traité des écritures cunéiformes*. We have called the book a novel; but

* *Journal d'un ministre: mémoires du comte de Guernon-Ranville*. Caen: Harel.

† *Les publications de la rue pendant le siège et la Commune*. Par E. Maillard. Paris: Aubrey.

‡ *Légendes militaires*. Par M. A. Fiévée. Paris: Plon.

§ *Julia de Trécaur*. Par Octave Feuillet. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Les Pliades*. Par le comte de Gobineau. Paris: Plon.

it is rather a series of portraits, a sceptical analysis of the human heart composed in the style of M. Mérimée and M. Bayle. The characters are all more or less disagreeable, besides being extremely tedious, for they do scarcely anything but *talk de omni re scibili*: It is clear that Count de Gobineau is the literary follower of the *Inconnu's* correspondent; we much regret it, for the incontestable talent which appears in the *Pliades* might have been better employed. The champions of the "new social strata" will not forgive our author for describing the demagogues as "reptiles crawling on the steps of power" and as a combination of "rascals, brutes, and fools."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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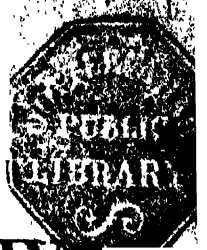
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GERMANY, FRANCE, AND EUROPE.

IF the French feel any annoyance at the German celebration of the anniversary of Sedan, the journalists who may be supposed to represent public opinion have with good sense and dignity abstained from expressing their resentment. It was not indeed to be expected that M. VICTOR HUGO should be content to suppress his hysterical patriotism. The greatest of living French writers is always careful to remind his countrymen that genius is compatible with the silliest affectation. Having perhaps exhausted the capabilities of simpler language, M. Hugo has apparently persuaded himself that superlatives are intrinsically sublime. A precisely similar combination of emphasis with weakness is furnished by habitual use of the profane expletives which have gradually been eliminated from ordinary conversation. The POPE himself, though he has the excuse of reproducing the traditional forms of ecclesiastical commination, may be considered to practise a decent reserve when he denounces his supposed gaolers, in comparison with M. Hugo in his invectives against Germany. When the enemy was advancing after the victory of Sedan, M. Hugo announced that Paris remained tranquil and serene, and that a volcano required no assistance or exhortation. Now that there is no immediate cause of quarrel, and while on his own admission France is still unprepared to renew the struggle, M. Hugo informs a so-called Congress professedly bent on the establishment of perpetual peace that a war of revenge is the indispensable preliminary of the philanthropic millennium. It would scarcely be worth while to notice the wilful extravagance which degrades a great reputation, except for the purpose of contrasting M. Hugo's nonsense with the prudence of responsible Frenchmen. In this instance his absurd incentives to war are probably due to personal eccentricity; but his language in some degree explains the dread and dislike with which the orderly and respectable classes regard the Republican masses. It is impossible to ascertain whether M. Hugo addresses disciples who might on occasion translate his half-crazy rhapsodies, as in the days of the Commune, into action. The superiority of Germany over France consists, not more in military organization than in the disciplined loyalty which places the whole force of the nation at the disposal of a trusted Government. No German of position and fame would condescend to the utterance of impotent fury because his country might have incurred a disaster in war. The exhibition of democratic violence by M. Hugo will cause no uneasiness to the German Government.

If the Germans had simply celebrated the great triumph of Sedan on the anniversary of the battle, it would not become Englishmen to criticize their conduct. As long as the Duke of WELLINGTON lived, for a period of nearly forty years, the annual commemoration of Waterloo was popular in England. The close of the great war which had lasted almost without intermission, from 1793 to 1815 was in itself a sufficient reason for rejoicing. The accomplishment of German unity, although it dates from Sedan, ought not to offend French susceptibility, excepting as far as it involves the recovery of Alsace and part of Lorraine. It is impossible to distinguish the complacency produced by unprecedented military success from patriotic gratification in the attainment of a great national object, but it may be confidently said that in their recent rejoicing the Germans had no desire to express hostility to France. Bishop KETTLEER of Mainz did his countrymen an involuntary service by directing their attention to the political conse-

quences of Sedan rather than to the glorious achievements of the army. With an infatuation characteristic of the modern Romish hierarchy he took the opportunity of the proposed festivities to justify as far as possible the policy of Prince BISMARCK's Government, by the declaration that orthodox Catholics had no share in the national satisfaction. It was enough for his purpose that the Liberals were devoted to the cause of German unity. If the hated party of freedom was in the right, it only remained for the Catholics to prefer the wrong. Only an ecclesiastical bigot is capable of the imprudence of associating the success of his cause with national humiliation. The challenge offered by the Bishop in the name of his Church was accepted in all parts of Germany, nor were the Catholics lately backward in proclaiming their devotion to their regenerated country. The fanatic who lately attempted to murder Prince BISMARCK was scarcely a more dangerous adherent of his party than the intolerant Bishop of MAINZ. The admirers of the Papal system have often applauded the adroitness of the Roman Catholic Church in adopting with impartial sagacity any political theory which seems likely to serve its turn. In the present day the POPE and his agents allow temper to interfere too constantly with diplomacy.

The German Government will perhaps derive encouragement from the demonstrated weakness of its chief domestic adversaries; yet it would be a grave misfortune if European politics were subjected to the influence of religious disputes. Of the two French factions which precipitated the war of 1870, it is difficult to say whether the prelates who intrigued at Court on behalf of Rome, or the rabble to which M. VICTOR HUGO appeals, were more deeply culpable. At present the demagogues are comparatively reticent, while the Government is constantly embarrassed by the violence of episcopal sermons and pastorals. Bishop KETTLEER might have been contented with the ostentatious animosity to Germany of his co-religionists on the other side of the frontier. The same faction has succeeded in depriving France of all prospect of an Italian alliance. Nevertheless it would be in the highest degree imprudent to alienate the German Roman Catholics from the national interest. The Empire, as long as it is not troubled with internal dissensions, may reasonably hope to retain the ascendancy which it has acquired in Europe. Notwithstanding some indications of a disposition to adopt a meddling policy, it is incredible that the ablest of contemporary statesmen should provoke unnecessary quarrels. It is not the winner who is usually anxious to play the game over again. Russia and Austria are at the same time strong and pacific, and both have a friendly understanding with Germany, and probably with one another. The Emperor of AUSTRIA has on his visit to Prague been, for the first time in several years, cordially welcomed by the Bohemian population as well as by the Germans. The change is probably due to the intermission of Russian intrigues with the Slavonic subjects of the Austrian Empire. Hungary is equally loyal, though Kossuth, with the doggedness of an incurable demagogue, continues to address to the unwilling ears of his former adherents appeals in favour of the national independence which has been revived in another form without his assistance. Russia has for the present sufficient occupation in Asia, and the Imperial Government has for the time definitively adopted towards Turkey a policy of patronizing and friendly expectancy.

In spite of bishops and poetic incendiaries the French Government pursues a prudent course of foreign policy. Marshal MACMAHON and the Duke DE CASSES might perhaps

have acquired a temporary popularity by refusing to follow the lead of foreign Powers, and especially of Germany. The dignity as well as the interest of France was better consulted by the despatch of a representative to the Conference assembled by Russian influence at Brussels, and by joining in the recognition of the Government of Madrid. Domestic uncertainties have not been allowed to interfere with the reorganization of the army, and, although the Government is not exempt from financial difficulties, the credit of France has not been impaired. M. Hugo indeed boasts that there was something beyond credit in the alleged offer of eighteen hundred millions sterling when the Government proposed to borrow two hundred millions. Prosaic financiers would prefer the confidence of selfish capitalists to the enthusiasm which, according to the Jacobin faith, attaches mankind to France and to Paris. The same world which is said to have offered the enormous loan cannot, according to M. Hugo, accept the diminution of France. He further asserts that, by some mysterious operation, "the five milliards once paid, 'Berlin was no richer and Paris no poorer.' If the transfer of a vast sum leaves both parties to the transaction as they were, the extortion of ransom supplies no ground for resentment or revenge. The explanation of the paradox, which is as unintelligible as the riddle itself, consists in the proposition that "Paris is necessary to mankind and 'Berlin is not.'" Rational Frenchmen prefer any form of government to the supremacy of a faction which may perhaps count a vapouring poet among its leaders. It is true that those Republicans who possess a political instinct are for the present not eager to renew an unequal struggle with Germany. During the President's recent tour a part of the population expressed a desire for the establishment of the Republic; but the bishops were the only advocates for war, and their denunciations were directed rather against Italy than against Germany. One of the many elements of the national aversion to a Legitimist Restoration is the suspicion that the Count of Chambord would be compelled to adopt for his own sake a warlike policy.

LORD RIPON.

THE profound ignorance of English character which distinguishes the proselytising section of the Roman Catholics is illustrated by their triumphant welcome of conspicuous converts. It would be improper to discuss the reasons or motives which may have induced Lord Ripon to join the Roman Catholic Church; and it may readily be admitted that he is the most eminent in position of all laymen who have seceded in recent times. He is the son of a Prime Minister; and two earldoms acquired in the course of a century by different branches of his family have become united in his own person. The popular sympathies of his youth were rewarded by a seat for a great constituency and by the consequent attainment of high office at an early age. Having acquired credit as Under-Secretary for War at the time when the Volunteers were first organized, Lord DE GREY was chosen by Lord PALMERSTON as Secretary of State for the same department, at a time when some members of the Government strongly urged the superior claims of Lord CLARENDON to a place in the Cabinet. As President of the Council in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration Lord DE GREY cordially supported the policy of Mr. FORSTER, who, as the representative of the office in the House of Commons, was necessarily charged with the conduct of the Education Bill. The discredit of negotiating the Washington Treaty attaches rather to the Cabinet which exercised incessant control over the plenipotentiaries, than to Lord DE GREY and his colleagues in the mission; but he must share with Mr. GLADSTONE the reproach of want of taste in the offer and acceptance of a step in the peerage to commemorate the submission of his country to an overbearing adversary. His new associates will perhaps fail to draw the true inference from the recapitulation of the principal events of Lord RIPON'S biography. It is remarkable that it should be generally and justly assumed that with his conversion to another creed his political career is closed. Lord RIPON will retain his social rank as a nobleman of unblemished character and large fortune; nor would the most inveterate Protestant bigot attribute to him any dishonourable motive for proclaiming his new convictions at a heavy sacrifice on his own part. The surrender of all the objects of his former ambition may be in a certain sense repre-

sented as meritorious; but the fact that it is inevitable and final deserves some consideration. Orthodox Roman Catholics of course hold that their doctrine is true; but, if they are intelligent and candid, they must confess that it is rejected by the English nation with an invincible prejudice of repulsion.

The more dispassionate section of society rather understands than shares the feeling of the majority; but in all classes distrust of Roman Catholic policy has greatly increased of late years. Lord MELBOURNE said, with humorous exaggeration, that all the fools had been opposed to Catholic Emancipation, and all the wise men had supported it, and it turned out that the fools were right; yet at that time more than one Roman Catholic member represented an English constituency; Mr. SHELL, a nominal Roman Catholic, held office without provoking popular clamour, and Mr. O'CONNELL himself was courted by English Liberals. The absurd episode of the Papal Aggression and of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S Ecclesiastical Titles Bill disturbed the truce which had been practically established. Neither party has reason to recall willingly the encounter of folly with folly; but Cardinal WISEMAN was responsible for beginning the mischief. Nearly twenty years elapsed before a Roman Catholic again occupied an independent English seat, and it happened that Sir JOHN SIMON was one of the few converts who resolutely resisted the political dictation of the hierarchy. Mr. MONSELL held office of secondary rank in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government; and it was supposed that he was a principal promoter of the unlucky Irish Universities Bill. His name had previously been little known in England; and his conversion had occurred while he occupied a private situation. It is difficult to distinguish between the sectarian element of the popular feeling and its more reasonable grounds. The presence of several Jewish members in the House of Commons shows that theological difference of opinion is not regarded by constituents as a political disqualification. For several years the election for the City of a Jewish member, who was at that time unable to take his seat, was considered by the Liberal party both a protest in favour of sound principles and a periodical triumph. There are at present Jews in Parliament whose abilities would qualify them for high office, and it may be confidently asserted that their elevation would be regarded with indifference or approval. If the Romish Church had maintained the unobtrusive attitude of fifty years ago, the political suspicion which attends it would not have existed in England. The Jews, though they happen to be aliens in blood, are acknowledged as Englishmen, because they have no corporate interests or wishes antagonistic or anterior to the welfare of the country. Romanist converts, on the other hand, ostentatiously proclaim that they are Catholics first and Englishmen afterwards, nor have they any right to complain if they are taken at their word. A railway shareholder who thwarts the measures of his Company because he holds a larger stake in a rival undertaking is not likely to command the confidence of his partners. Even if every article of the modern Romish Creed were indisputably true, a patriotic statesman ought still to regard the national interests as paramount to the policy of the Church.

Lord Ripon himself has furnished a casual illustration of the officious interference of the Romish Church with secular freedom of action. His unexplained resignation of the highest office in the Society of Freemasons was the first public announcement of his intended change of religious profession. The condemnation of the Freemasons by the Pope is at the same time capricious and easily explicable. In Italy and in some other Continental countries the organization of the Society has sometimes been employed for their own purposes by political conspirators and religious malcontents. The Roman Court was perhaps imperfectly acquainted with the relations between Freemasonry and heretical disaffection; and the Pope, like HEROD, thought that a massacre of the innocents was the most certain method of reaching his immediate victim. Accordingly, not only the Freemasons, but all secret societies, are included under one comprehensive curse, although Freemasons, Foresters, and Odd Fellows are, in England at least, wholly guiltless of hostility to any State or to any Church. Cardinal Cullen, when he has from time to time occasion to denounce the Fenians, always extends his anathemas to Freemasons, partly for the sake of insulting that innocuous body, and partly to intimate that the Fenians err rather in disobeying the Pope than in plotting against the Crown. Those who know nothing of the

symbols of Freemasonry are entitled to assume that its little mummeries and its practical objects are harmless or laudable, because many persons of rank and character, including the PRINCE OF WALES, have presided over its mysteries; and especially because ten days ago Lord RUPON was Grand-Master of the Order. By renouncing the dignity as a condition of his admission to the Romish communion, Lord RUPON submits to the commands of the Holy See in a matter which, as he himself positively knows, concerns neither faith nor morals. In other words, he admits the authority of the Church to define its own limits, and to include at pleasure any part of the temporal province within its spiritual dominion. Freemasonry is a trifle; but the power of converting a harmless trifle into a mortal sin involves the assumption of an unqualified supremacy over human actions.

If men were consistent, and if systems were uniformly logical, there might be a difficulty in questioning Lord MONTAGU's conclusion that the fools who opposed Catholic Emancipation were in the right. In practice, born Roman Catholics are found to be loyal, and even converts are from time to time unavoidably left to themselves by their spiritual guides. It is only in the romances of EUGENE SCAROT or of zealous Protestant writers that the Jesuits are ubiquitous and omniscient. The principal managers of the Roman Catholic organization are in the habit of plotting with transparent simplicity, as when they make devout noblemen ridiculous by sending them to lead obsolete pilgrimages. The blandishments which they lavish on wealthy and high-born proselytes have unfortunately proved in several instances successful; but if the priests had won over the whole peerage of the United Kingdom, they would incur the disappointment of the proverbial purchaser of PENN. The converted body would have forfeited the political power which the short-sighted Church had coveted for itself. On the middle classes propagandism has never established a hold, although a dozen town councillors would be a greater acquisition than *Lothair*. But for the Irish immigration the number of Roman Catholics in England would be so utterly insignificant that the community would be little more than an aristocratic club. The political importance of the Roman Catholic Church in the United Kingdom consists wholly in its command of a large part of the population of Ireland; and the democratic agitation in which the Irish priests have long been engaged repels the sympathy of the English Roman Catholics, with the exception of a few enthusiastic converts. The priests are politically opposed to the gentry of their own connexion, and they probably feel little confidence in ardent proselytes of the type of Sir G. BOWYER and Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, who are willing in their zeal for Rome to sanction the dismemberment of the Empire. An accurate calculation of gain and loss would perhaps show that the Roman Catholic Church has made but an unprofitable acquisition. It has inflicted a certain degree of annoyance on its adversaries, and it has secured for its own objects the control of a large fortune. On the other hand, it has advertised its own incurable unpopularity by reminding the unobservant world of the unwritten political disabilities which have survived Catholic Emancipation.

FRENCH PARTIES.

THE election for the department of the Maine and Loire which will be held to-morrow has brought out plainly the four parties into which political Frenchmen are divided. The Republicans, the Orléanists, and the Bonapartists have each a candidate; the Legitimists have determined not to run a candidate of their own, but they have pointedly refused to have anything to do with the Orléanist candidate. Whether their votes will be largely given to the Bonapartist candidate is uncertain, but not even the prospect of an Imperialist or a Republican victory can induce them to support M. BRUAS. The breach between the two sections of the Royalist party seems to grow wider every day. If it is hard to forgive a man who has tricked you, it is harder still to forgive a man who has been accessory to your tricking yourself; and this is the light in which the Legitimists regard the Orléanists. They hold that all the good which was effected by the Fusion has been undone by the Septennate. Yet the Septennate could never have been set up if it had not been for the co-operation of the Legitimists. It was the special creation of that Conservative majority of which the Extreme Right

formed an integral part. They asked Marshal MACMAHON to mount on their backs, and they are now discomfited to find that he has no intention of getting off again until his seven years' ride is done. If the Orléanists had established the Septennate without Legitimist aid, the crime might have been condoned from considerations of convenience; it is the sense that this aid has been given that makes their resentment so bitter and so persistent. By the vote of the 19th of November 1873, French Conservatism became associated with a form of government which was not immediately or directly monarchical. Those who devised the Septennate hoped, no doubt, that it would lead to a Restoration in the person of some less impracticable sovereign than HENRY V. But they confessed by their vote that the prospects of a Restoration were distant and indefinite, and that in this state of things it was incumbent on them to secure the essentials of regular government, even at the cost of surrendering for the time the form which they loved best. In this the Orléanists were perfectly consistent. The result has proved that they were over-sanguine in thinking that the essentials of regular government could be secured by so provisional an expedient as the Septennate; but in postponing their endeavours after a Restoration to a more convenient season they sacrificed no principle. Royalty with them is a very precious form, a form which many of them hold to be inseparable from the substance of good government in France, but in theory it is only a form. With the Legitimists, on the contrary, royalty is part of the substance of good government, since without royalty there can, at all events in countries which have once enjoyed it, be no legitimate government at all. The strange thing is that men possessed of this conviction should ever have brought themselves to vote for the Septennate. They now declare that they did so in the belief that their vote pledged them to nothing more than the acceptance of Marshal MACMAHON for just so long as might suit their own purposes. It is difficult, however, to accept this as a true version of the facts, inasmuch as the discussion turned in part upon the period for which Marshal MACMAHON's powers should be extended. It is conceivable that seven years should have been inserted as a mere formality, but for this purpose ten years would have done equally well. When the Government assented to seven years by way of concession to those who opposed the ten years' limitation, they showed unmistakably that both figures were meant to stand for substantive periods.

The omission to start a candidate of their own in the Maine and Loire must be taken as an indication of conscious weakness on the part of the Legitimists. The explanation is one with which Englishmen are familiar. The Legitimists are reserving themselves for the general election. But their future chance of success in a general election is not likely to be more than the sum of their present chances of success in particular elections. If they cannot return a candidate in the Maine and Loire this year, what reason is there to suppose that they will be any better able to return one next year? Their leaders do not pretend that their cause is growing in popularity; on the contrary, they have often stimulated the activity of their followers by the argument that, if a Restoration cannot be effected by the agency of the present Assembly, it will not be effected by the agency of the next Assembly. Now the Legitimists in this particular constituency have suddenly discovered that it is on the next Assembly that their hopes are really built. There is no longer, they say, any probability that the Conservative majority will be brought to admit the fault of which it was guilty last November, and so long as it refuses to admit it the Extreme Right must continue to stand apart from Parliamentary combinations. There is no doubt that, if this threat is carried out, a dissolution must speedily follow. If the Extreme Right are really weary of the Assembly, it rests with them to send it about its business. M. JULES SIMON has pointed this out in a speech which he has just made at Rheims. The Assembly, he says, cannot be dissolved except by its own act. "A revolt against a Chamber elected by universal suffrage would be a crime." Englishmen will not be disposed to hold that a revolt against a Chamber elected by universal suffrage is worse than a revolt against any other established Government; but the recognition of legality as a ground for respect has not been so common among French Republicans as to dispose us to quarrel with even an exaggerated display of it. Now, though the Left has immensely increased in strength, and can now number 310 votes, it is not strong enough by itself to effect a dissolution by the act of

the Assembly. To do this it needs twenty additional votes, and this is more than the partial elections can possibly give it. There is no hope of detaching any votes from the Right, for, though the Right is divided on many points, it is united in its hatred of the Republic. The natural inference from this analysis would seem to be that the Right will be united in resisting that dissolution to which the Left looks for the triumph of the Republic. But M. JULES SIMON draws a different conclusion. He thinks that the Extreme Right will join the Left in voting for a dissolution. This would have seemed a most improbable event had it not been for the line taken by the Legitimists in the Maine and Loire. But if the leaders of the Extreme Right decline to start candidates on the plea that it is no use to take any trouble about the existing Assembly, and that they are saving themselves for the general election, they cannot in decency refuse to hasten that general election when they have the opportunity. The fear is, however, that this language may not be the expression of any genuine change of opinion on the subject of dissolution, but merely a hastily devised excuse for local inability or unwillingness to stand the expense of a contested election. In that case M. JULES SIMON may find that he has counted his chickens prematurely.

The Government has been compelled to give fresh offence to the Extreme Right by suspending the *Univers* for an article attacking Marshal SERRANO. We say compelled, because so long as the state of siege is maintained in Paris it is idle to expect that foreign Governments will not take advantage of it for their own purposes. It is of great importance to Marshal SERRANO that the French Government should not be supposed to wish the Carlists well. If the authorities on the frontier were perfectly clear upon this point, they would take a more decided line as regards breaches of neutrality than they have yet seen their way to. French officials are very apt to read between the lines of their instructions, and to interpret them by the spirit in which they fancy that they were written. It will be difficult to attribute any latent sympathy with the Carlists to a Government which suspends Conservative newspapers for pleading the cause of the Pretender. If the Governor of Paris had possessed no exceptional powers over the press, Spain could not have called upon the French Cabinet to do on behalf of another Government what it had not the means of doing on its own behalf. But so long as Paris newspapers continue to live at the mercy of the General commanding the Twentieth Military Division, Marshal MACMAHON'S Ministers must put up with having to punish them under pressure from foreign Powers. If they wish to avoid the unpopularity which such acts provoke, they must be content to surrender the imaginary advantage of being able to suppress discussion on their own measures.

SPAIN.

THE late change of Ministry at Madrid is attributed to the influence of Marshal ZABALA; but the objects which may have been contemplated or attained in the substitution of one set of obscure names for another have not been explained. It is a plausible conjecture that the retiring Ministers were less wholly under the control of SAGASTA than their successors will be. Marshal SERRANO has probably sufficient occupation in the superintendence of military affairs; and he may be glad to entrust the management of political details to the experienced chief of his Cabinet. The same industry and capacity for political intrigue which raised SAGASTA to Parliamentary eminence are apparently found useful under the veiled absolutism of a provisional dictatorship. If it should hereafter be thought expedient to give the Government a constitutional colour by the convocation of a Cortes, SAGASTA understands as well as any competitor the theory and practice of Spanish elections; and he will perhaps have learned to avoid the error which he committed during his former tenure of office, of returning through his agents a too unanimous Parliament. His ancient colleague and rival ZORRILLA seems to be inclined to abandon, in imitation of SAGASTA, the retreat to which he has carefully confined himself since the proclamation of the Republic. His announcement to his political friends that he is not yet prepared to return to public life may be regarded as a notice that his services will be available to the Government of the day if the present Ministers should incur discredit or disaster. It is one of the felici-

ties of Spanish politicians that none of them even in disgrace or exile need despair of an early return to power. Two years ago SAGASTA'S party was broken up, while ZORRILLA directed the Government with the support of an overwhelming majority in the Cortes. CASTELAR was the eloquent leader of an Opposition weak in numbers. SERRANO was on the eve of attaining an easy triumph over the Carlists, who were beginning to rise in the Northern provinces. A few months afterwards SERRANO escaped with difficulty and in disguise from Madrid, ZORRILLA and SAGASTA disappeared into safe obscurity, and CASTELAR, after an interval of anarchical agitation, became for a time dictator of Spain. It is now again the turn of SERRANO and SAGASTA, and probably the wheel of fortune will complete its round. The only change for the better consists in the tranquillity which has followed the exposure of the incapacity of the Republican faction.

It is not yet known whether Marshal ZABALA is to resume the command of the army in the field or to make room for MORIONES and LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ. No Spanish general has succeeded to the reputation of CONCHA, which was as valuable to the country as his military skill. Little has been lately heard of General PAVIA, who has acquired a merited reputation both by his restoration of order in the South and by his seasonable expulsion of the Republican Cortes. It is perhaps not the fault of the generals that the army is still too weak in numbers to take the offensive on a considerable scale. LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ has succeeded in relieving Puycerda; but the Madrid Government has since the death of CONCHA failed to recover any part of the territory which had been occupied by the enemy. From time to time reports are circulated that the Chief of the Executive Government intends to take the command in person; but it may be doubted whether Marshal SERRANO would prove a more efficient general than his lieutenants, and he has everything to lose by failure. He has been present in the field only once during the campaigns of the present year, when a sufficient force had been accumulated to ensure the relief of Bilbao. Even on that occasion Marshal CONCHA was charged with the conduct of the most important operations, and SERRANO was content with the second honours of the success which was achieved. It is possible that he may again take the opportunity of refreshing his military reputation, when he has completed the reinforcement of the army, and when he is prepared to drive the Carlists from their positions round Estella. He may perhaps trust SAGASTA to administer affairs in his absence, especially as no rival could claim the title which he derives from the courtesy of foreign Governments. The Ministers of the different Powers are accredited, not to the Spanish Republic, but personally to Marshal SERRANO as the actual head of an undefined Government. In the event of SERRANO'S death, or expulsion from office, the whole question of recognition might be reopened, although it is probable that any successor who was thought capable of maintaining order would be acknowledged with little difficulty. Undisputed authority and probable permanence are the chief conditions which entitle a Government to represent a nation.

A Republic of the type approved by CASTELAR would find little favour with the European Powers. It is at least probable that the main cause which has induced the Russian Government to withhold its recognition is unconnected with the circumstances of Spain, which lies, according to a St. Petersburg paper, as much outside the sphere of Russian policy as Japan. It has been thought expedient to show that the cordial friendship between the two great Empires of the North implies no subservience of Russia to Germany. The Brussels Conference and the delay in the recognition of the Spanish Government are intelligible, though unnecessary, assertions of independence. The policy of Germany towards Spain, and the motives of the Carlists for attempting to provoke a quarrel with Germany, are equally mysterious. The French Legitimist papers had almost a plausible pretext for suggesting that the Germans themselves must have contrived the attack of the Carlist batteries on the German gunboats. If it is true that a train conveying the German and Austrian Ministers has also been threatened by Carlist bands, it would seem that, in despite of their own obvious interests, the insurgents are really bent on provoking a foreign adversary to assist their native opponents. Don CARLOS and his advisers are scarcely capable of relying on the far-fetched calculation that German hostility might procure them the active assistance of France; but there is no doubt that a French alliance would far more

than compensate for the intervention of a German contingent in the civil war. It is difficult to estimate the effect on Spanish public opinion of the employment of a foreign auxiliary force. It is true that no nation is more jealous of alien influence, but the allies of Spain have had cause to complain rather of subsequent ingratitude than of the immediate rejection of their aid. The English army was allowed to fight the battles of Spain in five or six successive campaigns, though the services which were rendered to the national independence have long since been forgotten. The auxiliary Legion under Sir DE LACY EVANS was welcomed by the adherents of the QUEEN in the former Carlist war, and a German division might decide the present contest without the risk of permanently disturbing the vanity of the nation or of the army. German officers, though they have been trained in the strictest traditions of regular warfare, are as well qualified to deal with insurgent mountaineers as with the popular levies of France. If Germany, and Germany alone, should interfere in the civil war, its result would not be doubtful. The cost of such an expedition would be insignificant to a Power which at all times keeps on foot an army numbering hundreds of thousands of men; yet Prince BISMARCK would forfeit much of his well-earned reputation for sagacity if he unnecessarily embarked in an enterprise involving many unforeseen issues.

The main objection to foreign interference in a domestic contest is that it might not improbably be the commencement of a more formidable war. The French already regard with natural irritation and jealousy the appointment to the German Consulate at Bayonne of an active and confidential agent of Prince BISMARCK. The inquiries which the Consul has instituted into the strict observance by French functionaries of the duties of neutrality are offensive to national feeling in proportion to the importance and accuracy of their results. If the Carlists have been unduly favoured by French functionaries, the right of complaint belongs to the Spanish and not to the German Government. The majority of Englishmen tolerated with some difficulty the vituperation of the Northern Americans during the Civil War on account of alleged sympathy with the South. If a third Power had undertaken to remonstrate against supposed infringements of neutrality, its remonstrances would not have been so patiently received. Spanish civil wars have rarely been for any long time unconnected with European politics. The Quadruple Alliance of England, France, Spain, and Portugal forty years ago was understood as a protest against the system of the Holy Alliance which was still maintained by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Although the French Government is with good reason anxious to avoid any occasion of war, it might be difficult to acquiesce without some counter-demonstration in the despatch of a German expedition to Spain. There is no field of action in which France could encounter Germany with so many advantages; and it must be remembered that, notwithstanding the popularity of the German navy, France is still, as during the last war, more than a match at sea for her recent adversary. The considerations which appear conclusive to external observers can scarcely have failed to occur to Prince BISMARCK.

THE BRENTFORD GUARDIANS.

THE continuance or non-continuance of pauperism is more than anything else a question of the degree of intelligence which the ratepayers of each Union bring to the treatment of the paupers whom they have to support. They are under a constant and natural temptation to sacrifice future to present gain; to spend less money on the relief of the poor to-day, regardless of the certainty that they will thereby have to spend more money on the relief of the poor to-morrow. The Brentford Guardians have lately been remarkable for their persistence in this injudicious economy. They have pinned their faith to the proverb "A penny saved is a penny got," forgetting that even among proverbs the other side of the question has its representative, and that it is at least equally true that a stitch in time saves nine. This holds good even of adult paupers. It is not the most costly and the best managed workhouse that attracts most inmates; the cheap and badly arranged makeshift has far more charms for the indolent poor. The very essence of efficient poor relief is good workhouse discipline, and good discipline is unattainable without proper classification. Where paupers in

very different circumstances are crowded together, it is clear that they can only be dealt with after a rough and ready fashion. Under this system the man who can do least necessarily determines the treatment of the whole ward. The bulking idler, who rather than do a day's work will put up with the meagre fare of the workhouse, has his wish gratified because there is no proper means of separating him from the invalid whose strength only allows him to do in a day what an able-bodied pauper might do in a couple of hours. At Brentford the want of workhouse accommodation is so great that the Guardians are obliged to put indoor paupers into the casual wards at night because there is no other place in which they can sleep. Now if there is one principle of Poor-law administration more elementary than another, it is that men who choose to come into the workhouse shall not be able to combine the advantages of independent life with the advantages of a life led at other people's expense. For the able-bodied adult the workhouse ought to partake in some degree of the nature of a prison. He is protected against starvation, and so far his position is superior to that which he held out of doors; but to prevent this privilege from being abused it must carry with it the abandonment of the alleviations which makes the risk of starvation endurable. Otherwise the certainty of support would have irresistible charms for lazy or timid men. Amongst these alleviations, change of society is one of the greatest. In a workhouse which thoroughly answers its purpose there is no opportunity for this. The man who will not work finds that he gets very little to eat, and that this little has to be eaten, if not in solitude, at least among faces that he knows by heart, and likes none the better because he knows them. All the inmates lead the same dull life, and each knows almost before he hears it what the others have to say. In the Brentford Workhouse no such cruelty as this is displayed. The indoor paupers are allowed to keep up their knowledge of what is going on outside without making the journey thither for themselves. Each evening some of them have the opportunity of listening to the entertaining, if not improving, conversation of the tramps who are merely lodgers for the night. In this way they find in the workhouse the company, though not the drink, which they would enjoy in the beer-shop, and are in a position to study how to make a dishonest livelihood with least trouble when they can summon up sufficient energy to start on the tramp.

This is but a small part, however, of the Brentford Guardians' shortcomings. Their greatest error lies in the treatment of the children of whom, from one cause or another, they have the charge. A child who is bred in a workhouse, or who is accustomed to stay in one for long periods, necessarily runs a great chance of growing up a pauper. Early habits and early impressions cling very closely in after life, and though once a pauper always a pauper is not a rule without exceptions, it is a rule to which the exceptions are miserably few. This constant and pressing danger can only be averted by giving the children that moral and physical health which shall dispose and enable them to earn their own living when they leave the workhouse. Otherwise their departure will only be the matter-of-course prelude to their inevitable return. They will find themselves altogether unfitted to take their part in the struggle which awaits them outside, and they will have no sense of shame or strangeness to prevent them from coming back as soon as this unfitness is made clear to them. The representations made to the Guardians by Mr. HENLEY and Dr. MOUTT on behalf of the Local Government Board at the Conference held on Wednesday show how the necessity of physical and moral training is understood in the Brentford Union. For the last thirteen years the Poor-law Inspectors have been vainly urging the Guardians to transfer the children from the workhouse to a separate school. In 1861 Colonel PIGGOTT traced a virulent attack of skin disease to the insufficiency of cubic space in the children's wards. In 1866 and 1867 Dr. SMITH reported that the children had sore eyes from the overcrowded state of the schoolrooms. In 1870 and 1871 Mr. HENLEY found that the same cause had produced, or aggravated scrofula and ophthalmia. The Local Government Board has again and again called the attention of the Guardians to this state of things, but no regard has been paid to its remonstrances. We agree with Mr. HENLEY that the Board has done wisely in delaying any decisive action in the hope of inducing the Guardians to take a more intelligent view of the interests

which they represent. It must never be forgotten that it is the local authority that will have to carry out any improvements which the central authority may order, and that time may be gained in the end by a delay which brings the local authority to execute those improvements of its own free will, instead of having them forced upon it by others. But there is necessarily a limit to such forbearance, and in the case of the Brentford Guardians this limit has at length been overstepped. After thirteen years of arguing they are no nearer being convinced than when the controversy began. Any further hesitation on the part of the Local Government Board can only tend to strengthen the conviction of the Guardians that they are their own masters, and that, so long as the ratepayers are satisfied, they have a right to make the Brentford Workhouse a nursery-ground from which the pauper field may continually be stocked with new and promising plants.

By acting decisively now the Local Government Board will not depart, except in form, from the principle which has hitherto governed their relations with the Brentford Union. Up to this time they have given the Guardians law, in the hope that they would in time come to recognize the true economy of the reforms which have been pressed upon them by the Inspectors. The proceedings of Wednesday show that this hope is vain. The case put forward on the Guardians' behalf is not a string of excuses for not having carried out the official recommendations; it involves a flat denial of the policy on which those recommendations are founded. There is no reason to think, after thirteen years spent in trying to bring the Guardians to reason, that it can be worth while to waste any more years in a similar process. But though it is useless to aim at influencing the existing Guardians, it may not be useless to aim at influencing the ratepayers. The Brentford Union includes districts like Chiswick and Twickenham—districts, that is, in which there must be a very large number of ratepayers of the better class. It is probably not too much to say that a large proportion of these ratepayers have never given an intelligent vote on local matters in their lives. They have either not voted at all, or they have voted to please a friend without troubling themselves as to the merits of the question. But it is equally safe to say that they are interested in getting their rates reduced, and the disclosures of Wednesday will show them how this may be best effected. The Local Government Board represents the enlightened method of dealing with pauperism—the method which seeks to bring up the children who are on the rates in such a way as to prevent them from coming on the rates hereafter. The Board may make mistakes in carrying out its purpose—that contingency is inevitable from the difficult nature of the problem—but it keeps the purpose steadily before its eyes. The Brentford Guardians represent the old method of spending as little as possible on the children now on the rates, and making no account of the fact that a large majority of the children so brought up are certain to become paupers as soon as they come to years of discretion. At the next election of Guardians the respectable ratepayers throughout the Brentford Union will have an opportunity of showing which of these systems they prefer.

THE INTERNATIONALISTS AT BRUSSELS.

THE International Association, though it represents desires and delusions which are more or less vaguely cherished by large classes of people, and which are apt under certain circumstances to become explosive, has never in itself had any really substantial existence. A few years ago it made a great parade of its elaborate organization and formidable numbers, and an impression was spread that the leaders had only to give the signal and a multitude of devoted followers would at once appear to do their bidding. In point of fact, however, the Association was only a sort of paper mask behind which one or two experts in agitation made a great noise which frightened simple people. Here and there, scattered through the chief cities of Europe, were little groups of broken-down professors, obscure journalists, and ambitious artisans, who pleased themselves with the fancy that they were engaged in preparing a great revolutionary movement which was to change the whole constitution of society, and place working-men at the top, of course with the International seated firmly on their shoulders.

The Association made a great show of activity in the way of publishing manifestoes, and otherwise making believe that it had branches in all directions; and there can be no doubt that at one time it imposed upon the French Government, which endeavoured alternately to crush and to bribe it. It was natural that a society of this kind should attract to itself the sort of men who afterwards became prominent under the Paris Commune, and for a moment it almost appeared as if the International was at last embodied as a Government. In reality, however, although some of its members were identified with the Commune, the Association itself was too shadowy for any kind of practical effort. It is possible that it might in time have succeeded in acquiring the organization on the pretence of which it traded; but the political atmosphere has certainly not been favourable to the experiment. Internal dissensions, proceeding from the quarrels of rival leaders, have broken up the Society, and the delegates who have just been holding a meeting at Brussels represent only a fragment of the original body.

The chief object of this meeting appears to have been to demonstrate the hollowness and insignificance of the movement which once created so much alarm. There seems at first to have been considerable doubt whether there would be enough members to make a Congress at all, and not more than fourteen finally turned up. In order, however, that everything might be done in grand style, a President and four Secretaries were appointed—a very liberal proportion of officials for so small a number of members. A question was raised whether a Russian who had come of his own accord, and without authority from anybody, to represent his country should be received, but the Congress was so anxious to make up its numbers that it was only too glad to admit anybody. The Secretary of the Federal Bureau reported that, as nobody had written to him, he had had a very easy time of it, and had not been put to the trouble of answering any letters or to any expense for postage. The Belgian delegate stated that in his country the Association had not been idle. It had got tip excursion trains at Antwerp, which had made the International popular in that reactionary city; and at Brussels it had organized itself in a manner which had had the satisfactory result of making the *bourgeoisie* very uneasy. In the Vale of the Vesdre the members had hit upon an ingenious and happy way of showing defiance and contempt for the police, and this was by taking such good care to be peaceable and orderly that the police never had a chance of laying hold of any of them. The Swiss delegate drew attention to a serious obstacle in the progress of the movement in his country, which was that unfortunately there was not a sufficient antagonism there between rich and poor. Moreover, Swiss working-men had a tendency to become *bourgeois*, and it was of course not worth while to pull down one set of *bourgeois* if another set was immediately to spring up. However, he was disposed to take a sanguine view of the future, and to comfort himself with the anticipation that "the misery of the workpeople and the progress of industry would tend more and more to assimilate Switzerland to other countries." In the course of time, therefore, Switzerland might hope to be as miserable as bigger and more advanced countries. Another difficulty was that, though the Socialist propaganda held meetings, published papers, and issued tracts to enlighten the people, the *bourgeois* reformers were constantly thwarting these efforts by proposing palliatives. It must be admitted that it is very hard on the Internationalists that the *bourgeois* reformers should point out that any small holes in the kettle may be easily mended with a little solder, instead of breaking it up altogether and trying to make a new one. The German delegate gave rather a desponding account of affairs in Germany, but the French delegate was more cheerful. He announced that there were now more secret sections of the International in France than under the Empire, but of course he could not enter into particulars. In Italy the Internationalists are also disposed to keep out of view as much as possible, and they have even addressed a remonstrance to the Congress, pointing out the absurdity of "a vast publicly-organized conspiracy," and demanding a radical change of system. As long as the International goes about its work publicly its enemies will know what it is about, and will be able to frustrate its operations. Unfortunately, the necessity for absolute secrecy prevents the Italians from explaining their own modes of action, and they have to be content with the declaration that, "with a heart filled with an immense

"faith in the realization of our programme, we conspire for the complete destruction of the State, with all its malevolent institutions, the annihilation of every kind of authority, under whatever form it may present itself, and for taking possession by the uplifted masses of all the implements of labour, machines, and raw material, including the soil." Everything, it is added, is summed up in the two words "Anarchy and Collectivism," conditions which the Italians consider indispensable to the triumph of the social revolution which they have in view. Most people will agree with them as to the connexion between anarchy and these projects, and perhaps Collectivism might be seen to be equally necessary if one only knew what it meant. The Spanish brethren report that they are in great trouble, and that "vengeance is their war-cry." They are very anxious to have "the great social liquidation" hurried on as quickly as possible.

English working-men appear to have had the good sense to refrain from taking part in this ridiculous exhibition. However much some of them may sympathize with the comprehensive projects of anarchy and spoliation sketched out in the address from Italy, they are probably aware that more is likely to be obtained by the adroit use of one class of proprietors against another. The English Communists have hitherto derived their chief strength from the suicidal folly of industrial capitalists who are weak enough to imagine that they can gratify their social jealousy of landowners without in turn suffering from the principles of confiscation which they are helping to establish. There is nothing now in the ideas which it is the business of the International to propagate, but it would be a mistake to suppose that their folly prevents them from being formidable. The International is contemptible enough in itself, and there can be little doubt that its wisest course would have been to play the part of the veiled prophet. As long as it was a dark mysterious agency, the proportions and resources of which nobody could calculate exactly, it exercised a certain power; but when it presented itself for close inspection in the daylight at Congresses and the like, it was immediately seen how artificial and worthless the apparatus was which for a time had created so much alarm. This impression will be confirmed by the insane rant which has just been poured forth at Geneva. It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the International itself and the wild aspirations and hungry desires which lie behind it. A very small spark may produce terrible results in a certain kind of atmosphere or in the neighbourhood of inflammable materials.

PUBLIC PROSECUTORS.

THE expediency of appointing public prosecutors has been for many years generally admitted; but their character and functions seem to have been for the first time seriously considered by the Judicature Commission. The ancient and existing system of criminal justice has, like many other English institutions, worked better than might be expected; and it has been remarked that in Scotland, where public prosecutors have long been established, crime is not more effectually detected or punished than in England. If revenge is truly defined as wild justice, justice is essentially regulated revenge. The resentment of injured persons will, with or without a public prosecutor, in the great majority of cases set the law in motion. When there is no doubt as to the identity of the offender, the ordinary process of justice is generally sufficient, and the detection of unknown criminals is the business of the police, who have themselves been instituted to meet the more complicated wants of modern society. Fifty years ago there were only a few detective officers in London, and the country and borough police date from a much more recent period. It is difficult to understand how the detection or prevention of crime was managed in times when it is nevertheless known that justice found abundant victims. At present sufferers by theft or violence give information to the police, who prepare the case to be heard by justices in Petty Sessions, or by police magistrates in towns. In country districts, when the prosecutor declines to employ an attorney of his own, the magistrates' clerk who has taken the depositions for the most part conducts the prosecution at Sessions or Assizes. In ordinary cases the depositions on which the committal has been founded serve

for a brief; and the same witnesses who were heard before the magistrate prove the case in Court, having already satisfied the superfluous and inconvenient tribunal of the Grand Jury. When more complicated crimes are committed, and when large interests are involved, prosecutors sometimes incur heavy expense in preparing and conducting prosecutions. The costs of the Bank of England in the prosecutions for forgery two or three years ago were roughly estimated at 100,000*l.* The enormous expense of the prosecution of O'NEILL for perjury was borne by the State on the direction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In such cases the Solicitor for the Treasury acts as public prosecutor, and either the law officers or other counsel are employed at the discretion of the Treasury.

The majority of the members of the Commission propose only to extend the functions which have been almost accidentally assumed by the magistrates' clerks, who have of late years been generally attorneys. The clerks have for the most part considerable experience in the conduct of prosecutions; and they may be trusted to form a judgment whether the case against a prisoner is sufficient, if supported by the witnesses and uncontradicted, to ensure a conviction. Where the depositions fail to disclose legal proof of guilt, it is usual for the judge to inquire whether additional evidence is forthcoming, and in default of further proof to direct an acquittal. Practitioners in Criminal Courts would probably state that such cases are comparatively rare; and it is understood to be the duty of a magistrate to take care that the evidence on which he commits for trial is such as will sustain a conviction. In fact, not one prisoner in twenty who is sent before a jury is innocent of the crime with which he is charged. The only practical effect of the intermediate inquiry before the Grand Jury is to allow a certain proportion of criminals to escape. If the foreman understands his business, and exerts a proper influence over his colleagues, true bills are found as a matter of course, and no harm is done. In the rare cases in which a Bill is rightly ignored an acquittal would be certain, and it would be more satisfactory to all concerned. Originally Grand Juries were probably the best public prosecutors, and the custom of requiring evidence before they find a Bill is comparatively modern. The only reason for maintaining the institution is that it is agreeable to country gentlemen to bear an ostensible part in the administration of justice. The Grand Jury of Middlesex have repeatedly presented themselves as a nuisance, although their objection is perhaps founded rather on the inconvenience to themselves than on the impediment which they offer to public business. At the Assizes those who are summoned on the Grand Jury are not unwilling to visit the county town on a public occasion, and to receive official sanction for their claims to form a part of the local aristocracy. So far as they have attended to their duties as magistrates they are perhaps entitled to a formal recognition of their services, but it is absurd that, after committing prisoners on careful examination of the evidence, they should take part in an irregular and useless rehearing of the case.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE holds that prosecution is not a stage in criminal proceedings, but that it includes the entire process from the completion of a crime to the conviction of the offender. He accordingly proposes the appointment of a public prosecutor, assisted by a sufficient number of local functionaries, who is to be charged with the detection of crime, with the apprehension of the person suspected, and with the conduct of the case both before the magistrate and at the final trial. His only reason for dissociating the office of public prosecutor from that of Attorney-General is that the law officers are already overburdened with public business. It would indeed be impossible that the Attorney-General should undertake the direction of the police; and his superintendence of ordinary prosecutions could be only nominal. According to the plan of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, a barrister of standing and eminence would be appointed public prosecutor during good behaviour, and local public prosecutors with their requisite staff of clerks would be appointed or dismissed by their chief. It is an essential part of the scheme that every case should at the earliest moment be brought under the notice of the local prosecutor, who would consult in difficult matters the head of the department. The CHIEF JUSTICE thinks that in the majority of cases the public prosecutor would only find it necessary to interfere for the purposes of the trial; but he would at his discretion

superintend and direct the previous inquiries of the police. In every case it would be his duty to examine the depositions, and to take care that the proofs were complete before the case came into court. It would be his business to perform the functions which now devolve on the attorney for the prosecution; or, in Crown prosecutions, on the Solicitor to the Treasury or to other public departments. The public prosecutor would prepare the briefs and instruct counsel, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE thinks that there would be no difficulty in providing against the undue exercise of professional patronage. The power of stopping a prosecution at any stage would be transferred from the Attorney-General to the public prosecutor; but it would be competent to the Government to entrust the conduct of Government prosecutions to its own officers, and the Attorney-General would retain the power of filing *ex officio* informations.

If the proposal of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is adopted, there may perhaps at first be some risk of a conflict of authority between public prosecutors and Commissioners of Police or Chief Constables. It would not be desirable that the police should be placed directly under the control of any stranger to the force, but the superior officer of the district might without inconvenience be required to obey the directions of the public prosecutor, either in adopting particular methods of detection or in collecting evidence. The heads of the police would frequently profit by the opportunity of obtaining sound legal advice, and they might sometimes welcome relief from the responsibility which they are at present compelled to incur. The public prosecutors, as well as the police, would be subject to the authority of the Home Office, which would have the power to determine their mutual relations. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE entertains a high opinion of the police, but he concurs in the general belief that their zeal for conviction sometimes leads them too far, and that they ought not to be trusted with the conduct of prosecutions beyond the preliminary stage. It is in fact much more difficult to prepare a case for committal than to prove it before a jury. The trial is merely a decent formality, except in the few cases in which an innocent person is unjustly accused. Great deference is due to the experience and knowledge of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; and it is to be regretted that criminals should sometimes escape because the evidence against them has not been prepared with sufficient care; but the main object of the appointment of public prosecutors would be to facilitate the detection of crime, and to prevent the impunity which arises from negligence, or sometimes from compromise. The expense of the necessary staff would not be grudged, if crime were more effectually detected and more certainly punished. It may be supposed that prosecutions directed and conducted by public officers would not be subjected to the vexatious supervision of Treasury clerks, who now sometimes display their power by refusing to sanction costs which are indispensable to the due administration of justice. The Judges have often censured the capricious parsimony of functionaries who ought to be auditors and not censors of judicial expenses.

WORKMEN'S TRAINS.

THE controversy as to the obligation of the Railway Companies in the matter of workmen's trains raises several questions of interest. In the first place, it has been put, alike by the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company and by the London Trades' Council, on a wrong footing. Sir EDWARD WATKIN declares that these trains have been run "for reasons of philanthropy and not for profit." The decision of the Board, he says, was influenced in no small degree "by a sense of duty towards the poorer people of London, whose dwelling-places are a stigma upon the wealth and civilization of the metropolis." He seems further to hint that these sacrifices to philanthropy might have gone on for ever if the public had but been decently grateful to its benefactors. But this great railway interest "which has done more than any other interest for the benefit of the nation" is everlastingly abused, and in consequence of this the Companies may be expected to "adopt the new policy of looking after themselves." The London Trades' Council, on the other hand, treat the matter as one not of philanthropy, but of justice. They demand that a law should be passed making it compulsory upon the Railway Companies "to afford every facility for the transit of working men and

"women to and from their places of employment;" the words "every facility" being subsequently explained to mean "at the lowest possible fares." In a matter of this kind professions of philanthropy and claims of right are equally out of place. It is difficult to believe that the policy of looking after themselves will be really a new policy with any Railway Company. They may easily bring more intelligence to the process, but it may be doubted whether they can possibly bring more good will. Sir EDWARD WATKIN includes among the motives which originally determined the South-Eastern Directors to run workmen's trains the hope of finding them a commercial success, and, now that they have not been found a commercial success, he recommends the Directors to withdraw them. On the face of it, therefore, the philanthropy of the Company breaks down just where the pinch comes. So long as they hope to make workmen's trains pay, the Directors are animated by a sense of duty towards the poorer people of London. As soon as they discover that the trains do not pay, they suddenly become impressed with their duties towards their shareholders. If workmen's trains were to be a commercial success, where was the philanthropy? If they were to be run without regard to profit and loss, where was the Directors' consideration for their shareholders? The simple explanation probably is, that if the workmen's trains had brought in the money the Directors expected, they would have been glad to enjoy popularity and a consciousness of doing good into the bargain.

The claim of the London Trades' Council is founded on a misconception of what Railway Companies really are. It is not unnatural perhaps that careless persons, seeing the immense scale on which railway business is conducted, should come to fancy that they are in some sort State concerns. The London Trades' Council would not dream of asserting a right on behalf of working-men to be carried at the lowest possible fares by any carrier's cart which they might please to hail. They would at once admit that this would be an unjustifiable interference with individual property. The owner of the cart has a right to charge what he chooses for the benefit of riding in it, and if the workman cannot afford to pay the price demanded, he must either walk or find some other carrier who will convey him more cheaply. What the London Trades' Council do not see is that Railway Companies are nothing more than common carriers writ large, and that to compel them to carry working-men at less than a paying rate would be to impose a special tax upon the shareholders for the benefit of a particular class of passengers. It would be just as reasonable to ask each proprietor of a joint-stock bank to contribute a penny towards the cost of workmen's tickets as to ask railway proprietors to issue tickets at a penny when they really cost them twopenny. The Railway Companies are ready to run trains of any description at rates which bring them in sufficient profit. It is clear, therefore, that what the London Trades' Council really mean by the lowest possible fares is, not the lowest fares at which trains will pay, but such fares as will come within reach of the workman's pocket. If this is to be demanded of Railway Companies, why not of the owners of cabs and omnibuses? And if it is to be demanded of those who sell the means of conveyance, why not of those who sell other commodities? It would be no more unreasonable to "make it imperative" upon bakers or butchers to "afford every facility" for the feeding of working-men and working-women than to make it imperative upon Railway Companies to afford every facility "for their transit to and from their places of employment."

There are two respects, however, in which Railway Companies differ from other carriers, and it remains to inquire whether these differences ought to involve any difference of treatment on the part of the Legislature. In the first place, they are the holders of what in most places is a monopoly of the means of conveyance. If the South-Eastern Company, for example, refuses to run cheap trains between Greenwich and London, it is not at present open to others to do so, even if they are persuaded that it can be done at a profit. Parliament had a plain right in the first instance to make what terms it chose for the grant of this virtual monopoly, and, inasmuch as it has never pledged itself not to allow competing railways to be constructed, it has still a right to say to the South-Eastern Company, If you do not find it answer to run cheap trains between Greenwich and London, we will allow any Company which thinks that it can do more for the public in this way to construct a new railway alongside of yours. It is conceivable that, with the experience

which has been gained from observation of existing railways, and with the introduction of cheaper modes of working, it might be worth the while of a new Company to try the experiment, and so to drive the existing Company either to reduce its fares or to bear the loss of a great part of its traffic. It is not likely that any legislation of this kind is imminent, but Railway Directors may do well to anticipate the possible consequences of subjecting the public to needless irritation. The real way out of the difficulty is perhaps to be looked for in a general reduction of third-class fares. At present one objection urged against running workmen's trains is that people who are not workmen travel by them, and that in consequence of this the earnings by other trains are lessened. But this may mean that there is a large class of persons who would travel more frequently by rail if the fares were reduced. At all events Railway Companies will be wise to exhaust every possibility of improvement in this direction before they take off workmen's trains without enabling those who travel in them to share in a general lowering of passenger charges. The other distinction is that Railway Companies which have stations in the centre of London and other large towns have undoubtedly greatly contributed to overcrowding among the poor by pulling down great numbers of dwellings without any proper provision being made for the housing of their inmates. Parliament has now devised a mode of meeting such cases, and for the future no Railway Company will be allowed to evict poor tenants unless some arrangement can be made for providing them with as good dwellings as those of which they are to be dispossessed. A condition of this sort cannot be made retrospective, but the Companies who have not been subject to it may fairly be asked to consider whether, in running workmen's trains, they make any greater sacrifice than that which will henceforth be demanded of all Companies which desire to extend their accommodation, and would certainly be demanded of them if they had now to make their lines over again. If this is the case, and if in continuing to run workmen's trains they merely decline to avail themselves of an accidental advantage over younger Companies, they will do well to hesitate before they expose themselves and the interests they represent to the hostility of a class which feels more keenly than it reasons. The owners of a kind of property which uneducated men are apt to imagine to be in some unexplained way the property of the nation can hardly be well advised in making themselves unpopular for any trivial cause.

CENSORS.

WE doubt whether a habit of judging the conduct of others is compatible with self-study. There are respectable persons in every rank of society who seem to view themselves as the guardians of the lesser public morals—persons who may be defined as the voice of public opinion to all within their reach. They lay down the law with an unflinching regard to the simple right and wrong of every question; it is their vocation to keep up the rigour of decorum and the consistency of practice; they are unconsciously referred to as "the world" in every conflict between time-honoured custom or exact propriety and personal inclination and convenience; they live in a constant surprise at the laxity of other men's principles, and the loopholes through which other men escape the obligations imposed by a nicer conscience. Their whole tone, in short, represents stability and inflexibility; but nevertheless, when their own turn comes, they not only avail themselves of the same loopholes, but do it in utter unconsciousness that they are running counter to their own most strongly pronounced rules of action. It is not that they ride over scruples, but that they have none; they fail to see the analogy between their own case and the nearly parallel one on which they have recently passed an emphatic judgment. For point and emphasis, the gift of putting an opinion in an epigrammatic form easy to remember and adapted for quotation, is one much exercised by these mentors. Horace Walpole, writing to his friend George Montagu, on the death of his cousin Lady Bab, tempers his condolences with an anecdote. "I must make you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton Court with Lady Sophia's daughters. The news came, and your aunt said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at backgammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted. 'Oh! madam, if there is no such thing as tenderness left in the world—cinq ace—Sir, you are to throw.'" If this old lady had not had such very decided views about the social duties incumbent on the class of mourners in general, she might have asked herself some questions about the legitimacy of her own pleasures as one of that class. But

her position of arbiter, the shock to her sense of propriety in any public appearance under the circumstances, and the duty of protesting against other people's laxity, put such comparisons out of the range of possible speculation.

An insight into motives, and into the less obvious class of influences that determine conduct, is among the most marked differences between man and man. The people we speak of would be spoiled for their work if they set themselves to study the inner workings of mind. Action is their starting point; and it is clear that self is much further removed from one line of investigation than from the other. Men whose bent is to trace an action back to its source are driven, as it were, to self-study. They can know nothing of the subtle working of another mind but through their own. Those, on the other hand, who centre their scrutiny on the doings of their neighbours do not commonly trouble themselves with actuating causes. Thus they simply assume that motives must be as alien from their own finer tact or conscience as the action itself. The person who is in the habit of accounting to himself for the why and the wherefore of his course of feeling, motive, and performance can hardly fail to be indulgent in his judgments. All thought, questioning, deliberation upon the action of others, leads towards tenderness and sympathy. It is a frame of mind that may easily become morbid, investing even crime with fascination to certain imaginations, and, short of this, obscuring the strict boundary between right and wrong. But the people who judge by rule and line, by cut and dried social laws and prejudices, who never consult their inner self for extenuating circumstances, are certain to err in the opposite direction. No man can fairly judge his fellow, either in great matters or in small, without sympathy—an undreamt of superfluity to the self-elected censor. In the absence of this moderator the very strength of opinion on a question of duty or propriety must, to people of this turn, ensure performance and obedience to it in their own case as a matter beyond self-inquiry. In short, a strict rule for others passes with many for conscientiousness; it seems so impossible to steady respectability not to act as it preaches; especially it is not in ordinary human nature to suspect itself of failure at the very point where it is keenest-sighted, and where its judgment is most vigorously exercised. There is a self-evident absurdity in acting against our principles, in having one rule for others and another for ourselves. We understand inconsistency well enough in the case of other people and the world in general, but the contradiction is too violent an insult to self-love to be regarded as possible in our own person. And, in fact, however the code may seem to be outraged to the observer, we do not find it strikes the censor as an inconsistency.

Nor is it so difficult as at first appears to provide a satisfactory solution for an apparent hitch between principle and practice. It is only to give to self alone the benefit of exceptions. It may be observed that exceptions are always personal things. Other people's illnesses, for example, follow a prescribed course; but when it comes to our turn, our malady accommodates itself to no category, and resists all nomenclature. And so of regimen and of every branch of practice that is a law to the generality. What we are ready to enforce on the mass happens, for some reason or other, not to fit our own idiosyncrasy; for it is so common for people to think their own case peculiar, and subject to no general law, that scarcely anybody is wholly free from the illusion. The most furious zealots will make exceptions for those on whom their affections centre. The world must accept a certain formula or be consigned to hopeless perdition; but an escape is found for a recusant brother, lover, husband, or wife. Something quite singular is found in the favoured case. No precept is unbending enough to escape such handling. The Nubian Arabs, who are strict Mahometans in a country prolific of pig, will eat wild boar, though in express prohibition to the rules of the Koran. "But what would your Fakir (a countryman, no doubt) say if he was aware of such a transgression?" "Oh, we have already asked permission," was the reply; "and he says, If you have the Koran in hand and no pig, you are forbidden to eat pork; but if you have the pig in your hand and no Koran, you had better eat what God has provided you." Thus it is possible to abhor eaters of pork and at the same time to eat it. A similar case is presented by David Deans, that model censor, upon the occasion of Reuben Butler's being presented by the Duke of Argyll to the living of Knocktarlicie. "Honest David," it is observed, "had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances, and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful." The course of reasoning by which he succeeded in eating the words of a lifetime is very ably and humorously set forth. So far from any qualm visiting the good man on the surprising conclusions arrived at, or any humbling sense of inconsistency, we are told that the messenger whom he despatched to his son-in-law elect added to his summons "that certainly the gudeman of St. Leonards had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden cock upon pattens." The censorial temper is not auspicious; strong in its moral insight, it owns no vulnerable side. What satisfies its clear notions of right must needs satisfy the world. We are very sure that no shamefaced consciousness would withhold old David from continuing to denounce in his usual strain those "ulcers and imposthumes, the sores and leprosy of his time," from which by a chain of subtle distinctions he had so barely kept aloof.

There must be censors, but the office is certainly one of those which, if good for mankind, are yet perilous to the holders.

We have David Deanses in our own time, who are very apt to call the attention of the public to a man's private transactions, and to express their opinion of other people's line of conduct with a length and elaboration which circumstances did not seem to call for. We never see a parson called to account in a newspaper for being at a ball, or a bishop for dining out in Lent, without a pretty strong conviction, justified by instances to the point, that the dictators of these reproofs will be "doing the same" before long, only under exceptional circumstances. The grandee of the county gives a ball. The censor is invited—"not of course to the dance—the whole house is thrown open." Our serious friend is there, but assures us that he scarcely comes within sound of the fiddles. The ascetic whose zeal drove him into print refuses a dozen dull invitations, and in each case gives his reasons; but there comes one attended by such peculiar circumstances that rules ought to give way. Some host whose civilities have been rewarded with three pages of austere counsel meets him without being aware of the special points which make it right to be at the distinguished gathering, though wrong to sit down at his own less brilliant or fashionable board, and he reports the encounter; not, however, to the confusion of his critic, who is strong in the monopoly of exceptions. It does not occur to him that the bishop may have been acting under peculiar circumstances also. However, we are describing censors, not judging them.

Society, and especially the more domestic forms of social life, may be said to be governed by female censors, self-constituted exacter of observances and definers of the proprieties of life. They settle times and seasons; they are authorities upon ceremonies; they have fixed opinions on the breadth of crape and how long it should be worn. Tenderness and feeling are with them identified with their outward tokens, things to be weighed and measured. And they follow strictly their own rules, and are conspicuous examples so long as no exceptional circumstances arise. It is impossible for a woman of due sensibility not to stand in awe of these arbiters, not to regulate her conduct with some reference to their dictum. Absolute defiant self-reliance is no part of social discretion. Only, if she has a rigidly faithful friend who lives in her mind as a subsidiary conscience in minor proprieties—"What will Priscilla say?" interposing itself in every conflict between prescription and inclination—and if it ever occurs to her friend to be tested where she is most officious in advising, it is ten to one but she will witness some broad modification; some difference between preaching and practice which takes her by surprise. But it does not startle Priscilla, who is too unconscious of inconsistency to apologize, and perhaps preaching one way and practising another simultaneously. The habit of laying down the law and judging our neighbour is not to be checked by a mere rule of conduct. It is so natural to do what is pleasantest that people out of the way of self-scrutiny slip into it unconsciously as into an attitude of bodily repose.

This practice of self-study is not necessarily allied to greatness of mind; with some noted examples of it it is more a faculty or a taste than a virtue or a grace, but it always promotes candour and fair judging. Pepys, a fair, though by no means a great man—a man however held in high respect by Evelyn, himself a censor in the best sense of the word—wrote his Diary at a time when society was extraordinarily corrupt, when public men were venal beyond example, and the Court a byword for all time. He was in the way of seeing and hearing a great deal both of public men and the Court, and writes about them with perfect truth; but he writes with equal fidelity about himself; his motives are as naturally recorded as his actions; therefore he is never censorious. It seems as if he knew himself too well for the luxury of abuse. If he reflects at one time on the short-lived grief of widows, he falls back at once on his experience for an explanation. "Sent for by my Lady Batten. I to her, and there she found fault with me for not seeing her since her being a widow, which I excused as well as I could. And here do see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world take place of all other passions." And he knows this, and excuses it because he himself reflects on the death of a friend, and the causes which modified his own grief. "Which I do sorrow for as much as I can, for a death that brings me a hundred a year." He can write with moderation of the alleged cowardice of our naval officers, because he knows what a panic is in his own person. "On foot to Greenwich, where going I was set upon by a great dog, who got hold of my garters, and might have done me hurt; but, Lord! to see in what a maze I was, that having a sword about me I never thought of it, or had the heart to use it." He was the great man of his family, and took upon him on one occasion to blow up a poor relation; the man returned him, word for word, all his own terms of slight and disrespect. "Which argues," he remarks, "a high and noble spirit in him, though it troubles me a little that he should make no more of my anger; yet I cannot blame him for doing so, he being the elder brother's son, and not depending on me at all." No man ever took a more candid view of himself—surveying his inner self, as it were, from some external standpoint; and no man was ever more dispassionately fair and indulgent in the sense that what others did was intelligible to him. Yet he was fairly honest among rogues, and a faithful servant to his king, his chief, and his country, when the majority about him were every man for himself. In this particular quality he stands unrivalled. There are, we believe, more

"great and good men" than there are men of this unsparing self-knowledge and unflinching self-portraiture.

The office of censor is noble or trivial, those who fill it betray a lofty or a petty spirit, according to motives and objects. Zeal, a passion for virtue, a hatred of vice and wrong, urges the heroic censor to his task, beyond all thought of self, whether flattering or humiliating. A milder, but not less genuine, zeal for the right compels the social critic often unwillingly to his or her calling. The petty censor is prompted primarily by some personal motive. Some vanity of a special insight, some notion of privilege or self-importance, some suspicion of slight, some solicitude for display, or perhaps the mere spirit of meddling, lies at the bottom of the censorship, and prompts to officious expression; and self, being so far busy, is not to be put down when interest or convenience demands a remission of strict rule. The censor unsays his precepts, and society is justified in turning tables on its critic.

MR. DAWKINS ON THE BASQUES.

IN the present number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Dawkins has put into a systematic shape the result of the latest observations on an important question with regard to the ethnology of Britain and of Europe. This is the question with regard to the past and present extent of that non-Aryan race in Western Europe which is now represented by the Basques. No one doubts that that race had, even in historical times, a much wider extent than it has now. No one doubts, for instance, that the Basques are the remnant of a race which once occupied a much wider range in Spain and Southern Gaul, and most likely there are not many who doubt that they represent the oldest surviving inhabitants of those countries. Few will now be inclined to hold with Niebuhr that the Celts were in Spain before the Iberians, and that the Iberians appeared in the peninsula as intruders upon the Celts. It seems now to be generally acknowledged that the Basques on both sides of the Pyrenees are the remnant of the old Iberians on both sides of the Pyrenees, that these Iberians or Basques are the remnant of the earliest non-Aryan inhabitants of Western Europe within historic times, and that it was upon them that the Celts came as the vanguard of the Aryan migration. And when thus much is accepted as something very like certain history, we are ready to accept a good deal more as having a very high degree of probability. We are quite prepared to see in the Basques the remnant of a people who, even in historic times, may be traced far beyond the bounds of Spain and Gaul, and who in prehistoric times may very well have been spread much further still. We are quite prepared to accept, on a very small amount of evidence, the Ligurians of Gaul and Italy, the Sikanians of Sicily, and even the native tribes of Northern Africa, those who were there before Phœnician and Roman conquests, as belonging to the same race as the Iberians of Spain and Aquitaine. And, if we admit Ligurians and Sikanians as branches of this once wide-spread race, we as good as admit that the whole of Italy was once occupied by an Iberian people, and that, ages before the Scipios carried the Roman arms into Spain, the primitive Latin, the forefather of the Roman, had to dislodge the kinsmen of the Spanish Iberian from the seven hills themselves. To such a belief there is no kind of *a priori* objection; the doctrine falls in with all that we know of the general relations of the Aryan and non-Aryan races, and it further falls in with not a few strange and isolated, and therefore the more trustworthy, Italian traditions. Nay, we are prepared to go further and to believe that, besides these regions where this ancient race may be tracked by something like history or tradition, modern science may track them in wide regions where they have left no such historical or traditional traces. Many scholars have been led by a quite independent line of argument to believe that the British islands, before the coming of any branch of the Celtic race, were inhabited by a non-Aryan people, to whom some classes at least of megalithic structures are to be assigned. The only question would be whether these non-Aryan inhabitants of Britain were Basques or Pins, and if, as some say, Basques and Pins are really the same, this is no longer a question at all. To all this there is no kind of objection; it is just what we should look for *a priori*, and a very small amount of positive proof would be enough to make us believe it. But it is going a step further when we are told, not only that there once were Basques or other non-Aryan inhabitants of the British islands, but that a certain, and not very inconsiderable, Basque element remains in the inhabitants of the British islands still. This doctrine is not altogether new; there is something like it in Tacitus, and it has been strongly set forth by Professor Huxley. Here it is again put forth as part of an elaborate system by Mr. Dawkins. Now the arguments both of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Dawkins naturally turn mainly on physical phenomena, as the form of skulls, and on the evidence furnished by implements and the like. This is one side of the case, and we do not at all undertake to answer the various arguments on behalf of his view which Mr. Dawkins has put together in a very clear and orderly shape. What we wish to do is to put on record some arguments from another side which it seems to us that Mr. Dawkins has forgotten or undervalued.

Mr. Dawkins, almost at the beginning of his essay, speaks thus:—

The study of language has proved itself a broken reed to lean upon, since a language may pass away without a corresponding change of race. The English-speaking Cornishman, for example, is the descendant of the

Welsh-speaking dweller in West Wales, and has lost his mother-tongue without changing his physique; and English at the present time is slowly but surely supplanting Welsh throughout Wales, without any corresponding alteration in the people. It is obvious, therefore, that language is a very uncertain guide to race.

Now if anybody were to set up language as the one unerring guide to race, we should at once be plunged into the wildest confusions and contradictions of the plainest facts of history. But it does not therefore follow that language is to be cast aside as something which need not be taken at all into consideration in forming our judgment on such questions as those which are here started by Mr. Dawkins. It is quite certain that many nations have changed their language without any change in themselves—that is, they have adopted the language of some other nation. The example of Cornwall which Mr. Dawkins has chosen is as good a one as could be found. Though the saying about Tre, Pol, and Pen is all nonsense—though, as every one who has looked in Domesday must know, the forefather of any particular Tre, Pol, or Pen is as likely to have been English or Norman as British—yet there can be no doubt that the great mass of the inhabitants of Cornwall are of British descent. Nevertheless no tongue is now spoken in Cornwall but English. In the like manner various other tongues, among which Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, Arabic, and Persian are conspicuous, are, or have been, spoken by large masses of people who certainly were not Greek, Latin, or so forth by descent. Still, for a people to change their language is by no means an easy business. And, though it has often happened in the history of the world, yet every case in which it has happened is in some sort an exceptional case. That is to say, when a nation has changed its language, we shall commonly see some special reason why that particular nation should change it. When a nation changes its language, it commonly does so because it has been conquered or otherwise strongly influenced by some nation which has a marked superiority over itself. Mere conquest is not enough. A conquest is not likely greatly to affect the language of the conquered, unless the conquerors settle to a considerable extent in the conquered country. And something more is needed besides mere conquest and mere settlement. When the conqueror is also the civilizer, he can commonly carry his language with him. If he is not the civilizer, if he overcomes a people more civilized than himself, experience shows that he is not likely to impose his language upon the conquered, but is more likely to exchange his own language for theirs. In a large part of Asia, where the inhabitants had no special civilization of their own but were ready to accept the Greeks as their masters in everything, Greek easily displaced the language of the countries, and became, as in some parts it still remains, the one spoken language. In the further East the case was different; there there were ancient national systems, which we may look upon as very inferior to that of Greece, but which still had quite life and strength enough to bear up against Greek influences. All that the Macedonian Kings of Syria and Egypt could do was to plant Greek colonies in their kingdoms; they were not able to make Greek supplant the native languages throughout the whole country. So in the West, Latin spread itself everywhere, because there the Romans were teachers as well as conquerors. But it utterly failed to supplant either Greek or the languages older than Greek in the lands east of the Adriatic. So again, when the Teutonic conquerors settled within the Roman dominions, wherever they simply settled among the Roman inhabitants and did not displace them, instead of carrying their language with them, they adopted the language of the conquered. It was only in the lands where the Roman inhabitants were really displaced—in Britain and in the lands along the Rhine and the Danube—that the Teutonic conquerors kept their Teutonic language. In all these cases we can see why certain nations changed their language, while certain others do not. The more civilized language will displace the less civilized, even in the teeth of a great superiority of numbers. But nothing short of a superiority of numbers on the part of the conquerors which comes very near to an extermination of the conquered can make the more civilized language give way to the less.

The same line of argument may be followed out with the progress of the English language in the Celtic parts of the British islands, with that of German among Wends and Prussians, with that of Spanish in vast regions of America. Wherever a people change their language for another, we can see a definite reason for their changing it. And when a nation does altogether change its language, nay when a nation is wholly swept away, its language does not at all necessarily vanish without leaving traces of itself. In many parts of the world, extinct languages, languages of which not a word is now spoken within their ancient bounds, have left their mark in the names of great natural objects, and, where there are any, of great cities. A crowd of examples press upon us from the English-speaking lands on both sides of the ocean; our Pens and our Lydiards, Connecticut and Massachusetts, London on the Thames and Gloucester on the Severn, are witnesses that there was a time when tongues other than English were spoken both in Old England and in New. So we may set it down as an almost certain rule that, however little of any other kind a nation may leave behind it, it will always leave some signs of its presence in local nomenclature. The presence of the Basques themselves may be traced far beyond the bounds to which their present range is confined. Languages, like men, may be banished; like men, they may suffer death; but, like men also, they commonly leave at least their monuments behind them.

Now what we are asked to believe on the subject of the Basques is this. History tells us that, before English or Roman invasions, Britain was inhabited by Celtic races. In a not inconsiderable part of the island Celtic races still remain speaking their ancient languages, and we know further that, in comparatively late times, those languages were spoken over a much larger part of Britain than they are now. We could tell further, without any other kind of evidence, by the aid of nomenclature only, that the Celtic languages—or, if the Celtic languages had utterly perished, that some language other than English and Latin—had once been spoken over all Britain. Why these changes should take place, why the Celts should in one part of the island vanish before the English, why in another part they should exchange their language for the English, are all facts which can be explained in the simplest way; they all follow the universal law of such cases. But now we are not only asked to believe, what we are perfectly ready to believe, that Britain was occupied by Basques before the Celts came into it—not only that a small infusion of Basque blood may have found its way into the veins of the Celtic conquerors, just as a small infusion of Celtic blood found its way into the veins of the English conquerors—but we are further asked to believe that in a not very small district of the island the prevailing blood is as truly Basque as in other parts it is Celtic and Teutonic. When we are asked to believe this, we cannot help at least pointing out that the change which is supposed is one which is quite without a parallel in the history of our own country, perhaps in the history of any other country. We can see why the Celts in Britain should change their own language either for Latin or for English; we cannot see why the Basques in Britain should change their language for Celtic. Yet, if it be true that there still is in Wales a Basque population showing marked Basque physical features, it is plain that they must have exchanged their language for Celtic ages before the authentic history of our island begins. Now it is plain enough why Iberians in Spain and Gaul should have forsaken their own language for the language of their Roman conquerors; but we can see no reason why Iberians in Britain should have exchanged their language for the language of their Celtic conquerors. The Celts may have been, or they may not have been, slightly in advance of the Iberians in some of the needful arts; but it cannot be thought that the Celts came amongst the Iberians as civilizers in the same way in which the Romans appeared as civilizers. The Celtic tongue cannot have been set before the Basques, as the Latin and the English tongues have at different times been set before the Celts, as the tongue of a people in every way greater and stronger and more civilized and altogether out of comparison with themselves. Yet the supposed Basque population in Britain now speaks, and from the beginning of history it has spoken, not Basque but Welsh, except so far as it may have further exchanged Welsh for English. No one has shown that there is even an infusion of Basque in the Welsh language; no one has shown that there is any trace of Basque nomenclature in any district of Britain. A Celtic settlement in such an age among a Basque people must have led to the extermination or expulsion of the Basque inhabitants; that they should have turned into Celts, without leaving any trace in the language or even in the nomenclature of the country, is a thing which in our point of view seems altogether unparalleled.

We thankfully accept Mr. Dawkins's physical facts as stating one side of the subject; we accept them as most valuable materials towards the discussion of the question; but we cannot look on the question as wholly settled till evidence of another kind has been weighed against them. We do not at all wish to make language the only guide in such matters; but we cannot admit that the evidence of language is to be cast away as if it had nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Dawkins's theory has in its own point of view strong arguments in its favour, but he should not forget that, from another point of view, there are difficulties no less strong in its way.

SOHO SQUARE.

IT is just a hundred years since the fortunes of Mrs. Theresa Cornelys began to decline, and with them the glories of Soho Square. Who remembers her now? Yet she was once a central figure in the fashionable world of London. Her house, now a pickle shop, was crowded with princes, nobles, and fine ladies. Her ball-room, now a Romanist chapel, was the headquarters of extravagance and gorgeous apparel. It was at one of her masquerades that the beautiful daughter of a peer wore the costume of an Indian princess, three black girls bearing her train, a canopy held over her head by two negro boys, and her dress covered with jewels worth a hundred thousand pounds. It was at another that Adam, in flesh-coloured tights and an apron of fig-leaves, was to be seen in company with the Duchess of Bolton as Diana. Death, in a white shroud, bearing his own coffin and epitaph, Lady Augusta Stuart as a Vestal, the Duke of Gloucester, in an old English habit with a star on his cloak, and the Duke of Devonshire, "who was very fine, but in no particular character"—all these, and others, passed through her rooms; yet before many years had gone by she was selling asses' milk at Knightsbridge, and in 1797 she died in the Fleet Prison, forming schemes to the very last for retrieving her broken fortunes. Attempts were unsuccessfully made to keep up the festivities of Carlisle House, but Abneck's drew away the great, and the Square gradually declined in the world, from fashion to philosophy, from artists to tradesmen, from shops to hospitals, until at length its lowest depth seems

to have been reached, and the beautifier of Leicester Square has been summoned to the assistance of Soho.

The ruthless hand of historical truth has of late years demolished many pretty stories, and has not spared the favourite legend of Soho. In the happy days when we believed in the immaculate purity of Anne Boleyn, when we derived Charing Cross from the *chère reine*, when we attributed the razing of Fotheringay to the filial piety of King James, and had a childlike faith generally in the honour and virtue of crowned heads, there were many tales to be repeated as constantly appropriate to certain localities, and always "as true as you're standing there." Among them, and involving a singular perversion of facts, is the popular account of the name of this district. "Soho" was the Duke of Monmouth's watchword at Sedgemoor, and was applied by his party to the Square in which his town-house stood. So ran the tale. There is a sediment of truth in it. The Duke did live in a house on the south side of what was then called King's Square, and his memory was long cherished in that district and elsewhere. But the district was then called, as it is called still, "Soho," and King's Square was then, as it is still, in "Soho." Monmouth's watchword was derived from the name of the place where his house stood, not exactly from the name of the Square; for it was then called generally King's Square, or else Soho Fields, and this name had been known, as Lord Macaulay points out, at least a year before Sedgemoor, and, as he might have pointed out, at least fifty years before that again. Where the name came from is a different question. It is easy to form conjectures about it, and to say it is derived from the footpad's slang of the sixteenth century, that the fields were lonely at night, and that divers persons were robbed in them, and so forth. In reality, however, we do not know much about the matter, and had better let it alone; while for those who like associations of the kind, it will be enough to point out that Monmouth's house stood where there is now a hospital for women, and that the narrow alley called Bateman's Buildings is on a part of the site.

There is still an old-world air about the place. If you dive down into the streets and lanes you see everywhere evidences of the greatness of former occupants. If a street door is open there is a vision of carved oak panelling, of fretted ceilings, of frescoed walls, of inland floors. Squalid as are some of the tenements, their inhabitants do not need to dream that they dwell in marble halls. Once on a time even Seven Dials was fashionable, and is not a little buried in St. Anne's? for one Wright, an oilman in Compton Street, had the body of Theodore of Corsica interred at his expense, and Horace Walpole pointed the moral of the poor Fleet prisoner's tale in his well-known epitaph. Here and there, at the corners, a little bit of the quaint style now in vogue as Queen Anne's allures the unwary passenger into a noisome alley, and Soho can boast of fully as many smells as Cologne. The paradoxes in which facts and statistics are so often connected may receive another example from this densely populated and still more densely perfumed region, for it has been found that children survive the struggles of infancy better in Soho than in many a high and airy country parish. Paintings by Sir James Thornhill and Angelica Kauffman are to be seen in some of the houses. Modern cast-iron railings may stand abashed before the finely-wrought work which encloses some of the filthiest areas. There are mantelpieces in marble, heavy with Corinthian columns, and elaborate entablatures in many an upper chamber let at so much a week. Visitors to the House of Mercy at the corner of Greek Street have an uncovenanted reward for their charity in seeing how the great Alderman Beckford was lodged when he did not make the speech now inscribed on his monument in Guildhall. Art still reigns in the house opposite, where the Royal Academy held its infant meetings, and it was close by, at the corner of Compton Street, that Johnson and Boswell, Reynolds and Burke, kept their literary evenings, and were derided by Goldsmith. The more purely scientific associations of the place are almost equally remarkable. On the south side of the Square, in the corner near Frith Street, Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Payne Knight successively flourished, and the Linnean Society had here its head-quarters before it was promoted to Burlington House. Since the whole of Soho was more or less fashionable, it is nothing remarkable to find Evelyn and Burnet and Dryden residing within its bounds; but there is some interest in the lying in state there of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, when his body, recovered from the sea at Scilly, was on its way to Westminster Abbey. No doubt an effigy surmounted the pall, and the illustrious foundling appeared in the Roman armour and the full-bottomed wig in which he reposes upon his monument. Half the sites of curious scenes in Soho, half the residences of historical characters, have, however, been left without identification. When the Society of Arts began some years ago to follow the French example, and to place little tablets on the houses in which great men lived or died, they did well; but of late, for some years, they have slackened their efforts, and the whole district deserves, and still needs, the signs of their activity. If they are not disposed to carry on the task, they should formally give it up. There is much room here for something of the kind, and if it be true that Mr. Albert Grant proposes to assist Soho Square, he cannot have a better field for his operations. Here and there among the narrow streets and the crowded passages a shield of arms attached to the front of a house marks the residence of a great noble, or the name at a corner suggests the scene of some great event; but for the most part the labyrinth is unexplored, and the sites are forgotten or altogether unknown.

Almost simultaneously we hear of two projected improvements in neighbouring places. The Duke of Northumberland is prepared, it is said, to do something for Trafalgar Square, and the inhabitants have been stirring themselves up for the rescue of Soho. What the former noble space requires is not a garden. The smooth concrete which surrounds the Nelson column should not be disturbed. The lions of Landseer will look no better for being embowered in evergreens. The fountains will still be squirts, and their spray will still bespatter the passenger. What Trafalgar Square wants is a worthy building at its head. Until this is obtained the genius of a Knowles would be wasted on the place, and the riches of a Grant lavished delusively. A National Gallery, worthy of the nation, should rear a mighty front behind the fountains and the pillar. If money is to be spent it should be spent here, and perhaps, if a large sum were offered from some private purse, a still larger sum to meet it might be extracted without grumbling from the revenue of the country. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners find it very easy to encourage private benefactions by grants from the common funds, and no doubt something of the kind might be done, even on a larger scale, in the case of such national sites. Many of our art collections, now rendered almost inaccessible by their removal to the remote suburb of Brompton, might be placed here in the very centre of London. We can never boast of our National Gallery while we have no place for drawings, or for prints, except in portfolios at the British Museum, and while we are absolutely without any sculpture gallery, except the saloons where art and archaeology are commingled.

But our present concern is with Soho Square, and we cannot but feel it to be a hopeful sign that this movement has been set on foot. It is a sin to shut up the only clear space in a district so thickly inhabited. How many a child born and brought up in the adjoining streets has no ideas of trees or grass beyond what may be seen in that miserable quadrangle, and no ideas of art beyond the tottering statue of King Charles. An objection has been made that to beautify the Square will draw to it all the wretched inhabitants of the Seven Dials; but if this were a valid objection, which it is not, Seven Dials is no nearer to Soho Square than to Leicester Square, and there we have no complaints. That a place so consecrated to the memories of art as the residence of Lawrence and Wedgwood, of Bach and Abel, of Thornhill and the nascent Academy, should be shorn of the fountain which once embellished its garden, and should be suffered to fall into neglect and decay, is, to say the least, sad; but when there is added to those considerations the further one that among the vast populous regions of this populous city there is none in which a little breathing space is more required for the aged and the young, none in which pale faces more abound, none in which the rays of sunlight more seldom penetrate, it becomes not a sentiment only, but almost a Christian duty, to make some alteration, to let in a sight of the blue sky, and to answer to the changes of the seasons in the world without by a few bright flowers, a few green trees, a little grass, and a splashing of water. Whatever the motives with which such a work may be undertaken, its effects will benefit the masses. The civilizing influence of a little display of taste has been insisted on all the subject is threadbare. But the theory has not often been put into practice. Where anything of the kind has been done the success has been invariable. Poor as Soho appears now, it has claims on the rich. The historical claim is not worth much, as times go. Fortunately there is another. There is hardly a branch of industry which finds a place in London unrepresented here; there is hardly a source of wealth and profit without its example among these busy manufactories; and, on the other hand, there is hardly a form of vice, of squalor, of disease, which does not here take root and grow with far-reaching luxuriance. Any change almost would be an improvement. It is touching to see wan-faced children creeping forlorn round the dingy railings, trying to imagine from those few blades what a green field must be like; or to see feeble invalids carried across from the hospital to sit for awhile in that desolate enclosure.

A few trees and shrubs remain, and should be preserved. The space to be operated upon is not extensive; it must be tenderly dealt with. The statue once stood in the centre of a group with a fountain about its feet. This might well be revived. It would be a pity to take away all memorial of the King whose name was originally given to the Square, and obliterate all traces of the reign of Monmouth's estimable parent.

NORWAY.

AMONG the countries of Europe which are visited by Englishmen one would expect Norway to hold a prominent place. Excepting France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, no country is so near our shores. Moreover Norway possesses nearly all that warms the heart and delights the eye of the traveller. Mountain ranges with summits above eight thousand feet high; fields of snow and glaciers; lower hills, now covered with the brightest of pasturage or endless wood, now craggy and precipitous; magnificent water everywhere, forming floods, lakes, torrents, and cascades; and an Arctic climate which itself ought to be sufficient attraction—these are some of the natural beauties which Norway offers us. And travelling has also little of the monotony which besets it elsewhere. The obsequious white-chokered waiters, and porters magnificent in cap of office and gold chain, come not here. The railway has not yet obliged us to catch the best views in a second of

time, and to change one climate for another before the former was well understood. Yet travelling is neither savage nor difficult for all that. Indeed it has a peculiar charm which is sought in vain in countries of thicker population and plainer surface. Notwithstanding all these recommendations, Norway is not yet a country that one intending tourist out of a hundred ever dreams of. There is indeed a certain select company of salmon-fishers who know Norway well, or at least as much of it as lies near the scenes of their favourite sport, and who live there in rough wooden country-houses on the streams which they hold. But these fishermen are not very numerous. Three of the fortnightly steamers from Hull to Thronthjem, and probably as many to Bergen, suffice to transport them to their Northern home. They are to be found on board Wilson's steamers as regularly as midsummer comes round; and there are among them men who have performed the process every year of the last twenty-one. But these fishermen are a small body, who will never set English society on fire with a desire to see Norway, and in Norway they soon retire to the recesses of their rivers, somewhere far up the country, and are rarely met by travellers on the high roads.

It is true that in Norway, as elsewhere, the chief foreigners who travel are English and American. In the more frequented parts near the capital it may be difficult to escape from the sound of one's native speech. But even in the finest scenery on the western coast and the fjords and valleys there, where travellers in search of the beautiful ought, if anywhere, to be found, it is quite possible to travel ten days or more without seeing either brother or cousin, although the time be spent in so accessible a district as the Sognefjord. It may therefore be useful to some readers (although those who diligently seek for information will find a small library of books about Norway, of very various excellence) to note the leading features of Norwegian scenery and the habits and habitations of the people.

It may be assumed that Norway will be visited in the summer. No one would willingly visit a country stretching so far into the Arctic zone in a season when nothing is to be seen through lack of light. The traveller therefore enjoys a brilliancy of light, a length of day, and an amount of heat far beyond what he was at all prepared for. How many people have expected to need furs and heavy clothing in the Arctic regions, where they really find the intensest heat, because the sun never sets and allows the earth and air to cool down! This climate would of itself be sufficient reward for the troubles of the voyage. There is perhaps no influence so subtle, yet so constraining, as that of climate, sun, and air. And the sensation of the Arctic double day, light perpetual, is something quite new and extraordinary, exciting yet invigorating. It enables one to go to bed at one o'clock and rise again at five, without the least feeling of lassitude. Only very little sleep is required where the life-giving rays never desert us. An approximation to this higher animation may be felt in the Shetlands, where the children may be seen playing on the hillside and in daylight till eleven, and people turn in to bed very late and reluctantly. Yet the extreme north of the Shetlands is only as far north as Bergen, at which place the Arctic voyager feels already, and with intense regret, that the long days have left him, that the nights of the less favoured Southern countries are beginning, and that gas in the streets and candles in the house are not cast-off absurdities. Indeed, as to latitude, Norway may be almost said to begin where Great Britain ends. Christiansand, the extreme southern point of Norway, is in lat. 58°, on the same parallel with the south of Sutherlandshire, about Dunrobin Castle and Lairgs. Thence Norway extends northwards for more than thirteen degrees to beyond 71°, or 44° beyond the Arctic circle. The entrance into the Arctic region makes a far more sudden and violent change in the summer climate than might have been expected. No experience of the long days in the north of Scotland, or even at Thronthjem (63½°), gives any adequate forecast of the true Arctic night. Near the Arctic circle you may, for about a fortnight at midsummer, see the sun descend below the horizon at ten minutes to twelve, leaving a subdued light, as if he were behind a cloud, and rise again at ten minutes past nearly at the same spot, which of course is north, with enhanced splendour. For the few minutes of the sun's absence a night-chill is perceptible, which is dispelled directly by his rising rays; but so far we have not yet reached the Arctic summer. The next night, if you have been voyaging on meanwhile, you must be a degree or so within the circle, and if the weather is fine and the northern horizon free from high land, you may carefully watch the golden orb (not generally so red as with us) descend towards the horizon, but, when about three times his own diameter from the horizon, after a few minutes of apparent standstill, begin to rise again, moving towards the east. The heat and brilliancy of the sun this night are such that parnolds are generally used, till the interest of the few minutes of crisis causes them to be discarded, and that if there be not too much wind, holes may be made in woollen clothes, pipes lighted, &c., by ordinary burning glasses; the sun may be gazed on, though with some pain, by the naked eye. The further north you go the higher is the sun's lowest point, till at Tromsø (69° 40') he is five or six times his diameter above the horizon, and the longer is the period during which he never sets, which is a full month at Hammerfest (70° 40'). The amount of light of course diminishes during the evening, but after half-past ten remains the same, and appears towards midnight rather to increase. It has greater softness than the light of day, and sheds a peculiar warm glow over the sea and rocks, which must be seen to be thoroughly

understood. After midnight it is interesting to watch the evening light change its character; about half-past twelve or rather later it assumes a whiter colour, more like what we know as early morning light an hour after sunrise. The birds fly about, the fishes jump, and animated nature seems to know as little of night as of inanimate. On shore, for instance, at Tromsø, people are out walking or standing at their house-doors, enjoying the night as we do the day. Perhaps they retire to sleep at one or two; but sleep seems scarcely a necessity to them, and they are up again early. It deserves to be recorded also that a photographer at Tromsø took successful portraits of a large group of steamboat passengers exactly at midnight of June 27. It need hardly be mentioned that neither within the Arctic circle nor considerably south of it were any stars visible at midsummer, nor till the end of July; and the moon but rarely, and then as pale as at noon in England. Of course this description is true only of bright cloudless nights; there are dull nights there, as there are dull days with us; and many a traveller may steam from Thronthjem to the North Cape without ever seeing the sun at midnight, or being able to read the smallest print all night through his porthole, as the present writer could do shortly after leaving Thronthjem.

The temperature is very different from what is often supposed. It varies to an extraordinary degree with the clearness of the day and with the direction of the wind. A north or north-east wind brings severe cold; yet if it be not very strong, the sun shining free from clouds counteracts it so far as to make every sunny seat very hot. Especially at night and in the early morning is this heat remarkable, because then we expect cold and dew. A south or west wind is of course mild, and would cause great heat but that it generally brings clouds and rain, as on the similarly circumstanced west coast of Scotland. On the land the heat is felt in the Arctic region far more than on the sea. The soil undergoes no cooling process in the night, and is therefore unfreshed by any dew. The hills afford frequent shelter from the wind, and enclose many a spot on which the sun pours his full heat; while on board ship the wind is always present. On this account many of the valleys in the far north have an intolerable and worse than tropical heat, and large tracts are said to be absolutely uninhabitable from the mosquitoes, against which no protection is found to be of the slightest use. The valley of the large river Alten, which is leased to the Duke of Roxburgh for salmon fishing, enjoys an unenviable notoriety for this pest, of which in this region Professor James Forbes writes:—"It appeared to me difficult to imagine that custom could reconcile any one to such a continuous infliction. . . . More paradoxical still it does appear to any one but an angler, that the charms of sport should be sufficient to induce English gentlemen every year to spend their days and nights an unprotected prey to these savage insects; and, most unexpected of all, to find a delicate English lady surrendering herself to her husband's passion for fishing so completely as to become a willing prisoner in this terrible locality." On the sea, however, and in places on the coast like Tromsø, mosquitoes are rarely met with. The west coast of Norway, like that of Scotland, is directly exposed to the rain-bringing winds, the south-west and west. Hence the rainfall is considerable, but more in the southern part (south of the promontory of Stadt, 62° 10') than in the northern. At Bergen the rainfall is actually seventy inches in the year, the rain is heavy and lasting, and about half the days of the year are wet. This of course greatly interferes with the traveller's comfort; but no place is probably so bad as Bergen, which few persons see in fine weather. To the north of Bergen, the country about the Sognefjord, the Romsdal, Thronthjem, and the Arctic region do not appear to be especially rainy; and July, when travelling is most delightful, is fortunately one of the finest months.

Travelling to the far north means, to all except a number of adventurous explorers too small to be worth estimating, taking a place at Thronthjem on one of the Norwegian mail steamers which ply along the coast from Hamburg to Vadsø, the furthest place in Norway, on the Varangerfjord beyond the North Cape, and near the Russian frontier. These steamers ply weekly during the summer; and continue running even throughout the winter, though less frequently, and less rapidly, since navigation through channels so narrow and so beset with rocks is impossible in the dark winter nights. There are also several rival lines for a part of the distance in the summer, proving the existence of a more considerable commerce than an un instructed foreigner would believe possible. There are stations at which these steamers stop, every two or three hours on an average. The vessels are generally large and well appointed for passengers—mostly built on the Tyne or Clyde, but with native officers and crew. Indeed they are so good that one cannot help wishing they would establish a line between Norway and England, which would break up the monopoly at present enjoyed by a single firm. The west coast of Norway is so well guarded on the west by islands, or at any rate by low reefs of rock scarcely visible to the eye, that there is no danger of heavy seas, and scarcely any of sea-sickness to the most sensitive, from Christiansand to Hammerfest. Not unfrequently the vessel steams for hours through straits as narrow as the Sound of Mull. The general and almost constant character of this whole coast is high, craggy, and bare. The rocks attain very generally a height of seven or eight hundred feet; but occasionally, especially near 65°, and northward from thence, form very imposing chains of mountains of three or four thousand feet, to take the lowest estimate. When these are seen covered with dazzling snow far down their sides and in their gullies, wherever snow will rest, they assume the grandeur of Alpine peaks, and

seem much higher than they really are. This was the case this summer, the snowfall having been extraordinarily copious in March and April. The sides of these coast mountains are generally so steep that no soil can be formed and no vegetation cover them. The traveller, therefore, passes along believing it to be a barren, iron-bound district which will support neither vegetation nor animal life. Yet a Norwegian will tell him that immediately behind these bare rocks are well-watered valleys full of forest; and where, as at the Namsenfjord, the vessel turns and sails inland for many hours, he sees the truth of this statement; the hill-sides are clothed with birch, Scotch fir, and Norwegian pines, with alders and willows in the low wet bottoms. The steamboat stations, indeed, generally present a striking contrast to the grand but barren crags. You see the sailors prepared for running into a station, but all seems bare rock in front, with only a few hog's-backs of rocks to be avoided, and no inlet anywhere; suddenly the vessel veers round the most unlikely point of all, and reveals a little land-locked bay, with a few gaily painted wooden houses and warehouses, some slopes of wondrously green grass, a few trees, the never-failing potato, and perhaps a field of oats or turnips. If it be a place of some importance, a road may be there, and a wooden church with a spire, painted brown; and on the quay many barrels of salt fish and piles of stockfish which scent the air.

There are some places of importance north of Thronhjelm, which itself deserves to be regarded as the most northern city and centre of civilization in Norway, or indeed in the world, unless Archangel can dispute its claim. The chief are Namsos, Bodø, and Tromsø. Namsos lies at the head of the long Namsenfjord, at the mouth of the Namsen, a large navigable river which flows through a well-peopled district, enjoying a warm summer climate, and possessing corn, grass, and forest. Bodø is at the mouth of the great Saltenfjord, within the Arctic circle ($67^{\circ} 20'$); it is opposite the southernmost of the Lofoten Islands, which occupy more than a quarter of the horizon, and are seen as a long nearly unbroken chain of crags, bare, bold, barren, and of the most fantastic shapes. Their serrated forms have been compared to a shark's long row of teeth; but the shapes are very irregular. From Bodø, which is about sixty miles off, they are seen with the utmost distinctness on a clear day; no land intervenes, and they seem only a few miles off. This year, at the end of June, the whole range of islands was covered from top to bottom with brilliant snow, which gave them an indescribable and ethereal beauty. Some of the peaks are very sharp, like the Matterhorn; many remind one of the Ouchullin hills in Skye; and some present great masses with rounded summits. Some it was impossible to believe less than about five thousand feet high, and they might well be higher. These islands are peopled by a numerous and hardy fishing population, who take chiefly the cod, from the liver of which the oil is extracted. From Bodø another steamer starts after the arrival of the mail, and makes a round among the islands, which must be extremely interesting. Bodø is reckoned a town, and may have about a thousand inhabitants; it is pleasantly situated, with much grass and some corn in the valley, and pleasant though not very high hills in the background and along the coast. On these hills may be found many Alpine or subalpine plants—*androsace*, *cyfrage*, *dryas*, *anemone*, *azalea*, besides the heather and berry-shrubs of our own hills—*bilberry* and the Norwegian *mollibere*, less known to us as the cloudberry. The flora of the Arctic region is apparently richer in species than that of the middle part of Norway; but the latter is so luxuriant, so rich in individual plants, as to give the impression of far greater profusion. The next important place is the town of Tromsø. This is placed on a small island, separated by a narrow channel from a larger island on the east, and thus well protected against wind. There are always many ships to be seen in its harbour, Norwegian, Russian, German, and others. Stacks of dried stockfish are to be seen all about, drying in the sun. Ships are built and repaired here extensively, as indeed is the case more or less in all even quite small coast stations. There are many good shops, one or two quite splendid with plate-glass, and one exhibiting the wonder of the place, the fashionably dressed boy and girl, life-size, which we associate with the name of R. Moses and Son. Behind the town are hills wooded with birch and pine, and having a few pleasant country houses with a good view of the bolder and finer hills of the opposite island. But in June, outside the town, one comes very soon into the snow. The chief pride of Tromsø is, or ought to be, its noble cathedral church. It is built entirely of wood, which has still its first freshness of colour. It is very large, and cruciform. The interior is scrupulously clean, and the railings, &c., are nicely carved. It possesses a noble organ, and the Lutheran hymns sound as finely there as in some of the best churches in Germany. At Tromsø, side by side with this civilization, one meets the first traces of barbarism. Many Lapps live here or in the neighbourhood, and though the missionaries have done wonders among them in education and reformation of manners, they must always be regarded as a lower race. Their capacities, in fact, seem very limited, and they remain a race apart, almost like the Gipsies.

JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE AT OXFORD.

MR. FITZGERALD, in his recent edition of Boswell's Johnson, has reopened a question which, though perhaps of no very great importance in itself, is yet not without its interest. Johnson, as our readers will remember, through want of means was forced to

leave the University before he had completed his residence and taken his degree. Boswell had stated that Johnson had been a member of Pembroke College for little more than three years. No doubt was thrown, so far as we know, on this statement, till Mr. Croker, after an inspection of the College books with the help of Dr. Hall, the Master of Pembroke, maintained that Boswell was altogether wrong, as Johnson had only been an actual member fourteen months. Mr. Fitzgerald, we notice by the way, says that "Mr. Croker was positive that Johnson did not remain more than a year and ten months at Oxford." This error is of the less importance in Mr. Fitzgerald's note as he himself affords his readers the means of correcting it by quoting some six or seven lines further down Mr. Croker's actual statement, that "Johnson was but fourteen months at Oxford." Not even has Mr. Croker—far less has Mr. Fitzgerald—brought together all the facts that bear on this question, though each, without first carefully summing up the case, has ventured to speak with all the authority of a judge from whose decision there was no appeal. We have little confidence in our own power of arriving at a decision one way or the other, and we shall content ourselves with putting before our readers the statements made on each side, the difficulties which have to be overcome, and the facts which we have ourselves at some labour gathered together. Like Mr. Fitzgerald, we must express our obligations to Professor Chandler of Pembroke College, for the assistance he has so kindly rendered us by his searches into the musty old battel books.

Boswell's statement as to Johnson's residence is precise, and Boswell, as we need scarcely say, when he speaks of any matter positively, is very rarely proved to be wrong. He says, "*The res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage of a complete academical education. The friend to whom he had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in College, though not great, were increasing, and his scanty remittances from Litchfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled therefore by irresistible necessity, he left the College in autumn 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years." Hawkins's statement, in his *Life of Johnson*, agrees with Boswell's. He says:—"The time of his continuance at Oxford is divisible into two periods, the former whereof commenced on the 31st day of October, 1728, and determined in December 1729, when, as appears by a note in his diary in these words—'1729, Dec. 8, J. Oxonia rediit'—he left that place, the reason whereof was a failure of pecuniary supplies from his father; but meeting with another source, the bounty, as it is supposed, of one or more of the members of the Cathedral, he returned, and made up the whole of his residence—about three years." These two statements, though they differ in some points, are almost at one as to the time of Johnson's residence. It might be objected that after all we have the evidence only of one writer, and not of two, as Boswell, whose work was the later of the two, might have merely followed Hawkins. But Boswell not only took a great deal of trouble to test the accuracy of all the statements he made on the authority of others, but in this case also he had independent authority of his own. He had lived in the house of Dr. Adams, the Master of Pembroke, who had been a Fellow when Johnson entered, and who was able therefore to speak with exact knowledge in "that authentic information which he obligingly gave" Boswell. Nevertheless, as we shall presently consider, it is not impossible that Boswell may have been influenced by Hawkins's statement. According, then, both to Hawkins and Boswell, Johnson entered Pembroke in October 1728, and left it in the autumn of 1731. When, however, Dr. Hall consulted the College books, he found that they were very far from agreeing with this statement. On the information he furnished, Mr. Croker maintained that Boswell was altogether wrong both in his statement as to residence and in one or two anecdotes which depend on the duration of his residence. Dr. Hall says:—"He was not quite three years a member of the College, having been entered October 31, 1728, and his name having been finally removed October 8, 1731. It would appear by the temporary suspension of his name, and replacements of it, as if he had contemplated an earlier departure from College, and had been induced to continue on with the hope of returning; this, however, he never did after his absence December 1729, having kept a continuous residence of sixty weeks." Mr. Croker remarks on this:—"It will be observed that Mr. Boswell slurs over the years 1729, '30, and '31, under the general inference that they were all spent at Oxford, but Dr. Hall's accurate statement of dates from the College books proves that Johnson *personally* left College 12th December, 1729, though his name remained on the books near two years longer." He goes on to add:—"That these two years were not pleasantly or profitably spent may be inferred from the silence of Johnson and all his friends about them. It is due to Pembroke to note particularly their absence, because that institution possesses two scholarships, to one of which Johnson would have been eligible, and probably (considering his claims) elected in 1730, had he been a candidate." We may say, in passing, that these scholarships a few years ago were worth only 10*l.* each, and that there is no likelihood that they were ever of greater value.

Hereupon Mr. Fitzgerald comes on the scene. Ha, too, has had the College books investigated, and "with the assistance of the Rev. Whitwell Elwin has arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Croker was wrong, and that Boswell, as indeed he always is in points of importance, is right. I found," says Mr. Fitzgerald,

"to my surprise, that 'the authority of the College books,' which sounds impressively enough, resolved itself into no more than certain entries for commons, or 'battles,' in the battery books; while on the absence of 'charges' against Johnson's name during particular years the whole argument is founded." Mr. Fitzgerald is, we notice, a Master of Arts. If he belongs to either Oxford or Cambridge he ought surely to know that in all cases the proof of residence is established by these entries in the battery books. The authority of the College books not only sounds impressively, but is impressive—impressive, that is to say, on any mind that is capable of understanding a fact, and receiving from it an impression. From December 12, 1729, till October 1, 1731, the charges against Johnson amount to scarcely six shillings in all. It is certainly worth noticing that these charges are somewhat scattered, and that his name disappears from the College books more than once, to reappear a few weeks further on. Of Mr. Fitzgerald's inaccuracy we have here again to complain. He states as a matter of importance—for on it he founds an argument—that Johnson's name disappears wholly in January 1730. And yet a few lines above he had quoted an entry for January 30th of that year, while in the College books there is, we learn, also an entry for January 2nd. It is hardly worth while to follow the reasoning of one who is so careless in stating his facts. We shall pass from him to Mr. Whitwell Elwin, whose authority on a matter connected with the early part of last century is deserving of respect. Mr. Elwin agrees with Hawkins in his statement that in December 1729 Johnson would have had to leave College had he not obtained assistance from outside his family. He does not agree with him as to the source whence that assistance came. "It must, I think, have been the gift of the College," he says, "or it would have been charged to Johnson, whatever might have been the quarter from which he derived the money to pay the bill. If we may guess the course of events from the materials we possess, I should say that Johnson, just before the Christmas vacation, informed the tutor of his inability to remain at College; that it was then settled that he should return home and consult with his father; and that in the two or three weeks which elapsed before he set out his ordinary 'battles' were supplied gratis. The result, we may presume, of his Lichfield visit was an announcement to the tutor that he could not raise funds to complete his residence, and the result of the announcement that the College, in consideration of his great learning and abilities, resolved that he should have his 'battles' free."

We have now put before our readers the original statement of Boswell and Hawkins, the facts brought forward by Mr. Croker to upset it, and the assumptions made by Mr. Elwin to support it. Boswell and Hawkins are very positive, but no less positive with their silent record are the old College books. Had we had no other facts to go by, we should have been inclined to assume that Boswell had learnt from Dr. Adams that Johnson had had his name three years on the books, and perhaps, not aware how often it has happened that residence has ceased long before a name is removed, having Hawkins's statement moreover to follow, had jumped at the not unnatural conclusion that he had resided as long as he was a member of the College. But there are other facts which we will set forth as briefly as we can. Boswell states, "I have from the information of Dr. Taylor a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which he (Johnson) ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's consent to be entered of Pembroke, that he might be with his schoolfellow Johnson, with whom he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he could not in conscience suffer him to enter where he knew he could not have an able tutor." Taylor went to Christ Church, and, as Boswell goes on to say, it was in going to get his friend's notes at second-hand that Johnson saw that his poverty was noticed by the Christ Church men. It is not quite clear from Boswell whether this latter part of the story rests on the authority of Taylor. If it does, then the question is decided, for on Taylor's evidence we may rely, and Taylor did not enter Christ Church till June 27, 1730. If Johnson then was in residence at the same time with him, he clearly did not leave in 1729. This seems indeed, at first sight, to follow from that part of the story which, as we are expressly told, rests on the information of Dr. Taylor. But we must remember that Taylor might have had his name entered some months before he came into residence, and that after his name was entered Johnson might have left. Nevertheless the whole story is very strong evidence that Johnson was in residence in the latter half of the year 1730. Mr. Croker remarks on it, "Circumstantially as this story is told, there is good reason for disbelieving it. Taylor was admitted commoner of Christ Church, June 27, 1730; but it will be seen that Johnson left Oxford six months before."

Next to Dr. Taylor's evidence comes that which Dr. Adams can be made to furnish. He, as Boswell says, "has generally had the reputation of being Johnson's tutor. The fact however is, that in 1731 Mr. Jorden quitted the College, and his pupils were transferred to Dr. Adams; so that, had Johnson returned, Dr. Adams would have been his tutor." Boswell goes on to say, "Dr. Adams paid Johnson this high compliment. He said to me at Oxford in 1776, 'I was his nominal tutor, but he was above my mark.' When I repeated it to Johnson, his eyes flashed with grateful satisfaction, and he exclaimed, 'That was liberal and noble.'" Mr. Croker has the following note on this passage:—"If Adams called himself his nominal tutor only because the pupil was above his mark, the expression would be liberal and noble; but if he was his nominal tutor only because he would have been

his tutor if Johnson had returned, the case is different, and Boswell is, either way, guilty of an inaccuracy." Mr. Fitzgerald pays no attention to Mr. Croker, but broadly says, in speaking of Hawkins's statement about Johnson's three years' residence, "Nothing can be more explicit, or more consistent with Boswell's narrative, and with the statement that Dr. Adams was his 'nominal' tutor in 1731." We cannot admit, however, with Mr. Croker that Boswell is, either way, guilty of an inaccuracy. Suppose a brief pause between the two parts of Dr. Adams's statement, and all is explained. "I was his nominal tutor; that is to say, his name was on my lecture lists; but even if he had attended I should still have been his nominal tutor, his tutor only in name, for he was above my mark." Both Mr. Croker and Mr. Fitzgerald should have tried to find out when it was that Adams took Jorden's place. Jorden's Fellowship was filled up, as we have ascertained, on December 23, 1730. It is very improbable that he continued to be tutor after he had vacated his fellowship, and we may fairly assume that his pupils were transferred to Adams in the beginning of 1731. If so, what becomes of the statement that Johnson was resident till the October of that year? We will next consider the evidence to be derived from the case of Mr. Edwards, Johnson's fellow-collegian. Johnson, in his diary for 1778, says, "In my return from church I was accented by Edwards, an old fellow-collegian, who had not seen me since 1729." Mr. Croker, first noting that Edwards entered Pembroke in June 1729, says, "This deliberate assertion of Johnson, that he had not seen Edwards since 1729, is a confirmation of the opinion derived by Dr. Hall from the dates in the College books, that Johnson did not return to Pembroke after Christmas 1729—an important fact in his early history." Mr. Fitzgerald, finding we suppose no means of meeting Mr. Croker's argument, passes it over in silence. It did not occur to Mr. Croker that it might have been Edwards, and not Johnson, who left Pembroke early. We have ascertained that Edwards's name occurs for the last time on April 24, 1730, but, to judge from the amount of his battels, it would seem likely that he did not reside after April 10. To a man used to Old Style, as Johnson was, April 10, 1730, is so near to 1729 that at the distance of nearly fifty years Johnson may easily have been wrong by a week or two. Edwards's case, therefore, seems to us to prove nothing.

Boswell, in giving an account of Johnson's health, says that "while he was at Lichfield in the College vacation of 1729 he felt himself overwhelmed with a terrible hypochondria." Now the College books show—if battels can be trusted—that Johnson was absent only one week in the long vacation of 1729. Boswell may have meant the Christmas vacation, which, according to the Old Style, would have all fallen in 1729. It was in a vacation, however, that Johnson had this long illness, and he enjoyed, as it seemed, no vacation (except one of a week's duration) till the end of 1729 and the beginning of 1730 (N. S.) If Boswell then is correct in his statement that it was in a vacation that he was attacked, it would follow that Johnson returned to College in 1730. As an argument on the other side we may set the statement, which Boswell mentions merely to refute, that Johnson had been "assistant to the famous Anthony Blackwall." Boswell says this cannot have been the case, "for Mr. Blackwall died on the 8th of April, 1730, more than a year before Johnson left the University." The statement, however, may be taken in evidence for what it is worth, that Johnson did leave at the end of 1729.

In the Caution Book of Pembroke College occur the two following entries, which we are, we believe, the first to publish:—

Oct. 31, 1728.

Recd. then of Mr. Samuel Johnson Coffin: of Pem: Coll: ye sūm of seven Pounds for his Caution, which is to Remain in ye Hands of ye Bursars till ye said Mr. Johnson shall depart ye said College leaving ye same fully discharg'd.

Recd. by me

JOHN BATCLIFF, Bursar.

March 26, 1730.—At a convention of the Master and Fellows to settle the account of the Caution it Appea'd that the Persons Accounts underwritten stood thus at their leaving the College.

Caution not Repayd.

Mr. Johnson. 7 0 0

Battels not Discharg'd.

Mr. Johnson. 7 0 0

It scarcely seems probable that the College authorities, if they resolved, as Mr. Elwin guesses, to give Johnson his battels free, should have retained till the year 1740 his caution money in their hands. If they were generous enough to support him without payment, they would, we should think, have been generous enough to return him the money which they had received from him as security. For why should security for payment be required from those who are free from the payment itself?

We will now, as briefly as we can, enter upon one head of evidence which, so far as we know, has not been touched on. Johnson, Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Elwin say, was at Pembroke in 1730. Can they show that among his fellow-collegians there were any who entered so late as that year? We have somewhat carefully gathered together the names of all his fellow-collegians whom he mentions, and, with one remarkable exception, we have ascertained that all of them entered before 1730. It is possible, however, that some name has escaped our notice. Adams, as we have shown, was already a Fellow when Johnson entered. Mecke, whose superiority he could not bear, and from whom, to quote his own words, "I tried to sit as far as I could that I might not hear him construe," matriculated in 1725; Edwards, as we have shown, in 1729. Phil Jones and Fludver, with whom he used to play at draughts—the one of whom loved beer and did not get very forward

in the Church, while the other turned out a scoundrel and a Whig—were about of Johnson's standing. Jones, indeed, must have been his senior. To this fact, for such we believe it to be, that Johnson mentions no Pembroke man who entered after 1729, there is the one exception of the celebrated preacher George Whitfield. He is twice mentioned in Boswell as having been Johnson's fellow-collegian. In Boswell's account of October 12th, 1779, on the passage beginning "Of his fellow-collegian the celebrated Mr. George Whitfield," &c., Mr. Croker quotes this note of Dr. Hall's:—"George Whitfield did not enter at Pembroke College before November 1732, more than twelve months after Johnson's name was off the books; so that, strictly speaking, they were not fellow-collegians, though they were both of the same College." But in Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* we find the following passage under the date of August 15th:—"We talked of Whitfield. He said he was at the same College with him, and knew him before he began to be better than other people (smiling)." Now Johnson read this journal in manuscript, and, as Boswell on one occasion tells us, corrected any mistakes he had made. Yet it is quite certain that Johnson, even if he was at College in 1731, most certainly was not there in 1732. Not only have we Boswell's statement and the authority of the College book, but we have the evidence of a letter he wrote from Lichfield on October 30, 1731, and two entries in his diary for 1732. If he had known Whitfield he would have known Sheustone, for Sheustone entered Pembroke six months before Whitfield; but, so far as we know, there is no evidence that they were ever acquainted. We cannot pretend to reconcile Boswell's statement—and for the matter of that Johnson's, seeing that he revised the manuscript—with the facts of the case. We are told, indeed, that a year or two after he left Oxford he borrowed a book from the library of Pembroke College. It would not have been impossible, or even improbable, that a man who, like Johnson, frequently walked from Lichfield to Birmingham and back would have trudged all the way to Oxford to fetch the book. In that case he might have seen Whitfield. But Boswell tells us that "the first time of his being at Oxford after quitting the University" was in 1754.

The evidence then, as those who have had patience to follow us will have seen, is strong on both sides, and in one part at least full of perplexity. It is not impossible that a further search into the College books might clear up the mystery. Whitfield, as we read in his life, entered as servitor and managed so nearly to pay his way that, as he says, "for almost the first three years I did not put all my relations together to above 24l. expense." We should be curious to learn whether his battels were kept like a commoner's, or whether he had his food free of charge. It is almost impossible to suppose that Johnson could have consented to accept a servitor's post, and yet the supposition is scarcely less violent than the one to which Mr. Elwin resorts. He indeed is bound to show, in support of his hypothesis, at least one other instance at the University of free commons. At Pembroke College at all events we are informed that there are not, and it is believed never have been, free commons. Even if a man had free commons, nevertheless as a matter of account and as a proof of residence we should have expected that his battels would have been kept in the usual way. It is not impossible, however, that a servitor lived on the food that was left over from the table of "the gentlemen," to quote Whitfield's own expression. Hawkins, we would notice, mentions a change as having come over Johnson in his treatment of the servitors. In the first part of his residence he used "to join with other of the young men in the College in hunting, as they called it, the servitors." But this was only for a time, for "he could not," we read, "at this early period of his life divest himself of an opinion that poverty was disgraceful; and was very severe in his censures of that economy in both our Universities which exacted at meals the attendance of poor scholars under the several denominations of servitors in the one and sizars in the other; he thought that the scholar's, like the Christian's, life levelled all distinctions of rank and worldly pre-eminence." Can it be the case that some change in Johnson's circumstances, some difference in the position he held at College, taught him what forbearance "worth" should meet with when it is "by poverty depressed"?

COLOPHONS.

IT is perhaps strange that the great Gothic revival made so little mark upon title-pages. Pugin's admiration for the thirteenth century does not seem to have tempted him to do without these modern inventions. His own titles were of the most modern type. In one, if we recollect aright, he used the picture of a door at Westminster Abbey to put the name upon. The fact is, he had no ancient example to follow. We only find title-pages struggling into existence about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Mr. Ruskin, too, might have been expected to advocate their abolition. His difficulties in making them must surely be very great. We are not certain that he has never denounced them—not his own, but other people's—as lying abominations. But he has gone no further, though it is manifest that the sale of several of his works would be improved if they could be identified merely as Mr. Ruskin's last book, or the last but one. No working-man, however noble, has yet, we feel assured, asked in a shop for *Fors Clavigera*: just as no young lady, if she has not graduated at Girton, will ask for *Horæ Subsecivæ*, though Rab and his Friends are so popular. Why Dr. Brown should have been rash enough to follow

Mr. Ruskin in this particular we cannot say. Two remarkable books, at least, might benefit by the abolition of title-pages, and the reason given by the late John Stuart Mill for not studying music points to a further advantage. Mr. Mill found out that at some future period all possible combinations of sound will have been used up. Already a good title has to be backed up by an injunction in Chancery. By a good title must be meant one which has an attractive power upon readers and buyers, for few modern books have titles of any better kind. Titles, in fact, and the books for which they stand, are gradually, as it were, drifting away from each other, and eventually a day may come when a book and its name will have no more necessary connexion than an earl and the county which gives him his designation. Let any one who doubts it look at the amount of information Bishop Butler contrived to cram into the not very long title of his *Analogy*, and compare it with that of any recent work on a similar subject. And this is only one example.

Considering, however, the many uses to which title-pages have been put, it is odd they were not invented sooner. A book had always a name as a matter of course. But for all the information which, in modern literature, one expects to find on the first page, the student of old literature looks to the last. Here it is that he seeks for the date, for the author's name, haply for the writer's as well if it be a manuscript, or for the printer's if it be not. How the mediæval student did without title-pages we are not informed. He has not complained. There is nothing on the subject in Richard of Bury. He objects, it is true, to bread and butter, and begs for cleanliness in the readers of his books; but apparently he no more complains of the want of title-pages than of the want of telegrams. As long as books were in rolls the colophon at the end was better than any title at the beginning could be. But when books came to be made up into leaves, it is curious that the regular title-page did not follow immediately as a logical sequence. Its absence must have been a boon to some. For authors, at least, the great modern literary anxiety did not exist. The scribe or the early printer had never to wait in his work while the author thought of a name; nor had the author, on the other hand, the distress of seeing his book called by a name he did not like, chosen by the publisher to catch the popular ear. A modern author was recently heard to designate the second volume he had issued through an eminent contemporary publisher as "the second book of Kings," the name chosen for it not being to his taste. Such searchings of heart were spared to the literary folk of the fifteenth and previous centuries, and the admirers of Caxton must feel a thrill of satisfaction that our English prototypographer died in ignorance of troubles on the score of titles. This fact is not, we fear, as widely known as it ought to be, for not long ago repeated mention was made of Caxton's title-pages in a sermon for the Printers' Pension Fund. In what Ames or Oldys might have termed pre-titular ages, the naming of a book was a simple matter. The scribe took a penful of red ink and put at the end, Here ends So-and-So on Such a subject, or words to that effect. If the job he had accomplished was one which had given him much trouble, or of which he had cause to be proud, he added a line of thanks-giving, and perhaps a note of admiration at his own skill. This forms the colophon, together sometimes with the date either of the writing of the copy or of the original composition of the book. To distinguish which of the two is intended often puzzles the student. Many a book is catalogued as of the thirteenth century which was written in the fifteenth, because the colophon belongs to the author, not to the transcriber. It is a profound problem, into which we have no present intention of entering, whether the dates in some of Caxton's colophons refer to the authorship or the printing. Upon the right reading turns the question whether he is not the first French as well as the first English printer. But in manuscripts such a difficulty seldom occurs. Thus the colophon of a Bible of the thirteenth century is a very typical example of simplicity, and of a certain sense of self-satisfaction:—

Quis scripsit scribat, Virgilius ape domino vivat;

the jingling verse alone preserves his name for us, but, as he was able to put thirteen lines of writing into the space of an inch, he deserves to be remembered. Nor were the early printers more averse to displaying their powers. It may be questioned how far the value of a modern book would be increased by the addition of a few lines composed by the printer. But the first Bible printed at Rome shows in the colophon what Sweynheim and Pannartz thought of their art, and what of themselves. Their self-praise is somewhat chastened by the bashfulness of strangers in a strange land. Great and useful as was their craft, it came from beyond the Alps, and their very names were uncouth and unpleasant to the Italian ear:—

Aspera ridebis cognomina Teutona; forsan
Mitiget ars musis inscia verba virum;

a couplet which old Henley, in his translation of Montfaucon, renders quaintly enough:—

Rough German names perhaps may cause your smiles,
But these will grow familiar by their toils.

Dogget of a still more simple type adorned the first French colophons:—

Limprimeur est Michel le Noir
Qui a Paris a son manoir,

and so on. Prose satisfied the longings for fame of Master Jacobus Dusenensis, who set up a press at Vicenza, where he praises his first edition of Claudian, "que non minus eleganter quam diligenter

impressit." But colophons reached probably their highest development in our own country shortly before they disappeared finally from the scene. The Martin Mar-prelate controversy marks their culminating point. One of these strange tracts professes, hypothetically, "If my breath be so hote that I burne my mouth suppose I was printed by Pepper Ailie."

Remembering the importance of colophons, both before and after the invention of printing, it is curious to remark how often mistakes occur in them. By all ordinary rules they should have given place to titles as soon as rolls became obsolete; but, if the information they convey could always be considered trustworthy, they would be of incalculable advantage to the modern student of a difficult branch of history. One of the earliest accounts we have of the invention of printing is given in the colophon of a book printed by John Schoeffer in 1515. If we could only be sure he is speaking the truth, the information he gives would be much more valuable. Unfortunately it will not tally with internal evidence. The differences are happily of little moment; but it must remain for the present a question whether the Germans are better justified in erecting a statue to Gutenberg than the Dutch were in setting up Coster at Haarlem. But this is dangerous ground to tread upon; the discoverer of the Haarlem imposition had to fly from Holland and to take refuge in Prussia. Should he now divulge anything indiscreet about Gutenberg, we may perhaps have occasion to welcome him in England. But here, too, we have had our controversies, if they were scarcely so severe as those in which Dr. Van der Linde has been engaged. The whole subject of the liberty of the press was, however, concerned in the question of the date of a St. Jerome printed at Oxford. Since bibliography has become more of an exact science than it was in the days of Sir Roger L'Estrange, the date 1468 in the colophon of that little volume has been proved to be a printer's error, an *x* having been omitted, and the real year of the book's appearance must be postponed at least to 1478; while Caxton's supremacy as the first printer in England, which for a time seemed in danger, must be upheld. Some very elaborate treatises have been written on the subject, and a few bibliographers still perhaps survive who are not convinced of the settlement of the claims of Rood and Corsellis. Caxton himself sinned in the same way in one of his colophons, that to his edition of Gower. Fortunately he gives us well the regnal year as the date, and we are relieved from the difficulty of having to account for his printing a book some time after his own death. But with respect to Caxton in particular, his pupil Wynkyn de Worde has caused the greatest confusion by an untrustworthy colophon. In his *Glanville De Proprietatibus Rerum* he asserts that Caxton has also printed an edition. "Of your charyte call to remembrance the soule of William Caxton, first prynter of this boke in luten tong at Coleyn." Mr. Blades, after infinite trouble and research, has come to the conclusion that Caxton never printed a *Glanville*, and never printed at Cologne; but many biographers and bibliographers have been sorely puzzled by Wynkyn's mistaken assertion.

So far we have spoken only of colophons as occurring in printed books or manuscripts. But the existence of manuscript colophons in printed books is a matter of some importance. The difficulty of assigning an exact date to the invention of printing is lessened to some extent by the discovery of a manuscript note or colophon at the end of a copy of the celebrated Mazarine Bible in the French National Library. It is written by Henry Cramer, a scribe or illuminator, whose duty it was to rubricate the book—that is, not only to rule it with red lines and to put in certain notes and headings, but also to paint the capital letters on every page. And Henry Cramer unconsciously conferred a favour on posterity when he added to his own name the date of August 1456. His name is not of much importance. Miniators and illuminators were numerous in those days. In Italy and in Flanders they formed whole guilds and schools. But the date, supposing it to be correct, is of the utmost importance, if for nothing else, because it allows of Gutenberg's connexion with this first effort of the printing press; for the book must have been printed at least a few months before, and if, as is usually believed, Gutenberg and Fust, the prototype of Dr. Faustus, quarrelled and separated as early as 1455, there is no reason against the tradition which connects his name with this first great enterprise of the printing press.

Of all the nuts offered by colophons, none is harder than that presented by the existence of the word colophon itself as a technical term in the history of the art of printing. Why the final sentence of a book should be called after a town in Asia Minor nobody seems able to say. It is true that the town or city in question is one of those seven which claimed Homer when dead, and that, as he may have begged through it in his lifetime, it has a possible connexion with the dawnings of literature. This is a question for the classical dictionary. But the use of the name for the closing sentence of a book cannot be of any great antiquity. A jest of Erasmus may have given rise to it. He refers to a passage in Strabo in which the virtues of the Colophonian cavalry in deciding the fate of a battle are mentioned, and an old Greek proverb is quoted. According to others, the people of Colophon had a casting vote in the Ionian diet; but both these explanations have an air of having been invented to account for the proverb. The Parthian tactics employed in many colophons would have suggested a different, but still classical, name. But unless it be traced to Erasmus, the word in its modern sense can have no great antiquity. It does not occur in Johnson's Dictionary, and it would have been interesting to know what he thought of it. It is, however, very useful, and we may accept it for better, for worse,

though to account for its existence is as difficult as to account for the parallel derivation of California from Califony or Colophony, an old English name for the resin which was a chief ingredient in the composition of Greek fire.

ENGLISH RUFFIANISM.

THE worship of the working-man as the incarnation of everything that is beautiful and good is just now being carried on under peculiar difficulties. His votaries have been in the habit of assuring us that the mere circumstance of being engaged in manual labour at weekly or daily wages is sufficient to ensure the highest moral perfection as well as the most unerring political sagacity. We have been asked to believe that all the virtues are concentrated in the British working-man, and that the most intricate problems of statesmanship can be solved offhand by his natural and unsophisticated intelligence. Unfortunately the accounts of the behaviour of the labouring population in different parts of the country which are constantly appearing in the newspapers scarcely correspond to this ideal picture. Every day the same horrible and sickening story of savage and almost insane brutality is repeated with melancholy regularity. We cannot attempt to reproduce the mass of revolting details which is daily accumulating, but a few recent cases will perhaps be enough. At Hanley two men were fighting, and one tried to bite the other's nose; a bystander interposed, and one of the combatants bit off a large piece of his ear and swallowed it. At Birmingham a police-constable interfered to protect a woman from some roughs, and the whole gang at once fell upon him, knocked him down, and kicked him till he became insensible. In the same town a policeman was stabbed; a landlord was nearly murdered by a tenant of loose character; a journeyman baker felled a woman with whom he lived with the kitchen-poker, and then beat her head with it, at the same time kicking her violently, so that she is not expected to recover; in short, not a day passes without bad cases of stabbing, stoning, beating, or kicking. At Preston, Barnsley, Stalybridge, and other places in the North, similar brutalities appear to be of continual occurrence, all so much the same in their disgusting incidents that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one from another. The *Manchester Guardian* has been at the pains to compile a list of the feats included in a month's kicking. Here are some of the most notable exploits. Some workmen at Oldham get into a wrangle with an old man in a public-house, and one of them strikes him. Somebody remonstrates and says it is a shame, and for this he is kicked to death with clogs. This was the second murder of this kind within a short period, and a third followed immediately afterwards, a man who had rebuked some disorderly fellows in a public-house being knocked down by one of them, while another kicked him in the scientific manner which is locally known as the "running punce." Six colliers at St. Helen's went about smashing windows and doors in a drunken frolic, and at length broke into a house occupied by an old man of eighty and his wife. They thrashed and kicked the woman, knocked out one of the old man's eyes, filled the bleeding socket with lime, stuffed lime down his throat, and finally emptied the rest of the bucket over his head. At Liverpool a sober, peaceable man, walking home with his wife, met a party of roughs one of whom asked for a sixpence. On his suggesting that the best way to get money was to work for it, he was knocked down and kicked to death, three men taking part in the outrage. This is said to be "only one example of the system of street terrorism in Liverpool." A day or two since a cornerman or loafer, who, it is explained, "stands at the corners of streets insulting the passers-by," was so infuriated by the mere sight of a policeman taking somebody to the station-house, that, though the captive was altogether a stranger to him, he seized the constable by the throat and dashed his head against the wall. At Blackburn within a day or two we find a blacksmith attempting to give two policemen what he playfully called "a bit of Liverpool," which means, it seems, stabbing and kicking them. At Dukinfield a man put on his clogs and danced in them on a woman's head. At Bury three men attacked another man without the slightest provocation and nearly killed him with kicking. In another instance a labourer kicked a man to death without assistance. Kicking in the mouth with a clog so as to drive the victim's teeth down his throat is a familiar practice, and is called "purring." At Preston a man kicked and jumped upon a little boy six years old. At St. Helen's three colliers set upon an old man who would not let them drink in his house late at night after the public-houses were closed, and beat him so severely that he died. On Wednesday there were three cases of kicking wives with clogs before the Salford magistrates. At Preston a man broke his paramour's jaw and then flung her out of the window.

It will be observed that these are not mere sporadic cases, nor are they confined to a single district. On the contrary, it would appear that the labouring population generally in the midland and Northern districts is suffering from a sort of epidemic of ferocity and violence. At the slightest word, and often indeed without a word or any provocation whatever, the roughs take to biting and kicking; and anybody who knows what an iron-tipped clog is will understand the sort of wounds which it is capable of inflicting. A knife is also usually carried in order to vary the sport. Perhaps the worst circumstance about these outrages is the cowardice which is almost invariably displayed. The favourite victim is an old man, a woman, or a child, and two

or more ruffians generally join in the attack. The roughs appear to be by no means anxious to encounter each other, and prefer to exercise their brutality on some inoffensive and helpless person. In reading of these continual outbreaks of savage passion and cruelty, we seem to be taken into the company of wild beasts. It is impossible to disguise the fact that the progress which has been made in education and the outward forms of civilization has left quite untouched the residuum of primitive barbarism at the bottom of society. It is significant that this outbreak of ruffianism has taken place chiefly in the iron and coal districts, where working-men have for some time been enjoying better wages and reduced hours of labour. The consequence is that they have had more money to spend in drink and more time for murdering their wives with clogs and poker. Nothing could be more unjust than to fasten upon the working classes as a body the vices and crimes which belong only to a section of them; but at the same time there is no getting rid of such painful and disgraceful facts as are continually being brought out in the police and other criminal courts: and it is undeniable in the face of this evidence that there is a deeply-rooted spirit of brutality among the lower classes of the population. It is only the worst cases which come before the magistrates and get into the papers, but behind these lies a vast amount of obscure ferocity and violence, which cannot fail to have the most baneful effect on those who are exposed to its influence. There is no other country in the world with any pretensions to civilization where such scenes are enacted as are daily reported from Liverpool, Oldham, Preston, Birmingham, Dudley, Hensley, and similar places. The American bowie-knife and revolver and the Italian stiletto are bad enough in their way, and yet they are less horrible than the stolid, systematic, everyday kicking to death which appears to be kept up all the year round in Lancashire and the Black Country. It is obvious that these atrocities are not only a national disgrace, but a grave social danger which cannot with impunity be left unchecked. There is nothing which has such a tendency to develop and spread as this spirit of reckless violence and lawlessness; and there can be no question that its present prevalence is due in a great degree to its having been so long allowed to take its own course without any serious attempt having been made to repress it. There has evidently been either a discreditable timidity or an irrational tenderness on the part of magistrates in dealing with offences of this character. Unfortunately, too, the tone of some of our public men in recent years has afforded a dangerous encouragement to defiance of law and order. The other day a balloon which was advertised to go up at Northampton did not go up for want of gas, and the spectators thought themselves at liberty to tear the balloon to tatters, which after all was only an imitation of the sort of tactics for which Mr. Beales was made a judge. The immoral and demoralizing flattery which has been bestowed on the working classes may also be supposed to have had its effect, and it can hardly be wondered at if a section of the most ignorant and brutal part of the population has arrived at the conclusion that law-makers and magistrates are alike rather afraid of it, and that it can indulge its ruffian instincts with impunity.

It is quite clear that this state of things cannot be allowed to continue, and that it is to be met only by stringent measures. The maximum punishment which a magistrate is entitled to inflict on a man for assaulting his wife is six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and this is obviously a very inadequate punishment for what is really attempted murder. The brute who knocks his wife down with a poker, and then dances upon her with iron-shod clogs, is perfectly aware that the injuries he is inflicting may result in death, but he is bent upon gratifying his wild-beast temper, and is indifferent to the consequences. The usual argument for leniency in such cases is that it is impossible to punish the man without at the same time punishing his wife and family, who are dependent on him for subsistence, and who will be left to starve while he is in prison. It is also said that, if the man is hardly dealt with, he will take his revenge on the woman when he comes out of gaol. There is no doubt some truth in this line of reasoning, but it is obvious that it unduly narrows the question, for the rough does not exclusively confine his attentions to his wife. It is necessary that this sort of brutality should be put down, not merely for the sake of those who actually suffer from it, but for the sake of those who may suffer from it, and in the interest of the community generally. The principle to start from is that the punishment of such offences should be such as to deter people from committing them, and it is perfectly evident that the present scale of punishments does not produce this deterring effect. Experience has shown the extremely salutary influence of flogging in checking a kindred class of crimes—robbery with violence: and there can be very little doubt that the rough who beats his wife and attacks inoffensive persons in the streets is likely to be very much daunted by the prospect of the lash. There is no reason why attempts at murder should not be punished by hanging, except that it is desirable to give the assailant an inducement not quite to kill his victim; but, short of hanging, the punishment should be made as severe as possible. Imprisonment by itself is clearly ineffectual, and though education may in the long run produce a favourable effect, the process will necessarily be slow, and something must be done in the meantime to repress the shocking outrages which are continually occurring. There can be very little doubt that what is wanted is a periodical flogging—say, once a fortnight—in addition to imprisonment and hard labour.

FARMERS AND ARTISANS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

TO the political student an inquiry into the social condition of Massachusetts has many strong attractions. The State was one of the first settled upon the American continent, and society consequently has there had time to develop some at least of the tendencies which are inherent in the new conditions under which it has been placed. Moreover, the State was settled by God-fearing, earnest, industrious men and women, who desired to make the most of this world while preparing for the next, and whose characters afforded security for both order and stability. These people brought with them strong and decided views in politics as well as religion. They had left their own country chiefly to escape the tyranny of king and priest, and in their new homes they were allowed full liberty to work out their ideas. Under the Commonwealth the rulers of England were kindred spirits, and after the Restoration the Government cared little to meddle with the obscure sectaries of New England. Further, the peculiar notions of the settlers led early to the general establishment of common schools, and thus Massachusetts gained a long start of European countries in respect to popular instruction. Again, although the power of England ensured her colonists against foreign conquest, the presence of Indians and of Dutch and French settlers in their neighbourhood for a long time rendered military discipline and the use of arms compulsory; while the absence of all cause for apprehension from abroad for nearly a century now has allowed wealth to accumulate, and thus has given rise to a very considerable and very varied industry. The port of Boston is one of the most important in the Union, while the textile manufactures of Massachusetts are superior to those of any other State. For these and other reasons which might be mentioned, it would be impossible to select a more favourable field for testing that peculiar form of the democratic experiment which is being worked out in the United States. The only adverse circumstance indeed that can plausibly be alleged is the physical character of the Commonwealth: its rugged, stony, and infertile soil, and its rude climate, with its long winter and short summer. But the physical character of Scotland is not very different, and Scotland certainly is not the least favourable specimen of a European country. Singularly enough, close as is the communication between the two countries, our ideas regarding the social condition of the United States are extremely vague. Owing partly to the Civil War and partly to the long discussion relative to the *Alabama* Claims, our attention has been directed to their political condition, and the result of our increased knowledge is to be seen in the cessation of the practice, once so freely indulged in by a certain class of politicians, of pointing across the Atlantic for examples in government and legislation. But, in regard to social condition, our knowledge is still strangely defective. As throwing very full light upon this point, we propose to examine at some length the two official reports of Massachusetts State Boards (the Board of Health and the Bureau of Statistics of Labour) which we briefly noticed in a recent number.

In all countries the most influential and most characteristic class is the landed proprietors, and nowhere is this class more important than in the United States, as it is they who in the last resort determine the policy of the country in all really great matters. In Massachusetts this powerful class comprises 39,766 persons out of a total population of 1,457,351; or, to put the facts in a way that will more clearly convey the importance of the class, it comprises one-eighth of all the persons engaged in any kind of occupation in the State, and one-sixteenth of all the persons over ten years of age. Among ourselves we have obviously no body of men to compare with them. For their like in Europe we should have to go to France or some other Continental nation. We need hardly tell our readers that, as in France, the owners are also cultivators of their lands, with exceptions so few as to be undeserving of notice. But, unlike the French *peasants*, the Massachusetts farmers hold land enough to allow of scientific farming. According to the Census of 1870 the average size of farms throughout the State is 103 acres; in our own country, as we learn from the Agricultural Returns for 1873, the average size of farms is only 56 acres. The comparison here instituted would, however, be deceptive without the explanation that the English average represents a mean struck between holdings varying from very large to very small, whereas the Massachusetts average approximates to the usual size, the actual farms neither greatly exceeding nor greatly falling short, though still, of course, there is nothing like uniformity. Another point to be noted is that the Massachusetts farmers are the most American of any class in the State, 92 per cent. of them being native born; the remainder consisting chiefly of Irishmen, the English and German together being only about one-fourth of the Irish. Lastly, the presence of flourishing industries in the State and the neighbourhood of large towns afford a ready and easily accessible market for the produce of the farm. It would seem, then, that the lot of this territorial democracy, to use Mr. Disraeli's phrase, ought to be as happy as any the world can show. As a matter of fact, however, it appears to be far otherwise. The State Board of Health last year addressed inquiries to a number of medical men practising in the agricultural districts with reference to the health of the farmers and the causes affecting it, and it also obtained information from non-professional persons likely to be acquainted with the subject. The result of this investigation is included as a separate paper in one of the Reports of the Board, and the impression left by its perusal upon our minds is that the farmers are not prosperous, their homes not happy, and their families

not contested. As was to have been expected, there is a wide divergence of opinion on these points among the correspondents of the Board. One, a politician writing from Concord, Mr. Emerson's native town, speaks of a farmers' club whose members are capable of writing essays worthy of publication, and who enjoy all the comforts of life. On the other hand, a clergyman declares that farming does not pay, and the doctors generally paint the farmer's life in anything but rosy colours. Some describe him as too lazy to hurt himself by work, others as too stupid to be fit for anything else, and some as too anxious and worried to be either healthy or happy. But the majority declare him to be overworked, and very many add that he is underfed. The author of the Report ventures no further than to say that the farmers of Massachusetts are more prosperous than those of the Western States. But, as the Western farmers are just now in combination against the railways on the ground that they are sinking irretrievably into debt through the high fares charged for the carriage of goods, that is evidently not saying very much.

Leaving opinions and coming to facts, we find from the Census that the number of farmers in the State decreased nearly one-ninth between 1860 and 1870, while the population of the towns increased 100 per cent., and it is admitted by the Health Report that the children of the farmers escape to the cities at the earliest opportunity. For example, one doctor writes:—"I think the longevity of farmers' families below the medium. The children, as a rule, are expected to work beyond their strength, the exposure they are subjected to sows the seed of future disease, and unfits them for the change of habits and of life generally that many young people make when they leave the homestead for new work, as the majority of them are inclined to do as soon as they are at liberty." Partly from poverty and partly from thrift, the farmers are reluctant to engage sufficient labour, and consequently overwork themselves and their children. But it is the wives of the farmers whose lot appears to be by far the hardest. Thus we read:—"Farmers' wives work too hard for health. Help is scarce, and the mother, with her household cares, want of sufficient sleep (especially when she has small children), and her responsibility as the lady of the house, bears too heavy a burden." Again:—"Wives, especially during pregnancy and lactation, suffer very much. They are often worn out by suckling and work at the same time." And again:—"There is a general want of constitutional vigour among the families and children of the New England stock at the present day which is sad to contemplate. It will lead to the extinction of the race here in New England, at no distant day, if not counteracted. In almost seventy-five years of observation, it is to me a marked and mournful fact." Another point much insisted upon by the medical correspondents of the Board is the bad quality of the farmer's food and its equally bad cooking. For instance:—"Improper and badly cooked food, yes. Among the poorer classes, too much vegetable to the exclusion of meat diets; the latter of poor quality." Another writes:—"The bread is generally poor, heavy, and sour, often made with cream-tartar and saleratus or soda." And another:—"Would suggest the abstinence from pork and salt meats, at least in summer, with the use of fresh meat, milk, a variety of vegetables and fruit, and sweet wheaten bread. Above all, a reversal of the usual order of selling the best and keeping the worst for home consumption." Lastly, as to the financial condition of the farmers, the opinion of a recent writer is quoted to the effect that, while the value of land is rapidly rising in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns, on the hills "farms can now be bought for less than the cost of the buildings upon them"; and the following extract from the Report itself will show that, whatever may be the case with some, in a large number of instances the condition of the farmer is not such as to inspire a skilled English workman with envy:—"In many such cases we conceive it to be a duty that the farmer owes to himself and his family to give up the farm and work for wages. A man who has been working a small farm the past year informs me that, with his utmost efforts and the aid of his three boys, he has made just a third of what he earned as wages the previous year, when he worked in a cheese factory. Many a poor and disheartened farmer would, as a farm labourer, be comfortable, healthy, and happy."

We have seen that the cities are growing at the expense of the rural districts. In the first year of the present century towns with 10,000 inhabitants and over contained only 6.8 per cent. of the population of the State; in 1870 they contained 48.7 per cent., or all but one-half. It is evident, then, that the increase of wealth is attended by the same phenomena in New and in Old England, and it becomes of interest to inquire what is the condition of those towns which exercise so irresistible an attraction on the rural population, and what is the reward they offer to labour. On both points the Reports before us supply very full information. With respect to the houses of the working classes we read in the Report of the Bureau of Labour Statistics:—"In the cities and manufacturing towns the herding together of tenants, in large numbers and narrow limits, has become woefully prevalent. In a single building, in the town of W—, 32 feet long, 20 feet wide, three stories high, with attics, there habitually exist 39 people of all ages. For their use there is one pump and one privy, within 20 feet of each other." And the details run on in the manner with which we are all so familiar. From this extract it will be seen that, in the matter of house accommodation at any rate, an English workman betters himself but little by emigrating to the greatest, wealthiest, and most progressive of the New England States. Nor is even his pecuniary condition so much improved as the English

workman himself is apt to believe. It should be remembered that the chief cause of the great progress made by the United States during the past forty years has been the enormous immigration from Europe. Consequently every State is anxious to secure for itself as large a proportion as possible of this immigration. And at the present moment Boston is competing with New York in the offer of accommodation to steamship companies as well as to immigrants. It is certain, therefore, that no American official Board will represent the advantages enjoyed by the labourer as less than they are. Bearing this in mind, the reader will be able to appreciate the following from the Bureau of Labour Statistics:—"While in all, or nearly all, the industries we have given, the *employee* receives here a much larger income than his fellow in Europe, he will find that his rent, clothing, and provisions cost him more; he will find also that he receives or consumes more, lives in a better way, has more of the comforts and luxuries of life, so that at the end of the year, while he has but little more, if any, surplus than the European, and has worked no harder, if so hard, he is more of a man, and occupies a position some grades higher in civilization." Massachusetts is as yet not half peopled; it possesses, as we have said, a very varied industry, and it is within a day or two's journey of a practically exhaustless supply of land, which the settler may have almost for the clearing; yet, even taking the above statement at its best, it merely says that the workman is somewhat better fed and better clothed than the workman in Europe, but at the end of the year is not any richer. This, then, is all that social and political democracy, as understood in America, has yet achieved, with all the opportunities and all the possibilities of a new world before it.

UTOPIA IN THE NEW FOREST.

THIS is the season for the discovery of all sorts of wonderful things, and a correspondent of a Manchester paper who has been exploring the recesses of the New Forest has just come upon something very wonderful indeed. This is no less than a colony of English Communists, who are said to be endeavouring to work out a new social system, founded on the much discredited principles of equality and fraternity. It does not say exactly in what part of the New Forest this interesting community is to be found, but he mentions that it numbers some hundred and thirty souls, and has possession of an estate of thirty-one acres. So that any one who is curious on the subject should have no difficulty in ascertaining whether such a settlement really exists. On this point we have ourselves no opinion to offer; but one or two circumstances are mentioned in the account of the enterprise which invest it at least with a certain air of probability. For instance, the fundamental principle of the society is, we are told, that the members should hold all their property in common, and we can hardly say we are surprised, under the circumstances, to learn that "the preponderating majority" of those who have come forward to take advantage of this theory are "of the poorer, if not the poorest, classes." The Communists live, it appears, on an estate purchased for them by "a lady of wealth and position, who has given up everything—as all of them have—for the common good." The society, besides this lady, includes a Suffolk farmer, who sold off his stock in order to join, a retired London tradesman, and a "well-to-do village schemer." For the rest, the traveller did not find among them "any person of substance." The beauty of the system is of course that "poor and rich alike give up all to the community," and it is not difficult to conceive why people who have nothing at all should be particularly anxious to join in a pious sacrifice which, at no cost to themselves, at once gives them a share of what belongs to others. We are told that in Suffolk, in Hampshire, in London, and elsewhere, "there are others of the faith anxious to join the brotherhood, and only waiting till they can be received," and this is just what we should expect. One can readily believe that the "lady of wealth and position" has only to let the scheme be more widely advertised in order to secure—at any rate while her money lasts—a still larger circle of adherents. In this primitive paradise there is "no poverty in the austere sense," and "every comfort and amenity which the most thoughtful tenderness can provide are to be found here." We are afraid that when this is generally known the seclusion of the New Forest will be likely to be somewhat disturbed. The lady who has provided the estate and the chief part of the funds for keeping it going assured her visitor that she now enjoyed "that serenity and peace which she found not in travel or in the social circle"; and no doubt the friends whom she generously supports have also for the time found what they were in want of. At present the colonists "can by no means supply all their wants from the farm." This means, we suppose, that they are living on the original capital of the enterprise, which as their number increases is likely to be more quickly exhausted. To maintain even their present number, as we learn, they need considerably more land, and it will be interesting to know how the land is to be obtained. It is explained that, while the great principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity are in operation in this community, they are "subordinate to another principle—that of obedience." The Mother—that is to say, the "lady of wealth and position"—is supreme, and her government is not the less stringent because it is the "law of love." If it is true that there is "the fullest liberty with the most surprising unanimity," we may admit that the unanimity is indeed surprising. It is obvious, however, that

the liberty is seriously qualified by the Mother's supremacy. To all, we are told, she assigns their respective tasks, with the most judicious care for the tastes and abilities of each; and then we have a repetition of the old rant about each contributing according to his powers, and receiving according to his necessities. If this means anything, it must of course mean that the Mother is to determine, according to her own fancy or caprice, how much work each brother or sister is to do, and what remuneration is to be given in return: or, in other words, that the community has sold itself as a plaything to a rich old lady for the sake of what is to be got out of her.

The correspondent who furnishes this account of the happy family of the New Forest appears to write in good faith, and to have been filled with so much admiration for what he saw that it is a wonder he ever came away. "Here," he exclaims, "are no agitators and no isms; here is no money, no buying, no selling; here are no poor, no rich, none indolent, none overtasked." The explanation of this rhapsodical outbreak is perhaps to be found in a previous remark that these people are "entirely hospitable," and it may be suspected that on this occasion the hospitality was a little overpowering. It is clear at least that there is a mistake about "no money," for, as the community is stated to be incapable of supporting itself out of the farm, it must procure food elsewhere, and hence money is indispensable. It can scarcely be supposed that the brothers and sisters have converted the neighbouring population with whom they have dealings to their peculiar views as to the division of property. The society is said to include a variety of craftsmen. In one shed are tailors and shoemakers, in another carpenters, and "the miller is ready," though "as yet no mill has been erected." The flowers, the sewing, the housekeeping, the washing, and cooking are the concerns of different departments of the sisters. It may readily be believed that the clothes worn by the community are at least "unconventional," all being made or repaired by themselves. Many of the brothers indeed are wearing out the old conventional clothes which they brought with them from the world they have renounced; but it would seem that the sisters are women after all, notwithstanding their effort to get rid of the old Eve in their nature, since the very first thing they have done is to invent a new costume. This dress is, it seems, nearly uniform in pattern, though varying most widely in colour and description of material. It consists simply of a plain bodice, short skirt, and trousers. We should have been glad of a little more light on the subject of trousers, and of their relation to fraternity as a social faith, but we must be content with the general assurance that "none can realize without actual observation the peculiar, yet pleasing and attractive, effect of this dress, worn by nearly every female in the family, whether of early or mature years." Even in this Utopian state of existence it is regarded as quite a secondary matter that the dress "has the merit of convenience in a very considerable degree." As far as the correspondent's observation went, earrings, chignons, and similar vanities were conspicuous by their absence; but a good deal of vanity still lingered about the hair. "The hair is worn variously, with curls or without, but generally loose and flowing behind"; but unless the explorer had a good tug at the flowing tresses, his authority as to the renunciation of false hair is not very conclusive. One of the principal occupations of the society appears to be musical performances. The members are "universally and spontaneously musical," and it is impossible to resist a feeling of alarm lest any branch of this community should be added to the brass-bands and organ-grinders who already exasperate the nerves of people in towns. "Music is the charm of their life in the house or in the field; it is the outlet of their joy on all occasions of meeting." This outlet of joy may be all very well in an out-of-the-way part of the New Forest, but it would be apt in London to suggest a call for the police if carried too far.

Whether or not this community has any actual existence, there can be no doubt that the description which has been given of it fairly represents that maudlin sentimental ideal of a happy state of society which is cherished by many amiable people, who imagine that, if everybody could only manage to live in the country, and grow his own vegetables, out of the way of such sordid arrangements as wages to bargain for and bills to pay, it would be perfectly easy to be pure and innocent and pious. It has become a commonplace to say that delusions of this kind originate in the fallacy that a man's circumstances are something apart from his own human nature, whereas they are simply the product of it, and will continue to reproduce themselves as long as human nature remains what it is. Most educated persons can see the folly of schemes of social reform which leave these considerations out of account, when they are presented in a crude and simple form; yet it is startling to find from time to time when any question of social economy is started how many people, not especially silly, and certainly not uneducated as far as formal education goes, are under the influence of the most childish dreams as to what it is possible to do for the regeneration of mankind by establishing them in an entirely artificial set of circumstances which could not possibly be maintained. It is no doubt very rarely that any number of people are idiotic enough to commit themselves to a practical experiment in this direction at their own personal cost; but the ideas in which such an absurdity as this Communist family in the New Forest took its rise, if it really exists, exercise in a vague, sentimental way more influence on various branches of legislation and charitable effort than is at all creditable to the

intelligence of the age. In this happy family we have simply a violently exaggerated illustration of that indiscriminate and imbecile benevolence on the one hand, and that more excusable mendicancy on the other, which have so frightfully intensified the evils of metropolitan pauperism. There are too many wealthy and well-disposed persons who fancy that they are helping society by substituting alms for wages, and adding to the multitude of those who want to live on what others have earned. The project of a Socialist phalanstery has been often tried, though perhaps never before in this country, and always with the same results. It would be idle to argue against such enterprises as if there were any chance of their being seriously undertaken, except possibly once in a way by a few crazy fanatics; but it would be well if people were equally on their guard against the insidious introduction of similar theories in a disguised and indirect form.

REVIEWS.

LONG'S DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

MR. LONG'S fourth volume brought his History down to the point at which Cæsar had to choose between breaking the laws and giving up his proconsulship of the Gauls. This fifth volume ends the work. It brings the story from Cæsar's invasion of Italy in 49 B.C. to his death in 44 B.C. Before Cæsar died the old constitution had been destroyed. Mr. Long gives barely one page to what happened between Cæsar's death and the formal establishment of the Empire. Yet he has, in strictness, performed his task. We venture to think, indeed, that his book would have had a more perfect finish if he had stopped with less abruptness at the funeral of the Dictator. He would perhaps have done even better than he has done—and he has done excellently well—if he could have spared some space to showing, in conclusion, how the strife after Cæsar's death, until Octavianus became Emperor, was waged over constitutional forms already lifeless, merely for the purpose of deciding who should be the inevitable master of Rome. Then, stopping at the literal beginning of the Empire, such a scholar as Mr. Long could well have set aside the fear of rhetoric if he had paused for a moment to glance back over his own work, and to give us a summary review of the process by which the Republic had perished. But it is only the same habit of mind which sets so strong a mark on all his work that holds him back here. We shall have to speak of it again later on; and for the present it is only needful to say that we think it has here led him wrong, because it has hindered him from doing what scarcely any one else could have done so well. The work that he has put into this part of his book, as into the other four parts, is so good of its kind that every one who is capable of appreciating scholarship of a modest and manly sort will respect it.

The years 49–44 B.C. are years of military history. Civil history, properly so called, comes into them hardly at all. Cæsar is the central figure. And he is central as a soldier, not as a statesman. After his wars he was master of Rome for barely a year—from April, 45, to March, 44. What he did in that time was to secure what he had won, and to confirm, as far as he could, order in the State. The "acts of Cæsar" prove a clear, vigorous, and subtle intelligence, sympathetic with the needs of a corrupt and almost disorganized society; intent on bringing method out of confusion; conscious that the time had still left to it that hope which Livy denies to his own—that it could endure its remedies; looking for nothing beyond his own life, for he was remote from everything in which imagination prevailed over prudence; but always bearing in his mind an imperial scheme which, if he had lived, he could have left stronger than even Augustus was able to leave it to the Emperors who spoilt it. Mr. Long is perhaps at his best when he is describing campaigns in detail. He always has the ground clearly before him; he is accurately acquainted with every circumstance which research can ascertain; he is well read in military history, and (what is rarer) in military criticism; and, without professional training, he has a naturally quick eye for the weak or the strong points of a strategy. Moreover, he is free from the trick which some writers have, of condemning a great leader offhand, yet in vague terms, for having done something which the writer does not understand, or for having failed to do something else which he could not have suggested. The five years, 49–44 B.C., fall naturally into two periods. The first, during which the Civil War was a duel, closes with the death of Pompeius in 48 B.C. The second period, during which the Pompeians were crushed successively in Egypt, in Africa, and in Spain, closes with Cæsar's death in 44 B.C. For the first period we have the three books of Cæsar's Civil War, which come down to the beginning of the war of Alexandria, leaving off where Pothinus, governor of Ptolemaeus and regent, is caught intriguing with Achilles, and is put to death. There is one great difference between Cæsar's narrative of the Gallic Wars and his narrative of the Civil War; and it is partly because Mr. Long is alive to this difference that we can follow him with confidence when he takes the history of the Civil War for his chief, or rather, in fact, for his sole, authority in the years 49–48.

* *Decline of the Roman Republic*. Vol. V. By George Long. 1874.

Cæsar narrating the Gallic Wars is a military historian. Cæsar narrating the Civil War is something besides; he is a statesman on his defence. The history of the Civil War is not only the journal of a soldier; it is also a political apology. Two places out of many may be noticed in which this character is well marked—the place in the First Book (ch. 4), where he speaks of the violent behaviour of his enemies at Rome (especially Marcus Cato), obviously with the purpose of impressing on his readers that the responsibility of the war did not rest on him; and his account of the battle which we are accustomed to call by the name of Pharsalia (*Bell. Civ.* iii. 82–99), where he first brings out that overweening insolence, those divided counsels, which prepared the defeat of his adversaries, and then remarks, in describing the comforts of the camp captured after the victory, that these were the men who used to reproach with luxury his own suffering army. But Cæsar's history of the Civil War, if openly apologetic, is candid; it is a lucid narrative, and our loss is great when we part company with Cæsar as historian at the beginning of the Alexandrine War. We can have no greater certainty than Suetonius had as to the authorship of those narratives, in continuation of Cæsar's, which are entitled the War of Alexandria, the War of Africa, the War of Spain. In spite of some difficulties, the probability seems to be in favour of all three having been written by Hirtius. At all events, they are our main authorities for the details of the Civil War after the death of Pompeius; though at almost every step we feel the contrast, in respect of clearness and of precision, between these narratives and Cæsar's history of the Civil War.

Mr. Long has shown sound judgment in his way of using other authorities also. The epitomes of Livy's lost books sometimes supply facts (or statements) not to be found elsewhere; and it is not needful to discuss here the suspicion which they have suggested that Livy, as he advanced in years and in his task, grew more prolix and more rhetorical. Plutarch, who lived under the Emperors from Nero to Hadrian, knew the war of Cæsarians and Pompeians at about the same distance as that at which we know the reign of George I.; and, in estimating the worth of his facts, it should be borne in mind that, for a biographer who wrote men's lives less with an historical purpose than with the moral purpose of illustrating their characters, it did not greatly matter whether an anecdote was apocryphal or authentic, if only it expressed—though in that exaggerated shape which a really characteristic anecdote, just because it is a chosen one, soon gets—the current feeling about a man's qualities. Appian was as far removed from the age of Cæsar as we are from the age of Anne; Dion as far as we are from the earlier years of Charles I. In their different ways, however, the two Greek compilers are valuable. Those who should judge Appian only by his *Hannibalian War*, where he has the ill-luck of serving as a foil to Livy, would do no justice to his *Civil War*, a work on which he had evidently bestowed more pains, and of which the subject was more in his grasp. Dion had a thorough knowledge of Roman history, and of the Roman Constitution; as a senator, and (for a time) as a consul, he had access to official documents; and these things make him really nearer to the time of Cæsar than either Appian or Plutarch. If there is a point on which we should differ with Mr. Long in his estimate of the secondary authorities for the Civil War, it is about Dion, whom we should rate somewhat more highly than Mr. Long seems disposed to do. We cannot help suspecting that Appian has won Mr. Long's heart by a congenial brevity and plainness. Dion generally tells his story in more words, and often seems to aim at giving the impression of truthfulness by enumerating particulars. To illustrate the difference between the manners of Appian and Dion, we would compare their narratives of that mutiny among the Campanian veterans which Cæsar suppressed at Rome in 47 B.C. (*Appian, B.C.* ii. 93; *Dion*, xiii. 52). The value of Cicero's letters and speeches for the history of the time is not much weakened by the fact that his political calculations were generally wrong, and his judgments of persons, especially of Cæsar, often foolishly unjust. Mr. Long uses the evidence of Cicero's writings wisely; and, what is perhaps harder, especially in these days of a widespread conspiracy to raise the ghost of Conyers Middleton, he is fair, even when he is unfavourable, to Cicero.

Cæsar, pursuing Pompeius, sailed from Brundisium for Epirus in January, 48 B.C. Between his sailing and the battle of Pharsalia the chief event was his unsuccessful blockade of Pompeius, near Dyrrachium. These months were the real crisis of the Civil War, and it is on the operations which they comprise that military criticism has been concentrated. The first Napoleon blamed Cæsar for crossing the sea from Brundisium to Epirus. Observing that the legions collected at Brundisium came from Spain, from Gaul, or from the banks of the Po, Napoleon contends that Cæsar ought to have led them through Illyria and Dalmatia to Macedonia. From Placentia, the point of intersection of the two routes, the distance to Epirus is about the same. The army, Napoleon argues, would have reached Epirus united, and the passage of the sea—a risk which, in the presence of a superior squadron, was near proving fatal—would have been avoided. Goeler, himself a soldier, makes a remark about the right way of reading Cæsar's *Commentaries* which perhaps applies to Napoleon's criticism. Cæsar assumes, as known to his reader, much that a modern reader can learn only by laborious and minute inquiry. Napoleon did not occupy himself with such minute inquiries. There may have been difficulties about supplies which Cæsar knew, and which rendered impracticable such a land route as that which Napoleon suggests. Further, as Mr. Long says, supposing that Cæsar had marched to

Lissus, is it certain that he would have found Pompeius there? It was neither impossible nor improbable that Pompeius might meanwhile return by sea to Italy (*Cæs. B. C.* iii. 29). As to the failure of the blockade near Dyrrachium—a more decisive check for Cæsar than even that before Gergovia (*Long*, iv. 318)—Napoleon's criticism may be just:—"How could he hope to maintain himself advantageously on a line of contravallation six leagues in length, blockading an army which was master of the sea and occupied a central position?" Yet neither Napoleon nor any one else, so far as we know, has suggested what better thing there was to do. The shade of Cæsar might reply to his critics:—

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Cautidius imperti.

Mr. Long tells the battle of Pharsalia (as we call it) almost in Cæsar's words—adding (chiefly in foot-notes) some illustrations which make the narrative a clear and complete whole. Pompeius had ordered his men to await in silence the enemy's attack. Cæsar says that he thinks this was a mistake; a commander ought to encourage, not to repress, that elation of spirit which is caused by the ardour for battle. Cæsar's troops charged with a shout. Here Mr. Long brings old and modern experience together by quoting Sir Garnet Wolseley (in *The Soldier's Pocket-book*):—"A ringing cheer is inseparable from charging. I do not believe it possible to get a line in action to charge in silence; and, were it possible, the general who deprives himself of the moral assistance it gives the assailants would be an idiot." Mr. Long, the most severe of writers in his renunciation of ornament, occasionally seems to indemnify himself by putting into his text what would more naturally have been put into an appendix. The short chapter (xvii.) on the site of the battlefield, which he subjoins to his account of the battle, is a case in point. Cæsar does not name Pharsalia any more than he names the Rubicon. The only place that he names in connexion with the battle is Larisa, whither Pompeius fled. Opinions have differed much as to the spot on which the battle was fought. Mr. Long agrees with Goeler and with General W. Napier in holding that the ground was somewhere north of the Enipeus (Goeler's Apidanus), but does not commit himself to the details of Napier's view, which places Cæsar's camp facing west, with Scotussa in the rear, and the camp of Pompeius facing east at the foot of some heights which border the Enipeus.

Every one knows Mommsen's picture, or rather his enthusiastic refusal to attempt a picture, of Julius Cæsar, where he speaks of the eyes which had been privileged to look on that perfection almost as Dante speaks of those which had beheld Beatrice in the earthly life. Here is the opening of Mr. Long's last chapter, at the head of which we read "Cæsar" (p. 467):—

I do not propose to write a character of C. Julius Cæsar. The drawing of characters is a kind of work which I do not greatly value; and it is unnecessary when we know the acts of a man's life from his early years to the day of his death. . . . But I do propose to collect in a brief summary the principal facts which show us what Cæsar was, and as he appears in this history, in which I have told the truth as far as we know it, and have told it with perfect impartiality. I shall add a few things to show more clearly the man's great and varied talents. His biographer Suetonius and other writers will be authority for those facts.

Severity of this type is sincerely admired by a few, and secretly thought classical by as many as see their way, however dimly, to translating it into Latin prose. But when a scholar is writing about a far-off age which plain folks find it hard to see with any vividness, is it true that the drawing of characters is a kind of work which is not to be highly valued? Would not historical literature be the poorer for losing some of those portraits in which thorough and subtle inquirers have embodied the results of long study, and have kindled the whole with the breath of life from a genius too sane and too self-controlled to indulge in creating when its task was to revive? To take an instance from ground which Mr. Long has lately been traversing, there are probably few students of Roman history who do not see both Cæsar and Sulla more clearly for having read Mr. Freeman's analysis of Sulla's character and his comparison of the two dictators—a comparison, by the way, which comes to the mind with curious force when one finds Pompeius trying so hard to believe, and to make believe, that he is the new Sulla. Mr. Long is a first-rate scholar, a workman who spares no pains, and an historian who has the cardinal virtue of wishing before all things to get at the truth. But, in his extreme dread of being wise above that which is written, he sometimes reduces the province of the historian almost to that of a verbal commentator on original authorities; and, in an overstrained pursuit of plainness, he not only deprives his style of grace and life, but foregoes much that would help the memory and quicken the insight of students. Mr. Long worships Altheia as Athenians worshipped the Eumenides—with wineless offerings. But his work is able and thorough, and it will last. Those who have gone over the ground on which Roman dominion was first planted in Gaul remember the place between Nîmes and Avignon where a sudden turn of the road shows a Roman aqueduct, hardly touched by time, spanning the valley of the Gard. The work with which Mr. Long has bridged the years of the declining Republic is not less stern or less solid; nor perhaps the less fitted, because it is not the channel of a sparkling stream, to be an enduring memorial of the hands that wrought it.

PRAIRIE AND FOREST.*

THERE can be no doubt that the author of this work and of several others of a similar nature is as true a sportsman as ever handled rod or gun. He can find, kill, and cook his own game. He is an adept at tying his own flies. He is prepared to rough it on the lone prairie with a blanket or a buffalo hide and a few branches for his sole shelter, while wolves prowl round his encampment, threaten to attack his horses, and poetically watch his "slowly dying fire." He has shot golden pheasants in China, and wild fowl in the islands of Jura and Mull. In short, there is scarcely any kind of sport, from trout-fishing to encounters with the grizzly bear, which he has not attempted with complete success. We could even wish that he had thought it worth his while to pay a visit to some of the hunting-grounds of our Indian dependency. A book by "Ubique" showing how snipe are shot in the plains of Lower Bengal, or how tigers charge a line of elephants in the Terai of Rohileund, might have infused some novelty into Oriental narratives of this kind, and the author would probably have detected analogies between the skill in trapping displayed by half-breeds and the coolness and self-possession not seldom evinced by native Shikares, Santals, and Bheels. We could, however, wish that the writer had thought fit either to write his adventures in ordinary English, or else to translate or explain divers expressions which, though full of native pith, sadly require the aid of a commentator. In some instances we get help from the context. We can make out that a "windfall" in the depths of a Canadian forest does not mean a piece of good luck, but a piece of timber blown down by the tempest and blocking up the woodman's path. A horse is said to "rouch" when he shows signs of buck-jumping. To "tree a covey," it may be easily conceived, means to make grouse take to the branches, where they are easily slaughtered for the pot. A "blazed," or "blaze road," does not mean, as might be imagined, a path cleared in the forest by settlers who apply fire to the scrub, but one marked out every hundred yards or so by scooping out a bit of bark from a birch or other tree. "To margin," like the new verb "to loan," is used by Americans in a transitive sense. Rail-roads in the Far West are spoken of as "the cars." Canyons and gulches are used to express gorges and ravines. The former, we understand, comes from the Spanish. We can dimly assign a meaning to the term "bowers" in card-play, relatively to "aces and kings." It would be more correct for a sportsman to speak of a bird as "winged" than as "pinnioned" by a snap shot. But these curiosities of literature in the Far West are venial compared to the sin of plagiarizing illustrations without the slightest acknowledgment. No less than four pictures are taken by Mr. Gillmore from *Forest Life in Acadie; or, Sketches of Sport and Natural History*, by Captain Campbell Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, published in 1869. The frontispiece of the work with which we are now dealing represents two moose deer, one reclining at ease and the other pulling down a huge branch. It is described as "A Summer Retreat." In Captain Hardy's work, p. 73, this is more properly designated "A Moose riding down a Tree." In like manner the incident of "Moose Calling" at p. 56, the two cariboo at p. 73 in their winter coat, and the Canadian trout stream at p. 342, are all three copied, line for line and shade for shade, from pictures in the earlier work, where they are however designated, the first by the same title, and the others "On the Barrens," and "The Pabineau Falls, River Nepisiguit." Either then the author has omitted to mention that he had Captain Hardy's authority to use these sketches, or he has assumed that a right of freemasonry in the matter of materials and experiences must exist between all veteran sportsmen, or he has trusted to the forgetfulness of his readers and to the rapidity with which in these days one book drives another out of the field. "O'est mon bien," said Molière, when skilfully adapting to his own plays the rough metal of inferior writers; "et je le prends partout où je le trouve." But Molière, and even Puff himself, would hardly have thought it allowable for great wits not only to think in the same grooves, but to reproduce, as by photography, the sketches of a gifted predecessor. Moreover it is to be observed that the picture of the above-mentioned falls, where the skilful angler is presenting the butt-end of his rod to a heavy fish in the most approved fashion, though termed by Mr. Gillmore a "Canadian Trout Stream," is placed opposite the narrative of an expedition up the Androscogan, or Mud River, in the northern part of the United States, in which river he appears to have been rewarded by baskets of splendid trout.

No Red Indian in Fenimore Cooper's novels could mourn more pathetically over the annoyance which animals and their pursuits experience in encountering the encroachments of an irresistible civilization. It is fair to state that Mr. Gillmore's strongest epithets are reserved, not for speculators who introduce saw-mills and factories, but for those who pollute rivers with refuse, or erect dams up which it is impossible for fish to climb. Equally severe, too, is he in the case of sportsmen who revel in slaughter or kill more than they can consume; nor, while holding out to Englishmen who are driven from the Scotch moors by expense, and from Norfolk battues by satiety, the exquisite fascinations of sporting where no permission need be asked, does he disguise the inconveniences, discomforts, and perils which they may have to undergo. Even a Northern State like Maine is for six weeks unendurable, owing to black-flies, sand-flies, and mosquitoes. The remedy of lubricating the exposed parts of the body with oil of tar is

precisely one of those which sound as bad as the disease itself. Then visitors are reminded that, even when merely bent on trout-fishing, it is just as well to take a gun as a protection. They must be prepared occasionally to sleep on piles of hemlock; and it is clear that no one ought to attempt to follow Mr. Gillmore's footsteps who is destitute of nerve, who cannot be his own game-keeper, cook, valet, and even doctor, and who lacks that quality of "handiness" which Lord Lytton ascribes to one of his latest and not least happy creations, Kenelm Chillingly. But the real test of a work like this will always be the contribution which the author makes to our knowledge of natural history and of the habits of the birds and beasts still to be found in no inconsiderable numbers on the Canadian and American rivers and lakes. It is not enough that a man should tell us with some point, animation, and descriptive power, the steps that he took to capture a monster trout, or the admiring envy which he excited in the breasts of genuine Yankees by slaying the big buck who had been known to baffle all exertions for years, and who was believed invulnerable to bullets cast in any human mould. Every man of keen perceptions and active habits who has had an ordinary education can do the same. Even the description of a personal encounter with a big bear which is slain with duck-shot has a family resemblance to adventures with bears, tigers, jaguars, and leopards to be found in Lloyd's *Northern Field Sports*, in Washington Irving's *Tour on the Prairies*, and in half-a-dozen Indian sporting magazines and reviews. These parts of the work, as well as his meeting with an ex-schoolmaster who sang psalms through his nose and was occasionally given to cheating at cards, may be passed over summarily; and we turn to the notices of the habits of beasts which either endorse or correct past experience, or to those of the game-birds that seem to exist for the very purpose of acclimatization in England. An old bull buffalo, deserted by friends, or too slow to follow the herd, was attacked in the author's sight by four prairie wolves. These animals seemed perfectly well aware of the necessity of dividing their labours ere they could divide the spoil. One made a feint at the head, while the others in the rear watched their chances or inflicted wounds on the aged animal's neck. Mr. Gillmore seems to think that while three of the wolves took it in turn to make false attacks in front, the fourth, as the most experienced, always tried to pin the buffalo behind, though a well-directed kick might have turned the scale against the assailants. The indignant sportsman stopped for a time the unequal contest by a war whoop, which he says disgusted the wolves without calling forth any gratitude from the ancient buffalo, who forthwith charged his deliverer; a fact which, of itself, would throw doubt on the old story of Androcles and the Lion. And the author then goes on to moralize on the fate of the leader of the herd in a strain which reminds us of Evan Dhu speculating on the probable fate of his friend Donald Ben Lean, the cattle-lifter, who, as the Highlander explained to the astonished Waverley, had far better "die for the law" than perish in a dark hole "like a mangy tyke." Thus the proper end of the effete buffalo "after a long and happy life" is, we are told, to die "in a gallant and short struggle, overpowered by his too numerous enemies, a death worthy of a hero."

On another occasion Mr. Gillmore was more successful in driving off a pack of wolves from a young cow buffalo with a baby calf between its legs, for he rolled over the foremost aggressor with one barrel and disabled another with his second. The mane of the American buffalo as well as his thick coat is deemed by the author a wise provision of nature intended to lessen the shock of the inevitable encounters which take place between rivals in the spring season. Unconsciously, as we think, Mr. Gillmore reproduces in prose the well-known scene of the Third Georgic:—

Ilh alternantes multâ vi prælia miscuit
Vulnibus erebris
Versaque in otia iuxta iungitur cornua vasto
Cum gemitu; reboant silvæque et longæ Olympus.

But these encounters never terminate fatally, for, according to classical precedent,

Victus abit, longæque ignotis exsulat oris.

Another danger to which the buffalo is exposed is that of drowning when the streams in spring are encumbered with broken ice, or of falling into quicksands in the "Western country." An instance is given where the fear of man prevailed over the sort of fatalistic apathy to which one of these unfortunate beasts was helplessly yielding, and forced it to struggle on to firm land. The plains of Bengal, it is well known, even when under cultivation, maintain large but diminishing herds of these same animals; and specimens of horns of enormous size can be procured in the dense jungles of Assam. But for the bison, or buffalo with a mane, the sportsman must go to the Central Provinces, or to the forests and hill ranges of Madras. The musk sheep seems to unite most of the characteristics of the ovis with some of those of the bos. Its feeding grounds, its agility, and its food stamp it as a sheep. In size, look, and flesh it partakes somewhat of the nature of the ox. Two eminent naturalists have compromised matters by describing the animal as *Ovibos*. But our author would place it in the former category. We have no space to detail the interesting peculiarities of the Cariboo, the Wapiti or Canadian stag, and the Virginian or fallow deer. And, if wolves are often speared by American or Canadian sportsmen on horseback, all we can say

* *Prairie and Forest: a Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit.* By Parker Gillmore, "Ubique," Author of "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," &c. London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.

is that these animals must have rather less endurance and speed than the wolves of India. Not half-a-dozen of the best Indian cavaliers mounted on Arabs of the highest temper, caste, and endurance have ever boasted that they have driven a spear into a wolf or a black buck in a fair chase.

The remarks on the species of grouse found in Northern America point, as we have said, to their acclimatization in England as a legitimate means of diversifying sport. Hitherto we have been familiar with the pennated and the ruffed grouse only through the medium of specimens displayed in poulterers' shops in winter. They are slain in large numbers in the autumn, packed in ice, and shipped for the London market. But there must be several districts in the British isles where some of these distinguished foreigners might be introduced without difficulty and without giving gamekeepers occasion to ascribe to them a perceptible diminution in our indigenous game. The pennated grouse, like black game, lie close in the commencement of the season, but pack together in wild or severe weather. We could well spare them as we have done, but we agree with the writer in desiring to introduce into the woods of Scotland and our northern counties, not the pennated, but the ruffed grouse, and also the Virginian quail. The former lie well to dogs, are not given to running, flourish in hazel and birch woods, are swift on the wing, and can live on ants, gnats, and grain. The flesh is said to resemble that of our red grouse, and the bird can stand great variations of climate. Similar arguments may be pleaded for the acclimatization of the quail. It is not migratory in the sense in which we apply this epithet to the Continental species. It has a strong and rapid flight. It is suited to the same localities as the partridge, and is not quarrelsome, except with others of its own kind. When noblemen and gentlemen shall take a pride in treating their guests, not to the largest amount, but to the greatest variety of slaughtered fowls, we may hope to see the wish of the author carried out. To the genuine sportsman nothing is so attractive as the outturn of a fair bag where the snipe and golden plover appear nestling under the wing of a blackcock with his tail out, and the earliest pheasants drop out in proximity to the grouse in full plumage, both killed, the latter with No. 4, at the close of a good day at the end of October. We can recommend Mr. Parker Gillmore's work to those who love sporting adventure for the physical exercise which it involves, and for the demands which it makes on man's ability to circumvent wary animals and quick-sighted birds. And we shall be much surprised if this publication does not induce men of leisure and enterprise to seek for novelty and possibly to exercise their turn for philology in Transatlantic wildernesses, including three lovely lakes with the familiar and easy appellations of Molley chunkymunk, Mooseluckmaguntic, and Moligewalk.

BLACKIE'S MORE HELLENICÆ.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is half behind his age and half in advance of it. And, as the Professor has a very respectable power of giving hard knocks and a thorough good will to give them, the present generation of scholars comes in for knocks on both sides. Mr. Blackie has in a manner achieved the same exploit as Kehama and Sir Boyle Roche's bird. He is ready in two places at once, Themistokles and Adeimantos in one, to chastise with the same rod those who lag behind and those who, to his thinking, get on too fast. At the same Mr. Blackie is by no means so fierce in Greece as he is in Scotland; the air of the ancient Athens does not draw out his combative powers so freely as that of the modern. He is not nearly so fierce—we were going to say not nearly so silly—when he is talking about Greek matters, *klephts* among them, as when he is talking about "quidam latro publicus" nearer home. We had any day rather like to hear him sing a song about Theodore Kolokotronis than a song about William Wallace. Mr. Blackie is on some points pre-scientific, and, like most pre-scientific people, he is a little angry with those who are more scientific than himself. And he has a foolish way of sneering at Germans, which is not uncommon among those who cannot read a German book, but which is rare among those who, like Mr. Blackie, certainly can. But, whatever else he is, Mr. Blackie is never dull, not even when, as it almost seems, he tries to be so. Why should a man put his essays and discussions into a shape so needlessly formal, and therefore so needlessly frightful, as to number his paragraphs Proposition I., Proposition II., till they sometimes reached the stage of Proposition XLIV.? And why should he put such a stumbling-block in our way as to tell us in the very beginning of his preface that the points of Greek philology and antiquity upon which he proposes to speak are those which "appeared to him to have been unduly subordinated, or altogether neglected, by British scholars, or unwisely handled by men of acknowledged talent and reputation." We do not in the least doubt that Professor Blackie's essays "are the product of hard reading and hard thinking." We fully allow that they "raise some questions worthy of being seriously grappled with by English scholars"; we should not for a moment doubt that Mr. Blackie, even apart from his "professorial position," "desires that truth should be stated, and error combated on as open a field as possible"; nor, if he had not put himself into our head, should we

have "attributed their present publication to any undue amount of self-esteem." When we are ready to grant so much, it is hard to have to spell out a sentence which tells us how the essays, "originally published in the Transactions of learned Societies and Philological Reviews, laboured under the double disadvantage of being with difficulty consulted, and with facility ignored." The disadvantage is a most real one, and it is constantly felt both by writers and readers. If a man writes anything in the Transactions of a learned Society or in a Philological Review, he is sure to be disappointed by finding that somebody who he hopes has read his paper has not read it. And, on the other hand, a man who is seeking for knowledge in all quarters about one particular subject finds, when it is too late, something very much to his purpose lies hidden in the pages of the Transactions of a learned Society or in those of a Philological Review. The Germans, whom Mr. Blackie so much dislikes, really deserve a knock or two, and the Swiss deserve still more, for thus hiding some of their best writings in places where they are "with difficulty consulted and with facility ignored." Only we should not have thought of making our mean on this head in a sentence which, though not specially long, needs to be read over again before we grasp the meaning, just as if it were a German sentence with the verb half a mile away before the nominative case. Mr. Blackie gives us a list of eight other papers in various periodicals which he has not reprinted, but which he says "contain matter that might reward a glance from persons interested in the subject which they discuss." We rejoice to hear that a lecture by Mr. Blackie on the "Classical Affinities of the Gaelic Language," published some years ago, and now out of print, was so lucky at the time as to "meet with a very favourable reception from competent judges," and that his only reasons for not reprinting it are that he "hopes soon to be able to carry on his studies of Gaelic philology to more worthy conclusions," and also because certain other scholars are likely "to set their hands so seriously and stoutly to the work that any further excursions on his part into a domain not specially his may be rendered unnecessary." Of the pieces thus shut out, that which we should be the most inclined to ask for is one "On the Character, Condition, and Prospects of the Greek People," which we do not doubt "might reward a glance." Modern Greek matters are Mr. Blackie's strong point, and he is always at his best when he is talking about them.

One more phrase in this preface calls for some notice. "So far," says Mr. Blackie, "as my antagonism to certain philological and mythological speculations of my distinguished friend, Professor Max Müller, is concerned, I have seen nothing from his pen, or from that of any other person, that in the slightest degree moves me to any qualification of what I have distinctly stated on these points." It may therefore be well to look to those passages of the essays which may give us some notion what are the ideas about philological and mythological matters to any qualification of which nothing has in the slightest degree moved Mr. Blackie. First of all, we are not attracted when we come to such phrases as "a mind not violently possessed by German theories," "the erudite fairy-mongers beyond the Rhine," "the great Berlin nationalist," "any but a thorough-paced German idea-monger"; and then we go on to find Mr. Blackie talking about "the Germans," "the German school," as if all Germans thought alike, and as if there were not a hundred German schools. After this, we are not surprised at some of the other things which we find. Conceive a man who, having spoken a few times before of Professor Max Müller and other Sanscrit scholars, and not having spoken of any other modern writers for three or four pages, talks about "the man who at the present day shall attempt to interpret the Greek gods from the transliteration of Sanscrit or Hebrew words." And, a few pages back, we read:—

Comparative philology, like archaeology, recovers the earliest history of a people before writing was known; and this raises the inquiry, whether a mythology which bears a foreign nomenclature on its face may not convey foreign ideas in its soul—that is, to take an example, whether the Greek mythology, if the names of its personages are more readily explained in Hebrew or Sanscrit than in Greek, may not, in respect of its ideas and legends, be more properly interpreted from original Hebrew or Sanscrit than from native Greek sources?

It is not very clear whether Mr. Blackie is here speaking in his own name or in that of somebody else. But it is plain either that Mr. Blackie himself thinks, or else that he thinks that somebody else thinks, that to go to Hebrew and to go to Sanscrit for an explanation of Greek words or of Greek myths are exactly the same kind of process. To Mr. Blackie Sanscrit and Hebrew are both in "the East," and that is enough. He directly after tells us in his text:—"The prospect thus held out of tracing famous European religious myths to their far home in the East is extremely inviting." And he adds in a note a quotation from—Bryant:—"The whole theology of Greece was derived from the East." It is plain to Mr. Blackie that Bryant is quite on a level with the person whom he seems to refer to in the following sentence:—

The last source of Greek myths, for which a strong claim has recently been put forth by a German of distinguished talent, taste, and learning in this country, is Sanscrit.

It would perhaps be in vain to explain to Mr. Blackie that no one goes to Sanscrit as being in any strict sense the source of Greek myths. But it is amusing to hear him go through Egyptian, Hebrew, Phœnician, and Sanscrit theories, and in the end pronounce the last to be as much a failure as any of the others, and seemingly rather more of a failure than the Phœnician theory. This is the kind of thing which Mr. Blackie gives us by way of

* *Hora Hellenica: Essays and Discussions on some Important Points of Greek Philology and Antiquity.* By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

"a necessary protest against some ingenious aberrations of Max Müller, Gladstone, Inman, and Oox, in the method of mythological interpretation." Mr. Blackie has the advantage of us with regard to the third name on his list; but we should never have thought of classing Mr. Gladstone among comparative mythologists, and as for Professor Müller and Mr. Oox, whatever their aberrations may be, Mr. Blackie has not yet taken the first steps towards qualifying himself to judge whether they are aberrations or not. It is perfectly plain that the Edinburgh Professor of Greek does not yet know what comparative philology and comparative mythology are. And this is the more pity because, though Mr. Blackie does not know whence words come, he does know in some cases, as his papers on modern Greek show, whither words go. He seems to know as little of the history of his own language as he does of the history of Greek. As he seems to think that there are people who derive Greek from Sanscrit, he himself seems to derive English, or some part of it, from High-German. English is in his eyes (329) "a merely derivative and mixed language," and (137) "the Saxon half of English is a sort of amputated German"; and in another place (134) he speaks of the loss of the initial *gc* in the English past participle as "a change which the German has suffered in passing into English"; and again (226) he tells us that "the original form" of the English word *slay* "is the German word *schlagen*, to strike." Opposite to this we are not unnaturally told that the Latin *fur* is derived from the Greek verb *φαρμις*. Here then we have some of the doctrines which nothing from the pen of Professor Müller or any other person moves Mr. Blackie to qualify in the slightest degree. The faith on which Mr. Blackie stands so firm is that English is derived from High-German, that Latin is derived from Greek, but that Greek is not derived from Sanscrit. This last, we must beg leave to explain to Mr. Blackie, is a doctrine which neither Professor Müller nor any other man who knows what he is talking about would for a moment think of disputing.

But, notwithstanding all this, we have a good deal of tenderness for Mr. Blackie; if he would only keep to what he really understands, he would do good service. His graver essays, philosophical and historical, may be read with some interest, though perhaps he now and then gets a little out of his depth, and he certainly miscalculated his own powers when he took upon him to do battle with Mr. Grote. The real value of the book, as of all that Mr. Blackie has hitherto done, lies in the modern Greek part, and in the dealing with the question of accent. The last paper, "On the Place and Power of Accent in Language," we have reviewed before when it came in a separate form, and we expressed a hearty general agreement with it. We are more and more convinced that it is quite possible to read Greek so as to preserve both accent and quantity. To do so is certainly hard work for those who are not used to it, but it is most likely no harder than a great many other things in our own and in all other languages, which seem easy enough to those who have been used to them from their childhood. Yet, after all, the process of phonetic corruption in any case shows that one sound really is harder than another. It is quite possible, not only to say *ἀνθρώπος* without making the *ω* short, but even, which to us is much harder, to say *σοφία* without making the *ι* short. But it is clearly easier to say *ἀνθρώπος* and *σοφία* or *ἀνθρώπος* and *σοφία*, and so the modern Greeks have gradually sunk into the one corruption, while Western scholars have deliberately chosen the other. In this essay, and in both his essays on the modern Greek language, all that Mr. Blackie says is quite to the purpose as far as it goes; but even here he fails really to get to the bottom of his subject. He does not at all attempt to trace the evidence which we have in abundance to show that some of the features which distinguish modern Greek from ancient can really be traced up to the most ancient form of Greek that we have, much as French and Italian uses of Latin words which are not to be found in Cicero are often to be found in Plautus. Nor again does Mr. Blackie at all mark the evidence which ecclesiastical and mediæval language gives as to the early date of the present Greek pronunciation, just as the Greek of the New Testament gives us one stage of the process by which modern Greek grew out of the ancient. In short, there is a great deal to be said about Greek accents and about modern Greek which Mr. Blackie does not seem to have thought of. But he has the merit of having been one of the few, and we believe one of the first, to think of these matters at all; and with that merit we will gladly leave him.

LONSDALE'S LIFE OF DALTON.*

IT is as a sketch of the life and personal characteristics rather than as a summary of the scientific labours or discoveries of Dalton that Dr. Lonsdale has put together the present memoir of one of the most distinguished among the worthies of Cumberland. Satisfied with the justice already done to the intellectual powers and achievements of the Northern philosopher by Dr. William Charles Henry and Dr. Angus Smith, he has made it his task to set forth with greater fulness the private or domestic side of his career. Not that Dalton's great services to chemistry are passed lightly over or inadequately treated, special chapters being devoted to the history of each of his prominent discoveries; but what his present biographer claims in particular to have done consists

in having brought together much original information, in part drawn from letters of Dalton's own, with many of which he has been favoured, in part derived from the conversation of intimate friends and associates of the philosopher. Among these he especially mentions his late worthy friends, Jonathan and Jane Carr of Carlisle, who had been pupils of Jonathan and John Dalton at Kendal, and retained lively recollections of the junior schoolmaster, many members of the Society of Friends in the North and elsewhere, and several of the Fletcher family, with whom John Dalton had been intimate from very early days. Dr. Lonsdale's work is somewhat marred by a tendency to grandiose and stilted writing. Every common day is with him a "diurnal." In his prefatory chapter upon the early history of chemistry we have a deal of tall-talk about "man's endeavour to fathom the impenetrable problem of his own genesis, and the gradatory lines of his intellectual moral development," with roundabout allusions to the "esoteric angels with naughty longings for Eve's fair daughters," and so forth. In even worse taste is his making George Fox find no better aids to salvation "at the hands of the spiritual directors of the State Church than a recommendation by some of beer and concubinage, by others of tobacco and psalmody," and speaking of his success in "carrying the pluralist vicar of Brigham off his tithe legs and all his congregation to a free ministry." Worst of all is a tendency to sallies of what he is obviously pleased to consider wit, which when not feeble is coarse. It is not till he gets into the heart of his subject, catching it may be something of the native simplicity and sober plainness of the man he has to describe, that he shows himself worth attention.

An anecdote of John Dalton late in life gives the true key to the success upon which he could look back, and to his triumph over difficulties which might well have seemed insuperable. Entertaining a friend and his son at supper at an hotel, and inquiring into the youth's progress in study, the philosopher ended by saying, "Thou seems to have better talents than I possessed at thy age; but thou may want the thing that I have a good share of, perseverance." The son of a poor weaver—a man of no parts, who was thought but a feckless sort of man, and could hold out to his son no higher expectations than that of plying the shuttle, to which his childish fingers were set at the earliest moment—it was by dint of sheer plodding and of persevering toil that Dalton fitted himself for the struggle of life and led the way to the achievements of his after years. The plain and lowly dwelling is still shown where he first saw the light at the little village of Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, chiefly famed as having given name or title to the founder of Queen's College, Oxford, and chaplain to Queen Philippa. Some small property had, it would seem, come into the family from the Fearons, one of whom Jonathan Dalton, John's grandfather, married in 1712, amassing a further amount of wealth in land and hereditaments to the value of some 35*l.* a year, which on the death of his eldest son, also named Jonathan, fell to John's father, Joseph. It is believed, too, that his wife, Deborah Greenup, brought to Joseph a slender dowry as well as an active mind, great energy, and quick intelligence, which qualities doubtless had their effect upon the character and intellect of John, who, with an elder brother Jonathan and a sister Mary, alone of six children grew up to maturity. Not that the boy was by any means of quick or ready intellect, sharp at work, or demonstrative at play. Constancy of purpose and thoughtful self-reliance were the qualities which most marked his early years, and won for him the interest and good will of the excellent Quaker master of Pardshaw Hall School, Mr. John Fletcher, under whom he was enabled to get through arithmetic and navigation before the completion of his twelfth year. At ten he gained vast credit by setting right a lot of mowers who wrangled over the difference between sixty square yards and sixty yards square, as well as by delivering a lecture extempore from a hedge to his juvenile mates on the way home from school. Still more fortunate was he in securing the friendship of a Quaker gentleman of ample means and knowledge, Elihu Robinson, "the man of Eaglesfield," the founder of Cumberland meteorology, the friend of Collinson, Franklin, Fortherrill, and Clarkson. Science and literature owed much in those Northern lands to the aid of leading Friends. At Robinson's house John Dalton worked much with William Alderson, his senior in years, keeping generally ahead of him, and spurring him on when inclined to seek the master's aid by his broad Cumbrian "Yan nien deun't" (one might do it). In his thirteenth year—1779—the energetic lad is found opening a school on his own account at Eaglesfield, first in an old barn, next in his father's house, and finally in the Friends' meeting-house. Whilst coping with lads and lasses often older than himself he was steadily improving his own powers, aided not a little by the Ladies' Diary or Almanac for that year, which he copied verbatim, and the problems in which he worked out with his companion. After two years of teaching, which never brought him in, it is thought, more than five shillings a week, he was glad to eke out his means by occasional husbandry.

When nearly sixteen, he was induced to join his brother Jonathan, then an usher under Mr. Bewley at Kendal, on whose retirement the brothers continued the school on their own account in 1785, with their sister Mary as housekeeper. Their educational course, originally confined to English, Latin, Greek, and French, with writing, arithmetic, merchants' accounts, and mathematics, was extended a few years later so as to include probably more than was then taught in any public school in the kingdom, adding, as it did, to those studies nearly the whole range of subjects comprised under the heading of natural philosophy. Yet the returns brought in by all this diversified labour seem barely to have reached 100*l.* a year, including the pittance earned by drawing

* *The Worthies of Cumberland: John Dalton, F.R.S., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon, &c.* By Henry Lonsdale, M.D. London: Routledge & Sons. 1874.

conditions, making wills, and similar half legal, half scholastic avocations. The Daltons were known as strict disciplinarians to an extent which in one instance is said to have brought them somewhat prominently before the public. John, though the less severe of the two, is reported by surviving pupils to have been far from conciliatory in method, or disposed to bring out the kindlier feelings of his scholars. The bucolicism of Eaglesfield still clung to their nature, and was probably in no degree relieved by the stiffness and formalism symbolized by the rigid collar and broad brim. Such were his powers of abstraction that John Dalton could, it was said, in all the turmoil of a class of thirty or forty scholars, direct his mind to working out problems in the higher mathematics. On the 26th of October, 1787, he delivered his first set of lectures on natural philosophy, at the rate of half-a-guinea for the course of twelve, or one shilling a single lecture. The same lectures he repeated four years later at no more than five shillings the course—a sign of the slender success attained in the first instance, whether from some defect in the lecturer or from the lack of local interest in matters of physical science. All the while he was pushing his studies, stimulated and guided by the remarkable energies and abilities of John Gough, whose profound and diversified learning, in spite of his blindness, is described in a letter of Dalton's in terms no less glowing than those of Wordsworth's verse. It was in the form of replies to questions in the Gentlemen's and Ladies' Diaries that Dalton first brought his powers before the public, winning prizes from time to time for problems in mathematics and hydrostatics, whilst he appears at the same time to be bestowing much attention upon chemistry. Botany and entomology entered largely into his study of nature, and it was above all in meteorology, favoured by the conditions of climate peculiar to his native county, that he found the basis of his ultimate command of the chief secrets of physics. He is seen noting and recording with infinite patience the changing conditions of the atmosphere by the aid of instruments simple and far from adequate, for the most part of his own making, yet working out results on which a new science has been built. Without any fundamental knowledge of anatomy or of the physiology of man, he fell upon a plan of his own for testing and methodizing the processes of nutrition and sustentation in the human frame, weighing daily his own *ingesta* and *egesta*, including the perspiration. The idea of making medicine his profession is broached in a letter to Elihu Robinson in August 1790; but neither from Robinson nor from other friends did he receive encouragement enough to persevere in that line. After twelve years at Kendal, on the recommendation of John Gough, he removed to Manchester to take the course of mathematical and natural philosophy in the new College recently established by Nonconformists to supply the growing wants caused by their exclusion from Oxford and Cambridge. As credentials of his future eminence, in addition to the promise held out by his career thus far, he took with him the revised proofs of his *Meteorological Essays*. There he continued to dwell for the fifty more years to which his life of intellectual labour and usefulness was prolonged.

The stages of Dalton's otherwise uneventful career are marked by the steps of development by which his new scheme of philosophy advanced towards consummation. But whilst the whole of his observations and philosophical researches converged towards this ultimate result, there was to be found in the subsidiary labours which varied his dull professional toil and supplied the material for his leading hypothesis scope for his untiring powers of reflection and reasoning, with results of solid and permanent value to science. Dr. Lonsdale's list of the papers read by him before the members of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, not less than 116 in number, besides his contributions to Nicholson's *Journal* and Thompson's *Annals of Philosophy*, and to other scientific serials, in addition to his more substantial or systematic writings, prove what a fund of intellectual energy remained to him after the exhausting toil of daily teaching, tedious and depressing as the formal routine of a schoolmaster's daily duty must be beyond most other kinds of mental labour. Nor is the versatility of his mind less shown by the widely varied character of these papers. It was in the earliest of them, October 31, 1794, that he broached that memorable discovery in the theory of light and vision which sprang from his recognition in himself of the peculiar defect which has since been known by his name. The date of this discovery would seem to be marked by the anecdote of his purchasing for his mother in boyish days a pair of silk stockings at Kendal as becoming drab, which dame Deborah and the neighbours would have it were cherry-coloured. That his active mind had not slept over the oddity of the phenomenon appears from the statement of his biographer that both brothers, sharing the like infirmity, tested the vision of their scholars, and found in them a percentage of similar cases, which afforded some comfort in their sense of deprivation. In the days of his late-won distinctions, when flaunting his scarlet robe as an honorary D.C.J., of Oxford at Court, or amidst the University dons, he was spared the sense of its incongruity with his Quaker under garb. To the accompanying dulness to female charms is attributed the fact of Dalton's having throughout clung to single life, though it would be unfair to leave out of the account his slenderness of means until the falling in of his brother Jonathan's comparative fortune in 1834. More than one episode in his life and correspondence shows him to have been far from insensible to the attractions of pretty Quakeresses. That he was indifferent to the wealth which his rare powers of mind, not to speak of his actual discoveries, might have brought him, is

manifest in the simplicity, amounting to rudeness, which marked his mode of living. To foreign savants, like M. Pelletan, who made pilgrimages to the ideal shrine of science and learning at Manchester, he would show a roughness of manner as well as a penury of surroundings which was made up of pride as much as of native simplicity, whilst men set in the high places of scientific fame and emolument were aghast at finding a man of European name lodged like a peasant and overlooking a ploughboy ciphering on a slate. It was a minor burst of the same pride which led him to speak with undue contempt of the apparatus which helped him to his great discoveries. Though not a few of these were worked out with penny ink-pots and glass-tubes not costing a farthing each, and though he would speak of all the books he had ever read as what he could carry on his back, it turned out that his library contained upwards of seven hundred volumes, some of considerable value, and that his instruments filled a case of no mean proportions in the rooms of the Society of which he was so long the ornament and the light. It was not till 1822 that he considered it within his means to pay the fees required for the fellowship of the Royal Society; an honour which he had declined twelve years earlier on the score of poverty, though it has been thought that doubts of his election, with Davy so strongly opposed to his atomic theory, might have more to do with the refusal. It is certain that Dalton was wholly wanting in those graces of manner and of character which, with not less simplicity or independence, won for Faraday universal honour and affection. Self-willed and opinionated, so as to reject with scarcely an attempt to master them the facts or the formulae advanced by Wollaston, Berzelius, or Gay-Lussac, and bearish to a degree which forbade the kindly intercourse of civilized society, he was himself the main cause of the isolation or ostracism which has been unfairly charged upon the jealousy of rivals or the exclusiveness of fashion. Far from being many-sided, or from overcoming by dint of culture his native narrowness or rusticity of mind, he retained to the last the tastes and manners of the cottage; nor did any trace of historical or liberal reading of any kind show itself in his conversation or relieve the unadorned prose of his addresses, which gained nothing in music, whatever might have been their gain in strength, from his broad Cumbrian Doric. As an experimentalist he was neither elegant nor in any great degree successful. It was by rude strength of intellect and will that he beat out his conclusions, and made his way to the foremost rank among the original thinkers and discoverers of his own or any age.

Of Dalton's great discovery Dr. Lonsdale gives a very good popular sketch, showing how he was led to it by his observations on meteorology, in particular by his researches into the proportion of the several gases or elastic fluids constituting the atmosphere, with the result of the first clear conception of definite multiple proportions. How far he himself was conscious of guidance from the labours of others in the same field is to be seen from what Dr. Henry has given us of his father's minute of a conversation with Dalton, in which the philosopher speaks of what he owed to Richter's laws of reciprocal proportions or equivalents deduced from his experiments on the neutral salts. His own reading, though neither wide nor deep, would supply him with much material out of which, by a master stroke of constructive skill, he reared the fabric of what he not unjustly termed a new chemistry. There is no evidence that Dalton ever combined with his chemical researches the slightest study of electric or magnetic phenomena or laws; nor could he in consequence have anticipated such later developments of the law of molecular combination as have already brought light and heat and many effects of electricity, and now promise to bring chemistry, within one generalization, as modes of motion—chemical equilibrium having been shown by Professor Williamson to consist, not in molecular rest, but in a system of molecular movements in which decompositions and recompositions balance each other. As the first, however, to announce and to prove experimentally the universal law to which common consent has given his name, Dalton has established his claim to be considered, as his biographer calls him, a lawgiver of science.

LANGE'S HISTORY OF MATERIALISM.*

THE title of this book, which after a lapse of some five years has reappeared in a much modified shape, by no means fully indicates the nature of its contents. The first volume—all that has yet appeared—does indeed contain a history, and a very elaborate history, of Materialism from the very beginning to the time immediately preceding the appearance of Immanuel Kant in the philosophical world; but it contains a great deal more. Not merely has the examination of a particular series of tenets involved the investigation of opposing doctrines, not only has the author been copious with his biographies, but he has been careful to point out the special influence of certain scientific theories on different ages and countries, so that he virtually adds to the history of civilization a new chapter, extending over a long period of time. The subject likewise gains in extent from the circumstance that the thinkers who come in for the largest share of consideration are not only the materialists strictly so called, but the whole body of the empirists, whom Dr. Lange regards as co-operators

* *Geschichte des Materialismus*. Von Friedrich Albert Lange (zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage). Erstes Buch. Geschichte des Materialismus bis auf Kant. Leipzig: Bader.

with the materialists in the furtherance of physical science. In his criticism as in his biography he is impartial to an almost irritating degree; he seems to sympathize with the materialists without being exactly one of them. What he is we do not exactly know; but at all events he is not a "realist" in the mediæval sense of the word; he does not in the least believe in "Universals," nor does he think that the book of nature is to be read otherwise than by experiment.

Ancient Materialism is neatly summed up in six propositions, which virtually contain the whole theory of Demokritos, and with which the student of Lucretius is of course tolerably familiar:—1. Out of Nothing arises nothing; nothing that is can be destroyed. Change is no more than combination and separation. 2. Nothing happens by chance, but all through a cause and by necessity. 3. Nothing exists but atoms and empty space; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number and infinitely various in form. In an eternal fall through infinite space the larger atoms, falling more quickly, bound upon the smaller; the side-motions and vortices that thus arise are the commencement of the world's formation. Infinite worlds are formed and perish successively and simultaneously. 5. The difference of all things arises from the difference of their atoms in number, magnitude, form, and order; there is no qualitative difference of atoms, neither have they any internal conditions; they only act on each other by external pressure and impulse. 6. The soul consists of fine, smooth round atoms, like those of fire. These atoms are of all the most mobile, and by their motion, which permeates the whole body, the phenomena of life are produced. By the side of this theoretical materialism grew up what Dr. Lange terms "ethical" materialism, a result of philosophical sensualism. What matter is to external nature in the former, sensation is to the inner nature of man in the latter. As the theoretical materialist derives the forms of things from the matter of which they are composed, the sensualist derives all consciousness from sensation. The two doctrines are apparently antagonistic to each other. The materialist, strictly so called, will deny that sensation can be separated from matter, and will regard every process of consciousness as the result of material operations not to be distinguished from those of the outer world. The sensualist, on the other hand, must deny that we have any knowledge of the outer world at all, inasmuch as we cannot get beyond our perceptions, and are without means of ascertaining the relations of these to any external entity. The six propositions of Demokritos given above, shocking as they appear when regarded from a religious point of view, have certainly a much less dreamy look about them than the idealistic theories of Plato. Nevertheless these atoms, which to the vulgar mind recommend themselves by their tangibility, signify nothing more than that unapproachable "Ding-an-sich" which Kant, who herein is at one with the sensualists, declared to be beyond the reach of human consciousness. This "Ding-an-sich" the consistent sensualist would as soon call a mermaid as an atom; and when Kant, herein differing from him, went so far as to maintain that it is not a mere nothing, and even dignified it with the name "Noumenon"—i.e. (*hucus a non*) something about which nothing can be known—he gave rise to a perplexity affording matter for discussion down to the present day. Nevertheless, in spite of this veritable antagonism, the materialists and the sensualists appear as staunch allies in the history of philosophical thought, and are attacked by a common foe, the atomic system being as repugnant to the Platonic theology as "ethical materialism" or sensualism to the Platonic code of morals. The legend that the Sophist Protagoras was the pupil of the atomist Demokritos, though perhaps not susceptible of historical proof, is not to be rejected with contempt.

Protagoras, the chief of those Sophists who were everywhere regarded as bugbears till they found an apologist in Hegel and advocates in Mr. Grote and Mr. Lewes, seems to have been the first man whose speculations took a subjective rather than an objective turn; and, in a certain sense, as Dr. Lange remarks, he is at the head of that movement against materialism in which Sokrates took so leading a part. Nevertheless the alliance between Sokrates and the Sophists ends as soon as it begins. If Protagoras, with his maxim "Man is the measure of all things," started from sensation and Demokritos started from atoms, there is this relation between them, that both regard the individual and not the universal as the essential entity, whereas the contrary doctrine was held by Plato. Much that passes for materialism now is in reality sensualism, and in support of this view Dr. Lange cites Büchner, who explicitly declares that things only exist for one another, and import nothing without mutual relation, and Moleschott, who still more explicitly asserts that, were it not for its relation to a perceiving eye, the tree would not exist.

The precise meaning of the expression "ethical materialism," which Dr. Lange uses as the moral equivalent for sensualism, is propounded by him thus:—

By "ethical materialism" we are to understand a doctrine according to which the moral action of man arises from his own individual impulses, and which determines the mode of action not by an unconditionally dominant idea, but by the effort towards a desirable position. Such a doctrine may be called materialistic because, like theoretical materialism, it starts from matter, not from form, although here we regard not the matter of external bodies, nor even sensation as the matter of theoretical consciousness, but the elementary matter of our practical relations, our impulses and our feelings with regard to pleasure and its opposite. It may be objected that this is a mere analogy, that we have here no evident unity of tendency. Still history almost everywhere shows us that this analogy is potent enough to determine the connexion of the systems.

We have dealt thus at length with a very small part of Dr. Lange's book because it shows the principle upon which the whole work is written. The theoretical and the ethical materialists are regarded as workers in a common cause, and pass before us in a procession which begins in remote antiquity and ends with the last century, accompanied by their opponents, whose presence, although they are less conspicuous, is found necessary to complete the picture.

When in his first section Dr. Lange has gone carefully through the progress of materialism in ancient Greece and Rome, devoting many pages to an analysis of the great poem of Lucretius, he carries on his record through a transition period which begins with the decline of ancient civilization and ends with Bacon and Descartes. In this section we have a brief history of Arabian philosophy and scholasticism, with reflections upon the influence of monotheism on natural science. The materialism of the seventeenth century occupies a third section, in which the principal figures are those of Gassendi and Hobbes, though Newton, Boyle, Locke, and Toland come into the record, the last being treated almost with affection. Strange as the fact may seem to some, England was the hotbed whence sprang all the infidelity that spread over France during the years immediately preceding the first Revolution, though it attained new forms in a new atmosphere, and, especially in the case of Lamettrie, assumed a tone of indecency unknown to it in its native home. Hence in the history of the materialism of the eighteenth century, which occupies Dr. Lange's fourth section, the leading chapter is appropriated to the influence of English materialism upon France and Germany, the latter country being at the time the most puritanical in all civilized Europe. In this section the works of Lamettrie and Baron von Holbach are described at great length, and in the description of the former especially the reader is supplied with much knowledge about a man whose labours earned him a bad name, and who even among students of his period is known by his name only. By his fellow-free-thinkers this pronounced Atheist was despised; and the orthodox found evidences of a "judgment" in the report that he suddenly died of indigestion after partaking too largely of a pheasant-pie *à la truffe*. Dr. Lange plainly makes out that Lamettrie was an original thinker and not a mere circulator of other people's thoughts. To the seekers for new information the chapters on Gassendi, Lamettrie, and Holbach will probably be the most interesting, because they present much which is not readily to be found elsewhere. Some who have not thought much on the subject will be surprised to find Voltaire so very mild a Deist that he looks almost orthodox among his companions. By his biographical information, most liberally given, Dr. Lange greatly enlivens his expositions of abstruse theories.

We are much tempted to notice in some detail the account of Lamettrie; but we feel that it would in a great measure be spoiled by abridgment, interesting as it is on account of its full details. As a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Lange connects the history of philosophy with that of civilization, we may recapitulate the substance of his remarks on the influence of Bacon and Hobbes upon England. This island, as already stated, was the home of modern materialism, and Dr. Lange would associate the great advance of England with the names of Bacon and Hobbes, as the French Revolution is associated with that of Voltaire. But in its speculative form it here destroys itself and gives way to practical pursuits. Atheistical as it might be in its tendency, it did not raise its hand in avowed hostility against ecclesiastical institutions. Epicurus, Lucretius, and many Frenchmen of the last century, strove to destroy religion as such, and this practical aim seems to have been among the chief purposes of their theoretical speculations. Hobbes, on the contrary, favours an established religion; "State and Church" (the usual order of the words being changed) is his leading maxim. Bacon and he have taught people to direct their energies towards the attainment of practical results, and their unconscious disciples follow in the prescribed path without troubling themselves about antecedent theories. Dr. Lange sums up as follows what he conceives to be the manifestations of Hobbism in the England of the present day:—

The upper aristocracy indulges in a personal free-thinking (*Freigeisterei*), coupled with an esteem for ecclesiastical institutions which is, or has become, sincere. The men of business regard all doubt respecting the truths of religion as "unpractical;" for the *pro* and *con* belonging to discussions relative to the theoretical foundations of theology they have no sense, and if they abhor "Germanism," it is rather because they have in view the security of life on this side of the grave than on account of any expectations in the life beyond it. Women, children, and sentimental folk (*Gewüthmenschen*) are unreservedly devoted to religion. On the other hand, in the lower strata of society, for the maintenance of which in their proper place a life of refined sentiment does not seem to be well fitted, there is scarcely any religion at all beyond the fear of God and respect for the clergy. The notion of natural philosophy (*Naturphilosophie*) has passed over into that of physical science (*Physik*), and a moderate egoism, which has admirably reconciled itself with Christianity, is acknowledged by all strata of society as the only foundation of morality, either for the individual or for the state.

Dr. Lange does not mean to say that this state of things, which he seems to regard with a sort of ironical admiration, is entirely due to the influence of an author so little studied by the "general reader" as Thomas Hobbes; but he considers that the doctrines of the philosopher and the life of his countrymen for nearly two centuries after his death wonderfully reflect each other—that, indeed, the reciprocity is now more complete than ever, showing that the old man of Malmesbury was somewhat of a prophet.

It should be stated that every section of Dr. Lange's work is

followed by a copious body of notes, abounding in references to authorities, and bearing ample testimony to the extensive reading of the author.

FRENCH POLITICAL CARICATURE.*

"I DO not know," says Count Réal in a book published in 1835, "if it will ever occur to a clever man to write the history of the French people by its caricatures since the institution of caricatures in France. Such a history would be neither less interesting nor less true than many of those with which we have been favoured for forty years past." This idea has occurred or been suggested to M. Champfleury, and he has used it to good advantage. In his present volume he starts with the condition of the Tiers État before and up to 1789. He remarks that the most curious point about the caricaturists of that period is the extreme variety of treatment which they brought to bear on the same subject. The sameness of the subject is a disadvantage. Men were filled then with one idea; and as in ordinary life there is nothing more tiresome than a man with one idea, so the contemplation of a series of sketches of past history, which have all the same motive becomes wearisome. The three figures of the noble, the priest, and the peasant, which are the stock in trade of the artists of 1788-1789, have changed the positions which they then occupied. It is difficult in these days of poor curates and wealthy colliers to sympathize with the continual glorification of the man with a spade at the expense of the man in a priestly robe. Thus, in spite of the care with which M. Champfleury has arranged and explained his specimens, the caricatures of the period with which his volume opens seem, as Lord Verulam says the reading of good books sometimes seems, "a little flat and dead."

A kind of meteoric shower of caricatures burst upon Paris after the 4th of August. The delight of the people at the enforced submission of the clergy and the nobility expressed itself in various forms of more or less extravagance. In some of the sketches of the time the three orders are represented embracing, playing music, or dancing together. It may be noted that in the case of the dancing the noble and the priest are made to bewail their fate in having to pay for the music. In others less kindness and moderation to the two orders is shown by the artists, whose sympathies were with the third. In one, called "Le Pressur," a corpulent priest is about to be put into a press, from which two other priests are departing in a singularly attenuated condition. A more violent version of the amalgamation of the three orders than that given by the sketches of their representatives singing and dancing together is found in the sketch entitled "Un Seul fait les Trois." Here the desired harmony is procured by the absorption of two out of the three into the peasant, who stands alone, dressed in a costume made from combinations of the priest's, the noble's, and his own. In another popular sketch the devil, who has been at all times of inestimable service to caricaturists, is represented being beaten off by a peasant, whose father encourages him with cries of "Frappe fort, fort, mon fils; c'est un aristocrate." For some time the Royalist party took no notice of the expressions of popular feeling by means of caricature, but passed them over with what may be called either a stupid indifference or a haughty disdain. It is curious that the first weapons employed by them in this kind of warfare were aimed at the Duke of Orleans and came from England. One of the first of these, which appeared soon after the 5th and 6th of October, represents the Duke hunting a crowned stag with hounds who have human heads, each of which is labelled with the name of one of the Duke's Court. The legend in English is, according to M. Champfleury, "Who kills first for a crown," which he oddly enough translates, "Une couronne à qui le tuera." In a French caricature of the same period the Duke is seen to have fallen in the mud. Chabron, one of his creatures, is trying vainly to wash him clean. On the ground is written, "Bastille, faubourg Saint-Antoine, poissonnerie d'Aiguillon, Mirabeau, baron de Menou." Decapitated heads are lying around, set off with pikes and daggers.

The chapter which contains an account of these and other like shafts directed at the Duke of Orleans concludes with a copy of a caricature entitled "Le Calculateur Patriote." This represents a man in the habit of a student or a sage studying his tablets in front of a table which is littered with human heads. There is more force in the drawing of this than is to be found in most of the productions of the time, and it derives additional interest from the fact that M. Champfleury professes himself unable to determine whether it emanated from the Revolutionists or the Royalists. In the next chapter M. Champfleury treats of Camille Desmoulins, and of Dussaulhey, who succeeded him as editor of the *Révolution de France et de Brabant*. It is curious that Desmoulins and his designer or engraver seemed to have worked independently of each other, for on the 20th of March in the first year of liberty the following paragraph appeared in Desmoulins's paper:—

Je proteste contre la gravure en tête de mon dernier numéro. J'ai déjà observé [sic] que je ne me métais point du frontispice et des figures, à l'exception de trois ou quatre dont j'ai donné l'idée.

On the 12th of April again he repeated his protest against the vignettes supplied to his numbers. It may have been due to the independent and self-asserting spirit of the age that writers and illustrators were thus curiously at odds. Illustrations in the

present day, however, have sometimes been observed to have no apparent reference to that which they are supposed to illustrate.

At the same time that Camille Desmoulins's journal made its appearance—that is, in November 1789—there appeared also a sheet devoted to the interests of the Royalists, having the startling name of *Les Actes des Apôtres*. This publication continued for two years—that is, for four months longer than its rival—during which period it must be said that it counted many editors for the two of the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*. An amusing enough war was carried on between the two papers. On one occasion when the revolutionary sheet discovered that *aristocrate* was the anagram of *Lacuriale*, the Royalists retorted with an anagram which was both more forcible and more correct, reminding one of the *Never so mad a ladye*, which put to shame Dame Eleanor Davies's *Revel, O Daniel!* The Royalist paper seems to have held its own very well on the whole. Its editors for the most part touched their subjects with a light hand and in a light sceptical spirit. It is strange to find the defenders of royalty, personified in Louis XVI., speaking in those terms of the past royalty of Louis XIV.:—

Louis XIV. fut aussi surnommé le Grand parce qu'il aimait les grandes conquêtes, les grands édifices, les grands palais, les grandes femmes, les grands valets, les grandes perruques; cela ne l'empêcha pas de mourir bien petitement, après avoir éprouvé de grandes humiliations.

"No droit-on pas," observes M. Champfleury with clear perception, "un passage coupé dans Thackeray?" It is strange also that the *Apôtres*, having run their course for two years, were finally suppressed by order of the King. Their violence had overstepped all bounds. Wit was replaced by insult, discussion by invective and calumny. The author of *Histoire de la Caricature sous la République* is of opinion that these defenders of Royalty contributed in no small measure to its downfall. The violent brutality of words and figures employed by the opposite party is better known to the world. In treating of the furious outburst of popular indignation against the clergy in 1790-91 M. Champfleury exhibits a drawing, which will be found facing p. 120 of his book, the inscription of which is remarkable for the horrible extravagance both of its sentiments and its spelling. On the subject of these extravagances the author has some observations which are worthy of note:—

Ce sont ces violences qui font perdre à la caricature tout crédit auprès des esprits mesurés. Du moment où la haine remplace la malice, où la vengeance chasse le trait spirituel, la caricature devient la complice du pillage, de l'incendie et des massacres. Nous l'avons vu en 1871. Et ceux qui seront appelés plus tard à redire les excès de la Commune ne devront pas oublier le rôle des images, presque aussi puissant que celui des journaux.

The caricatures of that date are curious in this amongst other points, that they have given prominence to three men especially who would otherwise have enjoyed a deserved obscurity, Maury, Mirabeau cadet, and Espréménil. They appear constantly in the broadsheets of that day, figuring now as the types of the clergy, the Parliament, and the aristocracy, which were translated into Lying, Cheating, and Destruction; now as the personifications of Rage, Despair, and Envy. In a third drawing which is headed "Rien n'est plus certain, ils s'entendent à merveille," D'Espréménil is represented hanging, while Maury and Mirabeau cadet are making ropes for themselves under the direction of the inevitable devil, who was pressed into unusually heavy service by the caricaturists of this period. "A ces hommes," says the author, "la caricature rendit service; sans elle, ils n'existeraient pas." Mirabeau cadet, however, was already known as one of the editors of the *Apôtres*. The *émigrés* supplied the revolutionary caricaturists with plenty of subjects, and an amusing chapter upon these is followed by an interesting account of Boyer-Fruron or Boyer de Nîmes), the first historian of caricature in France. He was inspired by a blind hatred of Protestantism, and was angry with those of his party who threw all the terrible burden of the Revolution on the shoulders of the Freemasons, reserving none of it for the Calvinists. The persistence of his attacks upon the Revolution could have but one end, and he died for the cause which he had supported with all the energy of his pen on the 20th of May, 1793. A Mme. Costard who had loved him wrote exactly a year after his death to the Comité de sûreté générale de la Convention, asking to be condemned to death also, in a singularly touching letter, which is quoted at length by M. Champfleury. Among the names which are known by their possessors' savage attacks upon the King and Queen with pen and pencil, that of Villeneuve stands out distinguished by the unapproachable hideousness and dullness of his productions. He and his imitators, as the author says, more than justify such comments as these made by Mallet du Pan:—"Ces estampes se distinguent par un caractère particulier de platitude et de férocity. Rien de plus éloigné de l'esprit français et de l'humour qui rend très-piquantes les caricatures anglaises. Celles qu'on étale sur les quais rappellent les Vandales."

The most interesting part of M. Champfleury's book, in some respects, to English readers is likely to be that which is devoted to "La Révolution jugée par Gillray et Rowlandson." The author displays a keener appreciation than might be expected of the English artists' powers; inclining, as one would expect, to put Rowlandson above Gillray. He has probably been biased somewhat by his inclination in choosing the specimens which he has given of each artists' work. He has contrasted the very powerful, but very ferocious, drawing of Gillray's called "A Family of Sansculottes refreshing after the fatigues of the day" with Rowlandson's "Napoléon et la Mort." The one is marked by a savage force, the other by a sombre and majestic irony. It is noteworthy that there is a considerable likeness to the real man in Rowland-

* *Histoire de la Caricature sous la République, l'Empire et la Restauration*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Dentu.

son's Napoleon. Gillray's representation of him was always a merely arbitrary figure, which was no more like Napoleon than George III. Upon Gillray M. Champfleury makes some good observations, in one of which he falls into a curiously French blunder. The exaggerations of Gillray, he says, are on a large scale, like his flow of spirits, and like the colouring which he employs. "Le satirique semble un bœuf qui prétend faire rire le spectateur à coups de pied dans le ventre." This is an odd confusion between the English boxing-match and the French *savate*. The author institutes a comparison between the natures of Swift and Gillray, and the termination of their lives:—"Le peintre devient fou. Tel est trop souvent le lot de ceux qui analysent ou regardent de trop près les folies de leurs contemporains." In treating of the times of Napoleon the author takes occasion to make a violent attack upon Talleyrand and Cambacères, and preserves two grossly brutal *mots* of Napoleon's addressed to them, which had better perhaps have been omitted. On the whole, however, M. Champfleury must be credited with having avoided with much tact and skill the offensive side of his subject. We may conclude our notice, as he concludes his interesting and amusing book, with a very true maxim of Joubert's:—

Il faut, pour le mérite de la caricature, qu'elle soit traitée par un homme qui ait eu lui le type du beau.

ETCHINGS BY FRENCH AND ENGLISH ARTISTS.*

MR. HAMERTON, who writes the descriptive and critical notes to this handsome volume, has heretofore done good service in making the art of etching, especially in its less known phases in France, familiar to the British public. As editor of the *Portfolio* he has introduced into this country a class of work which, just in proportion as it was foreign to the practice of our English school, proved timely and serviceable. There is no doubt that we had much to learn; indeed it is acknowledged that the most skilful of etchers in this country, such as Mr. Whistler and Mr. Haden, are in style more identified with France than with England. And Mr. Hamerton, by the direction which his studies have taken as well as by the advantages incident to his residence on the Continent, is warmly appreciative of foreign schools, while as an Englishman he cannot be otherwise than loyal to what has truth and promise in it here at home. These "Twelve Etchings by French and English Artists" have been selected out of a miscellaneous multitude on the judicious principle of compromise. Little or nothing of that extravagance of genius which we are led to expect from Paris is permitted in these pages specially provided for the drawing-room table. Some of the plates indeed are even tame; thus a view on a canal in Venice by M. Léon Gaucherel has a painstaking manipulation, a crudeness in light, and a poverty in shade which appear to be simply the reverse of the qualities coveted and expected in the etcher's art. Again, we can scarcely understand why in a volume of this high character a place should be given to "The Orange Wharf, London Bridge," by Mr. Ridley. In no branch of art is it easy to excuse ugliness, and the accepted laws of drawing, symmetry of form, and harmony of line cannot be annulled even in the comparatively lawless art of etching. Intricate subjects of this kind—steamers and coasting craft along a quay unloading—have been of late perspicuously painted by M. Tissot, and in past years Mr. Whistler made his most brilliant triumphs among the broken-down tenements and the picturesque craft on the banks of the Thames. Mr. Ridley, though he has studied long, has much to learn; like another of our English etchers, Mr. Edwards, he fails to educe order out of discord, harmony from confusion. But Mr. Hamerton, in his capacity of editor, here and elsewhere has shown himself widely tolerant of diverse styles; by his impartiality he rises above suspicion of partisanship; he gives a kind word of encouragement when most wanted; his criticisms, always genial, are penned in the interest equally of art and of the artist.

The recent revival of etching throughout Europe is a sign of the times for which there may be various causes. The decline of the laborious and costly process of line-engraving, partly brought about by the intrusion of photography, left space and opportunity for a more facile and economical art. Moreover, there has grown up an ever-increasing demand for products which are at the same time satisfying to the artist and pleasing to, as well as within reach of, the public at large. Likewise, the number of executants fairly qualified is steadily on the increase under the wider diffusion year by year of knowledge and training. And etching has the advantage of lying on the frontier between professional practice and amateurism; the art in its highest manifestations taxes the utmost skill of the painter, and yet offers peculiar temptations and facilities to the *dilettante*. It is an extemporaneous mode of putting down ideas in black and white. The method once mastered admits of indefinite improvement which pleasantly chequers encouragement with disappointment. Indeed so fascinating does the pursuit become that we have known men who, stealing leisure from pressing avocations, have found in etching a recreation and enjoyment in the midst of a busy and anxious life. These and other reasons lead to the hope that the revival of which we have spoken

is not a mere freak of fashion, but the result of causes which may operate year by year in the way of further progress and higher development. Mr. Hamerton states the present position of the art as follows:—

The history of etching within the last two years is in some respects encouraging, but the encouragement is of a kind which would hardly have been foreseen at the commencement of the revival which took place all over Europe a few years ago. No thoroughly active and efficient school of original etchers has formed itself anywhere; a few men here and there practise the art as an original expression of their own ideas, but the really strong and accomplished school, the French school, is now almost exclusively occupied in interpreting pictures by others. Even Jules Jacquemart seems to have abandoned the marvellous original work that first made him famous, to engrave Dutch pictures with his etching-needle. Original etching is now chiefly the work of amateurs, for even when a painter takes to etching, he most commonly employs the art in copying something already done by him in water-colour or in oil, rarely developing an entirely new conception with the point. In the present series of twelve plates both kinds of etching are represented, for we determined not to exclude etchings from pictures.

Among the etchings from pictures there is no translation more free and forcible than that made by M. Laguillermie from a well-known portrait in Madrid by Velasquez of one of those little monsters—pocket editions of humanity—the dwarf kept in the Spanish Court. M. Laguillermie is the reverse of an amateur; the apprenticeship he served was long and thorough, and the pledges given of his talent are quoted as masterpieces. He obtained the Grand Prix de Rome; he studied in Italy, at Athens, and Madrid, in which last city "he engraved the famous 'Surrender of Breda' by Velasquez, and four other subjects from the same great master, of which this 'Dwarf' is one." The distinguishing merit in the plate is that it translates in a masterly way the characteristics of the great Spanish painter, that "masculine, plainspoken, vigorous realist, who was disdainful of everything but his purpose." The plate before us Velasquez himself would have approved; indeed, had the master been an etcher, we should have expected from his hand a work thus trenchant in touch, broad in deep monotone, and grand in sketchy, suggestive negligence.

The best French etchers do not allow themselves to descend to a finish which is childish, or a prettiness affecting sentimentality, and in this the school is distinguished from the English; but of late, as we have said, the two schools approximate. Many indeed are the changes here and on the Continent; in fact, the revival of which we have spoken has taken the character of a revolution; old methods are broken down, and the divers modes of engraving practised formerly, especially that of "the pure line," have at length exchanged servitude for freedom. Accordingly Mr. Hamerton rejoicingly writes that "few things in the recent history of the fine arts are more hopeful and encouraging than the emancipation of engraving, and its nearer approach to thoroughly artistic painting." This change for the better has in a good degree been brought about by etchers, many of whom are painters cognizant of the value of colour, of the vital relation between intention and touch, and of the means of giving true expression to an artistic idea through varied light, shade, and manipulation. The line-engravers of Italy, compared with the etchers of France, work as dull mechanists in geometric curves and lozenge shapes. In contrast the plate before us has the life and go of a sketch, the freedom of an extemporaneous effusion, and this little Dwarf seated in a heap on the ground with a book on his knee and an inkstand at his feet lives as a real presence. The portrait is so speaking as to move Mr. Hamerton to a piece of pathos not unworthy of De Quincey or Charles Lamb:—

Amongst the personages who interested King Philip IV. most were the poor ungainly dwarfs with whom the temper of human grandeur at that time loved to surround its own sublimity for the pleasure and advantage of a contrast altogether favourable to itself. But there were differences among the dwarfs, which Velasquez perceived with his keen, artistic intelligence and profound observation of mankind. One of them was merely silly, another scowled hatred and envy from under his beetling brows, but this one whose image is here before us bears the pain of a nobler suffering. O sad and thoughtful face, looking out upon us from the serious canvas of Velasquez, though the grave has closed upon thee for two hundred years, we know what were thy miseries! To be the butt of idle princes and courtiers, and, worse than that, to be treated by the most beautiful women as a thing that could have no passion, to be admitted to an intimacy which was but the negation of thy manhood, to have ridicule for thy portion and buffoonery for thy vocation, and yet to be at the same time fully conscious of an inward human dignity continually outraged, of a capacity for learning and for thought! All this was enough indeed to drive thee to noble follies, that give thee some sense of human equality, some intellectual fraternity and consolation.

How French etchers can vary their style according to the changing sentiment of the subjects treated is apparent in M. Flameng's brilliant yet tender plate taken from a picture by Bonington, "Francis I. and the Duchess of Etampes." The art of M. Flameng may be compared to the notes of the mocking-bird that imitates the varied songs of the forest. His style changes to meet the manners of the most opposite masters. Thus in Paris, Vienna, and London we have observed plates by this artist heavily loaded with ink as the pictures of Rembrandt are with paint, and, on the other hand, we have encountered engravings thin in texture but intelligent and precise in drawing, as suited the classic creations of M. Ingres. M. Flameng, trained in the Italian school of Calamatta, became qualified to reproduce Da Vinci, but as a Frenchman he naturally placed his talents also at the service of MM. Delacroix, Prudhon, Cabanel, and Bida. "The Bible" designed by M. Bida, and in part engraved by M. Flameng, has been recently reviewed in our columns. In the plate now before us this dexterous and versatile etcher throws

* *Twelve Etchings by French and English Artists: Flameng, Bodmer, Lucas, Laguillermie, Feytaud-Perrin, Ridley, Balfourier, Legros, Chittock, Grez, Lalanne, Gaucherel.* With Notes by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "Etching and Etchers." London: Seeley. 1874.

himself into the deep and resonant harmonies and romantic sentiment of Bonington, himself a devotee of the Venetian school. He is able through the cold medium of black and white to convey the idea of warm colour, and by varied intensity in light, shade, and texture he gains the relief of roundness and the sense of space. This etched picture of the "Visit of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. to the celebrated Duchess of Etampes" has been fitly chosen as a frontispiece to the volume.

Other plates might be quoted, did space permit, as illustrating "the versatility of etching, and its adaptability to the most opposite kinds of artistic expression." Thus M. Carl Bodmer produces a pretty plate of "Peacocks"; Mr. Horatio Lucas, an English amateur, picturesque buildings at Le Mans; M. Adolph Balfourier, a French landscape artist, some paintable materials he met with in Spain; while Mr. Chattock, an Englishman, by virtue of a fine study of tree-trunks and branches, is introduced by Mr. Hamerton with the just encomium that "few etchers have made more decided progress during the last few years."

On the whole, the advantage seems to be on the side of etchers who do not copy or interpret the ideas of others, but who create their own subjects. The reason is sufficiently obvious; in the last alternative, the relation between the creative mind and the executant hand becomes inseparable and absolute. There is, too, a subjection and servitude incident to copyism which cannot but prove inimical to the freedom of the etcher's mind and hand; whereas in the act of creating anew the imagination is moved to an ardour which communicates fire to the fingers, purpose to the pencil. There is a picturesque group by M. Feyen-Perrin of a mother and child seated on a sea-shore, absolutely perfect in the unison between the sentiment and the treatment. Equally inimitable in its way is a study, singular for fidelity, of peasant women of Roulogne by M. Legros, a French artist long known in our English Academy by an uncompromising naturalism. Many will prefer the painter's etchings to his pictures. Taken for all in all, this French rustic school is unapproached for its realism and simplicity, and Mr. Hamerton justly points to the strangest of anomalies, that in the midst of French work fatal for fashion and affectation, there have sprung up painters and etchers so remarkable for the entire absence of affectation "that their simplicity is more simple than ours, and their directness more direct." Yet, judging from the plates here produced, and from others we have seen elsewhere, especially in the exhibition of Mr. Whistler's collected etchings, we hold firmly to the belief that England will not for long lag behind France.

THE LATIN YEAR.*

TO those who have given much attention to the study of our national hymnology it will be no secret that between the compositions of such men as Toplady or the Wesleys and the other extreme of bathos there is a gulf full of very indifferent stuff. The worst of this doggerel fortunately seldom finds its way into print, except as an example of absurdity, as in the case of that wonderful production with which the clerk of Wesley's father startled the congregation one Sunday:—

King William has come home, come home,
King William home has come!
Therefore let us together sing
The tune that's called "To D'um."

But apart from such outrages on sense and sound, there are in use a great many tame and tasteless hymns uninspired by any clear and distinguishable keynote or pervading thought. The more earnest and introspective of our hymn-writers have often lacked or undervalued scholarship; and it would seem that, on the other hand, those who have possessed it have too little realized the hints and materials which it brought within their reach. The publication of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has no doubt helped to raise our standard and to introduce life, and taste, and variety; yet even now it is seldom that we find a good harvest hymn or festival hymn written to order. The hymn written for the recent Charterhouse Chapel dedication was better than might have been expected, though rather negative than positive in merit; but its best point, representing the Carthusian "domus" as

A station towards the eternal home,
The house not made with hands,

betrays a lack of finish. The remedy for crudeness in hymn-writing is to be sought, we are persuaded, in a closer familiarity with the spirit, manner, and matter of the ancient and mediæval hymns, with which it is astonishing to find how little even our educated countrymen are really acquainted. Not long ago we read in an antiquarian periodical (we do not vouch for the fact) that the five volumes of Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* are not yet in the British Museum, and yet the first volume was published in Germany in 1841, and the fifth in 1856. An introduction to the study of these volumes was Dr. (now Archbishop) Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, first published in 1849, and now in its third edition; and English hymnology is greatly indebted also to Dr. Neale for the many pearls of mediævalism which he has re-set in his mediæval hymns and sequences. Till these are mastered and utilized it is lost labour to recommend Mone's *Hymni Latini*

Medii Ævi, a stiffer, and, to our thinking, a less remunerative, work.

High praise is due to the scholarly and judicious editor of the *Latin Year* for the skill and taste evinced by him in carrying out the task, which he has at length completed, of furnishing those who can read Latin sacred poetry with choice Latin hymns for every Sunday and holyday of the Church's year. We are not prepared, however, to say that he has not taken from us one attraction of his earlier instalments by furnishing at the end of Part IV. an index pointing to the sources of each and every hymn, and thereby establishing as modern imitations some which we might have still believed mediæval, and *vice versa*. The *Latin Year* is not only a welcome addition to the churchman's study and library-table—a sort of "Sunday book" to make a familiar friend of rather than a severe taskmaster—but a standard of what hymns should be, and a model on which to mould them. The form and shape so easily and gracefully assumed by the modern English hymns in these pages seem to indicate that they had an original affinity to the Latin in which they reappear; and the mediæval hymns themselves offer an inexhaustible field for translation or paraphrase, the results of which must be a gain to English hymnology.

We propose to glance at some of the rarer mediæval gems which these collections bring to the front, and afterwards to notice two or three of the happiest imitations of Latin hymnody by our own translators. Not many of the former are traceable to very remote antiquity. After the very complete little Hymn for the Epiphany beginning "Tribus signis Deo dignis," attributed by some to a monk of the ninth century, and the remarkable hymn "Jesu mi dulcissime, Domine celorum," attributed to St. Anselm of Lucca, A.D. 1086, and one or two pieces assigned with faint grounds to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, there is nothing much earlier than the extracts from St. Bernard of Morlaix in the twelfth century. His long poem "De Contemptu mundi" (recently republished in Wright's *Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets*) furnishes the third portion of the *Latin Year* with matter for three festivals, and is the original inspiration of Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden." Of about the same date is a Hymn of the Seraphic Doctor, Bonaventura, beginning "Recordare sanctas crucis," and breathing, as we observe Archbishop Trench has testified, "the richest personal familiarity with all the deeper mysteries of that spiritual life of which it speaks," as well as exemplifying the inexhaustible conceits and change-rings of a favourite mediæval hymn-type. It is quite a study of versatility, as well as a mine out of which to dig pregnant thoughts and fancies for modern use; whilst the ease which pervades it should be the ambition of whoever would infuse into English hymnology the ease as well as perspicuity of the Latin models. More symbolical, if not more mystical, is the poetry of Adam de St. Victor—in Dr. Trench's judgment the greatest Latin hymnologist of the twelfth century—which Mr. Loftie lays under contribution for the fine hymn beginning "Stola regis laureatus," on St. Bartholomew's Day, and the equally striking "Hæri mundus exultavit," which connects the festival of the Proto-martyr with that of his Lord's Nativity. Just as in Bonaventura's hymn there is almost a surfeit of happy conceits and similes for the cross, so here the poet, taking the converse process, shows how to touch one chord, and one only, for effect; and demonstrates the possibility of treating the common resource of a play on words in such a manner that it shall be neither trivial nor inopportune. Readers of St. Augustine may remember his play on the names of Vincentius and Victor. Here they will see the Latin synonym of Stephanus turned to account with true mediæval gusto. We quote Mr. Loftie's third stanza, adding, as we are fortunate in being able to do, Dr. Neale's English:—

Testis tuus est in cadis,
Testis verax et fidelis,
Testis innocentie,
Nomen habes Coronati,
Te tormenta decet pati
Pro coronâ gloriæ.

Lo! in Heaven the witness liveth;
Bright and faithful proof he giveth
Of his martyr's blamelessness,
Thou by name a crown impliest!
Meetly then in pangs thou diest
For the crown of righteousness.

We are constrained, however, to regret that for some unknown reason the editor has omitted the next and complementary stanza beginning "Pro coronâ non marcenti," which will be found in Dr. Trench's second edition, and which is translated in Neale's *Mediæval Hymns*. *Apropos* of Adam of St. Victor, it may be remarked that there is an abundance of rich poetic material in the two volumes of his poetry published by L. Gautier (Paris, 1859).

Noticeable amongst other original Latin Hymns in this collection are those for the Festival of the Baptist which Daniel styles "carmen poetica virtute valde eximium"; for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, beginning "Attolle paullum lumina," a hymn of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; and another for the Third Sunday in Advent, referred by Daniel to the fifteenth century, and peculiar on account of its sectional rhyme which Neale has happily reproduced. It is suggestive of further experiments, and, as it stands, forms an almost perfect little hymn, the first line being "Tandem fluctus, tandem luctus." A like metrical experiment is the pleasing hymn beginning "Ut jucundas cervinus undas," based on the Forty-second Psalm, and erroneously referred to

* *The Latin Year: a Collection of Hymns for the Seasons of the Church, selected from Mediæval and Modern Authors, Part III.—Trinity, Part IV.—Advent and Christmas.* Edited by the Rev. W. J. Loftie. London: B. M. Pickering. 1874.

St. Bernard. Compact, simple, vivid, it makes an exquisite model, but we would counsel the editor to be more chary of punctuation, which sometimes impedes the sense, as in the last verse:—

Pacem donas et coronas
His qui Tibi militant;
Cuncta leta sine mota
His qui Tecum habitant.

It is simply cruel to put commas after "donas" and "coronas" in v. 1, and so to risk the chance of a doubt whether "coronas" is coupled by "et" to "donas" or "pacem." By the way, we observe that one or two faulty readings or misprints in the first instalment, which we noticed in a former article, have been set right in the index or appendix. Before we quit the original portion of these collections we must not fail to note that perhaps the very latest original Latin hymns in the whole range emanate from living scholars; the veteran Dr. Kynaston, whose "Huc adeste Galilæi" (St. Andrew's Day) is instinct with the very spirit of mediæval hymnody, and might well pass for an antique; as might also one or two originals by Mr. J. Addington Symonds.

By a kind of transition stage between the original Latin hymn and the revestiture of the English hymn in imitative Latin rhyme, these volumes give one or two compositions somewhat akin to the hymn based on the Forty-second Psalm, to which we have referred above. One, in eight-syllable complets, with a refrain in six syllables, is from Neale's "Sequentiæ ex Missalibus" ("In exitu Israel"), and shows great judgment in its manipulation; so much so indeed that it might well be mistaken for a mediæval hymn. Next to it, and from the same hand, that of Mr. Beresford Hope, comes a paraphrase of the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, which was first printed thirty-three years ago in the "Arundines Cami," but has been largely retouched for the present work. We cannot find space for exhibiting the variants of the earlier and the later copy: but one or two stanzas may suffice to show that skill and polish may survive the academic period, and, under favourable circumstances, wax rather than wane with years. There will be no need to do more than cite the Latin:—

Si Sionis obdiescat
Artem, dextera, negato;
Templi si non remineat
Lingua hæret palato.
Memor esto thorum
Deus, Edom, cum Sionem
Atrox virtus Chaldeenum
Vortit in oblivionem.
Qui dicebant "Devastate
Solymarum ornamenta;
Et cum solo adequate
Usque subter fundamenta."

Mr. Loftie sets before his readers such an array of translated hymns by such eminent hands as Canon Pearson, Mr. Robinson Thornton, Mr. Coutier Biggs, Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Godfrey Faussett, and Dr. Kynaston, that citation of one more than another might seem invidious. Mr. Faussett's translations are extremely happy, and we are promised a complete volume from his pen. We are not quite sure, however, that we are satisfied with the third verse of his fine rendering of "The Son of God goes forth to War." Does "Signi rubor fulget latus" supply a distinct and perspicuous equivalent for "his blood-red banner streams afar"? In one of Canon Pearson's versions—a translation of Cædmon's "Bread of Heaven, on thee we feed"—we stumble on a feeble rhyme in stanza two—

Vera vitæ, sanguis trux
Allet calicem effusus—

but his rendering of "Jesu, Lover of my Soul" is all that could be wished. Any one who would prove how much more naturally such a hymn as Keble's "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" will run into eight-syllable Latin rhymes than into classical alcaics has only to contrast Dr. Kynaston's "Quæ beavit Paradisum," in pp. 291-3 of the *Latin Year*, with Lord Lyttelton's version after the manner of Horace in Mr. Coutier's *Hymns Ancient and Modern annotated*. Nor is Dr. Kynaston less successful in turning a not easy hymn by Charlotte Elliott, "Just as I am, without one plea." To him indeed, or to Mr. Symonds, we should, if driven to a selection, adjudge the palm. The latter is happy in rendering "Hark, the herald Angels sing," and still more so in clothing anew the beautiful verses of Keble's Evening Hymn, of which we subjoin the concluding stanzas:—

Mecum sis sub ortu solis
Ad occasum: nam si nolis,
Vivere tum nequeo;
Mecum sis cum nox propinquat;
Nam si Tui lux me linquat
Mori jam perhorreo.
Lucis Rex et tenebrarum,
Inter iras procellarum
Arcem tuam sospites;
Nam sub hiemis adortu
Ecce sumus nos in porta
Naven s' Tu diriges.

It simply remains to add that the *Latin Year* is admirably printed and illustrated. We should recommend those who invest in it to bind the four parts into one interleaved whole. Its value might be enhanced, and the stock of vernacular hymnology augmented and enriched, by well-advised translations from such of the pieces as are not already translated.

JUDITH GWYNNE.*

IF novels were supposed to give a true picture of real life, there would be something admirable in the boldness of the people who still venture to employ governesses. The governess of fiction is almost invariably either a suffering angel or a designing minx. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and we have a faint recollection of one story in which the governess turned out to be a sort of ghoul or vampire, and of another in which she was a ticket-of-leave woman. But, as a rule, the types of minx and angel predominate, and it is difficult to determine which of the two is the less desirable addition to a family circle. It is painful to be compelled to suspect that the demure and dove-like trainer of the children is really looking down on her employers from the summits of superior culture, and is registering all their failings in her journal or in letters to her friends. On the other hand, the designing girl is a more obvious danger. The novel-reading matron may well tremble at the thought of her own daughters being eclipsed, and of the air in her neighbourhood being "clouded with colonels" attracted by her fascinating governess. Judith Gwynne, the heroine of the novel which is named after her, is not a young person whose history is likely to reassure the timid mother. She is not exactly a suffering angel, and when her employers are rude to her, she replies with clumsy but vigorous sarcasms. Nor would it be at all fair to call her a minx. An excess of maidenly boldness, on the other hand, is Judith's chief characteristic. For instance, when one of her numerous admirers tells her that he still loves her, though he cannot afford to marry her, she behaves in a very open and straightforward way:—

A great glow of warmth swept through her yearning bosom into her aching heart, her lustrous eyes dilated with a dewy softness as the coming tears gathered beneath the blue veined lids, and there was a choking sensation in her slender throat as she quickly cast her white arms around his neck, and hurriedly kissed him on either cheek. Then exclaiming, "Thank you, dear Norman, for these last words; God bless you for that assurance," she hurried away, suffering under a revulsion of outraged modesty, and sweet confusion, and maidenly trepidations at the bold act of which she had been guilty.

Judith has several opportunities of conquering any tendency to maidenly trepidation. She succeeds tolerably well when she offers herself to a lover whom she had previously rejected, and when she embraces a farmer who had beaten a man for being rude to her:—"She hugged him close, and kissed his bronzed cheeks till they tingled with unwonted fires." "Afterwards," however, we are told "she never would believe that she had been guilty of such unseemly conduct." Obviously there was no artifice in Judith. Her employers at worst had only to fear that her pupils might grow up paragons of the modern virtue of maidenly frankness.

Judith Gwynne is a novel of complicated social intrigues of the sort which only exist in novels. To make such a story readable the author must have some slight knowledge of society, and a share of the genius of Balzac and Richardson. Unluckily the writer of *Judith Gwynne* has none of the qualities of these writers, except a little of their longwindedness. The commonest observation, the most elementary knowledge of life, would have prevented him from contriving a plot so feebly impossible as that of this story. The heroine, when we first make her acquaintance, is governess to the children of a certain Farmer Noagood. She has "demure, dove-like eyes," which are veiled by "a silken cloud" of eyelashes, and when she giggles she "keckles a tiny laugh." She had left the house of a lady of rank, and had sought the home of the lowly farmer, to escape from the attentions of Colonel Wilnot, who was too poor to marry her. Colonel Wilnot is the author's conception of a gay and selfish man of the world. His conversation mainly consists of cynical descriptions of his own meanness, and indifference to false pride, in the pursuit of an heiress. It is scarcely credible that any woman would tolerate his impudent addresses, yet, such as he is, Judith loves him. But a rival to the Colonel appears in the person of honest Tom Frauleigh, the local attorney. Tom, however, was extremely boorish, and, though Judith gave him what she calls "a mess of pity and gratitude," he would never have been dangerous to the Colonel's peace of mind had he not saved her life when she set the farmhouse on fire. This escapade is told with considerable power, and indeed the author is at his best on the few occasions when he describes action of any sort. Thus, when Farmer Noagood beats an impossible lord and guardsman who has tried to kiss Judith, the affair is really what used to be called a spirited rally. And when Tom Frauleigh assaults another ruffianly peer, as also when he fights a bookmaker, he bears himself with very great courage and distinction. Perhaps the episode of the fire is best suited for quotation, in the present decline of the art of self-defence:—

Judith slept on in a kind of heavy stupor, until vague horrors began to wander ghost-like through the empty chambers of her brain, and her slumbers were woven through and through with intangible dreads of palpable dangers. Yet she could not for a long time shake off the leaden weight of weariness pressing so heavily on all her faculties, and it was not until a horrible sense of suffocation got hold of her throat, causing her to feel choking, that she awoke with a great start, and sought, still half unconscious, to push away this weight that prevented her breathing. Then a dull sense came over her mind that the candle was burning with unusual brightness, and in some extraordinary way was giving forth strange wreaths of heavy smoke and a great heat scorching her cheeks; and then of a sudden she woke to the full consciousness of the room being on fire, with

* *Judith Gwynne*. By Lisle Carr. Second Edition. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

the window curtains and drapery all of a blaze, and fiery tongues of flame running along the worm-eaten roof-beams, enveloping one side of the room in dense smoke-clouds, giving forth darts of fire, and cutting off the only door of the room from all means of access.

From this dangerous position Mr. Tom Framleigh rescued Judith, but was himself severely burned. As the farmer was almost ruined, Judith became governess to the children of the local Squire, a Mr. Galton, whose wife was a cousin of Colonel Wilmot's. Mrs. Galton was a vulgar and weak-minded woman, who was jealous of the Colonel's attentions to her governess. It was therefore with pleasure that she welcomed Mr. Framleigh when he came to thank his fair nurse. The attorney is described thus:—

The hero appeared, dressed in glossy and creasy broadcloth much smelling of the tailor's shop, carrying a brand-new hat in a vague kind of way, as if he did not know how it got into his hands, and would be greatly obliged if any one would accept it as a gift, and bowing generally all round until his face flushed purple with nervous excitement. Of course Judith ought not to have noticed such trifles in the man who had saved her life; nor ought her quick eyes to have remarked the hair, all be-plastered with pomatum, the aggravating curl in each shining whisker, the demonstrative vigour with which he tugged at his gloves, and the shambling, bagman-like manner in which he carried himself.

Judith did, however, observe these defects, and Mr. Framleigh went up to London to drown his sorrows in amusement. To detach the Colonel from Judith, Mrs. Galton made her husband take her to town also. The Colonel set himself to ruin Tom's character, introduced him to society where he soon learned to disport himself with elegance, and, above all, cast him into the toils of Miss Lina St. Clair, whom he thus described:—

Lina St. Clair is miles above the common run of actresses. She has beauty, like most of them, but it is natural and very spiritual in its style; whilst in addition she has wit, good taste, decided genius, and an originality compelling her to single out a path for herself through the world.

The artistic path singled out by this genius was that of a dancer in burlesques, in "a short sky-blue tunic, ermine-bordered and silver starred, scarlet boots bearing tinkling bells, pink fleshings, and a great diamond star flashing forth its rays from the gloomy masses of her raven black hair." Mr. Framleigh had not un-naturally expected that the abode of this bright being would prove a "gaudy and tinselled place." Far from being gaudy, the boudoir of Lina had lavender-tinted Venetian blinds, "hangings of light blue and silver all round the walls and windows; cobwebby lace festoons here and there in aerial clouds," and so on. If Tom did not consider this splendour gaudy, his taste must have been as simple as the Scotchman's who, in buying a handkerchief, asked for "none of your bright colours, but just plain red and yellow." It is not very obvious how the subdued glories of Lina's villa were paid for, as she was a model of propriety, and had no revenue beyond what she gained by dancing in pink fleshing. However this may be, she loved Tom Framleigh, who would perhaps have yielded to her fascinations had Judith not written to him with her usual maidenly frankness, and ordered him back to Rishborough. She had been left a large fortune by an aged admirer, and as she had dismissed the Colonel from her mind, the course of Tom's love might have run smooth. But the Colonel was now in earnest about Judith's money, and the third volume is devoted to the tedious intrigues in which he plays off Lina against the governess. He introduces the *dansette* to the respectable Mrs. Galton, who is only too happy to ask this glory of the British stage to her house in the country, where she might win back the curled attorney. But his contending passions had stretched Mr. Framleigh on a bed of sickness, where Judith was nursing him. When he recovered sufficiently to recognize her, "she seized his giant claw between both her warm little palms, and said, in those soothing accents which come natural to women from their doll-days to their times of baby-bliss, 'Rest, dear Tom, rest, for I will not leave you again.'" And in point of fact she did not leave him alone till they were happily married. Lina, who was rapidly dying of an illness brought on by unrequited affection, enlightened Judith about the wiles of the Colonel. Judith punished that warrior with much maidenly boldness. She requested him to shake hands, and congratulate her on her engagement, and then met his salutation "with pitiless laughter." "Pray offer what I refuse—not for the first time, is it, Colonel?—to some girl who will appreciate the honour."

The humorous characters in *Judith Gwynne* are worthy of the serious persons, and of the plot. The most exhilarating portrait is that of Farmer Nosgood. He has more than Mr. Tulliver's helpless inability to understand the world, but his quaintest peculiarity is his habit of sacrificing a pig in moments of perplexity or of delight. Thus when the presence of the Colonel at his house excited his jealousy, he "vowed that the fattest pig in the sty should be given to the poor as an expiatory sacrifice." And when he heard of Judith's marriage, he exclaimed, "God's uncommon good to us, and bust me if I don't kill the black pig." Such a survival of the instinct of sacrifice may be interesting to the student of primitive culture, but it is scarcely good enough to furnish all the humorous side of a novel.

The grammar of *Judith Gwynne* is perhaps rather above the usual level of novelist's English. At any rate we have not noticed many such sentences as the following:—

The letter was written according to his dictation, and in due time reached the recluse of Rishborough, causing him an attack of such bitter self-reproach, as would have grievously sorrowed whilst pleasing the writer, had she known the effect of her words.

Long words rather puzzle the author of *Judith Gwynne*, and it is

probably only in certain religious communities that conservatism is synonymous, as he seems to suppose, with iconoclasm. Until he can make more use of his talent for describing action, and can develop the perplexities of his heroines among more probable surroundings, his novels are likely to produce what he calls "trances of dull inattention."

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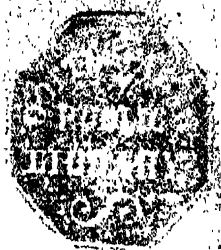
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OF

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GERMANY AND DENMARK.

THE visit of the Emperor WILLIAM to Holstein has naturally directed attention to the relations between Germany and Denmark. It is at the same time alleged that the Danish Minister at Berlin has been instructed to remonstrate against the expulsion from Schleswig of certain residents who had given offence to the German authorities. It was unnecessary to add that the Minister was directed to make his representations in the courteous language which is especially appropriate when diplomacy has no force at its back. A rumour has also been spread that Prince BISMARCK had made overtures for the annexation of the whole kingdom of Denmark to the German Empire. On this condition, it was said, not only the districts which were to be ceded under the Treaty of Prague, but the whole province of Schleswig, would be restored to Denmark, while Germany would receive an ample equivalent in the acquisition of the Danish fleet. As modern geologists hold that the changes which have formerly affected the surface of the earth are still continuing an uninterrupted progress, curious students of mythology may observe in its inception the contemporary formation of historical legends. Theoretical projects are embodied in some definite scheme which is then attributed to any heroic figure which for the time occupies popular imagination. There is no doubt that, with the addition of the entire Cimbric peninsula and the adjacent islands, Germany would look on the map more complete, and would be strengthened by the addition of a hardy maritime population. In the fabric of a dream it is not necessary to consider practical inconvenience. The experience of many States, including both Denmark and Prussia, shows the disadvantage of annexing alien territories inhabited by a disaffected population. The Danes are not without reason hostile to the German Empire, and their national sympathies would follow their ethnological affinity with the other Scandinavian countries. The other part of the scheme, consisting in the restoration of Schleswig to Denmark, is still more preposterous. The German inhabitants of the southern part of the province had long borne their Danish connexion with impatience; and, in default of the local independence which they would perhaps have preferred, they are proud of their position as subjects both of the Prussian monarchy and of the German Empire. A transaction by which their allegiance would be bartered for an external advantage would be repugnant to public opinion both in the province itself and in the whole of Germany.

The agitation which ended in the separation of Schleswig and Holstein from the Danish monarchy was founded both on legal and on political grounds. All Germans were with good reason convinced that Holstein shared the rights of a confederate State, and they had convinced themselves by plausible arguments that Schleswig was inseparably united with the more thoroughly German Duchy. The obstinacy of the Danes, too often encouraged by ill-informed foreign advisers, alone prevented an equitable settlement of the dispute; but Germany would never have assented to any compromise which would not have included the undisputed possession of Kiel. The port itself was within the indisputably German territory of Holstein, but it was used for the naval purposes of the sovereign who was also King of Denmark. A part of the bay was included in the province of Schleswig, which was claimed as an indefeasible possession of the Danish Crown. The Northern coast of Germany is but ill supplied with naval stations; and it seemed intolerable to

patriotic jurists that a German harbour should be occupied by a foreign Power. In an earlier generation it had been thought perfectly natural that an independent King should also be a prince of the Roman Empire, or, at a later period, a member of the German Confederation. The statesmen who framed the Treaty of Vienna failed to understand the change which had passed over national feeling during the long wars which followed the French Revolution. It was commonly supposed, except by scholar-like German politicians, that the objects of the Confederation then substituted for the obsolete Empire would be exclusively defensive. Both the King of DENMARK and the King of the NETHERLANDS were included in the Confederation in respect of the duchies of Holstein and Luxemburg, while they were supposed to direct the policy of the rest of their dominions without any reference to German interests. Thirty years elapsed after the peace before it was understood that Holstein and Kiel could not belong at the same time to Germany and to Denmark.

The EMPEROR'S visit to Kiel has produced more than ordinary enthusiasm, because it was, amongst other reasons, intended to celebrate the completion of a new ship of the line as a step in the expected advance of Germany to maritime supremacy. In his speech the EMPEROR stated that the name of the *Frederick the Great* was peculiarly appropriate to the first German ironclad ship which had been constructed at Kiel. It is true that the chief founder of Prussian greatness can scarcely have foreseen either the Imperial pre-eminence of his family or even the possession by Prussia of the Duchy of Holstein. In his time Prussia scarcely aspired to the rank of a naval Power, although he was at all times jealous of the maritime pretensions of England. Nevertheless his successor is fully justified in assuming that FREDERICK THE GREAT would have approved of every form of aggrandizement of his country and his dynasty, and of every attainable acquisition by land or sea. The Germans of the present day are unanimously desirous of increasing the national strength where it has hitherto been relatively deficient. In 1864 the Prussians were unable to encounter Denmark at sea, and in 1870 Germany was confessedly inferior to France. The recent expansion of commercial activity has tended to increase the mercantile marine; and there is no reason why the German Empire should not at a corresponding expense become the equal of Italy, or perhaps of France, as a maritime Power. Some German journalists have lately, with a levity not belonging to the national character, expatiated on the achievements and capabilities of a couple of gunboats which are cruising on the northern coast of Spain. The description of the activity and courage of the seamen, and of the jealous admiration of the natives, was not more dignified than the similar enthusiasm excited in the minds of English provincial reporters by a volunteer review; but it is intelligible that the nation which possesses an unequalled army should wish to have an efficient fleet, as the first of naval Powers sometimes endeavours to persuade itself that a few good regiments would be a match for a Continental army.

It would be interesting to learn whether any patriot in Holstein now remembers the hereditary claim of the Duke of AUGUSTENBERG to the ducal throne. Ten years ago it was deemed treasonable to question the hereditary right of the Prince who had been superseded by usurping European diplomatists in favour of the King of DENMARK. After the expulsion of the Danish forces, the rights of the lawful Pretender still commanded a certain show of respect; and the Prussian Government employed a Commission of lawyers

to examine the title which was afterwards summarily disregarded. On further consideration the Prussian Minister decided that Austria and Prussia had acquired both Holstein and Schleswig by right of conquest; and the cession of the Austrian claim after the war of 1866 completed the Prussian title. Although there was a certain cynicism in the mode of annexation, the inclusion of the provinces in the Prussian monarchy was the most desirable arrangement both for local and for national interests. Although the minor princes have submitted with commendable docility to the newly-created predominance of the Empire, it is possible that, when the pressure of BISMARCK'S strong hand is removed, the jealousies and ambitions by which the Confederacy was formerly distracted may revive. The chief security for the maintenance of national unity is the preponderating power of Prussia, which derives no inconsiderable increase of strength from the possession of the Duchies, including their naval stations. The people of Holstein, though they may have formerly cherished their provincial independence, feel a legitimate pride in belonging to a great State which is at the same time the principal member of the Empire. Holstein is fortunate in possessing a homogeneous population; but in Schleswig a dual Government would have probably been embarrassed by disputes with its Danish subjects. The complaints which are said to have been addressed in tones of studied moderation to the Government of Berlin would probably have been preferred in stronger language to a petty sovereign, who would at the same time have been a successful competitor. Except in the northern districts which Prussia retains in spite of justice and of the obligations of a treaty, no disaffection to the actual Government exists in either of the Duchies. It is incredible that a prudent statesman should wish to extend German sovereignty over the kingdom of Denmark.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER, "NEMO," AND THE
SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER and a correspondent of the *Times* under the signature of "Nemo" have raised separate objections to the statements and arguments of a recent article in the *Saturday Review* on the conversion of Lord RIFON. Sir GEORGE BOWYER, on behalf of himself and Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, denies that they are willing in their zeal for Rome to sanction the dismemberment of the Empire. As he truly states, both the English advocates of Home Rule disclaimed, in common with Mr. BUTT and his Irish supporters, the policy which is attributed to them, not as a deliberate purpose, but as a natural consequence of the proposed measure. As a logician and a practised debater, Sir GEORGE BOWYER ought to be aware that in the conduct of a controversy some obvious steps in an argument are frequently necessarily omitted. The Paris Communists denied that they were murderers when they killed the Archbishop of PARIS, or promoters of rebellion and anarchy because they wrested the possession of Paris from the Government of France; yet Sir GEORGE BOWYER would probably think himself justified in discussing their conduct on his own principles, and not according to their own interpretation. When, with one or two exceptions, every English and Scotch member who is not a Roman Catholic opposes Home Rule as necessarily leading to the dismemberment of the Empire, it is a plausible conjecture that zealous Roman Catholics representing Irish constituencies are consciously or unconsciously influenced by an ecclesiastical bias in their eccentric political tenets. Neither Sir G. BOWYER nor Lord ROBERT MONTAGU would be Irish members if they were not Roman Catholic converts; and it is a singular coincidence that they should have persuaded themselves in all sincerity that a measure which would obviously facilitate the supremacy of their adopted Church is not incompatible with the national unity and greatness which are primary objects with their non-Catholic countrymen. Cardinal CLEMMY had probably sufficient reasons for opposing in one Irish county a Home Rule candidate. The Irish hierarchy and priesthood will scarcely disclaim the responsibility of having contributed at the last general election to the return of sixty supporters of Home Rule, including Sir G. BOWYER and Lord ROBERT MONTAGU. The Home Rule members who accept Mr. BUTT'S professions in earnest probably form a minority of the whole body, and they are certainly dupes. It may be readily admitted that those who identify Home Rule with separation beg the question

which they have on many previous occasions fully discussed. Sir G. BOWYER is a loyal English gentleman, but he is liable to misapprehend the relative force on his own mind of political and religious motives. A Mussulman enthusiast who was also an English patriot would have little difficulty in convincing himself that the duty of converting infidels by force had a tendency to secure the English tenure of the Indian Empire.

The zealous Roman Catholic who assumes the signature of "NEMO" misunderstands both the propositions which he assails and the doctrines which he imprudently undertakes to defend. The oath which he, rightly or wrongly, affirms to be a part of the puerile mysteries of Freemasonry may probably be subject to some trivial moral objection. It would be better not to swear to nonsense, though no reasonable man would hold that the misuse of a solemn form tended to impair the sanctity of a serious oath; but the comparison which is instituted by "NEMO" between Lord RIFON and HEROD ANTIPAS is at the same time bombastic and absurd. If "NEMO" were a professional casuist and not a mere amateur, he would understand that as a layman he is guilty of presumption in vindicating the ways of the POPE to man. Cardinal CLEMMY, who understands his own business, is always careful to explain that the mortal sin of Freemasons consists, not in the intrinsic wickedness of a secret oath, but in disobedience to the decrees of a paramount and infallible authority. When HEROD hastily swore to comply with any request which might be preferred by the agile daughter of HERODIAS, he implicitly undertook to murder a prophet who had given no just cause of offence. Lord RIFON, if he took an oath as Grand Master of the Freemasons, assuredly never undertook to put either the Archbishop of CANTERBURY or the POPE to death even at the unanimous request of the worshipful brethren. As a gentleman of unblemished honour, and, till lately, a Minister of the QUEEN, Lord RIFON was incapable of giving any pledge inconsistent with the strictest rules of morality. It was only when he acknowledged the authority of the POPE that his engagements as a Freemason can have disturbed his conscience. That which was, according to the old phrase, not *nudum in se*, became *malum prohibitum*. It was, on the other hand, intrinsically wrong to put JOHN THE BAPTIST'S head into a charger, but, as there was in those days no infallible POPE, HEROD was guiltless of the sin of disobedience which is imputed to Fenians and Freemasons. It is therefore a questionable, and on Roman Catholic principles an heretical, proposition that "HEROD was as inexcusable for the rashness of his fatal oath as if he had been an Ultramontane Catholic instead of a Hellenized Jew." HEROD only committed a murder with the brutal levity of an Oriental despot. In different circumstances he might have been guilty of mortal sin in disobeying the POPE.

Archbishop MANNING not unreasonably censures the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* for quoting as authentic an absurd caricature of the Roman Catholic creed, attributed by a facetious Protestant to the converted Elector of SAXONY. By an odd coincidence it happens that one of the Archbishop's staff has since published an equally fabulous oath which he supposes to be taken by the Freemasons. The genuine form is probably rather frivolous than atrocious; but it is only known to the initiated. It seems that both CICERO and GROTIUS anticipated the Papal decree by disapproving of solemn oaths on trifling occasions. If nevertheless the Freemasons take an oath about matters which may be supposed to be trivial, it follows that the late Lord ZETLAND, the PRINCE OF WALES, and Lord RIFON differed from the Roman and Dutch moralists, perhaps because they had not sufficiently studied their writings. Both GROTIUS and CICERO would, if they had considered the question, probably have held that a fuss about nothing was almost as objectionable as an unseasonable oath. CICERO would not have attributed to JULIUS CÆSAR, whose title of *Pontifex Maximus* is inherited by Pius IX., the power of converting a harmless trifle into a mortal sin. GROTIUS knew more than CICERO about the Popes; and it is not understood that he was a zealous supporter of their extreme pretensions. The suggestion that the POPE claims absolute control over his spiritual subjects ought not to form a subject of controversy between Protestants and Catholics. The claim is asserted by Romanist divines, and rejected by their opponents, but that the pretension is maintained by the Church can scarcely be disputed. It seems unreasonable to deny that a convert who, at the command of the Church, renounces a course

of action which he had previously deemed to be innocent, submits to absolute dictation, and repudiates his own independence of moral judgment. It would perhaps be discourteous to hint that "NEMO," with the best and most orthodox intentions, is unconsciously heretical; but if he submits his letter to the *Times* to competent spiritual criticism, he will probably find that he has laid unhallowed hands on the wrong side of the Ark. He is on safer ground when he deals with secular topics, such as BISMARCK and his prototype NERO. The "Englishman before anything" view which excites the indignation of "NEMO" has never been propounded in the *Saturday Review*. There is no question of accepting the religious creed of NERO or BISMARCK, but of establishing a practical rule of political action. With rare exceptions, which it is unnecessary to define or to anticipate, an English politician ought primarily to regard the honour and interests of England. Those of the French clergy who would gladly involve their country in a ruinous war for the benefit, not of France, but of the POPE, incur moral guilt for which the only excuse is their ignorance and political incapacity. At present there may perhaps be no conflict between English and Papal interests, except that the Home Rule movement is favoured by a large section of the Roman Catholic clergy; but if the POPE were to issue an infallible decree that it was a mortal sin to send representatives from Ireland to an Imperial Parliament, it would be difficult to repose confidence in statesmen who had already acknowledged the POPE's power to define the limits of his own jurisdiction. No party in England claims for Parliament the right to assume the functions of the Inquisition by imposing or prohibiting religious opinions; but "NEMO" is, it may be feared, for a second time liable to the charge of heretical pravity in condemning a jurisdiction which was exercised for centuries by the Holy Office under the authority of the POPE. It is after all not worth while to inquire whether secular or ecclesiastical objects ought to engage the preference of statesmen. It is enough to know that those who are devoted to such mundane purposes as the promotion of the greatness and prosperity of England will, if they are well advised, employ agents whose attention is not diverted to different and perhaps antagonistic ends. To repeat a familiar illustration, a shareholder in the Midland Company who opposes the construction of a branch line because it may possibly injure the Great Northern Company, in which he has a larger stake, can scarcely expect to command the confidence of his Midland partners. The analogy of HEROD, BISMARCK, and NERO with the opponents of Papal pretensions is not equally obvious.

THE COALITION IN MAINE AND LOIRE.

THE Maine and Loire election has produced a singularly discreditable coalition between the supporters of the two candidates who stood lowest on the poll on Sunday week. It was natural enough that the Imperialist candidate should withdraw; indeed, with the Septennate playing the game of the Empire so thoroughly, it is almost strange that the Bonapartists should not have been content with M. BRUAS in the first instance. It was natural enough that the Septennatists should secretly hope to gain for their candidate a certain, perhaps a large, proportion of the votes originally given to M. BERGER. They are anxious of course that M. BRUAS should win on the second ballot, and in the excitement of an election the antecedents of your supporters must not be scrutinized too closely. The best testimony to a man's merits is the fact that he is going to vote on your side. But it is one thing to accept votes, or even to canvass for them privately, and quite another thing openly to solicit them on the plea of identity in political views. It is this latter step that has been taken by the Septennatists in the Maine and Loire election. M. BRUAS, in his second circular with the words, "M. BERGER has withdrawn; I am therefore the only Conservative candidate." He does not dispute the claim of the Bonapartists to be ranked among Conservatives, and by not disputing it he admits that the gulf which separates the Septennatists from the Empire is less impassable than that which separates them from the Republic. Nor does M. BRUAS stand alone in this respect. The principal Orleanist organ is equally eager to include the Bonapartists under the same general title. It admits that it thinks their particular theory of Conservatism mistaken, but it confesses that there is a common platform on which they may both work together. The

Bonapartists hate the Republic, and in every enemy of the Republic the *Journal de Paris* recognizes a friend whose alliance will be welcome even though he may have a few failings to be condoned.

This is to us a new discovery as regards the Orleanists. We had thought that, great as might be their detestation of the Republic, their detestation of the Empire was still greater. They seemed strangely blind to the progress which Imperialism is making in France, and strangely ignorant of the cause to which that progress is to be traced. But we thought that, if once they could be enlightened on these two points, their conversion would follow as a matter of course. The Orleanists are not unreasonably alarmed at the prospect of the furious political contests which would await them under a Republic. They would prefer, alike on theoretical and practical grounds, the mild constitutionalism of a limited Monarchy. No one can blame them for their taste, or for their determination to use such means as present themselves to create the Government which they desire. Nor does their refusal to see that the accomplishment of their wishes is impracticable imply anything more than an intellectual defect. To outsiders it seems sufficiently plain that there are only two possible Governments for France, and that whoever is not for the Republic must, whether he wills it or not, be for the Empire. But a party which is keenly interested in the realization of a third alternative may be excused for shutting its eyes to facts. The sin of the Orleanists consists in this—that they have opened their eyes to facts, and have not been shocked by the revolution. If it is clear that the Republic can only be defeated by a coalition with the Bonapartists, it is equally clear that whatever ground is gained by the coalition will be gained by the Bonapartist element in it. The Imperialists have a much larger following in the country than the Orleanists, and it is a following that increases every day. Supposing that the Orleanists succeed by their aid in getting rid of the Republic, they cannot expect the Bonapartists to join with them in proclaiming the Count of PARIS King. As between LOUIS PHILIPPE II. and NAPOLEON IV., which would be the most popular cry? On the side of the EMPEROR would be the army or a great part of it, the official hierarchy of almost all grades below the highest, the peasantry, and, at all events so long as the Count of CHAMBRORD lives, the Legitimists. On the side of the King would be the higher *bourgeoisie*, and so much of official society as has been leavened by the Orleanist sympathies of Marshal MACMAHON'S Government. It is impossible that any set of politicians, however shortsighted or however sanguine, can persuade themselves that there is any doubt which of these groups would be the stronger. It is impossible, therefore, that the Orleanists should be under any delusion as to the effect of a coalition with the Imperialists. They must know that it means one of two things—either the defeat of the Republic and a consequent Imperialist restoration, or the success of the Republic, unqualified by those Conservative influences which the Orleanists, if they would unite with the Left Centre, have it in their power to supply. As the latter is the result which they are especially set upon preventing, it follows that they must have made up their minds to acquiesce in the former. When we recollect the attitude of the Orleanists under the Empire, the dignified and consistent opposition which they offered to a system which then, as now, presented itself as the purest type of practical Conservatism, it is allowable to wonder at the change which must have come over them before they could regard M. BRUAS and M. BERGER as representing merely different aspects of a common faith.

It has still to be seen, however, whether the whole of the Orleanist party will follow the lead of the *Journal de Paris*, and whether Marshal MACMAHON will not himself be startled by this new development of Conservative policy. The Bonapartists never smarted more than under the sarcasms of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER when reporting on the military contracts made under NAPOLEON III., and it is hard to believe that the President of the Right Centre would really rather see the Septennate followed by a third Empire than transformed into a permanent Republic. At all events it is something gained that the issue between the Republic and the Empire should be so clearly raised as it is now in Maine and Loire, and will probably be again in the elections which are shortly to follow. When Imperialism first raised its head after its tremendous fall there were symptoms of real alarm among the Orleanists. One section of the party has evidently succeeded in lulling

its terrors to rest, but it is possible that another section may be less accomplished in the art of self-deception. As regards Marshal MACMAHON, he will perhaps be guided by the result of the approaching contests. Between this and Christmas there will be more partial elections than have yet been crowded together within so short a period. If there should be any striking uniformity in the political complexion of the members returned, the PRESIDENT may find the lesson easier to read than he has found it when the repetitions of it have taken place at longer intervals. The victory of the Republican candidates or of the Imperialist candidates would each be significant, and the victory of a Septennatist candidate, if secured—as, supposing it to be secured at all, it will be—by the co-operation of the Bonapartists, would be no less significant than the direct return of an Imperialist. If the MARSHAL had no other motive for distrusting the coalition effected in Maine and Loire, he might find one in the improbability that practised politicians like the Bonapartists would be so ready to bolster up the Septennate unless they saw their way to profit by it. It seems impossible that Marshal MACMAHON should again meet the Assembly without some serious thought upon the position he is to take up with regard to the consolidation of his powers. He has found during his recent journeys a striking unanimity of desire to see France furnished with settled institutions of some kind. If he wishes to gratify that desire, he has but two alternatives open to him. He may throw the weight of his personal authority into the Republican scale, and by that means detach a sufficient number of votes from the Right Centre to obtain a majority for the Republic in the existing Assembly. Or he may throw the weight of his personal authority into the scale of a Dissolution, in the hope of finding a new Assembly ready to give France a permanent Government which shall be neither Republican nor Imperialist. The latter of these courses has not much promise of success. The country may prove to have recovered from its Republican fit, but, if so, it will be only because it has fallen into an Imperialist fit. It is possible, therefore, that Marshal MACMAHON may yet try the experiment of instructing his Ministers to adopt the project of M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER, and consolidate the Republic while they are consolidating the Septennate. It is an unlikely supposition, but at present speculations on the course of events in France resolve themselves into a choice between improbabilities.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE inquiries which take place from time to time in regard to the slaughter of passengers by Railway Companies, though practically useless as a means of discipline or punishment for the latter, are at least interesting in furnishing the public with a statement of what is known as the "railway point of view." We had the railway point of view in great force at Wigan, when the principle was laid down that a Railway Company is entitled to send as much traffic as it can get over its line, without reference to the amount of accommodation provided for it, and that, if people are killed in consequence, that is only one of the necessary risks which must be encountered. We meet the railway point of view again in an equally clear and decided form in connexion with the recent massacre at Thorpe. Mr. ROBERTSON, the Superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway, said that "he approved generally of the train 'staff' system, and had introduced it on twelve or thirteen 'of the Great Eastern Company's single lines.'" It may be presumed, therefore, that he thought it valuable as a security for the safety of passengers. He went on to say, however, that it was quite impossible that passengers on the single line between Norwich and Brandall could enjoy the protection which was deemed indispensable on other parts of the system, the reason being "the number 'of special fish trains which had to be run.'" The families of the twenty-three people who were killed at Thorpe, and all those who were more or less maimed and mangled, will therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that the reason why precautions which are admitted by the Company's own practice to be necessary in other cases were not taken in this instance was simply that the Company preferred the profits of a brisk trade in fish to the safety of their passengers. There are no doubt a great many odd points of view in the world, but it is seldom that such a point of view as that of the Railway Companies is put forth with such cynical and

shameless candour. It is quite possible to conceive a BURKE and HARE point of view the logic of which would be very much of the same character. The Railway Companies here claim, not only tacitly, but openly, the right to kill their passengers, or at least to place them in imminent danger of being killed, in order that they may make the largest possible amount of profit out of their lines. The first thing to be done is to get as much business as possible; and the public must be content with just as much, or as little, safety as is compatible with special fish trains, excursion trains, irregular goods trains, and any other means of filling the pockets of the Companies which may be devised without reference to actual accommodation or existing obligations. There were two things which the Great Eastern might have done. They might either have doubled the line from Brandall to Norwich, or worked it on the staff system; that is, they might either have extended the line to make room for more traffic, or kept down the traffic to suit a single line. But they did neither. It is admitted that the traffic between Norwich and Yarmouth has increased 33 per cent. during the last fifteen years. "Thousands of excursionists passed over the line between Norwich and Yarmouth every summer; the goods and 'fish traffic were also heavy.'" Yet, notwithstanding the growing revenue derived from this part of the line, the Company could not bring themselves till quite lately to spend anything on it, and even now they are going to double only a small part. On the other hand, they might have enforced the staff system, which would have made the line safe; but then that would have been "inconvenient," for they could not have carried so much fish. An account might be made out in two columns—so much fish against so much slaughter. The public is assumed not to be so stupidly selfish as to expect that a Railway Company should spend a little money or give up a little extra traffic merely in order to make passengers reasonably safe.

It is very important that the questions thus raised between the Railway Companies and the public should be distinctly stated. It is possible that one or other of the officials at Norwich may be punished by a brief imprisonment for the error which was committed, and the Great Eastern shareholders will have to smart in heavy damages. Except, however, in so far as they may apply this warning, the Great Eastern Company will be perfectly free to go on working the line on which the disaster happened just as before. Indeed, this is what they are now doing; and even when the double line is made there will still be a section of single line between East Norfolk Junction and Brandall. Mr. ROBERTSON, the General Superintendent, made a remark which is extremely significant. He "thought the introduction of the staff system between Norwich and Brandall 'would only increase irregularities, especially in the case 'of a break-down.'" Other evidence which was given would seem to show that chronic irregularity is the normal state of at least this part of the Great Eastern system. Mr. STEPHENSON, District Superintendent, said that the down express had lately been getting more and more irregular in reaching Norwich; and Mr. ROBERTSON remarked that "in 'the summer months the trains were heavier, and that 'caused delay.'" Yet no special precautions appear to have been taken to guard against the increasing delays, irregularity, and consequent danger. Just observe how the work was really done. There is an understanding on the Great Eastern that any message relating to traffic on a single line must be signed by the official sending it before it is transmitted. The Superintendent said he should treat the despatch of an unsigned message by a telegraph clerk as a serious offence, to be dealt with according to circumstances, the clerk's previous character, &c. The District Telegraph Superintendent was equally emphatic as to the gravity of this offence:—"It was the duty of a telegraph clerk to see 'that a single-line message was signed by the inspector 'before sending it. Witness had never seen an unsigned 'message forwarded. If he had detected such a thing 'he should have very severely reprimanded the clerk concerned." It seems to be thought rather an exculpation of the officials that Mr. RAVENHILL, Captain TYLER's assessor, who examined the Norwich single-line telegraph books for twelve months, found "only three 'cases in which unsigned messages had been forwarded 'during that period." It will perhaps be thought that "only" is hardly the right word to apply to three irregularities in the course of a year, when any one of these irregularities might have been, as in the present case, destructive of human life. But we must put the fact that

these three irregularities did occur along with the District Telegraph Superintendent's statement that this is an offence of the gravest kind for which an offender would be severely punished, and that he had never heard of even a single instance in which it had happened. It is quite clear, therefore, that no attempt was made by the superior officers to ascertain whether this regulation was adhered to or not, and that it might have been broken every night without their knowing or apparently caring.

Another important rule is that no train shall pass over a single line without written authority. Mr. ROBERTSON, the Superintendent, stated that this rule was imperative in all cases, and that "the written authority was to be handed to drivers by the station-masters concerned." It would seem, however, that Mr. STEPHENSON, District Superintendent at Norwich, was not aware of this rule, for he said that "No instructions were given to the engine-drivers except by word of mouth." There is also a rule that when on a single line the crossing-place of trains going in opposite directions is changed, a special starting-order is to be given to the guard, who is to hand a copy to the engine-driver, and then both guard and driver are to satisfy themselves that proper arrangements have been made for the train to proceed. It will be observed that this is a very pretty rule for production before a coroner's jury. Nothing can be more careful and considerate than the conduct of the Company in prescribing all these checks, precautions, and securities; and what more can a Company do? It would of course be too much to expect that any of the superior officers of the Company should take the trouble to see whether these fine paper regulations are really carried out. Indeed it seems to be perfectly understood that they are provided only for the look of the thing, and are not intended to be carried out at all. "In practice," Mr. STEPHENSON says, "it has been found most convenient" not to obey this rule; accordingly the order is given to the driver and the guard receives an oral communication. Mr. STEPHENSON, however, contradicts himself on this point, for he had previously stated that no instructions were given to drivers except by word of mouth.

In the case of a recent collision on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway we have another illustration of the manner in which what is called the train staff and ticket system is worked upon a single line. The minute precision of the regulations on the subject is an acknowledgment of the importance of the precautions which are required to be taken. No engine or train is to leave a station unless the staff for that part of the line is actually at the station. If no second engine or train is to follow, the staff is to be shown to the guard, and then given to the engine-driver. If anything else is to follow, the staff is to be shown both to the guard and to the driver; but, instead of the staff being given to the latter, he is to receive a ticket stating "Staff following," which is to be his authority for starting. Thus either the staff must be shown and a ticket given, or the staff itself must be handed to the driver before a train is permitted to pass the station. And when the staff is away, that part of the line is to be considered blocked until its return. Moreover, as an additional security, the train tickets are to be kept in a box fastened by an inside spring, and the key to open this box is the train staff, so that—in theory—a ticket cannot be obtained without the staff. All this is beautiful on paper, and it is obvious that if these various rules were adhered to a collision would be impossible. Nevertheless, a collision did actually occur, and the reason of this is simply that nobody on the line appears to have thought it necessary to pay the slightest attention to the rules. The station-master had despatched the staff with a ballast-train, and had then gone off without leaving any one specially in charge of the station, or mentioning that the staff was away. A goods clerk had, in his absence, taken the responsibility of giving a Caledonian goods train which came up a ticket to go on, without troubling himself as to where the staff was. In theory the box where the tickets were kept could not be opened without the staff, but the clerk found the tickets, not in the box, but on the station-master's desk; and it appears that it was a constant practice to open the ticket-box with a ruler or poker when the staff was away. The driver of the offending goods train stated that sometimes he saw the staff and that sometimes he did not, and that more often he did not, and that he did not consider it his duty to ask to see it if it was not shown to him. These and other disclosures would seem to show clearly enough that the Railway Companies are for the most part

content to lay down rules without making any serious attempt to see that they are enforced, and that, in order to save time, officials of all grades are encouraged to neglect necessary and reasonable precautions, and to work the traffic anyhow on their own responsibility.

SPAIN AND EUROPE.

IF it is true that MORTONES or LASERNA has introduced a convoy into Pampeluna, the Carlists can scarcely hope to obtain any decisive success in Navarre. It is remarkable that they have never, except by the aid of internal treachery, captured any considerable town or fortress. There is much probability in the rumour that the districts from which they derive their resources are becoming tired of the war; but for the present Don CARLOS has intimated no intention of abandoning his interminable enterprise. It is even asserted that several cadets of the Spanish family of BOURBON have decided at a formal meeting that Don CARLOS is not only legitimate King of Spain, but heir of the Count of CHAMBORD in France. It is undoubtedly true that the descendant of PHILIP V. and of LOUIS XIV. is nearer in blood to the House of France than the Princes of ORLEANS who descend from LOUIS XIII.; and it might be plausibly contended that the Treaty of Utrecht is inapplicable to the circumstances of modern Europe; yet it is scarcely credible that two or three dispossessed Italian princes should presume to dispose of the accession to the throne of France; nor is their opinion likely to influence any party in Spain. There is no common basis of controversy between Royalists and Republicans; and the title of the Prince of the ASTURIAS is not less tenable than the pretensions of Don CARLOS. The male heir claims under the French law of succession which was introduced into Spain by the BOURBONS, and FERDINAND VII., with the assent of the Cortes, professed to revive in favour of his daughter the more ancient Spanish rule of descent. It is strange that a dynastic dispute as little connected with national interests as the Wars of the Roses should be prosecuted by successive generations in modern Europe. Foreigners have not even yet succeeded in understanding either the strength or the weakness of the Carlist cause. It is evident that the volunteers who sustain the struggle must be in earnest; but it is doubtful whether they are actuated by an imaginative feeling of loyalty, or by attachment to their own provincial independence. The clergy have never adhered as a body to the Legitimist Pretender, nor has he been openly favoured by the Pope.

The encouragement which the Government of Madrid derived from the recognition accorded by the majority of European Powers has recently abated. The different Ambassadors and Ministers have been accredited, not to the Republic, but personally to the Chief of the Executive Power. The representatives of Germany and Austria, evidently acting under concerted instructions, addressed Marshal SERRANO when they were received in formal audience, not as President, but as Duke of LA TORRE; and consequently they might without inconsistency withdraw their recognition from any successor who might be chosen by the nation. It has not been stated whether England follows the lead of Germany in the form as well as in the time of recognition. If the Spaniards think fit to describe their State as a Republic, there is no reason why foreign Governments should question the propriety of the designation. According to the ordinary use of language, a Republic is the alternative of a Monarchy; so that a nation without a king, although it may be subject to a provisionally absolute Government, is properly described as a Republic. On the abdication of King AMADEO a Republic was proclaimed by the Cortes which purported to represent the country; and when PAVIA turned the Cortes out of doors, no nominal change was made in the form of government. It is as President of a Republic that Marshal SERRANO is, like his predecessors, recognized by the United States of America, and it might be supposed that the same institutions are maintained for purposes of intercourse with Europe. In accepting from Germany and other Powers an ambiguous title, SERRANO probably wishes to leave himself open to the adoption of any political system which he may consider expedient for himself or for the nation. It is not even known whether the omission of all reference to a Republic was suggested by the PRESIDENT himself. He may perhaps calculate that his tenure of power will be confirmed by a personal recog-

dition of his independent authority. The approval of Germany and of France will enable him for the present to dispense with the convocation of a Cortes and with any form of constitutional sanction.

The refusal of Russia to concur in the recognition of the Spanish Government appears to have been deliberate and probably final. The Emperor ALEXANDER seems to have recurred to the policy of his father, who affected to be the champion of legitimate monarchy in every part of Europe. It was only under the pressure of necessity that NICHOLAS recognized LOUIS PHILIPPE in France and ISABELLA II. in Spain. The Quadruple Alliance of England, France, Spain, and Portugal was avowedly intended to counteract the policy of the Northern Courts, and especially of Russia. It is conjectured, not without probability, that one of the objects of the Emperor ALEXANDER is to proclaim his independence by refusing in a matter of secondary importance to follow the lead of Germany. For this purpose it would have been sufficient to withhold recognition; but, if a hitherto uncontradicted statement may be trusted, the Emperor has voluntarily affixed a more general meaning to his policy by addressing a letter to Don CARLOS on the disadvantages of revolutionary change. It is perfectly true that strict adherence to the principle of hereditary succession constitutes the best security against disorder and civil war; but the lesson was scarcely needed by the Spanish Pretender; and it is too late for the nation to profit by the benevolent counsels of Russia. The Spanish rule of succession was altered nearly fifty years ago, and the dynasty which was consequently placed upon the throne is now in exile. The suggestion that the Emperor ALEXANDER is neutral between the rival Pretenders seems to be far-fetched. It is true that Queen ISABELLA or her son might sympathize with denunciations of revolutionary movements and of Republics; but in addressing a letter to Don CARLOS the Emperor of Russia will be generally supposed to have acknowledged the validity of his claims. If the Imperial throne of Russia were not beyond the range of revolutions, a formal censure which would apply to all recent European changes might have seemed injudicious. A dozen Italian and German princes have been relegated into private life since the commencement of the Spanish troubles; and Austria has been excluded from the German Confederation. Russia has acquiesced more or less cordially in the results which have been attained, and there is some inconsistency in questioning the principles on which alone accomplished facts can be justified.

The French Royalists and other opponents of Marshal MACMAHON's Government have found in the Emperor ALEXANDER's letter to Don CARLOS an additional reason for disapproving of the recognition of SERRANO. It is not surprising that any difference of policy between Germany and Russia should encourage the hopes of dissatisfied French politicians; but the importance both of the recognition and of the Russian protest may be easily exaggerated. One of the strangest of recent political rumours is the statement that the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE has been sent to France for the purpose of procuring the elevation of the Duke of AUMALE to the first place in the French Government. It is equally difficult to understand why Russia should concern herself with the interests of the ORLEANS Princes, and how the supposed scheme could be furthered by the officious interference of a member of the Imperial Family of Russia. It is absurd to suppose that the Emperor ALEXANDER is contriving an alliance with France and Spain against Germany, although ingenious speculators have devised a cause of quarrel in the supposed designs of Prince BISMARCK against the independence of Denmark. It may be taken for granted that the Emperor ALEXANDER has made the condition of Spain serve as a text for a political discourse simply because remoteness renders interference in Spanish quarrels obviously impracticable. The German Government resented by the recognition of SERRANO an outrage committed by the Carlists on a German officer; but the hopes and fears of intervention in the Spanish quarrel have already subsided. Russia will give no assistance to Don CARLOS, nor Germany to the Government of Madrid. It is only because military operations are sluggish and indecisive that politicians amuse themselves by speculations on the intentions of distant and indifferent potentates. If SERRANO, by himself or his lieutenants, at last succeeds in terminating the civil war, he may regard with perfect equanimity any friendly relations which may have been established between the Emperor ALEXANDER and Don CARLOS.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE causes and consequences of the late events in New Orleans are not yet fully understood. The short-lived revolution in the government of the State of Louisiana is inaccurately described as a riot; nor has it perhaps been altogether abortive, though KELLOGG and his accomplices are for the present restored to office. A forcible protest has been made against a prolonged abuse of power, and the irregularities which were necessarily committed have been condoned by the Federal Government. The promoters of the insurrection must have anticipated the action of the PRESIDENT, and the result shows that they had no intention of risking a collision with the regular army, however small might be the number of disposable troops. It has been rightly observed that New Orleans is untenable against a naval force. In the early part of the Civil War the city surrendered as soon as the Federal squadron had passed the obstacles at the mouth of the river. The respectable part of the population and their leaders probably intended only to exhibit their superiority in numbers and organization to the supporters of the State Government, and perhaps to convey a warning against future usurpation. On the other hand, it has been too hastily assumed that the amnesty granted by General EMORY was a proof of weakness on the part of the Government at Washington. General GRANT must be well aware that he is responsible for the violence and corruption of KELLOGG, and he may have desired to intimate that, while he could not allow his own authority to be defied, no moral blame attached to the authors of the movement which had been provoked by an attempt to falsify future elections. General GRANT is unfortunately implicated, through a near connexion who holds a Federal office at New Orleans, in the local misgovernment of the city and State; but it is doubtful whether, in the event of a second disputed election, he would decide the controversy in favour of the Black Republican candidate. If General GRANT has made up his mind to seek a second re-election, he will probably think it expedient to conciliate the white inhabitants of the South. The Republican Conventions have hitherto not countenanced the renewal of his candidature, and he probably entertains no prejudice against the party to which he formerly belonged. The merits of the local quarrel in Louisiana may probably have been indicated by the character and position of the insurgent leaders. The only claim of the KELLOGG faction to consideration is derived from the adoption of their cause by one of the acknowledged leaders of the Confederates. General LONGSTREET, whose patriotism and honour were never questioned during the Civil War, thought it his duty to accept the command of the Militia under the actual Government, and in that capacity he lately surrendered the arsenals of New Orleans to the insurgent citizens.

In former times it would have been thought strange that the exercise of the sovereignty of a State of the Union should depend on the discretion of the President. Although the facts are disputed, it seems probable that the election of KELLOGG was fraudulent; nor was it doubted that the Federal judge who affirmed the validity of the election acted either on party grounds or under direct instructions from Washington. It was perhaps unavoidable that the PRESIDENT should sustain the judgment of the Court; and when KELLOGG was once recognized the insurgents, though they might be virtually the representatives of law and order, were technically rebels. It is not for the interest of the United States that the violent remedies usual in South American Republics should be employed even in the case of the grossest abuses. If the better classes were allowed to supersede the authority of a nominee of the rabble, the example would probably be followed by any discontented faction which found itself for the moment superior in physical force. At the same time it must be remembered that the insurgents had submitted patiently to the GOVERNOR whom they had regarded as a usurper, until he took measures for disfranchising his adversaries at the next election. They appointed in his place the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR who, according to their contention, had been legally elected, and they filled all the State offices with the candidates who had been chosen by the genuine majority of the constituency. It is possible that KELLOGG may be frightened into moderation by the proof that he is opposed by the moral and physical force of the State, and by the possibility that before another election his patron at Washington may have

changed his policy, especially if his own candidature is rejected by the mass of the Republican party. The permanent suppression of the public opinion of the South is utterly inconsistent with American traditions. The more judicious Republican leaders cannot but feel that the support of such adventurers as KELLOGG involves their party in gratuitous discredit.

Although the opponents of the State Government of Louisiana appear to have had no connexion with outrages which may have been inflicted on the coloured population, there is no doubt that serious acts of violence have been perpetrated or threatened in various parts of the South. General GRANT's Circular to the military commanders of districts, which seems to have been issued before the temporary deposition of KELLOGG, conforms to the strictest rules of constitutional propriety. Commanding officers are directed to comply with the instructions which may from time to time be given by the Attorney-General, who will be responsible for the legal character of the measures which may be adopted. The military force at the disposal of the Federal Government is insignificant in numbers, but, as in New Orleans, its presence will probably be sufficient in every case to discountenance resistance. Disorderly bands will not fail to know that, if they were to defeat a handful of regular troops, the PRESIDENT's appeal would in a few days or weeks be answered by an irresistible force of armed volunteers and militia. It is not in this generation that the South, in spite of its just discontent, will venture to renew a disastrous war. Even if its inferiority in strength had not been conclusively demonstrated, all the circumstances have changed to its disadvantage. The slaves were, with few exceptions, loyal to their masters, or neutral; but the freedmen who have since enjoyed and misused political power would be formidable auxiliaries of the Northern armies. In many of the States the coloured militia are armed, and they have acquired the rudiments of discipline. The chief of the Federal Government is a successful soldier, and he would command the services of many able and experienced generals. It is through a rearrangement of parties, and not by a resort to force, that the Southern democrats may reasonably hope to recover political power.

The language used by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and by other eminent Southern politicians furnishes sufficient evidence of the truth of the charges which are advanced against the disorderly part of the white population. Even if all considerations of humanity and good feeling were set aside, the commonest prudence would suggest the expediency of professing friendly intentions to the coloured inhabitants of the South. The victorious majority, after the close of the Civil War, rightly held that the liberated negroes were the clients of the nation. The unlucky boon of the suffrage was but an exaggerated acknowledgment of an undeniable duty. According to American notions, the obligation to protect the negroes was most effectually discharged by giving them a constitutional right to protect themselves. As might have been expected, they have shown themselves incapable of exercising political power, but they have in no degree forfeited their right to security of property and person. Their assailants, as Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS perceives, wantonly deprive themselves of the benefit of the reaction which had been produced by experience of coloured misgovernment; and the necessity of maintaining friendly relations between the freedmen and their masters is social and economic as well as political. The prosperity of the Gulf States depends on the industry of the coloured population; and it is indispensable to substitute for compulsion sufficient inducements to labour. The former leaders of the Confederates may with perfect consistency repeat their former assertions that they were the best friends and the natural patrons of the inferior race. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's sentimental reference to the bonds which unite the Southern citizen with the attendants and companions of his childhood is probably justified by the experience of the better portion of the upper classes. It is at least an indispensable condition of the tolerance and support of the Northern States that the negroes should be assured of protection against ill-treatment and oppression. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS would not have addressed a warning to his fellow-citizens if there had not been much foundation for the reports of Southern outrages.

IRISH JURIES.

A BLUE-BOOK has just been issued which illustrates in a very striking and painful manner one of the great difficulties of Irish administration. There are some things which a Government can do for a country, and there are other things which the people alone can do for themselves. In the latter category must be placed trial by jury. A Government can supply judges, but the working of the jury system demands the loyal and intelligent co-operation of the people. If that is wanting, the whole thing breaks down. It has been said that the object of the British Constitution is to bring twelve men into a box, and Ireland has enjoyed the application of this sacred principle. It is obvious, however, that the value of the system depends in a great degree on the conduct of the twelve men when they have thus been brought together. The theory of trial by jury assumes the competence and honesty of the persons who compose the jury; but even the most fanatical idolater of the institution would scarcely deny that the consequences are likely to be disastrous if the jurors fall below the requisite standard of character and intelligence. Hitherto, however, it has unfortunately been part of the conventional hypocrisy with regard to Irish affairs to ignore the inquiry whether the people of that country are really fit for the functions imposed upon them. The great body of the Irish people are ignorant, passionate, and prejudiced, keenly alive to social and sectarian differences, and by no means disposed to take a calm, judicial view of any question. It might have been supposed therefore that it would have been seen to be necessary to confine the exercise of such important and delicate duties as those which a jury has to discharge to the educated and more sober and rational part of the community. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, under the instigation of Lord O'HAGAN and Cardinal CULLEN, was led to think otherwise, and in 1871 the more cautious system which had previously prevailed was cast aside, and the jury-box was thrown open to "flesh and blood" without reference to education or capacity. This was done, it should be observed, not because there had been any failure of justice, but in deference to an abstract theory of equality. It was held that the lower classes in Ireland could not be required to have confidence in the administration of justice unless they administered it themselves. This experiment has now been in force for a year or two, with the most deplorable, though most natural, results; and anybody who wishes to understand the paralysis and perversion of justice which at present prevails in Ireland cannot do better than study the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Irish Jury System which has just been published.

The first witness examined was Mr. HAMILTON, an Irish barrister who has had great experience on the subject. He told the Committee that there was really no such thing as trial by jury in Ireland, and that even the fiction of it would disappear under the slightest strain. The last two years, he said, had been quiet, but "in case of any agitation or disturbance you would have to suspend trial by jury altogether." The result of the present system had been to put "a mass of prejudice, ignorance, and disaffection on the panel." In ordinary cases the juries simply did what the judge directed; but in cases where there was any agrarian or other disturbing element there was usually no finding. The lower class of jurors were either terrified by the Ribbon-men or were friendly to them; and there was "to a considerable extent a sympathy with crime" on the part of juries. Mr. W. ORMSBY, Sub-sheriff of the county and city of Dublin, gave similar evidence. Juries were hopelessly ignorant, and it would be better to abolish them altogether than go on with the present system. Mr. WEST, Chairman of Wexford County, pointed out that the tendency of the existing system was to introduce class feeling into the jury-box. A gentleman in his county fired four pistol-shots at another, but the accused was represented as "a favourite of the people," and got off easily. His attorney said, "I put the frieze-coated gentlemen on the plaintiff, and made him consent to a plea of guilty for a common assault." In short, disagreements and acquittals in the teeth of evidence are of frequent occurrence. Mr. DE MOLEYNS, Chairman of the county of Kilkenny, thought there was a feeling among the lower sort of jurors that "they were one class" with the prisoners, and that they had strong sympathies with them. He added that

jurors were systematically canvassed by the friends of prisoners, and were "exposed to injuries in different ways" which we hardly appreciate." Mr. LEAHY, Chairman of the county of Limerick, stated that, with the new jurors, there was the greatest difficulty even in the clearest cases in getting a verdict at all. They made all sorts of excuses for disagreeing—that nobody actually saw the crime committed, that there was only one witness, and that was not enough, and so on. In one case a juror sent a doctor's certificate of his inability to attend, but he afterwards turned up because he had been canvassed by the friends of a prisoner to try to get him off. Mr. BOLTON, Crown Solicitor for Tipperary, mentioned a case in which one of the jurors was drunk, and another was found to have just come home from seven years' penal servitude for cattle-stealing. He also confirmed other witnesses as to the frequency of bad acquittals—"sixteen at Clonmel, and fourteen of them" as bad acquittals as could be pronounced. Cases of murderous violence were frequently reduced by juries to mere ordinary assaults. The common cry to jurors on going into the box was, "Go in and free the boys." The practice of canvassing jurors was "becoming quite alarming in Tipperary," and persons supposed to have influence were taken on curs round the country canvassing jurors. Mr. BORN, another Crown Solicitor in Tipperary, reported that canvassing was very largely practised there, and "very" "extraordinary" verdicts were often given. In Kildare a juror declared that he could not find a prisoner guilty under any circumstances, because "he might himself be guilty of 'the same to-morrow.'" In Ennis there was a case of shooting with intent to murder. The blunderbuss exploded and the assassin's hand was blown off and was produced in evidence. The man was acquitted by a jury, many of whom "had come twenty miles to try the boy," and who immediately adjourned with his friends to a public-house to celebrate the event. The prisoner himself is said to have asked for his hand back, and the judge remarked that he might as well have it.

Mr. MURPHY, Senior Crown Prosecutor, Dublin, stated that, as far as his experience went, in any case of agrarian outrage, faction fight, or serious assault between farmers or farmers' sons, and so on, there was very little use in prosecuting in a great part of the South of Ireland at the present time. At New Pallas, in the county of Limerick, for instance, the population is divided by an old feud about the age of a bull into what are called factions of "Three-year-olds" and "Four-year-olds"; and "terrible crimes, not merely savage assaults, but brutal murders, have occurred, and very recently." Yet there is a difficulty in repressing these outrages, because juries will not convict. Perhaps the strongest evidence as to the incapacity of Irish juries is that given by Baron DEASY. In Sligo, he said, there was a case of ejectment on notice to quit; the notice was the only point in the case, and was, in fact, admitted. But the counsel for the defendant got up and implored the jury to stand between an oppressive landlord and the widow and orphans; and the consequence was a verdict for the defendant, in opposition to the directions from the judge. The "poor widow" in this case was a lady of large fortune, with a town-house in Merriam Square and another house in the country, and the oppressive landlord was merely trying to get back his own property. In Galway the state of things is said to be truly deplorable. Out of a panel of 265 jurors, "not one" fifth were capable of trying any case whatever, civil or "criminal." In a case of sheep-stealing, the prisoner's counsel challenged every man who was decently dressed and seemed intelligent; the Crown objected to the ragamuffins; and "the result was that we went through the whole of the 265 names without being able to get a jury." Ultimately some "set-asides" were taken in, but a verdict could not be got after all. In an action for trespass, as to the facts of which there was no dispute, the jury would not agree to find any damages; "perhaps," says Baron DEASY, "because they thought that the plaintiff, 'being an hotel-keeper, had no right to have land at all.'" In another case a son had murdered his father and signed a confession, but his counsel argued that the confession was dictated by a sentiment which especially animates the Irish breast, a sense of filial affection, and that he had made it to screen his mother, an old woman aged eighty, who was too feeble to lift her hand. The prisoner was acquitted.

It is clear from this evidence that a very great mistake was committed in introducing a lower class of jurors into the box. It is not merely that many of these men are too

ignorant and stupid to understand the nature of the cases which they have to try, but that they act under the impression that they have been brought there to take care of themselves as a class, and to see that "poor men" come to no harm. Mr. Serjeant ARMISTEAD defended the change in the system on the ground that "he would do anything" to satisfy the men in the dock that they were to get a fair "trial"; and he drew a touching picture of a jury, "with" "not so much as a necktie, hardly a shirt" among them, trying a prisoner of the same rank but "dressed up a" "little for the occasion." He had observed, he said, the good moral effect of a verdict found by such men, who were really the peers of the prisoner. "A general sigh" goes through the gallery when they find that peasant "has convicted peasant." There is no doubt a certain amount of truth in this, and it is of the utmost importance that men of the lower classes should be convinced that they have the same chance of being fairly tried as other people. But it is rather a dangerous experiment to put into the hands of the lower classes, especially when they are so ignorant and prejudiced as those of Ireland, the power of thwarting the efforts of justice to reach criminals in their own rank of life; and it is evident that this is the use which a great many of the new jurors have made of their privilege. The question is, what is to be done when peasant will not convict peasant, or give a verdict against one in a civil suit when his antagonist belongs to a higher class? In addition to the case of the poor widow with a town and country house, Baron DEASY mentioned three similar cases which were called before him, but very soon after the jury was sworn the landlords compromised with their tenants rather than go on; and he added that he thought it not improbable that this was on account of the appearance of the jury. It is not surprising that, after hearing this testimony, the Select Committee should have arrived at the conclusion that the qualification of Irish jurors was too low, and that the system required amendment. It is possible that some of the alterations proposed may have a good effect; but in the meantime a vast amount of mischief has been done, and it is to be feared that any attempt thoroughly to reform the system will be keenly resisted.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY AND THE EDUCATION ACT.

THE National Society has been associated from time to time with some exceedingly ill-judged attacks upon the Elementary Education Act, and for this reason it is satisfactory to find that the amendments suggested by the sub-Committee which has lately made its report are moderate in tone even where they are inadmissible in substance. Upon two points the sub-Committee recommend that the Act should, if possible, be brought back to the form in which it was originally drafted. The COWPER-TEMPLE Clause ought, they think, to be repealed, and School Boards should have the power of aiding Denominational schools existing in their districts as well as of maintaining schools of their own. As regards the first of these suggestions, it may at once be conceded that the COWPER-TEMPLE Clause is indefensible on the score either of logic or of common sense. A clause prohibiting Denominational teaching in School Board schools would have been at least intelligible; a clause which, without prohibiting Denominational teaching, proscribes the use of Denominational formularies, seems expressly designed to make Denominationalism more unrestrained. Under the 14th Section of the Act of 1870 no School Board can allow the Church Catechism to be used in their school. But supposing Mr. MACKONNIE or Mr. BENNETT to write a catechism of sacramental doctrine, a School Board is perfectly at liberty to adopt it if it be so minded. It is not a "religious catechism distinctive of any particular denomination;" it is only a religious catechism distinctive of a particular writer. Dissenters indeed are practically less protected under this section than they would be if Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE had never exercised his ingenuity to make legislation ridiculous. If a Dissenting parent knew that the Church Catechism was used in a School Board school he would be more likely to exercise his right of withdrawing his children from the religious lesson than he is now, when he may merely know that the catechism in use was written by a Mr. Somebody of whom he has never heard. Still, though the repeal of the COWPER-TEMPLE Clause would be a just and sensible reform, it is quite another question whether it is worth while

making any considerable effort to get it repealed, or whether it is to the interest of the Church of England that she should take the lead in an agitation for that purpose. Unless the victims of injudicious legislation are exceptionally weak, the reversal of it is best left to those on whom it inflicts injury. As we have seen, the only real sufferers in this case are the Dissenters, and they are not so powerless to help themselves that the National Society need take up their cause. As the Act stands, every single doctrine of the Church Catechism may be taught in School Board schools, but it must not be taught in the precise words of the Church Catechism. Considering that when these doctrines are so taught the first thing that the teacher has to do in order to make the lesson intelligible to children is to translate them into other words, this is not a very important restriction. If the sense of the Catechism may be taught on weekdays, no great harm can come of leaving the actual phrases to be taught on Sundays. It is probable that any attempt on the part of the Church to repeal the COWPER-TEMPLE Clause would be regarded as a retrograde movement in the direction of Denominationalism, and, as such, would be hotly opposed. Before exciting any feeling on the subject, the National Society had better assure themselves that the change is worth fighting for.

The suggestion that School Boards should have the power of aiding Denominational schools is open to a similar criticism. The National Society will have profited little by the agitation against the 25th Clause if it follows the lead of its sub-Committee upon this point. The operation of this obnoxious clause is exceedingly limited, the reasonableness of the concession which it makes to the feelings of parents might have been supposed to be obvious, and the saving to the ratepayers is very great. Yet, notwithstanding all these merits, the clause has been the object of fierce dislike, and has done more than anything else to reduce the Liberal party to its present low estate. What would be the result of a change in the Education Act which allowed School Boards to subsidize Denominational schools at their pleasure? The conflict which now arises whenever there are indigent children in the school district and violent Dissenters on the School Board would then be provoked whenever any section of a School Board thought that the money of their constituents could be better spent in setting up schools of their own than in aiding existing schools. In other words, the creation of a School Board would invariably be the signal for a theological squabble. The denunciations of "concurrent endowment," for which the payments of school fees under the 25th Clause have so unjustly been made the occasion, would be renewed with far more reason whenever a School Board exercised the power of making grants of public money to schools of all denominations. The mere fact that School Boards possessed such a power would impart theological bitterness to every educational election, since, even if there were no ground for supposing that the School Board had any intention of making such grants, the party opposed to them would be anxious to guard against their ever entertaining the idea, should it happen to be suggested to them. The National Society will do well to consider whether the Church of England is likely to gain by driving every School Board in the kingdom to take a side in such a controversy. They ought further to remember that in the original draft of the Education Act this power was vested in School Boards, and that it was in consideration of this provision being withdrawn that the scale of Parliamentary grants to voluntary schools was increased. If School Boards now received the power of aiding Denominational schools out of the rates, the Opposition would certainly demand that the grants from the Consolidated Fund should be reduced to their old level. If this were conceded, the benefit conferred on Denominational schools by the change would be more than neutralized; while, if it were refused, the Church would be accused of sharp practice in abiding by a compromise as long as it was profitable to her, and repudiating it as soon as repudiation promised to be advantageous. The National Society must have a belief alike ardent and ill-founded in the good disposition of School Boards if it is prepared to expose the Church to this discredit, in the hope that the loss in reputation will be outweighed by the gain in money.

As regards the section of the Act which regulates the transfer of existing schools to a School Board, the sub-Committee, while holding that greater security ought to be afforded to the original trusts of such schools, "observe" that the mischief may be considerably reduced if managers

"of schools will pay special attention to the powers at present conferred on them" of reserving the use of the schools at times when they are not required for the purposes of the School Board. If the view taken by Mr. DANIEL, the Judge of the Bradford County Court, in a case which came before him on Monday, should be sustained, it will be a question whether managers not exercising these powers may not be removed for breach of trust. But the fact that the sub-Committee sees cause to remonstrate with the managers of Church schools for want of care in transferring their schools to School Boards is one from which the National Society may learn much. In whatever spirit the Education Act is worked, the principle of supporting schools out of the rates is one which, once introduced, must inevitably be unfavourable to schools supported by voluntary contributions. The two ideas are antagonistic. So long as there was no means of providing elementary schools except by individual liberality, every one interested in the progress of education subscribed to some school as a matter of course. No such obligation now exists. If there are not subscriptions enough to keep the necessary schools going, they will be provided out of the rates. Consequently a large number of persons who have hitherto subscribed to Denominational schools, not so much because they were Denominational as because they were schools, may in future be expected to be content with paying their share of the Education Rate. In many cases school managers will themselves take this view, and even where they do not themselves do so, they are necessarily influenced by the fact of their subscribers taking it. It is idle to suppose that any change in the Act or any judicial interpretation of the Act will arrest a process which has its origin in a natural dislike to paying for a thing twice over. Of course where Denominational zeal is strong, subscriptions will still come in freely, because there the object which the contributors will have at heart will be not so much elementary instruction as the religious accompaniments with which in Denominational schools elementary instruction is surrounded. But in schools of this type there will be no need to remind the managers of their powers of reserving schools for religious purposes even when they are transferred to a School Board for secular purposes. The same inability to appreciate the real scope of the Education Act is observable in the recommendation with which the Report of the sub-Committee concludes. "Lastly," they say, "facilities should be given by which School Boards may cease to exist in any district in which they are found to be unnecessary." It may no doubt be desirable that what is unnecessary should cease to exist, but there is some danger that this suggestion may be supposed to mean that the Education Act should be converted into a temporary expedient for giving the denominations time to collect and organize their forces. So long as they are inert, or ill provided with funds, the ratepayers must make good their deficiencies; but the moment that they have built a school where a School Board school had previously existed the occupation of the ratepayers is gone, and the School Board has nothing to do but to make its bow and retire. If this is really the intention, the fact that it has been avowed may not be without its use in opening the eyes of the members of the National Society to the pitfalls which may be spread for them by injudicious, though well-intentioned, leaders.

CYNICISM PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is a certain phase of the cynical character which may be regarded as of modern date. The peculiar type of sentimental cynicism which grows out of the wounds of a weak nature belongs by right to our own time, and its exponents are to be found in sufficient numbers both in literature and in real life. Since the beginning of the century this form of tearful protest against the roughness and unamiability of existence has been more or less in fashion, and its origin may perhaps be referred ultimately to the false philosophies which underlay the French Revolution as well as to the eagerness with which these philosophies were seized and coloured by the poets of the day. To conceive of a "state of nature" where the task of living should be a more gentle exercise than in this rough workaday world serves, as a matter of course, to arouse speedy discontent with the existing plan of the universe. The ideal vision calls into being delicate susceptibilities and tender affections which are apt to be bruised and blunted in our common social sphere; and hence, as a first stage in the growth of the cynical character, there comes a sense of bitter pain at the unfeeling conduct of humanity. This stage, however, is merely transitory. Delicate susceptibilities soon determine to steel themselves against the cruel coldness of their surroundings; a genteel despair takes the place of the former tearfulness. The youthful cynic makes up

his mind to punish society for its neglect, and inasmuch as certain foolish aspirations and childlike desires have not met with the right enthusiastic response, the possessor of ideal thoughts decides that henceforth he will not believe in the possibility of any genuine emotion. This is the characteristic feature of modern cynicism. It seldom penetrates very deeply, but it takes many forms and appears under many disguises. Real life, as might be expected, offers a less favourable field for its exercise than is afforded by the life of fiction. Among men and women of the actual world the phase seldom survives early youth, and even while it lasts is likely to be rather roughly dealt with. The young gentleman who believes that life is too bitter for endurance succeeds fairly well with the young lady who has just left school. She is duly alarmed at the condition into which his mind has fallen, and is properly anxious to remove his doubts in the sincerity of his fellow-creatures. But grown men and women are apt to regard the symptoms as being troublesome rather than dangerous, and are content to wait till the patient shall be more fit for human companionship. In fiction and the drama the cynic has a better career. The labours of lady novelists have done much to perpetuate the type, and the cynical temperament is also found of service in the creation of stage heroes. We frequently meet with specimens of this latter class verging towards absolute despair in their outlook over the universe. They generalize from the minutest particulars, assuming an attitude of utter scepticism if they happen to be disappointed in love. The whole of life is judged to be false because the young ladies of the day wear false hair, and the only possible escape from the deadening conventions of the actual world is generally thought to consist in an ill-assorted union with an actress or a barmaid. In feminine fiction the cynical hero is not so easily reconciled to existence. He is more wicked than the pit and gallery would allow a stage hero to be. His opinions become altogether shocking, and his irregular ways of life are sympathetically accepted by the authoress as the manifestations of a sceptical state of mind.

It is interesting to compare this modern cynicism—itself neither very profound nor very beautiful—with the forms given to the same quality at an earlier date. Shakespeare's plays are rich in varied expressions of the cynical character, but in none of them do we recognize anything at all resembling the cynic hero of modern drama and modern fiction. The sentiments of the time were both too sincere and too robust to admit of such a creation. Personal feelings and disappointments were not then allowed to react upon the philosophy of the world, and individual passion was either too serious or too trivial to serve as the starting point for foolish generalizations upon the social fabric. There was indeed no such halting-place between the love-sickness of Romeo and Mercutio's lightheartedness as the morbid youth of modern days has found out. The character which by a superficial resemblance most nearly approaches to the inventions of our dramatists and novelists of the present time is that of the melancholy Jacques. His cynicism has about it a distinct tinge of modern feeling. It is deliberate and aimless, begotten out of no wrong, but maintaining itself from a sort of morbid pleasure in the exercise. His invitation to Orlando to sit down and "rail against our mistress the world and all our misery" is certainly characteristic of the cynic of the present day, and it is not improbable that Shakespeare here intended to expose the habit of affected melancholy. But the distinctive element in Jacques's character which separates him altogether from his modern representative rests in the keen observation and delicate philosophy which serve as the basis of his cynicism. He says himself of his own melancholy that it is "compounded of many simples extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." There is no element of contemplation in modern cynicism, unless a morbid self-examination can be said to deserve the name. Jacques's melancholy has a more objective character. It is a delicate essence drawn from the things of his observation; a subtle reflection of the sadness of the external world. His philosophy is precisely of the right depth of sadness to suit the needs of comedy; any deeper mood would suggest problems too grave to be controlled or solved by a successful climax. But the temporary misfortunes of comedy need an exponent, and Jacques's humour is in sympathy with that of the banished Duke till the final happiness arrives. When the supreme moment of comedy approaches, Jacques looks out for new fields of melancholy. He cannot follow the recovered fortunes of the banished Duke, for his sadness and his cynicism would then fall out of tune. Thus we have a test of the sincerity of his cynical humour which very few of the heroes of modern novels would be able to stand. These gentlemen, though they are of a more violent despair in the early stages of their career, generally seize upon the first opportunity of casting off the mask, and proceed to make themselves comfortable with the things of this world. They have no such persistency in sadness as belonged to the melancholy philosopher in the Forest of Arden.

But the strength of Shakespeare's grasp of the cynical character, as compared with that of modern authors, may be best seen in the more serious plays. Edmund in *King Lear* is a creation without any parallel in later literature. It is strange that, although the subjects of free thought and unrestrained speculation stand now in greater prominence, no writer of fiction has embodied with any force the kind of audacious scepticism exemplified in Gloucester's natural son. Shakespeare was always fond, as in *Faulconbridge*, of showing the freer and more adventurous disposition granted to bastard children, but nowhere else has the notion received so grand

an expression. Edmund is the personification of cool, cynical logic. He has a reason for every act of villainy; every thought is strictly controlled by a precise and selfish philosophy. There is no passion in his criminal purpose, and no fear of retribution in carrying it into effect. He thus stands in the play in direct antithesis to its central figure; for, as Lear is governed by emotions divorced from sober reason, so in the case of Edmund all emotion is subdued to the entire control of a relentless logic of villainy. His cynicism is the most comprehensive that can be imagined: he consistently scoffs at gods and men, and acts in literal obedience to his own understanding of personal advantage. In this way he serves as an idol and as a model of conduct to Lear's ungrateful daughters. His bold cynical generalizations upon life serve to support and strengthen their narrower selfishness, and it is with definite artistic intention that Shakespeare has represented both Goneril and Regan as being passionately attracted to Edmund, who stands as the ideal of their own less splendid but equally heartless careers. Cynicism of this profound order which has its fruit in villainous action does not find its way into modern literature. It is partly excluded by the presence of a more amiable but less vigorous philosophy of human nature, which seeks to represent wickedness as being rather a thing of circumstance than of individual bent. Our authors nowadays endeavour to explain their villains in a way which is completely repugnant to the spirit of the Elizabethan drama. Evil is there recognized as a substantive force for which there was no need to find adequate motive. Herein, indeed, lies the peculiar influence of Iago's character. The motives suggested for his treachery serve merely to put into action a great motiveless force of evil which, attached to a single individual, stands as the supreme embodiment of human wickedness. Iago is the profoundest cynic we can conceive of. Edmund has a touch of repentance at the last, but Iago passes from the stage with sealed lips, still self-possessed, and with all the secrets of evil unrevealed. It is the most cynical portrait ever painted, more devilish than Mephistopheles because of its humanity, and not yielding even to him in the appetite for evil. There is something more than the individual genius of its creator which puts such a character out of the range of modern literature. Not only in degree, but in kind, it lies beyond the reach of any novelist or dramatist of the present day. The modern conception of evil takes the form either of coarse brutality or of petty meanness. Types of splendid wickedness, cool and cynical of purpose, have dropped out of literature. Shakespeare's great villains possess supreme intellectual gifts; they forecast their careers of evil, and exhibit even towards their victims a rare and impartial judgment. Both Edmund and Iago appreciate to the full the nobility of the men they are betraying. There is no suggestion of obscured or imperfect intelligence in their acts, no blind passion of crime to be repented of in a calmer moment. On the whole, it may be said that within the range of Shakespeare's drama there are no characters so consistently calm and self-possessed as these two profoundest cynics, Edmund and Iago. There is one noteworthy instance in which a modern author has attempted to carve out an image of equal terror and power. Shelley's portrait of Count Francesco Cenci is drawn after Elizabethan models, but it is drawn with an animus and with an intensity of disgust that render it grotesque. The Count's avowed delight in cruelty, his fierce and merely animal plans of evil, are depicted in a style such as does not even find a parallel in the terrible drama of Webster. Bosola in the *Duchess of Malfi* is familiar and human compared with this monster of Shelley's brain. His villainy is cool without intellectual refinement. It is a record of evil which the artist has not made humanly credible to us. And the reason of this failure on Shelley's part is probably to be found in the fact that his own nature gave him no help towards the understanding of so profound a type of cynical wickedness. He had no real conviction of its possibility, and the portrait is therefore rather a cold intellectual embodiment of certain evil qualities than a genuinely imaginative product stamped with dramatic probability. This inability to lay hold of great embodiments of evil is characteristic of the literature of the day. The villainies of modern fiction lack all grandeur of conception. They do not spring from a deep-rooted cynicism of character, such as forms the only discoverable motive of the great individual villains of an earlier stage of art.

THE TOURIST SELF-PAINTED.

MR. COOK is, we trust, reposing on the well-earned laurels of his Pontigny pilgrimage. We are not sure, however, whether laurels is quite the right word. Caius Cæsar—not the great Dictator, but the Emperor who got his nickname from his boots—devised a new kind of honour called an "exploratory crown," and surely Messrs. Cook and Son deserve exploratory crowns more than any other men living. But of what leaves or other materials the exploratory crown was made we do not at this moment remember, and we rather think that it is not recorded; so it may turn out that in speaking of the laurel we have lighted on a wrong metaphor. Anyhow, after guiding pilgrims to Pontigny and quasi-crusaders into the land of Moab, it must be rather humdrum work to come down to "personally conduct" parties of everyday mortals along "the regular Swiss round." The thing however has to be done, and we have just lighted on a little book which teaches us how Switzerland, or, in tourist language, "the land of Tell," is to be visited according to the principles of Mr. Cook, at

what points it is proper to get up raptures, and what are the proper raptures to be got up at each point. The remarkable thing is that we cannot exactly make out who our instructor is, whether it is Mr. Cook himself or somebody else. The book inside and outside, and on every page, calls itself "Cook's." Yet Mr. Cook is constantly referred to as if he were some one different from the author, and we sometimes come across long quotations from writings of Mr. Cook, introduced in a way in which people do not commonly refer to writings of their own. In the introduction the writer speaks in the singular number, as "I," and he lets us into some of his personal experiences in an enthusiastic style. We could almost envy Mr. Cook the privilege of possessing an admirer at once so devoted and so eloquent as is revealed in the following extract:—

Many years ago I found out the immense advantage of having a Cook's ticket with me, that should need only to be stamped at the booking-office on leaving London, and was then a talisman in my hands by which I could pass from country to country, by rail, by steamer, in the diligence, on the mule; yea, it ensured the services of a guide also, and wherever I went and wanted to go, it was as a magic thing that realized to me all my wishes. But when from the introduction we turn to the body of the book, the singular number is forsaken, and the change to the plural produces some very curious results. The scene is Rouen, and we are told that some "of the social habits prevalent there differ largely from those in England, and even from those of Paris." As a specimen of these singular social habits, the commentator goes on to tell us, "for instance, we enter a barber's shop for the purpose of being shaved." There are those who shave themselves; there are those who are never shaved at all; but it seems that "we," that is, one must fancy, Mr. Cook's tourists in a body, are in the habit of going to be shaved in a barber's shop. What follows again makes us think of Caius Cæsar. When the tourists, no doubt personally conducted, have made their way into the barber's shop, a scene follows which we should certainly think was different from the social habits of England, Paris, or anywhere else. A brisk little maiden tucks a napkin round "our neck." She does not lather "our chin," but she "rubs our chin briskly with hot water." Then she dances as if about to remove "our scalp." Then "our chin" is sponged and powdered, and then "we" determine never again to "trust our chin" to the tender mercies of a French barberess. Here the famous wish of Caius seems to be brought about in real life. He wished that the whole Roman people had but one neck; and it would seem that Mr. Cook's tourists not only have but one neck, but also only one scalp, and, more emphatically than all, only one chin. The question of a single eye to the whole company has presented itself to us. We think it was the Genai in the Greek mythology who had only one eye and one tooth between them, and passed them from one sister to the other as they were wanted. The archdeacon also is held in ecclesiastical law to be the bishop's eye, and every reader of Aristophanes knows that the Great King himself had an eye which—or who—was capable of being so easily detached from the royal person that it, or he, was sent as an ambassador to Athens. With these precedents before us, it might not be an ill guess that the tourists also have but one eye among them, and that, as Pseudartabas acted as the King's eye, Mr. Cook himself may act as the tourists' eye. But, leaving this more subtle and doubtful speculation about the eye, that the whole tourist community has but one neck, one scalp, and one chin is plain from the adventure in the barber's shop at Rouen. The mention of the scalp again suggests another parallel, if not from Rouen itself, at least from one of its suffragan sees. Bishop Serlo of Séz, when he had wrought up Henry the First and his court to a deep fit of penitence for the sin of wearing long hair, struck the iron while it was hot, and sheared his whole congregation before they left the church. Still we have always pictured him to ourselves performing on many heads separately. If the whole court, like Mr. Cook's tourists, had but one scalp among them, the labours of the zealous prelate must have been greatly lessened. This then is the beginning, and "this done," "*ceci fait*," or, as Mr. Reeve would say, "when these preliminaries are terminated," Mr. Cook's tourists go on with their well-shaven chin to wonder at and admire the various points between Rouen and the Alps. Whether the common chin was ever again shaven in the course of the journey the outsider is cruelly left to guess.

We need hardly say that the information as to dates, places, and events which Mr. Cook or his author supplies for his tourists is of the most meagre and inaccurate kind. That might be taken for granted; but it gives us some insight into a state of mind which is worth studying when we find, not mere ignorance, not mere blundering, but deliberate determination, expressed in so many words, to cleave to fictions which are known to be fictions. It was really hard that Mr. Cook's tourists were not invited in a body to the famous millenary banquet two years back. A company which has only neck, one scalp, and one chin, may be supposed to have also only one mouth, so that the addition of a party of personally conducted tourists to the feasters in the hall of University College need not have made any ruinous addition to the stock of overburned cakes. The frame of mind in which Mr. Cook's tourists approach the legend of Tell is very much the same as that in which eminent and convivial persons approach the legend of Alfred. It is not a case of mere ignorance, which, whether in the case of Alfred or Tell or anything else, need not be blameworthy; it is a deliberate cleaving to falsehood when truth is set before them. Mr. Cook, or whoever writes for him, knows perfectly well that there have been such things as "discussions" of the legend which prove to their satisfaction that Tell was a myth,

and the time-honoured associations of places connected with his name mere fables." "Fools can destroy what wise men build, and the great philosophers of the day are mighty in destroying, while they have not power to create stories as pure and beautiful as that of William Tell." Very likely not; for it is no part of the business of philosophers or of historians to "create stories," whether "pure and beautiful" or otherwise; that kind of creation they leave to tourists and millenarians. "But here," so goes on our guide, "on the threshold of the land of Tell, we throw off the trammels of thought which dissecting writers would throw around our minds, and are determined to accept the traditions concerning the Swiss hero." It is something to find that, though the company has but one chin, yet it has more than one mind, and that those minds have reached the stage at which they have "trammels of thought" to throw off. But the process of "determining to accept" exactly describes the state of mind of which we speak. It may do as a set formula to express it. It is the state of mind to which truth has become indifferent, which "determines to accept" this or that, not because it is true, but because it is pretty or edifying or anything else which has nothing to do with truth. Be the evidence what it may, the mind in this state "determines to accept" or to reject, not as an act of reason, but as an act of the will. Falsehood sometimes pays better than truth; it most likely does so with a party of personally conducted tourists; and it also most likely pays to insinuate, as our guide is not ashamed to do, that those who doubt the story of Tell when travelling in Switzerland will also doubt the Gospel narrative when travelling in Palestine. When any one shall bring forward four lives of William Tell, contemporary, or such as any human creature could ever have fancied to be contemporary, we will argue this question. Till then, as our guide takes to quoting Bible against us, we will quote Bible back again, and remind both tourists and millenarians that there is something said in the New Testament about "him that maketh a lie and loveth it."

Still, if people "determine to accept" a legend, they should at least accept it in the form in which it is handed down, and not in some form of their own making. In the older legend William Tell is the hero of Uri, or, to give him the widest range, of the Forest Cantons only. In Mr. Cook's legend he becomes the hero of a much wider part of the world. Somebody is made to address the citizens of Basel, of all places in the world, as "fellow-citizens and countrymen of the immortal Tell." This, to be sure, is not Mr. Cook's own, but is copied from "Robert Ferguson's *Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains*." Whatever Mr. Ferguson's notions of Swiss mountains may be, his notions of Swiss men, to judge from this specimen, are not a little odd. So again at Flüelen "we" exchange the steamboat for the diligence, and commence the journey towards St. Gothard. One might ask whether the diligence which was taking "us" must not have been beyond the usual size. But never mind, we talk about Tell and quote Mr. Hopworth Dixon till "we" get on the other side, and then "we" make the following profound remark:—

The canton of Tes-in, which reaches from the St. Gothard to the lake of Como, although forming part of Switzerland, is decidedly Italian in character, and it is difficult for the tourist to believe that he has not yet quitted the soil which produced a Tell.

To those who know how the Val Leventina became "part of Switzerland" in any sense, and the relations which existed within living memory between it and "the land which"—if any—"produced a Tell," the notion of being still within this last land when we have crossed the St. Gothard is charming indeed. Yet after all our guide may be right. Brasidas stirred up his army of enfranchised helots by an appeal to the glories of Sparta, and Walter of Espée stirred up his Englishmen by an appeal to the glories of Normandy; and in the same way the hero of Uri may by this time have become also a hero of Ticino. But, at the first blush, it sounds rather like speaking of Scotland as the land which produced Edward the First, or of Ireland as the land which produced Cromwell.

This is the sort of thing on which our tourists are to be fed. It is not very wonderful that those who are "determined to accept" the legend of Tell should accept, seemingly as a matter of course and without any process of determination, the legend of the Theban legion, which legion, it is something to hear, was "one of the most courageous in the world." Their wholesale martyrdom draws forth a noble burst:—

Was not this a mighty sacrifice, a magnificent example of Christian heroism? Yet we have no picture, no poem on the subject. Perhaps our singers felt the theme too great for their muse, even as our painters found the subject too grand for their pencils.

In this kind of thing we are thankful for the smallest mercies, so we put on record that in Mr. Cook's account of the Theban legion first of all "every tenth man was mercilessly slain," then again "their numbers were decimated," and so on. It is a real comfort in these times to find that Mr. Cook's tourists have the means of learning that the word "decimated" means that "every tenth man was mercilessly slain." We have no such satisfaction when we are led into "the glorious valley of the Rhine," and find it "profusely studded with the remains of castles and mansion-fortresses which once formed the impregnable homes of numerous bishops and nobles." The "numerous bishops" are certainly a difficulty, as we never heard of any bishops in those parts save him of Curia Ratorum; but perhaps this unrecorded abundance of bishops may go some way to account for the remarkable number of cathedrals which the tourists are taken to

on their journey. There is one at Luzern, another at Nenfshâtel, another at Zürich, another at Schaffhausen, and even one at little Zug, all of which sees are unknown to Spruner or Potthast. At Basel the tourists get into the cloisters and make the curious remark that they are "lonely and gloomy now, and so they must have been for the past five hundred years." What happened at Basel in 1374 to make the cloister specially "lonely and gloomy" is not to be found in the eight volumes of the local historian Ochs. But the loneliness of the cloister has so impressed the mind of the guide that he stands forth in his own single person, and it is no longer "we," but "I," from whom the recommendation to go and look at it is put forth to "all who visit Basel and have nothing else to do about the hour of sunset." Presently they get to Sursee, and, finding a double-headed eagle over the gate, they set it down as "the double eagle of the house of Hapsburg." In the very same page they get to Sempach, where, if they had looked at the very walls of the *Schlachtkapelle*, they might have seen the lion of Austria made captive by the bull of Uri without a single feather of the bird of Caesar being ruffled by the exploit.

We will end with one more extract on a subject on which at all events Mr. Cook ought to be well informed:—

The Federal Post Diligences are under the management of the Confederated States, or Cantons, and the Electric Telegraph is controlled by the same authority; hence the great privilege of being able to send a short message to any part of Switzerland to which telegraph wires extend, for half a franc. The telegraph is established over most of the tourist lines of travel. A wire, like that which connects Balmoral with London, for the special interest and advantage of Royalty and the Government, runs alongside of the road from Geneva to Chamouny, and from Lucerne to the summit of the Rigi; thus, for a trifling sum, enabling tourists to bespeak rooms in advance, or to ascertain if accommodation can be had.

We here get a little confused between the Confederated States or Cantons and the special interest and advantage of Royalty and the Government. Perhaps it was needful to explain that a telegraph is no less possible in a monarchy than in a Federal Commonwealth. But at any rate we do not know of any place between Balmoral and London where we have the great privilege of sending the shortest message for so trifling a sum as half a franc.

THE REUNION CONFERENCE OF BONN.

THE English newspapers, only too thankful just now for any sensational novelty which their Correspondents may be able to supply, have been full of reports—for the most part sufficiently inaccurate—of the Theological Conference on the Reunion of the Churches held last week at Bonn. We referred some weeks ago (*Saturday Review*, August 8) to the Circular of invitation issued by Dr. Dollinger, and we pointed out that the proposed Conference was quite distinct from the fourth Old Catholic Congress to be held during the previous week at Freiburg-im-Breisgau. It was in fact a personal scheme of Dr. Dollinger's, who alone issued the invitations and drew up the articles to be submitted to the assembly; nor does any one, whether among the Old Catholics themselves or the foreigners invited to meet them, appear to have received any information, before the actual opening of the Conference, on Monday morning, September 14, as to the order of proceedings or the subjects intended to be discussed. Even then no printed or written copies were distributed of the Resolutions, which were successively read out, first in English, then in German; and both Anglicans and Orientals complained a good deal of being called upon at a moment's notice to vote on grave theological questions which they had had no opportunity of considering beforehand. It is only fair to say that Dr. Dollinger—who displayed throughout a readiness, tact, and energy truly marvellous at his advanced age—did his best in his conduct of the meetings to obviate the serious inconvenience arising from this want of organization and method. He was throughout the life and soul of the Conference, reading out and explaining all the Resolutions himself, both in English and German—the Orientals, with one exception, speaking and understanding the latter language only—listening with exemplary patience and courtesy to the comments, sometimes equally tedious and irrelevant, of the various speakers, and translating the substance of the more important speeches into German or English, as the case might be, for the benefit of those who could not understand the original. In all these respects, a more skilful and efficient president of a mixed assembly representing several very diverse nationalities, Churches, and habits of thought, could not have been desired. He was supported by Bishop Reinkens, who spoke occasionally and always much to the point, Dr. Rousch, Professor Knoodt, and other influential members of the Old Catholic party, who however took very little part in the discussions. There were some half-dozen members of the Eastern Churches, among whom M. Janysehew, Rector of a Theological Academy at St. Petersburg, and a Professor from Athens—the former especially—were the chief speakers; an aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Constantine, M. Kiriejew, also took some part in the debates. We may observe in passing that neither among Orientals nor Old Catholics was there any distinction of dress observable between priests and laymen. Among Anglican divines the most conspicuous figures were the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Liddon, the Warden of Keble, and Dean Howson; while the American Episcopal Church was represented by the Bishop of Pittsburg and Mr. Nevu, in whose

hands, it may be observed, the claims of their own communion never suffered. The Abbé Michaud was present from France, but only as a listener; and the German Lutheran ministers, several of whom attended the meetings, preferred also to play the same part. But a Danish Lutheran, Schöler by name, who seemed to be overflowing with a general amiability, was constantly on his legs, though the drift of his remarks was usually the reverse of perspicuous. None of the meetings were "held with closed doors," as was erroneously stated in the *Times*, nor were any of them "opened with prayer," but at the close of the last sitting the whole assembly, led by Bishop Reinkens, joined in reciting the *Te Deum* and *Pater Noster* in Latin.

We cannot of course undertake here to give a detailed account of proceedings which extended over three entire days, and must content ourselves with noting the more salient points. It was unfortunate that the Bishop of Winchester, whose theological learning, as well as his courteous and conciliatory bearing, admirably qualified him to take a prominent part in such deliberations, was called away by domestic engagements on the Monday evening, when the lead of the English-speaking contingent fell into very different hands. Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburg, may, for aught we know, be a consummate theologian; but it was difficult to find a proof of such attainments in what he said, while his tone contrasted strikingly with that of his brother prelate and of the leading English divines. The Orientals observed that "he marshalled his party like a commander at the head of a regiment." On the other hand, the Easterns, though far less denunciatory than the Bishop, were as stiff and impracticable as possible on every point where the peculiar doctrines of their Church were concerned. With such heterogeneous elements at work, it is hardly wonderful that no direct results very satisfactory to aspirants after ecclesiastical unity should have been attained. Real differences, where they existed, were solved over rather than settled—though it is certainly something that members of communions long so hostile could be brought even to think of settling them. Some propositions, which the Easterns could not be induced to accept on any terms, were withdrawn; some, about which they or the Anglicans had views of their own, were ultimately resolved into such general shapes as to be capable of subscription in different if not opposite senses. In one instance, to be mentioned presently, the majority of the Conference—under the dictation of Bishop Kerfoot, and with the full assent of the Easterns—adopted a resolution which appeared to the minority to go far towards creating a new article of faith for the purpose of putting the whole Roman Catholic Church under anathema. The profound divergence of view between Eastern and Western members of the Conference was brought to the surface in the very first point submitted to them—the too famous controversy about the *Filioque*. On this question the Old Catholics seemed disposed to side absolutely with the Easterns; for the proposition first submitted to the meeting by Dr. Dollinger was that "the way in which the word *Filioque* was inserted in the Nicene Creed was illegal, and that with a view to future peace and unity the original form of the Creed, as put forth by the General Councils of the undivided Church, ought to be restored." To this latter clause the Anglicans of course refused to assent, and a special evening meeting was held on Monday to see whether the Greeks could be brought to accept any compromise. But three hours' debate, chiefly carried on between Dr. Dollinger and M. Janysehew, left matters just where they were, and the subject had to be taken up afresh the next morning. The English divines had offered to substitute for the last clause, which they could not accept, "It is much to be desired that the whole Church should seriously set itself to consider whether the Creed could possibly be restored to its primitive form, without sacrificing any doctrine which is expressed in the Western form." The Greeks first proposed to substitute "may be" for "is," and then "contained" for "expressed"—both of which suggestions were declined—and finally succeeded at the last moment in getting "any doctrine" changed into "any true doctrine," for the obvious purpose of implying that the Western doctrine might be—as they had over and over again asserted that it was—not true, but false. The Anglicans, however, who were thoroughly wearied out with the persistent doubling, so to say, of their astute rivals, suffered themselves to be outwitted at last, and the assembly acquiesced after a day and a half in this unmeaning formula.

Soon after this difficulty had been settled, or rather shelved, a fresh bone of contention was thrown into the deliberations by the introduction of the following article:—"We reject the new Roman doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary as being contrary to the tradition of the first thirteen centuries, according to which Christ alone was born without sin." Dr. Liddon, who was energetically supported by several of his compatriots, both clerical and lay, while himself rejecting the Immaculate Conception both as a dogma and as an opinion, strongly opposed the Resolution. He and those who agreed with him argued that, if the object was to repudiate the Pope's right to impose new articles of faith on the Church, it was better to say so plainly, and leave the doctrine itself, what it had always been before the year 1854, an open question in the Roman Church. There was, they said, a patent absurdity in a miscellaneous assembly of divines at Bonn assuming the very power to establish dogmas which they denied to the Pope; and to begin the work of reuniting Christendom by putting some two hundred millions of Christians under ban was rather like undertaking to enact *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark's part left out. The

more baseless the doctrine itself might be considered, the less reason was there to bring out a sledgehammer to crush it. This and a good deal more to the same effect was strenuously urged. But the Greeks stated briefly that their Church did not hold the doctrine, and therefore the more uncompromisingly it was condemned the better in their judgment; still they would not have insisted on the proposed formula, but the Bishop of Pittsburgh denounced all attempts at conciliation or compromise. The fact that the inculcated belief was held by the whole Roman Catholic Church was, he said, to his mind, a strong additional reason for condemning it in the most explicit terms. He was listened to with visible impatience by several of the English, and seven, more than a third of the whole number, voted against him. The Resolution was ultimately carried after a debate prolonged through two sittings. At the last moment Bishop Reinkens interposed to point out an extraordinary oversight in the wording of the Resolution, which condemned the Immaculate Conception because "Christ alone was born without sin," though it is notorious that all the great mediæval divines, such as Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, and St. Bernard, who opposed the former doctrine, asserted strenuously the immaculate nativity of the Virgin. "Born" was therefore hurriedly changed into "conceived," and so the motion passed.

These two points alone excited any prolonged discussion. Two Resolutions however had to be withdrawn because the Greeks declined to accept them. One of them asserted the validity of Anglican orders, which, as Dr. Dollinger pointed out, was "a purely historical question," and one on which the Old Catholics had fully satisfied themselves. The Russians, without asserting any contrary opinion, said that, as they had not had an opportunity of examining the question and their ecclesiastical authorities had not pronounced upon it, they were not prepared to commit themselves. This article was therefore not put to the vote, but the public testimony of the Old Catholic leaders to the fact of the English succession remains of course on record. Any active sympathy from English Churchmen with the Old Catholics must of course depend upon their feeling that their orders are recognized by the latter. We should have thought that the only intelligible objection to the other rejected article—an objection which might have been applied to others that were not rejected—was that, although true, it was no better than a truism. Roman Catholics and Protestants might agree that "the invocation of Saints is not commanded as a duty necessary for every Christian"; only the former would add that it is a salutary and pious practice, while the latter would mostly reject it as idle if not superstitious. The Orientals, for their part, on some ground connected with the Acts of the Seventh Œcumenical Council, refused absolutely to admit the proposition, which was accordingly withdrawn. Another point which seemed likely to create difficulty was got over by a sort of compromise. At a private meeting between Dr. Dollinger and the leading Anglicans a somewhat ambiguous formula on the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Presence was agreed upon, partly cast in the language of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which was afterwards submitted to the Conference. The Easterns looked askance at it, and took pains, one after another, to lay down the doctrine of their own Church on the subject in very unmistakable terms, borrowed, we presume, from the Orthodox Catechism, but closely coincident with the language of the Council of Trent, as to the identity of the Sacrifice offered on the Cross and in the Mass for the sins of the living and the dead. They said that, if that was the meaning of the article, they would accept it, but not also. Dr. Dollinger assured them that they were right; but he did not think it necessary to translate their remarks into English, and it may be questioned whether Dean Howson *e. g.*—who had previously declined to vote for an article asserting prayer for the dead—would have been equally ready to accept their interpretation of the formula. In this, as in other cases—notably in the very elastic article on the number of the Sacraments—we cannot help thinking that more success was achieved in hitting on a vaguely comprehensive form of words than in ascertaining or securing any real unity of belief. M. Schuler closed the debate on the Eucharistic article—speaking for once directly to the point—by an emphatic assurance that it was quite in harmony with the teaching of the Danish Church, which Dr. Dollinger said he considered an important fact.

We should be sorry to chill aspirations which, for various reasons, Scriptural, practical, social, and even political, must always possess a powerful, and we should hope an increasing, attraction for devout and earnest minds. Still less would we say anything in disparagement of the great leader of the Old Catholic movement, who has given abundant evidence during the last few years that for him no sacrifice is too costly which may be required for maintaining the full integrity of his convictions. But if the Reunion Conference is to meet again next year, as seems to be generally understood, it would certainly be well that the scope and aim of its deliberations should be somewhat more clearly defined. If the object really is, as the Circular issued this year appears to imply, to promote a general reconciliation of Christians, the Old Catholics should be especially cautious of building up fresh barriers by the premature introduction of needless innovations, even where a change may be thought in the abstract desirable. If, on the other hand, their main object is to come to an early understanding with the Russian Church—and there were not wanting signs of this, particularly in the final sitting, where sundry explanations and announcements were volunteered exclusively for the satisfaction of the Easterns—that is a matter chiefly interesting to themselves. According to

their own estimate, as given the other day at the Freiburg Congress, they do not number at present more than about one hundred thousand, and that is a very small fraction indeed of the great body to which they still profess to belong, and which, we presume, it is their aim gradually to interpenetrate and reform. They reasserted at Freiburg more loudly than ever the claim which they have constantly put forward during the last four years, to represent "the Church as it was before the Vatican Council." The difficulty of substantiating that claim would be indefinitely increased by any step involving a violent breach with their ecclesiastical antecedents, which would in fact be to assume the position of a new sect, in place of the nobler though more arduous office of a purifying and reforming power within the bosom of the Church.

YACHTING.

THE arrival of the equinox has caused a large number of the graceful yachts which have skimmed the Solent and the Channel during the last three months to fold their white wings and take up their winter quarters. A few of the larger craft and more adventurous owners are preparing for cruises more exciting than that from Cowes Castle to Torbay harbour; but the majority of English gentlemen are not disposed to risk the broken seas of the Bay in September, or the chance of a white squall, which may almost at any time lash up the blue waters of the Mediterranean into a very pretty imitation of a storm. The English now possess by far the largest fleet of private sailing-ships in the world, but the most persistent advocate of national progress would hardly instance this as a proof that the spirit which animated the sea captains of Elizabeth has been thrown into the shade by our modern courage and love of danger. The twin steamer of Captain Dicey, or the swinging saloon of Mr. Bessemer, must make sad havoc of such an argument, and suggest that our vastly increased wealth had brought its usual accompaniment of increased softness and luxury.

Although it cannot pretend to much of the heroic, it must be confessed, however, that there are few pleasanter pastimes than summer sailing round the softly picturesque shores of Southern England. We cannot praise the taste of one gentleman, who anchored his fine schooner of over three hundred tons in the most snug berth of a West-country port about the end of May, and remained there under pretence of fitting out until the second week in September, when he started only for a perilous voyage back to his winter moorings. He had his reward, no doubt, in the respectful admiration of the townspeople, and the applauding crowd which used to listen to his band playing of an evening; but except the white shoes and the blue costume, he might equally well have been a local benefactor while occupying the first-floor of the chief hotel. But this appetite for the lotus is excessive, and is as much an extreme phase in one aspect of yachting as a voyage to New York is in the other. The average owner of a vessel does move lazily about from one regatta to another, and does not object to running his chance of a strong breeze now and then, when he cannot conveniently avoid it. No other amusement commends itself to so many various dispositions of the mind; for the despotic, the adventurous, the broadly social, and the romantic faculties are equally gratified by being brought into play. Most people have at some time of their lives paid a visit to a man-of-war, and come away with the impression that the captain on the quarter-deck is placed on the proudest pinnacle of human greatness. Comparing great things with small, the owner of a yacht may also enjoy something of the sweetness of absolute power. The Channel is not a vast expanse of ocean, but just for that very reason and the consequent rapidity of the tidal currents it may by certain winds be worked up into a very troublesome sea. The first time that a yachtsman finds himself face to face with a huge wave, he is forced to draw a most uncomfortable comparison between the evident strength of the water and his own apparent weakness. But supposing his vessel to be sound, and his crew composed of the usual quick handy sailors, he soon gets to enjoy the buoyant ease with which the pigmy rides over the giants. There is little of the direct hitting by which a steamer goes straight at the seas, but his helm is delicately handled, and the little ship comes up to the wind and falls away from it as she zigzags cannily over one roller after another. The social phase comes out more strongly in the small boats of twenty or thirty tons or under than in the larger yachts. A numerous crew must have a captain, and probably a mate, interposed like a bulkhead between the owner and his men. Yet even between twenty-five sailors, which would be the complement of a very large yacht only, and their master, there must be much more sympathy when shut up together and exposed to a common danger than there would be between employers and employed under almost any other circumstances. With a small craft the separation becomes physically as well as morally impossible. The owner is his own captain, and could not possibly treat with a grand air the men who have to shout warnings to him quite as often as he directions to them, and who sleep in the fo'c's'le, which is separated little more than in name from his own cabin. The romantic aspect of summer sailing includes the artistic and the picturesque. Some call mystery the essence of romance, and there is nothing so full of mystery as a dream; yet it can hardly be said that the man who lies on his back on deck, as many do throughout a long summer day, in a dreamy daze, enjoys to the full the romantic pleasures of yachting; for, in truth, nothing can be prettier than the

succession of pictures constantly passing before the eyes during a sailing cruise even of the shortest. Many scenes group better as seen from the water than from any other point of view. This does not apply to grand cliffs, which seaward are dwarfed into tameness by the respectful distance at which you are obliged to contemplate them. But what can be found more graceful than the entrance to Cowes or Dartmouth, more fairylike than the reflected lights of Torquay when you glide round the breakwater late on a summer evening, or softer than the swelling roll of hills on all sides of Falmouth Harbour? Then you carry with you a constant and yet ever-changing foreground, and the sharp line of the masts, and bellying of the sails, as the wind fills them now upon one tack now upon another, give the needful precision to the composition. The sailors, when a little foul weather has dulled the commonplace neatness of their trim apparel, fall naturally into useful groups, and more than one famous artist has gained his reputation mainly from his practical experience of casual gleams of sunlight on wet shrouds and dripping sou'-westers during a showery day off Cornwall or the Scilly Islands. Like butterflies flitting from flower to flower, the fleet of yachts hovers round the coast, darting into one sequestered bay after another to taste fresh pleasures. Monotony does not weary, when the experience of to-day is never precisely like that of yesterday; unless indeed you are so unlucky as to be becalmed, or to encounter that least pleasant of all incidents of the sea, a heavy fog. The rooms of the floating houses may look small to others, but to the owner, when his various cherished belongings are stowed away on shelf or nail, they represent the most convenient, the most comprehensive, even the most spacious, lodging that the heart of any reasonable man could desire. And with this opinion the mere abstract consideration of a few feet more or less has nothing at all to do; the little cutter, with a general cabin twelve feet by eight, and the luxurious schooner with a principal saloon twenty-one feet square, and sleeping and other accommodation in proportion, are equally palaces of comfort to their happy proprietors.

Yachting has the common repute of being an expensive amusement, but that, in fact, depends very much upon the manner in which it is taken up. Perhaps no men derive so much real enjoyment from amateur sailing as the large class who build or buy their 18-ton cutter at a quiet price, fit her out with an eye to use rather than ornament, and sail her themselves with a crew, all told, of two men and a boy. Such a boat is often to be bought in Western ports, not perfectly new of course, but of good build and sound timber, and with a very fair fit-out of sails, for about one hundred and fifty pounds. The same kind of boat, but daintily fitted up, and with all the latest ingenities, may likely enough cost four hundred pounds or even more. The usual weekly expense of such a little craft and her owner will not exceed five pounds, while the extras in the way of spinnakers or other fancy sails, entries at regattas, and champagne luncheons, may be very moderate also, or may easily be run up into a tolerable sum. As a rule, sailing on a larger scale than this does imply considerable outlay, unless you are so fortunate as to have an anchorage under your own windows, and so to be able to utilize your crew for other than purely nautical purposes. Without this a boat even of forty or fifty tons must eat up a good bit of money, while from seventy tons upwards you begin to enter upon the inevitable costliness of a large yacht. Of course it may occur that on board a vessel of two hundred tons a man is saving money by giving up much larger expenses at home, but this sort of thing hardly comes under our notion of a summer's sail; it is too much of a business. No man would be likely to set up his ship, at least he would be a fool if he did so, without seeking in the *Pied* and elsewhere the sound and practical and thoroughly trustworthy information which such sources supply; but he will say at the end of his first season that his little bout of practical experience has taught him a good deal more. The general impression seems to be that from thirty to a hundred and thirty tons a yawl is at once the cheapest and most comfortable rig, large cutters requiring such a number of hands to get in their mainsail; while, above that tonnage, a schooner is the more handy. The prevalent danger to the pocket would appear to be the mania for alteration which seems to haunt the owner of a yacht. She is lengthened, she is strengthened, she is deepened; her bulwarks are heightened, until little of her original framework is left, and, the cacœthes of building having gained a firm hold of her owner, he finally orders a new vessel, and has to pay for her, with his already half-emptied pocket, at the rate of nearly thirty pounds a ton. A first-class yacht can always be hired for the season fully manned at one pound per ton per month, the hirer having to find food for no one on board except himself and friends. As this sum is to include compensation to the owner for the use and wear and tear of his vessel, it follows that the actual cost to him is very considerably less. This may serve, so far as it goes, as a general guide to probable expense, but is only of value to enable an intending sailor to fix the probable size of his vessel. He will have no difficulty in then calculating with his builder the precise amount of first outlay, and arriving with the experienced advice of some friend at a fairly accurate estimate of maintenance. If all this falls within the sum which he is willing to spend on his holiday, he has only further to choose with extreme caution the men upon whom his comfort and safety will depend. The owner of a yacht has the absolute power of the captain of a man-of-war only so long as he does not require to exert it. Should he do so, he will find the want of a Mutiny Act fatal. Yet uprisings on board a yacht are almost unheard of; this results in some degree from the good

feeling of the owner, more from the knack possessed by the average captain of Squadron reputation, but most of all from the care with which the crews are chosen.

We have not touched upon racing, as that differs from summer-sailing as much as an afternoon's ride on the Surrey downs does from a struggle on Newmarket heath. A great deal more pluck and skill and a vastly greater expenditure are of course required, but every faculty must be in perpetual strain, and the balmy delights of perfect indolence, which yet fancies it has something to do, are banished. The inevitable thorn clings to our rose, we must acknowledge; the accommodation for sleep and for dressing is often limited, and the cookery is not even third-rate. There are methods of taking a bath more agreeable than standing in nature's dress upon deck, while a sailor scours you with buckets of sea-water; and it is annoying if you have gone overboard, when your boat is anchored in a swell, to find your swimming powers exhausted, and the side of the vessel reached, only to see the gangway rolling up far above your head. Those who cannot get over such inconveniences as these had better abstain from yachting; the confirmed dyspeptic had better do so likewise. But people of ordinary digestion, and no invincible repugnance to a little roughing it, can hardly spend a few idle weeks better than in a summer sail.

PAUPER GIRLS.

THE Local Government Board may perhaps consider it a mark of innovent curiosity if we ask why so interesting and important a collection of papers as their Report for 1873 should not have been published till September 1874. The Report itself is signed by the late President, and there is no apparent reason why the numerous Appendices should not have been ready early in the year. The use of these Reports is not purely historical; they are also valuable as supplying matter for suggestions as to the future policy of the department. If they are not published till the autumn, neither Parliament nor the press has any opportunity of making such suggestions as regards the current year. The work of the Local Government in 1874 will be almost done before the records of its work in 1873 have been thoroughly studied.

One of the most interesting of the documents printed in this volume is a Report by Mrs. Nassau Senior upon the effect produced on girls by the system of education in pauper schools. It appeared to Mr. Stanfeld that in a matter affecting girls there was room for the kind of inspection which is best conducted by a woman, and the results of Mrs. Senior's inquiry show that this view had a solid foundation. The Metropolitan District Schools, which were the principal field of her investigation, have often been visited by the ordinary Poor-law Inspectors and by the Medical Inspectors, and it is very possible that none of Mrs. Senior's suggestions are absolutely new. But it is a great gain to have them presented with that freshness and completeness which are hardly compatible with long familiarity with the persons and places reported on. An Inspector sees a school year after year, and each year perhaps marks some error that needs correcting or some deficiency that he wishes to see supplied. He is naturally anxious not to prescribe too many changes at once, and he consequently limits his recommendations as far as possible to the points which he hopes to get amended before another visit. When he comes again he perhaps finds that only a part of his suggestions has been adopted, and in his next report he will probably limit himself to insisting on this fact, and to making sure that there shall be no similar neglect in the following year. Thus the Local Government Board and the public have the subject presented to them piecemeal, and though, as an ordinary rule, this is the most likely way of getting practical reforms effected, it does not dispense with the necessity for an occasional survey of a more comprehensive kind. Where girls are concerned there is an obvious advantage in this occasional survey being conducted by a woman. Her recommendations may not always be such as it is possible to carry out in dealing with paupers, but it is important to know how the condition and manner of life of any large collection of girls strike a woman. She is likely to notice points in their appearance and habits which may escape the eye of a man, and though each may be in itself trifling, yet the aggregate of them may largely affect their happiness and their ultimate chance of doing well. No theory of the management of girls can be regarded as beyond the reach of improvement the results of which have not been tested by a woman's observation.

Mrs. Senior directed her attention first to the working of the system in the schools, and next to the after career of the girls who had been placed out in the world. The feature in the Metropolitan District Schools which first calls for notice is the system of classification adopted in them. Girls are separated from boys, infants from elder children, and sick children from those in health. Here the process of classification stops. There is no separation of orphans and deserted children, who are permanently in the school, from "casuals" or children who are only there for such periods, often very short ones, as their parents are in the workhouse. Whether there should be any separation between these classes is a point upon which there is great difference of opinion among the officers of the schools. Those serving in the larger schools, including the whole staff at Sutton, where there are 714 girls, and at Hanwell, where there are 580, are strongly opposed to separation; but a slight numerical majority, including the staff of most of the smaller schools, are in

favour of it. The reasons urged against separation are that the permanent children bring the vagrant children rapidly into order, and that, if the permanent element were trained separately, the schools containing the casual children would become so demoralized that good masters and matrons could not be found to manage them, and that the children themselves would have no chance of turning out well. "I have heard it said," writes Mrs. Senior, "that such a school would be a hell on earth." To us it seems that this last argument really constitutes a conclusive reason in favour of educating the two classes of children separately. The permanent children are the children who have most claim upon the consideration of the Poor-law authorities. They pass the greater part, and often the whole, of their childhood in the workhouse, and, as regards orphans, they are often brought there by no fault of their parents. We have no right to condemn these children to the immense additional disadvantage of associating throughout their school life with a class which embraces the lowest and most depraved of the population. If the casual children, left to themselves, would convert pauper schools into so many hells on earth, they cannot be improving companions for the permanent children. They may fall more rapidly into habits of external order and obedience by being associated with children already drilled, but a great deal of evil may be taught and learnt without any open breach of discipline. There is but little supervision in the playground, or in the dormitories between the hour when the children go to bed and the hour when the officer in charge goes to bed; and during the time spent in one or other of these places there is abundant opportunity for imparting the kind of knowledge which is gained in brick-making and hop-gathering or in tramping about the country. In one school Mrs. Senior saw a child of six years old whose language was so horrible that she had to be sent to the dormitories as soon as lessons were over in order to get her away from the other children. At ten she will probably have learnt to hold her tongue in the presence of the officers of the school, and will keep her oaths and obscenity for the hours when she is alone with her companions. One matron told Mrs. Senior that "the horrors that some children coming from low homes talked of could be hardly imagined." They included things "of which she had no idea till she learnt them from the children." All children are ready enough to learn mischief in this way, and to the children permanently in the school these stories come with all the interest and excitement that belong to pictures of a world outside which is absolutely strange to them and which they must one day enter. The whole experience of other schools and of prisons and reformatories goes to show that the most essential requisite in classifying children is to keep those who know a great deal of evil separate from those who know less. One thoroughly depraved child will corrupt the great majority of those whom she associates with. There is no difficulty in finding teachers for reformatories and industrial schools, and if it were once recognized that the same talents which are needed for these positions are needed for the management of casual children in workhouse schools, they would be obtained with equal ease in the two cases.

Another fault in the district schools is the want of variety of occupation, whether for mind or body. A girl is well taught as regards her ordinary school lessons. At twelve years old she "is able to read and write fairly and do the first four rules of arithmetic; if she has been long in the school, her scholastic proficiency is far beyond this." But she gets none of the practical education that comes from living in a poor home. Everything is provided for her without her knowledge or co-operation. She is part of a large system, and she has nothing to do but to submit to be carried passively along with it. Any one who has ever seen the children of any of these schools will remember the dull and listless look which this mode of bringing up imparts to almost all of them, and the striking difference there is between their appearance and that of the shrewd and quick-witted children of the same age and class who are often to be met with in the streets or in the poorest cottages. A pauper girl has no errands to go on, no cooking to do for her mother, no clothes to make for herself, and the want of these common interests is not supplied by any interchange of active employment in or out of doors. The boys in the District Schools have skilled workmen to teach them trades, they are regularly drilled, and they have the use of a good swimming-bath. The girls have no outdoor exercise except walking, and their only substitute for industrial training is instruction in housework. In a large establishment, however, there is but little work that a girl can do, and if there were, there are rarely any efficient servants to show them how to do it. The wages given are not high enough to tempt really good women servants to take a situation which has so few attractions, and in some cases, though this is always disallowed by the Local Government Board, the places are filled by adult paupers sent from the workhouse. Mrs. Senior suggests by way of remedy for this state of things that pauper schools should in future be very much smaller, so that each house could in a great measure be worked by the girls living in it. The existing establishments she would utilize by making a certain number of them infant schools, to which every girl should be sent for the last two years of her school life to learn how to manage children. The large wards now in use might be sub-divided into houses complete in themselves, so that a school which at present holds five hundred children between seven and fourteen might be broken up into ten schools each holding fifty children of all ages, the elder ones being employed, under proper superintendence, in minding the infants and in doing the cooking

and housework of the establishment. In this way girls would get a really practical training which would be of use to them in after-life, instead of being sent out, as is now too often the case, with all their domestic education still to be gone through.

Mrs. Senior's Report raises many other questions of great interest, into which we cannot now enter. It will be seen that it only deals with the Metropolitan District Schools, which, faulty as they are, are yet an immense improvement on the system of bringing up children in workhouses, which in London they have displaced. In other parts of the country, however, there are a very large number of girls who are still being educated under the old system, and it would be exceedingly interesting to hear Mrs. Senior's opinion upon the condition and prospects of this class of children as compared with those in District Schools. It will be well if the Report of the Local Government Board for 1874 should show that she has been employed during the present year in carrying out this inquiry throughout the rest of England. Unfortunately the delay in the appearance of the Report for 1873 compels us to put this in the shape of a hope, not of a suggestion. Considering the large number of girls brought up at the expense of the State, it is of great importance to know whether they are being dealt with so as to make them industrious, capable, and self-supporting, or so as to bring them back upon the hands of the community as the pauper mothers of a fresh generation of pauper infants.

A SUMMER IN SIENA.

WITH the thermometer above ninety in the shade in Florence and throughout the valley of the Arno, the native Italian, and still more the non-acclimatized Englishman, naturally betakes himself to the cool heights of Siena, standing on one of the many spurs of the Apennines. Three hours' railway journey makes a difference of more than a month in temperature; in other words, the traveller thus easily exchanges July or even August for June. The train begins to climb the mountains at a junction half-way between Florence and Pisa, and thence it winds its way upwards, as only Italian railroads learn how to do, among olive groves and vineyards, with villages looking down from heights above, until an ascent of some thousand feet or more brings the traveller to the rock-hewn walls of the old and warlike republic of Siena.

The ordinary English tourist who, with Murray in hand, rushes in hot haste among churches, palaces, and galleries, cannot enter into the summer life of Italy. To enjoy, or even to tolerate, this sense of supreme sunshine, the sojourner must live as the Italians themselves live; he will do well to rise with the sun, to repose at midday, and then again to take his walks abroad an hour or two before twilight—a time of inexpressible beauty at this season of the year, when nature, stimulated to the utmost, seeks the repose of night. Each quarter of the year has in Italy its peculiar beauty; but winter, the time chosen by the English, is perhaps the least favoured; and spring, though brilliant, is often in its winds biting and bitter; and autumn is apt to be short and sad. But summer is long and glad; the people burst into song as they pass through the streets, the fields and the country paths are bright with flowers, the public markets are redolent with fruits. The only drawback to a summer in Italy is the heat, which the Italians learn to elude by betaking themselves to the Baths of Lucca, to Siena, to Perugia, or to other mountain retreats. The Apennines indeed serve as a pleasant refuge from the purgatory of fire. Hence English artists and others who become denizens in Italy find a summer in Siena, Perugia, Assisi, and other high places favoured by nature as by art, not only endurable, but delightful. Of fever in the chief of the Etruscan cities there can be little fear, and against sunstroke a felt hat and a stout umbrella are sufficient protection. As to Siena, she has special claims as a summer residence, at least for those who study art or delight in scenery. Her school of painting, sculpture, and architecture deserves more attention than it has received, save from students; and the streets, the city walls, the wells, and towers, together with the surrounding country, offer ample and comparatively unhackneyed materials for the sketch-book.

Siena, in what may be termed her physical geography, is situated diversely from her sister city on the Arno. She is set upon a hill-top with cold and arid clays around, while Florence reposes in a valley surrounded by fertile alluvial lands cultivated as a garden. In Florence the eye looks upwards to the hills of Fiesole, San Miniato, and Poggio a Caiano; in Siena the spectator gazes downwards over a wide sweep of valleys broken like a sea troubled by a storm. In Florence the streets are almost as level as if laid on a bowling-green, while in Siena the roads clamber tortuously up the sides of precipices, and suddenly plunge into ravines, so that the passage of carriages becomes difficult, and in parts impracticable. Lastly, Florence has been for the most part denuded of her ancient walls, while Siena, fortunately removed out of the reach of ruthless destroyers and speculative building companies, still retains her old rock-planted ramparts in a picturesqueness which time serves to make only the more venerable.

Yet Siena has suffered change, though more politically and commercially than pictorially. Her two hundred thousand inhabitants are now reduced to little more than twenty thousand, and of her thirty-nine gates only eight are now open. A city thus decimated in her inhabitants and paralysed in her power may be likened to the large, wandering, and half-tenantless structures which travel-

lers nowadays meet with in Italy on every hand; a dead silence reigns in the place of life; footsteps sound strangely and intrusively on floors and ground once too narrow for crowded and busy occupants; in short, quarters which formerly were the rich abode of princes, are now given up to penury, to the uses of a wine-cellar or to the petty traffic of a fruit-stall. Yet such reverses in fortune are found not unfrequently to favour picturesque effects; a ruined tower, at all events, is a better subject for the portfolio than a smart new palace. And here in Siena crumbling walls, grass-grown streets, and whole regions within the walls reconquered by Nature and taken possession of by vineyards and olive groves, bring into close contact city and country life, architecture and landscape, old sculpture and modern costume. It would sometimes seem as if our painters were pleased to prosper as parasites, to feed upon decay, to plant beauty on deformity, life on death. And Italy in general, and Siena especially, has not yet, either as to decay or renovation, passed the point at which the artist can step in and gather for his use fruits which are indeed all but inexhaustible. Greece, Palestine, and some parts of Spain are almost too far gone, and Italy is in danger under threatened improvements of being spoiled. A survey is made for a new street in Assisi, a fresh quarter in Florence is disfigured with dwellings which in Lancashire might be mistaken for warehouses or in Dorsetshire for barns, and in Siena the old fountain in the great square by Della Quercia, one of the most precious monuments in Europe, has been carted away to give place to an emaculate reproduction from the chisel of a modern Italian sculptor. In fact, everywhere the art student returns with a kind of dread to his old haunts; he never knows after the lapse of a few years what havoc may have been made with historic remains.

It is interesting to see how in Siena the old art has been assimilated with the present life and adapted to modern uses. The Gothic Fonte Branda, immortalized by Dante, still yields copious supplies of water to the dwellers of a district who from the time of Catherine of Siena down to the present day still carry on the fuller's trade; and the "Loggia dei Mercanti" retains a stone bench, with masterly figures in high relief by Peruzzi, which still serves as the resting and sleeping place of citizens and contadini, whose rude costumes contrast strangely, yet combine picturesquely with armour-girt warriors and classic-clad senators. The art of sculpture in Siena from the era of the Pisani downwards through the period of the Renaissance, by its distinctive character no less than by its distinguished excellence, will repay all the study which the traveller may be able to bestow. The Cathedral, the Palazzo Pubblico, the Fonte Gaja, with sundry monuments scattered about churches, show how here, as elsewhere, sculpture was the necessary sequel to architecture, and the natural precursor of painting. The three arts, though in sequence, were almost contemporary and always co-operative; they arose out of the Romanesque and the Byzantine, they then passed through a Gothic development specially triumphant in Siena, and lastly under Quercia, Peruzzi, Il Marino, Bazzi, Beccafumi, and others they passed into the Renaissance. This last style has here little local character to distinguish it from the other schools that stand conspicuous as revivals of classic modes, and as reflections of the Roman manner of Raffaele. Certainly the period in Siena of most independence and individuality is the pre-Raffaellite. For though there is reason to believe that Raffaele entered the city, a point at once settled if the tradition be accepted that he assisted in the Piccolomini chapel, yet it is a singular fact that the whole of this district in Central Italy cannot show a single work by the master; while Perugino and Pinturicchio, who preserved the tradition and cherished the spirit of the Umbrian school, hold possession of altars and chapels, as well in the minor as in the greater cities of the Apennines. The tourist may with advantage make Siena, or perhaps still better Perugia, a central point for pilgrimage to the forsaken or desecrated shrines of Sienese and Umbrian art—sanctuaries which are rapidly falling into the possession of soldiery, or are being taken under the so-called protection of the State.

Examples might easily be multiplied of the many ways in which sacred and historic art is absorbed into and sometimes desecrated by the life of modern Italy. Thus over an old city gate may still be deciphered in fresco the Coronation of the Madonna; in the chamber of an edifice now used as a public office is a wall painting of the Madonna enthroned among saints and angels; in the cloisters of a secularized monastery rose trees flourish, and camellias blossom under the open sky, so propitious are the seasons. In another monastery, now used as a poor-house, old women are seen knitting before a grand composition, the joint product of Perugino and Bazzi; while upstairs, in rooms once the cells of monks, pauper beds are placed before a picture of the Annunciation, and dirty clothes are stowed away in front of Christ rising from the tomb. And so little account is taken of such treasures that any traveller intent on hunting out works not quite as conspicuous as the dome of St. Peter's in Rome is met by a positive denial of their existence altogether. A light-hearted indifference and an easy-going frivolity permit an Italian to smoke a cigar or to drink a cup of coffee over the destruction of the most precious work inherited from his ancestors, and the scene in which Charles Surface sells the portraits of his forefathers is enacted to the life at this moment in Italy. It is only the resolute and praiseworthy resolve of the Government to house in Museums created for the purpose the suddenly mobilized treasures of disendowed fraternities that hinders pauperized monks from turning pictures into ready cash. Fortunately there yet remain in Siena some monumental works

which, amid the catastrophes of centuries, maintain their original uses. The cathedral and its contents are, with some exceptions, such as the restoration of the pavement and of the façade, intact. The Palazzo Pubblico preserves, though in ruin, Lorenzetti's famous fresco symbolic of Good Government, a work which may possibly serve as an incentive towards honesty to the municipal clerk who, in the presence of these majestic figures, is seen registering papers in small pigeon-holes. But more to the immediate purpose of present times are the frescoes which cover the vaults of the great hospital. In the wards may be seen to this day pictures of the Madonna of mercy looking down on beds of sickness. Seldom has religious art been more appropriately exercised.

A summer is scarcely too long to master Sienese art. Many days may with advantage be spent in the picture gallery, wherein can be traced the rise of this local art out of the Byzantine school under Guido da Siena and Duccio, its progress under Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Simone Martini (called Simone Memmi), Taddeo di Bartolo, Sano di Pietro, Pacchiarotti, and so onwards, and in some sense downwards, to Bazzi (called Sodoma), Beccafumi, and Francesco Vanni. Many of these artists may be further studied by visits to such of the churches as have not been despoiled of their treasures. And all the more is to be learnt here on the spot, because these masters are almost exclusively local; with comparatively few exceptions they are not to be seen elsewhere. Moreover, the school has special claim to attention from its devout religious feeling, from its tenderness of expression and its subtle supersensuous beauty. Also an interesting trait, evidently taken from Byzantium, is its supremely decorative character manifested through profusion of gold in backgrounds, in "glories," and in highly wrought draperies also decorated with gold into which enter overlappings of transparent red or purple. Even the frames, in their elaborate Gothic archings and pinnacles, and twisted columns, enclosing sometimes ten or more panels bound together into one composition, are exquisite in design and ornament. Frames thus treated become in fact integral portions of the pictures they enshrine. Such works are obviously best seen in the places for which they were originally designed; they then are found to combine fitly with architectural surroundings; hence the advantage of studying these somewhat anomalous products in the churches as well as in the galleries of Siena. The volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle will prove instructive companions, though these searching but supercilious critics, who everywhere overthrow much more than they succeed in establishing, show more favour to Florence than to Siena.

We must not forget to point to the remarkable manifestations of Gothic architecture of which there is scarcely a street that does not bear the signs down to this very hour. Indeed Herr Burckhardt goes so far as to say that no town in Italy or Northern Europe, neither Florence nor Venice, neither Nuremberg nor Bruges, is so rich in remains of pointed architecture as Siena. The merits and the demerits of the cathedral are pretty generally known, and the Palazzo Pubblico (date 1289-1305) is too large to have escaped the notice of the most rapid of travellers; but over and above these signal examples there exist not only such palaces as the Saracini, the Buonsignori, and the Tolomei (date 1205), but a multitude of minor dwellings, and two or more fountains such as the Fonte Branda (date 1198) and the Fonte Nuova (date 1259), which tell unmistakably of a great Gothic epoch. What would we not have given to have seen Siena in those days! Now, in the domestic dwellings at least, the pointed arches are mostly filled up to give place to small and utilitarian square windows. We have seldom seen a city in which a careful study of masonry would lead to more interesting archaeological results, though perhaps in the end the conviction would be forced upon the inquirer that there are but few traces of Byzantine or Romanesque structures, that the Gothic development wants the growth and variety of the same style in Venice, and that the Renaissance has little to urge in excuse for having thrust itself in as an untimely intrusion.

A summer in Siena would scarcely be complete without excursions to some neighbouring centres of art. The railway has now made more accessible the Convent of Monte Oliveto planted in the midst of wild Dantesque scenery, and though the monks are removed, hospitality is continued by order of the Government to strangers, including ladies. Here on the walls of the great cloister are still preserved the master-works of Signorelli and of Bazzi. The traveller will also do well to visit the picturesque little town of San Gimignano for the sake of famous frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, and, should the summer heats in Siena become insupportable, the tourist or student may beat a retreat to the cool Etruscan heights of Volterra.

THE MORAL EDUCATION OF THE PARISIANS.

THE praiseworthy movement in favour of young Englishwomen left unprotected in Paris seems to have stirred the susceptibilities of some patriotic Frenchmen. The speakers at the Manchester meeting incidentally assumed the exceptional immorality of Paris to be indisputable, and the Bishop of Manchester appears to have given especial offence by observing that it was not the safest place in the world for a young woman to be abroad in. Whereupon an ingenious writer in the *Temps* takes up the cudgels for the French capital, and sets himself to establish two propositions. The first of these is, that Parisian immorality has been grossly exaggerated; the second, that even if the city be as immoral as is asserted, it is the strangers who denounce it who are chiefly to

blame. With regard to the former point it is likely enough that the Parisian apologist may be in the right, although we may observe that, even if the general indictment were toned down materially, enough would remain to support a damaging charge. The proverb assures us that the Author of Evil is not so black as they paint him, and the Parisians have taken especial pains to blacken themselves out of the perverted vanity which is one of their foibles. Like a *roué* whose head is worse than his heart, they take a pride in romancing about the things that do them least credit, and would willingly be supposed to excel in those kinds of wickedness which are the weaknesses of gay and brilliant natures. Victor Hugo, a born Parisian himself in temperament if ever there was one, believes in the Parisians and admires them as much as any man. Witness the rhapsodies in which he indulges in his writings generally, and especially in the chapters on the sun and centre of civilization which he contributed to the guide-book for the last great Exhibition there. Yet even Victor Hugo in his latest novel talks of Paris oscillating between Thermopylæ and Gomorrah, an epigram which a cautious Englishman would scarcely have hazarded. Take their sketches of themselves as accepted by themselves, in the novels that have been most widely read and the plays that have had the longest runs. Even according to those who write mainly for the more virtuous middle classes, and seek their personages there, neither the spoiled children of a luxurious aristocracy nor the drags and scum of criminal society have any monopoly of vice. Honest Paul de Kock sent out his shopkeepers of the Marais on a Sunday, like so many *bourgeois* Don Juans, conquering and to conquer; they sought their prey among each other's wives and daughters in the intervals which they snatched from business, without paying any regard to the rites of hospitality; while his grisettes and girls of the people were "gay" as a matter of course. But Paul de Kock was a model of morality compared to the more refined school which succeeded him, and the society he delighted in depicting was comparatively pure. If we may credit some of the most popular novelists of the Empire, the highest practice of morality had come to be identical with the art of keeping up appearances, and society generally by a tacit and honourable understanding screened notorious branches of the Seventh Commandment from the knowledge of those who should feel bound to notice and resent them.

No doubt these pictures are over-coloured, and French writers have often deliberately calumniated their countrymen that they might pander to a depraved and prurient taste. But the fact that their books found a ready market proved the general existence of that prurient taste. The evil reputation which Paris has made for itself has a solid foundation in the qualities on which the Parisians pride themselves; and from time immemorial they have had examples before their eyes which might well have corrupted even a people more virtuous by temperament. Their gay and light-some natures are the least suited in the world to resist the temptations with which they industriously surround themselves. It is the old story:—

Where lives the man who has not tried
How nith can into folly glide, and folly into sin?

In other countries there have been dissipated kings and courtiers who paid their monarch the flattery of imitating his vices. But, with the exception of the Italian States, where the way of living was often loose enough, princes did not systematically assert their superiority to ordinary restraints by flaunting their vices in the eyes of their subjects. In Germany, in England, and even in Spain an obtrusively immoral king rather acted the part of the drunken Helot in Sparta, and shocked his subjects into more decorous manners. In France a dissipated Court has been the rule which has been proved by occasional rare exceptions, and Paris has long been familiarized with scandals that dazzled it. We need not go back to Charlemagne with his daughters carrying their lovers on their shoulders across the fresh-fallen snow, nor to those mysterious atrocities of the Tour de Nesle which recall the infamous horrors of the Lower Roman Empire. The best and ablest of the French kings have been the worst men and the worst husbands. The secret history of France's most brilliant days has been the history of mistresses with their *cotillon* government. The chivalrous Francis was more famous for his amours than for his successes in the battlefield; his son inherited the favourite mistress with the royal crown, and no one was greatly shocked or surprised. Catherine de' Medici availed herself of the charms of her maids of honour to ruin or hoodwink the courtiers she distrusted. As for the great Méarnais, the *protégé* of the austere Huguenots, the convert of the Pope and the Catholic clergy, he was as openly disreputable in his life and morals as any of his subjects, which is saying a great deal. The descendants of his branch of the Bourbons showed themselves his worthy lineage in that way, if in no other, and the greatest of them even succeeded in improving on their ancestor. The Great King *par excellence*, who lived as he died under the eyes of his faithful subjects, who made it his ambition to occupy the attention of all Europe, travelled to the camp attended by carriages filled with his favourite sultanas, while the Queen of France was left to pray for him in her oratory at home. The Regent Orleans made his household arrangements a byword, and his chosen friends were honourably distinguished as *roués*; while Louis the Bien-aimé busied himself through his long reign in developing the Oriental tastes of his grandfather, and seizing on daughters of the nobility or the people whenever a face attracted his fancy. Louis XVI., heavy in his looks and ungainly in his bearing, was the only moral man of his line, and he came to the

guillotine in retributive justice for the sins and scandals of which his fathers had been guilty. Now all these later princes kept their most discreditable establishments within easy reach of Paris holding their orgies in the full blaze of their kingly state and ceremony. Versailles, Marly, and the Château of Obois were all close to the town; while the favourite haunt where the Regent held his entertainments was in the heart of its gayest and busiest quarter. The Royal example was loyally imitated by the nobles. They had their *petites maisons* in the precincts of the Court, and abused their seigniorial rights in their own domains as audaciously as their Majesties themselves could have done. Had the Parisians been as steady and phlegmatic as their Teutonic neighbours, they could hardly have resisted the influence of such constant corruption and the demoralizing effect of such examples in high places. Being what they are, they have naturally been formed by it, and if they should be forced in candour to admit this, we readily confess that they may plead extenuating circumstances.

After all, however, what we are more concerned with is the Paris of our own times. It is of course still suffering under the consequences of the German invasion, but we cannot see that its sufferings have materially changed its character. It would willingly, if it could, be again what it was under the Empire, and we have not forgotten what Parisian life was then. It was outwardly more decorous than it had been under the old monarchy, for Courts and princes had come to conduct themselves with more decency and reserve, and the progress of refinement and the growth of public opinion insisted on a certain respect being paid to appearances. But in one way things were worse than they had ever been before, and, thanks to the general increase of riches, many people could afford to indulge themselves in vices which had formerly been a monopoly of the privileged few. Under the Second Empire no man, however highly placed, would have dared to hold his revels behind windows opening on the crowded streets, like the Regent Orleans or even Philippe Egalité. But then every little *bourgeois* gentleman who longed to be gay and get rid of his small fortune found every facility afforded him. So long as his louis lasted he might shine in certain circles, and be pillaged at nightly card-tables by the harpies who consented to pluck him. As the victims gathered to Paris so did the harpies, and as the harpies came there so did the victims, and things went on revolving in a vicious circle which was gradually extending itself. There was no other capital where a stranger could so easily launch himself among the wilder pleasures, or form a certain acquaintance with distinguished patrons of immorality. All classes met, for example, in the *foyer* at those early morning balls at the Opera House. A false air of respectability was thrown over these extraordinary gatherings by the fact of the Opera being the habitual resort of the most unimpeachable society, and consequently comparative innocence was seduced into most dangerous contact with shameless vice. Mere children might be seen looking on from the side boxes, brought there apparently to amuse themselves innocently with the profitable spectacle. It arose naturally perhaps out of the practice of these Opera balls that a certain number of highly-placed Parisian gentlemen dared to give the ladies of the demi-monde a magnificent ball at the famous restaurant of the Trois Frères Provençaux. The ball became town-talk, among men the rush for tickets was tremendous, and if ladies in society did not venture to apply, they consoled themselves as best they could by informing themselves of all the minutest particulars of the affair. Our golden youth in London are perhaps not too particular in their habit of addressing Anonyms in the Park, under the eyes of their mothers and sisters. But can we conceive such a ball as we hint at being tolerated in London or Berlin, and being countenanced freely by officials in high places and respectable fathers of families? Can we imagine the proprietors of the most fashionable restaurant in London consenting to let it for such a purpose? But then in Paris they are used to these things, and restaurants of European reputation are permitted to change their tone according to the hour of the day and the character of the guests. The *salons* of the Maison Dorée, the Café Anglais, are patronized in the early evening by staid and sober domestic groups. In the early morning the same rooms will be filled with very different company. We repeat that, putting it in the mildest way, the tone of Parisian morality is extreme toleration, and, according to English notions, it leaves a good deal to desire. Does not M. Taine tell us that a good son will make his mother his confidante as to his mistresses? Consequently, notwithstanding the attempt of the dashing writer in the *Temps* to carry the war into the enemy's camp, we rather agree with the Bishop of Manchester in thinking that Paris is not the safest place for a young and unprotected woman, and we are sure that the returns of English corpses dragged out of the Seine, to be exposed in the Morgue, should be the most eloquent of advertisements for such a home as is proposed.

LOCAL FÊTES.

THE efforts of country places in the matter of local fêtes and shows are often beset with difficulties. The great people, who have seen the best of everything in Paris and London, give their money sparingly and their energies with languor, or it may be that certain of the more good-natured ones kill the whole affair by their superabundant patronage, as nurses stifle infants by over-care. The very poor can only participate to the extent of peace

when the thing is organized; they can neither subscribe for the general expenses, nor give time to the arrangements; and the burden consequently rests on the shoulders of the middle class, which in a small country neighbourhood is represented by the well-to-do tradesmen, the innkeepers, and the rival professionals. Once a year or so the desire fastens on these people to get up a local fête—say a flower-show, or games, or both combined—as an evidence of local vitality, a claim on the county newspaper for two or three columns of description with all the names in full flanked by a generous application of adjectives, an occasion for mutual self-laudation, and a pleasing impression of the eyes of England being turned upon them. They find their work cut out for them when they begin; and before the end most of them wish they had never been bitten by the mania of parochial ambition, but had let the old place lie in its wonted stagnation without attempting to stir it at the cost of so much vexation and thankless trouble.

Jealousy and huffiness are the dominant characteristics of small communities, as all people know who have had dealings therewith. The question of precedence affects more than the choice of the "first lady" in an assembly where there are no ladies to be first, though there may be plenty of honest women; and the men squabble for distinctive offices and the recognition of services to the full as much as the lawyer's wife squabbles with the doctor's, and both with the wholesale grocer's, as to which is to be taken down first to supper and set at the head of the table with the master of the house. One wants to be the secretary, that he may display his power of fine writing when he asks the reverent nobility and gentry for their subscriptions, and draws up the final report for the press. Another thinks he should be made chairman of the acting committee, because he imagines he has the gift of eloquence, and he would like to use the time of the association in airing his verbiage. A third puts in his claim to be elected one of the judges of things he does not understand, because his son-in-law is to be an exhibitor, and he would be glad to be able to say a good word for him; and all decline those offices which have no outside show, where only work is to be done, and no credit gained. It requires a considerable amount of tact and firmness to withstand these clamorous vanities, to put the right men in the right places, and yet not make enemies that will last a lifetime. But if the thing is to succeed at all, this is what must be done; and the little committee must stick to its text of *pro bono publico* as steadfastly as if the flower-show were a conqueror's triumph, and the rules and regulations for its fit management consular decrees.

When the eventful day arrives, every one feels that the eyes of England are indeed turned hitherward. The great people are languid, the meaner folks are jocular, and the stewards are as proud as the proudest rediles of old Rome. Their knots of coloured ribbon make new men of them for the time, and justify the instinct which puts its trust in regalia. They are sure to be on the ground from the earliest hours in the morning; and though scollers might perhaps question the practical value of their zeal, no one can doubt its heartiness. If it is fussy, it is genuine; and as every one is fussy alike, they cannot complain of each other. A band has been lent by a neighbouring regiment, and the men come radiant into the little town. It is delightful to see the cordial condescension with which the trombone and the cornet, the serpent and the drum shake hands with their civilian friends, and how the fine fellows in scarlet accept drinks quite fraternally from fustian and corduroy. For a full half-hour the town is kept alive by the dazzle and resonance of these musical heroes as they stand before the door of the "public" which they have elected to patronize, and lighten the pockets of the lieges by the successive "go's" drained out of them. Then the church clock chimes the appointed hour, the last flag is run up, the finishing touch given to the calico and the moss, the last award has been affixed, and the policeman stationed at the gate to keep order among the little boys has tightened his belt and drawn on his gloves ready for action. The band marches through the town, drums beating and fifes playing, and when the gates are opened as the clock is on the stroke of twelve, they are all settled in their places with their music handy, ready to salute the gentry with the overture from *Zampa*, taken in false time. The imposing effect, however, is rather marred by the friendly feelings of the public; for when jolly farmers and small boys insist on sharing the benches assigned to the red coats, the orchestra has necessarily a piebald kind of look that does not add to its dignity.

The great people do their duty as they ought, and come in their carriages, which make a show, and give an air of regality to the affair. Many of them have had early high-priced tickets given to them in consideration of their subscribed guineas; it being held the right thing to do to give to those who can afford to pay, trusting to the pence of the multitude for the rest. Nevertheless they regard their presence there as a *corde* which they must fulfil, but at the least cost possible to themselves; so they make up parties to meet at a certain time, and endure the stewards, who talk fine and are important, with the best philosophy granted them by nature. When the second prices come, then the real fun of the fair begins. The great people are uninterested, and the indifferently grown flowers which are offered for prizes do not call forth any enthusiasm, but the smaller folk think them superb, and express their admiration with unstinted delight. When the gardener of a neighbouring lord exhibits a good specimen from his choicest plants, not for competition, but as a model for imitation, their enthusiasm knows no bounds; and a fine alameda or a richly-coloured dracena receives almost divine honours. As

a rule, the flowers in these local shows are poor enough; but the fruit is often good and the vegetables magnificent. The highest efforts of competition are usually devoted to onions and beans; but potatoes come in for their due share, and the summer celery is for the most part an instance of misdirected power. The great houses carry off the first prizes, the poor little cottage plots, cultivated at odd hours under difficulties, not touching them in value. The gentlemen say they give their prizes to their gardeners; but that does not help the cottagers who have spent time and money and hope in this unequal struggle of pignies with giants. In some places they divide the classes, and give prizes to the gentle-folks apart and to the cottagers by themselves. In which case they fulfil the Scriptures literally, and give most to those who already have most.

All the local oddities are sure to be at these fêtes. There is the harmless imbecile who wanders about the roads with a peacock's feather in his battered old cap, and who talks to himself when he cannot find another listener; and there is the stalwart lady proprietor who farms her own land, and knows as much about roots and beasts as the best of them. She is reported to have thrashed her man in her time, and is said to be a crack shot and the best rough-rider for miles round. There is the ruined yeoman who came into a good property when he was a handsome young fellow with the ball at his foot, but who has drunk himself from affluence to penury, and from sturdy health to palsy and delirium tremens, yet who has always a kindly word from his betters, having been no man's enemy but his own, and even at his worst a good fellow in a sort of way. There is the farmer who is supposed capable of buying up all the lemming gentry in a batch, but who, being a misogynist, lives by himself in his rambling old ruined hall, with a hind to do the scullerymaid's work, and never a petticoat about the place. There is the self-taught man of science whose quantities are shaky when he tells you the names of his treasures, but whose knowledge of local fossils, of rare plants, of concealed antiquities, is true so far as it goes, if of too great importance in his estimate of things; and side by side with him is the self-made poet, whose verses are not always easy to scan, and whose thoughts are apt to express themselves mistily. These and more are sure to be at the fête bringing their peculiarities as their quota, and giving that indescribable but pleasant local flavour which is half the interest of the thing.

There is a great deal of practical democracy in these gatherings, if the grand people stay into the time of the second prices, which, however, they generally do not. If they do, then ragged coats fledge the squire's glossy broadcloth, and rude boys crumple the fine silks and mashings of the ladies with the most communistic unconcern. The shopgirl and farmer's daughters come out in gorgeous array, with bonnets and chignons, straw-bers and furbelows, of wonderful construction; and their sisters of more cultivated taste regard their exaggerated toilets as moral crimes. But the poor things are happy in their ugly finery, and, as millinery is by no means an exact science, they may be pardoned if they adopt monstrosities on their own account which a year or so ago had been sanctioned by fashion. Sometimes Punch and Judy, "as performed before the Queen and Prince Albert," helps on the enjoyment of the day, with the "—" softened out of respect for the clergyman; sometimes an acrobat lies down on the grass and twirls a huge ball between his feet, which sets all the boys to do the like in imitation, and perhaps brings down many a maternal hand on fleshy places as the result; or in some localities a troop of little girls in scarlet and white plait ribbons dance round a maypole and are called inappropriately morris-dancers. Perhaps there are fireworks at the end of all things, when the set pieces will not light simultaneously in all their parts, the catherine-wheels have the disastrous trick of sticking, and only the Roman candles and the rockets succeed as they should. But the gaping crowd is vociferous and good-natured, and holds the whole affair to have been splendid. There is a great deal of coarse jollity among the men and women over the failures and successes alike, and if the fête is in the North there is sure to be more drink afloat than is desirable. Headaches are the rule of the next morning, with perhaps some things lost that can never be regained; yet, in spite of the inevitable abuses, these local fêtes are things worthy of encouragement, and perhaps if the great people would enter into them more heartily, and remain on the ground longer, the lower orders would behave themselves better all through and there would not be so much rowdiness at the end. It does not seem to us that this would be an unendurable sacrifice of time and personal dignity for the pleasure and morality of the neighbourhood where one lives.

THE LUXEMBURG ROUTE.

A TRAVELLER'S complaint in the columns of the *Times* rather understates the case against the managers of the Luxemburg line of railway. This line forms part of the route between London and Basle by Ostend and Brussels, and we assume that its managers, or, in other words, the Belgian department of State which administers railways, are responsible for the advertisements which invite tourists to adopt this route. The same responsibility certainly rests upon the two English Companies which carry passengers on another part of this route; and it deserves their attention that, whereas both first and second class through tickets can be bought in London, only first class through tickets can be bought in Basle, and within this week no

through tickets could be bought at all. To many persons the saving of 1*l.* or 1*l.* 10*s.* in this journey is important, and nobody would suspect, until warned by experience, that an economy which is practicable between London and Basle is impracticable between Basle and London. All those who are concerned in holding out an illusory representation are responsible for the disappointment and loss which it occasions, and as the advertisements of this route are somewhat pretentious, those who issue them should take care to provide all that is promised either expressly or by reasonable implication. There is, or was, a slightly absurd paragraph stating that "special arrangements for breakfast" had been made at the Brussels Railway Station, which appeared to mean only that the usual coffee-pot and a milk-can were provided in the refreshment-room. This, however, was a merely harmless flourish. But when it is stated that a second-class through ticket can be bought in London for 3*l.* 9*s.* 0*d.*, and that first-class fare must be paid on the night train between Brussels and Luxemburg, it is natural to assume that the same ticket, with a similar qualification, can be bought in Basle; and this cannot be done. It is true that after a little experience the grievance may appear trifling. There is time and opportunity to take a succession of tickets at Basle, Metz, Luxemburg, Brussels, Ostend, and Dover; but the object of such advertisements is that to which we refer to attract the inexperienced by promising to remove little difficulties which to them seem great. It is scarcely honest to assist travellers on their way out, and allow obstacles to be interposed on their way home, and thereby entail unexpected and perhaps inconvenient charges. There is a sea-side place in Wales to which a coach used to run as long as visitors were going thither, but it did sometimes happen that the coach was taken off before the visitors had all returned, and the residue were put to the expense of posting.

The complainant in the *Times* appears to possess more than that average amount of ignorance and weakness for which we think that the managers of these lines ought to make provision. He says that the advertisements for the present month offer through tickets (first-class) for 12*l.* 4*s.* at Basle, but that he was charged 130*fr.* We believe that the price has always been the exact equivalent in francs and cents, for 4*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*, and if he was charged and paid more, he was the victim of an impudent extortion, which he ought to have resisted. The price for these tickets is, if we do not mistake, posted up near the bureau, and if he had appealed to a printed notice, a claim in excess of it would not have been persisted in. Then he says that the advertisement promised 56 lbs. of luggage free, but he was charged for every pound of luggage. If he had taken a bag or portmanteau of moderate size into the carriage with him nobody would have objected, but if he chose to register his luggage, it is likely that he would be charged with the whole weight of it. The advertisement probably means only that luggage under the named weight may be taken in the carriage free of charge. He further complains that he found it "all but impossible" to get refreshments between Basle, which he left at 3 p.m., and Brussels, which he might have reached at 7 a.m. And here we think that he demands too much. A more prudent traveller, if he could not do without refreshment, would carry it along with him. There are not many places in England where good coffee or soup can be obtained at night on a railway journey, and it scarcely seems reasonable to expect to find such places more plentiful abroad, where the habit of night travelling prevails so much less than among ourselves. Strasburg is less than four hours from Basle, and after passing it there is little or no opportunity for refreshment until Metz is reached in five hours more. The first halt occurs, it may be said, too soon, and the second is somewhat late; but persons who cannot travel for eight or nine hours without eating and drinking should carry supplies with them. The refreshment-room at Strasburg is inconveniently distant from the platform, and it may be conceded that the architect insufficiently considered the wants of Englishmen travelling from Basle to London. However, coffee can be procured certainly at Metz at 11 p.m., probably at Luxemburg at half-past 12, and certainly at Namur at 5 a.m. It is needless to add that at all these places and some others beer may be procured, or a bottle of wine may be bought and taken into the carriage, and bread, meat, and fruit may be bought at nearly all of them. It should be remembered too, that the food which we buy abroad can generally be eaten, which is more than can be said for the sandwiches and buns of Mugby Junction. On the whole, therefore, the line between Basle and Brussels can scarcely be said to traverse a desert, and we observe that the complainant mitigated the hardship of his peculiar case by sleeping at Luxemburg, which he would reach half an hour after midnight. He could have taken, if he had pleased, a solemn lunch or dinner at a table-d'hôte at Basle at half after noon. He might have taken coffee, perhaps rather hurriedly, at Strasburg, and he might have taken coffee again at Metz; he might have carried wine, water, or lemonade in the carriage with him; and he might even have practised a little abstinence without injury to his health. We scarcely think these trivial deprivations deserve to be called "misfortunes" to which all travellers on this route are liable. The aggrieved gentleman will at least have reason to be thankful if he never meets any worse "misfortunes" in travelling.

His letter, however, mentions a further incident of some importance which curiously illustrates the character of Belgian railway management. His book of coupons had been lost by the clumsiness of the guard of the train; he was made to pay the fares for which the coupons were provided; and when he applied for

redress at Brussels, he was received by the chief of the station "with the manners of a duke and the urbanity of a Prime Minister," but up to the time of writing to the *Times* he had not got redress. The politeness of Belgian officials is not merely on the surface. They really intend and desire to assist, but they are marvellously slow and rather obtuse about it. An instance somewhat similar to that mentioned by the correspondent of the *Times* occurred to another traveller. Being unable in the dusk to select the proper coupon for one stage of the journey between Ostend and Brussels, he handed the book to the guard, who took from it a wrong one. At Brussels the traveller discovered the mistake and endeavoured to get it set right. The coupons were coloured yellow. The guard, when applied to, answered by denying that any yellow coupon had been given to him during that journey, and in proof of this assertion turned out his pockets in which were sticking a number of little pieces of green paper, which he seemed to treat as if they were of no importance whatever. The traveller, being in Brussels next day, applied to the chief of the station, was received with the greatest attention and politeness, and was told that if he would take the trouble to call again the matter should be inquired into. The value of the coupon was only a few francs, and the matter was pursued chiefly to see what would come of it. The experienced in such matters will understand that nothing came of it. The chief of the station, when the traveller called next day, was more attentive and polite than before. The guard had been questioned, and had answered that no yellow coupon whatever had been given to him, and the chief seemed to think this conclusive. The traveller pointed out that, if no yellow coupon had been given to the guard, the guard must have allowed him to travel over a portion of the line without producing anything to show that he had paid his fare, and that thus the guard was accusing himself of a distinct breach of duty. But the chief of the station did not seem to comprehend this argument. He simply regretted that nothing could be done. The case is perhaps less strong than that stated in the *Times*, because it may be said that the traveller ought himself to have selected the proper coupon and handed it to the guard, and should therefore take the consequence of the guard's blunder. The correspondent of the *Times* says that at Strasburg the conductor, "in manipulating our books, dropped one of them down the window-frame," and it could not be got out. There seems to have been no need for any manipulation by the conductor. Each traveller should have selected from his book the proper coupon, and handed it to the guard. But still, as the conductor received the book into his hand, he was bound to take reasonable care of it, which he certainly did not. The correspondent applied for redress at Luxemburg, and afterwards at Brussels. He was made to pay the fares which the coupons represented; but the chief of the station at Brussels assured him that, if he would write a statement of his case, the matter should be adjusted. He did write on the 15th September, but had received no reply on the 23rd. Our own observation would lead us to think ten days not nearly long enough for the chief of the station at Brussels to inquire into and adjust a matter of this kind. Our expectation would be that redress would ultimately come, and we do not think it will be hindered by the publication of the complaint in the *Times*.

Persons who desire to spend their annual holiday in Switzerland also desire to get there without unnecessary delay or expense, and persons who are content to travel second-class ought not to be forced or tricked into travelling first-class. We can scarcely, however, suspect the railway managers of a deliberate purpose to exact first-class fares, since it is a fact that during the present week they had omitted to provide first-class tickets. This direct route between Brussels and Basle is certainly not beautiful, and after it has been travelled once or twice it becomes tedious. But it is quick, and it might be reasonably cheap. The managers might do more than they have done to facilitate the journey, and travellers, on the other hand, should not expect too much, nor make an unreasonable fuss over small difficulties and discomforts. Through tickets are a great convenience, but people need not fall into utter helplessness for want of them. Generally speaking, a Continental railway train stops often and long enough for all reasonable purposes, and for one traveller who gets too little in the way of refreshment, it is easily possible for several travellers to get too much.

REVIEWS.

YONGE'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.*

THIS History of the Revolution of 1688 is intended, according to its author, for the benefit of students and teachers who, while they desire a fuller account than the narrow limits of a school history will allow, find "Macaulay's brilliant narrative" too long, and Hallam too purely constitutional. Starting with remarks upon the character and effect of the Reformation in England, and ending with the Peace of Ryswick, which he regards as the period when the Revolution was fairly completed and secured, Professor Yonge has brought within the compass of one small

* *History of the English Revolution of 1688.* By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History, Queen's College, Belfast, and Author of "The History of the British Navy," "The History of France under the Bourbons," &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

volume a narrative which he considers to be on a scale large enough to give an adequate knowledge of the subject, both in its historical and its constitutional aspects, without being so minute or prolix as to deter the ordinary reader. No doubt there are people who are deterred by the mere sight of a big book; but we should think that any one who had once mustered courage to begin upon the volumes of Macaulay would find them easier to get through than the one compact-looking little book before us. For, though Professor Yonge speaks with respect of Macaulay, and has largely drawn upon him, it is seldom that he succeeds in catching any sparks of the brilliancy he admires. The plan of his work, in which events are grouped not in strict order of time, but according to their connexion with each other, affords, in skilful hands, opportunity for more lively pictures than can be given by the annalistic method, and the scale he has chosen allows of a fair amount of detail. But the style is poor and heavy, even though it is comparatively free from sentences so inordinate in length as some upon which we remarked the last time it fell to our lot to review a book by the same author. With all the pains he takes to explain and describe how things happened, he generally fails to set them clearly and strongly before the eyes of his readers, or to bring out vividly what manner of men were the kings and statesmen of whom he writes. In short, he lacks that dramatic power which, though it is a gift to be used with discretion, is in a certain degree absolutely necessary to the making of an historian even of the most modest class.

By way of compensation, he is sometimes fairer than Macaulay, whom he by no means slavishly follows, and whom he even occasionally corrects. He is sufficiently severe upon King William's faults, and does not attack Dundee and Marlborough with the furious enmity of the great Whig historian. For example, Marlborough's real part in betraying the Brex expedition—an affair in which he showed himself base and dishonourable enough, but not such an utter villain as Macaulay makes him out—is fairly told. And to the general lack of vitality with which the characters are drawn an exception must be made in the case of Louis XIV., whom Professor Yonge, as his readers know of old, hates so bitterly that he rises into unwonted vigour in denouncing him, dwelling with delight upon the undignified fashion in which the Great King flinched from the dangers of battle, and almost grudging him the small praise of having been a generous and magnificent host to the fugitive James of England. Cromwell also is distinctly, but we should say unjustly and unscientifically, drawn. Professor Yonge evidently looks upon him only as the Machiavel or Richard III. of his day, a cunning and unscrupulous schemer for power, bending the whole course of event to suit his private ends. No distinction is made between cases where Cromwell simply acted with his party, or with the army—of which, at any rate at first, he was the leader only on condition of leading it the way it wanted to go—and those where he acted for himself alone. We are told that "he sent Colonel Pride with his troopers to 'purge' the House," as if Cromwell had been the sole and avowed originator of Pride's Purge. He may have been at the bottom of it, but he was at any rate in a position to profess, as Ludlow reports, "that he had not been acquainted with this design," although he admitted that "since it was done, he was glad of it, and would endeavour to maintain it." Then Professor Yonge tells us that "meanwhile he had possessed himself of the King's person, and he now brought him to London to murder him with a burlesque of all the forms of law and justice." A mockery of legal form it may have been, as any imitation may be called a mockery; but a term which implies conscious ridicule is strangely misplaced with regard to so stern and solemn a transaction. One might as well talk about burlesque when Samuel hews Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. Of Charles II. we are told that his last act was "an avowal on his death-bed of his adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, to which he had for many years secretly belonged." This sounds as if Charles had been moved to make an honest and open confession of faith, whereas all he did was to have a priest smuggled in by the back stairs, from whom to receive the last sacraments in the presence only of a few trusted men. Naturally the fact almost immediately got whispered about, but there was no avowal till James grew bold enough to make it. This latter prince is, we think, rather hardly used in being charged with having compelled his subjects "to identify Popery with tyranny" by, amongst other things, "his persecution of Protestants, whether belonging to the Established Church or Nonconformists." No doubt James would have persecuted Protestants with great goodwill if his subjects would only have waited till he felt strong enough to do so; but they turned him out before he had succeeded even in placing his own religion on terms of equality. There were times when he persecuted Nonconformists; but that would come under the head of defending and supporting the Church of England, not of persecuting Protestants as such. The question, however, depends in great measure on the sense attached to the word persecution. In his account of the proceedings against the University of Cambridge Professor Yonge goes out of his way to cast a doubt upon a statement of Macaulay's. After mentioning that the Vice-Chancellor was punished by being deprived of his office, he adds in a note:—

Macaulay, vol. ii., p. 280, says he was also deprived of his mastership, but Burnet says expressly that he was not: "All that was thought fit to be done against him was to turn him out of his office. That was but an annual office, and of no profit."

What Macaulay really does say is that Dr. Peachell was sus-

pended from all the emoluments to which he was entitled as Master of a college. If Professor Yonge had taken the obvious course of referring to the authority cited by Macaulay, the *State Trials*, he would have read in the sentence, as given under the seal of the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes by whom Dr. Peachell was tried—"That the said Dr. John Peachell shall, for the said disobedience and contempts, be deprived from being Vice-Chancellor of the said University. . . . And also, that he be suspended 'ab Officio et Beneficio' of his Mastership of the said College, during his Majesty's pleasure." In his mistake between deprivation and suspension Professor Yonge may find comfort in the illustrious example of the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, who made precisely the same mistake in delivering the sentence. As for Burnet's inadequate account, it was supplemented long ago by Onslow in his note on this passage.

The Professor casts a similar doubt upon a statement of Hallam's, on no better grounds than his own careless reading of Burnet and Clarendon. At page 143 we read:—

Hallam (chap. iii. p. 125) says that to the old members of the Parliaments of Charles II. were added 50 members of the Common Council, with the Lord Mayor. But he gives no authority for this statement, which is not corroborated by either Burnet's History or Clarendon's Diary.

Now let us see what Burnet and Clarendon really do say on the matter. Burnet's account is:—"He [the Prince of Orange] called all the peers, and the members of the three last Parliaments, that were in town, together with some of the citizens of London." Clarendon writes on the 25th December:—"The Prince's answer was to this effect:—'That he could not give an answer to these Addresses till he had spoken with the gentlemen who had been formerly of the House of Commons, and whom he had appointed to be with him to-morrow, as likewise the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council.'" To our understanding these accounts, as far as they go, are strong support of Hallam. But, in fact, Hallam does give his authority—"Parl. Hist. v. 26"—on referring to which we find the summons of the Prince of Orange, desiring the presence of the members of King Charles's Parliaments, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of the City of London, and fifty of the Common Council. It is there further stated that, with the exception of the Lord Mayor, the City men came as requested, and joined with the old members of Parliament in the Address to the Prince of Orange which preceded the calling of the Convention of 1683-9. Before correcting great historians like Hallam and Macaulay, it is advisable to refer to the sources whence they derived their information. We must add, however, that on a point relating to the Bill of Rights our author makes out a good case for Burnet against Macaulay, who on very weak grounds accuses the Bishop of gross inaccuracy. It is curious, considering the attention which Professor Yonge seems to have given to Burnet, Hallam, and Macaulay, that he should sometimes go wrong on matters which one would have thought he could not have failed to learn from them. In recapitulating the substance of the Declaration of Right, he says:—"It enumerated those fundamental principles of the Constitution, as laid down in the ancient charters, that no King could dispense with the established laws without the consent of Parliament." Here he misses the loop-hole left for the dispensing power by the limitation of the Declaration against it, "as it hath been assumed and exercised of late." This is a nice point, but it is clearly brought out both by Hallam and Macaulay, and should not have been overlooked in a book dealing with the constitutional aspect of the Revolution. The most serious mistake, however, that we have come across is in the account of the recoinage of 1696, and the financial measures then taken by Montague:—

The hearth tax was one of the oldest sources of the national revenue; but it was bitterly and universally hated, as one which pressed unduly on the poor, and which gave the collectors pretexts for domiciliary visits, which were almost always annoying, and not unfrequently were the means of unfair extortion. Montague now proposed to abolish the hearth-tax, and to substitute for it a window-tax, and the House of Commons unanimously approved of his design.

Has Professor Yonge never read the Stat. 1 W. & M. cap. 10, "for the taking away the Revenue arising by Hearth-money"? Has he forgotten how his Majesty, "having been informed that the Revenue of Hearth-money was grievous to the People," was pleased to signify his pleasure "either to agree to a Regulation of it, or to the taking it wholly away," and how the Commons did find that the said Revenue "is in itself, not only a great Oppression to the poorer Sort, but a Badge of Slavery upon the whole People, exposing every Man's House to be entered into and searched at Pleasure, by Persons unknown to him"? If Professor Yonge's studies have not extended to the Statute-book, he has read Macaulay and Burnet, and from them might have learned how William along his whole line of march, from Torbay to London, had been importuned "to discharge the chimney money"—a grievance which doubtless pressed sorely upon many who had never known or resented those invasions of our rights and liberties which cost James his throne—and how effectually the new King bestirred himself in the matter. Such is fame, and so soon are benefits forgotten. "By which"—to wit, the taking away of hearth-money—"your Majesty," say the grateful Commons, "will erect a lasting Monument of your Goodness in every House in the Kingdom"; but seemingly no such monument has been erected in Professor Yonge's house, or, if there be one, the date inscribed is about seven years too late, and Montague's name has usurped the place where that of the Deliverer should be. What Montague really did was not to propose to abolish the hearth-money, but to devise the window-tax to supply the

place of the abandoned impost, which, in Macaulay's words, "odious as it was to the great majority of those who paid it, was remembered with regret at the Treasury and in the City."

As a whole, the book wants life, and the subject is not one which can bear tame treatment. Macaulay made a Whig epic of it, with King William for the central figure; a writer of equal skill on the other side might make it a tragedy of the fortunes of the Stuarts. To the student of the Constitution it is the happy winding up of a long chapter of constitutional struggles; to the student of character there is a vein of tragi-comedy in that triumph of religion and liberty in which none of the chief actors, except the foreign prince whom we called in to save our national rights, played a hero's part. But, without some genius in the teller of the tale, it is apt to be a rather dreary and spiritless one; and Professor Yonge does not display sufficient historical insight or minute accuracy to atone for its want of interest as a story.

THE LENOIR COLLECTION.*

WHEN the blind fury of the French Revolution destroyed the tombs of the kings in the Abbey Church of St. Denis there were probably many persons standing by, or even assisting, who secretly regretted the destruction, and who would willingly, if they had dared, have opposed the more senseless and destructive of the iconoclasts. The *procès-verbal* which details the progressive steps of the disgusting work dwells on the horrors of the scene with simple minuteness; even pausing to remark that it was at eleven o'clock in the morning, at the moment at which the head of Marie Antoinette was cut off, that the body of Louis XV. was taken up. An account of its state of putrefaction follows, with the remark that the odour was insupportable, and that powder was burnt and guns were fired to clear the air while the body was thrown quickly into the pit upon a bed of quicklime and covered up at once. Notwithstanding this horror and haste, an artist was present making notes, and it is to the same man, whom neither sickening smells nor the fury of the mob could put off his balance, that France owes the preservation and ultimate restoration of so many of these monuments. It is indicative of the calmness of his temperament that while even the cold writer of the *procès-verbal* is disturbed and hurried by the shocking nature of the work, M. Lenoir is able to observe that the King's head was white, the nose violet, and the back of the body red, like that of a new-born infant. But his coolness in the presence of danger did not desert him when he had made his notes. He could do nothing while the madness lasted to arrest the execution of the decree of the Convention. He knew that Barrère's proposal would be carried out before any feeling of regret or remorse could exist to be urged to account. The strong arm of the Republic, to use the bombastic language of the demagogue, must efface without pity those proud epitaphs, and demolish the mausoleums which recalled the frightful memory of the kings. But when it was all over, and people began to come to their senses, Lenoir obtained leave to make a collection of the best works of art which had been among the royal tombs. The convent of the Petits Augustins on the south side of the Seine, opposite the Louvre, was assigned to him for the purpose, and he gradually assembled in it not only the chief statues and carvings from St. Denis, but many from other places which during the outbreak had also been desecrated. He labelled every example, not always rightly, it may be supposed, and arranged them as far as possible chronologically. Under what head he classed the body of the great Turenne, which was exhibited in a case, we are not informed. Although the mob did not allow it to rest in the crypt of St. Denis among the kings, neither did they fling it into the ditch, but, probably with some idea of paying it a kind of respect, they brought it to Paris, and now after its travels it rests, for the time at least, beside the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides.

When more settled times came, M. Lenoir was formally appointed president of the museum which he had opened in 1794, and the monuments remained under his charge until 1816, when in December an ordinance was issued establishing the School of Art, and assigning the Petits Augustins for its head-quarters. The decree further prescribed the restoration of the monuments brought from St. Denis, and the return of the others which had been assembled from various places to the churches or the families to which they had belonged. In many cases—as, for example, in those of the Montmorency family and those of the diocese of Paris—the rightful owners were indifferent to their preservation; and several statues, now at Versailles or in the Louvre, were long in the gallery of M. Lenoir with those which were returned to St. Denis. But when his museum was broken up and his occupation gone, he could not part from the relics he had so long guarded; indeed it is more than probable that, but for his knowledge, it would have been found impossible to replace them; and so, as if by a kind of right, he became Curator of the Royal Monuments of St. Denis, and superintended the second exhumation of the bodies which he had seen so roughly treated in 1793. How far he was able to identify the remains we cannot say. It is more than likely that many mistakes were made, and that different memories yielded conflicting impressions. Though no lowly woodman usurps, where all were royal, or at least noble, a king's grave, yet it must have been

as impossible to distinguish the bones of one prince from another as to tell the corpse of Marmion from that of his follower at Flodden. In all the work, both conjectural and scientific, M. Lenoir took a prominent part, and yet he found time for various books on the history of art, and on hieroglyphics, which he also studied. In 1838 he died, much regretted, and, it is to be feared, in reduced circumstances.

The unrivalled knowledge of portraiture possessed by M. Lenoir, and the numerous opportunities which the troubled times in which he lived afforded him for making a collection, were not wasted. Two years before his death he parted with his gallery of portraits. They were first offered to the Government of Louis Philippe; but though, as Lord Ronald Gower tells us, the price was much below their value, it was cavilled at, and a London agent brought them to this country; so "France (owing to the shabbiness of the Citizen King's Government) lost what is probably one of the most genuine and interesting collections of historical French portraits either in this country or in France." It passed into the possession of the Duke of Sutherland, and is hung in the private apartments of Stafford House. Lord Ronald Gower, with a consideration for the public which is worthy of all praise, has endeavoured in the present volume to make it known by a catalogue of a very pleasing kind, where every item in the list is accompanied with a drawing more or less elaborate, so that the portrait or the person portrayed may hereafter be identified. How far Mr. Scharf would agree with him as to the names attached to some of these pictures we cannot say. In all probability several of them are erroneously described, but a first step has been made in this publication towards rectifying such mistakes, and if similar catalogues could be obtained of similar collections in other places, we might easily pardon all faults and errors of description for the sake of obtaining some method of identifying the faces and forms which appear on so many walls. There are few subjects in the whole range of the literature of art more interesting, few more difficult, and none upon which less has been written of an available kind. Illuminated manuscripts contain innumerable portraits, portraits painted in many instances long before the dawn of painting as we now understand the word. We commonly reckon the Westminster picture of Richard II. as our earliest English portrait, but if we look into manuscripts we may go back from the fourteenth century to the tenth. In his memoir on the Westminster painting, contributed seven years ago to the *Fine Arts Quarterly*, Mr. Scharf carried his investigation of the authenticity and authority of the work into books as well as among galleries. A list of portraits in manuscripts compiled by such a painstaking and accurate hand would be of inestimable value. Dunstan's picture of himself in one of his books at the Bodleian might perhaps head the list, but a long array of knights and ladies, of kings and prelates, might be gathered from various quarters, including the Louvre, the Bedford Missal, and a countless host of similar volumes in each of which the portrait of a patron was included. Among the foremost of these patrons of art must always be counted the Duke of Burgundy and his wife, the sister of Edward IV. of England, and portraits of the Burgundian family most frequently occur in collections. Their number must be very great, and, as we naturally expect, the two earliest pictures in the Lenoir Collection bear the names of members of the family. The first is on panel in oil, and is named "Jean (Sans Peur) Duc de Bourgogne," which accords with an inscription on the back. If this is really a portrait of Duke John, who was the contemporary of Richard II., it is an extremely early and curious example. Because it is in oil, and for other reasons, we cannot but hesitate to accept it as genuine, or at least to accept the description as correct. There will be less reason to doubt the authenticity of the second picture. It almost certainly represents the famous Bastard of Burgundy, and in the opinion of Lord Ronald Gower it is probably by Van Eyck. It did not originally belong to the Lenoir Collection, but was added to it by the Duchess Countess of Sutherland, and is well worthy to be counted with the rest.

We cannot go minutely through every item of interest in a collection which contains upwards of one hundred and fifty likenesses. There are a large number either by Clouet or attributed to him. Of these twenty-one are in chalk and fifteen in oil. Among the former is one designated as "Renée de France, Duchesse de Ferrare," who was the mother of Tasso's Leonora. Clouet's works in the collection include also drawings or pictures of Margaret Tudor, Henry II., Diana of Poitiers, Catherine de' Medici, and in fact all the French celebrities of that day. A very remarkable drawing bears the name of Du Moustier, but, as Lord Ronald Gower points out, it cannot be by him, as it represents the three Coligny brothers, and Du Moustier was not born at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. With respect to this drawing Lord Ronald says:—

Although the picture at Knole is not altogether the same in composition as this drawing, there is a strong resemblance between them, and Clouet is well known to have been, like Holbein, in the habit of making a careful chalk study of the subject of his portrait before painting it in oils—an instance of which occurs in the two portraits in this collection of Marguerite de Valois, one being in red and black chalk, and evidently a study for the same portrait painted in oils, the only difference being that in the one she wears rings and not in the other.

There are also separate oil pictures of the Admiral and his brother the Cardinal. After Clouet, Du Moustier is best represented, there being no fewer than twenty-one drawings in crayon as well as an oil-painting of the Duke of Guise. Three other pictures deserve separate notice among those of the earlier school. It is

* The Lenoir Collection of Original French Portraits at Stafford House. Autolithographed by Lord Ronald Gower M.P. Maclure and Macdonald. 1874.

much to be wished that their authenticity could be proved. One of them is a most unusual portrait of Calvin, who is represented in an oil-painting attributed to Holbein, with a round face and full lips, so much more like what we are accustomed to expect in likenesses of Luther than in one of the French prints it is actually so named. The inscription on the background is certainly later than the picture itself, and consists of the words "Calvinus etatis 44, 1538." A still more remarkable work is thus described:—"This is perhaps the most interesting portrait in the collection, being the work of Cinq Mars' friend, Louis XIII. M. Lenoir, although he makes no special allusion to this drawing, puts it down in his written list as "Cinq Mars dessiné par Louis xiii, and it has never been disputed." The drawing is very slight, in black and red chalk. The King was no mean artist, and this face, as rendered by Lord Ronald Gower, is full of expression. But one of the most striking portraits in the book is a profile, in oils on canvas, said to represent Mary Queen of Scots. It is much to be wished we could obtain some account of the previous history of this picture, which has been removed to Dunrobin Castle. The Queen is in a scarlet dress braided with gold lace; her hair, in which there is a white feather, is coloured auburn, and her eyes are brown. The resemblance to the effigy in Henry VII.'s chapel is very striking, and this is perhaps so far the only argument for the genuineness of the portrait.

Among the later pictures is one of Watteau by himself, with these lines written underneath:—

Watteau par la Nature orné d'heureux talens
Put très reconnaissant des dons qu'il reçut d'elle;
Jamais une autre main ne la peignoit plus belle,
Et ne la put montrer sous des traits si galans.

In his note on the portrait of La Chapelle the comedian we are reminded by Lord Ronald Gower of the following anecdotes:—

He is said to have been curiously eloquent in his cups, and he used to discourse philosophy with the servants. On one occasion a friend found him surrounded by waiters all in tears, and on being asked the reason, Chapelle said, "Nous pleurons la mort de ce pauvre l'indare, que les médecins ont tué." He then recommenced this narration of a tragic event which had occurred two thousand years before in such a manner that they all recommenced crying. On a similar occasion, after a supper at Auteuil, Chapelle and his comrades having become rather maudlin on the vanity of mundane affairs, resolved to put an end to their miseries by drowning themselves in the adjacent river, and were only prevented carrying out their intention by Molière, who, having supped on milk, was in a less gloomy state.

ROMANIA.*

TEN quarterly numbers have been published of the excellent periodical now before us, but we doubt whether it is by any means as familiar as it ought to be to English readers. A brief notice of some of its principal articles may perhaps do good service in rendering its merits more readily recognizable. To special students of the Romance languages it is doubtless well known, but there are probably many explorers of a less restricted field of knowledge who will be glad to have their attention called to so rich a store of information. For its contents are of a varied nature, though all bear upon the subject to which the review is devoted, "the study of the Ruman languages and literatures." To that study special aid has for some time been afforded by several journals, the oldest and the most important of which is the well-known *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Literatur*, founded in 1859 by A. Ebert and Ferdinand Wolf, originally issued at Berlin, but now at Leipzig. At Bologna the *Propagatore*, edited by Zambini, has done good service for some seven years to the Italian branch of the study; and at Montpellier, since 1869, the *Revue des langues romanes*, the organ of the *Société pour l'étude des langues romanes*, has paid special attention to the *langue d'oc*. In January 1872 the review now before us began to appear, edited by two scholars whose names are a guarantee for sound work, MM. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris.

In the first article of the first number M. Gaston Paris, a worthy associate in the work so excellently carried on by his father, M. Paulin Paris, discusses at length the meaning of the name given to the periodical. It may be briefly summarized as follows. The designation *Romani* was originally restricted to persons who were actually born at Rome, or on whom it was conferred by special favour. But the restriction was gradually ignored, especially after the celebrated edict of Caracalla had made all the inhabitants of the Empire Roman citizens. When the Empire was menaced by the Barbarians, the word *Romani* became generally employed to distinguish those inhabitants from the myriads of foreigners by whom the borders were beset. After a time the strangers gained the upper hand, but they were still called *barbari*, and they even tranquilly accepted the designation, just as the Romans themselves had accepted the name of βαρβαροι inflicted upon them by the Greeks. Nor were their feelings ruffled when they were so styled by the Romans whom they employed to write their Latin laws. All the Germans were so designated, the word *barbarus* meaning no more than "stranger to Roman civilization" or "alien to Christianity," and having to some extent the force of *gentilis*. At that time, according to Waitz (if not to Grimm), the German tribes had no name by which to express their collective nationality. The word *Germani* would have sounded strange to them. As to *theodisc*, *diutisc* (Fr. *tiedois*, Ital.

tedesco), it appeared in the Latin form *theotiscus*, *theudiscus*, only in the ninth century; the earliest trustworthy example of its use, thinks M. Gaston Paris, occurring in the text of the Council of Tours, A.D. 813, in which mention is made of the *lingua theotisca*. The word *theodiscus*, it is true, is cited by Du Cange from Servius (on *Æn.* IX.), but it does not occur in the oldest MSS., and in others it varies, sometimes appearing as *teutonica* or *thusca*. The adjective *theodiscus* properly signified "national" (in Ulfilas *theudiskô* = *gentiliter*), and was long applied to the language only; gradually the speakers of the *diutisca zunga* began to call themselves *Diutiskien*, whence the present *Deutsch*. The name Teuto appears nowhere, and the derivative *teutonius* employed by certain Latin writers was a classical souvenir which reposed on no real denomination. At all events, at the time of the Teutonic invasions, the *Romani* was the Latin-speaking inhabitant of any part of the Empire. He called himself by this name, not without some touch of pride. But his conquerors did not use the appellation. The word does not seem to have penetrated into any of their dialects. The name they gave him was *walah*, later *welch*, A.-S. *wealh*, O. N. *vali* (modern Swedish *val*), to which are attached the derivatives *walahisc*, later *welchsc*, &c. In French the word *welche* conveys a shade of contempt, such as it probably conveyed to the minds of the Teutons who pronounced it. The conquerors naturally thought themselves better than the conquered, and even some Latin texts have preserved the memory of the sentiments which the dominant race, many centuries after the fall of the Empire, entertained towards the *Walahen*, sole depositaries as the latter were of Western civilization. Take, for instance, the phrase, doubtless due to a Bavarian of Pepin's time, in the Roman-German Glossary of Cassel:—"Stulti sunt Romani, sapienti Paicari; modica sapientia est in Romanis; plus habent stultitia quam sapientia." Here, by a lucky chance, says M. Paris, we possess, by the side of the Latin translation, the thought of this excellent *Peigir* in the very form in which it dawned upon his mind:—"Tote sint Walha, spæhe sint Peigira; luzie ist spæhi in Walhum; mæra hapont tolaheiti denne spæhi." The name *Romani*, however, did not maintain itself beyond the Carlovingian times. The fusion of the conquerors with the conquered, and the adoption by the former of the tongue of the latter, in Italy, Spain, and part of France, displaced the general appellation, which was replaced by the special names of the several nationalities formed after the dissolution of the Empire of Charles the Great. It survived, however, in two well-known instances, in which the people kept up the ancient appellation to distinguish themselves from the *barbari*, by whom they were surrounded; and, faithful on their side to early tradition, the Germans called them *Walahen*, a name which has, slightly modified, adhered to them to this day. Each case occurred where a Roman population was living in a sort of island amid other races. The people who call themselves, as well as their idiom, *Romanisch*, are known to Germans by a name derived from *Walah*, i.e. *Walschen*, *Churwaldschen*. Those inhabitants of the Danubian provinces who speak a Latin dialect call themselves *Romans* (Humen, &c.); but the name of *Wallachians* is given to them only by the surrounding strangers. Ask a Wallachian, says M. Paris, "Que es?" and he replies "Io sunn Romani." Like the *Romani* of the West, those of the East received from the Germans the name of *Walahen*. The Greeks afterwards accepted it under the form of βλάχαι, and from them it seems to have been passed on, with slight modifications, to the Slavs. According to M. Diez, the Walloons have acted differently from the *Romanisch* of Coire and the *Romanians* of Wallachia, having accepted as their designation the name (in their case slightly altered) which the "Barbarians" gave to them. On our own Welshmen, it may be observed, M. Paris does not dwell at any length; nor does he enter into the vexed question as to the connexion of the name *welsh* or *walah* with the Sanskrit *malétha*, &c.

From the name *Romanus* came *Romania*, formed by analogy with *Gallia*, *Britannia*, &c., its appearance marking the moment when the fusion was complete among the peoples subjugated by Rome. When the capital was shifted to Byzantium the Empire still remained Roman, Latin being the official language—so much so that in A.D. 462 a magistrate was punished for having employed Greek instead of Latin in public acts in Egypt. Greek writers employed the word *ρωμανία* to express the whole Empire, and from Greek the name came back into Latin with the accent transferred to the penultimate. Thus in a poem on a Pisan victory in 1088 it is said of a Saracen pirate that he

Captivabat omnes gentes que tenebant Hispaniam;
Et in tota ripa maris torbatat Italian;
Predabatur Romaniam usque Alexandriam.

In the West the term *Romania* was for some time employed to express the Roman Empire as opposed to the Barbarians, or, the totality of Roman civilization. After the time of Charles the Great its use seems to have been restricted to Italy, and eventually it was applied only to the province which still bears the name, and which answers to the old exarchate of Ravenna. MM. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris now wish to restore it to its ancient and wide signification. It was not perhaps without some reference to a successful and united *Germania* that they selected as the title of their journal "un mot bien choisi, pour dire le domaine des langues et des littératures romanes." Not that they dream of a union of the Roman nations based upon a community of race. When the Latin races are spoken of, remarks M. Paris, it should be remembered that there are no Latin races. The civilization and language of Rome have been adopted by peoples widely differing in race—Kelts, Ligurians, Iberians, &c. A union of the peoples whom

* *Romania: Recueil trimestriel consacré à l'étude des langues et des littératures romanes.* Publié par Paul Meyer et Gaston Paris. Nos. 1-10. Paris: Librairie A. Franck. 1872-74.

collectively the name *Romania* describes must be one, not of physical, but of mental kinship.

But we must not tarry longer over M. Gaston Paris's excellent article, even for the purpose of inquiring whether there are not in it some statements to which German philologists may take exception, or we shall not have space enough for the briefest reference to the numerous notable essays of which *Romania* can boast. Among these may be specially mentioned the article by M. Paulin Paris on the origin and development of the story of the Holy Grail; a study in Italian, by P. Rajna, on "Ugari il Danese nella letteratura romanzesca degli Italiani"; M. Auguste Longnon's "P. Villon et ses légataires," a careful investigation of the documents relating to the life and writings of that old French poet; and Signor Alessandro d'Ancona's elaborate and exhaustive study, in Italian, of "Le fonti del Novellino." The last of these may be strongly recommended to comparers of popular tales, the copiousness of its references rendering it a worthy companion to the invaluable studies of a similar kind for which "etorologists" are so deeply indebted to Professor Felix Liebrecht and Dr. Reinhold Köhler. The attention of philologists may be specially called to such articles as F. A. Coelho's "Formes divergentes de mots portugais"; H. Schuchardt's "Modifications de la consonne initiale dans les dialectes de la Sardaigne, du centre, et du sud de l'Italie"; E. Rolland's "Vocabulaire du patois de Reuilly (Moselle)"; O. Joret's "Loi des finales en espagnol," and many other articles of equal value.

In addition to, or in combination with, critical essays, are given numerous original texts, published for the first time. M. Paul Meyer, for instance, contributes to the first number an Anglo-Norman *fabliau* entitled "Le Chevalier, la Dame, et le Clerc," published for the first time after a MS. in the library of Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge; and to the fourth the text of a verse translation of the *Bertrams*—made by a certain Gervaise, of whom little is known except that he was a Norman, and was unable to walk without the aid of a stick—as well as five pieces grouped under the title of "Mélanges de littérature provençale." The third number contains a variety of "Documents inédits en patois lorrain du XIV^e siècle," edited by M. Fr. Bonnardot; the fifth, "La destruction de Rome, première branche de la chanson de geste de Pierabras," published from a MS. in the Municipal Library of Hanover, by M. G. Grober; and the sixth, the romance of "Blandin de Cornouailles," edited by M. Paul Meyer after the only known MS. of the poem, which is preserved in the Royal Library of Turin.

The titles which we have cited will be sufficient to prove the richness of the contents of *Romania*, but before taking leave of it we may mention one or two articles which may perhaps prove of more general interest than some of the others. Of such a nature are the collections of popular songs which appear from time to time in its columns. Thus the tenth Part contains a number of "Romances sacros, orações e ensaios populares do Minho," annotated by F. A. Coelho; the ninth, a collection of "Chants populaires recueillis dans la Vallée d'Ossan," by M. Th. de Puymaigre; and to the third, fifth, and eighth M. Victor Smith contributes a copious store of "Chants de quêtes" and "Chants de Pauvres" from the districts of Forez and Velay. M. de Puymaigre found some difficulty at first in discovering any genuine popular songs in Bearn, the greater part of the verses sung there by the people being the compositions of the local poet Despourrins. No true poet of the people, he observes, would have compared his mistress's nose to the gnomon of a sundial:—

Son nasillon dessus sa care,
Yogue dab lous arais dell sou,
Et de l'ombrette qu'in débare
Marque las ores de l'anoun.

But after a time he found a mountain guide and a lame one-eyed peasant, who sang to him the kind of songs he wanted to hear, many of them relating to Gaston Phœbus and Henri Quatre, who, as well as in a minor degree Bernadotte, are the legendary personages of the country. The songs collected by M. Victor Smith belong to a less dignified, but equally interesting, class, being those with which the month of May is greeted by the rustic minstrels, little children, or youthful damsels, who sing from door to door, or the antique *Complaintes* which, although fast dying out, still form the stock in trade of old-fashioned beggars in out-of-the-way corners of France.

BY STILL WATERS.*

MR. GARRETT'S stories do not improve. He gains in experience each time he is criticized, and, becoming cautious, grows dull. He writes, it is clear, with his Johnson's Dictionary at his elbow, and, like a careful recruiting-sergeant for the Guards, he no longer admits into his lines a word merely because it is very long. The time was when the first four-syllable word that, as he wrote, came into his head, at the same time came also into his book. It is now, as it is easy to see, put through some kind of inspection. His converted sinners and his saints who needed no conversion have fallen off almost as much as his language. We have no sweep who, growing penitent, oils his hair every Sunday and modestly seats himself on the back bench of a chapel. We have no saint whose highest indulgence goes not beyond a visit to the Zoological Gardens, with wholesome refreshment of ginger-beer and buns.

* By *Still Waters, a Story for Quiet Hours.* By Edward Garrett, Author of "Crooked Places," &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

There never was in his stories anything to interest us, and how there is not much left to laugh at. He despises his critics no doubt. He must learn to neglect them at the same time. It is not every writer who can afford to gain common sense. An author who is at last brought to sound reason by his critics may have as much cause to hate them as the madman in Florence, when hellebore had made him sane, had to hate his friends. A lunatic, as we read the other day in the papers, recovered his senses by a fall, but the same accident that cured his head lost him the use of his legs. So, too, a writer might by the falls he receives from his critics find he had regained his reason, but lost his readers.

Though Mr. Garrett has mostly given up the use of very big words with no particular meaning attached to them, yet he still keeps to his old metaphorical style of writing. His metaphors, like those of tracts and sermons, have all the merit that arises from confusion, and they strike the reader's imagination with all the more force the less they are understood. If we cannot expect to edify, we may at least hope to amuse, our readers by gathering a few of them together. There are, we must allow, few things harder to manage successfully than your metaphor, and we think it would not be ill, just as there are masters of deportment who teach Aldermen how to carry a sword without getting tripped up, if there were also masters of composition who would teach parsons and writers of good books how to use a metaphor so dexterously that it would not lead them into uttering nonsense. Metaphorical nonsense, however, like big words, has its market value, and those who live by the sale of it would not willingly lose the art by which they produce it. In the second page of his book Mr. Garrett refreshes himself, after a dry and matter-of-fact introduction which had filled no less than fourteen lines, by at once plunging into a metaphor. Writing of his heroine, Sarah Russell, he says:—"When the realities of love are taken from hearts and lives, she felt that, instead of stuffing them with shams of unsatisfying husks, it is better to keep the empty chambers open till other real things come creeping in." It is not an empty chamber that is suggested to us by the unsatisfying husks, unless indeed "chamber" be used in a somewhat loose sense. Therefore, however much pleased we may have been with the metaphor as it began its course, yet at the end we could not but receive a shock when we thought of real things coming creeping in where husks had neither filled nor satisfied. So fond is this good lady of her metaphor, that on the strength of one she goes the length of engaging us her servant one of those women in whom there is a feeble, peevish poverty of nature—a dry living in the cold, outside their own hearts, which they have shut up, that nobody shall see the utter desolation therein." Such a woman as this we can readily believe Sarah Russell "would not have chosen. This was not the fulfilment of the idea that had floated in her mind." But then "she remembered that, when she was a child, putting up puzzles, she had noticed that the right piece to fit in often looked the least likely until it was fairly placed, and the surrounding places arranged. It would do no harm to hold this piece of life's puzzle in hand awhile—and wait." At the same place where Sarah Russell had engaged the woman because she did not seem likely to suit her, was a young man who was to play a chief part in the story. Sarah had never spoken to him, yet the "old maid said to herself, that he might have been her son, her own son—who would never be—at least in this world." She clung nevertheless to the thought that somewhere else the barren woman shall be a joyful mother of children. For as "God's truth, like sunlight, stretches far and wide, and high beyond the words, narrow at best, through which it can but dimly enter these flesh-clad souls of ours," so she was one of those who "let in its glory wherever it can find an entrance; through wide-set gate of highest faith, or glowing casement of creed, or tiny chink whence some human hope escaped us."

Her faith was not in vain, for in the end, meeting the youth again by chance in London, she found out that he was the orphan son of the faithless, but since penitent, lover of her girlhood, and thus she could look upon him as almost her own child. This of course was at the end of the story. We are at present dealing with the time when every one in the book except Sarah still belonged to those "who miss the gems that lurk in the dark waters of deep experience, and who miss the glimpses gained from Pisgah heights of mental triumph." She alone as yet could see how "the little differences in our developments of faith and grasps of law dwindle as do the differing mountains of the earth as it hangs in boundless ether." She came up to London, and with her newservant took rooms in an old hotel in an old square in the heart of the City. So satisfied was she with her quarters, that "she thought to herself that she had come at last into the place of 'Still Waters.'" Let not the reader too hastily suppose that that was the sign of the hotel. No. It was at the "Robin Hood" that she was staying. Yet she did not allow herself to be deceived. She was in her hotel, but "the storms were still going on somewhere. She was not likely to forget that, for over the lake of her life, when most hushed, there would still come a ripple blown by a tempest raging afar off. And in her days of sunniest experience she would always catch herself listening for a distant roar of thunder." Her peaceful life happily was not disturbed by the unknown female whom she had engaged as servant running off with the spoons. She could read "God's recommendation in face, and voice, and circumstances," and had not to trust altogether to letters of recommendation, exposed as they are to one "possible danger when we let them grow into fetters—becoming paralysed in our little go-carts." Unparalysed as she was in her little go-cart, and free from those fetters which

grow out of letters of recommendation, it is no wonder that Sarah Russell had "a wonderful resemblance to the ways of stately chateaux of old régimes." It is not reasonable in so admirable a character to expect universal knowledge. Nevertheless we cannot but regret that, if Sarah was strong in her metaphors, she was weak in her derivations. "*Parlour*," she said, "might be taken as derived from the Latin *par*, 'like,' or 'equal,' or, nearer still, from the French *parler*, to speak, which she suspected was really a branch from the same root." A cousin of Sarah's, by the way, the active-minded Tibbie, has also mastered a hard word or two. "I am *hétérois* by nature," she asserts, and as she asserts it, she, or the author, as the reader will notice, considerably marks the quantities. After such a display of classical learning we almost wonder that Mr. Garrett makes the plural of *Dives*, *Diveses*.

But we are wandering from our metaphors, and it is to our metaphors that we intend chiefly to confine our attention. Perhaps we can find no happier instance of Mr. Garrett's peculiar powers than in the following passage:—

"As for Christmas-boxes, I shall give some—I know people get their wages, but wages have to be regulated by all sorts of principles of political economy. They are the wheels, as it were, of life, and they go all the easier for a little oil. Human life defined by a line, is as uncomfortable as would be the human figure defined by a wire. One prefers a little mist about it, where Hope may put out a wondering hand. One likes life weighed out with something to turn the scale. Perhaps I look for so much for myself in God's 'more abundantly,' that I like to make little earthly types of it when I can."

What, by the way, are the wheels of life? Is it the wages or the principles of political economy that are meant? If, as we are inclined to guess, it is the principles, then it would seem that Christmas-boxes are a kind of oil which when applied to those principles that regulate wages makes them go all the easier. It is somewhat hard, to use one of Mr. Garrett's phrases, to inject oneself into such thoughts as these. Perhaps, if they cannot be grasped by reason, they might at least be seized by what he calls in another passage "ignorant but intuitive psychometry." Sarah Russell happily does not often rise to such a height as the oil that is applied to principles. She generally uses only "a little talk about ordinary things," when "we find out the friendly heart to which we may confide our secret, and which will cover it and keep it, like an egg laid in the warm wool of a nest." How ordinary, for instance, is such a metaphor as the following:—"We know there is a dust-heap in the back-yard, but we don't mention it at dinner-time, nor turn it over when we are in our best dresses. That would be simply the same as defiling any kindly plan of our own or another's by splashing it over with a foul opinion." Whenever Mr. Garrett is tempted to stray back into his big words of old, and writes of "the primal elements," "rudimentary chaos," "every nimbus of spiritual yearning or aspiration," "the auricular organs of one's auditors," such simple metaphors as these, drawn as they are from the back-yard and the dust-heap, come, to use once more his own words, "like glints of sunshine over a gutter." But Mr. Garrett will accuse us of "pursuing the botany of 'waste and ruin' among fruit blossoms." If we in our dulness do not like the metaphorical style of writing, that, he will say, is no justification for "the botany of waste and ruin" whenever we chance to come across flowers of rhetoric. He would say of us that "We are in the loft behind the organ, where the bellows are creaking among dust and pulleys." But then he might go on reproachfully to ask us, in the words of his heroine, "When you have listened for a moment at one chink, don't you catch an idea of the harmony that is going on at the other side?" We are among the unconverted and the unoled. We have no relish for ginger-beer or penny buns, and, in the deafness of our auricular organs, when we listen at the chink of Mr. Garrett's story to the notes which the serious world is grinding away on the barrel-organ of tracts, it is anything but an idea that we catch.

SOMERSET ARCHÆOLOGICAL PROCEEDINGS, 1873.*

WE have here the annual volume of one of the most active of the local antiquarian Societies, and one which does not confine itself to antiquarian objects, but takes in the geology, botany, and zoology of the district as well. The book consists chiefly of the record of the meeting held at Wells last year. The Somerset Society has the special good luck of drawing fellow-workers together from various parts of England, of which the present volume is a happy example. Mr. Clark was at the Wells meeting, but unluckily a Wells meeting furnished but little food in his special line. The little city, so purely episcopal in its history, never possessed a castle; the palace is a moated and crenellated house; but between such a house and a genuine castle there is a wide gap. The one site of a castle within the range chalked out for the excursions, that of Harptree, which played its part in the wars of Stephen, has such small traces left, and stands in so inaccessible a spot, as to be quite out of the reach of any large gathering. On each side of the Wells meeting, Taunton and Sherborne supplied Mr. Clark with ample materials, but the Wells year itself was a sabbatical year for him. Nor does the present volume contain any special contribution from Mr. Parker, who said what he had to say about the palace and the other domestic buildings of Wells ten years ago. And unluckily he would find less to say now than he found to say ten years ago, as the spirit of wanton mischief

which sees in the remains of antiquity simply materials for destruction is daily lessening his store of subjects. But, even without the help of Mr. Clark and Mr. Parker, the Somerset Society has again greatly profited by the help of strangers to the county. The chief object of the meeting was the thorough examination of the cathedral church under the guidance of Mr. J. T. Irvine, a record of which is given in the present volume. And Mr. George Williams, in his character of editor of the Letters of Bishop Beckington, has contributed a most appropriate appendix to his work in the form of a writing of Beckington's age of which we shall speak presently. Lastly, Dr. Beddoe gives a paper on the ethnology of the district, which is of special importance now that the question of a Basque element in Britain has again been started. All this comes from outside, but that so much in the transactions of a local body does come from outside is surely a sign that, either in the objects themselves which are treated of or in the management of the Society which undertakes their treatment, there is a special power of attraction beyond its geographical bounds. The truth is that a local Society of this kind, if its meetings and excursions are well planned, has some advantages over the larger bodies of the same kind. The objects to be studied can be seen more thoroughly and systematically than where there is the temptation to run off and visit objects at great distances. And in a body most of whose members personally know, or soon come to know, one another, there is a heartiness and an absence of stiffness and formality which in a larger gathering is hardly to be looked for.

Mr. Irvine's account of the cathedral is the result of a more minute examination than that building has ever before undergone, even at the hands of Professor Willis. Mr. Irvine's professional employment in the works which have been lately going on, added to an amount of zeal rare amongst any class of inquirers, whether amateur or professional, has given him a knowledge of every stone of the church such as no one has had since its successive builders. But unluckily the plates which are to illustrate the paper are delayed through some accident till the appearance of another volume, and the extreme minuteness of Mr. Irvine's inquiries, and the nature of the evidence by which some of his views are supported, really make his argument somewhat hard to follow, except on the spot. But it is easy to see that some of his conclusions are startling; they go a long way to upset received opinions, not only as to the history of the particular building, but, to some extent, as to the history of English architecture in general. And, though Mr. Irvine speaks with the authority of one who has examined his subject as no one ever examined it before, he will hardly be surprised if he does not find every one ready to accept some of his unexpected conclusions without a little more time for thought. The commonly received belief that Bishop Jocelin in the thirteenth century was the builder of the greater part of the fabric of the present church, Mr. Irvine throws aside altogether. He looks upon only a small part of the building as being his work, attributing to others, both earlier and later, the greater part of what has commonly been assigned to him.

On a point which has been a good deal discussed, the relative age of the west front and the nave, Mr. Irvine, in opposition to Professor Willis, rules the west front to be the earlier. There are certainly signs in the masonry which look strongly as if such were the case. On the other hand, so to believe implies that the builders of Wells Cathedral, after having made use of a more advanced and a more strictly English form of early Gothic in the west front, deliberately fell back on an earlier and foreign-looking form of the style in the greater part of the church. Mr. Irvine conceives that the west front was built up against the church of Edward the Elder, much in the same way as at Wetzlar the late front was begun some way in advance of the old one. There, as the later front never was finished, a tower of each is still standing. But it certainly is startling when Mr. Irvine asks us to believe that the present west front is as old as the days of Reginald Fitz-Jocelin, Bishop from 1174 to 1191. Mr. Irvine however has something to say on behalf of his own view, though it was hardly worth his while to make a long quotation from some of Mr. Parker's confused talk about the geography of France and other parts of Gaul. Mr. Irvine's views as to the extent of the different works which were carried on during the thirteenth century can only be tested on the spot. But though he attributes less to Jocelin than all before him have done, he does not fail to denounce the way in which that great prelate's memory has been treated:—

It was reserved for the late restoration of the chancel to "restore" off the face of the earth altogether the last fragments of the slab containing the indent of his lost brass—a memorial which even the Cromwellian age had respected.

We turn to the ethnological paper of Dr. Beddoe. It is always a great gain when two wholly different lines of argument lead two independent inquirers to the same conclusion. Here we have Dr. Beddoe, who looks at the matter chiefly from a physical point of view, confirming the views to which others have been led by more strictly historical arguments. Dr. Beddoe establishes a marked difference in the physical character of the inhabitants of different parts of Somerset which quite falls in with the belief founded on the historical argument. This is the belief that, in one part of the county, that part which the West Saxons conquered before their conversion to Christianity, the British inhabitants were for the most part slaughtered or driven out, while in the later conquests, those of the Christian English, a large British element survives. His researches however seem to point to the lingering on of older inhabitants in isolated, out-of-the-way places, which is very likely in itself, but which written history is not likely to

* *Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society's Proceedings*, 1873. Vol. XIX. Taunton: May. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

record. Dr. Beddoo's general conclusion with regard to Somersetshire ethnology is:—

The people of the eastern half of the county have, on the whole, broader heads, lighter hair, and darker eyes than those of the western half. In all these respects the eastern men approach more to the ordinary English, the western to the Irish standard.

In another page he goes more into detail:—

Thus I may say that the fair and handsome Frisian type is pretty common in the north of the county; that in the hilly south-eastern region about Wincanton, dark complexions and dark or even black hair attest the late and imperfect Saxonisation of the country; that the same may be said of the Quantocks; that about Minehead and Dunster, perhaps from the less fixity of population induced by sea-faring, there is more evidence of mixture of blood; and that in Exmoor and in some villages of Mendip, the narrow skull, prominent jaws, and bony frame of the Gaelic type, and the Turanian oblique eye and pyramidal skull, crop up here and there, possibly as aberrant or degraded forms, but more probably as relics of primeval races.

This is the only hint which Dr. Beddoo gives at all in a Basque direction, and it certainly stops far short of the view that the prevailing blood in a large part of Wales and western England is Basque. Dr. Beddoo goes on to make some use of his physical researches with regard to some more modern questions. He remarks that "the average Yorkshireman is really a much bigger animal than the average Somersetshireman," and yet that the Somersetshire recruits in the army "stand high above those of Yorkshire in stature and size." What is the cause of this seeming contradiction? Dr. Beddoo believes "it is connected with the redundancy of agricultural population in Somerset, and the low wage concurrent therewith." "Under such circumstances," he says, "the finer, stronger, and more enterprising men migrate or enlist, while in counties where employment is highly paid, such as Yorkshire, it is the physically inferior men who do so." He remarks that about Taunton the labouring people stand very low in respect of stature, but that "this may be due to the extreme popularity of the military service in those parts, which is such that most of the well-grown youths are speedily picked up by the recruiting sergeants, for the Marines or other corps." Dr. Beddoo, it is plain, can make the observations which come naturally to one of his profession tend to throw a good deal of light on several matters both old and new.

Lastly, there is that most curious fifteenth-century piece edited by Mr. George Williams, in which the patron saints of Bath and Wells dispute, before Daniel as their judge, about the merits of their respective cities, and which of the two is more worthy to give his title to the Bishop. The merits of hot and of cold water, of large towns and small, of people who are shut up within a city wall and people who have easy access to fresh air, are all discussed by the apostolic brethren with great vigour and vivacity, and sometimes with the use of rather hard words towards one another. Such a paper is a curious illustration of the religious feeling of the time. We should not nowadays venture to take such liberties with Apostles, nor even with "Andreas Sanctorum mitissimus." But then that may be because we do not feel ourselves on such intimate terms with Apostles as the men of the fifteenth century did. When Lucius Papirius so familiarly offered Jupiter a cup of mixed wine, it was not, as Dr. Arnold truly remarks, because he had little faith in Jupiter, but because he had a great deal. And so we may be sure that those who represented the two Apostles as disputing, in a way in which not even a comic paper would now venture to represent two living men of any mark as disputing, did not any the less believe in the value of the intercession even of the patron of the rival city. It would be curious to find out how far the notion of local protection on the part of the Saints, just as in an earlier type of belief on the part of the Gods, may have led to a partly lurking, partly playful, belief that the saint of the rival church or town was really an enemy. Yet we may believe that a Wells man of the fifteenth century did not any the less seriously reverence the Prince of the Apostles because he rejoiced to hear his own patron described as speaking to his apostolic brother in such astounding words as these:—

Nonne erubuiti honestatis ac pudicitie? Nonne, inquam, licet sis pallidus, vel paululum rubore perfusus es, cum ea te prolata plena dedecoris sint, tunc turpissima vite, tunc exulcerata mentis testimonia certissima? Tu nihil esset spurcissimus omnium quos nostra ætas tulit, nunquam protecto te in ceno villasimorum verborum tanquam immunda suis libens volutasses. At id omne recidit in illam faciem tuam impudicam.

LORD NEAVES'S GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

NO more agreeable finish to what we trust is but a first series of interesting handbooks could have been devised than a volume which introduces English readers to the choicest blossoms of the Greek Anthology. The editor's "Lucian" must have enlightened many who knew not Lucian in the original as to one of the ancient fountains of pleasant humour and satire. But the present volume, put together by a veteran scholar who is familiar with the lucubrations of Christopher North in the field of ancient epigram, and who is himself "an old contributor to *Maga*," has a peculiar interest in itself, as well as in the antecedents and associations of its author, who is at home with all the traditions of his subject, and obviously not unfamiliar with the difficult yet attractive experiment of interpreting it to English ears. Lord Neaves can tell in his introduction of Gray's interleaved copy of Stephens's

Anthology, which bore traces of his copious annotation and translation, as well as of the more generally known fondness of Cowper and Johnson for this undeniable repertory of hints and conceits for modern poetry. And while he traces back to a French *mot* on epigrams the origin of the expression "soupe à la Grecque," he is not deterred from exhibiting enthusiasm in his task by the depreciatory estimates of such butterfly critics as Lord Chesterfield. There can be no doubt that the more familiar study of the Greek Anthology, less piquant though it be than that of Martial, or of the French wits, or even of the Italo-Latin school, might prove at the present day an excellent antidote to the prevailing sin of prolixity in poetical composition, through the standard which it affords of felicitous condensation and elegance. "Even the attempt," as Lord Neaves observes, "to imitate this character may help to purify the taste in an age when the art of concealing art seems not often practised, when condensation is not thought of, and simplicity is considered to be insipidity."

There is another point of view from which Lord Neaves's volume deserves a welcome, and that is in its recalling attention to the papers on Greek epigram translation which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1833-34 from the pens of Professor Wilson and his coadjutors. It is a pity that these were not reprinted in the collected works of the genial "Christopher," though allowance must be made for the recent reaction in favour of classical translation, which would make such papers more generally acceptable now than they would have been then. Anyhow, we are glad to come across gleanings from them in the volume before us, as showing what a treat our fathers overlooked or made light of, when it was spread out before them in its freshness in the liveliest pages of *Maga*. Without accepting the author's undervaluation of Bland and Merivale, whose volume is still a mine of interest to the poetical scholar, we rejoice to gain, in Lord Neaves's contribution to a pioneer series of volumes on the classics, not a few opportunities of insight into the ideas as to translation of the epigrams entertained by a knot of men who were certainly more practised in poetry than their rivals, and not much beneath them in scholarship. These are afforded us, with a mixture of curious erudition, lively anecdote, and experimental emendation and correction, by the veteran "Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland," who is a link between our modern scholar-poets and those whose gossip and criticism furnished the material for the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

Considering the difficulty of arranging a class of compositions reaching chronologically over a thousand years, the author has probably acted wisely in dividing them into characteristic classes; and as these furnish the heads for seven chapters according as they relate to Dedicatory, Sepulchral, Amatory, Witty, or other epigrams, the volume may be taken up at odd times, and enjoyed chapter by chapter, without any loss of thread. The Dedicatory epigrams naturally take precedence, and in setting before his readers samples of these, Lord Neaves has made much, as was fitting, of Simonides, illustrating him more especially by his epigrams on Thermopylæ and the Persian struggle, and endorsing Christopher North's estimate of Bowles's neat couplet translating the most famous of these—

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

The version of the epigram of Simonides on the seer Megistias, slain in the same fight and commemorated by Herodotus, is also well-turned, and truthful in its literality. As an example of the illustrations with which Lord Neaves accompanies the epigrams which he introduces, we may note that when he cites the epitaph of Alschylus, written by the poet himself and inscribed on his monument at Gela, he draws attention to the absence of all allusion to the poet's literary achievements. All the burden of the two couplets is—

The deeds the grove of Marathon could tell,
And many a long-haired Median knows full well.

So too when Cynegirus, the poet's brother, is commemorated, we find it remarked that the epigram does not endorse the later myth of his clinging to the Persian vessel in retreat with his teeth. Only his "Wetheringtonian" prowess is alluded to in the epigram cited in p. 35, *à propos* of the Portrait by Phasis, in which the hero of the stumps was represented with both his hands:—

Blest Cynegirus, some think Phasis wrong
In giving you those hands so stout and strong;
No; he was wise those hands to let us see
By which you gained your immortality.

But the field of Dedicatory epigrams is not confined, either in this volume or in the original anthologies, to those commemorative of warlike prowess. The bride's dolls and playthings, the old fisherman's drag-net, rods, and creels, the rustic's offering of first-fruits to his patron God, suggest neat distichs and quatrains, as well as longer effusions, which are always graceful and pertinent, often arch and pointed. We have a translation in p. 43 of an eight-line epigram by Plato—whether the philosopher or another we cannot and need not know—which deserves citation for its truthfulness, and which we surmise to be one of Lord Neaves's own versions. It is supposed to accompany a votive offering to the Nymphs from a grateful traveller, and tells its own tale, which can be found in the original in No. 43 of the 6th book of the *Anthologia Palatina* as given by Tauchnitz:—

The servant of the Nymphs, who loves the showers,
The minstrel moist, who lurks in watery bowers,
A frog in bronze, a wayfarer here laid,
Whose burning thirst was quenched by welcome aid.

* *The Greek Anthology*. By Lord Neaves. "Ancient Classics for English Readers" Series. Vol. XX. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

By the hoarse monitor's amphibious tone
A hidden spring was to the wanderer shown.
He followed, nor forsook the grateful sound,
Till the much-wished-for draught he grateful found.

A more modern scholar, Mr. Garnett, in his pleasant *Idyls and Epigrams*, has rendered this piece on the whole with more grace and poetic feeling; but the version of Lord Neaves has the credit of more exactness, and his rendering of τὸν λαβόντα κόψας ὑπερμένον βάρανον, as italicized above, represents a clause which Mr. Garnett seems to have overlooked or regarded as pleonastic. Whilst instituting this comparison, it occurs to us to remark that Lord Neaves, though recognizing and quoting the *Anthologia Polyglotta* published by Dr. Wellesley, does not seem to have seen or regarded some of the most promising and clever of later translations in this kind. It is odd that in his array of samples from Simonides he does not even name Mr. Sterling, who in a manner made Simonides his own by singularly happy reproductions. At any rate there are many pieces in Mr. Garnett's little volume which would have served our author's purpose when dissatisfied with Bland or Merivale, he has had to resort to the expedient of altering and adapting, which at best is somewhat unsatisfactory. One of the anonymous bath-inscriptions quoted in the "Witty and Satirical" chapter—

This bath may boast the Graces' own to be,
And for that reason it holds only three—

is, no doubt, commendably brief; but we prefer Mr. Garnett's representation of it:—

To have their limbs the Graces three
First in Arcadia fashion'd me,
Therefore I have but room for three.
For that which Grace her own doth call,
Cannot too great be or too small.

At the same time, whencesoever it may have been borrowed, one cannot too highly commend the flavour of another anonymous couplet, still *ἀπρὸς* of baths, which Lord Neaves has preserved:—

Straight from this bath went Venus, wet and dripping;
To Paris showed herself—and won the pipkin.

In the same section of Satirical epigrams Lord Neaves and Mr. Garnett ran neck and neck in their versions of one by Lucilius on the topic of those purchased locks which in the old world anticipated chignons. Here is Mr. Garnett's condensed point:—

They say that thou dost tinge (O monstrous he!)
The hair that thou so raven black dost buy.

And here Lord Neaves's quatrain:—

Chloe! those locks of raven hair!
Some people say you dye them black;
But that's a libel, I can swear,
For I know where you buy them black.

To return to the Dedicatory epigrams; on none of this class does Lord Neaves bestow pleasanter "anecdote" than upon those which represent the attraction of the softer sex to the mirror, and the love of Lais for her looking-glass. From the English novel, the French comedy, and from Southey's books, he has stories to tell of the diverse phases of this feminine weakness; and he imagines the Portuguese nuns who, as Southey tells, rushed to the looking-glass as soon as their seclusion was broken up by the French invasion, experiencing a similar pain to Lais when past her prime, and well content to hand over

This glass to Venus; since what I shall be,
I would not, what I was I cannot see.

In the chapter on Sepulchral epigrams will be found a good sprinkling of old favourites in guises more or less known, together with some which deserve to be more considered than they are. In p. 71 we have an anonymous epitaph, translated by F. Hodgson and Bland, on a useful country gentleman who in his day preferred the improvement of his own fields and gardens to the smoke of towns and the excitements of a metropolis. The couplet,

First in the spring he knew the rose to rear,
First in the autumn culled the ripening pear,

entitles him at once to rank with the Corycian sage of Virgil's *Georgics*, and suggests not only a pretty picture, but an extremely apposite parallel passage. In page 79 is an epigram of Simonides on the sister of Ippias and Hipparchus, the original of which received the praise of Aristotle. Against the version given in this volume of the epitaph of Addæus on Alexander the Great, objectionable for its pedantic use of "Macedon" for "Macedonian"—a subtlety too fine for "English readers"—

Macedon Alexander's tomb if called on to disclose,
Say that the world's two continents his monument compose—

we are inclined to pit another from Booth's collection:—

If thou would'st Alexander's tomb fitly in verse present,
—Say that two continents unite to bear his monument.

The chapter on Amatory epigrams is very suggestive both of the difficulty of reproducing the fine taste and subtle grace of the Greeks, and also of the wealth of the *Anthologia* as a mine for erotic poets. Those who rack their brains in vain to get Zeno-philæ, one of Melæger's flames, into English verse, may yet transfer the beautiful conceits of that beautiful songster into numbers which any mistress will reward by gifts that "gold could never buy." In studying the epigrams in this class which relate to the familiar commonplace of nearness to the beloved one, it is interesting to parallel Romeo's wish to be a glove on Juliet's hand, and Burns's no less poetic longing, quoted in p. 93, with an

epigram of Rufinus, of which, as Lord Neaves shows, the Merivales have omitted the last couplet. As given by the author of the volume before us, this runs—

Oh! that I were a lily fair
That, culled by fingers fairer still,
I might thy every movement share
And on thy beauty gaze my fill.

We regret that we cannot notice serially more of the contents of these pleasant chapters, but we may mention one or two salient points. The most important of these is the evident pains which the author has taken to chronicle, by epigrams *ἀπρὸς* of them, the succession of Greek sculptors and artists, and the works for which they are most famous. This is seen in the "Literary and Artistic" chapter. It is not too much to say that a careful perusal of it will enhance the interest of our national treasures in the department of gems and sculpture, and serve as a preparation for the study of Mr. King's work on *Glyptic Art*, as well as of Spence's *Polymetis*. Here we have the epigram of Antipater on Myron's "Loving Heifer," with those of anonymous authors on the Jupiter of Phidias and the Pallas of Praxiteles at Cnidus. More refined and reticent than most of its fellows is one on a statue of Juno by Polycleitus, as follows:—

The Argive Polycleitus, who alone
Had sight of Juno, and that sight has shown,
What of her beauty he could give, has given;
Her unseen charms are kept for Jove in Heaven.

In a couple of epigrams in p. 175 on a fast and a slow runner—the latter a parody of the former—occurs a form of expression which may be meant either for waggery or for purism. We imagine the former to be aimed at. The first runs, as translated in this volume:—

If Ladas ran or flew in that last race,
Who knows? 'twas such a *demon* of a pace;

and in the second it is said of a slow runner:—"He was so demoniacally slow." To our thinking, it is always best to call a spade a spade, and it would help the sense if for "demon" we read "devil," and if for the line about the laggard runner we were to substitute:—"In simple fact he was so devilish slow." There would be no mistaking such intelligible English.

In taking leave of a volume of so much merit, and one which deserves a place amidst all epigram collections, we must again express our regret that it closes an amusing and instructive series; but we hope that it may be followed by another in illustration of the less known poets and prose-writers of antiquity.

NAPIER'S MANUFACTURING ARTS IN ANCIENT TIMES.*

GREATER skill in arranging his materials, with stricter accuracy in revision of the press, might have made Mr. Napier's book on ancient arts and manufactures an excellent manual of a popular kind. He brings to his task a competent practical knowledge of the chief processes of manufacture, and has collected a considerable mass of information upon the several subsidiary branches of the subject which is desultory indeed, and to a great degree second-hand, yet in itself valuable and suggestive. It is the want of literary tact and of critical faculty that takes off so much from the result of any kind of technical training and industrious reading. The book in its present shape has grown, he tells us, out of an earlier work on a smaller scale upon ancient workers in metal, his later researches and practical experience having led him to incorporate into his original design sundry other trades or manufactures the early history of which calls for technical knowledge as well as antiquarian research. The writer to some extent disarms criticism by apologizing for the want of a classical education, whilst he has on his side the plea that men of learning might be spared many a blunder by the possession of a modicum of that skilled training in art or handicraft which has been gone through by working-men like himself.

A succession of wounds to the pride of modern art manufacture has been constantly dealt by the gathering knowledge we have gained of late years of the processes in use among the nations of antiquity. Specimens of handiwork in metal, clay, or textile products, not only defying imitation, but taxing, if not defeating, our powers to analyse or to explain them, have amply vindicated our remote forefathers from the charge of unmixt ignorance or barbarism which the conceit of recent times had been wont to fasten upon them. Whatever may be the advance of later ages, processes chiefly dependent upon mechanical aids or collective labour and skill, it may be questioned whether anything in our day comes up, in point of purity and delicacy of taste, in fineness of hand and eye, in the sense of form and colour, or even in the quality of products, to what was turned out by the individual workers of old. Where are now canoes or intaglios cut like those of Greece and her dependencies, gold and silver beaten or cast, or both processes combined as in the ornaments of Etruria, Assyria, or the isles of the Mediterranean? How are we to explain the proofs which meet us in the quarrying and working of granite masses and in otherwise dealing with obdurate substances, whether in stone or metal, of the possession and use of implements of a temper or consistence unknown in existing art? Speaking even of

* *Manufacturing Arts in Ancient Times, with Special Reference to Bible History.* By James Napier, F.R.S.E., F.C.S., &c. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1874.

the vast masses of the precious metals, or of other accumulations of natural wealth, with every allowance for uncertainty in the figures or for exaggeration in the chronicling of bygone centuries, there is enough in what has been set beyond doubt by authentic records and existing memorials of the past to tax to the utmost the sagacity and the interpretative skill both of critics and of men of science. We need scarcely go as far as Mr. Napier, who, taking the work set down in the Bible record as gold or golden to be the pure metal in solid masses, weight for weight, gets for the accumulation of David's single reign gold to the value of 591,925,000*l.*, and silver 348,004,687*l.* Nor need we fall in with what we understand to be the popular view of Nebuchadnezzar's image, three-score cubits high, having been of solid gold from head to foot. The difficulties of the subject are great enough without encumbering it with traditional or vulgar assumptions wholly uncalled for by anything in the record. We regret that men of Mr. Napier's common-sense cannot shake themselves free from conventional notions such as these, and allow for the nonce that all may not be solid gold that glitters. In treating as he does at great length of the golden calf, upon which he brings his practical knowledge of metallurgy to bear with good effect in part, he might have come nearer than he has done to a solution had he given more heed to what we are told of the composite nature of the image dreamt of by Nebuchadnezzar. Olay, we read, entered largely into its composition. The feet, at all events, were seen to be of that material. The sheer irrationality of supposing such a mass of pure metal to have been moulded and upreared might have led him to consider whether the substance of the calf might not, like the visionary image, have been of clay or gypsum, or other material easily ground to powder, overlaid with gilding or with gold in laminated or other form. With the problem of grinding gold to powder he is, at all events, needlessly voicing himself. There is much ingenuity in his taking the successive processes of Moses to have been (1) reducing the calf to bars or ingots in the fire; (2) "stamping it," *i.e.* beating it out into thin lamina or leaves, gold-beating being an art as well known to the Egyptians as in our day, as shown by mummy cases and ornaments of ancient date; (3) "grinding it very small, even until it was as small as dust"—in other words, reducing the gold-leaf to powder between stones or in a mortar, in which state it could be easily mixed with water and drunk by the idolatrous people. The only question is, could we not more readily conceive gold-leaf to have been applied in the first instance as a coating to a case or mould of some earthy substance, easy to grind and to dissolve in water? Would not the like suggestion equally avail to explain the burning of altars, as in the case of Josiah, together with stamping them and casting the powder upon the graves of the children of Israel? Mr. Napier and the critics to whose remarks he gives much space in his chapter on gold and silver might have spared themselves not a little painful discussion of the feasibility of dissolving gold in some chemical fluid peculiar to Egypt, or melting it with some such substances as sulphur and an alkali, possibly with *natron*, that being plentiful in the country, and by consequence, we presume, in the Desert. Our author is a little hard upon scholars and theologians in regard to their ignorance of technical matters not immediately within their professional ken. It might be questioned in return whether he has been adequately alive to the light which the independent critical faculty might throw upon processes in which he professes himself an expert.

In his chapters upon copper, bronze, iron, and other metals of familiar or domestic service the author makes good use of his practical knowledge and experience. Starting from the distinction between copper and brass, which are habitually confused in our version of the Bible, he gives a popular description of the metallurgy of the ore and its alloys, pointing out what differences are to be traced or suggested between the primitive and more recent processes. The observations of explorers in modern times are brought in to explain the practice of the Egyptian or Syrian workers, whose furnaces and refuse materials still mark the scene of their labours, whilst the analyses of coins, implements, vessels, and arms, by eminent chemists and metallurgists, combine to illustrate the practice of the earliest known workers in metallic products, and to vindicate their historical reputation for skill and taste. Mr. Napier's experimental knowledge, together with a closer attention to the terms of the Homeric text, enables him to correct Mr. Gladstone's strange conclusion that the fusion of metals was unknown at the period which Homer described, or when the poet wrote. Not only do the descriptions of Homer and other early poets show ample familiarity with the casting of metals, but the discovery of bronze moulds of an early period tends in the same direction. Nor is there, as Mr. Napier urges, any practical sense in which "stubborn" can be applied to copper when compared with gold and silver. To bronze the epithet is with much more fitness applied, and it is our author's conclusion that in his version and criticism of the *Shield of Achilles* Mr. Gladstone has made copper and bronze change places. Of all the speculations hazarded by so distinguished a scholar, the oddest is that of the age described by Homer having been that known to archaeologists as the age of copper, following that of stone, yet distinct from that of bronze, and still more from that of iron. The mention as early as the Book of Numbers of *bedil*, which all commentators and dictionaries make to be tin, is not a little puzzling when connected with the fact that nowhere save in Britain is any available source of that metal even suggested. That, either in a prepared state or as natural ore,

tin found its way from those islands to the East at an astonishingly early period, probably through the medium of Phœnician traders, is as much borne out by our author's practical judgment as by the researches and inferences of archaeologists. That the oxide of tin was used by the Egyptians and Assyrians for enamelling and glazing earthenware is a recent discovery, illustrating further the familiarity of the Eastern nations with this foreign metal. Our author is enabled to dispose of certain difficulties felt by Beckmann and others in regard to *bedil* being applied to a mixture of tin with lead or with the refuse from the refining of silver. The ignorance of writers like Pliny concerning the practical processes of manufacture has introduced great confusion into the terms employed by them. In our own workshops similar obscurity is caused by solder being technically called "tin," although known to have much lead in it. In the passage from the *κασμίτις* of the Greeks to the Latin *stannum*, from which have been formed the French *étain*, the High German *Zinn*, and the Low German and English *tin*, the distinction between the pure metal and its mixed state has not been clearly kept in view. With the practical facts bearing upon this subject Mr. Napier need hardly have hashed up Bochart's ridiculous derivation of Britannia from the Hebrew *Barab-anac*, the "land of tin."

In his chapters on dyeing and weaving, which were not included in his former work, Mr. Napier sets himself to pursue the same analytical and deductive course which he has adopted in the previous parts of his book. His conclusions are based upon examination and analysis of ancient fabrics, together with such notices as we possess of the tissues and colouring agents in use amongst the ancients. That silk was known to the Assyrians, and may have been worn by the Jews, if not actually mentioned by Ezekiel in the passage in which "silk" is the word in our translation, he is convinced in concert with the most trustworthy commentators. The absence of cotton among all mummy cloths need not, he maintains, militate against the strong probability that it had at an early period found its way into Egypt, if not Palestine, from India. The limited means of colouring these tissues, as well as linen and leather, a list of which is here given, including earthy and mineral salts, with vegetable and animal matters, speaks well for the skill of these who could produce hues so varied and so intense. Of these hues, some, like that of the Tyrian purple, are not less difficult to identify than are the processes which yielded them, vaguely set forth as they are by Pliny as our chief authority. Mr. Napier's practical experience enables him to criticize these notices of the ancients with good effect, while he is able to speak of his own success in obtaining a beautiful permanent purple from *purpura lapillus*, found in Arran, which like those of Colonel Montagu was found to answer upon cotton without a mordant, excelling in this respect all the far colours, and rivaling indigo. That the ancients used the oxide or the salts of tin, without which a modern dyer could hardly produce permanent tints with some of the drugs enumerated, there is no positive evidence to show. The absence of yellow and green among the colours mentioned in Scripture is not less difficult to explain, whether we refer it to grounds of symbolism or to the want of good permanent dyes of either hue. That glass-making was one of the arts brought with them by the Jews out of Egypt our author with reason thinks highly probable; the blessing of Zebulon by Moses as "sucking treasures hid in the sand" may be taken to refer to this art, supported as it is by Pliny's mention of the land of Zebulon as the seat of glass manufacture. In the art of introducing various colours homogeneously into the same vessel the Egyptians seem to have gone beyond any workmen of the present day. In some processes such is the delicacy in delineating feathers and foliage and similar details as to call for the aid of magnifying power to make them out, involving the conclusion of a lens having been made use of in the manufacture. At Nineveh, it is well known, a lens of crystal was actually found by Mr. Layard.

Upon the building materials of the East in ancient times Mr. Napier has collected much valuable matter, including analyses of various kinds of cement or artificial stone from Egypt, Assyria, and the Holy Land. He closes with a marvellous chapter on the Ark of Noah, the pious simplicity of which in these days of doubt, denial, and halting between opinions is quite refreshing. As a practical man, standing apart from all theoretical difficulties or critical cavilling, he feels himself simply called upon to make, so to say, a model from the received text, or to lecture upon a vessel so constructed. He calls for 25,000 loads of wood. Whether metal tools would be available he has some doubt, but the use of flint or other stone implements would certainly account, he thinks, in a measure for the length of time spent in building, while the use of pitch within and without would obviate decay for the 120 years so consumed. When, however, he is tempted to yield to the insidious suggestions of a German author, that, to promote or to secure the comfort of the family shut up within, "God put all the inmates of the Ark into an hibernating state, and awakened them after the waters were abated," we can but feel that the best advice that can be given to a practical man of whatever class is to stick to his last. It would only have been, however, within the limits of practical workmanship to have kept out misprints so atrocious as Arabia Petria, Sardanapolis, Stahl, and such like, and to have presented to us the Astronomer Royal for Scotland somewhat more correctly than as Professor Piazza Smith.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN a certain sense it may almost be said that the history of slavery in the United States constitutes the history of the country during the past half-century. The Seven Years' War had for its result the destruction of French power on the American continent, and consequently, when the United States established their independence, they found themselves so happily circumstanced as to be safe from foreign aggression. Already Spain seemed to be in the last stage of decadence, and the republics which have taken her place have developed as little ability to govern, and as little power, as Spain herself. As for our own country, since we recognized the independence of the Union our sincere desire has been to cultivate with it the most friendly relations. First the great revolutionary war compelled us to devote all our energies to self-preservation, and then the rapid growth of our empire in India turned our attention to another continent, and made American affairs quite a secondary consideration. We should have been only too happy then had we been permitted to leave America to its own devices. The United States, indeed, have not always allowed us to do so, but still they have been so happily placed as to be able to feel sure that, unless they chose to provoke a quarrel themselves, they would not be attacked. The circumstance has not proved altogether an unmixed blessing, for it has removed all outward restraint upon internal dissension. It is probable that the slavery question could not in any case have been settled without an appeal to arms, but it is certain that the course of events cleared the ring, and placed North and South face to face in the centre; and thus it came to pass, as we have said, that the controversy with regard to slavery almost makes up the public life of the United States during the past half-century. Under these circumstances it is natural that the controversy should seem to an American to deserve the most minute and detailed exposition, and this accordingly Mr. Wilson, in his *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America**, has undertaken to supply. But his work makes a demand upon the patience of his readers which few, we apprehend, will be willing to accord. The second volume, which now lies before us, begins with the admission into the Union of the two States of Iowa and Florida in March 1845, and it ends with the election of Mr. Lincoln in November 1860. It thus comprises the history of little more than fifteen years and a half—and the history, be it remembered, not of the country but of a single question—yet it contains no fewer than 704 large octavo pages. It is true, indeed, that these fifteen and a half years immediately preceded the Civil War, and the controversies then raised made that war necessary. But as merely preparatory to the war, the subjugation of the South, the emancipation of the negroes, and the reconstruction of the conquered States, the expenditure of space is surely inordinate. Nor does the treatment of the subject compensate for the long-windedness of the narrative. The work, or at any rate the earlier part of it, originally appeared in a New York religious weekly paper, and its style is such as a knowledge of this fact would lead us to expect. But, in truth, Mr. Wilson has few of the qualifications of an historian. His partisanship is the least of his faults. To do him justice, he does not affect impartiality. And, being thus put upon our guard, we should have little cause for complaint if he made the past live over again as he sees it himself. But though Mr. Wilson is possessed of considerable ability—being a self-made man who has raised himself from a humble station to the Vice-Presidency of the United States—he has the ability of an effective stump orator, not of a scholar and historian. He overloads his pages with dry and lifeless summaries of Congressional debates, but he fails to call up before the mind a living picture of the events he records, or of the men who occupied a conspicuous position with regard to them, and he scarcely attempts to portray the real working of slavery or the actual condition of the South. References to the lash and the manacle, the slave pen, and the auction mart, we have, of course, in superabundance. But of the everyday life which lay beyond them there is nothing. And even these, tempting themes though they may be for the pen of an old abolitionist, are not painted. In a word, the book is an overgrown and heavy pamphlet, full of declamation and spiritless narrative. And yet the events to be related are sufficiently stirring. The acquisition of Texas, recorded in the former volume, had made war with Mexico inevitable, and General Taylor had accordingly been despatched to the Rio Grande. Mexico, as the reader knows, was speedily brought to terms, and the possession of additional territory as well as of Texas was secured by treaty. The manner in which this war had been entered upon, and the great extension of slavery which ensued, gave new force to the abolitionist agitation in the North, and made more active the "underground railway," as the organization for aiding the escape of runaway slaves was called. These circumstances in turn reacted upon the South, and gave rise to the demand for a Fugitive Slave Act. The Act was passed in 1850, and from that moment civil war became inevitable. Millions of people, who had little objection to slavery in the abstract, and who would never have thought of interfering with it in other States, resented being called upon to aid actively in returning slaves to captivity. And thus the Act, while seeming to strengthen the institution, did more to destroy it than any other single measure. Then followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which still further strengthened the anti-slavery feeling. It at once called into existence the Republican party, whose programme was re-

sistance to the further spread of slavery, and especially to its introduction into the Territories. Next came, in quick succession, the Kansas struggle, the Dred Scott decision, John Brown's invasion of Virginia, and the election of Mr. Lincoln, all leading up inevitably to secession and civil war.

The United States preceded this country by eleven years in instituting a regular periodical enumeration of the people. The first American census was taken so long ago as 1790, and consequently that of 1870 was the ninth. The complete results of this latest census have been published in two forms. The perfect edition is in three quarto volumes. It is enriched by an instructive commentary supplied by the Superintendent of the Census, and its value is still further increased by a series of admirable maps, illustrating to the eye the information contained in the dry tables of figures. A less perfect edition in one thick octavo volume contains all the statistical tables of the three quarto volumes, but it is without the maps which make them so readily intelligible and so instructive, and it is also without the greater part of the observations of the Superintendent of the Census. In addition to these two publications, which, as we have said, contain all the statistics of the census, the first eight tables relating to population, being about one-third of the first quarto volume, have been printed in quarto shape by order of Congress, under the title of "Statistics of Population."† This is the volume which now lies before us. It is unaccompanied by explanatory observation of any kind, and consists solely of dry statistical tables. We are first given the population at each of the nine censuses of each State and Territory in the Union classed as white, free coloured, slave, Chinese, and Indian. Next we get the same by counties. Then we are shown the population at the three last censuses of the civil divisions less than counties, classed as white and coloured. And, lastly, we are presented with a series of tables showing the different nationalities of the existing people of the United States.

Two other instalments of the last American census come next in order, but they belong to the last of the three quarto volumes, that upon the industry of the United States. That volume consists of three parts. And the instalments before us are the first two of these, containing respectively the statistics of wealth, taxation, and public indebtedness ‡, and of agriculture. §

Some time before Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden involved himself in the Thirty Years' War, one William Urselius, a native of Antwerp, proposed to him the formation of a trading Company which was to extend its operations to Asia, Africa, and Magellan's Land, and more especially to plant a Swedish colony in the New World. Spain, England, and Holland had already founded settlements on the American continent, and the Swedish monarch, full of projects for the aggrandizement of his country, caught eagerly at this new plan for adding to the wealth and revenues of his kingdom. Accordingly he granted Urselius a charter for his proposed Company, and also issued letters patent inviting all classes of his subjects to aid in the project. But the King's participation in the great religious struggle that was then desolating Germany for a while postponed the realization of the plan, and his death at Lutzen broke up the company. Chancellor Oxenstiern, however, who governed Sweden during the minority of the young Queen Christina, did not allow the idea to drop. A second Company was formed under the direction of another Dutchman, and in 1637, eleven years before the termination of the Thirty Years' War by the Peace of Westphalia, an expedition was fitted out in two ships—a man-of-war and a smaller vessel described as a yacht—which founded the colony of New Sweden on the Delaware River. The history of this little-known settlement, which included the present State of Pennsylvania, with parts of neighbouring States, was written in the middle of the last century by a Swedish clergyman, who had spent many years among the descendants of the colonists, and was dedicated to Queen Louisa Ulrica, in a loyal and manly epistle, in which the good minister deprecates the loss to his country of what might have been a source of wealth and strength. The old history of Acrelius § has now been translated for the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and published by the former. The colony retained its connexion with the mother-country less than twenty years, having been conquered by the Dutch in 1655, and before the close of the century it passed with all the dominions of the States-General on the American continent into the possession of England. But for fully a century afterwards the colonists continued to speak their mother-tongue, and were regularly supplied with clergymen from Sweden. This Swedish settlement is especially noteworthy for having initiated the policy which has reflected so much credit on the name of Penn. The Swedes purchased from the wild tribes among whom they settled the land upon which they established their colony. As the tribes did not understand the real import of the transaction, and were indeed incapable of comprehending such an idea as the right of exclusive individual property in land, this fact, standing alone, would say little. But the historian of

* *Ninth Census of the United States: Statistics of Population.* Tables I. to VIII. inclusive. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Ninth Census of the United States: Statistics of Wealth, Taxation, and Indebtedness.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Ninth Census of the United States: Agriculture.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *A History of New Sweden.* By Israel Acrelius. Translated by W. M. Reynolds, D.D. Philadelphia: Publication Fund of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. London: Trübner & Co.

* *History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.* By Henry Wilson. Vol. 2. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

the colonists assures us that they continued to live on the most amicable terms with the Indians. And he shows that the original instructions of the Swedish Court urged with special emphasis the observance of a friendly conduct towards the aborigines.

So large a proportion of the population of America is now Irish by birth or by immediate descent, that it is natural there should flourish on the other side of the Atlantic a literature quite as Irish in tone and character as that which issues from Dublin itself. It is possible, however, to discover a difference between the popular literature of the Irish in the United States and that of the Irish at home. The former is less Catholic and more national. That is to say, it is less sectarian, and aims less at exalting Catholicism. It is more thoroughly informed by the lay spirit, and acknowledges more sincerely all classes, creeds, and races of the Irish population as fellow-countrymen. Of course there are plenty of exceptions on both sides, but we are speaking now of the broad and general characteristics. And in these the literature of the American Irish only reflects their political temper. The Fenian Brotherhood, it will be remembered, was almost fiercely anti-clerical in spirit. In *Oliver Lacey** this characteristic is very strongly shown. The book is written by a woman—a fact in itself noteworthy. And the plot is laid at the time of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. That rebellion has formed the subject of so many novels and plays that its interest ought to be exhausted by this time, one would think. Yet it still exercises a powerful attraction upon popular audiences, as the popularity on the English as well as the American stage of dramas laid at the time sufficiently proves. But it is in the treatment of the plot that the unsectarian spirit is most clearly displayed. The heroine, the hero, and, indeed, the interesting personages but with few exceptions are all Protestants. No doubt, this is true to historical fact, as the chief leaders of the United Irishmen did not belong to the popular creed. But this faithfulness to historical truth, not being the exception but the rule, does not diminish the significance of the treatment.

Though dealing with a different country and a very different state of affairs, *Moss Evans*† is yet animated by a somewhat similar spirit. It is a tale of South Carolina life in the years that immediately followed the close of the Civil War. It carefully avoids the military struggles of the war, the sufferings and the desolation which they caused, and confines itself to a presentation of the social and industrial confusion that followed the overthrow of the South and the emancipation of the negroes, and the efforts made by the Southern whites to accommodate themselves to the altered condition of affairs. The book is written in a very commendable spirit, its object being to excite a kindly feeling towards men who fought so bravely and suffered so much. But it presents an idealist, not a realistic, view of Southern life during the reconstruction period. The author writes from imagination, not experience, and in his desire to conciliate estranged feelings he draws too Arcadian a picture. The "carpet-bagger," in the shape of a Yankee land-jobber, proves a general benefactor, dispossessed planters act like fathers to their former slaves, while these latter look up with mingled reverence and affection to their ancient owners.

The next book upon our list is also a novel relating to life in the Southern States.‡ But in this case the plot is laid in the times before the war, and is descriptive of society in a slave-owning community. The book, however, is not an abolitionist work, but is written with the true artistic aim of presenting a picture of manners, usages, beliefs, and prejudices now passed away for ever. The author draws the portraits of his slaveowners with no unfriendly hand, and he thinks it necessary to explain in a preface that principles which are now everywhere admitted were, at the time of which he writes, universally rejected by the most moral and conscientious people of the Southern States. His book is by no means a defence of slavery, nor does it conceal the evil influence of slavery on Southern society and Southern sense of right. But it is still a friendly picture, which professes to be based on personal experience, every scene, we are told, having been suggested by an actual occurrence, and several of the characters being portraits taken from the life.

The next two novels call for little notice. *Serape*§, though styled a novel of New York, has little that is distinctive about it; while the *Second Wife*|| is only a translation from the German.

We have next to notice a handsome edition of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*¶, published by Messrs. Roberts of Boston, and profusely illustrated by the American artist, Mr. Konewka.

For some years the earliest known form of our English language, Anglo-Saxon **, as it is usually called, has been studied at Lafayette College, in the State of Pennsylvania. For the use of the

students there Professor March undertook to prepare a grammar of the language, which grew under his hand until it became a *Comparative Grammar* in which the forms of the Anglo-Saxon are illustrated by those of Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Frisian, Old Norse, and Old High German.

Osgood's *Guides to New England** and the *Middle States*† are intended to supply such information as will enable the traveller to visit the places worth seeing in these States with the least expenditure of time and money.

When British Columbia entered the Canadian Confederation it stipulated that the Dominion Government should construct a railway to connect the Pacific coast with the Canadian network of lines. The existing Canadian railway system may be said to terminate westwards in the immediate neighbourhood of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. From that point the Pacific Ocean is distant about 2,700 miles, say as far as the Ural Mountains are from the coast of Brittany. The intermediate region has a breadth varying from 300 to 500 miles, and may be roughly said to comprise about a million square miles. This vast country was almost totally unexplored, and it will be seen, therefore, that without a railway the entrance of British Columbia into the Confederation would have remained without result. Indeed the colony on the Pacific would have been practically nearer to London than to Ottawa. To carry out the stipulations of the treaty, an exploratory survey was set on foot, and there lies before us now the Report of the chief engineer employed in that work.‡ The Report furnishes an immense mass of new and interesting geographical information respecting the Northern part of the American Continent. For example, we have been accustomed to regard the great lakes and the river St. Lawrence as constituting the main drainage of British America. It turns out now that this is a complete mistake, and that, as a matter of fact, the great watercourse in question drains no more than one-tenth of the area, while twice that proportion, or one-fifth of the whole area, drains into the Pacific, and actually seven times as much drains into the Arctic Ocean.

As the Dominion Government is engaged in exploring its central regions for the purpose of drawing into closer communication its settled portions, so the United States Government is similarly employed in its vast Territories for the purpose of throwing them open to colonization. In the course of the work there has been gradually accumulated much new material in all departments of natural history, and the Federal Government with wise liberality has now begun to publish in a separate and accessible form the information thus collected. Of the publications§ thus determined on there lie before us the two first numbers, and likewise a descriptive Catalogue of the Photographs taken in the course of the geological survey during the years 1869-73.

Another Report illustrative of the natural history of the United States is that upon the invertebrate animals of Vineyard Sound and the adjacent waters||, which contains in addition an account of the physical features of the region.

Still another is the *Synopsis of the Flora of Colorado*¶. The materials for this work were derived from the Geological Survey, and it is put forward as the first of a series of handbooks for the use of students in natural history, intended to be published from time to time among the "miscellaneous publications" of the survey.

The last work of this class on our list is that of Mr. Hunt on the coal and iron ores and industry of Southern Ohio.** The materials for the work are drawn chiefly from official sources, but it is a private publication.

Two medical contributions complete our list. That of Dr. Flint on *Conservative Medicine*†† is a mere collection of essays some of which appeared in medical journals, and some were addressed to popular audiences. It takes its name from the first paper. Dr. Lincoln's *Electro-Therapeutics*‡‡, on the other hand, is intended as a manual of medical electricity, its aim being to supply the general practitioner with an analysis of the principles which ought to govern his use of electricity.

* *Osgood's New England*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Osgood's Middle States*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Exploratory Survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway*. Ottawa: Mac-Lean, Roger, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories*. Nos. I. and II. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *Descriptive Catalogue of the Photographs of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Report upon the Invertebrate Animals of Vineyard Sound and the adjacent Waters*. By A. E. Verrill and S. J. Smith. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Synopsis of the Flora of Colorado*. By T. C. Porter and J. M. Coulter. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

** *The Hocking Valley Coughfield*. By T. Sterry Hunt. Salem: Naturalists' Agency.

†† *Essays on Conservative Medicine*. By Austin Flint, M.D. Philadelphia: H. C. Lea. London: Trübner & Co.

‡‡ *Electro-Therapeutics*. By D. F. Lincoln. Philadelphia: H. C. Lea. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

* *Oliver Lacey*. By Anna Argyle. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Moss Evans*. By W. M. Baker. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Lord of Himself*. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Serape*. By F. B. Perkins. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

|| *The Second Wife*. By E. Murlitt. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

** *A Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language*. By F. A. March, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co.

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FOURTEENTH CHURCH CONGRESS, BRIGHTON, 1874.

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ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, S.E.—The MEDICAL SESSION for 1874 and 1875 will COMMENCE on Thursday, October 1, 1874, on which occasion an ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. MACCORMACK, at Two o'clock.

Gentlemen entering have the option of paying £40 for the First year, a similar sum for the second, £20 for the Third, and £10 for each succeeding year; or, by paying £100 at once, of becoming Perpetual Students.

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Any further information required will be affixed by Mr. WHITFIELD.

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SCHOLARSHIPS IN SCIENCE.

Two Scholarships in Science have been founded at St. Bartholomew's Hospital:—
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2. A Public School Scholarship of the value of £50, to be held for one year, to be competed for in October next, by Students of the Hospital of less than six months' standing. The Subjects of Examination are identical with those of the Open Scholarship.
For further particulars and syllabus of subjects, application may be made, personally or by letter, to THE WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The TWENTY-FOURTH SESSION will BEGIN on THURSDAY, October 1. The lectures may be had on application.

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Students at University College are received into the Hall, and reside under collegiate discipline. Some of the acts of rooms are now vacant, at rents varying from £12 to £24 for the session. Subsidy references will be required by the Principal from all Gentlemen desiring to be admitted to the Hall.
The Hall will re-open on October 5 next, the day on which the Session of the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science will begin at University College, in close proximity to which it is situated.

Scholarships.—The Trustees of the Gilchrist Educational Fund have founded Three Scholarships of £50 each, to be held for one year, to be competed for in June. The Hall, and being awarded every year to the candidate passing highest in the June Matriculation Examination of the University of London.
Prospectuses containing further information, may be obtained on written application addressed to the PRINCIPAL, or to the SECRETARY, at the Hall.

September 1874.

MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN October 1, at 11 Regent Place, Hyde Park, W.

THE Misses A. and R. LEECH'S SCHOOL (late Belgrave Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.) will RE-OPEN on October 1, at 65 and 66 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—The Rev. ALEX. J. D. DORSEY, B.D., Lecturer, K.C.L., will resume his LECTURES, CLASSES, and LESSONS at Colleges and Schools on September 29, at 13 Princes Square, W.

STANFIELD HOUSE, Green Hill, Hampstead.—Mr. T. M. JACOBS, A.K.C., assisted by Eminent Masters, receives into his house a very select number of PUPILS to Educate and to Prepare for the Public Schools, into nearly all of which he has been passed by him to high forms. The House and grounds are spacious and are situate near the Heath. Highest references may be obtained from the Nobility and Clergy whose Sons Mr. JACOBS has educated. Further particulars on application.

AN OXFORD GRADUATE, in Honours, an old Marlburian, and late Scholar of his College, now Rector of a Suffolk Parish, receives PUPILS.—Address, Rev. W. EMMA, Great Blakenham, Ipswich.

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THE

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OR

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ITALY.

THE *Orléans* is said to have really left Civita Vecchia, and the Italians are rid of the last symbol of French interference. It was merely a symbol, for the last shred of real interference disappeared with the catastrophe of Sedan. But after the German war was over, a large and influential party in France found some comfort among the general wreck of things in the thought that at least there was a French frigate in Italian waters ready to bear off the sacred victim of oppression whenever he might choose to go. It was to the Legitimist mind a sort of standing protest against the occupation of Rome that there should be this vessel always there at the command of the Pope, if he chose to take advantage of it. It was a means of proclaiming to the Italians that if for the moment France could not redress the wrong that had been done, it still could proclaim that it was a wrong. Faithful France could at least secure the poor prisoner of the Vatican the means of regaining liberty. The Italian Government naturally disliked this symbol of French protest being kept before the eyes of all men, and it gently but firmly pressed on the French Government the necessity of removing so very slight a source of discord if a really friendly feeling was to be established between the two nations. For many months the French Government has owned that the arguments of the Italian Government were unanswerable. The occupation of Rome is accepted as an accomplished fact by the French Government. If Rome is to be regarded as a secular Italian city, the Pope could only need a friendly frigate in a neighbouring port if he were so badly treated that he really wished to leave Rome. But it is ridiculous to say that he is badly treated, or that he is a prisoner, or that he could not go or be conveyed by the Italian Government anywhere he wished. If it is admitted that Rome is a secular city belonging to the Italian kingdom, the Head of the Romish Church is as handsomely treated as it is possible he should be treated in a city belonging to a secular Power and forming part of a kingdom governed on secular principles. He is merely a prisoner in the sense in which a man who prefers spending a day quietly at home may be said to be a prisoner in his house. If he wished to move about Rome or Italy, he is as free to do so as any human being can be. If he liked to go away altogether, he may enjoy the freedom of a voluntary exile any moment he pleases. He chooses to stay on at Rome, and he chooses to shut himself up in the Vatican. He thus adds the luxury of an imaginary martyrdom to the comfort of doing as he likes best. What possible use can it be to him that the *Orléans* should be stationed at Civita Vecchia? The French Government has long had no reply to make, except to ask the Italian Government not to press its logic at a moment when to own the force of this logic might be embarrassing to the French Government at home. As a compromise, it was arranged that when the French Assembly had dispersed for its session, and the Government could thus choose to withdraw the *Orléans*, should be quietly withdrawn. This arrangement has now been carried out; if it is true that the *Orléans* has really left Civita Vecchia. A slight ray of natural indignation has been raised in some of the French Legitimist journals, which accuse the Government of trucking to foreign Powers, and of abandoning the traditional policy of France. It is possible that the Legitimist Opposition may attack the Government when the Assembly meets again. But the

Government is perfectly well aware that even in the Assembly the support of the Legitimists could not really be secured unless it threw itself into their arms; and that in the country the Legitimists have no real power whatever.

A general election will be held in Italy within a few weeks, and Signor MINGHETTI is expected in the course of the next few days to give a sketch of the policy which he asks the constituencies to support. There are dissensions in Italy as there are everywhere, and it is natural that in a country so long divided and so lately and rapidly united there should be many jealousies and antipathies. But the desire for unity prevails over every counteracting influence, and whether the present Ministry may or may not be as successful as it hopes, there is no reason to doubt that the next Parliament will be mainly composed of moderate Liberals; that is, of persons who desire above all things that the existing state of things—unity with a constitutional monarchy—should continue. The fact is that the Italians have gained so enormously by the recent changes which have made Italy a compact and considerable Power that all their interests are wrapped up in the prevalence of this kind of moderate Liberalism. The stride that Northern and Central Italy have made in the last ten years is astonishing. Everywhere there are to be seen the signs of a rapidly increasing prosperity. Turin, after having ceased to be the capital of a kingdom, has been abundantly recouped by the opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel. It is now the gateway of Italy. Tourists flock to it, commerce flourishes in it. It is full of magnificent new hotels, and looks much more alive than even in the days when it was the home of the Italian Parliament. Milan and Genoa are advancing with equal rapidity, and it is only by the removal of the Royal Arsenal to Spezia that Genoa has found room for the great activity of its port and shipyards. Venice is venturing to pronounce that to it and not to Trieste the commerce of the Adriatic naturally belongs, and docks are projected on a scale large enough to try the issue of a rivalry which was impossible so long as Venice was Austrian. Changes of Government cannot much affect Florence, for Florence under every Government that secures order must remain one of the most wonderful and attractive cities in the world. It is perhaps in the smaller towns of the neighbourhood, such as Bologna, that the impetus given to wealth, enterprise, and intelligence by the establishment of Italian unity is most visible. Italian towns are not perhaps very fond of each other. Turin is looked on as the capital of a little nation which is Italian only in name. Genoa is theoretically Republican, and it has never quite forgiven its forced annexation to Piedmont after the fall of NAPOLEON. But everywhere there is the same feeling. Italian unity is a success—a source of legitimate pride to all Italians, and a source of most comforting prosperity to individuals. Having got a good thing, the Italians have the sense to wish to keep it, and they are not at all in the humour to let theoretical preferences for a different form of government, or discontent with taxation, or provincial jealousies, rob them of a prize which they won partly through themselves, but mainly by a series of the most wonderful strokes of good fortune that ever befall a nation. Some French journals which are at a loss for something to say have taken up the notion that M. THIERS is going to Italy to determine the policy of Italy, and to release Italy from what is termed the Protections of Prussia. This is a considerable compliment to M. THIERS, for it treats him as a power in France independent of and above the nominal Government of the country. Perhaps most Frenchmen are secretly of opinion that, although for the purposes

of domestic squabbling M. THIERS must go in and out of power like bumbler men, yet if anything European is to be done, anything in which France is to figure through an individual, M. THIERS is the only possible representative of his country. But the Prussian Protectorate is a fiction of French journalists. So long as it seemed possible that there should be a Legitimist Restoration in France, Italy knew that to keep Rome it must make even Legitimists feel that Italy had an ally whom France could not venture to attack. But if France is content to leave Italy alone, Italy can have no desire to be the slave of Germany and the perpetual enemy of France. The withdrawal of the *Orléans*, far from being a concession to Germany, is a sign that the threatened interference of France in Italian affairs which drove Italy to such a protection is at an end. The policy of Italy is to quarrel with nobody. She is in the position of a lucky adventurer who in troublous times has made a large fortune and then wishes for a reign of universal quiet. It is true that, in the struggle between the ecclesiastic and secular powers, Italy and Germany are necessarily bound together because they have a common enemy. But there is no identity between the religious questions at issue in Italy and those in Germany. Italy is not far enough advanced to have the same questions raised in it which divide Germany. It is occupied with the preliminary task of getting life and government and property secularized. It is busy in getting the estates of religious corporations into lay hands, in suppressing wholesale pious mendicity, in taking the administration of practical affairs out of the hands of priests. To this work it is also adding that of popular education. The primary schools of Northern Italy are admirably conducted, and, if inferior as yet to those of Germany, are much superior to those of France. Prussia is long past the Italian stage. It is not troubled with ecclesiastical governors, or vast ecclesiastical properties, or shoals of religious mendicants. It has long settled that every one shall be educated as the State thinks best without asking the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities. The Italians do not regard the questions with which they have to deal as religious questions at all. In their eyes what they are doing is simply political. They are making prudent arrangements about property and education, and that is all. Possibly in time there may be religious questions raised in Italy, but the Italians are a long way off them at present. The priests are of course opposed to the changes which Italy is now making, and which have been long ago made in other European countries, and they are also still more violently opposed to Germany and the policy of Prince BISMARCK; and both Governments have thought themselves obliged to interfere when language has been used by priests which has been considered seditious, and to restrain by force the action of the religious orders or bodies most actively engaged in fomenting opposition. But it is on France, and especially on France under a Legitimist Monarchy, that the priests have mainly relied for the temporal strength that would enable them to combat their adversaries; and the more plainly the French Government shows by such signs as the withdrawal of the *Orléans* that all hope of French assistance or interference is utterly vain, the more Italy and Germany will go on each in its own way, and the less will Italians need or think of a Prussian Protectorate.

CANADA AND LORD DUFFERIN.

LORD DUFFERIN'S speeches at Toronto on his return from his Western tour would alone have gone far to justify his appointment to the Viceroyalty of Canada. As an experienced and rising member of the English Government and of the House of Lords, and as an instructive writer on an important branch of political economy, Lord DUFFERIN might be expected to administer the affairs of the Dominion with success; but it would have been comparatively easy to select a capable man of business. To more indispensable attainments Lord DUFFERIN adds qualities which are useful in the government of men. He has the wit and imagination which befit the great-grandson of SHERIDAN; and he has the humorous temperament which facilitates and attracts sympathy. When he accepted office he was probably aware of the mistake which had recently been committed by a statesman of greater experience than his own, and of much social tact. Lord GRANVILLE, who might have been expected to be one of the most

popular of Colonial Ministers, unaccountably missed his opportunity. It appeared that he had become imbued during some part of his long official life with prejudices which are already obsolete against an Imperial policy; and he also seemed anxious to prove that the courtesy inseparable from his nature had no influence on his political conduct. During his term of office as Colonial Secretary, Lord GRANVILLE ostentatiously slighted the importance of a connexion which is in fact more directly advantageous to the colonies than to the mother-country. To an advocate for the annexation of the Fiji Islands who suggested the possibility that, on the refusal of England, the islands might be acquired by the United States, Lord GRANVILLE replied that in his opinion such an arrangement would be more desirable than the conversion of the islands into an English colony. He sternly refused to delay the withdrawal of Imperial troops from New Zealand, although the feelings of the colonists might have been conciliated without any permanent modification of English policy. Even the Canadians complained that Lord GRANVILLE never publicly repudiated the language in which one or two of his colleagues intimated their indifference to separation.

Lord DUFFERIN went to Canada with a profound belief in the greatness of the Empire, and with a full determination that his sentiments should not be misunderstood by the inhabitants of the Dominion. It is no more the business of a Colonial Governor or of a Colonial Secretary to inquire whether colonies are desirable than of a King to analyse the utility of his hereditary profession of royalty. Soon after his arrival he had occasion to display in difficult circumstances his adherence to the most orthodox theories of constitutional government. His Ministers, including the ablest and most experienced of Canadian statesmen, had the misfortune to be implicated and discovered in the perpetration of a job. When their conduct was attacked in Parliament, they proposed an adjournment to enable them to prepare their defence, and the GOVERNOR-GENERAL at once acceded to their request. The Opposition not unnaturally accused Lord DUFFERIN of complicity after the fact, and at first they failed to understand the force of his reply that in administering a responsible Government the representative of the Crown must follow the advice of his Ministers. It was for Parliament eventually to decide whether the Cabinet retained the confidence of the country; and when the Ministers themselves afterwards anticipated the adverse vote of the House of Commons by resigning, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL without hesitation transferred his confidence to their successors, who had up to that time been the leaders of the Opposition. It was perhaps of this transaction that Lord DUFFERIN was thinking when he told some ill-bred American acquaintances in Chicago and Detroit, who had jested about the annexation of Canada to the United States, that the Canadians would not tolerate the exemption of the Executive power from legislative control. In attributing to democratic feeling adherence to the constitutional English rule Lord DUFFERIN committed an oversight. The true theory of responsible government was created by the aristocratic Parliament of England, which still furnishes to the rest of the world the best example of a constitutional system. The rudeness of foreigners who could refer, in the presence of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, to a possible annexation of Canada was more characteristically democratic. When the PRINCE OF WALES visited the United States many years ago a similar impertinence was addressed by Mr. SEWARD to the Duke of NEWCASTLE, whose reply showed that he was greatly inferior to Lord DUFFERIN in adroitness, and perhaps in temper.

Even if the Canadian system were more democratic than the American, it would not necessarily be better. There is much to be said for the American system which makes the President independent of Congress; and it is to the credit of the founders of the Republic that they instituted securities against popular caprice which are now more indispensable than in the days of WASHINGTON because the Constitution has become thoroughly democratic. The immediate and certain predominance of the opinion of the majority has been found tolerable in England which has hitherto escaped universal suffrage, and in Canada, because the colony is prosperous, contented, and anxious to adhere to English precedents. A reporter, as Lord DUFFERIN modestly designates his epigrammatic apophthegm, may be tolerated even if it includes a fallacy. There is no doubt that in Canada public opinion acts with sufficient rapidity in the distribution of power. Only a local

interest attaches to a recent change in the provincial Government of Quebec, except that it is attributed to the exposure of a transaction which was represented by the Opposition as corrupt. There are probably two sides to a controversy which it would be a waste of time to examine minutely. American experience shows that democracy tends to create corruption, and it is to be feared that in Canada similar results will follow from the same causes. Thoughtful Canadian politicians have lately complained of the bad effects of a federal system which, by multiplying the number of elected representatives, necessarily diminishes their competence. In a busy community it must be difficult to find one set of honest and able men to become members of the House of Commons, and another upright body to partake in the obscure excitement of provincial legislation. If the humbler class of popular representatives sometimes reward themselves for their trouble by jobs, the best way of removing the evil would probably be to dispense with the services of the local Assemblies. The question concerns the Canadians alone. The Imperial Parliament will neither wish to meddle with their Constitution nor hesitate to concur in any measures which may be necessary for making it more effective. It was probably judicious to copy the American Constitution in its federal element, at a time when some of the provinces were scarcely reconciled to the establishment of the Dominion.

Lord DUFFERIN's brilliant speech at Toronto was received, as it well deserved, with enthusiastic applause. The celebrated Latin oration which he delivered in his youth at Reikjavik was not better adapted to the audience and the occasion. Even if the GOVERNOR-GENERAL had been less eloquent, the description of unqualified prosperity is pleasant, especially when it is known to be true. The universal loyalty and satisfaction which Lord DUFFERIN had encountered during his recent journey was, as he well knew, the most convincing proof of existing prosperity and of unbounded hope. A community which will for a century or two have no need to study the doctrines of MALTHUS is happy in being able with Lord DUFFERIN to count the swarming babies among the most valuable of its possessions. Loyalty is so far the natural consequence of comfort, that a form of government can scarcely be antagonistic to the prosperity with which it co-exists. The Americans also are satisfied with institutions which, though not admirable in the eyes of external observers, are yet found compatible with the wealth and happiness of a community which leaves its Government as little as possible to do. Readers of Canadian newspapers will perhaps be surprised at the unanimous acceptance of Lord DUFFERIN's rose-coloured description of the present and the future. Provincial journalists discern all manner of abuses in the administration of political opponents; nor are the supporters of Canadian Governments slow in denouncing the corrupt intrigues of aspirants to power. Half a dozen elections have lately been set aside for bribery; and the Opposition remark that all the unsated members are supporters of the Ministry which especially affected to represent political purity. A rebel, accused of murder, has lately been returned to Parliament by a Western constituency; and, in spite of Lord DUFFERIN's arguments and repartees, advocates of annexation are still to be found in the Dominion. Nevertheless the more cheerful theory of the condition of Canada is probably the more correct. The colonists who welcomed the GOVERNOR-GENERAL during his progress must be the best judges of their own state and prospects. It may be assumed that any serious and widespread grievance would have been attributed to Imperial misgovernment. If the people of Canada are not even disposed to grumble, they can scarcely be objects of compassion.

MR. GLADSTONE ON RITUALISM.

MR. GLADSTONE has enriched the world at this dull moment with two surprises. Every one was much surprised when he first saw that Mr. GLADSTONE was about to contribute his views on Ritualism to the *Contemporary Review*. Every one will now be still more surprised when he has read what Mr. GLADSTONE's views are, or, we should rather say, are not, upon Ritualism. The peculiarity of the article is that exactly what Mr. GLADSTONE throws no light whatever on is that part of the Ritualistic controversy on which society happens to be very fiercely disagreeing. There are certain first principles of order and

decency in public worship about which all mankind, from Mr. SPURGEON to Mr. MACKONCHIE, are agreed. Mr. SPURGEON would as little think of officiating in his dressing-gown and night-cap as Mr. MACKONCHIE out of his chasuble. Every one is also agreed that variations in worship must oscillate within the vaguely defined space which lies between the absolutely illegal and the absolutely inexpedient. Yet it is precisely upon these general points of agreement that Mr. GLADSTONE through nineteen pages of the *Review* rolls on in the overpowering swing of his full but self-conscious eloquence. When we begin to sight what we should like to hear something about—namely, the mental distinctions or accidental circumstances which make some men SPURGEONS and others MACKONCHIES—Mr. GLADSTONE signs his name and closes the article. If Mr. GLADSTONE's self-imposed reticence during the last Session had been consistent and persistent, if he had never tired of rehearsing ACHILLES or PYTHAGORAS, he might have reasonably persuaded himself that the country had a claim on its late ruler to know what he thought upon a question which people have argued themselves into thinking burning, probably because they have pretty severely burnt their fingers with it. But after he had burst upon Parliament and the world with his second-reading speech upon the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and after he had extinguished Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's pompous effort to clothe the prejudices of the more foolish portion of mankind in the saucy sophisms of a fluent free-lance, Mr. GLADSTONE had done his public duty to himself and to Ritualism, and was again free to garner up his thoughts in Ilium. Much of Mr. GLADSTONE's article is a general discourse on the artistic shortcomings and expectations of England, WEDGWOOD and Cottage Gardens, Palaces of Administration and Chignons, true enough in itself, and of course set forth in grandly rounded periods. But it is what we have heard so often at South Kensington and at every opening of a provincial art exhibition that we could at last almost wish that the topic could for the future be put in as read. Where, however, he approximates to handling the real subject, he only repeats, not so forcibly because less pugnaciously, positions which, though sufficient in a speech thrown into a heated debate, should have been not merely expanded, but also made specific after a summer's incubation. Even the six famous Resolutions which Mr. DISRAELI slept over and then declared himself unable to understand reappear in the feeble and shrunken forms of six general propositions.

There can be no doubt that it is not only exceedingly foolish, but absolutely wrong, in any clergyman to thrust improvements, however sensible or moderate in themselves, upon ignorant or unwilling congregations, or to exhibit a demeanour inconsistent with the lessons which a high ritual ought to teach. The fault is equally undoubted of congregations which set themselves to put the worst interpretation upon everything that their clergyman does, or proposes to do, which jogs them out of the groove of their old selfish indifference. But the question has still to be answered, how far either clergyman or congregation is likely just at present to be mended by being continually lectured in general phrases after the special points on which they dread any difference have been so clearly mapped out, and have become the subjects of authoritative examination. Perhaps there may also be some fear whether, with Mr. GLADSTONE's passionate confidence in his "own flesh and blood," that reasonable reference to *bona fide* worshippers which every judicious clergyman will maintain may not grow into a condition of things in which the sheep claim to lead and the shepherd has to be content with humbly following.

The question of Ritualism as it now stands before the public—struck before it was heard by Parliament, and at this moment the subject of specific legislation in Convocation—is at once too large and too minute for such a superficial treatment as Mr. GLADSTONE vouchsafes. His venturing to take it up in such a tone shows at least that, with all the breathless unrest of his intellect, there are points on which it must have been singularly impassive of impressions from the moving world. His paper would have been admirably suitable as a declaration in favour of ritual decency in days when the stagnant puddle of Churchwardenism was first stirred by the breath of enlightened opinion, and when Bishop BLOMFIELD almost sent Islington to the barricades by ordering its chosen prophets to preach in surplices. Such a protest at that time against traditional Philistinism would have been in

season from the young ASCANTUS of Oxford. But thirty years have passed since those happy days of youth, and the Ritualistic controversy has in many respects become one of very precise dealing with specific details. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. PURCHAS might both have subscribed to Mr. GLADSTONE's peroration that "the best touchstone for dividing what is wrong and defining what is right in the exterior apparel of divine service will be found in the holy desire and authoritative demand of the Apostle that the Church may receive edifying," rather than "in abstract imagery of perfection on the one hand or narrow traditional prejudice on the other." The misfortune would be that when they began to divide they might find themselves disputing, and when they turned to defining they might leave off by contradicting. "Ritualism," since Parliament and Convocation have busied themselves with ceremonial controversy, has become a direct "transaction," and every party in the Church is now alike putting forward what it wishes or repudiates for itself, and what it would concede or refuse to every other one. Accordingly, the man who undertakes to instruct his fellow-Englishmen upon Ritualism must be prepared to have something specific to urge on the distinct points about which they happen at this moment to be anxious, or he only misleads and vexes them by seeming to promise that which he has no intention of providing. The more highly placed, too, and influential that man may be, the more is he bound to bring into counsel some specific suggestions. Rhetoric, however powerful, language, however sonorous, will not content contending parties when once they have got their blood up, or keep the peace between them while the conflict is still only imminent. The picture, such as that which the writer offers, of that which is now everywhere accepted, but which would not so many years since have been very widely scouted, points a moral; but that moral would rather seem to take the shape of a reasonable conviction that things which are now unpopular may, in another term of years, be cheerfully acquiesced in. We dare say Mr. GLADSTONE intended to say this, but his inveterate habit of invoking the exercise of the popular voice, as if it were the end and not the means of all things, leads him to impute a value to congregational action which might in many cases be found to throw back rather than to foster improvement. In fact, Mr. GLADSTONE's article would form an excellent address for some county magistrate, rather higher than a Lord-Lieutenant and lower than a Cabinet Minister, to read by way of giving a fillip to a Union of Church Choirs or an Archeological Congress. If circulated through the district in an appetizing shape, it would be highly appreciated, and might do much good in the more ignorant and prejudiced circles of middle life. But eminence obliges no less than nobility. When a man so eminent and responsible as Mr. GLADSTONE undertakes to instruct the world upon a question of extreme delicacy and very provocative of unreasoning passions, he is bound to treat it thoroughly or not at all. In the present case prudence and policy would have counselled the not at all.

THE IMPERIALISTS AND THEIR HUMBLE FRIENDS.

THE coalition between the Orleanists and the Bonapartists has had the success it deserved. The Orleanists have sold their principles, and taken no money for them. They have given the lie to all their professions, whether of zeal for constitutional freedom or of hatred of democratic despotism, and before the words were well out of their mouths they have found that they might as well have spared their breath. Politicians who make alliances of this kind should at least be sure of the result for which they play. If M. BRUAS had been returned for Maine and Loire, the solitary triumph of the Septennate might have caused the meanness by which it had been obtained to be forgotten. But when M. MAILLÉ receives 6,000 more votes at the first ballot, while M. BRUAS is unable to poll as many as he and M. BERGER shared between them on the 13th, the issue of the election is not such as to leave the nature of the canvass in the shade. For the first time since the fall of the Empire a French political party has made common cause with the Imperialists, has consented to be beholden to them for support, has treated them as brethren holding the same essential creed, though differing as to particular articles. Unless the victory of the Empire is already won, this spectacle cannot but leave its mark upon the events of the next few months. There is no possibility of

doubting or misrepresenting the fact. The appeal of the Orleanists to M. BERGER was unmistakable, and it was made more so, if possible, by the scorn with which their prayer was granted. M. BERGER dared the MINISTER of the INTERIOR to prosecute him, and then in effect offered him his votes. General DE CHABAUD-LATOUR is a soldier, and it must have gone hard with him to decline the challenge, and to stoop to pick up the ballot-balls. But even a soldier must put his pride in his pocket when he serves as a Minister under the Septennate. The General had to forget that he had said not a month before that he would have prosecuted M. BERGER if his Circular had been printed as a newspaper article, and to see it ostentatiously put into that shape without attempting to make good his threat. Worse than this, he had forbidden the street sale of the journal patronized by M. BERGER, and just when the article appeared this prohibition had to be withdrawn. How can a Minister stop the circulation of a journal which is urging its readers to vote for his candidate? All this has made the action of the Orleanists exceedingly conspicuous. Every Frenchman knows that they have been trading with the Imperialists, and, with this fact once in his head, he must come to one of two conclusions. He may think that the Orleanists did the wisest thing they could do under the circumstances. It is not an exalted view to take of the situation, but then Conservatism which is frightened at its own shadow is not apt to take exalted views. Supposing, however, that the fault of the Orleanists is condoned on the score that the Imperialist alliance was so valuable that it could not be done without, the next thought of a timid Conservative will certainly be that it is the Imperialists, not the Orleanists, who hold the winning cards. The Imperialists have made no advances to their new allies. They have not abandoned or even concealed their hopes or their designs. They have presented themselves to the Orleanists in their true colours as partisans of NAPOLEON IV., and the Orleanists have felt themselves so helpless that they had no choice but to ask their aid. Why should any Frenchman who is minded to join this composite party care to associate himself with the Orleanist wing of it? It is better to act with those who can give help than with those who are reduced to sue for it. It is better to be one of M. BERGER's supporters holding out a disdainful hand to the struggling M. BRUAS than to be one of M. BRUAS's supporters begging hard for the crumbs that have fallen from M. BERGER's table. The new coalition may perhaps gain many recruits, but when the day comes for each element to rank itself under its proper standard, the Orleanists will see the army divided in terribly unequal proportions.

There is another effect, however, which the union between the Orleanists and Imperialists may possibly have upon the nation at whose cost it has been effected. If the hatred of the Empire which existed in 1871 has survived in any considerable degree, Frenchmen cannot but feel startled that a party which at this moment commands the Executive should have forgotten the deliberate rejection of the Empire by the National Assembly. A short time back such forgetfulness would have been absolutely fatal to the political prospects of those guilty of it. They would have been condemned, if not as traitors, at all events as something too nearly approaching to traitors to have any place open to them in French politics. It was not to be expected that this intensity of feeling should last long. It was an exaggeration, and in course of time there was little doubt that it would share the fate of other exaggerations. But unless it has altogether disappeared, the fortunes of the Orleanist party cannot but be seriously affected by the course they have taken in the Maine and Loire election. They have given the Republicans a handle which they will well know how to work; and though, with so many departments in a state of siege, it is not safe to criticize the policy of the Government too openly, the Bonapartists themselves will take care that the fact that they have been asked to do the Septennate a good turn is not too soon lost sight of. The difference between the voting in the first and second ballots in Maine and Loire seems to suggest that some of M. BRUAS's supporters were disgusted at the policy of their leaders, and preferred to vote for the Republican candidate rather than allow the official candidate to win by Imperialist support. It remains to be seen whether this feeling will reproduce itself in the coming elections in other departments. If it does, the Orleanists may find that a little regard to principle would have been more profitable as well as more dignified.

M. THIERS is so sparing of manifestoes that it is not

without significance that he should have chosen this moment for making an elaborate defence of his policy while in office. He again insists on the impossibility—an impossibility admitted by the Monarchists themselves—of doing anything in 1871 except set up the Republic. Except as Chief of the Republican Government, says M. THIERS, “I could not even have passed through Paris to go to Versailles for the purpose of negotiating peace.” The Commune followed, and M. THIERS leaves it to those who witnessed the subsequent struggle to say whether he would “have succeeded in the name of the Monarchy in forcing the gates of Paris.” If he had attempted to re-establish the Monarchy when the Commune was defeated, he would have told the Assembly on one day that he was fighting only for public order, and confessed on the next that he had all the time been fighting for a Restoration. M. THIERS has, no doubt, an object in reminding his countrymen of these facts. He wishes to impress upon them that he became a Republican from necessity, not from choice, and that upon the question of necessity his judgment is likely to be sounder than theirs. If a Monarchy was out of the question in 1871, what that has happened since will make it more possible in 1880? If the dissensions among the Royalists, and the strong passions of the Republicans, have all along prevented the idea of a Restoration from making any real way in the country, what reason is there to suppose that either of these hindrances will be less formidable when Marshal MACMAHON lays down his power, and leaves Frenchmen free to decide under what form of government they will in futuro live? The Legitimists and the Orleanists hate each other far more bitterly than they did in 1871, for the breach between them had not then been healed only to be reopened. The Imperialists were despairing then, whereas now they are sanguine. The Republicans have added to their former grievances against the Monarchists the sense of having been played with and deceived. Considerations of this kind will be no less powerful with moderate men of all parties at the close of the Septennate than they were at the close of the war, and if they are then to lead to the definitive establishment of the Republic, why should the nation go through six years of uncertainty and agitation merely to do at last what it may as well do at first? The Conservative argument for the immediate establishment of the Republic is so cogent that it must have weight with any Frenchman who is not either pledged to an impossible dream or blinded by party hatred to the obvious interest of the country. The cheerful confidence which M. THIERS displays will not be without its influence in persuading the electors that, in voting for Republican candidates, they are identifying themselves with the winning cause.

MR. LEATHAM AT HUDDERSFIELD.

MR. LEATHAM, who is a very clever man, lately selected his favourite topic for a discourse to his constituents with little regard to times and seasons. It is not known whether Mr. LEATHAM's private tranquillity is perpetually disturbed by political hopes and fears; but his public addresses invariably relate to the prospects, the dangers, and the ultimate triumph of his party. A year ago Mr. LEATHAM explained the means by which the Liberals were to perpetuate their tenure of office; and although they afterwards incurred a ruinous defeat because they had partially anticipated his advice, he now encourages them with the hope of an early return to power. If the working-men of Huddersfield are profoundly interested in the subject of Mr. LEATHAM's habitual lucubrations, it can only be said that they are in a different frame of mind from the majority of their countrymen. The number of enthusiasts who would take any trouble to put Mr. GLADSTONE in the place of Mr. DISRAELI is extremely small. Mr. LEATHAM himself indicated a consciousness of the general indifference to the possibility of Ministerial changes by dwelling at length on the immediate occasion of the meeting, which celebrated the anniversary of a local Club. It appears that the Liberals of Huddersfield have a house or apartment of their own, in which they have the good sense to provide themselves with the means of eating, drinking, and smoking. At the risk of offending the temperance fanatics Mr. LEATHAM professed a judicious toleration of beer; and he was probably justified in holding that facilities for obtaining liquor without resorting to a public-house on the whole

conduce to sobriety. To cold-blooded bystanders who are perhaps not exclusively occupied with schemes for insuring the triumph of the Liberal party, it would seem that a Club of working-men would be not less likely to be useful if it were not confined to one political faction. Even a Liberal Huddersfield artisan might sometimes listen with advantage to opinions differing from his own; but politicians of the school of Mr. LEATHAM entirely concur with the Pope and Cardinal Cullen in shrinking from the possible contamination of their disciples by intercourse with political heretics. The Liberal adults of Huddersfield combine with their beer and tobacco all the recognized benefits and securities of the strictest Denominational education.

It was impossible to dilate for ever on the advantages of a Society united by tests and articles of faith; and Mr. LEATHAM's eloquence after a time began to expatiate in wider ranges of political speculation. The despondency which must have oppressed him after the election, and during three-fourths of the Session, had happily been relieved by the spectacle of one or two Ministerial blunders, and more completely by the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to the scene of his former triumphs. Mr. LEATHAM has made the strange discovery that the members of the Cabinet are, unlike the Huddersfield Liberal Club, not exactly of the same opinion on all points; and he sanguinely hopes for a disruption which would inevitably occur if every Conservative leader were positively determined to have his own way in all things. Mr. LEATHAM's theory that the more extreme views of a political party have a constant tendency to prevail is not supported by modern experience. Sir ROBERT PEEL was not an ultra-Tory when he governed at his discretion his own party and the House of Commons, nor was Lord PALMERSTON during his long enjoyment of power and popularity a revolutionary democrat. Mr. GLADSTONE's history affords a converse or negative illustration of the proposition that the people of England favour compromise and moderation. In 1865 he inherited from Lord PALMERSTON a Liberal majority of seventy or eighty, and in 1866 he forced the Liberal Ministry to resign. In the Parliament of 1868 a majority of double the former number enabled Mr. GLADSTONE to pass several great measures, and encouraged him to threaten half the institutions of the country. The consequence was the reaction which Mr. LEATHAM at the same time deplores and extenuates, after contributing to provoke it by every means in his power. In his speech he dwelt at some length on a fancied analogy between the Liberal party and a Dutch clock unnecessarily taken to pieces. The English nation cares but secondarily for the errors or mishaps of any particular faction, but it has a profound objection to see the works of its own Constitution subjected to incessant examination and repair. Prudent statesmen, of the class which generally controls the policy of a Cabinet, are perfectly aware that it is not for their interest to create annoyance either by precipitate progress or by unpopular retrogression. The inconvenience which results from attempts to redeem in office pledges imprudently given in Opposition is at its highest point immediately after a change of Government. Before next Session the former censors of the late Administration will have ceased to believe that the fleet for which they are now themselves responsible is a mere phantom.

Having ostentatiously spread his nets in sight of the Conservative fowl which he hoped to capture, Mr. LEATHAM turned to his second ground for consolation in the supposed reunion of the Liberal party. It seems that at the end of the Session “there was a heartier feeling and a warmer loyalty to the chiefs than it had been his (Mr. LEATHAM's) good fortune to witness for many a long day.” It is certainly not to the discredit of any member of the Liberal party that he should retain his loyalty to the gifted leader whose temporary absence proved his superiority to the numerous candidates for the succession. “There are,” said Mr. LEATHAM, “thirty millions of people in this country; but, as far as we know, only one GLADSTONE.” A less zealous partisan might perhaps pause to reflect why pre-eminent ability and unequalled reputation have failed to secure or have lost the confidence of the country, of Parliament, and even of the Liberal party. Mr. LEATHAM's recollection of the late relations between Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers is singularly inaccurate. Mr. GLADSTONE after his return to the House of Commons first spoke against the Scotch Church Bill, which was approved by a large majority both of Scotch and English members. He next delivered a powerful argument against the Public Worship Bill, ending with a notice of Amendments which he afterwards

prudently withdrew in deference to the almost unanimous determination of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE was again defeated by Sir W. HARCOURT on the question of the appeal to the Archbishops, although the Government supported his motion for reconsidering the question. Finally he with difficulty induced the House of Commons to accept the Amendments of the Lords. Mr. LEATHAM has a perfect right to contend that on all these points Mr. GLADSTONE was in the right, and the party in the wrong; but the defeat of a great political leader by his own followers is scarcely a proof of internal harmony. It is true that on some of the clauses of the Endowed Schools Bill Mr. GLADSTONE expressed the unanimous opinion of the Liberal party; but many of the number voted for the non-renewal of the appointment of the Commissioners who were warmly supported by Mr. GLADSTONE.

Mr. LEATHAM has probably affixed the right interpretation to ambiguous phrases which he supposes to indicate Mr. GLADSTONE's approaching conversion to the principle of disestablishment. The anticipation that a statesman will hereafter adopt doctrines opposed to all the professions and practice of his life is not perhaps a complimentary reason for confidence in his consistency and judgment. Mr. LEATHAM, in common with many other critics, understands Mr. GLADSTONE's declaration that he is "not an idolater of 'Establishments'" as an intimation that he intends to commence an attack on the English Church. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks once, and twice, and thrice in rapid succession; and it is highly probable that he may be converted to disestablishment as suddenly as he was converted to universal suffrage. Mr. LEATHAM, as an irreconcilable and impatient enemy of the Church, naturally welcomes his expected ally; but for his own purposes he might more prudently wait until Mr. GLADSTONE has finally entered on a policy of revolution. When the Swedish chiefs were negotiating with WALLENSTEIN, they were not in a hurry to publish the news of his intended defection. A proposal for disestablishing the Church would undoubtedly stimulate the Dissenters and ultra-Liberals to activity; but there is little use in appealing to a section of the party which did its best and worst for Mr. GLADSTONE at the general election. The seceders and neutrals who produced the reaction were discontented with the Government, not for its moderation, but for its restlessness; and their number would have been largely swelled if the Ministry had then identified itself with the cause of disestablishment. Only a few months before, Mr. GLADSTONE had, in answer to Mr. MIALI, made a powerful speech in defence of the Established Church; and, although a member of his family was afterwards allowed to throw a retrospective doubt on his sincerity, it was but reasonable and courteous to suppose that his opinions were worth one year's purchase. According to Mr. LEATHAM, "no one knows better than Mr. GLADSTONE that Parliament, now that it has got its 'teeth into the Church, will, to use a homely simile, make 'them meet.'" The inference that Mr. GLADSTONE will abandon the principles which Mr. LEATHAM regards as unpopular may perhaps be well founded. The friends of the Church will do well to learn a lesson from an implacable adversary, when it is proposed to fix the teeth of Parliament in doctrine as well as in discipline.

FARM-LABOURERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THE busy friends of the farm-labourer have lately transferred their attention from Suffolk to Wiltshire. No subject of discussion can be more unprofitable, except for merely theoretical purposes, than the price of labour or of any other commodity. It is true that, as a rule, farmers have not regulated the rate of wages with strict regard to demand and supply, but it is not to be assumed that because they have been influenced by custom or by good nature they will listen to the remonstrances of benevolent strangers. The Suffolk farmers were at the beginning of their late struggle exposed to much vituperation because they objected to the interference of the Unions between themselves and their labourers. It was, in truth, unreasonable that they should dispute the right of combination with all the conditions which it involves. In the end the farmers proved themselves so far in the right that they were able to carry their point. The managers of the Union boast that their numbers are undiminished, but they were compelled to confess that their funds were exhausted. The results of careful inquiry diminished the compassion which

had been felt for labourers in the Eastern Counties. Dwellers in towns have learnt that weekly wages are not the whole income of rural workmen, and that farmers have not been in the habit of calculating profits closely. It also appeared that the agitators had miscalculated the supply of labour. The farmers had little difficulty in finding additional hands, and they could in many cases diminish their own wants by retrenching superfluous work. The unusual dryness of the summer gave the employers an accidental advantage; but in any case their victory would have been inevitable. It is not improbable that emigration may ultimately have the effect of raising wages at home; but it is not a remedy which can be applied either gratuitously or on a sudden. It was easier for the Union to maintain at home the men who were locked out than to provide them with the means of settling in Canada. As soon as it was ascertained that the harvest would be got in without difficulty, the Council of the Union had the good sense to inform their clients that the contest must for the present be abandoned. The farmers will gain more than the labourers from the lesson which has been taught.

Mr. FAWCETT, in calling attention to a partial reduction of wages in Wiltshire, seems to have been influenced rather by local sympathy than by economic reasons. In some of his later letters he has, perhaps unconsciously, adopted the apologetic tone of a disputant who doubts whether he has been prudent in beginning a controversy. It is not even certain that his interference may not have tended to accelerate the reduction of wages or to make it general through the county. Several newspaper correspondents at first disputed the accuracy of his statement; but it now seems certain that some farmers have reduced their wages by a shilling a week; and perhaps their example might in any case have been gradually followed by their neighbours. As a Wiltshire man, Mr. FAWCETT regrets the loss inflicted on one class, and the diminished prosperity of the remainder, which is indicated by the reduction. If he had witnessed the same incidents in a district where he might have been a stranger, he would perhaps not have been tempted to question the law of the market. In his first letter he complained rather as a philanthropist than as an economic reasoner that wages should have been reduced on the supposed pretext that bread was unusually cheap. Having probably had time to reflect that labourers could not be had for eleven shillings if they were worth twelve shillings in the market, he abandons the moral ground of objection to the reduced rate, and endeavours to convince the farmers that they misapprehend their own interest. It is undoubtedly true that a reduction of wages is likely to cause permanent discontent; but unless the price of labour is to be permanently fixed, it must be liable to diminution as well as to increase. A farmer cannot be expected in one year to concede an advance because corn is dear or because labour is scarce, and in another year, when the circumstances are reversed, to think exclusively of his future relations with his dependents, whose good will Mr. FAWCETT advises him to conciliate at the cost of an immediate pecuniary sacrifice. The voluntary addition of a percentage to the market rate of wages would perhaps not be adequately appreciated by the objects of his generosity.

In looking to the spread of education as the most effectual mode of improving the condition of the agricultural labourer, Mr. FAWCETT virtually concedes the question in dispute. The Wiltshire farmers are concerned with the men actually in their employment, and not with a future generation. It is perhaps true that an intelligent and educated man may make better bargains for himself than an untaught rustic, but he will not be able to secure for his labour or for any other commodity an artificial value. When HUGH MILLER thirty or forty years ago worked as a miner in Scotland, he was incomparably superior in knowledge and intelligence to a Wiltshire labourer of the present day, and he received lower wages. In that time and country skilled artisans were accustomed to live on oatmeal porridge, and the rate of wages even for the best of their class was regulated accordingly. The Wiltshire employers appear to have taken into consideration, or to have urged as an excuse, the low price of flour, which is the most important article of cottage consumption; but the real motive for reducing wages has been apparently the late diminution of their own profits. The grain crops, with the exception of wheat, have not been satisfactory; and, principally in consequence of the scarcity

of hay and green crops, the price of stock has fallen heavily. In requiring their workmen to share in their own comparative adversity, the employers may perhaps fail to conform to the strictest economic principles, but they apply a rule which has of late years been generally accepted in other departments of industry. The price of food, which affects all classes of workmen equally, ought assuredly not to determine the rate of wages. When bread was permanently cheapened by the abolition of the Corn Laws, wages rose instead of falling, because the general prosperity caused an additional demand for labour. In recent times workmen, aided by the organization of Trade Unions, have claimed to share in the profits of their employers when trade has been brisk, and they have submitted more or less unwillingly to a corresponding reduction in seasons of adversity. Within the present year colliers and iron-workers have allowed a large percentage of reduction on their former rates of wages.

Advice which might be sound and serviceable if it were privately tendered is sometimes less advantageous in the form of a public remonstrance, because, amongst other reasons, it is overheard by the other party. Mr. FAWCETT may perhaps have been right in holding that it would be better for the Wiltshire farmers to pay something over the market rate of wages than to furnish an excuse for the organization of Unions in their county. When he writes a letter to the *Times*, instead of talking confidentially with a friend, he both suggests a menace which would be deprecated by the farmers, if not by himself, and seems to imply that conduct which at the worst amounts to mistaken calculation is morally culpable. It is too late to contend that the relations of employers and workmen should not be made the subject of public discussion; but controversy involves generalization, and tends to a uniformity of results which is not always conveniently applicable to agricultural economy. In no other industry of equal magnitude is there the same diversity of circumstances and of the capacity and efficiency of workmen. When a Labourers' Union succeeds in imposing on employers a minimum rate of wages, it will often at the same time both have established a maximum and imposed a limitation on the numbers employed. In some parts of the country disputes about wages have induced farmers to introduce as far as possible the practice of piece-work, to the advantage both of themselves and of the ablest workmen, but to the manifest detriment of the aged and the comparatively infirm. One of the anomalies of literary controversy on the concerns of farmers and labourers is that it is necessarily one-sided. Nobody writes letters to the *Times* to prove that the labourers in any parish or county have neglected their work or made unreasonable demands. No such statement would reach the ears of those who were criticized; and the philanthropists who undertake a disinterested supervision of rural affairs sympathize with the farmer only when he may be supposed to have a quarrel with the landlord about ground gone or unexhausted improvements. It is perfectly natural that all persons except those who happen to be the paymasters should wish the agricultural labourer to receive the largest possible wages.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

IT is to be supposed that the Social Science Congress supplies a real want, and serves a useful purpose of some sort, or it could not have gone on for so many years and excited so much interest in a considerable number of persons. For some years the want it supplied and the purpose it served were disguised by the quaint inaptness of its name and by the natural uncertainty of its supporters as to what it was that they were doing. Gradually, however, what was obscure has become comparatively clear, and the President of this year, Lord ROSEBURY, has perhaps been more happy than most of his predecessors in the appropriateness of his discourse, because he has had the good fortune to come late in the list, and his path was more plainly marked out for him. The range of social subjects is not very easy to define, and it is to a large degree marked off by an accidental line from those subjects which are called political because they furnish political parties with topics for discord. But practically we all have a fairly correct notion of what social subjects mean. They are the things into which the rich are led to dive when they seek to interest themselves in the condition of the poor. An interest

of this kind is one which education and kindly feeling and a sense of religious duty have spread rapidly in the last twenty years among many Englishmen who, as compared with the poor, may be called rich. As party politics have decreased in interest, and there is a general consent that any respectable Ministry will do very well as long as it follows out a policy of moderate Liberalism, the interest in subjects bearing on the health, education, morals, and prospects of the mass of the people becomes stronger. A young man like Lord ROSEBURY who is intelligent and honest and wants to do good in his generation finds himself forced to make himself acquainted with some of the problems which the contemplation of modern society suggests. But he finds that they are very big subjects, full of difficulties, illustrated by scanty facts, and distorted by conflicting theories. To talk them over, to see whether others can contribute any new facts or true views, to meet perhaps some one with special knowledge who can give exactly the information wanted at the moment—even to catch sight of other people all ready to do something for society, if they did but know what to do—is cheering, strengthening, and stimulating. If there is such a thing as Social Science, it is certainly not in the slightest degree helped or retarded by these Congresses. But Social Science is a coy nymph, and those who believe in her existence enough to seek her with the requisite energy and depth of thought and research are necessarily few. What is incontestable is that there are very many educated, zealous, well-to-do persons who want to do good, but feel that the old methods of direct benefaction are inadequate or worthless, and who, directly they try to strike into a better path, feel puzzled and bewildered. They can at least, however, meet every now and then, and have a talk and keep up each other's spirits, and perhaps tell each other something that has struck them which may not be altogether a mistake, or impart some collection of statistics that may not be altogether baseless or irrelevant. The Social Science Congress is, in fact, a gathering for a friendly chat of puzzled persons, longing to do good under difficult circumstances.

There could not be a better embodiment than Lord ROSEBURY of all that is required in the President of such a Congress. He is young, he is ardent, he is thoughtful, he is moderate, and he thoroughly understands that he is not likely to set the world straight in the twinkling of an eye. Interested in many social questions, what he had to offer was the expression of this interest. He thought most justly that what the meeting could do was to stimulate the sympathy and what he termed the electric current of feeling among its members. He had thought over many of the most obvious problems that occurred to him, and he submitted his thoughts to his hearers, not as contributions to new theories, but as appeals to existing feelings. He went over familiar ground; the necessity for compulsory education, the advantages of technical instruction, the power of combination among masses of purchasers or labourers, the conditions under which workmen can be better housed, the success of clubs formed for the amusement and instruction of the poor. He had taken the trouble to get up a wide range of facts, and could speak of what is going on in France, Germany, and the United States, as well as what is going on in England and Scotland. He made it clear that what is being done for the poor and by the poor is, if taken as a whole, by no means a small thing. Mankind is working in a new direction, and many experiments have to be tried before it can be ascertained in what precise line future efforts are to be made. But it would be a great mistake to think or speak slightly of what has already been done. Germany has, for more than half a century, been perfecting a system of education which is so vastly superior to anything in England that she has at last done us the enormous service of forcing on us the conviction that we must either imitate or succumb to her. What purchasers of the humbler class can do by combination is illustrated by the Granges in America, which throw our modest Co-operative Societies into the shade. The Grange of California has its own ships, exports its own produce, and imports at a reduction of 50 per cent. the foreign goods of which it has need. Some at least of the associations which have been formed to supply artisans with decent dwellings have been pecuniarily successful, and perhaps the most successful has been one in which a community has been settled in block with its own laws and regulations, and with a total exclusion of public-houses. Clubs, as a rule, have not thriven, for the reason that, if

everything was done for the poor, and the clubs were founded and managed by the rich, they did not offer what the poor wanted, while the poor themselves were too uneducated to support them. As Sir WILFRID LAWSON lately remarked, the public-house beats the club if the club is a weakly one in a backward district; but there are instances of conspicuous success, and Scotland may perhaps boast of the most illustrious example, as at Dundee there is a club with a thousand members who have attained that acme of civilization revealed by their combining a love for beer in moderation with a passionate fondness for blue-books. Lord ROSEBURY remarks that the records of such things read like the records of great victories, and it is not surprising that those who record such victories should, like Lord ROSEBURY, dwell on them with enthusiasm, and bring them to the notice of puzzled brethren in the search after the path of useful effort.

Partly, perhaps, out of compliment to Lord BROUGHAM, who was the founder of these Congresses, a special importance has always been attached to those discussions of the Congress which bear on law and legal subjects. Over this department of the labours or pleasures of the Congress Lord MONCREIFF has been appointed this year to preside; and he thoroughly appreciated and heartily adopted the character which Lord ROSEBURY had striven to give to the proceedings. He did not affect to talk scientifically; he did not even affect to talk practically. He had, as so able a man was sure to have, some desultory thoughts about law and law reform which had occurred to him, but he could not say that he was convinced of their truth or prepared to advocate them, or to let any one quote his authority for adopting them. If, however, it was understood that they were all doing nothing more than having a friendly chat, he should be very happy to chat about law in a friendly way. There is nothing in the least absurd in this. Every one present would have liked to hear Lord MONCREIFF talk about law or anything else at a dinner-table, and would have thought what he said very well worth considering, although no one would have deemed Lord MONCREIFF pledged to what he chose to say, or bound to speak as accurately and exhaustively as if he were deciding in court a judicial question. The meeting of the Social Science Congress is like a long dinner party, where those present are not only permitted, but expected, to talk what is technically known as "shop;" only that the members for the sake of convenience eat at one hour, and listen at another. We do not know that any of these pleasant dinner-table remarks of Lord MONCREIFF about Scotch or English law call for much critical observation. At a dinner-table it is much more important who makes a remark, and how it is made, than whether it is in itself very true or new. That English law has partly gained and partly lost by its severance from the general mass of European law is true rather than new as a remark; but any one to whom the remark was perfectly familiar would like to hear Lord MONCREIFF make it, and make it well. If any part of Lord MONCREIFF's speech is to be singled out for comment, it may possibly be that which referred to the formation of a Code. His view was that nothing but a Code could assimilate Scotch and English law, or could really harmonize Common Law and Equity, but that a Code was hopeless because it could never be got through Committee. A nation which knows what it wants, but cannot contrive to realize it because a particular Bill could never be got through Committee, is certainly not ripe for a Code, and certainly does not deserve to have one. Still Lord MONCREIFF did not like exactly to say that nothing should be done towards a Code. At any rate he could make a suggestion good enough for a dinner party. Let some portion of law be selected as to which there is little doubt or controversy, which does not present any of the real difficulties of a Code, and in which no one will feel any particular interest, so that little criticism or opposition would be excited, and then let any two or more members of the Social Science Congress codify it, all alone, gratis, and for their own amusement, without any bother of paid draughtsmen and Government support, and Committees—and then—why then a step, not a very long step, but still a step, towards a Code would have been taken. There is a quiet fun about the suggestion which is not unworthy of a Scotch conversationalist of the highest rank.

MR. DISRAELI AND IRELAND.

IT has been announced, apparently under authority, that Mr. DISRAELI's intended visit to Ireland has been indefinitely postponed. His medical advisers, we are told, are of opinion that "it would be dangerous for him to go to Ireland at all, or, if he were there, to carry out the "purpose of his visit"—that is, to make speeches. Everybody will of course sympathize with Mr. DISRAELI on the indisposition which has led to this advice being given; but there are many reasons why the decision in itself should be a subject for congratulation. Mr. DISRAELI's political advisers, if he has any, or if he condescends to consult them, would probably join very strongly in the prudent counsel of his medical men. It is possible that we may have lost what the *Times* finely calls a "splendid addition to the present autumn's extra-Parliamentary utterances"; and if the oratory of statesmanship were merely a form of aesthetic enjoyment, it might perhaps have been well that Irishmen should have had an opportunity of listening to the PREMIER's eloquence. It may be doubted, however, whether his audiences would have been content to accept his speeches in this simple form. They would certainly have endeavoured to extract a political meaning from his utterances, and it would have been scarcely possible, under such circumstances, for the most cunning master of words to open his lips without either giving unnecessary offence or exciting dangerous expectations. The speculations of the *Times* as to the probable results of this visit if it had taken place are a melancholy illustration of the want of respect for the intelligence of Irishmen which is too often shown in the remedies which are suggested for their discontent. Irish disaffection, we are assured, is absolutely without real foundation, and "ought to yield to proper treatment," which, it seems, is to consist in pretty talk. It is obvious, however, that if the disaffection is unfounded, that must mean that everything has been done for Ireland that can justly be expected, and that she has nothing more to look for from the British Government. However true this may be in itself, it is difficult to conceive how any reasonable creature could for a moment imagine that Mr. DISRAELI's going over to Ireland to say this to the people would be likely to throw them into an ecstasy of delight, and to "cement anew the ancient and deep-rooted brotherhood between the English and the Irish." A distinct announcement that no further concessions can be made would naturally be regarded rather as a challenge to war than as a pledge of friendship; and, on the other hand, any indistinctness on this point which left room for an impression or hope that Mr. DISRAELI had still something left in his bag for Ireland could not fail to produce incalculable mischief. Yet one or other of these things Mr. DISRAELI must have said, or allowed himself to be supposed to say, if he spoke at all. Anybody who knows anything of Ireland, and of the political forces and aspirations which are at present at work there, and the sort of people who are directing them, must be perfectly aware that Irishmen are not at all likely to be contented with empty words about their being "an integral portion of the same nation as their English brethren," with "a common history and common interests." Mr. DISRAELI can have been under no apprehension of an unpleasant reception, for the Irish, whatever their weaknesses or faults, are always generous in their hospitality. The mischief of the visit would have lurked in the impression which would have been formed, on the one side or the other, of the disposition of the Government to make further concessions to what are called Irish ideas.

There is a very wise remark in one of Lord PALMERSTON's letters which have just been published in regard to the relations of England and the United States, which applies equally to the relations of the British Government to Ireland. "It is not," he said, "concession on this matter or on that which is of national importance; it is the habit of making concessions, and creating a belief that you will make them, that is fatal to a nation's interest, tranquility, and honour." Unfortunately this belief is the lesson which has been sedulously and continuously taught to the people of Ireland during successive generations. It may be said that the various concessions which have been made were wise and beneficial in themselves; but there can be very little doubt of the fact that a deeply rooted conviction has been left in the mind of the people, and artfully cultivated by those who desire to use them for other purposes, that nothing has been given except through fear, and that

fresh demands have only to be made with sufficient loudness to be conceded in time. And there can be equally little doubt that this feeling, by distracting attention from real benefits and the means of substantial prosperity, and by keeping up a perpetual state of unrest and desire, is the source of much of the unhappiness of Ireland, and of the difficult relations which continue to subsist between her and the rest of the Empire. What Ireland above all wants is repose and leisure to attend to her own everyday affairs. She has hitherto been like some unfortunate invalid whose malady has been rather doctors than disease. There has been perpetually some grave man sitting by her couch, feeling her pulse, tapping her all over, reporting all manner of alarming symptoms, and prescribing every variety of cure. She has been, as it were, the common resort of ambitious physicians in search of a sensational experiment. Young and ardent beginners have tried to make a reputation by attacking the case, while more mature practitioners have endeavoured to recover a fading name by the discovery, if not the cure, of a fresh crop of disorders in an unfauling subject. It is certainly not surprising that, under such treatment, the unlucky patient should have yielded to hypochondriacal delusions. Ireland, in short, has had too many doctors and too much physic; and common humanity as well as prudence would suggest that it would now be well to let her alone for a while and see what will come of the *vis medicatrix nature*. It is obvious that, under these circumstances, nothing could be more cruel or wanton than for an English statesman to go out of his way to renew the old system of probing and plastering. However benevolent his motives, or however great his skill, he would be certain to disturb the operation of the more wholesome restoratives of peace and quietness.

It is no doubt highly desirable that Irishmen should be made to comprehend that they stand on the same footing as Englishmen as the citizens of one common Empire, but this does not happen to be what the discontented people in Ireland want. In fact, they have it already. What they are seeking is to be placed on the footing of inhabitants, not of a common Empire, but of an independent State. They ask that a majority of Irishmen should be allowed to govern Ireland in their own way, without reference to the opinions and interests of the people of Great Britain. It is unnecessary to repeat the familiar reasons why such an arrangement is inadmissible, but it is unfortunate that a part at least of the population of Ireland should as yet have failed to appreciate them. It does not follow, however, that it is either expedient or in good taste that a Minister should go over to Ireland for the purpose of thrusting these reasons in the face of the people. It is enough that demands which affect the integrity of the Empire should be set aside with dignity and decision when they are formally presented in Parliament. Mr. DISRAELI is no doubt a very clever man, and has probably great faith in his own eloquence, but it is impossible that, if he had spoken, he could have avoided or ignored this subject, and it is equally impossible that he could have said anything without either giving countenance to the movement or needlessly exasperating its supporters. There was an obvious significance in the delight of such journals as the *Nation* and the *Irishman* at the prospect of drawing the head of the Government into the toils which were spread for him. It was, no doubt, hoped that a sense of civility would prevent the visitor from speaking too strongly in opposition to a popular cry, and that his utterances might be twisted into pledges which would encourage the hopes of Home Rulers in the meantime, and intensify the anger with which their subsequent repudiation would be received. The idea that Mr. DISRAELI has only to run over to Dublin or Belfast to make one or two smart speeches is a curious example of the sort of superstition with which some people believe in the power of public speaking. Recent experience might have been expected to convey a useful warning against implicit confidence in the magical efficacy of messages of peace. The thorough contentment of Ireland must necessarily be a slow, tedious, and fluctuating process, and can be accomplished only by the gradual operation of wise and firm administration and advancing education. On the whole, it is impossible not to feel that Mr. DISRAELI's cold has been the means of preventing a very rash and wanton experiment.

TITLE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD REPORT.

BY a singular and inconvenient arrangement, the Report of the Local Government Board and the Report of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board are not printed in the same volume. The department reports generally on the administration of the laws relating to the public health, and refers the reader for further particulars to the Report of Mr. SIMON. There are obvious disadvantages attending this practice of double reporting. When a Parliamentary department says that so and so has been done or left undone, we know with whom we have to deal. There is a responsible Minister who can be questioned and, if need be, censured in Parliament. The Medical Officer, on the other hand, is only a subordinate of the Local Government Board, and it is impossible to say with any certainty how far his views represent those of his superiors, or are merely suggestions thrown out for their consideration. It is very desirable to have Mr. SIMON's views upon the matters which have come under his cognizance during the year, but it is equally desirable to have the views of all the Local Government Board Inspectors upon the sanitary history of their districts. We are not sure that at present one does not crowd out the other. Mr. SIMON publishes a kind of intermediate Report founded apparently on Reports of the Medical Inspectors, and this is pretty much all the information given to the public on the most important side of the Local Government Board's work. Even this, as has been said, has to be looked for in a separate Parliamentary paper. That Mr. SIMON's Report appears in its present form is not the fault of the department. The Public Health Act of 1858 directs that it shall be laid before Parliament, and a provision which was very appropriate when the Medical Officer of the Privy Council was the only sanitary authority remains unaltered now that he is merely one of a large staff of authorities having charge of a great department of State. But the omission to print or reprint his Report in the same volume with the general Report is one which it is in the power of the department to supply in future issues.

This is not the only fault we have to find with these Reports taken together. When the Local Government Board assumed the supervision of the sanitary administration of the kingdom, it might have been expected that its annual Reports would constitute a comprehensive review of the sanitary work done or still remaining to be done. The Inspectors who work under the Education Department present a report on the general progress of educational work in their districts, besides those tabular and other statements which acquaint the department with the condition of each separate school inspected. It is true that these Reports are now so numerous that only a selection from them can be printed; but a sufficient sample of them is communicated to the public to show the nature of the information obtained, and for the rest it is enough to know that the department learns all that each of its officers has to tell about the matters which it is his business to investigate. Nothing of this kind is to be found in the Report of the Local Government Board. Its Inspectors are much fewer than those of the Education Department, so that there would have been no difficulty as regards room in printing the general Report of every Inspector. It is to be presumed that such a Report is made, and that each Inspector annually reviews for the information of his chiefs the sanitary work done in his district; but, if so, why are not these reviews made public? It is quite intelligible that the particular work in which the Inspectors have been engaged should be kept private. The quarrels they have had with this or that sanitary authority could hardly be printed without giving more offence than it would be worth while to cause for such an object. But it would be quite possible to print so much of their Reports as would enable the public to form their own conclusions as to the success of the Public Health Act without entering into these details. As it is, we know little more than that so many Medical Officers of Health and so many Inspectors of Nuisances have been appointed, and that so much money has been borrowed for sanitary purposes. If the Annual Report contained a Report from each of the Inspectors and from any of the medical experts whose inquiries possessed more than local interest, great help would be given to the creation of an intelligent body of opinion on sanitary questions. At present we know that the work of preventing disease is entrusted to many hundreds of local bodies, varying from a wise and energetic municipality to an obstructive Board of Guardians or a London Vestry. There

is nothing in this fact to inspire confidence or even hope, unless we can know at the same time in what temper these authorities have taken up their new duties, and what degree of activity they are bringing to the discharge of them. This is precisely the information which the Inspectors of the Local Government Board are able to supply. They pass a great part of their time in conferring with these local authorities on sanitary matters; they know the difficulties they have to contend with, and the zeal or supineness which they display in contending with them; they know what is actually being done in the direction of sanitary reform, and how far what is being done is likely to prove adequate in itself or to lead to something adequate in future. No doubt their experience upon these points is laid before the Local Government Board, but in the interest of sanitary progress it is important that it should be laid before Parliament as well. The Local Government Board has, and must long continue to have, a very hard part to play. If it were to make frequent use of the powers entrusted to it, the object in view would probably be rather hindered than furthered. So much local irritation would be engendered that sanitary grievances would soon come to mean the complaints of those who are made to be well, instead of, as now, the complaints of those who are left to be ill. It is needful therefore that the Board should move with great caution, and it is also needful that it should not do violence to local opinion except when it is supported by general opinion. The diffusion of sanitary information is the one means by which this general opinion can be built up. If the Local Government Board desires to be supported in its conflict with obstinate sanitary authorities, its first business is to let the public understand what these sanitary authorities are about. There is no way of doing this so natural and so effective as the publication of the Reports of its Inspectors.

Until this publication takes place we must remain in ignorance whether the sanitary authorities are merely doing what they must, or setting themselves vigorously to do what they may. If the former is the true account of the matter, then a good deal more will be needed in the way of legislation. It is not enough for a Board of Guardians or a Town Council to send their Medical Officer of Health or their Inspector of Nuisances to report upon special outbreaks of disease, or to examine some notoriously overcrowded court or some unusually offensive pigsty. The division of the whole country into sanitary areas ought to lead to the publication of something like a sanitary map of England and Wales. The newly created sanitary authorities ought to have instituted in the first instance—ought, if they have not done so, to be directed by Parliament to institute now—a complete sanitary review of the districts committed to them. They ought to know, and to let the public know, in what way their district is drained, from what source it is supplied with water, of what quality the water is, how many houses are defective in proper sanitary appliances, what steps are being taken to prevent new houses of a similar kind being built and to compel the owners of existing houses to put them into better order, what nuisances in the way of noxious trades or manufactures exist in the neighbourhood, and how far the evils arising from them are in course of being remedied. If these questions could be answered about every town and village throughout England, we should have all the facts which for sanitary purposes it is important to get at. The machinery for furnishing this information already exists. There is not an acre of ground in the country for the health of which some local authority is not responsible, and this local authority can, if it chooses, enlighten itself upon every one of these points without needing any powers which it does not already possess. For anything that is positively known to the contrary, this kind of inspection may be going on now. If it is not going on, and if the local authorities are for the most part unwilling to set it on foot, it would not be difficult to frame a short Act of Parliament which should compel them to lodge the required results with the Local Government Board before a certain date, on pain, in case of default, of having to see the inquiries made for them by the officers of the central authority. Until the Local Government Board lays aside its reticence and allows its Inspectors to tell the public plainly what the local sanitary authorities are doing, there is no means of ascertaining how far legislation of this kind is really needed.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INCOME.

IT is impossible to suppose that the explanation of the *Times* with reference to the pecuniary affairs of the PRINCE of WALES was published without authority, but it may be doubted whether it was wise that it should be published at all, at least in the shape in which it has just been presented. It is said that it is necessary to give a denial to certain statements because, if they are not contradicted, they may be supposed to be admitted to be true. It seems to us that this is establishing an extremely inconvenient and dangerous precedent. It is one of the penalties of the PRINCE's rank that people should amuse themselves by gossiping about him, and discussing what they imagine to be the state of his private affairs; but the penalty would be intolerable if he were required to take notice of every idle and impertinent story about himself which might happen to get into circulation. In any case, if it is necessary that a contradiction or explanation should be offered, it is at least desirable that the occasion which is chosen for making it should be consistent with the dignity of the person concerned. It has not hitherto been thought necessary that a gentleman should stoop to rectify the tattle of the servants' hall or the gossip of the streets. The sufficiency of the PRINCE of WALES's income is naturally a question of State, and it is right that it should be discussed; but the discussion should be based on an authoritative statement of the facts openly furnished by a responsible Minister. If it had been only a question of the present indebtedness of the PRINCE, an assurance that his means were sufficient to meet all claims upon him might have been enough; but the question is really of a much more serious character. It is stated that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS is able to keep out of debt only by drawing upon his private capital to the amount of from ten to twenty thousand pounds annually, his regular income being every year exceeded to that extent by his expenditure. We are not told how long this process has been going on, or how long the PRINCE's capital may be expected to endure this drain upon it; but it is clear that, if his expenses are not diminished or his income increased, a time will come when the expedient which at present enables him to avoid an accumulation of debt will cease to be available. The question, therefore, arises what should be done to avert the catastrophe which is apparently approaching; and this is a question which, it seems to us, cannot be conveniently thrown open for loose popular discussion. It is difficult for ordinary people to estimate exactly what is the proper amount which is required in order to enable the Heir to the Throne to fulfil the duties of his rank without ostentation on the one hand or parsimony on the other; but this is a subject upon which the Ministers are bound to form an opinion; and, if they think that the PRINCE's present income is insufficient to meet the unexpected obligations which have been thrown upon him, it is their duty to suggest some means by which a grave public scandal may be avoided. It cannot be said that the country has neglected to provide for the expenses of the public representation of Royalty, and it is to be hoped that some arrangement may be devised by which this provision may be applied to the purpose for which it was intended.

WORRIES.

BY worries we mean evils in anticipation; those fears, vexations, irritations, and dangers which haunt the mind, unsettled and disturbed, out of its ordinary routine, though it is so far at ease in present circumstances, and has so little ground in positive fact for its forebodings, that it has to call in fancy to swell vague apprehension into shape and consistency. Misfortune is not a worry, nor yet is a well-grounded anxiety. Worries are possibly impending troubles and annoyances magnified into such large dimensions as not seldom to cause more uneasiness as mere creatures of the imagination than they would do if converted into fact. We know while we brood over them and dilate upon them that we ought to combat them, that we are exaggerating trifles into things of importance; we are conscious of a fevered fretful fancy, and that our fears are of the nature of phantoms. The real troubles of life, experience tells us, are facts equally patent in all times of the day, in all weathers, in every state of health. We may feel them more at one time than at another, but they never lose their character to the understanding. We are aware, on the contrary, that worry expands and dwindles. Awake at midnight, it is a terror, at noonday a bugbear to be smiled at, set aside, overcome; but not the less is its sway powerful at its own time and hour.

There is a mixture of conscience and cowardice in the character subject to worry. It terrifies us through our weaknesses by revealing a vista of uncongenial effort, of muddle that we cannot see our way through, of energies severely taxed. Always we are the actors unprepared for our part, unequal to it; but, however many are concerned, *ourselves* is the person on whom the pressure lies, on whom it devolves to disentangle intricacies, to reduce chaos into order, to reconcile contradictions. The mind subject to worries is not indolent; but it runs in a groove, expatiates in leisure, cannot rouse itself to prompt action, is very far from rejoicing at a sudden call upon its powers. And yet from these very causes—from its dread of *contrempe*, failure, incongruity, from its horror of confusion, from its recoil from risk, from its morbid pursuit of remote consequences, from an unnecessary and little appreciated sympathy with others in possible predicaments—it feels that itself is the one to step into the breach, to plan the rescue, to face and to avert the mischief; an innocent vanity, after all, which generally dies with the daylight. It is Hamlet's state of mind applied to social difficulties and the lesser miseries of life:—

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.

For the victim of worries is necessarily very unfit for the work which he thus officiously imposes on himself. How, asks the moralist, can we regulate events of which we know not whether they will ever happen? and why should we think with painful anxiety about that on which our thoughts can have no influence? Common sense will be no party in such consultations. The man who tackles and gets the better of difficulties when they do arise is of another temper altogether; he is one who waits for the occasion, wasting no ingenuity on imaginary situations, but quick to apprehend and arrange the facts of a case as they declare themselves. He does not fret and fume in perplexed anticipation through the hours of inaction, but, clear-headed, in calm self-reliance, addresses himself, not without complacency, to the task of reducing confusion to order, and setting the crooked straight. Whatever reflection he bestows will stand daylight and discussion. The other, the dreamer, listens, admires, acquiesces, and, if he is wise, keeps his unprofitable incubations to himself, thankful to have the question that has so painfully exercised him settled for him.

The step from being haunted by worries to worrying in turn is, however, almost inevitable. Whenever some occasion brings many persons together for a common object there is generally one of the company importunate in pressing his apprehensions on the general mind. The anxious worried member of a travelling party cannot help being troublesome to his associates by warnings out of season. He gives vent to his fears when fears are futile; he foresees that the luggage will be lost, the train missed, the hotel full, when nothing can be done to avert these calamities. His enemy comes between him and the fairest prospects, and he cannot help making others sharers in his own distraction, probably showing the least resource of any of the party when the thing he fears really happens. But, wherever worries are given way to, the worried person, whether it be in the cause of punctuality or foreseeing danger and possible inconvenience or accident, breaks up snugness, reminds his friends of cares and duties which all would willingly forget for a time, and spoils the pleasure which he is so solicitous to preserve from disturbance and mischance. This may be merely the instinct of teasing, but also it is the temptation of the nervous temper alive to possibilities, and feeling that nobody else is sufficiently awake to remote dangers.

The greater troubles of life are certainly independent of time and seasons. It is only in song that the young widow can complete the sum of her elderly husband's obliging qualities by adding that he died at precisely the most convenient time of year; but surely the pleasure-taking season is the season of worries. They characterize the turn of the year along with rooks, and partridges, and shooting-stars, which may be seen all the year round, but collect in flights, and run in coveys, and fall in showers in the autumn. The holiday months are the very hotbed of worries; nor need a person be peculiarly susceptible of worries to be tried by them at this season. It is their opportunity. Somebody must lie awake through the small hours in every family that is engaged in a scheme of change and enjoyment. Somebody must puzzle himself or herself to the verge of despondency in every house which expects a succession of guests; how to reconcile contending plans and claims, how to make the right people meet each other, and to keep the wrong people from falling in each other's way. However smoothly things may run, some one, we may be sure, has had an uneasy time. Serene and smiling as is the brow of our hostess, it has wrinkled but lately under a touch of mimic anguish, very like the real thing while it lasted, as she passed difficulties under review and saw shadows loom and grow portentous to a startled fancy. Worries flourish in holiday time because in fact they are the trials of prosperity. They drop into insignificance at the first touch, or even threat, of calamity and adversity. The heads of a sea-side party, worried to death with the various uneasinesses and inconveniences incident to this form of enjoyment, find them disappear into space at the mere alarm of sickness or the panic of a bathing accident. How coolly will a man take the disarranging of elaborately planned schemes of pleasure, or even some slight where his feelings are most sensitive, at the first suspicion of something wrong in his affairs; while he would have fumed, fretted, believed himself the victim of cruel fate, made everybody unhappy about him, if he had seen his fortune on the rise instead of going down. Unbroken felicity is incompatible with humanity; worries are the natural alloy of a prosperous career. They are the

recognition of the law of mutability. The difference is that happiness has small torments appropriate and peculiar to itself, which so often overcloud it to its owner that it is not recognized for what it is till that phase of it at least has passed away for ever. And certainly this is one of the compensations for downright calamity. Misfortune on a large scale sends worries packing, and people will sleep under a heavy loss who pass weary vigils under the pricks of small apprehensions; the mind under the shock feels suddenly loose and disengaged from a hundred petty annoyances. A strange sense of liberty floods the mind. So many things now don't seem which before were of such worrying importance.

After all that reason preaches and that moralists say, the apprehensive temperament can never wholly overcome its nature. All it can do is to keep it from betraying itself and becoming both a particular and general nuisance. Excellent rules are put forward on the subject, but we always find that the panacea comes from a physician who has no need to try his own remedy. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the calmest of men and the most indefatigable worker, laid it down that the secret of life consisted in never being overset by trifles; but worry never shows itself as a trifle, it seems important while its power holds. Isaac Walton, of ideal serenity, recommends angling as a calmer of unquiet thoughts, but to his readers he seems a man who never could have had an unquiet thought. Sydney Smith, enforcing cheerfulness, says that the habit of taking short views of human life is the secret. Melancholy (by which he clearly means worries) commonly lies to the future for its aliment, and must be encountered by diminishing the range of our view. I have a large family coming on, my income is diminishing, and I shall fall into pecuniary difficulties. Well, but you are not *now* in pecuniary difficulties. Here he is confusing legitimate anxieties with the shadow of them, which is our subject. The man will be wiser to reduce his expenditure than to shut his eyes, which is the advice given. These prescriptions all miss the idea of chase and capture which lies at the bottom of the word. I am haunted by spiritual hounds in the night season, writes the most desponding of poets. His pursuers were monsters indeed; but every genuine worry, even if it be but a young author's discovery, too late, of a critical misprint, shares the same nature. It dogs, fixes its fangs, cannot be shaken off, while it holds lasts. By figures alone, as something external, can the torment be expressed, as Charles Lamb, transferring his worries, will take the thorns out of his pillow and fling them at rich men's night-caps.

It may, however, be argued that since there is no such thing as human perfection, the world would get on but ill if there were no tempers a little on the side of morbid, and apt to fuss themselves to others. We see people indeed to whom nothing comes amiss, who take for granted that all will go right without their meddling, who live as though they had perfected themselves in the wise maxims we have referred to, who never anticipate trouble or are alarmed a moment too soon; but, however comfortable this may be to themselves, the lesson comes too naturally to them to engage our confidence or sympathy. Men are so much often immovably serene from apathy than from reflection that, if we cannot have the exact medium, we resign ourselves rather to the perturbations of a temper prematurely and unprofitably anxious, with a will to help and rectify beyond its resources, than to the passive endurance and calm helplessness which contentedly leaves the fets, entanglements, and unbusiness of social life to whoever is willing or forced to encounter them.

ALTHORP.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, almost the central county of England—an old writer describes the town of Northampton as situated "in ipso insule umbilico"—is without doubt one of the most respectable. We use the word in Miss Austen's sense, many of whose heroes and heroines are supplied with "parks" and "lodges" in this favoured county. Respectability, in the days of *Mansfield Park*, implied a comfortable country house, an income of at least two thousand a year, and a recognized position among all the visitable folk of the neighbourhood. People of this class have always abounded in the land of "squires and spires"; and no part of England is more thickly strewn with "respectable" mansions, or contains more great houses of real importance, such as Burghley, Milton, Rockingham, Drayton, Castle Ashby, and Althorp. It can hardly be said that Northamptonshire is an historical county. It has no history at all in the sense in which Yorkshire, Norfolk, and Devonshire have histories. Events have indeed happened within its borders; but they might almost as well have happened elsewhere, since they were not ruled by the geographical position of the county, or by peculiarities of race arising from that position. Such points of historical interest as do belong to Northamptonshire gather for the most part about these existing great houses, or the sites of such as have disappeared, like Fotheringhay or Northampton Castle. At Rockingham we remember Anselm. On the mound of Northampton, overlooking the river, we recall St. Thomas, and that famous scene in the King's hall which was followed by his flight from England. But although Rockingham and Northampton, each on the border of a great forest district, were for that reason much affected by Norman and Plantagenet kings, and thus became the scenes of some important gatherings, it is not until Tudor days that the group of houses which still make the chief glory of Northamptonshire becomes really conspicuous. At Burghley it is difficult to think of any one but the great Lord Treasurer who built it. Apethorpe equally recalls its

founder, Sir Walter Mildmay, Elizabeth's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who reproduced the quiet courts of his own dwelling in his College of Emmanuel at Cambridge. Holdenby and Kirby were, in their full splendour, the creations of Sir Christopher Hatton. The first had been his birthplace. Down the long gallery of the latter the "grave Lord Keeper led the brawls," after his Court fortunes had enabled him to buy the estate and to complete the half-built mansion. Boughton, with its stately avenues, was the home of the Lord Montague who sat in the hall at Fotheringhay at the trial of Queen Mary, of whom a very curious picture is preserved in the mansion. At Milton the tree is still shown under which Wolsey rested when, on his way to Leicester Abbey, he was entertained by the ancestor of the present owner. Castle Ashby, although a much older stronghold existed on the commanding site of the present house, was built by the first Lord Compton in the reign of Elizabeth; and Althorp—with which we are just now most concerned—came rather before that time into the hands of Sir John Spencer. Both Compton and Spencer were among those great sheep-owners whose flocks, according to Sir Thomas More, "consumed, destroyed, and devoured whole fields, houses, and cities."

For their masters. . . . inclose all into pastures; they throw down houses, they pluck down towns, and leave nothing standing but only the church, to be made a sheep-house." The wealth thus gathered was enormous; and the foundations of Castle Ashby and Althorp may be said—as local legends assert of certain bridges and churches—to have been "laid upon wool-packs."

Northamptonshire is not picturesque. Indeed the special respectability which belongs to it is hardly compatible with much hill and dale, and not at all with wild moors or heathy uplands. It is still, as Fuller described it, "an apple without core to be cut out or rind to be pared away." There is no waste ground within the county; and the forest which anciently covered so much of the surface must have disappeared at a very early period, since Camden found little wood except at the extreme limits of the county—about Rockingham and Yardley Chase, where it still lingers; and an old saying, "He that would eat a buttered fagot, let him go to Northampton," is explained by Fuller as implying that to be "the dearest town in England for fuel, where no coals can come by water, and little wood does grow on land." But the forest gave place to rich arable land; and the broad green pastures which follow the course of the Nen had always been attractive, since the most ancient settlements lie along the gentle rising ground that slopes upward from the river. The general level of the country, and the comparatively good roads which the level rendered possible, assisted the respectability of Northamptonshire. Squires' houses arose at convenient distances. The county lay at not more than a long day's journey from London; and in Elizabethan days, besides the open pastures which attracted the great sheep-owners, the air was regarded as unusually sweet and wholesome, owing, it was thought, to its distance from the sea, which a writer so late as 1738 observes, "doth not infect it with its noisome fumes." Throughout the last century planting went on largely in Northamptonshire; a great example having been set by Duke John, "the Planter," at Boughton, where far-stretching elm avenues are marked features of the landscape for miles about the house. The bareness of the land which followed the old sheep-farming and the clearing of the natural forest was thus gradually replaced by woods which have long since become venerable; and "he that would eat a buttered fagot" must now go elsewhere than to Northampton.

Of these wooded domains, recovered to something even more than the sylvan beauty of the primitive forest, Althorp is one of the most delightful. The deep woods that clothe the sides of the valley, the sunny lawns—the true old forest wood, still maintained in Northamptonshire—that open below and between them, dotted with deer, and overshadowed here and there by some stately oak or beech, "sentinels" of the closer ranks; the broad turf "walks" (again a forest term), and the air of repose and seclusion that rests on the whole scene, combine to produce an impression well in keeping with the associations of the place, and with the special treasures which the house contains. Ben Jonson, and the masque with which he greeted the Queen of James I. and Prince Henry, when, on their first journey from Scotland, they entered the domain of Althorp—

This is Cyparissus' face!
And the dame hath Syrinx grace!
O that Pan were now in place!
Sure they are of heavenly race;

Waller, and Sacharissa, who lies buried in the little church at the head of the park—

Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart;

and Edmund Spenser, whose *Fuery Queene* Gibbon exhorts the lords of Althorp to "consider as the most precious jewel of their coronet"—these are the names and memories which first occur to us as we look down from the higher ground on the somewhat ordinary mansion. "The nobility of the Spencers," in Gibbon's words, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough"; and there has been no lack of distinguished personages in their immediate line who have shone alike in camp and Court. Yet the associations of Althorp are hardly so much with public life as with "retired leisure," and with the calm delights of such a vast "Paradise of Bokes" as only the enthusiasm of a Dibdin could

fairly describe. More than fifty thousand volumes are arranged in the rooms assigned to them. The number alone probably exceeds that of any other private library in the world; but when the extreme rarity and the admirable condition of most of the books are considered, it may be added that very few public collections equal, or even approach, it in some of the most important departments.

Althorp is hardly an imposing mansion. Mrs. Jameson described it as having "a look of compactness and comfort without pretension," and perhaps this is the utmost that can be said for it. The house was cased with a whitish brick by the second Earl, the collector of the library; and of late years a building has been added which brings the great library more into keeping with the rest; but does not alter the general contour. Yet the house has really grown out of that built by Sir John Spencer, the great sheep-owner, early in the sixteenth century. It contains portions of this date, and successive owners have left their marks within and about it. The great staircase, and probably the picture-gallery, remain as they were planned by "Sacharissa," Dorothy Sidney, the wife and soon the widow of the first Spencer Earl of Sunderland, who fell at Newbury. In order to make them, she enclosed the inner court of the Tudor house. Her son, the second Earl, made further changes; and Evelyn, who was a great friend of the Countess, and who frequently visited Althorp, describes it as "a noble, uniform pile, in the shape of a half H. . . . The hall is well; the staircase excellent; the rooms of state, galleries, offices, and furniture, such as may become a great prince." This second Earl was the "unprincipled and faithless politician" who figures in Macaulay's History, constant through all the vicissitudes of his life to three objects only—to be safe, rich, and great. William visited him at Althorp in 1695; and "all Northamptonshire crowded to kiss the royal hand in that fine gallery which had been embellished by the pencil of Vandyck and made classical by the muse of Waller." The second Earl Spencer told Dr. Dibdin that he had talked with an old woman at Althorp who had a perfect recollection of this visit, and described the royal bodyguard as she saw them with their drawn swords, in the square before the house. This indeed is a tradition which Mr. Thoms would find no difficulty in accepting. It is only within the last twenty years that persons have passed away who had talked to those who had witnessed the landing of the "Deliverer," and his march inland from Tor Bay.

Pictures and portraits are scattered through all the rooms at Althorp; but the most important of the latter are assembled on the staircase—which is really "excellent"—and in the long gallery. Fronting each other, on the upper part of the staircase, are two very remarkable portraits, each a full length, of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, born a Spencer. One of these is by Reynolds, the other by Gainsborough. Such an opportunity of comparing the work of Sir Joshua with that of "the man in Cavendish Square" is rarely afforded. It is hard to say which portrait is the more graceful. We turn from one to the other, and after the fiftieth comparison are compelled to admit that both deserve the crown. Here we are more strictly within the domain of art. Passing into the great gallery we are in that of history as well, and are made at once to feel how closely the older houses of Northamptonshire have been associated with the general history of the country. Here is a long series of Spencers, beginning with Sir John of the sixteenth century—a stout, bluff-faced personage—who was the first owner of Althorp, and whose sheep, according to the local tradition, never numbered 20,000, though the flock constantly rose to 19,999. He is followed by the first baron, so created by James I. after the reception of the Queen and Prince at Althorp; his grandson, created Earl of Sunderland by Charles I., in whose cause he fell at the age of twenty-three in the battle of Newbury; the second Earl, dark and with a gloomy expression, painted at full length by Carlo Maratti, and also by Sir Peter Lely; the founder of the library, and the "Lord Althorp" of the first Reform Bill. These are among the most noticeable of the family portraits; unless we include with them Kneller's Duchess Sarah of Marlborough—young, beautiful, and haughty—or her husband, the great Duke, by some unknown artist, said however to have been the favourite portrait of the Duchess; who, having had her husband painted as the "handsomest fair man" in England, resolved that he should also appear as the "handsomest brown man"; and this picture accordingly represents him with a darker complexion than usual, and wearing a dark wig. But each lord of Althorp, active in public life, gathered about him the "presentments" of the great men of his time; and the gallery is in truth, as Walpole fantastically described it, "an enchanted scene, endeared by a thousand circumstances of history and art to the pensive spectator." No period of English history, from the time of Henry VIII. to our own day, is unrepresented. Elizabeth's great statesmen look out from their stiff panels. Vandyck's stately full-lengths seem ready to step forth from their canvases; and the beauties of Grammont languish along the walls in the most flowing *deshabille* of Sir Peter Lely. The famous Vandyck in which George Digby, second Earl of Bristol, and William Russell, afterwards the first Duke of Bedford, are represented together, is no doubt that to which Macaulay specially refers. It is one of the finest Vandycks in this country, and would alone be sufficient to make the reputation of any gallery; as this gallery would of itself sufficiently distinguish the house, did we not know that the chief treasures of Althorp are yet rarer and more costly.

To most of us the great "Spencerian" library, which Dibdin has described in so many tomes, and on which he has lavished

his most ecstatic epithets and his largest type, is scarcely a reality. It cannot in the nature of things be thrown open to the world after the fashion of a picture-gallery or a museum of natural history. Not many strangers pass through the rooms which contain it; and fewer still (unless under special circumstances) have had the privilege of holding in their own hands the famous *Decamerone* or the *Boks of Chess*. The first Spencerian library—that which Macaulay describes Lord Spencer, son of the second Earl of Sunderland, as collecting, “while other heirs of noble houses were inspecting patterns of Steinkirks and sword-knots, dangling after actresses or betting on fighting-cocks,” passed to Blenheim, and became the foundation of the collection there. It had been pledged to the Duke, the father-in-law of Lord Spencer, for a sum of 10,000*l.*; and when the second Earl Spencer (who represented the younger branch, made by Duchess Sarah equal in wealth to the elder, which inherited Blenheim) began to form his library, he found nothing at Althorp beyond the ordinary book collection of a large country house. How the “boks” were gathered; how part of the great library of President de Thou found its way to Spencer House; how treasure after treasure—fine copies, uncut copies, unique copies—passed day by day into this vast assemblage; how Charles Lewis was busied day and night in retouching old bindings, and in decorating the rare tomes of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde with the choicest specimens of “bibliopægistic” art—all this may be read in the pages of Dibdin. Many of the rarer books remained for a long time at Spencer House in St. James’s Place. All have now been removed to Althorp; and the heart of the true bibliomaniac (if such a being still linger in the world) must burn within him as he paces room after room lined with such treasures as no other château in the world can show. One Caxton elsewhere is precious. Here are dozens; and the history and development of the “ars impressoria” is nowhere else to be followed so clearly. The books moreover are lodged as they should be, not in a vast dreary apartment, rarely entered and little attractive, but in a series of rooms opening one into another on the ground-floor of the mansion, thoroughly comfortable, and in daily use. Here and there a portrait, or some picture of unusual excellence, breaks the line of the cases. All the books are richly and appropriately habited, and cast what Dibdin well calls a “heart-warming glow” throughout the long range of apartments—so long, that as the same ingenious writer suggests, “a Shetland pony might be conveniently kept, in ready caparison, to carry the more delicate visitor from one extremity to another.” One room, of which the dimensions are by no means small, is devoted to books printed before 1500. Here are Aldines of the greatest beauty, and here the long rows of Caxtons, Pynsons, and De Wordes “bend the groaning shelves,” and strike the most hardened collector with wonder. Here too is the celebrated Valdarfer Boccaccio, bought by the Marquis of Blandford at the Roxburghe sale for 2,260*l.*, the largest sum ever given for a single volume—or indeed for any book except the Mazarine Bible in two volumes, which at the sale of the Perkins Library in June, 1873, brought 2,690*l.* The great sum given by Lord Blandford for the Boccaccio was owing to the zeal of his rival, Lord Spencer; who subsequently acquired the precious volume for the comparatively moderate price of 918*l.* The book is certainly a beautiful one, and in the finest condition; yet, in spite of Dr. Dibdin, the green morocco of Charles Lewis, sprinkled with gold ornaments, and bearing the arms of the Duke of Roxburghe, and of Earl Spencer, seems hardly the most fitting dress for it. It recalls too much the fierce struggle of the auction lists. This, and the other treasures of the “old book room” as it is called, are more carefully protected than the rest of the library. But there is a general rule that no book may be taken down save by the librarian, who is assisted by an excellent catalogue, in many small volumes, arranged in a cabinet. Each book there entered has its number, referring to a large general volume, which gives its situation in the library, so that it can be found at once.

It is difficult to tear oneself from such a library, which, like Prospero’s, “were dukedom large enough” for the true student. But the park and the church should both be visited, and that not hastily. The flower-garden at the side of the house occupies the site of the bowling-green on which King Charles, who was in the habit of riding over from Holdenby, was playing when news was brought that a party of horse, “obscurely headed,” was in sight; and the King instantly returned to Holdenby, to fall into the arms of Cornet Joyce. The towers of Holdenby were then within sight from Althorp. But the woods of successive planters have grown up to intercept the view, and to afford a pleasanter and richer home scene. These planters have in most instances commemorated the date of their work by tablets and inscriptions, the “only instance,” says Evelyn, “I know of the like in our country.” The earliest dates are 1567 and 1568; and a long walk towards the church leads through a wood planted by Sir William Spencer in 1624. On the reverse of the stone which records this are the words “Up and bee doing and God will prosper.” It is interesting to compare the size and growth of the trees with the dates at which we thus know that they were planted. They are for the most part beech and elm; but many venerable oaks, older than the first recorded date of planting, shade the higher part of the ground, about the church of Great Brington. Here, passing into the churchyard, a view opens before us which would be striking anywhere, but which in Northamptonshire is so picturesque as to be hardly consistent with due respectability. There is no spot like it in the county; and the broken, wooded valley might belong to Somersetshire or to Devon. The church is full of

Spencer monuments, illustrating, no less than the portraits in the gallery, the changes of art and of fashion. The earlier effigies are accommodated in a fashion which is happily rare. They are half covered as they lie on their high canopied tombs with a species of heraldic counterpane, duly turned back at the top, and adorned all over with divers shields and blazonings. The effect is not pleasing; and the later Chantry figures, although the works of that sculptor generally find a more appropriate home in a great hall or public building than in a church, indicate a return to a far better and higher feeling.

THE TIMES ON ELECTION OF BISHOPS.

IT is plain that Sir William Harcourt has his admirers and imitators. We stumbled some time back upon a paper which thought that “the late Solicitor-General” had altogether routed Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hardy, and everybody else, and had, notwithstanding his own disclaimer, displayed a most remarkable knowledge of canon law. The affectation of ignorance one day and the affectation of knowledge the next certainly seems to pay, and it is no wonder if others take up the same line. Such a one showed himself in the *Times* a few days back on the occasion of the late election of a Protestant Bishop of Kilmore. To the ordinary mind such an election might seem to be of great importance to those who are immediately concerned, but not to be specially exciting to anybody else, and certainly not to be remarkably strange or remarkably funny. But the *Times* appears to have looked on it as being somehow a grand opportunity at once for the display of fun and for the affectation of ignorance. To us it seems not at all wonderful that, in an established Church, the appointment of Bishops should, formally or practically, rest with the civil power. It seems just as little wonderful that, in a Church which is not established, Bishops should be appointed in some other way, and election by the clergy and people of the diocese appears, to say the least, as obvious a way as any other. To the *Times* the notion of a Bishop being elected at all seems something inherently funny, something so strange that the *Times* cannot make it out. It would hardly have done to say that such a thing had never before been heard of in the whole history of Christendom. It would hardly have done to say that it was nowhere heard of among Protestant English-speaking Churches at this moment. That would have been a feat beyond even the *Times* or its model. No ignorance of canon law or of ecclesiastical history could go quite so far as that. No doubt, if we accept the opinion of Sir William Harcourt, ignorance on such matters is highly creditable; still there are bounds to ignorance as there are to knowledge. Even the genius of Sir William Harcourt or of his follower in the *Times* could hardly, by any amount of striving, reach such a degree of ignorance as to think that the free election of a Bishop was a thing never heard of before the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. Even among the correspondents of the *Times* there must lurk unseen Gladstones or Hardies ready to expound such a matter as this. Mr. Hoskyns-Abraham, for instance, who is always so willing to inform the public, whether about the sports of the amphitheatre or about the bishopric of Dorchester, would doubtless be ready to write something about the disturbances at Rome at the time of the election of Pope Damasus. And some travelled correspondent might be willing to stoop to the humbler fact that Bishops are at this day freely elected in the Episcopal Churches of Scotland, of the United States, and of some of the Colonies. But the *Times* must have its joke, notwithstanding the facts; so, as the facts could not be denied, they had to be bundled into a corner. To throw facts aside in this way as insignificant or unintelligible is much grander than to take no notice of them at all. It unites the display of knowledge and the display of ignorance; it is as much as to say, what is surely a fine thing to be able to say, that we know enough about the matter to know that there is nothing worth knowing. There must be people who see something fine in such talk as the following, otherwise it would not pay to talk it:—

True, we are all aware—at least, it is reported to us—that there is an Episcopal Church north of the Tweed which elects its Bishops. But that we all believe to be a poor, struggling, provisional makeshift, and not an altogether serious affair. There is hardly a city in the Archipelago, in Syria, or in Mesopotamia that has not half a dozen rival Churches, each with its Patriarch, Primate, Archbishop, and Bishops—on paper all as good as he of Canterbury, or he of Durham. That there is such a Limbo, and that in it there may be a Scotch Episcopacy, we all know; but that does not help the English mind one step to the imagination of an Episcopal Election south of the Tweed. The elections of Canadian and some other varieties of Colonial and American Bishops are equally beyond the range of the ordinary English understanding and experience.

There is something mighty grand in the burly prosperity which looks down upon a Church—or most likely upon anything else—because it is “poor and struggling,” with such utter scorn that it can hardly take the trouble to know whether there is such a poor, struggling thing or not. But we should like to know what idea the writer attached to the words “provisional makeshift,” as applied to the Scottish Episcopal Church. Most likely he merely thought that they sounded big and contemptuous, and did not stop to think whether they meant anything or not. In the common use of words; a “provisional makeshift,” say a provisional government, or any other thing that is provisional, means something which is meant to last only till something else is ready. The *Times* therefore looks forward to a day when this poor, struggling Church,

which provisionally elects its Bishops, will change into something else, perhaps into a rich, prosperous Church, which has its Bishops appointed in some other way. We see no reason to expect anything of the kind; but the *Times* clearly does, or else it simply talks nonsense. But at any rate the *Times* looks at anything poor and struggling as "not an altogether serious affair." We have no doubt that many people in Jerusalem and Rome and Mecca, prosperous people who were not themselves poor or struggling, talked in just this kind of way about certain stages both of Christianity and of Mahometanism. As long as nobody believed but Khalifah and Ali, Islam must have looked very much like "not an altogether serious affair." Then, stirred up perhaps by the visit of the Jacobite Patriarch, the *Times* goes on to talk about the East, to bring in the sweet word Mesopotamia, and to back it up by that other sweet word Archipelago, which is only one syllable shorter. Then it goes on by some strange process of geography to hint that a Scottish episcopacy may be somewhere in these parts, somewhere in the Archipelago, Syria, or Mesopotamia. But why the fact that Bishops can be freely elected in Scotland "does not help the English mind one step to the imagination of an Episcopal Election south of the Tweed," the *Times* does not explain, and we certainly cannot guess. As little can we guess why the elections of Colonial and American Bishops are "beyond the range of the ordinary English understanding and experience." The *Times* says so, and that is all. Anything to which we are not personally used may be said to be beyond the range of our experience, but why is it beyond the range of our understanding? Why should a thing which can be easily done in Scotland, Canada, and the United States be thought so very mysterious in England? There may be very good reasons for not doing the same thing in England, but it can hardly be a thing which Englishmen are unable even to understand. Really the ordinary Englishman is not such a fool as the *Times* makes him out. And the puzzle is heightened when we find that the thing which is so mysterious when done in Canada and Scotland becomes at once intelligible as soon as it is done in Ireland. This is fairly beyond us. Americans, Canadians, Scotchmen, have all doubtless points in which they differ from Englishmen. But we should have thought that the ways of Scotchmen, of Canadians, even of Americans, were all of them easier for an Englishman to understand than the ways of Irishmen.

Funnily enough, in the next article we light by a cross reading, on the words "After all, Canadians are but Englishmen"—these very Canadians whose ecclesiastical doings we are told are unintelligible to the ordinary English understanding. So, in the very article about election of Bishops we read, a little way above the passage which we quoted, that "the bare idea of a real Episcopal Election in this country is monstrous and impossible—till it is tried." The *Times* itself therefore implies that, if tried, it might not turn out to be either monstrous or impossible. How all these statements are to be reconciled, perhaps the *Times* knows; we do not. But perhaps we have done the article injustice by plunging into the middle of it. It was in the middle that we found that very remarkable estimate of the ordinary English understanding, and that very remarkable piece of geography which placed the Scottish Episcopacy somewhere in the Archipelago, Syria, or Mesopotamia. Let us try even now whether any light can be got by going back to the beginning. There, after being told that the election was involved in Disestablishment, and after hearing the *Times* add, as with a sigh, "There was no help for it," we read:—

But the whole idea of a Bishop in this part of the island is that he is from without as regards the diocese he is to govern, and also from above it—as far above it as the formation of society will allow. As he can no longer come from the Holy City, whether that of the East or that of Rome, he is nominated by the voice of Heaven, as expressed by the voice of the people, sublimated and distilled through all possible stages of election and selection.

As far as the words "to govern," this gives us a kind of idea; the rest is as far beyond our understanding as the idea of electing a Bishop is said to be to that of most of our countrymen. "As far above it as the formation of society will allow." What does this mean? We have read it twice or thrice without finding out. Then what is all this about the Holy City of the East whence Bishops can no longer come? Does the *Times* fancy that there ever was a time when English Bishops commonly came from Jerusalem? The sublimated and distilled voice of Heaven—have our chemists learned how to distil a voice?—is explained in the next sentence to mean the voice of the Prime Minister. Some way on we get the following burst, not about Bishops, but about things in general:—

Everything good in this country, so we think, drops from the clouds or springs from the foundations of earth and time. We love to think our faith primitive, our gentry Norman, our Queen a daughter of Odin, our customs Hyperborean, our Constitution a miracle, and our hierarchy traceable as far up or down as we can stretch our minds to.

When the *Times* shall have explained to us what are "the foundations of earth and time," whether they are an elephant or a tortoise, or anything else, we will try to make out something about "primitive faith," "Norman gentry," and "Hyperborean customs," the last at least of which, one might have thought, were quite "beyond the range of the ordinary English understanding and experience." Then too, when we know the "foundation of time," we may be able to guess how far "up and down" the *Times* "can stretch its mind to," for the purpose of tracing a hierarchy. As for the "daughter of Odin," there surely comes a touch of the grand Berserker rage which is not unknown to us. Where so many

things are above us, it is a comfort to light on something within the reach of our faculties, and to be able to protest against English Woden being shorn of his English W.

We agree with the *Times* that the free election of an Irish Bishop is a thing to be heard of "not without emotion." But, without the help of the *Times*, our emotions at such an event would hardly have carried us back to Woden; still less would they have carried us away to Mesopotamia and the Hyperboreans.

AN ALPINE PLAYGROUND OF THE FUTURE.

WE are inclined to take it as a sign of the times and an omen of the future that the Honorary Secretary of the Alpine Club writes an exciting letter in praise of mountaineering in the Caucasus. We do not say that it necessarily proves anything, and we are aware that different commentators may interpret it differently. The most ardent of mountaineers may be the most catholic in their tastes, and a passion for the particular peaks on which a man has raised an Alpine reputation may only prompt him to a faithless adoration of further, if not fairer, rivals. Cynics may suggest, moreover, that an eminent Alpine Clubman recommending outsiders to desert themselves anywhere else than in Switzerland reminds one of the fisherman who praises any stream but that to which he habitually resorts, or the belated tourist who recommends to the companions of his journey all the hotels in the place of their destination except the hostelry which he is bound for himself. For ourselves we are content to read Mr. Moore's letter in its plain sense, and we believe that those who may seek for hidden meanings in it will give themselves very unnecessary trouble. It is certain that the mountain "playground of Europe" is becoming far too overcrowded to be pleasant, and those who knew and appreciated it as it once was may well be tempted to turn towards untrodden summits and virgin glaciers now that they are elbowed at every turn. It is true that there are obvious advantages in the railways, diligence roads, and mule tracks which land you easily at central starting points; in the profusion of snug hotels where you may fortify yourself for a formidable expedition, or recruit your exhaustion after its fatigues; and where the worst misfortune that can possibly befall you is a bad bottle of wine or an overcharge in the bill. And advantages of this kind will be brought specially home to one after listening to what Mr. Moore has to tell us of the deficiencies in accommodation which he had to put up with in the Caucasus. But, on the other hand, when you break away for your autumn holiday from the wearing monotony of everyday life, nothing can be more disappointing than to find yourself haunted by the most objectionable bugbears of our home civilization. Even confirmed Sybarites are willing to rough it for a time, when they can console themselves through a period of suffering with the hope of once again finding enjoyment in the luxuries that have long pulled upon them from habitual use; while the more fortunate mortals who have a superabundance of strength and animal spirits are brought almost to loathe those comforts of existence which entangle them everywhere among swarms of cockneys. The people who are weatherbound at Chamouni, Zermatt, or other climbing centres, are ravenous after the passing gossip of the day, especially when it has reference to the mountains that overhang them. If the visitor has any kind of mountaineering reputation, he finds that it has preceded him and advertised his arrival. His intentions have been betrayed by his coming in the company of the well-known guide whom he has attached to his person by a retaining fee; or else it is his package of ropes and ice-axes that has gained him ephemeral notoriety sorely against his will. It pays the natives of the place to parade him before the travelling public. The landlord and the waiters point at him behind his back; people lay their heads together and whisper about him as he sits at the table-d'hôte, or observe with anxious sympathy the attention he pays to the barometer. True, he may give them the slip in the early morning, when he makes his start for the recesses of the palaces of nature at an hour when all his curious fellow-lodgers are still slumbering peacefully. But the moment that the world is up and about again it does its best to make up for neglected opportunities, taking up the chase where it left it off the evening before. If the climber's movements on the ice are visible from the village or any rising ground in its neighbourhood, they concentrate the attention of all the idlers. All the telescopes are pointed to the sparkling snow-slopes; his progress is followed step by step; his failure would be noted and discussed, as his success makes him more a lion than ever. If he returns in the evening to the place he started from, his arrival is ceremoniously fêted by the local syndicate, and he must sneak away to his bath, and the supper-table through a shower of fireworks which will probably figure in his bill.

Rather than submit to the penalties of fame in this offensive and by no means economical shape, we can conceive the most enthusiastic admirers of the Alps taking refuge in the Caucasus or anywhere else. In the Caucasus, moreover, there is undoubtedly a very great deal to attract adventurous spirits and amateurs of magnificent nature. There are peaks that are loftier than the summit of Mont Blanc, and apparently to the full as hard of access as the Matterhorn. There are glaciers that, as we fancy, dwarf the vast area of the Aletsch, and icy staircases that are quite as formidable as that which leads up to the Col de Géant. Farther, there is the inculcable charm of moving about everywhere among

the mysteries of the unknown—mysteries which must give a zest for many a year to come to the mountain scrambles that may be undertaken in those parts. In Switzerland all the best things have been done already, and duly chronicled in history or romance. There is not a conspicuous peak that has not been trodden by daring feet; scarcely a col that has not been crossed or a glacier cataract that has not been scaled. High-level routes have been puzzled out where night after night you must seek shelter among boulders or under the lee of an ice-wall, or at all events house yourself in a chalet. Men have bid for fame and excitement by striving to improve on the feats of their predecessors in performing awkward expeditions against time or with half-allowance of guides, or even in some instances without guides of any kind. In the Caucasus Kasbek and Elburz have indeed been ascended, but only from particular points of departure, and elsewhere the explorer is always pretty sure to be the first on the ground. There must be an extraordinary fascination in climbing when you know nothing of the magnificence of the prospects that await you, but are only certain that you will be the first who has appreciated their beauties. Nor are the valleys and the lower ranges less interesting in their way than the giant mountains which dominate them, and down among those valleys you can vary your mode of travelling agreeably. The dividing ridges are crossed everywhere by low grass passes, whence you can look up to the perpetually changing views of a grand mountain panorama, and the road leads you through a charming variety of landscape among the flocks and herds of a pastoral people. The inhabitants of the Caucasus resemble the Spaniards in one respect—they always move about on horse-back themselves, nor can they understand any one else going on foot by choice. Of course they will have to reconcile themselves in time to the odd tastes of their English visitors, and doubtless they will do so readily enough when the office of guide to their higher mountains becomes a recognized and profitable calling. But in the meantime their visitors will gain by taking a hint from their habits, and by hiring the clever and spirited little horses of the country to carry them pleasantly from point to point. Many a Swiss traveller has grumbled at being dragged along mountainous lines of route, like that of the Rhone valley, in the interior of overloaded diligences, or in the stuffy compartments of slow railway trains. He has found it vexatious, in making his way to some headquarter like Zermatt, to have to choose between plodding on to it along the carriage-road, or being slowly dragged up against the collar in a chair-a-banc at walking pace. In the Caucasus he may literally indulge himself in the poetry of motion, cantering on the springy turf among the flocks that are browsing on the spurs of the snowy mountains.

Per contra, as they say in the City, we must in common candour take a look at the reverse side of the picture, although it may be considered attractive or the opposite according to the tastes and training of different explorers. We have spoken of the lack of houses of entertainment of any kind, compelling the traveller to throw himself on the hospitality of the villagers, and, whether he likes it or not, to pursue a course of studies in the native character. In Switzerland you know exactly what you have to expect in that way; when you are in doubt you may consult the guide-books. There are hotels where you will be made comfortable and treated fairly. There are other hotels where you are taken in and done for. The bulk of the classes whose services you have occasion to retain have been shamefully demoralized by the influx of tourists, although there is a certain number of honourable guides who are like "gold as has passed the furnace," as Mrs. Harris said of Mrs. Camp. In the Caucasus, as yet at least, your reception in any particular village seems to be much more a matter of lottery than the scenery which you have set out to investigate. In the latter case, weather permitting, you are sure to be gratified more or less; in the former, it is far from certain that you will be equally well satisfied. One set of villagers put strangers to ransom in the most remorseless fashion, and are said to have so little idea of our beautiful system of credit that they will not even part with an egg without actually receiving the coin it costs in exchange for it; while their neighbours in the next valley insist on entertaining you gratis, and only consent to be remunerated at your departure if you are at extreme pains to save their susceptibilities. On the whole, however, it would appear that this generous hospitality is the exception. In most places Mr. Moore found it hard work to bargain for porters, and harder still to coax them along when they were caught. Guides they can scarcely be called, for, as the mountaineers are an equestrian race, and indisposed to unnecessary pedestrian exercise, we may presume that they seldom venture on their own account above the passes which they must travel in the way of business. There is no doubt that, as Mr. Moore says, the ardent English mountaineer is likely enough to be disappointed with the country as things are there at present. The ambitious Alpine man is willing to make any reasonable effort to achieve some deed that will redound to his glory; he is perhaps ready even to run unreasonable risks, reconciling them to his conscience by the ingenious sophistry which he has cultivated. But his conscience will remonstrate when he is plainly trenching on the line that divides insanity from mere imprudence. Thus a peak may be fairly accessible when you make your attack on it after due deliberation, from some established base of operations, accompanied by guides or attendants of good local experience, and with an ample supply of suitable provisions. But in the commonest prudence you must give it up as suicidal or

impracticable if you can count on none of these necessary conditions in your favour. At the same time, we may be sure that districts like the Caucasus will be more and more visited as communications with the frontiers of Europe and Asia are made easier, and as Switzerland becomes more and more overrun. One man will attempt this undertaking, another man will succeed in that other; the inhabitants will gradually learn to appreciate the value of their visitors, and will exert themselves to help them out in their eccentric vagaries. Still, though Caucasasia may be steadily reclaimed, it is never likely to lose a strong smack of savagery. In any case it is a long way removed from the head-quarters of all the Alpine Clubs. Its fierce inhabitants, used to handle the knife and the yataghan from time immemorial, are as little likely to be absolutely tamed as the desert descendants of Ishmael. It has been annexed, too, to the dominions of a line of military autocrats who are more likely perhaps than any other potentates to trouble the peace of Europe; so that even if it were situated as centrally as the Swiss Republic, hotel companies (limited) could hardly reckon with confidence on regular returns on the capital they might sink there. All the more on this account the country may be destined to come into fashion with the class of Englishmen who have the command of money, who can control their time, and who love to push mountaineering adventure beyond the limit of ordinary cockney travel.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE agitation recently commenced for opening the Tower without payment on certain days may possibly be successful, but great difficulty will be found in carrying out any scheme for the purpose. The present division of visitors into small parties is almost the only plan by which the public can be admitted to see a fortress filled with Government stores and containing many chambers which it would be hazardous to open to all comers. Whether Mr. Hepworth Dixon's description of the Tower as national property is more correct than his theory as to its antiquity we shall not attempt to determine. The nation has certainly great interest in its preservation as well as in securing the privilege of exploring it. Misleading and imperfect as the present system of showing it is, it must be regarded as an attempt, if no more, towards the education of the people in one particular. But very little addition to the intelligent visitor's stock of previous knowledge is to be gained by following a Beef-eater. After a visit, if we turn to any of the authorities, and especially if we consult Mr. Clark's valuable paper in *Old London*, it will probably be found that we have come away with a very inadequate impression of what the Tower really is, and have great difficulty in identifying the places he mentions, while in many cases we are quite unable to recognize them. The more we read of his paper, which is as complete as all the rest of his work, the more we find we have missed. In fact anything so confusing to a person of ordinary intellectual capacity as a visit to the Tower can hardly be conceived. Nor does the kind proposal of Mr. Dixon to conduct a party offer to such a one any very distinct hope of a clearer mind.

The visitor under the present arrangements is first ushered into a place very like a railway station, on Tower Hill. There he takes his tickets, declines to buy photographs, cats buns, and otherwise passes the time till he is summoned to follow the warder. Parties are always constituted in much the same manner. Two or three foreigners, who, though they may understand English, are puzzled at Scotch, and find it impossible to reconcile what they hear with what they read in their guide-books; a soldier or two—soldiers are very fond of the Tower; a few confiding persons who listen to everything they are told by the Beef-eater; and, on most occasions, a young gentleman who knows better than the guide, and argues or asks awkward questions—such is the party, with the usual addition of a baby in arms, which cries at inopportune moments, and perhaps some ladies, who neither listen themselves nor care if their conversation prevents others from hearing. The party first passes through several archways, and at the last of them is informed that the building overhead is named the Bloody Tower because there the children of Edward IV. were smothered—a reason which is not very satisfactory, and is more appropriate perhaps to the circumstances traditionally connected with the death of Henry VI. in the adjoining building. Some dismounted cannon are next passed, and the visitors enter the Horse Armoury, where a rival party is encountered, and both have the advantage of hearing two warders discoursing at the same time, and usually derive most information from the speaker who is endowed with the loudest voice. In one or two particulars the older visitors observe changes. The Beef-eaters no longer wear the picturesque Tudor costume. Their dress has lately been assimilated to that of a recruiting sergeant. In the Armoury too the old labels are no longer to be seen. Instead of every mailed knight bearing the name of a king, beginning with Richard Cœur de Lion himself, the various suits have been named with some regard to historical accuracy, and the sightseer is perhaps disappointed to find how little of it is older than the fifteenth century. He next mounts to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, remarking on his way that, to judge by his effigy here, James II. went into battle wearing something very like spectacles, and mounted on a cream-coloured horse. Upstairs he finds a figure of Queen Elizabeth, with a page leading her horse to St. Paul's, a view of which is painted in the background. The unity of the piece is

rather disturbed by the instruments of torture in the foreground, and the axe and block with which the same Queen's mother is said to have met her death, though, according to all authorities, Anne Boleyn was beheaded with a sword. Time was that visitors were allowed to lay their heads on the block and to finger the edge of the axe. The loss of such a privilege may in part be compensated by doubts of the authenticity of the implements, of which even the Beefeater is sceptical. Perhaps if Mr. Dixon gains his point, this and other favours of the kind will be restored to the people, including permission to kiss the scavenger's daughter and to try on the iron collar, which are surely also a part of the national property.

Visitors next descend through the Horse Armoury, and, passing out into the court again, enter the White Tower by a modern staircase. Behind it in the wall the bones of the Princes were discovered in 1673. Suddenly they find themselves in the chapel of St. John, which, to their astonishment, looks as if it were only a few weeks old. After leaving the chapel, the unfortunate sightseer is conducted, for a weary ten minutes, through a labyrinth of artillery. Swords twisted into laurel wreaths, gun-locks into olives and acorns, trophies of small-arms, including the wedding cake of the Prince of Wales in bayonets upside down, and many other subtleties more or less intricate, not only disguise the walls and roof which he wants to see, but offer him an opportunity of testing by experience the feelings of Damocles, which he may have been quite willing to take on trust. There is next an upward climb through a newel into another series of similarly decorated apartments, and then a wild plunge downward, followed suddenly by an escape into the open air, and a vision of barracks, with a squad of recruits drilling in the court. The visitor has now done the White Tower.

It would be tiring to follow him through the Beauchamp Tower, where the walls of one chamber bear the inscribed stones collected from all the prisons—an unfortunate arrangement depriving both the carvings removed and those which are in their own place of much of their value; or into the Wakefield Tower, where the regalia are now kept, and where all the traditional names of crown and sceptre, cup and spoon, are detailed to him. He emerges on Tower Hill after a couple of hours of severe exercise, during which he has unquestionably found much to interest him; he has seen a great deal well worth seeing, and carries away vivid impressions of several historical events. He has been to a show, but it is a show not very different in character from that provided in Baker Street. In some respect it is not quite so good. Madame Tussaud would not have put Wellington's uniform, or Wolfe's greatcoat, under a glass case, but upon a lay figure, to be seen and studied of all. As curiosities they do very well; as examples of costume they are useless. It must still be allowed that, with these and some other trifling exceptions, the Tower considered as a mere show is rather superior to any exhibition of wax-works, even under present arrangements; but a majority of the sightseers who visit both places might not be found to agree in this view. Perhaps the appearance of Mr. Hepworth Dixon as showman will turn the scale. On the whole, the regular worshipper of relics has little to complain of at the Tower; he gets a very good share of enjoyment for his shilling or sixpence.

But he has not seen the Tower. He has had no opportunity of studying the construction and arrangement of the most perfect Norman keep in England; he has had no chance of examining the architecture and defensive features of a long line of Edwardian fortification; and if he is merely a relic-worshipper, he has not been allowed to stand by the graves of the illustrious victims whose sufferings and whose story have brought him there. The two most interesting things in the Tower, after the Donjon itself, are unquestionably the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula and the Lieutenant's Lodgings. Neither of them is shown. After the Beauchamp Tower, the upper and the lower floors of the Wakefield Tower and the so-called vaults under the White Tower where Guy Fawkes was confined, are of surpassing interest. They are not shown. And of what is shown the visitor carries away a most erroneous impression. He has no means of knowing that the Horse Armoury is not a part of the building, but a mere lean-to of modern construction. The entrance to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury is by a window; the apartment itself is the crypt of the chapel of St. John above. He is not told this, nor is he able to discover where the original entrance to the Keep is supposed to have been, and he may look for it in vain. Certain stereotyped stories are related to him. He hears of the execution of Queen Anne, and even of Lord Hastings, but he cannot of himself tell that in the chapel the body of Elizabeth of York lay in state in 1503, or that Richard II. formally resigned his crown in the Council Chamber. Indeed the Council Chamber itself is so disguised with trophies and stands of arms that it is not worth a visit. He may seek fruitlessly for the room from which Bishop Flambard let himself down, or for the sole remnant of Bishop Gundulph's windows. He has no power of observing that the plan of the principal chambers is the same from basement to roof, or of seeing the party-walls which divide them. The light of nature will almost tell him that the windows are of Wren's period, but how can he know that the roof and floor of every chamber, except the chapel, are of wood? To the ordinary sightseer these may be matters of small importance, but to the intelligent audience to which Mr. Dixon addresses himself they should be primary objects of inquiry.

It may not be possible to open the Lieutenant's house or the Church of St. Peter. But without them the Tower is deprived of two of its principal features. There remains little or nothing of

the Palace, but the Lodgings are the scene of nearly all the most remarkable events which have taken place within the circuit of the walls for three hundred years. Here it was that the Lady Jane stood at a window and saw the body of her husband carried past on its way from the scaffold to the grave. Here a little later, in the Council Chamber, which still exists intact, Guy Fawkes was tortured in such a fashion that his groans have been said to haunt the room ever since. From another part of the same buildings Lady Nithisdale rescued her husband in 1715, and probably they were also used after the Forty-five, and were the scene of the extraordinary revelry of which Sir Walter Scott speaks, when, owing to the care of their friends, the rebel lords were supplied with money and luxuries. The Governor's Lodgings communicated with the upper story of the Bloody Tower, from which Archbishop Laud blessed Strafford on his way to the block. They probably were also connected with the adjoining Wakefield Tower, where Henry VI. is said to have been murdered, and a bridge crossed the roadway to St. Thomas's Tower over the Traitors' Gate. But many of the most interesting prisons have not been identified as yet. Whence was it that Lord Wintoun escaped after his friend Nithisdale? Lord de Ros does not tell us; nor where Sir Francis Burdett was lodged; nor do we know where Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, received the news of his liberation, when he was so overjoyed that he died on the spot. The details respecting the place and manner of custody of Catherine Howard and her confidante, Lady Rochford, or of old Lady Salisbury, or of many another princely and noble victim, have still to be made public. Much has yet to be done of the kind which Mr. Clark has given us in his memoir. There are records in existence which would throw light on some of the darker scenes, and very obvious sources of information have by no means been exhausted. In many particulars information is still wanting. There is no available list of the Lieutenants or Governors. That given by Lord de Ros only extends back to 1690. But, in truth, the full history of the Tower of London has yet to be written.

The famous passage of Macaulay in which he speaks of the Church of St. Peter is familiar to all, but what he calls the barbarous stupidity which has transformed it into the likeness of a meeting-house has never, even in these restoring days, been rectified. There was some talk of a subscription to commemorate Borgeyne and his gallant son by such a work, but nothing seems to have been done. The tragic interest of the place needs no recommendation. Most of the graves are well identified. Lord de Ros says that the body of Sir Walter Raleigh was laid there, but it is certain that he was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Possibly a careful examination might show some remains of the building which stood on the same spot as early as the reign of King John. Edward III. made it a kind of collegiate church, with a dean and three canons, as the "royal free chapel of the King's household within the Tower"—a foundation suppressed under Edward VI., if indeed it was ever fully completed. It is at present a rectory, the precincts constituting a populous parish.

Better information is at hand as to the Liberty of the Tower. James II. ordered an inquiry respecting it, the result of which is printed by Bayley, who also mentions how nearly the Great Fire approached the walls in 1666. All the houses on the ditch side were pulled down, and it is perhaps on this account that Tower Hill is now so clear; but even as lately as on the occasion of the execution of the Scotch lords, buildings existed which have since disappeared. Among the boundaries mention is made of Pye Corner; perhaps this was the place, rather than another place of the name near St. Sepulchre's Church, which gave rise to a saying that the fire began in Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner.

RESTAURANTS.

ONE characteristic of English manners and customs in the present day is a strange mixture of civilization and barbarism. This is an accident inseparable from an age of rapid progress, and rapid progress is the distinguishing mark of what a popular preacher contemptuously termed "this so-called nineteenth century." It sets up new institutions in the place of old ones which it overturns with a sudden shock, affording no spare time to clear away their wreck. Sometimes it introduces its ideas with a slow, steady pressure, content to establish them on a level equal to that of their predecessors, and trusting to the resistless force of time finally to establish their superiority. This force, however, works from the past as well as for the future, and old institutions have a store of strength which enables them to offer a sturdy resistance in their own defence. Thus, whether the establishment of innovations be violent or gradual, it is sure to be hampered with the weight of obstructions not wholly cleared away. This principle is nowadays exemplified in many matters which may be thought of greater moment, but hardly in any more strongly than in those which concern the science of eating. We use the word *science*, although it is to be feared that much time must elapse before the majority of English people will think such a name fitly applied to such a subject. Herein lies the difference between the English and the French with other nations of the Continent. The Englishman looks upon the provision of adequate and proper supply of food for himself as a duty which devolves upon him as a respectable member of society. The Frenchman's gaiety and lightness of heart lead him to regard it as one of those happier necessities of life which are capable of assuming the form of a re-

finest pleasure. For the care and attention which he bestows upon his dinner he is sneered at and denounced as greedy by his insular neighbour. But it is difficult to see why it is less greedy to be bent solely upon the devouring of a certain amount of food than to take thought also how such devouring may be rendered agreeable. There is a good maxim that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Little doubt can be entertained as to the fact that it is worth while to eat.

The conservative element of which we have spoken above militates strongly against improvement in the art of cooking, and, which is more to our present purpose, of serving food. Professors of this art hailing from the country which practises it in perfection have been domiciled in England at clubs and great houses, and have written text-books and works of reference which have been widely read. One Englishman at least, the writer of "Walker's Original," has given to the world a dissertation which may claim to rank with the foremost of their productions. It must be said that in clubs and in some first-class places of entertainment the influence of civilization has made itself felt. Elsewhere, however, the old leaven is still strong. A wonderful prejudice exists in the English mind in favour of what is called homely food and accommodation. There never was a greater contradiction in terms than this. The name of home is well associated with the idea of comfort. It would be difficult to point to a more uncomfortable form of entertainment than that which is usually thus designated. A bare floor, a small room divided off with wooden partitions, a violent odour and savour of cooking, these things are well enough as quaint diversions to a journey when found in a country inn by a tired traveller, but seem strangely out of place in the midst of a civilized capital. In the former case they bring with them a pleasant flavour of old times and associations, and soothe the traveller's fatigue by carrying him out of the hurrying whirl of the present into the quiet of the past. In the latter they bring added vexation and weariness of spirit to the professional man who is often fain to resort to them for want of any better means of refreshment. With regard to dinner there is perhaps not much cause of complaint; for everybody nowadays belongs, or is supposed to belong, to a club where he can be decently and even luxuriously served. But there are few men who find it wise or convenient to go through the day without luncheon, and at the time for luncheon the man of law or of business is ordinarily out of reach of his club. Then it is that he is often forced to betake himself to those homely taverns the merits of which have been so perniciously over-rated. It is true that he can there obtain, in perfection so far as cooking is concerned, either of those two bulwarks of English cookery—a chop or a steak; but in order to do so he must for the time being return to the earliest and most barbarous instincts of his race, and become a predatory animal. So great is the demand for these estimable dishes, so small the space in which they are served, and so insufficient the service, that the obtaining of them is reduced to a question of skilful and watchful hunting. It is true that more modern places of entertainment with large rooms and carpeted floors have sprung up around these venerable institutions; but in them the same faults of service prevail. They manage to combine extreme slowness with an oppressively businesslike air. A dismal gloom hangs over the task, which should be a pleasure, of refreshment. One sighs for the gaiety and brightness of a Continental restaurant, which are nowhere to be found in London.

It is probable that the system of club life established here is in a great measure answerable for the want of pleasant restaurants. In Continental towns clubs are places established for the purposes of reading, smoking, conversing, but not for that of eating. If they were, the restaurateur's occupation would be to a great extent gone. Thus it may be urged in the defence of London that, as clubs exist in large and increasing numbers, there is no such necessity for the existence of restaurants as there is on the Continent. Yet, as a certain number of restaurants do exist here, there seems no reason why they should not copy the dexterous waiting and the clean and pretty appointments which distinguish the first-class Paris restaurant. That the same neatness and perfection do not penetrate to the lower strata of Paris eating-houses is proved by the story of the *habitué* of one of these who returned to his old haunt after an absence of some years. Having dined to his satisfaction, he called for a toothpick. The waiter was sorry to inform him that they kept none. The diner indignantly remonstrated, and pointed out that formerly these luxuries were always supplied. "C'est vrai, monsieur," replied the waiter, "mais figurez-vous la bassesse des hommes. On les emportait!" It is probable that such an incident as this could never occur even in an inferior London eating-house. The Englishman is accustomed to a great deal of noise, of inattention, and discomfort, but not to an utter want of cleanliness. He will submit meekly to a dingy tablecloth and an ill-polished glass, but not to the notion of such foul economy as is suggested by the story just told. His ideas of homely comfort may be in reality thoroughly uncomfortable, but they will never be thoroughly unclean. He will look, and that not unjustly, upon the splendour which is obtained by the sacrifice of individual toothpicks as a kind of whitened sepulchre. Thus the certainty of decency throughout the whole of our system militates against the assurance of refined comfort in the first ranks of another. Yet when all has been said that can be said in favour of the English system, the fact still remains that it is next to impossible to obtain in a London restaurant that which can readily be obtained in Continental cities—a good luncheon or breakfast thoroughly well served.

There is, however, in Great Britain at least one restaurant specially adapted for the needs of the many who eat luncheon, which may safely challenge comparison with the best of Continental establishments. The restaurant which is known as Lang's in Glasgow is unique, and, as all unique things should be, perfect. It is in its way complete, polished, and well finished. It is strange that that which is absolutely wanting in London should be brought to absolute excellence in a Scotch city. Scotch cookery has often afforded matter for scorn to the fortunate inhabitant of the great city who is apt to take everything unknown for an absurdity. He regards the haggis and the sheep's-head with mingled awe and disgust. He has neither time nor inclination to acquire a taste for these peculiarly Scotch dishes. And upon these, as is his wont, he generalizes from his own point of view, and concludes that the palate of the Scotch nation is in a state of utter barbarism. Yet London might with very great advantage learn a lesson from the Scotch restaurateur. In Glasgow, just as in London, business men of all kinds feel the want of some place where they can obtain a mid-day meal which shall be at once comfortable and inexpensive. The difference is that in Glasgow this want is supplied, while in London it is not. Yet the means of supplying it are singularly simple. Lang's consists of one large room, studded with a few tables and chairs. The staple of the entertainment provided is sandwiches. To the ears of the outer world the name of sandwich suggests a vision of horror. It conveys the idea of hard, stale, possibly fly-blown, combinations of bread and meat laid nummy-like beneath a glass case. Behind it rises the picture of the railway station harpy who was so well described by Dickens in *Mugby Junction*. It brings with it the memory of wretched empty journeys rendered yet more wretched by the vain hopes of alleviation for their emptiness. Only he who has been fortunate enough to penetrate the inner mysteries of this Scotch restaurant can know how pleasant an interpretation the word "sandwich" is capable of bearing. The sandwiches with which he is acquainted are glorified, even poetic, sandwiches. Every flavour which the earth contains seems laid under contribution to give them effect. Fish, flesh, and fowl are alike pressed into requisition for their service. The idea of a grouse or oyster sandwich is startling at first; but in this, as in many other cases, wonder passes quickly into admiration by the light of experience. It is not upon this alone, however, that the fame of the Scotch restaurant depends. Cakes of various sorts, such as may reasonably or unreasonably be required by the seeker after luncheon, are provided in ample quantity. Drinks of almost every denomination are ranged around the room in casks or jars according to their kind. An admirable neatness pervades the whole place. The question of attendance, which is the great difficulty of London restaurateurs, and the great annoyance of their customers, we have not yet entered upon. This difficulty is overcome in a very simple manner by dispensing with attendance in the ordinary acceptance of the term altogether. Each customer helps himself to such meat and drink as he desires, and reports the amount of his consumption to the head man in charge as he goes out. It may be supposed that there is some kind of check kept upon the proceedings of the guests, but, if this is so, there is no evidence of it perceptible to the visitor. It must be said that the great majority of the people who are to be found in the place are regular customers, and that among them there naturally exists a certain *esprit de corps* which makes them keen to detect any offence against the honesty with which they are credited.

In the whitest flock, however, it is natural to imagine that there must be some black sheep, and thus it is rather surprising to find how seldom dishonesty makes its way into this restaurant, which depends for its success upon confidence in the honesty of human nature. Its proprietors are said to have made an accurate calculation as to their losses from the inborn or acquired wickedness of mankind. They count upon two customers in every year practising upon their belief in human nature, and upon always detecting those two men. As the boy is father to the man, this is a strong argument in favour of the wisdom of those schoolmasters who will rather trust to their pupils' honour than to the force of severe discipline. Anyhow it is to be hoped that the principle of honesty is as strong in London as in Glasgow. It is certain that there are as many men in London as in Glasgow who would be glad of a resort for luncheon which should be at once pretty and comfortable. There is really no more difficulty in making a pretty place than an ugly one. There is perhaps more difficulty in putting such trust in his fellows as the manager of the Glasgow restaurant has put. It is by this capacity of faith, however, that he has avoided the great difficulty of attendance which stood in his way; and he has found his reward for that faith. It is more than probable that anyone who founded the same system upon the same faith in London would find his account in doing so. It is certain that he would be encouraged to success by the gratitude of many people for whose daily misery at the hour of luncheon he would substitute content, if not happiness.

THE TYRANNY OF COMPANIES.

AS citizens of what is supposed to be a free country, Englishmen are certainly subjected to some very strange and irritating forms of tyranny; and perhaps the worst of these is the tyranny of public Companies. It is true that these engines of oppression owe their existence to the voluntary submission of the public, and that they continue to exist, or at least to exercise such

exorbitant and arbitrary powers as they now lay claim to, only by sufferance. Still the tyranny is not the less exasperating and degrading because it is self-imposed and tamely accepted. In old days it was the great lord and proprietor of a district who did what was right in his own eyes, and set himself up as a law unto himself; and public spirit took the shape of opposition to his despotic doings. This sort of autocracy is now represented by public Companies, the mere creatures of the public will, who retaliate on their creator pretty much after the fashion of Frankenstein; and there is apparently not sufficient public spirit left to organize effectual resistance to this vexatious and humiliating tyranny. There are the Railway Companies, for example, who can do almost anything they please with their passengers; delude them with false time-tables, provide for their protection by paper rules which no attempt is made to enforce, detain them for any length of time on a journey, or slaughter them by the score and maim them by the hundred, as the Great Eastern did the other day, for the sake of doing a little more business in fish. No doubt the Companies are liable in damages, but it is not everybody who has a long enough purse or sufficient courage to fight a Railway Company through a series of courts on the chance of obtaining a sum of money which will have been already swallowed up in the effort to get it. A Railway Company kills the father, and is often enabled to defraud the destitute widow and orphans of all compensation, or at least of adequate compensation, by the very ruin which it has been the means of producing. There is no sort of doubt as to how the Thorpe accident happened. It happened because the Great Eastern would not go to the expense of a double line, and because of the irregularity and bewilderment introduced into the system of working by the chronic unpunctuality of trains, and the utter neglect of rules and discipline among the officials. Yet at this moment the Great Eastern is probably carrying what it ironically calls its "pleasure traffic" close to the jaws of death in just the same reckless fashion as before; and there is certainly nothing to prevent its doing so if it chooses. On the other hand, just observe how firmly a Railway Company holds the public in its grasp. If a first-class passenger cannot find a seat except in a third-class carriage he gets no redress, at any rate unless he undertakes a costly suit at law; but if a second or third class passenger happens to jump into a first-class carriage because all the others are full and he is unwilling to lose the train, he is treated as a common thief. A Company can smash a passenger any day with a fair chance of practical impunity, but a passenger who gets out of a train which he imagines has been stopped, but which suddenly jerks on again, is liable to imprisonment. It may be said that these things are so simply because the public has chosen that Railway Companies should enjoy these powers, and did not think it necessary to provide protection for itself against the arbitrary abuse of them. But it is now perhaps necessary to consider whether the time has not arrived when this defect had better be amended.

The Railway Companies are, however, not the only corporations who assume the right of tyrannizing over the public to whom they are indebted both for their revenues and their privileges. The other day, for instance, a case was heard at the Southwark Police Court which illustrates in a very striking manner the way in which some other Companies occasionally behave. The Secretary of the Phoenix Gas Company was summoned for unlawfully refusing to supply Mr. Hillier, the keeper of a refreshment-house, with gas. Mr. Hillier had been a customer of the Company for seventeen years, and had paid his gas bills regularly during that period, until last summer a charge of 10*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* was made for gas alleged to have been supplied between Lady-day and June. These are of course light summer months, when days are long and comparatively little gas is used. Mr. Hillier had never before paid more than 5*l.* for his gas during this quarter, and he therefore felt that there must be some mistake in the demand for more than twice that sum. The Company referred to the meter in support of their claim, but when the meter was tested by the Government Inspector, it was condemned. The Company could not resist this decision, but they refused to allow more than 9*s.* as a deduction from the bill on account of excessive measurement; and Mr. Hillier received a peremptory intimation that, if he did not pay 10*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* at once, his gas would be cut off. He took the matter before a magistrate, and the Company then offered to make an allowance of 4*l.* 16*s.*, which he refused. Subsequently it was arranged that the allowance should be increased to 6*l.* 4*s.*; but the Company, when they sent in their bill, made it a shilling more than it ought to have been, and intimated that, unless this charge was paid within three days, the gas would be cut off. As Mr. Hillier refused to pay, he was accordingly deprived of gas. The magistrate, who remarked that the Company had behaved in an improper manner, and that such proceedings could not be tolerated, imposed a fine of 40*s.* and costs, with an additional penalty of the same amount for every day's delay. Again, in another recent case which has been described in a letter to the *Times*, we find a Water Company accused of acting in a similarly oppressive and tyrannical manner. A householder who has punctually paid his water-rate for seven years, with the exception of accidental arrears on account of temporary absence from home, complains that on his return from the seaside last week he found, among other papers which had not been forwarded to him, a notice from the Grand Junction Waterworks that, if he did not pay his arrears within a few days, the supply of water to his house would be at once cut off. He wrote immediately to the Secretary explaining the reason of his neglect, but as he was busy, he did not at the moment send the money. The answer to his letter took the form of a

couple of men with pickaxes and spades, who carried out the threat of the Company. The householder went to the Company's offices, paid the arrears, as well as the rates due up to the next quarter-day—upon which the officials insisted—and obtained an order to the workmen to suspend their operations. But this was too late, for the water had already been cut off. Before the supply was renewed, the householder had to pay the Company for new brass taps and the labour involved in cutting off the water, in addition to employing a plumber at his own expense to re-connect the pipes.

It will be observed that in the first of these cases the Gas Company deliberately and persistently endeavoured to exercise illegal authority; and that in the other case the Water Company, although acting within its legal powers, behaved with wanton and unnecessary harshness. It may perhaps seem a small matter that the supply of gas or water should be cut off for a day, but it is really a very serious annoyance, and even injury, to say nothing of the insult which is involved. It would certainly have been wiser if the householder whose water supply was suspended had sent the money along with his apology for delay in paying it; but, as the Company had had seven years' experience of his solvency, they might very reasonably have waited a little while before carrying out their threat. When an ordinary shopkeeper has a difference with a customer as to the amount due, or doubts the intention of the latter to pay what he owes, he may fairly refuse to supply him with any more goods until past obligations are disposed of. But a Gas or Water Company is not an ordinary shopkeeper, and its customers cannot go elsewhere for what they want, as those of a shopkeeper might do. The supply of gas or water in a particular district is practically a monopoly, and the Companies which have the advantage of this monopoly cannot expect at the same time to enjoy the same degree of freedom in their dealings with customers as a private trader. It may be said that there is no grievance here, as any one who thinks he has been ill-used can get redress by going before a magistrate; but then there are many persons who find it very unpleasant to go before a magistrate, and who would rather suffer in silence than come forward in this way. The number of cases of harshness and oppression which have lately come to light may be taken as an indication of the existence of more numerous cases in which, from timidity or false shame, no resistance has been offered to the high-handed conduct of the corporate despots. In any case it seems not unreasonable that, as an aggrieved householder has to go to a magistrate for protection, the Company should similarly have to go to a magistrate when it has a case against a customer. The danger lies in a Company being placed in the position of plaintiff, judge, and executioner all rolled into one. A Company is just as likely to be mistaken in a case affecting its own interests as anybody else, and it is rather hazardous that it should enjoy the power of immediately carrying out a decision which it has itself given in its own favour. If Companies were wise, they would perhaps see the prudence, if not the propriety, of being not quite so brusque and hasty in exercising their peculiar powers over the public, which, as it in the first instance conferred these powers, may perhaps some day think it necessary in self-defence to take them away.

THE RELIGIOUS CONFLICT IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE is a paper in the current number of *Good Words* on "the Conflict in the Bernese Jura," which curiously illustrates the perverse and one-sided view of such subjects often taken even by persons who know a little more about them than can be gathered from the infallible revelations of "Our Own Correspondent." Mr. Hogg tells us that he has just returned from a trip through the Bernese Jura, that he was desirous of fairly hearing both sides of the question, and that his first informant was one of the most zealous of the exiled curés, whose conscientious adherence to his convictions he could not help admiring. Nevertheless he speedily arrived at these two conclusions; first, that "the Liberal Catholic party includes very real and important though mingled elements"—a comment which might be safely made on any party that is sufficiently important to be worth commenting on at all; secondly, "that the word 'persecution' applied to the conduct of the Bernese Government is simply out of place, a misuse of language." The reason given for this latter assertion is that, after careful study of the principles of the Syllabus and Encyclical, Mr. Hogg is convinced that "no free constitutional Government could admit such claims." We have probably quite as little sympathy with the peculiar doctrines of the Syllabus as the writer in *Good Words*, but we have very considerable sympathy with a principle which the Syllabus condemns, and which he appears to have forgotten, and that is liberty of conscience. No doubt Mr. Hogg would at once declare that he agrees with us, only he has fallen into the not uncommon fallacy of confounding liberty of conscience with liberty for his own conscience. We will first glance at the facts of the case in the Bernese Jura, as recounted by Mr. Hogg himself, and afterwards say a word as to the condition of Old Catholicism in Switzerland generally. How far "the word persecution is a misuse of language" our readers may then be left to judge for themselves.

The Canton of Berne, according to the latest returns, contains 506,455 inhabitants, nearly a fifth of the entire population of Switzerland. Of these about one-eighth, 66,022, are Roman Catholics, and were formerly under the charge of more than a hundred priests; but the great majority of these have been banished for

signing a protest against the interference of the Government in Church matters, and twenty-two Old Catholics have been thrust into their places, to whom twenty-eight more are shortly to be added, as it is calculated that by a rearrangement of parishes fifty may be fairly expected to do the work hitherto discharged by double that number. This substitution of Old Catholic for "Ultramontane" pastors has been made, it must be remembered, by the civil power against the wish of the great majority of their congregations. Mr. Hogg admits that "the Ultramontanes are in a considerable minority, especially in the country districts," probably numbering about four-fifths, and that the minority is swelled by "non-practical Catholics, indifferent, in many cases free-thinking and heedless of their religion"; while there are of course "neuters who will probably end by joining the winning side." And though he tells us that "the movement is fairly progressing," his detailed illustrations of this progress seem to point the other way. Thus at Porrentruy and Delémont he found "very respectable congregations" of Old Catholics; but at both places the Ultramontane congregations were much larger, though turned out of the parish churches, and at Delémont deprived of the services of a priest altogether. At another place the intruded curé is so unpopular that on his first appearance he was stoned, but being "a man of stalwart frame, long resident in America," he stuck to his post, and "stalks" about with a revolver, having informed the Mayor (an Ultramontane) that he should hold him responsible for "any night assailant who fell under his revolver." It is consoling after this to be assured that "all is quiet now, however little the bulk of his parishioners relish his ministrations." A Protestant innkeeper in the same parish lost all his customers because this "stalwart" cleric had spent a few days under his roof. It would appear perhaps to ordinary minds a very natural use of words to call these proceedings persecution. But this is not the worst. Roman Catholics, as is notorious, attach great importance to receiving the last sacraments on their deathbed, and they cannot of course in conscience accept the ministry of priests whom they consider schismatics. Accordingly their only resource in the Jura is to seek the aid of their banished pastors, who hurry to and fro in mufti over the French border at the risk of certain imprisonment if they are caught. Mr. Hogg is greatly amused at this, and relates what, with a grim humour, he calls "a comical incident," which however narrowly escaped having a somewhat tragical termination. A sick man had sent for the ex-vicar, who crossed the frontier disguised in blouse and straw hat, administered the sacraments, and was returning, when two gendarmes recognized and pursued him. He was a quick runner, and succeeded in reaching the river Doubs, which forms the frontier, but there his strength failed him; he was collared on the bank and rolled into the river, which is deep, and as he could not swim, he was nearly drowned. However the gendarmes pulled him out and seized him, but as that part of the stream is wholly French water, the prefect was obliged to order his release. A state of things where dying persons can only receive the consolations of their faith by exposing the clergy who attend them to the certainty of imprisonment, if discovered, and to the risk of death, however "comical" to a joceuse imagination, is hardly mis-called persecution.

So far we have tested Mr. Hogg's estimate of "the conflict" by his own statistics. Whether he means it to apply to the Bernese Jura only or to the rest of the country he does not explain; but his argument would equally apply to the whole of Switzerland, as the Ultramontane clergy everywhere adhere to the Syllabus, which puts them, according to his conviction, out of the pale of toleration. Now Geneva is a much smaller canton than Berne, but much more thickly populated for its size, and the difference in the gross number of Roman Catholic inhabitants is not very considerable, for here, instead of one-eighth, one-half—47,857—are Catholics. It will be remembered that Father Hyacinthe—who is no milk-and-water opponent of the Vatican—recently threw up his cure with the bitter epigram that the Liberal Catholics of Geneva who had invited him "were neither Liberal in politics nor Catholic in religion." Into the correctness of the latter half of the indictment we need not inquire here, further than to observe in passing that it entirely coincides with the opinion expressed by intelligent and educated Protestant citizens of Geneva, who look at the matter altogether *ab extra*. The Old Catholic movement there, they say, is purely political and is abhorred by all Catholics who care a straw about their religion, and "Father Hyacinthe was obliged to leave them because he was too good for them." For the first half of his epigrammatic valediction at all events he had ample ground. All the Roman Catholic churches in Geneva but one have been handed over to the new sect; that one, Notre Dame, which was built entirely with Ultramontane money, the present Pope being one of the subscribers, it is now proposed to transfer to them also, and against the injustice of this proceeding Hyacinthe consistently protested as long as he had any voice in the matter. Moreover, it was resolved about two months ago to impose on all the clergy, on pain of immediate deprivation, a civil oath, which it was perfectly understood that no priest in communion with Rome would or could take. Twenty of these recalcitrants accordingly were deprived in one day, and all Ultramontane ministrations are now interdicted. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Hogg considers "the word persecution, as applied to the conduct of the Geneva Government, simply a misuse of language."

The Old Catholic movement in Germany stands on a different footing. It was there really of spontaneous origin, and is not

backed up, as in Switzerland, by the whole weight of direct State support, though its leading representatives—always excepting Dr. Dollinger—have betrayed an unfortunate tendency to identify themselves with the persecuting policy of the Prussian Government, which has roused against them the suspicion even of the more religious section of the Lutherans. And it is certainly not uncommon to hear avowed freethinkers and indifferentists express strong sympathy with the movement. It is not easy amid conflicting statements to fix with any certainty the number of its adherents, but their own confidence is strikingly exhibited in the demand made at the Freiburg Congress for a religious census with the view of ascertaining to what proportion of the churches and Church property they have an equitable claim. If the demand is conceded, we shall be better able to test the value of their own estimate of themselves. Meanwhile the sharpness of the conflict is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote, for the accuracy of which we do not vouch, but which comes to us on the authority of the *Liverpool Mail*. All that can be said is that there is nothing in what we know from indubitably authentic sources to make the story at all improbable:—

A South German paper relates the following:—In a Bavarian town of the most pronounced Catholic orthodoxy the priest preached lately against the Old Catholics, and related such horrible things about them that his pious hearers were literally horror-stricken at Old Catholic impieties. At last the preacher cried out, "The Old Catholics are so vile that they will all be cast into the pit; and in what I tell you is not true, may the devil take me now on the spot!" His excitement was terrible; and he so struck the cushion that the book fell from it. Not far from the pulpit sat an American, who had a negro servant with him, to whom he beckoned to take the book up to the priest, who perhaps had never seen one of those sons of Ham in his life. The negro at once obeyed, and as he mounted the lowest of the pulpit steps the clergyman repeated his wish that the devil might come and take him if what he said against the Old Catholics was not true. Although the negro went very softly the preacher heard his footsteps, and turning round saw a black object solemnly, steadily, and surely approaching him. He looked at him with terror, and believing that he would in the next instant be collared by his Satanic Majesty, he cried out, with trembling voice, "It is, after all, possible that there may be good people among the Old Catholics!" Turning then round to see if the object had disappeared, he saw it still steadily approaching. The perspiration burst out on his brow, and full of despair he cried out, "There are even many good people among the Old Catholics!" Thinking that this would suffice, he turned round, but what was his horror to find that the object was close at hand. Imagining himself in the very grasp of Beelzebub, turning partly to the negro and partly to the congregation, he cried out, "May the devil come and take me if all the Old Catholics are not better than we are!" The terrified priest fainted from the fright, and it was only after some time that he recovered.

Let us hope at least that, if the religious war is to continue, methods of controversy, which remind one unpleasantly of the normal polemics of the Reformation period will not spread with it.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION AT DRURY LANE.

IT pleases Mr. Chatterton to state in his playbills that he has produced "a grand spectacular military drama" at Drury Lane Theatre, and we have little fault to find with this description, except that it might be better justified if he would have his crusading army more thoroughly drilled. Let us be fair to Mr. Chatterton and acknowledge that Macready, or even Garrick, would not have scrupled to produce a grand spectacular military drama if he had known how. The dresses would have been less splendid and the scenery less gorgeous, and the acting would have been considerably better. There would, however, have been this difference—that Macready or Garrick would not have thought a spectacle and a pantomime sufficient provision for an entire season of a theatre claiming to be national. We doubt also whether Macready would have entered into a competition with Astley's in which, if he had done no better than Mr. Chatterton, he would certainly have been worsted. The tournament in the last act of *Cœur de Lion* is, as an example of theatrical horsemanship, contemptible, and the dog's performance is nothing extraordinary. There is some ordinary tumbling and dancing which has as much or as little to do with this story as with any other. The part of King Richard is sustained by Mr. Anderson, whose excellent natural gifts are spoiled by a distressing propensity for mouthing and ranting. The part of Saladin is well acted by Mr. Creswick, whom the artists in costume have done their best to make ridiculous by getting him up as a cross between a mountebank and a chandelier. As for the acting of the other parts, the less said the better.

The novel of the *Talisman* is by no means the best that Scott wrote, but it is well adapted for conversion into a grand spectacular drama. To quote Scott's own words, "A name so dear to Englishmen as that of King Richard I. might contribute to their amusement more than once," whether in story or on the stage. There can be no question as to the superiority of *Ivanhoe* as a novel, but we hardly think it made a better play. The planting of the banner and its abduction make scenes which effectively impress the eye, and although King Richard is rather a boastful hero, it must be allowed that he never promised to friend or foe more than he was ready to perform. It must be remembered that Scott is not responsible for Mr. Halliday the adapter, nor for Mr. Anderson the actor, who roars as if he had the hearts and voices of fifty lions. But, looking to the tremendous character of this "impersonation," as the critics call it, we lament that Mr. Halliday did not pile up the horror a little higher by availing himself of Scott's notes as well as his text. The

best leeches of the camp were unable to cure the King's disease, but the prayers of the army were more successful. The King became convalescent, and the first symptom of his recovery was a violent longing for pork. If Mr. Halliday could be persuaded to compose a speech in which this phase of his hero's character could be exhibited, he may confidently entrust the delivery of his lines to Mr. Anderson. The mediæval poet whom Scott quotes has left this ground unoccupied. He confines himself to the speech of the old knight who suggests a means of satisfying the King's desire for pork. He proposes to take a Saracen young and fat, kill, skin, and boil him with spices, and when the King smells this cookery,

Out of ague if he be went
He shall have thereto good talent.

The word "talent" is here used in the sense of "desire" or "disposition," as in the motto of Prince Henry of Portugal, called the Navigator, *talent de bien faire*. The old knight's prescription was adopted. The King ate heartily of the food placed before him, and drank copiously, and lay down and slept, and fell into a sweat, and then

King Richard clad him and arose,
And walked abouten in the close.

He felt so well and in such good spirits that he took a turn at fighting with the Saracens, and then desired that "the head of that like swine" should be served for his supper. The cook pretended that he had not that head, whereupon the King expressed his feelings in a speech which we really should like to hear Mr. Anderson deliver:—

Then said the King, "So God me save,
But I see the head of that swine,
Forsooth thou shalt lessen thine."

The "eloquent aspect," as an American might say, of Mr. Anderson could scarcely be better exhibited than in declaiming these lines, nor could any living actor glare more awfully at the cook when that trembling wretch falls on his knees and cries

Lo, here the head! my Lord, mercy!

A thoroughly dramatic surprise is effected by the King's reception of the Saracen's head. He expresses neither anger nor disgust, but expatiates on the convenience of making war where the commissariat arrangements are thus at once simple and complete. He practically remarks that Saracen, after being killed, may be boiled, roasted, or baked, and that such dainty flesh may be picked to the bones. The commentators have omitted to observe that the adoption of the Saracen's head as a sign for inns has doubtless reference to the nutritious character of Saracen's flesh as proved by King Richard I., and that that sign ought to be accepted as implicitly announcing "chops and steaks," and as declaring that "cut and come again" is the character of the barker of the house displaying it. Mr. Halliday, in case he should think proper to introduce into his play this passage of the mediæval poet, might add a few touches which his audience would appreciate. He might make King Richard explain that Englishmen are the best soldiers in the world, but that they do not fight thoroughly well unless they are regularly supplied with roast beef or its equivalent; but now that an ingenious invention has surmounted all difficulty in the department of provisions, England will proceed to conquer the world, and her army will actually, as well as metaphorically, "chaw up" all other armies; so let us all sing "Rule Britannia," and if Austria or France takes a liberty with the British Lion, they will find that the great revenge of that noble animal has stomach for them all. As Mr. Anderson is confessedly the greatest living master of the "fa fe fo fum" style of oratory, we think that some effort should be made to provide him with a speech worthy of his unrivalled power. Perhaps, with some slight modification, the mediæval poem might be adopted by Mr. Halliday. The King has taken a town, and treats the garrison with cruelty. Ambassadors from Saladin come to intercede for the garrison, and the King invites the ambassadors to dinner and causes to be placed before each the boiled head of a countryman, which he sets them the example of eating with manifest appetite. He then bids them return home and tell their Sultan what they had seen, and assure him that it will avail him nothing to intercept the supplies of the Christian host, for no flesh is so nourishing to an Englishman as that of Saracen:—

For he is fat, and thereto tender,
And my men be lean and slender.

To England will we nought gon
Till they be eaten every one.

We are quite sure that Mr. Anderson could speak these lines so as to impress the house as it has not been impressed since Kean as Othello proclaimed his fury against Desdemona in the words, "I'll tear her all to pieces."

It is a pity that the equestrian talent of the theatre is not equal to representing the combat between Sir Kenneth of Scotland and Saladin with which the story opens. The Eastern warrior commences proceedings in a manner that would be as embarrassing to a stage warrior as it is to his antagonist. The inventors of tournaments fortunately contrived a mode of fighting which easily and safely adapts itself to theatrical purposes, but Saracens who transgress the rules of the game would be liable to compromise the safety of themselves or others. Accordingly, Mr. Halliday omits the combat with which the story opens, and only gives us that with which it closes. The playbill informs us that the dances, processions, and groups were composed and arranged by Mr. John Cornack, and

the machinery by Mr. James Tucker; but it does not appear whether either of these artists or some other composed and arranged the tournament, which at one moment assumes the character of a slow and solemn dance, and at another resembles those clock-work arrangements which tourists are expected to observe with interest at Berne or Strasburg. We observe, too, another and more serious omission in the playbill. We assume that the dog, who plays a leading part in this piece, belongs to a man, or, to speak more accurately, that a man belongs to the dog; but neither dog nor man is mentioned in the list of actors and other artists of the theatre. The barking of the dog may perhaps arrange itself under the head of music, and it is possible that the ballet-master may have "composed and arranged" the struggle between the dog and Conrad of Montserrat. We may remark, by the way, that those who "composed and arranged" the dress and general get-up of Conrad must be artists of considerable imaginative and constructive power. It is almost a pity that this splendidly attired leader of the Christian army should be decomposed and disarranged by a strong and unceremonious dog. Scott has taken so many liberties with history that he ought to submit to the liberties which Mr. Halliday and Mr. Clatterton have taken with him, but still it is going rather far to transform the deerhound, which was doubtless a portrait of one of Scott's own pets at Abbotsford, into a big shaggy animal of totally different breed, and perhaps of no particular breed at all. This intelligent and docile creature could doubtless learn to take money at the gallery door and to pull down the bearer of a bad shilling with the same unerring instinct with which he worries Conrad of Montserrat. He not only plays effectively a leading part in romantic drama, but he would also be able to make himself useful in pantomime, and that is more than we could venture to say for either Mr. Anderson or Mr. Creswick. At the risk of being accused of brutality and barbarism, we must confess that this "fight between a man and a dog" pleases us better than the solemn and calculated movements of the "tournament" which follows it. The "heroism of Richard" in the first act displays itself, so far as we can discover, only in his venturing to show himself to his army on the outside of a particularly shabby steed, who, if he came to a knacker's yard on his way to Jerusalem, would certainly be able to make himself at home there. We have said that the resources of the ballet-master and machinist and other artists were perhaps hardly equal to getting up a combat between Sir Kenneth and Saladin, but probably Scott's description of the Knight of the Red Cross "pacing slowly along the sandy Desert" might be realized by the cavalry of Drury Lane. It would indeed be quite another thing to expect to cross the Desert and reach the Holy City beyond; and if that be King Richard's expectation in the first act, we should recommend him to give one more example of his strength by carrying his horse, which certainly will never carry him. The musical director and the ballet-master, not having the fear of Cardinal Cullen before their minds, have conspired to produce a "procession of priests and nuns" which only too faithfully represents an actual religious ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church. "The interior of the Chapel of Engaddi" has been praised as "an effective view," and probably the Manager thinks that when he has got a good piece of work from Mr. Beverley, the more he exhibits it the better. So not only does the procession proceed to considerable length, but when it is over, the chapel is cleared for a "meeting between Sir Kenneth and Edith" in which Mr. Halliday shows that he can write sentimental small-talk "all out of his own head," as schoolboys say. The *Talisman* is one of the last and weakest of the series of *Waverley Novels*, and when Mr. Halliday undertakes to supply the gaps which he thinks he discovers in Scott's work, we begin to perceive that in the lowest deep there may be a lower deep of literature. After the procession, and the love-making, and the ranting and roaring of the King, and the meek docility and leaden footsteps of the war-horses, the spectator, oppressed with heat and glare, may perhaps realize in his own person the feelings of Sir Kenneth as he toiled at noontide over a sandy desert, and may even venture to regard the palm grove and fountain at which the Knight rested as typical of the smoking-room and brandy and soda-water of his club.

REVIEWS.

SULLY'S SENSATION AND INTUITION.*

WILLIAM BLAKE said in one of his lucid flashes, "What is now proved was once only imagined." It is strange that the mystic to whom the very name of Newton was an abomination should have thus struck out with one word the true secret of the history of science. Not only does the work of the imagination enter largely into the forms of our most exact knowledge, but the way of those who prove and establish is ever being prepared before them by those who imagine and suggest. We speak not of such wild fancies as may come into any man's head, but of imagination guided by a certain scientific insight that foresees in what directions proof is likely to advance. At this day a wide field is open to the explorations of the advanced guard of science in regions which we have become accustomed to look upon as destined to fall under her rule, but which cannot be

* *Sensation and Intuition: Studies in Psychology and Aesthetics.* By James Sully, M.A. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

thoroughly occupied and subdued for a long time to come. In the essays now before us we have a good example of this kind of work. It too often happens that intuition and interpretation fail to go together. The fruit of insight is lost to the world for want of knowledge, or for want of insight knowledge has to deal with experience at secondhand. No such fault is to be found here. The materials furnished by a quick and lively natural sense are happily ordered by a mind trained in scientific method. This merit is especially conspicuous in those parts of the book where, with abundant ingenuity and no mean success, Mr. Sully endeavours to throw some light of cosmic order into the chaos of æsthetics. Unhappily for our present purpose the best qualities of the work are precisely those to which we cannot do justice within the limits of a review. An instance will best show our meaning. In the essay on Musical Expression Mr. Sully says in effect that music may be considered in one aspect as an idealized translation of vocal expression, and in another aspect, at least in its more complex forms, as a symbolic representation of the complexities of human consciousness (compare Mr. Browning's analysis in *Alt Tøtler* and elsewhere). Now such general analogies presented by themselves may at once strike the reader as ingenious, but one might frame other wholly different ones which at first sight would look equally well. The true value of these consists in their being founded on groups of particular facts in musical expression which have been rightly observed and rightly put together, and the character of this groundwork can be appreciated only by careful reading of the whole essay. However we cannot do less, though we would fain do more, than give Mr. Sully's statement of his general results in his own words:—

In contrast to the first crude tentatives in song, aiming at nothing higher than a slightly intensified embodiment of a definite emotion with its attendant ideas, the complex music of the modern symphony appears to be a grand translation of the common vocal utterance of feeble men and women into a noble and sublime language, such as might be spoken by natures of a finer mould than ours, whose emotions and thoughts take grander proportions, and move in more orderly sequence. Under another aspect, these fine structures of tone seem to transcribe into abstract symbols the most general aspects and relations of all emotional life, and thus to image in vast dim outline the whole world of human feelings, not in detached fragments, but in the most perfect order of rise, complex development, and final subsidence in a deep satisfying rest.

We may quote another passage in which he explains and justifies that vagueness of all musical expression which is sometimes counted a defect:—

What is lost in definite transmission of individual emotion is more than made up in vague transmission of vast groups and strata of feeling. A delicate and subtle melody taken from some musical classic does not, it is true, profess to be a very exact paraphrase of one distinct flow of feeling; yet, by its numerous half-hidden affinities with vast series of vocal expressions, it is able to stir deep and complex fountains of emotion, slowly distilled out of wide tracts of experience. It is this depth and quantity of emotion evoked by music, together with the mind's inability to define it as any familiar variety, which constitutes the infinity of the art, and accounts for its mighty subjective influence.

It should also be observed that this essay is in part founded on materials brought together with great care in the two foregoing ones, entitled "The Basis of Musical Sensation," and "Aspects of Beauty in Musical Form." We can dwell no longer on these two than to say that they are full of interest, even for readers who have no technical knowledge of music.

The same method of construction is somewhat more clearly and compactly shown in the tenth and eleventh essays. Under the head of "The Æsthetic Aspects of Character" Mr. Sully considers the conditions by which human character is fitted to afford æsthetic pleasure to an observer. Having done this, he starts in the next essay from the point thus attained, and goes on to discuss "The Representation of Character in Art." We mention a few of the special points touched on. The artistic usefulness of characters which in real life would be painful is accounted for by a "nascent impulse of retaliation" in the spectator. There are some very just remarks on the relations of art to morality. Mr. Sully allows on the one hand that many qualities which give æsthetic pleasure have no moral significance, and on the other hand he exposes the mistake of those who "have sought to banish from the region of art every vestige of moral rule." The sense of right, he says, together with the sentiment of moral esteem, is a constant element of the cultivated mind, and "the gratification of moral feeling must always be included in a calculation of the total pleasurable effect which a given character is fitted to produce on a cultivated spectator." In the following essay he analyses the construction of characters in the drama and the novel. We are glad to find amongst other things that he assigns a good reason why truth to nature is less required in comedy and light fiction, and justifies from a scientific point of view the charming paradoxes by which Elia defends the artificial comedy of the Restoration. The last essay of the volume is on the "Possibility of a Science of Æsthetics." It is well pointed out that such a science must be to a great extent historical, and that one of its chief objects must be to discover "those large and abiding tendencies which are discoverable in the advance of culture as a whole." It is obvious from Mr. Sully's sketch of the matters which such a science would have to deal with that it will take a very long time to construct. In the meanwhile it is shown what good an art critic may find in trying to look at things in a scientific way:—

If it does nothing else, a study of the deepest principles of art may help him to be less dogmatic, to qualify by a deeper reflection the best judgment which a few minutes' observation may have produced. It will teach him that every great work of art is a many-sided complexity, appealing to

numerous shades of feeling, all of which can scarcely coexist in full intensity in a single mind. It will suggest to him that because of this greater complexity in the higher æsthetic sentiments, a less complete measure of agreement is to be looked for among the opinions of the cultivated than among the crude admirations of the unreflective.

We pass now to the other division of the book. Mr. Sully's "Studies in Psychology," though less novel and striking than his experiments in extending scientific methods to æsthetics, are by no means without importance. The essay on "The Relation of the Evolution Hypothesis to Human Psychology" contains some not untimely warnings. Mr. Sully accepts the hypothesis in general, but he thinks there is just now some danger of rashly calling in ancestral transmission to explain mental phenomena which with a little more thought we might find to be adequately explained by individual experience. He also thinks that the study of psychology as understood by the last generation or two of English thinkers, as, for instance, the Mills and Grote, is by no means supplanted by the theory of evolution. The new conceptions may serve to explain some of the data which psychology must assume, and may forbid us to think of any of them as absolutely constant. But there will remain a large body of practically constant facts of human nature, for whose separate study there is still good reason and ample room. Mr. Sully concludes with a protest against attempts to restore the credit of what are called the natural beliefs of mankind by making them out to be ancestral "quasi-intuitions." For why should not fallacies of the mind's own making be transmitted by inheritance as well as the truths of experience? Indeed one would think it almost self-evident, were it not so often overlooked, that the evolution hypothesis has no direct bearing on any purely metaphysical questions, and cannot answer them either way. Mr. Sully sees this point clearly enough, perhaps more clearly than he finds occasion to say.

In the essay on Belief Mr. Sully has a very obscure problem to deal with, of which he does not pretend to give a complete solution. He thinks the germ of belief is to be sought in the transition from sensation to idea. We may suppose an idea to produce "a mental impulse to realize the corresponding sensation," in other words a crude form of belief. This is gradually transformed by the lessons of experience into "anticipation of a conditioned result," or "assurance of a past reality," as the case may require. Mr. Sully's suggestion may seem fanciful, but there is much to support it. Even in the mature mind, as he points out, the presence of an idea, though it be of our own construction, disposes us to believe in the outward reality of a corresponding thing. This tendency shows itself in the scholastic doctrine of universals, occult qualities, and the like, to which we take leave to add that mediæval occult quality with a modern face which is called the Absolute, the Unconditioned, or the Unknowable. Upon this last Mr. Sully seems to look with a very wholesome unbelief.

It is well known how Dr. Johnson, who could cut a matter short when he chose, cut short the Free-will controversy with the crushing sentence, "We know we are free, and there's an end on't." No direct answer can be given to this; the most that can be attempted is to show how Dr. Johnson and others may have come to feel so sure that they were free, and this is undertaken by Mr. Sully in the chapter entitled "The Genesis of the Free-Will Doctrine." Assuming the belief in an indeterminate will to be wrong, he seeks to explain how it arose. He assigns a variety of causes, among which, besides purely intellectual tendencies and the complexity of the phenomena themselves, are the emotions of pride and the love of mystery and the reaction of popular language on thought. In the account of "Recent German Experiments with Sensation" we have an interesting exposition of some late results which have not hitherto been brought together for English readers. The contents may not indeed be new to students of physiology for its own sake, but they will be so to many of those who take, or ought to take, account of physiology for the sake of its bearing on the problems of sensation and thought. The minuteness of the observations is curious. Thus the *minimum audibile* has been determined as the sound made by a piece of cork, weighing one milligram, falling through one millimeter on a glass plate, at a certain small distance from the observer; and although no absolute measure can be found for the eye's sensibility to light, yet what is called the discriminative local sensibility of the retina has been very closely fixed. It is found that a difference of less than one two-hundredth part of a millimeter in the position of two images on one retina or of corresponding images on the two retinæ produces a distinct effect in vision. In the whole of the experiments on sight Mr. Sully finds new evidence in favour of accounting for our notion of space by experience, and that the experience of the individual rather than of ancestors. Our space will not let us do more than barely mention Mr. Sully's review of Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Darwin's theories as to the expression of the emotions, and the ingenious argument in which he upholds the place of moral self-culture in an empirical system of ethics. Throughout the essays we find the true scientific virtues of abstinence from dogmatism and care in discerning (to return to Blake's aphorism) that which is proved from that which is only imagined.

As to the manner of the book, Mr. Sully writes well, and so as to be understood by any one who will take the needful pains; yet the writing is not clear and straightforward enough to be wholly to our liking. Our present English writers on philosophy, with some few brilliant exceptions, are too apt to fall into a cumbrous

and involved style, and to bring in new terms or turns of speech where they are scarcely wanted. Mr. Sully does not altogether avoid this common fault. It is indeed no less hard to speak clearly of subtle things than to see them aright, but the greater is the reward of him who can do both. We are wiser in sundry ways than our fathers, but not yet so much wiser that we can afford to forget either the speculative insight or the classical English of Berkeley.

THE LAST QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

LIKE the figure in the wax-work show which by a change of dress could be made to do duty either as a murderer or as a monarch, the last Queen of Scots is alternately placed before us as an angel or as a fiend by her several historians. This difference of opinion extends to the minutest details. They are not at one as to the colour of her hair, or even as to the dress which she wore on the scaffold. In fact, no two portraits of this hapless Queen, whether drawn by pen or pencil, are alike. Yet the chief events of her life are well known. Her own letters and those of her correspondents have been placed within the reach of all readers by the painstaking researches of diligent investigators. With such resources at command for judging of her character and for getting some insight into the spirit of the times in which her lot was cast, it does seem strange that there should still be two distinctly marked lines of opinion as to the motives which prompted her actions, and as to her guilt or innocence of the crimes laid to her charge. But, as has been well said, the spirit of the times in most cases means the spirit of men's minds in which the events of the time are mirrored; and in no page of history is this truth more strikingly set forth than in the treatment which Mary Stuart has met with at the hands of her numerous biographers. The number too of those biographers, the warmth with which her claims have been discussed by persons of all classes and of divers nations, lend an almost prophetic significance to her own assertion that she stood before the theatre of the world. This Queen who languished away eighteen years of the prime of life in the dull dreariness of obscure English country houses has since her death become the theme of song, the heroine of tragedy, and the unfailing subject of historical controversy. That an interest so universal and so inexhaustible should have been felt in her fate seems incomprehensible if we consider the place which she occupied in the political world. This Princess, though in one sense a Queen from her cradle to her grave, had an actual reign of but six years. Her kingdom was a small, remote, and but half-civilized State, which until that time had been little involved in European politics. It is true that she was looked upon as heir presumptive to one of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, and was taken prisoner by her in time of peace. But if we leave out of sight the relationship between the two Queens, such a seizure was the natural result of the policy which England had for centuries followed out towards her less powerful neighbour. To lay hands upon the King of Scots whenever and wherever he could was the all but openly avowed design of the King of England. The first James was captured and kept in time of truce, and the fifth James only escaped a like fate by his prudence in declining all his kind uncle's pressing invitations to meet him on English ground. Had the barque which bore the baby Queen to France not been enabled by fair winds to give the English cruisers the slip, Mary Stuart would in all likelihood never have reigned, and her fate would have met with no more pity than did that of Arabella Stuart, or of any of the other victims whose only crime was having too much royal blood in their veins. But it is not merely because she was beautiful, gifted, and a Queen, that she has had so many defenders and accusers. It is rather because her whole history was so closely bound up with the religious strife which was then stirring the minds of men, and which was at the bottom of all the tumults and bloodshed that occurred in every State of Europe. Because Mary was a Romanist, and we believe a sincere Romanist, therefore every member of her Church feels bound to maintain that she died a martyr for her faith, instead of seeing that her death was the almost unavoidable result of the line of conduct that she had pursued in estranging her subjects and throwing herself with her eyes open into her rival's power. Elizabeth could not have let her escape alive out of her hands without having the Puritan party up in arms against her. They clamoured for her death, and long before it came they were fretting and fuming that the Queen did so "dandle the Catholics."

To the difficulties of Elizabeth's position Mr. Hosack does full justice. In this his second volume he takes up the story in the middle of the alarms caused by the Northern risings, and carries it on to the death of the Queen of Scots. He examines and sifts very thoroughly and impartially all the plots and counterplots of which she was at once the centre and the object, and lays bare all the threads of the web of treachery and double-dealing in which she was enclosed. Mr. Hosack attaches great weight to the discovery recently made of the dispensation for the marriage of Bothwell with the Lady Jane Gordon, the existence of which proves that Mary never was his lawful wife. He argues that the Queen must have been ignorant of the

existence of this important document, because it was the interest of the three persons most concerned in the matter to keep it secret. Bothwell himself had the best of reasons for wishing to keep it concealed; his wife, who was most desirous to be released from her worthless husband, would also find it expedient to do so; while the Archbishop by whom it had been granted dared not reveal its existence, for fear of getting into trouble for having dissolved the marriage. No doubt these were weighty reasons for secrecy at the time of the divorce, but they did not exist at the time of the marriage. As to obtain a dispensation before a marriage was the custom, there could have been no inducement to make a mystery about it. The Queen, too, it must be borne in mind, had been the maker of the match, and why should it then be supposed that she was kept in ignorance of the precautionary measure that was to make the marriage bond more sure? There were others in Scotland, too, who knew of the dispensation. Buchanan openly proclaimed it, and was for long accused of lying in so doing. In reality, the existence of the dispensation was of but little import, for Bothwell's first wife was then living in Denmark, and reclaimed her runaway spouse when he made his reappearance in that country. Of this first marriage both Lady Jane and the Queen were alike ignorant.

With regard to the Casket Letters, Mr. Hosack has found out that several alterations have been made in the despatch sent by the English Commissioners to Elizabeth after their examination of the letters. The erased passages can still be deciphered, and the despatch with these passages as first written, and as they stood after they had been amended, is printed in the Appendix. We find there also a collection of very interesting letters and documents now given to the public for the first time. The originals are in Blair's College, Aberdeen; but they were first placed in the Scots College, Paris. These letters, which were deciphered by the late Dr. Kyle, bring to light certain friendly overtures made to the Queen of Scots by Morton when Regent. That he entertained any hopes of a reconciliation with the Queen, for whose death he had shortly before been plotting with Cecil, has been hitherto unknown and unsuspected. But we here find him offering to do his utmost to further her restoration. This remarkable change of policy on the part of the Regent is made known to Archbishop Beaton in a letter from the Lord Ogilvy, who tells how Morton had come to him and "spoke very reverently and with great honour of the Queen." He declared himself ready to "do all things that lay in him for restoring the Queen's majesty to her former estate and honour, and said further he would be able to deliver her the most part of her jewels, and quhairony waitit to show in quhair hands they war." All this, however, was only on condition "that the Queen would forgait and put in oblivion things past." The sincerity of the proposal was vouched for by Sir James Balfour, who also came to Lord Ogilvy and assured him that all that the Regent said was true, and "repentit the samin in affert and mekil maner." This letter is dated April 16, 1577. Morton's overtures were not met half way as he doubtless expected. Perhaps Mary and Beaton were both too thoroughly acquainted with his character to be willing to "forgait and put in oblivion things past," for the sake of securing so very slippery an ally till he should have given some proof of his sincerity. Before he had an opportunity of doing so his enemies had got the upper hand, and he lost his head for the part he had played in compassing the death of the "gentyl Henry." It would have been well for Mary if she had been equally suspicious of some other offers of service, though it cannot be doubted that if she had kept clear of the snares that were spread to lure her into plotting against Elizabeth's life, some other pretext would have been found for shortening her own. Unlike many of the admirers of the Queen of Scots, who seem to think that they cannot vindicate the fame of one Queen without blackening that of the other, Mr. Hosack does full justice to the character of Elizabeth. He lays much of her dissimulation and double dealing to the charge of her Ministers, and makes every allowance for the difficult circumstances in which she was placed. He even gives her credit for sincerity in her professions of affection and sympathy for her de throne cousin. He acquits her in great measure of the blame of the cruel persecutions of the Romanists which disgraced her reign, or at least of taking a personal pleasure in their torments. In the case of Campian and his fellow-victims, for instance, Mr. Hosack reminds his readers that these men's lives would have been spared if they would have consented to listen to a Protestant sermon. In that case we cannot help thinking their death lay at their own door, for though to be preached at in a Protestant sermon would doubtless have been a painful penance, it was better than being cut in pieces alive, and it could have done no lasting injury to either their souls or their bodies. In his concluding remarks Mr. Hosack cites several of the distinguished men who have been convinced of Mary's innocence. To add Dr. Johnson and John Wesley to a list containing such names as Camden, Carte, and Lingard is more likely to weaken than to strengthen his case. We cannot see why John Wesley should be supposed more competent to judge of Mary's history than she would have been to decide on the merits of his theology. As he makes the mistake of supposing Bothwell to have been seventy years old at the time of his marriage with the Queen, it would seem as if he had not gone deep enough into the subject to give weight to his opinion. As for Dr. Johnson, he was a thorough Cockney at heart, and had all a genuine Cockney's prejudice against Scotland and its inhabitants. That prejudice made him quite incapable of understanding the very peculiar relations which existed in that country between the King and the people, and

* *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers.* By John Hosack, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. II. Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

Histoire de Marie Stuart. Par Jules Gauthier. Paris. 1869.

History of Mary Queen of Scots. Translated from the Original and Unpublished MS. of Professor Petit by Charles de Flandre, F.S.A., Scot. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

therefore of judging of Mary Stuart's merits as a Queen. Certainly, had they chanced to jostle each other in life, we question whether the slovenly ways and plain speeches of the great lexicographer would have been more relished by the Queen than were the uncourtly rebukes of John Knox himself. Nor can we imagine a greater contrast than that between the idle frolics that were so much in favour at Holyrood and the highly intellectual diversions of the Happy Valley. But, as a woman, Mary was lovely, charming, and in distress, and that was enough to enlist the gruff, mannerless old man who was not without a spice of gallantry, in spite of his churlish bearing, among the number of her chivalrous defenders.

Among this gallant corps we must also place M. Gauthier. He takes up the cause with all the zeal of a new convert, for he himself tells us that he was formerly strongly prejudiced against Mary Stuart. This prejudice was dispelled by a visit to Scotland, and so repentant was M. Gauthier for this error of judgment that he felt moved to take up his pen in her defence. But he has not taken it up in haste nor without needful preparation. He has visited all the scenes of Mary's life. Not only has he seen at Holyrood the blood-stains on the Palace floor, and at Hamilton the casket which once held the famous "Letters," but he has sailed upon Loch Leven itself, and has had his feelings worked upon by a sentimental old boatman who had named his boat after the captive Queen. More than this, he has also busied himself for ten years in carefully searching out all the records and documents bearing on the case wherever they were to be found, either at home or abroad. In the Simancas Archives he has made what he looks on as a very important discovery bearing on the authenticity of the "Casket Letters." This discovery is a letter from Guzman de Silva to Philip, written in July 1568. It recounts a conversation between Murray and the Spanish Ambassador. Murray gave out that he was doing his utmost in behalf of his sister, but said that it would be hard to prove her innocence because of a letter that had been found from the Queen to Bothwell, and signed by her own hand, which betrayed a plan for stopping Darnley in a "house by the way," and for setting fire to the house in case the poison did not succeed. The letter also contained advice to Bothwell for getting rid of his own wife:—"Dandole algun boveda con que muriese." This must of course have been one of the letters in the "Casket." And yet the account here given by De Silva does not tally with the contents of any of them. In none of them is Craigmillar spoken of as the "house by the way," nor do they contain any mention of the plan for getting rid of Lady Jane. M. Gauthier thinks it also a very significant circumstance that Murray here only speaks of one letter, and that he afterwards produced eight, and that he should speak of the letter as signed with her own hand, while none of the letters actually produced bore any signature. This seems to us to be evidence on the other side, for, had the letters been forged, the same hand that had written them would not have scrupled to add a signature also. As for the Ambassador's letter, it could scarcely be accepted as conclusive evidence, as it is scarcely possible that he could remember the conversation word by word as it fell from the lips of Murray. But M. Gauthier is willing to find proofs of Mary's innocence everywhere, even in the inconsistencies of the Acts of the Scots Parliament. He has, however, written an excellent history, in which he shows a thorough knowledge of his subject and a thorough acquaintance with the history of Scotland, and with the state of parties there at the period of which he treats, which were scarcely to be expected from a foreigner. His style is easy and picturesque, and his book, though the work of a strong partisan, is free from any invective or abuse of the opposite side. It forms a worthy companion to the History of M. Mignet, and ought to be read along with it by every Frenchman who wishes to form an impartial judgment of the history of that troubled time. Wherever it was possible, M. Gauthier has

laisé parler les acteurs qui occupent la scène, persuadé que leur parole, surtout dans un sujet aussi controversé, aurait plus d'autorité que celle de l'historien.

The third book on our list bears a motto given by the Empress Eugénie on the title-page, and "heartfelt" thanks addressed to her in the preface. The contents are much such as we should expect to find in a book published under such patronage. The author is clearly an abject worshipper of princes and of Courts, and a blind believer in the divine right of kings and queens to sin with impunity. He sees in Mary a second Margaret, bent heart and soul on working a second reformation in manners and religion among her unruly subjects. The "fiddling and flinging" which roused the ire of John Knox are, in his eyes, politic measures for civilizing and softening a half-savage people; and the raid on the Gordons is an excursion into the Highlands prompted by Mary's love of the picturesque, for "the mountains and lakes, the rivers, meadows, and forests of the Highlands all seemed to attract her." As for her subjects, M. Petit treats them as a set of lawless ruffians, too turbulent to be ruled by their angelic Queen. To be sure he does lay their guilt to the charge of their religion, and explains how since the Reformation the Scots Lords were "far from particular how they got rid of their opponents"; also that "subjects become Protestants set themselves up as judges of the Government—Mary Stuart was the first victim." We advise M. Petit to refresh his memory of Scots history by reading the stories of Lander Bridge and of Bannockburn, of the fate of the Tutor of Dunbar, and of the way in which it was avenged, and he will learn that the

right of the subject to call in question the actions of the sovereign was no new doctrine, and that in times long before the Reformation both sovereign and subject had been "far from particular as to how they got rid of their opponents."

M. Petit professes to have written his book for the benefit of thoughtful men, but we should think it more likely to find readers among sentimental school girls. They will be charmed with the long accounts of all the fine doings at Mary's first marriage, and moved to tears by the picture of the captive Queen devoting herself to rearing doves and little dogs, instead of being involved in all sorts of political intrigues. His book may be more aptly styled an *éloge* than a history. His idea of womanly excellence corresponds with that of the bereaved husband who summed up the enumeration of his wife's virtues with "She painted on velvet beautifully and of such is the kingdom of heaven," for he draws attention over and over again to Mary's skill in fancy work as though it added lustre to all her other gifts and graces. He describes with the minuteness of a connoisseur the raiment of needlework which she from time to time presented to her cousin, and declares it to be "touching to see her doing her utmost to enhance the already faded beauty of Elizabeth." In this charitable work M. Petit certainly does not lend a helping hand, for he does his utmost to make Elizabeth seem hateful and despicable. Nor can he see in the conduct of the English Queen anything but mean spitefulness towards a fallen rival for whose blood she was thirsting.

In the works of Mr. Hosack and of M. Gauthier we have now pretty nearly all that can truthfully be said in Mary's favour. Mr. Hosack pleads her cause with the talent of a skilful advocate, convinced himself of the innocence of his client, and bent on making it patent to the world. M. Gauthier proclaims her wrongs with the chivalrous devotion of a Frenchman who has pledged himself to vindicate the honour of a charming woman. But still, in spite of all that her defenders may urge, there are certain ugly facts in her history that remain to bear witness against her. The doom passed on the friendly House of Huntly; the honours granted with a lavish hand to her husband's murderer; the mockery of justice in his trial; and finally, the marriage into which she rushed, in direct defiance of decency and prudence, are blots upon her history which make it of comparatively little moment whether the famous "Letters" are genuine or not. No doubt they were evil days in which her lot was cast, and her early education at the Court of France had not been the training best suited to fit her for governing her own people. But among that people there was a strong feeling of affection for the royal race whose representative she was, and by their clamorous welcome they displayed their goodwill to her in their own rough way. Had she been a man all would have gone well. She had all the gifts which had made some of her line so popular. The ready wit, the easy manners, the open hand, and above all, the dauntless spirit and contempt of danger which she showed as she rode at the head of the royal raid, would in a king have been more than sufficient to cover any blemishes of private character. A king might have got rid of half-a-dozen wives if he pleased with impunity, for the world tacitly accepts the doctrine that

The unconquered powers
Of precedent and custom interpose
Between a King and Virtue.

But from a queen men look for better things.

RALSTON ON EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY.*

THE number of lectures published after delivery to an audience is already over large, and of some at least we may say that the lack of them would be no cause for regret. But among these the present volume is certainly not to be included. It deals with a subject of which English readers generally know little or nothing, and of which historical students will be glad to have a survey from one who has made it his own. Mr. Ralston is at home in the literature both of the Russian people and of Russian scholars. He has laid before the English public much of their songs and their folk-lore, and these he has examined with the scientific precision both of the comparative mythologist and of the historical critic. This task was a fitting preparation for the present sketch of early Russian history, in which the several stages of a political growth singularly unlike that of the Teutonic nations are traced with sufficient fulness, and in a spirit at once generous and impartial.

The form of the work is very simple. The matter of the four lectures has been rearranged in seven chapters, of which the first six relate the chief events in Russian history to the crowning of the first Romanoff, while in the last only the author examines critically some points which have been, or still are, matters of controversy. He admits, in fact, that his aim has been to trouble his readers but little with his own opinions, while he does his best "to lay before them the judgments, on vexed questions, of the best and most recent among Russian historians"—a task not slight when we look at the large mass into which the historical literature of the country, springing up but as yesterday, has already grown.

Mr. Ralston's sketch would have been more complete if he had drawn out more thoroughly the points of contrast and of likeness between the fortunes of the Russian people and those of their Western neighbours. If among them, as elsewhere, we have from

* *Early Russian History*. Four Lectures, delivered at Oxford, in the Taylor Institution. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., of the British Museum, &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

the first a certain kind of unity which it was seemingly impossible utterly to destroy; if, from the loose and undefined confederations of earlier days, with their natural result of civil strife and war, there arose gradually something like a central power, still we cannot but mark the vastness of the time over which the process was extended, the tremendous obstacles which stood in its way, always retarding and sometimes apparently crushing it, and the strange anomaly which exhibits in its latest stages features belonging only to the earlier conditions of Teutonic society. The Russian system as it was worked under the Tsar Nicholas claimed for itself an authority which had no reference to time. The Tsar was more than the Caliph of Islam. He was the representative, not of a prophet, but of God himself. A power thus exercised becomes soon surrounded with an air of antiquity; and in the eyes of strangers, not less than of the Russian people generally, the two most prominent features of Russian life, the autocracy of the Tsar and the bondage of the serf, seemed to have their foundations in the very nature of things. Yet they are the growth of a time which would carry us but a short way back in our own history; and in the ages which preceded it there was much in the political conditions of Russian tribes to justify expectations of very different results.

If Mr. Ralston has not cared to dwell specially on these points of contrast, he has furnished all necessary materials for those who may wish to note them, while the clearness of his arrangement brings order and meaning into what might seem a mere chaos of intestine wars, and of yet more hideous disasters from invasions of savage hordes. During no small part of these periods the national unity seems wholly lost, while the reader may well turn away bewildered from the monotonous series of crimes and calamities which seem to make up the history whether of the rulers or of their subjects. But Mr. Ralston shows a path through the labyrinth by pointing out the fact that the earlier history of the Russian people is, practically, the history of four great cities—Novgorod, Kiev, Vladimir, and Moscow; the first of these representing the era of loose confederation between members which, for all purposes of government, were wholly independent and often antagonistic; the second and third marking the more developed federation between princes whom the system of appanages tended nevertheless to sunder and impoverish; the fourth rising to power as the city of Tsars who had seen that the only way of securing Russian unity was by destroying all local independence, and who set about the work with the determination of enslaving every municipality within the Russian boundaries. To the four cities must be added the fifth, founded by the man who made Russia an aggressive Power, and committed it to the course which to this day excites in many minds the darkest fears for the future of Western Europe.

The history of Novgorod, although reaching back for little more than a millennium, is wrapped in the mists of popular tradition, to which Mr. Ralston assigns no more than its proper value. The stories which illustrate it are at least more entertaining than the gloomier narrative of the more important annals of Kiev, in which the evils of the appanage system leave the country defenceless against aggressors who, even to a thoroughly united people, must have been, in all likelihood overwhelming. The theory that every descendant of Rurik had a right to an appanage showed its power for mischief when the sons of Yaroslav I. passed from a state of feud into open warfare, leaving to their successors an inheritance of perpetual discord, until Kiev itself, sacked by an army led by ten Russian princes under Andrew, lord of Vladimir, ceased to be the chief city of Russia. But if the supremacy now passed to Vladimir, the history of this city did but repeat that of its fallen rival, in spite of ominous signs of disaster from without. The Russian people were, in fact, threatened from all sides. Poles and Hungarians towards the south, Lithuanians to the west and the north, constantly menaced or crossed their borders, until the penalty for intestine wars was more fully exacted by the roving hordes set in motion by Genghis Khan. Preceded by the ravages of less formidable bands, the storm burst upon the country in all its fury in the days of Batu, the grandson of Genghis, who destroyed the still splendid city of Kiev and swept on westward, until meeting at length with a check, he fell back on the banks of the Volga, and there founded the great city of Sarai.

The account of these Tartar inroads and of the domination which followed them is perhaps the best part of Mr. Ralston's book. The new condition of things acted powerfully on the character both of the Russian princes and of their subjects. The one end of Tartar rule was money; and so long as this was obtained the conquerors gave themselves no trouble about the religion of the conquered or the mode in which they might choose to govern themselves. But whether in the first stage of the conquest these exactions were enforced by Tartar officials, or afterwards were left to the Russian princes themselves, the results for the people were much the same. The chief who had to kneel and kiss the dust in the presence of the great Khan soon learnt to balance these indignities by inflicting indignities still more unseemly on his subjects; while, having become himself the tax-gatherer, he was tempted to squeeze out for his own benefit sums vastly exceeding the demands of the conquerors. But among these princes were some men endowed with no small sagacity or cunning, men quick to take advantage of divisions among their enemies, to ally themselves with one horde of Tartars against another, and to strengthen the federal connexion for which their predecessors had cared so little. The result generally was to exalt the power of the chiefs, and to

sap the spirit of independence among the people. But there was yet another influence working perhaps still more powerfully for the same end. Against the waves of conquest which swept over the land the only barrier could be furnished by a patient fortitude, based on a trust in Divine help, when that of man had failed utterly. This immovable trust it was the first object of the Russian Church to foster to the uttermost; and the work was done effectually. But when Mr. Ralston speaks of the priceless services rendered by the Russian Church to the Russian land even during the darkest period of its history, we may doubt whether his picture be not somewhat overcharged with colour. The devotion of Russian rustic congregations may be great; but it has its dark as well as its bright side. If the clergy taught the people that no disasters were to weaken their faith in God, they taught them not less that this faith must be shown by unquestioning obedience to the chief who was his Vicar, no matter what might be his oppression or his crimes; and Mr. Ralston himself brings out the mischief thus wrought when he tells us that the servile form of allegiance paid from the first to the Muscovite Tsar was partly due to the teaching of the Church:—

Great as had been the merits of the clergy in supporting the courage of the nation when all but crushed under the feet of the Infidels, so do their demerits appear to have been great, in that they inculcated a perfectly blind obedience, an utterly abject submission, to the orthodox Chief of the State.

Yet it is not easy to draw the line between these two parts of their teaching. In either case their religion was passive, and if it kept up a spirit of inert resistance, it checked and killed the spirit of sturdy independence which in England has had its reward in the growth of constitutional freedom. Such teaching could not fail to have political as well as moral results; and the result was seen when, if the tale be true, the Tartar Boris Godunov was suffered to place on the necks of the peasants that yoke of serfdom under which we might perhaps have expected to find them in the days of St. Vladimir, but which they ought to have shaken off finally long ago. Mr. Ralston says rightly that the moral tone of the Russian people had undergone a most unfavourable change, and this change left the way open for that humiliation of the common folk which marks the age of Boris Godunov, if it be not the work of Boris himself.

So great indeed has been this change, and so inveterate the servility which has grown out of it, that it is hard to look on Russia as the land in which the burghers of Novgorod and Pskov so long and so steadily maintained their freedom. Barely three centuries have passed from the time when the Votche, or general assembly, of the Novgorodians had the power of judging, deposing, and expelling their prince or chief. But the weakness of the national bond had insured the fall of national freedom. The assembly of Novgorod resolved to transfer its allegiance from the Muscovite prince to the Polish king; and the penalty of defeat was the suppression of their Parliament, while the bell which had summoned them to their councils was carried away to Moscow. The same lot befell the cities of Pskov and Tver, and nothing remained to check the divine authority of the Tsar. The strange shiftings exhibited in the course of Russian history during the last four centuries may possibly be followed by changes not less surprising in a future which even now may not be far distant.

HISTORY OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

(Second Notice.)

THE history of the Guards shows the origin of the existing British army. King Charles II., while in exile in Flanders, formed a regiment of Guards out of the loyal gentlemen who had fought for him in England, and employed it in the service of Spain against France, which was assisted by Cromwell. At the battle of the Downs, as it is called, near Dunkirk, in 1658, Turenne, with the help of the Republican English, defeated the Spaniards, and the Royalist English save more than their own honour on that disastrous day. Thus, to the close of Cromwell's life, his army remained invincible. But when he was gone, and the King regained his own, that army was gradually superseded by regiments officered by Cavaliers who had survived Marston Moor and Worcester. When the King returned to England in 1660, he left behind him in Flanders the regiment of Guards which had fought at the Downs. One of his first steps was to raise a regiment of Guards in England, of which John Russell, of the house of Bedford, was Colonel. Shortly afterwards the regiment raised in Flanders was brought to England by its Colonel, Lord Wentworth. Thus there were two regiments of Guards, one older in point of time, the other first on the English establishment. Evelyn describes a review of both these regiments, with other troops, in Hyde Park in 1663. "The troops," says he, "were in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, mounted, and ordered;" and he particularly mentions that the old Earl of Cleveland "trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file of a company of foot commanded by his son, the Lord Wentworth, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers." Shortly afterwards, the death of Lord

* *The Origin and History of the First or Grenadier Guards, from Documents in the State Paper Office, War Office, Horse Guards, Contemporary History, Regimental Records, &c.* By Lieut.-General Sir F. W. Hamilton, K.C.B., late Grenadier Guards. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1874.

Wentworth enabled the King to amalgamate these two regiments of Guards into one, of which Colonel Russell took command. The army which the King found subsisting at his restoration had been by this time disbanded, except one regiment, the Coldstream, of which the Duke of Albemarle was Colonel. Out of favour to him, *per quem stant ipsi reges*, as his epitaph in Westminster Abbey states, and also as a security against apprehended riots, this regiment was retained in the King's service, and became the 2nd or Coldstream Guards. At a later time a regiment of Scots Guards was brought upon the English establishment, and formed the 3rd or Fusilier Guards. The proportion of musketeers to pikemen in a regiment was about 7 to 5; the musketeers wore red coats, and the pikemen buff coats, and in appearance the uniforms of that day contrast favourably with those of the existing Guards. Some troops of Life Guards and the Oxford Blues were raised about the same time, and shortly afterwards Lord Dumbarton's Scotch regiment was transferred from the King of France to the King of England, and became the 1st Regiment of the line or Royals. The next in order was the 2nd Queen's or Tangier regiment, of which Percy Kirk was some time colonel, and the next was the Holland regiment or 3rd Buffs. Other regiments were added by King Charles II. and his successor, and thus in spite of the jealousy of Parliament a regular army was established and maintained.

The earliest warlike service of the First Guards after the Restoration was on board the fleet which fought several battles with the Dutch. About the same time they were employed in keeping order and attempting to subdue the flames at the Great Fire of London. They were sent repeatedly to Flanders, where they fought with equal valour for the French against the Dutch and for the Dutch against the French. In 1678, after a fierce fight between the British regiments in the Dutch service and the French, the brigade of which the First Guards formed part, commanded by Lord Howard of Eserick, was ordered to advance from Brussels, where it lay, to Turbise, south of Hal. A truce prevented the expected battle which would otherwise have found place near Waterloo. Throughout the history of the Guards, Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels are mentioned almost as frequently as any English towns. In that very year, 1678, the Guards took up their winter quarters at Brussels. Next year a detachment of Guards was sent to Tangiers, and remained there until that costly possession was abandoned. In 1681 Colonel Russell resigned the command of the First Guards and was succeeded by the Duke of Grafton, a natural son of the King. The Guards served King James II. faithfully against the Duke of Monmouth, and perhaps if there had been any officer to lead them against the Prince of Orange, they might have followed. But their Colonel, the Duke of Grafton, joined Marlborough in his defection, and the Guards, after some useless marches and counter-marches, found that no effectual orders came from the King, and had no choice but that of submitting to the Prince. For a few days the command which had been abandoned by the Duke of Grafton was held by Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield, the head of that house to which, it is believed, the ancestor of General Robert Lee belonged. But the Earl of Lichfield followed his master into exile, and the Duke of Grafton resumed command of the corps, which had now become the Guards of King William III.

The soldiers were disgusted at the inglorious part which they had been made to play in the Revolution, and the new King quartered them in provincial towns while he confided the duties of the capital to his Dutch guards, whom he could fully trust. Gradually, however, King William III. and his English troops found that they could heartily agree in animosity to the French. The Duke of Grafton was soon removed from his command, which was now given to a devoted adherent of King William III., Henry Sidney, afterwards created Earl of Romney. Early in 1691 a battalion of the First Guards landed in Holland, and it took conspicuous part in seven hard-fought campaigns which followed. By this time the bayonet had been largely introduced, but a certain proportion of men in each company still carried the pike. The Earl of Romney, having been appointed Secretary of State, resigned the colonelcy, which was given to Charles, second Duke of Schomberg, son of the first Duke of Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne. This second Duke of Schomberg was killed in a battle near Turin, and thereupon the Earl of Romney resumed the colonelcy. In these campaigns both King and army developed that eminently British quality of not knowing when they were beaten. At the battles of Steinkirk and Lander the King was outgeneraled by Luxembourg, but when that officer was dead, and when the resources of France began to fail more rapidly than those of the allies, the balance turned in favour of the persevering Dutchman and the obstinate British troops which formed the backbone of the alliance. The part taken by the Guards in the celebrated siege of Namur is lucidly explained in these pages, but we will not dwell upon an exploit which, although our forefathers regarded it with justifiable complacency, was almost forgotten in the greater glory of the neighbouring field of Ramillies, as that also was in turn displaced from national memory by the more recent and momentous conflict of which the scene lies a few miles further off at Waterloo. It is interesting to note that while the siege of Namur was in progress the covering army of the allies took up the position of Waterloo, and there awaited an attack which the French did not make. The Peace of Ryswick, and the consequent reduction of the British army, was shortly followed by the breaking out of the Succession War. King William died in the midst

of military preparations, and his trusted friend and counsellor Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney, did not long survive him. Thus the Duke of Marlborough, shortly after he became generalissimo of the allies, succeeded to the colonelcy of the First Guards, in which regiment he had received his first commission more than thirty years before. In the very year, 1704, in which he became colonel, he led a battalion of the regiment with other British troops from the Meuse to the Danube, and gained with them the splendid victory of Blenheim, which "saved the Austrian Empire, and for the time destroyed the power of France in Central Europe." After this battle the First Guards marched to Mayence, and descended the Rhine in boats to Maestricht, where they went into winter quarters.

After the campaign of Blenheim all the remaining services of Marlborough were performed in Flanders or the adjoining territory of France. He found the French army in 1705 occupying lines which stretched from the Meuse below Namur to Antwerp. These lines he forced. In 1711 the French army occupied lines between Bouchain and Arras, which they confidently declared to be the *ne plus ultra* of Marlborough. These lines also he forced "by one of the best examples of strategy ever carried out in the presence of so large a force of the enemy." He was much congratulated by the Ministers at home, who said that, "without losing a man, he had gained an advantage which would have been reckoned as cheaply bought at the expense of several thousands." The very next page of this history to that from which these words are quoted records that on the last day of the year 1711, in which the lines of Bouchain were forced, Marlborough was deprived of all his offices, including the colonelcy of the First Guards. In the next and last year of the war the British contingent was commanded by the Duke of Ormonde, who also succeeded to the colonelcy of the First Guards. His instructions obliged him to abandon Prince Eugene, whom the French thereupon attacked and defeated at Denain. As the British Guards marched to the coast they found themselves excluded with insult from the very towns which they had helped to capture. Such a close to an unbroken series of victories was inexpressibly humiliating. In these pages, which scarcely touch politics, Marlborough appears only as the triumphant leader of ten campaigns, who never made a mistake nor incurred a check, whose successes were only limited by the stupidity and obstinacy of his allies, and who invariably kept at his headquarters a battalion of his own First Regiment of Guards. It is satisfactory to know that one of the first acts of King George I. was to restore Marlborough to his offices of Captain-General of all the forces and Colonel of the First Guards. He held the colonelcy till his death, and he was succeeded by his trusted friend Cadogan, who had been Quarter-Master-General of his army. After Cadogan came Sir Charles Wills, a veteran of the wars of King William III. and Queen Anne, and on his death in 1741 the young Duke of Cumberland became colonel of the regiment which, as general of an allied army, he put in the way of acquiring a large share of barren and costly honour at Fontenoy and Laufeldt. The Duke of Cumberland was almost uniformly unsuccessful as a general, except in his campaign in Scotland. After the capitulation of Closter-Seven in 1757 he resigned both the command of the army and that of the First Guards, and he was succeeded as Colonel by Sir John Ligonier, of French Protestant extraction, of whom it is recorded that "at Dettingen he had been created a knight-banneret on the field, at Fontenoy he had commanded the infantry, and at Laufeldt he had headed a desperate charge of cavalry, when he was taken prisoner." There could not have been a more suitable selection of a commander for an eminently fighting corps. While he was Commander-in-Chief of the army and Colonel of the First Guards, a battalion of that regiment served in Germany under a brigadier bearing the redoubtable name of Julius Cæsar, and it was stated, with undeniable truth, that "the British troops were always placed in the warmest part of every action" in the campaigns which they made in defence of the Electorate of Hanover and the Principality of Hesse Cassel. The brigade of Guards was in the division of General Conway and the corps of the Marquis of Granby, while the whole allied army was efficiently commanded by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory to our ancestors. Our soldiers got what is vulgarly called "a bellyful" of fighting, and at vast expense of blood and treasure the Electoral dominions of the King of England were preserved, and he and his ally the King of Prussia fought a fair stand-up fight against the three greatest Continental Powers. Everybody was pleased. The British found all the money and got plenty of hard knocks. Visitors to Homburg may perhaps learn with surprise that they are close to the scene of many hard-fought battles in which British troops served as well and as successfully as at Blenheim or Waterloo, although their services have been well nigh forgotten. In all these campaigns the French pushed nearly north-east from Frankfurt-on-the-Main, through Cassel towards Hanover, while the allies strove to drive them back on Frankfurt and the Rhine, and ultimately succeeded.

It may conduce to clearness to recapitulate in order of time the Continental campaigns of the First Guards in the eighteenth century. The Succession War began in 1702, and in that year and the next the First Guards were with Marlborough's army on a line which nearly corresponds with the present frontier between Holland and Belgium. In 1704 the regiment marched up the Rhine to Mannheim, and thence to Ulm on the Danube and to Blenheim, which is close to Donauwörth. From 1705 to 1712

almost all the fighting of what we will call the Grand Army of the allies took place in the country which may be roughly comprised between two railway journeys, one from Ostend by Antwerp to Liège, and the other from Ostend by Lille to Namur. In 1743 King George II. found himself with an English and German army at Aschaffenburg, on the Main, above Frankfurt. In marching down the right bank of that river towards Hanau he was met near Dettingen by the French, whom he defeated. The unsuccessful campaigns of 1745-7-8, including the battles of Fontenoy and Lauffeldt, occurred on that same Flemish ground where Marlborough had been so often victorious. The campaigns of the Seven Years' War, in 1760-2, in which the First Guards bore part, were chiefly transacted in the triangle formed by Frankfurt, Cassel, and Gotha. The Succession War employed the First Guards in Spain, as well as in Germany and Flanders, and throughout all these wars a series of expeditions, generally abortive, were undertaken to the French coasts, in which the First Guards were creditably, but not gloriously, employed. After the termination of the Seven Years' War, in 1762, the regiment was not again sent abroad until, in 1776, the revolt of the American Colonies caused an army to be assembled at New York. The campaigns which followed in America, and those of the long war with the French Republic and Empire, are more familiar to the modern reader than those upon which we have now dwelt. The gallant veteran, Lord Ligonier, died in 1770, and was succeeded in the colonelcy by the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King, an inexperienced young man, who held that post until 1805, when he was succeeded by the Duke of York, son of the King, an experienced but unsuccessful soldier. The Duke of York held the colonelcy until his death in 1827, and he has been followed by the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Consort, and the Duke of Cambridge. Thus the claims of royal birth and of military eminence have been allowed to prevail about equally for this command. It is often difficult to decide whether our military successes are gained by our system or in spite of it; and if we doubt whether Colonels of Royal blood have done much good for the First Regiment of Guards, we may at least feel sure that they could not do harm to it. Whatever may have been the fortunes of the armies to which it has been attached, the conduct of the regiment has been always worthy of the corps which stormed the Schellenberg at Donauworth and defended the Château Hongoumont at Waterloo.

LOST FOR LOVE.*

EVEN in Miss Braddon's poorest writings there has usually been an indication of qualities which tempted one to hope that some day, if she would only do herself justice, she might produce a really good story, not indeed one of the highest class, yet good within its range. She has a direct and vigorous style, a quick eye for outward character, and some skill in the development of a tangled plot. She occasionally has a real hold on the scenes and characters she describes, and the frank straightforwardness of her narrative in itself commands attention. On the other hand, unfortunately, her works have hitherto been discoloured by an unpleasant vulgarity of tone, and by eagerness to snatch at easy effects obtained by cheap sensational expedients. It might be supposed, however, that these defects were in a great degree due to the haste with which a rapid succession of stories had been composed, and the inferior audience at which they were aimed; and there was still room to hope that, if Miss Braddon would make the effort, she might do something very much better than anything she had yet achieved. It was in this hopeful mood that we opened *Lost for Love*, and we were glad to find, as we read on, that there seemed to be encouragement for it. Nothing can be more simple and unpretending than the beginning of the story. We are introduced to a dull, sombre, highly respectable house in Wimpole Street—a doctor's house of course. Dr. Ollivant, the occupant, has at thirty-six years of age acquired a great practice by sheer hard work and exclusive devotion to his profession. He had resolved as a lad to be successful, and his life has been given up unreservedly to this single object. He is cold in manner, has "dark solemn eyes," and "premature gravity hung upon him as a garment." Although a fashionable physician, he even recoiled with his mother, who keeps house for him. After a laborious day, he dines with the old lady, and then shuts himself up in his study with his books. It is easy to understand what is going to happen when this solemn personage is suddenly brought into contact with a pretty, bright young girl, full of vivacity and sunshine. He is first amused, then interested, and, before he knows it, over head and ears in love. Mr. Chamney, the young lady's father, is suffering from heart disease, and wishes to see his daughter provided for in case of his death. He proposes to make Dr. Ollivant her guardian, and also favours the addresses of a young artist, Walter Leyburne, in whom he is interested. Leyburne presents the necessary contrast to the Doctor's "dark solemn eyes" and premature gravity. He is "a bright-looking young fellow with an expression as radiant as a summer morning, blue eyes, straight Greek nose, light auburn moustache with drooping ends sedulously twisted, only half-concealing a somewhat feminine mouth, auburn hair, worn long in Raffaele fashion;" and he has a handsome fortune, left him by an old uncle, to back his artistic aspirations.

This situation, though perhaps not particularly novel, is portrayed with a good deal of cleverness, and, what is more remarkable in Miss Braddon, with self-restraint. She is content to work with quiet, simple touches, and the characters, though rather slight and shadowy, are interesting. We feel as if we had got sole beyond the sphere of paroxysmal passion and sensational incident, and prepare ourselves for the enjoyment of a domestic idyl. Of course the Doctor is jealous of his rival, but he suppresses his feelings, and even assents with becoming resignation when the marriage is finally arranged. An experienced student of fiction instinctively knows what to expect when he finds Papa ready with his blessing in the early part of a story. Another figure is now added to the scene. This is Loo Jarred, a character upon whom the author has evidently bestowed a good deal of pains. Loo's father is a professor of the art of doctoring pictures and violins for the Wardour Street market, and Leyburne, who, as an artist, might be supposed to know better, has somehow dealings with him, and is fond of going to his dingy manufactory to vapour about art. Here he meets Loo, is struck by her wild, neglected beauty, and resolves to make her the subject of a great picture, to be called "Lamia;" and the acquaintance thus begun quickly ripens into a dangerous intimacy. Leyburne is not only fascinated by the "dark grand eyes, the ivory paleness of cheek and brow, the full crimson lips with their perfect curve, the loose, shadowy hair," but he undertakes to "redeem the imprisoned soul from bondage," in other words, to teach Loo to appreciate the beauties of Keats, Shakespeare, Byron, and even Eschylus. We must confess that when we got to the grand dark eyes and full crimson lips we began to fear that we were getting back to some of the familiar delicacies of Miss Braddon's early style. It should be understood, however, that this novel is conducted on principles of the strictest propriety, and that Walter and Loo are equally unconscious of the perilous entanglement into which they are straying. One night, on their return from a rather late excursion, Walter finds his companion thrown on his hands by her father, who refuses to have anything more to do with her; and it must be admitted that this is rather an awkward situation for a young gentleman who is already almost engaged to another young lady. Walter behaves in the most honourable way, sends Loo to a respectable boarding-school, and then—which is not perhaps quite so honourable—goes down to Flora at the seaside, and at a hint from her father, proposes marriage, and is accepted. Nemesis follows him in the shape of old Jarred, who accuses him of carrying off his daughter, and demands that she should be given up. Dr. Ollivant happens to overhear the conversation, challenges Walter with his perjury to Flora, and threatens to expose him. Words come to blows, and all at once, without expecting it, we are in for the great sensation incident of the drama—the tremendous header that brings down the gods:—

The Doctor, wretched, the painter made free use of his fists. For some moments Walter had the best of it, till, feeling himself losing ground, the Doctor called science to his aid, and planted a blow on his antagonist's temple which sent Walter reeling backward, helpless and unconscious. Reeling backwards on the sunburnt slippery sward that edged the cliff—backwards until, with a wild cry of horror, the Doctor saw him sink below the verge.

When we reached this point we felt that we had indeed been made the victim of misplaced confidence. The quiet and sobriety of the earlier chapters were only the torrent's smoothness ere it dashed below. The peaceful domestic idyl had suddenly been transformed into a sensational novel of the ordinary type. It is possible that Miss Braddon may have originally intended to work out the development of her characters under simple and natural conditions, and that she found the task too trying for her powers, and in desperation fell back on the familiar expedient. Or perhaps the scene on the cliff may have been premeditated from the first. In any case it is a confession of artistic incapacity. Anybody can contrive an incident of this kind, but it is a very different thing to portray the gradual unfolding of character and the action and reaction of mutual influences on a group of persons under the conditions of real life. The supposed murder—for of course Walter turns up again—is the climax of the story, the point to which the author has been artfully working up, and afterwards she can do nothing but go down again. Given a grave, intellectual, high-minded man, who has suddenly been the means of killing a fellow-creature by a blow, and it is easy to conceive what scope there should be here for a subtle analysis of the remorse and terror which would succeed. But Miss Braddon is apparently too conscious of her incapacity for this higher work to make even a faint attempt at it. Here are the Doctor's reflections on the supposed destruction of his rival:—

The Doctor looked back along the summer waves. Somewhere under that blue water Walter Leyburne was swaying gently to and fro, entangled among sea-weeds perhaps, and with cold anemones cleaving to his hair, lulled as gently by that soft murmur of ocean as ever his mother rocked him in her arms. To-night or to-morrow might come wind and storm, and the same waters would tear and buffet him, and shatter him against the rocks in their frantic sport; but for this evening he could scarcely have a pleasanter resting-place than that cool blue sea.

"Better than to be stretched in a narrow coffin, and shut up in a room that all living things avoid," thought the Doctor.

Meditation on the "cold anemones cleaving to the hair" of a murdered rival is certainly a wonderful touch. It is needless to go any further into the story, towards which Miss Braddon herself now seems to grow careless and indifferent. She has accomplished her "header," and the rest of the book goes merely to make up the conventional three volumes. The early part of the tale shows, or at least suggests, what she might per-

* *Lost for Love*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 Vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1874.

haps accomplish if she were capable of the labour and self-denial which would be involved; the rest of it proves clearly enough that, whatever her natural capacity may be, she prefers to sink to the level of the lowest class of novel-readers. A description of life in Voysey Street, where the Jarreds dwell, occupies a considerable part of the book. Voysey Street is of course an exceedingly vulgar place, full of vulgar people, and it may be said to be appropriate that the picture should be also redolent of vulgarity. A genuine artist, however, would surely have contrived to relieve by some lighter touches the dull coarseness of such a passage as this:—

Their ambitions and desires are all bounded by Voysey Street, and the court where the celebrated pork-butcher turns his sausage-machine. If they grew rich—a contingency remote to the verge of possibility—they would make no eager rush to Prince's Gate or Park Lane. They would only riot in the luxuries of Voysey Street; sup continually on tender pudding, and wallow in the humbler varieties of shell-fish.

Here is an example of Miss Braddon's sense of humour and fidelity to nature, an old clothes-woman's criticisms on art:—

"Give me the old masters, Mr. Leyburne," she would remark in conclusion, "without meaning any disrespect to you. But don't tell me about your Millises, and your Belmores, and your 'Olmans' Tents. Give me the old masters. Look at the tone and mellowness of 'em, everything subdued down into a beautiful rich brown, and as smooth as a mahogany table. Why, if you put your nose against one of them Millises it's as rough as a gravel path, all the paint laid on in splottles and ridges, as if it had been painted with a curry-comb. Give me a Rembrandt, or a Vandick; there's as fine a tone in one of their Holy Families as in a Stradivarius violin."

And Leyburne keeps up the conversation in this style:—

"Life, madam," replied the painter, who always affected a certain ceremoniousness in his converse with the lady: "he has been compared to a forward child, which must be rocked in its cradle, or nuzzled with Daddy's Elixir till it falls asleep; a comparison, oddly enough, to be found verbatim in the works of three distinguished writers—Sir William Temple, Voltaire, and Goldsmith."

"Ah!" said the matron sententiously, "there are some children that don't get Daddy's Elixir. It is all vaccination, and measles, and rubarb-powders for some of us."

By the way, Miss Braddon seems to have borrowed from Mr. Mortimer Collins the habit of attending closely to the creature comforts of her characters. The old clothes-woman is "conciliated by Melton-Mowbray veal-and-ham pies, washed down with copious draughts of Edinburgh ale." Walter's visits to Voysey Street lead him to acquire "a depraved appetite for liver and bacon and sausages and tripe"; "a bottle of iced Moselle and a gooseberry tart, with a jug of cream," form a conspicuous feature in the country excursion which he and Loo take together; and even the delicate Flora is despatched to a picnic with "a neatly-packed basket, containing a pigeon-pie and a pound-cake, a punnet of big scarlet strawberries, and a bottle of cream, with other bottles, et cetera, which made the basket rather heavy." The next step will be perhaps to substitute a *menu* for the poetical quotation at the head of each chapter. On the whole, *Lost for Love* is more disappointing than most of the same writer's books, not because it is worse, but because it encourages by its beginning hopes which it afterwards rudely dispels. The story is full of the wildest improbabilities, and the characters are little more than lay figures with descriptive labels attached to them. It must be said, however, that there is a rough vigour in the tale which distinguishes it from the ordinary insipidity of current fiction.

WOOD'S ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES OF LONDON.*

THIS book is thoroughly disappointing in every way, but it attempts to supply what is really very much wanted—namely, a special guide to the few existing remains of mediæval antiquity in London and its neighbourhood. There is unfortunately not much that has survived the wreck of time; and we fear that a good deal of what does remain will disappear in the course of modern improvements, in spite of the more intelligent appreciation of the past which characterizes our own generation. It is but a few months ago that the ancient Gothic crypt below the chapel of Lamb's Almshouses, occupying a bastion of the old London Wall, was recklessly destroyed by the Clothworkers' Company. The garden of Drapers' Hall is not a mediæval antiquity; but it is an interesting relic of old London, and its open space is invaluable as a lung to the crowded city; but that is doomed as we write. It is a bad prospect indeed for archaeology when the old City Companies no longer jealously preserve their old inheritances. We have often wished to see just such a book as Mr. Alexander Wood has here attempted; and our vexation is the greater that a most desirable object has been so inadequately and unsatisfactorily carried out.

Mr. Wood's particular fault is that he does not distinguish between what actually remains of mediæval churches and what may be found out as to the former history and splendours of what once existed. It is easy enough to extract from Stow, or Malcolm, or Nicholl, or Godwin, or even from Dr. Pauli's *Pictures of Old England*, descriptions of formerly existing religious foundations; but what is really wanting is a guide to such fragments of London before the Fire as may still exist. Again, Mr. Wood confuses the mere memories suggested by certain names of places with what his title itself describes as the object of his book—namely, the Ec-

clesiastical Antiquities of London. Thus the mention of Holborn suggests the sufficiently pathetic account of the execution of Holford and Genings, two Roman Catholic priests, in the year 1588, for the offence of saying mass in a private house, near Gray's Inn Fields, belonging to a Mr. Swithin Wells, who was himself also hanged, drawn, and quartered for harbouring these ecclesiastics. Mr. Wood is an enthusiastic convert to Roman Catholicism, and he naturally, we suppose, thinks these and other equally cruel executions infinitely worse in kind and degree than the burning alive of Protestants in Smithfield. Thus he describes at length the burning of Friar Forest in Smithfield, while the numerous executions in the same place under Mary are briefly dismissed in the sentence, "here the bloody scenes under Mary took place." Now no such records can be fairly called ecclesiastical antiquities. Mr. Wood distinctly says in his preface that his book is "architectural and antiquarian only." For our own part we view with equal horror and disgust all religious persecution, whoever may be the victims, and even if the pains and penalties inflicted are less than the gibbet or the stake; but we make equal allowance for both sides in times past, when religious liberty was a thing not understood.

Having said so much in disparagement of this volume, we may now turn to its better features. Mr. Wood's scheme is to divide London and its suburbs into nine walks, and to notice as he goes along what ecclesiastical ruins or remains are to be found in each neighbourhood. Thus, his First Walk, starting from Holborn, passes to Clerkenwell, the Charterhouse, London Wall, Austin Friars, and by Cornhill to the Tower. An alphabetical order would have been, in our opinion, infinitely to be preferred, but we must take the author's plan as we find it. He tells us, we observe, that the ruins of the "Templar church," "circular and built of Chert stone," were found a century ago where Southampton Buildings now stands. He gives, however, no authority for the statement, and we may say here, once for all, that his references are almost always indefinite and useless. The beautiful but degraded remains of Ely Chapel are of course mentioned. But here, as indeed always, Mr. Wood's descriptive powers are of the lowest. He does not make his readers understand what it is that remains of ancient date, nor does he tell them what to observe, and how to gain access to the places named. Since he wrote, Ely Chapel has been bought, it is understood, by some Roman Catholic clergymen, who mean to restore it to its ancient use. No one can regret the preservation of so lovely a fragment of mediæval work. We hope it will be "restored" with judgment and feeling. Speaking of Christ's Hospital, Mr. Wood may be pardoned perhaps for dwelling on the past glories of the Grey Friars' Church which once occupied its site. It was a church three hundred feet long, and in some respects almost a rival of its near neighbour, St. Paul's. Truly mediæval London in its glory must have been a very paradise of ecclesiastical architecture. Our author declares that "there are some scanty remains of the cloister" of the Grey Friars. We never heard of them, and should have been very glad to be told where to find them. Mr. Wood's description of the noble fragment that is left to us of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, is jejune in the extreme. He ought to have told us where to look for the east wall of the church of the Knights Hospitallers of Clerkenwell—*de fonte clericorum*—with its "Middle Pointed" crypt, with octagonal piers and groined arches." Another famous London well, the *fons sacer* of Holywell Street, is said, by the way, to have been found in the recent excavations for Mr. Street's Law Courts, and we are told that its stream is both abundant and pure, and that it will be made use of in the new Palace of Justice.

Mr. Wood again does not inform his readers in what street Carpenters' Hall is to be found, but he says that the hall of this Company retains on its west wall four distemper paintings of the date of Edward IV., all of them pertaining to the carpenter's trade. These are, the Building of the Ark, Josiah ordering the repairs of the Temple, St. Joseph and the Divine Child working in the Carpenter's Shop, and Our Lord being called in the Synagogue the Son of the Carpenter. Few of our readers, we believe, have seen these pictures, which nevertheless—if they really exist—deserve a place in the history of English pictorial art. The very beautiful nave of the Austin Friars, dating from 1354—a model for a large modern parish church—is of course noticed by our author, but not with discrimination. In fact, Mr. Wood seldom or never ventures upon any criticism of the buildings which he describes. This church now belongs to a congregation of Dutch Calvinists, but the congregation has almost dwindled away. We thoroughly agree with our author in his dictum that All Hallows, Barking, is the most complete mediæval parish church remaining in London. This interesting church, which is close to Tower Hill, is not half so much known as it ought to be. St. Olave, Hart Street, is another ante-Reformation church, but it is of small interest. There are two most curious ancient churches remaining in Bishopsgate—namely, St. Ethelburga and St. Helen's. We find nothing whatever new in Mr. Wood's account of the Tower or of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He has an ambiguous joke on the modern nave of the latter church, which we may quote as a specimen of our author's dreary humour:—"The nave may be sought for by him who should seek the Santa Casa in Laluanin or at Nazareth. Has it then been removed? No, it has been translated into the churchwarden's [sic] gothic of 1840." Let us express our regret, as we are mentioning this noble church, that it was not determined to substitute a more seemly nave, and generally to restore it, as the cathedral of a new see, as a fitting monument to the late Bishop Wilberforce.

* *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London and its Suburbs*. By Alexander Wood, B.A. Oxon., of the Somerset Archaeological Society. London: Burns & Oates. 1874.

Of the famous abbey of Bermondsey nothing is said to remain except a fragment of wall in the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene's church. That church, however, possesses a very curious salver of the time of Edward II., representing a castle and a knight kneeling before a lady, who is placing a helmet on his head. Is it true, we wonder, that in the steeple of St. Mary le Bow, Wren preserved the old Romanesque arches and used them to sustain his new superstructure? Our author makes the assertion; but, such is the imperfection of his style and the inaccuracy of his observation, that we never can quite tell how to understand him. When we come, in the course of Mr. Wood's Fifth Walk, to St. Paul's, we find an unconscionably long description of the ancient cathedral, with copious extracts as to the functions, ritual, and customs of the place, with notices even of the relics supposed to have been preserved there, all borrowed from Hook's *Church of Our Fathers*, and other like sources; but not a single word as to the few monumental fragments of the former church still preserved in Sir Christopher Wren's crypt. Coming westward, we find that the present Rolls Chapel is asserted to be, in its structure, a building of the early part of the thirteenth century. It is curious enough, considering who the present Master of the Rolls is, that this chapel was originally the "Domus Conversorum et convertendorum de Judaismo ad fidem Catholicam." Mr. Wood tells us nothing new about the Temple. He says that the base of the tower of St. Clement Danes in the Strand is Gothic. We may notice here that in the recent restoration of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the Gothic remains of the tower have been cleared out and renewed; while St. Sepulchre's, across the valley, but now brought very near to the last-named church by the Holborn Viaduct, has very recently been restored to its Gothic character in its tower with the south porch and parvise over it. It is strange that Mr. Wood should still think *Chère Reine* the possible origin of the word Charing. But scholarship is not his strong point; and we have doubted in turning over his pages whether he or his printer ought to be credited with the misprints of his Latin quotations. As in the case of St. Paul's, so with Westminster Abbey, Mr. Wood deals more with the details of the ancient customs and glories of the past than with the existing fabric. Strange to say, he does not even seem to be aware of the great antiquity of the so-called chapel of the Pyx. Here is one architectural judgment in which we are glad to be able to sympathize with our present author. Speaking of the exterior of Westminster Abbey, he says:—

It has frequently been proposed to remove St. Margaret's, as obstructing the view of the abbey. As a matter of fact, nothing more enhances the grandeur of the abbey than the neighbourhood of the humble parochial edifice. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that a large mediæval building was intended to stand detached. Were Westminster Abbey arranged as Wells Cathedral, or York, or Lincoln, the chapter house would stand on the site of St. Margaret's; and it would not then be proposed, we presume, to remove an integral part of the building. M. de Montalembert said: "They (the English cathedrals) often strike more at first sight (than the French), precisely owing to this encircling, whose inferior proportions make those of the central monument tell more." M. Viollet-le-Duc was much opposed to the removal of St. Margaret's.

Attention has lately been called in the public journals to Sir Thomas More's Chapel or chantry in Old Chelsea Church. Mr. Wood says that the chancel of this church is of early fifteenth-century date, and that the capitals of the piers in the arch which separates this chancel from More's aisle are "of rich Renaissance work, almost too rich and delicate to be English of that date; and that, as they appear to be insertions, they are not improbably of foreign workmanship." Other suburban churches which are of mediæval date, or retain portions of mediæval work, are Fulham, Putney (the tower), Chiswick (the tower), Barnes (containing fragments of Early Pointed style), Mortlake (the tower and the font), Brentford (the same), Twickenham (the tower), Kingston (wholly of Middle and Third Pointed date), Old St. Pancras (a shell of the twelfth century, but hardly distinguishable under Gough's tasteless "restoration" of it), Hornsey (the tower), Finchley and Hendon (both Third Pointed churches, the latter retaining a Romanesque font), Stepney (built in 1440), Stratford (an ancient structure), and Hackney (the tower).

This volume is very inferior in every way to such a book, for example, as Sperling's *Church Walks in Middlesex*, which was published some years ago. The ground is still open for a guide to the existing remains of mediæval architecture in and near London; and we hope that some competent architectural critic will before long supply the want.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.*

IN one sense this may be termed a posthumous work. A little more than a quarter of a century ago, Sir T. Dick Lauder, on a sick bed from which he never rose, wrote a series of papers in *Tait's Magazine* on the Rivers of Scotland. They have now been published in a connected form, with a good index, a very few illustrations, and a short preface by Dr. John Brown, the well-known author of *Rab and his Friends*. We are quite willing to credit Sir T. Lauder with all the amiable qualities and sterling virtues ascribed to him by personal regard. He was a man of considerable acquirements, warm feelings, and elegant tastes. He came of a good Scotch family, more than one of whom, in former times, had

made himself a great name in the law. He produced in his lifetime several works in which the tone and colouring of Walter Scott were imitated with considerable success. His politics were Liberal without being destructive; and his position, as the owner of Fountainhall, and as Secretary to the Board of Manufactures and Fisheries, brought him in contact with Jeffrey, the Wilsons, Lord Cockburn, Scott himself, and others the most eminent of that generation in their respective lines. He appears to have lived a happy, useful, and honourable life; and he died a death as instructive and edifying as a whole shelf of sermons. *Bonum virum facile diceres*. *Magnum liberum* would scarcely be applied to him even by the most partial of associates and admirers. But he appears to us an excellent type of that valuable class whose influence in their social circle, and in politics to a certain extent, is productive of nothing but good. Of elevated sentiments and of keen sympathies with the poor and helpless; ready with his pen, dexterous with his angle; an artist, a scholar, and a sportsman, he stands out as one of that patrician band who bridge over, as far as possible, the chasm which separates rich from poor in this country, and helps to keep England midway between the rule of either tyrants or mobs.

The title of the book may lead some persons astray. In simple truth, the author never gets out of the Lowlands at all. He has traced, from their sources to the sea, only three of the Lowland rivers. One is the Jordan, which rises in Craighouse Hill, not far from Edinburgh. The second is the Scottish Tyne, which has its origin in a small lake in Midlothian, in the parish of Borthwick. And the third is the Tweed itself. But this gives the writer an opportunity, of which he makes the most, of saying a great deal about more than twenty of the tributaries of the first of Northern streams. The style and address of the work in one particular strike us as awkward. In writing for a magazine the use of the plural pronoun is not only pardonable, but imperative, according to all literary precedent. But "we" and "our" several times in one passage, and sometimes in two or three consecutive lines, are apt to jar on the taste, especially when the personal identity of the writer stands revealed. In two instances it leads to a ludicrous assumption of royal prerogative, as when the author talks of "our son-in-law, Mr. Mitchell-Innes," and when he describes one of the rivulets that form Sulton Water as entering the grounds "of Johnston burn, belonging to our cousin, Archibald Brown, Esq., Advocate." Still the volume will have its attractions for all those who are never wearied of ancient ballads and border tales of feuds, rapine, and retaliation. It may safely be commended to the notice of idlers and tourists. It overflows with local anecdotes and poetical quotations of all sorts, from *Marmion* and the *Monastery of the Border*, and from ballads some of which might even have escaped the keen eye of Scott; and we are inclined to admit that, in illustrating scenes immortalized by the Northern minstrel, the editor has done well in not excising long passages from *Marmion* and the *Lair*. It is not always safe to presume on the knowledge and recollection of Macaulay's "educated gentleman," who was invariably supposed to "know" a marvellous number of literary masterpieces "by heart." As might be expected, lovers of Scotch traditions will find several twice-told tales in these pages. The story of the rebel of the Forty-five who escaped by rolling himself, hedgehog fashion, down a steep hill where his captors could not follow him; of an ancestor of Scott of Harden who being sentenced to death by a rival, Sir Gideon Murray of Ellibank, for his share in a raid, escaped the gallows by marrying "muckle-mouthed Meg," a daughter of the injured chieftain, who had a homely face but an amiable temper, and who turned out an excellent wife; of the Maid of Neidpath, the subject of one of Scott's most affecting ballads; the legends of the Black Douglas; the whole story of Thomas the Rhymer, his prophecies, and his residence in fairyland for seven years; the threadbare anecdote of Lord Stair and his good manners which pleased such a judge as Louis XIV.; and the account of a humbler personage, David Kyle, who kept the "George" inn at Melrose just twenty years ago, and who was the original of Captain Clutterbuck's landlord in the preface to the *Monastery*—these and several others are instances in point. But the work has many neatly executed notices of the seats of several of our best known Scotch nobility and gentry; some picturesque bits of description; a good deal of matter very suggestive to trout-fishers; and some touches which recall vividly the days when railroads had not smoothed the approach to every lake, valley, and waterfall, and had not put an exorbitant price on deer-forests and moors.

To review this work on any regular plan is simply impossible. We must content ourselves with selecting such topics as are likely to be least known. Scholars have endeavoured to prove that the celebrated passage in the *Agamemnon* where Clytemnestra describes the news of Troy's capture as communicated in one night by the beacon-fires from Mount Ida to the house of the Atridae, may be strictly and literally true. Sir T. Lauder has shown conclusively that notice of a Saxon incursion from Northumberland could have been easily given by fires kindled on the top of a series of Peel towers, ending at Oliver Castle far up the Tweed Valley, and beginning with the mouth of that river. In popular language, the alarm was given from "Berwick to the Bield." Some readers may be familiar with these old fortalices under a modern aspect. They generally had three stories, all of them vaulted. The cattle, for safety, were previously driven into the basement, which had no communication, save occasionally by a trapdoor, with the room above it. To some the access was by a ladder, to others by a spiral staircase connected with a door, easily defended, and placed in the angle of the basement. With a

* *Scottish Rivers*. By the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. With Illustrations by the Author, and a Preface by John Brown, M.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1874.

little ingenuity of adaptation such ancient towers are capable of transformation into comfortable modern dwelling-houses. The larches at Dunkeld are well known to tourists for their height:—

Ubi atra vincere summum
Arboris, haud ulla jactu potuere sagitta.

But they would seem to be rivalled or surpassed by nine trees of the same species, and by an avenue of silver firs at Dalwick, the property of Sir T. Nasmyth of Posso, Peeblesshire. One of the larches, at seven feet from the ground, is fifteen feet in circumference, and no less than nineteen feet just above its roots. The others display girths of lesser proportions. Of the silver firs, one is seventeen feet just above the roots, and tapers at the summit like a fishing-rod. These trees are said to have been planted either in 1725 or in 1735. This seems an instance of longevity in larches which should challenge the inquiries of Mr. W. T. Thoms when he turns his attention from the animal to the vegetable kingdom. In the same spirit the author mentions a gigantic and venerable yew-tree at Ormiston Hall, the seat of the Cockburns, which, according to an account in Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, published in 1834, covers "with impenetrable shade" an area fifty-eight feet in diameter. Above the roots this tree is more than twelve feet in girth. After this it is rather tantalizing to be told that a lease of a piece of ground in the neighbourhood, given by the head of a religious house at Ormiston, and believed to bear the date of 1474, was signed under this very tree. The parchment of the lease is somehow missing, and we have only the personal recollection of the communicant of the information to trust to for the year. We find no difficulty in believing the author's statement that the increment of girth of this yew is one inch in the year. The following list of good pools for angling in the neighbourhood of Coldstream reminds us of the localisms which Scott so cleverly puts into the mouths of Dandie Dinmont, Edie Ochiltree, and others of his best characters:—

Cuddy's Hole, Dyke End, Longship End, Midchannel Stream, Flummary, Kirko End, Driften-aa, Gitters, Bloody Bracks, Under Cairn, the Cauldron Hole, Three Stanes, Pikey, Three Brethren, Nether Stream, the Hole Stream, the Hole, Craw Stanes, Lang Craig, Marks-skelling-Head, Bell Stane, Leggy Bush, White Eddy, Whinbush-skelly, Shaw's Mare, Know Head.

The above, he it observed, belong to the Birgham fishings, but an angler, a philologist, or a collector of local traditions, may, if he pleases, find as attractive metal in the following, which are on the property of the descendants of the Lords Grey of Wark:—

The Snipe, the Brae, the Dub, Anna Edge, Cuddy's Hole, Skeller Rocks, Willow Bush, Island Neb, Black Marsh, Fa'en-down Brae, Hedge End, Red Heigh Stane, Hell's Hole, Mid Hole, Temple, Cauld End, Coble Neb, Coble Hole, and Bulwark.

The following is an incident of "the Forty-five," in regard to which we must say that the name and occupation of the person referred to ought to have been given. Near Harlaw Moor, watered by the Blackadder, "an individual died not long ago who recollected having seen Sir John Cope and his troops flying in a panic across it, from the battle of Prestonpans, and making eager inquiries of all they met as to which was the shortest road to Coldstream." Here is a reminiscence of the great Liberator, whom Sir T. Lauder met at a small party in London. He gave "grand and beautiful, though rapid descriptions of their scenery [Irish lakes and rivers]; enumerated all the different sorts of fish that inhabited their waters; entered scientifically into the composition of the various flies which were necessary to render the angler successful," "enlivened the whole with episcodical anecdotes of particular days of angling," and all this with as much earnestness and enthusiasm as if, on platform or hustings, he were denouncing the Saxon. With a slight change the above might, we take it, be equally applicable to a living English agitator. A curious *menu* taken from the old household books of the owners of Tynninghame House may compare with City or Conservative feasts in our own time. The family were celebrating the christening of the young heir, who afterwards became Thomas Earl of Haddington. There were the usual *pièces de résistance* of mutton and beef. Of venison there were three legs; chickens and fowls dressed in various ways, seventy-five; four salmon; twenty-two wild fowl, the same number of hares, and more than two hundred pigeons. But, curiously enough, though the festivities took place on the 21st of August, neither grouse nor black game appear to have graced the board. It is questionable whether the omission was supplied, to the satisfaction of the guests, by "twelve tongues and udders." While on this subject we might raise the question of the date when the line quoted from *Marmion* ceased to be literally correct. It makes the "snowy ptarmigan" rise before the *cortège* of the knight on the heights of Lammermoor. Now, for some generations of sportsmen this bird has not been seen or shot south of the Clyde or Forth. The following reminiscences of Bishop Burnet may supplement the full-length picture which Macaulay has given of that loquacious but intrepid divine. Burnet was presented by the Crown to the ministry of Salton in 1665, is said to have been indefatigable in his parochial duties, to have preached twice every Sunday, and to have given besides one sermon during the week. From Salton he went to the chair of Theology at Glasgow, but, remembering his old parish in his will, bequeathed to it 26,000 marks, equal to 2,000*l.*, in trust for the education and clothing of thirty children, for a new school-house, a library, an increase to the schoolmaster's salary, and for the relief of the poor. An old tree still goes there by the name of Bishop Burnet's tree. From the divine to the

writer who has painted him graphically in attendance on William III. during the passage to Torbay is but one step. Writing in 1848 Sir T. Lauder might well reproach Edinburgh, in severe but by no means undeserved tones, for its preference of Mr. Cowan at the election over the accomplished speaker and essayist. The reproduction of this incident, which is not creditable to the enlightenment of Modern Athens, though atoned for subsequently, may console some of those unfortunate Liberals who have now neither seat to occupy, plan to follow, nor leader to obey. And general readers during an autumnal tour may find much in this book which will give pleasure to the living, and not a reflection or an anecdote which casts a slur on the memory of the dead. This, in a work which deals largely with persons and places scattered over an extensive area, is no slight praise.

CLARKE ON EXTRADITION.*

WHEN the news of the escape of ex-Marshal Bazaine reached England, it was natural enough to suppose that the hero of the adventure would before long be amongst us, and the supposition led to an inquiry whether in such a case we should be expected to hand him over to the French Government if called upon to do so. The question caused a little ripple in the stagnant waters of vacation journalism, which did not subside without giving evidence of the limited character of the knowledge of some persons who are presumed to be exceptionally learned in the law, and of the need of such information as is contained in the work before us. Mr. Clarke, who has been engaged as counsel in some recent cases on extradition, has printed the treaties on the subject in a convenient shape, and has prefixed to them a couple of hundred pages in which he traces the history of this department of international law, and discusses the principles by which it ought to be governed.

Whether, apart from treaty, a State is bound by international law to surrender criminals who have escaped from another jurisdiction, has always been a vexed question. Grotius is no doubt tolerably explicit in favour of the existence of the duty, but very respectable names may be cited on the other side. Even granting the existence of the obligation, there is much doubt as to its extent and the details of its operation. M. Bluntschli, in his attempt to codify the law of nations as generally accepted, has expressed the rule upon the subject as follows:—

The duty of the extradition of fugitive criminals, or of handing over to the Courts persons accused of a crime, exists only by virtue of special treaties of extradition, or where it is demanded by the general safety. The duty in the latter alternative should attach only in the case of serious offences, and then only when the penal law of the State which demands extradition offers adequate guarantees of impartiality and civilization.

Little fault would generally be found with this statement except on the score of vagueness.

The chapter which Mr. Clarke devotes to these preliminary questions is perhaps the least satisfactory in the book, although he has looked into and given quotations from the principal authorities. He has successfully hunted down a wrong reference to Puffendorf, which had been copied by one writer after another with "persistent carelessness"; but the long note in which he traces the history of the mistake ends by asserting that the true reference is given in his text. In point of fact, however, the unfortunate reference will be found in a note, and this note happens to be rendered almost unintelligible by the misplacement of inverted commas. It is hardly fair of Mr. Clarke to put forward the opinion which Story expresses with reference to the duties of the States of the Union to one another as being equally applicable to the mutual duties of wholly independent nations, since the contrary doctrine was deliberately laid down by that great jurist in the well-known case of *The United States v. Davis*. Nor does our author support his theory of what the rule of international law on the subject really is by citing the opinions of Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and Sir G. C. Lewis as to what it ought to be. It is perhaps sufficient for the purposes of the statesman and the lawyer to know that, whatever views may once have been entertained upon the subject, a duty, at any rate of the kind described in the jargon of international jurists as one of "imperfect obligation," is now generally recognized for the extradition of criminals. Extradition has indeed become indispensable to counterbalance the increased facilities for escape now afforded by steam and the relaxation of the passport system. It is occasionally granted by some countries in the absence of any contract obligation, as was done, for instance, by Spain in the case of Bidwell, the wholesale forger of Bank of England notes; but, as a general rule, the extent of the duty and the conditions of its fulfilment are wholly determined by treaty.

The most practically important treaties into which England has entered are those with the United States and with France. An extradition treaty was made between Great Britain and the United States in 1794 for twelve years, at the end of which period it was allowed to expire; and, although Chancellor Kent afterwards laid down, in the case of Daniel Washburn, that, irrespectively of all treaties, it was the duty of a State to surrender fugitive criminals, and of a magistrate, upon due proof of the commission of a crime, to commit the fugitive, so as to afford time to the Government to deliver him up, the contrary view became firmly settled. To remedy

* *A Treatise upon the Law of Extradition; with the Conventions upon the Subject existing between England and Foreign Nations, and the Cases Decided thereon.* By Edward Clarke, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and late Taucted Student. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1874.

the inconvenience of this state of things, provisions were inserted in the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, by which the rights and duties of England and America continue to be regulated to the present day. Either of the contracting parties is to deliver up to the other all persons charged with murder, assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged paper. The operation of this and all other extradition treaties of the United States is regulated by an Act of 1848, entitled "An Act for giving effect to certain treaty stipulations between this and foreign Governments for the apprehension and delivering up of certain offenders." The provisions of the Ashburton Treaty have fairly answered their purpose, but as much can hardly be said of our extradition treaty with France, which dates from 1843, and comprises murder (comprehending the crimes designated in the French penal code as assassination, parricide, infanticide, and poisoning), attempts to commit murder, forgery, and fraudulent bankruptcy. The Act by which the convention was confirmed provides that committal by a magistrate is to take place upon such evidence as would justify the committal of the person accused if the crime of which he was accused had been committed within British dominions. And this provision has thrown considerable difficulties in the way of the French Government, for Mr. Clarke tells us that between 1843 and 1852 France claimed fourteen fugitives, but only in one case succeeded in obtaining extradition. A convention was consequently concluded in the latter year by which the commitment with a view to extradition of French criminals would have been very much facilitated. On production of an *arrêt de condamnation* or of a *mandat d'arrêt* the Secretary of State might issue his warrant to a magistrate, who thereupon was to arrest the accused, and, on being satisfied of his identity, to make an order for his extradition. The convention also largely added to the list of offences to which the treaty of 1843 is applicable, but it failed to obtain Parliamentary confirmation. The House of Lords refused to abolish the rule which requires *prima facie* evidence of guilt to be produced before the magistrate. The Treaty of 1843 continued to be found as unworkable as before, and the French Government, having only succeeded once in twenty-two years in obtaining extradition, gave notice in 1865 to terminate the convention, but subsequently waived the notice, and has since obtained several surrenders.

The labours of a Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1868 led to the passing in 1870 of a comprehensive statute consolidating and amending the previous enactments upon the subject. The most important change made by the Act is that it abolishes the necessity for confirmation by Act of Parliament of future treaties of extradition, a necessity which had prevented the conclusion of several treaties. The formalities previous to arrest, which often gave the criminal timely warning to escape to another jurisdiction, are done away with; but, in compensation, a delay of fifteen days is granted between committal and surrender to the foreign Power, in order to allow of the validity of the proceedings being tested under a writ of *habeas corpus*. Express provision is made for the non-surrender of political prisoners, or of a prisoner who can show "that the requisition for his surrender has in fact been made with a view to try or punish him for an offence of a political character." Under the Act of 1870 treaties have been made with Austria, Brazil, Belgium, Denmark, the German Empire, Italy, and Sweden, and it would be a wholly satisfactory piece of legislation had it not been disfigured by the so-called "Amending Act" of 1873, which is justly liable to the strictures passed upon it by Mr. Clarke.

The cases discussed by the Courts under treaties of extradition, even where they have ostensibly turned on points of procedure, have often involved questions of a peculiarly interesting and delicate nature. Perhaps the most interesting case of all was that of the slave Anderson, who, having killed one Diggs who endeavoured to prevent his escape, took refuge in Canada, but was claimed by the United States Government as a murderer. Anderson was committed by a magistrate, but a *habeas corpus* was sued out, and it was argued before the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench that the committal was illegal. The magistrate was bound, under the Canadian statute, to have satisfied himself of there being evidence "sufficient to sustain the charge according to the laws of the province," and according to the laws of the province the killing of Diggs would be no murder. The Court, however, held that the words "according to the laws of the province" referred only to the amount of proof, and not to the definition of the offence. Anderson might therefore have been hanged, had not a *habeas corpus* been applied for in the English Court of Queen's Bench, where a curious question was raised which had to be set at rest by Act of Parliament, and at the same time in the Canadian Court of Common Pleas, which on very technical grounds managed to release the prisoner.

Although a general similarity runs through treaties of extradition, there are several points upon which there is an apparently irreconcilable difference of opinion and practice between different nations. Thus it is settled law in France that the Courts may try a surrendered criminal for an offence other than that for which he is surrendered, although the Executive may perhaps interfere to prevent the sentence for such an offence from being carried out. The English Act of 1870, on the other hand, restricts extradition to cases where the foreign Government arranges that the fugitive shall not be tried for any offence committed prior to his surrender other than the extradition crime, until he has been restored, or has had an opportunity of returning, to Her Majesty's dominions. The surrender of their own subjects is, again, accorded by the

Governments of the United States and of England, but refused by those of the Continent. Whether a fugitive should be surrendered to any country but his own is another point upon which different views are entertained. It was raised, but not decided, in the case of the Belgian, Marguerite Dixelanc, who was surrendered at Paris to the English police on account of a murder committed in London. The exemption of political offenders from liability to be surrendered is now generally established, and it seems hardly credible that one Napper Tandy was, so lately as 1792, given up by the Senate of Hamburg to the English Government on a charge of treason, or that the treaty of 1828 between France and Switzerland comprises "*les crimes contre la sûreté de l'Etat*."

It has been suggested that, instead of delivering over criminals to the State where their crime was committed, the State where they have sought an asylum should itself bring them to justice. Mr. Clarke points out that the proposed substitute for extradition would be wholly inadequate. The State which now reclaims the criminal would have no security that he would be punished. The proofs of crime at a distance from the scene of its commission would be difficult and expensive; an innocent person might find it impossible to establish his defence; and the domestic tribunal would have to administer foreign law. Mr. Clarke's accurate and sensible book is the best authority to which the English reader can turn upon the subject of extradition.

AINSWORTH'S MERRY ENGLAND.*

A STORY is told of a clergyman who in his old age always chose the same text and preached the same sermon. When his congregation, impatient at last at the sameness—for even church congregations can grow impatient—let him know that they wished, like the men of Athens, to hear some new thing, on each following Sunday he gave out a new text indeed, but followed it up with the old sermon. Now Mr. Harrison Ainsworth seems to us to do much the same thing. The texts that he takes are, if we may say so, the risings and rebellions in English history, but the tale that he tells is always the same. It may be supposed that there must of necessity be some difference between the story before us, which tells of Wat Tyler's insurrection, and his previous novel, the scene of which was laid in the rising of '45. It would be hard nevertheless to say where any difference lies except in the names. One of Mr. Ainsworth's scenes which is laid in Lancashire in the eighteenth century differs from another of Mr. Ainsworth's scenes which is laid in Kent in the fourteenth century about as much as a Bath-bun on the refreshment counter at Preston differs from a Bath-bun on the refreshment counter at Dover. In fact, in whatever age or in whatever part of the country he lays the scene, he still keeps us in what Johnson calls the slaughter-house—giving us, to use his further expression, more blood than brains. We learnt indeed in the Tichborne trial that the butcher's trade admits of a great deal of variety, so that, by the way a man cuts up a carcass, it can be at once seen in what school of butchery he was trained. While the Australian butcher hacked his joints, Arthur Orton showed all the graceful dexterity that can be acquired at Smithfield alone. In what school of writers Mr. Ainsworth learnt his trade we have no means of knowing. He is ever hacking to pieces heroes and heroines, good men and miscreants, but his jointing is all done in one style, and that a very vulgar one. He has indeed a kind of antiquated mode of writing which in all his so-called historical novels he puts on whenever he happens to remember it. But a few phrases in this fashion scattered through the work about as much suggest to our mind a mediæval scene as a few trumpery bits of Brummagem brass scattered about a drawing-room remind us of Damascus or Cairo, from which they are said to have been brought. "Your proposition likes us well" sounds well enough in King Richard's mouth. "Sdeath," too, does not come amiss, for in his oath surely our author need not fear the reproach of anachronism. But then when Mr. Ainsworth, by such words as these, has set us, if not in any one age, at all events out of our own, he cruelly breaks the illusion by bringing in "exalted personages," "villainous characters," and "stalwart individuals." The heroine gets "positively enraptured," while Wat "checked the ebullition" that followed on "his inflammatory speeches." At times, indeed, Mr. Ainsworth seems so well to assume an air of antiquity that he forgets to drop it where it might be properly laid aside. A tavern on Hampstead Heath, for instance, is not in the present day generally described as a "much frequented hostel," even though it "has acquired the designation of Jack Straw's Castle." We would suggest for the consideration of the Civil Service Commissioners whether they might not find here a useful hint for their examinations. How admirably might a student's familiarity with English literature be tested by some such question as the following:—"If in writing a tale you call a public-house an hostel, how would you describe a pot of porter?" Indeed it would not be amiss if all our historical novelists could be put through a course of paraphrasing, and were not allowed to write till they had shown that they knew at least a score or two of phrases suited to each century. But this speculation, though interesting, leads us too far from Mr. Ainsworth's story.

The heroine of *Merry England* should be, we suppose, Wat Tyler's daughter, or rather his supposed daughter, as she presently

* *Merry England; or, Nobles and Serfs*. By William Harrison Ainsworth, Author of "The Tower of London," "Roscobel," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

turns out to be. With her King Richard falls madly in love a day or two after his taxgatherer had got knocked on the head for insulting her. As history here was too strong even for Mr. Ainsworth, there was nothing left for her, as she could not become Richard's wife, but an early grave. Mr. Ainsworth, however, knows too well that somebody must be married in the last chapter of a novel, or else the reader will not think that he has had full value for his money. So he keeps in readiness a brewer's son, Conrad Basset by name, and Sir Lionel de Courcy's beautiful daughter Catherine. Conrad some short while before the story opens "had attracted the fair Catherine de Courcy's attention." He had been surprised in his first secret interview with her by her father, who "after applying to him every scornful epithet that fury could suggest," then cried out, "I will punish thee as I would a disobedient son." Thereupon "he took a staff from one of his valets, and struck the young man several hard blows with it, calling out—'This will teach thee, thou low-born knave, to aspire to the daughter of a noble.'" Just at this time Wat Tyler and his host came to attack Canterbury, where lived the knight and the brewer. Conrad joins the insurgents, and is on the morrow to head an attack on Sir Lionel's house. That night Catherine seeks an interview with her lover, and entreats him to spare her father:—

"As well might you seek to wrest his prey from the tiger, as ask me to part with mine," cried Conrad.

"Then farewell for ever," she said. "You will rue your conduct when you see me stretched lifeless at your feet."

A brief pause ensued, during which it was evident that a great struggle was going on in Conrad's breast.

In the hope of a change in his determination Catherine stayed.

"You have conquered," he said at length.

He allowed the knight and his daughter to escape in the night. Next morning "the insurgents were greatly disappointed, for they meant to behold the knight." The reader also might have been equally disappointed, only happily there were still a few heads left to come off. Here then we already have in this pair of lovers interest enough for one historical novel, even if there were not also in it a King of England burning to marry a blacksmith's daughter. It surely requires, one would think, all Mr. Ainsworth's skill to marry together a "low-born knave," the captain of one of Wat Tyler's companies, and the daughter of the noble house of De Courcy. He is not satisfied, however, with the difficulties he has raised before him, but introduces a rival to the fair Catherine in "a young woman of gigantic size, and strongly proportioned." She demands permission to accompany the insurgents. "Though the two rebel leaders had resolved to allow no woman to accompany the host, they were so much struck by this Amazon's appearance that they felt inclined to make an exception in her favour." She at once gives proof of her prowess by stretching a sturdy fellow on the ground with her quarter-staff, and is straightway enrolled. It was well for Conrad that she had joined, for when in the siege of Eltham Palace he "was made a mark by the archers on the barbacan, he escaped without injury owing to the vigilance of a gigantic woman who stood by his side. With a large triangular shield she ward off many a shaft and bolt aimed at Conrad." Moreover, it was by following her advice that the palace was at last stormed. The leaders were disheartened, when she, "in a tone that scarcely admitted of dispute," directed them how to take the barbacan. They wanted a battering-ram, she said, and she had noticed a huge beam:—

"'Twill take a dozen men to lift it, but I will help them, if need be."

"Ha! I see!" cried Conrad, joyfully; "with this beam thou wouldst burst open the postern?"

"That is my plan," said Frideswide. "When the postern is burst open, as it will be of a surety by this simple battering-ram, who is to prevent thee from entering the barbacan? Not Sir John Philpot!"

"No, by St. Anselm, not twenty Philpots!" cried Conrad. "Thou hast devised an excellent plan. The barbacan once gained, the palace will be ours."

"Ay, marry will it," said the Outlaw.

The beam was brought up by some twenty stout yeomen. "One blow of this tremendous engine was sufficient." How, by the way, a beam becomes an engine, we are not told. Though the barbacan was taken, yet the main part of the palace held out, though "battering-rams, each worked by a score of stalwart individuals, were employed." Treachery at last opened those gates which the strength of stalwart individuals, aided though they were by nefarious characters, could not break through. It was no wonder that by this period of the story "Wat Tyler had assumed a haughty, even arrogant, mien very different from his former deportment." To mine host of the hostel at Dartford he exclaims:—"I have now seventy thousand brave followers on Dartford Brent—seventy thousand! What dost thou think of that? Ha!" A vision, however, came to trouble him which had appeared to a holy hermit. "A chill, as of the grave, fell upon Wat, and seemed to benumb his faculties." Frideswide happily was close at hand, and exclaims:—"Thou hast an army with which thou canst exterminate all the nobles of the land, and raise thee up a sovereignty, an' thou choosest. Wilt thou abandon it at the word of a drivelling friar?" Wat hereupon calls his old friend the hermit "a false priest." As Frideswide had just before called him "a visionary friar," there is nothing left for the good man to do but to tell Wat that he is a proud man and must meet his doom, and then to retire. Frideswide next got her rival Catherine into a subterranean passage, and, "shutting the trapdoor, stifled the cries of her victim." She is found by Conrad, who had been assailed by the worst apprehensions, standing with her foot on the trapdoor and looking perfectly calm. He calls her a remorseless

woman and a murderess. She replies that she can justify herself before Wat Tyler, and so drags him from the chamber. The next day King Richard in his barge had an interview with Wat, Conrad, and Frideswide as they stood on the banks of the Thames. Sir Simon Burley, who was in the boat with the King, suddenly cried out to his men, "Ho, there, archers! make you rebel your mark!" At this moment Frideswide, "divining their purpose, and dashing forward with lightning swiftness, came up just in time to spread her broad shield before Wat Tyler. The rebel chief was unhurt, but a fatal shaft pierced the Amazon's breast." She had just time to tell Conrad that Catherine still lives "in the subterranean passage beneath the tower," when she dies. Conrad rescues the "distracted damsel," and then persuades his followers to go over to the King's side. "Just at the very nick of time he appeared" on Tower Hill. Jack Straw had taken Richard prisoner when Conrad, twice calling his late comrade a villain and a traitor, and announcing himself as "the avenger," engages in "a brief but terrible combat" with him. Though the King and hundreds of other spectators regarded it with fearful interest, they did not happily attempt to meddle in it, and so to spoil its melodramatic effect. "It resulted in the death of the Outlaw, whose throat being pierced by Conrad's sword fell backwards from his steed, exclaiming with his latest breath, 'Curses on thee, traitor! Thou hast robbed me of the Crown.'" What became of the rest of the body of the Outlaw when his throat fell backwards we are nowhere told. No one probably had time to attend to it, for "Richard drew his sword, and in the presence of all his nobles dubbed his deliverer knight." A few weeks later "the marriage of Conrad Basset and the lovely Catherine de Courcy took place at Canterbury Cathedral." No doubt the Archbishop would have performed the service himself, had it not unfortunately happened that "a stalwart individual," who is also described as "the ruffianly headsman" and "the surly cut-throat," had at an earlier period, "at the seventh stroke, severed the good man's head from the body."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE reputation which M. Louis Fignier's *Année scientifique* obtained almost as soon as the first volume was published had the effect of calling forth a legion of works written on the same plan, more or less illustrated, more or less accurate, and sometimes, unfortunately, stamped with a political animosity which should not have been allowed to find its way into books professing to treat of natural history, astronomy, and chemistry. Every newspaper of any importance on the other side of the Channel has a weekly *feuilleton* devoted to science; these *feuilletons*, tacked together and arranged under distinct headings, easily make up a duodecimo at the end of the year; and thus the non-scientific part of the community is enabled to form some notion of the principal inventions and discoveries which have taken place within the previous twelve months. M. de Parville's *Causeries**, now before us, are a very fair specimen of a branch of literature which is evidently on the increase; they have already run through a successful career of thirteen years, and deserve, on the whole, the encouragement given to the author. The book is well written, and neatly illustrated with fifty woodcuts.

M. Jules Girard aspires †, like M. de Parville, to the honour of being a popular lecturer on science, and he takes the microscope as his special province. His intention is to examine in succession the three kingdoms of nature as they are represented in the water, and the first part of his volume treats of the animal creation. He gives a number of curious details as to the development of *infusoria*, and his description of the sponge leads him by a natural transition to the phenomena of vegetable life. The third section of the work is taken up by microscopic mineralogy, including some particulars as to the formation and metamorphoses of crystals.

Geology and the practical determination of rocks form the subject of another handbook for which M. Edouard Jannetaz is responsible. ‡ His work is one of the most complete we have seen on the subject, considering its elementary character. It is copiously illustrated like the two works previously noticed.

M. Guillemin's treatise on Light and Colours § is the third instalment of a popular collection of scientific books. The great difficulty in the preparation of such works is to be complete whilst strictly avoiding mathematical formulæ; but M. Guillemin has managed to solve this delicate problem with considerable success, and his useful volumes commend themselves equally to persons who have had no previous scientific education and to those who wish to review briefly their old and sometimes half-forgotten studies.

The volume just published by M. Ernest Vinet || is not limited, as the title might lead us to suppose, to topics connected with art and archaeology; literature supplies its quota to the essays here collected, and three biographical sketches of Thorvaldsen, Halsvyy, and the Duke de Luynes throw a little variety into a book which otherwise might have appeared somewhat too technical in its

* *Causeries scientifiques*. Par Henri de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.

† *Le monde microscopique des Eaux*. Par Jules Girard. Paris: Rothschild.

‡ *Détermination pratique des Roches*. Par Edouard Jannetaz. Paris: Rothschild.

§ *La Lumière et les Couleurs*. Par Amédée Guillemin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *L'Art et l'Archéologie*. Par M. Ernest Vinet. Paris: Didot.

character. M. Vinot has made a special study of the fine arts, and his official position enables him to speak with authority on the subject. His disquisitions are remarkable not only for impartiality and sound criticism, but also for elegance and brilliancy of style; the description of the late M. Flandrin's frescoes at the Church of St. Germain des Près in Paris will amply repay the time which the reader may bestow upon it.

As we are speaking of artistic matters, we may mention the splendid portfolio of drawings which M. Frœhner has presented to the public*; it comprises forty photographs and engravings, accompanied by an elaborate commentary, and reproducing bronzes, terra-cottas, jewels, sepulchral monuments, and other interesting specimens of classical antiquity. It would be difficult perhaps to select for particular notice any one of these artistic remains, as each of them has some distinctive merit of its own which recommends it to the attention of antiquaries; but we can hardly be wrong in supposing that the magnificent bronze busts of Augustus and Livia examined in the first notice will obtain the preference. They were purchased at M. Frœhner's suggestion in 1868 for the Museum of the Louvre, at a cost of thirty thousand francs, and had nearly found their way to our own collection; but, as we are told, the authorities of the British Museum, hearing that the Emperor Napoleon was anxious to buy them, declined to outbid him, prompted by a spirit of courtesy which M. Frœhner acknowledges. The busts in question are admirable works of art; but they have also an interest for the epigraphist, the historian, and the student of Roman mythology which our author explains and justifies. Thus it is well known that when Livia had recovered from a serious illness, Tiberius caused a magnificent bronze commemorative medal to be struck, representing on one side a female head, with the inscription "Salus Augusta." Some scholars regarded this figure as a portrait of Livia, but the matter was considered doubtful, and many antiquaries looked upon it merely as a fancy embodiment of the Goddess of Health. The bust of which we are now speaking, and which is undoubtedly meant for Livia, tallies exactly with the head on the medal struck by the order of Tiberius, and thus a curious problem is settled at once. M. Frœhner does not tell us whether the splendid folio for which we are indebted to him is a promise of further good things to come; we sincerely hope that it is, and we believe that a publication of this kind extended to ten or twelve parts, so as to give choice specimens of ancient art in all its branches, would meet with due encouragement from the public.

M. Jules Janin was an admirable *feuilletoniste*: his brilliant style never appeared to better advantage than in the columns of a newspaper, and the reader remained spellbound when the article was finished and the tale told. But the very qualities which gave to the critic of the *Journal des Débats* a place apart from his conditors would be serious faults in a work of any considerable extent. A plate of trifle may be good, but a course of trifle would be loathsome; a display of fireworks is pleasant when it does not last beyond a few minutes, but, continued for a whole hour, it dazzles and annoys. This is exactly the case with M. Jules Janin. No reading can be pleasanter than his newspaper articles; his volumes, on the other hand, are intolerable, and we do not except from this condemnation the book on Paris and Versailles, which may almost be considered as his posthumous legacy to literature. Under this title he has collected a number of anecdotes arranged without any method, and bringing into close connexion characters of the most opposite kinds. Mlle. Duthe's boudoir offers an odd contrast to the University of Paris, and St. Sulpice is not precisely an appropriate companion picture for the Café Procope. M. Jules Janin had another fault which is far more serious than mannerism in expression and superabundance of metaphors; his erudition was often of the queerest description, and, as he was fond of quoting Latin, he not unfrequently blundered in the most amusing manner. To conclude, *Paris et Versailles il y a cent ans* will give a very fair idea of the author, and it will be safer to judge of him from his last book than from the once famous *Àne mort* which was the foundation-stone of his literary reputation.

The Life of M. Olier † by M. Faillon is an excellent work, and we are glad to see a fourth edition of it. When, after the religious wars of the sixteenth century, attempts were made within the bosom of the Gallican Church to bring about reforms long deemed necessary by the Catholics themselves, M. Olier was one of the first to take a part in the movement; he did his best to improve the French clergy; and he founded the ecclesiastical school of St. Sulpice, from the midst of which so many distinguished theologians have come forth at various times. M. Olier was the contemporary of St. Cyran and St. Vincent de Paul; like these eminent men, he saw clearly the spiritual requirements of French society, and endeavoured to supply them. As he corresponded with Cardinal de Richelieu, Anno of Austria, Charles II., and a number of distinguished personages, his history is intimately connected with that of the seventeenth century, which it illustrates at almost every step.

The biography of General Lee § which is now before us is a valuable contribution to the history of the Civil War in the

United States. The author, who is a nephew of the great Confederate General, begins by remarking that the real cause of the rupture was the difference existing between the constitutions of the antagonistic States; a split had, he says, become unavoidable, long before the slavery question assumed its eventual prominence. If we may believe M. Lee Childe, the Confederates looked upon the emancipation of the negroes as a phase of progress which would be the work of time, and, if they took up arms in order to maintain slavery, it was only, he contends, because they did not choose to submit to what they regarded as unconstitutional dictation on the part of the Federal Government. The author first gives the biography of General Lee, and defends the prominent position he assumed during the war; we have next an account of the military operations which ended in the capitulation of April 9, 1865. The volume is well written, and the illustrations (portrait and maps) added by the publisher deserve also a word of praise.

M. Menier* does not bow before the proverb *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. He leaves his chocolate in order to discuss points connected with finance, and writes a formidable octavo on the subject of taxation. From his preface we gather that M. Menier is regarded in France as a dangerous character; he has been refused permission to publish a newspaper, and the Government would, if it could, prevent the sale of his new volume. M. Menier considers that the present system of taxation is both absurd in itself and destructive of the national prosperity; he goes on to examine the various theories propounded by economists and legislators, and he finishes by suggesting that capital should be progressively taxed, to the exclusion of everything else. According to this very fearless reformer, the scheme of confiscation which he advocates would have the twofold advantage of simplifying the financial administration of the country, and of being far more productive than the taxes now raised. Whatever may be thought of M. Menier's theories, the historical part of his volume is curious.

Recent events give unusual interest to M. Billot's learned and exhaustive treatise on extradition.† He opens with a few general considerations as to the right of a State to claim the surrender of criminals who have taken refuge abroad, and then goes into a variety of historical details showing the relations maintained by France with foreign Powers from the beginning of the last century down to the present time, so far as extradition is concerned. What are the persons who fall under the application of the law? What are the crimes against which it can be enforced? How is the procedure conducted, and what are its effects? These topics engage in succession M. Billot's attention, and the work concludes with a copious selection of diplomatic documents which illustrate his arguments.

M. Véron has just published the second volume of his History of Germany.‡ The first ended with the campaign of Sadowa; the present one describes the late war, and concludes with a review of the difficulties by which Prussia is surrounded. M. Véron is of opinion that the military system which now presses upon Germany cannot last for any length of time, and that if France would only accept democratic institutions frankly and resolutely, Prince Bismarck's system of foreign policy must collapse at once. Prussia's aim, he tells us, is to destroy France, and, in order to do so, the clever statesman who rules in the name of the Emperor Frederick William is endeavouring to create fresh difficulties for Marshal MacMahon's Government. The civil war now raging in Spain is an event which may lead to an intervention, rendered more necessary by the attitude of Denmark and the rapprochement between Russia and Austria. Prince Bismarck, according to our author, evidently begins to find that his position is fraught with serious dangers, and that the working of a federation of monarchs is not so very easy after all. On the first signal the discordant elements of which the German Empire is made up will fall asunder—such is the prediction of this very sanguine and patriotic writer—and France will regain her former place in the affairs of Europe.

Colonel Denfert-Rochereau's pamphlet §, although barely extending to twenty pages, treats of a very important subject—namely, the political rights of military men, and especially their eligibility as members of the National Assembly. A M. Philippoteaux, who represents the department of Ardennes, having lately brought in a Bill for the purpose of depriving officers on active service of the privilege of standing as candidates for the Assembly, Colonel Denfert argues in the first place that political education is quite as necessary to military men as a special professional training. He then shows by many instances that, whenever the army has been led to interfere in domestic political struggles, it has been under the command of generals systematically ignorant of Parliamentary life. Finally, he remarks how the two epochs in the nineteenth century which have been conspicuously characterized by "militarism" have ended in the most terrible disasters experienced by France for four hundred years. Hence the necessity of extending to military men the right of sharing in the political life of the nation.

M. de Pontmartin has often claimed our attention before, and he now comes forward with a fresh series of literary portraits, most of which have been contributed to the *Correspondant*.|| The seventeenth century is here represented by Mlle. de

* *Les Musées de France, recueil de monuments antiques.* Par M. Frœhner. Paris: Rothschild.

† *Paris et Versailles il y a cent ans.* Par Jules Janin. Paris: Didot.

‡ *Vie de M. Olier.* Par M. Faillon, prêtre de Saint Sulpice. Paris: Poussielgue.

§ *Le général Lee; sa vie et ses campagnes.* Par Edouard Lee Childe. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Théorie et application de l'impôt sur le capital.* Par Menier. Paris: Guillaumin.

† *Traité de l'extradition.* Par A. Billot. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Histoire de l'Allemagne depuis la bataille de Sadowa.* Par E. Véron. 8°. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *Des Droits politiques des militaires.* Par le colonel Denfert-Rochereau. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

|| *Nouveaux Samedis. 10^e série.* Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

Scudéry, and, as it has become the fashion to appeal against the sentences of condemnation passed upon offenders of every kind, our entertaining critic takes up his pen in defence of the illustre Sappho, as she was called in the vocabulary of the *Précieuses*. Either our taste is extremely vitiated, or Boileau was unnecessarily severe when he fulminated the severe decrees which make up his *Art poétique*. M. de Pontmartin is not the first of contemporary journalists who have made themselves the champions of Mlle. de Scudéry; M. Cousin devoted two large volumes to that lady, and M. Sainte-Beuve gave her a distinguished place in his earliest *causeries*. Under such powerful patronage she has every chance of regaining her lost rank in public opinion; and we really believe that she deserves to be better known than she is at present. With the exception of Sappho, all the characters described by M. de Pontmartin are persons of our own day. M. Renan, M. Mérimée, M. Pierre Lebrun, M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many others are either still to be found on great occasions in the large reception-room of the Palais Mazarin or have only recently been struck off from the lists of literature and science by the hand of death. Politics occupy a considerable place in this volume, and the author never loses an opportunity of denouncing the *citoyens* who, grouped around M. Gambetta, form the Extreme Left of the Legislative Assembly.

The new volume of M. Théophile Gautier's works just published* is intended as a sequel to the *Histoire du romantisme* noticed by us some time ago. It comprises a series of portraits originally written for sundry periodicals, all of which are intimately connected with the origin and growth of the Romantic movement. Most of these articles, taken from the *Figaro* newspaper, scarcely reach the proportions even of an ordinary *feuilleton*, and we cannot say that they deserved to be rescued from the obscurity into which they had disappeared. Thus, instead of a critical estimate of Mlle. Georgea, Mme. Damoreau, and Mlle. Falcon, each of these celebrated actresses suggests nothing to M. Gautier but a few lines of insignificant compliment which would leave the uninitiated entirely in the dark as to the nature of her talent. We wish to know how the first-named of these ladies played the part of Lucrèce Borgin in M. Victor Hugo's tragedy, and we are merely told that she had the profile of *une Iris des bas-reliefs égyptiques*. What do we care whether the delightful artist who created the part of Angèle in *Le Domino noir* had or had not pretty hands? We should like to hear some criticism on her style of singing, and that is precisely what M. Théophile Gautier does not give us. The articles he has devoted to literary characters are much better, and we notice in particular a very interesting sketch of Mme. Sophie Gay, the mother of Mme. Émile de Girardin.

The last two volumes of Mme. de Blocqueville's delightful work confirm in every respect the impression which the previous ones had produced upon us.† It is gratifying to find thoughts of so elevating a kind in a work sent forth by the Paris press, and if the style is here and there spoiled by a little affectation and obscurity, we overlook this fault for the sake of the ideas to which the author gives expression. It would be impossible to give any sort of analysis of the *Soirées de la ville des Jasmis*; aesthetics, philosophy, natural science, psychology, and history contribute in succession to the pages of the volumes before us, and afford plenty of suggestive materials for the conversation of the select party assembled under the roof of the Duchess Eltha-Lucifera. A critic has remarked somewhere that Mme. de Blocqueville makes her heroine speak like a Christian George Sand, and that Eltha has many of the qualities which would have "spiritualized" Lelia. The observation seems to us just, and readers who remember the early novel of Mme. Dudevant will be prepared to enjoy the brilliant style of the *Soirées*. Few books of equal merit can be found amongst the recent productions of French intellectual activity.

Under the formidable title of *Le legs de Cain* ‡, M. Sacher-Masoch has just published a series of tales to which no one will deny, at all events, the merit of originality. We are at once transported into the midst of a society respecting which we know absolutely nothing, and the *dramatis personæ* move about with a freedom very different from the conventionalisms of Paris or London society. Of course the passions delineated in a book professing to be the legacy of Cain must be of the gloomiest description; but their wildness is at least preferable to the artificial depravity of the heroes whom M. Paul Féval delights in portraying.

The adventures encountered by Baron de Wogan § during his travels are often so extraordinary that we have no hesitation in classing his new volume amongst works of fiction. One merit at any rate he possesses, and for the majority of readers it will overbalance many faults of style; he never wearies us. We certainly should give a preference to the *Pirate malais* over the new book of M. Jacquot ||, which is, notwithstanding the author's extravagant pretensions, nothing but a poor imitation of Théophile Gautier, Méry, and Gérard de Norval.

The September number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* ¶ is an ex-

cellent specimen of a periodical which deserves to be more extensively circulated in England than it is at present. M. Charles Secrétan, the distinguished author of *La philosophie de la Liberté*, contributes an interesting sketch of the state of religious liberty in Europe. M. Rivier publishes a series of documents hitherto unknown which throw considerable light on Count Cobenzl and on German society towards the end of the last century. Two tales represent the share of imagination and fancy in this unpretending publication.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Portraits contemporains*. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Les soirées de la ville des Jasmis*. Par la marquise de Blocqueville. Vols. 3, 4. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Le legs de Cain, contes galiciens*. Par M. Sacher-Masoch. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Le Pirate malais*. Par le baron de Wogan. Paris: Didier.

|| *Voyage au pays des perles*. Par M. Jacquot. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. Livraison de Septembre. Lausanne: Bidel.

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(Signed)

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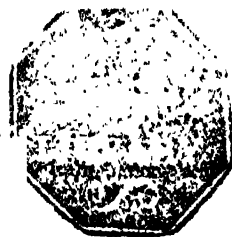
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OF

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COUNT ARNIM'S IMPRISONMENT.

A PRACTICE has lately come into fashion among foreign diplomatists which is in the highest degree reprehensible. This practice is that of publishing, to suit their own private convenience, or, to gratify their own private malignity, documents which have come into their possession as the trusted servants of the State. The officials of the Second Empire may perhaps be credited with the distinction of having first invented or popularized this practice. Many of them had lived as adventurers in an atmosphere of adventure, and they looked on State documents as so many revolvers which, as they were in custody of them, they might as well put in their own private drawers on the chance of wanting to shoot some one some day. M. ROCHER kept a large number of these secret weapons of diplomatic murder in his own house, where they fell into the hands of the Germans. That M. ROCHER ever meant to make a bad use of them is not to be asserted or implied; but it showed an extraordinary laxity of official usages when it was possible that a Minister, after leaving office, should retain documents in his possession which belonged to the State, and of which an unscrupulous man might have made a dishonest use. M. BENEDETTI after the fall of the Empire took upon himself to divulge secrets with which he stated himself to have become acquainted in his diplomatic career, in order that, as he said, he might do himself justice. It so happened that he had nothing more to say than that Prince BISMARCK had befooled him, which was antecedently probable; but he tried to do all the harm he could. More recently the Duke of GRAMONT made his revelations, and published documents which were calculated to place Austria in a position of difficulty and embarrass its relations with Prussia. His revelations showed that Austria was strongly inclined to pledge herself to help France when the war with Germany was threatening; but this was perfectly well known to Prussia, and, as the policy of Austria had subsequently entirely changed, and her great aim was to be on good terms with Germany, Prince BISMARCK was quite content with what he had got, and no notice was taken of what Austria had been thinking of doing some time before. The crowning act of indiscretion, however, was that of General DELLA MARMORA, who, merely to enjoy the malicious fun of starting a quarrel between Germany and Italy, published an account of what had been talked of between him and the representative of Prussia at a period when the policy of Prussia was very undecided. Prince BISMARCK remonstrated in the strongest way with the Italian Government, and in fact called it to account severely for such an act of treachery being unpunished. The Italian Government expressed its deep regret, but stated that under the existing Italian law there was no mode of punishing the offender. It offered, however, to bring in a Bill by which such an offence as that of which General DELLA MARMORA had been guilty should in future be punishable criminally, and, the German Government expressing itself satisfied with this offer, the matter dropped. It was not necessary for the Italian Government to press for a reciprocal enactment, as the law of Prussia already made the abstraction of State documents a criminal offence, and it would probably have seemed to both parties in the highest degree unlikely that any Prussian official would be guilty of such an offence. If this, however, was the conviction of Prince BISMARCK, he has lived to see himself mistaken.

Count ARNIM has passed the best years of his life

in the diplomatic service of Prussia, and has held posts of the highest importance. He represented Prussia at Rome while the arrangements were in progress for the Vatican Council of 1870, and subsequently he was sent to Paris after the German war. The man who was selected to represent his country on two such occasions was necessarily a very distinguished and trusted public servant, and he became of course the confidant of Prince BISMARCK on many occasions, when the PRINCE's policy was not improbably shifting, and perhaps not over-scrupulous. For many years Count ARNIM and his chief were on the best of terms, but at length the PRINCE thought Count ARNIM was committing himself in a wrong direction. It was rumoured that Count ARNIM had been allying himself too warmly with the party which matured the stroke by which M. THIER'S was driven from power. This is only rumour, and the precise reason for Count ARNIM's being recalled was not officially divulged. To have divulged it would have been highly improper and contrary to all precedent. A diplomatist, when he enters the service, knows that he is always liable to be removed from his post if he does not satisfy his official superiors, and he must be content to suffer in silence if his recall has been unwise or unjust. At one time it was supposed that, in order to smooth his fall, Count ARNIM would be sent to the dignified exile of Constantinople; but for some reason or other the notion of Count ARNIM going to represent Germany at the Porte was abandoned, and he was left without employment, and in a state of great irritation against Prince BISMARCK. In an evil hour he took a method of vengeance which reduced him to the level of M. BENEDETTI and General DELLA MARMORA. He published, or allowed to be published, at Vienna copies of despatches which he had written from Rome to Prince BISMARCK. The only thing that these despatches showed was that Count ARNIM had from the outset had a keen and just appreciation of the policy of the Papal Court, and that he might be credited with having seen into the future earlier and more keenly than Prince BISMARCK. But the fact that confidential despatches should be published at all was held in Germany to be so disgraceful that the gossiping enemies of Prince BISMARCK, who, if they hear that the PRINCE takes off his boots before going to bed, are positive that he does so in some Machiavellian way and for some diabolical purpose, started the ingenious theory that Prince BISMARCK had himself published these Roman despatches in order to fix on Count ARNIM the terrible stigma of having betrayed diplomatic confidence. That Count ARNIM actually published these despatches was perhaps impossible for the German Government to prove, for they had been published at Vienna; but if Count ARNIM had resented, as he ought to have done, the notion that he could have been guilty of such treachery, he would have done his utmost to aid the Government in discovering the real offender. He remained silent and passive, and the German Government began to consider what was its position towards him. The first thing to know was, what despatches Count ARNIM had got. Prince HÖHENLOHE, who succeeded him at Paris, was directed to search the archives, and see whether all documents were there that ought to have been there. It was found that a large number were missing. Count ARNIM was called on to state what had become of them. As to some, he said that they were merely private documents as to his income and allowances, and that these did not concern the State at all, and that he had carried them off as part of his own property. As to others, he said that they were not official letters,

but confidential letters on diplomatic matters from Prince BISMARCK, that Prince BISMARCK had chosen to trust him, and had written to him, and that the letters were his letters, and he meant to keep them. As to others, he owned that they were State documents, but he protested that he had not an idea of what had become of them. Of all the missing documents he knew the whole history, except of those the abstraction or retention of which might make him criminally responsible. It was not likely that the German Government would be satisfied with such an answer. What owner of property would have been satisfied with such an answer? To avoid scandal, however, the German Government tried to bring about an amicable arrangement, and to induce Count ARNIM to give up the missing documents. He positively refused, and then the machinery of the criminal law was set in motion, and he was arrested.

This is of course the story of the German Government, as communicated to the world through the semi-official newspapers. But it has been thought very hard on Count ARNIM that, even if this story is true, he should have been arrested. This is an opinion which it is difficult to share. If the story is true, Count ARNIM appears to be by no means a martyr, but, on the contrary, a very culpable and reprehensible person. That any dirty trick is pardonable if it is done not for private gain, but for political objects, is a notion very widely spread, and has long been current in English boroughs at election times, but it is not by any means a healthy or wise way of looking at things. Whether it has been prudent and politic to let the law take its course against Count ARNIM is a different question. That is a point on which it is very hard to judge. Even well-informed Germans do not seem to know what to say as to the expediency of the step, and foreigners may therefore be content to say that they are no judges. Gossip says that a pamphlet is forthcoming for some of the scandal of which Count ARNIM has supplied the materials, and that Prince BISMARCK has only anticipated the blow that was to be struck against him. This is very probably mere gossip, and if the arrest is to be discussed on the ground of temporary expediency, the possibility of a pamphlet being published with revelations damaging to Prince BISMARCK does not seem enough to make the arrest prudent and politic. These damaging revelations do not generally hurt any one very much, and the meanness and dishonesty of the proceeding would have been so flagrant that a man so strongly placed as Prince BISMARCK was not likely to have been much injured. But, apart from questions as to the expediency of punishing it, the offence of which Count ARNIM is accused ought not to be considered a light one. In the documents of which Count ARNIM is stated to be in wrongful possession it is not very improbable that some strong and unpleasant things were said about Italy, for Prince BISMARCK'S Italian policy has notoriously varied at different times. Supposing these documents to be published by Count ARNIM or with his connivance, the Italian Government might justly complain, for it was made by Germany to pass a Bill punishing criminally such acts of treachery. Ordinarily, of course, a Government can do nothing until publication has actually taken place, and cannot be blamed for not having acted before. It will say that it had no knowledge that State documents were in wrong hands, and that it could not believe that a man of high station would be guilty of dishonesty. But in this case the Italian Government would reply that the German Government did know that there were strong grounds for believing Count ARNIM to be illegally in possession of documents that did not belong to him, and that it did know what he was capable of, for he had already published confidential despatches at Vienna, or had connived at their publication, which, as throwing light on the character of the man, comes to the same thing. In short, assuming the alleged facts to be true, Count ARNIM does not appear to us to deserve the slightest commiseration, and the German Government is setting a useful example in showing that it will not overlook a political crime even in a man of high rank and consideration. But whether, for the purposes of current politics, his arrest has been prudent and expedient is a question of which probably no one except Prince BISMARCK himself knows enough of all the circumstances to judge; and, with all his knowledge of the circumstances, Prince BISMARCK may have come to a wrong decision.

THE NORTHAMPTON ELECTION.

THE result of the Northampton election would have been more satisfactory if Mr. FOWLER had been returned. The Conservatives have every right to rejoice in the success of their candidate; but at present the party which most requires encouragement is that of the moderate Liberals. For the time the Government is strong enough; but there is no Opposition which could safely assume the responsibilities of office. The adherents of Mr. BRADLAUGH or of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN happily still form a minority in the constituency; but it would be a grave misfortune if any considerable section of the Liberal party were either to accept Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S tendered alliance or to identify themselves with the rioters of Northampton. The country will be in an insecure condition when unqualified faith in Mr. DEERLE becomes the only alternative of revolution. Mr. BRADLAUGH has employed considerable abilities and respectable attainments in propagating opinions which are altogether inconsistent with the existing structure of society. In more than questionable taste he has denounced with coarse ridicule the religious opinions of the great bulk of the community, and he announces himself as a Republican of the extreme Jacobin species. It is not a pleasant discovery that household suffrage has produced in Northampton nearly eighteen hundred voters who would, if they had the power, destroy not only the Monarchy, but the institution of property; but nothing can be more natural than that the resentment of an anarchical faction at their defeat should, in spite of the prudent renonstrances of their leader, express itself in acts of violence. A Northampton Commune would probably emulate the performances of its prototype at Paris. Mr. BRADLAUGH once excusably teased a reporter of an American paper by elaborate statements of the resources which would enable him on the next vacancy in the Crown to establish a Socialist Republic. It is highly improbable that he entertains any treasonable designs of that or any other kind, but his rhetorical language may perhaps be accepted seriously by a turbulent rabble. Demagogues, like organic parasites, indicate the existence of morbid substances of which, as Mr. PLAYFAIR lately said at Glasgow, it may perhaps never be determined whether they are a cause or a consequence.

The inveteracy of the habit of talking party cant is illustrated by the comments of more than one Liberal newspaper on the return of a Conservative candidate for Northampton. Mr. BRADLAUGH is charged, not with the advocacy of mischievous and ruinous doctrines, but with the stale and conventional crime of dividing the Liberal party. It would have been as rational for the representatives of orthodoxy in the eighteenth century to complain that VOLTAIRE, to the great advantage of Protestants and other heretics, divided the Catholic Church. It is incredible that writers in the *Daily News* or the *Telegraph* should really believe their own tacit assumption that the abolition of religion, of monarchy, and of property are articles of the Liberal creed. If the avowed opinions of the leaders of the party, or the well-known convictions of its members, are entitled to even approximate credence and reasonable consideration, Mr. BRADLAUGH is not a tolerated dissident, but an irreconcilable adversary, of Liberalism. To divide parties which are already separated by an impassable chasm is an imaginary achievement. It was a question of expediency for Mr. BRADLAUGH and his adherents whether they would lose or gain more by a public exposition of their numerical strength in the borough of Northampton. It is also possible that, calculating with too sanguine a confidence on the stupidity of their Liberal adversaries, they hoped that the wolf would be admitted into the fold, though he scarcely troubled himself to adjust his sheepskin decently. If respectable journalists call Mr. BRADLAUGH a Liberal, he cannot be blamed for adopting the designation, as long as it suits his purpose. On the whole, although he has been disappointed in his reliance on the credulity of the Liberal party, Mr. BRADLAUGH has little reason to regret that he persisted in going to the poll. There is no reason why he should prefer Mr. FOWLER to Mr. MEREWETHER, or Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. DISRAELI. His followers were perhaps slightly unjust in attacking the houses and offices of the local Liberals, who, after all, proved that they had a better right than the Communists to represent the Opposition. Nevertheless the revolutionary faction has shown that it is in some degree formidable. The

votes which were given to Mr. BRADLAUGH will be disposable for the purposes of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S negotiations with the Liberals.

Of the total number of 5,773 votes, Mr. MEREWETHER received 2,171, Mr. FOWLER 1,836, and Mr. BRADLAUGH 1,766. It may be taken for granted that, if no Liberal candidate had appeared, of the whole number of Liberal voters a portion would have abstained, and the remainder would have supported Mr. MEREWETHER. It is therefore absurd that the supporters of Mr. BRADLAUGH should complain of the division of the Liberal party, while it is probable that the Radical votes would have turned the scale in favour of Mr. FOWLER if Mr. BRADLAUGH had withdrawn. The Liberal electors deserve credit for not allowing disappointment and probable defeat to provoke them into a dishonest sanction of the candidature of Mr. BRADLAUGH. The change in the representation of the borough must be extremely annoying to the party which was formerly dominant. In the last Parliament Northampton was represented by a Whig gentleman holding the anomalous rank of an Irish peer, and by a Dissenting Radical of the school of Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. Mr. GILPIN once published, and perhaps wrote, a pamphlet in support of the principles of the Peace Society, for the purpose of proving that it would cost less to submit to a French conquest than to commit the wicked and costly act of resisting the invader by arms. The follies which were fashionable or possible twenty years ago have become obsolete and harmless; and Mr. GILPIN subsided into the position of a minor functionary in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government; yet it seems probable that his constituents were rather strong than moderate in their Liberalism, though they laudably shrink from the startling theories of Mr. BRADLAUGH. It would have been well if their courage and consistency had been rewarded by a proof that they were still numerous enough to return a representative of their own principles against both the regular Conservatives and the anarchical faction. Although it is probably useless to tender advice which may clash with party interests, the Conservatives would act wisely in supporting moderate Liberals against revolutionary opponents. The return of Mr. FORSTER for Bradford at the head of the poll was a severe rebuke to factious politicians.

Before the Northampton election it was not unfrequently suggested that the return of the Socialist candidate would effectually extinguish a troublesome demagogue. It is true that Mr. BRADLAUGH would in the House of Commons have found a level, perhaps even below his legitimate pretensions. The House is not easily stirred by windy declamation, and in its present constitution it profoundly dislikes extreme opinions. Subversive agitation in Parliament will for some time to come be impracticable, but it is not desirable to record the approval of Mr. BRADLAUGH'S principles by even the most ignorant constituency. A demagogue who is powerless in the House of Commons may nevertheless exercise additional authority over a disaffected rabble when he is known to be a member of Parliament. There is no immediate danger of a successful attack on the great institutions of the country, but it would be a melancholy innovation that England should, like some Continental countries, enter on an epoch of struggle for the maintenance of the freedom and order which have hitherto been matters of course. In such a contest, agitators of the order of Mr. BRADLAUGH would, among other results of their violence, perform the function for which France is indebted to such politicians as RANC and ROUFFORT, and Spain to the Federalists and the Carthagena insurgents. The great mass of the French population would prefer the Empire, or perhaps even the Legitimate Monarchy, to the supremacy of LÉON ROLLIN, or of the leaders of the Commune. A Republic would perhaps have been already established if the Jacobins and Socialists had not, like Mr. BRADLAUGH with the Liberals of Northampton, divided the Republican party. The advantage which the Conservatives have on many occasions derived from the obstinacy of the ultra-Radicals is but too likely to encourage the reactionary tendencies of the less enlightened section of the party; yet it would be an error to suppose that the more intelligent constituencies object to Liberal doctrines because they reject the opinions of Mr. BRADLAUGH.

THE REGENT'S PARK EXPLOSION.

THE explosion of gunpowder at Regent's Park has subjected a considerable part of the population of London to some of the experiences of a bombarded city. It was

as if the enemy had sprung a mine in the night, and the wide area over which the wave of destruction may be traced attests the terrible violence of the shock. The most alarming feature of the catastrophe, however, grave as it is, is not so much the actual ruin which has been caused as the possibilities of disaster which are suggested to the imagination. It is now realized that London has hitherto been exposed at any moment to the most fearful devastation, and that it is only an accidental circumstance that the consequences of the explosion of Friday last were not infinitely more serious. The impression which has been produced on the public mind by this event may be expected to lead to some useful results, but it is melancholy to reflect on the apathy and indifference with which previous cautions have been received. Forewarned is said to be forearmed, but the clearest knowledge of the danger of moving large quantities of gunpowder did not induce any special precautions in inland transport. To adopt a favourite phrase of our time, "the whole subject" was under the consideration of Government; and while questions more or less doubtful were debated at tedious length, measures obviously and indisputably necessary were delayed. The manufacturing, storing, and moving of gunpowder and other explosives are treated "exhaustively," as pedants love to say, in two Blue-Books of last Session, in which everything was said that could be said on the subject, while nothing was done. Major MAJENDIE, R.A., made a Report to the Home Office, dated May 16, 1872, in which he stated and proved that "the regulations as to the conveyance of powder by water are quite inadequate to prevent accidents." He made a further Report on April 1, 1874, and thereupon a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to hear Major MAJENDIE say all that he had already written, and to hear also all that the "trade" and the carriers had to say on the other side. The time of this Committee was chiefly occupied with discussion as to the making and storing of explosives, while the duty of legislating as to transport was admitted and postponed. Considering that the Report fills 370 pages of a Blue-Book, it is surprising that the Committee could not find space or time to make a practical proposal. They merely recommend that Railway and Canal Companies shall have power to frame bylaws for regulating the loading and carriage of explosives, the place, time, and mode of loading, amount to be carried, and "necessary precautions," and that the exercise of this power should be superintended and enforced by the Home Office. This is rather a poor result of an elaborate inquiry. There is a complete classification of explosives, new and old; witnesses were patiently heard and fully reported in dissertations upon the commercial value and harmless character of dynamite; but the difficult question how far regulation of traffic can be carried without destroying trade or inducing evasion was treated with strange indifference.

The householders of Regent's Park, sitting among the ruins of their dwellings, may console themselves by reading the Blue-Book which contains Major MAJENDIE'S neglected warnings. His evidence dwelt chiefly, as might have been expected, on controverted points. The manufacturers disputed the necessity of some regulations which he proposed, and they, being a rich and powerful interest, occupied much of the attention of the Committee. The only witness called on the special point of carriage was Mr. THOMAS KAY of the London and North-Western Railway, and he had nothing very particular to say. A general regulation of all the Railway Companies provides that "gunpowder in kegs, barrels, or wooden cases must only be carried in gunpowder vans," but it does not appear that any special precautions are taken in loading or discharging these vans. The barrels or casks when taken out of the vans are set down on the ground in the ordinary way. The Railway Companies have, however, recognized the necessity of taking at least some precautions, but other carriers seem to have utterly disregarded the dangerous character of their operations. A covered cart is required by law for more than thirty barrels of gunpowder; but there is nothing to require that the cart shall be properly made inside by the exclusion of iron, or by being tight-fitting, &c. "A cart," said Major MAJENDIE to the Committee, "conveying gunpowder is practically a movable magazine, and it is quite clear that the precautions taken in magazines ought not to be neglected in carts, especially as the cart, unlike the magazine, is moving through populous places. Similarly with regard to barges; they are under no restrictions with respect to their construction. In fact, the argument applies with greater force to barges, because barges may carry up to 500 barrels;

"whereas the quantity conveyed in a cart is, of course, much more limited." Nothing could have been said to call the attention of the Committee more pointedly to the danger of carrying gunpowder in barges, but nothing was done by Parliament to regulate this practice, and now it has resulted in a deplorable calamity. This neglect to take practical precautions is the more culpable because the traffic in gunpowder and other explosives has become so large that carriers may with no great inconvenience observe special regulations in dealing with it. At Liverpool, where there is a special Act of Parliament on the subject, it is believed that gunpowder is not allowed to come into the town at all; but it does come into London, and is loaded largely at various railway goods depôts surrounded by population. The quantities conveyed depend upon the liveliness or otherwise of trade. In 1870 immense quantities of gunpowder and other explosives were conveyed through the metropolis in open vans covered with tarpaulin from the different railway stations to Blackwall, and thence transferred from land to water carriage. On the 27th of December, 1870, fifteen vehicles loaded with barrels of gunpowder, about twenty tons, were sent from Camden Town to Blackwall Stairs (a densely populated place) to be shipped off. The whole of the loaded vans were detained in the street for some time waiting for the arrival of the barge to take on the cargo. The operations being in compliance with the requirements of the law, the police had no legal power to interfere. These facts were stated by the Superintendent of the Thames Police in answer to inquiries addressed to him by Major MAJENDIE. "I beg to submit," he said, "that such a number of vehicles loaded with gunpowder passing through a crowded metropolis, and of necessity detained in the street for some time, must be attended with great danger to life and property." It is easy to understand that at the period referred to the trade in gunpowder was pretty brisk, and those concerned in it thought only of getting their business done as quickly as possible. So the dangerous load was passed on by carts to Blackwall, and fortunately for London this gunpowder exercised its destructive power elsewhere.

The practice of transferring gunpowder from land to water carriage, and *vice versa*, at public landing places—namely, Wapping Dock Stairs, High Street, Wapping, Bow Creek, and Blackwall Stairs—has been carried on for many years, but generally in conformity with the regulations of the Gunpowder Act. It is a common and perhaps inevitable practice for men to be standing about smoking their pipes while such transfers are being made; and the evidence just given at the inquest shows the extreme recklessness with which not only smoking, but fires, are allowed on barges carrying powder. Major MAJENDIE says that the powder-barrels are generally well made; but shrinking is possible, and blows and falls have been known to occur, and a small leakage forms a train by which the entire mass of powder in cart or barge may be fired. The precautions adopted in the Army and Navy in handling powder contrast forcibly with the carelessness of civilians. It would be well if London were exposed to no greater danger than that of tumbrils, in charge, we presume, of soldiers, passing along Oxford Street. The police officer before quoted mentions an instance of a train of carriages containing in the aggregate twenty tons of powder travelling all at once through London, and this is probably the usual practice. The existing law limits the quantity to be carried in one van, but there is no limit to the number of vans that may go in a line. It is admitted, however, by Major MAJENDIE that when precaution is taken, it may be better to send forward the entire quantity that may be on hand at once, and get rid of it. He insists that all explosives carried should be duly labelled and declared, and carriers should combine with the public in urging this requirement. "The evidence with regard to sending large quantities of dynamite as slate, in Wales, and the carrying of nitro-glycerine, as much as 10 lbs., in a passenger carriage, is exceedingly unpleasant," says Major MAJENDIE, "and discloses a very unsafe and unsatisfactory state of things." As regards gunpowder, it is manifest that such a quantity as five tons, if conveyed by water, ought to have been placed in a barge specially constructed for the purpose; and if this had been done, the recent explosion would to all appearance have been avoided. The practice of the Railway Companies goes far to fix moral responsibility on the Canal Company for not adopting any precaution similar to that of the "van air-tight and built very strongly" which Mr. KAY de-

scribes. This duty was the more incumbent on the Canal Company because there is manifestly a large and regular trade in blasting powder between London and the Midland counties. It may be interesting to Londoners to know that their city is the great emporium of foreign trade in explosives, and vast quantities are also sent from the manufacturing factories through London to the mining districts.

In the year 1862 an Act "for the safe keeping of petroleum" was passed by Parliament; and the provisions of the Act of 1860 as to searching for gunpowder are incorporated with this Act, and are to be construed as if the word "gunpowder" included petroleum. It will be found, however, that this Act provides for the case of petroleum being brought in a ship into a harbour, or being placed in a warehouse, but not for that of its being carried in a barge along a canal either with or without gunpowder in the same cargo. Parliament probably intended to protect the public against all the dangers likely to arise from the importation of petroleum, but it only provided against some of them. There is a provision in the Gunpowder Act of 1860 that no gunpowder shall be conveyed in any barge or boat not having a close deck, and any gunpowder conveyed otherwise than as the Act prescribes may be seized. But this enactment is not of much practical value after an explosion. It may be inferred that, as Parliament considered gunpowder dangerous, and petroleum dangerous, it would have considered a combination of these two articles doubly dangerous, but there is no express provision applicable to such combination. "Petroleum may be searched for in the same manner," says the Act, as gunpowder, and of course if they are placed in the hold of the same vessel, this enactment might be conveniently carried into effect. There is an Act of 1866 "as to the carriage and deposit of dangerous goods," but it has not, so far as we know, been extended to petroleum, and, even if it had, it would only provide that a carrier should not be bound to carry that article. On the whole, the intention of the Legislature to do something is manifest, but unfortunately the Legislature occupied itself during the last Session with explosives of another class. A small portion of the time occupied in debate on the "burning question" of Ritualism might have sufficed for the humble but useful task of empowering the Home Office to require Railway and Canal Companies to make proper regulations for the carriage of gunpowder and dynamite. Even if there had not been time to make complete arrangements as to vans and barges, the vigilance thus aroused would probably have prevented the disastrous explosion which has now occurred.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Sargument in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* may perhaps convert some Liberal adventurers to his opinions. It is possible that he may be right in his judgment that extreme proposals have a better chance of ultimate success than applications of the recognized principles of the Liberal party. Some of the late Ministers have at different times intimated their conviction that party interests were the proper object of political exertion; but sometimes they have thought that the return of the Liberals to power will be most effectually promoted by passive expectation, although the leaders ought at the proper time to be ready to appreciate and echo a popular cry. Mr. GOSCHEN and some members of the party less eminent in position have lately solaced themselves with the contemplation of obvious Ministerial blunders, and of the personal differences which are undoubtedly to be found in the Cabinet. Mr. STANSFELD, while he was still in office, repeatedly dwelt in his speeches on the necessity of perpetually providing some new attraction on the boards of the Liberal theatre. Whether the new piece might lead to the moral and intellectual improvement of the audience was a question of secondary importance, provided that applauding crowds could by any means be collected. The general election corrected some misapprehension as to the profit to be gained by perpetual novelties. The English nation, if not Conservative, is slow, and it is puzzled by incessant shifting of the scenes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN acutely remarks that the late Government, through a deficiency in the sense of proportion, worried all classes by proposals of change which, even when they were for the better, were not

always worth the trouble and disturbance which they caused. "There has been too much 'nagging' in legislation, and the Imperial Parliament, which, like the elephant's trunk, can pick up pins or rend an oak, has gathered pins enough to fill a lady's reticule." Even when proposed readjustments were not altogether trivial, they were often gratuitously unseasonable. Mr. GOSCHEN probably lost the Government several seats by a superfluous suggestion that all the landed estates belonging to corporate bodies should be sold, and the proceeds invested in personal securities. As no measure of the kind was at the time under the consideration of the Cabinet, it was totally unnecessary to threaten powerful bodies with wanton confiscation. The Liberal leaders were, with scarcely an exception, misled by the success of the Irish Bills of 1870 and 1871. They exaggerated both the public confidence in themselves and the popularity which seemed to be easily earned by tampering with established institutions. They are now warned by a writer who is rather an independent ally than a supporter, that the enthusiasm of the multitude is only to be roused by bold appeals to its interests and its passions.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is himself in no sense a political adventurer, nor indeed is he careful to conceal his contempt for the speculative proselytes whom he hopes to rally to the cause of subversion. It is not his immediate purpose to prove the expediency of destroying the Church, of confiscating landed property, or of effecting still more sweeping changes to which for the moment he has no occasion to refer. His appeal is virtually addressed to trading politicians of the Liberal party, who, while they would probably desire to counteract all Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S efforts, may nevertheless be willing for sufficient consideration to co-operate in his revolutionary schemes. It has always been held that a belligerent may lawfully avail himself of the services of a deserter, whom he rewards with the stipulated payment, while he is not bound to accord him his respect or esteem. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S essay on Liberal policy is vigorous and perhaps persuasive, and it bears marks of literary cultivation and taste; but in substance it amounts to the offer of a bribe, while it defines the conditions of an alliance between the extreme Radicals and the Liberals who at present shrink from the measures tendered for their acceptance. The bargain is to be of the simplest kind. The late Ministers and those who share their opinions will be welcome to resume office if only they will abandon all claim to determine the policy of the party. When they have destroyed the Church, redistributed property, and perhaps abolished the House of Lords and the Crown itself, they may possibly find that their associates may be inclined to administer the affairs of the State which they will have remodelled. There is no reason why Mr. GOSCHEN should be preferred to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the future Prime Minister or President. By a rhetorical artifice which is pardonable because it has no tendency to deceive, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN tacitly assumes that the Liberal party is pledged to the principle of change, and not merely to the definite changes which have for the most part been already accomplished. The extension of the suffrage and the institution of the Ballot were only applications of the doctrine that the power of the majority ought to be universal, and the influence of property discountenanced. On Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S principles, consistency requires that the same object should be still pursued until it is fully attained.

For the present purpose it was not necessary to classify the demands of the ultra-Radicals according to their relative importance or urgency. Addressing an audience which is supposed to have no fixed opinion or conscientious conviction, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN examines the question of the existing institutions which it would pay best to attack in the first instance. Although he is generally a candid disputant, he is not superior to the commonplace fallacy of applying a single laudatory epithet to all the various innovations which he desires to introduce. The adjective "free" has acquired certain favourable associations, and it is therefore in its various senses used in controversy to describe any system which it may be thought convenient to eulogize. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is an advocate of "free land," "free Church," "free schools," and various other things combined by the common attribute of freedom. It matters little for rhetorical purposes whether an impressive word conveys a definite meaning. A free Church is equivalent to a sect or sects without endowment; free land implies the transfer of the freehold from the owner to the

occupier; and free schools represent the absence of payment by the parents, and therefore a gigantic endowment provided at the public expense. All these things may for the sake of argument be admitted to be good, but they have nothing in common except that they have all a democratic character. It may perhaps be right that churches should be supported by voluntary subscription, and schools by general taxation, involving absolute control by the State or by some delegated authority; but endowment and prohibition of endowments cannot be accurately described by the same term.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is for various reasons of opinion that, looking exclusively to its own interest, the Liberal party cannot at present advantageously commence an agitation either for the further extension of the franchise, or for the more important object of a redistribution of electoral districts. Either measure, or both in combination, would absolutely and finally disfranchise the classes which have hitherto exercised political power. In time the constituencies may perhaps be cajoled or frightened into a surrender; but it would be rash to begin the struggle when a general election has resulted in the accession of a Conservative Government. The establishment of absolute tenant-right, or, in other words, the arbitrary transfer of the fee simple of land from the landlord to the tenant, would, in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S opinion, be the most beneficial of all changes; but the farmers are for the moment rather afraid of the Unions than hostile to their landlords; and it may be added that the advocates of confiscation will do well to wait for precedents of plunder committed by capitalists with the sanction of landowners. The Associated Chamber of Commerce only the other day sanctioned a proposal that the Railway Commissioners should have power to repeal, in accordance with the doctrines of the Wisconsin Granges, all the existing Parliamentary tariffs. If a silly Minister should be supported by thoughtless county members in adopting the piratical project, it is difficult to understand how the precedent could be disputed when it was afterwards proposed to make the occupier of land a freeholder. On the whole, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN concludes that the next Liberal campaign may with the greatest prospect of success be undertaken against the Established Church. Many millions of booty, and the gratification of innumerable spites and jealousies, would ensure the support of many zealous partisans to the Liberal assailants. On this question Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself is not wholly dispassionate. The zest with which he recalls the foolish utterances of a few ignorant and perverse clergymen indicates his antipathy to a Church which will assuredly not be rendered more reasonable or more tolerant by disestablishment. In some instances clergymen who use insolent language to Dissenters are themselves professed advocates of disestablishment. Social position and competence have no direct tendency to make men vulgar, conceited, or pugnacious. The Irish priests who have no endowments use more abusive language in a week than the outlying fanatics of the Establishment in a year. Gentlemen, as a rule, are not foul-mouthed, though religious malignity may sometimes overpower the restraints of position and education. The Liberal party will have leisure to weigh Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S offers of support. Those among them who are wholly exempt from conscientious scruples may probably be inclined to close with his proposals. No discredit will attach to the purchaser who buys venal politicians in open market.

FRENCH ELECTIONS.

WHEN both sides claim the victory it is usually safe to assume that the battle has been very nearly drawn, but the rule will hardly hold good in the case of the elections to the French Councils-General. The Republicans deserve to have their successes suspected because their journals made a great deal too much of the first indications of the result which reached Paris. When 1,400 elections are held on the same day, and the greater number of the successful candidates are men unknown beyond their own canton, it would take time to appreciate their opinions even if the elections turned on purely political issues. But in this case it is impossible to say how far local considerations came into play. In England political passion has often determined municipal contests, but since the Ballot it would be difficult to predict whether political passion would lead a Liberal to vote for a Town Councillor of his own party supposing that he knew him to be unsound upon the price

of gas. In France the number of electors who take no interest, or at all events no part, in politics is much larger than in England, so that in municipal contests great allowance has to be made for the appearance at the poll of a body of voters who will care little whether a man is a Monarchist or a Republican, provided that he has property in the neighbourhood, and that he will undertake to secure for his canton its full share of any good things that may be going. Even in the elections to the Assembly considerations of this kind exercise a considerable influence, and in elections for a local Legislature which has no concern with politics except in the improbable contingency of the Assembly being dispersed by violence, their influence is legitimate as well as considerable. After all people must live, whatever be the form of government in favour at Versailles. They must get their crops to market whether the taxes which have to be paid out of the proceeds go into a Republican or into an Imperialist treasury, and if they are to get their crops to market they want old roads mended and new roads made. Why should they anticipate the verdict of a general election by sending to the Council of their department a man who knows nothing about roads, or worse, wants to have a road made in the wrong place, merely to read a lesson to the Assembly or to Marshal MACMAHON? They care so little for politics that they often do not vote at the election of a deputy, and there can be no reason why at the election of a man to manage the affairs, not of the nation but of the department, they should suddenly profess a patriotism which they have not displayed on more appropriate occasions. In the absence, therefore, of any definite news about the elections of Sunday last, it is safe to say that, though a Republican victory would have been very significant, a Conservative victory is of very small import. Throughout the rural districts the man best fitted to look after local business will often be a Monarchist of some shade or other. It does not follow that the peasant who voted for him last Sunday would be equally ready to vote for him if he came forward at the next partial election. It is only men who have nothing to lose who are it is impossible to distinguish between local affairs and national affairs, or think that because a man is a good Republican he is necessarily a good man of business. A candidate for a Council-General asks the electors to appoint him their agent in a variety of matters which nearly affect their pockets. Prudent voters will want some better qualification for this office than a certificate from a political Committee.

The elections of the 9th of October have done little therefore to gratify the curiosity which is felt in Paris as to the issue of a general election, supposing that the Conservatives are driven into trying the experiment. Before the Council-General were returned the contests for the rather dwarfed elections for the Assembly which are to be held on Sunday week. Now that they have proved somewhat barren in political significance, the interest in the filling up of the three vacant seats in the Maritime Alps, in Seine and Oise, and in the Straits of Calais has revived. In the second of these departments the only anti-Republican candidate is the Duke of PADUA, and the supporters of the Government will have to make up their minds how large a dose of Imperialism they can swallow in order to defeat a Republican. The Duke's address to the electors is perfectly frank. The qualifications on which he rests his canvass are purely Imperialist. He reminds them that he was Prefect "during the difficult" "period from 1849 to 1852"—the period of the *Coup d'Etat* and the proclamation of the Empire. He was made Minister of the Interior by NAPOLEON III., and on the 16th of March last he was chosen as the interpreter of French feeling to NAPOLEON IV. These are his claims as regards the past. As regards the future he is ready to confer on Marshal MACMAHON all the powers which are necessary for the maintenance of public order and the defence of social interests. But the MARSHAL'S term of office is limited, and the Duke of PADUA thinks it essential that every candidate for a seat in the Assembly should state frankly what is the Government he wishes to see established when the legal delay is at an end. His own desire is to see the son of NAPOLEON III. placed on the throne of his father by the direct expression of the national will. The return of Imperialist deputies will by degrees create in the Assembly a majority prepared to recognize the national sovereignty—which even now is only questioned by such adversaries as the authors of the criminal enterprise of the 4th of September—and to vote the Appeal to the People. It has become a fashion with the Orleanist

journalists to blink the fact that a candidate professes devotion to the Empire and to speak of him as purely Conservative. They can hardly apply this process to the Duke of PADUA. If the overthrow of the Empire on the 4th of September was criminal, the subsequent ratification of that overthrow by the National Assembly must have been equally criminal. After his experience of M. BERGER'S address the MINISTER of the INTERIOR will not hastily pledge himself to the illegality of any statement which a Bonapartist candidate may choose to make; but it will be impossible for the Government to promote the Duke of PADUA'S return unless it is prepared to admit that the vote of the Assembly has been virtually cancelled. It certainly was not the intention of those who joined in that vote that the Empire was to be regarded as merely excluded for a term of years, and that at the end of this term the nation would once more be asked whether it wished a BONAPARTE to rule over it. Yet if the Government is not willing to go this length, it has only to make its choice between defeats. How can the Septennate be so universally acceptable to Frenchmen as its organs declare it to be if in an important department no candidate presents himself for election whom it can recommend its friends to vote for? In Maine and Loire the Government had the courage to start a candidate of its own, and when the Imperialist candidate was withdrawn, it had only to solicit the votes which had been given for M. BERGER in the first instance. It will be a much greater descent to have to ask its own supporters to vote for the Bonapartist candidate as the nearest approach to a supporter of the Septennate that can be started with any chance of victory. If the line taken by the Ministerial organs with regard to the election in the Straits of Calais is any guide, the Government will not shrink when it comes to the point from swallowing even the full-blown Imperialism of the Duke of PADUA in Seine and Oise. They have applied to the contest in the former department a convenient theory by which the Bonapartists are divided into two classes, those who demand an immediate appeal to the people and those who are willing to wait for this consummation of their hopes until the Septennate has run its course. The former class must be opposed wherever they are met with, the latter may be accepted as friends and fellow-workers during the interval which they do not desire to disturb. The merit of this division is, that it leaves the friends of the Government free to treat as pure Conservatives every candidate who does not insist on taking a plebiscite for NAPOLEON IV. without a moment's delay. It is needless to say that no such candidate is likely to come forward. The Imperialists are a great deal too shrewd to wish to blow up the Septennate too soon. They know that it is their best friend, and that it would be suicidal as well as ungrateful to get rid of it, even supposing that they had the ability to do so. If the Appeal to the People were conceded at this moment, the Imperialists would probably vote for keeping Marshal MACMAHON where he is. Until the pear is ripe the power of shaking the tree is not worth scheming for. In one respect the address of the Duke of PADUA stands in marked and favourable contrast with the addresses of the Orleanists. He tells the electors plainly what he wants after the Septennate. It would be a curious revelation if every Orleanist candidate could be made to say truly what he wants after the Septennate. The Imperialists go in for Marshal MACMAHON now and NAPOLEON IV. to follow. The Orleanists go in for Marshal MACMAHON now—and what to follow? The policy of the Imperialists is intelligible. They see that the Empire has been damaged by the events of 1870, and they are glad to have a breathing time allowed in which their cause can be thoroughly white-washed. But what do the Orleanists expect to get when the Septennate has come to an end? If they hope to restore HENRY V., why not restore him at once? If they hope to set up the Count of PARIS, why are they afraid even to hint at their designs? Six years is not too long for a canvass for a throne, and if the Bonapartists think it time to be stirring, the Orleanists, who have more loss way to make up, can hardly be well advised in giving no sign.

COUNTY SPEECHES.

AT this time of the year, when the harvest is over, when little is going on, and London is not detaining great people from the company of their rural neighbours, agriculturists of every class love to get together, to eat and drink, and indulge in the innocent recreation of listening to speeches from county members or popular noblemen.

They generally got at least sound sense, practical knowledge, and kindly feeling in the speeches to which they listen; and this is not only all that they want, but exactly what they want. Formerly there was always one ground of difference to be avoided, but now this has ceased to exist, and everything is harmonious. There used to be two sides in politics, and Conservatives and Liberals had to bear in mind that, if peace was to reign, they must all try honestly to think and talk of cows and corn, and not to stray into dangerous topics. Now there are practically no political divisions. The Conservatives are in office, and the Liberals are for the most part very glad to see them there, and there is scarcely a political question that can be mentioned on which Conservative and Liberal county members hold differences of opinion because they belong to different parties. Parties, at any rate in quiet districts where the notion of galvanizing a party with a new cry does not trouble the minds of men, are much the same now; and it is perhaps true that, as Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH said lately at one of these dinners, politicians are very much the same as other men. He has had a very long experience of the House of Commons, and has seen a great many statesmen rise to eminence and go in and out of office. His general conclusion is that eminent politicians are very like other men, only that they have some excellence or other that gives them a superiority. This excellence is, however, a varying one. Some statesmen can speak; others can invent measures; others understand how to wait and keep quiet; others have an instinctive perception of what other men want and like. As instances Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH adduced Lord ARTHUR and Lord MELBOURNE, in whom, as he was in the neighbourhood to which they had belonged, his audience might be supposed to be specially interested. Lord ARTHUR not only was not a great speaker, but he was as bad a speaker as a man can be who, after all, does make a speech; but he was the first and last of eminent Liberal politicians who carried the Tory squires with the sympathy if not in voting. He was beloved and trusted by his political adversaries, and used to hunt with them and live with them, and preferred their company to reading official letters, which he used to allow to stand over until he liked to read them. What had he beyond ordinary men of his class that made him eminent? He had in a remarkable degree the charm of character which wins friendship, and this gave him a unique position at a time when party differences were very high; but there was nothing in it to mark him off as a distinct person from common men. In the same way Lord MELBOURNE was Prime Minister for many years, and Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH had had many opportunities of examining closely what it was that carried Lord MELBOURNE to the top of the tree. He observed that, in the first place, Lord MELBOURNE was extremely good-looking; next, that he never did anything he could help doing; then, that he was perfectly unaffected, and owned to a fervent love for boiled beef and tripe; and, lastly, he behaved in a gentlemanly way to his rivals, and on quitting office he gave Sir ROBERT PEEL all the information about the Court that he thought would be most useful. These were all good things in their way, but they did not make Lord MELBOURNE a man apart and of a special kind. Had it been consistent with the scope of his remarks to mention men of the present day, Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH might have noticed that the two great parties are now led by men who are of another stamp, and who are conspicuously unlike county members. But he might also have added that this is accidental, and that, as a rule, parties are not led by men of any exceptional position or genius. A survey of the front benches of both sides of the House of Commons certainly countenances the supposition that, when the days of the present leaders are over, what was true formerly will be true again, and that political eminence will be merely due to the possession, in a degree rather beyond the average, of those qualities which are to be found in the ordinary leaders of town or country society.

The chief point of interest for agriculturists to discuss at present is the state of the agricultural labourer, and Lord CARNARVON has lately addressed some very sensible remarks to his Wiltshire neighbours on this subject. One advantage of the mode in which land is held and worked in England is that the landlord is in a position to take a friendly view of the difficulties and struggles of the labourer. It is the farmer who has the hard bargaining, who suffers from laziness and insubordination, who has to command, and is often tempted to bully, those whom he

employs. The landlord from a loftier station looks impartially on the contending parties. He watches and pities the poor, and gladly does all he can to help them so far as he can without interfering with the farmer. Some landlords honestly wonder that, when so much is done for him, the agricultural labourer can think he has any grievances. He has allowances which greatly increase the real amount of his wages, and there are numberless clubs, societies, and institutions, of which it is his own fault if he does not take advantage. This was the view, for example, which was urged with considerable force by Mr. BENYON at the recent gathering in Berkshire. Lord CARNARVON took a wider and a truer view. He recognized that we are in an age of transition, and that the labourer can no longer be treated as a mere dependent, to whom, if he behaves well, little acts of kindness are to be done. The labourer wishes in these days to be more independent, to have his own humble standing, to know exactly what he is bargaining for. Payments, Lord CARNARVON said, must sooner or later be made all in cash, and not partly in cash and partly in kind. The labourer must be allowed to make his contracts for the work he is to do, and not be merely kept alive and told to do this and that. The true way, in Lord CARNARVON'S opinion, of benefiting the labourer in these days is to help him to attain this position; and to this end the country can contribute by insisting on the labourer receiving in childhood the best education compatible with his station, and landlords can contribute by taking care that the adult labourer is decently housed and has a garden, if possible, to give him occupation and interest. Mr. BENYON showed quite as much kindly feeling towards the labourer as Lord CARNARVON did, but the divergence in the general drift of what they said was considerable and important. Both proceeded on the assumption that in England personal relations lie at the bottom of social arrangements, and that it is to the increasing justness of these relations, and not to any great legislative changes, that those who wish well to the agricultural labourer should look. But Mr. BENYON represented the ancient, Lord CARNARVON the modern, view of regarding the relations of the landlord and the labourer. To make labourers happy dependents was the aim of Mr. BENYON; to give labourers within reasonable limits the happiness of a modest independence was the aim of Lord CARNARVON; and it is not going very far to say that the field of Mr. BENYON'S thoughts was the past, while the field of Lord CARNARVON'S thoughts was the future of the English agricultural poor.

There is another subject which in a smaller way has a real interest for the more thoughtful members of country society. It is on the agricultural labourer that recruiting for the army in a large degree depends. It does not depend on him so largely as it did formerly, but we must still in a great degree look for supplies to the rural districts. How things are going on in this respect is therefore a question which very properly claims the attention of those who do not forget the interests of a kingdom in the interests of a county. In addressing his Berkshire friends Colonel LORD LEXISBY expressed the great anxiety with which he was oppressed when he saw the kind of recruits now obtained. In everything that money can buy for soldiers our army is the first in the world. It is better armed, equipped, fed, and dressed than any other army; but unfortunately the inside is not so good as the outside. The man is not up to his uniform. The new recruits are but a poor lot; they are weakly, and often of indifferent character, and soon show that they hate soldiering, and desert by thousands. A strong sturdy labourer will rub on if he can at home, and if he cannot he will emigrate. But he declines to enlist. Emigration is, on the whole, in Lord CARNARVON'S opinion, a mistake for the labourer. Lord CARNARVON has been Colonial Minister, and he ought to know something of the colonies; and as to specious schemes for enticing Englishmen to foreign countries, he could appeal to the melancholy history of the Brazilian emigrants, whose misfortunes were so inevitable that he had done his utmost to deter the victims from rushing on their fate by giving them a public warning of what they had really to expect. If the labourer has the position secured to him which Lord CARNARVON thinks possible and desirable, he will be well off and happy at home—better off and happier than he is likely to be anywhere else. This may be so; but the prospect, if good for the labourer, is very bad for the re-

cruiting sergeant. If labourers now, with their grievances real and imaginary, refuse to enlist, and prefer to put up with all they have to endure at home, or even to emigrate rather than enlist, it stands to reason that they will have still less taste for soldiering when they have got a nice cottage and a good garden, and are making contracts in an independent way for the work they have to perform. The physical inferiority of English soldiers is therefore likely to increase rather than diminish; and if England wants to have an army capable, so far as its numbers go, of matching a first-rate Continental army, it must do, in Colonel LORD LANSBY'S opinion, one of two things—it must either introduce a conscription, or it must go on paying more and more to the soldiers until it can make the stamp of men it requires look on soldiering as a really good investment. If war came, and England suffered a serious defeat, we might possibly be induced to accept some form of conscription as a necessity. But if peace continues, we shall certainly prefer to see what money can do to get us the army we want; and it may be confidently expected that there will be a great increase in the Army Estimates if, after a sufficient time has elapsed to test the experiment of the present system of recruiting, the best authorities concur in pronouncing it a failure.

ARBITRATION AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ARBITRATION and kindred topics connected with international law have become, as was natural, an indispensable part of Social Science, which may itself be defined as rhetorical commonplace. It would have been too much to expect that the advocates of arbitration should be satisfied with a week's recent enjoyment of their favourite pastime at Geneva; and, as one of the members reminded his unfortunate Glasgow audience, the Social Science Association had long ago referred the subject to a Committee, a single member of which had consequently written a volume of six hundred pages on international law. This speaker added the gratifying statement that Mr. DUDLEY FIELD'S International Code had been translated for the benefit of those whom it might concern into French and Italian. It is perhaps not surprising that after his labours in the municipal litigation of the City of New York Mr. DUDLEY FIELD should find recreation in the more theoretical study of international law. It seems that his Report concludes by suggesting precision in the terms employed in the great international code. "There are to be three great subdivisions of the entire system—"The Law of Nations," "International Law," which might have been supposed to be the same, and "The Municipal Law of Nations," which corresponds to private international law. As municipal law is generally understood to mean the law of single political communities, the confusion incident to social science is happily introduced by applying the term to law which is not municipal. The author of the Report is of course careful to explain that, although international law has neither judicial nor executive organs, it is a reality in the sense in which metaphors have a substantial existence. "The conscience in the individual has its counter-part in the nation." In other words, international law is analogous, not to law, but to conscience, which is but of figuratively legal obligation. In another Section of the Association the subject was discussed by a representative of the Society which has assumed to itself the title of International. The abolition of all classes, as recommended by Mr. BARRY, would perhaps simplify the relations of States which would practically have ceased to exist. The amiable and respectable managers of the Congress may perhaps have begun to suspect that in inviting all men to talk about everything they have played with edged tools. The proposition that "the working classes are the masters of the world" is an alarming result of social science.

Sir EDWARD CREASY had the merit of reducing the theory of arbitration to the absurdity which is its logical consequence. It would appear that Sir EDWARD CREASY is not himself a fanatical believer in the universal operation of the modern nostrum, for he quoted the authority of Mr. DUDLEY FIELD to show that a claim might be made so grossly unjust as not to be a matter for argument or for litigation. It was quite unnecessary to quote a writer whose authority is perhaps not conclusive in proof of a statement which has received the most notorious confirma-

tion from recent experience. No party to an arbitration will ever exceed in cynical audacity the agents of the United States, who demanded from England some hundreds of millions sterling on a transparently fraudulent pretext; but if the submissive deference of the English negotiators at Washington should hereafter be reproduced, it is possible that subservience may again be followed by insult. Sir EDWARD CREASY further showed from Vattel and other jurists that an award might be so unjust as not to be binding, and he has since explained that the issue of injustice would be decided by a supplemental arbitrator; but there would be great inconvenience in refusing to abide by the decision of even a Geneva Tribunal. The defeated litigant must have concurred in the selection of the arbitrators, and he is therefore in some degree responsible for any miscarriage which may result from their incompetence. On the whole, it must be assumed for the purposes of discussion that litigants will not be extravagantly unreasonable, and that Courts of Arbitration will discharge their duty. The question remains, how their sentence is to be enforced against a contumacious defendant. Sir EDWARD CREASY replies that it is the duty and the right of all nations to treat as an enemy any State which grossly outrages international law. With entire consistency he adds the recommendation that the chief Powers should bind themselves by treaty to make war on any State which refused to obey an award, unless indeed it were palpably unjust. Thus, if the Geneva Tribunal had entertained and sanctioned the indirect American claims, it would have been the duty of Russia, Austria, Germany, and France to make war upon England, in case of a refusal to pay to the United States the greater part of the cost of the Civil War. The exception in the case of grossly unjust judgments would constitute the Powers into a Court of Appeal which would have heard neither the arguments nor the evidence in the case. It is at least as probable that two or three great military Powers might adhere to an unjust award as that it should be delivered by a Court which might be assumed to have some regard for its own character.

It is strange that intelligent persons should be so entirely absorbed in the pursuit of theories as to be utterly blind to the preposterous results of their own deductions. The scientific socialists probably listened with undisturbed complacency to the proposal that belligerents should remain at peace while disinterested neutrals made war on their behalf. In 1853 no Court of Arbitration would have decided that Russia had a right to invade Turkey because the Greeks and Latins at Jerusalem, instigated respectively by Russia and France, had engaged in a disreputable squabble about the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. It is still more certain that no Geneva award would have prevented the Russian army from crossing the Pruth when Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. CORBEN had succeeded in convincing the Emperor NICHOLAS that nothing would provoke England to war. It would, on Sir EDWARD CREASY'S theory, have become the duty of Austria and Prussia to send their armies to expel Russia from the Danubian Principalities, while France and England peaceably expected the event. If the neutral Powers had failed to discharge their duty, the theory of coercive arbitration would have exhausted its possibilities. It is certain that at that time Austria and Prussia would not, in compliance with any rule of international law, have undertaken an intervention which they declined when it would have obviously preserved the peace of Europe. Sir EDWARD CREASY, who once wrote a book on the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," is probably aware that not one of them, from Arbela to Waterloo, could have been prevented by any possible system of arbitration. In a few cases of doubtful right, when two unwilling parties engage in a quarrel, there has never been any difficulty in arranging a reference to arbitration. No prudent Government would invite the authority of an international tribunal if it were understood that ambitious bystanders might claim a right to enforce by arms an award which perhaps might be flagrantly unjust or ruinously inadmissible.

To religious wars, to wars of conquest or of revenge, and to civil wars, the theory and practice of arbitration are utterly inapplicable; and it seems to be admitted that when war has once begun, arbitrators have nothing to do with the conditions of peace. During a period of fundamental disturbance, such as the years which followed the French Revolution, and during the active lifetime of NAPOLEON,

the system of arbitration would have been necessarily suspended. It is absurd to suppose that in 1866 either Austria or Prussia would have accepted the arbitration of any Court on their rival claims to exercise supremacy in the German Confederation. Great wars are for the most part undertaken for the purpose, not of determining, but of altering, existing rights. It may be assumed that arbitrators would be bound by the terms of any treaty previously concluded between the litigants with reference to the subject of dispute. If France were to threaten Germany with war as the alternative of restoring Alsace and Metz, neither party would entertain any doubt that the provinces were formally transferred by the Treaty of Peace of 1871. The arguments on either side might be founded on considerations of expediency or moral right, and they would assuredly lie outside Mr. DUDLEY FIELD'S International Code. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the new code includes a definition of the cases in which a foreign Power has a right to aid either party in a civil war. If a German contingent were to join the army of SERRANO, the approval of a Court of Arbitration would have little tendency to allay the jealousy of France. The French expedition to Mexico was, as the result proved, in the highest degree impolitic, but the Government of the United States insisted on the withdrawal of the auxiliary troops, not because their presence was a violation of international law, but because it was distasteful to a neighbouring Power which had the means of enforcing its own policy. The dreary disquisitions on arbitration which recur whenever social science supersedes for the time more instructive and more amusing studies are at present conducted under peculiar difficulties. The Geneva litigation has, through the perversity of one of the disputants and the eccentricity of the tribunal, illustrated almost exclusively the vices of the system. In England the whole theory is for the present unpalatable; and no other considerable State has taken the subject into serious consideration.

THE FLIGHT OF THE IRISH CLERGY.

THE man who described Ireland as the pleasantest country in the world to live out of seems to have been taken for their prophet by a good many of the disestablished Irish clergy. To precisely how many this applies it is not easy to say. The "Layman" whose letter appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday says that over seven hundred curates were ordained in the few months of grace allowed by the Irish Church Act, and that all these at once took advantage of the permission to compound, and have since come over to England to seek their fortunes. As this same permission was extended to the whole clerical body, it may be supposed that older men who had more to gain by the process did not always forego it. "Another Irish Layman," whose letter was printed on Thursday, thinks that the extent of the migration has been much exaggerated, and he seems to show that the 700 ordinations alleged to have taken place in 1870 must be reduced to about 120. But he does not deny the most startling of the statements contained in the first letter. We there read that in order to obtain the right of compounding "many youths of 21 and 22 were ordained by special licence." "Another Irish Layman" says, by way of correction, that "not more than 30 or 40 were so ordained in all Ireland," and that "it was always done legally." Certainly we did not suppose that the faculty required by the rubric was not obtained in these cases. The wonder is that any one should have been found to grant it. Knowingly to ordain a man under age for the sole object of giving him a claim to the capitalized value of a curacy would be a fraud upon the Church, whose minister he never meant to be, and upon the State, which had never intended to recognize so visionary a vested interest. If the Irish Bishops wish to preserve the good opinion of Englishmen, they will have to explain their part in this amazing transaction. More than one of them must have had a hand in it, for it is not probable that the whole thirty or forty unfledged parsons were taken from a single diocese. Experience has not led us to look for a very exalted standard of ecclesiastical propriety in the Irish clergy, but such a misuse of episcopal power would go beyond all that could have been anticipated.

Putting aside this especial incident, there is not much in the migration which seems to call for either surprise

or censure. When the clergy who have left Ireland for England are viewed in the aggregate, it may appear shocking that they should have had so little love for the Church in which, down to its disestablishment, they had purposed to live and die. But each of them had to decide in his own case and for his own circumstances, and, when looked at in this isolated way, it is easy to imagine plausible excuses for the step. It is not denied that the staff of clergy in the Established Church of Ireland was larger than the Disestablished Church could afford to support, and that many parishes in which, so long as the connexion with the State was maintained, it was necessary for form's sake to keep a clergyman without a congregation, must in future dispense with so purely ornamental an officer. Once admit that the number of clergy had to be considerably reduced, and each man who wished to leave would naturally think that he might as well go as another. A Church the machinery of which had been framed on a scale sufficient to cover the whole country had been compelled to recognize her true position as the Church of an unequally distributed minority. Would it not be better for her that the clergy required to serve the diminished area should be chosen from those who wished to take office under these changed conditions without reference to the particular circumstances of their benefices? Perhaps indeed it is giving some of the emigrants too much credit to assume that they thought about the interests of the Church at all. But, if so, it would be hard to say that the Irish Church has any one but herself to blame. The secular side of her position had been so exclusively kept before the world that it is not strange if her ministers appreciated the change which their own secular position had undergone more keenly than any professed identity in their ecclesiastical position. There has never been much in the spiritual aspect of the Irish Church to excite enthusiasm. She made few converts from Roman Catholicism, and the few she did make were of a kind, and obtained by means, which her more prudent members preferred to keep in the background. The sense of belonging to a clergy professing to minister to a people the great majority of which would have nothing to say to them, and contentedly acquiescing in their position, was not so ennobling that a man would care to give up an annuity in order to retain it.

Even if the past history of the Irish Church had been calculated to encourage self-devotion in the clergy, her action since disestablishment would have effectually quenched it. It was pointed out at the time that if "compounding and cutting" were to be avoided, the efforts of the Church must first of all be directed to remaking the same body that she was before. Instead of this, the object of successive Synods has apparently been to destroy her identity as fast as possible. The time seems to be coming when the Irish Church will have nothing left to do but to cry, with the old woman in the nursery rhyme, "Sure enough, and sure enough, this be none of I." Not even the littledog at home will know her. In so far as an Irish Clergyman foresaw and disliked this metamorphosis he had a perfect right to leave. His position in the Church had been seriously altered by disestablishment. He had no longer the safeguards afforded by the immobility of Parliament in ecclesiastical matters. Instead of the slow processes of courts of law, he had to look forward to the swift action of an ecclesiastical assembly armed with full powers to reconcile conflicting and to override unpopular decisions. He had not even the protection which in a similar case he would have had in England, the protection of equally balanced parties. In Ireland the party which wishes to revise the Prayer Book far outnumbered its adversaries among the laity, while among the clergy the opposition is too much a matter of prudence and traditional feeling long to resist the will of those on whose liberality the pecuniary future of the Church largely depends. An Irish Clergyman whose letter appeared in the *Times* of Thursday describes this state of things very accurately. He says that on the question of revision the clergy and the laity are opposed, but that, as the election to all vacant parishes will be in the hands of the laity, the clergy can expect very little promotion except on terms of servile obedience to those who appoint them. With this power in their hands the laity will not be long in bringing the other two orders to do their bidding. The minority against change will grow smaller every year, until at last the less resolute of those who dislike it will argue that it is no good waiting until a few

more revisionists have been elected to parishes, and that the inevitable surrender may as well be made at once. There is certainly the best possible ground for that "vague" "dread of the future" which has led "L.B.," and, he feels sure, "will yet lead very many more, to leave Ireland "for England."

This migration of the Irish clergy is not without its bearing on the state of affairs in the Church of England. We have said that five years ago the Irish clergy found that they had exchanged the immobility of Parliament for the swift action of an ecclesiastical assembly. The experience of last year raises a doubt whether Parliament itself is not about to exchange its immobility for a more than ecclesiastical promptness. If the same temper is to dominate in the coming debates upon Church matters which was conspicuous in the House of Commons during the progress of the Public Worship Bill, it will soon be as difficult in England as it is in Ireland for a clergyman to say of what sort of Church he will find himself a minister a year hence. We are already promised a strict, if a one-sided, enforcement of the rubrics, and the operation of the Act has been significantly postponed in order to give Convocation an opportunity of doing a little revision in the meantime. Probably, the common sense of Englishmen will not long endure the anomaly of allowing a clergyman to declare his belief in words from the pulpit, while forbidding him to express it in gestures when he has left the pulpit. In that case the assurance given last Session that sins of doctrine shall hereafter be put on a level with sins of ceremonial will shortly be made good, and in the Long Vacation after next, at latest, Convocation will be considering how to use another day of grace so as to make sermons as well as ritual square with the views of the House of Commons. Before that day comes we may be sure that a large number of clergy will wish to "eat," and will regret that they have not the choice of compounding as well as cutting. It will become the plain interest of an active section of the Church to have the exodus which they will see to be imminent soothed like that of the Hebrews by a series of perpetual loans. Of course this consideration is not one which will have any weight with men who supported the Public Worship Act from motives of duty. But it is possible that among those who voted for it there were some who did so merely to restrain a movement which they thought likely to shorten the days of Church Establishments. They may now see in Ireland what comes of attempts to narrow the boundaries within which the clergy have hitherto been confined.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

IT is pretty generally recognized that few ties in life are more trying than that which unites a couple of travelling companions. It is probably from a perception of this fact that the modern practice of wedding tours has become so common. As a gun is tried by firing a charge greater than will ever be used in practice, so the strength of the marriage bond is at once subjected to the most trying combination of circumstances attainable. It is creditable to the strength of the domestic affections that so many couples return upon decently good terms, and are even known to look back upon the ordeal with feelings akin to regret. When, however, the bond is not of so intimate a nature, the number of failures bears a large proportion to the successes. Men are to be found who will declare that they have laid the foundation of permanent friendships in such temporary companionship. In some cases the statement may be accurate, though memory is apt to play queer tricks in such matters. Two men will come home from a trip barely on speaking terms, and a year afterwards each of them will be persuaded that his companion was perfect but for some trifling defect of temper, and they will be ready to renew their old alliance. A few days' separation obliterates all traces of the silly little grievances which were so serious at the time; and it may well be that the friendship which was temporarily endangered is permanently strengthened by the net result. The philosophical observer should therefore endeavour to make a note of his impressions on the spot in order that he may avoid such illusions. The study both of oneself and one's neighbours under such conditions is amusing and profitable. The principle is of course simple enough. The smallest pebble in your shoe may become extremely vexatious in a day's walk, and may at the time give far more annoyance than is compensated by the grandeur of the scenery. You will, however, remember the scenery and forget the pebble. In the same way, any little angularity in your friends or yourself may produce a petty irritation which very shame forces you to ignore when its cause is removed. You may be travelling, for example, with your dearest friend, a man who shares your opinions, who has been your guide in speculation and practice, who has stood by you in difficulties, comforted

you in sorrow, and even, it may be, lent you money in distress. Unluckily, he has some little trick of manner or language which you never noticed at home. He keeps some pet phrase which is always recurring in season and out of season; there is something about his manner of eating which strikes you as not perfectly delicate; he has a trick of echoing the last words of your sentences; and after a time the recurrence of the objectionable peculiarity vexes you like the sting of an insect. You feel that he has cancelled for the time all claims upon your gratitude. Orestes and Pylades may be patterns of friendship; but if in a walking tour Orestes should introduce into every other sentence the phrase "Don't you know?" Pylades would be ready to cut his throat or drop his acquaintance in a month. Benvolio, as Mercutio informs us, quarrelled with a friend for cracking nuts when he had hazel eyes; and the cause was perfectly adequate if they were fellow-travellers. A habit of cracking nuts might easily become an intolerable grievance. The sound is in itself annoying; and if Benvolio had weak teeth his friend's performance would become a kind of constructive insult. The special offensiveness of such peculiarities is that civility forbids you to mention them, and that you feel that your friend is absolutely unconscious of the annoyance he is giving. You have not, therefore, even the satisfaction of feeling that you have a right to discharge your vexation in the shape of resentment.

There are, of course, many pachydermatous persons to whom such grievances are unintelligible, but even the most stolid of mankind becomes sufficiently sensitive to other forms of annoyance. It is amusing to watch the proceedings of a party of three or four travellers who have been together for some two or three weeks. They sit down for an after-dinner chat, apparently on the most friendly terms. Presently one of them makes a seemingly harmless remark about the weather or the country. The bystander, though he is not in the secret, immediately perceives that the statement has some hidden application. A kind of thrill runs through the companions of the speaker; each man is, so to speak, standing to his arms and preparing for a general action; the signal gun has been fired, though we do not as yet know what may be the precise issue involved. The speaker, it is probable, is introducing some crotchet of his own which has become a recognized battle-ground. The question has been argued a dozen times already, and each combatant knows everything that each of the others has to say upon the subject. Perhaps, however, the introducer of the topic has thought in the course of the day of some clever logical manoeuvre which will give him his revenge for former defeats; or perhaps he sees a possible ally in his new audience. In the last case, it will be wise to preserve a strict neutrality and allow the struggle to run its natural course. The stolid man plods steadily on with his old offensive thesis; his argumentative friend takes up the challenge at once, and cuts in with a vigorous confutation; and the nervous and reserved man, after trying for some time to preserve a judicious silence, suddenly takes fire, and, dashing into the thick of the fight, becomes more noisy and irritating than all the rest of the party. And so the controversy rages till bed-time, and the endless debate as to the merits of two rival inns or the comparative merits of the high-road and a short cut is once more adjourned, to be resumed on the first convenient opportunity. In after years the combatants will look back with genuine fondness to the delightful conversations which used to take place over a quiet evening pipe when the day's work was finished. To the impartial spectator at the moment nothing is obvious except red faces, strained voices, and a general disposition in the disputants to look out for the most irritating and irrelevant topics. A different phenomenon is indeed equally common. We may frequently observe a party which has not even the spirit to get up discussions. It has been formed on the principle that people who are familiar at home are likely to make the best companions abroad. Two or three men join for a walking tour who have been sitting opposite each other every day for the last ten months at a college table, or obeying the voice of the same Whip during a Parliamentary Session, or sitting in the same Courts, and attending the same mess. They are too familiar, and too tired of each other, to care for an argument. One of two things generally happens to such combinations. Either the companions sit gloomily staring at each other in profound silence, making desperate efforts to blow into a flame some feeble spark of conversation about the wine list or the railway time-table; or, if more sociably disposed, they once more chew the cud of the old "shop" which they talk during the rest of the year. A couple of friends may be seen resting during the ascent of a mountain, and settling who is to have the next silk gown, or affecting to look at a picture gallery whilst really demonstrating to each other how a slight change the terms of a motion might have altered the fate of a Minister. It is a delicate question whether absolute silence or a recurrence to the very topics from which you want to clear your brain is the most painful indication of weariness. In either case, though such persons are probably peaceable in their external demeanour, it is not to be too hastily inferred that they do not heartily bore each other. There are certain eternal subjects for mutual irritation which inevitably present themselves. As in the smallest State there are Conservatives and Radicals, so in every travelling party there is the great distinction between the punctual and the dilatory. If only two men are travelling together, it is practically certain that one of them will be thrown into a fever of impatience if he is not at a station half an hour before the time fixed for the train; whilst the other, if not systematically late, will perhaps annoy his companion more effectually by always

contriving to be in time at the very last moment. One again will be seriously vexed if an extra half-franc has been given to waiters; and another will declare that no economical measure is worth the inconvenience which it causes. One man has an insane desire to see the sun rise on all possible occasions, and the other is sensibly resolved to lie in bed until extracted by something like physical compulsion. It is an open question whether these differences are produced by the fact that every one is disposed to select for his companion some one of contrasted qualities, or whether they are developed by a natural process of differentiation. A man, for example, becomes less punctual as he finds that he can depend upon his companion, and his growing irregularities make his companion more nervous than before. In any case they provide material for the constant bickerings which amuse the cynical observer. It is pleasant—though we do not say that the pleasure is precisely moral—to watch the yellow faces and dishevelled condition of persons landing from a rough sea passage; and such undignified satisfaction would be considerably heightened if one could see how heartily the companions who have spent some six weeks together welcome the period of their deliverance, so that their delight at being rid of each other often sheds a fictitious glow of cordiality over the parting.

The moral drawn from such observations by some experienced persons is that a traveller should always go alone. We cannot, however, quite accept the conclusion. A man may become quite as great a bore to himself as anybody else can be to him. He may have the happy faculty of striking up temporary acquaintanceship with chance companions; but, to say nothing of the very unattractive nature of many of the companions thus forced upon one, it is really easier for the member of a party than for a solitary traveller to make friends. If three complete strangers are brought together, it is generally a difficult task for them to discover what may be their common subjects of interest. If two are companions, they can at any rate start some discussion which may give an opportunity to the third to join in the conversation. The fusion of a society is more quickly effected when some of the constituent atoms have already entered into combination. And, therefore, in spite of all the petty vexations which one must expect to suffer from one's best friends, we hold that on the whole it is wiser to take a companion or two. It is true that we shall find out each other's weak points; that, unless we are of angelic temper, we shall establish certain mutual raws; and that we shall very likely be more quarrelsome on the last day of the journey than on the first. But we have always the satisfaction of remembering that nothing is easier than to drop a friend when we are at home; and that probably the extreme absurdity of our codes of conduct will appear in a humorous light after a brief period of absence, and that we shall then feel that, if fellowship in travelling produces some temporary irritation, it also strengthens some permanent bonds of union.

THE GOTHS.

THE mind which occupies itself at once with things present and with things past is liable to be now and then a little startled by sudden transitions from one to the other. Every one has heard the saying, not a particularly wise saying, that there was more to be learned from one number of the *Times* than from all the works of Thucydides. But what would have been the judgment of him who uttered that saying if he had been called on to compare a number of the *Times* with all the works of Procopius? The comparison would at least be more to the purpose, in so far as to talk of all the works of Procopius, of whom we have several distinct works extant, is less absurd on the face of it than to talk of all the works of Thucydides. We will not undertake to weigh a number of the *Times*, especially at this time of the year, against the Gothic, Vandal, and Persian Wars, the Buildings, and, in some eyes the most precious of all, the Anecdotes. But this much is certain, that any one who turns suddenly from the reading of Procopius to the reading of his daily number of the *Times* is liable to be a little startled. He is indeed liable to be even more startled than he who turns to the *Times* from his reading of Herodotus or Thucydides, unless indeed that number of the *Times* happens to contain a speech by Mr. Lowe. We are not drawing on the imagination; we are recording the experience of one, perhaps of a small class, who thinks that his study of the affairs of the nineteenth century need not shut out all regard to the affairs of the sixth, and who deems that a study of the history and topography of Rome is imperfect without some knowledge of one of the most striking events even in the long history of Rome herself—the mighty siege of Wittiges, the

by defence of Belisarius. Our sympathies are divided as we read the tale. Our hearts cannot fail to be drawn to the camp of that heroic race in whom we rejoice to hail men whom it is hardly an exaggeration to call men of our own blood and speech. We feel with men striving to guard the realm of Theodoric, the realm of him under whom Rome was happy, from a boasted deliverer who came to give her peace and freedom, such peace and freedom as were to be had when she had exchanged a Gothic King for a Byzantine Exarch. And yet our hearts cannot fail to be drawn too within the walls of the beleaguered city; we are dazzled by the still abiding fascination of the Roman name, a name to which strangeness and incongruity seem only to give a new kind of fascination, when the Old Rome is won back to the allegiance of the New, when Cæsar Augustus sits

enthroned not by the Tiber, but by the Bosphorus, when he is no more the long-descended offspring of Venus and Anchises, but a barbarian adventurer from the banks of the Danube, sent by a strange mission to restore the dominion and to codify the law of the ancient Emperors and Consuls. The magic of the Roman name has not the less influence when the Roman host is made up of hirelings of every race and every speech, save only the Latin and speech of the Seven Hills themselves. And if our sympathies of kindred lead us into the camp of the besiegers, our personal sympathies lead us even more strongly to the palace on the Palatine Hill which was the dwelling-place of Rome's defender. If we hold with Aristotle that the greatest general is not he who positively does the greatest exploits, but he who can do the greatest exploits with a given army, we must place Belisarius above Alexander and Cæsar, above Hannibal himself. If Belisarius had won an empire for himself instead of winning back an empire for an ungrateful master, he might perhaps have held a higher place than he does on the tongues of men. Like so many other great men, he has been the victim of a legend; the tale of the blind beggar has done something to overshadow the fame of the conqueror and defender of Rome. It was a strife between a man and a nation; as once Hannibal stood against Rome, so now Belisarius stood against the Goths. The slave of Theodora and Ananias can hardly claim a place among the greatest of men; but the embodiment of every military virtue in its highest form, the dauntless courage, the ready-witted skill, the ever-watchful care, the unswerving loyalty against all temptation and all ingratitude, the general humanity and kindness, which are united in the character of Belisarius, all join to place him at the very head of his own era, at the head of men who are great as generals, but hardly great in any other character. We feel perhaps a kind of regret, a kind of sense of injustice, that qualities so noble should have been thrown away on the service of a mere or a phantom. But we cannot keep back our sympathy; if we do not rejoice, we at least admire, as the calm courage of the hero, at the head of a motley band of mercenaries, battles all the efforts of a nation, and that a nation of our own blood.

In the second stage of the war the personal interest is felt as keenly on the Gothic as on the Roman side. Totilas was in every way a worthy adversary for Belisarius himself. But the two heroes were never in the same way directly matched with one another. At least they are not directly matched in arms; in another way they are more truly matched when Totilas spurs Rome to answer, not to the prayers, but to the warning of Belisarius. Two such men clearly understood one another. The King of the Goths, and the man who, but for his own unwavering loyalty, might have been King of the Goths instead of him, stand out among those men who make us proud of our species. Yet both belong to classes of men which have passed into proverb of contempt. What after all was Belisarius, in spite of his Slavonic birth and his Roman consulship, but a Greek of the Lower Empire? What was Totilas, what was Theodoric himself, but a mere Goth? When we have formed our notions of a Goth from Procopius and Cassiodorus, it certainly is a little startling to see what kind of ideas seem in the columns of the more modern oracle to attach to a name which we are beginning to learn to reverence. If anybody has been destroying the monuments of Delhi or any other place, whether with hammers and chisels or plaster of Paris, or in any other way, let him by all means be called some bad name. Only what is a bad name? When we look at the ruins of Rome, when we learn their history, when we read the edicts by which the Goth Theodoric strove to keep the Romans from destroying their own antiquities, we might think of calling such a one a Roman; we should never think of calling him a Goth. We might be inclined to put him in the same class as a Roman baron, as a Pope or a Pope's nephew; we should not dream of putting him in the same class with the King who spared the buildings of Rome and with the King who restored them. In this matter of destroying and preserving monuments, we may be tempted to think, with Liutprand, that Roman is the very worst name that one can call a man, and assuredly Goth is the very best. For a man with these thoughts in his mind it was something of a shock a little while ago to take up a copy of the *Times* in which there was a letter, written in the very staidest style in which a letter could be written, in which the correspondent, who signed himself "J. S. Laurie," complained that damage was being done to certain ancient buildings in India by the process of taking casts. If the facts be so, nothing can be more reasonable than the complaint, if it had only been put in reasonable language. But some people would think themselves degraded for ever if they stooped to say anything in reasonable language. They must talk in the grand style, they must bring in some allusion, some metaphor, some roundabout way of saying everything, or their character for fine writing would be lost for ever. So Mr. Laurie, after expressing his astonishment, the most reasonable astonishment, at finding things of this kind done at all, goes on to say:—

My astonishment was not abated by the information that these iconoclasts had been perpetrated neither by fanatic Hindoos on the one hand, nor by Mussulmans on the other, but by a Goth of the latest advanced type, acting under Imperial sanction.

All Mr. Laurie's metaphors seem to keep in the Byzantine line. His first figure about the iconoclasts calls up visions of Leo the Isaurian and Constantine Copronymos, and between them and the persons complained of there is that degree of likeness which is found among all people who destroy anything. But when we come to the "Goth of the latest advanced type, acting under Imperial

sanction," we are puzzled indeed. What is a Goth? what is Imperial sanction? what is a Goth of the latest advanced type? how is one Goth more advanced than another? We have heard of people who were "Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores"; were there others who were "Gothis ipsis Gothiores"? The "Goth acting under Imperial sanction" sounds odd to one who has chiefly been dealing with Goths as opponents of the Imperial armies. Yet it is not to be denied that among the endless varieties of peoples, nations, and languages in the camps of Belisarius and Narses, one or two officers of some mark might have been found who really did answer to the description of Goths acting under Imperial sanction. But whether they were Goths of the latest advanced type, or what should have led Mr. Laurie so far out of his way in search of a metaphor, is wholly beyond our power of guessing.

The simple truth of course is that Mr. Laurie did not mean anything in particular, and was not thinking about Goths or anything else, but merely wanted to tell a story which would have been quite to the purpose if he had only chosen to tell it in a simple way. "Iconoclasm" and "Imperial sanction" are of course simply tall talk, a grand roundabout way of saying what might have been said straightforwardly. But the dragging in of the Goths is worth noticing. It shows that one of the most absurd errors, or rather superstitions, that ever grew up is still in force. Not many days before Mr. Laurie wrote, somebody calling himself "A Holiday Correspondent" wrote to describe the people of the neighbouring country going into Baden-Baden or some other of the German watering-places. He could not help calling it the "entry of the Goths into Rome." This of course was mere nonsense, and had no meaning at all, except to show that the "Holiday Correspondent" had heard of Rome and of Goths. Still even this shows the vulgar notion of Goths being a kind of people about whom it is safe to say anything. Mr. Laurie's talk goes a step further. If he thinks at all, he thinks that Goths were a kind of people who were in the habit of destroying ancient buildings, statues, and the like. We believe that there really are people who seriously believe this. The simple fact is that the Romans themselves destroyed the monuments of their own city, and, when they began to be ashamed of so doing, they laid the blame on the innocent Goths. How deep a hold this monstrous invention took on the popular mind in Italy is shown by a good many curious stories which will be found in the latter part of Gregorovius's *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*. In sober history it would be hard to find that any Goth ever wilfully defaced anything from one end of Italy to the other. Alaric destroyed nothing, whatever his troops may have taken away in the way of plunder. Theodoric strove to keep the Romans from destroying their own monuments. If Totilas, for military reasons, broke down part of the walls of Rome, he is hardly to be blamed for that; and the soldiers of Witiges are hardly to be called destroyers, because the soldiers of Belisarius threw down the statues from the tomb of Hadrian on their heads.

Every one will easily be able to call up instances of this common, but not the less strange, fashion of using the word Goth, sometimes as equivalent to destroyer, sometimes as a vague term of contempt, without any particular meaning. There are one or two odd cases in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and the *Spectator* is full of them. Still we can pardon Addison for describing Sir Roger among the tombs at Westminster as looking "like the figure of a Gothic king." Yet, if the figure of Sir Roger had been more like the figure of Ataulf, the widow might perhaps have been more ready to play the part of Placidia.

After all, the most curious application of the Gothic name is the architectural one. People who know nothing about architecture, and nothing about Goths, call mediæval architecture Gothic in sheer contempt. Then, just as great parties themselves took up the contemptuous nicknames of Whig and Tory, votaries of mediæval architecture took up the name and defended it, not as having anything to do with the national Goths, but in the general sense of Teutonic or mediæval. Gothic architecture, in short, was something like Mrs. Radcliffe's "Gothic stories." And the name, inaccurate as it is, is certainly convenient to oppose to Romanesque. But it is to be remembered that some people seem seriously to have thought that Gothic architecture was invented by the Goths. There is an edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which says that "Gothic architecture was a manner of building introduced by the Goths, when they had altogether overrun the Roman Empire," and added that, "the Goths being totally destitute of genius, neither architecture nor any other art could be improved by them." And we have seen this strange passage copied in a book published within the last thirty years. But it is at Ravenna that we most feel the lack of some other nomenclature. The one spot in the world where there is Gothic architecture in the historical sense is just the spot where there is none of the least moment in the conventional sense.

It may be that in the next session of Parliament Sir John Lubbock, walking in the steps of Theodoric, will again give us an Ancient Monuments Bill. If so, we shall gladly hail him as a Goth of the latest advanced type, and shall wish him all success against Mr. Bentinck and all such Roman and Popish-minded persons as rejoice in the right of destruction. Their models are the Barberini; we prefer the Barbari.

THE FURNESS DISTRICT.

NORTH-WEST Lancashire has no historical title to celebrity. No event of even third-rate importance in English history had this part of the country for its scene. We must be understood to be speaking now, not of what is known to the House of Commons as North-West Lancashire, but of the part roughly bounded by Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the sea, or Morecambe Bay, its offset. This reminds us that the sea in this particular region has encroached much and is fast encroaching further. It is, in short, eating up the land, and has, within recent memory, eaten out a large hole in it. So that there is a "missing link" of the county, owing to a portion having been swept away; and the traveller in passing from one part of Lancashire to another at high water must pass either across the sea or through Westmoreland. The names of "New Grange" and "Old Grange" betoken places which at no distant date were doubtless the sites of farmhouses, but which now lie far out in the bay, probably from two to four miles from the shore-line, as laid down in the map, on the Lancaster side. On the further side the church and rectory of Aldingham stand now on the sea edge, although persons of no more than middle age remember a homestead with cottages, fields, and a road now wholly swept away, and whose site is covered by the sands or swept by the waves. The Crown is proprietor of a considerable tract of land in these parts, which must have been largely wasted, and is still wasting, by the advances of the sea. The case seems a critical one, as the low cliff is mostly of soft earth with no power of resistance; and some such defence as may be observed at Ramsgate and other places on the East and South coasts seems called for, where the soft chalk is strengthened below by a face of solid masonry to keep the waves from undermining it. The name "Burdsea," the next parish to Aldingham on the north-east, favours the same notion, having doubtless been *Bard's Lye*, and pointing thus to some island which would seem to have been wholly obliterated by the inroads of the tide. There is a project of a loop railway to ease the pressure of the iron traffic on the Furness line, to be thrown round the coast of the little peninsula of Furness, on the edge of which the two last-named places stand, and to run on the flat of the beach somewhere below high-water mark. This, if solidly built, may possibly act as a breakwater no less than as a means of locomotion; but we believe the first pile has not yet been driven, nor the first spade-full of sand yet turned, with a view to this work.

The peninsula of Furness has a fertility and productiveness in agriculture and in metals far above the average of England, and a race of inhabitants remarkable even in Lancashire, *felicis provincie* as she is. The Norman Benedictines from Savigny, who in King Stephen's time crossed five-sixths of England before they fixed on the sequestered valley in Furness known characteristically as the "Vale of the Deadly Nightshade," from the abundance of that plant in those parts, found the result of their wanderings quite worth the labours of the way. They must have met an almost unadulterated Norse population. We find *-by* and *-thwaite* and *-beck* in the local nomenclature, while the Norse connexion of the Isle of Man lying only a few hours' run from Barrow, is shown by its Bishops of "Sodor and Man" being dependent on the Archbishop of Trondhjem in Norway; "Sodor" being "Sudreyjar or Southern Islands"—i.e. the Hebrides from a Norse standpoint, according to the learned historian of "Words and Places." The aspect of the race of men who people these regions shows the somewhat harsh and hardy character of the Norseman, mellowed by a more genial, and diluted by a more watery, climate. In Barrow, the chief centre of the iron trade of the region, there has been a great admixture of men from many sources, especially Wales and Cornwall, as furnishing miners ready made, and from Ireland, a near and ready nursery of all hands for profitable labour. It is in the more purely agricultural villages that the physical type is, naturally, best preserved; nor is there, we believe, any equal area of rural England which could surpass or probably equal it. The commercial importance of this district dates from not above ten years ago. It is still possible that an immensely larger development may take place. The discovery of hematite iron ore may be said to have laid the foundations of the fortune of the region in question; the discovery of a workable coal-mine in the same vicinity would crown that good fortune. Earnest attempts to discover coal at Rampside, an outlying seaside hamlet of Barrow, have been kept up by some ardent fortune-hunters for some years past, but without any pronounced success. They seem disposed still to persevere, in spite of over seventeen hundred feet having been bored through fruitlessly. The borer is a hollow jointed steel tube, and is armed at the boring extremity with an "iron crow," set with "black diamonds," by the abrasion caused by which as it revolves three or four hundred times in a minute, more or less, a hundred feet of sandstone at a depth of over eleven hundred feet from the surface was pierced in a week. Borings either by this or some other less highly scientific agency, sometimes for coal, but more frequently for iron ore, are common all over the Furness country. The traveller by the least frequented roads will find one of these "hods," as the upperwork of the shaft is called by the country people, cropping out in the half-cleared thickets of some coppice, or by a solitary hill-side tarn, or amidst the rich verdure of some meadow bottom, unbroken perhaps before since its first vegetable crust was formed upon it. He finds air and earth throbbing with an uneasy hum as he approaches the machine; when nearer he finds this broken by the clatter as of wheel and ratchet, accompanied by a tearing noise as of a plane. The effect

on a horse's nerves of an iron monster planted hard by the road, spitting out fire and smoke at a level a little above his eyes, with the further aggravation of the noise aforesaid, is more severe than that of a locomotive approached at a level crossing, and the best broken horses, accustomed to the proximity of railways, have been known to refuse to pass the road thus beset, and to fairly turn tail and bolt. The richer hematite veins are commonly found in the mountain limestone, the outcrop of which encircles the older slates and "Silurians" of the Cambrian group. The tourist recognizes the peculiar industry of this region most notably in the groups of miners, red all over to the very whites of their eyes, whom he encounters along the roads. The coast villages pursue a somewhat precarious pursuit of fishing and "cockling," for which Barrow and Liverpool, with their large populations within easy distance by rail, afford suitable markets, while the rich soil of the neighbourhood makes the homesteads teem with all the produce of agricultural labour. As the stepping-stone to the lake and mountain region from Windermere to Keswick, this part of the county, by a slight *détour* westward, lies within easy reach of visitors, and seldom are so many objects of interest on the side both of the picturesque and of the useful found within so narrow a radius.

The usual reflections awakened by a ruined abbey are heightened when it stands amidst the throng of busy industry which in modern day has assembled on the very same scene. Mines, borings, and blast-furnaces spit their jets of flame and steam and smoke within half-an-hour's walk on probably all sides of what was once the Abbey of St. Mary in Furness, and on some sides within much less. The railway cuts clean through the still beautiful valley "cleop" "of Deadly Nightshade," sprigs of which plant, by the way, appear on the seal formerly borne by the abbots as part of their usual cognizance. The station is situated almost within the ruins, and the hotel adjacent has a mass of antique buildings, being part of the monastic remains, lying between it and its stables. This makes the chances strongly against the possibility of a solitary visit, except perhaps at midwinter. At Furness a visit to the Abbey may often be paid without finding another person save the guide to break the silence; but at Furness the inevitable fellow-creature may probably take the form of a miner out on "spree," unless the contempt for any object which one can see without paying should make the Abbey seem unworthy of such an important person's notice.

It may not improbably come to pass that the valley and hills round about it may be honeycombed by mining agency, and that a population may gather along the line of railway, and especially about the station of Furness Abbey, which may demand church accommodation on a scale at present unknown in the parts. The question will then occur, Why not rebuild the abbey church for parochial worship? It would be the noblest and fittest shrine for the devotions of the neighbourhood which its wealth and beneficent piety once nurtured, and amidst which it has now stood desolate for nearly three centuries and a half. The plan is of course noble and spacious—when was a Cistercian church not so?—but simple and practical. It is just a cruciform church with a large chancel arch. There appear to have been two pulpits, one for the transept and choir looking south-eastward, the other for the nave, less precisely determinable. The sedilia, with beautifully rich thernacle work in the decorated style, are nearly perfect still. The tombs of ancient abbots with richly floriated crosses, and one of a mutilated crusading knight, are still entire along the broken floor of the chancel, the names of several being more or less distinctly legible to the educated eye. The vast width of the windows east and west would give a grand transparency and lightness to the restored church, while there would still remain enough of ruin in the other monastic buildings adjacent to envelop the whole in a venerable halo of antiquity. The few hundred thousand pounds of expense would probably not be felt by the noble owner, nor grudged, if there was a real demand for a useful and pious work. Dalton, about a mile away, is a rather quaint little town on the slope of a hill, on which stands the castle closely connected with the Furness monastery. There is, by the way, another castle more purely of the past, at Gleaston, a village in the Barrow neighbourhood. This of Dalton has mostly disappeared, and what is left is masked on one side by a rubbishy modern *façade*. A third castle stands well out at sea on Peel Island—lately insulated, no doubt, by the onward sweep of the waves.

Since the Norse keels hovered in the offing, perhaps in the tenth century, no invader has ever come this way. The Cumbrian mountains were a tolerable bulwark against forays of the Scots. The region is happy in having "no history." It seems to have been just skipped by all the affairs of moment in all ages. The landing of Mary Stuart and the southward march of Charles Edward came nearest to it, but yet missed it. It has slept in the silence of all the centuries. It now forms one of the busiest and most interesting parts of England.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND SCIENCE.

THE *Times* has been enlivening its readers at this dull season with a controversy about the teaching of science at the Roman Catholic University of Kensington. "Cantab," "M.A.," and other Protestant writers have been essaying to prove from history that science cannot be freely taught under Roman Catholic auspices, and the Professors of the new institution have been doing

their best to answer them. Whether we are to infer from an angry insinuation in last week's *Tablet*, to the effect that some Catholics "whisper unworthy things" of Mgr. Capel's nascent academy, that there is some division among Catholics themselves on the matter, it is not for us to say. The relation of science to Catholicism, or rather to the Papacy—for it is on Papal infallibility that the whole controversy really hinges—is however a question of some interest. And, without committing ourselves to the side of either party in the recent correspondence, we purpose to say a few words upon it. In the first place, then, we may frankly admit that some of these assailants of "Roman Catholic liberty of judgment" have shown more zeal than discretion or knowledge in their method of attack. The alleged case of Virgilius and his view of the antipodes, for instance, is for several reasons nothing whatever to the point. It is far from clear exactly what Virgilius taught, and Neander thinks that the Pope's provisional censure, based entirely on a hostile report sent by Boniface, arose from the notion that his teaching involved a denial of the whole human race being sprung from Adam, and consequently included in the guilt of original sin. At all events, after summoning the accused to Rome for further examination, Pope Zachary saw no reason to alter his opinion, for Virgilius, instead of being condemned—and, as one correspondent of the *Times* asserted, burnt—became Bishop of Salzburg and a canonized Saint. Then, again, Mr. Wilkinson of Lutterworth thinks he has made a great point by quoting and—unfortunately for himself—translating a sentence from the Latin preface to the Jesuit edition of Newton's *Principia*, published in 1742, in order to prove that the editors promised to "yield assent to" the decrees condemning Galileo, while teaching the heliocentric theory as philosophically true. But the word which Mr. Wilkinson renders "to yield assent" happens to be *obsequi*, which simply means to *obey*. What the Jesuit editors promised was, not an *ex animo* assent to the doctrine of the Papal decree—which they of course knew perfectly well to be false—but the sort of external deference implied in not publicly contradicting it, which became famous in the Jansenist controversy by the name of "obsequious silence," and which had then, more than a century after Galileo's condemnation, come to be held sufficient at Rome. These however are minor issues. The brunt of the difficulty turns, and is felt by Ultramontane apologists to turn, on the fact of Galileo's condemnation for heresy by the Holy See. Before 1870 the difficulty in its present shape did not exist. A Roman Catholic might then have urged plausibly enough that he repented the decision, but that after all it only embodied the universal religious sentiment of the day, whether among Catholics or Protestants, who equally regarded the Copernican theory as contradictory to Scripture, and therefore heretical, and that the worst to be said of the Pope who condemned it was that he was not before his age. But this answer is no longer available for those who accept the Vatican definition of Papal infallibility. They are bound to show either that the Pope never really decided the question at all, or that he decided it rightly. One eccentric writer has actually maintained both alternatives together, but we may confine ourselves here to the usual Ultramontane plea, which is adopted by Mr. Clarke, the newly-appointed Professor of Natural Theology at Kensington. The censure pronounced on Galileo, he says, was not the act of the Pontiff himself, but of two Roman Congregations, whose decisions, though running in the Pope's name, possessed no supreme and final validity. He adds that to prove a contradiction between Catholic faith and science it must be shown that some scientific truth has been condemned—(1) not because of manner or extrinsic circumstances, but on the ground that it is contrary to some doctrine of the Catholic religion; and (2) not by any subordinate tribunal, but by the supreme and final tribunal of the Catholic Church. It is easy to show that on Ultramontane principles the condemnation of Galileo fulfils both conditions.

To enter on a detailed history of the affair would require more space than we can command here. But we may refer our readers to a learned and able pamphlet on *The Pontifical Decrees against the Motion of the Earth, Considered in their Bearing on the Theory of Advanced Ultramontaniam*, by a "Priest of the Province of Westminster." It was published before the close of the Vatican Council, when the "theory" against which it is directed was raised, according to the ordinary acceptance of the decrees, into a dogma of faith. However we are not concerned here with the personal incidents of the controversy, but with the facts. The explanation then as now proffered by Ultramontanes of the case of Galileo, which then as now was most commonly alleged against their pretensions, was that "the decision was not uttered by the Pope *ex cathedra*, but by Cardinals, for whom no one claims infallibility, and was a mere disciplinary enactment very necessary for its times." Now the original decree of the Index under date of March 5, 1616, states that "it has come to the knowledge of the Holy Congregation that that false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, on the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun, which Copernicus, &c. . . is being promulgated and accepted by many;" and accordingly, "lest an opinion of this kind insinuate itself further to the destruction of Catholic truth," condemns the books which teach it. It is allowed by Ultramontanes that this would be an *ex cathedra* decree if it contained certain words indicating that the Pope had ordered its promulgation; the simple answer is that the insertion of this particular formula is quite a modern custom, and that to argue anything from its omission in a decree of 1616 is an ignorant or dis-

honest anachronism. It is further urged that the divine gift of infallibility attaches to the person of the Pope and cannot be delegated to others; it cannot therefore be exercised by a Congregation of Cardinals; and, in the absence of any direct proof, we are not justified in assuming their judgment to be his. But in this case there is abundant proof. The condemnation of Copernicanism was, and was known to be, a Papal judgment. "Paul VI." as the editor of the *Dublin Review* admits, "and abettedly united with the Congregation of the Index in solemnly declaring that Copernicanism is contrary to Scripture." Moreover the Bull of Sixtus V. constituting these Congregations of Cardinals expressly directed that more weighty matters, *graviora*, should be referred to the Pope himself for his judgment; and the condemnation of Copernicanism, which has been taught publicly for many years under the highest ecclesiastical patronage, was confidently treated as one of these *graviora*. And, as though to remove all shadow of doubt, on Galileo's publication of the *Dialogo* some twenty years later, Urban VIII. caused it to be publicly notified that "by order of the Lord Pope and Lord Cardinals of the Supreme and Universal Inquisition," it had been already declared that his doctrine "that the sun is in the centre of the universe and immovable from its place is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture"; and furthermore that his books had been put on the Index "that so pernicious a doctrine might be altogether taken away (*procius tolleretur*) and spread no further to the heavy detriment of Catholic truth." This original judgment of the Index was announced to Galileo in a Congregation held in the Pope's presence, as he was expressly and officially reminded when, by afterwards continuing to teach the condemned opinion, he had incurred "vehement suspicion of heresy"; nor was he absolved till he had then again solemnly before the Congregation, "with a pure heart and both unfeigned, abjured, cursed, and detested the above-named errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church." Such are the terms and circumstances of the sentence pronounced on Galileo's teaching by a Congregation established to quote the Bull of Sixtus V.—"iniquum firmissimum Catholicæ fidei propugnaculum . . . in obsequium rei gravitatem Pontifex Romanus præsidere solet." If such a decision is not an *ex cathedra* judgment of the Pope, what is it? To deny it, in the words of the learned author already referred to, involves three absurdities—(1) that the Pope uniting with a Congregation to make a law for the time—[The Church does not *ipso facto* act in his official capacity as Supreme Head of the Church;] (2) that such language in a Papal Bull as "*et nobis retulerint, nostra auctoritate rejiciant*," or "*rationes gravemque ad nos vel successores nostros deferantur, ut quod secundum Deum expediret, ejus gratia adjuvante mature statuamus*," may refer to the Pope in his private capacity only; (3) that when a Pontifical Congregation, acting under the Pope's orders, testifies that an opinion *since its condemnation* by the Pope is to be regarded as a *heresy*, to be abjured with all other errors and heresies against the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, it yet does not attest that the Holy See has condemned that opinion.

Let it be further remembered that Urban VIII.—who certainly took up the matter on public grounds, and not, as has been most unjustly contended, out of personal spite—exactd from Galileo an unreserved *ex animo* assent to the doctrine of the previous decree of the Inquisition against him in 1616. And the *Dublin Review* maintains, reasonably enough, that "the Pope never exacts absolute and unreserved assent to any doctrine from individual Catholics, except where he exacts such assent from the whole body of Christians; otherwise he would himself destroy that unity of faith which it is his office to maintain." It was therefore obligatory on all Catholics to reject the heresy of Galileo. Moreover, in 1664 Alexander VII. in the Bull *Speculatores Domus Israel* solemnly ratified the decree of the Index of 1616. We may add *ex abundanti* that, according to a brief addressed by Pius IX. in 1864 to the Archbishop of Munich, usually regarded by Ultramontanes as an *ex cathedra* judgment, "men cannot have that perfect adhesion to revealed truth which is necessary for the progress of science and the refuting of error, unless . . . they subject themselves in conscience to the decisions concerning doctrine put forth by the Pontifical Congregations." Mr. Clarke gives no authority for his assertion, borrowed perhaps from Venturi, that Benedict XIV. suspended the decree against Galileo. What is certain is that the works condemned in that decree are included in an Index published by Benedict XIV., to which was attached a Constitution expressly approving, confirming, and enjoining its observance on all persons everywhere by apostolical authority.

In his last letter to the *Times* Mr. Clarke cites a passage from Dr. Whewell's *History of Scientific Ideas*—for which, by the way, he gives a wrong reference—to the effect that Cardinal Bellarmine, at the time of the decree against Galileo, whose abjuration he received, spoke of its being rescinded if a demonstration of the heliocentric theory should be discovered. If the quotation of Bellarmine's words is accurate—and Whewell's account of the Galileo affair in his *History of the Inductive Sciences* is in many particulars inaccurate—it need not mean any more than that he was sure no such demonstration would ever be discovered. Be that as it may, Bellarmine's opinion, whatever it was, was simply that of an individual Cardinal, and, if Whewell rightly interprets it, was conclusively overruled by the subsequent acts of Urban VIII. and Alexander VII., which attest the strictly dogmatic character of the condem-

nation of Galileo's "heresy." As to contemporary estimates of the force of this decree let two witnesses suffice—one an opponent, the other a devoted admirer of Galileo. The Jesuit Cazzareus, writing to Gassendi, says, "Vides . . . quam non immerito jam inde a Copernici tempore *Ecclésiæ* semper huic so errori opposuerit, et quæ etiam novissime non Cardinales aliqui, ut ais, sed *Supremum Ecclesiæ Caput Pontificis* decreto in Galileo damnaverit, et ut ne in posterum verbum aut scripto doceretur, sanctissimo prohibuerit." On the other hand, Viviani, an enthusiastic disciple of Galileo, felt it necessary in writing his master's life to speak of the Copernican theory as "*genuè damnata da Sancta Chiesa* come repugnante alla divina Scriptura." On the whole, the learned Roman Catholic writer to whom we are largely indebted for this sketch of Galileo's case does not at all overshoot the mark when he draws from it these inferences:—(1) Rome—i.e. a Pontifical Congregation informed by the Pope—may put forth a decision scientifically false and doctrinally erroneous; (2) an opinion which the Pope has publicly required a Catholic to abjure as untenable and false may be perfectly sound; (3) the Pope may require a Catholic to assent *ex animo* to a judgment doctrinally erroneous; (4) he may further command a Pontifical Congregation to promulgate, as a part of the teaching of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, what is scientifically false and doctrinally erroneous; (5) he may officially "confirm his brethren" the Cardinals in an error on the matter of faith, and use his authority as Pope to indoctrinate the Church therewith; (6) it is not always good for Catholics to think as Rome does, even on points of doctrine.

Before concluding it may be right to mention that a loophole—*velut quædam*—for those who desire to reconcile the Vatican decrees with the facts of history has been provided in one of Dr. Newman's latest publications. The endless disputes of the doctors on the meaning of the talismanic formula *ex cathedra* are not at all new. In the third volume of his *Historical Sketches*, in a note to the very interesting Essay on Theodoret, now published for the first time, Dr. Newman suggests an explanation of the words apparently framed with a view of restricting former inflexible decisions to the single case of the Immaculate Conception, it indeed even that decree will satisfy his second criterion. "Surely," he observes—"the italics are our own"—"for an *ex cathedra* decision of the Pope is required his formal initiation of it, *his authorship of its wording*, and his utterance amid his court, *with solemnities parallel to those of an Ecumenical Council*." There is certainly only one Papal decision that will satisfy the third condition, and we are inclined to doubt whether any can be found, strictly speaking, to satisfy the second; the Bull *Ineffabile* was generally supposed to be the composition of Passaglia. No doubt this interpretation of *ex cathedra* would go far to relieve the Kensington Professors, and perhaps many more besides of their embarrassments. But we must confess to some misgiving as to how many even of the minority Bishops who have since succumbed would be prepared openly to adopt it, and still more as to how it would be received at Rome. How far it agrees with the theory of the *Dublin Review* that the Pope "never ceases" to speak infallibly, or with Father Gallywey's desire for that happy time when a new dogma—like the daily provision of manna in the wilderness—will be bestowed on us every morning, we need not ask.

HOMBURG AND BADEN.

WHEN the reign of roulette and rouge-et-noir came to a close in the German watering-places, many people besides the inhabitants of those places were interested in speculating on their future. Each separate Bath had its own circle of patrons, in addition to the holiday tourists who went fluttering about from one to another capriciously distributing their favours. How some of these Baths could find constant visitors at all to return to them year after year, was a standing mystery to the admirers of others. The only plausible explanation was that there were genuine believers in the virtues of particular springs, who had the resolution to back a favourite fountain to pull them through against their infirmities, although seriously handicapped in the course of the cure by a depressing atmosphere and dull surroundings. There was Ems, for example, buried in the depths of its valley, with overhanging hills radiating perpetual heat upon stagnant air that could never be stirred except when it was swept out by a hurricane. Yet, in spite of the lack of shade and freshness and of any agreeable variety in its surroundings, Ems was habitually patronized by the German Emperor-King and his nephew the Czar of All the Russias, and of course, when personages so exalted set a fashion, hotelkeepers seldom have reason to grumble. Even when the gaming came to an end, Ems could still count on a fair share of popularity so long as her waters prolonged the lives of the potent monarchs who annually visited them. But there were other watering-places more fortunate in the advantages bestowed upon them by nature, and consequently more independent even of the most distinguished patronage. There was Wiesbaden, which lay so conveniently for the Rhine that few of the pilgrims of the great river failed to turn aside and drop in there in passing. The golden dome of its Greek church glancing in the sunlight on the pine-covered heights served as a sort of advertisement to the tables that were spread as traps under its shadow. When once you got there, it was an open question whether you would like the place or take an intense aversion to it.

The society was scarcely all that could be desired by the fastidious or aspiring, especially after Nassau had ceased to be an independent principality, and the ex-sovereign no longer mingled with his guests or drove over from his palace at Bieberich to dine with his tenants in the Kursaal. The scenery was questionable in quality, and might be defined even by its admirers as tamely picturesque. The carriage roads were decidedly dusty, and the woodland bridle-paths lay deep in sand; while the place itself was too much of a city, and there, as at Ems, there was something to object to in the temperature. If invalids and valetudinarians were attracted by the soothing vapours of the hot springs and the warm water that flowed streaming down the streets, many outsiders hastened their departure from what must, as they fancied, be as relaxing as a Turkish bath.

Without, however, stopping to criticize all these watering-places in detail, we may say, with a pleasant holiday Correspondent of the *Times*, that there were two of them that might be pronounced *facile principes*. Homburg on the heights and Baden-Baden distanced all competitors. Both were famous as centres of play; though in that respect the former had been doing its best to take the wind out of the sails of its older rival. At Baden there were the usual heavy odds in favour of the tables. At Homburg, thanks to the enterprise of speculative *entrepreneurs*, who advertised an alarming sacrifice in order to bring grit to their mill, the rouge-et-noir was played with the *demi-refait*, and the roulette with a single zero. Consequently, if a gentleman was starting from home on a gambling trip to invest the savings of his year's income, or if a daring and inventive spirit had devised some infallible system to break the banks and lay the foundation of a fortune, it was only natural that he should bend his steps towards Homburg. And, considering that the gamblers were the most generous patrons of both places: that it was their gold that fed the fountains which played in fertilizing showers on the Kursaal and its pleasure grounds, fruitful of balls and operas, plays and concerts; that they hired the handsomest suites of apartments, ordered reckless diners of the restaurateurs, and never looked at the items of the bills; that, whether on the brink of ruin or flush of funds, they equally paid fancy prices for useless nicknacks in the shops and stalls—considering all this, we should have imagined that Homburg would have altogether eclipsed its rival in the good old days of the tables. As a matter of fact, however, it was not only passing strangers, tempted to try their luck and provoked by losses into persevering, who were found to drop their money at Baden. Professional gamblers parted with large sums there, though they had only to take tickets for the short journey to Homburg in order to fight the bank on far more favourable terms. It may have been partly that, in the gambler's proverbial frenzy, they ran their heads against stone walls in sheer love of the excitement and contemptuous disregard of calculations; it may have been in some degree that, in a spirit of gambling chivalry, they took a Quixotic pleasure in coping with exceptionally formidable odds. Still, however much these sophistries and illusions might serve to stifle the remonstrances of common sense, the true explanation of the fact that play was always brisk at Baden notwithstanding the superior inducements of Homburg is simply that many people infinitely preferred Baden to any other sojourn in the season. One would have supposed therefore that, when the gaming was brought to an end, Baden, which had always held its own with Homburg, would have been left in decidedly the better plight of the two. Its former frequenters would cling to it still, while it would win over many who had been lured to Homburg by sordid pecuniary considerations. The *Times* Correspondent assures us that this is not the case. His letters from Baden echo lamentations which he had to listen to everywhere. The glory of the place had gone with the guests. The great hotels were well nigh empty. The shopkeepers might monopolize any pleasures that were going, if they had spirit to enjoy them, for there was little business to keep them in their shops. The shady alleys before the Kursaal and around the kiosque were haunted by the sad spectres of the former glittering company; nay, even on the off mornings in the great week of the races there was scarcely a sign of animation to be witnessed on the road that leads to the course. The worthy citizens of Homburg, on the other hand, seem to be tolerably cheerful, and with considerable cause. If things are not as brisk as could be desired, at all events they are livelier than might have been expected. Invalids may empty their glasses at the springs of a morning surrounded by something like the merry crowd of happier times, and there are guests enough to encourage the municipality in persevering with a fairly well-filled programme of entertainments.

Yet, although Homburg appears to have the best of it for the present, we cannot believe that Baden will be nowhere in the end. Homburg suffered by the abolition of the tables only in common with other gaming resorts, and over many of them the qualities of her air and her waters gave her a decided superiority. She had been very much supported, if not actually made, by the better classes of English visitors; they were precisely the people who cared least for play, and most of them indeed positively objected to it and to the hordes of scamps of both sexes whom it attracted. Homburg besides is in the neighbourhood of the great city of Frankfort-on-the-Main—it is, in fact, a sort of suburb of it. Baden, on the contrary, is far from any town of importance, and has depended almost entirely on visitors from a distance. Visitors it had from all countries; there were many Russians, many Americans, and not a few English. But the nationality that predominated over every other, that set the fashions, and gave the

tone to its society, was the French. The French might be said to have annexed it, with the free consent of the inhabitants. During a couple of months, when the season was at its height, there was a steady incursion of invading columns by way of Strasburg, descending daily in battalions on the Oes platform. Most of the members of this Grand Army came with bellicose intentions towards the bank, and the flying corps of Amazons that it numbered in its ranks were the very fiercest of the combatants. A notoriety of the *demi-monde* was the last person in the world to care for the paltry difference between one zero and a pair of them, when she came attended by a train of admirers who vied with each other in keeping her supplied with ammunition. But, unhappily for both parties, when the war broke out, the town which had been socially French remained geographically German. Long before a puritanical Government tampered with the grand institution of the place, Baden was shivering in the cold shadow of the coming event, and experiencing a bitter foretaste of the calamity in store for it. The French were kept away, and no one turned up to replace them. For a whole season the only entertainment that was offered to the stray traveller was the sound of the distant guns when the Germans were bombarding Strasburg. Even after peace had been signed not many of the French came back. The least patriotic of them shrank from close daily contact with their German conquerors on German territory. This feeling survives still, and moreover the old frequenters of Baden are just those who least care to revisit it in its altered state. If they are inveterate gamblers, they go for the season to Monaco or Hendaye. If they used only to gamble because gambling fell in their way, they prefer to enjoy the gaieties of Trouville or Biarritz. There is always a charm in a crowded and chattering promenade by the sea, while the lonely beauties of hill and dale in the Black Forest have but small attractions for Frenchmen except for picknicking purposes. For other nations, however, who are capable of really loving nature for her own sake, these forest beauties must inevitably act as a magnet that will gradually draw them in increasing numbers. We say nothing against Homburg, which we fancy very much in many ways. We have been told that the waters there are good, as they certainly are exceedingly unpleasant. Nothing can be fresher than the morning breezes from the Tannus. There are agreeable enough distant excursions in the mountains, while in the pretty gardens that lie around the Kursaal art and wealth have conspired to do their utmost. But in point of natural beauty Homburg will not bear comparison with Baden for an instant. In opportunities for agreeable expeditions of all lengths, Baden indeed may rank after Ischl. The lazy lout-er with book or cigar may find an infinite variety of scenery within fifteen minutes' saunter from his hotel. You have the Black Forest stretching away towards Stuttgart, with endless subjects in its valleys for the brush and the pencil, with pleasant streams where no one will interfere with your fishing, with inns primitive but comfortable where you may pass a night, with excellent roads over which you may travel economically by *Luspanner*, to say nothing of an occasional railway. In short, Baden is a place which you fall in love with at first sight, and whose charms win on you as you grow more familiar with them. It is purified now of the obnoxious vice and dissipation which used to deter many steadygoing people from prolonging their stay there, and when once the world begins to realize this fact, we shall be surprised indeed if it does not settle down to a satisfactory future.

A SENSIBLE SERMON.

IT is a familiar complaint against clergymen that they are too much given to preaching, as the Scotch laird swore, "at large," and that they prefer to bemoan the sinfulness of the world in general rather than to expose the particular wickednesses of the people whom they are addressing. The explanation of this tendency has been given by an American poet, who remarks that there is no danger in going in very strongly against wrong in the abstract, for the simple reason that that kind of wrong is never committed, and therefore nobody feels aggrieved when it is denounced; but, he adds:—

—you must not be hard on pertikeler sins,
For then you get kicking the people's own shins.

The Bishop of Manchester, however, does not seem to be disposed to adhere to this prudent rule, and the other day he took to kicking the shins of some people rather vigorously. The occasion was a charity sermon in order to raise subscriptions for the repair of a church, which was built only thirteen years ago, but which, it seems, has had to be pretty nearly rebuilt in consequence of the foundations of the columns giving way. The Bishop seized the opportunity of speaking in very strong language of the conduct of people who "scamp" church buildings, and from church buildings he passed on very naturally to other buildings, and denounced in equally emphatic terms the system of erecting what, it appears, are technically known as "jerry" buildings. These he explained to mean buildings which are run up by speculative builders of the flimsiest materials, with the thinnest walls, at the least possible cost, and intended to last the least possible time. The Bishop said he had learned on good authority that buildings of this kind paid better than any others. It is to be feared that the construction of "jerry" buildings is not confined to Manchester, and that on examination too much of modern London would be found to be

of the same flimsy and fictitious texture. Nor is the concoction of commodities which might come under the general name of "jerry" by any means confined to builders and architects. We live in a world which is pervaded with "jerry." We meet it in all directions. We eat "jerry" and drink "jerry," and go about with it on our backs. It has got into our houses, our furniture, our ships. Our tea is iron filings and indigo, our wine vinegar or sulphuric acid, our silk cotton. There is, in fact, scarcely an article of commerce nowadays which is really honest and genuine, and what it purports to be. The very phrase "article of commerce" has acquired an ominous significance, and implies that the article, whatever it is, has in passing through the hands of commerce been transformed from its original character into something more or less fictitious. It is evident, therefore, that if the clergy are at all disposed to follow Bishop Fraser's example, and engage in a crusade against "jerry," there is plenty of scope for their efforts in this direction; and it will be instructive to watch the results. A few weeks ago a working-man picked up a bundle of banknotes in the street, and at once restored them to the bankers to whom they belonged. The bankers not only rewarded the finder very liberally, but made inquiry as to the church which he attended and gave it a handsome donation too. We have no information as to the sort of sermons which are preached in that church; but the bankers appear to have been content to judge by result, and to assume that, as a member of the congregation had given such a remarkable proof of his honesty, this must be due to the wholesome influence of the services which he attended. It would certainly be interesting if the test could be applied on a wider scale. We should then be able to form some idea of the practical value of the vast amount of sermonizing which is constantly going on. It is not everybody who has a chance of finding a bundle of notes lying before him in the street; but what may be called the ordinary honesty of mankind is perhaps subjected to a more wearing strain. There is no subject on which there is such an infinite variety of shades and refinements of opinion as on what constitutes actual dishonesty, and there is no subject on which people require more closely to watch themselves, and to be watched over by their spiritual mentors. What in the first instance would be condemned by every one as a fraud gets to be in a manner legalized, or at least whitewashed, by custom. This adulteration, which in the beginning is furtively practised with fear and trembling, is afterwards carried out confidently and systematically on a large scale, and is supposed to be sufficiently justified by the fact that it has become a common practice of the trade. It is recognized, even by popular and reforming statesmen like Mr. Bright, as a form of competition; and, as everybody does it, nobody is held to be specially to blame. It is probable that in the early days of the evil the builders of "jerry" houses may have had a guilty sense of wrongdoing; but this would pass away as buildings of this delusive character were gradually multiplied. A host of competitors would rise up to keep each other in countenance; a younger generation would implicitly accept "scamping" as a regular and proper method of business, and any objection to it would be met with the ready answer—"Custom of the trade." This is the insidious progress by which more common cheating is in course of time legitimized, and it surely falls within the range of evils upon which the pulpit might be expected to bring to bear such influence as it possesses. Unhappily it is usually mute on such matters, and prefers fine language about the abstract to plain language about the concrete.

It is certainly not desirable that clergymen should rashly thrust themselves into political or economical controversies in regard to which they cannot speak with any particular authority, and which, too often, their language shows that they do not understand. There are, however, many questions of practical morality upon which, if they look for practical results from their preaching, they might reasonably be supposed to have something to say; for, though it is true that such questions do not fill the whole sphere of religious teaching, they occupy at least an important part of it. The Bishop of Manchester could not shut his eyes to the fact that the reason why he was preaching an appeal for subscriptions on the occasion to which we have referred was that the building of the church in the first instance had been "scamped"; but there are many much worse things to which clergymen, as a rule, appear to be less sensitive. There is the subject of intemperance, for example. Many clergymen are in favour of coercive legislation, with a view to the suppression of this destructive vice; and it is curious that they fail to perceive that their demand for such a remedy is practically an admission of the weakness of their own resources. The natural inference would seem to be that the preaching power of the country is somehow either not applied as it should be, or is wanting in some element of force. It may be said, no doubt, that the classes who are most wasted by intemperance are just those whom it is most difficult to bring within the range of pulpit influence; but this again is only an acknowledgment in another form that pulpit influence is least effectual where it is most required. And in any case, this argument does not apply to other classes of the community, who are tolerably regular in their attendance at church, but whose personal morality scarcely corresponds with the religious doctrines to which they profess adherence. The Bishop of Manchester, for instance, might profitably follow up his discourse on "jerry" with some remarks on the manufacture of short-measure reels of cotton. There is also the notorious system of loading cotton cloth with chalk in order to increase its weight, and thus defraud purchasers who buy an article of which a considerable part vanishes as soon as

it is wetted. This is a thievish trick of the worst kind, and it is known to be practised by a large number of Lancashire manufacturers. There is no sort of reason for adding chalk to the extent to which it is used except to give a fictitious weight to the fabric, and it is deliberately and systematically added for this purpose, and for this purpose alone. We have "jerry" here as well as in church-building, and if sermons are intended for practical correction, they might naturally be expected to be directed against this and other equally flagrant acts of mercantile dishonesty, from the almost universal adulteration of the shopkeepers to the bubble Companies of more daring speculators. We should be sorry to say anything that could be construed into disrespect of the pulpit, but, like other public institutions, its utility must be tested, not by its pretensions, but by results.

The low tone of commercial morality is a subject which is usually avoided or ignored by preachers, and yet it is the most dangerous cancer of the age, and its baneful influences may be seen on every side. A sort of conventional code of morals has been invented according to which almost any transaction, no matter how fraudulent in intention and effect, is to be regarded as fair as long as it does not actually land a man at the Old Bailey, and, even if it does unfortunately lead to that awkward conclusion, is rather to be pitied as a misfortune than punished as a crime. It is obvious that nothing can be more dangerous and fatal than the atmosphere which is thus produced. It scatters its subtle and insidious poison in every direction, and corrupts and corrodes all who come within its influence. The simple rules of absolute honesty being surrendered, degrees of dishonesty are soon hopelessly confounded, and the sense of honour is blunted to everything save the sharp edges of the criminal law. A malady like this, so deeply seated and so noxious, might naturally claim the attention of spiritual physicians, but it does not appear that it receives it. The truth is that there are many social disorders which the law cannot touch, and which it is not desirable that it should strain itself to reach. These can be subdued only by the force of persuasion and the pressure of opinion. The reason why there is so much commercial laxity is simply because this sort of looseness has ceased to be regarded as disreputable; it is recognized as, at the worst, only a rather imprudent form of speculative adventure. The prevalence of scamping is due to the competitive spirit, released from the restraints of old-fashioned honesty, and encouraged by the countenance of brisk competitive rivalry. What is wanted to remedy this state of things is a more wholesome condition of public opinion on such matters, and to the formation of this opinion clergymen, if they had only the courage to speak out their minds, and the acuteness—not too generally diffused, it is to be feared, at the present moment—to discern how they can be most usefully employed, might powerfully contribute. A patient has little to hope from a physician who will not descend from broad general speculations on the laws of health to the close observation of the vulgar details of actual disease.

THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI.

SOME anxiety has not unnaturally been felt for the fate of the art treasures in the Franciscan convent and triple church at Assisi. The lands, amounting, it is said, to forty-two estates, have been confiscated and the monks dispersed; but what seems far worse, in the eyes of archaeologists and artists, is that restorers armed with the authority of the Government are hard at work in pulling away altars, knocking down walls, and renovating frescoes. The priests, as a matter of course, have been up in arms, and painters and many others whose cherished associations have been set at naught are still clamorous. But the first panic is now a little past, and a brief statement of facts which we have learnt on the spot may tend further to mitigate alarm.

On the dissolution of the Monastery of St. Francis provision was made for the due performance of the services in the church, and a few of the monks are retained and subsidized for that purpose. As a matter of general State policy they are not allowed to retain the picturesque garb of the order, but, dressed in black, they assume the office and the aspect of ordinary priests. We have recently witnessed in the Lower Church a function in honour of the Nativity of the Madonna, which, as to the music and the scenic display, was creditable to the clerical staff as now constituted. Moreover, the Government, in laudable zeal for the preservation of historic works, has taken the whole structure as a national monument under its protection, and a small annual grant is made for incidental expenses.

The reader may remember that the church of St. Francis at Assisi consists in fact of three churches placed over each other. The lowest is little more than a chapel or a vault, and its only interest lies in the tomb of the Saint. This church has not been touched in the recent renovations. Then follows the Middle Church, a massive, shadowy, and almost sepulchral structure of the thirteenth century; the vaulted roof is of round arches; the side chapels, later additions, are pointed in the vaults and in the windows; the walls are covered with frescoes by the precursors of Cimabue, by Cimabue himself, by Giotto, and others. The Upper Church, also of the thirteenth century, displays the Gothic style in its early simplicity and breadth, and while the Lower Church is sombre and sepulchral, the Upper rises with joy as a creature of the light into the sky. Both churches were alike covered with frescoes, works which have cruelly suffered, and are in parts irremedi-

ably lost. The two churches, when they had received in the fourteenth century the finishing touches of the chief masters of Florence, and Siena must have been the most lovely and mature manifestations of pictorial art applied to mural decoration then extant. But in the course of time not only did decay come, but, what was still worse, structures and paintings belonging to later and debased periods were ruthlessly thrust into the midst of the early and good work. The object of the changes now in progress may be said in general to be to reinstate as far as practicable the Lower and the Upper Churches in their original integrity.

This bold and, as some would say, rash enterprise has fortunately fallen into safe hands. Signor Cavalcaselle, the fellow-labourer with Mr. Crowe in the *New History of Painting in Italy*, was to be seen daily during our stay in Assisi mounting scaffolding raised in front of frescoes or descending to excavations made in search of some ancient, but disguised, structure. The responsibility of the work is shared by Professor Botti of Venice, and others. And so much interest is excited that a little company of architects, painters, and amateurs has during the past months been gathered in Assisi. The Slade Professor of Oxford has been making studies from the frescoes; a German artist in the service of the Arundel Society has done more—he improves on what he sees; his copies, with one exception, which is said to be in facsimile, are of the nature of restorations; they do not represent the pictures as they now are, but as they might possibly have been. In addition to these labourers, there are architects busy in the taking of measurements, and archaeologists studious of masonry and observant of other indications of dates and styles. The operations in progress favour these investigations; they may be likened to railway cuttings which disclose hidden strata, or to dissections which lay bare an underlying anatomy. This is the very time for some one to work out a careful monograph of the whole structure and its chequered history. Unfortunately but few written records have been preserved; the monks of St. Francis appear to be as illiterate as they are inartistic.

The restorations were found one fine morning to have made a sudden and startling jump. During the night, by the aid of twenty or more men, the obnoxious modern altars were swept away, much to the consternation of the priests who came as usual to say mass. By this bold stroke of business light was let in at darkened windows; frescoes by the dozen, especially a Madonna, Child, and Saints, by Cimabue, were made to look out once more from walls long masked; while, in place of roccoco carpentry and ginnerack ornaments, stood the simple stone altars before which the immediate followers of St. Francis had worshipped. But the clearances did not stop here. From the choir of the Lower Church was taken a wooden singing gallery whereby more frescoes were brought to light, and in like manner from the Upper Church stalls and seats in tarsia work, by no means bad in point of art, were swept away from the apse and the adjoining transepts. This wholesale measure we are inclined to think may have exceeded the bounds of discretion; the walls now present a bare and unfurnished aspect, and the pictures revealed, being mere wrecks, offer a poor compensation. Still it cannot be questioned that the east end of the Upper Church is thus brought back to its first estate, and moreover by the removal of these incumbrances it has become practicable to restore the high altar from the nave to its original site in the transept. It is difficult to realize, except on the spot, the collective result of these changes, but in general they may be said to attain the following ends—the clearance of a thousand and one trumpery appurtenances which offended common sense and pure taste, the reduction of altar ornamentation to the comparative simplicity of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the consequent restoration of the whole fabric to its first estate. There cannot be a doubt that much has been gained for archaeology, and scarcely less for art.

While we write, certain tentative operations are in progress. A pickaxe and a spade are brought to clear away earth from the columns of the portal of the Upper Church, in order to ascertain whether the original approach was on the level of the present grass-grown piazza, or by means of ascending steps from below. A few hours sufficed to prove that no remnants of steps exist. Another and more important investigation is directed to the reconciliation of hitherto unexplained anomalies arising from the scattered and almost purposeless distribution in the nave, chapels, and transept of the Lower and Upper Churches of marble slabs inlaid with mosaic. The conjecture is, not only that these ornate marbles may be made to fit together, but further that the collective structure constituted a choir, with ambones and screen similar to that typical form found in San Clemente at Rome. It is almost too much to expect that the measurements and excavations now in progress will fit so precisely as to establish this ingenious conjecture. But, at all events, such thorough and painstaking search shows that the present generation of Italian architects and archaeologists, unlike their presumptuous predecessors, do not seek to destroy, but are solicitous to reinstate. In this respect we observe in Italy a great change for the better.

The greatest difficulty has been to know what to do with the frescoes. They present different stages of decay, amounting in many places to absolute destruction; some have crumbled wholly from the walls, others are so far obliterated that the subjects can hardly be deciphered, while scarcely a single composition remains without the loss of a head, a hand, or an entire figure. Under the circumstances, what course is the wisest? Several alternatives presented themselves. Some persons would be found to urge that the works were too precious to be touched at all; but

to this position a sufficient answer is that, if not dealt with somehow, they must perish irretrievably; the misfortune, in fact, is that they were not taken in hand a century or more ago. Other experts would insist on the adoption of that system of restoration, or rather of partial or entire repainting, which, though worse than the worst decay, has been for long the universal punacea in Italy. To mention a tenth or a hundredth part of the works thus ruined would far exceed our limits. Some of the frescoes in the Upper Church have been thus killed by kindness. Again, other counsellors might presume to advise even the substitution of modern pictures in the place of the frescoes gone beyond power of recall; that in past centuries such a course was ventured on is evident in certain chapels of the Lower Church, where comparatively late frescoes now cover walls previously occupied by early paintings. We cannot but think that these various plans have been wisely set aside in favour of a measure which, stopping short of restoration or renovation, seeks simply to preserve whatever still remains.

The plan and process adopted and now in course of being carried to completion we will endeavour briefly to explain. We found on mounting the scaffolding which, in the Upper Church, reaches to the pictures which we hope may still be accredited to Cimabue, that workmen with chisels, hammers, trowels, and mortar were steadily operating under the immediate supervision of Signor Cavalcaselle and Professor Botti. Where a large piece of wall had fallen into rottenness, and was denuded of its picture, it was simply cut out and replaced by sound cement. Again, where only a small part of the intonaco was in decay, a chisel removed the crumbling mortar, and a trowel replaced the void by firm material which bound the surroundings together as by a wedge or a plug. The process, it may be observed is honest; the new and uncoloured mortar speaks for itself. Next, and chiefly, those parts have been operated upon, fortunately still very considerable, which, though in decay and threatened with destruction, are yet capable of preservation. The malady which afflicts these frescoes is one common to the whole genus of wall-paintings. The surface or pellicle of the picture is in blisters, the whole of the mortar is disintegrated and ready to fall down on the floor as dust, and the entire picture must speedily die if left to its disease. To fix these flying particles and fleeting paints some glutinous medium is infused, and then, with a gentle but firm surface pressure, the loosened atoms of the picture are once more brought and bound together. Furthermore, pains are taken to remove the dust of ages by means of a soft brush or simple water, and finally some fixing medium is washed over the surface and into the pores. The composition used is said to be a secret, but we presume it may be the silicate known in Germany and in England as "Wasserglas." The same medium will probably be applied to the external stonework of the church, not only to arrest, as in our Houses of Parliament, further decay, but to prevent the percolation of rain from the exterior walls to the interior frescoes. The result of these operations, though not all that might be desired, is on the whole satisfactory. Without the use of brush or the addition of colour, the frescoes are wonderfully "refreshed," and they are moreover placed *en permanence*.

The two churches, while they still serve for religious functions, may be said to be now converted into museums of art. And in no other spot, not even in the Campo Santo of Pisa, can the early masters of the Italian revival be better studied. Frescoes by Giunta carry the spectator back to the petrified forms of Byzantium; *chefs-d'œuvre* by the illustrious pupil of Giunta show how great an advance was made under Cimabue, a master nowhere else seen in equal maturity or grandeur. A third generation brings us down to Giotto; fortunately the compositions which here attest the painter's creative power, symmetric arrangement, systematized treatment, and comparatively perfected style, retain much of their original character. Thus we see the early school of Florence transplanted to Assisi, and in like manner the contemporary but rival masters of Siena find in the spiritual forms of Pietro Lorenzetti and of Simone Martini a conspicuous and honourable place on these truly historic walls. We feel grateful to Signor Cavalcaselle and his fellow-labourers for having rescued these precious remains from further mutilation and decay.

Little need be said of the now tenantless monastery attached to the Church of St. Francis; it was never rich in art, though, judging from the great refectory, which could entertain two hundred and fifty guests at a sitting, it was bounteous in hospitality. Among the novelties which the dissolution brought to light were the prisons for the incarceration of refractory monks. A visit may also be paid to a small and prettily planted cloister, where are stowed away cartloads of skulls and skeletons which for long years have cried aloud for decent burial. The monks have brought upon themselves their galling misfortunes; the preceding narrative will have shown that, from lack of culture and from want of vigilance, they proved themselves the unworthy keepers of priceless treasures, and they have written on the walls, in the most debased forms of art, the low estate into which they had fallen. The story which the Church of St. Francis recounts is melancholy; originally set upon a hill as a light which could not be hid, its brightness was turned into darkness; the vow of poverty became first a mockery and then grew into a dire reality, until at last the whole city of Assisi presents a spectacle of mendicancy to which there is no parallel, not even in Italy.

PARTY WAR IN NEW YORK.

THE local politics of New York continue to perplex and amuse outsiders. A furious war is going on between Mayor Havemayer and ex-Sheriff Kelly, whom we dimly perceive to be leaders of rival factions, and the most recent "development" of this conflict is the publication by the Mayor of a statement of prodigious length in which detailed charges of peculation and fraud, highly spiced with personalities, are urged against the ex-Sheriff. We will come to the statement presently, but it may be interesting in the first place to observe how the publication of this document has been received in the city to which the Mayor and ex-Sheriff belong. The *New York Herald* seems to be doing its best to find in the "Kelly-Havemayer war" a successor to the "Becher-Tilton Scandal," which is almost or quite played out. At our latest date from the other side the public had had Havemayer's statement before them for a week and were eagerly awaiting Kelly's answer to it. A reporter of the *Herald*, thinking probably that a light snack might be welcome to those who were expecting a full meal, called upon Kelly to collect, if possible, a few crumbs of information as to his answer. But Kelly had nothing particular to impart, so the reporter visited Mr. Waterbury, who appears to be an ally of Havemayer. This gentleman desired to deal with an allegation that, if Kelly as Sheriff committed fraud, it was the duty of him (Waterbury) as District Attorney to prosecute him. Mr. Waterbury answers that when he was in office he did not know of Kelly's frauds, and would have been astounded by the suggestion that he could be guilty of them; but he adds that his observations of Kelly's conduct and associates since have in a measure prepared him for the disclosure of these frauds. This, it appears, is a way they have in New York. The charges against Kelly are given in great detail of facts and figures, and must be proved or disproved by the books and other records of the Sheriff's office. This being so, Waterbury, who seems to be a lawyer, takes occasion to declare that he has no knowledge whether Kelly committed fraud, but he thinks him just the man to do it. The *Herald* repeats this remark as if it were of no particular importance, and probably it is not. In local politics it is apparently the correct thing to assert and pretend to believe that your opponents only want opportunity to pick pockets. Mr. Waterbury finished the interview by stating that he was going out of town, but should return on Monday "ready for all emergencies," and a "peculiar smile" flitted over the features of the "redoubtable Waterbury" as he made this promise. We do not, however, apprehend that any very tremendous incident would solemnize the return of Mr. Waterbury to New York. Everybody seems to have already called everybody else by all the abusive names that could be thought of, and happily the revolver and bowie-knife are not usually introduced into the party warfare of New York.

The reporter next calls upon Coroner Croker, who occupies a place subordinate to Kelly in Havemayer's statement, and who treats very lightly the charges brought against him. It appears that Havemayer had stated that Croker's friends and associates were "the rough and vicious portion of his district," to which Croker answers that his friends did not number among them any indicted and convicted criminals, "such as form the most intimate part of the Mayor's acquaintance." Thus we have an actual Coroner charged by an actual Mayor with associating with roughs, and retorting that the Mayor keeps company with convicts. The Coroner proceeds to say that all the charges brought by the Mayor against himself and Kelly are false, and they were merely brought as a "bold stroke for popularity" by the Mayor. We may infer from the actors in this drama what must be the audience. It appears to be accepted as a reasonable and credible theory that Havemayer, finding the influence of his party waning, thought to reinvigorate it by bringing against Kelly charges which, if not true, are stupendous falsehoods. The charges must await Kelly's answer, but while that is preparing, the *Herald* anticipates a few of the more striking points in it. It was of course Kelly's duty as Sheriff to hang such criminals as were sentenced to the gallows during his term of office, and one of Havemayer's points is that Kelly charged the State of New York inordinate and unconscionable sums for getting its criminals hanged. One item which is particularly challenged by Havemayer is a charge of forty dollars for shaving a murderer named Jeremiah O'Brien before execution. Kelly's explanation of this charge, as reported by the *Herald*, is that this sum of forty dollars was paid for shaving Mr. O'Brien during several weeks of incarceration, and that "other murderers" enjoyed the benefit of tonsorial art without extra charge. Even with this explanation we find in the admitted fact that forty dollars was charged for shaving murderers confirmation of the remark made some time ago that hanging criminals in New York had become such an expensive process that only a wealthy State could afford that luxury. It is admitted by Kelly's partisans that he charged much more for hanging than his predecessors, but as it is near six years since he held office, and the prices of all necessities of life, including the means of putting an end to it, have gone on increasing ever since, it is possible that Kelly's extravagance or exaction may after this lapse of time be regarded as thrift and honesty. It seems to be agreed that the Sheriff has always been entitled to a fee for hanging a criminal, although he was not expected to adjust the halter himself, and it seems also that this fee was raised during Kelly's term of office. It will occur to

English readers that, if this were done by Kelly, it must have been checked by somebody else, but that would be a purely English, and therefore erroneous, conception. The gist of Havemayer's charge, as we understand, is that Kelly and his confederates were all in office together, that one made out accounts, another audited, and a third paid them, and then the trio divided the spoil. Really, however, Havemayer's charge is a "bold stroke" for popularity and re-election, and there is probably no serious intention of trying the question whether Kelly as Sheriff did six years ago overcharge the State for hanging criminals.

The Mayor's letter occupies nearly nine columns of the *New York Herald* of September 18, and, as that journal says, "the language selected by his Honour is plain and unadorned, leaving in no instance any doubt as to his meaning." The editor seems to find much amusement in the fact that Mr. Havemayer is an old man; he calls him "our municipal fossil," and delights to suppose that he was a contemporary of Knickerbocker. If the charges were true, it would follow, as the editor suggests, that Kelly must be worse than Tweed. But unless their truth can be tried in a court of law, which appears unlikely, they will probably be believed only by partisans of Havemayer, while Kelly's faction will regard his forthcoming vindication as triumphant. As regards execution fees, the allegation is that the bill of Kelly's predecessor for hanging a man was 1987 dols., while in Kelly's first term he charged in two instances 12407 and 11378 dols. respectively, and in his second term, when Watson added his charges, they increased to 94080 dols. This was in the case of Jeremiah O'Brien, and it may have been in compliment to the distinguished Irish name which he bore that he was hanged regardless of expense. The items of charge for an execution in 1866 or 1867 were as follows:—

Bullying school	100 00
Shaving fee	20 00
Twenty band-pipers assisting	12 00
Two watchers	20 00
Summoning jury and witnesses	10 00
Ceremonies and carriages	25 00
Advertising same	9 75
Such expenses	125 13
	<hr/> \$94080

By way of comment Havemayer states that by prescription the Sheriff's fee for executing a convict was 56 or 25 dols. Nothing authorized Kelly to charge more, but he has charged 200 dols. in one case and 250 dols. each in other three. The pithy remark is added, "found in this item 850 dols." Other items of alleged fraudulent charge are "pretended report of imaginary convictions," "conveyance of alleged prisoners," "pretended summoning of mock constable," and of "imaginary jurors"; and the total of monies said to be fraudulently obtained is upwards of 80,000 dols. or 16,000*l*.

The specific allegations of this wonderful document are mixed up with general vituperation. Much stress is laid upon the fact that Kelly has been called "honest" and reported "pious." One of his smaller charges against the State is designated as a "little grab." He is said to have defrauded the Public Treasury, defamed the character of the city, labelled citizens of his own race, and sunk himself to the lowest depth of disgrace. We have sought in vain for further details of the alleged libels by Kelly upon citizens of his own, which is manifestly the Irish race, and we must content ourselves with remarking that the saying *calum non animam mutant* is eminently true of Irishmen in America. All the world over if one Irishman is to be roasted, there is another Irishman ready to turn the spit. The contemporary of Knickerbocker has evidently been assisted in composition by some master of Hibernian eloquence. The Irish adventurer who sought to recommend himself in London by stating that he had a remarkable talent for vituperation should have placed his abilities at the disposal of one of the parties in New York. It appears that Mr. Havemayer is still tormented with remorse at having on Kelly's recommendation appointed Richard Croker to the office of Marshal. He did not suppose from Kelly's remarks that Croker was a member of any church, but he did suppose that he was a young man whose merits had failed to receive full appreciation, and he expected to find in him a man of uprightness and peace; but he was mistaken. We have already quoted the emphatic language in which Mr. Croker has answered the Mayor's remarks on himself, and we need say nothing on behalf of a gentleman who is eminently capable of taking his own part. Another and more celebrated name is next introduced into the Mayor's indictment. "You and John Morrissey," he says to Kelly, "have been a power in this community, and your joint efforts have placed judges upon the bench and other men in office of more or less importance, all of whom you claim to own." This, or something like this, is, we believe, alleged by each of the contending parties against the other, and probably one party is as bad as the other and worse. The Irish element largely influences their language, and perhaps also their conduct. A distinction, which we think refined, is drawn between monies "fraudulently" and "wrongfully" obtained by Kelly, but as regards both alike it is alleged that his accomplices, being by his and their contrivance appointed auditors, passed whatever charges he chose to make against the city. It seems, indeed, that his charges must have been to a certain extent colourable. If he had thought proper to charge 100,000 dollars for the purchase of a white elephant for the amusement of a

prisoner under sentence of death, it is possible that even Auditor Watson might have hesitated to pass the item. As regards this functionary, Mr. Havemayer writes that

The Honorable John McKeon, whose hostility to corruption is as well known as his vigour in denouncing it, has often stated that Watson came [from California to New York] in irons, but he may not have intended to be understood literally.

We are inclined to think that other vigorous denunciations of corruption besides those which emanate from the Honorable John McKeon may not have been intended to be understood literally. Immediately after the publication of Mr. Havemayer's impeachment the reporter of the *Herald* called upon the author of it and found him serenely confident in the smashing and pulverizing which he had inflicted on Mr. Kelly, who on his part appeared, when visited, to regard with quiet contempt the "senile twaddle" of the Mayor. Each party has a room full of books and papers, and we know that even in England figures may be made to prove anything on paper. There is probably no idea in anybody's mind of attempting to prove against Kelly in a court of justice alleged speculations which are at least six years old. These imputations of fraud and perjury are merely the ordinary weapons in New York of a party warfare which is conducted on the method of the rival editors of Eastonsville.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE first of the autumn meetings at headquarters was made notable by the reappearance, after an absence of more than three years, of the colours of the Count de Lagrange on the English turf. The well-known blue and red, so associated in the minds of racegoers with recollections of Gladiateur, Fille de l'Air, and other celebrities, had a fair share of success during the last two days of the First October Meeting; and throughout the week the French stable, of which Count de Lagrange and M. Lefèvre are now the chiefs, showed improved form. The very first race of the meeting ended in the unlooked-for victory of Novateur, who met Leolinus across the Flat at even weights, had the speed of him all the way, and beat him in a canter, albeit Fordham did not trouble his horse to win by more than a head. A reference to the *Calendar* will show how vastly inferior the public form of Novateur has been to that of Leolinus; and the French horse must have made wonderful improvement since August to have been able to lower the colours of the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the second in the St. Leger. It was, however, apparent at a glance that Leolinus had been indulged since Doncaster, and he is about the last horse to dispense with strong work. The course across the Flat is just suited to him, but he was in distress before half the distance had been traversed, and rolled about from want of condition. The easy victory of Novateur had the effect of making him a prominent favourite for the Cambridgeshire; yet a public trial with a horse palpably unfit to run is not a very trustworthy criterion of merit. The Hopeful Stakes produced a very interesting contest between Balfe, Camballo, and Ladylove, and the two former met to decide the battle which in the July meeting had been a drawn affair between them. In the July Stakes, Balfe, who at half a mile would have won the race in a canter, died away to nothing in the last quarter of a mile, and Camballo won cleverly. Two days afterwards, in the Chesterfield Stakes, over the short last half of the Bunbury mile, Balfe galloped right away from his horses, and Camballo, who was attempting to concede 7 lbs., could get nowhere near him. The obvious explanation of this contradictory running was that Balfe was a wonderfully speedy horse for half a mile, but could go no further; but his friends appeared to attribute his defeat over the longer course for the July Stakes to the fact of his having shied at something when coming down the hill. On the other hand, the supporters of Camballo protested that the defeat of their horse in the Chesterfield Stakes was solely due to his having got off badly, and felt no apprehension as to the result of the next meeting of the rival pair. The race for the Hopeful Stakes is run over the easy last half of the Abingdon mile, and Balfe, who was on this occasion receiving only 3 lbs. from Camballo, won just as easily as when he was in receipt of an additional 4 lbs. Ladylove was a good third, a neck behind Camballo; and it must now be acknowledged that, while a longer distance suits the Champagne Stakes winner, there are few horses who could compete successfully at half a mile with Prince Soltykoff's speedy son of Plaudit. Nor did the week pass by without additional confirmation being afforded of the inability of Balfe to compass three-quarters of a mile, even in moderate company.

The first of the four great autumn handicaps came next in order, and attracted a good field of nineteen runners. When this race was run over the T.Y.O. it was little more than a scurry, in which the start was everything, and the odds were altogether in favour of the lightly weighted horses. Now that it is run on the reverer Bretby Stakes course there is a much better chance for the topweights, and on this occasion the Great Eastern Handicap was as nearly as possible secured by that excellent mare Modena. Fifty yards more, and, despite her steady impost of 9 st. 3 lbs., she would have won easily. In addition to Modena, Trombone and Andred represented the heavy weights, and the field included the inevitable Oxford Mixture, Genuine, Puzzle, Athelney, and the French mare Aurora. The last-named has run very respectably on the Continent this

season, though her favourite distance seems to have been a mile and a quarter. She was sent over to Newmarket expressly to take part in the Great Eastern and October Handicaps, and since her arrival she had given satisfaction by her style of going at exercise. Possibly also she was indebted for some of her friends to the remembrance of the victory of her sire Plutus in this same race some years ago. The nineteen competitors got off with no difficulty to an excellent start, and it may be said that as they came down the Abingdon hill the race looked an absolute certainty for the French mare, who held a clear lead, and was going well within herself. Directly she touched the final ascent, however, she began to come back to her horses; and though the advantage she had secured earlier in the race was sufficient to ensure her the victory, she tired visibly at every stride, and only passed the judge's chair a neck in front of Puzzle and Modena, the latter of whom gained ground so rapidly in the last fifty yards that she must have won had the course been a little longer. The victory must be considered a lucky one for Aurora, for it is seldom that a horse going slower and slower at the end succeeds in winning. Trombone, we may add, would have been well up with the leaders, but was not ridden out for the barren honours of a place. For the rich Buckingham Stakes Craig Millar, Yorkshire Bride, and a son of Skrimisher and Vertunna came to the post. Craig Millar, on the strength of his close race with Camballo in the July Stakes, was made favourite, and justified the confidence placed in him by an easy win. Yorkshire Bride, as usual, ran gamely, but seems very deficient in pace. As a three-year-old, however, she may turn the tables on some of the more speedy performers of this season. The first day's racing was wound up by a good race over the Two Mile course from the Ditch in between Gang Forward and Chivalrous, and the ground, fortunately for the former, being good going, Mr. Crawford's fine-looking horse won cleverly by a neck, Chivalrous hanging on him very much toward the finish.

On the second day Leolinus again essayed to cross the Flat, and, having only Regal and the Vertunna filly to dispose of, he accomplished his task with ease. Yet so out of condition was he that after this mere exercise canter he lathered as profusely as if he had run the Beacon course at racing pace. For the Granby Stakes Balfe and Dreadnought—each penalized 7 lbs.—were opposed by La Sautouse, a dark French filly by Man-at-Arms; and again did Balfe display his inability to go a yard over half a mile. Throughout the latter part of his journey over the six furlongs of the Crit Son course he rolled about from side to side, and even had he beaten La Sautouse he would hardly have gained the stakes, for he would probably have been objected to on the ground of his interfering with her. We should have thought that this last exhibition of Balfe's non-staying qualities would have effectually extinguished his chance for the Middle Park Plate; but it appears that he is still not without friends for that great event. In the succeeding race, from the Ditch in, Trent disposed of The Pique and Boulet with consummate ease, so that any idea of getting a public trial for The Pique for the Cesarewitch was frustrated. On the other hand, Trent is such a game, honest horse that he can be relied on to tell the owner of Shannon what chance his mare has for the great handicap of next week. There was but an indifferent card for Thursday, though we were introduced to Coomessie, a half-sister to Chopette, who possesses all the speed of that celebrated filly, and is built on a much more substantial scale. She made mince-ment of her five opponents, among whom were Cashmere and Mary White, and won in regular old-fashioned style—by fifteen lengths, and all the others pulling up. An indifferent field came out for the Twenty-seventh Triennial over the T.Y.C., and after Régade's unsatisfactory exhibition in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, Garterly Bell was thought good enough to win. Running much straighter, however, than when she last appeared in public, the French filly accomplished a clever victory over Lord Ealmouth's horse. But the best race on Thursday was between Modena, Refinement, and Eve for the Moulton Stakes. Modena lay so far out of her ground that when she did come at last, it did not appear possible for her to catch the two light weights. As it was, she just got up in the last stride and won by a head, a like distance separating the other two. On Friday the great good-looking Horse Chestnut beat La Sautouse easily over the last half-mile of the Beacon course; and as Balfe in the July Meeting distanced the son of Lord Lyon and Golden Horn, no further proof can be needed that Balfe's defeat last week by La Sautouse was due to his inability to stay a yard over half-a-mile. Twelve run for the October Handicap, including Napolitain, Ecossais, Lady Patricia, Pique, Aurora, Genuine, and Wild Myrtle. Aurora had to carry 12 lbs. extra for winning the Great Eastern Handicap, and this penalty effectually extinguished her chance. The race was run in a pelting storm of rain, and a storm on Newmarket Heath seldom improves a horse's temper. We must suppose that Napolitain and Ecossais, both of whom have wayward dispositions, objected to the rain beating in their faces; for though both of them were favourably weighted, and the French horse was reported to have won a good trial, they kept close company together all the way in the extreme rear. The Pique also gave no consolation to her Cesarewitch supporters, and the finish was left to Wild Myrtle, Lady Patricia, and Genuine. The Irish mare ran well, but could not give away the year to Wild Myrtle, who won cleverly by a length, Lady Patricia finishing as far in front of Genuine, who thus obtained the place he just missed in the Great Eastern Handicap. The running in the October Handicap would appear to have little bearing on future events, except so far as Wild Myrtle and Lady

Patricia may be useful as guides to their owners in reference to the chances of other horses in their stables. We need only add that the minor races of the week were very poorly patronized, and that the printed notice of the Jockey Club, prohibiting ready-money betting, was utterly disregarded. Probably it was not seriously expected that any attention would be paid to it.

REVIEWS.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.*

SCIENTIFIC journals have of late teemed with communications, polemical and other, relative to the approaching transit of Venus across the sun. Now that the last of the expeditions sent out to view the transit has left our shores, we may expect a lull in this storm of papers, inasmuch as the time for suggestions and preparations is past. But the general interest felt in the matter by the public at large is rapidly increasing. Hitherto the matters discussed have rightly been of a technical character, as belittled discussions on so important a subject as the right steps to be taken in order to utilize to the full an occurrence of such rarity and interest. Such discussions were not likely to be appreciated by more than a small circle of readers, and it has chanced that the controversial element has been unusually largely represented in this case, so that those who might otherwise have been led to give attention to the matter have been repelled by seeing radical differences of opinion among those who were best instructed in it. In spite of an Englishman's love for a fight, he does not like to meddle with learned controversies on matters he does not understand, and prefers that doctors should get to agree amongst themselves before they call upon him to listen to their opinions. In this instance the amount of wordy debate was largely disproportionate to the real amount in dispute. Unfortunately for all parties, the chief disputant on the one side was a person in whose eyes the importance of the controversy did not end with the practical importance of the matter at issue. After the question had been settled by its being too late to adopt the measures advocated by Mr. Proctor, he continued the discussion with unabated interest. It took in his hands the form of a personal antagonism to the Astronomer Royal on the subject, and, though we think that much of this may be due to unfortunate peculiarities of style and temper, it is impossible not to notice in his papers a tone of personal assertion, of writing for one's own honour and glory. Still we admit that the object in view was a most laudable one. Mr. Proctor thought that a better use might be made of the opportunity in the interests of science, and he strove to convince people of the correctness of his views. But we doubt whether his papers on the subject will prove acceptable in the collected form in which they are offered in the present work, and we are sure that all the members of that numerous class which looks to Mr. Proctor as the best writer of readable books on astronomical topics will feel disappointed when they turn to it to learn something about the coming transit. Instead of finding information about the transit itself, they will have to content themselves with criticisms on the Astronomer Royal. Apart from whatever controversial interest they may have in the eyes of those who took part in the dispute, these papers possess no interest at the present time, and certainly are as unfitted for general reading from their technical character as would be the same number of papers chosen at random from a scientific journal. We do not know whether we ought to stigmatize it as a case of padding, or whether to think that it is due to an exaggerated estimate of the importance of the controversy now that its practical bearing is gone. But, whatever may be the cause of their appearance in the present form, we cannot too strongly express our disapprobation at the description of them on the title-page as "an investigation of the conditions of the coming transits of Venus recently confirmed by a unanimous vote of the chief astronomers of Great Britain." We presume that this refers to the unanimous vote at the Visitation of the Greenwich Observatory in 1873 on the resolution that Government should be applied to for means for additional expeditions to the Antarctic Regions. If this be so, it is so serious a misdescription that it is only to be pardoned by making great allowances for the heat of controversy.

We do not wish to resuscitate the dispute by an inquiry into its merits. All interest has been taken from it by the march of time, which has rendered the choice made by the Astronomer Royal irrevocable. Nor have we any wish to change the general impression left on the minds of the public—namely, that whether or not Mr. Proctor was right in contending that the Astronomer Royal had dismissed from his consideration the method advocated by Mr. Proctor in too cavalier a manner, and without assigning adequate reasons for so doing, he was at all events right in the main in deciding as he did, and had fully considered all sides of the question before so deciding. The point at issue was simply this. Of two methods of utilizing a transit of Venus in order to discover the distance of the sun from the earth, one requires observations to be made of the exact moment at which contact takes place either in entering or leaving the solar disc, and the other requires observations of the duration of the

transit—i.e. the interval between the two moments of contact. Hence the first-mentioned observations require the knowledge of the exact Greenwich time at the place, or, of what amounts to the same thing, of the longitude of the place. It is a difficult and tedious business to determine this with the degree of accuracy necessary for astronomical purposes, where a mistake of some twenty or thirty yards in the estimate of the distance of the instrument east or west of the meridian of Greenwich would make a perceptible difference; and hence it is natural that the other and simpler method should commend itself at first sight, since it requires little more than the possession of a tolerably good clock that will not vary its rate for a few hours. It is this latter method which the Astronomer Royal decided not to use, and the employment of which was so strongly advocated by Mr. Proctor. And the reasons for its rejection were very sound ones. Difficult as the determination of the exact longitude of a place is, it is, after all, a difficulty that can be overcome. The remedy is in our own hands; we must take extra precautions in order to ensure accuracy, but still we can then make sure of attaining to it. Such are not the hindrances which men of science now fear in connexion with the observation of rarely occurring astronomical phenomena, but the fatal and insuperable difficulties caused by bad weather and unfavourable atmospheric conditions. It will not soon be forgotten how completely useless were many of the observing parties in the total eclipse of 1870, when Professor Tyndall and Mr. Huggins took a party to Africa with no further result than being able to describe the phenomena of a wet day at Oran. The lands to which observers would have been sent had the method of durations been relied upon would have been situated in the extreme Antarctic regions, where the chance of favourable atmospheric conditions would have been very doubtful; and, moreover, the method fails, however excellently one contact may have been observed, if the other has not also been observed at the same place in an equally successful manner. These considerations led the Astronomer Royal to prefer the more certain though more difficult method, especially as, after all, mistakes in the estimation of longitude can be corrected by subsequent observation, if there is any reason to believe that in any case such mistakes have been made. That he was wise in so deciding we have little doubt, and this is confirmed by the fact that, of the very numerous expeditions that will go out to observe the transit, there is scarcely one that will use the method of durations except as secondary to other methods. It is not to be wondered at that irresponsible astronomers should be willing to pass resolutions advocating an application to Government for more money to be spent on additional expeditions. But this is a very different thing from the Astronomer Royal, absolute as he practically was so far as regarded the employment of the public money granted for the purpose, taking upon himself to advise expeditions the success of which was problematical. And, considering the exceeding difficulty of the duties which Sir George Airy had to discharge, we are glad to find so good a judge as Professor Forbes saying of him, in reference to the arrangements of the expedition:—

Fortunately we have in our Astronomer Royal a man who combines to an exceptional degree theoretical, mechanical, and organizing powers, and we may safely say that the present expedition has been completed under a generalship quite unparalleled in the annals of science. Sir George Airy has accomplished all that was required in a manner that has called forth the applause of those that have been connected with the preparations for this, perhaps the most important astronomical event of the century.

Professor Forbes's book, which is a reprint of some articles that appeared in *Nature*, is of a very different type from the part of Mr. Proctor's book that relates to the transit of Venus. It is a compact sketch of the whole matter in all its aspects—historical, scientific, and practical. Its only defect is that it is so short, and that in consequence it only touches on many interesting topics on which the reader would gladly have had more detailed information. For the general public who do not want to spend too much time upon it this will be no drawback, especially as, in spite of its terseness, it is marvellously complete, avoiding, however, with great judgment, all allusion to controversial matters. Its author is himself a member of the British expedition to the Sandwich Isles, a station which will be strongly occupied, and from which there is reason to expect excellent observations. From it we learn that the chief Southern observations will be made at stations belonging to three groups, the centres of which are New Zealand, the Mauritius, and Kerguelen Island. In the Northern Hemisphere the Russians will occupy a line of stations reaching from Teheran to Jeddo, but lying mainly in Siberia. Peking and Japan will each have three observing parties in their immediate vicinity, and Alexandria will be occupied by a British party in conjunction with which will be parties at Thubas and Cairo. In addition to these parties, certain observatories will be able to take observations, so that it is probable that the transit will be watched from between seventy and eighty stations. At each of these there will be several different methods of observation at work, some requiring actual observations to be made at the moment of contact, and some using photography for the purpose of obtaining permanent records of the phenomena, from which accurate measurements will be subsequently taken at leisure. It would not surprise us if the results obtained by this last method were found to be more trustworthy than those obtained by any other means. The best observer cannot calculate on being perfectly cool at the moment of seeing a phenomenon which he knows occurs only twice in a century, and to which he has been looking forward for months; and every astronomer is aware how the slightest excitement affects the accuracy of

* *The Universe and the Coming Transit.* By R. A. Proctor, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.
The Transit of Venus. By Professor George Forbes, B.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

observations by altering to an unknown degree the "personal equation." All that could be done to practise the observers in their business has been done. For months they have been taking observations of artificial transits of Venus. A plate of glass, with an opaque spot to represent Venus, moves across a mock sun, so that the phenomena of a transit are made to occur in exactly the same order and at exactly the same rate as they will occur in reality. Not only does this train the observers to know for what they shall watch, but it enables them to compare their respective results, so as to be sure that they all consider the contact to take place at the same instant. For it must be remembered that the disc of Venus is of a finite angular magnitude, and takes a perceptible time to pass on to the sun's disc, and that, moreover, the phenomenon of irradiation causes the planet to appear to be only partially on the disc some seconds after it has in reality passed wholly on to it. But, with this preliminary practice, there can scarcely be any fear but that the observers will all record the instant of the occurrence of the same phase of the transit. Thanks to Mr. Janssen's ingenuity, their accuracy in this matter will also be tested by comparison with the results of photography; for he has contrived a method whereby photographs of the phases of the contact will be taken at intervals of a second during a space of time sufficient to cover the whole of the critical portion of the passage of the planet on to the face of the sun.

While these precautions are being taken to secure accurate observations at the moment, no less elaborate ones are adopted to secure the exact knowledge of the longitude of each of the stations. Many of them are in telegraphic communication with observatories whose positions are accurately known. In other cases chronometers will be taken to and fro between the stations and known spots until a sufficiently accurate determination has been made. Thus between Aden and the principal station at Mauritius, where Lord Lindsay has led an expedition admirably equipped at his own expense and under his own management, fifty chronometers will be taken to and fro four times, and the result will be flashed by sun-light signals to the neighbouring islands. All the English stations will make use of lunar observations, and the observers have orders to remain at their stations until they have obtained the longitude by this method to within one second. Nor shall we have to depend wholly on the success of these precautions. Other methods of observing the transit will be largely used which this question of time will not affect. For these last-mentioned methods it will be necessary that observations of the distance of Venus from the centre of the sun should be taken at repeated intervals during the transit. Here, again, photography will play an important part, as photographs can now be taken so perfectly that the measurements furnished by them are three times as accurate as those made by direct observation with the aid of the micrometer. The Americans are already well practised in this method, and with their instruments the image of the sun is formed always in the same spot, by the light being reflected down a fixed horizontal telescope, passing into a dark room, so that the operator has but to put in and take out the plates, without having even to leave his operating-room. It is interesting to compare these admirable arrangements with the simple ones made by the Rev. Jeremiah Horrocks for watching the first transit of Venus that was ever observed. Although he was a genius of the highest order, the best means he could devise were as rude as those which any schoolboy might now adopt. It is true that they cannot be taken to represent the state of science at the time, for he had not the command of the public purse, being only a poor village curate; but the comparison gives some conception of the advance that has been made in the means of observation through the progress of science since that time. Such are the benefits of the legacies left to the scientific men of one age by those of preceding ages. But though the observers will be equipped with all the aids that science can suggest, and though they will not, like him, be compelled to discontinue their observations while they go and perform service in church, yet we doubt whether the results of their observations, while of infinitely greater scientific value, will be presented to us in a form half so charming as the poor curate's quaint *Venus in sole visa*.

DELAUNAY'S GRÆCO-JEWISH MONKS AND SIDYLS.*

IN his recent volume, as in his *Philo*, which we noticed seven years ago, M. Delaunay deplores the neglect into which a branch of study once prominent among French scholars has since sunk in his country. Whatever may be said for Germany, there is nothing that England has done of late to give point by way of contrast to this censure of her neighbour. Of all contemporary centres of scholarship or philosophical thought, there is not one in which so little heed has been taken in modern times of that which was the real crisis or turning-point of European belief and intellectual life—the blending into one of Greek and Jewish thought in the school of Alexandria. Although England has put forth the best edition and a good popular translation of Philo, it is remarkable how little either our theologians or our writers of history have done to familiarize themselves with the teaching, or even with the language, of a school from which came forth the theology of Europe, and of which the great Jewish philosopher and allegorist is the sole extant representative.

* *Mémoires et Symbôles dans l'Antiquité Judéo-Grecque*. Par Ferdinand Delaunay. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1874.

Without a thorough knowledge of Philo, the commonest, yet at the same time the most fundamental, ideas and phrases of the Bible are without a key. Controversies will never end so long as terms like the "Word," or the "Son," on which turns all the dogmatic divinity of Christendom, or "Regeneration" and "Renewal," the cardinal point of her ethical system, instead of being set in the light of familiar use and read by the aid of contemporary and common speech, are treated like fossils from some far-off and alien stratum of language. Here are at hand the records of a school or a community in which words like these were in daily use and were understood of all. In order really to understand St. John and St. Paul, it is to Alexandria that we must go. We must turn over the pages of Philo. Shadowy as the figure of this Jewish sage may be, well nigh mythical as he may be thought if we regard the length of years assigned to him by tradition or imperfect report, mystic and unhistorical as he is all through his sixty or more treatises, he represents, as M. Delaunay contends, a group of writers who set on foot a great school of philosophy. Eclectic in its sources and in its spirit, that school was able to work into unity those ideas of God, of nature, and of man, to which the genius of the highest nations of antiquity had given birth. To the genius of the Greek for philosophy and art, to the organizing power of the Roman, whether in arms, in politics, or in social life, the Hebrew brought a theological faculty which at once absorbed and dominated the rest. At the outset a humble intruder or parasite in the great hall of nations, the Jew, says M. Delaunay, crept in unnoticed and took his place at the feast of civilization. Bent, but not broken, by captivity, persecution, and exile, by dint of suppleness and tact he became strong. Under all his show of humility there lurked the pride of a race cherishing mighty privileges and conscious of a high destiny. The hanger-on becomes the host. The cringing usurer wields enormous wealth and rules the markets of the world. The exiled heir of the promise is proclaimed the messenger of God to all nations of the earth. No longer exclusive as of old, or indifferent to proselytizing, the new Judaism sets itself to teach and to convert the world. Its colonies form everywhere centres of light, of learning, of social order, of religious zeal and fervour. The head of this new movement was Alexandria, and the most illustrious of its interpreters was Philo.

The Judæo-Alexandrine school, which had a life of some three centuries, had its speculative and its practical phases, both of which are represented in the writings of the Jewish sage. A mystic and ascetic germ brought from the land of its birth, though sprung, it may be, from a root more Eastern still, was to be traced alike in the theosophic development of its belief and worship and in the form of its institutions. An allegorical tone pervaded the whole of its exegesis. Its spiritual life ran largely into exaltation. There were two special forms in which its practical organization had its issue and found the secret of its power—those of monachism and of prophecy, the first an organ of internal action, the second an agent of external proselytism. In the one was seen the influence of the Temple service, in the other that of the Schools of the Prophets. The one had its inward working amid the solitude, the silence, and the austerity of the cloister. The other cried aloud in the streets in accents of warning and woe. Within was the Monk, without was the Sibyl.

M. Delaunay's work, which, despite a somewhat inflated style of writing, shows throughout careful scholarship and original thought, is divided into two parts. The first treats of the origin, doctrines, and rites of Jewish monachism, ending with a translation of the remarkable book in which Philo gives a picture of the contemplative life of the Judæo-Alexandrine monks, or Therapeutæ. The authenticity and date of this work are ably vindicated against the cavils of critics, of whom the most extreme, M. Grætz, has set it down as the fabrication of a Gnostic or Montanist of the third century. M. Delaunay goes on to determine, by a series of minute investigations of the text, whether the Alexandrine monks were Jews or Judaizing Christians, and in what relations they stood to the Essenes on the one hand and to Christianity on the other. It is no ideal or imaginary picture of the cenobite life, but the portraiture of a large and active community, which Philo has located on the spot made famous centuries later by the flourishing monastery of Nitria. The silence of Josephus concerning them is explained either by the jealousy with which the Palestinian Jews regarded their brethren of the colonies, or by his confusion of them with the Essenes. Between the arbitrary judgment of Montfaucon, who denies all resemblance between these two bodies, and the no less extreme view of Joseph Scaliger, who masses them in a common sect, a substantial ground is sought in what Philo himself depicts from his own observation. To the Essenes he has devoted a part of one of his treatises, *Onnis probus liber*, more full by far than the passing notices of Josephus or Pliny. A century and a half before Christ, the chief colony or college of the Essenes was planted not far from Hebron, the vestiges of which M. de Sauley believes himself to have discovered at Mar-Saba. Their name is interpreted by Philo to mean holiness. This body probably formed the extreme limit of a number of convents comprising four thousand inmates, within the triangle formed by the brook Cedron, Hebron, and Bethlehem. Of the Essenes of Palestine and the Therapeutæ of Egypt, it is difficult to say which body was prior in time. Their differences in point of usage or belief are, however, more distinctly traceable. The monks of Palestine, like the Cistercians, cultivated the practical rather than the ascetic life. The day was passed in the cornfields, amid the lowing of cattle or the hum of bees. At night each brother sought his solitary cell. There was among

them no such absolute contempt for riches and the good things of life as among the Therapeutæ. Even marriage was permitted in some places. The resurrection of the soul apart from the body was held by the Essenes. There is, on the other hand, no proof of the Therapeutist doctrine on these points or on that of eternal rewards and punishments. Here Philo is obscure. The seventh-day Holy Supper is common to both—a reminiscence and a symbol, the Jewish writer believes, of the shew-bread. The ablutions and mystic rites by which each sect preceded and accompanied it are highly noteworthy, especially considering that the institution dates in either case from a period earlier than Christianity. With the Therapeutæ the feast passes into ecstasies, with chants and promiscuous night-dances, such as those which formed the basis of the worst charges brought against the Christian love-feasts. From the manifold points of contact which Philo's remarkable picture makes evident, it is impossible not to see that much of both the spirit and the letter of Jewish monachism under each of its forms passed directly into the body of Christianity, and was reproduced in the convents and hermitages of the third and later centuries of our era. To say, indeed, that Christianity, or even Christian monachism or asceticism, is a mere copy of a Jewish or Egyptian original, would be absurd. The roots of the Christian faith are infinitely wider and deeper. What is, however, brought out more and more clearly by critical inquiries like the present is that the Gospel has given to the common and universal religious idea the widest expansion and raised it to the noblest possible height.

In the second half of his work M. Delaunay enters into an elaborate history and criticism of the Sibylline oracles, based upon M. Alexandre's admirable edition of those fragments. The body of poetry attributed to the Sibyls, as distinct from the Delphic and other oracles which applied to metespecial or individual occasions, goes back to an antiquity beyond that of the Homeric poems, among which many fragments of them are traceable, possibly as far as the tenth century B.C. Their source was in the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, where Erythra gave the Sibyl her best known name. Passing thence into Italian Greece, it was as the Sibyl of Cumæ that the well-known mythical personage came to Rome under the reign of the Kings. The sources of these mysterious sayings, multiplied from age to age, till Varro, fifty years before Christ, could enumerate ten groups of Oracles each personified by a separate Sibyl. A second collection of a thousand verses, according to the same authority, was brought to Rome from Phrygia by chosen deputies eighty years B.C., and was afterwards, in the reign of Titus, enshrined in the Capitol. Meanwhile another element had come into action in what M. Delaunay terms the Eleventh Sibyl. From Rome he takes us to Alexandria. The prophetic spirit of Judaism begins to play a momentous part behind the mask of the Sibyl of Erythra. To what extent, we have now to ask, is what may be called the cycle of the Hebrew Sibyl to be dated anterior to the Christian canon? If it may be regarded as independent of Christian sources, what do we learn therefrom as to the Jewish ideas of the period touching the person and the earthly advent of the Messiah, and the doctrine of the last things? To these points M. Delaunay addresses himself. As far back as the sixth century before our era the figure of the Messiah begins to loom on the Jewish mind. From the Captivity it takes a more definite form. The Son of Man, Son of David, Son of God, revealed by Daniel, had become a cherished image in the theology of the people. A hundred years before Christ, amongst Jewish theologians, especially at Alexandria, the idea and the name of the Word or Wisdom, the Breath or Spirit of God, came into use, and identified itself with the Son or Divine Word. In Philo all these terms have their recognized and definite use. The date of the book of Enoch at the same time becomes of paramount importance from its coming within the cycle of Messianic opinion. In a deliberate course of reasoning, which in the appendix he vindicates against the arguments brought in the interim by M. Maurice Vernes on the side of Colani, Noddle, and Hilgenfeld, M. Delaunay upholds the age of the book as anterior to that of the Christian revelation. Interpolations there may have been, he allows, as in the general Judæo-Alexandrine cycle, their clumsiness making them easy of detection. But, on the other hand, passages have been retained of a character so opposite that they could never have passed the hand of a systematic falsifier. This book, one of the most precious recoveries of modern literature, rejected as it is alike by Jews and Christians from their sacred canon, though quoted by Jude and Barnabas, uses the same words as Philo for the sacred personalities, even approaching to Trinitarian language. That it came forth from the monasteries of the Essenes M. Delaunay thinks it rash to affirm; but of the three groups into which its Messianic utterances may be divided, he refers the first to the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, 170 or 180 B.C., the age of our oldest Hebrew Sibylline Oracles, the second to the opening reign of John Hyrcanus, and the third somewhat later, about 144 B.C. The most striking of these prophecies are those of the fourth book, the apocalyptic visions of which run on to the triumph of the chosen race, the destruction of the Gentiles and of the earth, and the reign of the just in glory under the leadership of the Son of Man. Whatever turn may have been given to a passage here and there, the bulk of the book bears witness to its having been written before the fall of the Holy City.

Allusions to Christian rites and points of doctrine show that there must have been much tampering with the text of the Sibylline books, and disturb all calculations of their respective dates. Taking up M. Alexandre's learned criticism, M. Delaunay

believes himself able to arrive at results in many cases more precise and sure. The precedent of Philo convinces him that the mention of heavenly bread, *λαϊκὸν ἄρτος*, with which the *proemium* closes, involves no allusion to the Christian Eucharist. The fourth book does indeed speak of the capture of Jerusalem and of the eruption of Vesuvius, in terms too express for us to doubt that the passage was written as late as A.D. 80. M. Alexandre terms it the earliest of Christian Oracles. It is with M. Delaunay the last of the Judæo-Greek. The supposed flight of Nero, and his expected return from Asia, which some critics have discovered in the visions of the Apocalypse, and which appear in the text of the Sibyllist, need not be taken as ideas exclusively Christian; nor need there be seen, as Ewald agrees, any allusion to Christian baptism in the invitation to all nations to bather themselves in the rivers. At no time were symbolical washings unknown among the Jews. One passage recognized by M. Alexandre as referring to Hadrian is held to be disputable by our author, who yet allows the intermixture with the work of the Sibyllists of more than one later passage from history, as well as of scraps of Erythrean verses, derived, he thinks probable, from the colleges of the Therapeutæ. The residuum of genuine Jewish Oracles is contained, he considers, in the fourth book, together with four paragraphs of the third, of which two books he subjoins a literal translation, with able critical notes. The first and second books he passes by as manifestly from Christian sources; the second, in particular, betraying traces of the errors of Origen. The later books are likewise omitted as of even later origin, the work of Judaizing Christians down to the time when, by order of the Emperors Honorius and Arcadius, the whole of the Sibylline Oracles were as far as possible destroyed. With the revival of letters these remarkable collections came once more to light in a more or less complete or critical form, and much credit is due to Whiston and others for the attempt to assign them their due place among the Christian evidences. The time has now gone by for Christianity to have anything to fear from any inquiry which may throw light upon the circumstances that prepared for and accompanied its birth, or the influences that ministered to its growth. The cause of the Gospel as well as the truth of history can derive nothing but gain from the widest and deepest research into these rich deposits of knowledge which have lain so long and so strangely neglected among us.

THE DOUBLE NARRATIVE OF GRAVELOTTE.*

THOUGH not, as it has sometimes been wrongly called, the greatest battle of the world, Gravelotte exceeded all other battles of the late war in dimensions, and is surpassed only by Koeniggratz and Leipzig in vastness. Indeed, in point of numbers, it scarcely came behind the "Battle of the Nations," which destroyed French power as completely in 1813 as this did nearly sixty years later, whilst neither at Leipzig nor at Koeniggratz did either of the combatants dispose of a single army as large as that which obeyed Count Moltke's orders on the 18th August, 1870, as he moved to turn Bazaine from his chosen position. How this was finally done by the concentrated action of the German and Saxons, aided by part of the IXth Corps and such a force of guns as never acted together before, all brought to bear on the single corps of Canrobert; with what energy the stronghold of the French right at St. Privat was defended, and with what terrible sacrifice it was at last won; all this is an episode which must be more or less familiar to all who are not indifferent to the story of the war. Captain Hoffbauer's excellent work, though nominally confined to the action of the artillery, has already described that of the other arms in this tremendous contest with a precision which leaves little to be desired; and English readers have lately had the advantage of a good and clear translation of it by Captain Hollist, from which the details and their bearing on each other may be accurately traced. Or those who specially delight in deeds of heroism performed by infantry under circumstances in which advance seems hopeless may peruse profitably the admirable lecture lately published by Captain Helmuth on the action of "The Guards on the 18th August." But it is a morning's walk for a pedestrian to pass round the line which the 245,000 Germans formed in their attack on Bazaine's position. And the very name given by their official writers to the battle, the double title of Gravelotte-St. Privat, shows a consciousness that the attacks on the French wings were in fact almost separate actions. It may be added that their results were very different. For if the attack on St. Privat had been no more successful than the other, had Bazaine's troops been kept as ready to attack as they proved themselves stout to defend, it is not too much to say that the whole course of the war might even at that date have been seriously changed. The official historian does not tell this as plainly as other witnesses of the contest he describes. Yet in his own precise details there are indications that the cost of the die of battle for the possession of St. Privat, however desperate it may at one time have seemed, was absolutely necessary for the victory which could not be won elsewhere.

We are much tempted to turn aside from this part of the subject to show the pains with which the Berlin writer has gathered up from scattered French sources of information that story of Bazaine's own doings which has never been told consecutively before in an authentic form. This part of his work is unconsciously a special tribute to

* *Der Deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71, redigirt von der Kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. 1ter Theil. Heft 6.*

the superior accuracy of his own nation, which, as on many like occasions, tells with exactness and precision those particulars which the French historians fail to afford of their own army. We pass this by for the present. But the general remark is necessary that it can no longer be doubted that Bazaine here repeated, or rather continued, that strange tactical error which had so paralysed his superior forces on the morning of the 16th. He still was oppressed with the idea, founded of course on his own false view of the strategical value to him of Metz, that the enemy would seek to cut him off from that fortress, instead of pushing him back upon it. Thus, whilst Moltke was deliberately extending his left to embrace the French right in that fatal pressure which finally gave him the victory, the commander of the Army of the Rhine still looked over his left southward uneasily to the green woods that lie between Gravelotte and the river passages near Gorze, anticipating some sudden issue from them of a force attempting to thrust itself between his line of battle and the high hill of St. Quentin behind him to which he attached such fatal importance. Not that he was wholly without justification for this error. The whole of the German IInd Corps, with the exception of a single battalion left to guard the royal baggage at Pont-à-Mousson, was moving down the river from that place on such lines that it might have been directed with a single word that way, instead of becoming, as we shall see that it did in the later portion of the fight, a direct reserve to the hotly engaged left under Steinmetz at Gravelotte. This General had also a few battalions of his own army detached from his proper front before the village to the south of the French, which were lost apparently to his real object, and too weak to effect anything separately, yet sufficient for a very important purpose if they really served to keep the French Marshal's attention riveted on this imagined danger. But what should have been Bazaine's security, had he fully weighed the chances, was the fact that the Germans could not possibly, even with the great superiority of force they were showing, have troops enough to envelop both flanks of so extensive a line as that which he held. He had ample means early in the afternoon, had he used them, of comprehending the tremendous nature of the combination which they were preparing for his right. That they should then be also turning his left by the difficult country between it and the Moselle would have implied that they had made the grave mistake of completely separating their force into two distinct assailing bodies, leaving him centrally placed between the two. As soon as he once knew that affairs at St. Privat were looking serious, the fact should have relieved him at once from the fancy which paralysed his whole action, and left him free to act on his part with the active energy which his earliest critics, as well as this his latest one, all agree to have been utterly wanting in the conduct of his great charge.

What had really to be done by the assailants in the first great stages of the battle—in other words, Count Moltke's tactical design—has never been more clearly and truly described than in the single sentence in which the volume before us tells it, in commenting on the necessity which urged the Chief of the Royal Staff to send stringent orders to General Steinmetz (whose desire to press into action had already shown itself at Spicheren and Borny), not to engage the First Army prematurely. "Since to the Second Army" (whose commander, Prince Frederick Charles, had just ridden to the front to push forward its advance on Amanvillers and St. Privat) "was assigned the task of making a decisive stroke at the enemy's right by simultaneous attacks on its front and flank, the First Army received in these directions its commission to merely occupy the strong front of the hostile left wing, at first in a cautious manner." We will follow briefly the official writer's account of its execution of these orders.

General Steinmetz's detailed instructions permitted him to engage his artillery early. Indeed before noon the French batteries on Bazaine's left were trying the range over Gravelotte in the direction of his reserves, and soon after the batteries of the VIIth Corps replied to them. To secure these the 15th Division, including half the infantry of that corps, was pushed forward, and so came exactly opposite the French left under Frossard, but with the deep ravine which all travellers remember to lie just on the Metz side of the village of Gravelotte, intervening between the opposed forces. The steepness of the eastern side of this gully makes it appear a terrible obstacle to the inexperienced eye which tries to imagine the German advance. But a far more serious matter to a practised soldier's eye must have been the plateau beyond rising gently up to Point de Jour, the key of the French left, across which some tiny lines of fresh-thrown earth showed that the French had covered the front of Frossard and of Lebeuf, who lay next to him, with the line of musketry trenches, to the future use of which their late military oracle, Marshal Niel, had attached so much value. The artillery contest soon waxed warm. The German batteries in their eagerness pushed beyond the line first indicated. The infantry supports thought it necessary to move forward with them. Individual officers (p. 784), with a dangerous excess, as it seems to us, of the independent bearing encouraged by the system under which they had been trained, began to throw single battalions, or even companies; certainly without orders, probably they themselves hardly knew why; across the belt of comparatively level space just above the ravine where advance was easiest. And before 2 P.M. the first of the advances was made on this part of the French position, which were successful only so long as the Germans were covered either by the steepness of the lower slope or the thickness of the bushes that abound there, but which ended in their being "swept back as with a broom"—we use the expres-

sion of a German eyewitness—when they emerged on the plateau itself, and the French skirmishers, disappearing rapidly before them, left the ground clear for the deadly action of the Classepot from behind those slight-looking breastworks. Long and desperately was continued the skirmishing thus prematurely begun on the north side of the Gravelotte-Metz road. The VIIth Corps carried early the most advanced musketry trench, which had been placed to look down the valley below, and was so advanced, therefore, as to be isolated from the French general line; but its infantry could not get beyond this. It was not until the VIIIth Corps came strongly into the fight by its side, and their batteries had asserted the usual superiority of the German artillery in these battles, and driven Frossard's fairly to the rear, that the real first object of these attacks was gained, and a lodgment made in the large farmhouse of St. Hubert, which stands by the main road leading westward from Gravelotte, about half way up the rise of the hill to Point St. Jour.

With the capture of this position Steinmetz's advantages ceased. As the official writer says it up, Frossard's corps and Lebeuf's (lying to his right or north) had been occupied, and prevented from supporting the French right wing, but their real position was quite unshaken. And one division of the VIIth Corps was already quite unfit for further action; whilst the other, and the VIIIth Corps, had already suffered severely. Indeed there is a distinct admission in this part of the narrative that both the leaders and their troops overrated the advantages which had been won, and thought erroneously that only a single push forward was needed to carry the enemy's line. Events soon proved this to be a mistake. In vain the German batteries boldly pushed down into the gorge along the road and strove to crown the height beyond. Their guns were stopped one by one in the hollow, or put out of action as they tried to deploy in face of the storm of bullets on the slope of the French side of the ravine. In vain the 1st Cavalry Division followed this desperate effort, and its leading regiment, the 4th Uhlans, struggling through the stream of confusion that choked the road about the hollow, galloped boldly forward. Its leading sections fell at once, swept down, man and steed, by the murderous fire. The horse battery which it had carried forward with it was driven back into the ravine utterly ruined for further action. And General Hartmann, warned by what he witnessed of the impossibility of the intended enterprise, unwillingly gave the order to draw his troops off. The French infantry cheered and pressed forward exultingly from their trenches. The advanced companies of the Germans followed the rearward movement of the cavalry. And at half-past four there was what the official writer calls a "sensible retreat" on this side. In plain words, a decided panic had set in; but it is affirmed in the same sentence which admits the fact, that it was not of long duration. In truth, as is elsewhere explained, Bazaine's false views of the situation prevented his reaping any advantage from Steinmetz's rashness and Frossard's brief success. The King himself, who watched the stream of fugitives, ordered up the intact IInd Corps to the support of the shaken First Army, and the conflict, which, from the French failure to advance in turn, had died away before Fransecky brought its divisions on into a mere skirmishers' fire on either side, was taken up with renewed vigour by the Germans, and continued until the success of Prince Frederick Charles at St. Privat decided the retreat of the whole French army. There is no more striking example in history of a great tactical opportunity thrown away than the passive conduct of the French Marshal, and his utter inability either to comprehend the danger on his right or to follow up the temporary success of his left. We have not of course judged solely by the text of the able volume before us. Obvious reasons compel us not to overlook other narratives of the contest. But the official history is too full and too honest not to show to the discerning critic that the one opportunity allowed to the French for saving St. Privat was in the moment of their brief success before Gravelotte, and that the opportunity, whatever it was worth, was marvellously thrown away by the fatuity or dullness of their chief.

A ROSE IN JUNE.*

WE might briefly criticize *A Rose in June* by saying that it is a short story in Mrs. Oliphant's best style. The workmanship throughout is what might be expected from so experienced a literary artist; whilst there is a freshness of tone which is too often absent from the later works of voluminous writers. The plot of the story is of the slightest. It is the old theme which has been treated over and over again from the very dawn of literature. The Rose from whom the story takes its name is a charming young lady distracted between two lovers—one elderly and rich, the other young and poor. We need not say which of these suitors is favoured by the prudent mother, or to which the heart of the lady herself inclines. Neither need we trace the changing circumstances by which the heroine is alternately forced to the brink of a worldly marriage and saved from that painful necessity. It is enough to remark that Mrs. Oliphant has not been anxious to strengthen the contrast between the contending forces. The lover recommended by worldly considerations is not painted with horns and hoofs; he is a gentleman of much good taste and refinement, though betrayed into one questionable manœuvre by his suspicion of a rival; and he is

* *A Rose in June*. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1874.

shocked when he discovers that an alliance with him has been regarded by the girl's mother from a commercial point of view. Nor, again, is the mother a purely selfish or tyrannical kind of person. On the contrary, she has really a great deal to say for herself, and we are half inclined to suspect that most mothers of marriageable daughters in distressed circumstances will be very apt to take her view of the question. For ourselves, we confess that we sympathize very strongly with Mr. Incedon, the rich middle-aged lover. Of course we should have been sorry that Miss Damerel should have married him merely for his fortune, and perhaps he ought to have been more repelled by her obvious reluctance. But we decidedly condemn Miss Damerel's taste. Mr. Incedon, as we have said, is a man of thorough cultivation, of decided character, and of much honourable feeling. Though we have called him middle-aged, we have spoken merely on the conventional assumption of novelists, who regard a man of five-and-thirty as decidedly in the decline of life. For reasons which need not be fully explained, we are ourselves inclined to hold that five-and-thirty is about the age at which a man is best qualified to act the part of a youthful lover. And we fancy that Miss Damerel is rather childish in preferring a mere lad, ten or twelve years younger, who has no apparent recommendation except the very doubtful one of a commission in the Royal Navy and a sailor's facility for falling in love at a moment's notice. Indeed in the last page of the story Mrs. Oliphant delicately hints that some slight feeling of regret lingered in her heroine's mind when she thought in later years of her rejection of Mr. Incedon. However this may be, we must admit that Mrs. Oliphant is true enough to nature. Charming young ladies do not always prefer good scholarship and a love of the fine arts to the qualities which are most generally characteristic of our naval heroes. When women are thoroughly educated they will perhaps come to recognize the superiority of middle-aged scholars to youthful sailors; but Mrs. Oliphant is so far painting from the life. Her story and its characters make no demands upon our credulity. She might have found her models within the limits of any country district of moderate size; and the passions by which the story is worked are such as we could all exemplify from our own experience. If the fortune of an uncle drops in rather more opportunely than frequently happens in real life, we must admit that uncles sometimes die in reality, and even leave fortunes to their relatives; and that, at any rate, the expedient may be fairly allowed in the world of fiction.

One mode of praising such a book would be to appeal to the rather over-quoted example of Miss Austen, and to praise Mrs. Oliphant for not indulging in bigamy or murder. Negative commendation of that kind should go a very little way. People may be models of every domestic virtue and yet be naturally dull; and novels, as we know by woeful experience, may be fitted to lie on the table of every country clergyman in the kingdom and be as soporific as the dullest of the clergyman's sermons. Mrs. Oliphant deserves praise of a more positive and of a much rarer kind. *A Rose in June* is a novel which rises above the ordinary standard, not merely because it is lifelike and free from objectionable excitement, but because its accurate pictures of ordinary English life are coloured by a peculiar vein of delicate irony which betrays the presence of an unusually keen observer. The characters, it is plain, have been drawn by a very kindly and yet a very shrewd artist, perfectly alive to their weaknesses, and yet noticing them with an eye too sympathetic to be cynical. Each of them has little weaknesses which amuse without shocking us, and which give individuality to portraits of rather commonplace people. The girlishness of the heroine is charmingly exhibited by her feeble attempt at eloping, after the model of the novels which she had studied, into the world at large; and we are touched as well as amused by the absurdity of the proceeding. Another admirable touch is the *naïveté* with which she assumes that as soon as she becomes rich she is justified in breaking off the engagement which she had contracted in her poverty, though at the same time she recognizes, when it is put before her, the duty of sticking to her word in spite of consequences. With equal skill, the worldliness of the mother who insists upon the rich marriage is presented in such a way that we feel how much is to be said for her on the purely common-sense view of the subject. A coarser satirist would have made the maternal schemer simply selfish and brutal; Mrs. Oliphant makes us feel how closely the prudential motives are blended with a really praiseworthy desire for the substantial welfare of a young family. But the best character in the story is one who has a less conspicuous part to play, and whose death is made necessary at an early period by the exigencies of the plot. Mr. Damerel, the father of the heroine, and the parish clergyman, is drawn to the life with really admirable skill. We could have wished to see more of him, though his death, as we shall presently observe, is perhaps the most telling chapter in the book. He is a man of delicate tastes, whose thorough selfishness and frivolity is concealed from himself and from all his family by the graces of his manner and his excellence in an ornamental point of view. His wife slaves and toils to avert the consequences of his self-indulgent extravagance, and yet he puts on quite naturally an indefinable air of moral superiority when he reproves her for being, like Martha, careful and troubled about many things. Both his wife and his daughter, though suffering from his indolence, fully accept his view of the situation; the hardworking curate who does all the rector's duty has only a dim perception that his superior is a bit of a humbug; and the parish generally has the highest respect and esteem for

a man who does nothing so gracefully, and a corresponding contempt for the more industrious, but clumsy, subordinate who really keeps things going. When the rector is induced to visit one of his poor parishioners and catches a fever in consequence, everybody is dismayed; it seems to be an impertinence in death to catch hold of a man so far removed from all associations with dirt, squalor, and the generating causes of disease. When indeed the disease takes a long time, instead of immediately culminating in a dramatic fashion, the neighbourhood has a tacit sense that it has been wronged by the delay, though of course the open expression of such a feeling would have been repelled with horror. The deathbed of poor Mr. Damerel is exquisitely described. Inferior artists would have dwelt upon the more obviously tragic element, and would perhaps have wished us to listen to a sudden explosion of remorse for ill-spent time. Mrs. Oliphant's conception is much truer, and more really forcible and pathetic. Mr. Damerel remains himself to the last; he knows that he ought to die with a certain dignity, and that, as a clergyman, he ought to have certain religious sentiments. He is not a sceptic, and he is every now and then betrayed into a solemn mood of feeling, or into anxiety about the state of his family, whose prospects have been damaged by his systematic carelessness. But the prevailing tone of his mind is a kind of half melancholy and half pleasurable curiosity as to the strange mystery which he is entering. He feels himself tired, and resolves to leave all questions about his boys to a practical friend who will know what to advise. He quotes scraps of poetry; he repeats "the casement slowly grows a glittering square" (he should have said "glimmering"), and tries to think where the line occurs; and then he quotes Gray's line about "dumb forgetfulness" and makes a critical remark or two on their beauty. He laughs softly, like a child, at the strange fancies which come into his head—a laugh which naturally shocks the hearers, and makes them attempt vainly to lead him into a more serious mood:—

"Why, man, don't look so grave," he says to his curate; "and you, my dear, don't cry, to discourage me. Set me out on my journey a little more cheerily! I never thought much about dying people before; and mind what I say, Nolan, because it is your work. Of course to those who have never thought about such matters before religion is all-important, but there is more in it than that. When a man's dying he wants humouring. Such strange fancies come into one's head. I am not at all troubled or serious to speak of; but it is a very odd thing, if you think of it, to set out on such a journey without the least notion where you are to go!"

The extreme "oddity" of death is not the thought which would occur to most people under such circumstances; but the reflection is admirably characteristic, and shows Mrs. Oliphant's true vein of really powerful humour. Writing of this kind is not perhaps likely to be very popular. Vehement repentance or an outbreak of profane indignation might have gratified some tastes. But the admirers of the more delicate forms of literary skill will probably think that the deathbed of Mr. Damerel, which of course suffers in our brief description, is really a very remarkable piece of writing and is enough to give to the book in which it occurs a very high place in contemporary fiction.

NATURE'S REVELATIONS OF CHARACTER.*

THERE are certain books which make one almost despair of science, and this is one of them. Dr. Simms does not belong to the class of circle-squarers, earth-flatteners, or universal cure-mongers. His design has nothing absurd in itself. He has no special craze that we can discover, and he can even talk of his undertaking in a manner not inconsistent with his knowing how to set about it. Nevertheless he has written a volume of hopeless and irredeemable unwisdom. As far as the introduction goes, there appears no reason why the book should not be worth something; the only ground of suspicion is a vague and bombastic style, coupled with a general slovenliness in referring to other subjects which one seldom meets with in a writer who really knows his own subject, and this is by no means conclusive. Men of very imperfect general education have done good special work before now, and a charitable construction of Dr. Simms's opening chapter might lead one to expect something of this kind. He states in effect (though with much needless magniloquence) that every feature of a human being has a history and meaning of its own if we could only find them out—which is quite true; that certain rough inferences founded on this belief are already acted upon to some extent by mankind in their dealings with one another—which is also quite true; that a special aptitude for making such inferences, in other words the gift of reading character, is of great use to those who possess it—which is also true; and that knowledge of this kind is capable of being made scientific—which we think is also true. We can see no reason why physiognomy should not some day become a definite and useful branch of the science of human nature; but we also see great reason for not expecting it to be done in a hurry. More observation of certain features as signs of character, however extensive and systematic, would carry us a very little way. Anyone moderately acquainted with scientific method must see that the conditions of the problem are far too complex to be dealt with in this fashion. In such a case we can only get a body of evidence roughly confirming what is roughly known already; or else, if we try to make our statements look more exact, the results become conflicting and illusory.

* *Nature's Revelations of Character*, &c. By Joseph Simms, M.D. Printed for the Author. 1874.

The conclusions would be superfluous so far as they were intelligible, and unintelligible so far as they pretended to be real additions to knowledge. At most we should have a certain increase of the available raw material for science.

The way to the really scientific treatment of physiognomy will probably be found to lie in the careful and patient working out of the line of inquiry which has been opened by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the new edition of his *Psychology* and by Mr. Darwin in his work on the *Expression of the Emotions*. What we want to ascertain is not merely the signs, but the physiological interpretation of the signs. We ought to know whether the same feature may not tell two or more quite different stories, to what extent characteristic signs may persist by inheritance notwithstanding the loss or transformation of the thing signified, and many other matters of the same sort. These difficulties are not likely to be insuperable, as they do not differ in kind from those which have been overcome by other sciences dealing with complicated effects. But it is plain that no one who ignores such difficulties can do much for the advancement of this or any other new science. Now Dr. Simms ignores them all with a perfectly sublime ignorance. Notwithstanding his high scientific talk, he has not the least notion of the difference between science and the raw material of science. He says that his results are the fruit of twenty years' observation, and we may not be wrong in guessing that his observations might possibly have been of some use if he had known what to do with them. But he most unhappily takes his results for science, and so he has presented them in such a form that they are utterly worthless even as raw material. Dr. Simms gives us nothing better than a long list of "human faculties," most of them called by fearful and wonderful names of his own invention. Under the head of each faculty there is a dogmatic assertion that a particular feature or conformation is the mark of that faculty. These assertions are generally (but by no means always) supported by woodcuts showing one positive and one negative instance. One or both of the instances are often irrelevant, as when the negative instance is simply the head of some savage or illiterate person taken at random, who is presumed to be deficient in everything. As a rule it is quite impossible to discover on what evidence, if any, Dr. Simms has formed his opinions. Sometimes indeed one can catch him openly making conjectures *a priori* from an assumed likeness of things. In particular he has unconsciously taken up the medieval doctrine of "signatures" in the crudest form. A straightforward character is indicated by straight limbs and features, but curly men are round-about and untrustworthy. This proposition is illustrated by a fancy picture of a curly man wearing a curly coat (the coat is hardly fair), who is described as a "fairy, self-h, conceited, and deceptive scamp." His full moon-face is rebuked by the stern gaze of a hideously square-jawed, square-headed, and straight-haired profile—even the top of the ear is quite square—who is the type of a "systematic, punctual, and straightforward gentleman." The moral is further pointed by a vignette which represents "a curly, ambitious, and jealous dog." Again we are told that it is useless for a round man to try to be an architect or for a square man to try to be a watchmaker; for if a man is "not himself built upon the mechanical principle and with large bones, he will be quite unable to distinguish himself in dealing with square objects," while "to enable a man to do and judge of round work, it is necessary that he himself should be built on the round plan of human architecture." It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Simms that, according to this, the same man cannot possibly be competent to build a wall and a dome, and whoever understands the geometry of the straight line must be hopelessly incapable of learning the geometry of the circle. In like manner a cadaverous man "is entirely devoid of taste or judgment in the matter of colour, and he is so, simply because by the infallible law of nature no man can judge outside of himself that which does not enter into his own composition."

But enough and to spare of this. The only compensation we can offer to our readers for having troubled them so long with Dr. Simms's science is to give a few specimens of his additions to the English language and of his miscellaneous information. Here are four consecutive names of qualities from Dr. Simms's first group; *Animadimentality*, *Aguasorbiliceness*, or love of water, *Physioelpidicity*, or hope relating to bodily wants, *Graspativeness*, or love of gain. Then we have *Temporinaturalitiveness*, or the power of appreciating the lapse of time. This affords another charming example of the doctrine of signatures. Round-shaped men are the best judges of time, because "the planets are all constructed on the round form and all their motions are in circles more or less precise." The "more or less" precisely circular motion of the heavenly bodies is edifying; even the Ptolemaic astronomy had found out that it was a good deal less, though it admitted the fact in such a circular manner as to afford convincing proof that Ptolemy must have been a very round and temporinaturalitive man indeed. *Touirreceptionality* is the ability for appreciating sounds. For a negative instance there is a woodcut of "the un-musical ear" with a square top; comparing this with the straightforward gentleman before mentioned, we gather that straightforwardness and musical genius are incompatible. *Persistency* is the disposition of holding on. If we believe Dr. Simms, he has induced some one else to use the word, for he professes to give us the portrait of a gentleman who once said to him, "I have lost thousands of dollars through my excessive persistency." Not content with having invented these and other unutterably barbarous words, Dr. Simms humbly explains to his countrymen (for he is an American)

that it is not his own fault if he spells English correctly. "The work having been printed and stereotyped in Britain, the old style of spelling used in that country has necessarily been employed," and we lose the advantage of knowing what Dr. Simms's new style would be like. Dr. Simms describes the faculty of credulousness as an excellent virtue, by means whereof Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; and whenever he has occasion to mention things in general, he shows that it is very fairly developed in himself. On two opposite pages he gives us three centenarians, warranted 164, 172, and 185 years of age respectively, which is the more curious as their old age has nothing whatever to do with the faculties supposed to be illustrated by their portraits. He likewise believes all the stories of giants he has ever met with, and gravely informs his readers that "the giant Terragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was 28 feet high." Also he quite believes in the Scipiods, though in his picture the foot is nothing like big enough to serve as an umbrella, and almost believes in the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. He further seems to believe that he has procured authentic portraits of St. Judas Thadous (*sic*) and Josephus. In one place we find some curious ethnology. It appears by Dr. Simms's list of European races that the Germans are Teutonic, the Hollanders Dutch (which we therefore presume is something quite different from Teutonic), and the English are Cockney or Devonshire. We are lost in possible interpretations of this. Perhaps the Cockneys were non-Aryan aborigines on whom neither Celtic nor Teutonic conquerors could make any impression, and Devonshire is only a local variety of Cockney. Perhaps Cockney and Devonshire are two distinct races which fell from the clouds all over England about the same time, and are now hopelessly mixed up. Or perhaps it is a grand stroke of satire which British understandings cannot be expected to appreciate. As a "specimen of European" in general (notwithstanding these startling differences of race), we have a villainous caricature of King William of Prussia, who is described by no other title. We shall see, however, that Dr. Simms can use the title of Emperor with great effect when he pleases. Another eminent living man of quite a different sort, Mr. Darwin, fares no better on another page, and a still worse treatment is reserved for the author's countryman, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, who figures as an example of a "shaved and popular Christian." We know nothing to match this conjunction of epithets, unless it be the description of George III. in an old school history as a "bald but obstinate monarch." As to the larger varieties of mankind, the white race is shown to be the most perfect by the method of reasoning we are already familiar with—namely, because white is the purest colour. Dr. Simms's general philosophy is an optimism which goes so far that he points out in the following touching passage how grateful new countries ought to be to old ones for exporting diseases to them:—

The vessel which carries within her the seed of intelligence and culture is scattered over some bright trans-oceanic country, beats with her also the elements of disease of which the new country knows nothing; but for which its heart is grateful in after years, when able to look at things with a common sense, philosophic eye. That which is superfluous, nutritious to get rid of, not only in things inanimate, but among men as well, so that during a campaign, as it deserts with the number shot on the field, she scatters disease among the unwounded, until the slain in battle are as nothing compared to those who gradually succumb to consumption, fever, &c. Thus do we see working around us a beautiful balancing machinery, which, while lopping off individuals, makes arrangements for the prosperity and happiness of the whole.

We trust that Dr. Simms will head the subscription-list whenever it is proposed to balance the statue of Jenner with that of the nameless benefactor of Europe, and therefore of all European settlements in America and elsewhere, who first imported small-pox from Eastern Asia.

We generally expect to learn something of our own institutions from foreign writers, and here we are not disappointed. We learn that all Eton boys can climb trees by nature, and that a Committee of the House of Commons "waited on" Brindley on purpose to ask him what rivers were made for. Early in the book we find some paragraphs on self-made men, and under this head Dr. Simms is able to tell us positively that Homer was the son of a small farmer. He also contrives to excel the common mis-spelling of Claude's designation; *Lorraine* we are accustomed to, but *Claud Lorraine* is a novelty. But there are also more modern instances taken from those inhabitants of New York who pay an income-tax of (on?) 100,000 dols. and over. It is inspiring to know that "E. T. Morgan commenced life with a quarter measure of molasses"; that "the brothers Seligman started out in life with a pedlar's pack" (two brothers to one pack?); and that "David Dows retailed pork by the half-pound and molasses by the grill." In the matter of classical antiquities we hear that "Josephus Scaliger committed Homer's *Iliads* and his *Odysseys* (*sic*) entirely in twenty-one days." There is also a brilliant passage on the physical education of the ancients:—

About three hundred and ninety years after the founding of the great Roman Empire, and even at the time when the tyrant Caracalla ruled Rome, the practice of rope-dancing was one of the popular games, and it developed the Muscular system in a remarkable degree. In the days of Socrates, leaping was a common amusement. Alexander had many expert runners whose muscles were finely developed; and Glaucus excelled in many kinds of gymnastic feats.

Hence it appears, among other things, that rope-dancing is especially fitted to excite the hatred of tyrants, and that it was generally practised by Roman citizens. As for Glaucus, there might be some difficulty in selecting him from the half-dozen of

mythical and the dozen of historical persons who bore that name. One mythical Glaucus was indeed great in horse-racing, and one historical Glaucus owes the preservation of his memory to having excelled, not in "many kinds of gymnastic feats," but in boxing. We have kept to the last that which is perhaps Dr. Simms's most brilliant invention. One of his illustrations is "Charles VI., Emperor of West Austria, who died of dyspepsia." We know on high authority that *theologi non curant grammaticam, quia non est de sua facultate*, and by parity of reason a doctor of medicine might perhaps be allowed to speak of the Emperor Charles VI. as Emperor of Germany. But this grotesque and circumstantial anachronism is beyond any possible comity of faculties. Such a monster as an Emperor of West Austria in the last century—why West? and does Dr. Simms think there was another Emperor of East Austria?—would have had no need of dyspepsia to kill him. He would have perished of sheer astonishment at his own existence.

We find some slight internal evidence that our author has something to do with Boston. If so, he is a prophet not likely to find much honour in his own country, and he has done very wisely to have his book printed as far from Boston as possible. For there are two or three people there who know nonsense when they see it, and there is at least one such person who is both a physiologist and a humourist. We should almost feel moved to pity Dr. Simms if he fell into the hands of Dr. Wendell Holmes.

FORDUN'S CHRONICLE OF SCOTLAND.*

WE feel amazed as we look at the date even of the later of these volumes. We feel sure that they must have reached us at a time much nearer to the present than even the second of their dates. We cannot believe that they have been waiting for notice at our hands for three, or even two, years. At any rate, if it be so, we will do our best to make up for our fault by not delaying any longer to say what we have to say about a really important contribution to the history of one part of our island. Yet when we use these words, when we speak of such a book as Fordun's Scottish Chronicle as an important source for Scottish history, it shows how much lower the standard of Scottish history is than that of any other part of the British islands. This Chronicle, which is in some sort the national history of Scotland, would not count for much either in England, in Ireland, or in Wales. Each of these countries has an early historical literature of its own, in its own distinctive language. It can hardly be laid to the blame of Scotland that she has no such literature in her own tongue; for the truth will out, that, as distinguished from the English, the Welsh, and the Irish of different parts of the Scottish dominion, no Scottish language ever existed at all. But, without asking for a fourth language in our island, we should have been well pleased to match our West-Saxon and Mercian Annals with an English Chronicle in the English of Lothian, our Irish *Chronica Scottorum* with other Irish annals north of the Scotswater, and, most of all, should we have been well-pleased to match the *Annales Cambrie* with *Annales Cambrie*, and the *Brut y Tywysogion* with a record of the Celtic princes of Strathclyde in their own tongue. But these things are not to be had. We are driven to be thankful for the *Chronicon Pictorum*, and for the scraps which we find here and there in the Chronicles of England and Ireland. It marks the difference in this respect between Scotland and the other three parts of the kingdom that we have here a work of which its editor says with perfect truth that it "is unquestionably one of great importance for the history of Scotland prior to the death of James the First, and must form the basis of every history of that period," but which he does not venture to look on as thoroughly historical till it reaches the twelfth century. Here is the history of Scotland put into shape by one whom we believe to have been an honest and careful, and, for his time, not undiscerning writer. But the thing is not done till the fourteenth century. What would English history be if we had nothing earlier than Walter of Hemingburgh, or, throw a century in, and say earlier than Matthew Paris? Yet, even if our earlier and better writers were lost, we should not be so badly off, from the mere fact that there once were earlier and better writers, who left their mark on those who came after them. Thus, if we had to get our early English history from even the best writers of the thirteenth century, we should get a history largely mixed up with fabulous elements, but it would not be so essentially fabulous as the early parts of the Chronicle of John Fordun. Yet we are not at all disposed to find fault with John Fordun, who seems to have done his best according to his light, and who was in the unlucky case of having to make bricks without straw. Whatever we find to say against him, he is accurate and impartial compared with Harbottle and Blind Harry. And he has been interpolated and continued by compilers worthy of much less respect than himself. Mr. Skene therefore has done a real service by teaching us to distinguish between the two elements in the so-called *Scotichronicon*, and in giving us an edition of the genuine work of Fordun as Fordun wrote it himself.

Mr. Skene's preface is almost wholly concerned with the literary history of the book which he edits. But of this he gives us a

very clear and satisfactory account. Hardly anything is known of John Fordun personally, but he seems to have been a priest attached to the church of Aberdeen. He left behind him five books complete, and materials for others to follow, which are here printed under the name of "*Gesta Annalia*." The book must have been written, or at least put into shape, between 1384 and 1387, because he speaks of Walter Wardlaw as Bishop of Glasgow and Cardinal, a description which belongs to those years only. But it seems that Fordun's own work existed in an earlier and a later shape, and that the later shape was largely the result of a journey in England and Ireland, in the course of which, among other things, he became acquainted with the writings of William of Malmesbury, from which he makes large extracts. The work was continued by a writer who was born in 1385, who began to write in 1441, and who ended in 1447, all these dates being given by himself. This continuator is said to have been Walter Bownmaker or Bower, Abbot of Inchcolm, a person of whom Mr. Skene says that nothing more is known. But in another manuscript another author is to be traced, who promises a history of Joan of Arc, which was never finished, or which has been lost. This is a pity, because the writer, whoever he was, could have spoken from personal knowledge, and it would have been well to have a Scottish version of those times written from personal knowledge. This writer promises to speak not only of Scottish matters, but also

de quibusdam aliis actibus misticis quos ego qui scribo extra limites regni scivi, vidi, et audivi. Item postremo de quadam puella mirabili, que causa fuit recuperationis regni Francie de manibus Henrici tyranni regis Anglie, quam vidi, novi, et cum ea in quibus suis dicta recuperationis, usque ad finem vite sue presens interfui, &c.

Mr. Skene makes some remarks on the kind of changes and interpolations which Bower made in turning Fordun's materials into the shape of a regular history. In so doing "he has unfortunately altered Fordun's narrative in many instances, and that not merely in an arbitrary manner, but evidently with the object and intention of presenting the events in a different aspect from that in which they appear in Fordun's narrative." "They can, in fact," adds Mr. Skene, "only be viewed as intentional falsifications of history to suit a purpose." The instances which he quotes refer to the coronation of several of the Scottish Kings, as Malcolm the Fourth, Alexander the Second, Alexander the Third, Robert Bruce, and David the Second. In his account of all these ceremonies Bower has tried to represent the coronation of the Scottish Kings as more solemn, more ecclesiastical, more like the contemporary custom of England, than it really was. He tries to put its really primitive and Celtic nature into the background, and he makes Alexander the Third be anointed by the Bishop of St. Andrews, while, according to the true account preserved by the genuine Fordun, David the Second was the first King of Scots who received the ecclesiastical rite. The object is clear—namely, to represent the King of Scots as an anointed king, the peer of the King of England, and therefore not his vassal. This is one theory; according to our theory, so far as we have one, it was perfectly right that David the Second should be the first King of Scots to be anointed, because he was the first King of Scots who succeeded after the establishment of the independence of Scotland by the treaty of Northampton. We have also a lurking satisfaction when Mr. Skene, on the authority of Fordun, rehabilitates Sir Francis Palgrave's "*Seven Earls of Scotland*," who have latterly been somewhat under a cloud.

The changes which Bower made in the text of Fordun remind us somewhat of the changes which Matthew Paris made in the text of Roger of Wendover. Matthew was much too good an Englishman, and much too strong a foe of the Pope, for us to call him such hard names as Mr. Skene calls Walter Bower. But it is plain that Matthew took liberties of nearly the same kind with Roger's text, that he changed the colouring of the story according to his own widely different views of politics. It may be that Archbishop Hubert's speech on elective monarchy is as little authentic as the ecclesiastical unction of Alexander the Third. Still, even if it be so, it has a value which the other statement has not. But the two cases are closely parallel, and to get the original text of Fordun is a gain of the same kind as it was to get the original text of Roger of Wendover, and it is one for which we thank Mr. Skene very heartily.

The early part of Fordun's work is essentially mythical, as no one more strongly proclaims than his editor. Like all compilations of the kind, the work increases in value as it gets nearer the writer's own time, till towards the end it becomes a contemporary narrative. But the contemporary portion is to be found in the *Gesta Annalia*, the materials for the later books not at all in the part which the author lived to put into shape. In the parts which concern England, Fordun largely copies William of Malmesbury, as far as William of Malmesbury takes him. But he also gives a good many details of eleventh and twelfth century history from other sources, about which we should often be glad to know what those sources were. Thus we have in William of Malmesbury a short notice of Robert the son of Godwine, the crusading follower of the Ætheling Eadgar. Domesday also helps us to the name of Godwine as a tenant of Eadgar, and so helps to confirm William of Malmesbury's story, which indeed there is no reason to doubt. But in Fordun we get long stories about both Godwine and his son; how in the days of William Rufus, Eadgar was accused of treason by a certain Ordgar, "*miles degener Anglicus*," and how Godwine proved the innocence of his lord by wager of battle. Then we get a long account of the exploits of Robert, who is made to be the chief man in that expedition, nominally under the command of the Ætheling Eadgar, by which

* *Johannis de Fordun Chronica Gentis Scottorum*. Edited by William F. Skene. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1871.

John of Fordun's Chronicle of the Scottish Nation. Translated from the Latin Text by Felix J. H. Skene. Edited by William F. Skene. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1872.

the younger Eadgar was set on the Scottish throne. All this, allowing for a little colouring in the details, is likely enough as regards the main facts. It contradicts nothing, and falls in with the very few notices which we have elsewhere of the two persons concerned. And the story has an interest of its own, because Godwine and Robert are typical men, representing the class of Englishmen who adopted Norman ways and took up Norman names. Had Robert simply appeared as Robert without the addition of "filius Godwini," he would certainly have been taken for a Norman or other stranger. But, just because the tale has a special interest, just because there is no reason to doubt its main outline, we should all the more like to know where John Fordun found his details.

The time of Edward the First is described by Fordun in a way intermediate between the true story and the wild inventions of the rhyming chroniclers. Fordun knew perfectly well that King Robert Bruce was not his own grandfather, thereby showing more accurate knowledge of genealogy than his contemporary Barbour. But he does not scruple to say that the crown was first adjudged to the elder Robert Bruce as his lawful right, and that it was only because he refused to do homage for the crown that it was given to John Baliol. Fordun's account of the surrender of William Wallace is curiously ambiguous. His words are:—"Willelmus Wallace per Johannem de Meneth fraudulenter et proditoriater capitur, regi Anglie traditur." This is literally true. William Wallace was seized "per Johannem de Meneth" in the discharge of his official duty; but the act was undoubtedly "fraudulenter et proditoriater" on the part of Jack Short. Yet by any one who only knows the common fable the words of Fordun would certainly be taken as asserting it.

Of Mr. Skene's two volumes, the first contains the preface in the Latin text with some pieces in an appendix, among which is Æthelred of Rivaux's account of the Battle of the Standard. The second volume contains an English translation and Mr. Skene's notes. At the end of these last is an essay on "Tribal Communities in Scotland and the Early Tenure of Land" there, which is of importance just now, when so much light is being thrown from various quarters on the early tenure of land in various parts of the world.

THINGS A LADY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.*

IN the anxious and simple-minded little heroine of *A Very Young Couple*—one of the best of the novelettes of last Christmas—we may recognize the ideal of the lady who would like to know the things which are written in this book. She would subscribe to the author's introductory extracts from the "inspired words of the wisest of men" in praise of the virtuous woman; and would agree with the conviction expressed in the preface that "our future is in the hands of woman," notwithstanding a secret sense of her own deficiency in the arts of catering and account-keeping. According to Hannah More, "there is no surer test of integrity than a well-proportioned expenditure"; and the little lady who spent the sovereign given to her by her husband for the purchase of the materials of a dinner on bottles of strawberries, green peas, new potatoes, radishes, curry powder, and French plums, without so much as a thought about the meat which these were to garnish, would see a royal road to the dignities of honest and helpful housewifery in a red-and-gold-covered manual four-fifths of which are taken up with hints how to furnish neat little dinners for every day in the year, to say nothing of such feats of culinary legerdemain as making the roast leg of mutton of to-day appear to-morrow in the disguise of fried allerles (query "rissoles"), and the next day's roast turkey come on again the day after as "a mole made of the remains of the turkey."

After this conjecture as to the type of lady with whom the volume before us is likely to be in demand, it may be well to ascertain the scope and views of the author or compiler who undertakes to supply "the things a lady would like to know." Mr. Southgate has evidently saturated his mind with a course of sermons and moral essays designed especially for the ear of the softer sex; and, starting with a quotation to the effect that it is "the glory of womanhood to elevate meat, drink, and household cares into something transfigured and sublime by the spirit in which she ministers them," he has set himself to ransack "treatises on the subject of making the management of domestic affairs easy and interesting"; and "to the suggestions these have supplied he has added what occurs to him from his own experience and observation." The practical result is that, out of a total of 537 pages, 450 relate to cooking and kindred matters, the small residue being devoted to a prelude of quotations expressive of what good men have thought of women, and to hints on travelling, dress, deportment, gardening, prayers, and so on. The most valuable part of the book is to be found in the recipes which Mr. Southgate has compiled from others, his original matter being easily discernible by an absurd turgidity of style, as where he says of tight boots that "they check the circulation of the pedal blood, make the feet cold, and sometimes aid in chilblaining them"; and of tight corsets, that "they dapple the cheek with unsightly blotches, convert its fine cuticle into a motley scarf, blur the eyes, discolour the teeth, and tip the nose with cranberry red." Nor, whilst on the subject of what is original and what is

borrowed matter in the pages before us, can we forbear pointing out that "the Suggestions to those who give Dinner Parties" and the "Hints on Travelling" are taken wholesale and without acknowledgment from Walker's *Original*, which, as luck will have it, has only just been republished. Elsewhere, amongst hints for conduct, two short quotations are credited to Thomas Walker, M.A.; but the omission to ascribe to him the two larger essays we have named must be attributed either to carelessness or disingenuousness. We are willing to leave Mr. Southgate on the former horn, because in the "suggestions" which he has introduced as a preface to party dinners, the advice (of Mr. Walker) to do away with centre-pieces and have a basket of beautiful bread, white and brown, in the middle of the table, with a silver fork on each side so that the guests may help themselves, is in curious contradiction to the compiler's own previous prescription of a centre-piece filled with fruit, flowers, or bombons for the decoration of the table in each month of the year. It is an error in judgment of another and a lesser kind to cull (in this case with acknowledgment) the hints on the garden and gardening from the shilling manual of Messrs. Jones, Carter, and Co., which the readers of *Things a Lady would Like to Know* might be trusted to consult at first-hand, unless indeed there is a "transfiguring and subliming" process in transference into a seven-and-sixpenny volume.

As we have already said, the bulk of the book is made up of directions as to these very vital considerations of meat and drink, breakfasting, dining, and supping, which, tacitly at least, are assumed to be the things a lady would chiefly like to know, because apparently a knowledge of them is the surest way to the heart and affections of her lord. And, because we presume there lurks in meat and drink—however and by whomsoever spiritualized—just a little suspicion of animalism, Mr. Southgate has hit upon the device of refining and sublimating the details of his "dinners arranged for every day in the year" by placing a poetic or quasi-poetic motto or quotation over each "bill of fare" as it comes round. The extracts, however, are by no means happily chosen. What connexion, for example, can be divined between the heading of the bill of fare for February 18—

The girl whom benevolence warms
Is an angel who lives but to bless.—BLOOMFIELD—

and the "stewed eels, grilled bones, Turkish pilaw, potatoes, and custard pudding," which it introduces? Or, again, what are we to think of the juxtaposition of this admirable advice from Shakespeare—

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched and unfledged comrade—

with a carte made up of "boiled salmon, lobster sauce, beef kidneys, vegetables, and ground-rice pudding"? It is hard to say whether the entertainment so heralded and so composed is meant for a "tried" or an unfledged ally. The boiled salmon and lobster sauce might bespeak the former, but the beef kidneys and ground-rice pudding, *sans* alternative of any kind, are a problem we cannot profess to solve. No doubt Mr. Southgate may rejoine that there is no connexion between the motto, which is simply a word of encouragement to his lady readers, and the carte, which is a list of the "coarse and common things" they have daily to refine. But are we to disabuse our minds of the impression that, in the carte for February 22, which is as follows—

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.—HEMLOCK.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Herrings. | 3. Mashed Potatoes. |
| 2. Rabbit à la Jardinière. | 4. College Pudding— |

motto and menu do not alike represent a *maigre-day*; or that, in that for April 8 (p. 116)—

It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.
BULWER LYTTON.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Stewed Lobster. | 3. Vegetables. |
| 2. Olla Podrida. | 4. Ground Rice Pudding— |

the author does not mean to suggest a teaching little consolation to the principal characters in "Love in a Cottage"? The coincidence of the motto for February 9, "Use no hurtful deceit," &c. &c., with the first item of the carte, "Mock Turtle Soup," is perhaps accidental. Before, however, we quit the subject of these mottoes, on which perhaps enough has been said, it may not be out of place to remark that Mr. Southgate is more at fault than one should have expected so practised a compiler to be when he labels as "anonymous" the familiar lines of Keble's Evening Hymn which begin "We need not bid for cloistered cell"; and that he takes a liberty with Tennyson when he thus winds up the last stanza of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere"—

Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go.

The Laureate would hardly thank him for his alliterative emendation of the words "foolish yeoman."

It would be strange if, in so thick a volume and amidst such a variety of topics, the author should have failed to recall anything worth knowing. It was perhaps hardly worth while, however, to record such elementary truths as that "the best meat and the prime joints are cheapest in the end" and that "stews should never be suffered to boil." Upon such a statement as that "Crimped Gloucester salmon is plentiful in June and part of July, but it may be procured almost all the year round" (24) one cannot help remarking that the latter part of it is

* *Things a Lady would Like to Know.* By Henry Southgate, Author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds." London and Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1874.

singularly vague, and that we imagine the Conservators and Fishery Boards of the Severn would have something to say to it; and when the author speaks, in p. 128, of cherries and strawberries as in season in May and of green apricots as in season at any time, we surmise that he dwells in a country where fruits mature very early. The daily bills of fare are wonderfully free from sameness, and where familiar dishes come round again in the course of weeks and months, we are bound to say there is generally something new and worth knowing in the recipes for cooking them. In p. 174 is a good idea "to dip a roasted leg of lamb upon a bank of spinach." In p. 266 "Boiled ducks" are a novelty, and perhaps a good one. They should be salted two days, then slowly boiled in a cloth, and served in onion sauce in the preparation of which milk is used instead of water. Oyster fritters (p. 283) is another good idea; and another October dish, stewed pheasant, is none the worse for having something more than a soupçon of oysters about it. "Wrexham soup" (p. 184) may be recommended to those who like a good hotch-potch of vegetables; but we had rather stick to the old plan of serving asparagus. Cut from a good country bed, the cabbage part is nearer the whole than the half, and the lack of tongs need not drive us to the new fashion. In p. 214 a hint is given with a great flourish of trumpets, which consists in a recommendation to drink claret after salmon in order to realize the true flavour of the wine. Most people will probably be disposed to stick to hock. We have no fault to find with the "party dinners," the bills of fare for these being conceived in a liberal spirit, which does not in all cases characterize the every-day entries that precede them. About breakfasts and tea, also, Mr. Southgate entertains sound views, though, in the desire to prescribe light suppers, his first suggestion is "Roast lamb." We trust they may lie heavy on the chests of those who act upon his advice.

Amongst the other matters discussed we have no intention of noticing "the Hints for the Angels of our Households," on "Prayer, &c.," which strike us as singularly out of place in what is, in point of fact, a cookery book. The suggestions as to dress and toilet include two or three which are perhaps rather to be wondered at than imitated—e.g., where, in p. 487, this direction is given: "To clean the teeth. Rub your brush in the soap you use, and lather your teeth well." With this may be compared a recipe in p. 484:—"To prevent the hair from falling off. Sponge the hair lightly every day with cold tea." Had this latter recipe been given with the elegant minuteness of the former we should not have been surprised at the addition of a rider: "in the soap-basin." If we have not already said enough to show our estimate of this made-up book, we must content ourselves with a general conclusion—that in the culinary department of it, where the author seems to be really at home, his oracles may possibly be of some service, but that in all else his information is at best second-hand, and in much (as where he gives "*rannunculus arvens*" as the Latin name for "crow-foot") inaccurate.

LOWER'S WAYSIDE NOTES IN SCANDINAVIA.*

MR. LOWER'S style of writing is not faultless, and the matter of his volume might be far better than it is and yet not be good. He entreates his countrymen, instead of hurrying to the hackneyed banks of the Rhine, "to go to Scandinavia and spend two or three months, say in May, June, and July, in those pleasant hospitable countries." It is to be hoped that such as may take his advice may not feel themselves bound to follow his example by writing books like Mr. Lower's, or by writing any books at all. Mr. Lower is no sportsman, and his health was not strong enough to allow him to do more than see a few cities, and make some excursions in carriages to places easy of access. He went nowhere, in short, where the traveller would not find a sufficient guide in "Murray," and from "Murray" he seems to have gathered no small part of the matter with which he has filled his scanty pages. The matter so borrowed has not gained by the process. Mr. Lower's attempts at sprightliness only bring out more prominently the dullness and monotony of his writing; nor can we wonder if the reader closes the book with the impression that, if nothing more be needed, the duties of authorship are easily discharged.

Mr. Lower does not tell us precisely how far his travels were extended. He left London in July of last year, and his sojourn was cut short by renewed illness, seemingly, not many weeks later. During this time he saw a little of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; but his volume is practically taken up with describing the sights of Copenhagen. His acquaintance with the history of those countries, and with their antiquities, we need not question; but if it be asked whether his book contains much that is both true and new, the answer must be in the negative. The poverty of his matter is not relieved by the frequent jauntiness of his manner, and by an affectation of simplicity not altogether in harmony with his ordinary modes of expression. With Elsinore or Helsingør he confesses himself disappointed, not on account of any supposed insignificance or repulsiveness in the place, but because he found no trace of Hamlet there. The stream in the Marienlyst garden was not deep enough, he thinks, to allow Ophelia to drown herself in it; and hence Elsinore was to him (why, we cannot comprehend) "the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out." No sooner is he landed in Scan-

dinavia than he proceeds "to remind the gentle reader of a few historical and geographical facts which may have escaped his recollection." These facts the reader may for the most part find in ordinary treatises on the history or geography of Northern Europe; and Mr. Lower, conscious that the plan which he seeks to carry out may be set aside as rather dull, does what he can to enliven it by skipping from one country to another, and hurrying from mountains and lakes to Parliaments, and back again. From a sketch of Danish history we are carried off to the Dovrefjelds of Norway, and thence are brought back to the Danish "Thing," of which he is scandalized to find that peasants, mechanics, and butchers may be members. Some remarks on these legislators are immediately followed by a list of the birds and beasts killed in Norway in 1855, and by an account of the migrations of the lemming. Having spent nearly half his book in describing, or, as he puts it, in rehearsing, the beautiful works of art at Copenhagen, he hastens to give a Norwegian legend, and then runs back to the cities and palaces of Denmark. Like other men who write rather because they wish to say something than because they have something to say, he looks with favour on digressions, as devices for producing variety, and resorts to them without much scruple.

If we are told little about mountains and streams or the amusements and occupations to be found among them, we have some experiences of an invalid, which may possibly tempt others in the like case to brave the hardships of a voyage to the Baltic. Confined to his bed for a day or two by an attack of illness, the author is visited by a lady who sits for half an hour holding his hand in hers all the time, and "talking in a manner calculated to cheer an invalid's heart." "On another occasion," we are told, "my wife and myself visited several newly-made lady friends, and I kissed six of them without a blush among the eight of us! I don't believe there is a coquette in all Scandinavia." The conclusion is consolatory. Not less pleasant is it to learn that the Danish peasantry have not lost the good manners which seem to be fading away in England. "They are mostly clean and decently habited. When they meet a superior, they salute him by raising their caps, and they do the same to persons of their own position, if known to them."

Shut out by illness from more active tasks, Mr. Lower was driven to spend his time chiefly in museums, the contents of some of which are in great part catalogued. The remarks appended to some have, indeed, much the look of peddling. Among the works of Thierwaldsen is a Cupid complaining to his mother of the sting of a bee; and a page is filled with the whole ode of Anacreon, in which he thinks that the tale is "well told," and with a part of an English version of the ode, which is all that he can remember of it. The reader is bidden to mark the moral, which is "that Venus says to Cupid, 'You ought not to complain of the sting of a bee, when you have wounded so many hearts with your own winged arrow.' If we have the moral at all, it would be well to have it as it is. When some men in the army of Mahomet spoke of the heat of the day, the prophet reminded them of another place where the weather was hotter. In the ode of Anacreon Aphrodite simply bids Eros measure from his own pain the much greater pain which he causes to his victims. But, to use a phrase of which Mr. Lower seems to be fond, we may let this pass, and turn to his remarks on Scandinavian history. If these are not profound, they are thrown off with a patronizing air which some persons may find amusing in leisure moments. Having praised the behaviour of the victor at Stamford Bridge, he adds:—"Poor Harold, the son of Godwin, only three weeks later was slain at the battle of Hastings by the followers of William the Conqueror." It may be said that books should be both written and read without much trouble. Certainly it is no laborious task to tell us that "after the Thirty Years' War Sweden was so raised in the scale of nations that from an obscure State it came to be considered one of the first of European Powers." But the reflections made on Swedish or other history are not always consistent, even when they are found in consecutive pages. After the days of Gustavus, Sweden, he remarks, "was again reduced to its original and normal condition," the conclusion being that "there never was since the world began so wretched a country as this, and its history ought to be written in letters of blood." This proposition, which implies a somewhat wide range of historical knowledge, is a little modified in the next page, in which we are told that "clouds have for the most part pervaded its political atmosphere, but they have been happily atoned for by the most glorious bursts of sunshine that this changeful world has ever witnessed."

Mr. Lower has also something to tell us on the languages of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Their general likeness is a strong proof of the common origin of the inhabitants. Candidly avowing his ignorance of these languages, and thinking that many have been "deterred from getting at least a smattering of them by the repulsive Gothic characters resembling those of the German," he gives a few specimens in proof of their close affinity. Among these are rightly enough the numerals and the names of days of the week; but these are followed, not by lists of pronouns or modes of inflexion, but by the names of the months, in utter unconscientiousness seemingly that these are neither English, Danish, nor Swedish. He also made the discovery that "there is the like similarity in conversational phrases, 'good morning' being in Norwegian *god morgen*, while 'good evening' is represented by *god aften*." For "further information" on languages which he does not profess to understand he refers his reader "to the instructive pages of our friend of Albemarle Street," contenting himself with the

* *Way-side Notes in Scandinavia*, by Mark Antony Lower, M.A., F.S.A., &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

remark that "we are in want of a book which might be called the 'Common Origin of Nations,' to show how all mankind have sprung from one stock." Certainly a book which should succeed in showing this would go to the root of the matter; but until it is written, Mr. Lower may read a good many written in support of his proposition and not a few which call it into question.

In truth, it is not easy to see what good purpose is answered by the desultory, superficial, and rambling talk which for the most part fills the pages of this book. Such talk of course leads to blundering, while it generally misses the points to be noticed. Mr. Lower marvels "that the people of one country cannot pronounce the local names of another. The French persist in calling our metropolis *Londres*. . . . And we are perhaps as much in fault as others, for we call Helsingor *Elsinore*, and Kjøbenhavn *Copenhagen*." It might be more instructive to point out the true English form of the name Copenhagen in our town of Chippenham. As an account of the countries visited, the book has no value whatever. It may be of some use to those who visit the Museum of Thorwaldsen (which, they are here told, is "one of the greatest educational establishments in the world," giving "a healthy tone of thought to both rich and poor"), as well as to those who may go through the Museum of Northern Antiquities. They will find in Mr. Lower's volume some remarks on Professor Engelhardt's Catalogue and on a large number of the objects classified in it. They will read something about Rune stones, and something about sagas and chronicles which are not much to be trusted; and if they desire nothing more than what is here put before them, they will be easily contented. Mr. Lower praises the letterpress of this Catalogue, with its illustrations, as among the best that he has ever seen. "If my volume," he adds, "should ever be reprinted in Scandinavia, I hope that it will issue from the 'Imprimerie de Thiele.' We hope that no such misfortune may befall him. It is a pity that his book should be read in English; it would but make the matter worse to allow it to be read in another tongue.

MORTOMLEY'S ESTATE.*

IT is scarcely fair to the ordinary reviewer to publish such a book as *Mortomley's Estate*. Familiar though he is with all the regular crimes, and hand in glove though he has been kept through a long course of reading with the worst criminals, he still does not profess to have any exact knowledge of the working of the Bankruptcy Act of 1869. Mrs. Riddell says that "he who goes into liquidation without first being sure of his trustee, his lawyer, and his committee, passes into an earthly hell, over the portals of which are engraved the same words as those surmounting Dante's *Inferno*." This may be all true. If, however, three long volumes are required to set it forth to the public, it is rather the services of an attorney than of a literary critic that are required to draw up a brief statement or review of her case. There have been stories, far too many indeed, in which writers have tried to combine amendment of the law with amusement of the public. We had never seen, however, till we came upon the volumes now before us, a novel in which the author was so carried away by hatred of the law as to forget altogether that the reader possibly might like to be amused. It would scarcely be too much to say that the hero of the story is the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, and the heroine, winding up an estate by liquidation. We would not be understood to mean that there are no characters in the story. The author, however much she might have wished to represent a Bankruptcy Act abstractedly, yet by the very nature of the case was unfortunately bound to introduce a few people. There is a bankrupt's wife who dies in the very last chapter, and a City gentleman who earlier in the story avoids bankruptcy by poisoning himself off. It is easy to see, however, that such people as these are introduced, not as studies of character, but as a kind of framework, if we may use the expression, on which a law may be gibbeted. The law may be a bad one—with that at present we have nothing to do—but Mrs. Riddell's story is, we should imagine, in its way a good deal worse. A long story like this, where the author from beginning to end harps on one string, reminds us of nothing so much as the furrows that are ploughed in California. There you may see a man starting with a fresh team of horses whose sole task for that day will be to drive one furrow in a field that is nearly twenty miles broad. We are in one point only, but that an important one, happier than he. When we had reached the last chapter of the last volume, utterly weary though we were, we felt nevertheless that it would be a long time before we should have so tedious a journey to travel again. It is only a very long Act of Parliament that could afford matter enough for so long a tale, and long Acts happily are not passed every Session. If ever the Merchant Shipping Act gets through, then we shall expect a romantic treatise on it equalling in length and in dulness *Mortomley's Estate*. But for the next few Sessions we are, we conceive, safe.

Mrs. Riddell is as severe upon the men of business of the present day as she is upon the Bankruptcy Act. She talks in one place of "a few honest men in the City—a few of the typical ten who may yet save it, if indeed there are—almsgiving notwithstanding—ten left." She writes of

the days when England and Englishmen cared for something beyond sale

and barter; when they laid down their lives for the sake of King, Country, Religion; and entertained grand ideas on the subject of Loyalty, Patriotism, and Courage, which pounds, shillings, and pence, the yard measure, and the modern god Commerce have long since elbowed out of court.

May we not expect to find the City men in their turn talking of the days when England and Englishwomen cared for something beyond writing nonsense and selling it; when they spent their lives in making wholesome puddings instead of foolish books, and entertained sensible ideas on the subject of domestic life and woman's work, which extravagant speculations, "sensationalism," and the modern god Excitement have long since elbowed out of court. The one reproach would be as much, or as little, deserved as the other. It is scarcely possible that any woman can know much of the way in which business is carried on in the City. It is altogether impossible for a woman who has spent her time in writing novels. We place but little credit in the charges that are made against whole classes of men. When we see dirt thrown round on all sides, though we know that some no doubt will stick, yet we have no reason to believe that any is fairly aimed. Wherever men are gathered together there are rascals to be found. We have no belief in that golden age of commerce of which those seem to know most who have read history least. When once we begin to trace back the course of time and to fix the age of this blessed innocency, we have to confess that it,

Like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as we follow, dies.

The novel-writers, and among them the women not least, surely are far more open than the men of business to the reproach that they have fallen away from a state of comparative innocence. *Mortomley's Estate* certainly is not in any way exposed, like the works of so many of our modern female writers, to the charge of immorality. Yet it is a book which could not have been written by either man or woman half a century ago. The race to which it belongs had not come into being then. That strange tongue which novelists now delight in, that mixture of the finest words and the vulgarest slang, was unknown. There were sentimental absurdities enough in the books of those days no doubt, but where in a writer of any name will any one find phrases that can be at all matched with those which lie scattered through Mrs. Riddell's novels? We will string a few of them together, taking them as they come. We read there of "a race of men eliminated from monkeys"; "anguished tears"; "impending bankruptcies"; "a business in which he saw there lay, to quote his own mental phrase, something so 'fishy' as the conjunction of Kleinwort, Werner, and Forde"; "set down her foot upon a sentence"; "the loan of the name has been manipulated"; "Mortomley vibrating between office and works"; "italicizing the observation with a wink"; "of all the rot that ever I saw"; "strident tones"; "so supreme an idiot"; "wealth of flowers," "wealth of foliage"; "beastly dark hole," "beastly English brute"; "a feasibility about his statements stamped them to her mind with a certain authenticity"; "he moaned about the premises"; "these ebullitions were all so many safety valves"; "if timid people elect to walk along Lower Thames Street"; "he elected to seek a change in Leicestershire"; "he elected to have his chair wheeled up close to the side of the window"; and "he elected that Mr. Asherill's perfect gentleman should fill the post of liquidator." It is not merely phrases here and there, it is whole passages that are written in the same foolish language. In one page we read, "Hearing that Mr. Swanland turned from the window, where, in a make-believe convivial fashion, he had been conversing with himself and his liver, and said, 'Shut up!'" and in another, "Pedigree is one of those intangible and incontrovertible commodities which never commands (*sic*) a premium in the busy, bustling, practical city of London." It seems to us that men of business might with good reason demand that, if they are to be abused, they shall be at least abused in plain grammatical English. A lady novelist should not follow in the steps of O'Connell, nor try to scare City men in much the same way in which he did the fishwife when he told her that she kept an hypocaust in her house.

As for the story of *Mortomley's Estate*, there is no need to say much. A colour manufacturer acts very foolishly, gets involved, goes into liquidation without even consulting his own lawyer, and so affords the finest opening for general abuse of the Bankruptcy Act. But we will quote Mrs. Riddell at some length:

Whether the gentlemen, commercial and legal no doubt, who concocted the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, and the other gentlemen of the Upper and Lower Houses who made it law, ever contemplated that an utterly irresponsible person should be placed in a responsible position it is not for me to say, but I cannot think that any body of men out of Hanwell could have proposed to themselves that the whole future of a bankrupt's life should be made dependent on the choice of a trustee, since it is simple nonsense to suppose a committee selected virtually by him and the petitioning creditor have the slightest voice in the matter.

And if any man in business whose affairs are going at all wrong should happen to read these lines, which unhappily is not at all probable, since literature at such a time chiefly assumes the form of manuscript, let him remember liquidation means no appeal, no chance of ever having justice done him, nor even, remote contingency,—supposing the trustee a cool hand like Mr. Swanland,—of setting himself right with the business world.

Then comes the passage which we have quoted above, where we are told that over the portals of that earthly hell, liquidation, are engraved the same words as those surmounting Dante's *Inferno*. The author goes on to add:—"He has left hope behind. God help him, for nothing save a miracle can ever enable him to retrace the path to the spot where she sits immortal." Happily, in the present story the miracle occurs. There comes a *Deus ex machina*

* *Mortomley's Estate*. A Novel. By Mrs. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," "Too Much Alone," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Earl's Promise," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1874.

GOOD FLOOR CLOTH.—TRELOAR & SONS,
33 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

ISSUE OF £93,300 FIVE PER CENT. PERPETUAL DEBENTURE STOCK OF THE

BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY,

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, 27 & 28 Vict. cap. 241.

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Engineers—Messrs. BRUNLEES & MCKERROW, Westminster.

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Secretary—H. E. PENNY, Esq.

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OFFICES:—ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, BRISTOL.

The Directors of the BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY are prepared to receive applications for £93,300 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Perpetual Debenture Stock of the BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which will be paid in any amount not less than £100.

The entire borrowing powers of the Company are limited by the Act of Parliament to £93,300, constituting a first charge upon the whole of the property and undertaking of the Company.

The price of issue of the Debenture Stock now for subscription is par, or £100 per £100 stock, and payment is to be made as follows:—

5	per cent.	on Application.
20	"	on Allotment.
25	"	on November 1, 1874.
25	"	on December 1, 1874.
25	"	on January 1, 1875.

£100

Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will accrue on each instalment from the date of payment, but the privilege is reserved to Subscribers to pay up in full on Allotment, whereupon the interest will accrue at once on the full amount subscribed.

The interest will be paid half-yearly at the Banking-house of Messrs. BARNETTS, HOARES, & CO., Lombard Street, London, on January 1 and July 1 in each year, and the first payment will be made on January 1 next.

The BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY has been incorporated by Special Act of Parliament for the purpose of providing for the Port of Bristol additional Docks, suitable for ocean-going steamers and other ships of large tonnage.

The Docks, whose property extends to about ninety acres freehold, are situated at the mouth of the River Avon, with direct access from the Severn and the Bristol Channel, and will be easily and safely approached at all seasons, in all weathers, and at almost any state of the tide, by steamers and ships of the large class, for whose accommodation they are specially adapted.

Bristol, as it is well known, was the birthplace of trans-Atlantic steam navigation, its geographical position offering advantages for an ocean steam trade unequalled by those of any other port, on account of the facility of reaching it in a direct line from the Atlantic, free from the dangers of the English and St. George's Channels.

It has been hitherto impossible to turn these natural advantages to full account in consequence of the difficulty of reaching the Old Docks, which can only be approached through the tortuous and dangerous channel of the River Avon, from whose mouth they are about six miles distant.

This difficulty has been found to operate so prejudicially as to render it an absolute necessity to construct Docks suitable for vessels of large tonnage, in a situation more easy of access, and so as to allow the natural capabilities of the port to be fully utilized.

Notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which the trade of Bristol suffers from the want of accommodation for large ships and steamers, the sea-going tonnage has rapidly increased, as follows:—

In 1852	The Foreign Import Tonnage was	132,372 tons.
In 1862	"	262,327 "
In 1872	"	374,188 "
Whilst for the year 1873 the total was		411,014 "

being an increase of nearly 30,000 tons over the previous year.

The progress of the Grain trade at Bristol has during the same period been still more striking, having advanced from 16,648 tons in 1852 to 131,608 tons in 1872, or an increase of nearly nine times.

The tonnage of coasting and other vessels from Ireland, &c., amounted, for the year 1873, to about 595,000 tons.

Coal being probably the most important item in the steam-shipping trade, the Bristol Port and Channel Docks, from their close proximity to the Welsh Coal Ports, will effect for steamers an average saving in freight, insurance, breakage, &c., of

about 6s. 6d. on every ton of Welsh Steam Coal, in comparison with the principal steam ports of the country. On a line of 10 steamers making a weekly departure throughout the year, requiring on an average, say 2,000 tons of coal per week, the saving would amount to over £30,000 per annum.

A reference to the railway map will show the varied and speedy communication now existing between Bristol and the Metropolis, and Bristol and the great manufacturing towns of England.

Recognizing the importance of this undertaking, and with a view to the great traffic which must necessarily result from these Docks on their completion, the Midland Railway Company and the Great Western Railway Company have jointly for some time past been engaged in constructing railways, now nearly completed, to connect the lines of both of those Companies with the Bristol Port and Channel Docks.

By this arrangement the rails will be brought directly on to the Dock quays, and passengers and goods from London, the Midland district, and all parts of the Kingdom will thereby be enabled to be laden and discharged directly to and from the ships into the railway carriages and waggon. The Docks will then be only about three hours' distance from Birmingham, and only little more than three hours from London, a consideration obviously of paramount importance.

To the Midland district, especially the importance of the undertaking cannot be overestimated for economy and convenience in the export and import of goods.

The central position of Bristol offers to the Post Office one of the best points for the collection and distribution of that portion of the Foreign Correspondence of the country which is conveyed by ocean-going steamers.

In view of the early completion of these Docks, arrangements are already in progress, having for object the making of Bristol the port of arrival and departure for lines of ocean steamers trading with Australia, America, and Canada.

The Share Capital of the Company is £295,000, the whole of which has been subscribed.

Upwards of £200,000 have already been expended in the construction of the Docks, which are now approaching completion.

A careful and practical estimate of the revenue to be realized by the proposed Docks shows a net revenue (after deducting all charges and the expenses of working, and also making provision for repairs and maintenance) of £12,230 per annum, which estimate may be taken as not only reliable, but moderate.

The amount required to pay the interest of 5 per cent. per annum on the whole of the £93,300 is only £4,665, whilst the estimated net income is £12,230, being upwards of six times the amount required for such interest.

The Debenture Stock now offered for subscription consequently forms an investment of the highest character, and, as such, is suitable for Bankers, Insurance Companies, and others seeking an English first-class investment.

The current value of Five per Cent. Debenture Stocks of English Docks and Railway Companies is from £118 to £125 per £100 Stock.

Provisional Certificates will be issued in exchange for the Bankers' Receipts, and on completion of the payments the Debenture Stock will be inscribed in the names of the Subscribers, free of Stamp Duty.

In the event of no Allotment being made to any applicant, the Deposit paid will be returned forthwith without deductions; should a smaller amount be allotted than applied for, the balance paid on application will be applied towards payment of the amount payable on Allotment.

Applications on the annexed form, accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount of Debenture Stock applied for, may be sent to Messrs. BARNETTS, HOARES, HANBURY, & LLOYD, Bankers, 60 Lombard Street, London, E.C.; Sir Wm. MILES, Bart., & Co., Bristol, the Bankers of the Company; the Secretary, H. E. PENNY, Esq.; at the Company's Offices, Royal Insurance Buildings, Bristol; or, to Messrs. HUGGINS & CO., Stock Brokers, 1 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., from whom Forms of Application can be obtained.

By order of the Board,

September 24, 1874.

HENRY E. PENNY, Secretary.

ISSUE OF £93,300 FIVE PER CENT. PERPETUAL DEBENTURE STOCK OF THE

BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY,

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 27 & 28 Vict. cap. 241.

FORM OF APPLICATION (to be retained by the Bankers).

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN:—Having paid to your credit at your Bankers the Sum of

Five per Cent. Perpetual Debenture Stock of THE BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY, I request you to cause that amount of Stock to be allotted to me, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount, and to pay the balance in respect of such Stock according to the terms of the Prospectus dated September 21, 1874.

Name in full
 Address
 Profession (if any)
 Date 1874.
 Signature

(Addition to be filled up if the Applicant wishes to pay up in full.)

I desire to pay up my Subscription in full on Allotment, receiving interest thereon from the date of payment.

Signature

ISSUE OF £93,300 FIVE PER CENT. PERPETUAL DEBENTURE STOCK OF THE BRISTOL PORT AND CHANNEL DOCK COMPANY.

CLOSING OF THE LISTS.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the LISTS OF SUBSCRIPTION for the above will be CLOSED on Tuesday next, the 13th instant, for London applications, and on Wednesday next, the 14th instant, at Twelve o'clock, for Country applications.

October 7, 1874.

By Order.



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THE SPANISH NOTE.

THE Note addressed by the Spanish Minister to the French Government derives importance, not from the specific allegations which it contains, but from the fact that it has been deliberately presented. It is now evident that Marshal MACMAHON and Count CHAUDORDY were fully justified in the coldness of the language in which their diplomatic recognition was conveyed. The tone of the Spanish Note is neither explained nor excused by the previous communication in which the Duke DE CAZIS had asked for particulars of alleged violations of neutrality. It was unnecessary to comply in detail with a formal demand, or to refer to instances of negligence which may have been committed two or three years ago. Above all, it was unbecomingly and unfriendly to address reproaches to a Government which had within a few days consented, with some sacrifice of national feeling, to follow the lead of Germany in recognizing Spain. The form of address which was adopted by the French Minister in concert with his English colleague was more proper and more respectful than the personal title by which alone the German and Austrian representatives addressed the head of the Government. A recognition accorded to the Duke of LA TORRE might be withdrawn or withheld at pleasure from any successor to his office. Mr. LAYARD and Count CHAUDORDY were accredited to the Chief of the Executive Power, who probably may himself have preferred the omission of any notice of the Republic. The formal address of the French Minister was not discourteous, though it may have been dry; and it is remarkable that Mr. LAYARD'S more effusive expressions of friendship have formed the subject of spiteful comment in the journal which is supposed to express the policy of the Spanish Government. The hope that the national feeling would find free utterance is represented as an impertinence on the part of a foreigner; and the official writer even indulges in wild speculations of an alliance to be formed by England, France, and Russia against Spain. It is not surprising that political speculators should amuse themselves with conjectures of the share which Prince BISMARCK may have had in the Spanish remonstrance. If it were the object of Germany to inflict useless annoyance on France, an affront offered to the Government of Marshal MACMAHON by the most helpless State in Europe would perhaps be welcome at Berlin. Prince BISMARCK is incapable of seeking indirectly to insult a neighbour whom he has no present purpose or opportunity of injuring.

The irritation which a Government engaged in civil war feels against a neutral who is supposed to favour the insurgents may be readily understood and forgiven. The French, indeed, have more than once stated in answer to similar complaints that a larger proportion of warlike stores is introduced into Spain by sea than by land; and it may easily be believed that English adventurers are active wherever money is to be made. The Spanish naval officers are suspected of disaffection, and their vigilance is undoubtedly imperfect. It is not the duty of French cruisers to intercept vessels laden with arms or ammunition in Spanish waters; and smugglers know that whenever the weather becomes rough the harbours on the Northern coast will be left unwatched by the Spanish squadron. Marshal SERRANO and his Ministers would probably reply that they are well assured of the friendly disposition of the English Government, and that it has no means of preventing a contraband trade on the coast of Spain. The French are close at hand, and it is notorious that a large part of the border population, including some official persons,

favour the cause of the Carlists. One of the allegations in the Spanish Note might have been almost understood as an excuse for the French authorities. It is asserted that many of the small-arms which remained in the hands of private persons after the German war have found their way across the frontier. As an interval of more than three years has elapsed since the disbandment of the Free Corps and the Mobile Guards, the traffic in muskets clandestinely retained by irregular levies has probably long since ceased. The long line of the Pyrenees, with their numerous passes, is almost as favourable to illicit traffic as the Northern coast. It is not pretended that any arms have passed from the possession of the French Government into the hands of the Carlists. When the Fenian conspirators on more than one occasion attempted to invade Canada, they were allowed by the local authorities to break open public arsenals for the purpose of procuring arms; yet the English Government prudently abstained from preferring complaints which would not have procured redress.

The impolicy of the Spanish remonstrance is not less conspicuous than the want of courteous consideration which it displays. If the French FOREIGN MINISTER thinks fit simply to refuse any explanation in answer to a peremptory demand, Marshal SERRANO must submit in silence to a merited rebuff. It is hardly probable that he would be guilty of the imprudence of recalling his Minister from Paris immediately after he has with difficulty secured a long-delayed recognition. Any menace of retaliation or reprisal would be absurd and impossible. Notwithstanding recent losses and humiliations, France is as far superior in power to Spain at the present moment as in the palmiest days of the Empire. The Government of Madrid, which is unable to cope with a comparatively insignificant rebellion, has no force to spare for a foreign quarrel. Even if war between France and Germany were as imminent as it is remote and improbable, the French Government would be a more formidable enemy to Spain than the greatest Power at a distance. A French army could march almost without opposition, as in the days of the Duke of ANGOULÊME, from Bayonne to Cadiz. At present there is no ground of quarrel between France and Germany; and both nations need repose. If the Spaniards were so unwise as to provoke the hostility of their powerful neighbour, they would have to bear the consequences. In such a contest all parties in France would for once be united, for the supposed dependence of Spain on German support has rendered the Republicans almost as favourable as the Legitimists to the cause of DON CARLOS. Marshal MACMAHON'S Government might formerly have been blamed for employing on the Southern frontier Prefects and other functionaries of Royalist sympathies. But the formal demand of Spain for a change in the local administration will be resented as an inadmissible attempt at dictation. It is for the French Government to determine the method by which satisfaction may, if necessary, be given to Spain. The suggestion that one or more Prefects shall be dismissed will be deemed an unwarrantable intrusion. If the French Government desires popularity, it has only to hint that it is thwarting a German intrigue.

In inviting a dispute the Spanish Government probably relies rather on its weakness than on its strength. France will give the Carlists no direct assistance, though a diminution of the limited good will which has hitherto been exhibited by the officials on the frontier might have inconspicuous results. The external action of a weak Government, being admitted as a domestic explanation. Marshal

SERRANO or Señor SAGASTA may perhaps have hoped to revive by an appeal to national feeling the popularity which has of late sensibly diminished. When SERRANO returned to Madrid after the relief of Bilbao, in which he had ostensibly shared, strong hopes were entertained that the insurrection was at last tending to a close. The defeat and death of CONCHA before Estella was a severe disappointment; and the loss has never been retrieved. Since that time several checks have been experienced, and no considerable success has been achieved. It is alleged that SERRANO appointed LASERNA to the chief command in the North through jealousy of MORIONES. It is certain that the slackness of one or both of the generals prevented the recovery of Estella, and partially defeated the attempt to retake Pampeluna. The Carlists on their part are weaker and not less divided, but the prolongation of the struggle excites just dissatisfaction. There are unemployed generals in Spain who may reasonably think themselves equal or superior in capacity to SERRANO, who earned his early promotion nearly forty years ago by services which were not of a military nature. PAVIA, who established the present Government, is no longer engaged in active service; and perhaps MORIONES might command the suffrages of the army. It is also probable that civilian candidates for power would be not unwilling to undermine the supremacy of SAGASTA. The Republicans who a year ago governed Spain without resistance have apparently subsided into inaction and obscurity. If there is any public opinion left in Spain, it may perhaps be temporarily stimulated and gratified by the spirited language of the Note which has been addressed to the French Government. As a diplomatic measure, the communication is an unqualified blunder. If France bears ill will to the Spanish Republic, an excuse for unfriendly conduct will render apologies unnecessary.

CURRENT POLITICS.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has been addressing his friends of the United Kingdom Alliance at Manchester in a vein not only of cheerful equanimity but of the highest good spirits. The times are, he thinks, bright and sunshiny. One great difficulty that used to beset him has vanished. It used to be objected to him that he and those who supported him were smashing the Liberal party, but this objection, at any rate, cannot now be urged. He cannot smash the Liberal party, for the Liberal party is smashed. It is altogether done for, gone out of sight, dead and buried. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, than whom Sir WILFRID LAWSON could not wish a higher authority, has publicly stated that the Liberal party has no programme. The ground is therefore quite clear for Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and he feels so very happy. He contrasts his rising star with the palling lustre of Mr. GLADSTONE's fortunes. The late PRIME MINISTER came back from the elections with a large majority turned into a large minority, but Sir WILFRID LAWSON positively gained by the elections. He now commands two more supporters than he could boast of in the last Parliament. Last Session ninety-two members voted for the Permissive Bill, and the way is clear before this gallant band and their chief. With this splendid opening, with the consciousness of growing strength to cheer them, with no political obstacles to hamper them, what are they to do? Sir WILFRID LAWSON puts their one duty and aim unmistakably before them. They are to unfurl a moral flag. This is a proud, a noble—and, it may be added, not a dangerous—thing to do, and it shall be done bravely and resolutely. They can shake their banner in the face of vice, and what will be the effect? Why, as their chief justly says, every one who likes to see a banner so shaken will enjoy the spectacle. It makes no matter from this point of view that a minority of ninety-two is not at all likely to pass the Permissive Bill, or that the Permissive Bill is open, even in the judgment of many who vote for it, to serious, if not insuperable, objections. As Sir WILFRID LAWSON points out, people who support the Permissive Bill are not pledged to any details. They may even think that the Bill would be a very bad Bill if carried. The goodness or badness of a particular measure is perfectly immaterial. The great thing is to unfurl the flag, to let it be known that there are high-minded men who object to drunkenness and who dare to oppose the publicans. Only suppose, as Sir WILFRID LAWSON urged, that the United Kingdom Alliance did not go on waving its banner, how

triumphant the publicans would be! This shows that it must be wise and right to wave the flag; and then waving a flag is a comforting process to those who wave it, and saves a world of trouble. When the Permissive Bill is held up on high by its author, not as a scheme of practical legislation, but as a symbol of disgust at other people intoxicating themselves, this spares its supporters all the wearisome work of thinking how it could be carried, how it would work, what good it would do, whether it would do more good or harm. Nor is it only those who support the Permissive Bill who will gain by having the true significance of the measure explained to them. Those who oppose it will be equally relieved. There can be no call to argue seriously against a Bill which is recognized as being nothing but a banner; we at once escape from considering all the inherent difficulties of the measure, the tyranny of local majorities, the precedent of the United States, and so forth. This is not, as we now know, the right way to look at the Bill. What is called the Permissive Bill is really a Bill for allowing every decent Englishman to declare solemnly that he heartily desires to see his neighbours sober. If this is thoroughly understood, we do not see why Sir WILFRID LAWSON should not look forward to a splendid success, and why his minority should not grow much more rapidly towards a majority than that of Mr. GLADSTONE.

Mr. STANSFELD also has taken to unfurling his moral flag, and is waving the reddest flag he can find in the face of those who support the Contagious Diseases Acts. He considers it a good thing to make these Acts the subject of popular discussion. He admires the ladies who go about lecturing on one of the most disgusting subjects that could occupy the mind of a woman. And he, too, has the way clear before him, for those who think he is wrong will not answer him, or stoop to enter into the details of so uninviting an inquiry. If he likes to wave his flag, he must wave it. All that need be said is that this waving of moral flags is a cheap, an easy, and it must be remembered a very familiar, process. It is so simple—to leave out of consideration all the practical difficulties of life, to take the high and mighty line, and to identify crotchets with Christianity. From our cradles we have all been accustomed to hear the objection to an army that it is a machinery for hiring Christians to commit murder for a shilling a day, and the objection to an Established Church that the apostles managed to make converts without enjoying incomes of 5,000*l.* a year. Governments with real responsibility on them cannot regard life with this primitive straightforwardness, and must be content to trust that what is really required for the health and security of a people is also the most in harmony with Christianity. But if Governments are fettered, ex-Ministers who belong to a smashed party without a programme are as free as air, and Mr. STANSFELD is as ready as Sir WILFRID LAWSON to ask the constituencies to do nothing but look at his red flag when they are next asked to vote. This seems a very poor way of proceeding for a man who a few months ago was a Cabinet Minister. If Mr. STANSFELD had chosen to proceed in a proper way, he might easily have done so. He says that he can show that the Acts do not produce the particular benefit which they were intended to produce. If the fact be so, it is a most important fact, and would have due weight with Parliament. But if Mr. STANSFELD were to assert this in Parliament, and succeed in obtaining an inquiry into the matter, he would have to do something very different from unfurling a flag, and proclaiming himself a Christian, and sympathizing with ladies who throw off the modesty of their sex. He would have to confront medical and naval and military witnesses, and would have to come to facts and proofs. It might be that he would prove his point; but he would have to prove it; and to convince a Committee of business-like men discussing with practical aims, and because it is their duty to discuss it, a disagreeable subject, is a much harder thing than to discuss the subject before a mixed audience, to appeal to the prejudices of women on a matter of which it is to be hoped they are utterly ignorant, and to announce that the views of Mr. STANSFELD and the law of God are identical.

Mr. OTWAY is a good example of the vanquished Liberal who has no flag to unfurl, who recognizes that his party was thoroughly beaten at the last elections, who thinks that the defeat was greatly due to the errors of the Liberal leaders, and who, looking at things as they are, is very well content that the

Conservatives should be in office. This is a very sensible way of treating current politics; but that this should be the view of most Liberals who do not wish to see the party reunited by some spurious agitation being got up for an undesirable object, shows how completely smashed the party is for the present. If there were a chance of things turning in favour of the party, the unfurlers of flags might be induced to wave their banners for the moment in some very quiet and obscure corner; but so long as men like Mr. OTWAY think that the country gains by the Conservatives being in office, the Liberal party has nothing to begin upon, more especially as this opinion, we may be sure, is shared by a large portion of the late Cabinet. The Conservatives have only to go on doing their work as well as they can in a steady unambitious way. We perceive with pleasure that the HOME SECRETARY has one gift which is very useful to a man in his position. He knows when those with whom he confers have something really to say to him, and when they have not. Mr. CROSS has been paying a visit to Scotland, and among other subjects which have engaged his attention is that of the abolition of turnpike tolls. He received a deputation of eminent persons who favoured the abolition, and after hearing them, he explained to them that they had nothing to tell him. They merely set before him facts which are already contained in a Blue Book, and a Bill which has already been submitted to Parliament. What is practically to be done is the question, and if they could have suggested anything in this direction, he would have been delighted to hear it. To repeat information which he already possessed was a mere waste of time; and it was only in case of their having taken the trouble to think what lesson was to be deduced from this information that they could have helped him. They candidly told him that they innocently imagined that thinking was his business and not theirs. But Mr. CROSS would not stand this. If he was to be left to do all the thinking, he would do it as well as he could, but he wished it to be recorded that he quitted them on the understanding that they confessed they had not an idea among the whole lot of them. They were quite satisfied, and thanked him for the courtesy and kindness with which he had received them. If they were satisfied, the public may be satisfied too. It is not a bad sign for a Government when a Minister shows that he can take the exact measure of a deputation.

ITALY.

THE various Italian Ministries which succeed each other with somewhat inconvenient rapidity have no very great political differences to distinguish them, but each in turn has to encounter minor difficulties of a very embarrassing kind. The general policy of Italy is fixed, whoever may be in office. The vast majority of the nation is firmly bent on upholding the unity which has been won at so great a cost and in so surprising a manner, and there is no opposition worth noticing to the form of government. A few misguided zealots may get up an isolated movement in favour of a Republic, and GARIBOLDI may issue his fulminations and decrees against his enemies after a fashion which strangely resembles that adopted by the person whom of all others he would least like to copy—the POPE. But the reactionary party and the Republican party, although they exist in Italy, and are not without some resources and influence, have no hold on the general body of electors; and although German unity rests in some ways on a surer foundation than Italian unity, because it has much more military strength to support it, yet there is less political division in Italy than there is in Germany. The religious question is less troublesome, as it touches temporal rather than spiritual interests, and the Italians as a rule are troubled with no scruples of conscience whatever as to the treatment which they have bestowed on the Church. If they reflect at all about it, it is to pique themselves on what they think the extreme, and perhaps foolish, generosity with which they have treated the POPE. As to the foreign policy of Italy, it is undeviating in its simplicity. It consists entirely in loving and courting and behaving well to every one when it is once recognized that Italy is to keep all she has got. And Italy is, so lucky, and reaps so much benefit from having one simple line of policy, that something is always happening to remind the world of Italian suc-

cess. In utter defiance of France, and in complete disregard of the engagements which France had exacted, Italy seized on Rome. Without Italy having to raise a finger or spend a penny, Germany took on herself the trouble of going on fighting until the impunity of Italy was assured. As a slight protest against the wrongdoing of Italy the *Orénoque* was stationed at Civita Vecchia. Now the *Orénoque* is recalled, and the various organs of French opinion, though all inclined to abuse their own Government, concur in admiring the tact and kindness with which Italy has graciously allowed the MACMAHON Ministry to take its own time in paying this tribute to Italian ascendancy. Nor is this all. France is now, like Mr. COOK'S tourists, going on a tour through Italy, conducted personally by M. THIERS; and M. THIERS, who for a dozen years was the persistent adversary of Italian unity, moves on from one Italian city to another assuring Italy how truly he loves her, and how much he rejoices in her success; and all that the Ministerial critics of M. THIERS have to say is that Italians ought not to love M. THIERS in return exclusively, but should condescend to remember that Marshal MACMAHON earned his staff and his dukedom at Magenta. Italy is like a naughty handsome boy, and the French parties are like aunts who have scolded and rated the scapegrace for every fresh freak, but who, when they find that he has grown up and really come into his property, vow that they adored him from his cradle, and protest that they were always meaning to give him endless sugarplums, only that circumstances unfortunately checked their liberality.

But although Italy has at present no questions which touch her existence to disturb her, those who undertake to manage her affairs have no slight difficulties to encounter. There are two thorns constantly in their side. There is the question how Italy is to pay her way, and the question how brigandage is to be put down, and on each of these questions there are endless controversies and disagreements. Signor MINGHETTI is now at the head of affairs, and he has just explained his views to his constituents at Legnago. His primary notion is that, as these are the two great questions for Italy, they should occupy the attention of the country until they are satisfactorily disposed of. One thing at a time is the principle of conduct on which he insists. There are many abuses to be reformed, many legislative provisions which are necessary if law and administration are to be what Italy would like to see them. Zealous Italians have their crotchets which they are burning to see Parliament take up, and the PRIME MINISTER does not at all deny that many of these crotchets are very good crotchets in their way. But he asks his countrymen to agree with him that the time for taking them up has not yet come. As in England, when Sir ROBERT PEEL came into office and had to face the deficit caused by Whig financiers, he would not allow any question to be discussed until the balance of the Budget had been satisfactorily restored, so, now that Italy has even a more serious deficit to lament, Signor MINGHETTI wishes that the consideration of all minor reforms should be postponed until Italian finance is put on a sound footing. That this should be done, two things are essential. In the first place, enough money must be raised by taxation to meet those wants of the country which are absolutely indispensable, and for this purpose taxes must be wisely imposed and rigorously collected. On the incidence of some of the most important taxes Parliamentary Committees have already reported, or can be instructed to report, and there is no want of diligence or ability in the reporters. What is needed is that the Italian Parliament and the constituencies should take to heart the lessons which these reports teach, and be resolute in giving them effect. If this were done, Signor MINGHETTI is confident that Italy would show itself indisputably solvent, and that the gigantic evil of a depreciated currency might be successfully attacked. There is no doubt a deficit for the coming financial year which, even if it is reduced as far as the most sanguine calculators think it can be reduced, would nearly reach a million sterling. Before long, however, the expiration of existing Treaties of Commerce will give Italy the opportunity of making new arrangements which, although conceived in the spirit of Free-trade, will be beneficial to her pocket; and if the taxes were better arranged, Italy could probably find another million sterling. But then there is something more wanted. The Budget cannot be balanced if the country is to rush into new expenditure. The position taken up by Signor MINGHETTI is that, if it is proposed to spend a franc more, it must be first

wn where the franc is to come from. The Ministry which preceded that of Signor MISQUETTI fell because the Italian Parliament insisted on voting the expenditure of certain sums on a harbour, although the Government protested that there was no money that could be applied to that purpose. The friends of inconsiderate expenditure have not gained much by opening the door of office to Signor MISQUETTI. He erects into a principle what his predecessors insisted on under special circumstances. He announces that he will not listen to any proposal for new expenditure unless the advocates of this expenditure at the same time express their willingness to vote for some new tax which will supply the requisite funds; and it will very seldom happen that the hope of the popularity to be gained by conferring a local benefit or perpetrating a local job will not be outweighed by the fear of the odium attaching to a proposal to burden still further the distressed taxpayer.

Finance is the first subject that occupies the attention of a prudent Italian Minister, but brigandage is the second, and as life is more valuable than money, it may be almost said to be as important for Italy to put brigandage down as to put her finances in order. Simple brigandage is indeed not a very difficult thing to cope with. If it is only a few ruffians who carry off a traveller to get a ransom paid for him, there is some chance that, as the country becomes better cultivated and the roads more frequented, the ruffians may think it worth their while to go into a quieter line of business. The police, too, may hope to catch the offenders and bring them to justice. An ecclesiastic has just been carried off at no great distance from Rome, and his family could not get him back until they had paid a large ransom. But the police have, it is said, caught the offenders, and it may be expected that this will be a warning to their friends and neighbours. The old Papal administration was so wretchedly bad, and brigands who mixed a little superstition with their passion for crime were so readily tolerated, that it is not wonderful if traces of old customs linger in a district where brigandage a few years ago was recognized as a peculiar but rather pious way of gaining a livelihood. It is when something very different is meant by brigandage that it becomes dangerous—when it is an organized system, a vast conspiracy of one half of society against the other, a machinery of terrorism carried into daily life. Such a state of things is found to some extent at Naples, and on a much larger scale and in a more terrible form in Sicily. For such an evil the remedy must be sharp; and law with its regular processes is inadequate. We again have the honour of supplying a precedent to Italian admirers of our Constitution, and Signor MISQUETTI says that Italians need not be ashamed to have to do in Southern Italy and Sicily what free and enlightened England has had to do in Ireland. The parallel seems to be a perfectly just and right one. English law could not repress agrarian crime in Ireland, because no persons would give information and no jury would convict. The Government was entrusted with the power of sweeping off the persons it considered dangerous and shutting them up in prison, and agrarian crime was effectually repressed. Not long ago the Italian Government determined to use or assume a similar power, and summarily arrested and carried off sixty members of the Camorra of Naples. There is no other way of breaking up such an organization, and the Italian Parliament must make up its mind either to let the Camorra flourish or to sanction such arbitrary steps on the part of the Government. In Sicily things are worse, because the system of organized and associated brigandage prevails over so much larger an extent of country. Up to this time the Government has only tried half-measures, for there is a powerful party which is opposed to any sterner measures being tried, and no doubt there would be a considerable irritation caused in Sicily, which is by no means well disposed to the Italian Kingdom, if the Government were permitted by law to do things in Sicily which in Italy generally would not be tolerated. When in Sicily there are persons whom the police have strong reason to suspect to belong to the associated brigandage, these persons can be summoned and solemnly warned; but this only puts them on their guard. Or, if there is more proof of guilt, they can be sent to a neighbouring district, and not allowed to leave it; but they are very little affected by this, and keep up uninterrupted communications with their old accomplices. What the Ministry will probably ask Parliament for is the power to seize on suspected persons, and send them to a place of confinement

out of the island. This would, it is thought, have real terrors for the brigands, as it would take away the hope of release through a revolution, which robs imprisonment in the island of its terrors, and would debar the prisoners from making the gaol, as they often make it now, a centre where, through those released, and even through the gaolers themselves, new plots for crime are hatched. This is, no doubt, to treat persons not legally convicted in a very arbitrary manner; but it is at least well for a country that it should be governed by men who have the courage to speak plainly, and to let it be understood that, if organized brigandage is to be suppressed, an arbitrary way of dealing with it must be adopted and sanctioned.

POLITICAL THEORISTS.

SOME politicians think of their country and its institutions only as materials for ingenious theories of reconstruction; yet, except that its prospective security is perhaps affected by the license of modern speculation, England in its political and social condition can scarcely be thought urgently to require revolutionary changes. Many political and social imperfections exist; but, in comparison with former times, or with the state of foreign nations, something may be said for the results of absolute freedom and of a complex traditional constitution. One of the most thoughtful and acute of economists and politicians, associated during the greater part of his life with the advocates of reform, has often of late disturbed the complacency of optimists by pointing to the "Rocks Ahead" which he discerns with painful clearness of vision. Mr. GREG doubts whether the historical continuity of political improvement may not be violently interrupted through the supremacy of the multitude; and he apprehends that the industrial supremacy of England may be impaired and gradually destroyed through the unavoidable exhaustion of coal. CASSANDRA, to whom Mr. GREG often compares himself, was an instructive if not a cheerful prophetess; yet the chief drawback to the utility of her warnings was, not that they were neglected by her hearers, but that the doom which she foretold was irrevocably predetermined in the councils of the Gods. It is difficult to escape from Mr. GREG's melancholy conclusions, for household suffrage cannot be abolished, and it will probably be extended; and it is even more impossible to create fresh fuel than to re-establish bulwarks against democracy. The political student might almost be excused for any sophistical evasion by which he might endeavour to escape from Mr. GREG's gloomy vaticinations. Unfortunately he finds himself compelled to admit that he is dealing with a logical reasoner who is furnished with an inexhaustible provision of accurate statistics. The office of foreboding evil has been discharged by more authentic prophets than CASSANDRA. The Assyrian conquest was announced again and again by JEREMIAH as an inevitable calamity which could only be alleviated by submission. Entertaining the convictions which he has unwillingly and deliberately adopted, Mr. GREG performs a public duty by calling attention to dangers which may perhaps be averted or delayed by timely precautions. It may be conjectured that, if he had the power of regulating the course of events, he would prefer existing imperfections to the risks of the unknown future.

A theorist of a different class has lately broached with unhesitating confidence political opinions which are not equally entitled to serious consideration. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL has in the course of active official life done so much good service that it almost seems harsh to object to his crude and confident proposals; yet he would scarcely accept as a becoming reward for his services unlimited liberty to indulge in irresponsible talk. Some excuse for his hasty suggestions may be found in the sudden discontinuance of the arduous administrative labours of his previous life. A wheel which goes on revolving without purpose after it has been disconnected from the motive power and from dependent machinery will in time probably itself attain a state of rest. The desire of new employment is in such a case intelligible and even laudable; and Sir G. CAMPBELL's energy may be turned to practical use if he succeeds in finding a seat in the House of Commons. In the meantime he is apparently compelled to solace himself with social science, which offers many temptations to unemployed mental activity. Sir G. CAMPBELL surprised the Social Section of the British

Association by the proposition that there was no such thing as property in land; and at the Social Science Association he calmly announced the expediency of abolishing all academical endowments, and he informed his audience that those classical and mathematical studies which have been pursued for many generations by the English Universities are only cultivated under the influence of unreasoning superstition. If Sir G. CAMPBELL has profoundly studied the theory of the higher education, his single-minded devotion to his public duties must have been greatly exaggerated by popular repute. His lucubrations on trade and political economy perhaps deserved more attention, because he has had large practical experience of the wants and resources of a numerous community. It is now generally agreed that in his controversy with Lord NORTHBROOK Sir G. CAMPBELL was in the wrong; but nevertheless his judgment on questions of Indian administration is entitled to respectful consideration. If an English schoolmaster should undertake to correct Sir G. CAMPBELL's erroneous notions as to the government of Bengal, his suggestions would be neither more nor less valuable than Sir G. CAMPBELL's condemnation of the study of Latin and Greek and mathematics. Scholars and men of science form so small a minority in any mixed assembly, that an attack on systematic study and solid learning usually produces applause. Yet Sir G. CAMPBELL's denunciation of endowments seemed to be unanimously disapproved even by an audience accustomed to the vagaries of social science. It seemed not to have occurred to Sir G. CAMPBELL that the question was probably not altogether new, and that general opinion had not been passively waiting for the arrival of a philosopher from India, wholly unaffected by English prejudices. When young men begin to think on important subjects, their rapid discoveries and positive conclusions are regarded by maturer minds with a feeling of tolerant amusement. A vigorous intellect released in middle age from absorbing occupation naturally exhibits the peculiarities, if not the presumption, of youth.

Sir G. CAMPBELL repeated to the Social Science Association in a different form his fantastical application to English land of Indian systems of tenure. Antiquaries and historical jurists have of late years thrown much light on primitive forms of landed property, and on the various conditions under which it exists in many parts of the world. It is well known that previous writers had too commonly assumed that the English distribution of the ownership and occupation of land was universal, if not necessary; and probably there are still English landlords who have never doubted that they and their tenants and the labourers on their estates form the indispensable elements of an immutable society. Sir G. CAMPBELL was at liberty, if he thought it worth while, to confirm by his authority the familiar statement that land tenure is not the same in Bengal as in England, though his preference for the system which may suit a simpler and more primitive community might probably be mistaken. Experience has nothing to do with the sweeping doctrine that no property in land can have a rightful or natural existence. It seems probable that an institution which has existed for centuries in England and throughout civilized Europe may at least be intelligible, and perhaps even defensible. If Sir G. CAMPBELL had taken more time to think and to learn before he commenced his course of dogmatic teaching, he might perhaps have discovered that all rights of property are ideal and conventional in the same sense with the dominion of land. The right of the possessor of a shilling to command a shilling's worth of commodities or of personal service is in all respects analogous to the right of a landlord to receive rent for the use of his fields by a tenant. If a system of Communism is ever practically established in England or in any part of Europe, it will probably have been gradually introduced by the preliminary confiscation of the property of landowners. Mortgagees will necessarily be submitted to the same process of expropriation, and then the question will immediately arise why other public and private creditors should have an advantage over those who have invested in landed security. It will be impossible to stop short even with the adoption of M. LOUIS BLANC's formula, that all persons shall receive from the State or other universal distributor according to their needs. Consistent levellers will easily prove that no man has a right to need more than another; and ultimately a vast community compelled to work by military discipline will be maintained, if it is maintained at

all, on uniform rations. A system of society modelled, except that it would have no external aid, on that of Bengal during a famine would scarcely approve itself to Sir G. CAMPBELL's judgment. He would probably dispute the inferences which are drawn by his critics from his partial and hasty judgments. It is only by way of illustration that it becomes expedient to comment on his sudden conclusions. In political controversy some things must be taken for granted, nor is it desirable incessantly to take the social machine to pieces for the purpose of seeing how it is made. The English nation is happily by no means ready to accept novel theories from unsophisticated Anglo-Indian instructors. The traders of Bradford, who are probably not profound Greek scholars, lately voted by an overwhelming majority that Greek should be taught in the grammar school where their sons are educated. Sir G. CAMPBELL's simple-minded belief that whatever is wrong would not have commended itself to the obtuse minds of Yorkshire manufacturers.

THE DUKE OF PADUA AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

SUCH attention as French politicians have been able to spare during the last week from the Spanish Note and the recall of the *Orénoque* has been claimed and merited by the Duke of PADUA. When the Government came to study this gentleman's address to the electors, it seems to have occurred to them that to favour his return would be tantamount to accepting his reading of the events which the Septennate is to usher in. Perhaps if the Duke had restricted himself to the expression of his hope that NAPOLEON IV. would then be placed on the throne, the Government might have condoned this, as they have condoned a good many other Imperialist sentiments. But he went on to say that the best means of preparing the way for this blessed re-uit would be to return Imperialist deputies and thus to create in the Assembly itself a majority of the right sort. If after this the Government had given him any active countenance, they would have been asked whether they took the same view as the Duke of PADUA as to the result of electing Imperialists; and in this respect common sense is so entirely on the Duke's side that no amount of Ministerial denials would have persuaded people to the contrary. Under these circumstances the Cabinet decided to remain neutral, but they have found to their cost that it is almost as true of neutrality as of a quarrel, that it takes two to make it. If so, the Duke of PADUA was resolved that he would not be one of the two. With admirable boldness he wrote to all the Mayors in the department asking them for their kind assistance in promoting his return, and grounding his request on the fact that in a recent interview Marshal MACMAHON had authorized him to declare that the Government wished to maintain the strictest neutrality in the contest in Seine and Oise. This was more than the Ministry could stand, and at the risk of alienating the Bonapartists altogether, the *Français* was instructed to say that, in presenting the MARSHAL to the electors in the character of a sympathizer with the Imperialist candidate, and in giving a political meaning to a conversation which was only an interchange of the ordinary social courtesies, the Duke of PADUA had been guilty of an unworthy manoeuvre. Lest this disavowal should not make a sufficient impression on the Mayors, the Prefect was directed to send them a formal Circular reminding them that in the department of Seine and Oise he alone had the right to speak to them in the name of the Government, and warning them that the neutrality which the Government wished to enforce on them was a different neutrality from that contemplated by the Duke of PADUA. The Duke had assumed that by refraining from taking any part in the election the Government had left its subordinates free, even in their official capacity, to take what part they liked. The Prefect pointed out that what the Government meant to convey was that its subordinates in their official capacity should support neither candidate. The Duke of PADUA replied to this Circular by another letter addressed to the Mayors. Considering the relations which exist in France between the Prefect and the Government, and the extreme improbability that the Prefect would have written in such terms if he had not been acting under orders, the Duke's second letter is a masterpiece. The Prefect's Circular, he says, is nothing else than a breach of the neutrality pro-

claimed by Marshal MACMAHON. In saying that he alone has the right of giving expression to the views of the Government, the Prefect deceives himself. Above Prefects and Ministers alike there is the Chief of the State. "I have made you acquainted with the language used to me by Marshal MACMAHON, and I reassert in the most absolute manner all that I have said of it. The Circular will not, I am sure, have the effect which the Prefect and the Republican candidate may expect it to have."

At this point the patience of the Government gave way. To see their own Prefect put aside and told that he did not know his business, to see the Mayors cautioned not to pay any attention to him but to take their instructions from the Duke of PADUA, was too much for the most Bonapartist member of the Cabinet. On Wednesday a Council of Ministers was held, and the Duke of PADUA was dismissed from his place among the Mayors. The commune of Courson L'Aulnay knows him no more. Even now, however, the DUKE was not silenced. This time he writes direct to Marshal MACMAHON, and makes it very clear that though the Chief of the State may be above Prefects and Ministers, he is not, in the Duke of PADUA's estimation, above the Duke of PADUA. At another time, he says, he should have allowed the Ministerial decree to pass with silent indifference, but under existing circumstances he is compelled to notice it. It may be that, in dismissing him from his post, the MARSHAL intends to disclaim the language he attributed to him in their recent interview. In that case the DUKE feels it his duty to affirm once more the absolute exactness of his version of it, and he believes that nobody will doubt his word. This is really an extremely clever line to take. It seems to place the MARSHAL and the Duke of PADUA in opposition as to what took place at an interview at which only they were present. Upon this point the DUKE's memory may be as accurate as the MARSHAL's; indeed, as the MARSHAL has political reasons for disavowing the DUKE's interpretation, it is likely to be even more accurate. The Duke of PADUA evidently calculates that the readers of his letter to Marshal MACMAHON will not be at the trouble of referring to his original letter to the Mayors. If they do refer to it, they will of course see that it is not the account given by the DUKE of the MARSHAL's words which the Government has disavowed, but the inference as to the liberty allowed to the Mayors which the DUKE chose to draw from those words. Marshal MACMAHON told the Duke of PADUA that his Government would maintain a sincere neutrality between him and M. SENARD, and this statement has never been challenged. It was only when the DUKE went on to argue that this declaration of neutrality on the part of the Government was tantamount to full permission to the Mayors to constitute themselves partisans that the Government interfered.

Whatever influence this correspondence may exercise on the particular election to which it relates, the Duke of PADUA may cheer himself by the reflection that he has caused the Government a great deal more annoyance than they have caused him. He has compelled them to come to an open quarrel with an Imperialist leader, and by this means to run the risk of alienating Imperialist support in any department—if there still be such a department—in which a candidate declares himself as a supporter of the Septennate pure and simple. Even the *Journal de Paris*, hitherto the most ardent advocate of the coalition with the Bonapartists, has been compelled to change its tone, and now writes with edifying gravity of the Empire as the cause of all the misfortunes under which France has lately suffered—of the unity of Italy, of the expedition to Mexico, of the aggrandizement of Prussia, and a hundred other services of the same kind. Ministerialists who take this tone must be supposed to have counted the cost, and it must be admitted that the attitude of the Duke of PADUA made it very difficult for them to take any other. But the cost may possibly be greater than they expect. If the Imperialists had no passions, they would still support the personal Septennate, no matter what insults they might have to endure from its partisans. The longer France can be kept without a settled Government the better will be the chances of Imperialism, and if the Bonapartists can but bear this in mind, they will persist in turning the other cheek. But the Duke of PADUA's letter to Marshal MACMAHON seems to show that there is a limit beyond which even the humility dictated by interest cannot go. The shrewdest politicians are not free from bursts of anger, and it is far

from unlikely that under the influence of one of these the Imperialists may not only withdraw their support from Ministerial candidates in elections, if any such should present themselves, but what is more serious, decline to vote with Ministers in the Assembly. In that event it is not very evident how the Government will make good their defection. If they lose the Bonapartists, they must appeal either to the Legitimists or to the Conservative Republicans, to the Extreme Right, or to the Left Centre. Their chance of winning back the former seems smaller than ever. The Duke DECAZES has already given them grave offence in recalling the *Orénoque*, and he may have to give them further offence by withdrawing the officials who are accused of showing Carlist sympathies on the Pyrenean frontier. An alliance with the Left Centre is always to be had, but it can be had only on one condition—the recognition of the Republic. The care which M. DUBAURE has lately taken to identify the Government of Marshal MACMAHON with that of M. THIERS shows that he has not yet given up the hope of seeing the Republic frankly accepted by Marshal MACMAHON, and the state of utter friendliness in which the Government is likely to stand at the opening of the Session will make it a matter of the utmost moment to them to construct a majority of some kind. But an alliance with the Republicans will be a very bitter pill for the Orleanists to swallow, and there have lately been some indications of an intention on their part to desert Marshal MACMAHON if he should desert the Conservative party by taking the Left Centre into his counsels. The MARSHAL would then have to choose between governing with a majority from which the party who had placed him in power was altogether excluded, and governing with no majority at all. Either of these expedients would be exceedingly distasteful to him, and we do not know that there are any data from which to conclude which of the two evils he would think the less. The Duke of PADUA may not have done the best for his party in forcing the Government to disown him so publicly, but he may enjoy to the full the pleasures which flow from gratified spite.

THE LONDON GAS COMPANIES.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of the City of London have determined to apply in the next Session of Parliament for powers to supply gas within their respective districts. The Bills to be introduced will probably contain provisions for the construction of new works for the manufacture and distribution of gas; but, if the promoters are in earnest, their real object will be more reasonable and more defensible than the absurd project of doubling the expenditure already incurred in the provision of a necessary of life. The real question for Parliament to consider will be the future ownership of the existing works, and not the waste of an enormous sum and the sacrifice of valuable space in the erection of new gas-works. The inhabitants of London, even where they are indifferent to the spoliation of joint-stock property, would scarcely desire that every street in the metropolis should be disturbed by laying down a second set of mains for the purpose of rendering the existing distributive apparatus useless. That this is the scheme ostensibly recommended by certain members of the Board of Works and the Corporation is only an additional illustration of the national tendency to conduct business by the machinery of fiction. In applying for power to construct works the municipal bodies aim at a compulsory purchase, which they hope to effect on inequitable terms by the aid of a formidable menace. Eight years ago an attempt to confiscate a part of the property of the Gas Companies was universally condemned; nor has Parliament in a single instance allowed Corporations to purchase gas-works against the will of their owners, even at their full value. The alternative power of establishing a subsidized competition which it would be impossible to resist has never been seriously claimed before a Committee. Gas consumers have but a small and doubtful interest in the transfer of the supply of gas from Joint-Stock Companies to representative bodies. If the works are bought at a fair price, gas can neither be made cheaper nor better by a Corporation than by a Company; and the prospective reduction of price or improvement of quality as the consumption extends is an advantage common to both methods of supply. In Manchester and some other towns the Corporation raises an income from the profits of supply, for the benefit of the general community. If the supply

were in the hands of the Company, the surplus would under the general law be applied to the reduction of price.

The recent agitation has been caused by the rise in the price of gas which was sanctioned some months since by Commissioners appointed by the Board of Trade in consequence of the great increase in the cost of manufacture. One of the Companies which were authorized to add a percentage to their charge has already returned to its former rates; but the majority of the Board of Works is not inclined to let slip an occasion of increasing its powers. The authority of the Board of Trade and of their Commissioners was, in the case of the Imperial Gas Company, conferred by an Act passed in 1869. The Commissioners are empowered "to fix such an illuminating power and such a price as shall be calculated to yield the Company with one care and management (after allowing for the excess or surplus, if any, carried, in the then last preceding year to the credit of the divisible profit and to the Reserved Fund of the Company) a dividend attaining as near as may be, but in no case exceeding, the rate of dividend to which the respective capitals of the Company are entitled under this Act and the existing Acts of the Company, and to make up the Reserved Fund and the Contingency Fund of the Company." The Commissioners are in no case to fix the illuminating power lower, or the price higher, than the maximum and minimum respectively fixed by the Act of 1860; and, subject to the foregoing provision, they are to fix the power as high and the price as low as circumstances will permit. After full inquiry the Commissioners, consisting of an eminent lawyer, a chemist of the highest rank, and an experienced actuary, sanctioned the price and power which the Board of Works, who had opposed the demand of the Companies, now resent by the introduction of their Bill. The authorized dividend was ten per cent. on a portion of the capital, and seven per cent. on that which has been recently raised. The present shareholders have of course for the most part purchased their stock at the market rates on the faith of the existing Acts. The dividend of ten per cent. on the capital of Gas Companies was allowed by the public Gas Clauses Bill of 1846; but of late years Committees of Parliament have habitually limited the dividend on newly authorized capital to seven per cent. It was for the protection both of proprietors and consumers that the Imperial Gas Act of 1869, and similar Acts affecting other London Gas Companies, were passed. If, after the legislation of 1860 and 1869, all the owners of gas shares should be suddenly deprived of their property without compensation, the security of personal and of real estate would be gravely impaired.

A member of the Metropolitan Board complained at a recent meeting that, in the absence of municipal institutions for London, the Board had not even power to supply the population with gas. As the same disability attaches in similar circumstances to every Corporation in the kingdom, it would have been strange that a Board created for certain specific and limited purposes should possess unprecedented powers. The dissatisfied representative of a Vestry might have been expected to remember that the City Corporation has as little power to supply gas as the Board of Works. In several instances Gas Companies promoting Bills for additional powers have been met by Corporations with Bills for compulsory purchase, or, as an alternative, for the construction of competitive works. The result has often been a compromise in the form of a purchase; and Committees have always required that the full value of the property of the Companies should be paid, as an indispensable condition of the transfer. The only case in which a Bill for compulsory purchase has been independently promoted was that of the Sheffield Corporation five or six years ago. In that case the promoters offered the full value of the property of the Company; but, as they failed to prove any mismanagement, the Committee threw out the Bill without calling on the opponents. In the last Session the Nottingham Gas Company promoted a Bill for raising additional capital, and the Corporation in turn promoted a Bill for purchase. Before the case was heard the Company agreed to sell their property for a considerable bonus in addition to its market value. An exactly similar contest between the Nottingham Corporation and the Water Company ended, in default of agreement, in the rejection of the Bill for compulsory purchase. The London Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works will be unable to adduce a single precedent even for compulsory purchase at the full value of the shares. Their proposal to establish competitive works

is too obviously inexpedient to be adopted, even if it were not flagrantly unjust. It may be assumed that the Corporation and the Board of Works will be unable to prove any case of mismanagement or neglect. The gas referees appointed under the Gas Acts are responsible for the quality of the gas supplied, which might undoubtedly be improved if the consumers were willing to incur the requisite expense. No Committee to which the Bills may be referred is likely to override in substance the decision of the highly competent Commissioners who lately considered the cases of the Chartered Gas Company and the Imperial Company.

Although Parliament has hitherto declined to enforce the transfer of gas and water undertakings from Companies to public bodies, it may be doubted whether it has not committed an error, though on the right side. It is much more important that property should be protected than that Corporations should have the satisfaction of controlling the supply of gas and water; but shareholders, while they are entitled to the full income derived from their capital, have no further claim or interest. A landowner has a sentimental attachment to his fields; but a recipient of ten per cent. on a given sum has no preference for one solvent paymaster over another. If a Corporation consents to pay the annual income, giving sufficient security, the ratepayers may perhaps be pleased, and the gas and water shareholders are in no way hurt. In theory the consumers or their representatives ought to be the nominal owners of the surplus profits to which they are already entitled. The Gas Clauses and Water Clauses Acts of 1846 virtually effected the change of ownership which would be formally accomplished by a transfer. All Gas Companies, after paying their authorized dividends, and providing any reserve allowed by their special Acts, must apply their surplus profits to a reduction of rates. In other words, the consumers are the residuary proprietors, and the shareholders, as long as they earn their maximum dividend, are merely annuitants or mortgagees, and trustees of the surplus. It is consistent with principle that the beneficial owners should administer the estate, inasmuch as the shareholders have no motive for improving the property after their own incomes are fully secured. The holder of 1,000*l.* in the stock of one of the London Gas Companies is entitled either to 100*l.*, or, as the case may be, to 70*l.* a year. The Acts provide that the price may be increased to the point at which his dividend can be earned. He is also entitled to the benefit of a further payment towards a limited reserve or insurance fund. If there are any other prospective advantages, they would be taken into account in settling the terms of a purchase; but, when all the claims of justice are satisfied, Parliament would be justified in establishing, although for the first time, the principle of compulsory transfer. If the Board of Works or the Corporation were to reject equitable terms, their refusal to purchase would involve an acknowledgment that the works could not be more economically or advantageously conducted than at present. It is impossible that any Parliamentary Committee should allow public bodies at a great and wasteful cost to undersell and ruin undertakings which they refuse to purchase.

WIFE MURDER.

IT is satisfactory to find that the HOME SECRETARY has had sufficient firmness to resist the solicitations addressed to him on behalf of the murderer COPPEN, and that the law has been allowed to take its course. COPPEN, we are glad to see, was hanged on Tuesday. We are glad of this, not of course from any unchristian feeling towards COPPEN, but because we trust his death may, if the same course is persistently followed in other cases, be the means of saving the lives of a great many COPPENS, and particularly the lives of their wives. It is obvious that the effect of the criminal law as a deterring influence must necessarily depend upon the degree of certainty with which its threatened punishments are actually inflicted. In proportion to the chances of escape there will be a tendency to reckon on them, and when, in other cases, the law is carried out, it will be apt to have the appearance of injustice or caprice. There was unfortunately nothing novel or peculiar in the circumstances of the murder which COPPEN committed. It was only one of those too familiar cases of the murder of a wife by a drunken husband which continue to occur with increasing frequency, and which, indeed, are becoming

shown where the franc is to come from. The Ministry which preceded that of Signor MINICCHI fell because the Italian Parliament insisted on voting the expenditure of certain sums on a harbour, although the Government protested that there was no money that could be applied to the purpose. The friends of inconsiderate expenditure have not gained much by opening the door of office to Signor MINICCHI. He erects into a principle what his predecessors insisted on under special circumstances. He announces that he will not listen to any proposal for new expenditure unless the advocates of this expenditure at the same time express their willingness to vote for some new tax which will supply the requisite funds; and it will very seldom happen that the hope of the popularity to be gained by conferring a local benefit or perpetrating a local job will not be outweighed by the fear of the odium attaching to a proposal to burden still further the distressed taxpayer.

Finance is the first subject that occupies the attention of a prudent Italian Minister, but brigandage is the second, and as life is more valuable than money, it may be almost said to be as important for Italy to put brigandage down as to put her finances in order. Simple brigandage is indeed not a very difficult thing to cope with. If it is only a few ruffians who carry off a traveller to get a ransom paid for him, there is some chance that, as the country becomes better cultivated and the roads more frequented, the ruffians may think it worth their while to go into a quieter line of business. The police, too, may hope to catch the offenders and bring them to justice. An ecclesiastic has just been carried off at no great distance from Rome, and his family could not get him back until they had paid a large ransom. But the police have, it is said, caught the offenders, and it may be expected that this will be a warning to their friends and neighbours. The old Papal administration was so wretchedly bad, and brigands who mixed a little superstition with their passion for crime were so readily tolerated, that it is not wonderful if traces of old customs linger in a district where brigandage a few years ago was recognized as a peculiar but rather pious way of gaining a livelihood. It is when something very different is meant by brigandage that it becomes dangerous—when it is an organized system, a vast conspiracy of one half of society against the other, a machinery of terrorism carried into daily life. Such a state of things is found to some extent at Naples, and on a much larger scale and in a more terrible form in Sicily. For such an evil the remedy must be sharp; and law with its regular processes is inadequate. We again have the honour of supplying a precedent to Italian admirers of our Constitution, and Signor MINICCHI says that Italians need not be ashamed to have to do in Southern Italy and Sicily what free and enlightened England has had to do in Ireland. The parallel seems to be a perfectly just and right one. English law could not repress agrarian crime in Ireland, because no persons would give information and no jury would convict. The Government was entrusted with the power of sweeping off the persons it considered dangerous and shutting them up in prison, and agrarian crime was effectually repressed. Not long ago the Italian Government determined to use or assume a similar power, and summarily arrested and carried off sixty members of the Camorra of Naples. There is no other way of breaking up such an organization, and the Italian Parliament must make up its mind either to let the Camorra flourish or to sanction such arbitrary steps on the part of the Government. In Sicily things are worse, because the system of organized and associated brigandage prevails over so much larger an extent of country. Up to this time the Government has only tried half-measures, for there is a powerful party which is opposed to any sterner measures being tried, and no doubt there would be a considerable irritation caused in Sicily, which is by no means well disposed to the Italian Kingdom, if the Government were permitted by law to do things in Sicily which in Italy generally would not be tolerated. When in Sicily there are persons whom the police have strong reason to suspect to belong to the associated brigandage, these persons can be summoned and solemnly warned; but this only puts them on their guard. Or, if there is more proof of guilt, they can be sent to a neighbouring district, and not allowed to leave it; but they are very little affected by this, and keep up uninterrupted communications with their old accomplices. What the Ministry will probably ask Parliament for is the power to seize on suspected persons, and send them to a place of confinement

out of the island. This would, it is thought, have real terrors for the brigands, as it would take away the hope of release through a revolution, which robs imprisonment in the island of its terrors, and would debar the prisoners from making the gaol, as they often make it now, a centre where, through those released, and even through the gaolers themselves, new plots for crime are hatched. This is, no doubt, to treat persons not legally convicted in a very arbitrary manner; but it is at least well for a country that it should be governed by men who have the courage to speak plainly, and to let it be understood that, if organized brigandage is to be suppressed, an arbitrary way of dealing with it must be adopted and sanctioned.

POLITICAL THEORISTS.

SOME politicians think of their country and its institutions only as materials for ingenious theories of reconstruction; yet, except that its prospective security is perhaps affected by the license of modern speculation, England in its political and social condition can scarcely be thought urgently to require revolutionary changes. Many political and social imperfections exist; but, in comparison with former times, or with the state of foreign nations, something may be said for the results of absolute freedom and of a complex traditional constitution. One of the most thoughtful and acute of economists and politicians, associated during the greater part of his life with the advocates of reform, has often of late disturbed the complacency of optimists by pointing to the "Rocks Ahead" which he discerns with painful clearness of vision. Mr. GREG doubts whether the historical continuity of political improvement may not be violently interrupted through the supremacy of the multitude; and he apprehends that the industrial supremacy of England may be impaired and gradually destroyed through the unavoidable exhaustion of coal. CASSANDRA, to whom Mr. GREG often compares himself, was an instructive if not a cheerful prophetess; yet the chief drawback to the utility of her warnings was, not that they were neglected by her hearers, but that the doom which she foretold was irrevocably predetermined in the councils of the Gods. It is difficult to escape from Mr. GREG's melancholy conclusions, for household suffrage cannot be abolished, and it will probably be extended; and it is even more impossible to create fresh fuel than to re-establish bulwarks against democracy. The political student might almost be excused for any sophistical evasion by which he might endeavour to escape from Mr. GREG's gloomy vaticinations. Unfortunately he finds himself compelled to admit that he is dealing with a logical reasoner who is furnished with an inexhaustible provision of accurate statistics. The office of foreboding evil has been discharged by more authentic prophets than CASSANDRA. The Assyrian conquest was announced again and again by JEREMIAH as an inevitable calamity which could only be alleviated by submission. Entertaining the convictions which he has unwillingly and deliberately adopted, Mr. GREG performs a public duty by calling attention to dangers which may perhaps be averted or delayed by timely precautions. It may be conjectured that, if he had the power of regulating the course of events, he would prefer existing imperfections to the risks of the unknown future.

A theorist of a different class has lately broached with unhesitating confidence political opinions which are not equally entitled to serious consideration. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL has in the course of active official life done so much good service that it almost seems harsh to object to his crude and confident proposals; yet he would scarcely accept as a becoming reward for his services unlimited liberty to indulge in irresponsible talk. Some excuse for his hasty suggestions may be found in the sudden discontinuance of the arduous administrative labours of his previous life. A wheel which goes on revolving without purpose after it has been disconnected from the motive power and from dependent machinery will in time probably itself attain a state of rest. The desire of new employment is in such a case intelligible and even laudable; and Sir G. CAMPBELL's energy may be turned to practical use if he succeeds in finding a seat in the House of Commons. In the meantime he is apparently compelled to solace himself with social science, which offers many temptations to unemployed mental activity. Sir G. CAMPBELL surprised the Social Section of the British

Association by the proposition that there was no such thing as property in land; and at the Social Science Association he calmly announced the expediency of abolishing all academical endowments, and he informed his audience that those classical and mathematical studies which have been pursued for many generations by the English Universities are only cultivated under the influence of unreasoning superstition. If Sir G. CAMPBELL has profoundly studied the theory of the higher education, his single-minded devotion to his public duties must have been greatly exaggerated by popular repute. His lucubrations on trade and political economy perhaps deserved more attention, because he has had large practical experience of the wants and resources of a numerous community. It is now generally agreed that in his controversy with Lord NORTHBROOK Sir G. CAMPBELL was in the wrong; but nevertheless his judgment on questions of Indian administration is entitled to respectful consideration. If an English schoolmaster should undertake to correct Sir G. CAMPBELL's erroneous notions as to the government of Bengal, his suggestions would be neither more nor less valuable than Sir G. CAMPBELL's condemnation of the study of Latin and Greek and mathematics. Scholars and men of science form so small a minority in any mixed assembly, that an attack on systematic study and solid learning usually produces applause. Yet Sir G. CAMPBELL's denunciation of endowments seemed to be unanimously disapproved even by an audience accustomed to the vagaries of social science. It seemed not to have occurred to Sir G. CAMPBELL that the question was probably not altogether new, and that general opinion had not been passively waiting for the arrival of a philosopher from India, wholly unaffected by English prejudices. When young men begin to think on important subjects, their rapid discoveries and positive conclusions are regarded by maturer minds with a feeling of tolerant amusement. A vigorous intellect released in middle age from absorbing occupation naturally exhibits the peculiarities, if not the presumption, of youth.

Sir G. CAMPBELL repeated to the Social Science Association in a different form his fantastical application to English land of Indian systems of tenure. Antiquaries and historical jurists have of late years thrown much light on primitive forms of landed property, and on the various conditions under which it exists in many parts of the world. It is well known that previous writers had too commonly assumed that the English distribution of the ownership and occupation of land was universal, if not necessary; and probably there are still English landlords who have never doubted that they and their tenants and the labourers on their estates form the indispensable elements of an immutable society. Sir G. CAMPBELL was at liberty, if he thought it worth while, to confirm by his authority the familiar statement that land tenure is not the same in Bengal as in England, though his preference for the system which may suit a simpler and more primitive community might probably be mistaken. Experience has nothing to do with the sweeping doctrine that no property in land can have a rightful or natural existence. It seems probable that an institution which has existed for centuries in England and throughout civilized Europe may at least be intelligible, and perhaps even defensible. If Sir G. CAMPBELL had taken more time to think and to learn before he commenced his course of dogmatic teaching, he might perhaps have discovered that all rights of property are ideal and conventional in the same sense with the dominion of land. The right of the possessor of a shilling to command a shilling's worth of commodities or of personal service is in all respects analogous to the right of a landlord to receive rent for the use of his fields by a tenant. If a system of Communism is ever practically established in England or in any part of Europe, it will probably have been gradually introduced by the preliminary confiscation of the property of landowners. Mortgagees will necessarily be submitted to the same process of expropriation, and then the question will immediately arise why other public and private creditors should have an advantage over those who have invested in landed security. It will be impossible to stop short even with the adoption of M. LOUIS BLANC's formula, that all persons shall receive from the State or other universal distributor according to their needs. Consistent levellers will easily prove that no man has a right to need more than another; and ultimately a vast community compelled to work by military discipline will be maintained, if it is maintained at

all, on uniform rations. A system of society modelled, except that it would have no external aid, on that of Bengal during a famine would scarcely approve itself to Sir G. CAMPBELL's judgment. He would probably dispute the inferences which are drawn by his critics from his partial and hasty judgments. It is only by way of illustration that it becomes expedient to comment on his sudden conclusions. In political controversy some things must be taken for granted, nor is it desirable incessantly to take the social machine to pieces for the purpose of seeing how it is made. The English nation is happily by no means ready to accept novel theories from unsophisticated Anglo-Indian instructors. The traders of Bradford, who are probably not profound Greek scholars, lately voted by an overwhelming majority that Greek should be taught in the grammar school where their sons are educated. Sir G. CAMPBELL's simple-minded belief that whatever is wrong would not have commended itself to the obtuse minds of Yorkshire manufacturers.

THE DUKE OF PADUA AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

SUCH attention as French politicians have been able to spare during the last week from the Spanish Note and the recall of the *Orléanais* has been claimed and merited by the Duke of PADUA. When the Government came to study this gentleman's address to the electors, it seems to have occurred to them that to favour his return would be tantamount to accepting his reading of the events which the Septennate is to usher in. Perhaps if the Duke had restricted himself to the expression of his hope that NAPOLEON IV. would then be placed on the throne, the Government might have condoned this, as they have condoned a good many other Imperialist sentiments. But he went on to say that the best means of preparing the way for this blessed re-rit would be to return Imperialist deputies and thus to create in the Assembly itself a majority of the right sort. If after this the Government had given him any active countenance, they would have been asked whether they took the same view as the Duke of PADUA as to the result of electing Imperialists; and in this respect common sense is so entirely on the Duke's side that no amount of Ministerial denials would have persuaded people to the contrary. Under these circumstances the Cabinet decided to remain neutral, but they have found to their cost that it is almost as true of neutrality as of a quarrel, that it takes two to make it. If so, the Duke of PADUA was resolved that he would not be one of the two. With admirable boldness he wrote to all the Mayors in the department asking them for their kind assistance in promoting his return, and grounding his request on the fact that in a recent interview Marshal MACMAHON had authorized him to declare that the Government wished to maintain the strictest neutrality in the contest in Seine and Oise. This was more than the Ministry could stand, and at the risk of alienating the Bonapartists altogether, the *Français* was instructed to say that, in presenting the MARSHAL to the electors in the character of a sympathizer with the Imperialist candidate, and in giving a political meaning to a conversation which was only an interchange of the ordinary social courtesies, the Duke of PADUA had been guilty of an unworthy manoeuvre. Lest this disavowal should not make a sufficient impression on the Mayors, the Prefect was directed to send them a formal Circular reminding them that in the department of Seine and Oise he alone had the right to speak to them in the name of the Government, and warning them that the neutrality which the Government wished to enforce on them was a different neutrality from that contemplated by the Duke of PADUA. The DUKE had assumed that by refraining from taking any part in the election the Government had left its subordinates free, even in their official capacity, to take what part they liked. The Prefect pointed out that what the Government meant to convey was that its subordinates in their official capacity should support neither candidate. The Duke of PADUA replied to this Circular by another letter addressed to the Mayors. Considering the relations which exist in France between the Prefect and the Government, and the extreme improbability that the Prefect would have written in such terms if he had not been acting under orders, the Duke's second letter is a masterpiece. The Prefect's Circular, he says, is nothing else than a breach of the neutrality pro-

claimed by Marshal MACMAHON. In saying that he alone has the right of giving expression to the views of the Government, the Prefect deceives himself. Above Prefects and Ministers alike there is the Chief of the State. "I have made you acquainted with the language used to me by Marshal MACMAHON, and I reassert in the most absolute manner all that I have said of it. The Circular will not, I am sure, have the effect which the Prefect and the Republican candidate may expect it to have."

At this point the patience of the Government gave way. To see their own Prefect put aside and told that he did not know his business, to see the Mayors cautioned not to pay any attention to him but to take their instructions from the Duke of PADUA, was too much for the most Bonapartist member of the Cabinet. On Wednesday a Council of Ministers was held, and the Duke of PADUA was dismissed from his place among the Mayors. The commune of Courson L'Aunay knows him no more. Even now, however, the DUKE was not silenced. This time he writes direct to Marshal MACMAHON, and makes it very clear that though the Chief of the State may be above Prefects and Ministers, he is not, in the Duke of PADUA's estimation, above the Duke of PADUA. At another time, he says, he should have allowed the Ministerial decree to pass with silent indifference, but under existing circumstances he is compelled to notice it. It may be that, in dismissing him from his post, the MARSHAL intends to disclaim the language he attributed to him in their recent interview. In that case the DUKE feels it his duty to affirm once more the absolute exactness of his version of it, and he believes that nobody will doubt his word. This is really an extremely clever line to take. It seems to place the MARSHAL and the Duke of PADUA in opposition as to what took place at an interview at which only they were present. Upon this point the DUKE's memory may be as accurate as the MARSHAL'S; indeed, as the MARSHAL has political reasons for disavowing the DUKE'S interpretation, it is likely to be even more accurate. The Duke of PADUA evidently calculates that the readers of his letter to Marshal MACMAHON will not be at the trouble of referring to his original letter to the Mayors. If they do refer to it, they will of course see that it is not the account given by the DUKE of the MARSHAL'S words which the Government has disavowed, but the inference as to the liberty allowed to the Mayors which the DUKE chose to draw from those words. Marshal MACMAHON told the Duke of PADUA that his Government would maintain a sincere neutrality between him and M. SENARD, and this statement has never been challenged. It was only when the DUKE went on to argue that this declaration of neutrality on the part of the Government was tantamount to full permission to the Mayors to constitute themselves partisans that the Government interfered.

Whatever influence this correspondence may exercise on the particular election to which it relates, the Duke of PADUA may cheer himself by the reflection that he has caused the Government a great deal more annoyance than they have caused him. He has compelled them to come to an open quarrel with an Imperialist leader, and by this means to run the risk of alienating Imperialist support in any department—if there still be such a department—in which a candidate declares himself as a supporter of the Septennate pure and simple. Even the *Journal de Paris*, hitherto the most ardent advocate of the coalition with the Bonapartists, has been compelled to change its tone, and now writes with edifying gravity of the Empire as the cause of all the misfortunes under which France has lately suffered—of the unity of Italy, of the expedition to Mexico, of the aggrandizement of Prussia, and a hundred other services of the same kind. Ministerialists who take this tone must be supposed to have counted the cost, and it must be admitted that the attitude of the Duke of PADUA made it very difficult for them to take any other. But the cost may possibly be greater than they expect. If the Imperialists had no passions, they would still support the personal Septennate, no matter what insults they might have to endure from its partisans. The longer France can be kept without a settled Government the better will be the chances of Imperialism, and if the Bonapartists can but bear this in mind, they will persist in turning the other cheek. But the Duke of PADUA'S letter to Marshal MACMAHON seems to show that there is a limit beyond which even the humility dictated by interest cannot go. The shrewdest politicians are not free from bursts of anger, and it is far

from unlikely that under the influence of one of these the Imperialists may not only withdraw their support from Ministerial candidates in elections, if any such should present themselves, but what is more serious, decline to vote with Ministers in the Assembly. In that event it is not very evident how the Government will make good their defection. If they lose the Bonapartists, they must appeal either to the Legitimists or to the Conservative Republicans, to the Extreme Right, or to the Left Centre. Their chance of winning back the former seems smaller than ever. The Duke DECAZES has already given them grave offence in recalling the *Orléanistes*, and he may have to give them further offence by withdrawing the officials who are accused of showing Carlist sympathies on the Pyrenean frontier. An alliance with the Left Centre is always to be had, but it can be had only on one condition—the recognition of the Republic. The care which M. DUFAYE has lately taken to identify the Government of Marshal MACMAHON with that of M. THIERS shows that he has not yet given up the hope of seeing the Republic frankly accepted by Marshal MACMAHON, and the state of utter friendliness in which the Government is likely to stand at the opening of the Session will make it a matter of the utmost moment to them to construct a majority of some kind. But an alliance with the Republicans will be a very bitter pill for the Orléanists to swallow, and there have lately been some indications of an intention on their part to desert Marshal MACMAHON if he should desert the Conservative party by taking the Left Centre into his counsels. The MARSHAL would then have to choose between governing with a majority from which the party who had placed him in power was altogether excluded, and governing with no majority at all. Either of these expedients would be exceedingly distasteful to him, and we do not know that there are any data from which to conclude which of the two evils he would think the less. The Duke of PADUA may not have done the best for his party in forcing the Government to disown him so publicly, but he may enjoy to the full the pleasures which flow from gratified spite.

THE LONDON GAS COMPANIES.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of the City of London have determined to apply in the next Session of Parliament for powers to supply gas within their respective districts. The Bills to be introduced will probably contain provisions for the construction of new works for the manufacture and distribution of gas; but, if the promoters are in earnest, their real object will be more reasonable and more defensible than the absurd project of doubling the expenditure already incurred in the provision of a necessary of life. The real question for Parliament to consider will be the future ownership of the existing works, and not the waste of an enormous sum and the sacrifice of valuable space in the erection of new gas-works. The inhabitants of London, even where they are indifferent to the spoliation of joint-stock property, would scarcely desire that every street in the metropolis should be disturbed by laying down a second set of mains for the purpose of rendering the existing distributive apparatus useless. That this is the scheme ostensibly recommended by certain members of the Board of Works and the Corporation is only an additional illustration of the national tendency to conduct business by the machinery of fiction. In applying for power to construct works the municipal bodies aim at a compulsory purchase, which they hope to effect on inequitable terms by the aid of a formidable menace. Eight years ago an attempt to confiscate a part of the property of the Gas Companies was universally condemned; nor has Parliament in a single instance allowed Corporations to purchase gas-works against the will of their owners, even at their full value. The alternative power of establishing a subsidized competition which it would be impossible to resist has never been seriously claimed before a Committee. Gas consumers have but a small and doubtful interest in the transfer of the supply of gas from Joint-Stock Companies to representative bodies. If the works are bought at a fair price, gas can neither be made cheaper nor better by a Corporation than by a Company; and the prospective reduction of price or improvement of quality as the consumption extends is an advantage common to both methods of supply. In Manchester and some other towns the Corporation raises an income from the profits of supply, for the benefit of the general community. If the supply

were in the hands of the Company, the surplus would under the general law be applied to the reduction of price.

The recent agitation has been caused by the rise in the price of gas which was sanctioned some months since by Commissioners appointed by the Board of Trade in consequence of the great increase in the cost of manufacture. One of the Companies which were authorized to add a percentage to their charge has already returned to its former rates; but the majority of the Board of Works is not inclined to let slip an occasion of increasing its powers. The authority of the Board of Trade and of their Commissioners was, in the case of the Imperial Gas Company, conferred by an Act passed in 1869. The Commissioners are empowered "to fix such an illuminating power and such a price as shall be calculated to yield the Company with due care and management (after allowing for the excess or surplus, if any, carried in the then last preceding year to the credit of the divisible profit and to the Reserved Fund of the Company) a dividend attaining as near as may be, but in no case exceeding, the rate of dividend to which the respective capitals of the Company are entitled under this Act and the existing Acts of the Company, and to make up the Reserved Fund and the Contingency Fund of the Company." The Commissioners are in no case to fix the illuminating power lower, or the price higher, than the maximum and minimum respectively fixed by the Act of 1860; and, subject to the foregoing provision, they are to fix the power as high and the price as low as circumstances will permit. After full inquiry the Commissioners, consisting of an eminent lawyer, a chemist of the highest rank, and an experienced actuary, sanctioned the price and power which the Board of Works, who had opposed the demand of the Companies, now resent by the introduction of their Bill. The authorized dividend was ten per cent. on a portion of the capital, and seven per cent. on that which has been recently raised. The present shareholders have of course for the most part purchased their stock at the market rates on the faith of the existing Acts. The dividend of ten per cent. on the capital of Gas Companies was allowed by the public Gas Clauses Bill of 1846; but of late years Committees of Parliament have habitually limited the dividend on newly authorized capital to seven per cent. It was for the protection both of proprietors and consumers that the Imperial Gas Act of 1869, and similar Acts affecting other London Gas Companies, were passed. If, after the legislation of 1860 and 1869, all the owners of gas shares should be suddenly deprived of their property without compensation, the security of personal and of real estate would be gravely impaired.

A member of the Metropolitan Board complained at a recent meeting that, in the absence of municipal institutions for London, the Board had not even power to supply the population with gas. As the same disability attaches in similar circumstances to every Corporation in the kingdom, it would have been strange that a Board created for certain specific and limited purposes should possess unprecedented powers. The dissatisfied representative of a Vestry might have been expected to remember that the City Corporation has as little power to supply gas as the Board of Works. In several instances Gas Companies promoting Bills for additional powers have been met by Corporations with Bills for compulsory purchase, or, as an alternative, for the construction of competitive works. The result has often been a compromise in the form of a purchase; and Committees have always required that the full value of the property of the Companies should be paid, as an indispensable condition of the transfer. The only case in which a Bill for compulsory purchase has been independently promoted was that of the Sheffield Corporation five or six years ago. In that case the promoters offered the full value of the property of the Company; but, as they failed to prove any mismanagement, the Committee threw out the Bill without calling on the opponents. In the last Session the Nottingham Gas Company promoted a Bill for raising additional capital, and the Corporation in turn promoted a Bill for purchase. Before the case was heard the Company agreed to sell their property for a considerable bonus in addition to its market value. An exactly similar contest between the Nottingham Corporation and the Water Company ended, in default of agreement, in the rejection of the Bill for compulsory purchase. The London Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works will be unable to adduce a single precedent even for compulsory purchase at the full value of the shares. Their proposal to establish competitive works

is too obviously inexpedient to be adopted, even if it were not flagrantly unjust. It may be assumed that the Corporation and the Board of Works will be unable to prove any case of mismanagement or neglect. The gas referees appointed under the Gas Acts are responsible for the quality of the gas supplied, which might undoubtedly be improved if the consumers were willing to incur the requisite expense. No Committee to which the Bills may be referred is likely to override in substance the decision of the highly competent Commissioners who lately considered the cases of the Chartered Gas Company and the Imperial Company.

Although Parliament has hitherto declined to enforce the transfer of gas and water undertakings from Companies to public bodies, it may be doubted whether it has not committed an error, though on the right side. It is much more important that property should be protected than that Corporations should have the satisfaction of controlling the supply of gas and water; but shareholders, while they are entitled to the full income derived from their capital, have no further claim or interest. A landowner has a sentimental attachment to his fields; but a recipient of ten per cent. on a given sum has no preference for one solvent paymaster over another. If a Corporation consents to pay the annual income, giving sufficient security, the ratepayers may perhaps be pleased, and the gas and water shareholders are in no way hurt. In theory the consumers or their representatives ought to be the nominal owners of the surplus profits to which they are already entitled. The Gas Clauses and Water Clauses Acts of 1846 virtually effected the change of ownership which would be formally accomplished by a transfer. All Gas Companies, after paying their authorized dividends, and providing any reserve allowed by their special Acts, must apply their surplus profits to a reduction of rates. In other words, the consumers are the residuary proprietors, and the shareholders, as long as they earn their maximum dividend, are merely annuitants or mortgagees, and trustees of the surplus. It is consistent with principle that the beneficial owners should administer the estate, inasmuch as the shareholders have no motive for improving the property after their own incomes are fully secured. The holder of 1,000l. in the stock of one of the London Gas Companies is entitled either to 100l. or, as the case may be, to 70l. a year. The Acts provide that the price may be increased to the point at which his dividend can be earned. He is also entitled to the benefit of a further payment towards a limited reserve or insurance fund. If there are any other prospective advantages, they would be taken into account in settling the terms of a purchase; but, when all the claims of justice are satisfied, Parliament would be justified in establishing, although for the first time, the principle of compulsory transfer. If the Board of Works or the Corporation were to reject equitable terms, their refusal to purchase would involve an acknowledgment that the works could not be more economically or advantageously conducted than at present. It is impossible that any Parliamentary Committee should allow public bodies at a great and wasteful cost to undersell and ruin undertakings which they refuse to purchase.

WIFE MURDER.

IT is satisfactory to find that the HOME SECRETARY has had sufficient firmness to resist the solicitations addressed to him on behalf of the murderer COPPEN, and that the law has been allowed to take its course. COPPEN, we are glad to see, was hanged on Tuesday. We are glad of this, not of course from any unchristian feeling towards COPPEN, but because we trust his death may, if the same course is persistently followed in other cases, be the means of saving the lives of a great many COPPENS, and particularly the lives of their wives. It is obvious that the effect of the criminal law as a deterring influence must necessarily depend upon the degree of certainty with which its threatened punishments are actually inflicted. In proportion to the chances of escape there will be a tendency to reckon on them, and when, in other cases, the law is carried out, it will be apt to have the appearance of injustice or caprice. There was unfortunately nothing novel or peculiar in the circumstances of the murder which COPPEN committed. It was only one of those too familiar cases of the murder of a wife by a drunken husband which continue to occur with increasing frequency, and which, indeed, are becoming

so common that they scarcely attract attention. If a man happens in a moment of exhilaration to beat his wife about the head with a poker, or to dance all over her with iron-shod clogs, the magistrates can hardly bring themselves to give him more than a few weeks' imprisonment; and if the woman dies abundant reasons are instantly suggested why her death should be regarded as a trivial kind of accidental manslaughter. In these days of expansive philanthropy it is perhaps not going too far to express a hope that in future the wives of working-men may be murdered less frequently, and that working-men, even if they do not care for their wives' lives, will show some regard for their own, and avoid sharing the fate of CORPEN by refraining as far as possible from imitating his example. The object of hanging CORPEN was of course not to take a poor revenge on the wretched man himself, but to warn others who might be tempted to commit the same crime—or, as it is styled in the euphemism of his friends and sympathizers, error—that they had better not. We gather, however, from the speeches which were made at a meeting of working-men on Saturday last at Camberwell, where CORPEN lived, that there is an opinion that greater indulgence should be shown to persons, especially if they belong to the operative class, who kill their wives. Several speakers urged in extenuation of the crime that it was committed in a moment of passion, and that the murderer had been provoked to do it by words from his wife; and the general tone of the meeting seems to have favoured the theory that a nagging wife must lay her account to be murdered if her husband happens to get drunk or lose his temper. One speaker, Mr. STUBBS, even went so far as to say that every one present was as liable as CORPEN to commit a crime of this kind in a moment of uncontrollable passion. We can only say that we trust that, if Mr. STUBBS should at any time unfortunately yield to that taste for homicide which he assumes to be a common feature of human nature, at least in his own class of life, Mr. CROSS will be then at the Home Office.

It is impossible to shut our eyes to the evidence which meets us at every turn that at the present moment a considerable part of the population of this country is suffering from a sort of epidemic of violence and brutality; and it is to be feared that the origin of this disorder may in a large degree be traced to the morbid tenderness and delicacy with which such crimes are too often treated. It would be absurd to suppose that the execution of CORPEN will encourage Mr. STUBBS or any other gentleman of similar proclivities to murder his wife; but if CORPEN had been reprieved, it might have had a different effect. This is a very good example of the sort of cases in which a question is raised as to the premeditation of a murder. It was shown that CORPEN was not in the habit of treating his wife unkindly, but he had for some time fallen into intemperate habits. On the night before the murder he had been drinking, and when his wife remonstrated with him, he went out for more liquor. It does not exactly appear how he spent the night, but probably he was drinking or sleeping off his debauch. His wife did not see him again till next morning. He was then in the shop, and as she passed through he rushed at her, and, without a word, stabbed her with a long pork-butcher's knife which he had in his hand. Whether the woman had first spoken to him is not known. Before she died she said that she was sorry for her husband, that she had "aggravated" him, and that she hoped he would not be punished. CORPEN, in the statement which he made just before his execution, said that he did not know what occurred before he stabbed his wife. It is possible that she may have spoken sharply to him, but the probability is that it was her love and pity for the man that made her afterwards try to shield him from punishment by suggesting that she had given him provocation. In any case, if there was provocation at all, it could only have been a passing word, as she seems to have been attacked almost as soon as she appeared. It should be observed that CORPEN had that morning borrowed the knife with which he committed the murder from a neighbouring butcher, saying he wanted it to cut bread and butter, and asked to have it "touched up for him"—that is, sharpened. It is unnecessary to suppose that he procured the knife with a deliberate intention to use it upon his wife. He had been drinking heavily, and had possibly been brooding over his wife's reproaches. There can be little doubt that it was not a cold and plotted murder, but that he stabbed his wife because he had maddened himself with drink. Baron

BRAMWELL, who tried the case, impressed upon the jury very strongly that if a man, without lawful cause, and without circumstances to reduce the act to manslaughter, inflicted a deadly wound on another of which that person died, he was guilty of murder, although the thought of doing it never entered his mind until the moment he gave the fatal blow. He added that he told the jury that without a particle of doubt, and that he was as sure of it as of any proposition of law ever laid down. The question is, in fact, whether there is at the moment of killing an intention to kill, or to inflict an injury which may be reasonably expected to result in death. Under these circumstances the jury had no alternative but to find the prisoner guilty of murder, but they were weak enough to add a recommendation to mercy. The HOME SECRETARY has, however, taken the more correct view that those who are most in want of mercy are the wives of men like CORPEN.

It is too often overlooked that the object of capital punishment is to preserve life; and there would no doubt be a general desire to put an end to such punishments if *messieurs les assassins* would only begin. In the present instance it is impossible to say how far the crime was premeditated; but the depth of the wound—six inches, through stays and clothes—shows that the thrust must at the moment when it was made have been intended to do serious harm; and it is as well that experiments of this kind should be discouraged. It appears to have been in the minds of some of the working-men at Camberwell that, if a man is to be hanged for killing his wife in a fit of drunkenness, this is an interference with the liberty of drinking. From this point of view drunkenness is regarded as a sort of certificate entitling the bearer to commit murder with impunity. It would be satisfactory to find that serious reflection on the possible consequences of getting drunk had the effect of promoting sobriety. One of the chief arguments at the meeting at Camberwell was that "mercy had been shown to others 'who had committed' what is called 'rash deeds' similar to that for which CORPEN was condemned. One speaker remarked that, "if the law were always strictly carried out, it would be ridiculous to attempt to save 'CORPEN.' The meaning of this is of course that, as other murderers had been got off, CORPEN might as well be got off too. There can be no doubt that reprieves have been granted in other cases on insufficient grounds, and the consequence has been an impression that capital punishment for murder was going to be gradually abolished. A year or two since a clergyman at Brixton murdered his wife with great deliberation and under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and his life was spared for no other reason than that he was a respectable person. It is such cases as this which confuse and weaken the public sense of the gravity of crime, and show the necessity of treating it with uniform and unflinching stringency.

THE POLICY OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

READERS of the Report of the Local Government Board for 1873 and of Mr. SIMON'S Report for the same year may have noticed some traces of disagreement, at all events in theory, between the Board and its Medical Officer. The medical journals enable us to fix more exactly upon the point on which the two authorities are at variance. Shortly stated, it comes to this, that the Board are of opinion that the additional work thrown on the department by the Public Health Acts should be done by the ordinary Inspectors, while Mr. SIMON is of opinion that the supervision and suggestion of sanitary reforms should be exclusively entrusted to Medical Inspectors. The arguments relied on by the advocates of the latter course are sufficiently obvious. The prevention of disease is at least as important a work as the cure of it; and if we do not think of putting laymen to do the one, why should we put them to do the other? The business of the Inspector is to bring the conclusions of sanitary science to bear on the facts which he finds existing in his district, and he will do this with far greater success if he is himself experimentally acquainted with these conclusions, or has perhaps assisted in establishing them, than if he merely accepts them at second-hand. This reasoning leaves out of sight two very important considerations. The first is that, though the importance of preventing disease is as

great as that of curing it, the difficulty of preventing it is very much less. The cure of actual disease is the highest achievement of the medical art. The prevention of disease is really little more than a matter of common sense. A layman will be helpless in the presence of typhoid fever, but he may know as well as the doctor that the pollution of drinking water by sewage is the ordinary cause of typhoid, and an examination of the relative positions of the well and the cesspool will tell whether such communication is likely to exist in a particular case. An investigation of this kind is not specially doctor's work; it is as much a matter for the civil engineer, or for any one who can use a two-foot rule, can ascertain the fall of the ground, and can find out whether the soil is porous or retentive. No doubt it is essential that the Inspector should be able, if necessary, to check his conclusions by reference to an expert. An analysis of the water contained in the well may disclose the presence of sewage, and this fact is valuable both as satisfying the Inspector that he drew the right inference from the proximity of the well and the cesspool, and also as putting the case in a more convincing and serviceable form. But the necessity of having medical experts to refer to does not involve the necessity of having every Inspector a medical expert, and there is no reason why the choice of the department should be restricted to members of a single profession when the technical training peculiar to that profession is not universally required.

The second consideration left out of sight by what, for convenience sake, may be called the medical party is of still greater weight. The work of the Local Government Board is hardly ever a work of first instance. When the central authorities have made up their minds that such or such sanitary measures ought to be undertaken in such or such a district, they have not got simply to give the order and set the work in train. The real obstacles to sanitary progress have still to be overcome; the local authorities have to be convinced that the measures in question are really necessary. It is with these local authorities that the initiative rests, for the very simple reason that it is by the ratepayers whom they represent that the cost of the work will have to be borne. The Local Government Board have the power, in the last resort, of superseding the local authorities, but it is evident that, if this power were often resorted to, the unpopularity of the central authorities would be so great as to constitute a grave additional difficulty in the way of amendment. It is of extreme importance, therefore, that the suggestions made to the local authorities by the Inspectors should be put forward in such a way as to excite as little opposition as possible. The success of the work will greatly depend on the temper in which it is taken up, and what this temper is will often be greatly determined by the action of the Inspector. It is not meant of course that a medical Inspector may not be in all respects as judicious as a lay Inspector. But the medical Inspector would have a prejudice to get over which does not exist in the case of a lay Inspector. The local authorities suspect a doctor, and the more ignorant and difficult they are to deal with the stronger will be the hold of this suspicion on their minds. They will fancy that the doctor recommends these changes because he must be recommending something. They will look upon the proposed improvements as so much doctor's stuff, which the patient has to take, not to benefit himself, but to swell the doctor's bill. There are few things that Englishmen dislike more than the thought of being delivered over to a professional class, whether it be medical, legal, or clerical. There is a latent disbelief in the value of sanitary measures, which it would not take much to rouse into active life, and nothing would be so likely to have this effect as to treat the expenditure of the whole country on sanitary reforms as a matter to be decided by a few doctors.

Even if it were necessary that the work of inspection should in all cases be done by doctors, it would be advisable to communicate with the local authorities through laymen; and when, as happens to be the case here, there is no need for anything of the sort, to make doctors Inspectors would be wantonly to throw obstacles in the way of sanitary administration. The circumstance that a suggestion has, so to speak, been filtered through the brain of a layman will often dispose a local authority to accept or at all events to consider it, when, if it had come straight from a medical expert, it would have been dismissed without ceremony. This is not an advantage to be despised, and when, as in the present case, it can be secured without sacrificing any of the real essentials

of sanitary progress, it would have been exceedingly foolish of the Local Government Board to forego it. No doubt there are special subjects of inquiry which properly come under the cognizance of the medical officers of the department, just as there are others which properly come under the cognizance of its engineering officers. Mr. SIMON'S Report for 1873 gives an abstract of forty-two such inquiries conducted during that year. The ground for all these inquiries had been an actual outbreak of disease or an unusually high rate of mortality. Here plainly a doctor was the proper person to apply to. But when once the prevalence of disease has been traced to its origin, the exclusive function of the medical expert is at end. In almost all these instances the seat of the mischief lay in the water supply, and the point for the Local Government Board to consider was what steps ought to be recommended to the local authorities to provide the inhabitants with something that they can drink without risk of being poisoned. The questions which present themselves in connexion with this inquiry will be mainly of a financial character. Pure water can always be had if people choose to pay for it, though there may be cases in which it would cost less to remove the entire population of a village than to bring pure water within their reach. To ascertain from what source water can be obtained, and at what outlay, to advise on the respective merits of the different plans proposed, to press upon the local authorities the need of doing something and the superior economy of doing something that shall be really effectual—these are the duties of an Inspector when once the outbreak has been traced to its cause, and there is not one of these which cannot be as well performed by a layman as by a doctor.

The mention of these inquiries reminds us of one very serious omission in the Report of the Local Government Board for 1873. The Report of the previous year contained a similar summary of eighty-one inquiries instituted during 1872. We called attention at the time to the extraordinary sanitary conditions which these Reports disclosed, and we added that the corresponding tabular statement which would appear in the Report of 1873 ought to contain another column, giving the action of the central authority in all cases in which the local authority had failed in its duty. Unfortunately, no such column has been added to the present Report; and, what is even more to be regretted, nothing is said as to what has been done in the cases reported on in 1872. It follows, therefore, that during those two years something like one hundred and twenty places were discovered in which the inhabitants had no choice but to drink sewage, and, of no one of these hundred and twenty places are we told that any measures have been taken to give them something to drink which is not sewage. We do not doubt that in some, perhaps in many, the authorities have bestirred themselves to put an end to this filthy and dangerous state of things. But it is extremely improbable that none of these authorities have been in default, and it is very desirable that the public should know which and how many of them have failed to carry out the orders of the Local Government Board, and what has been done to protect the inhabitants against preventable disease where these orders have not been carried out. It is of the greatest moment to the Local Government Board that it should be supported by a strong and intelligent public opinion, and the first requisite to the creation of this opinion is an accurate knowledge of facts. When eighty-one cases in which whole villages are condemned to drink sewage are enumerated in an official Report, and the next Report comes out and makes no mention of what has been done to relieve them, the charitable supposition would be that the local authorities have done all that was required of them, and that the central department took this as too much a matter of course to deserve mention. If this is the explanation, it is only fair to the local authorities that it should be published. If the charity which hopeth all things has in this instance been greatly deceived, it is equally desirable on other grounds that the shortcomings of the local authorities should not be concealed.

CLERICAL AMUSEMENTS.

THE recent correspondence between the Bishop of Lincoln and the owner of Apology produces a rather mixed feeling. We do not doubt indeed that the Bishop was in the right. As a

general principle, the clergy will not strengthen the position of the Church by becoming owners of race-horses. And if the culprit had been half a century younger, we should have felt not only approval, but sympathy, for the episcopal action. Perhaps the plea of age ought to make no legal difference. Offenders are often pardoned on the ground of tender years; but the indulgence due to old age is not generally understood to mean license for breaking the law. As a matter of fact, however, it necessarily alters our feelings. We cannot be hard upon an old man for preserving some of the prejudices of his youth. Horseracing was never a distinctly clerical amusement; but at least it may be said that in Mr. King's youth the corruptions which are now threatening to drive respectable men from the sport were by no means so flagrant as they are now. Moreover, it is impossible not to feel a sneaking admiration for an old man who retains his sporting enthusiasm. Rightly or wrongly, it seems to imply a kind of masculine vigour which is a good quality even in a clergyman. Whether or not Mr. King is a model priest, we feel that in all probability he is a fine specimen of the English breed; we cannot help in our hearts applauding the old gentleman's pluck, just as we used to admire Lord Palmerston for similar qualities; and it is not quite plain at first sight why a character which may be estimable in the ruler of a country should be altogether inadmissible in the pastor of a parish.

This, indeed, is the most interesting question suggested by the recent discussion. Considering Mr. King's age, he cannot be a scandal to his Bishop for very long, even if he should provide another puzzle for Mr. Thom. Nor is it probable that his example will be imitated by his younger brethren. The very last charge which is likely to be brought against the clergy is that they are given to keep race-horses. But the scandal caused by Mr. King suggests some rather curious questions as to the disqualifications imposed by the clerical character. The rule in all such matters is indefinite enough, and is fixed rather by tradition and by custom than by logical considerations. A clergyman may indulge in most athletic sports; he may play cricket or break his neck in the Alps; fishing is almost a Christian virtue; and, according to Mr. Trollope, no amusement is better suited to the clergy than hunting. Here, however, we come upon debatable ground, and probably the prejudice against a hunting parson is rather growing in strength than otherwise. The objection to hunting, so far as it has any reasonable ground, rests upon the presumption that the amusement costs too much time and money to be compatible with active devotion to a profession; and so far it does not specially affect the clergy. A young barrister or doctor who followed the hounds when he ought to be sitting in court or attending at a hospital would soon find his prospects injured; and the same remark applies in a much stronger degree to the Turf. A clergyman who has a sufficient margin of time and money to be able to attend to horse-racing must be a very exceptional member of his profession.

This purely utilitarian argument, however, is manifestly insufficient to account for the sentiment. The incongruity between the clerical character and the Turf is not really produced by the difficulty of finding time for the two occupations. The Turf is not fit for the clergy, as most people will be inclined to say, because, as at present managed, it is a demoralizing amusement. One of the evils which a clergyman ought to denounce is the taste for gambling; and horse-racing is rapidly becoming more and more decidedly a mere alternative to *rouge-et-noir*. Admitting that it is not necessarily immoral for half a dozen gentlemen to try whose horse can run the fastest, it must be added that this is by no means an exhaustive description of modern horse-racing. The crowd which is to be found upon our race-courses is not exactly in the frame of mind appropriate to divine service; nor does its conduct generally imply that it has much laid to heart the teaching of any variety of clergyman. The practices which are fostered by betting men are not exactly in harmony with an elevated system of Christian ethics. A man, in short, who should preach on Sundays and attend race-courses on week-days would probably have to rub shoulders for six days with all the vices which he denounces on the seventh. He would be bound to warn any of his congregation that, if they chose to go upon the Turf, they would be trying the old experiment of touching pitch without being deified; and it would scarcely encourage a belief in his sincerity if he at once proceeded to try the experiment himself. A sufficiently ingenious excuse indeed has been put forward by some of the sporting newspapers. They admit that the Turf is in great need of purification, and they ask how it is to be purified if all honourable men should stand aloof. Mr. King, they say, and doubtless with perfect truth, is a perfectly honourable man; he has nothing to do with betting or with any of the doubtful practices which it fosters, and acts up to the good old theory which regards racing as a means of improving the breed of horses. This, of course, raises the old question how far a man is justified in doing what is in itself innocent when it incidentally becomes a temptation to others. In this case the answer does not seem to be very doubtful. The mere fact that a perfectly honourable man keeps racehorses without himself sanctioning any malpractices does not necessarily tend to improve the moral atmosphere. It may at least be said with just as much probability that rogues flourish because they are more or less sanctioned by honest people. If the Turf simply consisted of a number of knaves preying upon each other, it would be a nuisance to be suppressed as soon as possible. The fact that it is still patronised by many men of undoubted honour is that which enables

it to hold its ground. Therefore an honest man who keeps racehorses is encouraging an institution which is, to say the least, of very doubtful tendencies; and if his profession is one which imposes upon him the duty of inculcating moral improvement, he cannot be excused for the negative merit of not actually doing wrong himself. He incurs a certain responsibility by mixing in such an occupation, and could only be excused if he took active measures to put down the abuses which threaten to make it an unmitigated nuisance. It would of course be a further question, which we need not argue, whether even in that case he would not act more effectually by denouncing the evil from outside.

This consideration suggests the true reason why a clergyman should be required to observe a higher standard than other men. He cannot, it may be said, be excused simply on the ground of his personal innocence. He is bound to carry on a warfare against the evils of modern society, as well as to abstain from fostering them. And yet there is some difficulty in measuring the force of this distinction. Every man, clergyman or layman, is bound to protest, so far as opportunity serves, against the corruptions which he encounters. If a clergyman has a more definite position and more frequent opportunities of discharging this duty than other men, it does not follow that others are free from the same obligation within their own sphere of employment. In fact, the question cannot be fully solved without inquiring into the true meaning of the clerical calling. People who take the highest view of that calling will naturally be inclined, as a matter of propriety and decorum, if not as a matter of absolute duty, to draw a deeper line between the amusements permitted to the clergy and to the laity. In this, as in many other apparently trivial questions, we find that we are really coming upon profound contrasts of belief. What appears to be merely a question of external manners really runs up into questions about our most solemn conceptions of duty and of the universe. Without entering upon any such speculations, we may remark that the scandal given by such cases as that of Mr. King illustrates a great social change. In Mr. Herbert Spencer's phraseology, the clerical type is being more and more differentiated from the ordinary lay type. This may or may not be on the whole an advantage, but it certainly tends to the disappearance of a character which was not without its merits. The old-fashioned clergyman who has in him a touch of the country gentleman has been in his day a very useful member of society. He had his faults undoubtedly. The special interests of his profession might suffer from his other propensities. Perhaps he hated poachers so intensely as to be rather blind to the poor man's temptations, and was sometimes more interested in improving the breed of pigs than in attending to the souls of his parishioners. Yet his interest in the ordinary pursuits of his neighbours was not altogether a bad thing. He struck deep roots into the soil, and was an important member of the social organism. We generally abuse the eighteenth-century parson as a sordid and selfish kind of person. His religion was not of an exalted type, and consisted to a great extent in a hearty hatred for what he called enthusiasts—that is to say, for anybody who, like Wesley and Whitfield, tried to rouse the people from a comfortable indifference. He was not so averse to a job as he ought to have been; he was apt to seek for promotion by unworthy concessions to possible patrons; and if he became a bishop, he thought it only proper to save a comfortable fortune out of his revenues, and to present his nearest relations to all the best livings in the diocese. Doubtless we have cleared away a great many abuses, and our present race of clergymen take a higher view of their duties and are more devoted to their proper work. But we generally begin to recognize the merits of an old institution when we lose it, and there are some charms in the domestic quiet of the Georgian period, when the Church was not yet torn by furious party spirit, and many excellent clergymen led a good homely patriarchal life, surrounded by their families and respected by their parishioners. Their sermons were undoubtedly sleep-compelling, and their churches shocked all modern notions of architectural propriety. They doubted the advantages of schools, and were absolutely impenetrable to new ideas. But the thought of that era of comparative repose is in some ways agreeable in these more feverish times, and we cannot help fancying that the old-fashioned parson, who was not so much of a priest and a good deal more of the farmer, was sometimes superior to his more straitlaced successor if he occasionally also degenerated into a Trulliber. As the old order changes we look back with some regret, though we must confess that a man ought to live in his own century, and has to be suppressed when he survives too far into another.

FASTOLF AS A STEPFATHER.

FAR up among the oolite hills of Wiltshire, close to the debatable country of Slaughterford and Yatton, lies the narrow valley of Castle Combe. The village at its head was once a place of some importance, but it has now little attraction for the tourist. The church is, in a sense, ancient; but its look of antiquity has been carefully "restored" away. The House which closely adjoined it, and which for a dozen generations was the inheritance of the Scropes, has been deserted by a new owner for a more healthy if less interesting site, and very soon few traces will remain of a family which, after having in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries overshadowed the land, is now reduced to the one remaining stem which has never left its native Wensleydale.

The Scropes of Castle Combe were little distinguished. Their founder, one of the favourites of Richard II., and high in the service of his successor, was the only man of eminence the house produced, if we except the last of his race, the genial author of *Deer Stalking*. But William Scrope was not the first literary man of his family, though Stephen Scrope, his ancestor, is almost forgotten; except for the one great misfortune of his life, we should seldom recall his name or his writings. On the tower of Castle Combe church there is a shield of arms which belongs to no Wiltshire family, but every villager can point it out to the visitor, and few are so ignorant or so wise as not to smile at they remark that it was placed upon the wall by the famous Sir John Fastolf.

The true character of Fastolf as it comes out in the Paston Letters is not very different from that which Shakespeare has drawn under the name of Falstaff; and the revelations made by the Pastons and their correspondents are fully borne out by various other pieces of contemporary evidence. Sir John was not, as we have lately in some places been told to believe, a very estimable hero in the French wars. The whole story of his foreign adventures has considerable interest. Whether he lost the battle of Patay and won the "battle of the Herrings," whether he killed the Duke of Alençon at Agincourt or only took the Duke's son at Vermeuil, we need not pause here to inquire. His matrimonial relations are so curious, and connected him with so many remarkable characters, that it may be quite worth while to examine them by themselves. Why Shakespeare should have selected him to play the part first assigned to Sir John Oldcastle, why he should have given him so unenviable a notoriety, why he should have deprived him of his social rank—for he was a Knight of the Garter—and other questions of the same kind have been very fully discussed by students of Shakespeare; but that he is not unjustly vilified under the character of "sweet Jack" appears plainly enough by some of his letters in the Paston correspondence, as for instance, when he writes to his agent at Caistor, "I pray you send me word who dare be so hardy to kick against you in my right, and say to them on my behalf that they shall be quyt as far as law and reason will; and if they will not dread nor obey, then they shall be quyt by Blackbeard or Whitebeard, that is to say by God or the devil." In an article on Jack Cade's rebellion published some years ago in the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Gairdner quoted this letter in elucidation of Fabian's "Bluebeard and other counterfeit names." Mr. Gairdner's authority is deservedly high, but he seems to have stumbled here. Fastolf's strong language contains apparently a reference to the dresses worn by the prominent characters in some popular miracle-play.

Fastolf himself was of a good and wealthy family, which flourished not without credit in the Eastern counties during the thirteenth and two following centuries; and one of them was Sheriff of London in the year in which Sir Nicholas Brember, Richard II.'s "Duke of Troy," was hanged at Tyburn. Lord Kimberley represents, in the female line, the senior branch of the family, which was seated at Kimberley Park. A younger son's son, and a minor at the time of his father's death, John Fastolf early made acquaintance with the harsh customs which he afterwards himself used to such purpose. We first hear of him in Ireland, whither he had accompanied Richard II., and where he seems to have remained during the government of Sir Stephen Scrope, who was Lord Deputy under Henry IV., or rather Lord Deputy's deputy. Sir Stephen and his two brothers were the husbands of the Tiptoft co-heiresses, and Castle Combe was the inheritance of the Lady Millicent. When Sir Stephen left her a widow, which he did in 1408, she was rich, if not very young, and her children were minors. Her little boy was eight or nine at the most, and his sister—for there were but the two living—probably younger. Sir Stephen died in Ireland, and in those days Ireland was a long way from Wiltshire. How was she to return without an escort, and who was so well fitted to undertake the charge as the young Norfolk knight who had been long devoted to her lamented lord? He was now twenty-eight, while she was thirty-six at the least. But such small discrepancies were little thought of then, and widows, especially rich ones, were not expected to wait long in mourning. Lady Millicent, if one account is to be trusted, was however very discreet in this matter, for it was not until Sir Stephen had been dead for eleven months that she accepted the hand of Sir John. She showed some prudence in her prenuptial arrangements, for her new husband bound himself, we read, to pay her 100*l.* a year pin-money, and the payment was continued until 1445. Except in this matter, there is little further mention of Lady Millicent; but a poem is still extant which was possibly written by her son, in which she is eulogized for her virtues, and her life of thirty-seven years as wife of Sir John Fastolf is spoken of, but without a word as to conjugal felicity or any such topic.

Sir John had no sooner married the dowager than he began to arrange for the heir's disposal so as best to advantage himself. A still more distinguished and scarcely less famous knight is brought on the scene. One or two recent revelations have done much to dethrone Sir William Gascoigne from the pedestal he long occupied. His concurrence with Fastolf on this occasion is among them. While the boy Scrope was still of tender years, Gascoigne purchased his wardship for a sum which may be calculated at about 3,500*l.* in our money. Nor was the minor's consent asked. A complaint is still extant in which Stephen says that the transaction took place in the very year of Fastolf's marriage with his mother. But within a short time we find him back again in the custody of his stepfather. Whether Gascoigne's disgrace on the accession of Henry V., or whether the loss of her sole remain-

ing child made the Lady Millicent wish for her son and persuaded her husband to grant her the favour, we cannot guess, but poor Scrope says, "He boughte me and sold me as a beste, against all right and lawe." He further enumerates a number of injuries and damages in goods and chattels which he had received from his stepfather, but the great point of the complaint is of a different kind. While he was away from home he received some bodily hurt, we cannot now say what, and if we interpret him aright he became a cripple for life, for he "took sykernes a xiiij or xiv yere's swyng, whereby," he adds, "I am disfigured in person and shall be whilst I live." He does not seem to have ever been knighted, and probably some deformity precluded him from carrying arms.

Stephen Scrope's grievances were destined to be of very long standing. Fastolf survived till 1459, and, having once grasped the estate, was in no hurry to let it go. Though his wife died thirteen years before him, he continued in possession during his life, for he had persuaded his stepson to sign a deed while very young, and probably unaware of the meaning of the act, by virtue of which he remained undisturbed, even refusing the young man's very reasonable request to have Castle Combe to farm. To have granted it would have been to interrupt the course of action on which he had early entered. During his tenancy of the estate he administered its affairs chiefly through a certain William, whose surname is a question, for he was called both Botoner and Wyrcester, a man not unknown to fame, of whom a full account is to be found in the Paston Letters and other places. To Fastolf he made himself very useful as steward, secretary, herald, and indeed factotum. Many documents in his handwriting have come to light lately, and are noticed by the local archaeologists. Wyrcester's administration is well illustrated by the fate of a sporting parson, one John Grene, who was fined forty marks for some depredations in the park, and by that of a predecessor of Grene's, who, with three other clergymen, was convicted of poaching, and duly amerced by the remorseless William. It is still a question whether Wyrcester, or Stephen Scrope's cousin, the Earl of Worcester, was the translator of Caxton's edition of "Tully." Another of Fastolf's most ready instruments was Thomas Howys, or Howis, who was also parson of Castle Combe. It is to Howis, then in Norfolk, that he wrote the letter quoted above. He became Sir John's executor, and persuaded him to leave some money for the repair of the churches on his estates; it is probably owing to this bequest that the Fastolf arms appear on the Castle Combe tower.

If Fastolf was hard upon Scrope in the matter of the estate, he was not more lenient in that of the wardship. He took him to France in one of his expeditions, but at Honfleur the young man fell into disgrace with the local authorities, and had the mortification of seeing Sir John take part against him. He managed to escape to England and took refuge with his mother; but it is very characteristic of Fastolf to find that he insisted on Scrope making a payment for his board at home, and at last turned him out of doors on account of his imppecuniosity. Soon after this Scrope married, in order, as was said, to find a home, but how marriage conduced to that end does not very clearly appear. Fastolf, perfectly consistent, now demanded his fine of 500 marks for his ward's marriage, and actually obtained the money after incessant importunity extending over many years.

A side light is thrown upon Stephen Scrope's character by a manuscript in the Harleian collection, of which Mr. Blades gives an account in his *Life of Caxton*. It is on paper, and consists of a translation of the *Dei Mores des Philosophes*, which in a different translation was Caxton's first book printed in England with a date. The paper is in poor condition, but part of the colophon is still legible and runs thus:—"Now late translatyd out of French tynge in to Englysh the yer of our Lord Mccccl. to John Fastolf knyght for his contemplancon and solas by Stevyn Scrope squyer some in law to the said Fastalle. Deo gracia." This dedication places Scrope in an amiable light; how the offering was received does not appear. By an amusing mistake Mr. Blades speaks of Fastolf as Sir John Fastolf Bart. He was a banneret, which may have led to the error, but it is one of the very few to be found in the book.

Scrope's marriage, or marriages, furnishes another curious example of Fastolf's disposition. One of the first of the Paston Letters is a request to his stepson to use his influence to corrupt a certain judge, his wife's father. Whether this was Sir William Yelverton or Sir Richard Bingham does not appear. Scrope was twice married, and each time to the daughter of a judge, and Fastolf wishes it should be delicately conveyed that a reward might be had by a perversion of justice.

At length, in November 1459, after an illness which lasted one hundred and forty-eight days, he died at Caistor. His will still exists at Magdalene College, Oxford, and some account of it and other documents relating to him occurs in the recent Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. It was made in June, therefore near the beginning of his illness, but was only proved by Paston and Howis, his executors, in 1467. Fastolf himself had taught them that possession is nine points of law, and they did not fail to make use of their knowledge. His wishes were never carried out as to the foundation of a college at Caistor, and much of his property was wasted in litigation as to the authenticity of a will "nuncupative," which he was said to have made on his deathbed. Two things seem certain—namely, that Stephen Scrope, by whose property he had so largely increased his own means, received nothing from him, and that Magdalene College, which has hitherto reckoned him among its benefactors, and still owns some lands

which once, were his, only obtained them by the adroitness of Bishop Waynflete, the rest of the estate going to Sir John Paston. As for Castle Combe, when poor Scrope at last came into possession he was already an old man.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRIGHTON.

THE Church Congress has fairly won recognition as an element in the English Church system existing under an informal charter, and wielding nothing more tangible than influence, but at the same time meeting wants which a more precisely organized body might perhaps be too inelastic to supply. Each Congress must accordingly be judged by the wisdom shown in the selection of its subjects, the ability with which they are treated, the representative character of the gathering, and the numbers and tone of the audience which listens to the discussions. We cannot complain of the one which has just concluded at Brighton in any of these particulars. In the matter of numbers it was larger than any of its predecessors. It has also set a good example to all which may come after it in the general toleration which every party has shown for the very decidedly pronounced opinions of persons with whom for the rest of the year they are in their respective Unions and Associations in a condition of chronic warfare. There was indeed one storm when an indiscreet county member broke in upon a peaceable and solid debate on the constitutional character of Convocation with a stump appeal to that body to sweep out of the rubrics everything which the gallant representative for West Sussex was pleased to think Romanizing, or be for ever fallen. But Colonel Barttelot had only himself to blame for the disturbance. Not only were his remarks barely within the question by a strained interpretation of its wording, but they came from a member who had made himself prominent by the heat with which he had supported the Public Worship Bill, and were addressed to a meeting partly composed of those who, being his constituents, had no taste for being so lectured, and partly of those who, not being his constituents, resented seeing the Church Congress turned into the hustings for Sussex. His outburst was accordingly accepted as a challenge to Archbishops and aggrieved parishioners to make the Act as vindictive in its operation as possible, and was received accordingly. A second storm which had nearly broken out on a similar provocation was nobly allayed by the Bishop of Chichester bespeaking a hearing for the speaker—a clergyman whose antecedents ought to have saved him from so false a position—on the ground that he seemed to be “now” approaching the question. Those whose love for the Church of England and its Congress was of the negative order exulted over these passing gusts as hopeful signs of an immense tempest on the following morning, when the discussion of the fabrics and the services of the Church in relation to the wants of the times could so readily be turned into a free fight over the Public Worship Act. These prophets of ill were signally disconcerted by the result, for although the vast Dome of the Pavilion was crowded with the hot spirits of both sides, the discussion went off in perfect good temper, with no references to the irritating Act, and with just so much divergence of views as to make it lively. The speaking, which was preponderantly on the side which is desirous of maintaining the more ceremonious character of English worship, very conclusively showed that any attempt under the Bill of the Archbishop, or of any other man, to enforce a dead level of puritanical austerity in our congregational devotions could only result in a bitter conflict, out of which the Church itself could hardly emerge as an Establishment.

The keynote of harmony had no doubt been very happily struck at the first of the meetings, for which a subject was wisely chosen well calculated to take the thoughts of the members present out of their purely insular troubles and disputes. The Old Catholic movement was the topic selected, and the Conference at Bonn, although it had come off subsequently to the selection of the subject, very naturally gave the tone to the speaking. It was indeed noted with regret that some who had been present there, particularly the Bishop of Winchester and Professor Mayor, might have advantageously spoken more directly upon the details of the incident, in preference to falling back upon the general question, about which we know so much already. Still the discussion was valuable, if only as eliciting the sympathies of Englishmen on grounds of a cognate Churchmanship with the first Continental movement which has ever within their memory thrown off the burden of Ultramontaniam without at the same time repudiating the salutary restraints of a traditional organization. The solitary protest which the Bishop of Melbourne made against the general expression of feeling, on grounds of a puritanism which was so narrow as almost to be old-fashioned even in the mouth of a votary of Exeter Hall, only threw into higher relief the genuine sympathy of those who were present for the Old Catholic cause.

There was much lively talking one morning upon the question of patronage, out of which three conclusions might have been drawn—that the actual system of patronage was liable to many objections, some theoretical and others practical; that it was much easier to put one's finger on these objections than to show any feasible way of meeting them; but that of all conceivable remedies the very worst would be one which should weaken or destroy the existing system of private patronage, under which the clergy of England have neither sunk into ranting demagogues nor been in-

flated into a sacerdotal caste. The debate upon Convocation, which was supplemented by one upon Diocesan Conferences, had the advantage of being started by writers—Lord Alwyne Compton and Canon Trevor—who had acquired a wide practical knowledge as leading members of the body of its history and working; and, with the exception of the unlucky interruptions to which we have referred, it kept up its character. Advocates were not wanting to argue that it was the duty of that ancient representation of the clergy to commit the suicidal process of converting itself into a mixed assembly of clergy and laity, in hopes of purchasing immediate popularity at the price of forfeiting its ancient constitutional character. The balance, however, of argument demonstrated that while the internal balance of clerical interests in Convocation might well be readjusted, and while it was highly expedient that the laity should obtain, wherever possible, additional facilities for making their opinions felt and their voices heard, yet there was no sufficient cause why the clergy should be deprived of their one opportunity of considering their own affairs on their own responsibility. In the meanwhile it struck some of the speakers that, while theorists were busying themselves to devise opportunities for lay co-operation and something like lay legislation within the Church, the thing had been quietly but rapidly creating itself in that network of diocesan conferences which is overspreading the land, and out of which might possibly be evoked some central body in correspondence, though not amalgamated, with Convocation.

Among the most remarkable of the papers which were read at the other meetings was one by Professor Pritchard, who, in fully and enthusiastically dwelling upon the marvels of modern discovery, most earnestly protested against the narrow and unphilosophical vanity which busies itself with seeking, among the multiplied instances of an all-wise and all-powerful First Cause, for arguments in favour of a vague and hopeless materialism. The topic might be challenged as not within the direct objects of a Church Congress, but the diversion was well timed. The antagonism between religion and science, between faith and discovery, is the fount not of the thoughtful Churchman nor of the real philosopher, but of the men with whom theorizing is chiefly valuable as it ministers to the importance of self; and therefore the sooner and the more completely it is dissipated by thinkers whose authority to think will be acknowledged alike by the votaries of religion and the students of science, the better it will be for both causes.

We are told that next year the Congress is to reassemble at Stoke-upon-Trent. It was certainly a bold act on the part of its managers to suggest to a mixed multitude fresh from the gilded saloons of the Pavilion, full of the Aquarium and the breezy idleness of the beach and the piers, that they should adjourn to the reek and cinder-heaps of Hanley and Longton. The fact that the proposal was not only made but cheerfully accepted shows that the frequenters of the Congress do not avail themselves of it as a mere excitement for the autumn. The choice of Stoke was, we think, wisely made in the higher interests of the body for whose benefit the Congress exists, for it is a place in which Churchmanship is carrying on an uphill fight with Dissent in every form. The exhibition in such a community of the Church as a large and complex corporate institution, with interests and pursuits founded upon its own definite principles, but yet co-extensive in their aims with the nation and not with any single sect, cannot fail to produce an impression which will be as beneficial as perhaps it may be novel.

THE ABOLITION OF SECOND CLASS.

IT is easy to understand the process of reasoning which has probably led the Midland Railway Company to the determination to abolish second-class carriages, but it may be doubted whether the experiment is not, at least at the present moment, rash and inconsiderate. The effect of the recent large extension of facilities for third-class traffic has naturally been to empty the second-class carriages. In point of accommodation there is extremely little difference between a second and a third-class carriage. The only real advantage of the former is that it usually enables travellers to avoid the rough companionship to which they are occasionally exposed in the lowest class of all; but many persons are tempted to run this risk for the sake of what on a long journey is a substantial economy. It appears that between 1870 and 1873 the number of railway passengers in England and Wales has increased by much more than a third, and the passenger receipts by more than a fourth, and almost the whole of this increase occurs in the case of third-class traffic. The first class remains almost stationary, the second class steadily declines, while the third class grows with astonishing rapidity. It is evident, therefore, that what the second class has been losing the third class has been gaining; and the question which the Midland, like other Companies, has had to consider is how to win back the second-class passengers who are thus slipping away into the third class. The most obvious way in which this might be done would be to make the second class cheaper and more attractive, and thus tempt passengers to pay something more than third-class fare for the sake of a more select and comfortable carriage. Before abolishing the second class it would surely be worth while to see what can be got out of it by managing it in a rational way. As a rule, second-class traffic has never had justice done to it. The higher fare which is charged for it is out of all proportion to the difference in accommodation between second and third class, and the consequence is that the second class is used only by persons who cannot

afford the highest price, but who shrink from the unpleasant contingencies of the lowest. The reason why the Companies have not done more for this neglected class is no doubt that they were afraid of thereby losing first-class passengers; but it is quite possible to make the second class more tempting, while leaving a wide margin of luxury and exclusiveness for those who are willing to pay the highest price of all. The arrangement which is proposed by the Midland is represented as a boon to second-class passengers, and to some extent it is so. They are told that they will be enabled to ride first class for rather less than what they now pay. As, however, return tickets are to be abolished, it is possible that the fares will practically not be less than at present; and all that second-class passengers will thus obtain will be the increased dignity and comfort of sitting in first-class carriages. This, however, is not what, as a rule, passengers of this grade are anxious about. What they really want is plain accommodation at a cheap rate, which shall yet be somewhat higher than the fare of the class in which roughs and vagrants necessarily travel. On the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that the threatened change will not be welcomed by the present first-class passengers, the majority of whom would certainly much rather pay the existing fares, or even more, and be left to stretch their legs at ease in a moderately-filled compartment than be packed closely and hotly together at a lower charge. The luxury of first-class travelling chiefly consists in having a liberal allowance of room; and if people are willing to pay more for this sort of exclusiveness, it is hard to see why they should not be indulged. It has been justly remarked that the abolition of the second class will practically mean the suppression of the first in the sense in which it has hitherto been understood; and this seems to be a very wanton and perverse arrangement. The Midland Company no doubt hope by reducing the carriages to two classes to tempt a large number of the passengers who have forsaken the second class for the third to travel first class, and this may probably be the result. But the same financial result might be obtained by lowering the second-class fares, and keeping the first-class as it is. In this way the former would be really benefited without the latter being disturbed.

There is, of course, no reason why a Railway Company should not from time to time revise its charges, under such limitations as Parliament has imposed, with a view to increase its revenue, and there is certainly no restriction on a voluntary reduction of fares. It will be observed, however, that the change which the Midland Company is about to make is not merely a financial, but to some extent a social, revolution. It is natural that the arrangements for the accommodation of the public should correspond to the actual composition of society; and nobody can doubt that there are three distinctly marked classes to be provided for on the railways. There are the people to whom the expense of a journey is comparatively a matter of indifference, and who are anxious to obtain the most luxurious accommodation, without regard to price; at the other end of the scale there are those who must of necessity travel at the lowest possible outlay, no matter how poor the accommodation may be. Between these two classes there is a third, composed of persons whose means will not justify them in spending money on pure luxury, but who yet can afford to pay something more than the lowest fare for the sake of a little more comfort, and especially of more select company. The existing arrangements of the railways are adapted to these familiar social divisions, and there is surely a foolish wantonness in attempting to ignore or to repudiate them. Mr. Gladstone a short time since recommended the plan which the Midland Company are about to adopt, on the ground that his financial experience led him to the conclusion that "the State, or individual, or Company thrives best which dives deepest down into the mass of the community, and adapts its arrangements to the wants of the greatest number." This is one of those large, vaguely expressed theories in which Mr. Gladstone delights. In one sense, it may be supposed to mean that a public Company should not concentrate its attention upon one class of society, but should endeavour to provide equally for all. In another sense, it might seem to imply that the Company ought to devote itself exclusively to meet the particular wants of the largest class of the community, and leave other classes to take their share of this provision or go without. It is on the latter principle that the Tramway Companies have apparently been allowed to monopolize a number of important thoroughfares in London and in other towns. The tramway-cars are no doubt largely patronized by what may be called the "mass of the community," and consequently the roads are given up to them, and other people who may desire a more rapid or independent mode of conveyance are practically excluded. However desirable it may be that the poorer classes should have the advantage of cheap locomotion, it is obviously carrying the principle too far to limit other classes to the same means of transit. In the United States the sacred principle of equality of citizenship requires that there shall be only one class of carriage on the railways, although in practice the rule is evaded by various expedients. On the Continent there is a familiar saying that only fools and Englishmen travel first class; but after all this is a very innocent kind of folly, and if the fools are willing to pay for it, it is difficult to see why they should not be allowed to do so. There is no doubt a great deal of what may be called snobishness on the part of a large section of first-class passengers. It is supposed by many persons to be a badge of social distinction to travel in this way. It is, in fact, one of the ways in which small people can for the time put themselves on a level with big people. There is nothing above

the first-class express except a special train, and special trains are the privilege of princes and railway directors. In the train, therefore, a sort of equality with great folk may be established at a very moderate cost. There is a sweet satisfaction to some minds in reflecting that, for a little while at least, they are in as distinguished a position as it is possible to attain. It is not everybody who can live in Belgrave Square or drive as good horses as a colliery-owner or a duke; but the first-class carriage is within reach of many people, and first class, while the train runs, is top of the tree. In a country like England there are always a considerable number of people who are only too glad of an opportunity of spending money if they can only acquire some sort of distinction by doing so, and it is difficult to discover any reason why the Railway Companies should not make a legitimate profit out of the weaknesses of human nature. It is not particularly the business of the Midland Company to put down snobishness or exclusiveness. Its principal duty is to earn a good dividend for the shareholders, and it is more likely to succeed in doing so if it accommodates itself to the natural habits and convenience of the public than by attempting to coerce its customers into a fantastic equality.

There are special reasons in the nature of the traffic on the Midland system which have no doubt influenced the decision in regard to the abolition of second class, and which do not operate to an equal degree in the case of other Companies. The third-class receipts on the Midland are not far short of a million, and the first-class only 210,000*l.*, while the London and North-Western derives three-quarters of a million from its first-class traffic and a million and a half from the third. It is only natural, therefore, that the Midland Company should attach comparatively little importance to their first-class traffic, and should endeavour to get rid of the trouble of it as far as possible by amalgamating it with the second. To some extent the course upon which the Midland are about to enter must, if persisted in, have an influence on the arrangements of other Companies; but it is scarcely probable that the example will be generally followed. The wisest policy which a Railway Company can pursue is, not to devote itself exclusively to the cultivation of one description of traffic, but to endeavour to afford equal facilities to all. There is no reason why travellers should be arbitrarily limited to a choice between two kinds of carriages any more than to a uniform rate of speed. Some people like to travel quickly, others are content to go slowly; some set their hearts upon soft cushions, while others are satisfied with hard deal boards; some think only of comfort, others only of price; and it would seem to be the business of a Railway Company, as of any other purveyor, to endeavour as far as possible to suit all tastes. Perhaps if there is one thing more than another which the public is anxious about at the present moment, it is neither extra cushions nor cheaper fares, but greater safety; and the Railway Companies would do well for themselves in making such arrangements as would produce a more comfortable feeling on this point.

A DAY WITH THE FUNGUS-HUNTERS.

ANOTHER fungus feast, and no casualties! Once more have the mycologists, indigenous and other, hunted and harried the woods, fir-groves, and pastures of Herefordshire in pursuit of game which squires do not care to preserve, and to which farmers do not raise the faintest objection. Once more have they returned towards dusk to the "faithful city," bearing bags and baskets filled with spoil destined to give variety to more than one cuisine. So far has the adoption of the study of mycology, as a special feature of the Woolhope Field Club transactions, tended in six years to "Italianize" the tastes of diners-out in the matter of fungi, that we believe the excellence of a "Lycoperdon" fritter might be avouched by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries; and, unless our eyes deceived us, the High Sheriff of the county of Hereford could certify the goodness of "Conatus" soup. It is not of course contended that among the results of the forays which made the woods of Downton, Stoke Edith, Dinmore, and Garmsdon all alive in the first week of October there were not a number of diverse toadstools, wholly unfit for human food; but a residuum of edible fungi was tried, tested, and not found fault with by the guests at the public dinner on the first of the month, who, though disappointed of the presence of the Rev. M. Berkeley, the chief of English mycologists, included in their number those scarcely less eminent authorities, Messrs. Broome, Rennie, and Houghton, to say nothing of that skilful delineator and describer of fungus-growths, Mr. Worthington Smith, F.L.S. The proceedings of the evening included a merited recognition of the assistance rendered to the Club by this gentleman, whose two sheets distinguishing edible from poisonous fungi, with the key appertaining to them (published by Hardwicke), are still the most useful guide to the amateur fungus-hunter, though for more advanced inquirers the manuals of Berkeley and Cook, and, for the more classically minded, the charming volume of Dr. Badham, are doubtless more suitable. The delicately-served Marasmius oreades, or "Fairy Ring Champignon," enabled the veteran Mr. Lees to return for the hundredth time to his "molar" theory as to fairy rings; the orange-milked mushroom (*Lactarius deliciosus*) justified its title, after skilful cooking and a good deal of salting and peppering; and if on this occasion we failed to experiment upon the scaly agaric (*Procerus*), the beefsteak that is cut to order from half way up the oak (*Festulina hepatica*), or

the *Boletus edulis* (not that in favour with the elder Roman gourmands, though very popular with their remote posterity), or even the Giant Puffball (*Lycoperdon giganteum*), it is simply because, in the case of fungus-tasting as in everything else, "non omnia possumus omnes." The *Lactarius deliciosus* ought to be good, to judge from its name; and its beauty of colouring and deep orange milk so completely distinguish it from the dangerous *L. torminosus*, the deadly and ruddy *L. rufus*, the fragrant and rare *L. glycosmus*, *L. controversus* (a species not uncommonly found under the black poplar, but on this occasion discovered by Dr McCullough under a Lombardy poplar at Garnstone), and the *L. Vitellinus*, which, notwithstanding its epithet, is not good for food, that there need not be the slightest hesitation in tasting it, even raw. Dr. Badham's plan of baking the *Deliciosus*, after due application of salt, pepper, and butter, for three-quarters of an hour in a covered pie-dish, is doubtless a preferable mode of experimenting on this delicacy. Our own experience of it is not so fortunate as to enable us to rank it with the most appetizing of culinary fungi, nor can we mention it in the same day with the slices of the Giant Puff-ball when, after the removal of their outer integument, they are dipped in yolk of egg, and then fried in fresh butter. In all such experiments it is obviously unfair to try other than quite fresh and young specimens, and there ought to be no necessity for cautioning even the uninitiated against cooking the puff-ball when it is yellow and rotten inside, or indeed when its snow-white exterior is beginning to change to a suspicious yellow. Several of the rarer *Lactarii* mentioned above were either found in this year's forays at Hereford or were brought thither to adorn the sideboard at the festival.

A word must be added about the "*Comatus*" soup. What boy or girl accustomed to roam over field and pasture does not know the quaint cylindrical "tall John," with a fleshy and patchy white wig, and a hollow stem with a white powdery fragile ring encircling it, known to mycologists as the "*Coprinus comatus*," and sometimes as the "*agaric of civilization*"; but hardly less familiar to hundreds who cannot put a name to it, and who come across it and its grey-capped cousin *C. Atramentarius*, in the open garden or at the base of stumps or palings? This fungus has long been mixed with others in the composition of ketchup, and *Atramentarius* is said to make very good ink. It has been reserved for the Woolhope Club to demonstrate its value as the principal ingredient in a piquant and tasty soup, to outward appearance resembling green-pea soup, or perhaps more closely parsley and butter in a tureen. Whatever its semblance, it is too good an addition to our list of soups to be lightly forgotten; and perhaps the day will yet come when those philosophers whose mental grasp can embrace nothing higher than the addition of another and another novelty to their gastronomic pleasures may learn to count amongst their benefactors the motley group of mycologists whom an inscribed festoon in one of the streets at the recent opening of the Free Library at Hereford designates irreverently and illiterately as the "*Fungi Fogies*." After all, however, even putting the question of edibility aside, it is not difficult to find good reasons for prosecuting the study of mycology. Medicinally and industrially many fungi have their special purpose, as for instance the scaly *Polyporus*, which, dried and cut into strips, supplies a capital razor strop, and the other species of the same group which are manufactured into the styptic known as *Amadou* or German Tinder. The medicinal substance known as *ergot* of rye has also, it need hardly be said, a fungoid origin. Generally, too, to quote the highest English authority on the subject, "the office of fungi in the organized world is to check exuberant growth, to facilitate decomposition, to regulate the balance of the component parts of the atmosphere, to promote fertility, and to nourish myriads of the smaller members of the animal kingdom." Regarded in this practical light, the numerous family of *fungus* asserts a strong title to intelligent study, and cannot lightly be overlooked by any Field Club that deserves its name. An attempt to catalogue the fungi which line the woodland path, or have their habitation at the foot or amid the branches of the oak, ash, elm, the larch and fir, the birch and the poplar, would very soon more than exhaust our paper. Amidst the things of beauty—though certainly not of joy to the incautious taster—in fungus life may be cited the *Boletus luridus*, amber-coloured above, and bright red or even vermilion below, and suspiciously changing, when broken or bruised, to a blue complexion. Or, again, the Fly Agaric (*Agaricus [Amanita] muscarius*), with its bright scarlet cap, worked, so to speak, with yellow or yellowish spots, and underlaid with a bright yellow flesh, which is succeeded, lower still, by a pervading white. Its stem is bulbous and marked by a distinctive ring. The *Peziza aurantia* is another perfectly lovely tenant of the woods and heaths, a delicate crisping "lamina" of the brightest orange, which no one will forget who saw the other day a specimen of it, measuring eight and a half inches across, sent from Shobdon Court by Lord Bateman. Amongst the *Russulas*, found freely this year as usual in Herefordshire, there is as great a variety of hue as of wholesomeness, from the pale pink and faint rose to the brilliant scarlet of *R. emetica*. *Cortinarius cinnabarinus* is a clustering group, of a bright orange or nearly vermilion, with a metallic lustre. The Cinnamon Mushroom (*Cortinarius Cinnamomeus*) appeals to the sense of smell as well as of seeing, and there are several fungi of which the recent expedition furnished specimens which make the former appeal without any pretence to the latter. Before glancing at these we must just name the violet-capped *Agaricus euchrous*, found at Dinmore Woods on

the 30th of September; the *Coprinus picaceus*, or *Maggie Coprinus*, a rare roadside fungus met with near Downton, the membraned cap of which is variegated with broad white scales, whilst its gills are free and of an ashen black; the mouse-grey *Agaricus gloiocephalus*, of which a large group was exhibited by Dr. Chapman from off the pastures of Burnhill; and the rare, pale-yellow, crisped *Sparassis*, which has been more than once imported into these shows from the fir-groves of Chetwynd by Mr. Houghton. We must also say a word on the odorous fungi, whether sweet-savoured or the contrary. Of the first sort there were found at Stoke Edith *Lactarius glycosmus*, and *Agaricus fragrans* and *odorus*; of the second, at Dinmore, the *Agaricus cucumis*, in an abundance commensurate with its strong odour, suggestive of rancid oil or stinking fish. *Ag. saponaceus*, too, was offered to our scrutiny, but pronounced, after deliberation, to savour more of fish oil than of soap; and the interest displayed in Dr. Chapman's fine group of *Gloiocephalus* was to a certain extent qualified by its exceedingly repulsive smell. Occasionally in the course of the forays one lighted on a family of fungi, such as *Agaricus mucidus*, the associations of which are more with the touch than the sight or smell. Unpleasantly slimy, it arrested the notice of the Woolhopians by its profusion at a certain point in Stoke Edith woods, both on the ground itself and on the tall fine grown beeches, which are its home.

The mention of these silvan beauties suggests another element of interest in fungus-hunting—namely, the introduction it gives one to the finest timber in our land. As we have said, the fungi love the greenwood. And if, in the recent excursions around Hereford, the curious in such matters were too late by a couple of centuries to see at Stoke Edith the Elizabethan house of many gables, long since superseded by the present stately quadrangular mansion, or at Garnstone the original and characteristic mansion as it appeared in 1675, and was represented in Dingley's sketch, known to readers of the Camden Society's publications, in the place of which is a castellated mansion built by Nash, yet in each case they might have made acquaintance with giant oaks and stately elms which perchance have been the silent witnesses of changes yet earlier than these; oaks and elms still betraying no traces of decrepitude, and still, as of old, giving grace, dignity, and picturesqueness to the landscape. It is not every day that one sees anything so perfect in its way as the great hall at Stoke Edith, the walls and ceilings of which were painted by Sir James Thornhill, or as the geometric flower-garden designed by Nesfield; and yet an explorer might be still better employed in threading the paths of the richly timbered deer-park and making his way to the broad and lofty ridge of Seager Hill, whence he may look out upon the country towards Gloucester, Monmouth, Abergavenny, Bromyard, and Salop, to say nothing of the hill and valley of Woolhope nestling close beneath his standpoint. And so with the demesne of Garnstone; the predominant charm is in the deer-park, and the heights that bound it, the latter commanding exquisite views of North and East Herefordshire, as well as of Shropshire and the mountain barriers of Radnorshire, the former affording a study of single trees and clumps and groups of extreme beauty, such as is not often to be met with. Here a couple of Scotch firs, there a noble spruce or silver fir, arrest the eye by their perfectness of symmetry or their rich contrast of form and colouring with their surroundings. Groups of Spanish chestnuts, clumps of elms, or avenue-like arrangements of the same, promising Wellingtonias, and the like, show how much good taste may achieve, without the aid of a professional landscape-gardener, where the proprietor finds himself possessed of an over-abundance of fine timber, and approaches the task of thinning as a labour of love. Within the lawn and sunk fence at Garnstone, the mycologists were as much struck with the thriving conifers of comparatively recent introduction as with the special denizens of the turf in quest of which they had come. There were perfect samples—for their age—of the *Picea Nobilis*, *Cephalonica*, and *Pinsapo*, as well as of the Californian *P. bracteata*, the leafy-bracted silver fir, a very promising young tree, which, perhaps on account of a well-chosen aspect, shows here no tendency to premature starting into growth, and thus is less affected by late spring frosts. The complaint of this species generally is the tenderness of its younger growths.

REPORT OF THE UNIVERSITIES COMMISSION.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the property and income of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the Colleges and Halls therein have made a complete and business-like Report. The landed estates held by these corporations in England and Wales amount to 319,718 acres, situate in the Southern more than in the Northern counties. We turn with interest to the remarks of the Commissioners as to the management of these large estates. The quantity of land let on beneficial leases is still large, but this tenure is not now so common as it was in former years. The Colleges, like other corporations, have in many cases determined to run out their leases. The existing members have thus sacrificed themselves for the benefit, as is commonly, but not always accurately said, of their successors. In some cases of hospitals the prospective benefit is so large that it may be assumed that the successors of the present incumbents will not be permitted to enjoy the whole of it. However, the income thus arising is likely to be devoted to purposes of education or

charity, and in this sense the existing societies may be said to have sacrificed themselves for the benefit of their successors. The system of beneficial leases has been handed down from the earliest times of the Colleges, and it might probably be shown to have been well suited to the times when it originated. The College or other corporation got in this way money down instead of having to extract it year by year from the tenant, and this may have been formerly an important consideration. But the Commissioners are doubtless right in saying that "at present the system of beneficial leases is detrimental to the pecuniary interest of the foundations." The Commissioners were informed that on the falling in of beneficial leases a large outlay on buildings and other improvements is ordinarily required. The lessees are for the most part under covenants to maintain and repair, but much more is needed at the present time for agricultural estates than what these covenants would enforce. The estates let at rack rent are "reported" (that is, as we understand, by the corporations making the returns) "to be generally in good condition as regards buildings, drainage, and cottages." The Commissioners "have no reason to think that they are below the average in these respects, although there is apparently less outlay than is made by private landlords who improve their properties." The cost of management of these estates appears to the Commissioners "remarkably low." On the whole income it averages only 2*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* per cent. But the item "charge for management" does not generally include the salary of the financial officer, usually called the "bursar." On the efficiency of management the Commissioners "can form no opinion beyond the general results which are exhibited." But they observe that "the average lettings," the absence of arrears, and the apparently small amount of losses from tenants, testify to the care and vigilance of the bursars. It may be supposed that the Colleges are generally good landlords. Not long ago a case came before a court of law in which it appeared that, an estate being in the market, the tenant made active, and as it turned out successful, efforts to induce a College in Cambridge which had property in the neighbourhood to become the purchaser.

One point, say the Commissioners, is brought prominently out in the result of their inquiry. This is "the great disparity between the property and income of the several Colleges and the numbers of the members." They remark that when that number is small the expense of the staff and the establishment is necessarily large in proportion. But they do not consider that it lies within the scope of their commission to enter further upon this subject, which, we may add, is likely to be industriously pursued by commentators upon their Report. The strongest case of disparity between income and members is probably that of All Souls College, Oxford, which consists of the Warden, 27 Fellows, and 4 Bible Clerks, who are the only undergraduates. The income of the College is about 18,000*l.* a year, and during the next twenty years an increase of nearly 5,000*l.* a year may be expected through the running out of beneficial leases. The principal item of present expenditure for extra-collegiate purposes is the sum of about 1,700*l.* a year paid to University professors. The annual value of an M.A. fellowship is about 273*l.* The expected increase of income is calculated, as we understand, without reference to the fact that during the next twenty years the existing society will be deprived of the fines which would have been payable if the leases proposed to be run out had been renewed. The income of Merton College is upwards of 17,500*l.* a year. There is a Warden, and there are 23 Fellows, and 54 undergraduates "paying tuition fees." It should be explained that, although we use the present tense in quoting from these returns, they refer to the year 1871. The income of Oriol College is upwards of 16,500*l.* There are the Provost and 17 Fellows, and the number of scholars and commoners is 49. The income of New College is upwards of 30,000*l.* a year. It has a Warden and 39 Fellows, and 75 undergraduates. It pays 3,000*l.* a year in scholarships. It appears that upwards of 28,000*l.* has been borrowed by this College "for the purpose of recouping existing beneficiaries for fines receivable on renewals of leases, but not received." The estimated increase of income from the falling in of leases will be by the end of the century nearly 10,000*l.* a year. The College states that a very large expenditure will be incurred for many years to come both for repayment of "fine loans" borrowed and for the purpose of putting into a proper state of repair the estates which will fall into hand. At Cambridge we find that the income of King's College is upwards of 34,000*l.* There are the Provost and 49 Fellows, and the number of undergraduates varies from 22 to 31. The College pays 1,500*l.* a year to scholars and exhibitors. The income of St. John's College is close upon 50,000*l.* There are the Master and 56 Fellows. The College pays nearly 7,000*l.* a year to scholars, exhibitors, &c. The number of undergraduates paying tuition fees is 302. The income of Trinity College is close upon 60,000*l.* a year. There are the Master and 52 Fellows. The College pays upwards of 3,000*l.* a year to scholars and exhibitors. The number of undergraduates paying tuition fees is 446. At Pembroke College the income is upwards of 13,000*l.* a year. There are the Master and 13 Fellows. The number of undergraduates paying tuition fees is 55. This may be taken as a parallel from Cambridge to the case of Oriol College, Oxford, where, as we have seen, the income is 16,500*l.*; there are 17 Fellows, and less than 50 undergraduates paying tuition fees. Another feature of similarity is that each of these Colleges pays nearly 1,000*l.* a year in scholarships and exhibitions. We need hardly remark that it would be a mistake to estimate the utility of a College by the proportion which the number of its undergraduates bears to its

revenue. In past years Oxford has been influenced in a remarkable degree by members of Oriol College, who probably would not have been attracted thither if there had not been fellowships to elect them into. Pembroke College, Cambridge, produced men of high academical distinction at a time when its numbers were certainly not larger than at present. We turn to the *Cambridge University Calendar* for 1853, which happens to be at hand, and we find that it shows only twenty-eight undergraduates at Pembroke College. Yet at that time the College counted among its Fellows Professor Stokes and Dr. Haig Brown, now Head-Master of Charterhouse, who were undergraduates of this "small" College. It appears from the Report that the Heads of nineteen Colleges in Oxford receive 30,000*l.* a year, and the Heads of seventeen Colleges in Cambridge receive 20,000*l.* a year among them. The whole amount paid to Fellows in Colleges in each University is rather over 100,000*l.* a year. The sum paid to scholars and exhibitors out of the corporate income of the Colleges is in each University about 25,000*l.* a year. We give round figures as sufficiently accurate for comparison, and it will be seen from these figures that there is no great difference between the two Universities, either in principle or practice, in the application of their revenues.

Among the matters which the Commissioners regarded as beyond the scope of their powers were several which will be eagerly discussed by commentators on their Report. On one point the Commissioners make no observations of their own, but they desire to call special attention to some "general observations" contained in the answers sent by University College, Oxford, to their queries. The "prevailing opinion" of that society is stated to be that any surplus due to an increase in the available resources of the College, after providing for the adequate remuneration of College officers, and for necessary improvements in College buildings, should be applied towards, we will say for shortness, exhibitions and professorships. It is easy to make "general observations" of this kind, and the only difficulty lies in reducing them to practice. We must, however, give due praise to the Commissioners for having resisted the temptation to discourse on this and other inviting topics in their actual Report. They have not, like other Commissioners and compilers of Blue Books who could be mentioned, taken occasion to print and publish essays on things in general at the national expense. We find in the Appendix a quantity of papers detailing the steps taken by the University of Cambridge to provide lectures and examinations for certain large towns which applied to it for assistance. This interesting and laudable enterprise appears to us to be a matter with which the Commissioners have nothing whatever to do, unless they could be considered bound to receive from Fellows of Colleges statements tending to show that these Fellows do more or less useful work for their pay, and that would open a very wide and difficult inquiry.

A memorial addressed to Mr. Gladstone sets forth the views of numerous resident members of the University of Cambridge as to the tenure of fellowships, and Mr. Gladstone states in his answer that he is pleased to find that a principle included in the Oxford University Bill of 1854 is supported by this "authoritative judgment." The next paper in the Appendix is the Report of a Committee appointed by New College, Oxford, to consider the application of its revenues. The Report, which bears date 4th June, 1873, mentions several purposes which College fellowships should serve—namely, College teaching and management, University teaching, the encouragement of education, and the encouragement of mature learning, and the Committee proceed to submit to the College a scheme for carrying these purposes into effect. These papers and others indicate anxiety to show that Colleges are sensible of their duty to make the best of their revenues for the advancement of education and learning; but they seem rather to invite the Commissioners to advance beyond their proper province. The Commissioners resisted this temptation, but it is possible that some other Commission hereafter may be less scrupulous.

The complication and variety of systems in the accounts of the Colleges renders it difficult to derive any general results from them without risk of error. The total income of the Universities and Colleges in the year 1871 is stated to have been 754,000*l.*, of which 665,000*l.* was for corporate use, and 88,000*l.* was subject to conditions of trust. It may be said roughly that, of the total income held for corporate use, the share of Oxford is to that of Cambridge as 6 to 5. The revenues arise from two different sources—first, the properties, and secondly, the room rents, dues, and fees paid by members. The former of these is called by the Commissioners external income, and the latter internal income. There is more liability to dispute or error in calculating the latter than the former. But in the case of Christ Church, Oxford, we find an item "loans raised to meet current expenditure, 9,765*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.*," added to the income from "external sources"—that is, lands, houses, &c. A hasty reader might infer that Christ Church has nearly 10,000*l.* a year more of landed property than it actually has. It must be remembered, too, that the cost of repairs, of collection of rents, and of insurance, has not generally been deducted from "external income." We must, therefore, be careful not to form hasty conclusions from the mass of valuable accounts which this Commission has collected.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

MUCH attention has been and will be directed to the question whether compensation can be recovered by the sufferers in the Regent's Park explosion, and, without entering upon discussion

of the facts of that particular case, it may be useful to endeavour to ascertain the principles by which such a question must be decided. With this object we propose to refer to a case in which a Railway Company was held responsible for damage caused by fire kindled by sparks from a locomotive engine. It was conceded in that case that the defendants' engine was of the best construction, and that there was no negligence in the mode of working it, but it was contended, and the Court agreed, that the defendants were bound to take notice that such engines do emit sparks and burning cinders, and as they were driving those engines through the country in an exceptionally dry season, they ought not to have permitted combustible materials, such as hedge-trimmings, to remain on the banks of their railway. A learned judge, who went thus far with the majority of the Court, declared his own opinion that no reasonable man could have foreseen that the fire would consume a hedge and pass across a stubble-field, and so get to the plaintiff's cottage at the distance of two hundred yards from the railway, crossing a road in its passage. "It seems to me," he said, "that no duty was cast upon the defendants, in relation to the plaintiff's property, because it was not shown that that property was of such a nature and so situated that the defendants ought to have known that by permitting the hedge-trimmings to remain on the banks of the railway they placed it in undue peril." If that had been shown, then he thought that the principle of an earlier case would have applied; "for then the defendants must have been taken to have known that the course which was pursued by their servants was calculated to endanger the adjoining property."

This judgment was delivered in 1870, and we take it as fairly indicating the sort of test that would be applied to a claim by a householder in Regent's Park for compensation. Must the Canal Company be taken to have known that the course which was pursued by its servants was calculated to endanger adjoining property? Assume that the Canal Company was not only entitled, but bound, to carry gunpowder under reasonable precautions. A Railway Company is not only entitled, but bound, to drive engines through the country; and, as was said by one of the judges, "the mere circumstance of the fire being caused by an engine of the Company is not enough to give a cause of action against them, but the plaintiff must show some breach of duty on their part which occasioned the injury he complained of." The Court, said the same judge, must look at all the circumstances occurring at the time of the accident to see if there is anything to found a charge of negligence. It is clear, said another judge, that when a Railway Company is authorized by its Act of Parliament to run engines on the line, and that cannot be done without their emitting sparks, the Company is not responsible for injuries arising therefrom, unless there is some evidence of negligence on its part. Then comes the question, is there evidence in the case of a want of reasonable care? It could hardly be negligent not to provide against that which no one would anticipate. But "if the Company strewed anything very inflammable, such as, to put an extreme case, petroleum along the side of the line, they would be guilty of negligence." Another judge, in reference to the alleged dryness of the season, said, "It seems to me that the more likely the hedge was to take fire, the more incumbent it was upon the Company to take care that no inflammable material remained near it." Thus after much discussion before two Courts, and many doubts expressed by various judges, it was decided that there was evidence for the jury of negligence on the part of the defendants which caused the injury complained of. It may be generally assumed in these cases that the jury would find a verdict against the Company if the judge allowed the case to go to them.

It has been suggested that the case against the Canal Company might be put even higher than we have put it. A case came, a few years ago, before the House of Lords in which the plaintiff was the occupier of a mine under a close of land, and the defendants were the owners of a mill in his neighbourhood. They proposed to make a reservoir for storing water for their mill upon another close of land adjoining to the close of the plaintiff. Underneath the defendants' close were certain old and disused mining passages and works. The reservoir was constructed. The defendants personally took no part in the works, but they employed an engineer who did not exercise that reasonable caution which might have been exercised, taking notice, as he did, of the disused passages and works. The reservoir was filled; the weight of the water forced it through these passages, and it passed into the workings under the plaintiff's close and flooded his mine. The House of Lords, in deciding this case, put aside the question of negligence, and held that if the defendants in the course of a "non-natural use of their close" injured the plaintiff they would be liable to him in damages. Bringing water into an artificially formed reservoir is here called a "non-natural use" of the close, and it is said that the defendants would make such use of it "at their own peril." There is, however, a manifest distinction between this case and that of a Canal Company carrying gunpowder as well as other goods along its canal, because that is the very thing which the Company was created and authorized to do. This distinction clearly appears from a passage in the judgment given in this case in the Exchequer Chamber, from which Court an appeal went to the House of Lords:—"There are many cases in which proof of negligence is essential, as, for instance, where an unruly horse gets on the footpath of a public street and kills a passenger, or where a

person in a dock is struck by the falling of a bale of cotton which the defendant's servants are lowering. But we think these cases distinguishable from the present. Traffic on the highways, whether by land or sea, cannot be conducted without exposing those whose persons or property are near to it to some inevitable risk; and that being so, those who go on the highway, or have their property adjacent to it, may well be held to do so subject to their taking upon themselves the risk of injury from that inevitable danger, and persons who by the license of the owner pass near to warehouses where goods are being raised or lowered certainly do so subject to the inevitable risk of accident. In neither case, therefore, can they recover without proof of want of care or skill occasioning the accident." Among "those who have their property adjacent" to a highway may be reckoned the dwellers in the Regent's Park near this canal, and it would seem to follow that they could not recover damages from the Company "without proof of want of care or skill occasioning the accident."

It must be remembered, however, that both judges and jury may, if they please, take the view that *res ipsa loquitur*, or, in other words, that the occurrence of the accident is in itself sufficient proof of negligence. This was done not long ago in a case where a brick fell from a wall supporting an iron girder-bridge, and struck a man who was passing along the street beneath, and no explanation was given of the occurrence, nor was it easy to invent any. The Court of Queen's Bench decided by two judges against one that there was evidence for the jury, and the jury had of course found for the plaintiff. In some of the early cases against Railway Companies it was said that the fact of collision was in itself evidence of negligence, but that has been qualified in recent years. Referring again to the case of the water passing from the defendant's reservoir to the plaintiff's mine, we find it said in the Exchequer Chamber that "the true rule of law is, that the person who for his own purposes brings on his lands, and collects and keeps there anything likely to do mischief if it escapes, must keep it in at his peril, and if he does not do so is *prima facie* answerable for all the damage which is the natural consequence of its escape. . . . The person whose grass or corn is eaten down by the escaping cattle of his neighbour, or whose mine is flooded by the water from his neighbour's reservoir, or whose cellar is invaded by the filth of his neighbour's privy, or whose habitation is made unhealthy by the fumes and noisome vapours of his neighbour's alkali works, is damaged without any fault of his own; and it seems but reasonable and just that the neighbour, who has brought something on his own property which was not naturally there, harmless to others so long as it is confined to his own property, but which he knows to be mischievous if it gets on his neighbour's, should be obliged to make good the damage which ensues if he does not succeed in confining it to his own property." It has been suggested that this reasoning is applicable to the case of bringing upon land or water gunpowder which it is known will be mischievous to adjoining land if it explodes. But in all the instances given by the Court there is an absence of that statutory authority to do the thing complained of which occurs in the case under consideration. We think therefore that some evidence of negligence must be given beyond the mere fact of taking gunpowder on board in order to fix liability on the Company. "Those who carry on operations dangerous to the public are bound to use all reasonable precautions—all the precautions which ordinary reason and experience might suggest to prevent the danger. It is not enough that they do what is usual if the course ordinarily pursued is imprudent and careless; for no one can claim to be excused for want of care because others are as careless as himself. On the other hand, in considering what is reasonable, it is important to consider what is usually done by persons acting in a similar business." These words, which were addressed by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn to a jury, lay down an intelligible rule. A definition of negligence given by Mr. Baron Alderson is "the omitting to do something that a reasonable man would do, or the doing something which a reasonable man would not do." In one of the cases arising out of a fire caused by an engine's spark the decision was in favour of the defendants, but only on the ground that they had taken all the precautions which science and experience could suggest to prevent the escape of sparks. If it could be shown that defendants had not only not done this, but had neglected some precaution which an Act of Parliament prescribes, the decision might be different. The Gunpowder Act of 1860 provides that fires shall not be lighted on board a vessel carrying gunpowder while the hatches are open, and if a vessel has no deck, and therefore no hatches, the Act would seem to prohibit fires altogether. The Act also forbids smoking on board vessels carrying powder, but if the crew smoked in violation of an express prohibition by the Company, it might be questionable whether the Company could be responsible, even supposing it to be shown that smoking caused the explosion. The facts as to character and stowage of cargo may be very material on the question whether the conduct of the defendants was reasonable and prudent. But it would be premature to discuss the facts of the case at present.

DANCING LICENCES.

IT cannot be said that the Middlesex magistrates, when engaged in considering applications for music and dancing licences, present a particularly dignified or edifying spectacle. Indeed it is impossible to imagine anything more anomalous or absurd than the way

in which these things are at present managed. If the decisions of the magistrates on the various cases were left to be determined by the simple plan of heads and tails, much time would be saved, a number of worthy gentlemen would be relieved from a rather ridiculous position, and the result, as far as public interests are concerned, would be much the same as now. It is obviously very important that music-halls, dancing-saloons, and suchlike places should be placed under strict and uniform supervision; but it is evident that this is not secured under the present system. In the first place, the tribunal which has to decide these questions is not always the same, and has no fixed rules or principles of action. Sometimes there is a large muster of magistrates, and sometimes a small muster, and the majority varies from year to year in its view of the necessity of strict regulation for public amusements. One of the peculiarities of the British public is a tendency to alternate hot and cold fits of morality or prudery; and the magistrates are naturally under the influence of these changes of temperature. One year they are very severe, and sniff scandal in every kind of entertainment; but by the time that next October comes round they are in an indulgent mood and ready to license almost anything. In an ordinary way, local magistrates are no doubt capable enough of disposing of licensing applications, because they are usually well acquainted with the neighbourhood and know its wants and peculiarities. But here we have a large body of respectable middle-aged gentlemen called upon to adjudicate on the relative decency of Cremorne Gardens and the Argyll Rooms, about which, we are bound to assume, they personally know nothing whatever. This is a reflection which seems to have occurred to some of the magistrates themselves, for we find that two of them, Mr. Alderman Figgins and the Hon. O. Butler, felt it to be their duty to visit the Argyll Rooms, and appear to have been charmed by the reception they met with. The Alderman stated that "from the nature of the establishment, whatever imperfections it might have, it was impossible that it could be better conducted;" but it is possible that he may have studied the "imperfections" under favourable circumstances. The Hon. O. Butler took a higher view of this valuable institution, and hoped that the people might be weaned "from the brutality of man-kicking and woman-beating, and give way to the more generous strains of music and dancing." It is probable that this testimony may have influenced the Court in granting a licence, but it is dreadful to think of what might be the consequence if the magistrates of Middlesex generally were to deem it necessary to prosecute their researches in this earnest manner. As it is, they sit and hear evidence which, as a rule, is not of the slightest assistance to them. In the case of a tavern at Hornsey, the police stated that they had found "young couples of both sexes in the arbours in the garden, caressing each other." This was of course a clear enough case, and the licence was promptly refused. When, however, the question of Cremorne was raised, the magistrates were assured by one set of witnesses that the gardens were frequented by women of bad character, while another set of witnesses swore that they saw no improper persons at all. It is clear that, in order to test this evidence, it would have been necessary to inquire how the character of the persons in question had been ascertained. The proprietor of the Argyll Rooms declared that "all women of questionable character" were excluded; and the current reputation of the establishment would certainly lead one to suppose that the company was of a very unquestionable character indeed.

The whole subject of the regulation of places of amusement of this class is a very difficult one, but it is idle to begin by affecting any ignorance of their real character. There can be no sort of doubt that a large part of the company at all these places is very bad indeed; but it may be reasonably asked whether it is possible that this vicious element can be excluded. If it cannot be excluded it must be tolerated; but public decency must be rigorously insisted on. It may be impracticable to discover the precise shade of character of every woman who goes to a music-hall or dancing-saloon, but it is quite possible to compel the company at large, no matter how composed, to behave itself in a quiet and decorous manner, under fear of the police. If there is nothing in the entertainments and nothing in the conduct of the audience which is contrary to good order and decency, it is difficult to see what more can be asked for, or at least obtained. With regard to the character of these entertainments, the question is a comparatively simple one. A good deal of time appears to have been spent by the magistrates in inquiring into the decency of four women at the Oxford Music Hall, who appeared under the name of the "Oxford Four," and were accused by the police of being indecent in their attitudes, gestures, and dresses. It was alleged in defence that there was nothing unusual in the dances of these performers or "in their manner of retiring down the stage"; that one of them wore a dress copied exactly from a real forestier's costume, "all except the boots"; and that another, who represented Charity, wore a dress which came below her boots. It was also stated that the "Oxford Four" had had their fling at the Marylebone Theatre on one occasion when the performances were under the patronage of Mr. Forsyth, M.P., and that no complaint was made by that most respectable gentleman. All this kind of evidence goes for very little, for the simple reason that it is scarcely possible to test its value. There can be no difficulty whatever in ascertaining whether there is frequent or habitual indecency in the entertainments at any place of amusement if a competent person is appointed to keep his eye on them and report any irregularities; but

loose evidence such as was brought forward in this instance settles nothing. As the magistrates granted a licence to the Oxford, with a caution to the manager to be careful in future, it must be supposed that they came to the conclusion either that there had been no serious indecorum, or that it was only a casual offence.

The case of Cremorne is a striking example of the changeable moods of the magistrates on questions of this kind. These Gardens, the character of which is well known, had been open for more than twenty years. In 1871 the magistrates suddenly discovered that the Gardens were visited by improper persons and were a public nuisance, and refused the music and dancing licences. Next year the licences were still withheld; but last year the magistrates partially relented and granted a music licence, and now they have altogether given way, and allowed both licences. All the while the proprietor has had a theatrical licence from the Chamberlain, and also one from the Excise, so that he could keep open a theatre, and sell any quantity of liquor. No objection is taken to the performances at the theatre, and it may be assumed that it is frequented by much the same sort of people as the Gardens formerly were, and again will be. If it was right that there should be no music or dancing at Cremorne for two years, no reason can be suggested why either should now be permitted. It is unnecessary to accept the glowing pictures of the attractions of this Arcadia, with its "pure fresh air," its "healthy and rational amusements," and the pleasing groups of Foresters and Druids dancing with their families and friends, which was drawn by the counsel for the proprietor. It seems that the Druids have deserted their accustomed groves, and will not go where they cannot dance; but they will now have an opportunity of returning. If public dancing is to be allowed anywhere, it would seem that it might as well be practised at Cremorne as anywhere else; and the same remark applies to the fireworks and the balloon ascents, which might just as reasonably be prohibited at the Crystal Palace as at Cremorne. It can readily be understood that the existence of such a place as this is scarcely calculated to attract quiet and respectable householders to the neighbourhood; but, on the other hand, it should be observed that the houses have come since the Gardens were opened, and almost every neighbourhood has its own peculiar nuisance in one shape or another.

In almost all the cases in which people make complaints about places of amusement of this class we are disposed to believe that the complaints are well founded. There is no room for any kind of doubt as to the sort of company which resorts to such places, or as to the purposes for which they exist, and it is unnecessary to countenance any of the pretences and affectations of the proprietors. They are bad places frequented by disreputable people, and they do a great deal of harm; on the other hand, it is impossible to suppress them without at the same time interfering vexatiously with various forms of amusement which are perfectly innocent. They must be tolerated, therefore, but under stringent regulations as to order and decorum; and it would certainly be well if the supervision which is necessary were entrusted to some more competent tribunal than the local magistrates. We may admit that they acted not unreasonably under the circumstances in reversing the decisions as to Cremorne which had been in force for a couple of years; but it is not desirable that Mr. Baum's counsel should be provided with an opportunity of advertising his client's establishment as a place of "healthy and rational amusement." It may be unavoidable that such places should be allowed to remain open, but there is no reason why their real character should not be recognized.

THE GROWTH OF INCOMES IN PRUSSIA.

A WRITER in the Berlin *Deutsches Handelsblatt* has in a recent article attempted to estimate the increase that has taken place in the incomes of the several classes of the Prussian population between the years 1852 and 1873; and although he does not put forward his calculations as anything more than roughly approximative, it may be of interest to reproduce the results at which he has arrived. The period which he has chosen for his inquiry is one that has been marked by a vast increase of activity in trade throughout the entire commercial world, and consequently by a great accumulation of wealth in the principal countries of Europe and America. At its commencement the fierce revolutionary outburst of 1848 had already spent its force, order had everywhere been restored within Germany and beyond her borders, and the working classes, disabused of their delusions, had returned to plodding productive industry. In France the Second Empire was just being set up, and the people were beginning to throw themselves with energy into the development of their material resources, with the success which has since so much astonished the world. Among ourselves, the policy of free trade had for some years been definitively adopted, the effects of the railway mania of 1846 and the Irish famine had worn themselves out, and commerce and manufactures were starting forward on that career of prosperity which forms the theme of so many patriotic effusions. As regards America, the great emigration from Ireland and Germany had already attained enormous proportions, and in consequence States and cities were springing up like the castles of the Genii in the *Arabian Nights*. And at the same time the gold discoveries in California and Australia were supplying the means of

exchange which allowed of the productive employment of this vast daily accession to the working power of the Union. Further, in our own North American, Australasian, and South African colonies somewhat similar phenomena were displayed; while in India the final conquest of the Punjab had brought the entire peninsula from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and from the Suleiman range to the Gulf of Martaban under the undisputed sway of England, and had thus permitted the Government to turn its attention to the construction of railways, roads, telegraphs, and other works of peace, and had fostered a large trade between the dependency and the home country. Lastly, the isolation of China had been broken down, and that enormous Empire was already doing a large business with the Treaty Powers in tea, silk, opium, and other articles; while a few years later Japan also was brought within the domain of commerce. Thus, as we have said, the period has been characterized by an energy and an expansion of trade unparalleled since the extraordinary outburst of enterprise which led to and followed the discovery of America. It cannot be without interest to inquire what part has been taken in this movement by Prussia. At the beginning of the period she occupied a very secondary position. Even then, it is true, she was reckoned one of the Five Great Powers, but to the ordinary observer she seemed to owe her rank to the favour of Russia and England rather than to her own inherent strength. At the end of the period she is unquestionably the foremost of European nations. Has the material improvement of her people kept pace with her wonderful political advancement?

The writer in the *Handelsblatt* to whose article we are indebted for the Prussian statistics which we proceed to quote bases his calculations on the returns of the Income-tax and the so-called class-tax (*Klassensteuer*). As we know from the experience of our own country, Income-tax returns are not always trustworthy statements of income. Still it is probable that errors from this source are reproduced year after year, and that consequently they do not seriously obscure the annual increment of income, which is all we are concerned with. The *Klassensteuer* returns give a less accurate view. This tax is only a modification of the Income-tax, being levied upon persons whose incomes are under 1,000 thalers, or 150*l.* sterling. But these persons are ranged in thirteen classes, and the tax is assessed at a uniform rate for all the members of each class. For example, all persons with incomes between 900 and 1,000 thalers pay alike 24 thalers. It will be seen that from the yield of the tax it is impossible to calculate anything more than the average income of each class. For the purpose we have in view, however, that is a sufficiently close approximation. But now we come to what is a real defect. There are certain cities, notably Berlin, where neither Income-tax nor class-tax is levied, the places of these imposts being taken by the grist and the slaughterers' taxes (*Mahl- und Schlachtsteuer*). For these cities there exist no returns, and consequently the writer in the *Handelsblatt* has had to supply their place by conjectural estimates, of the soundness of which we have no means of judging. Lastly, in the annexed provinces, Hanover, Schleswig-Holstein, Hesse, and Nassau, Income-tax was not imposed before 1866. Accordingly for these also, so far as regards the beginning of the period, conjecture has to take the place of official returns. The estimate then is at the best no more than a very rough approximation, but even as such it will be found, we think, both interesting and instructive.

We should have liked to compare our own statistics with those here supplied, but from what we have said this, it will be seen, is only partially possible. The Prussian *Klassensteuer*, for instance, is assessed on incomes as low as sixty thalers, or nine pounds sterling. The returns apply therefore to the very lowest rank of the working classes, to every person in fact who is self-supporting, from whatever source his livelihood is derived. We need not say that there is no similar tax in this country. It may, however, be noted that the entire amount assessed to property and Income-tax in England and Wales alone amounted in 1852 to 231,799,429*l.*; while, according to the estimate before us, the taxable incomes of Prussia (including the annexed provinces) amounted in the same year to no more than 180,630,000*l.* The amount actually assessed in Prussia has been increased sixty per cent. in this estimate to arrive at the real incomes, yet the taxable value of the incomes of the classes above the wage-earning in England and Wales exceeded the real value of the incomes of all classes in Prussia by more than 50,000,000*l.*, or over one-fourth. To complete the comparison it may be well perhaps to add that the population of England and Wales in 1852 was only 17,907,609, while that of Prussia was 21,120,000, or 3,212,391 greater than the English. Further, we find that the aggregate incomes of Prussia had increased in 1873 to 290,447,700*l.*, in this case 50 per cent. being added to find the real incomes, while the assessed value in England and Wales had grown in 1872 to 613,233,690*l.* In twenty years the assessed value in England and Wales had been multiplied over 2.6 times; in twenty-one years the real incomes of Prussia had increased somewhat more than 60 per cent. In other words, the increase in England had been between three and four times as rapid as in Prussia. Further, the population of Prussia in December 1871 was 24,693,487; in April of the same year that of England and Wales was 22,711,266. The rate of increase in England was, therefore, 27 per cent.; in Prussia, 17 per cent. Whether we regard population or wealth, then, it will be seen that England is growing much more rapidly than Prussia. Again, incomes in Prussia had increased 60 per cent. against an increase of only 17 per cent. in population; in England, the annual value of the in-

comes of the propertied, trading, and professional classes increased over 160 per cent. against an increase of 27 per cent. in population. Thus it will be seen that the growth of incomes in Prussia was at a rate relatively about three and a-half times more rapid than that of population. In England the growth of property liable to Income-tax was just six times more rapid than population. Lastly, it will be seen that, whereas Income-tax paying property in England and Wales exceeded the sum of all the real incomes of Prussia in 1852 by considerably less than one-third, it is at present considerably more than twice the sum of all such incomes. In one of his election speeches last February Mr. Disraeli pointed to the multiplying productiveness of the Income-tax as one of the great sources of the prestige of this country. In the figures we have just been citing we have proof that he was not speaking without book. At the time of the *Coup d'état*, as we have just seen, the fund upon which England had to draw within her own borders exceeded the fund on which Prussia had to draw but little over one-fourth; it exceeds it now twice over, and this though Prussia goes down to the very lowest of her population, while England stops short almost altogether of her working classes.

Confining our attention now to Prussia, we find that 7,963,535 persons—about one-third of the whole population—were assessed to these taxes in 1873. The fact affords proof both of the wide distribution of property among the masses, and of the almost universality with which those able to work are productively employed. Another fact, which shows equally clearly the very moderate means of the people generally, is that 7,840,251 persons were assessed to the *Klassensteuer*—that is to say, were in receipt of incomes assessed under 150*l.* sterling, while no more than 123,284 persons were assessed at higher incomes. For one assessed at 150*l.* a year and upwards, that is, there were last year close upon 64 assessed at less; and, further, there were over 5,000,000 whose incomes were assessed at 9*l.*; or, adding 50 per cent. to find the real income, considerably more than five-eighths of the income-receiving population were in receipt of 13*l.* 10*s.* per annum, or less. On the other hand, 58 were assessed at incomes exceeding 15,000*l.* a year; and as many as 22 were assessed at 36,000*l.* a year, and over. This latter is the highest limit. Again, if the whole of the incomes had been thrown into hotchpotch, and equally divided, each income owner would have received 13*l.* 14*s.* in 1852; in 1873, 18*l.* 16*s.*, which gives an increase of 37 per cent. We have seen above that, comparing the sum of all the incomes in 1852 and 1873, the increase is about 60 per cent., but from what we have just been saying it will be seen that the increase in the very small incomes is considerably less. Indeed, for the first seven classes assessed to the *Klassensteuer*, that is, for about seven-eighths of all the income-owners of the kingdom, the increase is only 44 per cent., and as we go down to the bottom of the scale the increase becomes smaller still. On the other hand, the increase in the great incomes was over 500 per cent., and the increase in the number of persons with large incomes is equally remarkable. For example, in 1852 there were but six persons assessed at incomes between 15,000*l.* and 36,000*l.*, and but one over the latter amount. In 1866 the numbers respectively were still only eleven and three. But in 1873 thirty-four were assessed between 15,000*l.* and 36,000*l.*, and eighteen over the latter amount. In seven years, therefore, the numbers had been multiplied three times and six times respectively. The explanation suggested is that the rapid growth of these large incomes is the consequence of the enormous loans recently raised by so many Governments, not the fruit of legitimate trade. As for the great mass of the people, the reader will by this time be prepared for the conclusion arrived at by the writer from whom we have been quoting—namely, that the improvement in their condition is more nominal than real. Bearing in mind the extraordinary rise of prices, due in the first place to the gold discoveries, and in the second to the local influence of the enormous influx of money caused by the payment of the French indemnity, he is of opinion that the increase of income which has taken place does little more than prevent deterioration.

THE CESAREWITCH AND MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

THE small number of acceptances for the Cesarewitch was probably due more to the general unpopularity of long races, and to the severity of animals with any pretensions to compass a two-mile-and-a-quarter course, than to any feeling of dissatisfaction with the handicapper's workmanship. The old horses had plenty of chances given to them. Shannon, 6 yrs., 8 st., and Louise Victoria, 5 yrs., 7 st. 7 lbs., had certainly no reason to complain of their weights; and even so distinguished a mare as Marie Stuart was not burdened with more than 8 st. 12 lbs., which, though a heavy, cannot be considered a crushing, impost for a first-class four-year-old. If there was any error in the handicapping, it was an error of leniency, not of severity. When it was seen that Mornington, a six-year-old, was let in with no more than 7 st. 3 lbs., it was obvious to the most inexperienced that, if he were the Mornington who carried off the City and Suburban and Great Metropolitan, the Cesarewitch was a gift to him. On the other hand, it was asserted that the handicapper would never have turned him loose into the race had he not felt assured that he was not sound enough to stand another preparation. But if weights are to be apportioned, not according to the form shown in recent public performances, but according to rumours or private information about the strength or weakness of

a horse's legs, evidently their apportionment becomes a mere matter of haphazard. If the handicapper made sure that Mornington would break down, he might as well have given him the lowest weight, 5 st. 7 lbs., as 7 st. 3 lbs., for he would have broken down equally in either case. As it turned out, Mornington did actually break down, and so must have lost the race whatever had been his weight; but he did not break down till the very last moment. He stood his preparation, he did his work in a manner that entirely satisfied his friends, he arrived at Newmarket fit and well, and he started first favourite. The ground being in the most perfect condition for racing, neither too hard nor too holding, the odds were that, having stood on his legs through an unusually dry season, he would be able to stand up for five minutes more. But, those last five minutes proved fatal to Mornington. He broke down in the middle of the race when he was going, to use a common expression, like great guns, and his racing career has ended. The proverbial good luck of the handicapper has again attended him, and saved him from the annoyance of seeing his workmanship spoiled by the runaway victory of a turned loose six-year-old; but, nevertheless, we must repeat that the principle on which Mornington's impost was apportioned seems to us altogether erroneous. That a six-year-old like Shannon should be admitted into the race at the comparatively lenient weight of 8 st. was quite intelligible, for the daughter of Lambton and The Mersey has given public proofs of a gradual deterioration in form since her memorable victory in the Goodwood Cup. But there was no public proof that Mornington had lost his form.

The twenty-five runners that came to the post on Tuesday last were not, on the whole, of superior quality. The leading favourite at the close was a four-year-old gelding by Wamba, out of Truth, who had only 5 st. 12 lbs. to carry. Hesselnden, another prominent favourite, had likewise no public performances to recommend him, yet the race was considered by the highest authorities a certainty for one of these two, in the event of Mornington not standing up to the end. Louise Victoria had won the Ebor Handicap last year, but nothing was known of her form this year, and it was noticed at Doncaster—where she did not run—that she was suffering from stringhalt. Shannon, as we have said, was known to have deteriorated. The Pique ran very badly at the First October Meeting, and the few good sound horses among the twenty-five, such as Scamp, Eole II., and Royal George, were not particularly favoured in the weights. Royal George, for instance, had to give the Truth gelding 27 lbs., and Scamp gave him 26 lbs. and a year. The twenty-five were weighed out and despatched to the post with the punctuality that always prevails at Newmarket, but we cannot help remarking on the inconvenience of fixing a great race on an October afternoon at so late an hour as four o'clock, or a few minutes before. Last Tuesday was a most brilliant autumn day, but even on the finest day at this season of the year the light grows dim before four in the afternoon, and it becomes difficult to distinguish colours at a distance. Darkness came on even earlier than usual last Tuesday afternoon, and by a spectator stationed in the neighbourhood of the winning-post nothing whatever could be made out of the position of the horses until they had got to the Bushes, or within a quarter of a mile of the finish. At that point the red and yellow of Mornington were looked for in vain; Hesselnden was seen to be hopelessly beaten, and to be rolling about from side to side; the scarlet of Louise Victoria was discernible in the extreme rear; and Eole II., after a gallant attempt to maintain the forward position he was then occupying, was compelled to succumb. Royal George was going well at that time, as was also the German horse Gamecock; but a horse ridden by a jockey in white jacket and red cap, whom it was difficult to identify at the moment, came out of the dip with a clear lead, closely followed by Royal George's stable companion Aventurière. Thenceforward the race was a match between this pair; and the finish up the hill was finely contested between them. The unknown horse turned out to be the Truth gelding, who was ridden in wrong colours, and as he went up the hill Aventurière gained on him inch by inch, and running with the greatest gameness she just got her head in front in the last stride, and won literally on the post. The defeat of the Truth gelding was a heavy blow to his backers, especially as he was carrying 3 lbs. overweight; and according to all the rules of racing, if those 3 lbs. had been taken off, the head would have been the other way. The victory of Aventurière was a surprise, though it must be admitted that Lord Ailesbury's mare has recently exhibited a great improvement on her Spring form. It is believed that when she and Royal George were tried together the horse won, but by so little that they were fully expected to finish close together in the Cesarewitch. The mare, however, beat her stable companion very decisively in the race; but it strikes us that, had Royal George been ridden out for a place, he might possibly have obtained one. Aventurière owes her victory to the unflinching gameness with which she wore down her lightly-weighted opponent, the Truth gelding, and to the able riding of Glover, who has had the most extraordinary good fortune in winning the big handicap races of this season. He had already won the Great Metropolitan, the Chester Cup, the Goodwood and Brighton Stakes, the Lowes Handicap, and the October Handicap, and now the Cesarewitch is added to the list of his victories. We need only add that the German horse Gamecock figured very creditably in the race, and finished third, *Peut-Etre* being returned as fourth, Tichborne fifth, and Royal George sixth. The unfortunate Mornington walked in with the crowd.

On Wednesday a large and brilliant field of twenty-four met to

contest the greatest two-year-old prize of the racing season. The public performers included Galopin, the winner of the Hyde Park Plate at Epsom, and the Fern Hill and New Stakes at Ascot, Holy Friar, who had won every race in which he had taken part, Telescope, winner of the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, Balfie, winner of the Chesterfield and Hopeful Stakes, Dreadnought, Horse Chestnut and Chaplet. Among the dark horses were Plebeian, Per Se, a daughter of Hermit and Perseverance, Punch, the representative of the formidable French stable, and the Make-shift colt, the representative of Mr. Merry. The field also included Stray Shot, Woodlands, Maud Victoria, and The Fakenham Ghost. By many the race was looked upon as another match between the North and South of England, with Holy Friar and Galopin to fight the battle. Their public credentials were certainly undeniable, and Holy Friar, in particular, had beaten Camballo—a really good horse—so easily at Doncaster that his claims to support seemed the superior, especially as he was receiving 4 lbs. from Galopin. Of the dark horses Per Se was most talked about, and it was reported that she had won an extraordinary trial; while at the very last moment Woodlands, who won two small races at Goodwood and Brighton, was elevated to the rank of second favourite. Most of the leading competitors, with the exception of Galopin and Telescope, were saddled in the birdcage, where they attracted the usual attention. The three most liked were Holy Friar, Per Se, and Plebeian, the latter of whom quite belies his name and his unfashionable breeding; and the one least liked was Punch, who is a great leggy horse. The race had been prudently fixed for three o'clock, an hour earlier than the Cesarewitch, for, with so large a field of young horses, considerable delay at the post might have been expected. On the whole, however, they were very well behaved, and after two or three breaks away the starter was enabled to catch them in time and to drop his flag. The light also being favourable, it was possible to see the progress of the race almost from its commencement. A distinguishing feature of the contest was that there was hardly any tailing off, and even at that critical point, the Abingdon bottom, there were seven or eight horses all going well. Holy Friar, on the judge's side of the course, held perhaps a slight lead as they began the ascent, while Galopin, just under the rails on the opposite side, seemed his most formidable opponent. The latter was then joined by Plebeian and Per Se, and these three ran locked together on one side, while Holy Friar, separated from them by almost the width of the course, pursued his journey. So easily did he appear to be winning, that his jockey never really called upon him till in the last few strides, when he seemed suddenly aware of the dangerous opposition on the other side of the course. Still Holy Friar had so much in hand that both his jockey and the majority of the spectators felt assured of his success, and great was the consternation of his supporters when, on the numbers going up, it was seen that he was not in the first three. The judge's verdict was that Plebeian had won by a head; that a head separated the winner from Per Se, who was placed second; that there was another head between Per Se and Galopin, who was placed third; and yet another head between Galopin and Holy Friar, to whom was awarded the fourth place. As we have often had occasion to remark, Newmarket courses are most puzzling, not only to spectators, but to jockeys also; and it frequently happens that the public think one horse has won, the jockey is convinced of the success of a second, and the judge differs from both. At Newmarket we are satisfied that no one can really judge except the judge himself; and therefore we are always quite satisfied with the correctness of the judge's award. At the same time we feel convinced that the defeat of Holy Friar was purely accidental, and that he might have won easily had not his rider, than whom there is not a more upright or more skilful jockey in England, thought victory so certain that he was unwilling to call upon his horse for any extra exertions. We may add, in connexion with the Middle Park Plate, that the four leaders were well clear of the remainder of the field, at the head of which came Punch and Horse Chestnut, the latter of whom ran well in front for a considerable portion of the distance, but could not stay. Galopin, who was conceding the winner 7 lbs., proved himself a great horse, and as he was slightly disappointed at the finish, we may make bold to believe that Holy Friar and he, if all had gone well, would have occupied the first and second places at the finish. We have no wish, however, to detract from the merits of Plebeian, the uncommonly good-looking brother to Chawaboon, or of Per Se, who all but revived the glories of the once famous Danebury stable.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.*

THE long and accurate title-page of the second volume of the Life of Lord Palmerston indicates the process by which a fragmentary compilation has been prepared for publication. Lord Dalling had apparently exhausted his scanty materials in papers which remained at his death in a confused and unfinished state.

* *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston; with Selections from his Correspondence.* By the late Right Honourable Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling). Edited by the Honourable Evelyn Ashley, M.P. Vol. II. London: Bentley & Son.

Mr. Ashley has arranged the documents in proper order, and he has added a few of Lord Palmerston's letters with the smallest possible thread of connecting statement. The biography, as it is called, ends with the year 1847, some time before Lord Palmerston's domestic career as a statesman had even begun. Mr. Ashley would have added to the obligation which he has conferred on Lord Dalling's readers if he had found time to supply the broken narrative with an index, a table of contents, or even a notice inserted from time to time of the points at which Lord Dalling's composition begins or ends. Mr. Ashley may probably possess ability as an original writer, but, if he disdains the modest function of an editor, he would have done better to entrust the task to less ambitious and more careful hands. Although the book is not a biography of Lord Palmerston, it possesses considerable value. The detailed part of the story relating entirely to Spanish politics is related by a confidential and zealous agent, who at the same time admires his principal and severely criticizes his instructions. Lord Dalling, more or less unconsciously, wrote a fragment of autobiography in the form of a *Life of Lord Palmerston*. He seems to have known but little of any of Lord Palmerston's transactions with which he was not personally connected; but the details of a single diplomatic correspondence probably illustrate the character of a statesman as fully as the most comprehensive summary of his general policy. The letters to Sir W. Temple which are published by Mr. Ashley are highly interesting. The popular estimate of Lord Palmerston's frank, cheerful, and manly character is fully confirmed by the specimens which are published of his private correspondence.

The unsavoury history of the Spanish marriages has lately been revived on the occasion of M. Guizot's death. The sanctimonious designer and instrument of the crime had long before published all the French details of the successful intrigue which has covered him with indelible disgrace. The diplomatic proceedings of Lord Palmerston and of Mr. Bulwer, then English Minister at Madrid, are now for the first time fully known. Even if King Louis Philippe and M. Guizot had enjoyed no other advantage in the contest, their chance of winning the game was greatly increased by the unity of purpose which regulated French trickery at Paris and at Madrid. The Minister, though he had little love for his Sovereign, was deeply interested in the accomplishment of a family plot which seemed also to involve a national triumph. Both were served at Madrid by an unscrupulous agent in the person of Count Bresson, who, in the opinion both of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bulwer, was deficient in the qualities of a gentleman. On the other hand, Mr. Bulwer's exertions were from first to last disapproved and thwarted by Lord Palmerston, who, if his representative and friendly biographer is in the right, perpetrated from the moment when he undertook the conduct of the negotiation an uninterrupted series of blunders. It is remarkable that M. Guizot never even understood the wishes of Lord Palmerston, although he well knew that the English Government was irreconcilably opposed to the scandalous choice of Don Francisco as the husband of the Queen. While Mr. Bulwer was eager to accept the overtures of Queen Christina for a marriage with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, Lord Palmerston preferred the younger brother of Francisco, Prince Henry, who was two or three years ago killed by the Duke of Montpensier in a duel. It is possible that Lord Palmerston may have been justified in his suspicion that the language used by the Queen Regent and her Moderado Ministers in their communications with Mr. Bulwer was intended as a trap, for the purpose of providing the King of the French with an excuse for forcing on the marriage with Don Francisco, by which it was hoped that the ultimate succession would be secured to the descendants of the Duke of Montpensier. On the other hand, it was necessary to incur some risk, and, although it would have been absurd to trust a Spanish Court or its agents, there was some reason to believe that Queen Christina might desire to save her daughter from the misery and ruin which were prepared for her by her great-uncle and by the pious Guizot. That the Regent would prefer her own interests to the welfare of Queen Isabella was certain even before it was proved by the result; but she would have been supported by the unanimous feeling of the Spanish nation if she had defeated the French plot by concluding the marriage with Saxe-Coburg. Prince Henry was politically allied with the Progressist Opposition, and he was the personal enemy of Christina. With Saxe-Coburg she had formed a friendly connexion; Don Francisco was a nullity in politics; but the accession of Don Henry to the rank of titular king would have probably caused her exile. Mr. Bulwer always retained his belief that the Queen had been sincere in her offers; and he justly censures Lord Palmerston's determination to ally himself with the Opposition rather than with the Ministers who had the power of deciding the fate of the struggle. Lord Palmerston was perhaps influenced by the advice of Lord Clarendon, who during his long residence in Spain had been himself the virtual head of the Progressist party. As Lord Palmerston was at all times averse to the modern doctrine of non-intervention, the system of identifying English policy with the supremacy of one party in Spain would in ordinary cases have been intelligible, if not judicious; but in a contest which was to be decided in a few weeks or days it was a mistake to play a waiting game. Although M. Guizot misunderstood his opponent's immediate object, his belief that Lord Palmerston was busily engaged in counteracting the efforts of France was perfectly well founded. Queen Christina was urged to agree to the marriage with Francisco on the assumption that England was pressing the claims of Saxe-Coburg, and the Queen ultimately gave way because Lord Palmerston threatened her

with the selection of her enemy Prince Henry. M. Guizot was lucky in the change of Ministry in England during the summer of 1846. He would probably in any case have hunted down the poor girl who was his destined victim; but an avowed breach of faith to a confiding and generous friend would have been more embarrassing than a deception practised on an adversary who never concealed his just appreciation of the austere French Minister's character. Upright, timid, and credulous, Lord Aberdeen, if he was not a vigorous diplomatist, was a perfect gentleman. Implicitly relying on M. Guizot's promises that he would act in concert with England, he erroneously thought himself bound to communicate to the French Government Queen Christina's overtures for a Saxe-Coburg marriage transmitted through Mr. Bulwer. It would have been difficult for the most virtuous of intriguers to find in Lord Aberdeen's unbounded confidence a pretext for deceit. Lord Aberdeen had made more than one weak and injudicious concession, but he trusted in the explicit promise of the French King and his Minister that the Montpensier marriage with Donna Carlotta, if it were not abandoned, should be postponed until the Queen had children. When M. Guizot insolently insisted on the condition that the Queen of Spain should marry a prince of the House of Bourbon, Lord Aberdeen abstained from protesting against the French pretension, although he never explicitly admitted it. His silence and the pretended support of Saxe-Coburg by his successor were afterwards made the excuse for the perfidious policy of which M. Guizot was proud. If Lord Aberdeen had remained in office, it would have become necessary to commit an open and unqualified act of bad faith. When Mr. Bulwer was shortly afterwards sent out of Spain by General Narvaez, he, according to his own statement, explained his conduct to the full satisfaction of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel; and it is certain that Sir Robert Peel discountenanced and prevented any disapproval which might have been expressed in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston proposed to answer the affront by the despatch of an English fleet to Cadiz, but he was overruled by colleagues who at all times feared and distrusted his vigorous policy.

The Spanish disputes which filled a great part in the diplomatic career of Lord Dalling were only an episode in the life of Lord Palmerston. It is to be hoped that at some future time a competent biographer will fill up the blanks which at present occupy the greater part of the space allotted to his life. During his long administration of the Foreign Office he steadily adhered to the principle of insisting against all Powers, great or small, on the rights of England. He disapproved of the large concessions made by Lord Aberdeen through Lord Ashburton to the United States, not so much for the sake of the territory actually surrendered as on the ground that concessions made to an overbearing adversary inevitably invite further aggression. The opposite policy of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues immediately produced the Indirect Claims, and resulted in the iniquitous Geneva Award; and as a further consequence every European Power is now convinced that no encroachment will provoke resistance on the part of England. No European war occurred in Lord Palmerston's time, unless the petty Syrian campaign of 1840 deserves the name, as having arisen from a conflict of English and French policy. Lord Dalling attributes the Crimean War to the impression produced on the mind of the Emperor Nicholas by the acquiescence of the English Government in the insult offered to it by Narvaez. It is more certain that the submissive attitude of Lord Aberdeen and an erroneous belief in Mr. Cobden's influence were the determining causes of the policy of Russia. When Mr. Gladstone moved for a grant of money to take the Guards to Malta and back again, the confidence of Russia in the patience or cowardice of England was irretrievably confirmed. At a much earlier period, during the short Conservative Ministry of 1834 and 1835, Lord Palmerston bore witness to the more resolute policy of a political adversary, extremely unlike Lord Aberdeen:—

I suspect [he told his brother] that the Duke is, if possible, more hostile to Russia than I was, fully as much impressed with the necessity of checking her insatiable ambition, and quite as determined to employ the means which England possesses to do so. The fact is that Russia is a great humbug, and that if England were fairly to go to work with her we should throw her back half a century in one campaign. But Nicholas, the proud and insolent, knows this, and will always check his pride and moderate his insolence when he finds that England is firmly determined and fully prepared to resist him.

There are probably still a few survivors of a crazy little sect which thirty years ago taught as its central doctrine that Lord Palmerston was the docile tool and hired agent of Russia. It seems that even in his secret confidential letters he prudently retained the mask of patriotism. It is a pleasant change from diplomacy to hear in his letters to Sir W. Temple of his modest winnings on the turf, of his hunting and shooting, of his plantations at Broadlands, and of the Methodist gardener whose preaching he intends, if possible, to stop. He enjoyed the official holiday which resulted from the accession of the Conservative Ministry in 1841, especially because he entertained no doubt that he should return to power after a longer or shorter interval. Yet at that time, and for several years afterwards, he stood apart from the Whigs, with whom he was neither connected by family nor united by early political associations. The distrust of the party was indicated by Lord Grey's refusal to join the proposed Ministry of Lord John Russell in 1845; and although Lord Palmerston's ability and reputation made him indispensable to the Government which was formed in the following summer, the latent dislike found unexpected expression in his peremptory dismissal by Lord John

Russell in 1851. By that time Lord Palmerston had, to the unbounded surprise of the veteran Whig leader, become the favourite of the party. Within two months from his own fall he overthrew the Government, and after a short interval he established himself for life as the chief of the Liberals. It is said that he accurately foretold the fall of the uncongenial colleague who was during his term of office evidently destined to be his successor.

One of the most interesting letters published by Mr. Ashley, and addressed in 1842 to Lord John Russell, contains a bitter attack on one of the chief representatives of that section of the Whig party which systematically opposed Lord Palmerston's policy. Mr. Ellice had been an active and even restless member of the party when Lord Palmerston held office in a Tory Government, and when the Whigs, under the guidance of his brother-in-law, Lord Grey, opposed the war which was conducted by the successors of Pitt. When Lord Grey became Minister, Mr. Ellice, as Political Secretary of the Treasury, was the principal manager of the personal arrangements and minor negotiations which facilitated the passage of the Reform Bill. In 1834 he retired finally from office, after sitting for a short time in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet, and, with a large acquaintance and an ample fortune, he amused his leisure with the exchange of oral and written correspondence with English and foreign politicians. In his old age his busy idleness mellowed into agreeable gossip, seasoned by anecdotes of his long political experience. While he still exercised influence in public affairs both as a sagacious member of the House of Commons and in general society, his opposition to any active statesman might reasonably cause irritation or fear according to the character of his adversary. He never trusted Lord Palmerston nor approved his policy, and his dislike was fully returned. His criticisms were the more obnoxious because he lived much at Paris and in the society of the French statesmen whose intrigues furnished Lord Palmerston with incessant occupation. The letter to Lord John Russell was perhaps intended to convey an answer and a warning to other members of the party as well as to Mr. Ellice. He says that

E—— set out in the days of Durham's ambition to endeavour to turn me out of the Foreign Office in order to get Durham in; and well punished he was for his treachery by the bitter disappointment which he felt at its failure. He was furious, and has never forgiven me, and, despite his wish to be cautious, he even now from time to time exhales his wrath by swearing on his honour that I shall never return to that office in the event of our party regaining power. I am not, however, much moved to anger by this hostility, because, thank Heaven, I know I am a stronger man than he is, and he knows that too, which does not make him love me the better.

It happens that Mr. Ellice often spoke of Lord Palmerston's strength as his distinguishing quality. There was no reason why a Whig politician who, like many others of the same party, failed to appreciate the soundness of Lord Palmerston's policy should not exert himself to prevent his return to office. Only three years after the date of the letter Lord Grey, a statesman incapable of intrigue, made the exclusion of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Department the condition of his own acceptance of office. It seems that Lord John Russell had told Lord Palmerston that some of the Whigs and Radicals were disposed to take their views of foreign relations from Mr. Ellice. Lord Palmerston was right in his assertion of his own superiority of judgment, though not in his contemptuous tone. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Ellice's difference of opinion involved any moral delinquency. In another part of the same letter Lord Palmerston contrasts his own laborious attention to foreign affairs during ten years with Mr. Ellice's alleged employment of the same time "in gossiping and caballing in clubs and drawing rooms and country houses." He was fully justified in attributing to himself superior knowledge of his own proper business; but if a veteran Foreign Minister is never to be criticized except by those who are his equals in practical knowledge, he must be absolutely irresponsible. In the same spirit and with as little reason poets and painters complain of the independent judgment of critics; and cooks probably resent the complaints of employers who could themselves scarcely broil a mutton chop. It was not in Lord Palmerston's nature to be either intolerant or excessively sensitive; but he evidently took the opportunity of a special attack on a single opponent to defend himself against the censures in which Lord John Russell himself may sometimes have concurred. On the whole, the present fragment or sample of a biography tends to raise the character of Lord Palmerston.

THE CHURCH OF THE REVOLUTION.*

DR. STOUGHTON has followed up his volumes on *The Church of the Restoration* by his present work on the history of the English Church and of the Nonconformist bodies which then began to assume a separate organization of their own, from the expulsion of James II. to the death of William III. He is not without hope that he may one day be enabled to trace the consequences of the events he relates "through a careful study of the great religious movements of the eighteenth century" (p. 460). In regard to the instalment of his design which he now submits to the public, "I venture to add," he says, "that in this, as in my former volumes, I have endeavoured to maintain an honest impartiality in the estimate of characters and incidents, together with a firm attachment to my own religious and eccle-

siastical principles." We have no reason to complain of his having failed in either of these purposes, so far at least as they are capable of being reconciled. Dr. Stoughton's views on Church affairs are always those of a sturdy Dissenter of the Congregational denomination, but they are held and expressed in a spirit and language as different as can be imagined from that which passes current for truth and charity in the writings and speeches of the more prominent members of the so-called Liberation Society. Since he tells us that he has assigned a large space in this volume to the attempt at Comprehension in the year 1689, "as it is a subject of present interest, and because the proceedings connected with it have been but inadequately described," we are almost driven to the conclusion that he believes that a like plan of comprehension, whereby moderate Nonconformists may find themselves able to hold public communion with the English Church, is growing ripe for discussion, and may in some shape or other become one of the practical questions of the day. Sorry as we are to say so, we are fully convinced that the expectation (if, indeed, he cherishes it) is utterly chimerical, and, even though it could be realized in outward form, would disappoint the most sorely those who had been foremost in promoting it. But that temperate estimate of the actions and motives of persons with whom we have little in common, which renders Dr. Stoughton's pleasant, if rather superficial, narrative so profitable to read and digest, may be imitated by all of us to our very great profit. His wise reserve in passing judgment, his willingness to think the best even of Non-jurors and high prerogative men, his earnest desire to deal fairly with every subject that passes under his view, are qualities by no means so common as they ought to be; and since Dissenters are sure to study this part of our Church history, of which we have on the whole no great reason to be proud, we are quite content that they should do so under the guidance of one so intelligent, so calm, so unfeignedly truth-loving as our author.

The scheme of comprehension or reconciliation of Dissenters, which was formed immediately after the Revolution of 1688, proved something worse than a mere failure; it failed under circumstances which rendered all future attempts hopeless, if not impossible. We cannot assent to Dr. Stoughton's idea that this was one of the lost opportunities of history (p. 138); yet the prospect of success looked brighter then than it ever had done previously, or ever can again. There were no bitter rivalries, disappointed aspirations, keen recollections of wrongs given and received, such as had deprived the Conference at the Savoy of all good fruits. Churchman and Nonconformist had just emerged triumphantly from a struggle wherein they had shown a common front to a common foe. There were few vested interests or hard-won positions to be yielded up for the sake of peace as there would be now. The new King was more than favourable to the attempt. Himself a narrow Presbyterian, the terror of his wife's chaplains, Hooper and Covell, and even of Ken, at the Hague, he cared as much about securing for his co-religionists a share in the temporal goods of the Established Church as he cared for anything except a French war. Tillotson and Tenison, who took the lead in the enterprise (from which Burnet never figured much, though he did not refuse to help it on), were destined by the sovereign for the highest preferments he had to bestow. Yet the thirty Royal Commissioners to whom had been entrusted the preparation of the terms of comprehension for the sanction of Convocation (ten of them being Bishops, ten Deans or Archdeacons, ten from the flower of the London clergy), after holding eighteen sessions in the famous Jerusalem Chamber between October 3 and November 18, 1689, broke up without making a Report, or submitting any formal suggestion to any one. Six Commissioners never sat at all; four others had withdrawn early; on the last day it was difficult to form a quorum of nine. One cause for this *fiasco* was visible enough. Convocation had met twelve days before, and the Lower House had given full proof of its temper by electing Dr. Jane (one of the four deserters) for Prolocutor, by a majority of two to one over Tillotson. Proposals, therefore, were prudently withdrawn which were sure to have been contumeliously rejected; they were reserved for some better season, which never came.

But it is impossible to review the proceedings of the Royal Commissioners, or to study the brief abstract of their debates yet remaining to us, without perceiving that the chief obstacle to success was not opposition from without, which might perhaps be mitigated or overcome in more quiet times, but the very nature of the task which they had rashly taken in hand. It serves to show the little interest which the whole matter has excited, that the Prayer Book interleaved with their "alterations and improvements," deposited at their final meeting with Tenison, and by Bishop Gibson's directions afterwards sent to the Lambeth Library, remained almost forgotten till its contents were printed in 1854 by order of the House of Commons, although attention had been called to them in Birch's *Life of Tillotson* and other well-known works. The Blue-book of 1854 comprises also a diary of the proceedings of each session, kept by one of the Commissioners, Dr. John Williams, Rector of St. Mildred's, Poultry, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, from which we gather at least as much as from the annotated Prayer Book itself. From this most interesting document we learn that the point on which all these unhappy controversies with Dissenters hinge—the validity of ordination by others than by a bishop—never came under discussion before the eleventh session, and then elicited as many opinions as speakers. "The stopping of the present

* *Ecclesiastical History of England. The Church of the Revolution.* By John Stoughton, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1874.

schism made it a necessity" to acknowledge them, as Burnet put the matter bluntly and truly. Unless Churchmen were prepared to give way here, the Commission was but labour lost; yet to concede so much as a general principle would be a surrender to the enemy of the very citadel and key of the position. So "it was agreed that it should be only for this turn, those that were in Orders, but not to proceed further"; a compromise which every one must have felt sure would be rejected without hesitation by those it was designed to satisfy.

Ignominious failure in regard to the chief subject at issue did not in the least deter the Commissioners from devising expedients as to lesser things which may almost be called puerile. The Holy Communion was still to be received kneeling, but those that "scrupled kneeling" might come to the minister some week-day before and tell him so, and might then receive "in some posture of reverence, in some convenient pew or place in the church." Ministers again who objected to the use of the surplice or the sign of the Cross in baptism might go to the bishop and tell him their mind, and the bishop, as he thought fit, might appoint one to officiate in the service in the objector's room. In regard to these matters well might Beveridge tell his brethren that "there was no end if we would take away all scruples." Of the Apocryphal lessons a clean sweep was made from the Prayer Book; the Athanasian Creed was dealt with in a way that might content the reformers of the Irish Church Synod; the black-letter Saints were removed from the Calendar, and the Commissioners even stooped to expunge the title of "Saint" before the names of the Apostles whose festivals were retained. Their corrections of the Prayer Book throughout every page present us with a curious, almost revolting, example of evil diligence. Well may Dr. Stoughton be "astounded at the extent of the proposed alterations" (p. 136), even though he may not agree with us in thinking that, by a curious infelicity, almost every one was made decidedly for the worse. There sat at that Board divines of the calibre of Stillingleet and Beveridge, real scholars like Lloyd and Patrick, but the only man who wrote tolerable English in the whole party was Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, who had retired after the second session. Hence the Collects, our glorious inheritance from the mediæval Church, were turned over to Patrick to revise, and to the slovenly gossip Burnet "to give fresh spirit to them," as is stated by Birch, whose own pen has been likened to a torpedo. That golden prayer, "O God, whose nature and property," &c., which in its English form all but rivels the condensed energy of the original in the sacramentary of Gregory the Great, was expelled partly "as strange and impertinent," partly "as it did not come in here by the authority of Convocation or Parliament"; it was simply misplaced in the book of 1686, used by the Commissioners, and in several editions of about the same date. One other out of their 598 heads of "improvements" will detain us but a moment. In the Burial Service, besides other pitiful variations, the unoffending epithet is got rid of in the clause "our dear brother here departed"; and this change, for which we can assign no reason save a very shocking one, must have commended itself to some people at the time, for we have known the same liberty taken, within the present generation, by at least one worthy clergyman of the Puritan school, now safely removed by death from all fear of penal laws. It was well that a volume which contains so much against which pure taste revolts should have lain buried till a period has arrived when we are more likely to be ashamed of its bad example than to copy it. One worthy speech of Stillingleet's deserves to be remembered amidst so much imbecility and lack of purpose on the part of his colleagues. When "it was sometimes queried, What good would this do as to the Dissenters?" he boldly made answer that "we sat there to make such alterations as were fit, and would be fit to make were there no Dissenters, and which would be for the improvement of the Service." *O si sic omnia.*

Dr. Stoughton has good reason for saying that he has tried to be impartial in estimating character. We observe but one instance of his failure in this particular, and that is when he alleges of John Moore, Bishop of Ely, that "his love of books weakened his regard for the rights of property" (p. 303). The charge of book-stealing was first made, we believe, by Tow, in Bridge's *History of Northamptonshire* (vol. ii. p. 45), and has been ascertained to rest on no good grounds. To Archbishop Tenison he seems over-indulgent, and speaks of his intellectual powers and "rock-like firmness" in a tone to which we have not been used. Swift, we suppose, must be regarded as a prejudiced witness when he asks "by what talents that great prelate ascended so high," especially as he long afterwards appended to Macky's description of his Grace as "a plain, good, heavy man," the indignant comment, "the most good-for-nothing primate I ever saw." Burnet's, too, is faint praise when, relating his translation from Lincoln to Canterbury, he states that Tenison "was well liked for having served the cure of St. Martin's, in the worst time, with so much courage and discretion; so that at this time he had many friends and no enemies"; but then Burnet might easily have believed himself a stronger candidate for the primacy. Yet we thought it had been understood that from being an active, learned parish priest, who had done his duty nobly in his resistance to reading King James's "Declaration of Toleration" in his church, he subsequently proved, like so many other men have done before and since, very unequal to the higher offices to which he was called. Certainly his reply to that excellent man Robert Nelson, when he entreated the Arch-

bishop's intercession with the King to spare Sir John Fenwick's life, suggests very painful reflections, whatever Dr. Stoughton may think of it (p. 240). "Laws *ex post facto* may indeed carry the face of rigour with them, but if ever [such?] a law was necessary, this is." We might grant the Primate's premises without admitting his conclusion. Laws *ex post facto* never can be necessary, because they must always do greater harm by way of setting evil precedents than they can promise good by the punishment of the guilty. The bill of attainder against Sir John Fenwick—pushed through the House of Lords by a majority of sixty-eight against sixty-one, mainly, we fear, through the votes of Tenison and his suffragans (p. 304), who ought to have withdrawn in a "case of blood," has been condemned by every constitutional writer, by every one calling himself an historian except Lord Macaulay. It never will be imitated again while public order reigns in England; it never has been imitated—and even then not to the taking of life—save in the bills of pains and penalties against Bishop Atterbury and the unhappy Queen Caroline.

To the Non-jurors Dr. Stoughton is not unjust—he cannot consciously be so—but he is naturally unappreciating. It seems to him such folly to be ever swimming against the tide; to have frustrated the designs of James because he assailed the Church which they loved better than the throne, and then to refuse to acknowledge William because he usurped the crown which had fallen from his relative's head. He applies to those who cling to the divine right of kings when the notion had become unfashionable, language which we should have imagined Professor Jowett too generous to have uttered:—

The great crises in the history of nations have often been met by a sort of feminine positiveness and a more obstinate reassertion of principles which have lost their hold upon a nation. The fixed ideas of a reactionary statesman may be compared to madness. He grows more and more convinced of the truth of his notions as he becomes more isolated, and would rather await the inevitable than in any degree yield to circumstances.

Assuming the principles which he maintains against all odds to be in themselves important, what else has an honest man to do? Obstinacy has a bad name, but it is near akin to some of the noblest qualities of our nature—to disinterestedness, steadfastness in adversity, faithful obedience to the voice of conscience. We will not plead strongly for Sancroft, whose culpable weakness in continuing the succession, and that against his own better judgment, produced a schism which languished feebly for nearly a century; we would rest our case upon Ken. Could any nobler or more seemly ending of a saintly life be conceived than that which he led at Longleat? So far from censuring those who had taken the oaths to the new sovereigns, he had almost been persuaded to follow their example; but he feared the future reproach of his own reflections, and, without one spark of passion or one resentful thought, withdrew from wealth and dignity to poverty and that dependence which lends poverty its worst sting. We know not how Dr. Stoughton can say that his successor Kidder paid him half the income of his abandoned see (p. 305). All we learn of the confessor's temporal fortunes would serve to prove the statement a mistake, although Kidder was haunted up to his sad death in the great storm of November 27, 1703, by the terrible suspicion that he was "eating poor Dr. Ken's bread." Yet it may be that in his deep retirement the expelled Bishop was more truly useful than when lodged in his stately moated palace at Wells. It is much that in a world wherein all save the best men hold their convictions but loosely and uncertainly, one of purer mould should stand forth at critical times to prove what may be done and suffered gladly for the sake of a quiet conscience. The Marian martyr Ridley, we suspect, made more converts to his creed at the stake than did the Marian fugitive Jewell at Paul's Cross or in his well-used study.

Our author spends his five concluding chapters (and they will seem to most readers the best, as they are the most original) on the great Nonconformist divines of the Restoration period, the generation that slowly died out in William's reign, and found none fit to take their places. And here, again, we note his spirit in the character of those upon whose praises he dwells most fondly. The stiff and somewhat surly virtue of Richard Baxter has fewer charms for him than the milder and more catholic temper of Bates and Howe. The aspirations after unity among all Christian people breathed forth by the latter win his especial sympathy, as well as the sharp rebuke dealt to the able but turbulent De Foe, who, in his *Enquiry into the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters*, in 1697, had complained of those Dissenters who at times attended church as persons of "an amphibious nature, who could believe one way and worship another" (p. 431). Even though a Churchman may deem ecclesiastical order in its proper place as necessary to be maintained as charity itself, we should not think highly of the man who could regard these motions towards union (if not in outward semblance, at least in mind and spirit) with any other feelings than those of thankfulness and admiration. Comprehension, in the sense in which Tillotson or Burnet might employ the term, we believe to be visionary. It would imply on the one side or the other, probably on both, too heavy a sacrifice of what seems to each to be the truth to be either acceptable or permanent. Not thus visionary is the prospect of gentle thoughts and friendly courtesy, in such wise as Dr. Stoughton affords us a model to emulate, subsisting in time to come between those who are separated from each other either by reason of deep convictions, or through the force of circumstances which have passed into history and cannot now be recalled. More than this must be

reserved for some purer state of moral and religious feeling than appears ever likely to be realized while human nature continues what it is.

We subjoin, as a favourable specimen of the author's manner, his general estimate of the theological literature of the Revolution period, which he contrasts with that of the preceding age by the fanciful comparison of the Gothic style of Westminster Abbey with the Renaissance or classical reproduction which finds its most prominent exemplification in St. Paul's Cathedral:—

A similar change came over poetry. It were an indignity to the great bard of the seventeenth century to compare him with any other than the great bard of the sixteenth. Milton's name is linked with Shakspeare's, but in the way of contrast. . . . The poet of the Renaissance succeeds the poet of romance. And this same Renaissance spirit worked its way into theological literature. Taylor and Bunyan, indeed all the great religious writers of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, appear more or less romancists in the style of their thoughts, regarded from a literary point of view. Divisions, pointedness, quaint expression, warmth of sentiment, such as arrests us in mediæval buildings, are reproduced in the books of that picturesque age. The two authors just mentioned belong to the class of romancist prose poets. But all is changed when we turn to the theological literature of King William's days—Tillotson, Burnet, Bentley, Locke. We miss Anglican and Puritan sweep of thought, minuteness of detail, intensity of utterance, and glow of passion. There is no depth of colour, all is pale; no flash of fire, all is cold. We meet with regularity, order, smoothness. It is the age of Renaissance in Divinity.

SHERIDAN'S WORKS.*

IT may be doubted whether there was any necessity for a new edition of Sheridan's works. There are already several editions which contain everything of Sheridan's that is worth reading, and the addition of what is not worth reading is hardly calculated to make the collection more attractive to reasonable people. It is cruel as well as foolish to reproduce all the trash which an eminent man may have thrown off in days of immaturity or idleness; but the editor of the book now before us has committed a more serious offence than this. He has gone out of his way to swell the volume with matter which is not only worthless but offensive. He has raked up some translations which Sheridan, while still a lad, composed in conjunction with a schoolfellow, and which he was foolish enough to publish. It is known that the original publication was a pecuniary failure, and it may be hoped that the present wanton and inexcusable reprint will share a similar fate. The "Love Verses of Aristænetus" are unrelieved by any flavour of wit or sentiment, nor does the style of the translation rise much above the level of the doggerel of the streets. There is, in short, nothing whatever to justify the raking up of this unclean rubbish from the oblivion in which it has for many years been happily buried. It was perhaps thought, however, that the incorporation of these impurities would impart to the book a peculiar flavour which would be likely to attract the attention of that class of readers for whom the same publishers have already been good enough to provide new editions of Tom D'Urfey, the *Museum Delicæ*, Walt Whitman ("The Complete Work," we are assured), and similar delicacies. It is possible that the titles and reputation of some of these publications may convey to most persons a sufficient warning of their character; but it is intolerable that a volume which might be introduced without suspicion to family reading should be deliberately tainted in this way. It is true that there are many things in Sheridan's plays which are coarse, and the manners of the age in which the plays were written made it natural that this should be so; but it is not of mere coarseness that we are now speaking. It is impossible to acquit the editor and publishers of this edition of Sheridan of a grave offence against literary decency. Nor do their offences, or at least the offences of the editor—for we cannot of course know how far the publishers are in this respect his confederates—stop here. Not only decency, but honesty, is outraged in this publication. We are presented with a Memoir of Sheridan, the authorship of which is not specified, but at the end of it we find the initials "F. E. S.," which we take to be those of the gentleman who on the title-page modestly calls himself editor. Mr. Stainforth may, in attaching his initials to the memoir, have meant to convey only that he has taken the responsibility of editing it; but to most persons the appearance of such a signature would suggest the idea of a claim to authorship. It has been remarked by a judicious critic that Mr. Stainforth tells us nothing new, but this is easily accounted for. In point of fact, this Memoir is composed of a series of extracts from Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, taken literally and bodily, and put together with hardly a syllable of connecting matter. Yet not a hint is given anywhere in the volume of the source of these appropriations. It may also be noted as a proof of the editor's carelessness, as well as recklessness, that we find one of the chalk drawings labelled "J. P. Kemble as Pizarro." If Mr. Stainforth had only taken the trouble to turn to the *Dramatis Personæ* given on another page, he would have learned, what we should have thought everybody knew, that Rolla was the part taken by Kemble, while Barrymore played Pizarro.

It would be manifestly unfair to subject such works as those of Sheridan to the test of a purely literary examination. It is not as an ordinary man of letters that he comes before us, but as a dramatist

and an orator. He wrote his plays in order that people might be amused by them when they were acted at the theatre, and he prepared his speeches with a view to their immediate effect upon the audiences to whom they were addressed; and he was eminently successful in making the desired impression in both cases. Two, if not three, of his plays are still among the most popular on the stage, and are continually repeated before audiences of our own day, who apparently find them as fresh and irresistible as Sheridan's own contemporaries found them when they were first produced. As for the speeches, there is good reason for believing that they were really effective at the time they were delivered. Byron is said to have declared in one of his rhapsodies that whatever Sheridan had done was always the best of its kind; that he had written the best comedy (*School for Scandal*), the best opera (the *Duenna*), the best farce (the *Critic*), and the best address (Monody on Garrick), and that, to crown all, he had delivered the very best oration (the Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country. There is of course a good deal of Byron's characteristic exaggeration in this assertion, for the *Duenna* is but a poor piece of work, and decidedly inferior to the *Beggar's Opera*, in imitation of which it was composed, and the Monody on Garrick is still and commonplace. But the *School for Scandal* and the *Critic* still remain the best pieces of their kind, in spite of the very obvious faults by which they are disfigured. The dialogue of the former is indeed somewhat blunted by being put into type, and requires the adroit emphasis of the stage to make it crackle properly; but the *Critic* is almost as amusing to read as to see acted. On every page we come upon familiar and almost proverbial passages, such as—"If it is abuse, why one is almost sure to hear of it from one d—d good-natured friend or other"; "the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique"; the clock that marks time at the opening of the play and "saves a description of the rising sun and a great deal about gilding the Eastern hemisphere"; "when they do agree on the stage their unanimity is wonderful"; "in a free country I'm not for making slavish distinctions and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people"; Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, and the heroic dead-lock of uncles and nieces. It cannot be denied that Sheridan is weak in drawing character, and that the persons of his dramas are artificial types rather than actual human beings. Yet, though they may be unnatural in themselves, there are sufficient touches of human nature in their interchange of brilliant talk to justify their permanent popularity.

As to the merits of the famous Begum speech it is more difficult to judge. The plays are still acted, and we can observe the effect they produce. But the Begum speech may be said to have passed away as it was delivered, and we can form an opinion of it only by the evidence which we possess as to the impression produced by it at the time. There can hardly be any doubt that this impression was very deep and powerful. It threw the audience into a ferment of enthusiasm, and it was warmly praised by men who were certainly competent to express an opinion on such a subject. Burke in his grand way declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." But Burke had a weakness for superlatives, and an Irish way of saying more than he meant. Indeed we find him almost at the same time bestowing a similar panegyric on Sir Gilbert Elliot's impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey, "the most beautiful that ever was heard, divine beyond human sweetness," with other phrases which Minto was almost ashamed to repeat to his wife, begging her, "for God's sake," not to let any one else hear of them. It was apparently the fashion at this time, when there was more of personal parade in the debates, for the chief men on each side to applaud each other, as if to show how well they could afford not to be jealous of a rival's successes; and some allowance may be made on this account for the lavish praises which not only Burke, but Fox and Pitt, bestowed on Sheridan's oration. Sir G. Elliot mentions that the friends of Sheridan were indignant that Pitt, as soon as the great speech was finished, did not rise to say something handsome about it, and Pitt may on reflection have thought it politic to fall in with the enthusiasm of the moment. Fox, however, asserted twenty years afterwards that the Begum speech was undoubtedly the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, and a similar remark is attributed to Windham. Sir James Mackintosh, who heard the speech, and admitted the effect it produced, thought that the style was too gaudy to be well received in a later age; and Brougham has probably hit the mark in suggesting that a part of Sheridan's success was due rather to the speech having so greatly surpassed all the speaker's former efforts, the great interest of the subject, and the artistic elaboration and delivery of certain fine passages, than to the merits of the whole. No adequate report of this speech has been preserved, but we have the shorthand notes of the speech which he afterwards delivered on the same subject in Westminster Hall, and they certainly do not give one a very high idea of Sheridan's oratory. The style is not merely verbose and redundant, but flabby; the language is coarse and overcharged; and much of the wit is strained or trivial. It is known that Sheridan, with characteristic trickiness, endeavoured to add to the effect of his address by pretending to be quite unprepared, although he had been for days hard at work in getting up the case.

The prevalent notion of Sheridan at one time was, and perhaps to some extent still is, that he was a man of ready and abundant wit, who was too idle to discipline his use of it. In point of fact, Sheridan appears to have been naturally rather heavy and even dull, and to have been largely indebted to his industry, not only in working up such ideas as occurred to himself, but, in appropriating

* *The Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan: Dramas, Poems, Translations, Speeches, and Unfinished Sketches. With a Memoir of the Author, a Collection of Ana, and Ten Chalk Drawings. Edited by F. Stainforth. London: Chatto & Windus. 1874.*

the ideas of others. Moore puts it mildly when he says that Sheridan had, in addition to the resources of his own wit, a quick apprehension of what suited his purpose in the wit of others. He was unscrupulous in his pilferings, and helped himself to whatever took his fancy. His famous remark about Pitt, when he was succeeded by Addington, leaving, like Theseus, "his sitting part" behind him, was got from Gilbert Wakefield, who supplied the quotation. In another instance, hearing Sir Philip Francis speak of the Peace as one "of which every one would be glad, and nobody proud," Sheridan hastened into the House to fire off the phrase as his own. Even those, however, whose jokes or epigrams he plundered in this way used to acknowledge that they were usually more successful from his lips than from their own. The leading idea in his Monody on Garrick is borrowed from one of Garrick's own prologues. The conception of Mrs. Malaprop is to be found in *Humphrey Clinker*. The charge which Snare flings at Sir Fretful Plagiary might with some reason have been applied to Sheridan himself, that he kept stray jokes and pilfered witticisms in his common-place book with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office. One of the sentences in his note-book is, "He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit." This was afterwards expanded into "When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination"; and, with slight variations, served Sheridan on several occasions. Another well-worked joke was that about the gipsies disfiguring the children they steal, to which he helped himself in the first instance from Churchill. It turns up in the *Critic*, and was also used in the House of Commons. Some of his Parliamentary fustian was afterwards not inappropriately used over again for *Pizarro*. On the whole, it will be found that impudence and clap-trap form a large element in the sort of wit of which Sheridan was a master. He had a strong sense of humour and stage effect, but without taste or capacity for discrimination. His speeches and his plays are of much the same quality, and both are marked by audacious but successful hits, and by gross and amazing blunders. He had no self-respect to restrain him from committing himself to any escapade either in literature or politics, and was always ready to take his chance of hit or miss in pursuit of those sensational effects which flattered his vanity and gratified his love of excitement. High animal spirits and great plausibility gave force to intellectual qualities of a very moderate grade; and he had, in the midst of his looseness and dissipation, the curious faculty of concentrating on the particular object of the moment a sort of steady, mechanical industry. He was, in short, a rather plodding and heavy Beaumarchais, with all the tricks, but without the genuine brightness and originality, of the Frenchman.

MINTO'S CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH POETS.*

SINCE M. Taine set the fashion of applying the comparative method to the history of a literature, each new essay in that department raises a faint expectation that we shall find traces of an example which ingenuity rendered so fascinating. We are prepared for a neat demonstration of the manner in which each writer was the result of his race, his milieu, and his epoch. The announcement in Mr. Minto's preface of a contrast in this respect between his plan and M. Taine's afforded us, therefore, a gentle surprise, not unmixt, it must be owned, with a sense of relief. Mr. Minto tells his readers that they must not expect to find the poets of whom he speaks treated with reference to their race or their social surroundings. M. Taine studied the organism through the medium; Mr. Minto is content to take the organism by itself, and to inquire what it is rather than how it was formed. At the same time he aims at something like an historical view; he seeks to trace how far each poet was influenced by his predecessors or his contemporaries.

This volume covers about three centuries of English poetry—from Chaucer, who died in 1400, to Shirley, who died in 1666. The obvious, if somewhat ungracious, question which a new book on such a question suggests is, What are the distinctive qualities which constitute its reason for existing? Mr. Minto's book appears to us to hold a middle place between a history of literature and a collection of essays or monographs. It is less systematic, less thorough in detail, and less compact in style than a serious history. Where Hallam and Mr. Minto go over the same ground—that is, from the fifteenth century onwards—it is interesting to compare them. Mr. Minto is not diffuse; but he has not Hallam's power of scholarly condensation, by which a paragraph is made to do the work of pages, and to give us the really important points and relations of a writer in the fewest, but most pregnant, words. On the other hand, Mr. Minto is incomparably lighter reading than Hallam, whose plan of course obliged him to suppress picturesque personal details. We are inclined to think that nature or circumstance has been kind to Mr. Minto in prompting him to adopt just this scale for his sketches. If the scale had been smaller, the sketches would, we suspect, have been meagre; if it had been much larger, there might have been an excess of talk, not so heavy as to be prosy, but occasionally verging on twaddle. In the chapter on Shakespeare's Life and Character Mr. Minto notices Malone's way of accounting for Shakespeare's knowledge of legal

terms by the conjecture that he may have been articled to an attorney at Stratford. Referring to the fact that, when Shakespeare was fourteen, his father mortgaged an estate at Ashbie, Mr. Minto observes that Malone's theory is superfluous:—

There are no family secrets from the children of the poor. Shakspeare doubtless heard the painful deliberations of his once prosperous parents, knew all their difficulties, and perused the mortgage bond with a boy's grave curiosity and awe.

Ingenuity of this kind often hovers on the line which separates the sublime from the ludicrous; and, for our part, we are glad that Mr. Minto's space did not often invite him to fill the gaps of biography with speculations of so subtle a texture. On the whole he has the merit of having written a book which, if neither exhaustive nor original, is fairly readable. It will tell people a good deal about some English poets whom, by a courteous fiction, all educated persons are supposed to know; and a little about several other poets whom the more ambitious few gladly affect to know. Whether a book of this sort is a good thing in itself is another question, and one which we should hesitate to answer in the affirmative. We are inclined to think that the books about good writers have multiplied to an extent which is becoming hurtful to real study of the writers themselves. By all means let us have thorough histories of literature, as well as careful sketches or outlines which will help beginners to keep clearly in mind the relative places and meanings of the books which they read. By all means let us have essays or studies in which particular writers or periods are thoroughly examined and illustrated. But what shall be said of the intermediate book—of one which, like the present, has the thoroughness neither of a history nor of a study? The very fact that it is easy and pleasant reading, and that it gives an intelligent general view of the writers with whom it deals, tends to its being used in practice, not as an introduction, but as a substitute. The slipshod knowledge thus picked up at second-hand may serve a turn for purposes of display, but is more fatal than anything else to largeness and truth of insight, and to the doing of sound work. It would be unjust to charge Mr. Minto with bookmaking. This volume shows not only a great deal of reading, but judgment and taste, notwithstanding a certain deficiency perhaps in that sense of humour which alone can make judgment or taste sure; but it would be just, we fear, to say that Mr. Minto is eminently fitted to be a source of "padding" to others. Any one, of course, who ever wrote,

Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away;

but it is something that there should be the necessity of first turning the noble material into clay; it is something that the user of the plug should have to make it for himself. Our objection is to the ready-made stop-gap; and it is a chatty, dilettante sort of book, like this of Mr. Minto's, neither thorough nor meagre, but just hitting the popular mean, which supplies that article in the most seductive abundance. The educational and the literary tendency of such a book is, in our opinion, to be deprecated. From the point of view of entertainment there is nothing to be said against it. It is well enough done in its way, though we do not think the way a good one; and it will pass time far more pleasantly, and at least more profitably, than scores of books which a dreary conventionality enboldens the Circulating Libraries to class as light reading.

The first chapter, on Chaucer, is one of the best. Chaucer has been somewhat neglected by "the general reader" of this generation, though scholars are now working at him with new vigour and new lights. In the ship of English Poetry he has been the figurehead, of which voyagers do not see much after they are on board. Mr. Minto justly points out that, though Chaucer may be called the "father of English poetry" in being the first great poet who wrote in English, yet the designation is apt to mislead. The originality which it seems to claim is too large. Original, no doubt, Chaucer was, and this in two senses; first, because his work has the impress and breathes the spirit of a strong individuality; next, because this kind of work had never before received a character or expressed a mind distinctively English. But Chaucer was not the founder of a new school of poetry. He was merely the apostle of that school for England. The Trouvères of Northern France derived their impulse from the Troubadours of the South. The Langue d'Oïl now essayed to rival those productions for which the Langue d'Oc had become famous. But the line of effort was changed in a significant way. The Southern Troubadours had been predominantly lyric. The Northern Trouvères aspired to be epic. They delighted in tales of chivalry, in romances of war or of love, in such heroes as Arthur and his Knights, Charlemagne and his Paladins—Charlemagne, whom no Mr. Freeman had arisen to upbraid them for calling a Frenchman. The Trouvères and the Italian poets who, like them, caught their first inspiration from the Troubadours, were directly the masters of Chaucer. When, indeed, M. Sandras describes him as a mere imitator, whether of Guillaume de Lorris or of Jean de Meun, he loses sight of that distinction, personal and national, which, as has been said, is so vividly stamped on Chaucer's work. But not the less is the intellectual parentage of his genius unmistakable—its strongest characteristic being perhaps that animation, that sentiment of bright colour, of fresh feeling, of rapid ease and gaiety of movement, in which De Quincey found the *Canterbury Tales* superior to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. By the by, we are glad to see that Mr. Minto shows no favour to the crotchet which discovers a grim satirical purpose in the *Canterbury Tales*. Doubtless most of the personages are disreputable in the manner appropriate to

* *Characteristics of English Poets, from Chaucer to Shirley.* By William Minto, M.A. London: Blackwood. 1874.

their several stations and duties in life. The Merchant is of doubtful faith; the Miller steals corn; the Reeve is not above the temptations of office; the Cook is subject to nearly all the infirmities of the flesh; the Monk, the Friar, and the Pardoner are edifying rather as warnings than as examples; the Lawyer and the Doctor are not disposed to cavil at the view that the labourer is worthy of his hire. But these world-soiled pilgrims are, on the whole, a cheerful company, which the Poet joins solely with a view to their agreeable society, and not with the remotest design of taking notes for moral criticism. It is perhaps the best proof of Chaucer's force that nearly all the English poets of the fifteenth century may be regarded as his disciples, though the interval between the leader and the followers would now be estimated somewhat otherwise than it was rated by Skelton, when he could place Gower and Lydgate on a level with their master. Among the successors of Chaucer Mr. Minto rightly numbers Sir Thomas Malory, whose *Morte d'Arthur* was printed by Caxton in 1485. The *Idylls of the King* has lately revived the interest in Malory's prose compilation, and Mr. Minto's account of it will be acceptable to all readers of Mr. Tennyson. It will probably surprise many young ladies to learn that, whereas the Laureate's Arthur is before all things a Defender of the Faith, Sir Thomas's Arthur is, in several minor traits of his history, a decidedly objectionable person; though we quite agree with Mr. Minto that the eloquent apologist of the "Idylls," Mr. Hutton, undertook a work of supererogation when he addressed himself to showing that Mr. Tennyson's conception of Arthur is at all events nearer to Malory's than is Mr. Swinburne's.

In three centuries of literary history it is almost inevitable that there should be deserts—long, sandy tracts, with a sparse population of lyrists and translators; and a good deal of credit is due to the literary historian who proves himself an efficient dragoon in the passage of these arid districts. Mr. Minto gets over his "Renaissance and Transition"—the earlier and middle portions of the sixteenth century—pretty well; though, before emerging into a land flowing with the milk of Arcadia and the honey of Hymettus, there are moments when it would be a joy to desert in the distance even the most dismal of the Elizabethan Sonneteers. The ruling influences of this transition period were Italian. Sackville studied Dante; Gascoigne translated the plays of Ariosto and the prose of Bandello; Spenser owed much both to the *Orlando Furioso* and to the *Jerusalem Delivered*. It would have been well to have shown, more fully than Mr. Minto has done, the nature and the various bents of this Italian action on the literary mind of England—an action which, for more than a century later, continued to be so powerful; and it is just here that Hallam's special mastery of the subject might have given useful guidance. In the chapter on Spenser Mr. Minto has devoted some space to discussing a point in Thomas Campbell's criticism on the *Fairy Queen*. Campbell says:—"On a comprehensive view of the whole work, we certainly miss the charm of strength, symmetry, and rapid or interesting progress." Campbell, like Macaulay, had no doubt found the allegorical epic very long and somewhat dull, though he avoids suggesting, as Macaulay did in speaking of the "death" of the Blatant Beast, that he had not succeeded in getting to the end. But what, Mr. Minto asks, is Campbell's meaning when he denies "strength" to Spenser? The criticism certainly seems pointless, unless, with Mr. Minto, we suppose "strength" to mean "the strength arising from clearness and brevity of expression," i.e. lucid terseness. Remembering such passages as the visit of Duessa to Dame Night, and their journey to Ascalapian in the under-world, we must deem it an unhappy choice of language by which "strength," in the natural meaning of the term, is said to be absent from the *Fairy Queen*. The chapters on Shakspeare, his dramatic forerunners and successors, are well written, but present little that calls for special remark. In the Shakspearian part of them we were most struck by Mr. Minto's arguments for identifying the "better spirit" of the 80th Sonnet—

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name

—with Chapman; a theory which seems to fit the conditions more satisfactorily than Massey's hypothesis that Marlowe is intended. The notices of Fletcher may perhaps be cited as especially good. Charles Lamb says that "quite a new turn of tragic and comic interest came in with the Restoration." But Fletcher may properly be considered as the real progenitor of the Restoration drama. As Mr. Minto says (p. 424), he threw into drama "not only the high spirits and daring manner of aristocratic youth, but also a sweet odour of poetry brought from the vales of Arcadia and the gardens of the *Fairy Queen*."

In taking leave of this pleasant book we have only to express a hope—which we feel sure that its author would share—that its readers will remember the significance of its title. Familiarity with the "characteristics" of a writer, however skillfully they may be set forth, is not the same thing as knowledge of the writer himself. This is particularly true in the case of poets. The best lessons which a poet has to teach are not literary, and no literary machinery can make a royal road to their acquisition. They can be learned only by apprehension of the poet's whole nature as expressed in his whole work. This book, *Characteristics of English Poets*, will be fulfilling its proper function only when it is used as an introduction and an aid to the sympathetic study of the poets themselves.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

HITHERTO it has seemed good to Mr. Payn to describe himself upon the title-page of his numerous books only as the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*. The practice of authors in this respect is the reverse of the practice of politicians. When the name of a statesman has become thoroughly familiar to us all, he changes it for a title. Whatever may be said on political grounds in favour of the practice, it must be admitted that both for contemporaries and for students of history it has its inconveniences. The great name of Pitt was partly eclipsed behind the title of Chatham, and there are a good many modern peers whose identity with former lawyers or statesmen has to be recognized by an effort of the memory. Authors, on the other hand, show their modesty by taking a title from their first publication, and only reveal their true names as they become better known. The change is probably agreeable to most of their readers. We seem to know a man better when we can call him Smith or Jones, instead of regarding him as a kind of impersonal abstraction. We could love Scott, while we had only a vague admiration for the author of the *Waverley Novels*. We may presume that when Mr. Payn discards the title under which we have hitherto known him, it is a symptom of growing popularity and a concession to the demands of a widening circle of readers anxious to have a more tangible object of worship. Perhaps, therefore, we ought to seize the opportunity of making a study of the works to which Mr. Payn now lays claim in his own character. We have reviewed so many of them that this would be a rather superfluous performance; and we shall only say that Mr. Payn has some decided merits which justify his popularity. We will not say whether it is to be reckoned amongst them that he does not aim at being profoundly philosophical or at gratifying the tastes of refined connoisseurs. But it is certainly a merit that he is always lively; that his plots are clearly constructed, and sometimes remarkably ingenious; and that he has a genuine sense of humour, marred—for we have no desire to conceal his weaknesses—by a reprehensible love of bad puns. The present story exemplifies these qualities fairly enough. It may perhaps be not incorrectly described as belonging to that class of fiction of which Mr. Wilkie Collins is the most popular master. There is, that is to say, a mystery which haunts us through a great part of the book; a skillfully compounded riddle, of which we feel that there ought to be a simple solution, and which we are yet unable to solve satisfactorily until the author himself places the key in our hands. Stories which depend for their interest upon the unravelment of a carefully constructed puzzle are of course despised by the more sublime critics, and it is true that they seldom gratify us by any delicate delineation of character and sentiment. When the puppets have to be worked exclusively with a view to conceal the secret strings which pull them, the performer is naturally tempted to overlook the demands of nature and probability. Accordingly, we must confess that, whatever other merits are possessed by Messrs. John and Richard Milbank and Miss Margaret Thorne—the principal actors in this little drama—they do not strike us as being very forcible representations of human nature. They have to act eccentric parts in order to conceal their secret motives from the reader; and it is consequently rather hard to account for some of their actions by the ordinary passions of humanity. Without letting out Mr. Payn's secret, we may endeavour to give some account of the situation, which, we would hope, may excite without satisfying the curiosity of our readers.

John and Richard Milbank, we may say, in the first place, are the regulation pair of brothers—the industrious and idle apprentice of Hogarth—the prodigal son and the virtuous heir; or, in short, the last representatives of the old-fashioned contrast on which a thousand different variations have been performed by as many novelists and writers of tracts. Generally speaking, the novel and the tract take different views of the merits of the question. Authors of tracts take the Hogarthian view of life, and show us the Mansion House as the final goal of the industrious lad's career, and Tyburn-tree at the end of his rival's history. The novelist more generally follows Sheridan, and asks our sympathies for Charles Surface, whilst we are fully prepared to detest the cold-blooded villainy of his hypocritical brother. Mr. Payn, however, in this case agrees with Hogarth. The prodigal brother, Richard, is a thoroughly bad fellow; whilst his brother becomes, not merely in name but in reality, the "best of husbands." We do not mean to say, however, that virtue is rewarded and vice punished, or to say the reverse; for to do so would be to let out the secret so carefully preserved. Thus much indeed must be added. Both Richard and John are in love with the model heroine who is supposed to possess all the virtues. And here occurs an example of the difficulty of which we have already spoken. If Mr. Payn had regarded simply the truth to nature of his story, he would have taken more trouble to explain to us how it comes to pass that the modest, refined, and exemplary Margaret falls in love with the scamp Richard. There is nothing, it may be said, surprising in the fact of an excellent young woman falling in love with a scamp, however worthless intrinsically, simply on the ground of his good looks and pleasant manners. That undoubtedly is quite true; but yet it is unpleasant in fiction, as it is unpleasant in real life, to watch a beautiful girl attaching herself to a thorough-paced scoundrel by reason of the very innocence which prevents her

from even guessing what a blackguard he is. But then the novelist ought to show us, what we are able to see more or less for ourselves in reality, what is the secret of the charm. We should listen to some of the villain's smooth speeches; we should have a taste at least of the wit and high spirits which make him a charming companion; and, though the author should never relent so far as to save his villain's soul, he should be careful to show that the serpent has at least glittering scales. Unluckily Mr. Payn is so intent upon showing the wickedness of the prodigal brother—a wickedness which is necessary to working his plot—that he forgets to exhibit his superficial goodness. He is from the first a drunkard, a gambler, and a debauchee; and not merely is he bad at heart, but his manners are as repulsive as his nature. When he meets his excellent brother, he abuses him in the coarsest manner; he does not even make a pretence of being touched by generous conduct; and, in short, he is so wantonly and outrageously brutal in his whole behaviour that we can only accept Margaret's love for him as a kind of mysterious infatuation. The fault is a considerable one; because it throws a preliminary air of improbability over a story which, whatever its other merits, can certainly not be praised on the score of its resemblance to ordinary life.

The two brothers are brought together by means of a spiteful will of an uncle; in regard to which we shall only say that it seems to us to illustrate the old proposal that novelists should combine to retain a consulting lawyer to keep them straight in legal matters. The two are forced to live together as partners for a year, during which the bad brother takes every possible means of insulting his more respectable relation. John sees that Richard is a brute of the very worst kind, and has yet only too good reason to know that Richard will in all probability marry Margaret at the end of the year. He knows, too, and indeed Richard does not scruple to proclaim to him in the plainest language, that the marriage will mean nothing but a miserable slavery to an unfaithful husband, and yet he considers himself bound in honour not to attempt to open Margaret's eyes. Certainly this is an uncomfortable situation, and when the year is nearly out and John discovers that Richard has committed a forgery, the temptation to the good brother to send the bad brother out of the country by a threat of imprisonment is a very strong one. He proceeds, in fact, to insist upon Richard's voluntary emigration to avoid prosecution; but here occurs the mystery of which we have spoken. Richard suddenly vanishes into thin air. After a time, John marries Margaret, who still prefers Richard but is urged to marriage by her sense of John's noble conduct in various ways; and John becomes the "best of husbands." But, though the best of husbands, he is not the happiest of men. Strange misgivings haunt us. What has become of the prodigal brother? Why does he never even ask for money, or turn up in a ruined condition? Why did John suddenly order a cellar to be bricked up? Could he, the best of husbands, have murdered his brother, and thus taken means to conceal the body? Why do mysterious lights appear at night in the neighbourhood of the said cellar? Why does John refuse ever to be a day absent from the house? Why does he get up at night and hold mysterious conversations with a man whom his wife discovers in the dim light to be one of the most blackguard companions of the missing brother? Why does that ruffian appear splendidly clothed and with pockets full of money directly after the conversation? Why does John, on the other hand, appear next morning with his dark hair turned grey in the course of a single night? What can he have been doing with a spade, a pickaxe, and a barrow in the little copse near the house where there is an old quarry? And what can he have wanted with that bottle of ink, invented by his ingenious father-in-law, and warranted to disappear suddenly at the end of a fortnight and leave nothing but blank paper? How are these questions to be answered? or rather how are they to be answered consistently with a belief that the best of husbands is really what he appears to be, and what indeed the novelist informs us that he really is?

To all which we can only answer that persons desirous of solving the riddle must read the book for themselves. We shall content ourselves with drawing what appears to be the most obvious moral. If you have a brother who is a thoroughly black sheep, cut him off as decidedly and speedily as possible. If you find him out in a forgery prosecute him at once; and if you have reason to suppose that he is in love with the object of your own affections, take care that she knows all about his misdeeds as quickly and fully as possible. Otherwise, however exemplary may be your own conduct, you will find that your own relation may be a thorn in your side throughout life, and you may even die a melancholy death yourself, though you may marry the woman of your heart and be to her the best of husbands.

FRIENDS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

(Second Notice.)

THE second volume of Sainte-Beuve's work on Chateaubriand and his "groupe littéraire" is chiefly occupied with matter relative to those friends of his who had a direct and appreciable influence on his production. One or two of these had the combined influence of the critic and the friend, and there is a passage

of remarkable interest about criticism which throws a strong light upon what Sainte-Beuve thought of his own craft:—

Le don de critique véritable n'a été pourtant accordé qu'à quelques-uns. Ce don devient même du génie lorsqu'on milie des révolutions du goût, entre les ruines d'un vieux genre qui s'écroule et les innovations qui tentent, il s'agit de discerner avec netteté, avec certitude, sans aucune mollesse, ce qui est bon et ce qui vivra.

La nature crée le grand critique, de même qu'elle confère à quelques hommes le don du commandement. D'autres influent plus sensiblement, s'agitent, débordent, entraînent: le vrai juge, le vrai critique, par quelques mots, rétablit la balance. En philosophie, en politique, de nos jours, nous avons vu bien des talents qui étaient des puissances, des forces toujours en action et en mouvement: M. Royer-Collard, tranquille et debout, était une autorité.

L'autorité du vrai critique se compose de bien des éléments complexes, comme pour le grand médecin; mais on foud il y a là un sens à part, comme le tact d'un Hippocrate ou d'un Corvisart.

All this, and more to the same purpose, about the natural gifts of the critic, is both perfectly true and in direct contradiction to the notion so prevalent amongst literary and other artists (novelists, poets, painters, &c.), that it is much easier to criticize than to execute. The criticism which throws a flood of daylight on a work of art, showing it exactly in its right place and relation to other works of art, and which does this *at once*, without waiting to hear the verdict of public opinion, yet does it so accurately that the future can but confirm the verdict—this kind of criticism is much rarer than good art is, and therefore, it may be presumed, is at least equally difficult, whilst it certainly requires uncommon natural gifts and an immense amount of experience and information. The mark of good criticism is that it does not deal in safe and moderate generalizations, but goes boldly into detail, and both praises and blames without softening for fear of being wrong:—

Il ne s'agit pas, quand un nouvel écrivain paraît qui est un homme de génie, même avec des défauts,—il ne s'agit pas de venir dire: *C'est assez bien*, et de faire ce qu'on peut appeler une cote mal taillée des beautés et des défauts, comme fit l'Institut dans ce fameux Rapport sur le *Génie du Christianisme*, comme fit l'Académie pour le *Cid*. "C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément," a dit Vauvenargues. Il faut savoir à première vue marquer le cran. Quel mépris n'avait pas La Bruyère pour ces prétendus connaisseurs qui avaient en sous les yeux le manuscrit de ses *Caractères* sans bien savoir à quoi s'en tenir et sans oser se prononcer.

Fontanes, who was timid as a poet, criticized frankly and well, and had a salutary influence on Chateaubriand's earlier style, which Chateaubriand willingly acknowledged; but, as Fontanes did not live long enough to be always by the side of his friend, this influence was wanting to bend in his decline. Fontanes had a strangely complex character. He was a poet, or at least an elegant versifier, and in his verse, which is evidently quite sincere, he writes delicately and charmingly of his rural life, of the advance of age, and such subjects as would have been chosen by the lyric poets of antiquity, and very much in their tone too, yet not in servile imitation. At the same time (no one would have guessed it from his poetry) he was really a strong and authoritative critic, and a fine orator. M. Thiers in his History says that Fontanes in his oratory spoke the finest language which had been uttered since the time of Louis XIV., and Sainte-Beuve believes that this praise, however high, is just. Then, in addition to these talents, Fontanes possessed personal qualities that won the esteem and confidence of Napoleon I., a severe and capable judge of men, and the very last person in his age to be imposed upon by merely literary gifts, for which, as is well known, he had a feeling bordering upon contempt. Let us add to these traits a curious detail, necessary to complete the portrait of the man. Fontanes had a strong touch of the epicurean in his nature, and had a good and "active" stomach (the adjective is his own), which he gratified by means of those varied and excellent repasts which a Frenchman in easy circumstances, who is not at the same time both *gourmand* and *gourmet*, knows so well how to order and procure. His touch of sensuality does not seem to have been entirely confined to good eating, for, as he dared to confess, "Je ne sais rien de plus agréable qu'un ballet bien indécent après un bon dîner." Sainte-Beuve quotes specimens of his poetry, written exactly in the tone and temper of Horace, yet quite his own. Here are three stanzas, beautifully finished in their way:—

Au bord de ce fleuve limpide,
Le long de mes prés toujours verts,
Si quelque rimeur insipide
Portait son orgueil et ses vers,
Qu'en faisant leur ronde fidèle,
Mes Fontanes en sentinelle
L'écartent d'un bras redouté
Même quand la troupe immortelle
Dans l'Institut l'eût adoptée.
Mais si Joubert, ami fidèle,
Que depuis trente ans je chéris,
Des cœurs vrais le plus vrai modèle,
Vers mes champs accourt de Paris,
Qu'on ouvre! j'aime sa présence;
De la paix et de l'espérance
Il a toujours les yeux serens.
Que de fois sa douce éloquence
Apaisa mes plus noirs chagrins!
Et si, de ses courses lointaines,
Chateaubriand vient sur ces bords,
Muse de Sion et d'Athènes,
Entonnez vos plus beaux accords!
Qu'au bruit de vos airs postiques,
Accueilli comme aux jours antiques,
Il prenne place en mes foyers,
Et loin des trahisons politiques
Repose eint de vos lauriers!

* Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire sous l'empire. Par Sainte-Beuve. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Lévry.

The Joubert mentioned in the second stanza is the subject of one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's essays, and most readers who care for what is delicate and refined in French literature will be acquainted with the fragments of Joubert's writing which have been preserved and published by his friends. He also had an influence on Chateaubriand, but quite a different kind of influence from that which Fontanes exercised. The two friends are described as follows by Sainte-Beuve:—

Chateaubriand, jeune, marchait entre les deux. Jamais poète ne trouva deux critiques plus doués d'imagination eux-mêmes, deux critiques amis mieux faits en tous points pour se compléter l'un l'autre et pour le servir. Si l'un, tout classique, l'accompagnait et le soutenait avec un dévouement étonné, l'autre ne s'étonnait pas du tout, et devançait toujours. L'un, ferme et net, athlète au besoin, brisait des lances dans les mêlées pour son ami, et le couvrait de son bouclier; l'autre, vrai sylphe, pur esprit, presque sans corps, voltigeait en murmurant à son oreille des conseils charmants, *l'ami suave*. L'un, critique devant le public, plaidait, défendait, et gagnait une cause; l'autre, intime et inspirant au dedans, suggérait mille pensées et insinuait bien des hardiesses; et pour finir par un mot consacré, l'un était la bride et l'autre l'éperon.

Joubert was a perfect idealist, a man of weak unproductive temperament, fond of dreaming, and who had cultivated in himself the most sensitively delicate taste. "Ses jugements littéraires," says Sainte-Beuve, "étaient d'une ténuité, d'une subtilité, et d'une élévation qui, aujourd'hui même, pourrait faire frémir les classiques de seconde main." Sainte-Beuve calls him "Joubert le délicat," and in this single epithet characterizes him as accurately as one word possibly could do. Joubert was constantly occupying his mind with literary subjects, though incapable of the labour of composition, which fatigued him so much that he was obliged to limit his writing to occasional notes and memoranda. His power of conversation seems to have been considerably superior to his literary productions, for the most lively and intelligent men listened to him without impatience. There was in Joubert's mind that perfume of culture and taste which is always an irresistible attraction to men of genius, even when their genius is not so delicately fastidious as the taste whose criticism they value. It is more by the teachings of these rare spirits than by their own independent faculty that more vigorous minds attain to the appreciation of what is exquisite. They are like electrometers, or test-papers, which reveal what coarser faculties could not discover for themselves, and it is an important part of education to have known them:—

En avoir une fois connu un de ces esprits divins, qui semblent nés pour définir le mot du poète: *divina particulari aura*, c'est être dégoûté à jamais de ce qui n'est pas fin, délicat, délicieux, de tout ce qui n'est pas le parfum et la pure essence; c'est se préparer assurément bien des ennuis et bien des malheurs.

Another intimate friend of Chateaubriand was Chénedollé, to whom Sainte-Beuve gives, as it seems to us, a degree of space rather out of proportion to the interest of the subject. Sainte-Beuve's method of arranging literary material had sometimes the defect of displaying the material itself with too complete a forgetfulness of his own personal rôle as a literary artist, so that we have many pages in which the critic is scarcely apparent; and this is the more to be regretted since his own observations are generally much more interesting than the passages from letters and other compositions which he thinks it necessary to quote. Chénedollé was simply a man of refined and poetical tastes who led a philosopher's life, and knew some of the greatest literary people of his time. We confess to a great ignorance of his poetry, which is no longer read except by curious students of an age that has passed away, but the specimens of it here given are not especially encouraging. It is simply versification, seriously ambitious, yet not rising into poetry. We greatly prefer the verses of writers like Fontanes, who compose elegantly, and with a certain lightness of touch, though they may not have such exalted aims. There is a place in literature for the elegant and skilful versifier as distinguished from the poet, but there is scarcely room for the writer who aims at poetry and does not quite succeed. Chénedollé's verses pleased Joubert, but then Joubert was careful to say that they pleased him like moonlight. Yes, that is exactly the degree of heat and light they give. Compared with the work of men endowed with the true fire, they are as moonlight to sunlight, as water to wine. Of the passages quoted by Sainte-Beuve, the following description of a frost in April is the best. It is delicately true, and written by one who had lived much in the country, and taken a constant interest in rural things:—

Le froment, jeune encor, sans craindre la faucille,
Se couronnait déjà de son épi mobile,
Et, prenant dans la plaine un essor plus hardi,
Ondoyait à côté du trèfle reverdi;
La cerisaie en fleurs, par avril ranimée,
Emplissait de parfums l'atmosphère embaumée,
Et des dons du printemps les pommiers enrichis
Halalaient leurs rameaux empoivrés ou blanchis.
Mais du noir, tout-à-coup, les horizons rougissent,
Le ciel s'est coloré, les airs se refroidissent;
Et l'étoile du Nord, qu'un char glacé conduit,
Étincelle en tremblant sur le front de la Nuit.
Soudain l'âpre Gölée, aux piquantes haleines,
Frappe à la fois les prés, les vergers et les plaines,
Et le froid Aquilon, de son souffle aéré,
Poursuit dans les bosquets le Printemps éploré.
C'en est fait! d'une nuit l'haleine empoisonnée
A séché, dans sa fleur, tout l'espoir de l'année.

Sainte-Beuve thinks that Chénedollé's misfortune was to live too much away from Paris, because it is so difficult to make a literary reputation in the country. Books by themselves, Sainte-Beuve

says, are nothing or little towards the establishment of a reputation; the author ought to be personally present to sustain them, and dispose those who are indifferent to read them. In this perhaps there is some exaggeration of a kind natural to a Parisian, but there is some truth in it, especially in the case of men of mediocre talent, whose works are not strong enough to do without the help of *camaraderie* and the influences of drawing-rooms. By personal influence in the capital, a man of Chénedollé's talent might have won higher reputation, but the great poets may live where they like; their books make their fame for them. In our own country several poets of eminence have lived habitually out of London. A more serious objection appears to have been that Chénedollé was not lucky in the time chosen for the publication of his works. He did not publish till Lamartine and Victor Hugo had won the public ear, and it needed a stronger genius than his to contend successfully against these rivals. It is exceedingly interesting to study the cases of men who have been unsuccessful, and to ascertain the causes of their failure. Sainte-Beuve thinks that at least a remembrance is due to Chénedollé, and that he deserves some attention as "un homme distingué par le talent et par le cœur, qui eut en lui l'enthousiasme, le culte du beau, la verve sincère, les qualités généreuses, et jusqu'à la fin cette candeur des nobles âmes qui devrait être le signe inaltérable du poète."

Chénedollé, like the majority of poetical minds in the earlier part of this century, felt, in all its strength and novelty, that passion for external nature which has had so great an influence on modern literature. Like most of his countrymen, he enjoyed nature more from the classical and rural point of view than from that delight in uninhabited sublimities which has marked the English passion for noble scenery. His very name is that of a pond which he loved in childhood. He remembered later the entranced pleasure with which, at the age of nine, he would pass hours together on a balcony, looking at the slopes of Barcy. He observed nature with the most constant attention, and took an unfeigned interest in all rural occupations. The following is an extract from one of his note-books:—

J'aime tous les travaux champêtres; j'aime à voir labourer, semer, moissonner, planter, tailler, émonder les arbres, aménager les forêts.
Je jouis du blé vert, et j'en jouis en moisson.
En mars, je ne connais rien de beau, de riant, de magnifique, comme un beau champ de blé qui rit sous les premières haleines du printemps.
Depuis trente ans, je m'occupe de l'étude de la nature. Je m'observe sans cesse, je m'étudie sans cesse à la prendre sur le fait.

It was characteristic of Chénedollé that he congratulated himself on having learned Greek late in life:—"Cela présente la pensée sous de nouvelles couleurs et ouvre à l'esprit de nouveaux horizons. L'étude d'une langue, surtout d'une langue très-riche et qui a de belles formes, retrempe et rajeunit l'imagination."

Chénedollé knew several very interesting people, and amongst the rest he knew Rivarol, the astonishing talker. Nothing in the way of brilliant improvisation ever exceeded, if we may believe those who knew him, the torrent of talk that poured from this man's lips. Chénedollé Roswellized him a little, and has preserved specimens of his talk which unquestionably display great intellectual agility. Rivarol seems to have made regular discourses, giving himself a subject to start with, in the form of a defined proposition, on which he lectured with the greatest eloquence, and an absolute intolerance of every other talker. He must have been at the same time a remarkable intellectual curiosity, and a great bore. Here is a vivid description of Rivarol's manner, written by Chénedollé himself:—

Il commençait en effet, et se lança dans un de ces monologues où il était vraiment prodigieux. Le fond de son thème était celui-ci: Le poète n'est qu'un sauvage très-ingénieux et très-animé, chez lequel toutes les idées se présentent en images. Le sauvage et le poète font le cercle; l'un et l'autre ne parlent que par hiéroglyphes, avec cette différence que le poète tourne dans une orbite d'idées beaucoup plus étendue—et le voilà qui se met à développer ce texte avec une abondance d'idées, une richesse de vues si fines ou si profondes, un luxe de métaphores si brillantes et si pittoresques, que c'était merveille de l'entendre.

Il passa ensuite à une autre thèse qu'il posa ainsi: L'art doit se donner un but qui recule sans cesse, et mettre l'infini entre lui et son modèle. Cette nouvelle idée fut développée avec des prestiges d'éloquence encore plus étonnants: c'était vraiment des paroles de kérié. Nous hasarâmes timidement, M. de la Tremé et moi, quelques objections qui furent réfutées avec le rapide dédain de la supériorité (Rivarol, dans la discussion, était osant, emporté, un peu dur même)—"Point d'objections d'enfant," nous répétait-il, et il continuait à développer son thème avec une profusion d'images toujours plus éblouissantes. Il passait tour à tour de l'abstraction à la métaphore, et revenait de la métaphore à l'abstraction avec une aisance et une dextérité inouïes. Je n'avais pas d'idée d'une improvisation aussi agile, aussi svelte, aussi entraînante. J'étais toute oreille pour écouter ces paroles magiques qui tombaient en reflets pétillants comme des pierrieres, et qui d'ailleurs étaient prononcées avec le son de voix le plus mélodieux et le plus pénétrant, l'organe le plus varié, le plus souple et le plus enchanteur: j'étais vraiment sous le charme, comme disait Diotot.

Chénedollé had the fault of procrastination. He allowed himself too easily the dangerous luxury of leaving things half done in the expectation that they would be finished some time. "Chénedollé écoute trop le *Démon de la procrastination*, comme on l'a appelé. Il n'invoque pas assez la *Muse de l'achèvement*, cette muse heureuse, la seule qui sache nouer la couronne." This characteristic is the common one of second-rate intellects when not compelled to produce by the necessity for daily bread. They easily fall into habits of dreaming, not having the great productive energy of the real geniuses, and never feeling perfect confidence in the value of what they do. Chénedollé was in the French University, and first Professor of Literature at Rouen, after which he became *Inspecteur d'Académie* at Orléans. He knew Joubert well, and Joubert wrote interesting letters to him, in which were such

good and profitable things as Joubert could think and express better than anybody else. Here is a charming passage of a letter addressed to Chénedollé when he accepted the functions of Inspector. Joubert says that he would have preferred for his friend the uniform and fixed labour of a teacher, on account of the tediousness of detail in the work of an Inspector. However, he continues, there is a sure way of reconciling ourselves to our duties:—

Je vous préviens qu'il y a deux moyens infallibles de s'y plaire : le premier est de les remplir parfaitement ; car on parvient toujours à faire volontiers ce qu'on fait bien ; le second est de vous dire que tout ce qui devient devoir doit devenir cher. C'est une de mes anciennes maximes, et vous ne sauriez croire quelle facilité étonnante on trouve dans les travaux pour lesquels on se sentait d'abord le plus de répugnance, quand on s'est bien enquis dans l'esprit et dans le cœur une pareille pensée ; il n'en est point (mon expérience vous en assure) de plus importante pour le bonheur.

Again, towards the conclusion of another of his letters, he says, "J'éprouve que rien n'augmente le découragement autant que l'oisiveté."

Although Chénedollé had the greatest regard for Joubert, he did not see him frequently, and the last of their separations extended over the wide space of twelve years, Joubert dying immediately after. Chénedollé was very intimate also with Fontanes, who most kindly gave much time and trouble to the detailed criticism of his literary work before it reached the public. We get other glimpses of Fontanes through Chénedollé's letters. He speaks of his admirable powers of conversation, which was as fertile and abundant as that of Rivarol, yet in better taste. Fontanes allowed himself full play in his conversation, and tried his powers by talking before he sat down to write, when he became much more severe with himself, and obeyed the inward law of the strictest self-criticism. His friend observes that his mind threw off images and material most abundantly when he corrected the manuscript of some less experienced writer than when he composed on his own account. His notion of taste was so extremely delicate and severe that he became rather timid when he wrote his own poetry, but when he had only to suggest new matter to a friend, he was perfectly inexhaustible. "Barthe, en arrivant chez lui, lui disait : 'Je viens vous demander de la matière poétique ;' et Barthe avait bien raison, car il en donnait tant qu'on voulait." In conversation his audacity of imagery sometimes went rather dangerously far, and there is a capital anecdote in illustration of this. One day he was glorifying Paris and France, and exclaimed—

Babylone! Thèbes aux cent portes!—Londres n'est que la ville des marchands, ce n'est qu'un grand comptoir. Paris est la ville des arts et des rois. Babylone! Thèbes aux cent portes! Voyez-vous Louis XIV assis sur la plus haute des cheminées du palais de Versailles? Le voyez-vous qui commande à tout son siècle? Et alors il faisait la description la plus vive, la plus animée, des merveilles de ce règne, des arts, des talents des génies qui y rivalisaient d'éclat et de grandeur.

This image of Louis XIV. sitting on the top of the highest chimney at Versailles, and thence commanding "tout son siècle," is one of the most charming instances of ridiculous sublimity we ever met with. Yet the energy and conviction of a man like Fontanes are enough to carry off even such imagery as this. Chateaubriand and Chénedollé used to call Fontanes "le Sanglier d'Erymanthe," on account of his brusquerie and verve, and Chateaubriand declared that the wild boar in the garden of the Tuileries, le Sanglier de Culydon, was his portrait.

ROBY'S LATIN GRAMMAR.*

(First Notice.)

AFTER an interval of three years Mr. Roby has brought out the second and concluding part of his Latin Grammar. For an account of the first part we must refer our readers to the *Saturday Review* for September 30, October 7, and October 14, 1871. We there contrasted Mr. Roby's philosophical method of investigating grammar with the cut and dried style of the *Public Schools' Latin Grammar*, and the present instalment of the work fully bears out the opinion we expressed as to the comparative merits of the two publications. The Fourth Book, of which the present volume consists, is wholly devoted to Syntax, to which is added a long supplement which treats of prepositions and quasi-prepositional adverbs and particles, &c. But before we begin to give any account of it, we must premise that few people will find the same amount of interest in this as in the previously published volume. It required small knowledge of the language, or of its grammar, to follow Mr. Roby through his observations on orthography, and on the inflexions of nouns and verbs. But no one will find the Syntax to be easy reading, and even expert grammarians will often be driven to have recourse to the numerous illustrative examples which are added, before they will understand the full force of Mr. Roby's somewhat novel classifications. He is himself fully aware of this difficulty, and in view of it he says in his preface:—

I have desired to set example above precept, and to appeal to the intuition of my readers, rather than to their power of abstract grammatical conception. A writer on language has herein a great advantage over expositors of many other branches of science, that he can incorporate in his work

actual specimens of the natural objects. I have made full use of this advantage, and aimed at giving my book the form, not so much of a treatise as of a scientific arrangement of specimens interwoven with a *catalogue raisonné*. For this puts grammar in the proper light as an account of what men do say, not a theory of what they should say. Moreover, few except practised grammarians can get a clear conception from grammatical exposition except as a commentary on examples, and as a clue and justification for the arrangement of them.

The term *catalogue raisonné* is not well chosen as descriptive of the matter which is interspersed with the specimens; and though the writer regards the illustrative portion as given rather from an historical than a scientific point of view, we think we may safely say that it is all the more scientific because of the regard which has been had to the historical development of the language. For, as Mr. Roby justly observes, matters which appear utterly unintelligible when their historical pedigree is left out of the account unfold themselves naturally and simply "when we look along the line of growth."

The Syntax, which occupies the Fourth Book, that is to say, the greater part of the volume, is arranged in twenty-three chapters, which the author has further helped us in the introductory remarks prefixed to it to classify as follows:—

CHAR. I.-IV. describes the names and functions of the several parts of speech, the classification of sentences, the order of the words in a sentence.

CHAR. V. XIV. gives the use of noun inflexions, partly arranged so as to present a continuous reading of the text on the left hand side page, with the notes opposite to it on the right.

CHAR. XV.-XXIV. contains the use of verb inflexions, part of it being arranged in a similar manner.

There is perhaps no more difficult subject to treat in the way of laying down rules than the arrangement of words in sentences. It is here that refined scholarship is seldom at fault, but the best Latin writer would scarcely be able to give the exact reasons for a given order of words in a sentence he had written, simply because his choice had been guided by instinct and not by reason. The chapter which discusses this subject is perhaps one of the least satisfactory portions of Mr. Roby's Second Part. It scarcely exceeds six pages in length, and might perhaps with advantage have been supplemented with many more examples, especially under the head of Rhythm, which, at least in Cicero's orations, takes precedence of almost every other consideration. We have no right to find fault with an author for suggesting a division which is not strictly logical, when none could have been made which would rigidly answer to logical tests. Yet when, after stating that the order of words is not fixed by any invariable rule, Mr. Roby proceeds to mention the three requirements of "facility of comprehension, emphasis, and rhythm," we are tempted to demur to the distinction drawn between the first two; for though rhythm will sometimes require a different order from that which would best correspond to facility of comprehension, it is scarcely possible to detach the idea of emphasis from that of facility of comprehension, except indeed where emphasis is connected, as it so frequently is in Tacitus, with such omission of words as renders the sentence obscure. One instance of the violation of a rule which comes under this head of facility of comprehension, as given by Mr. Roby, will illustrate what we mean. Relative pronouns regularly stand at the commencement of their clause. This rule, by the way, seems to us somewhat superfluous, as no one would ever have imagined them ordinarily standing anywhere else. But he notices as exceptional the following instance of an emphatic word being placed before the relative:—

Roman quæ apportata sunt, ad ædem Honoris et Virtutis vidimus.

Now undoubtedly the word *Roman* is emphatic, but facility of comprehension is not violated, but very much increased, by the arrangement, which is evidently the most natural possible, there being implied in the word the antecedent of the relative *quæ*.

Under the first head we have no fault to find with the rules given, but the poetical exceptions which have been selected are a very inadequate representation of the mode in which the requirements of verse interfere in the Latin poets with the natural order of words as they would have been arranged in prose. The few instances adduced are not indeed badly chosen, but they give, and perhaps Mr. Roby meant them to give, examples of what may occur, and indeed must frequently occur, in the verses which boys make at school. *E.g.*

Ponitur ad patrios barbara præda deos

is of course quite a typical pentameter. So

Solus avem cælo dejecit ab alto

exhibits quite a common arrangement. But we should have been glad to see instances of the principle of arrangement as sacrificed in more glaring instances. Such, for instance, as Horace's

ludo fatigatumque somno ;

and, again, in the same ode two lines further on:—

texere, mirum quod foret omnibus.

Again, under the head of "facility of comprehension" we are told that "in many expressions the order of the words is fixed by custom." This is undoubtedly true; but it would have been more natural to make a separate class of arrangements which are customary rather than to class such expressions under the head of a rule of which it is difficult to say whether they are instances or exceptions.

As to the observations upon Rhythm and the illustrative examples, we can only say they fairly beat us. None of the examples selected appears to us to be particularly rhythmical, and

* *A Grammar of the Latin Language, from Plautus to Suetonius.* By Henry John Roby, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. In two Parts. Part II. containing Book IV., Syntax. Also Prepositions, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

we scarcely see how they apply to the two general observations to which they are appended. We have no other means of judging, but they suggest to us that the author has not any very distinct perception of cadence. If he had transcribed the opening sentences of the speech for the poet Archias, his readers would have understood how, at least in an oration, attention to rhythm produces a most wonderful effect. And why he should have fixed upon certain adverbs, *nam, enim, &c.*, to tell us whether they may or may not begin a sentence, and omitted to notice others, as, for instance, the conjunctions *que* and *autem*, we are quite at a loss to determine.

On proceeding to the use of noun inflexions, which occupies the second part of the Syntax, we find the cases are separately treated, beginning with the nominative and ending with the genitive. We select the dative, not as being the most important point, but because it is not treated at such great length as the other cases are, and we shall be able to criticize it more easily within a brief compass. The two senses in which Mr. Roby says it is used are:—

- A. To express the *indirect object*, which is usually a person.
B. *Predicatively* in a quasi-adjectival sense.

Most readers will require some explanation of this distinction, and possibly it may be thought that it is a distinction, not indeed without a difference, but scarcely warranted by any advantage that accrues from its consideration. The difference of the relation in which the noun in the dative stands to the rest of the sentence from that in which the genitive occurs is most justly described, but it does not appear to us to bear out the text to which it is appended as a note. We do not see why the indirect object should be described as usually a person just because it is more often a person than a thing. But Mr. Roby shall speak for himself:—

A. (1.) The indirect object is the person (or thing) affected by the occurrence of an action or by the exercise of a quality, although not directly or primarily acted on (person from or to whom).

The word put in the dative belongs properly to the whole predicate (whether principal or subordinate), and not (as the genitive) to some particular word, though there is often some word in the sentence (e.g. verb, adjective, preposition in composition, substantive) whose meaning is naturally supplemented by such an indirect object.

The Augustan and later writers, especially poets and historians, often employed the dative to express loosely but vividly what as a more matter of fact would be more precisely expressed by a preposition with its case.

Now it seems to us that Mr. Roby, in describing this indirect object as usually a person, is straining a point for the purpose of exhibiting a distinction between this use and the other, which he has marked (B) and which he speaks of as a dative of the thing. The instances which he gives are numerous, and the dative of the person occurs more frequently than that of the thing, but no principle is involved in this fact, if fact it be. Take one of the instances he has himself given:—

Seire volam quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet et quantum discrederet paucis avaro.

Surely if the expression had been in prose instead of verse, and the comparison had been instituted in the abstract instead of the concrete, between the qualities instead of the persons possessing them, the same construction might have been used.

The other use of the dative is described as follows:—

B. Predicative dative: that which a thing (or person) serves as, or occasions.

And here the note of explanation is exact and philosophical:—

Usually a semi-abstract substantive, always in the singular number, and without any attribute except sometimes *magnus, major, minor, maximus, summus, nullus, tantus, quantus*, and (chiefly in Plautus) *bonus*. In this use the dative approximates to an adjective, the superlative of which is found by the addition of *magnus, &c.*

A personal dative is generally added (as indirect object). Instances of this use are arranged under two heads:—

1. With the verb *esse*, such as—

Nec tamen impeditur id rebus gerendis fuit.
Ea res nemini unquam fraudi fuit;

and

2. With *habere*, *dacere*, *dare*, &c., and (but *auxilio, praesidio, subsidio* only) with verbs of motion, &c., as—

Paupertas probro haberi, innocentia pro malivolentia duci cepit,

and

Equitatum auxilio Cesari miserant.

A distinction is drawn between this class of dative and one which occurs in a subdivision of (A), which is described as the dative "of work contemplated, chiefly verbal substantives, especially gerundival expressions dependent mainly on substantives or *esse*," of which the following are instances:—

Q. Fabius comitia censoribus creandis habuit
Hunc sibi domicilio locum delegerunt.

Now give it in Mr. Roby's own words:—

The difference of these datives from those of the class B § 1158 sqq., is shown by the fact that these (in theory at least) are convertible with genitives, those with predicative nominatives or accusatives. The former express a sphere of operation, the latter express the light in which a thing is viewed, or the character which is ascribed to it. Both are connected more or less with substantives in the sentence; but in the former their substantive is rather governing than governed (e.g. *dies colloquio*, a day for a conference, a conference day); in the latter, rather governed than governing (e.g. *navis exitio*, ruin or ruinous to sailors).

An illustration occurs in

Extremo prioris anni comitia auguris creandi habita erant,
where the genitive is actually used in place of the dative.

Our remarks on this small portion of the Grammar have extended to so great a length that we must reserve for a future occasion some notice of the verbal inflexions, especially those of the subjunctive mood, as well as some remarks on that part of the supplement to the Syntax which treats of propositions.

WOMAN 'S A RIDDLE.*

THERE are people who speak with thoughtless contempt of the ordinary novel-reader, and consider him a being for whom no fiction is too crude, no plot too absurd and unnatural. Yet there are moments when one is inclined to fancy that the students who read novels steadily, and read them all, must be the great unconscious poets of the human race. Nothing is a more certain mark of the poet than his power of bringing beauty and order to everything that he contemplates. He detects harmonies and contrasts, subtle tones and fleeting charms, invisible to the eyes of others. "I don't see that in Nature," some one said, who was watching Turner at his easel. "No, but don't you wish you did?" replied the painter. And just as Turner saw colours more glowing and shadows more evanescent than appear to ordinary mortals, the novel-reader must somehow out of his own abundance bring life to the most wooden characters, and consistency to the most incoherent plot. We wish we could see these things as he apparently sees them. This vision and faculty would make the reading of books like *Woman's a Riddle* a much less unpleasant task than it is at present. We might find ourselves interested in the characters, the first conception of which is not amiss; and in the plot, which has some elements of merit. In fact, we might be satisfied with those good intentions which the author, like Mr. Wilkins Micawber, has unfortunately failed to carry out in any one direction.

It was rather a happy notion to put the story of this book into the mouth of a governess and companion of the heroine's, a Miss Caroline Rudd. Miss Rudd describes herself as the Chorus of the tale, "whose business it is to make the actions of the personages of the story consequential," whatever she may mean by that. She certainly acts with energy on the Horatian maxim *consiliatur amice*, and she fills up every pause in the story with fluent moralizing and spurts of friendly advice. Her position is a peculiarly favourable one for dispassionate observation, and she is assisted by the extraordinary and inexplicable frankness with which all the characters confide to her their wishes and their secrets. She meets, at a house where she is governess, a certain Sir Gervase Warmstretey, a pompous and prosy old baronet. To see her is the same thing with Sir Gervase as to think that she would be the best possible guide and friend for his niece, and probable heiress, Katherine Ludlow, a young lady whose education has been absolutely neglected. As soon as he has engaged Miss Rudd, he lets her know that there is a blot on Katherine's birth, that she is the child of a *misalliance* on the part of his sister. Miss Ludlow is equally open. "I have low blood in me. My father wasn't a gentleman. He dropped his *k's*, and was very polite to his betters, which is a sure sign of low breeding." Next a Mrs. Carey, who wishes the baronet to marry her daughter, as good as confesses her designs to Miss Rudd the very first time she sees her. Their acquaintance has not advanced far before she tells her the tale of her daughter's previous engagement to a cousin, a Captain Tavenor, a man of the worst character. The daughter, who is described as a "tipping" and "nestling" creature, is equally gushing. She is scarcely married to the pompous Sir Gervase before she discusses with her companion the kind of heaven that may be expected to await her husband. It is to be "a paradise in those unexplored regions which lie around the North Pole. The several states of beatitude would be represented by various heights of icebergs." Yet Miss Rudd tells us nothing about herself to account for these unanimous bursts of confidence. She is not like Esther in *Black House*, who is always doing kind actions, and then wondering in a wearisome way why every one loves her so much. Miss Rudd never wonders, but takes all this respect and affection as her due. Yet, if we consider her merely as an instructor of youth, her language is the reverse of what might be wished. A governess might be expected to know that *du trop* is not French, and that to talk of the "Captain being round" is not a grammatical way of saying that the Captain paid a morning visit. These are only ordinary specimens of her slipshod style. Her moral qualities do not appear to have been attractive. There is something very spiteful in her account of the evil fates of the unpleasant children whom she was at first engaged to teach. And her own didactic language is as prosy and dreary as the baronet's, except when she snubs her pupil in this elegant way:—"Have done with your nonsense; you are like a sailor's parrot, only capable of speaking wicked words, or screaming nonsense." No wonder Katherine Ludlow said:—"You don't speak to me as I want to be spoken to."

It must be admitted, however, that Miss Ludlow was a very trying pupil. "There was something wonderfully beautiful in her eyes, untamed and composite as that expression was. In watching her sometimes Coleridge's strange line would come into my head, 'Woman waiting for her demon lover.' In her character, 'if there was much of coarseness, there was absolutely nothing of vulgarity.' This distinction does not seem to be based on any difference

* *Woman's a Riddle*; or, *Baby Warmstretey*. By Philip Sheldon. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

in the case of Miss Ludlow, who calls the servants by such names as Swallow-tails, is on intimate terms with the housemaid, writes a letter in which she says that her uncle's wife is "high and mity," and generally behaves with incredible meanness and rudeness. The fact is that the author of *Woman's a Riddle* has failed in what looks like an attempt to copy the heroine of one of the most powerful and least pleasant of recent French novels. He has given Katherine Ludlow the dark "mesmeric" beauty, the passion, and the waywardness of Julia de Tréceur, but he has completely failed to draw a wicked woman who is a lady in spite of all her faults. It is true that he tries to show that Katherine's vulgarity was merely a form of perversity adopted to annoy her tediously polite uncle and guardian. But vulgarity is the essence of her nature, and she is even more offensive after Sir Gervase's death than she was when his prim formality provoked her impertinences.

When this young lady heard that her uncle was so disgusted by her many offences that he had determined to disinherit her and marry Miss Carey, her language was forcible and peculiar. "She said in a low voice, 'I wish God would strike my uncle dead.' 'And next,' she said, with striking intensity of articulation, 'I wish God would strike Miss Carey dead.'" It was clearly time that a girl who cherished sentiments of this kind should be separated from the people she disliked. So Katherine was sent to school, but no one could dream of parting with Miss Rudd, who remained at the Hall as companion to the wife of Sir Gervase. Miss Carey, now Lady Warmstreys, was greatly in need of what Becky Sharp calls a sheep-dog. Her angelic purity was such that she saw no harm in the most glaring and obvious improprieties. She is the favourite character of the author, who considers her very weakness amiable. But there is a difference between weakness and imbecility. No doubt there are women who are the more loved for their want of strength and need of protection. But Lady Warmstreys is represented as impossibly childish and feeble. Her home is most unhappy, for her husband is a martinet, who lives in obedience to the clock, and terrifies her with his demands that she should act energetically as mistress of his household. He has scarcely returned from his wedding tour when he forbids his wife's mother to enter the house, merely because she bores him as a mother-in-law. Lady Warmstreys pays secret visits to her mother's cottage, and there meets the cousin to whom she had been engaged. Her conduct at once becomes worse than silly. She says about her cousin:—

A face that we have not seen for a long time recalls those little poems which made the past melodious. My cousin has awakened the memory of one of those little songs in my heart, and its voice makes me cheerful.

It is in vain that Sir Gervase forces the mother to leave the neighbourhood, and forbids the cousin to enter his house. During her husband's absence in town, Lady Warmstreys takes solitary walks with Captain Tavenor, and enjoys a variety of little songs in her heart. Miss Rudd remonstrates, but is disarmed by her Ladyship's childlike innocence:—

"Do you think there is any harm in my seeing Philip in the same way as I saw my mother?"

"But your Ladyship doesn't place a cousin on the same level as your mother?"

"I wouldn't if I had mamma here. But next to her it pleases me to have Philip to talk to. You can't guess, Miss Rudd, how much we find to chat about. He remembers poor papa—you see his father was papa's brother—and was recalling just now some amusing traits in his character. He was also telling me what officers' wives do in India to pass the time; how dreadfully they flirt, and what a number of them run away from their husbands. Poor Philip, he certainly is very droll. He makes me laugh so that I am sometimes quite ashamed. He tells a story very beautifully; to listen to him is like reading a novel. I think him clever, Miss Rudd, don't you?"

So, in spite of her husband's commands, Lady Warmstreys went on passing the time in the same way as, according to Captain Tavenor, officers' wives used to do in India. It was plain to what Miss Rudd calls the "viewless eye of some Coming Event" that there must be an end sooner or later to this sort of thing. The pages in which we are told what that end was are by far the best in the novel. The situation is powerfully conceived, and worked out with unusual force, consistency, and feeling. If one situation could redeem a story, the description of the events which culminate in the death of Sir Gervase would give a tolerably high place to *Woman's a Riddle*.

Unfortunately, the writer falls into a more sluggish style after this effort, and Lady Warmstreys ceases to be touching, and returns to her normal silliness. She permits Captain Tavenor to join her mother and herself on the Continent, and when her mother dies she marries her cousin, and returns with him to England. At first her life seems to have every promise of happiness, but the real tragedy to which all that has gone before is only what Miss Rudd calls "a sketchy prelude" now begins. Captain Tavenor complains of the insults which Katherine Ludlow heaps upon him, and the author goes on with his coarse imitation (as it strikes us) of Julia de Tréceur. No one who has read that novel will be astonished when Katherine and the Captain elope together. But, as there is no hint of the growth of any passion between them, nor any token of that tragic fatality whose presence is felt through the whole of M. Fouillet's story, other readers may be a little surprised. Katherine was animated perhaps by her hatred of her uncle's widow, and her passion for revenge. But, as Miss Rudd herself remarks, "no theory of human wickedness that I could form seemed elastic enough to include the possibilities of such deliberate, naked, shocking duplicity as this man had been guilty of." That is exactly what we have to object to. No theory of human folly will account for the confusion in this

straggling and careless tale. It is not woman only that is a riddle in this book, but man, and even the solar system itself. Philosophers who think that the business of philosophy is to reconcile apparent contradictions will find some easy examples for beginners in *Woman's a Riddle*. How, for instance, did it happen that the moon, which in the evening was small-horned, delicate, and wan as a wreath of mist, by ten o'clock made the sky "luminous with white haze," and "sailed silvery and serene above the house"? How was it that Mrs. Carey came to ask a nephew whom she reprobated so strongly as she did Captain Tavenor to stay with her for a fortnight? How can Miss Rudd speak of "the furtive interest that is peculiar to me," and of her "decided aversion to seeking or finding excitement in interests that cannot by any known means be my concern." How could Sir Gervase be so anxious that his niece should be placid and lady-like, and at the same time wish his wife to "rate the maids for imaginary wrongs, and, in fine, develop or degenerate into something bustling, awkward, busy, and useless." Miss Rudd observes that Katherine Ludlow "would fib with happy dexterity, and maintain without flaw, by the aid of a memory singularly retentive and exact, the vraisemblance of her invention." It is a pity that the author of *Woman's a Riddle* has not the same happy dexterity. For lack of it, there is an entire want of *vraisemblance* in a story which, in spite of an unpleasant plot, might have been made powerful and interesting. As it is, the words of Mr. Tulliver, "Everything's a moodle," would make a better title to this book than *Woman's a Riddle*.

NEATE'S SPECIMENS OF COMPOSITION.*

THIS production of Mr. Neate is certainly not open to the imputation of being what the Greeks proverbially called *μυα κακόν*. But, though thus as far as possible from constituting a *μυα βέλιον*, its intrinsic merits are such that it cannot but rank much higher, in the opinion of competent judges, than many works of considerably greater bulk and noisier reputation. Mr. Neate introduces his little book to the public after this fashion:—

The following pages are intended chiefly as a preface or introduction to something which the author proposes to write on the important, and, as it soon will be, pressing question of the comparative value of ancient and modern languages as instruments for developing the faculties, and as means of imparting knowledge.

Mr. Neate adds that he ventures, as certainly without any presumption he may venture, to think that he is "entitled to speak as a witness on the comparative use of the French and Latin languages." Now, in looking upon this small volume as a preface or introduction to something else, we have only to say, So be it. Taking our own experience, however, as a guide, we have too great a reliance upon the instincts of human laziness to waste much faith upon this unexecuted promise—a promise to be fulfilled some time or other, in some shadowy division of the indefinite hereafter. Anything coming from Mr. Neate's pen will be cordially welcomed by us—as soon as it comes. In the meantime the preface or introduction to this unwritten work contains—first, specimens of Latin verse; secondly, specimens of Latin prose—a mastery over which such as Mr. Neate displays is, we need scarcely say, a much rarer accomplishment. Then we have passages of French prose, selected from a book published more than twenty years ago, in the shape of an imaginary dialogue between M. Guizot and Louis Blanc, "both of them being supposed, rather prematurely," as Mr. Neate remarks, "to be then politically dead." Finally, the author has added a specimen of his English writing, as "having some relation to the question of how far the Latin and French languages are conducive to the formation of an English style."

With these English specimens, as being, in our judgment, the least important and noteworthy subdivision of the work, we will begin. They do not, as far as we can see, throw any particular light upon the question which Mr. Neate by their help proposes to elucidate; and we should have much preferred to know what Mr. Neate could accomplish in the difficult art of French verse. The beauty of his Latin poems, taken in conjunction with his undoubted command over the French tongue, leads us to believe that any compositions of his in that kind would be well worth reading; but he gives us none. To return, therefore, to these English specimens. They are taken from a work published some years ago, advocating the abolition of capital punishment. Mr. Neate is never otherwise than a thoughtful writer, and thoroughly conscientious in the treatment of any subject that engages his attention. He has accordingly the merit of always originating what we read as his, and, if sometimes wrong, he is at least never commonplace. His arguments in support of his thesis appeal to us wire-drawn and over-refined. But then we belong to that thick-skinned class of philanthropists whose sympathies are reserved altogether for the maimed and murdered victims of the gentry on behalf of whom Mr. Neate is here holding a brief. We therefore leave the subject-matter of this essay to be weighed and valued by others, and only consider these specimens as what they here purport to be, specimens of English style. From this point of view we shall have little to say of them. The style is good enough; better than the average, one may fairly say, but still not exceptionally good; above all, we cannot discover a trace of

* *Specimens of Composition*. By Charles Neate, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1874.

French inspiration from beginning to end. The sentences, if they had been composed as French sentences, would, we are sure, have been put through their paces with absolute neatness and precision. And is, some of them seem to straggle and sprawl a little. Moreover, they rather strike us as being, according to a common enough piece of slovenliness among English prose writers, somewhat *over-whipped*. However, in this we are perhaps too fastidious, some very great writers, including Macaulay, not being able to drive that pig-headed relative pronoun entirely to our satisfaction. We have therefore no wish to deny that the style upon the whole is good and the reasoning acute.

The Latin verses we shall take next in order; of them we can fairly say that they strike us as being of unusual merit. Mr. Neate has the power of varying his style; of giving us, when it is his cue to imitate Ovid, the slacker and more fluent versification of Ovid, whilst at other times the more massive periodical rhythms of Virgil and Lucan are reproduced with equal success. We quote six lines from some original verses in a poem on "the Heroism of Woman, a common story":—

Tallus exploras, Deus optime, pectora plagis
Femineæ, atque idem calesti lumine firmas.
Sollicit in duram suavis constantia sortem
His datur, atque animi virtus sine pulvere nostri;
Sit satis ergo viris muliculi corle supremum
Expectare diem, nec sponte lacessere fatum.

The speech of Moloch in *Paradise Lost* is very powerfully translated. We submit to our readers the end of it from the line—

What fear we then, what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? . . .
Quid metuendum igitur, cur non extrema malorum
Sollicitare juvet? Sævis licet ultima tentet,
Aut nos in nihilum rediget Deus (unde Creatos
Jactat voce sua), quanto hoc præstantius esset
Quam nova perpetuis consumere secula penus—
Vel si etiam nobis virtus diviniore insit
Quæ non esse vetet, si qua asperiora supersint.
Hæc citra fines nihili consistere debent;
Æternumque licet, quod jam potius videmur,
Triatibus excubitis corrumpere gaudia cœli
Divinasque domos violare incuriosus, Ipse
Sit licet intactus, sed et Ipse dolebit, et postem
Fortiter ulcisci sua sit victoria victis.

But, as we have intimated above, Mr. Neate will find many more rivals as an imitator of Virgil and Ovid than as an adept in the diction of Cicero. The art of writing Latin prose, a very noble accomplishment, is not cultivated in this country as assiduously as it ought to be. Mr. Neate, however, is an honourable exception to this idleness and indifference on the part of our English scholars. In his dialogue between Cicero and Cleopatra—a dialogue suggested by the well-known expression "*Reginam odi*"—Mr. Neate has shown a dexterous scholarship and a power of dramatic representation possessed by few. The introduction in the style of one of Cicero's familiar epistles strikes us as being very like the original both in sentiment and style:—

Bene facis, me iudice, quod de me queris, quisnam fuerit ille meus cum Regina superbissimâ concursus, quem tam leviter et strictum scribendo attigerim. Amici enim est scire velle quod amicus aut dixerit aut fecerit aut passus sit, et posteris fortasse curæ erit audire, quousque et in ipsâ Româ et in virum consularum, ne plura de me dicam, illud tandem prorupit portentum Regiæ insolentia, &c. &c.

A comparison between Homer and the Nile belongs by right of prior occupation to De Quincey; but it is thrown into graceful and effective Latin; whilst Mr. Neate's manner of characterizing the art of Egypt seems to us excellent in point both of thought and of style:—

Interdum tamen contactu artis Egyptiacæ Sol ipse sit musicus, nec ullo Musarum comitante choro, solus autem et inivans, ut Deum decet, vasta locorum silentia lentâ divini cantus dulcedine perfundit. Incuriosum unum aliquid et *αἰσχροπρεπές* habet ars omnis nostra, quæ famæ et opinionis securâ, stabilitate suâ æternitatem sibi parit, nullisque mundi ætutibus non æqualis esse visa, fluxa humani gegeris secula, longasque, ut sibi videntur, spes hominum brevitatis simul et vanitatis arguit.

Cleopatra, moreover, not content with silencing Cicero, quotes, or at least all but quotes, Virgil—a great literary feat to be performed in the lifetime of Julius Cæsar. We have long known, of course, that Bacon wrote all the plays of Shakespeare; are we to learn further, in our old age, that the true author of the *Æneid* was Cleopatra? If Virgil had, by any accident, overheard the conversation here recorded, the line in the *Métromane*—"Ce sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance"—would undoubtedly have come into his mind.

What we have said of Mr. Neate's Latin prose we must repeat, with even stronger emphasis, of his French dialogues. For men who might write Latin verses on good terms with Mr. Neate we should be fortunate in finding one to equal his imitations of Cicero and Seneca; but even the rare acquirement of writing excellent Latin prose is common and almost vulgar compared with a thorough knowledge of, and mastery over, French. Most of us possess a certain slovenly familiarity with that admirable language; but an Englishman who can write a French essay as if he were an educated Frenchman is almost harder to find than the honest man of Diogenes. Mr. Neate, however, has succeeded in his most arduous task. His political dialogues between Louis Blanc and Guizot gained the admiration of the distinguished interlocutors themselves. They both sought Mr. Neate's acquaintance, being struck by the fairness, eloquence, and mimetic power with which he had drawn their intellectual likenesses. Other eminent men also have followed that example, and have often expressed the

high esteem in which they hold this remarkable—we believe we might add, this unique—production. The French of these dialogues is excellent; but, even supposing that a keen critic from the Academy were to tell us that a certain turn of words here, a certain epithet there, betrayed the foreign origin of the work, we should fall back in full confidence upon the solidity of the thoughts, and upon the spirit, grace, and energy of the diction. We give one extract from the supposed Louis Blanc, and another from the supposed M. Guizot, and thus conclude, heartily recommending this little book to our readers. The first passage is put into the mouth of M. Guizot, and is meant to prove how nature herself eternally battles that envious longing after equality so deeply implanted at present in the French mind:—

Et si après tout l'inégalité des conditions vous répugne par son caractère fortuit, et parce qu'elle ne répond souvent à aucune différence de capacité ou de mérite, dites-moi un peu, la gloire que vous aimez tant et dont vous faites sonner le nom si haut, qu'est-elle sinon souvent la plus injuste, et toujours la plus grande des inégalités? Et la mort, cette roue dont vous ne pouvez briser le sceptre, dont vous cherchez plutôt à vous faire les ministres et les courtisans, quelle inégalité plus extrême, et, s'il est permis de le dire, plus intolérable que la siennne? Nivelez tant que vous voudrez les conditions de la vie, faites asseoir le pauvre à la table du riche, ou, ce qui vous sera plus facile, faites coucher le riche sur le grabat du pauvre, vous aurez peu fait pour égaliser les destinées des hommes, tant que vous n'aurez pas empêché la vieillesse et le vice de fouler la tombe de la jeunesse et la beauté.

We have not room to quote the whole of M. Louis Blanc's views about property, illustrated by a description of the Athenians, to show how slavery had its uses once, as property has now, and how to that slavery the Athenians were indebted for much of their civilization:—

Si nous voulons apprécier cette civilisation au point de vue moderne, c'est à cela, c'est à dire à l'esclavage, qu'il faut surtout attribuer ou imputer ces habitudes de grand seigneur, ces vices de bonne compagnie, cette insolence tempérée par la bonne humeur, cette faute assaisonnée par le bon goût, cette candeur dans la corruption, cette grâce dans la crapule, qui faisaient des Athéniens un peuple tout à fait comme il faut, un peuple Louis Quinze.

The value at which intellectual exercises of this kind are estimated will, of course, differ among different men; but every one, we think, must admit that those of Mr. Neate's are excellent of the kind.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AT the very hour when thanksgivings for the happy attainment of the millennial anniversary of the old Norse colony were being offered in the churches of Iceland, Herr Konrad Maurer* dated the preface to a volume designed to serve as a permanent memorial of that striking celebration, from which the introduction of constitutional government will also be dated. The work is worthy of the occasion, and of the thirty years of research on which it is based. A dozen volumes, says the author, would have been needed to enable him to tell all he knows; but he has judiciously contented himself with condensing the most essential particulars into one. The history of Iceland is doubly interesting; first, from its romantic character, which has perhaps already received sufficient justice at the hands of historians; secondly, as an instance, during at least a considerable part of its course, of the development of a people in almost total seclusion from external influences. The chief exception is the introduction of Christianity into the country, which was undoubtedly a serious interruption of the national traditions. The most zealous Christian might find a difficulty in repressing the wish that the Icelanders had been left undisturbed for a thousand years, in order that it might be seen what form the Odin faith would have eventually assumed among a people of so much natural intelligence. Still, even as matters stood, the triumph of the new creed was in the main the work of native conviction; the Icelanders were neither enlightened and overmastered by the superior civilization of foreign instructors, nor coerced into conformity by such rough missionaries as Charlemagne. The evolution of political and legal institutions, however, is strictly indigenous, and furnishes a most interesting example of the national genius for organization. It forms the leading subject of Herr Maurer's work. He traces the germ of the Icelandic constitution to the sense of religious obligation which led the chiefs of the early immigrants to erect and endow temples. These gradually became the nuclei of communities, and as the need for a bond of union made itself felt, the conception of the religious congregation, and the authority of its head, were gradually extended to secular affairs. The administrative system thus gradually originated, the body of jurisprudence which grew out of it, the magistracy, the popular assemblies, the care of the poor, the modifications arising from the introduction of Christianity, the decay of national independence and the subjugation by Norway, are all made the subjects of minute but by no means tedious investigation. Interesting chapters are added on Icelandic literature, and on the industry and commerce of the island during its period of self-government. The entire absence of pretension serves to enhance our sense of the solid merit of the book.

The second part of the first volume of Fontane's history of the Franco-German war† brings the narrative down to the capitulation of Metz. Like the former part, it is full of matter, but rather adapted for reference than perusal. Heyde and Froese's history of

* *Inland von seiner ersten Entdeckung bis zum Untergange des Freistaats. Von Konrad Maurer. München: Kaiser. London: Asher & Co.*

† *Der Krieg gegen Frankreich, 1870-71. Von T. Fontane. Bd. 2. Hbd. 2. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.*

the investment of Paris* is a valuable work from the point of view of the military engineer, for whom alone it is designed.

Signor Massari† is a leading member of the Conservative section of the Italian Parliament; he was intimately acquainted with Cavour, and has every qualification for writing his life except a decided call to biographical composition. The absence of this renders his work somewhat tame; it is nevertheless enlivened by a good deal of personal anecdote, and will be found useful as a condensed account of the public life of the great Italian statesman. Signor Massari's work offends neither by shapelessness nor prolixity.

A just perception of the degree in which these faults deform the majority of modern biographies has mainly suggested Rudolf Gottschall's‡ project for the publication of a biographical series which is to be distinguished above all things by symmetry and conciseness. The idea is excellent, and the execution promises to be meritorious. The first volume contains four lives of notable personages by eminent writers—that of Luther, by H. Rückert; of Cromwell, by Reinhold Pauli; of Henry IV. of France, by M. Philippson; of Voltaire, by Rosenkranz. The choice of subjects, it will be seen, is mainly determined by the present circumstances of Germany; all bear directly or indirectly upon the national contest with Rome. The treatment of each subject is correspondingly influenced; Cromwell, for example, being regarded less from the English point of view than in the relation of his policy to Continental affairs. This, however, can hardly be censured under the circumstances, while the literary execution of the respective biographies fully justifies the professions of the prospectus.

Otto von Guericke§, burgomaster of the city of Magdeburg in the seventeenth century, was a man of versatile abilities, eminent in the conduct of local business, but chiefly distinguished as an inventor and experimenter in physical science. After the sack of his native city by Tilly, at which he was present, he entered the Swedish service, and was subsequently concerned in the unsuccessful negotiations through which Magdeburg sought to attain the rank of a free city of the Empire. In his latter years he produced a work in defence of the existence of a vacuum, and a history of Magdeburg, two-thirds of which are lost. His biographer claims for him the merit of having made the first step towards the construction of an electrical machine.

An account of the conclave which resulted in the election of Pope Innocent XIII.¶ (1721) is an interesting addition to the journals of the Conclavists. It is less fertile in scandals than the majority of such documents, party spirit not having run very high on this occasion, and intrigue being less busy than usual. The choice ultimately arrived at was unanimous, and encountered the utmost reluctance, real or affected, in the Cardinal upon whom it fell. The most dramatic incident of the proceedings was the appearance, under a safe-conduct, of Cardinal Alberoni, then an exile from Spain and persecuted by the late Pope. The narrative is translated from the Italian, and is couched in the conventional form of a letter to a friend. The translator has added a version of a MS. circulated before the Conclave, and treating of the prospects of the members of the Sacred College, or rather of the seniors among them; it being taken for granted that, the Holy Spirit notwithstanding, no one under sixty would have any chance. A warning of Pasquin is quoted, which has since been strikingly verified:—

Pietro, se dai le chiavi a Gesù,
Non sperar che te le renda più.

A biography of Uhland¶¶ by his widow is a valuable addition to the lives of the German poets. Like its subject, it is distinguished by simplicity and good taste. Uhland's life was not eventful, and nearly all the productive portion of it was comprised within a few years. During this period he was young and obscure; upon his attaining fame the source of inspiration dried up, and neither his tastes nor his social relations were such as to make him a potentate in the literary world. From purely patriotic motives he turned his attention to politics, and the vexations connected with an independent career at a period of severity and absolutism proved sufficient to extinguish any chance of his again finding utterance as a poet. He had, however, the consolation of attaining a high character for manly patriotism and incorruptible disinterestedness. The same national feeling which had led him to enter public life induced him to give great attention to the study of antique German poetry, to which his latter years were mainly devoted. This volume contains a considerable amount of interesting correspondence, and is altogether a worthy record of an admirable poet and exemplary citizen, too limited in his genius and sympathies to have largely influenced the literary history of his country, but occupying in it his own peculiar niche with such completeness as to have left no place for a rival or successor.

* *Geschichte der Belagerung von Paris*. Von E. Heyde und A. Froese. Th. 1. Berlin: Schneider. London: Trübner.

† *Cavour. Biographische Erinnerungen von Joseph Massari*. Uebersetzung von E. Bezzold. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der neue Plutarch. Biographien hervorragender Charaktere der Geschichte, Literatur und Kunst*. Herausgegeben von R. Gottschall. Th. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Otto von Guericke. Ein Lebensbild aus der deutschen Geschichte des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von F. W. Hoffmann. Herausgegeben von J. O. Opel. Magdeburg: Baensch. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Die Papstwahl Innocenz XIII. Nach Original-Quellen*. Von Max Ritter von Mayer. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

¶¶ *Ludwig Uhland's Leben*. Aus dessen Nachlass und aus eigener Erinnerung zusammengestellt von seiner Wittve. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

Porson's epigram on Hermann*, though itself but a plagiarism from the Greek Anthology, has made the name of his rival familiar to many who, though no philologists, will still be glad to know what manner of man this particular German was. Professor Köchly's biography enables us to define him as a philologist of the old school—a bookworm if you looked merely to the narrow range of his professional pursuits and his exclusive devotion to them, a man of the world in force of character and strength of understanding. Among his chief characteristics were acuteness, simplicity, honesty, and a sturdy love of truth. The latter he especially showed in the weight he accorded to the objections against the Wolfian hypothesis of the origin of the Homeric poems, of which he was nevertheless a decided partisan. His life was wholly uneventful, and entirely engrossed by philological and academic interests. One of his duties as Professor at Leipsic, it is astonishing to hear, was that of censor of *belles-lettres*, in which capacity he had to read all the novels and poems published at that enormous book-mart. He was a still greater exception to the ordinary pursuits of German professorship in his fondness for equestrian exercise. The simplicity of Professor Köchly's biography is fully in keeping with the subject. It is clear, concise, methodical, all digressions and illustrations being banished to the notes, which constitute a varied and entertaining appendix. Among other interesting particulars, the writer gives an account of academical education in Saxony in his own younger days, and seems inclined to doubt whether the system has been improved as a whole. He admits, however, that mathematics and modern languages were neglected. The volume is adorned by a splendid portrait of Hermann, and contains reprints of some of his minor writings, such as official discourses and copies of Latin verse.

The publication of the minor works of another illustrious scholar is at length complete. The fourth volume of August Boeckh's‡ academical dissertations at Berlin, being the seventh and concluding volume of his smaller writings, contains no less than sixty-six Latin disquisitions, almost exclusively on minute points of Hellenic philology or archaeology. The most important perhaps are those on the reputed, but, as Boeckh thinks, imaginary, enmity of Plato and Xenophon, and on the date of Plato's "Republic." They also include numerous illustrations of the Attic dramatists and orators, with a few academical addresses.

A treatise on Logic, by H. Lotze†, is designed as a prelude to a new system of metaphysical philosophy. Its scope is accordingly more extensive than that of a merely technical treatise on the subject.

The history of War to the death of Alexander the Great§ is substantially the military history of Greece, our information respecting the organization and campaigns of other ancient nations up to that date being very imperfect. Prince Galitzin, however, has appended a sketch of the Roman and Carthaginian military systems on the eve of the appearance of these States as first-class Powers. The work, though formidable in extent and somewhat heavy in style, is nevertheless highly instructive, and interesting as an example of the application of criticism grounded on the principles of modern tactics to the accounts of the ancient historians.

With the publication of a volume on the Upper Jura, Dr. Brauns¶ concludes his work on the geology and paleontology of the German portion of that range. From the geological period of the deposits, the book is necessarily in the main a contribution to fossil conchology.

Ernst Haeckel's long expected "Anthropogeny, or History of Human Development,"¶ is undoubtedly in some respects a great work. The leading conception of the human embryo as the miniature representation of the entire series of the development of life from the lowest to the highest animal organisms is lucidly expressed, vigorously enforced, and illustrated with a vast display of anatomical knowledge. The numerous defects of the work are perhaps reducible to the cardinal one of the author's character as a mere specialist, with no just appreciation of the problems which beset biological inquiry save in his own particular department of comparative anatomy. He has made out to his own satisfaction the anatomical links of affinity between the ascidian and the human race, and he seems to think nothing further necessary to justify the direct affiliation of the latter to the former. He does not consider that the gradation of forms is equally explicable on the hypothesis of an external agency working according to a preconceived plan, or of a plastic force immanent in all existence, and that if these, as must be conceded, are but precarious inferences from imperfectly understood phenomena, the capacity of anything to metamorphose itself into another thing is, until the transition has been actually observed, just such another questionable corollary. He would probably contend that Mr. Darwin's generalization has placed the matter on a different

* *Gottfried Hermann. Zu seiner hundertjährigen Geburtstage*. Von H. Köchly. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *August Boeckh's gesammelte kleine Schriften*. Bd. 4. A. Boeckh's opuscula academica Berolicensia. Ediderunt F. Ascherson, E. Bratuscheck, F. Eichholtz. Lipsiae: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

† *Logik. Drei Bücher vom Denken, vom Untersuchen und vom Erkennen*. Von H. Lotze. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Allgemeine Kriegsgeschichte des Alterthums*. Herausgegeben von Fürst N. S. Galitzin. Aus dem Russischen ins Deutsche übersetzt von Streccius. Bd. 1. Cassel: Kay. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Der obere Jura in nordwestlichen Deutschland*. Von D. Brauns. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶¶ *Anthropogenie. Entwicklungsgeschichte des Menschen*. Von Ernst Haeckel. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

footing; but it is the misfortune of his book that he is compelled to refer habitually to the Darwinian theory as an established truth, without having space, or, as we suspect, inclination, to combat the numerous scruples which must present themselves to those who are even slightly acquainted with the literature of the subject. Assuming, as he needs must, a practically infinite period of geological time, he ignores the arguments by which natural philosophers, better authorities on such a point than natural historians, have endeavoured to demonstrate the physical impossibility of the proposition. He does not remark that all the incontestable evidence we possess of the agency of natural selection in the production of species tends at the same time to show that the scope of this agency is restricted; that the birds of oceanic islands, however modified from the parent type, are still birds; that the clear proof of the derivation of the North Asiatic and North American trees from the same stock fails to connect either with the lichen and the palm. He treats the organic character of the *Trozon* as indisputable, though the controversy is notoriously in suspense. On the whole, the author's attainments fall short of the encyclopedic character which could alone have justified the extreme confidence and dogmatism of his language. As a contribution to a special branch of a vast investigation, his work is no doubt very valuable, and will probably tend to strengthen two growing convictions, that evolution actually is the key to the mystery of Nature, and that the secret of its application has as yet set human ingenuity at defiance.

E. Förstemann's history of the Teutonic family of languages* is divided into three sections—the first treating of the primitive Aryan language from which it took its rise; the second of the transition period previous to its definitive separation from the Slavonic branch of the family; the last of the language in its first recognisable Germanic form. The work is manifestly one of great research, and the author is a sound philologist, a pupil of Pott and Grimm. In his preface he speaks reprovingly of the speculative license indulged in since the death of the founders of comparative philology.

M. Hettema's dictionary of the Frisian language† is principally extracted from old literary monuments, especially collections of laws. The resemblance of Frisian to our own language renders the work one of importance for English philology.

Dr. Koerting's essay on the literary history of *Diety's Grotensis* and *Dares Phrygius*‡ is chiefly directed to the refutation of the now generally accepted theory that the Latin text of *Diety's*, the only form in which the book is at present extant, professedly a translation from the Greek, is in fact the original.

Dr. E. Schrader § follows up his valuable researches in Assyrian science by the publication of a German version of the Deluge tablet discovered and interpreted by Mr. George Smith, with a philological commentary, and some interesting and judicious observations on the character and probable date of the composition. Dr. Schrader is not only an ingenious but a sound and wary scholar, averse to all rash theories, and content to defer to the authorities who have made the Assyrian inscriptions, for years so unaccountably neglected in Germany, their study for a longer period than he has done. The hymns and metrical charms published in the second part of his volume have for the most part been already translated by Mr. Fox Talbot and others; it is his merit to have made them accessible to a wider public, and to have contributed to the elucidation of doubtful points. Their resemblance to the Hebrew Psalms, alike in form and spirit, must strike all readers.

The great advantage of Wessely's *Christian Iconography* || over former works of the same description is that, whereas the latter have merely indicated the symbols or attributes of saints or other personages represented in sacred art, Wessely's work adds the information where these delineations may be found, whether in paintings or engravings. The work is also far more copious than its predecessors; the author, however, modestly disclaims all idea of having exhausted his subject.

We have to record the completion, on a scale answerable to the magnificence of the beginning, of MM. Havard and Madou's admirable pictorial and literary illustrations of the architecture, costumes, and social life of the last four centuries¶, the commencement of which has been previously noticed by us. Another enterprising publication of M. Havard's is his collection of beautiful examples of domestic art, selected from the principal museums of Holland**, a book most beautifully executed, and of great interest to artists and amateurs.

It is remarkable that the editor of the "German Survey"††

* *Geschichte des deutschen Sprachstammes*. Von Ernst Förstemann. Nordhausen: Förstemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Idioticon Frisicum*. *Friesch-Latijnsch-Nederlandsch Woordenboek*. Door M. de Haan Hettema. Leeuwarden: Surinjar. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Diety's und Dares*. Von Dr. G. Koerting. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Hüllensfahrt der Istar*. Ein altbabylonisches Epos. Nebst Proben assyrischer Lyrik. Von Dr. E. Schrader. Glessen: Richer. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Iconographie Gottes und der Heiligen*. Von J. E. Wessely. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Les quatre derniers siècles*. Étude artistique par H. Havard illustrée par J. B. Madou. Haarlem: Schalekamp. London: Kollekman.

** *Objets d'art et de curiosité, tirés des grandes collections hollandaises*. Par H. Havard. Haarlem: Schalekamp. London: Kollekman.

†† *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Hft. 1. Berlin: Pachtel. London: Trübner.

should be able to describe his periodical as the first ever professedly devoted to the national culture as a whole, instead of to some special department. If this is really the case, it is high time that the deficiency should be supplied, and it is extremely satisfactory to find it promising to be supplied so well. Auerbach and T. Storni have contributed novelettes, the latter a work of real power. A narrative of the march of the German army upon Sedan is full of interest; and Professor von Sybel has written an account of the first partition of Poland, accurate in substance, but apologetic in tone. For this great political crime, as well as for all the other sins and follies of Germany, the Pope is made indirectly responsible. The most pleasing article of any is one embodying anecdotes and letters of the great painter Kaulbach, highly characteristic of his unaffected and independent character. Foreign disciples of Wagner will be interested by an account of the recent performance of *Tristan and Isolde* at Weimar. On the whole, the new periodical has made an excellent beginning, and only needs to be continued with equal ability to achieve a decided success. The weakest point of the present number is a tendency to indiscriminate panegyric in the literary notices, bearing a suspicious resemblance to *canon-radic*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN FRANCE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been paying visits in France to one or two great Legitimist noblemen, and not even French journalists, who have no great objection to a little gossip, who can see the bad side of things readily enough, when duty calls on them to look through a millstone, and who know the value of scandal in the dead season, have ventured to hint that politics lie at the bottom of the Royal visit. The Duke of ROCHEFOUCAULD-BISACCIA is a Legitimist of the purest type, and was lately Ambassador in England, where he made himself agreeable and represented his country in a princely way. He was so great a man that he could ask the PRINCE OF WALES to come to stay with him in France and see how partridges are shot in a country where they are certainly cheaper, and therefore, we may suppose, more plentiful, than in England. The promised visit has been paid, and the PRINCE now knows whether shooting partridges is among the things that are better managed in France. Perhaps Frenchmen with all their love of equality may have some secret satisfaction in the thought that there are still to be found in France noblemen who have enough partridges, on estates sufficiently large, to enable them to offer an adequate kind of hospitality to the heir of the English Crown. Whenever Royal visits are now the topic of the day, it is scarcely possible that our old friend the SHAH should not in some way intrude himself into our memories; and there is a legend about that shining person that he was so struck with all he saw at Trentham, and so impressed with the dangers to Royalty which the existence of the owner of such a palace must cause, that he suggested to the future King of England the expediency of cutting off in time the head of a subject too great to be borne near the Throne. The beauty of the SHAH was that one story about him was just as good and as likely to be true as another; and at any rate, if not true, there could be nothing more pleasantly Mahometan and Oriental than a legend in which this mode of regarding the Duke of SUTHERLAND was depicted. The feeling, concealed perhaps by our habitual insular pride, but still the genuine feeling of most Britons who heard the story, was that of a legitimate satisfaction that we possessed and took as a matter of course the possession of noblemen whose grandeur would have been very soon ended in Persia by the bowstring. In every society man resembles his fellow-man, and it is difficult to suppose that the hearts of Frenchmen do not sometimes beat in unison with those emotions which set our organs palpitating so deliciously. If the cynical critics of Paris could have even made-believe to believe that the PRINCE'S visit had a political object, their patriotic indignation would have overcome every other consideration. But, as even people who might be supposed to accept as authentic the conversations between M. THIBES and the brigands could not be imagined capable of thinking that the PRINCE OF WALES went to France in order to gild the hopes of the Count of CHAMBORD, the arbiters of French opinion were left in a neutral and composed state of mind. To people in such a frame of thought the perception that France too could show noblemen whom the SHAH would have thought it prudent to exorcise was, we may venture to guess, not without a secret sweetness of its own.

Although, however, the visit of the PRINCE to France has no political significance whatever, he showed a dignified prudence in not absolutely confining his civilities to the representatives of one political party. Before he went to

kill partridges with his Legitimist friends he exchanged visits of politeness with Marshal MACMAHON, and he has subsequently accepted the hospitality of the great pride and mainstay of the Orleanists—the Duke of AUMALE. In all the little acts of Royal life discretion and tact are needed. Circumstances might easily be conceived in which it would have been very much out of place that the PRINCE OF WALES should go to stay with a Legitimist Duke. It is quite true that the PRINCE cannot commit England. Whether the PRINCE chooses to shoot partridges in one place or in another, the House of Commons, and through the House of Commons the constituencies, must determine the foreign policy of England; and if there is one thing certain in English politics, it is that ordinary English people have no sympathy whatever with a set of foreigners who propose to govern a great nation in the name of Divine right, and who are certainly the allies, and possibly the tools, of Ultramontanism. Had it been supposed that the PRINCE, by going to visit a conspicuous Legitimist partisan, meant to associate England with the intrigues of those who wish to put HENRY V. on the throne of France, there would have been a howl of mortification, and disappointment from one end of the country to the other. No objection can possibly be made to English Royalty paying visits of ceremony to the representatives of any foreign country, whoever they may be. If the PRINCE had gone to stay with Marshal MACMAHON there would have been nothing in the visit except a mark of attention to the actual representative of France. But to stay with the representative of a particular party in a foreign country is only defensible when the circumstances happen to be such that the visit has in point of fact no political significance. No one could possibly say that it would be right at the present moment that the PRINCE OF WALES should pay a friendly visit to the brother of Count ARNIM. The PRINCE cannot dissociate himself from England. He would not in any case make the foreign policy of England different from what it would be if he stayed at home. We should, in fact, disavow the PRINCE OF WALES if he gave it to be supposed that he was furthering the plans of any foreign party adverse to those of an existing Government. But it would be a great misfortune that we should have to wash our dirty linen in the eyes of Europe, and disavow the representative character of the heir of the Crown. It is all a question of time, of discretion, of good sense, of tact, whether the visit of the PRINCE to a nobleman conspicuous in the ranks of a foreign party is defensible or not. The PRINCE may be quite trusted to know when to pay such a visit and when not. Under a different set of circumstances, for the PRINCE to have visited the Duke of ROCHEFOUCAULD-BISACCIA might have been a political mistake. Under existing circumstances it was a natural and harmless mode of getting amusement and giving pleasure.

Why is this? The DUKE is not only a Legitimist. He is a Legitimist who was lately Ambassador in London, and who was dismissed from his high office because he suddenly left London, appeared in the Assembly, and there uttered a Legitimist manifesto in flagrant contradiction to the views of the Government he was serving. To honour such a man by a Royal visit within a few months, it may almost be said weeks, after he thus defied the ruling authorities of the country he represented in England, might have seemed a sign of encouragement to one French party as against another. Why does no one think that the visit of the PRINCE has any political meaning? The answer is very simple, and it is one which French Legitimists may

profit by considering. The reason why it does no harm to be civil to the Legitimists is that they are not important enough to make it of any moment whether they are encouraged or not. They are mere nullities. They are out of the running. They are only gentlemanly isolated people with whom France declines to have anything to do. They every now and then start a candidate—just as the dandy in one of Miss BURNLEY'S novels said that he went to the theatre—to show that they are alive. But that is all. No one wants them, or believes in them, or admires them. A year ago they were busy active people with hopes and plots, and with a fair prospect of success to enliven them. Their castle in the sand was washed away and the tide of indifference sweeps over the ruins of the Fusion. They are relegated to the shooting of partridges, and the destruction of those innocent birds cannot now be made the cloak for combinations designed to upset the tranquillity of France. Perhaps Legitimist Dukes are as well satisfied as any one else that things are as they are. Just as their beloved Prince was supposed to be loth at the critical moment to quit the familiar tranquillity and safety of exile and to rush on the perilous grandeur of Royalty, so they may be not so very sorry to be left to lead a life of peaceful and dignified luxury without the weariness of having to uphold a Court detested by the majority of their countrymen. They have really done all they could, and have earned their ease. They have worked their very hardest for their august master. They have insisted in season and out of season that he alone could save France. They have voted this way and that in obedience to the mysterious dictates of his Royal pleasure. They have quarrelled with every one for his sake. They have some of them even gone pilgrimages in the general furtherance of his interests. They have done all they could think of, or that he could suggest to them, that seemed calculated to make France believe that they and their friends were the truly national party, that the people were with them, and that three-halppence was the right change for a shilling. They have failed, but they have honestly deserved to enjoy all that can mitigate failure—local grandeur, the luxury of discontent, the interchange of confidential bitterness, excellent shooting, and even visits from English Royalty.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible that a Bill for establishing a municipal government in London should be carried by a private member, the promoters act in conformity with precedent in inducing Lord ELCHO to take charge of the measure in the first instance. If the Government determines on effecting the proposed change, it will probably meet with little opposition except on the part of the City of London. Legislation is never so facile as when it coincides with the current of commonplace opinion. To those who have never thought on the question, as well as to some who have more or less fully considered it, the apparent paradox of leaving the greatest of all civic communities without a municipal government may perhaps seem a conclusive argument against the continuance of the present system. The reasons in favour of corporate organization are so plausible that it is scarcely worth while to rely on fallacies and errors of fact. Mr. BEAL, who has for several years taken an active part in the movement, lately complained in a letter to the *Times* that the proposal of the Metropolitan Board to deal with the question of London gas supply is beyond its statutory powers. If the Board had statutory power to supply gas, it would scarcely ask Parliament to pass an empowering statute for the purpose. The same disability extends to all existing Corporations in places where, as in London, the statutory power to supply gas is vested in one or more Companies. Mr. BEAL further states that, while "Bills affecting the metropolis are in every Session presented to Parliament, no municipal authority is authorized to appear in the interest of the ratepayers, the Metropolitan Board having only specific powers to deal with certain questions." Mr. BEAL is apparently not aware that, under the Standing Orders of Parliament, the Metropolitan Board is allowed a *locus standi* on every Bill affecting the district under its jurisdiction. Probably few inhabitants of London know more about the existing civic administration than Mr. BEAL; and Mr. BEAL seems to know very little. The

statement that "the mutual antagonism of the Metropolitan Board and the City Corporation is most costly to the ratepayers" requires proof which it would perhaps be difficult to supply. The representatives of the City sometimes differ from their colleagues at the Board, but their antagonism costs nothing to the ratepayers. In the proposed Municipal Council or Board there may perhaps not always be perfect unanimity.

The evils which it is proposed to remedy become less alarming when they are enumerated in detail. A common impression prevails that the traffic of the streets would be less frequently interrupted if the management of the water, the gas, and the sewers were vested in the same hands. The alleged inconvenience has frequently been urged before Parliamentary Committees as an argument for the transfer of powers from Companies to Corporations; but on fuller investigation the supposed mischief generally collapses or disappears. As long as gas and water pipes and sewers are constructed in the present manner each kind of work must be separately repaired as defects are discovered. The construction of subways or large tunnels under the streets would render the disturbances of the surface unnecessary; but it is highly improbable that a Metropolitan Corporation would enter on so costly an undertaking. The second annoyance which troubles the minds of Londoners is that different rates are collected at different times by separate officers. There would be perhaps a saving of trouble, though not of expense, if all rates were paid together to a single collector. The occasional disturbance of the pavement, and the division of rates into dribbles, will be found on reflection to exhaust the grievances of the metropolis. If the gas works and water works were to pass into the possession of the present Board of Works and the Corporation of the City, or of a future municipality, the consumers would never be conscious of the change. The Government would incur grave and merited censure if it consented at any time to transfer to a municipal body the control of the metropolitan police. A disciplined force of eight thousand men, forming at the same time the reserve of the police of the kingdom, cannot safely be at the disposal of any authority but the Government. In other districts, and in London itself, the local organization of the police seriously diminishes its efficiency. The inability of a policeman to interfere with crime committed a short distance beyond the border of a county or borough is a greater evil than any result of the want of municipal government in London.

It is well that the institution of a great and perhaps a hazardous experiment will be vigilantly watched by a jealous and powerful body. The Corporation of the City of London will not surrender its cherished privileges without a resolute struggle. It may possibly be for the public interest that the opposition of the City should be overruled by Parliament, but it is always desirable that important legislative measures should at the instance of adversaries be subjected to strict inquiry. The Court of Aldermen, the Common Council, and the Livery are not likely to be deluded by the insinuating suggestions of the promoters of any Municipal Bill. Mr. BEAL eloquently promises that, "if the City was amplified, the roof of the Guildhall lifted over the metropolis, its wealth, its prestige, its municipal experience, the glory it sheds over our municipal life, would become the property of the developed municipality." In the same sense Lombard Street and the Bank of England might be amplified if their wealth were to become the property of a developed multitude of shareholders. Owners of wealth are unfortunately for the most part selfishly unwilling to admit a developed proprietary. The citizens of London will assuredly object to be amplified by admitting Lambeth and Finsbury to a share in their corporate possessions. The roof of Guildhall shelters them sufficiently; nor is it easy to foresee the consequences of figuratively lifting and enlarging it so as to cover the metropolis. Except one or two constitutional monarchs, no potentate has ever been known so splendid, so useful, and so harmless as a modern Lord Mayor. It is not certain how his place might be filled by an amplified and developed successor. The device of bribing the Aldermen to consent to the abandonment of the property and privileges of their constituents would be transparent if it were addressed to children. The present Aldermen are to have seats for life in the new governing body, where they will form a small minority. Vacancies, as they occur, will be filled up by the vote of a constituency in which the liverymen will find themselves an

insignificant fraction. The members will only have seats in the new Corporation during the residue of their term of office; but they have less to lose than the Aldermen, and some of them probably hope to be returned by direct election.

It would at present be premature to form a decisive judgment on a great question which has never been sufficiently discussed. It is necessary for the moment rather to call attention to the importance of the proposed experiment than to determine its merits. The municipal organization of provincial towns has on the whole been successful and advantageous, although the system of election has been in some respects unsatisfactory. The statutory powers of the Corporations are strictly limited, though they are extensive, and on the whole they have been honestly exercised. As in all matters of government, the less conspicuous elements of municipal organization are often the most operative. The Town Clerk, and in some cases the Surveyor, exercises the influence of a sagacious man of business over the fluctuating democracy of the Town Council; and, as a general rule, professional men are in their own department not guided by factious motives. Sufficient securities are provided by law against the corrupt application of municipal funds; and the majority of the corporate body, though it seldom consists of the principal inhabitants, is almost always respectable in character and independent in circumstances. The magnitude of London, and the entire absence of local unity or patriotism except in the City, largely affect the conditions of corporate organization. London is six times as large as Glasgow, seven times as large as Manchester or Liverpool, twelve or fourteen times as large as Birmingham, and nearly twenty times as large as Leeds. In all those towns the inhabitants know much of one another, and they are commonly united by the interest affecting their special industry. In London no man knows his neighbour, and the wealthier residents would be equally unwilling and unable to obtain the suffrages of the constituency. A traveller might drive during the whole of a long summer day through streets and squares in which not a single house is occupied by residents below the rank of the upper middle class. If he could ascertain the opinion of the inhabitants, he would probably find neither a municipal candidate nor a municipal voter who cared to exercise his franchise. One of the greatest difficulties of modern organic legislation is the conventional impossibility of creating power, except in the form of household suffrage. The amplified and developed Corporation will simply represent the majority of the rate-payers. The largest town which at present enjoys the blessings of a popular municipality is the city of New York. No French Government has found it possible to entrust exclusively to elected representatives the local control of Paris. At present there would be no danger in London of the supremacy of a PÉTIOT, a FERNANDO WOOD, or a TWEED; but the security against the despotism of demagogues is more complete in the absence of a municipality. The allegation that the cost of professional service would be reduced by the substitution of a single government for a variety of local authorities may perhaps have some foundation; but the possible and doubtful saving in the salaries of engineers, clerks, and lawyers is a matter of secondary consideration. It is to be hoped that members of Parliament, and more especially that Ministers, will not make up their minds in a hurry.

SPAIN.

IT is impossible to calculate with any reasonable confidence the balance of probabilities in Spain. English newspaper Correspondents in foreign countries are almost always both honest and intelligent, but they can only report what they hear from informants who are often inaccurate and sometimes mendacious. The rumour of the plot against Don CARLOS now seems to have been unfounded, and although it is highly probable that a part of the population of the Northern provinces is becoming tired of the war, there is no reason to believe that any conspiracy against the Pretender has been formed. The civil war in the last generation ended with the treasonable surrender of Maroto in the Convention of Vergara. History seldom exactly repeats itself after so short an interval. The appointment of several Italian princes of the House of BOURBON to commissions in the Legitimist army indicates, although

it may be otherwise unimportant, an expectation that the war will continue. Don CARLOS himself has hitherto displayed no military ability, but it is impossible to deny that the claimant of a throne is in his proper place when he is even nominally at the head of his army. It now seems probable that the Carlists will be able to maintain their positions during the winter; and it is impossible to foresee the changes of circumstances which may occur in the course of a few months. The Government of Madrid has hitherto been unable to provide sufficient reinforcements for the army, and its finances will scarcely be re-established by the aid of the projected German loan. Berlin capitalists are not, as a rule, venturesome or speculative; and any sympathy which may be felt for the cause of the Madrid Government will scarcely assume the form of pecuniary contributions. At present the civil war threatens more than at any previous time to become chronic; and perhaps Don CARLOS may be the most efficient supporter of the power of SERRANO. As long as the war continues it will be necessary to retain a soldier at the head of the Government; and the contempt and hatred which the Republicans have fully earned will not subside during the continuance of the struggle for which they are principally responsible. If the son of Queen ISABELLA had attained full age, he would perhaps be preferred by the chiefs of the army to one of themselves as titular Chief of the State. For the present SERRANO has no competitor to fear, and SAGASTA relieves him of the details of administration. Unlike Marshal MACMAHON, whose position is in other respects similar to his own, the President of the Government in Spain is not troubled with the management of Parliamentary parties. The French Assembly has, in spite of external attacks and of divisions within its own body, steadily maintained for nearly four years the supremacy of the Legislature over the Executive authority; but in Spain successive Cortes have been at the disposal of any Minister by whom they were summoned. Whatever may be the true policy of the Spanish Government, there is at least nothing to be gained by a new appeal to the ridiculous decision of universal suffrage. If Don CARLOS were, in defiance of probability, to succeed in his enterprise, he would find the way to the establishment of absolute monarchy smoothed by the utter failure of representative government. The only Parliamentary quality to be found in Spain is copious eloquence unaccompanied by any portion of statesmanlike wisdom. At present generals are more in demand than orators, and they are more difficult to find, yet it is possible that the inability of LASERNA and MORENO to make any impression on the enemy may be caused rather by the insufficiency of the materials at their disposal than by their own incapacity. CONCHA seems to have been the only general who had the gift of inspiring the troops with confidence. Since his death nothing important has been done, and the season is becoming too late for active operations in a mountain country. A year has now elapsed since the recommencement of the war.

The reasons for addressing the recent remonstrance to the French Government have not been disclosed; and the Duke DECAZES has judiciously withheld an immediate answer. If the object of the Government of Madrid was to gratify Germany by displaying an unfriendly disposition towards France, it is not easy to understand how their deference is to find a reward. The formality of recognition by the majority of European Governments was the only service which any of them can render to Spain. Diplomatic newsmongers have since affected to explain the interference of the German Government in Spanish affairs by a supposed divergence of its policy from that of Austria and Russia in relation to Servia or to Turkey. It is more probable that the recognition was accorded as a warning to Don CARLOS in consequence of the murder by his officers of Captain SCHMIDT. The suspicious advocacy of foreign intervention by a Madrid newspaper which is in the confidence of the Government appears to have been rather a hint or invitation to Germany than the disclosure of a secret. It was, in fact, absurd to expect that the German Government would wantonly engage in a remote quarrel with the ulterior purpose of encountering France on the most unfavourable ground. In ordinary circumstances a reasonable estimate of the interests of States forms a better guide to their policy than reliance on professedly confidential information. It happens from time to time that, like NAPOLEON III. in 1870, Governments suddenly plunge themselves into unnecessary and inextricable difficulties; but, as a general rule, risks are only

undertaken in the hope of advantage, and nothing is to be got by meddlers in Spanish complications. Forty years ago England and France were induced by plausible reasons to support the dynasty which was then supposed to be identified with the cause of constitutional government. It is possible that LOUIS PHILIPPE may even at that time have contemplated a matrimonial alliance for one of his sons. Lord PALMERSTON pursued a systematic policy of raising barriers against absolute monarchy, which he regarded, perhaps on insufficient grounds, as antagonistic to English interests. Since that time experience has in some degree confuted the theory that similarity of domestic institutions tends to promote sympathy between nations.

The domestic affairs of Spain have now for nearly two years diverted attention from the distant conflict which has nevertheless contributed largely to increase the embarrassments of successive Governments at home. There has been no cessation of the drain of troops to Cuba; and it is probably thought expedient to select regiments which are comparatively veteran for colonial service. Shortly before his abdication King AMADO was supposed to have expressed an intention of proceeding to Cuba for the purpose of combating the insurrection in person. After his departure, the anarchical Governments which succeeded had enough to do in attempting to reconquer Cartagena, and in dealing with the commencement of the Carlist rebellion. SERRANO on his accession to power was compelled to provide for the military wants of the colony; and at a later period he appointed General CONCHA as Captain-General of Cuba, at the same time at which Don MANUEL CONCHA assumed the command of the army in the North. Since that time little has been heard of the insular campaign; but it is known that it still continues. The affairs of Cuba appear of late to have excited little interest in the United States; but perhaps the latest intelligence may tend to revive the sympathy for the rebels. General CONCHA has announced that in future all insurgents taken in arms will be shot. It is possible that his determination may have been anticipated in practice, for Spanish officers and soldiers seem ready on the slightest occasion to disregard the modern customs of war and the restraints of humanity. General CONCHA probably wishes to produce an impression that there is no longer any regular war, so that insurgents in arms may properly be regarded as ordinary criminals. If the insurrection could be finally suppressed, even by excessive severity, the restoration of peace on any terms would be in itself beneficial, but society in Cuba is too thoroughly disorganized to allow of prolonged tranquillity. When there is again a question of incurring the sacrifices by which alone Spanish sovereignty can be maintained in Cuba, it may possibly be found that domestic disorder has abated the sensitive patriotism which has hitherto rejected all proposals for the abandonment of the island. American politicians who desire the annexation of Cuba will best promote their object by abstaining from all announcement of their wishes. More prudent statesmen are well aware that the colony is a dead weight on the mother-country, that it is incapable of governing itself, and that it would be an undesirable acquisition to a foreign Power.

OPPOSITION CRITICISMS.

THE holidays are so far over that the proceedings of the next Session are beginning to attract the attention of the political world, and the Opposition, which is free from responsibility, is naturally on the alert, and seeks to say all it can say as early and as forcibly as possible. The *Edinburgh Review* publishes the regulation party manifesto. Mr. GOSCHEN has lectured at Bath on the duties and powers of Liberals, and Mr. BOUVIER has had at Glasgow that opportunity of expounding the sentiments of a judicious Whig which the ungrateful electors of Kilmarnock have denied him in the House of Commons. Most of these utterances of Opposition criticism are rather true than new. It is quite right they should be made, but they are not entertaining. Every one can see at a glance that they are superficial, dealing only with small things and never going down into the depths of Liberal difficulties. Still it is quite within the province of an Opposition to pass such criticisms. The check upon each successive Ministry in turn is that it has to stand the test of such criticisms, and knows that its conduct is keenly watched and its blunders faithfully recorded by its adversaries. An Opposition which did not make

the most of every Ministerial blunder, and seek every sign of dissension in a Cabinet, would not generally be understood to be an Opposition. Parties must have something to live upon; and when a party is in office it lives on tramping its own achievements, and when it is out of office it lives on ferreting out the errors of the Ministry. There are circles, we may suppose, in which each new number of the organ of sagacious Whiggery is greeted as an oracle of instruction for those Liberals who want to wound their enemies without committing themselves. If the Liberals of Bath took the trouble to go through all the mournful weariness of a public festival and ask Mr. GOSCHEN to visit them, they want some little matter for laughter to cheer them, and would feel a legitimate disappointment if he did not enliven the evening by poking some sort of fun at the Conservative Cabinet. For this sort of political writing and speaking Mr. DISRAELI's Ministry has, it must be owned, furnished a considerable amount of material. It did not get on very well last Session. It took up measures and dropped them in a curious haphazard sort of way. It got into a mess with the Licensing Bill. It failed through its own fault to carry some measures on which it had laid great stress. It showed that in a new Cabinet all did not think exactly alike. It committed unquestionable mistakes. No impartial Conservative can deny that it was a mistake to interrupt all legislation at the end of the Session in order to propose the Endowed Schools Bill if the Bill was not worth insisting on, or that Mr. DISRAELI was both unjust and uncivil in making Lord SALISBURY the mark of the mirth and contempt of the House of Commons, for using expressions which Lord SALISBURY had never used at all. These were mistakes, and it is as much a duty as a triumph to the *Edinburgh Review* and Mr. GOSCHEN to make the most of them. Perhaps even it may be allowed that the *Edinburgh* is right in the curiously minute way in which it tests the proceedings of the last Session by referring them to the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament. Here is a measure, it points out with rapine, put in the Queen's Speech and not carried. Here is another carried and not put in the Queen's Speech. Are these the men to govern a great country? This is, it must of course be owned, not the very highest style of party warfare. It is akin to the glorious excitement with which an attorney's clerk, perusing a draft lease sent for approval by an opposition firm, cries out to a brother-clerk, "By Jove, they have put in 'cavaliers' and left out 'waste-pipes.'" But still these things are good in their way. If leases are to be framed, let them be framed correctly. If Queen's Speeches are to be penned, let the Ministry pen them carefully, and leave itself as many loopholes as possible.

It is a source of more serious satisfaction to Liberals to discover that the present Ministry has hitherto found itself obliged or willing to walk in the paths chalked out by its predecessors, to recognize Liberal victories, to yield to that moderate Liberalism of the country which never substantially wavers, and to own that there might easily be a Liberal reaction if due account were not taken of public feeling. Nor is it only in the larger questions of politics that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have had the triumph of seeing their successors justify them. Mr. GOSCHEN especially has had a great triumph, and has won a victory which he is entitled to find peculiarly gratifying. He was at the head of the navy for some years, and his administration was the constant theme of Conservative taunts. His successor, Mr. WARD HUNT, entered on office with the firm persuasion that Mr. GOSCHEN had done everything wrong, and that he was going to put everything right. He convinced himself that the service was going to the dogs, and the navy of England was a mere phantom. It was in this spirit that he spoke when he proposed his Estimates, and then he was challenged to prove what he said. Argument succeeded argument, and he was fairly talked down. His colleagues refused to support him, and he had to own that he should be quite content if a very few more thousands of pounds were spent on the navy. Later in the Session the Opposition as a whole won a decisive battle, in spite of the fowness of their numbers, by compelling the Ministry to abandon the Endowed Schools Bill. Mr. GOSCHEN is quite right in saying that the main business of the Liberal party at present is to take care that their opponents shall be really Liberal, although they may call themselves Conservatives. This is an effort which each party makes in turn, and the Conservatives not only tried but managed

to make Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, especially in its later days, much more Conservative than it wished to be. But many Liberals seem inclined to fulfil the task of keeping the present Ministry Liberal by insisting on a very dangerous argument. They insist that the present Parliament is bound by all that its predecessor thought, or did, or said. They regard all the utterances and wishes of Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters as binding on the nation by a solemn and eternal compact. This is really Conservatism of the most stupid sort. It is to chain a living Parliament to the body of a dead Parliament. The nation lives, and grows, and thrives, and it must do for itself the best it can under every fresh change of circumstances. Some decisions, indeed, to which our Parliament has come cannot easily be reversed. No Conservative Ministry could now restore Protection, or re-establish the Irish Church. But there are many matters of detail which may be decided in one way or in another way according as may seem best, and the Conservative Government is perfectly entitled to decide them in its way if it thinks it wise to do so. What the Liberals have to do is to prove that their way of deciding them is the best, to argue, to reason, to convince the nation if they cannot convince Parliament. If the present Government deals with University Reform, and deals with it in a fashion agreeable to Conservatives, will the Liberals of a future Parliament hold themselves bound by a solemn and eternal compact never to upset any portion of the arrangement? We may be sure they will not, and that Liberals will not have the slightest notion of doing as they now ask to be done by. They will use their power when they get it, and the real check on them will then be exactly the same as that which now operates on the Conservatives—the feeling of the country.

To criticize the blunders of the Ministry, and to keep a Conservative Government as Liberal as possible, are highly proper functions for the Opposition to discharge; but sensible Liberals must be aware that the most perfect discharge of these duties will do very little to repair the smash of the Liberal party. On the contrary, the more that salutary criticism keeps the Ministry from blundering, the more that Liberal reasoning makes the Ministry Liberal, the longer will the Liberal party be excluded from office. If any one doubts it, he may be invited to study Mr. BOUVERIE's instructive speech. Why is Mr. BOUVERIE no longer member for Kilmarnock? Mr. BOUVERIE tells us—and he certainly ought to know—that he lost his seat because he spoke and voted against the Irish University Bill. There were enough Irish Roman Catholics in his Scotch burghs to turn the scale against him. Here is a perfect specimen of the difficulty which besets all moderate Liberals on the Liberal side. They have got to please somebody or some clique whom it revolts their good sense and conscience to try to please. To keep his seat Mr. BOUVERIE would have had to vote for a Bill which he thought very dangerous to the Empire. In one shape or another most Liberal candidates have to go through the same thing. They have to reckon with the Permissive Bill clique; or the Contagious Diseases clique, or the Women's Rights clique; or they are called on to forget Political Economy, and go in for some form of Socialism. The plain fact is that the nation is moderately Liberal, and moderate Liberals are now in power, whereas they would not be in power if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues came into office. On both sides there is an extreme party, but it is practically much easier to make extreme Conservatives follow a Liberal lead than to make extreme Liberals follow a moderate lead. Take away the cliques, and the Irish Catholics, and the Home Rulers, and the Socialists, and the Liberal party is all head and no tail. This is not the kind of party which the nation wishes to see in office. Mr. BOUVERIE would evidently prefer to be out of Parliament and see the present Government in office to regaining his seat, and being invited to join a new Cabinet as the price of having to sell his independence to sets of people whom he dreads or despises. And Mr. BOUVERIE is a very fair type of moderate Liberals generally. They care for things much more than for names, and as long as the present Government fairly represents their views, they are very indifferent to the Government calling itself Conservative. The dissensions of the Conservative party are very much exaggerated; and if Mr. DISRAELI's attack on Lord SALISBURY showed that there are dissensions, Lord SALISBURY, by remaining in office, showed that Conservatives have enough public spirit to overlook great provo-

cation in order to do what they consider the best for the country. The Conservatives, although they differ, belong to what may be termed the same set of people, whereas Mr. BOUVERIE no more belongs to the same set as an Irish priest or Mr. BRADLAUGH than an Ashantee belongs to the same set as an Esquimaux. The Conservatives can therefore be much more easily brought to consider what is best on the whole for their party or for the nation. If the substantial unity of the Conservatives is compared with the substantial unity of the Liberals, there will be found good reason to suppose that the period during which the *Edinburgh* will have to occupy itself with checking off QUEEN'S Speeches, and Mr. GOSCHEN will be engaged in keeping Ministers straight, will be one of considerable length.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE French Government have on the whole acted wisely for their own purposes in taking the elections piecemeal. Some surprise has been expressed that they should have wished to spread the political excitement which these contests necessarily keep alive over several months, instead of taking them all at once and getting the annoyance over. But the effect of successive elections and of a large batch is not quite identical. In the latter case it is the general result that attracts attention, and the more so when that result is exceedingly decisive. Ten or twelve elections going in favour of the Republic on a single Sunday would have been a very great shock to the Septennate. When they come three at a time, the details of each event are more closely looked into; and in the present state of France there is usually some feature of an election with which the victorious party has no great cause to be satisfied. On Sunday the most interesting contest took place in the department of Seine and Oise, and if a large number of elections had been decided on the same day, the result would probably have been accepted alike by friends and foes as an unalloyed triumph for the Republicans. M. SENARD has polled 15,000 votes more than his opponent; what more can a successful candidate wish? The Republicans have carried the day, and carried it by a respectable majority; short of a unanimous election, how could they have done much better? But though M. SENARD has polled 60,000 votes, his adversary managed to carry off 45,000, and when it is considered who and what his adversary is, this is a very startling fact. Amidst the confusion of many contemporaneous elections, this part of the case might have been passed over. Now there has been time to remember that the Duke of PADUA is at this moment quite a typical Bonapartist. There is about him something of the champion and something of the martyr. He has fought and he has suffered. He has defied the Prefect and the President, and he has in consequence been banished from the noble army of Mayors. In Seine and Oise, therefore, there are 45,000 actual voters, representing probably a considerable number of silent electors in addition, who are ready to support as pronounced a Bonapartist candidate as could possibly have been brought forward. They know what the Duke of PADUA wants, and they have discovered that they want the same thing. This would have been a remarkable fact in any incident of France, but it is especially remarkable in a department which was the chief theatre of the Prussian occupation, and suffered more perhaps than any other in the war which till lately it was the fashion in France to charge wholly upon the Empire. There must have been a very great change in public opinion before an Imperialist candidate can have found 45,000 avowed supporters in Seine and Oise. It is true probably that these 45,000 voters were not all declared Bonapartists. The clergy took the side of the Duke of PADUA, and their journals urged the electors not to adopt the policy of abstention recommended by some of the organs of the Government. It may be supposed that the Orleanists themselves did not entirely hold aloof from the contest, and if they voted at all there can be little question that they voted against M. SENARD. Whether, if they had now to make a final choice between the Republic and the Empire, they would give the lie to all their antecedents and prefer political stagnation to political excitement, is perhaps not certain, but it is clear that for the present they are perfectly willing to do so. It may be that they are only finessing, that their object is to use the Imperialists to beat the Republicans, in the hope that they will then be strong enough to beat the Imperialists, and that, if they find this

last hope disappointed, they will be ready in the last resort to ally themselves with the Republicans against the Empire. But this deduction from the Bonapartist strength is more apparent than real. It is now that Orleanist and clerical support is of most value to the cause of the Empire, and, provided that it is forthcoming now, the Bonapartists will not care much under what circumstances it is withdrawn. The sick man is fast recovering, and, provided that he can have a stick to help him when he first begins to walk about, it is all the same to him whether it is his own or borrowed. By the time that the Orleanists have discovered that the Empire is a more formidable danger than the Republic, the Imperialists will be in a position to care very little what the Orleanists think. The nation will have grown accustomed to regard them as the party which is best able to give France a settled Government, and when once this conviction has been established it will be strong enough to override all opposition.

On November 8 three more elections come on. In the department of the Oise the Duke of Mouchy presents himself as the Imperialist candidate. Unfortunately he is opposed by two Republican candidates, and there is reason to think that neither of them is likely to give way. The Republican party has of late avoided with commendable prudence those internal divisions which are almost inevitable when men of widely different opinions are united in pursuit of a common end. Under the influence of M. GAMBETTA the extreme Republicans have virtually abdicated their claims to guide the counsels of the party. They have accepted the leadership of M. THIERS in the Assembly, and they have voted for moderate candidates in the elections. They now appear to think that they ought to be allowed to impose a candidate of their own upon the united party, and accordingly they have brought forward M. ANDRÉ ROUSSELLE in the Oise. They urge in his favour that at the last election in the department he was only 6,000 votes behind the successful candidate, and that, though his election to the Council-General has been twice set aside, he has a third time been elected. The moderate Republicans propose M. LEVAVASSEUR, on the ground that, in presence of so dangerous an opponent as the Duke of Mouchy, it is essential not to alarm the more timid Republicans, who may easily be driven into not voting at all, even if they do not vote for the Duke of Mouchy. It is naturally difficult to persuade an extreme section that it is their duty to yield on all occasions to the moderate section. They are disposed to plead that one good turn deserves another, and that, considering how often they have voted for moderate candidates, the moderate section ought now to be willing to vote for an extreme candidate. Of course this reasoning leaves out of sight the exceedingly important fact that, whereas the extreme Republicans would rather see a moderate Republican returned than an Imperialist or an Orleanist, the moderate Republicans are not able to return the compliment. Probably many electors in the Oise who, if the contest lay between the Duke of Mouchy and M. LEVAVASSEUR, would vote for M. LEVAVASSEUR, would unhesitatingly vote for the Duke of Mouchy if the contest lay between him and M. ROUSSELLE. Without in the least comparing M. ROUSSELLE to Mr. BRADLAUGH, the circumstances of the Oise election may be compared to the circumstances of the recent election at Northampton. You might have preached to Mr. FOWLER's supporters for ever without bringing them any nearer to withdrawing their candidate in favour of Mr. BRADLAUGH. Indeed, if Mr. FOWLER had withdrawn, it would not have benefited Mr. BRADLAUGH in the least degree. The voters thus set free would either have voted for Mr. MEREWETHER or have stayed at home. There is this important difference, however, between the two cases—Mr. BRADLAUGH did not care one pin whether Mr. MEREWETHER or Mr. FOWLER got in. He regarded them both with impartial dislike. Consequently it was of no use to prove to him that, if two nominally Liberal candidates went to the poll, the result would be to seat the Conservative candidate. He would have answered that from his point of view there were two Conservative candidates and only one Liberal; and if the Liberal candidate was beaten, it was immaterial to which of his adversaries he had to give place. M. ROUSSELLE does not take this line. He and his friends admit that their principal anxiety is to get a Republican candidate returned, and that, though they would prefer to have a representative exactly of their own way of thinking, they would very much rather be represented by M. LEVAVASSEUR than by the Duke of Mouchy.

After all, however, the controversy is of less importance under the French electoral law than it would be if it related to an English election. It is essential of course that M. LEVAVASSEUR should not withdraw, since this might throw a large number of his supporters into the arms of the Imperial candidate, who might in this way secure the requisite majority at the first ballot. But it is not essential that M. ROUSSELLE should withdraw, because, if both he and M. LEVAVASSEUR stand together, the Duke of Mouchy must have a majority over the aggregate votes given for them in order to secure his election on the 8th of November. Assuming therefore that, if M. LEVAVASSEUR stood alone, he would beat the Duke of Mouchy, the same result will be obtained if M. LEVAVASSEUR and M. ROUSSELLE between them beat the Duke, and M. ROUSSELLE then retires before the second ballot. It may be said that this is only to postpone M. ROUSSELLE's sacrifice and that if he is in any case to withdraw in favour of M. LEVAVASSEUR, he may as well do it first as last. But this way of stating the case is not strictly true. M. ROUSSELLE will have been allowed to ascertain whether his influence with the constituency is sufficient to carry him at the first ballot, and, if he afterwards has to retire, whether he or M. LEVAVASSEUR get most votes, it will be because he can count upon transferring all his votes to M. LEVAVASSEUR, whereas M. LEVAVASSEUR could not be sure of transferring all his to M. ROUSSELLE. In this way the advanced Republicans are to some extent the sufferers by their superiority of discipline over the moderate Republicans. M. GAMBETTA's troops will serve under M. THIERS's flag, but M. THIERS's troops cannot be trusted to pay similar obedience to M. GAMBETTA. But the fact that the advanced Republicans have so often been willing to make concession shows a great advance in their aptitude for practical politics. If they persevere in the same course, they will do more to establish the Republic than they could effect by any number of electioneering victories.

POLITICS IN AMERICA.

THE American autumn elections involve little difference of principle; but the advantages which the Democratic party has already gained may not improbably modify the policy of the still dominant Republicans. Two important States, Ohio and Indiana, have given majorities to the Democratic candidates for Congress. The Pennsylvania election will not take place till November; and its result may probably be affected by the decisions of other principal States. In New York the actual Governor, General DIX, seeks re-election with all the advantage derived from a high personal character and from a term of successful administration. The anxiety of his supporters is shown by their eager revival of the scandals which were perpetrated a few years ago in the city of New York by their political adversaries. It is admitted that Mr. TILDEN, the Democratic candidate, enjoys an unimpeached reputation; but the Republican canvassers remind the electors that he bears the same political designation with the former managers of Tammany Hall. The truth is that TWEED and his accomplices were essentially swindling adventurers, and only by accident Democrats. If the Irish rabble of New York had chosen to call themselves Republicans, the demagogues would have changed sides without hesitation. As both parties are represented by creditable candidates, the election will be a fair trial of strength; and probably the result of the last political contest may be reversed. The Democrats were strong enough to carry the State in the most depressed condition of their party soon after the close of the war; and the election of General DIX may probably be attributed to the reaction against TWEED and his confederates. In New York, as in some other parts of the Union, the Republican party is becoming unpopular in consequence of its long possession of power. For fourteen years the Democrats have ceased to control Federal policy, and consequently they are not responsible for the scandals or the disappointments which have since occurred. The elections which have already taken place reduce the Republican majority in Congress below the proportion of two-thirds which enables it to propose Constitutional Amendments or to pass Bills which have been disapproved by the President. It happens that no such Amendment is at present contemplated; and the recent veto of the President on the Currency Bill was not overruled.

An approximately equal balance of parties tends to make the possessors of power more scrupulous. Prudent Republicans are beginning to disclaim complicity with their disreputable allies in the Southern States. The party still thinks itself bound to sustain the PRESIDENT in his determination to support the authority of the State Government of Louisiana; but the Republican newspapers contain significant admissions that KELLOGG and his proceedings are a dead weight which it would be desirable to remove from the shoulders of the party. There can be little doubt that the PRESIDENT judged rightly in repressing by force the irregular assumption of the government of Louisiana by the more respectable inhabitants. It would be an intolerable nuisance that in any State of the Union there should be a pretended Government *de jure* contending with a Government *de facto*. It was better to take any side than to remain neutral, and it would have been a proof of weakness to disavow the Government which had already been recognized at Washington. KELLOGG himself has, since his reinstatement in office, published an apologetic statement which illustrates both the political morality of the whole community and the real character of the local contest. He boasts that, with the unanimous approval of both parties, he has reduced the State Debt from twenty-five millions to fifteen millions of dollars by the simple process of inducing the Legislature to repudiate two-fifths of the amount. The Conservative party, while it cordially concurred in the fraud on the public creditor, objected to a Constitutional Amendment by which future loans are prohibited. It is difficult to assign any reason for a measure which, if the law is observed, will place difficulties in the way of schemes for obtaining further subsidies from credulous capitalists. KELLOGG defends the validity of his own election by a curious argument. Assuming that he received the votes of all the coloured electors, and of a few thousand white renegades, he contends that he must have been duly returned. He admits that the white inhabitants of the State form a numerical majority of the population, but he alleges that many thousands among them are disqualified as aliens. Without pretending to any knowledge of the statistics of Louisiana, strangers may conclude with perfect confidence that a white majority, with or without legal right, will find means to assert its own supremacy over the coloured minority. Even if KELLOGG were the most upright of politicians, he belongs to the weaker party. The increased strength of the Democrats will encourage the whites in all the Southern States to exert themselves in recovering political power.

The only political issue which concerns the remainder of the Union is the question whether the PRESIDENT is to be re-elected for a third term. The rule which is derived from the counsels and practice of WASHINGTON is a remarkable instance of the tendency to affix traditional interpretations to the most explicit and authoritative documents. The framers of the Constitution had only a few years before the retirement of WASHINGTON deliberately left the people of the United States at liberty either to return a President for a single term of four years or to re-elect him as often as they might think fit. It has not since seemed necessary to provide by an Amendment of the Constitution for the perpetuity of the custom which has been pursued for eighty years. After the commencement of General GRANT's second term of office it occurred to his personal supporters, and perhaps to himself, that no constitutional impediment would prevent a second re-election. Republican managers began to consider whether a novelty in the selection of a candidate might not please the popular fancy. Their opponents indeed declared that a President holding office for twelve years, and perhaps for life, would be a dictator and a CÆSAR; but the people of the United States well know that General GRANT is quite unlike JULIUS CÆSAR, and that the Republican form of government is not in the smallest danger. The only consideration which is likely to weigh with the Republican party is the probability of electing their candidate. For the present they shrink from committing themselves to a choice which might perhaps be fatal to their cause. The Republican Convention of Pennsylvania not long since started a local candidate of their own whose claims have not hitherto been sanctioned by the party in any other State. It was asserted that the delegates to the New York State Convention were privately inclined to support the candidature of General GRANT, although they ostensibly contented themselves with the nomination of General DIX for the office of Governor of New York. When a considerable number

of persons agree to keep a political secret, it may be inferred that in their judgment a disclosure of their real purpose would not be advantageous to their cause. For the immediate object of the contest in New York it is deemed expedient to disclaim any intention of disturbing the ordinary practice. It was even thought worth while to induce a member of the Cabinet to assert in a public speech that General GRANT had no intention of offering himself for re-election; but the general incredulity with which Mr. ROBESON's statement was received is not less significant than a disavowal which is perhaps literally true. General GRANT will not be a candidate unless he is invited by the party; and the Republican managers will not make up their minds until they have ascertained the prospect of success. If the established practice is opposed to General GRANT's pretensions, his superiority in reputation or in notoriety to any competitor may perhaps be thought a counteracting advantage. The political condition of America is singularly unfavourable to the production of statesmen or eminent men. General GRANT possesses considerable acuteness, he has now acquired experience in administration, and, above all, his services as a soldier greatly outweigh the performances of any mere politician. No one has thought of choosing General SHERMAN or General SHERIDAN, and the claims of any other military leader would be far inferior to those of General GRANT. It has happily become impossible to make General BUTLER the candidate of the party, although the allegation that he had received a bribe from KELLOGG failed to affect a reputation which has long since been incapable of deterioration. Mr. SCHURZ, who is the best speaker and perhaps the ablest politician in the Senate, has on more than one occasion deviated from strict Republican orthodoxy, and he is by birth a foreigner. General GRANT would probably have a larger following in the Southern States than any other Republican candidate; but it is almost certain that there will be a formal contest for the Presidency between the two great parties. At the last election the Democrats, with the aid of a disaffected section of Republicans, obtained two-fifths of the total number of votes, although General GRANT was chosen by a large majority of States. The nervous alarm of the Republicans is founded on sufficient grounds.

A PHILOSOPHER'S LEGACY.

IT might almost be imagined, from the sort of excitement which has been got up by some of the newspapers in regard to the publication of Mr. MILL's posthumous essays, that the whole nation had previously been waiting with breathless anxiety for the disclosure of this wonderful bequest. Country newspapers make desperate efforts to get an early copy of the precious work, and flood their columns with anticipatory extracts from it. The *Times* has a leader about it which in its ingenuous simplicity reminds one amusingly of the Palmerstonian theology; and of course the *Daily Telegraph* follows suit, though without rising to that romantic fervour with which it is in the habit of celebrating the two great festivals of the Christian year. One can conceive the bewilderment of foreigners on finding in what they call "the journal of the City" a leading article on Religion, Nature, and Revelation. They will be led to suppose that Mr. MILL was surely a great prophet who was worshipped by his countrymen as an oracle of perfect and unfailling wisdom, and whose final utterances were awaited with reverent awe and pious expectation. This may have been so, but we are bound to say that we had not previously discovered any trace of the fact. Mr. MILL acquired his philosophical reputation by his writings on logic and political economy, which are remarkable rather for lucid interpretation than original thought. His entrance into public life was hailed with ridiculous, and to some extent factitious, enthusiasm by a little knot of fanatical admirers, and also by politicians who trusted that their party would profit by his advocacy in the House of Commons; but most people were at least hopeful that he might have something useful to say on the special subject of his studies. The unfortunate deficiencies of his character and mental constitution were, however, soon displayed. An impulsive sentimentality which, cruelly repressed in youth, revenged itself by returning with spasmodic force in later years, gave an eccentric direction to his logical speculations, and his ignorance of human nature and want of practical wisdom betrayed him into fantastic projects and dangerous alliances. His political career was a failure, and the

weaknesses which it disclosed justly diminished his scientific authority. The publication of his *Autobiography*—the most pathetic confession of our time—revealed the abnormal experiences through which he had passed, and explained the wayward twists and caprices of a disordered mind. It was announced at the same time that he had left behind him a series of essays in which were embodied his final and matured conclusions on the gravest of all subjects; but the announcement was received with little curiosity and not much hope. The tree is known by its fruit, but the character of the tree also enables one to judge what sort of fruit may be expected from it. In this case it was foreseen that the apple would be sour and cankered, with a worm at its wasted core.

The dulness of the season probably accounts for the absurd importance which has been attached to the publication of a work the interest of which had already been discounted by the painful disclosures of the writer's autobiography. It appears that two of the essays contained in this volume were written between 1850 and 1858, and that the third was written between 1868 and 1870. Mr. MILL had thought of publishing the first of these—that on Nature—in 1873, but deferred doing so. It is not stated whether he desired the posthumous publication of these papers, but there can be little doubt that it will be injurious to his memory. They are marked by crudity, and even incoherence, as well as by flagrant faults of temper. The editor describes them as “the carefully-balanced result of the deliberations of a lifetime”; but the last of them, at least, has rather the aspect of casual and hasty reflections on a subject which the writer had previously not had leisure or inclination to attend to. The first essay is an animated, and even vituperative, attack on the system of nature. Mr. MILL is not the first philosopher who has said to himself that it would have been well if he had been consulted when the world was made. He is shocked at the “ignominious failure,” and can hardly find words strong enough to express his contempt for “so clumsily made and capriciously governed a creation ‘as this planet and its inhabitants.’ Everything is more or less mismanaged. Even the human body is a blunder, for it is too complicated, and wears badly. Blind partiality, atrocious cruelty, and reckless injustice abound to excess in the commonest phenomena of nature. All that man is continually trying to do to make this wretched world decently fit to live in is a practical accusation against nature, who, we are told, stands to man in the position of an enemy from whom he must wrest by force and ingenuity what little he can for his own use. Mr. MILL, we gather, would have begun by relieving man from the necessity of exerting himself in this way. The world would have been provided at the outset with bridges, embankments, breakwaters, lightning-conductors, and, we suppose also, electric telegraphs, railways, steamboats, and lucifer-matches. It is known that Mr. MILL was learning Greek at three years old, but if he had only been his own Creator he would have taken care that little boys should be born with a ready-made knowledge of Greek and everything else; or rather that there should be no little boys at all, but that men should come forth at once full grown and fully endowed. The forces of nature seem to have inspired Mr. MILL with a childish feeling of hate and terror. POPE’S “Shall gratification cease when you go by?” may, he says, be a just rebuke to any one who is so silly as to expect common human morality from nature; but if the question were between two men, instead of between a man and a natural phenomenon, this would be thought a rare piece of impudence. “A man who should persist in hurling stones or firing cannon when another man ‘goes by’; and, having killed ‘him,’ should urge a similar plea in exculpation, would ‘very deservedly be found guilty of murder.’” In short, he adds, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another are nature’s everyday performances. The philosopher would evidently have liked to hang nature if he could, but natural phenomena are unfortunately beyond the reach of the criminal law. The general conclusion at which he arrives seems to be that the Principle of Good would long ago have broken down in a hopeless struggle with the maleficent powers if the Creator had not been helped by his creatures to do what he could not do for himself, and that it is high time that men should recognize their own merits, and worship themselves as the real saviours of the world.

There is, of course, nothing new in the tirade against the injustice and ferocity of nature. It has been often

heard before, and will often be heard again, and a philosophy which can only repeat the stale indictment is not much to be thankful for. In the first essay there are evident traces of the influence of the Manichean convictions of the elder MILL. In the second, while it is acknowledged that Christianity has rendered a great service in establishing a system of pure and exalted morality, it is urged that this has now become the property of mankind, and that the supernatural character which was at first attributed to it, and which was perhaps necessary in order to secure its general acceptance by mankind, may be safely abandoned. There is an obvious flaw in the logic of the argument that, because Christianity has achieved so much, it would now be well to give it up and try a substitute of a novel kind. But the admission is significant that a substitute is indispensable. If Mr. MILL had lived less in the closet and more in the world, he would perhaps have understood the hopelessness of attempting to lift the world to the highest point of spiritual effort by means of that vague interest in “the universal good” which is called the religion of humanity. So far his system would seem to be a sort of compromise between the views which he derived from his father and the theories of COMTE. In the concluding essay he is disposed to surrender the immortality of the soul, but at the same time pleads for the systematic cultivation of hope “in ‘the region of imagination merely.’” Here, again, ignorance of human nature is betrayed in the supposition that hope will ever operate as powerfully as actual belief, or can be sustained without confidence in its realization. Humanity is not very likely to be kindled to enthusiasm by the process of allowing “the imagination to dwell by preference on those ‘possibilities which are at once the most comforting and ‘the most improving, without in the least degree overrating’”—that is, really believing in—the solidity of the grounds ‘for expecting that these rather than any other will be the ‘possibilities actually realized.’” Mr. MILL in effect says, “The only way of alleviating the great, and to a large extent inevitable, misery of existence, is by indulging in ‘dreams of possibilities which, however, you must be ‘careful in your waking hours not to expect to happen.’” In other words, existence is to be divided into two parts, in one of which man is to be oppressed by the desolation of reason, while in the other he is to console himself with the fitful satisfactions of the opium-eater. Mr. MILL’S own writings illustrate the natural results of the experiment. On the whole, these essays will be disappointing to those who expected much from them; but after reading the *Autobiography* the expectations of most persons must have been exceedingly moderate.

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION REPORT.

THE Board of Education for Scotland have presented their Report for 1873 to the Committee of Council. The first meeting of the Board was held in October 1872, but they were not able to begin regular work until the close of the year, so that the period covered by the Report is really identical with the first year of the Board’s existence. There has hitherto been a very general impression that, in the rural districts at all events, the Scotch provision for education is very much in advance of the English. The Report seems to show that this impression rests on nothing much better than assumption. In many parishes the school buildings were found to be quite inadequate for the children requiring education; in others they were almost in ruins; and, “notwithstanding the stringent provisions ‘of the law as it existed prior to the passing of the ‘Education Act, there are a number of parishes in which ‘heritors had neglected to provide either a school-house ‘or teacher’s dwelling.” The Board estimate that there are more than 70,000 children for whom there is at present no school accommodation. To meet a deficiency of this kind is a work of much greater difficulty in Scotland than in England. In many Highland parishes “the inhabitants are congregated in small groups many miles ‘asunder, and on islands separated by a wide extent of ‘open sea from the mainland or any other island.” Children cannot go to school if they have to cross mountains and lochs to get there. Education must be brought within their reach, and the consequence of this necessity is that schools have to be very much more numerous, very much smaller, and therefore very much more costly, than in Lowland parishes. In Gairloch, in Ross-shire, for ex-

ample, there are only 850 children of school age, or just the right number for one good school. But they are scattered along a seaboard ninety-six miles in length, and ten schools will be needed to take them all in. In Applecross there are only 443 children, but eight schools must be set up before they will all have a school within a possible distance from their homes. On one of the islands at the extreme south of the outer Hebrides there are thirty children of school age, and the lowest estimated expense of building a school and teacher's house is 800*l.* The annual cost of carrying on the school after allowing for the expected Government grant will be over 100*l.* a year. The whole annual rental of the island is only 57*l.* 7*s.* In a fairly well-to-do parish it is calculated that a threepenny rate will raise 7*s.* 6*d.* for each child in average attendance at school. But in Orkney a threepenny rate would only raise 1*s.* 11*d.* for each child, while in Shetland it would only bring in 1*s.* per child. It is clear that some special provision will have to be made for the children living in these parishes. The Scotch Education Act recognizes this necessity to some extent, but not apparently to an extent at all commensurate with the necessity of the case. By the 67th section a Parliamentary grant not exceeding 300*l.* may be made towards building a school in any parish situated in certain counties in which a school rate of not less than ninepence in the pound has been levied. But in many parishes a rate of ninepence in the pound, with 300*l.* thrown in from the Parliamentary grant, would not go more than half-way towards providing the school, and then the current expenses would remain to be met. In one Shetland parish it would take a rate of four shillings in the pound to carry out the provisions of the Act.

Professor RAMSAY has made a special report to the Board on the educational circumstances of Orkney and Shetland. He suggests that in some of the poorer districts the school might be carried on by a pupil teacher from a neighbouring school. This pupil or assistant teacher might live with the teacher of the chief school, and the expense of building a teacher's school house would thus be saved. The younger children would attend the subordinate school, while the bigger boys might get as far as the principal school, and the teacher of the latter might take his assistant's place one day in the week. The instruction thus provided would be better, Professor RAMSAY thinks, than it would be if a third-rate grown-up teacher were employed. In some of the islands, however, there will be no larger school within reach. A pupil teacher, for example, could hardly be detailed for service in Fair Isle or Foula, two islands containing between them about eighty children of school age, but situated forty miles out at sea, and maintaining no regular communication with the mainland. These are extreme cases, but there are many small islands which, if they had to depend on the visits of a teacher living on the mainland or in another island, would go without schooling many days in every year. Professor RAMSAY thinks that this case may be met by the employment of female teachers. The School Boards, he says, have, as a rule, a strong prejudice against this plan, "simply because they have 'never had experience of any female teachers but 'decrepit old women who have in neglected corners set 'up adventure schools of the most wretched kind.' The experience of America shows that there is no reason why women should not teach boys as well as girls with complete success, and it will probably be found very much more practicable to maintain trained teachers in remote islands if women are substituted for men. There will remain the islands in which there are only five or ten children to be taught and no day school for them to be sent to, unless one is specially set up for them. It appears that the School Boards are of opinion that it will generally be practicable to make arrangements for having these children boarded out among relatives or friends near some good school for as many months as will make up the 150 attendances required by the Code for children living more than two miles from school.

Professor RAMSAY'S Report also deals with the application of compulsion to these island districts. As regards actual distance from school, he does not think that it will be found a serious obstacle. The vast majority of the children of Orkney and Shetland will have a school within two miles of them. But the weather through which they will often have to go to school will be a very great obstacle indeed. During many months of the year "terrible gales sweep 'over the islands, and the rain comes, down in cold 'solid slices, at a cutting angle.' In winter there will

often not be six children in school out of sixty in general attendance. This especially applies to the younger children. As regards the elder boys, their labour is wanted during a great part of the year on the crofts or in fishing. "It is a common thing to find two crops of 'children attending a school during the year'—the younger coming in summer, when they are not kept at home by stress of weather; the elder coming in winter, when they are not kept at home by stress of employment. Professor RAMSAY rightly says that, as the compulsory clauses will have to be worked so as not to seriously interfere with the habits of the people, 'under no circumstances will it be possible for all the 'children of school age to be attending school at one time.' He has accordingly recommended School Boards in Orkney to be satisfied when there is school accommodation for four-fifths of the children requiring education, and School Boards in Shetland to be content with providing accommodation for three-fourths. In the Lowlands the Board of Education report that the operation of the compulsory clauses has on the whole been satisfactory. The mere announcement that the powers entrusted to the School Boards were about to be put in force has usually been sufficient to bring the majority of the defaulters to confess and promise amendment. In one district in Glasgow the School Board found more than 1,400 children not under instruction. Of these 1,090 are now at school, and in only six cases has it been necessary to take legal proceedings. In another district there were nearly 3,000 children not at school. Of these 1,400 have been got hold of without difficulty, and it is expected that another 1,000 will be sent as soon as accommodation can be provided for them.

HYPOTHETICAL HISTORY.

THE great question, what would have happened if something else had not happened, has exercised the ingenuity of many historians, and, but for a certain sense that it is not likely to lead to very profitable results, might have been a very popular amusement. In that day, which some thinkers profess to anticipate, when history will be reduced to a science, the problems thus suggested will doubtless receive more attention. The students who undergo the examinations of the future will be asked to sketch the history of England on the assumption that the Conqueror was beaten at Hastings, that the Spanish Armada had effected a landing, or that a bullet had gone through Cromwell's heart at his first skirmish. Knowing all the elements of the problem, and being provided with a perfect calculus of human nature, our omniscient descendants will be able to work out the results just as an astronomer could determine the motions of the solar system on the hypothesis of the planets having been placed at other than their actual distances. For the present our knowledge of such matters is so limited that it is useless to launch ourselves without chart or compass on the boundless sea of conjectural inquiry. Such questions as we have suggested have generally been put by those historians who delight in the maxim that great events spring from trifling causes; and who therefore contemplate history as the record of a series of accidents rather than of a regular evolution. If the world is but the scene of a great game of chess, the smallest alteration in the position of a pawn may bring about changes of the utmost importance. An inversion of the issue of any of the "fifteen decisive battles" might have radically altered all later history, and a bullet or an arrow might therefore have done the work. The historian, on the other hand, who attends exclusively to the deeper forces which are at work beneath the surface of society, is inclined to regard such events as only affecting the superficial order of occurrences, and determining rather the mode in which the result is attained than the result itself. The issue of a particular battle, he would say, may be determined by chance; but the issue of a struggle between two different races or civilizations will depend upon more permanent and ascertainable causes.

Except as bringing out such differences of principle, the discussion of the "might-have-been" is rightly assumed to be a rather childish amusement. But, though sensible men do not waste their brains over such profitless inquiries, a tacit reference to hypothetical history is exceedingly common, and affects a good many popular theories. All criticism of political action of course involves some tacit assumptions. If you say that a given line of policy would have produced a certain result, you assume that the policy was in some sense practicable, and this assumption frequently involves a great deal more than is at first sight obvious, and not unfrequently amounts to simply begging the question. If Louis XVI. had been a man of genius and courage, it is suggested, the catastrophe of the French Revolution might have been superseded by a gradual reform. This statement assumes that the social order was sufficiently sound to admit of a calm reconstruction; for the most intelligent architect cannot build an enduring edifice out of rotten materials. The whole question would therefore turn upon an estimate of certain facts as to which it is difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain at

the present day any conclusive information. When it is further attempted to draw some conclusions for our present guidance from such speculations, we find that the neglect of the necessary conditions has frequently made the whole argument worthless. Let us take, for example, a line of reasoning which is extremely popular with Mr. Carlyle and his disciple Mr. Froude. They are constantly pressing upon us the doctrine—a doctrine with which in this form we are certainly not disposed to find fault—that no policy can be permanently satisfactory which is not founded upon the eternal laws of justice, and which does not imply profound respect for facts and contempt for shams. The last ruler of England, they proceed to say, who acted in that spirit, was Cromwell; and all the evils from which we have since suffered would have been avoided if only we could have had an unbroken series of Cromwells from the days of the Commonwealth to our own. If it is replied that Cromwell's policy is condemned by the fact that it brought about the reaction under Charles II., they simply reply that Charles II. ought to have been another Cromwell. English policy in Ireland, as Mr. Froude has been recently telling us, has produced all kinds of mischief in both countries because we did not carry out the Cromwellian policy. If, instead of adopting the Parliamentary system with all its corruptions, we had uniformly done what was right with a strong hand, Ireland would long ago have been a Protestant, and therefore a loyal, country, and such things as Fenianism, Home Rule, and agrarian agitation would have been killed at the root. If we grant for the sake of argument the assumption upon which the whole argument exists—namely, that Cromwell was really the most upright and intelligent of rulers—it is obvious that the speculation is still worthless, because it involves an unjustifiable excursion into hypothetical history. If we are permitted to assume such a miracle as a continuous succession of perfectly pure and intelligent absolute rulers, why may we not make any other assumption which suits our case? Why may we not say, for example, that the system of policy actually adopted would have produced the most inestimable results if only the Irish Parliament had been always independent, intelligent, and honest? Once assume that any series of men, or of bodies of men, will always do exactly what is right, and you can have no difficulty in showing how Utopia may be at once realized even in Ireland. The answer which would be made to this objection would no doubt be that the constitution of the governing body was such as necessarily to generate corruption and incompetence. That, of course, was the case, because we know what actually happened. The experiment was tried, and the failure condemned the policy adopted. But then we have clearly no right to assume that an experiment which was not tried would have succeeded any better; whilst it might possibly have led to still more disastrous results. It is at least conceivable that a Cromwellian system of government in the hands of such men as ruled England during the eighteenth century might have produced an amount of corruption and oppression unparalleled in the history of the world. It is easy to give absolute power in imagination to a set of rulers, but the question as to the use which they would have made of it is one which would have to be determined from a careful examination of their disposition, and which is certainly not answered by the bold assumption that they would always have done right. And yet it is only by tacitly making this assumption that any colour of plausibility can be put upon the conclusions deduced for our benefit. If the British Empire were always under the government of a Cromwell everything would go right. This may or may not be true; but, true or false, it belongs to the domain of hypothetical history which has no points of contact with the actually existing world, and may be left for the consideration of persons who like to indulge in an idle play of the imagination.

It would be easy to illustrate the same fallacy from theorists of different schools; as in fact it is merely one version of the maxim common to all bold theorizers, *tant pis pour les faits*. The revolutionary party, for example, used to assure us, as the coarser exponents of their doctrines continue to assure us, that all tyranny was produced by the wickedness of kings, that superstition was invented by priests, and that women have been enslaved by the brutality of men. Abolish kings and priests, and give women equal rights, and all these evils will disappear. Once more we are in the region of hypothetical history. We are tacitly assuming that loyalty and faith were mere superficial fashions, and that the subordination of the weaker sex depended upon nothing but the physical strength of males. If those doctrines are true, mankind may be suited for a free and equal republic without a church and without marriage. But the advocates of such theories never trouble themselves to explain how, if mankind were naturally perfect, lying and bullying came to have such force, or how, if they are naturally imperfect, those powers of evil are to be suppressed for the future by a simple abolition of existing institutions. If we insist upon admitting facts and framing institutions for men as they are and not as they ought to be, we are indeed met by one difficulty. Are we not, in fact, drifting into a kind of political fatalism? Assume, it may be said, that whatever is could not have been otherwise, and of course all hypotheses will be purely frivolous. A bullet, it may be, has changed the course of history; but then the bullet could no more have taken a different path, or the man whom it hit have been standing an inch further to the right or the left, than a government could have been composed exclusively of virtuous persons, or than the earth could have followed a different orbit. It is therefore just as frivolous to say what would have happened had the

smallest conceivable change been made in the conditions of the problem as to say what would have happened if virtue and intelligence had been universally substituted for vice and stupidity. But to accept this doctrine would be to abolish all attempts to modify the course of human affairs, and to permit the great machine to go on grinding out happiness or misery, consoling ourselves as well as we can with the reflection that whatever is is right.

We shall certainly not discuss the everlasting problem of necessity *versus* free-will; but it is easy to observe that upon any hypothesis this is not the legitimate conclusion. Nobody disputes that our will, whatever may be the precise meaning of the word, and whether or not it may rightly be called free, can modify the course of human affairs within certain limits, which, moreover, may be very strictly defined. There are many things which a wise statesman can do, and many more which are entirely beyond his power. He cannot, for example, produce a spasmodic change in human character or in human beliefs; and he cannot foresee the future except in the most imperfect and conjectural fashion. If, therefore, according to the old phrase, we consider history as "philosophy teaching by examples," it may be profitable to consider what would have been the results of such a policy as could have been adopted by a statesman of the time, working with such materials as were at hand and upon such information as was then open to him. Directly we transgress these conditions we get into the unprofitable regions of pure conjecture. For example, it might be a profitable inquiry whether, if the policy advocated by Burke had been adopted, it would have been possible to save the British Empire in America. It is true that even such an inquiry involves some rather bold assumptions. It assumes that the English Government of the day was sufficiently enlightened, not indeed to be generally as intelligent as Burke, but to be capable of appreciating his wisdom. This is a bold hypothesis, but it is not beyond the region of the fairly conceivable, and therefore not beyond the range of combinations which may be expected to occur at some future time. By working it out we might derive some useful hints as to the colonial policy of the future. But it would be not only useless, but might very possibly be mischievous, to inquire what would have happened if all Englishmen and Americans in those days had been perfectly reasoning animals. It might, we say, be mischievous, because it would encourage the common fallacy that we may neglect the most essential condition of all political problems—namely, the stupidity and selfishness of the average human being. The hypothetical mode of reasoning is tempting, because it enables its author to take an apparently high moral point of view. He insists with great emphasis on the doctrine that a political system is good in so far as it is just and veracious. He becomes so eloquent upon this topic that he thinks himself entitled to pass over as degrading the subsidiary but all-important questions by what means veracity and a sense of justice can be cultivated amongst human beings, assuming them to be such as they actually are. He despises all questions of machinery as only worthy of grovelling utilitarians, and thus unconsciously slides into the immoral doctrine that the end justifies the means. He assumes that the shortest mode of arriving at perfect justice must be the best, and therefore takes for granted the existence of a virtuous despot or a purely reasonable democracy, as if such things were to be had for the asking. Undoubtedly short cuts to perfection are very tempting in every branch of speculation; but, if politics are ever to be made an experimental science, the first condition of successful inquiry must be to start from actual facts, and summarily to put aside as irrelevant all speculations which assume as their basis a state of things of the possibility of which we have no guarantee, and which all experience teaches us to reject as visionary.

MR. RUSKIN ON MR. RUSKIN.

MONTAIGNE begins his famous essay "Of Coaches" with Lucretius, and ends it with Atahualpa. But he is not more discursive than Mr. Ruskin, who ranges in a few pages of *Fora Clavigera* from Croydon to Assisi, and from his aunt at Perth to Ariadne in Naxos. Yet comparing Mr. Ruskin with Montaigne would at first sight appear like drawing a parallel between Socrates and the author of the maxim about men who have brains and no money. Mr. Ruskin has, however, in an eminent degree one of Montaigne's most prominent characteristics. He can interest a wide circle of readers in mere personal details. He can write long passages with no very apparent drift, yet be sure to be read to the end. He carries you back and forward in time, and up and down on the earth, at his will. Almost everybody disagrees with him. It matters little to him, though he sometimes refers to the fact with regret. He is, in one sense, as egotistical or self-satisfied as Montaigne. Mr. Ruskin uses himself, his peculiarities, his tastes, his misfortunes, his disappointments, his pleasures, his recollections, as the one never-failing source of illustration for whatever subject he may discuss. In this he has caught to a nicety the manner of the French essayist, and we have no fault to find with him for it. Mr. Ruskin is an interesting person, and sooner or later what he does will have to be recorded with care, and will form a subject for the writers of important books. It is well, therefore, that he gives us fragments of autobiography in his lifetime. Would that Mr. Mill had done the same! But Montaigne apart from his essays was nobody. He cannot have felt in his lifetime that the account

he gives of himself would ever be very interesting to any one except as illustrating the matter in hand. With Mr. Ruskin it is different. He is already a man of sufficient mark to make it a subject of considerable interest to a large circle to know whether he takes sugar in his tea or likes cats. He must be quite aware of this. We cannot tell whether *Fors Clavigera* has a wide circulation, and is a great success, commercially; indeed, we more than suspect, and Mr. Ruskin all but tells us, that it is not. But it has a circulation, and a certain number of people take it and read it with avidity. Mr. Ruskin perhaps feels like the curate whose congregation on a wet Sunday amounted to two people, and who gave them his best sermon, feeling they were entitled to it for their zeal in braving the rain. But Mr. Ruskin's audience crave for personal knowledge of the object of their admiration. They wish to know all about his birth, parentage, and education. They desire information as to his fortune, and like to hear how his money is invested. They would pry into the origin of his family and inquire after his maternal grandfather. And the supply equals the demand. Mr. Ruskin is indulgent. He gives them, to use his own words, so much of autobiography as it seems to him desirable to write. *Fors Clavigera* is the acknowledged channel by which the appetite he has created is to be appeased; and we need make no apology for venturing to recall what he has so far made known, and for endeavouring to place these autobiographical notes in a chronological and regular order. They are scattered through the forty-six numbers which up to the present time have been published. They occur *à propos* of art, science, history, religion, and political economy. They are not dragged in, but seem to come naturally and as if by virtue of a fixed law. When at Christmas he laments the excessive infant mortality of our large towns, and quotes newspaper statistics to show the effects of employing women in factories, he incidentally informs us that his mother soothed his youthful slumbers with "Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top"; and he adds a memory of the dawning intelligence which objected to a defective rhyme in the first two lines. So, too, when in August he copied a part of a fresco by Simon Memmi in the Duomo of Florence, he took occasion, as he described the King, the Pope, and the Emperor, to tell us that his maternal grandmother's inn bore the sign of the "Old King's Head." It is while lecturing squires that he informs us that his mother was a sailor's daughter, and his aunt a baker's wife. A year ago, writing of Sir Walter Scott's early training, he told us how he himself was taught to read; and, a month ago, he described the pleasure he derived from lingering in his aunt's bakehouse, and said he was reminded of it by the Sacristan's cell at Assisi. Mr. Ruskin talks constantly of himself, yet he is not selfish. His egotism is like the innocent egotism of a child which always supposes the whole world to be concerned in the sad story of a bruised elbow or a broken toy. We must all sympathize with the inevitable "least shade of shyness" which increasing prosperity drew between Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, and Market Street, Croydon; and we cannot but rejoice when the family goes again to visit the homely aunt, to walk "on Duppas Hill and on the heather of Addington."

Mr. Ruskin's father, he tells us in the tenth number of *Fors*, began business as a wine merchant with no capital and a considerable amount of debt bequeathed by his grandfather. He paid his debts and made money, and his son has written on the granite slab over his grave that he was an "entirely honest merchant." There is a charming passage about his travels through England with his father, the books he used to read, the pictures he used to see, and how early he discovered the political truth that it was better to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at. Indeed, he goes further in this connexion, for he adds that he is obliged to refuse many kind invitations to America because he could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles. In his twenty-fourth letter we have an account of his surname. He does not like the look of it, he says, because, as he apprehends, it is only short for "Rough Skin" in the sense of "Pig-skin;" and he cannot find historical mention of any other form of the name, except in a place to which he has lost the reference, as that of the leading devil of four, Red-skin and Blue-skin, and he forgets the skins of the other two, who performed in a religious play of the fourteenth century. This derivation can hardly be taken seriously, but Mr. Ruskin gives no indication in the context of any intention of joking. If there is any doubt that Ruskin means "little Russ," or Russian, it may be derived from a diminutive of Ralph, innumerable forms of which exist. Mr. Ruskin's father had a taste for art, and as to his other relations, we read that, besides the baker's wife of whom we have spoken, he had an aunt married to a tanner; and that there used to be a greengrocer of his name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace. His maternal grandfather went to sea at Yarmouth, and was killed when two-and-thirty years of age "by trying to ride instead of walk into Croydon; he got his leg crushed by the horse against the wall, and died of the hurt's mortifying." He was engaged, as Mr. Ruskin believes, in the herring trade, but we are not told his name. He appears to have entertained the prevalent notions of his day as to matters of family discipline, for though he spoiled his two daughters when he was at home, he could not forgive any tendency to equivocation, and the future Mrs. Ruskin, having once told him a lie, was whipped with a bundle of new broom twigs; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that it did not hurt her, though she "thought a good deal of it." There is also an aunt of whom he

tells, in Letter X., that she lived in the town of Perth, gave him cold mutton on Sundays, but had a garden full of gooseberry bushes. What this last particular implies can only be known to those fortunate persons who have tasted gooseberries where they grow in perfection. If nightingales are only to be heard south of the Trent, gooseberries can only be eaten north of it. He adds:—"My mother, indeed, never went so far as my aunt, nor carried her religion down to the ninth or glacial circle of Holiness, by giving me cold dinner, and to this day I am apt to over-eat myself with Yorkshire pudding, in remembrance of the consolation it used to afford me at one o'clock. Good Friday also was partly 'inter-meddled,' as Chaucer would call it, with light and shade, because there were hot-cross buns at breakfast, though we had to go to church afterwards." Mr. Ruskin's recollections of Sunday do not appear to be of a pleasing character. He asserts that he lost the pleasure of three-sevenths of his life because of Sunday, that he always had a way of looking forward to things, and that a lurid shade was cast over the whole of Friday and Saturday by the horrible sense that Sunday was coming and inevitable.

He very early made up his mind on certain metaphysical questions. Before he was ten years old he had settled for himself responsibility and free will by jumping up and down an awkward turn of four steps, and considering whether it was likely that God knew whether he should jump only three or the whole four at a time. Having settled it in his mind that God knew quite well, though he did not, which he should do, and also whether he should fall or not in the course of the performance—though he was altogether responsible for taking care not to fall—he never troubled his head more on the matter. In another place he gives some description of what he calls strong associative fancy about words. When he was a child the word "crocodile" always seemed to him very terrific, and he would even hastily in any book turn a leaf in which it was printed with a capital C. He complains that no one told him that crocodile only meant "a creature that is afraid of crocuses," but he intends to buy in Paris an artificial crocodile, and to show it to the first lizard he meets in Italy, to see what it thinks of it.

With regard to money matters Mr. Ruskin is most explicit. He had, when he wrote Letter XVIII., fifteen thousand pounds in Bank Stock, for which he got seven per cent.; but this particular source of income seems to cause him some uneasiness, as he feels sure it represents usury, and the Directors never ask his advice as to their investments, or solicit his superintendence of their affairs. Mr. Ruskin in the Bank parlour is a frightful vision, although he seems able to manage his house property at Greenwich on intelligible principles, and complains just like anybody else at the lawyer's delays in selling some houses. As to his disposal of his income he is equally open. He not only speaks of his seven thousand a year, but tells what he would like to do with it. We really feel a certain hesitation when we come to these pages. He complains that the Americans will not sell him a black girl, and mentions his wish to buy a white one with a title. No doubt he can obtain many if he goes the right way about it; but he seems to think he has not money enough left after he has fulfilled charitable obligations, and "white girls," he reflects, "come dear, even when one buys them only like coals for fuel." He regrets that he did not live in the days of Joan of Arc, as he would have been willing to give more than ten thousand pounds for her, and would not have burnt her. Many other traits of character he gives us in these notes as to his disposal of money, and on the whole we can say little in disapproval, except of one passage, which is certainly demoralizing according to our modern lights. He dare not, he says, give a penny to a beggar unless he is sure no clergyman is in sight.

We have no intention of sneering at *Fors Clavigera*, but it is impossible to judge of Mr. Ruskin on ordinary grounds of criticism, literary or moral. He takes up a position wholly outside the pale of everyday thought. Much of what he says is interesting only because he says it. Many of the anecdotes are important only as betraying the bent of his mind. Whole pages are occupied with disquisitions which have no bearing on any question but that of Mr. Ruskin's standing as an English writer. On the other hand, there are passages full of poetry, of philosophy, of religion, and of art, passages such as no other living author could compose, eloquent and full of meaning, stirring men up to exertion, raising them above sordid considerations, brightening their hopes, and guiding their aspirations. Then, suddenly, comes some remark so exceedingly trivial, or some piece of political or social economy so exceedingly visionary, that the whole of what goes with it is murred and tainted. It is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to see why discordant notes are introduced into the piece. It is not easy to say what purpose is served by recording that Mr. Ruskin likes to have two servants with him when he travels, that he is fond of a dish of game, that he eats strawberries and cream with pleasure, that he once learnt twenty-six chapters of the Bible, and that he contemplates the use of a hair shirt with disfavour. Many people who admire or wonder at his writings will like to know that Mr. Ruskin is fifty-five years of age, that he eats his breakfast skulkily when correcting final proof sheets, and is not able to correct them at all within hearing of a steam whistle or within sight of a rainbow. But it is a question how far he is right in gratifying this kind of curiosity. He ministers to a depraved taste in doing so. People are self-conscious enough, and meddling enough, at the present day, without encouragement from one who assumes to teach everybody. He tells us that he has endeavoured in vain to

read a sensational novel on strikes; that when an old woman sold oranges at three a penny he gave her a penny a piece; that gas makes his headache, a peculiarity which he shares with all Londoners, we suspect; he declares himself to be misunderstood, which we do not doubt; to be ill-tempered; to have few early friends remaining; to be discouraged and disappointed. His servants make him enormous fires on warm days, and he is unable to persuade his cook to concoct the famous goose pie after the old recipe, "written purely from practice and dedicated to the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Warburton," in 1791; one day she wants a new oven, another day she has conscientious scruples as to the extravagance of the pie, and a third she does not feel well enough to undertake it at all. So much the better for Mr. Ruskin's digestion, as any one will agree who reads the prescription given in the twenty-fifth number of *Fora*. Mr. Ruskin is also greatly exercised because Messrs. Howell and James sent him circulars about silks which they have to sell at an alarming sacrifice; because penny cookery-books come to him by post, and, above all, because an old friend asks him to read a text every morning in what he calls a Sausage-book. In the eleventh letter he gives a full account of his residence at Denmark Hill, including a statement of the rent he paid, the number of men he employed, the shrubs he grew, and the azaleas he presented to young ladies. He tells his readers several things about his character too, some of which they could hardly have guessed; but one such note deserves, from its wholly unexpected nature, particular observation. In the number of *Fora Clavigera* which opened the present year we read that Mr. Ruskin considers himself a very different person from what most people, even of his friends and admirers, would suppose. His great difficulty—these are his own words—of late, whether in lecturing or in writing, is in the intensely practical and matter-of-fact character of his own mind, as opposed to the loquacious and speculative disposition, not only of the British public, but of all his former friends.

THE LESSON OF THE REGENT'S PARK EXPLOSION.

NOW that the inquest on the three men who were killed by the explosion on board the *Tilbury* in the Regent's Canal is concluded, and that the materials for a complete review of all the circumstances of the case are before us, it may be worth while to draw some practical lessons from the occurrence, and to consider in what manner London and other towns may be best preserved from a repetition of the disaster.

As to the cause of the accident, there is no reason to doubt that the verdict of the jury is correct. A strong chain of circumstantial evidence enabled the fact to be brought out very clearly that a few moments before the great explosion, there had occurred in the cabin of the *Tilbury* a sort of modified explosion or rapid burst of blue flame, not at all resembling an explosion of gunpowder. This, it was explained and experimentally demonstrated, was without doubt due to the ignition, by the lamp or fire which were proved to have been present in the cabin, of some vapour which, having escaped from a leaky or defective cask of benzoline—deposited by the care and foresight of the Grand Junction Canal Company among the powder—had percolated through the air-holes in the bulkhead separating the cabin from the stowage space. The fire thus established rapidly communicated with the cargo, the benzoline vapour acting as a "flame carrier," and exploded the powder. This explanation of the accident can hardly fail to commend itself to the acceptance of every one who takes the trouble to read the evidence, and it would be mere waste of time to set forth in detail the various points and proofs upon which it rests. It is more profitable to turn from this particular accident and its cause to the general question of the carriage of explosives through populous places, a point upon which the facts which were elicited at the inquest have thrown a great deal of unpleasant light. In the first place, it was very frankly stated by the Traffic Manager of the Grand Junction Canal Company that, if they are to carry gunpowder and benzoline at all, it is inevitable that these articles should frequently travel in the same boats; and on a subsequent occasion he stated, with equal frankness, that it was inevitable that the boats carrying the gunpowder and the benzoline should also have fires and lights on board. In the second place, we have the evidence of a petroleum merchant that the leakage or evaporation of benzoline and similar volatile substances forms an appreciable and recognized annual loss in the trade; and this evidence was strongly confirmed by that of Mr. Keates and Dr. Taylor, who both testified to the almost impossibility of preventing the escape, even at natural temperatures, of the volatile vapour from packages containing benzoline. In the third place, we have the undisputed and indisputable evidence of the scientific witnesses, and the more palpable evidence of ocular demonstration, that this vapour is of a highly inflammable character, that when diluted with certain proportions of atmospheric air it forms an explosive mixture, and that it can be ignited at "an indefinite distance" from the source of supply. This being the case, it seems to follow, on the authority of the Traffic Manager of the Grand Junction Canal Company, that every Canal Company which undertakes the transport of gunpowder and benzoline necessarily and unfailingly does so under conditions which may at any moment cause an explosion, and which in course of time must almost inevitably do so. This point being established, it is interesting to turn to the statistics of this trade. In reply to some questions by Major Majendie it was

elicited that the Grand Junction Canal Company alone had carried from the City Basin along the Regent's Canal in the three months preceding the explosion about two hundred and thirty-three tons of gunpowder, the consignments varying from nine tons downwards; and during this period about one boat per diem was despatched carrying benzoline, naphtha, and "things of that sort" with the powder. As these boats had also fires and lights on board, we arrive at the comfortable conclusion that the Grand Junction Canal Company have maintained a well-appointed and extremely efficient daily torpedo service through the Regent's and Junction Canals, which service, it seems, is only temporarily suspended in deference to the present unreasonable ebullition of public feeling, and which, it would appear from Mr. Hughes's evidence, will be resumed as soon as people have come to their senses again, and have ceased to take a stupid exception to a practice, simply because it has for once unfortunately chanced to give rise to some inconvenience. But the fact that the Grand Junction Company has made this temporary concession to popular clamour affords no guarantee that the traffic will not continue to be carried on with increased activity by other Companies, one of which at any rate, if we may judge from some recent proceedings in Bow Street, is well qualified to take the place of the Grand Junction Company in this business; and if the torpedo boat does not start daily from the City Basin, we see no reason to doubt that, weather permitting, it will take its departure quite regularly from some of the other wharfs in the metropolis.

It is not uninteresting to consider some of the other details of management of the London gunpowder traffic as revealed by successive witnesses at the inquest. The lamps which are provided by the Grand Junction Company for the cabins of their torpedo boats are unprovided with a shade of any description; but it is fair to observe that the Company do not bind their bargemen to the use of any particular pattern of lamp, and would therefore perhaps not absolutely forbid a glass shade if the "captain" of a barge chose to provide one. Naked candles also are not contrary to the regulations. The boats themselves are not specially fitted or furnished for the carriage of gunpowder. The metal work is of exposed iron, and no precautions are taken by the laying down of cloths under the powder-barrels to prevent contact of grains of escaped powder with the iron and grit. In the case of the *Tilbury* it seems from Dr. Taylor's evidence that special care had been taken to provide an efficient means of igniting the gunpowder by friction in the shape of sheets of emery-paper. The casks "are sometimes bad," and when the powder escapes it is gathered up and shovelled into the cask again, forming a pleasant mixture of gunpowder and grit for subsequent introduction into a magazine. No precautions are taken to prevent the bargemen who are stowing the powder from having matches in their pockets—"we don't trouble much about that." They wear their ordinary iron-shod, gritty boots while stowing the powder, there is no order against having fires on board while loading gunpowder, and the adjoining boats may equally have their fires alight at this time; indeed, as no one seems to know much of what is on his boat or his neighbours', it is quite clear that no orders upon this point could very well be attended to. The business of loading is carried on at crowded wharfs in densely populated parts of London, as at the City Basin and elsewhere. All attempts to obtain from the witnesses a statement as to any single precaution which was taken or directed to be taken with gunpowder specially—for which, by the way, an extra rate of about one hundred per cent. seems to have been charged—failed signally. One witness made a feeble attempt to produce the impression that it was the practice to water the boats before putting powder on board, but he was promptly disposed of by the evidence of succeeding witnesses, who were quite emphatic as to the absence of any superfluous precaution of this sort; and there seemed to be no serious disposition to question the fact that gunpowder is habitually handled and despatched by the Grand Junction Canal Company exactly as if it were so much flour or soap. No notice even of the consignment is required from the powder manufacturers, so that an indefinite quantity of gunpowder may arrive at the wharf at any moment, and there lie among the other miscellaneous stores, or in the so-called "magazine" (which has been condemned by an officer of the Metropolitan Board of Works as wanting in every element that a magazine should possess), until a boat happens to be going to the particular place to which the powder is consigned. "The tarpaulins occasionally fly open," but the Company "have issued no special orders for the proper securing of tarpaulins." Such, on the evidence of their own officers and workpeople, are the conditions under which the gunpowder and benzoline traffic has hitherto been carried on in and through London by the Grand Junction Canal Company.

What prospect we have of any improvement in the business, when the Company resume the trade on the subsidence of the existing alarm, may be gathered from Mr. Hughes's statement, which he repeated on re-examination, that the Company "could not alter their system of carrying gunpowder, nor could they see any way to improve it or make it safer"—which there is too much reason to fear is only a sample of the state of things elsewhere. That such a state of things should exist, and that, being known to exist, it should be possible for it to continue for a single day, is, we do not hesitate to say, simply disgraceful. But it is now almost exactly ten years since the whole system of the transit of gunpowder and the absence of supervision and proper legislative precautions with regard to its transport were formally and strongly condemned by Colonel (now Major-General) Boxer. And yet during this lapse of time successive Governments

have done no more than nibble at the subject, or set officers to accumulate additional evidence as to the necessity for the amendment of the law relating to explosions. Whoever will take the trouble to refer back to certain papers on Gunpowder which were presented to Parliament in 1865 will there find the strong representation addressed to the Government of that day by the Coroner's jury on the Erith explosion as to the inadequacy of the existing law; he will find the subject carefully gone into by Colonel Boxer, and the dangers to which the public are exposed, especially in connexion with the transport of gunpowder, elaborately explained; he will find a number of miscellaneous reports all pointing in the same direction; and yet during these ten years this dangerous traffic has been allowed to continue, and no fresh statutory powers of supervision or regulation have been asked for—a neglect for which successive Governments must share the blame. It is not the least unsatisfactory part of the whole affair that the public alarm consequent on the Erith explosion, which was not less intense than the alarm that at present prevails, should have evaporated without producing any results; but perhaps the true explanation of this is the one suggested by Major Majendie in his Report of 1872, that while it has been to the interest of the trade to “let sleeping dogs lie,” the public “have since 1864 continually anticipated some revision of the Gunpowder Acts, and treated as imminent their promised amendment.” However this may be, it is beyond doubt that public opinion will now demand, and properly demand, the strict fulfilment of promises of legislative reform too long postponed; and the question arises what form should this action take specially in relation to the transit of gunpowder.

We come now to a consideration of the remedies to be applied. The favourite remedy at the present moment seems to be a complete annihilation of the powder-carrying trade, for practically that is what the proposition to forbid the carrying of gunpowder through London would amount to. As was pointed out by Major Majendie in his evidence on Monday last, if you stop the carrying through London, you must, to be consistent, “stop it all over England in towns and populous places, or between river banks and raised canals, where inundations would do terrible damage; and if you do that,” he added, “you strangle the trade.” A little consideration will serve to show that this must be so. There is no more reason for singling out London for entire immunity from this traffic than there would be for singling out Manchester, or Glasgow, or Leeds, or Birmingham. So that legislation which proceeds upon the principle of never allowing gunpowder to be where an explosion would cause serious damage would involve as one of its consequences the stoppage of all traffic in this article through every town in the kingdom. Obviously this is impracticable. Many of the large towns are directly nourished by industries, such as the iron and coal trades, which depend for their very existence upon gunpowder. It would be easy to multiply arguments to show that such a course as this would be absolutely impracticable.

It has been suggested that all places at which gunpowder above a certain quantity is loaded or unloaded should be registered or licensed, and that the Secretary of State or other authority should have power on cause shown to forbid the use of any wharf or place for this purpose altogether. But this power is one which would have to be very carefully guarded and very cautiously exercised, to prevent undue injury to a necessary and very important trade, and serious injury to individual traders; and in every case of this sort full opportunity should be given to the Companies concerned of showing that there is no other wharf or place away from any centre of population which they could substitute for the one objected to. But this modified power of interference in extreme cases is the nearest approach which we conceive would be admissible to the proposition to get rid of powder altogether from populous places. And, even with this power in operation, there is no doubt that the presence and passage of explosives in and through populous places would still remain the rule—the protected places would be the rare exception; and it is, we consider, essential that legislation with regard to the matter should be based upon the acceptance of this fact. The further fact must also be faced and accepted, that the amounts of powder from time to time present in and passing through populous places will, notwithstanding such regulations as may properly be applied for the minimizing of the quantity present at any one time or place, and notwithstanding such precautions as it may be practicable to enforce for localizing the effects of an explosion, be sufficient in the event of an accident to cause serious damage to life and property. And this brings us to the conclusion that the value of any legislation upon the subject must in the long run depend upon the extent to which that legislation is adequate to prevent accidents, rather than upon the extent to which it aims at limiting the effects of any possible accident. There is of course no reason why attention to the former of these principles should involve neglect of the latter; the two should go as far as possible hand in hand. But while the latter result can at best be only very partially and imperfectly accomplished, the prevention of accidents is a matter in which an approximation to an entirely successful result may be much more practically achieved, and that at a minimum of inconvenience and injury to the trade. We are, therefore, of opinion that legislative action in regard to explosives, while not ignoring the important question of the minimizing of the effects of possible accidents, should be mainly directed to the enforcement of proper precautions in the packing, handling, storing, and transport of the explosive materials.

Nor would these precautions need to be as numerous or difficult as is commonly supposed. In dealing with gunpowder pure and simple we have the confident and assured knowledge that it is free from the remotest liability to spontaneous ignition. Consequently, so long as you guard the powder from all external sources of danger, you have a perfect confidence that your cargo is *per se* no more dangerous than one of flour or soap. The first element in securing the safety of the powder is the provision of thoroughly good and sound packages. So long as powder is packed in cases which permit of no leakage—a very important source of danger—the risk of explosion by friction or by an accidental spark is disposed of. And we trust that no pains will be spared in forthcoming legislation to secure the uniform adoption of packages from which no escape of the powder shall be possible. A remarkable instance of the efficacy of a good case as a protection for powder against even formidable adjacent fire and explosion is afforded by the circumstance that several tin canisters containing powder were blown out of the *Tilbury* and afterwards recovered. Assuming that we have our powder in proper packages, we have next to consider its stowage in vehicles or vessels which are themselves free from elements of accident, and under conditions which will render the approach to it of fire in any form impossible. Here we touch upon the question of mixed cargoes; and most persons will probably agree that gunpowder should not be carried under any circumstances with miscellaneous cargoes of a highly inflammable character, and not even with miscellaneous cargoes of non-inflammable character, unless the powder be placed in a separate part of the vessel. The regulations should extend also to the forbidding of fire or smoking at certain times, and of any acts tending to cause accident; and regular powder huges ought, we should say, to be provided with lightning conductors. When these precautions have been taken, and when provision is made by an efficient system of local registration and inspection for the due observance of all the rules, all reasonable risks will be eliminated as far as the transport itself is concerned. The shipping and unshipping of the explosives are matters not so easily regulated, as each case would to a certain extent have to be considered on its merits in relation to local circumstances. This should be provided for, as recommended by the Select Committee on Explosives, by requiring such shipment to be carried on under by-laws to be approved by a central authority. Such, in outline, is the sort of form which legislation on this subject should take—temperate, well-considered statutory rules for the general regulation of the traffic, properly approved by-laws for the local regulation of the shipment or unshipment, and an efficient system of registration, inspection, and control. When these safeguards are adopted, the people who are now fleeing from their houses in the Regent's Park may venture to return to them; but until some such amended legislation is introduced, they will perhaps be acting more prudently in remaining away from them.

MUCH WENLOCK.

THE traditional schoolboy is no doubt well versed in the history of Shropshire. He knows the origin of the toast of “All friends round the Wrekin,” he knows the height of that hill, the name of the village that gave birth to Wycherley, and the age of Old Parr when he died. All this and still more he may have at his fingers' ends, but we venture to say that he knows nothing at all about the borough or the town of Much Wenlock. Members even of Brooks's and the Carlton are ignorant on this important subject. One man thinks the place is in Cornwall; another believes that it was disfranchised in 1832; while a third inveighs against it as a constituency which ought at least to have lost one member in 1867. As correct views should prevail, and as public attention will, for perhaps one day, be directed to Much Wenlock on the occasion of the vacancy in its representation, we propose to say a few words about it.

The first thing to do is to distinguish between the town and the borough. Before the existence of the line of railway connecting Wellington and Craven Arms, few towns were more out of the way, and the natural access was by a twelve miles' drive from Shrewsbury or Wellington. Yet, whatever might have been the difficulty of the journey, the traveller would have been repaid for his trouble. The town, numbering some 2,400 inhabitants, lies in a little hollow on the tableland which is reached by the ascent of Wenlock Edge, and is not visible from any side until it is almost reached. There are no straggling houses, all is grouped together—its two main streets in the form of a T, and the little station which might serve for a vicarage during the long intervals when no train is to be seen. Westward lie the parish church, rich in Norman as well as Perpendicular details, the ruins of the stately Abbey, the fifteenth-century uniformity of the Abbot's house with its double cloisters rearing its head above the fragments around it, and the gable of the southern transept which displays in its proportions work of the finest time in English architecture. At some future day we may perhaps say something about these remains, which early in this century served as the quarry from which all the building stone required in the repairs of the walls and cottages in the town was taken. Charming as the scene is now, the tourist of the past does not seem to have been always captivated by it. “It has,” says a writer of the town in 1769, “two ill-built streets, and, standing low, is so dirty that strangers by way

of derision call it Muck Wenlock." Dr. Johnson when he passed through it in 1774 called it "a very mean place, though a boro'." He probably cut his name in the chapter-house of the Abbey, and broke off a crocket by swinging his stick round; unless indeed the comforts of some among the innumerable public-houses which, judging from present analogy, must have existed at that time, proved too strong for him and kept him indoors. Once Wenlock was great in affording facilities for drinking beer. It was said that the answer to a newly appointed vicar who inquired whether the water was good was to the effect that the oldest inhabitant had never tasted it. One of these veterans, on being asked whether the story could be true that a German had drunk ninety measures of ale in one day, replied that he hardly knew, but that certainly eighty-four might be drunk, which conclusively proved the possibility of the accomplishment of the German feat. Those days are however passed, and there are now sad gaps in what once presented an unbroken line of beer-shops and taverns. The houses have been so frequently repaired and altered that the archaeologist could rarely guess their age. Sometimes a seventeenth-century date is seen between two windows of the Georgian era, and a sleek plastered house ends in a huge chimney carried up externally, probably coeval with the Abbey. Here and there stand what once were manor-houses of some repute, but now fallen from their old estate and converted into shops. One bearing the date of 1681 has a quaint balcony with spiral columns between its two projecting gables, though whether it was intended for ornament only or as a kind of *tinghiera* is not very evident. Another old house has a stone arched gateway, and is no doubt of early sixteenth-century work. The town is full of mediæval relics, of wells with saintly names and holy memories, built like miniature crypts in days when stonemasons did not grudge their work, and nothing was so mean as not to admit of beauty. In all the glories, however, of the nineteenth century Wenlock has but little share. Much or Great she can only be called in contradistinction to Little Wenlock, which nestles at the south-eastern foot of the Wrekin. Famous she may be, as in Camden's time, for limestone, but neither trade, nor railway, nor a National School, nor telegraphy has increased her population during the last decade. There have been but few tourists since M. Jorevin de Rochefort's visit in 1672, who was a good deal troubled by the nomenclature of the place, and registered it at last as *Menchoueniat*—at least this is the only possible interpretation we can suggest of this eccentric spelling. The engine puffs once or twice a day, but it conveys no passengers. There is no noise, no hurry, no confusion. Never do to-day what you can do to-morrow, and never do yourself what you can get any one else to do for you—such is the little town's motto, as she tries to remember that Henry VIII. is dead, and that the monastery is dissolved. But with the dissolution went her real reason for existence, and she must submit to be spoken of by Murray "as now little more than a village." She belongs to the past, to be outstripped in the race of life as much as the fossils in the primary rocks around her. Americans often complain that in our zeal for improvement and our democratic rage we shall leave them no quiet place to take refuge in; we can, however, safely promise that centuries will succeed one another without disturbing the repose and the beauty of Wenlock, and that with "Clunford and Clunbury, Clugunford and Clun," she will long boast of being one of the "quietest places under the sun." She must not, however, be exposed to the harassing cares of two elections within the year, to public addresses, and such like; otherwise a taste for knowledge will creep in, a gazette or a journal will be established, and her privacy destroyed.

But it is time that we should turn to the borough, which has a population of more than 21,000, and numbers 3,541 electors upon the present register. The borough is a county in extent, and is nearly identical with the ancient possessions of the Abbey. The Severn divides it roughly into two equal parts as regards population—the part which lies on the right bank numbering 1,711 voters, the majority of whom are occupied in agricultural pursuits, and present a strong contrast to the inhabitants of Coalbrookdale, of Ironbridge, and of Madeley, who are chiefly engaged in the coal and iron trades. To give a description of the constituent parts of the borough would be to write a history of South Shropshire. The polling district of Much Wenlock includes secluded villages in Apedale, nine miles distant, whence comes an array of agricultural labourers whose political opinions are not much unlike those of Wilfred Galskistone, who, it will be recollected, fell at Proud Preston fighting with great bravery, though he was never able exactly to understand the cause of the quarrel, and did not uniformly remember on which King's side he was engaged. From Apedale the canvasser will make his way to the more outlying parts of the borough across Wenlock Edge, a long range of hills which runs from Buildwas in a south-westerly direction, a distance of over fifteen miles. Few districts were wilder than this fifty years ago, and crags project from its terrace where ravens not long since built their nests. There is little in the brushwood which clothes its banks to recall its existence as part of the Long Forest, though here and there an oak remains to attest its former magnificence. We know hardly any view in England of so great beauty and interest as that from any point along the northern extremity of Wenlock Edge. On the north is the Wrekin, which, in spite of its conical and unmajestic outline, possesses a kind of literary sentiment and personal attraction which many a hill that is far higher is quite without. To the west, Shrewsbury, "inlaid" by the Severn, is seen, and beyond the far range of Welsh

hills, running up behind Chirk into Flintshire. A little to the left are the lovely slopes of Acton Burnell Park, and in the distance Loton, at the foot of the Broidden; while to the south lies the valley of Apedale, sheltered by hills known best to Drayton and Sir Frederick Murchison, and sadly neglected during the interval which elapsed between these two writers. On the east, some ten miles distant, are those "loving twins" the Clees—the higher of the two, the Brown Clea, rising to a height of more than eighteen hundred feet. On its northern slope is situated the village of Ditton Priors, recently made a polling district, and including for that purpose the villages of Stoke St. Milborough and Monkhepton. Here are goodly fellowships of farmers, influenced more by personal than political considerations, to whom a change of temperature is more important than the fall of Cabinets, and whose mode of life has not been materially altered by the Irish Bills of '70 and '71. Nature never intended that the slopes of the Brown Clea should enjoy the blessings of the franchise. Beautiful as are the gullies and ravines which separate farm from farm, they are serious obstacles in the way of canvassing. The tenants are never at home, and are probably pointed out to the candidate ploughing in some field a mile off, to which there is no road, and between which and himself flow becks of various sizes over which there are no bridges. There are, however, two hundred voters in the polling district, who, we imagine, could hardly communicate with one another or the outside world by means of the Post Office under a week, and to whom therefore the fact of the existence of a contest should be made known orally. With the remaining polling districts the public is probably more conversant. Broseley, Madeley, Ironbridge, and Coalbrookdale are all centres of some commercial activity. Three of these have their attendant hamlets, and Coalbrookdale has Little Wenlock attached to it, a village which does not require its prefix to add to its perfect obscurity. The character of the country on the left, or English, side of the Severn presents a striking difference to that which we have been describing. The banks rise rapidly and precipitously from the river; the houses are perched one above another like those in some Italian village, though, with the exception of Madeley Court, there are no buildings which date back more than a century. The population is employed in the iron works of the Dale, in mining, and in the china works at Coalport. For a distance of some three miles down the river the refuse of abandoned pits is visible on all sides, and the traveller might almost fancy that he was in an advanced outpost of the Black Country. But after Coalport is passed woods again clothe the banks, receding to some distance from the river, when Apley Terrace is reached, where the red sandstone crags and glorious timber add a special feature to one of the most beautiful of English parks.

It is in Madeley that the chief interest in politics centres. Coal and iron rapidly familiarize men with the most prominent questions of the day, and opinions of some kind or other are sure to be held with regard to them. Capital and labour here have had their disputes, which as yet the agricultural interest has been able to avoid. Political crochets do not abound; wandering fanatics have never made the borough a base for their operations—not, we dare say, from any want of will on their part, but from a complete ignorance of its existence. The curious obscurity of the borough must not be lost sight of in discussing it, and yet, owing to the special enactments by which it has been excepted from legislation, sufficient trouble has been given to cause it to be remembered. If it only had some salient historical incident to boast of, if Charles II. would only have climbed an oak in Shirlet Forest instead of at Boscobel, all would yet be well. Men fought at Worcester, at Bridgnorth, at Craven Arms, and Shrewsbury, yet no skirmish of importance seems to have taken place in a constituency which extends over more than thirty thousand acres. No murder of peculiar atrocity has been committed, no saline spring has been discovered, and the reversal of Dr. Johnson's sweeping criticism must be trusted to time alone. With regard to the political history of the borough there is not much to be said. In the old descriptions of Parliamentary property the borough was entered as belonging to Lord Forester and Sir Watkin Wynn, the latter of whom sold his Wenlock estate in the year 1858. In the election of 1832 an attempt was made to return a Liberal; 635 electors voted; Mr. Bridges polled 307 votes, the late Mr. Milnes Gaskell received 330, General Forester obtaining 447. In 1835 Sir William Somerville contested the seat, but polled 99 votes less than Mr. Milnes Gaskell. After this no contest took place, and no change in the representation of the constituency until 1868, when Mr. Milnes Gaskell retired, and Mr. Brown obtained the vacant seat as a Liberal. In the election of last February General Forester and Mr. Brown were returned, the independent Liberal only polling some 800 votes. By the death of Lord Forester a fortnight ago, General Forester has succeeded to his brother's title, and a representative career of forty-six years has come to an end. In the absence of other data, future compilers of history might imagine that so long a tenure of power must have enabled its possessor to have influenced in no slight degree public opinion and to have left his mark upon contemporary politics. What advantages so long an insight into Parliamentary usages should give! What generalizations might be prompted by witnessing the fall of so many Governments! What might not dogged perseverance alone have effected? A sense of the shortness of life prevents many men from undertaking schemes which they cannot expect to carry into effect. If, rising year after year, General Forester had devoted himself to the attainment of any one object,

of any chimera, however wild, what might not the House of Commons have granted at the expiration of his annual motion in his forty-sixth Session? Peace, however, to General Forester's Parliamentary ashes! He belongs to other days, which we have no wish to criticize. If it was a time when a member of Parliament gave but little, little was required from him; and if men thought crudely, or ill, or not at all, they at least contentedly acquiesced in an aristocracy of speech.

We feel now that we have given as much information about Wenlock as the ill-prepared mind of the public can digest at one meal. The contest which is at present proceeding will enable the reader to continue his studies; it is one which fulfils all the conditions essential to the ideal contest. It is a fight between Whig and Tory, and belongs to pre-Reform Bill days. Lord Forester has by far the largest acreage in the borough, but Lord Wenlock stands next. The first is represented by his nephew, the latter by his son. The one will make "the consolidation of the Liberal party" his first object; the other will give a general support to the present Government. There is but one seat, there are no side issues, no elaborate computation of split votes. The lookers-on have nothing to divert their attention. We confess to a satisfaction in seeing the two largest landed proprietors fighting out a political fight. It is a relief for once to be without the ex-mayor, the provincial newspaper editor, or the tramp with his local dialect and vestry-complexioned mind. In the days when Lord Liverpool was Consul such a contest as this would have burdened the Willey and Bourton estates with a special mortgage for the occasion. Politicians of the past may indeed take comfort in the thought that Wenlock is among the few boroughs which enjoy the proud privilege of conveying voters to the poll, but, even with the happy addition of this item, the expenses of both candidates cannot exceed a few thousand pounds.

SACERDOTALISM.

IT has been observed that, if disputants would only give themselves the trouble to define their terms, more than half the controversies in the world would at once be settled, while the remainder would be seen to involve differences too fundamental to admit of adjustment. Disputes are in most cases interminable because neither party understands clearly either his opponent or himself. It is the way of boys to be inaccurate, and no blame to them; but the majority of men in some respects remain boys all their lives. Take, for instance, an argument in a debating society as to whether slavery is consistent with Christianity. Nine-tenths of the speakers will have no exact idea of what they mean by slavery, still less of what they mean by Christianity; and most of them will be almost equally vague in their use of the connecting term, "consistent." The reasoner who was brought to explain that, when he said "religion," he meant "the Church of England," was so far definite enough, but then his explanation of the underlying and not very obvious sense in which he used a word open to many other interpretations was only elicited by gradual stages, under severe pressure of Socratic cross-examination. Many of our readers will be familiar with the inimitable description of young Mr. Brown's matriculation in Dr. Newman's *Lectures on University Subjects*, which admirably illustrates our point, but is much too long to be quoted here. The habit of translation from one's own language into another, or *vice versa*, especially if it be a dead language, is perhaps one of the best correctives of this fatal inaccuracy of thought. The fact that so few Greek or Latin terms convey precisely the same meaning as their English synonyms, when they happen to have one, is in itself a salutary lesson in the careful use of words. And what is true of disputes in general is pre-eminently true of theological disputes, four-fifths of which have been declared by a high authority to consist of misunderstandings and logomachies.

There is no term to which these remarks are more strictly applicable than one which has been in everybody's mouth and on everybody's pen for the last six months or more. We mean the word "sacerdotalism." It needs but a cursory glance at the various speeches and articles in which it has figured so conspicuously to be convinced that, like the term "Ritualism," it is employed in at least half-a-dozen different senses, sometimes by the same speaker; while many of those who are so glib in their denunciations have evidently never condescended to reflect whether it has any meaning at all. It is rather less offensive and considerably more vague than the older term "priestcraft," for which it has been made to do duty in recent controversy. And, like priestcraft, it is never employed except with a more or less opprobrious intention. Of the two leading significations attached to it, and inextricably confounded in popular phraseology, everybody would disclaim the one as a description of his own views, while those who accept the other would call it by a different name. "Sacerdotalism" and "sacramentalism" are related to each other very much in the same way as "deist" and "theist." To call a man a deist is to charge him with rejecting Revelation; to call him a theist is to assert his belief in a Personal God. The same fact is in either case alleged, but it is viewed under a different aspect. And, in like manner, those who attribute a mysterious efficacy to sacraments would probably not object to be styled sacramentalists; but to stigmatize them as "sacerdotalists" is to fix attention exclusively on the circumstance that they ascribe that efficacy to sacraments administered by them-

selves, or by the order which they favour, if they do not personally belong to it. Often, of course, a great deal more than this is meant to be conveyed, but we are here dealing with the term in its least obnoxious application. There is therefore at best a certain unfairness about it; but an unfairness which seems to be found practically inseparable from religious controversy. To give a bad name to a dog which terrifies or offends you is rather like fighting with poisoned arrows, but the temptation generally proves irresistible. The early Christians were called "atheists"; Tories were at one period "the malignants," at another "the stupid party"; High Churchmen have had successively four or five sobriquets—all on various grounds more or less offensive—during the last forty years, and the latest of them is "Sacerdotalist." Perhaps it may console them to reflect that, according to the more commonly received view, the disciples were first called Christians, not by themselves, but by their opponents.

We should be loth to charge so respectable an authority as Lord Coleridge with confusion of thought, and it is certain that he is incapable of intentional unfairness. But it must be allowed that in his recent speech at Exeter he has not kept as clear as could be desired of the prevalent vagueness of phraseology on this subject. After dwelling at some length on the Public Worship Act and on Mr. Gladstone's article on Ritualism, he proceeds to observe that what is at the bottom of the controversy, and causes its tension and bitterness, is the conviction avowed on both sides that "the one great doctrine" at stake "is what may be termed the sacerdotal principle." When we first read this passage, we seemed to ourselves to be hailing the first gleam of daylight on a subject almost hopelessly obscured by words without knowledge. It would have been very interesting, whether we were eventually able to agree with him or not, to learn from a man of Lord Coleridge's eminence what, in his opinion, "the sacerdotal principle" really is. But we were doomed to speedy and complete disappointment. Without a word of explanation the speaker goes on to say that, while he himself delights in magnificent architecture and splendid ritual (which many persons think very sacerdotal) as most useful aids to devotion, he yet had rather worship in the barest possible barn and with the meanest ceremonial "without this sacerdotal principle" than in the noblest cathedral with it. Be it so, but still what is "this principle"? We are next informed that the Church of England is a legal institution, and has certain legal documents, comprised in the Prayer Book, "by which every one of its members is bound," and that no one with a fair and candid mind can doubt that in several parts of these documents "there is to be found this sacerdotal principle," by which therefore, on his own showing, Lord Coleridge must be himself bound. This looked still more perplexing; but as he refers specifically to the Ordination, Visitation, and Communion Services, we can hardly be wrong in understanding the sacerdotal principle here to mean pretty much what we just now called sacramentalism. The next sentence indeed puts this beyond a doubt, for it speaks of the "startling" language about Confession and the Eucharist used by several of the Reformers, and even by Manton, chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. He finally draws the very natural and just inference that those who take their stand on these documents, and maintain the opinions which they do maintain—meaning, if we rightly understand him, sacerdotalism—have a perfect right to do so. It would almost seem indeed to follow from what he said before that they are bound to do so. So far, if Lord Coleridge's view is not very explicitly drawn out, it is tolerably intelligible and consistent. Personally he dislikes "sacerdotalism" extremely, though he is very partial to some of its ordinary adjuncts, but it is unmistakably taught by the Prayer Book and by the most "thoroughly Protestant" of the Reformers, and therefore all who are bound by the Prayer Book have a perfect right to teach it. But then, all of a sudden, he turns round and presents the other side of the picture to our view. Anybody who can read the signs of the times must perceive that "at this time of day men will not submit to sacerdotalism from anybody whatsoever." Again no explanation of the term is vouchsafed to us, and in view of the wide influence still exercised by the Roman Catholic Church, to say nothing of the Orthodox Eastern, and the "sacerdotal" section of the English Church, this statement rather puzzled us. Nor is it very clear what the signs of the times and the spirit of the age can have to do with the truth or falsehood of sacramental doctrines. But a "closing observation" is subjoined, which does help to solve our difficulty, only by showing—what we implied just now—that Lord Coleridge has fallen into what logicians call "the fallacy of undistributed middle," using a term in one sense in his premises and in another in his conclusion. The clergy, he tells us, have, and deserve to have, the greatest amount of influence of any class of men in the kingdom, but they will not preserve it "unless they cease to grasp at power, for power is one thing and influence is something totally different." From which we are compelled to infer that sacerdotalism here means grasping at power. No doubt the present age is very little disposed to listen to the pretensions of Hildebrand, but sacerdotalism of that kind "is something totally different," to adopt Lord Coleridge's phrase, from the sacerdotalism taught in the Prayer Book, and he need hardly retire to worship in a barn in order to escape its inroads. It is this equivocal use of what may be called burning words—words which are potent to fan the religious passions of the multitude into a flame—that we deprecate. And we complain of it the more in a speaker of the high distinction and well-deserved influence of Lord Coleridge; though we were not at all surprised to

find the *Times* reckoning it a chief merit of his speech that "he does not attempt to define the meaning of the term." Nor can it be said that the various correspondents of the *Times* who have commented on this speech have done very much to enlighten us. There is a vagueness about Mr. Llewelyn Davies's oracular statement that sacerdotalism is "not a theory but a habit of mind"—namely, "the habit of substituting the visible for the invisible, the audible for the inaudible, the carnal for the spiritual." Still less can be learnt from Mr. Voysey's passionate appeal to the "abhorrence" of Englishmen for "Ritualism, Romanism, Priestcraft, and Sacerdotalism." And Mr. Blomfield's more precise definition of "the essence of the theory," which he explains to be "that the earthly minister is a mediator between God and man, *without whose intervention man cannot be saved*," labours under the grave practical disadvantage of enunciating a "theory" which no sane man dreams of maintaining.

There is of course one, and only one, plausible reply to these remarks. Sacerdotalism, it may be argued, whether taken in the sense of sacramental belief, or in the broader sense of priestcraft—that is, lust of priestly power—is simply the same idea viewed under different aspects; sacramental doctrine is maintained, as it was first invented, for the exaltation of a priestly caste, and those who believe, or affect to believe, in the one are sure to be aiming at the other. There are many persons ignorant or malicious enough to say all this, and there are a great many more only too ready to believe them. The answer is very simple, and is happily quite independent of the theological bearings of the controversy. Sacerdotalism in its Hildebrandine sense, which in modern parlance would be more appropriately designated Ultramontaniam, has, or certainly had, its good side; and impartial students of history will probably acquiesce in the conclusion arrived at by leading critics of very opposite schools, that, in the long and complicated mediæval struggle between the *Sacerdotium* and the *Imperium*, the former was on the whole more largely and more often in the right. But the social and political conditions of our own day are totally different, and those claims of mediæval sacerdotalism are manifestly out of date. Not so however sacramentalism, which, whatever may be its theological merits or demerits, must obviously be just as true or just as untrue in one age as in another. It has nothing to do with that particular aspect of the Church of Rome, touched upon in the paragraph of Mr. Gladstone's recent article, which has kindled Catholic Ireland into a blaze; indeed it has no exclusive connexion with the Church of Rome at all. Sacerdotalism in this sense is at least as rigidly maintained by the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the various Nestorian and other heterodox bodies which have broken off from it—such as that, whichever it be, presided over by the "Patriarch of Antioch" who occupied so prominent a place at the Brighton Church Congress—as by the Roman Church herself. It is equally maintained by the Irvingites, and we believe by the Moravians. Yet none of these communities are usually reproached with hierarchical ambition, or supposed to excite the sort of hostile and suspicious feeling to which Lord Coleridge ascribes the passing of the Public Worship Act. We end therefore, as we began, with insisting that the word sacerdotalism, like other "isms" freely bandied about in controversy, requires to be more accurately defined. And we will add that, while in this, as in many other cases, more accurate definition might go far to bring the controversy to a close, until some fixed sense of the term is generally agreed upon, the sooner it is banished from polemical use the better.

TRÈVES.

AN observant traveller is always finding fresh occasion to ask himself why everybody goes to one place and nobody goes to another which he finds far more interesting; and nothing is more likely to occasion such a question than a visit to Trèves. Few places can have more striking historical associations; for it is the oldest city in Germany and was once the greatest city in Gaul; it is full of superb remains of its Roman grandeur; it lies in a charmingly pretty country, with all sorts of delightful walks and excursions hard by. Yet nobody goes to it. If our countrymen are in a hurry to reach their beloved Alps, they go straight by Dijon to Geneva, Basle, or Neuchâtel; if they are newwangled tourists, who desire to fulfil all the righteousness of a tourist, they ascend the Rhine from Bonn in a crowded steamboat. Some few have of late years taken the route of the Great Luxembourg Railway, *via* Luxembourg and Saarbrücken, but, as Trèves lies a mile or two off this line, they do not see it; and scarcely any one thinks of turning aside to examine the oldest, and in some respects still the grandest, of the Rhineland cities. Still less, of course, do Americans resort thither; and though the proportion of native German visitors is larger, it is much smaller than one would have been prepared to expect, for the modern German's holiday is almost always taken at a Bad, or, if not, then in the Alps or Welschland; and he has not much more interest in the antiquities of his country than the average Englishman.

By way of excuse for such ignorance in this instance, it must be admitted that Trèves has now for a long time allowed herself to be forgotten by the active world. She fell out of the line of great and powerful cities earlier than most of those Roman towns which have continued to be cities at all. Lyons and Bordeaux, however inferior now to Paris, did not yield to her till the end of the middle ages, and have grown absolutely, if they have declined

relatively. The stately Vindonissa, on the other hand, has perished utterly; and the other Roman Rhine towns, such as Coblenz, Strasburg, and Basle, were not really considerable until well down in the middle ages. Trèves, however, never fully recovered from the Germanic invasions of the fifth century; or rather perhaps we ought to say that, when she was fast recovering, rival cities arose whose more fortunate position enabled them to outstrip her in the race. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries trade began to revive, and the Rhine was of course its great highway, as rivers must necessarily be in an unsettled state of society. Now Trèves lay too far from the Rhine to benefit by the commerce that flowed along it as did Strasburg, Worms, Mentz, and Cologne; while her own Moselle, which was not only a much less easily navigable stream, but, so to speak, led nowhere, was not fitted to become a commercial route. Trèves moreover never managed to grow into a self-governing municipal community, like so many other West German sisters. Ever since the departure of the Emperor and his lieutenants, the greatest man in the city was the Bishop; and by the twelfth century he had become far too potent to be restrained by the strength of the commonalty. The same thing, to be sure, happened in Mentz and Cologne. But Mentz and Cologne lay upon the great river, in the main track of commerce; and though the former city could never succeed in throwing off the yoke of the Bishop, while the latter had eventually to submit to him, the greatness of neither seriously suffered. Mentz indeed, as the ecclesiastical capital of all Germany, was probably greater even as the patrimony of a prelate than she would have been had she remained the centre of the league of the free cities of Western Germany, while Cologne drew almost as much gain from those who flocked to her sacred shrines as from the merchant ships that thronged the Rhine wharfs. Never since the days of Constantine and Julian has Trèves had an historical part to play comparable to that of the two other great archiepiscopal seats; and even in the long line of her prelates we find no names to compare with some of those which they furnish—no saint like Boniface, no statesman like Anno. Nevertheless it was only to Mentz that Trèves yielded precedence; and the title which her Bishop bore, of Archchancellor of Gaul and the kingdom of Arles, recalled down till the Peace of Lunéville the days when she had been the residence of the heads of the world, the proudest seat of power on this side of the Alps. As an ecclesiastical city, the capital not only of an ecclesiastical province, but in later days of a large and wealthy principality, Trèves was from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century a place of consequence; yet even this was waning before the fatal blow came; for in 1786 Clement Wenceslas, the last Elector Archbishop, removed his residence to Coblenz. Eight years later came the French revolutionary soldiers with fire and destruction in their train; the Elector disappeared with his brethren west of the Rhine in the new arrangements of the Peace of Lunéville, and Trèves was reduced to the *chef lieu* of the department of the Saar; until in 1815 the flood finally receded, and the treaties of Vienna added her and the surrounding territory to the Prussian kingdom. The Electorate of course no one dreamt of restoring; there was no longer a King of the Romans to be elected, and ecclesiastical potentates had been found unsatisfactory in both their capacities. But the archiepiscopal chair might at any rate have been set up again, and the historical associations of the cradle of Teutonic Christianity respected. Practical convenience was, however, suffered to prevail, and when even the primatial see of Mentz was degraded to a simple bishopric, Trèves could scarcely expect to receive better treatment. It is now a fairly prosperous, quiet, old-fashioned town of 22,000 souls, with a body of Roman remains far more numerous and varied, if not individually more striking, than any other place north of the Alps can show.

Of these the largest and best preserved is the famous Porta Nigra, a splendid double city gate, surmounted by towers, which, after having been turned into a church, and so used for eight centuries, was restored to its original purpose by the Prussian Government soon after they became masters of Trèves. One may remark in passing that they have shown a great deal of taste and judgment, as well as of antiquarian interest, in their dealings with the city buildings. It is a noble piece of work in every way; its great scale, contrasting strangely with the houses from among which it rises, is the best witness to the majesty of the capital of Gaul in the second century. Certainly none of the present gates of Rome or any Italian or French city is equally imposing; even those of Carcassonne, though not less beautiful, are at any rate less massive. Most of the cathedral is Roman, and, according to tradition, the work of Constantine the Great; and although it cannot be called a beautiful building, the great variety of its styles, and the curious way in which each one is superinduced upon that which had preceded, make it extremely interesting to the student of architecture. Then there are Roman baths; a Roman amphitheatre, less perfectly preserved than those of Arles and Verona, yet whose parts are still all easily recognizable; a basilica which has now been restored into a majestic church, too large for the scanty Protestant flock that uses it; and many other fragments of Roman work scattered here and there in and round the city. More remarkable than any of these is one which lies about four miles off in the direction of Luxembourg. This is the famous Igel Skûle, or, as the country folk call it, the Tower of the Heathen (Heidenturm), a monumental column, 71 feet high, of elegant design, and covered with spirited bas-reliefs. The passion of the Romans for size, solidity, and pomp in their monuments to the dead is hardly more strikingly illustrated by the tomb of Cæcilia Metella or the pyramid of

Caius Cestius than by this tall and graceful pillar, which has stood for seventeen hundred years to commemorate the unknown parents of two wealthy citizens of Augusta Trevirorum.

Although the Roman buildings are the great glory of Trèves, it is not without other attractions, and might be commended to a leisurly traveller as a pleasant place to spend a week or even a longer time in. There is the same sort of air of dignified repose and old-fashioned respectability about it which one knows so well in some of the cathedral cities of England; and, as here there is really a past to repose upon, this air is more elevated and impressive than in any of them. The country round is extremely pretty in a quiet sort of way. The Moselle, not blue, indeed, but yet by no means so dirty as the Rhine, flows in an open, well-cultivated valley, hills of sandstone enclosing it on either side, whose tops occasionally rise into picturesque ranges of miniature crags; and upon one of these immediately over against the city a statue of the Virgin has been lately erected by a bishop (the same, we believe, as he who discovered the Holy Coat), and, the never-failing Restauration and Bierlokal having sprung up hard by, it has become a favourite place of resort for citizens and strangers. Although the height is not great, being some 300 or 400 feet only above the river, the view is extensive and singularly beautiful, what with the striking old town below and the warm tint which the prevalence of red sandstone rock gives to the whole landscape. A little below Trèves begins the finest part of the Moselle scenery, which well deserves to be enjoyed more deliberately than one can enjoy it in passing swiftly down to Coblenz by steamer. To our mind it is superior to that of the Rhine, though this is a point on which tastes naturally differ very widely. The stream is of course by no means so large and strong; instead of towns, one has only villages, and by no means such a wealth of castles, ruined and other, as line the shore of the more famous river. But the Moselle scenery is the more gracious and softer in lines and tints; the hills are better wooded, the rocks less stern; the whole effect is, in the strict sense of the term, more picturesque, and reminds one frequently of that most picturesque of rivers, our own English, or Welsh, Wye. And it is no small additional source of pleasure that one can admire the beauties of the Moselle, like those of the Wye, at one's ease, instead of in the midst of a jostling crowd. North-east of Trèves, and all along the north-western bank of the river, lies an extremely pretty country, into which one may make pleasant little excursions; and if there is time to lengthen them, one may pass on into the Eifel region, with its extinct volcanoes and wood-embosomed lakelets filling old craters, one of the most primitive and least visited parts of Germany.

THE PARIS STAGE.

IN the early part of October, when the theatres of London are in the full swing of a new season, little change is generally observed in those of Paris. The true Parisian public does not return until the middle or end of the month, and the provincials who flock to the capital at its beginning are well enough satisfied with the old pieces, which to them are new. As, however, at the best theatres of Paris as much care is bestowed by the actors upon an old as upon a new piece, it is the part of the house in front of the footlights which suffers most from this state of things. As a general rule the audience at the Français is as good a model to spectators as its plays are to actors. It would be difficult to find in London a worse audience than some of those which have filled the Français during the last two or three weeks. It is perhaps due to the presence of the provincial element that at a very different theatre from the Français, the Folies Dramatiques, the unceasing *Fille de Mme. Angot* is going on with apparently as much popularity as attended it exactly a year ago. Another piece which is enjoying a long run is M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* at M. Offenbach's theatre, the Gaité. This is probably due rather to the magnificence of the spectacle than the merit of the acting or of the well-known music, to which, however, considerable additions have been made. One whole act has been supplied under the title of "Le Royaume de Neptune." This act has nothing to do with whatever movement or plot there is in the piece, and merely serves as an excuse for scenery, costumes, and ballets. It must be said that, from the point of view of gratification to the eye, the end in this case justifies the means, and the success of the whole piece as a spectacle is well deserved. The beauty of the scenery, the costumes, and the grouping is great, and the effects are arranged with that touch of graceful imagination which is wanting in entertainments of the same class in England.

Considerable interest has attached to the farewell performances of Mlle. Delaporte at the Gymnase before her departure for St. Petersburg. For these performances MM. Gondinet and Deslandes's comedy of *Gilberte* was selected. It is perhaps needless to say that the motive of the piece is that which seems inextricably associated in the minds of modern French playwrights with the name of comedy. The play belongs to the school in which M. Alexandre Dumas *filz* has long been pre-eminent. The name of the founder of this particular school rests in a happy obscurity. It is a curious reflection that the first impetus to what may be termed the criminal domestic drama, now so popular in France, was given by German influences. The species of play of which *Canning's Rosers* is so admirable a parody set the fashion of making the Seventh Commandment the mainstay of the drama. The fashion spread to England, where it has happily gone out, and

to France, where it has not. *Gilberte* has this advantage over most of the younger M. Dumas's plays, that there are one or two reputable people in it, and that the heroine is a fine character. M. Dumas seems to delight in making the Devil even blacker than he is painted; all his characters either lead or have been leading a vicious life; if there is one among them, such as Ollivier in *Le Demi Monde*, with something like high aspirations and noble impulses, he is straightway forced into a position which obliges him to choose between two evil courses. Never is a fine character or action represented without some attendant circumstance which blackens its purity. The consequence of the mean view of life thus taken by the author is that his plays are imbued with a dry and sombre quality for which not all the brilliancy of his wit and ingenuity of his construction can atone. Throughout all his cleverly contrived acts there is never a touch of poetry or imagination to relieve the ignoble nature of the scenes represented. In *Gilberte*, as has been said, all is not ignoble. The play opens with the heroine's refusal to marry the man whom she loves, and whose union with her her mother ardently desires, because she has discovered that upon her marriage all her mother's fortune will pass to her. The scene in which she refuses the Count de Guerches, while unable to assign any reason to her mother except an unreasonable resolution not to marry, was given with pathos and truth by Mlle. Delaporte. In an interview with the Count himself she explains her real motive, and he devises an arrangement by which the legal conditions of her marriage can be concealed from her mother. As the Count and *Gilberte* have been happily married for some months at the opening of the second act, it follows that some event must arrive to disturb their happiness. In accordance with precedent this event takes the shape of a former mistress of the Count, to whom *Gilberte* believes him to be still attached. The catastrophe of this act is well imagined, and *Gilberte's* exclamation, "Elle était sa maîtresse," upon which the curtain falls, was forcibly rendered by Mlle. Delaporte. The two remaining acts are occupied by the development and happy settlement of the principal intrigue, and the somewhat farcical comedy of a clever underplot. Mlle. Delaporte is an actress whose merit seems to lie in the portrayal of pathos and passion suppressed by the exigencies of society; and in a certain freshness and grace which belong to her speech and gestures. She has one great fault, which is the frequent repetition of the same action. The authors may be blamed for making *Gilberte* continually fall into her mother's arms or on to a sofa and burst into tears. A greater artist than Mlle. Delaporte, such an artist as Mme. Pasca, for example, would have known how to triumph over this difficulty. Mlle. Delaporte in these situations makes one forget the character and remember the actress. Other characters in the play were well filled by M. Andrieu as a frivolous man of fashion, and M. Ravel as a juvenile old man. M. Lesueur, who sustained a character of some importance, has certainly not improved his style in comedy by the departure which he made some time ago to extravaganza. One clever effect in the piece was due to a mute personage represented by M. Martin. He attends a reception where he knows nobody and nobody knows him. He sits for some few minutes without speaking a word, then stealthily looking at his watch, makes his bow, and goes out. The scene was played with just that touch of exaggeration which is necessary to make an embarrassing situation amusing upon the stage. *Gilberte* was preceded by a one-act piece of M. Gondinet's called *Les Révoltées*, which still holds its place in the bill. It is neatly constructed and written, and is further worthy of attention from the clever and delicate acting of Mlle. Legault in the principal character.

Notwithstanding the merits of *Gilberte*, it is pleasant to turn from the disagreeable and unimaginative atmosphere of drawing-room vice to the grace and poetry of Mignon as interpreted by Mme. Galli-Marié at the Opéra Comique. The character makes great demands upon the resources of the actress, which she seems more than able to satisfy. Mme. Galli-Marié has that rare power which carries the hearer and spectator away with her own emotion, prevents him from perceiving, except by the after-light of reflection, the disadvantages of figure with which she has to contend, and causes him to see her so long as she is upon the stage only in the likeness of Mignon. The changes of the character which are worked out in *Wilhelm Meister* become necessarily somewhat sudden when they are compressed into a three-act opera. This defect also the power of the actress conceals. The ingenious manner in which MM. Carré and Barbier have arranged the story of *Mignon* as a lyric drama is already known to the London public. The dialogue, for which, in obedience to the somewhat senseless law of Italian opera, recitative has been substituted in England, is worthy of praise. It is lightly and gracefully written, and seems to bear just the right proportion to the music. The most remarkable scenes of Mme. Galli-Marié's acting are perhaps that in which she adorns herself with Philina's paints and dresses, and the following one, wherein she pronounces a malediction upon the theatre which is the scene of her rival's triumphs. In the first of these scenes Mme. Galli-Marié's timidity and hopeless jealousy are full of true pathos, while her childlike gaiety at seeing herself rouged and powdered is irresistibly infectious, and has also that pathetic ring which a child's laughter always possesses. In the second scene the child's nature has disappeared before the woman's hatred, in which the barbaric element born of a wandering life comes out. So intense is her passion that one almost expects to see her invocation compel an answer. The tenderness of the last act is rendered with quite as much truth as the fierce emotion of the second, but the scene is the worst constructed in the opera, and ends with

the mistake of an anti-climax. The opera is well mounted and well played throughout, and the beauty of Mme. Galli-Marié's singing gives an importance to the music which it would otherwise hardly possess.

Pending the production of *Le Demi-Monde*, which is to take place towards the end of the month, the Français relies mainly upon the revival of old pieces. *Tabarin* is, it is true, a play which was produced for the first time not long ago; but *Tabarin* is not strong enough to form an attraction by itself. It is ill-constructed and not very well written, and M. Coquelin's performance of the chief part has certainly not been more than a success of esteem. An actor of peculiar talents and great force is required to render adequately the alternations of real passion with assumed buffoonery upon which the interest depends. Such an actor as Frédéric Lemaître might have made the play very impressive. M. Coquelin has not succeeded in doing this. The comic passages are admirably interpreted, as one would expect, but the actor has to struggle with the disadvantage of their comedy being somewhat heavy. To the success of the passionate scenes in M. Coquelin's hands there is only one thing wanting; but that one thing, real passion, is of considerable importance. The part is given throughout with cleverness and perception; the spectator feels all the time that the artist knows very well what he is about. This is the one thing which the artist should make him forget. There is one passage in which M. Coquelin displays real feeling. *Tabarin* is on the mimic stage, delighting the audience with his extravagant farce, when the news reaches him that his wife's desertion in the play has been turned by her into earnest. As his horror at the news fits into the plot of the piece, the audience, imagining it to be assumed, applaud him more at every burst of grief. Carried away by his feelings he assures them in vain that he is not acting, and begs them to let him leave the stage and start in pursuit of his wife. On their refusal he bursts into a vehement invective against them, mixed with contempt for himself as the creature of their caprice. "Voulez-vous me voir rire?" he cries, and follows the question with an hysterical laugh. In this scene only does M. Coquelin seem to lose his own identity and enter into that of *Tabarin*. On the whole, M. Coquelin's performance in this play has proved with tolerable certainty that he could never succeed in playing *Triboulet*, of which there has at times been some talk.

The play most frequently represented at the Théâtre Français lately has been Scribe's comedy *Une Chaine*. The plot has something of the disagreeable character which we have spoken of before; a young musician is as anxious as all his friends are that he should marry his cousin; and there is the inevitable mistress in the background. This idea was probably not so well worn in the time of Scribe as it is nowadays. It must be remembered also that Scribe was very far from confining himself solely to that idea in the construction of his plots. The tone of *Une Chaine* is very different from that of the more modern plays which depend upon the same kind of plot. There are none of the ardent love passages between the hero and the woman whom he ought not to love which abound in the plays of to-day, none of the morbid analysis of illicit passion, none of the mis-called morality which many people have been so anxious to hear upon the English stage. As the title of the piece would indicate, the chain which binds the young man to his past life is felt and described by him throughout as a chain which is heavy to bear:

Cette position si délicate [he says, describing his situation to a friend], si envahissante, vous apparaît peu à peu telle qu'elle est, une position fautive, terrible, dangereuse! Vivre dans une dissimulation et un mensonge continuel, veiller sans cesse sur ses démarches, ses di-cours, ses regards, n'oser avouer à personne son bonheur ou ses peines, porter le trouble dans un ménage, tromper un galant homme qui vous tend la main, qui souvent même vous accable de son amitié, voilà votre existence de chaque jour. Et si dans un moment de dépit, de honte, de remords, on se sent le courage d'abandonner un bonheur qui vous rend si malheureux, si on se surprend à désirer une vie moins pleine d'émotions, . . . alors seulement on s'aperçoit qu'on n'est plus maître de son avenir; et quelques séduisants que soient les liens qui vous retiennent ou vous enlacent, des chaînes de fleurs sont toujours des chaînes!

This speech is delivered by M. Pierre Berton, who has certainly not improved since last year when we spoke of his first appearances at the Français. He appears clumsy and ill at ease upon the stage, and seems unable to manage either his voice or his action. Before he enlisted in the ranks of the Comédie Française he was considered an actor of great promise, or rather of great performance, since he was even spoken of as second only to Delaunay in the heroes of comedy. In many cases besides that of M. Pierre Berton it has been experienced that the perspective, so to speak, of the Français stage has made a wonderful difference in the effect produced by actors from other theatres. Herein is one of the advantages afforded by the existence of a high standard. So long as there is nothing better wherewith to compare that which is moderately good, it may pass for excellent. It is upon Mlle. Favart, Mlle. Reichemborg, and M. Coquelin, so far as acting is concerned, that the success of *Une Chaine* chiefly depends. It would be difficult to point to a better representation of pretty girlish innocence and confidence than that given by Mlle. Reichemborg in the character of Aline. M. Coquelin plays Balandard, a simple-minded *amoué*, the intimate friend of the hero, to whose intrigues he looks up with awed admiration and some touch of envy. He is continually finding himself involved in some way in these intrigues against his will, and arriving at critical moments as a kind of unconscious *Deus ex machina*, who is employed by all the people in the piece to extricate them from their difficulties. The intricacies of the plot are managed

with a skill and probability in which few writers have equalled Scribe, and the ludicrous situations in which Balandard is constantly placed form a happy setting for the more serious interest. M. Coquelin's Balandard is as comic as possible; but his rendering of the character is not altogether satisfactory. M. Regnier, under whom M. Coquelin studied, played the part many years ago, and, while he did full justice to the humour of the *amoué's* embarrassments, he conveyed the idea that he was a gentleman, as a high-class *amoué* should be, although a man who had not mixed in society. This idea M. Coquelin does not suggest. He displays the tendency to exaggeration, to Palais Royal buffoonery, which is his besetting sin. For the moment the spectator is carried away by the actor's comic power, but it is matter of wonder to him afterwards that the great personages of the piece should have taken much interest in so unrepresentable a being as M. Balandard. Mlle. Favart, as Louise, the wife of M. de Saint-Géran, and the mistress of Emmeric, the young man, displays a good deal of the power which the great M. Sarcy has announced that she has lost. It is true that the actress's fault of extreme slowness in speech has gained upon her, but there is much truth in her representation, and the final scene, in which she renounces all claim upon Emmeric, recalls her best performances. M. Febyre, who plays Saint-Géran, M. Bressant's old part, is the only actor now in the company of the Comédie Française who has anything like M. Bressant's dignified and impressive presence. His performance would be admirable if it were possible to hear more than half of what he says. M. Got does not seem to bring his full resources to bear upon the rather thankless part of Clérambeau, Aline's father.

In consequence of the preparations for the production of *Le Demi-Monde*, M. Delaunay, the most brilliant artist of the Théâtre Français, has only appeared once during the last three weeks. That appearance was made in one of the very best of his lighter parts, that of Valentin in Alfred de Musset's proverb, *Il ne faut jurer de rien*. This piece is well known to London playgoers by the representations of the Comédie Française during its visit to England. M. Delaunay's performance appears more gay, more spontaneous, more impassioned than ever. It is with a rare skill that the actor brings out the good heart of Valentin underlying his cynical theories. The inimitable humour and drollery of M. Got's Abbé seems also to gain by the progress of time. M. Thiron plays the part of Van Buck, filled in London by M. Barré, and plays it with greater delicacy and finish. Mlle. Reichemborg appears in the character of Cécile, which was played by Mme. Lafontaine as long as she was a member of the Théâtre Français. The younger actress has all the freshness and innocence which belonged to Mme. Lafontaine's performance, and has besides a distinction which was always wanting in Mme. Lafontaine. The only other late event of importance at the Français has been the reproduction of Voltaire's *Zaïre*, with M. Monnet-Sully as Orosmane and Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt as Zaïre. M. Monnet-Sully has all the merits, but he has also all the faults, which he had a year ago. He has not yet learnt how to turn his great natural advantages to the best account. He has fine bursts of passion, but they are only bursts. There is no gradation in his emotions. He is "too rash, too unadvised, too sudden." His gestures and facial expressions are extravagant. The Voltairean Othello is a person of so violent a character that any exaggeration in the part becomes dangerous. It seems also as if M. Monnet-Sully had not yet arrived at the right method of conveying his passion to his audience. One feels that the emotion is there, but has not succeeded in finding the outlet by which it may be transmitted to those who do not share it. In criticizing M. Monnet-Sully's Orosmane it may be well to remember that almost exactly the same faults were found with Talma's first appearances in the same character. With Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's *Zaïre* it would not be easy to find much fault. It is graceful, tender, and impassioned, and adds to the artist's well-deserved reputation. M. Pierre Berton's *Nérestan* is perhaps the worst thing that M. Pierre Berton has done.

The opera has been chiefly distinguished by the success of Mme. Patti's first appearance in Paris both in French and in tragic opera, in the trying character of Valentine in the *Huguenots*. The preparation of the new Opera House is going on rapidly. Till a short time ago the designs for its decoration by M. Baudry were exhibited at the Musée des Beaux-Arts. It is difficult to judge of paintings which are destined for a curved when they are seen upon a flat surface, but it may be safely predicted that they will be effective. One or two groups and figures would be remarkable for their strength and beauty among any class of paintings.

LIFE IN SPAIN.

MR. BUCKLE may have been justified in defining the Spanish Peninsula as a torpid mass, but it is certain that society in many of its provinces finds life at this moment by no means unexciting. The Spanish people generally are selfishly indifferent to their neighbours' troubles, owing partly to the stolid ignorance which knows of nothing that goes on beyond the limits of its own narrow horizon, partly to the fact that Spain is practically a federation of kingdoms cherishing the old international jealousies. So long as the shepherd of Estremadura, the ploughman of the plains of La Mancha, or the vine-dresser of Andalusia is not drawn for the levies which are continually being decreed by the authorities, he

scarcely cares to inform himself of the condition of the Northern provinces; while to the mobs of place-seekers who go to make up the intelligence of the capital all news is good news that creates temporary excitement. The loungers of the Puerto del Sol are thoroughly well informed as to everything that has never happened and never will happen, and they discuss the flying rumours of each passing day as if it were some Spanish Republic in Southern America that was being convulsed by the civil war. But the troubles of Spain are fast extending their area and ramifications as they grow more intense and inveterate at the centres from which they originally started. They are no longer little wars of brigands in the mountains of Navarre and the Biscayan provinces. They are breaking out and spreading in almost every district where there are natural fastnesses commanding the flats—and Spain is the country of sierras. The communications between the interior and the chief seaports on the Northern and Eastern coasts are threatened, and the capital itself may any day awaken to find itself deprived of those *canards* from foreign Courts which are the delight of its feverish existence. The rails have already been dragged up by sections more than once on the lines that link Madrid with Valencia and Alicante; and, when the French and English Ministers travelled southwards to their posts from Santander, their safety had to be ensured by special escort. Englishmen who are used to the anxious guardianship of their police, their law courts, and their Legislature must necessarily be slow to realize the conditions of a Spaniard's existence. We go into paroxysms of alarm over a few cases of garroting in the suburbs of London, and agitate ourselves for weeks over the failure of the detectives to get upon the traces of some brutally commonplace murderer. We growl and combine and get up petitions against the addition of an extra penny to our rates. But over a great part of Spain, drumhead trials, murders, and military massacres are matters of everyday occurrence; no man can count upon his liberty for a day, or can call his property his own; commerce is paralysed, and capital is scared away or lies idle; the open towns and villages are occupied in turn by the contending factions; and more than one fortified place is in course of slow starvation, with the probable contingency of sack should treachery hand it over to the enemy.

The inhabitants of the districts that favour the Carlists are suffering the most severely, as perhaps they deserve to do. It was they who originated the present troubles, although most of them probably were but languidly 'loyal,' and were drawn on to commit themselves to the struggle by a lawless and desperate minority. A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* points out that it was the Contrabandistas of the Pyrenees and the seaboard who first rallied to the banner of Don Carlos when he crossed the frontier with his escort of fifty followers. Reckless men who get their living by fishing in troubled waters naturally calculated that civil war would pay them, as it very likely may have done. They have always been the "King's" most trustworthy troops; consequently they have given the tone to the warfare. As the writer in the *Independence* says, Carlos began a war of Contrabandistas, and now, in spite of himself, he is at the head of a war of brigands. But, though individuals may have served their selfish ends and made their profit, even the Carlist places that have been continuously in Carlist occupation cannot have come off cheaply. Irregular levies have swelled into formidable armies—formidable, at all events, so far as numbers are concerned—and they must be fed and clothed in some fashion. Razzas on the districts which are either avowedly hostile, or would be neutral if they dared, no longer suffice to support them. The King or his representatives issue their commands; the curé of the parish preaches the sacred duty of anticipating the contributions that are to restore the Monarchy and re-establish the supremacy of the Church; and the bigoted and loyal people have been paying more or less cheerfully. But it is not in human nature to have even the holiest of causes so nearly at heart as to be content to sacrifice to it the whole of your substance, to say nothing of every able-bodied male in your family, while the ultimate triumph of the cause still seems remote and doubtful. Those Carlists, however, who live within the limits of their friends' garrisons are comparatively lucky, and it is their neighbours and countrymen on the debatable ground between Royalists and Republicans that have most reason to curse Don Carlos. There are places, once as thriving as any in Northern Spain, which now change masters regularly about once a month. Their friends requisition them almost as remorselessly as their enemies, the only difference being that the former make a pretence of paying honourably in bonds which may possibly be negotiable one day, should the side that issued them win, and succeed in balancing the deficits in the treasury. The Spaniards are by nature a provident and frugal, if not an enterprising, race, and men who used to be envied for their wealth must now rather be the objects of condolence. When it is a question of forced contributions, it is on them that the brunt of the burden falls; and when there is any difficulty about extorting the requisite contributions, it is their persons that are attached as material guarantees. Whatever may be the honours of high municipal office, there is no doubt nowadays as to its awkward responsibilities. The Alcalde prudently disappears in time if he believes that his opinions or actions have compromised him with the latest comers. By disappearing he may keep his person safe, but his house and goods are made answerable for him in the meantime, while his name is of course registered in a black list, and the record of his misdeeds will rise in evidence against him should his enemies ever have the opportunity of avenging

themselves. The inhabitants of these open places are seldom shot in cold blood, unless some influential member of the occupying force should chance to have a personal quarrel with one of them; but in fortified cities, carried by treachery or assault, the case is different. We know what atrocities were perpetrated by civilized troops when citadels like Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo were taken by storm in the Peninsular War; and we may conceive the scenes that are enacted in a helpless city with brigand bands broken loose in it, left to go to work in their own way, and recompense themselves for former privations and pay in arrears. When the rest of the country is groaning under the war, it might be supposed that the soldiers at any rate have no great cause to complain. But discontent is notoriously rife among the armies on both sides, and with very good reason. The Carlist partisan leaders and their brigand followers may be pleased and happy; but the Carlist army would not have grown so fast had it not been largely recruited by ruined peasants and small village tradesmen who found their occupation gone. As for the soldiers of the so-called Republic, they make no secret of detesting the service on which they are ordered. They might as well be transported on a forlorn hope to follow Cuban insurgents through tropical swamps, as be sent in inadequate numbers under a plunging fire to assault positions selected as traps by the enemy, or be left isolated and unsupported on short rations to hold ill-fortified towns on the chance of ultimate relief. Unseasoned to fire or to hardships, most of them have been taken from their fields or their trades sorely against their will, and are impatient to return to a quiet life; while the Carlineers, who are soldiers in reality as well as in name, and married men to boot, complain of being always ordered to the head of the columns because it is known they can be trusted not to run away.

As we have said, this sort of thing is no longer by any means confined to the provinces which we have been accustomed to consider as the seat of war. *Cabecillas* are beginning to make their appearance in most places where there is a sierra with a populous plain within reach of it; and the consequence is that large classes begin to suffer indirectly whose persons are beyond the reach of immediate violence. The commerce of the country languishes, as customers are everywhere impoverished, and private credit is shaken in sympathy with that of the State. Men must indeed have an assured character for solvency for their bills to pass current, or their orders to be executed unhesitatingly, in such a state of things. With Carlist partisans commanding the railways that lead to the great Eastern seaports, with spies flourishing everywhere who know who is likely to pay them if they can give valuable information, no merchant can reckon on the arrival of any consignment of goods. As for the railways themselves, the position of railway property gives the foreign shareholders every reason to sympathize with the deplorable condition of the country in which they have invested their money. Even where the lines have apparently no strategical importance the Carlists make a point of damaging them to the utmost whenever chance makes them temporary masters of the situation. Bridges are broken down and stations burned; station-masters are shot; trains full of passengers are run off the rails, and the rolling-stock smashed with the servants in charge of it. Again, many English and some Continental Companies have taken to exploring the mineral treasures of Spain, and most of their speculations, as it happens, are being conducted in the districts infested by the Carlists. All these mines are managed by Englishmen and other foreigners, who have naturally become the especial objects of Carlist assiduities. The English, in particular, are known to be rich, and it is taken for granted that their Companies are successful and wealthy. Their concessions and the guarantees which they hold come from those Liberal authorities at Madrid against whom the Carlists have proclaimed war to the death. Metals are tempting in any shape to zealous belligerents; from iron and lead up to silver and gold, they all supply the sinews of war. So the mine superintendents and other agents are surrounded by prowling hordes, who would at once spring upon them and rend them, materially defenceless as they are, were it not for the protection, such as it is, which their nationality throws over them. Threats which might shake ordinary nerves are freely employed, and although the responsible authorities may shrink from translating threats into action, a crime is soon committed, and some of the fiercer partisans are practically independent and uncontrollable. We are told that the foreign adventurers conduct their business as before, affecting an impassibility which it is quite impossible that they can feel. Their resolute bearing does credit to their Northern blood, but not the less must the strain on them be terrible; and were it only for their sakes, we should rejoice to see this baleful war brought to a conclusion.

THE CULTIVATION OF BRUTALITY.

SOME of our readers may have observed in the windows of the lower order of news-agents a large and imposing-looking broadsheet covered with vigorous but coarsely executed woodcuts. There is usually a bold and striking centre-piece, surrounded by a number of smaller pictures; and the first glance conveys the impression of a wild whirl of legs and arms in every attitude of violent contortion. On closer examination a certain monotony is discovered in the subjects of the pictures. Indeed, though there is variety in the details, the subject is almost always the

same—either a murder or some other exhibition of ferocious brutality. This accounts for the remarkable display of legs and arms, which are all supposed to be working with intense muscular activity. The force of a kick or blow is indicated by the epileptic convulsions of the person dealing it, and the equally frenzied gymnastics of the victim. There is no mistake as to the earnestness with which all this maiming and murdering is carried on; the assassins are provided with weapons of the most imposing size, bludgeons as big as paviers' rams, knives like cutlasses, and pistols that discharge as much flame and smoke as a lively howitzer; and if any blood is supposed to be shed, it is poured forth in a torrent which threatens to wash away all the actors in the scene. We are not exactly aware how long this publication has been going on, but its illustrations seem to have been becoming more powerful—that is, more horrible and revolting—during the last year or so, and it appears to command a considerable circulation among the lower classes. It is, in fact, the most conspicuous literature of the back streets and alleys, where its influence extends far beyond the circle of its readers. Its monstrous pictures make it an attractive advertisement in a window, where it is keenly studied and discussed; and in many a dingy nook a fly-blown back number is a constant source of amusement and instruction to children, who thus obtain their first impressions of life. This edifying periodical is called the *Police News*, and its object seems to be to present in a concentrated form the cream of all the horrors of each week. There are plenty of these horrors no doubt in the ordinary newspapers, but then they are mixed up with other matters which tend to divert attention, and to dissipate the high flavour of criminal news when taken by itself. The newspapers certainly give one the idea that, notwithstanding the progress of civilization, there is still a large element of primitive ferocity and inhumanity to be subdued, but, on the other hand, they afford glimpses of the higher and nobler aspects of life. The *Police News* uncompromisingly confines itself to the darkest side of human nature. We find ourselves in a world where nothing ever happens except murdering and getting murdered, kicking and being kicked, save, indeed, when the perpetual outrages and brutalities of our fellow-creatures are occasionally varied by death or torture attributable to accident or the operations of nature. Beating, biting, kicking, strangling, stabbing, and shooting, appear to be the only occupations of society. Every week there are three large closely printed pages of crime and misery, and another page of pictorial horrors for the benefit of those who cannot read, or whose unassisted imagination fails to realize to the full extent the atrocities described in the letterpress.

We have now before us three numbers of this publication, taken at random. In one the central picture represents the Regent's Park explosion, with the bodies of the bargemen blown into the air. Next we have the Plymouth murderer cutting his wife's throat with a razor. He has seized her by the shoulder and is hacking away with the razor in an extremely vigorous manner, and apparently with a keen relish for his work. Then comes the Leicester Square murder; a man flinging a woman over the top of a stair. "An Encounter with a Mud Dog" shows a man sticking a pitchfork into a dog which is supposed to be attacking him. In "Cruelty on Board Ship" we see a merchant captain beating a sailor about the head with a huge iron bar. "A woman brutally treated" is an animated composition. The woman is on her knees, and while a ferocious hound is gnawing her hands, a man is pulling her hair and pounding her in the face with his disengaged fist. There is one picture which seems to represent a horse eating a little boy, and the heading of which—"Extraordinary Sagacity of a Horse"—rather puzzled us. It seemed to suggest that if horses were wise they would always eat little boys when they got a chance; but on turning to the letterpress we were relieved to find that the horse was only rescuing the boy from a pond. The artist, however, has given a characteristic air of atrocity to this simple incident. In a picture of an encounter at sea with a monster cuttle-fish he indulges his vivid imagination to the utmost. Probably, common murders and kickings had been growing stale, and it was thought desirable to give a whet to the popular appetite. The cuttle-fish is about the size of an elephant, and embraces the boat with his enormous suckers, which resemble bloated bon-constrictors. The diabolical fury of his countenance is powerfully rendered. The accident at Thorpe is of course duly turned to account, and we have also a highly realistic picture of the murder of Captain Bird at Aldershot; after this a fight between a dog and a snake, and an elephant throwing a little boy up in the air, are rather tame. With a keen appreciation of the tastes of his readers, the editor has apparently persuaded his artist to impart to the countenances of the various persons in the picture representing Lord Rivers and Dr. Kenealy visiting Orton in prison an air of gloomy ferocity which shall make them look as like murderers as possible. Another number contains pictures of a man being guillotined, a murderous attack on a wife, two drownings, and a boy being worried by a wolf. What we have said will perhaps convey a sufficient idea of the style of this publication. There is nothing peculiar in the literary part of it, except that it is exclusively devoted to crimes, accidents, and all sorts of unpleasant and revolting incidents. There is no attempt, however, to work these things up into fine writing. The working up is left to the artist, whose productions are evidently inspired by a genius similar to that of the writer to whom we are indebted for so many harrowing articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. He has a quick eye for everything that is horrible and disgusting, and knows how to give the necessary prominence to the most

sickening incidents of carnage and physical agony. He is aware that in such a case the delicacy of mere suggestion would be out of place, and we are therefore spared none of the details of ruffianism and butchery. It is true that, as we have hinted, there is a certain monotony both in his subjects and style of treatment, but after all this very monotony helps to make the series of pictures more impressive. Just as water wears the stone by continually dropping on the same place, so the constant repetition of the same idea, especially when simple and easily grasped, adds immensely to its influence on those upon whom it is directed. It sinks into their minds and saturates their character. The result of having habitually before one's eyes the sort of atrocities which are portrayed in the *Police News* must necessarily be to deaden the sensibilities and brutalize the instincts of those who dwell upon such thoughts, and to make them callous and indifferent to human suffering. There is nothing which tends so much to produce brutality as the familiar contemplation and enjoyment of it as a part of everyday life; and there can be little doubt that the effect of such a publication as this on rough and ignorant people must be to develop and intensify the villainous appetites to which it appeals.

It is of course much easier in such a case to point out the evil than to suggest a remedy. It is an established principle of English law that publications which can be shown to exercise an immoral influence ought to be suppressed; but though the general principle is clear, its practical application is attended with much difficulty. The exhibition or sale of indecent photographs has lately been checked by the intervention of the police; and it may be reasonably contended that pictures of the kind which are weekly published in the *Police News* are, in another way, not less demoralizing. Many reasons have been suggested to account for the recent increase of crimes of violence, and it may be safely assumed that the disorder is not specially due to any one cause, but rather to a combination of causes all operating in the same direction. A sudden and considerable rise in the material prosperity of large classes of the labouring population, combined with an exaggerated estimate on their part of their right and power to do pretty much as they please, naturally had a disturbing effect. Higher wages and shorter hours led to an enormous increase in the consumption of liquor; drinking makes people feverish, irritable, and reckless; and the disappointment which has more recently been caused by a partial reduction of wages has given a more acute form to the prevailing epidemic. The working classes have been confused and bewildered by the economical changes arising from a period of inflation followed by a relapse, and they have been spending most of their gains in the public-house. Unfortunately habits of indulgence are not always readily shaken off when the means of gratifying them have been withdrawn. It is easy to discover in these circumstances the chief source of the distemper from which a certain section of the population has been suffering. It would be extravagant to attribute to the circulation of such publications as the one of which we have been speaking, the origin of the malady; yet it may readily be believed that it has done much to intensify and spread it. Public executions have been given up because it was believed that they had a corrupting effect on the crowds which witnessed them, but the ghastly and horrible pictures of the *Police News* now supply the lower classes with a chronic excitement of an even more pernicious character. Executions, after all, do not take place very often; but here are, week by week, sensational pictures of murders, suicides, savage assaults, roughs flinging women over the stairs or out of window, dragging them about by the hair of the head, kicking, beating, jumping on them, setting dogs to worry them, roughs fighting with roughs (though this is rather an exceptional incident), and, in short, every variety of bloodshed and wild-beast brutality. Indeed even the wild beasts themselves are introduced as an additional stimulant. Every page may be said to reek like the shambles; there is always somebody having his throat cut, or his head smashed in, or his body pounded to a jelly. It is impossible to doubt the utterly evil and debasing influences of this persistent exhibition of the animal ferocity of human nature; and if the *Police News* stood alone there would probably be little hesitation in putting an end to it. The difficulty is that, though it is a bad example of a detestable kind of literature, it would perhaps scarcely be possible to touch it without laying down rules which would curtail the general freedom of journalism. It would of course be impracticable to prohibit the publication of reports of murders and other crimes of violence, and, if these things are to be reported in one class of newspapers with full license of literary colouring, it may be asked why similar license should not be allowed to pictorial art. The answer which readily suggests itself is that, in point of fact, pictures of this class, which appeal chiefly to the ignorant and uneducated, really do more harm than literature. Still there are obvious difficulties in the way of drawing a line between what is allowable in this respect and what is not, and under the cover of these difficulties such nuisances as this revolting and poisonous publication will probably continue to elude legal intervention. The only hope is that those who have any influence with the classes who have a taste for this mess of horrors will use it to discourage the indulgence of a diseased and degrading appetite, and that some more wholesome kind of literature may be provided as a substitute.

THE THEATRES.

THE Adelphi Theatre maintains its character by a piece called the *Geneva Cross*, which the playbill states, and we can quite believe, has been performed with great success in the United States. It is essentially a "loud" play, and in the last act the ranting of the actors and the roaring of the cannon seem to be playing a match against each other. The hero of the piece, Riel de Bourg, is a German of good birth who has entered himself as a common workman at a French cannon-foundry in order to perfect his knowledge of artillery. He has fallen in love with Gabrielle le Brun, his master's daughter, and is forgetting his duty to his country, when he is reminded of it by a visit from a mysterious personage who produces to him a roll of parchment with appended seals, of which he acknowledges but resolves to defy the authority. The declaration of love between the German Riel and the French girl Gabrielle is followed by the declaration of war between Germany and France. Gabrielle brandishes a toy rifle, and declaims some words about the tricolour being an oriflamme which are in every point of view nonsense. The workmen of the factory, infected by her folly, shout "À Berlin!" and perform other antics proper to those who go to war and count not the cost thereof. This performance is, we suppose, acceptable in the United States where it originated, but in England the madness which began the Franco-German war and the misery which it inflicted are subjects almost too painful for the stage. But if we could get over our distaste for the play, some amusement might be derived from observing the extreme simplicity of the method by which it obtains considerable success. The whole of the last act passes in a casemate of one of the Paris forts. The comic element, which had been up to this point deficient, is supplied by a drunken sergeant of Communistic principles. The tragic and spectacular elements are in rich abundance. "Condemned to death. The last offer. Grand tableau"—this extract from the playbill is wholly inadequate to convey any idea of the tremendous character of the performance. There is a father praying his daughter to save his life by the sacrifice of her honour, a daughter preferring death to shame, a military gaoler using power to gratify passion, and all these talking the tallest kind of talk, until, while the Prussian shells are banging and crashing outside, the fort is finally breached by a grand explosion which kills the wicked hero and admits the heroic husband, who rushes in spiked helmet and drawn sword to the rescue of his devoted wife. The explosions are frequent and furious. The wall of the fort tumbles suddenly in picturesque confusion, and soldiers in Prussian uniform clamber over the smoking ruins and pose themselves with fixed bayonets round a black and white flag to which the tricolour, notwithstanding its resemblance to the oriflamme, has had to yield. The actor who performs Riel de Bourg, the German noble disguised as a French workman, seems to us equally unlike either, but perhaps a very red wig and a very blue blouse are traditionally accepted on the stage as indicating German birth and French habitation. It deserves notice that this play is condemned for its verbiage even by critics who do not object to its action as we do. We think much of the dialogue stilted, and sometimes it is grotesque; but surely a dramatist may be allowed to fill up an evening if he can. Critics are not bound to consider a manager's difficulties; and they may recommend the application of what is called the "pruning knife" without reference to the circumstance that if this piece is finished at ten o'clock some other piece must be begun. A large part of the first act is occupied with a quarrel between Riel and the overseer of the foundry about a letter which has been brought by the postman and bears a German post-mark. The overseer proposes to open the letter on suspicion that it contains treason, and Riel says that he will knock down the overseer if he does. Ultimately the letter is opened, and is found to contain a portrait of Gabrielle, the master's daughter, which comes to Riel from a friend at Stuttgart. Perhaps, if we had listened as attentively as we ought to all the speeches that are delivered on the subject of this letter, we should be able to explain how a correspondent of Riel at Stuttgart is able to send him a likeness of a young French lady residing at Auxerre. The young lady may have gone on a visit to Stuttgart and have been photographed by an artist there, or Riel may have obtained her photograph at Auxerre, and sent it to his friend at Stuttgart to ask him whether he thought her good-looking. However, the letter which was supposed to contain treason against the French Empire really contains only the portrait of a lady, and the production of it proves no more than this, that the supposed workman has taken the liberty to fall in love with his master's daughter. We suppose that the "pruning knife," if introduced, would be applied particularly to this scene, and we are tempted to ask why to this scene more than others. When a deputy remarked that yesterday's debate in the Assembly was dull, Mirabeau retorted "Pourquoi dater?" So we say, Why particularize? This play has been performed "with great success" in America, and if it was written by an American for Americans, the author may be supposed to have understood his business. It is easy, and probably correct, to say that a play which is in four acts might have been in three. We might go further and say that it need not have been at all. However, a combination of love, patriotism, feeble fun, and explosions has constituted time out of mind an adequate Adelphi drama, and we always thought that within a limit of five hours the longer those pieces were the better people liked them. An attenuated form of amusement may be better than none at all.

The rule that horrors should be talked about, not seen, has been

observed by Mr. Byron in the "new and original comedy" which he has written for the Strand Theatre. One act out of three, of which this "comedy" consists, is occupied with a picnic near Matlock, and it may be that the consumption of lobster salad and champagne, although not in itself particularly comic, is a suitable preparation for the absurdity which follows. A young lady desires to send one of her two lovers on a climbing excursion to pick flowers from the top of a rock. One of them, who is a low-born brewer, declines to risk a life on which his country depends for its supply of pale ale. The other, who has neither business nor fortune, but only supposed high birth to recommend him, declares that he will obtain those flowers "or perish in the attempt." He goes off to perform this hazardous exploit, and the young lady and the brewer remain upon the stage and watch his progress along steep and slippery rocks overhanging a dark and unfathomable lake. They "pile up the agony" in description, until the young lady grows alarmed at the perilous performance she is witnessing, and finally persuades her second lover to go to the assistance of the first. After a brief interval No. 2 returns leading in No. 1 who has neither obtained the flowers nor perished in the attempt, but has had a fall and lamed himself just enough to make him look interesting. A coarser artist than Mr. Byron would have allowed us to see this rash young man climbing up the lofty rocks and along the profound lake, and would have made him fall down what might be an infinite vertical precipice, explaining afterwards that a bank of moss stopped his descent at ten or a dozen feet. Something of this kind frequently crops up at some theatre in October when people have returned from their holidays, and have been seeing and talking about mountains for a month or more. But managers are not usually willing to sacrifice to any supposed canons of taste the advantage to be got out of a grand spectacular and sensational display. We must allow, therefore, that Mr. Byron has shown discretion in sparing us the actual ascent of the Peak and the fall which interrupted it; but then the time which is saved from horrors is devoted simply to inspecting a hamper and consuming its contents. This play is neither better nor worse than several other "new and original comedies" by the same author which have been lately brought out. One feels perhaps a little disappointed that at the beginning of a fresh season theatrical management should fall into the old familiar groove. Mr. Byron can always produce jokes, good or bad, and almost any scene of any of his comedies will serve to bring them in. This present comedy is called *Old Sailors*. The inevitable "heavy father" is a retired naval officer who remembers Nelson, and of course there is a confidential servant dressed and talking in the regular style which the British Tar adopts on the stage. This worthy couple bring to the picnic an enormous pie, and the servant proves the consistency of the crust by rapping it with a big stick. This might do well enough in a pantomime, but is not exactly comedy. Perhaps if Mr. Byron had made the more ardent of the two lovers declare that he would eat a piece of that pie-crust or perish in the attempt, he would have excited more interest that can be felt in a mere ordinary exploit of mountaineering. This declaration would have been the more seasonable, because even the steady-going lover makes a considerable display of heroism by drinking his own beer, and none but the brave deserve the fair. We have perhaps done injustice to the author by complaining that a large part of his second act is occupied with feeding, and only the small residue with climbing. If the literature of mountaineering were examined with an unfriendly eye, it might appear to consist in an undue proportion of descriptions of breakfasts eaten before and suppers after the assaults on peaks, passes, and glaciers which are its proper subject. If such an article as Mr. Byron's pie had been produced by any Swiss or Italian innkeeper, we may be sure that some adventurous tourist would either have eaten it or described it, or perhaps both. After all, perhaps Mr. Byron's comedy is good enough to precede the "bouffonnerie musicale" which is the real attraction of the Strand Theatre. Managers do not seem to have invested largely in "new and original" writing for the present season. Mr. Buckstone has re-engaged Mr. Sotherton and revived Lord Dundreary, and there must be a number of people who either have never seen this performance or want to see it again, and thus the manager of the Haymarket Theatre may avoid for some time those praiseworthy experiments which proved so unfortunate last season. It is a relief, at any rate, to find that a comedy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert has not become inevitable at the opening of this theatre. Notwithstanding a dictum of one of Mr. Byron's characters regarding salad, it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing.

REVIEWS.

LORD LYTTON'S SPEECHES.*

SPEECHES on topics which unavoidably and rapidly become obsolete are seldom interesting at a later time, unless they approach the highest type of excellence. Among the orators of the present generation, Mr. Bright alone satisfies the conditions under which oral eloquence becomes a portion of the permanent literature of

* *Speeches of Edward Lord Lytton*. Now first collected, with some of his Political Writings, &c. With a Prefatory Memoir, by his Son. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

the country; yet Lord Lytton is justified in claiming for his father a place among the ten or twelve best speakers of his time. A certain interest attaches to the secondary and collateral pursuits of a successful man of letters. The Prefatory Memoir is avowedly "a short sketch of what was purely political in Lord Lytton's many-sided life." It is true that his activity was various and versatile, but his intellectual character was not in any sense many-sided. With the rare faculty of constructing a fictitious story Lord Lytton combined singular industry, which was stimulated by an impatient love of distinction. An accomplished but not a profound scholar, he attempted with little success to write erudite treatises, and he published several volumes of verse, although nature had denied him the qualities of a poet. In the less arduous art of oratory he succeeded better than in any of his numerous experiments as an amateur. If he had little of the passion of politics, he entered with intelligent sympathy into party contests, and his literary training furnished him with an abundant supply of illustrations and epigrammatic phrases. His own impulses were benevolent and generous, and on some questions, such as copyright and the duties on paper and on newspaper stamps, he was better informed and more strongly convinced than the mass of those whom he addressed. In dealing with subjects such as the Malt-tax or the Income-tax, which were less closely connected with his habits of thought, he adopted with creditable facility the conventional tone of the House of Commons and of his own party; yet it is impossible in reading his speeches on such topics not to feel that he is unconsciously assuming the imaginary character of a statesman in a novel. Dickens's actor who at a real wedding goes through the stage business of a heavy father was a faithful caricature of the artist who makes a study of his part in ordinary life. Among the most intrinsically valuable papers in the present compilation are letters and notes for speeches on the Russian war and on the Danish complications of 1864, and Lord Lytton's speeches on foreign policy are greatly superior to the rest. He was a genuine Englishman; and he was exempt from the narrowness of mind which disqualifies vulgar politicians from understanding questions which involve the national honour. Lord Lytton was apparently one of the scanty number of Englishmen who appreciated the mistakes of Denmark, and the passionate devotion of the entire German nation to the cause of their compatriots in the Duchies. International relations were large enough to satisfy and to interest his imagination. From domestic faction he generally held aloof, or he amused himself with engaging in the struggle as he might have taken a hand at whist. The editor judiciously abstains from republishing a pamphlet, which had a wide circulation at the time, on the dismissal by William IV. of Lord Melbourne's Ministry in 1834. Lord Melbourne, it seems, afterwards assured Mr. Bulwer that the pamphlet had exercised a great influence on the general election which followed, and the sincerity of his opinion was shown by an offer of a place in the Whig Government when it returned to office in the following year. The pamphlet itself contained an ingenious and frigid string of antithetic variations on the theme that it was absurd to change the distribution of political power because Lord Spencer, an elderly nobleman in a private station, had died. The Conservative reaction which the King had prematurely discerned was better worth discussing, but the subject was less susceptible of epigrammatic treatment. Young and ambitious essayists would do well to beware of the facile paradox that great events spring from trivial causes. Macaulay wasted much of his brilliant ability in futile demonstrations that history and biography are made up of impossible inconsistencies and arbitrary puzzles. It is no more extraordinary that a change of Ministry should occur when a trifling occasion brings powerful motives into operation than that it should happen on a Monday or a Wednesday. If William IV. had been sufficiently prudent and patient to wait for two years, Sir Robert Peel would probably have been able to form a stable Government. If Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet changed the opinion of a single elector, literary skill must have had more practical effect forty years ago than in those prosaic days.

If any young politician wishes to study the history of the generation immediately preceding his own, he will find much valuable information in the present collection of speeches. Lord Lytton's contemporaries, on the other hand, may feel a melancholy pleasure in recalling the half-forgotten interests and difficulties of their earlier days. The popular impression that the Crimean war was the deliberate result of a mistaken policy may be in some degree corrected by reference to the feelings with which its origin and progress were regarded by an eminent and patriotic member of the Opposition. A vigorous speech on Mr. Layard's motion on Administrative Reform in 1855 will revive the memory of one of the most unmeaning and transitory agitations which have at any time excited an attention disproportionate to their merits. The Administrative Reform movement was the only occasion on which Mr. Dickens made the mistake of publicly displaying on a platform his profound ignorance of political subjects. Sir Edward Lytton, in moving an amendment to the motion, showed that he understood better than his friend, the comic novelist, the necessity of party, the incompatibility of constitutional freedom with a Government of clerks, and the dangers which might result from the administration of patronage in deference to popular clamour. His remarks on the propensity of the Whigs of the time to confine high office to a few powerful families already possess historical interest. Twenty years ago satirists declared with approximate truth that all the members of the Cabinet, with one exception, were descended from

a single ancestress who flourished at the beginning of the century. Lord Palmerston, who was not himself of the privileged family, fully shared the objection of his Whig allies to the intrusion of new comers into the select circle. One of the oddest events of his life was the sudden collapse at the end of 1857 of the popularity which had at the beginning of the year procured the return at the general election of a large majority pledged only to support the Minister. The immediate cause of the change was Lord Palmerston's selection of Lord Clanricarde to fill a vacant office in the Cabinet. The House of Commons had at the same time become partially alienated from its favourite leader in consequence of a supercilious manner which he had adopted in the confidence produced by his personal triumph. The largeness and geniality of Lord Palmerston's nature were never so well illustrated as by his retention and development in old age of the invaluable faculty of profiting by experience. The haughty Minister who was driven from power in 1858 by the coalition of Lord John Russell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, returned to office in 1859 at the age of seventy-four with all his faults of manner and temper corrected. From that time to the end of his life he was the most cheerful and the most affable of statesmen, and even his enemies confessed that his speeches displayed a marked improvement in style. It is interesting to notice the language of respect and admiration in which Lord Lytton always mentions the leader of the party to which he was in later years opposed.

Contemporary documents studied after an interval of time and of political change may from one point of view be regarded as fulfilled, or more often as unfulfilled, prophecies. It is well to know not only what a former generation did, but what it hoped and feared. One of the speeches in the present collection contains an argument against the abolition of the East India Company, and the transfer of the government to the Crown. In common with many thoughtful politicians, and with the great majority of Anglo-Indian statesmen, Lord Lytton apprehended serious danger from the subjection of the Indian Empire to the influence of English party interest and to the control of the House of Commons. His arguments even now appear to have been weighty; and it is certain that many of the advocates of the change had derived their early impressions from the tradition of an earlier time, and of extinct abuses which have been mainly perpetuated by the eloquence of Burke. It could scarcely be foreseen at the date of the transfer that ignorant indifference would produce the same beneficial results with deliberate abstention from interference. The House of Commons, instead of meddling with the details of Indian administration, cannot even be induced to meet in respectable numbers once in a Session for the Indian Budget. The habitual care of the Ministerial leader to postpone the Indian Budget till the end of July is an unnecessary, though perhaps a not judicious, precaution. Except in the amalgamation of the armies, the experiment may be regarded as successful. It is always desirable to abolish a theoretical anomaly, if the advantages which have resulted from the maintenance of a fiction can be retained in combination with a more intelligible and defensible system. India had been administered by an admirable body of public servants under the Company without any regard to political parties in England. The same exclusive devotion to Indian interests is fortunately found to be compatible with the direct authority of the Crown acting through a Minister who is called Secretary of State, and not, as formerly, President of the Board of Control. The result of the change in the form of Indian government is only one among many instances of the unavoidable misdirection of political anxieties. The French saying that nothing is certain but the unforeseen is but an epigrammatic and paradoxical exaggeration of the truth that experience never exactly corresponds with anticipation; yet it is a fallacy to assume that what has ceased to be important was not important in its time. One of the elements of the interest which attaches to Lord Lytton's speeches consists in the fact that, as a politician, he was not in advance of his age. His natural position was that of an intelligent bystander who thought that it became him occasionally to mingle in the fray of parties. The practical study of certain forms of human activity would have been less advantageously pursued if he had not adopted the tone and the point of view of his friends and his opponents. He may consequently be fairly accepted as a representative of some of the best qualities of his contemporaries. One of the ornaments of his oratorical or debating style is the uniform and unstudied courtesy with which he treats even the objects of his political censure. The severest of his speeches was directed against Lord John Russell on his retirement from Lord Palmerston's Cabinet after his abortive negotiations at Vienna. Even in commenting on an unexampled perversity of political conduct Sir Edward Lytton was careful to dwell on the great reputation and the political services of the fallen Minister. In every controversy Lord Lytton was a gentleman, and he was not a passionate partisan.

The Prefatory Memoir which forms the most interesting part of the present volumes is almost exclusively confined to Lord Lytton's political career. The limitation is judicious, because a son, even when, as in the present instance, he possesses all literary qualifications for the task, is not the fittest biographer of one of whose character he can neither think nor speak with perfect impartiality. The few expressions of opinion in which the present Lord Lytton indulges himself may be safely accepted as well founded. He is evidently right in attributing a large part of his father's success in life to his resolute industry. It is still more interesting to learn that Lord Lytton was extremely sensitive to

the thoughts and feelings of those around him. His son may possibly be mistaken in thinking that he cared little for praise bestowed on his intellectual ability. A score of prefaces and the entire series of his poems would lead to the belief that he cherished a not ignoble desire of literary fame. "Praise for any kind of moral goodness, the ready recognition of a generous motive or a lofty principle in his conduct, would almost overpower him; and I have frequently seen it bring tears into his eyes. Similarly he writhed under calumny, or any misinterpretation of his moral character. 'It is more than injustice,' he once exclaimed, 'it is ingratitude. Men calumniate me; I would lay down my life to serve them.'" To a certain extent his moral enthusiasm warped a literary judgment which ought to have been independent of ethical irrelevancies. A letter to Mr. Merivale, quoted in the Prefatory Memoir, affords a curious proof of the imperfection of Lord Lytton's æsthetic taste. In opposition to his accomplished correspondent, he argued that Schiller was equal or superior to Goethe, because in Lord Lytton's judgment Schiller exercised a more beneficial influence on life and character. "Just as if, if they had lived in the same day (and that day a serene artistic one), it would have been the question between Shakspeare and Milton—a question between width and height—Schiller preserves for us what is most valuable to men, the heroic standard." The comparison is founded on an utter misconception of the standard of poetic excellence. Shakspeare was a far greater poet than Goethe, and Milton than Schiller; but a critic who holds that Milton ever approached to the transcendent elevation of Shakspeare may not inconsistently compare the laboured declamation of Schiller with the spontaneous melody and the comprehensive imagination of Goethe. Neither Shakspeare nor Goethe devoted themselves to the task of preaching, and Milton's most elaborate sermon deviated into a glorification of Satan. Schiller wrote spirited verses with a high moral purpose, and he has his reward in the preference of those critics who prefer edification to the inspiration of genius. Engravings of illustrations of the Parables for the use of schools may perhaps convey more religious and moral instruction than as many paintings by Titian; but utility is but casually connected with beauty. By far the best of Lord Lytton's numerous fictions are those which have no professed moral purpose. In his later works his didactic efforts impair the value of stories which are happily for the most part conducted with little reference to the author's avowed and original intention.

GROVE'S CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL FORCES.*

TO those who know how busy is the life of a successful barrister it is a matter of wonder how so many members of the Bar can find time to render themselves eminent in subjects unconnected with their profession. Yet it would appear that the leisure which a judge may hope to enjoy is still smaller, for the tone in which Sir W. R. Grove presents to the world this republication of his contributions to science is so strikingly valodictory that it seems clear that he entertains no hope of pursuing original researches in the future. Not that he will be henceforth lost to science; rather he will there also be promoted from the bar to the bench, and will recognize and decide on the merits of scientific researches in which he may no longer take a part. In the full vigour of his intellect, it will be long before he ceases to be one of the foremost names in the catalogue of English physicists, and one of those whose opinions on scientific points will be most eagerly sought and listened to. And in these days, when the spread of the desire for scientific knowledge is yet more remarkable than is even the wondrous increase of that knowledge itself, such men are scarcely less needed than original observers. To gain credence among a large class of people one needs only to express one's speculations in sonorous scientific phraseology; two or three passwords such as "evolution," "conservation of force," and the like, are sufficient to give vitality to the most unsubstantial fictions of minds which find no difficulty in being original because they are too confused to be accurate. And even among better thinkers the race for priority of discovery leads to rash anticipations of possible results which, when presented, fail woefully to obtain the necessary support from the investigations which profess to have led to them. At such a time as this, men of great scientific power who, though they have their own triumphs in past days to recount, are not now engaged in any special branch of research, but content themselves with learning the results obtained by others, are specially useful. It is their recognition that distinguishes the true man of science from the charlatan; nay, if they will, they can prevent the more astute of our scientific men from intercepting the rewards and the renown due to the more retiring for the discoveries which they have been less eager to trumpet forth than to make; though this is a thankless task which few have the courage or the devotion to undertake. But to hold such a place in the scientific world it is necessary to have won your spurs in some actual field of scientific research, and not merely to have been a carpet knight who has contented himself with talking about the exploits of others. The republication by Mr. Justice Grove of his scientific writings, many of which were known but to a small circle, affords to all an opportunity of judging how far this has been the case with him.

So far as the general public is concerned, the book will gain greatly from the fact that the author has been an experimental and not a mathematical physicist. There are few papers in it which will not be readily understood by those who have a practical acquaintance with the contents of a laboratory; though, so far as most of them are concerned, such an acquaintance will be a necessary preliminary, if not to their being comprehended, at least to their being properly appreciated. It is true that such an ingenious speculation as that which purports to account for the formation of logan stones by the action of the weather is intelligible to all, but the majority of the papers are—as they should be—too technical in character for desultory reading, and will commend themselves only to those who possess a fair knowledge of the principles of physics and the general manipulation of physical apparatus. Fortunately this class is a large and ever-increasing one, and its members will appreciate highly the contents of this book. The exquisite adaptation of means to ends which marks the good experimenter is abundantly evident throughout; and there is moreover a spirit of caution in generalizing from results, and still more in accepting results as conclusive evidence of the theories they appear to support, which is in striking contrast to the general tone of the writings of many scientific men of great eminence. Such qualities fully account for the high reputation which Mr. Justice Grove has acquired, in spite of the limited leisure that he has been able to devote to the pursuits of science, and in spite of the fact that his papers on scientific subjects, even when collected, are not more than will easily fill a decent-sized volume. A very characteristic paper is the one on the effect of heat upon liquids, which relates to a series of experiments undertaken by him in order to ascertain whether the phenomena of boiling were duly accounted for by the ordinary theory that ebullition is due to the separation of the molecules of the fluid by the heat applied. These experiments led him to the conclusion that this explanation was far from being a satisfactory one, inasmuch as in all cases of boiling the fluid was not a pure fluid, but was mixed with some portion of permanent gas; and he ultimately pronounces in favour of the theory that ebullition is in reality due to the evaporation of the fluid at the surface of the small bubbles of permanent gas formed in the fluid by the action of the heat. These experiments were mainly directed to obtaining cases of boiling under circumstances which excluded the possibility of the presence of permanent gas; and after recounting the series of admirable contrivances by which he combated the difficulties that he met with, he proceeds to give a few remarks on the extreme difficulty of entirely isolating a substance from the surrounding air in a way that still permits of experiments being made on it. He sums up the results of his experience of the difficulty of obtaining and maintaining absolute purity of ingredients in refined experiments, in the quaintly expressed despairing utterance that "in nature everything is to be found in anything if we carefully look for it." Such controversies as those respecting the spontaneous generation of living organisms would not perhaps have had so chequered a course had the supporters of the theory held this in mind, nor should we have heard of the retort that spontaneous generation might be readily demonstrated by the use of judiciously dirty test-tubes. Not that this is the only case in which the cry of "crucial experiment" has been raised so often that we have ceased to heed it, or that the fault is by any means confined—either in that or in any other case—to the would-be discoverers of new truths. Want of scientific caution is prevalent in all schools of thought; it is a mental or moral weakness which belongs to the individual and not to the creed.

But, after all, it will be by none of the papers now for the first time republished that Mr. Justice Grove will mainly be remembered. Their practical results will, indeed, not be forgotten, and specialists will doubtless long continue to read them for the style and the accuracy of the thought they contain—an accuracy which we scarcely dare to impugn even in a single instance, though we cannot feel sure that a somewhat ambiguous passage in the paper on the Reflection of Light from incandescent surfaces does not speak of the interference of lights that are derived from different sources. But, like all such papers, they cease to be important when the information they give has become part of the ordinary lore of science. Far different is the case of such utterances as his well-known lectures on the "Correlation of Physical Forces," of which it has been well said that one can wish only a single word altered, and that is the all-important word "correlation." Such productions as these, which mark an epoch in the annals of science, never lose their value; nay, we may go further and say that their value is positively diminished by their being altered to keep pace with the advance of the lines of thought which they initiated. A grand generalization such as that of the identity of all forms of force, when once published abroad, is so suggestive that it speedily becomes useless to catalogue the exemplifications of its application that are supplied by various classes of phenomena, or the support it has received from subsequent experiments; and when it is once fully established, the sole interest that attaches to the early works which treat of it is not due to their scientific completeness but to their early date. And, above all, it is important to preserve as much as possible the exact form of the first announcements of such a generalization, and this for reasons far higher than mere antiquarian considerations. Nothing is more useful as well as more interesting than to contrast the wild and unsupported deductions that are drawn from such a generalization when once generally admitted with the cautious and guarded applications of it that were made by the original discoverer. The man who first ascertains the

* *The Correlation of Physical Forces*. Sixth Edition. With other Contributions to Science. By the Hon. Sir W. R. Grove, M.A., F.R.S., one of the Judges of her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

presence of gold in a country otherwise than by accident reads not let himself be enticed into stopping at particular spots however tempting, but follows steadily some course which must show him the presence of that which he seeks, if it be there at all. For to him the question is one of success or total failure, and without a certainty of gold being at all events near, it would be the madness of the unintelligent treasure-seeker to attempt mining at all. But the crowd that flock thither to avail themselves of his discovery feel no such restraints. To them it is but a choice of where to seek, and thousands will light on spots far richer than the one chosen by the original discoverer, yet which he had deliberately passed over in his research. Just so is it with the discoverer of a great generalization like those of the Correlation of Forces and Development. Many a follower of Grove and Darwin may have discovered more interesting instances and illustrations of the application of their great theories than did the discoverers themselves; and, if prescience be defined as the assertion of what is at the time unknown but will subsequently be found to be true, then have these disciples in their cheap and random prophecies often surpassed their masters in prescience. But it is not such exploits that science loves to honour. In her eyes the value of the advance made is not measured by the extent of country passed over, but by the difficulties of the path, and the meagre reports of the first man who has penetrated into an unknown land are far more precious to her than the detailed descriptions of the travellers who have jogged at their ease through the length and breadth of the land which his labours opened out to them. It is thus of the greatest importance that the text of works like the *Correlation of Physical Forces* should be kept as much as possible in their original form, and that additions should remain unincorporated therewith. For though, doubtless, the scientific world was nearing the discovery from more than one quarter, and though it may have occurred independently to other minds, yet the lecture which Mr. Grove delivered in 1842, followed by the course in 1843, may fairly claim to have been the first clear enunciation of the idea of the substantial identity of all forms of force. We would willingly have had these lectures in the form in which they were actually delivered, but this cannot now be, though some of the most important passages of the 1842 lecture are given in the preface to the present work. But, as a whole, we may feel certain that the identity has been preserved, for the author has confessedly been anxious to preserve it for reasons similar to those of which we have been speaking. And, as educated men in England, at all events, look to his *Correlation of Physical Forces* as the book from which they first learnt the now familiar ideas of which it treats, we may be sure that it will be long before it ceases to be treated with special favour, and it will be long before any rival work, however full or complete, will be more eagerly sought after than the book which taught so early and so well the unity of the forces of nature; a discovery of such vast and wide-reaching importance that even now we are but dimly conscious of its full significance. It needs but the complementary discovery of the unity of the material components of the universe—i.e. the demolition of the temporary and self-contradictory hypothesis of an ether which now disfigures science—to give to the dynamics of the universe the simplicity which Newton's great discoveries foreshadowed.

IDOLATRY.*

IF Mr. Julian Hawthorne's second book were not his second, one would be inclined to think far more highly of its author's capacities and probable future. His first work, *Bresson*, was full of extravagance, but full also of promise. His present performance cannot be said to fulfil that promise. That the younger Hawthorne is gifted with a power which, judged by the standard of ordinary novels, is great, cannot be doubted. Nor can it be doubted that he has misused that power. It is a common enough experience that the consciousness of strength leads its possessor into extravagance; and this can be pardoned in the case of a novice. The extravagance may be removed while the power will remain. Thus it is with the singer who is endowed with a strong voice. He will delight in producing a mere volume of sound until experience has taught him that natural force must be educated and tempered by art. Thus it is also with the young writer who feels that he has ideas beyond the general scope, and words apt to embody them. There is, unfortunately, this difference between the two cases. Were the singer to reject the experience of professors, and insist on trusting merely to his natural gifts, the experience of the public would soon convince him of his error. But to the mass of the reading public the most obvious want of training and attention to art in the making of a fiction appears to be no objection. It is enough for them if there are some touches of strength or originality in the book, some qualities which will bring a new sensation to their novel-jaded minds. Sometimes indeed it is enough if there are none. Whether this state of things indicates an increasing want of ideas among readers or writers or both, or whether it is more happily only a passing form of fashion, is a question capable of discussion. It is possible that it is an instance on a large scale of that extravagance springing from power which is exemplified individually in *Idolatry*. It is but a short time ago in the history of civilization that the capacity and taste for reading became universal. Perhaps

the indiscriminate greed for fiction is analogous to the chest notes which the scarce taught singer hurls forth. One effect of such a condition of affairs is that an author of any unusual ability can choose between the success of securing an immediate, if momentary, attention and the more real success which is dear to the true artist. Mr. Hawthorne has apparently chosen the former of these alternatives.

The lesser seems to have inherited the love which distinguished the great Hawthorne, of relieving the workaday aspect of the tangible world by casting over its actors and events a mist borrowed from realms fantastic, imagined, or even supernatural. He takes the same delight which his father did in imagining such combinations as might, so far as the laws of physics are concerned, take place in everyday life, but which as a matter of experience never do. He has the same perception of the fine irony of circumstances which was used with so much effect by the author of the *Marble Faun*. For the possession of these qualities, which are as likely to be inherited as imitated, it would be unfair to quarrel with the writer of *Idolatry*. It is not unfair to blame him for the use to which he has put them. The delicate impalpable veil with which the father was wont to hint rather than to establish a connexion between the real and the fanciful world becomes gross, and therefore incredible, in the hands of the son. Upon those doubtful points of eerie imagination which the father was wont to glide lightly by, as if half doubting their existence himself, the son makes an appreciable pause, and thus at once destroys his reader's belief. And as soon as the improbability of circumstances and characters hitherto unknown is made clear and manifest their charm is dispelled. Such a comparison as that which we have instituted would be unfair were not the likeness and unlikeness between the two writers so patent that they cannot escape observation. It is not only in the details of his work, but in its very essence, that Mr. Julian Hawthorne's too heavy hand produces a disagreeable impression. To build a romance upon utterly improbable events is the acknowledged privilege of the novelist, so long as he can decently disguise their improbability. When he chooses subjects which are not only unlikely, but also revolting, he exceeds his prerogative.

Mr. Hawthorne makes a considerable demand upon his reader's power of accepting the improbable at the very beginning of his book in the matter of one of its characters. This personage's first appearance upon the scene may be quoted as a fair specimen of the author's descriptive style, which at times rises to greater brilliancy and picturesqueness, but which in this passage has the advantage of not being disfigured by such phrases as "seem to glimpse his majestic figure," or "the air coloured (for "took the colour of") delicate pink." This character is discovered as an Egyptian boy of high rank standing upon the bank of the Nile, into which he plunges for a bath, thoughtless of currents:—

The subtle Nile catches him softly in his cool arms, dandles him, kisses him, flatters him, woos him imperceptibly onward. Now, he is far from shore, and the multitudinous feet of the current are hurrying him away. The slow moving boat is much nearer than it was a minute ago—seems to be rushing towards him, in spite of the laziness of the impelling breeze. The boy, as yet unconscious of his peril, now glances shorewards and sees the banks wheel past. The crowd of bathers is already far beyond hearing, yet, frightened and weary, he wastes his remaining strength in fruitless shouts. Now the deceitful eddies, lately so soft and friendly, whirl him down in ruthless exultation. He will never reach the shore, good swimmer though he be.

Mark! what plunged from the bank—what black thing moves toward him across the water? The crocodile! coming with tears in his eyes, and a long grin of serrated teeth. Coming!—the ugly scaly head is always nearer and nearer. The boy screams, but who should hear him? He feels whether the talisman be yet around his neck. He screams again, calling in half delirium upon his dead mother. Meanwhile, the scaly snout is close upon him. . . .

A many-voiced shout close at hand, a splashing of poles in the water, a rippling of eddies against the boat's bows! As the boy drifts by, a blue-eyed, yellow-bearded viking swings himself from the halvard, catches him, pulls him on board with a jerk and a shove—safe! The long grin snaps together in vain behind him. The boy lies on the deck, a vision of people with leg-coverings and other oddities of costume swimming before his eyes; one of them supports his head, and bends over him a round, good-natured, spectacled face. Above, a beautiful flag, striped and starred with white, blue, and red, flaps indolently against the mast.

Further on—

We catch imperfect glimpses of the Egyptian lad, steadily growing up to be a tall young man. He dresses in European clothes, and lives and moves amid civilised surroundings: Egypt, with her Pyramids, palms, and river, we see no more. The priest's son seems now immersed in studies; he develops a genius for music and painting, and diligently stores his mind with other than Egyptian lore. With him, or never far away, we see a person considerably older than the student, good-natured, whimsical, round of head and face, and insignificant of feature. Towards him does the student observe the profoundest deference, bows before him, and addresses him as "Master Hiero," or "Master Glyphic." Master Hiero for his part calls the Egyptian "Manetho,"—from which we might infer the latter's descent from the renowned historian of that name—but will not insist upon this genealogy. As for the studies, we fancy they tend towards theology; the descendant of Egyptian priests is to become a Christian clergyman! Nevertheless, he still wears his talismanic ring. Does he believe it saved him from the crocodile? does his Christian enlightenment not set him free from such superstition?

This conversion of an Egyptian youth into an American clergyman is curious enough. More curious still is the fact that he is adopted by an eccentric gentleman, the Master Hiero Glyphic of the passage just quoted, with a perfect craze for everything that is Egyptian, so that he builds an Egyptian temple out of one half of his house. Standing at an altar in this temple the Rev. Manetho Glyphic performs the marriage service for Thor Helwyse, an Americanized Dane, great of limb and voice, and Helen, sister to Hiero Glyphic, with whom Manetho is des-

* *Idolatry: a Romance.* By Julian Hawthorne. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

perately in love. Most curious of all, however, is the attempt at portrayal of Manetho's character. With the malice and all but the capabilities of Mephistopheles he combines the patient cunning of Iago and the tender susceptibilities of Werther. It would be difficult to find a more impossible monster. Of this the author himself seems to have become in some sort conscious, for he has scattered hints throughout his story that the Rev. Manetho was more than a little mad. This is but a weak device, however, and rather increases than lessens the impossibility of the character. The author's intention seems to have been to produce a great effect by depicting a character full of hitherto unproved contrasts. The intention is neither ill conceived nor impossible of execution. But the author has failed to execute it. The means he has employed are too violent and inartistic. In contrasts of character there must be a certain coherence, just as in music there are certain discords which may, and certain others which may not, be properly employed. The author has resorted to a merely mechanical trick to heighten his effect by speaking of Manetho as "the clergyman" whenever he is employed upon any peculiarly fiendish piece of wickedness.

Far better drawn is Balder, the son of Thor Helwyse, Manetho's old rival. If he is not perfectly real, he is at least not perfectly impossible and monstrous. There is a brightness and cheerfulness about him which is an agreeable relief to the murky extravagance of Manetho and the solitary castle which he inherited from his old patron with the ridiculous name. Balder may be supposed to typify a form of modern faith or unfaith, as Manetho does one of older growth. The idolatry to which each of the chief characters in the book has given him or herself up takes in Balder Helwyse the form of an inordinate belief in self, springing from much successful dealing with the world, and the knowledge of the manners and cities of many men. From this idolatry Balder is converted by the softening influence of failure and trouble, just as the other personages are converted each from their own special worship in a special way. The representation of a character true and noble, but hardened by success into surpassing egotism, which is dissolved by an apt series of events, would be well enough. Only one seems to have read of a certain Raphael Aben Ezra, and a certain Tom Thurnall in the writings of Mr. Charles Kingsley, who have forestalled Balder Helwyse both in his egotism and his conversion. The parallel may of course be accidental. In that case we can only be as sorry for Mr. Hawthorne as Puff is for himself in the *Critic*.

Manetho's whole being after he has married Thor Helwyse to the woman whom he himself adores becomes absorbed in the idea of vengeance. This idea he proceeded to carry out by kidnapping, as he thinks, Balder Helwyse's twin-sister and carrying her off to his solitary castle. Here with a devilish ingenuity he conceives the plan of educating her so that she shall mistake good for evil and evil for good, and returning her to her supposed father when her education is complete. The latter part of this plan is frustrated by the death of Thor Helwyse, the former by the innate goodness of Gnulemah, by which remarkable name the girl is known. The study of a girl brought up entirely sequestered from all human influences save one, and that one of so appalling a kind as Manetho's, is a new idea, and here and there there are indications that the excellence of its execution will correspond to its novelty. The hopes raised by such indications are doomed to disappointment. The author manages always to fall short of the mark. If he failed altogether to approach it, the effect would not be nearly so irritating. This is one of the weaknesses of human nature which a writer should weigh well before setting himself a difficult task. He should remember that readers will have much less toleration for him who does that which is nearly good than for him who does that which is in no way good. In the latter case their attention is not seriously disturbed. In the former it is aroused only to be disappointed. That which most nearly approaches to goodness in this part of *Idolatry* is the first meeting between Balder and Gnulemah. What follows hard upon this—the supposed catastrophe on which the revenge of Manetho turns—is so horribly revolting that one is astounded at Mr. Hawthorne's dealing with such an incident in the pages of a romance. Mr. Leslie Stephen in his last book said, with picturesque terseness, "Poe was a kind of Hawthorne and delirium tremens." The latter part of the younger Hawthorne's book recalls this expression. The final and real catastrophe of *Idolatry* is a most lame and impotent conclusion, for which it is most difficult to assign any reason beyond the unworthy one of a desire to finish the novel with a startling effect. If such was the writer's object, he would have been wise to employ a less hackneyed incident.

There is one character in *Idolatry* described with a skill and delicacy which are almost worthy of the author of the *Scarlet Letter*. Unfortunately this character has nothing to do with the movement of the book, and is merely introduced as a picture by the way, so that it is possible to draw the inference that the success of the effort is due to its not being sustained. Mr. Mac Gentle was the president of a bank in Boston, and an old friend of Balder's father, so that Balder's first visit upon his arrival in Boston from Europe was for him. Why he was president of the bank nobody exactly knew, for no one ever paid any attention to his ideas on finance:—

Let no one hastily infer that the accomplished gentleman of whom we speak was in any sense a sham. No one could be more true to himself and to his professions. But, if we may hazard a conjecture, he never breathed the air that other men breathed; another sun than ours shone for him; the world that answered to his senses was not our world. His life, in short,

was not human life, yet, so closely like it that the two might be said to correspond as a face to its reflection in the mirror: actual contact being in both cases alike impossible. No doubt the world and he knew of the barrier between them, though neither said so. The former, with its usual happy temperament, was little affected by the separation, smiled good-naturedly upon the latter and never troubled itself about the difficulties in the way of shaking hands. But Mr. Macgentle, being only a single individual, perhaps felt lonely and sad. Either he was a ghost or the world was. In youth he may have believed himself to be the only real flesh and blood; but in later years the terrible weight of the world's majority against him forced him to the opposite conclusion. And here at last were he and the world at one!

Suppose, instead of listening to a description of this good old gentleman's person, we take a look at him with our own eyes? There is no danger of disturbing him, however busy he may be. The inner retreat is very small, and as neat as though an old maid lived in it. The furniture looks as good as new, but is subdued to a tone of sober maturity, and chimes in so well with the general effect that one scarcely notices it. The polished table is mounted in dark morocco: behind the horse-hair-covered arm-chair is a grey marble mantel-piece, overshadowing an open grate with polished bars and five utensils in the English style. During the winter months a lump of Cannel coal is always burning there; but the flame, even on the coldest days, is too much on its good behaviour to give out a very decided heat. Over the mantel-piece hangs a crayon copy of Correggio's Reading Magdalene, the only touch of sentiment in the room, and that perhaps accidental!

The concrete nature of the President's surroundings is at first perplexing, in view of our theory about his character. But it must be evident that the world could never provide him with furniture corresponding to the texture of his mind; and hence he would instinctively lay hold of whatever was common-place and non-committal. If he could realize nothing outside himself, he might at least remove whatever would distract him from inward contemplation. There is, however, one article in this little room which we must not omit to notice. It is a looking-glass, and it hangs—of all places in the world—right over Mr. Macgentle's standing desk, in the embrasure of the window. As often as he looks up he beholds the reflection of his cultured and sad lined physiognomy, with a glimpse of dusky wall beyond. Is he a vain man? His worst enemy (had he one) would not call him that. Nevertheless, Mr. Macgentle takes a pathetic comfort in this small mirror. No one, not even himself, could tell wherefore; but we fancy it to be like that an exile feels in seeing a picture of his birth-place, or hearing a strain of his native music. The mirror shows him something more real, to his sense, than is anything outside of it.

There is another passage in the book which we are tempted to quote in order to show that Mr. Hawthorne has capacities for humour and observation which he would do well to cultivate, in place of the ill-ordered fantasies which he has indulged in. Helwyse, thinking that he has killed a man in a struggle, has his beard shaven off by a little barber as a measure of precaution. The barber asks him if he has ever attended camp meetings:—

"No?" continued the little man, who, by long practice, had acquired a wonderful knack of interpreting silences: "Well, it's a great thing, sir! and a right curious thing experiencing religion is, too! A great blessing I've found it, sir; there's a peace dwells with me, as the minister says, right along all the time now. Does the razor please you, sir? Ah! I was a wild and godless being once, though always considered smart with the razor; Satan never took my cunning hand, as the poet says, away from me. Yes, there was a time, sir, when I was how-d'y'-do with all the bloods around the place, and a good business I used to do out of them too, sir; but religion's a peace there's no understanding, as the good Book says, and if I don't make all I used to, I save twice as much, and that's the good of it, sir! Beau-ti-ful chin is your's, sir, I declare!"

"Do you believe in the orthodox faith?" asked Helwyse: "in miracles, and the Trinity, and so forth?"

"Everything we're told to believe in I believe, I hope, sir; and as quick as I hear anything more, why, I'm ready to believe that also, provided only it comes through orthodox channels, as the saying is. Ah, sir, it's the unquestioning belief that brings the happiness: I wouldn't have anything explained to me—not if I could! and my faith is such that what goes against it I never would believe, not if you proved it to me in black and white, sir. Lovely skin, yours, sir—just like a woman's! The intellect is a snare, that's what it is.—Ah, yes! You think with me, sir, don't you?"

Were the whole of Mr. Hawthorne's work equal in merit to the two extracts which we have made, we might rejoice in the advent of a new writer of romance. As it is, we can only be sorry that he did not put away *Idolatry* for a year or two before he thought of publishing it.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON WAR.*

GENERAL SHERMAN'S name in his profession would be sufficient excuse for his offering his opinions on it. No other commander, always excepting Lee, attracted so much attention by his achievements during the great American Civil War. The dogged perseverance and relentless energy of Grant, the power which he had, and indeed occasionally misused, of pushing on his men, his long and complicated campaigns on the Mississippi and Tennessee—these were less fitted to win him fame than such a stroke of genius in strategy as that which accomplished the famous march across Georgia, or even the not less difficult feat of pushing such a general as Johnston, bent on obstinate defence, step by step back, for the hundred miles that brought the invader into the heart of the South at Atlanta. Should the work ever appear of which the essay now published in American journals is declared to be the final chapter, we may be sure that it will be read with almost as much interest in Europe as in the writer's own country, even did not this fragment prove abundantly that General Sherman knows how to describe as well as to teach, and has an observation not less keen in deducing military lessons from experience than in seizing the strategical features of a tract of country or the important points of a battle-field.

* *The Military Lessons of the War.* By W. T. Sherman, General of the Army of the United States. Being the concluding Chapter of an Unpublished Memoir of Events of the War.

words which are as applicable to the story of the French at Gravelotte, lately told by us from the Moltke Narrative, as to any event that the writer witnessed. As to discipline, we read:—

In camp, and especially in presence of an active enemy, it is much easier to maintain discipline than in barracks in time of peace. Crime and breaches of discipline are much less frequent, and the necessity for courts-martial far less. Too many of these in any command are evidences of poor discipline and inefficient officers.

On the disputed question as to the choice between telegraph, hand-signals, and messengers, the General's authority may be held almost decisive from his extraordinary experience:—

For any army covering a large space of ground the magnetic telegraph is by far the best, though habitually the paper and pencil, with good mounted orderlies, answer every purpose. I have little faith in flags and torches, though we always used them; because almost invariably when they were most needed, the view was cut off by intervening trees, or by mist or fog—

an opinion by the way coinciding exactly with that of the best practical officers on this side of the Atlantic. Our next and last extract will be found to bear on our own War Office system, and might almost seem to have been written expressly to criticize it:—

Commanding officers of divisions, departments, and posts, should have the amplest powers to command not only their troops, but all the stores assigned for their use, and the officers necessary to administer them, and then with business they could be held to the most perfect responsibility.

It is almost needless to say that here is the very remedy that our soundest military thinkers have pointed out for the evils of the present local dualism caused by the adoption of a crude copy of the great French Intendance blunder in our own Control. But the whole of this essay teems with practical wisdom put in a easy and agreeable form. It deserves study wherever the fu-preading tongue is spoken of which the author is hardly less master than of the sword; for he has gathered for us into a single chapter the rich experience of some of the most instructive campaigns in which men of our own race have ever followed a worthy leader to victory.

KOLDEWEY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THIS handsome volume contains the record of the German expedition to the East coast of Greenland in 1869-70; and it appears appropriately enough at a time when the interest in Arctic discovery has been stimulated by the news of the earlier results obtained by Weyprecht and Payer. Of the merits of the book considered from a purely literary point of view there is not very much to be said. The story is told pleasantly and modestly, as befits men who are recounting their own exploits. It is far from easy to give any great freshness to accounts of adventures which necessarily are but a repetition, with trifling variations, of incidents familiar to all readers of Arctic travels. After describing the drift of the *Hansa*, indeed, "the narrator" tells us rather quaintly "that he closes this account with the hope that he has succeeded in rendering these extraordinary adventures, which must always be unique in their kind, interesting to the reader." We suppose him to mean that this kind of adventure is unique, and not, as his words would naturally imply, that these special adventures were unique; for the drift of the *Polaris*, to mention no other case, is another and more striking example of a kind of adventure not uncommon in Arctic discovery. At any rate the account is certainly interesting to people who are not tired of the ordinary set of phrases about flocks and bergs, and the other technical terms of the Arctic vocabulary. We must add that the book has one odd peculiarity; it is a kind of joint-stock production. Nominally it is by Captain Koldewey, assisted by members of the scientific staff; it is translated by Mr. Mercier, and edited by Mr. Bates. Captain Koldewey, however, is the author of a comparatively small part of the whole book. And everywhere the narrative changes without the smallest notice from one author to another in a manner which would be rather perplexing if it were necessary to discriminate between the different shares. "I" and "we" alternate without obvious reason. "The party to which I belonged," as we are suddenly told, "consisted of three—Dr. Borgen, the sailor Kleutzner, and myself." We have not the least intimation as to who "myself" may be; but at the end of this fragment of narrative it is incidentally remarked, "So much for Dr. Copeland and his party." In the next paragraph another party is described as "they"; and afterwards the story melts into "we." The names of the authors of each chapter are given in the table of contents; but a little indication in the text might be convenient. The variation is really of no importance, though in reading a book, as in carrying on a conversation, one rather likes to know the name of one's interlocutor. We must fancy that we are sitting in the cabin of the *Germania* listening to the yarns spun by various members of the expedition, each striking in at his own fancy, and not stopping to explain to us his personality. On the whole, though the book might have been advantageously reduced within a smaller space, we have no great cause for complaint. After all, when people have spent a whole winter in the Arctic Ocean, they have in some sort a right to bore their hearers with a rather excessive detail of small incidents, though they would do wisely not to make too free a use of their privilege.

The general outline of the expedition is simple enough. The

Germania and the *Hansa* sailed in company on the 15th of June, 1869. After a rather troublesome voyage they were on the edge of the pack ice off the East coast of Greenland on the 20th of July. Captain Koldewey, the chief of the expedition, signalled to the *Hansa* to come within hail. Captain Hegenmann of the *Hansa* misunderstood the signal to mean that he was to go to the westward. The consequence was that the two ships separated in a fog and never saw each other again. After a good many struggles to escape, the *Hansa* was finally blocked up in the ice on the 2nd of September. According to the usual practice a hut was built on the ice in the neighbourhood of the ship, to which stores were removed in case of accident. The ice drifted rapidly to the South, carrying the ship with it, and with October bad weather and furious gales set in. On the 18th and 19th the ice began to move ominously and crush the sides of the ship. At last the ice raised the bows of the unlucky *Hansa* high out of the water, whilst the stern remained immovably fixed in the solid mass. The result was that the ship was hopelessly damaged, and gradually foundered when the ice separated. All the provisions that could be saved were removed to the hut; and there the crew remained drifting slowly southwards through the winter months, hoping that their floe would hold together until they could launch their boats in open water. Their privations seem to have been considerable. Violent storms blew which threatened to crush their place of refuge amidst the chaos of contending blocks of ice. Gradually the area of the little ice island diminished, and the current frequently threatened to crush them against large icebergs stranded near the coast. They seem to have borne their sufferings with abundant cheerfulness, and some of the remarks which they make are rather oddly characteristic of the differences between English and German sentiment. We do not think at least that many English sailors would be found who would confide to their journals such a poetical sentiment as is quoted from the "day-book" of one of the German sailors. Describing the strange sounds of the Arctic night, he says:—"We listen—who is it? All still! not a breath stirring! Once more it sounds like a lamentation or a groan. It is the ice; and now it is still, still as the grave, and from the pale glance of the moon the ghostly outlined coast is seen, from which the giant rocks are looking over to us. Ice, rocks, and thousands of glittering stars. O thou wonderfully phos-like night of the North!" But, however different the mode of expression, no English sailors could have behaved better than these sentimental Germans, who solace their hours of seclusion by composing poetry and reading Heine's songs. One peculiarity of the East coast of Greenland appears to be the immense number of bears. Both the *Germania* and the *Hansa* seem to have been besieged by these animals, and some very awkward adventures followed. One of the scientific gentlemen was carried off by a bear, who chewed him a great deal, and especially tried to crack his skull. This, it seems, is the proper mode of killing a seal; but either the skull of a German savant is harder than that of a seal, or the bear in question was not full-grown. Anyhow, the sufferer fortunately escaped with life, and, favoured by a strong constitution, recovered completely from his wounds. He adds that he did not feel the smallest pain either at the moment of the injury or in the process of healing.

To return, however, to the crew of the unlucky *Hansa*. On the 7th of May, after two hundred days of drifting, they were able to desert their faithful floe and take to the boats. Provisions were short, and they suffered a good deal from hunger. "It is a peculiar and very mixed feeling," says the narrator, "to think that in six weeks we shall have nothing to eat; if then we have not reached the land we must drop off one after the other; but, serious as is the thought, there are times when it seems irresistibly comical." This comic view of the situation was apparently facilitated by the fact that these excellent Germans had plenty of tobacco. At last, on the 13th of June, they reached Friedrichsthal, a station of the Moravian missionaries; and there the more serious part of their journey ended; though they describe at rather excessive length the period which intervened before they could finally take leave of Greenland and set sail in a Danish ship for Copenhagen, which was reached on the 1st of September. Ten days afterwards the *Germania* ran into Bismarckshavn, and heard of the escape of their comrades.

The career of the *Germania* had been more prosperous. She had succeeded in breaking through the ice and reaching the part of the Greenland coast which had been visited in 1823 by Clavering and Sabine. A convenient harbour was found in Sabine island, and a series of sledging expeditions, carried on with great energy, enabled the travellers to make a considerable addition to our knowledge of the geography of the region. Lieutenant Payer seems to have specially distinguished himself, and to have gained much of the experience which he has since turned to good account in a still more adventurous expedition. Alpine travellers may take a certain pride in his performances, for his name was already well known as an explorer of the Eastern Alps before he undertook to climb mountains and cross glaciers in the far North. His Alpine experience was turned to good account in the ascent of greater elevations than have hitherto been reached by Arctic travellers. The most remarkable discovery of the expedition was the Kaiser Franz Joseph's Fiord, which runs very deeply into the Greenland coast at about lat. 73°. It was discovered just at the end of the season, and its full investigation is therefore left as a task for some future explorers, but enough was seen of its wonders to stimulate our curiosity. Its course could be traced for about forty miles, and it is bordered by a series of peaks rising to above 9,700 feet.

* The German Arctic Expedition of 1869-70. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

One "monstrous pyramid of ice," estimated at 11,000 feet in height, deservedly received the name of Petermann. Payer himself climbed a point 6,850 feet above the fiord, and gives an animated description of the wonders of the scenery. Here, he says, "were congregated all the peculiarities of the Alpine world; huge walls, deep erosion-fissures, wild peaks, mighty crevassed glaciers; raging torrents and waterfalls, which in Europe as a rule, come but singly. All these pictures of wild beauty were taken in at a glance." After climbing a colossal rock, at least 5,600 ft. in height, which was christened (if that be not a rather inappropriate word) the "Devil's Castle," he adds:—"Never in the Alps have I seen anything even approaching this in grandeur. Here a diminutive Matterhorn rose straight from the water; there rushed a huge mass of water from some glacier over the great walls deep down into the clear water below." The description shows some of the natural enthusiasm of a first discoverer; but we are quite ready to believe that the district has its claims. It is, indeed, rather barren and solitary. There is more vegetation than might be expected; some birch trees even rise to a height of from two to three feet; and in sheltered places attain "even a greater height than this." Moreover there are a good many reindeer, so that the pleasures of slaughter may be added to those of beautiful scenery. Surely this should be a temptation to some adventurous Englishmen to follow in Payer's footsteps and gain the glory of genuine discoverers by ascending some of these wild peaks, from which a view may be obtained into the still untrodden wilderness of the interior of Greenland.

We will not, however, follow the travellers further. It is impossible not to feel a certain shade of jealousy in reading these accounts of daring adventure, skilfully carried out. The expedition which has just returned shows that German enterprise is capable of extending the limits of our knowledge still further. Surely Englishmen should not allow themselves to be beaten in the race, or, more disgracefully, to retire from the competition without making an effort. Though jealousy is an evil passion, so far as it prompts any tendency to detract from the merits of our rivals, we may allow it to stimulate us to a fair effort to keep on a level with them. We would fain hope that these records of German travel, which have sent a thrill of excitement through the whole of the Fatherland, may prompt us to show by unmistakable proofs that the spirit of the Franklins and Parys is not altogether extinct in England.

RUSSIAN ADVANCE EASTWARD.*

THE Khanate of Khiva at this moment resembles one of those recondite and unpleasant subjects in a competitive examination which only the most audacious and speculative candidates take up. And the answers to the questions therein involved exhibit a considerable diversity of merit. The Englishman produces a series of animated sketches. A laborious and erudite German like Baron von Hellwald, collates and exhausts all that previous writers have said on the matter, and condenses their information into something which may claim to rank as a standard work of reference. From the Hungarian Professor and accomplished Orientalist comes the note of warning to England; from a nameless Russian, the apology for the Czar; from a dauntless American, a record of perilous adventures commenced with energy, prosecuted with forethought, and terminated with complete success. Every competitor, in forecasting the issue or dissecting the problem of Central Asia, has hitherto added something to the general stock of our knowledge. The present volume, we are sorry to say, is an exception. It tells us very little that we did not know before. It is unenlivened by any touch of humour or spark of imagination. The author is painfully accurate with regard to a number of petty details which few would care to read and fewer still to remember, while he displays no sort of capacity for generalization, and little power of appreciating the political bearings of the very events which are passing under his eyes. The work is at once official, pedantic, regular, and icily null. It is scarcely an excuse to say that this work ought to be judged by a bureaucratic standard, the author having written in the character of an officer accredited to the Czar's expedition by the German Emperor. A Special Commissioner delegated by the Viceroy of India to a similar force exploring the Steppes of Turkestan or fathoming the bed of the Oxus would, we venture to say, have turned out something very dissimilar in point of diction, anecdote, illustration, and even hard and dry facts.

The compilation, didactic and guarded as it is, has, however, one merit. The author does not meander away into scores of paragraphs. One hundred and thirty pages comprise all that he has to say, or that the translator has thought it worth while to communicate. Indeed, the editor and translator, Captain C. Howard Vincent, appears to have had some doubts whether the work was worth attention at all, and he has accordingly expanded this production by reprinting a lecture on the Russian army which he himself delivered at the United Service Institution, and which contains a great deal, not generally known, on the organization and discipline of one of the largest armies in the world. We shall deal with this presently. But, first, let us dismiss the Imperial *attaché* himself. A political officer selected to accompany a compact force groping its

way to a remote Oriental capital, through sands and nomad tribes, ought, we should have fancied, to be a man familiar with at least one Oriental language—Arabic, Turkish, or Persian. Lieutenant Hugo Stamm, as far as we can make out, has not even an elementary acquaintance with any one Aryan or Semitic dialect, and he is constantly devising new combinations of letters in the transcript of Eastern names. Shere Ali, the well-known ruler of Cabul, becomes Syr Ali; Khula or Kala Ata is metamorphosed into Chula-Atka. We may be tolerably sure that the correct name of the Prime Minister of Khiva is not Mak-Murat. The summer palace of the Governor-General of the Caucasian provinces has been given by other travellers as Borjome, and not Borschom. The title of the uncle of the reigning Khan may very probably be Amir-al-Omra or "the Prince of Princes," *Amra* being the Arabic plural form of Amir. Lieutenant Stamm talks of "his uncle, Emir-Omra," as if this were a real name and not a well-known honorific addition. It is possible that some of these vagaries may be due to the process of translation; but blunders they are, and it would not require the attainments of M. Vambéry or Mr. Palgrave to avoid or correct them. It is also somewhat difficult to identify the Mohammedan month Jumadi-al-Awl in the Teutonic adaptation Djumadi-el-Afvel.

To do the author justice, he seems to have been occasionally impressed by the peculiarities of the country, the scarcity of water, the endurance of the troops, and the skill and capacity of the leaders. But he lacks the power to put himself graphically on paper, or to see anything but musty official data. The following are the items which he extracts from the diary of one of the colonels as "interesting":—

May 21, 2 A.M.—Left Alan. 8 P.M. reached Irbassan well. Eighteen miles. Water salt and almost undrinkable.

May 26.—To Kungrad, seventeen miles. Fresh spring water.

A tendency to manufacture sensational paragraphs out of the most ordinary incidents of a march in the desert, to drag in the weary camels sinking down to perish in the sand, or the obedient Russian soldier delirious from thirst and sunstroke, is doubtless reprehensible. But the dry details accumulated by Lieutenant Stamm, without any word of explanation, graphic touch, or instructive and seasonable comment, are just as much to be deprecated from their barren and tasteless uniformity. Remarks on the fauna or flora, the geology of the country, the dress, manners, and peculiarities of the inhabitants, there are few or none. By way of compensation we have lists of stores allotted to the forces detailed with a precision which would satisfy the newest broom that ever swept a Commissariat Department, or the most rigid accountant that ever watched over excess of expenditure. The stores of salt, the corns of pepper, the bottles of essence of vinegar, the bushels of oats, the amount of dried cabbages and red onions, all are given as if the prospects of the author in the service depended on his mastery of such minutiae. Once or twice the Teutonic phlegm and official reserve of the writer give way to something that may be styled excitement. When he has passed the desert he speaks of the "green fields and fragrant pastures," the "lovely little lakes of clear blue water," and the "banks clothed with the beauty of spring, and swarming with the sweetest of plumed songsters." But this only leads him to think that he must be in "a fairy kingdom," or that he has been, something like Nick Bottom, "transferred by magic to the Warriors' Walhalla of the Arabs." How a Scandinavian myth should correctly describe the sensuous Paradise of the true believers, this imaginative German does not explain. We really prefer his dry official scraps to his flights of fancy; and we can only hope that, if ever another delegate is selected from a host of officers of the high standard of intelligence and education which characterizes the Prussian army, the choice may fall on some one who is more gifted with the capacity to discern and depict those salient points which have been turned to such capital account by the lively Correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

The second part of the volume contains far more matter for instruction and thought. Having emancipated the serfs, the Russian Emperor very properly began to reform his army. To this end he divided his vast Empire into fifteen military districts, and his administration into twelve bureaux or departments. He proclaimed the liability, with certain exemptions, of every adult male to serve either in the regular army or in the militia or local forces; and in time of peace he brought the cavalry and infantry together in divisions, and the artillery, engineers, and rifle corps in brigades. The conscripts, we learn, undergo a preliminary training of six months, after which they are appointed to regiments. From May to October they are sent out to practise campaigning in tents. After six years a conscript is free from regimental duty, and, if he desires it, may be drafted into the reserve. During the long winter months great pains are taken with his education, and he is lectured periodically on the military art. The non-commissioned officers are brought up to a higher standard, and forced to study mathematics, geography, and field fortification. The food does not seem to be at all on a par with the curriculum, and it is marvellous how the Russian soldier can cheerfully endure the hardships and submit to the discipline of his career on black bread, a few scraps of meat mixed with rice and sour herbs, and *quass* or *kwas*, a sour beverage which you must be intensely national or cosmopolitan to swallow. The advocates of the system of purchase in our own army might have found some unexpected support for their views in the lecturer's comments on the difficulty of officering the Russian troops. A squirearchy does not exist in Russia. That class is there wholly wanting which could send to a military career a yearly comple-

* *Russia's Advance Eastward*, based on the Official Reports of Lieutenant Hugo Stamm, German Military Attaché to the Khivan Expedition. By C. E. Howard Vincent, F.R.G.S., Captain Royal Berks Militia, &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

ment of gentlemen of moderate means, patrician sentiments, and unblemished descent. Other professions—law, literature, and commerce—are already beginning to assert their claims. The calls on the scientific branches of the army are also very numerous, and military engineers, in Russia as in India, have been distributed all over the country to superintend the construction of roads, railways, and bridges. Another disturbing element is the admixture of German officers. They are so able that they cannot be spared, and so numerous that they are a source of some anxiety. A parallel to this state of things is easily conceived if we only imagine the Indian army to be in part officered by the descendants of warlike Sikh Sirdars or haughty Mohammedan Vizirs and Nawabs. Attempts to establish regimental messes do not appear to have met with much success; and Captain Vincent is bold enough to challenge the popular belief in the great linguistic attainments of Russians. They have, he says, a difficult language of their own, and are thus enabled to command and imitate the accents of all other tongues. Officers of the Guards, the cavalry at least, nearly all speak French, and many German, though few can write either language grammatically. But in the line "it is a great exception to meet an officer conversant with a foreign language." Then the pay is wretched; and to make up for want of solid pudding there is abundance of showy decoration and empty praise. Ribbons and orders glitter on the breasts of captains who have never faced a hostile battery or "seen a shot fired in earnest." At the same time it is pretty clear that the service is not unpopular, and that a good and healthy feeling exists between privates and officers. Macaulay, in describing the composition of the army of the Commonwealth, when saints sometimes served under sinners, remarks that it would not be prudent in our time for a private to lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, or to admonish a backsliding major. But what would the historian have said had he read the account, as given by Mr. MacGahan, of the soldiers tossing their Grand Duke into the air and receiving him in their uplifted arms, with every token of undiminished respect and affection? Apparently a kind of filial dependence on others seems to characterize the relations of the private and the peasant in that huge Empire. And there is no reason to doubt that the army contains a good deal of excellent raw material, and something beyond it. Soldiers who can make tremendous marches and thrive on food which would reduce others to skeletons, who can use the hatchet, the needle, and the cooking-pot, who can march out eighty miles from the capital and back again in mid-winter by way of exercise, while the thermometer is a little above zero, who stand heat like Sepoys, who rarely mutiny, and never grumble, will never be despised or underrated as foes. They may truly say, like the soldier in Lucan,

Solstitio Meroen, brumâ tentabimus Istrum.

But we share the lecturer's belief that, for some time to come, military details, improvements in arms and machinery, and the completion of imperfect communications, will give Czars and generals quite enough to do, without committing themselves to further schemes of open aggression. We can safely recommend this lecture to those who desire more information about the Russian army than we have space to give.

As for Lieutenant Stumm, we may, in conclusion, remind him that, though Herodotus refers to certain documents which showed the quantity of garlic and rations consumed by the Egyptian workmen who built the Pyramids, his history does not altogether owe its popularity to such matters. His reports remind us of a certain personage who in former days invariably sprang up in the wake of Indian armies, to supplement the slender stores of officers by selling, at exorbitant prices, creature comforts, such as brandy, beer, mixed biscuits, sardines, soup, tooth-brushes, and jam. This speculator, sometimes a Parsee, sometimes a Mohammedan, invariably turned up whenever wanted, at the siege of Mooltan, at the occupation of Lahore, in Bundelkund, or in the track of the avenging squadrons during 1858. The author's odd lists of stores, which we doubt not are as correct as care can make them, suggest to us nothing so much as the miscellaneous assortment of an "Indian Boxwalla" humbly following in the rear of the men who crossed the Oxus and virtually dethroned the Khan.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.*

ON reading Mr. Longfellow, sweet hard, with such a thrill of pleasure throbbed Mr. Molony's heart as to make him resolve that he "joyfully would other themes discard for [Mr. Longfellow's] enchanting art." The result is a good-sized book of metrical compositions, which certainly differs in some respects from most of its kind that we have seen. It touches on a reasonably sufficient variety of themes, and between the text and the notes one may perhaps find grounds for a pretty shrewd guess as to how much the world has lost in the other themes which Mr. Molony has discarded.

The piece which comes first in the volume and gives a name to it is a poetic vision of things in general. The vision is of the kind which suggests l'Intime's question in *Les Plaidours*, "Quand aura-t-il tout vu?" In this case the answer is, at the end of forty-four pages and nine lines over. Next comes another long poem entitled "The Pilgrim Fathers," which also very soon runs

into things in general. We find a little physiology, a little physical astronomy, and a little metaphysics. The two former come out better in the notes, and may wait till we recur to them there. As for the metaphysics:—

There is no time; what seems so is ideal,
Mere shadow of events that come and go.

This is a paradox, and seems to us,
Whose minds are finite, an absurdity.

Some pages further on we learn that the custom of nailing horse-shoes on thresholds "shows a deep knowledge of electricity in our Pagan sires." As at this point we have to make an extract of eighteen lines, it will save a little space and afford a wholesome exercise to our readers if we leave them to make out Mr. Molony's blank verse for themselves:—

They tell us also spirits never cross the water: this is a superstition based on the same principle; this fluid being a great attractor of the electric fire. The parable about the unclean spirit that walketh through dry places seeking rest—that is to say, through places without water, such being the true translation of the Greek—doubtless refers to a like superstition. So strongly were our Saxon ancestors given to such absurd credulities, that they passed a law inflicting penalties on any bishop, who, administering the holy sacrament, should be so drunk as to allow it to drop into the fire, or into a river—fire and water being of light the absorbing agents. Many more such superstitions could I here relate.

The scrupulous refinement of Mr. Molony's Greek scholarship has perhaps made him a little too severe on the translators of the Authorized Version. It is not given to every one to understand the importance of distinguishing accurately between dry places and places without water. Of course for some purposes dry does not mean without water, any more than bald means without hair; as, for instance, when we apply the epithets dry and bald to certain collections of words so put together that they appear to be intended for blank verse. The next piece that calls for attention is a didactic one on the "Decay and Fall of Empires," written as near as Mr. Molony can make it in the proper didactic manner:—

Say, Muse! such is the question I propose,
And may thy help the true reply disclose—
Say, Muse! why nations of the mightiest sway
Decline and fall—how comes this sad decay?

We naturally find a telescope described as an "optic tube" and a "searching glass"; a great many lines beginning with *What, Why, Perhaps, and Perchance* (of these last there is a whole page); and a panegyric on something which "here at the plough exhilarates a Burns. . . here fills a Franklin's soul with musings deep, there a (thiotte *sic*) midst his browsing sheep," and after performing divers other feats *here and there*, "inspires a Newton in an apple's fall." But as these fragmentary specimens may not give a just notion of the poem, we must cite as a further example the description of the Chinese Empire:—

Behold the empire of the strange Chinese!
Much to attract, but little still to please—
The doctrines of Confucius, great and sage,
May throw some lustre upon history's page;—
The industrious habits of the people, too,
Present a striking and most pleasant view;
But China, like her neighbour, bears the seeds
Whose fulsome harvest is a crop of weeds:
By factions torn, to ruinous ill a prey,
Her powers collapse, and hasten to decay!

Presently we come to a long story in verse on the Irish famine, which marks the influence of the "sweet bard" on Mr. Molony by closely imitating the metre and manner of *Hiawatha*. The scene is in a village where Catholic priest and Protestant parson live together in wonderful amity:—

Often times along the margin
Of the darkly-shining river
Would these friends be seen together,
Walking, arm-in-arm, together—
Link'd in friendship as in person—
Link'd in mind and soul together—
Never were a nobler couple
In relation to each other
Than this goodly priest and parson
Walking thus in sweet communion,
In the course of conversation,
They would talk of bards and sophists—
Of the lights of olden ages—

Likewise in their social rambles
Would they talk of bards and sophists
Who have lived in later ages—
Of Erigena, the world-famed—
Galileo, and Copernic—
Bacon, Locke, and glorious Newton—
Kepler, Arago, and Herschel—
Cuvier, Franklin, and Linnaeus—
Milton and the bard of Avon.

We also hear that "their walks were full of pleasure" because they always remembered to look at pebbles, insects, and flowers; but the pleasure they had in star-gazing takes a stanza to itself:—

But if such these good men's feelings—
If such were their inclinations
In the humble paths of Nature,
In the commons of kind Nature—
How supremely grand their feelings,
How sublime their inclinations,
When their lofty thoughts would wander
Through the spangled vault of heaven
To the peopled orbs of glory!

* *The Magic Mirror, and other Poems.* By Henry Molony. Published for the Author by Cameron & Ferguson, Glasgow and London. 1874.

Further on we come to a panegyric in blank verse on Milton, to whom Mr. Molony exclaims, "Methinks that all the minds of gifted men, combined and for that purpose brought together, could not produce a mind to equal thine." Three pages more, and Mr. Molony competes with Milton in describing Adam and Eve in Paradise. The piece is given as from an unfinished poem, so that possibly Mr. Molony is preparing to compete with the whole of *Paradise Lost*. Presently he goes to see Tintern Abbey, and his reflections on it culminate in the following stanza:—

Methinks some magic fay hath call'd
Thy fabric with her wand,
And form'd thee thus, O Ruin bald!
Majestically grand!

There is another poem of considerable size which is dramatic, and in three acts; it is about a painter who killed his wife and was duly convicted, but (in an epilogue) "freed, by clemency of the Crown, from th' ignominious end." We have not quite succeeded in discovering for what style this is meant. There is much lyrical dialogue of good and evil spirits; in fact, on a cursory view, we should say the spirits talked as much as the men and women; but there are several distinct sources from which this machinery may have been taken, and we cannot find anything to guide our conjectures to any particular model.

This may suffice for the English poetry of the volume. But as Mr. Molony's ambition is not confined to one style, so it is not confined to one dialect or one language. There is one ballad in a kind of mis-spelt jargon which is meant for old English, and there are several in something which is meant for Scotch. But we must pass over these for the sake of Mr. Molony's French, which affords a really curious study. We are inclined to doubt whether "all the minds of gifted men, combined and for that purpose brought together," could have produced in sport anything to equal that which Mr. Molony has produced in sad earnest. The first quatrain in the series of French poems will do as well as any to begin with:—

Séjour de délices, séjour de mon enfance,
Enfin je revois ton ciel si serein,
Mais dans ton encante est une autre engeance—
Un monde étranger se niche dans ton sein!

It strikes one instantly that this is not French verse, nor anything like French verse. The next thing is to find out what it is; on what plan it is in fact constructed, and how it appears to the author to be verse. This, though not quite so obvious, comes out on a little consideration. Fortunately Mr. Molony has put the matter beyond all doubt by printing one poem in two recensions, the first as he wrote it, the second "as altered by an eminent French poet," who has altered it in the manner and to the extent that an Eton master alters a boy's Latin—that is, so as just to make it scan and construe. Here is a specimen of the work as turned out—may we say in Eton phrase in the "foul copy" ?—by Mr. Molony, and afterwards in the "fair copy" by the French poet.

The original:—

Le temps coule, mes amis! l'instant de la vie
Est d'une vue circonscrite de bien et de mal;
Le passé est le songe d'une nuit d'insomnie
Et le futur est l'ombre d'un destin égal.

As corrected:—

Mes amis, le temps coule et l'instant de la vie
Est un rayon borne par le bien et le mal;
Le passé, songe amer, une nuit d'insomnie,
L'avenir est son ombre, en tous maux son égal!

This shows conclusively, first, that Mr. Molony's lines are meant for the regular French Alexandrine; and, secondly, that he does not see the point of the corrections, as otherwise he would hardly have printed his own first copy. The key to this metrical puzzle is now tolerably plain. Mr. Molony simply does not know the difference between English and French prosody; he thinks an *e* mute in French is the same thing as a silent *e* in English, and is in the same case with the gentleman who some time ago wrote indignantly to the *Times* to ask what the telegraph clerks meant by charging for *impératrice* as five syllables. The way to reproduce the effect of French verse on Mr. Molony is therefore to drop all the mute *e*'s and read with a strong English intonation. The French Alexandrine is thus transformed into a lilting English ballad metre, and Mr. Molony's stanza scans (to him) in this fashion:—

Le temps coull' | mes amis | l'instant | de la vi'
Est d'un' | vû' | circonscrit' | de bien | et de mal'
Le passé | est le song' | d'un' nuit | d'insomnie'
Et le fu | tur est l'omb'—(or om' | bro?) d'un dés | tin égal.

(The accents here of course mark the metrical beat, and we have suppressed the French acute accent where it occurs in order to avoid confusion.) Any one who will now take the trouble to read the corrected stanza in the same way—

Mes amis | le temps coule | et l'instant | de la vie—

and so on, will easily see that on this plan the metrical effect of the two is undistinguishable. We have actually thirty pages of these compositions, and towards the end of them the author innocently remarks:—

D'ailleurs, en effet,
Le Français n'est pas mon fait;
Ma patrie est l'Irlande,
Et de "Shamrock" ma guirlande.
Je ne songe pas, mes amis,
D'y ajouter "Fleur-de-Lys."

The use of the French language, at least in verse, certainly does not seem to be Mr. Molony's calling. We have seen only one thing to match these performances, and that was an English poem

written by a German innkeeper who seemed to have learnt the language through the medium of French. Instead of thinking with Mr. Molony that French prosody is the same as English, he took English prosody to be the same as French, so that he duly counted ten syllables in each of his lines, but left the distribution of accent to take care of itself, allowing the accentual stress of each word, which indeed for him had no existence, to fall in any part of the line at random.

It only remains to give some specimens of the miscellaneous themes which have not been discarded from Mr. Molony's notes. The notes treat of divers things, as of politics:—

I saw another man, &c.—P. 38.

Though I cannot help pitying Louis Napoleon in his adversity, yet there was undoubtedly much in his character to call for animadversion.

Of philosophy:—

Are not our eyes the suns to light our bodies—
Our minds the inward suns to light our souls.—P. 50.

Many philosophers have confounded the mind and soul together, considering them as identical.

Although there can be no doubt of their intimate connexion, yet I believe them to be different essences. The Romans appear to have made a distinction between them, calling the mind "animus," and the soul "anima," thereby giving to the one a masculine and to the other a feminine designation, and from the conjunction of both proceeds "ingenium," the innate principle "reason."

Of science:—

There can be no better proof of the circulation of the blood by electricity than the fact that the application of a piece of iron down the back stops spontaneous hemorrhage from the nose, the attraction of the iron arresting for the time the electric fluid. The principle may be exemplified by making water drop through a small capillary syphon, which the moment it is electrified runs in a full stream.

By such means
Has the old orbit of the Earth been changed,
Her greater weight having drawn her from the Sun,
So that those lands where once was torrid heat
Are now submerged by constant ice and snow.—P. 54.

It may be objected to this theory, that though the matter which constitutes our globe has undergone many changes, yet that there has been no actual increase of matter, and that its specific gravity consequently remains the same. To this I reply, that our globe was once covered with water (as is evident from the researches of the geologist), that all bodies are light or heavy according to the quantity of the electric fluid which they possess; that the bulk of water having been much larger formerly than it is at present, the electric nature of the water caused our globe to have a levity such as it has not at present, nor has had probably for many thousands of years.

The science is further supported by etymology; the French *feu*, substantive (= *focus*) and *feu*, adjective (*feu*=*fau*=*fatutus*), being in Mr. Molony's eyes the same word:—

Let us look, for instance, at the French word *feu*—fire—in the common idiom, "feu Monsieur —," "feu Madame —," &c., "the late Mr. —," "the late Mrs. —," &c. Now the word *feu*, as used in these and similar expressions, originally meant "in the spirit," or as "me," with which element, or, properly to speak, "light" or the "electric fluid," the ancients confounded and identified the soul, and therefore, also, the ghost or spirit of the departed.

In one place Mr. Molony exclaims:—

My pretty Muse! why dost thou haunt me so?
Why dost thou fill my bosom with such pain?
How often have I said that thou shouldst go!
How often have I vowed, but vowed in vain!

Why the Muse should so haunt Mr. Molony is of a truth one of those questions that are sooner asked than answered, and we agree with him that she uses him very hardly. The book, we observe, is published "for the author." It would seem, therefore, that so far *non concessere columnas*; but we hope we have shown that it would be at least misleading to speak of Mr. Molony as a middling poet.

LINDSAY'S HISTORY OF MERCHANT SHIPPING.*

UNTIL now no attempt has been made to write the history of shipping and of navigation upon anything like the scale upon which it has been undertaken by Mr. W. S. Lindsay. The two ample volumes which he has just published form, we are given to understand, only an instalment of the full and exhaustive work which he has set himself to write. Reserving for the two future volumes a narrative of the more important events and changes which have taken place in his own time with regard to the constructive arts and the legal or commercial interests connected with the sea, he has brought down to this point a comprehensive history of the art of building ships and the growth of maritime enterprise from the earliest periods to which the records of the past can be traced. Blending with his own practical knowledge of the subject the results supplied by the learning of well-read friends, among whom Mr. Vaux and Sir Patrick Colquhoun are particularly mentioned, he has brought together a mass of valuable material which has hitherto been widely scattered, and accessible only with difficulty, as well as much sensible criticism upon disputed points of fact or inference. The early years of his life spent abroad have qualified him to correct many an error into which men of reading have been betrayed by the lack of what experience alone can supply. His anxiety to treat his subject with absolute completeness is, in fact, rather oppressive, for he even carries his thoughts back

* *History of Merchant Shipping and Commerce.* By W. S. Lindsay. In 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. With numerous illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

to the primary idea of flotation, from our first parents having noticed leaves or branches of trees floating in the river which went out of Eden to water the Garden. From speculations of this kind it is some relief when he passes to the Deluge, though there is nothing more than common-place in his treatment of the Ark, nor does he venture upon any critical use of the light thrown upon the tradition of the Flood by the recently discovered Assyrian record. Familiar as Mr. Lindsay seems to have made himself with the ordinary sources of Oriental and classic lore, including the researches of Continental scholars like Berghaus and Jal, he has scarcely gone at adequate length or depth into the history of navigation in its scientific aspect. Of the instruments in use from the earliest to quite modern times he takes but the slightest notice. Of the use of the compass, whether among the Chinese or any other race before the twelfth century of our era, he is rightly, we believe, incredulous. But the sole instrumental aid to navigation of which he takes occasion to speak is the gnomon, for measuring latitude by the sun's shadow. He does indeed quote from Sir John Chardin the use of the forestaff and quadrant by native pilots in the Indian and Persian seas; but he is strangely silent as to the astrolabe, an instrument which may be traced to early Eastern and Greek antiquity, and which is invested with special interest to Englishmen by Chaucer's curious treatise, the earliest work of science in our language. As a whole, however, it is impossible to speak too highly of the industry which Mr. Lindsay has bestowed upon the collection of his materials, or of the judgment he has shown in the decision of doubtful questions.

There can be little doubt that the chief commercial routes were at the earliest periods overland. Including as he does the history of commerce at large, Mr. Lindsay extends his researches to the traces of land intercourse between the nations of Europe and both Asia and Africa, especially the great caravan routes by which East and West interchanged their varied produce. Long previously to anything like authentic history, there are traces of this intercommunication. In implements of the Bronze period, for example, the presence of tin has been thought to point to an intercourse as far East as Baku, in the Straits of Sumatra, where the ore is found in abundance, as well as in the British Isles, though these may have formed its principal source. The Sanskrit word for tin, *Kastira*, so like *castoreum*, which has no equivalent in either the Semitic or the Greek family of languages, may be taken as some proof of the knowledge of the metal having passed, carrying the name with it, from East to West. It is in connexion with this metal, moreover, that the earliest traffic by sea is to be traced; the enterprise of the Phœnicians leading them along the coasts of the Mediterranean to Spain and the Isles of Britain. Theirs were the first regular colonies or depôts of shipping, and by them were the more useful of the less conventionally precious metals of Western Europe, both copper and tin, brought to minister to the luxury of the East. Mr. Lindsay's carefully prepared map shows at a glance the leading routes by sea and land which the earliest authentic notices make it possible to lay down. Indian and Chinese records render it probable that long before the dawn of Greek literature, possibly prior to the Mosaic records, the products of those regions found their way by more than one path over the lofty passes and steppes or burning deserts to the markets where Africa and Europe, as well as Western Asia, were prepared to barter their wares. Gold and silver, precious stones, spices, and, above all, perfumes in what seem fabulous bulk, ministered to the vanity, the luxury, or the religious pomp of Nineveh, Babylon, and Thebes, or of the courts and temples of Hebrew and Syrian kings. What we read of Joseph's boyhood bespeaks the existence of an itinerant traffic of this kind, which is instanced later on by the spoils of the Midianites captured by Hideon. At the most flourishing period of this interchange of merchandise, five principal caravan routes may be said to have divided the traffic of Arabia, the coasts of the Levant, and Northern Africa. By the first of these Egypt and Palestine interchanged their wealth. The second extended from the coast of Syria, including the trade of Phœnicia with Babylon and Assyria, through the plains of Mesopotamia to the North, and along the shores of the Red Sea to the South. The third traversed Asia Minor to the North; and the fourth route lay through Africa, with Thebes as its centre and the Nile and ports of the Red Sea as its outlets. In later times Petra and Palmyra became important entrepôts for the immense trade of Yemen, and the then fertile tract between the Arabian and Persian Gulfs which were not long to remain "Ilappy." The seasons for the arrival and departure of these caravans, the arrangements for their sustenance and safety, the skilful equipment of the camels and other beasts of burden, with the rate of travel and modes of disposing of the multitudinous merchandise, will be found set out in detail in Mr. Lindsay's earlier pages.

It was not, there is reason to believe, till the knowledge of the monsoons was reduced to a system by Hippalus, in the reign of Claudius, that long and regular voyages across the Eastern seas became practicable for mariners, who had previously been restricted to coasting the continents, or making short stretches from island to island. But long ere this authentic reports are in our hands of expeditions and ventures by sea which bespeak the skill and daring of the early mariners of Greece, Phœnicia, and the far East. To the voyage of Nearchus, the most systematic and complete of these narratives, our author has given fresh interest by telling how he, when a young commander, took his ship closely along the track of Alexander's captain, verifying his

account of the intricacies of the navigation between the mouths of the Indus and the head of the Persian Gulf, having repeatedly to anchor, like his Greek predecessor, through the night. It is true that it took Nearchus five months to do what a sailing-vessel of modern times can do easily in three weeks, and a steamer in far less time. And in this contrast lies the significance of well nigh the whole revolution in the art of navigation which it is Mr. Lindsay's object to narrate. The history of that art is the history of science, and the value of this book consists in the able sketch the writer has given of the successive steps by which the construction of vessels and the art of guiding and impelling them have advanced from their rudest beginnings to their most recent stage. His practical experience of both teaches him to speak, not only with respect, but with admiration, of what was done by the builders and navigators of centuries long anterior to our own. He goes the full length of belief in the substantial truth at least of the reported wonders of the Ptolemies and of Hiero in naval architecture. The race whose remote ancestors built the Pyramids and the Labyrinth may well have launched the ship described by Athenæus, from Callixenes the Alexandrian—two hundred and eighty cubits long, carrying three thousand sailors, besides a host of fighting-men between decks, and impelled by four thousand rowers, although her depth was more probably eight-and-twenty than eight-and-forty cubits, as the story has it. According to Plutarch this ship, like the *Thalamegus*, another floating monster of the Ptolemies, more gorgeous and luxurious in fittings, was a mere huge barge moored in the Nile or some great lake or canal for purposes of show or pleasure. The great war ships of Demetrius were however, he remarks, really of service, and Hiero's great ship, for which trees enough were cut from Mount Etna to have built sixty triremes, which had twenty banks of oars, and carried a freight of sixty thousand measures of corn, ten thousand jars of Sicilian saltfish, twenty thousand talents weight of wool, and as much of miscellaneous cargo besides, may have been able, Mr. Lindsay believes, to make voyages in perfect safety both to Greece and Alexandria. To the construction of these, and of the manifold other forms of shipping spoken of by early writers, he has given patient study, carefully working out the mechanical problems involved in framing, equipping, and, above all, in propelling them. Great ingenuity is shown in his chapter upon the management and working of the oars in galleys of many banks. No vessel had, he considers, more than five horizontal rows, all galleys above the quinqueme being rated by counting their oars obliquely. Thus is explained Ptolemy's tesseractemer, in which the oars amounted to four hundred on the uppermost tier, with fourteen rowers to each, the number diminishing to six rowers on the lowest deck. The length of the upper oars was, according to Athenæus, not less than fifty-seven feet, and they required to have lead sunk into the handles by way of counterweight. The oarsmen, on the upper tiers at least, would probably walk one or two steps forward, and thus throw themselves with the greater impetus back into their seats at every stroke. That music or the beat of the drum was frequently used to keep the oarsmen in time is expressly stated by many writers. No great difference in principle is to be traced in the Venetian, Genoese, and other row-galleys, or in those in the service of our own sovereigns down to the great constructive change in the English navy under Henry VIII. The early prowess of England upon the sea, long before the Norman invasion, and its gradual development under succeeding reigns, is minutely drawn out by Mr. Lindsay, whose descriptions are aided by woodcuts such as that of the galley "Subtile" from the Roll of the King's Gallies, 1546, and the famous "Harry Grace à Dieu," which, however, had been beforehand outdone by the "Great Michael" fitted out under James IV. of Scotland, but afterwards sold to the King of France. This last is described by Lindsay of Pittscottie as 240 feet in length, employing all the wrights in Scotland, and using up all the oaks of Fife, save Falkland, carrying 300 marines, six score gunners, and 1,000 men of war; her cost, besides that of her artillery, being 30,000*l.* The impules given to English shipping under Elizabeth, and the exploits both of traders and freebooters, as well as the gallant efforts for the defence of the realm, receive, we need scarcely say, due justice at our author's hands, and he has availed himself of State papers and other original data in addition to the published materials. Not less full or careful is his narrative of the great Genoese, Venetian, and Portuguese discoveries of the fifteenth century, though the subject is not so open to fresh or original treatment.

To ordinary readers perhaps the most novel and striking part of Mr. Lindsay's book will be that in which he refers to the origin of England's first Shipping Code, the germ of that legislation which has of late years grown to such portentous dimensions and assumed such embarrassing intricacy. It was no doubt to the exigencies of the large and widespread enterprise thrown open for the first time by the Crusades that this primitive body of regulations owed its formal introduction. By the earlier school of antiquaries, like Selden and Coke, they have been deemed of English origin and due to Richard I. The learned work of M. Pardessus has more recently shown that they were based upon more ancient enactments, in part upon the so-called Rhodian laws, but that in the main they belonged to the ancient French code known as the "*Rôles or Jugemens d'Oléron*." Sir Harris Nicolas, relying upon Brompton, Hoveden, and others, states that Richard drew up at Chinon, on his way to Marseilles, these earliest Articles of War. A memorandum of 12 Edw. III. (A.D. 1284), quoted by Sir Travers Twiss in his edition of the *Black-Book of the Admiralty*, asserts that these laws, the last ten

articles of the Rôles, "were by the Lord Richard, formerly King of England, on his return from the Holy Land, corrected, interpreted, and declared, and were published in the island of Oleron, and were named in the French tongue (Gallica lingua) 'La Ley Olyroun.'" There is no evidence that Richard himself ever went to Oleron. In his appendix Mr. Lindsay cites from the Harleian MSS. six Ordinances of King Richard (A.D. 1192) concerning (1, 2) "Sleigers of men on shipboard and on land," (3) Brauling, (4) The punishment for blood-dwraing, (5) Revilers, (6) "Theft and Pickerry," corresponding to some extent with articles of the Code, which are in all forty-seven. The enactments of the Code refer to the duties of master and seamen, to salvage and averages, to demurrage, bottomry, flotsam and jetsam, to the fisheries, and in particular to wrecking and piracy, against which the severest penalties are laid down. The lord of any place who permits and assists in such villainies is to have all his goods confiscated and sold for the benefit of the injured parties, and himself to be fastened to a post in the midst of his own mansion-house, "which being fired at the four corners, all shall be burned together; the walls thereof shall be demolished, the stones pulled down, and the place converted into a market-place for the sale of hogs and swine only, to all posterity." Bishops and prelates participating in such crimes were to be deprived of their benefices. At a later period the merchants of Wisby, in the island of Gothland, framed their laws upon the Oleron Code, which became the recognized rule for deciding all maritime controversies, not only among the Hanse Towns, but among all nations in the Baltic. The frightful increase of piracy during the long contest between Henry III. and his nobles called forth stringent measures, and for the first time a Lord High Admiral, by name Topham, was appointed. Liverpool about that time became known as a place of maritime trade. English adventurers, long known as the "merchants of the staples of England," first opened trading establishments in the Netherlands and elsewhere abroad, the formation of the Hanseatic League (A.D. 1241) adding much to the commercial advance of Henry's reign. The freedom of the wool trade and the opening up of the Newcastle coal-fields for export abroad marked the reign of Edward III., by whom a roll of the English fleet was for the first time prepared, on the occasion of the attack on Calais, the ships previously employed, and even at this time, having been mainly vessels of commerce supplied by the different trading ports. The fleet fitted out by Henry V. at immense cost for the invasion of France, regardless of the remonstrances of Parliament, was a great advance upon previous armaments. The wisdom of England in keeping up the command of the Channel, seldom more strikingly vindicated, is asserted in the curious contemporary poem the "Dominion of the Sea, or Libel of English Policy," printed by Hakluyt, with extracts from which our author enlivens his page. It was about 1416 that the formal claim to lordship over the sea was put forth by the Commons, though as far back as the reign of King John the penalty of forfeiture was entailed upon every vessel that would not strike or veil her "bonnet" to a king's ship in token of sovereignty. Side by side with the warlike prowess of the nation went on the spirit of commerce and discovery. The advantages derived from intercourse with foreign countries were best seen by the merchants of England, and in time became the foundation of much of her prosperity and greatness. Our author's sympathy with liberal measures makes it a pleasure to him to trace the progress of her maritime greatness in proportion as her legislation advanced in enlightenment and width. Coming down to later times, he can dilate with pride on the repeal of the restrictive laws on navigation, with the result which he had throughout anticipated, of an unexampled expansion of British shipping and commerce. Nor has he less satisfaction in pointing to what has been done both by public enactment and private spirit to promote the safety and well-being of the seaman. As an owner of shipping on no small scale, he might say much of what he himself has done to grievances such as he himself experienced as an apprentice. No historian of seafaring matters from our day forward will, we may be sure, have to draw a picture of life between decks such as Mr. Lindsay found it fifty years ago. It is with good right that he has undertaken the task of chronicling the maritime and commercial greatness of his country.

CICELY.*

"AS long," says the author in the motto to this novel, "as Love continues the most imperious passion, and Death the surest fact of our mingled and marvellous humanity, so long will the sweetest and truest music upon earth be ever in the minor key." There would be more truth in this if it generally happened that the certainty of death and the power of love affected us in all their force at the same period of our life. To the lover sighing like a furnace many things seem far surer than that

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history.

When all the world is young to us, though we acknowledge as our major proposition that all men must die, yet we are slow in fitting that major with its proper minor, that we too are men. If a man is young and healthy, and as yet ignorant of the fact that he has to digest as well as to eat his food, though he will be ready enough

before long to acknowledge, if he does not indeed already acknowledge, that love is the most imperious passion, yet he will not find his pleasure in music in the minor key. The author might indeed bring in proof of her statement the melancholy of the lover's lute. We should in that case be curious to know if the melancholy of the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe depends also on the power of love and the certainty of death. Music in the minor key may at the present time, for all we know, be held the sweetest and truest. But the day has been in the world's history when lovers were not so sad as either a gib cat, or a lugged bear, or an old lion. We ourselves, though Plancius's consulship is long since past, still like a good old-fashioned love-story, where there were cruel fathers and other difficulties enough, but no one thought of dying except some rich old bachelor uncle, whose fortune, left to his nephew or his niece as the case might be, made all things straight. The surest fact of our humanity is, we should have said, that we are alive. Should any novelist come to trouble our idle hours with death, we would say, with a slight change in Mistress Quickly's words, We hope there is no need to trouble ourselves with any such thoughts yet.

Miss Ennis Graham—we think we can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the story before us is written by a woman—is happily not so melancholy in her story as in her motto. The right people do in the end marry, though if they had done so half a volume sooner it would have been better both for them and the reader. The story is fairly interesting as stories go. Had it been a good deal shorter it would have been still more interesting. Cicely, the heroine, when the story opens, is engaged to her cousin Trevor Fawcett. The reader has no expectation, however, that the marriage will ever come about; for in the first place the hero is a young doctor, Mr. Guildford, and he must of course, both as a hero and still more as a doctor, marry some one, and in the next place, quite at the beginning of the story, Mr. Fawcett, in driving at a great pace a pair of horses in a French watering-place, knocks over a beautiful young lady. This young lady, Geneviève Casalis, by one of those strange coincidences in which novelists delight, turns out to be Cicely's cousin. It would, we think, save a great deal of trouble, whenever it happens that an unmarried gentleman of fortune, in driving rapidly round a corner, upsets a pretty girl, if he were either to kill her off on the spot, or else were at once to recognize the decree of fate, and offer to marry her as soon as the doctors have set her on her feet again. Mr. Fawcett does neither one thing nor the other, and in consequence has nearly three volumes of trouble to go through. He scarcely indeed makes the acquaintance of Geneviève at the time, and leaves for England altogether ignorant that she is related to Cicely. The magnificence of his appearance had made, however, a great impression on Geneviève, and "she was quite satisfied that he was already over head and ears in love with her." Before long she has an invitation to visit her English cousins, and starts off for Methven Abbey. Much about the same time that Mr. Fawcett introduces himself to Geneviève by running over her, Mr. Guildford first meets Cicely at the deathbed of her little nephew. It would be a curious speculation which of the two gentlemen of the story has the greater advantage in his first introduction to the lady whom he is afterwards to marry. Geneviève, during the first weeks of her stay at the Abbey, is not informed of her cousin's engagement. Unless she was to be represented as thoroughly bad, it was necessary that she should look upon Fawcett as unengaged. Nevertheless, the author in this part of her story finds herself a good deal perplexed, for it was contrary to all probability that the engagement should have been concealed. When at last an explanation is given, all that Cicely can say is as follows:—

"I thought you would more readily feel at ease with me if you did not know that I was going to be married. I seem older than I am, and I fancied anything of that kind would have made you feel as if I were very much older than you. That was my only reason for not telling you. And besides, there seemed no particular reason for speaking of it immediately—at that time I had no idea that I should be married for a year or two years to come."

Geneviève, knowing then nothing of the engagement, and naturally enough thinking that a man who had almost driven over her must be in love with her, looks forward to an early marriage with this rich English gentleman. Fawcett, who is a weak, good-natured fool, meaning all the while to be faithful to Cicely, pays nevertheless far too much attention to her cousin. To keep the balance true, the doctor on his side should have been courting Cicely; but he, unfortunately, had started in life with the theory that "the grandest women make splendid friends. Women's influence," he was ready to admit one day in speaking to Cicely, "has certainly done all you say, but it has seldom been the influence of wives." Geneviève does, indeed, at last learn of the engagement, to her great indignation and despair. No one, however, has any suspicion of her attachment to Fawcett. A grand bull is given, and there, as Cicely, dispirited with her lover's neglect, sits in the conservatory, she overhears a conversation between him and Geneviève which shows her that she is loved no longer. She returns home to find that her father has died of a fit, and died a ruined man. At the same time Mr. Guildford, who had come to entertain less philosophical views about women, had left the neighbourhood in the full belief that Cicely was before long to be married to Fawcett. He went off to India, and was not heard of again for a long time. Never was heroine in a more pitiable condition—her father dead, her mother not far from death, the family estate to be sold, her lover faithless, her cousin treacherous, and the young doctor, who alone would have been worthy of her, gone

* *Cicely: a Story of Three Years.* By Ennis Graham, Author of "She was Young and He was Old," "Not without Thorns," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

off no one knew where. Sir Thomas Fawcett, Trevor's father, when he hears that his old friend Colonel Methvyn had died a ruined man, is only the more eager that his son should marry his daughter. His only fear is lest she, in the pride of poverty, should now refuse to marry him:—

"You may take my word for it, Trevor, if things are as bad as I fear, Cicely will be proposing to break off with you."

Mr. Fawcett had risen from his seat, and was tramping up and down the room. He did not wish his father to see how exceedingly he was startled by this fresh view of matters. Cicely to give him up! And why? Because she was no longer rich, could no longer bring Greystone as her dowry—Cicely, his dear old friend and playmate, his promised wife—could he accept such a release? Cicely rich, he had come to think, or, to fancy he thought, that she did not care for him, that she was cold and indifferent, that she would be glad to break with him—he had excused his own weakness and folly by such specious arguments, and had tried to think he believed them. But Cicely poor!

"No," he said to himself, "if this is true, not all the Genevièves on earth should persuade me to give her up. Was there ever in this world such a fool as I have been? But still, if this is true, my course is clear."

Cicely of course refuses to have him, and reproaches him not so much with his treachery towards her as towards Geneviève, whom he would now desert. She insists that he shall marry her cousin, and herself brings about the match. If only that unlucky philosophical doctor had not started off for India, he might, after a decent time of mourning, have had a chance of testing his theories about splendid friends and the influence of wives. Unhappily for him, the necessities of the third volume required his absence. He reads "in some fashionable record of 'arrivals in town' the names of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett from Burnstay Castle," and at once jumps to the conclusion that Mrs. Fawcett is Cicely. The long period which he consequently had of unwedded life was perhaps a fitting punishment for wasting his time in reading the *Morning Post*.

Meanwhile the death of Mrs. Methvyn affords the author an opportunity of once more delighting the reader with music in the minor key. Cicely goes off to France to visit her cousins at the watering-place where the pair of horses worked her so much mischief. There it so happened, by a second, and this time a blessed, coincidence, that Guildford came to recruit his health after his stay in India. He was being nursed by his older sister, a widow. The reader does not see very much of her. She is nevertheless one of the best drawn characters in the book. Early in the story she was arguing against her brother's resolution not to marry and his theories about friendship. He had maintained, on the authority "of a very wise person," that we should descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend:—

"It's a very nasty, mean, spiteful saying, whoever said it," said Bessie wrathfully. "It's just that men are so jealous that they can't bear their wives to be thought more of than themselves. Who said it, Edmund?" she went on looking rather frightened as an idea struck her. "It wasn't Solomon, it isn't in the Bible, is it?"

There is a happy touch of humour in the stroke about Solomon and the fear that she may have unawares been condemning something that is in the Bible. By the time, however, that we have now reached in the narrative there was no fear that the authority of Solomon should be invoked against matrimony. Guildford was willing enough to marry, but the end of the third volume was still, we suppose, too far distant. He takes it into his head that Cicely prefers a certain parson, and leaves for England without speaking out. In fact, he would never have got married at all had not her sister turned up from India. She, being a woman who cared, we should imagine, very little for music in the minor key, convinced no doubt that the surest fact of our mingled and marvellous humanity is a comfortable match, seeing, too, how the land lay, quickly brought the hero and the heroine to an understanding. Guildford owns that his theories were all wrong, and ends by saying:—

"Yes, I understand it now:

'Sole spark from God's life at strife,
With death, so, sure of range above
The limits here.'"

We should understand him all the better if in his quotation the stops had not been sprinkled about as if from a pepper-box.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A FEW months ago we noticed the first volume of the *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, sixth President of the United States. We have now to invite attention to the second volume*, comprising Mr. Adams's diary while representing his country at the Court of St. Petersburg and negotiating the treaty that ended the war of 1812 between England and America. On the 5th of August, 1809, Mr. Adams set sail from Boston in a private sailing vessel belonging to that port on a voyage direct to the Russian capital. Nothing of interest happened until he entered the Sound, but there he had an experience of that annoyance of which the United States were then so loudly complaining, and which ultimately led to the war of 1812. England and Denmark, it will be remembered, were at war, and British ships were in consequence closely blockading the Danish coasts. When Mr. Adams entered the Sound, he was brought to by two men-of-war, his vessel was boarded

by an English captain, and the crew mustered on deck for the officer's inspection. The appearance of one of the sailors, as it happened, did not correspond with his description in the ship's papers, and the captain consequently threatened to carry him off to serve on board his own vessel. However, he did not execute his threat. But as the men-of-war had strict orders to allow no vessel to pass through the Sound, the officers felt themselves in a difficulty regarding Mr. Adams, whose diplomatic character entitled him to special consideration. The matter was referred to the decision of the Admiral, and by him the American Minister was suffered to proceed on his pledging himself not voluntarily to enter a Danish port. But there was danger that the Danes might seize the ship for having intercourse with the blockading squadron. On the contrary, they behaved with much civility, allowed Mr. Adams and his party to land, and visit Copenhagen, which he found suffering severely from the effects of the blockade. At length, after a tempestuous and dangerous voyage of seventy-five days, the first envoy ever accredited by the United States to the Court of St. Petersburg reached his destination in safety. He was received with marked favour by the Czar, and in one of his first interviews with Count Romanzoff, the Imperial Chancellor, the Count with undiplomatic frankness let out the secret of the gratification of the Russian Court at the appointment of a regular resident Minister by the United States. After much conversation of no special interest, Count Romanzoff stated "that the English exclusive maritime pretensions, and views of usurpation upon the rights of other nations, made it essential to them, and especially to Russia, that some great commercial State should be supported as their rival, that the United States of America were such a State, and the highest interest of Russia was to support and favour them, as by their relative situation the two Powers could never be in any manner dangerous to each other." We have quoted this passage in full as throwing light on the origin and motives of the strange friendship which has since subsisted between Russia and the United States. At the time Mr. Adams reached St. Petersburg France was at the zenith of her power, and it was the policy of the Russian Court to affect great zeal for the closest possible alliance with Napoleon. Hence every opportunity was taken to pay court to his representative. Mr. Adams records several striking instances of the homage rendered to Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, then Ambassador of France at the Court of St. Petersburg. For example, at a Court ball given in honour of the Czar's birthday, we are told that much anxiety was felt by the other Ministers to ascertain whether the Empress and the Grand Duchess Ann would dance with the Austrian Ambassador. "They did not. They danced only with the French Ambassador, and he only sits at the Imperial table at supper." Again, at a dinner given by the Austrian Minister in honour of his master's birthday, the Emperor Francis's health was drunk in champagne, the company all rising from table. Before sitting down, Count Romanzoff, the Imperial Chancellor of Russia, addressing himself, across his host, to the Ambassador of France, drank to the health of his master. Mr. Adams observes upon this that the dinner was given solely in honour of the Emperor Francis, and that, at a similar dinner at the French Ambassador's, Count Romanzoff would never think of toasting the Austrian sovereign. But the alliance between the two Courts was now drawing to a close. Soon rumours began to spread of differences and disputes, and after a while Count Romanzoff himself spoke freely of the danger of war. On one occasion he related to Mr. Adams a highly characteristic anecdote of Napoleon which we do not remember to have before seen in print:—"The Count shook his head, and said, 'No; it is impossible. Tranquillity is not in his nature. I can tell you in confidence that he once told me so himself. I was speaking to him about Spain and Portugal, and he said to me 'I must always be going. After the Peace of Tilsit, where could I go but to Spain? I went to Spain because I could not go anywhere else.' And this," said the Count, "was all that he had to say in justification of his having gone into Spain and Portugal." But although on this and some few other occasions Count Romanzoff spoke freely to him, Mr. Adams, upon the whole, seems to have been singularly ill informed of what was going on around him. Not only was he extremely ignorant regarding the disputes that led to the invasion of Russia, but even respecting the events of the invasion itself he obtained no precise knowledge. The truth is that, in accordance with the settled but mistaken policy of the American Government, his allowances were so small as to prevent him from being able to obtain valuable information. Indeed so meagre was his salary that he was not in a position to follow the example of the other Ministers, and leave St. Petersburg for a part of the year. On one occasion the Czar, in his daily constitutional walk, having met the American historian, asked him plainly why he remained in the city; was it because of the narrowness of his means? Mr. Adams frankly answered "Yes." Upon which the Czar commended him for his prudent thrift. But if a diplomatic representative is of any value to a nation, the wisdom of the policy may well be doubted which compels him to have recourse to such economies.

Although France has now no possessions on the North American continent, there was a time when she claimed a territory vaster even than our own, and when her power appeared so formidable as to make it seem for a while doubtful whether she or England would have the privilege of giving to the continent a population, language, religion, and laws. The Seven Years' War settled the doubt. But the struggle was maintained so obstinately,

* *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

and gave occasion for the display of so much courage and ability by the beaten and the victorious party alike, as to render its history even yet full of interest for English readers. There is another circumstance, too, which throws a retrospective interest over the American contest of France and England. It is now easy to see that the struggle which had its termination on the Heights of Abraham had a further consequence than deciding that the North American Continent was to be English in race, language, creed, and institutions. It prepared the way for the separation of the colonies from the mother-country. Whether the Government of George III. would have put forward the pretension to tax the colonists without representation, had France remained mistress on the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, may be doubted. But in any case it is certain that the colonists would not have been so ready to repel the pretension with arms. With a great Power, alien in blood, religion, and polity, on their northern and western frontiers, they would have felt too keenly the need of English protection to incur by insurrection the risk of passing under Popish and absolutist sway. Had France not been expelled from the continent by English valour and statesmanship, it may be assumed that the Declaration of Independence would not have taken place when it did. Viewed in this light it was the conquest of Canada which made possible the meeting of the Continental Congress, and the revolutionary war. But, formidable as the power of France seemed at one time, in reality it carried in its bosom the seeds of its own decay. This point Mr. Parkman's history * makes abundantly plain. The French settlements in America were doomed from the first by vices similar to those which have blighted the fair promise of the magnificent Spanish colonies. Whereas Englishmen emigrated to the New World to better their fortunes or to escape from oppression at home, and were left to manage their own affairs with the least possible interference by the authorities in England, the French settlements were founded with a definite governmental and ecclesiastical purpose, and the intervention of the King and his Ministers was minute and incessant. In short, Canada was colonized quite as much to counterbalance the religion as the power of England on the other side of the Atlantic. And hence it had from the outset not only a missionary character, but it was fatally subject to Jesuit influences, and its settlers were recruited too exclusively from those who were filled with a spirit akin to that of the Crusaders. Further, the settlers carried with them those feudal institutions which by their oppressive exactions and unjust exemptions had reduced the peasantry of the mother-country to a state of chronic starvation. Obviously a colony so constituted could not permanently prosper, though, while religious enthusiasm continued fresh, it would naturally be rich in heroism as well as in imaginary miracles. Of the heroism displayed in the early days of the colony, when the whole number of the settlers amounted to but a few thousands, against the wily and hostile savages by whom they were surrounded, Mr. Parkman gives many striking instances in the fourth part of his History, which now lies before us; not the least remarkable being the defence, by seventeen Frenchmen and five friendly Indians, for eight whole days against seven hundred warriors, of an extemporized fort protected only by a picket fence. But the heroism was not more brilliant than the superstition was grovelling. Neither victory nor defeat occurred without its miracle.

In 1852, while the gold fever was at its highest in California, Captain Scammon of the United States Revenue Marine, who happened to be on the coast of that State, found himself compelled to choose between abandoning the sea altogether and taking command of a brig bound on a whaling expedition. In the true spirit of a sailor he chose the latter alternative, and, being a man of reflective turn of mind and strong powers of observation, he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to study the habits of the animals in whose pursuit he was engaged. The task he set himself was by no means so easy as it may appear to persons having no practical knowledge of the matter. On the contrary, Captain Scammon states, as the result of his own experience, that close observation for months and even for years may be required before a single new fact regarding the habits of whales or seals can be obtained. Even to delineate accurately the forms of the larger cetaceans is extremely difficult, for usually only a small section of the middle part of the animal is above the water, and, when decomposition causes the body to rise, it has become quite distorted in shape. A consideration of facts such as these will explain how it is that so little has been contributed to the natural history of mammals by practical whalers. Captain Scammon, however, after years of observation and inquiry, has been able to collect a considerable body of information respecting the habits of those animals, which he imparts in a plain and popular style, using technical terms very sparingly; and he has increased the value of his work † by adding to it a history of the American whale fishery.

The fact that President Woolsey's treatise on International Law ‡ has already reached a fourth edition may be taken as evidence of the increasing attention now paid to the subject of which it treats

by all who lay claim to a liberal education in the United States. Certainly the long controversy maintained with this country in regard to the recognition of Confederate belligerency and the depredations of the *Alabama* and its sister cruisers proves that no people stands more in need of enlightenment on the subject. The first edition of President Woolsey's work appeared in 1860, the second, considerably enlarged, four years later, and the third, with further valuable additions, in 1871. The fourth edition which now appears likewise contains various additions. The work is intended for students rather than lawyers, the author having undertaken its preparation while lecturing on international law and history at Yale College. To the original historical sketch of the subject, corrected and enlarged, Dr. Woolsey has added, in the form of a second appendix, a pretty full summary of the various treaties which form the landmarks of international jurisprudence, and in the notes newly introduced he has brought down the discussion to the present time.

Mr. Shepherd's "English Language" § contains the substance of lectures delivered by him at the Baltimore City College during the past three years, and is put forward as a handbook for the students of English philology. Its design is to trace in the light of the latest researches the growth and formation of our mother tongue, and the influences that have affected its development.

The leading place which questions of education now occupy in the minds of thoughtful men on both sides of the Atlantic is very clearly shown by the number of books on the subject which are being constantly issued from the press. Some of these books, indeed, have little to recommend them save the desire of the writers to contribute their share to the common fund of discussion. But all bear testimony to the interest which the subject is exciting. Others of the books, again, though having little value in the way of educational suggestion, are yet instructive as throwing light on the special educational problems which particular countries have to solve. Here, for example, is a work by the Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, which, under the title of *Education Abroad* †, is an attempt to dissuade American parents from sending their children to Europe, and more particularly to Germany, for instruction. The author is of opinion that Americans educated abroad are less fitted for participation in American life, whether public or commercial, than those trained at home. He further tells us that young Americans return from Germany with political notions not at all adapted to the institutions of the United States. To this, which is the main purpose of the work, Dr. Northrop adds some papers in advocacy of a universal law of compulsory attendance at school.

Another work of this class is that of Mr. Quick on *Educational Reformers* ‡. The author is an Englishman, his preface being dated from Ingatesstone, in Essex, so long ago as May 1868. Whether the work is merely an American reprint, or now appears for the first time on the other side of the Atlantic, there is nothing to show.

German University Life § is partly a translation and partly a compendium of a portion of Professor Steffans's autobiographical work, *Was ich erlebte*, which was published at Breslau some years since. Professor Steffans was born in Norway, but while he was still a child his parents removed to Copenhagen. He studied at the Universities of that city and of Kiel, and at the age of twenty-five, provided with a travelling pension from the Danish Treasury, he entered Germany, which thenceforward became his home. In old age he composed the autobiographical work to which we have referred. It is diffuse and garrulous to wearisomeness, filling not less than ten thick volumes, yet it contains much that is rare and valuable in illustration of the mental life of the German Universities of his day. To preserve this part, while rejecting what is worthless, has been the object which Mr. Gage set himself. By translating selections from the seven last volumes, he presents us with a portrait gallery of such men as Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Novalis, Schlegel, Neander, and others.

Among the signs of the increasing extent to which Americans travel in Europe may be noted the annual publication of a guide-book of Europe ¶ specially designed for them. Numerous as are the European guide-books of European travel, it appears that none of them are exactly adapted to the requirements of the American tourist. Such at least is the opinion of Messrs. Lippincott. Accordingly they prepare and publish annually an American guide-book, which in a single handy volume contains all the information that the ordinary American tourist is supposed to require.

Mr. Gilman's *First Steps in General History* ¶ is an introduction to the study of history intended for the young, and is planned on the principle of attempting to stimulate the student to investigate for himself, and, instead of pretending to supply him with the information he requires, to indicate the path he ought to pursue.

* *The History of the English Language*. By H. E. Shepherd. New York: Hale & Son. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Education Abroad*. By R. G. Northrop, LL.D. New York and Chicago: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Essays on Educational Reformers*. By R. H. Quick. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *German University Life*. By H. Steffans. Translated by W. L. Gage. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *American Guide to Europe*. Philadelphia and New York: Lippincott & Co. London: Cook & Son, &c.

¶ *First Steps in General History*. By A. Gilman. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Trübner & Co.

* *France and England in North America*. By Francis Parkman. Part IV. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The Marine Mammals of the North-Western Coast of North America*. By Charles M. Scammon, Captain U.S. Revenue Marine. San Francisco: Carmany & Co. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Introduction to the Study of International Law*. By Theodore D. Woolsey. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. New York: Scribner & Co.

*Under the Trees** is a collection of brief essays without any particular merit. The writer, we are told, yields to the request of others in publishing them. Had he been less complaisant the reading public would have suffered no loss.

Of *The Lost Model*†, a romance, we have to speak in somewhat similar terms. It is neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of circulating library novels, and though it may do well enough to pass the heavy hours of idle triflers, it will hardly enchain the attention of those who are not at a loss to kill time.

Mr. O'Reilly's *Songs from the Southern Seas*‡ can hardly be called poetry, but as illustrations of life in a penal colony they are not devoid of interest.

The author of *The Martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth*§ is a Jew, who, professing to be free from sectarian and party bias, and claiming for himself a more intimate knowledge of the Rabbinical writings, and consequently of the spirit of the time and country in which Jesus lived, than is possessed by European scholars, offers this work as an historico-critical treatise on the last chapters of the Gospel.

The *Bibliotheca Diabolica*|| of Messrs. Scribner and Co. is a catalogue of rare and curious books relating to the Devil. It is divided into two parts; the first containing the titles of the humorous works on the subject, the second those of the serious ones. It lays claim to unprecedented completeness, on the ground that books which only incidentally treat of diabolism are included in the index.

We may conclude with the mention of the *Penn Monthly*¶ for September and October, a periodical whose chief *raison d'être* seems to be to combat "English Political Economy"—that is to say, the doctrine of Free-trade—and to support a Protection policy.

* *Under the Trees*. By S. J. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The Lost Model*. By H. Hooper. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trilbner & Co.

‡ *Songs from the Southern Seas*. By J. B. O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *The Martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth*. By Dr. J. M. Wise. Office of the American Israelites: Cincinnati.

|| *Bibliotheca Diabolica*. New York: Scribner, Welford, & Armstrong.

¶ *The Penn Monthly*. Philadelphia: Central News Company. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Harrington & Hollis.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

MR. CROSS exercised a sound discretion in withholding all expression of opinion on the Municipality of London Bill. Lord Elcho would perhaps have been prudent if he had as carefully abstained from the use of argument or illustration. If he really thinks it strange that the City Corporation should view the Bill with distrust, and if he would as soon have expected VICTOR EMMANUEL to oppose the unity of Italy, he must have appreciated but imperfectly the tendency of the Municipal Bill and the history of Italian liberation. The King of SARDINIA largely extended his dominions by becoming King of ITALY. The dominions of the Lord Mayor are also to be enlarged, but he and his successors will no longer reign. Major LYON informed the HOME SECRETARY that the Metropolitan Board contained too many vestrymen; but the same class will rule London under the provisions of the Bill, by the name of members of the Municipal Council. The main issue is too important to be decided by a single Minister, who has at this time of year had no opportunity of consulting his colleagues. Attempts will probably be made to learn the intentions of Ministers when they dine on the 9th of November with a Lord Mayor who may possibly be doomed to extinction. Mr. DISRAELI is fortunately equal to the task of making an explicit statement which will convey no kind of information either to the Corporation or to their enemies. The deputation was in itself respectable, though there is no reason to suppose that it represented the opinions of the metropolitan community. The promoters of the movement have, with commendable fairness, embodied their wishes in the form of a Bill. As Mr. BEAL remarked to Mr. CROSS, the measure is simple, consisting practically in an extension to London of the provisions of the Municipal Corporation Act.

The Municipality of London Bill is carefully drawn, and it expresses with sufficient accuracy the views of the promoters. The question is one of general policy; and the details of course admit of alteration. If it is desirable that the metropolis shall be governed by an assembly directly elected by the ratepayers, there can be no insurmountable difficulty in arranging the machinery of election. The most objectionable part of the Bill, consisting in the transfer to the Corporation of the election of civic Judges and the control of the police, may probably have been inserted as an extreme claim to be afterwards abandoned or compromised. When the Crown appoints the Recorder of the pettyest borough, it would be anomalous to confer on a Town Council the appointment of the Recorder of London, or even of the Common Serjeant. It is true that the Recorder is at present appointed by the Corporation; but, if the Legislature determines to extend to London the provisions of the Municipal Corporation Act, there will no longer be any reason for preserving one isolated fragment of ancient customs which are in other respects abolished. It would be idle to expect that a numerous body representing popular suffrage will feel the responsibility which has been traditionally cultivated by the City Corporation. The Bill oddly provides that the election of Recorder shall be subject to the approval of the QUEEN, but that the election of the Common Serjeant shall be absolute. A veto is the most awkward form of control; and probably there will, in the event of a change, be little difference of opinion as to the expediency of vesting the judicial patronage of London in the QUEEN. The framers of the Bill have properly provided for the appointment of stipendiary magistrates in the City, in place of the Aldermen who will prac-

tically have ceased to exist. A criminal judge of high rank ought not to owe his promotion to popular favour.

The control of the police ought undoubtedly to be retained by the Government. It is true that the City Corporation has a police of its own which is equal to the Metropolitan Police in discipline and efficiency, though some inconvenience arises from a divided jurisdiction; but the Corporation of London is a responsible body, proud of its character, tenacious of its dignity, and bound to good behaviour in modern times by the insecurity of its position. Above all, the City Police is but a fraction of the entire force; and its numbers could never render it dangerous to public safety. The proposed Municipal Council will reflect the feelings of a constituency of whom the majority will belong to a class which may both grudge the expense of the police, and object in some cases to the employment of the force for the preservation of order. Mr. BEALES might not improbably have been a leading member of the Municipal Council or even Chairman of the Police Committee when his followers pulled down the Hyde Park railings. In times of sedition and riot it would be extremely inconvenient that the police should be at the disposal of a body which might perhaps be disaffected. In the worst days of municipal administration in New York, the Legislature of the State found it necessary to withdraw the control of the police from the City authorities. It may be hoped that even under a Municipal Corporation London will not sink to the level of New York, but it is certain that the wealth and cultivation of the metropolis will be practically unrepresented in the Council. It is a matter of Imperial concern that Parliament and the Government should not depend for protection on a force administered by the nominees of the metropolitan population. London belongs to the nation as well as to its small shopkeepers and artisans, and it would not be practicable to transfer the seat of legislation, as in New York and some other American States, to a provincial town beyond the reach of metropolitan democracy.

The promoters of the Bill deserve credit for the ingenious fiction by which they apparently perpetuate the ancient Corporation which they really intend to abolish. The Corporation is to retain all its titles and all its property, except that it will be not the same, but an entirely different body. The Municipal Council, which will for all purposes be supreme, is to contain two hundred members, of whom twenty will represent the City. Nine-tenths of the power of the present Corporation and its constituents will be transferred to new holders, who may at their pleasure deprive the unhappy citizens of all control over the municipal funds. The proportion allowed to the City is ridiculously insufficient, except on the assumption that all rights and powers ought to be distributed in proportion to the numbers of the resident population. The framers of the Bill take notice only of the small tradesmen, the caretakers, and the miscellaneous members of the humble class who sleep in the City. In the daytime the population is swelled by an additional half-million, and nearly the whole of the financial and commercial business of London is transacted within its limits. The citizens may perhaps be deprived of their privileges by the paramount authority of Parliament, but they certainly will not be hoodwinked by Mr. BEAL and his allies. It is nothing to them that the titular dignity of Alderman is to be retained, while the functions of the Court of Aldermen and of its members are summarily abolished. The Lord Mayor and the Aldermen will, after the passing of the Bill, no longer have any connexion with the City, nor is it necessary that any one

of their number should himself be a citizen. To use an American version of Mr. BEAL's phrase, the Corporation will have been amplified and developed off the face of the City.

The scheme is in some respects plausible; and it would be rash to assert that it may not possibly produce some kind of public benefit; but it is always necessary to beware when all men speak well of a measure, or listen in silence to its praises. In some important respects the incorporation of the metropolis is wholly without a precedent. No population of half the magnitude has ever been governed by a single elected assembly; nor has English legislation in a single instance sanctioned the transfer of an enormous property from one community to another. Finsbury, Marylebone, the Tower Hamlets, and Westminster have at present no more right to the property of the City than if they were situated in Devonshire or Yorkshire. It is now proposed by the clauses of a single Bill to take many thousands a year from the owners, and to give them without consideration to the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts. If the Bill becomes law, the citizens of London will no longer in their collective capacity have a shilling of their own; and it is but a minor grievance that they will only control in the proportion of one to ten the expenditure of the taxes which will be levied by votes of the majority in the Council. The able draftsmen who have prepared the Bill have apparently been unable to devise a recital in the preamble which might have purported to justify a gigantic confiscation. At present London is at least as well governed as any great town in the civilized world. Under a Municipal Corporation experience alone will show whether it can be governed with efficiency and safety.

GERMANY.

THE Emperor WILLIAM has opened the Session of the German Parliament with a speech which sufficiently indicates the exceptional position he holds among European sovereigns. He has a Parliament to address, and has thus to bring the more important features of his policy to the notice of the world; whereas his neighbour the CZAR does what he pleases, without any one knowing what he is doing or going to do. The German EMPEROR speaks in the name of a nation powerful, triumphant, and free from pecuniary embarrassment; and is thus distinguished from the rulers of Austria, France, and Italy. He can announce that a number of measures, all of the highest importance and all carefully prepared, will be brought forward in the same Session with a reasonable prospect of carrying them; and this is what no English Ministry could advise the QUEEN to do without incurring the risk of ignominious failure. The military system of Germany is to be recast; and at the same time, the gigantic task of establishing one judicial system and one code of laws throughout the German Empire is to be taken in hand. More men to serve, and more money to spend, is the demand of those who wield the huge military system which has won Germany so much, and is now to be perfected so that she may keep what she has won. Germans are so accustomed to look to the State as directing them, embodying their wishes, and measuring their needs, that there might perhaps in any case have been no great difficulty in persuading the representatives of the nation to give the Government the men and the money it needs for military purposes. But, fortunately for the EMPEROR and his Ministers, he has, at the crisis when this demand is made, found the best and most useful allies he could wish for in the conductors of a large section of the French press. They think it prudent to irritate Germany by the expression of constant suspicions and unwavering enmity, and so bring home to the German mind the necessity of taking in time of peace every possible precaution against disaster in war. The EMPEROR could safely say that he desired nothing but peace, and that his Government would not take any notice of French hostility until it proceeded from words to deeds. The desire of the German nation for peace is perfectly sincere, and there is as little as possible in Germany of the passion for mere military glory. Those, too, who have got all they want in the world are always ready to cry out that to leave things as they are, and to avoid all foolish quarrelling, is the golden rule for men; but with France on one side and Russia on the other, Germany feels much anxiety, and knows that she cannot

afford to let the moment come when she could be taken off her guard. To belong to such a State in such a position would not seem very desirable to most Englishmen; but it is only fair to view the German system of managing public affairs on its more attractive as well as on its less attractive side. England is the country of individual effort, of free criticism, of half measures, of eternal compromise or postponement. For years we have been talking of a Code, and in a desultory way we have spent a little money and a little time in seeing whether a Code would suit us, until at last all this faint talk has dwindled into Lord MONKIE's ironical suggestion that the real thing to do is to get two amateurs to codify any two of the easiest parts of law they please, and see whether any one will take any notice of their production. The Germans go to work very differently. They set the best lawyers they can get to draft a Code; they submit this draft to representatives of the different classes affected; the Government takes up the result, and submits it as a whole to Parliament. Social Science Congresses fade away entirely out of such a process, but then, on the other hand, a Code is made.

The foolish and wicked lad who attempted to assassinate Prince BISMARCK is now on his trial, and there is no kind of dispute as to the fact that he fired at the PRINCE meaning to kill him, and very nearly succeeded. He thought Prince BISMARCK habitually wore a coat of mail, and that he must therefore fire at the head; he put two bullets into his pistol to make quite sure, and fired when he was separated from the PRINCE by the space of only a step and a half. The proceedings in a criminal trial as conducted in our country always seem strange to those accustomed to a different system, and Germans no doubt would find something or other a little ridiculous, if they could ever see a joke, in our mode of trying offenders. We in our turn may be amused at their conception of what it is necessary to state and to prove so that guilt may be brought home to a person accused under such circumstances as KULLMANN. According to the custom in force generally on the Continent, the prosecution thinks it proper to paint and blacken all the past life of the supposed criminal. From his youth upwards KULLMANN is stated to have been revengeful and irreligious. He had indeed attached sufficient value to religion to become a member of a Roman Catholic Society. But then he had, according to the prosecution, a secret and carnal object in this. It is probable, the indictment asserts, that he joined the Society in order to procure cheap and good cigars. We are lost in wonder and delight at this suggestion. So this is the way that the crafty Jesuits work! Heaven and good tobacco is the attractive programme they offer to their votaries. Fancy Mr. NEWDEGATE's consternation when he finds that, wide awake as he is, he has tried all these years and never found out the real secret of his enemies. With what a jealous eye he will watch the contents of Lord RIPON's cigar case if he has ever an opportunity of inspecting it. And then the prosecution has the grandest ideas as to what it will prove, so that it may be known how diligent it has been and how beautifully the case has been got up. We learn that a landscape gardener was called to prove that a pistol with two bullets in it was heavily charged. Why was not a butcher called to prove that the friction of the air will not arrest the progress of a ball travelling over a distance of a yard and a half? Then there was a physician who quoted SCHILLER's *Wallenstein*, and proved that KULLMANN's mind was free. But this seems rather dangerous ground, as it might provoke the defence to go into the character of HAMLET. The Bavarians are evidently on their mettle, and are determined to demonstrate that they know how to establish the guilt of an assassin as well as people who are thought greater and wiser. Let us hope that they will succeed, and that they may persuade the great CHANCELLOR that he is as safe at Kissingen as anywhere else.

Count ARNIM has been released from prison, and various interpretations are put upon the event according to the wishes and interests of the interpreters. The solemn official account is that he has been released because his health was so bad that the Government had pity on him. The modified semi-official account is that he has been released because, as all the facts are established, he can now do no harm if he is set at liberty. The account of Count ARNIM's friends is that he has been released because the case of the prosecution has utterly broken down. The whole story of his official conduct and of the treatment he has received is the subject of endless gossip at

Berlin, and newspaper Correspondents send to England the most varying pictures of what has happened, according as the last idle talk they have had has pointed in one way or the other. Fortunately we have at last something better than mere gossip to go upon, if the letters that are said to have passed between the present MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS and Count ARNIM a month or two ago are genuine. The Minister asked for the missing documents, and the Count replied that he was no longer in the diplomatic service, and if the Minister wanted to get them he must bring a civil action for them. The Minister replied that the Count was still in the diplomatic service, as he was drawing his pension, and had never received the EMPEROR'S permission to retire, and that it was not a civil action, but criminal proceedings, to which the Count was exposed if he persisted in his refusal to give the documents up. The Count answered that he would not give them up, that he had nothing to do with the diplomatic service, and that he would abide the judgment of a civil, or, if necessary, of a criminal, tribunal. The Minister on this set the requisite machinery for criminal proceedings in motion, and then the court of law acted in regard to Count ARNIM as it would have acted towards any one else. In one sense this is probably true. Supposing it had not been documents, but some simple article of value, like plate, that the Count had carried off when he had been entrusted with it by the State, the court would have done, we may suppose, just what it has done. It would, on *prima facie* evidence being submitted to it, have arrested him and had his house searched; and, technically, a piece of paper carried off is as much an article of value as a fork or a spoon. The question is thrown back; and we have to ask whether it was wise and fair in the MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS, knowing what the action of the courts would be, to treat the detention of Prince BISMARCK'S letters to Count ARNIM on the same footing as the abstraction of a spoon. There are two ways of answering this. In England we should have been inclined to hush such a thing up; we should not have believed that a nobleman who had filled high offices had meant to do anything very wrong when he refused to give up letters which it may be assumed he ought to have given up. We should not like to see such a man treated like a thief or a burglar. But then in England we consider an Ambassador rather as an individual than as part of a system. He is a nobleman who is willing to accept a mission. In Germany, on the other hand, there is a great system of State service, and every member of the service is bound rigidly by its rules, and is looked on as a part of a whole. To keep this organization together it is necessary to enforce discipline from top to bottom. Count ARNIM, if he abstracts documents, is exactly in the same position as a clerk who abstracts them. The Regulations of our army require an officer to be brought to a court-martial just as much as a private soldier if he is guilty of certain offences, and the civil service of Germany is organized on much the same basis as our military service. According to this view, the Minister was bound to prosecute Count ARNIM if under the same circumstances he would have prosecuted a clerk. This reasoning appears to have convinced many Germans who at first were inclined to think that Count ARNIM had been very harshly treated. But there are still many Germans who do not know exactly what to say when they hear this reasoning, but who think that really Count ARNIM is not at all like a clerk; and so their minds lean to his side, and, without exactly saying that he ought to have had favour shown him, they pick up all the gossip they can find in order to show that he has suffered unnecessary hardship.

THE TWO LAW OFFICERS.

TWO Law Officers, one of the late and one of the present Government, have been enlightening their constituents on current politics. One was discursive, the other concentrated. Sir HENRY JAMES reviewed for the benefit of Taunton the general position and prospects of the Liberal party; Sir JOHN HOLKER kept the attention of Preston exclusively fixed on the one vital and truly Conservative question of beer; and each was excellent in his way. The late Attorney-General attacked his enemies, advised his friends, and instructed his party in his usual graphic and sparkling style; and as to beer, it may be safely said that there never was such a very beery Law Officer as the present SOLICITOR-GENERAL. It cannot be denied that Sir

HENRY JAMES had something practical and definite to say to Liberals generally. His advice to them, in fact, amounted to this—Abuse the Conservatives through thick and thin, watch them as cats watch mice, avoid burning questions, and stick to Mr. GLADSTONE. He put this advice in every kind of shape, reiterated it, and illustrated it abundantly. A Taunton elector might well have said to himself that it was all very well saying that the Conservatives must be abused, but that he did not see how he was to begin. Sir HENRY JAMES came to his aid, and showed him how easy it is, if people did but understand the art, to abuse political enemies. There was, for instance, the Endowed School Bill of last Session. Of course any novice could make a little easy fun of the scrape into which the Government got, and of the strange way in which Mr. DISRAELI extricated himself from it. But an advanced practitioner sees how to go much further than this. He perceives that the Conservatives ought to be abused for the gross inconsistency they display. They pretend great reverence for the intentions of founders, and yet they refuse to see that the founders of many schools were distinctly Protestant persons, and that they would really have been delighted to extend the benefits of their institutions to such eminently Protestant people as the present Nonconformists. This is the kind of inconsistency for which any amount of abuse may be properly showered on the Conservatives. Certainly the abused Conservatives might reply that what they are asked to do is not to open the endowed schools to Protestant Nonconformists only, but also to those very Catholics whom the founders left their wealth to combat. But this is a small detail, and one of the sovereign maxims of genuine abuse is never to go into pettifoggish minutiae. Then the Conservatives are to be watched, and the question might be raised in what spirit and to what extent are they to be watched? Can they never be trusted to do the least thing right? Never, is the short and simple answer of Sir HENRY JAMES. They are so desperately perverse by nature that the trail of the serpent is to be found in the tiniest of their performances. They would be sure to shape even a Turnpike Bill so as to favour secretly some jobbing class, unless Liberals like Sir HENRY JAMES were ever reading between the lines of their dangerous and insidious phrases. But even the most abusive and watchful party wants a leader; and Sir HENRY JAMES emphatically warned Liberals generally that they had only one thing to do, and that is to cast themselves without reserve at the feet of Mr. GLADSTONE. Last Session there were painful discussions as to who was to replace Mr. GLADSTONE if he would insist on always staying in Wales and thinking of nothing but HOMER. There was even a bitter and audacious attack made on Mr. GLADSTONE by one of his late subordinates. Now Sir HENRY JAMES is very fond of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and admires him very much. But what is the use of any Liberal going out to fight on his own behalf, and slashing friends as well as foes? The Greeks could do nothing while ACHILLES stayed in his tents; and the Liberals in their present distressing position cannot do nearly as much good by sallying out independently to emulate the renown and repeat the failures of AGAMEMNON as by uniting to coax their great leader to smite the Trojans, as he only can smite them, or, in Parliamentary language, "to fulfil the duties of the "leader of a Liberal Opposition."

Important, however, as all these things are, there is one thing more important still. Burning questions must be deliberately and anxiously avoided. Abuse, and watching, and sticking to Mr. GLADSTONE will be all in vain if Liberals persist in taking up vague and wild schemes of change for which the country is not at all prepared. But then it must be owned that there is an extreme section of the Liberal party which is mad about such schemes, and threatens to withdraw its support from all Liberals who will not join it. What is to be done with such people? Sir HENRY JAMES has evidently thought carefully over a question which is a very interesting one to most Liberal members with a somewhat precarious seat. His answer is that the first thing is to have courage to refuse to be dictated to, and to lose an election rather than sacrifice reputation and conscience to win a passing popularity. And he is perfectly entitled to adopt this tone, as he gave a most creditable example of such courage during his severe fight in the autumn of last year, when he declined altogether to bow to the pretensions of a noisy clique, although the contest was so close that it seemed as if to offend this clique

might entail a defeat mortifying to him and damaging to the Government. But courage is not all that Sir HENRY JAMES has to offer—he has also ingenuity. He thinks he sees how burning questions may be made safe and comfortable. His plan is to try to convince Liberals of the more violent and impatient sort that their true policy is to wait. He is with them, but he is their kind and wise friend. Take, for example, such a subject as the extension of the county franchise. Theoretically, he is quite in favour of the change, but he invites too ardent partisans to reflect on the consequences of making the change too hastily. The agricultural population is densely ignorant and abjectly dependent. It would be the fool of the landlord and the employer. If a million more voters are added to the electoral body, there must be a general revision of the constituencies. An enlightened borough like Taunton, which now returns two Liberals, would be then made part of a huge constituency, which would inevitably return one Conservative. This is undeniably true, as the experience of France under the late Empire may show, for there the Liberalism of the towns was successfully crushed by swamping them in rural constituencies. Sir HENRY JAMES advises the people of Taunton to reply to agitators for the extension of the franchise that they are quite ready to be swamped, only that they prefer waiting until the constituency in which they are swamped is likely to be as liberal as they are themselves. In the same way most of the hot coals can be taken, by a little judicious treatment, out of the burning question of Church disestablishment. To zealots who stir this question prematurely the right reply, according to Sir HENRY JAMES, is that how and when to act is a matter of policy, not of principle. Attack the Church now, and failure is unavoidable. Wait, give the Church plenty of rope, and she will hang herself to a certainty. Thus Liberals of all shades may be brought to work together in harmony. To the advanced section who wish to deal the Church a deathblow the moderate section will answer that this is really unnecessary, that they have begun paying out the rope, and the Church has begun to fit it round her neck. Why should good friends quarrel because a person they all want to get rid of is left to commit suicide instead of being murdered?

There is a kind of dreamy indolent pleasure in turning from such high and difficult and vexatious matters and getting away to the simple theme of Sir JOHN HOLKER and beer. The great want of the Licensed Victuallers has hitherto been the advocacy of some man in a respectable position who thoroughly and heartily believed in them, saw with their eyes, and reasoned after the fashion of the inmost working of their minds. Beer may be looked on in so many ways—as a temptation to evil, as the source of crime, as an instrument of innocent refreshment, as a necessity of the working-man, as the secret of British strength. To publicans these are all flowers of speech, ugly flowers or beautiful as may be, but still foolish decorations of rhetoric. To them beer is none of these things; it is an interest. They have put their money into the trade, and they want to live by it. That is their simple view, and at last they have got a live SOLICITOR-GENERAL to vow that it is his view too. The more beer that is sold the more Licensed Victuallers live in honourable and well-earned comfort. When it is remembered what a vast capital is engaged in the trade, what a number of attractive and even splendid establishments are thus opened to high and low through the length and breadth of the land, and how many numerous, interesting, and respectable families thrive on the profits, the publicans and Sir JOHN HOLKER can scarcely contain the modest pride which swells their exulting bosoms. There is, indeed, but one drawback to their happiness. They live in a world where everything good and great is misunderstood. One of the most dreadful pieces of injustice done to the publicans is the supposition that they wish people to get drunk. There could not be a more egregious fallacy. There is nothing that these high-minded men detest more than drunkenness. It cannot be any pleasure to them to have noisy, quarrelsome persons reeling about their premises, the police interfering, and their licences endangered. They wish nothing of the sort. All they ask is that the public which they exist to please will visit them and spend as much money at their establishments as is consistent with the purchaser's being able to walk away quietly afterwards and giving no trouble. Far from the publicans desiring to see drunkenness, a whole population just not drunk is their ideal. Nor is it to be supposed, as the SOLICITOR-

GENERAL points out, that the publicans have any objection to their customers elevating their moral nature. They do not say that there shall be nothing in life but beer, nothing to raise mankind, nothing to restrain the weak from passing the limits of sobriety. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL more especially has anxiously revolved the question—to which benevolent and philanthropic people like the Licensed Victuallers cannot be dead—how beer-drinkers are to be improved, enabled to judge accurately what they can really stand, and led to love decency and all virtue. The conclusion at which he has arrived is that the true way to effect this great end is to develop in the minds of beer-drinkers a concurrent passion for cricket and billiards. With cricket in the morning, billiards in the evening, and moderate liquid refreshment all the time, a beer-drinker may go to bed with the comfortable reflection that he has honestly done his best, and the beer-seller may take some gentle credit to himself for having opened up the possibility of such an existence to a fellow-man. Such is the picture—the very pleasing picture—which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL draws of the aims, the importance, and the usefulness of the great body with whom and for whom he speaks. Even his critics—for it is scarcely to be hoped that he will altogether escape criticism—must allow that he has rendered them an unquestionable service. The first thing in criticism is to understand what those criticized really think and mean, and now no impartial person can deny that at last he understands the very nature of Licensed Victuallers.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.

A VOLUMINOUS Supplement to the *London Gazette* of October 23 contains the discussions and the final Protocol of the Brussels Conference. At the first meeting the Delegates resolved that no conclusions except those which might be unanimously adopted should be recorded in the Protocols; but it was soon found that adherence to the rule would leave the records of the Conference a blank. Accordingly, the discussions have been published, and they are reproduced in the Supplement to the *Gazette*. Lord DERBY has probably exercised a sound discretion in leaving them in the original French, though it might be plausibly argued that papers which are worth publishing are also worth translating. Only the most curious and most industrious inquirers will study in detail conversations which had little practical result, although they were sometimes not wanting in animation. The substance of the debates is sufficiently stated in Sir A. HOLLAND'S Report, and it will excite little interest. The conduct of the English Delegate seems fully to have justified the choice of the Government, though it would have been difficult for an officer of intelligence and prudence to commit his country to any of the decisions of the Conference in the face of Lord DERBY'S repeated and explicit protests. The correspondence on the subject begins with a declaration that the QUEEN'S Government will neither discuss the rules of international law nor undertake any new obligations, and that they will not even send a delegate to the Conference except on a distinct understanding that nothing shall be said about maritime warfare. Their agent was expressly prohibited from agreeing to any resolution, except for the purpose of referring it to his Government. Finally Lord DERBY after the close of the Conference formally intimated to all the Governments which had been represented at Brussels that his Government does not endorse (*sic*) any of the conflicting opinions expressed at the Conference, or accept the Rules annexed to the Protocol. The Rules themselves make no change in the recognized usages of war; but it is as well to disclaim the authority of any Conference to modify by statutory legislation the common law of nations. After the experience of the Treaty of Washington and its results, no English Minister will for some time to come agree to newfangled rules which may be applied to the purposes of a litigious adversary.

As the greater part of the topics submitted to the Conference related to invasion, it may be hoped that the subject will in the future as in the past have little bearing on English interests. The representatives of the smaller Powers were not unnaturally alarmed by proposals on the part of Russia and Germany which seemed to limit the right of defence. General VOIGTS RHEITZ, who took a principal part in the discussion, plausibly contended that it was for the interest of the weaker as well as of the stronger

party that war should on both sides be conducted regularly, and under proper authority; but Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland were well aware that invasions are necessarily conducted by regular armies, while a defence by popular levies can scarcely be regulated by immutable rules. It is admitted on all hands that some kind of military organization is necessary to entitle volunteer bands to the rights of belligerents; nor is it desirable to encourage isolated acts of violence against even an invading enemy. General VOIGTS RHETZ demanded only a visible badge in place of uniform, and that the troops should be commanded by some military or civil officer acting under instructions from head-quarters. In the Resolution as it was finally adopted the further provision was inserted that the population of a non-occupied territory which had taken up arms without having had time for organization should be regarded as belligerents if they conformed to the laws and usages of war. When the case arises, invaders and invaded will take equally little account of the opinions of the Brussels Conference. For their own sakes the commanders of volunteers will establish some kind of discipline, and, if possible, they will provide a substitute for a uniform. In April 1848 the Provisional Government of France reviewed in the Champs Elysées three or four hundred thousand armed men, of whom not a tenth part wore any kind of uniform. If an enemy had at that time marched upon Paris, it would have been evidently impossible to treat National Guards who might have been made prisoners as irregular marauders.

Some discussion arose on the definition of a fortress, and an attempt was made to draw a distinction between a town defended by detached forts and a place enclosed by a continuous circuit of wall. As might have been expected, the German Delegate declined to allow an exception which would in 1871 have secured Paris against the risk of bombardment. It was eventually declared that towns which are open and undefended are not liable to bombardment, and the Delegates might have added that no commanding officer would be likely to expend his ammunition on a town which offered no impediment to the entrance of his troops. A town or a village which is unfortunate enough to be included in a military position must of course incur the penalty of attack as well as of defence. The declaration that a town taken by storm ought not to be given up to plunder records a recent advance in the humanity of belligerents. Spies are hereafter, as at present, declared liable to be shot if they are caught, although they are not liable to any punishment if they are taken prisoners when they have accomplished their mission and rejoined the ranks of their own army. The original proposal of the Russian Government that inhabitants of an occupied territory giving information to their own Government should be treated as spies was expunged by unanimous consent. For other purposes it was found both expedient and difficult to define the precise meaning of occupation. General VOIGTS RHETZ was of opinion that a territory might be occupied by flying columns, and he denied the analogy of military occupation to maritime blockade. According to the original project, the inhabitants of occupied districts who should voluntarily rise against the invader were to be treated as criminals; but the Netherlands Delegate, while he admitted that an invader would sometimes treat insurgents with severity, "repudiated the idea of any Government contemplating delivering over in advance to the justice of the enemy those men who, from patriotic motives and at their own risk, expose themselves to all the dangers consequent on a rising." Baron LAMBERMONT of Belgium added that, if citizens were to be sacrificed for attempting to defend their country, "they need not find inscribed on the post at the foot of which they are to be shot, the Article of a Treaty signed by their own Government, which had in advance condemned them to death." If any English insurgent against a foreign enemy should find himself in that unhappy condition, the document inscribed on the post at the foot of which he is to be shot, ought also to record that Lord DERBY and his countrymen are not in the smallest degree bound by even the modified provisions which were included in the Protocol.

Private property is to be nominally respected, and it is with admirable vagueness provided that "the enemy will demand from local authorities or from the inhabitants only such payments and services as are connected with the necessities of war generally acknowledged in proportion to the resources of the country." NAPOLEON and

his Marshals exacted only such payments as were, in their judgment, connected with the necessities of war; and the result was that the inhabitants of the countries which they occupied generally bore the whole cost of the invading army, with a few millions for the private purses of the superior officers, and equal or greater contributions to the military treasury of the EMPEROR. When the Delegates came to the question of reprisals, the conventional deference which every State expressed for the wishes of any other State broke hopelessly down. As Sir ALFRED HORSFORD remarks, instances of severe reprisals were too recent to permit a dispassionate consideration of the question. The Russian Delegate could only express a too sanguine hope that "the mere mention in the Protocol that the Committee, after having endeavoured to regulate, to soften, and to restrain reprisals, has shrunk from the task before the general repugnance felt to the subject, will have a most serious moral bearing." It was not exactly from repugnance to reprisals that the Committee of Conference shrunk from discussing the subject; but Baron JOMINI, who is the most courteous and conciliatory of diplomatists, deserves credit for extemporizing an excuse for inevitable failure. As no one is bound to conclusions which are in themselves for the most part unobjectionable and exempt from all suspicion of novelty, the Conference will have done no harm. The motives of the Emperor ALEXANDER in convoking the Conference were probably benevolent, and, if no progress has been made towards mitigating the evils of war, some moral effect may perhaps, as Baron JOMINI hopes, be produced by the general acknowledgment that, although the sole object of war is to hurt and distress the adverse belligerent, yet the infliction of the greatest possible pain and misery is not in itself a desirable object.

SOCIALIST AGITATORS.

WHEN the Suffolk farmers first accepted the challenge of the Labourers' Trades Union, volunteer advisers told them that they were mad, or exhorted them to increase the scanty wages of their men, instead of driving them to despair. The agitation which was checked by the firmness of the farmers in the Eastern Counties has lately been revived in Somersetshire with less concealment of its real purpose. Noisy demagogues and revolutionary pedants now demand on behalf of farm-labourers, not an addition to their wages, but a redistribution of landed property. A Dissenting preacher who presided at a late meeting at Wellington quoted with professional familiarity the precedent of the Mosaic year of jubilee as applicable to the soil of England. As landed property was certainly hereditary among the Israelites, they can scarcely have conformed in practice to the injunction which certainly seems to be found in their law; but during the Reign of Terror a Jacobin judge is said to have decided an action of ejectment in favour of the plaintiff on the express ground that the defendant had proved the undisputed possession of the land by his ancestors during several generations. The Court ruled that the owner had held the land long enough; and that now it was the turn of the claimant. The Somersetshire preacher would act on the same principle with the apocryphal Jacobin in the story. It is not worth while to argue with a teacher who may or may not believe the doctrine which he at least thinks good enough for an ignorant audience. One of the advantages of a voluntary ecclesiastical system is total absence of responsibility. Even if farmers were otherwise likely to be convinced of the expediency of giving more than the market price for labour, they would see the impossibility of conciliating demagogues and dupes who claim a right neither to large wages nor to occupancy, but to the ownership of the land. The statistics which are commonly produced by agitators, though they may not be intelligible to labourers, probably produce an effect by the long array of figures. It is said that a hundred and fifty persons own half the soil of England; in which case their possessions must average considerably more than two hundred thousand acres. A hundred and fifty estates of such magnitude would not be easily enumerated in detail. It is next asserted that railways have added 800,000,000*l.* to the value of land in England, or 400,000,000*l.* to the property of the hundred and fifty monopolists. This unearned increment, as Mr. MILL called it, ought obviously to be confiscated, perhaps in au-

ticipation of the jubilee year which will transfer the residue to the defrauded labourer. In pursuance of the same mode, of reasoning it might be shown that the increase in the value of investments and in the profits of trade which may be traced to the extension of population and industry belongs to anybody rather than to the actual holders. The funds are now worth thirty or forty per cent. more than in the early part of the century.

Mr. FRANCIS NEWMAN, in an argument for the equalization of the county and borough franchise, virtually recommended the labourers to use the suffrage, as soon as they obtained it, for purposes of spoliation and revenge. English Parliaments had, he assured them, always been hostile to the labourer, as was proved by the Acts which purported to establish a maximum of wages. It was unnecessary to remind the workmen that no such Acts had been passed or enforced for many generations; and it would perhaps have been superfluous as well as difficult to prove that modern Parliaments had exhibited any hostility to the poor. It is a favourite device of agitators to attribute to the objects of their denunciation all the offences which may at any former time have been committed, or said to have been committed, by the class to which they belong. Nobles were massacred during the French Revolution because, amongst other reasons, their enemies had invented a legend in which feudal lords were represented as having in the middle ages warmed their feet in the blood of their murdered vassals. Mr. NEWMAN, though he resembles in many respects the logical and philanthropic section of the Jacobins, has probably no wish to send landowners to the guillotine. He only explains to the Somersetshire labourers that down to the time of HENRY VIII. they were called landlords, and that at that date they became landowners by conquering the villeins, whom they sometimes hanged by a hundred at a time. Mr. NEWMAN adds that it is a happy incident of the present agitation that it has never been proposed to take property from the landlords. "What remedy is to be supplied is a matter for mature reflection." Possibly even the intellect of a discontented labourer may have suggested, with little need of reflection, that the remedy for unjust deprivation of property is to take it back again by force. If the villeins were, as Mr. NEWMAN asserts, conquered by the great lords, who thus dispossessed the peasantry from their holdings, the peasantry have only with the aid of the franchise to conquer the lords in turn, and so to recover their holdings. It is true that with few exceptions the landowners of the present day have neither conquered nor dispossessed anybody, except by the simple process of buying his land with the earnings of themselves or their predecessors. Historical politicians of the school of Mr. NEWMAN are always ready to visit the sins of the fathers, not only on their children, but on the assignees for valuable consideration of a long succession of previous purchasers from their children.

It may be well to recall attention to the professed purpose of Mr. NEWMAN's elaborate dissertation on landed property. Nothing can be more reasonable than to support a demand for the extension of the suffrage by an exposition of the political results which it is expected to produce. Mr. NEWMAN and the other speakers at the Wellington meeting are entitled to the credit of candour, if not of prudence, when they explain that the political power which they ask for the labourer is to be employed in expropriating the present owners of the land. It is true that some of the orators affect to disguise from others, and perhaps from themselves, the only intelligible meaning of their declamation; but they all concur in assuring the labourer that he has been unjustly dispossessed of the soil of which he is the rightful owner. The grievance can only be redressed by simple restoration. It is idle to speak of compensation to be paid by penniless claimants. In Prussia and in Russia, which are always invidiously held up for the imitation of English legislators, the peasantry were, before the modern changes in the law, already in possession of the land which they now possess; and it only remained to relieve them from the incidents of a servile tenure. In England small freeholders have been bought out, and small purchasers have been outbidden. The natural effect of freedom of trade in any commodity is to accumulate objects of luxury in the hands of the rich. If the Wellington doctrines of transfer were carried out in practice, some families would be found to have made the best of both the present and the feudal time. In every county names which indicate former ownership of the

land are to be found among the labouring class, while the neighbouring squire is probably the descendant of a trader whose ancestors may have been numbered among Mr. NEWMAN'S dispossessed villeins. The extravagant proposals of demagogues in the rural districts will not be without incidental advantage, if their language induces politicians seriously to consider the project of extending household suffrage to county constituencies. Mr. GLADSTONE adopted the popular doctrine with characteristic levity; and Mr. DISRAELI has sometimes countenanced it with a not less characteristic affectation of confidence in the working class. Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps not have menaced the stability of the Constitution if he had not happened at the moment to want an excuse for his conversion to the Ballot. Mr. DISRAELI believes that he proved his sagacity when he taught his party that it was for its interest to dig down to a stratum of voters which would, as he assured them, be Conservative. The tone of his speech on Mr. TERVELLYAN'S motion in the last Session indicated a disposition to repeat the experiment, if only he could ensure the assent of his colleagues and his party. The stratum in which the doctrines of Mr. NEWMAN and his friends have been deposited is not likely, when it is brought to the surface, to produce Conservative vegetation. The managers of the Union, the rural agitators, and the Socialist professors give Parliament fair warning of the objects to which they will direct the political energies of the enfranchised labourers. The landowners and the farmers are thoroughly aroused, and they will not readily forgive any attempt to place them at the mercy of the demagogues who expound their policy not only in mischievous speeches but in incendiary caricatures. If the owners of personalty connive at the confiscation of the land, they will be justly and inevitably punished by the application to their own possessions of Socialist principles.

NANA SAHIB.

IF it should turn out after all, as seems not improbable, that the NANA SAHIB who has been captured by SCINDIAH is not the real NANA, or at least that there is no certainty of his being so, there will be no reason to regret that the British Government has been thus conveniently relieved from a painful and embarrassing responsibility. It will be observed that the very positive assertions of the first telegram have been gradually toned down in subsequent communications. At first it was taken for granted that this man must necessarily be the NANA, and that there was no room for any sort of doubt on the subject. It now appears that all that can be said is that somebody has been seized on the assumption that he is NANA SAHIB, and that, while several persons who have seen him and who knew the NANA think he really is the man, others think he is not. It has been remarked that there is something singularly dramatic in the capture by a native prince, who has at the present moment special reasons for showing himself friendly to England, of another prince who has made himself the most notorious embodiment of hatred to our rule; but to some minds the striking poetical appropriateness of the incident may tend rather to confirm than to remove the doubts which have been suggested. The first report was that SCINDIAH had himself recognized the NANA and seized him with his own hand, and that the prisoner had immediately confessed his name. A later message tells us that the prisoner has repudiated his confession as having been obtained under the influence of hunger and drugs. We also learn that the doctors differ as to his age, some holding that he is under forty and others that he is over that age; that Dr. TRESSIDER, the Civil surgeon at Cawnpore during the Mutiny, who attended the NANA, and once performed an operation on his foot, fails to identify him; and that Colonel M. THOMPSON, who was also well acquainted with the NANA'S appearance, though he sees a general likeness, including a scar on the forehead, does not feel sure that he is the right man. On the other hand, SCINDIAH adheres to his opinion; a nephew, and another man who is oddly described as "the father of the man who married the daughter of the NANA'S adoptive father," have borne testimony on the same side; and certain Mahratta witnesses, not particularly specified, are said to have seen him after he was shaved and dressed, and to be confident of his identity. When there is such a conflict of opinion, it will certainly not be surprising if the prisoner should be ultimately released.

It would of course be hopeless for any one at a distance to attempt to solve a problem of this kind. We can only accept on trust the judgment of those who are supposed to be most capable of forming one. It is obvious, however, that the question is clearly not one to be determined by a mere numerical majority of witnesses, inasmuch as the testimony of a single thoroughly independent and competent witness might justly outweigh that of a score of others of a less trustworthy character. We have lately witnessed in our own country an instructive example of the liability of intelligent and conscientious witnesses to fall into strange confusion and inaccuracy in giving evidence on a question of personal resemblance when there has been a long interval during which the person to be identified has not been seen. It is now ten years since the NANA disappeared, and it may be presumed that his experiences during that time, if he is still alive, have left their mark upon his looks. There is no reason to suppose that SCINDIAH is capable of deliberately passing off a false NANA on the British Government as a means of paying court to it; but nothing is more likely than that it should be known that he would be glad if the NANA could be found, and that his dependents should endeavour to gratify his wish. It would appear that there is certainly a resemblance, and perhaps a strong resemblance, between the prisoner and NANA SAHIB. Indeed the man himself says that he was arrested on a similar suspicion in 1864, and acquitted. This acquittal, supposing the man to be the same, would of course prove nothing except that the authorities at that time did not feel certain that he was the NANA, and the second question of identity thus opened up would probably be at least as difficult to determine as the first. As the matter stands there would seem to be very little chance of the question being decided either one way or the other in such manner as to put an end to controversy. Some years ago a circumstantial account of the NANA's death from jungle fever was accepted at Calcutta as authentic. If the present presumed NANA were to be executed, there would be many people who would believe that the penalty had been inflicted on the wrong man, and that the real NANA was still alive.

Under those circumstances there can, we should think, be little doubt as to the course which the Government will pursue. If it is proved by overwhelming evidence that the NANA has actually been caught, there will, we suppose, be no alternative but to hang him, but it will certainly be a relief, and not a disappointment, if it should happen that the unwelcome captive cannot be identified. It is not surprising that SCINDIAH should take the view of the matter which would naturally present itself to the mind of a native prince. He would imagine that nothing could be more gratifying to the British Government than to get hold of its old enemy for the purposes of vengeance; and though he is said to have begged that the prisoner's life may be spared, he has probably done so with little expectation that this clemency will be displayed. Englishmen, however, have a different way of looking at such questions. It is true that some English journalists seized upon the first intimation of the capture as an excuse for raking up the horrible memories of Cawnpore, and gloating over the opportunity for revenge which has now offered; but, in striking this note, they strangely misrepresented the feelings of their countrymen. It would of course be absurd to waste any pity on the NANA. What he did is registered indelibly, and can never be forgotten; but the page is one on which Englishmen do not care to dwell. The terrible anguish of the hour has been softened by time into a mournful memory, and NANA SAHIB himself may be said to have taken his place among the shadows of history. If he is still alive, and actually in our hands, the law must take its course. But his execution, though due to the law, would be a miserable satisfaction to those whom he wronged. Our account with him has long ago been closed, and practically he may be regarded as having ceased to exist when the Mutiny was suppressed. If his life is further prolonged, it will be only on the same conditions as those on which he has enjoyed that doubtful boon during the last ten years. He can live only by renouncing everything that makes life worth having. He must skulk, and hide, and burrow like a hunted beast, knowing at every moment that his life is at the mercy of those who shelter him. It is true, that the security he has hitherto enjoyed proves the connivance of friends, but there is no evidence that this connivance is general. Indeed, the very completeness with which the secret has been kept suggests

that it must have been known only to a few. To hang the NANA now would be almost like hanging a ghost, without having power to lay it. The official attestation of his death would not remove the doubts of sceptics as to the identity of the victim; and, on the other hand, even if he lived a little longer, his existence, as he must remain invisible, would be only a sort of legend. On the whole, it may be thought that it would have been just as well if SCINDIAH had held his hand. The most convenient issue of the affair will be the discovery that the captive is not the NANA, but only some unfortunate creature with an awkward resemblance to him.

FRANCE.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has again performed his favourite feat of posing as the democratic member of a despotic house. He has favoured the electors of the canton of Ajaccio with an exposition of the views which separate him from the other branch of his family, and which will continue to separate him from them until such time as a reconciliation promises to be convenient. It is well that cousins should dwell together in unity when one is in power, and the other finds the relationship profitable; but when both are, politically speaking, in exile, there may be an advantage in their appealing to supporters of different opinions. Prince NAPOLEON has discovered that the Napoleonic tradition has two sides to it. The Empire was at once a dictatorship and an emancipation. In the former character its mission was to secure in France and Europe the conquests of the Revolution. In the latter character its principal object was to give Prince NAPOLEON opportunities of distinguishing himself. The enfranchisement of Italy, the annexation of Nice and Savoy, the adoption of Free-trade, the Workmen's Commissions, and a project of decentralization which we hear of for the first time, were the results of a policy which Prince NAPOLEON recommended and with which Prince NAPOLEON associated himself. In so far as the Empire kept on good terms with its guardian angel all went well. Unfortunately the late EMPEROR did not always listen to these gentle promptings. There were other parts of his administration to which Prince NAPOLEON had to offer a strenuous, though, as it appeared to outside observers, a discriminating, opposition. He was the constant adversary of official candidatureship. He had no hand in the persecutions which made the Empire so many enemies. He resisted the wavering and fatal policy which led French troops to Mexico and Montana. He was opposed to the war of 1870. Nothing that the late EMPEROR did against Prince NAPOLEON's wishes ever prospered. Nothing that he did under his advice ever failed.

Under these circumstances it was natural that when the EMPEROR died Prince NAPOLEON should have expected to be summoned to Chislehurst to be guide, philosopher, and friend to the PRINCE IMPERIAL. Instead of this, he found that his cousin remained in the hands of the same bad counsellors who had led his father to ruin. The Imperialist leaders, he says, dream only of reaction and proscription. They are no better than Legitimists, without the White Flag. They are the slaves of Clericalism abroad and at home. The system they desire to restore is the system of the BOURBONS. This last accusation seems a little unfair, for the BOURBONS, judging by the acts of their adherents since they have been in office, have done their best to restore the system of the Empire. Possibly, however, the object of bringing these charges is to impress the Legitimists with a conviction that there is a substantial likeness between them and the Bonapartists, and that they will consequently do well, when they have no candidate of their own, to give their votes to an Imperialist. There is no need to suspect Prince NAPOLEON of anything more than a qualified dislike of his cousin. He is probably equally willing to take advantage of him when he has the opportunity, and to do him a good turn whenever the doing of it involves no loss to himself. In this case, as he cannot hope to win over the Legitimists for himself, it may be as well if possible to secure their votes for the family. Meanwhile it is the PRINCE's business to catch Republican votes, and accordingly he winds up his address by an enumeration of the democratic reforms which he will introduce if ever he has the chance. Tranquillity at home and peace abroad, the work of 1789 carried on to perfection, a remodelling of laws and institutions in the interest of democracy, army reorganization, rearrangement of taxation so as to please the greatest number of taxpayers,

compulsory education, emancipation of communes, Free-trade, liberty of the press, and of association—in short, universal progress and amelioration will accompany Prince NAPOLEON wherever he goes. Here, again, no harm can come to the party from the waving of the democratic flag. Prince NAPOLEON is not a candidate for the throne. As he himself puts it, he has had “too intimate an acquaintance with the grandeurs of power to have any personal ambition left.” As it might be more accurately expressed, he knows too well that succession to the Empire is beyond his reach to make himself unhappy because he cannot enjoy it. Consequently, if he should attract any votes in any constituency by means of this proclamation of his opinions, they must all go to the Imperialist candidate. If Prince NAPOLEON really has the accomplishment of these reforming intentions at heart, he can only carry them out under his cousin's rule. And, in the improbable event of any considerable number of French electors believing in the PRINCE's sincerity, the only obvious means of giving him the requisite opportunities will be to place him in the position of first Prince of the Blood. If, on the other hand, Republican ideas remain in the ascendant, and the PRINCE IMPERIAL is not recalled from England, it will be well for the BONAPARTE family that one of their number should be a candidate for such honours as the Republic will have to bestow. It is on the cards that Prince NAPOLEON, if he talks long enough about universal progress and amelioration, may some day become President in the Radical interest. How could he show a more disinterested regard for his country than by using his term of office to prepare the way for his cousin's restoration? There is not the least chance that the Imperialist party would ever accept Prince NAPOLEON himself as Emperor, and the certainty that he was giving up nothing would greatly sweeten this apparent act of self-denial.

It will be well if the dissensions which have broken out among the Republicans in connexion with the Oise election prove no more serious than the quarrel in the BONAPARTE family is likely to be. At present it seems not unlikely that the rivalry between M. ROUSSELLE and M. LEVAVASSEUR may end by letting in the Duke of MOUCHY. M. ROUSSELLE is willing to retire after the first ballot if M. LEVAVASSEUR gets more votes, but he insists on his right to be accepted as the sole Republican candidate if M. LEVAVASSEUR stands lowest on the poll. In theory this claim is perfectly reasonable. The Republican party is assumed to be divided as to which of its two candidates it would like to see returned, but to be united in the desire to see either of them returned in preference to the Duke of MOUCHY; and in this case the natural course is for the minority to withdraw their candidate in favour of the candidate of the majority. As a matter of fact, however, this is not at all a true description of the feelings of the Republicans. M. ROUSSELLE's partisans would like to see M. LEVAVASSEUR successful if the choice lay between him and the Duke of MOUCHY; but it is by no means clear that M. LEVAVASSEUR's partisans return the compliment. On the contrary, there is great reason to believe that, if M. LEVAVASSEUR were to withdraw after the first ballot, and M. ROUSSELLE and the Duke of MOUCHY were the only candidates in the field, a considerable number of M. LEVAVASSEUR's supporters would go over to the Duke of MOUCHY. It is difficult perhaps for M. ROUSSELLE to realize this fact, and it must be admitted that, so long as it remains a fact, the position of Radical candidates will be an unsatisfactory one. Inevitable self-sacrifice at the last moment, and the feeling that they have let in an adversary, are not a pleasant pair of alternatives to have to choose between. It is possible that, in order to keep alive their disinterestedness, the Radical candidates must occasionally be brought face to face with the consequences of an opposite line of conduct. The extreme Republicans have of late become very much more moderate than they used to be, and this improvement is in part attributable to their experience of the mischief which followed from the return of M. BARODET for Paris. If the Oise election ends in the return of the Duke of MOUCHY, they may learn from defeat the same lesson which they formerly learned from a victory which turned out to be more disastrous than any number of defeats. It will be a remarkable evidence of good sense if M. ROUSSELLE should, after all, retire in favour of M. LEVAVASSEUR; but if he does not, it will be some comfort to reasonable Republicans to reflect that future elections may be determined in their favour by a fresh demonstration that only an extremely Conservative Republic can possibly succeed in France.

IRRIGATION IN INDIA.

THE famine in Bengal has brought into new prominence the difficulties of irrigation, or, to speak more strictly, of paying for irrigation. Sir JOHN STRACHEY has lately described the financial result of the system at present in force, supposing it to be extended with that increased speed which seems now to be demanded by public opinion in India. “The cost of the works now in progress,” he says, “or the construction of which has been sanctioned, can hardly involve us in serious difficulties; but the necessity for protecting the country against famine is so great that it is impossible to say that we ought to be satisfied with the moderate rate of progress which is being made.” Sir JOHN STRACHEY does not question the assumption of the Indian Government that the returns from the works will not only cover the interest on the capital expended, but ultimately repay the capital itself. But though these calculations are correct, “they are only correct with this serious proviso, that a long time will commonly elapse before the anticipated results are obtained.” In proportion as more canals are projected and those already in progress are pushed on more rapidly, this prospect becomes more alarming. The Government may afford to lay out small sums of money for some considerable time, but, as one province of India after another puts in its claim, the interest on the aggregate capital borrowed must become large enough to exercise a very disturbing influence on the Indian Budget. In the three years ending the 31st of December, 1871, the whole revenue of Orissa was spent upon canals, and unless the works themselves can be made to pay the interest on the cost of construction, the Government of India will be burdened with two millions of public debt and an annual payment of 90,000*l.* This is an example of what is done under the pressure of recent terror; and what the famine of 1866 was for Orissa the famine of 1874 will be for Bengal. It is true that a great part of Lower Bengal has an average rainfall which seems to make irrigation a luxury, but last year's experience has shown that a large average rainfall is not a guarantee against famine. If rain is wanting from the 1st of August to the 15th of September, it matters little how much may have fallen during the earlier part of the year. Besides this, the districts which suffered most from drought in 1873 lie outside this comparatively favoured zone, and have an average rainfall which makes irrigation a necessity to the prosperity, if not to the existence, of the people. Wherever this is the case, the Indian Government will be strongly pressed to make canals, not to mention that it will probably feel, with Sir JOHN STRACHEY, that it “is an absolute duty to the people which must be performed whether the financial risk be great or not.” But the financial risk involved in pressing on irrigation works to the utmost possible extent amounts to a choice between bankruptcy and burdensome taxation, and in India burdensome taxation is a source of considerable suffering for the people, and of immense, and possibly dangerous, unpopularity for the Government. This is the difficulty which Indian financiers have now to meet. At present canals are paid for by loans, and if the people for whose benefit the canals have been made would use the water, the price they would pay for it would at least meet the interest on the capital borrowed. But as a matter of fact they do not use the water. The innate conservatism of the Indian peasant, says Dr. HUNTER, gives the canals no chance. He and his fathers have been accustomed to trust to the accidents of successive seasons, to rejoice when rain is abundant and the harvest bounteous, to lie down and die when the earth is dried up and the crops fail. No doubt where irrigation works exist he no longer gives himself up to despair. He turns in his extremity to the canals, and is glad to take the water which he has hitherto despised. But before he yields to this overpowering necessity he has probably been reduced to beggary, if not to starvation. The Land-tax will have to be remitted, relief works must be set up, and in the face of this state of affairs the Government will have to consider by what new tax to raise the interest on the irrigation loan for the years during which the canals lay absolutely unused.

Lord Mayo proposed to solve the problem how to pay for irrigation by levying a compulsory water-rate. The people who are directly benefited by the construction of canals are the people, he argued, who ought to pay for them. At present “everybody seems to desire irrigation, but many

"seem to desire that somebody else should pay for it." If these works are to be steadily gone on with they must be made self-supporting and independent. Without this they will be constantly liable to suspension in deference to some immediate necessity. It is only fair that the cultivators whose lands are improved, and whose lives are saved, by the presence of water in seasons of drought, should bear a burden which after all leaves them richer than it finds them. Sir JOHN STRACHY maintains that, though Lord MAYO's proposal to levy a compulsory water-rate on the lands benefited by the canals has been misunderstood and misrepresented, it was thoroughly just and wise, and that on no other basis can any extensive system of irrigation be constructed. It is not easy indeed to deny this latter statement. The English taxpayer will certainly not make a present of the money to the Indian taxpayer, and all that can be safely and profitably got out of the Indian taxpayer is got out of him already. The Indian Government might conceivably shut its eyes to these two facts, and go on borrowing with no real hope of repaying either capital or interest, but it is practically impossible that such a policy should either find favour at Calcutta, or, even if it did, be sanctioned by the SECRETARY OF STATE. There is a school of Indian politicians who object to a compulsory water-rate, on the double ground that it would be oppressive in itself, and would end by giving the peasantry a distaste for irrigation which would go far to render the works useless. As regards the first plea, it seems to be disposed of by the conditions which Lord MAYO proposed to attach to the rate. On his plan it was not to be levied until the inhabitants had neglected to take the water for five years after it had been brought to their fields, and then only in places "where it can be proved that the cultivator's net profits will be increased by the canal, after paying the irrigation rates." This last proviso must operate as an absolute safeguard against oppression, unless it can be called oppression to make a cultivator do something for the common good, which will at the same time increase his own wealth. Unless it can be shown that he will be a richer man by using the water than by leaving it alone, he will not be forced to pay the water-rate. In this way the peasantry will also be protected against having canals forced upon them by enthusiastic officials. No member of the Indian Government will be allowed to make a hobby of irrigation, so long as his colleagues know that the rate which is to pay for it cannot be raised unless it has been proved that the cultivator will be better off after he has used the water and paid for it than he was before either using it or paying for it.

As regards the objection that a water-rate will set the peasantry against irrigation, two things are to be said. In the first place, this dislike of irrigation is not likely to survive the discovery that they are benefited by it, and they will not be long in making this discovery when they have to pay for the water whether they use it or not. Under a system of voluntary payments, a generation might pass away without the fact finding its way into their minds; under a system of compulsory payments, they may be trusted not to persist in refusing water which it will cost them no more to take than to pass by. In the second place, supposing that a compulsory water-rate even under these conditions would tend to set the peasantry against irrigation, it would not have this effect in nearly the same degree as the additional taxes which will have to be levied if the expense is thrown on the Indian Exchequer instead of being borne by those for whose advantage it is incurred. Observation of results will in time make it clear to the ratepayer that he is a gainer by irrigation. He will see his fields green year after year whether the season be dry or rainy, and he will grow by degrees to understand that his immunity from famine is due to the forethought of the Government. But between an addition to the general taxation of the country and the benefits derived from irrigation there is no obvious connexion, and the peasant who hears that this new burden has been laid upon him for the benefit of a district hundreds of miles away will be a long time in finding out how he is the better for it.

MECHANICAL HUMOUR.

ALL good things are of course speedily imitated; and as competition becomes more intense there is an increasing tendency to rival genuine articles by the cheaper products of machinery. Mr. Ruskin has been driven to a state of permanent irritability by this process as applied to material manufactures. Watt and Arkwright are regarded by him as the tempters who have spoilt our

paradise by their unhallowed arts. Everywhere for the good old homespun work we have flimsy substitutes, artistically contemptible and economically inferior. A similar tendency is manifest even in the fine arts; and we have been told that the remotest colonies are supplied with Titians and Correggios manufactured by wholesale in Birmingham. However this may be, we certainly see symptoms of a similar process applied where at first sight it would seem even less applicable. Literature can be manufactured as well as painting; and, when the art has been developed a little further, we may expect that a publisher will be able to give an order for a volume of *sham* Dickens or Tennyson as easily as the upholsterer can now order paper of any favourite pattern. To some extent the art has always been practised. Every original writer naturally has a band of imitators. Each new poet has a tune of his own, which can be echoed by tenth-rate writers with surprising facility. The mechanical versification of Pope was peculiarly adapted for such servile imitation; but since his metre palled upon the public ear, we have had half-a-dozen new styles, each of which has been caught up with amazing fidelity. A few years ago all young poets echoed Mr. Tennyson; and if at the present moment we were to offer a prize for poetry, we should confidently expect that half the competitors would talk about roses and raptures as fluently, though not quite so melodiously, as Mr. Swinburne. This is inevitable, and to a certain extent is right and proper. No poet has really succeeded until he has established a school; and even the greatest poets have generally begun by treading more or less distinctly in the footsteps of their latest predecessor. It is still an open question whether a second-rate poet has any right to exist at all; but, if the race is not to be exterminated, they must of necessity echo the few original minds which stamp the character of the age.

There is, however, another department of literature in which we are really more annoyed by the process. Of all things, one would say that humour ought to be spontaneous. Nothing jars upon one's nerves so much as a forced laugh; it is not merely tiresome, but positively painful, to see a face contorted into a grin by way of imitating a genuine smile. One reason is that we realize so easily the difference between the sham and the reality. Nobody ever yet succeeded, it is probable, in laughing at a story of which he did not understand the point so skilfully as to deceive the narrator, though that is a harmless little bit of hypocrisy which we all attempt pretty frequently, and which it would be a breach of good manners to expose. No kind of literature, on the same principle, is so unspeakably tiresome as that in which a man without a sense of humour tries to be funny by imitating some favourite form of facetiousness. And yet the attempt is made so frequently and systematically that the performance must evidently be regarded as easy. And, in fact, a joke appears at first sight to be one of those things for which a definite formula can be provided. There is an old book which professes to be a collection of "rules by which a proper judgment of jests may be formed," and to give a criterion for distinguishing genuine from spurious wit. The favourite dispute as to the proper definitions of wit and humour seems to assume that some quasi-mathematical formula of the kind might really be discovered. The simplest of all forms of wit is punning, and one might suppose that the art of punning could be taught like a rule in arithmetic. We do not affect to despise puns, for it would be brutal to find fault with what has been an undoubted amusement to a large part of the human race. So many generations of Englishmen have been delighted by recognizing the fact that the two words "die" and "dye" have the same sound and a different signification that it would be cruel to proscribe so simple an amusement. There are not too many sources of innocent pleasure in the world, and we cannot afford to cut off any one. All that we need say is that the pleasure is of a rather infantile kind; and that, like other infantile games, it loses its charm when deliberately practised by persons of mature intellect. Another and higher form of wit, which seems to be resolvable into a logical formula, is the *hull*; though to make a good *hull* requires very great ingenuity. But when we come to the more refined artifices, where mere logic or language is less concerned, the inferiority of the manufactured to the genuine product becomes more disagreeably manifest. Every true humourist is almost of necessity a mannerist. The peculiar turn of mind to which he owes his power generates a corresponding peculiarity of style; and when the external form is consciously imitated, instead of being spontaneously generated by the mind of the writer, we have the defect which is generally called mannerism. Sterne, for example, or Lamb or Dickens, each invented new and perfectly legitimate forms of humour, which were mechanically repeated by their followers, and, at times, by themselves. Lamb has had fewer imitators than the others, because his humour was the most refined; and any one who tries to follow his method without being guided by his exquisite delicacy of perception becomes instantly and palpably absurd. Such humour cannot be in the least forced without destroying its charm. Humour, on the other hand, like that of Dickens, which is partly the expression of strong animal spirits, and is compatible with the utmost extravagance of language, can be tolerably reproduced by much coarser workmanship; for it implies, when it is genuine, not a delicate balancing of varying intellectual moods, but simply a hearty outburst of unrestrainable fun. Anybody can imitate more or less that kind of humour which in its extreme forms provokes a horse-laugh; but it is not so easy to imitate the fine semi-ironical smile of a cultivated and acute intelligence. The imitators of Dickens, beginning with Dickens himself, have ac-

cordingly been innumerable, and at one time were a real plague of literature. Their methods are too familiar to need description. The short, jerky sentence, the use of preposterous proper names, the incessant dwelling upon some little catchword, the use of an elaborate paraphrase to describe some familiar object, are forms of would-be wit which have long ceased to be tolerable. Who has not shuddered on opening some new book and seeing a tail described as a caudal appendage? Such a phrase is the mark of the beast, and would justify us in sending the book to the common hangman if that person continued to exercise his old function.

Of late years another fashion has prevailed which is already a nuisance in need of suppression. American humour was once a very genuine and characteristic product. The humour, for example, of the *Diglow Papers* was singularly fresh, and has preserved the book in spite of the fact that many of its topics and allusions have already become unintelligible to the English reader. It was a full expression of the characteristic qualities of the genuine Yankee before he was swamped by the immigration of millions of the huns or had set up to talk philosophy. It was the keen mother-wit of a race distinguished for strong common sense, and marked by a curious reserve produced by a Puritan education or by the natural temperament of the race. Nothing could be better or more racy in its way, though to many tastes it appeared to be rather too dry and to verge at times upon the cynical. This last quality, indeed, is much more conspicuous in some of Hoer's successors, who have chosen to flavour their natural wit with a considerable dose of irreverence. But, not to dwell upon the peculiar qualities of the genuine article, we may admit that even the *Liter or Argenus Ward* variety of humourist had some real merits which more or less justified the popularity of their books in England. Unluckily the success has led to a host of imitators, and, as in other cases, the difference between the Brummagem article and that upon which it is modelled is that, whereas the true Yankee humour is the expression of a particular type of intellect, the sham humour represents only the incessant application of a simple trick. Here, again, we might construct a formula which would enable any man of ordinary capacity to manufacture just as much facetiousness of this variety as he pleased. One secret, if it can be called a secret, is simply to speak of things in totally disproportionate language; as, for example, you may either describe a great national solemnity as if it were a meeting of drunken costermongers or adopt the inverse method. But this trick is common to other varieties of humorous writing. To give the special Yankee twang to the mixture, it is desirable to introduce a flavour of blasphemy or cynicism. There are dangers in adopting the first expedient, but the last presents no difficulty whatever. Thus, for example, it has come to be recognized as a very funny mode of speech to describe a hideous crime or a startling accident in entirely inappropriate language. If a dozen passengers have been killed on a railway by the gross neglect of the officials, you have only to say that the clerks playfully sent a wrong message, with the object of gratifying their scientific curiosity as to the collision of heavy bodies; and that, owing to a trifling excess of zeal, a few passengers who had not explicitly consented to the experiment were more or less spoilt in carrying it out. Or, if a brutal labourer kicks his wife to death it is just as easy as not to say that he took a rather stringent view of the matrimonial relation, and chose to emphasize a delicate remonstrance by administering a few rhetorical flourishes with the toe of an iron-shod boot. This artifice is for a time impressive by its novelty, and does indifferently well for what is called scathing sarcasm. We are struck by the ingenuity of the irony, and think that the writer must be a very clever fellow always to say white when he means us to understand black. But when the dodge has been repeated a few dozen times, it becomes, to our taste at least, inexpressibly wearisome. If you want to call a man a knave, it is simpler in the long run to call him knave than to describe him as a gentleman with eccentric views of moral obligations. It is just as easy to use one phrase as the other; and when the plan of inverting language has once become familiar, it is probably best to use the directest mode of expression.

Why should not such methods of mechanical joking be put down? The only objection is probably one which recalls Mr. Mill's early cause of melancholy. He was afraid that all the tunes in the world would be used up; and in the same way, funny writers are probably afraid that every known variety of joke will be worn out. They therefore continue to use over and over again the same good old device of grim humour which Swift originated in the proposal for eating Irish babies. Without giving our reasons for thinking the fear chimerical, we may simply observe that the cure is worse than the evil. If all tunes were being exhausted, we should still decline to be grateful to persons who should insist upon always regaling our ears with a single effete melody. And on the same principle, we would rather have no facetious writing at all than a facetiousness which is becoming more tiresome than the most deadly solemnity.

SWITZERLAND IN ITALY.

THE mysteries of tourist geography are endless. We trust that our readers have not forgotten the difficulty which Messrs. Cook and Co. felt, after crossing St. Gotthard, in "believing that they were still in the land which produced a Tell." On the other hand, Messrs. Bradshaw and Co., an equally high authority, define a certain, or uncertain, part of the earth's

surface as "Switzerland or the Alpine country." We may suppose therefore that they would not share Messrs. Cook's difficulty in believing that a Tell had been produced anywhere where there are Alps. We remember, years and years ago, seeing a playbill which announced the performance of "Hofer, or the Tell of the Tyrol." Would Messrs. Cook feel the same difficulty anywhere about Innsbruck which they felt somewhere about Bellinzona? Or would Messrs. Bradshaw rule that, as Tyrol is an Alpine country, it is therefore Switzerland, and a land in which we have a right to look for the production of Tells. To be sure Tell, in the legend, shot somebody else, while Hofer, in the history, got shot himself; but this is a slight matter so long as both had something to do with mountains and something to do with shooting. Tell has been long ago ruled to be the Sun-god, and we have no doubt that, with a little exercise of ingenuity, a place in mythology might be found for Hofer also. Still, though we must be allowed our laugh at the way in which our guides put forth their thoughts, there is a meaning in the somewhat grotesque utterances of both of them. Whether we look at the map or at the land itself, there is a certain seeming strangeness in Ticino being a Swiss Canton, and this we conceive to be Messrs. Cook's meaning, when the flourish about producing a Tell has been "biled and peeled." On the other hand, if, with Messrs. Bradshaw, we take the less sentimental line of physical geography, if we assume that "the Alpine country" must have a distinct being of its own, we should certainly not fix its boundaries at the present boundaries of the Swiss Confederation. There are purposes—and we have no doubt that climbing purposes are among them—for which it would not be convenient to attend very carefully to the frontier on the map. It does seem odd that a man at Mendrisio should not be a countryman of his neighbour at Como, of his own speech and manners, and that he should be the countryman of the man of distant Basel with whom he seems to have nothing in common. And, on the other hand, when we have got the notion from a physical point of view, by no means an unnatural notion—of an "Alpine country" as something which has a distinct existence, there is something strange in finding that "the monarch of mountains" has no part or lot in the land which is held to be peopled with his subjects. After all, the state of mind which is puzzled at finding that certain parts of Switzerland are Switzerland, and that certain parts of other countries are not Switzerland, has its parallels in our own islands. It is a received article of the tourist's faith that a certain part of Lancashire is, for tourist purposes, to be looked on as Cumberland, and that a large part of Somerset is, with still less of excuse, to be looked on as Devonshire.

But, leaving tourists aside, the existence of an Italian, as well as of a German and a Burgundian, Switzerland will supply the thoughtful traveller with several subjects for musing, geographical, historical, and political. Why is it that it seems strange to find Switzerland south of the Alps any more than north? If the "Alpine country," the land of mountains and valleys and lakes, is held to have a separate being of its own, the "Alpine country" may just as reasonably take in the southern as the northern slopes and spurs of the great mountain range. If we look on the mountains themselves as a natural boundary, if we rule all to the south to be naturally Italy, we may rule all to the north to be naturally Germany. If the Rhine is supposed to be a natural boundary in the one case, the Po will do just as well in the other. The truth is that, as far as natural and historical boundaries go, there is just as much reason for carrying Germany up the northern slope of St. Gotthard as there is for carrying Italy up the southern slope. If Lugano and Bellinzona are naturally Italian, Zürich and Luzern are just as much naturally German. Yet not only people who fancy that Switzerland has been a separate country from all eternity, but those who know how the Old League of High Germany really began and spread, cannot withstand some degree of Mr. Cook's feeling of incongruity on finding that, in the valley of the Ticino, and even at the southern end of the Lake of Lugano, we are still on Confederate ground. The real cause of the feeling of incongruity lies in the peculiar history of the single Italian canton, as compared with that of the German and the Burgundian cantons. Of the original cantons we need not say that none was Italian; if we were to say that none was Burgundian, we should be sinning against strict geographical accuracy, for as late as the fifteenth century Bern was sung of

Als Kionn im Burgundenreich;

but all at least were thoroughly German in speech and history. But of the two classes of Romance-speaking lands which now form part of the Confederation, the League has spread itself in quite different ways into the land of Oc and into the land of St. In the Burgundian lands the Confederates were not mere conquerors; Vaud undoubtedly was strictly a conquered land, but Geneva, Neuchâtel, and the former bishopric of Basel, were all allies before they became Confederates. But south of the Alps the Confederates appeared as mere conquerors, as alien and aggressive rulers. In the land which forms the present Canton of Ticino there was in the old state of things not only no canton, but no ally. All was mere subject land conquered or ceded, districts subject to this or that canton or groups of cantons. As long as we climb the St. Gotthard pass on its northern side, the name of Uri keeps its natural meaning of eternal freedom; cross over into the Levantine valley, and the name of Uri means only the hardest bondage. The men who so stoutly refused to acknowledge any master over themselves were quite ready to become the despotic masters of others. Pass

a little lower, Bellinzona stands encompassed by her three castles, in which the *Fogts* of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden lived to hold down the conquered Italians quite as straitly as ever the mythical Gessler could have held their own forefathers. In the later acquisitions to the south, the common property of the Confederates, the rule was the same; all was bondage, only it is said that the yoke of oligarchy pressed lighter on the subject than the yoke of democracy, and that the Italian bailiwicks felt it as a comparative respite when the turn to rule over them passed from Uri or Unterwalden to Bern or Zurich.

It is plain that the connexion of a land under these circumstances with the Confederation was of another kind from that of the Romance-speaking allies, or even the Romance-speaking subjects, north of the Alps. Vaud had its wrongs; but they were hardly so heavy as the wrongs of Bellinzona and the Levantine Valley. No change could have been greater than that which turned these lands, with their various and shifting lords, into the independent Canton of Ticino. The neighbouring land, which stood in the same relation to the Three Leagues of Rhetia as they did to the Confederacy, was doomed to another fate. In the case of the Valtellina, the connexion between master and subject was wholly broken. When Graubünden became a Swiss Canton, Chiavenna and Bormio were wholly cut asunder from it, and they have since followed the shifting destinies of Northern Italy. This, we may add, makes the position of Ticino, and its look on the map, yet more incongruous. If the Valtellina had become another Italian Canton, the isolation of Ticino would have been greatly lessened. It would no longer have so thoroughly the look of a piece of one land running irregularly into another. As it is, the boundary which divides Switzerland from Italy seems to be one of the most artificial and capricious in the whole map of Europe. There is no visible reason why this scrap of the side of a lake should be Swiss and that other scrap Italian. Only we must remember that there is just as little visible reason why Schaffhausen should be Swiss and Constanx German. The purely geographical difficulty is the same on both sides.

The fusion of Ticino with the rest of Switzerland would seem, at least on the Ticinese side, to have been complete. The difficulties of Messrs. Cook must have risen to their height as they stood by the shores of the Lake of Lugano, under an Italian sky and surrounded by purely Italian buildings, and saw that the spot on which they stood was called "Piazza Guglielmo Tell." Old differences must have been pretty well forgotten when a patriotic citizen of Lugano could, as a sign of his patriotism, set up a statue of the hero of his former oppressors. We do not remember that Vaud reverences the particular heroes of Bern; but then Vaud has some kind of claim to heroes of its own, while we are not aware that Ticino, as a land apart from both Italy and Switzerland, ever had any.

The history of these subjects seems at first sight to contradict certain lessons which we learn from the analogous pages in the history of old Greece. In Greece democracy seems better able to undertake the government of dependencies than oligarchy. In Switzerland, and we may say in Italy, it was the reverse. Athens was a less harsh mistress than Sparta, but Uri was clearly a harsher mistress than Bern. Is the cause of the difference that in Greece the highest civilization was to be found in a democratic city, while in Switzerland the rural democracies naturally lagged in all outward respects behind the civic oligarchies? Yet democratic Florence was at least as highly advanced in these matters as oligarchic Venice, and certainly none of the Italian dependencies of Venice were so bitter against their mistress as Pisa was against Florence. Is it that the utter failure of Sparta in the government of dependencies arose, not so much from the mere fact of the government being oligarchic, as from the special nature of that government and of the national character? From the little that we know of Corinth, her aristocracy seems, notwithstanding the malicious hatred of Korkyra, to have more successfully grappled with this problem. Setting forms of government apart, a man of Uri sent to govern a subject district must have been very like a Spartan harmost; the Athenian and the Bernese had each of them much better experience at home. And as for Florence, we must remember the intense spirit of local and civic rivalry among the Italian commonwealths—a spirit in which Venice, a fragment of the East resting at anchor alongside of Italy, had no share. In her Lombard neighbours she might have enemies, she might have subjects, but she had no rivals. Verona and Brescia were not to her as Pisa was to Florence. Add also that Athens, a commonwealth formed, not only of the city of Athens but of the whole land of Attica, was less distinctly local and civic than Florence, the very embodiment of those feelings. On the whole, we may say that, while the rule of one city or district over another is in itself unjust, the yoke may be much lighter or heavier in different cases, and that the lightness or heaviness of the yoke does not depend wholly on the form of government of the ruling State, but on several causes, of which that is only one.

One lesson more may be drawn from this seemingly incongruous land of Swiss Italy or Italian Switzerland. In the long run of history a momentary loss may be a final gain, and a momentary gain may be a final loss. The districts in the Netherlands which were added to France by Louis the Fourteenth doubtless gained at the time; for, bad as the rule of France was, that of Spain was incomparably worse. But, besides that France in annexing Artois annexed Robespierre, just as in annexing Corsica she annexed Buonaparte, had those provinces remained to Spain then, they would now serve a European purpose in strengthening inde-

pendent Belgium. So, on the other hand, the Italian lands which were subject to the Confederation were perhaps worse off even than lands under a Duke of Milan or a King of Spain; certainly they were far worse off than lands under an Austrian Emperor or a French King of Italy. But because these lands lived on in their bondage, a worse bondage than that of any of their neighbours, they have been in the end rewarded with the highest freedom.

So we muse beside the statue of Tell at Lugano, beneath the campanile of Santa Maria degli Angeli, beside the vast hotel into which his monastery has been so strangely changed. The hero never existed; if he did exist, Lugano had no share in him; yet it is a sign that no small change has been wrought, when his image is deemed to be as much at home by the shores of the Italian lake as it is on the shores of the German lake around which his legend first came into being.

ENGLISH CLERGYMEN IN FOREIGN WATERING-PLACES.

THOSE persons who object to the influence of the clergy in their parishes at home, and who dislike the idea of being laid hold of by the ecclesiastical crook and dragged up steep ways and narrow paths, ought to visit some of our little outlying settlements in foreign parts. They might take a revengeful pleasure in seeing how the tables there are turned against the tyrants here, and how weak in the presence of his transmarine flock is the expatriated shepherd whose rod at home is oftentimes a rod of iron, and his crook more compelling than persuasive. Of all men the most to be pitied is surely the clergyman of one of those small English settlements which are scattered about France and Italy, Germany and Switzerland; and of all men of education, and what is meant by the position of a gentleman, he is the most in thralldom. His very means of living depending on his congregation, he must first of all please that congregation and keep it in good humour. So, it may be said, must a clergyman in London whose income is from pew-rents, and whose congregation are not his parishioners. But London is large: the tempers and thoughts of men are as numerous as the houses: there is room for all, and lines of affinity for all. The Broad Churchman will attract his hearers, and the Ritualist his, from out of the mass, as magnets attract steel filings, and each church will be filled with hearers who come there by preference. But in a small and stationary society, in a congregation already made and not specially attracted, yet by which he has to live, the clergyman finds himself more the servant than the leader, less the pastor than the thrall. He must "suit," else he is nowhere, and his bread and butter are vanishing points in his horizon; that is, he must preach and think, not according to the truth that is in him, but according to the views of the most influential of his hearers, and in attacking their souls he must touch tenderly on their tempers.

These tempers are for the most part lions in the way difficult to propitiate. The elementary doctrines of Christianity must be preached of course, and sin must be held up as the thing to avoid, while virtue must be complimented as the thing to be followed, and a spiritual state of mind must be discreetly advocated. These are safe generalities, but the dangers of application are many. How to preach of duties to a body of men and women who have for the time thrown off every national and local obligation, who have left their estates to be managed by agents, their houses to be filled by strangers; who have given up their share of interest in the school and the village reading-room, the poor and the parish generally; men and women who have handed themselves over to indolence and pleasure-seeking, the luxurious enjoyment of a fine climate, the pleasant increase of income to be got by comparative cheapness of breadstuffs, and the abandonment of all those outgoings roughly comprised under the head of local duties and local obligations? They have no duties to be reminded of in those moral generalizations which touch all and offend none; and the clergyman who should go into details affecting his congregation personally, who should preach against sloth and slander, pleasure-seeking and selfishness, would soon preach to empty pews and be cut by all his friends as an impertinent going beyond his office.

His congregation too, composed of educated ladies and gentlemen, is sure to be critical, and therefore all but impossible to teach. If he inclines a hair's breadth to the right or the left beyond the point at which they themselves stand, he is held to be unsound. His sermons are gravely canvassed in the afternoon conclaves which meet at each other's houses to discuss the excitement of the Sunday morning in the new arrivals or the new toilets. Has he dwelt on the humanity underlying the Christian faith? He is drifting into Socinianism, and those whose inclinations go for abstract dogmas well backed by brimstone say that he does not preach the Gospel. Has he exalted the functions of the minister, and tried to invest his office with a spiritual dignity and power that would furnish a good leverage over his flock? He is accused of sacerdotalism, and the free-citizen blood of his listening Frasnians is up and flaming. Does he, to avoid these stumbling-blocks, wander into the deeper mysteries and discourse on things which no man can either explain or understand? He is accused of presumption and profanity, and advised to stick to the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount. If he is earnest he is impertinent; if he is level he is cold. Each member of his congregation, subscribing a couple of guineas towards his support, feels as if he or she had claims to that amount over the body and soul and mind and powers of the poor parson in his

or her pay; and the claim is generally worked out in snippets not individually dangerous to life or fortune, but inexpressibly aggravating, and as depressing as annoying. For the most part, the unhappy man is safest when he sticks to broad dogma, and leaves personal morality alone. And he is almost sure to be warmly applauded when he has a shy at science, and asserts that physicists are fools who assert more than they can prove, because they cannot show why an acorn should produce an oak, or how the phenomena of thought are elaborated. This throwing of date-stones is sure to strike no listening djinn. The mass of the congregations sitting in the English Protestant churches built on foreign soil know little and care less about the physical sciences, but it gives them a certain comfortable glow to think that they are so much better than those sinful and presumptuous men who work at guses and the spectroscope, and they hug themselves as they say, each man to his own soul, how much nicer it is to be dogmatically safe than intellectually learned.

Preaching personal morality indeed, with possible private application, would be rather difficult in dealing with a congregation not unfrequently made up of doubtful elements. Take that pretty young woman and her handsome *roué*-looking husband who have come no one knows whence, and are no one knows who, but who attend the services with praiseworthy punctuality, have any amount of money, and are being gradually incorporated into the society of the place. The parson may have had private hints conveyed to him from his friends at home that, of the matrimonial conditions between the two, everything is real save the assumed "fines." But how is he to say so? They have made themselves valuable members of his congregation, and give larger donations than any one else; they have got the good will of the leading persons in the sacred community, and, having something to hide, are naturally careful to please, and consequently popular; he can scarcely give form and substance to the hints he has had conveyed to him; yet his conscience cries out on the one side, if his weakness binds him to silence on the other. In any case, how can he make himself the Nathan to this questionable David, and, holding forth on the need of virtuous living, thunder out, "Thou art the man!"? Let him try the experiment, and he will find a hornet's nest nothing to it. How, too, can he preach on honesty to men, perhaps his own churchwardens, who have outrun the constable and outwitted their creditors at one and the same time? how lecture women who flirt over the borders on the week days, but pay handsomely for their sittings on Sundays, on the crown with which Solomon endowed the lucky husband of the virtuous woman? He may wish to do all this; but his wife and children, and the supreme need of food and firing, step in between him and the higher functions of his calling; and he owns himself forced to accept the world as he finds it, sins and shortcomings with the rest, and to take heed lest he be eaten up by over-zeal or carried into personal darkness by his desire for his people's light.

Sometimes the poor man is in thrall to some one in particular rather than to his flock as a body; and sometimes the dominant power is a woman; in which case the many contrarieties besetting his position may be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Nothing can exceed the miserable subjection of the clergyman to a feminine despot. She knows everything, and she governs as much as she knows. She makes herself the arbiter of his whole life, from his conscience to his children's boots, and he can call neither his soul nor his home his own. She prescribes his doctrine, and takes care to let him know when he has transgressed the rules she has laid down for his guidance. She treats the hymns as part of her personal prerogative, and is violently offended if those having a Ritualistic tendency are sung, or if those are taken whereof the tunes are too jaunty or the measure too slow. The unfortunate man feels under her eye during the whole of the service like a schoolboy under the eye of his preceptress; and he dare not even begin the opening sentences until she has rustled up the aisle and has said her private prayer quite comfortably. She holds over his head the terror of vague threats and shadowy misfortunes should he cross her will; but at the same time he does not find that running easy in her harness brings extra grist to his mill, or that his way is the smoother because he treads in the footsteps she has marked out for him. Sometimes she takes a craze against a voluntary, sometimes she objects to any approach to chanting, and if certain recalcitrants of the congregation, in possession of the harmonium, insist on their own methods against hers, she writes home to the Society and complains of the thin edge of the wedge and the Romanizing tendencies of her spiritual adviser. In any case she is a fearful infliction; and a church ruled by a female despot is about the most pitiable instance we know of insolent tyranny and broken-backed dependence.

But the clergymen serving these transmarine stations are themselves not often men of mark nor equal to their contemporaries at home. They are often sickly, which means a low amount of vital energy; oftener impecunious, which precludes real independence. They are men whose career has been somehow arrested, and their natures have suffered in the blight that has befallen their hopes. Their whole life is more or less a compromise, now with conscience, now with character, and they have to wink at evils which they ought to denounce, and bear with annoyances which they ought to resent. In most cases they are obliged to eke out their scanty incomes by taking pupils; and here again the millstone round their necks is heavy, and they pay a large moral percentage on their pecuniary gains. If their

pupils are of the age when boys begin to call themselves men, they have to keep a sharp look-out on them; and they suffer many things on the score of responsibility when that look-out is evaded, as it necessarily must be at times. As the characteristic quality of small societies is gossip, and as gossip always includes exaggeration, the peccadilloes of the young fellows are magnified into serious sins, and then bound as a burden on the back of the poor cleric in thrall to the idle imaginings of men and the foolish fears of women. One black sheep in the pupillary flock will do more damage to the reputation of the unhappy pastor who has them in hand than a dozen shining lights will do him good. Morality is assumed to be the free gift of the tutor to the pupil, and if the boy is had the man is to blame for not having made that free gift betimes.

Look at it how we will, the clergyman in charge of these foreign congregations has no very pleasant time of it. In a sense expatriated, his home ties growing daily weaker, his hope of home preferment reduced to *nil*, his liberty of conscience a dream of the past, and all the mystical power of his office going down in the conflict caused by the need of pew-rents, submission to tyrants, and dependence on the Home Society, he lives from year to year bemoaning the evil chances which have flung him on this barren, shifting, and desolate strand, and becoming less and less fitted for England and English parochial work—that castle in the air, quiet and secure, which he is destined never to inhabit. He is touched too in part by the atmosphere of his surroundings; and to a congregation without duties a clergyman with views more accommodating than severe comes only too naturally as the appropriate pastor. The whole thing proves that thralldom to the means of living, or rather to the persons representing those means, damages all men alike—those in cassock and gown as well as those in slop and blouse—and that lay influence can, in certain circumstances, be just as tyrannical over the clerical conscience as clerical influence is apt to be tyrannical over lay living.

THE "SYNOPTICAL TABLES" OF THE UNIVERSITIES COMMISSION.

THE Universities Commissioners, at great inconvenience to themselves as well as to everybody else concerned, have accumulated a mass of information which they have hitherto been unable properly to digest. They handsomely acknowledge that they have given much trouble to Bursars and other officers by seeking information "in order to elucidate the inquiries according to the method which has been pursued." There used to be a story of a mathematician who dreamed that he was under the sign of the square root and could not extract himself. Henceforth the usual form of academical nightmare will probably be to fancy oneself Bursar of one's college engaged in "the compilation of elaborate returns and information in very minute detail" required by the University Commission "in order adequately to discharge the duty entrusted to it." It must be owned that the Commissioners have spared neither themselves nor others. They have painfully collected details, and they have rashly attempted generalization. They obtained Returns and framed Abstracts of them, and if they had stopped here nothing could be urged against them except that they had perhaps given unnecessary trouble. But unfortunately they proceeded to frame "Synoptical Tables" from the Abstracts, and these Tables have been impugned by letters in the *Times*, whereupon the Secretary to the Commission avows that they are not and cannot be what they profess to be. "The Synoptical Tables were never intended," writes Mr. Roundell, "to be read without the explanations and qualifications contained in the Abstracts of Returns." It is a pity that the Report did not declare the intention of its authors. We should have supposed that a synopsis was meant to be accepted as correct so far as it went, but if we must end by reading the Abstracts, we might as well have begun with them.

We observe that the accounts of St. John's College, Cambridge, are made up on a different principle from that of all the other Colleges, and as the Master of St. John's was a member of the Commission, and probably understood the subject in hand as well as any member of it, this divergence on a cardinal point is remarkable. It arises in regard to Trust Estates, to which the Commissioners tell us that their attention has been especially called, as indeed it could not fail to be. A moderate acquaintance with the finance of any College would suffice to show that these Trust Estates were likely to be a *crux* to the compiler of Synoptical Tables. The Commissioners have sufficiently indicated in the Report the difficulty that might be expected to arise. "There are only a very few cases in which the beneficial interest of the trust property is wholly external to the University or College which holds the trust. In almost all cases the trustee-corporation has a beneficial interest, either contingent or partial, in the trust estate." We need quote no further to show that a correct view of the property held by the Colleges for purposes of education and learning could not be obtained without reference to these Trust Estates. It is well observed in the Report that "trust funds, although not divisible among the Head and Fellows of a College, yet in many cases indirectly increase the divisible revenue, inasmuch as they bear charges for chapel, library, repairs and the like which would otherwise fall on the general funds of the College." Among the objects of these trusts are the maintenance of or aid towards a professorship, teachership, or lectureship; scholarships or exhibitions, with preference for candidates from some particular school or district,

and power to the College to elect by open competition in default of properly-qualified candidates; prizes; the purchase of benefices, and the improvement of benefices in the gift of the College. As an example of a trust fund of which the beneficial interest is wholly external to the College that holds it we may take that of Pate's Charity, held by Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which the income is about 1,600*l.* a year. The College receives one-fourth of the income of this fund for its corporate use, and pays three-fourths to certain charitable uses at Cheltenham of which the maintenance of the Grammar School of that town is the chief. In this case therefore it is clear that one-fourth, or about 400*l.* a year, ought to be added to the "corporate income" of the College, while, as regards the other three-fourths, the College has not even a contingent or partial interest. As an example of the opposite kind to this, we will take the Trust Funds of St. John's College, Oxford, of which the income is about 1,350*l.* a year, out of which about 1,000*l.* a year is paid to the Fereday Fellows and Casberd Scholars, who become on election, if they were not before, members of the College. It would seem therefore that the College has what may fairly be called a beneficial interest in the larger part of these Trust Funds, and that, in order to get at the income of St. John's College, according to popular understanding of the term, we ought to add about 1,000*l.* a year to the income given in the Report. The plan of the Commissioners is, however, to keep the income of these Trust Estates separate from what they call Corporate Income at the outset of their Report, although they lump the whole in one grand total at the end. But it is plain that in no reasonable sense of words can the three-fourths of Pate's Charity which is spent in Cheltenham be regarded as University or College property, whereas the Trust Fund by which the Fereday Fellows of St. John's College are paid might fairly be so regarded. We dwell on these details in order to show the danger of generalizing on this subject, or, in other words, of attempting to frame Synoptical Tables which shall convey at a glance a correct idea of the result of a complicated and difficult inquiry.

This principle of separating the Trust Funds from the Corporate Income was, however, adopted by the Commissioners in all cases except that of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which the Master was a member of the Commission. The total income of that College was returned to the Commission at nearly 50,000*l.* a year, of which upwards of 4,000*l.* a year arises from Trust Funds. The Abstract of the Return for that College has appended to it a letter from the Master to the Secretary of the Commission, giving the total income from corporate and trust property, deducting the total expenditure, and showing the balance. This is as much as to say that the Commissioners may arrange the figures of other Colleges as fancy dictates, but the Master of St. John's College will take care that its accounts shall be rendered in what he conceives to be a business-like manner. We have no information as to the precise purposes to which the Trust Funds of this College are applicable. But probably the assumption that they are for the benefit of the College would be nearer the truth than the opposite assumption that they are for external purposes. The same assumption, however, might be made as to a large part of the Trust Funds of other Colleges which are not added to the Corporate Income as has been done at St. John's College. It follows that when the Synoptical Table shows the Corporate Income of St. John's College on the same principle as has been adopted for other Colleges at 46,000*l.* a year, it makes that income in the judgment of the Master too little by 4,000*l.* a year. This, however, is a trivial matter compared with that which is made the subject of complaint by the Treasurer of Christ Church, Oxford. The internal income of that College from "room-rents, fees, profits of establishment, and other like sources," appears in the Abstract of Returns at upwards of 10,000*l.* a year, but the same Abstract shows that upwards of 6,000*l.* a year is disbursed for "college servants" and "maintenance of establishment." The Treasurer complains that this sum of 10,000*l.* a year is made to appear in the Synoptical Table as clear income, whereas at least 6,000*l.* ought to be deducted from it. When this complaint is brought by the *Times* to the notice of the Secretary, he answers with perfect gravity that "uniformity of principle in framing the Tables was precluded by the necessities of the case." We should have thought, if that were so, that the framing of Tables was precluded also, and that the world might have gone on without them. The Treasurer illustrates the treatment which Christ Church has undergone by reference to the case of an hotel whose gross receipts are considered as net profits. It happens, too, that for other Colleges net profits have been taken as income, and thus Christ Church appears richer in comparison with those Colleges than it really is.

It is, we think, matter for regret that the Commissioners gave themselves the trouble to compile these Tables. Mr. Carlyle speaks somewhere of persons who have never seen the book of nature, but only some school synopsis thereof, "from which, if taken for the real book, more error than insight is to be derived." The Secretary to this Commission, however, seems to have contemplated that everybody would read all that the Commission published, and we are bound to say that those who desire to understand the subject had better do so. The Commissioners have caused trouble to the Bursars, and incurred risk of error, by requiring, whether rightly or wrongly we do not say, accounts to be furnished in forms different from those customary in the Colleges. Thus it appears from the Abstract of Returns for Trinity College, Cambridge, that in the year 1871 "Fellows (524)" divided among them 18,371*l.* It might be inferred from a mere perusal of the abstract that there are only 52 or 53 Fellows of Trinity, whereas there are really 60 Fellows;

and it is probable that if the accounts of that College had been produced as the Bursar keeps them this fact would clearly appear. The internal income of Trinity College appears by the abstract to be nearly 10,000*l.* a year, but we observe that the two items of disbursement "College Servants" and "Maintenance" amount to nearly 8,000*l.* a year, and it is highly probable that the accounts, properly stated, would show no "internal income" at all, or perhaps a loss. If indeed there were any distinct advantage in framing the accounts as required by the Commissioners, we feel sure that the Bursars would not mind the trouble. But if the only result of much labour and vexation is to enable the Secretary to frame Synoptical Tables which, he assures us, were never meant to be relied upon, we think that perhaps the Bursars may be excused for feeling a little irritation. The Commissioners "regret to say that Sidney Sussex College failed to give the required information," and we observe that Corpus Christi and Queen's Colleges, Cambridge, have answered the inquiries of the Commissioners imperfectly in several respects. Both these Colleges appear to consider the distribution of the tuition fees as a private matter of the tutors, but we think that on further reflection they will hardly maintain that view. It is quite possible indeed that the trouble which the Commissioners have been "obliged to give" may have been more strongly felt because its utility was not clearly perceived. But if the Returns are required in future years, as they probably will be, it would be desirable that some uniform system of making them should be adopted.

A PROTESTANT VIEW OF THE FALK LAWS.

THE letters on the Falk Laws which originally appeared in the *Morning Post*, and have since been copied into other English journals, contain very remarkable testimony from what appears to be an unsuspicious source as to the real nature and effects of the recent ecclesiastical legislation in Germany. The writer, whose name is of course for obvious reasons withheld, is stated by the editor of the *Post* to be "a German Evangelical divine of the highest distinction," and he looks at the new laws primarily, though not exclusively, in their bearing on his own communion. But he is well aware that whatever objections may be raised from the Evangelical side have an *à fortiori* application to the Roman Catholic aspect of the question; and although he pointedly disclaims all sympathy with "the theory of an infallible visible Church," he is anxious that Roman Catholics and Protestants alike should have fair play, and considers the religious interests common to both seriously compromised by the religious policy of the Prince Chancellor. He begins by explaining the difficulty experienced by "an Evangelical Christian" in forming a judgment on these laws, as well from his profound disapproval of the Vatican decrees which formed the pretext for their enactment, as from the strenuous endeavours of "the numerous journals subsidized for the occasion to represent the recent legislation as necessary, useful, and in no way injurious to religious life." He himself holds Papal infallibility to be only a logical conclusion from previous "Roman errors," and disputes the right of the Old Catholics to protest against it, and of the State to regard it as involving any fundamental change in the mutual relations of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. These, however, are matters of abstract opinion. The real interest of the paper lies in its handling of the facts of the case. The writer roundly asserts that the origin of the new legislation is to be mainly attributed to "the personal decision" of Prince Bismarck. It was when the Ultramontane party in the Reichstag opposed his policy of centralization, and "he appeared to have made certain discoveries, of which there has been no further elucidation," implicating their loyalty and patriotism, that the Vatican decrees were first discovered to be dangerous to the State, the Old Catholics were ostentatiously patronized, and thus "cornucopia of exceptional laws and regulations overflowed against the Church"—and, "for the sake of equality," against the Evangelical Church also—"which practically issues in the establishment of the absolute omnipotence of the State in the religious domain." On this it is obvious to remark that, whether or not any more satisfactory account of the origin of the Falk Laws is producible than the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of the Imperial Chancellor, none has in fact been produced. The mysterious revelations which he darkly hinted at in the Reichstag, of Roman Catholic treachery and Jesuit machinations against the Empire, remain locked up, like the plenitude of Papal privileges before the Vatican Council, in *scrinio pectoris sui*. They must be accepted, if at all, on faith, and the public must be content, without knowing the dream, to witness the interpretation thereof in the system of minute persecution which our author next proceeds to exhibit and criticize in detail. The salient points of his indictment we purpose to reproduce for the benefit of our readers.

He begins with the new regulation on abuse of the pulpit, introduced into the Penal Code of the German Empire in 1871, which certainly does appear to constitute a portentous interference with ordinary liberty of speech. For it empowers the civil tribunals to punish with imprisonment, for a term not exceeding two years, any reference to civil affairs made by a clergyman in his official capacity, whether in church or elsewhere, which they may choose to regard as "calculated to disturb the public peace." Our critic observes that there are various local ordinances and by-laws, desecrating the Sabbath, banishing religion from schools, secularizing marriage and the like, which are most obnoxious to his coreligionists, but

against which no Evangelical minister, under this statute, could dare to open his lips. He probably speaks from experience, for it is notorious that several Evangelical pastors have been sent to prison under the provisions of the new code. The next point noticed is the transference, by a law of 1872, of the entire control and inspection of all schools throughout Prussia from the ecclesiastical to the civil authorities, and this in spite of the 24th Article of the Prussian Constitution still unrepealed, which provides that "the religious communities interested shall direct the religious instruction." It appears that the law has been carried out in such a manner as to supersede all clerical influence in schools; and the writer points out that, if its object was to guard against anti-national teaching by Roman Catholic inspectors, it is at once extravagant and inoperative. For the immediate purpose would have been equally attained by removing any particular inspectors open to such a charge; while priests who are so minded can still take advantage of their instructions for Confirmation and in the confessional to instil sentiments of hostility to the State—and are, he might have added, far more likely to do so than they were before. It will now, we are reminded, depend wholly on the caprice of a future Minister whether Christianity shall be altogether banished from the schools, and a Secularist system of education, after the Dutch model, established in its place. The elaborate comment which follows on the expulsion of the Jesuits has an especial value in one sense, because here the writer is something more than an impartial witness. He looks on the Jesuits as the avowed enemies of the Evangelical Church, and speaks in strong terms of their "law and objectionable morality." Nevertheless he unhesitatingly condemns the law against them on four different counts. It is dangerously vague, from its sweeping inclusion of "kindred orders and congregations" which it does not define; it is inequitable, for the Society is so completely part and parcel of the Roman Church that, where the former has a recognized legal existence, the latter cannot consistently be excluded; it is an arbitrary violation of personal freedom to dictate or interdict the residence in a particular place of persons who have not been convicted of any crime, simply as being members of a certain corporation; and lastly the law is impolitic, for the bodily expulsion of the Jesuits only tends to increase their moral and spiritual influence, as is shown in the case of Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg and Baden, from whence the Order has long since been banished. "A contest with material weapons against spiritual convictions is always immoral and defeats its own ends"—a remark, by the way, which does not apply to one item only of the Prussian ecclesiastical legislation.

The writer goes on to examine the four laws of May 1873, with special reference to their bearing on the Evangelical Church. And before doing so he cites the 15th and 18th fundamental Articles of the Prussian Constitution, which had to be altered—we have seen already that the 24th was quietly ignored—before these new laws could be enacted. They now run as follows, the words in italics, which it will be seen amount virtually to a repeal of the original Article, having been interpolated in 1873:—

Art. 15. The Evangelical and Roman Catholic Churches, as well as every other religious community, order and administer their own affairs independently, but remain subject to the statutes and legal inspection of the State. *In the same measure, every religious community remains in possession and enjoyment of the establishments, foundations, and endowments appertaining to its various objects, religious, educational, and charitable.*

Art. 18. The rights of nomination, proposal, election, and confirmation in the filling up of ecclesiastical offices are abolished, so far as depends upon the State, and so far as the rights of patrons and other legal privileges are not involved. This provision does not apply to the appointments of clergymen in the army and other legal institutions. *Moreover the law regulates the privileges of the State in reference to the training, the appointment, and dismissal of clergymen and ministers of religion, and fixes the limits of ecclesiastical disciplinary power.*

This last addition has certainly all the force of a lady's postscript.

We now come to the May laws, which our author calls "the abrogation of the Habeas Corpus Acts of the Church," since they deprive the Roman and Protestant Churches alike of their independence. First there is the law of May 11, which places all educational institutions for clerical training under the absolute control of the State, forbids the opening of new boys' seminaries or the admission of new pupils into those already existing, requires all intending candidates for holy orders to pass a final examination in a German gymnasium, then to spend three years in a German State University or a Seminary approved by the Minister of Worship, and lastly to pass a public State examination in scientific subjects. It further subjects all appointments to any ecclesiastical office to the approval of the Oberpräsident of the district, whose duty it will be to reject nominees who have not fulfilled the legal conditions, or have been convicted or are accused of any offence punishable with hard labour or loss of civil rights, or of whom he may have reason to suppose that they will act in contravention of any actual or future laws of the State or decrees lawfully promulgated by the Government. Severe penalties of fine and imprisonment are affixed to the breach of any of these regulations, in accordance with which, as we need hardly remark, several Prussian Bishops have already been imprisoned and two are now threatened with deposition. There is a right of appeal to the new Supreme Court for ecclesiastical matters, which is a purely secular one. The writer complains bitterly of the tyrannical interference of this law in several particulars with the liberties and discipline of the Evangelical Church.

It prevents her ministers from studying, as has been very common hitherto, at Swiss, or French, or English Universities; it subjects their whole theological training to "the dominant latitudinarianism in Prussian governing circles," and exacts of them at the end of the course a scientific test not required of doctors or jurists, which would bar the ordination of a candidate whose opinions conflicted with those of the examiner; for it has been openly avowed that the aim of this examination is to replace "denominational definiteness" by "a broad and national education," or in other words to make the clergy rationalistic. Moreover the State reserves to itself by this law the right of excluding from orders or from clerical office any one who has, whether privately or publicly and in whatever fashion, made himself obnoxious to the existing Government; and thereby "the mainspring of the Church's authority, the filling of its offices with suitable persons, is taken away or seriously impeded." This has already been exemplified in the case of the Roman Catholic Bishops, and the Evangelical Church will be no less injuriously affected.

The law of May 12, on Church discipline, precludes all foreign ecclesiastics from exercising jurisdiction in Germany, and makes all but the most unimportant acts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction dependent on the sanction of the civil power; it also constitutes a Supreme Court of Appeal, consisting of eleven lay members, six of whom must be judges, which decides finally on all Church questions and has the right of deposing Church officers, bishops included. The writer points out at length how completely this law transfers all disciplinary authority—even in such purely spiritual matters as regulation of services, doctrinal teaching, and administration of sacraments—to State officials, who moreover are sure to be influenced by political considerations. And it must be remembered that no Catholics or Evangelicals who really adhere to their professed creed will consent to act on the new Supreme Court, which is charged with final and irresponsible powers, while the Minister of Public Worship is invested with a lay papacy "which is calculated to stamp his personal impression upon the Church to a most perilous extent." The law of May 13 forbids, under severe penalties, the infliction of ecclesiastical censures affecting "the person, property, liberty, or civic repute" of those concerned, or having reference to the doing or contemplating of any act authorized by law, and also forbids any public notice being given of Church censures. On this it is observed that the condition of "civic repute" virtually extends the prohibition to all Church censures whatsoever, and that acts allowed or required by the law may contravene the conscientious convictions of some religionists, as Quakers *e.g.* object to oaths. In summing up the writer remarks that the consequences of these laws for the Roman Church have already been demonstrated. "The Catholic Church is disorganized, and that disorganization is the deepest injury of the German Empire. The clergy are made martyrs and the laity fanatics, and the hearts of Catholics are daily more and more estranged from the Imperial Government and the fatherland." The effect on the Protestant Church will be no less disastrous, and already "the minds of Christian and Conservative citizens are filled with distrust." A common Consistory for the Lutheran, Reformed, and United Churches in the province of Hesse has been imposed by the State, and forty-two pastors, who protested, were ruthlessly deposed. The real conflict of the State is not so much against the Roman Church as against "religion and Christianity," and as long as the Imperial Chancellor retains office, still more serious conflicts are sure to occur. The writer feels confident that the Church will eventually triumph, and the judgments of God will strike the work of the present rulers, but meanwhile a terrible "period of suffering and combat is at hand" for all true Christians. Atheism and Communism are at the doors, and "those who now arrogate to themselves the right of bending conscience to their will may live to learn that he who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

We have not left ourselves much space to comment on this remarkable document, and indeed our chief object has been to present the substance of it to our readers. Nor is much comment needed, when the facts speak for themselves. If this is the verdict of a Protestant pastor, who feels the pressure of the new legislation much less keenly than his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, and who regards the Jesuits and the infallible Church with feelings which ought to satisfy Mr. Newdegate, we can hardly wonder that its immediate victims should compare their oppressor to Diocletian and Julian the Apostate. It seems that a Mr. Stokes has just been appealing to the Home Secretary to know whether Professor Tyndall has not incurred the penalty of two years' imprisonment for violating the laws against blasphemy by his recent address to the British Association at Belfast; and in doing so he takes occasion to quote a well-known saying of the first Napoleon's, that an atheist is not a man to be argued with, but to be shot. We cannot tell how far Prince Bismarck shares this enthusiastic faith in theism, which he may possibly regard as an objectionably "denominational" tenet, but there can be little doubt that, if he held Napoleon's opinion, he would have little hesitation about acting upon it. Happily there is only one country in Europe at the present day where such a policy as that we have been considering would be tolerated, and probably there is but one living statesman who could have ex-cogitated or would care to enforce it.

HIGH ART FINANCE.

IT must be acknowledged that, from an æsthetic point of view, the speculative finance of the period is not without its merits. The prospectuses which from time to time descend upon us in such abundant showers usually display a bold simplicity and easy finish which indicate the existence of a matured and practised school. The stereotyped criticism, however, which is annually passed on the pictures at the Royal Academy, that they show much skill, but little genius, is perhaps still more applicable to the efforts of financial art. They certainly exhibit plenty of smartness and mechanical dexterity; but the imagination of the artists is confined within conventional grooves, and the standard of invention is undeniably commonplace. Moreover, there is a certain monotony in the continual repetition of the same ideas. First there is a run of mines, and then a run of branch railways; and when one form of ingenuity is worked out, there seems to be nothing for it but to fall back upon the other. The most ordinary mind is equal to the conception of a mine, although a certain sort of cleverness is no doubt required in order to produce a belief in its actual existence. Finance, in fact, has abandoned its flights and has fallen into rather plodding ways. There is a story of a great speculator who floated a Company for working a salt-mine of inexhaustible extent, which turned out to be the sea. But this was in other days. We have none of those strokes of financial genius now, no flights of purely romantic fancy. Even the most notorious of the manufacturers of bubble Companies generally endeavour to work the names of real places and even the names of real people into their advertisements, and the illusions which they seek to create are all of a prosaic turn. A trial, indeed, has just taken place at Dublin which shows that poetry and romance have not yet entirely deserted the cold pavement of the Stock Exchange. It is perhaps unnecessary to enter into the ethics of financial speculation, and it is at least more pleasant to regard it from a purely æsthetic point of view. To some persons it may seem not a particularly noble or elevating pursuit to be engaged in artificial efforts to depreciate other people's property for the purpose of frightening them into selling it at a loss, and those who occupy themselves with such enterprises are usually perfectly aware of what they are about. It appears, however, that an attempt has lately been made by a romantic broker to present the hard facts of the Share-list in a more elegant and engaging form by wreathing them with flowers of literature. A bald, prosaic telegram is received to the following effect:—"Sell ten Berks, ten Novas, ten Culeys, ten Leads, ten Westerns, and ten Midlands at best, and fifty French"; and it is answered with tropes and metaphors and a gay playfulness of language which would be likely, if anything could, to reconcile even a bear to the triumphant tactics of his enemies the bulls. "On Saturday morning," the broker writes, "the first thing, the bird was a clear 40,000*l.*, even taking into account the heavy loss on those confounded Erics. Surely it was needless to let such a fine specimen of ornithology loose; they are so very rare and highly esteemed in the best museums. However, the English literature"—only fancy consoling a bear with English literature!—"is a noble arsenal, and it says, 'There are bigger fish in the sea than ever came out of it.' So we must arm ourselves with piscatorial consolations against our ornithological mishaps." It must be delightful to have to do with a stock-broker who gilds one's not very pretty projects of material profit with such philosophical and literary lustre. "Saturday morning," he goes on, "left me broken-hearted, as I saw it sailing away on a pink cloud with a diabolical leer." Still he is full of comfort for his client, and suggests that something better must turn up, if only by way of reaction. "The knowing ones are 'bulls,'" and a turn of bulling is apparently prescribed as a change from bearing. It is to be feared that much of this fine writing was thrown away upon the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

In this instance we have a broker endeavouring to beautify and idealize the dull and dingy operations in which he is engaged, but unfortunately the materials with which he has to deal are not of a kind to lend themselves to such treatment. A new Company, however, has just been started which is really in itself a very fine example of the higher order of imaginative finance, and which certainly requires no varnishing. This Company is called "The General Expenditure Assurance Company," and we are told by its promoters that it has been established "for the purpose of assuring the return of all money expended from day to day." It need hardly be said that this object, if it can be carried out, will supply what may be truly described as a long-felt want. Everybody must have been annoyed by that inconvenient peculiarity of expenditure which makes it difficult to pay for anything without parting with the money. Every little boy would like to eat his cake and have it too, and, as he grows up, he would also very much like to combine keeping his money with spending it freely. This new Company will enable him to gratify this desire. An old proverb tells us that a penny saved is a penny gained, but the rule is now to be reversed, and the way to gain money is to spend it. It is in fact a realization in the region of practical finance of the game *qui perd gagne*. It is now placed in our power to attain affluence, not by penurious economy, but by lavish expenditure, and there must be a great many people, we imagine, who find expenditure come much more naturally and easily to them than economy. The Directors of the Company admit that the object they have in view may "at first sight appear astonishing"; but they have satisfied themselves that it is quite practicable, and, "like every great

discovery or scheme, easy and simple in its operation." The way in which it is proposed to relieve society of one of its greatest difficulties is this:—The Company appoints certain tradesmen of every class throughout the kingdom who are to pay a small premium to the Company, and to distribute the Company's coupons free of charge to their customers for the full amount of all purchases made for ready money. As soon as a customer has accumulated 5*l.* in coupons, he will forward them to the Company and will receive in exchange an Assurance Bond for 5*l.*, which the Company undertakes to redeem within a fixed period. Every half-year there will be a ballot of all the bonds issued in the presence of a Notary Public. The bonds which are drawn for redemption will be advertised in the newspapers and paid without deduction. The rest will stand over till the next ballot, and so on. The first series will be limited to 150 ballots, at the last of which ballots every bond not previously redeemed will be paid. That is to say, those who invest their money in this manner are to get it back at the end of seventy-five years, if their bonds are not drawn for redemption at an earlier date. In this way Paterfamilias may console himself with the reflection that the more his household eats and drinks, the more rapidly his youngsters wear out their clothes and boots, the longer his own and his elder sons' tailor's bills, and the milliner's bills of his wife and daughters, the more colossal will be the magnificent fortune which will all the while be steadily accumulating for the benefit of the family.

The explanation of this startling experiment in finance is found upon examination to be, as its promoters admit, extremely simple. It is just this—that the premiums received by the Company from its trade members are to be invested in Government and other securities, and will thus form an accumulative fund, from which all bonds will be redeemed. It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that this is only a form of discount for cash, in which the payment of discount is postponed for seventy-five years instead of being given at once. If the purchaser of goods at one of the Company's affiliated shops were to invest at once the discount on each transaction, he would of course accumulate for himself the fund which the Company propose to provide him with at a rather remote date. The intervention of the Company would, therefore, appear to be superfluous. One object of the Company would seem to be to attack our proverbial philosophy on several important points, and it is natural that the reversal of "a penny saved is a penny gained" should be followed by a similar adaptation of "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Distrust of the bush is, however, we are afraid, deeply rooted in human nature. It is obvious that the money which is to be provided by the shopkeepers in order to form the Company's accumulative fund must, in the first instance, be extracted from the pockets of customers. In an ordinary way the customer would at once get discount for cash payments, but, instead of this prompt and simple operation, there is to be a circuitous process of allowing the money to lie in the hands of the Company, and to be employed entirely at its discretion, for the best part of a century, on the chance of its being got back again by the descendants of the customer. It is proposed that shopkeepers should pay the Company a premium in order to be entered on their list, and the advantage they are to get in return is that "they will transact their business for cash instead of giving credit." This is an advantage, indeed, which they can enjoy at present, if they choose, without the assistance of the Company. Altogether this new project is a very pretty example of idealized finance, although it is certainly not flattering to the intelligence of the persons to whom it is addressed.

LIABILITY OF RAILWAY COMPANIES FOR DELAY.

THE County Courts offer valuable facilities for enforcing punctuality on Railway Companies. Several decisions have been given in actions brought by passengers, and all, with one exception, have been adverse to the Companies. In the most recent case, the Great Western Railway Company, who were defendants, relied upon a notice prefixed to their time-tables that they would not be accountable for any loss, inconvenience, or injury arising from delay or detention, unless upon proof that it arose "in consequence of the wilful misconduct of the Company's servants." The plaintiff took a first-class ticket from Reading to Henley by the train timed to arrive at Reading at 10.25 and to leave Reading at 10.30, to arrive at Twyford at 10.40 and to leave Twyford at 10.45, and arrive at Henley at 11 A.M. The train arrived at Reading punctually at 10.25, but did not leave Reading till 10.39. On arriving at Twyford the plaintiff found that the train to Henley had just left, and there was no other train for an hour. He took a fly and got to Henley in half an hour. The delay at Reading was occasioned principally by the want of porters to put luggage into the train. The train was a very light one, the plaintiff being the only first-class passenger. The plaintiff, who is a solicitor and treasurer of the County Court of Henley and other places, sued the defendants for 6*s.* 6*d.*, the expense of a fly from Twyford to Henley. The plaintiff admitted that he was cognizant of the notice already quoted.

Upon these facts three questions arose—(1) What was the contract between the Company and the plaintiff? (2) Was that contract affected by the notice? (3) Was the notice itself affected by "wilful misconduct" of the Company's servants?

The answer to the first question is easy. The contract between

the Company and the plaintiff was to convey the plaintiff to Henley in a reasonable time; and the question of reasonable time is no longer left at large, but is fixed by the Company's time-table, subject to accidents which reasonable care could not provide against. This contract arises on the purchase of a ticket, unless it be qualified by the notice; and thus comes the second question, to which the obvious answer is that the notice is *ultra vires* so far as it professes to attach to the right of travelling on the Company's own line the condition that the Company will not be responsible for any shortcoming of their servants not amounting to wilful misconduct. Thus far we have adopted the substance, and almost the exact words, of the judgment given in the Reading County Court, and the answers to the first two questions are enough to decide the case. Upon the third question, whether there was "wilful misconduct" of the Company's servants, the Judge of the County Court thought, "with some doubt," that there was, and here we incline to differ from him; but if he were wrong his error would not affect the soundness of his judgment on the main question. It was stated by the plaintiff, and not denied by the defendants, that "the delay at Reading was occasioned principally by the want of porters to put luggage into the train." It appears to us an abuse of language to say that this delay "arose in consequence of the wilful misconduct of the Company's servants," which are the words of the notice. The porters at Reading are no more able than other people to do two things at one time. If there are not enough porters to do the work of the station, the fault must lie with the managers of the Company or with the Company itself, but in neither case should we think the expression "wilful misconduct" applicable. Upon this point we are not without authority, and it happens to be furnished by another case against the same Company. In this case the plaintiff's goods were placed in a truck to be attached to a train passing the High Wycombe station late at night. The train brought some cattle to the station, and the defendants' servants, in order to prevent the cattle from being kept in their trucks till the next day, drove them into a yard, from which they strayed upon the railway, and upset the train, thereby injuring the plaintiff's goods. The plaintiff had undertaken to relieve the defendants from liability for damage unless it arose from "wilful misconduct" of their servants. When this case came before the Court of Queen's Bench Mr. Justice Blackburn said that there was admittedly no malice in what the servants did, and he agreed that there might be many cases of wilful misconduct without malice, but he did not agree that culpable negligence was necessarily wilful misconduct. The cattle were driven into a yard which communicated with the line. This was not the usual course of proceeding, but the object of doing so on this occasion was to deliver the cattle to their consignees that night. There might have been some neglect by the Company's servants, but "I cannot say," said the learned Judge, "how they can possibly be said to have been guilty of wilful misconduct." There was nothing to show that what they wilfully did—that is, drive the cattle into the yard—was likely to cause injury to the plaintiff's goods, or that they had knowledge of any danger to which they were exposing either the cattle or the train by what they did. Mr. Justice Quain remarked on the difficulty of defining the negligence which amounts to wilful misconduct so as to justify a conviction for manslaughter. "Something of the same kind," he said, "is intended here; but without defining it exactly, it is sufficient that the facts here show no culpable negligence at all, and negligence must be culpable to constitute wilful misconduct."

An appeal is, we believe, intended from the judgment of the Reading County Court, and the Company may rely on the case we have quoted to establish that there was no "wilful misconduct of their servants" causing the plaintiff to be delayed in his arrival at Twyford. But they will thus only show that the notice was not displaced by circumstances, supposing that notice to be otherwise applicable to the plaintiff, and this will be their point of difficulty. These notices, to be valid, must be reasonable. The Company has no power to impose unreasonable conditions on passengers, and the Judge of the County Court has held this condition to be unreasonable, and he is supported by authority in so holding. In an action brought against the Great Eastern Railway Company for delay in starting a train, the defence was that the Company by notice affixed to their time-tables declared that "they would not hold themselves responsible for delay, or any consequences arising therefrom." The plaintiff, a miller living at Framlingham, held a season ticket, and was accustomed to travel to London by the defendants' railway to attend the Mark Lane Corn Market. He came one day to the station at the usual time; the carriages were ready, but the engine had not steam up and could not go. Mr. Baron Martin, who tried the case, made short work with the notice limiting liability. "It is," he said, "mere nonsense for the defendants to say, as in effect they say, 'We will be guilty of any negligence we think fit, and will not be responsible.' It will be observed that in that case the notice was general that the Company would not be responsible for delay; whereas in the present case the Company announce that they will not be responsible for delay, unless caused by the wilful misconduct of their servants. It may be argued, therefore, that the ruling of Mr. Baron Martin in the former case is not an authority for the decision in the latter. There can, however, we think, be little doubt that the notice given by the Great Western Company is invalid. They say that they will only be responsible for wilful misconduct, and, as there may be culpable negligence which is not wilful mis-

conduct, they say in effect that they will not be responsible for such culpable negligence, whereas it is clear that they must be liable.

But it is a different question whether, under the circumstances of this particular case, the defendants' claim to be discharged from their ordinary duty of keeping time would be reasonable, irrespectively of any notice which they may have given. It will of course be conceded that a literal and absolute performance of the undertaking contained in their time-tables could not be exacted from them. Their duty is, as stated by the Judge of the Reading County Court, "to use all reasonable means to convey passengers to their destinations in the reasonable times which they have expressly fixed." The question therefore is, whether they used "all reasonable means" in the present case. It may be allowed that the case is not so strong against the Company as that which came before Mr. Baron Martin. "Here," said he, "a train is advertised, the plaintiff gets to the station, and finds the train there and the engine without steam up—the horse in the stable unharnessed." It was stated in that case that an hour and a half was needed to get steam up. In the present case the want of porters at the Reading station caused a delay of only nine minutes, which caused the plaintiff to miss the train at Twyford. There have been judgments on the Bench who have leaned strongly against extending the liability of Railway Companies, and it is not impossible that such a judge might view this case differently from the Judge of the County Court. If the case came before a jury they might probably consider that unnecessary delay at Reading was combined with unnecessary punctuality at Twyford. If the train must wait at Reading because the porters were engaged, it might be thought that the train could wait at Twyford until the train from Reading had arrived. Assuming that the trains on the branch line to Henley are under the control of the defendants, they surely ought to have so managed as to protect the plaintiff from the consequence of delay caused, as was admitted, by the imperfection of their own arrangements at Reading. We think that the view which a jury would be likely to take of the case was fairly expressed by the Judge of the County Court when he said, "It is clear that the absence of porters at the Reading station, which reasonable care might have prevented, occasioned the detention of the plaintiff at Twyford, and as he was able to procure a conveyance by which he got to Henley half an hour sooner than the Railway Company were prepared to convey him by the next train, I think that he was justified in hiring it, and that he is entitled to recover its cost against the defendants."

In another recent case a decision involving the same principle was given in the Burnley County Court against the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company. In that case the Judge held that, although the Company do not guarantee the arrival and departure of the trains at the times stated, and do not hold themselves accountable for any injury which may arise from delay, and "make such terms part of the contract with the passenger," yet they are bound to use all ordinary means within their power to perform their contract; and if they omit to use such means and show no sufficient reason for the omission, they fail to perform the duty which the law imposes upon them of using reasonable care and diligence in conveying the passenger to his destination according to their contract with him. The plaintiff in that case took a ticket at Burnley for Barnsley. The train by which he started ought to have reached Wakefield in time for a train starting from that place for Barnsley. But the train from Burnley to Wakefield was accidentally delayed, and the train started from Wakefield for Barnsley before the plaintiff arrived at Wakefield. It appeared, however, that the plaintiff and other passengers from Burnley arrived at Wakefield soon after the departure of the train for Barnsley, and if the station-master at Wakefield had known that they were coming he would have detained that train for them. An accident had occurred soon after leaving Burnley which rendered it impossible for the passengers from Burnley to reach Wakefield at the usual time. Afterwards an arrangement was made for forwarding these passengers to Wakefield, and if, when this arrangement was made, the station-master at Wakefield had been informed of it, he would have detained the train starting for Barnsley until the Burnley passengers arrived at Wakefield. The Judge of the County Court held that the Railway Company were guilty of negligence in not sending this information by telegraph to Wakefield. As the train for Barnsley had left Wakefield before the plaintiff arrived there, he had to wait several hours for the next train, and thus he arrived at Barnsley too late to do his business, and had to go there on another day, and incurred expense which he now recovered against the Railway Company.

In one of the few reported cases of this kind that have been brought before Judges of the Superior Courts, the plaintiff proved only that it was Whitsun Monday, and the train by which he travelled, being heavy, was late, and he missed an appointment. The late Mr. Justice Crompton held that, without some evidence of negligence, the plaintiff could not recover against the Company. Among the recent cases in which Judges of County Courts have decided against Railway Companies, the best known is that of Mr. Forsyth, M.P. This was a stronger case of delay than that which has given occasion to these remarks, as indeed the Judge of the Reading County Court who decided both cases admitted.

It may not be amiss to observe the light which this discussion throws upon the utility or necessity of that accumulation of reports of cases which is often treated as a reproach to the English law. We have been trying to ascertain what view

Judges are likely to take of complaints against Railway Companies of delay in carrying passengers. There has been a growing disposition to entertain such complaints, and in order to measure this growth we collect as many cases of this class as we can readily find, and compare their features. In order to do this we have recourse to the various legal periodicals which report select cases from the County Courts and rulings of Judges of the Superior Courts sitting at *visi prius*. All this, be it observed, lies beyond the regular reports of cases in the Superior Courts, of which the bulk is sufficiently alarming. The truth is that the liability of Railway Companies in these cases is being established and defined, and while this process is going on it is necessary to note every word that falls from the Judges who are concerned in what is virtually law-making. It seems, therefore, that not only law reports but also legal periodicals are inevitable, although cumbersome, parts of our legal system.

POACHERS.

WITH those vacation speeches which set in so severely at this time of year there is sure to come a series of reports from the rural districts which are infinitely more sensational. The poachers begin to be out and busy as well as voluble members of Parliament and aspiring politicians on their promotion. The season tempts them, and the state of the covers. There are plenty of tame pheasants about, and the hares have not been much shot down. A good deal of rainy weather, and occasional sharp frosts towards the morning, are beginning to bring down the leaves, so that very soon "of a shiny night," as the old poaching ballad has it, it will not be difficult to distinguish the birds roosting in the branches against the moonlight. And although the regular poaching season has barely commenced, we hear already of a serious encounter in the Herefordshire woods. A party of adventurers came in collision with a force of keepers. Brought to bay, the poachers levelled their guns without intimidating their assailants. There was a desperate hand-to-hand scuffle and several shots were exchanged. Two of the keepers were wounded, more or less seriously. One of the poachers received part of a charge in the head, but, as his friends had the best of the skirmish and carried off their wounded, it is unknown whether the injury was likely to prove fatal.

It is by no means a pleasant thought that encounters of this kind are becoming yearly more common, and are likely to be more frequent still for all we can see to the contrary; in short, that murder must now be regarded as an everyday contingency in a trade to which a good many Englishmen regularly devote a large part of their time. But there can be no question that poaching pays much better than ever it used to pay. The game is more plentiful, there is a constant demand for it, and there are greater facilities of disposing of it to advantage. Now that proprietors breed so much for their annual battues, to take the free run of a well-stocked wood for an hour or so is like the opportunity of filling a bag in a poultry-house. The days which the lord of the manor has fixed for those great events of the year to which his friends and neighbours are bidden are matter of notoriety and nightly talk in all the low public-houses in his vicinity. Till then his young hand-fed birds have not been disturbed; and, entirely unsophisticated as they are, for the poacher it is pretty much a question of fetching them away without interference on the part of their guardians. There are difficulties of course. As the temptations to an on-slaught have increased, the defence has been strengthened in proportion. A great breeder of birds and hares seldom shows himself penny-wise by undue economy in the number of his watchers. His keepers' cottages are distributed strategically, so as to command all the favourite resorts of pheasants and poachers. Night patrols are out and on the watch, who are presumed to study the art of surprise by keeping all their movements secret. If the man-traps and spring-guns that used to be advertised everywhere in the plantations are for the most part out of date, modern science has invented ingenious substitutes for them. There are wires arranged a foot or so from the ground, stretched stiffly among the sheltering undergrowth, so as to trip up intruders when they least expect it, with the chance of sending off their guns to the imminent danger of their comrades. And these wires act as so many bell-pulls, to set chimes pealing aloud when silence is eminently desirable. Another ingenious practical repartee to unwelcome intrusions is the dummy pheasants that are fixed up among the boughs in likely places. They betray the illicit sportsman into making much unnecessary noise, and he is lucky if his enemies are not actually watching the lure at the moment he commences his practice. On the other hand, as poachers generally go about preserves in gangs, the watchers must concentrate their forces in order to make a fair match of it, and hence there is an obvious opening for stratagem. False intelligence or a feint at some distant spot draws away the keepers from the real point of the expedition, and the birds they have been carefully rearing are dropped and bagged when their backs are turned. One can sympathize with the growing irritation of men who have repeatedly been tricked in that way by notorious characters as to whose identity they feel no doubt whatever, although they may only have suspicion and indirect evidence to go upon. It is a war of cunning and low intrigue which keeps up bitter feelings on both sides. Ten to one the keepers have secret service money at their disposal, which they lay out judiciously among frequenters

of the village public which are the poachers' houses of call. From time to time they pick up bits of information more or less trustworthy; although probably it is not very often that they succeed in bribing an active accomplice into treachery, for a good poaching connexion is much too lucrative to be risked for the sake of a stray half-sovereign or unlimited ale on some particular evening. In the days of stage-coaches there used to be some difficulty in disposing of the spoil, and the pheasants and hares were sold for what they would fetch to some one who charged exorbitantly for the risk of getting rid of them. Now that there are lines of railway leading in all directions, a light spring-cart carries the booty to a station, where it is stowed in the van as passengers' luggage; or it is consigned to a safe hand in the nearest market town, if not to a salesman in a large way of business in London. There is no tracing stolen property of this kind, or identifying the missing goods by making a descent on the receiver's premises. The money is duly remitted in exchange for the consignment; nor is much discount exacted on account of the illicit nature of the transaction. There is keen competition for supplies among the dealers, and we fear that the maxim of many of them is to ask no questions. In short, to reckless vagabonds of sporting tastes poaching would offer irresistible attractions were it only somewhat safer. As it is, the balance of objections to it is scarcely sufficient to deter the neophyte when once he has broken ground and been encouraged by a certain impunity. It is true that, to say nothing of the chance of being shot, it is not an agreeable dilemma to be reduced to choose between giving up your gun and your liberty or perpetrating murder. But then there are drawbacks to all trades; and the poacher may flatter himself that, with ordinary luck, he may run a long and prosperous career, indulging his inclinations for dissipation like his betters, with the minimum of honest exertion.

England has no special reason to be proud of her poachers, and there is very little romance about them. There are countries in which the poacher, in spite of a certain moral obliquity in his vision, is distinguished by his free and manly bearing. He is the pleasantest of all companions in his native mountains, and is so far an estimable member of society that you may safely trust him with anything but game. Readers of Mr. Bonar's book of sports in the Bavarian Highlands will remember the close friendships he formed with the "free shots" who took toll of the famous hunting-grounds there. Although they had the bloodthirsty habit of taking quiet aim at keepers whenever they sighted them, they were admirable as husbands, fathers, and in the domestic relations generally. They needed steady nerves and hands for their dangerous calling, and, so far as strict temperance went, they lived like anchorites, except on special occasions. So much could hardly be said for our own Highlanders, who used to stalk in the Scotch deer-forests as regularly as the legitimate owners. Living a life of rough exposure in their damp climate, they drank even more freely than their neighbours, arranging their nightly bivouacs when they could at one of those illicit stills which used to be so many centres of conviviality in the moorlands. But they had firm principles of their own, and a standard of respectability to which they acted up. They killed deer as their ancestors, the caterans, lifted cattle. A misadventure might chance to a keeper in fair stand-up fight, and they might make free with their rifles or their hunting-knives when their blood was up; but they would have scorned to shoot a man from an ambush, or to take advantage of superior strength or numbers to maltreat a man wantonly when he was only doing his duty to his master. Except for drinking as much as he can get, the low-country poacher is just the reverse of all this. He is essentially a sneak. He goes about during the day with a hand-dog expression that gives him a strong family resemblance to the down-looking lurcher he has left tied up at home. Not that he shows himself abroad in the daylight more than is necessary, and when you do get a glimpse of him, he is generally on the lounge. But, like Mr. Silas Wegg in *Our Mutual Friend*, he "takes a powerful sight of notice" in his own underhand way. He goes sauntering down lanes under cover of the hedgerows, past likely woods, listening to the crowing of the peasants; or he leans over a gate with hands in pockets and pipe in mouth, contemplating abstractedly the gambols of the hares. He starts and shambles on at the sound of a footstep, and has a slouch in his shoulders and a wriggle in his gait as if he were momentarily expecting a hand on his coat-collar. He is like a beast of the night compelled against his instinct to be abroad in the sunshine. Although he passes a good part of his days and nights in the open air, his face has a sodden, unhealthy tinge, and when he does raise his eyes you can see they are bloodshot. For the best part of his gains go in the public-house, where he and his comrades lay their heads together, blaspheming and whispering over pipes and pots. Naturally he is dissipated, for it is a necessity of his business to be thrown into company as bad as himself, or worse; and he primes himself with drugged malt liquors and fiery alcohol for his long excursions and vigils in the night air. He needs Dutch courage, too; for going after lawless objects in the stillness, and the darkness, with the not improbable contingency of being left crippled in a ditch or carried home on a shutter, would shake even stronger nerves than debauchery has left him. Sneaking about in constant apprehension or terror, he is of course savage when not sullen, and naturally he will nial a prostrate enemy remorselessly if he gets the chance. But it is his wife and family who have the worst of it, should he happen unluckily to be head of a household. It is not difficult to imagine what a home

his must be, when he seldom comes back to it except after a carouse or a lagging and anxious expedition. His family suffer alike by his good or his bad fortune. His example is bad enough for the parish in general, but what must it be for the boys who grow up under his roof? Something may be done perhaps now that schooling is enforced by statute; but vices propagate themselves more easily than virtues, and ill weeds proverbially spread and flourish. If opportunity makes the poacher even more than it makes other criminals, we cannot have much hope of the class diminishing so long as battues and high preserving are on the increase, and railways everywhere place preserves in the country in communication with the mining districts and the slums of manufacturing towns. And it can hardly fail to be largely recruited if strikes and lock-outs among the agriculturists throw able-bodied labourers out of work.

THE USES OF REGALIA.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, could not in a recent speech resist the temptation to have a hit at the absurd and fantastic parade with which a considerable section of his supporters think it necessary to carry on their agitation. He suggested that it was possible to protest against the liquor trade quite as effectually in a shooting-coat as in cloaks and sashes of many colours. It may be doubted, however, whether Sir Wilfrid would seriously desire that his admonition should be taken to heart, and that the Good Templars, Rechabites, and others should strip themselves of their finery. He would be glad, no doubt, if this foolish part of the business could be made less conspicuous, but he has probably a sufficient acquaintance with human nature to be aware of the danger of depriving his friends of one of the chief attractions of their propaganda. Any one who imagines that the decorations of the Templars are only an accidental superfluity must have an exceedingly imperfect conception of the real character of that body. The truth is that the regalia, as they are called, constitute the very heart and essence of the organization, which might perhaps contrive to exist with the help of the tinsel and coloured scarfs if teetotalism were abandoned for some other cry, but would be tolerably certain to decline if the stimulant of ornaments and titles were by any chance to be withdrawn. We say this of course without meaning to throw any doubt on the sincerity of the Templars. They are probably very anxious that total abstinence should be enforced, but when their enthusiasm on the subject is analysed, it will be found that a large part of it may be traced to enjoyment of the public parade for which an opportunity is thus afforded. Good Templarism would be a very dull affair without its badges, and flags, and orders of officers. The literature of the sect or order shows plainly enough the importance which is attached, and no doubt justly, to this part of the business. One of the principal by-laws of the Grand Lodge enacts that "it is imperative that regalia be worn in every meeting of the order at which any part of our ceremonial or unwritten work is used," but members are at liberty to appear in either officer's, Sub-lodge, Degree, or Grand Lodge regalia, as they may prefer. In one of the Templar newspapers we find a number of regalia-makers advertising their goods, and the manufacture of this new sort of Brummagem ware appears to have already become a large and prosperous trade. An officer's set of regalia costs, it seems, from 2*l.* to 5*l.*; an ordinary member's set in white from 5*s.* to 12*s.* the dozen; the second degree from 2*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* each; the third degree from 4*s.* to 2*l.* each; the Lodge from 1*l.* to 3*l.* each. It is significant that even children are turned to account as wearers of regalia, a set for an officer of this class running up as high as 30*s.* Another tradesman advertises "the largest and most varied stock of laces, braids, stars, fringe, gimp, tassels, rosettes, emblems, and every requisite for persons making up their own regalia—Bright! Cheap! and New!"; and, considering the number of Good Templars throughout the country, a great impetus must have been lately given to the trade in this sort of frippery. The flag-makers, too, have reason to be grateful to the Templars, who cannot get on without plenty of bunting. There is an "official T.O.G. flag," but members have also the fullest liberty to indulge their own tastes in regard to flags and banners. Since Father Mathew's day most of the Teetotalers have had a passion for medals, and this fashion seems to be as popular as ever. There is a large variety of "star, Maltese cross, and other badges," with which the Templars may decorate themselves at pleasure.

It will be seen therefore that a Good Templar is marked off from ordinary humanity not only by his peculiar views as to abstinence, and a proud consciousness of moral superiority, but also by great splendour of personal appearance. We suppose that it is only on public occasions that he comes forth robed about with sham gold fringe and worsted tassels, and glittering with medals, Maltese crosses, and all sorts of regalia in brass or tinsel; but there is no reason why he should not always go about in this way if he finds it agreeable. We are accustomed to hear complaints of the dulness and want of colour in English life, and some foreign visitors have been disposed to attribute to this cause much of the intemperance of the people; but this deficiency would be supplied if the Templars would only be good enough to bring a little of their gorgeousness into everyday use. As for the Templars themselves, although they do not sleep in their finery, the consciousness that they possess it probably never quits them for an instant, and gives them a sweet and constant sense of their own

importance. It is not merely the glare and glitter of the tassels that fascinates them, but the feeling that these things serve to distinguish the wearers from the common herd, and to place them on a more conspicuous social platform. However foolish the working-men and small shopkeepers who trick themselves out in this fantastic style may look, it must be admitted that this is a sort of folly of which they by no means enjoy a monopoly. In this instance the Good Templars have merely followed the example of the Freemasons and Foresters, who employ for convivial purposes the ceremonial and decorations which the Templars have now imitated as a means of promoting the cause of temperance.

The truth is that this sort of parade would seem to correspond to certain innate cravings of human nature which are common to most of us. Nobody is content to settle down quietly in the undistinguishable ruck of utterly obscure and insignificant humanity. To be a little higher or bigger, or at least more conspicuous, than one's neighbour is the great object of life; no matter how little the difference may be, it is always better than nothing. If a man has but a sheet of tissue-paper under his feet while there are other men standing on the bare ground, that is always something to be proud of as far as it goes. Even the savage takes pleasure in his stripes of paint or necklace of shells, not so much on account of their brilliant effect as on account of the sense which he has that they mark him off, if only to the extent of half a stripe or a single shell, as superior to some other barbarian. As the constitution of society becomes more democratic, the process of levelling provokes a natural reaction. The impression which some travellers have brought away from the United States, that in that country all attorneys are *ex officio* major-generals, though inaccurate in itself, is explained by the eagerness with which military distinctions are sought after by persons who otherwise would only be known by their names over their shop or office doors. In our own country the classes who are supposed to be pining for the abolition of the House of Lords can find no better way of consoling themselves in the meantime than by inventing titles and badges for their own use. The various degrees of membership and grades of officers among the Good Templars are doubtless much more attractive than the mere splendour of the insignia. If all the members held precisely the same rank, and wore the same uniform, they would enjoy the satisfaction of reflecting that at least they were entitled to hold their heads a trifle higher than the people outside who had no regalia; but the chance of rising to a higher grade in their own body exercises a much stronger and more insinuating fascination. We have no idea what may be the exact numbers of the Good Templars, but there can be no doubt that they must amount to many thousands. A year or two since, before this organization was invented or imported, all these people were languishing on a dead-level of dull obscurity. They lived, talked, dressed, and went about their business exactly like the rest of the great body of common people all over the country. All of a sudden the wave of Templarism has elevated them, be it ever so little, above the ordinary and commonplace multitude. They have flags, a fancy dress, and a jargon of their own. They can look down on people who are destitute of regalia, and whose low existence is not cheered and dignified by the prospect of possibly rising some day to be a W.C., a P.W.M., a V.V.O.T., or even a P.G.W.V.T. It may be supposed then that they are happier in proportion to their increased sense of their own self-importance and their superiority, if only by some infinitesimal fraction of an inch, over the rest of the community whose insignificance is so extreme that they are not even Templars. And if they really are made happier by this reflection, it may at least be said that it is, on the whole, a very cheap and innocent pleasure, and nobody else is any the worse for it. It is surely much better for working-men to spend their money in tinfoil and Brummagem bullion than in drinking vitriolized gin and hockessed beer. At the same time, there is no use in ignoring the fact that the success of the Templars is not exclusively due to pure philosophical enthusiasm.

The rapid development of Good Templarism in this country appears to supply an instructive lesson as to the means by which a cry of any kind may be made popular with the multitude. In the first place, the mere cry itself goes for something, because it bestows on those who cry it a distinctive character, and this is a little lift out of the ruck. Then there are the regalia, and the flags, and the medals, which are the outward and visible symbols of the new communion, and the grades of rank which every one may hope to scale. Nor is this all. The Templars have several weekly organs, in which portraits and biographies—the latter, it should be said, more flattering than the former—are given of the most distinguished—that is, most fussy and active—members of the body. To any one who has been oppressed by a sense of being utterly lost and confounded in a vast mass of people, all as common and undistinguishable as himself, it must be like the opening of heaven to find himself mentioned even in the most obscure of periodicals. And here it may be observed how trading interests come into play. Good Templarism has supplied an opening for various industrial enterprises in the way of newspapers, regalia, flags and banners, medals, and so on. There are Templar grocers, and printers, and hand-bell ringers, and a Templar Trade List is about to be published. A Life Assurance Office also pays special court to the Templars. It is perhaps only natural that the Templars should hold together in this way, and patronize each other. They will of course push the movement that gives them a new importance to the best of their power, and all the tradesmen

who are making a good thing out of it may be trusted to push it too. Templarism, in short, derives its strength, not so much from anything in the nature of its principles as from the skilful adaptation of its machinery to the wants and weaknesses of common humanity. The agencies which drag it might readily be harnessed to any other caravan. As the great Liberal party is still apparently much distracted as to the means of getting itself moved on a little, it is surprising that its managers should fail to observe the advantages which they might derive from taking a leaf from the Good Templars' book. The plan has been proposed of feeding up sound middle-class Liberals in clubs provided for the purpose with all the delicacies of the season and the choicest liquors, selected by committees of noblemen and gentlemen of the highest distinction. But perhaps the working classes might be more readily got at, and, from their numbers, they would be better worth having. All that would seem to be wanting is the invention of a dazzling set of Liberal regalia of the best tinfoil, with a corresponding hierarchy of W.O.'s and P.W.M.'s.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE Cambridgeshire seems to increase in popularity every year. The distance is just suited to the capacities of the greater number of racehorses in these degenerate days; the opportunities for speculation are so great, owing to the large number of competitors, that any horse in the race may be backed to win a fortune—and that consideration alone is unfortunately a sufficient inducement to make the present generation of owners of racehorses regard the Cambridgeshire with especial favour; and, lastly, there are usually so many false starts, so many disappointments during the race itself, and so much depending on getting off quickly and well at the fall of the flag, that the last of the great autumn handicaps at headquarters has come to be looked on as more of a lottery than any other event of the racing season, and, according to popular conviction, the issue of the contest is much more a matter of luck than of merit. We are not altogether satisfied that this popular conviction is well founded. On the contrary, experience would lead one to draw the paradoxical conclusion that the most uncertain race of the year not unfrequently resolves itself into an absolute certainty. Four years ago Adonis was a certainty; a year or two later Allbrook seemed equally a certainty, though the race was just lost by mischance; and this year *Peut-Etre*'s public trials during the Second October Meeting left no doubt that, if he did not tumble down, the Cambridgeshire was at his mercy. And, as he did not tumble down, the confidence reposed in him was amply justified; for, though opposed by as brilliant a handicap field as could possibly be collected, he won from start to finish without ever having to be called upon for an effort. It is a fact that there are races without number at Newmarket in which only three or four competitors take part, and of which it is more difficult to pick the winners than of the Cambridgeshire with its forty runners, when among them is an Adonis or a *Peut-Etre*. Nothing could be more decisive than the form shown by *Peut-Etre* in the Second October Meeting. It is true he was only fourth in the *Cesarewitch*; but it turned out that he was saddled so late that he had to be galloped at full speed from the hridge to the starting-post—a distance of two miles and more—and that he only just arrived in time to take part in the race. Defeat, under such circumstances, was not only excusable but inevitable. But, two days later, he won the Queen's Plate in a canter from Lily Agnes, presumably about the best three-year-old in training, Lillian, and Thunder; and again, on the following day, he beat Leolinus, Trent, Spectator, and Lacy, over the last mile and a half of the Beacon course. By these successes *Peut-Etre* incurred no penalty for the Cambridgeshire, for which his weight remained at 6 st. 10 lbs., or 18 lbs. less than was carried by horses of his own age, such as Lemnos and Newry. Having proved himself the superior, at even weights, of such tried public performers as Lily Agnes, Trent, and Leolinus, he had now only to fulfil his concluding engagement with a feather weight—a feather weight for a first-class horse, we mean—on his back. The Cambridgeshire is a wonderfully popular race with Continental sportsmen; and they not only enter their horses freely in it, but they are nearly always formidable in it. In recent years it has been won three times by foreign horses; in 1861 by Palestro, in 1870 by Adonis, and in 1873 by Montargis. Within the same period French horses have also run second on three occasions, Gabrielle d'Estrée in 1861, Cerdagne in 1869, and Finisterre in 1872. And this year *Peut-Etre* has won for the foreigners their fourth and their most easily secured Cambridgeshire. These continued successes will probably cause the handicapper in future to be cautious how he admits the French horses into their favourite race on lenient terms.

The popularity of the Cambridgeshire is shown by the fact that out of 189 subscribers only 58 declined to accept the handicapper's judgment of their representatives; while, despite the astounding revelation of *Peut-Etre*'s true form a fortnight before the race, as many as forty-two horses came to the post. As we have said, they formed an exceptionally brilliant field, and it may be worth while to glance at its composition. The horses over four years of age were represented by Finisterre, Laburnum, Khédive, Curate, Pearl, and Restless; and all of these were leniently weighted, for only once has the Cambridgeshire been won by an old horse. Old horses, in truth, seldom retain that dash of speed so essential in a

mile race. As they grow older, they get more pottering, as well as cunning enough to give up a struggle when fairly collarcd. Of the five-year-olds and upwards just mentioned Laburnum has been long known as a rogue on whom no dependence can be placed, and The Curate is one of those phantom horses who are always going to do a great thing, and who never do it. Yet one of this lot, Khédive, was so influentially supported that at last he supplanted *Peut-Etre* in the quotations, and actually started first favourite. It was currently reported that he had won such an extraordinary trial with Pearl that the latter could not win the Cambridgeshire with 4 st. on her back; and when Pearl won the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap last Monday in a canter from Lacy and seven others, her stable companion Khédive naturally came into favour for the great race of the week. As a three-year-old Khédive showed fine form by running Queen's Messenger to a neck in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and at the sale of Lord Zetland's horses he was purchased for a large sum by Mr. Chaplin. But he has been long in retirement, and was believed to be unsound. After he appeared on the course we are astonished that he still retained his pride of place as first favourite; for he looked only half trained, and those who had seen him earlier in the day declared that he was lame and would turn out a second Mornington. They were not far wrong, for though he did not actually break down in the race, he never showed prominently in it, and a quarter of a mile from home was hopelessly beaten. The danger of trusting to infirm or bottled-up horses has been again strikingly illustrated in this year's *Cesarewitch* and Cambridgeshire. The four-year-olds formed a most powerful division of the field, and included many animals with considerable claims to notice. At their head was that great horse Lowlander, whose brilliant exploits at Ascot fully entitled him to the honour of being top weight in the handicap. At Goodwood, it is true, he showed but indifferently, yet the handicapper preferred to consider his Ascot victories before his Goodwood defeats; and it would be well if this principle of estimating a horse according to his best, not his worst, performances was more generally adopted. The four-year-olds also included Montargis, winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1873, and by many still considered the best of the French division; Franc-tireur, Hochstapler, Gamecock (third in the *Cesarewitch*), Flower of Dorset, Hesselton, and His Grace. The last named, who was let in at the low weight of 5 st. 10 lbs., was in the late Baron Rothschild's stables, and has subsequently, it is said, been used as a hack. So highly had he been tried with Walnut that the second in last year's Cambridgeshire, though by no means unduly weighted, was withdrawn in his favour. But he never was formidable in the race, and the fallacy of private trials received another illustration. Lowlander, Gamecock, and His Grace were generally considered the pick of the four-year-olds, but as the third in the *Cesarewitch* was suspected of being lame, and Lowlander's weight was more than had ever been carried to victory up the Cambridgeshire hill, His Grace was really the champion of this division of the field. The three-year-olds were a most formidable lot, and in addition to *Peut-Etre* we may mention *Aventurière*, the winner of the *Cesarewitch*, Lemnos, and Newry—the last one of the finest-looking horses at Newmarket—Benedictine, asserted to be the equal of Lily Agnes, and for a long time first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, Novateur and La Courseuse, Mr. Winkle and Mignonette. It had been confidently asserted that the last named was as good as, if not better than, *Peut-Etre*; but it seldom happens that there are two wonders in a stable at the same time. Both Lemnos and Newry were giving *Peut-Etre* 18 lbs., but despite such a disadvantage in weight the splendid appearance of Newry gained him many friends.

There is usually a long delay at the start for the Cambridgeshire, and a good many horses are started on the strength of the chapter of accidents which may happen at the post; but this year the principal delay was in the weighing-out department. It was very late before the numbers were hoisted; and even then the names of the riders were not exhibited at all. This was a great disappointment to a large number of racegoers, who habitually back jockeys' mounts, and reflects little credit on those who manage the details of business at the headquarters of racing. No one, for instance, knew exactly who was riding *Peut-Etre*, whose trainer had some difficulty in securing a jockey. As it happened, he was ridden by a comparatively unknown lad, and this circumstance, had it been known, would have probably driven the horse back in the market several points. In justice to the rider of *Peut-Etre* let us say that he did exactly what he ought to have done. All he had to do was to sit perfectly still and let his horse win, and this he did. We have seen a Cambridgeshire lost through a jockey beginning to flourish about when the race was in his hands, but the lad who rode *Peut-Etre* last Tuesday attended steadily to his duty without playing any tricks or attempting any show. The race was set at half-past two, a convenient hour, but even then a grey haze had spread over the flat, and prevented the spectators in the neighbourhood of the winning-post from obtaining any view of the competitors till they had fairly reached the crest of the hill. We shall not attempt, therefore, to give any detailed description of the race, but we may mention that, after an unusually short detention at the post, the starter was enabled to despatch the forty-two runners, and, as we are informed, on equal terms. We, like nine-tenths of the spectators, could see nothing whatever of the race except in the last quarter of a mile, and then there was little to see except that it was all over. *Peut-Etre* had decisively beaten everything, and had only to go on at his leisure and pass the judge's box two

lengths ahead of his nearest opponent. Lowlander made one grand struggle for the mastery at the top of the hill, but the weight was too much for him, and he was not ridden out for a place. The place honours were obtained by two extreme outsiders, Chieftain and Lord Gowran, but Lowlander and Aventurière were probably second and third best in the race. Khédive and His Grace were among the first beaten, and it was such a case of hare and hounds in the last quarter of a mile that a great number of horses were not unnecessarily persevered with.

REVIEWS.

GREEN AND GROSE'S HUME.*

THE present editors of Hume's *Treatise on Human Nature* take a somewhat peculiar course. They consider Hume to have been the last great English philosopher, and the study of Hume to be a matter of exceeding importance. But his greatness consists in their eyes simply in the thorough fearlessness with which he carried out Locke's principles till they stood self-condemned; and the important thing to be known by studying him is the final *reductio ad absurdum* of empirical philosophy. Accordingly Mr. Green's introduction to these volumes is not an exposition as we understand the term; for an expounder is one who puts himself, for the time at least, in the author's place and tries to assimilate his thought that he may help others to assimilate it. What we have here is a controversial critique from the transcendental point of view. We have reasons which will presently appear for doubting whether, even from that point of view, it was altogether advisable to do this particular piece of work. Apart from these doubts, Mr. Green seems to have done it with much diligence and ability, and not without the true speculative faculty that sees through half-answers. It is dangerous, however, to make sure that one understands another man's philosophical criticism, especially when one entirely disagrees with him on the fundamental questions of philosophy. Seeing that we have the misfortune so to disagree with Mr. Green, we think it best to say at once that we have often found his writing hard to understand, and that it is very possible that in sundry places we have misunderstood him. Or rather let us say that the root of the whole difference between the empirical and the transcendental philosophy is in truth a misunderstanding not to be removed by argument. The discussion of all the disputed points comes round to this at last. The transcendentalist says there must be an explanation of everything, and defies the empiric to explain the nature of things. He asks:—"Why do you not explain this and that? You stand confused before the necessities of thought, and I cannot understand how you pretend to get on by the mere light of finite experience." The empiric answers to this effect:—"I do not explain this and that because at present I cannot; moreover, for all I know, there may be no explanation at all. If you ask me why some things appear at present inexplicable, I can only say, according to the nature of the case, either that the question is unmeaning, or that I do not know; and if you find any amusement in asking me why I don't know, and so on *ad infinitum*, you are very welcome. In the meantime my finite experience gives me light enough to do my work by, and I let your necessities of thought take care of themselves." From the metempirical point of view, the worth of empirical inquiry is that it leads to glaring contradictions which drive one to take refuge in transcendental ways of thinking; from the empirical point of view, the worth of metempirical criticism is that it drives one to cast off all remnants of metempirical thinking and confine oneself strictly to answering intelligible questions in terms warranted by experience. However, when we come to arguing in detail, the fundamental opposition is easily lost sight of or obscured; hence there is much confusion and fighting at cross purposes. One adversary challenges another to prove something which is alleged by that other to be above proof, or to disprove something which is alleged to be unmeaning; and they minutely criticize each other's solutions without reflecting that they are speaking of different things all the while, inasmuch as they are hopelessly at variance as to the form in which the problem should be stated.

It seems to us that Mr. Green's dialectic is not free from this kind of irrelevance, which practically amounts to unfairness. For it is quite fair to put a question in your own way; but when a man tells you he cannot answer it in that way, and goes on to put a question superficially like it in his way, it is not fair to complain of the answer he ultimately gets for being an answer to his question and not to yours. Now Hume is, on the whole, as explicit as most writers in telling us what sort of questions he does not mean to answer. But Mr. Green's criticism often slides unconsciously from dealing with the sufficiency of Hume's results as answers to Hume's questions into dealing with their sufficiency as answers to Mr. Green's questions. And, if not quite fair to Hume, this is still less fair to empirical philosophy, which now claims to explain definitely many things which Hume could not but leave indefinite, and some things which he could not explain at all. It is curious that Mr. Green takes no

notice whatever of these modern developments, beyond a general statement to the effect that Hume's followers have done nothing but beat about the bush and attempt to escape from his conclusions, and an obscure allusion to a "rougher battery" opened on popular psychology by the physiologists. For anything that appears in the discussion, Mr. Green might never have heard the names of Herbert Spencer, Darwin, or Lewes. As editor of Hume he is indeed not bound to know more than Hume did; but as a controversial writer with Hume for text he stands otherwise. Probably he would say that the empirical philosophers we have named have added no real speculative elements to the dispute. But this is the very point which we call on the transcendentalists to make good. Of course we are not surprised when incompetent writers prefer marching over the ground their enemy held the day before yesterday to attacking the position he holds to-day. But we confess to some surprise when we find a serious and competent person like Mr. Green even seeming to do such a thing. Not that we think it would be impossible to answer a good deal of Mr. Green's criticism without going beyond Hume, though it would be a delicate and difficult task. Many objections are, as we have said, only restatements of the fundamental difference between the two ways of thinking; and at most of the places where modern thinkers would call in the doctrine of evolution, we conceive that Hume could have said (if he did not actually say):—"This is one of the things I do not pretend to explain. I do not say that there will not be an explanation of it some day." And at such places we should so far agree with Mr. Green as to think that Hume was perfectly right in not attempting any explanation at the time. However, we can here undertake no more than to state in our own way the remarks which occur to us on some of Mr. Green's arguments. We can find no room to deal with the introduction to the second volume, which concerns the moral part of the treatise; nor do we much regret it, since the conditions of ethical controversy are now so transformed by the theory of evolution that minute discussion of the older forms of empirical morality is not likely to be very profitable for the future. We will first take a passage which appears to put Mr. Green's general habit of thinking in a fairly clear and compact form:—

The quarrel of the physiologist with the metaphysician is, in fact, due to an *ignorantia elenchu* on the part of the former, for which the behaviour of English "metaphysicians," in attempting to assimilate their own procedure to that of the natural philosophers, and thus to win the popular acceptance which these alone can fairly look for, has afforded too much excuse. The question really at issue is not between two co-ordinate sciences, as if a theory of the human body were claiming also to be a theory of the human soul, and the theory of the soul were resisting the aggression. The question is, whether the conceptions which all the departmental sciences alike presuppose shall have an account given of them or no. For dispensing with such an account altogether (life being short) there is much to be said, if only men would or could dispense with it; but the physiologist, when he claims that his science should supersede metaphysics, is not dispensing with it, but rendering it in a preposterous way. He accounts for the formal conceptions in question, in other words for thought as it is common to all the sciences, as sequent upon the antecedent facts which his science ascertains—the facts of the animal organization. But these conceptions—the relations of cause and effect, &c.—are necessary to constitute the facts. They are not an *ex post facto* interpretation of them, but an interpretation without which there would be no ascertainable facts at all. To account for them, therefore, as the result of the facts is to proceed as a geologist would do, who should treat the present conformation of the earth as the result of a certain series of past events, and yet, in describing these, should assume the present conformation as a determining element in each.

To begin with the end of this, the simile does not go on all fours, as indeed no physical simile in metaphysical matters ever does. It is made plausible by a tacit substitution of *each* for the *description of each*. With the latter reading we can at once accept the proposed absurdity as true. The geologist must think and speak in language, and we admit, or rather maintain, that the present conformation of the earth (as we may practically call it) has been a determining element in the formation of language. If the earth were not what it is, man and his language would not be what they are. We must think of and describe the past world in terms of the present world. We cannot tell how it looked to its lords and masters the monstrous *effs*, but only how it would have looked to us if we had been there to see. We cannot look forward or backward without carrying our present organized thought with us. Our conception of the world before man existed may be called a fiction in Hume's sense, or, as Mr. Lewes has it, an ideal construction; and yet it is true, for it accounts for our past and present experience, and enables us to predict future experience. Taking the simile thus, we have really dealt with Mr. Green's main objection in the form of a particular case. For the gist of the objection, as we take it, comes to this—we cannot state the facts of psychology on the empirical hypothesis except in terms which are themselves determined by the facts. This is perfectly true. No empirical thinker will now deny that we inherit a highly organized mind, and that a great part of our thinking has been settled for us by our ancestors, or, to speak more accurately, by the mutual reactions of ancestral organisms and their environment. We profess only to give what may be called an historical account of the manner in which our present habits of thought came to be organized; and we admit that for the purposes of this account we must assume the popular belief in an external world. Thereupon the transcendentalist turns round upon us and tells us (as Mr. Green does elsewhere) that our world is "an arbitrary fiction," and our science "a mere language, well or ill constructed, but unaccountably and without reference to things." Having committed ourselves too far to be frightened by epigrams, we reply that the fiction is in practice found to be useful. Moreover, the fiction is not

* *The Philosophical Works of David Hume*. Edited by T. H. Green, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, and T. H. Grose, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Vols. I and II. (A *Treatise on Human Nature*, &c.) London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

arbitrary, the science is well and not ill constructed, just in so far as it is constructed accountably and with reference to experience. If we are asked why it occurs to us to assume a real world, we can only give another historical answer. As a matter of fact, man has for countless generations been a social animal; and the belief in consociated life other than his own individual life, and consequently in a real world common to his life and others—the world in which you and I get on together—is now deeply rooted in every man's mental organism. We frankly concede that it is impossible by mere force of logic to prove to any one that there is anything real outside his own mind. In short, assuming a real world, we claim to be in a fair way to show how our thought has become organized in the world, and how the world, as we know it, is again modified by our organized thought. All this, as it seems to us, is rather beside the purely metaphysical question of the external world, save that it helps one to see, as Hume clearly saw without our present helps, that the only rational form of putting that question is the subjective one. The question, Do external things really exist? or, Why do things exist? is idle and unintelligible; the question, What do we mean by *existence* or *external reality*? is intelligible.

This last is, in truth, the question which Berkeley set himself to answer, and went far towards answering rightly. This seems the best place to say that we distinctly claim Berkeley as an empirical philosopher. Even Berkeley's notion of spirit is not a transcendental assumption, but something which he thought he could find in experience. Mr. Green seems willing to let us have him, for he speaks of Berkeley with very slight respect. He blames Berkeley (so far as we can understand) for not having answered the other or wrongly put question; this we have already pointed out as the general form which transcendental criticism of empirical thinkers is apt to assume. In fact, Mr. Green repeatedly says in different words that Locke, Berkeley, or Hume, as the case may be, does not assign any reason why there should be any order of nature or why it should be what it is rather than anything else. For our part, we see no speculative way to finding such reasons, and we are content to say with Spinoza (whom we also claim as an empiric in all material points) that the order of nature as a whole is ultimate and inexplicable. We have now tried to show in outline our general dissent from Mr. Green's mode of thought; and, having done so, we hope to be the better understood when we go on another time to more particular comment.

SAMUEL LOVER.*

WE know not how many of our readers will be familiar with the name of Samuel Lover, or will remember anything more than that he was the author of certain popular songs, and of a novel or two of what is called Irish humour. In addition to these claims to reputation, Mr. Lover was also an industrious miniature-painter; and for some time gave one of those "entertainments," after the precedent of Mathews, which have been popular both in England and America. If such a man had been allowed to pass away without any record of his activities being preserved for the benefit of posterity, we cannot say that we should have been sensible of a great literary void. Men of higher reputation are still in want of a biographer. Mr. Bayle Bernard, however, is of opinion that a biography is needed. Mr. Lover, he tells us, was a "poet, novelist, dramatist, painter, etcher, and composer"; and this "variety of gift" was "the directest challenge to that division of labour principle which forms the law of modern excellence." It might possibly be said that the result of the challenge was not favourable to the challenger; for Mr. Lover can hardly be described by his warmest admirers as a leader in any department of artistic excellence. Mr. Bernard, however, has his answer. Genius, he admits, generally implies concentration. But it may also be "diffusive." "Power may diminish with diversity, but it is a phenomenon after all that only divides in its particulars to reunite in its sum. Such was the case with Lover." We must admit that after some reflection we are unable to assign any meaning whatever to this remarkable sentence. If it meant to say that a man who is a third-rate novelist, a third-rate poet, and a third-rate artist is thereby entitled to be called a first-rate man of genius, the meaning would be obviously absurd. And yet we are unable to suggest any other meaning at all relevant to the question.

The conclusion is, anyhow, that Mr. Bernard resolved to write a book. He found, however, on inquiry that materials for it were wanting. Mr. Lover had left no letters, no papers, and no journal worth mentioning, and had only just begun to write some reminiscences of his childhood. Mr. Bernard found therefore that his whole materials reduced themselves to an article in the *Dublin University Magazine*, written a good many years before Mr. Lover's death, another sketch by a connexion, making some remarks upon the article, the fragmentary reminiscences, and the "domestic memoranda" which he calls journals. In other words, he had substantially no materials at all except an old magazine article. Mr. Bernard, however, was not to be daunted by such a trifle. "It is obvious," he says, "that the documents described 'required considerable addition and connexion to give them the substance and interest which a biography demands.' In other words, as Mr. Bernard was determined to prepare a dish without any meat, he had to make it entirely of sauce. Such literary

cookery may succeed at times in skilful hands; though it is hardly fair to call the result a biography. Mr. Bernard, however, had known Mr. Lover for a good many years; he had taken an interest in Irish novels and songs, and he had been to America. With the qualifications thus naively described he has put together between three and four hundred pages more or less distinctly referring to Mr. Lover. We will try, however inadequately, to give some impression of the result.

"Samuel Lover was born in Dublin on the 24th of February, 1797." That is the best sentence in the book. It gives a relevant fact without superfluous verbiage; and we doubt whether a Boswell or a Johnson could have materially improved the statement. The first two chapters tell us that Lover was a delicate and over-sensitive boy; and was therefore sent to live in a farmhouse for a year or two at the age of twelve. Here he entirely regained his strength, and was ever afterwards a healthy man. In these chapters Mr. Bernard has the advantage of a fact or two in Mr. Lover's reminiscences, which are not entirely swamped, though they are pretty deeply imbedded, in some remarks about Irish society at the time of the Union, about "Fighting Fitzgerald" and "Tiger Roche," and such worthies, which are apparently introduced to remind us that Mr. Lover was either not born at the time described, or was too young to be interested in such scenes. Then, however, we come to the most important three years in Lover's life. He resolved to leave his father's office and to learn painting. Unluckily, all that Mr. Bernard can tell us about his hero's proceedings is that he does not know precisely when Mr. Lover took this resolution—one person giving his age as sixteen, and another as twenty-three—nor how he lived, nor where. We do not even understand whether Lover left his father's house, or only his office. The safe conclusion at which Mr. Bernard arrives is, that somehow or other Lover got enough to eat, or, to speak in Mr. Bernard's beautiful language, to obtain "that most agreeable illustration of the doctrine of continuity—an unbroken succession of dinners." The space which would have been occupied with young Lover's adventures is therefore occupied by a long rhetorical description of the astonishment which the proceeding must have caused to the older Lover, and by a discussion upon Irish art in general. Lover, at any rate, became by degrees a popular miniature-painter in Dublin, and was introduced to good society. Moreover he sang a song of his own composition at the dinner given to Moore in 1818. He was encouraged to the performance, it seems, by champagne, and we suspect that the same influence must have stimulated the applause bestowed upon a set of boyish verses beginning

"O'er the day Jove exclaimed with a nod most profound,

and continuing in an easily imaginable strain. Lover continued to live in Dublin till 1833. He married in 1827; and he became popular as a writer of small songs and stories. Mr. Bernard does not seem to know any particular facts about this part of his career; but he fills a good many pages by remarks upon the Irish temperament, by a survey of Irish songs in general, and some quotations from Mr. Lover's performances in that line. At one period, indeed, Mr. Lover began to keep a book in which he entered the smart sayings which circulated in Dublin society. Some are old—as, for example, the familiar story about Wolfe's praise of Gray's *Elegy* on the night before his great victory; and we cannot say that any are very good. Moreover Lover was a member of a grotesque convivial club, founded by Lover, the fun and facetiousness of which are long since utterly dead. In 1833 the miniature of Paganini, which he had painted, had a great success at the Royal Academy, and this seems to have determined Lover to migrate to London.

Here, as he comes within reach of Mr. Bernard's personal knowledge, we may expect the record to be rather fuller; but, on the whole, we have rather less of his personal history than before. Two chapters are eked out by a survey of Irish fiction, making us feel a guilty sense of ignorance in regard to that unparalleled blaze of genius, wit, humour, and pathos which illuminated the pages of Miss Edgeworth, Banim, Carleton, Griffin, Lady Morgan, Maturin, and others, but throwing very little light upon the author of *Handy Andy*. We gain perhaps a fresh idea of what Mr. Bernard calls "the calefactive depths of Celtism"; but we cannot at present communicate these new lights to our readers. We are next told that Mr. Lover was very popular in society, and to illustrate the excellence of his conversation we are regaled with two specimens of his "ready pleasantries," not, we are happy to say, the best, but those which recur to Mr. Bernard. A lady told him that she admired the Irish so much that she thought she was meant for an Irishwoman. "Cross the Channel, madam," he replied, "and millions will say you were meant for an Irishman." Another lady, being complimented on the passion which she had thrown into a song, said that she was as cold as "that marble"—pointing to a mantelpiece on a summer day—"and that's cold enough," I suppose. "Not always," replied this brilliant wit, "the fire has got to be lighted." A few stories are thrown in of Douglas Jerrold's witticisms, of which we can only say that, like most of Jerrold's recorded witticisms, they show that an alternation of puns and sheer rudeness is often taken for genuine humour. Jerrold, for example, found a man reading a stupid poem at a club, and dragged him up to its author, exclaiming, "Mr. So and So, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to your public." It would have been just as witty to say, "Mr. So and So, you are a fool," though the rudeness was intensified by knocking two people's heads together. After a good deal about songs in general—"songs," we are informed, "have their place in human

* *The Life of Samuel Lover.* By Bayle Bernard. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

history"—and a brief notice of Mr. Lover's pictures and publications, we come to the part of the history for which Mr. Bernard has proclaimed his special qualifications. Mr. Lover's eyes became weak, and he resolved to increase his income by giving an "entertainment." Like other men of greater reputation, he went to America to perform, and, as Mr. Bernard has also been in that rarely visited country, there is a good excuse for accounts of its less familiar phenomena. We are told, for example, that Americans are hospitable, though externally cold, and that they have a characteristic humour, this statement being illustrated by some of the usual facetiae. At last Mr. Lover gets to the Falls of Niagara. We are then duly told that so much has been said of these falls that Mr. Bernard can scarcely expect to be more successful in describing them; language, in fact, is inadequate for the purpose; they are therefore described once more. We are reminded that "we live in an age of science," and have therefore discovered that ninety million tons of water descend the falls every hour; and we are further informed that M. Bloudin crossed them on a rope. At last Mr. Lover returns to England, and the last twenty years of his life, in regard to which one would think that the materials must have been more abundant, are summarily despatched in a short chapter—though even this chapter includes a long discussion as to the true definition and characteristics of the Irish lyric.

A second volume is filled with some sweepings from Mr. Lover's drawers, of which we shall only say that they may possibly be interesting to people who hold that Mr. Lover was a great writer, and that therefore every scrap from his pen is worth reading. One other remark must be added. The book itself, considered as a literary performance, is plainly one of those which ought never to have been written. The style is pompous, and sometimes ungrammatical, and the substance is an incoherent mass of what may pass for tolerable criticism. However, Mr. Bernard has a perfect right to publish a flimsy volume if he pleases. We merely wish to protest against making poor Mr. Lover the excuse for such a performance. To all appearance, he was a good, amiable, and hard-working man, who was not, it is true, a great literary light, but who certainly deserves no blame for not excelling his fellow-creatures more decidedly. But when the few recorded facts of his history are made the nucleus for such a performance, it is impossible that a certain amount of undeserved ridicule should not be reflected on his memory. We have no reason to think that he was personally vain, or would have sanctioned such a use of his name. As a matter of literary morality, his presumable intentions should have been respected; and as he left no materials for a biography, a flatulent production of this kind should not have been tacked on to his name. All that could be said about him might have been easily said in an article not longer than this review; and if such a notice had been prefixed to any of his works which may still be read, ample justice would have been done to the subject. Biographers have long been a nuisance, and the more flagrant cases of unnecessary biography should be noticed with the blame they deserve.

SEEBOHM'S PROTESTANT REVOLUTION.*

THIS is another volume of the same series to which Mr. Cox's book on the Crusades belongs. It starts with the apparent advantage that its author is known to have given special attention to one part at least of the subject which he has taken in hand. Mr. Seebohm had studied the Oxford Reformers, though few could see any reason why he called them the Oxford Reformers. The name gave everybody quite a different idea of the subject of the book from what it really proved to be. This fancy for giving queer names seems still to follow Mr. Seebohm. We get the Oxford Reformers again, though Mr. Seebohm does once or twice show some little doubt whether they ought to be called Oxford Reformers. And we get other names which, as they are used, are even less to the purpose. No one would quarrel with any one who, once in a book, in a rhetorical passage, spoke of the Papacy as "an ecclesiastical empire," and the act of the nations which throw off its yoke as a "revolt." The phrases suggest a real and important analogy. The later spiritual dominion of Rome has much in common with the earlier temporal dominion of Rome, and the likeness between the two is well expressed by the words "ecclesiastical empire." But the phrase is essentially a metaphor; it is essentially rhetorical; and no kind of phrase is less suited to be used as a technical formula. Yet this is the way in which Mr. Seebohm uses it. In page after page we hear of "the ecclesiastical empire" and "the revolt against the ecclesiastical empire," as set technical phrases, just as one speaks of "the Thirty Years' War" or "the French Revolution." We can fancy the result in an examination, if one fell in with a number of candidates who had been reading Mr. Seebohm. Even the title of the book is an example of the same kind of thing. Why "the Era of the Protestant Revolution"? No one would quarrel with the phrase "Protestant Revolution," any more than with the phrase "ecclesiastical empire," as a rhetorical and metaphorical phrase used once or twice in the course of a book. But it does not sound well for a title. Why not simply "the Era" or "Period," or whatever word is best liked, of "the Reformation." We have often had our laugh when people speak of "the Reformation" in England as if it were a thing which happened in a definite year, as if the

changes which were the final result of thirty years of change backwards and forwards were all made by a single Act of Parliament. But the Era or Period of the Reformation is a phrase which is perfectly intelligible, and which can mislead nobody. It perfectly well describes a period of which the reformation of religion was the main business and the main result. It has become so completely a technical phrase as to be quite colourless and to commit one to nothing. We fancy that a reasonable Roman Catholic would use it without any scruple. But "Protestant Revolution" has a twang about it; it has a big sound, such as might easily win a cheer in a speech; it is not nearly so well suited for a technical phrase. Mr. Seebohm will perhaps say that by "Protestant Revolution" he means something more than the mere reformation of religion, that he wishes to mark the spirit of the age of which the religious reformation was only the greatest sign. But the Era or Period of the Reformation would be understood by everybody to mean a good deal more than purely religious changes; and to our mind the received and well-understood name does its work better than the new and somewhat startling phrase of the Protestant Revolution. One does not at first sight know exactly what is meant; some minds might perhaps be tempted to think that by the Protestant Revolution was meant the Revolution of 1688. But this way of speaking is characteristic of Mr. Seebohm throughout. He is fond of putting everything in what is meant to be a neat and precise, a new and a rather startling way; but as with many attempts at extreme system and precision, the result is often by no means really so clear as ways of speaking which do not in the same way suggest effort. We get tired of Mr. Seebohm's constant divisions and analyses and short pointed sentences. A simpler way of writing would do the work a great deal better. Mr. Seebohm's colleague, Mr. Cox, at least carries us along with him. Mr. Seebohm does not carry us along with him, because he is always stopping and pulling us up. All this makes the book somewhat unsatisfactory to read, and it is made still more so by Mr. Seebohm's attempts in the early part of it to go into a great many matters which were hardly needed for his subject, and which he does not thoroughly understand. We do not know what his line of study may have been besides those parts of history which bear upon "the Oxford Reformers"; but it is clear that he has not that kind of knowledge of mediæval history which was needed by one who undertook the first part of the book, the introductory part, containing the four chapters headed "The State of Christendom." Almost at the very beginning, when Mr. Seebohm gives a picture of the general state of things at the time that his supposed subject opens, we come across such a sentence as this. He speaks of the Saracen conquest of Spain, how the Mahometans still kept Granada, and then he adds:—

But whilst checked in the West, Mohammedan arms had recently been encroaching more and more upon Christendom from the East. Turkey and Hungary had fallen into their hands, and in 1453, i.e. in the lifetime of the fathers of the men of the new era, Constantinople had been taken by the Turks.

Now such a confused phrase as "Turkey" falling into the hands of Mahometan arms is almost worse than the talk to which we are used about Cæsar landing in England and the like. Then it cannot be said that all Hungary fell into the hands of the Turks, though the greater part certainly did; but that was not till after the Turkish conquest of Constantinople and the Castilian conquest of Granada, while anybody who read Mr. Seebohm's sentence would fancy that it happened before them. This however may be only a confused way of talking. But what are we to say to such a statement as this a few pages on?—

In addition to the parochial clergy, there were orders of monks. The two chief of them were the rival orders of Dominican and Augustinian monks; and in most towns there were one, two, or half-a-dozen monasteries and cloisters. So numerous were the monks that they swarmed everywhere, and had become, by the favour of the Popes, more important and powerful in many ways than the parochial clergy.

Now is it possible that there can be any man who thinks himself fit to write about the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages who really thinks that the Dominicans and Augustinians were the two chief orders of monks? A very strict censor might quarrel with calling either of these orders monks at all; but, without going so deep as that, does Mr. Seebohm mean Austin Friars or Austin Canons? Has he never heard of the Benedictines, the Cistercians, or, to get amongst friars, the Franciscans? It is possibly because Savonarola was a Dominican and Luther an Augustinian that the historian of the Protestant Revolution thought that those two orders must be the two chief orders. Then, what is meant by monasteries and cloisters? Is he thinking of the use of the German word *Kloster*? but in that case "Kloster" simply means the same thing as monastery. And what is meant directly after by saying that the clergy "alone baptized, they alone married people (though they unmarried themselves), they alone could grant a divorce"? Does not Mr. Seebohm know that, setting aside the possible power of the Pope to do anything, there was, under the system of which he speaks, no power anywhere of granting a divorce, in the usual sense of that word—that is, the dissolution of a marriage allowed to have been valid when contracted? Presently we read:—

There was yet another most numerous and most important class affected by feudalism—the peasantry. The peasants, under the feudal system, were more or less reduced to a condition of vassalage or serfdom.

Does Mr. Seebohm really think that vassalage and serfdom are the same thing, that a Duke of the Normans, for instance, was a serf of the King of the French? But this strange confusion runs through all Mr. Seebohm's book. He is always talking about feudalism and serfdom as if they had something directly to do

* *The Era of the Protestant Revolution*. By Frederic Seebohm. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

with one another. Indirectly, no doubt they had a good deal to do with one another; that is, the state of things which we vaguely call feudalism undoubtedly tended to push down the free peasant into a serf. But serfdom and the feudal tenure of lands have really nothing to do with one another. Yet Mr. Seebohm throughout his book speaks as if they were the same thing. For instance, in p. 49, he says:—

Under the feudal law the feudal tenants might not leave their land.

And we see directly that by feudal tenants Mr. Seebohm means villains. Presently he adds:—

By the time of Henry VII. feudal servitude or villenage was at an end in England.

It most certainly was not at an end, though no doubt it ceased to be of any great importance or to affect any large class.

But we might really have expected that Mr. Seebohm would have had some notion of the nature of the Empire. All that he has to tell us is:—

The German, or, as it called itself, "the Holy Roman" Empire, was a power which belonged to the old order of things. Like the Pope of Rome, the Emperor considered himself as the head of Christendom. He called himself "Caesar," and "King of Rome"; and, as successor to the Roman Empire, which the Germans had conquered, claimed not only a feudal chieftainship over nations of German origin, but also a sort of vague sovereignty over all lands. As the Pope of Rome was the spiritual head, so the Emperor considered himself the "temporal head of all Christian people."

Does Mr. Seebohm know of anybody earlier than the son of the first Buonaparte who was ever called King of Rome? And really the distinction between a King of the Romans and an Emperor is not so mysterious but that it may be understood by an effort. Directly after this, Mr. Seebohm tells us that "Switzerland had indeed severed herself from the German Empire." The time when this happened is not told us, but from another passage it is plain that Mr. Seebohm thinks that the Forest Cantons threw off their connexion with the Empire at the time of Morgarten. Here is Mr. Seebohm's history of Switzerland:—

As early as the fourteenth century the Swiss peasants in the Forest Cantons had rebelled and thrown off the yoke of their Austrian feudal lords, and when the latter joined in a common cause against them, the Swiss were victorious in the battle of Morgarten, 1315. The Swiss had formerly belonged to the German Empire, and had the Empire done justice between them and their lords they would have been glad enough to remain free peasants of the Empire; but as the Empire helped their lords instead of them, they threw off the yoke of the Empire. They were soon joined by other neighbouring cantons, and their flag, with its white cross on a red ground, became the flag of a new nation, the Swiss confederacy, with its motto "Each for all, and all for each"—a nation of free peasants, letting out their sons as soldiers to fight for pay, and, alas, not always on the side of freedom!

Mr. Seebohm may possibly, like Sir Walter Scott, fancy that every Duke of Austria must be Emperor, and that every Emperor must be Duke of Austria, and so feel a little puzzled at the sight of Emperors or Kings and Dukes of Austria who were by no means on the best terms. But it so happens that for a long time the Confederates were on the best of terms with the chief of the Empire of which they still were members. Not even the legend of Tell himself can be so far from the truth as Mr. Seebohm's saying—when, according to all the rules of language, he must be speaking of the Forest Cantons specially—that "the Empire helped their lords," and that they threw off the yoke of the Empire. Has not Mr. Seebohm read how one of the alleged causes which led the Confederates into the Burgundian war was obedience to the bidding of "unser Herr der Kaiser," even though that Emperor was the Austrian Frederick the Third? Mr. Seebohm too seems to think that the Confederacy was wholly made up of "free peasants." Fancy the feelings of a patrician of Bern or Zurich on finding himself set down as a member of such a class. All these however are at most popular confusions which do not directly bear on Mr. Seebohm's immediate subject, and which he might have avoided by sticking more closely to that immediate subject; but we are amazed, when we get within his special time, to find the worthy Netherlander Pope Hadrian the Sixth set down as a Spaniard.

We have used up nearly all our space in speaking of parts of Mr. Seebohm's book which do not bear on his immediate subject, but we think that we have said enough to show that he is hardly a trustworthy guide; that he has, to say the least, undertaken to treat a subject without having thoroughly mastered it. We have read through the later part as well as the earlier, and we have looked specially to the part which concerns England. What strikes us there is the extreme meagreness of the account which Mr. Seebohm gives of the English Reformation. We hardly reach the stage at which we can begin to talk of accuracy or inaccuracy, there is so very little matter of any kind; yet the space which Mr. Seebohm has given to a long extract from Mr. Froude describing the death of Sir Thomas More would have given room, if room was what was needed, for explaining a great deal which Mr. Seebohm has slurred over. Still, that we may not part on altogether bad terms with Mr. Seebohm, we will end with an extract which puts forth a great truth plainly enough. At the beginning of one of his last chapters he puts the warning, "We ought never to forget that the Roman Catholic Church of our own times is, in fact, a reformed Church, as well as Protestant Churches." One of the greatest sources of popular error is identifying the modern Roman Catholic system, as fixed and stiffened at the Council of Trent, with the system of the mediæval Church before the Reformation. Against this error the words of Mr. Seebohm may serve as a useful protest.

HIKAYAT-I-ABDULLAH.

THERE is a certain class of Indian journalists who are often fretting because we cannot get a frank and decided exposition of native wishes and ideas. We might, they say, meet with some startling revelations. We should see a foreign rule painted in its true colours, with the light places all dark, and the shadows made a trifle darker; difficulties of administration might, however, vanish under the process, and financial problems would be triumphantly solved. It is admitted by these writers that our self-love might be wounded, and that we should find out that India is not to be governed by flowery minutes and laudatory Blue-books. But, at some loss of national vanity, we should know how we had failed in spite of excellent intentions, why we manufactured sandals that always pinched the wearers, how completely we misunderstood the Oriental temperament, how wrong we had been in prematurely forcing on the natives our insular maxims and our rigid rules. In short, we might be lucky enough to secure a genuine political treatise which should somehow combine the minute knowledge of Abul Fazl with the condensed thought and the pregnant maxims of Tacitus. These hopes will certainly not be realized by the publication of the memoir before us. Yet it is a novel, amusing, and an interesting book. The author was a Mahomedan, born at Malacca in 1797. His father came from the Deccan, or Southern India, and his grandfather was a pure Arab of Yemen. His mother was a Malay. Besides the Malay language, which he spoke from his childhood, he became a proficient in Urdu or Hindustani, in Tamil, one of the Dravidian languages, and in Arabic. He also appears to have acquired some knowledge of English. In 1843, being then forty-six years of age, he wrote his autobiography, and he died about twelve or fourteen years afterwards, at the age of fifty-eight or sixty. The work has been given to the world with a copious commentary on the sayings and doings of the author, by Mr. J. T. Thomson, who had known Abdullah in the Straits Settlements. Of the worth of his notes and explanations we shall presently speak. As regards Abdullah himself, we must at once state our belief that his disclosures will not make the task of governing our Oriental dependency one whit easier than it has been. He has not conveyed to experienced administrators any clue which they had not obtained previously, nor has he presented them with striking and original suggestions as to the proper mode of taxing aliens, or of using a giant's strength with equity and moderation. But his memoir abounds with genuine native proverbs and apt local illustrations. Several of his portraits of persons, obscure or eminent, are admirable. In spite of some exaggerations, which are too obvious to deceive, an air of earnestness and truthfulness pervades the whole memoir. And in his remarks on new discoveries, scientific appliances, and European skill and resources, there is a *naïveté*, a simplicity, and a candour which at times remind us of Herodotus. He appears to have been both a kind father and a good husband, and he shows a toleration on religious matters which, for one nourished in an atmosphere of bigotry and fanaticism, is as praiseworthy as it is rare.

The youth of Abdullah was spent pretty much like that of young Mussulmans in general. He was under the dominion of a father who certainly never forgot one of Solomon's excellent maxims, and of a preceptor who vied with or outdid Opilius and Squeers. But it was a proud day for young Abdullah when he drew out correctly, and without supervision, a bond for a sum of 300 dollars due from his father to a Chinese merchant. In Eastern countries, we should explain, practice in forms in use in legal and mercantile business is part of the scholastic course. To draw out a quitance, a lease, a mortgage, a petition asking for employment, a letter of thanks or congratulation, is in indigenous institutions as much a part of the regular work as are Greek Ianbics and Latin hexameters at Eton or Harrow. From this time Abdullah's destiny was fixed. He taught languages, and he drafted letters and papers. He was witness to the occupation of Malacca by the English, to the subsequent entry of the Dutch, and to their abandonment of the settlement at the close of the war. His capacity for business brought him in contact with councillors and governors, captains of ships, preachers of religion, active police magistrates, and hectoring town majors. Some of his portraits, if not absolute photographs, are quite equal to passages in *Haji Baba*, and are better than the recent Diary of the Shah. Colonel Farquhar, the Governor of Malacca, is described as a man of good parts, and of an open hand, who was accessible to every one, and who made no difference between rich and poor. He appears to have been one of those administrators who carried out literally Sir John Malcolm's maxim of "opening to suitors the four doors of the house." Sir Stamford Raffles is depicted in the same light. He was courteous, thoughtful, a naturalist, well versed in the Malay language, and very inquisitive about native customs and habits. His physique is described with a minuteness which would be offensive were it not for the good intentions and the evident sincerity of the writer:—"His brow was broad; the sign of large-heartedness. His head betokened his good understanding; his hair, being fair, betokened courage; his ears, being large, betokened quick hearing; his eyebrows were thick, and his left eye squinted a little"; and so on for half a dozen more lines. Lord Minto, who was Governor-General of India, and visited Malacca when Abdullah was about fifteen, was at first sight disappointing. The author had looked for a man of high stature, lordly bearing, and gorgeous dress. Instead of this he saw a man steep ashore,

* *Translations from the Hikayat Abdulla (Bin Abdulhader) Munsli. With Comments by J. T. Thomson, F.R.G.S., Author of "Some Glimpses into Life in the Far East," &c. &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.*

under the rear of cannon, who was "middle-aged, thin in body, of soft manners, and of sweet countenance"; but so slow were his motions, that "I felt he could not carry twenty cutties, or thirty pounds." However, the Governor-General seems to have won many hearts by his manners and address, though he wore only "a black coat, trousers the same, nor was there anything peculiar." Of the leading men, with the exception of Sir Stamford Raffles, none dared "to grasp his hand;" "they took off their hats and bent their bodies."

But every one was not kind and courteous like these mighty potentates. And the peculiarities of a certain Mr. B., a colonel or commandant of Sepoys, supply the materials for a very different picture. This person was "of a very mischievous and wicked disposition." He made his dog catch vagrants. He set little boys to fight for coppers until they got swollen faces and bloody noses; and wicked lads, who ran away from school, attracted by these coppers, collected there to spar, to the great terror of respectable people. When tired of miniature prize-fights, he induced all Malacca to begin cock-fighting; and then he let out ducks into the sea, chased them to spar, or fired at them with ball cartridge. As a climax of iniquity he appears to have anticipated Hurlingham, for "he bought wild pigeons, and when he was standing ready with his gun, he ordered his men to let them loose one by one for him to fire at. Thus some were struck and fell dead, others flew away." Also he shot apes, which, by the way, he would have done at his life's peril had there been a colony of Hindoos at Malacca. He squandered money amongst minions, and was "a scamp of a gentleman." We regret to say that idle subalterns at a loose end, in isolated cantonments, may have done this kind of thing. Dr. Milne and Dr. Morrison, of the London Mission Society, were great contrasts to this "scamp." The former "had the deportment of a gentleman." "Even in anger his countenance gleamed with mildness." The only fault of his colleague, Dr. Morrison, was that he wore the Chinese dress, doubtless to facilitate intercourse with men of that nation, and that "no one could have taken him for a white man." A Dutch Secretary named Maunboor (*Query Mynheer?*) had a pestilent activity and a mania for upsetting all that his predecessors had done. He sent some people to gaol for digging new wells or building new houses, fined others for leaving rubbish or dead rats and fowls in front of their houses, so that, when this active Secretary turned out, "the street would be chock-full of sweepers, making tumultuous noises." No wonder that "all races cursed him, and called him bad names." We much fear that the like has befallen active Chief Commissioners of Works, vestrymen possessed with a noble rage for sanitation, and heads of Local Boards. Then there was a wonderful doctor who "had a timber foot joined to his leg, but his knee was the same as ours," and he performed on Abdullah an operation which reads like tapping for the dropsy, and which resulted in a complete cure. A certain lieutenant, who was employed in making a chart of the coast, is described as "amiable and without clever," and as "not in any way like the usual class of sailors, rough, wicked, and drunken." Another missionary "had not the tone of a clergyman," which the author explains by saying that he had not the polish of Dr. Milne and Dr. Morrison. He smiled perpetually, and would wear spectacles, but, "by reason of his bad memory," he never succeeded in mastering the Malay tongue. Though he could read the characters, when "you asked him the meaning, he did not know; and when he spoke, his meaning could not even be guessed." All these portraits show discrimination of character.

If the judgments of Abdullah on men show a lively and minute observation, his accounts of things are not less graphic. The mysteries of Hindu caste astonished and repelled him more than would be the case in a Mussulman born and educated in any part of the Indian Peninsula. A detachment of Sepoys touched at Malacca on its way to Java, and in a description marked by some exaggerations, but full of lively incidents which will be recognized as true by those acquainted with Hindu tenets, he tells us how some Hindoos would not eat in the presence of spectators, or would cast their food away if you went too near it; how they stood in the water up to their waists, bowing, and muttering, and counting on their fingers; how splendid was the appearance and admirable the discipline of some three hundred Mussulmans whom by the description we take to have been high-bred Irregular Cavalry from Upper India; how big bullocks never moved a muscle when huge cannon went off close to their ears; how the horses of the cavalry obeyed the sound of the trumpet and manœuvred of their own intelligence; and how, at the close of the parade, English officers amused themselves and others by leaping their horses over fences "seven cubits high." Unluckily, the novelty of these sights was followed by a great rise in the price of provisions. Three eggs were sold for two *sempas*, or one shilling. Fowls rose to a rupee a piece, and the "mud fish in the creeks, in all their filthiness," were finished. At this time Lord Minto inspected the gaol, and was so horrified at seeing the instruments of torture left behind by the Dutch that "he gloomed heavily, and, spitting," ordered them to be burnt. He also made such a change in penal discipline that gaol, instead of being "such a place as hell is," became one which some men liked or had no fear of, openly saying "This is no punishment." Abdullah, however, is careful to add that he has no sympathy with such foolish notions, as "incarceration is in itself a punishment, and the gaol a place of infamy."

Certain aborigines known as the Orang Laut appeared to the author in their true character as rank pirates, with their cutaneous diseases and filthy habits. They were expert divers, and had no fear of sharks, which fish were pirates like themselves; but, oddly enough,

they did not claim kindred with tigers, one of which animals had lately carried off the uncle of one of the party. We take it that these wild men, like the Jamaica negroes, had become so expert in the water that they could defy the shark in his own element. The laying of the foundation of the Singapore Institute is very well described, with the ceremony of burying gold and silver coin in the centre of the first stone. In endeavouring to state the causes of an eclipse according to Hindoo notions, the biographer has fallen into an error which the editor has failed to detect. Popular belief said that the moon was eaten by a snake, and the word *ruhi*, says Abdullah, in the language of Hindostan means snake. Abdullah has here evidently got a confused notion of the demon Iahu, who, according to Hindu mythology, periodically endeavours to swallow the moon. But in trying to discredit this and other idle interpretations and to give the true cause of such a phenomenon, Abdullah found, he tells us, that his endeavours were like a "pot of fresh water poured into the sea; it also became salt, and my instruction had no result." There are several other pithy proverbs familiar to the Malays scattered over the memoir, which bear a family likeness to the sayings of Oriental writers of fables. Puffers are described as grasshoppers, who, in the place where there are no vultures, "are their own trumpeters, and call themselves vultures." Ill-nature is worse than a cutting instrument, for "knives and choppers may be blunt, but the mouths of mankind are very sharp." Again, by "a blue drop (*i.e.* a drop of indigo) spoils the milk in the pail," we are to understand the spread of contamination; and the old proverbs of the Ethiopian's skin and the leopard's spots appear thus in the Malay version, "If a crow were to bathe in attar of roses and to be fed on ambergris and musk, it would not make its feathers white, but black they would remain."

We should have been glad to award an equal measure of praise to the editor for his share in the work. But truth compels us to state that his views on politics are superficial, his reasoning disjointed, and his remedies silly. The translation is disfigured by slangy expressions at which Abdullah, who was something of a purist, would have been much shocked. The Greek proverb seems to us quite in point:—

πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ ἐκρίναντες εὐσεβέων.

The relative position of the Oriental and the European intellect has in this book been inverted, and it only remains for some native Munshi or Pundit to compose a treatise to show us how incoherent thoughts and rambling annotations may be compatible with the letters F.R.G.S. There are plenty of tirades about our misgovernment of the East, and in one passage the East India Company is described as made up of Radicals and Democrats. Now the old Directors, with many political virtues, had some faults, but they never erred on the side of haste and demolition. They were steady Conservatives in administration, and, as all who have studied their history know, tender to a fault where existing customs and native prejudices were concerned. The following remarks on the members of the Indian Civil Service need no comment. For any grace, elegant diction, and polished criticism, the passage might have been envied by the editor of the *Edinburgh Gazette*:—"They are narrow-minded, perverted, and jaundiced, superintending nose-grinders, termed members of the Civil Service." But what, indeed, can be expected of men "whose real capacity entitles them for the most part to perform routine duty," and who were surprised in the Mutiny "like the revellers of Babylon by Cyrus?"

The cures which Mr. Thomson suggests for these and other evils are as wonderful as his strictures. Ladies ought to marry "educated natives," and gentlemen should form "similar connexions"; and, "the bond of sympathy being thus practical, the superior mind of the white would enormously increase its functions." This is the way matters were excellently managed in New Zealand; and so forth. Then we are informed that Bass and Allsopp have a great deal to answer for in destroying the morale of the Indian army. Beer makes the system inert and obese, and predisposes to fever. It is also detrimental to sound habits and to self-respect. Mr. Thomson supports this powerful reasoning by an interesting anecdote of a European who always had a cool following him with a three-dozen chest of beer when he left his home. Unfortunately, the effect of this damaging piece of evidence is slightly marred by the admission that the gentleman was not a soldier at all. But Mr. Thomson is still quite ready to "vote that the beverage be abolished from the Indian army." In other respects the editor does not seem very highly qualified for his task. A little care and research would have cleared up some names or allusions in the biography which have been left obscure, though we readily admit that natives have a great talent for corrupting or disguising Anglo-Saxon phraseology. What Abdullah could have meant by the Hindoo year *Manuuda* and the month *Pertassia*, to use his own style, "cannot be conceived, even in a dream." But Mr. Thomson might have known that a celebrated collection of fables is not the *Panjatandaram*, but the *Pancha Tantra*; and the Mahomedan version of the same, which has no doubt got into Malay, is *Kahila wa Duma*, and not *Ghila dan Demina*. We should also like to have some other authority for the existence of "moose deer," which we thought peculiar to Canada and North America, in the Malay peninsula. Mr. Thomson further speaks of Sir Benjamin Malcolm as Recorder of the Straits Settlements. The gentleman intended is, no doubt Sir B. Malkin, afterwards one of the Puisne Judges of the old Supreme Court at Calcutta. But Mr. Thomson has never read, or, if he has, has managed to forget, the elegant inscription on this Judge's tomb

which was written by his friend and contemporary, Lord Macaulay. It has been published in Macaulay's miscellaneous writings, together with the epitaph on Motcalfe, and the inscription for Lord William Bentinck's statue. Still these blunders and the editor's disjointed style do not extinguish in us all sense of gratitude to him for giving us the perusal of an original and truthful autobiography which is more amusing than many tales of fiction.

GEIGER'S PEEP AT MEXICO.*

THAT part of the North American Continent to which Nature has been most kind was the first to be conquered by European adventurers three centuries and a half ago; and the sort of civilization which they founded seems likely there first to decay. In Mexico, as well as in Peru, the Spaniards arrived not in the character of colonists, but in that of invaders and supplanters, taking possession of wealthy and populous native realms. In Mexico, and likewise in Peru, the inherent vices of Spanish rule, both political and ecclesiastical, have resulted at times in a worse anarchy than has raged in other Spanish American States. Promises of amendment, as bondholders have proved to their cost, are frequent and emphatic in proportion to those financial needs which afford a fair measure of the civil disorganization. Perhaps the best that can as yet be safely asserted of the progress of actual improvement in those countries is the fact that railways have been constructed to their chief cities by Companies of foreign shareholders. This pledge of social order and prosperity, as many English men of business were not long since disposed to regard it, may be admired from the port of Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico, along a line which does great credit to modern engineering skill. The city thus approached is a very grand and beautiful city, in spite of much that is squalid about it, like a robe of rich brocade with a train dragged in the mire. A traveller from Europe, entering the country on the Atlantic side, might, if so inclined, remark little to disturb his mood of complacent approval. But then he must not ask questions of any foreign residents in Mexico; and he must go no further from the capital than a jaunt to the palatial castle of Chapultepec, the shrine of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the shores of the adjacent lakes, or possibly even an ascent of Popocatepetl. That is what he might call a "Peep at Mexico"; but Mr. Geiger, though he was only five weeks in the country, took more than a peep at its front door and front parlour. He went in by its back door at Manzanillo, on the Pacific coast, and travelled through the neglected western provinces and the unsettled districts of the interior—unsettled in a different sense from uninhabited. Making his way to the capital by a tedious route through the States of Colima, Jalisco, Guanajuato, and Queretaro, he saw much and heard more that is unpleasant in the manners and institutions of this troublesome raw Republic. He felt indeed, in his very bones, the intolerable condition of the roads, which he denounces by almost every epithet that expresses the extreme of hatred, as wretched, barbarous, cruel, horrible, murderous, diabolical, and fiendish. Under these circumstances, it must be some consolation to him to have formed a theory which refers all that is amiss to one malignant agency. It is the Roman Catholic priesthood that must here answer for all.

The journey of Mr. Geiger from the western to the eastern side of Mexico was mainly coincident in direction with that of a lady two years before, whose *South by West* experiences and observations lately composed an entertaining volume, prefaced with an introduction from her near relation, Canon Kingsley. She was in the country a longer time than Mr. Geiger, and in the spring and early summer, from March to the middle of June. The middle portion of her route, between the towns of Guadalupe and Queretaro, diverged from that which Mr. Geiger followed, and therefore did not lead her through the important mining district of Guanajuato. This place, and the large manufacturing town of Leon, a day's ride distant from it, afford the best pictures of thriving industry in the States of the Mexican Federation. The entire State of Guanajuato, with a population of 874,000, is commended as an exception to that which may perhaps be styled, by a phrase parallel with the familiar proverb of the parent nation, "cosas de Mejico." This part of Mr. Geiger's information is supplementary to that which we gained so recently from *South by West*, whereas much else of what he tells us has been anticipated by that lively narrative.

Guanajuato has been famous for its mineral riches since the time immediately following the Spanish conquest. Its present yearly exports of silver and gold amount in value to six million dollars. The mine called La Valenciana, formerly the most productive, has long been filled with water in its shaft and tunnels, extending several miles, and to a depth of 2,000 feet. Within the last two years a Company has begun to pump out the water and to raise blocks of quartz for the crushing and smelting process, an amalgam of mercury and sulphur being used to extract the silver. The machinery, except that of the pumps, which are worked by a small steam-engine from Manchester, is dependent on mules for its motive power. Only the most promising pieces of ore go into the stamping-mills; and the houses of the miners' village are built with stones that contain undoubted veins of silver, not worth the cost of its abstraction. Whenever the Mexican Government shall take off the five per cent. export duty on this metal, or if its value shall from any cause suddenly rise in the world, it is likely that these cottages will be

demolished and literally converted into money, or else into spoons. We forbear to repeat what Mr. Geiger was told of the success and prospects of particular mines which are often mentioned in our own Share Market. He says there are more than a hundred mines in Guanajuato; and the detailed account which is appended to *South by West* gives fifty-two as the number in actual working. Those of Zacatecas, of San Luis Potosi, and of several other districts, make up altogether, by the same account, an aggregate Mexican silver product, coined and uncoined, to the value of forty million dollars. The transport of the precious metal from the mining districts to the capital is undertaken by the Federal Government, which levies a tax upon it for the service. The roads are always infested by robbers or revolutionists, so the convoy of waggons or pack-mules is guarded by an escort of soldiers. Mr. Geiger here repeats an anecdote very characteristic of the "cosas de Mejico." It happened once upon a time "that the Government themselves were in such urgent need of funds that they went through the force of an attack on the convoy, so as to secure the treasure. They, however," adds Mr. Geiger, "only considered it as a forced loan; for some time afterwards all the owners were fully reimbursed." A precedent or two might easily be quoted, from the European history of a remote age, for this humorous fiscal expedient. But it would not bear too frequent repetition.

The town or city of Guanajuato, founded in 1554, resembles some of those in old Spain in its architectural aspect. This is partly owing to its situation in the narrow ravines and on the steep slopes of three converging mountain glens, causing the houses to be crowded together as in the ancient walled towns of Europe, which were so often built at the confluence of streams breaking through the hills. Other Mexican towns are commonly placed on level and open ground, and laid out in straight streets of uniform width, with low, flat-roofed houses presenting only their large gateways and one row of barred windows to the street. Mr. Geiger's photographs of views in Colima, Sayula, and Guadalajara, among the numerous illustrations of that kind which adorn his volume, bear out his complaint of the monotonous appearance of those provincial towns. But one or two features which occur in almost every such town of Mexico would appear almost noble. These are the Cathedral and the Plaza, not to forget the Alameda or public garden. The last-named provision for the solace of townsmen, who are seldom oppressed with excessive business, is delightful, as might be expected in a country producing the loveliest flowers, shrubs, and trees of a semi-tropical clime. In their culture and artistic arrangement the Mexicans show much taste and skill. The public garden is also furnished with a fountain in a marble basin. The Paseo, a road or avenue shaded by trees for a promenade, is another pleasing adjunct to the ordinary town. In the Plaza or great square, of which Mr. Geiger photographs all the four sides at Colima, as well as in the metropolitan city, arcades of an elegant style, Moorish or Italian, support the fronts of good two-storied houses with shops below. The cathedral church, where there is a bishop's see, is a magnificent building, with a dome and a pair of steeped turrets, perhaps further ornamented with mosaics or coloured tiles. Such is a Mexican town. The interior of a house there is a secluded retreat, with lofty rooms opening to an airy verandah which surrounds the square yard or garden entered by a gateway through the building in front. At Guanajuato, where ground is scant, many houses are four or five stories high. There are here 63,000 inhabitants; but Leon, renowned for its leather, metal, cotton, and woollen manufactures, has a population of 100,000; and Guadalajara contains 75,000. The last-named city, which is the capital of the great province of Jalisco, boasts eight or nine weekly and half-weekly newspapers, a superb cathedral painted externally blue and yellow, an amphitheatre for bull-fights, which are disallowed elsewhere in Mexico, an opera-house, a well-managed hospital, a foundling hospital, an asylum for the aged poor, and a college for young ladies. These benevolent and educational institutions are praised by Mr. Geiger, as well as by the author of *South by West*. Yet the city where they are found, and the province of which it is the head, are esteemed the most lawless, lazy, priest-ridden, and bandit-ridden part of Mexico. In the most important local centres the foreign trade is chiefly in the hands of a few resident German merchants, but there are some French and English.

Brigandage and bad roads all over the country are the two great obstacles to the public welfare. In the better-governed province of Guanajuato, we are told, the administration has for many years been carried on by General Antillon, "who, unlike the majority of State officials, does not owe his position to guerilla or brigand exploits." The inference from this remark does not exactly fit Mr. Geiger's favourite theory that "every ghastly blot on modern Mexico is associated with the devastating influence of the clergy." By his own testimony, it is the "Liberal" party, in their heroic conflict with "Ultramontane machinations," who have frequently raised to the governorship of States men of "criminal antecedents" deserving "the treadmill." The priests and bishops, we dare say, have some of the faults of their order in Mexico as in other Roman Catholic countries. But it is difficult to see how they can desire to make the common highways unsafe for passengers and merchandize. It is more easy to understand why a "Liberal" captain of highwaymen, promoted to civil authority, should cast the blame of secular depredations on a priesthood so obnoxious to his political patrons. In comparing, however, these "cosas de Mejico" with the "cosas de España," or those of other European States, it is fair to observe that two-thirds of the whole population, which exceeds nine millions, are of pure Indian race. Two and a half millions are of mixed blood, and the creoles of

* *A Peep at Mexico*. Narrative of a Journey across the Republic from the Pacific to the Gulf in December 1873 and January 1874. By John Lewis Geiger, F.R.G.S. Trübner & Co.

pure Spanish blood are but half a million. The late President Juarez, "one of Mexico's noblest," was of the pure indigenous race. It is considered that the Mestizos, like the mulattoes in some West Indian islands, are the turbulent portion of Mexican society. Its composition altogether does not seem hopeful for national unity. And since the bond of Government administration is frail, while that of a common religion is relaxed by the discredit into which the Church has fallen through political partisanship, the Republic has no assured prospect of peace. But the tragic death of Maximilian, and the ignominious failure of Napoleon III., will deter the most enterprising of princes and statesmen from any future attempt to provide a ruling monarchy for this extremely independent country. Its more recent history may perhaps be described as a Mestizo edition of that of Spain, but without the Carlists, and with Intransigentes only of that primitive type who claim the stoppage of coaches on the highway. An occurrence of this nature is what the Mexicans understand by a "novedad," or simply an incident, just as the Southern Italians mean a stabbing murder when they speak of an "accidente." This Mexican "novedad" is something less than a novelty, though it may amount to stripping ladies all but naked upon the road after killing their husbands or other male companions who have ventured a defence. The English lady we have quoted, and her American lady friend, carried pistols to aid the rides with which the gentlemen of their party were armed.

Under these circumstances the traveller for pleasure who would enjoy "a Peep at Mexico," without being too much jolted and not improbably robbed, is advised to eschew the "South by West" route which takes him in the back way, from the San Francisco steamboat. Let him just run up from Vera Cruz by the railway to the capital, ascending two grand natural terraces, from the "tierra caliente" to the "tierra templada," and from this to the "tierra fria." This is a road of 263 miles passing from the luxuriant groves of tropical vegetation below to that fair upland valley, 7,600 feet above the sea-level, which is favoured with the most agreeable and healthy climate upon earth. The scenery is described as far excelling, in its wild and mighty loveliness, that of central and western Mexico. For it includes the glorious snow-clad cone of Orizaba; the mountain passes of Chiquibute, the Infierillo, and Maltrata, with amazing views of forest, rock, and river; and the rapid ascent of those "cumbres," or huge land-steps, which rise 2,000 feet and 4,000 feet within a very few miles of zigzag climbing. It is certainly worth while to go up to the city of Mexico, which has great beauties of situation and of structure, besides its romantic associations with Cortez and Montezuma, and the popular historical narrative of its conquest. Mr. Gieger's photographs of the city and its neighbourhood are acceptable, but his description is poor. Indeed, both in style and matter, and in spirit also, his book is very inferior to that of the young lady whom Mr. Kingsley introduced to the world. But he confirms the truth of her account.

THOMAS'S DIOCESE OF ST. ASAPH.*

THE see of St. Asaph is indebted to Mr. Thomas for a History the like of which in scope and magnitude we cannot call to mind in the case of any other English diocese. This work, which after several years of unremitting labour he has at length brought to a close, is no mere annotated Clergy List, or illustrated record of a Diocesan Church Building Society, but an able and thorough synopsis of the history of the diocese of St. Asaph, ecclesiastical and civil, as well as ecclesiological and literary, from the time of its foundation by Kentigern, when its cathedral was a frail framework of wood and wattle of the type of Melverley, to the present time, when the material fabric is at least seemly and substantial, and when, after an interval beginning with the translation of Bishop Wynne, the diocese possesses once more a Welsh-speaking bishop. Gifted with a spirit of keen antiquarian research, a perfect knowledge of his native tongue, and an industry guided by tact and ability, Mr. Thomas strikes us as having produced a model for other diocesan historians, at the same time that he has furnished a body of excellent matter for the antiquary, the topographer, and the general reader.

It is beside our purpose to devote more than a glance, in passing, to Mr. Thomas's clear and comprehensive sketch of the history of the see. He puts before his readers each successive landmark of the annals of the diocese distinctly yet succinctly, not stinting statistics when he has to deal with the Taxatio of Pope Nicholas in 1288-1291, as an index to the value of chapter, parochial, and monastic incomes at that day, or when he has to handle, by way of comparison, the Valor Ecclesiasticus of the 26 Henry VIII., as the standard of church revenues and contributions to the State some two hundred and fifty years later. Mr. Thomas knows how to vary such details by occasional episodes of a lively character, as, for instance, where he narrates the controversy between Bishop Anian II. and Giraldus Cambrensis, the doughty Archdeacon of Brecon, about the jurisdiction of Kerry (pp. 37-41); the raids and retaliations of Owen Glyndwr, whose method of persuading Bishop Trevor to side with him was by burning his cathedral (p. 67); the desecration of St. Asaph by the Puritans; and the well-meant endeavours of Bishop Lloyd to persuade the Quakers. He also gives biographical notices of those great agents of spiritual enlightenment in Wales, the translators of the Bible and Prayer-Book into Welsh, William Salesbury, Bishop Richard

Davies, Dr. William Morgan, and others, as well as of the holders of the see who have attained a name as literary divines, from Reginald Pecock down to Isaac Barrow and Beveridge. Especially candid, too, is his examination of the rise, progress, and prospects in St. Asaph of Dissent and Methodism, with his honest estimate of the work of Charles of Bala, and his acute perception of the strength and weakness of the system, which has since been cumbered and embarrassed by the admixture of politics and finance.

Those who take up this volume as a handbook to the ecclesiology of the diocese may perhaps think that the first dozen chapters present details to be skipped, or at least cursorily glanced over; and yet these chapters contain the key to a great deal of the obscurer parts of the parochial history which follows. It is essential, for instance, to understand the action of the Popes in support of the heads of monastic houses claiming a right to presentations to benefices, as against the Crown and the bishop of the diocese, before we can trace the anomalies of patronage in particular cases; to realize the twofold aspect, civil and military, of such parishes as Denbigh, in the early times, before we can account for its parish church standing a mile without the walls, whilst St. Hilary's, the large church on its height, is the ancient garrison chapel; and, again, the relation of divers smaller churches to their *collegium*, once nearly coextensive with the mother parish. All these things are explained in the chapters to which we have referred; and it may be added that the historian does equal justice to the material and spiritual aspects of the subject. Thus, when in pp. 68-9 he records the material church-building spirit which marked in St. Asaph the cessation of the Wars of the Roses and the establishment of the Tudors on the throne—a spirit evinced by the rebuilding of the cathedral, as well as by the churches of the Stanley series at Mold, Holywell, Northop, Gresford, Llangollen, and elsewhere—he is led at once by a natural transition to consider the spiritual restoration of the primitive Catholic faith, just then waxing into assured form and consistency.

The original cathedral, probably the "Pauperula sedes Llanelyensis" seen by Giraldus Cambrensis, and that destroyed by fire by the soldiers of Henry III. in A.D. 1245, was, as we have said, of the type presented by the existing church of Melverley, and of the same character as the original church at Meifod, called Eglwys Gwyddfarch after the hermit supposed to have built it for his oratory. A visit to Melverley, the "sea-like place," as the name in Welsh imports, on account of its frequent flooding by the Severn and the Vyrnwy, which here approach their confluence, would show a structure of timber framework bound together longitudinally and compacted internally by two rude beams dividing the body of the church into chancel and nave and ante-chapel. The interspaces of the walls are mostly filled in with "wattle and dab," and the whole is as quaint and antique as Troystan, over the border in Salop, was in time past. The cathedral was again destroyed by fire in A.D. 1278, applied to it by a sailing party from Rhuddlan, and again in 1402, through the vengeance of Owen Glyndwr. The present edifice represents in the main Bishop Redman's restoration of 1482; and the renovation of it under the direction of Sir G. G. Scott, now receiving its finishing touches, will entitle it to hold up its head amongst the cathedrals of Wales.

If we pass by the cathedral, and the kindred churches of the Stanley series, two distinct types seem to mark, each in its special district, a large portion of the diocese of St. Asaph. The visitor cannot fail to be struck, if, beginning with the Welsh, or "parish" church of St. Asaph or Llanelwy, he inspects the ecclesiastical architecture of the Vale of Clwyd, with the predominating characteristic of two equal and parallel arches, and commonly, as at Caerwys, Rhuddlan, Abergele, and Cilcain, with a tower at the western end of the north aisle. These aisles are mostly separated by pillars, clustered as at Llanelwy, octagonal as at Whitechurch or Llanfurchell, the extramural parish church of Denbigh, or in one or two cases like Caerwys and Llanarmon yn Iâl, simply of oak, more or less wrought. Llanasa, Llansilio, Llanrhaidyr, Chirk, and Hope preserve the same common feature amidst many notes of distinction, and it has been laudably respected in the restorations which are the rule, almost without exception, of the diocese during the present century. The other feature is peculiar to Montgomeryshire and its border, and consists of a wooden belfry, not infrequently of two stories, at the west-end, either surmounting a stone tower or run up, as was the case at Llandysil till 1866, from the ground within, touching the western gable wall, piercing the roof, and then expanding into an open gallery running round and a double roof above. A wooden of this is given in p. 328. The church at Kerry still retains its massive western tower with the double belfry as Giraldus saw it in 1176, and with a peal of bells representing those which helped to settle the dispute which he describes, "when, 'simul omnes triho intervallo,' they tolled out the solemn and awful clang" (p. 322). The old church at Newtown, and that at Llanfuir, have the same distinguishing feature, to which we may add the belfry at Mynydd, and that which till the beginning of the century existed at Berriew. The church of Llansantffraid yn Mechain retains still its spire-topped wooden steeple, supported by a massive timber framework of the true Montgomeryshire type. In this district, too, we note that the spirit of restoration has respected the characteristic feature which makes an old Montgomeryshire church unlike aught of more modern construction. The parts of the diocese where, save in traditions, the church is least rich in ancient or restored edifices, are the rural deaneries of Llanrwst and Penllyn

* *A History of the Diocese of St. Asaph, General, Cathedral, and Parochial, With Illustrations.* By the Rev. D. R. Thomas, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Cefn. London: Parker & Co. 1874.

and Edeirnion. It is true that in the former we have the parish church of Llanrwst with its beautifully carved rood-loft and screen and graceful bands of vine pattern, as well as its Gwydir chapel, memorable amongst other things for its Jacobean woodwork. But for the most part these churches on the mountain border depend for interest on the traces of St. Winifred, as at Gwytherin, or of the warrior saint Dorfel Gadarn, as at Llanderfel, although this last has of late years been well restored. *Appropos* of Llanderfel, Mr. Thomas has thrown curious light upon St. Dorfel's horse, a wooden image in a recumbent position, which had a solemn place in the church until at least 1730. It was really the dismembered trunk of the effigy of a red stag, an offering to the patron saint, who, like Cynfran, Sior, and others, was traditionally associated with pasture and the chase as well as the pastoral staff. This red stag Mr. Thomas suspects to be the counterpart of the white stag which legend connects with the foundation of Llangar church, as having set the boundaries of the parish (p. 711), as also perhaps of the "white hind" associated with Selattyn, and of Ethelred's milk white doe, still seen in a fresco on the walls of St. John's, Chester. While mentioning the Jacobean woodwork in the Gwydir chapel at Llanrwst, we may add that at Denbigh, Gwyddelwern, Llanfair, and elsewhere, there are beautiful specimens of this kind of church-fitting. At Rhug, a chapel attached to Corwen, there is also a very curious display of Jacobean carving and painting, bearing date 1637. Mr. Thomas omits to mention, in reference to this, a singular candelabrum of woodwork, apparently of the same date, and embellished in a like fashion with the rest of the woodwork.

It is impossible within our limits to notice a tithe of the points of interest associated with the churches of St. Asaph. One of Mr. Thomas's merits consists in the evenness of treatment which does as much justice to the remoter and less memorable parishes as to the noble churches of Whitechurch, Mold, Gresford, Wrexham, and other similar glories of North Wales. Of the first of these, the sculptured stone corbels, and the bosses ending the rafters, as well as the grotesque figures of animals in the grooved wall-plates, are perhaps the most striking feature. Mold, with its nave divided from the aisles by seven arches supported on clustered columns with sculptured capitals of animal and floral life, its clerestory windows, banded beneath by stonework quatrefoils and panelling, and its shield-bearing angels between the springs of every arch, is justly deemed one of the most perfect churches in the Principality; while Gresford, with its beautiful fifteenth-century additions (the upper part of the tower, the rood-loft, screen, perpendicular roof, chantries, and painted glass windows) to the fabric of the thirteenth century, is a sight not to be forgotten by those who have once gazed on it, any more than Wrexham, with its elaborate and beautiful tower of the same period. Mr. Thomas says of Gresford:—"The tower is set off with pinnacles and battlements, and upon the latter, as well as on the face of the buttresses at the angles, stand carved figures of angels, warriors, and kings. Traceried bands, quaint gurgoyles, and hollow cornices adorn its four sides, and these last, carried round the entire church, represent, as at Mold and elsewhere, a chase of cats, mice, dogs, and grotesque creatures." It is worthy to rank with Wrexham, which is perhaps seen to more effect from its situation, and which justifies to the full, by the numerous figures adorning its canopied shrines, the quaint description of old Churchward:—

Trim pictures fayre in stone on outgide are
Made all like waxe, as stone were nothing deare.

With such types before them it is but meet that the magnates of the diocese should emulate each other in grand and worthy restorations; and in fairness it may be said that the new churches at Bodelwyddan, Cefn, Trefnant, Llandulas, &c., show a spirit not unworthy of the old church-builders in the diocese.

A great help to Mr. Thomas in writing the history of the diocese must have been his knowledge of the Welsh language, which enables him to settle debated questions, and to throw curious light upon dubious localities. In such names as Owri, Nantglyn, Bettws, Kerry, and Rhuddlan, it is some natural feature which has given the church and parish its name. Ocerwys and Bodfari are names traceable to Roman antecedents. Efenechtyd, in the Vale of Clwyd, may be identified with the Gwytheriac nunnery mentioned in an old document, as much through the signification of its name as through its ancient knocker on the door, illustrative of the parable of the Ten Virgins. Disserth, Ruthin, and Denbigh derive their names from their military aspect, being respectively the steep fort, the red fort, and the hill fort. The former name of Denbigh is said to have been Caledfryn, or "the rocky hill." Ruthin is an instance of a military capella converted into a parochial church, and eventually swallowing up the tithes of the mother church Llanrhyd. Very interesting, too, is the light thrown upon the various Cambro-British saints, and such early missionaries as St. Germans, their churches, crosses, and, more than all, their wells. Touching these last alone an article might be written, full of interest. But the readers of the *History of St. Asaph* will find it pleasant work to make out all these bypaths of ecclesiology for themselves, and we can promise them that Mr. Thomas is a no less lively than laborious guide. Nowhere does he neglect a quaint legend or an apt anecdote. Anent Whittington Church he chronicles Robert Montgomery's description of himself, whilst a curate there, as "an oak in a flowerpot"; and, as a commentary on the legend of the old vicarage house at Bettws Abergele—

Vicar Jones and Vicar Sampson
Joined their pence to build this manseion—

he cites, with mingled accuracy and humour, an old terrier of 1729-30, which shows the mansion to have been 13 yards long by 44 broad, with a thatched roof and the living rooms floored with lime. The work has been carried through the press with considerable pains and care, and deserves a place in the libraries of all who are curious in the history of the Church in Wales.

TRANSATLANTIC PEDIGREES.*

MANY indications appear of the interest taken by Americans in genealogy and private history. We open at hazard the *Book of the Hudson*, published a few years ago, and find a view of the residence of Colonel Peter Schuyler, of the Flats, the first Mayor of Albany, who as Indian Commissioner took four sachems of the Mohawks to London, and presented them at the Court of Queen Anne. "After his death, his son Philip, the well-beloved of the Mohawks, who married his sweet cousin Katrina, the 'Aunt Schuyler' immortalized by Mrs. Grant of Laggard, resided there." It appears that Mrs. Grant wrote a pleasant book called *Albany Society a Hundred Years Ago*, which, with genuine American exaggeration, is said to have "immortalized" an ornament of that society who is mentioned there. We turn two pages and find a view of the "Van Rensselaer Manor House," and an explanation of the title of "patroon" and the manorial privileges which belonged to the owner of that estate. It appears that Killian van Rensselaer, pearl merchant of Amsterdam, became, under charter of 1629, proprietor, jointly with three other persons, of a tract of land upon the Hudson containing over 700,000 acres, and in him as "patroon" were vested civil and criminal jurisdiction and "feudal honours." In the Manor House, as it is still called, is a part of an illuminated window which for 190 years occupied a place in the old Dutch church. "It bears the arms of the Van Rensselaer family, which were placed in the church by the son of Killian." A few pages further on we are told that the right bank of the Hudson near Katskill "is distinguished for old and elegant country seats, most of them owned and occupied by the descendants of wealthy proprietors who flourished in the last century, and were connected by blood and marriage with Robert Livingston, a Scotch gentleman, of the family of the Earls of Linlithgow, who came to America in 1672, and married a member of the Schuyler family, the widow of a Van Rensselaer."

We may be sure that the Hudson is not the only American river on which "manor houses" still exist, and the memory of, or belief in, pedigrees is cherished. It need not therefore surprise us that a bulky and costly volume has been published purporting to contain the names of the emigrant ancestors of many thousands of American families. The book is dedicated to the Genealogical and Historical Societies of America, to whom the lists of names, of which it principally consists, will probably be more interesting than they can be to us. It is indeed possible that the inquiries in which these Societies delight may be pushed too far. A pedigree should not always be accurately investigated, unless the explorers are prepared to accept unpleasant truths. The book before us contains "lists of the living and dead in Virginia" in 1623-4, and it is open to present citizens of that State to make such selection of ancestors from these lists as may appear feasible. We may remark, however, that a recent book on *The English Colonization of America during the Seventeenth Century* contains statements as to the early settlers in Virginia which may deserve attention. This writer claims to have "carefully searched for facts." "Myths," says he, "creep into history," and he has employed his "hard steel pen" in tearing away the delicate web with which imagination has surrounded the beginnings of a great nation. The example he selects from "the accomplished Bancroft" is that of John Rolfe, an amiable enthusiast who had emigrated to Virginia hearing a voice crying in his ears that he should strive to make Pocahontas, a young Indian maiden, a Christian, and his wife. This is the substance of the account given by "the accomplished Bancroft," but this author states, as the result of his research, that Rolfe was a married man some years before this union. We do not know whether it is Bancroft or another writer who describes John Rolfe or Pocahontas, or both, as "constrained by the love of Christ"; but it is only too probable that both the method and language of Brigham Young were to some extent anticipated by the early pioneers of civilization. As regards Rolfe, the evidence produced by the author shows that he came with a white wife to Virginia in 1610, and had then a child by that wife, that he was married to Pocahontas in Virginia in 1614, brought her to England in 1616, and had a child by her. She died in England in 1617, and in 1622 Rolfe died, leaving a wife and children, besides the child he had by Pocahontas. It is consistent with these dates that Rolfe's

* *The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea*. By Benson J. Lossing. With 306 illustrations from Designs by the Author. London: Virtue & Co. 1868.

The English Colonization of America during the Seventeenth Century. By Edward D. Neill, Consul of United States of America at Dublin. London: Strahan & Co. 1871.

The Original Lists of Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Rebels, Serving-men sold for a term of years, Apprentices, Children Stolen, Maidens Pressed, and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations, 1600-1700; with their Ages, the Localities where they formerly lived in the Mother-country, the Names of the Ships in which they embarked, and other interesting Particulars. From MSS. preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office, England. Edited by John Camden Hotten. London: Chatto & Windus. 1874.

first wife may have died before he married Pocahontas, and that, after the death of Pocahontas, he married a third wife and had children by her. But the story is perplexing, and it is difficult to believe that Rolfe did not commit bigamy in marrying the Virginian "princess," as she is called, "for the good and honour of the Plantation." It appears, moreover, that Sir Thomas Dale, the "religious and valiant Governor" of Virginia, proposed to marry a sister of Pocahontas, having at the time a wife living in England. On the whole, it would seem that the critic is nearer to the truth than the historian. Bancroft also states that the settlers of Maryland were "most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen," and the same critic says that he has reason to believe that these settlers were chiefly poor labouring men and Protestants.

It would be well if poor labouring men had been the worst material used in building the colonial edifice. But if the settlers were such as this author describes, we may be less surprised than he is at the "draconian code," as he calls it, which was enacted for Virginia. This code of 1612 prescribes death for blasphemy, and, on a third conviction, for profane swearing. For a want of proper respect to a clergyman one was publicly whipped, and obliged to ask pardon in church for three successive Sundays. The penalty for not attending church and the Sunday catechetical lesson was for the first offence the loss of a week's provisions, for the second whipping, and for the third death. If the colonist upon his arrival refused to go to the clergyman to give an account of his faith, he was daily whipped until he complied. If a washerwoman stole the linen of an employer she was to be publicly whipped. A baker who sold loaves below the standard weight was liable to lose his ears. The description given two years before by Lord Delaware, Captain-General of Virginia, of the community over which he ruled might, according to the ideas of that time, justify this severity. It is not, says he, an hundred or two of "debauch hands," ill provided and worse governed, men of distempered bodies and infected minds, whom no examples either of goodness or punishment can deter from habitual impiety, that must be workers in this glorious building. He wants "men of quality, and painstaking men of arts and practices," but he would not altogether exclude "gentlemen." By "men of quality" he appears to mean men of character as opposed to "debauch hands," and his appreciation of "gentlemen" does not greatly differ from that of an emigration agent of the present day. "Gentlemen" are an article of which a new colony may easily have too much. Notwithstanding the Captain-General's preference for "men of quality," he was obliged to yield to the resolution of the Home Government to shoot the moral rubbish of England on Virginia. King James I. sent a man "suspected of deer-stealing" for transportation to Virginia. The word "transportation" was not at this time used, as it afterwards came to be, in a penal sense. A poacher might make a useful settler, and at worst he would only imitate other colonists who preferred hunting to clearing and tilling ground. But soon afterwards the King informed the Virginian Company "that he wished divers dissolute persons transported," and the Company answered "that it would be very acceptable to the colonists to receive them as servants."

The author of the book from which we have quoted is described as Consul of the United States at Dublin. It can hardly be doubted that he writes with satisfaction the words "From this time there were two distinct waves of immigration, the educated and religious preferring the Northern because King James had made the Southern a penal colony." We do not suggest that he has intentionally dealt unfairly with facts, but he may have been insensibly biased in his conclusions by the passions and prejudices excited by recent strife. "Early in 1620," he says, "the first large instalment of vagabonds and destitute persons arrived in Virginia, and yearly their numbers increased." He quotes from a contemporary poet a wish that Jove

Would move King James, once more, to store that clime
With the Moll Outpurses of our bad time.

But the poet's wish seems to apply to America generally. This is not the only instance in which a partiality may be suspected for the North. The author says that "the social position of the settlers in the Northern colony had been far superior," and he instances the Deputy Governor of Massachusetts and a settler at Salem who were married to daughters of the Countess of Lincoln. But surely against this may be set Lord Delaware, the Captain-General of Virginia, and George Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, "one of the original settlers" in that colony. Thus Virginia can show two colonists of noble birth against two colonists of New England whose only nobility was gained by marriage. Still we cannot but give weight to the evidence of Sir Josiah Child, who wrote in 1698 that "Virginia and Barbadoes were first peopled by a sort of coarse vagrant people, vicious and destitute of means at home." The author states, we presume as the result of his own examination, that records show that Edinburgh used to banish what are now called unfortunate women to Virginia; and it is easy to understand that planters would accept any labour they could get, particularly as we find that in early years very few negroes were imported.

Upon the question thus arising the bulky volume lately published throws little light. We can see that there was considerable mortality in Virginia in the years to which it refers, and we find large numbers of "servants" on the muster-roll, of whom some, but scarcely all, may be what in newer colonies were called convicts. The names in the lists are ordinary English names which supply little indication as to the class, and none at all as to the character, of the colonists. Indeed this volume is as

barren of interesting facts as any that ever came under our notice, but if the genealogists of Virginia are as clever as they are said to be, they may perhaps discover in these dry records a significance unperceived by us. Almost the only part of the book that can convey any distinct impression to the ordinary reader is the "lists of convicted rebels sent to the Barbadoes and other plantations" after Monmouth's defeat in 1685. Not that even here the mere names convey ideas, but the business-like character of these records forcibly supplements the picture of the Bloody Assize which we find in Macaulay's pages. Thus we have "Sir William Booth's List of Prisoners." It would seem that Sir William Booth was a merchant or planter who invested largely in white slaves. The names and former abodes of a lot of ninety rebels are given, and we find men from Chard, Tauton, West Zoyland, Humpill, Burnam, Corfe, Creech, and many other familiar names. They were "shipt at Bristol," which was a great port for slave-dealing, white and black, and they were "consigned for the Barbadoes." Then there is a deposition by the chief mate of the ship that "the above convicted rebels" are "the very same rebels" that have been by him landed at this island, and delivered to Mr. John Brown & Co., factors for Sir William Booth, Knight, except thirteen out of the ninety, who died upon the voyage. Mr. Rose of London, and Mr. Nephew, appear also to have been large dealers in this commodity, which was made the subject of "invoices" and "bills of lading" like any other merchantable article. Macaulay bases his account of the sufferings of these "rebels" on their voyage partly on a manuscript narrative by John Coud, "an honest, God-fearing carpenter," who joined Monmouth, was badly wounded at Philip's Norton, was tried by Jeffreys, and was sent to Jamaica. One might understand better after perusing such a record the meaning of that text of Scripture which speaks of the "bread of affliction and the water of affliction" as prisoner's allowance. In those days, indeed, before philanthropy was invented, the petition in the Litany "for all prisoners and captives" had more significance than it has now, for, if Heaven did not help those who found themselves in gaol or transport-ship, they must have fared badly. Perhaps the "honest, God-fearing" ploughmen and artisans of Somersetshire did not live long enough in Barbadoes to qualify the character which the island seems to have derived from "the loose vagrant people" who first settled there. It appears from the parish register of Barbadoes for the year 1680 that by this time negroes had been imported to an amount more than threefold that of the "bought servants" who were supplied from England. It might be a curious inquiry whether convict labour in the American or West Indian colonies ever produced anything like the valuable results which are ascribed to it in Australia. Transportation to the American colonies continued until the Declaration of Independence, and among the colonies which received convicts were Delaware, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. The early colonists considered that the labour of convicts would be more beneficial to an infant settlement than their vices could be pernicious. But the importation of negro slaves soon lowered the value of convict labour, and it was thought dangerous to mix white men in a state of slavery with an increasing black slave population. A writer on this subject concludes that when no better labour was to be had the colonists were glad to take convicts. If this were so, it appears hopeless to represent the Southern States exclusively as receptacles of English outcasts. Perhaps the less said on the subject the better, but it connects itself rather disagreeably with any discussion on transatlantic pedigrees.

ROBY'S LATIN GRAMMAR.*

(Second Notice.)

IN selecting the dative from all the cases treated of under the head of noun-inflexions, we hoped to compress our remarks on this part of Mr. Roby's book into as short a compass as possible, and so to leave room for a notice of the other parts of the Syntax. But we fear there may be some amongst our readers who are not sufficiently familiar with Latin grammar, especially as it has been treated of late years, to appreciate the skill with which Mr. Roby has separated and discussed the two uses of the dative which he has called the dative of indirect object and the predicative dative. And as he has devoted some thirty pages of his preface to the illustration of this subject, we should scarcely be doing justice to him if we did not attempt to explain his view at greater length. For probably there is no part of his work which has been more elaborated than this. The term predicative is used, not as synonymous with, yet for the most part corresponding to, what have been called "datives of the purpose." The two following sentences when compared together will aptly illustrate the significance of the name, which is an invention of Mr. Roby's:—

Maximum vero argumentum est naturam ipsam de immortalitate animarum tacitam judicare quod omnibus curæ sunt et maxima quidem quæ post mortem futura sint.

and—

Magnæque esse argumento homines scire perique antequam nati sint quod jam pueri ita celeriter res adripiant.

* *A Grammar of the Latin Language from Plautus to Suetonius.* By Henry John Roby, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. In two Parts. Part II. containing Book IV., Syntax; also Prepositions, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Or perhaps a still better illustration will be found in the following:—

Illis . . . inimicorum injuria probro non fuit . . . tamen scelus meum probrum putas esse oportere?

Mr. Roby speaks of this dative as being used predicatively, or, to use his own words, "The word put in this dative is a name of the thing or person of which it is predicated," and in this he thinks lies the characteristic note of the usage. He has taken the trouble to collect all the instances he could find of its use, to the number of nearly two hundred, under the heads of the different nouns so used. He thinks the list of predicative datives is tolerably complete, and undoubtedly we are unable to gainsay this position, though the smallness of the number does not seem to us such matter for wonder as Mr. Roby finds in it. Though the usage was fully developed at the time when Roman literature begins—for Plautus, he says, uses between forty and fifty words in this dative—the class of words which can occur in this relation is necessarily restricted within narrow limits, inasmuch as the usage scarcely extends beyond what he calls semi-abstract substantives, such as names of actions, effects, feelings; such, for instance, as *curæ*, *odio*, *præsidio*, *usu*, *more*, *iudicio*. It is confined to the singular number, which again is natural when the abstract nature of the words so used is considered. He instances, amongst other contrasts of singular and plural, that *voluptati* is so used, but not *delictis*; *prædæ*, but not *manubis*; but in these, as well as in the other instances, the plural noun is much more of a concrete and less of an abstract character than the singular, so that this second character is, as it were, an instance of, or at least an offshoot from, the first—namely, that which confines its use, or nearly confines it, to semi-abstract substantives.

The care with which Mr. Roby has investigated this point may be judged of, not only from his enumeration of the nouns and the instances in which they are found so used, but also by the separate classification he has made of them in his own mind. For instance, he notices their great rarity in Martial and the younger Pliny; also, that, out of the whole number, not much more than a fifth can be pronounced to be of frequent occurrence, and about a third only have been found as often as five times. Again, after observing that the dative is used most frequently with *esse*, he adds that, of the whole number, 117 appear to be used only with *esse*, and 11 with other verbs and not with *esse*. Of these latter, he continues, only *vigto*, *domo*, and perhaps *muneris*, are used often enough to make the non-occurrence of *esse* with them at all noticeable, though surely there is a distinction here to be made between the subjective and objective sense which mainly accounts for the rarity of usage. Nothing, in fact, that could be said on the subject seems to have escaped him, and he has here anticipated the objection that the scholar would be sure to allege, when he says (p. xxxi.) that

No doubt in all such matters we ought to bear constantly in mind what (to apply one of Darwin's phrases) I may call the imperfection of the philological record. There were a great many books written between Plautus and Tacitus which have perished altogether, and many expressions may have been common enough in the atrium and the forum, in the camp and on the farm, which have found but scanty recognition in a studied literature like the Roman. And the usage now in question, though capable of being applied to things of moment in a style elevated to the occasion, was yet mainly a usage of ordinary conversation.

It would perhaps have been worth Mr. Roby's while to add a catalogue of such words as do not occur used in this way with regard to which there is no obvious reason to be assigned why they should not be so used—e.g. *amicitiæ*, *indignationi*, *oblivioni*, *prætextui*, and others. Probably such a list would not be very long. Such a catalogue would have helped to decide the question whether the fact may be due to the imperfection of the record or the rare use of the words themselves in any relation, or whether any other reason is to be assigned for their non-appearance in this particular relation. It is not very satisfactory to be told that "there seems to have been on the one hand something which suggested abstract terms, and again an instinct which militated against an indiscriminate use of them."

We have dwelt longer on this subject than we at first intended, but perhaps it is the most interesting, as well as the most original, part of Mr. Roby's book. He sums up what he has to say as follows:—

That the usage is sufficiently distinct to demand a co-ordinate, not subordinate, rank to the indirect object appears to us the ultimate result to which we can at present attain. It may be historically a daughter, though so old as to look like a sister. Intermediate usages may be found, but such would almost inevitably exist even if the two classes have quite distinct origin. And till we know the precise meaning and history of the suffix which forms the dative case, it is impossible to be confident whether the tree had one trunk or two.

We proceed now to redeem the promise of our previous article—namely, to say a few words on Mr. Roby's treatment of the subjunctive mood. And here we find ourselves in the same difficulty that we experienced in regard to the noun-inflections. It is impossible within our ordinary limits, even after we have made the special selection of the subjunctive mood, to give any adequate idea of the new method of classification which he has adopted. And we are moreover at a loss as to which of the seven chapters devoted to this mood we shall attempt to analyse. We must, however, first give an outline of the mode of division of the meanings and usages of the subjunctive, which is not materially different from that which the author put out in his "Elementary Latin Grammar" of 1862.

After premising that the general distinction between the indicative and the subjunctive is that the one expresses an action or event done or narrated, the other as thought or supposed, he proceeds to enumerate the eight main classes, which he arranges two and two in four different categories. Under the first head come two classes of sentences, which are called respectively hypothetical (A) and conditional (B) sentences, the former name being given to the apodosis only, the latter to the protasis only, of what are commonly called conditional sentences. The ambiguity contained in this new use of the word conditional sentence is somewhat puzzling. The following typical example will explain it:—*Fecerim si jussoris* and *si jussoris fecerim*, "I should be found to have," or "I should have done if you should have bidden," are classed under the head of hypothetical, as far as the apodosis *fecerim*, "I should have done," is concerned, and again under the head of conditional on account of the protasis, *si jussoris*, "If you should have bidden." And now Mr. Roby's explanation of his novel use of words will be intelligible. He says:—

As here used, therefore, the hypothesis is the action treated as contingent on another; the condition is that other action on which the first is contingent.

Under this first head of hypothetical (A) sentences one page is given of typical examples, and a considerable part of Chapter XX. is devoted to actual examples occurring in classical authors of its use; and in the heading of this chapter we have the more correct expression "clause" used for what in the nineteenth chapter is ambiguously termed "sentence." All these instances are printed on the left hand, each paragraph being numbered with an even number, the opposite page being filled with examples illustrative of the contrasted use of the indicative mood.

The general account given by Mr. Roby of the distinction is as follows:—

In these sentences, which readily admit of either the indicative or subjunctive mood, the subjunctive implies that the action spoken of is *nota fact*. Nothing is implied as to knowledge or want of knowledge, doubt or assurance, probability or improbability, possibility or impossibility, so far as the mood is concerned; but a non-real *past* action is of course impossible, a non-real *future* action is (apart from intrinsic impossibilities) possible.

There is only one other of the eight classes in which the subjunctive mood is found in simple or principal sentences; in all others it is in subordinate sentences. This is in sentences expressing a wish or command, treated in Chapter XXI., under the head of Optative and Jussive Subjunctive. Typical instances are such as *Pace horum dixerim* and *Utinam valeas*. But we must confine our attention to the hypothetical subjunctive—i.e. the subjunctive as it appears in the principal clause of a conditional sentence. The general statements which the parallel arrangement of sentences is made to illustrate are the following, which, for the sake of perspicuity, we now exhibit in parallel columns:—

An hypothetical subjunctive expresses an action which, while its non-occurrence is implied, is yet supposed to occur, if some other action occur.	The indicative makes a statement without implying that the action does not occur or (necessarily) that it does occur.
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Without attempting to follow Mr. Roby through the rules which he proceeds to lay down for the use of the different tenses of the subjunctive in both clauses, we will pick out two or three of the shortest of his illustrative sentences, and arrange them in a similar way opposite to each other:—

<i>Tu si hic sis aliter sentias.</i>	<i>Si id facis, hodie postremum me vides.</i>
<i>Quos ni mea cura resistat, jam flammæ tulerint inimicæ et hauserint enses.</i>	<i>Si enim rationem hominibus Di dederunt, malitiam dederunt.</i>
<i>Si aut collegam, id quod mallem, tui similem haberes aut tu collegæ tui eses similis, supervacanea esset oratio mea.</i>	<i>Metellum si parum pudor ipsius detendebat, debebat familiæ nostræ dignitas satis sublevare.</i>
<i>Ergo ego nisi peperissem, Roma non oppugnaretur; nisi illiun habere, libera in libera patria mortua essem.</i>	<i>Cesseram, si alienam a me plebem fuisse cultis, quæ non fuit, invidiæ; si vis suberat, armis; si periculum civium, reipublicæ.</i>

This parallel arrangement of the use of the indicative and subjunctive moods in sentences which have a considerable resemblance to each other, and where the distinction of meaning is slight, is one of the most useful parts of Mr. Roby's Grammar. It may be a question whether he has classified these minute distinctions in the best possible way, but he has unquestionably given ample facilities to any one who may object to his theory to propound another which shall suit all the circumstances of the case better. For other instances of the comparative use of the two moods we must refer to the sections 1532, 1533, from which all the above extracts have been selected; but those we have given will perhaps be sufficient to enable an ordinary scholar to follow Mr. Roby in the account which he has given of this subject in his Introduction. He says:—

The use and meaning of the subjunctive in hypothetical and conditional sentences is, I think, often misapprehended. The indicative is often said to be used only when the condition is a fact or when it is only an apparent condition. The subjunctive present is said to be used when an event is regarded as probable or possible; the imperfect, where it is regarded as improbable or impossible. I have ventured to deny these views. The matter, I take it, stands really thus. The indicative is a simple combination of subject and predicate and has of itself no special meaning. The subjunctive has been formed, or at least is applied, in order to warn the hearer that the event is *thought* and only thought. The indicative by contrast with this gets a sub-implication of fact. The subjunctive, again, by a secondary contrast gets (in certain classes of sentences) the special implication of *not fact*. Now the statements used in hypothetical and conditional clauses are refer-

able in the speaker's mind and intention (we have nothing to do with the objective reality) either to fact, or to not fact, or to a neutral head. In other words, I either put a case avowedly as a fact or avowedly as not a fact; or I put it simply without meaning to imply either the one or the other. This intermediate class is of course a thought, and might have been left to the subjunctive mood. But this is not what the Romans have done. The subjunctive with them in such sentences means distinctly *not fact*, and the class of fact and the neutral class are given to the indicative.

To do Mr. Roby's theory full justice we ought to have extracted the whole of the rest of this page. We may observe that the theory which he attacks, though imperfect, has at least the merit of being intelligible and of easy application. On the other hand, if his theory be pressed, there ought to be no use of the pluperfect indicative, which, as he observes, is the most thoroughly past tense, in hypothetical clauses. He observes that it is *rare* in hypothetical sentences, except as a wilful exaggeration, and rare in conditional clauses, except when it denotes facts. He does not appear to us to have taken into consideration, or at least not to have noticed prominently enough, the poetical use, which is not uncommon, such as—*Robustique fores manerant sales, Si non Acrisium Juppiter et Venus risissent*. We have precisely the same poetical use in English. The poetical and quasi-poetical use may, however, be regarded, as Mr. Roby seems to regard them, as something like the *exceptio quæ probat regulam*.

We have only just touched two of the eight uses of the subjunctive mood as laid down in this grammar. It would not be possible to criticize or even to notice the remaining uses without doubling the length of this already long article. Moreover, we have left unnoticed the Introduction and the Supplement to the Syntax. We regret that we must here for the present, though reluctantly, part with a book which is very suggestive of thought in other directions than those which we have indicated.

KATE BYRNE.*

"**M**EN in love," says the author of this story, "seldom moralize." It is much to be wished then, we cried out as we came to this passage, that all novel-writers, whether male or female, were always in love. We should in that case be spared a good deal of very dull writing. *Kate Byrne* is avowedly written with a moral. "We have tried to show," says the author, "how a beautiful woman failed to find any contentment or happiness in marrying for wealth and position a man whom she did not love, and with whom she had no tastes or wishes in common." Part of the demonstration, by the way, depends on the death of her only child three days or so after birth. If the child had lived the marriage might, so far as we can see, have been happy enough. The beautiful young women whom the author would keep from marrying lords who have a good chance of a dukedom might with reason rely on the statistics of infant mortality among the aristocracy, and with no great imprudence might stake their happiness on the chance of an heir. It would be just as well, however, for lords in general to think twice before they marry a mercenary heroine. Their life is likely to be a short one, and far from merry. When a heroine has to be reformed, and made to see the error of her ways, human life counts for nothing. One victim after another is swept away—even the aristocracy is not spared—till, widowed, childless, and an orphan, she becomes properly penitent in the last chapter. "We have followed her," says the author in writing of her heroine, "through a few years of fashionable slavery and dissipation, until by a merciful interposition of Providence her plans for a last struggle for some peace and independence were frustrated, and she was led back to her wifely duty." Whether Lord Denton, if he had been well enough to consider the question, would have regarded the fit which after a short illness carried him off as a merciful interposition of Providence, may be doubted. It taught Lady Denton no doubt her wifely duty, but, as he lived only a few weeks to enjoy her penitence, he may have thought that it was paying rather too dear for his whistle. He is introduced to us as a large landed proprietor, in appearance more jolly than gentlemanly, and as one able to offer all the luxuries this world can give. We might with good reason have argued that, as he was not the one chiefly to blame for the unhappiness of their married life, and as nevertheless he was quite as much in need of reformation as his wife, he deserved no less than she a merciful interposition. If the story had been written from a different point of view, it would have been the wife who was killed, while her noble husband in his penitent sorrow would never again have taken "a bumper of brandy and soda-water," but would have become President of the Teetotal Association.

The plot of the story is simple enough. Kate Byrne, "a queenly creature," as she is called, is in love with Bartle Blake, but will not marry him, because he is poor. Helen, or Ellen, Leigh—for her name varies—is also in love with him, but has no objection to poverty. Kate marries Lord Denton, as we have said, and repents. Helen marries Blake, and does not repent. Kate, however, does very well in the end, for not only does she live a highly virtuous life at Denton Court, devoted to her old aunt and her stepson the Duke, but when he married a blue-eyed gentle girl—the third blue-eyed girl of the story—and has children, she is to them "their beautiful stately grandmother Denton." We cannot but fear that if the punishment that attends on marrying for money is nothing worse than a merciful dispensation by

which the husband is carried off by a fit, while solid comfort is left in a title, "an ample allowance," and the devoted affection of a Duke, we shall have all the novel-reading young ladies of the day ready to follow in the heroine's steps. The plot is now and then enlivened by an incident or two. On one occasion the heroine sprains her ankle, and on another she has a remarkable encounter with some burglars. The burglars have nothing at all to do with the story, except so far as they give the heroine an opportunity of showing her presence of mind by seizing one of them by the hair, and her lover, Lord Denton, an opportunity of expressing his desire "to horsewhip the wretch" who had frightened Kate. She had been awakened up by a noise. She listened. "The extreme silence of the house made her feel almost nervous, and her heart beat quickly and loudly." What her heart would have done if she had been quite nervous we are not told. She thought that "if she only dared show herself in white, that might frighten them perhaps; thieves were always cowards she knew." She went out of her room, and downstairs:—

She made one or two steps forward into the hall, when, to her intense surprise, she saw distinctly a dark figure coming towards her—a man—a thief, a robber. Oh, heavens! She could not move or speak. The man carried something in his arms, and he also came to a stand-still, and did not speak. A deep sigh, which Kate made in her effort to articulate, caused the man to start and drop what he held out of his arms—it was the silver commonly in use from the pantry. The crash gave Kate courage, and, without moving a step, and putting out her hand, she said, in a deep low voice, "What are you doing here?" The man gave one bound past her, towards the dining-room door; but quick as lightning she darted forward, held him by his coat and hat, and screamed loudly, "Thief! murder! murder!" In much less time than it takes to write this, Norah and Bates had come to Kate's assistance. Bates had heard the fall of the silver, and struck a light; immediately hearing Kate's screams, he had come, just as he was, to the rescue. Then Mrs. and Miss Leigh, and Miss Castelli, with the other servants, came down, half awake and terribly frightened; and when the former fully realized the danger Kate had been in, they were quite overcome, and could scarcely believe she was not at all hurt. The coachman was sent for from the lodge, and, with Bates, guarded the prisoner till he was willingly resigned to the tender care and protection of the village constable. That worthy person seemed to regret deeply that he had not had the pleasure of catching the above-aid individual.

Let not our readers imagine that this incident is a specimen of what they may chiefly expect to find in the book. There is a good deal of bad English, but of really bad characters there is a remarkable scarcity. "How is it," the author asks, "that most elderly people (especially gentlemen) seem to have such pleasure in the constant repetition of their pet jokes and stories?" "How is it," we might in our turn ask, "that so many young people (especially ladies) have such pleasure in hashing up the same old plots and serving them up as if they were new stories?" We might go on to add, "How wonderfully good-natured their listeners need to be to show any sort of interest, or listen with patience to what is so very old and often very stupid." We, for our part, have a great deal of respect for an old man's story. That we have laughed at it any time these twenty years establishes, we admit, an obligation on us to laugh at it once more. Among the privileges to which old age is entitled, Cicero in his "Orator Major" does not indeed reckon this, which we hold to be by no means the least in importance, that its old jests should always pass current as new. Perhaps in *Cato's* time the story of old grouse in the gun-room was not known. However much we may respect the jokes and stories of the old, we see no reason for showing the least regard to the stories of the young. We are certainly entitled to ask that before they publish they should at least learn how to write. It would be well also if, before they tried to paint character, they first made it their study. As Douglas Jerrold said, before you take down the shutters you should furnish the shop. We doubt not that *Kate Byrne* will find its readers. It is no duller than a tract. It has, as we have said, a moral, and there are not a few readers who as much require a moral for their novel as they do sugar for their tea. The story is to be sure so dull that it puts the reader to sleep, but there are not a few readers who regard sleep as the final cause of reading. Those, on the contrary, who think that novels are written and sermons preached rather for our waking than our sleeping hours may possibly find something to rouse their interest in the good society in which they are kept. We, for our part, managed to keep ourselves from nodding over *Kate Byrne* by having an eye to the foolish expressions and the grammatical errors we could detect, just as we have at times kept awake through a sermon by counting the heresies into which the preacher has fallen. Bad though the errors are, it is not often that we find a sentence quite so unintelligible as the following:—

It was a kind of nursery for the invalids; and it was his coming to bring and see after a recent valuable purchase that had enabled the Clennings to invite and persuade him to accept their offer of a few days' visit during the coming-of-age festivities.

A few pages earlier we have a specimen of the confusion into which the author gets when she attempts a parenthesis. It would be just as well, by the way, if at young ladies' schools they taught, with the use of the globes, the use also of brackets. Our novelists would in this case have more chance of avoiding such errors as those contained in the following sentence:—

The truth was, that he had been so taken up with Mrs. Leigh and Helen when he first came in (which, considering the time that had elapsed since he had seen the former, was hardly to be wondered at), and having seen Kate at the Hall only an hour or two before, he had scarcely noticed her, beyond bowing to her as he entered.

To make up for such slips as this the author can, when she pleases, get some very fine words out of very common-

* *Kate Byrne*. A Novel. By S. Howard-Taylor. 2 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1874.

place matters. The arrival of a heroine is certainly a matter of some importance, but unless she can be brought in a balloon or on an elephant, the vehicle in which she comes may as well be kept in the background. Not so thinks our author. "Mrs. Leigh and Helen were on the platform, waiting the arrival of the 'iron horse' which was to bring their expected guest. The huge machinery had scarcely come to a stand-still before Kate was in Helen's arms." Happily there she is left, and so no big names are found for the porter and his barrow. Kate, before she had decided not to accept Bartle Blake, had leant upon "her fair jewelled hand," and indulged in "cogitations." Her father had "a gloomy kind of presentiment" about the course she was going to take. Whereupon, as we knew would be the case, the author asks, "Who can say that we do not all sometimes have shadowy glimpses of coming trouble?" We have often noticed that when a writer introduces any piece of superstitious nonsense into his book he at once follows it up by asking a question. It turns the tables, as it were, on the rash sceptic who, he knows, is ready to laugh at him. The heroine has a dreadful dream, and was, as she described herself, "in a perfect state of fear and suffering." When she first comes to Denton Court "the old-fashioned furniture was to be replaced by modern elegant additions or substitutes." Allowing that a substitute can be said to replace, we are somewhat puzzled about the addition. At her marriage there were in the church "exclamations of delight and satisfaction at the elegant appearance of the whole party." Her husband condescends, as so great a nobleman should, to the use of more familiar language, for he addresses her as "my peerless Kitty." A lady in the story "tried to pour heaps of contrite excuses in Lady Denton's ear," while Helen, the rival heroine, seeing Bartle Blake at the opera, asks "Isn't it him?" The young Duke had a great regard for his tutor's wife, "who (sic) he wrote to every week." The day Lord Denton was seized with the fit his wife "several times fancied she could hear him saying, 'Good-bye, Kate; don't wait dinner for me,' to which she replied with a bend of her head, as she thought it something what he used to do before they drifted so far apart."

There is only one sensible thing said in the whole book. We have no reason to believe, however, that the author intended to be sensible. Helen, the good heroine, after she had said she should wish Blake to marry some one very nice, added—"I can't very well explain the meaning I have for that pet word of mine." A schoolboy might as well try to give a definition of "jolly" as a young lady of "nice." In Ceylon they reckon up the hundred uses, as different as can be, to which the palm-tree can be put. Even the palm-tree falls far short of this little English word. We are not sure, indeed, if after all we might not, with a safe conscience, describe *Kate Byrne* as a very nice book.

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Brampton "	39,800	554,027	7,975
Coburg "	14,200	224,168	4,170
Goderich "	12,100	108,108	4,290
Guelph "	10,500	111,096	7,794
Peterborough (Town)	14,800	311,561	4,717
Port Hope "	10,000	304,076	5,212
Stratford "	10,000	940,183	6,101
St. Catharines "	32,000	635,553	8,503
London "	3,800	174,594	4,075
Hope (Township)	7,100	176,338	3,417
Ops "	3,800	76,028	3,148
London (City)	68,000	1,315,146	16,709
Northumberland and Durham (Counties)	45,000	2,217,433	58,167
Peith (County)	24,300	2,276,754	35,383

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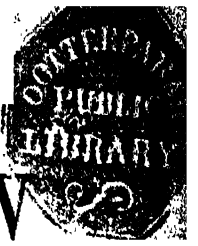
Premiums and Interest £480,983

Accumulated Funds £3,444,106

Also, a Subscribed Capital of more than £1,000,000.

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THE

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

IN his speech at the opening of the German Parliament last week the Emperor WILLIAM took occasion to refer to the constant attacks made on Germany by the French press, and he stated that his Government would take no notice of these attacks until it saw that the French hostility threatened to assume a more active form than that of abusive articles. That the EMPEROR should have thought it worth while to dwell on the abuse of French newspapers struck his subjects with surprise, and set them wondering as to what secret of State could be hidden under his words. They seem to have come to the conclusion that their good and watchful Sovereign was merely giving them a kindly piece of warning. Before the war of 1870, they remember, the French press was very abusive; but, with the unsuspecting gentleness which distinguishes them, they treated its outbreaks as meaning nothing, and then were rudely undeceived by finding out that the violent language of the French press had been deliberately used in order to prepare the way for real fighting. Under the guidance of their EMPEROR they are not to be caught napping a second time, and are now alive to the artifices and manœuvres of their enemies. Perhaps the German Government may not be sorry to see the nation awake to the possibility of another war at the moment when it is making new demands of a very serious kind for the increase of the army and of the expenses which the army entails. But the general tone of the EMPEROR'S speech was eminently pacific; and for the present military purposes of his Government it is even more necessary that there should be a general conviction that resort will only be had to war when peace is absolutely impossible than that the nation should be frightened into sanctioning an increase of military strength. The embodiment of the Landsturm is a measure which may probably add very considerably to the fighting power of Germany; but it makes persons who have everything to lose by war, and who are above all others least inclined to fight for trifles, personal participators in the dangers and sufferings of a campaign. The huge armaments of Europe are a frightful waste of money, and are in themselves a source of danger. *Si vis pacem, para bellum* is an excellent maxim when it is addressed to any one threatened State. But if all States provide for peace by preparing for war, they may easily defeat their wise purpose. And yet the very hugeness of modern armaments has some advantages. The armies of Europe are most valuable instruments in aiding the process of binding nations together. They contribute materially to doing away with provincial jealousies and the antagonism of classes. Prince BISMARCK was talking very good sense when he said that the fusion of conscripts from Alsace and Lorraine in the German army would tend to make the inhabitants of those districts realize the fact that they are now Germans, just as their affection for France had been largely stimulated by their having shared in the glories and trials of France during the wars of the Revolution and of NAPOLEON. If Italy is half ruined by her army, she is indebted to it more than to anything else for the diffusion of a real sense of union through the population; and even in our humble way we may speak of our Volunteers as having done something to give Englishmen of different ranks a common purpose and common interests. These big armies are, too, from their composition a guarantee for peace. The whole nation becomes deeply interested in the policy of its rulers. Middle-aged men who hate marching about, and have no anxiety to kill or be killed, are not nearly so

likely to view with satisfaction schemes of military aggrandizement as a young professional army longing for adventure and distinction. We may be sure that no Germans received with greater pleasure the assurances of the EMPEROR that he was on the best of terms with Austria and Russia, and was indifferent to the insults of French journalists, than the venerable persons who will be affected by the proposed measure for embodying the Landsturm.

We hear so often of the feverish state of the Continent and of the many causes that might give rise to war, that it is as well to look sometimes on the other side of the picture and notice the many influences which tend to preserve peace. To shut our eyes and lull ourselves with false hopes of security would no doubt be absurd, and when we remember that only a few months ago so reserved a person as Lord DERBY sounded a note of alarm, we must be ready to admit that events may easily show that all calculations of continued peace have been wrong. All we can say is that the motives which would prompt the great Powers to abstain from war are now numerous and powerful. Every great Continental nation has now got its own peculiar domestic difficulties, and they are difficulties of a kind so marked and obvious that there is no need to particularize them. In old days, too, there was always the feeling that even war might be found cheaper and more agreeable than a state of costly and precarious peace. But the hope that a few months of war might enable a nation to return to reduced outlay and contracted armaments is now dispelled. If France and Germany had another war, the vanquished country would only go in for new and larger armies, more guns, and bigger fortresses. But it must be owned that internal embarrassments often lead to war instead of preventing it; for men may say that, if they are doomed to be for ever taxed in purse and person for military purposes, they may as well get occasionally out of a bad state of things such gratification as war can give. It is not so much because they are oppressed by internal embarrassments, or because they groan under military burdens, that the nations of the Continent and their Governments may be supposed to be averse to war, as because they are all actively engaged in trying to accomplish aims with which war would interfere. A nation which is on the verge of bankruptcy, and feels further effort to be useless, is more inclined to go to war than not. To inform creditors in a time of peace that the national engagements cannot be met seems shabby; but insolvency appears natural, and even respectable, in the blaze of a campaign. When, however, nations like Austria and Italy are not quite able to pay their way, but can very nearly do so, and are honestly making every effort to maintain their financial credit, the reluctance to spoil everything by a war is so great that it needs a very strong inducement to overcome it. Germany is not solely engaged in arming itself to the teeth and putting priests and diplomats in prison; it is occupying itself with great measures for the consolidation of the Empire, with the construction of a Code, with the introduction of a new coinage, and with the organization of a Government for Alsace and Lorraine. Russia has got a hundred different tasks on her hands which she is pursuing with unremitting activity; and Frenchmen, though they quarrel about the Septennate, and like reading a good spicy article showing how many French clocks WILLIAM has collected at Potsdam, are really engrossed with one thought, and that is, how to make enough money to be as comfortably off under their new budgets as they were before the war. None of these objects are in themselves absorbing enough to avert a war if a

cause of war; arose but in private life we know that nothing keeps people from quarrelling so much as their having plenty of occupation, and what is true of families is perhaps not less true of nations.

There are, indeed, permanent sources of danger to the peace of Europe which must not be left out of sight. The chief of these are Ultramontanism, Socialism, and the Ottoman Empire. That the Ultramontane party would dearly love to get up a war of opinion and have recourse to the arm of the flesh is more than probable. But Europe is, on the whole, presenting a firm front to Ultramontanism, and Ultramontanism is a foe which to face is to conquer. Prince BISMARCK has his own fierce way of fighting the battle, and the very existence of Italy depends on the national resolution not to yield an inch of the ground that has been won. But if there were a current of feeling among the neighbours of Germany and Italy adverse to that which prevails in those countries, war might be only made more probable by the decisive line which Germany and Italy adopt. Fortunately, this is not so. France has been gradually disengaging her foreign policy from the ecclesiastical influences which shortly after the war were so powerful; and in Austria, though there is nothing like a rupture with the Church, the secular spirit prevails every day more clearly. In Ireland the priests seem now disposed to throw themselves more unreservedly than heretofore into the Home Rule movement, but the only effect of this will be to strengthen the conviction that if England and Ireland were half separated, there would at once arise a deadly quarrel on questions of foreign policy which would lead to a total separation or a new conquest. How dangerous Socialism is no one can pretend to know; but at Paris and Carthage Socialists have at least had checks too severe to permit them to think very soon of having again recourse to open violence. And, what is much more important, there is a growing willingness in England—and in this matter England will serve to a great extent as the instructress of Europe—to talk their whole case out with the Socialists, to hear what they have got to say, to go into facts and figures, and to appeal to the arbitrament of common sense. Feeling, too, goes a long way in the world; and there is throughout Europe, and especially in England, a much more kindly and gentle patience with the inevitable errors of silly, uneducated, dreamy men than used to prevail. The rich man is not now so much inclined as he once was to keep aloof from the dissatisfied poor man as a bloodthirsty ruffian, but is disposed to offer to shake hands with him and to talk the matter quietly out in fair discussion; and this is the best, because the most abiding, antidote to Socialism that can possibly be; for the instruction gained will not be, we may be sure, all on one side. Turkey is perhaps, of the three sources of danger to European peace, the most serious. There it always is, in the corner of our system, a thing we can neither do with nor without, a convenient sham, an evil without any apparent remedy. The recent history of Turkey is very simple. It has incurred an enormous public debt, and has squandered the money on totally useless objects. The provinces are drained in order that millions may be heaped into the lap of Constantinople. If the creditors are now to be paid for the first time from revenue, and not by new loans, there will be no money to carry on the enormously expensive machinery by which the present system of government is kept going. If Turkey does not pay her creditors, they will clamour for some solvent Power to assume her burdens. The day that Turkey ceases to live on borrowed money can scarcely fail to bring with it the certainty of the old familiar Eastern question being revived; and this time it will have to be settled, although, if the great Powers are wise and forbearing towards each other, it may possibly be settled without bloodshed.

THE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE.

THE Central Chamber of Agriculture at its recent meeting discussed more than one subject of importance, and its deliberations may possibly lead to some practical result. The members of the Chamber are happily unanimous on one point, for they all deprecate the imposition of new charges on the rates. The contribution made on the proposal of the Government to the cost of the police and of lunatics is acknowledged with a gratitude which is partially prospective. The Chamber hopes that in a future

Session further relief may be afforded to ratepayers, and the suggestion that some branch of Imperial revenue should be appropriated to local purposes is generally approved. Although the late Government at one time proposed to hand over the House-duty to the local authorities, it may be hoped that a sounder policy will be preferred by the Legislature. Imperial taxation always admits of readjustment to remove or diminish inequalities. When economists from time to time elucidate the theory of taxation and expose existing errors, their conclusions are ultimately adopted by practical financiers; but a House-tax payable to the funds of Unions or of counties would be almost necessarily perpetual. The question of its fairness and expediency would be virtually withdrawn from the cognizance of Parliament, while local communities would acquire a vested interest in a source of revenue which might be intrinsically objectionable. The duty and power of assessing the tax are far less invidiously intrusted to the officers of the Government than to local Committees, which are necessarily composed of interested persons. If it is deemed right that the ratepayers should receive additional relief from the Treasury, a money payment is a far more convenient arrangement than the transfer of a tax. It is possible that at any time Parliament might have good reasons for increasing or diminishing the amount of the House-duty, or for extending the area of taxation which has been arbitrarily narrowed. Great difficulties would be thrown in the way of any operation of the kind if the duty had become a portion of the rates. The State could scarcely, even in a case of emergency, levy a second House-tax for its own purposes.

The present Government, whatever may be the merit of its policy of concession to the ratepayers, was well advised in making its contributions applicable to special objects. It might be plausibly contended that, since the whole community is interested in the efficiency of the police and in the proper treatment of lunatics, it was unjust to impose the entire cost on the owners of certain kinds of property. When Parliament makes a grant from the public revenue in aid of any branch of local administration, the Government on behalf of the country at large acquires a corresponding right to control the expenditure of which it provides a part. It would be greatly for the public advantage that the county and borough police should be more systematically organized. At present no constable can act, except within a very narrow range, outside the boundaries of his own district; and it sometimes happens that the frontier of two independent jurisdictions is preferred by the predatory classes as a convenient field for their operations. It may happen that the boundary of two counties is formed for many miles by a river, or perhaps by an imaginary line, and that one side of the border may be properly watched and guarded, while the other is remote from a police-station. Between borough and county police there is sometimes a jealousy prejudicial to the public service, and the members of both forces have an interest in throwing upon their neighbours the responsibility for any failure in the protection of property or order. The cost of maintaining the whole police of the kingdom would be not more than an adequate price for the transfer to the Government of the entire management of the force. Every constable ought to have power to act in any part of the country, and the administration ought to be central and systematic. Even the independent organization of the City police is in some degree detrimental to the efficiency of the force in London.

As usual, the Central Chamber professed a desire for the institution of a Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce. The proposal which was made last Session that the President of the Council should be called Minister of Education was, on the whole, supported by some plausible arguments. There is already a Board of Trade with extremely little for its President to do, although the permanent staff of the office is entrusted with many functions of detail. If agriculture wants any official interference, nothing would be easier than to add one or more chief clerks, with the proper number of assistants, to the existing body; and if the farmers would be pleased with a titular recognition of the importance of their industry, the Board might be designated the Board of Trade and Agriculture. One of the Committees of the Council of the Chamber employed itself in enumerating the duties which might be assigned to a Minister of Agriculture. He would naturally attend to the Acts relating to the diseases of live stock; he would exercise some undefined super-

vision over the arterial drainage of fen districts; and he would see that statistics and corn returns were duly recorded and published. It may be assumed that, if any additional excuse could be devised for the proposed innovation, the Committee would not have failed to discover employment for their Minister. All these duties are at present discharged by existing functionaries; and if the distribution of official labour admits of rearrangement, the Chamber suggests nothing which would require the intervention of a new Cabinet Minister. If the duties of the President of the Board of Trade were multiplied threefold, he would still enjoy much greater leisure than the Home Secretary. A Minister of Justice or a Minister of Education would hold an office which might not be so completely a sinecure as a Department of Agriculture. When the representatives of any interest wish to magnify its importance, they almost always in modern times propose the creation of a new Ministerial office. Experience shows that a multiplication of departments is not conducive to efficient administration.

The only serious discussion related to the important subject of roads. It was ultimately resolved that reorganization of the road system is urgently required, that roads should be divided into first class and second class, the first class consisting of present and former turnpike roads, and of such roads as might be considered main thoroughfares. The Chamber recommended that the first-class roads should be maintained by district rates aided by Imperial taxation, and the second-class roads exclusively by rates. It was also held that the establishment of Highway Boards should be made compulsory. The rapid extinction of turnpike trusts gives urgency to the question of maintaining the great thoroughfares. In some districts, and even in parts of the metropolitan counties, roads which had long been models of excellence are beginning, in consequence of the abolition of turnpike tolls, to be seamed with ruts and to be heavy with mire. It is not impossible that some main roads may gradually relapse into the condition which is described in records of the eighteenth century. At that time horsemen had generally the option of finding their way through the open country. All travellers are now confined to the highway, and all alike suffer by its deterioration. Until Highway Boards are made compulsory and universal, there is little hope of improvement. The ratepayers of a parish not unreasonably think it unjust that they should maintain the means of communication between distant towns, while they have themselves little more interest in the road than their neighbours who are exempt from taxation. The Chamber of Agriculture seemed not to be sanguine in the hope that they would receive a contribution from the Government; but it is an anomaly that towns connected by a road should pay nothing towards its maintenance. The system of turnpike tolls was liable to theoretical objections, but it resulted in the existence of good roads. It is now almost impossible to effect an improvement such as easing the gradient of a hill or even cutting off a corner. The ratepayers will have nothing to say to schemes which involve an expenditure of capital; and their standard of excellence is much lower than that of turnpike trusts. In preparing the way for legislation on matters of this kind the Chamber of Commerce discharges a more useful function than in demanding new Cabinet Ministers.

MR. GRANT DUFF AND CASSANDRA.

ON the eve of his departure for India, where he will make fresh additions to his accumulated hoards of knowledge, Mr. GRANT DUFF has published both orally and in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* an elaborate reply to the forebodings of Mr. GREG's "CASSANDRA." The most plausible and most ingenious part of his apology for the England of the future is a catalogue of the dangers which might be enumerated by a Russian CASSANDRA as impending over that great and growing Empire. A corrupt and superstitious Church, a disaffected multitude of Dissenters, a false traditional policy, and an unwieldy territory, may probably cause a thoughtful Russian patriot well-founded anxiety. Many causes may impede the advance of Russia, or even finally interrupt her extraordinary progress in civilization. Mr. GRANT DUFF is far from anticipating that the evils which he apprehends as possible will not by fortune or wisdom be averted in practice. His object is

only to show that England, like the banished Duke in Arden, is not alone unhappy or alone insecure. It may be answered that, if Mr. GREG's fears are well founded, the simultaneous decay of Russia or of any other country would afford little consolation to Englishmen. A community of far more elevated civilization has further to fall. The manufacturing industry of Russia might disappear without seriously affecting the prosperity of the nation; and the level of communistic democracy which Mr. GREG foresees with distaste and dismay is already established among the Russian peasantry. As Mr. GRANT DUFF acutely remarks, the Eastern Church has no influence on the upper classes; or rather no literary evidence is to be found of the effect which the Russian creed produces on characters favourably disposed to its teachings. The overthrow of religious associations in England would produce results incalculable in their nature and of enormous magnitude. It would for various reasons be inconvenient to discuss Mr. GRANT DUFF's reply to Mr. GREG's anticipation of religious changes. Anxious orthodoxy is not altogether reassured by the vague intimation that a fuller knowledge of the great religions of the East will hereafter considerably modify the religious thought of the best minds in Europe. If the future prevalence of Christianity depends on a judicious infusion of Buddhism, the present condition of popular faith cannot be considered satisfactory.

Exaggerated apprehensions of political and social deterioration may to some extent, as Mr. GRANT DUFF remarks, be allayed by the recollection of former misgivings which have not been realized. At no other time was England so rich as at present, or more exempt from domestic strife and foreign hostility. The student of the histories and memoirs of the days of GEORGE III. often wonders at the equanimity with which statesmen and private Englishmen heard almost at the same moment of a rebellion in Ireland, an expected French invasion, the suspension of cash payments, and the mutiny at the North. Any one of those disasters would now appal a community which is more sensitive, perhaps because it is more intelligent. Eighty years ago no one doubted that things would somehow right themselves, and that the institutions and customs of the country were almost as closely connected with the laws of nature as the succession of summer and winter. If there were then any CASSANDRAS, their predictions have been falsified by the event, and long since forgotten. When the agitation caused by the first Reform Bill was at its height, and when a thousand schemes of change were projected in consequence of its adoption, intelligent and timid politicians foreboded, like Mr. GREG, the immediate and ruinous advance of democracy. The Duke of WELLINGTON's question how the King's Government was to be carried on also occurred to Lord MELBOURNE even before the Reform Bill had passed into a law. At that time manufacturing industry had attained dimensions which seemed considerable, although they have long since been greatly exceeded. The best economists perhaps scarcely apprehended the truth that a mass of vicious commercial legislation was equivalent to an unused treasure; and the enormous expansion of railways, with its effects on industry, had not been foreseen. The political literature of that period is for the most part gloomy and desponding, nor is it certain that fears which were not immediately justified by the result were altogether unreasonable. There is no prohibitive system the relaxation of which can serve Mr. GREG's readers as a parachute, and it is idle to hope for such another novelty as the introduction of railways.

Little comfort is to be found in the reflection that, as England was a great country before steam-engines were invented, some kind of greatness may also survive the transfer of manufacturing prosperity to more favoured regions. The greatness of a population of eight millions would not fit a community five times as numerous. It is true, as Mr. GRANT DUFF says, that hereafter emigration to America or Australia may seem as easy as a removal from Kent to the Shires; but Mr. GREG confined his prophecies to Great Britain, or to the United Kingdom; and few Englishmen would appreciate a compensation for the decline of England which would consist in the aggrandizement of the United States, or of colonies which might probably by that time have declared their independence. Domestic patriotism may perhaps not be morally the highest form of political feeling, but it is strong enough to account for the melancholy apprehension of gloomy prophets. CASSANDRA, when she lamented the approaching destruction of Troy, was perfectly indifferent to the

possible increase of the prosperity of Mycenæ. It would be as reasonable to ask a hard-working parochial incumbent to sympathize with Mr. GRANT DUFF's interest in the future progress of Mahometanism, Brahminism, or Buddhism, as to answer Mr. GREG with sanguine anticipations of increased facilities for emigration. In a poem of VICTOR HUGO's, which has for its subject the legendary history of mankind both in the past and in the future, the human race finally abandons the earth for the sky, which it ascends in an innumerable flotilla of balloons. A terrestrial philanthropist might fairly confess that his sympathies with his fellow-creatures ended when they thought fit to desert their mother Earth. Australia possesses a certain interest as a colony, but as a home it would be a poor substitute for England. The optimist and pessimist in this, as in other matters, contend with unequal weapons. The hope that things may turn out for the best, and the fear that evil may come, are not inconsistent. Mr. GREG points to definite risks, while Mr. GRANT DUFF can only say that by some unforeseen good luck they may possibly be averted. When he adds that the English pitcher has often gone to the well before, the proverbial answer is obvious. To an opponent very unlike Mr. GRANT DUFF Mr. GREG has given a forcible and impressive answer in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. To an uncompromising democrat of the school to which Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD belongs the impending tyranny of the multitude is of course not unwelcome. It was for the greatness and civilization of England, and not for the gratification of the mob, that Mr. GREG expressed anxiety.

The most inevitable, if not the gravest, danger which disturbs Mr. GREG is the future exhaustion of coal. There is little satisfaction to be derived from Mr. GRANT DUFF's cheerful belief that the coal deposits will still last for many years. The extraordinary dearth of two years ago has already been followed by a considerable decline in price, and it is possible that by stimulating mining enterprise the former scarcity may for a time produce unusual plenty. Hardly any of the coal which will have been won in consequence of the great demand of 1872 has yet reached the market, and probably the competition among producers will be at its highest point two or three years hence. It is evident that cheapness which is the direct result of high prices can neither be great nor permanent. The stream depends wholly on a reservoir of limited extent, with no compensating supply. Trade Unions and strikes may perhaps have done their worst, and in any case their possibilities of mischief are limited in extent and probably in duration. Economical errors held by those who are the first to suffer from their results will ultimately be exploded. If it is true that the conscientious accuracy of work which once prevailed in England has been impaired, the cause of the change is that it has been found possible to earn high wages on easier terms than formerly. If it appears that employment can only be retained at the cost of additional effort, industry will once more become, as before, sufficiently minute and scrupulous to secure its reward. No moral or economical influence will affect the quantity of coal; but perhaps Mr. GRANT DUFF's satisfaction with things as they are is as useful as Mr. GREG's despondency, and it is certainly more agreeable. Let England eat and drink if to-morrow it dies. Posterity, or perhaps the generation which is now young, will no longer discuss Mr. GREG's predictions when they are verified by experience. It is to be hoped that their increased familiarity with the doctrines of BUDDHA will reconcile them, like the earlier professors of that venerable faith, to the prospect of a national Nirvāna.

WHERE IS THE ARMY?

IT is to be hoped that the present Government, however Liberal in other things, will be sufficiently Conservative to make some serious effort to maintain the army. Lord PALMERSTON, who held that this is a great country and ought to behave as such, was the sort of Conservative that is sadly wanting now. He had learned by official experience what war is, and he had a proper sense of national honour; and it is impossible to believe that he would have allowed the army to reach the inefficient and discreditable state in which one political party has placed it and the other seems content to leave it. Veteran officers, when they venture to speak, agree in condemnation. Lord SANDHURST told the House of Lords last Session that the question of the

supply of men for the army must cause apprehension, if not alarm, to every person acquainted with the facts. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE in the same debate admitted that the recruits were not what could be wished, and that the men of the Army Reserve ought to be trained much more regularly than they are. Just at the same time, Colonel STEUART published his *Reminiscences*, in which he tells us that a Highland regiment, which he had known as a most magnificent corps, now appears "all kilts and bonnets." He asks whether any one will pretend that in physical appearance the soldiers of to-day are equal to what they were twenty years ago. "The truth is, the men are not to be got." This deplorable weakness, and the blind folly which refuses to see and confess it, are the more wonderful by contrast to our neighbours. The French have had their lesson, and are profiting by it; at least to this extent, that they are organizing an army numerically strong. The Germans, earnest and thorough in all they do, present the furthest contrast to ourselves. They are a nation armed from top to toe, and full of pride from their late conquests. A competent observer of our military state and theirs would say that our best hope is that we may never come in contact with them.

All that meets the public eye bears out these professional opinions. The *Times* feebly endeavours to make things pleasant by representing that the evil is neither so great nor so incurable as is generally supposed. Within a week it has published an essay upon the advantages of a soldier's life which, unfortunately, is not likely to be read by the class from which soldiers come. But the smooth things thus spoken are believed by nobody but the speakers, and perhaps not even by them. The columns of the *Times* itself are full of complaints of desertion and re-enlistment for which no adequate remedy can be found. If the War Office told the truth, it must say that it can only get boys as recruits, and these it cannot keep. It seems to have become a regular branch of thieves' business to enlist and desert for the money to be made by selling a soldier's kit. Formerly we used to force thieves into the army; now they enter it voluntarily, but do not stay in it. They enlist, desert, and enlist again, and so on. If the trick is played once too often, the rogue is brought to a court-martial and sent to prison, when it probably appears that his delicate frame cannot support hard labour, and it is thereupon suggested that perhaps it is not worth while to detain a man who can never be a useful soldier. The discipline of the army has been mitigated for the encouragement of honest men, and the result is that thieves have taken a fancy to it. Formerly, when high bounties were paid, there was temptation to desert and re-enlist, but it was counteracted by the certainty of severe corporal punishment on detection. Now a man who has committed this offence half-a-dozen times is at last brought to a court-martial and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and then the question is raised concerning him, "Is it worth while to retain in the army men who pass much of their term of service in prison and who cannot be of much use as soldiers when out of prison?" It is said that recruiting officers ought to avoid enlisting deserters, to which these officers answer that, if they were to begin asking questions, they might not get any recruits at all. It is of course theoretically desirable that only men of good character should enter the army, and that they should regard expulsion as a punishment; but practically such an army would be grievously costly, because all employers of labour would bid against the QUEEN for these high-principled soldiers. Even without fixing the moral standard quite so high, it is to be feared that the cost of an efficient regular army will prove so great that we shall be driven at last to face the unpleasant question of conscription.

The *Times* and some of its correspondents would evade this question if they can, but perhaps they cannot. Lord CARDWELL's plan, which was to have set things right, is now said to have failed, and we are to try Mr. HARDY's plan, if he has one, and, if not, perhaps somebody else has. All this looks too like the "financial expedients" by which it is sometimes sought to avert inevitable bankruptcy. When we have tried all the plans and they have all failed, we shall, if we do not sustain a great disaster in the meantime, arrive at the conclusion that we cannot pay in purse, and therefore must pay in person. Mr. JOHN HOLMES, an opponent of Lord CARDWELL's plan, declares that, if the British army is not to be permitted to dwindle down to a mere figment of the

imagination of its administrators, another plan which he describes must be adopted. But if this plan should fail, which we think highly probable, the dwindling process must apparently proceed until it reaches the vanishing point. Mr. HOLMS compares Lord CARDWELL's plan to the celebrated attempt to feed a horse on nothing a day. "The nation may reckon itself lucky if, after a full term of the reorganization scheme, anything of our army survives." Mr. HOLMS proposes a system of separate enlistment for Indian and Colonial service, which, even if in itself advisable, cannot supply the pressing want of an army for Europe. We say for Europe, because the question cannot be viewed simply as one of home defence. Circumstances might compel us to send a force to the Continent, and if we attempted to maintain for six months anything deserving to be called an army out of England, we should have no army left in England. If this is a just estimate of future possibilities, it is surely very alarming. It may indeed be said that we cannot be compelled to send troops abroad, and should abstain from doing so, allowing, if need be, treaties to be violated which we have pledged our honour to maintain. To those who argue thus we can only answer by referring to Lord PALMERSTON's warning as to the danger of habitual concessions. Mr. HOLMS is probably not anxious to provide facilities for foreign expeditions, but he appears sensible of the necessity of a real army for home defence, and if his own plan cannot produce such an army he is bound to insist that by some means it shall be produced. Mr. HOLMS regards the question of recruiting simply as a question of the employment of labour, and upon such a question he claims to speak from experience. He thinks that the workman, that is, the proposed recruit, requires a clear understanding of his bargain, and an opportunity of revising it within a reasonable time. The first requirement need not cause difficulty, for when we have settled what our plan is, we ought to be able to describe it in simple language. The second requirement would be met by Mr. HOLMS by enlisting the recruit for a short period and then passing him into the Reserve, which he proposes to make an efficient force. We shall perhaps do no great injustice by describing this as a plan for sacrificing the Army to the Reserve, and it appears to be possible that we might lose the former and not gain the latter. Mr. HOLMS does not tell us for how many years the soldier is to continue in the Reserve, but we presume that, whatever be the period, he is not to be permitted to "revise his bargain" while it lasts. The essence of this proposal seems to be contained in the words—"If our men were passed more rapidly through the ranks of the Line, and drafted into a Reserve force, we could well afford to stimulate recruiting by increasing the pay." It is impossible to judge of the proposal without knowing how many men Mr. HOLMS would consider necessary for this Reserve force; and that may depend upon his views of what our foreign policy ought to be. Substantially, however, he proposes a standing army for Indian and Colonial service, and a Militia for home defence. This is what his plan comes to, for his so-called Home army would be merely an instruction corps for the Militia.

It is to be hoped that other employers of labour, besides Mr. HOLMS, will turn their attention to this question. He at least perceives that, if some such plan as he proposes is not effectual, we must come to a conscription. One thing at any rate is certain, that we have the men in the country if we could only contrive to make soldiers of them. This, says Mr. HOLMS, is not a party question, and he thinks that the nation may expect a speedy and satisfactory solution of the difficulty from the present MINISTER of WAR. If Mr. HARDY is capable of feeling and dealing with this emergency, he will earn for himself the praise of being the most truly Conservative statesman of his time. The traditions of his party impose on him the duty of maintaining the national honour by imposing on us, if need be, the same burden which our fathers bore. If we had time to feel our danger, we should no doubt prepare for it as they did. But in our day the blow will come suddenly if it comes at all. Whether we choose to adopt the old name and system of the Militia, or some new plan, matters little so long as we resolve that we will at once lay the foundation of a numerous and well-disciplined defensive force. Surely every person who has travelled in Germany this summer must feel ashamed of any comparison between the thoroughness of its defensive organization and the unreality of our own. We may deceive our-

selves, but we cannot deceive our neighbours. The two most popular and patriotic statesmen of their time were the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord PALMERSTON; and if they were alive now, it is certain that they would combine in urging us to cherish no illusions, and prepare for all contingencies. It is chiefly due to them that our ports and arsenals are defensible, but a fortress is useless without soldiers. There can be no national life worth living without honour; and honour, as the world goes, can only be kept by readiness to fight for it. Until the millennium begins, *Nemo me impune lacessit* is the best principle a nation can adopt. This was the Palmerstonian principle, and we take it to be orthodox Conservatism.

THE BONAPARTISTS AND THE DUKE OF BROGLIE.

THE second ballot between M. BRASME and M. DELLISSE-ENGRAND was marked by one unexpected feature. That M. DELLISSE-ENGRAND would be elected no one had doubted. When three candidates have been reduced to two, the supporters of the candidate who has retired are not likely to abstain from voting. If they equally dislike both the remaining candidates, they may as well protest against both to the last, and not withdraw their man. The fact that they leave the field free for the other two is an indication that it is not quite a matter of indifference to them whether one succeeds or the other. Assuming that the Legitimists intended to vote either for M. BRASME or for M. DELLISSE-ENGRAND, there was not much question which would be the favoured candidate. Here and there a Legitimist leader may be found who hates the Empire even more than he hates the Republic, and thinks, truly enough, that there may be more of a career open to him under a Conservative President than under a Democratic Emperor. But the rank and file of the party are not much troubled about their careers. With them the Legitimist party is one of the three forms into which Conservatism in France is divided, and though they naturally like their own form best, they would rather see the Imperialists or the Orlanists successful than see the aggregate Conservatism of the department defeated by the Republicans. It was to be expected therefore that the votes given for M. DELLISSE-ENGRAND on Sunday last would be increased by an addition nearly equal to the votes given at the first ballot for M. JONGLEZ DE LIÈGE, and this was exactly what happened. In the first ballot M. DELLISSE-ENGRAND had 66,800 votes, in the second he had 84,460. What did not seem equally probable was that M. BRASME, though remaining second on the poll, would still have more votes in the second ballot than in the first. Yet this also happened. The votes given for him rose from 61,600 to 74,100, an increase of 12,500 votes. It seems to follow from this that there is a reserve of Republican strength in the department which, though it does not care enough for politics to vote for the Republican candidate in the first instance, can be brought out by the conviction that the contest really lies between the Republic and the Empire. The existence of such a reserve, even in a department in which Bonapartist feeling is especially strong, may prove a fact of great importance in future elections. That the Republic and the Empire are really the only parties in the field becomes clearer every day, and if there are many electors prepared to come forward at the last moment on the Republican side, it will prove a valuable counterpoise to the tendency of all the anti-Republican parties to unite when the pinch comes in support of the one which has the best chance of winning.

In all the three elections which are to be held to-morrow week, candidates of various shades of Bonapartism have come forward. In one case it was thought that a supporter of the Septennate pure and simple had at last been discovered, but his opponents have brought forward a letter, written by him in 1870, in which he congratulates NAPOLEON III. on having declared war against Prussia. After this it is difficult to resist the conclusion that M. FIEVET was no more an enemy of the Empire than others who lived and made money under its shadow. It is certainly an awkward fact to come out at election time, because if there is one part of NAPOLEON III.'s career which a politician wishing to be accounted capable would desire not to have singled out for congratulation, it is the war of 1870. Considering how soon the news of the French reverses began to arrive, M. FIEVET must put up with the reputation of being over-hasty. He should have kept his loyal

enthusiasm within bounds until he had at least one undoubted victory to serve as a pretext for letting it loose. It is unfortunate when he that putteth on his armour boasteth himself as he that taketh it off; but M. FIEVET went further, and boasted himself when he saw another man putting on his armour as if he had seen it safely off again. There is no reason to suppose, however, that this revelation of M. FIEVET's Bonapartism will at all injure him with the Government. The little quarrel with the Duke of PADUA has not modified the general policy of Marshal MACMAHON's advisers. In fact, as has been very well shown by Mr. BEESLY in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, the real adviser of the MARSHAL has all along been the Duke of BROGLIE. The DUKE has not been inconsistent in playing first with the Legitimists and then with the Bonapartists. He has simply regarded both as instruments by which he may ensure the triumph of Orleanism, and when one has failed he has naturally had recourse to the other. In the first instance his object was to put the Count of CHAMBORD on the throne, in the hope of establishing an entire control over him based on a feeling of gratitude towards the authors of the Fusion. When it became known that the Count of CHAMBORD did not care to be restored on these terms, the DUKE gave him up, but he still tried to use the Legitimist party. Last May made it clear that this was an impossible policy, since the Legitimists were not willing, or, even if willing, would not be allowed, to befriend a Minister who was not prepared to go in, at least in words, for a Restoration at all hazards. There only remained the Bonapartists, and since the Duke of BROGLIE has been nominally out of office, the aim of the Government has been to find a *modus vivendi* for the partisans of the Septennate and those of the Empire. It is only fair to the Duke of BROGLIE to say that, to all appearance, he is not himself a believer in the restoration of the Empire at the close of Marshal MACMAHON's reign. Whether, if he did believe in it, he would be willing to alter his policy is another question, and it may be suspected that the detestation of the Republic which has already led him into such strange alliances would at first make him acquiesce in the rule of NAPOLEON IV. But at present he is probably convinced that he can use the Bonapartists for his own purposes, and then get rid of them. It is of great importance to the Orleanist party to keep the form of government undetermined until the prospects of the Count of PARIS become more assured, and, alike as Conservatives and as Orleanists, they are very anxious to get the present suffrage restricted in some effective way. The Bonapartists will work with them to secure the former end, because their candidate is as little prepared to take the field as the Count of PARIS. The one is not even a Pretender, but only a Pretender's heir; the other is an uncommonly young Pretender. By 1880 the latter defect will certainly have been remedied, and the former may have been; and the two factions can then pursue a common policy from different motives. Each has something to gain by waiting, and each thinks that it will gain more by waiting than the other.

It is not so clear how the Duke of BROGLIE proposes to obtain that restriction of the suffrage which he perhaps regards as the most important work of the Septennate. Upon this point the Bonapartists can scarcely give him any support. As a matter of principle, indeed, there is no particular reason why the advocates of unrestricted universal suffrage, as applied to plébiscites, should equally advocate it as applied to elections. When the sovereign people has expressed its will by a direct vote, its Parliamentary action becomes unimportant. But universal suffrage has been too serviceable a weapon in the hands of the Bonapartists to make it wise for them even to seem to disparage it. So long as the Duke of BROGLIE retains his influence over Marshal MACMAHON it is highly unlikely that the Assembly will be asked to dissolve itself without substituting the *arrondissement* for the department as the electoral unit. It may be that the Bonapartists would gain by this change equally with the Orleanists, and that in their hearts they would be very well inclined to support it. But the Bill will certainly be denounced as an attack upon universal suffrage, and after it has once been characterized in this way, it will be difficult for a Bonapartist deputy not to vote against it. Even apart from any effect which this redistribution of the voters might have upon the electors, the Bonapartists would no doubt be glad to see their adversaries repeat an old blunder, and give NAPOLEON IV. the opportunity of coming forward as the restorer to every

Frenchman of the sacred right of voting. But to help their adversaries to make this blunder for the purpose of profiting by it hereafter would be rather too barefaced a display of political immorality, and we may therefore look to see the Bonapartist deputies voting against the Government if an Electoral Reform Bill is brought forward. According to the latest rumours a Message from Marshal MACMAHON is to be read at the opening of the Session, the purport of which will be to insist on the necessity of passing the Constitutional Laws as soon as possible; and this Message will be immediately followed by the introduction of a Government Bill for organizing the Septennate. It is possible that this may be simply an expedient for putting off the discussion of any project for the organization of the Republic which may be brought forward by the Opposition. But it may also imply that the Duke of BROGLIE thinks that there is no time to be lost in making a final effort to get the suffrage altered. Every future election is likely, if it does not return a Republican, to return an Imperialist, and if both are likely to oppose any Electoral Reform Bill which the Government may introduce, it is essential to get the discussion taken while there is still a possibility of finding a chance Conservative majority strong enough to bear down the combined forces of the Bonapartists and the Republicans.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

THE jubilee of the Alnwick Mechanics' Institute has been celebrated this week; and this, it may be presumed, indicates that the institution has lasted during some period of time which it pleases those interested in its success to think of. The occasion has been marked by the opening of a Fine Arts Exhibition, by the attendance of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and Earl GREY at a public meeting, and by the announcement that the experiment of establishing a Society subsidiary to that of the Institute is about to be tried. This Society is apparently some sort of club where people who are as yet scarcely up to the level of the Institute may pass through the stages of cleanliness, decency, and an intelligent interest in things around them till they can begin to mount the great hill of knowledge in the precincts of the Institute itself. This jubilee, these gatherings of pictures and local curiosities, as occasion may offer, this notion of having a sort of humble Outer Court where the poor proselytes of the Gate of Learning may assemble, all appear to be excellent variations in, or additions to, the ordinary existence of a Mechanics' Institute. Both the great men who came to grace the jubilee spoke, as might have been expected, most favourably of Mechanics' Institutes generally, and of that of Alnwick in particular; and Lord GREY, who has been for many years a competent observer, was able to use language equally strong and just in describing the ignorance which prevailed when he was young, the progress which has been made, and the extent to which some sort of knowledge has been diffused. To this diffusion of knowledge Mechanics' Institutes have no doubt powerfully contributed, and the benevolent hopes of their founders have not been altogether disappointed. But time has made apparent one very important fact. These Institutes are the delight and resort of exceptional persons. They give a start and encouragement to the few, rather than attract, raise, or influence the multitude. A man to care about such a Society must already be clever, thrifty, and sober; he must have learnt to respect himself; he has become one of the elect of a local community. These Institutes are not sufficiently popular, entertaining, and simple to attract people who are only a little clever and a little good. It has been discovered that we must aim high or we shall not give scope to exceptional people; but we must also have other aims not so high, or we shall not give scope to any but exceptional people. A natural desire to get dividends forced this discovery on the Directors of the Crystal Palace, who began with imitating the Court of the Alhambra and the interior of Pompeii, and got down to afternoon pantomimes and BLONDIN. At Alnwick the Mechanics' Institute has gone on being very good for a long time, and has cultivated science and diffused knowledge, until at last it feels that it really is entitled to what is in grand language called a jubilee, and in popular language a little outing. It also finds that there must be something set up half way between it and those unenlightened people who decline altogether to have knowledge diffused among them. This is

not to be taken as a sign that the Mechanics' Institute is a failure, but rather as a sign that it is learning how to grow more useful. We trust that at its feet and under its shadow a club may grow up where people will not be expected to be too wise or too good, where the real tastes of members may be consulted, and where, if no very great amount of knowledge is acquired, at least a sympathy with knowledge is created and fostered.

Mechanics' Institutes were the creation of benevolence seeking to diffuse knowledge; and during the time that has elapsed since their first formation, benevolence has made as much progress as knowledge. That persons with leisure, means, and education should not live without doing something for others has now become so received a maxim of English life, that a very large proportion of these persons feel uncomfortable unless they adopt and carry out this maxim in one shape or another. It seems nothing more than natural nowadays that the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and Lord GREY should preside at a jubilee, lend their pictures, and express their interest in the avocations of their humble neighbours. The most eminent men in literature and science are always ready without fuss or affectation to address audiences who can neither pay nor understand them. Professor HUXLEY and Professor TYNDALL are the apostles of science to the many as well as to the few, and we may be sure that Mr. GLADSTONE would be as willing to lecture on HOMER in a Welsh cottage as to attend a debate on Home Rule. Such men, however, are, as it were, the Mechanics' Institute of benevolence. They are altogether exceptional. To the inhabitants of Alnwick there is but one Duke; there are not perhaps in all England more than three or four persons who thoroughly understand the scheme of creation; and the people not only has but one WILLIAM, but apparently does not wish for more. Around this central eminence of benevolence there has grown up a benevolent population, daily increasing, but with aims somewhat vague, and not as yet fortified with anything like the Alnwick jubilee, or organized into anything like the Alnwick club. The number of people in London also who long to do good in some public sort of way is simply astonishing. The metropolis becomes every year more and more the centre of excellent persons who have money, unbroken leisure, no special duties or cares, and well-principled wives anxious that their husbands should do themselves justice, and not be always hanging about the house. To be permitted to share in the government of any charitable institution or the advocacy of any cause, to go to meetings on any subject, and—if so fair a vision may be ever realized—one day to speak at one of them, is the wholesome and honourable aim of their lives. But it must be owned that they need something like the Alnwick club to be set up for their benefit. They want to be made a little more sensitive to the proportionate value of things, a little more attentive to facts and figures, a little more apprehensive of the fact that the mere grinding of benevolent machinery does not do much good. At present almost the only thing that in their case answers to the salutary restraint which the Alnwick club will no doubt impose on its members is the criticism to which they are exposed. If benevolent people hate anything, it is criticism; and so probably at Alnwick there will be at first a little feeling of bitterness and indignation towards the stern guardians of the rules who prevent more than the club allowance of beer—if there is to be beer—being drawn, or the new chairs being soiled by dirty feet. After a time the clubmen of Alnwick will own that they have been restrained for their own good; and after a time—we fear a rather long time—benevolent people, or their grandchildren, will own that the critics were of some use in their day.

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, who made a very sensible and simple speech to his Alnwick friends, touched on a subject of considerable importance to those who wish to raise and help their countrymen. He observed that the knowledge which Mechanics' Institutes help to diffuse must be traditional. The most zealous attendants at these Institutes learn only the thoughts of other people. The same may be said of the vast majority of benevolent persons who belong to what are called the educated classes, and who want to do all the good they can. The amount of good they can do must depend in a great degree on the kind of education they have received, and on the knowledge and habits of mind they bring to the fulfilment of the task they set themselves. From this point of view the remarks on education which fell from Sir

JOHN LUBBOCK at Birmingham deserve careful attention. Do these well-to-do benevolent people receive the best education for their purpose which they could receive? Has all that could be done to train them well been done for them at the schools and colleges where they have been brought up regardless of expense? As Sir JOHN LUBBOCK concedes that the moral, social, and physical training they receive at those institutions is on the whole satisfactory, nothing need be said on these important heads. No general reform of English school and University life is needed. It is only of the intellectual training given at these institutions that it is necessary to speak. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK dilated with great force on the bad effects of the subordination of literary to philological interest in the study of the classics, on the exclusiveness of the study of the classics, on the absence of any grounding in physical science, and on the slightness of the importance attached to the language and literature of living nations. If the subject were to be discussed in its general bearings, very much might be said in justification of the present system. If we look at the best scholars, it may be urged that their literary taste and culture are placed on the surest foundation by their having been made to go first through the dry technicalities of philology. If we look at the stupid boys, it may be urged that they are at least saved from seeking to veil their stupidity by the acquisition of an ignorant smattering of many things. But if we look at the grown-up men who leave school and college and apply themselves to the task of bettering the condition of their countrymen, it is difficult to escape the conviction that more might have been made of them while they were young. They have scarcely any knowledge to diffuse, and such knowledge as they have is not the sort that is wanted. They have to address artisans without any knowledge of mechanics, to reason with them on strikes without any knowledge of political economy, to hear of what good is being done on the Continent without being able to understand the publications in which it is described, and to speak in public without ever having realized that classical orators were eloquent and that classical poets were poetical. They have to approach the difficult work of improving the health of the community without any acquaintance with the structure of inanimate nature or of the human body. No school or college could indeed do very much to help them. They must be content to learn as they go on, and to be made wise by experience. But school and college might do more for them than is done at present; and as their very desire to do good in their generation is itself in a large measure the product of the active life and wholesome moral and religious teaching of the places where they have been educated, it may be regretted that more care is not taken beforehand to ensure that they shall be qualified for the work on which they are to enter.

THE ANNEXATION OF FIJI.

IT was apparent from Lord CARNARVON's language during last Session, notwithstanding Mr. DISRAELI's subsequent disclaimer, that the Government had determined to accept the cession of the Fiji Islands. It was prudent before a final decision was announced to employ a confidential agent to make inquiry on the spot; but in conferring on Sir HERCULES ROBINSON full power to conclude the arrangement, Lord CARNARVON had virtually approved the policy of annexation. It was highly improbable that the QUEEN'S Commissioner would discover insuperable objections which had not previously occurred to the Government, and, in selecting the Governor of New South Wales to form a final decision, Lord CARNARVON indicated his opinion that the judgment and wishes of the Australian colonists were entitled to consideration. It may be taken for granted that Sir HERCULES ROBINSON has made some reasonable settlement of matters of detail, including the assumption of liability for debts honestly incurred, and the provision of competent allowances for the KING and the chiefs, who will perhaps henceforth be made useful in subordinate capacities. The English adventurers who worked the puppet machinery of native royalty may also be excused if they have made some provident bargain for themselves. Some of them may perhaps be trusted to employ under strict supervision their local knowledge for the public benefit. If there are still indigenuous Pretenders who have

not consented to the suppression of their nominal independence, it may perhaps be found necessary to pay some additional compensation. A vigorous and experienced administrator will have disposed of minor difficulties without waiting for minute instructions from home. The whole transaction can scarcely cost as much as an ironclad man-of-war; and after a short time the insular Government ought to be self-supporting. It is stated that, as might be expected, the land tenure of a country divided between uncivilized tribes and lawless European or Australian settlers is in a confused and uncertain condition. The suggested remedy is the establishment of official control over all transfers of land; and probably the local Government will both possess a domain of its own and be able to levy moderate taxes on private estates. It will be desirable to avoid as far as possible the imposition of duties on commodities. In a settlement governed directly by the Colonial Office, the maintenance of perfect free trade will furnish an instructive contrast to the narrower Protectionist doctrines of the democratic Australian colonies.

It cannot be said that English opinion, as it is expressed by political writers, is in the present day unduly favourable to territorial extension. The theorists who would willingly surrender all colonial possessions, though they form a small minority among politicians, have nevertheless produced an impression that the dominions of England are rather too large than too small. Although no strong disapprobation has been caused by Lord CARNARVON's policy, nearly every commentator has taken the opportunity to disparage the value of the new acquisition. Traders to the South Pacific and Australian colonists entertain a different feeling. By an opportune coincidence the Government of New Zealand has, almost at the exact date of the acceptance of the cession of Fiji, publicly expressed its hope that at some future time the colony may become the centre of a great Polynesian dominion. English philanthropists will be shocked at the suggestion that a commercial Company should be formed in New Zealand for the avowed purpose of acquiring political influence in the South Pacific regions. Although the Fiji Islands are separated from the nearest point of the Southern Continent by hundreds of miles of sea, they look on the map like neighbouring countries; and it would have been thought an intolerable grievance that they should be occupied by any foreign Power. Geographical illusions are difficult to dispel. In spite of the unknown expanse of wilderness which separates West Australia from the Eastern and Southern colonies, New South Wales and Victoria would probably have broken off their allegiance to England if the Home Government had, in compliance with the wishes of the West Australians themselves, continued to transport convicts to those remote regions. Queensland is more closely connected by commercial intercourse with the Fiji Islands than Melbourne or Sydney with the ports of Western Australia. Irregularities and outrages were from time to time perpetrated in the islands by Australian mariners, and the consequent inquiries were instituted before Australian Courts. It was in many ways expedient that the two countries should be brought under the same authority; and the colonies have no facilities for organizing a sub-colonial system of dependencies. The acquisition of the sovereignty of the islands, even if it should prove to be in some degree burdensome, naturally devolved on the Imperial Government. The missionaries have, greatly to their honour, prepared the way for civilization, and with proper encouragement they will probably soon reclaim the wild remnant of the population in the mountains.

Although Lord CARNARVON deserves credit for his resolute adoption of responsibility, the abandonment of more timid counsels was the result of time and observation. Only five or six years have passed since Lord GRANVILLE, who was more than any other Colonial Minister opposed to the principle of colonial empire, pre-emptorily rejected the proposed cession of the islands, and even announced a doctrine to which few Englishmen would assent. In answer to a suggestion that, in default of English annexation, the islands would probably be offered to the Government of the United States, Lord GRANVILLE declared, in a despatch which was afterwards published, that his Government would prefer an American annexation of Fiji to the cost and trouble of undertaking the task themselves. It is fortunate that the disposition of the actual President to extend the dominions of the Federation has not been shared by the Senate or by the

bulk of the dominant party. The transfer of the Fiji Islands to the United States would have involved the exclusion of English commerce by a restrictive tariff, as well as frequent risk of collisions which might have led to international difficulties. Forty years ago the timidity or indifference of the English Government nearly resulted in the conversion of New Zealand into a French settlement. It appeared from a recent speech of Mr. GLADSTONE's on the proposed annexation of Fiji, that he still regrets the establishment of a great English community in New Zealand, because it cost in former times a considerable sum of money and a certain number of lives. The asceticism which can annihilate the human defects of patriotic self-complacency and ambition is at least as rare as it is admirable. One of the strongest reasons for believing that the annexation of Fiji is not inexpedient may be found in the disposition of Mr. GLADSTONE's latest colleague at the Colonial Office to anticipate the policy of Lord CARNARVON. The convenience of an additional naval station between Australia and the Pacific coasts of America might well appear to Lord KIMBERLEY an equivalent for the limited expense and trifling risk of acquiring a new colony.

The motives which induced the English Government in the last century to acquire the greatest possible number of colonial possessions no longer exist in equal force. No colony is now compelled to confine its market to English goods, nor are tropical and sub-tropical regions cultivated as profitably as in the days of negro slavery. It is nevertheless found by experience that English products are preferred in the colonies through the mere operation of fashion and of habit. It would no longer be thought worth while in a war with any European Power to conquer the colonial possessions of France, Spain, or Holland; but wherever English adventurers have established an irregular authority over uncivilized tribes, there is a strong presumption in favour of formal annexation. The advisers and Ministers who provided Fiji with a constitutional King, a Parliament, and a Cabinet, were good judges of the capabilities of the country into which they introduced crude copies of their own national institutions. There is evidently money to be made, where it was found possible to create in a few months a considerable national debt. The rights of the natives were perhaps not always scrupulously regarded by their English rulers; but under a regular Government ample securities will be provided for the administration of equal justice. It is due to the memory of the Duke of NEWCASTLE to state that twelve or fourteen years ago, in spite of the unfavourable report of a Commissioner appointed by himself, he urged on Lord PALMERSTON's Government the annexation of the Fiji Islands. He was defeated by the indifference of his colleagues and by the passionate opposition of Mr. GLADSTONE, who has always been consistent in his dislike to an Imperial policy. As far as the acquisition has been made without the efforts and against the will of statesmen, it must be attributed to natural causes, which are less fallible than human judgment. It would be unreasonable to expect that Fiji with its relaxing climate will, like New Zealand, hereafter expand into a great and flourishing community of English blood and language; but the native population will have a better chance of civilization under an English Government, and the resources of the country will be made useful and developed.

MR. BRIGHT'S LITTLE LETTERS.

MR. BRIGHT, although he has withdrawn, at any rate for the time, from active public life, has apparently by no means ceased to be a handy oracle at the service of his devotees. He has retired from the platform to the closet, but from the closet he keeps up a brisk epistolatory fire upon the outer world, and discharges his dogmas in letters instead of in speeches. The number and variety of the subjects on which he is consulted, and the business-like regularity with which he appears to reply to all inquiries, remind one forcibly of that wonderful column of answers to correspondents with which the editors of certain popular journals endeavour to satisfy the boundless curiosity or to correct the equally inexhaustible ignorance of their readers. It would seem as if anybody who was troubled with a doubt or difficulty on any question had only to write to Mr. BRIGHT in order to receive by return of post an infallible

response. It is impossible to say what may be the extent of this remarkable correspondence, for we know it only by the casual selections which are published from time to time, but it may be supposed that it ranges over almost all subjects of human interest. It is conceivable that Mr. BRIGHT's good-natured readiness to answer letters may already have brought down on him many urgent inquiries as to the best kind of hair-dye or the most economical sort of soap for a family washing; but his revelations on these subjects, if he has made any, have at least not been imparted to the world. There are, however, one or two matters as to which Mr. BRIGHT's correspondents have been good enough to let us know his views, and we cannot say that we are favourably impressed either by the wisdom or the temper which are thus displayed. It is possible that a man of Mr. BRIGHT's standing and political influence might, by taking the trouble to clear up the difficulties of distracted correspondents, and to give them distinct ideas as to the true bearings of the controversies by which they are perplexed, render an important service. But Mr. BRIGHT unfortunately, in his haste to write, appears to have himself neglected to give thorough consideration to some of the questions on which he passes an offhand judgment in the most dogmatic terms.

It is not very long since Mr. BRIGHT, when in office, startled most persons by his enunciation of the theory that the adulteration of goods is only a form of competition; and he has now asserted the right of unlimited freedom in the propagation of disease. A letter from Mr. BRIGHT was read at a Conference of Anti-Vaccinators, as they call themselves, which was held the other day at Birmingham. The object of the Conference was to get up an organized agitation against vaccination, and Professor NEWMAN, who was in the chair, read a paper advocating defiance of the law as a patriotic duty. Mr. BRIGHT's letter was to the effect that he would not express any opinion on the main question—that is, the medical value of vaccination—except to say that the facts which had come before him seemed to be against the anti-vaccinators, but that he doubted the wisdom of compulsion, and had always felt that “the law which inflicts ‘penalty after penalty on a parent who is unwilling to ‘have his child vaccinated is monstrous, and ought to be ‘repealed.’” It is not surprising that the latter part of this letter should have been applauded by the meeting, which was thus encouraged in what the Chairman had called the patriotic duty of resistance to the law. Whether vaccination in itself is a good thing or a bad thing is a question on which there is undoubtedly some difference of opinion, just as there is on the question whether the earth is round or flat. The balance of scientific authority is overwhelmingly one way, but of course if any one is not convinced of the beneficial effects of vaccination, it is very natural that he should object to its compulsory enforcement. But Mr. BRIGHT does not pretend to have any doubts on the point. He is obliged to admit that, as far as his own observation and experience go, vaccination is a good thing; and this must necessarily be the conclusion of any impartial person who looks into the matter. On the one side there are some cases, many of them doubtful, in which it is said that vaccination has been attended with injurious consequences; and on the other side there is the matured judgment of medical science that vaccination is an important preventive of an attack of small-pox, and an almost absolute security against death by small-pox, and that the risks of the operation are extremely slight. Mr. BRIGHT does not attempt to dispute this judgment; yet he argues that compulsion in such a case is “monstrous”; that is to say, it is monstrous that society should endeavour to protect itself against the ravages of an extremely infectious disease of the most loathsome and dangerous kind by insisting upon everyone being subjected to a process which has been shown by abundant experience to be at the least a very valuable check on the spread of the malady. It would seem to be more reasonable to apply the word “monstrous” to the reckless infection of the community through the perversity or fanaticism of a small minority. It is obvious that, unless vaccination is uniformly enforced, there will be always a certain number of persons who on various grounds will refuse to have their children vaccinated, and will thus establish a reserve of contagion for general distribution. It is also clear that, if vaccination is to be enforced only by the infliction of a single fine, this will be only another way of granting exemption on the

payment of a fee; and it is difficult to understand why a community of sane people should be expected to allow any one to purchase the privilege of tainting it with a horrible disease. It is surely one of the first duties of the State to protect the health of the people at large. The simplest and most natural way of carrying out this protection would of course be not to punish a parent for refusing to have a child vaccinated, but to take care that the child is actually vaccinated, whether the parent likes it or not. When this was proposed before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, a protest was raised against the intervention of a policeman between a mother and her baby; but the intervention of a constable is not unusual when a child is being ill-used. Compulsory vaccination is required both for the sake of the child and of the community; and if the child is not to be vaccinated by force, there is no alternative but to impose “penalty after ‘penalty’” on the parent until he complies with the law. This is the usual way in which laws are enforced. It is to be feared that Mr. BRIGHT's rash and wanton vindication of free-trade in small-pox will tend to encourage the perverse propagation of that terrible distemper.

Another matter on which Mr. BRIGHT has lately been expressing his views is that relating to the closing of public-houses in Ireland on Sunday. At first sight the question seems a very simple one, and it is probable that Mr. BRIGHT did not pause to consider the logical consequences of the principle which he has somewhat rashly laid down. There can be no doubt that on this, as on all other Irish questions, the opinion of Irish members ought, as he said, to have a special weight. The hours during which public-houses shall remain open is to a great extent a matter of local convenience, and the opinion which is formed by those who possess a knowledge of local circumstances and requirements is very likely to be right. It is one thing, however, to give special weight to local opinion, and a very different thing to accept local opinion as necessarily decisive and beyond appeal. Yet this is the length to which Mr. BRIGHT seems to be prepared to go. He assumes as a fact that the great majority of Irish members are in favour of Mr. SMYTH's Bill. This is not the case, for, as it happens, the Irish members are divided on the question and the majority of them did not vote at all. But even if it were true that the great majority of Irish members were at one on this or any other subject, it does not follow that English and Scotch members should on that account be bound to stand aside and to allow the Irishmen to settle the matter entirely in their own way. The object of having an Imperial Parliament is of course that the different parts of the kingdom may be governed on uniform principles; and though the views of local representatives must always be an important element in deciding any question, it would be an obvious stultification of the essential principle of a central Legislature to allow these views to be, as a matter of course, predominant. What the Irish members have to do is to convince the English and Scotch members that what they propose is just and expedient in itself; and unless the House of Commons is really satisfied on this point, it is bound to resist local pressure. It would simply be abdication of its functions if it attempted to transfer the general responsibility of the whole body to a section of its members. It is perhaps too often forgotten that there is not only a majority but a minority in Ireland, and that, while reasonable efforts ought to be made to satisfy the former, the latter is also entitled to protection. It is perhaps a small matter whether public-houses in Ireland are or are not to be closed on Sunday; but much more serious issues are involved in the rule which Mr. BRIGHT is anxious to help the Irish members to establish. It is evident that it concedes not merely the principle of the Permissive Bill, which Englishmen, as they object to it in their own country, may fairly oppose when it is proposed to be applied to Ireland, but also the more dangerous principle of Home Rule, or the right of a majority of Irishmen to govern Ireland according to their own pleasure without reference to the opinions of the inhabitants of the rest of the kingdom. If this were once admitted, whether the Irish delegates sat in Dublin or London would be only a detail. It is the duty of the British Parliament to manage Irish affairs, not in such a way as merely to please a majority of Irishmen, but in the way which it has satisfied itself is best both for the people of Ireland and for the general interests of the Empire. Some day perhaps there will be a complete collection of Mr. BRIGHT's little letters, and it will then be seen how far the samples which have lately been published represent

the general character of the correspondence. In the meantime it is impossible not to deplore the mischief which may be done by an influential politician who circulates crude and hasty opinions on subjects which he has evidently not taken the trouble to think out seriously.

SANITARY POLICY.

THE town of Darwen seems determined to constitute itself a typical instance of sanitary degradation. Every variety of danger to which the public health can be exposed is there left to flourish without let or hindrance. The Medical Officer sent down by the Local Government Board to ascertain the cause of an epidemic of typhoid fever from which the town is now suffering declares that in all his experience he has never seen so bad a case. There are streets and alleys, with houses on each side of them, and the central space a series of only partially covered cess-pools. In the backyards of many houses there are cess-pools unprovided with even a partial covering. At other points "you may walk for sixty yards and find nothing but ashpit, cesspool, ashpit, cesspool, the whole way." Where the soil is in this condition, the water supply is not likely to be pure, and Dr. STEPHENS reports that, as a matter of fact, it is largely contaminated with sewage. The sanitary authorities have taken no measures to abate these nuisances, and in Monday's *Times* there is a letter from the Vicar of Over-Darwen calling for some new and stringent legislation which shall put an end to the freedom at present enjoyed by the local authorities all over the kingdom to leave their duties undone.

Mr. MOORE's indignation is exceedingly natural and well grounded. Before, however, he asks for new laws in this direction, it would be well for him to consider whether more might not have been done under the existing laws to get Darwen put into a healthy state. "Who hopes," he asks, "to find anywhere in England a department of 'Government which has power to compel as well as to recommend?'" It is an unfortunate question, because there already exists a department armed with very extensive powers of the kind which Mr. Moore desires to see created. Whenever complaint is made to the Local Government Board that a sanitary authority has not provided its district with sufficient sewers, or has not prevented existing sewers from becoming a nuisance, or has not provided the inhabitants with a sufficient supply of wholesome water, or has not done a variety of other duties laid on it by the Statutes relating to Public Health, the Local Government Board must order such sanitary authority to execute the necessary works within a prescribed time, and if they are not executed by that time the Local Government Board must appoint some other person to execute them, and charge the expenses to the defaulting authority. If these powers had been exercised in the case of Darwen all the evils disclosed by Dr. STEPHENS's Report might long since have been remedied. Mr. MOORE will perhaps ask what is the use of investing the Local Government Board with such powers if they are to remain unexercised. This is a very pertinent inquiry if it should appear that Mr. MOORE and those of the inhabitants of Darwen who think with him have done their part in the business. Mr. MOORE says, "A Commissioner was sent down twelve years ago, and he reported, and the state of things described then 'remains unaltered yet.' The local Medical Officer of Health also reported to the same effect last spring, and 'warned the Local Board that, if they did not take decisive measures to prevent it, they might expect a serious outbreak of sickness in the autumn.'" Have Mr. MOORE and the decent inhabitants of Darwen done what they could towards making the town what they wish to see it? When the Public Health Act was passed did they call upon the sanitary authority to do its duty by the town? When it became clear that the sanitary authority was not going to do its duty, did they use their influence with the ratepayers to get a more active Local Board elected? If there has been no opportunity for taking this course, or if it has been taken and has failed, have they made any formal complaint to the central authority? For example, when the Local Medical Officer of Health made his Report last spring, was it sent to the Local Government Board with a request from certain of the townspeople that the sanitary authority might be ordered to remedy the evils described in that Report, or, in the event of its failing to do so, that

the Local Government Board would assign the duty to some one else?

It may be that Mr. MOORE has done all this, and that the Local Government Board has still refused to act. But there is no trace of anything of the kind in his letter, and his desire for new legislation on the subject seems to show that he has not made himself acquainted with what legislation has already done for him. In the present state of public feeling on sanitary subjects the utmost that the Local Government Board can be expected to do is to take the part of an intelligent minority against an ignorant and parsimonious majority. But, in order that it may do this, there must be due diligence on the part of the intelligent minority. They must show that they are anxious to help themselves, or at the least that they are willing to take the trouble of asking the Local Government Board to help them. It must never be forgotten in dealing with these matters that the success of sanitary administration will in the long run be strictly proportionate to the interest taken in it by the persons directly concerned. Whenever the majority of the inhabitants wish the district they live in to be clean and wholesome, there is no need for the central authority to interfere. If there be any district in which all the inhabitants prefer to be dirty and diseased, it is hard to see how the central authority can interfere to any purpose. Where, however, there is a well-disposed minority it is undoubtedly the duty of the central authority to support it against the majority which is not well disposed. Only it must rest with the minority itself to make its existence known to the central authority; and before condemning the Local Government Board for what, *prima facie*, is its culpable inaction in the case of Darwen, it is necessary to know whether its aid has ever been invoked by those who complain that it has been withheld.

There is some danger that the progress of sanitary reform in England may be hindered by the refusal of some of its friends to recognize the conditions under which alone it can, as a matter of fact, be effected. As some remarks that we made upon this subject three weeks ago have been criticized in various quarters, it may be well to restate shortly the substance of what was then said. The principle upon which the sanitary work of the Local Government Board is at present carried on is this:—The communications of the Board with the local authorities upon sanitary as upon Poor-law matters are conducted by a body of Inspectors. The Inspectors are chosen for their general intelligence and capacity, and a professional medical training is not an indispensable qualification. Some of them may be lawyers or engineers, as others are, we believe, medical men. The questions with which they have to deal are not exclusively medical, and it is thought desirable to take the best men that can be got out of a wide choice. A staff of Medical Officers is attached to the Board, to which these Inspectors can refer upon all questions where the opinion of an expert is required. A staff of Civil Engineers is also attached to the Board, and to this the Inspectors can equally refer when questions involving special engineering knowledge present themselves for decision. This is the system at present in force, and, whatever defects may be discoverable in the administration, we regard it as a sound system. Our critics would like to substitute for this a system under which the Medical Officer of Health to the Local Government Board would be in direct communication with all the Medical Officers of Health in the country, and through them would exercise, by means of Medical Inspectors subordinate to himself, a "concentrated superintendence of all public sanitary arrangements." We are not concerned to prove that the existing system is better than the system which these gentlemen wish to put in its place. It is enough to say that the concentrated and centralized superintendence here spoken of would not be in existence for twelve months without producing a reaction against sanitary reform which might operate for half a generation. If Mr. SIMON had been put into the position of Permanent Minister of Health when the Act of 1872 was passed, the overthrow of the Liberal party would probably have turned upon this as much as upon beer or Education, and the right of every Englishman to sit upon his own dunghill might have played that part in Conservative oratory which was assigned to the flowing barrel and the open Bible. Those who think that Medical Inspectors would be welcome everywhere may be thankful that there is no chance of their expectation being put to the test. That the

medical staff has been welcome, and deservedly so, under the existing system is nothing to the purpose. At present they go wherever their special scientific experience is needed and sought for. It does not follow that they would be equally welcome under a system which would make them the ordinary superintendents of sanitary matters throughout the country. We have been further taken to task for describing the prevention of disease as little more than a matter of common sense. To us, however, it seems self-evident that it is only in so far as the prevention of disease is a matter of what may be called common sense that it can, to any practical purpose, be made incumbent upon Town Councils, Local Boards, and Guardians of the Poor. To say this is not to deny the existence of a most important field of scientific investigation in relation to the prevention of disease. But until the results of scientific investigation have become, so to speak, the common property of the educated public, it will not, in point of fact, be found possible to give them universal application. If the Local Government Board were to declare a sanitary authority in default for not carrying out a conclusion only known perhaps to half a dozen of the highest medical authorities of the day, it would run a serious risk of having its powers in this respect curtailed by the action of Parliament.

FLIES IN OINTMENT.

THE charm of exquisite poetry depends, as every one knows, upon subtle harmonies of language which can be recognized, though they can hardly be analysed by the finest critical sense. It might trouble the acutest observer to explain why one special combination of words goes home to our feelings, when another, expressive of the same thought, appears to be the merest commonplace. Who can tell, for example, what is the special felicity which makes Herrick's little song "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" unflinchingly delightful, whilst hundreds of other poets have made precisely the same remarks about flowers and the shortness of life, and have yet sunk at once into utter oblivion? To say something that has been said thousands of times before, and yet to make the saying impressive, is a triumph of art the secret of which is simply inexplicable and incommunicable. A curious example of the same power exerted in a different direction is to be found in Cowper's verses on the Royal George. We saw them quoted not long ago with the judicious remark that people had generally taken them for poetry because they were written by Cowper, as if Cowper had not written other verses which are as extinct as last year's prize poem. The ingenious critic, however, had observed that there was nothing on the surface of the poetry except a newspaper paragraph done into rhyme. There is hardly a single reflection; we are told in the plainest possible manner that the ship went down because a land breeze caught the shrouds whilst she was laid upon her side; and that Admiral Kempenfelt was drowned with eight hundred, or, as it is elsewhere stated, "twice four hundred," men. Where does the poetry come in? To this question we cannot give a distinct answer; but anybody who can rhyme may discover by a very simple experiment that it does come in somewhere. Let him put into the simplest possible verses any newspaper paragraph that strikes his fancy—the loss of the *Birkenhead*, for example, in itself a far more poetic incident—and see whether his lines will instantly seize the memory of all who read them. In other poems of Cowper's, in the verses on Mrs. Unwin or on his mother, we can easily account for part of the impression by the depth of the pathos, though the question still remains how the pathos is conveyed so powerfully. But the singular felicity by which, without any apparent assistance, and with even some distinctly prosaic lines, the unadorned narrative becomes so unforgettable, is in some sense a still more striking proof of Cowper's wonderful power.

If the harmony on which the effect of a poem depends is so subtle as to escape all powers of analysis, the inverse phenomenon is luckily not quite so conspicuous. A single discord, that is, does not destroy our pleasure as the harmony creates it. After a little familiarity we become comparatively insensible to its existence, and even think it rather profane when anybody insists upon pointing it out. And yet there it is; in many almost perfect poems there is a little slip somewhere, a fault of expression, a defect in the grammar, or, possibly, a want of logic, which slightly irritates us, and makes us wish that we could recall the poet from the dead in order to insert an amendment. To dwell upon such faults may be invidious; and yet it is perhaps worth while to notice the fact as illustrative of the advantages of thorough finish which most of our young poets are too slovenly to care about. When we know some fine passage by heart, we shrink instinctively from the coming jar, as we draw back when we see that a carriage is about to jolt over a stone on an otherwise smooth road. The frequency of such little annoyances varies greatly in different poets, and they are sometimes much more abundant in the first-rate than in very moderate performers. In Shakespeare, of course, one might point out any number of them; but Shakespeare has the advantage that we may attribute what we please to corruptions of his text; and, moreover,

in a style so weighted with thought and so full of abrupt transitions, it is scarcely possible to notice any trifling discord. It is swallowed up in the general harmony and drowned in the impetuous torrent of thoughts. Amongst modern poets, Shelley is probably more fertile in such imperfections than any other—a fact which is no doubt owing in great part to the excessively careless printing of his poems; and partly to his being carried away in what he calls the "swift stream of song" until he forgets the humble ties of grammar and logic. Amongst living poets, Mr. Tennyson's singular refinement almost invariably preserves him from any decided blunder; he is much more apt to err on the side of excessive smoothness than to admit unnecessary discords. Mr. Browning's habit, on the contrary, of riding roughshod over all the minor difficulties of language leads to so many harsh phrases that we are unable to pick out any particular instances as offensive. We expect to be jolted in every line, and brace ourselves to wrestle with his vigorous thought till we become insensible to minor bruises.

Nothing would be easier, however, than to compile a long catalogue of these trifling annoyances without going beyond poetry of a really high order. Not long ago there was a lively discussion as to Byron's vulgarity in using "lay" for "lie" in the address to the sea. The blot, however, could not be expunged. Various parallel passages were produced from Shelley and from authors of the seventeenth century. In fact, the error belongs to a class which poets have seldom the resolution to avoid, though the instance happened to be specially offensive. The search for rhymes is very fatal to a due regard for the niceties of English grammar. When "sang" would come in conveniently, why should a poet be driven out of his path by the prosaic grammarian who insists that "sung" is the form sanctioned by ordinary practice? Shelley, for example, speaks of the tempest

Riving sail and cord and plank
Till the ship has almost drunk
Death from the everbrimming deep;

and Milton, in the Christmas Hymn, cannot resist the temptation of bringing in "sang" instead of "sung" to rhyme to "hung." Why should two words which seem to have been intended by nature to run in couples diverge in such a provoking fashion so as just to miss the desired harmony? Is it not fair to force them into the harness and to admit that a poet is "super grammatician"? The case is so common that perhaps there is something like a precedent for the gentle violence done to such impertinent words. But the case is rather more annoying when the same unfortunate necessity causes a downright vulgarity. Kents, as his readers know, has an unlucky Cockney twang, which intrudes every now and then when he is singing the praises of classical gods and goddesses in the most delicious melody. But the exemplary Wordsworth was not a Cockney, and surely he might have found some means of getting round that unlucky rhyme in the great Ode:—

Oh! evil day if I were *sullen*
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning
And the children are *pulling*, &c.

Luckily a critic is not bound to suggest a conjectural emendation; but we would rather have had the rhyme left out altogether than be haunted by the suspicion that Wordsworth talked about "sulling" or "pullin'"—whichever alternative may be adopted.

There is another kind of minute slip, rather different in character from this, where the poet seems either to have forgotten his punctuation, or to have attended less to the sound than to the writing. We always admired the fine verse in which Milton describes the appearance to the shepherds of

The helmeted cherubim
And sworded seraphim;

but one day it unluckily occurred to us that, if the verse were recited instead of read, there would be some risk of the seraphim being most inappropriately stigmatized as "sordid"; and we must admit that we have ever afterwards been sensible of a certain qualm in reading what are in every other respect magnificent verses. Or, again, in Gray's *Elegy*—a poem which may be regarded as an almost unrivalled example of the power of perfect finish to elevate obvious reflection into true poetry—we can never adjust a certain comma satisfactorily. He says of his peasants:—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray.

According to all grammar this surely ought to mean that the sober wishes never strayed far from the ignoble strife; which is of course the opposite of what Gray intended, and would clearly be less creditable to the sobriety than to the simplicity of these excellent countrymen. Another ludicrous inversion of ideas of a rather different kind worries us in regard to an otherwise touching poem. When Hood describes "the one more unfortunate" who has apparently drowned himself in the Thames, he invites the dissolute man to think of the sad catastrophe by the river-side, and adds—

Lave in it, drink of it
Then if you can.

It is doubtless very wrong, but we can never read the verse without remembering that the last use a dissolute man would make of the Thames would be to "lave in it" or "drink of it," even if nobody had ever been drowned in its waters. If that were the only privation due to his repentance, it would not be a severe one.

Another variety of grammatical blunder is simpler, and consists in simply leaving out some essential clause in a sentence. Shelley

is not unfrequently guilty of an error which will vex schoolboys when English is a dead language; but the first example which occurs to us is from a charming little poem by Keats. It concludes—

To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to feel it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme.

What was never said in rhyme? Of course we could suggest an answer, but we had rather that the poet had told us in plain language. Violent grammatical confusions of a still worse kind are very common, as we may remark, in Pope's elaborately polished verses. They are annoying, though we feel that they are partly pardonable as the result of an effort to compress too much meaning into a specially rigid framework of verse, and not to simple laxity of attention.

Leaving merely grammatical defects, we might notice the more serious vexation caused by the intrusion of downright fragments of prose into the midst of exquisite poetry. Wordsworth is perhaps the greatest offender in this sense, and the fault occurs not only in the longer poems, where he cannot be expected to maintain himself constantly at his usual elevation, but in the undigested fragments which intrude even into his lyrics, and which annoy one, if we may be pardoned for the prosaic comparison, like the hard pellet of shot which one's teeth crunch in the midst of the tender breast of a partridge. We almost shrink from mentioning instances, but we may sufficiently indicate the nature of the case. In the poem on *Peelo Castle*, after telling us how differently he should have conceived the future at an earlier period, he adds:—

Such in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made.

The second of these lines strikes us as unnecessary verbiage, a mere repetition of what has been said before, and dragged in to eke out a stanza. Or we might turn to a very different poet and remark what an uncomfortable effect is produced in Campbell's spirited verses on Nelson and the North, when the inspired bard suddenly becomes a lawyer, and inserts a clause in the agreement with the Danes to prevent all possible evils:—

But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet.

As if the Danes would have taken them out if they had not been expressly prevented by the terms of the treaty. But we are perhaps hypercritical, and it is not a pleasant task to hunt out mere lapses into prose, though we feel that we have a kind of right to resent positive offences. The most irritating of such errors is of course the introduction of a sheer conceit such as disfigures the poetry of Donne or Herbert, or as is commonly exemplified by Milton's unlucky "sun in bed," who "pillows his chin upon an orient wave." It is a comfort to reflect that he left off talking about the sun's chin in his maturer poetry. The offence has become rare, though we should be sorry to say too positively that we are not on the eve of another outburst of the poetry of mere conceits. Modern writers seem to be so eager for some new source of excitement that they may perhaps try this device as well as others. Hood is the only late writer of genius who has distinctly yielded to the temptation in some familiar instances. Everybody quotes the end of his familiar lines:—

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

To us they appear to be not only too ingenious, but to involve an uncomfortable awkwardness of expression. The poet does not really know that he was further off from heaven than when he was a boy, for he is just at the same distance; he should have said, to be logical, that he knows himself to be further than he knew when he was a boy. It may, indeed, be replied that we are growing too logical, and that poetry has nothing to do with logic. Without arguing the particular instance, we admit the general principle. Accuracy of thought is desirable in poetry as elsewhere, though we willingly agree that a pedantic regard for syllogistic forms would be most undesirable in genuine poetry. We will conclude our miserable cavilling with one illustration from Clough's *Bothie*—to our taste, though we believe that we differ from most readers, the most beautiful of his poems. Elspie, in a charming passage, says that she feels as though she had been building herself up like a bridge, one stone on another:—

"All on one side, I mean; and now I see on the other
Just such another fabric, uprising, better and stronger,
Close to me, coming to join me."

And so she continues very gracefully and touchingly; and yet it is possible for the most unmechanical of mankind to read the passage without reflecting that a bridge which is stronger and better on one side than the other is likely to be a very unstable bit of workmanship?

COMO.

IT was by the side of the Lake of Como that Dr. Stanhope, according to Mr. Anthony Trollope, had his villa and made his collection of butterflies. One can fancy that it was in some points pleasanter living there than either at Barchester or at Eiderdown. If one wished to dream away life, one could hardly desire a place better suited for the purpose than the shores of one of those

Italian lakes; and yet they suggest a great deal besides matter for dreaming. The professed climber would most likely despise the heights immediately above the Larian Lake; yet there is a good deal of snow within sight from more than one point of it. The geographer will be relieved from all difficulties on that one of the greater lakes which is wholly Italian, and no part of whose shores is either Austrian or Swiss. The Swiss frontier indeed comes amazingly near to the city of Como; but from the lake itself it seems, as it were, studiously to keep away, as if to make up for the large share of the Lake of Lugano which the Confederation has taken to itself. Then the sides of this lake, as of its fellows, are so thickly inhabited, there is such an endless succession of houses, villages, and churches, dotted up and down over the mountains, that there are few places where the general effect of the Italian style of building, as applied to something other than great cities, can be better taken in. And almost our first thought is the extreme unpicturesqueness of most of the buildings which find themselves in such picturesque sites. It is so throughout Italy. A small Italian town perched on a hill-side or a hill-top ought to add to the effect; but it seldom does so. In some of the most striking points of Tuscany and Umbria one cannot help wishing to exchange the little towns and villages on the heights for some of the picturesque little towns of Franconia, with their gates, towers, spires, an outline of some kind about everything. The ruined castle, so common along the Rhine, is rare, though not absolutely unknown, among the Italian lakes. When it is to be seen, the picturesque element at once comes in; otherwise an Italian village has everything so white and flat as not to be an addition to the landscape, as a little German town would be, but rather the opposite. The flatness is relieved only by the campaniles of the churches, churches with which the hill-sides are thick set. These supply many good specimens of the true type, tall, square, hard, with the coupled windows and midwall shafts, which all Western Europe once borrowed from Italy. And these smaller towers in the villages by the lake-side lead well up to the two nobler ones which form the chief architectural ornament of the city from which the lake takes its name. To the architectural student Como is certainly most attractive on account of a building which is not strictly part of the city itself, the minster of St. Abundio without its walls. Yet Como has a good deal to say for itself on other grounds. It is the city of the Plinies, as modern Como has not forgotten, for it carefully keeps, built into the wall of its cathedral church, a stone with an inscription preserving the name of its most renowned heathen inhabitant. We began with a reference to one novelist, and chance supplies us, at Como itself, with a reference to another. From a passage in *My Novel* it seems that Lord Lytton—we will not say thought, but allowed himself for a moment to write—that the elder Pliny died in the crater of Etna. The confusion is amusing; still, as things go, when two sages died of two volcanoes, it is perhaps a light matter to couple the wrong sage and the wrong volcano.

Deus immortalis habet,
Dum cepit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Etnam
Insulat.

No such motive, we are sure, was present to the mind of the diligent compiler of the Natural History and loyal admirer of Vesuvius's fleet. Deity was not for him, but only for the master who, when he began to sicken as a man, said merrily that he felt himself beginning to be a god. Anyhow Como may well be proud both of the uncle who died among the ashes of Vesuvius, and of the nephew, somewhat of a prig as he was, to whom we owe the account of the Bithynian Christians and the first and most decent of the Panegyrics.

But it was hardly by producing either the elder or the younger Pliny that Como has had its chief share in influencing the destinies of mankind. For such a share it has had, though not in so direct a way as greater and more renowned cities. Twice in the history of Europe have the wrongs of Como or its citizens been counted among the causes or occasions of events which have turned the world upside down. One of the alleged grounds for the rebellion of the first Caesar was the scourging of a citizen of Como in despite of the patron to whom he owed his exemption from such treatment. And, twelve hundred years afterwards, not the stripes of a single man of Como, but the general wrongs which the whole commonwealth had suffered at the hands of Milan, were among the alleged grounds for the first great Italian expedition of a later Caesar. In those days

Civitas Ambrosii velut Troja stabat;

not in the new form in which she again arose by the help of Cremona and Brescia, but in the statelyness handed down from the old days when Milan was a seat of empire. In the eyes of the men of Como Milan, the centre of Lombard independence, was simply the local tyrant under whose yoke they were writhing; the German conqueror was to them their lawful sovereign and deliverer, the "dulcissimus Imperator," as yet more fortunate than Augustus, better than their own Pliny's own Trajan. And, as if expressly to make the parallel between Julius and Frederick yet more speaking, the fellow-sufferer of Como who prayed, like her, for deliverance by the hand of Frederick from the power of Milan, was the city which bore the name of the rival of Julius, Lodi, once *Laus Pompeii*. The city which rejoiced in the patronage of Caesar and the city which rejoiced in the patronage of Pompeius united to crave the help of the Emperor who, when in his later days he set forth on his last crusade, did not forget to proclaim himself as the avenger of Crassus and Antonius on the Parthian.

Como then, without having any great direct place in history,

has a considerable indirect place. The existing city itself has a character which is somewhat analogous to its historical position. It has no particular interest as a whole; there is nothing specially characteristic in its plan or its architecture; but it stands on a beautiful site, and it contains two or three buildings of some importance. Standing on the edge of its lake, encircled by mountains, with the castle-crowned peak of Baradello looking on it, like a vaster St. Michael's Tor on Avalon, when Avalon was an island, the general aspect of Como is altogether a taking one. But, if we walk through its streets, we shall find few Italian cities which have so little to show in the way of arcades or street architecture of any kind. Without comparing Como in this way to Bologna or Padua or Verona, there is really more of characteristic Italian domestic architecture hidden in the narrow streets of its small neighbour of Lugano. But some particular buildings deserve notice. At Como Church and State must have been on friendly terms. The home of the commonwealth joins hard to the synagogue; the *duomo* and the *broletto* make up a single range. The secular building is the more pleasing of the two. The tower is plain, one might say, rude; but the body of the building belongs to that momentary stage, early in the thirteenth century, when the use of the pointed arch was just beginning to creep into the Italian Romanesque, but when the distinguishing faults of the Italian Gothic had not yet begun to show themselves. The massive arcades have the arches slightly pointed; but there is no other departure from the true national forms of Italy; the grouped windows above are round. In the west front of the cathedral all the faults of the sham Gothic of Italy come out. The front itself is a sham; the doors and windows are there, because doors and windows are things which no building can do without; but, as usual in the Italian Gothic, they are simply cut through the wall, not worked into the design, as either in the Italian Romanesque or in the Northern Gothic. The lover of genuine mediæval art will at Como be most likely to say that the Renaissance choir, transepts, and cupola of the church are really better in their own way than the Gothic nave. Yet, after all, the Italian Gothic, as it is seen at Como, is not of the worst kind. It seems to have caught a little of the same spirit as the great *duomo* of Milan. The arches at least do not sprawl over the same frightful width as those at Florence and elsewhere. And we feel kindly towards the fourteenth- or fifteenth-century architect for preserving the two lions which now do duty for another purpose within, but which must have served in an earlier church to bear up, as at Ancona and St. Zeno, the columns of a mighty doorway in the true native style of Italy.

But, as everywhere in Italy, the true glory of Como is to be found in one of the earlier buildings reared in the genuine national style of the country, the style which all Western countries learned of her. The church of St. Fedele within the city, though sadly spoiled, keeps some good Romanesque portions, especially its apse. But this is a small matter compared with the great minster without the walls; for Como has no lack of walls and gates, though they cannot be called specially attractive. The St. Augustine's or St. Owen's of Como is the church of St. Abbondio. The eye is at once caught by the admirable grouping of its east end, a grouping German rather than Italian, an apse of extraordinary height and richness rising between two tall campaniles of the type which Germany borrowed from Italy. It shows the real identity of the older German and Italian styles, that the grouping of the towers at once suggested Germany. Had one of them stood detached, it would have simply passed as a fine example of the usual Italian type. But the great height of all this part of the church, quite unlike the wide, spreading apse so common both in Germany and Italy, and without the open gallery usual in both countries, gives St. Abbondio a character of its own, and one which contrasts a good deal with the rest of the building, where, in the outside view, width is the prevailing dimension. Double aisles, unmasked in any way, with a double clorestory, form a body as stately in its own way as the eastern part, and in the side height strongly predominates. Of the four ranges of piers, the central pair are tall columnar piers of masonry, something like those of our own Gloucester and Tewkesbury, but with a more distinct cushion capital. The southern range are tall monolith columns, lofty beyond any classical proportion, also with cushion capitals; but those which answer to them on the north side seem to be classical columns lengthened to the proportion that was needed, and filled with various capitals. An English eye of course misses the triforium or its equivalent of some kind between the arcade and the clerestory; but the whole interior is of singular dignity. The western gallery within, the signs of a western portico, destroyed or never added, without, are points to be noticed; indeed the church would well deserve a monograph. As to its present state, it has either been singularly fortunate in having escaped the destroying hands of Popes and Jesuits, or else it has been restored in a singularly conservative fashion. Something has plainly been done; but, to judge from the building itself, no mischief. Yet a pile of broken columns and fragments of sculpture of all kinds and dates lying about close to the church suggests natural suspicions. Some seem actually of Roman date, and indeed the lower part of the walls of the church itself appear to be made out of the massive stones of a Roman building. Be all this as it may, the minster of St. Abbondio is indeed a thing to see, an example of a kind of Italian Romanesque, not untouched by Northern influences, but quite free from the strange forms of St. Ambrose at Milan and St. Michael at Pavia.

On the whole, Como, though not at all a city of the first antiquarian rank, is one far from lacking in interest. And the slight

Northern tinge to be seen in the architecture of its chief monument does not seem out of place in a city where men must have so often sent up the strain of the loyal hymn—

Princeps terre principum, Caesar noster, ave,
Cujus jugum omnibus bonis est abave;
Et si quis recalcitret, putans illud grave,
Obstinati cordis est et cervicis prava.

LITERATURE AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

A VERY small literary reputation goes a long way with those who live in the country. To their eyes the man who has written and published a book is a being of another order. He belongs to a superior sphere. It matters little whether his book is successful or not. He has been in print. That is enough. He may have written the greatest trash ever composed; he may never have been able to make it known beyond his own immediate circle; he may have lost heavily by the publication; it does not signify in the least. Wherever you go in his district you hear of him. He is so well informed, you know; he wrote a volume of essays. Or, he has had several poems in the *Blankshire Gazette*. Or—and this is usually conveyed in a whisper—while the man goes by, "Do you know who that is? He is an author!" The literary man from town has probably seen too many authors to be much impressed by the fact, and is rather tired when he has heard the same thing said every time he happens to meet the same person. It comes to a head however when, after the exertion of a profound but useless strategy on his part to avoid an introduction, the unavoidable hour arrives when he is walked off by a bustling hostess, and the two are made acquainted with each other. Sometimes a man may be found who has the sense to be quite content with his local fame. But such men are rare. It seldom happens that the writer of a letter in the chief newspaper of his county town is satisfied till he has offered the editor a leader or two as well. Great as are the troubles of editors in London, they are at least spared the pain and danger of throwing a slight upon some county magnate who desires to see himself in print, and to refuse insertion to whose lucid remarks upon the labour question or the price of pigs is a serious risk. For one man content with local celebrity, half a dozen at least will take the opportunity of meeting the town author to ask his good offices with a London publisher, to get an opinion out of him as to their latest performance, or to inquire whether he thinks the general public prefer fiction to philosophy, as his new acquaintances are quite prepared with an unlimited supply of either.

The country reputation of London authors, on the other hand, is often an arbitrary and unaccountable thing. The man who writes a catchpenny romance under the name of history, or who is chiefly remarkable in literary circles for the unanimous chorus of ridicule with which his books have been received, goes into the country and finds himself famous. Every one knows his name. Adverse criticism, provided only it is universal enough, lifts him into notice. The only thing that can harm him is neglect. When he has visited his country cousins, you hear such wonderful things of his talents and urbanity that you determine to have another look at his books before finally condemning them. After you have lived, perhaps for years, in critical circles, you find it almost impossible to realize the existence of whole parishes, nay whole counties, full of people who never passed a literary opinion in their lives. They are quite satisfied to accept as undoubted the real greatness of a man so universally talked about. And so it comes to pass that a man is great in the homes of all England, out of London, for whom every literary man of any reputation in town entertains the profoundest contempt; and, again, that the real leaders of thought, the heads of parties in the republic of letters, the men to whom authors and publishers bow down, whose opinion is final, and whose judgment is late, are never heard of by name in the outer world, and are as unknown in the Midlands as in Central Africa.

It is often amusing to see the fuss made by a country cousin in London at the sight of a literary celebrity. You may think very little of the poet Smith, you may have reviled him monthly in the public press, you may have advised a publisher to have nothing to do with him—nay, you may have gone so far as to apply the word doggerel to his poetry—and you point him out to your country cousin with a contemptuous smile, and are simply startled at the interest his name evokes. On the other hand, suppose you happen to meet the great Jones, for whose opinions you have so deep a respect, and you are actually blushing with pleasure because he nods at you familiarly, you feel the greatest surprise, perhaps almost mortification, to find how impossible it is to explain to your companion who the lion is, or why you account him so great. There are many such men in London, and many too in the country, but they are often quite unknown in their own neighbourhood. They sometimes come to town, where they shine in certain circles, and retire again into obscurity. When some one who knows them comes down into their district, and speaks of them with deference as eminent, his language excites nothing but surprise. We may be pretty sure no one thought much of William Shakespeare when he lived at Stratford-on-Avon. John Newton was a far greater man at Olney than William Cowper. Richard Hooker was "only the parson" at Bishopscourt.

The London literary man need not go to his country cousins for rest. His visit is a matter of too much importance. If he wrote

in every newspaper and edited half a dozen magazines his reputation could not be more exaggerated by his relatives. He may not care for archaeology, but weeks beforehand plans are made for taking him to see a British earthwork or a Norman font. He may be wholly unacquainted with Greek, but the headmaster of the neighbouring college is invited on purpose to talk to him. He may be as little learned in theology as King Thackombau, but he will be expected to entertain the Archdeacon. Every difficult inscription on the church bells for miles round, every black-letter book, every versifier in the village school, will be brought to him. If he understands art his opinion will be asked, not only on the amateur performances of the young ladies, but on the old masters in the gallery at the Court. He must be prepared to pronounce upon the genuineness of a Constable as well as on the perspective of Miss Lucy's last sketch. He must know the marks on all porcelain and pottery, and have the date years of all silver assays at his finger ends. If he goes to church the curate, who can preach naturally and movingly enough to the old women, thinks it necessary to read, with blushes and stammers, an elaborate essay, and inwardly wishes he had never been born. He is carried off to visit the Miss Robinsons, "who are so very intellectual," though he would much prefer to stay and flirt with the Miss Browns, who are very pretty. If he would hear a tune, Beethoven is performed for him. If he expresses any enjoyment of music, he is expected to understand the mysteries of the redundant fifth, or to teach the school choir the construction of a fugue. He is thought modest if he refuses to profess omniscience, and perhaps a little stiff if he will not give an opinion on what he does not understand. He is amazed how far a small joke will go, and has to be guarded in his conversation, as everything he says is treasured up and repeated. If he happens to speak familiarly of a statesman or a novelist, a thrill runs through his audience, and the hostess gives her guests a look which says plainly, "I told you so." If he smiles, everybody else laughs. The smallest details of what is to him everyday life are listened to with eager interest. That a celebrated author should often say foolish things, or buy a new pair of gloves, or write with a quill pen; that a well-known artist should smoke while he paints and should be fond of children; that a famous poet should be best known among his intimates for funny stories; that a great preacher should be a good judge of prints, or should play on the fiddle; that an eminent musician should be fond of hunting—all these, and other things like them, are heard with wonder, and will form for years the staple table-talk of the neighbourhood.

So far there is something not unpleasant in his position. Few men there are who do not enjoy being made much of. A lifetime of this sort of thing would be very demoralizing, so he thinks, but a day or two of it is an agreeable and salutary excitement. He is nobody at home, and there cannot be a greater change of air and scene than to find himself somebody abroad. On the other hand, there are crumpled leaves in his bed of roses. Something has to be paid for the adulation he receives. He cannot enjoy himself for nothing. For the first few days he hugs himself in the happy delusion that he is meeting people without literary ambitions, and that he can look round the table and fancy that nobody present is an author. There is great relief from overwork in such a feeling, an absence of restraint, and a general relaxation, leading to that exhilaration of spirits which no doubt the country cousins look upon as his normal state. But a cruel awakening often ensues. Sooner or later comes the inevitable manuscript novel or, what is worse, the poem. Sooner or later he has to face the thought that, innocent and harmless as these bucolic folk have appeared, it is only for want of opportunity that they have not long ago rushed into print like anybody else. His dream of happiness is rudely interrupted. He has to meet the shock of finding that the lovely girl with whom he has been flirting so thoughtlessly, or the gentlemanly rector with whom he has had such merry talks, are full of guile, and would be authors if only he approved of their attempts. In the first case, he may be led by pity to do foolish things, to undertake the satisfaction of the fair charmer's little ambition, though he entail on himself the labour of rewriting every word she has written, and to put himself under an obligation to the publisher whom he most dislikes and has most persistently attacked. It is a serious question how far he can conscientiously do this. The rector's manuscript will be judged on its merits. In all human probability it will be very summarily dismissed to its previous retirement in the pigeon-holes of his desk. Not so with the young lady's. It is astonishing to think how much fiction, and worse, is yearly written by ignorant and inexperienced young ladies, and to reflect that the greater part of what finds its way into print has been composed in the country by writers wholly unacquainted with the most ordinary rules of composition. From four to six novels, each in three volumes, are published every week, and the majority will fall by their own weight and will never, after their first appearance, be heard of again. All these considerations, and more, rush through the brain of the literary man when that fatal moment arrives. Perhaps he is open, and, remembering his own sad experience, warns his fair friend that the paths of literature are difficult and thorny, and that success is only to be attained by labour to which the toil of the slave or the treadmill of the convict is mere play. More often he shirks the direct question; and if he hesitates at all he is lost. He will have to remove all obstacles and to help the manuscript into print himself, though by doing so he in reality neither benefits literature nor the young lady.

An unpleasant moment is that, too, when the album is brought

out, his photograph demanded, and his signature as well. Lucky is he if he escape so easily. It is more than likely that he will be expected to fill up a catechism as to the authors he reads and the colours he prefers. Every one has not the presence of mind to put down his own works in answer to the first question, or "piccad" to the second, and it is well for him if that is all. Some men have a capacity for writing little verses, and probably more than one celebrated rhymist has commenced life by album poetry. But albums are not so common now as they used to be, and the literary man in the country need not distress his mind by composing a ballad beforehand. If he can draw, it is more likely his talent will be put under requisition to ornament a page with grotesques, or to surround a likeness with appropriate emblems. He is in great request for charades, and is expected to be equal to any part. With books and play and a little healthful acting, his holidays are soon passed, and though he comes back to work with a consciousness of having enjoyed himself even more than he expected, he yet half unconsciously determines to take his next vacation among the Alps or in Transylvania.

RAILWAY POLICY.

THE strong and almost universal condemnation with which the proposal of the Midland Railway Company to assimilate first and second class passenger traffic was received naturally led to a rumour that the Directors had reconsidered their decision, and were disposed to modify it, if not to abandon it altogether. This report, however, was quickly contradicted. It was intimated in a semi-official manner that the Midland Directors intended to adhere strictly to their original scheme. Only it was explained that this scheme was something quite different from what it had been supposed to be. As the first announcement of the project was voluntarily made by the Directors themselves, it is strange that they did not endeavour to state distinctly what it was that they meant to do, and it is still more surprising that they should have allowed several weeks to elapse without attempting to correct the misapprehensions which are now said to have existed on the subject. At last, however, we have a letter from the Chairman which is intended to clear up all doubts. It appears that there are still to be three classes of carriages on the Midland, and that the first class is to be elevated instead of being abolished. Pullman's Sleeping Cars, or some other carriages of a similar kind, will supply a first-class accommodation superior to that which is now afforded; the present first-class carriages will be used for second-class passengers; and the third-class carriages will remain as before. Return tickets are not to be abolished, and there are to be no restrictions as to the date of the return journey.

The first question which arises is as to the new and "very superior" first class. We are told that the service of Pullman Palace and Sleeping Cars is to be "gradually extended." At present, we believe, the Pullman cars run only between St. Pancras and Bradford, and only once a day from each end—that is, at midnight from St. Pancras and in the afternoon from Bradford. This is obviously a very limited experiment, and the Midland Company would require to provide itself with a large addition of new and costly rolling-stock if first-class carriages of the improved kind are to form part of its regular trains. If these superior carriages are to be represented only by the single Pullman train they may as well, as far as ordinary traffic is concerned, be left out of account, and in that case the scheme returns to the form in which it was originally announced. There is, moreover, some ambiguity as to the fares which are to be charged for these superior first-class carriages. For some unaccountable reason a great mystery is made of the tariff of the Pullman cars—quite as great a mystery, in fact, as has been made about the new policy of the Midland itself. It is evident that the Directors are partial to an atmosphere of clouds. The time-table tells us that "First-class Passengers may avail themselves of the Drawing-Room and Sleeping Cars on payment of a small additional charge," but it is apparently thought to be dangerous to disclose the precise amount of the charge. "Further particulars may be obtained on application at any of the stations," and in the course of time we shall perhaps also be able to obtain "further particulars" as to what the Directors mean to do about their first-class traffic generally. We trust we are divulging nothing which will be injurious either to Mr. Pullman or the Midland Company when we mention that the charge for a berth in one of the sleeping cars is, we have heard, six shillings. This seems to be a very moderate price for a good night's rest; but, in the first place, we do not know whether the charge will remain at its present amount when the reduced first-class fares come into operation; and, in the second place, there are a great many people whom even the Oriental luxury of a Pullman sleeping-berth will not tempt to go to bed in the daytime, and the number of those who travel by night is of course comparatively small. The only thing then that appears to be certain is that the first class, as we know it at present, is to be abolished; the carriages will remain, but they will be crowded with a new class of people. Whether a sufficient number of superior first-class carriages of a new kind will ever be provided, and, if so, at what price, remains to be seen; but it is obvious that their construction must be a question of time, and the fares may possibly be high. It is suggested that those who desire privacy and ease can obtain a reserved compartment by the purchase of four first-class tickets. If this plan is generally adopted, the result will be of course that

the shortening of trains by packing into every carriage as many passengers as it can possibly be made to hold, which is represented as one of the economical advantages of the new system, will not be obtained, and the only result will be, that the charge for the sort of comfort which first-class passengers at present enjoy will be raised.

An appeal has been made by the chief Railway Companies to the Midland to postpone carrying out the proposed changes until after the half-yearly meetings, in order that the subject may be carefully considered, and it is probable that this will be agreed to. It has been observed that, if the Midland has made a mistake, there must be an inconsistency in the alarm of other Companies, since what is bad for the Midland may be supposed to be good for its rivals. The origin of this alarm must, however, be sought in the doubts as to the discretion of Railway Directors generally which have been produced by the conduct of those of the Midland Company, taken in conjunction with other symptoms of confusion and incapacity in the railway world. It is indeed painfully clear that at the present moment Railway Boards are altogether at sea in regard to any fixed principles for regulating their dealings with their customers. This is not the case of the Midland alone, though its fussy restlessness is for the moment particularly conspicuous. It is almost equally the case with every other Company, and hence the uneasiness and consternation with which this kind of property is just now regarded. It is evident that Directors cannot make up their minds as to the right course to be taken in fixing tolls and fares, and that, in sheer bewilderment and desperation, they are casting about, now in one direction and now in another, in the hope of discovering by experiment what logical reflection has failed to disclose to them. It might have been supposed that any child would be capable of foreseeing the necessary and inevitable consequences of giving largely increased facilities to third-class traffic without making any change in regard to other classes. Yet Boards of Directors are aghast at the persistent decline of second-class passengers which has followed as a matter of course. It is obviously impossible to touch any part of such an artificial system without disturbing the stability of the whole, and the only way of preventing this disturbance is by a readjustment of the original balance. It is amazing that even Railway Directors should have failed to perceive that when third-class carriages began to be attached to all, or almost all, trains, there would be an immediate diversion from the second class into the third of those who had previously travelled second class simply because there was no third class to go by. Second and third class carriages have hitherto been about on a level in point of comfort. There may be perhaps a little padding about the second class which is wanting in the third, but otherwise the size and style of the carriages are much the same. The amount of the fare is, in fact, the chief difference between them, and as this difference is on a long journey really considerable, the consequence has been that—setting aside the first-class passengers—only those who are rather sensitive as to the company in which they travel go by the second class. The utterly disproportionate excess of second-class over third-class fares is, in fact, a fine levied by the Railway Companies not for the use of a superior class of carriage, but for exemption from contact with the roughest class of the community. The result is that people who cannot afford to travel first class, and who shrink from the third, have to go second class at a cost which is absurdly high when measured by the miserable accommodation provided for them; and it follows very naturally that persons of this class avoid travelling as much as possible. It may be said that it will be a boon to this class to be allowed to travel in better carriages at the present fares, but the answer is that this is not what they want. Their grievance is not the homely plainness of the accommodation, but the absurdly disproportionate price which they have to pay for the privilege of merely being protected against the risks of third-class company. If it were not for the marked difference of cost, the bulk of middle-class people would probably all go second class, and the third class would be left to those who were content with it or could not possibly afford to pay more than the very lowest fare. There can be no doubt that the present high second-class fares tend to restrain the travelling of a large and important class of the community whom it would be the interest of the Railway Companies to conciliate.

The great difficulty of the Companies would seem to be to determine whether they should confine themselves to squeezing as much as possible out of people who must travel, and who have therefore no alternative but to pay whatever price is charged, or whether they should endeavour to encourage those to travel who are under no obligation to do so, and who require to be tempted by cheap fares and special conveniences. One can understand the various reasons which may be urged on one side and on the other, and we are quite ready to admit the right of the Companies to do the best they can for their own interests. Their error, however, has consisted in attempting to work two different and antagonistic lines of policy at the same time. The high ordinary fares are the only excuse for excursion trains, which not only derange and endanger the regular traffic, but drain the ordinary trains of a large class of people who at more moderate rates would certainly go by them rather than submit to the unsavoury crush and various irritating restrictions of an excursion. We are glad to see that in one point the Midland is setting a wise example, and that is in placing no restrictions on the date up to which return tickets may be used. Nothing can be more absurd than the plan of limiting return-tickets to two or three days, or a week, or perhaps a month. The time which is allowed to be spent at any place really costs the Company

nothing, but a liberal allowance in this respect is a very great inducement to travel. The reason of these restrictions is of course that the Companies are trying at one and the same time to make persons who are obliged to travel by their lines pay high rates, and to hold out the temptation of lower rates to people who travel only for their own pleasure. It is as if a butcher were to attempt to discriminate in his charges between people who are impelled by absolute hunger to seek a meal and those who want meat merely for the pleasure of eating it, and will not buy unless tempted by a moderate price. The number of people who have no choice but to travel, and to travel in a particular direction, is, after all, very limited. On the other hand, the number of people who have leisure and inclination to travel, if tempted to do so by the offer of comfortable accommodation and cheap fares, is practically unlimited. In trying to play a dodging game between these two classes, the Companies are simply upsetting themselves between two stools.

Another instance of the eccentric mismanagement of railway traffic is afforded by the way in which goods are dealt with. There are some kinds of heavy goods for which the Companies compete with each other in the most reckless manner, and which they will carry, rather than not have them at all, at absurdly low charges. Goods traffic, it must be remembered, is really much more troublesome than passenger traffic, for the obvious reason that it is inanimate. It cannot put itself into a train and take itself out again. It has to be carted, and carried, and loaded and unloaded, and perhaps housed for a time. Yet the passenger who requires no attentions of this kind, and asks merely to be allowed to sit in a carriage from one station to another, is charged, as compared with goods, out of all proportion to the trouble and expense involved in the journey. The excuse of the Companies would no doubt be that, unless they charged low rates for certain kinds of goods, they would not get the carrying of them, which is no doubt true; but why should it be supposed that moderate rates for passengers would not produce a similar result? There is, however, one class of goods traffic which appears to be systematically neglected by the Companies, and that is the small parcels traffic. Part of it has already been absorbed by the Post Office, and, if it pays the Post Office, it might, one would have thought, have paid the railways to take charge of it themselves. For things which cannot be sent through the post the system of conveyance which is adopted by the railways is simply prohibitory. The charges are excessive, but that is nothing to the utter uncertainty which attends the delivery of parcels. They may be days on a journey which should be performed in a few hours. It is a mere matter of chance. The booking-office takes the package, and some day or other it is supposed to turn up at its destination; when that will be, if ever, nobody can possibly tell. It may be suspected that parcels are left to manage themselves. In one instance that we happen to know of a parcel which had to be carried a distance of some twenty-five miles as the cross flies did not reach its destination for nearly a week. On the whole, it is evident that railway traffic is not cultivated in the same intelligent and rational way as other kinds of business, and the reason probably is that those who have the management of it have hitherto had their attention too much absorbed by other things. The day when Railway Directors will set themselves to work their lines in a steady, business-like spirit, endeavouring to meet the wants of their various customers, to cultivate traffic by offering terms that will tempt it to come, and to make travelling not only as cheap but as safe as possible, will be the beginning of a more hopeful period for railway property.

SOUTHERN NEW ZEALAND.

A COLONY which is just now spending borrowed money on its railways at the rate of a million and a half sterling in the year, and has run up a public debt of nearly thirteen millions, cannot fail to claim our attention. It is not here proposed to discuss the merits of this policy, but to place more clearly in view the distinctive characteristics of one main portion of New Zealand. That name may even yet, like those of other Australasian countries in the past, be deemed subject to revision. It is not long since we used to talk of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. The latter now bears a worthier name; but it has been proved by Mr. Major, from early maps of the fifteenth century, that the mainland was known to the Portuguese long before it was visited by the Dutchman. Its eastern part, our New South Wales, was actually discovered by the English Captain Cook, and was soon afterwards colonized. The distant islands in the South Pacific Ocean were seen by Tasman in a cursory manner; but it is questionable whether a Spaniard had not seen them before, and it was Cook who first went round their shores. "New Zealand" is the most absurdly inappropriate name for them that could have been devised. It brings to mind the almost ludicrous contrast between those alluvial flats of the Scheldt and the bold configuration of lands formed by huge volcanic and glacial forces, and isolated by the disruption or subsidence of a vast continent, in the widest open space on the globe. To carry on the joke, when our countrymen began to deal officially with those islands, somebody had the Irish fancy to call them New Ulster, New Munster, and New Leinster. The native words, which we need not try to write, could never be pronounced or remembered; but designations were to be contrived for the entire

group, and for the several islands, two large and one small. It was attempted to distinguish them as the North, the Middle, and the South Island; but this, too, has failed in practice. The most southerly isle, which is uninhabited and of insignificant size, keeps the name of Stewart, a sailor whose exploits are but too notorious; and the Middle Island has therefore been recognized as the South Island, which it substantially is. The true dualism of New Zealand, natural as well as social, is the subject of our present remarks.

The striking difference, in most natural aspects, between the North Island and the Southern part of New Zealand must necessarily affect their industrial and social conditions. It will not tend to political separation; but the self-sufficingness of New Zealand as a whole, and her independence of the Australian provinces a thousand miles away, will rather be confirmed by her development of such diverse internal resources. Some modification, indeed, is at this moment under discussion in the political relations of her Northern provinces. The latest project of Mr. Vogel, a Premier with a turn for audacious innovation whom his admirers regard as a colonial Bismarck or Cavour, is to merge those four provinces in that of metropolitan Wellington. This will probably be resisted by Auckland, the older and more populous former seat of general government, resenting still the loss of that profit from official expenditure which was never larger than during a Maori war. Such competition for government patronage is too apt to distract the infantile public mind of new and small communities from objects of more enduring value. It was curious in 1852 to observe how these local interests determined the views of colonists as to the representative constitution then bestowed. Auckland was naturally afraid of being supplanted by Wellington, on account of its more central situation on Cook's Strait between the two equal islands. It was therefore preferred by Auckland that the two islands should form two perfectly independent colonies. Wellington and Nelson, on the contrary—the settlements planted by Wakefield's New Zealand Company on opposite shores of Cook's Strait—asked for a central government of both islands, with municipalities at the several townships or settlements. These were two hundred miles apart, with communications by a wretched sailing-vessel or a pathless ride across mountain and forest. But each of them had the soul of a rising commonwealth. It was not municipal institutions that could satisfy the ambitious foresight of Canterbury and Otago Pilgrim Fathers. Their three or four years' actual experience had indeed failed to prove that their well-meaning parent Associations for realizing certain principles of ecclesiastical and social union could pay their way. Yet there was no thought of abandoning those two settlements and the large investments in the purchase of territories comprising nearly all the eastern side of the South Island. Their inhabitants of 1852, though not exceeding 4,500 in Canterbury and 2,000 in Otago, demanded provincial self-government, and obtained it from the Imperial Legislature. It was displeasing, of course, both to Auckland and to Wellington. The existing federal constitution allows to each of the nine Provincial Councils and Superintendents nearly as much power as is enjoyed by the State Governments of the American Union. Indeed the New Zealand provinces have more; for each disposes of its own waste lands for its own profit. Whatever may be the faults of this system, events have amply warranted the claims of Otago and Canterbury, then somewhat derided, to a voice in framing the constitution. Those provinces, created but twenty-five years ago, have far outgrown that of Auckland in every element of prosperity. The aggregate population of the South Island in March last amounted to 186,855, of whom only some hundreds were of the Maori race. That of the North Island was 112,251, including nearly 30,000 natives, about half of these being at least half civilized. The total European population of New Zealand has increased above tenfold in twenty years.

Scientific men have often remarked the contrasted physical features of the two large islands. Passing through Cook's Strait, to the north is a country of low swelling hill-ranges or tablelands, broken by isolated volcanic peaks. This land is covered with luxuriant forests, except in a central region of lakes and hot springs or geysers depositing silica and sulphur beds, like that of the Yellowstone in North America. The climate at its north end has a languid semi-tropical warmth. To the south is a very different country. From end to end along its western side this island presents a continuous backbone of massive Alpine mountains, ranging from 11,000 ft. to 13,200 ft. in height, with a dense forest hanging in gloom upon their seaward slopes, beneath the eternal snows. But on the other side, facing eastward, this range displays vast snow-fields and glaciers, and immense beds of loose shattered rock, with clefts and gorges of terrible depth, whence the icy rivers are poured out into the lakes of an upland plain. The lofty plateau which occupies the middle breadth of the South Island is buttressed on its eastern side by a lower parallel range of mountains, through frequent breaks in which its rivers descend, and cross many successive terraces or steps to the eastern sea-coast. The nether terraces, from an elevation of 1,500 ft. downwards, and the strip of low-lying shore intersected by those variable rivers, compose what are called the Canterbury Plains. That province is divided from Otago, its southern neighbour, by the larger Waitaki river, flowing out of three lakes at the feet of the central mountains. In the contour of its shores this island is also very remarkable. Its south-western extremity is, by glacier action no doubt, indented with deep fjords like those of Norway. The north-eastern shore, in Cook's Strait, is wonderfully pierced and

contorted, forming a maze of inlets; but the east coast is an unbroken low beach of shingle, saving two exceptional instances. These are the two harbours of Port Lyttelton and Port Chalmers, the sea-doors respectively of Christchurch and Dunedin. They owe their existence to peninsular blocks of volcanic formation enclosing small pieces of water.

Such is the natural structure of Southern New Zealand. It is evidently so laid out that the Canterbury and Otago territories share between them most of the agricultural and pastoral opportunities, with their habitable and fertile eastward plains open to the two convenient seaports. The two northern provinces, indeed, Nelson and Marlborough, possess their own advantages. The former has thick beds of good coal, as well as some gold, copper, and iron; the latter, in its Wairau district, has the richest soil. But for the growth of wheat, meat, and wool, upon which in the first instance the wealth of a new country mainly depends, the middle and southern parts of this island combine all favouring conditions. Their climate, less mild and tranquil than that of sheltered Nelson, is better suited than any other in the world both to the cattle and to the cultivated plants of Britain, as well as to the health of our people and their children. It is like the best English climate kept dry and ever clear of fog, with much less winter frost. Seasonable airs of wholesome cold are inhaled from the inland snowy heights, or wafted from the Antarctic icebergs. Only an incessant windiness is complained of, but that serves to purify the air and to brace the nerves. Every vegetable product or domestic animal of our rearing there grows and multiplies with amazing quickness and equal vigour. The soil is good, though somewhat light, and responds to manure, it is said, in a manner that seems miraculous. There are no swamps and no forests in those broad plains east of the Alpine range. The farmers and the graziers of Timaru and Oamaru are *fortunati nimium*, who would know their happy lot if they could, for any wages, get the labour they want, together with easier access to a market. But these are boons which the railways and steamships are likely soon to give them. Three million acres in the Canterbury plains are fit for the agriculturist, the sheep-breeder, or the stock-owner, besides the extensive highland and mountain runs. Otago, including Southland, can show nearly as much open land, with a soil even better for wheat. From thirty-five to fifty-five bushels an acre is obtained in the most southern district. The merino sheep imported from Australia grows much bigger; his fleece here weighs, instead of two pounds and a half, three and a half; the wool, though not so fine, is softer, with longer staple. New Zealand sheep-feeding obtains a greater advantage, as the coarse native grass, and the rude squatting management of vast open runs, are superseded by laying down succulent English grasses in the fenced meadows of purchased estates. The yearly produce of the colony exceeds three million bushels of wheat and forty million pounds of wool, chiefly from the two great southern provinces. Canterbury already counts her three millions of sheep, Otago her four millions, with myriads of oxen, horses, and swine. The mineral riches, too, of this southern island are great, though surpassed by Auckland in the north. The Otago gold-fields have, indeed, since 1866 shown a decreasing yield; but these, together with those of Hokitika or Westland, lately part of Canterbury, and with those of Nelson, still yield gold to the annual value of 1,600,000*l.* Manufactures are promised and even commenced in the towns.

With these various and copious sources of public wealth, and with rapid sales of Government lands at 1*l.* and 2*l.* the acre, means were early found by the enterprising Provincial Councils to begin the construction of railways. Cut boldly through the rocky mountain that guards Port Lyttelton, a tunnel has opened the sea-door to the city of Christchurch close behind. The locomotive now travels sixty miles southward over the Canterbury plains. It will in the year after next, or not much later, pass on down to Timaru, and perhaps meet the up train from Dunedin. The last-named capital has 18,000 inhabitants, while Christchurch has 10,000; but they will probably by the end of the nineteenth century be equal to the present Melbourne and Sydney. The population of Canterbury Province is 60,000, and that of Otago is 85,000.

It is worth while to notice the steady and substantial progress of this southern country since the New Zealand Constitution was granted twenty-two years ago. Its founders, Scotch and English alike, failed in those days to realize their ideas of colonization under Church patronage. But they can now see in thriving adolescence the lusty young Scotland and England which they begot in 1848 and 1850. Lord Lyttelton when he visited the antipodes must have found in the sight of Canterbury Province a compensation for his past trouble in its first settlement. There is nowhere in the Queen's dominions a community that preserves so faithfully the genuine characteristics of English middle-class society. It has had no admixture either of an Irish or a German immigration, nor has it, like Otago, been invaded by the Australian diggers. To any well-bred English family of small fortune seeking a new home beyond the seas, that remotest colonial shore, if go they must, offers probably the most congenial abode.

"JEAMES" AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT is a curious circumstance that the greatest wonders always happen in a very dull season—at least if we believe the newspapers. The reason of this is perhaps that what would be looked

upon as a very ordinary and commonplace incident at any other time is magnified into something wonderful in order to make up for the general dearth of topics of interest. News nowadays is thought to be no news at all unless it is startling and sensational, and if sensations will not happen of themselves they must be manufactured. The man-and-dog fight is the natural development of the enormous gooseberry of other days. Modern journalists appear to be chiefly occupied, like Katterfelto with his hair on end, "at their own wonders wondering for their bread." A few days ago the Prince and Princess of Wales, when on a visit to a country house in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, drove into the town. Their coming had been duly notified, and of course Birmingham did its best to show the gratification it derived from the sight of its distinguished guests. The Prince and Princess had a kindly and courteous reception, just as they would be sure to have in any town in the kingdom. Yet this simple incident is written about in some of the newspapers as if it were the most wonderful and amazing thing that could possibly occur. The reporter of the *Times*, for example, can hardly contain his bewilderment and delight at the idea of a Mayor of Birmingham, and a Radical Mayor, too, actually behaving himself in a "gentlemanly" manner, and being able to make a civil and grammatical speech in the presence of a Prince. He notes also with equal astonishment that, though the crowd did not cheer quite so much as other crowds, and many forgot to take off their hats, the people were really orderly and well behaved. Indeed Jeames is so surprised and thankful that there was no rioting or flinging of rotten eggs that he is quite willing to make allowance for every deficiency in the way of huzzas and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. We get the idea that the absence of any violent breach of the peace was really more than he had hoped for. The reporter had perhaps had his imagination too much excited by the recent mysterious story of a remarkable encounter at Hanley, and the discovery that the people of Birmingham were not utter savages came upon him with a shock. The delicate and sensitive creature had apparently never ventured into this barbarous region before, and no doubt it was with some trepidation that on this eventful day he mounted the steps behind the carriage. Birmingham, it seems, "does not lie much in the track of Royalty" or of the flunkies in its train. Such a wonderful discovery as this, that anything "gentlemanly" was to be found in such a low Radical place as Birmingham, was of course too good to be hastily let drop. So next day one of the leader-writers of the *Times* is turned on to get some more wonderment out of it. At this time of year the weather is usually damp and foggy, but of course a Prince's visit is an infallible specific against this dismal atmosphere. Accordingly last Tuesday was "one of those rare days when not man alone, but all nature with him—the trees and plants, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field—were tempted to dream that the order of the seasons is about to be reversed." It seems indeed that for this day at least the order of the seasons was reversed, for the weather, as soon as it was known that the Prince was coming, "instead of sinking into winter, turned back to spring." Some day, perhaps, a careful study of the influence of Princes on the weather will form an important contribution to meteorological science. Not only, however, inanimate nature, but humanity itself, was brightened and refined under the beams of Royalty. The Mayor was known to have publicly avowed strong Republican views, which it was supposed he had not recanted; and there was therefore, we are told, eager curiosity to observe the manner in which a Republican Mayor would receive the Heir of the Monarchy. Would the Mayor strike out with his left, or would he disguise his feelings and take the opportunity of dropping something into the Prince's soup? Would he sacrifice his conscientious principles so far as to give the Prince his titles, or would he adopt the simple address used by Artemus Ward and call him "Edward"? It is easy to conceive the awful anxiety and agitation of the moment, especially as the various speculations as to what the Mayor would do naturally involved other speculations as to how the Prince would bear himself in return. It is with intense relief that the writer in the *Times* is able to announce that there was nothing outrageous in the behaviour of the Republican Mayor, and that an unseemly scuffle was happily avoided. In fact the interview is represented as having had the happiest influence on the Mayor, who, it seems, acquired self-respect, in which he had previously been deficient, and a "greater elevation of style." A hope is added that this influence may be lasting.

We do not know how it may strike other people, but it seems to us that this sort of way of speaking of the Mayor and people of Birmingham is not only very silly but extremely impertinent. What happened at Birmingham was exactly what any reasonable person might have known beforehand would be certain to happen. The *Times* remarks that this reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales will embarrass "those foreign critics who are for ever detecting among us movements which we ourselves have failed to discern," by which we suppose is meant movements hostile to the continuance of the Monarchy; but we should imagine that the innocent wonder which the *Times* itself expresses that everything went off quietly and peaceably is rather calculated to confirm than to remove these erroneous impressions. Foreign critics might very reasonably reply, "If the attachment of the people to the Throne is as firm and steadfast as you say, why do you exhibit so much surprise and exultation at the very simple and natural fact that the Heir Apparent should be received with the common civilities usual on such an occasion?" It is probable that Mr. Chamberlain still retains the opinions which he expressed a short time since as to the best form of government; but it must be assumed that before he undertook the office of

Mayor he must have satisfied himself that there was nothing in his political convictions to prevent him from discharging the duties of that position; and one of these duties was of course that of representing the town on any occasion when an address had to be presented to any member of the Royal Family. Everybody will agree that Mr. Chamberlain's speeches were just what they should have been, but it is only reasonable to suppose that this was due to his own sense of propriety, and not to any sudden and magical exaltation of his moral nature under the influence of the Royal presence. It is equally an insult to the inhabitants of Birmingham to suppose that they were in any danger of forgetting their manners on such an occasion, and to express astonishment that they should be actually civil and good-natured. There can be no doubt that they enjoyed the rare sight, not only of the Prince and Princess, but of their decorated town, and that they were perfectly sincere and cordial in the good-will with which they welcomed their visitors; but it is childish to represent this natural politeness as a formal repudiation of democratic opinions which some of them may have previously entertained, or to speak of their interest in the sight of a young gentleman who had just come from shooting a great lot of pheasants on one estate, and was going to shoot a lot more somewhere else, as "a confession of aspirations for a higher standard of existence." It is a very good thing that the people and their Prince should be personally brought together on a pleasant holiday, and that the swift passage of Royalty should break the monotony of everyday life by a flash of colour and gaiety; but it is scarcely judicious to twist simple and natural events out of their genuine character in order to invest them with a factitious importance. There is really no reason to suppose that, though political agitators occasionally speak wildly at Birmingham and elsewhere, there is any settled conviction in any part of the community in favour of a Republican form of government; but assuming that such views did prevail, it would be absurd to expect that they would be instantly and permanently suppressed by a hasty glimpse of the Prince and Princess. It is more comfortable to have the assurance that such feelings do not exist than to have to trust to their removal by such inadequate means.

Those who have the strongest faith in a Monarchy believe that it is an entirely rational institution, resting on a foundation of common sense, and corresponding to the requirements of human nature, and that it will bear to be looked into in a sober, practical way. The dangers which it has most to fear are not the assaults of enemies, but the foolish adulation of sycophantish admirers. There is scarcely any way in which it is possible to make Royalty look more ridiculous than by attributing to it the sort of pretensions of which we have heard so much within the last few days. The old superstition of the healing touch of the King may perhaps be recognized as a "survival" in the suggestion that a visit from a Prince exercises an instantaneous and elevating moral influence on all those with whom he is placed in contact. The Prince is of course a representative person, and it was only natural that the Mayor of Birmingham should endeavour to receive him with the respect and ceremony due to his position. It would perhaps be awkward for royal persons if their personal merits were invariably to be measured by the degree of "elevation" which is displayed in the formal addresses which are showered upon them through life. Whatever may be the speculative opinions of any persons in Birmingham as to the ideal of a perfect Constitution, the Prince of Wales's visit would certainly not have been a suitable occasion for their expression, and there can be no reason to be in the least surprised that his reception should have been marked by good taste and good feeling. Indeed, without exaggerating the importance of such events, it might be wished that they were less rare. If, as the *Times* remarks, Birmingham does not lie in the track of Royalty, that is perhaps not exactly the fault of Birmingham. It could hardly fail to be of advantage to the Prince himself if he were in his wanderings to include some of the chief towns as well as the great preserves.

FLOGGING.

THE remarkable document which occupied two columns of the biggest type of last Tuesday's *Daily Telegraph* may be worth a passing notice, not indeed for the sake of its arguments, if such they can be called, but as a fair sample of the sort of pleas put forward for the continued impunity of the kicking interest. No clue to the authorship is afforded by the mysterious signature of "X," but we may venture to observe that the writer has at least reproduced with admirable fidelity the style of flowing eloquence with which we have long been familiar in the leaders and "Own Correspondents" of that enterprising journal. The epithet "flowing" is in this case peculiarly appropriate, for the letter opens with an elaborate comparison between public opinion and the "flux and reflux" of the ocean, which however is rather complicated by the expression of a desire that, as time goes on—or, as the writer grandly phrases it, "at the determination of epoch after epoch"—we may find "that the river has become purified, and thus fertilizes in lieu of polluting the shores through which it passes." There is not usually any flux and reflux in rivers, and, though Homer does speak of an ocean stream bounding on all sides the habitable earth, there is something alike novel and alarming in the notion of the sea "passing through," instead of being content to beat against the shore. Such an event has before now happened in Holland, when the dykes have given way,

but the result, whether fertilizing or polluting, has been accounted very disastrous. But this is a mere preliminary detail; the real business of the writer, as he hastens to inform us, "is to note"—which here means to censure—"a very remarkable revulsion of public thought in favour of the infliction, for certain offences, of one of the most degrading, the most cruel, and the most barbarous of human punishments—that of the Lash." The classes guilty of the offences in question are what may be termed the kicking classes, and it is for them only, as will appear presently, that the punishment is too cruel and degrading to be tolerated. And it is so in their case because it exposes the sufferer to "flagrant and indelible infamy"; the scars on his back may perhaps be obliterated by time, but "the cicatrices on his name"—why does a scar become a "cicatrix" when transferred from the back to the name?—can never be removed. The branded man may meet with contemptuous pity from his associates, or "they may tacitly agree never to mention in his presence the shameful chastisement he has undergone"; and, considering the delicate refinement and exquisite tact of "certain classes," they would no doubt instinctively conform to this simple rule of courtesy. But still the merest accident may at any moment reveal the terrible secret, and then a more lusty word may provoke the taunt; "You talk; why you had forty lashes in the county goal for kicking your wife. You're not fit for the company of decent men. Yah! who's had the cat on his bare back?" And the writer goes on to explain to us at length, from his "intimate knowledge of the History of Penalty in all ages and all countries," that it is a great mistake to suppose that "their mates" will think no worse of these brave fellows for having been whipped. But he quietly, and no doubt quite correctly, assumes that they will think no worse of them for having kicked their wives, perhaps within an inch of their lives, which led to the whipping. And, to say the truth, he does not seem to think much the worse of them for it himself. He refuses expressly to admit that there is anything "shameful" in their conduct.

There is one class of offences however for which the writer considers this barbarous and degrading punishment very suitable. He first calls it felony, but, feeling perhaps the awkwardness of so vague and comprehensive a designation, more precisely defines the unpardonable crime as thieving. As to the sinfulness of theft there is no room for what theologians call "invincible ignorance," and this accordingly "is in itself a shameful crime." But with acts of brutal violence it is very different; there need be nothing at all shameful in them. "The greatest rough that ever beat or kicked his wife knows that it is a disgraceful thing to steal so much as a halfpenny that does not belong to him; but Christianity and Education have not yet so far reached him as to teach him that it is a shameful act to get drunk, and a more shameful one to maltreat a woman." Christianity and education apparently teach the Deenlogue backwards, and do not usually get more than half way through the second table. The "most ruffianly, dissolute, worthless, wicked 'coster-jads" of seventeen and upwards are always perfectly acquainted with the obligations of the eighth and tenth commandments—whether of the seventh also deponent saith not—but they are honestly ignorant of the sixth. For it may be presumed that even "the greatest rough," if he recognized the heinousness of murder, would be at least partially aware of the dangerous culpability of executing a *pas sent* in iron clags on his wife's head, or whiling away a leisure afternoon by kicking out the eyes of an old man of eighty and pouring lime into the sockets. But he is in fact wholly unaware of it; "this biting, kicking savage may be [and we are clearly meant to infer generally is] a perfectly honest, laborious, and honourable fellow." Well, as to that, we have heard of honour among thieves, to whom this writer allows none, and there may, for aught we know, be some code of honour understood by themselves among biting, kicking savages, but it can hardly be a principle which the law is called upon to respect. We are not going to discuss with the *Telegraph* Correspondent at exactly what age men or boys—or, to use his own classical phraseology, "any adolescent or adult"—may be assumed to have mastered the relative obligations of the moral law. But we have a decided conviction that those interesting young gentlemen "between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three," who are so profoundly sensible of the criminality and shamefulness of stealing, are not less distinctly aware that to stop an inoffensive artisan in the street, knock him down for refusing to give you sixpence, and then dance upon his body till he is crushed to a jelly—as three honest and honourable fellows did at Liverpool the other day—is equally shameful and criminal. We also quite agree with "the tide of public opinion," and disagree with the *Telegraph* writer, in holding that the brute who perpetrates this sort of abomination is also a coward, and deserves a coward's punishment. Whether or not his mates choose to inflict "cicatrices on his name" matters exceedingly little, but it matters much that scars should be inflicted on his back, for it is the physical and not the moral cicatrix that such brutes really care about. And, *pace* the *Telegraph* Correspondent and his intimate familiarity with the History of Penalty, all trustworthy testimony conspires to prove that they do care a very great deal about it, and care for very little else. The Assistant Judge expressed a strong opinion to that effect the other day in charging the Middlesex Grand Jury, and a whole chorus of judges, magistrates, coroners, and others concerned have borne similar witness of late. They do not seem to share the *Telegraph* writer's nervous dread of "spoiling a Man" by flogging him, and are perhaps more keenly alive to the

"spoiling" which the noble savage who is to be flogged has already inflicted on the old men, women, or children whom he has selected as the *corpus vile* for his playful and muscular exploits. To ask why, if a man who nearly kicks a woman to death is to be flogged, you do not propose to flog him before hanging him, if he quite kicks her to death, is too childish a question to need any reply. Nor is it much more to the purpose to hint at drunkenness as an excuse. In the first place it is not an excuse, and in the next place it is not a fact. In nine cases out of ten these ruffians are quite sober enough to know well what they are about; and if there are some of them who cannot be taught to keep their hands—we mean their feet—off their wives' heads without being taught sobriety, it is high time that both lessons should be inculcated on them in the sharpest and most effectual manner.

There is indeed something very peculiar in the *Telegraph* Correspondent's theory, both of crime and of punishment. We have seen that he considers theft to be always essentially and consciously "infamous," while brutal ruffianism, such as has disgraced all parts of the country for several months past, is quite consistent with the character of a brave, honest, and "honourable" man. The circumstance that a man may conceivably steal because he is starving, or has a starving wife and children at home, while no possible benefit can accrue to any one from kicking his wife's eyes out, appears never to have occurred to him. But, further, he announces his absolute disbelief, based on the "History of Penalty," in the deterrent effect of "cruel and infamous punishments," like flogging, on anybody. This, if it were true, instead of being demonstrably the reverse, would supply a very cogent argument against flogging altogether; yet the writer is strongly in favour of flogging thieves, and as garotters, although coming as such under the violent or "honourable" class of offenders, rob as well as assault their victims, he is willing they should be flogged also, and this in spite of his amazing assertion that flogging has not put down garotting, because some half-dozen garotters are still flogged in the course of the year. It is not as a deterrent but as "a vindictive punishment" that he would have thieves and garotters flogged, "and the more soundly the better." And not these only. "Let him (the garotter) by all means be triced up and subjected to the most vigorous application of the cat-of-nine-tails. I have no sympathy with him. I hate him; and I should very much like to see writhing and howling by his side the habitual swindler, the cardsharp, the pickpocket, the housebreaker, the writer of threatening letters, and the extortionate moneylender. All these are clearly infamous offenders and deserve infamous chastisement . . . when we whip a common thief or an habitual swindler, we do not run much risk of spoiling a Man." It is clearly therefore from no "maudlin sentimentalism"—to use his own words—nor even chiefly from distrust of its deterrent effects, that the writer deprecates applying the lash to the fine manly fellows who have invented this new torture of the boot, for it is equally inoperative as a deterrent in other cases also. It is because he has no sympathy with those guilty of garotting and cardsharpping, which are "shameful" crimes, and show "the depravity of heart" of the offender; while "the brutish miner, or quarryman, or navvy, or bricklayer's labourer who beats his wife," or nearly kicks her brains out, is innocently unconscious of anything "shameful" in so natural and exhilarating a procedure, being after all an "honourable fellow," who deserves the sympathy of the wise and good, and emphatically—with a capital letter—"a Man." If there were any truth in this singular estimate of human nature, it would be a strong additional reason for trying whether the surgical operation to which the writer objects so strongly might not succeed in implanting in the breast of the noble savage some germ of those salutary principles which "Christianity and education" have so deplorably failed to teach. If it be really true that, while "a footpad is a detestable rogue," we ought to regard "offenders guilty only of violent assaults" on inoffensive women and old men too feeble to defend themselves as "all honourable men," it is surely time that they should be taught to add to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance brotherly kindness. A Judge declared the other day from the bench, with more than questionable discretion, that this kind of brutality could only be cured by education. But education is a comprehensive process, and has been largely carried on in former days by the aid of the birch-rod. Gideon is said to have "taught the men of Succoth with thorns of the wilderness and briers," and the teaching appears to have been effectual. That is the sort of education best adapted to the wife-kicking section of the community, and most likely to benefit their own minds and the bodies of their victims.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE mediocrity and monotony which usually afflict exhibitions at this dull season of the year have found relief in a startling composition which is remarkable for its size no less than for its mastery. "Venice doing Homage to Catarina Cornaro," by Herr Makart, is a canvas thirty-five feet in length, thirteen feet in height, and containing more than forty figures mostly above life size. The small French Gallery in Pall Mall, specially suited to cabinet works, can only find cabined space for this prodigy by the entire surrender of its largest wall. The picture we saw a year ago when it made its *début* in the *Künstlerhaus* in Vienna; thence it passed to Düsseldorf, and on the close of the present exhibition it will make its way to Paris. Its defects are patent,

yet within the last decade few nobler works have seen the light. The story which the painter recounts with the utmost pomp of state and splendour of colour runs as follows:—Catarina, the daughter of Marco Cornaro, had won universal admiration by her youth, beauty, and accomplishments, when, towards the end of the fifteenth century, the King of Cyprus came to Venice in search of a wife. At once the choice fell upon Catarina, whereupon the Council declared her a daughter of St. Mark, gave her one hundred thousand ducats as a dowry, and promised to protect her future home in Cyprus against the attacks of the Saracens. Before her departure a festival was given in her honour, and, according to the description printed in Vienna and now repeated in London, the picture before us represents what then took place. But, strange to say, uncertainty hangs over the artist's intention. It is narrated that Catarina lost her husband and returned to Venice in three years with an infant son, whereupon she was again fêted. The child in the picture, apparently her son, would indicate that it is the later festivities which are here celebrated. Nothing is omitted that can add splendour to the scene. Catarina is enthroned after the manner of "Venice Enthroned," by Paul Veronese; women throw themselves on their knees, girls come laden with flowers, merchants offer treasures, and the whole composition is forced up to the highest pitch by the banners, trappings, and embroidered draperies in which the Queen of the Adriatic robed and enriched herself in her days of pomp and pride. The treatment, no doubt, is consonant with the occasion, and yet we cannot but feel that the decoration is a little overdone.

At a glance it will be seen that Herr Makart is a product of the Munich school, not of its spiritual phase under Overbeck and Hess, not of its muscular development under Cornelius, not of its academic and pseudo-classic manifestation under the late Director Kaulbach, but of its more recent realistic and romantic complexion under the sway of Professor Piloty. A leading principle in this last school is that the historic painter must choose a noble theme which shall lend itself aptly to pictorial treatment, and then that, by studied lines of composition, beauty of form, richness of colour, effective chiaroscuro, and realistic texture, the import of the scene shall be enhanced to the uttermost. Herr Makart differs from his fellow-students, Herr Liezenmeyer, Herr Wagner, and Herr Max, who figure conspicuously in the exhibitions of Munich and other German capitals; by having surrendered himself to the Venetian school, especially as impersonated by Paul Veronese. Thus the *chef-d'œuvre* before us scarcely escapes plagiarism. The composition is little else than a compilation from well-known works by Veronese; the system of glazings, especially of red on white, and then the loading on heavily of lights, are literally Venetian. The handling is also strong in rotary swing at the wrist, and certain abrasions on the surface reveal a red ground priming on the canvas. It is unfortunate that the picture just fails of unqualified success; in fact, some parts break down egregiously; for instance, a big dog conspicuous in the foreground, which Velazquez would have made grand, is here reduced to the ridiculous. The painter is too confident, too negligent, and he cares little more for drawing or completeness than a stage decorator; all is sacrificed to effect, bought at the lowest cost. Thus he misses the high position which his great power promised. And yet Herr Makart stands as the most brilliant representative of the old Venetian masters; and when we entered his studio we found it hung with tapestries, furnished with antique cabinets, and otherwise adorned, as if this modern German had inherited tastes, fortunes, and properties from Titian, Veronese, or Tintoret. As a matter of course this monster picture throws into insignificance a total of 143 canvases distributed over the three remaining walls. The masters here dwarfed—Herr Kaulbach the younger, Herr Braith, M. Bouguereau, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Holl, and others—we have noticed before, and we may hope soon to meet them again in the spring gathering within this Gallery.

Mr. McLean once more invites visitors to a well-selected roomful of drawings. There is little to call for remark; indeed the masters, and even the subjects, are so well known that the Catalogue may almost be dispensed with. But some curiosity still attaches to an occasional stray figure by such eccentric geniuses as Signor Fortuny, Signor Madrazo, and others of their kind in Madrid, Rome, or Naples. This year we miss M. Zichy of St. Petersburg, also unbridled in passion and ungoverned in fling of pencil.

Fifty showy sketches by Mr. Halswelle are now on view in Waterloo Place under the title of "Twelve Months in Venice." The artist is almost too candid in his "Introduction"; he tells us that the series "is the result of the accident of a damp studio." It would appear that, in order to save his life, he betook himself to a gondola, whence he made what he is pleased to call "realistic and faithful delineations of everyday effects in Venice." This painter's garish talent we have found occasion to criticize from time to time in the Royal Academy. Mr. Halswelle is evidently a victim to the proverbial "unconsciousness of genius" when he assures us that he has worked "without any attempt to make pictures." All indifferent spectators must come to the reverse conclusion; scenes well known and well nigh worn out are here obviously dressed up with an eye to decorative effect.

The Winter Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery, which is reserved exclusively for oil pictures, has always been inferior to the Spring Exhibition, which is set apart to water-colour drawings. Still the present collection, like its predecessors, contains, among a multitude of works that ought never to have been perpetrated, some few products worthy of remembrance by reason of their high poetic

conception, pretty play of fancy, or well-wrought technique. Conspicuously placed at the head of the Gallery are three imperfectly embodied ideas, severally due to Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., and Mr. Stanhope—artists who are generally recognized as having done much to lead our English school onwards to the nobler walks of imaginative art. Mr. Watts, in "Dawn and Day" (165), unveils to view twin angels, or winged genii—the one with closed eyes floating amid the dispelled vapours of the night, the other with uplifted head rising into the golden "day." Michael Angelo has made such personations in marble familiar to us, and Mr. Watts is accustomed to think out kindred conceptions in Venetian colour; and it may be observed that the two masters, though widely severed, have at least this in common, that each was alike impatient of plodding labour and perfecting detail. Michael Angelo left his "Dawn" and "Day" on the Medici tombs as magnificent sketches, and in like manner Mr. Watts in his distinctive personations of "Dawn and Day" was content to relinquish his subject as soon as it reached the stage of a grand but vague suggestion. That genius has been in all ages greater in promise than in performance, is one reason why the world contains so many magnificent fragments. Mr. Poynter, in "Psyche's Awakening" (146), seems to have fallen under the inspiration of Turner's "Garden of Hesperides" and other like works, wherein wild mountains in sculpture-like masses and serrated outlines invade the sky. And, like his great original, Mr. Poynter endows his landscape with human interest by a figure which, in its well-considered action, tells its own story significantly. The painter has chosen the moment when Psyche, having been carried in a swoon on the wings of Zephyr from the high mountain of sacrifice, awakes into affrighted consciousness in the vale beneath. The action is highly dramatic, the figure has been well studied in the lines, the flow of the draperies have motion as when the Greeks signified action or passion; yet we incline to think that the colour tends to decorative prettiness in pale and purple blues, and that the execution is rather small and feeble for the grandeur of the conception. The same theme has been treated, though differently, by Raffaele, and also by the Danish poet-painter Frølich. "The Banks of the Styx" (163), depicted by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, affords yet one more example of the imaginative mythology to which certain of our painters are now addicted. The closely clinging figures of two lovers who on earth may have loved not too wisely, recall by the intensity of their anguish certain pictorial versions of Paolo and Francesca; they stand on the shore imploringly, and old Charon in his boat hastens to their rescue. A weird non-natural spirit pervades the scene; the figures hover as it were in uncertainty between two lives; they retain the remembrance of having been mortals, and yet they seem to be conscious of being ghosts in a land of dreams—a shadowy region here depicted in long-stretching caverns, catacomb-like, with still-flowing waters which run deeply. Yet we fear that Mr. Stanhope will have for long to rest content with an audience fit and few; though his conceptions are romantic, his treatment is apt to be somewhat hard, dry, and colourless. Among minor works that show the salutary influence of studies which take a retrospective range may be noted "Part of a Design from the Parable of the Ten Virgins" (202), by Miss Theresa Thornycroft.

The Dudley Gallery, by reason of its wide constituency, has always great diversity. Here are figure-painters and landscape-painters within the Academy, others who have been waiting long at the door, and many also who are lying hopelessly in the cold outside. All find a welcome within these hospitable walls. Mr. George Richmond, R.A., illumines the Gallery with the "Great Fire at the Pantheon as seen from Hyde Park" (20). The artist employs the same pallet and technique for the fire of a house that he would for the face of an alderman; he loads on his colours in bold relief, and at all events it must be admitted that his canvas burns as a furnace with liquid heat. Turner attempted an analogous impossibility in the burning of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., who certainly proves himself the most solid and sustained of recently elected Associates, launches yet another scathing satire against the supine sansculottes of Morocco. The painter finds occasion as heretofore for the display of firm drawing and decisive character in the indolent officials who, in true Oriental fashion, squat about "The Postmaster-General's Office, Tangiers" (76). The attitudes, though true to the life and apparently accidental, are deliberately studied. Mr. Storey also indulges in his accustomed humour when, under the title "Enough is as Good as a Feast" (216), he caricatures an old gourmand discussing a fine pheasant on the dinner-table, while a servant appears at the juncture with an equally handsome bird in her hand. We are again inevitably reminded of almost identical themes by Mieris, and yet Mr. Storey has not quite reached the perfect manipulation of the Dutch masters. Another satire verging on comedy or burlesque we owe to Mr. James Hayllar, who, in a "Visit to the National Gallery" (274), depicts two rustics seated, fast asleep, their backs being turned upon "The Baptism of Christ," by Pietro della Francesca. The incident rather than the quality of the art is the making of the picture. Mr. Wynfield, who in past years failed by reason of crude opposition of colour, has now with advantage changed his tactics. "The New Rose" (49) introduces the spectator to a lady whose pearly and opalescent dress is delicately relieved from a background of warm and sunny greys. Analogous experiments in what may be called monologies of colour have long been made in Belgium and France by M.

Willems, M. Alfred Stevens, and M. Hamon. Several English painters latterly show like proclivities. "Our Daughter" (139), by Mr. Arthur Hughes, has habitual grace and refinement; "The Young Signor" (313), by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, is a well-painted and expressive head. It is a pity that M. Legros cannot mitigate his inveterate naturalism; "A Fishmonger" (398) is as repulsive as it is vigorous.

The landscapes in the Dudley, though numerous, scarcely claim distinctive notice. It may be observed, however, that Mr. Alma Tadema, the figure-painter, has in "Sunny Days" (254) pleasantly beguiled a sylvan holiday. Sun and shadow play across hill and dale, wood and moorland, alighting on the foreground upon a little girl seated under an umbrella on the grass. The style is Continental; it has a breadth, intention, and sketchy suggestiveness alien to the painful elaboration from which our English students of nature have scarcely recovered since the days when the author of *Modern Painters* showed such kind encouragement to the so-called "Pre-Raphaelites." There are landscapes by Mr. P. R. Morris, Mr. J. C. Lewis, and Mr. Arthur Ditchfield which merit attention; we may also name for commendation a brilliant scene in "Venice" (208), by Mr. L. Pilleau; "A Wreck on Boulogne Sands" (160), by Mr. Arthur Severn; a fresh "Westerly Breeze" (207), by Mr. Hamilton Macallum; a study made on board ship by Mr. Henry Moore of the "Mediterranean in a Gale" (245). This artist takes to a hurricane as kindly as the stormy petrel. Not keener or swifter is the wing of a bird on the wind than the hand of the painter as it plays over the troubled surface of the waters. We have never seen truer drawing of waves driven fiercely before the wind. This is the original sketch for the picture in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy.

On the whole, these Winter Exhibitions scarcely give sufficient reason why they should exist at all. Yet, if purchasers prove plentiful and visitors numerous, perhaps it must be conceded that the primary purposes of all London exhibitions are substantially attained.

MR. IRVING'S HAMLET.

IT is satisfactory to observe the care and completeness with which the performance of Shakspeare has been undertaken at the Lyceum Theatre; and it is remarkable that while Mr. Irving is appearing with much deserved applause in *Hamlet*, a neighbouring theatre announces that Mr. Phelps will shortly appear as Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a rumour lately prevailed that the *Merchant of Venice* was to be produced at a house which has usually occupied itself with plays of quite another class. We believe that no opportunity has been offered to Londoners of seeing *Hamlet* since Mr. Tom Taylor made an experiment, of which the conception was better than the execution, at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Irving has fortunately sufficient talent and reputation to interest the public in his assumption of a new part, and we can only hope that that interest was as great as the newspapers represent, and that it may prove enduring. Happily almost every person of literary disposition has a special theory about the character of Hamlet, and is prepared to give a lecture on the subject with illustrative readings whenever an audience can be procured. The number of critics of Mr. Irving's performance was likely therefore to be large, and it is difficult to say whether Prince Charlie's match at Newmarket or the production of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum was the more prominent topic of discussion in the newspapers of last Monday.

It may seem a grudging tribute to Mr. Irving's talent to say that he was much less disagreeable in Hamlet than he has ever been before. But those who saw his Richelieu and saw the parody of it by Mr. Righton will easily understand that by perseverance in the same method he might have produced a Hamlet so unpleasant that the only alleviation of the annoyance would have been the hope that it might be the foundation of a burlesque. But in his present performance his voice and manner are greatly mitigated, and the whole result is that one would like to see the play again, and is not merely thankful that it is over. We hope nobody will be disturbed on hearing that Mr. Irving does not play Hamlet in a yellow wig, as has of late been usual. He retains the conventional style of dress, which is rather incongruous with the dresses of the other characters, in which an attempt has apparently been made to imitate the style of the supposed period of the play. The Ghost is as awful as can be expected in a small theatre; the soldiers have been fairly drilled, and do not exhibit that shakiness in the legs which takes off so much from the effect of military pageantry on the stage; an excellent comedian, Mr. Compton, has been engaged for the First Gravedigger; Miss Isabel Bateman is successful in Ophelia, and all the other characters are creditably filled. On the Turf, when they mean to be complimentary, they speak of a "level" horse, and we should call this a "level" play. Everybody who sees it will, we think, confess that the performance is even and well sustained throughout. Some critics may select particular scenes for high or perhaps extravagant laudation of Mr. Irving; we do not think it would be easy to fasten upon special points for censure. Taken as a whole, his performance is excellent, and he has made a great advance upon the reputation gained in a round of rather dreary characters.

It has been remarked that Hamlet must want his cloak during his conversation with the Ghost, but perhaps if it had been offered to him by his officious friend Horatio, he might have answered in the same sense as Nelson did to a similar offer

in the same locality. Nelson was a great believer in the precept "If you want a thing done do it yourself"; so he went in a boat at night to ascertain and re-buoy the "outer channel" leading to Copenhagen, and when he was pressed to protect himself with a boat-cloak against the "nipping and eager air" of the last night in March, he answered, or is reported to have answered, that "his anxiety for his country would keep him warm." It is not perhaps so wonderful that Hamlet should drop his cloak and hat as that Horatio and Marcellus should carefully pick them up and bring them after him. As they are so very much afraid that the Ghost may carry Hamlet off with him, it would seem that the last thing Hamlet would be likely to want in his father's company would be a cloak. These remarks may appear trivial, but it is impossible to avoid smiling when Marcellus comes on with something in his hand which, on careful inspection, proves to be Hamlet's hat. We believe that in the palmy days of tragedy the spectators were required to suppose that the hat fell off through Hamlet's hair standing on end when he saw the Ghost. Another respectable tradition was that of exhibiting two paintings, generally very bad ones, in the scene between Hamlet and his mother. Some ingenuity must have been employed in deriving from the text the first hint for this embellishment. It is by no means certain that the reigning King of Denmark looked the villain that he was, and, if he did, a Court painter would not be likely to represent his villany faithfully on canvas. When Hamlet was supposed to point to the second picture, he said:—

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear
Blasting his wholesome brother.

But it is highly improbable that the artist would have depicted a potential poisoner. Indeed this notion of the two pictures seems to be an effort of the same ingenuity which suggested that when Hamlet says,

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter,

he should make a movement as if laying a gun. When Hamlet says, "Methinks I see my father," Horatio, who was a sort of anticipation of these matter-of-fact critics, asks where, and Hamlet answers "In my mind's eye." We do not in the least complain that this play has been got up with some of that thrift which Hamlet imputes to the royal household of Denmark, and it is certainly better to have no pictures at all than to have shabby second-hand ones. We observe that a critic in the press recognizes the churchyard scene as having done duty in *Engene Aram*, and we must confess that that scene has something of the air of an old acquaintance. But the play is sufficiently, although not gorgeously, decorated, and much pains seems to have been taken to select and drill the company. The fencing-match has been carefully rehearsed, and the exchange of foils is managed perhaps as well as can be expected. Hamlet gets possession of his adversary's foil, and then throws his own foil to the adversary—by mistake, as we must suppose—and he neatly catches it. The fifth act as represented consists of the scene in the churchyard, the conversation with Osric, and the fencing-match, and throughout these scenes Shakspeare has in view not the manners of the fourteenth or other bygone century in which the events of the play happened, but the manners of his own time. The dress of Hamlet is more suitable to those manners than the dresses of Horatio and the King. But we do not attach importance to tailor's details unless a play-bill challenges attention to them.

One of Mr. Irving's warm admirers in the press ascribes to him "culture, intelligence, refinement," all which he certainly possesses. But it must be owned that he is not plentifully endowed with those physical qualities which in some great actors of this part have been abundant. Far be it from us to depreciate "culture," but, as Homer says, the glorious gifts of the Gods are not to be despised. The same admirer says that "the transcendent skill" of the actor is revealed in his first soliloquy, and he wonders how we could ever have tolerated the performer who stalked to the footlights and made a recitation. It is possible that a fine voice and a graceful person may have helped to mitigate our impatience. Indeed this writer admits that some of Mr. Irving's predecessors in the part "may have had more power over the emotions of the audience than he has," and this, we think, is true. But then it is suggested that these same predecessors may not have had "a just appreciation" of the character of Hamlet, and this we could readily believe. There had certainly not been nearly so much written about the character when they acted it, and perhaps they trusted to instinct more than to reason or reflection. One of the coarser-minded class of critics, being asked what Shakspeare meant in a particular passage, answered that he meant to "draw." Without adopting this low view of his purpose, we may suspect that, not having had the advantage of reading the commentaries on his plays, he had sometimes no very distinct notion of what his purpose was. It has been disputed at great length, and with much ability, whether Hamlet is really mad. Undoubtedly he begins with a purpose of feigning madness, and it may be that Shakspeare laid on the colour rather too thickly, allowing his wonderful power of thought and language to exercise itself without strict control. He certainly did, to a considerable extent, forget himself as he went on with the play, as appears from the unaccountable quiescence of the Ghost in the latter part of it. Critics perhaps do not allow quite enough for the unconscious operation of genius. It may be questioned whether either dramatist or actor does his best when he has a clear view beforehand of what he means to do and does it. We do not in the least undervalue the

conscientious study which Mr. Irving has given to this part. But we may venture to remark that that is not exactly what Shakespeare himself thought most desirable in an actor. When the Player has spoken the lines describing the fall of Priam and the grief of Hecuba, Polonius remarks that he has turned his colour and has tears in his eyes. Shakespeare had doubtless in his view some actor of his own time, probably of imperfect education, and not much given to meditation on the purposes of authors in composing plays, who possessed from nature this emotional talent and had continually exercised it. This talent, combined with advantages of voice and person, has enabled actors and actresses who were ignorant, idle, and selfish off the stage to feel and to arouse in the theatre noble, generous, and tender sentiments. Every word of Hamlet's comment on the recitation to which he had listened might be truly spoken of some performances of this class of actors:—

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit! And all for nothing!

It was imputed to an eminent advocate that he used artificial means to produce tears. There have been, and perhaps are, advocates capable of weeping naturally whenever tears would improve the effect of a speech. We should certainly not retain an advocate of this stamp to argue a question of real property law in the House of Lords, but he might be very powerful with juries. We by no means say that Mr. Irving does not possess this faculty of feeling the part which he undertakes, but we observe that his admirers dwell emphatically on other faculties which do not alone make a first-rate actor. Nevertheless he has attained a considerable success, and we will end as we began by hoping that the public interest in his performance may be sustained and general. There can be no question that his Hamlet is well worth seeing.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

MATTERS have decidedly mended at Newmarket this autumn. The authorities have at last become conscious of the necessities of their position, and have seen that, in order to maintain the prestige of Newmarket, not only must pecuniary inducements be held out to owners of horses, but also the daily programme of sport must be varied to suit the circumstances of the time. It was a happy idea at the Second October Meeting to throw the three Queen's Plates into one, and thereby to offer a prize worth fighting for; and, in consequence, instead of Lillian walking over, a good *bona-fide* field of eight horses came to the post, including Lily Agnes, the heroine of the Doncaster Cup, Eole II., Thunder, Scamp, and Pout-Etre and Christiana, presumably the pick of the foreign horses. The success of this experiment was sufficient to justify the belief that, if the Queen's Plates were fewer in number and of greater value, they would not end in a farce as often as they do now. At the Houghton Meeting, between three and four thousand pounds of added money was offered by the Jockey Club, and, moreover, the programme included some novel features of interest, such as the Jockey Club Cup, which would undoubtedly have given rise to a most interesting contest had it not been that Apology was amiss and could not take part in it. The Jockey Club also has been wise enough to decide finally that the Middle Park Plate shall not be abolished. We utterly fail to appreciate the reasons which have induced some of the leaders of the racing world to display a spirit of antagonism to this brilliantly successful and most popular contest. Such a paltry argument as that the Middle Park Plate so brings out the best form of the year as to spoil the betting on the Derby of the following year may be summarily dismissed. The motives of many racing men are mercenary enough no doubt; but it is not tolerable that such motives should be authoritatively recognized by those at the head of affairs as part of the creed of racing. Besides, betting is happily so restricted now that no one dreams of backing a horse for the Derby till within a few weeks of the race; and we may add that as the winner of the Middle Park Plate has never yet won the Derby, the great two-year-old contest teaches us what to avoid rather than what to follow when searching for the winner at Epsom. It was said also that the Middle Park Plate affected other two-year-old races injuriously, diminished the number of their subscribers, and destroyed their interest. Had this argument been founded on fact, it would not have been without weight; but we have never seen any evidence adduced in its support. The Clearwell, Prendergast, Criterion, and other two-year-old races are as interesting—or as uninteresting, according to circumstances—now as they were before the establishment of the Middle Park Plate; and the rich two-year-old sweepstakes have fallen into abeyance, not because the Middle Park Plate has extinguished them, but because so few owners of racehorses nowadays care to put down two or three hundred sovereigns when they can enter their representatives in engagements at an outlay of two or three. It was undoubtedly within the discretion of the Jockey Club to refuse or continue their highest prize to any one particular race; but when the five hundred sovereigns given for the Middle Park Plate were offered, first by one person, then by another, and lastly by a select body of breeders of blood stock, there was no earthly reason for declining the offer. Better counsels have fortunately prevailed; and one of the most attractive races of the year will still retain its place in the

programme of the Second October Meeting. There is another motion on the books to come before the next meeting of the Jockey Club which we hope will meet with merited rejection. It is proposed that no foreign horse shall be allowed to start for a handicap run in England unless he has been for three months in an English training stable. This really seems like an ebullition of childish ill-temper because Pout-Etre has won the Cambridgeshire of 1874 in a canter. It may be mortifying, no doubt, to English sportsmen to see all their carefully laid plans upset without an effort by a French horse; but it is unsportsmanlike to make an unfair retaliation for a fair defeat. Abolish all exemptions in favour of foreign horses, if you please; weight them as you please—the handicapper will take care of that in the Cambridgeshire of 1875—but do not attempt to shut them out. In the great mile handicap at headquarters the more competitors the merrier—at least every one thinks so except the starter—and the general racing at Newmarket would be poor indeed if the foreign contingent of racehorses were prevented from sharing in the contests. If English owners keep hundreds of horses in their stables, and find it more lucrative to lock them up than to bring them out on the racetrack, while French sportsmen send their representatives hither and thither, wherever good prizes are to be won, why should the latter be deprived of the fruits of their enterprise? We cannot believe that the motion of Sir J. Astley will meet with much favour at the hands of the supreme council of the Turf. If we want to beat the French, let us breed better horses than they breed, and run them fairly and squarely, and then we shall not fear any competition.

The general racing in the Houghton week was decidedly good, and was made more interesting by the great number of close finishes. On the Thursday, for instance, seven races out of eight were won by heads or necks, and some of the heads were so wonderfully short that it was impossible not to admire the extraordinary power of eye possessed by the judge. We will first glance at the two-year-old events, of which there was an abundance during the week. The Criterion was the *pièce de résistance* of this department of the sport, and ten runners came to the post. Lord Falmouth was represented by two, Garterly Bell and Ladylove, and Count de Lagrange also ran two, Mirliflor and Tartine. The former of this pair had evidently done no work since the last meeting, and his injured foot will very probably prevent him from taking a prominent part in the three-year-old races of 1875. Otherwise he would be a very formidable opponent, for there is not a finer-looking two-year-old in training. Balfie (with 4 lbs. extra) and Vm Victis also ran, and Balfie was made the favourite, despite his known dislike to a longer course than half a mile, while Mirliflor was second favourite, though hardly able to raise a gallop. The French horse was never in the race, and limped with difficulty into the saddling enclosure, while Balfie, after pulling double for half a mile, stopped as usual in the last two furlongs. Thenceforward Lord Falmouth's pair had the finish to themselves, and Garterly Bell, who was receiving 4 lbs. from his stable companion Ladylove, drew away and won by three lengths. Balfie partially atoned for his defeat by winning two valuable races later in the week, but they were uncommonly near things, and his backers had a very unpleasant moment in each case till the numbers went up. The careful handling of Cannon brought Prince Soltykoff's speedy but faint-hearted colt home before Earl of Dartrey in one race, and Cataclysm in the second. Both these victories were won over the Bretby Stakes course; and on both occasions Balfie would have won in a walk at half a mile, but tried all he could to give it up in the last quarter. Another shifty performer, Strathavon, won the Free Handicap Nursery from a large and not indifferent field, and Craig Miller showed vast improvement on his form in the Second October Meeting by running away from Moriturus and Yorkshire Bride in the Home Bred Foal Stakes. It would appear by the running of this colt at the three autumn meetings at Newmarket that he prefers the downhill two-year-old course to the ascent at the end of the Rowley mile. The New Nursery Stakes resulted in a splendid race between four—Miechowitz, Breech-loader, La Sautouse, and La Friponne. Won by a head, dead heat for second place, fourth beaten by a head, was the judge's verdict. In the Glasgow Stakes Dreadnought cantered away at his pleasure from Semper Durus, and in the Bretby Nursery Stakes Per Se—of course honoured with the top weight—was provokingly beaten by the shortest of heads by the German-bred Waisenknabe, a son of Buccanoeur. In the Post Match between Lords Falmouth and Lonsdale, Garterly Bell, the fine-looking and fast improving representative of Lord Falmouth, achieved an easy victory; and in the Old Nursery Stakes, run over the Rowley mile, Trojan gave Waisenknabe 10 lbs. and beat him so easily that, taking the line through Per Se, he must be not far removed from the best of his year. Glancing rapidly at the remaining racing of the week, we may notice that the Trial Stakes produced a good race between two good horses, Thunder and Royal George; the superior class of the former, however, bringing him home an easy winner, while a French impostor, Daniel, played the part of looker-on. Lady Rosebery, after a long retirement, came out in the All-Aged Trial Stakes, which she won in a canter from Slumber and Lady Glenorchy. Quantock also showed some return to his spring form by running away in the Stand Handicap from Chieftain (second in the Cambridge), Xanthus, Aurora (winner of the Great Eastern Handicap), and Eva. A small but highly select field, consisting of Apology, Leolinus, Spectator, Lemnos, Novateur, and Whitehall, came out for the Free Handicap Sweepstakes across the flat. As winner of the St. Leger, Apology had to carry

9 st., and as winner of the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot, Leolinus was weighted with 8 st. 8 lbs.; but both these fine horses were unfit to show their true form on this occasion. Leolinus has done little work since Doncaster, and Apology was obviously amiss, and it was almost a pity to expose her to certain defeat. The issue was thus left to Lernas and Spectator, and the former, running the longest, won a good race by a neck. Lord Wilton was, however, more successful in the Rowley Handicap, which his Carmelite secured after a close finish with Xanthus and Genuine. Two Cambridgeshire horses, Gamecock and Benedictine, took part in this contest, but were never conspicuous; and indeed the Hungarian horse was palpably lame. As Apology was prudently withdrawn from the Jockey Club Cup, Gang Forward had an easy task to beat Feu d'Amour, La Courseuse, Lillian, and Christiana, and the last-named has quite failed to sustain the high character with which she came over to this country. The Houghton Handicap all but collapsed, but at last six starters were got together, and Castle Wollan, better known as the Gelding by Artillery out of Pinesse, won easily from Slumber, Quantock, Night Star, and Dovedale—the silly of Headman out of Columba.

Finally, Prince Charlie took leave of the Turf amid a scene of excitement such as has never been witnessed in our time on an English racecourse. On the last day but one of the meeting he had disposed of Montargis and Novateur in his usual style over the Bretby Stakes course; and immediately afterwards he was matched against Pent-Etre, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, at weight for age, over the Rowley mile. No match in our time, not even that between Julius and Lady Elizabeth, has ever created such intense interest. Not only is Prince Charlie the most popular horse ever trained at Newmarket—quite the idol of the multitude—but there was a good deal of national feeling mixed up with this match, and most fervent were the prayers that the splendid son of Blair Athol might be able to lower the colours of the disagreeable Frenchman who had come over and made such mince-meat of the Cambridgeshire field. Although a mile is rather beyond Prince Charlie's distance, and he had evidently not been doing very severe work, the confidence of his supporters—and they were legion—never failed, and was amply rewarded by the event. When the two horses were saddled in the Birdage, the contrast in their appearance was remarkable. Prince Charlie towered like a giant over his antagonist, while Pent-Etre's somewhat mean-looking head diminished the favourable impression created by his strong and well-shaped limbs and his perfect condition. Equally remarkable was the difference in their styles of going. Prince Charlie gallops like a piece of machinery, and so easily that, when going his fastest, he never seems to be going fast, while Pent-Etre has a quick short stride, and his pace is more apparent than real. The day was unfavourable for a roarer, and as a matter of course the rider of Pent-Etre tried to find out Prince Charlie's weak point, and to cut him down. Vain was the attempt. The French horse could never get away from the English champion, who waited till he got to the Bushes hill, and then came sailing away at his leisure, winning ultimately by half a length, which might have been half-a-dozen lengths if required. Pent-Etre stuck to his work well, and Chaloner never left off riding him, in case Prince Charlie should stop at the hill. But he was overmatched. A good handicap horse is apt to be overrated; and he is also apt to find his level when taken out of handicaps and pitted, at weight for age, against a first-class weight-carrier. Pent-Etre is a good horse, undoubtedly, but he has found his master; and the cheers—unusual at a place so business-like and so undemonstrative as Newmarket—which greeted Prince Charlie on his return to the enclosure testified to a feeling of thankfulness not only that the grandest and speediest of modern racehorses had passed through his final trial with credit, but also that the Frenchmen had not quite succeeded in taking everything away from England at the close of their autumnal raid.

REVIEWS.

GREVILLE'S JOURNAL.*

MR. REEVE has discharged with taste and judgment an instalment of the duty which was entrusted to him by his late colleague and friend. Mr. Greville displayed his usual good sense in expressing to Mr. Reeve the opinion that such Memoirs as his own ought not to be locked up until they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events which they describe. In the exercise of his discretion Mr. Reeve has erred, if at all, on the side of extreme prudence, for the lapse of more than thirty-seven years since the death of William IV. has removed from the scene all, or nearly all, the persons who took part during his reign in political affairs. Perhaps the only passage in the published portion of the Memoirs which could at present cause any offence is a probably unfounded charge against a lady who is still alive of having had thick ankles in her youth. Although the Journals ending with the death of William IV. are highly interesting, there can be little doubt that the part which is reserved for a later generation of readers will be still more valuable. Imagination and some other intellectual

qualities generally attain their highest perfection during the physical prime of life; but accuracy of social observation, judgment of character, and fidelity of delineation are accomplishments which ripen late. It is true that, from circumstances combined with natural faculty, Mr. Greville became in early youth a cool-headed man of the world. The crudeness which belongs to inexperience is indicated in the earlier part of his Journals by a certain hardness and intolerance which were probably mitigated in after life. Mr. Greville seems never to have been carried away by enthusiasm for any of the eminent persons with whom he was familiarly associated, though he always retained his early admiration of Canning, with whom he seems to have had no personal acquaintance. His criticism of their characters and acts is perhaps not the more just because it is for the most part severe. His judgment appears never to have been favourably influenced by his personal relations with those whose notice would have flattered the vanity of ordinary persons. The Duke of Wellington was a friend of Mr. Greville's family; and in the height of his fame and power he admitted the young Clerk of the Council to personal intimacy; yet day by day Mr. Greville recorded in his Journal his disapprobation of the Duke's policy, and of his alleged defects in character and judgment. He sometimes expresses with impartial candour his appreciation of the Duke's merits, and he even praises his speeches in the House of Lords; but in the end he always reverts to his habitual tone of censure. It would seem that Mr. Greville possessed in an unusual degree the power of detaching his judgment from his personal feelings, though he was perhaps more liable to be biased by antipathy than by friendly partiality. Of George IV., who seems to have distinguished him by frequent notice and personal attention, Mr. Greville invariably speaks with contemptuous detestation. On one occasion the King took the trouble to apologize for not having invited the Clerk of the Council to dine with the Ministers. His excuse was that, if he had invited Mr. Greville, he could not have made any exception, and "he would be d—d if that fellow Ellenborough should ever sit at his table." If George IV. had known that Mr. Greville would be one of the historians of his reign, he would perhaps have been less disinterestedly anxious to secure his good will; but no condescension or flattery would have conciliated the implacable severity of the memoir-writer. "I do not know anybody," says Mr. Greville, speaking of George IV., "who is proof against the seductions of princes when they think fit to use them in the shape of civility and condescension." Two or three sentences before, his own superiority to such weakness had been proved by an expression of "the opinion I have long had, that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than the King on whom such flattery is constantly lavished." As Mr. Reeve says, Mr. Greville avoided as far as possible any mention of himself. The Journals might not have possessed more historical value if they had been interspersed with fragments of autobiography; but some illustration of the writer's character would have rendered them more attractive. As no personal narrative is really acromatic, it is best understood when there are opportunities of making due allowance for the special colouring communicated by the author. It might almost be said that there was a kind of unfairness in discussing others without allowing reciprocal facilities for criticism. The greatest masters of that department of literature in which Mr. Greville will henceforth hold a high place have delighted in the minutest exposition of their own characters and peculiarities. St. Simon dwells incessantly on his hobby of the pre-eminence of dukes and peers; and Horace Walpole has compelled all mankind to take an interest in his gimeracks at Strawberry Hill. When the survivors of Mr. Greville have died out, his Memoirs will throw only an incidental and involuntary light on the character of the writer.

It is perhaps more just to cultivate gratitude to a public benefactor than to investigate the drawbacks which affect his munificence. No equally important contribution to the political history of the last generation has been made by any previous writer. As a man of rank and fashion, Mr. Greville associated on terms of equality with all the statesmen of his time, and his long tenure of a permanent office immediately outside the circle of politics compelled him to observe a neutrality which was probably congenial to his character and inclination. A cadet of the family of the Earls of Warwick, he was on the mother's side a grandson of the Duke of Portland, who secured to him, after the custom of the time, the reversion of the office of Clerk of the Council, and of the valuable sinecure of the Secretaryship of Jamaica. Mr. Reeve says that he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and it appears from his mention of a meeting with Dr. Russell that he must at one time have been at school at the Charterhouse. At the age of twenty he was Private Secretary to Lord Bathurst; and when he was twenty-four he succeeded to the reversion of the joint Clerkship of Council. His official income enabled him to gratify his taste for the Turf; and he combined with his public functions the management of the Duke of York's racing stud. Of his patron he speaks with unusual lenity, describing him as the only member of the Royal Family who had the feelings of an English gentleman. The Duke of York communicated to the manager of his stud his dislike of the Duke of Wellington, which seems to have been founded on his own disappointment at not having been appointed to the command of the English army in the Peninsula. It perhaps never occurred to the Duke of York that he might possibly not have fortified Torres Vedras, nor have won the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Toulouse. About the

* *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq. Edited by Henry Reeve. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

same time Mr. Greville says that the King also dislikes the Duke of Wellington, whose estimate of the character of his Sovereign was not complimentary. Some years afterwards Mr. Greville says that the Duke

can address the King in a style which no other Minister could adopt. He treats with him as an equal, and the King stands completely in awe of him. It will be long before a correct estimate is formed of the Duke's character and abilities; his talents, however, must be of a very superior, though not of the most shining, description. Whatever he may be, he is at this moment [in 1839] one of the most powerful Ministers the country has ever seen. The greatest Ministers have been compelled to bend to the King, the aristocracy, or the Commons; but he commands them all.

Some recent commentators on the Memoirs have intimated unnecessary disapproval of the sources from which Mr. Greville's ample income was derived. In the reign of George III. it was as natural for a prudent Prime Minister to procure a rich reversion for his grandson as to leave his estate to his son. Mr. Greville was Clerk of the Council and Secretary for Jamaica, as his uncle was owner of Welbeck, and he apprehended no danger to his own interests except from causes which equally affected the whole English aristocracy. The deference of the House of Lords to the Duke of Wellington in the matter of Catholic Emancipation had, in Mr. Greville's opinion, "given a blow to the aristocracy which men only laugh at now, but of which the effects will be felt some day or other." It is characteristic of his class that at that time he despised and disliked the Church, in the spirit of the French noblemen who admired Voltaire on the eve of the Revolution. The House of Lords had in his opinion disgraced itself by voting for Catholic Emancipation against the real convictions of its members. "The Oxford parsons," who did exactly the contrary, "behaved abominably at the last election." "I am convinced that very few years will elapse before the Church will really be in danger. People will grow tired of paying so dearly for so bad an article." It may be conjectured that Mr. Greville expected that the tithes would, on the abolition of the Church, revert to the landowners. When Mr. Greville went to Italy he was at first interested in the novel spectacle of popular devotion in Catholic countries; but after a time he discerned the hollowness of some of the most touching ceremonies, such as the washing by devout ladies of the feet of the pilgrims in St. Peter's. Nevertheless in a spirit of cosmopolitan liberality he vowed a silver horse-shoe to the Madonna of the Pantheon, as the price of her intercession in respect to a watch at Newmarket; and the votive offering with which, when his mare won, he like a gentleman performed his engagement, is probably still suspended in the Pantheon.

Although Mr. Greville, according to the statement of his editor, frequently revised and corrected his Journals, he abstained with scrupulous good faith from correcting by the light of subsequent experience errors of statement or of judgment. Contemporary memoirs cease to be trustworthy sources of knowledge when they usurp the functions of history. It is not uninteresting to learn that, probably sharing the impressions of the society in which he lived, Mr. Greville during the latter part of George IV.'s life thought slightly of Peel, was surprised when Lord Palmerston began to take a conspicuous part in debate, and hastily arrived at the conclusion that Lord Melbourne "had nothing in him." When William IV. succeeded his brother, his Clerk of the Council in an unusually friendly mood expressed the opinion that "he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and, if he doesn't go mad, may make a decent king, but he exhibits oddities." A few months later Mr. Greville discovered that "he turns out to be an incomparable King, and deserves all the encomiums which are lavished on him"; but ultimately he returned to the conviction that William IV. was a simpleton and almost a buffoon. It may be some consolation to the admirers of royalty that Mr. Greville, while he abused the King, seldom praised or tolerated any of his subjects. On the occasion of the change of Ministry in 1830, he inserted in his Journal an elaborately censorious criticism on the conduct and character of the Duke of Wellington. Some years afterwards he added a memorandum to the effect that his attack was partially unjust. It was certainly not suggested by undue partiality for the Duke's successors in office. Of Brougham he always at this time speaks with extreme dislike, and "my mind has always misgiven me about Lord Grey, and what I have lately heard satisfies me that a more overrated man never lived, or one whose speaking was so far above his general abilities, or who owed so much to his oratorical plausibility." The appointments of "Graham to the Admiralty, Melbourne Home, Auckland Board of Trade, are all bad. The second is too idle, the first too inconsiderable, the third too ignorant." "A more miserable figure was never cut than Althorp's. . . . If Althorp and Poulett Thomson are to govern England, these things are likely to happen." About this time Peel's great superiority to all competitors began to dawn on Mr. Greville's mind, and, while he denounces the selfish and unamiable character which he fancied that Peel possessed, he loses no opportunity of dwelling on his acknowledged superiority to all rivals on either side of the House of Commons. He was convinced that he would never again take office with the Duke of Wellington, and it was not then certain whether his connexion with Lord Lyndhurst would continue. As the event showed, the Duke recognized the greater political aptitude of Sir Robert Peel, and was contented to take the second place in his Government; and Lord Lyndhurst, after the failure of some abortive intrigues, cast in his fortunes with the indispensable leader of the party.

With the reign of William IV. a new chapter of history opens,

and by this time Mr. Greville had both acquired much knowledge of public affairs and had attained by practice increased facility and skill in his own chosen art. If there were not several precedents of the same self-denying ambition, it would be surprising that a man of ability should be content to employ great intellectual powers in elaborate literary compositions destined exclusively for the use of posterity. Like St. Simon, Mr. Greville cultivated a polished style without a hope of any but a posthumous literary reputation. It was known during his lifetime that he kept a political journal, but whether he possessed the qualities of a successful writer of memoirs was only a matter of conjecture. Notwithstanding his anxiety to efface himself and his personal peculiarities, it is interesting to observe that he incidentally resembled St. Simon in supercilious contempt for that part of mankind which was unconnected with the higher aristocracy. At a Court held after the accession of William IV., at which addresses were presented from Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. Greville "never saw so full a Court, so much nobility with academical tag-rag and hobtail." "When the mob (of University graduates) could be got rid of, the table was brought in, and the Council held." He once "came up to town to dine with the Villiers at a dinner of clever men got up at the Athenæum, and was extremely bored." In addition to some persons of his acquaintance, the party included Buller, Romilly, Senior, Maule, and Walker, the author of the *Original*. Charles Buller was perhaps the wittiest man in England, and Maule was the greatest humourist of his time; but neither of them then belonged to the exclusive circle which was Mr. Greville's world. He politely reminded Maule that they had both been pupils of Maule's uncle, who, as he says, used to cane his nephew while he held him suspended by the hair of his head. "He looked up and said, 'Oh, it is too long to talk about,' and then turned back to his paper. So I set him down for a brute like his uncle, and troubled him no further." It might have occurred to a man of the world that reminiscences of a miserable boyhood are not always welcome.

Curious students of bygone scandal will find in the early part of the Memoirs many details of George IV.'s relations to the last English incumbent of the office which was held in France by the Pompadours and the Du Barrys. The methods by which the Duke of Wellington governed the King have a more respectable interest; and even at this distance of time the Duke's obstinate reluctance to form new alliances after conceding Catholic Emancipation suggests a feeling of irritation or regret. Lord Grey, who had fully shared the Duke of Wellington's dislike of Canning, would, almost down to the close of George IV.'s reign, have been willing to join the Government on reasonable conditions. Overtures were made to Lord Palmerston, who naturally required the admission of Huskisson, Melbourne, and other political allies; but there was no serious effort to strengthen the Ministry, which virtually consisted of Wellington, Peel, and Lyndhurst. The period which followed was stormier and more exciting; and from the introduction of the Reform Bill it became necessary for statesmen to take account of popular forces as well as of personal interests and claims. The first volume of Mr. Greville's Memoirs is the least valuable; and yet, if it had stood alone, it would have deserved and attracted universal attention.

(To be continued.)

GREEN AND GROSE'S HUME.*

(Second Notice.)

WE now go on to consider sundry details of Mr. Green's criticism from the point of view we explained in our first notice. Mr. Green's own description of philosophy is "a progressive effort towards a fully articulated conception of the world as rational." The description seems harmless enough—all but the last two words, which probably imply that which Mr. Green soon afterwards upholds as "the faith that all things may be understood." If so, we cannot accept them: still less can we accept the statement that the genius of Hume was governed by this faith. It appears to our humble empirical judgment that one great merit of Hume was his refusal to assume that all things might be ultimately understood. Hume distinctly recognized these two things; that when we put unreasonable questions we shall never get reasonable answers, and that when we put reasonable questions we may have to wait a long time for the answers. We pass on to Mr. Green's account of "the true notion of the relation between thought and matter." He tells us that the world is constituted by self-conscious thought. In one sense we can say there is a good deal of empirical truth in this, but we should also say that a great part of the work is done both for the race and for the individual at a stage of thought long before the consolidated complexity of adult human consciousness. It further appears that but for our mental construction the world would be "a chaos of unrelated and therefore unmeaning individuals," which seems equivalent to Ferrier's "world of nonsense." The chief drawback to this way of speaking is that all creatures below the level of self-conscious reason are doomed without hope to live in this world of nonsense. Ferrier boldly took the consequences, and called the lower animals "incarnate absurdities gazing on unredeemed contradic-

* *The Philosophical Works of David Hume*. Edited by T. H. Green, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, and T. R. Grose, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Vols. I. and II. (A Treatise on Human Nature, &c.) London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

tion." To an empirical thinker this is of course violent and arbitrary. One cannot help asking whether there must not be degrees of chaos. Do differences of sense and structure mean nothing? Is the world no less or otherwise nonsensical to a dog than to an oyster, no less or otherwise chaotic to a bee than to a starfish? Likewise one cannot help thinking that the same difficulty applies to children. We have no reason to suppose that a new-born child is self-conscious as we are; at what age then does a baby cease to be an incarnate absurdity and escape from the chaos of unrelated *individua*? But we cannot expect transcendental systems to take thought for children and animals. As concerning matter Mr. Green tells us that the contrast between thought and matter is a delusion. "This necessary illusion is our bondage; but when the source of illusion is known, the bondage is already being broken." If this be the key of true knowledge, it does not say much for the progressive character of philosophy. For the "necessary illusion" is most ancient and orthodox Hindu doctrine, and moreover is expressed quite in the Hindu manner. The destruction of Hume and the reconstruction of Kant and Hegel might have been spared, for all these things were written a thousand years ago in the books of the Brahman doctors, and only waited for Colebrooke and others to make them known in Europe. However, it is allowed that "the world as in space and time" may be real enough "as a stage in the process by which self-consciousness constitutes reality." We confess that this is a proposition which we can neither affirm nor deny, for we do not know what it means; but we dimly suspect that this kind of provisional reality is that which the poor empirics are content to put up with as the only one they can get, though unwillingly as they find it sufficient for all practical purposes. One thing is clear, that Mr. Green will not be satisfied with any account that experience can give him; and, more than this, he seems loth to believe that experience can be satisfied with her own account. Mr. Green reproaches modern popular logic with holding "that propositions at once real and general can be derived from experience;" whereas, as his marginal note pithily states it, "particular experiment cannot afford general knowledge." If popular logic holds any such thing, we leave it to its fate; we simply accept Mr. Green's statement, and say that there is not any general knowledge in his sense. Again, the student of popular logic is supposed to lament that Locke did not understand "how an observation of co-existence in the bare instance, if the instance be of the right sort, may warrant a universal affirmation." It does not warrant a universal affirmation. No doubt there are a great many affirmations which we practically find it worth while to treat as universal; but that is a different matter, and we look back thankfully to Hume as the master who clearly pointed out the difference. The ground of all scientific affirmation is "the supposition that the future resembles the past"—in modern language, the uniformity of nature. Now this is itself an assumption incapable of proof. We make it because we find—to adopt a phrase which Mr. Green apparently means to be dyslogistic, but in which we protest we can see no harm—that it enables us to guide our conduct in life and get what we want. Again, we are told that Hume abolishes the absolute character of mathematical certainty; so be it. There is now plenty of mathematical authority, though in Hume's time there was not, for saying that the truth of geometrical propositions is in fact not known to be absolute. There is no doubt "an absolute sort of exactness that the mathematician himself supposes," but this is only hypothetical. We must notice that Hume deserves more credit than Mr. Green gives him for having seen that this ideal mathematical equality does not admit of any simple and obvious definition, though he was indeed hasty in concluding that it admits of no satisfactory definition.

The larger question of our conception of space, to which the discussion of mathematical truth hangs on, is one on which Mr. Green naturally has Hume at an advantage. It is beyond question that Hume's account is inadequate; but for us this admission means, not that his method was hopelessly wrong, as Mr. Green would have it, but that the materials for an adequate account did not exist. To censure him for not having done better is in effect to complain of him for having come about a century and a quarter too soon. Much that with Hume was guesswork is now definite hypothesis, if not more. We must not be understood to admit that Hume's work had no positive value when it was done; but that is matter of history, and what concerns us now is to remark that the present state of the empirical theory is independent of any criticism on Hume. It is not clear, however, that even here Mr. Green and Hume are not thinking of different things. Mr. Green seems to have in his mind extension in general, or as belonging to the reality of things, while the space Hume deals with is space as measurable; or, to speak in more usual though perhaps less accurate terms, Hume professes to account only for the conception, while Mr. Green criticizes him for not accounting for the perception. This distinction between the world of extension and our subjective measurement of it, and the confusion that arises from not attending to the distinction, had been pointed out by Spinoza in a letter (No. 29) which anticipates much modern controversy. He regarded space and time, considered as measurable, as purely subjective—"dumtaxat auxilia imaginationis"—herein, as we think, agreeing with Hume. But Hume's argument on infinite divisibility does seem not careful enough to avoid the confusion noted by Spinoza; he can hardly escape from the category of those "qui postquam sibi persuaserant lineam ex punctis componi, multa invenire poterunt argumenta

quibus ostenderent lineam non esse in infinitum divisibilem." Mr. Green's own account of extension is that it is "the relation of mutual externality." It seems to us that his own favourite form of objection may be here retorted on him. The explanation assumes a knowledge of the thing to be explained. Externality is a highly abstract term which cannot be made intelligible except by reference to our knowledge of extension. If any one should ask us what we mean by externality, we know not how we could reply except by bidding him observe with Hume that "the paper on which I write at present is beyond my hand. The table is beyond the paper. The walls of the chamber are beyond the table." Or, if externality means more than this, it means that two bodies cannot be in the same place at once, in which case the explanation leaves us worse off than we were before, that is to say, with Matter as well as Space on our hands. Again, we might say that the notion of externality involves the ideal synthesis of visible and tangible extension; but then Mr. Green has only stated in a condensed and obscure form the very problem on which empirical philosophers like Spencer and Helmholtz are now seeking to throw light from different quarters. Perhaps, however, the real virtue of the proposition lies in the word *relation*, to which Mr. Green attaches a peculiar and transcendental importance in almost every place where he uses it.

We cannot dwell on the somewhat parallel discussion of the idea of time. But one of Mr. Green's remarks is singular. Hume said that when we perceive things in succession—for instance, when we hear a series of musical notes—there is no "impression" other than the successive impressions of the notes, and by considering these impressions simply as successive we form the abstract idea of time. (Of course empirical thinkers do not suppose that this kind of abstraction is consciously performed, although transcendental criticism often proceeds as if they did suppose it.) On this Mr. Green says:—

If time is the impressions, it must have the specific sensuous character which belongs to these. It must be a multitude of sounds, a multitude of tastes, a multitude of smells—these one after the other in endless series. How then can such a series of impressions become such an idea, i.e. so grow fainter as to be "conjoined" indifferently "with any impressions whatever"?

Such an argument seems to us to go the whole length of scholastic realism. For in like manner, if a sphere is a spherical body, it must have the specific sensuous character which belongs to that body—a particular size, colour, and weight. If an army is the soldiers, it must have the specific sensuous character which belongs to that assemblage of men; it must be so many men, of this and that particular stature and complexion, clad in such and such uniforms. How then can such a bundle of impressions in either case "so grow fainter as to be conjoined indifferently" with any other spherical body or any other multitude of armed and disciplined men?

A good deal of space is given to the criticism of Hume's doctrine of Cause and Identity. We find that this involves the same confusion, or perhaps we should say, deliberate refusal to allow a distinction, which we noticed at the outset as a mark of transcendental criticism in general. The empirical account of thought and experience is accused of presupposing thought and experience themselves because it presupposes the elements out of which thought and experience are organized. Mr. Green says that Hume makes the conceptions of cause and identity come each before the other:—

The "custom" which generates the idea of cause must have done its work before that which generates the supposition of identity can begin . . . the conceptions of causation and identity are correlative—not results of experience of which one must be formed before the other, but co-ordinate expressions of one and the same synthetic principle, which makes experience possible.

This misrepresents the empirical hypothesis, which is that the conceptions grow up together as co-ordinate expressions, not of a transcendental principle, but of experience itself—i.e. a continuous experience beginning with the beginning of life, of which our present organized experience is the outcome. If the growth of the two conceptions is so intimately connected that we cannot explain either in its finished form, and in terms of our organized experience, without using the other, that is just what we should expect. The result which to Mr. Green is a stumbling-block of contradiction is to the empirical thinker one of the facts that support his hypothesis. Objections of this kind seem to us much as if one should say that it is impossible ever to make a dictionary because no one word can be explained without using several other words which likewise have to be explained. Mr. Green goes on to show that Hume reduces the uniformity of nature to an expectation. This charge we have already admitted; all we profess to know is that the growth of the expectation can be explained—as witness e.g., Mr. Spencer's chapter on Laws—that it has hitherto been justified by its fruits, and that we cannot do without it. Then Mr. Green says the "strength of such expectation must vary indefinitely." It does vary indefinitely. The number of people who firmly and consistently act on the belief that nature is uniform are still a mere handful. Or, if Mr. Green's *must*—ought in a logical sense, as we rather think it does, we say the idea of logical compulsion either way is here out of place. He goes on to say that an empirical habit of expectation "could never make us believe that a feeling felt after another—as when the motion of a bell is seen after the sound of it has been heard—represents the real antecedent." We have no room to discuss the argument, but the instance is unhappy. The motion we see neither is nor represents an antecedent of the sound that has reached us. Does Mr.

Green look on the motion of a swinging bell as an entity which is put into it when it begins to swing and stays there till the bell stops?

As concerning identity, the criticism is of the same type as on other points—namely, an endeavour to show that the empirical explanation is preposterous; we are glad by the way to see that Mr. Green uses this word in its strict and proper meaning. Hume says, according to Mr. Green, "that, the idea of an identical object being given, we mistake our successive and resembling feelings for such an object." But the idea is not given; it is the ideal consolidation of the successive and resembling feelings themselves. Or rather this is the part of it which Hume considered. For us the idea is not complete without social elements—i.e. it includes the belief that the thing is real and identical for you as well as for me. These social elements of psychology are yet to be explored. Still Hume was on the right track as far as he went. As for Hume's use of the word "mistake" in this connexion, it was no doubt unfortunate. There is no question, at least no reasonable question, of our being mistaken in our unthinking belief that the pen we hold now is the same pen we held five minutes ago. But it is a reasonable question whether this belief, at first sight a simple thing, is not in truth an exceedingly complex thing. Mr. Green seems to think he makes a point when he remarks that, if the vulgar do not suppose the pen or paper immediately perceived to be a symbol, neither do they suppose it to be a sensation. Why should they do so on the empirical hypothesis? They would suppose quite wrong, for it is not a sensation, but a bundle of sensations wrought upon by the fully organized ideas of external reality and identity. We should notice that in divers places Mr. Green speaks as if Hume sought to reduce consciousness to a kind of Indian file of single successive "impressions," or perhaps at most one "impression" and one "idea" abreast. We can find no ground for this in Hume, and nowadays the extreme complexity of consciousness at any given moment is the very corner-stone of empirical psychology.

We have had to give the foregoing specimens of our reflections in a somewhat bald and disjointed form. The general result as concerning Hume is somewhat as follows. Hume assumes a world of "impressions" occurring with certain uniformities of succession and persistent combination, and "ideas" related to them in certain ways, and with these assumptions he does his best to explain our matured habits of thinking. He does not pretend to explain why things happen uniformly, nor does he profess to understand (unless very incompletely) how we are able to perceive them as uniform, or to store up the fruit of "impressions" in the shape of "ideas;" and he is perfectly aware that, being able to think only according to our present formed habits, we cannot reproduce our immature phases of thought (see Part III. sec. 2, of the Treatise). Above all, he will rather go without an answer, or wait for more knowledge, than put up with a useless one. Criticism is thrown away on showing that Hume did not accomplish any of the things which he distinctly refused to attempt. The question whether he ought to have attempted them is in effect the fundamental question at issue between the transcendental and the empirical school of philosophy.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL.*

MR. TROLLOPE has presented us in this little story with some further results of his Australian experience. Though the story is a very short one and perfectly unpretending, we do not know but that it gives the pith of a large part of the information stated in a more statistical shape in the author's travels. Mr. Trollope is of course too good a storyteller to fall into the error of mixing a novel with a blue-book. Anybody who wants to have his judgment in detail upon Australian land-laws or systems of farming must go to the big book, and not to the little one. But the novel gives as distinct a picture as its heavier predecessor of the general character of Australian bush life as it presented itself to Mr. Trollope. We fancy indeed that Mr. Trollope felt himself a little hampered in recording his personal experiences by his very proper regard for the confidences of private life. He could not say quite freely how the life of a settler appeared to him, for fear of being supposed to aim at this or that particular gentleman who had hospitably entertained him; and therefore he probably felt that he had still a little material left which could be worked up into his more familiar form of literature. Harry Heathcote of Gangoil corresponds, we presume, to no particular Harry in Queensland; but he is, we may hope, for he is a very good fellow, the essence of a good many Harrys who are growing wool in that rising colony.

Harry is by birth an Englishman, and has hardly been long enough at the antipodes quite to rub off his home peculiarities. The indigenous Australian has scarcely developed a distinctive type, though there are sufficient signs that such a process is taking place; and therefore Mr. Trollope is quite as much at home with him as he would be with his favourite squires and parsons in Barsetshire. In this respect, as in some others, the novel reminds us by contrast rather than by likeness of some of Mr. Henry Kingsley's earlier novels. Although they showed some traces of that eccentricity which has grown into startling proportions in Mr. Kingsley's later works, they had some very genuine merits as a brilliant, though, it may be, over-

coloured, description of a new variety of life. Mr. Kingsley had, indeed, some considerable advantages. One of his most thrilling passages was a tremendous fight with bushrangers, involving a breakneck gallop, a plentiful use of revolvers, and all kinds of hairbreadth escapes. The bushranger appears to have seriously degenerated. There is a family of strolling blackguards in Mr. Trollope's story, who have abundant opportunities of making themselves disagreeable to well-conducted neighbours in a thinly settled country; but they are, we should say, inferior in vigour to the ordinary British rough, and even when a fight comes off, the only weapons used appear to be big sticks. In this matter, however, we have observed that Mr. Trollope is generally rather hampered by his determined realism. When a fight takes place in his pages, we never have arms slung out with mighty force from the hip, nor men falling like oxen before the deadly fists of the modern gladiator; the fight always becomes a confused scuffle in which black eyes are the worst damage inflicted, and which the police are pretty sure to bring to an undignified conclusion. The likeness to real life is much greater, though possibly the gain in reality may not always counterbalance the loss in picturesque. Another marked difference between Mr. Trollope and Mr. Kingsley is in the descriptions of scenery. Mr. Trollope gives us a bush-fire and some weather of which we can hardly read without a desire to be sitting in our shirt-sleeves. There is certainly a chance for the art of what is called word-painting. But Mr. Trollope never yields to the temptation. We cannot say, in fact, that we ever get from him as from his predecessor any vivid picture of the external aspect of the country. We seem to have passed through it with the eyes of a farmer rather than of a poet or a naturalist. We perceive in what respects it is likely to be suitable for sheep; we think of the forests as a very awkward impediment to a rapid rider, and of the great heat as likely to produce very awkward fires in certain conditions of the weather. But we do not in the least know what are the prevailing tints of foliage or lawn; what the streams resemble when half-dried, or filled by a sudden rain, or how the storm gathers or the lightning flashes during a summer Christmas. We hear of the effects of such storms upon the prospects of the farmer, but we do not see them as they would be seen by a landscape-painter. And in this respect we cannot say that we prefer Mr. Trollope to Mr. Kingsley. A few touches of scenery in the background would have helped to transport us more distinctively to the Australian bush. To mention one other trifling fact, we have a vivid recollection of certain scenes in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* where Mr. Kingsley described with a great deal of genuine humour the behaviour of certain children and of the animal pets at a station. Here, again, such scenes are conspicuous by their absence in Mr. Trollope's writings. We are vaguely told that there are some children about the place; but they are kept in the background as rigidly as in the best regulated of English families. We hear, indeed, so little of them that we begin to think that their mother must have been rather unnatural; and as for animals, we do not even catch sight of the tail of a kangaroo or hear the remotest echo of the cry of a "laughing jackass." We fear that Mr. Trollope looks at such matters with the eye of a sportsman, and as he does not happen to introduce any hunting scene, he cares nothing for animals which only interest a naturalist. Now Australia is in our minds so firmly associated with the kangaroo, the ornithomynchus, and other living curiosities, that we are inclined rather to resent their absence. On the whole, we may say that there is a distinct want of those little touches of local colouring which do so much to place a new and strange country before us.

On the other hand, we must add that, if we were drawing a formal parallel between Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Trollope, we should have to state the contrast very differently when we come to the most important figures. Mr. Trollope's hero is, we have said, a thorough young Englishman. He belongs to a type with which we have become tolerably familiar in Mr. Trollope's varied writings. He is a strong healthy young fellow, with no sort of nonsense about him. He was, says Mr. Trollope, called firm by his friends, obstinate by his acquaintance, and pig-headed by his enemies; and if we add that nobody could call him a genius or deny him to possess a good share of common-sense, we have perhaps described him sufficiently. He is perhaps a commonplace young man, but then he is the kind of young man whom we could wish to be a good deal commoner. Mr. Trollope has a very skilful hand in depicting such heroes, and the skill is not the less remarkable because it is perfectly unobtrusive. His good young men have all the merits of the muscular Christians without being offensively demonstrative of their virtues. They are not at every moment flourishing their faith in Providence in our faces, and declaring in the most emphatic language that they are perfectly simple-minded and free from self-consciousness. They are a good sturdy breed, admirably well qualified to do their duty as country gentlemen, or farmers, or backwoodsmen. Wherever you drop them they will fall upon their feet, though it may be as well not to ask them to make too great a use of their brains. And the young women are like unto them. Some people are great admirers of Mr. Trollope's heroines. We confess that they have the merits of healthiness and good feeling, though we must add that, for our own private tastes, we should prefer a little more intellectual refinement. They are ladies; but they are a little too easily satisfied with the plain bread and butter of everyday life. However, nothing can be better adapted for life in the bush, where your next neighbour is at a distance of ten or

* *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

twenty miles, and a taste for polished society would be as much out of place as a love of wild scenery in London. The actors in the little story are marked with sufficient distinctness and excellently suited for the part they have to play. The story itself is constructed with more than Mr. Trollope's usual skill. He has rather a provoking habit of running two or three plots together in his more ambitious performances; and thereby giving a rather perplexed effect to the whole. Here he has confined himself within the limits of a single volume, and any such deviations from the main thread of the narrative are therefore excluded. The situation in fact is simple in the extreme. Young Mr. Heathcote has a large run and is in a fair way to make money if he can only bring his wool to market. His danger consists in the fact that any chance fire about Christmas-time, when the grass is parched to tinder, may spread beyond control, ruin his pastures, destroy his woolshed, and force him to sell off his stock to meet his liabilities. Now Mr. Heathcote being, as we have seen, an obstinate and rather imperious young man, has made enemies of discharged servants and idle squatters in the neighbourhood. They have the opportunity of revenging themselves at any moment when lighting their pipes. They have only to drop a match at the right spot and the whole place will be in a blaze. When we add that he has taken a particular dislike to a neighbouring gentleman who has bought a piece of land in the middle of his run, and that the said gentleman has fallen in love with a sister-in-law who lives in Mr. Heathcote's house, we have said enough to show that the commonplace events of Australian life may furnish materials for a very pretty complication. We will not give any indication of the mode in which it is worked out; but we may conclude by saying that lovers of Mr. Trollope's stories may have a pleasant hour's amusement in turning over the pages of this unambitious but thoroughly satisfactory little story.

GENERAL JOHNSTON ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.*

GR^{EAT} events in Europe have so rapidly succeeded each other of late years as to blot out of men's minds very much of the remembrance of the not less great events in America on which our attention was fixed but a decade since. There are many of our readers who are fairly enough informed as to foreign politics to whom the name of General Johnston will bring no more distinct idea than that he was one of many officers of the old United States army who turned their arms against the Union and led large bodies of Confederates to overthrow it. Grant and Sherman on the one side, Lee on the other, have so overshadowed with their renown all lesser American commanders, European wars have by their very nearness so obscured our sense of the great Transatlantic struggle, that it may be difficult to find English readers who will care to follow the details which General Johnston publishes of his own campaigns. Yet these cannot be said to be of slight political or military interest. It was Johnston who won that memorable victory of Bull Run which first fully awoke the attention of the world to the magnitude of the issues involved in the election of President Lincoln. When McClellan many months later repeated the attempt to march on Richmond in which McDowell's undisciplined volunteers had failed, and repeated it with 100,000 trained soldiers, led by an elaborate staff in which princes were proud to serve, it was Johnston who met and checked him first, on the historic Yorktown ground. When the approaching fall of Vicksburg, due to Grant's well-designed strategy and soldierly perseverance, threatened the loss of the great river which would thenceforward sever the young Confederacy in twain, it was Johnston, scarcely healed of the wounds received before Richmond, who was despatched, all too late, to repair the mistakes of lesser men and strive to save the great stronghold of the Mississippi. It was Johnston who was selected, after Bragg's failure in the centre of the Confederate line, to meet Sherman, then already rising towards the zenith of his reputation as an elaborate, yet daring, strategist. His removal from this command by a misjudging President gave Atlanta to the Federals, and opened Sherman's way to the great march through Georgia which fatally revealed the inner weakness of the Confederacy. Finally General Johnston was recalled to lead, and at the very last to surrender intact, when all hope of resistance was over, the chief army left to the South when the gallant defenders of Richmond succumbed to overwhelming forces. In fact, next to the three names already mentioned, this commander unquestionably brought the highest reputation out of the long war. And the pages which, in the simple and sufficient words of his preface, he offers "as his contribution of materials for the use of the future historian of the war between the States," can hardly fail to be of service to those who view the subject as either interesting reading or profitable study.

It is unfortunate in a twofold sense that General Johnston did not undertake his task earlier. He not only would probably have found more readers had he issued his volume whilst his name and the events he describes were fresher in men's memories, but he might also have been saved from a very serious mistake which mars the whole course of an otherwise valuable and assuredly very able narrative. Though a really great commander, the writer has undoubtedly been placed in the world's estimate below the heroic leader who succeeded him in charge of the Army of Virginia. It was no fault of Johnston's that self-exposure in his first general

action with McClellan led to his being severely wounded, and thus superseded. Unfortunately he himself cannot forget the loss of opportunity, and the reader of his narrative is at more than one point made painfully sensible of an effort to depreciate the great chief whom fortune placed in his stead between Richmond and its assailants. Nor does the ex-Confederate General deal wisely for his own reputation when he undertakes from time to time to answer various attacks made on himself in the press, or on the platform, or in fugitive works of no authority. To turn aside from relating, and relating well, events of real historic importance, in order to refute in detail statements made by a Richmond journalist in a leading article, or by a Confederate War Secretary in a forgotten despatch, or by another author in the pages of such a contemptible biography as Dabney's *Life of Jackson*, is a great mistake artistically. It will not improbably cause many readers to underestimate the military genius of the author who is so jealous of his own reputation, and so ready to admit disparagement of rivals into his pages. With this remark as a general necessary warning which applies to the whole tone of the book, we pass to examine its view of one of the chief of those affairs in which Johnston bore so distinguished a part.

Five times, as we have seen, the events of the war brought his name into prominence. Our space will not permit us to go separately through these episodes, which are all voluminously, though by no means prosaically, told by the chief actor. That of Bull Run, which we select from the rest, is nothing short of an admirable example of what a military narrative should be—sober without dullness, and vigorous without any touch of extravagance. Even here, however, we are made uncomfortably conscious of the author's peculiar bias, by what seems too much like an attempt to depreciate one of the mightiest champions of the cause for which Johnston fought; so careful is he to explain that Jackson's brigade was lying down, by its general's orders, to await the enemy's artillery, when it received that historic praise from General Boe which gave its commander the name of "Stonewall" for the rest of his career. Passing by such blots, the account deserves close study. Among the novel points brought out is the smallness of the loss—that of the Confederates, who had hardly any "missing," being under nineteen hundred, all told, after a really obstinate and prolonged action, fought at very close quarters and against superior numbers. The inference of course must be that the firing of their adversaries was singularly wild.

The simple way in which the latter lost the fight is too characteristic of raw troops not to afford a useful lesson. As Johnston clearly shows, such tactical combinations as were designed on his side broke down altogether. The Confederate brigades were far too undisciplined, and their commanders too new to their duties, to answer the impulse intended to be given them by their chief. McDowell's simpler movement, the using his superior numbers to turn that flank of theirs which lay towards the Shenandoah, from which he rightly judged their reinforcements to be coming, succeeded perfectly up to a certain point. The Confederate left was beaten back, and, being unsupported, would undoubtedly have been driven in but for Jackson's personal exertions; for this was the occasion on which that general first displayed the wondrous gift for leading men in action which Johnston fully admits. Once checked, the Federals, though in greatly superior numbers, could not again be got forward, a fact which those who have served with undisciplined troops will be fully prepared for. They had lost all such orderly formation as had been intended, and their very numbers now only confused them. Brigade after brigade of Johnston's men (the battle was begun chiefly by Beauregard's hitherto separate force) now came in from the Manassas railroad. Those who first arrived supported Jackson, and soon enabled him to recover his lost ground. They were followed by that of Early, the same general who took such a leading part in the last year of the Virginian campaigns, and who seems to have deserved thus soon a higher reputation than fell to his share until Lee singled him out for detached command. The rest of the story may be given in the narrator's own clear sentences:—

In the meantime Colonel Early came upon the field with his brigade. He was instructed by me to move around our left, to form facing the Federal right flank, and fall upon it. On the way he was reinforced by five companies of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Stuart, and a battery. He reached the position intended just when the Federal army, reformed, was apparently about to resume the offensive, and assailed its exposed flanks. The attack was conducted with too much skill and courage to be for a moment doubtful. The Federal right was at once thrown into confusion. A general advance of the Confederate line, directed by General Beauregard, completed our success, and terminated the battle. The right of the Federal army fled in wild confusion from the field toward Sadley Ford, while the centre and left marched off hastily by the turnpike toward Centerville. It was then twenty minutes before five o'clock.

It would be an instructive lesson to compare Johnston's unvarnished account of the flight and pursuit that followed with the celebrated picture of it in the *Times*, which brought so much odium on Mr. Russell, and led to his retirement from his duties. Our author, no doubt, has in view the charges afterwards heaped on himself by "the non-combatant critics" who condemned his partial use of his victory, and the want of energy which prevented his reaping the fruits of it in the capital. Of course, therefore, he is not careful to put the moral state of his enemy at the lowest; whilst the English writer, with an eye to pictorial effect, made the most of the ugly features which mark every panic of a large armed body. The truth lies undoubtedly somewhere between the two. And if Johnston is successful in show-

* *Narrative of Military Operations during the late War.* By General Joseph E. Johnston, U.S.A. New York: Appleton.

ing that the dangers of attempting the capture of Washington have been underrated by his critics, he fails, in our view, to make good his case as to the inexpediency of pushing the pursuit at all towards that city. It is quite true that his horse were inadequate for this; and not less true that, as he states, infantry cannot overtake infantry who are determined to get away from them. But it by no means follows that it would not have been possible to push the Federals at once within the lines already prepared to cover the capital; or that they would have certainly stood to these had the pursuit been thoroughly carried on. Johnston's real defence here is in the conduct of his own troops, of whom he says:—

They were disorganized by victory more than those of the United States by defeat. The Southern volunteers believed that the objects of the war had been accomplished, and that they had achieved all that their country required of them. Many therefore, in ignorance of their military obligations, left the army—not to return. Some hastened home to exhibit the trophies picked up on the field. Others left their regiments without ceremony to attend to wounded friends, frequently accompanying them to hospitals in distant towns.

We are sure that these statements, which rest on official reports, are strictly correct, and that exaggerated ideas of the victory cost the Confederates more men than the Federal army lost by defeat. But when all this is stated it by no means settles the question in favour of the author's view, nor proves that a steady advance would not have been the very best means of checking for the time that tendency to disperse which clearly did not manifest itself until the halt was fairly declared. It seems quite as probable that the elation of pursuit might have supplied for the hour the lack of discipline. As to the alleged want of provisions, the Federals were hardly in a condition to defend their own convoys and depôts; and their supplies were at any rate never abundant. Napoleon, the greatest reaper of victory the world ever saw, never stayed pursuit for this difficulty, which indeed attaches naturally to all pursuit when hurried.

The whole of this story of Bull Run is a most instructive lesson, especially to us who are maintaining large forces of Volunteers and of voluntarily raised and ill-trained Militia. It would have been a priceless lesson, because unique, had it not been that Grant has been so good as to repeat the same sort of incidents in those actions on the Loire for which he is blamed and admired according to the political predilections of his critics rather than their military knowledge. But, though we have thus dwelt on this particular part of the history, it is but just to add that Johnston's narrative is at other points hardly less interesting, or his defence of what he did or left undone less able. His book is truly a most valuable "contribution to the history of the war." We regret only that it is marred by a controversial and carping spirit, which, while showing the critical powers of the author, leaves the reader possibly more prepossessed against him than the same story would do if told by any other hand than that of the able commander who seems so over-careful of his own reputation.

AKBAR, THE GREAT MOGUL.*

A NEW translation of this celebrated work has made its appearance almost simultaneously with a new volume of Sir H. Elliot's History, in which the events of the greater and most important part of the reign of the Emperor Akbar are narrated in much detail. The two books together supply ample materials for a study of the character and institutions of this famous Emperor, the greatest of all the Mahomedan rulers of India. His reign extended from 1556 to 1605, corresponding exactly with that of Queen Elizabeth; and not in point of time only, for it was in every way the most brilliant era in the annals of India. The history of this reign occupies a prominent place in all the general histories, but it is derived almost exclusively from three contemporary writers—men of different positions, characters, and feelings, who surveyed the character of the monarch under various lights, and have handed it down to posterity painted in hues more or less bright. Nizami-ud-Din, a plain straightforward soldier, has written the history of the first thirty-eight years of the reign up to the time of his own death, in a manly simple style. Abd-ul-Kadir, or, as he is called from his birthplace, Badáuní, adopted this history, interspersing it with observations and opinions of his own. He was a literary man of some ability, and envious of the prosperity of more fortunate authors; bitter against the Emperor for the little patronage he bestowed upon him, and as a bigoted Mahomedan especially rancorous over the Emperor's wandering from the fold. Large portions of these two historians appear in Sir H. Elliot's volume. The third writer was the Emperor's friend and Minister, Abú-l-Fazl, the Court historian, whose bulky work, the *Akbar-nama*, as yet untranslated, is very eulogistic, and has been severely condemned by Europeans for its fulsome flattery. But it is a great work, and as an Oriental production it hardly deserves the censure it has received. Whatever may be thought of it, there is no second opinion as to the merits and value of his other work, the *Ain-i-Akbari*, two books of which out of five have been translated by Mr. Blochmann. This is the greatest and most enduring monument of Akbar's reign, and would establish his title to be numbered among the wisest and greatest of sovereigns had every other record of his history been swept away.

The chivalrous Baber, after several unsuccessful attempts upon

India, captured Delhi in 1526 A.D., and for the rest of his life was actively engaged in pushing his authority southwards. But his early death four years afterwards put an end for the time to Mogul ascendancy. His son and successor Humáyún, though personally brave, was of an easy, generous temper, and inclined to pleasure. He had several brothers, each of whom endeavoured to set up for himself, and to seize as much as he could, quite heedless of the wrongs inflicted upon their brother, and of the weakness to which they reduced the Mogul throne. Tyrants who have swept from before them all probable competitors to the crown have found in the case of Humáyún a warrant for the course they have adopted. Continually harassed by his brothers, Humáyún was unable to repress the revolts against his rule. The dynasty overthrown by Baber was of Afghan extraction, and now Sher Sháh, a man of that nation, prudent, bold, enterprising, and unscrupulous as to the means by which he won success, defeated Humáyún in two great battles, and drove him out of India. Sher Sháh and his son by their able administration retained the throne for their lives during a period of thirteen years. Then came a profligate successor, and the way was opened for the return of Humáyún. In 1555 A.D. he crossed the Indus, defeated the Afghans, and recovered the throne he had lost fifteen years before. Only six months afterwards he fell over the parapet of his palace and met his death.

Humáyún was succeeded by his son Akbar, then but just over thirteen years of age. Akbar was born at Umarkot, in the desert of Sind, when his father was a fugitive, and he received the names of Jahál-ud-din Mahomed Akbar. Half of this name—"the Glory of the Faith"—proved in the end to be singularly inapplicable, but he would have won the title of Akbar (great) even if it had not been thus early given to him. Fortunately the young monarch had an able guardian and Minister in the person of Bairám Khán, an old friend of his father's. Though defeated, the Afghans were not vanquished, and they had found a heaven-born general in the person of a Hindu corn-chandler named Hímú, who for a time swept all before him, and occupied Agra and Delhi. Bairám Khán and Akbar met him on the plains of Panipat, where the fate of India has been so often decided, and Hímú was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner. Bairám Khán urged the prince to kill the prisoner, and win the merit of slaying an infidel. But, said the youth, "he is little better than a dead man, how can I strike him? If he had sense and strength left I might try my sword." The stern guardian had no such generous scruples, and instantly cut down the helpless prisoner. Valuable as were the services of Bairám to the youthful Akbar, the Minister's power did not endure for long. He had been the chief agent in re-establishing the Mogul throne, but he was proud and haughty, and had many enemies. His power was too great for a subject, and the young prince was not of a nature to yield to the guidance even of one for whom he felt the highest esteem and gratitude. When Akbar was eighteen the Minister received intimation to retire. Enemies and injudicious friends worked upon his wounded feelings until he took up arms against his master, but, after showing in a sharp battle all his old ability and courage, he was made prisoner and conducted to Court. When he was brought into the presence of the Emperor the true nobility of the young monarch shone forth. The recollection of old affection and long service quenched the anger excited by the late rebellion. He received his fallen Minister with every mark of respect, loaded him with gifts, and offered him a splendid provision in retirement. But the great man's pride had been too deeply wounded, and he expressed his determination to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca. Ample provision was made for his journey, but before he reached the coast he was assassinated by an Afghan. He left a son, quite a child, whom the Emperor took under his special care and brought up. When this child grew up he showed considerable ability, and under his master's favour he rose to the dignity his father had held before him, and became *Khan-Khánda*, or premier noble of the State.

Left to his own guidance, Akbar at once exhibited that distinctive mark of greatness, the choice of able and fitting officers for carrying out his views. Though at this time a sincere Mahomedan, he offended the bigots of his religion by the toleration he extended to his Hindu subjects, by the alliances he formed among their nobles, and by the friendship he extended to those who served him. Chiefs who at first resisted him were defeated and won over, those who had been his opponents became his devoted servants; they led his armies to victories in the field, and to even greater triumphs in civil administration. From the first he endeavoured to prove that he was no foreigner, and that he ruled for the interests of no particular creed or party. Ability and honesty were sure of his favour, whether the owner of them was Muslim or Hindu. This conciliatory spirit which he displayed towards his Hindu subjects was of the greatest service to his throne, and had a powerful influence in the extension and consolidation of his dominions.

Akbar was a man of great personal courage and bodily activity. More than one gallant deed is recorded of him; his endurance as a pedestrian was shown on many occasions, and the extraordinary rapidity of his journeys in times of danger struck his foes with amazement and dismay. He was an able soldier in the field, a skilful director in a siege; he never met with defeat in battle, and never retired baffled from a fortress, although he had to deal with some of the strongest in India. In the early part of his reign he had some hard work in repressing several great nobles who rebelled against the restraints imposed upon them by his vigorous Government. His old foes the Afghans retired eastward and gave him

* *Ain-i-Akbari* by Abú-l-Fazl 'Allami. Translated from the Original Persian by H. Blochmann, M.A., Calcutta Madrasah. Vol. I. Calcutta.

many a severe struggle before he could reckon Bengal and Orissa as his own. In Malwa and in the West he had incessant conflicts with the Rajput princes. Lower down he conquered Ahmedabad, Surat, and the dominions of the Kings of Guzerat. Later on he acquired the territories of the Mohammedan rulers of Ahmednugger. On the North he conquered Cashmere. So that at his death his dominions extended from Cashmere and Candahar on the North to the coasts of the Bay of Bengal, to Ahmednugger, South, in the Deccan, and to the coast of Guzerat on the West. One great disaster happened to his arms, in the same country where his English successors suffered a dire reverse two centuries and a half afterwards. His generals led his armies into the mountains of Swat against the Yusufzai Afghans, who encountered them in the defiles and cut them up with a loss of 8,000 men.

In his family relations Akbar was kind and amiable. His younger brother who obtained Cabul invaded his territories and showed anything but a brotherly feeling, but, although overpowered, he was treated with great lenity. His nurses and his foster-brothers were raised to wealth and dignity, and his own mother received from him the greatest veneration. When she died at a good old age he was deeply affected, and as an affectionate son he discharged the pious duty of placing his own shoulder to her bier and assisting to bear it for some paces. He was not happy in his children. Two of them died before him from excessive drinking, and Jahangir, who succeeded him, and who endeavoured to supplant him in his lifetime, was also an excessive drinker. The accounts given of his potations are almost incredible, and nothing but an iron constitution could have saved him from becoming an early victim to this vice.

The *Ain-i-Akbari*, or Institutes of Akbar, now translated afresh by Mr. Blochmann, was translated into English at the close of the last century by Gladwin. His version, though very meritorious for the time, was imperfect and often incorrect. The wonder is that it was so good as it was, for the work abounds with technical and obscure terms; and in the opinion of native writers the style is not intelligible to the generality of readers without great difficulty. The translation now presented to us exhibits the most careful labour and critical scholarship, and it is illustrated with elaborate notes which testify to the wide reading and diligent research of the author. The work is divided into five books, "and is in fact an Administrative Report and Statistical Return of the Government as it was about 1590, A.D." Abul Fazl's official position gave him full possession of all the materials necessary for the compilation of such a work, and it is evident that although many hands must have worked upon it, the whole was designed, moulded into shape, and revised by one governing spirit:—

The first of its five books treats of Akbar's household and Court, and of the Emperor himself, the soul of every department. . . . The second book treats of the servants of the throne, the military and civil services, and the attendants at Court, whose literary genius or musical skill receives a lustre from the encouragement of the Emperor, and who in their turn reflect a brilliant light on the Government. The third book is entirely devoted to regulations for the judicial and executive departments, the establishment of a new and more practical era, the survey of the land, the tribal divisions, and the rent-roll of the great Finance Minister (the Hindu Raja Todar Mal), whose name has become proverbial in India. The fourth book treats of the social condition and literary activity, especially in philosophy and law, of the Hindus, who form the bulk of the population, and in whose political advancement the Emperor saw the guarantee of the stability of his realm. There are also a few chapters on the foreign invaders of India, on distinguished travellers, and on Mohammedan saints and the sects to which they respectively belong. The fifth book contains the moral sentences and epigrammatical sayings, observations, and rules of wisdom of the Emperor, which Abul Fazl has gathered as the disciple gathers the sayings of the master.

The matters relating to the mint and coinage come very early in the work. The various officers and workmen are named, their duties are detailed, and the pay of each is specified. The various methods of testing the purity of the metals are then described, next the processes of refining, and then the mode of extracting silver from gold. All this is done in minute detail, and illustrative drawings are added exhibiting the various workmen engaged in their respective operations. Next comes a description of the various coins, specifying the shape, weight, value, and legends of each. Lastly, the allowance to be made for deterioration of the coinage by wear and tear. Every department, both public and private, is gone through in the same exhaustive manner. The general arrangements of the Imperial kitchen are described; then follows a list of recipes for dishes, and priced lists of the various provisions, preparations, and fruits, forming a complete price current of the time. The royal stables for elephants, horses, camels, and other animals are passed under review, and the accounts exhibit a minute acquaintance with the habits and peculiarities of each. Circumstantial particulars are given respecting the gestation of the elephant, which can only have been arrived at by many post-mortem examinations. The second book contains the regulations relating to the army in every branch, to hunting, to amusements, and many other subjects too numerous to notice. We will only extract a notice of the Imperial harom:—

The large number of women—a vexatious question even for great statesmen—furnished His Majesty with an opportunity to display his wisdom. . . . He has made a large enclosure with fine buildings inside where he reposes. Though there are more than five thousand women, he has given to each a separate apartment. He has also divided them into sections, and keeps them attentive to their duties. Several chaste women have been appointed as superintendents over each section, and one has been selected for the duties of writer. Thus, as in the Imperial offices, everything is here also in proper order. The salaries are sufficiently liberal. Not counting the presents which His Majesty most generously bestows, the women of the highest rank receive from 1,600 to 1,028 rupees per mensem. Some of the servants have

from fifty-one to twenty, others from forty to two rupees. . . . The inside of the harom is guarded by sober and active women; the most trusty of them are placed about the apartments of His Majesty. Outside of the enclosure the eunuchs are placed, and at a proper distance there is a faithful guard of Rajputs, beyond whom are the porters of the gates. Besides, on all four sides there are guards of nobles, guardsmen, and other troops according to their ranks.

The last section of the present volume contains lists of the grandees of the Empire, the learned men of the time, the poets, and the Imperial musicians. The list of grandees comprises 415 nobles, and Mr. Blochmann has collected from different sources a great amount of information respecting them, so that the list has been expanded into a Biographical Dictionary and Complete Peerage. The notices of the learned men are, from the scarcity of the materials, much more brief. In the notices of the poets Abul Fazl has given many specimens, which Mr. Blochmann has translated into prose. At the head of the poets stands Abul Fazl's own brother Faizi, who is even now reputed as the second poet of India. In introducing some specimens of his brother's composition the author thus gracefully refers to them:—

Should leisure permit, and my heart turn to worldly occupations, I would collect some of the excellent writings of this unrivalled author of the age, and gather with the eye of a jealous critic, yet with the hand of a friend, some of his verses. But now it is brotherly love—a love which does not travel along the road of critical nicety—that commands me to write down some of his verses.

Mr. Blochmann has also collected numerous passages relating to the religious opinions of Akbar, and this is so curious a matter that we propose to notice it on a future occasion.

The second volume of the work will be even more interesting than the present one, for it will contain the regulations for the judicial and revenue administration of the Empire. The revenue settlement was made under the direction of the celebrated Hindu financier, Raja Todar Mal. The name of this Minister is still familiar to all concerned in the land revenue of India, and his *Tinadr Jama*, or Settlement Roll, is continually referred to as an authority. We wish Mr. Blochmann good speed in the completion of his work.

LIFE OF JOHN CLOWES.*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Manchester, for one hundred and five years—from its consecration in 1769 to May 1874—knew only two rectors. The first of these, John Clowes (born 1743, dying 1831), who occupied the incumbency sixty-two years, is the subject of the memoir before us. It is not, however, as a minister of the Church of England that it has been thought desirable to rescue his name from the common lot of oblivion, but as an ardent disciple of Emanuel Swedenborg, a translator of his works and exponent of his doctrines. It is not easy to understand why this endeavour, if made at all, was not made earlier, but we do not pretend to be in the secrets of the body whose interests are involved in the publication. Small sects must be excused if they make much of well-born adherents, and Mr. Clowes, of respectable family and highly educated, Eighth Wrangler and Fellow of Trinity, well received in society and commemorated by De Quincey in his recollections of his boyhood as "holy, apostolic, the most saint-like of all human beings I have known through life," is a name which naturally they would not willingly let die out of their annals. Yet, for want of a capable biographer, there seemed danger of this. A certain Mr. Harrison, a fellow-disciple, and at the same time a member of the Society of Friends, had indeed collected materials immediately after his death, but modestly left it to others to make a picture of his sketch. No personal acquaintance of Mr. Clowes having offered to do this, the present editor has complied with the wish of friends who think the time has come when the life and sentiments of John Clowes will meet with candid and thoughtful consideration.

We cannot say that to ourselves Mr. Clowes's recorded thoughts and utterances, apart from his personal presence, carry much weight, or seem to deserve the effort made to perpetuate them; but, as a study, he himself illustrates in a marked manner the union that may exist between wild enthusiasm in things spiritual and worldly wisdom and tact in temporalities—a union also conspicuous in the great leader of the sect, Swedenborg himself. To almost any other man it would not have been easy to hold his benefice between the attacks of his orthodox brother clergy on the one hand and the provocations of his more eager co-religionists on the other, who were constantly urging upon him the duty of breaking away from a Church whose creed he repudiated. But, whether he was aware of this influence or not, his whole nature recoiled from sinking into the insignificance of a petty sect with its meeting-house in Great Eastcheap; and he was able without a moment's misgiving to reconcile duty, interest, and inclination. Bishop Porteus, probably unwillingly enough—for he had recently been engaged in a proposal to promote a review of the Liturgy and Articles in order to diminish schism and separation—was compelled to summon him to answer charges against doctrines preached from his pulpit. But he succeeded in smoothing away difficulties that were not then uppermost in the Bishop's mind; and so represented the Swedenborgian standpoint of "Christ the only God" (denying the doctrine of three Persons), as well as other points of difference, behaved towards his diocesan with so much deference, and caught the moment with such tact when the

* *Life of the Rev. John Clowes.* Edited by Theodore Compton. London: Longmans & Co.

Bishop had had enough of it, that he was dismissed with no other censure than a caution to be prudent and circumspect in his conduct, for he had enemies; not a very handsome way of putting it towards the orthodox party, if the epithet was so applied, of which we cannot however be sure. Whatever it was, this is all to be called "persecution" that Mr. Clowes ever received for his opinions from Churchmen. It is asserted indeed that many years after this, in 1804, Pitt offered him a bishopric. It does not do to accept such statements without investigation; but if the offer was made, it must have been in ignorance, and could not possibly have been accepted. The objections and arguments of those who called upon him to secede were still more easily settled; for, "pondering on the subject whether he should resign his cure of souls in order to devote himself to the translation of the eight quarto volumes of Swedenborg's *Arcana Cælestia*, he was made sensible of the presence of an angelic society from whom there seemed to be an internal communication, "Do not do it; we will help you." That the work was done very indifferently, in spite of this assistance, we are left to gather elsewhere from the editor's own admission; but if the angels once told him to keep his living, nothing more could properly be said to dissuade him from it.

The sudden transition from Clowes a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity to the Swedenborgian visionary is so strange that we may regret that nothing is told of the nature of the illness which brought it about. He himself, in an autobiographic notice written in the third person, speaks of a "process of bitter suffering," of an illness so alarming as to stop the career of worldly purposes, overturning all his projects of human greatness and leaving him prostrate in mind and body; but we can only guess what share the mind had in the collapse. It left him willing to accept the incumbency of the new parish church of St. John, which a year before he had declined as below his pretensions. He certainly seems to have regarded himself as remarkable on very small recorded grounds. "Perhaps," he says, "no Christian minister ever entered upon the sacred duties of his calling under circumstances more singular, and in some respects more apparently unpropitious. His theological researches had been very limited, and his religious views were accordingly very imperfect. He had indeed read the Thirty-nine Articles, and he had perused some of the more distinguished authors who endeavour to explain and confirm that code of doctrine. But this was all." A man must have a very decided turn for singularity who believes himself to be separate and apart from his fellows on these grounds alone. He threw himself into his studies with energy, however, till a glance into Law's *Christian Perfection* and a further study of that author led him to the perusal of other mystical writers. With these he was satisfied till, "visiting a gentleman of Liverpool possessed of an ample fortune and leisure, he was introduced by him to the writings of Swedenborg."

It was this gentleman, a Mr. Houghton, who informed Clowes that John Wesley, when on a visit to him, had, shortly after the death of Swedenborg, "declared to him in the most solemn manner that we might burn all the old books of theology, for God had sent a teacher from Heaven, and in the writings of Swedenborg we might learn all that is necessary for us to know." We quote this as showing how unsafe as mediums of information are all visionary enthusiasts. For Wesley's real opinion of Swedenborg may be gathered from his account of him in the *Arminian Magazine* for 1783, quoted by Mr. White, Swedenborg's recent biographer. After giving an account of the "Baron's" visit to England, when he lodged at one Mr. Brockmer's, in whose house he had a violent fever, "Wesley goes on to relate that in the height of this fever, being totally delirious, he broke from Mr. Brockmer, ran into the street stark naked, proclaimed himself the Messiah, and rolled himself in the mire," adding, "I suppose he dates from this time his admission into the society of angels. From this time we are undoubtedly to date that peculiar species of insanity which attended him, with scarce any intermission, to the day of his death." Mr. Clowes did not, however, read the work recommended to him by this friend of ample fortune till, in the autumn of the same year, when on a visit to the Right Honourable John Smyth, he opened the long-neglected volume and happened to cast his eye upon the term "*Divinum Humanum*"—words which a few days later threw him into "a vision of Divine glory visible to the senses, repeated at intervals, and kindling in him an ardent desire to peruse *Vera Christiania Religio*":—

The perusal of the *True Christian Religion*, the last of Swedenborg's works, was speedily followed by that of his treatise on *Heaven and Hell*, the exposition of the Books of Genesis and Exodus entitled *Arcana Cælestia*, the *Apocalyptic Revelata*, and the treatises on the *Divine Love and Wisdom*, *Divine Providence*, and *Conjugal Love*. These voluminous works, with other minor tracts by the same author, were successively read, or rather devoured, says the autobiographer, and as constantly excited wonder, delight, and edification.

We need not tell our readers that many of Swedenborg's writings are anything but edifying to the uninitiated. Some were indeed pronounced by Swedish authority unfit for publication; but there is always a way of getting over such things. To Mr. Clowes Swedenborg was the sun, all other teachers being at best but stars and moon.

We have gathered that the progress of his acquaintance with Swedenborg was under distinguished patronage; it naturally follows that the converts Mr. Clowes was most solicitous to make were all from the higher classes of society. He is indeed assumed to be the apostle for these circles, for we read of a "gentleman of

landed property in Cheshire who distinctly heard in the night a voice saying 'Go to Mr. Clowes.'" He writes to a friend in 1808:—

In the course of last month I spent a charming fortnight with my friend Mr. H—, who married a sister of Lord Derby, and both he and his lady, and a numerous family of young ladies and gentlemen, are devout receivers of the New Jerusalem.

The editor does not venture to confirm this statement, but owns that the effect of his teaching was too much like that of a popular sermon; but it tells something for charm of manner, and perhaps a sort of eloquence, that a strong impression was produced; and of course, unless the name of Swedenborg was given, his hearers may not have been at all aware what he was teaching. One of Mr. Clowes's correspondents is a widow lady in some way connected with the Court. To her he writes, 1809:—"You do not say whether you communicated any of our enlightened author's works to the young Princesses. Perhaps it might not be prudent; but still it appears to me that their piety might possibly be confirmed by such communications. I shall esteem it as a particular favour to be indulged with what further intelligence you may receive on this interesting subject." However daring a man may be in the introduction of startling doctrine and new light, there is no escaping the spirit of the age we live in. Mr. Clowes's loyalty recalls the day when kings and courts were shrouded in a glory and mystery which royalty has since taken pains to dispel. His reflections on the sad condition of George III. are of the tritest to our ears, but may have conveyed to those he addressed ideas which they would hardly have hazarded on their own account. "What you say of the Royal Family," he writes, "and particularly of the King, is most affecting, and presents us with many edifying and important lessons. For how convincing is it, that no station here below is exempt from trial and trouble, and that neither the bars nor the guards even of a palace can keep out affliction." This tone towards rank falls in with the spirit of the founder of the sect. Swedenborg had a king (Charles XII.) for his patron, and it was through his father's persevering importunity that the family got ennobled. Hence the title of Baron, so fondly given by his followers, though we believe the act of ennoblement confers no title, but only a seat in the House of Nobles in the Swedish Diet, which consists of 2,000 members.

Mr. Clowes's qualities were such as exactly fitted him for the double part he had to play. He was a visionary, but with no turn for extravagance in conduct. No man has a fine person and manner without being influenced in conduct by them. The gift of pleasing tells both ways. Swedenborg was the reverse of ascetic, and Mr. Clowes's own nature was genial and indulgent. He had, it seems, in youth nearly fallen a victim to the attractions of a lady afterwards well known in Scotch literary circles—Mrs. Fletcher, mother of Lady Davy; but found out in good time that she was already engaged. For the remainder of his long life he was content with the general good will of the sex, by whom he seems to have at once been petted and revered. He was the sort of man to receive addresses and presentations from all parties. Thus we read on the occasion of the sect's meeting at Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Richard Hill, on their first annual gathering, that the two youngest ladies of the company presented him with a golden cup and cover in commemoration of his translation of the *Arcana Cælestia*; while his parishioners were not behindhand with their testimony to his merits, presenting him with his own portrait and a tablet by Flaxman (also a Swedenborgian), in which the rector is represented instructing a group of children. There is one characteristic of a sect which Mr. Clowes could not escape. The jokes of small sects are small, and his are of the smallest. The following "smart sally" might, we think, have slept the sleep which is the common doom of wit. "This is excellent tea," said one of the party to the lady who was presiding, and who had lately been Mr. Clowes's companion and housekeeper. "Yes," said he, giving her a significant look. "Mrs. U. makes very good tea—at an inn." Then, recollecting that he might be thought to have gone too far, he added, "Aye, and in her own house, too." Nor are they always as free from vulgarity as this innocent specimen:—

I remember an argumentative spinster, ripe in years, who had been addicted to Calvinism, and puzzling herself by dipping into Swedenborg's works, was anxious to state her perplexities to Mr. Clowes. Her voice being strange to him, and consequently inaudible, another lady, who had his ear, kindly interposed, informing him that Miss — wished to tell him that she had been pleased with the treatise on *Heaven and Hell* until she came to the statement that Heaven is in the human form, and is called the *Grand Man*. Turning instantly towards the inquirer, he said, "Ha! you did not like a man, I suppose?" This was delivered in a tone so comic, and with a look so playful and arch, as to be quite irresistible. An uncontrollable laugh burst from all sides.

While giving at full length De Quincey's recollections of Mr. Clowes, the editor allows us to gather that in his estimate of character, as well as in his notion of Clowes's extreme age at the time of their interview, De Quincey was mistaken. Instead of being eighty in 1802, he was only sixty-nine, and, so far from leading the life of a hermit, he was open to all the pleasures of society. It is rather an amusing illustration of an opium-eater's memory to find him describing with somewhat tumid eloquence the stained glass of the library where their last meeting took place, when it turns out that the library never had coloured windows at all. Some painted glass had been sent to Mr. Clowes by a grateful refugee and put into a church window. Its "grand emblazonries" were in keeping with the "venerable figure and saintly countenance" which he pictures, and he saw them not where they were, but where they ought to have been. Still we think it illiberal in

the editor, after taking full advantage of a record so important to the present fame of his subject, to hint that probably Mr. Clowes thought the bookish boy somewhat of a bore.

MR. SMITH.*

IT would save not a little awkwardness to the reviewer if every new writer were to hoist his colours at once and say to what sex he belongs. Women, when they take to writing, so often affect a masculine style, so often deal with subjects which once were left entirely to men, that it has become no easy matter to decide whether an author is male or female. The critic has often no help for it but to settle the point at a guess, unless indeed, by a careful avoidance of pronouns and the use of the common term "author," he can escape committing himself to an opinion either way. It would be very convenient, however, as long as this affectation of mystery prevails, if a short Act were passed to the effect that, in all reviews of books, wherever the word "he" occurs it shall be understood also to imply "she." In the case of the novel before us we are not a little perplexed on this very point. We rather incline to the opinion that it is written by a lady. As we have no certainty about the matter, we shall nevertheless, out of respect to the rule of the old grammarians, assign it to the more worthy gender. Mr. L. B. Walford then has written a story which, though disagreeable, shows nevertheless a good deal of cleverness. There are too many bad people and too many vulgar people to make it very pleasant reading, though the hero is a good man and the heroine becomes a good woman. Like most other novels it is a great deal too long, for though it is published in two volumes, it could by the printer's art very easily have been made to fill three. In point of English it is certainly better written than the majority of the stories that come before us, though the author has his trips in language as well as the rest. He writes in one place how "an undercurrent gave a depth to the drama," and in another place how between the hero and the heroine "had arisen a sudden cloud—a cloud so thundery, so dangerous, so close at hand that she felt unable to cope with it, unless she had support." "It is hard," we read in another passage, "if a man may not have his pleasant-shooting because the girls are bad style." All writers of the present day, from the poets downwards or upwards, have so got hold of the word "supremely" that we hardly venture to object to it. It is, however, only within the last few years that a wife, like the Lady Sauffrenden of this story, has loved her husband supremely. The following paragraph, if not bad style like the girls, is at all events bad grammar:—

The consequence was, that in most places the frizzettes beneath were altogether laid bare; and that where this was not the case, they were only covered by thin streaks of hair, few and far between, and that hair being of a light sandy hue, very distinguishable from the framework.

The full title of the story, as our readers may have noticed, is *Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life*. We never knew a case of a hero of whose life an equally small part was told. Mr. Smith is introduced to the reader as a man of fifty. Of his earlier years we hear next to nothing, and he lives so short a while after the introduction that of his later life there is not very much to tell. The scene opens in a country village, where a large house has just been built and is only waiting for the arrival of its owner, Mr. Smith. Of him nothing is known, and great is the disappointment, nay, even the indignation, among the tradesmen when the news spreads that he is an old bachelor. The butcher heads the clamorous crowd and plays the part of the First Citizen. "There was rooms in the house," he said, "that ought to have been family rooms. There was rooms as meant roast beef, and there was rooms as meant saddles of mutton and sweetbreads." When Mr. Smith came down to occupy his house, the butcher recommenced his grumbling:—

What was a Mr. Smith to him? He didn't want no Mr. Smiths. Mr. Smith, indeed! Why, the very name Smith had a regular family sound.

A Mrs. Smith, a young Smith, the Miss Smiths, Bobby Smith, Jack Smith, Joe Smith, the Smith's baby, and the Smith's governess, seemed to him only the proper Smith connection.

In the village there were two sets of sisters who play a great part in the story. These were the three Miss Tolletons, who were pretty and clever, and the two Miss Hunts, who were plain and stupid. The five girls were alike in this, that they were all gifted with a wonderful amount of low cunning and unusual powers of lying. They were moreover all equally desirous of getting married. Their characters are drawn no doubt with a good deal of cleverness, and one of the five, the heroine, as we have said, gets better as the story goes on. But clever liars like the pretty Miss Tolletons, or stupid liars like the vulgar Miss Hunts, do not afford the most improving, or indeed the most pleasant, study. Helen Tolleton, the eldest of the three sisters, soon makes up her mind to win Mr. Smith, while Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, with even greater rapidity, make up their mind that the future Mrs. Smith shall be their daughter Maria. With a great deal of dexterity, the Tolleton girls manage to hoodwink Mrs. Hunt and to make her believe that it is Maria whom Mr. Smith is courting. He, however, in a grave middle-aged way has been greatly struck with Helen, and is utterly unaware of Mrs. Hunt's manoeuvring. As for Helen, the more she

sees of his simple honourable character the more she admires it, till at last she grows ashamed of the thoughtless follies of which she had been guilty. There was a wicked Colonel Aytoun with whom, when but seventeen years old, she had gone far in flirting. He is one of those unnatural monsters who happily only exist in imaginations that are not quite so wholesome as might be wished. Years before the story opens he had, "by his high-sounding name, his sparkling uniform, his fair moustache," won the affections of the lady to whom Mr. Smith was at the time engaged. He had proved a brutal husband, but, for the sake of his ill-used wife, Mr. Smith did not break off with him. The Colonel, having robbed him of his mistress, went on at cards and billiards to swindle him out of his money:—

Colonel Aytoun was rampant. He was not rich, but over and above the pleasure of having these reinforcements to a short purse, it was a most delightful occupation of his talents to take in the man to whom he bore no malice.

It was charming to be able to tell Emmeline of the last rise he had taken out of that simpleton—her lamented bridegroom; to wonder how she had really not been rather ashamed of selecting such an imbecile, barnacles (though he was; to suppose that it might have been a case of "birds of a feather;" and then to grin and jeer at her with his smiling red lips, and bid her go and seek the society of such a congenial spirit, for he was sick of keeping company with babies out of long cloths.

Mr. Tolleton, four years before the story opens, had taken his daughter Helen to visit at this monster's house, at the time when Mrs. Aytoun was confined by sickness to her room. Though Helen acted very improperly, yet as soon as she saw the man's utter wickedness she had insisted on her father's taking her home at once. Shortly after Mr. Smith had come to his new house and was beginning to pay attentions to Helen, Colonel Aytoun visits in the neighbourhood. He thinks he has a hold on her and can get her into his power. She meets his advances with spirit and indignation, and takes the best step possible by making an unasked-for confession to Mr. Smith of the follies of which she had been guilty in her girlhood. He forgives her, and would at once have proposed to her had he not thought that it was impossible that so beautiful and young a lady would marry a man of fifty. If Mr. Walford lives till he has seen perhaps the double of the years of which he can now boast, he will not make a man of fifty so diffident. Fifty for a man, we are ready to maintain—and he by that time will maintain too—is not an age which is separated by any great gulf from youth and heroines. A man of fifty, he should remember, is only removed by one year from a man of forty-nine, and a man in the forties is in the very prime of life. Had Mr. Smith been sixty it would have been quite another thing. Mr. Smith then, in despair of getting that for which he had not the courage to ask, leaves his house and sets out once more on his travels, while Helen, that she may differ as widely as possible from her lover, sprains her ankle badly and gets confined to her couch. A winter passes away and Mr. Smith returns to London. There he meets the wicked Colonel, who had suspected his attachment to Helen, and is determined, as he cannot get her for himself, to blast her reputation with her lover. He invites him to his house, where he meets Lord Sauffrenden and Captain Wellwood, both of whom knew Helen. We must here remark that neither Mr. Smith nor two men so honourable as these are described as having been would ever have dined with such a scoundrel as the Colonel. But the necessities of the story, while on the one hand they require that Aytoun should be a monster of iniquity, on the other hand demand that he should be on terms of intimacy with good men. The whole account of the dinner party where he tries to ruin Helen's reputation is as outrageous a piece of writing as we have ever come across. Mr. Smith avows his intention of at once going off and offering his hand to Helen. He is accepted, and everything would have gone off merrily enough—for Helen, by the help of her sprained ankle and her memory of this high-minded single gentleman, had during his absence become not unworthy of him—if the author had not chosen this very time for introducing a fit of apoplexy. Now we are not prepared to deny that it plays a very important part in modern novels. But who ever read that one ever happened to a hero? Fathers, mothers, bachelor uncles, maiden aunts, godmothers as childless as they are rich, all these fall down in fits in every novel we pick up, and no one troubles his head about them. But if we know anything of nature—and we ought by this time to know a good deal, considering how many hundreds of these most natural tales we have read—your hero has nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, has everything to hope, from a fit of apoplexy. Mr. Smith, however, contrary to all the rules of nature and art, the very day after he has been accepted is found dead in his room. The reason is clear. The author had started with the intention of plaguing an old gentleman, who had attained the venerable age of fifty, with a giddy young wife. He had, however, in the course of his story, so greatly improved his heroine that when it came to the point he had not the heart to throw away one so young, so pretty, and now so good, on a man old enough to be her father. Mr. Smith accordingly is killed off without the least remorse, while a dashing young captain, Philip Wellwood, is ready at hand to receive the lady who had been made by her aged lover so amiable and so good. Philip in process of time becomes Lord Wellwood, and thus the youthful reader is as much satisfied as the elderly reader will be disgusted. They do not, however, forget Mr. Smith:—

"Helen," said her lover one evening in the bow window, a few days before their marriage, "you must try to teach me the lesson you have learnt since first I knew you. What has made the difference? For you are different, you know," said he, drawing her towards him; "tell me about it."

* *Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life*. By L. B. Walford. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

"I knew once," she answered, "a simple, noble, Christian gentleman

"That will do," said Philip, softly. "I know. Mr. Smith."

There is not a little merit in the story. It is a pity, however, that there is so much vulgarity and villany to outbalance it. The villain is a very dull one, and though the vulgar people are often drawn with a good deal of cleverness, we get as heartily weary of them as we should were we to meet them in real life. We have little doubt that if Mr. Walford will make as careful a study of pleasant people as he has of those who are disagreeable, he will succeed in writing a pleasant book.

BUIST'S MANUAL OF BIRD-KEEPING.*

THERE is a story of a curate in an out-of-the-way parish who, not being able to afford a wife, wavered between a dog and a pupil for a companion. Though the latter might pay, the former was more certain to be docile and sociable. The same recommendation might perhaps be urged upon solitary bachelors and maiden ladies on behalf of the canary and its kith and kin; for to a temperament in the highest degree given to sociability it adds a teachableness which would seem to be limited only by the amount of kindness and attention bestowed on it. The old saw of "a bird that can sing and won't sing" proceeds clearly upon a misapprehension of the way to get at the bird-heart, and to unlock the rich stores of its natural music; and the volume before us, written by an amateur bird-fancier whose experience is wholly in favour of care, kindness, and liberality in the keeping and rearing of domesticated song-birds, ought to have the effect of reducing the mortality in cages, and of multiplying the flood of unforced song in the sunny windows of town and country houses.

The common method of birdkeeping is the "happy-go-lucky" method, which lets the delicately organized, sensitive, natty, and dandy little creature struggle as best it may with the filth, disease, starvation, and neglect which are its natural antipathies; whereas the secret of success in this art is "to make your tiny *protégé's* simple existence such a boundless delight that it appears to have learnt the secret of perpetual motion as well as that of endless song." And although in these pages a sufficient number of anecdotes are told to prove that bird nature can be wayward, and the personal characteristics of feathered bipeds quite as diverse as those of the "animal bipes implume," yet it is also established beyond a doubt that there is no limit to the affection, attachment, and docility of the caged songbird whose health and happiness are properly looked after. First and foremost the author insists on cleanliness, to secure which and he is in favour of roomy square cages, to be thoroughly washed and cleansed—bars, tray, roof, perches—at least twice a week, and, if it may be, every other day; fresh sand to be given each time, and clean perches, water fountains, and full measure of seed every morning. To these directions add frequent opportunities of a bath all the year round, taking off the chill in winter, lest a sudden check should on a sudden arrest a circulation so fitful and delicate that the mere reversal of the bird's position, if you remove it in a hurry from its cage, will fatally affect the action of the heart. Caution should be observed, too, to make everything dry and snug when the bath is over, as cold, no less than fright or neglect, is a frequent cause of bird-diseases. It will have been seen by this time that the mere schoolboy whim of owning a pet, without dedicating yourself to its daily and hourly tendance, is, certain, sooner or later, to terminate in birdie's being laid out stiff, stark, and lustreless in the domicile over which so many parleys took place with the ironmonger. *Apròpos* of the cage, by the way, we are advised unhesitatingly to have nothing to say to any except the German metallic enamelled cage, the superiority of which to such as are of English manufacture consists in the fact of the colour being exposed to the chemical action of heat, not hand-painted, but enamelled into the metal, so that the paint in which arsenic is often the colouring matter employed is not liable to be pecked off and eaten by the bird inside the cage. In such a cage it is equally impossible that death should approach the bird in the shape of verdigris, innocently mistaken for green food, as not unfrequently happens when the cage is a handsome brass-wired construction, imitative of a Swiss cottage or a Chinese pagoda. Cogent arguments are adduced for preferring to such fantastic shapes the square and unornamental cage, as more conducive to health and happiness as well as to the display of the inmates; and in the carefully written appendix, which is furnished with illustrative diagrams, it is shown how such a cage may be so built as to admit of being taken to pieces and reversed or rearranged according to circumstances, at the cost of five guineas. If the ironmonger declines the order, says our author, you can do it yourself by following his simple directions.

It might be thought that little need be said as to the best situation of a birdcage, as every one must have seen how a bird's voice and plumage are improved by sufficient sunlight. Indeed the best situation for the ordinary cage as well as for the breeding-cage is, in summer, high up in a sunny window, with sufficient air, but out of the reach of cats and of draughts. There is, however, such a thing as too much sun, as when a bird cage is hung against a "red-hot brick wall"; and, on the other hand, in winter the window is the worst of all places for "Dicky," who thrives best

then against an inner wall, in a room warmed by a bright fire and by human companionship. It seems to be a clear rule that extremes of heat or cold are the bird's bane, and an equable temperature its safeguard. In the important matter of food our author strictly forbids all those messes of cake, biscuits, and bread and butter wherewith an ill-judged fondness is apt to ruin the domesticated bird's digestion. Seeds, in liberal allowance and in handy vessels, square or circular, but not less than two inches deep and an inch and a half across, and fresh green food, should be the staple of the bird's diet. The bird's rule of what to eat and what to avoid is regulated by an eye to digestion and due action of the functions of the stomach, so that whilst canary, rape, hemp, and suchlike seeds, and plantain, chickweed, groundsel (in this order) are most wholesome, the acidity of stone-fruits, the rind of apples and pears, and the occurrence of decayed matter in water-cress, cabbage, and lettuce leaves (which the birds like if young and fresh) are apt to bring about death through dyspepsia and diarrhoea. Coarse red sand is said to be the best digestive, and bay-salt, which fanciers recommend as curative of high feeding, has in our author's experience proved anything but successful. Except as a *bonne bouche*, and an occasional luxury, sugar is not to be recommended, certainly not as a make-up for neglect of regular and wholesome food. And least of all is raw meat to be commended, its tendency being to make a bird savage and quarrelsome:—

I once [writes the bird-fancier] gave a canary to a poor woman, excessively fond of animals. In a short time it was brought back with a request to be told what could be the matter with him, "as the bird had always received plenty to eat." I inquired as to the items comprising this plenty, and was informed, "Oh, everything wot I eats myself; yesterday he had carrots and turnip-tops" (uncooked!); "to-day a shred of beefsteak, and bread and butter to his tea; and he ate it beautiful, he did." Cooked chop, minced veal, raw beef, all and sundry found their way to the canary's gizzard, greatly to his temporal debilitation, and—ultimate destruction! In short, the bird became a prey to red mites, sores, bad health, and worse temper.

The criteria of health—a general brightness of plumage, eyes, beak, and legs—are fully discussed in a long and interesting chapter, which withal suggests specifics for the diseases to which canary flesh is heir. A rusty nail is a famous tonic, if dropped into the drinking fountain, and camphor supplies an excellent cordial. Castor-oil on a spoonful of linseed, or dropped on the inflamed part, is good for inflammation, and change of air, scene, and cage effect as wonderful recoveries in the bird world as in the case of human invalids. But the author clearly thinks that prevention is better than cure, and quite as easily brought into play by the limited number of persons who approach birdkeeping with proper ideas of its responsibilities. In the list of these regard to cleanliness, good food, fresh air, and plenty of sunlight comes first and foremost. Where these are considered, there need be no "red mites," a plague which has taxed the invention of all the professional bird-fanciers to cure, and which, once present, requires to be literally stamped out. The "red mite" is a tiny parasite, something like the small spider called a money-spinner, and it is engendered by a dirty cage, stale food, impure water, and a lack of sufficient coarse sand. Once generated, they soon "eat up" a bird, and as they hide all day, it requires stratagem to detect their presence. A white cloth thrown over the cage at night will, on a sudden shining of a light in the darkness, reveal a number of flying dots. Impregnate this cloth with camphor, and place the cage in a flat vessel of water, and the mites will prefer drowning to the smell of the camphor. A solution of quassia chips is a more ticklish experiment, and so is the vermin-powder which some fanciers recommend. A cage once infested should at once be destroyed, or, as the next best thing, plunged in strongly camphorized water. But, as has been already said, the evil should not have been allowed to get a footing. As to health and disease in cage-birds, the author does not note what we learn elsewhere from Dr. Brehm, that some perfumes are so injurious to canaries that the presence of an *Orchis bifolia* in a room occupied by three of them for a single night resulted in the death of two, the females, before morning.

The account of the mysteries of profitable breeding is very curious, in that it involves the rule of contraries in the selection of parents, e.g. two rich-coloured canaries produce light-hued offspring; mealy parents have white young; and, when the parents are both crested, the chicks will be all bald. The belief that if a bird loses its mate it will not pair again that year is more romantic than true. A substitute, in our author's experience, is frequently accepted in a very few days. Essentials to success in breeding are good ventilation, sunlight, quiet, and privacy, and it is best not to pair more than a couple at a time in one place. Following the advice of the volume before us, there is no reason why an amateur should not attain much the same assurance of successful breeding as the Germans in the region of the Hartz mountains, who are as famous for the healthy broods as for the splendid voices of their canaries. From them probably has been borrowed the hint, affirmed by experience, that a large number of pairs of birds in the same room answers better in breeding than a couple of pairs. In the latter case rivalry and jealousy create disturbance and disappointment. In the former there is safety in numbers. Even in a single pair there is often a divided will. We read in p. 78 of a canary Penelope which unravelled every night the nest that her provident mate took such pains in building up by day; and what made this the more curious was that this hen was not the less a devoted mother. From the chapter on personal characteristics we should gather that cage birds are curiously freakish and fanciful. One cock, for instance, is a confirmed hermit, happy in his own society, but churlish in that of his kind, and especially

* *Birds: their Cages and their Keep.* A Practical Manual of Bird-keeping and Bird-rearing. By K. A. Buist. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

averse to the fascinations of the canary belle, Crestie, although she is described as "an angel of canary charms and graces." But this bird must have had his "mollia tempora fandi," for we read in p. 83 of a son of his whose character was just the reverse, and whose liveliness was quite irrepressible. A pretty history is given of another canary which the author brought up by hand from a week old, which became an inseparable ally to its mistress, was fond of prancing on the piano keys, knew when it had done wrong, and possessed an instinct very little different from reflection and thought. But this bird lacked the bump of locality, and because unable to distinguish the back of the house from the front, wandered away from home into the woods, where, as he was only half a canary, he may still be living happily amidst his linnet cousins.

In the course of this pleasant volume the amateur may get some capital hints on the purchase of canaries (Belgian, Green, Lizard, Cinnamon, or London Fancy), and on the choice of foreign birds—among which the most prepossessing are the Waxbill and Spice birds. It appears that the canaries take kindly enough to these interlopers. But by far the most interesting topic, on which we have not yet touched, is that which relates to the training and teaching. Many readers have seen performing canaries at Welsh and English watering-places which can pull a trigger, dance on a tight-rope, and emulate Blondin in the wheelbarrow trick. These antic birds can also be taught almost every phase of imitative harmony. Are we then to believe the protestations of their itinerant showmen, that they have been trained simply by the rule of love? The author implies a contrary belief in the picture drawn of eyes scorched by red-hot needles to make Dick a songster by night as well as day; of hearing stunned as the price of skill in pistol-firing; and of Blondins and danseuses educated in cages fitted with red-hot perches during lesson-time. We would fain hope that, even if there has been resort to such gratuitous cruelty, the fact amply brought out in these pages, that kindness pays far better, and accomplishes more satisfactory results both in the bird concerts and in the bird-market, will have its due weight with professional fanciers and trainers. By gentleness of hand, voice, and step you can teach the pet bird anything, especially if you begin with it young, and have taken pains to select a good voice, wit, capacity, and constitution. And there is something moreover in appealing not only to the principle of imitation, but also to that of "payment for results." Witness Bechstein's two pet birds:—

One was an idle little vagabond allowed to roam out of his cage as often as he felt inclined. The other lived chained to a stool, and was trained to procure its food by a lever pressed with its foot. On a certain day Bechstein forgot to supply seed to the former, and was greatly interested to see the uneducated bird, inspired by hunger, perch on his rival's trough, lift it up with his claw, as he had seen the latter do, and take a hearty breakfast.

Necessity had been here the mother of invention; and no doubt bird wits as well as bird voices are susceptible of far more cultivation by the fair means suggested in the book before us than by the foul means which are simply another expression for fruitless torture.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume of M. Jules Simon's work contains the history of the Government which sprang from the catastrophe of September 1870*; it is divided into four books, and is written in a calm and dispassionate style. The author points out with sufficient accuracy the principal faults of the Imperial system, but at the same time he does justice to the good qualities of Napoleon III.; and it will no doubt surprise many readers to see a Republican say of the late Emperor, "cet homme, qui a perdu son pays, aimait son pays." Of course M. Jules Simon believes that the future well-being of France depends on the consolidation of the Republic, and that universal suffrage is the panacea of modern society. It must be remembered, however, that the Communists, Socialists, and Terrorists whom he denounces so severely assert with equal confidence that *they*, and they alone, represent the political régime of the nineteenth century.

M. l'abbé Raboisson's conclusions are diametrically opposed to those of M. Jules Simon. If De Maistre and Viscount de Bonald could easily find arguments for their theories of government in the tragic progress of the early Revolution, the course of French history since 1815 has brought a mass of startling facts in support of writers who are disposed to endorse the views so eloquently maintained in the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg* and the *Législation primitive*. M. Raboisson is one of these writers†; struck by the hopeless condition of France, and by the anxiety which he sees prevailing everywhere, he endeavours to ascertain the cause of this melancholy disorganization, and to point out the remedy. Even acknowledged champions of the Revolutionary school, such as Proudhon and Pierre Leroux, have long since expressed their opinion that France is shut up, politically, in a circle from which it must find an issue if it would remain the pioneer of thought and progress; nay more, that it is the blind and senseless fanaticism for Jean-Jacques Rousseau's system which has produced all the evil. Thus armed with objections which he has borrowed from the arsenal of democracy, M. Raboisson recommends a speedy return to the old traditions of France, and advocates with much

talent and unquestionable fervour the cause of a Legitimist Restoration.

After having described in a clear and popular manner the state of public instruction in Germany, England, and the United States of North America, M. Hippeau takes us to Italy.* Circumstances have enabled him to enjoy familiar intercourse with the most eminent statesmen and writers of that country, and to obtain from them the materials of the present volume. The introduction which he has prefixed to his report gives us some interesting details as to the efforts made by the Italians to bring about the political unity of their country, and to create an efficient system of public instruction. As M. Hippeau aptly remarks, we should never forget how difficult it is to shake off the traditions of the past, and there is no doubt that in Italy the problem was peculiarly arduous. The task, however, was undertaken by men who were determined to bring it to a satisfactory issue, and the results obtained have abundantly justified their efforts. M. Hippeau's volume is virtually a blue-book; it embraces every kind of instruction, from the elementary teaching given in what we should call National Schools to University lectures of the highest kind, and the author has likewise enabled us to compare the reformed system now prevailing throughout Italy with the old routine which existed when all these matters were subject to the immediate influence of the Holy See.

It is merely by way of contrast that we pass from M. Hippeau to M. Charles Louandre‡; for assuredly the least strait-laced of teachers would scarcely place on the list of school-books a selection from the French novelists of the eighteenth century. When we remember that Marmontel entitled his tales *Contes moraux*, we may well question the morality, not to say the decency, of works of fiction which did not put forth any pretensions to that epithet. It is impossible, however, to ignore a style of literature essentially French in its character, and which is associated with the names of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Hamilton, and Caylus; a gallery of portraits opening with Guillaume de Lorris could not be deemed complete if it did not include Diderot, and the students of literature who have looked into Pantagruel are quite prepared to enjoy the *lutrin vivant*. M. Louandre's preface gives a very good view of the literature of fiction a hundred years ago. In those days of ardent polemics and of revolutionary fervour, every kind of writing was turned into a weapon against the old order of things, and even the doctrines of the economists formed the subject of a novel. It has long been the fashion to laugh at the so-called historical romances of La Calprenède and Mlle. de Scudéry; but we have no hesitation in saying that they deserved the appellation much more than Marmontel's *Bélisaire* and Florian's *Gonzalve de Cordoue*. M. Louandre will be found an excellent guide to this farrago of declamatory rubbish, and his critiques may be recommended to the courageous and venturesome reader who, having plenty of spare time, wishes to see for himself how historical characters can be made to speak like the *habitués* of the Café Procope or the friends of Mme. du Deffand. As to what may be designated as the novels of real life, we should strongly advise our readers to be satisfied with the extracts given by M. Louandre; they will find enough to convince them that further investigation would scarcely be expedient.

M. Boucher's monograph on Cowper is, we believe, the expansion of an essay written for the doctor's degree.† M. Mézières and M. Sainte-Beuve had already shown that there are Frenchmen capable of enjoying the quiet beauties of the author of "The Task"; but their notices of Cowper do not pretend to be anything more than brief literary *complex-readus*, whilst M. Boucher gives us the biography of the poet, and an account not only of his poetry, but of his correspondence. He appreciates with much accuracy the genius of a writer whose great merit is to have delivered art from the fetters which the rhymesters of the school of Pope had cast around it. Cowper, studied by himself and independently of any comparison, will strike the unprejudiced reader as an admirable poet; how much more if we open his works after reading Hayley, or even Beattie! Nor must we leave unmentioned those choice specimens of epistolary chit-chat which, whilst they throw so much light upon his character, have secured for him a distinguished place on the roll of English prose-writers. M. Sainte-Beuve had already introduced Cowper to the notice of readers on the other side of the Channel, and M. Boucher's excellent little volume cannot fail to increase his popularity in France.

M. Paul Albert's lectures§ on the eighteenth century are a creditable summary, but nothing more, and we have so often heard or read eulogies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the Encyclopédistes, that the subject is worn threadbare. Saint-Pierre obtains in this volume more attention than is generally bestowed upon him, and his *polysynodie* is carefully analysed. The conclusion which most people will draw from M. Albert's volume, as well as from others on the same topic, is that, although reforms were unquestionably necessary in 1789, the men who advocated them were seldom those whose moral character best qualified them for the office. Our author talks a good deal about Voltaire's *sensibilité* and his efforts on behalf of toleration; but he does not add that

* *L'instruction publique en Italie*. Par C. Hippeau. Paris: Didot.

† *Chefs-d'œuvre des conteurs français. XVIIIe siècle*. Par Charles Louandre. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *William Cowper, sa correspondance et ses poésies*. Paris: Sandos et Fischbacher.

§ *La littérature française au 18e siècle*. Par M. Paul Albert. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Souvenirs du 4 Septembre: le gouvernement de la défense nationale*. Par J. Simon. Paris: Lévy.

† *Le pouvoir: ses origines, etc.* Par M. l'abbé Raboisson. Paris: Plon.

the adversary of Fréron, Le Franc de Pompignan, and Guettée, was himself the most intolerant and spiteful of mortals, and that he never hesitated to tell downright lies if he could advance his purpose by doing so. It is very well to say that the *Année littéraire* is a tedious compilation, and perhaps no one will take the trouble to verify M. Albert's criticism; but those who feel inclined to do so cannot fail to observe that Fréron as a journalist was infinitely superior to the author of the *Dictionnaire philosophique*.

The history of religious ideas in Germany from Lessing to Strauss is so extensive a theme that in the space of three octavo volumes it is hardly possible to give more than a simple sketch of it. As a sketch, however, M. Lichtenberger's work * deserves to be studied, and it will be found an excellent guide for students who wish to have the principal landmarks pointed out to them before they proceed further. M. Lichtenberger divides his subject into three distinct periods, respectively identified with the names of Lessing, Schleiermacher, and Strauss; he borrows from biographies, letters, and memoirs, details which enliven the dry statements of theological and metaphysical subtleties, while they help at the same time to explain them. He writes as a champion of orthodox doctrines, but nevertheless with creditable impartiality and moderation.

Philosophy and religion form likewise the subject of M. Klopp's new and interesting volume.† It is well known that the publication of the complete works of Leibnitz has for some time past been going on; the extensive correspondence carried on by the philosopher is not the least important feature in this undertaking, and it is well calculated to excite the curiosity even of readers who do not care much about philosophy. We think, therefore, that M. Klopp has judged wisely in printing in a separate form the letters of Leibnitz, and we are glad to welcome this first instalment of a collection which is to comprise three handsome volumes. A large part of it is already known, for it consists of the series of letters addressed to Bossuet on the possibility of a reconciliation between the Catholic and the Protestant Churches. In addition to these documents, M. Klopp has been able to discover a second set of despatches referring to the political conduct of the Electress Sophia of Brunswick-Lünebourg, and to her rights as presumptive heiress of the Crowns of Great Britain and Ireland. Thus it will be seen that the work has special interest for English readers. M. Klopp has prefixed to it an introduction explaining the character of the Princess, and showing the necessity of arranging all the letters according to a strictly chronological order. A portrait of the Electress is added, and a copious alphabetical index terminates the book.

The five articles collected by M. Jules Soury in his new volume‡ have nothing in particular to recommend them, and might have passed away altogether unnoticed but for the high-sounding and ambitious preface which accompanies them. We can scarcely imagine a grander flourish of trumpets to announce a treatise on the history of civilization in general than the one which introduces to our acquaintance the Delia of Tibullus, Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. Récamier, and the daughters of Louis XV. M. Soury, who professes himself a disciple of Messrs. Herbert Spencer, Taine, Wundt, and Hartmann, considers that in course of time the world will appear to all unprejudiced persons as a vast system of forces, and that intellectual phenomena will be regarded as the results of the laws of mechanics. Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. de Caylus are, we grant, capital illustrations of a system which ends in the grossest materialism; but Mme. Récamier might perhaps claim the benefit of an exception. M. Soury complains somewhere that vulgarity is speedily becoming the law of society; and by way of consolation he directs us to the Buddha Çakamuni, and invites us to embrace the doctrine of annihilation. The only solace we can find in this view is that it will make short work of M. Soury's so-called *études de psychologie*.

M. Edouard de Barthélemy has made excellent use of the numerous documents he has been enabled to consult, including the manuscript papers of the Marchioness de Balleroy, the archives of the Court of Modena, and the rich collections so jealously preserved at the French Foreign Office. Assisted by these sources of information, and having also within his reach the endless memoirs and autobiographies composed during the last century, he has written a couple of excellent volumes on the daughters of the Regent Duke of Orleans.§ Amongst these ladies one alone had hitherto received some degree of attention from persons who are fond of historical curiosities; it was the notorious Duchess of Berry, and we do not think we are calumniating any one when we say that the scandal of Louise-Elizabeth-Marie d'Orléans's life was the chief cause of the posthumous celebrity she obtained. M. Arsène Houssaye is among the chief offenders in this matter; according to him vice is hardly vice when it is seasoned with wit and concealed under a chaplet of flowers. M. de Barthélemy does not think so, and the chapter he has dedicated to the life of the Duchess of Berry is not calculated to create a spurious interest in her behalf. The other sisters, Mlle. de Valois, the Abbess of Chelles, the Queen of Spain, Mlle. de Beaujolais, and the Princess de Conti, are successively made to sit for their likenesses; and on the first-named of these four ladies especially

M. de Barthélemy has been able to collect much interesting information. Very few persons have been more exposed to the attacks of pamphlet-writers, satirists, and journalists than the Regent's daughters; and if too often the attacks of contemporary critics find their justification in well-ascertained facts, calumny, on the other hand, has also been busily at work. M. de Barthélemy is quite aware of this, and his work contains the refutation of many rumours which should now be for ever exploded.

The third volume of the Empress Maria Theresia's secret correspondence with Count de Mercy-Argenteau * completes, at least for the present, a work which reflects the highest credit upon M. Geoffroy and Herr von Arneth. The documents here collected are of equal interest with those previously published, and we have now the satisfaction of knowing the true Marie Antoinette, whereas the apocryphal letters issued some years ago by M. Feuillet de Couches were like so many chapters in a sensational romance. Amongst the numerous political personages of importance who figure in this new volume is the Emperor Joseph II. It is well known that he visited France in 1777, and that he arrived at Paris full of prejudices against the nation over whom his unfortunate sister was called upon to reign. Count de Mercy-Argenteau takes care to keep the Empress informed of every particular in this journey, and he gives a kind of diary of the residence of Joseph II. at Versailles and Trianon. It is interesting to observe how the Emperor's prejudices against the French people gradually subsided; we are glad also to remark the excellent advice he offers to his sister—advice of which she stood much in need amongst the dangers by which she was surrounded from the influence of the Counts of Artois and of Provence, and a coterie of the most unprincipled courtiers and favourites of both sexes. This third volume is quite worthy of the two preceding ones; a minute index to the whole work terminates it.

M. Natalis de Wailly has just brought out a new edition of his Villehardouin.† This magnificent octavo forms part of a collection which is to include choice specimens of the French mediæval authors, illustrated with all the resources supplied by erudition, pictorial art, and typography. The principal features of this edition are the *éclaircissements*, or essays intended to elucidate the various questions of archæology, history, geography, and grammar connected with the *Chronique de Constantinople*. One of the most important preliminary problems is the amount of authority belonging to Villehardouin himself. M. de Mas Latrie in his *Histoire de l'île de Chypre* having attempted to represent the chronicler as utterly untrustworthy, it behoved M. de Wailly to refute this extraordinary assertion, and we think that he has done so in a manner which leaves no room for objection. The disquisitions on the value of the coinage mentioned by Villehardouin and on the armour used by the Crusaders are welcome contributions to the science of mediæval antiquities, and the grammar with the accompanying lexicon will be found of great service to readers who wish to study the original text. M. Firmin Didot's splendid library of illuminated MSS. has furnished the artist with designs in the shape of vignettes, headings, initial letters, and tail-pieces belonging to the thirteenth century. We must also mention the map and the geographical essay for which we are indebted to M. Longnon; this was not the least difficult part of the elucidatory matter, considering the way in which proper names are misspelled by the old historian.

It was certainly high time that a Society should be formed for the improvement of the French stage, and M. Paul Féval's *causerie* ‡, delivered at the opening meeting, is full of sound advice, though we doubt very much whether the end aimed at can be realized. The reform must begin much higher than the dramatic world, and so long as a public eaten up by materialism encourages the production of such offensive pieces as *Le Sphinx* and *Thérèse Raquin*, there will be little chance for *Le Théâtre moral*. The fact that even the cherished abode of classical taste, the hearth and home of Corneille, Molière, and Racine, is now invaded by what M. Féval aptly calls vitriolic literature, is a formidable symptom. It may seem amusing to many readers to find *La fille de madame Angot* quoted as an improvement on the usual style of modern dramatic compositions; but so it is, and, if compared with *La grande duchesse*, the work certainly deserves one of the Monthyon prizes. The degeneracy must be great indeed when we see *Le demi-monde* performed at the Théâtre Français. The question is, where is the writer whose genius shall counter-balance the popularity of MM. Ludovic Halévy and Co.? Not M. Camille Doucet, we are sorry to say; this gentleman's comedies, recently collected in a couple of volumes,§ are well written, and are certainly blameless so far as morality is concerned; but they lack the originality and power which draw crowds and fill the cashbox of a manager. If performed now, they would not obtain more than a *succès d'estime*; and since his admission at the Académie Française, the successor of M. Alfred de Vigny seems to have deserted the cause of literature.

Among contemporary writers of fiction M. Fertiault, with his

* *Marie Antoinette : correspondance secrète entre Marie Thérèse et le comte de Mercy-Argenteau*. Publié par M. le chevalier d'Arneth et M. Geoffroy. Vol. 3. Paris : Didot.

† *Geoffroy de Villehardouin, conquête de Constantinople*, etc. Texte original, accompagné d'une traduction, par M. Natalis de Wailly. Paris : Didot.

‡ *Le Théâtre moral. Causerie*. Par M. Paul Féval. Paris : Dentu.

§ *Œuvres complètes de Camille Doucet, de l'Académie française*. Paris : Lévy.

* *Histoire des idées religieuses en Allemagne, depuis le milieu du 18^e siècle jusqu'à nos jours*. Par F. Lichtenberger. Paris : Sandoz et Fischbacher.

† *Correspondance de Leibnitz avec l'électrice Sophie de Brunswick-Lünebourg*. Publié par O. Klopp. Tome 1^{er}. Hanover : Klindworth.

‡ *Portraits de femmes*. Par Jules Soury. Paris : Sandoz et Fischbacher.

§ *Les filles du Régent*. Par Edouard de Barthélemy. Paris : Didot.

*Chambre aux histoires**, deserves honourable mention. The room where these ten delightful stories are related is that of Mme. des Estranges, and the occasion of them is a spell of rainy weather which compels Madame's guests to cluster round the fireside instead of enjoying the pleasures of out-of-door life on the Count's estates. But well-bred and intelligent people are never at a loss for amusement; the visitors contribute one story each for the edification of the rest, and the result is a book which we can heartily recommend to our readers.

M. Alphonse Karr's new volume† would not attract much notice if it did not bear the name of the author of *Sous les tilleuls*, *Po-dieu*, *Une heure trop tard*, and so many other brilliant productions of combined pathos and humour. It consists of a number of fragments which have already appeared in sundry periodicals, grouped together under an unintelligible title.

Novels, which aspire to the dignity of being called historical have considerably degenerated in France since the days of M. Alexander Dumas père, and, with the exception of M. Paul Féval, we do not know whom we could mention as worthily representing that style of literature. M. Assollant, however, deserves a word to be said of his new tale *Le seigneur de Lanterne*‡; it is an interesting, well-written, and thoroughly readable account of the daring deeds perpetrated by the smugglers who two hundred years ago waged war against the collectors of the hated salt-tax.

Le mot de l'énigme§, like most of Mrs. Craven's works, originally appeared in the *Correspondant*; it exhibits all the good qualities and also all the faults which characterize her as a writer. It strikes us that the incident which forms the key to the plot is of very doubtful morality.

M. de Chambrier has|| published an interesting account of his journey to Greece and to Treas; he speaks of the fine arts as a true artist, of antiquity with the experience of a man who has studied the historians of classical times, and his description of Switzerland shows that he has a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature.

* *La Chambre aux histoires*. Par P. Fortiault. Paris: Didier.

† *La promenade des Anglais*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le seigneur de Lanterne*. Par Alfred Assollant. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Le mot de l'énigme*. Par Mme. Craven. Paris: Didier.

|| *Un peu partout, du Rhodope aux Alpes*. Par J. de Chambrier. Paris: Didier.

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MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

THE only remarkable point in Mr. GLADSTONE's last pamphlet is that it should have been written by the most eminent member of the English Parliament, the leader of a great party, and one of the most powerful Ministers of recent times. The literary merit of the publication is small, and it is totally devoid of novelty. Some of the propositions which it contains are undeniably true, but Mr. GLADSTONE, after proving the substance of his case, not unreasonably raises two further issues. "Being true, are the propositions material? Being true and material, were the propositions proper to be set forth by the present writer?" The answer is that, for any practical purpose, the propositions are not material; and that the writer might have been better employed in pursuing his lucubrations on HOMER. Every educated person who feels even a superficial interest in the events of current history was already well aware that in the Syllabus and in the Vatican Decrees the POPE had exhausted the resources of ecclesiastical Latin in rhetorical exaggerations of the most offensive paradoxes by which sacerdotal arrogance could challenge human reason. The extracts from those documents which are collected by Mr. GLADSTONE might startle a novice who had never heard of the Church of Rome, or become acquainted with its language, but the ordinary Englishman, after glancing over pages of inflated falsehood, reflects with some complacency that the Syllabus is no concern of his, and passes on with a smile and a shrug to his own business or amusement. If the publication of the present POPE's bombastic claims furnishes no reason for a change in the course of English policy and legislation, it may be confidently asserted that Mr. GLADSTONE's propositions "were not proper to be set forth by the present writer." As might be expected, Mr. GLADSTONE disclaims, doubtless with perfect sincerity, any intention of allowing religious differences to affect his conduct in dealing with civil rights; but if his own course of action and that of those who may follow his guidance is not to be influenced by the pretensions of the Church of Rome, it is at least imprudent on the part of a distinguished statesman to enunciate doctrines which are not designed to lead to any practical conclusion. It is difficult to believe that in the maturity of his experience Mr. GLADSTONE can seriously hope that the Roman Catholics will as a body respond to his invitation by protesting against the decisions of the Vatican Council. It is true that the most learned and one of the ablest of the English Roman Catholic laity has, in a comment on Mr. GLADSTONE's erroneous assumptions, taken occasion to recapitulate with humorous minuteness some of the more atrocious acts and opinions of infallible Popes; but, as Mr. GLADSTONE is well aware, Lord ACTON knows too much and thinks too independently to enjoy the favour of the Vatican or the confidence of the Romish hierarchy in England.

Although Mr. GLADSTONE may quote the authority of Prince BISMARCK for his indignant resistance to the claims of Rome, the German statesman, if less judicious, is more consistent than his English ally. If the dogma of infallibility is dangerous to the civil power, it follows that there may perhaps be some justification for interference with episcopal and clerical functions, and even for the imprisonment of contumacious bishops. Mr. GLADSTONE will never propose laws for locking up Archbishop MANNING or Cardinal Cullen; and it is undignified to rail against their faith when he can do them no harm. There has, in fact, since the rival follies of the Papal Aggression and the Ecclesias-

tical Titles Bill been no panic equally groundless with the shock which was produced in some minds by the dogma of infallibility. Roman Catholics already believed many things which were incredible to Protestants; and their relation to the heterodox world was in no way altered by their believing one impossibility more. As Lord ACTON reminds his readers, a Pope who hired an assassin to murder Queen ELIZABETH has since been elevated to the dignity of a saint. It was impossible for the Roman Church to affirm more solemnly the proposition that, if he was not infallible in devising a murder, he was at least perfectly in the right. To those who are outside the pale of his communion the POPE is neither more nor less infallible than before; and any interference with his votaries violates the inalienable right of freemen to talk nonsense and to pretend to believe it.

Mr. GLADSTONE goes out of his way to denounce an innovation in the style of the Council. It seems that the Council of Trent announced its conclusions as resulting from its own authority, and that at the Vatican the POPE made the decrees in his own name, "with the approval of the Sacred Council." It is difficult to understand why Mr. GLADSTONE should trouble himself with the supposed usurpations of the POPE on the authority of the bishops. It may be that, as he says, "Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change of faith"; but those who differed from Rome when it was identical with itself have no right to complain of any variation. In the same spirit a zealous Anglican prelate frequently assures the Wesleyans that they have departed from the doctrines of their founder. The representatives of the sect reply in substance that they are satisfied with their own consistency, and that it is not for strangers to meddle with their opinions. A few years ago some whist-players began to indicate to their partners, by playing cards in an unusual order, that they wished a certain course to be adopted in return. Old-fashioned purists for a time protested against the innovation; but ultimately the best players and the most authoritative writers on the art sanctioned the practice, which is now universally adopted, of "calling for trumps." Whist is no longer *semper eadem*; but it is not known that bystanders who never took part in a rubber attempted to protest against the decision of experts. Mr. GLADSTONE further complains that Rome "has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused." It is still more unreasonable to lament over the restoration of obsolete absurdities than to denounce innovation. Every legislator is bound to take notice that the rusty tools of despotism of sovereigns and of persecution were carefully preserved in the Roman storehouse. There could be no doubt that they would be refurbished and fitted with new handles whenever they seemed likely to be useful. With many faults, the Holy See has never been wanting in candour. States, Protestant communities, and the laity in general may be considered to have received ample notice that the Church has never surrendered a pretension which may for a time not have been prominently advanced. Even on the issue whether the Church has always been the same, the advocates of ecclesiastical omnipotence have much to say. A Church which has the power to declare dogmas has the power to invent them, although it may be prudent to profess that they were always latent until the household exercised the privilege of taking out of his treasure-house things new and old. A community which has the right and power to remodel its organization remains the same when it has exercised its function of reformation. As a

sound Anglican, Mr. GLADSTONE must hold that the Church of England is *semper eadem*, although in the sixteenth century it renounced the jurisdiction of the Pope.

The controversy between Mr. GLADSTONE and Archbishop MANNING may no doubt possess theological or ecclesiastical interest; but it might have been supposed that a political leader would attend primarily to the practical inferences which may be drawn from his arguments, and to the issues with which the country and Parliament may have to deal. When the cloud of words is dissipated, the only question which is material to consider is whether the Catholic Emancipation Act should be maintained, repealed, or modified. Mr. GLADSTONE declares that he has no intention of trying to disturb the settlement; but a part of his pamphlet would seem directly to point to the withdrawal of concessions which, as he contends, were obtained under false pretences. His hackneyed quotations from the evidence and pamphlets of Bishop DOYLE only prove that Roman Catholic prelates fifty years ago neither foresaw nor approved by anticipation the eccentricities of Pius IX. If Dr. DOYLE had been asked whether he would submit to the dogma of infallibility if it were propounded by a General Council, he would probably have declined to answer a hypothetical question; but, if he had lived in 1870, he would have done what has been done by all his brethren throughout the known Catholic world. Lord ACTON indeed illustrates by the example of FÉNELON the facility with which Roman Catholic bishops of the highest type may cultivate two antagonistic sets of opinions at the same time, one in deference to the Holy See and the other as their private convictions. No one supposes that all the Roman Catholic bishops believe in infallibility, but they unanimously hold the doctrine *de fide*.

The Roman Catholics of the United Kingdom were admitted to civil rights, not on the testimony of Dr. DOYLE about their dogmas, but because it was unjust to exclude them, or, rather, because it was inconvenient and dangerous. Whether or not they ought, according to their creed, to be loyal, there they are, and they must be inside or outside the Constitution. Under the astute direction of O'CONNELL they made themselves intolerable as a persecuted class, and the Duke of WELLINGTON opened the door because he could no longer incur the responsibility of keeping it shut. On a smaller scale Mr. GLADSTONE may explain the Catholic Emancipation Bill by the analogous case of his own admission to the Cabinet of 1859. During the previous Liberal Administration he had been so formidable in opposition that Lord PALMERSTON wisely determined to keep him in office for the rest of his own life. He may perhaps not have been *semper idem*, but it would have been difficult to resist his attacks. What the statesmen of 1829 did under compulsion they ought long before to have done voluntarily. Roman Catholics, though some of their converts may profess the opposite opinion, are men and Englishmen before they are Catholics; or rather they, like the rest of mankind, act with little or no reference to their professed peculiarities of opinion. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that loyalty depends on scholastic niceties, such as the calculation of the number of angels who can dance on the point of a needle without jostling each other. No Roman Catholic will be less faithful to the QUEEN because one of the Popes wished to murder one of her predecessors. To impute to the professors of an unpopular faith an impossible consistency is but a caricature of the Ultramontane logic which has resulted in the dogma of infallibility. It would be easy to prove that Quakers ought to be disfranchised because their principles are adverse to fighting, or Jews because they will not work on Saturday. They would be extremely troublesome if they had a grievance, but in full possession of civil and political rights they are useful members of the community. The publication of Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet will have injured himself, and it will not in compensation have served any useful purpose, unless he thinks it a triumph to have put the POPE in a passion.

MINISTERS AT GUILDHALL.

IT would have been impossible for an English Ministry to dine with a Lord Mayor under conditions more happy than those which fell to the lot of Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues on Monday. They have achieved since last Lord Mayor's Day a great political triumph, and one of

the fields of their greatest success was the City of London itself. Their success has also been one which no one grudges them, and which has been as welcome to their chief opponents as to any one else. They may easily feel the generosity of combatants who, after a victory, find no one to disarm. They have no difficulties, foreign or domestic, to encounter. England is prosperous, and at peace with all the world. Even the sanguine expectations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will apparently be fulfilled, and a contented people will probably have once more its content increased by a popular Budget. A general buoyancy of spirit naturally coloured the views of every speaker. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE could see something like perfection in the army, and Mr. WARD LENT was as proud of his phantom navy as if he had created it. By a lucky accident foreign diplomacy found its spokesman in a Frenchman who had been educated in England, and the Count of JARNAC could employ eloquent as well as correct English when he expressed his admiration at finding Lord DERBY as industrious as he is rich, and his regret that in France either such men are not to be found or are not allowed to serve their country. Under circumstances so radiant every one was allowed to see everything through a rosy medium, and Mr. DISRAELI was only keeping up the harmony of the evening when he got so far as to say that he was pleased with the history of last Session. Nor was there the painful necessity which presses on weaker Ministries in less happy times, of speaking of the future, of awakening interest by revelations, and of giving promises and pledges. The Cabinet has begun its meetings for business this week, and the work of next Session must occupy some of the thoughts of the most elated of Cabinets. But Mr. DISRAELI kept that silence about the intentions of the Ministry which every prudent Premier seeks to preserve as long as he feels strong enough to preserve it. The past was touched with a vague gentleness, and if the Count of JARNAC had forgotten to keep up his knowledge of English politics during the period that intervened between his residing here in the reign of Louis PHILIPPE and his residing here now as Ambassador, he might have supposed that all the measures that have made England contented had been the work of the present Ministry or had received its cordial approval. The present, the glorious present, was enough for a Ministry which basks in its beams; and to carry the pleasantness of things to its utmost pitch, Mr. DISRAELI seized an opportunity of removing any impression there might be that differences existed in his Cabinet, and took care not to sit down until he had paid a graceful compliment to the administrative merits of Lord SALISBURY.

Mr. DISRAELI could scarcely make a speech of considerable length without selecting some topic that would enable him to go beyond mere platitudes, and on this occasion he selected as the subject of exceptional comment his old familiar friend, the Conservative working-man. Why, he asked, should not an English working-man be a Conservative? He may not have capital or land to conserve, but he has things more precious; immunity from conscription, immunity from arbitrary arrests, immunity from domiciliary visits, such as in some countries even noblemen have to endure. It is scarcely possible that this was not meant as a reference to the recent proceedings against Count ARNIM, and this reference might have been prudently omitted. To canvass the proceedings of a foreign Government during a pending trial which it has instituted does not seem the best way of promoting the friendly relations with the great Powers which Mr. DISRAELI expressed himself so anxious to maintain. Germany does not appear to have been represented at the LORD MAYOR's table; but if a German Ambassador had been present, he might have been tempted to ask whether it is really true that an English working-man is protected from arrest and domiciliary visits when he is accused before a criminal tribunal of having appropriated what does not belong to him; and he might have expressed some surprise at hearing an English PRIME MINISTER assume it to be something wonderful that a nobleman subjected to such an accusation should have been treated as a working-man would have been treated. But if this digression is omitted, Mr. DISRAELI was quite entitled to say that the working-men must have contributed to the late Conservative triumph. They did so, and they did so to a much greater extent than Liberals a few years ago would have considered possible. Experience has taught us to look at the working-man more as he is and less as what he was

imagined to be. Working-men, as a rule, do not think or care about politics at all, and naturally are largely guided when they vote by the general current of opinion in the ranks above them. They will be, it may be guessed, Conservative in Conservative times and Liberal in Liberal times. So far as they have opinions of their own, these opinions will be mainly determined by small and personal considerations. Few of them probably in February last thought much of not being treated like Prussian noblemen, or of not being made to wear a red coat unless they please; but many of them may have had a dim confidence that the Conservatives were the gentlemen least likely to stand between them and their beer, and least likely to bother them with compulsory education. This, however, is not all. Men, at least in quiet times, vote in a large degree from personal feelings. They obey habitual influences, and are guided by those to whom they ordinarily look up. The disposition of the working-men to be moderately content with existing institutions is the due reward of the earnest desire which so very many persons of wealth and station in the country have shown for years past to do what they can for those below them, and of the spirit in which the difficult task has been undertaken and carried on. It may be added that it is also in some measure the reward of the zeal which the clergy of the Established Church have shown for the education of the poor, and of the pains which the clergy have taken to know the poor and to show sympathy with them. The squire and the parson have no doubt in some places an influence which increased enlightenment and independence will dispel; but they have also an influence much more general which increased enlightenment and independence would only strengthen and confirm.

"That political Siberia in whose dreary recesses statesmen who are no longer wanted are sent to linger out 'the remains of a dreary and miserable existence'" is the description which Sir WILFRID LAWSON has given this week of the illustrious body for whom Lord SALISBURY returned thanks at Guildhall, and on whose behalf he found so much to say. Perhaps, if the secrets of the human heart could be revealed, it might be found that Sir WILFRID LAWSON would rather like to be made a Peer, and that Lord SALISBURY would not be sorry to find himself once more in the House of Commons. But, as things are, it falls to Sir WILFRID LAWSON to make the worst, and to Lord SALISBURY to make the best, of the House of Lords. For some strange reason the House of Lords is always spoken of with a perverse exaggeration which its admirers might not unfairly say is a proof how much Englishmen really like and think of it. When Mr. GLADSTONE went out of office about a third of his Cabinet removed themselves quietly into an assembly which their leader had hinted that, if he thought often enough, he might bring himself to suppress. The Conservatives chuckled at the sight of so many leaders of what they thought a revolutionary Ministry seeking an asylum in such a quarter, and said that Liberals must like the House of Lords very much when they showed such an eagerness to join it. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, on the contrary, sees in the House of Lords nothing but a political Siberia. The real truth hardly fits in with either of these ways of speaking. Among its many uses the House of Lords has the use of being a very good way of ending the career of politicians who have done well, but not very well. To Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. DISRAELI the House of Lords would be something not far short of a political Siberia; but nothing could be less like Siberia to Lord ABERDARE or Lord CARDWELL. Everybody cannot be very clever, or very popular, or very indispensable. A man with competent fortune applies himself to politics in the House of Commons for a series of years. He is industrious, and can speak decently, and sticks to his party. He rises to Cabinet rank, and takes office with some success like Lord CARDWELL, or, if he fails like Mr. BRUCE, his colleagues may be conscious that his failure is not entirely his own fault. At last the time comes when such men have done all they can do, when younger men are pressing on, when they themselves have had enough of hard work, when in office they could only be what they are, and when out of office they could have no very great eminence or influence. They are in the position of good substantial QUEEN'S Counsel who think they are entitled at last to look to being made Puisne Judges. How are such men to have something like a Puisne Judgeship given them? The House of Lords supplies the answer, and a very good answer. They are made peers, and they get exactly what they want and

what they deserve. Most of what Lord SALISBURY said of the House of Lords is quite true. It is a popular, a respected, and a dignified body. It does a fair amount of gentle and useful work. It represents some of the weaknesses, and much of the greatness, of the English people. It confers an indisputable position on its members. It turns in a moment rather small people into rather great people. No institution that the world has ever seen could better supply politicians of the second rank with what they wish for and ought to have at the end of their career; and although the House of Lords answers many higher purposes, this is a purpose which it is of considerable importance to a nation to have satisfactorily answered, if men of honour, ability, and social standing are to take to politics as a profession.

THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.

IT is always difficult to ascertain the true history of current military operations; and the uncertainty of Spanish news is greatly increased by the ingenuity of speculators whose object is not to assist either party in the struggle, but to cause a rise or fall in the price of Spanish stock. The latest telegrams, however, appear to leave no doubt that the Carlists have sustained a serious defeat. It was already known that, in consequence of the movements of General LASERNA and his lieutenants, the Carlists had wholly or partially suspended the bombardment of Irun, and that they had marched northward to meet the enemy. An engagement followed, in which LASERNA and LOMA succeeded in driving off the Carlists, and occupying their positions. The siege of Irun has consequently been abandoned, and Don CARLOS and his troops are said to have retreated into the mountains, and to contemplate a return to Estella. It is idle to pronounce on the result of operations which are but indistinctly narrated, and which may possibly even now prove to have been indecisive. The probability is, however, that the war is for the present virtually at an end. In his preparations for the relief of Irun General LASERNA seems to have displayed commendable energy. He sent a considerable body of men by forced marches to Santander, where they were immediately embarked for San Sebastian; and it is supposed that a simultaneous effort to raise the Carlist blockade of Pampeluna was also in view. LASERNA, a fortnight ago, visited Madrid in person for the supposed purpose of urging the immediate despatch of large reinforcements for the army of the North. The imminence of the winter season may probably have formed an additional reason for his anxiety to strike a blow against the enemy. The Carlist cause would have seemed comparatively hopeful if it had been found possible to take and keep the capital of Navarre. The insurgents have never hitherto succeeded in occupying and holding any considerable town.

The main object of attempting to take Irun must have been to intercept the most convenient line of communication between Spain and France. As readers of the Spanish correspondence in English newspapers know, the attack had been threatened during several weeks, as if for the purpose of inviting the Republican generals to take steps towards defeating the enterprise. As Irun is close to the French frontier, all the idlers in the neighbourhood had assembled on the right bank of the Bidassoa in the hope of witnessing the unusual sight of a bombardment. As if to increase the confusion, orders were sent from Paris to expel all the Spanish residents from the district; but it was found that the execution of the order would cause great and useless hardship; and afterwards the unfortunate exiles were allowed to remain. Irun is sufficiently defended to incur the risk of a siege; and yet the fortifications are not strong enough to offer serious impediment to a regular attack. The besiegers were unable to invest the place because it is accessible by water, so that there was no restriction on the introduction of supplies and reinforcements. Don CARLOS has been severely, and perhaps justly, blamed for bombarding a town which is principally inhabited by his own adherents; but the necessities of war are urgent, and even the Brussels Congress would have admitted that a place which is occupied by one combatant with a regular garrison is necessarily exposed to the attacks of the other. Happily the bombardment appears to have been of a very mild and innocuous character, and to have been attended with little loss of life. General ELIO, who had the chief command of the besieging army, is an experienced

soldier, and it must be assumed that his scheme had some practical object. It is possible that on his part also the operations on the Bidassoa may have been connected with the siege of Pampeluna.

There seems to be no doubt that, whatever may have been the case at a former time, the French Government now fully discharges the duties of good neighbourhood and neutrality. The Duke DECAZES has the good sense to abstain from foreign intrigues which could only involve possible collisions without strengthening either the French Government or any party in the country. It is announced that the FOREIGN MINISTER has caused an elaborate reply to be prepared to the Spanish Note, which collected all the complaints that could be urged against the French Government. It will perhaps be satisfactory to prove by official documents that no undue favour has at any time been shown to the Carlists, but it is more material to pursue at present an unobjectionable policy. The duties of a neutral in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of civil war are embarrassing and ambiguous. Much discretion is required in the attempt to avoid offence to the Government of Madrid, and at the same time to act fairly to the Carlists, who, although they are not recognized as belligerents, are at the same time not regarded by France as enemies. In one respect the French Government is more favourably situated than England was during the American Civil War, for the Spanish Government is not likely to enforce remonstrances by threats. If France were ever to give active support to the Carlists, Marshal SERRANO would have no practical means of expressing his resentment. The fable of intended German intervention has long since been exploded; and the French Government is at liberty to act on its own views of its honour and interest. There can be little doubt that the present Ministers would gladly see the termination of a barren contest. The expense and trouble of guarding the frontier and of preventing breaches of neutrality are thankless and utterly unprofitable. The Legationists themselves must by this time have arrived at the conclusion that, except through vague sympathy with Don CARLOS, they had no ground for desiring the prolongation of the war.

The best reason for wishing that the Government of Madrid may prevail in the contest is that its victory is not impossible, and that its success would put an end to the struggle. It was on this ground that the European Powers, with one exception, agreed to the proposal of Germany that the Government of Marshal SERRANO should be recognized. If Don CARLOS had a party in the different Spanish provinces, and if he were advancing on Madrid instead of cannonading a town on the French frontier, the bigotry and despotism which he more or less openly professes would not concern foreign Governments. It may be assumed that Russia, which alone withholds recognition, would prefer the enthronement of a legitimate Pretender to the establishment of a Provisional Government which calls itself a Republic; yet it is now alleged that the Emperor ALEXANDER has entered into communications with SERRANO, and that he is disposed to follow the example of Germany, France, and England. A war in Spain cannot possibly affect the prosperity of Russia; and it is only one of many causes which depreciate the prospects of the English creditors of Spain; but Governments acknowledge a certain moral responsibility for the exercise of influence in the affairs of their neighbours. Lord PALMERSTON forty years ago aided CHRISTINA and ISABELLA against the grandfather of the present Pretender, because he considered that it was for the interest of England to maintain constitutional government in Western Europe. During a part of the old Carlist war it seemed highly probable that the Legitimists would succeed in driving their opponents from Spain, if England and France remained neutral. A similar contingency would at this time be regarded with indifference; but it will certainly not occur. It is intolerable that a civil war should last for years, when it can only terminate in one result. The Northern provinces, in which alone Don CARLOS can hope to maintain himself, are not sufficiently large or populous to form an independent State; and even if the inhabitants were unanimous in his favour, they can have no pretension to impose their will on the rest of Spain. The war must at last end as it seemed to have ended when Don CARLOS was said only a week ago to have abandoned his army. It is for the interest of all parties that the consummation should be attained as soon as possible.

ITALY.

THE condition of Italy is one of the few topics on which Liberals can now touch with unmixed satisfaction, and Mr. BAXTER has studied Italy with sufficient attention to make his picture of the Peninsula attractive and interesting. A Scotch audience was sure to hear with delight that cabdrivers in Italian towns hate priests, and that at Naples ecclesiastics seem to be disappearing with the bad smells of the place. But any audience is awakened to sympathy by the utterances of honest enthusiasm, and Mr. BAXTER is so enthusiastic a friend of Italy that the Italian population generally seems to him to look as if it washed more than before it had VICTOR EMMANUEL for its King. But if he is enthusiastic, Mr. BAXTER may safely say that his enthusiasm rests on a basis of solid fact. His picture of Italy is as true as it is glowing. The activity, the life, the energy of emancipated Italy are prodigious. When Mr. BAXTER said with glee that the progress he saw at Rome reminded him of the United States, he used a comparison which few except Scotch working-men could listen to without a shudder. But there is a real foundation for the comparison between modern Italy and the United States. The Italians have really had a new birth, and have an ardour of youth which is of the true American type. They have gone ahead by leaps and bounds; and the wonders of Chicago are almost rivalled by the rapid growth of cities which, like Genoa, Leghorn, and Rome, seemed a few years ago sunk in a mild decay and verging on a dreary death. It may be added that although, like the Americans, the Italians have their rowdies, their Sicilian Texas, their rival platforms, and their passion for local jobs, yet, like the Americans, they have a profound faith in their institutions, and manage to keep them going, and are carried through little difficulties by cherishing a great purpose. Nothing in Italy is more remarkable than that so many different provinces, separated for ages by barriers of government and geographical obstacles, should not only have united, but should show so very generally the same happy consequences of union. Material prosperity displays itself everywhere, and, as Mr. BAXTER said, even at Venice they are building new houses and dredging the canals. Eighteen millions sterling have been paid for the purchase of ecclesiastical estates, and this speaks much for the wealth of Italy and for its future advance in riches. Italy is and always must be essentially an agricultural country. It has no manufactures. It has neither iron nor coal. But it has a splendid seaboard, and almost inexhaustible capacities in regard to climate and soil for producing the best fruits of the earth. When the St. Gothard Tunnel is made, Genoa will be the port of a large district of Germany and Switzerland, and the Venetians hope to see Venice displace Trieste as the centre of the trade of the Adriatic. But Italy is, with these exceptions, its own market, and Italy, like France, can only grow really rich by making the most of its own soil. France has lately shown how solid and vast may be the wealth of a country in such a position, and a few more years of activity, peace, and good government would place Italy not far behind France in the stable possession of agricultural wealth.

"Brigandage," Mr. BAXTER informed his friends at Dundee, "is not compatible with free institutions." Nothing, unfortunately, could be more untrue, as Mr. BAXTER might easily find to his cost if he made a tour through Mexico or any of the Republics of Central America. What brigandage is not compatible with is an active population and a strong government. It is because in every corner of Italy the people are beginning to exert themselves, because roads and railways and harbours are being constructed, and because the Government is determined to put brigandage down, that Italy may look forward to the day when it will be free from its ancient curse. The policy of the present Government is a policy of stern repression, and a Ministerial majority means a majority in favour of stronger measures than have as yet been tried. The present Government also insists on the necessity of looking at Italy as a whole, and not sacrificing the national credit to hampering the whims or consulting the wants of separate localities. The policy of the Opposition is to uphold local independence and personal freedom. There are a few representatives of the ecclesiastical power in the ranks of the Opposition, and a few Republican fanatics. But the mass of the Left do not wish to quarrel with the dynasty of Piedmont, and they blame the Right for not treating priests as harshly as they deserve. The real struggle between the parties is a struggle between those who wish for

free institutions with a strong central Government and those who wish for free institutions with a weak central Government. All Italians, with exceptions not worth noticing, are in favour of a united Italy, antagonism to the priests, the retention of Rome, and Parliamentary government. So far it may be said that all Italy is for free institutions. But after that point is reached there is room for considerable divergence. The Right wants the Government to be able to act sharply and promptly; it urges that in finance the first thing is to uphold the national honour, and that Italy should steadily pay its creditors, and, what is more, should make its creditors sure of being paid. The Left does not approve of processes out of the sphere of ordinary law; it prefers that brigands should be acquitted by juries rather than that they should be condemned by military magistrates; it insists that localities which make great sacrifices to pay national taxes should have some little compensatory favours accorded to them. All Italian politics have so strong a Liberal tinge, if the present state of Italy is compared with the past, or if Italy is compared with most of its neighbours, that it is in one way quite true to say that the struggle is only between Liberals of two different shades. But the struggle is nevertheless a serious and important one. Any one who read Mr. BAXTER'S speech might naturally think that Italian prosperity went on without embarrassment and like a machine; and if our attention is confined to general results, there is some reason for using such language. But if we look at the process by which Italy is made to advance, we see that Italian statesmen have many difficulties to overcome, many failures to deplore, many jealousies and much ignorance and apathy to conquer. When the real working of the free institutions of Italy is studied, the wonder is not that there have been so many Ministerial blunders and catastrophes, but that an intelligent and reasonable policy has been on the whole so steadily and so successfully pursued.

The elections held last Sunday have shown a general result favourable to the Government. The system of voting which requires the successful candidate to poll a third of the electoral body, and forces him, if he fails to do this, to a second trial of strength, seems to answer no obvious purpose, and the number of those actually voting compared with the number of voters inscribed seems strangely small. A Correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Venice, describes the apathy that prevailed there, and as in nearly half the electoral colleges of the kingdom the highest candidate failed to secure the support of a third of the inscribed electors, it might seem as if this apathy had been general. But the impression appears to prevail in Italy that the elections have been well contested, and have excited an unusual amount of interest; and the failure in so many places of the highest candidate to obtain the necessary third is probably to be attributed to the electors thinking the man they preferred so sure to win that they did not take the trouble to vote for him. General LA MARMORA, for example, got 299 votes at Biella, and his opponent only five, and yet there is to be a second election held. Florence elected BICASOLI, PERUZZI, and two other less distinguished members of the Right, and there was practically no opposition; and yet these four candidates have to be balloted for to-morrow, because the number of voters supporting them was insufficient. At Rome, again, none of the elections held last Sunday was final; but there was some warmth in the contest, and if both parties were active, it certainly seems strange that in no case should the successful candidate have obtained the necessary third. In two districts of Rome GARIBALDI was proposed, and it might well happen that many Italians would like neither to vote for GARIBALDI nor to vote against him. But in another Roman college a Jew was at the head of the poll, and it seems curious that a body of Romans should not have made up their minds whether they wish a Jew to represent them or not. It is calculated that, when all the final elections have been held, the Government will have a majority of at least sixty, and this in a Chamber of 508 is as large a majority as a prudent Prime Minister would wish. It is very useful to a Government, for the purpose of keeping its supporters together, that the Opposition should not be too weak; and it is to be observed that the greatest gain of the Government has been in Piedmont and Lombardy and Tuscany, districts which are perfectly free from brigandage, while in the Romagna parties remain as before. The only two colleges

at Naples where a final result has been obtained have returned members of the Left, and in Sicily the Opposition is expected to gain seats. In other words, strong measures against brigandage are supported in provinces which they will not touch, and are opposed, or at least questioned, in provinces which they will touch. This is by no means a result which a Government sure of a working majority need regret. It is a very good thing for Italy that it should have a strong Government, but it is also a very good thing that the measures of this Government and its acts should be closely watched and narrowly criticized by those who represent the districts where its action is to be most immediately felt.

MR. STANSFELD'S CRY.

THE inertia from which the Liberal party is at present suffering may perhaps be measured by the violence of the efforts which are made to galvanize it into some manifestation of vitality. While the majority of Liberals are apparently content to remain passive, the more restless and enterprising spirits are poking about in all directions for some outlet for their uncomfortable activity. It may be remembered that Mr. STANSFELD, in the closing days of office, propounded the theory that the great object of the Liberal party was to keep itself going, and that it must therefore take care always to have some good question on hand in order to provide itself with something to do and to justify its existence. Now that Mr. STANSFELD is out of office he has more leisure and liberty to carry his theory into practice. He has at last got a cry which he thinks will answer the purpose. It is a cry out of the depths, and from a depth which is painfully suggestive of the difficulty of finding one. Mr. STANSFELD has come forward as the leader of an agitation against what are known as the "Contagious Diseases Acts." The original law on this subject was passed in 1864, when Mr. STANSFELD was a Junior Lord of the Admiralty; and he was also a member of the Government by which the operation of the law was strengthened and extended, and by which it was consistently enforced. It appears to have been only lately that Mr. STANSFELD has discovered the full iniquity of this legislation, and of course he now enjoys more freedom in the expression of his private opinions. The question is one on which, as on most other questions, it is possible for conscientious persons to entertain different opinions, and Mr. STANSFELD and his friends have clearly a right to form their own conclusions as to the operation of these Acts, and, if they think that their operation is injurious, to use their influence to get them repealed. There are, however, some considerations which cannot be ignored, and which necessarily affect the manner in which the question should be treated. Mr. STANSFELD, in a speech at Sheffield on Wednesday, asserted that the Contagious Diseases Acts had been smuggled through Parliament, and that laws which had been passed without the sanction of public opinion, and without that preliminary discussion which the laws of Parliament are intended to receive, had no claims on the obedience of the people. It is scarcely possible to suppose that Mr. STANSFELD intended seriously to say that a law which has been passed by Parliament is not binding on any one who chooses to imagine that it was not discussed so fully as he happens to think desirable. There can be no doubt that the Contagious Diseases Acts were passed through Parliament very quietly, but that is a different thing from secretly. Mr. STANSFELD himself was in Parliament when the Acts were passed, and he must have been perfectly aware of what was being done. If discussion was avoided as much as possible, it was not from any desire of concealment, but simply because the subject was a very nasty one, which could not be ignored, but which all decent people wished to think and talk about as little as possible. This feeling, we imagine, still prevails, but Mr. STANSFELD does not share it or respect it. He calls for a vigorous stirring up of the unsavoury pool. It is to be thrust under everybody's nose. Nobody is to be allowed to remain in peaceful ignorance of its existence. There is to be a revival of the fanatical agitation by which a year or two since not only public decency but domestic privacy was cruelly outraged. A question which everybody would gladly avoid is to be made a subject of popular debate, and the family breakfast-table is to be covered every morning with a shower of pamphlets and circulars of the most revolting character.

This is a kind of agitation against which, on every

ground of decency and fairness, we wish to protest in the strongest possible way. It may be said that this is an affectation of modesty which is put on only as a pretext for stifling discussion. But it is not discussion that we object to. There is no reason why there should not be discussion of the fullest and freest kind; only let it be entrusted to competent persons, who are capable of forming an authoritative judgment on it. The subject is clearly unsuited for loose popular agitation; in the first place, because it is one which cannot be plainly discussed in that way without giving an unnecessary shock to many persons who have every title to be preserved from it; and in the next, because it is a question on which the opinion of an ignorant and passionate audience, excited by inflammatory statements the grounds of which cannot be tested, is obviously of no value. When similar questions come before a court of law they are disposed of *in camera*, and that is the course which should be followed here. When Mr. STANSFELD says that every effort has been made to prevent the discussion of these Acts, he forgets that three years ago there was a Royal Commission on the subject, which made a thorough investigation and published a voluminous body of evidence. Mr. STANSFELD now professes to be very anxious for a scientific treatment of the question, but it is significant that, when the Commission was sitting, among the witnesses summoned at the instance of the Association for the Repeal of the Acts there was not one single medical officer of either service. It was then, and is, we believe, still, the unanimous and decided opinion of the medical officers of the army and navy—that is, of those who have the best opportunities of observing the actual working of the system—that it is extremely valuable from a sanitary point of view. The Commissioners state that the Acts “have purged the towns and encampments to which they have been applied of miserable creatures who were masses of rotteness and vehicles of disease, providing them with asylums where their sufferings could be temporarily relieved, even if their malady was beyond cure; and where their better nature was probably for the first time touched by human sympathy.” And they add that they are convinced that the number of the women reclaimed, directly or indirectly, by the operation of the Acts, must be considerable, and that they had also had a strong deterring influence in regard to clandestine immorality. It is true that the Commissioners, while they could not resist the overwhelming evidence of the extremely beneficial operation of these Acts, recommended that they should be partially repealed as a concession to what they supposed to be “the sentiment of the people.” It is important, however, to observe that, though they gave way to a weak compromise in their conclusions, the Commissioners laid it down in the most emphatic and decided manner that “special regulations for the treatment and control of a class of persons frequenting certain districts, under conditions calculated to engender and propagate disease, are alike just and expedient,” and that they saw no moral grounds on which such regulations could be resisted. The most important result of this Commission was, of course, the evidence which it collected, which is summed up by the Commissioners in the passages we have quoted, and which is open to any one to read and digest for himself. Whether or not the regulations are or ought to be offensive to the “moral sense” of the people is of course a question on which any one can form an opinion as well as the Commissioners, and the Commissioners merely assume its existence without attempting to justify it.

There are several grounds on which these Acts are now assailed—first, that they are immoral; secondly, that they are unconstitutional; and, thirdly, that they are practically a failure. The last of these arguments is perhaps the only one which it is necessary to discuss. The Acts were passed in order to meet an exceptional evil of a particularly urgent kind, and the question is whether they have really had a beneficial effect. The evidence on this point will appear to most persons to be conclusive, but of course, if Mr. STANSFELD or any of his associates have any testimony to produce on the other side, they are entitled to bring it forward. This should be done, however, not before a tumultuous audience, having no acquaintance with the subject and no opportunity of testing the sweeping statements put before them with all the adornment of sensational rhetoric, but before a tribunal where it will be patiently and calmly examined and impartially weighed. Mr. STANSFELD does not make it quite clear how far his “moral sense” would compel him to oppose any attempt to

check the ravages of a loathsome and dangerous disease. In one place he declares that, whatever their hygienic results may be, the Acts must be got rid of as immoral; while he had previously offered, “when the laws have been repealed,” and not before, when we have a *tabula rasa*, and can start “fresh,” to consider any proposals which the Government may make for dealing with the subject. Those who hold that it is immoral to attempt in any degree to alleviate the consequences of vice, even for the protection of the innocent part of the community, will of course oppose any regulations of the kind now in force. Those, on the other hand, who are willing to argue the question on the ground of practical expediency, are bound to show that, in point of fact, evil, and not good, has resulted from the experiment. In any case, vague declamation and unsupported assertions can only do harm.

THE REACTION IN AMERICA.

THE political reaction in the United States has much external resemblance to the change which resulted from the last general election in England. In both countries the winners and the losers were equally taken by surprise. It also happens that the triumphant Opposition calls itself in America, as in England, Conservative; but the Democrats are not divided from the Republicans by any broad or definite difference of opinion. The dissatisfaction with Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government which displayed itself at the election was in some degree provoked by administrative failures, and perhaps by the personal unpopularity of one or two of the Ministers; but the real cause of the revulsion of popular feeling was the irritation produced among many classes by the restless character of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy and professed opinions. It had become impossible to rely on the determination of the Government to perform the primary duty of resisting agitation and of maintaining existing institutions. The Prime Minister had not distinctly intimated his adhesion to the principle of universal suffrage; he had addressed menacing language to the House of Lords; and, when he had in a powerful speech defended the Established Church against its assailants, he allowed his nearest relative soon afterwards to assure a public meeting that the meaning of his vigorous and perspicuous language had been by some strange casualty misunderstood. Except in relation to the Southern States, no disturbing or revolutionary tendencies can be attributed either to the Republican party in Congress or to the President. It is not known that the leaders of the majority would have proposed any legislative measure of importance if they had retained their preponderance in the next Congress. On the question of currency both parties are divided among themselves, though the late policy of inflation was chiefly promoted by the Republicans. The most creditable act of the PRESIDENT during his six years' tenure of office was his rejection of a Bill for the increase of the paper currency and for the consequent postponement of a return to specie payments. His policy was approved by the most competent judges of the question, but it was condemned by sections of both political parties.

The change in the comparative strength of parties in the Legislature is disproportionately greater than in the constituencies. The Democrats formed two years ago two-fifths of the whole number of voters, and they are now more than half. The consequence is that in the next Congress they will have converted their minority of a hundred into a majority of more than fifty. The Americans are the only competent judges of the character of their own institutions, but foreigners can scarcely be mistaken as to the inconvenience which results from the almost exclusive representation of majorities which may perhaps be locally and collectively small. If the Republicans had not for many years exercised uncontrolled supremacy in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, they would probably have been more prudent, and they might now be less unpopular. The neutral or wavering politicians, who are the most respectable and the most intelligent part of the population, have been temporarily alienated from the Republican cause by the indifference of the dominant party to political morality. It is true that soon after the war the leaders of the majority were more shameless and more audacious than at a later time, but as long as the memory of the struggle was recent the party which was supposed to have sympathized with Secession was necessarily excluded from power. Six or seven years ago, under the leadership of a vulgar dema-

gogue, the House of Representatives, by an almost unanimous vote, approved of the practical repudiation of the National Debt. In the late Session of Congress the majority was contented to perpetrate a petty injustice by voting for the inflation of the paper currency. The increase of the salaries of members of Congress has involved greater unpopularity than measures which were intrinsically more objectionable. There may have been good reasons for raising the pay of members, who have generally but small resources of their own; but in voting to themselves arrears of salary on the new scale they gave reasonable offence to their constituents. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and General BUTLER have, jointly or in succession, for more than ten years been the most conspicuous chiefs of the dominant party. It is not surprising that the community should at last be anxious for a change, although there is no eminent Democratic politician who has any claim to public confidence. It is not yet known whether Mr. SCHURZ, who is a Liberal Republican, will be recognized by the Democratic majority as an ally. The elections have conferred an unmixed advantage on the country by excluding for the time from power the MORTONS, the CONKLINGS, and the other active politicians who had hoped for another term of patronage and influence. It unluckily happens that none of the successful candidates could even by flatterers be described as statesmen.

General GRANT, who must now abandon all hope of reelection, has perhaps contributed to the defeat of his party by his ambition for a third term of office. The PRESIDENT is on the whole superior to his political associates; and there is some reason to believe that he has acquired by experience a knowledge of affairs in which he was formerly deficient. It is an advantage to the head of a Government to understand his business, and the fear that the prolongation of his power might endanger the Republican system was both unfounded and insincere; but the people of the United States are perhaps well advised in abiding by their political traditions, and the growing unpopularity of the Republican party could only be aggravated by the projected innovation. Hereafter GRANT'S administration will be remembered without strong admiration or censure. When he was first elected he desired to break through some of the trammels which had impeded the free action of his predecessors; and he selected his first Ministers on his own independent judgment. The Republican managers immediately caused the PRESIDENT to feel their displeasure; and, after a short interval, he acquiesced in the system of jobbery which constitutes the main object and the most effective machinery of the Federal Government. The PRESIDENT himself might probably have favoured the reform of the Civil Service; but he soon found that in retrenching the means of corruption he would alienate his supporters. He even adopted as his principal adviser General BUTLER, whose military capacity he had publicly ridiculed, and whose moral and political character he must have well understood. In the Southern States the PRESIDENT countenanced the misgovernment of Northern adventurers and of coloured demagogues who depended on the favour and protection of the Federal Government for defence against the just indignation of their own neighbours and fellow-citizens. General GRANT'S support of the impudent adventurer KELLOGG in Louisiana was probably one of the causes of the reverse which has befallen the Republican party.

Some of the local changes which form a part of the general reaction are interesting, though they are not uniformly satisfactory. General DIX, who has been defeated as candidate for the office of Governor of New York, was one of the most creditable members of the Republican party, and during his present term of office he has administered public affairs with integrity and success. It is significant of the state of public opinion that his opponents thought it expedient to denounce him as an aristocrat, or, in other words, as a gentleman. His successful competitor, Mr. TILDEN, is also personally respectable, and he took an active part in the prosecution of TWEN and his accomplices; but it is ominous that the club which derives its name from its place of meeting in Tammany Hall has once more recovered its ascendancy in the city of New York. The notorious prizefighter MORRISSEY seems to be recognized as the leader of the Democratic party in the city; and it may be expected that the ancient system of spoliation and misgovernment will shortly be revived. Massachusetts has at last been relieved from the discredit of returning General

BUTLER to Congress. Only a few months have passed since he was defeated in a contest for the Governorship of the State; and now even the faithful and long-suffering electors of his district have become tired of perpetuating a political scandal. It is not a little surprising that a Democrat has been elected Governor of Massachusetts. The English advocates of compulsory abstinence will regret to learn that the Republicans attribute their defeat to the unpopularity of the prohibitory liquor law. It is not improbable that the better part of the population of the State may have deserted the Republican party in indignation at the corruption and insolence of some of their leaders. The invention of supposed Southern outrages in preparation for the elections was a device which recoiled on its ingenious authors. Massachusetts is not likely to become permanently Democratic; but, if the claim of its citizens to the possession of superior intelligence and morality is well founded, they may well have desired to administer a rebuke to the followers and allies of BUTLER. The new majority will after a short interval command the Senate as well as the House of Representatives, and it will probably hold together long enough to return the next President. Whether it will pursue the Free-trade policy which has been usually professed by the Democratic party is at present uncertain. The most immediate and important result of the reaction will be the recovery by the white population in the Southern States of their natural superiority.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THERE is nothing new to be said about the French elections of Sunday last. The Bonapartists were victorious in one department, the Republicans were victorious in two. In the Oise the Duke of MOUCHY has beaten both the Republican candidates put together, and beaten them handsomely. Of course the DUKE was chosen to contest the department because he was likely to win, and so far the Republican journals have cause to say that the election was not decided on purely political grounds. After all, however, this is not much to the purpose. No one pretends that the Imperialist cause is an object of so much enthusiasm that the electors will simply ask which is the Imperialist candidate and then rush off to vote for him. What is shown by these Bonapartist successes is that to be an Imperialist is no discredit to a candidate whose chances are otherwise good. It is not so very long since, except in Corsica, any Bonapartist who wished to become a deputy had to go about among the constituencies in disguise. Before he could indulge a hope of being elected, he had, so to say, to forge his passport. He found out that his adherence to the Empire had been merely a form of devotion to the monarchical principle, or to the principle of popular sovereignty, or to Free-trade, and now that the gold could be had without the alloy, he was simply a Royalist or a Republican or a Free-trader. Even with these painful explanations, it was no easy matter to find a constituency which would give a man suspected of Imperialism a decent minority of votes. All this has been completely changed. The Bonapartists have again become the noisiest and the most active party in France. They have their candidates ready at every election. They make no secret of their ultimate wishes and intentions. They criticize the Republicans with as much freedom as though they were already in power. And the action of the electors goes some way towards justifying this bold attitude. Not only does the Duke of MOUCHY get nearly 54,000 votes, while M. ROUSSELLE and M. LEVAVASSEUR between them only get 36,000, but in the Nord their unsuccessful candidate, M. FIEVET, gets 102,000 votes against some 119,000 given to the Republican candidate, M. PARST. It has been observed that the Bonapartist journals have made much less noise about their victory in the Oise than they made about their defeat in Seine and Oise. They accept the 54,000 votes for the Duke of MOUCHY with becoming meekness, whereas their heads were almost turned by the 45,000 votes for the Duke of PADUA. As success seems to be coming nearer, they are learning not to compromise their prospects by premature exultation. They know that their recent victories are not entirely due to their own merits. If they have given valuable support to the Government, they have received a good deal in return. The electors who vote for the Bonapartist candidates are not all Bonapartists. The supporters of the

Septennate must vote for somebody, and as it is useless to bring forward a candidate of their own, they prefer the Bonapartist to the Legitimist or Republican candidate. The former is at least willing to leave France without a settled Government six years longer, whereas the two latter want to create one immediately. As a rule, therefore, it is important for the Bonapartists not to say too much about their triumphs. If there are any feeble-minded electors who thought that, in voting for the Duke of MOUCHY, they were merely voting for Marshal MACMAHON, so much the better. Why make their minds uneasy by showing them the full significance of what they have done? It is the fable of the man and the horse over again. The more modest the Bonapartists show themselves, the more chance there is that the Conservative electors will stand quiet while they are mounting. Their own more hot-headed supporters have occasionally to be considered, and a little quarrel such as that between the Government and the Duke of PAU is useful as showing that the party is not disposed to put up with too many slights. But, speaking generally, the more they identify themselves with that general Conservative feeling which has placed Marshal MACMAHON at the head of affairs, the more they advance their own special interests.

Would the Duke of MOUCHY have polled as many votes if there had been only one Republican candidate, and that candidate had been M. LEVAVASSEUR? The defeated party would probably give a good deal to be able to answer this question. It is easy to see that M. GAMBETTA, though he is usually able to rein in his followers, has occasionally to give them their head, or to stand the risk of their breaking away altogether. The important thing to ascertain is, when this occasional license can be most safely conceded. M. GAMBETTA seems to have imagined that the Duke of MOUCHY's outspoken Imperialism would leave him in a minority compared with the aggregate Republican vote, and consequently to have thought that the experiment of dividing the party at the first ballot and uniting it again on the second might be tried with a good hope of success. The Conservative Republicans would vote, it was assumed, for M. LEVAVASSEUR, the Radicals would vote for M. ROUSSELLE, and whichever had the fewest votes would retire after the first trial. The result of this experiment was that the two candidates together only got about two-thirds of the votes given to the Duke of MOUCHY. It may be that the Republicans altogether miscalculated their strength in the department, and that under no circumstances would they have had any real chance of victory. It may be, however, and this is perhaps the more probable explanation of the two, that many of the electors who would have supported M. LEVAVASSEUR if he had been the only Republican candidate were frightened at M. ROUSSELLE's appearance, and did not choose to run the risk of having him for a representative. The result of the election is very well fitted to strengthen this alarm, supposing that it really existed. M. ROUSSELLE might have stood without doing any harm to the Republican prospects in the department if he had been willing to retire in the event of not being elected at the first ballot. But, as he not unnaturally objected to make over his votes to M. LEVAVASSEUR unless M. LEVAVASSEUR could make good his title to them by proving himself the favoured candidate of the party, the Conservative Republicans, if the Duke of MOUCHY had failed to get an absolute majority, would have found themselves in an awkward predicament. M. ROUSSELLE, as it happened, polled rather more votes than M. LEVAVASSEUR. If M. LEVAVASSEUR had insisted on standing again, the Duke of MOUCHY would have won on the second ballot in virtue of his relative majority. If, however, as would no doubt have been the case, M. LEVAVASSEUR had retired rather than let in an Imperialist, M. ROUSSELLE would have been the only Republican candidate, and in that character might have been elected. It is quite possible that many of the Conservative Republicans foresaw this possible result, and were anxious to defeat it beforehand. If the lesson is taken to heart by the Extreme Republicans, the defeat will be of more use to the party than a victory would have been. The latter could but have given them one more representative in the Assembly, and his seat would have been gained at the sacrifice of several others. To persuade an extreme section of a party to continually efface itself in order that the moderate section may secure the return of its candidates is an extremely difficult task, and M. GAMBETTA would hardly be able to accomplish it if he could not from time

to time point to actual experience for evidence of the ill effects of a contrary policy.

On the 22nd of November, the Municipal elections will be held over the whole of France, with the exception of Paris. The Government may be supposed to have fixed this date with the view of impressing the Assembly with the strength of the Conservative party in the country. The election will take place under the new and more stringent conditions of registration adopted last Session, and the mayors appointed by the Duke of BROGLIE have been long enough in office to make their influence felt. In addition to this, the recent elections to the Councils General showed that in local elections the candidate in possession and the candidate who has property in the neighbourhood have each great advantages. It is hard enough to get a French peasant to vote on purely political grounds in an election for a body whose principal business is politics, and naturally enough he is still less disposed to vote on purely political grounds in an election for a body whose principal, and indeed sole, business is to look after the affairs of the village. All these circumstances taken together are likely to give a highly Conservative complexion to the elections on the 22nd, and considering how small an amount of support the Government can command in the Assembly, it may well wish to show a semblance of support out of doors.

THE "ENGLISH GOSPEL."

THE Indian Correspondent of the *Times* has lately sent home an interesting letter on missionary life, and a remarkable commentary on his letter appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday last. The writer of that article points out that, whether the effect of missionary efforts on the people of India be small or great, the government of India by the English must bring about one of the greatest moral, social, and religious revolutions known in history. The religious belief and the cherished institutions of nearly a quarter of the human race are being destroyed. The Hindoos and the Mahomedans had worked out a sort of *modus vivendi* under which their several faiths could somehow coexist. The order of things set up by the English is utterly opposed to both creeds. What will come of this? "What will this vast mass of men believe and practise now that they are practically enabled to say, think, and do whatever appears good to them, external violence apart?" The answer to this question must a good deal depend on the nature of the creed which is offered to the people of India by their revolutionary masters. The writer of the article undertakes to describe what this English creed is. It insists, he says, upon obedience to law, upon universal toleration, and upon the teaching of physical science. It says to the natives, You must not commit crimes, or break contracts, or persecute those who are not of your creed, or who, being of your creed, choose to leave it or to offend against its principles. And physical science is so true that we shall publicly teach it in our schools, although it expressly contradicts and stultifies Hindooism, and although the method in which it is taught and the temper of mind which it encourages are practically fatal to other native creeds and not easily reconcilable with Christianity. This is our English gospel." This is what we will believe, this is what we will enforce, this is what every one who wishes to be employed or to live comfortably must practise. Whoever neglects it will find that the world will pass by him, that he is out of harmony with his neighbours, that his sons will take up other views, and that the more active and compliant part of the population will get the better of him. "Whosoever rebels against it shall be hanged, shot, or blown away from the cannon's mouth, as may be most convenient under all the circumstances of the case."

The magnificent self-assertion of this revelation is exceedingly imposing, and it is not until the results of it have been studied for some little time that any doubt suggests itself as to their being altogether admirable and beneficent. About the fact of the revolution which is going on in India there can be no question. In their present and popular form—in the form, that is, in which they supply moral and social guidance to some two hundred millions of people—the Indian creeds can hardly long endure the contact of English ideas. That at present the missionaries sent out by the various Christian bodies of Europe and America have not provided the natives with any creed which can take the place of those which are destined to

disappear seems to be equally certain. The best missionaries have the fewest converts to tell of, and from this it may fairly be inferred that the converts made by inferior, but apparently more successful, workmen are not much to boast of. If the English gospel, as described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, could be accepted as a thoroughly satisfactory substitute for Hindooism, Mahomedanism, and other Eastern religions, it would very much lessen the anxiety with which the emancipation of the people of India from all the beliefs hitherto held by them must otherwise be watched. "The reason why Christian missions 'have so very little direct effect in India'—it is the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* who is speaking—"is that 'they do not represent the real teaching of the English nation.' That teaching, as we have seen, is summed up in a few simple rules. Obey the laws, persecute nobody, learn physical science, or submit to be beaten in the race of life, or, if you openly rebel, to be hanged, shot, or blown away from a gun. When this, 'the real teaching of the English nation,' is presented to the natives, what influence will it have upon them? This knowledge and such a smattering of physical science as is likely to be gained by a population which has to work very hard to earn a bare subsistence are to stand in the place of religion, and of so much of morals as lies outside the region of law. Granting that the substitution will be effective so far as the English rulers of India are concerned, that it will secure submission to the Government and a certain amount of compliance with the statute law and the decisions of judges, what will be its effect upon the natives in all those relations of life which do not come within the sphere of municipal law? If they accept this English gospel as the crowning product of European intelligence, will they not find that its scope is strangely small; that it leaves all that most nearly touches their happiness altogether out of consideration; that when a man has learnt by experience or observation that if he breaks his contract he will have to pay the penalty, or that if he mixes alkali with acid it will effervesce, there will remain problems to which this creed affords no solution? Again, what warrant is there for thinking that so restricted a gospel as that described by this writer will be efficacious even for English purposes? A gospel which rests entirely on self-interest or on the fear of the cord and the cannon-ball is clearly deficient in some important elements. When the writer mentions blowing away from the cannon's mouth, as the last and worst punishment the law can inflict, he perhaps forgets that this mode of execution depends for its special terrors on the religious belief of the Hindoos. When the native has mastered the English creed, and learned that it is absolutely unimportant in what way the atoms which make up a man are dissolved into space, the list of serviceable penalties must certainly be shortened by one.

There is another consideration of equal, if more remote, importance which bears upon this question. The permanence of English dominion in India depends upon its being maintained with a sincere purpose of governing the country for the good of the inhabitants. If this idea were once lost sight of, if India became a mere gold-digging or diamond-field to which Englishmen resorted to make money in the shortest possible time, the laws which the natives of India are made to obey would by degrees change their character. Disobedience or resistance to the governing race would be punished as severely as ever, but crimes which affected only the natives themselves would be regarded with disinterested neglect. If ever this comes to pass the position of the English in India will not long hold out against secret disaffection or open attack. It exists and is maintained because the people of India feel in some dim sort of way that it is to the English dominion that they owe their present exemption from external violence and internal oppression, and that, owing to this exemption, their lives and earnings are more secure than the lives and earnings of their grandfathers were. It may be doubted, however, whether the necessity of obedience to law, a contemptuous toleration of rival religions, and the rudiments of physical science furnish a rule of life sufficiently stringent to curb the baser appetites of men. As regards India and the work of the English in India this view was once excellently put in the *Pall Mall Gazette* itself. Nearly five years ago there appeared in that journal a letter written in a railway carriage on the line between Bombay and Nagpore, and asking the question, What have the English civilians in India to

do with the Mahrattas more than with the buffaloes the Mahrattas tend? The writer refuses to accept the answer that they are there to earn their living, or that they are doing their duty as servants of the QUEEN. This would be considered, he thinks, by the English nation to be a very low standard of duty to take up towards the people of India; nor does it account for the fact that many of these men have of their own free will given up health and life, and ties dearer than either, to make India what it is. Why, he asks, are these explanations unsatisfactory? "Because, for whatever reasons, and with whatever amount of truth, all English life and activity has been pervaded by the notion that 'this present life and visible world are a vestibule to something greater, and are in some way or other under the government and guidance of some one, of whose will and personality ours are a faint reflection.' When once Englishmen cease to believe that the world in which they live 'is ordered and governed by God, whose law, that men shall in a magnanimous way do their duty in that state of life to which He has been pleased to call them, is a real law enforced by a real sanction in a state of things that will actually exist,' they will soon 'renounce every scheme that risks life and comfort, and will by degrees turn a country which will no more be England into that pigstye heaven which will be proved to be the only true one.' There is something more than abstinence from crime and observation of contracts and toleration of religious differences and the elements of physical science here, and if the later edition of the 'English gospel' is to take the place of the older and nobler faith, it is of little use for Englishmen to speculate what its effect in India will be. They at all events will not be there to preach it.

ROMAN CATHOLIC REPLIES TO MR. GLADSTONE.

ONE of the most singular and unexpected fruits of the Public Worship Bill is Mr. Gladstone's attack on the government and policy of the Roman Court. It is an incident which, in the slang of the day, may be said to "rise to the height of an historic event." And it follows by the most direct consequence from that disturbance of the peace of the Church and of the public mind caused by Archbishop Tait's ill-advised policy. The clamour about Ritualism naturally brought Mr. Gladstone back again, from his Homeric studies, to the conflicts of that House of Commons which he had left, as he supposed, to the tameness and dulness of a safe and well-earned repose. What his appearance in Parliament failed to do—that is, to keep the House and the public from going mad on the subject of Ritualism—he attempted in a calmer manner in the *Contemporary Review*. In this he spoke incidentally and somewhat contemptuously of the popular panic about "Romanizing" the English Church and nation, and briefly summed up the reasons, familiar to all Englishmen of whatever party who are not Roman Catholics, why such an attempt must be an idle dream. Perhaps because it was the dullest part of the dull season, his few sentences, strong no doubt, but not stronger than any one might have expected if the matter were touched on at all, roused the fury of the Roman Catholic press. Mr. Gladstone is not a man to be attacked without feeling awakened in himself the sense of the *certaminis gaudia*. He began to write on Ritualism. But the Ultramontanes having been so sensitive and thin-skinned in their resentment at a passing and really commonplace remark, as to threaten his political position, he has with characteristic alacrity accepted the fight which they very needlessly provoked, and has returned their fire by bringing them to book on a very vulnerable point about which, in England at least, all persons had agreed to shut their eyes, except perhaps Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Whalley. No doubt, such a question thrown before the British public is no inconsiderable addition to the subjects of religious controversy in which we are not at all deficient just now; neither party is likely to let the matter drop, and it is one on which passions may rise high. If this proves a fresh element of turmoil, it is to the Archbishop that we owe it. This attack on Rome may possibly be hailed by many persons as an excellent result of the agitation of last Session. We only note it here as being unforeseen, and what would have been thought unlikely; and it is probably the earnest and type of other results equally unlooked for and strange.

In their outbreak of wrath at Mr. Gladstone's few sentences in the *Contemporary Review*, the Roman Catholics have been less than reasonable, and have not shown the sense ordinarily expected in men engaged in the battles of the world. Here is a Church and a hierarchy, to which every other Church and religious body is simply as dirt beneath their feet. For the theory, the creed, the convictions, the moral doctrine, the moral practice, the consistency, of every other communion, Rome has nothing but boundless contempt, and on occasion force vituperation and anathema. In the plenitude of her perfection and possession of truth she has never been nice about calling names, about imputing motives, about saying all manner of evil of all who refused to submit to her

claims. In every non-Roman profession of Christianity, however ancient, however energetic, she proclaims loudly in every possible way that there is nothing but disloyalty to Christ, nothing but palpable and fatal self-contradiction in principles, nothing that deserves the respect of man or that can give hope of the mercy of God. Surely it no more sorts with the ordinary systematic insolence of Roman Catholic warfare than it would with the "ingenuous ferocity" of many Protestant champions, to cry out about a controversial gaze like this. This touchiness, as might have been anticipated, has made the matter serious. In England at least, with all our disputes on hand, religious, scientific, social, we might have gone on for a long time without troubling ourselves, even as much as we ought, about the Vatican Decrees, or their bearing on practical political questions. We were satisfied, and should have continued to be so, with thinking them the height of human audacity and extravagance; so extravagant and audacious that in this land of common sense, no one, Roman Catholic or other, could be supposed to be really affected by them. There has always been in these matters a wide difference between things on paper and things as they are, and our English recognition of this difference is expressed in the common taunt that we are illogical. But this insane burst of puerile temper on the part of the Irish Papist press has had the effect of bringing on them, from one who both from character and intellectual force can give hard blows, a blow which may prove a very hard one, not only in England, where indeed it may be less felt than anywhere else, but on the Roman cause generally in Europe. On the theological, perhaps even on the purely philosophical, ground, Rome can afford to do battle with strong antagonists; but there is one ground which is a dangerously tender and awkward one for her, and that is her relations to the civil power. To have forced on public notice a discussion upon all that the Roman Church has said and claimed as to these relations, with all the illustrative commentary sure to gather round it from the history of her rulers and from the deliberate assertions of her most accredited schools and most authorized representatives, would seem to be the madness of impolicy. And this is what, by their silly resentment of Mr. Gladstone's language, the Roman partisans have risked from a public man who is perilously jealous of the accuracy of his statements.

The energetic disclaimers of Mr. Gladstone's charges, forestalling in their hurry the publication of the pamphlet, show how uncomfortable the issue raised has been felt to be by those interested in it. Monday morning brought to our breakfast-tables two answers, one by the highest in dignity of English Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, the other by one of the most eminent of English Roman Catholic laymen, before the world in general could know anything of the pamphlet, except what some of the newspapers had told us. One may be taken as the official and authoritative reply, the other is a reasoned solution of Mr. Gladstone's dilemma by one who has felt its difficulty, and it is the best that could be done on the spur of the moment by a scholar of ample learning, great candour, and comprehensiveness of thought. Either you are bound to the Vatican Decrees—such is the dilemma—and then you have to show how you can secure that civil allegiance which the Vatican Decrees seem, if words mean anything, to make so precarious; or, if you can still call your allegiance absolutely your own, you cannot be bound to the Vatican Decrees. Archbishop Manning, who is followed by Sir George Bowyer, simply asserts what Mr. Gladstone did not deny, that Roman Catholics are loyal, and that all men must have some conceivable limit to their allegiance to human law. To say that the Vatican Decrees make no difference whatever in the matter is simply to set the Archbishop's assertion against Mr. Gladstone's elaborate argument; and to say that "the civil allegiance of every Christian man in England is limited by conscience and the law of God, and that the civil allegiance of Catholics is limited neither less nor more" is to evade the all-important allegation that what is "more" in the Roman Catholic limitation is the unquestioned and unquestionable supremacy of the will and word of one man, or of those who direct him. Professions of English loyalty, which nobody has questioned, and abuse of Dr. Dollinger, singularly out of place in such a letter as Archbishop Manning's, will not get rid of the Vatican Decrees, which set the judgment without appeal of one single person, and that person a foreigner and the head of an alien system, above conscience, and every interpretation of the law of God but the Pope's. So far as the question is a matter of argument—and happily it has not in England got beyond mere argument—the Archbishop's reply is as lame a one as any opponent could wish. The substance of what Lord Acton calls his "preliminary" answer is that the Vatican Decrees are only one of many foolish and bad things done by Popes; and as regards their bearing on so solid and grave a thing as the allegiance of Englishmen, they are little more than waste paper. The Papal authority is, in fact, committed to things infinitely worse and more dangerous, which, if followed out literally to their consequences, would have made civil government impossible; but as these evil results have not followed, it is clear that, whatever may be "the letter of canons or the spirit of ecclesiastical laws," "it cannot be truly said that Catholics forfeit their moral freedom or place their duty at the mercy of another." This is no doubt a satisfactory practical answer; that it is a satisfactory solution of the question raised in the pamphlet, probably neither Mr. Gladstone nor Archbishop Manning would allow. And it is obviously impossible to treat the deliberate, formal, emphatic reassertion of infallibility, in a great Council of the Church, with all its accompanying documents—Encyclicals, Syllabus, Allocutions—as if it were only on

the same level with the words or the acts of Innocent III., or even Pius V. No one can be expected to class claims which have been revived at this day with so much circumstance and against such earnest and obstinate protests in the Roman Church itself with claims which every one had imagined to be obsolete for centuries. The explanation may no doubt be, as Lord Acton implies, that the Roman system is, after all, as incomplete and incoherent, as full of anomaly and inconsistency, as other systems and all other human things, and that "our Catholic countrymen cannot fairly be called to account for every particle of a system which has never come before them in its integrity, or for opinions whose existence among divines they would be exceedingly reluctant to believe." But it is an explanation which, we suppose, Roman Catholic divines, and those who follow them, would, in the face of events and professions which are notorious to the world, reject with scorn.

There is one person whose views on the subject, however interesting they might be, we could hardly have expected to know so soon. But his own eagerness to speak, and the industry of reporters and Special Correspondents, have put us in possession of them. On Tuesday morning last, if we are to believe the Correspondent and the leading article of the *Daily News*, the Pope expressed his opinion on the pamphlet which had been given to the public in London the previous Monday. If the report is correct, it shows that the Pope is kept well posted up by his friends in England about our domestic concerns. The translation of the Pope's words, transmitted by the telegraph, is not altogether intelligible; but it would appear that he described Mr. Gladstone as so "intoxicated by the proceedings" of Prince Bismarck that he has behaved himself as no one except a person in that unhappy and discreditable condition could think of behaving. He has "suddenly come forward, like a viper, to attack the bark of St. Peter." Mr. Gladstone must indeed be a very odd person, and must have acted in a very odd way, if he has done anything that could by any stretch of fancy be likened to the attack of a viper on a bark. The Pope, as he has "no great desire to read blasphemies," has not, he says, read the book; but Mr. Gladstone, he understands, says that the Pope "wishes Catholic subjects in England to become disloyal to their Sovereign and to the laws of their country." Mr. Gladstone's motive for "interpreting after his own fashion the will of the poor Vicar of Christ" is of course obvious; the "fallen Minister" is "alarmed at the luminous triumph of the Church," and seeks to arrest it. There is nothing very remarkable in all this, except the grotesque juxtaposition, suggestive of nothing but some odd heraldic device, of the viper and the bark. But the conclusion, if it is genuine, is curious. Charlemagne, the Pope says, declared that "even if the Church imposed heavy burdens on the conscience of people," instead of the very light load of dogmas which she requires, "Catholics ought to bear them from their interest in the communion of the Church"; and he proceeds to denounce those who will walk astray as being "not Catholics, and as being worse than infidels and Protestants, because, calling themselves Catholics, they daily rebel against God and the laws of the Church." It is difficult to avoid the surmise that the Pope had been informed by telegraph, not only of the pamphlet, but of the answers to it, and that he is replying, not only to Mr. Gladstone, but to Lord Acton. That the Pope should talk in this fashion is not perhaps to be wondered at; that his friends should allow it all to be published to the world is simply marvellous.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

IT may be disputed whether patriotism be, on the whole, a good or a bad instinct. There can be no doubt that in one sense of the word, and in certain relations of life, it is an extremely troublesome sentiment. Patriotism, in fact, sometimes means the stupid self-conceit of the ordinary human being multiplied and intensified by sympathy with some millions of his like. The simplicity with which a man who has never travelled beyond his own country, or has travelled beyond it only to quarrel with every unfamiliar arrangement, assumes that his own creeds, customs, and conventions must necessarily be the type of all human excellence, has in it something amazing. We might almost regard it, were not the phrase rather old-fashioned in these days, as a kind of providential arrangement for human happiness. How could we bear our lot so well if we were not lapped in a perfectly illogical self-complacency? But, however convenient, the feeling undoubtedly sanctions some of our worst tendencies. It may imply a mere brutal obstructiveness to all improvement, a conceit which renders us impervious to all criticism, or a morbid desire to massacre a good many thousand human beings because our grandfathers got the worst of it in an attempt to plunder theirs. We need not dwell upon the more familiar fact that patriotism may also stimulate some of the purest of virtues. The force of the passion in all human affairs is likely to be so enormous that it is a matter of vast importance to turn it in the right direction. A nation whose self-respect has been injured is likely enough to turn sulky, and to vent its ill-humour in some direction dangerous at once to itself and to its neighbours. Nothing can be more worthy of a statesman's care than to give to a people the chance of winning distinction in some career which may generate an honourable ambition.

It is tolerably notorious that for some time our pride in our

selves as Englishmen has been in a rather sore and sensitive condition. There are a good many subjects of incomparably higher importance than that of which we are about to speak; still it is true that, amongst other causes of something like humiliation, we have lately been exposed to some annoyance in our capacity of adventurous travellers. Englishmen, since the days of Elizabeth, have been amongst the foremost explorers of every out-of-the-way part of the world. When we were boys our patriotic pride was stimulated by reading the adventures of Captain Cook or Mungo Park, and in later days we have followed Franklin or Livingstone with equal enthusiasm. The qualities which are exhibited in such peaceful heroes are such as we can admire without scruple. Their courage, skill, and delight in adventure for its own sake will have their value so long as masculine vigour is an important ingredient in the human character, and our sympathy is not in this case rendered questionable by the admixture of hostile sentiments towards any other part of our race. When the whole world has been annexed to civilization, when there are excursions every summer to the North Pole, and Timbuctoo is the centre of a network of railways, we may be content to see the breed of travellers die out. But that consummation is not likely to be attained for a generation or two; and meanwhile it represents whatever is most manly without being military. We should be sorry, therefore, if Englishmen could look on with indifference whilst Russians, Germans, Danes, Americans, and Italians are cutting them out in the race of geographical discovery. We can admire without jealousy the performances of the brave young Austrian who was the guest of the Geographical Society on Tuesday last. Fortunately there is a kind of brotherhood amongst travellers, which is not indeed incompatible with the existence of a good many quarrels of truly fraternal intensity, but which facilitates a generous recognition of the merits of foreign rivals. In our college days we generally reckoned amongst our best friends the lads who were our most dangerous rivals on the river or in the schools; and it is with some such mixture of feeling that Englishmen will naturally look upon Lieutenant Payer. He is evidently a man of that type which, as we are accustomed to boast, is most fully represented amongst ourselves. His name has long been familiar to the monomaniacs of Alpine travel as one of the most successful explorers of the Eastern Alps. But we fear that members of the Alpine Club have generally confined their energies to the regions in which a good day's climb may find a speedy reward in a comfortable inn. A few, indeed, have tried to carry their enterprise further. Some during spirits have ventured into the Caucasus, and the conqueror of the Matterhorn has at least broken ground in Greenland. Lieutenant Payer has made a greater use of his Alpine experiences. He has ascended mountains of no inconsiderable height within the limits of the Arctic circle, and has crossed glaciers which are to the glaciers of the Alps what Mont Blanc is to Primrose Hill. Instead of being a hero on the strength of a night passed in a crevasse, he has spent fourteen months drifting upon an ice-floe; and, instead of finding a new route between a couple of neighbouring villages, he has crossed over three degrees of latitude into a region never yet visited by man. It is not surprising that the zeal which has carried him through such exploits should have kindled a corresponding enthusiasm amongst his race. If we were in the habit of *a priori* speculation, we should probably have said that of all places in Europe the least likely starting-point for an Arctic voyage of discovery was Vienna. The Austrian navy, indeed, has shown that it possesses some very good qualities; but the sailors of the Mediterranean are scarcely the people whom one would select for adventures amongst icebergs and white bears. The feat, however, has been performed. The South Germans have fairly placed themselves in the front rank of the Arctic explorers of the present day, and have penetrated to a greater distance than has ever been accomplished before except by one or two English and American expeditions. The most remote country hitherto discovered, unless the land seen by the *Polaris* expedition be an exception, bears an Austrian name; and a tacit challenge has been given to Englishmen which we can but hope that they will take up in the spirit of friendly competition. We wish all success to the new Austrian expedition, which, it is said, is being fitted out to follow the route opened by Payer; but we confess also to a wish that Englishmen may not sit by with their hands folded and see the prize snatched from them for want of their old enterprise.

In fact, there can be no doubt that there is plenty of willingness for the work amongst our sailors and men of science. The very last obstacle which we need take into account in considering the chances of success would be any want of volunteers for the expedition. The Government has only to make known its intention of undertaking such an expedition, and the task will be simply one of selection. It seems to be generally agreed by competent persons that to ensure success the expedition should be sent out by Government; and it is obvious that, to say nothing of the expense, this would give a great advantage in point of completeness and discipline. And yet, in passing, we may notice a fact mentioned by Dr. Petermann. The seven German expeditions which have made explorations in the last few years cost a sum of 20,000*l.*, and of this sum only 750*l.* was contributed by the Government. One gentleman alone contributed about 5,000*l.* Now Englishmen are in the habit of priding themselves upon their liberality and their powers of individual enterprise; they spend every year sums compared to which this is a mere trifle upon sailing yachts about our coasts; and perhaps it is not an impossible hope that they may be piqued by the German example to make an effort

to do something on an equal scale, even if their Government should not be inclined to take the lead. But this possibility, if it is a possibility, does not make it less desirable that the Government should lend an attentive ear to the pleading of the Geographical Society. Dr. Petermann remarks that the Germans have had three great wars upon their hands within the last few years, and as we have only indulged in a few very small, though, for their size, tolerably expensive, wars, he evidently thinks that we ought to have our coffers fuller than theirs, with a view to scientific purposes. Perhaps the argument is not quite conclusive. We do not, it is true, keep up armies on the Continental scale; but nobody can say that we do not spend enough money upon the men whom we employ for the occasional demolition of a savage chief. The view of the last Chancellor of the Exchequer was that we had spent quite as much as we could afford for scientific purposes in sending a single ship round the world. There is evidently room for a curious problem. Is extravagance in one direction a sufficient reason for being stingy in another? Would it be more reasonable to say to a rich man, Since you are spending several thousands a year upon dogs and horses, you ought to be able to spare a five-pound note for a hospital; or to admit that he must limit his charities because his regular expenses absorb the whole of his income? Without solving that question, we may surely assume that the money spent upon an Arctic expedition would not be altogether thrown away even for strictly warlike purposes. Our sailors will be all the better when they feel that they are in every way keeping up the old traditions, and preserving the ancient prestige of the country in every direction. At present, so far as a civilian can understand, the duties of the navy are not of a very exciting description. They have indeed every now and then to go to sea in a large iron pot to try whether or not it will turn upside down in the first storm; but in a general way we should fancy that their lives have to be passed in a tranquillity which would make an occasional spice of danger healthy as well as exhilarating. The moral effect of telling them that they must be kept at home because we really cannot trust them to run risks which are encountered by gentlemen from Vienna can hardly be improving. Even assuming that it would be a good thing if the world at large would consent to know nothing about the North Pole, except that it is probably very cold, the case is practically altered when these inquisitive Germans insist upon taking up the task that we have abandoned. We have the highest possible respect for Lieutenant Payer; and we should like nothing better than to hear that he had arrived at the Pole just in time to see the British flag hoisted upon that hitherto inaccessible spot; but our charity will scarcely take us so far as to wish him the pleasure of taking possession of it in the name of the Emperor of Austria. There seems to be a very fair division of labour established by a kind of tacit consent. The Austrians are about to follow up the route of which they have explored the beginning. The more promising route by Smith's Sound is left to the enterprise of Englishmen. We know that whalers have found no difficulty in penetrating with the help of steam to a region which was once supposed to be only attainable at great cost and risk. Americans have pushed to a remote point with extraordinary ease, and seen no obstacle in the way of further progress. Without arguing the question as to the most promising route, we should certainly be glad to hear that English sailors were to make a fair experiment by pushing a well-appointed expedition up this apparently favourable avenue, and at least to let us know the reason why we can't get to the Pole, if indeed the exploit should turn out to be impracticable.

ESKDALE.

THE completion of the Scotch railway system has in one respect had a singular result. It has quadrupled the market value of rivers and moors. It has invited tourists in thousands instead of hundreds to visit romantic or poetical places within easy reach of the Highland Railway and the Caledonian Canal. But, while it has elevated some hamlets to the rank of villages, it has kept back others, or even reduced them to their primitive condition of the last century. Places once renowned for comfortable inns and much-enduring post-horses have been consigned to oblivion, and districts with an attractive wildness of their own have been doomed to utter neglect. Every one has heard of Hawick, with its excellent manufactures, its free-spoken Liberals, and its quick-footed poachers. But who, in this generation, recollects the situation of Moss Paul, once a stage on the same high road as Hawick, where the Carlisle and Edinburgh coach used to change horses after thirteen miles of stiff travelling over the hills that border on Eskdale and Liddesdale? Now we wish to say something about a district which is rarely visited save by a casual bagman or the travelling partner of a commercial firm, which has neither mineral wealth nor agricultural produce wherewith to tempt railway speculators, which is only twelve hours from London, and which is yet rich in natural beauty, exuberant pasture, and local tradition. It is curious that Scott did not think fit to lay the scene of any one of his novels in Eskdale. In the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* there is an account of the transaction by which a large tract in this valley became the inheritance of the house of Buccleugh. The combat between the Scotts and the Bontons in the fourth canto, by which one landed man was left, while the rest of the valley was lost and won for a bonny white horse, has aptly enough been

localized as having taken place near a rural police station thirteen miles from Langholm; and to perpetuate the forbearance of the Lord of Branksome, Wood-Kerriek, or Wat Carrick, as it is popularly termed, to this day remains "unannexed." In a part of *Red-gauntlet* the scene lies to the west and south-west of Eskdale; some chapters of *Guy Mannering* take us just to the east. But there is no Eskdale hero of prose, except the Eskdale herdboys. There is direct evidence, in Lockhart's Life, that Scott twice paid a visit to Langholm Lodge, and, on one occasion during his stay there, witnessed a fox chase in the hills, which provided him with materials for the celebrated hunt at Charlie's-Hope, at the close of which a well-baited badger was spared at Bertram's intercession, and christened "the Captain's brock." There is also internal evidence to be picked out of Scott's writings that he must have included bits of Eskdale in those nine annual excursions which in his early days he made into Liddesdale, thereby laying the foundation of his unrivalled and minute knowledge of the Scottish peasantry. There is a Glendearg now on the Upper Esk, and there are Glendimmings in the farmhouses; while an Englishman must be a superficial or contemptuous reader of the great novelist's works who does not catch, in the talk of the natives, idioms and phrases which take him at once to Cuddie Headingg and Jock Jabos, now elbowed out of their places by the Artful Dodger and Mr. Micawber.

The Esk Valley may be roundly stated to be rather more than twenty miles in length. It begins, for our purpose, at Gilnockie, near the confluence of the Liddel, a place renowned for Johnnie Armstrong's Tower; and it ends under Ettrick Pen, which, from an altitude of not quite 2,200 feet, looks down on a wild waste of peaked and rounded summits, and forms the backbone and watershed of this part of the Lowlands. The word Esk, we may remind our readers, is simply the Celtic word for water. Some Latin writers, with an unconscious tautology which we have imitated, have written of an *Iska flumen*; and the national beverage of Scotland is nothing else than this same word with the addition *pè*. Correctly written, whiskey would be *Ushki pè*, "the water of life." The district of Eskdale, divided into its two parishes of Westerkirk and Eskdalemuir, is characterized by a wildness which just stops short of sublimity. Swelling hills, from 900 to 1,500 feet in height, are covered with long grass or dotted with masses of fern. Villages are rare; hamlets few; farms scattered. Here and there are patches of heather, by no means equal to the growth of the Highlands, or even to that of other Lowland counties. Of rocks and boulders and rocky strata, which abound in Ettrick, there are few near the Esk. Tributaries of all sorts, from open drains to brooks, and streams which, being neither rivulets nor yet rivers, are locally called "waters," feed the main artery; half way up the valley, the Black and the White Esk unite their currents in a pool which is the delight of anglers; but nowhere there is any standing water which even by courtesy could be termed a loch. To master the geography of such a country there is one simple way. A tourist may have his choice between Ettrick Pen, Loch Fell, or Windy Fell. These form a barrier which separates the sources of the Esk from those of the Tweed and its tributaries, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Gala. There is perhaps not much to boast of, in a competitive examination of mountains, in 2,200 ft., but higher and grander peaks would fail to display such a splendid panorama as meets the view of one who stands on Pen or Loch Fell and looks south, west, and east. The smoke can be seen rising from factories, and the sun shining fair on Hairibee and Carlisle Wall. To the right of that city lies the Solway and the open sea beyond it; far in the southern horizon rise the peaks of Skiddaw and the quaint formation of Saddleback. In the east can be discerned the blue wavy edge of the Cheviots; due west, the line of the Caledonian Railway, the smoke of Dumfries, and the waters of Lochmaben, famed for a fish called the vendace or vendis, which we believe is not found anywhere else, and which is taken yearly after a contest of skill by the members of a local club. Scott, who was never at fault in any part of the sportsman's craft, introduces the vendace with other fish into a long disputation on ichthyology placed, in *The Abbot*, in the mouth of Roland Greime. The back or northern view is confined, but it suggests a tossing and angry sea, lashed by the tempest, and suddenly turned to solid matter. Of course, too, there is, somewhere in the neighbourhood, a Devil's punch bowl or porridge pot, and a Grey Mare's tail. A good road—Macaulay would have said a road equal to any in Middlesex—leads, not indeed up to Pen or any of its subordinates, but over a lower part of the Pass, and conducts the wayfarer, through a district even more desolate, to Thirlestane and Ettrick, and eventually to St. Mary's Loch.

Civilization advances slowly in these primitive valleys. Eskdale has its mail cart which goes backwards and forwards every working day in the week, but it is only during the last three years that the munificence of the Post Office has vouchsafed the same boon to the neighbouring valley of Ettrick. For fifty years of this present century a cart came out from Selkirk three days in the week, traversed the district, and went back on the alternate days. In other respects the Esk has a like superiority. The pasturage of some of its hill farms is equal, if not superior, to the very best of such tenancies in any part of Scotland. The whole valley—*parce* the Lord of Branksome—is shared by three or four, or perhaps half a dozen, proprietors. The farms are let on leases which often run to fifteen years. In some cases they have been held by the same family for three generations. They comprise 3,000, 4,000, and even 5,000 acres, and pay fully 1,000*l.* a year to the landlord. The rent is wholly realized from sheep and

a few cattle. The wool goes to Langholm or Hawick; the animals to Lockerbie or Carlisle. The extent of arable and meadow land on each farm is infinitesimal, being from 80 to 200 acres, made up of a couple of fields of oats and turnips, a few ridges of potatoes, and some "parks" or meadows devoted to hay. The produce, in one fashion or another, is entirely consumed on the farm. Besides the meadow grass, which is regularly cut and stacked on the premises, a coarse sort of hay is cut and left in ricks on the hill-side. In storms and snow-drifts this is shaken out for the sheep, which have no other food and no protection, night or day, heat or cold, save the lee of a stone dike, the side of a corrie, or the shelter of a few plantations. A good deal has been effected of late years by trenching the moors to carry off the superfluous moisture. And one or two proprietors have added to the value of their estates by planting. But enough has not been done. The abundance of the pasturage may be conceived from the local belief that the very best farms will bear as much as one sheep on every two acres. We are afraid to state the average number of acres which, in a poor and rough Highland district, is considered indispensable for one animal. Barley will not ripen, or is certainly not grown, on the Upper Esk. Wheat would be as much out of place as vines or olives. A capitalist with a powerful will and inexhaustible balances, not looking for more than one or one and a half per cent. on his outlay, might possibly do for Eskdale what the Duke of Sutherland has been doing for parts of his own county. But the return in food-grains or roots would not be very perceptible, and we are quite certain that the farmers themselves do not wish for any such transformation. They lay themselves out to supply the meat, and not the corn, market. We suspect that the only way of expending capital profitably and intelligently would be to drain wet slopes more completely, and to cover more hill-sides with Scotch firs. Every belt of firs is so much earlier pasture in the ungenial spring.

The climate, like that of most counties in the middle or west of Scotland, has an abundant rainfall in spring and autumn, snow and ice in winter, and cold winds in the spring, which chill the lap of May. But the result is written in clear characters on the healthy frames and features of the inhabitants. Epidemics and low fevers have been unknown, save where the sanitary arrangements of the chief town were neglected. The one indigenous malady is consumption, and this insidious disease carries off the weaker children, who are unable to resist Mr. Charles Kingsley's noble east wind. The men and women of sturdier constitutions, as may be seen on numerous tombstones, live on to the age of ninety; and a Government school has had the advantage or disadvantage of being presided over by only two dominies in succession for more than one century. The condition of the Scotch peasantry, it has been elsewhere shown, has recently much improved. Numerous cottages have been rebuilt. Wheat bread has entirely displaced, not only the barley humpock, but that of field peas which no girdle could completely bite, and which no stomach but that of a hind could thoroughly digest. Fuel is to be had for the mere labour of cutting and carting it; and twenty-five or thirty-five cartloads of peats will carry a family right through the year. Thus, in spite of cold, a rainfall which exceeds fifty inches in the year, occasional enforced isolation, and great distances from market or kirk, the Eskdale herdsman or labourer has comforts which might be envied by an artisan at Leeds or by a member of the Union in the Eastern Counties. Such a district is obviously the property of the sportsman as well as of the farmer. Salmon are caught in the lower reaches of the Esk, and white or sea trout run up in considerable numbers to the very foot of the hills. Co-operation has obtained a footing here as elsewhere, and a good deal of the fishing in the Liddel and the Esk and its tributaries has passed into the hands of an Association, which grants, for a consideration, monthly or weekly tickets under fixed rules. No one would look in the Lowlands for the head of grouse which is imperatively sought for on a moor in the Grampians, but black game are to be found in great profusion by the Nith, the Liddel, and the Esk. Large woods are scarce, but a particular grass, which is the favourite food of this bird, covers the hill-sides; and the assertion of Dandie Dinmont that the blackcock were as "thick as doos in a doo'cote" is as applicable to the Esk as it was to his home on the Liddel. As long as the system of large hill farms continues, game which owes nothing to artificial methods will persist in crowding where sheep bleat; and writers who glibly talk about abolishing oppressive game laws, cultivating huge wastes, and establishing Arcadian cottagers each on his rood of ground, have probably disdained to take any account of such trifles as the shortness of a Scotch summer and the cold and moisture of a Scotch hill-side. We fear that parts of the Lowlands are fated long to present much the same aspect which they presented to Agricola and his legions. How black game and grouse can best exist with flocks of sheep and attendant colley dogs is a matter purely to be settled between farmer and proprietor; but we are quite certain that if this cannot be arranged by a little forbearance on one side, and some generous consideration on the other, neither coercive measures nor inflammatory speeches will do any good. At any rate we believe that the immediate and total extinction of the red and the black grouse in these valleys would not enable the farmer to increase his flock by a couple of hoggets or a single ewe in the year.

Readers of Sir John Kaye's Indian biographies will not forget that Malcolm, one of the most eminent of a departed generation of Politicals, was born and bred at Burnfoot, a picturesque spot on the banks of the Esk, where his forefathers are said to have found

shelter after the troubles of 1715. This family contributed no less than three valuable members to the service of the State. The career of the most eminent is commemorated by a pillar which, from a hill high above Langholm, attracts the eye of passengers along the Waverley Route. To another, a distinguished naval officer, his countrymen have erected a statue in the market-place of the same town, "plain for all folk to see." Sir John Kaye dwells with just pride on some festivities which were held on the spot to greet the return of those three youths who had gone out unknown, and had returned as the three Knights of Liddesdale. But another spot, ten miles higher up the valley than Burnfoot, is known as having witnessed, not the birth of administrators or admirals, but the death of a humbler person, whom any one of them might have been proud to claim as a compatriot. We may be allowed to reproduce the incident in the language of Macaulay. The historian is writing of Claverhouse and the persecution of the Covenanters in 1685:—

While this was done in Clydesdale, an act not less horrible was perpetrated in Eskdale. One of the prosecuted Covenanters, overcome by sickness, had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there. The corpse was discovered by the Laird of Westerhall. . . . This man pulled down the house of the poor woman, carried away her furniture, and leaving her and her younger children to wander in the fields, dragged her son Andrew, who was still a lad, before Claverhouse, who happened to be marching through that part of the country. Claverhouse was just then strangely lenient. Some thought that he had not been quite himself since the death of the Christian carrier, ten days before. But Westerhall was eager to signalize his loyalty, and extorted a sullen consent. The guns were loaded, and the youth was told to pull his bonnet over his face. He refused, and stood confronting his murderers with the Bible in his hand. "I can look you in the face," he said; "I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book?" He fell dead, and was buried on the moor.

There is a local tradition that this ill-fated young man was taken at Waterhead, some four miles off, near the source, not of the Esk, but of the Dryffe, one of the tributaries of the Annan, and that he was brought across the moor to a spot which is just opposite what is now the fourteenth milestone from Langholm. Not twenty years after his murder, in an age of law and toleration, a tomb was built over the remains by the pious care of friends, and texts and uncouth rhymes were added to mark the place, which, like other graves of the Covenanters in the south-west of Scotland, is known, even on maps, as "the martyr's tomb." We subjoin a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of the inscription, which it is no credulity to think that young John Malcolm may have read in his boyhood, and which must have been cleaned and renovated by the chisel of Old Mortality, who himself is buried in a churchyard not many miles distant:—

Here lyes Andr Hislop
martyr shot dead upon
this place by Sir James
Johnston of Westerhall
and John Graham of C
laverhouse for adheri
ng to the word of God
Christs Kingly govern
ment in his house and
yo covenanted work of
reformation agst tyran
ny perjury and prelacy
May 12th 1685 re^{ed} 12. "halt p
assenger one word wi
th thee or two—why I ly
here wouldst thou tru
ly know . by wicked han
ds cruel & unj
ust without all law
my life from me they
thrust . & being dead
they left me on this s
pot . & for burial this
same place I got . tru
th's friends in Es
kdale now triumph
then let . viz the faith
ful for my seal that
got . 1702.

The reference in the thirteenth line, as interpreted to us by an intelligent callant, is to the 12th chapter of the Revelations. In the detestation of perjury and prelacy we seem to have a glimpse of Drumclog and Bothwell Brigg, and a whiff of the sermon of Ephraim MacBriar, or perhaps even to catch the tones of David Deans denouncing Erastians and Socinians, and testifying against right-handed defections and left-handed fallings off. There are men still living who remember to have heard the late Dr. Candlish, some thirty years ago, deliver on this very spot, to an unbuzzed and reverent congregation, what we may be quite sure was a forcible and appropriate address. With this we close our notice of the neglected Esk Valley. Though the West-country Whigs were not untruthfully delineated in the History of Macaulay and the novels of Scott as a class distinguished for a rigid adherence to forms, an inflexible obstinacy, a narrowness of vision, and a high spiritual pride, there can be no question that they could exhibit at a crisis some of the most sterling qualities of the Scottish character, and that, when confronted with the rack of the executioner, or, like this dauntless lad Hislop, with the loaded muskets of the Life Guards, they wanted neither the Christian's constancy nor the martyr's heart.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT HOME.

THE summer is over and gone, and tourists have resumed their London plumage, and have settled down for another season. The Alps and the Rhine have sent home the travellers that were on them; the tide of invasion has been rolled back from Ireland; the Sassenach no longer infests the Highlands; innkeepers have filled their pockets, and are about to take measures for their annual hibernation. Englishmen have returned from Iceland and Sweden, from the Yosemite Valley and the Falls of Niagara, from "Jerusalem and Madagascar"; Bond Street once more echoes with the tread of boots still ruddy from the old red sandstone or damp with the rains of Killarney; country coachmen impede the traffic of Piccadilly, and rows of City clerks smoke along the roof of the early omnibus. The learned Societies have begun their winter session, the Clubs are full, the Antiquaries have moved into their new quarters, the Institute and the Association have commenced their monthly meetings. Fresh from the vales of Yorkshire and the downs of the West country, they have come back with new experiences, new members, and old controversies and anxieties.

The vacation with its Congresses has not been barren. For though it is a question how many of the archæologists who followed Mr. Sharpe round his full half-dozen of Cistercian abbeys have acquired any very definite ideas about the rule of St. Bernard, there can be no doubt some good work was done in the North. The charming antiquaries who tripped so lightly through the *Domus Conversorum*, and talked so glibly of the refectory and the triforium, have perhaps profited far enough to be able to detail at balls and parties their share in scaling dizzy heights and in descending to darksome vaults; they may still laugh over the dear funny old faces they saw, and the long words they learned to pronounce. They may even have found the pattern for a new polonaise in some recumbent elligy, and boast for years of the *laco* they have copied from an illuminated book or a family portrait. The tender solicitude awakened by the perilous ascent of some footless newel, the polite assistance of a manly arm, the timely display of a shapely ankle, may lead in the far future to consequences the most serious for our brother and sister archæologists. Ruined abbeys lend themselves readily to the requirements of lovers, and Norman keeps are trustworthy witnesses of quiet flirtations. It is true such pastimes can hardly be called archæological; but a time will come, in the course of centuries, when the antiquaries of the future will dig up the records of old lovers and read dry papers on the social usages of the nineteenth century. As yet they hardly illustrate even the poetical aspects of the subject, but such episodes interfere very little with the more serious employments of a day's excursion. They add, for some, to its enjoyment, and it is but once or twice in a long year that amusement and instruction can be so well combined. Much that is misnamed archæology is in reality only the worship of aristocracy under a deceptive form; the toady and his patron meet in pleasant places; and perhaps a hundred people come together that half a dozen may study the arts of the middle ages or dig out the bones of a Roman warrior. If the young people are amused and the old people are not starved, if luncheons are judiciously alternated with "sections," and evening meetings with afternoon tea, nobody not actually misanthropic need grumble extremely. Sometimes, it is true, there is too much of the feast and too little of the fray, too many hospitable receptions and too few papers; but all the members of any society, however limited, are not equally enthusiastic. The after-luncheon speech of one investigator must be set against the long-drawn paper of another; the officers of the army must not march faster than the common soldiers; and the rank and file of an Archæological Institute or an Antiquarian Society must be tempted rather than driven to take an interest in British field-works and prehistoric cromlechs. Archæologists are no worse off in this respect than the promoters of other learned societies, and the objections of grumblers are almost as much to be silenced by the fulness of the money-chest as by the actual amount of work accomplished. Clergymen and statesmen, engineers and naturalists, must all wait for those that lag behind. The past season was particularly suited for enjoyment. The weather favoured the excursions; some good work was done both at Ripon and at Bristol, and neither Society had a right to complain of any want of interest or any lack of subscriptions.

But now that November and the humdrum stage of home life has been reached, it is time to inquire what are the prospects of the coming session. There is something rather disheartening in the sight of a dozen elderly gentlemen and half a dozen ladies sitting in the dim twilight of an autumn afternoon, while the chairman appeals in vain to any gentleman to "make a few remarks," and the frequent yawn goes round; it is melancholy to see the good accord which exists on subjects which formerly always caused a discussion, and to know that nothing will disturb the peaceful calm that breathes around, that no heterodoxy on Saxon architecture or Roman inscriptions can rouse a fierce tumultuous passion in the antiquarian bosom; that a controversy has no charms for the degenerate archæologist of the present; that upon the fields where twenty years ago and less such stirring conflicts took place the millennium seems to have dawned; the lion lies down with the lamb, and Mr. Parker slumbers peacefully beside Mr. Freeman.

It is a long time since any contest, however moderate, disturbed the peace of either the Archæological Institute or the Associa-

tion. But it is in controversy that the truth can best be ascertained. The shock of contending intellects strikes out sparks of electrical light. Unfortunately our greatest archaeologists have become too wise. There cannot be any longer the slightest cause to call in question a decision of Mr. Clark on military architecture, or of Mr. Fortnum on dactylology, or of Mr. Morgan on horology. They are always right, and no one in his senses will think of differing with them. Sectarian questions are rightly avoided, though one of the last disputes of any vigour was conducted four years ago as to a point of mediæval ritual. The harmony that prevails amounts to monotony. The managers of both Societies have so carefully steered past rocks of offence that few causes of quarrel exist and none can be called up. If they have not exactly made a wilderness and called it peace, they have at least, in the thirty years or more of each Society's existence, settled so many abstruse questions that it seems almost as if nothing were left to be conquered. If this could for a moment be accepted as the truth, the reason for their existence would appear to have ceased. If there is nothing left for archaeologists to argue about, why should they be at the trouble of meeting? But no one acquainted with the facts of the case can accept this conclusion for a moment. Some of the best informed antiquaries will support a theory that archaeology is only in its infancy, and that the thirty years of labour have only cleared the way for serious and productive work. Nor have we the slightest intention of complaining that disputes are avoided. To carry on the business of a great debating society—which after all the Institute is, and the Association also—is not a very easy task, and the cultivation of amity is a very desirable object. Besides, it is hardly to be expected that the older members are to trail a figurative coat-tail through every meeting, or that a learned man can make a feint of ignorance in order to draw out other learned men's opinions. This would be carrying the argument a little too far. But something might be done to encourage controversy, and, without any evil intent, to stir up strife. The younger members of an antiquarian body should be enticed to take part in the proceedings. The papers to be read should, if possible, contain queries, and a discussion on every paper should be organized beforehand, the speakers' names be before the chairman, and, as far as it may be practicable, some division of opinion indicated. A new life would thus be given to the monthly meetings, a greater interest to the audience, and a stronger attraction to the enterprising and the active-minded. The meetings of the Architectural Institute are lively enough. There is no want of warmth in their debates. Perhaps sometimes a little of it might with advantage be spared to the archaeologists. Both Societies might profit by the interchange.

One scheme has been of late put forward in a private and hesitating manner. No attempt has been made to give it shape. But there has been a whisper heard that the hour has arrived when the differences of a quarter of a century should cease, and the sheep which still wander from the fold should return. The questions which divided men's minds twenty-five years ago have long been sent to rest. The lapse of years has tamed many a fiery spirit. Many a warm heart has ceased to beat. A reunion would be pleasant to those who remember the great days of old. It could not be distasteful to the young. And it would have the double advantage of promoting peace and ensuring controversy. The entrance of new blood would quicken the circulation; and while at present differences of opinion are unnoticed, and often unknown, they would then be brought into prominence, and the heat of debate once more warm the cold air of the monthly meetings. Could the rival Societies meet next year at Canterbury, where they met together before a divorced existence of so many years, a lasting union might perhaps be effected, and new vigour be given to the archaeological constitution. There are great difficulties in the way of any such arrangement. Some of them may appear, some of them may actually be, insuperable. But the subject is one well worth considering, and we trust the signs are not deceptive that it will be considered.

But, as we have already said, what is chiefly wanted by both Societies is a fresh supply of energy and life. The annual meetings, in which local and particular influences work, are almost uniformly successful. There is seldom any want of warmth or any dulness in the country congresses. Exeter and Sheffield, Ripon and Bristol, were stirred to the core at the prospect of the visit with which each of these cities was awakened up in the course of the past two years. But at the home assemblies during the winter and spring there is always a need of some stimulating power. There is always a sameness, a sleepiness, a harmony foreign to anything like enthusiastic work. No strong views are expressed, no startling theories are published. An outsider might imagine that no one present had any real interest in the proceedings; the attendance dwindles to forty or fifty at most where hundreds ought to come; and even a good stand-up fight will hardly suffice to arouse the members to any keen sense of the situation. One cannot help wishing for a little more manifestation of even erroneous opinion, a little more obstinacy and a little less authority. The spirit that ostracized Aristides, the opposition which excites to emulation, are needed to urge on the modest and the diffident. There is no lack of industry. The journals give ample evidence of inquiry, and of accurate investigation. But of controversy there is none, and the meetings are wholly devoid of debate. A country squire asked one of his farmers how he liked the new parson's sermons. "They be too mild," was the reply; "they do want a

little more of Sattan to be put into they"; and something of the same kind may be said with truth of the archaeological meetings of the present day.

AOSTA.

THE cities named after the first Augustus rival in their number those named after the Macedonian Alexander. Some indeed of the many cities which bore the name of Augusta were actually named in the time and in the honour of later Emperors: still it is the title and tradition of him who was Augustus before and above all others which is in a manner carried on even in those later Augustæ of which he was not the immediate founder. But from most of the cities which bore the Imperial title that title has utterly vanished, or has survived in a strange and corrupted form. It needs some effort to believe that there was, as Ammianus bears witness, a time when the name of London was remembered only as the former name of the Augusta on the Thames. In Augsburg we can still see the traces of the Imperial title; but it is only the Italian tongue which still allows its full measure of syllables to Augusta Vindelicorum. In Augustodunum the title itself was but an element in the name, and it has left traces, though but feeble traces, in the name of Autun. It is yet less obvious at first sight that two Imperial titles lie hidden in the name of one of the most renowned of Spanish cities, and that Zaragoza in all its spellings is only a corruption of Cæsar-Augusta. But some of the Augustæ have not kept even such signs of their origin as this. From Augusta Taminorum and the more renowned Augusta Treverorum all traces of the name have vanished; indeed Augusta must have been from the beginning little more than an official name of the city of the Treveri. But there is another Augusta, perhaps of less renown in history, certainly of less account in the present state of things, to which the Imperial name still cleaves with only a slight phonetic change. Deep in its Alpine valley, by the side of its rushing rivers, still girded by its Roman walls, still entered by its Roman gates, the fortress by which the first Augustus sought to secure Rome and Italy from the untameable barbarians of its north-western corner still stands, and, as it has a right to do, still keeps its Imperial title. Augusta Prætoria, Augusta Salassorum, has handsly changed its name by passing into Aosta, birthplace of Anselm.

The Salasian, like the Treveran, Augusta has a mythical founder, at whose bidding the city arose at an age long before Romulus had scarped down the sides of the Palatine hill. But the legend which sprang up by the Dora is less well conceived than the legend which sprang up by the Mosel. There is something bold, at any rate, in the notion of Trier being founded by Trebetas the son of Nimus; but we do not exactly see why an unknown Cordelus should have founded an unknown Cordelia on or near the site of Aosta. The only question which such a story awakens is whether the name comes anyhow from the same mint, whatever that mint may be, as the famous daughter of Lear. But, leaving fables of this kind, the true history of the valley of Aosta is one of those pieces of history of out-of-the-way parts of the world which sometimes show how a lasting historical character may cleave to a particular district through all ages. One of the first things which catch the eye of the traveller is the fact that in Aosta and the coasts thereof things are no longer written up in Italian, but in French. French, in short, is the received tongue of the district. No doubt, if one came to examine the real speech of the people, it would prove to be, not French but Provençal, not the tongue of *oil*, but the tongue of *oc*; but at any rate it is not the tongue of *si*. French is the speech of literature and society at Aosta, so far as literature and society can be said to exist there. And literature is at least represented by a little history of the district, written in the French tongue in 1839 by M. Orsières, a canon of the church of Aosta, which was all the help that was lately to be found there by the historical inquirer, and of which we may say that the feeblest help is better than no help at all. There is said to be a newer and larger book, but it is also said to be out of print, a fact which at least speaks well for the spirit of reading in the valley. Now this use of French—at least of *Gal-Welsh*, as distinguished from *Rum*—in the city and vale of Aosta is no mere accident, but the very essence of Aostan history. The district is, and always has been, a piece of Gaul on the Italian side of the Alps. That it was so in the days of Augustus is the cause that the vale was ever honoured by the presence of an Augusta. After Cisalpine Gaul was held to have become Italy, after Transalpine Gaul had become a province of Rome, the unconquerable inhabitants of this Alpine corner still maintained a practical independence. The Salassi had, like other people, received defeats from the Roman arms; but they had also inflicted defeats in their turn, and their final conquest was looked on as one of the most memorable events of the reign of the second Cæsar. The tribe was held to have been utterly rooted out by the arms of his general Varro; those who escaped the sword were sold as slaves; the land was parted out among Roman soldiers, and the camp of Varro grew into the city of Augusta Prætoria, Augusta Salassorum. Still, though its old defenders were swept away, the land did not lose its character as an outpost of Gaul within the bounds of Italy. When lands were shifting to and fro at the time of the Wandering of the Nations, and again when they were doing the like after the break-up of the Carolingian Empire, the vale of Aosta often changed masters, but it always showed a tendency to attach itself

to the master of Burgundy rather than to the master of Italy. It formed a part of several of the many Burgundian kingdoms, and, whenever it was separated for a while, it seems always to have found its way back to the Burgundian connexion. It belongs in fact to the same group of lands as Maurienne, Vaud, Bresse, the Lower Wallis, and the other dominions of the House of Savoy. Under the rulers of that house Aosta was raised to the rank of an Imperial Duchy, and it still gives the ducal title to one of its princes. Since the first rise of the Savoyard power in the eleventh century, Aosta has always been a cherished possession of the dynasty, and it still remains the last fragment of their great Burgundian dominion on both sides of the Alps, on both sides of the Lemnan Lake. Perhaps it was only ignorance of its peculiar history which saved the vale of Aosta from the fate of Savoy and Nizza.

We thus see why a tongue which is roughly called French is the tongue of the vale of Aosta. The land is one whose allegiance was due, not to the crown of Monza, but to the crown of Arles. Augusta Salassorum came within the archchancellorship of the Primate of Augusta Treverorum. And what is true of language is equally true of architecture. There is not a trace of Italian work in the buildings of Aosta, save only the towers with open arcades at the top which are seen in some of the greater houses. Otherwise every feature is Burgundian. The doors and windows of houses and churches are such as are nowhere seen in Italy, but such as may be found anywhere from Dijon to Constanze. Indeed to an eye long accustomed to Italian forms it is a relief to see real mullions and mouldings. The traveller who knows not, or who has forgotten, the special history of the district says at once, This is Burgundy and not Italy. And he finds that the witness of history and language only confirms the witness which he draws at first sight from the buildings of the unsavoury suburb which lies between the arch of Augustus and the Prætorian gate.

At Aosta it is the Roman remains which have the first claim on our attention. Their extent and the importance of some of them are wonderful. The Prætorian Gate of Aosta cannot compare—it never can have compared—with the Black Gate of Trier; but its wide arches, with a smaller one on each side, are still grand in their half-ruined state, and the remains of the marble casing and ornaments show that it was a work rich in detail as well as stately in composition. But at Aosta, before we reach the gate, we pass under the triumphal arch of the founder, reminding one somewhat of Rimini, though at Rimini there are real columns, while at Aosta there are only half-columns clinging to the wall, and, oddly enough, these Corinthian half-columns support Doric triglyphs. There is no reason in the eternal fitness of things why they should not, and there is nothing at all displeasing to the eye in the arrangement; but we fancy that the sight would put a classical architect into the same state of mind as a herald who should see colour put upon colour. The street between the arch and the gate partly bears the name of St. Anselm, and partly the evidently ancient name of *La Cité*. But why is the city outside the gate? The cathedral church too is within the Roman walls, though the collegiate church of St. Ursè stands without them. The walls themselves, enclosing, as usual, a square space, are, as regards their extent, wonderfully perfect, and they have had the great good luck to keep several of the square Roman towers nearly untouched, though some of them have been seized on by mediæval builders, and turned into fortresses of their own pattern. But the walls have suffered greatly in another way through the very excellence of their workmanship. Brick, such as we see at Rome and at Trier, is unknown in the Roman buildings of Aosta; and especially that form of Roman masonry to which we are most accustomed in Britain, the alternate courses of brick and stone at York and Lincoln and Anderida, was not known till long after what at Aosta is doubly the Augustan age. The walls of Aosta were cased throughout with squared stones, and, as always happens, these have for the most part been picked away. Beside the arch, the gate, the walls, and their towers, there is also a fine Roman fragment, which the modern Augustans stoutly maintain to be an amphitheatre; but, seeing that the wall is straight and that it is within the Roman city, those who know what an amphitheatre was must pronounce it to be the straight side of a theatre. There are also some vaults under one of the canons' gardens, and out of the town, beyond the arch, is a Roman bridge of a single arch of massive stones. Altogether the city of the Salassi is, as far as the remains of Imperial days go, no unworthy rival to the city of the Trovers. Aosta has no one object of such surpassing grandeur; the arch of Augustus cannot dare to match itself with *Porta Nigra*; but, as a whole, as an example of the fortification of a Roman town, it is far better preserved than Trier.

The mediæval antiquities of Aosta consist chiefly of the churches and their contents. We have said that the domestic work is of strictly Burgundian character; but there is nothing that can be called street architecture. And the military works of mediæval times consist only of the few round towers added to the Roman walls, picturesque, but nothing more. The churches are chiefly remarkable for their towers of the Primitive Romanesque pattern, a pattern which is Italian in the sense in which all Primitive Romanesque is Italian, but which is not more Italian at Aosta than it is at Cambridge, at St. Aventin, or at St. Maurice. It is said that in the tenth century the effects of war and pestilence had made Aosta almost forsaken, and that the city began to revive early in the eleventh. One can have little doubt in assigning to this date the twin towers of the cathedral church of Aosta, the minister of St. Gratian and St. Jocundus. They must

have been new when Anselm was born beneath their shadow. The northern tower is untouched, a magnificent example of the stern grandeur of this early style, which in England we see only in smaller and ruder examples. Of the southern tower the upper part must have been rebuilt at the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, but with a certain adaptation to the earlier work, the midwall shaft being still used. The towers flank the apse, but so great is the width of the church between them that they hardly seem to belong to the same building. The church itself is plain and much disfigured, but its massive square piers are most likely original. On its north side is an apsidal chapel of the fourteenth century which would look quite in place either in Germany or in England, and a cloister, bearing date 1636, of debased style certainly, but which might well have passed for a century older. The choir has a splendid mosaic pavement of about the fourteenth century and a noble set of stalls; below it is a Romanesque crypt in which classical capitals have been used up again. The treasury has also shrines and vestments to show and a consular diptych of the time of Honorius. The other great church of St. Ursè beyond the walls has a detached tower of the same class as those of St. Gratian, but at once plainer and more artistically designed, probably a little later in date. The smaller churches of the city, not remarkable for much else, supply several towers of the same general type. But St. Ursè has also, like the cathedral, a fine set of stalls, and it has moreover a Romanesque cloister of singular beauty and curiosity. The whole history of Jacob and Esau, with other Scriptural and legendary scenes, is carved on the capitals. The sculpture is of course rude, but it is not lacking in spirit, and the artist's attempts to represent camels are curious enough.

We need hardly say that the mountain views in the valley of Aosta, the valley of the rushing Dora and of its no less fast rushing tributary the Buthier, are glorious beyond words. And the city itself, with its towers—their low spires showing in the distance—is no contemptible addition to the general landscape. And we may stop to think how that valley, which nature might seem to have made so inaccessible, has been in all ages a high way of armies. We will not take on ourselves to settle where Hannibal did cross the Alps; it is the fixed belief of Aosta that he passed by the place where Aosta was to be. It is more certain that a crowd of later warriors, down to the elder Buonapartes, have marched along the same track. His career might have been ended hard by Aosta, had an Austrian officer, whose prisoner he was for a moment, only been a little quicker. The remembrance of so famous a visitor is preserved in the name of the *Rue du Premier Consul*, which name no one at Aosta has been silly enough to change into anything else. And, while we think of conquerors, we may think also of holier names, of Bernard of Menthon, of our own Anselm. When we have seen his birthplace, we better understand the statement of his biographer, at first so puzzling, that to him, a stranger in Italy, the heat of that land was oppressive. The only drawback to Aosta is the filth of the place and the wretched look of the dwarfed, diseased, and cretinized inhabitants—strange descendants whether of Salassi, Prætorians, or Burgundians. But fresh air and more of real comfort than in many grander places may be had at the little *Hôtel du Mont Blanc* just outside the town. Nine hours and more of diligence from Ivrea—a distance which an English coach would have done in four—is really no heavy price for a visit to such a place.

HERRING-FISHING.

EIGHT hundred millions of herrings are a handsome return for a single season's fishing, and account for the very thriving condition of some rising fishing places on the north-eastern coast of Scotland. According to the writer of the report in the *Times*, this is likely to be the total of the take, and we may perhaps trust his present estimates on the strength of his former accurate calculations. To a great many frugal and industrious Scotchmen the herring fishing is the great business of the year, though it only lasts through the spring and summer. Nor is it only the seafaring population strictly so called that make their profit by it. No doubt it is the natives of the fishing villages and seaboard towns who provide the boats and chiefly man the herring fleets; but they are largely reinforced by volunteers from the inland districts who never come within sight of the ocean for the greater part of the year. Towards the middle of the spring, when the herring shoals may be supposed to be setting in towards our shores, many a Highlander is making ready for a start from his shieling in the mountains. Should you chance to be in the Highlands then, which of course is highly improbable, you may see the weather-beaten mountaineers tramping towards the coast by pairs or in knots, looking by no means nautical and scarcely even amphibious. They wear thick tweed shooting-coats instead of pea-jackets of shaggy pilot cloth, and if they carry sou'-westers by way of headgear, their limbs often terminate in shooting-gaiters. They go on in faith and good heart, and with pretty solid reason, for, if they have not arranged for a positive engagement, they have old standing connexions at the port they are bound for. They look enough of landmen to make it likely that they will have to chance sea-sickness among the other hardships that await them on the deep; but for that the mountain-dew is understood to be a marvellous specific, and they are well insured to stormy weather, and have had sufficient experience in

the way of exposure to the elements. They will be returning homeward by the same road a little before the time when sportsmen betake themselves to their shooting-boxes. Then they will shake down into the places for which their birth and education have apparently fitted them. They will swell those forces of watchers on the moors which have been put upon a peace footing during the close season; and they will be willing enough to impart their maritime experiences when trudging behind you with the game-bag or carrying your spare rifle.

As for the fishing places themselves, towards the beginning or middle of May they are all in a bustle. Boats that have been laid up high and dry through the winter months are being dragged down towards the water-mark for the spring overhauling. Seams are paid, spars spliced and looked to, hulls touched up with tar and paint, very much less for show than service. The ropes are closely inspected, for on their soundness and strength may depend the landing some miraculous haul of fishes, or the safety of the valuable fishing gear in the event of rough weather. As for the tarred nets, the whole beach is covered with them far and wide, as well as all the slopes of the "bents" or low sand hills. Herrings are in every one's mouth—metaphorically, for necessarily there is a deal of speculation in the business. Though the arrival of the shoals may be looked for pretty confidently, the fish are capricious at the best of times, and may for no particular reason desert the places that are generally favourites with them. They may swim high or low in the water, and the weather may be rough and unpropitious, as it was off a few of the stations this year. Then herrings in one respect are like hops or grapes. A very abundant harvest by no means implies as a matter of course proportionate profits. The market may be overstocked, especially if some of the most remunerative outlets are stopped. Most of the cured herrings go to the North German and Baltic ports, to be consumed by German peasants and emancipated Russian serfs. This year half a million of barrels are said to have been shipped for those destinations already, and during the Franco-German war the partial French blockade laid pretty nearly an embargo on the German consignments. In any case, when you have caught your fish you have to dispose of them by contract to the curer. The wholesale prices depend on competition or combination among the dealers, and on a variety of circumstances beyond the fisherman's control. So that speculation is kept up through the whole of the season, and from the first day to the last a canny population may be fluctuating between the extremes of hope and despondency.

Few sights are more animated than those to be witnessed in a fishing town when the advent of the season's shoals is expected or announced. We may imagine ourselves transported to Fraserburgh or Peterhead, for Aberdeenshire is now the great headquarters of the Scotch herring fishery. The borough of Fraserburgh may be said to have been made by it, while Peterhead has been committed to it more and more since whaling and sealing have been done chiefly from Dundee. The *Times* tells us that forty miles of seaboard in Aberdeenshire send out no fewer than one thousand nine hundred boats, of which over eight hundred hail from Fraserburgh alone. These boats are, we believe, owned for the most part by fishing families of comparatively small means, and the crews are paid in the main according to the results they obtain. Generally the fleet puts to sea of an afternoon. The narrow, rough-paved streets that lead to the quays and piers are crowded with groups of men and lads all heading in the same direction. All of them carry boxes containing their provisions for the cruise; the nets and boat stores have of course been put on board before. It need not be said that all the women of the place are out and vociferous. Boat after boat takes its hands on board and gets under way. The best man of the partnership is told off for the command, and places himself at the tiller, though very possibly he may have the smallest share in the venture. As many hundreds may be going to sea, and the start is pretty nearly simultaneous, it may be conceived that there is a deal of inevitable confusion. On the whole the men are very good-humoured, and most of them may be presumed to be pious, yet there is plenty of strong language, to say the least of it, as the craft go swaying about and crashing against each other. One by one they are towed out from the outer or inner harbours to the pier-heads, the women and girls, the hobbledelays, and harbour lingers-on generally contributing their strength to the different tow-ropes in a motley partnership. Once clear of the piers, out go the sweeps, or the sails are hoisted, according to the set of the wind and the state of the weather; and a very pretty sight it is of a bright summer afternoon to see the brown sails glancing between the blue sea and sky, as the boats are bobbing and dancing on their tacks towards the distant horizon. This jovial start of a fine afternoon is the bright side of the herring-fishers' life. Though we may follow them in fancy, we should be sorry to be with them in the flesh through the long, slow watches of chilly nights, or the more cheerless hours of raw and foggy mornings. Good fortune will reconcile them to a great deal, but occasionally they must draw the waters again and again blank, or nearly so; or, more trying still to envious human nature, their comrades may be hauling in the herrings hand over hand, while they can only show a beggarly account of empty bottoms. The fishing, too, is carried on off one of the most perilous coasts in the world. The North Sea is particularly stormy, and Eastern Scotland is famous, or infamous, for the want of safe harbours of refuge. With a violent gale blowing on to land, there is no safety on those granite-bound coasts, and the stretches of low sand, with the shifting currents that run round them like mill-races,

are to the full as treacherous. When a gale blows up suddenly there is nothing for it but literally to "cut and run"; the ropes that secure the nets are severed, and the frail boat may have to leave behind the lights of the town it belongs to, and run for the doubtful shelter of some distant frith. In wild weather families are left for days in anguish and suspense, listening to the sinister howling of the storm, and only certain that some time must elapse before they can learn the best or the worst. There have been sudden and violent gales in recent seasons after which scores of boats have been reported missing, and as the crews are sometimes made up by families, a single wreck may desolate a household. Even in this year, profitable as it promises to be, there have been an unusual number of casualties, although happily there has been no sweeping destruction.

When the fleet comes back with its silvery prizes the sconce in the fishing town are to the full as animated as at the start. Then is the time for the women to bestir themselves, and every able-bodied woman in the place is out and about and earning wages when the men are in their houses enjoying repose. The fish that have been caught are turned over to the curers. Strings of bare-legged ladies go struggling along under weighty baskets. The broad open spaces on the quays are railed off into temporary yards, where the herrings are being split and cleaned and stowed away in the barrels between layers of salt. It needs all the freshness of the breezes from the sea to temper the characteristic fragrance of the local industry. The place and its purlieus all smell fishy and briny. You pick your steps between topping piles of barrels, with the brown brine oozing through the seams and draining into the interstices among the paving-stones. If brine is as bracing in its properties as is believed, one can understand how the women show so vigorous in their bony *physique*, for they and their garments are steeped and saturated in salt. When such masses of herrings are in course of curing, it may be understood that there must be quantities of garbage. You see the troops of "lean dogs gorging themselves over their carnival," and the gluttonous seagulls swarming and screaming over the harbour have naturally a very joyous time of it. But, in spite of all that these volunteer scavengers can do, there is a great surplus of unsavoury refuse that seems to flow on into the town, choking the gutters and impregnating the air to the uttermost back streets. Healthy the people are, it may be presumed; the very children grow wonderfully ruddy on a liberal fish diet and in their fishy atmosphere. But assuredly these lively fishing boroughs smell anything but agreeable to the inquisitive stranger who has been tempted to visit them in the curing season. It will be seen that the life of the herring-fisher is one of hardship, and the risks he must face are very serious. But then there is no calling without its drawbacks. On the whole, the men thrive and enjoy their existence, and if the sea does take toll of them occasionally, still the aggregate of mortality is much lower than in many other comparatively safe trades, such as that of the mason. The herring-fishing keeps flourishing populations in comfort, besides making the difference between ease and penury to many a struggling family in the Highlands who would otherwise find it difficult to make the two ends meet. Moreover, it is an excellent nursery for bold seamen, so that there is good reason for the country to congratulate itself that it seems to be in such a thriving way.

AUSTRALIAN MEAT.

IT is many years since a protest was raised against the exclusive devotion of the newspapers to the balls and banquets of wealthy and fashionable life:—

Rise, honest Muse, to Hackney roam,
And sing of Mrs. Dobbs at home.

In the spirit of an equality and fraternity more frequently preached than practised, we invite readers to turn for a moment from the banquet at Guildhall and attend to what we have to say about a "repast" of Australian meat at the Lambeth Baths in Westminster Bridge Road. Mr. Tallerman, the enterprising importer of what he calls "these meats," has organized a series of meetings and eatings at which selected guests are invited at once to refresh their bodies and enlarge their minds by dining on Australian beef and mutton, and hearing Mr. Tallerman and others discourse upon the economical advantages of that proceeding. It may perhaps occur to the critical observer that the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," has gone out of date, and we should be disposed, without special reference to Australian products, to think it has. Some merit and a good deal of advertising, direct or indirect, seem to be the conditions of success in modern life. We do not therefore consider that any presumption against Australian meat is furnished by the fact that much effort is needed to induce people to consume it. There is indeed a preliminary difficulty something like that which occurred to the celebrated Mrs. Glasse. An ordinary family, with a tin of Australian meat before them, would be almost as hopeless of food as if they had a barrel of oysters and neither knives nor skill to use them. They might indeed breach the case with a poker and dig out the contents with a spoon, but the meat thus treated would certainly not be nice to look at. The top ought properly to be removed with an instrument made on purpose, and usually kept in the shops where the meat is sold; and then, if a small hole is punched in the bottom, and the tin turned upside down on a dish, the contents may, by blowing through the hole, be easily discharged without impairing

the cylindrical shape given by the tin. If the meat is to be eaten cold, the first-condition of making it acceptable is to turn it out neatly and carve it properly. As to ways of warming the meat no experience was afforded by this "repast," because the meat was all served cold exactly as it emerged from the tins. We may venture to say, however, that this is the great difficulty of Mr. Tallerman's case. He describes a method of warming the meat with vegetables, by which wholesome and nutritious food may be produced. He can hardly be wrong in saying that the fat and jelly found in the tin represent the virtue which has been extracted from the meat, and it would seem to follow that this virtue may be transferred to the vegetables. But the meat is already so much cooked that any attempt to cook it more is apt to reduce it to a stringy substance which is not very nice nor likely to be particularly nourishing. It may be that the prejudices of Englishmen in favour of solid meat not overdressed will yield to education. But at present this prejudice exists, and in the class of servants is almost unconquerable. If a housemaid had a pain in her little finger a week after dining on Australian meat, she would lay the blame on Mr. Tallerman. The importers may, however, fairly say that they do not address themselves primarily to the class that can or will provide itself with ordinary butcher's meat, but to the numerous classes that cannot. Cobbett was never weary of expatiating on the misery of a people that existed on potatoes, and we cannot doubt that he would have considered it a great alleviation of this misery to stew one pound of Australian meat with four pounds of potatoes, as recommended by Mr. Tallerman. The English agricultural labourer is rather better off now, but twenty years ago he got very little meat of any kind, and what he did get was usually bacon, and it must surely be an advantage to substitute fresh meat sometimes for salted. We must not, however, make the mistake of comparing the Australian meat at 8d. per lb., with beef and mutton of the highest butcher's price. There are usually in large towns shops where meat can be bought at a lower price. But the advantage of the tinned meat is that it may be kept at any grocer's shop, whereas a cheap butcher, if he exists at all, may be two or three miles from the consumer. There is also the sea-going population, which on long voyages has hitherto necessarily subsisted on salt meat, and to them it can be hardly doubted that the tinned meat affords a pleasant and healthful change of diet.

It may not be irrelevant to the subject of food supply to mention that, at the last Quarter Sessions for a county adjoining London, an applicant for a licence for slaughtering horses was asked by a magistrate what he did with the carcasses, and he answered that they were made into sausages. The consumption of sausages in London must be enormous, and they are doubtless favoured by the working-class because they can be readily cooked. In this respect they compare advantageously with Australian meat; but, on the other hand, it may not be unimportant to observe that they are largely horsey, whereas the Australian meat is undeniable beef and mutton of good quality. On this last point prejudice exists which the "dinners and exhibitions" got up by Mr. Tallerman ought to dissipate. Everybody cannot be expected to applaud a dinner or supper chiefly composed of cold beef or mutton, bread, and tea, and it may be suspected that the guests at Mr. Tallerman's upper table did not enjoy their next day's dinner the less because it included hot meat, perhaps game, beer, and wine. But they delivered general and emphatic testimony to the good quality of the provisions placed before them, and it may be added that there is every probability that the quality would be good. As regards the "mutton hams honey-cured," the prevailing opinion seemed to be that English taste required to be further educated to appreciate them. The statement of Mr. Tallerman's bill of fare that these hams are "a delicious breakfast relish" is not perhaps inconsistent with the fact that they appeared to many persons decidedly disagreeable at dinner; but we are inclined to attribute to enthusiasm his assertion that they are "equal to prime small York hams." It might be fairly urged by Mr. Tallerman that a first tasting is no trial. Germany can produce several dishes for which the English taste requires education, and it might be remarked that probably nobody ever liked his first cigar. But, putting the mutton hams aside, there were six preparations of beef and mutton of which approval was general and decided. There was perhaps some little difficulty in making out which was beef and which was mutton, and probably a cold boiled neck of English mutton would convey a tolerably correct idea of the whole "repast." It may be admitted that cold mutton, although wholesome and nutritious, is not provocative of enthusiasm. Indeed Cobbett, so far as we are aware, is the only writer who has had the manliness to confess a liking for it. Speakers at these "repasts," imitating Mr. Disraeli at the Mansion House and other practised orators, prefer sound to sense, and they find that a little tall talk about "the reciprocity which brings the superfluous plenty of Australia to the scarcity of England" is received as an agreeable change after Mr. Tallerman's practical directions for the serving of "these meats." But, after all, it is a cold-mutton question, and the attempt of a speaker to compare it with the Corn-law question was ludicrously inappropriate. We never heard that Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright had any difficulty in persuading working-men to eat bread made of foreign wheat, whereas undoubtedly strong prejudice exists both in the lower and middle classes against Australian meat; and it is right to say that, as regards quality, that prejudice is unfounded. In the early days of the "movement," as the newspapers call it, much inferior meat

was sold as Australian, which the colonists assert was grown in England. But now the genuine article may be bought at almost every grocer's shop, and as the breed of cattle is good and the pasture is good, the meat cannot well help being of uniformly good quality. The best safeguard against adulteration of any kind is that it does not pay, and one cannot easily conjecture what the Australians could send instead of the beef and mutton which feed upon their plains. It is, however, possible to have too much of a good thing, and most persons would be satisfied with eating beef without desiring to drink it at the same "repast." Tastes, however, are so various that perhaps the plan of handing round beef-tea in jugs and pouring it into cups may have admirers. The bulk of the company certainly preferred ordinary tea, which is so largely consumed in Australia as to have a certain harmony with the special character of the "repast." There was also a considerable supply of Australian jams, made from apricot, peach, and quince, but we are not aware that in this article Australia claims any great superiority over Europe and America. We believe that she does stand before South America in the quality of her pasture, and if a method could be invented of preserving beef and mutton without cooking it quite so much, her graziers would make incalculable fortunes.

A speaker at this week's "repast" distinguished the upper and middle classes from his own working class by the circumstance that the former have always "something in the house," whereas the working-man sends to a shop for the material of every meal. This speaker seemed to expect that by the use of tins this feature of social inequality might be obliterated. It would appear, indeed, from the catalogues of the provision shops, that fish, flesh, game, vegetables, and fruit can all be supplied in tins; and we begin to anticipate that the geologist of the remote future may be puzzled to account for the empty-tin formation of our time, which he will recognize as contemporaneous with, but much more widely diffused than, the broken-bottle stratum of the High Alps. But if all our provisions are to be put into tins, it becomes important to learn how to get them out, and perhaps the instrument which Mr. Tallerman uses for that purpose will become as thoroughly domesticated in England as the corkscrew. We must confess, however, to a serious doubt whether these tinned provisions will ever be regarded as more than a tolerable substitute for butcher's meat. A member of Parliament invited to preside at a "repast" at the Lambeth Baths goes, and endeavours with reasonable success to look as if he liked it. He may perhaps honestly think that he is advancing a good cause, for which it is laudable to suffer a little not very severe martyrdom. To use a familiar phrase, it is all in the day's work. But it is difficult to believe that genuine enthusiasm could be excited by "these meats." Dickens, as we all remember, could write with enthusiasm about a pie, or a stew, but he was never called upon to deal with tinned provisions. The working class are laudably regular in observing Sunday, at least in respect of having a better dinner than on any other day. It would be absurd to suppose that those noble pies which may be seen returning home from bakeries about the time that morning-church comes out contain Australian meat, which is also quite unsuitable to enter into that arrangement of meat, potatoes, and pudding which is, we believe, called "a tond in a hole." In short, "these meats" are unsuitable for festive purposes, and suggest rather a hugger-mugger, hand-to-mouth, all-work-and-no-play sort of existence, which may be endured, but in which only a peculiarly constituted mind could rejoice.

THE MIDLAND MYSTERY.

IT is now several weeks since the Directors of the Midland Railway Company first announced certain changes in the working of their passenger traffic. The subject has been fully discussed, official and semi-official explanations have been given, and yet at the end of a month we are all in the dark as to what it is exactly that the Midland Company means to do. Whether the Directors of the Midland themselves know may perhaps be doubted. Their original programme has already been altered, and there are still several important points which are shrouded in an obscurity that would seem to be intentional. In the first instance it was stated that "return tickets at reduced fares" would be discontinued. Last week, however, the Chairman intimated that "an additional convenience to the public which the change will enable Companies to introduce is the issue of return tickets of both classes, without restriction as to the date of the return journey." Most persons accepted this statement without hesitation in its natural and obvious meaning. "Return ticket" is a technical term in common use which everybody understands. It does not mean merely a ticket for a double journey, but further implies, in accordance with invariable custom, that the price of this double ticket is less than the price of two single tickets. It was therefore assumed that the Midland Directors had on reflection abandoned their original intention of discontinuing return tickets, and that these tickets would be issued as hitherto at reduced fares. It now appears that this is not the case, and that when Mr. Ellis spoke of return tickets being issued, he used the phrase in an entirely new sense. This confession was extracted from him only by the direct questioning of Mr. Baines. Mr. Ellis is now obliged to admit that "it is intended to continue the issue of return

tickets to the first class, and also to issue them to third-class passengers, but at the double fare." In other words, passengers are to have the inestimable privilege of paying the Midland Company in advance for the ticket for a return journey without receiving any advantage in a reduction of price. This will relieve a passenger from the trouble of having to pay a second visit to the ticket-office; but, on the other hand, he exposes himself to the risk of losing the ticket and having to pay over again. Mr. Ellis will perhaps have something to say at the meeting of the Company on Tuesday next in explanation of this apparent want of candour. It must be remembered that this is really an important point as regards the new scale of fares. It has been represented that the accommodation for second-class passengers is to be improved without any additional charge; but it is clear that if return tickets at reduced fares are to be discontinued, this will at once make a sensible addition to the cost of travelling. For instance, the second-class fare from London to Birmingham is at present 15s., and this will continue to be the fare when first and second class are amalgamated. But the passenger having done his business in Birmingham wants to go home again. Under the new system he must pay exactly the same fare to go back as that which he paid in coming, making the cost of the double journey 30s. Under the existing system, however, he can go and come for 25s., by taking a return ticket. It is plain, therefore, that second-class passengers are to be made to pay for the cushions and carpets which are thrust upon them without being asked for. On the other hand, the first-class passengers, whose accommodation is to be reduced and degraded, and who, instead of travelling at ease, are to be packed as closely as possible, will be compensated only by a very trifling reduction of fare. A first-class return ticket to Birmingham, which now costs 33s. 6d., will under the new arrangement be 30s.

It will be observed that this grand scheme, as far as we know it, proves, when subjected to analysis, something very different from what was at first put forth. It was represented as a boon to first-class travellers in the shape of greatly reduced fares, and to second-class travellers in the shape of superior accommodation. It now appears that there will be an actual increase of second-class fares, and that the reduction of first-class fares will be infinitesimal in comparison with the discomfort which will accompany it. If the third-class return tickets at reduced rates which are at present issued between various places on the Midland line are also withdrawn and double fares charged, the third-class people, too, will suffer in pocket. When the new first-class carriages of the Pullman type are to be provided, and what fares will be charged for them, nobody knows. For the present they can only be regarded as a dream of the future. On the whole, then, this scheme, which was to be such an advantage to the public, turns out to be only a pretext for raising second-class, and perhaps in some cases third-class, fares, while an attempt is to be made to drive first-class passengers into a more expensive style of travelling. It is amusing to observe the elaborate statistics which are produced in order to prove that first-class passengers will not be incommoded by having the whole of the second-class traffic thrust in among them, and further that trains will be made shorter by transferring passengers who now sit in compartments which hold five on each side into compartments which hold only three on each side, and by adding huge Pullman cars as a substitute for the present first-class carriages. It is clear that either there will be more crowding, or the trains will be longer than at present. It is unnecessary to speculate on the possible or probable financial results of an experiment the conditions of which are not fully known, and which may perhaps never be tried. The Midland Company may or may not gain by the project, but it is at least absurd to represent it as a benefit for which the public should be grateful. It has been from the first almost universally condemned, and the disapprobation expressed at the recent meeting of shareholders merely repeats the general verdict of the public. Nobody will deny that the Midland Company has a perfect right to make such arrangements, within the limits of its Acts of Parliament, as it thinks best for its own interest, without reference to the effect of such arrangements on other Companies; but the wisdom of attempting to exercise such a right is another question. There is now so much intercommunication between railways that no Company can practically afford to consider only its own immediate convenience, and ignore the convenience of other Companies. It has been found, for example, impossible to have differences of fares on competing lines, and uniformity of accommodation is equally necessary. Possibly, however, it may turn out that, after all, the Midland Directors have had no other object in their threatened changes than that which Alcibiades is supposed to have had when he cut off his dog's tail—to make talk and occupy attention. The extended system of the Midland will soon be ready to be opened, and the present stir may perhaps prove a useful advertisement.

COMMON SENSE AND FANATICISM.

THE Alliance on the one hand, and the Licensed Victuallers on the other, seem to be making a satisfactory campaign. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been speaking this week at Bristol and Sheffield, and he is not in the least discouraged at hearing from Mr. Bright that the prohibitionists have displayed a remarkable absence of wisdom in their proceedings, or at being told by the Solicitor-General that the same party are visionaries and fanatics.

Indeed it might be fairly said that the Alliance owes much of its success to the quality thus imputed to it. Sir Wilfrid Lawson will bring forward his favourite Bill next Session, and whatever happens, he and his friends will find encouragement to bring it forward again in the Session after next. The pleasures of hope are largely enjoyed by the Alliance, but the pleasures of memory would seem to belong chiefly to the publicans, who are able at their festive meetings to exult in the success with which they have thus far combined against powerful and zealous opposition.

Among statesmen who have had the sense and courage to maintain sound principles of legislation an honourable place belongs to Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who some time ago defeated a Bill for closing public-houses on Sunday. This result he attained by proposing and carrying in a Committee of the House of Commons a Report by which the mischief of the Bill was forcibly exhibited. It is not surprising that the publicans should regard Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen as their friend, and he with commendable boldness accepts and acts up to the character. He presided lately at a dinner given to Mr. George Candelet, the Secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League, and he made a speech which, being suitable for the occasion, was directly antagonistic to the recent speeches of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It appears that the trade have subscribed for a testimonial to Mr. Candelet, who for a long period has exerted himself to defend its interests, knowing well that behind that trade, and under cover of the abuse with which it has been freely assailed, there was something else attacked, and that was the interest of the public. This is the language, slightly abridged, which Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen used as chairman of a festive assembly largely composed of brewers and publicans, and it deserves to be heard by a larger audience. We have heard, he says, a great deal of very just and wise talk about drunkenness being the cause of a great deal of the crime which is perpetrated in this country, and no one denies it. But it is unfortunate that we have a number of zealous people who, when they see an object to be attained, rush frantically at it without particularly considering the methods which they take to accomplish it. Having established the fact that drunkenness is an evil, and ought as much as possible to be put down, a number of zealous gentlemen immediately rush to the conclusion that houses in which spirituous liquors are sold are public nuisances, and that licensed victuallers are public enemies. "That," says Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, "is a matter which we believe to arise from sheer prejudice." He asks, why do public-houses exist, and why has £17,000,000 been invested in this trade, and the answer is, because there exists a public want which must and will be supplied. It must have been delightful to publicans to hear the trade thus vigorously defended, and we think it a pity that such sensible remarks should not be circulated beyond the taproom. In the Report which destroyed the Bill for Sunday closing occur the words "Your Committee are of opinion that the safe limit of restrictive legislation has been reached." The author of these words may venture to quote them, not only in an assembly of well-lined publicans, but wherever an enlarged view of public interest may prevail. It is true that restrictive legislation has been carried further since that time, but it is also true that there is a limit which could not be safely passed. As regards Mr. Candelet, the hero of the evening, we may accept the assurance of those best qualified to judge that the testimonial which he received was well deserved. He assured the publicans that he was ready to defend their capital and interests in the future as in the past. "We must not," he said, "underrate the strength of our enemies. They are a determined class of people, and are led on by a certain number of zealous members of Parliament, who patronize and encourage them." The Chairman did full justice to the services of Mr. Candelet to the trade, not the least of which, in our judgment, is the inducement which his conduct of the publicans' case has afforded to Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen to support it. The Chairman of course declared that he would not have supported the interest of the trade if he had not thought it identical with the interest of the public. "He believed that legislation which aimed at sending men to bed at a particular hour, or prescribed that they should only drink a glass of wine at a particular time, was an outrage upon public liberty." It was partly to proclaim this conviction that he took the chair. Speaking of the inequalities produced by the clause in the late Act as to "populous places," he said that the time must come when common sense would be the rule of legislation in these cases.

The importance of such a speech on such an occasion is considerable. The late Government was so dominated by a fanatical clique that we are glad to find one member of it who professes to take great principles for his guide. It would be well if those politicians of either party who agree with Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen on this question would imitate his boldness in dealing with it. Truth is not less true because it is spoken to an audience of brewers and publicans after dinner. The influence which the trade exercised on the last election may perhaps be better understood by reading the speeches from which we have quoted. Sensible men may be supposed to have felt that which the chairman said, and we do not think they will feel it less after reading the recent speeches of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He frankly declares that he is against spirits, beer, and wine alike. He would even prohibit the thin claret which we owe to Mr. Gladstone, and he thinks that refreshment-houses and grocers' licences are more mischievous than ordinary public-houses. He

has discovered a new argument for prohibition in the frequency of violent assaults, and he has also produced a new witness of the operation of the Maine Liquor Law. The Bishop of Lichfield is reported to have said that he had just come from travelling in the State of Maine, and "appearances there were very much in favour of the Maine Liquor Law." But appearances are sometimes deceptive, and all depends on how far the Bishop carried his investigation. There is unquestionable evidence that travellers who desire liquor can procure it, and we do not suppose that the Bishop of Lichfield alleges the contrary. But if the law be systematically evaded, that is a moral evil. We have enough shams of our own, and do not need to import another from America. "The people, badly educated, and unable to resist the craving of their appetite," of whom Sir Wilfrid Lawson speaks, might perhaps, if he went too far, proclaim their discontent so forcibly as to show him that the safe limit of legislation had been reached and passed. He neatly epitomized the argument against his own Bill by saying that he had been told that where people are sober they do not want his Bill, and where they are drunken they won't have it. This he says is a total misconception of the whole matter. But to us it appears an accurate statement of the case. He complains that in a thriving and industrious neighbourhood the publicans flock like vultures round a carcase, and move heaven and earth to get a licence from the magistrates. The speaker here gives rein to his imagination. Undoubtedly where a number of new houses are built it is usual to apply to magistrates for a licence to a public-house to supply what is called at Licensing Sessions "the wants of the neighbourhood." The publican is as inevitable as the butcher and the baker, and unless the whole population of a new town or hamlet are abstainers, he must be so. Applicants for licences, whether or not resembling vultures, do not usually appear in flocks, but of course there is competition in this as in other trades. It is strange that Sir Wilfrid Lawson cannot see in the process to which he refers the condemnation of his Bill. A railway station or some other cause induces building on a new site, and it is as much a matter of course to provide a public-house as a post-office. Suppose that only a quarter of the inhabitants use this accommodation, still they have a right to have it. Magistrates inquire how many people the place contains, and how far it is from an existing public-house, and decide to grant or refuse the licence. They do not usually grant so many licences as that it should be plainly impossible for the holders of them to make an honest living. On the other hand, they do not often carry restriction so far as to create a valuable monopoly in existing houses. Bishops and other possessors of good intentions and unpractical minds are always ready with proposals to limit the number of public-houses, but they do not remember that it would be impossible to limit their size or the extent of their business. There are some advantages in division and competition in this as in other trades. The question has, however, been settled for the present as far as Parliament is concerned, and perhaps the example of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen may induce other persons of influence to make a stand against fanatical absurdity, and to insist that the safe limit of restrictive legislation shall not be passed.

REVIEWS.

GREVILLE'S JOURNAL.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. GREVILLE'S facilities for acquiring political information are illustrated by his account of the change of Ministry in November 1834. It was his duty to attend as Clerk of the Council at St. James's when the King delivered the seals of office to the Duke of Wellington. The Conservative Privy Councillors were in an outer room when Lord Melbourne and his colleagues passed out of the throne-room after completing their formal surrender of office. "It was amusing to watch them as they passed through the camp of their enemies, and to see their different greetings and bows; all interchanged some slight courtesy except Brougham, who stalked through looking as black as thunder, and took no notice of anybody." When a change of Government occurred in one of the duchies of which the history is recorded by Shakespeare, the neutral philosopher of the lately exiled Court immediately resorted to the outgoing potentate, in the belief that there would be much to hear and learn from him. Mr. Greville was of a different way of thinking. "As I thought the company of those who were coming in would be more cheerful and agreeable than that of those who were going out, I passed my time in the outer room, and had a good deal of conversation with the Duke and Lyndhurst." A writer of Memoirs is fortunate in the opportunity of choosing between the confidential communications of the leaders of opposite parties. Two years earlier Mr. Greville's peculiar position had for a time converted him into an active politician, somewhat to the detriment of his proper function of contemporary historian. In 1832, when it was certain that the Reform Bill in its second version would pass the House of Commons by a large majority, Mr. Greville was employed in a secret negotiation between the moderate section of the Cabinet and the more prudent Conser-

vative peers who, under the guidance of Lord Harrowby and Lord Wharnclyffe, hoped, by assenting to the principle of the Bill, both to be enabled to modify its details and to avoid the threatened creation of peers. It is well known that the more important objects were attained, although, after the resignation of the Ministers and their return to office, the Bill was passed almost without alteration. It was fortunate that the so-called Waverers gave the Government a small majority on the second reading. Lord Grey and his colleagues failed to arrive at an understanding through Mr. Greville as to the changes which his Conservative principals were anxious to effect. His own feeling with regard to the Reform Bill had from the first been one of disapproval and alarm; but as the agitation in the country became more formidable, the obstinate resistance of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel caused him deeper apprehension than the measure itself. One of his numerous comments on the Bill, written when it was first produced, displays remarkable sagacity. "If a vast difference is not made, and if the Bill shall still leave to property and personal influence any great extent of power, the Tory party, which is sure to be revived, will in all probability be too strong for the Reforming Whigs." Ten years afterwards, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, the Whig party was for a time almost destroyed. During the negotiation with the Waverers, Lord Melbourne told Mr. Greville that he really believed there was no strong feeling in the country for the Bill; but he asked "what difficulty the Waverers could have in swallowing the rest after they have given up the rotten boroughs?" That is in fact the essential part of the Bill, and the truth is, I do not see how the Government is to be carried on without them. Some means may be found; a remedy may possibly present itself, and it may work in practice better than we now know of; but I am not aware of any, and I do not see how any Government can be carried on when these are swept away." Mr. Greville was naturally shocked with Lord Melbourne's apparent levity and characteristic candour. The inconsistency of his conduct with his language is partially explained by his later statement in a conversation at Holland House, that he had always foreseen that none but a sweeping Reform Bill was possible; and that for that reason he had always been opposed to Reform. The same practical indifference to apparent contradictions is amusingly illustrated in a trifling matter of business with which he happened to deal as Home Secretary. Edward Irving had applied to him to withdraw a prohibition against his preaching in the streets. The Divine command, as the eloquent preacher urged, was express—"Go into the highways"; and "they must obey God rather than man." "Melbourne said this was all very true, and unanswerable. 'What did you answer?' I said, 'I said, "You must not preach there."'" It is greatly to be regretted that the humorous wisdom of the Minister who was distinguished from all contemporary statesmen by a touch of genius should only be preserved in a few casual fragments.

During the Reform contest, and in the following years, Mr. Greville speaks of Sir Robert Peel with a curious mixture of censure and praise. It is by no means certain that Peel formed an erroneous judgment, either in his own interest or for the public good, when he steadily refused to assent to a measure which he soon found that it was impossible to defeat. Mr. Greville and Sir Robert Peel himself always retained the conviction that he might have easily procured the rejection of the Reform Bill if he had risen immediately after Lord John Russell's opening statement, and demanded a division. He was induced by Lord Granville Somerset to postpone the announcement of his opinion; and before the debate was over the agitation had become so formidable that it would have been impossible for the Ministers themselves to withdraw the Bill without a previous dissolution. It is impossible to judge whether it would have been better to postpone for a time the admission into the Government of democratic influences which have since been inevitably increased. The opposition which was offered to the Reform Bill by the first member of the House of Commons, and by the first member of the House of Lords, held the violent faction in check, and prevented the utter disorganization of the party which then assumed the name of Conservative. Mr. Greville judged correctly that it was impossible that the resistance should prevail; and Peel and even Wellington probably shared his views. His impatience with an opposition which might, as he thought, provoke popular irritation was explained by his right. When the struggle had reached its next stage he began to appreciate more justly the character and position of the Conservative leader. Mr. Greville was perhaps too severe on Lord Althorp, and he scarcely did full justice to some of his principal colleagues. While he admired Mr. Stanley's eloquence and vigour, he soon satisfied himself that he was an orator and debater rather than a statesman. At first grudgingly, and then without reserve or qualification, he records again and again his sense of Peel's unequalled ability and of his great position. "Peel is an enviable position; in the prime of life, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, unshackled by party connexions and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with (on the whole) a very high character, free from the cares of business, able to devote himself to literature, politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. No matter how unruly the House, how impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect." No other leader of the House of Commons has at any time exercised so undisputed a superiority. As it was said at the time, Pitt had his Fox, and Canning his Brougham, but Peel had

* A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV. By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq. Edited by Henry Reeve. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

at that time neither an equal nor a second. A later generation has witnessed now for twenty years an equally balanced struggle between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. It may be added that great power was never placed in the hands of any statesman who used it with a more genuine patriotism than that of Peel. To the great and rising capacity of Palmerston Mr. Greville was, during Lord Grey's Administration, curiously obtuse. He even quotes with a kind of credulous sympathy the abuse of the Foreign Minister by the adverse diplomatists who were held in check by his vigilance and resolution. Princess Lieven assured Mr. Greville that Palmerston was mischievous, and Talleyrand more audaciously denounced him as imbecile. Mr. Greville, who at the age of forty was not a novice in society or in politics, might have suspected that neither the confidential agent of Russia nor the Ambassador of Louis Philippe would have felt insuperable objection to the tenure of the English Foreign Office by an incapable trifle. Some years afterwards Mr. Greville learned on good authority that, at the same time at which Talleyrand told Princess Lieven that Palmerston was an incapable trifle, he assured a confidential correspondent that in all Lord Grey's Cabinet Palmerston was the only statesman. Mr. Greville's judgment of Lord Durham was more accurate because it was derived from his colleagues. Although Lord Durham at that time hoped sometimes to take the place of Palmerston, and in more sanguine moments to become Prime Minister, it appears that his only hold on office was derived from the effect of his overbearing temper on the kindly nature of his father-in-law, Lord Grey. Even at Cabinet meetings Lord Durham was in the habit of giving way to bursts of passion which his colleagues would have resented if they had not been borne with patient equanimity by the Prime Minister. Mr. Greville himself states that his bad opinion of Brougham may probably have been aggravated by personal causes of offence, which he has not further specified. His accounts of Brougham's restless intrigues, of his judicial failings, and of the distrust which he inspired may be accepted as correct because they are confirmed by all contemporary records. After the resignation of Lord Grey, Brougham was rash enough to boast to Lord Sefton that he rejoiced in the change, because he could manage Melbourne better than Grey. Soon afterwards Mr. Greville remarks with some surprise that Lord Melbourne thoroughly understands Lord Brougham; and his discovery was confirmed when in the following year Lord Melbourne closed the official life of the great orator by refusing to admit him into the Cabinet.

Although Mr. Greville continued his intimacy with the Whig leaders, and after an interval of coolness again resorted habitually to Holland House, his own predilections became more and more Conservative as to persons, if not as to measures. He blamed the Opposition for defeating the Appropriation Clause, which might perhaps, if it had been adopted, have saved the residue of the Irish Church property. Mr. Greville's growing distrust of the Whig Ministers was caused by the language of their supporters, and sometimes of themselves, rather than by their political or legislative acts. It is strange in the present day to be reminded that in the reign of William IV., powerful nobles like Lord Althorp, the Duke of Devonshire, or the Duke of Bedford, could be described even in exaggerated phrase as Republicans. Lord Duncannon, during the short interval between two Administrations in which he was a Cabinet Minister, intimated to Mr. Greville that, if the Monarchy was destroyed, the King must take the consequences of his own folly. The most exclusive of aristocratic parties was scarcely conscious that its own power and privileges were more seriously endangered than the prerogative of the Crown. The not ungenerous illusion which had been cultivated by the Whig aristocracy from the days of the Stuarts has at last been dissipated by experience. While it lasted it was of great public benefit by facilitating the vertical cleavage of parties of which the divisions now more and more tend to coincide with social stratification. In seasons of agitation, the alliance of mildly revolutionary peers was at the same time an encouragement to demagogues and a restraint on their excesses.

On the dismissal by William IV. of Lord Melbourne's Government, Mr. Greville departed in some degree from his ordinary position of neutrality. He wrote an anonymous pamphlet in favour of the new Government, and he introduced Lord Lyndhurst to Mr. Barnes, the Editor of the *Times*, with a view to negotiations for a political alliance between that powerful journal and the Government. About the same time, at the request of Lord Lyndhurst, he recommended to his cousin Lord George Bentinck, who had the means of returning a member for King's Lynn, "young Disraeli"; but Lord George, who was at that time one of the few followers of Lord Stanley, "would have nothing to say to Disraeli." A dozen years were yet to elapse before Mr. Disraeli converted Lord George Bentinck into a statesman, becoming himself his indispensable lieutenant and his destined successor. A second period elapsed before Lord Derby depended on the Parliamentary management and the political inspiration of the rejected candidate for Lynn. Mr. Greville blamed Sir Robert Peel for entrusting the office of Secretary of the Board of Control to Sydney Herbert, an inexperienced young man of quality, when he might have preferred Mr. Gladstone, who was, as Mr. Greville justly remarks, "a clever man." Mr. Reeve properly calls attention to Peel's solicitude and sound judgment in selecting and training young aspirants to a political career. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sydney Herbert, Lord Cardwell, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, and the Duke of Newcastle, were all pupils of the great

Minister who had first discerned their merits. Mr. Greville failed at the time to appreciate the result of the election which followed the Ministerial crisis of 1834. The Opposition boasted that they had a majority of 100 in the boroughs; but the counties, which in 1831 and 1832 had enthusiastically supported the Reform Bill, now returned to their natural preference for Conservative principles. On the strictly party division on the choice of a Speaker, Mr. Abercromby defeated Sir O. Manners Sutton only by 316 to 306. Mr. Greville was indignant at the factious opposition, as he deemed it, of the Whigs, and he was alarmed at finding the Government in a minority. Sir Robert Peel, with a sounder and calmer judgment, told him that the country was on its legs again, and in answer to an expression of surprise and incredulity he repeated, "Yes, the country is on its legs." The ex-Ministers often avowed to Mr. Greville in conversation their resolution to punish the King for the supposed abuse of his prerogative by forcing themselves back into office. When they sometimes admitted that they had no definite policy nor distinct anticipation of the future, Mr. Greville severely blamed their inveterate hostility to Peel, since they recognized his ability and found little fault with his measures. It is probable that his Whig friends were well aware of his Conservative inclinations; and that they were not disposed to submit their opinions and purposes to unfriendly criticism. Sir Robert Peel was perfectly justified in holding that the Conservative cause, which he identified with the country, was again on its legs. During Lord Melbourne's second Administration the Government was powerless for evil, although, with the aid or connivance of the leader of the Opposition, it passed the Municipal Reform Bill and other useful measures. It would have been more difficult for Peel to induce his followers to consent to the introduction of Government measures involving necessary changes than to prevent them from offering an active resistance to Whig proposals. The party lost little by the resignation of Sir Robert Peel's Government after his gallant struggle with superior forces. He had in a few months reduced the hostile majority to twenty or thirty votes; and he had convinced the entire nation that he was the ablest statesman and the most enlightened administrator of the time. The completion of the necessary coalition with Stanley and Graham was more easily effected in Opposition than when Peel and Wellington were the immediate successors of the Government of which Lord Stanley had been a conspicuous member. After 1835 Mr. Greville could no longer suspect that Sir Robert Peel would be overruled by the Duke of Wellington, or doubt that he would direct the policy of the party in Government or in Opposition. The disruption of 1846, which was the greatest blow ever inflicted on the Conservatives, would have been avoided if to his great qualities Peel had added the invaluable faculty of tact and personal management. The unpublished portion of the Memoirs will probably enable posterity to form a fuller judgment of the conduct of all parties at the time when Lord John Russell coalesced with Lord George Bentinck to drive from power the chosen enemy of one and the political competitor of the other. The pretext was the Irish Coercion Bill, on which both Lord John Russell and Lord George Bentinck agreed with the Minister whom they outvoted; but the cause was the repeal of the Corn-laws, of which Lord John Russell only was a supporter. An earlier part of the Journal will record the employment of Mr. Greville by Lord Melbourne to supply Sir Robert Peel on his accession to office in 1841 with confidential information which might facilitate his relations with the Court. Mr. Reeve has probably exercised a sound discretion in postponing for a time, which, it may be feared, will be long, the publication of the later part of the Memoirs. He is fortunate in the merited confidence which has enabled him to produce in the present instalment of the Memoirs one of the most valuable publications of the time.

ISMAILIA.*

THE two handsome volumes before us, profusely illustrated with the most thrilling pictures of adventures with hippopotami and battles with natives, contain the record of more than three years' operations by Sir Samuel Baker and his followers in the basin of the Upper Nile. The book is not uninteresting as a record of travel. Sir Samuel Baker, as we all know, is a man of extraordinary strength and courage, and he can tell a story of adventure in a plain, straightforward style, without unnecessary circumlocution, and without any attempt at fine writing. If we can scarcely give him credit for unusual literary power, we may fairly say that his books are much more readable than the average descriptions of African travel. In his present book, however, the traveller is but a secondary character. The book should rather be compared to Caesar's Commentaries or the Wellington Despatches. It is the account by the commander himself of a military expedition; and though Sir Samuel's enemies were savages, and the victories were necessarily of a simple kind, the fighting is sufficiently exciting; and one part of the story strongly recalls the march to Coomassie, with the exception that it deals with a retreat instead of an advance. And yet the book is perhaps less interesting as a military narrative than from the light which it throws upon the condition of a part of Central Africa which has long possessed a peculiar interest, and which is now being gradually annexed to the civilized world. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, civilization,

* *Ismailia*. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

as Hosea Biglow expresses it, gets forward "upon a powder-cart," or, in other words, the natives are being improved at the point of the bayonet. There is frequently a difficulty in such cases in distinguishing as clearly as might be wished between civilization and extermination. In this instance, however, there is at least no change for the worse. The scene of Sir S. Baker's operations was not in any idyllic state of nature to begin with. Commerce is in a very active state, but unluckily the natives are themselves the articles of export as well as the exporters. Bands of slave-traders fight their way in every direction; kill the men, carry off the women and children and cattle; and, if they pay for ivory at all, pay for it in the slaves or cattle stolen from some neighbouring tribe. In the chaotic state of the country the tribes alternately become the victims and the allies of the slave-hunters; and as their operations gradually extend further, the area of murder and misery spreads with them. To put a stop to such a state of things was an object which might well justify Sir Samuel Baker's aspirations for divine protection at starting, and his gratitude to divine assistance on the final attainment of some measure of success.

And yet it is painfully obvious that there are many drawbacks from any sanguine estimate of the results obtained. In the first place, the Egyptian Government, whilst it empowered Sir Samuel to suppress the slave-trade, was at the same time indirectly drawing a revenue from the slave-traders. The country which he has annexed was farmed out to slave-traders previously to its annexation. The man most responsible for all the evils of the system was, according to Sir Samuel, a certain Abou Saoud. This man, we are told, farmed the right of slave-hunting from the Soudan Government; he was protected more or less directly by all the minor Egyptian officials, and he had sympathizers even among Sir Samuel's own subordinates. Whilst Sir Samuel was the representative of the supreme authority, he was not only met at every step by the machinations of the superior officials, banded together in a tacit conspiracy to support the very system which he was to suppress, but Abou Saoud actually prompted direct attacks upon the troops of the Government, which were sometimes made by natives at his instigation, and in one case by men directly under his command. Thus, whilst the Government ostensibly attacked the slave-trade, its officers and those whom they protected were at actual war with the assailant of the slave-trade. Abou Saoud appealed to the Khedive, and he has been appointed assistant to Colonel Gordon, Sir Samuel's successor. It remains to be seen whether, as Sir Samuel seems to think, this means that the slave-trade will be protected, or whether it is an application of the old principle—sanctioned, as we may observe, by Sir Samuel's own practice—of setting a thief to catch a thief. Sir Samuel formed a body of irregular troops from Abou Saoud's subordinates, and perhaps it may answer to enlist Abou Saoud himself. This, however, is a question which we cannot discuss. We must add, in the second place, that Sir Samuel was forced by his position to employ methods of warfare which must have been rather confusing to the native mind. If everywhere, it is true, sets his face against slavery, but he had to appeal to the natives, not as an abolitionist, for the institution is rooted in their whole national customs, but as the liberator of the slaves of one particular tribe. Their version of the Commandment, as he pithily puts it, is not "Thou shalt not steal," but "Thou shalt not steal from me," which is a very different thing. And thus he was compelled, by the force of circumstances, to be the ally of one tribe against another, and to confiscate cattle and land, from the best of motives, but still in the old style; and it is not impossible that some at least of the natives may have seen in him, not an exterminator of certain social evils, but one more force in the general scramble for power. Let us, however, give a brief summary of Sir Samuel's proceedings as related by himself.

Many months of the year 1870 were wasted in a vain attempt to force the obstructions in the river. Vast masses of floating vegetation had choked the stream and converted it into a mere series of morasses, where the current was nearly lost, and where a passage had to be forced by cutting canals and hauling the fleet over mud. In December, however, he started again, and after tremendous exertions he at last escaped by the help of a dam built across the river, which raised the level at a critical point sufficiently to make a passage practicable, and he reached Gondokoro in the middle of April 1871. The rest of the year was passed in forming a station called Ismailia, and in a war with the Bari tribes, of which we shall speak directly. In the beginning of 1872 he started for the South, and at the end of April reached Masindi, the capital of the Unyoro country, governed by one Kabba Réga. This was annexed by proclamation; but Kabba Réga, instigated by the arch-sinner Abou Saoud, made a treacherous attack upon Sir Samuel's settlement, which, although repulsed with great loss to the natives, necessitated a retreat to the station of Fasiako, formerly Abou Saoud's headquarters, and halfway between Masindi and Gondokoro. Here Sir Samuel erected another fort and governed the country peacefully for some months, after repelling an attack from the slave-traders. His allies meanwhile attacked Kabba Réga, and turned him out of his kingdom. Having thus annexed the Unyoro district, and cleared it for the time from slave-traders, Sir Samuel returned to Gondokoro or Ismailia in the beginning of 1873, and, his period of rule having expired, came home to England. His army at one time amounted to about one thousand five hundred men, many of whom were useless and disaffected; but desertions, disease, and the necessity of leaving garrisons behind him, reduced his effectives at the furthest point to little over a hundred men. His bodyguard, appropriately

christened the "Forty Thieves," appear to have reached a high state of discipline and decided most of the battles. With such small means he must undoubtedly be admitted to have worked wonders; and though he lost many of his best men, both European and native, his own strength and good fortune brought him safely through all dangers of war and climate. The powers of endurance of himself, of Lady Baker, and of Lieutenant Baker, his able assistant, are indeed worthy of all admiration.

From this brief summary it will be seen that Sir Samuel's military rule was no sinecure. The natives were by no means unanimous in welcoming their deliverer. Indeed there is something almost comic in Sir Samuel's indignation at their stupidity and treachery. The Bari, he tells us, were "most brutal and obdurate savages." The fact is that they could not understand Sir Samuel's arguments. When he reached Gondokoro the Bari had been driven out of their lands by another tribe, in vengeance for their complicity with the slave-hunters. Sir Samuel annexed the pastures thus deserted, which, as he puts it, "having been abandoned by them and occupied by the Government troops, had naturally become the property of the Khedive. The natives had no more right to the soil from which they had been driven than the French would have to Alsace and Lorraine, should those provinces be occupied by a foreign Power which had driven out the Germans." The obtuse savages, however, obstinately held that the land was still theirs; they impudently drove their cattle to feed upon it, and refused even to sell them to Sir Samuel when his supplies ran short. Of course there could be only one end to such a discussion. Sir Samuel had to take the cattle by force, though he promised to pay for what he ate. Meanwhile, Abou Saoud, that author of all evil, quietly appropriated a herd of cattle belonging to another tribe which was in friendly relations with Sir Samuel, and encamped with them near the station. Sir Samuel righteously appropriated this herd in order to restore them to the first owners. These owners, however, suspected Sir Samuel of complicity in the transaction, and before he could explain his intentions, murdered some soldiers whom he had left in their neighbourhood. After this, of course, it became impossible to restore the cattle, as such a proceeding would have looked like fear. Though in all these proceedings Sir Samuel was acting on the strictest views of international law, we cannot be surprised that the natives were obtuse enough to suspect the benefactor in disguise who had thus annexed their land and taken their cattle in pawn, and that they foolishly attacked his troops and got severely punished in return. After this warning, Sir Samuel still found that he could not get enough corn to feed his troops, and that some of his own officers, who were tired of the expedition, and the slave-hunters with whom they sympathized, calculated upon the want of corn to force him to retreat. As the natives would not sell their corn, he was again compelled to take it, and had a couple of little campaigns which involved a good deal of burning villages and shooting obtuse savages. At length an odd incident brought about a better understanding. Sir Samuel shot two elephants, and the natives, who would not take cattle for corn, immediately made peace to have a share of the elephants. Perhaps the fact that they had been thoroughly defeated by Sir Samuel and his "Forty Thieves" had some share in bringing about the result.

The difficulty with the natives of Unyoro was a still more serious affair. This kingdom, being further from the attacks of the slave-hunters, seems to possess more coherency than the rude aggregations of tribes to the North. His present Majesty, Kabba Réga, is the sixteenth of his dynasty. He is the son of Kamraa, king at the time of Sir Samuel's former visit; and came to the throne with the usual ceremonies. In other words, he murdered his brother and most of his relations, and having thus cleared the succession, paid the usual honour to his father's memory by burying him along with several of his wives, and a number of other living persons, who had been seized for the purpose. This appears to be the regular constitutional custom, and Kabba Réga might have been a happy ruler but for two things. One was the existence of a certain Rionga, a kind of Don Carlos of the district, who held out in a neighbouring province. The other was the company of the slave-dealers, who found an excellent market in Unyoro. It seems that a girl can be bought in the neighbouring country of Uganda for thirteen needles, and exchanged in Unyoro for an elephant's tusk worth 20*l.* or 30*l.* The process was often simplified by kidnapping the girl; and the country had been devastated by the disgraceful oppressions which naturally resulted. Meanwhile, however, Kabba Réga seems to have oscillated between hoping to share the slave-traders' profits and a feeble desire to resist their exactions. They could always keep him quiet by threatening to take the part of the pretender Rionga. When Sir Samuel appeared on the scene, and benevolently annexed Kabba Réga's country, these doubtful allies had to leave the place; but Kabba Réga was not very grateful for the service, and could not understand why Sir Samuel refused to help him in suppressing Rionga. What other motives he may have had for his treachery does not very clearly appear. Perhaps he saw that, as Sir Samuel had a great deal of wealth, very few soldiers, and was at enmity with the slave-traders, the only other power in the country, he could easily be robbed. At any rate, just as Sir Samuel was perfectly confident of his position, Kabba Réga made an attempt, very nearly successful, to poison the whole party, and then attacked the station with some thousands of natives. Sir Samuel lost all that he had brought; and only effected his retreat at the cost of over a fortnight's fighting

through a series of ambuscades. If the natives had shown a little more strategy, and harassed him by night attacks, the weary and overladen party must have been ultimately destroyed. After this retreat the slave-traders attacked Sir Samuel's party, and were defeated in a pitched battle. Rionga, strengthened by the support of Sir Samuel, crushed Kibbi Riga in his turn, and the whole country had peace. For some months, at any rate, there were no slave-hunts in the district, the people gained confidence and paid taxes, and Sir Samuel established forts enough to maintain the authority of Government. Whether the good effects will be permanent, whether such tribes as we have described can be converted into peaceable agriculturists and traders, to say nothing of any higher reform, is a question for the future. Empires which are founded by sheer force may become civilizing agencies when they are consolidated. We fear, however, that it must take some time to extirpate bad habits so deeply rooted as those described in *Ismailia*.

FITZGERALD'S ROMANCE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.*

WE have more than once had occasion to comment upon the custom which has lately threatened to become prevalent of making new books out of old ones—a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. It is true that when copies of old books are exceptionally rare—as Mr. Fitzgerald is careful to say is the case with many—which he has laid under contribution—he who collects their best and most interesting passages and works them into a readable and amusing form may be doing good service. For the accomplishment of this object two things are necessary—a light and skilful hand, and a moderate amount of care. The former of these qualifications is not attainable by everybody; the latter is. When Aladdin, in the story of *Aladdin*, cried “New lamps for old ones!” through the town, it may be supposed that he took pains to give to his wares a brilliancy and polish which should make them attractive, at least upon a first sight.

Mr. Fitzgerald introduces his book with some remarks upon the reasons for the favour which dramatic entertainments have found among all people at all times. Some of these remarks are true enough, but they have been better and more tersely expressed by Shakespeare in the play which is probably last known to every one at the present moment. Other remarks which follow these are not quite so true. The author states that in the theatrical history of other countries—notably, in that of France—there is not the same adventurous interest to be found as in that of England. “With a few exceptions,” he goes on to say, “the lives of foreign players show the regular and perhaps uninteresting progression found in other professions.” It would not be difficult to find many answers to the first of these statements. To take two instances from the theatrical history of France, there is scarcely an incident in the history of the English stage to match the “adventurous interest” of the great Napoleon drawing up, signing, and despatching a list of regulations for the conduct of the *Théâtre Français* just before the attack upon Moscow. Again, there seems a strong element of “adventurous interest” in the performances given by Adrienne Lecouvreur in the camp of Marshal Saxe, and in the unhappy story of the actress's death. As to the author's second statement, it is no doubt true that during the times of which the book treats the lives of foreign have been, as a rule, more regular than those of English players. The reason of this is to be found in the contempt which attached to the actor's profession for a longer period in England than elsewhere; and one would have thought it hardly worth while to call attention to a fact which is certainly not to the honour of England. The players themselves would probably have found a chance of “the regular progression found in other professions” quite as interesting as the band-to-mouth and vagabond existence to which they were condemned. Later on Mr. Fitzgerald thinks that the want of interesting theatrical memoirs in the present day is to be traced to the decay of acting and to the fact that “the actor's life, in proportion as his art has fallen away from the old high ideal, offers nothing striking or genuine.” Whether such a want in fact exists may be questioned, and that the art of acting is in such a lamentable state of decay may be denied. It is no doubt true that those who praise a bygone time have during the past few years had good grounds for drawing unfavourable comparisons between the then condition of the stage and that which they knew in earlier years. It is equally true that a reaction in favour of a high class of plays and players has lately set in. It is curious that Mr. Fitzgerald admits this fact in the very next chapter to that in which he laments the decay of the stage. An outcry over this real or supposed decay has indeed been common enough in the case of every theatre of every nation among those who, witnessing the acting of one generation, remember that of another. That this should be so is only natural. The old playgoer is not sorry to establish a superiority over the young one by virtue of his memory, which probably is kind both to him and to his favourite actors in hiding their defects and exalting their merits. He is glad to accuse the members of a younger generation of a fault which they certainly cannot repudiate, and could hardly have avoided—that of never having seen such or such an actor, who died before they were born. It would

seem that in the matter of acting, as in many others, “man never is, but always has been, blessed.”

The second chapter of Mr. Fitzgerald's book is devoted to an account of the kind of life led by strolling players. Several pages are extracted from nine volumes of *Memoirs* written by one Ryley, a strolling manager, which are said to have become very scarce. If the part which the author has extracted is a fair sample of the whole of the nine volumes, their scarcity has inflicted no great loss upon the public. More amusing is the account given by an actor named Bernard of Manager Penchard, who possessed a full-bottomed wig which Colley Cibber had worn in *The Rags*. He had so great a belief in the virtue of this wig that in it he invariably played Hamlet, Don Felix, Lord Townley, and Zanga. Hamlet in a flaxen wig was at first considered a startling innovation; the vision of Hamlet entering “as if returning from the judicial bench” is indeed portentous. Besides the wig Penchard was much troubled with gout, so that he played Plume, the young hero of *The Recruiting Officer*, with one leg wrapped in flannel and seated in an armchair. Whenever he was supposed to make an entrance or an exit the curtain was lowered while he was wheeled off or on the stage, in order that the illusion might be as little as possible destroyed. The comedy of his performance seems to have depended entirely upon his constantly taking snuff, much as that of some modern comedians does upon their constantly smoking. The chapter which the author has headed “The Old York Theatre” contains some amusing instances of the intense belief in their own particular performers which prevails in country audiences. On one occasion, when reports of Garrick's fame reached Liverpool, much excitement was caused by the doubt as to whether he could be greater than the Liverpool actors. A deputation going up to town on corporation business was desired to examine Garrick's performance and report. On their return the public mind was much relieved by hearing “that Gibson and Ridout were on the whole superior.” Gibson and Ridout, who but for this incident would probably have remained unknown to fame, might congratulate themselves upon finding so much honour in their own country. Frodsham, who was known as “The York Roscius,” also stood very high in the estimation of his townsmen and himself. Tate Wilkinson, the well-known York manager, gives an account of a visit which he paid to Garrick in London. The great actor not unaturally concluded that the country star had come in order to solicit a town engagement, whereas nothing was further than that from Frodsham's thoughts. Garrick's vanity is almost as well known as Goldsmith's, and one can imagine how much high comedy there was in the scene between the two actors, wherein Frodsham coolly criticized the great man's performance, and compared it with his own. Garrick was a little staggered by their first interview, when the country actor spoke with kind discrimination of his Hamlet; but he was yet more so by the second, which followed upon Frodsham's going to see his *Sir John Brute*. When asked for his opinion upon this performance, “It was beyond my comprehension,” replied the York star. “Having seen your play Hamlet first, your *Sir John Brute* exceeded my belief, for I have been told Hamlet, Mr. Garrick, is one of your first characters; but I must say, I flatter myself I play it almost as well; for comedy, my good sir, is your forte. But your *Brute*, de-n-it, Mr. Garrick, your *Brute* was excellence itself!” Later on, when Frodsham had recited Hamlet's first speech, Garrick spoke approvingly of his performance, adding, “In some passages you have acquired tones I do not by any means approve.” Frodsham tartly replied, “Tones, Mr. Garrick! to be sure I have tones, but you are not familiarized to them. I have seen you act twice, Hamlet the first, and I thought you had odd tones, and Mrs. Cibber strange tones; and they were not quite agreeable to me on the first hearing, but I dare say I should soon be reconciled to them.”

Tate Wilkinson, the recorder of this curious scene, was himself the hero of some strange adventures. His own first appearances at York suffered very unfavourably by comparison with the established actors there, whom the townspeople very generally agreed in preferring to “that man from London.” On one occasion a ridiculous account of Major Sturgeon's adventures in Foote's *Mayor of Garratt* was taken as a personal affront by the militia officers quartered in the town. If history is to be believed, the very same absurd incident which Foote had invented for his *Mayor* had occurred to the commanding officer at York only the day before the farce was performed. This looks very like an excuse invented afterwards by the militia officers to palliate in some sort their outrageous conduct. However that may be, the unfortunate comedian was put to some straits to escape the vengeance of a sergeant and five or six soldiers who were waiting outside the theatre after the play with orders to beat him unmercifully and duck him in the river. Wilkinson's progress on the London stage was by no means unattended by difficulties. It would have been wonderful had it been so, considering that his success was based upon the dangerous talent of mimicry. He was unfortunate enough at an early stage of his career to offend Mrs. Woffington, whose continued rancour towards him shows her character in a light far less favourable than that which is cast over it in the comedy of *Masks and Faces*. The young actor had to encounter a great deal of opposition of the same sort from older players whom he had the audacity to mimic; and not his least difficulties in this way were caused by Foote, who introduced him to the London stage; but in the end his talent triumphed, and he became, as the manager of the York Theatre, almost as well known as Garrick himself had been. There are some valuable passages,

* *The Romance of the English Stage*. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

expressed in odd enough English, upon the actor's art in his memoirs, one of which may be quoted:—

There is another (danger) that actors incur, which manifests negligence, and is, as Mr. Garrick told Shuter, not to be too comical. O comical actor! it is a debt and a dangerous debt, not easily forgot or forgiven; for how can the performer think that though perhaps the town last night laughed and gave indulgence, that he is free? so far from it, he has lost the golden ore, their good opinion, and it will take a long time to regain it: for the actor is dreadfully wrong who thinks, because himself and friends laugh at what is termed jokes out of all time, place, and character, it is forgiven in general, and not set down against him, and mentioned for a twelvemonth at least by the judicious; and though this may be cruel, it is in some degree just, and should not be so frequently deserved. I would have all thrust for applause, but let the means pursued be professional and characteristic to deserve it.

It is difficult to imagine why certain of these words are printed without any apparent reason in Roman type, while the rest are in italics. The substance of the passage might be studied with great advantage by those actors of the present day who depend for their success upon what is termed "gagging."

A good deal of interest attaches to the first appearances of Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean. Garrick, whose name was not announced, made his first public appearance—for those few which he had made previously at Ipswich can hardly count for anything—in a small unlicensed theatre in the character of Richard III., and took the town by storm at once. The audience were amazed by his power and the novelty of his method. "The surprising novelty was remarked that he seemed to identify himself with the part." This suggests curious reflections as to what manner of thing acting can have been before Garrick hit upon "this surprising novelty." Mrs. Siddons's first appearance was very different from this, being a complete failure. This, however, she entirely redeemed by a second attempt, which was as well as the other had been ill received. The most curious of these first appearances was undoubtedly that of Edmund Kean, who had everything against him. There was but one rehearsal of the play, the *Merchant of Venice*, at which he was coldly and discouragingly received by the actors, the stage manager, and even the manager who had engaged him. He crept to the theatre at night through rain and slush, and found an empty house, with only about fifty people in the pit. These fifty, however, managed to discover before long that they were in the presence of a genius, and asserted their conviction so strongly that the actor's future success was at once assured. "How the devil so few of them managed to kick up such a row," said Oxberry, "was something marvellous." Kean's subsequent history, of which Mr. Fitzgerald makes no mention, is in outline at least tolerably well known. The record of his first appearance closes the first volume of Mr. Fitzgerald's book. The second opens with a sketch of Mossop, "the ill-fated Mossop," as he was called. But in truth he himself was far more to blame than was fate for his evil fortune. He was engaged very early in his career by Garrick at Drury Lane, where he might always have held his own well had not his overweening self-conceit led him to see a jealous rival in one who was in truth a kind patron. His style appears to have been as different as possible from Garrick's, and moreover to have possessed an excellence of its own in certain parts which Garrick scarcely ever touched. It was the more unreasonable in him therefore to misconstrue, as he constantly did, the manager's motives, a mistake in which he was ever sustained by ill-advised friends, foremost among whom was one David Williams. Garrick's behaviour to him was indeed uniformly kind and courteous, as Mossop himself acknowledged in some moments of clear and unbiassed judgment before his death. Following the history of Mossop comes a collection of remarkable instances of love and death as exemplified upon the stage. The story of Conway and poor Mrs. Piozzi's innocent, but foolish, infatuation for him is already so well known through Mr. Hayward's memoirs that one would have thought it was hardly worth while to rake it all up for the second time. It is true that a new element is given to the history by the author's running commentary upon it; this, however, is a novelty with which one could easily dispense. It would be difficult to make the history of the Ireland forgeries uninteresting, well-known though it is. Readers generally derive great pleasure from contemplating the record of their forefathers' folly and congratulating themselves upon their own wisdom. It would indeed be surprising that so impudent an imposture as Ireland's should have obtained so much success as it did, had not modern events shown that the success of impositions may vary in proportion to their audacity. It must have been a bad moment for the supporters of Ireland's *Fortigern* when Kemble delivered with grim humour the line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," and thus put the finishing stroke to the wretched imitation of Shakespeare.

There are one or two amusing stories told in the *Romance of the English Stage* concerning Cooke—George Frederick Cooke, as he loved to be called—who might have been a great, if a peculiar, actor, but for his unfortunately self-indulgent habits. The record of his days is a disagreeable thing to contemplate, and it is pleasant to turn from him to Elliston, the whimsical creature of his own romance, who managed to be dignified through all his outrageous lies, and of whom Charles Lamb has given a brilliant and life-like portrait. The secret of his attraction and his influence over an audience seems to consist in the fact that, like Corneille's *Menteur*, he himself always believed firmly in his extravagant assertions. He had, too, a most wonderful readiness of resource; no scrape could overcome him; once he quelled a threatened riot in his theatre by directing all his explanations to one man alone

among the audience, and taking advantage of the fickleness of a mob to engage the sympathies of the spectators with him against their own solitary representative, until they rose and turned the wretched man out. Mr. Fitzgerald gives us one curious piece of information about Elliston:—"Though his father was a watchmaker, his other connexions were respectable, and his uncle a dignitary of one of the Oxford Colleges." It is quite a new discovery that watchmaking is not a respectable calling.

The concluding chapters of Mr. Fitzgerald's book are occupied with memoirs of Gerald Griffin and of young Betty. Gerald Griffin's story, which the author has collected from Griffin's letters and other sources, is pathetic enough, but has, in fact, mighty little to do with the stage. His tragedy of *Giuseppe* obtained a good deal of success when first produced by Macready; but Griffin's name is far better known by his beautiful story of the *Collegians* than by any of his writings for the stage. Mr. Fitzgerald concludes his remarks upon Griffin by saying that "there is no such affecting chapter in the whole pathetic chronicle of the stage." The reader's belief in this is a little murred by the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald has already said very nearly the same thing of several other chapters in the chronicle of the stage. That there is plenty of material for romance in that chronicle there can be little doubt. There is still less doubt that Mr. Fitzgerald has turned this material to a very poor account. In his *Romance of the English Stage* there is but meagre information about the stage, and the romance has to be supplied by the reader's imagination.

STRAUSS'S LIFE OF ULRICH VON HUTTEN.*

OF the three minor works of Strauss, which are not widely known beyond the limits of his own country, his *Life of Hutten* is perhaps the most important; certainly it is the most interesting to the general reader. First published in 1853, and republished in an altered form in 1871, it had avowedly in either case something more than a merely literary or historical purpose. Indeed Strauss, like the late Mr. J. S. Mill—to whom he may in some respects be compared, and not least for his admirable lucidity of style—was incapable of treating with philosophical calmness subjects which deeply stirred his emotions. He tells us that he was first prompted to write about Hutten by the Austrian Concordat and the servile contract with Rome with which the other German States were threatened. "Words in season were found in the Knight's invectives against Rome, the foe of light and liberty; and his earnest appeals to the Germans to stand firm and united against the insolence of the foreigner." And the second edition, of which the present work is a translation, or rather an abridgment, was expressly directed against "the jealous administration of priestly obscurantists," whom Strauss still regarded as dangerous foes of liberty and culture within the restored German Empire. It is therefore with a special meaning that he is fond of calling his hero "the Knight," and not simply because Hutten himself through life combined warlike with literary tastes and avocations, and filled none of his portraits so well as those which represented him in arms. In the eyes of his biographer he is the leader of a national and religious crusade for the greatness of Germany and against every species of "sacerdotalism"—by which Strauss would mean supernaturalism—which began with the Reformation and was never in more need of being vigorously prosecuted than now. And neither hero nor biographer was averse to combining carnal with spiritual weapons in a contest of such magnitude and momentous import. As to Hutten, his aims were always more secular than strictly religious, and, as Luther complained, he "wished to fight for the Gospel with fire and sword," and did so whenever he had the opportunity. Thus, for instance, on one occasion he attacked three abbots on the high road; on another he seized Hochstraten the inquisitor, and threatened to put him to death; if we may believe Erasmus, he had the ears of two Dominican friars cut off; and he says himself in a letter to his friend Foban Hesse, that it was by no fault of his the papal nuncios had escaped after the Diet of Worms; he had laid ambuscades for them, but the Imperial army had protected them. In the same spirit Strauss, while admitting that there was not much to choose between the oppressive conduct of the Catholic and Protestant princes of Germany towards their subjects of a different faith, adds that "there was yet an essential difference," because the latter acted in unison with the spirit of progress, while the former thwarted it. But as every persecutor considers that his own side is that of true progress, or at least that the progress he is opposing is only progress to the abyss, this looks very like justifying persecution, so long as the right victims are burnt, and not the wrong ones. Be that as it may, however, we can heartily welcome this biography, for its intrinsic interest, and Mrs. Sturge's on the whole excellent translation, quite apart from the particular theories or motives of the author in composing it. And we do so the more readily because we fear the translator is right enough in saying that to the majority of English readers Hutten is "little more than a name," though of course the name at least of the principal author of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* must be familiar to every educated man.

Hutten's life, though it barely reached half the ordinary span allotted to man, was in one sense an eventful one, for his restless spirit never suffered him to remain long in one place or one em-

* *Ulrich von Hutten. His Life and Times.* By D. F. Strauss. Translated by Mrs. G. Sturge. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1874.

ployment; but its interest for us centres almost wholly in his literary efforts and his distinguished literary friendships. His spasmodic and impetuous attempts at a more active interference in public affairs proved invariably failures, and rather damaged than aided his real and permanent influence. But the friend of Reuchlin, Erasmus, Mutianus Rufus, Eoban Hesse, Crotus Rubianus, and Franz von Sickingen, and the associate of Melancthon, Zwinglius, and Luther, must have been no inconsiderable personage in his day. And the fact that he represents, more truly than any of his contemporaries, the meeting point, which is also the point of divergence, between the "Humanistic" and Protestant tendencies of the Reformation era, gives to his career its most characteristic significance. Like Luther, he began his career in a cloister—not however, like Luther, from deliberate choice, but because he was sent as a boy of eleven to the Benedictine abbey of Fulda by his parents, not only for education, but "with the intent that he should stay and become a monk." But the boy was otherwise minded, and at the age of seventeen he escaped from the monastery, with his friend Crotus from Erfurt, and entered himself at the University of Cologne, to the great indignation of his father, from whom he remained estranged for many years. From Cologne he passed in rapid succession to the Universities of Erfurt, Frankfurt-on-Oder, and Leipzig. At Erfurt he formed the friendship of Eoban Hesse, a youth of his own age, which lasted him through life, and became acquainted also with Mutian, who was several years older, and who, like many of his later associates, disliked his vehemence and irritability, while he sincerely admired his talents. Like most able men, Hutten first tried his hand at writing poetry, and at Erfurt he composed his "Elogy to Eoban," but poetry, though he often dabbled in it, was never his forte. From Leipzig he moved, at the age of twenty-one, to Greifswald, where he was for a time sheltered and then thrown over by Canon Lotz, a Professor in the University, and thence in the same year to Rostock, and soon afterwards to Olmütz, where the Bishop befriended him; and finally to Vienna, where at length he brought his varied and intermittent course of academical studies to a close, having already avenged himself, in two books of metrical *Querelen*, on the treachery, as he viewed it, of the Lotz family. It was soon after this that extreme necessity compelled him to enter the army, for his father, who had no sympathy with his intellectual tastes and disliked his erratic and useless life, as he considered it, still continued obdurate. But he found soon afterwards a powerful friend and patron in Albert of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Mayence, and it was only when, in the last years of his life, he had definitely committed himself to the Lutheran revolt against the whole existing order of the Church that the connexion between them was inevitably dissolved. At Mayence also, in 1514, he first became acquainted with Erasmus. For the events which next followed in Hutten's life, and especially for the tragical story of Duke Ulrich's murder of his cousin and its consequences, we must refer our readers to Strauss's graphic narrative. And so we are brought to the publication of the work on which his fame will always chiefly rest, the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum*.

The reputation of Reuchlin, who had been violently attacked by the monastic party, was vindicated in a series of letters from distinguished "Humanists," afterwards collected under the title of *Epistole Clarorum Virorum*. And this seems to have suggested the idea of producing a fictitious correspondence on the part of his opponents, designed to illustrate their ignorance, coarseness, and stupidity. The first batch of forty letters, which appeared in 1515, when Hutten was in Italy, contained nothing of his; and the caricature was so skilfully effected that the Mendicant Friars in England supposed the work to be genuine, and hailed it as giving testimony in their favour against their enemy Reuchlin. Crotus, who afterwards took a decided part against the Reformation, is generally supposed to have been the principal author of this first series. The second part, comprising seventy more letters, appeared two years later, and this is by common consent attributed in the main to Hutten. The satire is of a kind which to us would seem ponderous, and often—to say the least—very coarse, but it attained its end. Luther, who had no appreciation of Humanism, thought the work impudent, and called the author a harlequin; while Crotus, who enjoyed his laugh at the Obscurantists, had no sympathy with the Reformer. Hutten had points of contact with both.

It was during the last four years of his life, between 1519 and 1523, that Hutten turned his attention to the religious aspects of the great conflict which was shaking society to its core. And while Humanism, or, as it is now usually termed, the Renaissance, may be said in one sense to have arisen from the same wave of thought which produced the Reformation, it must be remembered that the two movements were not only distinct in origin and character—for the Renaissance began a century earlier—but in some respects uncongenial and even antagonistic to each other. The Reformers were willing enough to join the Humanists in gibbeting the ignorance or vices of monks and popes, but popes had themselves been patrons and examples of culture, and Leo X., who condemned Luther, was an elegant scholar, though scarcely an ideal of Christian virtue. The two parties were related to each other somewhat as the Girondins and Jacobins of the French Revolution. To men like Crotus or Mutianus or even Reuchlin, whose real aspirations were for refined and learned leisure, and who cared little or nothing for theological controversies, as such, there was something positively repulsive in the fierce dogmatism of men like Luther and Calvin, which they regarded as no less unreasonable and more practically inconvenient than the dogmatism of their

Catholic opponents. Moreover, what religious belief they had themselves inclined more to the old dogmas than to the new. This was apparently the case with Mutianus, and certainly with Erasmus, who was so angrily and unjustly assailed by Hutten when he refused to follow him into the Protestant camp. Yet Erasmus was the most theological of the Humanists and the most classical of the theologians of his day, and was ready at first to go some way with Luther in a doctrinal as well as moral reformation of the existing system. But he soon perceived that "wherever Lutheranism prevailed there was an end to classical studies." Nor is there any reason to doubt the sincerity of his later denunciation of Luther's immoral and "paradoxical" doctrine of justification and free will, which found an ugly illustration in the Peasants' War, and has indeed been no less severely censured in our day by so grave and unimpassioned a writer as Hallam. Hutten alone of those who held a high place among the Humanists threw himself heart and soul, for the last few years of his life, into the cause of the Reformation. But no candid inquirer can fail to perceive—what was all along evident to Luther himself—that, even then, his sympathies with the movement were far more political than religious. The divine to whom one of his last letters was addressed, Nicholas Prugner, laments that on his deathbed he should still be appealing to *Fortuna*, and quoting the classics instead of the Bible. The simple fact was, as his biographer justly observes, that his thoughts had acquired a certain Christian and theological hue—say rather theological varnish—from his intercourse with the Lutheran party, which they lost again when he was alone and in misfortune; that is, exactly when religious sentiment which was more than skin-deep would have been most powerfully operative. He was agreed with Luther in desiring that Germany should be freed from foreign dominion and the Church from Roman influences; but the first was Hutten's main point, and the second Luther's. It is perfectly intelligible therefore that the Reformer should, as he complains with some bitterness, have received his advances rather coldly. There was no real sympathy of heart between them. It is natural that Strauss should dwell, in connexion with Hutten's change of front, on his beginning in 1520 to write in German—which however he never wrote well—instead of in Latin, in order to mark his appeal from the learned few to the great body of the nation. For it recalls the difference between the first edition of his own *Leben Jesu*, professedly addressed to scholars only, and the second, published thirty years afterwards, *für das Volk bearbeitet*, in which he appeals to the people, "as Paul turned to the Gentiles, when the Jews rejected him." Hutten even translated some of his earlier dialogues from Latin into German, while he continued to write new ones in Latin. From his biographer's sketch of one of the most effective of the latter, we take the following extract, which seems to illustrate his superficial and thoroughly untheological way of dealing with the Reformation controversy, even where it is his professed theme. In the *articulus stantis rei salutis Ecclesie*, which was all in all to Luther, he probably felt no interest at all, if indeed he ever troubled himself to inquire what it meant:—

In the first [i.e. the Dialogue called *Monitor Primus*] one, of the superior clergy, who has been a friend and follower of Luther, tells him why he and many others have resolved to part company with him. Besides fear of the Papal Bull, they were tired of Luther's teaching, which they had at first liked. They could not approve of reducing the Church from her present brilliant position to her original poverty and insignificance. On the contrary, Luther says, he was trying to purify the Church from human additions, to preserve her from secularization, to restore her original lustre by making divine truth and Christ's precepts the only rule of life. The Monitor then expatiates on the contrast between the early imperfect Church and the present triumphant one. But Luther rejoins that the Church can but be one for all times; if the Apostles held suffering wrongfully to be victory, it shows what their idea of triumph was. The duty of a Christian bishop was to feed his flock by preaching, example, and prayer. But Leo X. (of whose private life he would not speak) did not preach at all, and, instead of saving souls, had ruined many by his wars and indulgences. Such a shameless traffic and impudence as this ought to open his friend's eyes. As for the Papal bulls, the very name ought to be enough. The Papal decretals ought to be burnt and abolished by all Christian rulers as a collection of merely human dogmas. The Monitor will no longer listen to such dangerous talk, and maintains that safety is on the side of the Pope and the majority. The outward pomp of Christ's representative does Christ's honour, and he does not at all approve of Luther's dissuading people from making gifts to the Church. The demands made on people by the Papal party were less severe; they allowed you to take life easily; precepts that were hard to practise were lightened by the priests or ignored altogether; if you want to do anything wrong, the good father makes out that it is allowable, which he is sure Luther would never do. Most certainly not, replies Luther; as an upright man, he could never give permission to sin, and would not if he could. The other is quite content with the papal permission to do evil. If any one was to blame, it was the Pope, not he; and he trusts that the Pope will answer for him at the day of judgment. But according to Luther (as Hutten understood his doctrine), no man can live on the responsibility of another, and as every man must answer for himself, so he must act according to his own conscience, and not on the opinions of any other person. The Monitor appears to feel the hollowness of his views, but interested considerations prevail. The diminution of livings would oblige him to put down his horses and servants, and he was hoping to be rewarded for his devotion to the Papal Chair by a cardinal's hat.

The last few months of Hutten's life were spent in great poverty and suffering on the little island of Ufsan near Rapperschwyll at the eastern extremity of the Lake of Zürich. He was engaged at the time in a violent quarrel with Erasmus, in which neither of them can be pronounced free from blame, and seems to have owed what comfort and support he had in that trying period to the generous kindness of Zwinglius, who supplied him both with money and books. At the end of August or early in September 1523 he died, in his thirty-fifth year. We cannot say that Strauss has succeeded in winning our sympathy or respect for his personal

character, which was impetuous, domineering and singularly deficient in self-control. But his career has an interest of its own, historical and literary, which is unique; and the biography, now first presented in an English dress, is marked by all the clearness and vigour of style which distinguished the author as a theologian, and cannot fail to challenge the attention of a wide circle of readers to whom the *Leben Jesu* would be unintelligible or repulsive.

DAWKINS'S CAVE-HUNTING.*

AS an active member of the band of original explorers of British caves, Mr. Boyd Dawkins is especially qualified to sum up and to illustrate, as he has in his recent volume undertaken to do, the earliest chapters of the archaeology of man. The history of the Pleistocene mammalia, in which Palæolithic man forms the central figure, has for years formed the subject of his special studies, the results of which, embodied from time to time in contributions to various scientific periodicals, are here collected together, and brought into relation with the general evidences of geographical and climatic change over the continent of Europe. Like most compilations of this kind, the work comes before us in a somewhat disjointed state, and is disfigured by many repetitions. The writer himself disclaims any idea of presenting it as a detailed or finished history of cave exploration. It is in the more modest form of a faint outline of a new and vast area of research that he submits it to the verdict of the public. And the mass of information he has brought together, with the judicious use he has made of his materials, will be found to invest his book with much of new and singular value.

Cave-hunting on anything like a systematic scale in this country is to be laid to the credit of the late Dr. Buckland, whose researches in the natural hollows of the limestone quarry at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, in 1820, laid the foundations of the new science of cave exploration. Four years before this Mr. Whidbey's examination of the bone cave in the Devonian limestone at Oreston, near Plymouth, suggested by Sir Joseph Banks, had yielded remains identified by Sir Everard Home with those of the rhinoceros. As long ago as 1603 Gesner's *History of Animals* had amply discussed the fossil bones of the elephant or mastodon, known as unicorn's horn, and largely used for medical purposes, as well as those of the lion, hyæna, &c., from the caverns of the Hartz, and from those of Hungary and Franconia. What had been from time immemorial known as dragon's bones from the caves of the Carpathian ranges and elsewhere were shown by Cuvier to belong to the cave-bear. Towards the end of the last century explorations of this kind were carried on in Germany by Esper, Rosenmüller, and Goldfuss, the most important of them being those at Gailenreuth, in Franconia. The interest of these researches was at its height when the cave was visited in 1816 by Buckland, who acquired there that knowledge of cave-hunting which he turned shortly after to such good account in this country. His researches at Kirkdale supplied him with ample proof that the cave had been inhabited by hyænas, by whom the carcases of the rhinoceros, mammoth, stag, bison, and horse had been dragged in for food, their broken and gnawed bones strewing the floor. That those animals had lived in what is now Yorkshire in remote times was placed beyond doubt. But it was not for many years that the co-existence of man with this fauna of another epoch was established. As early as 1825 flint implements were met with by Rev. J. McEnery in Kent's Hole, Torquay, which he thought might be the handiwork of man of that age; but the scientific world, including Dr. Buckland himself, was not prepared to accept such evidences of man's antiquity, verified even as they were by the subsequent researches of Mr. Godwin Austin in 1840, and by those of the Torquay Natural History Society in 1846. These proofs were long held unworthy even of investigation. Though flint implements were accumulated by thousands, it was not till 1850 that the exploration of Brixham cave, under the supervision of Mr. Pengelly, disclosed the existence of such marks of man in association with the remains of the hyæna, woolly rhinoceros, and mammoth in undisturbed red loam as decisively proved man to have been living in that region at the same time as those animals. The discoveries of M. Boucher de Perthes in 1847 at Abbeville, and those of Rigollot at Amiens, were received with equal scepticism in France, until the visit of Dr. Falconer in 1858, in company with Mr. Prestwich and Mr. John Evans, resulted in his digging out with his own hands an implement from the undisturbed strata which finally disposed of the question. In the next year Mr. Boyd Dawkins entered, in association with the Rev. J. Williamson, upon the exploration of the hyæna den of Wookey Hole, near Wells, with the result of manifold and incontrovertible proofs of the contemporaneity of man with the extinct mammalia, and from that time to this he has carried on researches in caves in various parts of Great Britain. In 1869 it was his good fortune to light upon a group of sepulchral caves in Denbighshire, which he satisfied himself had been used by an Iberian or Basque race in the Neolithic era. A further class of evidences, combined with those yielded by the exploration of the Settle cave in Yorkshire, under Mr. Dawkins's advice, led him to the important conclusion that a series of caves extending over a wide area in the

centre and North of England was occupied by the Brit-Welsh in the interval which elapsed between the departure of the Roman legions and the English conquest. We have the testimony of Gildas to the fact of the caves in the Northern counties having afforded a refuge to the remnant of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain during the raids of the Picts and Scots. We have thus in one view the earliest and the latest stages of the habitation of natural earth dwellings by man in these islands.

From the history of cave exploration in Europe Mr. Dawkins proceeds to discuss the physical characteristics of caves; their formation by the action of water or of volcanic disturbances, and their relation to what are called "pot-holes," "cirques," and ravines, illustrating them by reference to the principal caverns in these islands. They are not generally found, he shows, in lines of faults, though they follow weak or soft lines in the deposition of strata. Wherever calcareous rocks, in particular, are sufficiently hard and compact to form a roof, there caves are to be found in greater or less abundance. They open for the most part on the abrupt sides of valleys and ravines at various levels, being arranged round the main axis of erosion in a way which our author likens to the arrangement of the branches round the trunk of a tree, as, for example, in Cheddar Pass. It is by the chemical action of the carbonic acid in the rain-water, and the mechanical friction of the sand and gravel set in motion by the water, that the formation of caves other than those hollowed out by the sea is to be explained. The limestone in which most of them occur, being composed in great part of pure carbonate of lime, is readily dissolved by the carbonic acid present in rain-water, having been taken up in the main from the decomposing vegetable matter which generally forms the surface soil on the limestone. Curious forms of honeycombed or acid-worn joints, like that from the Dove-holes, Derbyshire (Fig. 7.), testify to the force of this chemical agent. Those caverns which are now dry bear evidence of the same agency. Far from being the result of any subterranean convulsion—a theory amply disproved by the floor and roof of undisturbed rock which they display—they retain in their grooved, scratched, and polished surfaces marks of the mechanical action of the stones and sand carried along by water currents. To the same causes are due the ravines and valleys met with in limestone districts. A ravine was even termed by M. Desnoyers "caverne à ciel ouvert." Mr. Dawkins claims to have arrived independently at the same conclusion. The open valley, he says, passes insensibly into a ravine, and that into a cave. "The ravine is merely a cave which has lost its roof, and the valley is merely the result of the weathering of the sides of the ravine." It is the shelter afforded by caves that led to their becoming the haunt of animals and men, and hence the light they throw upon the history of life. Caves must have existed in all ages, and doubtless have had at all times their living denizens. Why then, it has to be asked, have we no traces of their tenancy by animals prior at least to the Pleistocene era? The Eocene palæotheres and anoplotheres must have met their death in the open pitfalls, just as the sheep and cattle do in our day. The hyænodon of the Miocene had probably the same cave-haunting tastes as his descendant the living hyæna, and the marsupials of the Miocene might as surely be preserved in caves as the fossil marsupials of Australia. The most reasonable explanation of the absence of such remains is that the ancient suites of caves and fissures which contained them, lying for the most part near the sea face of the rock, have been swept away by denudation in the course of the alterations of level which preceded the formation of the existing caves. The modes by which the filling up of caves has come to pass, by infiltration of deposits and the formation of stalagmite, are set forth by Mr. Dawkins by a fine series of examples, the most marked of which are the beautiful stalactitic deposit, from the Fairy Chamber in the Island of Caddy, opposite Tenby, and from the Black Rock Cave in the same neighbourhood; some of these singular varieties showing signs of having been moulded upon minute fungi, like those in the cave of Ingleborough. In some places the continuous drip results in the formation of small spheres of calcite, which become so beautifully polished by the friction of the agitated water as to be known by the name of cave pearls. Long stalactites forming a delicate canopy of tassels hang from the roof, forming as they grow downwards slender shafts no thicker than straws. Each of these is hollow, translucent, and more or less percolated by water. The calcareous drip ceaselessly running through them forms upon the crystalline pavement so many round bosses, either red or snowy white, which by degrees grow into shafts, and meet to form a continuous pillar from floor to roof. Mr. Dawkins dilates with enthusiasm upon the scene which met his eyes on penetrating the crystalline chamber of Caddy, the most beautiful cavern of this kind. As he broke his way into some of the unexplored recesses through the thickly planted strawshafts, and scene after scene of fairy beauty, unsullied by man, opened upon his eyes, the ringing of the fragments upon the crystalline floor at every movement he made caused him to feel like an intruder and sorry for the destruction. Experiments made by him in conjunction with Mr. James Farrar and Professor Phillips upon the rate of deposit or growth of stalagmite in the Ingleborough cave, given in detail in the appendix, lead to no general result, the conditions being to a great extent local only; the chief fact in the calculation is the ratio of carbonate of lime held in solution by the water. It seems probable that the stalagmites and stalactites in this case go no further back than the time of Edward III.

This cave contrasts strongly with others, like those at Settle

* Cave-hunting: Researches on the Evidence of Caves respecting the Early Inhabitants of Europe. By W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.S.A., &c. Illustrated by Coloured Plate and Woodcuts. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

or Kirkdale, which carry us back to the primeval period of man's existence. Here, while well-known coins with Samian and other pottery met with near the surface furnish exact data as to their occupancy within the range of history, the disintegration of the lower strata has yielded evidences which enable our author to fill up a fairly complete and credible pedigree, if we may so say, of the cave to the Neolithic period at the least. The accumulation of angular fragments torn away from the cliff by the action of the water in the period between the Brit-Welsh occupation and the present time, extending over 1,200 years, is seen to amount to two feet or so. At this rate of weathering, the thickness of six feet of similar fragments between the Brit-Welsh deposit and the Neolithic strata beneath it would require a period thrice as long, or 3,600 years; and consequently the date of the earliest traceable occupation of the cave by man is approximately fixed at about 4,800 or 5,000 years ago. To an age far remote into the Palæolithic we may plausibly assign the man to whom belonged the fragment of a fibula disinterred in the stratum of grey clay many feet below this level, under the same mineral conditions as the rest of the Pleistocene bones of rhinoceros, reindeer, red-deer, bison, horse, and brown, grizzly, and great cave bears, dragged in thither and gnawed by the hyænas by which the cave was tenanted. Whether this primitive man was himself the prey of these voracious animals, or was one of a tribe who alternated with them as occupants of the cave, we have no means of judging. The fragment of bone has been pronounced by Professor Buxton an unusually massive human fibula by comparison with an abnormal specimen already in his possession. To the Neolithic date and race may be referred the human thigh-bone found in the small cave in King's Scar, two hundred yards distant, characterized by the great development of the muscular ridge known to anatomists as the *linea aspera*, denoting the peculiar flatness of shin which is termed by Mr. Buxton platycnemism, and which has been recognized in no other skeletons but those of the Neolithic age, as found in the tumuli of that period in Yorkshire, and in the caves and chambered tombs of Denbighshire, as well as in Neolithic deposits abroad. That this race is to be identified with the Basque or Iberian stock, and that from it are descended the small dark peoples of Derbyshire, Wales, and certain parts of Ireland, with more numerous and wider-spread descendants upon French, Belgian, and Spanish soil, is ably argued by Mr. Dawkins upon grounds of evidence resting upon anatomical measurement and delineation of the skulls and other remains, the vestiges of habits and workmanship, and what is to be gleaned from historical notices. His ethnological map, showing the distribution of these non-Aryan races, together with that of the Celtic and Belgic peoples at the dawn of history, receives confirmation from its correspondence with that of M. Broca, which did not come into the hands of Mr. Dawkins before his own map had been engraved. If, as we have remarked on a former occasion, Mr. Dawkins fails to appreciate the philological difficulties in the way of some of his conclusions, there is no doubt that, from his own special point of view, there is much to be said in support of his theory. A second map represents the physiography of Great Britain late in the Pleistocene age, prior to its depression by one hundred fathoms or thereabouts, distinguishing the area of land now submerged, the region inhabited by animals, and that occupied by glaciers. The great rivers are shown which, after traversing Europe from a remote parallel of latitude in the South, probably debouched at a point now far out under the German Ocean. We could have wished to see a line given which might have allowed this mighty subtropical stream to bring down the hippopotamus, whose remains have been found near Leeds. That the second, if not the first, great glacial sheet followed this tenancy of the land by the Pleistocene fauna is beyond much doubt. Nor can it well be questioned that man, as a contemporary with that fauna, witnessed the breaking up, and it may even be the gathering, of that ice-sheet. If England has failed to yield proof equally decisive, there is the unmistakable witness of the mammoth of Aquitaine, etched from life by an artist who must have been familiar with an animal extinct long before the range of European history. There is, however, evidence of a secondary or indirect kind, hardly less conclusive, as to the fact of the lower strata of the Kirkdale and Victoria caves, with their embedded Pleistocene remains, having been pre-glacial. And as a consequence the fragment of human bone found in the latter cave amongst such remains goes far towards establishing the truth that man lived in Yorkshire before the great Ice epoch. Had no other result than this attended the enterprise of cave-hunting, our toilers in this new department would no doubt have deemed themselves abundantly rewarded. But, reduced as it now has been to a science in itself, and stimulated by the zeal and ability of men like Mr. Dawkins, there is no saying what amount of new and valuable discoveries their labour may have in store for us.

THROUGH NORMANDY.*

THIS account of a tour "Through Normandy" possesses the great charm of being written in a cheerful spirit. Unlike many travellers and authors who have nothing but complaints and sneers for the districts through which they have journeyed, Mrs. Macquoid appears to have thoroughly enjoyed her holiday, to have

appreciated the scenery, the towns, and the people of Normandy as they deserve, and to be filled with an overflowing desire to send all her readers thither to enjoy themselves in like manner. Though there is really nothing very new or striking in her book, it leaves a bright and pleasant impression upon the mind; and while those who already know Normandy will recognize the truth of her descriptions, and sympathize with her in her enthusiasm, those who are yet in ignorance of its attractions may be stirred by Mrs. Macquoid's advocacy to the amendment of their education:—

In comparison with the travellers who go eastward and southward on their autumn holiday, very few stop to visit the picturesque old towns and charming scenery of the ancient and beautiful province so closely linked with English sympathies, so nearly resembling some of the loveliest landscape districts of England. . . . We can go to Normandy any day, and so the day is deferred, and we live on in ignorance of some of the most interesting and picturesque towns, and some of the most exquisite river-scenery in Europe—for Normandy possesses all the charms of our green Devonshire and Kentish landscapes, with the addition of being much better watered.

There is so much worth visiting in every part of the country, and it offers such a variety of interest in its world-famous cities, its churches, cathedrals, and old buildings, so closely linked to the history and domestic life of our Norman and Plantagenet kings; its lovely wooded valleys and castle-crowned hills; its silver-grey rivers, winding round lofty cotes, sometimes chalky, sometimes half clothed with graceful beech or birch trees, or taking a straighter course through bright green meadows and orchards full of fruit-jewelled trees; its charming villages, where the vines cluster round the windows and climb even to the many-coloured thatched roof above, that one wonders at the absence of English travellers, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners.

To the other merits of Normandy may be added that it is no exertion to travel there. Of course there are vigorous people to whom this fact is no recommendation. The devotees of Alpine passes and mountains look down upon the unadventurous souls who only go to France, as De Wilton, after his severe course of pilgrimaging in Arabia, Palestine, and other outlandish places, might have looked down upon the easy-going folk who contented themselves with the pious recreation of a ride to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. But for the modern representatives of the Canterbury pilgrims—for people who have no love for climbing, or for getting up early in the morning, or for toiling in any other manner over their pleasure—Normandy is a very pleasant land. There is enough to see in the towns, and not too much; the distances from place to place are short and easy, and though the trains, as in other French provinces, are not remarkable for speed, at any rate the slow pace and the long halts give the intelligent traveller better opportunities for observing the features of the country and the manners of the natives. One of the few complaints Mrs. Macquoid permits herself to make is against railway unpunctuality; but, after all, though French trains may not be exemplary, we do not know that English trains in these days have much to boast of in that respect. The chief difference is that the French are late in a slow, deliberate, placid way, which makes you feel how much time you are losing; whereas the English are late in a hurried scrambling fashion which leaves one no room for reflection. Then Normandy, albeit far from commonplace, and possessing a marked individuality, is sufficiently civilized to afford the traveller good lodging and good fare—base considerations perhaps, but which nevertheless go a long way towards the enjoyment of a tour. Mrs. Macquoid has an eye to the practical as well as to the poetical, and does not confine herself to the antiquities and scenery of the country she has passed through. Her book is intended to be of real use as a guide to the towns best worth visiting, and accordingly she sketches out for her readers a line of route, with suggestions as to the means of locomotion, and gives them distances and prices, and, in some cases, the names of the hotels to be preferred; upon which last subject, by the way, we can fully join with her in her praise of the Hôtel de France at Rouen.

As a literary performance, the book is strongest in descriptions of the scenery and the people of the province. Little incidents of travel, trivial dialogues with cicerones, drivers, farmers, or peasant folk, are touched with the practised hand of the novelist, but yet with an air of reality. "Word-painting," of which we have here a great deal, always labours under the disadvantage that, unlike the art to which it is metaphorically likened, it has little meaning to any but those who already know the subject of description. All the talk in the world about green-grey stones, and deep blue seas, and tender purple mists, and loose fleecy clouds, and lights and shades, does not really convey any distinct idea to those who have never looked on the scene which the writer is striving to bring before them; but, on the other hand, it may call up pleasant pictures before the mind's eye of those who have the requisite experience. And Mrs. Macquoid's descriptions are executed with skill, full of artistic feeling, and not running to unreasonable length. There is, it must be admitted, next to nothing in these pretty descriptions and trifling incidents, but that nothing is pleasantly told. Her book has the further advantage of being illustrated by numerous drawings by Mr. Macquoid. They have the air of genuine sketches, and like genuine sketches, sometimes rather want pictorial interest. For example, three bunches of beans drying under the eaves hardly make a picture worth putting into a book. But when Mr. Macquoid has something that deserves to be called a subject, he generally treats it well, and many of the illustrations might be mentioned with praise. Perhaps among the best are some street scenes in Caudebec and a view of the Church of St. Jean near Avranches, in which there is a very good effect of evening light. On the other hand, the views of Dieppe Castle and of Mont St. Michel strike us as unsuccessful, particularly the latter, in which there is too much church

* *Through Normandy*. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Illustrated by Thomas R. Macquoid. London: Isbister & Co. 1874.

and too little mount. Of course, without standing on the actual spot from whence the sketch was taken, it is impossible to say positively that Mont St. Michel may not in some position look like the illustration before us, but this is at any rate not a characteristic representation of it. To return to the text, a description of the market women at Dieppe will bear quotation, partly as a specimen of Mrs. Macquoid's style, and partly for the sake of the criticism it contains upon pictorial peasants, who are often as unreal as their counterparts of the stage. We presume she refers to English artists who, perhaps to console themselves for the lack of picturesqueness in the agricultural population at home, insist on arraying their foreign peasants in impossibly fine new clothes. Continental painters are generally content with the sober hues of reality:—

We go from the Grande Rue to the Place Royale, or Place du Marché. It is market-day, and there is a most picturesque array of countrywomen, who look as if they all belonged to the sea, they are so coarse and hard-featured. Their dress is wonderfully full of low-toned colour, with perhaps bright-coloured cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and blue and one or two black and scarlet striped skirts. One wonders where painters have seen the gaudy hues in which they sometimes depict Norman peasant-women. Black, dark blue, and a sort of greenish grey are almost the universal colours seen in skirts all over the province; the aprons black, grey, lilac, or blue. In La Haute Normandie the short loose jacket is worn by all, and this is always of black or dark grey stuff. The colour lies in the aprons, or where a bright-coloured square of cotton is tied over the cap. In La Basse Normandie, specially in Calvados and La Manche, where the neckerchief is still worn across the shoulders in place of the jacket, this is usually bright-coloured scarlet or orange mingled with black. The "indiennes" they wear for this purpose cost often 5s. or 6s., and are treasured for years, and worn only on market-days and festivals; but a scarlet petticoat is not often seen. The Normans are much too thrifty to wear any but dark-coloured gowns, unless indeed it be a lavender cotton, and this is always of a pale, subdued tint. It is the wonderful neatness and jauntness which pervade the whole costume of even the poorest, from the black wooden sabots to the snowy *bonnet de coton*, with its tassel a little on one side, that make the Norman peasant so admirably suited as contrast and relief to the quaint rickety wooden houses and mouldering grey stone wonders of past times, among which she lives, the colours of her dress always in harmony with the surroundings; and the men with their blue blouses and trousers, often faded to greenish hues, with many patches of the same colour, but of different tint, are just as harmonious objects as the women are. Their skins, too, warm as if the sun had burned his own reflection into them, their vivacious intelligent eyes and ready smile, and the intensely brightening effect of the pure atmosphere, make them quite salient enough against the ancient, sombre backgrounds of these picturesque old towns—the artist need not dress them up in colours which their natural sense of the fitness of things would repudiate.

When, however, we are told that the Norman peasant-woman's instinctive "feeling for fitness of colour" displays itself not only in her dress, but in the manner in which she piles up her fruit and vegetables on a market day, and that "it is pitiful, in the way of taste, to visit Covent Garden when we come home, and picture to ourselves the effect which a handful of Norman peasants would have produced with such a wealth of material," we feel rather disposed to smile at the enthusiasm of the author. The darkness and dinginess of Covent Garden, contrasted with that "pure atmosphere" which, as Mrs. Macquoid has herself remarked, has such an "intensely brightening effect," is, we suspect, the true cause of the difference, rather than any special faculty which the Norman woman possesses for setting off "golden carrots"—an inappropriate epithet, by the way, good French carrots being of a brilliant orange-red—with "snowy turnips," and "the rich crimson of cabbages and radish," and so forth. Mrs. Macquoid moreover is evidently of an enthusiastic nature, as is shown, for instance, when she denies that the drawing of the figures of the Bayeux Tapestry is, as Mrs. Stothard asserts, "rude and barbarous." No admiration for King William or for Queen Matilda, supposing her to have been the artist, could bring us to think that the drawing of the wooden horses and disjointed warriors of the Tapestry was highly executed and civilized; and all that Mrs. Macquoid can find to say in its behalf is that "it may be incorrect, but it is full of spirit," as if spirit and rudeness were not perfectly compatible. William the Conqueror himself—we mean the real man, not his counterfeit presentment in the Tapestry—receives almost awe-stricken admiration from our author. "We had been living so long," she tells us, "in an atmosphere of 'Guillaume le Conquerant,' as the Normans call him, we had visited so many of the places made famous by his exploits, that he had become, especially in his own city of Caen, a hero to us, and we approached the scene of his birth with both enthusiasm and reverence." Hero-worship in moderation may be tolerated, but still we protest against Mrs. Macquoid preparing her readers for "an atmosphere of 'Guillaume le Conquerant,'" whatever that may be, and a visit to Falaise, by filling eight pages with a character of the hero extracted from the *History of the Norman Conquest*. It would surely have been enough for her to direct intending visitors to Falaise to prepare themselves by reading the *Norman Conquest*, without lengthening out her own book in this paste-and-scissors fashion. Not content with this, she proceeds to give another extract on the same subject—happily a much briefer one—re-translated from "a French translation of an old English chronicle," and remarks, "It is curious to read this pendant to Mr. Freeman's opinion." To us it seems more curious that she should apparently know only through the medium of a French translation one of the most often quoted, not to say hackneyed, bits of the *Chronicles*—the famous passage summing up William's good and evil qualities, how wise and rich he was, how "stark" and stiff, and how "he loved the high deer as though he were their father." It is still more curious that she should not have discovered that her

extract from the *Norman Conquest* is in part founded on this very passage. While visitors to Falaise are made to enter into a needlessly deep analysis of the character of the mighty Duke, those who go to Dieppe are told nothing about the local hero whose statue stands in the market-place, beyond his name and the bare statement that he was "a famous sailor of Dieppe." Duquesne no doubt was a much smaller man than William the Conqueror; but still he is worth knowing about, and as he is not, like the Norman Duke, to be found in every history-book, readers and tourists would probably have received some information about him with more gratitude. In the account of Arques and its battle, the author quotes undoubtingly the lively epistle said to have been written by Henry IV. to Crillon:—"Hang thyself, brave Crillon, for we have fought Arques without thee." At Falaise Mrs. Macquoid owns to feeling "indignation against the wise disturbers of the beliefs of a lifetime," who deny that Duke William was born in the present Castle, and refuse to believe in the window out of which Robert saw Arlette washing linen in the beck. We fear that it will be equally distressing to her to learn that Mr. Hayward asserts that Henry's real letter to "brave Crillon" is of a later date than the affair at Arques, and that the version to be found in the notes to the *Henriade*, which is the one she gives, is almost as much an improvement upon the letter quoted by Mr. Hayward as the famous "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur" is upon Francis I.'s genuine letter to his mother.

Of local legends and myths, which are always acceptable in a guide-book, if only because they may serve somewhat to beguile the dreariness of a wet day in an hotel, Mrs. Macquoid gives a fair number, most of which will probably be new to her readers. We extract the tale of the fairy of Argouges because, though the legend is in various forms common enough, there is a certain ingenuity and observation of everyday life in the device by which, in this version, the mortal man and his fairy bride are severed:—

The château [of Argouges] is very picturesque, with its quaintly shaped towers and its mount still full of water. One of the rooms is called "the chamber of the Lady," and there is still a tradition that sometimes the famous "fée d'Argouges" appears dressed in a white and shining robe, hovering about her ancient abode. . . . Robert d'Argouges had wooed a beautiful fairy, who became his wife; she warned him, however, that if he ever spoke of death in her presence she should be obliged to leave him. One day he was going to take a ride with her, and she was so long getting ready that he lost patience, and forgot her words.

"Belle dame," he called from the foot of the stairs, "thou wouldst be a good messenger to send in search of death, for thou wouldst take so long on the journey."

There came in answer one long despairing wail, and the fairy disappeared. It is said that, when she has been seen she cries out, "Death, death!" just before she fades out of sight.

Whether the legend-maker intended to point the moral that wives should not spend too much time over the putting on of apparel, or that husbands should refrain from sarcastic remarks, does not appear. We should like also to give the fine, though rather awful, legend of Odo Rignault, Archbishop of Rouen, and his covetous desire for the King's castle of Gaillon; but it is too long for quotation, and we must therefore leave our readers to find it for themselves in Mrs. Macquoid's book, where it is told with great effect.

QUEENIE.*

IF good wine needs no bush, does a scrubby branch necessarily symbolize a bad brew? Taking our stand on the proverbial Foot of Hercules and the Brick from Babylon, is it absurd to look for a satisfactory delivery when the sample is amiss? or is it that names are not expressive of the reality of things, and that a bad beginning may make a good ending? There are always these two ways of looking at matters, but the experience of mankind is mostly on the side that pronounces on the temple from the brick, and judges of the worth of the whole by the value of the sample. Applying this rule to the work in hand, the very title, *Queenie*, presages weakness and sentimentality. We know something of where we are when we have to do with a young lady whom all her friends conspire to call by a certain pet name, not naturally and by mere habit, but with that silly simper of intentional appropriateness which makes each reiteration a label and an offence. We know that we have to part company with life as it is, and with all that sweetness which comes from true simplicity and unconsciousness, when we get into such society as this. Our heroine is sure to be eaten through and through with affectation. She is for ever attitudinizing before a mental looking-glass, and always deprecating, now the admiration of her friends, and now her own virtues. If she tells her own story, as Queenie does, she is even more offensive, letting the reader know that she is beautiful, charming, admired, amiable, and so forth, with a mock appearance of simplicity which is both irritating and unnatural; never confessing her charms with the frank avowal of an honest girl who knows her own value yet is not spoiled by the knowledge, nor yet letting them be inferred by such artistic treatment of her subject as would carry grace and loveliness as a necessary sequence. This, then, we should say, is the initial fault of *Queenie*, the intense affectation and pretentiousness of the heroine in her very assumption of modesty and simplicity.

A second fault is the want of clearness and concentration of purpose in the characters, whereby we are always more or less in a haze as to their feelings, and groping blindly after their motives. The treatment is what artists call woolly, and the outlines are not for the most part sufficiently distinct. And where

* *Queenie*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1874.

there is an attempt to make them specially distinct, where there has been some amount of stippling bestowed, then the result is disastrous, as in the case of Nellie Demeric, the birdlike, port, and unpleasant little person—called Jenny Wren for love—who is, however, meant to be a bright and sparkling kind of pocket Venus, playful rather than impudent, and amusing but not ridiculous. We have no special love for the “long and lazy” Captain Kingston—“Beauty,” as he is called by his friends—who is one of the most insufferable fops that ever developed into a decent fellow at the end of all things; but we scarcely know that he deserved so severe a punishment as that of having this impudent and underbred little lady fastened to him for life.

Nor, though we highly approve of young ladies understanding the art and mystery of cooking, and hold that “floury hands” and “sleeves rolled up above the elbow” have a value of their own in no sense despicable, do we think it desirable that young officers should be allowed to stray from the drawing-room into the kitchen for the purpose of surprising the young ladies at their cake-making. And if they did so far transgress such ordinary rules of good breeding as would obtain in a tradesman’s house, we should certainly not think the girls who presented one of them with a mass of butter to beat up, and another with an apron to tie under his chin and a bowl of eggs to “whisk,” exactly the nicest things of their sort to be found by diligent search. We cannot understand how even a printer’s reader could let such a silly and vulgar scene as this in the kitchen pass unchallenged; or in what school of conventionalism, or unconventionalism, the author of *Queenie* can have graduated to imagine a social absurdity so monstrous possible in any circumstances whatever. The whole of the chapter ought to be omitted. It is a farrago of silliness and vulgarity throughout; beginning with the slightly ill-natured episode of sister Sophia’s essay, the reading of which is somewhat marred by the presence of little Davie, young enough to be pinched on his “scarlet legs,” to call bother “boser,” thing “sing,” and to play at making a nest and laying eggs in a tree, but old enough to wink with his left eye and to say to his sister Queenie, “Ha! ha! my lady! Then, next time, do you leave a fellow’s culves alone”; going on to this impossible scene in the kitchen, where two young officers, scarcely known, come down to surprise the young ladies of the house, and are received as Dickens would not have made even *Jemima Evans* receive her accepted young man; and ending in the all but acknowledged love of Queenie and Harvey Graham on what cannot have been more than the fourth time of meeting. But this is perhaps not to be wondered at, seeing that on the first introduction he squeezes her hand when he wishes her good-night, in consequence of which she falls a deep “with feelings of pleasure for what the day had brought forth, mixed with doubtful self-dissatisfaction, yet shy gladness”; on the second she shows her jealousy of a young married woman, and “the corners of her mouth droop” as she sees him carried off by this “man-eater” to a safe distance; while on the third they shake hands over their compact to be always “friends”—which means lovers—and he tells her that his sisters don’t care “a rap” for him, and that he is poor, which makes “a cold white mist” to seem “to creep up from the horizon of her mind, hiding out and veiling the gay, golden pinnacles of an airy castle, which was never built in her imagination and yet was there.”

We nowhere see the effects of the redundancy of women more strikingly than in certain novels. The facility with which the heroines fall in love, and the frankness of their self-surrender, is simply amazing to people whose ideal of maidenhood includes pride, and with whom reticence is one of the sweetest feminine charms. Here is Queenie, a tall girl with grey eyes, and a certain assumption of self-control as a quality to be encouraged and made much of, down at the feet of Harvey Graham on a first interview. And she has not even the poor excuse of tenacity to redeem her haste and make her sudden passion respectable in the retrospect. She falls in love with Harvey Graham, but she falls in love also with Dudley Wyverne, and is so confused and uncertain in her feelings that, when Dudley makes loves to her, she cannot say which she likes the better of the two, but only wishes that she had seen him first. We do not say that this is not human nature. We dare say it is—human nature of emphatically a very common type—but it is not what we expect from a heroine with the suggestive name of Queenie, one who might have been presumed at least to have known her own mind so much as to be able to say which man it was she loved and which of the two she desired to marry.

If Harvey Graham is only a blue-eyed, honest-hearted, sweet-voiced man, Dudley Wyverne is all this in his own way and something more. His guns are of heavier intellectual metal than his friend’s; very heavy metal indeed when he does “blaze away,” as coarse-natured Uncle Alick calls it. Once the conversation drifts into the very depths of speculation, when Dudley asserts that all animals will have another existence to compensate them for the misery they undergo through man’s sin in this. But when he is pinned to the example of mites in cheese, he makes, we think, a scarcely honest retreat by saying, “Oh! their creation is the effect of civilization. In our future state I should imagine no cheese, no mites.” We extract Queenie Demeric’s answer, premising, however, that this is not the way in which the young lady usually talks, and that her bold dive into deep waters comes upon us therefore with a sense of strain and incongruity by no means advantageous to the artistic merit of the book:—

“If you admit that any form of animal life has had its distinct origin since the creation, you open a door at once to the supposition that there may also

have been several, instead of one single, great primal centre of creation.” I rejoin, in perplexity, transfixing him sternly with my grey eyes. “And since fossils show marks of disease and death ages before man’s creation, why should later animals alone be recompensed?”

As the conversation proceeds, we come upon the following playful badinage, which we give as a specimen of the humour and descriptive powers of the author:—

“Women always are so fearful of stepping out of the beaten track in these matters,” remarks Sophy.

“Might get into a quagmire,” interrupts the audacious Dudley. “They distrust their own powers—and quite rightly too.”

“While men are overweeningly self-confident,” I retort, “and ‘fools rush in where women fear to tread.’”

“Oh! angels, angels. You may have the full benefit of the quotation,” exclaim all the male sex in full cry, with the most impertinently patronizing tone.

“What an uncomfortable idea of future happiness you all seem to entertain,” observes Gerald Forbes, like Agag, delicately. He is seated stiffly upon his pocket-handkerchief, with outstretched legs, and an air of extreme discomfort—this useful article being so placed to protect his nether garments from chance injury, and his own precious person from any possible harm arising from the damp of his lately wave-washed seat. “Be off, animal!” he exclaims, all of a sudden, with such force that we all start. “Dog, may you never be resurrected!” he continues rapidly, addressing Shot, the old red setter, who is comfortably scratching and shaking himself on a rock beside our much distressed friend; or, if you are, at least come alone, and don’t—don’t, I beseech of you, invite any of your small friends on a visit.” Here his vehement utterance drops into one of painful entreaty, as he struggles with apparent exertion to remove himself from his uncomfortable position.

Among the characteristics of style to which we would take exception, we find, in the first place, an unnecessary amount of current slang; in the second, a habit of calling names not of a choice or complimentary description. One worthy says, “He has got some brains in his head, not mere drawing-room balderdash, like those other two grinning nincompoops,” which may be middle-class English, but is not Parliamentary. August, too, as “synonymous (*sic*) with grouse,” may be a correct tabulation of men’s thoughts, but we think we have a right to object to the spelling, and to ask that writers shall not make their own dictionaries. A gentleman making love spitefully rather than tenderly, comparing his fair enslaver to “Ninon de l’Enclos, who could love truly for two months, which to her was an age,” “a sneer spoiling his handsome face” as he speaks, while the lady, who is no other than Queenie herself, thus bandying doubtful phrases with Dudley Wyverne, “flashes back a look as disdainful as his own,” and gives as her “mocking answer, delivered with all the cool raillery she can muster,

‘Le plus souvent, le plus souvent,
Je ne suis pas pour le sentiment,’”

seems to us to make a scene more than questionable on the score of true refinement. Also an officer asking a lady if she does not think a certain race “rather a rotten affair?” and further confiding to her that when he “saw Ida coming to the front he rushed down and shot a book-maker for a pony,” answering her bewildered look with “Oh! you’re not up to the dodge,” with more to the same purpose, are surely strange words for the ordinary English gentleman to use when addressing the ordinary English gentlewoman. But we are quite ready to admit that novelists have possession of a class of creatures not to be found out of their pages, and that what would be outrageous in a real drawing-room passes muster readily in a fictitious one.

As for the story of *Queenie*, nothing can well be thinner. It is simply the history of how a girl falls in love with one man at one time and with another man at another time, heedless of the good old adage about being off with the old love before being on with the new; how the first man dies so that the course may be left clear for the second, and how we are to suppose that the marriage did really take place “to-morrow,” hoping that Dudley never afterwards reproached his Queenie with that episode of Harvey Graham, but, knowing what men are, afraid that he would do so when bilious and cross. We cannot but think that it must have taken up a good deal of time which might have been better employed, and that it must have cost a sum of money for which it might have been possible to find better uses, to write all this in three volumes, and, having written it, to present it printed to the public.

MINOR NOTICES.

AT this sombre season the thoughts of many persons turn with instinctive longing to the bright skies and sunny warmth of the South, and there is a general flight thither from motives of pleasure, or too often of sad necessity. It would be difficult to find a more useful or agreeable companion on such an expedition, whether undertaken in reality or in fancy, than Dr. Bennet’s book*, which in the course of successive editions has grown from a little essay into a respectable volume embodying the experience of fifteen winters and springs passed on the shores of the Mediterranean. Dr. Bennet writes not merely as a doctor, but as a traveller and man of the world, and his scientific observations are varied by picturesque glimpses of the country and the people as he moves about. Gratitude compels him to give the palm to Mentone above all other sanitary stations, for its delightful climate restored him to health at a very critical time, and he always feels better there than anywhere else. He still adheres to his opinion that there is no better winter climate than that of the more shel-

* *Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By J. H. Bennet, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill.

tered regions of the Western Riviera, but his personal preference need not be accepted as an absolute dogma, and he takes care to give an equally full account of the other resorts of invalids. He finds that there are two kinds of winter climate in the Mediterranean; one mild and dry, on its north shores generally, and more especially the Western Genoese Riviera, and the East coast of Spain; and the other, mild and moist, on the West and South. Palermo, though its mean winter temperature is higher by some degrees than that of the Riviera, is pronounced to be rather moist and relaxing. In Algeria also, though the winter nights are warmer than on the Northern coast of the Mediterranean, and the summer heat intense, there is more rain and more atmospheric moisture. Of course where invalids are concerned other considerations besides those of climate must be seriously considered. It is necessary that they should be provided with the sort of accommodation which is essential to their requirements, and in this respect the older and more matured settlements have naturally an important advantage. The expense of living at Mentone has quite doubled since Dr. Bennet first went there, and is now as high as at Nice or Cannes. The reason of this is, however, that the markets are now much better supplied and the standard of living more luxurious. On the other hand, Corsica, though described as a most enjoyable and fascinating country, is still somewhat backward in regard to comfort. The condition of Ajaccio, however, seems to be improving, and those who go there get at least as good a climate—it is of the same mild, moist kind—as that of Algeria, without having to go so far for it. Dr. Bennet, we observe, has a good word to say for Biarritz, the character of which is perhaps scarcely understood. Persons who visit it in the glare of summer naturally find the heat oppressive, but during the winter the atmosphere is very agreeable, and the place has then also the further recommendation of being comparatively cheap. Biarritz, from its exposed situation, is obviously not suited for cases of severe disease; but there must, Dr. Bennet thinks, be many cases in which the sunshine and mild temperature of the South-Western coast of France may be sufficient. At Arcachon the pine woods of course add to the beauty of the scene, and supply a more sheltered situation.

We have seldom met with so vivid and interesting a picture of a settler's life in a wild country as that which Mr. Kennaway has given us in this little volume.* He has not attempted to write a connected narrative, but has just jotted down remarkable incidents and experiences in a plain, business-like way, without any effort at literary effect, if we except some snatches of verse with which he cheered his solitude. Perhaps the highest praise that can be bestowed on the work is to say that it often reminds us of *Robinson Crusoe* by its graphic simplicity of detail. Indeed Mr. Kennaway would seem to have a good deal of the character of the famous explorer in his own composition. It must not be supposed that *Crusta* is full of terrible and exciting adventures. The writer and his brother went out in 1851 to the Middle Island of New Zealand to try their fortune in sheep-farming, in which they appear to have been very successful; and their solitary and laborious life, the shifts they were put to, and the hardships they had to undergo, their reverses and triumphs, are told in a plain, straightforward, and unpretending manner. There is no attempt to disguise the hard prose of colonial existence, or to invest sheep-driving with an air of romantic interest. We are made to feel the weariness and monotony of the life, its coarse drudgery, and incessant anxieties; and at the same time we catch the spirit of the settlers, and can understand the sense of satisfaction and even exhilaration which goes with such sturdy, earnest work. What is involved in driving a flock of a thousand sheep for three weeks across a broken and unknown country may be gathered from the chapter entitled "On the Road." Colonial sheep, we have to be reminded, are not as English sheep. Though tolerably well bred, they are half wild, unmanageable animals, accustomed to roam over great tracts of open country, allowing no one to approach them within half a mile, and breaking away at full gallop, and trying the mettle of good dogs to head them. And these are the sort of animals which have to be got somehow or other over steep hills, through long stretches of plains, and across foaming torrents. A case is mentioned in which three days were spent in trying to get three hundred sheep across a rapid river, the two shepherds in charge having finally to carry the sheep over bodily in pairs, on horseback. On one occasion the author's party had their hut burnt and nearly all their provisions destroyed while camping out with sheep, and, while the rest went off for fresh stores, he and a companion had to pass forty-six days on the spot by themselves, sleeping on the ground in bitter winter weather, in hail, frost, and snow, with short rations of bread, weak tea, and mutton, and all the while distracted by the perverse wanderings of the sheep. Towards the end of this time even the flour and tea failed, and they had to drink a nauseous concoction from the twigs of a small shrub, manuka, to wash down the scraps of frozen mutton, firewood being also very scarce. Perhaps the most stirring passage in the book is the description of "Fire against Fire." The parched grass of the neighbouring country had caught fire, and the wave of flame could be seen rapidly rolling towards their sheep-runs. The only chance of escape was to cut off the fire by burning off a belt of grass between two rivers, which, however, involved the risk of their own fire getting beyond their control among the jungle, and devouring the flocks it was intended to protect. The attempt, however, was successful. This

* *Crusta: a Settler's Fare 'dus South*, By Laurence J. Kennaway. London: Sampson Low & Co.

and other incidents of sheep-farming and sheep-driving, together with long exploring rides, are described in a simple, animated way that brings the kind of life distinctly before us. It should be added that Mr. Kennaway gives a cheerful account of the present condition of the part of New Zealand with which he is best acquainted.

Mr. Blair, who is an Executive Engineer in the Indian Public Works Department, is anxious that people in this country should clearly understand the very serious and complicated difficulties which surround the problem of dealing with Indian famines.* These disastrous events, as he points out, are not mere exceptional and isolated phenomena. The causes which bring them about are always more or less actively in operation; and it is consequently necessary to take especial care that, in providing a remedy for the evils of the moment, nothing is done to sow the seed of worse evils in the future. Mr. Blair gives a brief and useful review of the great famines which have at different times occurred in India, and also some statistical tables, in which the results are exhibited in a distinct and impressive form. His general conclusion is that while direct relief to the starving people during a famine is indispensable, the great object should be to push on preventive works, so that the necessity for direct relief may be gradually diminished—a conclusion which, though not particularly original, is none the less sound. Mr. Blair makes one remark which certainly deserves attention, and that is that there is an obvious danger in trusting to the operation of the laws of political economy in a country where the customs and prejudices of the people tend to neutralize or counteract them.

Mr. Eassie has reprinted from the *British Medical Journal* a series of papers† which present a very clear and concise view of the chief sanitary requirements of a wholesome dwelling. The work, we are told, is intended for the use of officers of health, architects, builders, and householders. It need hardly be said, however, that it will not enable a householder to dispense with professional assistance, and to take upon himself the direction of the operations which may be necessary to set his house to rights. Its chief use as far as the householder is concerned will be to make him supremely uncomfortable, and to impress upon him a melancholy sense of his own utter helplessness. It will teach him that mysterious and unseen dangers lurk on every side; that, for anything he knows, the drainage of his house may be so contrived as to poison the air and taint the water, that pipes and traps and cisterns are all conspiring against the health and lives of his family, and that scamped walls and rotten foundations are also doing their part to generate damp and fever. What can an ordinary householder know about the hidden arrangements of his house? As a rule, he takes them on trust, on the assurance of the landlord or builder that everything is all right, and learns only by sad experience the perils to which he is exposed. Such works as Mr. Eassie's will at least do good service in creating an active and resolute public opinion on the subject. The only way in which householders can protect themselves is by insisting on the production of detailed plans, and getting them checked by a competent professional person; but before people will take this trouble they must be thoroughly alarmed.

The frog has suffered so much in the interests of science that it is only fair that science should make some return to the frog. Accordingly, in an interesting little treatise‡, Mr. St. George Mivart exalts the common frog as one of the most wonderful of animals; and so undoubtedly it is, since, beginning existence with the organization of a fish, it undergoes a remarkable metamorphosis and becomes an air-breathing quadruped, capable of easy and rapid movement over the ground. The structure of man himself may almost be said to be simple and commonplace compared with that of the frog, which presents relationships of analogy or affinity to very different animals, such as fishes, serpents, tortoises, and crocodiles, as well as to the human system. Mr. Mivart is therefore justified in saying that there is probably no other existing animal which is so replete with scientific interest of the highest kind. Mr. Mivart's views on the various biological problems which are incidentally presented in the course of this study may be anticipated from the side he has already taken on such questions. He suggests that if new forms of life, new species, arise from time to time through congenital variations, such forms may have arisen through the evolutions of implanted potentialities definite in nature, or, in other words, by "specific genesis." The illustrations of this little volume are profuse and excellent.

Mr. Kaufmann's *Socialism* § is in more ways than one an unsatisfactory work. In the first place it is impossible to know how far it is his own composition and how far it is borrowed from the German work by Dr. Schaffle on which it is honestly enough acknowledged on the title-page to be founded. It is described in the preface as "a popularized epitome" of the latter, "with additions and alterations to adapt it for English readers," but, as the "additions and alterations" are not specified, there is a constant uncertainty as to what is Mr.

* *Indian Famines; their Historical, Financial, and other Aspects*. By Charles Blair. London: Blackwood & Sons.

† *Sanitary Arrangements for Dwellings*. By W. Eassie, C.E. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

‡ *The Common Frog*. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. Nature Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

§ *Socialism: its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies Considered*. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, B.A. Founded on the German work "Kapitalismus und Socialismus." By Dr. A. E. F. Schaffle. London: Henry S. King & Co.

Kaufmann's and what is Dr. Schaffle's. Unfortunately, too, the process of adaptation for English readers does not include translation into smooth and intelligible English. The work is disfigured by the absurd bastard jargon of "Continental charlatans and fanatics." We read of "conglutinated labour," "capitalism," "individualism," "mercantilists," "solidarity," "economic federalism." And what is to be said of such a sentence as this:—"You have not yet been able to point to a modern positive socialism which would under a system of oecumenical commerce dispense altogether with capitalism." A conspicuous weakness in the book is the extravagant importance attached to the wild rhapsodies of the Lassalles and Marxes; but it must not be supposed that their opinions are adopted. The general tone in which the rights of property are discussed is sensible enough. The result of a tiresome examination of a great amount of wordy rubbish is to establish in the main the familiar conventional conclusions. It is a relief at last to find that "the way to a true social reform does not lead over the ruins of existing capitalism."

Mr. Richard Lewis, the Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, has compiled from the ample materials at his command an interesting and useful history* of the lifeboat and of the measures which have been taken to extend its use along our coasts. It is a curious circumstance that the first lifeboat should have been invented by a landsman who had always lived away from the sea, and had had no personal experience of the perils against which he was anxious to provide a safeguard. This was Lionel Lukin, a native of Dunmow, and afterwards a coach-builder in Long Acre. The buoyancy of his boat was secured by a projecting gunwale of cork which was added to its upper frame, and a hollow, water-tight compartment at the bottom of the boat. The design was patented in 1755, but attracted little attention. Four years afterwards a ship was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne in the presence of thousands of people, who saw the crew drop off one by one from the rigging, and yet were unable to afford them any assistance from the want of a boat that could live on such a rough sea. This distressing spectacle naturally made a deep impression, and it was resolved to offer premiums for the best model of a lifeboat. Mr. Greathhead, a local boat-builder, won the prize with a boat the keel of which was curved instead of straight, and which was made buoyant with cork. She had no means of freeing herself of water or of self-righting if upset. Greathhead's boat rendered useful service, and he was rewarded by a Parliamentary grant of £1,200, but somehow the interest in lifeboats languished. Even when the subject was taken up by the National Lifeboat Institute, which was established in 1824, the stimulus which was then applied had only a temporary effect, and for many years lifeboat work was carried on in a very feeble and fitful way in consequence of the want of funds. The late Duke of Northumberland seems to have inspired new life into the Institution, and its recent history has been one of great activity and success. Along the seaboard of England and Wales, 2,000 miles in extent, the Institution has now 181 lifeboats; on the Scotch coast, 1,500 miles, 30 boats; and on the Irish coast, 1,400 miles, 31 boats. Great improvements have also been made in the character of the boats, in regard to self-discharge of water, stability, self-righting, and so on. Only a small minority of the Institution's boats do not possess the quality of self-righting. Mr. Lewis discusses the question of the practicability of using steam in lifeboats, but fears that the difficulties are insurmountable. A lifeboat has often to be conveyed over a flat shore, covered with heavy surf, forming perhaps a continuous mass of broken water for a mile or so from shore, and in deeper water it is liable to extremely violent motion, being sometimes thrown into an almost vertical position. Under these circumstances, it would be scarcely possible to afford sufficient protection to the fire of the steam-engine to prevent it from being extinguished, while at the same time preserving the necessary draught of air and convenient access to the fire by the engineer. Mr. Lewis's conclusion is that an open boat with stout oars is the safest form that can be adopted. His work, it should be mentioned, is illustrated with woodcuts of a superior character and diagrams.

Mr. Zeller† was one of Strauss's pupils, lived for several years under the same roof with him, and afterwards kept up an intimacy with him to the time of his death. He has also had the opportunity of examining his friend's correspondence and private records of his life. From these materials he apparently intends to write a complete life of Strauss. The present volume is offered, not as "a finished picture, but as a preliminary sketch"; and it is, in fact, chiefly devoted to an analysis of Strauss's published works. The information which it affords as to his personal history and character is rather meagre and disappointing; but perhaps there was little in the external circumstances of the philosopher to excite interest. His father was a retail shopkeeper, with a taste for mysticism and poetry, who neglected his business, and was often rather rude to his customers. The mother was a shrewd, cheerful, practical woman, and strongly inclined to rationalism on religious subjects; and the son took chiefly after his mother. One of his earliest teachers was Professor Baur, the founder of the Tübingen School, who exercised a deep and permanent influence on his mind. It appears also that he passed through the school of Schleiermacher before he found his centre of gravity in that of Hegel. After distinguishing himself at the University, Strauss was appointed

deputy to a country minister not far from his native town, Ludwigsburg. He is said to have been popular as a preacher, but in a very short time he was recalled to academical duties. Soon, however, he discontinued this kind of work too, in order to devote himself to his "Life of Jesus." It was published in 1835, and in a few years passed through numerous editions. This success led Strauss to devote himself henceforth exclusively to literature. Indeed the feelings excited by his during book rendered it hopeless for him to expect official employment. Even the free-thinking Government of Zürich, which in 1839 offered him the Professorship of Theology, was obliged by the excitement which was produced to cancel the appointment. At this period his outward appearance corresponded but little with the conception which most of his readers probably formed of him. The delicate lines of his youthful countenance, the slight bend of the head, and the contemplative downcast eye gave, we are told, an impression of almost girlish shyness. In 1848 Strauss was elected a member of the Würtemberg Diet, but soon found himself in conflict with popular views, and the attacks of the Radicals compelled him to resign. "If," he said, "I have only to choose between the despotism of the prince and that of the masses, I am unhesitatingly in favour of the former." Strauss was married in 1842 to a well-known singer and actress, by whom he had two children; but the marriage did not turn out happily, and a separation took place at the end of five years.

It appears from the preface to the "Romance of Acadia" * that during the enforced leisure which he himself was accustomed to call his "twilight," Mr. Charles Knight amused himself by collecting materials for a tale founded on the early history of Nova Scotia. He only went so far, however, as to sketch out the plot and the principal characters; and two members of his family, a daughter and grand-daughter, have now endeavoured to fill in the outlines and complete the narrative. A composition of this kind could scarcely be satisfactory, and it is evident that its publication has been dictated rather by love than discretion. It is impossible to imagine a more shadowy and uninteresting tale.

Mr. Quaritch's Catalogue † may be justly described as the great book of the season; indeed its only rival in greatness is the *Post Office Directory*. It contains some two thousand pages of closely printed matter, with a careful index; and, apart from the immediate purpose for which it is issued, it has a permanent value as a work of reference.

Mr. James Greenwood presents himself once more in the character of "one whose delight it is to do his humble endeavour towards exposing and extirpating social abuses and those hole-and-corner evils which afflict society." The *Wilder of London* is a reprint of articles which have appeared in various newspapers, and which Mr. Greenwood thinks have not received "the amount of consideration" which they deserved. As the account of the mysterious man-and-dog fight is not reproduced in this collection, it may be presumed that the author thinks it has already secured adequate attention. It is a pity, however, that it was not added in order to complete the book. The reader would then have had before him the natural climax of that highly artificial style of writing, persistent practice in which at last makes it impossible for the writer to distinguish in his own compositions between fact and fiction. In the present volume there is a paper called "At the Turnspit, Quaker's Alley," which may be regarded as a first sketch of the subject which was afterwards so powerfully developed by Mr. Greenwood's brooding imagination.

The reproduction of Lord Lytton's work on "England and the English" § is chiefly interesting, not so much for the light which it throws on the state of England at the time when it was written, as for the illustration it gives of the youthful opinions of the writer. The book was originally published in 1833, when the author was Mr. Bulwer, and a romantic and impetuous advocate of popular rights. He resented the haughtiness and exclusiveness of the aristocracy, and he was equally repelled by the vulgar coarseness of the mercantile middle class. In the masses alone he discovered real generosity and openness of mind, and he looked to their influence as a wholesome check on the corruptions of the State. It is significant, however, that Radical sentiment did not stand in the way of what were practically very Conservative conclusions. For instance, though the people are to have a large power in electing the Government, this is on the assumed condition that the Government is to be in advance of the people, and to pass laws for them, not to receive all law from them. Again, despicable and mischievous as the aristocracy may be, it is to be regarded as an unavoidable evil, which, if suppressed in one form, would be sure to spring up again in another, and the House of Lords is, therefore, to be left standing. On the whole, Mr. Bulwer's political criticisms strike one as rather crude and capricious, although there is undoubtedly a good deal of common sense mingled with epigram and paradox. The literary style of the book is loose and verbose, and the capital letters are grotesquely profuse. "Art," we are assured, "is the result of inquiry into the Beautiful, Science into that of the True," and the artist is warned that he must "image forth something beyond the Visible and Diurnal." The sketches of character which are interspersed

* *A Romance of Acadia Two Centuries Ago. From a Sketch by the late Charles Knight.* 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *A General Catalogue of Books.* By Bernard Quaritch. London: 1874.

‡ *The Wilds of London.* By James Greenwood. With Twelve Illustrations. London: Chatto and Windus.

§ *England and the English.* By the Right Hon. Lord Lytton. London: Routledge & Sons.

* *History of the Lifeboat and its Work.* By Richard Lewis. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co.

† *David Friedrich Strauss in his Life and Writings.* By Edward Zeller. Authorized Translation. With a Portrait. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

indicate satirical force; but, on the whole, it can hardly be wondered at that people did not discover from such a work that the writer was a great genius, or that in his lifetime it should have fallen into an oblivion from which he prudently abstained from rescuing it. Whether it was worth while to reprint it now may reasonably be doubted.

Many of those who are already familiar with Blake's poems will welcome a new edition*, and others will be glad of an opportunity of making acquaintance with them. Whatever may be thought as to Blake's sanity—and there can be no doubt that he had at least the taint of occasional madness—it is impossible not to admire the daring yet delicate imagination, the exquisite freshness and simplicity of expression, and the tender sympathy which mark his poems. Some of the pieces in this collection are published for the first time, and Mr. Rossetti's preface gives a minute account of Blake's personal history.

* *The Poetical Works of Wm. Blake, Lyrical and Miscellaneous.* Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir. By W. M. Rossetti. London: Bell & Sons.

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The Association was established in October 1873 for the purpose of providing a Co-operative Store devoted exclusively to the supply of Mixed Spirits and Liqueurs, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments.

The Management is in the hands of a gentleman who retired from partnership in an old-established firm of wine merchants in order to undertake his present post, and who bestows the same attention upon the tastes of purchasers as can be done in a private business.

The Advantages of Co-operation are not unknown, but the reasons why a Co-operative Wine Store can compete favourably with old-established firms of wine merchants are less understood. They are—

1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from five to ten per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.

2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store payment is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.

3. This prior payment provides to the Store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that, as his business grows, more and more capital is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a Store, and are never paid for until they are sold. In the ordinary course of trade the wholesale dealer receives payment and therefore the occasion of business provides its own needed capital.

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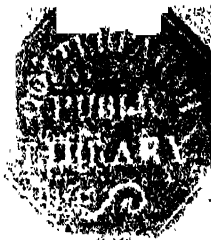
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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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MR. DISRAELI AND GERMANY.

AS might have been expected, the German press considered itself entitled to find fault with Mr. DISRAELI's speech at Guildhall. It seemed as if the English PRIME MINISTER had made a very unnecessary and a very unfavourable reference to the conduct of the German Government in the ARNIM business; and it must be owned that, had Mr. DISRAELI done this, he would have fairly laid himself open to criticism. It seemed impossible to understand to what he could be referring, if not to Count ARNIM and his imprisonment, when he talked of arrests and domiciliary visits, to which in some foreign countries noblemen were exposed; and the German Government itself probably shared the opinion that it was being talked against sufficiently to inquire what Mr. DISRAELI had said and had meant to say. Mr. DISRAELI at once took frankly and heartily the most sensible line. He gave it to be understood once for all through a special communication to the *Times*, that he did not mean to refer in any way to the German Government, that his remarks had nothing to do with Count ARNIM, and that in what he said about arrests and domiciliary visits he had only before his mind the generally deplorable condition of all the Continental nobility. Of course the German Government, and Germans generally, have nothing to do but to accept this explanation and let the matter drop. It is not for them to look a gift horse in the mouth. But our French friends are not inclined to let off so easily either Mr. DISRAELI or England. They will have it that this disclaimer was only the polite and official manner of owning that a mistake had been made, and of correcting this mistake. Mr. DISRAELI, these French critics say, evidently did mean to use the boasted liberty of a Briton, and to denounce the tyranny of BISMARCK. Standing in Guildhall, and, as Mr. JOHN LEMOINNE expressly points out, having GOG and MAGOG to back him, he defied Germany, and said what he pleased. But after the fust came the reckoning. The great BISMARCK was angry and let it be known he was angry, and instantly Mr. DISRAELI's valour collapsed. He made what, although veiled in diplomatic language, amounted to a humble apology. He had to eat his words, and to own that the living BISMARCK was superior to the dead idol of Guildhall. This drives Paris wild with delight. Here is Albion, which once was as proud as it was perfidious, literally humbled in the dust. England, like the rest of the world, kotoos to the man of blood and iron. He holds up the rod, and she kisses it; he nods, and she trembles. This is not merely to reduce England to the present low level of France, although even that would have been a pleasant spectacle. It puts England far below France. The French Foreign Office is avowedly afraid of BISMARCK, and Duke DE CAMBRES would no more dare to refer in a public speech to Count ARNIM's arrest than a Danish or an Austrian Minister would dare. But then France at least fought hard against holding her present position. She has been brought to accept it by the sword and by famine. England, on the contrary, has never dared to strike a blow. Big words are enough to frighten her, and her PRIME MINISTER yields at discretion to the orders of Berlin. Do not you feel heartily ashamed of yourselves, you English? asks Mr. LEMOINNE. Does not your Gog bow down and your Magog stoop? Are you not burning with regret and mortification? and do you not in your hearts envy the gallant French, who at least did not cry out till they were hit? Such are the questions which, with their usual ingenuity, our French friends put to us;

and our only answer is, that although we are sorry to disappoint them, we must confess that we have no sense of shame whatever, that we are perfectly comfortable, and that, so far as we can see, GOG and MAGOG look exactly as they did a fortnight ago.

We will assume, merely for the purposes of argument, that the French are right in saying that Mr. DISRAELI's disclaimer is only a roundabout way of expressing a regret that he should have used indiscreet language. Let us suppose that he did make a mistake, that he subsequently saw his mistake, and took this method of correcting it. This is what Parisian journalists say really happened. They put the case at the worst, and this is the worst at which they put it. We may be quite content to meet them on their own ground, and on this ground the very different ways in which Englishmen and Frenchmen would view the matter are curiously striking. We have here none of the French susceptibility as to owning ourselves wrong. We do not think the very least the worse of ourselves for admitting that we have been mistaken. We even sometimes appear to enjoy the luxury of our own woe, and find a subtle pleasure in traversing the abysses of penitence. Probably no nation, having any pretence to greatness, ever ate so much dirt as we swallowed while the *Alabama* Arbitration business was going on; but we only smiled as we stuffed our mouths with mud, and stuttered out "Mi Yankee, non angit." If Mr. DISRAELI was wrong, we like him to say that he was wrong. Our pride in frankly confessing our faults fully equals the pride of the French in stoutly denying theirs. If Mr. DISRAELI had meant to refer to Count ARNIM, the German Government would have been quite right in resenting his indiscretion. This is enough for us. Our side was wrong, their side was right. We acknowledge this, and there is an end of the matter. The Parisians do not condescend to go into details of this kind. It is idle in their eyes to inquire whether what was supposed to have been said was the right thing to say. It had been said, and men of honour always stick to what they say. If they did not, may be the secret thought of the Parisian mind, what would become of duelling? It is these paltry explanations that play the very mischief with a quarrel. If a gentleman before he raps out his sword stops to inquire whether the language he may have happened to use is justifiable, what is the use of his being a gentleman and having a sword to rap out? From what may be termed the DUGALD DALGETTY point of view this reasoning is certainly very cogent; but those who care more for getting through the business of life satisfactorily than for the laws of the duello may comfort themselves by observing that to own a mistake, when made, not only seems somehow more right than to brazen it out, but greatly conduces to the commodious transaction of affairs. Some day, perhaps, we shall be anxious to obtain explanations from the German Government. It will do something, or say something, or threaten something, that we should like to understand a little more clearly. If such a case arises, we shall at least now be able to feel that we start fair, that we are only asking to be done by as we have done, and that we can discuss the topic in which we shall then be interested on the basis of its being recognized that to give proper explanations, to recede from false positions, and to repair indiscretions carries with it no necessary humiliation.

If there is anything in our way of looking at such a matter which will astonish our French critics, they might

be still more astonished if they could be brought to understand that such an indiscretion as that which they assume Mr. DISRAELI to have made and owned would not injure him in any way in English opinion. He would be thought just as much of after it as before. His opponents would naturally make what little gain they could out of a trifle. They would point out that when he was in Opposition he was always making capital out of the indiscreet utterances of Liberals, and protesting that it was the first business of a statesman to measure his language; and they would be elated to find that he too could blunder when his time of office came. But they would not really think that they injured him, or that he had injured himself. He would be just as much above every man in his party as he had been. It is only of very eminent men that this can be said, but it can be said with perfect certainty of them. There never was a people that stuck to its men of the first rank with so much fidelity as the English do, and this national characteristic is one of the strongest incentives to exertion and rewards of merit which statesmen can have to animate and satisfy them. There are some men in each generation who, while constantly and keenly criticized, seem to have risen above criticism. They belong not only to Parliament and to their party, but to the nation, and the nation will not give them up. In the days of the greatest glories and successes of the GLADSTONE Ministry, when the Conservatives were crushed and powerless, and every one was warming himself by the blaze of some burning question, no one was so cheered whenever he appeared in public as Mr. DISRAELI. Now that the tables are turned, whatever Mr. GLADSTONE may do, whether he stays in Wales or comes to London, whether he moves resolutions or abandons them, whether he writes on Ritualists as if they were a quaint savage tribe whose customs he had not had time to understand before he sailed away, or whether he writes a pamphlet to show that he has found out what it would have been just as easy for him to have found out four years ago—he is equally the great, the glorious, the indispensable GLADSTONE. There are probably not ten men in all Flintshire who, when Mr. GLADSTONE cuts down a tree, would not like to be allowed to carry off a chip in their waistcoat pocket. If Mr. GLADSTONE made a speech in the House consisting of fifty lines from the First Iliad, and Mr. DISRAELI replied with fifty verses from the Lamentations of JEREMIAH, each would be thought to have spoken well in his own rather peculiar style. The *Times* would explain that they were both “artists,” and every one would be satisfied. This may be an odd state of things in the eyes of foreigners; but it is one which they should strive to realize and comprehend if they wish to understand England. They might find something exaggerated, something perhaps even childish, in the feeling which English statesmen of the first rank awaken in Englishmen; but they could scarcely come to the end of their meditations without arriving at the conclusion that it is in a great measure owing to the existence of this feeling that England possesses the peculiar type of statesmen of which it is most proud.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the differences of opinion by which the Liberal party is at present divided, all sections are happily unanimous on one point of primary and immediate importance. Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. LEATHAM, Mr. RICHARD, and Mr. FAWCETT agree that, for the promotion of the various or opposite public objects in which they are severally interested, it is indispensable to retain Mr. GLADSTONE as leader. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN indeed significantly remarked that Mr. GLADSTONE had earned a right to repose, if he chose to claim it, as the reward of his labours; but all members of Parliament who have lately addressed Liberal meetings insist, with more complimentary earnestness, on the continuance of Mr. GLADSTONE's services. Mr. RICHARD went out of his way to explain some incidental reasons for avoiding a change in the leadership of the party. It had been, he said, a pitiable spectacle to see the occupants of the front Opposition bench contending with one another for the allegiance of followers who regarded them all with distrust and indifference. On one occasion during the Indian campaign of 1857, when Sir COLIN CAMPBELL extricated a part of his forces from an embarrassing situation, it was observed that the cheer which greeted his arrival at the scene of

action was a vote of want of confidence in the commanding officer whom he superseded. In the same manner Mr. RICHARD's enthusiastic belief in Mr. GLADSTONE is partly intended as a censure on the colleagues who endeavour to represent him in his absence. There can be no doubt that the best argument for retaining a competent functionary is that it is difficult or impossible to replace him. It would be unfair both to Mr. GLADSTONE and to his enlogists to attribute their repeated offers of adhesion exclusively to negative causes. Fidelity and loyalty are among the best of political virtues; and it would be discreditable to those who shared and applauded Mr. GLADSTONE's triumphs to desert him in his temporary adversity. Whether he is in office or in opposition, it is evident that he cannot promote both the policy of Sir H. JAMES and the policy of Mr. LEATHAM; but either section of his followers may hope that he will take a longer or shorter time to think thrice before he denounces the institutions which they respectively cherish and dislike. The expectations of the advanced Liberals are more plausible, and they are probably more sincere, than the confidence of their unfriendly allies. It is scarcely probable that Mr. GLADSTONE will during the remainder of his political career sustain the part of PALMERSTON, who seldom defended an obstinate prejudice, and never permitted an organic change. His successor in the lead of the Liberal party is by a necessity of his own nature always deeply in earnest, and profoundly convinced of the importance of the measures which he may happen to advocate at the moment. It is difficult to feel violent excitement in the prospect of letting well alone. The human race has not been regenerated by the causes and motives which have hitherto operated; and perhaps the millennium may be attained by electoral districts, by subdivision of land, or by the abolition of the Established Church. Subversive politicians, when they express confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, imply their disbelief in his permanent adhesion to any of his former convictions.

Although Mr. GLADSTONE in the early part of the last Session intimated a doubt whether he should hold his position after the present year, it may be conjectured that he has no intention of an abdication which would be premature and unnecessary. Whatever may be thought of his defects, he has no competitor in his party. It is evident that his interest in public affairs is unabated, for he is still prone to commit the error of intervening too frequently in political conflicts. Private friendship rather excused than justified his unnecessary interference in the late election at Wenlock. There was no entanglement which required to be removed by a superior power descending from the exalted regions in which Prime Ministers dwell. Some time since, Mr. DISRAELI, then in opposition, made a similar mistake with reference to a Bath election, and the result was not encouraging to statesmen who are tempted to be officious in petty matters. It is difficult to judge whether Mr. GLADSTONE's activity in another department of controversy is suggested by political or ecclesiastical motives. His Essay on Ritualism, though it contained no reference to the real principle in dispute, was still more remotely connected with politics than with theology; but his pamphlet on the policy of the Vatican purported to relate exclusively to the civil allegiance of Roman Catholics. Mr. RICHARD and one or two other Nonconformists have since expressed their approval of declarations which seem to alienate Mr. GLADSTONE from Roman Catholic sympathies. More careful and more impartial critics have not failed to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE either intrudes into an alien controversy or identifies himself to some extent with one of the disputants. In any case it was not the business of a great leader of a party to prove that any section of his countrymen ought to renounce either their theological belief or their civil allegiance. Politicians in general look at such questions rather from the point of view of a Parliamentary Whip than as students of canon law or of ecclesiastical history. When they inquire into the probable consequences of Mr. GLADSTONE's publication, they will not fail to apprehend that the quarrel which he has gratuitously fastened on the Roman Catholic clergy may hereafter not improbably impede his return to office. The Irish members, who are for the moment comparatively powerless in the House of Commons, are likely to form an indispensable part of a revived Liberal majority. As far as they are compelled to consult the prejudices of the priests, they will probably refuse their support to the assailant of the infallible Pope. Fortunately

for Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. DISRAELI also has lately thought fit to assume the character of a Protestant champion; but the Irish hierarchy will justly calculate that the PRIME MINISTER is more open to a possible negotiation than his serious and conscientious adversary. If the pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees permanently deprives Mr. GLADSTONE of the votes of twenty Irish members, it will have done more harm to the Liberal party than to the Ultramontanists. There can be little doubt that, if he had consulted his followers, they would have deprecated the publication of the pamphlet.

It is well known that the Moderate Liberals, though they prudently profess confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, have no desire to accelerate his return to office. They are perfectly aware that for some time to come their party must be in a minority, unless it should profit by some unforeseen popular excitement, of which they would themselves disapprove. In the occasional contests which have occurred since the general election there has hitherto been no sign of a reaction against the Conservative movement. Even the expression by the Scotch University students of their political preferences, though in itself unimportant, is probably a reflection of the prevailing opinion of the middle classes. Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY are preferred to their opponents because the Government of which they are principal members is for the present popular. Liberal members in their addresses to their constituents either confine themselves to barren criticism on the details of business in the last Session, or expound, in the spirit of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. LEATHAM, doctrines which may perhaps be adopted by the country in the distant future. When they invite the patronage of Mr. GLADSTONE for democratic or revolutionary projects, they justify to the utmost of their power the impression which produced the overthrow of his Government. There is no reason to suppose that the constituencies are better inclined at the end of the year than they were at the beginning to tolerate a policy of recklessness and disturbance. Mr. GLADSTONE will not at present be recalled to power merely for the purpose of making all classes anxious, and all interests insecure. If Mr. GLADSTONE possessed either the steadiness of PEEL or the solid common sense of PALMERSTON, he would receive a large share of the support which is now unwillingly accorded to Mr. DISRAELI. If the prevailing opinion is Conservative, it is also Liberal, and it only inclines to the party now in office as the alternative of the supremacy of an extreme faction. In his unseasonable letter to the unsuccessful candidate for Wenlock Mr. GLADSTONE expounded with sufficient accuracy the true creed of a Liberal party which would both correct abuses and respect existing institutions. He would be more fully trusted if he were not claimed as a leader by those who would spare no existing institution. It is true that he has not yet declared his conversion to revolutionary theories, but there can be no doubt that the violent faction have plausible grounds for a confidence which is founded, not on his professions, but on his temperament and on his recent history. Old-fashioned Liberals, on the other hand, hope to exercise a certain control over the leader of a party which can only be saved from disruption by prudence and moderation. If Mr. GLADSTONE were to retire from the House of Commons, or from his responsible position as leader, the Radicals would provide for themselves a successor more easily than the representatives of the former Whigs. In the meantime allies who are in principle irreconcilably hostile to one another have sufficient reasons for loyalty to the only leader who may perhaps prolong for a time their artificial union.

THE PROSPECTS OF BONAPARTISM.

THE change which has come over the prospects of the Imperialist party is the most striking feature in French politics. It is all the more striking because scarcely any part of it is attributable to the action of the Imperialists themselves. The stars in their course have fought for Bonapartism. The mistakes of its enemies and the progress of events have alike helped it. And now the difficulties which beset the establishment of the Republic are leading men to ask whether, after all, the restoration of the Empire would not be the best thing that could happen; whether France has not more to gain and less to lose by this settlement than by any other; whether the Empire, under the new conditions under which it would be tried, does not promise to secure the essentials of good govern-

ment with less risk of failure than the Republic; whether, in short, wise and patriotic Frenchmen ought not to ally themselves with the Bonapartists in the hope of guiding and purifying them, instead of, as hitherto, offering an opposition which has its origin in nothing better than prejudice—prejudice no doubt founded on experience, but which fails to make due allowance for the qualifications which experience needs when it comes to be applied to the future. The main consideration on which this reasoning rests is the absence of any necessary connexion between Imperialism and that band of adventurers who founded and worked the Second Empire. It is admitted that if the Court of NAPOLEON IV. were to be a mere reproduction of his father's, an Imperialist restoration would not count among the alternatives between which good men have to make their choice. But the services of the men who constituted and gave character to the Court of NAPOLEON III. will not, it is said, be indispensable, or even helpful, to his successor. NAPOLEON IV. will be able to choose his supporters from among honest men, and when he is seen to do so, many of the stern politicians who now suspect the Imperial system will be willing to take part in working it. They will be the more disposed to do this because the special danger of Bonapartism is less formidable than the special danger of Republicanism. The Empire may be corrupt, but the Republic is very likely to lead to anarchy, and corruption is at all events more easily controlled than anarchy. If the Empire can be kept decently pure—and with the adventurers weeded out there is no reason why this should not be managed—it will secure order better than the Republic, and it will give Frenchmen as much liberty as they care to have. In fact, it will be very like a superior edition of the Septennate—the Septennate, that is, organized and made perpetual, and having a NAPOLEON instead of a MACMAHON at its head. In this last comparison, it is said, lies another reason why moderate and reasonable Frenchmen are likely to favour the Empire. The present Government, with all its faults, has kept things going with fair success, and if it continues to do this for six years more, the country will have got so well used to personal government that the accession of a BONAPARTE will seem the most natural thing to follow.

With the assumption which underlies this reasoning we entirely agree. Forms of government are things indifferent, provided that the substance of good government is assured. France may be free, tranquil, and prosperous alike under an Empire, a Republic, or a Constitutional Monarchy. The question at any given moment is under which form, all things considered, she is most likely to enjoy these advantages. The great fault of French politicians has been their inability to believe this. They have wished for the right things, but they have refused to believe that they could attain them except in one particular way. The moderate Republican and the Orleanist have had their separate formulas, and they have clung to them, not because they stand for different ideas, but because each has refused to see that the other's formula and his own can stand for the same ideas. Now any change of government is open to the objection that it tends to perpetuate this exclusiveness. France is in name a Republic. If she once more becomes an Empire, this will be a fresh declaration that there is some occult connexion between the Empire and good government. Such an announcement will at once set the Republicans to work to prove that there is some occult incompatibility between the Empire and good government. Consequently the parties opposed to the Government, instead of considering how they can modify its policy and use the power it possesses for the promotion of their own views, will go on scheming how to supplant one Government by another. The change to which they look forward will still be a revolution. This reflection may well make prudent Frenchmen hesitate before they quarrel with the existing Government, whatever faults they may see in it.

Again, it is conceded that, if the Empire is to be set up again to any good purpose, it must be by the co-operation of a class of politicians who were not formerly friendly to it. Its original promoters having been got rid of, its affairs will be managed by a respectable set of directors. But why should these directors associate themselves with the Empire rather than with the competing Company? They have the game so far in their hands that neither rival can obtain lasting power except by their aid. This indeed is the one feature in which the present condition of France is superior to her condition at any former time. The mode-

rate party, by whatever name it is called, has a better knowledge of its own power. It will be said that the fact that it is the moderate party must necessarily indispose it to a form of government which, as has been admitted, may lead to anarchy. But the factions which threaten the Republic with anarchy will not be swept out of existence by the re-establishment of the Empire. They will still exist as an element of danger in the French political system, and their enthusiasm will be only increased by the renewed necessity of stifling all expression of it. Republican fanaticism under a strong Republic is like an explosion in the open air. Republican fanaticism under any other form of government is like an explosion under cover. The force which may be harmlessly scattered in the one case is compressed and made destructive in the other. Some at least of this fanaticism has more to do with names than with things. There are many Republicans probably who would never quite lay aside the conspirator's cloak under an Empire, but would be perfectly content provided that the form of the Government were Republican. Of course this worship of particular phrases is a political error. But what French politicians have to consider is, how this political error may be best deprived of its sting. To take a single instance; there can be no question that M. CARRUTHERS has of late exercised very great influence over the extreme Republicans in the direction of self-restraint; and his youth, character, and antecedents make it probable that, under any circumstances, he will continue to be a powerful factor in French politics. But there will be an immense difference between his position under a Republic and under an Empire. In the latter case his occupation will be gone. He cannot play any conspicuous part without either defying the established order of things or abandoning all the convictions with which his name is associated. In other words, his choice will lie between making himself an instrument of dissension, and consequently of weakness, and losing all power over his followers. He must be either a dangerous agitator or a despised renegade.

There is another consideration which, though it rests at present upon no trustworthy data, ought still not to be altogether disregarded. It is assumed, and very possibly correctly assumed, that there will be nothing to prevent NAPOLEON IV. from playing the part of a quiet and respectable sovereign of a fairly constitutional type. If so, he will certainly have many advantages over any other ruler who is likely to be set up in France. His name will be popular with the army and with a large section of the peasantry; and the very greatness of his father's reverse will invest his son with a romantic interest that is not to be despised even in politics. But hereditary character will sometimes override all the warnings of prudence, and it is yet to be seen whether NAPOLEON IV. will be so little of a BONAPARTE as to rest satisfied with the useful but humdrum part which this calculation of the future assigns to him. If his father could have been thus commonplace in his aspirations, he might have died in the purple. But NAPOLEON III. seems to have had a genuine disbelief in Parliamentary government and constitutional forms which made it impossible for him to work by them so long as he saw a chance of working by any other means. He was as little fitted for the post of constitutional King as Mr. CARLYLE would be for the post of constitutional Minister. This unfitness may not have descended to his son. But the BONAPARTES are not an ordinary family, and speculations which assume that in the next generation they are to become so may after all be falsified by the event.

THE REFORM CONFERENCE.

A LITTLE knot of agitators has lately held a little Reform Conference with the result, if not for the purpose, of showing how little interest is at present taken in schemes for remodelling the Constitution. The commonplaces of electoral reform are too hackneyed to admit of any show of novelty, and the only curiosity which is aroused by notices of reform meetings relates to the names of the promoters, and not to their arguments. Of the late meeting at the Freemasons' Hall it is enough to say that it was assembled at the invitation, and was to have been held under the presidency, of Mr. BEAL. That indefatigable patriot has not enough to do in creating a new Municipality in London and in pro-

pounding to the Board of Trade the principles on which gas is to be supplied. In concert with Captain MAXSE and a few other zealous democrats Mr. BEAL has found time to conduct an agitation for Parliamentary Reform through all its conventional stages. In such cases the first step is for the managers of the movement to call themselves a preliminary meeting, at which, after laying down certain propositions, they appoint themselves a Committee to draw up a Report, which is, like a House of Commons Address, an echo of the original programme. On his third or fourth appearance the principal promoter takes the chair in an assemblage which is in all cases composed of the same elements. At a second or afternoon meeting it is customary, if possible, to procure the attendance of some member of Parliament, and on the late occasion Mr. BROGDEN accepted the invitation of Mr. BEAL. Mr. HOWELL and Mr. ODGER were of course not absent from a democratic gathering; and no celebration of the kind is thought satisfactory without the attendance of Mr. ARCH. It is not the fault of speakers on such occasions that they take for granted the only proposition which is seriously in dispute. The figures which they glibly manipulate clearly prove that electoral representation is not at present equally distributed. So many small boroughs return so many members, while Liverpool and Manchester and Birmingham, with a population many times larger, only return so many more. From time to time a careless speaker or journalist of another order has described the existing inequalities as anomalies, and the assembled reformers eagerly quote his admission. If, in truth, it is desirable that the numerical majority of the population should exercise absolute power, the English Constitution, with all its recent democratic modifications, is wholly indefensible. Mr. BEAL's figures are probably accurate, and the main objection to the adoption of his doctrines is not that symmetry has been already attained, but that the exclusion from political power of the upper and middle classes would probably not conduce to good government. The Electoral Reform Association, having informally appealed to public opinion, finds that its strength is represented by an active local politician, by two or three obscure members of Parliament, and by the extreme revolutionists who, like Mr. ODGER, would equalize property as well as electoral districts. The rest of the community is either opposed or indifferent to the proposed changes.

The petty club which under many names employs itself in the business of agitation is itself divided on questions of expediency, if not of principle. The gentleman from Birmingham who acted as Mr. BEAL's substitute took credit in his opening address for the moderation of his proposals, while he at the same time appealed to the sympathies of his audience by hinting that he would not be satisfied with the concession of his immediate demands. Parliament and the country are gravely asked to make comparatively moderate concessions to demagogues who confidentially inform their followers that, having once obtained uniform suffrage and equal electoral districts, they will have no difficulty in enforcing the remainder of their claims. It is impossible to deny that they are logically in the right, but for rhetorical or persuasive purposes it might be more judicious to practise a politic reserve. It is precisely on the ground that equal electoral districts would paralyse resisting forces that prudent and moderate politicians close their ears to Mr. BEAL's seductive and plausible statistics. In the particular instance, the moderation of the managers of the Conference must have been assumed, not for the purpose of securing unanimity among the audience, but of quieting the imaginary alarms of an indifferent community. Captain MAXSE and Mr. ODGER are as far advanced in democratic convictions as Mr. BEAL or Mr. WRIGHT; and the meeting in general sympathized only with extreme opinions. Amendments to the principal resolutions were moved and carried, and Mr. BEAL and his Committee seem to have unnecessarily exposed themselves to a series of rebuffs. Their next mortifying defeat was inflicted by Miss LYDIA BECKER and some other spirited ladies. Although the Chairman ruled that a motion in favour of female suffrage was foreign to the objects of the meeting, Miss BECKER and her gallant associates successfully insisted on a share in the proposed dilution of the suffrage. Whatever may be thought of the so-called rights of women in general, it would be difficult to resist their claims on the principles of the Electoral Reform Association. When it is once assumed that the right of voting is a personal privilege, and

that any consideration of the purposes to which it may be applied ought not to affect constitutional legislation, it follows that no incapacity ought to exclude women from the franchise. In spite of the efforts of the managing Committee, the Association resolved that Mr. FORSYTH should be asked, in common with Mr. TREVELYAN and Sir C. DILKE, to contribute his share to the deterioration of the electoral body. The power of Parliament and of the constituencies has been so firmly established during the long prevalence of a restricted suffrage, that democratic reformers have hitherto not foreseen the danger of transferring the centre of political gravity to some other kind of authority. In many parts of the Continent, including the German Empire, universal suffrage is found consistent with nearly absolute monarchy.

Politicians of higher rank than Mr. BEAL may perhaps learn from the failure of his agitation that they have been tempted to bid for popularity too hastily, and in a wrong direction. With the exception of a sensible speech by Captain MAXSE against the rights of women, the most plausible arguments used at the meeting consisted of references to speeches by Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE. Flesh and blood are not admitted to the polling-booths in equal proportions; and Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill for household suffrage in counties would effect only a part of the objects of which Mr. GLADSTONE has from time to time approved. The countenance which Mr. DISRAELI has given to the Reform agitation is probably to be explained by the apparent and temporary success of his last experiment of the same kind. In the debate on Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill Mr. DISRAELI confined himself with ostentatious reserve to collateral or incidental objections to the immediate concession of household suffrage in counties. It is not certain whether he was at the time preparing the way for a future change of policy, or only covering his retreat from a position which he had imprudently occupied. His appeal to the regard of the small boroughs for their own political privileges will not be forgotten by those concerned; and since the close of the Session the Government has received notice that the farmers are not prepared to acquiesce without resistance in virtual disfranchisement. Two months ago the official managers of elections imprudently adopted a candidate for Cambridgeshire who may probably have deserved the confidence of the Government. The tenant farmers had already elected Mr. RODWELL, because in the neighbouring county of Suffolk he had taken a leading part in resisting the dictation of the Labourers' Union. If Mr. DISRAELI should at any time attempt to carry Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill, he will encounter uncompromising resistance in Cambridgeshire, and probably in other counties. The ends for which Mr. ARCH and his adherents would use political power are fully understood by the objects of their hostility.

The noblemen and gentlemen who have followed Mr. BEAL in the promotion of the London Municipal Government Bill will perhaps begin to doubt the wisdom of their conduct when they learn that their leader is the political ally of Mr. OUGER and Mr. HOWELL. The modest proposal of handing over the corporate property to the outlying districts of the metropolis is perfectly consistent with the principles of the chief members of the Electoral Reform Association. If the precedent of seizing corporate estates were once established by Parliament, a heavy blow would have been struck against the security of private property. Some enthusiastic democrats may perhaps hope that a municipal government elected by household or universal suffrage would, like the Commune of Paris, sometimes protect and sometimes overawe a House of Commons which would derive its commission from a similar constituency. Thus far Mr. BEAL has succeeded better as a corporation reformer than as a political agitator. No Conservative peers attended his meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, nor would Lord ELCHO be inclined to introduce a Bill for the establishment of equal electoral districts. The very newspapers which welcomed the project of the Municipal Bill with inconsiderate applause scarcely allow one or two columns in the dead season of the year to the report of the proceedings of the Electoral Association.

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

THE volumes of elaborate statistics on France as compared with other countries which M. BLOCK has recently published, give, among other things, some very curious information on the population of France. The

wealth which France has recently been discovered to possess has taken many persons by surprise. There must have been a vast amount of wealth accumulated, by Frenchmen of all ranks to enable them to collect in two or three years so many millions sterling for investment in their new Rentes; and that the vast proportion of these new Rentes is held in France is made obvious by the very small amount of coupons for which France has now to make provision in foreign countries. When the issue was first made by M. THIERS, it was largely by foreigners, and particularly by Englishmen and Germans, that the loan was taken. But gradually the French have bought their own stocks, and now the proportion of the French debt which is held out of France is very inconsiderable. What is interesting to notice is that the wealth and the accumulation of wealth which these facts indicate are the acquisitions of a population which, if not stationary, increases very slowly indeed. M. BLOCK is proud of this, and sees in it a proof of the enlightenment and good sense of the nation to which he belongs. Political economists for a long time taught the doctrine that the road to prosperity was to keep the population within the limits of comfortable subsistence. M. BLOCK says that what MALTHUS preached the French have practised. But he says that the process is not due to a sudden and violent conquest of human nature, but simply to the gradual perception of what is fitting and necessary, which goes with increasing civilization and intelligence. Overpopulation is, according to this view, only possible where the people are degraded, ignorant, and without hope or ambition. Civilized people will be guided in the matter by the most obvious attention to what their own interests demand. In England a different mode of looking at things prevails. The population of England has doubled within a period in which the population of France has remained almost stationary, and with this rapidly increasing population we associate many things which we prize highly—our very great wealth, our colonial Empire, our habits of independence, our love marriages, our trust that the crumbs will be provided for the sparrows. If we were to argue for ever, Englishmen would rest persuaded that their way is best, and Frenchmen would rest persuaded that their way is best, and it is no use to argue under such circumstances. What is worth noticing is that the French have unconsciously walked in the paths of Malthusian philosophy, and they have reaped the reward which the prophets of political economy assured them would be theirs. They have got wealth; their wealth is diffused through their population; and their wealth is at once the consequence and the cause of the spread through the country of thrifty, industrious, and sober habits.

Since 1801 a census has been taken of the population of France every five years. In 1801 the population was 27,000,000, and in 1806 it was 29,000,000; but the census in its early days was taken so imperfectly that the probability is, not that the population had augmented by 2,000,000 during the wars of NAPOLEON, but that the second census was more accurate than the first. In 1821 the 29,000,000 of 1806 had only become 30,000,000, and at that date the population of England and Wales was only 12,000,000. In 1871 the 30,000,000 of France had become 36,000,000, while the 12,000,000 of England had become 22,000,000. To the 36,000,000 of France we have, in order to estimate the growth of the population, to add 2,000,000 for the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and then we must deduct 700,000 for the annexed provinces of Savoy and Nice. The real increase of the French population was therefore in fifty years 7,300,000. This is a very inconsiderable proportional increase as compared with that of England. The French gain is almost exactly one-fourth additional, or 25 per cent.; the English gain is five-sixths or 80 per cent. Still seven millions increase is in itself not an insignificant one; but the curious fact revealed by M. BLOCK's statistics is that the augmentation, such as it was, arose, not from any increase in the number of births, but from the fact that those born live longer. The number of births in France has remained almost stationary for seventy years. In 1806 the number was 916,000. In 1870 it was 943,000. This shows that, as time has gone on and the habits of the people have become more formed, or, in the language of M. BLOCK, as enlightenment has increased, there are fewer births in proportion to the population. It also shows that the average duration of life has increased, more people being alive at the later date, with only the same number of babies to replace them. If people live longer,

this, as M. BLOCK justly argues, shows that the conditions of life are more favourable. There is more comfort, better nourishment, risks in dangerous occupations are better guarded against, medical skill mitigates the ravages of disease. France is thus proved to be better off indirectly, just as the production of so much money to take up the new loans proves the same thing directly. And the same result is arrived at in another way still more indirect. Nature in France, as all over the world, gives the struggling race of man a slight—it is but a very slight—lift, by ordering that the proportion of men born shall be greater than that of women, which, as men are used up faster under the pressure of life than women, is a trifling gain to start with. In France, however, as in almost every other country, there are at any one moment more women alive than men, because the pressure of life more than counterbalances the superiority in number of male births. But what delights M. Block is that his tables show that the numbers of the men and the women alive in France at any one moment tend to become more and more equal. In 1801 there were 48 and a fraction men to every 51 and a fraction women in France, whereas in 1871 there was almost the same figure on each side of the account. There were 49.81 men as against 50.19 women. This result can only be attributed to one cause, and that is that the pressure of life is not so great on men as it used to be. Men live longer because they are not so soon killed off by dangerous occupations, disease, and want. Their numbers accordingly come nearer to those of women, and thus the general condition of the country is again in this way shown to be continually more flourishing.

These statistics suggest what, from the ladies' point of view, may be termed a pleasing picture of the future of humanity. We have often heard of late years in England feminine lamentations over the existence of what was supposed to be in the nature of things an excess of women who on no hypothesis could be married, as there were not the men at command to marry them. What, it has been piteously asked, is to become of this unhappy residuum? and it was answered that they should nobly front their fate, and, by acquiring early habits of industry, learn to gain their own bread, and so be independent of the short-coming sex. But M. Block comes to the rescue, and shows that something much more delightful than this is possible—namely, that by extending civilization, by inspiring prudence and sobriety, by insisting on precautions in dangerous trades, and by avoiding wars, a larger number of men may be kept alive, the sexes balanced, the melancholy residuum eliminated, and a theoretical husband found for every one. Even as things are, it may be observed that more women are married than men, for the French tables show that every one in six of the men who marry once marries twice, while only one in twelve of women forms a second marriage. Nor is it true that the example of France must be taken to show that the secret of French prosperity lies in any disinclination to marriage, or in not marrying. On the contrary, the French do marry very generally indeed. Of Frenchmen between the ages of thirty-five and forty 80 per cent. are married; and as to disinclination to marriage, M. Block scorns the imputation. He goes into calculations on the subject which are not, indeed, fortified by any actual statistics, for that was from the nature of the case impossible, but which at least show the habitual thoughts and beliefs of an intelligent Frenchman who is familiar with computations of the kind. M. Block estimates that if a hundred Frenchmen were taken, unmarried, but of an age to marry, about 40 per cent. would be found to be prevented by ill health or some similar obstacle from marrying; one, or at most two, would not wish to be married if they could; and all the rest would be longing to be married if they could afford it. This is a most romantic picture of a hundred Frenchmen, and all that can be said of it is that, if it is true, the most determined lady could not find a word to say against France on this score. What then is the secret of French prosperity? It is, according to M. Block, merely that French people are sensible enough to wait. They marry, but they do not marry early. They do not think much of the romance of young lovers. They regard marriage as a pleasant arrangement to enjoy which they must wait and work. The average age at which Frenchmen marry is thirty-one in Paris and thirty in the rest of France. The average age at which Frenchwomen marry is twenty-six in Paris and twenty-five in the rest of France. These ages indicate that marriage is deferred to a date decidedly later

than is customary in England, and the result is that married couples are in France more assured of what answers to the French standard of comfort. It is not, we may repeat, a question of imitating the French, for nations cannot easily imitate one another; but it explains much about France, with its hidden wealth and recuperative powers, which might not otherwise be understood, when these statistics have led us to see that the primary basis of this prosperity is that the average of the women in France are willing or are forced to wait till they are twenty-five to be married.

THE RAILWAY WAR.

IT was of course foreseen that, if the Midland Company persisted in carrying out the changes which had been announced in the working of its passenger traffic, other Companies would be compelled either to follow its example or to devise some other means of meeting the threatened competition. And this is what has now occurred. On Tuesday the policy of the Directors of the Midland was formally approved by a large majority of shareholders, and next day the representatives of the London and North-Western, Great Northern, North-Eastern, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Great Western, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Companies had a meeting, at which they resolved to recommend their Boards to follow any reduction of prices made by the Midland Company anywhere, to continue second-class carriages at reduced fares, and generally to co-operate in the interests of railway property. It remains to be seen whether this course will be adopted by the various Boards, and sanctioned by the shareholders; but in the meantime it is not surprising that the prospect of bitter, relentless, and probably ruinous, competition which is thus opened up should inspire the holders of railway property with very uncomfortable apprehensions. Whatever might be the ultimate result of such a struggle, it must in the first instance inevitably involve heavy sacrifices and some very serious risks. It would be a mistake to suppose that the vote of the Midland meeting implies serious approval of the resolution of the Board. It is obvious that in such a case the shareholders are necessarily very much in the hands of the Directors. They may have their own views as to what ought to be done, but they have to count the cost of enforcing them, and it is only natural that they should prefer to run the risk even of a dangerous experiment rather than create a revolution at the Board. It is perhaps unnecessary to speculate on the probable results of changes which will immediately be tested by actual experience; but the manner in which, as it now appears, the Directors plunged into their new policy is certainly by no means hopeful. The Chairman in his Circular indignantly repudiated the suggestion that it had been hastily adopted; but it is now explained that, in point of fact, the plan had long ago been before the Board, and had been repeatedly rejected, until at last it was adopted "somewhat suddenly." Before the Directors left the room their decision was in type, and it was instantly published. The refusal to postpone the proposed changes until the other Railway Companies had had time to consider them and to see whether some uniform system could not be arranged also points in the same direction. This nervous precipitancy is an unmistakable symptom which speaks for itself. Everybody knows the state of mind in which people who have for a long period consistently distrusted a particular project suddenly adopt it, and hasten to pledge themselves to it on the instant, lest cooler consideration should again revive their doubts. People who are firm in their conclusions are not afraid of reconsideration and discussion.

There is perhaps no mood in which more fatal errors are committed than that in which there is a disposition to assume that "something must be done" without reference to whether the something is really a wise thing in itself. It seems that the Midland Board has long been dissatisfied with the position of its system. It originally formed part of the route from London to Leeds, York, and Scotland, via Rugby and Normanton, and it has never recovered from its discomfiture when a more direct and convenient route was opened. It was hoped that the Settle and Carlisle extension would make the Midland a complete system, independent of its neighbours; but the mere making of a new line is not enough. It must be pushed and advertised; something must be done to call attention to

it and to tempt traffic to come that way. The reference in the Chairman's Circular to the cultivation of commercial traffic is now made clear. Mr. BASS stated on Tuesday that the adhesion of that "important class of the community," commercial travellers, had been secured. It had been ascertained that, if these gentlemen were allowed to ride first class, they "would exercise considerable influence as to the way in which the goods they sold should be sent to their destination," that is to say, they would take care to send all they could by the Midland. It must be admitted that this is a great lift for the bagmen, who are thus elevated into a sort of balance of power in the railway system. It is unnecessary to suppose that the Midland Directors have really been foolish enough to be influenced by expectations of this kind, but the fact that they should be put forward for the encouragement of shareholders would seem to indicate at least a significant deficiency in more solid argument. It is characteristic of the spirit in which the Midland Directors have acted throughout the whole of this business that they should have refused to consult with the other Companies as to the best course to be adopted. It is naturally the duty of the Midland to consider its own interests before those of other people, but it is absurd to suppose that it would have been in danger of being persuaded to sacrifice itself for the benefit of the London and North-Western or the Great Northern, or that any number of Companies in combination could compel it to adopt a particular system of working against its will. If the Midland had agreed to a conference, it would still have been perfectly free either to hold to its own policy or to join in the resolutions which might be passed; but it would have had the advantage of hearing all that could be said on the subject, and of considering whether the objects which it has in view could not be attained by some plan which might be generally adopted. All sorts of subjects relating to railway management are constantly brought under discussion in this way; and it is childish to describe a familiar and useful practice as "submitting the policy of a Company to the determination of its rivals."

It is possible that the disastrous warfare which is apparently impending may be averted; but it must be admitted that the obstinate perversity of the Midland Company in refusing to agree either to discussion or delay is necessarily extremely embarrassing to other Companies. It may be doubted whether in the long run the Midland Company will really increase its revenues by the changes which it is going to make; but it is probable that in the outset it will at least augment what will then be its first-class traffic; and in that respect Companies which continued to adhere to the old tariff would be placed at a disadvantage. If, however, the other Companies, as is proposed, reduce both their first and second class fares, they will give all who care to ride first class accommodation equal to that of the Midland, while a great many third-class passengers will be tempted to avail themselves of the cheapened second class. It must be remembered that the recent extension of facilities for third-class traffic has affected all railways more or less. The second class has, as it were, had the bottom knocked out of it, and the traffic has dropped into the class below. The natural way to recover this traffic would seem to be, not to abolish the second class, but to make it more tempting by a reduction of fares, the existing tariff being altogether excessive in proportion to the very meagre difference in accommodation between second and third class carriages. There are a great many people who either cannot afford, or do not think it worth while, to pay the present high second-class fare, but who would gladly pay something over the third-class fare for the sake of avoiding the roughest kind of company; and we should imagine that it would pay very well to cultivate this class. Under the Midland scheme, these people will be left in the third class, and the extra fares which might otherwise be got out of them will be lost, for they will certainly not go first class. It may be said that the Companies which keep up three classes will lose the advantages to be obtained by the Midland in the way of faster trains and reduced working expenses; but these economies are of a somewhat doubtful kind. It will always pay to run well-filled carriages. As to the first class, there is no reason why other Companies should not in some degree follow the example of the Midland in making passengers understand that, if they want to be sure of privacy or extra room, they must expect to have to pay for it. The abolition on the Midland of reduced fares for return tickets neutralizes the boon conferred by the removal of re-

strictions as to the date of return; but much popularity would be secured by any Company which offered those advantages together. There are undoubtedly various changes which the Companies might make in order to attract passengers, and to place themselves in a favourable position for competing with the new system of the Midland; but the test of the soundness of all measures of this kind should be, not whether they will hurt the Midland, but whether they will actually do good to the Companies by whom they are introduced. The bitter experience of the past should supply a sufficient warning against a war of reckless retaliation and revenge. Some way might surely be found of roasting the pig without burning the house.

THE LONDON GAS QUESTION.

THE letter which Mr. FARRER has written in Sir C. ADDERLEY's name to the indefatigable Mr. BEAL will discourage the promoters of the Corporation and Metropolitan Board Gas Bills. Mr. BEAL himself had suggested, in his interview with the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, that it was not advisable to revive competition, to break up the streets for the introduction of double sets of mains and of distributing apparatus, and, as he might have added, to throw away hundreds of thousands of pounds in pursuit of an object which is already attained. It was not to be expected that Mr. BEAL and his friends would remonstrate against a violation of the principles hitherto adopted by Parliament, and a wanton destruction of the property of the shareholders. When he remarked that the Corporations would undersell the Companies, or *vice versa*, he involuntarily extenuated the injustice of the proposed measure. Private traders are entirely incapable of competing with public bodies, which can make good their trade losses by means of taxation. Sir C. ADDERLEY is equally silent with Mr. BEAL on the protection which is due to property acquired in reliance on the faith of Parliament. He may ascertain, if he inquires into the question, that Parliamentary Committees have uniformly refused to sanction the competition of corporate bodies with existing Companies for the supply of gas and water; but perhaps in his answer to the deputation he may have intentionally confined himself to the task of stating the objections to Mr. BEAL's proposals. As Sir C. ADDERLEY justly remarks, the history of past legislation is not favourable to any attempt on the part of Government to enforce amalgamation as a step to further measures. In substance the Board of Trade seems to agree with Mr. BEAL in the questionable proposition that large savings in the cost of supply and administration might be effected by the reduction in the number of Companies; but Sir C. ADDERLEY and his advisers deserve credit for a desire to promote economy by enlisting the interest of the Companies in the promotion of improvements.

It is not improbable that, in the presence of a more formidable agitation, the City of London and even the Metropolitan Board of Works may reconsider their intention of attacking the Gas Companies. The owners of private and corporate property too often connive at isolated attacks on the rights of their neighbours; but when they are themselves simultaneously assailed, they may be expected to feel a certain regard for vested interests. When the deputation for abolishing the privileges of the City of London waited upon Mr. CROSS, Mr. HENRY COLE urged as one of the reasons for constituting a metropolitan municipality the advantage of obtaining gas at cost price. If an advocate of the Corporation had objected that one element of cost ought to be the purchase at a fair value of the property of the Companies, Mr. COLE might have replied that the City itself had given notice of a Bill for the establishment of a subsidized competition. The susceptibilities of the Corporation may perhaps be quickened by the knowledge that it has a common enemy with its own proposed victims in the person of Mr. BEAL. The professed hope that the Corporation would be, by Mr. BEAL's blandishments, tempted to commit suicide was probably from the first but a diplomatic fiction. If any illusion prevailed on the subject, Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and Liverymen have lost no time in disabusing the minds of their opponents. When Lord ELCHO brings forward his Bill for transferring the corporate property to strangers, the City of London will do well, instead of discussing the comparative utility of the present system and the proposed substitute, to take its stand on the simple ground of unquestioned possession,

and to deny the expediency or justice in any circumstances of compulsory expropriation. Mr. BEAL and Mr. COLE may not inconsistently demand on behalf of their future municipality the exclusive control of the gas and water supply of London. The Corporation will greatly weaken its own position if it is at the same time defending itself and attacking Joint-Stock Companies.

If the gas consumers or their representatives satisfy themselves that unnecessary expenses are at present incurred by the Companies, they may reasonably insist on the purchase of the property. The consumers are the beneficial owners of surplus profits after the payment of limited dividends; and Sir C. ADDERLEY is justified in his belief that the Companies, having attained their maximum receipts, have no strong interest in the further improvement of the property. The simplest mode of escaping from the consequences of former legislation would be to transfer the supply of gas on equitable terms to some public body. In the answer of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE to the deputation a more complicated plan is recommended. "It deserves serious consideration whether, the terms of the ultimate purchase being first determined, the Companies should not be allowed on complete amalgamation to increase their dividend beyond the present fixed limit in some fixed proportion to any reduction they may thus effect in the price of gas." If all Sir C. ADDERLEY'S assumptions proved to be correct, much might be said in favour of the principle which he adopts; but it is doubtful whether any considerable expense would be saved by amalgamation, inasmuch as the productive resources of the larger Companies are required for their present use. Within a few years the Companies and their customers have suffered extreme inconvenience from delays interposed by the Legislature in the way of their providing additional premises and works. Vast sums have been since expended on the purchase of land and the construction of works; and the Board of Trade greatly exaggerates the alleged waste under the present system. It may perhaps be true that a smaller number of places of manufacture would be sufficient if the works were now all to be constructed for the first time; but if the Companies were amalgamated, they would find it cheaper to maintain the present sources of supply than to abandon them for larger works. The Board of Trade cannot be supposed to have investigated the complicated reasons which have determined the choice of sites for the manufacture of gas. The necessity of avoiding as far as possible populous neighbourhoods accounts for some of the apparent anomalies which may be discerned on the face of the map. In other respects no considerable saving would result from a diminution in the actual number of Companies. The cost of the Boards themselves is insignificant, and it would seldom be practicable after amalgamation materially to reduce the staff. If the present dividends were increased, even after a diminution of price, the agitation to which the Companies have long been exposed would probably become more violent. It is difficult to understand how the terms of purchase could be settled beforehand if the dividends which might be earned were uncertain.

It is, as Sir C. ADDERLEY says, improbable that any large increase in the value of the property, and therefore in the consideration to be hereafter paid for it, will be sanctioned by Parliament; and yet the possible purchaser would be in no way injured by any increase in the purchase-money, provided it only represented the additional value of the property. It is evident that a dividend of 12 or 9 per cent. in the place of 10 or 7 per cent. would increase the value of the property of the Gas Companies; and they would be grievously injured if they were compelled to sell their undertaking at a sacrifice of income. It might indeed be possible to enact prospectively that a specified public body should be empowered to purchase the property at any time on the basis of the dividend which might have been earned during a certain period; but as the option would probably be exercised as soon as the dividend exceeded the present limit, the Companies would have no object in saving expense or in acquiring additional custom. If a change is required, or if it is conducive to the public interest, there can be no sufficient reason for delaying it. It is indeed doubtful whether the consumers would derive any advantage from a transfer of the power of supply; but at present they are assured by agitators that they have reason to complain, and, on the other hand, the shareholders are disquieted by periodical attacks on their property. It would, on the

whole, be desirable to complete the legislation of former years by securing to the proprietors their legal dividends and relieving them from the duty of managing the gas supply. The Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works would lose nothing by a purchase, and it is barely possible that the consumers might ultimately gain.

SCOTLAND AND CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

THE meeting of the Commission of the Free Church General Assembly disposes of one of the arguments used last Session against the Scotch Church Patronage Bill. It was said, notably by Mr. GLADSTONE, that the Bill was faulty because it made no overtures to the Presbyterian communions outside the Established Church. The Free Church especially had seceded rather than submit to the law which it was proposed to alter, and if, after an interval of thirty years, the cause of this secession was to be removed, it was only decent that something should be done at the same time towards undoing a result so much to be regretted. It is now evident that, if the Church Patronage Bill had been made to depend upon any willingness on the part of the Free Church to be reunited to the Established Church, it would never have become law. On Wednesday the Commission, by 116 votes against 33, adopted a Resolution which is absolutely inconsistent with the principle of religious establishments as it has been understood in recent times. It is true that the Resolution makes the Free Church maintain steadfastly "the duty of a national recognition and promotion of Scriptural truth." But it altogether disavows the notion that, in return for this recognition and promotion, the State is to exercise any control over the Church. To hold that the Church is bound to obey the directions of the civil court relating to the civil rights of her members or to the statutory duties of the ecclesiastical authorities is to encroach upon the Scriptural liberty of Christians. Consequently the State is to give all and to receive nothing. It is to spend its substance in recognizing and promoting Scriptural truth, but if it so much as hints that a Church which consents to take its money is bound to obey its laws, it is warned off the holy ground, and forbidden to interfere with the Church's "peculiar and incumbent duties." Nothing in the nature of a Church Establishment is possible on such a basis as this. A community composed of men of all creeds does not set up a State religion because it desires a national recognition of Scriptural truth. It does so because there are many advantages in placing a matter of so much importance as religion under the control and supervision for certain purposes of the Civil Courts. If this control is to be repudiated by the authorities of the religious body which is distinguished by special privileges, there are but two possible courses for the State to take. It may enforce the supremacy of its own courts, or it may disestablish the Church which denies this supremacy. Supposing that the Free Church were now established by law, one or other of these courses would certainly have to be taken. The Resolution of the Commission of the General Assembly asserts that when Scriptural truth is subsidized by the State, no control must be exercised over its ministers by the law courts even in matters relating to civil rights or statutory duties. This is a pretension which would be incompatible with the retention of the position of an Established Church, and it is equally fatal to any proposal for a restoration to that position. The Resolution goes on to declare, with much consistency, that the Patronage Act, instead of rejecting the control of the temporal courts in temporal matters, tends rather to confirm it; and on this ground it denounces the existing connexion between Church and State in Scotland as unscriptural and inequitable. "Consequently its termination is an essential preliminary towards a beneficial readjustment of Scottish ecclesiastical arrangements." It follows from this that, if any proposal for bringing back the Free Church into the fold of the Establishment had been incorporated into the Church Patronage Bill, the Government would have had its offers flung back in its face. It was necessary that the measure should stand on its own merits, and be known to be, as it was, a mere Bill for effecting a particular change in the law relating to the Established Church.

It must be admitted, however, that, though the attitude of the Free Church invalidates this particular objection to the Patronage Act, it raises doubts as to the wisdom of passing any Act on the subject. The text of the Resolu-

tion and the speech in which its adoption was moved point unmistakably to a more or less active agitation in favour of disestablishment on the part of the Free Church. Dr. RAINY distinctly said that it was time for the members of the Free Church to make it clear which way their faces were set. Dr. BEGG, who opposed the Resolution, did so on the ground that its adoption would commit the Commission to a crusade against the Established Church. The Resolution was not passed, therefore, in ignorance of its true character. Its nature and operation were made abundantly clear to the Commission, both by those who liked it and by those who disliked it. Yet, after all this, the division showed a majority of more than three to one in its favour. It may be some time before the Free Church gives any practical effect to the decision of its representatives, but when once religious bodies take to making it clear which way their faces are set upon any question, they are apt to quicken their pace very soon after they have begun moving. The Free Church is strong in numbers, in influence, and in zeal, and the last words of the Resolution indicate a determination to summon the United Presbyterians to make common cause with them. Hitherto it has been supposed that the United Presbyterians are more hostile to the Established Church than the Free Church is, and if this relation between the two bodies is maintained, the crusade which the minority of the Commission deprecate will be organized without much delay. The Scotch Establishment stands in a different position from that in which the English Establishment stands. It is not the Church, it is known not to be the Church, of more than a minority of the people of Scotland. Whenever the Free Church and the United Presbyterians choose to unite their forces, they can largely outnumber it. It is probable, at all events in the first instance, that a proposal to disestablish the Church of Scotland would not be left to be settled, as most Scotch questions are settled, by the votes of the Scotch members. It would be resisted by the whole Conservative party in Parliament, irrespectively of nationality or creed. But it is difficult to believe that, if a majority of Scotchmen made up their minds that Presbyterianism after the manner of the Established Church should enjoy no more privileges than Presbyterianism after any other fashion, they would be very long in getting their own way.

There seems to be a sort of fatality attending Conservative Governments in their dealing with ecclesiastical questions. Here is a reasonable and Liberal measure, designed to widen the basis of the Established Church and to give her a stronger hold upon the Scottish people, which threatens by way of result to create a new and formidable outcry against the very institution which the authors of the Bill wish to protect and strengthen. It would not be difficult to suggest a parallel in the case of the Church of England. The fact is that a Conservative Government is to an Established Church what a new and friendly landlord sometimes is to the tenant of an old house. For many years, perhaps, the tenant has tried in vain to get any repairs done, but except that there is a hole or two in the roof, that the walls show some cracks, and that the foundation has a slight tendency to settle, the house has served his purpose fairly well. By and by there comes in a fresh landlord, who has something of the new broom in his composition, and who is perfectly willing to do anything in the way of repairs that his tenant can reasonably ask for. The occupier of the house is delighted, builders are called in, plans and estimates are prepared, and the workmen are put on without the loss of a moment. For a little time all goes well, but there comes a day when the landlord comes to see the tenant, and tells him, after much beating about the bush, that the more the workmen have done the more they have found to do, that the walls cannot be touched without bringing down the roof, that the foundations cannot be strengthened without peril to the walls, and that he has come to the conclusion that it will save money in the end to pull down the house altogether. The present Government are as yet in an early stage of this process. They have succeeded to power in the character of friends of the Church Establishment, and what can be more natural than that they should justify their reputation by removing abuses and supplying defects? The time is yet to come when they will find out that what looks like a mere unsightly block of wood may prove to be the beam on which all the timbers of the house depend. There is no putting new cloth into old garments. Established Churches that have gone on without material change for centuries cannot

be altered and refaced without being in danger of coming down altogether. There is much wisdom in the warning which Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN has just given in his speech at Deal, and it is to be hoped that it will be seriously considered. If the Ministry do not promptly recognize the wisdom of letting things alone, they are likely to have the lesson impressed on them by a revival of ecclesiastical agitations which they may find it hard either to appease or to guide.

RECRUITING.

SOME political cynic observed that he never felt certain of the truth of any statement until he saw it officially contradicted. The newspapers have this week contained two communications from high authority which the public seem disposed to accept in the same sense as they did the celebrated declaration that certain clauses in the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill were among those things which no Prime Minister could understand. One of these officially authorized statements was, that "the establishment of the army has been complete during the year, and the recruits, though young, are of a good stamp, and more than meet the requirements of the recruiters as regards standard." This may be literally true, and yet it would be far from supporting the more general statement which precedes it, that recruiting is satisfactory. Assume for the moment the "good stamp," and take it that the only fault of the recruits is that of youth, which time and good food and training will correct. The very gist of the warnings which have proceeded from every experienced officer who has written on this subject is that, under our present system, these young recruits will have no opportunity to grow into mature soldiers. Those who are old enough to remember the Crimean war will not disregard the lesson which it conveys. The army which fought at Alma and Inkermann was as fine an army as ever stepped. Sir JOHN BURGOYNE, who was not a boastful man, has recorded the admissions of French officers that their army could not have done what ours did. But that army perished by sword, sickness, and privation, and we have never had another like it. When our men had fallen before Sebastopol, we sent boys to take their places, and the result was such as might have been expected. One regiment, consisting chiefly of recruits, "though young, of a good stamp," was sent to the Crimea by way of reinforcement to the main army, and almost the whole perished. The operations of 1855, however we may view them, are scarcely matter of exultation; and it is at least possible that the failure at the Rodan was partly due to the rawness of the troops engaged. In no other serious business should we set a boy to do a man's work, and even the great NAPOLEON failed when he attempted this in war. It may be true that he gained victories with boys, but he did not prevail on the whole campaign; and besides he was a general on whom soldiers might depend, whereas British generals are apt to depend upon their soldiers. This country is bound by treaties under which it might become necessary to send and to keep an army on the Continent, and this, as matters stand, could not be done. There are at most a few thousand men of the "stamp" of those that fought at Inkermann, and when these are expended, we must fall back upon recruits whose only fault we may admit would be youth and inexperience. We should enlist boys at vast expense, and send them abroad to die. No statements on authority can prevent experienced officers from drawing conclusions from what they see, or rather do not see, in the existing army; and if we could deceive ourselves, we could not deceive our neighbours. German and French journalists sometimes comment on the communications of authority to English newspapers, and it would be interesting to learn what they think of this particular utterance of the oracle. Assume that "the establishment of the army has been complete during the year," still the question remains whether that establishment is adequate to the necessities of the case, and upon this the oracle is silent. It is better to know the truth, however unpleasant, and we content ourselves with saying that, if there be any army of men in the country, we should like to see it. The utmost that can be reasonably inferred from the statement of authority is that the recruits of this year are rather better samples than those of last year, whose "stamp" largely was, or ought to have been, the letter "D." The mind of the Inspector of

Military Prisons was lately exercised on the question, What is the use of reclaiming a deserter whose delicate frame cannot support hard labour? It was perhaps a hasty generalization to infer from this officer's Report that the bulk of recruits had neither health nor honesty. We are now informed on authority that they "more than meet" the requirements of the recruiters as regards standard, but unfortunately a boy's perpendicular measurement affords no test either of his principles or constitution. There is further the vague assurance that these recruits are of a "good stamp," though young, and it is added that they have been raised without any unusual exertions. If we asked whether unusual exertions had been required to keep our recruits when we had got them, the answer might perhaps be unsatisfactory.

But, whatever may be the precise meaning of this official communication, there is to be set against it "the universal testimony of every officer one meets from the highest to the lowest." Colonel ANSON, writing in the *Times* on the very day on which the statement by authority appeared, uses these words, and adds that that testimony is to the effect that the quality of our recruits has sensibly deteriorated; that insubordination is increasing, and dissatisfaction exists to an extent unknown in former days; that the class of men we now obtain creates an utterly untrustworthy reserve, and in case of need we should not be able to lay our hands on ten per cent. of them; and that, as in 1876 some 25,000 men will be able to claim their discharge, we must go from bad to worse to supply their place. The controversy which has arisen between Colonel Anson and the *Times* would be amusing if the subject of it were not so vitally important. The apologists for the system or no-system which exists complain of Colonel Anson's declaration that it is "beneath contempt," and insist that it cannot be judged until the year 1876 arrives. Perhaps we may have an army in that year, and perhaps we may not. Colonel Anson is certain that we shall not, and his opponents are not very certain that we shall. He mentions one officer as an exception to the general consent of experienced opinion; and that officer likes to get boys because he can train them as he pleases, "forgetting that, if short service were really adopted, he would not have an able-bodied man in his regiment." It is probably in reference to this and similar passages in Colonel Anson's letters that the *Times* observes that the public know how to discount the grumbling which is a privilege of the service. If the public do know this, they are wiser than we take them to be. To us the grumbling appears general and only too reasonable. All that we see and hear points to the opposite conclusion to that to which the *Times* would lead us. There is of course the "authorized paragraph" already discussed. The *Times* founds an article on it, and *ex nihilo nihil fit*. It would not be worth while to criticize these articles if they were not, so far as we know, the only considerable exception to the general chorus of complaint. We examine them to see what can be said to quiet the public mind, and the result is seriously alarming. The Inspector-General of Recruiting is quoted by the *Times* as saying that "on the whole a satisfactory number of eligible recruits are being obtained," though it remains to be proved whether the number will increase sufficiently to supply the want which will be created when the short-service men begin to be draughted into the Reserve. This, being translated out of official language into plain English, comes to what we have already said, that perhaps the country may have an army in 1876 and perhaps it may not. If this be "on the whole" satisfactory to the Inspector-General, he must be a comfortable officer to be under. "It remains to be proved," probably, whether the country could lay hand on the men who had gone into this Reserve. The only thing certain is that they will have gone out of the army. The *Times* tells us that this opinion of the Inspector-General is founded on "full returns from the whole army," and we may be sure that the returns are full, although the regiments may be undermanned or the men undersized. If a country could be saved by any application of pens and paper, Britain might defy the world. Colonel Anson has put the matter shortly, and it is to be feared truly, thus:—"We do not pay the market price, and we do not get men; but we pay an inferior price for an inferior article, which would be useless in time of war." The only answer that the *Times* suggests to this disquieting statement is a reference to the Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, and to the "authorized

"paragraph" of last Wednesday, and this is no answer at all. The recruit, "though young, of a good stamp," would be useless in time of war, and even if we get the number that is wanted now, it is very doubtful whether we shall get the number that will be wanted two years hence. It is easy to realize Colonel ANSON's meaning by supposing that the duties of the Guards in London were undertaken by these recruits, "though young, of a good stamp." We know that they would be deficient in the qualities necessary to deal with a London mob, and yet we would match them against a foreign army. If boys could do the work of men, Lord CARDWELL was as competent as anybody to arrange how they should do it. But it is idle to plead for further trial of a plan which is manifestly inadequate. No plan can evade the necessity of choosing between largely increased estimates and compulsory service. "To this complexion we must come at last."

FURTHER REPLIES TO MR. GLADSTONE.

IF Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation has produced no other effect, it has at least brought out to the surface the wide division of opinion among Roman Catholics as to the nature and binding force of the Vatican Decrees. While Mgr. Capel insists that all who reject them "make shipwreck of the faith, and *ipso facto* separate themselves from the communion of the Church," the correspondence in the *Times* during the last fortnight abundantly illustrates the statement of "A Roman Catholic" on Wednesday last, that there are many Catholics who, on Mgr. Capel's hypothesis, have, like himself and Lord Camoys, "*ipso facto* separated themselves from the Church," while they continue in the regular practice of their religious duties in common with their infallibilist coreligionists, "treating the new dogma as a dead letter, and considering themselves quite as orthodox as the Pope himself." The fact, indeed, was tolerably notorious before, but it had not been so prominently obtruded on the notice at least of the Protestant public. We may add that Italian ecclesiastics, and even prelates in Rome itself, do not scruple, in conversation with each other and with Protestants, to speak of the Vatican dogmas as not being "*de fide*," because the Council is only adjourned, and is not over; and no doubt all ecclesiastical precedent is in favour of their view. Meanwhile the net result of the controversy evoked by Mr. Gladstone has thus far been very decidedly to confirm the opinion we expressed last week, that while, on the one hand, no practical ground for the publication of the pamphlet has been established—in other words, no reason has been shown for doubting the loyalty and patriotism of the English Catholic body—all attempts to answer the theoretical argument of the writer only tend to prove more clearly that it is unanswerable. Spunking broadly—for there are exceptions on both sides to be noted presently—Mr. Gladstone's clerical critics have chiefly addressed themselves to the latter point, and have conspicuously failed; his lay commentators, beginning with Lord Acton, have convincingly proved the former, which Mr. Gladstone himself did not profess to doubt. Certainly, if it is important to remember that Pius V. excommunicated and deposed Queen Elizabeth, and even commissioned an assassin to murder her, there is more practical significance in the fact, of which Mr. Stourton reminds us, that the Armada, blessed and partly equipped by one of his successors for her destruction, was defeated by a fleet under command of the Roman Catholic Lord Howard of Effingham, while the Catholic nobility generally armed their tenants, and many of the gentry volunteered to serve as privates against the common foe. It is true that Sixtus V., who had a sincere admiration for Elizabeth and detested Philip II. and his policy, had been constrained solely against his will to give a tardy sanction to the enterprise, but this could not be known in England at the time, while his official approval was matter of public notoriety. And a good deal of light is thrown on the present attitude of English Roman Catholics, as loyal and contented subjects, by Canon Oakley, who does not, like his Archbishop and Mgr. Capel, mount the high horse, but addresses his letter to Mr. Gladstone directly, as an old friend, and writes, as indeed he always does, with perfect temper, good feeling, and good taste. Nor have we much fault to find with his studiously moderate interpretation of the Syllabus, except that it is only his interpretation; and even he, if we rightly understand him, feels bound to regard toleration of heresy as "abstractedly opposed to the Catholic theory," though he has no desire to restore the practice of persecution. But he is hardly more happy than his brother clerics, as will presently appear, in grappling with Mr. Gladstone's argument on the real nature and force of the Vatican Decrees.

Why Mgr. Capel should have been commissioned to take up the cudgels in reply to Lord Acton and Lord Camoys is not obvious, unless Archbishop Manning shrank from pronouncing an explicit censure on those "excellent peers" in his own person; though he did not hesitate to go far out of his way to hurl an angry and irrelevant charge, which turns out also to be a wholly unfounded one, at the head of Dr. Döllinger. At all events, Mgr. Capel, though his language is so rash and unguarded as to draw on him a rebuke even from Sir G. Bowyer, adds little or nothing beyond personal comments to what had been said the week before by the Arch-

bishop, unless we are to reckon his implied repudiation of the subtle distinction which infallibilists have been fond of drawing, between the "personal" and "official" infallibility of the Pope, as a fresh contribution to the discussion. We have pointed out ourselves before now that it is a distinction without a difference, and Mr. Capel evidently agrees with us. As to Lord Acton's "atrocious charges against the Holy See," or rather against several Popes, the acts charged are no doubt atrocious enough, but the Rector of a University ought to have known that many of them are familiar to every educated man, and that few living Englishmen are better able to give "the authorities" for any historical facts they may allege than Lord Acton. And, as he called his letter to the *Times* a "preliminary" answer, we presume that he intends to do so. It so happened that the same paper which contained Lord Oamoy's letter contained also a second letter of Dr. Manning's, reprinted from the *New York Herald*, which is more defiantly outspoken than the first. For the Archbishop commits himself to the startling paradox—which, by the way, is implicitly contradicted by Mr. Capel—that Papal infallibility was equally "a doctrine of Divine Faith before the Vatican Council," and "therefore the position of Catholics in respect to civil allegiance, since the Council, is precisely what it was before it." The conclusion is logical enough, but what is to be said of the premises? If Papal infallibility was an article of faith before the Council, it is rather strange that nobody but Dr. Manning should have known it, or should even seem to know it now. Mr. Capel states just the contrary; Lord Oamoy's, Mr. Henry Petre, and Mr. Stourton, names representing three of the oldest Roman Catholic families in England, agree in asserting that they were educated in a different belief, and Mr. Petre is careful to explain that his anti-infallibilist teachers were "the staunchest and most learned bulwarks of the Church"—namely, the Jesuits. To which we may add, without dwelling here on the well-known teaching of Bossuet and the great Church in whose name he spoke, that fifty years ago the entire Roman Catholic hierarchy of England and Ireland, under the distinguished leadership of men like Archbishop Murray and Bishop Doyle, solemnly repudiated this "doctrine of Divine Faith," which is moreover characterized as "a Protestant Invention" in Keenan's *Controversial Catechism*—a work widely circulated under the highest ecclesiastical sanction in England and America, and which has only been adapted to the new state of belief since the Vatican Council by the simple expedient of cancelling the page which contained this statement, and reprinting it with the obnoxious Question and Answer omitted. We must leave Dr. Manning to settle his difference with these high authorities, and meanwhile, until he has done so, his proof of the unchanged nature of the civil allegiance of Catholics falls to the ground. Canon Oakley, who argues that the change from an infallible Church to an infallible Pope is of no practical consequence, sufficiently refutes himself when he insists on the "obvious convenience" of the new *regime*, because the Pope is always on the spot, whereas General Councils are events of rare occurrence, and, as he broadly hints, may be altogether dispensed with for the future. It may be an advantage to transform a constitutional into an absolute monarchy, but the change, whether for better or worse, is nothing short of a revolution. The mention of General Councils reminds us of Mr. Stourton's letter in last Tuesday's *Times*. We have nothing to say against his vindication of Catholic loyalty, or his estimate, which is fair enough, of the character and reign of "Bloody Mary." But he has had the singular indiscretion, alone of Mr. Gladstone's Roman Catholic critics, to raise the question of the moral claims of the Vatican Council as compared with former assemblies held to represent the universal Church. We must confess that we read the following wonderful sentence two or three times over before we could believe that our eyes had not deceived us:—"Never has the slightest suspicion of informality or absence of freedom in debate been raised against the Council of the Vatican." It was open of course to Mr. Stourton to maintain that such suspicions are unfounded, but the statement he has actually made is only intelligible on the supposition that for the last five years he has shared the repose of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, till Mr. Gladstone's trumpet-call roused him suddenly from his slumbers. Is it possible he can be unaware that these are precisely the two charges which have been reiterated *usque ad nauseam* against the Vatican Council from every side, by anticipation, during its sessions, and since its adjournment? Has he never heard, for instance, of *Jamus*, or of the *Letters of Quirinus*, both the works of Roman Catholics, or of the host of adverse pamphlets, chiefly emanating from ecclesiastics and members of the Council, published during 1870, or of the successive official protests presented during the Council, signed by nearly all the German and many of the French Bishops, and complaining expressly of the "informality" of its regulations and the violent interferences with "freedom in debate," or of the parting shot fired off by Archbishop Darboy before leaving Rome when the great *coup* had been achieved, *La Dernière Heure du Concile*? We are bound to believe that he knows none of these things, but he would certainly have been wiser to abstain from meddling with a question of all the details of which he is so profoundly ignorant.

We have already avowed our entire concurrence in the trust, expressed alike by the Ultramontane Lord Herries and the Liberal Lord Acton, in the firm and unchanged loyalty of their episcopionists as English citizens. But then we cannot escape the conclusion which Archbishop Manning is so anxious to disclaim, that "they are good citizens because they are at variance with

the Catholic Church," as represented by the Vatican Council. We do not believe that the Vatican Decrees will, in fact, make them one whit less loyal citizens, but to say that there is nothing in the claims authenticated by those Decrees to affect their civil allegiance is something beyond a paradox. To adopt Mr. Petre's very guarded statement, "the claims of the Vatican (that is of the Pope) to supreme and infallible authority over all things pertaining to faith and morals, the limits of which the Vatican alone is to decide, embrace so vast and immense a range, entering into every relation and branch of human life, that we may easily contemplate the power of the Church clashing with the civil authority." Curiously enough the current number of the *Dublin Review*, published just a month before Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, supplies a striking illustration of the authority exercised in purely civil matters by the Pope in our own day, to which we may call the attention of Sir G. Bowyer, who denies the right of the ecclesiastical power to interfere in questions of civil government. We do not refer to the direct assertion of the deposing power, which the editor of the *Dublin Review* has somewhat qualified in a letter addressed to the *Tablet* since the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, but to passages of much greater practical interest which he has said nothing to modify or retract, though we may justly observe in passing that we cannot comprehend how any one who accepts the Syllabus as infallible can question the deposing power without heresy. In an article directed against the pretensions of the Comm. of Chambord, the reviewer, whom we gather from the letter mentioned above to be the editor himself, constructs an elaborate and forcible refutation of the theory of divine right, or, as he prefers rather quaintly to term it, "hereditism." His argument is quite strong enough to stand by itself, but he has nevertheless thought it necessary to clinch it by what he evidently, and perhaps rightly, assumes will be with his readers, as with himself, the turning-point of the whole controversy. We have taken the liberty of inserting a few italics. "It is to the Holy See of course that the eyes of a Catholic naturally turn, where there is a critical and pervasive question of morals to be solved." In morals, it will be remembered, the Pope has been declared to be infallible. And accordingly the act of Pius VII. in crowning Napoleon is appealed to as next door to "an *ex cathedra* decision against heresim." It finally disposed, for all good Catholics, of the hereditary pretensions of the Bourbons. However, the Bourbons were afterwards restored, and were again overthrown by the July Revolution of 1830, when Louis Philippe was called to the throne of France. And thus an anxious question was raised as to the lawfulness of the revolutionary Government. It was again decided by the Pope. "By the act of directing Catholics to take the new oath of allegiance he (Pius VIII.) declared that the new Government was the *de jure* Sovereign of France: the Sovereign to which all Frenchmen were bound to pay allegiance, under penalty of incurring the severe sentence pronounced by Scripture and the Church on those who rebel against existing powers." It is true that in this case the Pope decided in accordance with modern sentiment and sound sense; but he might have decided the other way, and it would, as the reviewer quite consistently implies, have been equally the duty of all good Catholics to obey him. It was a strictly political question, but it comes under the comprehensive head of morals, and therefore within the sphere of infallibility.

We see no way out of this dilemma except by adopting some such arbitrary delimitation of "*ex cathedra* decisions" as that recently put forward by Dr. Newman, which by limiting them to decrees promulgated "with solemnities parallel to those of a General Council," makes a clean sweep of all former Papal pronouncements except one. Mr. Gladstone has indeed justly styled Dr. Newman "the greatest living theologian of the Roman Catholic Church," but, if Lord Acton cannot be accepted as the "representative of Catholic thought or spokesman of the Catholic body," as little can Dr. Newman be considered the representative or spokesman of Catholic divines. There are at least a dozen other interpretations of "*ex cathedra*" current among them, all of which are more widely received than his, and any one of which of course it rests with the infallible Pope to select and authenticate, whenever he pleases, as alone adequate or permissible. It is very unlikely, as Lord Oamoy's observes, that Pius IX. will emulate the example of Pius V. and excommunicate or depose Queen Victoria, but still "there is no telling what edict might be issued by the author of the Syllabus," or his successors. And it is quite certain that, whatever edict they might choose to issue, every infallibilist would be bound in conscience to obey it. When the Ultramontane "Catholic Union" declares in the same breath its cordial acceptance of the Vatican Decrees and its unchanged attitude in regard to the civil power, it only confirms what we had always believed, that the loyalty of English Ultramontanes is sounder than their logic.

METRICAL TESTS.

THE new Shakspeare Society has lately produced the first fruits of its labours in a volume of *Transactions* containing some excellent criticism and many good promises of future results. One of its most conspicuous features is the application of certain mechanical tests by which it is thought that much greater accuracy may be obtained in some critical inquiries. Enthusiasts like Mr. Fleay appear to hold that the change amounts to substituting a quantitative for a merely qualitative analysis, and, in short, that

criticism conducted by such methods will have some genuine claims to scientific accuracy. Dr. Newman, in the *Grammar of Assent*, draws an illustration with his usual felicity from the case of Shakspearian criticism. He shows how much delicate perception is required before a trustworthy opinion can be formed as to the authenticity of proposed emendations, and how little can be done by applying the coarse tests of formal syllogisms. The hope of some of our new critics appears to be that this difficulty will disappear, and that in a large class of questions the necessity for a fine critical sense will be superseded. Little more will be wanted for settling some perplexing questions than a capacity for counting syllables. Every member of the fraternity who excited Pope's contempt—

Each wight who reads not and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher who lives on syllables—

will now have his day; and perhaps when the system has been carried into the allied arts, we shall find that the authenticity of pictures attributed to the old masters will no longer perplex the managers of the National Gallery. When Shakspeare's dramas can be judged by the help of simple scanning, we shall surely be able to decide upon Ruffalle by a foot-rule, or at least by some new application of spectrum analysis.

We are very far from denying that this mechanical device has its utility when confined within proper limits. The facts which it brings to light have a real bearing upon important questions, though, when they are known, it requires almost as much judgment to use them as to arrive at conclusions without their help. Mr. Furnivall, who has himself turned them to good account, says very truly that the taste of a highly cultivated and trained reader must always supply the best test; and that counting can never supersede criticism. Making this reservation, however, it is easy to admit that the industry of such gentlemen as Mr. Fleay has provided much useful material.

One application of the test, for example, is to determine the date of Shakspeare's plays. The gradual change of his style led to certain definite external changes in his versification, such as the disuse of rhyme, and the more frequent use of double endings and "unstopt" lines. The change might be recognized in a general way, but there is an advantage in having definite arithmetical statements of results which cannot be due to the fancy of the writer. When Mr. Fleay tells us that there are over one thousand rhyming lines in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and none in the *Winter's Tale*, we have a definite fact dependent only upon the accuracy of Mr. Fleay's counting. When he proceeds to say that the plays can be arranged in four periods, discriminated by the proportion of rhymes employed in each, we may suppose that his argument is not quite conclusive; but when corroborated by other independent tests, it certainly affords a strong presumption, which cannot be so easily rebutted as the simple record of a general impression. The best instance, however, of the application of the method is given in the attempt to discriminate the parts contributed by Shakspeare to *Henry VIII.* and the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. It is satisfactory to worshippers of the greater poet to hear that two very able critics, Mr. Spedding and the late Mr. Hickson, have authorized us to attribute the inferior parts of *Henry VIII.* to Fletcher, and, on the other hand, have claimed the best parts of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* for Shakspeare. The arguments which led them to this conclusion are repeated in this volume; and though it may be premature to pronounce them unanswerable, it may safely be said that they establish a very strong case. Each writer gives an exhaustive discussion, taking into account the style, the general character of the poetry, and the peculiarities of the construction, as well as the more definite peculiarities of versification. Mr. Fleay and Mr. Furnivall then confirm the results by showing that in each case the parts assigned to Shakspeare and Fletcher respectively satisfy their mechanical tests. In the scenes ascribed to Shakspeare in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* there are over forty unstopt lines in every hundred, whilst in the scenes ascribed to Fletcher there are less than nineteen. Conversely, the number of lines with a redundant syllable is much greater in the Fletcher than in the Shakspeare scenes; the percentage of such lines being in the first case over forty-five, and in the second under twenty-nine. The only remark that we need make is that the tests are not entirely independent. The frequency of unstopt lines, for example, was one of the causes which led the first critics to identify certain scenes as belonging to Shakspeare, though they may have felt the result instead of analysing its cause. The case is not really strengthened when Mr. Furnivall assigns the precise numerical value of the argument. He is merely giving a more definite character to the reasoning. When an ordinary observer recognizes a particular handwriting, his judgment is determined by a vague and half-conscious observation of the very same characters which an expert describes in more mathematical language. He observes that one hand is more cramped than another, though he does not measure the size of the loops or the length of the tails of the letters. Mr. Spedding notices that the language of certain scenes is less confined by the mechanism of the verse; and Mr. Furnivall shows by actual counting that there are fewer pauses at the end of the lines. So far as this is the case they are both arguing from the same phenomenon, and should not be reckoned as independent witnesses. When, however, the reasoning is not pushed too far, and when several really independent tests bring out the same result, we may admit that an argument thus backed by reference to unquestionable figures acquires a great cumulative force, and may sometimes be conclusive.

In order to show what value should be attributed to such tests, it will be necessary to check them very carefully, not only by the results of higher criticism, but by such external evidence as can be obtained. The tests themselves must be tested. In the absence of external evidence we can only judge by the harmony of the results which they produce; and we need not say that the external evidence as to the dates of Shakspeare's plays is much less abundant than we could wish. We would suggest, therefore, that it would be worth while for some industrious members of the Society to apply a similar series of tests to some case where a complete check can be obtained, and see how far their conclusions will be satisfactory. We have had the curiosity to try such a plan on a small scale, with the results which we are about to give. It must be premised, however, that, as we cannot profess to be experts in the new method, and as we are still less inclined to boast of an industry comparable to Mr. Fleay's, our figures are given with a certain diffidence, and the investigation, if pushed further, might bring out a different result.

The most favourable subject for the experiment which we have tried is probably Mr. Tennyson. Few readers will dispute that, whatever his other qualities, he is the greatest living master of blank verse, we might probably add the greatest who has appeared since the days of Milton. No one has shown such perfect command of the instrument; and his poems have appeared at so wide intervals of time that we might fairly expect that some such change might be found in his versification as that which took place in Shakspeare's. We have taken ten of Mr. Tennyson's poems, pretty much at random, and will make the allowable hypothesis that this selection is placed before the Mr. Fleay of two or three centuries hence, and that he is required to arrange the poems in order of time, or to say whether they are all the work of one author. Perhaps at that period there might be a tradition that more than one poet had existed of the name of Tennyson, and it would naturally be a pleasing problem for the acute critics of that day to display their acuteness by splitting one man into two. Homer has been subdivided, and a modern author cannot claim to be exempt from the same fate. The only applicable test in this case is that of the stopt line, and we will give in each case the percentage of unstopt lines—that is, of lines where there is no pause at the end—which occurs in each of the poems. We find, then, that in the *Princess* there are 766 unstopt lines in a total of 2,725, or a percentage of 28 such lines. In the first book, however, the percentage is as low as 23.7, whilst in the fourth it rises to 32.6. We may add that we have omitted here and in the *Idylls* the peculiar lyrical blank verse of some of the songs. In *Aylmer's Field* 30 per cent. of 853 lines are unstopt; in the *Ulysses* 33 per cent. of 70 lines; in *Guinevere* 19 per cent. of 678 lines; in *Enoch Arden* 18.7 per cent. of 908 lines; in the *Morte d'Arthur* (in its earliest form) 20.6 per cent. of 354 lines; in the *Gardener's Daughter* 27.4 per cent. of 273 lines; in *Dora* 20.9 per cent. of 177 lines; in *Enid* 20.6 per cent. of 1,857 lines; and in *Lucretius* 31.7 per cent. of 280 lines. Starting from these figures, it may be at once observed that the poems fall into two classes, in one of which the proportion of unstopt lines is about 20 per cent., or 1 in 5, whilst in the other it is about 30 per cent., or 1 in 3.3. The difference, though not so great as that which divides Fletcher from Shakspeare in their joint work, is sufficiently marked to give a distinctive character to the verso. The acute critic might therefore identify the author of *Enid* and *Guinevere* with the author of the earlier *Morte d'Arthur*, where the proportion is identical with that in *Enid*; and would attribute to the same hand *Dora* and *Enoch Arden*. The *Gardener's Daughter*, *Ulysses*, *Aylmer's Field*, and *Lucretius* would, on the other hand, belong to the author of the *Princess*. The higher criticism would show that it was easy to detect a very different tone of sentiment in the two classes; and that a greater complexity of thought, corresponding to a more elaborate structure of sentence, distinguished the *Princess* from the Arthurian idylls. The resemblance, it might be argued, is great enough to indicate perhaps some family relation between the two Tennysons; but not to overpower the evidences of distinct authorship. If, on the other hand, it was admitted that the same hand had written both series, the difference would then correspond to different periods of the poet's development. An arrangement according to the test would give us the following order:—*Ulysses*, *Lucretius*, *Aylmer's Field*, the *Princess*, the *Gardener's Daughter*, *Dora*, *Enid*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, *Guinevere*, and *Enoch Arden*; or if, on the Shakspearian precedent, the simpler were supposed to precede the more complex structure, the order would be reversed. We need hardly point out that in either case the order would be entirely different from the actual order of publication; and that pieces which appeared in the earliest volume that contained blank verse would alternate in complete confusion with some of the poet's latest productions.

So far, then, it would seem that the result is purely nugatory, or, if anything, tends to discredit the efficacy of the method. It was not indeed to be expected that Mr. Tennyson's system of versification should go through a process of development analogous to that of Shakspeare's. All that we have proved, if our results are correct, is that Tennyson's change of manner does not lend itself to this particular mode of investigation. The varieties which he presents correspond to differences in the sentiment which he is expressing, and not to any progressive difference in the writer's system. When representing the passion of *Lucretius*, or writing with the comparative freedom of the *Princess*, his cadence is more broken and varied than when he adopts the rather constrained purism of the *Idylls*.

All that we appear to have shown is that the difference between these moods is capable of some sort of arithmetical expression, and thus a difference of which every one is sensible when reading can be made palpable to the senses by this rude kind of critical dissection. We can easily imagine cases in which this result would have some value; but it is also clear that it would be possible to press it into the service of very erroneous theories, and consequently that the method needs to be carefully checked by other faculties than the calculating

BRESCIA.

THE last strictly Italian city of which we spoke was Como. A roundabout, but highly attractive, journey by lake and railway will lead us thence, without passing through mightier Milan, to another city with whose place in Italian and general history that of Como may be compared and contrasted. As a city, Brescia ranks far higher than Como; it does so even now; much more so did it in the days when it was looked on as a rival to Milan. And the direct part which Brescia has played in history has been incomparably more important than that which has been played by Como. If its wrongs were not made the pretext of such mighty movements as those which sprang out of the earlier and the later wrongs of Como, the doings and the sufferings of the city itself are far more prominent and important. Brescia played her part as an important member of the Lombard League, and her name and the effigies of her citizens were set up by grateful Milan over the gate which recorded her rebuilding, partly by Brescian hands, after her overthrow by the later patron of Como. Prominent as Brescia thus was in opposition to the claims of Frederick, she appears as no less prominent in withstanding the last of his successors whose Imperial claims were other than a mockery. The city stood a siege at the hands of Henry of Luxemburg, and if her own chief Tobaldo Brusati died by what some called the cruelty and some the justice of the Emperor, his loss was avenged by the death of Henry's own brother Waleran, in the struggle beneath her walls. In later times, when Brescia, like so many of her sister cities, had passed under the dominion of St. Mark, we find her the centre of the strongest resistance to the powers which leagued together to wipe out the wise aristocracy from among the ruling elites of the world. The name of Brescia may be familiar to many who have but vague ideas of Frederick of Swabia and Henry of Luxemburg, because there the knight "without fear and without reproach" gained himself the praise of superhuman virtue by not playing what amongst honest men would be called the part of a superhuman scoundrel. That Brescia fell from her old place was largely due to the havoc and massacre of her French conquerors in a warfare as unprovoked and inexcusable as any in which French conquerors ever engaged. The blood of Avogaro, shed at the bidding of Gaston of Foix, could more rightly cry for vengeance than the blood of Brusati shed at the bidding of Henry the Seventh. What was, from his own point of view, a deed of stern justice at the hands of the lawful King of Italy sinks into simple murder when it was done simply to glut the pride of an unprovoked invader.

Brescia then is a city which has lived a life in the very thick of Italian history, while Como has, so to speak, lived only on its outskirts. The contrast is marked in the position of the two cities. Both lie on the northern frontier of Italy, at the foot of her great mountain bulwark. But they look different ways. Como, in her valley, by her lake, looks northward, as if opening her arms to welcome the Teutonic King who comes to her relief. Brescia, not lying in an Alpine valley, but with her citadel perched on a spur of the Alps themselves, instead of turning away her eyes from Italy to the north, looks down upon nothing short of Italy herself. The view from the castle of Brescia is indeed a noble one. And it is not a mere noble view; it is a view on which the characteristic history of Italy is legibly written. It may almost remind us of the famous letter of Sulpicius to Cicero. With a single glance of the eye we look down on a crowd of cities, each of which once was an independent commonwealth, with its name and place in history. On one side are the spurs of the Alps on which we are standing, reminding us that there is a land beyond, from which Emperors came down to demand the crowns of Italy and of Rome. To the far east we get a glimpse of smaller hills on the extreme horizon, suggesting that the natural ramparts of Verona are not beyond our sight. But to the south the eye ranges over the boundless plain of Lombardy, spreading like a sea, with a tall tower here and there, like the mast of a solitary vessel. Each of those towers marks a city, a city which once ranked alongside of princes, cities making war and peace, and containing within their walls the full life of a nation. The map seems to show that one of them is the mighty tower of Piacenza, and that another is the yet mightier tower of Cremona, the fellow-worker of Brescia in the great work of restoring Milan. But we look out on even more than this. We have vividly brought home to us how near the great cities of Northern Italy lie to the Alpine barrier, the barrier which was so often found helpless to shelter them against the Northern invader. We think of all the conquerors who have crossed the mountains from Hannibal to our own day. And we go back to times earlier still, when the land which became the truest Italy was not yet Italy at all, when the Po was as truly a Gaulish river as the Seine. If the Alps themselves proved so feeble a barrier for the shelter of Italy, how far more feeble was the barrier which sheltered Etruria and Rome, when what is now Northern Italy

was still Gaul within the Alps! From such a point we may well run over the shifting fates of the land before us from Brennus to either Buonaparte. And, as our thoughts flit on beyond Po and Macra and Arno to the seven hills by the Tiber, we may feel thankful that the dominion of the last invader has become as much a thing of the past as the dominion of the earliest.

Yet, though the great historic view of Brescia lies to the south, it may be well for him who stands on that height to turn his eyes to the north also. There is an aspect in the history, if not of Brescia, yet of the most renowned man of Brescia, which makes us look alike northward and southward, which makes us span the space which lies between the Tiber and the Limmat. If Como looks beyond the Alps for her own deliverer, Brescia too looks beyond the Alps, not for a deliverer for herself, but for a place of shelter from the citizen whom she sent forth to deliver others. In the life of the Brescian Arnold his native city seems like a halting-place between his city of refuge at Zurich and his city of glory and martyrdom at Rome. We need not be harsh on either Pope or Emperor, in whose eyes a republican reformer could hardly fail to bear the guise of a heretic and a traitor. On the heights of Brescia we feel, as we look Romeward, a regret that it was at Swabian and English hands that he met his doom. But, as we look northward, we may feel comfort that it was a Teutonic and Imperial city which sheltered the man who, if he took his memories for hopes, could yet call back for a moment the days when Rome had not to seek her master either in a German King or in an English Pontiff.

The view of the city itself on which we look down from the castle is hardly worthy of the general landscape of which it forms a part. Its look is indeed striking, but hardly more so than that of any city of decent antiquity must be when it is looked down on in such a way. But the view of Brescia does not send up any object on which the eye at once seizes as something specially to dwell on. There are towers and cupolas; but there is no tower or cupola which kindles any very strong desire for a further acquaintance. And, as we walk the streets, there are fewer attractive buildings, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, than in most Italian cities. Yet Brescia by no means lacks objects deserving study. Only the chief antiquities of the city lie somewhat hid, and have to be looked for. The most striking when we come near to it, though it necessarily makes no show in the general view, is the *duomo vecchio*, the old cathedral, the famous round church of Brescia. The new cathedral by its side is a building of no importance; but it is at least to the credit of its builders that they left the old one standing. Had the same discretion been shown in some other places, we should have many more monuments of early times than we have. But if the round church has not been destroyed, a vast deal of labour has been spent on the characteristic work of spoiling it. The upper round, the clerestory, has not been seriously meddled with, and it still keeps the majesty of its circular outline, having a far greater effect of spreading massiveness—the proper effect of a round building—than any of the round churches of England. But the lower range has been sadly tampered with, and the inside has suffered from the process which the English translation of Budeker calls "painting the pillars to resemble columns." This is not very clear to the English reader, but, as in some other English translations of German books, the meaning may be guessed by stopping to think what the German original must be. The round rests on massive square piers, in German *Pfeiler*, and the whole has been, like St. Vital at Ravenna, bedaubed to imitate Renaissance architecture. This makes the general look of the inside sadly disappointing. But the disappointment begins to vanish as soon as we make our way underground and see the spacious crypt, with the endless variety of its columns and capitals of all manner of forms, some of them clearly classical ones used up again. This crypt proves that the round church of Brescia had, as all our round English churches have at present, a choir projecting to the east, but the choir to which the crypt belonged has made way to a late building on a much larger scale. There is also in Brescia a Romanesque church of the basilican plan to match the round one, but this has emphatically to be looked for. Within the range of the extensive buildings which go by the common name of St. Julia—a suppressed monastery, now part, it would seem, to various uses military and municipal—are three churches. One of these, Santa Maria in Solario, a square Romanesque building with an octagon top, shows itself in the street, but, unlike the usual rule of Brescia, the inside, except the crypt, hardly fulfils the promise of the outside. In truth, a small building of this kind, where there can hardly be any columns, allows of but little scope for display within, unless, like the buildings of its class at Ravenna, it is covered with mosaics. Far more important than this is another of the same group, San Salvatore, attached at a lower level to the worthless church of St. Julia proper. Here, when we penetrate to it, we come to a genuine church of the basilican type, which to some travellers may chance to be their first specimen of that type. Two ranges of columns above and a crypt below exhibit the usual features of buildings of this class, columns with capitals of various kinds, classical and other, ranged as happened to be convenient. Every building of this kind has its interest, and to some it may happen to be the first foreshadowing of its more stately fellows at Ravenna, at Lucca, and at Rome.

But the chief attraction of Brescia is hardly to be found in its churches. Had it been left uninjured, the great *Broletto*, in much the same style as the smaller one at Como, and like that,

hard by the *duomo*, though not actually touching it, would doubtless have claimed the first place. And its historic interest is not small, as it was round this spot that the fight raged most fiercely when Brescia had thrown off the heavy bondage of the Gaul to return to the lighter yoke of the Serene Republic. But the building is sadly disfigured; its blocked windows merely peep through to show what they were. On the whole, the first place among the antiquities of Brescia must be given to the museum, formed out of an excavated temple. The remains of the building itself, the stately columns of its portico which still survive, are striking in themselves, and they supply one piece of detail which is interesting in the history of architectural forms. The columns do not form a continuous range, but the portico has projections in front. The angles have thus to be provided for, and they are provided for by forestalling, in the architecture of the days of Vespasian, the section of the mediæval clustered pillar. Within, in the restored triple *cella*, is a whole store of antiquities, classical and mediæval. The gem of the collection in an artistic point of view is doubtless the figure of Victory, of Greek workmanship; but more light is thrown on Brescian history by the long series of inscriptions ranging from the first Imperial days to Gratian and Theodosius, and by the other long series of architectural details, classical and Romanesque, from the destroyed buildings of the city. The library too is rich in treasures, though we cannot forbear the remark that almost too much liberality is shown in the ease with which strangers are allowed to examine them. Experience may perhaps have shown that only people with a praiseworthy object are likely to seek for them at all; otherwise an ill-disposed person might easily damage, or perhaps even carry off, some of the smaller objects. But there they are; precious manuscripts of various dates, jewelled crosses, carvings, and an object which, if we were right in our reading of it, is of surpassing interest. This is a consular diptych, bearing the name of Boetius. This is a relic indeed, though it would have had a more melancholy interest still, if it had been found at Pavia instead of at Brescia. At Ravenna we would fain not be reminded of the one crime of the reign of the prince under whom Rome and Italy were happy.

Such are a traveller's impressions of Brescia. It is a witness to the amazing historical wealth of the Italian cities that a place like this, which has so many memories and so much to show for them, can hardly, in an antiquarian point of view, claim a place above the third rank.

PLAIN COOKS.

WANTED, an industrious, thrifty, sensible woman, who has some idea of cookery, who will do a little housework, clean her knives, and be content with the wages of a governess. The servants who now apply for such situations in middle-class households are for the most part wholly unfit for them. Sometimes they are kitchenmaids who have been under good cooks, but have been too lazy or too stupid to learn from them, and, being generally without any ambition to rise in their profession, they have abandoned all hope of ever earning high wages. Sometimes, again, they belong to a class of which the young or inexperienced housekeeper must beware. Its representative is usually an elderly woman of many places, who is destined to be in many more; indeed she adds to their number almost every month, for drink, or laziness, or both, will account for any frequency in her migrations. A third and more numerous class is that of the young woman who has been a maid-of-all-work. She has been ignorantly brought up, and her home training has been worse than none. She has seen waste when money and provisions were plenty, alternating with starvation, begging, and dishonesty when scarcity of work and drunkenness have made times hard. She has inhabited a crowded room where tidiness was impossible; her dress has consisted chiefly of rags, garnished with artificial flowers; her highest ideal of amusement has been a fair or a music-hall; and her only preparation for entering domestic service a few months at nominal wages in a lodging-house. There she has learnt little but peculation, and has been accustomed often to lie down at night in her clothes too weary to undress, and to rise in the morning and go about her work unwashed and uncombed. When the maid-of-all-work obtains a place as plain cook she assumes the reins of office with perfect self-satisfaction. She proceeds without any hesitation to waste and destroy the materials entrusted to her for conversion into food. It need hardly be observed that her success is complete. She keeps her milk and cream in the hot kitchen and wonders that they turn sour. She puts the butter into the same small cupboard with the cheese, and is surprised that the sauce which she sends to the dinner-table has an unpleasant taste. She will not be at the trouble of cleaning out the oven-flues, and cannot imagine why the paste will not rise. She leaves the fish upon the kitchen-table from the time it is brought until she is ready to cook it, and stands by with a look of innocence while the fishmonger is scolded for sending stale fish. When she lays a fire she crams it with bundles of wood so that it will not light, and supplements her bad architecture with whole boxes of matches and very long candle-ends. She stirs the kitchen fire every time she passes it, and keeps it blazing even when there is no cooking to be done, and when the family is dining out. If the heat makes her ill, she blames the poor accommodation of the house, and talks as if she had come from a palace to enter service. If she has a gas stove the taps are constantly turned on,

and as to lowering the lights in the passages or scullery such an idea never crosses her mind even in dreams. She will send up the eggs either raw or hard boiled rather than use your sand-glass. She will give you bread and milk with roast chicken rather than beat and flavour the mixture into bread sauce. She will make tea with tepid water, will send up spinach that looks like cabbage rather than put it through a sieve, and will peel the potatoes an inch thick to save the trouble of picking out their eyes.

Now really refined cooking is the result of practice and teaching. But, short of this, the genius which consists of "an infinite capacity for taking trouble" will do much for the production of food which shall be wholesome and palatable as well. This is exactly the quality deficient in an ordinary cook. Flavouring, frying, and making puff-paste are not to be learnt in a day, though common sense and the will to use it are enough for the preparation of an ordinary dinner. But the contemporary cook has only one recipe for every dish—namely, quantity and waste. She asks for a dozen eggs and a pint of cream for the simplest cabinet pudding, and prefers isinglass to gelatine only because it is more expensive. A whole pot of jam must be consumed to make a single tartlet. A joint in the kitchen and another in the parlour is the allowance she prescribes for every day. She never keeps gravy; it is mean to boil down bones and scraps. If gravy is wanted, gravy beef should be ordered. The rind should be cut off the bacon at least an inch thick, and a crock of broken bread must always be kept to get mouldy for the honour of the house. Frying can only be done in lard in any respectable kitchen, and what number of oysters are required for a single patty we do not venture to estimate. Untidiness, too, the constant companion of wastefulness, she has reduced to a science. Her cupboards are an alarming mixture of scraps, sauces, forgotten whites of eggs, and pots of dripping, together with raisins and cornflour, furniture-polish and blacklead.

Her destruction of articles of food is well matched by her treatment of the crockery and kitchen utensils in her charge. She warns the best china dinner-plates to a white heat. The dishes she puts into the oven, until their surface resembles that of the crackle porcelain admired by collectors. If they are adorned with arms or monograms in colour and gilding, she early discovers the efficacy of strong soda and soft soap in the removal of such vanities. A few dexterous movements will chip the edges on a stone sink, and she thinks it well to remove such excrescences as the handles of dishes or the tops of their covers; her reasons for these measures may be sanitary, as handles only form recesses for grease and dust, and it is impossible to clean them without trouble. Pudding basins she consumes in large numbers, and uses butter-boats to feed the cat. The dishes she sends to table invariably soil the cloth, and are so full of gravy that they often spill on the way upstairs. The covers are smeared with greasy finger-marks, and it is well if the outside only is dirty. The kitchen is her fortress; from it drawing-room company is carefully and jealously excluded. In all families the children look upon the kitchen as a paradise of dainty devices. In some they are never allowed to enter it; but in others the little missy is sometimes privileged to make a bit of paste into ducks and drakes, or to knead some dough into a cake for the doll's birthday. Such frivolities a modern cook sternly represses. She supposes the young ladies will want to make puddings next or to come down and try recipes out of "them rubbishy books." She has no notion of encouraging such pranks. A favour has to be made of leave to use her bowls and spoons, and the young officer just home from his regiment dare not venture into the sacred precinct to concoct a red Indian curry or a Mulligatawny pillow unless he has first ascertained that cook is in a good humour. Even the lady of the house is informed very plainly that after her morning visit she is not expected to disturb the quiet of the lower regions. The trap is always missing from the kitchen sink, and things run into the drain which should never go there; the valve itself disappears among the ashes, and is carried away by the dust-cart, together with the stoppers of sauce bottles, the heads of pepper-casters, jam-pots, and half-burnt coals. Indeed one might think that the cook had a personal interest in the dustman, and wished to bestow as many useful articles upon him as possible; or perhaps her benevolent feelings are stirred by some tale of the poor sorters in the cinder yards to whom these things are perquisites, and she would be charitable by proxy. She has a kind heart for all sorts of tramps, and frequently has her fortune told. The woman whose babies seem endowed with a perpetual youth, the man who sells pencils, the various folk who seek out a precarious livelihood by hawking mittens, combs, and pen-wipers, find in her a sympathetic patron, and draw from her large supplies of her master's bread and meat. A carrier, whose pony was more sleek and well fed than carriers' ponies often are, confessed on one occasion that he obtained from the tramps in his neighbourhood their stores of crusts at one shilling a peck:—"Sometimes I am almost inclined to pick out the pieces of cheese and meat, but Jack here eats it all up as sweet as can be, and his coat's like satin."

Her personal habits accord with her domestic and social qualities. She labours under a chronic hydrophobia, for though her thirst is unquenchable she carefully avoids cold water. Copious draughts of beer, occasionally varied in the afternoon with tea, and in the evening with gin, assist her in her work and support her exhausted frame. Personal ablutions she does not affect, but wipes her hands usually on the tablecloth, or whatever else is within her reach. Pudding-cloths are convenient for the purpose, and become so saturated with various animal oils, butter, fat, and lard, that they are devoured by the mice which, with flies, kittens, and

blackbeetles, constitute the *fauna* of the kitchen. A small piece of broken looking-glass on the dresser enables her now and then to smooth her hair, the usual appearance of which suggests the occasional but scanty use of the blacking-brush. The chief efforts of her toilet upon week-days are made for the advent of the butcher's boy, but she is not given to wasting time in the decoration of her form. All her powers in this line are reserved for Sunday, when she turns out, as she confidently believes, quite the lady, her whole earnings being spent on the display, for she never saves out of her wages, and seems to live in the quiet expectation of a handsome legacy or a wealthy husband. Perhaps it is to this end that the hair, so untidy on Saturday, is now braided into shining rolls; the hands, yesterday so grimy, are covered with green leather gloves; the feet, which all the week have only worn slippers, are encased in tight and high-heeled boots, decorated with arabesques; and, to her great delight, she fondly thinks there is nothing of the cook about her. Those who have to submit to her professional shortcomings may think there is no more of the cook about her on week-days. She despises her occupation, and can hardly therefore be expected to succeed in it. She looks upon her mistress as an unreasonable being, full of whims and fancies, which it is her painful duty to evade and thwart as often as possible. She explains to her young man, for cooks are never without sweet-hearts, that her people are a mean lot, that they buy from the Civil Service, make soup of distracted meat, and cut irritated bread, and that she means to give warning immediately.

LAITY v. CLERGY.

THE division of Englishmen into clergy and laity has been of late brought somewhat prominently into view by the press. In the existing and impending deluge of vague ecclesiastical talk, which, disdaining and bursting its modest channel of the Sunday suburban midday dinner-table, now threatens to flood Parliament, and society for an undefined period, the division is no doubt convenient as a form of speech, and is likely to pass current as representing a form of thought. The terms are already used as absolute, and the division treated as exhaustive. That the surface of the globe, as we learnt at school, is divided into land and water; that the human race, as we were taught in our freshman's year, is made up exclusively of "men" and "cads," are not propositions more entirely expressing facts in the order of nature, it would seem, than the clerical and lay distinction.

It is not therefore in any spirit of cavilling or presumption, but simply with a desire for accuracy of thought and clearness of expression, that we venture to suggest the inquiry, What is a layman? Into the higher and more abstruse aspects of this question we are not now prepared to enter. That there is an ideal or type of the order known as "the average layman" is so commonly taken for granted that he must be presumed to exist; and it is further presumable that the gentlemen who speak and write so fluently about him know what or who he is. An average, it is commonly believed, requires in the first instance a sufficiently wide induction, and in the next a careful and scientific comparison. The "average layman" must thus be discovered by means of a classification of the individuals comprised under the term, followed up by the separation, weighing, and measurement of that special quality, element, nerve-force, or whatever it be in each which is essentially and exclusively lay. Thus, as Dr. Lynn tells his audience, "You see how it is done." But, apart from this anthropological mystery, a preliminary doubt may be raised, and deserves some attention, whether there really is any such organized existence as a layman absolute and *per se*. The notion of a layman *ad hoc*, or a relative layman, is perfectly intelligible and familiar. Such a doubt is clearly not to be solved or met by any mere etymological or archaic considerations. The term "laic" may have borne, and probably did bear, a distinct meaning in the fourth century A.D., just as the term "Liturgy" may have done at Athens in the fourth century B.C.; and the one may be as little to the purpose in any question of modern interpretation as the other. Without raising the point whether a Peer Spiritual could properly be described as a "lay lord," it is evident that the latter term does not mean the same thing as a Temporal Peer, and the opinion of a person in holy orders, episcopal or other, upon a point of law would correctly be described as a "lay" opinion. Independently, however, of such technical subtleties, and assuming any person outside the clerical order to be in theory a layman absolute, it may be also taken as admitted that no one in practice uses the term, any exhaustive division notwithstanding, without some very large limitations. Mr. Bright's residuum, although they be Mr. Gladstone's flesh and blood, may be taken at once as excluded. Peers, squires, churchwardens, and vestrymen are equally of course within the defining line. But then there is such a great intermediate class. Is a verger, or a railway guard, or the prophet of a sporting newspaper, a layman in the sense known to the *Times*, or not? Because, when we come to discussing the introduction of "the lay element" into Convocation, it is really desirable that we should know to some extent what we are talking about.

No such difficulty of definition attaches to the correlative term, or second branch of the exhaustive division, whichever we choose to call it. By the clergy, for all current purposes of ecclesiastical conference, disputation, or talk in general, is meant one distinct and separate body of men in England. And it is commonly

assumed by a good many of our public instructors in the press, and believed accordingly in a hazy kind of way by a considerable portion of their audience, that between this body and that other sound-hearted, intelligent, powerful, if slightly vague and indeterminate, whole known as the laity, there exists a pronounced divergence, not to say a direct opposition, of aims, motives, interests, and all the rest of it. Polished editorial periods in London, and the downright hammer-and-tongs articles which issue from Leamington for the moulding of the agricultural mind, come upon this head to very much the same thing in the end. Suppose for a moment that all this declamation were based on sound statistical evidence, and that the issue were about really to be fought out, after the modern English fashion, in a general campaign of public meetings, with each side turning out all its available forces on the stump. In a fair trial of free speech, for perception of points at issue, for calumnies in argument, for reasoning force and debating power, a comparison of the respective qualifications of the so-called lay and clerical minds would probably produce results both instructive and interesting. But society is likely to have some time to wait before any such results are published. The antagonism between the lay mind and the clerical mind cannot easily be marked and measured under the existing conditions of applied mental science, because, among other reasons, the method of comparison between things non-existent is a problem which has not yet been solved. The "lay mind," like the "average layman," is supposed popularly to exist in some sort of reference to the clerical mind and the average clergyman; and consequently, in the language of mathematics, if $x = 0$, y is impossible. If the "clerical mind" is an expression which conveys no sort of intelligible meaning, there can be no need to take much trouble in ascertaining what the "lay mind" may chance to be. That there may be in the higher ranks of the clergy a particular type of character and habit of thought is very possible. The episcopal type of mind is an expression which may be easily understood, and which may, for all we know, have a reality corresponding to the idea, existing possibly in less perfect development under decanal or capitular forms. But so, and in exactly the same way, there may exist a judicial type of mind; and perhaps a type representing the mind of permanent heads of Government offices. Any small and select body of men holding positions and exercising functions of exactly the same nature, and officially raised above the ordinary level of society, may very naturally fall into a sort of mental groove of similarity. Whether the possession of the office predisposes to the habit of mind, or the mental constitution has prepared and indicated the individual for the office, is a question which may be left to the philosophers. The existence of an episcopal type, if there be such, proves at any rate nothing about the existence of a clerical one.

There is, indeed, a type of mind which may be described generally as the ecclesiastical, and which admits of a good many varieties. It is very probably the confusion of the two distinct terms, ecclesiastical and clerical, joined to the familiar experience of divergence in the ecclesiastical varieties, which has prepared the way for most of the nonsense which we hear and read about the present and increasing antagonism between clergy and laity. Every one who is capable of thinking, and who has taken the trouble to think at all about the religious phenomena of this century, knows well that there is no variety of the ecclesiastical type of thought which has not exhibited its most pronounced, not to say exaggerated, forms in men not in holy orders at all. The half-pay officer who holds a Revival meeting in a watering-place occupies as a rule a far more advanced position in the "emotional" ranks than the Low-Church preacher of his choice; while in the opposite direction of the English Church Union it is well known that non-clerical partisan zeal often distances all clerical efforts to keep it within bounds. If anything further were wanting to exhibit the absurdity of confusing the ecclesiastical idea with the clerical, it would be shown by the fact that much of what is thus popularly described as clericalism is most conspicuously developed in the sex which is "not suffered to teach in the Church."

It is no doubt true that a good many clergymen both feel and manifest much intolerance of the presence of Nonconformists within their official radius; and as the squire, the doctor, and the colonel, to say nothing of the farmer or the retail tradesman, suffer no corresponding disturbance of mental equilibrium from this cause, such intolerance is constantly taken to be a "note" of the so-called clerical mind. It has obviously nothing to do with it. The squire has precisely the same kind of objection to a poacher, or, in a modified form, to the manufacturing parvenu who has made a sufficient fortune to flout him into the commission of the Peace; and if he and his brother the rector had chanced to change places in the order of their birth, each would have naturally adopted the antipathy which a similar habit of mind has directed to the object lying for each in his own special path of life. The colonel objects to civilian interference in military matters. The doctor has not much love for the unlicensed practitioner; and the retail tradesman has "no connexion with the establishment over the way." It would be easy to multiply illustrations to show, point by point, that what is so commonly described as the "clerical mind" has no sort of existence in fact, but that it is very often only a phantom constructed out of a confused generalization from misunderstood instances. More frequently indeed the process of reasoning, or what passes muster for reasoning, is of a very much simpler kind. An individual clergyman says or does something, or is reported in a newspaper to have said or done something, which somebody else, being concerned in the matter, or more probably having nothing

whatever to do with it, is pleased at the moment not to approve. The clergyman may be in the right or in the wrong as it happens; but the chance conflict of opinion between the two individuals, clerical and non-clerical, is quite enough to establish a case for the existence of the "clerical type" of mind, and to form the basis for some very large generalization about an essential antagonism between the clergy and the laity. Talk of this kind is not the less mischievous because it is nonsense, seeing that nonsense clothed in sounding verbiage goes a long way in the world. The only sort of real, existing, *bona fide* antagonism between the two classes of which any evidence that we are aware of has been produced in recent periodical literature is found—and thus much we must in honesty admit—under the heading "Clergy v. Laity" in the current number of the *Haileyburian*, where we read that "The laity kicked off, and proved much too strong for their opponents, driving them back in every scurramage"; but ultimately "the clergy had the military added to their side, and" from that time "had slightly the best of it." That is about the measure of class antagonism which exists between the "scurramagers'" fathers at present, or which is likely, when the boys have taken their fathers' places, to exist between themselves.

EPPING FOREST.

THE Master of the Rolls, in giving his decision on the question of the common lands of Epping Forest, expressed himself very plainly as to the conduct of the defendants. "What some of the defendants," he said, "had done was to take away other people's property without their consent, and to appropriate it to themselves." We are sufficiently familiar with this method of transferring property—"convey, the wise it call"—in the case of such things as purses and watches, but it is happily not every day that an attempt is made to appropriate three thousand acres of land in this simple and summary fashion. It is true that the defendants acted under the guidance of their legal advisers, and it may be assumed that they had persuaded themselves that they had somehow a right to what they seized upon. Delusions of this kind in regard to smaller and more portable articles are apt to lead to unpleasant personal consequences, but in this instance the persons who have been helping themselves to other people's property will suffer no further inconvenience than that of having to give up a part at least of their plunder. Twenty years being the limit within which restitution is demanded, appropriations made before 1851 will remain in the hands of those who hold them. The Master of the Rolls also made some strong remarks on the manner in which the defendants had conducted their case. The issue, he said, was a very simple one, and all the materials required by the Court for deciding it might have been furnished at a comparatively small cost. The defendants, however, had endeavoured to support their title "by a large mass of evidence which must be wholly discredited," and had added enormously to the expenses of the suit. It is satisfactory that the defendants are now to be compelled to surrender what they had illegally appropriated, but it is important to observe that they seem to have had every prospect of being left in peaceable possession of their plunder, and that it is only by a series of accidents that the Forest has been saved.

Mr. Lefevre's letter to the *Times* gives an interesting and instructive history of the progress of litigation in this case. For a long period there had been nibblings at the Forest, but it was not till about 1865 that the Lords of the Manors began their wholesale appropriations. A Committee of the House of Commons had just then been inquiring into the general question of the best means of preserving for the public use the forests and commons near London, and had come to the conclusion that the rights of commoners were amply sufficient to keep commons open and unenclosed. This rather alarmed the Lords of the Manors, and many of them took the opportunity of putting themselves in the advantageous position which is acquired by the actual possession of contested property. They had previously regarded the common lands as property which they might some day or other enclose when it suited their convenience; but they now thought to make themselves sure of it by enclosing it at once. Sir Thomas Wilson began his operations upon Hampstead Heath; the late Lord Brownlow added five hundred acres of Berkhamstead Common to his private park. Queen's College, Oxford, similarly, under the advice of its solicitors, seized upon two important commons and a smaller one in the South of London. Epping Forest was also pounced upon, and large parts of it enclosed. It was fortunate for the public that the Lords of the Manors did not show greater moderation and forbearance. If they had been content to go on gradually, taking in a little bit here and a little bit there, now insidiously advancing a fence in one quarter, or building a house in another, their depredations would perhaps have attracted little attention, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the places where they were committed; and from mere local opposition they had little to fear. When, however, it was seen that they were swooping down on open spaces in all directions, and that very soon, unless they were checked, London would be almost stripped of the noble belt of heaths and commons which had so long been her pride, and which in a sanitary point of view had now become a necessity to her inhabitants, a strong feeling of indignation was excited, and a number of persons had sufficient public spirit to come forward in defence of public rights. One night Mr. Augustus Smith

sent down a couple of hundred labourers from London in a special train to remove the strong iron fences with which Lord Brownlow had cut off part of Berkhamstead Common, and before morning the hurdles were all laid decently in a heap. In the suit which followed, the appropriations were declared to be illegal. After this Queen's College and other Lords of Manors deemed it prudent either to surrender claims which they could not enforce at law or to come to terms either with the residents adjoining the open spaces or with some public authority which would undertake the charge of them. In this way the commons at Plumstead, Bostall, Dartford, Tooting, Wandsworth, Wimbledon, and elsewhere have been preserved for the use of the public. Hampstead Heath was obtained only by a costly compromise, into which the inhabitants were driven by the prospect of protracted litigation.

In all these cases there was an important body of influential residents on the side of the public, and this naturally facilitated a settlement. At Epping, however, a large proportion of the resident landowners were in favour of enclosure. They had no relish for the wanderers from the East of London who came to spend their holidays in the Forest, and who did not always make themselves too agreeable during their stay; and, on the other hand, there was the temptation of getting a slice of the property, if it were divided. Accordingly, there seems to have been a general rush at the Forest pretty much in the spirit of the old saying, "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost." The Devil has indeed turned up in the form of the Court of Chancery, and those who were last in the race of spoliation will now have to disgorge; while those who were lucky enough to secure their share of the plunder before 1851 will be left to the enjoyment of it. It appears that in the course of the last twenty years 559 illegal enclosures have been made, and some of them have already been cut up for building ground, and are covered with houses. What it is important to observe is that all this property and more would have passed permanently into the possession of persons who had no legal right to it whatever, if it had not been for the accident that the Corporation of London happened to hold some ground within the limits of the Forest for the purpose of a cemetery. This gave the Corporation power to interfere on the ground that the enclosures were a violation of its rights of commonage; and the Corporation, being a rich and powerful body, has been able to make head against the Lords. At one time, it seems, before the intervention of the City, an old labouring man at Loughton was left alone to struggle against the Lord of the Manor. He had been in the habit of exercising an ancient customary privilege of lopping trees for firewood during the winter months, and when this was forbidden he refused to submit. He persisted in cutting wood, and urged his neighbours to do the same. Two of his sons and a nephew, who were found lepping, were summoned before the magistrates, one of whom had received a large share of the Forest, and were sent to prison for a week with hard labour. The old man obtained assistance to try the question at law, and, in spite of attempts made, now to buy him off, now to drive him out of the parish, so as to deprive him of his *locus standi*, the suit was kept going till it was interrupted by his death. Here the question would probably have ended if the Corporation had not been induced to take it up, and it was only through its being the owner of a cemetery in the Forest that it obtained a right to interpose. It is well that the Forest has been saved, but it is not comfortable to reflect that the chances were all the other way.

The whole subject of enclosures is one of great importance, and it is to be hoped that the Amending Bill of the Government, which is understood to be in preparation, will treat it in a thorough and comprehensive manner. The same sort of questions which have been raised during the last few years in the neighbourhood of London are also springing up in other parts of the country, and it is desirable that some distinct principle should be laid down by which the rights of proprietors on the one hand and of the public on the other may be equitably maintained. The difficulty of the matter is of course mainly due to the fact that the idea of a general public with any interest in the commons is entirely a modern invention. Formerly a common was an object of interest only to the people about it, who sent their cows, geese, and donkeys to graze there; and in recent years the exercise of this privilege has been gradually falling into disuse, simply because there is scarcely any one who cares to take advantage of it. On the other hand, the Lord of the Manor did not trouble his head about land which he did not see his way to turn to account, and was quite content to leave the commons open to anybody who chose to go upon them. The rapid growth of population, however, and especially the introduction of railways, have given a sudden value to these tracts of ground in the neighbourhood of large towns. The Lords of Manors are tempted by the high prices which are offered for "eligible building sites," and as the commoners are no longer represented by cattle, it is perhaps rather hastily assumed that they have ceased to exist. Another set of people now start up under the name of the public, but the Lords refuse to recognize their claim to have anything to do with the commons. It must be admitted that the rights of the public, as a public, have never assumed a legal form. It may be very necessary that all large towns should have open spaces close to them for the recreation of the inhabitants, but it is obvious that they cannot be allowed to take possession of any bits of ground that suit their purpose without reference to proprietary rights. On the other hand, it may be asked, whether the public ought not, under certain circum-

stances, to be recognized as having succeeded to the rights which the commoners have practically abandoned. Hardly anybody wants to turn out a sheep or a cow on the commons, but a great many people want to walk on them and enjoy them as open spaces; and whether the common is used by cattle or by people walking about cannot make any difference to the Lord of the Manor, as long as he is bound to keep it open. Mr. Lefevre proposes that all enclosures not authorized by Parliament should be *prima facie* illegal, and that any public body or public-spirited person should be allowed to represent the right of the commoners and to put the Lord to a strict proof of his claims. There may probably be some difficulty in regard to the latter part of this suggestion, but it is at least clear that some check ought to be put on such proceedings as the appropriations at Epping. It is monstrous that persons who have no sort of legal right to a particular property should be able to take possession of it offhand, and to maintain the misappropriation by the aid of a long purse and sharp lawyers. A Lord who wishes to enclose can hardly complain if he is required to give due notice of his intention to do so, and to justify his alleged right before he takes advantage of it.

PARTIES AND PARTY NAMES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE extraordinary success which has just been gained by the Democrats in every part of the American Union, rendering it probable that at the next Presidential election they will be able to wrest from the Republicans the power now wielded by the latter for fourteen consecutive years, makes it of interest to inquire, What are the distinguishing principles of the two parties? The Democrats have been so hopelessly weak since the close of the Civil War that they have had no opportunity of showing what they would be likely to do, supposing them once more called to the administration of the country; and the "platforms" adopted by them in different States at the recent elections are so discordant that we get little information from a study of those documents. Thus in New York the principles of the Democrats have been summed up by their leading organ as "hard money, Free-trade, and Home Rule." In direct contradiction to this, the Democratic programme in Ohio and Indiana was inflation of the paper currency and payment of the National Debt in greenbacks; while in the South universally the demand was for non-intervention of the Federal authorities and a white man's government. If we turn from the platforms which have just carried everything before them to the names of the parties themselves, we obtain just as little enlightenment. It is true indeed that there is a very well-marked distinction between the terms Democratic and Republican. A man may be a thoroughpaced Democrat, and yet be a Monarchist, as we see in France at this very moment, where an audacious party is advocating the restoration of a "Democratic Empire." On the other hand, a man may be a Republican without being a Democrat, as again we see in France in the persons of many of the Conservative Republicans, or as was still better exemplified in Venice, in the Seven United Provinces, and in Switzerland. But these are not the distinctions that prevail between the Democratic and Republican parties in the United States. To understand the principles underlying their antagonism, it will be necessary to travel back to the years immediately following the Declaration of Independence.

When the War of Independence first broke out, the colonists, as is well known, did not contemplate separation from the mother country. They were Englishmen, settled in America, it is true, but not the less therefore entitled to all the rights and privileges of Englishmen, amongst them to the right of exemption from taxation when not accompanied by representation. Accordingly, the opponents of Lord North's measures called themselves Whigs, to indicate that they were members of the great party which had dethroned the House of Stuart and established English liberty. In like manner, the Loyalists, as supporters of the royal prerogative and the paramount authority of Parliament, were styled Tories. The term Tory continued to be employed to the end, but as the original object of the war was lost sight of, and the minds of the Americans came to be fixed upon independence, the name of Whig grew gradually out of use. But it is a curious instance of the force of old associations and of the influence which the habits of thought of colonial days continued to exercise, that, as we shall presently see, the name was revived more than half a century later. In the meantime the progress of the war made it quite plain that, if the league of the thirteen colonies, now become States, was to be perpetuated, a closer union was indispensable. By the Articles of Confederation, which formed the first Constitution of the United States, all effective sovereignty resided in the several States. Congress was simply an Assembly of delegates, competent to raise an army and navy and to negotiate with foreign nations, but with no real power to enforce its resolutions. It could not even levy taxes, except through the States, which practically contributed only as much as they chose. The several departments of the Government, until near the very close of the war, were presided over by Committees of Congress, not by Ministers, and there was no President. The Whig party, which had formed one body to resist England, became divided into two on the question whether the Articles of Confederation should be annulled or not. The Federalists advocated a closer union; the anti-Federalists were for maintaining things as they were. It has often been pointed out that these names ought to have been reversed. The Federalists, or at

least their most distinguished leaders, wished to form a Unitarian Republic; the anti-Federalists were struggling to preserve the Federation and the full rights of the several States. However, the Federalists succeeded in imposing these names on the two sections, and after a struggle of some years they proved successful also in their political agitation. A new Constitution was adopted, which divided the powers of government between a President elected for only four years, but clothed during his term of office with virtually regal powers, a Congress of two Chambers with greatly extended legislative competency, and a judiciary invested with extraordinary authority, and ramifying even through the States. The anti-Federalist party was broken up, and during the two administrations of Washington the Federalists governed the country. But, when once the object of drawing closer the union between the States had been attained, there was no real cohesion in the party. The experience of the war had convinced all thoughtful men of the necessity of an amendment of the Articles of Confederation. Hence Mr. Madison was as active as General Hamilton in advocating such amendment, and even Mr. Jefferson gave his approval. But Jefferson and Madison wished to invest the Federal Government only with such powers as were essential for the due protection of the Union against foreign aggression and for the perpetuation of the league between the States. They desired to limit both President and Congress to the authority delegated to them by the Constitution in express words, and to forbid absolutely all constructive powers. Mr. Hamilton, on the contrary, and the elder Adams, would have the Federal Government regarded as a real national Government, competent to employ the power of the whole Union for the development of its material resources. Mr. Jefferson retired from Washington's Cabinet, and under his leadership there grew up a new party, which was composed not only of the old anti-Federalists, but also of such of the Federalists as wished to confine within the narrowest limits the activity of the Federal Government. This party styled itself Republican, implying thereby that the Federalists were aristocrats at heart. Herein was another point of difference between the parties. Jefferson and his party heartily embraced the principles of the French Revolution, and proceeded to reduce to practice with as little delay as might be the doctrines of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Hamilton, on the other hand, was an ardent admirer of the English Constitution. An anecdote recorded by Jefferson will convey to the reader a better idea of the political opinions of the Federalist leader than any description. While Jefferson, Hamilton, and the elder Adams were members of Washington's Cabinet, they met at Jefferson's house to consult on an important matter of foreign policy. After the business had been transacted, and in the course of a general conversation, Adams remarked that, if its corruptions were removed, the British Constitution would be perfect. "Remove its corruptions," replied Hamilton, "and it would be impracticable. With all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect Constitution the world has ever seen." Thus it will be seen that Hamilton was a disciple of Burke, and desired to give the United States a strong central government, and freedom tempered by authority, after the English pattern. Jefferson, on the other hand, held the views, while reproaching the atrocities, of the extreme French revolutionists, and he considered the maintenance of States' Rights and the restriction of Federal authority essential to the preservation of American liberty.

Mr. Jefferson became third President of the United States, and his party, with but three breaks of no great length, governed the country for the following sixty years. The Federalist party lost ground year after year, and became finally discredited when it fell under the suspicion of sympathy with Great Britain in the war of 1812. It struggled on for some time longer, but ultimately broke up about 1820, only to reappear, however, under the name of National Republican—a name skillfully chosen to express disavowal of sympathy with aristocracy in any form, and at the same time to proclaim that it regarded the Union as "a nation," not a mere congeries of States. But the National Republicans suffered the same fate as the Federalists, falling into utter disorganization in the course of a few years. They formed themselves again in 1832, however, to oppose the second election of General Jackson to the Presidency, adopting the old historic name of Whig. The Whigs twice elected Presidents—General Harrison in 1840, and General Taylor in 1848—but they also broke up in 1852, when the old Federalist party in its various modifications may be said to have finally died out. In the meantime the Jeffersonian party had introduced manhood suffrage, had extended citizenship to foreigners on the easiest terms, and had made nearly all offices, even the State judgeships, elective. Partly on this account, and partly to distinguish itself from the National Republican party, its members dropped the name Republican, by which it was known in Jefferson's time, and adopted that of Democratic, just as among ourselves the Whig party has been merged in the Liberals. But while the Democrats were thus actively carrying into practice their ideas of popular sovereignty, they were becoming more and more committed to the maintenance of slavery. For reasons which it would take us too long to enter into here, the main strength of the Democratic party had always been in the South, whereas New England was the principal support of Federalists and Whigs. Even in this matter, it will be seen, the antagonism between North and South thus early showed itself. But this circumstance made it almost impossible for the Democrats as a party to declare against slavery. Further, the existence of slavery gave the slave-owners more leisure for

study and attention to politics, and consequently the leaders of the Democratic party have been almost always Southerners. Lastly, the cardinal Democratic doctrine—the doctrine of States' Rights—bound the party to uphold the right of the separate States to exclusive jurisdiction over the question of slavery, and consequently to resist as an encroachment and an impertinence all attempts on the part of the inhabitants of other States to intervene in a matter of strictly internal policy. In this way the party which was most deeply pledged to respect “the inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” became irrevocably committed to the refusal of every human right to millions of men, women, and children. Had the South been contented with the maintenance of slavery, it would unquestionably have succeeded, as nobody but a mere handful of uninfluential and unpopular Abolitionists denied the exclusive jurisdiction of the States over the question. But the South was not so satisfied. It endeavoured to extend slavery by conquests in Mexico and the West Indies, and by carrying it into the Territories. The Territories, it is hardly necessary to explain, are those portions of the public domain of the United States which have been formed by Act of Congress into distinct legal communities, with Governors, Legislatures, and courts of law. But, unlike the States, they are not sovereign commonwealths. Their legal and administrative officers are appointed by the President, and their Legislature may be overridden at any moment by Congress. Now, the Southerners contended, and, except by appeal to Mr. Seward's “higher law,” it is impossible to rebut the contention, that they had a right to settle in any part of the public domain they chose, and to take their property with them. In other words, they maintained that it was the duty of Congress to recognize slavery in the Territories by protecting the property of such slave-owners as should settle in them in the slaves they carried with them. To oppose the claim thus put forward the Republican party came into existence just twenty years ago. It was formed in the first place of the remnant of the Whigs, to which body belonged the late Mr. Greeley, President Lincoln, and Secretary Seward; and of Free-Soil Democrats, men who had acted with the Democrats, but revolted against the extension of slavery. In the course of the two following years the new party was joined by the majority of the “American,” or Know-Nothing, party—a party whose bond of union was hostility to foreigners and Roman Catholics. The Abolitionists were for a long time allies rather than members of the Republican party, though they also ultimately joined it. And, lastly, when secession took place, the party was largely reinforced by “War Democrats,” men who would have suffered the extension of slavery to the Territories, but would not allow the break-up of the Union. Thus it will be seen that the Republican party was rather a coalition of fractions of parties opposed to certain specific Democratic measures than a party in the strict sense of the word, with definite political principles of its own. At the same time, however, it had one principle—opposition to the extension of slavery—for which was afterwards substituted the resolve to maintain the Union, and it inherited from the Whigs the desire to stretch the Constitution so as to increase the authority of the Federal Government, and to develop the resources of the country by means of Protection and internal improvements. It was not, however, Abolitionist until the ill success of the military operations undertaken against the South prompted the Proclamation of Emancipation as a war measure.

CEMETERIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHURCHYARDS and funerals are gloomy things at best, and they generally wear their most offensive aspects for those who live in the crowded centres of civilization. Deaths are frequent and land is scarce; and when the bulk of the population is poor, and the obligation of providing mortuary accommodation falls upon the rates, the feelings of the living must often be sacrificed to their interests. There have just been some unpleasant revelations with regard to the suburban graveyards of Battersea and Tooting, and those who are implicated have admitted themselves to blame, pleading their straitened means in extenuation. We have no intention of dwelling on disagreeable details. The long and the short of it is that houses have been springing up and population increasing around the fixed areas of these suburban cemeteries. The soil is drained to an average depth of eight feet, but the graves have generally been sunk to a much greater depth. Notwithstanding, space has often been economized by laying coffin upon coffin without interposing the foot of hard-rammed soil enjoined by the statute. Below the drains there is frequently a bed of holding clay. The consequence is that the rain stagnates instead of sinking away; noxious gases are disengaged without being deodorized; the mourners suffer with the officiating clergymen at the frequent funerals, while inhabitants in the immediate neighbourhood must be constantly inhaling vitiated air. Of course it is always rash to jump to general conclusions from particular instances, yet we may be sure we are pretty safe in assuming that Tooting and Battersea are not very exceptional cases. Both neighbourhoods are tolerably well-to-do, and by no means especially crowded. And it must be owned that cases of this kind furnish plausible arguments to those who advocate cremation for old and overcrowded communities. For ourselves, we do not care to pronounce an opinion in the matter; but it is certainly undesirable that preventable abuses should strengthen the hands of those who advocate a questionable innovation.

In interments, as in everything else which is a question of money, the rich must always have the best of it. They can afford to pay for the luxuries of sentiment, as they can command the leisure for indulging their grief. Of late our English *pompes funèbres* have offered them great advantages. Formerly wealthy families had their private vaults, either in the church in which they worshipped or in the yard that surrounded it. Visiting the tombs of the dead they had buried out of their sight, they could enjoy little of that peaceful seclusion which the bereaved mourner covets above everything. Sanitary considerations apart, nothing could have been more trying than having to ask the beadle for the keys of a church every time they came to pay a visit, or having to make their way to the grave in the populous churchyard, with crowds staring in through the railings from the thoroughfares. Now that great country cemeteries have been brought into fashion, natural feeling would have triumphed over family pride even without the interposition of the Legislature. The Cemetery Companies assured themselves the best chance of a financial success by offering mourners unrestrained liberty of indulging their sorrow. Londoners have been particularly fortunate in this respect. As it happens, the home counties are singularly rich in the possession of invaluable barren ground which will never repay reclaiming. On heaths like Woking, beyond the ordinary range of residence of business men, picturesque sites are to be had for a comparative trifle. Lying high and bare of timber, the fresh breezes circulate freely, giving an invigorating sense of health and life by way of antidote to dismal associations. The soil is a clean gravel, and very much drains itself. Yet there is peat in the neighbourhood to be had for the fetching, so that rhododendrons, azaleas, and flowering shrubs flourish amazingly. Shooting up to town from Southampton, through somewhat bleak scenery, that blooming oasis in the wastes has a singular attraction for those who would cherish the poetry of death. It enjoys as much sun and light as we ever have in England; there never need be crowding, and for all practical purposes there is always solitude enough. It is true that the family burying-ground may be far from the family residence. But railways nowadays annihilate space and time, and for those who make a religion of the memory of the departed, the very necessity which requires a kind of pilgrimage gives a certain impressive solemnity to periodical excursions to the tomb. In laying out these country cemeteries every town of any importance has followed the example of London, and in nothing perhaps has joint-stock enterprise done more for us. Had parishes and districts continued in all cases to provide graves for their ratepayers, they might possibly have paid some attention to sanitary considerations; but certainly they would have subordinated everything to economy. The most convenient piece of eligible land that the building speculators had neglected would have answered their purposes. As it is, the first idea of the promoters of a Cemetery Company is to invoke the aid of nature to advertise them. They lay themselves out to secure the most picturesque sites, and call the most eminent landscape gardeners into consultation. We say nothing of the ornaments in the way of statuary and sculpture, for these must necessarily be left to individual fancy, although even there we think we have improved upon the weeping angels bending over mus draped in palls. But now we can show provincial cemeteries that scarcely yield to any others in the world. Some of our readers may remember the romantic beauty of the necropolis at prosaic Greenock, with its broken hills embosomed in trees and blooming shrubs, commanding magnificent views of the Western Highlands beyond the widening expanse of the Firth of Clyde.

Foreigners had long anticipated us in this matter, although now we think we may flatter ourselves that we have passed them. Thanks very much to the tenets and practices of their religions, they have always had a regard for the poetry of the tomb. Roman Catholics keep the annual festival of All Souls in the cemeteries. Believing that the spirits of the departed are still within the reach of their prayers, they naturally seek to aid their devotions by kneeling over the graves. They pay their regular tributes to the memories they cherish with flowers and wreaths of *immortelles*, and these practices have their uses as well as their beauties. They secure the graves against neglect, and give them a general aspect of melancholy coquetry. At best, however, the coquetry is very much on the surface, and the disagreeables of the charnel-house will show through the garish coating of thin whitewash. Take Paris. Every visitor to it is familiar with Père la Chaise, and many people must have admired the cypress-covered slopes of Montmartre. But you cannot have visited them of an afternoon, and especially on a Sunday, without remarking how unceasingly the funerals pour into them. Spacious as they are, Paris has been extending itself out of all proportion to them. Let families increase and multiply and die as fast as they will, there is no room to strike out additions to those cramped little Grecian temples, the receptacles of their mortal remains. Those “concessions à perpétuité” engraved on their façades mean a great deal. For on the spaces devoted to the poor on the north and the east, the ground is perpetually being disturbed, and the dust shaken up in quicklime is always being stirred. It is not without reason that the question of rural burial-fields is exciting great attention among our neighbours, and we have only to read the articles in the Paris journals on the subject to be assured that the scenes which may be daily witnessed in early morning in those beautifully kept pleasure-grounds are utterly shocking to our sense of decency.

The “God's acres” in Germany are regarded with all the reverence which the name implies, yet for the most part they are quite as

much encumbered as burial-grounds elsewhere; and you may see the signs of it if you get a glimpse into the little dead-house in some obscure corner. Even where latterly they have extended their limits, as the cities to which they belong have burst out of the old fortifications, there too the sharp line is drawn between the rich and the poor, or even the moderately well-to-do. For example, there is the famous burying-ground at Nuremberg, devoted to its purpose, we fancy, by that famous Free City of the Empire, almost from time immemorial. At one end you see flowers and trees and broad walks in front of the chapels where the dead are laid out until the seal of death shall have become unmistakable. At the other is German organization carried out to the utmost; tombstones marshalled by line and rule in serried files, and regularly numbered up to thousands. In Switzerland, as might be expected, you come upon some of the most picturesque sites in the world for churches and burial-places. One remembers particularly the square churchyard at Thun, rich with creepers and flowers, and commanding from the seats under the stone summer houses at its angles the most magnificently panoramic views over the blue lake and the snowy mountains. Yet at Thun, beautiful as it is, there is less lying-room than in most other places. The ground sinks precipitously all around, and wherever there is not an almost perpendicular precipice, the graves come clambering up to the enclosures. In some Southern countries, where the lifeless clay is surrounded with ceremonies before interment, the people are often singularly heedless of what becomes of it when committed to the soil. There are tolerably thriving old cathedral towns where children and young girls are always being theatrically exhibited in *chappelles ardentes*, or paraded in procession along the streets in wreaths and gloves and ghastly draperies. You see funeral after funeral go by, when after a time it strikes you of a sudden that somehow you have never stumbled on the burial-ground. If you go in search of it, you find it in some remote nook, and are puzzled to conceive how it can possibly suffice for the population. The mystery may in a measure be solved if you have chanced to attend the afternoon interments at the old Campo Santo at Naples. There you will find three hundred and sixty-five pits; a pit is opened on each day of the year; the priest on duty performs the rites *en masse* over all the deceased of the day before; the contents of the surrounding biers are shot out down the office; there is a sprinkling of holy water and a shower of quicklime; the circular slab is replaced, and all is over. The Mussulman cemeteries in the East are as gloomy as may be. Every one must remember those great forests of cypress, casting their black shadows on the rough-hewn stones below, with the sculptured turbans and other emblems of the faithful; but with these cemeteries the infidels who may die in these parts have no concern. Not that the Christians, at least at Constantinople, need regret it, for their own resting-places are the most beautiful in the world. There is Scutari, on the crest of the heights, the pure white marble of its graceful monuments rising out of an Eastern garden against the cloudless blue of an Eastern sky. Even more attractive are some of those wild outlying enclosures, dating from the war-time, on which you light in the neighbourhood of Buyukdere or Therapia. Often, indeed, they are almost lost to sight in the rank undergrowth of tangled vegetation, till you can scarcely force your way to an examination of the epitaphs; but then they are sacred from intrusion or desecration. Yet, lovely as they are, the relatives of their tenants might think the romance of those half-forgotten resting-places but an indifferent compensation for their hopeless remoteness, and, remembering that England is the country of the rich, we may on the whole congratulate ourselves on surpassing the world in what may be called cemetery-gardening.

THE "RENTERS" OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE history of Drury Lane Theatre has been told this week in the Court of Common Pleas. That history has been often told before both in prose and verse. Many poets compared the theatre when it was rebuilt, after burning, to a phoenix; and one of them supposed that this phoenix had been shot for the "pot" by Arabs, who resolved first to roast and then boil it:—

So Drury, first in roasting flames consumed,
Then by old renters to hot water doom'd,

rose out of conflagration and litigation,

By Wyatt's trowel patted, plump and sleek.

An Act of Parliament of 1810 recites that the existence of well-regulated theatres, substantially built, and capable of affording the best accommodation, has always been considered to be a matter worthy both of royal attention and legislative protection. The Act further recites that the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane had been rebuilt in 1794, and that "great sums" had been expended on it, and heavy claims incurred. "And whereas in the course of a successful progress towards the liquidation of the said claims the said Theatre Royal, with all its scenery, wardrobes, furniture, and other articles was wholly destroyed by the calamity of fire in the year 1809," the Act proceeded to incorporate a Company of Proprietors for rebuilding the same. The Company thus formed was managed by a Committee who understood business better than literature. When the theatre was finished, they incurred general ridicule by advertising for an opening address to be sealed and delivered like a tender for a con-

tract. We have all heard of tradesman who kept a poet, and there is a story of a British tourist who introduced himself to Canova, saying that he understood that like himself he was in the stone and marble line. These stories go some way to justify the reproach that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and certainly this step of the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre was a thoroughly huckstering proceeding. The addresses sent in answer to their advertisement were so execrable that the critics of the day wondered that the Committee did not choose one of them. The debates in the Committee-room were compared to the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, and when they determined to reject all the tenders and apply to Lord Byron to write an address, they were likened to a firm which should advertise a lottery, and, after selling all the tickets, announce that there would be no drawing, as they intended to transfer the 20,000*l.* prize to a friend of their own.

But although this Committee deserved all the hard things that were said of them, they earned the gratitude of posterity by giving occasion for the composition of *Rejected Addresses*, which will be read as long as the poets whom it parodies. Scott did no more than justice to the description of the death of Higginbottom the fireman, when he said that he certainly must have written it himself, although he forgot on what occasion. Almost better than the "Addresses" themselves was the criticism upon them of a Leicestershire clergyman who did not see why they should have been rejected, as he thought some of them very good. The "Address" which introduced that "feathered incombustible," the phoenix, is still quoted for its happy ridicule of the extravagant anti-Bonapartism of the period. Wellington at Salamanca

Breaks through his lines, and leaves his boasted Marmont
Expiring on the plain without his arm on.

For twenty years after the *Rejected Addresses* appeared everybody knew them and understood allusions to them. Thus Mr. Greville in his Memoirs records a joke of Luttrell. Somebody quoted the first line of the parody of Coleridge, and Luttrell said the public was pensive and the King (George IV.) expensive. The lines will bear quoting now when they are less generally known:—

My pen-ive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey.

His face was sad, and you are sad, my Public.

But the public has cause for joy. The author had wept over the ruins of the theatre, and feared it would not be rebuilt, until one joyful Monday eve, walking along Charles Street, he heard a trowel tick against a brick, and saw that the work of reconstruction had begun. From that hour he watched the builders, and listened to the talk of others who also watched:—

While some believed it never would be finish'd,
Some, on the contrary, believed it would.

This is a grotesque poem, but not perhaps much of a parody of Coleridge. The gems of the collection are the imitations of Scott and Crabbe; an extract from the latter might have been read to the Court of Common Pleas by way of "inducement," as lawyers say, to the plaintiff's declaration for assault and battery:—

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscell'd "standing room."
Hark! the check-taken moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contenting crowders about the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

The parody of Southey is scarcely intelligible without notes. But perhaps we might have guessed that Veeshnoo was Mr. Whitbread, who had all the talents of a manager, and also that common weakness of fancying he could write himself. One of the "Addresses" actually rejected by the Committee of which Mr. Whitbread was a member is said to have been written by him. Sheridan declared that he had introduced a phoenix into his poem, and described it like a poulterer. He was one more instance of the desire of men to be that for which nature has not fitted them. But he also was the energetic man of business:—

He treats with men of all conditions,
Poets and players, tradesmen and musicians;
Nay, even ventures
To attack the renters,
Old and new;

just like a manager of the present time. We believe that both history and poetry agree in ascribing to Mr. Whitbread, or Veeshnoo, the merit of bringing about the compromise of the renters' rights on which the plaintiff's claim in the recent action was founded:—

Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds;
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fixed at the foot of the deeds.

It is not surprising that the popularity of these *Rejected Addresses* rather threw into the shade the Address which was actually delivered. Yet Byron's vigorous lines are still, after more than sixty years, only too applicable to the management of this theatre:—

If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbear to blame;
Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course;
If you decree, the stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.

The Committee, under the guidance of Mr. Whitbread, cut out some of these lines, much to the disgust of Byron, who implored "one lash at those accursed quadrupeds." A manager who has produced *Formosa* and got up a tournament in *Richard Cœur de Lion* may console himself under the censure of these bitter lines by observing that they applied almost equally to his predecessors, the contemporaries of Garrick and the Kembles. There was, however, this difference, that sixty years ago the "accursed quadrupeds" did not keep possession of the stage for many successive months. Indeed the "renter" who has lately come before the Court is a creature of a bygone age. When he stipulated for a free admission every night, he contemplated the acquisition of a valuable privilege. But any man who could willingly see *Richard Cœur de Lion* half a dozen times must have come out of a lunatic asylum or be on his way to one. When the "renters" acquired their rights the bill was changed every night, and many of these renters went as frequently to the theatre as subscribers now go to the opera. But we have changed all that, and the change is distinctly for the worse.

The question before the Court of Common Pleas was tolerably simple, and probably only a lawyer could have invented the defence which was set up to the plaintiff's claim. Under the arrangement made in 1810 each "new renter" is entitled to 1s. 3d. for each night of performance, and to free admission to the usual audience part of the house. When the theatre was opened in 1812 it contained fourteen private boxes, and all the rest of the house was confessedly accessible to the "new renters." The pit in those days extended to the orchestra, and it was not till thirty years afterwards that pit-stalls were introduced. The present manager claimed in substance to exclude the "new renters" from the pit-stalls, except on payment of the difference between the price of a dress-circle ticket, which is 5s., and that of a stall ticket, which is 7s. His notion was that a "new renter's" right was represented by 5s., but this seems to be a merely arbitrary assumption. Mr. Dauncey, the plaintiff in the case, claimed and received a ticket for the dress-circle, and, not finding a convenient place there, he then claimed to pass into the stalls. He received a ticket marked "dress-circle cross," and on presenting this at the entrance to the stalls two shillings was demanded of him, which he refused to pay. Being refused admittance, he proceeded to assert his right, and was then expelled by the defendant's servant, who, in the language of pleading, *molliter manus inposuit* for that purpose. There does not appear to have been more violence used on either side than was necessary to raise the question of right; and, looking to the character of the defence set up, we feel bound to say that the plaintiff deserves the thanks of his fellow "renters" for asserting his right by costly litigation. Very few of the class would be likely to show the courage and pertinacity to resist what appears to be a usurpation, and thus by lapse of time the large right which the Acts of Parliament professed to confer would become limited. The defendant contended that the plaintiff had exhausted his "renter's" right for the night by entering the dress-circle, and could only pass to the stalls like one of the public by paying the difference in price. But this is a mere unauthorized gloss on the statute, which enacts that the "new renters" shall be entitled to the "free liberty and privilege of admission into the usual audience part of the theatre before the curtain," except the private boxes. This right, however, must be exercised reasonably, and is subject to regulations properly made by the proprietors. It is conceded that the "new renter" cannot book his place beforehand except by payment, and the manager seems to be at liberty to turn the whole of the dress circle into private boxes, as is in fact done during the opera season. In this season also the whole of the pit is converted into stalls, and all these stalls might, we believe, be let beforehand. The manager has however hitherto set apart a certain number of stalls for the "new renters," and they have also access to the upper circle of boxes, which is called during the theatrical season the "first" circle. It can easily be conceived that these "new renters" are regarded by the managerial mind as a troublesome relic of antiquity. But the attempt to improve them out of the theatre by force of law does not seem hopeful. The defendant has, however, stated his intention to appeal against the adverse judgment.

REVIEWS.

SPEEDING'S BACON.—VOL. VII.*

IT is not easy to choose appropriate terms in which to congratulate Mr. Spedding on the completion of his labours. Of the length and variety of those labours few will need to be reminded; the publication of the *Life and Letters and Occasional Works* alone has now extended over thirteen years, and seventeen years have passed since Mr. Spedding and his associates put forth the first of the long series of volumes to which this standard edition and biography now extend. Yet Bacon's biographer and joint editor, if an author of many pages, is a man of few words. In this concluding volume itself, where the temptation to expand in the direction of comment might have proved irresistible even to many writers habituated to self-restraint, it would be difficult to point to

a paragraph which is, strictly speaking, superfluous, and it would certainly be impossible to find a sentence which is irrelevant. Mr. Spedding, with grave politeness, leaves to "the debating societies" the settlement of the question whether "the character of Bacon was deserving of the approbation of posterity." For himself, he is contented to achieve his endeavour of enabling posterity "to form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon was," and of effecting this by following him step by step through the "unusually full record of a more than unusually full life." The result is a biographical monument to which it would not be easy to find a parallel in English literature, least of all in that of our own generation. The works of Bacon, together with the Commentary, may now at last be deposited, as he wished his *De Augmentis* to be, in the great College by honouring whose most illustrious member three of her sons have likewise honoured her and themselves; and there, and wherever wisdom and patriotism are cherished, this endeavour to preserve the memory of their great exemplar may be left to produce its fruit—"tanquam in solo nativo."

On the present occasion our remarks must be confined to a few of the topics suggested by the volume before us. It begins with the close of the year 1618 (O.S.), so that it includes the last seven years of Bacon's life. In other words, we have here a view of two of the most active and important years of Bacon's official career, of its sharp and sudden termination, and of something less than five years of bitter adversity, tempered by little besides sustained intellectual effort and such hope as a self-consciousness rising above outward circumstances can give. We accompany Bacon from the days when the Favourite was importuning him with letters on behalf of his friends, and when the King was sending him, on the occasion of their simultaneous sickness, "great pledges and certainties of his love and favour," to those other days when, shut out from London, the fallen statesman was exclaiming in a rare moment of bitter irony that he was "no Jesuit nor no leper," and when, thinking his hour was near, he bequeathed his name and memory "to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." Between these times lies the catastrophe itself. With reference to this, the chief value of Mr. Spedding's narrative is to be found in the fact that it fairly forces the reader to dismiss from his mind all hypotheses which have an imaginary Bacon for their basis. Even so, and notwithstanding the biographer's scrupulous care in distinguishing probable conjectures from established facts, and ethical theories from principles of law, it is not easy to guard against mistaking their relative weight in determining a final conclusion. Thus, in arguing (we think, very justly) that, astonishing as the supposition may seem, the charge against Bacon came upon him as a surprise, Mr. Spedding is most careful to explain the nature of the data on which he has arrived at this result; but the reader, though he may have no excuse for misapprehension, will not find himself relieved from the necessity of extreme caution. To the offer made by the Lord Chancellor as late as February 17th (Awbrey's petition was presented on March 14th) to the Committee for Courts of Justice, "that any man might speak freely anything concerning his Court," we should indeed hardly be inclined to attribute so much significance as Mr. Spedding seems to see in it. The letter to Matthew, which Mr. Spedding assigns with extreme probability to about the middle of March, may of course have been written at some earlier time; for "the Lord" mentioned in it can only conjecturally be identified with Digby; nor is there, we presume, any actual proof that Matthew was then at Brussels. But this letter and the other likewise (it cannot be doubted) addressed to Matthew, taken in conjunction with the offer made in February, and with the tone of the well-known letter to Buckingham ("Your Lordship spake of purgatory")—a tone of indignation rather than real despondency—will leave no reasonable doubt as to the correctness of Mr. Spedding's view, unless the reader has set out with the assurance that Bacon had been a conscious offender in his judicial administration. Now of course there is nothing easier than to assume this, if one wishes here as elsewhere to apply Macaulay's development of a paradoxical antithesis, or, like Kuno Fischer, to suit Bacon's conduct to a particular view of the man previously constructed out of a particular view of his works. But of evidence that Bacon had at any previous time been conscious of misconduct in his office, or that, up to almost the very last, he had anticipated any charge in this direction, there is no trace. Indeed the very statement that, in the beginning of March, Bacon had been warned of Awbrey's intention, and, though at first denying the imputation, had been so far disturbed as to take measures to cause Awbrey to retract or forbear it, appears to rest on a mere rumour, as will be manifest on referring to the authority quoted by Mr. Spedding. And the same is the case with reference to the similar story of Bacon's reception of the first tidings of the Egerton charge, a story to which we think Mr. Spedding does not refer. But, however this may be, the spirit of Mr. Spedding's view remains uncontradicted by what Bacon said or attempted to do so late as this, while there is abundant evidence to show what opinion Bacon consistently held as to the general course of his judicial administration. Even when he had come to regard his sentence as "just," and, again, as "the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years," he continued to look back with conscious pride on his administration of his Chancellorship; described himself, when writing from the Tower to Buckingham, as "the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time"; and, in a private assurance confidentially imparted to his secretary, and

* *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon.* By James Spedding. Vol. VII. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

neither intended for publication nor indeed published by Rawley again spoke of himself as "the justest judge that was in England these fifty years." It would be a perverse view which should see in this a "St. Helena" confidence.

Into the merits of the whole case we cannot now enter. Mr. Spedding's discussion of the subject, however, makes it more manifest than ever that the real difficulty is not to be sought in the conduct of Bacon during the progress of the inquiry. This conduct was so far consistent that he never throughout the entire proceedings was false to the promise which he gave at their commencement to the Lords, that he would not "trick up an innocency with cavillations." On examining his case and preparing for an interview with the King, Bacon recognized that he had erred; but it was not till the eleventh hour that he recognized, or indeed could have recognized, to what extent he had erred. It was when the number and range of the charges first became known to him that he abandoned his position; and, instead of adhering to the hope of being able to reduce the offences of which he stood accused to cases of negligence, sought in a general submission and confession the best remaining prospect of lenient treatment. This change of attitude, so far from pointing to a consciousness of corruption, seems to us rather to support the view that negligence—culpable negligence—had been the wrong committed by Bacon, but that it was not till the charges became known to him that he recognized their overwhelming number. "The articles were," as Mr. Spedding says, "too many," though we should hesitate in subscribing to the words he adds—"and the mind of the House too manifestly made up." On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the method of verdict adopted by the House of Lords—namely, that of convicting the accused *super totam materiam*, instead of pronouncing his guilt or innocence on each of the twenty-eight charges *seriatim*—practically leaves the particular charges to be tried over again by posterity. But posterity is only very imperfectly able to do so, and must content itself with arriving at certain general conclusions which seem to amount to the establishment of much culpable negligence, yet not of that corruption which Bacon (in the note prepared by him for an interview with the King) defines as "bargain or contract for reward to pervert justice, *pendente lite*," and of which he (in the same note) declares his belief that he is "as innocent as any born upon St. Innocents' day." And here comes in the fact, urged with much force by Mr. Spedding in his summary at the end of this volume, that there are no traces to be found of an actual reversal of any of Bacon's decrees in Chancery.

We cannot follow Mr. Spedding into his argument on the question whether the taking of gifts (without corrupt intention) in itself constituted a legal offence in a Chancellor as it did in a Common Law Judge; and the evidence as to the practice of previous Chancellors confessedly reduces itself to a matter of conjecture. We should in any case be slow to agree with those who demand from a great man, even in those fields of action with which his greatness is associated, an immediate self-emancipation from evil practices or principles in vogue before him. We can believe in the elevation of Bacon's motives as a judge, though he took gifts, as we can believe in the progressive spirit of More, though he was a persecutor. But there was some force in a remark made in the course of the debate which arose in the Lords on the Chancellor's submission, that it was not becoming that he should throw the blame of his faults on the age rather than on himself. Only a moral pedant will fail to make allowance for the anguish of mind in which Bacon had written the confession at the close of which he asks their lordships not to "forget that there are *vitia temporis* as well as *vitia hominis*." But we may regret that he did not follow to the last the higher impulse which had prompted him, in the note already cited, to set down how "all this while, I do not fly to that, as to say" what he could not refrain from urging upon his judges. Such a plea ill consorts with a spirit born to advance his age, and befits a Bacon as little as that still lower plea befits common men which Cicero ironically advances when pretending by way of contrast to excuse some of the doings of Verres—"Forsitan aliquis aliquando ejusmodi quippiam fecerit." Yet what seems a poor apology in Bacon's mouth cannot be overlooked as an element in the consideration of his case by the dispassionate judgment of another age.

Though Mr. Spedding adheres to a rigid personal method which would prove an intolerable restriction to the "Life and Times" class of biographers, there is nothing of greater interest in this volume than the light thrown upon Bacon's aims and wishes in relation to the foreign policy of his country. In matters of home government not specially connected with his own office, there was more than one occasion during the last two years of his Chancellorship on which he manifested a striking political foresight. His advice to the King recommending the distribution of particular branches of Government business among standing commissions was followed in spirit, if not in detail, by later ages, and has in part survived into times to whose requirements it is not invariably so well adapted as to the conditions of Tudor and early Stuart constitutional life. His arguments, on the other hand, in favour of restoring the responsibility of the Treasury to a single officer have a wider and more enduring significance. His proposal of rules for the Star Chamber (though their spirit can be only indirectly gathered), made at a time when there was, so far as we know, no public feeling against the court, might, if realised, have remedied, as Mr. Spedding sagaciously suggests, the very defect which ultimately brought

the court to its fall. But of the general system of domestic government pursued in these years Bacon was after all a supple and intelligent agent and no more—willing to accommodate himself to courses over which he had no control, and upon which he never exercised a more than secondary influence. In proposing the commissions aforesaid, he begs the King not to be deterred by the fear that some will conceive such a step to be merely a preparation for a Parliament. Yet he only ventures to hint that such an impression would do no harm; he does not indicate any opinion on the subject of the summoning of a Parliament itself. When in 1620 this step had been determined upon, he dutifully set to work to expedite the preparations for it; but his draft of a Proclamation was treated by the superior powers after a very unceremonious fashion, and the Chancellor was swift to "approve his Majesty's judgment and foresight above his own." On the question (purely one of policy) as to the advisableness of revoking the most obnoxious patents *before* the assembling of Parliament, Bacon, who strongly urged this course of action, had to acquiesce in the contrary decision—a very unfortunate one, as it happened, for himself. In a word, the respect paid to his counsels fell far short both of their value and of his readiness in offering them, and his anxiety to advance the interests of the King, his Minister, and his subjects ("for I do not love the word People"), was much greater than his power to influence the policy of the Crown.

This was, of course, most emphatically the case in the domain of foreign affairs; but here, where Bacon's advice was least continuously able to exert any influence, his political views were perhaps most definite and most in accordance with the prevailing national sentiment. It does one's heart good to see how thoroughly, on the all-important topic of the relations between England and Spain, the wishes of so discreet and cautious a counsellor were in accordance with the healthiest current of public opinion (in which we do not for a moment deny that there was a great admixture of prejudice); and after following Mr. Spedding's record up to the very period preceding the declaration of war, one seems more fully to appreciate the feeling which moved Bacon, in the brief will drawn up by him at the most critical moment of his career, to express a particular wish for the publication of his eulogium *In felicem memoriam Regine Elizabethæ*. To James and his Government he might display the "morigeration" of a loyal servant, but his heart was with the old days. In the letters and tractates of this the greatest man of the age we meet with the same feeling—often of course guardedly expressed, but equally consistent and intense—as that which pervades the despised "popular" literature of the times. He firmly believed in the dangers to be apprehended from Spain; he longed for war with that Power; and the spirit in which he viewed the prospect of its immediate declaration may be gathered with sufficient clearness from the *Considerations* drawn up by him in 1624—one of the most patriotic and stirring papers in the whole range of our political literature.

Neither Bacon nor the "orators and pamphleteers" to whom Mr. Spedding refers in a superior way which he occasionally permits himself could of course penetrate the secrets of the Royal policy. Yet Bacon's instinct at least was often truer than the fulness of the King's knowledge. Early in 1619, to which period Mr. Spedding assigns the *Short View of Great Britain and Spain* attributed to Bacon, the author of this paper was already recommending war with Spain as both just and likely to prove successful. The King had, however, entered upon his attempts at mediation, begun by him as the dupe of Spain, which had already elsewhere expressed its readiness to support the House of Austria with money, and if necessary with men. Of the nature of Bacon's advice both immediately before and after the acceptance of the Bohemian Crown by the Elector Palatine, though we know it to have been sought at both times, it is peculiarly unfortunate that no evidence should remain. In the second stage of the history of the question, which may be dated from 1620, when it had become clear that the Palatinate was in danger, it is equally certain that James was once more the dupe of the Spaniards, and that Bacon was intent upon a vigorous course of action which the King was as yet unwilling to adopt. The Chancellor was most willing to promote the King's wish for the suppression of the "licentious course of talking and writing" among the public at large; but he advocated a clear exposition of the existing situation in the Proclamation to the Parliament now contemplated, including a declaration that "a concurrence of reasons and respects of religion, nature, honour, and estate," had determined the King to recover the Palatinate to "his son and his descendants." But this seemed to the King to be moving too fast. Two subscriptions were opened for the war in the Palatinate (Mr. Spedding's remarks on the latter of these seem to us open to criticism, especially as he has not, so far as we observe, mentioned the former, to which there was more reason to demur); but James was still indulging the hope of inducing Frederick to resign the Bohemian Crown, and thereby causing Spain to co-operate in the restoration of the Palatinate to its rightful owner. But there were those who, without the King's opportunities, saw more clearly into the policy of Spain than he; and if a paper (*For the freeing of the Palatinate, &c.*), probably belonging to the period, was, as seems very likely, written by Bacon, he perceived what had been the result of the King's trust in the upright intentions of the Spaniards. "The confidence," it is observed in this paper, "they (i.e. the Spaniards) had in his Majesty that he would not break with Spain, was the encouragement without which I think Spinola would never have set upon the Palatinate."

Of the proceedings in the Parliament of 1621 with regard to the Palatinate Mr. Spedding takes a view on which we should feel disposed to make some strictures were it not that Bacon no longer played any part in public life in connexion with these transactions. When Parliament separated with an enthusiastic general declaration of readiness to support the King in his determination to recover the Palatinate, Bacon was a fallen man, and could only signify in a brief letter to Buckingham his joy in this "day of very great honour to his Majesty." In his exile—for such it was to him—he continued to take a lively interest in the course of foreign policy, and to entertain the same views as to the direction which it should take. Oddly enough, he was the means (by information which he loyally forwarded to Buckingham) of stopping "a Papal aggression" in the shape of the appointment of one or more titular Catholic bishops in England; for Gondomar, who at that time was really in earnest about the Spanish match, and had some reason to believe that he really held the alliance of England in his hands, very speedily arrested the unseasonable project. When, on the return of Prince Charles and Buckingham from their famous visit to Madrid, the days of a decisive anti-Spanish policy seemed at last to have set in, Bacon, with unwonted eagerness, displayed his wish to be once more of active service. He offered most sagacious advice to Buckingham, to whom the public interest moved him to speak with remarkable frankness, and even volunteered to pay a visit to France, in order to help in the tying of a "strait league" with that country. He prepared notes for a speech concerning a war with Spain, to be delivered by a member of the House of Commons; and, finally, he composed a treatise addressed to the Prince, already referred to above. In once more directing the reader's attention to this masterly essay, we may point out that it contains, in addition to an historical summary of English struggles with Spain, which must still stir the heart of every Englishman, an argument on the justice and expediency of *preventive* wars specially worthy of the attention of some Englishmen of a later generation—"otherwise reverend men, yet fitter to guide penknives than swords." These *Considerations* are not the least noble of Bacon's legacies to his nation; and the spirit which they attest should not be forgotten among the causes which ought to make Englishmen at least careful of his fame.

THE VALLEYS OF TIROL.*

WE must say a word or two upon the title of this book. The Tirolese themselves, as Miss Busk remarks, always spell the name of their country Tirol, and there seems to be no good reason for the ordinary English change into Tyrol. We agree with her again that there is as little reason for prefixing the definite article. We might just as well say "the France" as "the Tyrol." So far we find ourselves in perfect agreement with Miss Busk, nor have we any great fault to find with the substance of her book. Such criticism as we have to make may as well be got over at once. In her title-page Miss Busk professes to describe the traditions and customs of the Tirolese valleys, and to tell us how to visit them. We cannot say that a lady who is prevented from crossing a good carriage pass by the enormous quantity of luggage belonging to her party is quite competent as a guide to a mountain country. She is unable to penetrate into the more primitive parts, though she contrives to see some of the most characteristic districts. In another respect the book is a little too ambitious. Miss Busk's primary object appears to have been to collect the popular legends of the country, as a contribution to the study of what is called folk-lore. This very praiseworthy design is, however, complicated by the intrusion of a great deal of purely guide-book information. We can read in Murray or in Ball the list of the statues on the Maximilian monument at Innsbruck; and we do not particularly care to have them over again in a book which does not aim at being a comprehensive guide. And, finally, we may say that we object to the style in which some of the legends are narrated. Miss Busk very properly criticizes a German author who, in collecting some Italian stories, has deprived them of their local colouring by translating the names of the mythological beings into those of the analogous persons in German legend. Perhaps it may not be equally misleading, but it certainly produces a sense of discord when we find a story professedly taken down from popular speech arrayed in the conventional trappings of literary English. The error is not carried to an offensive excess; but here and there it rather annoys us.

We have said enough, however, upon these points. The book, where it is devoted to its legitimate purpose, may help other travellers to interest themselves in the characteristics of one of the most remarkable populations in Europe. Nowhere else, it is probable, can we find so perfect a specimen of the survival of an ancient type amongst the discordant elements of modern Europe. The people of the Zillerthal, with their picturesque costumes, their national music, their passion for athletic exercises of all kinds, and their deep attachment to their old religion, are a race whom it is difficult to regard without some feeling of envy. If the democratic ploughshare could level the mountain-barriers which still keep the nineteenth century at a distance, it must be admitted that, whatever might be the material gain, there would be a heavy loss in the extinction of this characteristic type. It is natural to suppose that this conservative race, whose religious

ideas are still of the mediæval kind, must preserve popular legends with unusual fidelity. Miss Busk declares that one's whole surroundings are so religious in Tirol that the masses of frozen streams by the side of the railway "assumed in the half light such forms as Doré might give to prostrate spectres doing penance." An imagination full of crosses and chapels and votive offerings may easily turn any natural object into the resemblance of some religious symbol. A good many of the stories here collected belong to the general stock of Roman Catholic legend, and are marked at most by some superficial alteration to adapt them to local circumstances. Round every town there are shrines where some Saint was martyred or where some holy hermit lived in old days; and miracles of the usual kind assert the sanctity of the spot. They vary from stories of the most recent times to legends dating back to the early ages of Christianity; and, indeed, many of them are probably of earlier origin, and have merely received a Christian dress from their later narrators. The Virgin has appeared to lonely herdsmen or village maidens in the Eastern Alps as she has appeared to devout peasants in France. One of the most curious of the modern miracles happened in 1797. A girl was looking through the window of her father's cottage when she saw upon one of the panes an image of the Virgin. The neighbours were called in, and so much noise was made about the matter that a painter and two chemists were appointed as a committee of investigation. They said that the image had been originally painted on the glass and that the faded colours had been restored by the action of the atmosphere to which it was exposed. The people, however, stuck to the theory that it was of supernatural origin; and were confirmed in their belief by the disappearance of a pestilence and the retreat of the French army. Here we can trace a legend to its foundation. Elsewhere we have examples of a curious method in which an historical narrative becomes blended with older mythological elements. A legend tells how a peasant going home one night, after a convivial evening, found it convenient to sit down on a bank, and was surprised by the sight of the *Berchtl*, followed by a train of the souls of unbaptized children. One of these little ghosts was troubled by the length of its clothes, and the kindly peasant made a girdle for it out of one of his garters. The *Berchtl* promised him in return that his children should never come to want. Now this mysterious *Berchtl*, according to the Tirolese, is the wife of Pontius Pilate, who was pardoned for her intervention with her husband, but has to do penance till the last day by wandering over the earth. Sometimes, indeed, she is guilty of pitiful performances which are not in character with her supposed repentance. The comparative mythologists say that *Berchtl* is derived from a root meaning bright; and see in her the white goddess of winter. Now in 1651 a perfectly historical person, named Biener, who had held a high position in the government of the country, was executed owing to some very cruel treachery. His wife lost her senses in consequence, and escaping from her keepers wandered into the mountains. The people naturally say that she is wandering there still, proclaiming her husband's innocence; and as the *Berchtl* wanders about in the same kind of way, the two characters have become identified in the popular imagination. Elsewhere, a hermit of the seventeenth century has already got mixed up with a Saint of the fourth, who was in the habit of riding about on a bear. Miss Busk adds an appropriate anecdote of a little girl in a Sunday School, who, being asked the other day what David was before he became King, replied, he was Jack the Giant-Killer.

The religious legends, except in some modern touches, seem to show very little that is characteristic of Tirol more than of other Catholic countries. They are better preserved; but are not essentially different. The same is, of course, true of many of those popular stories which go the round of the world in slightly different shapes. Miss Busk gives us one story from the Italian Tirol, which is identical with that of the curious old ballad of Binnorie, where the harp made out of the bones of the murdered sister (it is a brother in the Tirolese version) tells the story of her death. Directly afterwards we are told as a legend the substance of the nursery-song about the four-and-twenty tailors who went to catch a snail. But not to dwell upon such familiar coincidences, it is perhaps rather disappointing to find that the wonders of Tirolese scenery have not made a more distinctive impression upon the character of the stories. There are of course some stories of the kind which give to various English places the name of Lover's Leap. The natural impression that a good leaper might jump a certain chasm has got itself translated in the popular mind into the conviction that somebody did jump it on a sufficient occasion. Then, of course, the mineral treasures of the mountains suggest a good many legends; but these are not peculiar to the mountains. If there is a "green-clad huntsman" near Innsbruck who guards a treasure buried in an old fortress, we naturally remember the green huntsman described in the introduction to one of the cantos of *Marmion*, who does just the same in the castle of Franchmont in Belgium. A small class of legends more distinctly belonging to the mountains are those which account for some curious rocky cleft. Wherever there is a hole in a cliff the natives appear to have been astonished, and in Switzerland they generally call on St. Martin, with his gigantic walking-stick for a perforating tool. In Tirol we find a more picturesque form of the legend, telling how a cleft was opened in a rocky wall to enable a Saint to escape from certain heathen persecutors. The legend, however, which seems to be most widely spread is one which is familiar to the Swiss traveller in the case of the Blümlis Alp. In that case it would be easy to rationalize. The impropriety of the name "*flowering Alp*," as

* *The Valleys of Tirol*. By Miss R. H. Busk. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

applied to a snow mountain, is obvious. In fact, it doubtless was originally applied to the pasture at the foot, and the mountain is properly called the Blümlis Alp Horn. When, however, the name was extended to a snowclad peak, the explanation easily suggested itself that the mountain had once deserved its title, and had been cursed in punishment of some profanity of the herdsmen. We find, however, that the legend occurs in a great variety of places, and it may perhaps be interesting to students of glacier phenomena as pointing to the great changes which have taken place in the extent of the icefields within historical times. Miss Busk gives us several different versions. The best known case perhaps is that of the Dünenthal, a lofty and barren valley shut in by a mountain called the Gafforeno Wand. The legend here scarcely introduces any supernatural agency. It says that the people were punished for their extravagance by the gradual chilling of the country and freezing of the mountain wall; but the fact might very well have happened, though we may doubt the judicial purpose. Elsewhere, on the Hochsanger Alp, we have a more picturesque addition about a bright bird which warned the one virtuous man of the valley to escape before the rocks fell and crushed the offending race. But, not to go into further detail, we may perhaps say that the imagination of the people shows comparatively few traces of the striking phenomena of a mountain country; unless we prefer the hypothesis that Miss Busk failed to gather such stories because she kept too close to the beaten tracks. We suspect, however, that the other is the true state of the case, and that even the patriotic Tirolese are less impressed by the wonders of their dwelling-place than the traveller to whom those wonders have the additional charm of novelty.

GEORGE'S GENEALOGICAL TABLES.*

MONARCHY and aristocracy have their advantages, no doubt. Amongst the various merits of a monarchical form of government, it may be mentioned that the Kings' reigns serve as convenient, if not very scientific, divisions by which to date the laws and histories of the country. But, notwithstanding this and other claims to respect, there must have been moments in the life of every historical student when he felt that, however useful or ornamental kings and nobles may be, nothing could atone for the trouble which their genealogies give, and when he almost began to sigh for a Republican Utopia governed by gentlemen of the pavement who never knew who their ancestors were. It is not our intent here to preach a moral discourse on the evils of which genealogies have been the cause, or at least for which they have served as the pretext—to expatiate on the national misery brought about by the Hundred Years' War, the contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, the French claim to the Duchy of Milan, the Spanish and Austrian Successions, and, latest case of all, the Franco-German War. Neither do we mean to take for a text "Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?" and to dilate upon the private sufferings of those unhappy beings who in former days got beheaded, blinded, banished, consigned to life-long prison or perpetual surveillance, whose marriages were interfered with, and whose hearts were broken, because they had the misfortune to have some drops of Royal blood in their veins. We only speak now of the torment which genealogies cause to those who have to learn and to remember them. It is not every one who can run off a genealogical claim with the fluency of the captive Marquis of Lantenac, when he utters his fierce tirade against the Rights of Man:—"Qu'est-ce que vous nous chantez avec vos droits? Droits de l'homme! Droits du peuple! Cela est-il assez croux, assez stupide, assez imaginaire, assez vide de sens! Moi, quand je dis,—Havoise, seigneur de Conan II., apporte le comté de Bretagne à Hoel, comte de Nantes et de Cornouailles, qui laisse le trône à Alain Fergant, oncle de Berthe, qui épouse Alain le Noir, seigneur de la Roche-sur-Yon, et en eut Conan le Petit, aïeul de Guy ou Gauvain de Thouars, notre ancêtre, je dis une chose claire, et voilà un droit." We wonder how many people could say offhand why James I. objected to Arabella Stuart's marrying William Seymour, or why the De la Poles, Poles, and Courtenays were more dangerous than other English noblemen and gentlemen of their time. Indeed the English nobility, about whose real names, as distinct from their titles, people in general are very hazy, and whose titles passed from family to family with bewildering rapidity in the days when one of the privileges of nobility was to have its head chopped off on slight occasion, are particularly puzzling. Every Earl of Warwick is popularly taken to be the King-maker; unless an exception is made in favour of Guy, and even his name suggests rather the slayer of the Dun Cow than the genuine Guy who helped to cut off Piers Gaveston's head. Surrey the poet is not very distinguishable from Surrey the victor of Flodden, and "Achtophel" Shaftesbury passes for the author of the *Characteristics*. Then there is a large class—of whom Lionel Duke of Clarence, described with substantial accuracy by a child in one of Miss Yonge's stories as "the man that bothers one so about York and Lancaster," may be taken as a representative—whose sole or principal title to fame consists in their forming important links in a pedigree, and who are remembered chiefly as names with the dates of birth, marriage,

and death affixed. There are the complications and occasions for confusion brought about by second, third, and fourth marriages, which are enough to make one wish that the Vicar of Wakefield's great doctrine of monogamy had extended to and been accepted by the laity.

It is no doubt, quite possible to exaggerate the importance of genealogies, to be in fact in the mental condition of the above-mentioned Legitimist Lantenac, and we suspect that children are often unnecessarily tormented with the pedigree of kings and pretenders to kingship; but still genealogies are absolutely necessary to any one who studies at all minutely. Names, dates, and genealogies are "the dry bones of history"; but the author of the work before us gives another and less opprobrious turn to the well-known metaphor, taking it to imply "that they are the necessary framework without which history has no coherence, though they are to a great extent clothed with more attractive matter when history is treated as a whole." To the difficulty of retaining genealogies in the memory must be added in many cases the trouble of hunting them out through various books of reference. This labour at any rate Mr. George proposes to save to historical students by bringing together in one volume all the genealogies likely to be required in the study of modern history. "I have attempted," he says, "to include every reigning house the personal relations of which have been of any importance in European history, and every name of any historical note connected with those families." At the outset, nine tables are given to the History of England, including, besides the Royal Houses and their kin and kin, one of "the Nevills and Families connected with them." The King-maker and his house may well be thought almost as important as the Royal lines of York and Lancaster. In the table headed "The White Rose" we find "Henry, Lord Montague, beheaded 1538"; but we miss Montague's fellow-sufferer, Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter. The descent of the Courtenays generally from Edward I. is indeed shown in an earlier table, but there is no notice of the marriage with a daughter of Edward IV. from which Exeter derived his York blood and in great measure his political importance. His son too, the Earl of Devon, merely by virtue of being an offshoot of the White Rose, came into sufficient notice in Mary's reign to entitle him to a place here. A little more help, too, might have been given towards the understanding of the Arabella Stuart complications. Arabella herself and her Stuart-Tudor descent are shown in one of the two tables which suffice for the modest needs of Scotland; but her husband, William Seymour, is not included by name among the descendants of the Duchess of Suffolk. Yet it was this descent from a daughter of Henry VII. which caused King James to look upon him as such a peculiarly dangerous match for Arabella. Except for these trifling omissions, the English tables are drawn up with judgment, and give a great deal of information, particularly with regard to the various noble families connected with the Royal Houses. We notice a few errors in dates, which are of course very liable to arise in a work of this class. Eustace, son of King Stephen, died, not in 1152, but in 1153; Geoffrey, son of Henry II., died neither in 1182 nor in 1196, both which dates are given, but in 1186; Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded, not in 1485, but in 1483; and Jane Grey met the same fate in 1554, and not in 1553. In cases where a man has married more than once, the wives' names are sometimes printed one below the other, a method which has the disadvantage of making all the children appear at the first glance to be the offspring of one wife. A closer inspection, however, will show that in almost all these instances figures are placed above the children's names to denote whether they were the issue of the first, second, or third marriage; and the omission of these in the table of the "Saxon Line" of Kings has the effect of making Kings Æthelbald, Æthelberht, Æthelred, and Ælfred all look like sons of Æthelwulf by his second wife Judith, whom he did not marry till seven years after the birth of his youngest son Ælfred. With respect to Æthelred the Second's first wife, who is here set down undoubtedly as "Ælfled, daughter of Thored," we may observe that both her name and parentage are matters of great uncertainty.

From England we pass to Germany, to which are devoted twelve tables, many of them full and intricate enough to make the student shudder as he reads. In the table of "The Welfs and their Connections" we note a rather serious blemish—a wrong maternal descent is assigned to the line of the Dukes of Modena and Ferrara. This House sprang from the marriage of the Marquess Azo of Este with Gersendis, daughter of Hugh Count of Maine, while from the same Azo's previous marriage with Cunegund, daughter of Welf, the House of Brunswick, as is here shown, derives its origin. But though Cunegund duly appears in the table, Gersendis is omitted; so that her son Fulk, ancestor of the Modena line, appears as a son of Cunegund, and therefore as a whole instead of a half-brother of Welf of Bavaria, Azo's son by the first marriage. Mr. George indeed warns us that he has occasionally omitted the names of "wives taken from obscure families." But he can hardly look upon Gersendis of Maine as of obscure family, or even as individually insignificant, considering the extent to which she was concerned in the revolt of Maine against William the Conqueror in 1073. The table, we admit, is constructed for the sake of the Welfs, and not of Maine or Modena; but though that would be a reason for omitting Marquis Fulk of Este altogether, it is no justification for giving him a wrong mother.

Next to Germany comes France, starting with Hugh the Great, for the Carolingians are very properly put down to Germany, so that no student of these tables will be in danger of taking Charles

* Clarendon Press Series. *Genealogical Tables Illustrative of Modern History*. By Hareford B. George, M.A., F.R.G.S. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1874.

the Great for a Frenchman. In French affairs one might fancy the guidance of a Legitimist spirit had been followed, for, though Mr. George traces the elder branch of the Royal House down to the Count of Chambord, the Orleans branch is cut short at Louis Philippe, with only a sign to intimate "that there were descendants of whom no account is here given." This slight to the Count of Paris is the more marked because there is a blank space below Louis Philippe's name, which, as far as symmetry is concerned, would have looked better filled up. Considering the damage done by the Fusion to the prospects of the Orleans Prince, he might be granted the small favour of appearing side by side with Henry V. The Bonapartes, too, as a family which has played, and may play again, an important part in the history of France and of Europe, should have had a place accorded them. It is true that the great Napoleon and his son are allowed to appear, but only in the humiliating position of connexions of the House of Hapsburg. Though Mr. George thinks it necessary to trace a descent for Harold, son of Godwine, from Harold Bluetooth, the relationship between the First and the Third Napoleon is apparently of no consequence in his eyes. Yet Harold was certainly not made King of the English on account of any connexion with Danish Royalty; while Louis Napoleon did owe his Empire in great measure to the fact that he was his uncle's nephew. If the line of Bonaparte is ignoble, so was that of Sforza, which, however, duly appears among the ruling Houses of Milan. After France come five tables of the ruling Houses of the "Border Countries"—Counts and Dukes of Burgundy, Princes of Orange-Nassau, Dukes of Lorraine, Dukes of Brabant, Counts of Flanders, Namur, Hainault, Luxembourg, and such districts, whose very names suggest disputed successions, wars, treaties, and the Balance of Power. Last in this division comes the House of Savoy, after which Italy naturally follows. Under this head come the House of Anjou in Naples and Provence and the rulers of Milan and Florence—Visconti, Sforza, and Medici. Under the title of the Spanish Peninsula are included, beside the rulers of Spain, Portugal, and Navarre, the Aragonese princes in Sicily and Provence, and the Bourbon princes of Naples and Parma. It is a lesson in political history to see how the Italian princes have to be hunted out among Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Savoyards, amid the intricate and conflicting claims of rival dynasties. For the sake of those who have laughed over the rise and fall of Rabagas, and have traced the fortunes of Florestan, we rather desire a genealogy of the Princes of Monaco; but we own that it would not be of much practical use, and that we should probably be pained by not finding in it any information about that model of princely bearing and sentiments who was so sorely exercised by the *Crayaud Volant*. With the kingdoms of Central and Northern Europe—a large division, taking in Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Scandinavia, and Russia—and the Christian dynasties in the East the genealogical tables end; but lists are added of the Popes, the Turkish Sultans, and the Caliphs, Mogul Emperors, and Shahs of Persia.

From this summary of the contents it will be seen that, with the exceptions we have commented upon, Mr. George has well redeemed his promise of including every reigning House in Europe whose relations are of importance to the student of history. The manner in which the tables are drawn up makes them generally clear and easy to follow, and their usefulness is much augmented by the addition of brief historical notes. The compiling of a work of this nature is a laborious and somewhat ungrateful task. Genealogies are hard to make out and to draw up, the liability to error is great, and the compiler gets much blame if he is wrong, and comparatively little credit when he is right. Supposing perfect accuracy to have been obtained, still success depends in great measure upon mechanical considerations, such as the clearness of the printing, and the convenience generally of the book for reference. In these points Mr. George has been well served. The paper is good, the print black and distinct, and the book opens readily. Those who have ever been irritated by a book of reference which stubbornly refuses to stay open at the place required know that, though this last merit is not of a very high order, it is nevertheless a great one as far as practical usefulness is concerned.

SLAVONIC LITERARY HISTORY.*

THE book now before us forms the first volume of a projected history of the literatures of the various Slavonic peoples. Its author may be supposed, judging from the form of his name, to be himself a Slav, and he fills the post of Professor of Slavonic Philology and Literature in the University of Gratz, in Styria. He possesses, therefore, qualifications for the task he has undertaken not often met with in a scholar who chooses to write in German; and as he has combined with his mastery over Slavonic material a thoroughly German method of working—patient, painstaking, and conscientious—he has produced a work about the value of which there can be no doubt. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to complete in a satisfactory manner the onerous task to which he has applied himself, but the present volume may be considered a decided success. Were it only for its ample lists of authorities on the various subjects with which it deals, it would be invaluable to all who occupy themselves with the antiquities of the different Slavonic peoples, and who are desirous of knowing

what has been written upon them of late years. But it can boast also of other and higher merits, offering to its readers not merely a pile of references or a crude mass of extracts, but a well-arranged series of results which testify to patient industry and critical acumen.

After a few remarks on the various schemes which have been propounded with regard to the classification of the Aryan languages, Dr. Krek turns his attention from the other linguistic families to the North-European branch which divided into the Teutonic and the Slavo-Lettic. After dwelling briefly upon the characteristics of those two sections, he then, discarding the former of them, follows the latter till its split into the Lettic and the Slavonic subdivisions. With p. 33 he begins to deal with the Slavs as an individual people. After a glance at the various opinions held by the learned on the vexed question of Scythian nationality, and some reference to the uncertain light thrown upon the early history of Slavonic settlements by the researches made of late years among tombs and other receptacles of antiquities, Dr. Krek proceeds to construct a picture of early Slavonic life deduced from the direct evidence of historic witnesses and the indirect testimony offered by language. Without committing himself to any decision as to the exact date of the earliest Slavonic settlements in Europe, he represents the Slavs as dwelling for a long period of obscurity in forests and other places which they found almost destitute of inhabitants, before they became to any extent familiar to the occupants of the neighbouring countries. The number of words for cattle and for corn common to the Slavonic peoples points to an early acquaintance on the part of the Slavs with a pastoral and agricultural life; the collective name for grain, for instance, being *jito*, a word radically connected with the Slavonic equivalents for "life" and "to live" (in modern Russian *жизнь* and *жит*, &c.). As a good illustration of the statement that much light is often thrown on the history of an object by its name, he discusses the various designations given to a foreign kind of grain, our buck-wheat. Not having been known to the early inhabitants of Europe, there exists no general European name for it. That it passed into some countries from Greece is proved by the Russian *grecha* and the Polish *gryka*; that the Tartars had something to do with it is suggested by the Bohemian, Polish, and Little-Russian *tatarka*, the German *Taterkorn*; to the Turks and Saracens point the Slovenish *turšica*, the French *sarrasin*, the Italian *saraceno*; to Heathens refer the Slovenish *hajda*, the Servian *hejda*, the Wendish *hejda*, the German *Heidenkorn*, and to Pagans the Bohemian *pohanka* and the Polish *paganka*. The Hungarians appear to have copied the Slavs, for the Magyar forms of the name are *hejduka*, *pohanka*, and *tatarka*.

Among the old Slavonians the ties of relationship were of great force, and in each household the head of the family ruled supreme, a patriarch whose dominion there was none to dispute. But of the despotic power of an individual over a tribe or race or nation there is for a long time no trace, and slavery, except in the case of prisoners of war, appears to have been unknown. So widely spread seems to have been the communal system that no words existed in early times to express individual property or inheritance; at least no such terms are now possessed in common by the Slavonic languages. Of the religion of the ancient Slavs little that is precise is known beyond the fact that it was a *Naturecultus*, a worship of the personified forces of nature, combined with a reverence paid to the spirits of the dead which appears to have amounted to a kind of worship of ancestors. That they believed in good and evil supernatural influences is evident, and the words by which they designated the two classes are used but with slight alteration by their modern representatives, as the names of God and the Devil—in Russian, for instance, *Boj* and *Bés*; but Dr. Krek discards the idea that the Slavs recognized anything like a Zoroastrian dualism, a contest between a White and a Black God, a *Béibog* and a *Chernobog*. Their mythology, like that of other kindred nations, was familiar with a conflict between the darkness and the light, the night and the day, as well as between winter and summer, the sleeping and waking or the death and revival of the earth. But he is of opinion that a special White God, in antagonism to a Black God, never existed, except in the minds of writers who looked back on the heathenism of their ancestors with Christian eyes. Of undoubted, unsuspected Slavonic gods, unfortunately, not much is known. The name of the supreme deity, Svarog, Dr. Krek thinks ought not to be connected with either the Indian Varuna or the Greek Ouranos, inasmuch as it is derived from a root *sur*, to shine (and is perhaps akin to *Surya*, the sun), but Varuna from *var* (*vari*), to cover, &c. Yet he admits that, so far as mythological meaning is concerned, Varuna and Svarog may safely be considered as near relations. Perun, the Thunder-god, he is inclined to admit as an original Letto-Slavic divinity, perhaps identical with the Indian Parjanya, rather than to consider him as a West-Slavonic imitation or adaptation of the Teutonic Thor. The vexed name of Svyatovit is discussed by him in a long note. He rejects Dobrovsky's explanation of his name, as meaning the "Holy Conqueror," as well as that which sees in it the "Holy Light," and he does not even refer to the suggestion that Svyatovit and St. Vitus are one. The first part of the name, according to him, means "strong," and the second he deduces from a root *ve*, to blow, Svyatovit having been properly a god of the winds. About such suspicious deities as Rigi, Mokosch, &c., he is utterly sceptical.

Of the inferior supernatural beings known to the old Slavs Dr. Krek gives a very interesting and valuable account. He leaves in uncertainty the etymology of the word *Vila*, the

* *Einführung in die slavische Literaturgeschichte.* Von Gregor Krek. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky. 1874.

name given by the Servians to the fair but cruel nymph who haunts the mountain and the stream. Her sisters, the Russian Rusalkas, he thinks, may possibly have borne the same name in olden days, for which their present designation may have been substituted in Christian times. The Vampire myth he considers an old Slavonic conception, rejecting Hanusch's idea that it could not have originated among the Slavs because they burnt their dead; and he agrees with most philologists in looking upon the words which signify in so many languages a werewolf or vampire—such as the Greek *βερύκοιλας*, the Turkish *vurkolak*, the Albanian *vurkolak-u*—as being imitations of the Slavonic *vrkoldak*. We may take this opportunity of mentioning that, while he does not accept Fallmerayer's celebrated hypothesis that the modern Greeks are of Slavonic extraction, he looks upon them as a race in whose veins runs a by no means unmixed blood, a considerable Slavonic element having been absorbed and assimilated by the Hellenic inhabitants of a land which in many parts was at various times overrun by Slavs. The number of Modern Greek words which are of Slavonic origin is estimated by Miklosich at 129, and only seven of these are of universal prevalence. A much greater influence has been exercised on the language of the Hungarians by their Slavonic neighbours. About 846 Magyar words have been borrowed from Slavonian dialects, 32 among them relating to the Church, 37 to the State, 110 to the animal world, 150 to the vegetable, 40 to clothing, 48 to eating and drinking, and so forth. It is curious to see how far more accommodating in this respect Hungarian has proved than Greek.

While dealing with metamorphoses of words, Dr. Krok gives some interesting illustrations of *Volksetymologie*. The Slovenes, he says, declare that men were formed from the drops of sweat which fell from God's forehead upon earth. This idea was evidently suggested by the similarity between the word *chelo*, forehead, and *chelovek*, man. A Slovak legend tells how Christ and St. Peter were wandering afield one hot day, and the sweat of their brows fell in drops to the ground. St. Peter remarked that it would be a pity if they were wasted, whereupon Christ formed out of each drop a bee, and bees thus came into the world. The explanation of this legend is found in the close resemblance between *chelo*, the forehead, and a local word for a bee, *vehela*, or even *chela*. According to a similar kind of "folk-etymology" many names of places have been wrongly referred to alien sources. Thus Drenopolie offers a Slavonic aspect to observers who do not know that it is merely a corruption of Adrianopolis; and, on the other hand, Milbogen and Dürmann seem absolutely German until we learn that they were originally intelligible to Slavonic ears as Milbohov and Drmaly. Of Slavonic *Volksetymologie* also Dr. Krok gives some interesting examples. Thus a species of bi-coloured heartsease goes in Russia by the name of "Ivan and Maria," or the "Brother and Sister." The story connected with the plant is that a youth married a maiden whom he met in a foreign land. But, on questioning her about her lineage, he discovered that she was his sister; whereupon he and she became a flower, the brother blooming as its yellow petals, and the sister as its blue. In all Slavonic lands the wild thyme bears a name meaning the "Mother's Spirit." The Bohemian explanation is that a mother died and left behind her weeping orphans. And in her grave she mourned for her little ones, until at length her spirit came forth, and changed itself into a perfume-breathing floweret.

These legends lead us by a natural transition to the second part of Dr. Krok's volume, in which he deals with the folk-songs and folk-tales of the various Slavonic peoples. His familiarity with the numerous languages or dialects in which they are written enables him to deal with this subject in a most satisfactory manner, his notes teeming with valuable references. After giving a sketch of the various hypotheses relating to the origin of popular fictions, with especial reference to the well-known views of Benfey, Weber, &c., on the relations between the popular literatures of the East and West, as well as to the less familiar studies of Buslaef, Orest Miller, Stasof, Veselofsky, and many others on Russian songs and stories, he gives his own opinion on the subject of Slavonic popular tales and songs. They appear to him, not foreigners acclimatized in Slavonic lands, but primitive heirlooms of the Slavonic people, "ein uralter Besitz des slavischen Volkes." Even where a foreign element seems to betray itself, he is inclined to trace it, not directly to an Indian source, but to a unity of ideas in the mind of man itself. On this point we are not entirely of his opinion, deeming that the direct influence of the East on Slavonic popular fiction has been much greater than he is inclined to allow, but it is almost the only point on which we feel tempted to join issue with him. If he completes his book in the style in which it has been commenced, it cannot fail to prove of the highest value, a work well worthy of being set in a place of honour as a companion and supplement to Schafarik's *Slavonic Antiquities*.

PATRICIA KEMBALL.*

THIS novel is distinguished by qualities which entitle it to a place apart from the ordinary fiction of the day. It is not a mere kaleidoscope medley of characters and incidents thrown together, as it were, by a turn of the hand, but an acute and serious

study of certain phases of English society which the writer regards as especially characteristic of the temper and tendencies of the present generation. In speaking of it as a serious study, however, we must not be supposed to imply that it is a dull or heavy work. On the contrary, it is written in a very clear, lively, and interesting style, with a pleasant effervescence of satire and epigram rising through it like the air-bells in champagne, and displays genuine humour as well as keen social observation. Whatever may be thought of the artistic merits of this romance, it is impossible not to enjoy the intellectual vivacity which pervades the whole of it, and gives it its distinctive flavour. Some of the figures may be rather shadowy, and the startling development of the plot towards the close is certainly open to criticism; but enough remains of graphic portraiture and witty observation to furnish materials for half-a-dozen novels of the everyday kind. It is, in short, a book full of matter. The reader has the satisfaction of feeling that he is in communication with a writer who, however little he may sometimes agree with her, has really something to say, and who knows how to say it with point and spirit. A novel with ideas in it is certainly something to be thankful for.

The story opens at Barsanda, a little fishing village on the picturesque North Cornwall coast, surrounded by wide and rugged uplands and purple moors. The little community of fisher-folk represents society in its most primitive and unsophisticated form; and "everywhere there is movement, freshness, and the sense of life and freedom." Here Patricia Kemball, an orphan, has passed her early years under the care of her uncle, an old naval officer, who has taught her to be truthful, loyal, and unselfish, but otherwise has left her pretty much to herself and chance. She has had a little superficial schooling, but is sadly ignorant of elegant accomplishments and the niceties of decorum. She is passionately fond of boating, riding, and all kinds of outdoor exercises, and we get a glimpse of her scampering over the country with her flapping straw hat half-way down her back, and her long brown hair flying like a mane behind her. The old man dies suddenly, and Patricia is transported to Milltown. Instead of the wild open sea, she finds a land-locked, placid bay, shallow and uninteresting; every hedge and bank for miles round is trimmed and combed like a croquet lawn, and the whole face of the country has been smoothed down till not a vestige of natural beauty is left in it. The change in the external aspect of the scene is matched by a change in the conditions of social existence. From the breezy shore and the free and active life at Barsanda, Patricia passes into a sphere of dull artificial compression and elaborate restraint. It is the rule of Abbey Holme, where she goes to live with her aunt, that there must be no bustle, no noise, no quick impulsiveness or disturbing enthusiasm. Mrs. Hamley is a rigid disciplinarian who is anxious to be kind to her niece, but has no conception of being kind to any one except in her own stiff and uncompromising way. She has found suitable material for her system of regulation in a cousin of her husband's, Dora Drummond, who lives with her as an adopted daughter, and who humours her caprices, conforming to all her ways, and answering her like an echo. Dora has discovered that the most effectual means of exercising influence over Mrs. Hamley is to make things pleasant by always agreeing with her and doing whatever she desires. She is content to drift with the tide, backwards or forwards as the case may be, without attempting the slightest resistance. Yet, as presently appears, she has projects and secrets of her own, and what she cannot get openly she schemes to obtain in another way. From the description which is given of this interesting young person we might almost suspect mischief from the first. We are introduced to a fair young woman "with a small head round which are coiled and twisted innumerable braids of golden hair as small and glossy as spun-glass, blue eyes with light lashes, eyes that do not look straight and steady, but have the most bewitching little trick of shy observation, fleeting, half ashamed to be caught observing." After this the reader will perhaps not be surprised to find that Dora has a key of an old garden-gate, which nobody knows is ever opened, and holds midnight interviews with a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, to whom indeed she even contrives to be privately married.

As the story goes on, the honest, outspoken simplicity of Patricia is contrasted with the unscrupulous deceit of her companion, who retains her place in Mrs. Hamley's good graces by her usual methods, while Patricia is constantly getting into trouble through her candid impulsiveness. Her frank vigour disturbs the tranquillity of this quiet, over-regulated household, and Mrs. Hamley sarcastically remarks that when Patricia goes out of the room she expects to see sticks and stones whirling behind her as in the track of a high wind. She is full of generous affection and anxious to win her aunt's goodwill, but her attentions operate like an irritant instead of a salve. She disturbs sacred cushions lying on sacred sofas, plunges about for footstools, denudes corners of their appointed ornaments, and generally makes a "commotion of kindness." Mrs. Hamley is undoubtedly one of the best-drawn characters in the book. She is not at all an unkind or intentionally malicious woman, nor is she stupid. It is only her intense self-sufficiency that leads her astray. Her central creed, we are told, is the plasticity of human nature when taken in time and firmly handled. "There was one settled and unalterable way of right, to her thinking," and of course that was her own way. We have a capital sketch of her waiting for her husband when he is late for lunch. She will neither order it to be put off, nor sit down to it herself, but sits immovable with crisped lips and noiseless forbearance, and her eyes fixed on the clock, till Mr. Hamley

* *Patricia Kemball*. A Novel. By E. Lynn Linton. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

appears. He is punished by cold dishes which he knows might just as well have been kept hot, and by the meekly injured tone with which his wife rejects everything on the table—"I can't eat that, John, it is spoilt with waiting." Yet she is fond of her husband, too, in her own way; only she cannot resist the temptation to give him a taste of the discipline which she administers to the rest of the world. Great pains have also been taken with the character of Mr. Hamley, who is, if not the hero, the central figure of the story. He is described as a tall, full-fleshed man, with dark curled hair, and thick whiskers meeting in a fringe under the chin, black, keen, deeply-set eyes, a large obtrusive nose, and heavy lips which, when open, show too much of the gums. "In his showy attitudes and parabolic gestures, in the measured accents of his level artificial voice, in the glitter of the massive gold chain across his ample front, the sparkle of the huge diamonds on his large hands, in the cleverly drawn parting of his shining hair down to the tips of his shining boots, and in the superb fineness and glossiness of his clothes, could be read the self-complacency of the man and the success of his life." He is a self-made man, "and glories in his Maker." Born in a hovel, he has worked his way up to be the chief man in Mill-town by a combination of good and bad qualities, by industry and business talents on the one side, and by cunning and servility on the other. Having set out in life with a determination to conquer society, he is careful not to offend it. "No one could remember an offensive word from him against his social superiors or the institutions of the country." With all his egotism, however, he is not unscrupulous. Self-respect makes him anxious to do the right thing to everybody, so that there shall be no risk of tarnish to his reputation. He married his wife, who was much older than himself, not for love, but because he wanted to get upon a higher social platform, and she was an Admiral's daughter, and was recognized in good society; but he has always been true to her, and has shown her every mark of respect and attention. On the other hand, however, this has not prevented his cherishing the thought of marrying Dora when his wife dies, as in the natural course of things she, being now an elderly woman in weak health, may be expected to die before long. He is content to wait, and he waits loyally and quietly, without giving any sign of his hopes. Though the man himself is coarse and vulgar in the grain, there are subtle and delicate touches in this picture of him which show a true perception of the complexities of human nature.

The leading idea of the story, it will be observed, is the conflict between the impulses of a sincere, fresh, and unsophisticated nature and the pretences and restraints of artificial society, and the description of this struggle is the best part of the book. Patricia in the end breaks down in the unequal contest. Touched by Dora's soft and sympathetic attentions, she unconsciously becomes the agent of the designing girl in passing a forged cheque, and, when the fraud is detected, refuses to say from whom she received the cheque. The Hamleys are in perplexity, and do not wish to bear hardly on her; but they do not know what to think. Patricia's life under the cloud of suspicion and disgrace becomes intolerable. She therefore seeks refuge with some friends in the village who believe in her innocence, and, after a time, marries a young sailor who had been her playmate at Barsands and who now opportunely reappears. While virtue is thus cast into the shade, Dora is triumphant in her wickedness. She is secretly married to Sydney Lowe, but when Hamley, immediately after his wife's death, proposes to her to become the mistress of Abbey Holme, she fondly accepts, and trusts to chance to enable her to escape from a perilous dilemma. The knot is cut by Sydney meeting Hamley in a wood and killing him by a sudden blow. Hamley had previously made a will, leaving all his wealth to Dora, and she and Sydney now share it together, with outward honour, but with wasting remorse at heart. A poacher who is found near the body of the slain man is hanged for the murder. Up to a certain point the character of Dora is finely drawn; her steady selfishness, her soft petting ways, her childish trust in things somehow turning out all right, and her readiness to take any side that suits the purpose of the moment, make up a portrait of which the counterpart may be found in real life; but her audacity is scarcely consistent with the general weakness of her nature, and her utter want of any kind of moral sense converts her into a fanciful creation. Of the other characters there is little to be said. The Lowes, father and son, are clever outlines only, which require filling up. There is an obvious artistic error in giving us only a glimpse of the young sailor, Patricia's devotion to whom is supposed to be her mainstay during her troubles; and the episode of the peasant proprietor, Garth, who is sold out of his farm, becomes poacher, and is hanged in error as Hamley's murderer, is rather clumsily and unnecessarily introduced as an excuse for one of those fantastic assaults on political economy in which Mrs. Linton is so fond of indulging. On the whole, the best parts of the book are its social pictures, which are sharp, vivid, and amusing.

MAYERS'S CHINESE READER'S MANUAL.*

CHINA is a land of traditions. Its great antiquity as a nation, and the long roll of its history, have bequeathed to it a larger legacy of famous names and great or infamous deeds than

* *The Chinese Reader's Manual: a Handbook of Biographical, Historical, Mythological, and General Literary Reference.* By William Frederick Mayers. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

has fallen to the share of any other Empire. The mystic religions also which have held sway over the minds of the people for so many centuries have added, by way of supplement to the historical annals of the nation, a large quota of legendary literature, full of the sayings and doings of whole armies of gods and goddesses, of saints and ascetics, borrowed from the Indian mythology. Thus every Chinese writer has at his hand an inexhaustible fund of tradition from which he may draw illustrations, point warnings, or incite to noble deeds. At the same time the system of national education, which turns the mind of the student backwards instead of forwards, which holds up as examples of the highest excellence the sayings and doings of the sages and statesmen of antiquity, and which forces into action the memory rather than the intellect, tends to encourage in every book, in every essay, and in every poem references to the historical characters and events which form the principal study of all Chinese scholars.

Among European writers the practice of drawing illustrations from early historical or legendary sources is but an incident of style, but with the Chinese "it takes," as Mr. Mayers observes, "the character of a canon of literary art." So inexorable are the laws which bind Chinese authors to follow abjectly the footsteps of the ancients, that all independent flights of fancy or trains of thought are crushed out, and a dead level of stilted plagiarisms unrelieved by a single new idea or fresh expression is all that is left to represent the modern literature of the country. Thus forbidden to make any independent efforts towards excellence, they devote undue attention to petty tricks of style, and vie with one another in introducing allusions to historical and legendary events in intricate profusion. No one can read many pages of any Chinese work possessing pretensions to style without meeting with more or less covert references to the beauty of some Si She, the patriotism of some Su Wu, or the depravity of some Ta ki, all of which, being stock illustrations, are perfectly intelligible to every trained Chinese scholar, but are so many stumbling-blocks to the foreign student. It is true that biographical dictionaries contain the necessary information to make these plain, but it does not fall to the lot of every one to be within reach of the British Museum; and even if it did, the wearisome intricacy of the arrangements of Chinese books of reference is such as to deter any but the most resolute students from attempting to dive into their pages. The system on which they classify the contents of their encyclopedias, and the phonetic arrangement which rules the compilation of most of their biographical dictionaries, defy analysis. Who, for instance, would ever think of looking for the article on tigers under the heading of insects? or who would expect to find the syllables *say, chuh, or lan*, arranged as rhyming with *chi*, when by the light of modern dictionaries other headings point to far more appropriate classification? The explanation of these last apparent inconsistencies is that modern editors insist on ignoring the changes which have gradually come over the pronunciation of the language, and on retaining the phonetic arrangement of the characters which was established when their sounds were first subjected to analysis. This is, no doubt, a fault we might expect to find among a people to whom every new invention is abhorrent; but let us hope that the introduction of steamers on their great water ways, and of telegraphs on their shores, will teach them enough of the value of time to induce them to adopt some system which will tend to lighten the labours at present imposed upon students by the clumsy arrangement of their books of reference.

The difficulties we have spoken of are best appreciated by those who have devoted most time to the study of Chinese literature, and to such the appearance of the work before us will be welcome. Mr. Mayers is one of the best Chinese scholars of the day, and he has enjoyed opportunities of study which may be envied by his less fortunate fellow-labourers in Europe. Of these opportunities he has taken every advantage, as the very wide range of reading which is implied in the compilation of his *Chinese Reader's Manual* fully proves. In it he has brought together from many and various sources "an epitome of historical and biographical details," together with a most useful list of many literary expressions which, unintelligible in themselves, become full of meaning when explained by the light of the event or legend from which they take their rise. The biographical portion of the work is compiled with great care and discretion, and embraces almost every Chinese celebrity of every age from the great Yu, who drained off the waters of the flood, to Hung Siu-tsuan, the leader of the Tai-ping rebels, and Tsêng Kwoh-lan, the late celebrated statesman and Viceroy. The details furnished in each case are full and accurate, and taken together they form a most interesting general picture of Chinese history. In them are reflected the rise and fall of the various dynasties, the revolutions which have from time to time shaken the Empire to the core, and the intrigues, common to all Oriental countries, of statesmen, favourites, and Court ladies recorded in the long drama of Chinese history.

In connexion with this part of the work Mr. Mayers has added a very useful index at the end of the volume, which will be of material value in enabling students to recognize the names of scholars and statesmen in the various disguises under which they appear in Chinese books. For, in addition to his patronymic and cognomen, every Chinaman of position adopts on his arriving at man's estate a literary name by which he is usually designated in familiar parlance or in literature. In addition to this he commonly takes one or more pseudonyms which he employs as *noms de plume*, and after his death, should he be considered worthy, he not unusually receives a posthumous title. By any one of these appellations a man may be designated, and hence the diffi-

culty of identifying authors and men of note is often considerable. To take one instance, the celebrated scholar *Mao K'i-ling* is very frequently spoken of in books as *Si-ho*—literally, Western river; and should the student be ignorant of this pseudonym, he has no means of discovering the patronymic of the person referred to. If he turns, however, to the character *Si* in Mr. Mayers's index, he will be at once referred to an entry on page 151 which contains the information that *Si-ho* was a pseudonym adopted by *Mao* whose cognomen was *K'i-ling* and whose literary name was *Tu-ko*.

In order to afford some idea of the explanations given by the author of the historical allusions so commonly met with in Chinese literature we will quote an entry taken at random from the first part of the work:—

Hung Yeh, the red leaf which led to a happy union. It is related that in the time of T'ang Hi Tsung, A.D. 874-888, a youth named Yu Yeh happening to pick up a crimson leaf which had fallen from a tree near the palace, idly inscribed upon it a quatrain offering his greeting to whomsoever might find it, and cast his billet into a stream which ran through the Imperial park. Here the leaf was wafted to the feet of a lady of the Court, who wrote a responsive verse on a similar leaf, which she threw into the brook, and which was carried by chance to Yu Yeh's hands. Shortly afterwards three thousand of the palace ladies were allowed, owing to the various disorders then prevailing, to seek husbands beyond the walls of the seraglio, and Yu Yeh, discovering the fair one with whom he had corresponded, became united to her in marriage.

The value of such an explanation is obvious. Without it the Hung Yeh would be to the student a red leaf, and nothing more, and thus the whole sense of a passage would be lost to him. So also in the case of the next entry. "The catastrophe of the red sheep" would be a hopeless enigma to a translator unless he had within his reach the information that the expression was intended to signify a period of great disaster. In fact, until now one or more of the vast and ill-arranged encyclopedias has been a necessary adjunct to the dictionary of the student. For the future the *Chinese Reader's Manual* will for all ordinary purposes be sufficient, and the relief of exchanging the unwieldy Chinese tomes for Mr. Mayers's handy little volume will be great.

The second part of the work is devoted to the elucidation of what the author calls the "numerical categories" so frequently employed by Chinese writers:—

In obedience [says Mr. Mayers], it would seem, to an impulse the influence of which is distinctly marked in the literary traditions of the Chaldeans, the Hebrews, and the Hindus, a doctrine of the hidden properties and harmonies of numbers imbues the earliest recorded expressions of Chinese belief. . . . The dual form of animated life, the succession of the seasons, the alternation of day and night, the revolutions of the visible planets, may not improbably have given rise to a conception of numerical harmony obeying some mysterious and unchanging law, when contemplated by minds striving after the rudiments of knowledge, and absorbed in attempts to fathom the causes and order of existence.

This practice, which began by arranging numerically such things as the attributes of gods and men, the various forms of existence, and the heavenly bodies, is now applied to almost everything capable of division, and is used in a way which presupposes on the part of the reader an acquaintance with the historical part of the language which very few foreigners possess. Explanations are necessary, for instance, to make plain that such expressions as *San k'ear*, or *See shuh*, which mean literally "the three regions" and "the four arts," refer the one to the Taoist three regions of existence—namely, the Heavens, the Earth, and the Water; and the other to the four subjects of study during the Confucian period—namely, the Book of Odes, the Record of Rites, the Book of History, and the Book of Music. To help to clear away these difficulties, Mr. Mayers has brought together from native works bearing on the subject a fairly complete collection of these numerical categories, and has added to each a full interpretation of its meaning.

To these two parts the author has added a chronological list of the Emperors of China from the dawn of history to the year 1862, and has thus completed a very useful handbook on a very difficult subject. In justice to Mr. Mayers we are unwilling to close this notice without again bearing testimony to the erudition and care displayed by him in his present work. When the great difficulty, even to practised scholars like Mr. Mayers, of reading Chinese books written in all varieties of style is remembered, the fact of his having ransacked so large a section of Chinese literature from which to gather his materials marks him as a man of great industry as well as of extensive scholarship. The book is a thoroughly good one, and we confidently recommend it to every student of Chinese literature.

WALKER'S "ORIGINAL."

IT hardly needed a prefatory Memoir by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold to enhance the intrinsic interest of Walker's *Original*. Walker's father, it seems, as borough-reeve of Manchester, took a prominent part in the opposition to Pitt's Eustian Tax in 1784, and suffered for his independence and public spirit in various ways. For ourselves, however, the sketches of the father and son, prefixed to the *Original* proper, are chiefly interesting as showing not so much that "fortes creantur fortibus et bonis," as that the courage and rough good sense of the sire were mellowed and toned by education and reflection in the son. "Jacobin" Walker's lines were cast in stormy places, for which he was specially suited, while his son's more pleasant path lay in the direction of

social experiment and improvement. The scantiness of the materials which Mr. Jerrold has got together is shown by his being able to justify the reputation of the father as a humorist only by a solitary story of his putting himself in the place of a follower or policeman, and obtaining a turkey's leg from the benevolence of an "area-belle," and by his "being driven to semi-allegorical introductions of "Porcus" "Jack Styles," and "our friend Wayward" to represent the opposition to the other Mr. Walker's high-health views. The truth is that the *Original* owes so much of its charm to its being purely introspective, and the writer's illustrations and experiments so unaffectedly introduce himself, that it enables us without going further to picture to ourselves very distinctly the police magistrate who divided himself between laborious days and social evenings, and who endeavoured to promote the public weal by practical experiments as to the diminution of pauperism, and also by practical attempts to simplify the science of "gastronomy," and who, by force of a pleasant style, well-chosen topics, engaging candour, and thorough *bonhomie*, succeeded in floating and keeping afloat, as long as he cared to do so, a weekly periodical which would have been creditable to a confederacy of writers. But if there is little in the introductory part of the new edition which might not be learnt from Hono's memoir of the father, or from the son's references to himself in the papers which are his standing memorial, it is not the less a welcome fact that the *Original* has reached a third edition. Stray second-hand copies have always commanded a high price, and personal experience has taught us that no borrowed book has been more difficult to recover. It is possible, therefore, that the new library edition will be gratefully received.

It might be too much to say that Walker from the beginning of his publication fully contemplated the sort of classical position which was in store for it, though his programme embraced the treatment of "whatever is most interesting and important in religion and politics, in morals and manners, and in our habits and customs," and though his aim was "to set before his readers an alternative diet of sound and comfortable doctrine." But within three months it occurred to his correspondents "to wish him all the success of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*;" and in truth the chief distinction between the *Original* and those earlier and more famous serials lies in the more practical and work-a-day tone of the former. Not that Walker is deficient in humour, or wit, or pleasantry. His writings display all these qualities combined with a genuine philanthropy and a transparent candour which make them interesting alike to the would-be reformer of society and to the casuist who delights in self-inspection. Every now and then he indulges in a quiet irony, as, for instance, where, on the topic of Domestic Economy, he combats the objection to cottagers having orchards "as affording a cover for stealing and selling the farmers' apples," by the argument that "robbing orchards would probably be held in greater disrepute when some of the class who are now the offenders might themselves suffer from the practice"; or where, as a plea for Clubs, and in reply to the objection of the ladies that they are anti-matrimonial and adverse to domestic habits, he suggests that "they are a preparation, and not a substitute, for domestic life." He has a keen eye, too, in his anecdotes, for the ludicrous, as in the story of the Cambridge Wrangler's attempt to cross the Alps mathematically resulting in broken bones. The form and size of the weekly issue admitted of what now would be called "occasional notes," and there is scarcely one of these which does not supply an illustration or a *mot*.

There is no denying that the fame of the *Original* has rested hitherto on the essays on the "Art of attaining High Health" and the "Art of Dining." Perhaps it has even been heightened by the knowledge of the fact that one who had reduced both these arts to a matter of the nicest adjustment and certainty, so that he could afford occasionally to exceed, and who lived without medicine, without greatcoat, without fear of weather for sixteen years, did no better than less regular men, and died at fifty from damaged lungs and liver. He was not the man to endorse the cant phrase "Do as I say, not as I do"; he believed that he had mastered the secret of physical self-knowledge; but he miscalculated the powers of his machine. To those who avail themselves of a fresh opportunity of studying the *Original* its author will, we suspect, appear quite as sagacious on questions of pauperism, parochial government, thrift and domestic economy, savings banks, and such like topics, as on those directly affecting his stomach and his digestion. As to the latter, social changes have made some remarks read like anachronisms; but it is curious to find how much of what he lays down as to the former is in accordance with our most successful social reforms. His remarks on the Regulation of Charity foreshadowed a reform which a partial attempt has been made to carry out. His hints as to the teaching of domestic economies (ii. 74-5)—

To market and make purchases on the most advantageous terms; to apply the arts of cookery to preparing food in an economical, wholesome, and palatable manner; to brew and bake; to light a fire expeditiously and economically; to keep a fire economically; to make a fire cheerful economically; to set out the table quickly and neatly; to clear away expeditiously; to cut out, mend, and make linen, and to keep other clothes in good order; to wash and get up linen; to sweep and clean rooms, and to keep them neat and comfortable—

are anticipatory, by a score of years at least, of the movement in favour of the teaching of "common things." With peculiar opportunities of observation Mr. Walker arrived at the opinion that it was of little or no use to attempt to eradicate depravity when once contracted, that prison discipline was powerless in the way of reformation, and that the true and Christian way to deter from

* The *Original*. By Thomas Walker, M.A. Edited by Blanchard Jerrold. 2 vols. London: Grant & Co. 1874.

crime was to make the sweets of liberty and independence more patent and attractive. Along with such views would naturally follow a dead set against pauperism. In his experience there was no such thing as *isolated destitution*; and he held more strongly than even many of our present social reformers that there is nothing so demoralizing in its tendencies as casual and indiscriminate charity. He did not believe in the cry of "we've got no work to do":—

There is a market for all sorts of services at all sorts of prices. Individuals of defective intellect have a value at a certain class of public-houses by way of butt, and very often at farm-houses, for something of the same reason, and to have thrown on them the lowest and most disagreeable offices. Lameness is a good guarantee for faithful discharge of duties of a stationary and gentle nature, and age the same. Misfortune is often a sort of fortune in obtaining a preference for pity's sake, as a person with one arm will be selected from a number of competitors to hold a horse. If all persons felt obliged to hawk about their services for the best price they could get, all persons would be provided for.—*ii. p. 191.*

There is little doubt that the police magistrate based this belief on a very copious induction. As regards parochial government, he is in favour of the principle of self-government by small communities, as calculated to call the social principles into action. His development of the "Prytaneum" plan would doubtless scandalize modern purists and reformers; but there is a good deal in what he says elsewhere:—

You must either have tavern bills or attorney's bills. The public has no way of being so well served as by furnishing good cheer, though the public, or those who call themselves the public, do not seem to think so just at present.—*ii. p. 330.*

But, to come to his best known articles on the Art of Dining, the Art of Travel, and the Art of attaining High Health, it is evident that their piquancy is due to the mixture of sound sense and truth at bottom with a dash or two of extravagance and enthusiasm. It is unnecessary to accept all the marvels which he connects with a perfected digestion, although one may clearly discern the dependence of mental and bodily alacrity with its opposite, nervousness, upon the healthy or unhealthy state of the digestive powers; and although to the same disposing cause most men would refer ease and spontaneity in composition. "The difference," writes Mr. Walker, "between the best and worst humour for composition is like that between a salient fountain and a crazy pump in a deep well." If it be so, the gain of a good digestion is worth seeking, even if it fall short of the bodily purity (under adverse conditions) which Dr. Gregory confirms Mr. Walker in declaring to result from the active exhalation from the surface of an animal in perfect health, and of which the outward sign with the author of the *Original* was a clean foot and stocking, though the road traversed were ever so dusty. The way and means lay in a strict dietary till the constitution was brought into trim. Moderate and timely rations of food were to be accompanied by sips, not gulps, of liquid, whether stimulant or otherwise. On Shakspeare's principle that "unquiet meals make ill digestions," disagreeable subjects were to be banned from the meal-times, and agreeable topics chosen in order to stimulate the salivary glands by promoting mastication. Early rising, unhurried dressing, ample preparation, and exercise short of fatigue, are prescribed as conducive to the good digestion which, according to Walker, has more influence on the feelings than the heart, to the door of which so many sins are laid; but, before all else, we take it, he would have prescribed a social meal, as distinguished on the one hand from the solitary repast, and on the other from the set or state dinner or breakfast. As animals which have been used to feed in company fall off if placed alone, so, our essayist argued, and not without a good show of reason, solitary meals generate indigestion, and where they are inevitable the evil should be minimized by prefatory relaxation of the mind, and by such methodical service that everything should be ready to hand, and nothing have to be waited for. It is evident, too, that equally objectionable to Mr. Walker's taste was the "set dinner," for the most unpractical of all his suggestions in the "Art of Dining" are two which are intended to mitigate the objections to numerous company on the same day. He proposes, first, to divide them into two or more tables; and, secondly, to let one section of a family entertain their guests at four o'clock, and another detachment hold its feast at the same table at seven, all meeting in the drawing-room at a later period of the evening. It is hard to see how the one scheme could be compassed without duplicate hosts, or the other without a succession of cooks and attendants. But the author of the *Original's* heart (or, as he would have maintained, his digestion) was devoted to the social meal, and—barring one or two crotchets—he will always be regarded here as a great authority. How sound are his dicta about lighting and laying the social dinner-table! Instead of cumbrous branches on the table, a subdued light should be shed on it, as in some of Rembrandt's paintings, either from the wall, or, as he prescribes in reference to a winter dinner party of nine or seven, by seating two or three on each side of the table, the host at the top, and at the bottom only the fire with the lights on the mantelpiece. By this method a capital light is obtained, and, as Mr. Walker puts it cheerily, "the fire is made one of the party." And then as regards the adjuncts of each course; how convenient to have the decanters to your hand, and duplicates of the lobster sauce, cucumber, and cayenne, and Chili vinegar within reach, and without risk of collapse in the process of handing over your shoulder! Something of this convenience is realized in the reduplication of cream jugs, sugar basins, and the like at modern breakfast-tables. Every dish, says our Amphitryon of 1835, should

be served with its proper accompaniments and its appropriate vegetable, a pause intervening between each for wine and talk. With an eye to the repast and not to the pageant, the woodcock should precede the joint, and the wines be circulated early in the meal. "Where the champagne goes right nothing can well go wrong." There are some absurdities, we grant, in his excessive theory of "self-helping"; e.g. where he recommends a bread-basket for a centre-piece; and some complaints are laid at the door of State dinner-parties, which no longer apply; for example, the ignorance "what there is to eat" is obviated by the fashion of "cartes." But, after all this lapse of years, Mr. Walker's instincts as to dining and catering (socially, and not in state) are as wholesome and sound as ever: and though we may not be prepared to forego, in the adoption of his views, the dinner *à la Russe*, which was undreamed of in his earlier philosophy, the details in these pleasant volumes of his menus "for three" on Christmas Day, "for six" in the Temple, and for seven or eight at Blackwall, convince us that a man might do worse than take part, whenever he has the chance, in a dinner *à la Walker*.

VANESSA.*

THOSE young ladies whose delight it is to read about falling into love and out of love may possibly find some pleasure in *Vanessa*. There are in it three heroines who are seven times in love; who have, if we are not mistaken, eight proposals made to them, though not always from the seven gentlemen from whom they would have desired it; and get four times married. The leading heroine, Amy Mertoun, is first in love with Dennis O'Brien, then with Lord Alan Rae, whom she marries. On her widowhood she is again in love with O'Brien, who is no longer in love with her, and last of all she is in love with George Charlton, who happily is in love with her. Her sister Helen is far more constant, for all through the story she is in love with O'Brien alone, though he for a long while is in love with Amy. She has meanwhile a couple of lovers to console her, though, being of a scientific cast of mind, she cares far less for them than for the beetles of which she is making an interesting collection. The cousin of these two young ladies, Eva Mertoun, is in love with Lord Alan, but fortunately for her she is jilted by him for her prettier cousin Amy. Falling out of love with him, she presently falls into love with her cousin Henry, the brother of Amy and Helen. So Lord Alan is in love, so far as a wicked nobleman who has a taint of insanity in the blood can be in love, first with Eva and then with Amy. Dennis is in love first with Amy and then with Helen, while poor Henry, having only one cousin but two sisters, has no choice but to be constant. As for George Charlton, we take no account of him. He is brought in just at the end, that Helen might discover that O'Brien is no longer in love with her sister Amy, and so might desert her beetles and show her long-concealed affection. Even without the wicked nobleman there is, as our readers will admit, a very liberal allowance of love-making for two volumes. With him thrown in, the author might, if she had pleased, with the greatest propriety have made her tale half as long again. These stories in two volumes have, we are ready to admit, certain merits of their own. We think, however, that the respect which is due to the aristocracy requires that when a marquis's family is introduced a third volume should always be added. More especially is this the case when it is a family that has had a taint in its blood for many generations, and can boast of men who are nearly all vicious or insane. We would as soon see an heir to a marquise on his marriage-day drive off with his bride with only a pair of horses to his carriage as have him make love in only two volumes.

The two heroines, Amy and Helen Mertoun, are the daughters of a widow lady who has been left in very reduced circumstances. Helen accepts her lot cheerfully; but, as she remarks to her mother, "Amy never seems quite congenial with the family atmosphere." Her mother, by way of apology, replies, "Poor child! she is able to remember when the atmosphere was very different." Amy has a young lover, Dennis O'Brien, who is scarcely more satisfied with his lot, but soon announces, "I am perhaps absurdly elated at the prospect of being transferred to a more congenial atmosphere." He gets into a more congenial atmosphere by being transferred from "bank drudgery" to the curatorship of a museum, while she at the same time also gets a change of atmosphere, as she goes to live with a rich uncle as a companion to his only child Eva. O'Brien, in the elation produced by this atmospheric change, pointing out to her that the museum is close to her uncle's house, exclaims, "The Fates have ordained that we should not be separated." She, however, has her doubts whether her rich uncle will care to see her poor friends, and says, "I shall not venture to invite my acquaintance to his house." O'Brien replies in a speech not unworthy of the immemorial stage-lover. "True, your acquaintance. I should decline to enter his doors if I am to be designated by so cold a term. But what if I come as your affianced lover?" Amy lets him know that their positions are changed with the atmosphere, and that their "present relations cannot continue." "I understand," said Dennis, fixing his eyes on Amy with an expression of indignant scorn, before which she quailed; "we are to exercise the right of free choice in our separate spheres." This scene occurred in a walk in the country, where her young brother and sister had gone with them to play

* *Vanessa*. By the Author of "Thomasina," "Dorothy," &c. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

propriety. The boy was as fond of natural history as O'Brien himself, and at this moment came running up to ask if he had found any specimens. "Remember," he said, "that you promised me the first Painted Lady of the season." Nothing could have come in more pat to bring the first act to a close, and O'Brien shows that he can profit by such an opportunity. "This is not Vanessa Cardui, but a new variety," he said, "a Painted Lady which has just left the chrysalis and intends to soar above us earth-worms." "Where is it? Let me see; have you let it go?" said Dick, surveying O'Brien's empty palm with a puzzled air. "I have let it go," repeated O'Brien quietly.

Amy goes to her rich uncle, and at once plunges into fashionable company. Among others she meets with Lord Alan Rao, who has been paying attentions for some while to her cousin Eva. He can talk as well as the rest of them, and Amy, as she overheard "a dialogue" between him and Eva, must have felt that, while as an heir to a marquise he was so much superior, as an orator he was not inferior even to Dennis O'Brien. "Her exuberant energies," he says, in speaking of his aunt Lady Cecilia, "absorb the vital forces of those with whom she comes in contact, leaving my spirit altogether arid; but under cover of your music the sponge is removed, and I am myself again." Presently he begins to find Amy more attractive than Eva, and deserts the one cousin for the other. Mr. Mertoun learns for the first time that he has been paying attentions to his daughter, and, aware as he is of the taint of blood in this noble family, and of the insanity or viciousness of all the male members, forbids her to think anything more of him. Everything therefore favours Amy. Her sister Helen meanwhile comes to visit her. Though this young lady is but sixteen, she can talk as well as his Lordship or as Dennis O'Brien. "It is a grand resource," she says, "to have a definite pursuit. Botany and beetles will satisfy my aspirations for the next ten years." She does not get on well with her more worldly-minded sister. "The truth is that Amy and I survey life from different planes, and you cannot live with such an uncongenial pair of sisters for six weeks without being disabused of your ideal of family harmony." Her cousin Eva, who is at least one year older, is not unworthy of her. "Life," she says, "is a series of disillusionings; one more or less cannot signify." We are not surprised that "Amy never seemed quite congenial with the family atmosphere" - if, that is to say, in the family atmosphere the family talk is included. By her love of beetles and of fine words Helen is clearly marked out for Dennis, though, as she is only sixteen at the time that we are writing about, she has to wait till the very end of the novel before even a proposal can be made her. When her sister meets her at the station to take her to their uncle's house, she says:—"I began to work my fingers into the trammels of civilization when I reached the Bixley Junction, in order that I might display them to you in unsullied glory." When this is translated into unheroic English, it means that she had not put on her new pair of gloves till her railway journey was close at its end. No wonder that the fashionable Amy, if she admired the language, yet scorned the carefulness, of her younger sister:—

Amy smiled at the thought that if Dennis O'Brien were destined to be the crumpled rose-leaf in her lot, any annoyance he might cause her was cheaply purchased by her immunity from such sordid economies. She laid a disapproving finger on Helen's neck-tie, the only article of her dress, with the exception of the gloves aforesaid, which bore any appearance of newness, and asked "Where did you buy that gaudy thing? It goes very ill with your dress."

"I did not buy it at all, Amy: it was an offering of esteem and regard from Mr. Benson, when I went about my last lot of work. I had an impression that it was rather vulgar, but as he assured me it was a sweet, genteel thing, I could not hurt his feelings by declining the gift."

"At all events you might keep it for Allerton church; you will not meet Mr. Benson here."

"That is true," said Helen, as she took off the obnoxious ribbon and slipped it into her pocket; "you see how amenable I am, but you must not be too critical of my manners and appearance, or I shall become still more awkward than I am by nature. Is not this Swiss cottage which has broken out in chinquies the lodge to Leasowes? please put my bonnet straight while I compose myself into a becoming attitude of lady-like ease, and assume my very properest behaviour."

The two sisters have a brother Henry, not unworthy of them, who made remarks sardonically. He is a bosom-friend of Dennis, who confides to him that "the glamour of the old days has departed," and a determined enemy of the wicked Lord. This misguided nobleman, however, is in the end of the greatest service to both the young men. For, if he had not made love to Amy, she might have become reconciled with Dennis. In that case he would not have married Helen, who, from her taste for big words and beetles, alone was worthy of him. And if he had not run away with Amy, he would have married Eva, and so Henry would have lost his wife. When Mr. Mertoun first suspects an attachment between his daughter and Lord Alan, he sends her away with Amy to Swanage. Eva, on hearing that she was to go, "listened with a tightening of the heart," but Amy, finding that Lord Alan at once proposed to go yachting on the south coast, "exulted in such a proof of the futility of the machinations which had been devised to estrange her from her noble lover." He now appears, but he appears no longer as the noble lover, but as the wicked nobleman with whom heroines are only too familiar. He has "a shade of haughtiness in his tone." He carries off Amy in his yacht. As they were embarking from the pier, "they were a mark for curious glances from the knot of idlers who were gathered there." A cat may look at a king, but not, it would seem, holiday folk at the heir to a marquise. "It was evident that Lord Alan observed

and resented the inquisition, and he waved off with a haughty air the officious help of those who wished to lend a hand in pushing off the boat." Perhaps, as he was a Scotchman, and a poor Scotchman, he may have thought that, if he accepted help, he would have to pay for it. The yacht is carried the same day into port, and the pair of lovers hasten up to London. They are pursued by Dennis, who compels the wicked nobleman, quite contrary to his intentions, to marry Amy that same day. How that is managed, as she was under age, and had not her mother's consent, is known only to his lordship's banker, to whom he went "to take the necessary steps for procuring a special licence." "I am to marry you," he said to his bride, with something like a sneer. "You and O'Brien have elected that it is so to be." He talks indeed so finely to his wife that she must have thought the atmosphere, so far as words are concerned, very like that to which she had been always used. Before long he goes mad, and behaves to her one night in such an extraordinary manner that "her maid could see that the pale gold colour of her hair had been streaked with silver by the mental agony of the last few hours."

Meanwhile all the good people of the story who were content with poverty, and whose simple tastes were satisfied with fine words, are rewarded by getting rich and by falling into love with each other. Even the mercenary Amy is forgiven in the end for having "elected" to marry a nobleman, and is rewarded by the hand of an honest farmer. "The conversation," we read in one part of the story, where a dinner party is described, "rippled away to other subjects." If conversation can ripple away, we do not see why writing should not ripple also. In that case we would express a wish that the present silly fashion of novel-writing would ripple away till it soon ended, not in other subjects, but in a perfect calm.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE great work in which Herr W. Corssen* essays the final solution of the riddle of the origin of the Etruscans will, if the author's conclusions are established, close one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of philological and ethnological research. It will in that case be impossible henceforth to regard this mysterious people as aught but a branch of the Latin race, nor will the grievous loss to the imaginative faculty be compensated either by anything striking in the manner of the discovery itself or brilliant in the contributions accruing to our actual stock of knowledge. Herr Corssen's results are the conquests of patience and sagacity rather than of genius; in working out his theory he has but corroborated the conclusions of a long line of ingenious predecessors. Nor will the most accurate interpretations of inscriptions restricted to a few words, for the most part proper names, promote the reconstruction of an extinct civilization or afford the key to a buried literature. Corssen offers the imagination no equivalent for what he takes away, and hence his views will only be accepted with difficulty and reluctance. The most hostile, however, must acknowledge that his speculations, even if erroneous, are not fantastic or visionary. One need not be an Etruscan scholar to recognize not merely the caution and sobriety of the man, but the coherence and consecutiveness of the system. The more we read the more deeply we are impressed with the author's erudition, and still more with his easy control over what so many would have found an unmanageable mass of material. The impression goes on deepening until we are ready to credit anything rather than that one so temperate, so thorough, so painstaking, so completely the antipodes of all that is flighty or fantastic in philology, should have persuaded himself into the advocacy of an utter delusion. We can only offer the merest outline of an argument addressed to the most select of critical tribunals. The investigator commences with the study of the Etruscan alphabet, and directs his reasoning to establish its affinity to the other Italian alphabets, and the common derivation of all from the Phœnician. He next addresses himself to the inscriptions, and in the first instance to such as, the transliteration once ascertained, cast some light on the structure of the language, whether from being accompanied by a Latin version, or from containing the names of deities or heroes whose Greek or Roman equivalents are known. He then discusses the inscriptions which afford no such clue, and, endeavouring to elucidate their meaning on the hypothesis of their Italian affinities, is led to bestow a most laborious and minute investigation on their grammatical forms, nominal, pronominal, and verbal. To follow his argument will require such a knowledge of the more archaic forms of Italian speech as is probably possessed by few scholars beside himself. Of the suffrage of the initiated he seems assured; the uninitiated perhaps will long continue to entertain scruples, and, while admiring, to distrust the ingenuity which contrives to discover Latin affinities for words at first sight so utterly alien to all familiar speech. The instinctive conclusion that the peculiar civilization of the Etruscans cannot have been Italian, that it must have been exotic, and may have been Oriental, is one which it will take philology long to dispel. Herr Corssen is not expected to take cognizance of any considerations external to the sphere of philology, but even in strictly linguistic investigations it is not safe to disdain the suggestions of unsophisticated common sense. He will find it difficult to repel Mr. Taylor's recent home-thrust by convincing any one of plain un-

* *Ueber die Sprache der Etrusker.* Von W. Corssen. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

derstanding that when a particular word is followed by a numeral, it indeed means "aged," but that when its meaning is not thus ascertained beyond doubt, it must be understood as "the name of a sculptor." *Non sic iter ad astra*. The unriddlers of Egyptian and Assyrian mysteries have needed to resort to no such transparent subterfuges. How far this flaw may vitiate Professor Corssen's entire argument we cannot here attempt to determine. It will further be felt that the physical aspect of the question is most important, and that a satisfactory explanation of the abnormal but lifelike physiognomies of the Etruscan pair depicted on the sarcophagus in the British Museum must be an indispensable complement to the evidence derived from philology. A considerable step would be made if, instead of assuming with Niebuhr and Corssen that the Etruscans entered Italy from the North, we could discover grounds for relying on the ancient tradition which derives them from Asia Minor. In this case we should have an Asiatic people speaking a Pelasgic language, a conclusion in which the now seemingly discordant lines of testimony might happily unite. In addition to his main argument, Corssen's work contains most interesting chapters on the supposed dialects of Etruscan (Rhaetian, Etrurian, Campanian); the Greek words adopted into the language; and the locality and history of the principal archaeological discoveries hitherto made. Enormous as his volume appears, it is far from exhausting the subject. A second of equal dimensions is stated to be ready for the press.

The first volume of Professor Lefmann's translation of the *Lalit Vistara*, or Sanscrit life of Buddha, embraces only the first book. This is somewhat alarming, if, as we imagine, there are eleven more to come; and those who may resort to the work in the hope of learning something authentic about one of the greatest of philanthropists and reformers will experience much disappointment on discovering that this part contains nothing but the idle tales and fantastic imaginations of the Buddhist monks respecting Buddha's residence in the Tushita heaven before his miraculous conception, which are of no value except as evidence of the depth of the impression created by him. Better things may be expected to follow, and Professor Lefmann's notes, distinguished by great copiousness and erudition, no doubt constitute a valuable mine of information for the Buddhist specialist. He appears from his preface to have laid a good foundation for his labours by a greatly improved recension of the *Lalit Vistara*, the text of the Calcutta edition being, as he states, exceedingly defective. Siamese and Chinese versions of this Buddhist classic are respectively the bases of the valuable labours of Mr. Alabaster and Mr. Beal, which the English inquirer will for the present do well chiefly to consult. The perspicuity of these abridgments, contrasted with the unmanageable ponderousness of the original, is as good an instance as we know of the value of a good translation.

The second volume of A. von Vivenot's edition of the diplomatic correspondence of the Austrian Government during the wars of the French Revolution comprises about four hundred documents, from April 1792 to March 1793. It is not inferior in interest to its predecessor, but seems no better calculated to promote the editor's object of rehabilitating the reputation of his country as affected by the events of this unfortunate period. All that can be said is that Austria does not appear to have been more selfish, treacherous, mistrustful, or inimical than her rival. Both States were terribly afraid of taking more than their share in the operations against the common enemy, and desperately jealous of Russia, whom they suspected, with good ground, of egging them on with a view of meanwhile helping herself to Poland. The volume concludes with the second partition of that unfortunate country; the hypocrisy of the proclamations and other official documents relating to it is almost more revolting than the iniquity of the act. Many of the papers here printed are extremely piquant as well as important; such as the Austrian memorandum on the advantages of exchanging the Low Countries (which she could not keep) for Bavaria; and the conference between the victorious *sans-culotte* and the beaten Prussian general, in which the present positions of the parties are completely reversed.

A great "find" of the correspondence of the poet Bürger † has occasioned the publication of four huge volumes of that ambiguous class which nobody thinks it worth while to buy, but which many will be glad of the opportunity of consulting. Bürger's own literary repute, though considerable, is hardly adequate to so very massive a monument; the illustrations of the literary history of the time are less numerous and important than we should have expected; and the intrinsic merits of the letters are not remarkable. The best are those from Biester, afterwards Royal Librarian at Berlin, a man apparently of such vivacity and enthusiasm that one marvels to find him an ally of the prosaic Nicolai. The epistles of Bürger's Mentor, Boie, also possess considerable interest as illustrative of the gradual progress of Bürger's poems from the first draught to maturity, and are attractive from the sterling character of the writer. Bürger's own disposition is depicted with considerable liveliness; he appears good-hearted, disinterested, genial, devoted to letters; but irregular, impulsive, unrefined in his habits, and

always in more or less of a scrape. The scandalous details of his third marriage should have been suppressed. Herr Strodtmann's excuse for reproducing them is a very lame one. The circle of his intimate friends comprises few distinguished names, and the literary movement of the time, active as it was, is now chiefly important in an historical point of view. Goethe is an exception of course, but his correspondence with Bürger is unimportant. There are nevertheless many interesting indications of the tendencies of the period. English literature was beginning to exercise a marked influence on Germany. Shakespeare is frequently mentioned with enthusiasm; he and Plato formed at one time Biester's whole library. The Percy Relics were widely known and even more influential; Bürger's ballads would never have been written without them; and they clearly deposited the seeds which subsequently ripened into the Romantic School. The veneration of the young men for Klopstock is quite touching. On the whole, this voluminous correspondence will well repay inspection, although its chief value may be as a substratum for the biography of Bürger which Herr Strodtmann announces as in preparation. The letters to Bürger are much more numerous than those from him, although many of the latter exist in rough draughts, and Herr Strodtmann's diligence has recovered others from the hands of autograph collectors. The great mass of the correspondence came at Bürger's death into the possession of a former biographer, who, terrified at its amount, left it totally unused, and it has only recently come to light after a series of adventures.

Professor Teichmüller's "Studies on the History of Ideas" * are a valuable contribution to the history of ancient philosophy. The plan of the work is that of an inquiry into the precise signification attached by the Greek philosophers to the expressions employed by them. Their conceptions of final causes, optimism, immortality, and similar problems are successively discussed, the object not being to test the value of their opinions, but to determine what they were. Aristotle and Plato claim by far the larger part of the volume, but there is an interesting chapter on the physical theories of Anaximenes.

The strictly logical form of Dr. Seydel's treatise on Ethics † renders it only intelligible to those versed in the study of formal logic. The author's earnestness and moderation are conspicuous even amid his technicalities, and the abstruseness of his treatise consists much less in his style than his method.

In treating psychology "from the empirical point of view," Dr. F. Brentano ‡ signifies his adherence in the main to the English school, and enters upon a course of investigation which Germany is beginning to recognize as more promising of results than that hitherto followed.

The eight mediæval itineraries of the Holy Land § published by the indefatigable Tobler range from the eighth to the fourteenth century. Most of them have been already published in Wright's *Travels in the Middle Ages* and similar collections. The pilgrimage of St. Willibald, who visited Palestine in the eighth century, is the most important on account of its antiquity, and the furthest removed from a mere catalogue of names and places.

The principal novelty in Dr. Jacob's dissertation on the import of Dante's three guides in the other world ||—Virgil, Beatrice, and St. Bernard—is an endeavour to bring the ascent to higher spheres depicted in the poem into connexion with the actual development of Dante himself.

The "pictures of German culture" ¶ exhibited by Herr Kriegk hardly place that culture in the most advantageous point of view, being chiefly derived from the criminal archives of Frankfurt. They relate accordingly to such picturesque but unedifying episodes as abductions, secret poisonings, mercenary baptisms of knavish Jews, and proofs of the general venality of Frankfurt Senators during the first half of the eighteenth century. One transaction is exceedingly amusing; it is the prosecution of a tradesman who had endeavoured to repair his shattered fortunes by promising to betray the city to the French, but who, having respect to the possibility of detection, drew up beforehand a paper to be produced in case of such an event, protesting that his purpose was by no means to abet the enemy, but to swindle him. Nearly all these narratives are worth preserving, and all are well told. The second half of the volume is devoted to a history of Goethe's legal career at Frankfurt, while he yet followed the profession of an advocate. The memorials and other documents drawn up by him in this capacity are still extant, and exhibit, in Herr Kriegk's opinion, unequivocal traces of his style. They are sufficiently dry notwithstanding, Goethe's good sense forbidding him to be poetical out of place. The editor considers, however, that they are distinguished by a certain breadth of view and disposition to recur to first principles, which may be accounted for either by Goethe's superiority to mere legal technicalities or by his ignorance of them.

* *Studien zur Geschichte der Begriffe*. Von G. Teichmüller. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

† *Ethik oder Wissenschaft vom Sittensollen*. Neu begründet und im Umriss ausgeführt von Dr. F. R. Seydel. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Psychologie vom empirischen Standpunkte*. Von Dr. F. Brentano. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Descriptiones Terræ Sanctæ ex sæculo VIII., LX., XII. et XV.* Nach Hand- und Druckschriften. Herausgegeben von Titus Tobler. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Bedeutung der Führer Dante's in der Divina Commedia*. Von Dr. J. Jacob. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Deutsche Kulturbilder aus dem achtzehnten Jahrhundert. Nebst einem Anhang: Goethe als Rechtsanwalt*. Von G. L. Kriegk. Leipzig: Hitzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Lalit Vistara*. Erzählung von dem Leben und der Lehre des Çakya Mûkha. Zuerst ins Deutsche übersetzt und mit Erklärungen versehen von Dr. S. Lefmann. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Quellen zur Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserpolitik Österreichs während der französischen Revolutionskriege*. Herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Vivenot. Bd. 2. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Briefe von und an Gottfried August Bürger*. Aus dem Nachlasse Bürger's und anderen, meist handschriftlichen Quellen, herausgegeben von Adolf Strodtmann. 4 Bde. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner*, are notoriously Professor Nohl's *dii majores*, and the ceaseless glorification of them in his collected essays must be wearisome even to those who share his predilections to the full. It would have been judicious to intersperse something relating to composers of a lighter strain and more universal acceptance, the constantly aggressive attitude of a thoroughgoing champion of an unpopular or at least unacknowledged style being extremely unpropitious to the soothing influence generally reckoned among the most precious attributes of music. Dr. Nohl, however, always writes ably, and his review of a rival biographer's, Thayer's, Life of Beethoven, is especially valuable from his intimate knowledge of the subject.

"Old England and Shakspeare"† is the first volume of a comprehensive work on Shakspeare by a highly accomplished man—clear-headed, sensible, easy and fluent in diction, and exceedingly well informed on all subjects relating to mediæval and Tudor England. The first half of the book is occupied with an historical introduction to the study of Shakspeare, treating of the national development up to Elizabeth's time, the characteristics of that age of exuberant vigour, the previous history of the English language and literature, and the dramatic precursors of Shakspeare. The second book contains an inquiry into the circumstances of Shakspeare's education and the characteristics of his style; an endeavour to delineate his moral and intellectual character; an account of his epic poems and sonnets; and a criticism on the especially dramatic side of his genius. The separate examination of his plays is reserved for another volume. In general, the author appears as a mediator between the English and German schools of criticism; the former he thinks deserving more credit than they have received from the latter, whose admiration, if not to be called excessive, is at least too indiscriminate and unchastened. In discussing the Sonnets he adopts the view of their being addressed to a plurality of persons, and lays no stress upon the expression "only begetter" in the publisher's dedication.

Friedrich Spielhagen's‡ collection of odds and ends will do no discredit to his reputation, although the pieces are for the most part exceedingly slight. They are principally sketches of travel, although a little story turning upon an application for a situation is the most entertaining thing in the book.

Two novelettes by Robert Waldmüller§ deserve unusual praise. The scene of one, a perfect little comedy in a narrative form, is laid in Normandy; the other depletes the life of a rustic community about the middle of last century with spirit and feeling.

Though not strictly a German book, Mr. Campbell's *Annales de la Typographie Néerlandaise*|| deserves a word of notice from its relation to a cognate literature. Mr. Campbell has inspected and minutely described nearly two thousand productions of the Dutch press in the fifteenth century, half of which are in his own keeping in the Royal Library at the Hague. Many of these are tracts or fly-sheets of the greatest rarity, and not unfrequently of the utmost literary or historical interest. The intellectual activity of Holland at so early a period is exceedingly remarkable, and Mr. Campbell's labours are of the highest importance as a contribution to bibliography.

* *Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner. Ein Bild der Kunstbewegung unseres Jahrhunderts.* Von Prof. Ludwig Nohl. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Altenglund und William Shakspeare.* Von H. Friehern von Friesen. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Aus meinem Skizzenbuche.* Von F. Spielhagen. Leipzig: Staackmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Leid und Lust. Neue Novellen von R. Waldmüller.* Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Annales de la Typographie Néerlandaise au XV. siècle.* Par M. F. A. G. Campbell. La Haye: Nijhoff. London: Asher & Co.

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LORD GREY ON THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

LORD GREY'S criticisms of the Bill for establishing a London Municipality are more forcible than his suggestions for the improvement of the scheme. Although he candidly admits that he is unable to suggest any alternative for Lord ELCHO's objectionable Bill, he hesitates in drawing the inference that an object which cannot be attained by sound and prudent legislation may perhaps not be in itself absolutely desirable. It is true that Lord GREY arrives at the conclusion that the question of metropolitan incorporation is not yet ripe for legislation; but he also concurs with Mr. BEAL and Lord ELCHO as to the urgent need of efficient municipal government for the metropolis. An efficient governing body must be strong, and until there is security against the abuse of great powers, the experiment of any constitution which can be devised is more or less hazardous. Lord GREY proposes to entrust the task of framing a municipal constitution to a Committee of Privy Council composed partly of Ministers and partly of men outside the Government. As he justly adds, the official members "would have no difficulty in "practically determining what the Report should be"; or, in other words, their colleagues would merely have an ostensible or consultative voice in the deliberations of the Committee. "The Report, with the evidence on which "it was founded, would thus become an authentic expression of the policy of the Government." In such matters evidence merely consists of the opinions of a certain number of people who profess to have studied the subject; and there would be little advantage in publishing in a Blue-book the substance of a dozen speeches and pamphlets which Mr. BEAL and his associates have already delivered. The most convenient and most authentic form in which a Government can expound its opinions is a statement by the Minister of the proper department in his place in Parliament. If the Cabinet is to control the decision of the Committee, it may as well undertake the responsibility in the first instance. The appointment of a Committee, or the introduction of a Bill, would prove that the Government had already determined the principal and most questionable issue. The opponents of Mr. BEAL deny in the first place that it is expedient to place four millions of Londoners under a single local Government; and the mode in which a municipality should be organized is of secondary importance. If unity of administration were necessary, perhaps the best course which could be adopted would be to make the management of the metropolis the duty of the general Government; but it is not worth while to discuss a scheme which will never be seriously proposed.

Lord GREY has on former occasions frequently expressed the dissatisfaction with which he regards the operation of the Municipal Reform Act. He now says, after mentioning the New York frauds, that there is too much reason to fear that great jobs have been perpetrated by our own Town Councils. The expression of vague suspicions is generally unjust, and it is but fair to state that Lord GREY's hypothetical charges are not supported by evidence. It is of course possible that corporate appointments may be given without due regard to merit, and even that local measures may be affected by personal interests; but the fault of the Corporation of New York was not occasional defection from perfect purity of acts and motives, but gross embezzlement and pecuniary fraud practised on a colossal scale. TWISS and his accomplices plundered the community of hundreds of thousands of pounds by fraudulent arrange-

ments with contractors for public works. There is no pretence for imputing any crime of the same nature to the members of any English Corporation. On the whole, the Municipal Reform Act has worked fairly well, through the fortunate tendency of elected representatives to become in some degree independent of their constituents. In some cases the poorer ratepayers have opposed sanitary measures, but even in this respect the Corporations have done more than would have been effected without their agency. The failure of popular government is likely to be far more flagrant in villages and in rural districts than in large towns, where there is generally some kind of public opinion. If sanitary theories had prevailed fifty years ago, when the only rural authorities were the justices of the peace, the Acts which are now likely to remain inoperative would have been enforced throughout the country with the smallest possible regard to the obstructive prejudices of the ratepayers. Not one country parish in a hundred will ever pay for improvement, except under pressure from the landlord, whose own interest is not unfrequently opposed to expense incurred for the benefit of his tenants. In Glasgow, Manchester, and other great towns, the Corporations have exhibited an enlightened liberality for which Lord GREY fails to give them due credit. When he classes Corporations with Boards of Guardians, and imputes to both kinds of bodies a combination of corrupt habits with undue parsimony, he shows but an imperfect acquaintance with municipal government.

The main objection to a Metropolitan Government is that London is too large, and that it has no civic unity. In provincial towns certain persons are known to all their townsmen as principal inhabitants. The speech, trade or industry of the place supplies a common public interest to the great bulk of the population; and, although the municipal body is often composed in part of members of lower rank, some of the local magnates are generally included in its number. In London there are no principal inhabitants; for the residents of the higher ranks are utterly unknown to their neighbours, with whom they have no common interest, except in the amount of the rates. Inferior agitators would make it their business to cultivate the favour of the democracy, which is, through its representatives, to raise and to expend a revenue of millions. The Municipal Council would be a little Parliament without leaders known beyond its own limits, without a responsible Ministry to conduct its business, and without control through the publicity which the newspapers give to Parliamentary proceedings. It is at least possible that the corrupt practices of New York might hereafter be imitated by such a body, though on a reduced scale. It is more probable that, as in New York, the proper duties of a municipality would be neglected, while the members were engaged in more exciting or more profitable operations than providing for the repairs of the streets. It is happily almost impossible that Parliament should assent to the monstrous proposal of giving the control of the police force, which is in itself an army, to the business of the male and female ratepayers. It is perfectly natural that, as a political ally of Mr. OGDEN and Mr. ARCH, Mr. BEAL should claim for the populace the appointment of judges and the management of the police; but Lord ELCHO may justly be charged with a certain levity in undertaking the conduct of a Bill which includes provisions so outrageously absurd. If the question is asked why a new Municipal Government is required, Lord GREY would perhaps have some difficulty in supplying an answer.

London is, notwithstanding the absence of a central governing body, at least as well governed as any large city in the world. Mr. COLE's theory that a powerful Corporation would enjoy facilities for confiscating the property of the Gas and Water Companies would scarcely approve itself to Lord GREY's judgment.

Lord GREY agrees with Mr. BEAL that it would be desirable to maintain as far as possible the existing municipal organization of the City. Mr. BEAL perhaps understands better than his critic the fallacy which is involved in any scheme for extending the area of City jurisdiction. The existing Corporation is respectable, efficient, and safe, because it is a powerful body administering large funds, and inheriting ancient traditions. The whole income of the Corporation belongs to the citizens, who, as they are often reminded by their adversaries, form but a part of the whole population of London. Mr. BEAL, on one side, and the citizens on the other, know, what Lord GREY forgets, that extension of area means the admission of the rest of London to partnership in the property which now belongs exclusively to the City. The Lord Mayor must, under the scheme which is common to Mr. BEAL and Lord GREY, be elected directly or indirectly by the ratepayers of the whole metropolis, and it is probable that future incumbents of the office would be more troublesome and much less respectable than their predecessors. Lord GREY's proposal that the Aldermen of London should, as in the City, be elected for life, might perhaps provide a slight corrective of the evils of popular suffrage; but the City Aldermen spring for the most part from the Common Council, and both bodies act harmoniously together. Aldermen holding their seats for life would inevitably be brought into collision with the Town Council, which would be annually elected; and, according to the experience of the colonies, a Council of higher qualifications and less popular origin or character is invariably worsted in conflicts with a democratic assembly. In one respect Lord GREY is more openly revolutionary than Mr. BEAL himself, inasmuch as he proposes to deal in some undefined manner with the City Companies, "which hold so much property, and of which the connexion with the City is somewhat obscure." It is well that the Companies should have warning of the dangers to which their property is exposed by municipal projectors. They may be well assured that they and their estates have not escaped the vigilant observation of reformers less candid and more thoroughgoing than Lord GREY. When the property of the City is once transferred to the metropolis, the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers and Skinners and the rest will certainly share the fate of the Corporation. Lord GREY is right in thinking that the Bill is a bad Bill; but it cannot be said that the adoption of his suggestions would make it materially better. It is satisfactory to find that Mr. CROSS is aware of the difficulties of an enterprise of which Lord BECHO flippanantly remarked that it was universally approved by the Press, with one solitary exception.

GERMANY.

EUROPE at present offers to the contemplation of the political observer, not only specimens of every form of government, but specimens of every degree of strength in government. The last news from Spain is that Marshal SERRANO is going in a month to the frontier to expedite operations. This is government in its weakest possible form—in its jelly-fish stage; just cohering, and that is all. Far higher in the ascending scale of strength is Italy, where there is a division of opinion as to how far strong government should be carried, but where even forcible measures are advocated or opposed in the ordinary manner prevailing in free countries. Italy is struggling against priests, and consolidating its national unity under many difficulties, but it has some of the advantages which accompany a position of secondary rank. It must, if attacked, fall back on some alliance, and cannot pretend to bear the brunt of the battle itself. The argument, therefore, that for the nation to exist at all the strength of the Government must be very great, does not apply to Italy as it does to Germany, which is like a huge camp, where no one wonders at seeing the provost marshal at every corner ready to string up marauders or deserters. The Government of Germany is as strong as a Government can be which acts according to known and legal

methods, and not from mere caprice. When a law is made intended to strengthen the Government, it is instantly carried out in the most resolute and uncompromising way. There is nothing of the *suaviter in modo* known to those who work the machinery of politics in Germany. In the opening of this year some new laws were passed by the German Parliament regulating the German press; and the German press is now being regulated almost out of existence. Every one concerned with the publication of political articles appreciates the personal peril to which he is exposed; and an article after it has passed the scrutiny of the editor, the publisher, the publisher's delegate, and the printer, is finally, before it appears, submitted, by excess of precaution, to a barrister, so that lively and easy writing must be difficult work at Berlin just at present; and one journal is said to have had fourteen communications from the Government lying in its office at the same time. Arrests in Germany are as common as sparrows in London. As Prince BISMARCK observed a few days ago when questioned about them in Parliament, it is the law that arrests may be made, and arrests are made. Diplomats are arrested in their houses, priests are arrested at the altar, social democrats are arrested at whatever places social democrats frequent. These people defy the law, going after their own foolish fancies and doing what they are silly enough to think right. They put, as Prince BISMARCK said in philosophical language, their subjective conscience above the objective law. Prince BISMARCK has not the slightest respect for their subjective conscience. They may have it on their side if it is any comfort to them, but he has the objective law on his; and as he is determined to show that his Government is a strong one, he uses all the machinery of strength which the law has placed at his disposal.

The Germans do not probably like all this, but they stand it. They have been brought up from the cradle to stand a very large amount of State interference; and to the German mind it does not perhaps seem anything extraordinary that grave officials should interfere in Alsace and German Lorraine when a baby is born, and ascertain on behalf of a sensitive Fatherland that the baby receives good honest German names, and begins life without the stain of anything French about him. It is the law that is being set in operation in every direction to guide and restrain Germans, and this is enough for them. They of all men best know the difference between the objective and the subjective, and they know that the law being objective hurts, and the conscience being subjective does not hurt very much. But they have a strong sense all the same of independence in their own fashion. Where the iron chains of law do not fetter them they delight in being free. In matters purely intellectual they are the apostles to Europe of free thought, and they are by no means ready to yield very submissively to authority when a law is merely proposed. It is not law as yet, and therefore they may take what line they please about it; and they enjoy this liberty of choice while it lasts. This turn of mind naturally makes a German Parliament somewhat difficult to deal with. It prevents the formation of a Ministerial party. Those who support the policy of the Ministry generally conceive themselves quite at liberty to oppose the Ministry on details. The officials, on the other hand, accustomed to the traditions and habits of strong government, receive acts of opposition as something like personal affronts. They have got their plan, and it is the right plan, the official plan, and ought not, they think, to be criticized by ignorant outsiders. A struggle ensues much more fierce than would have seemed probable in a country where authority is so very strong. It is found that, although there is no freedom of the press, and although persons of all classes and persuasions are being constantly arrested, the German Parliament is not in the least like the tame and well-drilled Legislative Body of the Second Empire. It accepts the general maxim that, with such an enemy as France on its borders, and such an enemy as Rome in its midst, it must make its Government very strong; and it recognizes that, whatever the law may be, the law is sure to be enforced in a very rough and serious way. But it debates with considerable freedom the measures which the Government submits to it, and when once it has taken a fancy into its head it is very hard to manage. If Prince BISMARCK steps forward and says that he, who knows the real dangers to which Germany is exposed, can honestly declare that an unwelcome measure must be passed, he

has hitherto had enough authority to win his point. But generally he does not intervene in this way. He allows the quarrel to go on to a certain length, sees how powerful and resolute the different parties to the quarrel really are, and then suggests some compromise, or makes some concession which settles the business.

The present Session of the German Parliament has only lasted a very short time, and the Government—that is, the authorities in the Federal Council who prepare the Bills—have already sustained two defeats. But such defeats in Germany mean something very different from Ministerial defeats with us. When Mr. GLADSTONE, for example, was beaten on the Irish University Bill, his defeat meant that he could not carry with him as many of his supporters as usually supported him. But when the German Government is defeated, it means that the majority of the Parliament does not like a Bill in the shape in which it is presented. The blow may come, and very often does come, from those who support the general policy of the Government; and those who, on this particular question, take the side of the Government may be those who, on questions of the first magnitude, are its most strenuous antagonists. One of the questions on which the Government has just been beaten is that of the Bank Bill. The Bill, as presented to the Parliament, embodied two main conceptions; one, that the banks in the several States having a right of issue should retain that right while no new banks having the privilege of issue were to be allowed; and the other, that issues of notes beyond a certain limit were to be subject to taxes. The MINISTER OF FINANCE was exceedingly proud of this last invention, which he said was a vast improvement on Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Act, and he prophesied that all Europe would sooner or later borrow this admirable invention. In ordinary times banks would never dream of issuing notes on which they had to pay five per cent. by way of tax; but in time of panic they could always avert a catastrophe and avoid the necessity of anything like our Suspension Acts, by issuing notes which, under such circumstances, it would pay them to issue. The German Parliament seemingly made no objection to the second half of his scheme, but it would not accept the first half in the shape in which it was offered, and insisted on having the institution of one central Imperial Bank made part of it. It was owing to the influence of Prussian officials that the Government had not proposed to establish such a bank. For the Prussian State Bank, although founded with private capital, is entirely controlled by the Prussian Government, and its high reputation and the care and skill with which it has been managed give it a position which throws all other banks in Germany into the shade. The majority in the Parliament insisted that the Prussian State Bank should be converted into an Imperial State Bank, on the ground that, in the interests of national unity, the credit and prestige of the first bank in Germany should attach to Germany and not to Prussia, and also on the ground that the immense power which the control of such a bank carries with it should reside in the hands of officials responsible to the EMPEROR and the German Parliament. The Government was thus placed in the light of being less devoted to German unity than it ought to have been; and accordingly, while it was supported by the arch enemies of Prince BISMARCK, by the Separatists and the Ultramontanes, it was opposed by the National Liberals, who are generally Prince BISMARCK'S fervent friends. It curiously illustrates the mode in which Parliamentary government is carried on in Germany to hear that Prince BISMARCK is generally supposed to have looked on the defeat of the Government with great satisfaction, and to have welcomed the support he derived from Parliament in combating the prejudices of his Prussian colleagues. The other question on which the German Government has received a check is that of the embodiment of the Landsturm. The Government wished to have the power of drafting as they pleased from the Landsturm into the Landwehr. The Parliament, it is said, will insist that such drafting shall only be legal when Germany is actually invaded, or when invasion is imminent. Perhaps in real life the Government will so manage that when it wants to fill up the Landwehr with drafts from the Landsturm, invasion will always be discovered to be imminent. But the Parliament has acted in regard to this Bill strictly within the limits which it has marked out for itself. It gives the Government most of what it wants, but not all. It makes it a little more difficult for those serving in the Landsturm to be sent far from their homes. In short, the

German Parliament is like the House of Commons in Committee, and the defeats of German Ministers are like the defeats of English Ministers in Committee. What the Government propose is substantially accepted, but as to the details there is great independence of action and opinion, and the Government has to see its measures greatly altered in order to get its Bills through. What is worth noticing is that independence of this kind should show itself so strongly in Germany concurrently with a humble submission to the painful operation of laws which have been once passed.

SHEFFIELD SPEECHES.

MR. MUNDELLA was at Bologna a few weeks ago, and had passed a happy and interesting day in visiting the little island in which OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS met to settle the destinies of Rome. On returning to his hotel, he took up his paper and looked at once for such English news as reporters thought it worth while to telegraph and journalists to insert. He found only one item of English news, but it was a most interesting one. It was to the effect that he and Mr. ROXBURGH were going to be asked to dine with the St. Peter's Club. He went through some little subsequent anxiety, as no letters arrived to confirm the delightful intelligence; and when he got back, he discovered that all that happened was that some one had talked of such a dinner, and thought that if such a dinner was held Mr. MUNDELLA ought to be asked. This circumstance suggested to Mr. MUNDELLA two reflections. First it made him think what enterprising people reporters are, how they seem to know facts by instinct, and constantly live in the shadow of coming or possible events. In the next place, it made him more alive than ever to the beauties and glories of modern life and modern civilization, to the ties that bind humanity together, and to the fellow-feeling that now pervades all noble souls. Here were the countrymen of AUGUSTUS and ANTONY, people who have mediæval history embodied in every line of their buildings, fortunate men who may any day see the St. Cecilia without any trouble, assumed by intelligent persons like reporters to be really interested in the fact that Mr. MUNDELLA was going some day or other to dine with a local Club. These are the little things that come home to the heart and make men reasonably proud of the period they live in. Probably, as Mr. MUNDELLA owned, the news did not give the Italians, for whose benefit it was telegraphed, any clear or correct idea of its meaning. They could not be expected to know what the St. Peter's Club was, but of course this made it all the more creditable to them to feel the interest they were assumed to feel in reading this dark little scrap of world-history. If the reporters continue to telegraph to Bologna about Mr. MUNDELLA and the St. Peter's Club, they can now explain what sort of an institution this Club is. The dinner has really come off at last, and Mr. MUNDELLA has really dined with the Club, and made a sort of inaugural speech, describing the objects with which the club has been started. We gather from his explanations that it is a most excellent institution, founded with a most laudable purpose. It is an institution founded to prevent the smaller tradesmen of Sheffield from getting drunk. We quite agree with Mr. MUNDELLA that one of the very best things that can be done for English society generally is to start clubs of this sort; and we may observe that it is precisely the very class of small tradesmen who generally lie out of the sphere of philanthropy, although they lead, of all classes perhaps, the most harassing and unadorned lives. There could not be a greater gain to a town like Sheffield than to have such a Club started, if it is well managed and prosperous; and its chances of ultimate success are not at all impaired by the hero of its inauguration having the courage to throw away the trappings and disguises of rhetoric, and to tell the members of the Club that the great gain they would enjoy now was, that they would have a place to meet at where a healthy public vigilance would prevail, and each man would be able to repress the joviality of his neighbour.

Mr. MUNDELLA has one fault to find with his constituents, and he blames them openly and boldly for it. They do not think enough of themselves. They do not boast enough of Sheffield. They are not sufficiently impressed with the momentous and elevating fact that Sheffield is "the sixth provincial town in the kingdom." Why is this?

Any one except their ardent and imaginative representative would be inclined to reply that the probable reason is that the people of Sheffield are not wholly dead to feelings of natural shame, and that they cannot quite forget the horrors and iniquities that were revealed when a recent inquiry was made into the local history of this sixth of our provincial towns. But this is by no means the account of the matter which Mr. MUNDELLA gives. He thinks that the real reason why the people of Sheffield have an unduly abject and langdog look is that they are depressed in spirit by the thought of Belgian girders. People who want girders, and might go to Sheffield for them, actually go to Belgium instead. But Mr. MUNDELLA is able to assure his constituents that they need not take the matter to heart so much as they are inclined to do. He has looked into the affair from a practical point of view, and has discovered that the orders for these girders are really of such a trumpery character that no decent Sheffield firm would care to execute them. They are a twopenny-halfpenny kind of girders which are beneath Sheffield makers. So Sheffield has no reason to be downhearted, and may set about boasting of itself with proper alacrity. And if it is objected that humble people cannot learn to boast all of a sudden, that they need encouragement and the stimulus of example, it happens most fortunately that Sheffield has just had a lesson given it by a perfect master in the art of blowing his own trumpet. Not only has the St. Peter's Club been "inaugurated" this week, but the Cutlers have held their annual feast, and there was present at the banquet, among other distinguished persons, the eminent representative of the United States, General SCHENCK. The General avowed when he rose to speak that he had come there to boast, and he did boast. He put it pretty considerably smart into the Britishers. He advised, rather than entreated, his hearers to cling to the United States with the warmth of a prudential and well-considered friendship. He was not for any palaver about kinship and a common language, and the joint inheritance of the glories of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON. He recommended England to love the United States because it could not really afford to quarrel with them. America does everything for us. It feeds us, it gives us an opening for one-sixth of our whole trade, it stimulates our activity by beating us in manufactures. If Englishmen want to know how dependent they are on the United States, and how much ahead the new is of the old country, General SCHENCK's simple advice to them is, "Go and see." Let Englishmen cross the herring-pond and look at the United States for themselves. There is to be in 1876 a grand flare-up in the States, in celebration of the centenary of their Independence, and if Englishmen pass over the Atlantic then, and take advantage of so unparalleled and splendid an opportunity, they will realize how completely they have been eclipsed, and will go home wiser and sadder men. Who can doubt that, so far as Sheffield at least goes, General SCHENCK is perfectly right? If Sheffield people go there in a docile spirit, and yet do not learn from their trip how to talk big and make the most of the sixth of our provincial towns, they are wholly incorrigible, and have souls destined permanently to succumb to the terrors of Belgian girders.

Mr. MUNDELLA and General SCHENCK might reasonably have hoped that they would not have spoken in vain, and that Sheffield might in a moderately short time be led to think and to swear that it could easily lick creation into fits, had it not been that, as a malignant chance would have it, there was some one else also present at the Cutlers' Feast. Our old friend TEAR'EM was a guest at the hospitable board, and that faithful watchdog was not going to see people setting themselves up and making much of themselves in his presence, and not have his bark at them. He was not at all inclined to boast, or to see things in too rosy a light; and he had something much more profound to disquiet him than the thought of Belgian girders. He saw a dark cloud looming over England, and this dark cloud was the preponderance in political power of the ignorant and foolish masses. He knows something about Sheffield, and does not regard the friends and neighbours of BROADHEAD as people quite so gentle and wise and intelligent as they appear to such enthusiastic lovers of humanity as Mr. MUNDELLA and the inhabitants of Bologna. To let the masses of our provincial towns really govern England would be fatal, and what is to be wished is that the silly many should be content to choose the wise few who are fit to rule them. There was much substantial truth in this, although Mr. ROEDUCK ought, in

justice to Sheffield, to have mentioned that it recognized the force of this important truth by returning him at the last election. But, in the way in which he put what he had to say, he was simply talking the language of philosophical Imperialists. Everything for the people and nothing by the people was the grand idea of the two NAPOLEONS, and to carry it out consistently is totally incompatible with the institutions of a free country like England. Too great a contempt for common people is as misleading to an English statesman as a factitious admiration of the virtues they do not possess. Small tradesmen have now got a vast share of political power; and it is much more useful to start humble institutions where they can learn to bully each other out of drunkenness than to treat them as hopeless idiots. In quiet times there are real opportunities of raising those to whom political power has been entrusted which it would be a national misfortune to see neglected. And certainly these are extraordinarily quiet times. The Conservatives of Gloucestershire have been holding a great gathering in the last few days, and the thoughts that seem to have taken the deepest hold of the minds of the excellent people who met in a spirit of harmless triumph was that they could scarcely be sufficiently thankful that Englishmen have at last got a Ministry which is thoroughly sound on the Turnpike question. A nation may be safely pronounced free from great anxieties which can find occasion for humble gratitude in the reflection that the views about turnpikes held by those who are charged with its destinies are wholly unexceptionable.

SPAIN.

THE late absence of news from the North of Spain is in some sense equivalent to an important event. To the numerous and distant spectators who at present watch Spanish affairs because the rest of the world is dull and tranquil, it may have seemed probable that, after raising the siege of Irun, the Madrid generals would take some measures for the purpose of improving their success. When it was found that the troops had returned to San Sebastian, where they have since waited for fine weather to re-embark, the inaction of LASERNA and LOMA was hastily attributed to causes which, although they may have possibly operated, are certainly not known to have really produced the result. It was said that the disloyalty of SERRANO and his Ministers was proved by a prohibition imposed on LOMA against pursuing the defeated Carlists or attempting to relieve Pampeluna; but no proof whatever has been given that LOMA's advance was checked by orders from Madrid. It was on the whole improbable that, even in Spain, the chief of a Government would deliberately prolong a civil war or invite defeat through undignified jealousy of successful lieutenants. Suspicious minds may still amuse themselves with imputations of treachery against the Government of Madrid, but the suspension of active movements admits of a more simple explanation. Large bodies of men require transport and provision, which seem not to abound at San Sebastian; and it is possible that LASERNA and LOMA may be as deficient in zealous activity as SERRANO himself. According to one theory, LASERNA is placed in command for the purpose of checking the inconvenient activity of LOMA; but the Commander-in-Chief seems to have displayed much energy in advancing to the relief of Irun; and if he is not eager to encounter unnecessary risk and hardship, there is no reason to suppose that his character differs widely from that of ordinary Spanish generals. It must be remembered that the season is in the climate of Biscay not favourable to military operations. The Carlist forces have in a friendly country better opportunities than their adversaries of procuring supplies and shelter. It will not be surprising if the winter months are allowed to pass without a serious renewal of hostilities, although the garrisons of the strong places which are wholly or partially blockaded by the Carlists must be exposed to danger through delay. It is improbable that any fresh attack will at present be made on the strong position of Estella.

According to reports which have hitherto been neither contradicted nor confirmed, the unacknowledged armistice is intended to facilitate negotiations with some of the chiefs of the insurgent provinces. It is said that Biscay and Guipuzcoa are in reality rather Republican than Royalist, though it must be confessed that they have hitherto successfully disguised their alleged inclinations. The writer

who states that messages have been exchanged between SERRANO and the Northern malcontents is convinced that the provinces care really only for their local privileges, and that they have accepted Don CARLOS as their champion merely because he proposed to abolish the centralizing legislation of former Spanish Governments. Some of the conditions of the proposed Convention are so far credible that a negotiation for a compromise on a similar basis was attempted in the Civil War of forty years ago. The provinces are said to claim exemption not only from conscription and from general taxation, but from the ordinary authority of the national Government. If SERRANO would consent to Home Rule in the North, he would undoubtedly be relieved from the task of restoring the unity of Spain. It is added that the Carlist officers claim the option of entering the regular army in their present ranks, and in such a treaty there would probably be secret articles inserted for the security and advantage of the principal negotiators. The story rests on respectable authority, and in Spain nothing is improbable. The last war ended with the betrayal by MAROTO of the Carlist cause; and perhaps an imitator of the deed might be found among his successors in the present day. On the other hand, negotiations for suspension of hostilities, or for peace, are among the most ordinary stratagems of war. It is not improbable that one party or both may for various reasons desire a respite of hostilities, and secret diplomatic communications would furnish an excuse for delay. The statement that the troops who surround CARLOS care little for his person or his pretensions is certainly exaggerated. Spanish testimony on such a point is worth little, but all Englishmen who have visited the Carlist provinces during the last year concur in the statement that the intrusive KING is regarded with a strong feeling of loyalty.

Even if the insurgents are really bent on an accommodation, it is impossible that SERRANO should even take into consideration their supposed demands. The Spanish nation is only resolved on one political question; but it has distinctly made up its mind to prevent its own disruption. After suppressing the revolt of the rebels and fanatics at Carthagea, the Government could not tolerate the independence of Biscay and Navarre. The federal tendencies which were often attributed to the Spaniards before the disastrous experiment of the Republic prevail only among a small minority. CASTELAR, who had spent his life in making fine speeches in favour of federalism, found, as soon as he took an active part in affairs, that his eloquence had never had any practical meaning, and that a country cannot at the same time be governed on a uniform system, and split up into independent provinces. It seems on the whole probable that the war will linger on until some vigorous Government or general applies the whole national resources to the suppression of the rebellion. The recent contest, tedious as it is, has not yet lasted two years, and, if it continues for two years more, it will not have equalled the duration of the former war. As the American Confederates learned by painful experience, time tells certainly, if slowly, in favour of the belligerent who can command the most numerous reinforcements. The best of the Carlist troops are probably equal or superior in discipline and efficiency to any part of the national army; but in some parts of the provinces nearly all the men of military age are already in the field, while the thousands of recruits whose enlistment is constantly reported by the Madrid journals represent, though their numbers may be overstated, an actual force which will at least make good the losses of the campaign. The established Government in Spain, as formerly in America, possesses absolute command of the sea, and holds all the considerable fortresses. The soldiers who have served during the war must have acquired some of the qualities of veterans; and the army is undoubtedly more efficient than when it emerged from the manipulation of the Republican Government. The slackness of the combatants on both sides, while it is conformable to Spanish traditions, may in some degree be explained by the comparative weakness of the Carlists, and by the confidence which the stronger party may reasonably entertain of ultimate success.

The best informed commentators on Spanish politics seem to think that the provisional state of affairs in Spain will probably be terminated by the restoration of the BOURBON dynasty. Queen ISABELLA herself appears to have no party in the country, although judicious and patriotic Spaniards may perhaps with good reason regret the violent

termination of her reign. Her son has the advantage of not being known to hold any particular opinion, nor indeed is he yet old enough to form a serious political judgment. His kinsman, Don CARLOS, whose hereditary title is as good as Don ALFONSO's, or better, has unluckily for himself become by accident or by choice the representative of clerical absolutism. Queen ISABELLA, though she was not less bigoted than the princes of the rival branch, had always been compelled to maintain the forms of constitutional government. After the expulsion of Queen ISABELLA, PRIM and his associates resolved to establish a new foreign dynasty, in the hope of effectually excluding the BOURBONS from a chance of return. If PRIM had lived, King AMADRO might perhaps have maintained himself on the throne; but when he fell, in consequence of, among other causes, the levity and bad feeling of SERRANO, it became finally impossible to select a foreigner as King. The House of BRAGANZA will assuredly never sacrifice itself to the chimerical project of an Iberian union; and the Duke of MONT-PENSIER, who is the only remaining Pretender of six years ago, has long since renounced, in favour of his wife's nephew, claims which he could in no contingency have successfully asserted. As the existing Government has no hold on the affections of the country, and as it is in itself an anomaly, the only alternative of a Monarchy under ALFONSO is apparently a Republic. The faction which supports the scheme can scarcely have become extinct in the course of a twelvemonth, though the Republicans have, through shame or prudence, maintained a judicious silence since General PAVIA at the beginning of the year did the country the service of turning their Cortes out of doors. When their agitation sooner or later revives, they may plausibly contend that SERRANO's Government has scarcely been more successful than their own; and if any humorist is to be found in their ranks, he might apologize for the Republican policy which disorganized the army by showing that a Spanish army is but rarely disposed to fight. As the destiny of States is not regulated by repartees, the prospects of the Republic are not at present hopeful.

DIFFICULTIES OF HOME RULE.

WHILE, but for Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet, political controversy in England would almost have died out for want of topics, it seems that the Home Rulers, whose existence had been temporarily forgotten, have been discussing among themselves internal differences of opinion which might perhaps have been more prudently suppressed or suspended. Agitators against existing institutions ought seldom to pledge themselves to definite or positive schemes, if only because they will certainly differ among themselves as soon as they undertake the task of construction. Mr. GLADSTONE was greatly blamed for affecting ignorance of the meaning of Home Rule, when he could not but know that in any form it involved the disruption of the United Kingdom. It was reasonably surmised that he felt a potential sympathy with a movement which no English Minister ought to encourage or tolerate. If he had plainly avowed a determination to maintain national unity, he might properly have exposed the inconsistency of various partisans of separation. Mr. P. J. SMYTH appears lately to have criticized an answer given by Mr. MITCHELL HENRY to one of the minor arguments against the repeal of the Union. During the Home Rule debate of last Session, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY contended that a federal arrangement might secure the continuance of free commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland. In the remote contingency of a negotiation on the terms of dismemberment of the Empire, it is impossible to anticipate the stipulations to which Irish repealers might consent; but the menaces or the violence which had enforced the acceptance of their main demands would be available at any future time for the extortion of further concessions. An article in a federal Constitution which should provide for Free-trade between England and Ireland would only be retained as long as the Irish Parliament was averse to a policy of Protection. The priests and the demagogues who would divide between them the control of Irish policy would probably share the delusions which prevail among all the colonial democracies; and if they were hampered by a federal guarantee of Free-trade, they would rejoice in the opportunity of once more denouncing English tyranny and

selfishness. The repeal of the Union would furnish a sufficient precedent for the demand of complete legislative and commercial independence.

Mr. SMYTH, without committing himself to either of the conflicting systems of commercial legislation, insists that the question shall be left open to the decision of the future Irish Parliament. Whether Protection is mischievous or beneficial, a Parliament incapable of doing this or any other kind of mischief would, in Mr. SMYTH's opinion, be inferior to a colonial Parliament, and hardly worthy to be called a Parliament at all. It is not worth while to inquire whether the dignity of Ireland would be compromised by a restriction to which its representatives might have assented in framing the original instrument of federation. The States of the American Union have parted with the same portion of their sovereign rights, as well as with the prerogative of making peace and war, and of dealing with foreign Powers. Mr. SMYTH probably rejects Mr. BUTT's delusive scheme of federal union; and, if Ireland is to be an independent kingdom, its Government will be entitled to perpetrate any folly which has or has not been committed by other States. By the simple repeal of the Union Ireland would become a kingdom with a Parliament of its own, which must necessarily be soon afterwards reformed by the abolition of the House of Lords. Since the termination of the ill-omened eighteen years of Irish independence, the authority of the Crown in the United Kingdom has been virtually transferred to the nominees of a Parliamentary majority. If the Union were repealed, the Executive power in Ireland would be administered by the dominant party without reference to the wishes of the English Government. Mr. SMYTH is a more satisfactory opponent than Mr. BUTT, because he says what he means. If the Constitution supported by the Imperial power must be sacrificed to agitation, it is absurd to suppose that Irish disaffection would be mitigated by any federal compact. The probable disturbance of commercial relations between Great Britain and Ireland furnishes but a secondary reason for refusing to consider either Home Rule or Repeal; but as far as the interests of Free-trade deserve consideration, there is no doubt that Mr. SMYTH propounds the real point at issue. It has been found necessary to tolerate protective tariffs established by colonies which are practically independent, and when Ireland is as much exempt from Imperial control as New South Wales, English manufacturers will be taxed in Irish ports.

It is sometimes instructive to trace the absurd consequences which are deduced from comparatively plausible projects by candid and imprudent supporters. A certain Rev. THADDEUS O'MALLEY, who takes Mr. MITCHELL HENRY's part in the controversy with Mr. SMYTH, had previously devised a draft Constitution for the three kingdoms which may serve as a commentary on Mr. BUTT's plan of Home Rule. Mr. O'MALLEY, like other members of the party, proposes for the sake of symmetry to confer on Scotland the undesired boon of a Parliament of its own. With still more officious kindness, he undertakes fundamentally to alter the Constitution of England by depriving the Crown of the greater part of its prerogative and dignity. The Third Estate, as Mr. O'MALLEY, with characteristic knowledge of law and history, designates the reigning Sovereign, is no longer to be the QUEEN, but in each of the three kingdoms one of her sons. The PRINCE of WALES, the Duke of EDINBURGH, and the Duke of CONNAUGHT are to reign respectively in England, Scotland, and Ireland, except that the QUEEN is to be an Imperial or transcendental Third Estate over them for federal purposes. It is but fair to remark that the projector has an Estate at his disposal, because he had previously eliminated the Bishops from the House of Lords. Although Mr. O'MALLEY has not made himself acquainted with the rudiments of constitutional law in the United Kingdom, he seems to know something of the American system, from which he has borrowed the device of a Supreme Court. Even in the United States parties and Presidents have at last learned how to pack the Supreme Court with judges previously pledged to particular opinions. The reverence of an Irish Parliament for a Court which should declare that it had exceeded its functions may be readily appreciated. Imaginary Constitutions for Utopia are seldom interesting or useful; but if Home Rule were conceded, it would be necessary to invent articles of federation, and Mr. O'MALLEY's grotesque suggestions are scarcely a caricature of the schemes which might be seriously proposed. The best part of his draft of

an Act is a preamble which recites that the Irish demands have been granted because the Irish people "urge their claim with such force and on such solid grounds as it would be imprudent to disregard." If Mr. BUTT or his successors are ever able to use the argument of superior force, they may as well dictate the conditions of surrender.

As there is happily no immediate prospect of rebellion or civil war, the Irish members who profess the doctrine of Home Rule can only embarrass the Government by votes which are also for the present innocuous. The more sagacious of them have probably made up their minds to wait for a probable change in the balance of parties, which may once more give a price to their support. The veterans of the body can recollect the time when they were assiduously courted by Mr. DISRAELI, whose blandishments were ultimately wasted through the thoughtless impetuosity of his nominal chief, Lord DERBY. Mr. GLADSTONE still resents their desertion on his impracticable University Bill; and the belief that their conduct was then dictated by the Court of Rome affords the most intelligible explanation of his pamphlet on the Vatican. In case of need, neither of the great party leaders would perhaps despise a reinforcement of fifty or sixty votes, but the alliance of the advocates of separation is likely to damage any statesman whom they favour. With the exception of two or three unscrupulous democrats, all English and Scotch members are pledged to resist disruption, whether it is proposed as Home Rule or as simple Repeal. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY's contrivance for maintaining the right of buying and selling between England and Ireland is not less inadmissible than Mr. SMYTH's protest on behalf of the right of committing commercial suicide. The ingenious project of dethroning the QUEEN by the transfer of her powers to the PRINCE of WALES and the Duke of EDINBURGH is but an exaggeration of the anomaly which is involved in Mr. MITCHELL HENRY's proposal. Unless Ireland is to be absolutely separated from Great Britain, there must be some new federal Constitution which would clash with the fundamental rule that Parliament is omnipotent. At present a Customs duty might be imposed on English produce at Dublin or on Irish produce at Liverpool, if only the supreme authority of Parliament were employed for a perverse and retrograde object. A federal compact overruling the power of Parliament even in Great Britain would be an intolerable innovation. It is not inconvenient that Irish agitators should fall out among themselves in discussing the complex results which would follow from the application of Mr. BUTT's simple and loyal measure. The clerical projector who contributes a comic element to the discussion renders his adversaries the service of reducing his own principles to an absurdity.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

THE presumed object of the French Government in fixing the municipal elections for the 22nd of November was to give the Conservatives the consoling spectacle of a string of local victories long enough to counterbalance the series of defeats which have been their portion in the Parliamentary elections. Nor did this object seem by any means beyond their reach. The Municipal Electoral Law of last Session had greatly reduced the numbers in the town constituencies, and, on the assumption on which the Conservatives have always acted in their efforts after disfranchisement, the excluded electors would all be Radicals. The mayors appointed by the Government had been long enough in office to make their wishes known and their powers felt. Under the double influence of disfranchisement and administrative pressure there was some hope that the result of the elections would give the Government increased confidence in meeting the Assembly. These anticipations have been rudely falsified. The returns that have come in from all parts of France show that, for any effect the Mayors' Law and the Municipal Electoral Law have had upon the mass of the constituencies, they might as well not have been passed. In all the towns of any size or importance, and in many of the rural communes, the Republican candidates have been elected, and the favourite practice has been to return the Mayor dismissed by the Government at the head of the poll. It seems clear from this that the power of the local officials as regards elections is very much less than it used to be. In spite of all that is said about the awe in which the ordinary French elector holds the humblest representative of the Government, these municipal

contests have shown that it is an awe which is apt to desert him at the critical moment. Whatever may be his dread of offending the Mayor in the abstract, he is not afraid of voting against him. It is difficult to determine to what this change is to be attributed. Something may perhaps be set down to greater secrecy of voting. The existing authorities may be more timid, if not more scrupulous, than the Imperial authorities, and may be afraid to take the measures for ascertaining how every elector voted which were freely resorted to before 1870. It may be suspected, however, that the principal cause of the change is the different estimate in which the Executive is held since the war with Germany. During the Empire the Government was to the peasantry and the *bourgeoisie* nothing short of a present god. It controlled all their actions, guided all their thoughts, and protected all their interests. Under the Septennate it still seeks to play the first two parts, but its capacity of playing the last part does not call forth the same confidence as formerly. The prestige of the Government as such has been terribly shaken. A power which cannot protect its subjects against invasion has not the same claim to their support as a power which, if it laid violent hands on their votes, at least took care that violent hands should not be laid on their persons or possessions.

The defeat of the Conservatives, however, is a less important feature of the municipal elections than the defeat of the Moderate Republicans. Republican candidates have been generally successful, but the Republicans returned belong in most cases to the extreme section of the party. When the Radicals have brought forward candidates of their own in opposition to those brought forward by the Left Centre, they have almost invariably carried them by large majorities, and the instances in which they have brought forward candidates of their own have been very many. The characteristic feature of the elections on Sunday is the success of the Radicals. It cannot be questioned that this is an unsatisfactory, and even an alarming, element in the situation. The defeat of the Left Centre candidates is calculated to do a threefold injury to the Republican cause. It will encourage the Conservatives in identifying the definitive establishment of the Republic with the definitive enthronization of Radicalism. It will alarm the more timid members of the Left Centre, and perhaps drive them back towards those vacillating counsels from which they seemed of late to have finally emancipated themselves. It will stimulate the Radicals to making fresh displays of their strength, and thus put new difficulties in the way of that alliance between them and the Left Centre on which the fate of the Republic depends. It looks as though the power of M. GAMBETTA in restraining his followers had at length been exhausted, and he were obliged to let them take their own line on pain of losing them altogether. It is true he may have made concessions to them in the matter of the municipal elections in return for counter-concessions promised on their part in the coming Session. But the performance of a contract of this kind must at best be uncertain. The Radicals may have the best intentions as regards their conduct in the Assembly, but when the moment for fulfilling them comes they may be led away by some gust of passion, and may overthrow in a moment the fabric which M. GAMBETTA has built up with so much expenditure of time and labour. The frame of mind which is likely to be induced by these victories in the municipal elections will make them especially liable to these sudden emotions. The salutary sense of their own weakness, which has done so much to promote prudence, will cease to weigh upon them, and they will be tempted to regard the Left Centre as a minority trading upon a supposed influence in the country which it does not really possess. All this is exceedingly unfortunate at a time when so much seems to depend on the maintenance of unity in the Republican camp. Supposing this secured, there is some reason to hope that the moderate politicians of the Right Centre may yet come to see the impossibility of successfully resisting the restoration of the Empire by any other expedient than the recognition of the Republic. But if, just as this conviction is beginning to take hold of them, the Radicals break away from the ties which have of late restrained them, and announce their determination to be satisfied with nothing short of a Republic after their own pattern, there will be no Republican alliance for the moderate members of the Right Centre to come over to.

And yet it is only fair to the Radicals to admit that at

least one excuse can be made for their conduct in the municipal elections. They have given up a great deal in conceding to the Left Centre the work of founding the Republic. It is a violation of all their original professions to admit that the existing Assembly is competent to set up any permanent Government, and one of the leaders in whom they used to place most confidence, M. LOUIS BLANC, has lately declared that his conviction of the Assembly's incompetence in this respect is still unshaken. The consideration for which the Radicals have, as a body, abandoned this position was the establishment of the Republic under circumstances in which they admitted they were themselves unable to ensure its acceptance, and this consideration the Left Centre undertook to provide. In doing this, the Left Centre probably reckoned without their host. They underrated the blindness of the Constitutional section of the Royalists, and consequently they were more sanguine than they had any right to be of uniting moderate politicians of all schools in support of a Conservative Republic. If this belief had been well founded, it is probable that the Radicals would have remained in the background; or that, if they had insisted from time to time on asserting themselves, no great harm would have come of it. Even as it is, their triumphs would have been exceedingly few if the Conservatives had voted for the Left Centre candidates. It is the abstention of the Conservatives that has given the victory to the Radicals. The end the Conservatives propose to themselves in letting the Radicals win will perhaps be attained, and the impossibility of founding the Republic will be demonstrated. It remains to be seen whether the Conservatives have consciously accepted the further result which is certain to follow upon this demonstration, and are prepared to become the obedient servants of NAPOLEON IV.

THE MONTREAL BURIAL CASE.

THE case of "BROWN v. Les Curé et Marguilliers de Notre Dame de Montréal," decided by the Judicial Committee on Saturday, is interesting as showing how impossible it is to keep spiritual matters wholly out of the control of the temporal courts. The Judicial Committee have been careful to go no further than they were actually forced to go into a domain so foreign to the instincts and training of lay judges. But, notwithstanding this, they have been obliged to ascertain the legal status of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, to interpret the Rubrics relating to Roman Catholic burials, and to determine the extent to which Canadian Roman Catholics are bound by the decrees of the Council of Trent. Shortly stated, the case was as follows:—There is at Montreal a Literary and Scientific Society called the "Canadian Institute." In 1858 this Society was censured by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal for retaining in its library books which were in the Roman Index. In 1865 certain members of the Institute, including one JOSEPH GUIBORD, appealed to Rome against this censure; and in 1869 the Bishop of Montreal published a pastoral, containing the answer of the Holy Office condemning the Institute on the ground that it taught pernicious doctrines, and also a decree of the Congregation of the Index forbidding Catholics to read or have in their possession the Annual Report of the Institute for the year 1868, and pointing out that members of the Institute would in future be denied the Sacraments, even *in articulo mortis*. The Institute thereupon held a meeting and passed Resolutions of submission, which, however, were rejected by the Bishop as insufficient and hypocritical in a letter received by the Administrator of the Diocese on November 17, 1869. This letter also explained that the charge of teaching pernicious doctrines referred especially to a Resolution of the Institute establishing the principle of religious toleration. JOSEPH GUIBORD died suddenly on the 18th of November, so that the contents of this letter were never made known to him, and two days later his widow applied for leave to bury him in the Roman Catholic cemetery. This cemetery is divided into two parts, separated from one another by a paling. In the larger part Roman Catholics are buried with the ceremonies of the Church; in the smaller part unbaptized infants and persons who have died without the Sacraments are buried without any funeral rites. Neither part is consecrated as a whole, but as the consecration of the grave forms part of the funeral ritual, each separate grave is consecrated in the one part,

but not in the other. The Curé of the church applied to the Administrator of the Diocese for instructions as to GUIBORD's funeral, and was told that, as a letter from the Bishop directing the refusal of absolution to members of the Institute even *in articulo mortis* had just been received, ecclesiastical burial could not be granted to GUIBORD. He could therefore be buried only in the smaller part of the cemetery, and without religious rites. The widow appealed to the civil courts for a *mandamus* to compel the Curé to bury her husband in the larger part of the cemetery. She was successful in the first instance, but the judgment ordering a writ of *mandamus* to issue was reversed by the Court of Revision, and this reversal was confirmed by the Court of Queen's Bench. Against this last decision the present appeal was brought.

The Judicial Committee had first to consider the status of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. Before the cession of Quebec to England in 1762, the Roman Catholic Church was established in the province. There were regular Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Supreme Council of Canada exercised the jurisdiction recognized in French jurisprudence as the "Appel comme d'abus." After the cession of the Province, the Church continued to be recognized by the State. It retained its endowments, and the payment of the tithes due from its members to the clergy could be enforced by process of law. The Judicial Committee have not thought it needful to determine in what respects a Church subsisting under these conditions differs from an Established Church on the one hand, or from a voluntary Church on the other. "Even if," they say, "this Church were to be regarded merely as a private and voluntary religious Society, resting only upon a consensual basis, courts of justice are still bound, when due complaint is made that a member of the Society has been injured as to his rights in any matter of a mixed spiritual and temporal character, to inquire into the laws or rules of the tribunal or authority which has inflicted the alleged injury." The judgment turns, therefore, in the first instance on the question whether the denial of burial in the larger part of the cemetery is a matter of a mixed spiritual and temporal character. If the application of the widow had been for the performance of the usual religious rites, it is possible that the Court would not have so regarded it. But the Court held that, as the refusal of ecclesiastical burial—of burial, that is, with the usual religious ceremonies—involved the refusal of burial in the "ordinary place of sepulture," it was a matter of a mixed spiritual and temporal character. "It cannot be doubted on the evidence," they say, "that this qualification of the general right of interment . . . implies degradation, if not infamy." The Judicial Committee have not noticed in their judgment the reasoning of the counsel for the Curé and Churchwardens upon this part of the case. The contention of the latter was that burial in the smaller part of the cemetery implies only separation from the Church, not moral censure. This part is set aside, not for those who have lived evil lives as such, but for those who have died without the Sacraments. It is true that certain persons who have lived notoriously evil lives are buried in it, but such burial is an incident of the separation from the Church which is incurred by notorious wickedness. They are there not simply because they have been wicked, but because they have been wicked in a way which has led to their dying without the Sacraments. Nor is there any doubt that burial in the ordinary cemetery would be refused if demanded in cases in which the refusal could not possibly imply moral censure. If the Archbishop of CANTERBURY or Mr. GLADSTONE were to die in Montreal, and their relations were to ask to have them buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery, they could at most be buried in the smaller part. If, therefore, burial in the smaller part of the cemetery implies degradation, not to say infamy, it can only be because separation from the Roman Catholic Church implies degradation, not to say infamy. But this last view, it was argued, is only an opinion about spiritual things held by certain Roman Catholics, and an opinion about purely spiritual things cannot of itself give to these purely spiritual things a mixed spiritual and temporal character. The Judicial Committee, however, did not think it necessary to go into this argument, and decided that the question was one with which they could deal.

When the mixed spiritual and temporal character of the question at issue had been established, or more

accurately perhaps taken for granted, the next step was to ascertain whether the forfeiture of the right to ecclesiastical burial had been legally incurred by GUIBORD. It was not denied that it could be legally incurred, but only that at the time of his death it had been legally incurred by him. The law of the Roman Catholic community in Canada upon this point is contained in the Quebec Ritual, according to which ecclesiastical burial is to be refused to eight classes of persons. The only class under which it was possible for GUIBORD to be included was the class of "Pêcheurs publics qui seraient morts dans l'impénitence; tels sont les concubinaires, les filles ou femmes prostituées, les sorciers et les farceurs, usuriers, &c." It was probably foreseen by the respondents that, if the case went as far as this, the Judicial Committee would certainly hold that the *et cetera* under which it was sought to bring GUIBORD's case, would at most be held to include "offences ejusdem generis as those specified." He was neither a sorcerer nor a usurer, and the phrase sorcerers, usurers, &c., cannot on any fair construction of words be held to include persons who are members of literary Societies which have prohibited books in their library. In addition to this, a personal sentence seems to have been required in most cases by the ecclesiastical law of France to constitute a man a "pêcheur public," and though the Council of Trent pronounces all who read or possess prohibited books to be *ipso facto* excommunicate, and therefore, as was urged by the respondents, public sinners, the Judicial Committee held that neither the decrees of the Council of Trent nor those of the Congregation of the Index were ever received or recognized in France. It would have been necessary therefore to show—which was not done—that the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada had consented to be bound by these decrees since the cession of the province to Great Britain. The decision of the Court consequently was that the Curé and Churchwardens had failed to show that at the time of his death GUIBORD had incurred any ecclesiastical censure which would justify the refusal of ecclesiastical burial. Inasmuch, however, as ecclesiastical burial was not the thing asked by the widow, the judgment only orders the burial of GUIBORD in that part of the cemetery in which the remains of Roman Catholics who receive ecclesiastical burial are usually interred. It appears, however, from a remark of the appellant's counsel during the argument, that the Canadian Institute which now represents the widow will not be content without ecclesiastical burial; and that, if the religious ceremonies are omitted on the occasion of GUIBORD's funeral, it is prepared to bring an action for damages against the Curé. It is quite possible, therefore, that the case will again be heard of.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MOST people will no doubt be sorry to hear that the affairs of the Crystal Palace are just now in rather a critical condition. Of course we do not mean to say that the Palace is a place of unequivocal enjoyment, or that it is popular with everybody. It is awkward to get at, and more difficult to get away from; on a great day there is too much squeezing, and on an ordinary day too much open desert; and at all times the weary lengths of hard flooring make the legs ache. Still, for all that, it is a place that we have all somehow got into the way of going to now and then, and it is wonderful how it has adapted itself to various social wants, and made itself necessary even for official ceremonies. There is, of course, no other country in the world where a King or Emperor who had arrived on a friendly visit would be handed over to a Joint Stock Company to be made a show of, on condition that he should be treated in return to a dinner and fireworks out of the profits of the exhibition. But then that happens to be our way, and if foreign potentates were not entertained by the Sydenham people, they would perhaps run some risk of not being entertained at all. A desponding shareholder suggested at the meeting the other day that it might soon be necessary to consider whether the Palace should not be pulled down, and the materials sold for what they would fetch; but it is to be hoped that this desperate contingency is still remote, if only for the sake of foreign princes. And, besides, there are the country cousins, the Foresters, the Bands of Hope, the Good Friday people, and the cats and canaries. It is evident that the Palace has many uses, and that it would be a public loss if it were by any chance to be closed. On the other hand,

however, the proprietors can hardly be expected to keep it up at a dead loss, and it certainly cannot be said to have fulfilled the lofty promises and glowing expectations with which it was originally projected. Some of the shareholders might perhaps be disposed to make a sacrifice of revenue for the sake of doing something to elevate and refine humanity; but as the Palace has almost from the first degenerated into an ordinary place of amusement, seeking to attract visitors by the usual vulgar means, it is not surprising that, in the absence of any moral satisfaction, a dividend should be keenly demanded. The Directors reply that they have done everything they could think of to make the place pay, but it was a bad bargain from the first; it requires constant patching and mending, and this runs away with the money.

There can be little doubt that the great, and probably fatal, mistake about the Crystal Palace is the immense size and peculiar construction of the building. Nothing could have been more appropriate for its original purpose than Sir JOSEPH PAXTON'S huge conservatory. What was then required was a very large building, with abundance of open well-lighted internal space, composed of light materials which could be quickly and inexpensively put up and taken down. There was no doubt at first a sort of romantic novelty in the edifice then constructed, but it was certainly not beautiful, and it was quite unfitted for permanent use. As it now stands, it disfigures by its huge, unmeaning bulk an exceedingly picturesque stretch of country, while its prominent situation exposes it to all the violence of the weather, and necessitates constant and ruinous repairs. There can be no question, indeed, that the whole Sydenham project was planned in a fit of vapoury enthusiasm, and without reference to practical conditions. Too much reliance was placed on the prestige of the Great Exhibition, and too much was attempted all at once. It was forgotten that the novelty of the experiment had been rubbed off, that a copy is never so attractive as the original, and that, in any case, Sydenham is rather out of the way compared with Hyde Park. The consequence has been that the enterprise has always been weighed down by the reckless and extravagant outlay to which it was committed at the outset, and which it has apparently never been able to shake off. The plain truth would seem to be that the Directors have got a place which is much too big and too costly ever to be made to pay. The mere current expenses of the building, the indispensable repairs, the cleaning, gardening, and so on, constitute a standing charge which leaves extremely little margin for profit. On special occasions, no doubt, there is a good harvest, but for the greater part of the year the Palace is, in vulgar language, simply eating its head off. The gale which blew down the North wing in 1861, and the fire which destroyed the Tropical end of the building five years later, were perhaps rather an advantage to the Company, and the question which it has now seriously to consider is whether it cannot further reduce the area of everyday expenditure. Another obviously weak point in the system of the Palace is the great variety of business which it is attempted to carry on at the same time. It is a great garden, a bazaar, a theatre, a concert-hall, a restaurant. Any one of these things, in order to be thoroughly well conducted, would require the close attention of a competent manager, and yet they are all included in the miscellaneous work of a single establishment. An effort is now being made to raise the character of the dramatic entertainments, and it is to be hoped that it may be successful. But it is impossible not to fear that the variety of functions which the Company assumes stands in the way of the success which would attend a more limited enterprise.

It is melancholy to compare the present condition of the Crystal Palace with its brilliant and imposing opening twenty years ago. The QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT, surrounded by Ministers and Mayors, took part in the ceremony; and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY attended officially to offer up a prayer for the success of the undertaking. This success, however, has not come in the shape of dividends, and the shareholders are naturally disappointed. If they had obtained credit for philanthropy and devotion to high art, that would have been always something, but they have not got even that. It is perhaps now forgotten that the Crystal Palace was originally established in order to "elevate and refine all classes of the community, to blend instruction with pleasure, to educate the eye and quicken and purify the taste, by the habit of regarding the beautiful," and generally to provide a high-class

substitute for "the debasing amusements of the town." It appears that the Palace now depends chiefly on the share of the profits derived from the sale of beer and sandwiches. But the descent of the Sydenham Exhibition from its original giddy elevation is not an isolated incident. It is remarkable that, although the Great Exhibition of 1851 was in itself undoubtedly a great success, a curious blight has smitten all the offshoots which sprang from it. The Exhibition of 1862 was not only a failure, but a scandal. The series of International Exhibitions which began in 1871 has just been brought to a miserable and ignominious end, and it is authoritatively announced that no repetition of the unhappy experiment is to be attempted. The Royal Albert Hall, which, like the Crystal Palace, started with the advantage of the prayers of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, is reduced to fitful competition with the ordinary concert-rooms. The explanation of the apparent fatality which has attended these various enterprises is no doubt to be found in the sickly and artificial conditions under which they originated. Nobody perhaps had any serious faith in the sort of millennial aspirations with which the Exhibition of 1851 was associated, and in any case they were destined to be soon rudely dissipated. But they had been put forth under the sanction of great names, and it was thought that the patronage at least was a good marketable commodity, and might be traded on in other ways. The result has demonstrated the error of this calculation. If any lesson is to be learned from the general decline of the brood of speculations which had their origin in the first Exhibition, it is that the most distinguished patronage and the most grandiloquent pretensions will not secure the permanent success of any kind of public amusement which has not in its own merits a more substantial foundation for its popularity. In the end, Crystal Palaces and Royal Albert Halls have, notwithstanding the imposing agencies invoked on their behalf, to find their natural level; and if they fail to furnish as attractive or convenient an entertainment as is offered elsewhere, they have to bear the consequences.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PREJUDICE.

PEOPLE who hope to reform the world by attacking the vast masses of existing ignorance are apt to regard stupidity as the grand obstacle in the way of progress. If only, they think, people could be got to use their minds, instead of taking everything on trust, the world would be far more malleable. What now requires a century might then be easily done in a generation. If human beings were only raised universally through one degree in the scale of intelligence, the consequences would surpass calculation. Most men are capable of seeing the force of a simple syllogism whilst it is kept steadily before them. If they were capable of following a chain of argument composed of two such syllogisms, the whole face of the world would be changed. Unluckily we generally find that, whilst we are attempting to raise the superstructure, the foundation has disappeared, and we come to regard the ordinary mind as a sort of quicksand capable of engulfing any amount of good logic without showing the smallest traces of the process. Admitting the existence of an evil which is indeed palpable enough, it may be as well to look for a moment upon the bright side of things; and to consider some of the advantages which we owe to the wide diffusion of a good honest stupidity. It would of course be an improvement if the average brain were rendered uniformly stronger than it is; we should be one degree further from the apes; but much that we revere as stupidity, and that does in fact deserve the name, is a quality which is absolutely necessary for the welfare of society. To destroy it would be to destroy the chief element of stability, and therefore an essential condition of safe progressive development. Prejudice is an unreasoning adherence to opinions; we propose to remove it by making people more sensitive to the promptings of their logical faculty; but we overlook the fact that in many cases, possibly in the majority of cases, the logical faculty does not deserve to be trusted, and that a man is more likely to be right who holds on blindly to the opinions in which he was born, or to those which satisfy his dumb instincts, than one who changes his opinions in obedience to the promptings of "what he is pleased to call his intellect."

Suppose, for example, that people were generally so logical that they surrendered at discretion to every argument which they could not answer. It is difficult to form an adequate estimate of the utter instability which would result. Not long ago a distinguished gentleman of ripe years, and presumably far above the average in point of intellectual vigour, became a Roman Catholic at a moment's notice. The arguments which convinced him would be equally unanswerable to everybody at his stage of mental development. If all such persons were equally sensitive to logic, we might wake up one morning and find that half the population had become the obedient disciples of Dr. Manning. At a slightly different stage of intel-

lectual development the arguments of Mr. Bradlaugh might appear to be equally convincing, and another large part of the population would rush into the opposite extreme of absolute infidelity. The discovery of a slightly new mode of putting some old argument would throw the whole weight of opinion from one side to another at a moment's notice; and we should change our religious and political creeds as rapidly at least as ladies change their fashions. The good stolid adherence to opinions which prevents such sudden oscillations is generally stigmatized as prejudice, and is sometimes regarded as an unmixed evil. Yet, after all, it may be doubted whether it does not really indicate a more reasonable state of mind. A man who changes his creed at a moment's notice in obedience to some clever logical artifice may not be really more logical than the man who adheres to his prejudice in spite of logic. The prejudice which ballasts the ordinary mind is frequently what might more fairly be described as latent logic. It is a dumb recognition of the fact that the change of opinion which is forced upon him by an apparently unanswerable argument really involves a whole series of changes in his manner of contemplating the world, of which he cannot render an articulate account to himself, but which may nevertheless fairly influence his understanding. When any system of doctrine has really sunk into a man's mind and coloured all his habitual modes of thought, he cannot give it up because upon one particular point it may appear to be demonstrably erroneous. The thoroughly good reasoner who can grasp all the relations of the controversy would be able to draw out into a definite statement a whole series of arguments which a clever and versatile thinker disregards because he cannot state them definitely, and which the prejudiced man obeys, though he is unable to produce them. The man of prejudice will undoubtedly appear to be more stupid than his more easily converted friend; but the quality for which he is ridiculed may imply, not a deficient faculty for dialectics, but a greater sensibility to really logical considerations. The man who prides himself specially on his logic is generally a man who has a power of excluding from his mind all arguments which cannot be expressed in a neat set of syllogisms, and therefore, very often, the arguments which are of most importance to the forming a sound opinion.

We are apt, therefore, to look with considerable suspicion upon people whose favourite virtue is the rather ambiguous quality known as candour. The candid man is generally also the crotchety man. We have unfortunately no difficulty in recognizing the type of thinker who is always open to argument upon all points. There are a number of amiable and excellent persons who seem to go about the world picking up new crotchets and defending them all with equal ingenuity. They are so ingenious and fertile in demonstration that they are predestined to be the natural victims of every new impostor. At an earlier period of history they would have become notorious for the invention of new heresies, and would have gone to the stake with admirable heroism. As it is, they enjoy such a small imitation of martyrdom as can be made out of the ridicule of sensible people, and take to themselves infinite credit for not being influenced by a sense of humour. In one direction they become teetotallers or vegetarians. They prove by the most unimpeachable reasons that all the ills which flesh is heir to are caused by the publicans and the butchers. They gather together men likeminded with themselves, and present themselves to the unbelieving world upon platforms, with the sense that they are the sult of the earth. In political life they discover that all the evils of democracy and socialism may be fundamentally cured by altering the system of voting, and that the salvation of mankind depends upon the general adoption of their peculiar patent ballot-box. Other persons believe that social evils of all kinds will be eradicated as soon as we have generally adopted their new system of drainage. Such people are the great patrons of mediums. They resent the argument founded upon the general resemblance of their favourite charlatans to the other impostors who in all ages have practised upon the credulity of mankind. That is merely an expression of unreasoning prejudice. If you can produce a good tangible proof that on some definite occasion a table really jumped into the air or rapped out a message from the other world, they hold that, till you have exposed the particular trick, you are bound to hold your judgment in suspense. One is rather disposed to envy people whose opinions are in such a fluid state that they can all be fundamentally changed by the discovery of a single argument, and whose intellects are never encumbered by any solid mass of immovable conviction. It must be very pleasant to the imagination to feel that nothing is finally settled, and that some new turn of the kaleidoscope may present the universe in a totally new guise. It must give an interest to any course of inquiry when you can never be sure that it will not invert every recognized opinion, and enable you to bound from Ultramontanism to Atheism and back again at any new turn of the wheel. And yet, on the whole, when we have contemplated the performances of such intellectual acrobats, we cannot but value more highly the good old force of prejudice or stupidity which enables so many of us to keep our feet planted on the solid earth, and allows us to be perfectly content if in the course of our lives we have got one or two new opinions solidly wedged in amongst our old convictions.

A good deal has been said lately about the logic of feeling. Scientific people are never tired of warning us that we ought not to allow our wishes to determine our reason, and that the fact that a particular theory is pleasant is no reason for holding it to be true. We certainly do not mean to dispute this doctrine in the terms in which it is stated. We

are all a great deal too much inclined to shut our eyes to any line of argument which threatens to lead to uncomfortable conclusions. But there is a certain sphere within which this logic may be legitimately applied; and though in one sense the opinions to which it leads may be called unreasoning prejudices, they are often prejudices of a very healthy kind. We may, for example, know a man or a school of men to be humbugs without being able to draw out our reasons into definite mood and figure. It is not that we have not reasons which may be amply sufficient; but that they depend upon a number of observations and presumptions too fine to be translated into language. When we have to do with human beings in practical life, we have to distrust some and to put implicit confidence in others, though, if we were cross-examined in a court of justice, we should be entirely unable to give satisfactory grounds for our conclusions. If, because we were sensible of this inability, we were to refuse to take our instincts into account, we should very soon get into intolerable difficulties. The Johnsonian argument, "The man's a rogue, and there's an end on 't," is very often an extremely simple one, though it does not conform to any recognized logical formula. The same mode of reasoning is extremely useful in more speculative questions. A good many beliefs which go up and down in the world may be summarily set aside, because we have an instinctive perception that they are the beliefs of charlatans and dupes, without much risk of serious error. Here and there, of course, such opinions may be new truths which are slowly revealing themselves to mankind. If we trust to our prejudices, we must be content to be in some respects behind the most advanced thinkers; but we shall avoid falling into a great many small errors which are destined simply to increase the rubbish-heap of decayed nonsense which is always accumulating. And at any rate it is as well that the opposing force of dumb prejudice should be strong enough to impose a severe test upon new doctrines in the struggle for existence, so that those alone may survive which have some intrinsic vitality.

TUSCULUM.

A CITY which has twice been the rival of Rome has of itself no mean place in history. But that the history of the world should run in such cycles that Rome could, at two stages of her being, find a rival within sight of the Palatine—that the city whose borders had once been on the Euphrates and the Solway should come again to strive on equal terms with enemies on the Alban hills—this teaches us a more instructive lesson still. Rome was the victim of her own greatness. It was because Rome had first subdued, then incorporated, the whole civilized world—because all the Mediterranean lands had been merged in Rome and all their free inhabitants had become Romans—because, as Rome was everywhere, the sovereign of Rome was as much at home at York or at Antioch, at Byzantium or at Aachen, as he was on the Palatine or the Capitol—it was directly because of all this that a day came when Rome was again a single Latin city waging war with other Latin cities, nay more, a day when she stooped to receive her Bishops at the bidding of the lords of the city whose earlier lords had fought to restore her Tarquins. On the same range of hills, within sight of Rome, lay two cities by whose side Rome was young. Both were kindred cities; one, so legend said, was Rome's own metropolis. Both were swept from the earth in local warfare with Rome. But a long time indeed passed between the earlier and the later deed of destruction. One perished before trustworthy history begins; the other perished as it were yesterday, in the twelfth century of our era. Rome, in her infancy, deemed the ruin of Alba needful for her own safety. Then came a time in which the like plea called for the ruin of Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem. Then came again a time when her enemies were once more at her gates, and Tusculum perished as Alba had perished eighteen hundred years before. And mark too that Rome's wrath was more abiding against the nearer victims. A day came when Roman Dictators and Emperors bade Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem arise from their ruins. No such command went forth to Alba or to Tusculum. Tusculum is still a forsaken ruin on its hill-top; Alba has perished so utterly that scholars dispute about its site.

The site of Tusculum does not stand out in the general view of Latium as we might have expected either from the history of the city or from the real height and strength of the place when we reach it. The whole range of which it forms a part is overshadowed by the mighty peak of the Latin Jupiter, the temple where Marcellus triumphed, and whose remains were swept away by the fanatical barbarism of the last Stewart. But besides this, the Tusculan height does not stand out in any special way from the other heights on its own level. In the general view it forms part of the Alban range, and that is all. But a visit to the spot itself shows what Tusculum really was, and shows also why it was that Tusculum on its height was outstripped by its younger rival by the Tiber. The difference simply is that one was on the height and that the other was by the Tiber. Tusculum belongs to the oldest class of cities, to the days when defence was all in all, when the main object was to find a spot strong by nature and to make it yet stronger by art. It was a step, and a great step, in civilization when men came down from the heights and occupied sites by the rivers, sites in which defence was no longer all in all, but where commerce and general convenience were thought of also. The change from Tusculum to Rome is the change which Homer marks between Dardaniæ on Ida and holy Rhoë in the

plain. Tusculum on her mountain top might well be the head of Latium; but she could only be the head in the sense of dominion or pre-eminence. Perched on her own height, she could never incorporate the towns on the lower heights around her. They might be her enemies, her subjects, or her confederates; they could never become part of her own being. It was otherwise with the lower heights by the Tiber; there the process which in the end incorporated all the Mediterranean lands could begin with the incorporation of the Palatine and Capitoline hills into one city with a common Comitium. Tusculum might, in one state of things, be the head of a Latin confederacy; in another state of things it might be the seat of Counts powerful and dreaded by their neighbours. But it could never become the head of Italy; still less could it become the head of the Mediterranean world.

The true historic position of Tusculum is thus, if the phrase be not a bull, at least as much prehistoric as historic. To many minds the name would rather call up associations belonging to an intermediate date. As a favourite dwelling-place of Cicero, as having given its name to an important portion of his works, Tusculum suggests the thoughts of times widely different from those of either its earlier or its later rivalry with Rome. But this is what we may call an accidental interest. To have formed part of the Roman state is common to Tusculum with half Europe; to have been a favourite retiring-place of the great men of Rome is common to Tusculum with crowds of other spots in Italy. The distinctive history of the place lies in the earlier and the later times, and in the remarkable cycle by which the mediæval position of the place repeated its prehistoric position. On a visit to the spot itself, we see the traces of all periods, though the traces of the last of all are conspicuous only by their absence. There is the Tusculum of the Latin Dictators and the Tusculum of the Roman Consular. For the Tusculum of the Counts, the Tusculum which fought for Cæsar when Cæsar was Rome's enemy, we look in vain. The remains of the Latin and of the Roman city are there in abundance. Of the mediæval city there is not a vestige. But the very absence of such vestiges is of itself the most speaking of all witnesses to the mediæval history of the city. In the first days of Henry the Sixth Rome avenged on Tusculum the overthrow which the Roman arms had suffered at Tusculan hands in the days of his father. And the vengeance of Rome was thorough. There was no motive to root up the scanty traces of days gone by, of the citadel of Mamilius or of the villa of Cicero. But the Tusculum which Rome dreaded was utterly swept away. Of house, church, or castle, such as they must have stood in the twelfth century, not a sign is left. Mediæval Tusculum has vanished; in after days the insignificant Frascati lower down the hill arose as a poor substitute for the threatening rival of Rome.

The ascent to Tusculum really begins a long way off, on the road from Rome to Frascati; but it is at Frascati that the special climb to the ancient site begins. Frascati itself, in a Roman ruin which is pointed out as the tomb of Lucullus, gives a slight instalment of what is coming. As all roads lead to Rome, so many paths, from Frascati at least, lead to Rome's rival. A guide therefore is hardly needful, unless there are any in the company who shrink from the use of their own feet. Yet the guide's presence will throw some little light on an aspect of human nature which is always curious. The guide can hardly be persuaded that you do not want to stop and see some Villa Borghese or Buonaparte, or something of the kind—among the mushroom "princes" of Rome one is not always sure of one's particular tyrant's or Pope's nephew—he is a little surprised that you do want to stop and see the first monument of the old city to which you come, the amphitheatre, which he presently proclaims to be the School of Cicero. Yet the guide has his use; if asked, he does know the ancient remains, and he can show where some of them are which the traveller will have some difficulty in finding, if he has no better help than the utterly confused account in Murray's Handbook. The guide, in short, adapts himself to those whom he guides; he himself knows better than most of them; but, as most of them think more of a modern house and garden than of the remains of the ancient city, he assumes that the villa and not the amphitheatre is the point at which the traveller will wish to stop. He himself, perhaps discreetly for himself and his beasts, tarries at the highest level of the Roman remains, and leaves the traveller to climb the height of the oldest Tusculum for himself. For the existing ruins naturally fall into three parts, which the traveller must necessarily reach in an order which is the reverse of chronological. First in date, last to be reached, is the highest point of the hill, the *arx* or acropolis, the original primeval fortress from which Tusculum and its Dictators looked around on a crowd of other heights crowned by cities confederate or hostile, while the Rome of those days, when there was as yet no cupola on the Vatican, no lofty front on the Coelian, no soaring campanile on the Esquiline, faintly showed its rival towers in the distance. The *fastigium* of Jupiter on the Capitol may have dimly shown itself, as a distant and lowlier rival to the prouder Jupiter of the Alban Mount. We look over the lowlands of Latium to the sea that brought the civilization of the ancient world; we think perhaps of Mamilius and his vest of purple,

Woven in the land of sunrise
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
And by the sails of Carthage brought
Far o'er the southern waters;

but we think, too, that the gifts of that sea were open to the city by the Tiber in a way in which they were not open to the city on the height; we remember that Tusculum could never have grappled with Carthage on her own element, or have reckoned the "land of sun-

rise" among her provinces beyond the sea. Yet we can believe that, in the eye of the men of earlier times, the *arx* of Tusculum on its mountain height may have seemed to have a right to look down with scorn on the fortresses on the Palatine and the Capitoline, mere molehills by the side of the river. The height was a citadel formed by nature, so steep and rocky that the greater part of its circuit needed no artificial defences; its very gateway was already made; the men who first fortified the height had merely to hang their gate—the socket may still be seen—between two masses of rock which stood ready to receive it. On one side only, and that ominously the Romeward side, the hill is less steep and rugged, and there alone vestiges can be traced of a wall of massive square stones, like the earliest walls of Rome, and of a gate and approach made by the hand of man. The height of Tusculum was a point exactly fitted for the settlement of a primitive people in prehistoric times; it was no less fitted in after times to become the culture's nest of a robber noble. But, small as are the traces of the wall of the Tusculan Dictators, some traces there still are, while of the works of the Tusculan Counts not a stone is left.

Within the *arx* the foundations of several buildings can be traced, and the sides of the hill are honeycombed with grottoes, chambers, whatever one chooses to call them, in a way which reminds one of Nottingham Castle. But the best preserved Roman remains, and what is, after all, the most remarkable remnant of the ante-Roman city, are found on the lower level. There are the theatre, the reservoir, the odd little set of semicircular steps which some call a "children's theatre," and others, more reasonably, a lecture-room; there is the open space that was the forum, and a mass of sculpture and architectural details built up into a modern but forsaken house. All these are plain enough to be seen; but the traveller might possibly miss what is far more precious than any of them. To the left of the theatre, as we go upwards, a little way down the steep and rugged path up which Macaulay leads the dark-grey charger of Mamilius, is a grand fragment of the town-wall, and, better than all, there is an undoubted monument of primitive times in a chamber roofed, like the Tullianum at Rome, not with the real, but with the apparent, arch. It is one of those examples of that striving after the arch, before its full construction was reached, of which there are so many examples in early works in Italy, Greece, and elsewhere. And here, as in many other cases, the form which the apparent arch takes is not round but pointed—the guide points to it as "*arco ttonico*." It would not be beyond the bounds of possibility that some may believe that it is the work of Alaric or Totilas. It proves, like so many other examples, that the mere form of the pointed arch is at least as old as the round. But it was not till a good deal more than a millennium after the days of Tusculum that the Saracens first learned to use it as the main constructive feature of great buildings, and it was not till some centuries later again that the architects of North-Western Europe provided it with an appropriate form of moulding and ornament. We come up again to the level of the theatre, we pass along the ancient pavement, we mark the wheel-tracks which may have been made by the wheels of Cicero, we pass the ruins of what calls itself his villa, we come again to the amphitheatre, and our visit to Tusculum is done. We have seen the memorials of the Dictators, and we need not look for the memorials of the Counts. We see that mediæval Rome had at least not forgotten the art of Mummification, that she could still sweep with the besom of destruction, when vengeance or policy called for the utter rooting-up of a rival.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE.

THE ball set going by Mr. Gladstone continues to roll merrily. One after another his champions and assailants in the Roman Catholic body are coming forward to speak their mind with a zeal and directness which probably exceeds his most sanguine expectations. Large, however, as is the volume of correspondence which has inundated the columns of the *Times*, even since we last called attention to the subject a week ago, the controversy is still centred round one or two crucial points, and every letter supplies a fresh proof alike of the general loyalty of the Catholic body, and of the open or latent inconsistencies by which the Ultramontane section of it manage to maintain in violation their profession of concurrent allegiance. To adopt The O'Donoghue's phrase, which is peculiarly applicable to his own lucubrations in Monday's *Times*, "amazement is the prevailing condition of mind at the expenditure of so much rhetoric" in order to prove the entire compatibility, not only in the concrete, which we readily admit, but in the abstract, of a hearty acceptance of the Vatican Decrees with an entire "loyalty to the Crown and Constitution." The substance of his letter, which occupies nearly a column, may be summed up in one sentence. He is very angry with Mr. Gladstone; he is well assured of the civil loyalty and allegiance of his co-religionists, which was remarkably exemplified in Archbishop Manning's presiding, "even on a Sunday," over "a monster meeting of Protestant workmen"—according to the reports a large proportion of them were Irish Catholics—in Hyde Park; he "glories in proclaiming his entire submission to the authority of the Pope," and means to bring up his children in the same principles, and not "like the couple of dozen nineteenth-century Catholics," such as Lord Acton and Lord Camoys, who "sear beyond their wits"; and lastly, he carried out his entire submission, though this is rather implied than expressly stated, by voting in the last Session of Parliament against Mr.

Gladstone's Irish University Bill. We respect The O'Donoghue's evident sincerity, and fully recognize his loyalty. But the course pursued by him, in common with nearly all the Irish Roman Catholic members on the occasion just referred to, and for which Mr. Dense takes especial credit in the *Times* of Tuesday, was quite correctly described the other day in the reported conversation of Dr. Dollinger with a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The proposed measure, whatever might be its merits or demerits in other respects, was, even in its amended form, a large concession to Roman Catholic claims, but it did not concede everything, and accordingly the Irish members were directed by their Bishops, "who had received orders from Rome to use all means in their power to oppose it," to throw out the Bill. And the same policy would of course be repeated in any similar case. A very different state of things certainly from that existing some thirty or forty years ago, when, as we are reminded in Mr. Greville's Journal, the Irish Catholic Bishops were virtually nominated by the British Government, who, whenever a vacancy occurred, regularly applied, through an officious diplomatic agent, to the Holy See, which almost invariably acceded to their suggestion.

Between the fervidrodomontade of The O'Donoghue and the calm and measured gravity of the letter which immediately followed his in the *Times* there is a very long interval. Mr. De Lisle writes with the culture, the courtesy, and the sober self-restraint of an educated English gentleman, and he can hardly, even by Mgr. Capel or the *Tablet*, be hustled out of court as a disaffected or "apostate" member of his Church. On the contrary, he has been known for years as one of the most munificent benefactors of the religion in whose service his pen has also been constantly employed, having himself founded an abbey on his estates and built several Roman Catholic churches. Nevertheless he "has no hesitation" in expressing his satisfaction at the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and insisting on the necessity of proving that the conditions on which Catholic Emancipation was granted have not been weakened or annulled. And he not only joins emphatically in Sir George Bowyer's protest against Mgr. Capel's assertion of the supremacy of the ecclesiastical over the civil power, but pronounces a severe censure on "the fatal exaggerations of men who on all occasions are ready to rush to the front ranks of the Catholic body, as if they and they alone were the accredited champions of the Catholic cause." This reminds us of the "Lay Catholic's" challenge to the "Catholic Union" to produce its warrant for pompously announcing what "the Catholics of Great Britain" believe and think, which is indeed rather too much like the famous proclamation of the three tailors of Tooley Street. Mr. De Lisle particularly instances and rebukes a statement of Mgr. Patterson's in the *Contemporary Review*, "that the authority of the Popes is absolute and unlimited over all persons, whether sovereigns or subjects." Such pretensions, he thinks, "will evidently be endured no longer," but nevertheless he declares his hearty acceptance of the Decrees of the Vatican Council, and thereby does certainly lay himself open to an obvious retort. We do not here refer exclusively or chiefly to Mr. Archer Shee's very pertinent comment, that the Vatican Decrees are not even in form the decrees of a Council at all, but simply a declaration of the Pope himself, issued "with the approval of the Council," whereas the Decrees of Trent, as of all the ancient Œcumenical Synods, run in the name of the Council itself, not of the Pope. This is perfectly true, and Dr. Johnson's verbose reply, far from meeting the real point of the objection, distinctly confirms it; indeed Cardinal Antonelli, when officially announcing the publication of the infallibilist dogma, styled it, not a conciliar decree, but "an Apostolic (i.e. Papal) Constitution." But it is still more to our purpose to observe that Mgr. Patterson's assertion, which Mr. De Lisle so strongly condemns, is an almost verbal reproduction, in a somewhat modified form, of the claim asserted in the famous Bull *Unam Sanctam*, which all Ultramontanes justly regard as infallible. Boniface VIII. there "defines and pronounces" that "it is absolutely necessary for salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff." And the context, as well as the circumstances under which the Bull was issued, during the Pope's quarrel with Philip the Fair, abundantly proves that temporal subjection was inclusively, or rather primarily, intended and understood. Philip accordingly lost no time in replying, in language more forcible than courtly, "Let thy supreme folly know that in temporals we are subject to no man" (*Sciat maxima tua fatuitas in temporalibus nos dicui non subesse*). We do not clearly see how Mr. De Lisle can reconcile his hearty acceptance of the Vatican Decrees with his rejection of this *ex cathedra* Papal definition, or how he can look for an authoritative explanation, which shall be satisfactory to himself and to the outside public, from "our Apostolic Bishops," who notoriously act under the control of Archbishop Manning.

Lord Acton's letter in the *Times* of Tuesday last has a twofold importance, though it need not detain us long. In the first place, when he declares that the communion of his Church is "dearer to him than life," and that it "stands on the sure ground of an institution and a guidance that are divine," he sufficiently disposes of the coarse and vulgar vituperation of those who denounce him as the member of "an apostate triumvirate." In the next place he has now met the challenge addressed to him by Mgr. Capel and other assailants by producing the evidence for his "atrocious charges" with a fulness and precision for which perhaps they were hardly prepared. In one minor point indeed, which has no direct bearing on his argument, we notice what looks like a slip of the pen. Surely James I.'s Queen, Anne of Denmark, was not

a Catholic. And it would perhaps have been as well to add to his statement about Huss, that, as Palacky himself points out in his *History of Bohemia*, the safe-conduct for his journey was not intended to guarantee him against the sentence of the Council. It is hardly necessary, after Lord Acton has thus completely "verified his charges," to discuss Lord Arundell of Wardour's strange assertion "that during the last two centuries no Pope has trenchanted upon the political ground," which was implicitly refuted by our extracts last week from the *Dublin Review*. Nor is the distinction of much consequence, even if it could be established, for the Syllabus declares that no Pope has ever exceeded his legitimate rights, and Lord Arundell will hardly deny that many of the mediæval Popes have trenchanted very considerably upon the political ground. We are glad, however, to observe that he disagrees with Canon Oakley and the Syllabus in affirming the abstract principle, as well as the present expediency, of liberty of conscience; while he also repudiates Mgr. Capel's views, who is, by the way, summarily put aside by another of his co-religionists, Mr. O'Donnell, as neither a canonist nor a theologian. We may add that Bishop Ullathorne's angry and intemperate Pastoral contributes no fresh matter to the controversy, beyond the vigorous assertion of his extreme displeasure both with Mr. Gladstone and with those members of his own communion who do not, as one of them has happily phrased it, "share his quarrel with the facts of history and the laws of thought."

Meanwhile the practical application of divided allegiance has been illustrated during the last few days in an unexpected manner, and in a sphere to which Mgr. Capel went out of his way to call attention in his not very felicitous letter to the *Times*. The obligations of the Fourth Commandment, he reminded us, must be limited by the duty to obey God rather than a parent, and a correspondence published in the same paper last Tuesday affords rather startling evidence of the sense in which Archbishop Manning understands that limitation. The affair is altogether so very significant in more ways than one, and has so obvious a connexion with the subject under review, that we may be excused for putting on record its main incidents here. It appears that Mr. Browne, an undergraduate at New College who had taken honours in Moderations, and was reading for a class in the final schools, has lately become a Roman Catholic. His father very naturally wished him to remain at Oxford, which he could do without any interference with his religion, till he had completed his University course, but on writing to him to that effect, received the following reply:—

Since I saw you I have been to London to see the Archbishop of Westminster, and to learn from him the mind of the Church as relating to my future course. When I had laid the whole matter before him, I assure you I was much surprised to hear that the Holy See has expressly condemned the English Universities as dangerous to faith and morals. This being the case, the Archbishop could only give me one reply to my question—an unconditional negative; and, as I have submitted my judgment to that of the Church, the only course for me is acquiescence in his decision.

Whereupon Mr. Browne senior wrote a courteous letter to the Archbishop to inquire if his son had rightly understood him, and expressing his surprise that such an objection should be raised by "a Church professing to encourage learning." To this inquiry the Archbishop's secretary replied:—

I am desired by the Archbishop to acknowledge your letter of the 26th inst., and to forward to you a copy of the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops, where you will find, on p. 10, the directions of the Holy See on the subject of the English Universities.

The passage quoted in the Pastoral, to which we called attention at the time*, contains no "directions of the Holy See," but simply a "declaration" adverse to the English Universities, first issued in the year of Dr. Manning's elevation to the see of Westminster, and a few days before the death of Cardinal Wiseman, who—though not himself, like his successor, an Oxford man—had never supported this arbitrary policy of obscurantism. It was notorious at the time that the declaration had been obtained by the strenuous efforts of Dr. Manning, in opposition to the known opinions of many of the Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy, and the avowed desire of a large body of the laity, who had formally deprecated it, and had come forward to offer their moral and material support to Dr. Newman's scheme of opening a Hall at Oxford. Mr. Paley, himself a zealous convert, lost no time in denouncing the grievous "mistake" of the declaration published in last year's Pastoral, and testifying, on the strength of forty years residence at Cambridge, that "not only is the utmost respect and consideration shown by all for the convictions of Catholics, but the morality of students is now more carefully watched and protected than perhaps it can be anywhere away from home." When the first rumours were heard of the Bishops forbidding students to resort to Oxford and Cambridge, a well-known Abbot, now removed from the scene, observed, "Then they won't be obeyed." And in fact, ever since the abolition of tests, there have always been, as there are now, several Roman Catholic undergraduates at Oxford, and a good many cases have also occurred like Mr. Browne's of conversions taking place during the University career without any interruption of the curriculum. It has been reserved for Dr. Manning not only to force the hand of Rome against the known opinions and wishes of a large (probably much the largest) part of his co-religionists, but to press a declaration into a command, which Rome has had the characteristic discretion to withhold; and he has done this in the obviously exceptional case of a convert already more than half way through his Oxford course, whose career and

prosperity for life may be blighted by this high-handed act of arbitrary interference with parental authority. That the "faith" of a neophyte, in all the fresh fervour of conversion, would be endangered by a year's longer residence at Oxford will hardly be seriously maintained; and Dr. Manning at least knows quite enough of the ways of Oxford and the ways of the world to be well aware that "morals" are to the full as safe in an Oxford College as in London. But no means are to be spared to beat up recruits for Mgr. Capel's rising little academy at Kensington, which can hardly be expected to compete successfully by its own unaided merits, however distinguished, with the older English Universities. It remains to be seen whether Roman Catholic parents will be as submissive as Mr. Browne junior in accepting the Archbishop's "unconditional negative."

It is at all events amusing, after reading the correspondence columns of the *Times* for the last three weeks, to turn to a *Reply to Mr. Gladstone* just published by a Monk of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate. The Monk, who writes with the shallow self-sufficiency, and in the slangy dialect, of a sharp and bumptious schoolboy, does succeed in detecting a few mistakes of detail in Mr. Gladstone's reading of the Syllabus, especially as to the sacrament of marriage. But what is to be thought of the historical knowledge of a writer who asserts that the Acts of the Council of Constance prove nothing as to the right of an Ecumenical Council to sit in judgment on a Pope, which right it formally defined and summarily exercised by deposing John XXIII.; or of his acquaintance with modern theology, when he "simply denies" that there is any difference of opinion among "present Catholic divines" as to the meaning of the term *ex cathedra*? Still more astonishing, however, in the face of recent revelations, is his bouncing asseveration that no single Catholic dreams of not accepting the Vatican Decrees "as oracles of the Holy Ghost." We are almost tempted to reply, in his own words, "Now, in the name of everything absurd, what does all this mean?" Nor are we much enlightened by two explanatory letters which appeared in the *Times* yesterday. Mgr. Capel, who is evidently alarmed at the storm he has raised about his head, writes to say that "the personal infallibility of the Pope" was no phrase of his, but was cited in inverted commas from Lord Camoys's letter. Of course it was, but it was cited for the purpose of saying that, "if Lord Camoys seriously and obstinately refuses to accept 'the doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope,' then does he make shipwreck of the faith, and *ipso facto* separate himself from communion with the Church and See of St. Peter." If this does not mean that "the doctrine of the personal infallibility" is an essential condition of orthodoxy and Church membership, we must confess our inability to attach any meaning at all to the words. Dr. Johnson is not much happier in his attempt to answer Mr. See; to his other critic he does not even profess to offer a reply. The fundamental difference between the form of the "Papal Constitutions" of the Vatican Council and the conciliar decrees of Trent remains just where it was before, and the change was deliberately made against the protest of many of the Bishops. As to his four conditions of an Ecumenical Council, the first and last depend solely for their validity on the Vatican Decrees, and cannot therefore be alleged in evidence of the validity of those decrees, and not one of the four will bear the test of history. Every fresh attempt to bolster up those unfortunate dogmas seems only to reveal more clearly the hopelessness of the task.

PLAIN COOKS' MISTRESSES.

WHEN a young professional man marries, he often fondly imagines he is acting wisely in choosing his wife from a family poorer than his own. He fancies that a young lady brought up with few luxuries will be simple in her ideas. He calculates that, having never had money to spend, she will be moderate in her expenditure; that, being a poor man's daughter, she is the better fitted for the part of a poor man's wife; and that, having lived in a household supported on, say, 400*l.* a year, she will be easily able to make ends meet where there is 500*l.* He could hardly make a greater mistake. There are brilliant exceptions, no doubt. But the girl who has never had money to spend, and who has never seen money spent, has no idea of how to spend it when she has it. She thinks 500*l.* a year a fortune. Her notions of what may be done with it are perfectly unlimited. Broughams, little dinners, an occasional box at Covent Garden, Mudie's, a maid, lots of new dresses, gloves that need never be cleaned or mended, all these and other visions float through her mind. She is of course very soon awakened to realities, and is at first amazed at the rapidity with which her housekeeping allowance melts away. The region of extras is never reached, and it is well if she does not soon get into debt with her weekly bills, or forestall her income to pay for something she has ordered without having counted the cost. A man with a small income consults his future comfort to much better purpose by choosing a wife where there is money, even if he is not to have any share of it with her. If she has seen her father give hundreds of pounds for a picture or a horse, she at least knows how much such things cost; and if, as in most families of the kind, the young ladies have a regular allowance, she is able to tell how much will be required for dress, and how impossible it will be to have any of the things which an inexperienced wife will wish for and perhaps expect. She has also the advantage of knowing how little married happiness really depends upon such things, and how small is the gratification to be obtained from

possessing them. And she probably knows that extravagance is just as fatal to 50,000*l.* a year as to 500*l.*, and that to keep out of debt requires management, whatever the amount of the annual income. Accustomed to many servants, she knows what care will be needed to get the work of even a small house done by two; and so she helps them as much as possible, will take a share in the dusting, especially of ornaments, will not hesitate to go to the hall door when they are busy. On Sunday afternoons she will receive the milk in the orthodox manner through the area rails, rather than keep the cook from performing her devotions or taking a walk with her sweetheart. Even if she is not a good housekeeper, her servants have some consideration for her in return, and perhaps even occasionally endeavour to be saving and careful in their own departments. But such mistresses are rare, and the man who has one of them for his wife is fortunate. Too often the young and inexperienced woman begins married life with the idea that having servants and a house of her own means simply doing just what she likes. She probably commences with a protracted fit of three-volume novels, the first fruits of her emancipation from her mother and schoolmistress. She reads them reclining on her sofa, and often hurts her health by alternately spending all the day in a close atmosphere and taking long walks on damp afternoons to look in at shop windows—another pleasure hitherto forbidden. She is addicted to wearing tight stays and high-heeled boots, and eats chocolate between her meals. She rises so late that breakfast is always a scramble; and as she has not remembered to order it the night before, her husband is often obliged to be off before the eggs or the ham have been procured. If he is at all demonstrative, the chances are that he goes to his day's work leaving the wife of his bosom in tears; and there are men so weak that a scene in the morning, and a bad breakfast, will unhinge them for the day. But such feelings become blunted before long, and the husband who does not die of having to work almost fasting survives to make his wife wonder how she could have married him.

After breakfast and the departure of her husband, she descends to the kitchen. Her temper is already ruffled. Her dress, owing to the hurry of her toilet, is unbecoming, often untidy; and, disordered herself, she proceeds to order dinner. Her own condition is admirably reflected in that of the kitchen and the cook. Having made no plan beforehand, and having no idea of how best to use the things already in the house, she leaves it to the cook to suggest what will give her the least trouble, and is not sorry when her own part of the business is over. The air of the kitchen is not so sweet as to make it pleasant to stay there long; and she departs with relief when the invariable mutton and rice pudding has been proposed by the cook and adopted by the mistress. No thought of going out to see what may be had in the market, no idea of choosing vegetables or meat, ever crosses her mind. She is quite content that the greengrocer and the butcher should serve her at their own will, and allows her cook, who by this time should be busy with the servants' dinner, to go out for what is required, while she herself retires to her room. Her education has only taught her the necessity of following the fashion, and she probably puts off her novel-reading while she occupies her time with trying to imitate in cheap materials a dress she has seen on some one else, though its beauty may have consisted in the cunning cutting out of an experienced hand, or in the appropriate adjustment of costly lace. Meanwhile her servants get through their work as they please, their slovenly hands learning no neatness from her example, and their experience teaching them only how to do as little as possible for their wages. Her view of housekeeping consists chiefly in locking everything up, and in giving out without any accurate knowledge of how much or how little is really required. The cook is trusted with money to pay the tradesmen, and if she pockets the money and leaves the bills to be paid when she has gone to another place, no one is more surprised than her mistress. Such things happen even in well-regulated households, and they are common occurrences where the mistress knows nothing of the value of ready money, the blame seldom falling where it should. Servants are taught dishonesty by neglect, and are often as much demoralized by too little trust as by too much. Unthrift and waste are the precursors of peculation, and the mistress who locks everything up, and then leaves her keys lying about, can hardly be brought to see that it would be much better to leave all her cupboards open and depend for security on her knowledge of what is in them. Such housekeepers never have a hammer where it may be found to knock in a nail; they never put by a piece of string; they never keep a little store of wrapping-paper for parcels. There are no neat covers provided for the furniture at night, nor clean dusters and brushes for private use. The handles come off the doors and remain loose for weeks, and the door-keys are always lost, or are fitted into the wrong locks. The cat has easy ingress to the meat-safe through a hole in the canvas; the mice and the bluebottles revel in the larder. There is only one corkscrew for the use of the family above stairs and down, and it is always missing when it is wanted on either story. There is running to and fro if a friend drops in for luncheon, and the visitor is always kept waiting a quarter of an hour before the lady of the house comes down. The kettle is never boiling for afternoon tea, and the bread and butter is always cut with a knife redolent of onion. The clock on the mantelpiece has always run down, or strikes half-past eleven when the hands point at four. Bradshaw is never to be found, and if found it would be useless,

as no one can interpret its mysteries. The smell of cooking pervades the house to its topmost chambers, and appetite is forestalled by the odour of roast mutton or fried herrings. The holes in the table-cloth or the chair-covers are never darned. The dish-covers are always broken. The mustard is dry in the mustard-pot, and the coffee is full of grounds. The housemaid's duster lies on the drawing-room hearth-rug, and the ornamental handles of the fire-irons are always loose. There is never any water in the bedroom ewers, and a guest who asks to wash his hands has to put up with a damp towel. The tap of the beer-barrel never fits, and hot water is served up in a milky jug. The bells will not ring, and orders are given at table in a stage whisper, and are often repeated before they receive any attention. The husband who brings an unexpected friend to dine has to supplement his indiscreet hospitality with apologies, and afterwards to pay the penalty of his rashness by receiving a private lecture. The buttons are always off his shirts, and the handkerchiefs in his drawer bear other people's names. He has to make a favour of getting his boots in the morning, and should he be so unwary as to descend to the lower regions to fetch them for himself, the chances are that he finds the cook superintending the toast with one hand, while the other is plunged into the recesses of a Wellington. The splash of mud remain on his coat and trousers till he invests a penny in the good offices of a shoeblick at some windy corner; his hat is brushed the wrong way, and bears on its front the marks of a greasy finger. He is summoned by the police because his chimneys take fire, or because the lid of the coal-hole is left unfastened. The servants of such a household are not remarkable for civility, and can never by their conciliatory manners mitigate the sternness of the policeman. They take their tone from those whom they serve, and no unnecessary efforts of politeness adorn the social usages of the street door.

The mistress of such a household is necessarily the most useless person in it. She can do nothing herself, and is quite unable to see anything properly done by her servants. She cannot put up a blind, or fit a chintz cover to a chair. Her orders are contradictory, and her complaints loud and many. She blames her domestics for her own neglect, and, while she grumbles at their inefficiency, she cannot herself show them how to do anything. Her dress is always stained with the droppings of her tereup, and she has no intermediate state between untidiness and finery. She puts on her best clothes for a morning walk, and keeps nothing for her visiting days. Her piano always wants tuning, and she never remembers the date of the tax-collector's visit. She forgets her gloves or her card-case till she has arrived at the hall door, and when they are brought the gloves always want buttons, and there are no curls in the case. She never learns the rate of postage, and writes her foreign letters after the mail has gone out. A drive in a cab involves a fight about the fare, and she brushes the muddy wheel with her dress in getting out. She expects her servants to do everything without instructions, and usually speaks of them as "wretches." While she exacts obsequious respect from them, she talks before them of their shortcomings. She gives them needless trouble by her laziness or carelessness, and, while she does nothing for their comfort, expects them to study hers constantly. She will thoughtlessly ring them up to the top of the house to put on the coals which are in the scuttle beside her chair, and will heedlessly send them three or four errands when a little forethought on her part would have made one enough. She never interests herself in their welfare, hardly knows their names, never spares them when they are ill, or thinks of how she may save them trouble. She provides no wholesome literature for their leisure reading, and does not inquire after the proper investment of their little savings. Their wages are always in arrear, and she habitually tempts their honesty by leaving her purse or her letters lying about, and yet frequently suspects them without cause. She charges them with theft and untruthfulness on the smallest grounds, and constantly fancies they are looking at her through the keyhole or listening behind the door. She is indignant when they give her notice, and refuses them a character when she finds that they cannot compel her to give them one. She knows nothing of them after they leave her, and never concerns herself to get them places. She expects them both to be up before her in the morning and also to sit up late for her at night. If she is ill they must attend her like nurses, rise to her call at all hours of the night, and work for her in every respect as if they loved her.

TEN YEARS OF AMERICAN RADICALISM.

THE great political revulsion which has taken place in the United States, like that equally sudden and complete reverse of party fortunes effected in this country by the general election of last February, was preceded by ominous symptoms which the party in power persistently disregarded. Extreme partisans have ascribed one defeat after another to local or trivial causes, and have even tried to explain away the total result by reference to influences merely selfish, or to prejudices wholly ungrounded, just as the reaction in England has been imputed by the less rational and respectable of the defeated party to "Beer and Bible"—the sinister objects of the publican and the unfounded alarms of the advocates of religious education. The truth is that in each instance public opinion has tardily but decidedly condemned the policy and repudiated the aims of the party lately supreme, and that upon general and very grave con-

siderations. The American reaction at any rate will be sufficiently intelligible to any habitual student of United States politics who has had an opportunity of supplementing the ordinary sources of information by personal observation of the results of past misgovernment.

The condition of the conquered States of the South, after nearly ten years of peace and subjection, could not but be a subject of grave anxiety to every intelligent and patriotic American, and of bitter reproach against the Radicals. The latter had had everything their own way. They had possessed such overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Congress that even under the Administration of Andrew Johnson they had been able to carry all their measures over the President's veto, and to impose upon the South just such Governments and such rulers as they pleased. Since March 1869 they had controlled the Executive as well as the Legislative power, and, with very little regard even to the plainest and most clearly expressed constitutional restrictions, had governed the ex-Confederate States at their own discretion. If, then, they had failed, their failure was in itself a sufficient evidence either of culpability or incapacity. And their failure was signal and notorious. The Louisiana revolution brought it home to the understandings of the Northern people with peculiar force. Mr. Kellogg's Government claimed to have been duly elected by the negro majority in that State, but as a matter of fact everybody knew that it had been installed in power by Radical intrigue through the instrumentality of Federal bayonets, for no other reason than that it was Radical, and would put the offices and resources of the State at the service of Radical jobbers, and its votes at the service of the Washington Government. The undisguised dishonesty and injustice of this Administration, and its schemes for maintaining itself indefinitely through the disfranchisement of the respectable citizens and the falsification of the ballot, its relations with leading Radicals at Washington, its corruption and shamelessness, were familiar to politicians; but its sudden collapse before the insurrection of last summer proved them to all the world, and exposed moreover the fact that it had no support whatever among its own constituents. Every respectable journal, every sober citizen in the North, was utterly ashamed of the treatment of Louisiana, and of the conduct of the Federal Government towards it. The scandal thus created drew serious attention to the other grievances of the South, and it was impossible that Radicalism should survive such attention when once fairly roused.

The first palpable fact was that, in order to secure the control of the Southern votes for their party, and of the State Treasuries for their hangers-on, the Radicals had placed the conquered States absolutely in the hands not merely of bitter partisans, ignorant of the condition and difficulties of the country, and hostile to its people, but of the very scum of the camp and the caucus, of suttlers and of low electioneering agents, and had sustained these men in a systematic dishonesty which has probably no parallel in European annals. Millions had been borrowed, at a time when it was obvious that only the strictest economy could enable the States ever to pay their way and restore their credit; borrowed on disadvantageous terms from Radical money-lenders and jobbers, and embezzled by Radical Governors, Legislators, Secretaries, and Treasurers; and not a fourth of the sum had ever been laid out, even in form, for the benefit of the borrowing State. To pay the interest, and enable the Government to borrow more, enormous direct taxes were levied on property that was almost wholly unproductive. For the South, after the war, had nothing left but her lands; and her agricultural labour (the negro population) was demoralized and disorganized. Large quantities of valuable land have been sold for taxes alone. Virginia is the most fortunate of the late Confederate States; she has a large majority of whites, and she has recovered her self-government, and is ruled by honest and high-minded men. Yet Virginia pays in direct taxes at least one-third of her entire income, and even so cannot meet the interest on her debt. South Carolina is simply ruined; her whole realizable wealth would hardly suffice to meet the obligations fraudulently imposed on her. Texas and Georgia are more fortunate, and the States west of the Mississippi may probably recover themselves in due time. But at this moment the South is almost as poor as on the day after General Lee's surrender, scarcely less disordered, and very much more disaffected. And this is entirely the result of Radical government, administered on two leading principles—to depress and punish the Southern people for their rebellion, and to manipulate the negro vote in the interest of the Radical party. The former object has been pursued so effectually that the white people in the Cotton States, finding that no justice or protection was to be had from the law, have been driven into protecting and redressing themselves; whence Ku-Klux combinations, outrages, and spasmodic anarchy. What the Southerners are when left to themselves may be seen in Virginia, which is as secure and orderly as Lancashire, and where the negro is as safe as an English mechanic from oppression or ill-usage. In order to keep the negro in hand, and control his vote, the Radicals have had systematically to prejudice him against his white neighbour; to persuade him, first, that his old masters wished to re-enslave him; when this fiction ceased to seem credible, then to promise him one impossibility after another—a division of the lands, social equality, and so forth—and to keep alive the antagonism of races by fanning to the uttermost the passions of an excitable and intensely ignorant populace. The consequences are bad enough; they might well have been worse. The negro is not addicted to deliberate bloodshed or ferocious revenge. But he is an habitual thief; and it is the universal complaint of Southerners

that no one living among blacks "can keep anything smaller than a cow"—an inconvenience which they endure with marvellous patience and good humour. He is inveterately indolent and unsteady; and has a special dislike to agricultural life and labour. Southern crops have several critical seasons in the year, when the entire crop depends upon one or two weeks' work done at the right moment with energy and perseverance. Now no contracts will prevent the negroes, if they take it into their heads, from deserting their employer just at such a season. Even the plan of working "on shares" fails; for the negro, having to live and having nothing to live on, has generally drawn by way of advance the full value of his labour from day to day, and loses little by decamping at any moment. Radical legislation of course does nothing to check this vice, and Radical agitation does much to encourage it. Worst of all, Radical harangues on equality and denunciations of white exclusiveness have taught the negro to look upon the women of the white race as upon those of his own colour; and the consequence is that, in the districts and States where the negroes preponderate, ladies cannot with safety venture far from their homes or their protectors. Hence arises the only savage feeling of which we have ever seen any symptom on the part of the whites; hence, now and then, come fearful acts of terror-striking retribution. The last and most culpable incitement held out by Radical agitation to negro ignorance was the Civil Rights Bill, which was intended to force, not merely civil equality, but social intermixture, on the Southern whites—to compel the admission of negroes and negroesses to all railway cars, to hotels, to ladies' rooms on board steamboats, and of negro children to white schools. Such a measure would simply have reduced the entire society of the South to a state of anarchy, and have produced civil war in every town and village, collisions in every street car and railway train; and if there were no other consideration involved, the defeat of this insane and reckless project would alone be a sufficient reason for rejoicing over the late Conservative victory.

The uncompensated emancipation of the slaves was of course a grievous injury to the Southern people. It was the confiscation of a particular kind of property; the spoliation of certain families selected by hazard, and without the least regard to their participation in Secession and civil war. Necessity, however, might have excused this; and, had confiscation ended here, it would have been forgiven, as the wholesale devastation and systematic robbery committed during and after the war by Federal officers and soldiers have been forgiven. But the compulsory repudiation of all State and municipal debts incurred, for whatever purpose, during the war, was a gratuitous iniquity. Those who lent to the Confederate Government of course staked their money on the event of the war. Those who lent to the State of Virginia or the town of Lynchburg were chiefly the trustees of family settlements, with whom the local funds were always a favourite investment; and when Congress forced the States to repudiate these debts as a condition of restoration to self-government, it did in fact compel them to rob tens of thousands of widows and orphans. The Southerners say that they will never forget the cruelty which made them agents in their own dishonour, or the hundred other acts of tyranny, wrong, and insult which make up the record of the Radical party. They felt far less bitterly towards the Union in May 1865 than in October 1874.

But not even the alienation, impoverishment, spoliation, and ruin of the finest section of the Union has so much disgusted and irritated the Northern people, and contributed to the defeat of the Radicals, as the wholesale dishonesty which under their rule has pervaded every department and every rank of official and political life, from Cabinet Ministers to excisemen, from Senators of the United States to negro Assemblymen in Florida or Mississippi. Englishmen visiting America a few weeks ago heard only one opinion and one sentiment on this subject. It was admitted by all but the most extravagant partisans that the whole Federal service was utterly rotten; that everybody speculated, embezzled, and took bribes; that if a few of the highest officials kept their hands clear of actual participation in the frauds of their subordinates, they permitted and screened them, and used their own opportunities to realize fortunes by gambling in stocks on the strength of official secrets. The *entourage* of General Grant was popularly spoken of by the significant name of "the Washington Ring." It was assumed that Congressmen and Senators were now generally corrupt; and it was distinctly affirmed that bribery, though not unknown in State Legislatures, was never even imputed to the representatives of the nation before 1861. The example set by the officials and legislators of the central Government had infected commerce and society. Railway officers were charged with using their powers to extort profit for themselves from those who depended on markets which could only be reached by a single line. We have heard of men who had opened mines or works in the West in reliance on a scale of freights arranged with the railway officials; who, when their money was sunk and their goods were ready for transit, received visits from those officials, and were asked to give them an interest in the enterprise; and who, on refusing, were at once checked in their business by extravagant freights, and compelled to close their works. Many of the accusations so freely made may have been more or less exaggerated, but nevertheless the conviction was universal that corruption of every sort pervaded Congress and the Government, and had thence penetrated throughout the commercial classes and the framework of society; and the only plea commonly put forward *per contra* was that, if

the Radicals were turned out, they would be succeeded by a swarm not more scrupulous, and more ravenously hungry. The disgust inspired by the prevalent dishonesty was, we believe, a main reason of the overwhelming defeat of the Government.

No doubt local causes and minor questions had here and there much to do with particular elections; but they probably told as much on one side as on the other. The lines which divide Free-traders from Protectionists, inflationists from ballionists, and so forth, run at various angles across the one great demarcation that severs Conservatives from Radicals, and coincide rather with geographical than with party boundaries. Two considerations of a special character probably did contribute to the defeat of the Radicals. The first was that strong feeling of hostility to the great Railroad Companies which from various causes has sprung up in the West. The Government was supposed—we know not why—to sympathize with the railroads, and suffered accordingly. The "third term" was another disadvantage. The Radicals could not effectually repudiate it, lest they should need General Grant's help; and he, for reasons of his own, would not assist them by decisively renouncing all aspirations to an honour declined on constitutional grounds by Washington himself. The objection to a third election of the same man to the Presidency is perhaps more deeply rooted in the public mind than any other constitutional doctrine; and the suspicion which it might be disregarded by the Republicans—a suspicion which the only person able to dispel it allowed to exist and to be confirmed by his silence up to the last moment—probably cost them thousands of votes.

On the whole, the result of the late contest may be viewed with satisfaction by all who wish well to the United States. It is a merited and much-needed rebuke to political profligacy; and it will probably put an end to the cruel and sordid tyranny which has for nearly ten years laboured to crush the spirit, paralyse the energies, and drain the resources of six millions of the American people. But it presents one aspect which is not so promising. It is not only a victory of the Constitutionalists over the Revolutionists, of law and right over force and usurpation; it is also a victory of the agricultural and taxpaying West and South over the commercial and money-lending communities of the East. There is a strong feeling in the West against the payment of the debt in gold; and it may be questioned whether the South will consider itself under any obligation to respect the credit of those who have dishonoured her own. It may be remembered that the Radical party itself has more than once shown a leaning towards the views of General Butler on this subject; and it may be feared that recent events have not improved the position of the foreign holders of United States stock.

MR. CARLYLE ON BOSWELL.

IN the whole of literature there is scarcely a stronger contrast to be found than that which exists between the two celebrated reviews of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Lord Macaulay was, we think, carried by his love of paradox and his hatred of Tories as far wrong in one direction as Mr. Carlyle by his love of hero-worship and his utter indifference both to Whigs and Tories was carried in another direction. There are those who imagine that between two opposite characters that are given of the same man a kind of balance can be struck which shall not be far removed from the truth. Character, however, admits of such infinite variety that it may well happen that the truth lies not between any two opposing views, but in some altogether different direction. Though the study of both Boswell and Johnson as drawn by these great reviewers is very interesting, yet we doubt whether in their pages there is to be found, even by a man who is well skilled in weighing arguments and balancing opposing statements, an accurate estimate of the two men. It would go far beyond our ordinary limits to discuss the question as a whole. We shall content ourselves for the present with the consideration of one point in Mr. Carlyle's view of Boswell's character.

Lord Macaulay, as our readers will remember, had represented Boswell as everything that was contemptible and mean. It was no hard matter to upset this outrageous view, and Mr. Carlyle has done it most thoroughly. Even he, we think, in some points, has not done full justice to Boswell's character. In one respect, however, he has, we conceive, exaggerated his merits. It is to this we shall now invite attention. "Loyalty, Discipleship," he writes, "all that was ever meant by *Hero-worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness, or real martyr, to this high everlasting truth." Now the more hidden the hero is, the less recognized by the world, the greater is the merit of the disciple who discovers him and establishes his worship. Mr. Carlyle, we hold, exalts Boswell's merits by lowering the position which Johnson held at the time when the two first became acquainted. "At the date," he writes, "when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated scholar, dwelling in Temple Lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honour-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; renowned fire-eaters, swordsmen, gowansmen; quacks and realities of all hues—any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did?"

In another passage he says, "His mighty 'constellation,' or sun, round whom he, as satellite, observantly gyrated, was, for the mass of men, but a huge ill-snuffed tallow-light." Again he writes:—"Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world." Any one who should read the review without knowing the Life would certainly infer that Boswell was the first to discover to the world a great man hidden away in obscurity and poverty. Now by the year 1763, when the disciple first met his master, Johnson was at the head of the literary world. He had published *Irene, London, the Life of Savage, the Dictionary, the Vanity of Human Wishes, the Rambler, the Idler, and Rasselas*. His edition of Shakespeare he had been engaged on for some years, and he completed it two years later, before Boswell's return from the Continent. He was no longer the poor rusty-coated scholar, for the year before he had been granted to him his pension of 300*l.* a year. It was granted, it will be remembered, in the most honourable way possible, "solely as the reward of his literary merit, without any stipulation whatever, or even tacit understanding, that he should write for the Administration." Boswell's own allowance from his father was but 240*l.* a year, so that of the two men Johnson, in the early part of their acquaintance at all events, had the larger income. We have not very full information as to the society in which Johnson mixed, and the regard in which he was held before the time when Boswell made his acquaintance. But we have gathered together a few facts, which we will briefly lay before our readers.

When Boswell was only a boy of twelve years old, a gentleman of a higher lineage and an older family than he could boast of had come up to London to worship at the feet of the author of the *Rambler*. Bennet Langton, the son of the Lincolnshire squire whose "ancestor signed Magna Charta first, as Primate of all England," had, to use Mr. Carlyle's words, "been nurtured," we should imagine, "in an atmosphere of Heraldry" scarcely less than Boswell. "Mr. George Langton," Bennet Langton's son, as Mr. West tells us in his *Memorials*, "showed me his pedigree, with the names and arms of the families with which his own had intermarried; it was engrossed on a piece of parchment about ten inches broad and from twelve to fifteen feet long." "It leaves off at the reign of Queen Elizabeth," said he. "Humph! half our peerage would be proud of being able to go back even so far as Elizabeth." Bennet Langton not only visited Johnson in London, but quite early in their acquaintance invited him down to his father's Hall in Lincolnshire. Through him, too, Johnson became acquainted with Topham Beauclerk, the grandson of the Duke of St. Albans. With these two young Oxonians Johnson was living on terms of the greatest intimacy many years before he knew Boswell. Writing of the year 1752, Boswell says, "The circle of his friends at this time was extensive and various, far beyond what had been generally imagined," while Hawkins, speaking of about the same time says, "His acquaintance was sought by persons of the first eminence in literature." Men of rank were reckoned among his friends, as the Earl of Cork and Orrery and Lord Southwell. Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, wrote to him to say that "if Mr. Johnson was inclined to enlarge the circle of his acquaintance, he should be glad to be admitted into the number of his friends." So early as the year 1748, in the print that is still preserved of the company which that summer visited Tunbridge Wells, we find Johnson and his wife represented, in company with Speaker Onslow, Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham), and Mr., afterwards Lord, Lyttleton. As Mr. Croker remarks, "in that assemblage neither Johnson nor his wife exhibit an appearance of inferiority to the rest of the company." The reference to the figures, by the way, in the facsimile of the print are said to be in Richardson's own writing. How comes it then that we find Dr. and not Mr. Johnson? Johnson received his degree from Dublin in 1765, and Richardson died in 1761.

It was in the year 1755 that Lord Chesterfield by his attempts to flatter him provoked the celebrated letter. When he was accused of having treated Johnson with rudeness by keeping him waiting in his ante-chamber, he said he "would have turned off the best servant he ever had if he had known that he denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome." In the same year Johnson received from Oxford the honorary degree of Master of Arts, while the Academy at Florence presented him with a copy of their *Vocabulario* in return for a copy of his Dictionary presented to it by "his friend the Earl of Cork and Orrery," at the same time that the French Academy sent him their *Dictionnaire*. A year or two later Smollett, writing on his behalf to Wilkes, describes him as that great Cham of literature. When his pension was granted Lord Bute behaved in the handsomest manner. In this same year Boswell says that in a trip which he took with Reynolds to Devonshire "he was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen in the West of England." At Plymouth "the Commissioners of the Dockyard paid him the compliment of ordering the yacht to convey him and his friend to Eddystone." At Exeter, "that very eminent divine, the Rev. Zachary Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, preached a sermon purposely that Johnson might hear him." Boswell, when he comes to the time of his own introduction to his hero, says that "Sir David Dalrymple, now one of the judges of Scotland, by the title of Lord Hailes, had contributed much to increase my high opinion of Johnson, on account of his writings, long before I attained to a personal acquaintance with him." Sir David writes to congratulate Boswell on making

Johnson's acquaintance, and says, "I envy you the free and undisguised converse with such a man." He goes on to say, "May I beg you to present my best respects to him and to assure him of the veneration which I entertain for the author of the *Rambler* and of *Rasselas*?"

On one of the early days of their acquaintance Boswell "found tall Sir Thomas Robinson (the elder brother of the first Lord Rocheby) sitting with Johnson." Boswell another day told Johnson how "Sir James Macdonald, who united the highest reputation at Eton and Oxford with the patriarchal spirit of a great Highland chieftain, had said that he had never seen Johnson, but he had a great respect for him, though at the same time it was mixed with some degree of terror." Mr. Dempster, long M.P. for Liff, "was so much struck," Boswell says writing of the same period, "even with the imperfect account I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honour be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him affected my nerves for some time after, he said 'one had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man.'" It was in the same year that the Countess de Boufflers, the acknowledged leader of French society, who was now on a round of visits in England, breakfasting with Walpole, dining with the Duke of Grafton, supping with Beauclerk, paid her visit to Johnson in Inner Temple Lane. All readers of Boswell will remember how Johnson, a moment or two after the lady had left his rooms, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, hurried down the staircase in violent agitation, and in the strangest of costumes seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. Some years before this Dr. Maxwell, the assistant preacher at the Temple, had described the levee of morning visitors that he held. "He seemed to me," he wrote, "to be considered as a kind of public oracle whom everybody thought they had a right to visit and consult. Though the most accessible and communicative man alive," he goes on to add, "yet when he suspected he was invited to be exhibited, he constantly spurned the invitation."

In 1764, the year after Boswell first met Johnson, the Club was founded. "When the Society was not more than fifteen years old," we quote from Mr. Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, "the Bishop of St. Asaph wrote to Mr. William Jones, 'I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say that the honour of being elected into the Turk's Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey. The electors are certainly more disinterested; and I should say they were much better judges of merit, if they had not rejected Lord Camden and chosen me.'" The Bishop of Chester was black-balled on the same night as the ex-Lord Chancellor. In 1765 Johnson paid a visit to Cambridge. Mr. Turner, who twenty years later published an account of this visit, says, "I admire his prudence and good sense in not appearing that day (Sunday) at St. Mary's, to be the general gaze during the whole service. Such an appearance at such a time and place might have turned, as it were, a Christian church into an idol temple." The writer, after saying that Johnson "seemed studious to preserve a strict incognito," goes on to add, "Had he visited Cambridge at the Commencement, or on some public occasion, he would doubtless have met with the honours due to the bright luminary of a sister University; and yet even these honours, however genuine and desirable, the modesty of conscious excellence seems rather to have prompted him to avoid." In the same year "Trinity College, Dublin, surprised Johnson with a spontaneous compliment of the highest academical honour by creating him Doctor of Law." In 1767, by which year Boswell had still seen very little of Johnson, occurred the interview with the King in the library at the Queen's house. "His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him." In the course of the conversation that followed the King, it will be remembered, asked him if he was then writing anything. "Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. 'I should have thought so too (said the King) if you had not written so well.' Johnson observed to me upon this (writes Boswell) that 'No man could have paid a handsomer compliment, and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive.'"

We have shown, we think, that at the time when Boswell became intimate with Johnson the position his hero held in the world was very far from being inconsiderable. It would not be difficult to go on and upset Mr. Croker's statement, which Mr. Carlyle seems to adopt, that Johnson was to the last little regarded by the great world. In his tour to the Hebrides he was welcomed by the great people wherever there were great people to welcome him. Setting aside the Scotch judges, many of whom were men of good family and received him hospitably, and the Scottish lairds, whom Mr. Carlyle describes as the hungriest and vainest of all bipeds yet known, but who were as warm in their welcome as the judges, he was hospitably received by the Earl of Errol, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Loudoun, and the Countess of Eglington. "The Earl of Errol put Dr. Johnson in mind of their having dined together in London." At Inverary "the Duke placed Dr. Johnson next to him at dinner. The Duchess was very attentive to him. He talked

a great deal, and was so entertaining that Lady Betty Hamilton, after dinner, went and placed her chair close to his, leaned upon the back of it, and listened eagerly. He did not know, all the while, how much he was honoured." When the Earl of Loudoun heard that Johnson would dine with him, Boswell's servant reported that "he jumped for joy." "We were received with a most pleasing courtesy by his Lordship, and by the Countess his mother, who in her ninety-fifth year had all her faculties quite unimpaired." At the Countess of Eglington's "in the course of our conversation it came out that she was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born, upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and that she now adopted him; and when we were going away she embraced him saying, 'My dear son, farewell.'" In London "he associated," as Boswell tells us, "with persons the most widely different in manners, abilities, rank, and accomplishments. He was at once the companion of the brilliant Colonel Forrester of the Guards, who wrote *The Politic Philosopher*, and of the awkward and uncouth Robert Levett; of Lord Thurlow and Mr. Sastres, the Italian master; and has dined one day with the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven, and the next with good Mrs. Gardiner the tallow-chandler on Snow Hill." Mr. Fitzgerald, in his edition of Boswell, quoting from Rogers's "Table Talk," says:—"Mr. Rogers was told by Lady Lucan that her mother, Lady Spencer, used to say, 'Now, child, we have nothing to do to-night; let us bring home Dr. Johnson to dinner.'" But Bennet Langton's account of the party at Mrs. Vesey's, where the company, in which there were two duchesses, half a dozen or so of lords and ladies, whom he names, and "others of note both for their station and understanding, began to collect round Johnson till they became not less than four, if not five, deep," is in itself proof enough that Johnson was regarded by the great.

We cannot admit then the claim made for Boswell that he, and he alone, last century was a real martyr to the high everlasting truth that hero-worship lives perennially in the human bosom. If the age in which he lived was "a decrepit, death-sick era, when cant had first decisively opened her poison-breathing lips to proclaim that God-worship and Mammon-worship were one and the same, that Life was a Lie," &c. &c., it was at all events the age of Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Gerald Hamilton, and the gentle Brunet Langton, each of whom rivalled Boswell in the high esteem and the deep affection which they felt for Samuel Johnson.

BICYCLING.

WE have much sympathy with people who diverge from regular habits of travel, nor is anything likely to grow more dull than tours along the well-trodden highways. Excursions in short holidays are seldom satisfactory for this very reason. We know what it is, the making points by railway, when you plunge into the hotel omnibus at the station, make a dash at supper and bed, having probably put up with a more pretence of a dinner, turn in under the oppressive sense that you are to be prematurely disturbed, and rise in the morning to rush out to galleries, churches, or scenery, having hastily disposed of a breakfast that has no time to digest. Very often the victims of swift travel can hardly help themselves. There is Hobson's choice. They have to choose between hurrying over their ground and renouncing change of scene altogether, and possibly they act wisely on the whole in going in for a scramble. The spirits are elated, the nerves are braced, even if there is a somewhat injurious strain on the strength and the stomach. But sensible people even of the most energetic temperaments are inclined to revolt against this perpetual hurry and scurry. They have a liking for labour in its proper place, and their ideal of a thoroughly enjoyable holiday is anything but lotus-eating lying on the back. They have no wish to coddle themselves, and the consciousness of severe effort well sustained imparts fresh elasticity to all the springs of their nature. But, as they must inevitably revert to the everyday tenor of their lives, they desire that their holiday shall be something more than mere hard work. Their great object in taking it is to secure independence of action, and consequently pedestrianism is much in favour with them. It has its drawbacks of course. The pedestrian may need but little of a wardrobe here below, but something in that way he does want. At the least he must carry a change of the raiment that is not covered by his waterproof, with shifts of underclothing and some indispensable necessaries of the toilet. If he does not intend that his mind shall lie utterly fallow, he must have a book or two for company in an evening. In fact, however rigidly he may restrict his preparations, when he comes to make up his knapsack he finds that its contents will run to a good many pounds weight. It contains a considerable part of the furniture of his shifting home, the most essential comforts of his moveable base of operations; and if he wishes to travel with an easy mind, he will not lightly lose sight of it for a moment. But a dull or obtrusive companion is worse than none at all, and the embarrassing company of a guide or porter may spoil the enjoyment of a day. So that the pedestrian's knapsack is apt to sit to his shoulders like Sindbad's old man of the sea. As Murray points out very justly in his observations on Swiss walking, that knapsack frets your spirits, however strong may be your body. It tells on your springy step as you set yourself to pull up one piece of rising ground after another, in the invigorating mountain air and in the midst of inspiring scenery. It weighs irresistibly in the

balance when your mind is fluctuating as to whether that famous waterfall or marvellous glacier is really worth disengaging to. With the sun so hot and the flooded path so heavy, you decide for the lazier side of the argument, and continue on the shorter course with a reproving conscience, to be told infallibly in conversation at the *table-d'hôte* that you have missed the grand attraction of the neighbourhood. Consequently pedestrianism has been abandoned by many people who seemed specially made by nature to enjoy it; and men who will go through the roughest day's shooting, and like it, have fallen back, greatly against their will, on the irritating inactivity of chaises and dogcarts, of diligences and *einepänner*.

To many of these men the introduction of bicycles appeared to offer an agreeable alternative. The novel vehicle left them absolute masters of their movements, and it still exercised their legs while saving their resentful shoulders. Then it helped them to cover great distances, carrying them swiftly over long stretches of flat, where all was dull, if not barren. It imparted that animating sense of motion which the great lexicographer enjoyed so thoroughly even when experienced in the tamer movement of a postchaise. In the way of exercise it left nothing to desire, and there was the exciting chance of an occasional accident. It was urged besides that you could carry your baggage along with you without very seriously adding to your exertions; and then the preliminary practice of the art was cheered with the bright expectation of turning it some day to the cherished purpose of a tour. So, on the whole, we cannot wonder that bicycling has become popular, or that the numerous Bicycle Clubs have made so satisfactory a start. Yet we confess to being somewhat surprised at the enthusiasm which follows up the pursuit in the shortening days, and promises to carry it on through the rigours and disagreeables of an English winter. Summer excursions were obviously all very well. When a flying party made something like a time race of it down to John o'Groats' House, even non-bicyclers must have followed them with a certain sympathy. We hold that, for busy people, the object of improving a holiday should be entirely subordinated to that of enjoying it, and, as an Alpine Club man may do wisely and well in making a rush up the sides of Mont Blanc instead of dallying with the views at the Glacier des Bossons, so these bicycling enthusiasts may have made the most of life in rushing past English cathedrals and Border battlefields, Highland hills, heaths, and estuaries. They had long and fairly warm days, if they could not count upon favourable weather. Though the pace was good, they saw something of the country, for the light lasted through the longest working day, even before they attained to high Northern latitudes. The roads, too, were in excellent condition, and the travellers could generally go at their best pace, like horses galloping on smooth training ground. But we should have fancied that bicycles would go out of season just about the time when hunters are brought out, and that their owners would pass the dark days of the winter between the pleasures of memory and of hope.

If we thought so, it would seem that we were quite mistaken. As a matter of fact, the Bicycle Clubs appear to be almost as active as ever, although perhaps they do not push their expeditions quite so far. Scarcely a week goes by without the chronicle of some flying trip appearing in the columns of our sporting contemporaries. There are also perpetual inquiries as to the character of counties and the condition of roads, showing that a number of adventurous spirits contemplate venting their superfluous vigour in winter bicycling. There is no disputing about tastes, and of course, if the bicyclers like it, there is little to be said except that their following their pursuit in winter is a taste which it is hard to understand. A strong man battling with obstacles and defying disagreeables may be a sight for the gods, and from this point of view we are inclined to admire, although we cannot possibly sympathize. The reports of returned bicyclers sing psalms of victory over adverse circumstances. They are as heavily charged with accidents and *contretemps* as narratives of discovery in Central Africa. For it is to be remembered that the heroes of these exploits look upon time as their natural enemy; if they were content to take things more easily, and to practise patience of an evening in dull coffee-rooms, we could better understand the attractions of their journeys. They are brought to a standstill neither by night nor tempest; very often they are shot out of their saddles in spite of heroic efforts to stick to them, and are reduced to wheeling their machines uphill by hand. One gentleman tells how he set out in drenching rain after an early breakfast, finding the roads, as might be expected, terribly heavy going. Arriving late at his midday destination, he dwells with naturalunction on the luxury of a glowing fire and a luncheon of hot chops. No rest for the bicyclist, however, any more than for the wicked. Having laid in his supplies, he is off again, although the remorseless weather declines to hold up. His troubles are only beginning, too; for he finds himself landed in a hill country, and as a pioneer of enterprise he warns any bicyclers who may follow him that the scenery he saw through mist and rain scarcely repaid him for his violent exertions; and he suggests that it might be well to study county maps in order that the flanks of these hills should be turned. Soaked a second time, he comes in for tea; and we may remark by the way that a regular dinner seems to be a negative feature in these trips. It may be prudent perhaps not to overcharge the digestive organs, and when mental anxiety has to be faced as well as physical exertion, it may be well to work along on light meals laid in at moderate intervals. For even the evening tea does not bring the labours of the day to a close. The ham and eggs

despatched, the bicycle is ordered round again, and we must say that this evening start in the dark says much for the iron nerve of the traveller. It must demand about as much resolution as getting up in the small hours for a start on a spring Arctic sleighing party over hidden hummocks of ice and half-frozen floes. You make your way through the dark in momentary apprehension of a catastrophe. Balancing oneself on a bicycle is a delicate business at best, when the pace is quick and the light uncertain. But all the faculties must be kept painfully on the stretch when you have not the faintest suspicion of what lies before you. You may assume that there is a ditch on either hand, although often the limits of your road lose themselves altogether in vague uncertainty. Now and again at this season you are sure to find yourself labouring among layers of loose stones; but that is comparatively unimportant in the end, although it drives you to dismount and plod along on foot. The real danger is where the road has not been repaired. To go ahead at all, you are bound to keep going at a certain rate. Here the wheel jolts on a stone, and while it is swaying about to recover its equilibrium, it catches awkwardly in another; and then again it locks fast in a rut, and over you go. You are lucky if you disentangle your ankle from crank and wheels, but we know that there is a special providence that watches over the foolhardy. In any case you come down, either soft or hard. If you fall hard, you gather yourself up bruised and scratched; if you fall soft, you carry away a sample of the soil of the road; and it must be remembered that your travelling wardrobe is necessarily scanty in the extreme. Assuredly you have worked for your bed by the time you reach it with abraded skin and aching bones.

On the whole, then, these bicycling tours seem made for men in the first freshness of their exuberant physical force. Even in summer they involve more roughing it than most men of middle age can enjoy. Yet undoubtedly they offer the charm of a very independent means of conveyance that takes one easily over a great deal of ground. For ourselves, we should be content to diminish the pace, even if we considerably increased the exertion, and, looking forward to halts and comfortable arrangements for the night, we should gladly compound for carrying some extra luggage. The necessity too for a course of perpetual gymnastics is alarming to men who have lost something of their agility, and who have families at home dependent on their exertions. What we should like to see is an improved form of tricycle, on which one could sit with reasonable comfort and yet travel with tolerable speed. We believe that experts pronounce such a combination to be perfectly practicable, although as yet it has not been attained, and we trust that they may turn their attention to it in earnest. The fashion hitherto has been all for bicycles, and yet we suspect, if we may venture on an Irishism, that a tricycle is the true bicycling carriage of the future.

CHAFFWAX AND CO.

THE existing Courts of Law and Equity will shortly become branches of one High Court, and it seems to follow that the offices of these courts will be to some extent amalgamated. In order to prepare the way for the full and beneficial operation of the Judicature Act of 1873, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the Administrative Departments of the Courts of Justice; and this Commission has made two Reports, of which the historical as well as practical interest can hardly be exaggerated. It would be surprising to any one unacquainted with the subject to observe how inveterate during centuries was the habit of administering the law for the benefit of the Administrative Departments. The Lord Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice conferred offices on his friends, who appointed deputies to do the work if there was any, and these again appointed deputies, and the object throughout this hierarchy seems to have been to do as little and get as much for it as possible. Even now the tradition of "little to do and plenty to get" so far lingers in those offices that many of the clerks have easier places than the ordinary Civil servants of the Crown. One change which has taken place within the last forty years indicates clearly how the habits of London lawyers have been affected by the general migration for domestic purposes of London into the country. Formerly all these offices were open in the evening, and the solicitors' and barristers' chambers and even some of the Courts were open also. In the days when legal dignitaries lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Bedford Row, and the profession generally clustered around them, this practice was convenient. Consultations were habitually held in the evening, and arbitrations in which counsel were engaged proceeded in the evenings at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. The custom of holding the Old Bailey Sessions after dinner was more honoured in the breach than the observance. The things that were done then cannot be undone, and had better be forgotten. Sir William Grant sat at the Rolls after dinner, and tradition says that he mitigated the dryness of legal argument with old Madeira; but it has never been suggested that his character of "equity reserved" was at all affected by his potations. Either as a cause or consequence of the late habits of London lawyers, the mails were not sent out from London until nearly midnight.

It must not be supposed that either complaints against abuses or attempts to remedy them are exclusively products of our own time. A Commission was appointed in 1732 to inquire into offices and fees in all the Courts, and they exposed, and to some extent mitigated, the system of exactions under which suitors at that time

suffered. Thus the fee on a warrant to attend a Master in Chancery was two shillings, but three successive warrants always issued to one effectual attendance. It is fair to say that at this time the salaries and lawful fees of the Masters were inadequate, and the methods which they adopted to obtain indirect remuneration had become almost consecrated by antiquity. The proceedings in a Chancery suit were in large part conducted in the Master's office; they were chiefly in writing, and of great length, and all parties had to "take copies." The same system prevailed as far as possible in the other offices of the Court, and it is not surprising that the solicitors imitated such a respectable example in their own practice. An explanation is thus afforded of that almost ineradicable tendency of our law to verbiage which satirists and philosophers have so often and so vainly assailed. A Report of the Commissioners of 1732 mentions the grievance involved in the unnecessary length of recitals in orders, and in insisting, under an order made in the 4th and 5th Philip and Mary, that parties requiring copies of depositions before the Examiner should take also copies of their own interrogatories, which they did not require. It is interesting to know that in an age which we are apt to regard as principally occupied with burning heretics the officers of the Court of Chancery were engaged in manufacturing a large supply of waste paper. "The practice of putting six words in a line, and fifteen lines in a sheet, and charging at per sheet," is also said to have been exposed and condemned by these Commissioners. But here perhaps their meaning has been misunderstood. This practice prevailed down to the reign of the present Queen, but the object of it was to enable the number of folios of 90 words each in a copy to be readily counted. The charge of 1s. per folio for copying was a high charge, and was no doubt fixed to allow a profit to the office according to the inveterate habit of indirect remuneration for legal work. There was, however, a further refinement in execution, which consisted in writing dates and sums in words at length, in order to get the fullest number of folios out of a copy. The Commissioners remarked, as they justly might, that this practice when applied to an account rendered it unintelligible. It was afterwards so far mitigated that the clerks only charged for words at length, but did not insist on writing them. Thus the current year, if it occurred in an answer in Chancery, would be copied in figures in one of the spaces usually occupied by a word, and the next six spaces would be left blank. The copies thus made, with only ninety words not particularly well written on a page, were exactly the reverse of what the eye requires for rapid reading. And accordingly when the copy was obtained from the office, the first step was to make what was called a "bird copy" for counsel, for which the solicitor was allowed to charge 4d. per folio to his client, and of course made a profit on the charge. It is needless to say that clerks brought up in this cumbrous and absurd system regarded the introduction of printed bills and answers as a rash and ruinous innovation.

We have, however, seen and survived this change; and we are encouraged therefore to suggest another change, and, by way of introducing it, we will, at the risk of being accused of profanity, ask the question what is the use of the Great Seal? Of course it is useful to some dealer who makes a profit on the four cwt. of wax which it consumes per month, but it is a cumbrous and otherwise useless relic of a barbarous age. The seal is now affixed by the "Purse Bearer" of the Lord Chancellor, who, besides the work of his own rather mysterious office, does the work formerly discharged by "the Sealer and Deputy Sealer, the Chaffwax and Deputy Chaffwax," receiving 100*l.* a year in addition to his proper salary of 500*l.* a year, and paying 30*l.* a year out of his own pocket to a porter to help him. The Commissioners who have lately reported on these and other offices do not explain whether the Great Seal is put into the purse; but they state that the duties of the Purse Bearer are chiefly ceremonial, and might be done, as the holder of the office candidly admits, by another officer, called the Gentleman of the Chamber. The Porter to the Great Seal has actual charge of the seal during the day, and he assists the Purse Bearer in using it, and keeps in store the wax on which it is impressed. We fear that the utilitarian spirit which has abolished Chaffwax and Deputy Chaffwax will ere long call in question the necessity of the article to which they owed their names. It might be a curious question how many letters passing through the Post Office are sealed with wax, and how many of these at the expense of those who write them. Sealing letters is however merely troublesome to the sender, whereas the Great Seal impressed on a cake of wax carried in a tin box is a nuisance to everybody who has to do with it. There is of course somebody who supplies these tin boxes, and has, like the purveyor of wax, an interest in the perpetuation of the present "cumbrous method" of passing documents under the Great Seal. There is another officer of the Lord Chancellor, the Train Bearer, whom the Commissioners consider "evidently necessary," and we must allow that they are right, unless we are prepared to question the necessity of trains, which we could hardly do without opening the door to doubt as to the utility of wigs, full-bottomed or other, and so to a variety of questions more easily asked than answered.

The idea of our forefathers as to law and other public offices seems to have been that a privileged class was entitled to get as much out of them as possible, and, subject to that condition, they were to be adapted to general convenience. Thus at the beginning of this century there was a Board of Taxes, a Board of Stamps, and a Board of Excise, and we all know the sort of Commis-

sioner that sat at those Boards. He was well born, at least on the father's side, well dressed, gentlemanly, and fairly educated, and he attended at the office and signed his name as much as was consistent with his duties to society. Now one Board does the work of all these three Boards, and we fear that the members of this Board have lost much of the ornamental character of the Commissioners of sixty years ago. The spirit which multiplied these offices may be called, for want of a better word, nepotism; but it must be understood that this was not the narrow spirit which would "take care of Dowb" individually, but a broad purpose of providing at the national expense for the entire class to which "Dowb" belonged. It was in this spirit that the office of Comptroller of the Seal of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas was granted by letters patent under the Great Seal of King Charles II. to the Duke of Grafton in tail-male. About the same time the office of Custos Brevium of the Court of Common Pleas was, after the determination of several lives then subsisting, granted in trust for the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, and for the issue of the Countess in tail. These offices were in the memory of this generation held under the patents of King Charles II. They had become largely profitable, they were exercised by deputy, and were fruitful sources of delay and expense to suitors. No real reform of procedure could be attempted without abolishing them, which was accordingly done by Parliament providing compensation to the holders. A somewhat similar case is that of the Registrars in Chancery, who were till 1833 merely deputies of an officer who never acted. The patent of Registrar was in 1727 made out in the names of trustees for the Duke of St. Albans, and it may be remarked that this dukedom, like that of Grafton, has a Caroline origin.

It must not, however, be supposed that there is not much hard work well done in the present Administrative Departments of the Courts. The Commissioners truly say that the Chief Clerks to the Judges in Chancery "are among the hardest-worked men in the State service," and because they do their work well it is constantly increasing. The Masters of the Common Law Courts perform somewhat similar duties, but have a higher status, as they are independent officers and not mere clerks. These duties are likely to increase, because there are a vast number of cases of account unsuitable for trial by jury which must be dealt with either by such an officer as the Master or by a private arbitrator. The more the legal machine is improved, the more work there will be for it to do, and the holders of these offices would in general greatly prefer to be fully employed. It need not, therefore, be supposed that such arrangements as the Commissioners suggest would be distasteful to existing officers, and, speaking generally, these arrangements would be beneficial to the public.

A PAIR OF FABLES.

THOSE who did not read the *Daily Telegraph* of last Wednesday have lost a treat. It recorded "a simple act of bravery" in an article of most elaborate construction. The hero of the story, Matthew Scott, belongs to the same mythical class as the famous Brumby; but the latter only fought a dog, whereas the former conquered a rhinoceros. By saying that these personages are mythical, we do not mean to suggest that they do not exist, but only that their deeds have been made the subject of romance. We can believe that the hillocks of the Troad contain the ashes of heroes, and yet we need not believe all the fables that have been written about Achilles. Matthew Scott is perhaps "a plain straightforward man," and is certainly an assistant-keeper at the Zoological Gardens; and it is written in the glorious page of fiction that, in attempting to save two comrades from a horrible death, he risked his own life without a moment's doubt against such terrible odds as might make the boldest man alive think twice before encountering them. In fact, Scott by some neglect exposed two other keepers to be assaulted by a rhinoceros, and if he went promptly to their aid, he did no more than his duty. The *Daily Telegraph* happens to know, or at least is able to state, that this rhinoceros has for years been waiting for a chance to kill his keeper. On Saturday morning the chance nearly came. The brute was in his paddock, and two keepers were cleaning out his cage. "There was a quick, sharp snort; the very earth shook with the swift, heavy rush of the furious brute," and, to put it shortly, he knocked down the men and jumped upon them. We feel some compunction in stripping this narrative of its embroidery, but it is necessary to observe that the earth-shaking is an embellishment of the same class as that which we adopt when we ascribe thunder to Jupiter Junior in Fleet Street. The animal was cunning enough to make a "noiseless rush" back into his house, and the knocking down, tossing, and pounding are equally imaginary with the earth-shaking. "Sore peril indeed was that in which these two men lay." We are almost tempted to quote *Hamlet*, and say the peril was theirs, for they did lie in it; but that would be hard on the two men, who very likely are incapable of romancing, and are not responsible for having attracted the notice of the epic muse. In a few seconds they would have been crushed and mangled out of all shape of life, but in fact they got behind an iron screen, and in fiction the valiant Scott, armed with Carter's whip, came to save them. We will not follow the fables in the inquiry what Scott thought about at this moment. Perhaps he did not think at all, not being paid to do so. However fortune favoured the brave, and he hit the animal in

the eye with the butt-end of the whip, and the animal did not like it. Scott drove him into the paddock, and picked up his damaged comrades, and was putting them behind the screen when the animal charged again and was again beaten off. A third charge was made and repulsed, and finally Scott lifted his comrades successively through the bars of the cage into complete safety. This is the substance of a highly ornamental narrative, of which, as we learn from good authority, scarcely any material part is true. The men were not knocked down, and therefore Scott did not pick them up. They rushed at the same moment to the screen, and it was almost literally "fastest first and devil take the hindmost"; for one of them was badly bruised. But there was no fainting, no falling, and neither blood nor foam dripping from the beast's jaws. One of the men is said to have been "so terribly bruised and battered" that it was impossible to tell, poetically, what injuries he might not have received; but Mr. F. Buckland, surgeon and naturalist, is able to state that he had no bones broken and no wound. The other man had the flesh torn off his right leg in a "ghastly wound" which has been seen only by the narrator's imagination. To Mr. Buckland's eye the man's leg was severely bruised and swollen. This "simple recital of facts," as the *Daily Telegraph* is pleased to call its article, concludes with the remark that men such as Scott do not calculate chances:—"It was enough for him that he saw the brute dashing his comrades about as they lay under his feet." But he did not see this; because it did not happen. He saw the brute dashing a watering-pot about as it lay under his feet, and this utensil was "so terribly bruised and battered" that its oldest friend would not know it. It is, however, true that there was "no Victoria Cross for Scott to win," nor was there any "encouraging shout" during the combat, although there has been enough noise made about it afterwards.

It is difficult not to suspect that some of the more extravagant compositions of the *Daily Telegraph* may be inspired by ambition to rival those magnificent embroideries of fiction upon fact which are regularly supplied to the readers of the *New York Herald*. Just before our English muse felt called to sing the praise of Scott, it had occurred to that enterprising journal to publish an account, not of an onslaught of one fierce animal on his keepers, but of the rush of an entire menagerie from its dens, and of the flight and slaughter of the population of New York. As in England, a rhinoceros began the row, but it went immeasurably further, at least in fiction; and it is another coincidence that a keeper poked the creature in the eye, but without the happy result that ensued here, and, indeed, with a result very much the reverse of happy. The rhinoceros, mad with pain and rage, knocked away the bars of his own cage, and then rushed about the place and smashed all the other cages, and let the animals loose upon New York. We can imagine that if the recent explosion had been rather stronger in the Regent's Park, the dens and cages of the Zoological Gardens might have been smashed and the animals turned loose upon society. A news-vender's boy supplying early copies of the *Daily Telegraph* might have been swallowed by a lion, and the only hope of arresting his further ravages would have been that the boy's boots or the leading articles might disagree with him. A member of the Shoeblack Brigade might have been bolted, with his blacking and brushes, and the shoes he was cleaning, by a tiger. Snakes might have enrolled themselves in Chancery, and apes might have endeavoured to pass for actors at the theatres. The soldiers would have been called in aid of the police; all would have been supplied with revolvers, and in random firing at the wild beasts they would have killed more people than these wild beasts slew. All this and much more might have happened, or the *Daily Telegraph* might have told us that it had happened, in London. The *Herald* tells us that it has happened in New York, and as a hero is necessary for every romance, the Transatlantic fabulist has chosen Governor Dix. The Bengal tiger having counted up a score of victims, surrendered his life to the trusty rifle of the aged Governor, who shot him as he rounded Madison Avenue. This was an extremely fortunate occurrence. The Governor, a splendid shot, was in town in the nick of time, and his gallant act will be remembered by the citizens of New York, although it is now too late to mark their esteem at the ballot-box. There is a wonderful similarity between these reflections and those which the *Daily Telegraph* makes upon the conduct of Matthew Scott, who, "being by no means a strong or powerful man," and having no hope of the Victoria Cross, did battle with a rhinoceros. If we desired a third parallel, we must seek it in the *School for Scandal*, where the gossip-mongers recount the imaginary circumstances of a supposed duel. We had almost forgotten to mention that Archbishop McCloskey's carriage drove up a minute after Governor Dix had shot the tiger, and it was considered a providential circumstance that the horses escaped fright, which might have seriously affected the health of the aged prelate. The rhinoceros who set the game a-going ended his own part of it ignominiously by tumbling into a sewer. But he had previously given a nervous shock to a girl subject to heart-disease, and her death might be looked for at any moment. He also gored a milkman's horse, smashed a shanty where the inmates were at supper, and knocked the planks of it into the fire. All the family, however, escaped, except the baby, who was burned to a crisp. Such were the feats of the rhinoceros before he died, if dead he be, and not burrowing with his "double-horned head" among the sewers of New York, and preparing fresh calamities for that unhappy city. The rhinoceros has been so malevolently active on both sides of the ocean that we feel by no means sure that he may not break out in a fresh place.

The *Herald* no doubt regards this gigantic "sell" complacently. It is headed "Awful Calamity," occupies a full page of six columns, and quite at the end we are informed that "the entire story is a pure fabrication." We would venture to suggest both to American and English editors of sensational newspapers that, if there is any statement which they desire readers to believe, it would be convenient to distinguish it by peculiar type or otherwise. One artist takes a story as he picked it up with many exaggerations at the Zoological Gardens, dresses it neatly as a paragraph, and sends it to the *Daily Telegraph*. A superior artist takes this paragraph and converts it into a leading article by the process of telling the story over again with such embellishments as his taste and fancy may suggest to him. Thus "the jaws dripping with blood and foam" are ascribed to the rhinoceros merely as being the proper thing on such an occasion, and as suggesting to the reader's mind—what would have needed extreme audacity to state—that the blood was that of the two prostrated and pounded keepers. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the animal could get no blood out of a watering-pot, although it might have got blood out of him. Titus Oates offered to tell a pretty fable in the witness-box, and the Judge expressed the hope that it might be the first and last he might utter from that place. It were to be wished that editors of newspapers, if they cannot abstain from fabling in their articles, would at least indicate the point where news ceases and romance begins.

REVIEWS.

LORD DALLING ON SIR ROBERT PEELE.*

IT is to be regretted that Lord Dalling's premature death prevented him from continuing his series of Historical Characters. Natural taste, study, and familiarity with French conversation and literature, had impressed upon him the importance and value of style. His publisher, Mr. Bentley, says that Lord Dalling sometimes caused whole pages, after being set up, to be printed again and again, and that "he would spend a morning sometimes in giving more finish to the style of a few paragraphs." His language is consequently lucid, concise, and sometimes epigrammatic; and occasional solecisms may probably be attributed to long residence abroad. The barbarous phrase "a large mass of uncertainties" may be explained, though not excused, by the unconscious adoption of a French idiom. The statement that "the general tendency of many minds is to refuse one order of ability where they admit another" would be not less feeble and confused in a French version than in English. There is perhaps something of the quality which the French call logic in the reference of Peel's acts and motives to a general theory. It was undoubtedly true that Peel "took up this thing or that, and carried it, if it were good, when it could be carried." It may also be admitted that "he did not say that it was good before opinion was prepared for its being carried"; but it should be added that in some cases he said that a measure was bad, and nevertheless afterwards carried it. Few political characters have been more consistent than that of Peel, although he began his career as a supporter of Lord Eldon, and finished it as an advocate of religious equality, and as the principal promoter of Free-trade; but the most regular and uniform biography is more various and more instructive than any verbal generalization. Macaulay would have described the character of Peel by saying that he was the stiffest, the driest, the narrowest, and the least sympathetic of statesmen; and yet that, "such is the inconsistency of human nature," his opinions were singularly elastic, that he took comprehensive views of the public interest, and that he gave practical effect to the enthusiastic desire of improvement which he shared with the best politicians of his time. Lord Dalling is less paradoxical, and his summary of the history of Peel is as sound as a condensed account of a complicated character and its results can be. He satisfied his sense of literary fitness by dividing his narrative into six parts, which correspond with sufficient propriety to as many stages in Peel's political life. In a prefatory notice Lord Dalling admits that he has nothing very new to say; and it is difficult to understand why he has not inserted facts and anecdotes which may probably have been within his knowledge. In the posthumous volume of the Life of Lord Palmerston, Lord Dalling attributes the rupture of 1846 between Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley to personal grounds of offence arising from Peel's excessive susceptibility to unseasonable banter. The statement would have been more suitable to the present work; and perhaps, if it had been fuller, the relation of cause and effect would have seemed more adequate and less apocryphal. It is difficult to explain the secession of Stanley by the irritation which may have been felt by Peel. In dealing with another subject, Lord Dalling supplies an interesting comment on an angry and unjust attack on Mr. Ellice, contained in a letter of Lord Palmerston's which is published by Lord Dalling himself or by the editor of his papers. Lord Dalling assigns to Mr. Ellice a considerable share in the successful promotion of the Reform Bill. "There happened at the moment of which I am speaking to be a man connected with the Whig Government who by his frank, good-natured manner, his knowledge of human nature, his habits

of business, his general acquaintance with all classes of persons, and his untiring activity, gave an intensity and direction to the general sentiment which it would not otherwise have attained. I allude to Mr. Edward Ellice, Secretary of the Treasury." Mr. Ellice at that time acquired an influence over the press which he perhaps afterwards exaggerated in his recollections. He was especially proud of having invented the cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," which undoubtedly served the purpose of the Government by checking internal dissensions among the party.

The external conditions of Peel's career were in the highest degree advantageous. His family, though it had but recently acquired great wealth, had for many generations owned a small landed estate, which still testifies to their ancient descent by its name of Peel's Fold. The Minister's great ability was, as in the case of almost all eminent men, hereditary in the male line of descent. His grandfather had raised himself from the rank of a yeoman by becoming a thriving manufacturer. His father, the first baronet, after amassing a large fortune by his enterprise and vigour, acquired a considerable position in the House of Commons. His avowed intention of training his eldest son to be Prime Minister had, in Lord Dalling's opinion, some effect in the ultimate realization of his hopes. The elder Sir Robert, after opposing his son's Bill for the resumption of specie payments, lived to see him the second Minister in the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet, and afterwards the undisputed leader of the House of Commons, and the destined head of any Conservative Government which might be formed. After attaining high academical distinction at Eton and Oxford, Peel became in his earliest youth Private Secretary to Lord Liverpool, Under-Secretary of the Colonies, and, at the age of twenty-four, Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. As he was opposed to the Catholic claims, he was described with short-sighted facetiousness by the nickname of "Orange Peel"; but Lord Dalling rightly calls attention to the significance of his first speech against Catholic Emancipation. His argument was in substance that, if the Catholics were admitted to equal rights, they would use their numerical superiority to destroy Protestant ascendancy and the Protestant Church. At that time, and long afterwards, Liberal politicians were in the habit of arguing that the Catholics would loyally accept the established institutions which the English nation then considered indispensable. Whigs of the acute but not profound order to which Sydney Smith belonged were sincerely convinced that Catholic belief was only retained as a point of honour, being too obviously absurd to survive the relaxing influence of toleration and justice. If the general assumption of the necessity of maintaining Protestant institutions had been well founded, Peel's inferences would have been sounder than the argument for emancipation; but political wisdom is tested by a higher standard than that of forensic triumph. In substance Peel contended that a large population should suffer injustice for the benefit of a minority. Long afterwards he conceded the Catholic claims with tardy resipiscence, on the sufficient and not inconsistent ground that the minority itself would be endangered by further resistance. In 1809 Sir Arthur Wellesley, then Irish Secretary, entered, as appears from his published despatches, with characteristic simplicity and unity of purpose into the jobbing distribution of patronage by which the Government was carried on. In a letter addressed to the local Government agent at Cashel he directed him to return for the borough a Mr. Peel, whose Christian name he had not yet ascertained. Three or four years later Mr. Peel first exhibited in the same office his great administrative ability by organizing the admirable police force of which, both in Ireland and in England, the name is associated in popular language with its founder. The common delusion that legislation is the chief business of a Minister derives no countenance from the example of the statesman who was both the best administrator and the most successful legislator of his time. It is true that the institution of an efficient police in England and Ireland, the reform of the criminal law, the reconstruction of the tariff and the establishment of a sound system of finance, required the formal assent of Parliament, but they were essentially applications of the art of executive government. "With a reputation increasing yearly in weight and confidence, he resigned his post (of Irish Secretary), and escaped from a scene the irrational and outrageous contentions of which were out of harmony with his character." Peel had entered sufficiently into the spirit of Irish society to challenge O'Connell; and among companions with whom he was at his ease he delighted during the remainder of his life to tell amusing or extravagant Irish stories. It is probable that his pride and his shyness may have prevented him from acquiring social popularity in Ireland, nor indeed did he elsewhere at any time attain it, except in circumstances of perfect intimacy. In 1819, after his return from Ireland, he was selected by the Government as Chairman of the Bank Committee, and, as the result of the consequent inquiry, he carried the Bill for the resumption of cash payments which earned for him Oobbett's nickname of "Peel's Bill Peel." He was fortunate in remaining out of office during the Queen's trial. His administration of the Home-Office, where he soon after succeeded Lord Sidmouth, confirmed and extended the solid reputation which he had already acquired. On the death of Lord Liverpool, he naturally adhered to the section of the Tory party which followed the Duke of Wellington. Notwithstanding the malignant charges which were trumped up against him twenty years afterwards by Lord George Bentinck, there is no reason to suppose that the conduct of Peel was disapproved by Canning himself, and during the short remainder of Canning's life they

* *Sir Robert Peel: a Historical Sketch.* By Henry Lord Dalling and Dalwe. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

continued on friendly terms. In a letter in which he expresses deep regret at Peel's resignation, Canning adds that "the frankness and generosity with which you have defined and limited the motives that dictate your retirement afford to my regret all the alleviation of which it is susceptible." From some passages in Peel's correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, it appears that they both agreed in imputing to Canning a tendency to intrigue which can scarcely have been imaginary. It is certain that Canning had no wish to keep the Duke of Wellington in office; and though, according to Mr. Greville, he entertained a personal dislike of Huskisson, he may perhaps on political grounds have preferred him as a lieutenant to Peel. The Catholic question, which was the sole ostensible pretext for the schism, was only one of many causes which rendered it inevitable.

No part of recent history has been recorded in greater detail than the events which preceded the determination of the Government to emancipate the Catholics. The first definite proposal of a Bill was addressed by Peel to the Duke of Wellington in the summer of 1828; but there is no doubt that the Duke had already resolved on a policy of concession. It was only on the urgent representation of the Prime Minister that Peel consented to remain in office; indeed, as early as 1825 he had meditated retirement both from office and from Parliament, that he might not be a party to a change which he began to recognize as inevitable. His final determination to share the obloquy which awaited the converted anti-Catholics was an heroic act of self-denial. As he had probably foreseen, the vituperation of his former followers was mainly directed against himself. The Duke of Wellington's character and great reputation raised him above calumny, except of a partially flattering kind. The firmness with which he controlled the House of Lords and overruled the vacillation of the King commanded respect even where it caused irritation. Nearly all the Tory peers to whom he addressed himself eagerly promised their support on all other questions, even where they had scruples in repudiating all their former opinions. The Duke was denounced as a tyrant, a dictator, and even as a dangerous conspirator; but the baseless charge of treachery was reserved for Peel. Many of the Duke's assailants were silenced by his duel with Lord Winchelsea, and on the whole he issued from the struggle with undiminished power. Peel lost his seat for Oxford, and the confidence of the Tory party; and the Whigs at that time and long afterwards failed to appreciate the Liberal tendencies of his character and intellect. It is possible that a sense of injustice, though it was inflicted by others, may have caused the coldness which is known by sufficient testimony to have existed for some years afterwards between the two great Tory leaders. Lord Dalling states, probably on the authority of Peel himself, that he disapproved of the Duke's declaration against Reform; and he stood aloof from the obstinate resistance which was offered by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst to the Reform Bill in the House of Lords. In 1832 he saved his former colleague from a hopeless enterprise by refusing to take office on the resignation of Lord Grey. Eighteen months afterwards it was on the Duke's recommendation that William IV. entrusted Peel with the formation of a Ministry. His short tenure of office in 1834 and 1835 convinced the country that he had no equal as an administrator and as leader of a party. Lord Dalling, who as a Whig member took part in an opposition which he abstains from designating as factious, says, "But let us be just. Never did a statesman enter office more triumphantly than Sir Robert Peel left it. His self-confidence, his tact, his general knowledge, his temper filled even his opponents with admiration." It may be remembered that at this time he had almost overcome the cynical distrust with which Mr. Greville regarded all the statesmen of his time. Sir Robert Peel's conduct of the opposition to Lord Melbourne from 1835 to 1841 is passed over lightly by his biographer. It is remarkable that neither Lord Dalling nor Mr. Greville in the published portion of his Memoirs refers to the intrigues which Lord Lyndhurst in those years undoubtedly carried on for the purpose of supplanting Peel. Lord Lyndhurst's satellites whispered that Peel was unsound in his principles, and they talked of their patron as Prime Minister, with Follett as leader of the party in the House of Commons. It is believed that Lord Lyndhurst discerned Mr. Disraeli's aptitude for political combinations; and he may have hoped to gain adherents of more established reputation. The design was utterly chimerical; and it was, fortunately for himself, abandoned by its author in time for him to share in Peel's ultimate triumph.

The great commercial and financial measures of 1842 and 1844, feebly opposed by Lord John Russell and the Whig party, increased Peel's claim to the confidence of the country. In 1845 he offended the Protestant bigots by his Bill for increasing the grant to Maynooth, and for withdrawing it from annual discussion by charging it on the Consolidated Fund. Mr. Disraeli then commenced his brilliant Parliamentary career by invectives and epigrams directed against a policy of which it is difficult to believe that he disapproved. Mischievous Tories applauded their new champion with enthusiasm; and the Opposition, while they supported the Bill, took no pains to conceal their delight at the pain which was inflicted on their great antagonist. The gratification which had been afforded during the Maynooth debates to the false friends and ambitious enemies of the Minister designated Mr. Disraeli in the next Session for the easier task of denouncing Sir Robert Peel's conversion to the cause of Corn-law Repeal. Without his aid the indignant Protectionists would have

perhaps sulkily acquiesced in their disappointment; but they found a mouthpiece in Mr. Disraeli, who in turn, not having himself attained the rank of a leader, invented Lord George Bentinck. Lord Dalling justly remarks that "the fact that Sir Robert Peel resigned office on changing his policy, and that he did not return to it until every other Ministerial combination had failed, rendered his course on this occasion more clear than on the Catholic question. To accuse him under such circumstances of changing his views in order to retain office is as absurd as it is unjust." Lord John Russell had announced his adherence to the Corn-law League two or three weeks before Sir Robert Peel determined to repeal the Corn Laws. No other course could have brought the leader of the Opposition into office, or turned the Prime Minister out. Lord John Russell was perhaps justified in declining on a trivial pretext the task of forming a Ministry (to carry Corn-law Repeal). He would have encountered a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, and he could not have disposed of the Duke of Wellington's indispensable authority for the management of the House of Lords. The legend that the Duke overruled the scruples of conscientious Protectionist peers by replying, "You cannot object to the Bill more than I do, and I shall vote for it," probably represents not inaccurately the arguments by which he secured a majority. The indecent and inconsistent haste with which Lord John Russell took advantage of Protectionist discontent is less excusable than his devolution of an arduous task on his opponent. His coalition with the unscrupulous leader of the Protectionists to defeat the Irish Coercion Bill of which they both approved succeeded in the object of making Lord John Russell Prime Minister, and of gratifying Lord George Bentinck's implacable animosity. Soon afterwards Peel enjoyed the dignified revenge of assisting Lord John Russell to carry a Coercion Bill which was virtually the same as his own. On his resignation Sir Robert Peel determined that he would never again take office; nor is it certain whether, if he had lived, he would have yielded to the unanimous urgency with which in difficult seasons the nation would have demanded his return to power. During the four remaining years of his life he held a higher rank than that of any Minister or leader of an Opposition. Perfectly free from party connexion, he gave a general support to Lord John Russell, with whom he had always in the House of Commons maintained courteous and almost friendly relations. It was against his will that on the eve of his death he voted for a censure on Lord Palmerston, in the justice of which, as afterwards appeared, Lord John Russell privately concurred. It is probable that both were mistaken, but Sir Robert Peel can scarcely be blamed for sharing the opinion of Lord Palmerston's principal colleague:—

The most triumphant portion of Sir Robert Peel's political career was indeed that which followed his exclusion from official life. I know of no statesman who ever occupied so proud a position as that in which a greater Commoner than even the first William Pitt stood from 1846 to July 1850, when an unhappy accident filled with patriotic sorrow every heart in England. Above all parties, himself a party, he had trained his own mind into a disinterested sympathy with the intelligence of his country. He never during this period gave a vote to court democratic influence or to win aristocratic favour.

As far as wisdom can be independent of far-seeing prescience, Sir Robert Peel was one of the wisest of men. Even those who dispute his sagacity ought to admit his admirable honesty. He probably never supported or opposed a measure under the influence of personal motives. When his death was announced in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone delivered in the House of Commons a cold and conventional eulogy on his deceased leader. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington, never ready of speech nor prodigal in expressions of feeling, repeated more than once, with deep emotion, the statement that, among all men whom he had ever known, Sir Robert Peel was remarkable because he always told the truth. Two dissimilar natures were united by a common instinct of veracity, in which the Duke probably intended to include habitual uprightness of purpose. Lord Dalling's eulogy is an authentic and valuable contribution to the history of the statesman whom Mr. Disraeli once described as the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived.

CRAWLEY'S TRANSLATION OF THUCYDIDES.*

THREE kinds of merit can enter, separately or together, into a translation of Thucydides. It may have an historical, a literary, and a scholarly value. It will have historical value if it makes the subject-matter accessible to a student of history, not merely by a clear version, but by such aids of analysis and division as modern ideas of lucid arrangement suggest. This alone would be worth doing. The singularities of Thucydides as a writer perhaps too often divert attention from his greatness as an historian. Those who associate his name with passages of a perverse, or a brilliant, intricacy are probably more numerous than those who have learned to look at his work as a whole. It would not perhaps be too much to say that for many readers the character ascribed by Thucydides to his own performance has been reversed by the unconscious irony of modern classicism. For the University man, as a rule, it is to be feared that the History of the Peloponnesian War represents—in a sense undreamed of by the compiler—the "exploit of the hour" rather than the "everlasting possession." A well-arranged trans-

* *The History of the Peloponnesian War by Thucydides.* Translated into English by Richard Crawley, Fellow (non-Resident) of Worcester College, Oxford; and formerly Scholar of University College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

lation will have done good work if it makes men read Thucydides as a whole; not laboriously, as in the twilight of conflicting commentators—not with a sense of literary loathing, as in a glaringly bad translation—but comfortably, with nothing violently to interrupt the mind while it gradually receives the impression of his intellectual strength and absorbs the lessons of his political wisdom. It takes a little thought for men of to-day to see how great Thucydides was. All the forms of political experience which his own age could furnish to him resolved themselves into two—the Greek City and Persia; on the one hand, the small commonwealth, with the idea of the nation still far away in the future; on the other hand, the despotic monarchy, not properly a political government at all, and perhaps less instructive to the observer than any other. But the scanty materials were enough for his genius. As we read him, we feel that he would have been able to apply the principles gathered from these phenomena to cases the most complex, and the least like those which he had known. The feudal France or Germany of the past, the constitutional England or federal America of to-day, would have discovered to him, under all contrasts of form, essential analogies with the things of his own age. It has been said of Thucydides by a great living scholar and historian, "There is hardly a problem in the science of government which the statesman will not find, if not solved, at any rate handled, in the pages of this universal master." The prosperity of Athens after the expulsion of the Peisistratidæ calls forth from Hérodotos the remark that "freedom is a fine thing." The interval, in regard to subtlety, between this comment and the criticisms of Thucydides on the Coregorean sedition, does not unfairly represent the difference between the capacities of the two men for a philosophy of history. Personal impartiality is a quality more immediately obvious than width of mental grasp; and when it has been admitted that Thucydides, an oligarch banished by the democracy, is sometimes rather hard on Kleon and on Hyperbolos, there is little to deduct from the praise of a wonderfully dispassionate narrative. Xenophon could relate the Theban revolution without naming Pelopidas, and the battle of Leuktra without naming Epameinondas. He could record the smallest doings of Agésilas, but forget to mention that Megalopolis had been founded or Messénia delivered. Thucydides, so far as we know, has suppressed nothing; nor—with the doubtful exception just noticed—has he set down aught in malice. Seldom indeed does he permit himself a word of praise or blame. The treachery of Paches to Hippias provokes no commentary. The characters of Themistoklès and Periklès suggest no moral criticism. The historian who, with these qualifications, has described a great crisis of ancient Greece ought not to be less attractive than Olarendon. If a translator who makes Thucydides as possible as Olarendon for the English reader can achieve literary and scholarly merit too, so much the better. Literary merit will consist in attaining the end which Conington proposed to himself in his translation of the *Æneid*; that is, in making the work, in respect of style, not merely readable, but agreeable or brilliant as a whole. Scholarly merit will depend on a precise correspondence, expressed in an artistic form, between the English version and the Greek original.

Mr. Crawley's translation has historical merit, as above explained, in a high degree; literary merit in a considerable, though not in an eminent, degree; scholarly merit in a very inferior degree. One of the best features of the work is the recasting of the original into larger chapters determined by the grouping of events. The contents of the eight books are thus made by Mr. Crawley to fall into twenty-six chapters, care being taken that the beginning of a book shall always coincide with the beginning of a chapter. Descriptive titles are prefixed to each of these new and larger chapters. The events narrated in each chapter, and the years to which they severally belong, are exhibited in a complete tabular analysis. For facility of reference those chapters of the ordinary arrangement which are comprised in each chapter of the translation are indicated at the head of each page. Here we would have suggested a trifling improvement of detail. Opening the translation, say, at Book II., Chapter VIII., we see by a glance at the top of the page that this Chapter VIII. of Mr. Crawley's answers to parts of Chapters 88 and 89 in the original. But there is nothing to mark the point at which Chapter 88 ends and Chapter 89 begins. If we wish to compare the Greek with the English we must turn to the Greek and find this out for ourselves. It would surely have been easy, without deforming the page, to show in the margin where each chapter of the Greek text begins, and, for purposes of reference or comparison it would have been a great deal better. But this is a small matter. Mr. Crawley's general plan of arrangement is excellent, and, helped by the careful digest of subject-matter at the beginning, will give most readers just the kind of assistance which they most wanted in order to read the History with a continuous and intelligent interest. Nor will this interest flag through any fault of the style. Mr. Crawley writes spirited and vigorous English. He is far indeed from all that tameness or uncountness by which ordinary "cribs," or even works of a more ambitious kind, so vividly impress young minds with the fatuity or obscurity of the ancients. If he errs at all in this matter, it is perhaps rather in the other direction. The studious modernism of his narrative sometimes recalls the smartness of Our Own Correspondent, while the idiom of the speeches, Parliamentary in its dignity and somewhat dull in its perspicuity, sometimes almost makes one crave for a change, a little of that homely clumsiness whereby the honest "crib" of other days at least reminded one that Alkibiadès was not a member

of the House of Commons. If, however, a subtler artist would in many places have been simpler, and in some places stronger, yet the general literary merit of this translator must be put high.

Now we come to scholarship. In these days translation has passed out of the hands of those whom M. Taine calls *chevaux de fronde littéraire*, and whom our ruder idiom calls hacks, into the hands of scholars. Two principal causes have created a demand for good translations of the Greek and Latin classics. One cause is the growing variety of intellectual interests, which tends to lessen the number of specialists in the old paths. Another is the new clearness of the antithesis between Literature and Science. There is a Science of Language. But those for whom Science means principally Mathematical or Physical Science naturally treat the Greek and Latin classics as so much literature; and, caring comparatively little for the niceties of form, use it as they use other literature, *i.e.* read it chiefly for the subject-matter. Scholars who join literary faculty to fairly accurate knowledge have used the opportunity well on the whole. But it is rare indeed to meet with an English translation which will bear the test of close comparison with the original. Not one translator in a hundred is capable of satisfying such a test. Not one reader in a thousand is likely to apply it. Mr. Crawley's work seems to us to maintain the best average of scholarly accuracy in the ordinary narrative passages. This is one of its chief merits. It is conscientious throughout, and does not fall below the mark in those places where a translator of a long book is most likely to "scamp" his work. The best proof is to take a chapter which offers no special difficulties of any kind. Take, for instance, the short narrative chapter, V. 39 (V. 16, p. 366, in the translation). The only point to which we should take exception here is the version of the words at the end, *τὰ Πανάκτον ὁδὸς καθήρειτο*, which Mr. Crawley renders "Panactum was instantly razed." The words mean, "The dismantling of Panakton began at once." Dale has at least kept the meaning of the tense—at whatever cost—when he translates "Panactum was immediately begun to be demolished." Slips of this kind may seem trivial; but they take away from the scholarly value of a translation, and, where facts are in question, from its historical worth too. It is, however, less in the narrative than in the rhetorical passages that Mr. Crawley's accuracy is at fault. The passage in the speech of Periklès (II. 42), *δοκί δὲ μοι δρῶν ἀνδρὶς ἀρετὴν . . . μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ εἶους ἀπὸλλάττειν*, is thus translated (p. 125):—

And if a test of worth be wanted, it is to be found in their closing scene, and this not only in the cases in which it set the final seal upon their merit, but also in those in which it gave the first intimation of their having any. For there is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections; since the good action has blotted out the bad, and his merit as a citizen more than outweighed his demerits as an individual. But none of these allowed either wealth with its prospect of future enjoyment to unnerve his spirit, or poverty with its hope of a day of freedom and riches to tempt him to shrink from danger. No, holding that vengeance upon their enemies was more to be desired than any personal blessings, and reckoning this to be the most glorious of hazards, they joyfully determined to accept the risk, and making sure of their vengeance to leave their wishes to take care of themselves, and committing to hope the uncertainty of success, to trust to action in the business before them. Thus choosing to die resisting rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonour, but met danger face to face, and after one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, were taken away, not from their fear, but from their glory.

On this version we would make the following comments:—(1) *δοκί δὲ μοι δρῶν ἀνδρὶς ἀρετὴν*—*πρῶτη τε μνησέμεναι καὶ τελευταία βεβαιώσαι ἢ γὰρ τῶντε καταστροφῇ* is surely very loosely rendered by the sentence which opens the extract just given. It might have been more compactly and more simply rendered thus:—"I find a true illustration of worth—whether it be as a first manifestation or as a crowning proof—in the final scene of these men's lives." (2) "For there is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections." The original is:—*καὶ γὰρ τοῖς τάλῃα χεῖροσι δίκαιον τὴν ἐς τοὺς πολέμους ὑπὲρ τῆς πατρίδος ἀνδραγαθίαν προτιθεῖσθαι*. Now it is here a question whether *ἀνδραγαθίαν προτιθεῖσθαι* means "to put forth valour," or "to put forth valour as a pretext." In the one or other place of Thucydides where the phrase occurs, it means "to put forth valour" (III. 64), *ἐπὶ τῇ ἐκείνων κακῇ ἀνδραγαθίαν προτιθεσθαι*. As far as we know, there is no instance in properly classical Greek of *προτιθεῖσθαι* in the sense of *σπῆναι προτιμεῖν* or *σκηπτέσθαι*, though Polybios has (II. 19) *συγγένειαν προτιθέμενοι*, "alleging kinship," nearly in that sense. Yet here we believe that Mr. Crawley has rightly followed Dale in adopting this meaning. Our reason is the construction of the sentence. If Thucydides had meant to say, "Men otherwise inferior ought to put forth valour (at least) on behalf of their country," he would have written, surely—*καὶ γὰρ τοῖς τάλῃα χεῖροσι* (or *τοὺς τάλῃα χείρους*) *δίκαιον τὴν ἐς τοὺς πολέμους ἀνδραγαθίαν ὑπὲρ τῆς πατρίδος προτιθεῖσθαι*. But we cannot approve Mr. Crawley's translation, which looks as if, with Arnold, he had taken the middle *προτιθεῖσθαι* for a passive. We should prefer to render:—"It is fair that men otherwise inglorious should claim the merit of courage shown in their country's battles." (3) The words, "They joyfully determined to accept the risk, and making sure of their vengeance to leave their wishes to take care of themselves," represent *ἰβουλὴθῆσαν μὲν αὐτοῦ* (sc. τοῦ κινδύνου) *τοῦ μὴ τιμωρίσθαι τῶν δι' ἐπείσεσθαι*. The italicized phrase will surely not do for *τῶν δι' ἐπείσεσθαι*. We would translate it:—"They were content to make that venture, to deal that chastisement, to battle for those desires." (4) "And committing to hope the uncertainty of success, to trust to action in the business before them." The

italicized words altogether lose the vividness of *περὶ τοῦ ἥδη ὁρμήσαντος οφίου*. Render:—"Committing to hope the uncertain issue, but, for what confronted them, resolved to trust themselves."

(5) "*Thus choosing to die resisting*," &c. The original is *καὶ ἐν αὐτῇ τῷ ἀνίστασθαι καὶ παθεῖν μᾶλλον ἡγησάμενοι*: where *ἐν αὐτῇ* refers back to the *κίνδυνος*, and contrasts the anticipation with the presence of danger. "Thus" does not translate *ἐν αὐτῇ* at all. A little afterwards, the words—"they fled only from dishonour, but met danger face to face" are the equivalent of *τὸ μὴ αἰσχρὸν τοῦ λόγου ἔφυγον, τὸ δ' ἔργον τῇ σώματι ὑπέμειναν*. Here, as it seems to us, *τῇ σώματι* is inadequately rendered by "face to face." In Greek phrase, *τῇ σώματι ὑπέμειναν* is much more than "met in the body"; it is, strictly, "endured with the life"—i.e. at the cost of life. The whole passage, *καὶ ἐν αὐτῇ—ἀπῆλλάνυσαν* might be rendered thus:—"And, when the danger came, assured that to strike and suffer was better than to yield and be spared, they shielded their memories from shame by standing the ordeal with their lives; and in an instant, at the supreme moment of their fortune, passed from the place, not of their fear, but of their fame."

As an aid to the reading of Thucydides, whether as a history or as a book, Mr. Crawley's translation is valuable. Both in division and in diction it is excellent. It does not, however, reach the standard which modern scholarship exacts before the English translation of such an author can be pronounced consummate and final. It betrays a want of that special and laborious training sometimes, though oddly, called "pure" scholarship, which Mr. Crawley in his vigorous satire, "Horse and Foot," has confessed to be unsatisfying to a modern Byron, but which is necessary for a translator of Thucydides.

MAN AND BEAST.*

IT is a pleasant and popular kind of book-making to compile amusing anecdotes of the habits of animals. Where these are ordinary examples of the ways of a class or species, they may have a scientific value as illustrations of natural history. The exceptional behaviour, too, of individual creatures on particular occasions may prove worth our attention. But a more strict examination seems to be required for instances of the latter kind. They are not, like the former, alleged to have got the confirmation of invariable results observed under the like circumstances. All that can be said is that such things have frequently been related by credible witnesses. The rare and surprising character of special exhibitions of sagacity or apparent moral sensibility in animals is confessed by the narrators. An air of the marvellous, sometimes even of the miraculous, affects the general apprehension of these interesting facts. This atmosphere of wonder presently stimulates the gratified mind to a very agreeable exercise of free thought. It may unconsciously permit itself to relax its vigilant scrutiny of accounts received, if not to magnify and colour, by the illusory optics of imagination, stories often repeated.

The discovery that there is much cleverness in our dumb companions, and that they are highly capable of social affections, must be welcome to good-natured persons. But it remains as yet a subject of continual wonder. Now the emotion of wondering is apt, in the most honest and simple minds, to engender mythical conceptions. There is a great risk of self-deception in crediting, and of undesigned exaggeration in relating, singular proofs of the mental endowments of our favourite animals. The partiality of ownership and guardianship is likely to influence their masters, and still more their mistresses, in observing, interpreting, and remembering their acts. This patronage of beloved dependents among inferior species has the same effect as parental tenderness. A fond mother's joyous recital of the precocious feats of her infant may not uncharitably be taken with a certain reserve. We listen next to the maiden lady who tells us something equally remarkable of her toy terrier or the demure and graceful Tabby on her velvet cushion. This lady also believes what she says, and her tale is but a slight unintentional improvement of the fact. But we do not hasten to encumber the studies of the zoologist and the comparative psychologist with records of this description. With a sentimental or fanciful predilection, however, for a certain theory of animal life, one might be disposed to put them forward as contributions to science and philosophy. But then one would not gain the credit of being a philosopher or a truly scientific man.

Mr. J. G. Wood is a professed admirer of *Science Gossip*. That publication has its modest merits and its uses of instruction and of entertainment. Take a large quantity of the sort of anecdotal lore which it contains, mixed with household gossip of many private families concerning their pets in parlour and kitchen, in farmyard, kennel, and stable. Add to this natural history gossip a very small dose of philosophy gossip, and a little dash of theology gossip. Let these ingredients be just thrown together, but not stirred to mingle, and still less to be compounded, by any argumentative working. They may fill a couple of volumes, in which two chapters, the first and the last, present the mere forms of discussion, while gossiping anecdote makes up all the rest. This compilation will suit the taste of many readers. But we cannot allow it to pass for a treatise upon the immortality of the soul in the lower animals. For this is a grave and difficult question, to

say the least of it. Some of the most powerful thinkers have barely touched it, with a reverential feeling of reserve. They have regarded it, finally, as one that can hardly be answered, and one that we are not concerned to answer. Bishop Butler undertakes to show that there is a very considerable degree of probability in the idea of a future life for mankind. His views of the "living agent" within the body may be objected to, his remarks, as equally applicable to brute animals. To such an objection he would reply that we do not know whether a future life may not be in the order of nature for them also. If it be so, they may or may not be capable of developing, in that higher state, the powers of rational insight and moral determination. Butler does not think fit to take either side of the question, but his inclination to the affirmative may be presumed from its bearing on his proper line of argument. If no substantial reasoning in favour of the immortality of brutes could be found by Butler, it was hardly to be expected from Mr. Wood. All he can produce for it, after an examination of texts in the Bible showing that Scripture does not expressly deny it, is set forth in one sentence. "I am convinced," he says, "that any creature which is capable of suffering has in that very capacity its passport to the eternal life for which its sufferings are but a preparation." This is but a sentiment, which can only derive the force of an argument from the assumption, elsewhere set forth, that "Divine justice" cannot be vindicated without compensation hereafter for bodily pains endured in this world. We do not care to scrutinize the soundness, either upon ethical or theological grounds, of such a passionate opinion with regard to such a matter. It has been noticed only as a sample of the quality of Mr. Wood's substitute for solid philosophical thought in support of a vast proposition. Willfulness in "claiming" that the laws of the universe be conformed to our own "ideas of right and wrong" is not the temper of a candid searcher for truth. Mr. Wood, indeed, would seem to have peculiar sources of information both concerning the action of spirit upon matter here, and concerning the arrangements of the "spiritual world." He is enabled to assert that all the different species, as well as the individual living creatures, will have a continued existence hereafter. "Man will be man, and beast will be beast, and insect will be insect, in the next world as in this." We do not blame the indulgence in a romantic fantasy so congenial to the naturalist's favourite pursuits. But when the naturalist comes forward as a supernaturalist it is time to warn him against mistaking his vocation.

For Mr. Wood, to the regret and dismay, we should think, of many readers who have hitherto been entertained by his natural-history gossip, now appears to be a believer in ghosts. He inserts at the end of his second volume the story of a lady he knows who saw the ghost of an ugly old woman that had hanged herself in a French chateau. The ghost, a hideous little hag with a glare of fiendish wickedness in her eyes, was sitting in a high-backed armchair by the fireside. The lady's cat first saw this apparition, and then the lady herself saw it. Mr. Wood believes this story, because he has read in Scripture that Balaam's ass saw the angel before Balaam did. Further, he takes it as a proof that the lower animals possess "spirit" because they are capable of "spiritual as well as material vision." This instance accordingly becomes the crowning example in proof of his contention for the immortality of the lower animals.

Now we like Mr. Wood as a pleasant storyteller in his own department of study and observation. These two new volumes of his are filled for the most part with anecdotes which are very entertaining. Some of the facts related occurred within his personal observation. But a greater number were communicated to him by friends or people of his acquaintance. Many of these stories are such as we can have no hesitation in believing, and such as we have read or heard before. They are quite sufficient to prove, if anybody doubts it, that the lower animals possess faculties of understanding, though not the supreme faculty of reason; and that they are capable of the social affections, and of moral culture through love of approbation and self-esteem. We should be willing enough to grant equal acceptance to some other anecdotes in Mr. Wood's collection, which would indicate the possession by animals of superior mental faculties. But how are we to get on with him as a storyteller if he insists upon telling us a ghost story? As a gentleman who has studied natural history and is accustomed to take notice of various kinds of animals, he might be deemed an excellent judge of the probability of any stories about them. One would be glad to rely upon Mr. Wood's discretion as a compiler of facts in the familiar department of his many previous works. But when once he has committed himself to a ghost story, the confidence of a reader is likely to be shaken. A dog story, a cat story, or a bird story, which one might otherwise enjoy with unquestioning faith, is thereby overcast with a shadow of doubt.

There is the story, for instance, of Lady E.'s cat Tiny, whose sense of the dignity of the family to which she belonged was shown in a practical manner. She was scandalized by remarking an empty dish on the breakfast-table. So she jumped out of the window and fetched a lobster from the table laid in a neighbour's house. It must be rather difficult for a cat to carry a lobster, but that is the least of the wonder. Tiny had no intention of stealing the neighbour's victuals. The lobster was only borrowed for a pantomimic lesson to her human friends. She just held it in their sight over the empty dish, to show her opinion that they ought to have provided a lobster of their own to put there. Having performed this instructive action, Tiny instantly carried the lobster back to the neighbour's breakfast-parlour, and replaced it on the table exactly where she had found it. Now, if Lady

* *Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter*. Illustrated by more than Three Hundred Original Anecdotes. 2 vols. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, F.R.S. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1874.

E.'s cat really did all this, from the motive imputed to her by Mr. Wood, her mind performed a very complex process of ratiocination. A child several years old would not go much further in sustained combination of thoughts and purposes. This little animal, it seems, understood that the articles she found in one house were the lawful property of one person, but that those which lay in the next house belonged to another person. She understood the distinction between borrowing an article for a temporary use and taking it with entire appropriation. Her powers of abstraction and generalization had mastered the logical difference between the idea of a lobster in general, which was what she meant to suggest as the thing to be procured, and that of the particular lobster, which she so carefully restored to its owners. And she deliberately planned this series of consistent performances in order to remind Lady E.'s household of their respectability, and of their right to as good a breakfast as the people next door prepared for themselves. A cat which could imagine and execute such a design might well, for aught we know, be as capable of going to Heaven as any Christian. But, without impeaching either Mr. Wood's or Lady E.'s veracity, we doubt their account of the facts. Supposing that Lady E. actually saw the cat enter her parlour with the borrowed lobster, and make a display of it on the table, over the empty dish. The cat presently afterwards takes it away, jumping again out of window. The lobster is found, a few minutes later, upon the table where it ought to be, in the neighbour's house. But was there a strict inquiry how it came there? Is it quite certain that the cat did not drop the lobster, or that a servant did not take it from her, and that it was not replaced, as it naturally and properly would be, by human hands? In that case, all we could say of it would be that a cat stole a lobster, and was compelled to part with it. The omission or accidental defect of some links in the chain of observations will completely alter the probable explanation of these stories.

It behoved the editor of such anecdotes, when they were to be adduced for evidence in a serious philosophical argument to exercise a judicial scrutiny of their minutest details. Mr. Wood has not, so far as we can see, attempted to do his duty in this respect. The mood in which he affects to interpret nature, throughout these trifling volumes, is that of humorous conjecture. Our readers might easily be amused at a cheap rate by quoting some more examples of his collection. For the mere purpose of amusement his book will do very well. Many things of the same kind have appeared; and Mr. W. H. G. Kingston's *Stories of the Sagacity of Animals*, with pictures by Mr. Harrison Weir, is a selection to please and to edify children.

But the limitation of mental capacities in our not articulately speaking fellow-creatures has always been apparent to the commonest observation. That they have understanding, as well as instinct, is no recent discovery. Aristotle compared the mind of a brute to that of a man in earliest infancy. It is remarked by Sir Benjamin Brodie that in the humbler mental operations of the animal may be traced the rudiments of those faculties which are more completely developed in the human intelligence. The observation of Locke, that in brutes the faculties of comparing and combining ideas are confined to "sensible circumstances of the objects," not extending to abstract conceptions, is plausible enough. What is the organic peculiarity that causes this deficiency of mental power, we cannot indeed say; but a similar condition may be detected in the human mind afflicted with idiocy. It might be worth while also to compare this permanent deprivation, or this lack by nature of the faculty of abstraction, with its temporary suspension in the mind of a dreamer, or in that of a drunken man. In these cases, as we all know, the lower functions of the understanding may be extremely active; the somnambulist, for example, may converse, compose, and calculate with regard to objects or symbols made previously familiar by his former perceptions. But the mind has for a time lost hold of the generalizations to which, in the alert self-possession of its full waking power, all phenomenal ideas would be referred. It is probable that the imperfectly developed intellect of the lower animals may rest nearly at this stage. By the associations of sensible ideas they acquire a faculty of empirical reasoning; and the domesticated animal, being an affectionate creature, with strong emotions of love, pride, and shame, gets a customary conscience from the approving or rebuking voice of his master. The understanding is vastly improved by making the animal in course of training acquainted with words or signs of whatever purport. Indeed no brute could ever invent any kind of symbol for an idea in its own mind, but it can apprehend the symbol when taught. This is a help to more complex combinations of ideas. Without express teaching, and even in the wild state apart from superior example, animals can learn to adapt their conduct to varying relations, and to perceive methods of obvious expediency. All this, however, differs most essentially from the rational apprehension of principles, of causes, or of ultimate ends, which belongs to mankind alone, and which is the ground of moral responsibility. There is no real foundation, therefore, so far as our knowledge extends, for applying to brutes the ordinary argument in favour of a future retributive existence. But we do not know what latent powers of mind may belong to these creatures "that nourish a blind life within the brain."

THE AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1859.—PART II.*

BARON KUHN, who has lately had to yield his post to the reactionary military party, held office at Vienna long enough at least for one purpose—the setting forth clearly his own share and that of his former chief, (General Gyulai, in the great campaign which wrested Lombardy for ever from Austria, and made Italy, if not the free country "from the Alps to the Adriatic" which Napoleon had promised to create, at least something much more than the geographical expression which she had for centuries been. We noticed his first volume on its appearance, and took occasion to show how thoroughly the work of the new Historical Section of the Austrian Headquarter Staff had been done, and how completely the influence of the War Minister had triumphed over the hereditary reticence that makes the despair of the student of many of the former wars between France and Austria. Not only are the military movements on either side chronicled with an exactness which defies hostile criticism, but the whole diplomacy of that curious epoch is laid bare, when Prussia, hardly yet acknowledged for the first-class Power she had long claimed to be, was divided between jealousy of Francis Joseph and fear of his adversary.

Few volumes have ever dealt with a subject so effectually as that which we then reviewed. It traced the war from its origin down to the great battle of Magenta, which for the time restored its old military renown to the name of Napoleon to an extent that many of our younger readers are hardly aware of. The one point that remains undiscovered in the history of that victory is to whose happy inspiration it was due that the French Emperor threw his army over the Ticino by a wide flank movement as bold and well conceived as his great uncle's brilliant stroke of strategy against the same Austrians on the Danube fifty years before. Nobody nowadays credits Napoleon III. or his Chief of Staff, the worthy but very commonplace Marshal Vaillant, with this inspiration. It has never been claimed by any one for MacMahon, though his corps chanced to bear the brunt of its execution and he took his title from its success. Possibly the secret may have died with Marshal Niel, who was too loyal a servant of the Second Empire to have desired to strip his master of the glory of an achievement which for long made men count him one of the best soldiers of his age. At any rate the former Austrian volume, at all other points so satisfactory, threw no light on this comparatively personal question. But it illustrated from first to last the incompetence of the Austrian Government to deal with the terrible problem which the growth of national aspirations in Italy, and the ambition of France to take the leadership afresh in Europe, had brought it face to face with. It showed, too, with a clearness that proved Baron Kuhn to be quite free from that leaning to Berlin of which some of his late colleagues have been accused, how that ambition was favoured from first to last by the half-heartedness of Prussia in the cause of Germany; a half-heartedness so apparent that it forced the usually backward and timid minor States to summon her to the action on which she entered, when thus forced to it, too late for any useful purpose in arresting the triumph of the Gaul. And, above all, it made clear the fact that, from the first, the old general at whose right hand Colonel Kuhn stood in Italy took a practical view of the coming contest, foresaw clearly that the French would throw the weight of their assault on Austria on the Italian side, where their reception would be cordial, and the alliance popular throughout Europe, and vainly urged upon his blinded superiors at Vienna the necessity for giving him the means of meeting the coming shock by diverting to Lombardy the masses of troops with which they were preparing to meet invasion by the Rhine and Danube; where the first shot would certainly have roused all Germany against Napoleon, a result which that monarch had quite sagacity enough to avoid.

The volume now published, which was completed just before Baron Kuhn left his post at Vienna, takes up the story of the war on the evening of the great confused struggle round Magenta, when a full half of the French army was unaware of its victory, and more than half the Austrian unconscious of its defeat, and carries it down to the 20th June, when Gyulai's retreating force halted behind the Mincio to come into line with the so-called First Army—a more recently formed command, under General Wimpffen, which had been brought up to support it. It will be remembered that, long before the campaign began, Gyulai had pointed out in the plainest terms the insufficiency of the force allotted to him for the double-purpose of holding Italy, notoriously ready to rise against his master, and meeting the French attack which he had good reason to fear. The answer to this had been the detachment direct to him of certain reinforcements—part of these being despatched so late that they were actually within a few miles of Magenta without being able to share in the battle—and the creation of a new army in his rear to hold Venetia and watch the Adriatic coast. Viewed by the light of Kuhn's elaborate narrative, the history of the sixteen days covered by this volume, which breaks off at the meeting of these two forces, the heat of which was defeated at Solferino, may be told briefly as follows.

Gyulai retreated slowly from the Ticino, followed more slowly still by the French, who were too much exhausted by their successful struggle for the passage of that stream to attempt to press his rearguard. Milan, on hearing of the Austrian defeat,

* *Der Krieg in Italien 1859.* Von dem K. K. Generalstabs-Bureau für Kriegsgeschichte. 22^{ter} Band. Wien: 1874.

showed such symptoms of immediate insurrection that no attempt was made by her late masters to hold her, and MacMahon's Corps marched through the streets of the rejoicing city in triumph on the 7th of June, three days after the victory to which he had so largely contributed. But by this time the Austrians had recovered heart. Their leaders knew that it was not their own fault that the right wing under Olam Gallas, which was crushed at Magenta, whilst the centre and left held their own, had been deprived by malarrangements at Vienna of part of the succour destined for it, which might have enabled it to hold its ground. The whole army had had its spirits raised by the news that General Urban's flying division, detached far northward in chase of the beaten Garibaldians near the Lago Maggiore, and so abandoned and thought to be cut off beyond the Ticino, had skillfully extricated itself from its peril by a rapid flank march round the advancing enemy. Best of all, the young Emperor, now arrived at Verona to take personal direction in Italy, had plainly not lost heart at the first defeat; for orders were telegraphed from his headquarters which, while permitting General Gyulai at his own discretion to abandon all Lombardy up to the Adda, and withdraw his troops behind the river, enjoined on him "to leave nothing untried that could retrieve affairs at once, and to profit by any favourable chance that presented itself."

Such a chance there appeared to his Chief of Staff to exist now, when the French and Sardinians, coming out of the inaction which at first followed on their victory, were pressing rather loosely forward in pursuit of what seemed to them a hopelessly beaten adversary. Cavalry officers with the Austrian rearguard made their general situation known, Baron Edelsheim, the present head of that arm in Austria, distinguishing himself here especially by the vigilance with which he patrolled along the flanks of the French columns, parts of which were already advancing towards Melegnano, the key-point of the country between Lodi and Milan, whilst the rear of their army had not yet reached the latter city. Their general direction eastward, in fact, kept them rather to the north of the line on which the Austrians were retreating; and hence Baron Kuhn conceived the bold scheme of turning his army suddenly back on its traces, and pushing vigorously to the north-west—a movement which, if successful, would break in upon the French line in flank before Napoleon could form a fresh front to meet it. It would repeat, in fact, the strategy of Schornhorst's which brought the allies to Lützen on the flank of the great Napoleon in 1813 so unexpectedly that his triumphant advance across the Saxon plains would have been turned into a defeat had it been an ordinary tactician who was thus surprised. On the 8th of June the orders were all prepared, arrangements made for sending all spare baggage behind the Adda for safety, and the scheme fully approved by Gyulai, who with his own hand added some finishing touches to the instructions about to be despatched to the corps.

The care with which the part of this volume is elaborated which contains the details of a project never realized proves that Kuhn, when in high office many years after, did not repent the advice he had given to break with the old Austrian traditions, and change a disheartening retreat into a sudden and bold advance upon the pursuer. Without knowing exactly how far he may be by nature over-sanguine it is difficult to judge what were the real prospects of success, so largely must they have depended on the trustworthiness of his troops. But throughout life the ex-Minister for War has been fated to see his boldly designed projects shattered against the obstinacy of other soldiers who cling closely to tradition. So it was in this particular instance. Baron Hess, the Austrian Quartermaster-General, whose intermeddling is charged with a great part of the Magenta catastrophe, had returned to Gyulai's headquarters, which he had left just at the time of that battle. Hess had been in many respects the right-hand of Radetsky, long the Wellington of the Austrian army, and enjoyed that sort of consideration at this time which was the lot of Lord Raglan among ourselves after Wellington's death. No one ventured to gainsay his deliberate opinion, which indeed would probably have been supported had he appealed by telegram to Verona. And, to his cautious view, the turning back a defeated army to attempt a counter-stroke, however well devised, on a pursuer believed to be superior in numbers and in better heart, would have been inexcusable rashness. He condemned Kuhn's plan as soon as it was communicated to him, and Gyulai, though nominally free to act under the Emperor's express instructions, did not venture to dispute his fiat. The idea of advance was therefore at once abandoned, and preparations made for continuing the retreat across the Adda.

This retreat was to be, as before, cool and methodical. Such a movement implies well-posted rearguards in strong positions, and these are liable to be sacrificed if the pursuers prove energetic. Such was just the case in this instance. Napoleon had meanwhile found out that the Austrians were apparently quitting Lombardy, and naturally resolved to push them. To do this it was necessary to possess himself of Melegnano, already indicated as the most important point, strategically of the slip of ground between the two armies; and on the night of the 7th June, before Hess had intervened to stay Gyulai in his intended movement of attack, Marshal Baraguey d'Hilliers had MacMahon's Corps added to his own command, with orders to attack and carry the position held there by the Austrian rearguard. This consisted of Roden's and Boer's brigades of Benedek's Corps, with two batteries, and a few squadrons of hussars. General Berger, who commanded, was made aware by Benedek of the importance of the position, which would

have been hardly less essential for the safeguard of the advance than for covering the retreat of the army; and when the shock fell on him late in the afternoon of the 8th, he withstood it with a tenacity which did himself and his division infinite honour. The fight that followed was the severest in this brief but bloody campaign. The French had to bring into action the greater part of the 36,000 men of whom Marshal Baraguey disposed; and the 8,000 Austrians who held the little town did not yield it without the loss of nearly fifteen hundred of their number. But the general who exposes a small force to be crushed by his enemy's superior numbers suffers the moral disadvantage of a genuine defeat; and the action of Melegnano, following so close on that of Magenta, with the retreat continued, and no counter-blow to put against it, gave the French an advantage which no doubt told to the end of the campaign. Disheartened and weary, though not further molested—the stout resistance of Benedek's troops had done at least that much for them—the Austrians fell back behind the Adda, and thence over the Mincio, where their Emperor formally assumed the charge of the Second Army, as he had already done of the First. Gyulai's command was soon after taken altogether from him, and he passed into history to be credited with all the misfortunes that opened the campaign. He might have been so for generations, instead of years, had not his Chief of Staff lived to climb the heights of power, and unlock the doors of the State cabinets which held the chief secrets of the war. He has shown from proof irrefragable that all the foresight, readiness, and prudence in Austria at the crisis of 1857 were embodied in her old general; all the rashness, imbecility, and tardiness displayed were due to that secret government—half family camera, half autocracy—which has so often dragged her into the mire of defeat and humiliation.

OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY.*

THE monotony of modern life has been a frequent source of complaint among those who live it. For the real subject of complaint there is no doubt some reason. It is doubtful, however, whether the name applied to that subject is a correct one. There is in truth a good deal more of variety in these days of constant improvement and invention than there was in the days before them, when both invention and improvement were slow, and by no means always sure. One would think that the increased variety and power of life should give increased power and variety to those persons whose business or pleasure it is to describe life whether in the form of fact or of fiction. This, however, does not appear to be the case. The fact is that it is not the monotonous nature of modern life which ought to be an object of reprobation, but the tendency of modern, as of ancient, people to be monotonous. There is a wonderful inclination in human beings to follow sheep-like through the gap which chance or skill or a rare combination of both has led one among them to make. The vitality of this inclination is remarkable. It would not be unreasonable to hope that where the number of grooves in which it is possible to run is amplified, the running powers should learn to find the right grooves. Or, to use a simile which is not the worse for being well worn, one might expect that among a large number of holes the square and round pegs might more often discover their appropriate places.

Such hopes and expectations are matter for disappointment to many men of many kinds. To no one perhaps are they the occasion of more frequent discomfiture than to him who reviews novels. From him a complaint of the monotony of that part of life with which he has to deal may come with some justice. If the thing accorded in any way with its name, a novel ought to convey to the world something new, whether in idea or in form. To combine originality of thought and expression is a gift which but few writers possess; for the most part one is well content to find novelty of any kind in the romances of the present day. Unfortunately it is only in a few happy exceptions that the name novel accords in any sense with the thing which it signifies. Book after book appears in regular routine with the same old faults of loose construction, looser grammar, and characters ill conceived or not conceived at all. It is true that one does occasionally come upon some startling novelties in the way of grammar, but that is a kind of novelty which is hardly desirable. That so large a number of inferior books should be written in such an unceasing and invariable routine is probably due in part to that monotonous tendency of human nature which has been referred to. Formerly there were but one or two writers of fiction who could secure a hearing for themselves. The reason of this was probably to be found in the fact that they were the only writers worthy of attention. The appearance of the monthly number of one of their productions was looked for with some anxiety, and the number when it appeared was perused with some care. Nowadays we have changed all that. Innumerable novels appear from week to week and from month to month. No one waits the courage or the presumption to enter the lists with the masters of the pen. There are countless Richmonds in the field, and every one of them can rely upon enjoying some share of the popular attention. The wonder is that when everybody writes there should be anybody left to read. One cannot suppose that there is more spare time in the world now than there formerly was. It may be only that it is worse em-

* *Old Myddelton's Money*. By Mary Cecil Hay, Author of "Victor and Vanquished," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1874.

played. Whether those who produce inferior novels or those who consume them make the more unprofitable use of their hours is an open question.

There are many novels which are utterly worthless and unworthy of attention. These one may accept as merely instances of the depraved stupidity of human nature, of the sheep-like idea that where one has made a way there others must follow. It is more disheartening to find indications of talent which is misused or wasted, of energies which patience might have directed to a good end hurried away and scattered by the impetuosity which cannot or will not learn. There are many manufacturers of fiction who, if they could but be brought to see that there is no royal road to the art of writing any more than to any other art, might produce at least good average work, if nothing higher than that. The axiom that a man must learn before he can teach has long been accepted as applying to every other art or handicraft in the world. Perhaps in time its truth will be found to extend also to the art of fiction. Meanwhile instance after instance of the deplorable consequences resulting from the absence of any such axiom comes before one's eyes.

A former book which was given to the world by the writer of *Old Myddelton's Money* was full of faults, but yet contained hints that its author could do better things if she tried. When noticing her first work, we expressed a hope that she might at a future date improve upon what she then produced. It cannot be said that her present performance has justified the indulgence of such a hope. The same faults which existed in *Victor and Vanquished* exist also in the writer's present work, and there is no new merit to counterbalance them. *Old Myddelton's money* is a vast sum of money left by a miserly old man in the hands of his sister to distribute among her relations as she thinks fit. This money had been left in the old man's first will to his nephew Gabriel, but that will was revoked by the uncle after a quarrel between the two, and on the same night the uncle was, as it was generally supposed, murdered by the nephew in an attempt to make away with the second will. The manner in which the story of this murder is told is singular enough. It forms the subject of conversation at a dinner where the Trent family, who count upon inheriting the greater part of old Myddelton's money, are entertaining a romantic stranger named Royden Keith. He is one of those remarkable persons who possess grave, handsome faces with sweet smiles, whose "tall, well-built figures, though full of strength and activity, are yet capable of an ease and stillness almost (why almost?) remarkable," whose iron wills are matched only by their tender hearts, and who are seldom met with out of the pages of a novel. The only other guest present is Honor Craven, a poor cousin to whom the Trents are patronizingly kind, especially Captain Hervey Trent, who graciously undertakes to teach her good manners. Here is a specimen of the behaviour of this family of people whose manners are supposed to resemble those of ordinary ladies and gentlemen. It may be remembered that their conversation takes place before a guest who is all but a stranger. Captain Hervey Trent has ordered one of his arms down the stairs to Honor Craven, the other to his cousin and supposed fiancée Theodora Trent. The latter has taken, the former refused, his arm:—

"My nephew offered you his arm, Honor," remarked Mrs. Trent, as she motioned the girl to the solitary seat on her left hand; "you should have taken it, my dear."

"Should I?" questioned Honor. "You will be tired presently of telling me what I should do or leave undone; won't you, Mrs. Trent?"

"Not if you try to learn," was the benignant reply. "Theodora and I will be patient with you to the end, and Captain Hervey is really anxious to see you study appearances. His eye, of course, is offended by awkwardness, but otherwise he is, I'm sure, pleased to see you always."

"Hervey," the girl said, turning her eyes full upon her cousin, as he took his seat at the foot of the table, "when shall I cease to offend your eye, so that that delightful time may come when you will be pleased to see me always?"

"I am pleased to see you now," remarked Hervey, with lazy patronage; "I was saying to Theo, only this morning, that your manners were very much improved."

This is singular enough, and it is a little strange that Miss Trent, who starts by saying that the subject of old Myddelton's murder is one so detestable as never to be mentioned among them, should presently tell the story at great length. One incident in this story is however so very strange as to deserve particular notice:—

"Honor, do not interrupt me again," said Theodora, once more taking up the thread which it pleased her to fancy that Honor had broken. "Well, Mr. Keith, once Gabriel and old Mr. Myddelton had a quarrel, and it ended in Gabriel's either being turned out of the house, or voluntarily leaving it. A message was sent at once to summon Mr. Myddelton's lawyer—the firm in Kinbury was Carter and Haughton in those days; now Mr. Haughton (I told you he was one of old Myddelton's relations and Honor's guardian) has the whole business. Well, Mr. Carter came, and Mr. Myddelton made his will, leaving his property, as I told you, to his sister, Lady Lawrence, to be, by her, bequeathed among his connexions. The lawyer was at Abbotsmoor nearly all day, and when he left the house at last, he met Gabriel returning to it. They stopped a little time talking, and Mr. Carter, being a silly, chatty old gentleman, told Gabriel of the will he had just left in his client's secret, and which would leave him penniless instead of a millionaire; adding a word of advice to him to try to regain his old position before it was too late."

The race of lawyers has been much calumniated in novels and novelettes both before and since the Attorney Case of Miss Edgeworth's *Simple Susan*. They have been held up as the types of the most abandoned criminality combined with the most treacherous cunning. But never has a more horrible picture of their depravity been presented than is here suggested rather

than conveyed. In the case of the vilest of other novel lawyers it has always been supposed that they were worthy of being entrusted with their clients' secrets, unless it were particularly to their advantage to betray their knowledge. Here, however, is an experienced practitioner, the member of a respectable and important firm, who out of mere chaitiness and playful malice reveals the alteration of a will, immediately after he has made it, to the person most interested in such alteration. As no comment is made upon this proceeding either by the author or the characters of her story, one can only conclude that such habits are part and parcel of an ordinary lawyer's fiendish nature. That this should be so is a startling and unpleasant reflection.

The consequence of Mr. Carter's being such an unfortunately "silly, chatty old gentleman" was apparently the murder of old Myddelton by Gabriel. Evidence was given at his trial by a girl named Margaret Territ, living in a cottage near old Myddelton's house, which led to his conviction and sentence to death. His escape from prison and from the country was however subsequently effected in a fashion which is unexplained until the end of the book, and then appears childishly improbable. The more important part of the first and second volumes of the book is taken up partly with the doings of the fascinating Royden Keith, who is for ever taking mysterious rides and giving mysterious orders to servants who are all ready to die for him, and crushing the wicked people of the story with mysterious ironical glances. In his doings it is not easy to take much interest. In the person who shares with him the interest of the novel, a little old lady named Mrs. Payte, it is possible to take a good deal of interest. She is the one success of the book, the one bit of clever character which redeems it from falling into the class of the utterly worthless. The author has done unwisely in taking Mrs. Payte so soon as she does out of her pages. Her odd ways and sharp sayings, her apparent cynicism and real kindness, are all well and lightly touched, and convey the idea of a real living person, which is more than can be said for the rest of the author's creations. The unsuspected mystery which belongs to her is also skillfully managed, and the discovery that she is in fact the Lady Lawrence who holds in her hand the gift of old Myddelton's money is almost as great a surprise to the reader as to those unfortunate relations of hers who have for so long been slighting her in the character of Mrs. Payte. The whole of the scene which follows her revelation of herself is well drawn, and one is sorry that nothing else in the book is up to its mark. There is a certain amount of merit in the conception of Honor Craven, the fortunate inheritor of the old man's hoarded wealth; but she is a strangely inconsistent person, and the reason for her refusing to marry Royden Keith, which is one of the turning points in the plot, is absurdly insufficient. So clever a girl must infallibly have detected the falsehood which led to her refusal, knowing as she did the jealous nature by which it was prompted. It was no doubt necessary, according to all precedent in novels, that the course of true love should in some way be prevented from running smooth; but one would think it possible to find some more probable obstacle to its course than that selected. The old story of falsely repeated conversations is very nearly played out. Besides, it would be much more likely that a girl of Honor's nature should ask the man whom she loved, when he asked her to marry him, if what she had heard was true, than trust on mere hearsay to his having spoken slightly of her.

The other parts of the plot are so many examples of the tendency to running in one groove which we have spoken of. It is quite in accordance with the human nature portrayed in ordinary novels that Royden Keith should be supposed by his rival in Honor Craven's affections to be none other than Gabriel, old Myddelton's supposed murderer. It is also quite in accordance with that view of human nature and human events that he should turn out to be quite a different person. There is some ingenuity in the final working out of the catastrophe, but it is weakly managed. The whole plot in this respect is a misguided attempt at that involution and subsequent disentanglement with which only a few writers such as Gaboriau, Wilkie Collins, and in another line Jules Verne, have been competent to deal. The construction of elaborate plots seems to be an art by itself. It is unfortunately considered by many people to be easy, whereas it is in fact most difficult. A good illustration of this is found in the story of Balzac's engaging a young man to make plots for him. This young man was in the position of many young men—that is, he was both destitute and clever; and he naturally hailed with delight Balzac's offer of a comfortable competence in return for the manufacture of plots. His engagement was, however, broken by himself after two nights, during which he was incessantly waked up by demands for a plot which he was unable to satisfy. The writer of *Old Myddelton's Money* would do well to remember this story. She makes a remark which has some truth in the course of her first volume:—

In each of us lurks some vein of true genius. Though sometimes so slight that, in the gloom of unappreciation, or the glory of a greater light, it is not seen, the golden thread is pretty sure to be there.

The vein which lurks in *Old Myddelton's Money* can scarcely be called true genius. There is, however, enough cleverness shown in the working out of Mrs. Payte's character to make one regret that it has not been used to better purpose.

HOLDSWORTH'S DEEP-SEA FISHING.*

A LARGE amount of official work as Secretary to the Royal Deep-Sea Fisheries Commission, whose Report was laid before Parliament early in 1866, supplied Mr. Holdsworth with materials out of which he made an instructive and interesting volume upon the subject of sea-fishing in general, with especial reference to the practical working of the Fishery Acts upon the various stations around the British Islands. The personal visits required by his duties made him familiar with every station of importance, and gave him an experimental knowledge of the various craft and gear severally in use amongst them. The Reports of the Scottish and Irish Fishery Boards have also furnished their quota of facts and figures towards the statistical fulness of Mr. Holdsworth's researches. He might have done more, however, towards tracing the history of the fisherman's craft, its earliest expedients, and its gradual extension from sea to sea. The work of the fisherman is coeval with the history of man upon the earth. The first rude efforts of his intelligence are to be traced in the making of bone and flint into fish-hooks and spears. There are, again, the simple nets left by the lake-dwellers of Switzerland and other haunts of primeval man. Passing from the rudimentary and isolated efforts of man's industry, our author might have given us some outline at least of the progress of legislation in these islands from the beginning of authentic history; the materials for this lie nuply to hand, not only in the Statute-book, but in the charters and archives of our coast towns, not to speak of the multitudinous notices scattered up and down the domestic and archaeological literature of the country. Such a duty is not to be passed by with a cursory reference to the "scarcity of trustworthy materials," nor is the omission atoned for by what Mr. Holdsworth has done to set forth our existing fisheries and all that appertains to them in the fullest detail. To say no more, he would have had his reward in the wider and more varied interest which would have attached to his work, which, as it is, reminds us too much of the dull elaboration and mechanical formality of a Blue-book.

It is surprising in how backward a state the knowledge of the natural history and the habits of fishes has long remained. The spawning of fish, their migrations, and what they feed on are mysteries on which but a faint light has been thrown either by the researches of naturalists or the observations of fishermen. There is extreme difficulty in getting a definite or concurrent expression of opinion upon simple points like these from even the most intelligent men of a class who have all their lives been conversant with fishing whether for livelihood or for sport. There is no order of men who cleave more inveterately to what satisfied their forefathers, or who trouble themselves less with what lies outside the pale of their immediate calling. With the freer locomotion of late years and the stimulus of a growing demand, there has been, our author is glad to notice, a disposition, at the larger stations at least, to adopt improvements in working the fisheries, in studying the best kinds of boats and gear, independently of local or traditional prejudice, and in investigating the causes of fluctuation in the natural supply of our coasts and seas. In considering the present condition of our home fisheries as compared with their state twenty, or even ten, years ago, the most trustworthy method seems to be to compare, on the one hand, the quantity of fish now and formerly brought to market, and, on the other, the amount of capital then and now invested in the fisheries, as indicated by the number and size of the boats employed in them. On neither head are statistics available to the extent or with the certainty that might have been expected. The estimates put forth from time to time by ingenious newspaper Correspondents of the quantity or kinds of fish sold at Billingsgate give but an approximate idea of what is annually disposed of there. The City tolls being paid on the conveyance in bulk, not on the weight of fish delivered, the dues returned are nearly the same whether the contents of a waggon are five packages or fifty. Be the size of a vessel what it may, the toll is taken, Mr. Holdsworth informs us, on either a full or a half cargo, the actual bulk of fish not being more precisely known save to those immediately concerned in the sale, whose interest is not in favour of publicity. Billingsgate, moreover, vast as is the amount of fish brought to it both by sailing and steam carriers as well as by rail, is only one of the important markets which are now supplied direct from the coast. And the quantity annually carried by the railways is only known to the Companies, but few particulars leaking out in the course of the periodical Reports. There is in addition the fish which is consumed where it is landed; though this is not perhaps so much as in former years, before the existing facilities for transport into the interior came into play. Of cured fish there are no better means of getting accurate estimates; for the Scotch Fishery Board, it appears, returns only the number of barrels of herrings cured "wet," having nothing to do with the smoked fish, and the Cornish merchants do not include in their trade circulars the home consumption together with the annual export of pilchards. The main evidence of a large and steady development of consumption is to be found in the immense number of markets all over the country, which now have their regular supplies, in the greatly

increased number and improved class of fishing-boats in use, and, above all, as our author rightly insists, in the fact that, notwithstanding the largely augmented demand for fish in recent years, the prices realized by the producers have not advanced in anything like the same proportion as the prices of beef and mutton. The price to the consumer is another question altogether. Yet even this cannot be said to have advanced quite in the same degree as the price of meat.

Two considerations come in to explain what might here be thought anomalous. The sale of fish, in the first place, has been organized into a regular trade throughout the country by the agency of the railways and the electric telegraph. The wholesale dealers have agents in every direction. The needs of the central market are communicated directly to the coast, and the supply is forthwith despatched, to be again distributed within a few hours from leaving the sea among thousands of retail dealers. Transport and telegraph charges form heavy items in the salesman's expenses. Each person or agency through whose hands the fish passes adds a percentage to the cost, until at last the price charged, especially at West-End shops, is frequently three or four times as much as the fisherman received for it. From a table furnished by a leading trawl-owner of Great Grimsby, showing the weight and value of the fish taken by one of his vessels in each of five consecutive years (1860-64), it appears that prime fish, consisting of turbot, brill, soles, and dory, averaged at that time 2½d. a lb. What is called offal—i.e. plaice, haddock, and other inferior kinds—would bring the fisherman not so much as ½d. per lb., though the quantity of the former, compared with that of the latter, was only as 86 tons to 357. In spite of the enhanced price to the consumer, it is doubtful whether any proportional gain has accrued to the fisherman. A second matter to be taken into account is the great diminution of waste. The fishmonger has no longer the risky trade he had in former years. The introduction of ice has revolutionized his business, however much it may be deplored by the epicure, who was formerly sure of getting none but the freshest of the day's fish, and cared not what price he paid for the delicacy; all that was left over, if not thrown away, coming down to second-rate shops, or the costermonger's barrow. The entire stock, saving such tender wares as herrings and sprats, is now no sooner brought to market than it is thrown into ice. Being thus safe for some days, it is packed and sent hither and thither in ice, and stored in the fishmonger's cellar, who is no longer disquieted by doubts as to the fish unsold to-day being sound and presentable to-morrow. Billingsgate, moreover, must be cleared out day by day, and should the supply be greater than is required by regular London and country customers, the surplus is set free at prices which attract the costermongers, whose barrows become the means of dispersing a vast quantity of fish, often in very good condition, among the poorer neighbourhoods. Nor has Billingsgate, overburdened as it is, anything like a monopoly in the diffusion of the produce of the sea. An immense quantity, our author is able to assert, finds its way, thanks to the agency of the telegraph, direct from the coast to many a market inland. There can be no stronger proof of the great increase in the national supply of fish, and of the fact that the sea-fisheries are not going to ruin, as croakers have told us for years past, than that, notwithstanding the many new and independent centres of business opened of late years, the great market by the river-side is in process of being nearly doubled in area, in order to keep up with the growing expansion of trade.

A question of not less importance in connexion with the prosperity of the sea-fisheries is that which relates to the spawning habits of the several kinds of fish in demand for the table. The study of the habits of the salmon in this respect has been made the basis of most of the legislation which has increased the supply of this favourite fish. Although the protection of deep-sea fish must be far less within our power, a knowledge of the conditions of their spawning may help us towards determining how far the prevalent methods of fishing may be likely to injure the germs of our future supply. On such points the gossip of fishermen is of little or no value. Of far more significance are the observations of naturalists like Professors Huxley and Alhnan, whose evidence as to the fact of living and well developed ova being found floating upon the sea was held to be of much weight by the Commons Irish Fishery Commission in 1867. The most valuable contributions to our knowledge of this obscure subject have been made by the eminent professors Sars, father and son, of Christiania. The reports of these observations, chiefly in the region of the Lofoden Islands, have unfortunately been issued in the Norse language only. But many of the more important results have been communicated by Professor G. O. Sars for the purposes of the present work, and constitute one of the most valuable portions of its contents. The surface net ordinarily used by naturalists for collecting minute floating forms of marine life was the means of gathering abundant masses of the ova of the common cod (*Gadus morhua*) floating on the surface. Examples were found in various stages of development, and the species identified beyond a doubt. The same observations were made on the ova of the haddock (*Gadus aeglefinus*). Nor did this prove to be the case only with the single family of the *gadidae*, as M. Sars was at first inclined to believe; for he subsequently found the same rule to prevail with the mackerel (*Scomber*), and at least four other kinds of fish, among them the gurnard (*Trigla*) and the plaice (*Pleuronectes platessa*), and he considers it to apply beyond doubt to the other *Pleuronectidae* also. There is reason to believe that the actual spawning of the

* *Deep-Sea Fishing and Fishing-Boats: an Account of the Practical Working of the various Fisheries around the British Islands. With Illustrations and Descriptions of the Boats, Nets, and other Gear in Use.* By Edmund W. H. Holdsworth, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c., late Secretary to the Royal Sea Fisheries Commission. London: Stanford. 1874.

mackerel takes place at the surface, while with the haddock and cod it may occur at the depth which is their usual haunt, the spawn rising to the surface by its lighter specific gravity. In the case of those fishes whose ova are cemented together by a glutinous secretion or fastened in lumps to foreign bodies, such as algae, hydroids, &c., the development may take place at the bottom. Such are the herring (*Clupea*), the capelan (*Osmerus*), the species of *Cottus*, *Liparis*, and others.

The important general conclusion is that, as the most prominent kind of fish taken by our line fishermen and trawlers, and the mackerel amongst those taken by the drift nets, are of the species whose spawn floats upon the surface of the sea, their ova cannot be liable to the slightest injury by any method of fishing which is carried on upon or near the ground. If such be the rule with the spawn of the cod and haddock, there can be little doubt as to its holding good with the ova of ling, coal-fish, whiting, pollack, hake, and torsk (*Bromius*), all belonging to the same family. Nor does it less apply to the group of fishes including turbot, halibut, soles, plaice, dabs, and flounders. Mackerel and gurnards have the same habit, which may, we presume, extend to the dory, closely allied as it is to the mackerel. Nothing is to be said with certainty of the bream (*Sparus*), rod or grey mullet, or conger. On the other hand, the herring spawn is known to adhere to the bottom, and the same rule might have been thought to apply to the pilchard and sprat. But our author does not know it to have been verified in their case, whilst ichthyologists of the repute of the late Mr. Jonathan Couch have found reason to believe that the pilchard spawns at the surface, the ova becoming mixed with a large quantity of tenacious mucus which spreads out and keeps them floating. Startling as the conclusion may appear at first sight, these facts encourage the belief that there is no possibility of destroying by any existing method of sea-fishing the deposited spawn of any of our important edible fishes, with the exception of the herrings. In the case of that fish, moreover, there is no proof of injury being thus caused; trawling being rarely carried on in the few places in which the spawn of the herring is known to be deposited. Infinitely greater mischief is due, as our author remarks, to the universal demand for full-roed herrings, which makes it imperative upon fishermen and curers to secure the "full" fish, each containing ova by hundreds of thousands. Yet, after all, what is to be set down at its utmost stretch to human gourmandizing in comparison with the invasions of flocks of gannets, gulls, and other sea-birds, shoals of cod and ling, and, beyond all, the whales and porpoises whose appearance in the narrow seas is hailed as a sure harbinger of the plentiful take of herrings to follow? There is no analogy at all events to be drawn from the habits of the salmon for a similar close season to be enforced in the case of sea-fisheries. Into the vexed question of the oyster famine, its origin and possible remedies, it has not fallen within our author's scope to enter with any fulness. He does but touch incidentally upon the dredging operations on the Welsh and Irish coasts. In the Fishery Regulations which he has quoted in the appendix he has consequently not included those referring to the oyster fisheries. But he has given a summary of the most important articles relating to the limits of the British fishery grounds, the working of drift and seine nets, the maintenance of order among the fishermen, and the registration and marking of fishing-boats. The main body of the work is taken up with a methodical description of the several modes of sea-fishing, and an enumeration of the various stations on the coasts of the three kingdoms. The statistics here collected form a valuable mass of information, and show from what wide and solid grounds the writer has drawn the conclusions which lead him to look so hopefully upon the prospects of our sea-fisheries.

FURNITURE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.*

THE handsome volume in which Mr. Pollen has described the Ancient and Modern Furniture in the South Kensington Museum, like those in which a similar service has been rendered to Ivories by Mr. Maskell, to Majolica by Mr. Robinson, and to Textile Fabrics by Dr. Rock, aims at combining two purposes which in some respects might have been better kept apart. It is true that the very full labels affixed to every object in the South Kensington Museum supply the most obvious of the wants which a catalogue is designed to meet. There is no need of referring to a book to know the country or the century to which a cabinet or a mirror is to be attributed. But this only makes it the more easy to provide the student with that kind of information which cannot be conveyed by labels, and which it is yet so useful to have at hand while actually looking at the objects to which it relates. Mr. Pollen's introduction, which already occupies 250 pages, might have been amplified by the incorporation of some of the more general matter which is distributed over the actual catalogue, and would thus have taken its proper place as an essay towards a history of artistic or decorative furniture. The detailed description of the more important articles might then have been printed in a form which could be carried about in the Museum, and referred to

where such descriptions are chiefly valuable—in presence of the things described. If this catalogue had further set out the leading characteristics of the various periods of art, and given—a very essential point at South Kensington—some indication of where the several objects or classes of objects are to be looked for, the collection would have been made very much more useful than it can be now, when the visitor has to choose between burdening himself with a book pot much smaller than a family Bible and carrying Mr. Pollen's descriptions in his head. As it is, the merit of Mr. Pollen's introduction is in danger of being underrated, from the general resemblance of the volume to a catalogue of the contents of a particular collection, while the utility of the catalogue is lost by reason of the bulk and costliness of the volume in which it is contained.

One great use of such a collection of furniture of all countries and periods as is now established at South Kensington is to improve the taste of the present school of cabinet-makers. There has of late years been a very great improvement in the intentions of upholsterers, but as yet it has but seldom extended to their execution. The shop windows are full of chairs, tables, and cabinets which show a commendable desire to get beyond the strangely ugly forms which were supposed twenty years ago to embody the last results of fashionable civilization, but it is rare to see any intelligent purpose either in the design or in the ornamentation. In this respect there can be no change for the better until the proper function of machinery is more clearly understood. There is much of course that used to be done by hand labour which can now be done equally well by some of the many labour-saving expedients which are the fruit of later ingenuity. It would be idle to insist upon having no part of a chair or a chest of drawers made by machinery if, for all the purposes for which chairs or chests of drawers are used, machinery is as good as handwork. But then the question presents itself, what are the purposes for which chairs and chests of drawers are used? So far as chairs are simply meant to sit upon, and chests of drawers to hold clothes, machinery can clearly do all that is required. But, as a matter of fact, neither of them are ever made with no other end in view than this. In the simplest and cheapest work some attention is paid to ornament, while, as soon as the cheapest work is left behind, a great part of the cost of every piece of furniture is made up by additions which are supposed to please the eye, and which in theory would not be made except to please the eye. Here, as a rule, machinery is altogether out of place. As soon as we get beyond mere beauty of curves and lines, ornament requires the brain and the hand of the individual artist. A carving which could be multiplied indefinitely by machinery might reproduce the charm of the original design, but the charm of the original execution would be gone. In furniture, for the most part, design and execution do not bear to be thus separated. It is hard to say whether the grace or fancy which pleases us in the carving of a chair or in the inlaying of a bureau is an attribute of the head or the hand of the workman. The slight repartees of ordinarily clever conversation would lose all their attraction if they were written down and reproduced by an actor. It would be felt that wit which had to be thus separated from its author needs to be of a higher, or, at all events, of a less evanescent, quality than wit which came fresh from the speaker's mind and lips at the same moment. The objection ordinarily made to the exclusion of machine-made ornament from upholstery is the increased costliness which would thereby be imparted to furniture. Certainly any really good piece of modern decorative furniture commands an enormous price; but the conditions under which it is produced fully account for this, and these conditions are not in themselves immutable. Cabinet-makers err at present on the side of over-decoration; consequently, if the work is good, it is necessarily costly from the mere fact of there being so much of it. When a great price is asked the purchaser naturally likes to think that he has his money's worth, and this leads the tradesman to make the material expensive as well as the workmanship. The true principle of furniture ornamentation was much better understood a hundred years ago. For carving in soft wood, says Mr. Pollen, "excellent workmen were found in England for the first three-quarters of the last century." The particular example to which he refers is a chimney-piece front in carved lime-wood, with an illustration from *Aesop's* fables in the centre panel, attributed to the father of Sir Humphry Davy. "Little panels filled with such subjects . . . continued to the end of the century to form the centres of chimney-piece ornament in London houses." In work of this kind there was room for the fancy as well as the skill of the workman to display itself, and yet no very great amount of time was needed to produce it. In the houses lately destroyed to make room for the new Law Courts there were many fragments of architectural carving in deal, some of which are now at South Kensington. As regards furniture, it is a very great loss that this soft wood carving should universally have been superseded by carving in hard wood, "executed and brought to a final surface with labour and very slowly." There is immense variety again in the carving of the mahogany chairs of the last century which go under the generic name of Chippendale, though many of them were made by Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and Lock. Of the latter Mr. Pollen says:—"Some curious memoranda delivered with a collection of his original drawings and those of Chippendale to the great Exhibition of 1862 give the names of his workmen, and interesting particulars respecting wages in 1743. Five shillings per day were then given

* *Ancient and Modern Furniture and Woodwork in the South Kensington Museum.* Described, with an Introduction, by John Hungerford Pollen. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

to wood-carvers. Lock belonged to and left behind a race of wood-carvers and wood-workers." It is to be wished that the Museum were richer in English work of this particular period. It has been overshadowed by the French work of the same century; but, beautiful as Riesener marquetry is, for the purposes of our own workmen there is as much to be learnt from the carved work of the same date in England.

At the same time inlaying in coloured woods is an art which well deserves more attention than has of late been paid to it. Perhaps no kind of furniture has been more vulgarized. Everybody knows the walnut-wood cabinets or chiffonniers, with a few narrow curved lines in black or white wandering meaninglessly over the panels, which are so common in modern drawing-rooms, and which pass among upholsterers under the name of marquetry, or the polished black tables covered with inlaying in which a white composition does duty for ivory, and is supposed to make the whole a reproduction of Venetian furniture. Before these monstrosities could have become popular the true theory of inlaying must have been forgotten. Mr. Pollen gives an interesting sketch of the history of marquetry. Its introduction into Europe is attributed to the Venetians. Their merchants found a manufacture of geometric marquetry in ivory upon walnut-wood existing in the East, and the specimens they brought back with them seem to have been the parents of Certosina work, so called, though without any known reason, from the great Carthusian monastery between Milan and Pavia. The general characteristic of this work is the use of lozenge-shaped dies formed into stars or circles. The Museum contains a set of four chairs decorated in this style, made about 1550, for Guidobaldo II., Duke of Urbino. From Certosina work were developed the figure and landscape designs which are to be seen in the Cathedral of Pisa and other Italian churches. There is a fine example of Tarsia in the Museum, consisting of a panel with a seated female figure inlaid in it. "The background is rosewood, and the dress, face, &c., as it were, painted by the dexterous use of the different directions of the grain of the pine-wood of which the figure is made. The grain is so managed and counterpoised as to give flowing, natural lines that follow the sinuosities of the design as the strokes might do of an artist's brush, feeling the form as he paints in the colours." Inferior artists preferred buildings to figures as subjects, as a kind of rude perspective could be easily attained by judicious arrangement of light and dark woods. This landscape marquetry became very popular in France. The fault of it as a style is that to be good it must be very good. If it falls short of real artistic excellence it is stiff and unnatural, without rising to the dignity of being grotesque. The full development of wood marquetry in France was postponed for a century by the interposition of Boulle, who was employed in furnishing the palace of Versailles and invented the marquetry in tortoiseshell and brass which has since gone by his name. Under Louis XVI. marquetry proper again became popular, and reached perhaps its highest point as regards domestic furniture in the work of Riesener and David Roetgen. The former was cabinet-maker or *ébéniste* to Marie Antoinette, the latter was also employed about the Court of Louis XVI. Roetgen's work is in lighter woods, and has a somewhat gayer tone than Riesener's. Both, however, confined themselves to the delicate tones obtained by the use of natural wood, tinted with various shades by the application of hot sand. In this way various shades of red and yellow were obtained, and green ebony furnished a colour, approaching more nearly to brown than to green, which was much used for foliage. Brighter shades of green as well as blue can be had by steeping white woods in various chemical solutions. But very great brightness is usually a note of inferior marquetry. This holds good only of the colour of the woods employed, since the general effect of excessive brightness may be due to fresh varnish. Mr. Pollen has not been able to collect any information about Dutch marquetry, which is interesting on two grounds—as the parent of English marquetry, and as the kind which is most imitated at the present moment. A great deal of this kind of furniture was imported into England after the revolution of 1688, and it was at once copied by English workmen. The details of Dutch marquetry have rarely much that is artistic about them. The effect is due to the subdued glow of colour produced by tulips, birds, and foliage all in the natural colour of the woods used. What has just been said about bright colours applies especially to Dutch marquetry. There are a great number of pieces now to be seen in the dealers' shops, which are perfect rainbows in the number, though not in the gradation or arrangement, of the colours used. Much of this furniture is altogether new, and in the remainder new inlaying has probably been added to old groundwork.

In taking leave of Mr. Pollen's book, we heartily wish him time and opportunity to enlarge it. As a first attempt to collect the scanty and scattered information which exists on the subject of furniture it deserves high praise. We must repeat, however, the expression of our hope that in future editions the original part of the work may be separated from that which belongs more strictly to a catalogue. The former can already afford to stand alone, and when standing alone is more likely to bring in to its author the corrections and additions which he indicates his desire to be supplied with.

HILDA AND I.*

MRS. HARTLEY'S name is new to us as a writer of fiction, but if this is her first venture we have little hesitation in pronouncing it hopeful. Her story is naturally told, and her style is easy, lively, and correct. It relates to a fair and wealthy ward in Chancery, and treats of, though we should say it rather underrates, the perils which environ guardians and wooers if they trifle with such blooming but forbidden fruit. Hilda Dalrymple is the ward, and the writer of the story is her guardian, Mrs. Hamilton of Frankley Manor. Whether the Court made a wise selection is a point on which readers will form their own opinion, but there is certainly something amusing in Mrs. Hamilton's admission of acts of weakness and lingering predilections, to say nothing of the conflicting feelings which disturb the bosom of a woman whose first marriage was unhappy, and who is still young enough to be of possible account in the matrimonial market. Although Hilda gave no real cause for jealousy, complications and misconceptions arose out of the charge of a young relative "almost too beautiful for an heiress." The gist of the story is the wooing and almost winning of Hilda by a Coastguard officer, Captain Percy Nugent, a low-bred, scampish adventurer, whose suit is all the more successful because Mrs. Hamilton warns the heiress against him, although she stops short of the decisive step of forbidding him her house, which his advances at the first meeting would certainly have justified. Another of the characters is the Rev. Lionel Belmore, a model parson, single, and interesting on account of a long-past disappointment; and the devotion of Mrs. Hamilton to his schools, services, words, and wishes springs at least as much from "a subtle spirit of man worship" as from religious motive or womanly charity. This Mr. Belmore the heiress begins by quizzing and teasing; but as there are some people who rather like to be teased by a pretty woman, we are not surprised when Mrs. Hamilton is rendered jealous by the discovery that he is wholly enslaved to her cousin, who not the less cherishes her blind fancy for Nugent, and shuts her ears to damaging rumours as to his character and circumstances. Meanwhile the author introduces an amusing hyplay in the attentions of Lord Charles Langton, second son of the Duke of Ashburton, which are meant for the widow, but are somewhat perversely mistaken by her for attentions to the ward. Her wish was doubtless father to the thought, for such a match "the Court" would have approved; but Lord Charles has no eyes for Hilda, and amuses himself with his sister-in-law's governess, Marion Bruce, "pour passer le temps," until such time as Mrs. Hamilton will vouchsafe him "yes or no." While the chief actors are thus at cross purposes—Mr. Belmore sighing for the heiress, Mrs. Hamilton for Mr. Belmore, and Lord Charles in his easy way seeking, if not sighing for, Mrs. Hamilton—Percy Nugent is winding his meshes around Hilda, whose consent he has clandestinely gained and whom he only waits for an opportunity to carry off. The only excuses for Mrs. Hamilton's lack of vigilance and infirmity of purpose as a guardian are her secret passion for the unreciprocative Belmore, and the sudden death from an accident, out riding, of her bright and spirited boy, which withdraws her for a season from the observation of the world. Her retirement is ere long broken in upon by a solicitor employed by the Court, Mr. Cleaseman of Lincoln's Inn, who winds up an interview in which there are frequent threats of forfeiture of recognizances, with a warning that should she not endeavour by removing the heiress from Nugent's neighbourhood to prevent an imminent clandestine marriage, she may possibly find herself in serious difficulties. A visit to London, and a presentation at a Drawing Room, are colourable excuses for such a sudden change of scene; but before the plan is put into execution, Mrs. Hamilton on two occasions contrives to play the eavesdropper, in one case overhearing Belmore's avowal of his hopeless passion to Hilda, in the other a more matter-of-fact *tête-à-tête* between Lord Charles and Marion Bruce. Besides this, she intercepts, reads, and burns a note from Hilda to Nugent, indicating very clearly by her action in all these cases, though it is more impulsive than deliberate, the imperfection of her character.

When the characters are transferred to London the plot thickens. The death of Lord Charles's elder brother, Lord Rosetower, leaves him heir to a dukedom, and enables him to make a formal proposition to Mrs. Hamilton, hitherto at cross-purposes as to his intentions. Unhappily the town proves a better field than the country for Nugent's plans; and, despite the vigilance of detectives who dog him at the Opera, in the Parks, and elsewhere, he induces Hilda to slip out, on a Sunday morning, in her chaperon's absence, and when she is supposed to be confined to her room, to a neighbouring church, where they are quietly married. Before, however, she can compass an elopement, and whilst she is still an inmate of Mrs. Hamilton's house in Park Lane, Mr. Cleaseman and a Master in Chancery interpose. The heiress is removed to the Master's country house, and Mrs. Hamilton is relieved of a trust in which, tried and weighed in Chancery balances, she had been found egregiously wanting. Rumours too are afloat that the Captain has a wife already, and is in peril of apprehension on a charge of bigamy. That he is secretly married to Hilda Mrs. Hamilton is

* *Hilda and I*. A Novel. By Mrs. Hartley. 2 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1874.

pretty fully convinced, when, on a sudden, she is summoned to the Master's country house to nurse her cousin after an accident which has arisen out of an attempt at elopement. In her dealings with Mr. Stanley, the Master in Chancery, in reference to a certain casket, Mrs. Hamilton's conduct does not impress us with a high estimate of her straightforwardness; but it would seem as if, like a schoolboy with an Argus-eyed master, she deemed a lawyer sharp enough to take care of himself. Hilda is incautiously allowed by Mr. Stanley to return to Frankley, Mrs. Hamilton's country house; and Mr. Belmore, with more wilfulness than wisdom, assists the heiress to escape whilst Mrs. Hamilton is absent in town, this time on the errand of the Court of Chancery, and for the purpose of seeing the first and real wife of Percy Nugent, the neglected victim of an early *mésalliance*. Belmore accompanies Hilda to Dover, where she is to meet her husband, though not till after the departure of her travelling companion. Great is the mutual shock when Mrs. Hamilton communicates to the latter the fact of a previous marriage, and when Belmore confesses his part in bringing Nugent and Hilda together. Here, however, the Court of Chancery intervenes. Nugent is apprehended as a bigamist, whilst poor Hilda presses on alone to Boulogne, where she is found and nursed in brain-fever by a lady who takes compassion on her, and is afterwards brought home, shattered and sinking, to Frankley. Henceforth the course is all down hill. Nugent's trial breaks down by reason of his tampering with witnesses who might have sworn to his first marriage. After an adjournment for further evidence, he is acquitted because none is forthcoming. But he gains little thereby, as he is committed to prison for contempt, "there to remain until he can make a settlement on the ward, proportionate to her fortune." This is of course a crushing blow to the still sanguine "wife and no wife," who had believed a vagabond when "he said we were to go abroad and remain there quietly a little while, and then, if they found us, we must just go back and appear before the Lord Chancellor, and cry a little, and be rather penitent, and very much threatened and not the least alarmed—for no real fuss would be made." Nevertheless, she still clings to her Percy, whose true wife at this point dies somewhat tragically out of the way, and, though gradually fading away, she refuses to be disenchanted, until at last her idol writes a letter which leaves no room for faith or hope. The wretched fellow has got sick of durance, and purged himself of contempt by consenting to give her up. After this, her only resource is, of course, to die. She sinks rapidly, despite the solicitude of Mr. Belmore, the novelty of an Indian cousin's return, and the self-accusing tenderness of the mistress of Frankley. What becomes of the latter we shall not tell. The reader will discover from a satisfactory last chapter whether she still pursues her worship of the somewhat priggish Belmore, or takes compassion on the persevering Marquis of Rosetower. Mrs. Hamilton's weakness and folly make her perhaps all the more natural as a character of real life. Most of the complications of the story certainly could not have arisen had she been less irresolute and preoccupied by selfish considerations; had she, in fact, loyally discharged the duties of a guardian. It cannot be denied that, owing perhaps to some secret sympathy, Mrs. Hamilton fares too well in the issue, and escapes too lightly, with two or three scoldings from the Master, for derelictions of duty which she herself expected would receive severer punishment. Perhaps in the mind of the author, her boy's death in the first volume—otherwise inartistic and needless—is introduced in palliation of her neglect of trust; and indeed the loneliness to which she is reduced, till a *deus ex machina* arises in the last chapter, might seem a partial retribution. As to Nugent, he contrived to evade the penalties of his guilt; but it would be rash for any one who might be seized with a desire to imitate his conduct to adopt the ingenious theory "that if he proved his first marriage, the second, contracted during his wife's lifetime, must be void, and that he could no longer be detained in prison for being the husband of the ward in Chancery when that marriage was shown to be invalid."

Apart from the details of the plot, Mrs. Hartley is evidently a lively observer of people and manners, and has a droll easy way of putting things when they strike her. The host at a croquet party who talks over the affairs of the nation with a few other veterans to pass away the time, "secretly bemoaning the loss of his usually comfortable dinner, and thinking grapes and apricots, lemonade and claret cup, tea and bread-and-butter, a very poor substitute," is a portrait which all must have seen. Hilda's criticism of Lord Charles, "I couldn't help thinking all the time that, dressed as a farmer, he looks like a gentleman; and dressed like a gentleman, he looks like a farmer," would apply to many a country squire. Most readers will enjoy a gossiping Mrs. Wilkinson's account of Lady Rosetower's antecedents and parentage. "She was a Jones, and not a very good Jones either." There is also humour in the description of a Lawn Meet at Rendlestone. After a great part of the day has been consumed in playing at fox-hunting for the sake of the sightseers, an old farmer rides up to Lord Charles, and says with a wink, "Ayn't it very near time to see a little sport, my Lord? We've had about *prommynnyng* enough for the ladies." Mr. Belmore, portrayed as a tolerably manly pet parson, with what Mrs. Hamilton calls "a somewhat pontifical manner," afterwards develops into a romantic lover. The drive to Miss Wilkinson's wedding affords scope for a description of nice open weather and "a hunting morning" in late winter, which bespeaks a practised eye for scenery. Indeed we never like Mrs. Hartley

better than when she indulges in these country pictures, though she shows herself by no means a novice when she depicts town life and the more artificial world.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

SINCE the days when the priest and the barber held a public inquisition on the books of the renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, we doubt whether there can be found anything at all comparable to the inquisition which, as each winter comes on, we find ourselves called upon to hold on the Christmas books of the year. In one mood, we feel like the Knight's housekeeper and niece, and think that it would be better to throw them all out of the window into the courtyard, and set fire to them in a heap. In another and a gentler mood, we think with the priest that it would be as well to take the books one by one and see what they treat of, for perhaps some may be found that do not deserve to be chastised by fire. Then prudence steps in and warns us, as it did the housekeeper, that if we once meddle with them, some enchanter of the many with whom these books abound may exercise his art upon us, and lead us next year to write a Christmas book ourselves. But then with the priest we find ourselves smiling at the simplicity of the notion. We might just as well be afraid of tasting mince-pies lest they should tempt us to turn cook as be afraid of reading Christmas books lest they should tempt us to turn author. Then, too, we know that in this great pile of books we shall find many an old favourite, and we can say with the priest, "We should have shed tears ourselves had we ordered them to be burnt." While, however, we gladly spare the old stories which have delighted us so long, yet "the virtues of the father shall not avail the son," nor because we love the genuine fairy tales shall we therefore show any mercy to their bastard children. Nor, again, shall we allow a religious title and a tract-like story to atone for the ignorance of the author, for, as the proverb says, "the devil lurks behind the cross." Some authors will be found, if not deserving of praise, yet too good for the flames. These shall have the benefit of transportation for one year, and as they show signs of amendment, they shall next Christmas be treated with mercy or justice. We fear that before we have got to the end of our task we may, like the priest, have grown tired of looking over so many books. We will however in that case be more merciful than he, and will consign them, inside and contents unknown, not to the flames, but to obscurity. Now and then it will happen, we fear, that some meritorious young writer will escape our notice amidst the pile of rubbish that is always left at the end of our task. We can only console him by the reflection that in him will be fulfilled the saying "that a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner." We are happier in our inquisition than were the priest and barber in theirs, in that we come to it with no ill-will towards the books. If they are to turn the heads of half the children in England, their heads at all events are not yet turned. It happens most fortunately for the writers of these Christmas stories that at the very time the young people are reading them they are being feasted on mince-pies and plum-puddings. If their heads get overheated and their imaginations over-excited, it is the cook and not the author who bears all the blame. But it is not only on books of fancy for the young that we have to pronounce our solemn judgment. We have at the same time to hold a court over those elegant works which are in the first place made to sell, and in the second place to give away. As long as there is marrying and giving in marriage, so long does it seem likely that presents will be made. We could conceive that the age may come when a young couple would rather on starting in life receive a barrel or two of ale or an order on a butcher for a small Sunday sirloin of beef for the first few months than one of these illustrated gift-books. We are a long way off from such an age at present, and it is our duty therefore, having the gift-books of the year before us, to do our best to help the unfortunate giver towards making the best selection he can. As it is not we, but the brides and bridegrooms of the next year, who are to receive the presents, we shall do our best to bring down our critical faculties to a level with theirs, and in judging each book we shall think not so much what we, as what they, would like.

Travels in South America, by Paul Marcoy. Illustrated by five hundred and twenty-five engravings on wood, drawn by E. Riou, and ten maps from drawings by the Author. (2 vols. London: Blackie and Son).—We have here in a cheaper, but still in a handsome, edition Mr. Marcoy's *Travels in South America* from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The narrative is lively and interesting, though it is much to be wished that the translator had been more successful in concealing the fact that it is a translation and not an original work. In every page we come across such passages as "a population decimated by the exigencies caused by spiritual power and political revolution," or "those long-drawn sighs which relieve collectively the bosom of the public." The engravings fortunately have no need of translation, and they are as interesting as they are abundant. In p. 324 of the second volume, by the way, is given an exciting account, illustrated by a scarcely less exciting picture, of a fight between a jaguar and a descendant of the Amazons. The jaguar has sprung into a boat and struck down the Amazon's husband, while she is defending him with a spear. Mr. Marcoy says that the animal "ultimately succumbed

to impalement and asphyxia," though whether the husband recovered he has no knowledge. If he has any anxiety on this point, all he has to do is to turn to Mr. Kingston's *Banks of the Amazon*, which was published three years ago, where in p. 392 he will find exactly the same picture and the same incident. The wounded man, he will find, was well looked after and did not succumb like the jaguar. If he looks carefully through Mr. Kingston's book, he will find that other pictures and other incidents are repeated.

The Amazon and Madeira Rivers: Sketches and Descriptions from the Note-book of an Explorer, by Franz Keller, Engineer. With sixty-eight illustrations on wood. (Chapman and Hall).—Mr. Keller was commissioned by the Brazilian Government, as he tells us in the preface to his very instructive work, "to explore the Madeira River, and to project a railway along its bank where, by reason of the rapids, navigation was rendered impossible." He has given us in a concise form the results of his explorations so far as they would be interesting to the general reader. His narrative is adorned by a large number of carefully drawn illustrations. We hope that the Brazilian Government was as fortunate in having Mr. Keller for their engineer as we deem ourselves fortunate in having him as the explorer of a country which is still so little known.

Trespassers. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous illustrations. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—Mr. Wood has added one more to the interesting series of works which he had already published on Natural History. The *Trespassers* of whom he has to tell in the present book are the various inhabitants of earth, air, and water that do not keep to their own proper domains. "It has been my endeavour," he says, "to show how simple, and yet how effectual, are the modifications of structure by which a mammal, ordinarily an inhabitant of earth, is enabled to trespass upon the domains of the fishes and the birds—a bird or reptile to trespass upon the realm which belongs to the fishes, and a fish to trespass upon that of the mammal." Mr. Wood writes in a simple, clear style, and seems to be thoroughly at home with his subject. He never disgusts his readers by condescension, nor worries them with explaining at great length what was already clear. His book can be read by old as well as by young.

As a companion to this work we have a Selection from Mr. Wood's Articles on Practical Natural History, under the title of *Out of Doors* (Longmans). When we say that two of these essays were written for the *Daily Telegraph*, and nevertheless are well written, we have said enough to show our high opinion of Mr. Wood's power to execute a difficult task.

The Complete Angler, by Izaak Walton (Chatto and Windus).—Among the reprints of the year few will be more welcome than this edition of *The Complete Angler*, with Sir Harris Nicolas's Memoirs and Notes, and Stothard and Inskipp's illustrations. From the beginning of the first day when Piscator "stretched his legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake" Venator and Auceps, to the close of the last day when he invoked "the blessing of St. Peter's Master upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a-angling," how fresh and how pleasant is the talk of this old lover of the gentle craft! Though the plates of the engravings are of course somewhat worn, yet they are still very interesting.

The Bavarian Highlands and the Salzammergut (Chapman and Hall).—This work—a translation of the German from H. Schuid and K. Stieler—while it is interesting in itself, will also be found very useful by those who intend to make a tour in the Bavarian Highlands. A tourist in a country that is new to him often finds towards the close of his trip that he has missed those very spots in which he would have found most pleasure. With such a work as this before him, and with the help of a good map too, he can make such a pleasant and careful study of the district that when his summer vacation has at length come he will have a well-planned tour before him. The days of touring, however, for some are already past, for others will never come. In the illustrations of this handsome volume, which are both abundant and good, will be found much to interest stay-at-home folks.

From Messrs. Chatto and Windus we have two handsome volumes of engravings. The larger one, entitled the *National Gallery*, contains a selection from some of the chief masters represented in our great collection. In the smaller work, under the name of *Beautiful Pictures by British Artists*, we have "a gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries, with Notices of the Artists and of their Pictures, by Sydney Arncliffe, M.A." In this latter collection the frontispiece is after a picture by Mr. Horsley. The numerous admirers of that modern artist will doubtless think none the worse of a volume in which the place of honour is given to one of their favourite artists. We ourselves are inclined to prefer the other collection, though in it there is no artist represented of so modern a date as Mr. Horsley, and though, as might be expected in the second edition of a book of engravings, the lines do not come out very clear and sharp.

The Little Lane Prince, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With twenty-four illustrations by J. McL. Ralston (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.).—This is a very pretty story, and told in the writer's best style, with much simplicity and much animation. It is happily free from that excessive sentimentality into which the author of *John Halifax* had of late fallen. It is interesting in itself, and it contains moreover a puzzle which it will pleasantly

task the young readers to unravel. Mr. Ralston's illustrations are not unworthy of the story.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp, by Marie Petersen (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—We have in this little book the translation of a very pretty fanciful German story. The translator has done her work well. It is the printer, no doubt, who is at fault when a lad is represented as walking "along the wheat-field and through the hosiery" (*sic*).

The House on Wheels (Sampson Low and Co.).—This pretty little story is a translation by Mr. d'Auvers from the French of Mme. de Stolz. Young folks will like it, as it is pleasantly written and contains the adventures of a stolen boy who, after long wanderings among the gipsies, at last gets safe home again.

A Manual of Precious Stones and Antique Gems, by Hodder M. Westropp (Sampson Low and Co.).—In this handy little volume will be found much interesting information. Mr. Westropp in a brief preface justifies the taste for precious stones. He starts with "Alexander the Great, who was a great patron of the glyptic art displayed in them," and, taking a rapid survey of ancient history in less than twenty lines, brings his readers down to modern times, where "we find the Medici, Frederick the Great, Winkelmann, Goethe, Visconti devoting their attention to this exquisite branch of art." We would remark, by the way, that Nubius, the Roman Senator "who was content to suffer proscription and exile rather than give up to Antonius a priceless opal which he possessed," was not one of "the Romans in the time of Pliny."

Earth and its Treasures, by Arthur Mangin. Edited, and with additions, by W. H. Davenport Adams. (Nelson and Sons).—This book to a certain extent covers the same ground as Mr. Westropp's Manual. As, however, it takes in more subjects, so it does not enter into such detail in the part where it treats of precious stones. There is not in all points that agreement between the two works which we should expect in treatises that are to a certain extent scientific. The Koh-i-noor, according to Mr. Mangin, was cut by M. Coster of Amsterdam, and now weighs 122½ carats. According to Mr. Westropp, it was cut "by two workmen from the great atelier of Mr. Foster of Amsterdam, and weighs 103½ carats." Mr. Adams should have been careful to give in all cases the English equivalent for French measures. His readers will be puzzled when they read that "a cubic line (*sic*) of *calcaire grossier* will include about ninety-six of these animalcules." The book, however, contains a good deal of interesting matter.

Speaking Likenesses, by Christine Rossetti. With pictures thereof by Arthur Hughes. (Macmillan and Co.).—We cannot say very much for Miss Rossetti's stories. They are not particularly good in themselves, reminding us overmuch of *Alice in Wonderland*, and they are sadly spoilt by the comments of some supposed listeners. Stories or no stories, however, Mr. Arthur Hughes's illustrations are always pleasant to see. He must have a feeble imagination indeed who cannot out of each graceful and fanciful illustration make a story for himself.

River Legends; or, Father Thames and Father Rhine, with illustrations by Gustave Doré, and *Whispers from Fairyland*, by the Right Hon. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.).—The latter of these stories Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen dedicates to the Mothers of England, whom, it would seem, he has generally pleased. The boys of England most certainly, unless they are greatly changed for the worse, will not care much for such tales as these; for boys do not like irony, and Mr. Hugessen is ironical. The fathers of England, if any still have a wholesome taste for fairy-stories, by no means relish a lull, and when they can turn to the *Arabian Nights*, are not likely to read either *River Legends* or *Whispers from Fairyland*. The girls of England are not yet, we hope, so utterly corrupted by their brothers and their governesses as to like a mixture of fine words and slang. There is no one therefore left for Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen but the mothers of England, and to them accordingly he dedicates, as we have already said, his tales.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE tenth volume of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States** completes the story of the Revolutionary War. Beginning with the recognition of American independence by France, it comprises the whole period of the struggle after it had passed from the phase of a mere local insurrection of colonists into that of a general conflict extending to all parts of the world; when England, single-handed, found herself confronted by her revolted colonies, by France, Spain, and Holland, while the remaining Powers, one after another, joined that hostile and armed neutrality which, under the leadership of Russia, was watching an opportunity to deal a fatal blow against her maritime supremacy. The theme affords abundant scope to the historian, but we cannot say that Mr. Bancroft shows himself equal to his self-imposed task. Readers who have forgotten, or never were acquainted with, his previous volumes will be tempted by the preface, in which he makes a vast parade of the wealth of materials at his disposal, to form high expectations of the treat before them; but the perusal of a very few pages will suffice to dispel the illusion. It is not merely that the author is bitterly partisan. Partisanship that is blind to

* *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent*. By George Bancroft. Vol. X. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

every good quality in an enemy, and persists in attributing to him the worst motives for every act, is of course to be censured as tending to keep alive international enmities which it is time now to allow to sleep. Still partisanship of this unreasoning kind puts the judicious reader on his guard, and might be condoned in consideration of over-balancing merits. But there are here no such merits. The volume contains not a single eloquent passage to fire the imagination of the reader, or even to present a congruous picture before his mind. The narrative stagnates throughout at a dead level of wearisome mediocrity. Still, in spite of the numerous shortcomings of the author, the volume at least brings out clearly enough the imbecility of the North Administration, and the incapacity of the generals it employed. Remembering what England had achieved in the Seven Years' War, and what she was destined to do in the great contest against Napoleon, it is humiliating to contemplate the depth of degradation to which she was reduced by a wilful and ignorant King and a weak and incompetent Minister. Even on Mr. Bancroft's own showing, and after France had allied herself with the United States, the object of the war might have been attained had there been a Pitt to direct the councils of the country and a Wolfe to carry out his plans. The United States had then no real Government. Whatever Federal authority existed, executive as well as legislative, was vested in Congress. But Congress had no agents, and indeed no power even to levy taxes, while in foreign affairs, in which its competence was largest, the treaties it concluded had to be ratified by the States. It will surprise no one to learn that the ranks of the army were never filled, that its pay was always in arrear, and that its equipments were woefully deficient. Consequently desertion went on on a large scale, and whenever the Royal army showed a little activity, the defence of the colonies devolved to a large extent on the State Militia—a force only casually embodied, and therefore a Yeomanry rather than a Militia. There can be little doubt, therefore, that an enterprising and capable general could have subdued the insurrection. There is another point to be borne in mind, which strongly corroborates this view of the matter. It is that to the very end of the war there was a strong loyalist party in all the States, ready to co-operate with the Royal forces. When Lord Cornwallis invaded the Carolinas, he found no difficulty in raising a "Tory" or loyalist Militia. And the same was the case in the North as well as in the South. The responsibility for the ill conduct of the war rests in the first place upon the Government at home, and more especially upon Lord George Germain, the Secretary of State, to whose department the government of the colonies belonged. In spite of the cloud that rested upon his name, and his great distance from the theatre of war, he was allowed to retain in his own hands the general direction of the military operations, and he frittered away the resources at his command by dividing his forces and sending them on fruitless expeditions. But though the chief blame belongs to Lord G. Germain and the King and Ministers who permitted him to throw away every chance of success, scarcely less blame attaches to the generals employed. Had Howe displayed no more than ordinary activity, he might have turned the American position at Bunker's Hill, and so nipped the rebellion at its birth. In like manner, had Clinton not shut himself up in New York, and persisted in believing, or affecting to believe, that the movements of Washington and Rochambeau indicated an intention to besiege him in that city, he could easily have prevented the investment of Lord Cornwallis's army, and its ultimate surrender. Nor was the conduct of Lord Cornwallis very much better. It is true, indeed, that he would have retired from Virginia when he discovered the impracticability of the task he had undertaken had he not been overruled by Clinton, and even to the last Clinton by the display of a little energy might have relieved him. But on Lord Cornwallis must still rest the responsibility of suggesting the invasion of Virginia while his hold upon the Carolinas was yet insecure, instead of completing the subjugation of the South before moving to a new enterprise.

For some forty years Mr. Greeley was so prominent a figure in American politics, the paper which he founded was for a time so veritable a power in the land, and as a member of the "Albany Regency"—the triumvirate of Weed, Seward, and Greeley—he so largely shaped the policy of the Whig party, that a good biography of the crochety, irascible, impracticable, warm-hearted journalist-politician would not only be very entertaining reading, but would afford a clearer insight than many a formal history into the course of American affairs during the generation when slavery was the great question before the nation. But for such a biography it would be necessary to draw copiously on the correspondence that passed between Mr. Greeley and the other leaders of his day, and still more upon that which passed between him and his confidants. The time, however, has not yet come for the publication of confidential letters. In the meantime Mr. Ingersoll's "Life" * will satisfy the curiosity of those who wish to know something of the personal fortunes of Mr. Greeley, and who are not exacting in respect to literary qualifications.

Mr. Young's Annual Report † is a portly volume of nearly a thousand pages, closely packed with tabular statements relating to the trade and shipping interests of the United States, as well as to the still more important matter of immigration during the year 1873. Besides the usual information contained in such publications regard-

ing exports and imports, transshipments, re-exportation, and home consumption; the number and tonnage of the vessels that entered and cleared from the several ports, both foreign and native; the tonnage on the American register, the number of sailing and steam vessels, and the like, we have elaborate tables showing the number, nationality, age, sex, and previous occupations of the immigrants, the immigrants as distinguished from the passengers, and lastly the emigrants.

The Report of the Auditor-General of Pennsylvania for 1873* we recommend to the study of those who are peculiarly interested in American railways. The State requires every Railway, Canal, Navigation, and Telegraph Company which carries on ever so small a portion of its business within the State to make uniform Reports every year to the Auditor-General, showing the financial condition of the Company generally, and not merely of that part of its business carried on in Pennsylvania. The Auditor-General publishes these Reports, "with tabulated results and comparative statements." The Report before us contains the Reports of 202 Railway Companies, some of them among the greatest in the United States. In many cases only a mere fraction of the line lies within Pennsylvania, yet in every instance we learn the total length of the line, the length open for traffic, the capital of the Company, its liabilities and earnings, and we are also told whether it leases other lines, and how many, as well as whether it has leased out any portion of its own line.

The condition of the prisons, hospitals, and almshouses in the wealthy State of Pennsylvania appears from the Report for last year of the Commissioners of Public Charities † to be in many respects disgraceful. But it is especially in the treatment of "the criminal insane" that there seems to be the greatest need for improvement. The question undoubtedly is not without difficulty, but the system of imprisoning them like ordinary criminals is opposed to common sense and to humanity. The State too has its difficulty, like ourselves, regarding the disposal of neglected children. Many persons who have picked up the notion that the gratuitous instruction of the common schools solves every educational problem will doubtless be surprised to learn that in the large towns of Pennsylvania, as in those of England, a considerable proportion of the boys and girls are growing up without instruction and without care of any kind.

For some years loud complaints have been made along the coast of New England that the supply of sea-fish, once so abundant, was alarmingly decreasing, that an important part of the population was consequently threatened with a loss of livelihood, and at the same time that a valuable article of food was becoming scarce and dear. Investigations into the subject were ordered by the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the Committees respectively appointed arrived at directly contrary results. The question thus came to assume a party character, and to influence elections. At last Congress took up the matter, and appointed a Commission to inquire into the alleged decrease in the fish supply and its supposed causes. The volume whose title ‡ will be found below contains the first part of the Report of the Commission, and, so far as the South coast of New England is concerned, it confirms the complaints to which we have referred.

Wiley's "Iron Trade Manual" § was originally designed as a guide to the blast furnaces and rolling mills of the United States. It has been extended so as now to present a survey of the existing state of the iron industries in every part of the Union.

Mr. Vose's Manual ¶ aims at supplying the railway engineer as well as the student with a practical treatise on railway construction unencumbered by scientific discussions of disputed problems, and with as little use of mathematical formulae as the case would allow.

The increasing number of technical schools in the United States has suggested to Mr. Warren the preparation of a work on descriptive geometry ¶¶, having the completeness of the treatises of Leroy and Olivier on the subject, which might serve as a first part in the course of such schools.

Mr. W. E. Simonds has collected in a handy volume **, in two parts, all the cases bearing upon letters patent for designs decided in the United States Courts and the United States Patent Office respectively. In two other parts he gives digests of these cases, and in a fifth part he adds comments on the law as thus declared.

Next to hand comes the Report of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution††, an institution founded under the will of

* *Annual Report of the Auditor-General of the State of Pennsylvania for the year 1873.* Harrisburg: B. J. Singler. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities of the State of Pennsylvania.* Harrisburg: B. J. Singler. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Report on the Condition of the Sea Fisheries of the South Coast of New England in 1871 and 1872.* By S. F. Baird. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Wiley's American Iron Trade Manual.* New York: Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Manual for Railroad Engineers.* By G. L. Vose. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Trübner & Co.

¶¶ *The Elements of Descriptive Geometry.* By S. E. Warren, C.E. New York: Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co.

** *The Law of Design Patents.* By W. E. Simonds, Counsellor-at-Law. New York: Baker, Voorhis, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

†† *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1872.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

* *The Life of Horace Greeley.* By L. D. Ingersoll. Philadelphia: Potter & Co. London: Sampson, Low, & Co.

† *Annual Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

James Smithson, an Englishman, who bequeathed all his property to the Government of the United States to found an establishment at Washington "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge amongst men." In accordance with this bequest the Institution endeavours to stimulate original research by publishing works which add something new to our knowledge, and by offering rewards to men of science to undertake original investigations. It also publishes a series of periodical Reports on the progress of the different branches of knowledge. Lastly, in compliance with the instructions of Congress, a library and museum have been added. The total amount received in every form under the will of Smithson up to the beginning of last year was 140,962*l.*, and the annual interest from this fund amounted at the same date to 9,383*l.*

Under the paradoxical title, *America Not Discovered by Columbus**, Mr. Anderson sets out anew the claims of the Norsemen to the first discovery of the New World. Except in the title, Mr. Anderson does not deny the reality of the discovery by Columbus. What he means to say is, that what Columbus effected was a re-discovery of a continent found centuries previously by others.

Mr. Gaskel's† is a posthumous work, which now sees the light under the editorship of a friend to whom it was bequeathed. The author, a firm believer in metaphysics, composed this treatise in the hope of supplying a basis for what alone he regarded as the Science of Mind.

Apart from the great importance which recent events have given to Germany on the Continent of Europe, and her great intellectual pre-eminence, there are reasons why Americans should feel more than ordinary interest in everything German. With the single exception of the Irish, the Germans far outnumber all other foreign immigrants in the United States, and as the Irish immigration has been steadily decreasing for years, while that from Germany has been increasing, it seems not improbable that the German element will acquire greater and greater weight in American affairs. The influence of this fact is abundantly discernible already in a variety of ways. In many of the great towns, for example, German is taught in the common schools, and the study of German history is attracting more and more attention. To the many works of a similar kind, intended for students, Mr. C. T. Lewis has just added a new one‡ founded principally on Dr. Müller's *History of the German People*.

Another work intended to satisfy the same demand is Mrs. Peake's *History of the Sovereigns of the old Holy Roman Empire*.§ And, though dealing with an entirely different subject, Mr. Hart's *German Universities*|| affords yet a further proof of German influence upon the American mind. The work, which is exceedingly well done, is an attempt to convey to those who have not a personal acquaintance with the subject an idea of German University life by a narrative of the author's own studies and experience during a three years' residence at the University of Göttingen.

The author of the *Resources of California*¶ announces himself to be an enthusiast who could not live contentedly elsewhere, and who imagines that neither the earth, the sky, nor the people of any other part of the world equals those of his beloved State. The reader will infer the spirit in which the book is written.

So much has been written of the Pilgrim Fathers that one would suppose the story must be stale by this time even to the genuine New Englander. Apparently, however, it has still an abiding popular interest, for there lies before us a work** which is little more than a repetition of that story, without even the justification of original research, or the pretence of adding new information.

We noticed two or three months ago Mr. Matthews's *Grammar of the Hidatsa*††, with the interesting historical sketch of the tribe by which it was preceded. The author has now supplemented the grammar by the publication of a short dictionary of about twenty pages of the language in question.

We are afraid that the reader who takes up Mr. Codman's narrative of his three months' residence in Utah‡‡ with the hope of being agreeably shocked will be sadly disappointed. The author has evidently conceived a strong liking for Brigham Young; he is ready to record the good qualities of the Mormons generally, he has nothing but admiration for their management of the native Indian tribes before the United States Government interfered in the matter, and he has very little that is sensational to tell. But

he travelled much through the Territory, and narrates his journeyings agreeably enough.

Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education** is so favourably known that a second work from his pen upon the same subject will be widely welcomed. This later work was undertaken at the special request of the Executive Committee of the National Educational Association of the United States, and was prepared to be read before the Association at its annual Congress last summer. The time allowed for the reading of each paper was, however, so short that the author had to omit the greater part of what he had written; and in consequence he determined to publish the entire paper in book form.

In small compass and handy form Croft's *Transcontinental Guide*† packs together much information respecting the Pacific Railway which will be useful to visitors to California as well as to persons bound for New Zealand, Australia, or the East, who mean to travel *via* San Francisco. It is not necessary, perhaps, to remind the reader that from any of the cities on the Atlantic coast, such as New York or Boston, there are four great main lines to choose between. It is at Omaha, on the Missouri, that the Pacific Railway, properly so-called, begins. The line thence belongs to two Companies—the Union Pacific, which owns it from Omaha to Ogden, and the Central Pacific, which owns it thence to San Francisco. The Union Pacific is by far the longer line, and, we believe, hopes to continue its road to the Pacific Ocean. Croft's Guide presents the reader with a brief but sufficiently comprehensive history of the construction of these two lines and their branches, with notices of the various stations on the way, the forts erected by the Government for protection against the Indians, the lakes and mountain scenery, and it is accompanied by a number of photographic views. The handy little volume also contains a time and fare table, a map of the railway, and a larger map of the world, showing the connexion formed by the line between Europe, on the one hand, and Japan, China, India, and Australasia, on the other.

Hitherto Americans, true to their English parentage, have been disposed to regard art as beneath the notice of a practical people who had a continent to reclaim, and a place to win for themselves in the world. It is true, indeed, that wealthy Americans are foremost bidders at all art sales, just as they give fabulous prices for rare editions of old books. But this readiness to expend large sums too often, it is to be feared, proceeds less from taste for art or profound scholarship than from vulgar ostentation. At any rate, the cultivation of art, whether in theory or practice, has been but little pursued, while until recently art museums have been almost universally wanting. In this respect, however, as in so many others, German influence is beginning to make itself felt, and lectures upon art are now delivered at some of the colleges. There lies upon our table as we write a collection of the lectures‡ delivered by the late Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at the University of Vermont upon fine art. The method of the lectures is historical, and we are told in the preface that they were received with much favour by those to whom they were addressed.

We may conclude with a reference to the magazines§ whose titles will be found below. With the single exception of *Old and New* for September, none of them contain a paper deserving of special mention. In *Old and New* for September, however, we find two articles which treat of two of the causes which have just led to the defeat of the Republican party. In the first the writer endeavours to arouse indignation against the manner in which the arbitrary revenue laws have of late been worked for the enrichment of spies and officials. The second is a protest against the pretension of "caucuses" and "conventions" to override the judgment and conscience of individuals so as to pervert party discipline into a means of perpetuating an odious and corrupt misgovernment.

* *The Building of a Brain*. By E. H. Clarke, M.D. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Croft's Transcontinental Tourist's Guide*. New York: The American News Company. London: Willmer & Rogers's News Company.

‡ *A Theory of Fine Art*. By Joseph Torrey. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *Old and New*, for September and November 1874. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

|| *Lippincott's Magazine*, for October 1874. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

¶ *Scribner's Monthly*, for September 1874. London: Warne & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *America Not Discovered by Columbus*. By R. D. Anderson. Chicago: Griggs & Co.

† *The Basis for a Science of Mind*. By John Gaskel. Philadelphia: Claxton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *A History of Germany from the Earliest Times*. By C. T. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *History of the German Emperors*. By Elizabeth Peake. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *German Universities*. By J. M. Hart. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

¶ *The Resources of California*. By J. S. Hittell. Sixth Edition. San Francisco: Roman & Co. New York: W. J. Middleton. London: Trübner & Co.

** *The Genesis of New England Churches*. By L. Bacon. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

†† *Hidatsa (Minnetaree) English Dictionary*. By Washington Matthews. New York: Cramoisy Press. London: Trübner & Co.

‡‡ *The Mormon Country*. By J. Codman. New York: United States Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co.

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OF

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RUSSIA AND THE NEW CONFERENCE.

Obstinacy of the Russian Government in the pro-
position of the scheme which partially failed at
St. Petersburg, as more significant and more suspicious than the
objection of the project. When the Conference
proposed it seemed probable that the philanthropic
which were professedly contemplated by the Em-
PEROR ALEXANDER furnished the real, if not the exclusive,
motives of his diplomatic enterprise. It was not impos-
sible that the interest of great military Powers in discour-
aging resistance to the operations of regular armies might
have been but incidentally or unconsciously consulted. If
it is true that a second Conference on the same questions is
to be invited to meet at St. Petersburg, it can scarcely be
doubted that the three Imperial Courts have some definite
purpose in view. The invitation which has been issued to
the different Governments to send their remarks on the
Brussels resolutions to St. Petersburg is apparently super-
fluous. The English Government at least may reply that
it has nothing further to say on proposals to which it
has suspended its assent. It is already stated in semi-official
journals that the Governments of Russia, Austria, and
Germany are agreed on the amendments which are to be
introduced into international law, and that they are at the
same time waiting for an opportunity of proving that
their concert has not been disturbed by the refusal
of Russia to join in the recognition of the Spanish Gov-
ernment. There is a certain oddity in the announcement
that the South American Republics will probably be in-
vited to attend the Conference. A more doubtful hope is
expressed that the United States will concur in the pro-
posed legislation; but it is improbable that, even if the PRE-
SIDENT should be disposed to meddle with European negotia-
tions, the Senate will consent to deviate from the settled
policy of the Republic. The interest of the United States
in the laws of war is remote and uncertain, for they are secure
from invasion; and if it should be thought expedient to annex
Cuba or additional portions of Mexico, American commanders
will not desire to be hampered by fixed rules, nor will they
need the sanction of any Conference to enable them to deal
with any resistance which may be offered to their enter-
prise. The States of South America have much experi-
ence of civil war, and some of them perhaps may have
learned to regulate their periodical insurrections by a kind
of customary code. Their authority would have little
weight with any European Government which might de-
cline to be bound by the decisions of the Russian Confer-
ence. The Emperor of Russia will scarcely desire to
imitate the Pope, who controlled the Vatican Council by
the packed suffrages of a crowd of petty Italian prelates,
and bishops in *partibus infidelium*. If three or four great
military Powers agree among themselves on certain changes
in the laws of war, they can have no motive for calling at-
tention to the dissent and disapproval of their scheme by
other States.

The promoters of the Conference have received ample
notice that changes in the laws of war will not be unani-
mously accepted. The representatives of Italy supported
the proposals of Russia and Germany, but England, Bel-
gium, and Switzerland, though not dissenting, might have
been expected to withhold their assent. The Emperor of
Austria, the King of Prussia, and Lord Palmerston, and
his colleagues, have all been invited to the Conference.

national law. The English Government might with
perfect consistency refuse to take part in any further nego-
tiation. A new Conference can have no object except to
supply the shortcomings of Brussels, which were caused
by the objections raised by England and by the
minor Continental States. When Baron JOMINI at the
close of the Conference expressed a belief that the deli-
berations of the delegates might prove fruitful of good, he
was understood to admit in graceful and conventional lan-
guage that the hopes of his Government had been disap-
pointed. If the undertaking is resumed some attempt will
be made to repair the previous failure. It is even possible
that the three Northern Powers might undertake to deal
with the rules of maritime warfare, or that they might
agree to prohibit the traffic in munitions of war between
neutrals and belligerents; yet it would be but an idle en-
terprise to enact international laws without the consent of
England and France. It may be hoped that there is no
truth in a rumour that France is inclined to concur
in the projected changes. Any two or more States have a
perfect right to arrange between themselves the con-
ditions on which their troops and subjects may, in case of
quarrel, kill, burn, and destroy the persons and property of
one another. The traditional rules which are known as
laws of war can only be modified to the detriment of any
State by its own express consent. The United States still
retain the useless right of equipping privateers, which has
been surrendered by the European Powers in the event of
war between any of the parties to the Treaty of 1856.

The arguments of General VOIGTS RHEZT against ir-
regularities in the conduct of defensive warfare were
plausible in themselves, and they were probably urged
with a perfect conviction of their soundness. It may per-
haps be for the interest of the inhabitants of an invaded
country to abstain from proceedings which might provoke
formidable retaliation. It is agreed on all hands that
civilians who offer resistance to an invader must assume
the responsibility of combatants by submitting to some
kind of military organization. The Irish patriots who have
canonized the Manchester martyrs because they committed
a murder in time of peace forget that they are not
even caricaturing a practice that would be tolerated in
civilized warfare. A ploughman or a herdman who fires
at a passing soldier, and then ostensibly resumes his
peaceful occupation, is justly punished as an assassin.
A Fenian who murders a policeman at Manchester cannot
claim impunity on the ground that some non-existent Irish
Government may probably at a future time make war on
England. The Swiss and the Belgians objected, not to the
prohibition of isolated acts of violence, but to any pre-
liminary definition of the terms on which alone resistance
was to be recognized as lawful. It was impossible to foresee
the circumstances of future wars, and to know how far it
might be possible to satisfy specified conditions. Some-
times bands suddenly armed might have neither uniform
nor distinctive badges; and it might be impossible that
these chiefs should communicate with their own Govern-
ment or with the commanders of the regular army. Since
the termination of the Conference the German Government
has introduced into Parliament a measure which would
convert every able-bodied man in the Empire into a regular
soldier, and subject the branches of foreigners to certain the
same regulations of Germany, but they are particularly
interested in securing for themselves the alternative of
voluntary military service or of being obliged to enter the
army. The English Government of Russia, Italy,
and the other States, with the arguments of

Russian and German plenipotentiaries were received. It had been proposed that resistance of any kind to a force in military occupation of a district should be dealt with as a crime, and that an inhabitant furnishing information to his own Government should be punished as a spy or a traitor. It is true that in the performance of a patriotic duty of this description serious risk must be incurred; but the discretion of a general in command of an occupied district requires no aid from formal legislation. The Duke of WELLINGTON's statement that military law meant nothing but the will of the Commander-in-Chief was perfectly accurate.

Another and not unimportant class requires protection against the encroachments of diplomatists who regard war as the normal condition of mankind. Neutrals, though they have been the favourite objects of American and German invective, ought not to be treated as if they existed only on the sufferance of belligerents. An unoffending community cannot consent to forfeit all its rights because its neighbours engage in a quarrel with which it has no concern. If it continues its commercial intercourse with both parties, one belligerent will probably derive greater advantage from the trade than the other; but it by no means follows that the trade with both ought to be stopped. In the last war the French were more urgently in need of arms than the Germans, and, as they were stronger than their enemies at sea, they might perhaps have interfered with the export of contraband goods to Germany. Count BERNSTORFF was consequently instructed to protest against the supply of arms to the French; and in the first instance he was compelled to found his claim on the contradictory phrase of benevolent neutrality. The contraband trade afterwards became the subject of much angry declamation, and some paragraphs in the proposal of Russia to the Brussels Conference were probably intended indirectly to render the trade in arms between neutrals and belligerents illegal. Having adopted, in advance of all other nations, a systematic policy of peace, England is especially bound to watch and to resist all interference with the rights of neutrals. When the Foreign Enlistment Act was passed, more than fifty years ago, more than one member of Parliament expressed surprise that a Power which had taken part in every war of the last hundred years should take the interests of neutrals into consideration. As the Act was immediately intended for the protection of Spain in the contest with the revolted colonies, it was denounced by the Whig Opposition. The Liberal party of the present day sometimes inclines to the opposite error of exaggerating the obligations of neutrals and the rights of belligerents, but the painful experience acquired at Washington and Geneva has convinced prudent politicians of the risk of altering international law. Lord DERBY's caution in meeting the Russian proposals is at the same time judicious and bold, nor will an immediate repetition of the attempt tend to allay his distrust.

CURRENT POLITICS.

THE Parliamentary Recess fulfils the useful purpose of enabling the country to look on its representative body from a side other than that which is presented to it during the Session. When Parliament is sitting we have great measures to think of, party leaders to listen to, the careers of young officials to follow. The bulk of members fade out of notice. They may obtain a temporary notice by asking a question or airing a crotchet, but they cannot make known what manner of men they really are, what are their opinions, their habitual feelings, their standards of political purpose and duty. In the Recess they can reveal themselves; and as they are very generally men of eminence in their respective walks of life, or have attained some kind of consideration which gives them an exceptionally good local position, what they say deserves attention, particularly as we know that we shall not have too much of it, that Parliament will soon meet again, and then they will be once more eclipsed. One subject that has been handled by speakers of this class this week throws light on the practical difficulties which they have to encounter during the Session, and on the sort of rules which they lay down for their conduct. Mr. REED, in addressing his constituents at Tenby, endeavoured to make his hearers understand some of the reasons which a member has to weigh when he considers whether he shall vote

or not on a particular question. There was Mr. TREVELYAN's County Franchise Bill. Mr. REED thought Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal quite out of the first Session of a new and a Conservative Parliament. It was in favour of the extension of the franchise, as Mr. REED observed, is an element in politics that ought not to be disregarded, and Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal was as untimely as possible. As, however, approved of the proposal in itself, Mr. REED made up his mind to vote for it, in order to avoid all possible misconstruction as to his opinions on the main issue. In Session, however, if this untimely proposal is renewed, will think himself at liberty to abstain from voting, will then be more important to mark his sense of fully of stirring the question at present than to show what he thinks of an extension of the county franchise in the abstract. In the same way Mr. REED explained how it had happened that he voted for Sir WILFRID LAWSON's Permissive Bill. He did not in the least approve the Bill; but he has views of his own as to the authority which the ratepayers ought to exercise over the grant of licences. His opinions are not at all the same as those of Sir WILFRID LAWSON; but he voted for the Permissive Bill as a harmless, and, we may add, an extremely effectual, way of recording that he could frame a very different sort of Bill if he took the trouble. We do not wish to criticize the course Mr. REED took as to either the County Franchise Bill or the Permissive Bill. It is of much more difficult for an honest and conscientious man to choose the right course as to voting in Parliament than outsiders would believe. But eccentric utterances like those of Mr. REED show how very fallacious are the inferences drawn from the divisions in the House of Commons on subjects not seriously taken up by either of the great parties. If next Session a dozen members in the position of Mr. REED acted as he hints that he will act, and abstained from voting on the County Franchise Bill, whereas they voted for it last Session, it would be said that the measure was losing ground, that Liberals were changing their opinions, and that the defection of men like Mr. REED was indicative of the increasing Conservatism of the country. All the time the real truth would have been that Mr. REED and those agreeing with him had been precisely of the same mind on both occasions. Sir WILFRID LAWSON again has been cheering himself and his friends with the thought that he has lately gained in Parliamentary strength through an election which has cost his party so dearly. He had actually got a brace more members to vote for him in this Parliament than 'in the last. He now at least can estimate what style of bird is one of those whom he thus knocked over. Mr. REED was one of his new recruits, and Mr. REED takes the first opportunity to say that he thinks the Permissive Bill not at all the sort of measure he would like to see carried.

Mr. McLAREN has been for many years member for Edinburgh, and when he gets into the Music Hall of the Athenaeum of the North, and sees his constituents thronging to listen to him, he naturally feels like MCGREGOR on his proverbial heath. Mr. McLAREN seized on what was certainly a very fair and legitimate opportunity of stating what a very useful man he is as a member. An unkind report had been spread that he felt his years telling on him, and that he was going to resign. Nothing could be more untrue, and he would assure his friends that he had discharged his Parliamentary duties in a most noble and resolute way. He must draw the line somewhere, and he draws it at midnight. Then he goes to bed like a sensible man, but up to twelve he is always in the House. The consequence of this persistent conduct is that he has been able to take part in an extraordinary number of divisions. He was actually present on no less than seventy-nine occasions last Session when a division was taken, whereas there were five Scotch members who were so careless of their Parliamentary duties as to have only voted eighteen times during the whole Session. Mr. McLAREN seems a little to mistake the character of his undoubted usefulness. He does a particular thing, and he does it well. He contributes to the management of public affairs the certainty of his presence up to twelve o'clock. This is very right in itself. There ought to be a few dogged men who sit on and on, who want no relaxation and no amusement, and who are always at hand to check the Government for the time being. But a few of these watchdogs suffice. It

was Mr. McLAREN who spared those idle five Scotch members from the fatigue of voting more than eighteen times. He was sure to be there watching what was done, ready to bark, if necessary, and very proud of what he was doing. One policeman stands outside Messrs. COURT'S bank, and his presence is comforting and imposing to the customers of the establishment; but one policeman answers the purpose as well as thirty would answer it. Mr. McLAREN is the one Parliamentary Scotch policeman who is wanted, and it is a post which he fills admirably, and to which he is perfectly well suited; but he need not complain that twenty-nine others do not come to join him. He may be satisfied with being alone in his glory. Nor is it any discredit to him that he is a little vain of his work. People of all sorts are wanted in a great national body like the House of Commons, and an elderly man who can sit from four to twelve four nights a week for six months, and listen to all the dreary talk that goes on, and yet can come up to take what other people would consider his punishment, always smiling and serene, is a man with extraordinary gifts of some sort, and the public may be thankful to have him, and Edinburgh may be proud of returning him. But men with extraordinary gifts are always inclined to think themselves entitled to set the standard of humanity. Mr. McLAREN is like a man with a biceps who is always baring his arm and insisting that the part of the body between the shoulder and the elbow is the only thing worth noticing in man; or like a bicycle amateur who cannot understand how people can be so idle and unmanly as to go by train. We trust that during many more Sessions Mr. McLAREN may be spared to sit up in the House of Commons till the clock strikes twelve; but so powerful a person ought to be satisfied with a good-natured and secret contempt for persons who keep their coatsleeves down, or who think that to take a seat in an express train is at once the most comfortable and the quickest way of getting to Brighton.

There are two things on which all, or almost all, the Liberal members who are now addressing their constituents are agreed. One is that they can do nothing without Mr. GLADSTONE; and the other is that they like the Conservatives being in office. As Mr. McLAREN well puts it, Mr. GLADSTONE is a head and shoulders taller than any other Liberal leader; and Mr. REED observes with delight that this modern SAUL is, so to speak, leaving his father's asses, and has pleased all honest Protestants by his late denunciations of the Vatican. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE is not quite so "quick to discern the signs of the times" as Mr. DISRAELI, and has allowed his rival to get a little ahead of him in the race for Protestant support. But he has done, on the whole, better in this respect than could have been expected, and he may pull up yet if he sets himself earnestly to the task. As to the Conservatives, not only do these Liberal speakers confess that the country wishes the present Ministers to be in office, and to give them a fair trial, but they own that they find much private satisfaction in the change of Ministry. It is personally so much pleasanter to have to do with Conservative officials, who are always courteous and conciliatory, and will listen to reason, than to be snubbed by Liberal officials and treated like dirt by the very men whom Liberal members are helping to keep in office. It is really strange how Mr. GLADSTONE could have collected together so many persons who, as officials, managed to give the deepest offence by simple want of decent manners. The GLADSTONE Ministry, or at least some prominent persons in it, treated the humbler members of the party, not as human beings, with feelings, and aims, and vanities of their own, but as machines wound up to vote in the right way on a series of big questions. The day of the big questions is over, and now these despised machines are candidly explaining that they are men. No set of members supported Mr. GLADSTONE through thick and thin with such pertinacity and fidelity as the Scotch, and no set of members were treated so contemptuously, and could get so little attention paid them. It was in vain that Mr. McLAREN set up till twelve o'clock and voted with his party whenever he saw a chance of stretching his legs a little by walking into a lobby. He was made to feel that he would ask in vain for little things which would be accorded in a moment to an English or Irish member. It is to be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE will ponder over such speeches as that of Mr. McLAREN before he again takes office. For in the field of Parliamentary management, no less than in that of the championship of Protestantism, he must feel that he has not been quite so quick in discerning the signs of the times as Mr. DISRAELI, and that he has a good deal of lost ground to make up before he can again take office to the full satisfaction of Mr. McLAREN and others of whom Mr. McLAREN is a fair type.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON'S MESSAGE.

AFTER yielding matter for innumerable speculations of the most various and contradictory kinds, Marshal MACMAHON'S Message has at last been read to the Assembly. It has evidently undergone an immense amount of revision. All the Ministers have had their say on it, and the MARSHAL, or some one acting on his behalf, has apparently tried to express beforehand what those who may soon be Ministers would like to have said on it. The first four of the five paragraphs seem to speak with more authority than the MARSHAL has yet assumed. This may be due to the fact that General DE CISEY always speaks like a soldier, or it may mean that the MARSHAL really feels himself a greater man since his Cabinet has ceased to be composed of politicians. It is satisfactory, after so many rumours of differences with Spain and Germany, to hear that the relations of the Government with foreign Powers have been constantly and increasingly friendly. An exceptional harvest and increased exports always seem to give stability to the administration which is able to announce them, and in France, even more than in other countries, accidental prosperity is commonly placed to the credit of the institutions under which it is attained. During the winter and spring corn-growers and vine-growers will be tempted to ask themselves whether NAPOLEON III. himself ever did more for the agriculturist than Marshal MACMAHON has done during the last autumn. Hopes are even held out that, under these favourable conditions, the equilibrium of expenditure and income may be attained without the imposition of any new taxes. The industrial and commercial prosperity of the country will increase the returns of the existing taxes; and the MARSHAL hints that the Government has found means of bringing these returns nearer to the point which they ought to reach if every one bore his fair share of the national burdens. Of course it is not pleasant to the taxpayer to learn that any exemptions he may hitherto have enjoyed are likely to be reviewed in a prying and critical spirit. But to be made to pay taxes already imposed is less grievous than to have new taxes created. There is nothing, therefore, in the financial part of the Message which is not calculated to soothe rather than alarm.

The MARSHAL bases his desire that the Assembly should arm him with additional powers on observations made during his recent tour. Everywhere, he says, he found the desire that organization of some kind should give to the power created by the law of the 20th of November the strength it requires to fulfil its mission. The country asks the Assembly to guarantee the regular working of the public power during that period of stability which it has promised to France. The MARSHAL hopes that the Assembly will do what is expected of it. He will not decline his share of the work, and the intervention of his Government—in the shape, it may be presumed, of frequent Messages to be read by General DE CISEY—shall not be wanting. He himself is in office "only as a means of social defence and national recovery." In this task he hopes to have the assistance of all men of goodwill, of all who "subordinate their personal preferences to the necessity of the present time and the sacred cause of the country." But whether he obtains this assistance or not the MARSHAL means to go on with his work. He has been entrusted with the Executive power for seven years in the interest of peace, order, and public security, and the same interest makes it his duty not to desert his post, but to "occupy it till the last day with immutable firmness and scrupulous respect for the law." The moment that the Message had been delivered all parties in the Assembly seem to have set to work to explain it away. "In spite," says the *Times* Correspondent, "of the MARSHAL'S reiterated declaration as to holding office up to the last moment, Royalists, Bonapartists, and Republicans are convinced that he would retire before the vote of 'the majority of the Assembly.'" The Marshalate, they think, will end whenever the reason for which it was created ceases to operate. In support of this, they quote the

expression that the "same interest"—the interest, that is, of peace, order, and public security—makes it the MARSHAL'S duty not to lay down his authority. Supposing, therefore, that this interest were otherwise provided for, that under HENRY V. or NAPOLEON IV. or President THIERS, France could enjoy the very blessings which she enjoys under Marshal MACMAHON, what is to prevent him from resigning? Social defence and national recovery being otherwise provided for, the only motive which has determined the MARSHAL to accept power will no longer influence him.

Unfortunately for France, the accuracy of this interpretation of the Message is not likely to be put to the test. Whether peace, order, and public security are well or ill provided for under the MARSHAL'S rule, it seems to be the only rule under which they can at present be provided for at all. Notwithstanding the injunction laid upon his friends by the Count of CHAMBORD not to vote anything which can prevent or delay the restoration of the Legitimate Monarchy, there cannot be many members, even of the Extreme Right, who have the slightest faith in their ability to do anything which can affect for good or evil the prospects of HENRY V. All that can be done to make his restoration impossible has been done by his own pen. After every allowance has been made for the strength of the Imperialist reaction, it is still the more probable supposition that the Bonapartists will see the Septennate out before making any overt effort in favour of NAPOLEON IV. As regards the Republic, its prospects are certainly less bright than they were at the beginning of the recess. It then seemed probable that the impossibility of organizing the personal Septennate, together with the increasing dangers of an ultimate restoration of the Empire, supposing nothing to be organized, would influence a sufficient number of wavering deputies to ensure the adoption of M. CASIMIR PERIER'S Bill and the definitive proclamation of the Republic. The dissensions which have lately shown themselves in the Republican party are exceedingly injurious to the realization of any such hope. The successes of the Republicans in the country have been mainly due to the growing conviction among the rural constituencies that the secret of vesting the control of Republican policy in the moderate wing of the party had somehow been discovered. Opinions might differ as to the means by which this happy result had been attained, whether by the increasing resolution of the Moderates or by the increasing wisdom of the Radicals; but, with the single exception of M. BARODER'S election, all the political symptoms seemed to indicate that it had been attained somehow. The municipal elections, first in the provinces and then in Paris, have greatly shaken this belief. There is something unpleasantly significant in the line which M. GAMBETTA'S special organ has taken in the Paris elections. No one knows better than M. GAMBETTA that a victory of the moderate Republicans in Paris would have done more than anything in the world to consolidate the Republican party, and no one has more reason than he to wish to see this consolidation effected. Yet he has not only been powerless to bring about the result which he no doubt desired, but he has even felt himself obliged to feign the warmest sympathy for the Radical candidates and the most rapturous joy at the Radical victory. Paris, the *République Française* declares, has covered herself with glory by filling her Municipal Council with Radicals of the most violent type. This seems to show that M. GAMBETTA feels that his power over the Extreme Left has been greatly weakened by the non-fulfilment of the hopes which he no doubt held out to them as the consideration for consistently keeping themselves out of sight. They abandoned the control of Republican policy to men who have only become Republicans at the eleventh hour, because they were assured that the result of so doing would be to establish a genuinely Republican Government in France. If that contingency had come to pass, they might have remained contented with their bargain. As it is, they probably feel that they have sacrificed themselves to no purpose. The Republican cause has been given over into the hands of men who only advocate it because they cannot help themselves, and, after all, it is no nearer victory than if it had remained in the keeping of its true friends. It is doubtful whether the alliance between the moderate and the extreme section of the Republican party will long survive the reassertion of Radical policy in the municipal elections. If it is broken up, the last chance of Marshal MACMAHON ceasing to think himself indispensable to the maintenance of peace, order, and security will disappear with it.

MR. RATHBONE ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

MR. RATHBONE lately published in the *Times*, in continuation of a former letter, an instructive essay on one of the most important conditions of good local government. He had previously complained of the great increase in local rates, and in the municipal debts of some of the largest towns. A change in the machinery of local taxation would perhaps scarcely diminish local expenditure, but much of the efficiency of local, and especially of rural, administration depends on the convenience of the area within which it is to be exercised. In former times the division into counties and parishes was sufficient for practical purposes. The justices managed the highways and the prisons, and dispensed criminal justice at Quarter Sessions and Petty Sessions. Their more important functions are still preserved, though Highway Boards include elected members; but the transfer of their financial duties to representative bodies will probably not be long delayed. Both officially and in their private capacity the same country gentlemen had much influence in the administration of the Poor-law, which was the most important of parochial functions. Since parishes have been consolidated into Poor-law Unions the justice may, if they think fit, act as *ex officio* members of the governing body. The remainder of the Guardians are chosen by a suffrage which gives additional power to the larger ratepayers. In boroughs and places governed by Local Boards all but the judicial power is vested in Councils elected by equal household suffrage. The County Court Judges, who are independent of local patronage, administer civil justice in areas which are from time to time defined or altered at the discretion of the Government. Mr. RATHBONE holds that unnecessary expense and complication are caused by the multiplicity of administrative areas which cross and overlap each other apparently in the most arbitrary manner. He mentions the case of a Parliamentary borough with 30,000 houses and 160,000 inhabitants, which is divided into three parishes and two Unions, into three municipal boroughs and six Local Board districts, and into nine urban and two rural sanitary districts. It would certainly seem that in this instance there must be an unnecessary number both of elected representatives and of paid officers; but it may be observed that nearly all the divisions are modern, and even recent, and that the areas have been defined by the proper authorities in each particular case with regard to their own special objects. It is not stated whether either or both of the boroughs have been incorporated under the powers given to the Crown by the Municipal Act. The six Local Boards must necessarily be of later date than the first Public Health Act, and the sanitary districts have probably been set out within the last two or three years. In all these cases the Commissioners or other authorities might, if they had thought fit, have made the Unions and sanitary districts coterminous with the Parliamentary borough. The Local Boards could only represent the parts of the district which lay outside the municipal boroughs, but it was by the desire of the inhabitants that they were six in number instead of one. It is of course possible that other motives may have operated as well as regard for the public good; but local opinion deserves to be taken into consideration in all arrangements of the kind.

It is perhaps a minor objection to the independent organization of districts for different purposes that it produces confusion in simple minds. A puzzle-headed layman who as a juror, or in some similar capacity, lately listened to an argument on the meaning of the word "district" in an Act of Parliament, could not be induced to understand how a highway district, or a district supplied by a certain Gas or Water Company, could fail to be regarded as a district for all imaginable purposes. Mr. RATHBONE, who is in no degree puzzle-headed, perhaps carries his doctrine to excess when he suggests that the County Court district and the Police district should coincide with the area of local administration. The County Court district includes as many towns as can be attended in their order by a single judge at intervals short enough to secure the prompt and regular administration of justice. There is no reason to assume that an area determined by the distribution of the population, by railway facilities, and by other considerations of the same kind, would be the most convenient for sanitary or Poor Law administration. The ancient divisions of counties are necessarily disregarded in the formation of Unions and of County Court districts. When it happens that the boundary between counties

is a river valley traversed probably by a single road and a single railway, it is a waste of labour to employ two sets of officers to travel side by side. Although it might be injudicious to prescribe coincidence of local areas by an inflexible rule, there is much force in Mr. RATHBONE's contention that the object is in itself desirable, and that in the majority of cases it would involve no practical difficulty, except in its original establishment. It has often been remarked that the choice of capable and trustworthy representatives is sometimes facilitated by adding importance to their duties. If the business of the House of Commons were distributed among a dozen little Parliaments, the position of a member would no longer be an object of ambition to the higher classes or to the ablest men. A Town Councillor who is also by virtue of his election a member of the School Board, and of the Sanitary Board, may be supposed to feel a responsibility which may possibly sometimes reflect itself by anticipation on his constituents. It cannot be said that popular suffrage always prefers ability, or even honesty, but corrupt motives or carelessness are probably most powerful in elections to places where it is supposed that a worthless nominee will do comparatively little harm. There is much good sense in Mr. RATHBONE's suggestion that a local assembly or Board dividing itself into Committees would secure greater fitness in the members delegated for special duties than a number of separate elections. Almost any body of limited numbers, appointed by election or otherwise, is less impenetrable to a sense of duty than a large constituency.

The greatest of impediments to sound organic legislation is the real or supposed necessity of deriving all power from the votes of a numerical majority of ratepayers. The least enlightened portion of the community has for many purposes unlimited opportunities of overruling sounder and more qualified judgments. Even the hasty writers who thoughtlessly approved, on its first production, of Mr. BEAL's scheme of a metropolitan Republic, have since been startled at the prospect of being governed by a million of irresponsible votes. Mr. RATHBONE, whose object is good local government, and not the preponderance of a single class, recommends a more complicated mode of selection for local governing bodies. He proposes that the justices should appoint a portion of their own number to form one-fifth of the local assembly, that two-fifths should be elected by the plural vote now used in the election of Guardians, and that two-fifths should be chosen by the whole body of ratepayers. The details of the scheme would of course admit of modification, but the principle seems to be sound. The magistrates have administered county finances with praiseworthy economy and efficiency, and among those of them who have thought fit to act as *ex officio* Guardians of the Poor many have exercised a valuable and merited influence. Probably Mr. RATHBONE may be right in his assumption that a Committee delegated for the special purpose would attend the Union Boards more regularly than a detachment of volunteers. The Visiting Justices who superintend prisons and asylums discharge their duty with habitual punctuality. It unfortunately happens that the numbers of the resident gentry are declining, sometimes through changes of social habits, and in part through the accumulation of great estates. Modern prejudice, seconding sometimes professional instincts, has in many counties discountenanced the appointment of clergymen as magistrates, to the great detriment of both orders. It is desirable to make the most of many careful and patriotic country gentlemen who are still willing to discharge unpaid duties. The local government of which Englishmen have for centuries boasted has always, except in the towns, been almost exclusively aristocratic, though the higher nobility have been occupied with more exciting objects. The Poor Law franchise has created in the Boards of Guardians creditable representatives of the middle class. Farmers have too much regard for their own pockets to entrust the expenditure of the rates to demagogues or declaimers, though they sometimes prefer Guardians who have acquired a reputation for indiscriminate parsimony. There are still districts in which the farmers have for forty years refused to build workhouses, and where the Poor-law has consequently never been brought into practical operation. Finally, it is reasonable that the numerical majority should have a voice in the administration of affairs which concern themselves as nearly as their neighbours. Mr. RATHBONE's three Estates would correspond with sufficient

accuracy to as many divisions of society and separate interests. Before his plan is adopted careful inquiry should be made into the reasons which have determined the definition of existing districts for various purposes.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

IT is naturally somewhat difficult to get any accurate information as to the present position of the inhabitants of the provinces annexed to Germany. The French press is not allowed to touch on a subject which might easily provoke German interference, and the German press is far too much at the mercy of the authorities to venture on any subject which might be likely to give offence. That the first hopes of the conquerors have been disappointed is notorious. They fully believed that historical recollections of a somewhat remote date, and a partial community of race, would make the population of Alsace, and perhaps of Lorraine, exceedingly pleased with the prospect of being once more German. Experience has shown that this anticipation was founded on a mistake. The chief reason why the event should have thus belied the expectations of the Germans is one which is very natural that Germans should not be able to realize, but which Englishmen can easily understand. It is so very much pleasanter to be in France than in Germany. Life is so much brighter and happier; there is so much more civility and kindness, so much more fun, so much less domineering and hectoring in France. Germany is a great country, and the Germans are a great people; but to get away from Germany into France is like getting from school-time into the holidays. There is nothing uncomplimentary to the Germans in saying this. They are proud of living a life in which lessons of some sort are always going on, and of having formed a society in which every one either is, or hopes to be, an usher. Such a life may be full of great purposes, and such a society may be full of power and energy. But to the human mind holidays and the ways of holiday life are sweet, and to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine annexation was the end of holiday life. The days when the provinces really belonged to Germany were also very far away, and to have belonged to Germany in those days was not so very obvious a gain and privilege after all. The most recent recollections of a share in national glory were those which associated Alsace with the wars of the Republic and NAPOLEON. The course of business, too, had long drawn Alsace towards France, and new relations in business are not formed in a moment; and although there are many Protestants in Alsace, yet the population is sufficiently Catholic to make the ceded districts a very promising field for the struggles of Ultramontanism against Germany. So far as is known, the richer and the professional classes are still so hostile to Germany that to be suspected of not being violently French in feeling amounts to exclusion from many circles. The representatives sent from Alsace and Lorraine to the German Parliament are violently hostile to Prince BISMARCK, and violently devoted to his ecclesiastical enemies. And the German officials do not spare the provincials over whom they are set. They are always ordering something, finding out something, forbidding something; and this is vexatious in daily life. It is not a great matter, but it is a nuisance to have to shape the signboard of a shop and to choose the name of a baby so as to please a tiny German official. Still the lower and humbler classes are probably reconciling themselves to the change. They bow to fate, and it must be owned that a long experience of administration on the French system was a tolerably good preparation for submission to any authorities that happen to be established. The French part of the population loses by the official language now being German, but the German part of the population gains by it. A very considerable sum has been devoted out of the indemnity to be expended on the annexed districts, and money is money, although it may be German money. The general result may therefore perhaps be safely stated by saying that, though the sentimental grievance of having been made Germans against their will still remains in almost its full force, yet things have settled down in some measure, and there is, if not more content, still more acquiescence, in the change of nationality than there was a year or two ago.

The sum which the German Government thinks it advisable to order to be spent in Alsace and Lorraine on

University and school education is so large that an Alsatian deputy ventured to complain that it was quite out of all proportion to the needs of those whom it is intended to benefit. This complaint afforded Prince BISMARCK an opportunity of making a general statement as to the policy of Germany with regard to the annexed provinces, and he shaped his statement in that style of extraordinarily plain speaking of which he is so consummate a master. He begged the deputies from Alsace and German Lorraine to understand that Germany did not fight and conquer, and annex a couple of provinces, merely to please the people who happened to live there; Germany wanted a good military position and took it. Whether the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine like their country being used as a bulwark of Germany is not very material to Germany. They may like it or not like it, but the result will be just the same. They have got to see their territory turned to the purposes for which Germany seized it. It is true that, as the annexed provinces have been made a part of the German Empire, they are allowed to send representatives to the national Parliament; but these representatives need not be under the delusion that they are at all welcome when they get to Berlin. They are indeed of some use, for they show Germans what nonsense can be talked by the friends of the Ultramontanes, and they impress on their hearers how intimate is the connexion between Ultramontanism and hostility to Germany. This is all the good they are. They are foolometers, representing a territory which is used as a bulwark. There is no mistaking language like this, and it is very much, we imagine, the kind of language which deputies from Gibraltar and Malta would hear if our system unfortunately admitted of the presence of such persons at Westminster. If a nation finds it necessary or convenient to seize on bits of strange territory and use them as bulwarks, the kindest and best course is to be as plain and firm as possible with those who object to be made the victims of the process. It is to the real advantage of the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine that they should know that grumbling and disaffection will not help them in the very least. The only way of making them submissive to their lot is to inspire the belief that it is inevitable; just as nothing can be more cruel kindness to the Irish than to treat Home Rule as an open question, and to pretend to listen to those who press for the dismemberment of the Empire, when we know all the time that we mean to do our utmost to prevent anything of the sort. The general tenor of Prince BISMARCK'S remarks is accordingly free from objection: but he certainly seems unnecessarily defensive now and then in the way in which it pleases him to put what he has to say. He stated, for example, in his speech on Alsace Lorraine, that France is planning a new war against Germany. This is a guess or a suspicion, and to state it as a fact is very insulting to France. Supposing a French journal stated the same thing as a fact, Prince BISMARCK would instantly ask for the suppression of the journal, which he would say was exciting hostility between the two nations. What can be a greater inducement to hostility than that he should take upon himself to say what he would allow no Frenchman to say, and that he should thus bring home to Frenchmen how painful is the degree of discretion exacted from the French Foreign Office?

But, although the primary basis on which Prince BISMARCK necessarily relies in governing the annexed provinces is that of force, he has agencies in view which will, he thinks, in time do much to create a real German feeling in these districts. On the tendency of service in the German army to make all serving in it accustomed to the thought that they are subjects of the same sovereign, he has often dwelt. On this occasion he referred more particularly to the other great instrument of which he is prepared to make the utmost use—that of education. A great amount of money is to be spent in education in Alsace and Lorraine, because it is precisely education of the German pattern that those who live there most need. The University of Strasburg is to be made one of the first in Germany, that thus the highest and best German thought may find a home in the annexed provinces, that the solidity and thoroughness of German learning may be appreciated there, and that the standard of professional and official competence may be raised until those anxious for advancement see that they must work in the German way and think after the German fashion if they are to get on. As for the lower schools, Prince BISMARCK openly declares that

it is by getting hold of the direction of popular education that he thinks the State will best cope with the party who, as he says, do not like the poor to know too much. The Alsations shall be made to feel that it is the priests who wish them to remain ignorant, and German statesmen who wish them to be well taught. All these sentiments of the PRINCE were received with the heartiest approval by the majority of his hearers, and nothing would come more home to the hearts of a German audience than this challenge to the enemies of Germany on the ground of education. The movement against Ultramontanism in Germany is partly a political movement, a movement of those who wish Germany to be united and the State supreme; but it is also a movement of education against ignorance. Prince BISMARCK has directed and intensified the current of opinion on this head in the German middle class; but he certainly did not create it. The Germans, by whom education is so cherished, and to whom education means so much, have a feeling of political antipathy to the pretensions of Rome as great perhaps as that entertained in England; but they have also an abhorrence of foolish teaching, merely as such, which is peculiarly their own. They feel a pang of sincere regret when they think of the waste of human power which is involved in the children of the poor being handed over to be taught only just as much as seems safe to a very ignorant priest: and nothing probably would be more delightful to the majority of the German Parliament than the thought that it could sanction the expenditure of a much larger amount of money on education in their new territory than the poor blind priest-led people of this territory considered at all necessary.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

IF it were possible to bring home to our minds the suddenness and swiftness with which war will come, if it does come, there would be no difficulty in adopting adequate measures of national defence. But unfortunately we cannot realize the peril in which we stand, and we are content to rely on the spirit of the nation, forgetting that that spirit requires time to exert itself effectively, and that, when we are attacked, it will be too late to organize resistance. The history of the war with France which began in 1803 may be safely quoted as an example of what our next serious war will not be. The genius and energy of NAPOLEON were devoted during two years to preparing an army and transports for invading England, but as he worked we counter-worked, and, although we are slow beginners, we can go fast when fully roused. But if there were now an enemy of equal capacity wielding the resources of a great nation, he would be upon us in a few weeks, and at best we could only escape dishonour by enormous sacrifices. At the beginning of 1804, after war had been six months declared, the spirit of the nation was fully roused to defend the country, and volunteers, militia, and yeomanry swelled the numerical strength of the army within the British Isles to 650,000 men. A number of small vessels, each armed with one or two heavy guns, were stationed at the Nore, as well as large ships heavily armed, which, although unfit for sea, would be formidable as floating batteries. The Martello towers which still remain were erected along the coast. In mud-Channel a powerful fleet kept watch vigilantly, ready to open fire upon the invading flotilla as soon as it showed itself outside the French ports. These preparations were tolerably complete within a year after war broke out, and although NAPOLEON came twice to the coast in 1804, he did not venture to test their sufficiency by quitting harbour. He appears indeed to have satisfied himself that he could not succeed in an invasion unless he could establish at least a temporary superiority of naval force in the Channel. The combinations by which he hoped to attain this result were frustrated by the battle of Trafalgar; but during the year 1805 the public mind of England was deeply impressed with the conviction that its fleet alone was an inadequate protection. It is scarcely necessary to remark that no fleet we have, or can have, will ever again give to this country the naval superiority which it possessed in 1805; and yet it did not trust for its defence to that fleet alone, but organized a military force amounting, in troops of all descriptions at home and abroad, to nearly three-fourths of a million of men. This the country did when it was comparatively poor and sparsely peopled, because it felt its danger. The precautions then

taken have never been alleged to have been too great, and it seems to follow that those which we are now taking are too small. There is always a chance that a resolute enemy willing to incur great losses for an adequate object might succeed in forcing troops across the sea in some one of several attempts; and if we had to fight on our own soil, the sacrifice of property, even if we saved our national life, would be enormous. As a mere matter of business-like precaution, we ought to ensure ourselves fully against such a tremendous risk.

The spirit in which such an attempt would be made, if made at all, was that displayed by the Germans in the battles around Metz. They suffered severe losses, but they employed forces so large that those losses bore only an inconsiderable proportion to the whole. There is almost no limit to the number of French or German troops that might be collected on the coasts opposite to our own. But it would be a much more difficult matter to provide those troops with transport. NAPOLEON had about one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers in and around Boulogne, and they could be embarked, with all their stores and supplies, ready for action, in an hour. The vessels in which they embarked had, however, been built for that special purpose, and this was an affair of months. It is no easy matter to provide transport even for 25,000 men, as we know from our experience in the Crimea. But our neighbours are better organizers than we are, and besides they would dispose absolutely of the entire naval resources of the coast from which the attempt was made. The required transports would now need, not to be built, but only to be collected, and a few weeks would suffice for that. One of the events which most disturbed the public mind of England in 1805 was the passage along the coast from Dunkirk to Ambleteuse of part of the flotilla of invasion. This passage was effected in spite of vigorous opposition by our light cruisers. "Although difficult," says JOMINT, "the invasion of England has always been regarded as possible." The descent once made, he thinks the capture of London almost certain. "Perhaps," he makes NAPOLEON say, "we should have encountered some dangers." The creation of a flotilla, and combinations to ensure the presence of a fleet, were indispensable preliminaries; but these having been secured, "ten hours only would be required for landing 150,000 disciplined and victorious soldiers upon a coast destitute of fortifications, and undefended by a regular army." This was the view under which NAPOLEON began to form camps about Boulogne in 1803; "at all events the menace would cost nothing," and it would compel England to make defensive preparations at ruinous expense. This remark deserves attention. Such a menace is easily made by a great military Power, and could not be disregarded. It would compel us to do that hurriedly and at enormous expense which we might have done deliberately and economically. "These preparations," says NAPOLEON, "cost England dear, but they revived the military spirit of the inhabitants." If timely measures of precaution, which need not be costly, could be now taken, the military spirit of the country would never need revival, because it would be steadily maintained.

It was the declared opinion of Mr. PITT in 1803 that to a regular army, however excellent, even aided by the militia, the country ought not solely to trust, but that in a crisis so full of danger it ought to superadd "some permanent system of national defence," either to a certain degree compulsory or formed upon voluntary zeal and patriotism. "This," said Mr. PITT, "ought to be resorted to as the grand source of domestic security." The army must be the rallying point, must furnish example and instruction, and must give the principles on which a national system of defence must be formed. This language seems applicable to the present time, when Europe is in perpetual crisis, if we may so say, and all nations except England are ready for a campaign to-morrow. But, although the army ought still to be the rallying point of national defence, there is a widely expressed feeling that the army is less capable than it was of furnishing example and instruction to volunteer forces. There is, or will soon be, a large proportion of raw lads in the ranks, and, even assuming that in health and character they are unobjectionable as recruits, they cannot supply the place of veterans. An army fit to form the basis of a system of national defence must consist of men, not boys, and men can only be had by paying for them.

It might be possible to offer some indirect advantages which would be equal to higher pay, and in particular the soldier might be allowed to earn something for himself by labour during the long hours which he now spends in idleness, and often in drink. At a time when the Guards, besides their proper military duty, did the duty of police in London, and did it well, they habitually worked in the coal trade; and the labour thus undergone made them, when sent to Flanders, the best men at trenchwork in the whole army. Of late years any proposal to employ soldiers at harvest or other work has been objected to by those with whom they would compete in the labour-market; but now that labour is so scarce and dear, it begins to appear irrational to condemn many thousands of able-bodied men to irksome and pernicious idleness. Officers may perhaps fancy that soldiers who should be also labourers might be deficient in smartness, but the "coalheavers," as the Guards were called, furnished an example to the contrary; and besides, it behoves the country to secure efficiency, even, if need be, by some sacrifice of appearance. The localization of regiments introduced by Lord CARDWELL will no doubt help to attract a better class of recruits. There is, however, danger in supposing that this plan or any such plan can meet the necessity of the case. That can only be done by applying the principle of the Defence Acts of 1803, and thus "enabling HER MAJESTY more effectually and speedily to exercise her ancient and undoubted prerogative in requiring military service of her liege subjects in case of invasion of the realm." To avoid liability to service with the Militia or Regular Army under these Acts, or from other motives growing out of the national peril, 380,000 volunteers had enrolled themselves by the end of 1803, and a force of about that number was maintained during the next two years, at an expense to the country of rather more than 1,000,000*l.* a year. It is easy to understand why so many volunteers offered. The desire was general in the middle classes to avoid being placed in ranks liable to be filled from gaol and workhouse. The difficulties of recruiting in those days were enormous. The Regular Army and the Militia competed against each other, and both took what they could get. Where physical strength appeared they asked no question as to character. High bounties tempted desertion, which even severe punishment could not prevent. The parallel between that time and the present is completed by the statement that there are now 900 military prisoners at Millbank. The evil being the same, let the same spirit arise to meet it. Opinions differed as to whether this volunteer organization of 1803 was the best possible disposition of men and money; and we do not insist upon this particular application of the principle of general military service, but on the principle itself. A statesman of that age wished to see "the great mass of the population of the country" so far trained as to be able to recruit immediately, whatever losses the regular army might receive in action, and then "he should consider the country invincible." Such training would revive or maintain military spirit; it would promote health, order, and sobriety; it would cost little; and the worst that can be said against it is that such precaution is perhaps excessive. If it be true that NAPOLEON allowed that the chances were ninety-nine to one against the success of an invasion of England, it would still be the part of a wise people to provide against the hundredth chance.

THE CANADIAN RECIPROCITY TREATY.

THE members of the Deputation which lately addressed Lord DERBY and Lord CARNARVON on the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States may perhaps find that the official answers which gave them natural satisfaction will not necessarily tend to promote their objects. Nothing can apparently be more reasonable than the demand that the Canadians shall not be allowed to covenant for the admission of foreign merchandise at lower rates of duty than those which are charged on English produce. Both the Ministers expressed their cordial concurrence with the opinions of the Deputation, and promised that no differential tariff should receive the sanction of the Government. Neither the FOREIGN SECRETARY nor his Colonial colleague can be suspected of thoughtless precipitancy, and their language furnished a proof, which was scarcely required, that they both hold sound economical principles; yet it is difficult to under-

stand how they will, in certain contingencies, be able to fulfil the engagements into which they have voluntarily entered. There is some reason to believe that the fulfilment of their promise would prevent the conclusion of any Treaty of Reciprocity, although such an arrangement is desired by the representatives of important Canadian interests, and although the adoption of the Treaty has been urged on the American Government by the English Minister at Washington. It is to be regretted that Sir EDWARD THORNTON, having spent his life abroad in diplomatic employment, should not have found opportunities of mastering the simplest principles of political economy. The paper which, in concert with a Canadian colleague, he presented to Mr. HAMILTON FISH is founded on the preposterous assumption that, of two persons or two communities who make the simplest bargain, one must necessarily be a loser. The American Protectionists, like Sir EDWARD THORNTON, believe in the obsolete doctrine of a balance of trade, and hold that it is essentially profitable to sell, and that buyers lose by every purchase. That gold or money constitutes the only true form of wealth is another proposition which Sir EDWARD THORNTON has derived from utterly discredited authorities. It is possible that the American managers of the negotiation may be influenced by arguments and assumptions which reflect their own prejudices; but when Sir EDWARD THORNTON undertakes to show that under the existing system the balance of trade is against the United States, Mr. FISH may reasonably ask why the Canadians should seek to disturb a relation which is favourable to their own interests.

It is asserted on good authority that the Senate will not ratify the Treaty, even if it is submitted to their consideration during the present Session. It is not known that the preliminary approval of the PRESIDENT has yet been obtained; and the declarations of the English Ministers may perhaps increase any hesitation which may be felt by General GRANT and Mr. FISH. The objects of the proposed Treaty are to admit certain Canadian products at reduced rates of duty into the United States, in consideration of corresponding reductions on American importations into Canada. The Secretary of the National Board of Trade of the United States, which corresponds to the English Chamber of Commerce, states in a letter to the *Times* that his Council had suggested to certain Canadian delegates "the adoption of absolute Free-trade between the United States and Canada, and of a tariff common to them both." The Canadians replied that, in addition to other objections, the establishment of a Customs Union would be unjust to England. The Americans have no intention of relaxing their tariff in favour of England; and consequently the adoption of the Treaty would involve the institution of differential duties as between English and Canadian produce. As there is no commercial treaty between England and the United States, such a discrimination, though it might be invidious and injurious to English trade, would not form a legitimate ground of remonstrance. On the other hand, if the Treaty were once signed, the Government of the United States would have no right to inquire into the terms on which English goods might be admitted into Canada; yet the imposition of equal duties would almost render nugatory the commercial policy of the United States. Experience has confirmed the probable anticipation that it would be impossible to prevent contraband trade on a frontier which extends over the whole breadth of the Continent. The Canadians have it in their power to increase the cost of English goods to themselves and to their inland customers, because it is practicable to levy at the ports all dues which may be legally imposed; but no vigilance will prevent the smuggler from underselling the regular American trader if goods on the North of the border are subject to lower duties than on the South. It is therefore indispensable for the purposes of the American Government that relaxations of the tariff on imports from Canada should be accompanied by the maintenance of the existing Canadian duties on English goods. As it could scarcely be expected that such a stipulation in a treaty would be accepted by the English Government, the PRESIDENT and his advisers might perhaps be content with a private understanding between themselves and the Canadian Ministers. Unless some kind of security is afforded for the maintenance or establishment of distinctive duties, the American Government, as long as it adheres to a policy of Protection, can have no motive for agreeing to the Reciprocity Treaty.

Lord DERRY as Foreign Minister would redeem his pledge by taking care that no clause tending to limit the

discretion of the Canadian Government and Legislature was inserted in the Treaty. A more serious responsibility might devolve on the SECRETARY for the COLONIES if the Canadian Parliament should think fit to impose or to continue exceptional duties on imports from England. The Crown has a constitutional right to refuse its assent to any Bill which may in the judgment of its advisers be injurious to Imperial interests; but Canada and other colonies have through the necessity of the case been allowed to adjust their own tariffs, often to the detriment of English trade. In Australia, if not in Canada, the doctrine of protection to native industry is widely popular; and consequently duties have been imposed on English goods, not only for purposes of revenue, but with the avowed object of discouraging commerce. If the Canadian Parliament, knowing that American produce was introduced into the Dominion at low duties, were, in pursuance of a secret undertaking, or in conformity with its own judgment of expediency, to levy higher rates on English goods, Lord CARNARVON could only overrule the decision of Canada at the risk of a dangerous controversy. The people of Canada are in a certain sense genuinely loyal to a dynasty and Government which leave them the uncontrolled management of their own affairs; but it is an understood condition that the golden link which binds the colonies to the mother-country must never hamper their movements. The Canadians would willingly admit that the authoritative mediation of the Imperial Government may be convenient and useful to control internal dissensions; but when the interests of English trade come into competition with the wishes of the colonists, sentimental attachments will not prevent the Canadians from claiming virtual independence. In truth, the modern colonial policy of England, though it has been prompted by considerations of justice and liberality, is essentially founded on the consciousness that it becomes more and more impossible to control the policy of a distant community. Statesmen have shown their wisdom in cordially recognizing a necessity to which they must in any case have submitted. Lord CARNARVON displayed less than his usual prudence in defining beforehand the line which was not to be passed by the wave of colonial independence. If the tide rises higher than on former occasions, the Imperial COUNCIL must once more move his chair higher up the beach.

Perhaps the best immediate result of recent discussions would be the postponement of the Reciprocity Treaty, especially if it is caused by the unwillingness of the Senate to relax a protective policy. The late change in the balance of parties in the United States will hereafter facilitate a gradual adoption of sounder commercial theories, although the present Congress is not likely to modify existing legislation. The more ambitious politicians would gladly induce Canada to join a Customs Union in preparation for a closer connexion in the future. With remarkable inconsistency, Protectionists often incline to an extension of the area of Free-trade when it is a consequence of territorial extension. Hereafter perhaps even American Chambers of Commerce will learn that, if Free-trade with Canada is desirable, Free-trade with the rest of the world would not be an evil. The question between England and Canada will be simplified if the American tariff is hereafter relaxed; and at the same time the advantages of special reciprocity will be proportionately diminished. If Sir EDWARD THORNTON'S statistics have any value, Canadian trade already prospers, notwithstanding the impediments which are offered to commercial intercourse with the United States. The Dominion can therefore afford to wait for a new treaty, and the Colonial Office will gladly avoid or delay the occasion of interference with Canadian legislation. If, on the other hand, the negotiation proceeds, Lord CARNARVON will do well to reconsider the assurances which he gave to the late Deputation. No Minister is held to promises which he is unable to perform. The merchants and manufacturers who may reasonably resent the possible preference of the colonists for foreigners over English traders will be powerless to oppose any policy which may approve itself to the judgment of the Canadian Parliament. The only effect of a contest would be to encourage the party which inclines to annexation, and to secure a triumph to the champions of colonial independence. There is no disgrace in acknowledging the unavoidable limitations of Imperial power. Obedience to central authority varies in some kind of inverse proportion to the distances of dependencies.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND THE SCOTCH PATRONAGE ACT.

WHOEVER may hereafter be regarded as the author of the Scottish Church Patronage Act, the Duke of ARGYLL will certainly have the best title to be called its champion. The Government, having once carried their measure, were quite satisfied to make over the defence of it to a Liberal politician. Probably they were never quite able to satisfy themselves that it was the sort of Bill which a Conservative Cabinet ought to have brought forward. No doubt the Established clergy were strongly in favour of it, and to gratify the wishes of an Established clergy, wherever it can be done without making too great a political sacrifice, is in perfect harmony with the best traditions of the party. But then it has been always assumed that the wishes of an Established clergy would run in the direction of a still closer connexion with the State. Concessions to the Church were never supposed to imply any loosening of the ties that bound it to the civil power; they would rather aim at making those ties still more indissoluble. The attitude of the Scotch Church on the question was necessarily confusing to those who have been accustomed to look at ecclesiastical affairs in this light. The special favour it asked of the Government was to be let alone. It desired to appoint its own ministers instead of having them imposed by lay patrons on possibly unwilling congregations. The only difficulty in the way of such a settlement was the fact that the right of patronage was almost the only remnant of State authority left in Scotland, and that, if this were removed, the Church would be established as regards its possession of State property, and disestablished as regards its exemption from State control. It is allowable to suspect that, if the Bill had been introduced by the late Government, the Opposition would have attached great importance to this objection. As it was, the natural defenders of the most intimate possible union between Church and State were silenced by the recollection that the Bill, instead of being promoted by the Liberation Society, had been urged upon successive Administrations by the clergy themselves. If the Conservatives were wrong in voting for it, they felt that they were wrong in good company. They were supporting their Parliamentary leaders in carrying out the wishes of an Established Church. Could there be any policy more genuinely Conservative than one which admitted of being described in this way?

The controversy which has arisen between Mr. INNES and the Duke of ARGYLL since the passing of the Act is one in which only Scotchmen are likely to take a lively interest. The Duke of ARGYLL charges the Free Church with inconsistency in speaking ill of an Act of Parliament which he maintains would have satisfied all the demands of the Free Churchmen of 1843. Mr. INNES, on the other hand, maintains that the Act of 1874 reproduces in some occult way the pretensions which were found so intolerable thirty years ago. These two statements are perfectly capable of being reconciled. If the Act of 1874 had been passed before the disruption, it would have been accepted as a concession of the principal point in dispute. The State would have given way to the Church, and the Church would by that means have been saved from all complicity in any past errors for which the State might be responsible. As it was, the State refused to yield, and seduced a portion of the Church into being partaker of its sins. In the eyes of Free Churchmen no mere repeal of the obnoxious statute can undo wrongs of this nature. They would like to see some public humiliation undergone alike by the State and the Church. To repeal an Act seems to involve an admission that, while it was unrepealed, it might have been lawfully obeyed; whereas the position newly taken up by the Free Church insists that there ought to be some kind of formal declaration that to pass such an Act was *ultra vires* on the part of the State, while it involved grievous spiritual degradation on the part of the Church which assented to it. The least, therefore, that would have satisfied the Free Church leaders, when it was announced that the law was to be altered, was a confession that Parliament had been wrong in passing the Act of 1843, and that the Established Church had been wrong in living under it for so many years. It is not enough, they insist, for the Church of Scotland to say, "Whereas I was blind now I see." Her blindness has been too wilful to allow of her being let off thus easily. The Patronage Act, if it has any meaning

at all to Free Churchmen, must mean that the policy which drove them out has at length been abandoned as wrong in principle. In their opinion the proper corollary to this is the admission, that ever since 1843 the Free Church has been the true Church of Scotland. The members of the Established Church naturally take a different view of the Patronage Act. They regard the system of private patronage, not as an iniquity to which they have till now been consenting, but as a burden from which they have but now been set free. The change in the law of patronage can work no change in the opinion held by the Free and the Established Churches respectively as to the right and wrong of the secession of 1843. The fact that the law is no longer calculated to offend Free Churchmen will not make their action in leaving the Church rather than submit to the law as it stood formerly less an act of schism in the eyes of members of the Established Church. The fact that the Established Church is no longer subject to a system of patronage which, in the eyes of the Free Churchman, is a denial of the Supreme Headship of CHRIST, does not make her the less responsible for submitting to such a system so long as Parliament chose to impose it on her. The Duke of ARGYLL overlooks the important consideration that, from whichever side the question is approached, a question of religious morality is involved in it. It is the refusal to regard private patronage as something forbidden by the Divine law that constitutes the real sin of the Established Church on one theory. It is the deliberate choice of secession as a lesser evil than acquiescence in a state of things which if inexpedient, was not of necessity wrong, that constitutes the real sin of the Free Church on the other theory. The Duke of ARGYLL seems to think that he has landed the Free Church in a dilemma when he has proved that, if what has now been conceded had been conceded in 1843, it would have been held sufficient by the Free Church leaders. Either, he argues, they would have been satisfied with too little, or you ask too much. But in 1843 the divergence of principle between the two parties in the Church had not been disclosed. If the Act of last Session had been passed at that time, the State would have been held to have failed in an impious attempt to place the Church in fetters. That is a wholly different condition of affairs from one in which the Church sits contentedly in chains for a whole generation, and even then accepts her release as a favour, not as an act of justice. In the former case the Free Church principles would have triumphed, though there had not been a single seceder. In the latter case the Free Church principle cannot triumph under any conditions short of confession and restitution on the part of the Established Church.

The conclusion of the controversy seems to be that the most modest defence of the Patronage Act is the most successful. It is not a measure of comprehension; it sets up no new bulwarks for the Established Church; it does not aim at restoring unity to Presbyterian Scotland; it touches no question of principle even in the religious community to which its provisions apply. It simply involves the surrender by private patrons and by the Crown of a right which had become nearly valueless, and for that reason had ceased to yield any adequate return for the heart-burnings and ill will which its exercise occasionally created. The true answer to the contemptuous criticisms of the Free Church upon the smallness of the measure is that it concerns no one except the members of the Established Church. If it had arrogated to itself the more majestic proportions with which the Duke of ARGYLL seeks to invest it, Free Churchmen would have had a right to find fault with it. As it is, they must content themselves with denouncing the religious feebleness of a body which can congratulate itself on so paltry a concession. The history of the Patronage Act may furnish a useful warning to the advocates of ecclesiastical comprehension in England. Parliament may succeed, if it works hard enough, in turning this or that section of opinion out of the Established Church, but nothing that it can do will have any effect in bringing into the Established Church bodies which are now outside it. Religious establishments may last a long time yet if they are let alone, but attempts to galvanize them into embracing all the world will certainly fail, and will probably involve unforeseen and fatal injuries to the fabric which they are designed to strengthen.

STAGE DECORUM.

THE morality of the stage can never be a matter of indifference to those who understand the insidious and widespread influence which it exercises on all classes, and especially on the more thoughtless, ignorant, and impressionable sections of society. The regular frequenters of the theatre may not form perhaps a very large proportion of the community, but the influence of the performances extends far beyond those who actually witness them. They give a turn to thought and conversation, and looseness on the stage, while it may be supposed to be in some degree a reflex, is also an active cause, of a corresponding looseness in actual life. There could hardly be a more striking and unpleasant illustration of this than the way in which the name and idea of a vicious French dance, which indeed is only an imitation of the crude and shameless profligacy of the lowest savages, have been added to the stock of mentionable subjects. Anybody, as the *Times* remarks with unfortunately too much truth, can now talk about a can-can as freely as about a quadrille. This emancipation from the restraints of conventional prudery is a result which certainly deserves serious reflection. The next step would naturally be the introduction of the can-can itself into the drawing-room. This dance is sometimes surreptitiously performed in France behind the backs of the police in the lower sort of saloons frequented by students and grisettes, but it has never been tolerated in a French theatre or any place of public amusement. A French gentleman who has any pretensions to good breeding would be ashamed to utter the word in society, and it would be an insult to a lady to suppose that she could possibly ever have even heard of it. Yet in the capital of England—moral, respectable England, which shakes its head at French vice and mourns over French grossness—this dance might, until recently, have been seen almost any night in half a dozen London theatres, and its name may be said to have been adopted into our domestic tongue. It is of course unnecessary to exaggerate the direct effects of this unsavoury importation. It is probable that it has been witnessed by many persons who in their innocence failed to discover its intentional suggestiveness, and we prefer to believe that some of those who talk of it so glibly have only a faint appreciation of what it really means. But that it should be talked of at all is evil, because it leads to coarseness even where it does not stimulate vice. The purity of public manners requires to be sustained by the decency of common conversation. It is satisfactory to know that the Censor has, for the present at least, cleared the stage of this pollution, but a jealous watch will have to be kept in order to prevent its recurrence. That it should ever have been introduced is a public disgrace.

We are disposed to think that, as a rule, when scandals of this kind cannot be prevented, it is well to take as little notice of them as possible. This, however, is a case in which it is evident that repression can be employed, and the *Times* has very properly called attention to it, adopting as its own the protest of a correspondent against the license of costume, or rather of nudity, on the part of a certain class of performers—not actresses, for they cannot act or speak or sing—who may be called, for want of a better name, expositors of their persons. It is obvious that, if it is worth while to have a Censorship at all, it is necessary that it should be made practically effective. This can only be done by obtaining for the Censor the support of opinion, and it is well therefore that public attention should be forcibly directed to the subject. It cannot be denied that there are at this moment theatres in London to which “no modest woman can take her girls, and still less her boys, without a sense of shame and disgust”; but it would be unjust to attribute this deplorable license to the theatres generally. On the contrary, there are various symptoms of an elevation, which we hope we are not too sanguine in thinking may be progressive, in the character of the drama of the day. Burlesque of the old gross tom-fool kind has for some time been steadily declining. The school of social comedy which Mr. Robertson brought into favour is, if not intellectually strong, at least intelligent and decorous in the extreme, and may almost be said to err on the side of insipid respectability. The addition of music to qualify the absurdities of farce may be regarded as a step upwards in artistic refinement; and it is impossible not to be struck with the disposition of audiences to welcome any experiment in a more thoughtful and poetical cast

of plays. *Hamlet* is at this moment the most popular of all dramatic works, and, tempted by the example, other Shakspearian plays are to be produced at other houses. There are more than a dozen theatres in London where any mother may take her sons or daughters without running any risk of being put to the blush. At one house there is a gorgeous but intensely stupid historical spectacle; at four houses there is a choice of comedies of society; four offer the picturesque and romantic drama; while yet other four are devoted to musical comedies or farces of the new kind. These performances are of course of very various merit; but they agree at least in this, that there is, as far as we are aware, nothing morally objectionable in any of them. In point of fact, there are only two, or perhaps three, theatres in town which lay themselves out for burlesques or extravaganzas of the kind against which a protest has just been raised; and at one of these no doubt the offence is rank. In this instance an attempt has been made to give interest to a burlesque, which in itself can only be described as idiotic, by exhibiting a number of women in a state of semi-nudity. The principle of the management would seem to be that of Mr. Pitt's friend, the Viscount, that human nature is best represented by lots of legs; and the scandal is in some degree magnified by the example which the manageress herself sets in the free and unabashed display of her undraped figure. This exhibition of a big woman who appears to be wholly unclothed except for about a foot and a half round her middle is one which may be commended to the attention of the Censor. It is impossible to imagine anything more outrageously disgusting. It is a sort of indecent exposure which is, in fact, a police offence.

Although we are disposed to think that the majority of the theatres may, at any rate as they are at present conducted, be exempted from a general indictment of indecency, this is no reason why the Censor should not exercise his authority in the most forcible way against the offending minority. Indeed it may be said that it rather strengthens the case for intervention, inasmuch as it makes intervention more hopeful. If there is as strong a feeling on the part of the profession against these performances as there is on the part of the public, no great difficulty need be anticipated in suppressing them, or at least compelling the effacement of their most offensive features. It cannot be doubted that it is in the interest of genuine art that resolute measures should be used to clear the stage of the models of the studio, and the lay figures of lascivious *poses plastiques*. When a taint of this kind breaks out it has a tendency to spread. It frightens respectable persons away from an honourable profession, it attracts disreputable persons towards it, and it tempts people who have no preference for impropriety in itself to try how far they can go in competition with it. Nothing can be more sadly significant than the representation of the theatrical profession which is exhibited in the windows of the photograph shops. Who are the young persons with fantastic hair and very low-bodied dresses who are there depicted? Are they actresses capable of articulate speech or of the faintest kind of histrionic personation? Can they dance or sing? Certainly not; yet they form the chief part of the staff of certain theatres, where they are produced for show like an exhibition of cattle. In many cases they are women who find in this sort of publicity a useful advertisement of another trade. It is needless to say that the growth of such parasites degrades and corrupts the profession on which they fasten, and drives decent people from it. Not only what the *Times* calls the best class of the playgoing public, but the best class of players, will be thankful for a vigorous and sustained attempt to relieve the stage from this infectious canker. It may be pleaded that the Censor has nothing whatever to do with the private life of public performers, and this is undoubtedly true. But he has at least a right, and it is his duty, to take care as far as he can that the public performances of this class of women shall not too openly suggest their private avocations. Those who are old enough to remember the state of the theatres soon after the accession of the QUEEN will always be grateful to her for the purification which she was the means of accomplishing; but unfortunately her seclusion in recent years has led to a partial renewal of old scandals and abuses. There is no one to lead the public taste and to vindicate

public decorum in such matters, and those who might, in the absence of the Sovereign, be expected to set an example, rather encourage the evil by the too good-natured impartiality of their patronage. It is some consolation, however, to know that the new Censor has received instructions to make his authority a reality, and that the actual representation of plays on the stage is to be looked at as closely as the language of the dialogue.

GREECE IN ITALY.

THE shores of the Bay of Naples and of the two bays which stretch north-west and south-east on either side of it have their attractions for all. There is the mere natural aspect, the land and the sea, the coast, the mountains, and the islands—the heights of Capri and of Ischia anchored as it were like guard-ships before the peaceful bay—Vesuvius, with its pillar of cloud, reminder of fearful days when the pillar of cloud has been changed into a pillar of fire. There are the long associations of the history of that memorable coast, Oscan, Roman, Byzantine, Norman. We look on a land which formed one of the fairest spots in the fairest realm of the Wonder of the World, a land which in our day was wrested from the oppressor by exploits more wonderful than any of which its own long history had to tell. We look on the city stretching along the shore, the city for which so many lords and so many nations have striven, and we hasten back from the struggles of Bourbon and Habsburg, of Anjou and Aragon, to the days when the Norman added to his realm the first and last possession of the Eastern Cæsar in the Western seas, when the city which had been won by Belisarius yielded to the arms of Roger. We cast our eye along the coast, and every inch of ground seems to have its special association for the student of the early Imperial days of Rome. Here almost every famous man of the late Republic and the early Empire had his retreat from the honours and the cares of Rome. On one side of the great bay we are shown the villa of Cæsar and the villa of Lucullus; we see too the scene of the wildest freak of Cains and of the blackest crime of Nero. On the other side is the sea-side home of Cicero, a contrast indeed to his airy Tusculum, and there is the spot where Pliny, father of a long line of scientific admirals, gave his life as the price of the knowledge which he loved. And, in the midst, to remind us of the greatest of all changes, we see the spot where Paul of Tarsus looked on the now ruined temples and amphitheatre of Puteoli. And, as if purposely to embody that remembrance, there is the height crowned by the *duomo*, worthless in itself, but which becomes a speaking memory indeed when we see built into its wall the columns of the temple which looked down on the Apostle as he landed, the temple of the deified founder of that Empire whose chiefs were, under the teaching of the faith which he brought with him, to change from the High Pontiffs of the old idolatry into the Advocates of the Universal Church. It is well that, in a region made so fair by the hand of nature, so foul by the deeds of man, there should be this one link to bind our thoughts to other and higher things than the evil deeds of the early Cæsars. And yet there is a relief of another kind; here is the region to which poetic fancy has transferred so many of the old thoughts and names and legends of the older Hellenic days. Here we are in the land of Virgil; here is Misenum, there is Avernus, a lake at least of higher memories than its Lucrine neighbour. And thus we are carried back by the wand of the Mantuan magician to thoughts of the earliest times of which that land awakens memories. We may begin to remember that the living Neapolis, the buried Hêrakleia, were not, in their beginning, cities of the Roman or of the Oscan. Here again, as in other lands, a cycle has been played out. When Belisarius entered Naples, he entered it as a Roman general victorious over the Goth. What in truth he did was to win back for the new Greek world a city which had been part of the elder one. If Naples so long remained a distant outpost of Byzantium, we have but to double the Cape of Misenum, to pass along the coast which parts the grave of Æneâs's trumpeter from the grave of his nurse, and we light on a spot more truly memorable in the history of the world than any of the spots renowned for the crimes or the victories of Kings and Cæsars. The Apostle himself, citizen of a Greek city, putting forth his teaching in the Greek tongue and enriching it with Greek associations, must have found some other form for the Gospel which he preached, had not the Greek of earlier days spread his tongue and his philosophy through all lands. We may for a moment forget all that has happened from the first alliance between Rome and Capua to the modern deliverance of Capua and Rome, as we look on the first outposts of Hellas in the West. As we stand on the acropolis of Cumæ, what we elsewhere look on as ancient seems to belong to the old age of the world. From that desolate height we can drink in the fullness of the fresh breezes of the youth of Europe and of European man.

It is a feeling which indeed carries us out of the common world and of the common range of history, when we can say for the first time that the soil on which we tread is Hellas. We need not say that, wherever Hellenes dwelled, there was Hellas, and that the furthest outpost in the Iberian or the Tauric peninsula was as truly Hellas as Sparta or Athens. So, in this sense, Neapolis and Massalia were Hellas also, but from them the fatal gift of long-continued prosperity has wiped away the Hellenic character.

Cumæ—let us rather cast aside the barbaric form, and give back her true name to Æolic Kymê—has had the luck to perish, and in perishing she has kept all the old associations of her name. True, the traces of her Hellenic days are of the very scantiest; but there are no traces of other days to interfere with them. We pass by the shore of Avernus and through the vast tunnel of Agrippa, or we trace the Roman pavement through the bold span of *Arco Felice*, and, when the other side of the hill is reached, we leave Rome and the younger world behind us. Straight before our eyes, rising above vineyards and scattered cottages, soars the hill of the acropolis, the first point, as tradition told, of Italy and the Western world in which Hellenic settlers found themselves a home. If the tale be true, Sicily and Korkyra, the sites of Sybaris and Taras, were still barbaric ground, untrodden by an Hellenic foot, when the first colonists from the eastern Kymê lighted their fires and raised their first defences on that solitary hill. A coast, already Hellenic in its natural character, a coast of bays and islands and promontories, stretched far on either side, but all on either side was strange, all was barbarian. It was for them to win for the Hellenic name a land on which nature seemed to have set her seal as a destined dwelling-place of Hellenic man. And, be the tale true or false which makes Kymê absolutely the first Greek settlement on the western seas, there can be no doubt that it was a settlement of very high antiquity, a settlement made in days when the earliest type of city was still the rule. Kymê is a hill-fort; its acropolis overhangs the sea, but the sea is not immediately at its foot. Such was the kind of site chosen for the most ancient cities in Greece itself, and a wide gap parts a city of this kind from Naples on her bay and Syracuse on her island. Kymê was a part of Hellas; but, when Kymê first arose, it was indeed a small and isolated fragment of Hellas that she formed. The first object of her settlers was defence against barbarian neighbours, and they found it on such a site as their barbarian neighbours loved. The acropolis of Kymê suggests the *arx* of Tusculum, and a strange companionship unites the two. Even here, on the oldest site of Italian Hellas, we cannot wholly shut out the memory of Rome. Tusculum and Kymê alike, so the story goes, gave shelter to the King whom Rome had driven out. When the arms of the Thirty Cities had failed to restore the banished Tarquin, Kymê, or at least her tyrant Aristodêmos, welcomed him to a refuge beyond the reach of the newborn commonwealth by the Tiber. The last shelter of the fallen King, the Greek acropolis, less lofty than the Latin *arx*, was hardly less strong. And on the side of it away from the friendly sea, the side most open to the inroads of barbarians, the hill was scaped away and strengthened by mighty stones worthy to have found a place in the oldest wall of the city from which Tarquinus had been driven.

The thought of this strange episode in the history of the Greek city may perhaps present itself to the mind; but there is nothing left on the height of Kymê specially to call up the memory of Aristodêmos and his guest. It is one of the charms of the scene that so little is left of any kind, that the desolation of Kymê is almost as complete as the desolation of the spot could have been before Kymê was. There is nothing to interfere with our musings. Some slight traces of the great temple of the patron-god Apollo may be made out on the highest point, but his columns are gone; they have been stolen by some of the bandit princes, prelates, and potentates who have wrought their wicked will on the monuments of Italy; they have been carried off to adorn some villa or palace or museum, and are no doubt duly ticketed to record the "munificence" of the robber. We have forgotten the name of the savage and the whereabouts of his lair, and we are not to search them out again. Kymê is desolate, save the mighty stones of her wall and the small traces of her temple; a few remains too of Roman brick-work, to be seen as we pass from one to the other, survive from the days when Kymê had paid the penalty of sheltering Rome's banished tyrant. Here and there too, in the vineyard or by the pathway, we see some scrap of wall, some fragment of carved work, to show that a city has been there. But we read the history of Kymê, as we stand on her height, and look out on the hills, the flats, the lake, and that great and wide sea which made Europe to differ from Africa and Asia, and which gave the Hellenic man power to spread Hellas, and all that is implied in her name, over every coast where his once worthy barbarian rival had not forestalled him.

We change the scene to another spot on the same coast, on the other side of the central city, where we are still on Hellenic ground, and where the men of Hellas have left signs of their presence which have outlived all the works of successive waves of conquerors. We set forth from Naples; we pass along the

Vicina Vesuvo
Ora Jugo;—

"jugum" no longer, since the cities at its base were preserved for posterity by their overthrow. We pass by spots famous in the history of after-days. We pass by Angri; hard by is the mountain-slope where the great struggle of Italian history was ended—the scene of the last fight of Teias and Narses, where the last Gothic King sank beneath the arms of the mighty eunuch, and where it was fixed for ever that Italy should not become a national kingdom under a Teutonic King. We pass on by Nocera and Pagani, names which speak of the great house under whom Italy had again a change of masters; we call up Frederick and Manfred, and those faithful Saracens who died around their King at Benevento when his Christian warriors had forsaken him. And, if Nocera

speaks to us of the most renowned of Emperors, Salerno on its bay speaks to us no less of the most renowned of Pontiffs. There, like Scipio at Litternum, Gregory died, as he deemed, in exile, though there were those around him who deemed that the Vicar of Christ could be an exile in no spot of the earth whose utmost parts were given him for his possession. Through spots like these, where the great events of man's history press upon us at every step, we fly away, as it were, from the modern world, the world of Rome and all that sprang from her, to see another spot where all that is left speaks to us of the days of the world's youth, and speaks to us with a clearer voice than the desolate hill of Kymé. On no hill-top, but on a dreary flat between the sea and the mountains, the temples of Poseidónia, Præstum on Latin tongues, still stand, a wreck indeed of what they once were, but a wreck which seems perfect beside the far more utter wreck of the works of so many later ages. Yet we feel that, ancient as Poseidónia seems, it is young beside Kymé. There is again before us the same difference as that which divides Dardanië from Ilios, and Tusculum from Rome. Things must have greatly changed since the foundation of Kymé before Greek settlers on Italian soil could have fixed themselves on such a spot as Poseidónia. Here was no acropolis, no inaccessible height; the colonists trusted to their walls, to the sea, to the natural superiority of the Greek over the barbarian. The change involves all the difference between the first solitary Greek settlement in the West, the colony which came straight from the Asiatic shore, and the colony whose metropolis was itself on Italian ground, the city planted by Sybaris in the days of her power, when southern Italy had won the name of the Greater Hellas. Kymé is primarily a fortress; Poseidónia is essentially a city. Like other cities, it needed defence, but defence was not the one object present to the mind of its founders. There was no rock to scarp, or, in trust in its natural strength, to leave unscarped, but simply such a space as was needed to be fenced in by the mighty Hellenic walls, which, broken down and overgrown as they are, may still be traced and walked on through nearly the whole of their pentagonal range. Within these walls a crowd of later buildings have risen and fallen; the theatre, the amphitheatre—the sanctuary of Roman cruelty thrusting itself within the Hellenic city—the temple of Roman date, may all be traced, and it would be a good deed to set the spade to work to dig them out more thoroughly; yet it is with a certain pleasure that we see the amphitheatre and the Roman temple level with the ground, while the Hellenic temples still raise their mighty columns above the fallen works of the barbarian conqueror. Few buildings are more familiar than the temples of Præstum; yet the moment when the traveller first comes in sight of works of untouched Hellenic skill is one which is simply overwhelming. Suddenly, by the side of a dreary road, in a spot backed indeed by noble mountains, but having no charm of its own, we come on these works, unrivalled on our side of the Adriatic and the Messenian straits, standing, in all their solitary grandeur, shattered indeed, but far more perfect than the mass of ruined buildings of later days. The feeling of being brought near to Hellenic days and Hellenic men, of standing face to face with the fathers of the world's civilization, is one which can never pass away. Descriptions, pictures, models, all fail; they give us the outward form; they cannot give us the true life, the thought that we have passed away from that Roman world out of which our own world has sprung, into that earlier and fresher and brighter world by which Rome and ourselves have been so deeply influenced, but out of which neither the Roman nor the modern world can be said to spring. There is the true Doric in its earliest form, in all its unmixed and simple majesty. The ground is strewn with shells and covered with acanthus-leaves, but no shell had suggested the Ionic volute, no acanthus-leaf had suggested the Corinthian foliage. The vast columns, with their sudden tapering, the overhanging capitals, the stern square abacus, all betoken the infancy of art. But it is an infancy like that of their own Héraklès; the strength which clutched the serpent in his cradle is there in every stone. Later improvements, the improvements of Athenian skill, have added grace; but for the sense of power, of simplicity without rudeness, Poseidónia holds its own. Unlike in every detail, there is in these wonderful works of early Greek art a spirit akin to some of the great churches of Romanesque date, simple, massive, unadorned, like the Poseidónian Doric. And they show too how far the ancient architects were from that slavish bondage to minute rules which moderns have invented for them. In each of the three temples of Præstum differences both of detail and of arrangement may be marked, differences partly of age, but also partly of taste. And some other thoughts are brought forcibly upon the mind. Here indeed we feel that the wonders of Hellenic architecture are things to kindle our admiration, nay our reverence, but that, as the expression of a state of things which has wholly passed away, nothing can be less fit for reproduction in modern times. And again, we may be sure that the admiration and reverence which they may awaken in the mind of the mere classical purist is cold beside that which they kindle in the mind which can run over the successive steps in the long series by which the massive columns and entablatures of Præstum grew into the tall clusters and soaring arches of Westminster and Amiens.

DOG SHOWS.

PERHAPS it may be safely said that few persons who visited the Birmingham Dog Show during the past week were in a strictly philosophic state of mind. The "cherub Contemplation" seldom "soars on golden wing" above the heads of the interesting but rather noisy victims of their masters' vanity. Thought of the profounder kind is not easy when one's head is splitting with the animated conversation of the frolic terriers, and the calves of one's legs are quivering irrefragably in the neighbourhood of the huge jaws of some monstrous bulldog or mastiff. Doubtless if the channels of communication between the human and the canine intellects were a little more open, one might gather the germs of many wise reflections from the intelligent animals who look upon the world from a point of view so radically different from our own. Doggish sermons upon the value of fidelity, courage, and high-mindedness have been impressively uttered from the days of Ulysses to our own. Unluckily the preaching has been of the inarticulate kind; and we must therefore be content with such interpretations as we can devise for ourselves. Indeed we may infer that, if dogs could talk, they would differ from each other nearly as much as rival theologians or men of science. The theories of life and manners which respectively commend themselves to a lapdog and to a bloodhound must be radically different. Dogs may be regarded as visible symbols, verging sometimes upon caricature, of the tendencies existing amongst their masters. The differences of temperament and constitution which in the human race seem chiefly to affect the brain are embodied in the whole physical structure of the dog. It is no mere fanciful analogy which leads us to trace a resemblance to human physiognomies in the various breeds of dog. The dog of civilization has been moulded by the taste of his proprietor just as distinctly as any other work of art. The shape of a bulldog's head indicates the tastes of the order of society by which he is patronized quite as clearly as the carvings of a mediæval cathedral show us the tastes of its architects. The bulldog is simply a grotesque gargoyle formed in flesh and blood instead of stone. The dog of civilization differs from his savage ancestor as Rousseau differed from the man of nature whose praises he was accustomed to sing.

Mr. Mill's posthumous essay has drawn attention to the vagueness with which the word Nature has been generally used. He might have illustrated one at least of its meanings with great clearness from the phenomena of a dog show. The dog of nature is the dog which would still be able to get his living and maintain his breed if he were turned loose by himself in the wilderness and deprived of human care. The civilized dog is an animal which could not shift for himself, and would certainly die out in a generation or two. The meaning generally attached to the "state of nature" by Rousseau and his followers was of an analogous kind. The civilized human being is part of a huge organization, with which his existence is so intimately bound up that he would be as useless without it as a single wheel taken from a piece of complex machinery. In *Sandford and Merton* we used to read how, a fine gentleman and a common peasant being turned out among savages, the fine gentleman was despised because he could only make pretty speeches, whilst the peasant was made into a prince because he was able to weave baskets. The inference of the ingenious author was the very illogical one that modern society was corrupt because it honoured qualities which were useless in a savage community. As the great principle of all progress is the organization of various talents, it inevitably follows that individuals must have in some sense a one-sided development. Amongst human beings, however, the result is, or ought to be, the cultivation of qualities which are not the less valuable because they are not adapted to meet the pressing material needs of society. Newton was not the less an admirable product because he would perhaps have been quite incapable of digging roots or catching fish in a society which cared nothing for astronomy. It is true, however, that many talents which are cultivated in a complex social order are of very little good to anybody, or, it may be, are positively deleterious. And, in the case of dogs, it must be admitted that this tendency seems to be illustrated more frequently than the other. Occasionally we may find that the civilized dog differs from the dog of nature by having cultivated some really valuable quality without losing in general vigour. A sheepdog, for example, is an animal who deserves the highest respect for virtues and talents in which he exceeds many featherless bipeds. He has possibly lost some of the wild instincts which would enable him to preserve the species if he were simply turned loose on a moor; but he is still a perfect model of activity and vigour, and has acquired talents which enable him to be regarded as a valuable member of the community. But too large a proportion of the dogs in a show must unfortunately be regarded rather as embodiments of a taste artificial in the worst sense—that is to say, of a taste which is rather prejudicial than otherwise to the highest moral and intellectual development. If dog-fanciers were generally endowed with a sense of beauty as vivid as that of the ancient Greeks, they would endeavour to produce a breed of dogs which should be models of strength, speed, and vitality. The art of moulding flesh and blood into its noblest shapes would be studied in the same spirit as the art of carving stone. When a dog is required to hunt, to keep sheep, or even to guard a house, some attention is paid to the laws which determine the perfection of animal symmetry. But for the most part the fancier is ignorant or indifferent, and makes a poor dog a mere symbol of

arbitrary and grotesque fancy by exaggerating some particular feature, irrespectively of canine happiness or of utility to man. The miserable creatures called toy-terriers, trembling and fretful dwarfs, are really, as it seems to us, a disgrace to their breeders. If it is wrong, as Malthusians tell us, to bring into the world a set of human beings irretrievably destined to disease and vice, it is surely wrong in a minor degree to breed animals whose life can only be a long disease. The modern bulldog represents another absurd freak of fancy. So long as he could be applied to a legitimate purpose, there was doubtless much to be said for him. When baiting animals was regarded as a legitimate application of human energy, the bulldog was at least in harmony with the social order in which he lived. But, if we may judge from the grotesque monsters whom we have seen, not without a shudder, leering with red eyes at our legs, we fancy that the true end of bulldog existence is being forgotten, and that it has become an ultimate purpose with fanciers to make their noses as short and their lower jaws as long as possible, till the poor creatures are in flesh and blood what a Chinese grotesque is on porcelain.

It is impossible to see these animals without recognizing them as typical examples of tendencies which are really moulding men as well as dogs. The toy-terrier is the modern postaster. He is a feeble creature, all run to nerves and excessive irritability; incapable of really strong passions, though getting up a feverish imitation of them; unhappy unless he is petted by his mistress and wrapped in the softest of coverings; intensely fretful under criticism, and apt, if he sees a chance, to revenge himself by snapping at his enemy's fingers; and given to regard the world as a troublesome sort of place where the only consolation obtainable is the consumption of a good many *bombons* and scraps of highly-flavoured though unhealthy food. What there is in one class of society of this overstrung nervous excitability generates dainty poetry varying between the namby-pamby and the prurient, and in another produces toy-terriers and weakly lapdogs. The bulldog has analogues as clearly resembling him. He is the modern rough. In older and coarser days he had his value; he was useful as a soldier, when war required less intelligence and more brutal obstinacy; and might be useful enough on some savage frontier where it was desirable that the strongest races should stamp out their feeble rivals. He still possesses qualities of courage and stamina which can never quite lose their value, and he may therefore be indirectly useful as a cross for other breeds. But in his own capacity he is now a mere anomaly—a survival of a form which has ceased to correspond to any real needs of society. The bulldog, we believe, is better than he looks, and is often a very amiable creature in private life; but, so far as his physical conformation goes, he evidently represents amongst dogs the same element which in human society produces wife-beating, garrotting, and other habits to which we pay too high a compliment when we call them brutal.

It would be easy to pursue the argument in regard to other varieties. Who can see a bloodhound, the most dignified in appearance of all the brute creation, but just so far suffering from the decay of his profession that his appearance is beginning to be cultivated at the expense of his utility, without thinking of a high-bred noble in a demoralized country, and almost expecting to hear that he suffers from the gout? Or a good, sturdy, wiry Scotch terrier without seeing in him the reflection of a long line of stubborn Calvinists of the Davie Deans variety? Or any of the retrievers and setters and pointers without wondering whether they or the country squires, their masters, are really the more intelligent and valuable members of creation? On the whole indeed the impression which we receive from such a show is rather to cloy the dog at the expense of his master. The raw material has so many charms that we are annoyed by the deformities which have been grafted upon it. The genuine dog is so charming a creature, so much affection and intelligence looks out of his honest eyes, he is so splendid a specimen of courage, endurance, and activity, that we feel ourselves the better for his acquaintance. Admitting that we sometimes invest him with imaginary virtues, he has yet the germs of most of the qualities which go to make a noble character. And therefore it is irritating to see how frequently his excellent qualities are obscured in proportion to the closeness of his connexion with human beings. If the managers of dog shows wish to benefit the creatures whom they exhibit, they should do what they can to encourage a higher standard of taste in such matters, and should reward dogs in proportion to their strength and utility, rather than to the degree of their approximation to some arbitrary standard. Unluckily, here, as elsewhere, it is a weakness of the competitive system that it sets undue value on the qualities which can be easily measured as compared with those which are really serviceable; and we need not be surprised that a people which values men more for a capacity of reproducing second-hand knowledge than for more solid and less ascertainable virtues should value dogs for the shortness or length of their noses more than for their powers of scent or their general vigour. We could only wish that the human qualities which we seek to stimulate were represented by some external peculiarities of conformation, when perhaps we should recognize the comparative worthlessness of some systems of education.

ST. PAUL'S UNCOMPLETED.

THE *Times* of Saturday last is of opinion that the Executive Committee for the Completion of St. Paul's came to a "somewhat clouded conclusion" on the preceding day. We are not aware whether that respectable body made choice of the paper which has hitherto been foremost in its opposition to everything upon which the Committee set its heart as the depository of its confidential debates in hopes of eliciting that judicious observation. It would, to be sure, appear, by a letter from a member of the Committee which was subsequently sent to the *Times*, that that body had begun with a "somewhat clouded conclusion" as to the extent to which it was willing to abandon its freedom of confidential deliberation. Be that, however, as it may, we are far more inclined to agree with this remark of the *Times* than we have often been when we have been unlucky enough to come into collision with it on the explosive subject of St. Paul's.

So far as we can pierce the fog, the condition under which the Committee met seems to have been that the Chapter, in face of the well-nursed outcry against Mr. Burges's design, passed a resolution in favour of postponing the active commencement of the work of decoration, in the expediency of which resolution we believe that not only Mr. Burges's friends, but that gentleman himself, cheerfully acquiesced. With this postponement of the substantive work went also one of an experimental and temporary colouring of the East end. The Chapter came to a third resolution—that the agreement under which Mr. Burges and Mr. Penrose had been artificially yoked together in the undertaking ought to be rescinded, as it was "found to be highly inconvenient in its working." No one, it was understood, was more conscious of this than Mr. Burges himself, and the necessity of revising the terms of agreement whenever work should be resumed was a foregone conclusion. Such revision could only proceed by way of rescinding the existing document. But, the very fact that work was not to be resumed for an indefinite period minimized the practical importance of any immediate revision or rescinding, and left the Committee free to adopt the opportune time for the step. The Chapter (which, it must be remembered, is the one legal body having the authority under which it has invited the Committee to offer its voluntary assistance) has, no doubt, sufficient grounds for condemning an agreement under which it conceived itself inconvenienced. But it had voluntarily associated the Committee with itself in so much of labour and responsibility as to have contracted an honourable obligation to listen to the reasons of its fellow-worker. The Committee would not have been justified before a court of honour in insisting upon the maintenance of that agreement in face of the Chapter's recorded experience. It would have been acting up to the reasons of its own existence in proposing a time and a way of carrying out the decision of the Chapter which should not prejudice other interests for which it had made itself responsible. Now it happened that the agreement, with all its faults, was Mr. Burges's one patent of office. He was and is the Committee's architect by an unrescinded vote. But this is a barren honour. The power of doing anything could only come to him from the Chapter; and it had come to him in the form of that agreement. He was the choice of the majority of the Committee, and nothing has been alleged to show that that majority thinks itself mistaken in the selection of an architect, although for the sake of peace it readily acquiesced in the proposed delay. It would have been the natural course, if pacification and a breathing time were the object sought for, to make the suspension impartial and complete on all sides. So long as the Chapter, backed by an acquiescent Committee, delayed active operations, Mr. Burges would have obtained no more real power over the Cathedral by his title of architect of its completion than the King of Italy enjoys over the Levant by virtue of his style of King of Cyprus and Jerusalem. Mr. Burges's retention of the appointment would, however, have visibly exonerated him for the future from the possibility of imputations, not only upon his artistic capacity and knowledge of the art which he professes to exercise, but actually upon his professional trustworthiness, which the Committee, unless endowed with a preternatural shortness of memory, ought to have been warned by past experience to guard against. It must not be forgotten that, in the heat of the controversy which raged round Mr. Burges's models, imputations were directly aimed at him for wilfully neglecting, or rather disobeying, the instructions which he had received from his employers as to the choice of style which he was expected to follow. The letter which he laid before the Committee on Friday week, and which the *Times* very properly reprints, was a brief but conclusive reply to the charge which called for some acknowledgment on the part of those to whom it was addressed. It likewise explained that Mr. Burges was actually engaged in preparing drawings undertaken at the order of the Committee, which had been so far advanced as to make their completion a matter of financial necessity, while he was likewise revising the existing models. With these facts before the Committee, neither of which had come under the cognizance of the Chapter, the reasons for its acceding to the policy of postponement were infinitely strengthened. Their refusal to do so might, by unscrupulous adversaries, be taken to imply that they did not really think their architect clear of those charges, nor really accepted his explanation; while the advice on one hand to lose no time in rescinding the agreement, and the determination on the other not to forego the benefit of the half-completed drawings, or of the revision of the models, which, emanating as they do from

an already rescinded architect, could hardly lead to much practical good, might easily be distorted into a charge of wanting to squeeze as much as possible out of their man. The postponement of the rescinding, coupled with that of the actual decoration, would at once have honourably acquitted the architect from injurious imputations, and have enabled the Committee with self-respect to accept those preliminary drawings which it still holds Mr. Burgess bound to complete. We should be much surprised if the Executive Committee, on calmer reflection, saw reason for much self-satisfaction. It had deliberately selected Mr. Burgess as its architect; it had sustained him against turbulent, bitter, and unreasoning opposition; it has not even now cancelled his appointment as its architect; and still it was of one mind with the Chapter as to adjourning any practical use it should make of the time, abilities, and study he had devoted to the appointed work. It had further to judge whether it would confirm this pacific interim, or whether, by mechanically echoing the Chapter's call for a naked rescinding of the agreement, under circumstances which would totally alter the meaning of the proceeding, it would depute that body to suppress the man whom it had honoured, and whom it still professed to honour. The suggestion of putting an end to the agreement was as it came from the Chapter the undeniable statement of a difficulty which was practical or theoretical according as the works were active or passive. The echo of the suggestion on the part of the Committee after all that had taken place, and in face of the covenanted cessation of active decoration, would be tantamount to a penal dismissal of Mr. Burgess. Yet the Committee by a large majority closed with the latter alternative. We are willing to believe that all who voted for the proposal could not have appreciated its bearings, and that it was in more than one sense a "clouded conclusion."

We are not treating the question now as an artistic one. We have formed and expressed our opinion on the merits of Mr. Burgess's design, and are not likely to alter our views according to the votes of any Committee. The artistic beauty of St. Paul's may be a very important question, but the credit of public men—such as the members of the St. Paul's Committee—are not less important; and we do not think that they have enhanced their claim on popular confidence by their late day's work. All that has been done has been simply negative: the decorations have been suspended, and Mr. Burgess has been constructively dismissed. Sanguine must the man be who anticipates the possibility of resumption, even upon a plan as tempting as one which has secured at least a single, but very distinguished, supporter, and which proposes to carry out what we had have been Wren's idea but for the unlucky accident that he never happened to have thought of it. If he had done so, it is contended that he would have certainly accepted the scheme of gutting the Eastern limb of the actual Cathedral in order to fill up the void with a second and a flatter apse, lighted by a big round skylight. Other suggestions of a less extravagant character will no doubt be made by ingenious bystanders, but the prospect of any one of them being accepted by whatever body may call itself the Executive Committee would be only one degree less improbable than the expectation that any of these projects would command that amount of popular approbation which would justify the authorities, taught as they would be by the lessons of the last two years, in undertaking its accomplishment. We could, if it were worth while, prove that Mr. Burgess has never received fair play, and, as nothing reproduces itself like injustice, the ill-treatment to which Mr. Burgess has been subjected will for a long time to come reappear as a legacy to the man who may be hardy enough to covet his place. Other men may look to fame and honour, but his lot will be the certainty of prejudiced and merciless criticism. The worst result of the collapse would be the reckless abandonment of the interior of the Cathedral to every casual donor or enterprising art manufacturer who may bustle to the fore with his own little bit of incongruous decoration or his own obtrusive patch of painted glass. The Cathedral during its few years of spasmodic decoration has already had enough of those experiments inflicted upon it to have made their presence a great difficulty to its appointed architect. In the pending anarchy the temptation to appease hungry critics by potty concessions may become irresistible, while the public opinion which ought to have operated as a safeguard will treat the name of St. Paul's as something with which no prudent man would care to entangle himself.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HOUSEWIVES.

WE read the other day in the *Queen* an article entitled "Advice to Young Housewives," so excellent in intention, but likely, as we fear, to be so disastrous in effect, that it is worth while to show the ill consequences which may be expected to follow if the advice in question is taken. The article starts from the assumption that marriage may be something more than a dreary routine, that some gleams of colour may be introduced into the dull grey of daily life, and that whether this is done or not depends mainly on women. It is their fault for the most part if the husband soon forgets that he was ever a lover. It is because the household is stupidly managed, the drawing-room tasteless, the dinner badly cooked, the wife listless and incapable. Upon all these points the writer has suggestions to offer. With some of these there is no need to find any fault. They are either general enough to be safe or trifling enough to be harmless.

No mischief can come of the maxim never to "let your husband see you in any unbecoming or ungraceful deshabille," or of the information that a black net, "prettily made and worn with coloured ribbons," is an economical dress to wear every evening. The advice to study variety of ribbons and ornaments, "that your husband may always have some fresh trifle to notice in your toilet," is more open to question. If the husband has a keen eye for distinctions of colour or material all may go well. He will not forget to notice to-day that the ribbon is pink and plain, to-morrow that it is mauve and watered. It will be a constant subject of interesting speculation with him whether his wife will come down to dinner with an enamel cross or a gold locket on her neck. But, supposing that his interest in these details flags, that the wife is always giving him trifles to notice, and he always forgetting to notice them, is there not cause to fear that she may resent his indifference far more keenly than if she had never tried to charm him out of it? Generally speaking, indeed, it is in the details that this writer seems to go wrong. Thus there is some perfectly sensible advice about not forcing confidence, not letting familiarity banish courtesy, nor returning rudeness for rudeness. A wife is warned not to say to her husband, "Do you love me?" lest it should bore him. She is to try to behave so that he shall say to her "Do you love me?" How this question is to be answered might well have been left to a woman's own instinct. There is no need to put into her mouth the words "Of course not, why should I?" with the stage direction that this little speech is to be accompanied with a smile "which shall show him that you do not quite mean what you say." We fear that on experiment this plan will be found quite as likely to bore a husband as the direct interrogative which is wisely forbidden. A wife may find it more difficult to vary her smiles than to vary her ribbons, and the weariness produced by sameness of expression may be more serious in its consequences than the weariness produced by sameness of personal decoration.

The points upon which the writer lays most stress are the arrangements of the house, especially of the drawing-room, and the wife's choice of subjects for conversation. As regards the first, not comfort only, but "all the graces and prettinesses of life," are to be cared for. An imaginary objection, that the graces of life are expensive, is disposed of by the remark that in most ugly houses it is not money that is wanting, but "thought, care, and talent on the part of the mistress." This is a very comfortable doctrine for the young housewife who has no spare coin in her purse. If she has not yet furnished her house there is better news still in store for her. Artistic furniture, she is told, can be procured quite as cheaply as "hideously 'elegant articles'"; only of course she must educate her taste so as to know what is artistic and what is hideous. This is easily done. Pay "a good many visits to the South Kensington Museum, and you will then be able to make your rooms very different from those of an ordinary English house." The young housewife who sets to work to put this direction into practice is sincerely to be pitied. The collection of furniture at South Kensington contains plenty of materials for educating the taste, but it is as rich in warnings as it is in examples, and a woman who plunges into it without a guide may easily confound the two. Then the labels usually state the price that has been given for each piece, and a novice who tries to calculate what she must give for a cabinet or a table by comparing the cost of one which has been bought at the sale of a famous collection with the cost of another which has been picked up a bargain in a back street in a foreign town, will find herself in a state of embarrassing uncertainty whether or not to believe the dealer at whose shop she looks in on her way home. On the whole, she is most likely to find refuge in Wardour Street. There she will find no difficulty in filling her rooms with old oak, just out of the manufacturer's hands, and eighteenth-century marquetry, inlaid to order yesterday. In this way she may easily succeed in making her rooms very different from those of an ordinary English house. Unfortunately, if the education of her taste goes on, a time is sure to come when her one desire will be to see her rooms something very different from what she has made them. Even if the furniture is already bought, the young housewife is bidden not to despair. She must make her drawing-room as pretty as she can, and, above all, she must make it the living expression of herself. Everywhere there are to be signs of occupation. The writing-table must display "its pretty knickknacks," a brightly coloured skein of wool is to peer out of the workbasket, and the tables must be strewn "with novels, periodicals, brochures, and books of poetry." It is a little neglectful of the writer not to have supplied a list of appropriate "brochures." Novels, magazines, and even poetry, the young housewife may be able to compass, but we suspect that her notion of a "brochure" will hardly go beyond the price list of a Co-operative Store. If she has not ruined her husband with bills for artistic furniture, she has still a chance left her of ruining him at the nurseryman's and the print shop. The flower vases are never to be left empty, because even in London flowers "can be procured at a small expense, growing in pots, or freshly gathered." Next she is told to avoid the cold look of uncovered walls by having "plenty of good water-colour engravings or photographs." It is true there is a saving clause, "if you can procure them"; and it may be hoped that young housewives will understand this to mean "if you have money to pay the bill for them when they are sent home." Even then the advice has its dangers. Good photographs are cheap enough, but a wall

rashly covered with photographs chosen at random by a young lady whose taste down to the time of her marriage has been chiefly developed by the study of her friends' photographic albums may soon drive the husband to regretting the despised wall-paper. By that time, however, the mischief will be done. Nails will have been driven in in every direction, and the advice to hide as much as possible of the wall-paper may have to be strictly followed because there is so little of it left fit to be seen. In that case the drawing-room will hardly "be a real pleasure to your husband to enter," even if to the wife herself it should be "redolent of a certain mysterious charm."

Considering the financial catastrophe which by this time is probably impending, it is prudent perhaps to tell the young housewife never to talk to her husband about domestic economy. He may, as the writer forebodes, "be too much inclined to fidget about details," and for the present, at all events, "be the better for being led to think of other subjects." "Trifling gossip" is not, however, absolutely prohibited between husband and wife. He is allowed to interest himself in "baby's new tooth, the purchase of a piano or a carriage, or my sister's engagement." There is something highly ingenious in the way in which an outlay of fifty or a hundred pounds is slipped in sandwich-fashion between two subjects so little exciting to a man as a first tooth and a family love affair. But gossip is not to form the staple of a wife's talk. She is to make herself a companion of her husband's mind, and to this end she must set before herself two solemn duties. The first is to read the newspaper every day—"not the fashionable intelligence, but the political information." The young housewife must not expect to like this at first, but if she perseveres she will reap the double reward of interesting her husband and being interested herself. She will soon "discuss eagerly the chances of Empire or Republic in France, or the passing of any important Bill in Parliament." It is paying a great but, we fear, an undeserved, compliment to the superior sex thus to take for granted the man's interest in these subjects. What is a young housewife to do if, after she has qualified herself to discuss the chances of Empire or Republic in France, she finds that she has to instruct her husband as well as to converse with him? If she does not feel able to do this, she had better make sure what it is in the newspaper that her husband reads. It would be vexatious if it were to turn out, after she has got up the political information diligently for a month, that the only part that her husband knows anything about is the sporting intelligence or the City article. It is the more important that she should not waste any time upon unnecessary work because the improvement of her mind is not over when she has read the newspaper. She is also to read as a matter of duty "some one good periodical, such as the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, or *Fortnightly*." This, it is promised, will keep her "au courant of the opinions, controversies, and discoveries of the age." Here again the advice stands in need of some qualification. What if the young housewife chooses the *Fortnightly*, and retails the opinions and discoveries she there meets with to a husband who alike in politics and in theology is a staunch Conservative? No doubt there will be no stagnation in the household, but we fear that peace will hardly brood over the moving waters. The husband may resent being told that he was once a lump of protoplasm, or that even now he is only an automaton. Or, supposing the tables to be turned, it is quite possible that a husband who takes his belief from *Literature and Dogma* may be inclined to snub a wife who retails as her own the opinion expressed in the *Quarterly* article on Modern Culture. Perhaps, however, if the young housewife has thoroughly learnt her lesson, her husband will be glad to accept any opinions she may give him at secondhand, as at all events an agreeable change from the opinions she is bidden to form for herself. Married women are bidden to "wage a never-ceasing war," to "speak with a never-ending protest," against cruelty and oppression; the reason being that "all through the world arises the cry of suffering humanity," and great nations "groan and travail in cruel wars and terrible convulsions." It seems a little hard that the husband who is not responsible for these wars and convulsions should be condemned to listen to a never-ending protest against them. Of the two, Mr. Ruskin's suggestion that all the ladies of Europe should wear mourning in time of war seems the less unpleasant. We have heard of a lady who went upstairs and sat in the cold rather than remain in the room with an old friend who took the wrong side in the French and German war, and if young housewives can persuade themselves to be satisfied with a silent protest, we commend this mode of offering it to their best attention. It will at least save husbands, when their wives lament that they cannot themselves "fight in the arena of the world," from being tempted to reply, "I heartily wish you could; I might then have peace at home."

DARTMOOR.

THE opening of a line of railway between Okehampton and Lydford, which completes the South-Western communication between London and Plymouth, and shortens the journey about eighteen miles, is an event of interest and importance in many ways. It renders easily accessible the most remarkable, though not perhaps the most picturesque, corner of Dartmoor; and it is perhaps the nearest approach that will ever be made to a direct assault upon that stronghold of ancient fashions and traditions. The late Mr. Randal indeed proposed many years since to

carry the principal Devonshire railway through the very heart of Dartmoor; but the difficulties proved too formidable; and with Brunel's line along the South Coast, and that by Okehampton and Tavistock on the North, it is not likely that any further attempt will be made to bring the sound of the railway whistle nearer to the tors and the "clatters," or to disturb the Pixies in their solitary moorland recesses. As it is, the new line may have sent them, with some sighing, from many a streamlet and green hollow; since it invades the purlieu of the Royal forest, and, rising gradually from Okehampton, attains at last a height of 1,000 feet above the sea. It is the highest railway line in England, with the exception of that, still in course of construction, between Settle and Carlisle; the average level of which is 1,200 feet. But this new branch of the Midland runs through the wildest and most mountainous corner of Yorkshire.

The line which, running from Exeter, is thus made to skirt Dartmoor, with a branch from Lydford to Launceston, follows closely the most ancient inland track of communication with Cornwall, and is one of the many instances in which the construction of a modern railway has reopened some long-abandoned route. Instead of following the coast road, which was so rough and narrow that Raleigh, in one of his reports, declares that ordnance for the defence of Plymouth could not be carried along it, old travellers from Cornwall, and even from Plymouth, proceeded to Tavistock, and thence to Exeter, rounding Dartmoor in the line of the new railway, but on a lower level. This was the course taken by the Cornishmen in their various "risings"—in 1497, when they gathered about Perkin Warbeck, and in 1549, during what was known as the Western "Commotion"; on both of which occasions they swept onward to Exeter and besieged the city. It was along the same road that Catherine of Arragon passed with her train of nobles, after landing at Plymouth in 1501; and in 1569 the Grand Duke Cosmo dei Medici, who also landed there, obtained from this road his first notions of English scenery—and of English "sport" also, since on the moor over which he passed he encountered Sir Coplestone Knappfild, hunting in great state, with an enormous following of men and horses, and a coach-and-six filled with ladies. No Roman "street" ran this way; but that the road-line is very ancient, and that it was regarded as one of the chief keys of Cornwall and of Dartmoor, is shown by the fact that the Conqueror advanced along it into Cornwall after the fall of Exeter in 1068, and by the care with which he seems to have provided for its defence. The castles of Okehampton and Lydford were founded, the former certainly, the latter in all probability, at this time. Each occupied the site of a former stronghold; but they now became Norman "castella." It was on this occasion that the great destruction of Lydford took place, and that forty houses of the burgesses, as recorded in Domesday, were "wasted." It would seem, as Mr. Freeman has remarked, that there was here some special resistance to the victorious Conqueror; due in part, it may be, to the Dartmoor tin-miners, always a fierce, untamed race, to whom Lydford must have owed its importance before the Conquest, and whose "Lydford law, hang first and try after," sufficiently marks the character of the place in later times. Lydford Castle was sometimes called the Castle of Dartmoor. The whole of the forest is within the bounds of the parish; and the castle was regarded as the "head" or chief place of the royal domain.

This old line of road, therefore, is not without considerable interest for those who care to trace the connexion of historical events with the outline and topography of a district. After leaving Okehampton the traveller has on his right the wild valley of the Ockment, with the ruins of the "prænobile castrum" of the Courtneys, as William of Worcester described it, rising on a long rocky knoll on the opposite side of the river, and half shrouded by tall, wind-swept ash-trees and acanorres. The existing remains, which must have entirely supplanted the Norman fortress that we know to have existed here, are those of a small but very perfect castle of Edward I.'s time; with a square keep on the highest point of the ridge (which has been cut through beyond it, possibly by Norman engineers), and with well-defined hall, chapel, and other offices in the great court below. Looking down on the position, it is seen at once to be the key of the valley, and to command the old Western road, which wound along the base of the moorlands beyond the castle. These moorlands we have on our left—wide, dusky sweeps of heather, stretching upward, height beyond height, to a distant range of tor-crests—the great natural fortress which interposes itself between North Devonshire and Cornwall, and which must have assisted not a little in enabling the British kingdom of Damnonia to maintain for so long a time a part of its ancient independence. The very keep of this stronghold, the "arx" of the Dartmoor hill fortress, is the great bastion which above and beyond Okehampton projects itself into the lower country, and along the extreme skirt of which the railway is carried. This contains the highest ground in the south of England, the highest ground south of Ingleborough and Pen-y-ghent. It is a grand group of furrowed hills, broken and jagged in outline, with deep-trenched hollows lying between them, advanced considerably beyond the general mass of Dartmoor. The whole contour—and it is a very fine one—is best seen from some distance, and nowhere better than from the high ground of Winkleigh, where an English fortified house, older than the Conquest, looked straight across from its lofty mound into this group of hills. Seen from such a point nothing can be more striking than the constantly changing effects produced by the misty highland atmosphere, always full of moisture. The hills, to use Wordsworth's term, are "spiritualized" by the mist wreaths that float among them, and

by the shafts of sunny light that strike suddenly on some rocky summit, or on some patch of high-lying greensward. Yestor (2,050 feet), one of the loftiest and most conical of these hills, is often visited from Okehampton, though the pilgrimage to the summit is a rough one. The higher crest of Wilhays (2,090 feet) and the more distant plateau from which Furtor rises in the midst of desolate morasses, are comparatively little known, and indeed for the greater part of the year are scarcely accessible by any creature less sure-footed than a hill fox or a hare. This is the watershed of the country, the region in which many of the Devonshire rivers, the Dart, the Teign, the Taw, and the Torridge, steal from their fountains. It is distinguished by long, green, flat-topped ridges, very different from the true tors, three or four of which, however—Yestor and Furtor are the most important—are included in this district. From the edge of the highest plateau, or from the summit of one of the remoter ridges, the scene is one of unusual desolation, even for a mountain region. It is the true "dey-sirt" of Dartmoor, as the natives call it. The deposit of peat here, sometimes twelve feet in thickness, is unbroken; it is the decay of a past age, which barely retains the power of supporting such scanty representatives of insect and vegetable life as have descended from a Glacial period, and have been preserved by the evaporation from the vast mass of peat, which never allows the atmosphere to become even warm. So damp is the climate that filmy ferns grow on the open summit of Furtor—a rocky citadel not to be reached without a struggle, and indeed, if the weather be at all uncertain, not without some danger. Its extreme isolation has no doubt helped to preserve small patches of cowberry and crowberry, which remain on the sides of the tor, and are not found elsewhere on Dartmoor, or nearer to Devonshire than the central parts of Wales. These plants tell their own story; and, it may be hoped, will not be altogether uprooted by such ruthless spoilers as cannot understand it. Happily, Furtor is beyond the reach of ordinary wanderers; and the whole region, strange and impressive as it is, has but little charm for the multitude. Its lifeless solitude—there are no dashing streams, no birds, and the hum of an insect rarely breaks the silence—affects the imagination almost as powerfully at present as in that distant day when the first English settlers in the country found an entrance to their mysterious under-world in Cranmere (the "more of herous," still called "cranes" in Devonshire) high among the peat ridges. Cranmere, formerly, it may be supposed, a lake of some extent, is now little more than a morass, and is quite dry in summer. But, like so many pools on high ground or on mountain summits, it is still held to be the "gate" of an unknown country, and strange cries and wailings are heard to proceed from it:—

Continuū audite voces, vagitus et ingens.

The place is by no means easy to find; and is sufficiently gloomy and desolate.

The highest part of this wild ground, so far as it has been examined, betrays few or no signs of ancient habitation. There are, it is true, some small tumuli and hut-circles on the south slope of Amicombe hill—one of the encircling ridges; but, at least within the historical period, the greater part of the district can only have been inhabited by those who sought it as a "flemens-firth"—like the lady of Branksome's tower. The lower but still wild moorland ground which forms the north-eastern border of Dartmoor abounds in primitive stone relics which indicate that at one period it must have been thickly populated. Groups of hut-circles, and of stone enclosures connected with them, are numerous; and whilst they are scattered almost on every hill-side, they seem to arrange themselves into three or more great divisions, in each of which is found some one hut or dwelling-place of far greater importance than the rest, marking apparently the abode of the chief or head man. No local tradition whatever has gathered about these remains, unless it be a saying—applied to the long parallel rows of stones which abound on Dartmoor, rather than to the hut-circles—that they were raised when flying serpents haunted the hills, and wolves the lowland. Nothing is known about them; and a moorman whose forefathers have lived on the same ground for long generations can only say that "he never heard no word how they steane walls got there." This entire absence of tradition, in a mining district where old forms and habits are carefully retained, and where there is no lack of oral record about all such matters as interest the people, must be taken into account in considering the possible age of the remains. The bases of the circular walls are often formed of large granite blocks; and in some instances the walls, of considerable thickness, remain piled up to the height of perhaps a foot. But, except now and then a thin layer of charcoal toward the centre, it is not known that anything—coins, bones, or pottery—has been found in or among them. Such relics as have been dug out of tumuli on Dartmoor, and as have been discovered from time to time in hill-forts and on other ancient sites all along the south coast of Devonshire, point unquestionably to the Bronze period as one of much activity in this region; and it may well be that many of the Dartmoor settlements date as far back as that age. This of course is assigning to them a great probable antiquity; but it is certain that the tin of these moorlands was worked at a very early period, and nothing is more likely than that the foreign traders, whoever they were, should have introduced the use of bronze—manufactured in part from the native tin—in this corner of the island. It is remarkable that hardly a stone weapon or implement has been found in Devonshire. A few flint arrowheads have indeed been

turned up, from great depths in the peat, by the Dartmoor prisoners; but, on the other hand, the "finds" of bronze weapons have been numerous and important. Collections of celts (so called) have been brought to light from under granite blocks, mostly on the borders of the moor. Some have been dragged up from the beds of the streams, or from such half-morasses as the "bloody pool," close to Brent. A great hoard of weapons—sixteen celts, many daggers, and other pieces of worked bronze—was found in 1868 under a stone at Plymstock; and in 1872, in a singular tumulus raised high on the ridge of Hameldon, besides fragments of a bronze sword and dagger, an ornament of amber was discovered, minutely set with gold points, and indicating no small skill on the part of the workman. Hameldon looks down on Grimspond, one of the most curious of the walled enclosures, containing hut-circles within them, to be found on Dartmoor. We can hardly but suspect that these enclosures, whatever other purposes they may have served (and protection was required from wolves and wild animals, the old denizens of the forest), were the gathering places to which tin was brought from the neighbouring "goyles" and stream works. The very large and unusual settlement at Batworthy, on the hill above Chagford, with lines of wall crossing and recrossing among the circular huts, and forming enclosures of very small size, may well have been the chief tin emporium on the north side of the moor—the primitive "stannary town," whose importance was gradually transferred from the hill to the valley. There is no spot on Dartmoor which will more exercise the antiquary. Long parallel rows of stones run along the heaths very near the hut-circles, as indeed is the case with almost all the larger settlements. This alone is sufficient to prove that the circles and the stone rows are in some kind of connexion. Beyond that it is hardly possible to advance. Mr. Fergusson's theory that such avenues mark the scenes of great fights is certainly not borne out by the positions, the associated remains, and the considerable numbers of these stone rows on Dartmoor.

This north-eastern corner is, as we have said, hardly the most picturesque portion of Dartmoor. That distinction belongs to the valley of the Dart, with the moors and "brue-sides" that lie around and above it. But it contains some wild and fine "cleaves" and passes; and for those blessed with real eyesight it is impossible to walk half-a-mile across it without finding speculations from place-names and ancient relics, from the shattered tors and the plants sheltered among them, suggested at every step. As for the "no-eyes" of the old story, they will probably exclaim with Justice Shallow—constrained to admit his one qualifying recommendation—"Barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all. Marry, good air."

STARRING AT THE ABBEY.

THE Dean of Westminster has indulged in another little triumph of absolute power. A Scotch minister has been introduced into the Abbey in succession, and possibly as an antidote, to the open-minded philosopher who had the distinguished honour of being employed as the Dean's first widge. It may be supposed that an argument intended to prove that Christianity is really the only true faith is, on the whole, likely to be a more lively stimulant to missionary effort than an impartial and dispassionate exhibition of the equal or superior attractions of various forms of heathenism. Possibly, however, the Dean may have regarded as comparatively immaterial the particular line of argument which might be taken by the performer of the day, and may have acted simply on the rule which is followed by other managers of popular entertainments, that variety is indispensable in keeping up good houses. In the theatrical world there is a familiar expedient by which, when the efforts of the stock company begin to flag, or at least to lose their hold upon the public, a star is brought in as a new sensation. Indeed this plan has of late, we have heard, been much developed, so that there are now not only single stars, but whole starring companies, which travel about the country with the necessary scenes, properties, and posters, and make themselves at home for a week or two in any theatre which is in want of a stirring novelty. We should be sorry to imagine that there is any real ground for the reflection which Dean Stanley's engagement of outsiders might seem to cast on the regular members of his company. He has already a numerous staff at his disposal, and we should have thought that the eminent novelist who is one of his canons hardly deserved to be shelved as a supernumerary. It is a melancholy thing when a man who has strutted as Hamlet has to stalk as the Ghost. As yet Dr. Stanley is only in the initial stage of the starring business. For the present he is content with one star at a time, and provides the walking gentlemen and the band from his own stock company. There is no reason, however, why the plan should not gradually branch out and develop itself in true Darwinian style on the ecclesiastical as on the histrionic stage. We may expect in time to find one day that the whole of the regular performers, orchestra and all, have got a holiday at the Abbey, and that an entirely new company, with its own dresses and decorations, has been put in possession of the building. In such a case the great thing is to make a beginning, and certainly a beginning has been made.

It has hitherto been supposed that Westminster Abbey is one of the edifices of the Church of England, and that as such it is dedicated exclusively to the services of that Church. It is admitted that, if Dr. Caird had been allowed to preach from the

pulpit, there would have been a violation of the law, and of course Dean Stanley is the last man who would think of breaking the law. We are not concerned to deny that the use which was made of the Abbey on Monday last may have been, in the strict technical sense of the term, perfectly legal; but it is highly instructive to observe the elaborate and crookedly ingenious precautions by which this legality was secured. In the first place, the preacher delivered his address from the reading-desk, and not from the pulpit. Next, the preacher was called a lecturer, and the address a lecture, and not a sermon. The lecturer, we are told, wore his University gown and hood and carried a college cap in his hand. Nothing is said about his bands, and we can only trust that everything was legal in that respect. The Dean and Mr. Kingsley "wore black gowns, but without their hoods"—mark, "without their hoods"; if they had had their hoods on, we suppose, that would have made all the difference. A Speaker of the House of Commons was once asked what would happen if he carried out the threat which he sometimes used of naming a member? The "Lord in heaven only knows" was the reply; and possibly the consequences which might have followed if the Dean and Mr. Kingsley had gone so far as to wear their hoods as usual are wrapped in similar mystery. Then the report goes on to speak of the "small procession, if procession it could be termed." Here we have a striking illustration of the embarrassing difficulties attending an effort to keep close to the law, while breaking its obvious spirit and intention. The persons engaged in the attempt are so afraid of getting on the wrong side of the line that they can hardly trust themselves to say what they are doing, or to give a name to anything. It is perhaps a nice question for an ecclesiastical lawyer whether the Dean and "Canon" Kingsley may not have got into a scrape by allowing themselves to be designated by titles which impart a religious aspect to the service—"if service it could be termed," we ought perhaps to say—at which they assisted; and though they may flatter themselves that they were saved by leaving off their hoods, it would perhaps have been more prudent to have taken some more demonstrative method of disavowing their clerical character, such as wearing Tweed shooting-coats and wide-awakes. Well, this small procession—and we use the phrase without venturing to express any opinion on the delicate and serious question whether it could really be termed a procession—"was preceded by only a single verger, who conducted the lecturer to the eagle lectern, which had been placed at a short distance from the screen." As there was only one verger, it would seem that the Dean was afraid to have two; but it may be argued that the ecclesiastical principle or idea of a verger is as much embodied in a single specimen as in a couple. As to whether the verger wore his usual robes the report is silent. And did he carry his mace or staff? It seems to be acknowledged that, if the Dean or Mr. Kingsley had taken part in the ceremony with their hoods on, it would have given the proceeding a taint of illegality; but the verger also is an officer of the Cathedral, and it may be asked whether his official costume and mace of office can legally be used in order to give ecclesiastical dignity to a Scotch clergyman. Perhaps the most singular feature in the affair was the way in which everything had to be twisted out of the usual course in order to keep up the make-believe of the lecture not being a sermon. Thus the lectern was moved to a new place, the minor canons were lodged in the seats of the choir, and the Dean at the close said the Benediction as a prayer, instead of pronouncing it as a blessing. The wonder is that the lecturer himself was not made to preach upside down or suspended from the roof like a flying Cupid.

Dr. Caird is of course a person of unimpeachable orthodoxy. It is probably only a geographical accident that he should happen to be a minister of the Church of Scotland instead of a clergyman of the Church of England, and the sermon—or, we beg pardon, lecture—which he preached last Monday in the Abbey was just the sort of thing which might have been preached or read by any one out of hundreds of clergymen in the Church which Dean Stanley represents. This, however, seems to us rather to add to than to diminish the force of the question why the Dean should have gone out of his way to introduce into the pulpit of the Abbey—for the use of the lectern is of course a mere quibble—a minister of another denomination in order to do what could have been equally well done by a clergyman of his own Church. It is important to observe that, though Dr. Caird is, as we have said, unexceptionably orthodox, his orthodoxy had nothing whatever to do with his title to preach in the Abbey. He preached simply because the Dean chose to allow him to preach, and there is, as far as we can see, nothing whatever to prevent the Dean from according a similar privilege to anybody he chooses, whether minister or layman. If a Presbyterian preacher may have the use of Westminster Abbey, why not a Greek, or Arminian, or Roman Catholic preacher? or, instead of Mr. Max Müller, a Brahmin or Bhuddist to speak for himself? It may be said that Dr. Stanley's caution and good sense will be a sufficient security against his lending himself to any scandalous abuse of the practice which he is now introducing; but it is unnecessary to treat this as a personal question. What Dean Stanley claims is the absolute right of giving up the Abbey to any sort of service or entertainment which he may choose to sanction; and this is a right which, if it is established, will of course not die with him, but will pass on to his successors. It is written in an old History of the Abbey that the Abbots, "generally being near the Court, were Favourites, and assisted at the Births, Coronations, and Anointings of several of our Princes," and that they did not fail to make use of this proximity for their own aggrandizement. At the request of

Edward the Confessor, the Pope granted to the Abbot of Westminster "independence of any Episcopal Power or Visitation, the Pope's excepted." It is this absolute and unchecked authority which Dean Stanley, as the Abbot of our day, now claims the right of exercising. It may be thought that there is something not particularly edifying in the spectacle of a high dignitary of the Church resorting to all kinds of paltry subterfuges and disguises, in order to keep on the safe side of the letter of the law which he is consciously and deliberately violating in spirit and intention. This, however, is a small matter compared with the possible consequences of throwing open the Abbey to preachers, orators, and—for that will be the next thing—entertainers of every kind. Westminster Abbey, it should be remembered, is not a Pantheon, but a Church. It is an ecclesiastical edifice which is identified with a particular form of religion, and dedicated to well-defined uses. It may or it may not be a good thing that its use should continue to be limited by such conditions as have hitherto attached to it; but assuredly a revolution of the kind now attempted ought not to be left at the discretion of a single official. Dr. Stanley's leanings are not perhaps very likely to lead him towards Archbishop Manning; but the theory that one Church is as good as another, and better too, might, if freely carried out, introduce the Abbey to some still stranger acquaintances. In the course of a few months the people of London are threatened with a visit from two American Revivalists, as they are called, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who have been in Scotland and Ireland, and are gradually working their way up to town, leaving the usual traces of revivals behind them. It appears that Mr. Moody mixes up the Gospel with comic stories of the kind ordinarily associated with the "negro delineator" with blackened face and banjo, while Mr. Sankey sings hymns to rousing tunes of carnal vivacity. By the stirring melodies of the singer and Mr. Moody's startling alternations from the awful to the grotesque the audience is worked up into a high state of excitement, women faint, children cry, and everybody is supposed to be converted. There can be no question as to the popularity of this sort of entertainment in places where it has hitherto been tried, and no doubt it would be a great success at the Abbey if the Dean thought of taking it up. We do not mean to imply that there is any resemblance between Dr. Caird's discourse and the eccentricities of Mr. Moody; but the authority which Dean Stanley claims would equally enable him to introduce one or the other. It is possible to imagine a Dean whose turn of mind might lead him to think that the services of the Abbey are scarcely so lively as they should be, and there is an obvious peril in leaving so important a question at the sole discretion of one man who may not be discreet.

RECENT ROMAN CATHOLIC PASTORALS.

THE controversy raised by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has entered on a new phase. The stream of newspaper correspondence has not indeed ceased to flow, though it flows less freely, but the Roman Catholic Bishops are now stepping to the front in their official capacity, and pronouncing *ex cathedra* in Advent Pastorals on the burning question of the hour. Three such documents appeared in Monday's *Times*; one addressed exclusively to Catholics, another directed not to, but at, Mr. Gladstone, and the last—which is far the most weighty of the three—designed to reassure Protestants as to the civil allegiance of their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, and in fact offering frankly and fully the very pledges which Mr. Gladstone asked. Perhaps a word should be said first of the new Bishop of Nottingham's suicidal attempt to answer a part of Lord Acton's indictment. Dr. Bagshawe, who, like Dr. Manning himself, was raised to the episcopate by Papal nomination over the heads of all the candidates selected by the Diocesan Chapter, has only succeeded in running his head against a brick wall. Urban II. could hardly have taught more explicitly that killing excommunicated persons is in itself an innocent, if not meritorious, act, than by directing that, in case of the intrusion of some lower or more personal motive than pure zeal for religion, "a penance" should be imposed—perhaps the recitation of the seven penitential psalms, which was the penance imposed on Galileo. The best men so seldom act from purely unmixed motives that there might well be room for such a caution in dealing with the most splendid feats of pious heroism. Another of the Vatican apologists, Dr. Johnson, flounders more deeply in the mire at every fresh attempt to extricate himself; but we shall have occasion to refer to his "final letter" presently, in connexion with Archbishop Manning's Pastoral, which stands first on the list.

The Archbishop does not concern himself here at all with outsiders; he neither argues, preaches, nor persuades, but contents himself with discharging anathemas at the heads of the recalcitrant members of his own unruly flock. "Events which unhappily are notorious" lead him to declare that "whosoever does not in his heart receive and believe the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and of the infallibility of the Vicar of Christ does by that very act cease to be a Catholic"; and such persons are accordingly warned that in receiving the Sacraments "they commit a sacrilege to their own greater condemnation." Hard words these, and difficult to answer, because a denunciation, like a sneer, is beyond the reach of argument. But it so happens that the Archbishop is indiscreet enough to cite the authority for his denunciations, and so far certainly he does lay himself open to a very telling retort. How Lord Acton and Lord Camoys, and those who agree

with them may relish the Christmas gift bequeathed to them by their chief pastor on his departure for Rome, it is not for us to say, but it is at least conceivable that they may decline to accept his exhortation to execute a kind of spiritual *felo de se*. And it is quite plain that they would have no difficulty in justifying their refusal from a strictly Roman Catholic point of view. Indeed the very fact that Dr. Manning made a very similar announcement as to the obligatory character of the Vatican dogmas in a Pastoral issued just a year ago is in itself a suspicious circumstance; an obligation which requires to be constantly reaffirmed can hardly be so generally acknowledged as he wishes us to believe. But that is a minor point. Our readers will recollect the dispute between Mr. Archer Shee and Dr. Johnson as to the real nature of the Vatican Decrees, which the former maintained to be Papal edicts, and not canons of the Council. We quoted Cardinal Antonelli's Circular last week in proof of the correctness of this view, and now Archbishop Manning unexpectedly comes forward to support us by citing the document at length as his authority for declaring all who reject Papal infallibility to be heretics. The Cardinal, writing from headquarters to announce that the infallibilist dogma is "obligatory on the whole Catholic world," does not once call it a canon of the Council, but "the Apostolic Constitution published in the Session of the Vatican Council on the 18th of July"; and he rests the obligation of receiving it, "according to the well-known rule," on its having been "put up with the customary formalities in the usual places of Rome"—that is, in the usual places where Papal Bulls are affixed. In other words, he relegates it to the same category as any other dogmatic Bull, such as the *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., whose teaching Dr. Manning himself, as a contributor to the current number of *Mamillon's Magazine* clearly proves, has, in a recent letter to that magazine, directly contravened. And the case is made still clearer by the Archbishop's going on to cite the Bull *Ineffabilis*, defining the Immaculate Conception, for which of course no one ever claimed Conciliar authority, and which is thus, quite rightly, placed strictly on a par with the definition of Papal infallibility. Indeed, if any distinction is to be drawn between the two, the former has a much higher authority. For, in defining the Immaculate Conception, Pius IX. at least confined himself to endorsing what had for many centuries been the almost unanimous belief throughout his own communion; whereas the definition of Papal infallibility not only contradicts the dogmatic decrees of two infallible Councils—those of Constance and Basle—ratified by three Popes, but is in the teeth of what had up to that moment been the belief of a considerable, and that the most learned, section of Catholic divines, which was moreover formally declared less than fifty years ago to be Catholic doctrine by the entire Roman hierarchy of Great Britain and Ireland. If Lord Acton and Lord Camoys have "ceased to be Catholics" by contravening the Vatican definitions, they may fairly inquire whether the Archbishop has not ceased to be a Catholic by contravening the definitions of Constance and Basle, taken in any intelligible sense of the words. And if there is some esoteric sense, known only to the initiated, in which the decree of Constance affirming the supremacy of Councils over Popes, even in matters of faith, is compatible with the Vatican Decree affirming the sole infallibility of the Pontiff independently of the consent of the Church, there may as well also be some esoteric sense in which Dr. Manning's assertion of Papal infallibility and Lord Camoys's denial of it mean at bottom just the same thing. This difficulty would equally hold good if the Vatican Decrees were the work of an undisputed General Council; but Dr. Johnson's "final" attempt to prove that such is the case is even more fatally damaging than any of his previous arguments. He has at length been brought to admit the fundamental difference between the methods of procedure at the Tridentine and Vatican Councils; but he pleads that there is precedent for the Vatican mode, and proceeds to refer to "the Ecumenical Council which immediately preceded that of Trent," by which he means, not the Council of Florence, but "the Fifth Council of the Lateran"; a hole and corner synod of some sixty Italian Bishops convened by Julius II., whose ecumenical authority was never admitted in any Catholic country, was ignored at Trent, and is allowed by the Ultramontane Italian divines Bellarmine and Muzzarelli to be doubtful, while till within the last few years the Synod has never even by Ultramontane theologians been foisted into the catalogue of professedly General Councils. We may add that, on Dr. Johnson's hypothesis, the Vatican definitions would have been quite superfluous, for the Bull *Pastor Aeternus*, promulgated in the fifth Lateran, anticipated the teaching as well as the title of the Apostolic Constitution promulgated in the Vatican Synod, and, like it, made a clean sweep of the decrees of Constance and Basle. As it is, the decree which is to prove the Pope's infallibility derives its sole authority from the assumption that the Pope is infallible.

Bishop Vaughan of Salfo has revived a style of controversy which was supposed in these days to have become obsolete. "Infamous outrage," "astounding folly," and "disgraceful ignorance" are the sort of charges he hurls freely at Mr. Gladstone's devoted head. They do not call for any comment here. Very different both in tone and substance is the Pastoral of Bishop Clifford, who was, as our readers may remember, one of the most active and influential members of the Opposition at the Vatican Council. Dr. Clifford, who represents the English Roman Catholic aristocracy, and never forgets that he is an Englishman as well as a bishop, grapples directly with Mr. Gladstone's impeachment of the loyalty of his co-religionists, and his language fully bears out the claim he has

since made in a letter to the *Times* that his treatment of the subject is "frank and free from ambiguity." How far it will satisfy Archbishop Manning is another question, but it ought certainly to satisfy those to whom it is addressed. He first calls attention to the facts of the case:—

Nearly half a century has elapsed since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. During that period Catholic peers and Catholic members have sat in Parliament; Catholic judges and Catholic magistrates have administered justice on the bench; Catholic barristers have pleaded at the bar; Catholic soldiers have fought in the army; Catholics have served their country in every office of trust. During the whole of that period the public voice of the country has proclaimed that Catholics have proved themselves to be loyal. Nobody, then, has the right to put Catholics on their trial and say that they should be considered guilty of a want of loyalty unless they can prove themselves innocent of the charge. We say we are loyal, and we claim the right to be taken at our word.

And then, coming to the Vatican Decrees, without entering on any discussion of their nature or obligatory force, he observes that "the Council has not abrogated the Decalogue," and "the Pope cannot change moral precepts or reverse articles of faith already defined," in which case his reversal of the Decrees of Constance must be considered null and void. Nor does it follow, because all human actions are moral, that all come under Papal jurisdiction:—

When we say that the supreme direction of all that regards morals belongs to the Pope, we no more say that he has the power to make wrong right and right wrong, or that he may ignore or transgress boundaries already fixed between the temporal and the spiritual powers, and so interfere with the allegiance of the Roman Catholics, than we mean to assert that our lives and liberties are at the mercy of the Sovereign when we say that he reigns supreme over this realm. This is a question which touches the authority of the Pope, not his *magisterium*. Infallibility regards the latter, not the former, and to say that the Pope is infallible is not to say he is impeccable. It does not follow because the Pope has supreme power, no Pope has ever abused it. . . . If the Pope were to abuse his power as to seek to interfere in that which undoubtedly belongs to the civil authority, Catholics would resist it. Every Catholic Bishop in England, in the oath he takes at his consecration, acknowledges not only his spiritual obedience to the Pope, but also that his civil allegiance is due to the Queen, and the Pope cannot release the one party from the obligation without the consent of the other. It follows that the Pope has no power to free English Catholics from their allegiance.

This, we admit, is frank and unambiguous, and it concedes all that Protestants can reasonably require; nor is it any concern of theirs that, to say nothing of the *Unam Sanctam*, the Bishop has in so many words contradicted the infallible Syllabus, which affirms that "no Pope has ever abused his supreme power." It is true that the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, informed us only the other day that "he is not a Christian who does not recognize the Syllabus as his law; a law superior to all other laws, because it is divine." And it is barely two months since the Chilean Bishops excommunicated all the members of the Government and Legislature who had voted for certain alterations of the penal code which displeased them—which is surely "to ignore the boundaries between the temporal and spiritual powers." We are quite content, however, to accept Bishop Clifford's assurances, and will leave him to settle with his Archbishop whether by giving them he has *ipso facto* "ceased to be a Catholic and made shipwreck of the faith." He may at least console himself with the reflection that, if he is in error, he errs in good company.

DR. KENEALY.

THE disaster which has just overtaken Dr. Kenealy is another illustration of the old story of the earthenware pipkin and the iron pot; the pipkin would keep on bumping itself in the water against the pot, and the more it bumped the more certainly it precipitated its own destruction. Dr. Kenealy has insisted, in spite of every sort of warning and advice, in knocking his head against the wall of professional discipline, and he has had it broken in consequence. Under this catastrophe Dr. Kenealy may possibly be pitted; but if anybody is to blame for it it is himself, and himself alone. It is evident that the Benchers of Gray's Inn were extremely reluctant to proceed to extremities, and that they would gladly have availed themselves of any plausible reason for refraining from publicly degrading a man of undoubted talent and capacity, who was, moreover, an old friend and colleague. As Dr. Kenealy persisted in refusing either to deny, explain, or apologize for his connexion with the journal called the *Englishman*, the Benchers had no alternative but to strip him of privileges which he was flagrantly abusing. There is, it seems, to be an appeal to the Judges, and it is unnecessary to anticipate the result. It may be remarked, however, that, unless Dr. Kenealy can clear himself of his apparent connexion with the *Englishman*, it is difficult to see on what ground the Judges can reinstate him in the position from which he has been displaced. As far as the decision of the Benchers is concerned, a man who wilfully remains mute when put upon his defence has no right to complain if his silence is construed as practically a confession of guilt. The question as between Dr. Kenealy and the Benchers is of the simplest kind. One of the conditions on which Dr. Kenealy was called to the Bar was that he was a student of Gray's Inn was that he would submit to the usual discipline of the profession as enforced by the Masters of the Bench, and Dr. Kenealy must himself as a Benchers have often taken part in inquiries as to the alleged misconduct of members of the Inn. When a man is called to the Bar he does not acquire a right to be at any time elected a Benchers even though he should attain to the dignity of Queen's Counsel, which is the usual quali-

fication for the honour. It is a distinction which the Benchers can give or withhold or take away at their discretion, and the grounds on which they act may have reference only to private character. It is in fact very much a social question. Disbarring, however, is an extreme penalty, which can be inflicted only for serious professional reasons. The Benchers are not entitled to disbar a man merely because he is in some way personally offensive. There must have been something in his behaviour which makes it injurious to the character and discipline of the Bar that he should remain a member of it. And this is the offence for which Dr. Kenealy has been condemned. He was warned when he was disbarred that, if he continued to identify himself with the *Englishman*, the Benchers would be compelled to consider whether he ought not to be disbarred. As after this the *Englishman* continued to come out under Dr. Kenealy's name just as before, only with more virulence in its libels, the question of disbarring was necessarily forced upon the Benchers, and they had no alternative but to pass the sentence which the circumstances of the case imperatively demanded.

No reasonable person can require much reflection in order to see that, if any sort of discipline is to be maintained at the Bar, it is impossible that a barrister can be allowed to combine the publication of such a work as the *Englishman* with the practice of his profession. Unfortunately, however, there are, as the Tichborne trial proved abundantly, a great many persons in the world who are not reasonable. It would be too much to expect that the cry of the foolish people who still cling to the idea that the Claimant is really Roger Tichborne will not be once more raised on behalf of the Claimant's counsel. It may be taken for granted that the class which is represented by the paper for which Dr. Kenealy has suffered will now be more than ever convinced that a great conspiracy has been organized in the interest of the aristocracy and the Jesuits for the purpose of crushing a Claimant who is a Protestant in his convictions and plebeian in his tastes, and everybody who has dared to side with him. It is not creditable to the intelligence of the age, but we fear it is too true, that a great many persons will be ready to swallow any absurd and extravagant story which may be circulated about the vindictive persecution of a brave lawyer for attempting to expose the corruptions of the Bench. The questions which arise are really only two—whether Dr. Kenealy should be held responsible for the articles which have appeared in the *Englishman*, and whether such articles are compatible with the respect which a member of the Bar is bound to show to the tribunals before which he practises. On the first point it may be observed that, in a conspicuous part of the front page of the paper, immediately under the title, appears in large type the announcement, "Edited by Dr. Kenealy, Q.C.," and that the paper also contains a very minute and confidential account of Dr. Kenealy's movements and intentions, as well as articles and letters to which his signature is attached. Moreover, Dr. Kenealy has never disowned his connexion with the *Englishman*; he has merely said that it has not been proved. Under these circumstances most persons will be disposed to think that his name has not been used without his consent.

* The other question is as to the nature of the publication. It is described in the Resolution of the Benchers as "replete with libels of the grossest character." It had previously been described by the Lord Chancellor as "a series of libellous attacks on Her Majesty's Judges, and private individuals, and also a succession of systematic charges of bias, venality, and corruption against the persons concerned, whether as judges, jury, counsel, or otherwise, in a recent prosecution of the Queen v. Castro, all tending, and apparently intended, to lower the dignity of the Bench, and to degrade and discredit the administration of justice." Anybody who will take the trouble to turn over a few numbers of the *Englishman* will see that these are accurate, but perhaps rather mild, descriptions of the sort of libellous rant and reckless slander with which that paper is filled. The Benchers of Gray's Inn are denounced as "an infamous Cabal" which should be "spat upon by every lover of truth and justice." The disbarment of Dr. Kenealy is described as "a deed of transcendent villany" on the part of ten "wicked and obscure" men upon each of whom and on their posterity "the curse of God will fall for having plotted the destruction of Dr. Kenealy and his innocent children." In another passage we read:—"It is whispered that the whole of this plot was finally arranged at the Lord Chancellor's breakfast on Monday, when Cockburn, Mellor, Lush, Holker, Manisty, and Fook were present." Lord Cairns is acquitted of any personal participation in the conspiracy, but it is remarked that "the others are capable of any act of shame." Elsewhere it is asserted that "the Cabal would not shrink from imbruing their hands in Dr. Kenealy's life-blood, so deadly is their hatred of him and the paper with which he is connected"—which is perhaps an unintentional admission. Mr. Disraeli is exhibited as "the victim of a powerful cabal of aristocrats and Jesuits." The "vile Gladstone" is equally a Jesuit tool. In one number it is announced that next week there will be "a portrait of Chief Justice Cockburn, from Harper's (American) celebrated likeness, together with a Memoir of Chief Justice Jeffreys." When the Memoir comes, it is found that it places Jeffreys, while not extenuating his faults, in favourable contrast with his "modern imitators" on the Bench. "Jeffreys, Scroggs, Norbury, and Ellenborough," it is said, "were bad enough, but they were, as far as we know, free from these grand recommendations"—that is to say, a variety of villainies which in a previous sentence are imputed by innuendo to one or more judges now on

the Bench. Of course it is not known who wrote these disgraceful articles, but they were put forth under the sanction of Dr. Kenealy's name, and some of them bear a strong resemblance to passages in Dr. Kenealy's speeches as reported in the same pages. For instance, he is made to say at a Leeds meeting, after reciting several "dreadful things" which are alleged to have happened at the last Tichborne trial, "These things recall to us the horrible times of Scroggs and Jeffreys, and we cannot have Scroggs and Jeffreys on the Bench now, and we won't"; and in another part of the same speech he looks forward to the day when the police will pluck down the Chief Justice from his seat and carry him to Millbank, to be lodged by the side of the Claimant. At the meetings at which these speeches were delivered petitions to the House of Commons were adopted charging the Judges who tried the Claimant with having "lavished unheard-of and unprecedented insults on the Defendant's Counsel," and having done so "corruptly for the purpose of prejudicing and influencing the minds of the jurymen against the said Counsel," and generally with behaving in an oppressive, dishonest, and corrupt manner.

It is impossible to reproduce in all their literal foulness and brutality some of the calumnies which have week by week been directed by the *Englishman* against the Chief Justice and other public men; but we have quoted enough to show the general character of the publication. It was clearly improper, as the Lord Chancellor pointed out, that a Queen's Counsel should be permitted to use his official position for the purpose of circulating, and lending an apparent weight to, attacks and charges of this kind; and the same remark equally applies to Dr. Kenealy's position as a member of the Bar. A barrister, it must be remembered, enjoys a special monopoly of audience before the higher courts; and one of the reasons of this monopoly is that he is supposed to be under certain professional restraints and responsibilities which will prevent him from abusing the privilege. The right of free speech which a barrister possesses is a power of the most serious kind, of which, if there was no check upon its exercise, advantage might be taken in the most insufferable manner; and it can hardly be said that a person who is capable of acting as Dr. Kenealy has done is fit to be entrusted with so dangerous a power. Moreover, the Judges have also some claims to consideration, for, though it is perhaps too often forgotten, they are after all creatures of flesh and blood. No man with the slightest self-respect could tamely submit to be attacked in the way in which Dr. Kenealy has for some time been attacking Sir Alexander Cockburn and other Judges; and it is impossible to imagine a greater mockery than a counsel, fresh from declaiming to the mob in the street on the profligacy and corruption of a Judge, coming into Court to plead before the man whom he has just been denouncing. It is obviously an indismissible condition of pleading at the Bar that the pleader should assume the good faith and integrity of the tribunal which he addresses. The whole judicial system would immediately break down if counsel were to be permitted to pelt a Judge with any sort of dirt and stones they could find to their hands whenever they happened to be disappointed by losing a verdict. As a rule an advocate believes in his client's case, and has a grievance against a Judge who does not sum up in his favour; and very strong things are sometimes said on such occasions by suspicious and irritable men, but they have to be said in the ears of sympathetic attorneys, or in the confidential talk of the robing-room or the mess. It may be admitted that Judges, like other men, occasionally make mistakes, and that they ought not to be absolutely exempt from criticism. It is clear, however, on the other hand, that the criticism of judicial conduct must necessarily be performed with great caution and delicacy, and that, while it would be impossible to require a judge to submit quietly and without resistance to the most odious slanders both on his public and private character, it would be equally compromising to his dignity if he were liable to be drawn into a personal controversy with every violent and ill-tempered barrister who chose to attack him. No one who recollects Dr. Kenealy's outbursts of passion during the Tichborne trial can say that he did not fully deserve the rebukes he received from the Chief Justice and other Judges; but the Benchers of Gray's Inn were willing to overlook these irregularities on account of the allowance which they thought ought to be made for the difficulty and embarrassment involved in dealing with so exceptional a case. Dr. Kenealy, however, has carried his rancour beyond the trial, and has endeavoured by wild and reckless appeals to the mob to discredit the judicial body while seeking popularity for himself. This was a professional offence of the gravest kind which it was impossible for the Benchers to overlook; and as Dr. Kenealy persisted in repeating the offence, he left them no escape from the duty, not only of vindicating the honour of the profession, but of giving a warning to others who might be tempted to imitate his example. The Judges are not beyond the range of criticism, but there is a decent and proper way of doing everything, and Dr. Kenealy certainly did not choose this way in taking his revenge on those whom he regards as his enemies. Dr. Kenealy may now, if he chooses, try his fortune in publishing libels on the Bench as an ordinary private person; but it was clearly out of the question that he should be allowed to do so as Queen's Counsel and member of the Bar.

CRUELTY AT SEA.

A SAILOR'S life must always be more or less of a hard one, even in the best-found ships and under the most favourable circumstances. To say nothing of the element of danger, which is perhaps one of its redeeming charms in the eyes of men who are worth their salt, there must be a great deal of inevitable roughing it. Cold, wet, and weary watches come as a matter of course; custom and the force of habit enable the sailor to endure them with philosophy. As for that going aloft in all weathers which looks so ugly to a landsman, the sailor is supposed to take to the rigging as kindly as monkeys to the tree-tops; to be all hands and no head, and to be able to cling to anything and everything like a sucker-fish, with the knowledge that certain death is the penalty of a shortcoming in tenacity. And, so far as gymnastics aloft are concerned, habit does go for a great deal—under ordinary conditions. But the most active and sure-handed of men may well shrink from lying out on yards festooned with icicles, when the loosened sails would be flapping about him if they were not frozen into so much iron sheeting, and when they go swaying in the gale as if animated by demons with a special spite against him. The proverbial cherub that sits up aloft has his hands full in seeing to the life of poor Jack when the canvas is in that unmanageable state and the shrouds are slippery. If he could turn in comfortably between times, and had snug drying accommodation below deck, it would not be so bad. But in the swiftest of our ocean liners, owned by the most generous proprietors, he seldom has such luck. They are built for speed, and especially shaped for it forward. The pace at which they are propelled against wind and waves makes them extraordinarily wet. The steerage, so called *lucus a non lucendo*, is almost as often under the water as above it; seas are being perpetually shipped, and are washing down into the seamen's hammocks and bunks; so that the men necessarily live in drenched garments, and, unless they are fortunate enough to have an occasional spell of sun with a drying wind, they may run on through rain and tempest till there is not a dry stitch of clothing to be found among the crew. Our own experience as Sybarites of the shore should tell us how the temper is influenced by physical conditions. We should grow sulky towards the small hours if we had to sit shivering through the evening in damp clothes, and we should probably be warm in our language towards our servants if they brought us wet boots to wear in the morning. The seaman of course contracts with his eyes open to suffer these things, and, to do him justice, he is not much given to complain of them. Still, the necessity for submitting to them ought to give him some claim to consideration with good-natured officers, although implicit obedience and strict discipline must be maintained in every case. But if such is the seaman's normal life in ships which are fitted out with a liberal disregard of expense, what must be his condition in craft owned by needy, thoughtless, and selfish men? Not to speak of miserable accommodation and coarse and scanty commons, these smaller craft are almost invariably poorly manned and short-handed. Incapable hands, who are doubtless to blame for shipping themselves in such vessels, have to be always attempting the impossible; men who are more competent have to do the work of their messmates as well as their own. In either case it must rest with the captain and his officers whether the ship shall be a place of tolerable comfort and happiness or "a floating hell." At sea the captain is apt to fancy that he is almost irresponsible, and it is only just to remember that he has often standing cause for irritability. It is he who has to take thought for the safety of the ship, as well as for the speed with which the voyage is got over. Sent out to sea perhaps with a wretched lot of men, he finds himself expected to make bricks without straw; only, unlike the oppressed Hebrew, he has the absolute authority of the taskmaster. As day after day goes by with his difficulties thickening about him, a temper which may never have been sweet grows gradually sourer. Possibly he has been knocked about himself in his time, and experience of cruelty and injustice has hardened him into a tyrant. In his way, commander as he is, he is as little provident of the future as any of the seamen rated on his books. He vents his ill humour every hour of the day without speculating on the probabilities of retribution. Perhaps, were his conscience more lively, it might conjure up the vision of a dock in a criminal court, with victims or accomplices summoned to give evidence against him, and then he might muster sufficient self-control to hold his hand. But as his torpid imagination suggests nothing of the kind, he throws the rein to his passions. He nurses pet enmities, and indulges them; he orders the application of the cat in season and out of season—nay, in the rough and ready fashion of the school that turned cabin boys into Sir Cloudeley Shovels, he snatches at the weapons that come most readily to his hand, and lays about him unmercifully with handspikes and belaying-pins.

That many ships' crews are disciplined in this way is only too certain. We need scarcely say that we are no apologists for cruelty, and if we have dwelt on the excuses that may be urged for irascible and overbearing captains, it is only because these must necessarily operate to secure an unfortunate immunity for much brutal violence. Law and common sense will always, within certain limits, incline to make allowances for a man isolated from all legal support, controlling some scratch crew which may often be an awkward lot to deal with. To say the least of it, the men may frequently be made of much the same materials as their

captain, and if they were not ruled firmly, and almost roughly, they would inevitably get the upper hand and keep it. Amidst charges and counter-charges, with much cross-swearings, it may be difficult for a jury to decide that the man in power went over the line which divides necessary firmness from wanton cruelty. Unless strong cause has been shown to the contrary, the judge will naturally be disposed to support authority. Consequently, even were violent merchant captains brought much more frequently to the bar than they are, we should expect often to see them either acquitted or dismissed with a reprimand, when in reality they had been labouring hard to incur exemplary punishment. It is for this very reason that we would have justice dealt out unsparringly when deliberate, wanton, and systematic cruelty appears to have been clearly established.

Having said so much, we need hardly add that the immediate text for our remarks is supplied by the case of the captain of the *Emily Augusta*. We may presume our readers to be so familiar with its details that it is unnecessary to dwell on them. Walters was not guilty of a single death, but of several. Even if the *Lascars* were as incompetent as he says they were, that could hardly have been admitted even as a palliating circumstance. He did not dispose of a man with a single blow, or with a beating given in a paroxysm of uncontrollable rage. He subjected at least three of his crew to a course of unremitting and ingenious brutality, until at last the helplessness to which he had reduced them was so conspicuous that the commonest prudence might have counselled his leaving them alone. Yet he continued his malignant tortures through their fatal illnesses to their dying hours. His desperate attempt at a defence only aggravates his guilt. He had the audacity to plead that in reality he had been the kindest friend of his victims; as if a man who had a spark of mercy in his composition would have forced an expiring wretch from his bed to go about his ordinary duties. He urged the filthy habits of the *Lascars* as adequate justification for killing them by torture; as if men covered with wounds and suffering from open abscesses could have kept themselves clean, however much they had desired it. The jury thought fit to define the offence as manslaughter, and accordingly Walters has escaped with fifteen years' penal servitude. We cannot but regard this finding as most unhappily lenient, considering how clearly the case had been proved, and how seldom such an opportunity arises for making a signal example. Had Walters consummated a quarter of his crime on shore, we doubt whether he would have escaped the gallows. This case of the *Emily Augusta* involved several "manslaughters," and there was another which was brought last week before the magistrates of Lynn, which seems to us to tell, if possible, almost more strongly against the culprit. It is true that he did not kill anybody outright; apparently because, being only in command of a coasting craft, he had not the time. But he was convicted, among other atrocities, of tying a rope to a man's wounded hand, and "amusing himself" with tugging at it at intervals. When asked what he had to say for himself, he answered that he did it "for a lark." The Mayor of Lynn thereupon remarked, with natural indignation, that "it was the greatest piece of cruelty he had ever heard of"—and condemned the criminal to pay a fine of ten shillings with expenses. After this we suppose we must congratulate ourselves that the captain of the *Emily Augusta* has earned a sentence of fifteen years. Considering the habitual brutality practised on victims who are practically helpless, considering the inevitable rarity of prosecutions and the extreme difficulty of obtaining convictions, misplaced leniency, when offences are clearly made out, seems to us equally culpable and deplorable. It is not a pleasant reflection that such a man as the rufian who figured before the merciful magistracy of Lynn is perfectly free (if he can find employers) to practise similar "larks" on other unfortunate victims, provided he can afford to pay ten shillings for the sport. Before dismissing the subject, we may make one remark suggested by the deaths on board the *Emily Augusta*. Surely it is undesirable in any case to employ Indian seamen on voyages that carry them into the climate of our Northern winter. Swathed in wrappings and flannels, they could hardly discharge their duties to the satisfaction even of captains far less arbitrary and exacting than Horatio Walters; and if they are not protected against wet and cold, existence must be a living misery to them.

REVIEWS.

STREET'S BRICK AND MARBLE IN ITALY.*

A GOOD many years have gone by since Mr. Street published the first edition of his *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages: Notes of a Tour in the North of Italy*; and he would no doubt have been, as he well deserved, reviewed by us, had his literary birth not preceded our own by a few months. This year witnesses the publication of an enlarged second edition of his volume, with the substitution of the plural "tours" on the title-page, and of the initials R.A. for the less select F.S.A. This book in its first form appeared at an opportune time, for public curiosity had been awakened by, but not sated with, that which was to most Englishmen practically the discovery that, as during the middle ages

* *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages: Notes of Tours in the North of Italy.* By George Edmund Street, R.A. Second Edition, with numerous Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1874.

Gothic architecture had grown up, flourished, and then faded away north of the Alps, exhibiting during that period different phases by which the work of the respective centuries could be distinguished, so it had run a parallel course in Italy; and that, as in other countries, so in that it had been all through its course stamped by national characteristics. It is not so long since it was the fashion even of educated persons to talk of Milan Cathedral as if it were almost a unique example of an exotic method of building in Ultramontane lands. The first English writer who embodied in systematic language the fact that a distinct school of Italian pointed had existed was undoubtedly Thomas Hope; but his *History of Architecture* was a posthumous work, and the same year, 1835, which saw its publication was also enriched by Professor Willis's careful and acute *Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, especially of Italy*. Pugin's pilgrimage to Rome was unfortunately only fertile in sketches which long remained unpublished; while the descriptions contained in Mr. Webb's *Continental Ecclesiology* were destitute of illustrations, and Gally Knight's sumptuous volumes were only the contribution of an enlightened amateur. At this epoch Mr. Ruskin's *Seven Lamps* and his *Stones of Venice* successively appeared, with their minute multiplicity of individual descriptions to stimulate the artistic appetite for some more rapid appreciation of a wider range of Italian Gothic examples. Mr. Street had the good fortune at that moment to present himself, with not too much matter, and with his modicum well served up. His book was not an essay but a tour, occasionally breaking into descriptions of scenery, which were both precise and picturesque, or little incidents of personal experience, but never losing sight of the main object for which the journey had been undertaken, while it was plentifully illustrated by what were to the general public the first fruits of Mr. Street's masterly pencil. An undertone, too, of genial defiance which ran through the more artistic portion of the volume fell in very seasonably with the temper of the class of readers for whom the work had been particularly written.

The Gothic party among our architects, together with its unprofessional backers, was still labouring under the unpardonable defect of youth; and its members had been subjected a little too long for patience to the pompous patronage of Academic dons, who were never tired of exhorting their "young friends" to befake themselves to the classic soil of Italy, and there at the fountain-head contemplate the masterpieces of pure taste. Platitudes were well met by defiance; and a tiresome controversy was opportunely cut short by producing a foremost champion of the mediæval cause, who could return from the sacred journey with head and notebook full of fresh phases of the proscribed style. The "Brick and Marble" which filled the first line of the title-page was a lucky hit at the moment when Englishmen were awakening to the fact that shabby stucco was a bad substitute for honest red brick, while the railroad, the steamer, and the steam-saw had essentially cheapened the use of that class of close-grained stone which is indiscriminately described as marble. No doubt the lessons taught by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Street bore a crop of first fruits in an experimental imitation of features of Italian Gothic by several of our architects which sometimes betrayed a forgetfulness of the different climatic conditions of lands respectively washed by the Mediterranean and the German Ocean, and a contempt for national traditions akin to that which Gothicists are apt to charge against the followers of the classical school. The fashion was one out of many in an age of eclecticism gone wild, and those whose talents would have made their permanent adoption of Ultramontane pointed most detrimental to the development of an architecture which should be at once natural and national, have had the sense to pull up, and—while engrafting on the certainly more noble forms of Northern Gothic details of ornamentation borrowed from Southern types—to work out their ideas in loyal conformity to the requirements of indigenous art. Apart from the modern craze for the so-called Queen Anne style which has possessed some who were once amongst the most rigid Gothicists, the reaction in favour of the historical continuity of our national architecture has characterized the works of our best men during the last few years. Still this incident is no reason, but the contrary, why the science of architecture should not rest upon a wide inductive study of comparative examples.

The brick and marble churches or palaces of Northern mediæval Italy may no longer be a revelation of an almost unknown phase of art; but they are established facts as to which the student of the science of building cannot now be permitted to plead "invincible ignorance." It was accordingly quite worth Mr. Street's while, if he still adhered to the positions laid down by his more youthful pen, to reprint his book. But in the years which have elapsed since its first publication he had made more than one raid across the Alps, both widening his acquaintance with ancient models and enlarging his share of pleasant traveller's gossip. Still he could not bring himself absolutely to recast the work by which he first became known to the wide circle of general readers, and he has accordingly adopted the somewhat intricate expedient of reproducing the continuous record of his original journey, and at the same time profusely intercalating the book with matter picked up on subsequent occasions. This is of course a detriment to its literary completeness. Still, as the value of the architectural portion of the volume is of a far more solid character than that of its tourist digressions, we need not be very fastidious about an arrangement which has enhanced its value as a scientific exposition at the expense of the consistency of its narrative. The extent of the additions may be estimated

by the fact that the chapter devoted to Venice in the first edition is enlarged by more than half as much again now; matter; while Vicenza, Aquileja, Udine, Ferrara, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and Verocelli appear for the first time in the table of contents as visited, described, and illustrated. Mr. Street informs us that it has been his happiness to revisit the quaint old town of Como again and again since he wrote the description of it which he reproduces from his first edition. We are therefore rather surprised that he should still have overlooked the exceedingly interesting church of San Abbondio. In 1855 Mr. Street triumphantly boasts that he "stayed not" at Vicenza as one of a "school of artists" "young and earnest, fighting for truth, small in numbers, disciples of nature, &c.," and therefore pledged antagonists of another and a naughty school, who were just the contrary, and worshipped Palladio. In 1874 this comparative description of the two parties is repeated, although the "young" is not quite so true, while, thanks to the ability and honesty of such as Mr. Street himself, the "small in numbers" is no longer accurate in any sense; but the "gag" now leads up to the statement that "I stayed not longer at Vicenza than was necessary to satisfy myself of the truth of the charges against Palladio's work there, and to note the few, but interesting, mediæval remains." It must be confessed that he makes out a good case against Palladio, whom he cannot forgive as an "artist who did not care to give solidity to his work, and" (for?) "the power of executing a vast amount of enrichment in the cheapest way and with the commonest materials is about the greatest snare into which an architect can allow himself to fall." The defence which Mr. Street proceeds to offer for Palladio from the "trumpet modes of construction" found at Pompeii is ingenious, for, as Pompeii was not discovered till nearly two hundred years after Palladio's death, the excuse is in fact a further charge against the favourite style of the opposite party, both in its ancient and in its modern manifestation.

The description of the Patriarchal Church of Aquileja, once "one of the greatest of the old Roman seaports," but possessing "now only a few poor houses and a sparse population, pauperized and inviolated by fever and swamps on any side, whilst the sea has retreated some three miles," is very interesting. We make two extracts as illustrating a fact to which the recent discoveries at San Clemente at Rome bear remarkable evidence—namely, the lateness of the date down to which the basilican arrangement of churches was preserved and repeated in Italy:—

The one great interest in the city now is the cathedral. This is a great cruciform basilica, with a central and two small apses east of the transept, and eleven arches between the nave and aisles. The arrangements of the apse are interesting; two flights of steps lead up to it from the nave, and in the centre of the east wall is the patriarch's throne of white marble, well raised on a platform above the seat which goes round the apse. The whole arrangement is singularly well preserved, and looks very well, in spite of the destruction of most of the mosaic pavement with which originally no doubt the floor was laid, of which only a few tesserae now remain, and in spite also of the modernization of the rest of the apse. This throne appeared to me to be not earlier than circa 1150, though the church is said to have been built between 1019 and 1042. These dates must, I think, be taken with large allowance for alterations. With the exception of the apse and the crypt under it, I believe the greater part of the church was rebuilt in the fourteenth century; for though the Roman capitals (which were everywhere ready to the hand) were used on the ancient columns, the arches carried by them are pointed, and the clerestory is evidently of the same age. This combination of classic columns and sculpture with pointed arches is so very unusual that it is quite worth while to give an illustration of the interior. The columns, capitals, and bases are of varied shapes and sizes, and evidently a mere collection of old materials which happened to be handy for the builder's use; the arches are rudely moulded, and the clerestory of cinquefoiled windows, each of a single light, is as insignificant as possible, and yet withal there is so grand an area enclosed that the effect is good and impressive. The nave is divided from its aisles by eleven arches on each side, and measures about one hundred and fifty feet in length, by one hundred and five in width. The aisle roofs are modern, but the nave still retains its old roof, a fine example of a cusped ceiling, boarded and panelled in small square panels. The whole of this ceiling is painted, and with extremely good effect, though the only colours used are black, white, and brownish yellow. Each panel is filled with a small painted hexagon filled with tracery painted in black and white, and all the ribs and leading lines are yellow and black. The purlins, which are arranged so as to form the points of the cusps, are very decidedly marked with black. Simple as the treatment is, the effect is admirable, and it appeared to me to be owing to the large amount of white in the panels. Near the west end of the north aisle is a singular circular erection, which is said by the cicerone to be the receptacle for the holy oil, but which without this information I should have taken for the baptistery.

The interior of the eastern part of the church is more interesting than that of the nave. It is all probably of the original foundation, and retains most of the old arrangements. The floor of the choir is raised some ten or twelve steps, with two flights of steps on each side of the centre. At the top of these steps, projecting sideways into the transepts, are tribunes with open balustrades which seem to have served as ambons. The apse has two rows of seats, with the patriarch's seat raised in the centre, and the altar stands in front of this on the chord of the apse. It is curious that this, which is an apse internally, is a square projection from the transept externally.

A descent on each side under the tribunes leads to the crypt under the raised choir. This is very small, but is divided into three aisles in width, and four bays in length. The central space is screened round jealously with close grilles reaching from floor to vault, so as to protect the shrine of S. Hermacora, which occupies the centre. But little light steals into this crypt, and that little has to find its way between rank weeds which grow up round the windows; but there is quite enough to reveal vaults covered with paintings of subjects, and to show as picturesque and beautiful an ensemble as one need wish to see. Kneeling-deaks were placed round the shrine, but the cultus of S. Hermacora seems to be no longer popular, and the only pilgrims are curious visitors like ourselves. The paintings on the groining appeared to me to be of not earlier date than the fourteenth century, and are very cleverly contrived to suit the early vaults.

The transepts remain to be mentioned. Each has a small eastern apse

near the extreme end, and a tomb or shrine between this apse and the choir tribune. These are of the thirteenth century, and are enormous blocks of stone, panelled and carved in front, and supported on four detached shafts. In the south transept there are fragments of a Byzantine screen round the altar in the small apse, which are of rare beauty and intricacy. The screen consisted of a solid base, breast high, covered with carving, and upon which columns stood originally at intervals of six feet, just as in the screen at Torcello, of which I have given a view.

There is an early painting of Our Lord, seated on a throne, in the semi-dome of this apse, and there are remains of an early wall painting in the choir-apse, partly covered by a fifteenth-century picture in a good frame. The choir stalls are of elaborate intarsia work, and date from the end of the sixteenth century.

A little way to the north of the church stands its campanile, a tall plain mass of masonry, with the date MDXLVIII. on the upper stage, and the inscription "*Tadeus Luranus hoc o. fecit.*"

The Gothic church of San Petronio at Bologna was in its conception about the largest church in the world yet thought of, not excepting the Abbey of Cluny or St. Albans, while it would have exceeded in length, and in breadth fallen not much below, the actual St. Peter's; for it was to have been 800 feet long and 525 across the transepts, with a central dome 130 feet in diameter, and even the fragmentary nave, which is the only completed fragment of the gigantic enterprise, is more than 300 feet in length:—

The grandest church in Bologna is undoubtedly San Petronio, which is well placed on one side of the Piazza Maggiore. It was not commenced until 1390, so that we must not be surprised to find the faults in detail which mark the period. But the general scheme of the church is so magnificent that those faults do not strike the eye at all offensively. As it stands even now, with only its nave and aisles finished, it gives a vast idea of size and space, though this is hardly appreciated at first, owing to the enormous dimensions, the fogginess of the parts, and the extreme simplicity of all the details. The west front is of immense size and width, but its only finished parts are the plinth and doorways, the whole of the rest being left in rough brick. The detail of this finished part is of poor character, and later than the fabric. It is rather richly carved with figures, which are sometimes much praised, but which seemed to me (with the exception of a *Pieta* over the south-west doorway) to be of poor style and character. Going round to the side of the building, the design is of earlier date and much more interesting. The aisle-windows are noble designs of four-lights in each bay, separated by buttresses and surmounted by steep-pitched gables. The detail is an extremely good combination of brick and stone, whilst a magnificent plinth of stone and marble gives great force to the work. The transept was never built, but at the point where it was intended to be connected with the aisle there is a curious conceit—a window at a projecting corner with half its arch and tracery facing south, and the other half facing west. It is, so far as I remember, a unique example in a church, but is just a little like the angle-windows in some of the Venetian palaces, though there is never indulged in such an absurdity as is the construction of two halves of pointed arches over such an opening.

The interior is very magnificent. The columns, arches, and walls are generally are of brick, now coloured and whitewashed (but originally intended to be seen, as is evident from parts of the incomplete work where the internal brickwork is still exposed and is executed with the greatest care), the capitals and bases being all of stone. The columns of the nave are bold clusters; they are about sixty feet from centre to centre, rather short in proportion to the height of their capitals, which are carved with stiff foliage. Above there is a large pier running up to carry the groining, and there are pointed arches opening to the aisles of very lofty pitch, but which, owing to their great size, certainly look very attenuated. Two chapels open into each bay of the aisle; these are lighted by the large four-light windows already mentioned, whilst both nave and aisles have no windows except cusped circular ones of no great size, placed as near as possible to the groining, which is very simple throughout the church. There is scarcely a horizontal stringcourse or a label to be seen, and the mouldings are few and simple; yet, nevertheless, the effect is grand. Such a church may well trouble the mind of the English student who thinks that no building is complete which has not its arcade, its triforium, and its clerestory. One of our puny churches would stand—nave, aisles, chancel, tower, and spire and all—within one of the bays of the nave and aisles here; and there is a grand sense of restraint and simplicity about this work which impresses me more each time I see it. At the same time the interest is of this grand kind—there is a sense of the immense and infinite, but no condescension to the love of detail and delight in dainty variety, which undoubtedly strikes us in most good Gothic works, and makes them so enjoyable.

The church which inspired the design of this was, no doubt, the cathedral at Florence. But of the two the design of San Petronio seems to me to be the more beautiful. The addition of chapels beyond the aisles and the traceries in their windows make the design a little less bald and insipid, and also give a somewhat truer impression of the real scale than one has at Florence. But at the best such work does not create enthusiasm. The principal effort of the architect was to build something very big, and he succeeded; unfortunately he so contrived as very nearly to prevent one from quite realizing how vast his work is, and I hardly know a more serious charge that can be made against an architect than this.

The characteristic conclusion with which the author in 1855 summed up the lessons which he desired to enforce from his Italian tour has been partially re-written in the re-publication, and it now appears in the following shape:—

Finally, I wish that all artists would remember the one great fact which separates by so wide a gap the architects, sculptors, and painters of the best days of the Middle Ages from us now—their earnestness and their thorough self-sacrifice in the pursuit of art, and in the exaltation of their religion. They were men who had a faith, and hearts earnestly bent on the propagation of that faith; and were it not for this, their works would never have had the life, vigour, and freshness which even now they so remarkably retain. Why should we not be equally remembered three centuries hence? Have we less to contend for, less faith to exhibit, or less self-sacrifice to offer than they, because we live in later days? Or is it true that the temper of men is so much changed, and that the vocation of art has changed with it? I believe not. There have been evidences enough that there is no lack of liberality on the part of our employers, where there is any evidence of skill and enthusiasm for his work on the part of the artist. The English architect of to-day has opportunities as great as those of any of his predecessors, if he will but use them. But he must use his art as one who respects both himself and it. There is no real respect for an art when it is treated, as it always has been by the Renaissance architects and their followers, as a mere affair of display. No good building was ever yet created in which the architect designed the front, and left the flanks or internal courts to take

care of themselves. So also no good building was ever seen in which the exterior only was thought of, and the internal decoration and design neglected. But this is almost universal now, except in the few buildings in which the Gothic style has been carefully revived. In such treatment of art as this there is an ingrained falseness, which is as demoralizing as it is ruinous. If architecture is only an affair of outside display, no one will take any real interest in it, for from the first it is the evidence of the architect's love for his work which has given the human interest which is all in all to it.

It is this truthfulness only, in every line and every detail of every part of a building, which can ever make great architecture—it is this only which one would wish to extract from the works of our forefathers—and this only which I have desired to discover in the works of those Italian artists whose labours I have been considering, and whose efforts I have endeavoured to set before my readers; and it is this desire which can alone be my excuse for having undertaken the work which I have now brought to a conclusion.

While we accept the general principles which lie under Mr. Street's earnest protest, we think that he has done less than justice to the influence of his own party in fostering the improvement of our national architecture in the important considerations of reality and thoroughness outside of the dominion of the actual Gothic school. We agree with him that the earliest and foremost advocates in our times of these architectural virtues, and the most outspoken foes of all constructional shams, were the pioneers of mediæval art such as Pugin and Mr. Ruskin, the fighting men of the Oxford and Cambridge Societies, and himself. But the same fate has befallen these champions which is common enough in the history of all successful causes. They have been so much more persuasive than they ever expected to be, that they have actually made half converts of the men to whom they are still bound by the sacred ties of party to vow eternal hostility. It is just like the case of politics or any other large public interest. When the Liberals behold a Tory Government serenely marching along the path of Free-trade and Reform, or the Tories are awakened up by the Liberal leader's war cry of "Our Protestant institutions in Church and State," the dictates of true Christianity ought to make each side rejoice over the conversion of egregious prodigals. But somehow such returns to the paths of rectitude, if they happen to lead across our neighbour's fields, are too often met by reference to the fellows who stole the boys' clothes while they were bithing, or some other unmannerly remark of the same kind. It is the same in art. Those writers on the Gothic side had a double task to perform—to prove the existence of an architectural conscience embodying reality of design, material, and construction, and to vindicate for the principles of Gothic that they most naturally led to the manifestation of these realities. In so doing they hit faithless friends as hard as open foes, for the Gothic of Strawberry Hill, or the old House of Lords, was as full of dimmy shams as any terrace in the Regent's Park. Naturally enough their success was different with different men, and, as Cobden has made all political parties the enemies of monopoly without their ceasing to be Tories or Liberals, so Pugin has made all artistic schools advocates for reality without their ceasing to be Italians or Goths.

It is still open to Mr. Street to contend that the good which all equally desire can only be satisfactorily reached by the highway of Gothic; he is hardly justified, however, in still asserting that those who travel in another direction are not desirous themselves of the same good. For instance, to take the illustrations which he himself offers, is Gothic now the only style in which the architect himself does more than design the front and seems to leave the flanks or internal courts to take care of themselves? Is it the only style in which now the exterior only is not thought of, nor the internal decoration and design neglected? We venture to test the truth of these imputations by a reference to the class of buildings in which, next to churches (in which the Gothicists carry all before them), our modern architects of all schools, except it may be the pure classical, have had the fairest field to show off their respective capacities; we mean those costly country houses which the vast growth of national wealth, with the accompanying demand on the part of our men of money for art of some kind, has scattered over the land. Whatever may be the merits on the whole of these various buildings, we should have thought that their faults would have generally been acknowledged to lie in the contrary direction from those which Mr. Street scathes. There are many of them of which "all front and no back" might be truthfully predicated, while the gorgeous oppressiveness of their internal arrangements and decorations would occasionally lead us almost to regret the bald simplicity of our grandfathers' plastered villas. The disciples of Phidias (if any such survive), who are the only school of architects whom modern fashion has left nowhere, might now retaliate by recalling the forgotten merits of rhythmical proportions, pure outline, and delicate detail, to the vacillating consciences of those backsliding Gothicists who have suffered themselves to be ensnared by the capricious picturesqueness of the Queen Anne builders. To their seductions Mr. Street has always loyally closed his ears.

PROFESSOR MASSON'S CHATTERTON.*

CHATTERTON is decidedly not enough to make a monograph of. Assuming, however, that a monograph was to be written at all hazards on Chatterton, Professor Masson has smoothed over the

* *Chatterton: a Story of the Year 1770.* By David Masson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

impossibility as neatly as it could well be done. If one regards his book merely as an ingenious exercise, showing how far a very small subject may be beaten out by a practised hand without using actual violence to it, there is much to admire in the art he has shown on the present occasion. Why he chose this particular exercise, having, in virtue of his office, the whole field of English literature before him, we have no means of determining, and it would be idle to guess. Perhaps, however, we should look for the explanation rather to that other part of his office which deals with rhetoric, for a Professor of Rhetoric, we presume, may well teach the figures of speech by example as well as by precept, and we find that the means by which the very meagre outline of Chatterton's life is filled out to 280 pages are mainly reducible to three or four figures or methods of speech. These we may take leave to call the method of *The time when*, the method of *Reader!* the method of *If*, and the method of *Ah!* They are of course not intelligible without a specimen; and as in practice they are not all used at the same time, we must try what we can do in the way of putting them together by ourselves, working in a fragment from the original where we find opportunity. Nor is there any occasion to digress from our subject, since the method will serve for any subject equally well. We have only to suppose ourselves writing "a story of the year 1874" about Professor Masson's monograph:—

"Was there ever a time when there was not a present crisis, or at least an anti-crisis? Well, at this time there was an anti-crisis in England. It was the time when a Premier who had solaced the hours of opposition by dreaming of ropes of pearls could turn his versatile magniloquence to the adornment of Imperial facts, and boast that he had added a Fijian jewel to the crown of England. It was the time when most men in England were in their mood of rest, as you and I, reader, have been or doubtless will be. Most, we said, but not all; for meanwhile an ex-Premier, shot as it were into space and silence by the recoil of his own engine in that surprise in a time of surprises, the general election of 1874, was already refreshed for new battles. Busily and silently he was forging the polished thunderbolt that should burst upon the Ultramontane hierarchy as from a clear blue sky. Ah, the poetry of coincidences! While this one was forging his thunderbolt, another was weaving a tiny laurel-wreath. Reader, were you over in Edinburgh? If so, you may know in what sort of place this labour of love was being done; or, if not, you may read about it in a guide-book." Here may follow a description of Edinburgh *ad libitum*. "Nor was the task of telling Chatterton's story so light a one in those days. If only it had been reasonably long and moderately eventful, if only any of those contingencies had been realized on which the biographer so fondly dwells; if only the marvellous boy had been taken up by Horace Walpole or rescued by Goldsmith, or had run away from Bristol with Hannah More and lived happy ever after, how much less desperate would have been the writer's task! But now with all his cunning and goodwill how should he tell a story when there was no story to tell? Ah, how indeed?"

We fear, however, that this may seem exaggerated, and on second thoughts it seems best to give one or two authentic fragments by which the reader may check our humble imitation. Here is one of the paragraphs which begins with Oh!:—

Oh! the weariness of those aimless walks of a young literary adventurer, without a purse or a friend, in the streets of London! The perpetual and anxious thought within, which scarcely any street-distraction can amuse; the listlessness with which, on coming to the parting of two ways, one suffers the least accident to determine which way one will take, both being indifferent; the vain castle-building in sanguine moments, when thousands of pounds seem possible and near; the utter prostration of spirit at other moments, when one inspects the shivering beggar that passes with new interest as but another form of one's self, and when every glimpse of a damp, grassless churchyard through a falling acts as a horrible premonition of what may be the end; the curious and habitual examination of physiognomies met as one goes along; the occasional magic of a bright eye, or a lovely form, shooting a pang through the heart, and calling up, it may be, the image of a peerless one, distant, denied, but unforgettable, till the soul melts in very tenderness, and all the past is around one again; the sudden start from such a mood, the flush, the clenched hand, the set teeth, the resolve, the manly hope, the dream of a home quiet and best after all with one sweet presence; and then, after that, the more composed gait, and the saunter towards the spots one prefers, till the waning day, or the need to work and eat, brings one back fatigued to the lonely room! And so from day to day a repetition of the same process. Ah, London, London! thou perpetual home of a shifting multitude, how many a soul there is within thee at this hour, who, listening to that peculiar roar of thine, which shows the concourse of myriads in thee, and yet feeling excluded, like an unclaimed atom, from the midst of thy bustle, might cry aloud to thee, "I, too, am strong; I am young; I am willing; I can do something; leave me not out; attend to me; make room for me; devise the means of absorbing me, and such as me, within thy just activity; and defer not till I and they make thee hearken with our shrieks!" But London rolls on; and men, young and old, do demand impossible things. If it is impossible to make the medium without conform, some power is at least left to shape and rule the spirit within.

And here is an extract showing two of the other methods. It must be understood that it immediately follows two pages and a half of the miscellaneous contents of the newspapers for April and May 1770:—

It was into the midst of such incidents as these, episodic as they were to the two great topics of Wilkes and the Constitution and the growing disaffection of the American Colonies, that Chatterton transferred himself by his removal from Bristol to London. With some of the little incidents mentioned he may even have come into direct personal contact. If he did not go to see Addison's tragedy of *Cato* at Covent Garden on the 30th of April, it is not likely that he missed the opportunity of seeing Garrick in *Hamlet* at Drury Lane on the end of May. If the "fine sight" of the

lady of high quality with the hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels about her, and the three young negroes supporting her train, did not tempt him to the vicinity of the Foho Masquerade on the evening of the 7th of May, it is not at all improbable that he formed one of the crowd that gathered round the door of the House of Commons that evening on the false expectation of seeing Wilkes come to make a scene and get himself committed to custody by the Speaker.

It must be observed that Professor Masson is not to be accused of book-making in the ordinary sense. He has been at much pains to verify all the relevant facts concerning Chatterton's life and life-time, and not a few irrelevant ones. He is indebted, as appears by his handsome acknowledgment, to another ingenious writer for the correction of the number assigned by tradition to Chatterton's lodging in Brooke Street, Holborn. But he seems to have spent some time in walking up and down Shoreditch to see which house looks most like that in which Chatterton first lodged on his arrival in London. The search has indeed not led to anything beyond an "incommunicable impression" of its general whereabouts, the only fixed condition of the problem with our present knowledge being that the chosen house "shall be conceivable as having once been the abode of a plasterer." A more definite search has been made in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1771, by means of which it is ascertained what sort of weather it was in 1770 when Chatterton set out on his journey to town from Bristol. We have the names and characters of all the people Chatterton knew, most of those whom he may reasonably be presumed to have known, and some of those he did not know. To the last class belongs Hannah More, then living at Bristol, who comes in by way of unrealized contingency, as we have already mentioned. We are also told with some minuteness how Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith spent their long vacation in 1770, and with brief regret that it is not known where Garrick, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the rest of the Club spent it; the connexion of these distinguished persons with the story of Chatterton being simply that none of them heard of him till after he was dead. There is also, as we have hinted, a great deal of miscellaneous information as to what was happening in London from month to month, and amongst these incidents the contest between the City of London and the King in the matter of Wilkes is told with considerable spirit. This last no doubt is fairly relevant to Chatterton, inasmuch as he sought to make capital out of it as a political writer, and might possibly have done so if it had not been for the Lord Mayor Beckford's unexpected death. In short, Professor Masson has collected with much diligence and sufficient discretion the materials for an historical novelette. The materials are excellent, and, as far as we can see, much more trustworthy than those which novel-writers generally use. Unhappily Professor Masson has not written the novelette, and the matters which in a work of fiction would be most useful as the groundwork of dialogue and incident are out of all proportion in a professed biography, at least when there is so little biography to support them. There is one book of George Sand's consisting simply of rough notes for an historical novel which was never executed; it contains curious facts, but in a literary point of view it is quite dull enough to be a warning. Professor Masson's notes are indeed not rough, for he has given them more polish than they will bear. But, in short, the whole thing is an elaborate trifle of a kind which Professor Masson's skill in execution enables him to make passable enough, but which in the hands of an inferior workman would be quite intolerable. It is a dangerous example to youth, and one which it is perhaps hardly desirable that a Professor of English literature should set. In the style also there are things which we should not advise students of the English language to imitate. Those who speak of an "attempt to teach a certain class of animals the value and beauty of pearls" will not be on the right way to refined sarcasm, and those who use "function" as a verb will commit themselves to a more than questionable Gallicism.

Concerning the nucleus of real biography in the book (which after all is but a cometary sort of nucleus) there is very little to be said. Not so much play is made with the discussion of Chatterton's character as might have been looked for, and so far there is reason to be thankful. Professor Masson repudiates somewhat warmly the supposition that Chatterton was insane in the ordinary sense, yet he seems to think he approached insanity in some less ordinary manner; for he proceeds to tell a story from a Scotch newspaper of an idiot who worshipped the bell of a ruined parish church, and he suggests that Chatterton may have entertained the same kind of fetish-worship in a milder form for the church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol and its contents. These contents included a muniment-room and apparently some real muniments, of which however no further account is now to be had than the compendious negative familiar to maritime commerce, "weight, value, and contents unknown." Professor Masson thinks Chatterton may have got some suggestions of fact from them. Given these conditions, a precocious imagination, and a disposition which Professor Masson calls first "a remarkable veneration for the antique," and then still more tenderly "a preference for the antique in form," and the result was the Rowley MSS. However, the epithet is just, for that may well be called a remarkable veneration for the antique which displays itself in impudent forgeries. For, notwithstanding all the sentiment that has been spent on Chatterton, these productions claim our admiration chiefly as a masterpiece of impudence. Apart from the internal evidence, which was not quite so glaring then, except to a few scholars, as it is now, they were self-condemned by the suspicious circumstances and the imprudent haste of their production. Horace Walpole believed in the first

specimen Chatterton sent him, but doubted on a second reading:—

A series of Anglo-Saxon painters till then unheard of; a new poet of the twelfth century writing a poem on Richard I. in perfectly modern metre; and a new poet of the fifteenth, advertised as having left numerous poems and other writings still extant in Bristol; all this in one letter was too much; . . . But, when the second letter came, bringing with it a batch of new painters, and specimens of two Saxon poets of the sixth century, and when in this letter the writer explained that he was a poor widow's son with a turn for literature, there could be no longer any doubt in the matter.

One wonders how Walpole believed even on a first reading. The biographer, as in duty bound, says the most he can for the merits of his hero's poetry. He does not indeed claim much beyond fluency and smartness for that part which was written in the current language of the day, and certainly the specimens he gives are poor and flippant enough. On behalf of the false antiques, however, he rises to something like enthusiasm, and asserts that at that particular time Chatterton "was, with all his immaturity, almost solitary in the possession of the highest poetic gift." To our mind, it would take a much greater genius than Chatterton's to carry off the falseness of a diction in which antique forms and words, even when correct, are mixed up in hopeless anachronism, and crudely thrust into modern thoughts and phrases. But we leave the reader who cares to form his own judgment on this to seek the materials in the last chapter of Professor Masson's book.

THE BERLIN HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.*

IT is a strange chance, if indeed it really be a chance, that we should hardly have done reading the Count of Paris's volumes on the American war when we find before us the rival work from Berlin. It has been known for some time past that the library of the General Staff Bureau at that capital was to have an independent book of its own on the great contest which Count Moltke has been too hastily charged with slighting; and the title thoroughly explains the main object of the work confided to Major Scheibert, which is to offer to every German officer a clear narrative, handy in size, and framed so strictly with military objects as to give him all the chief professional lessons to be drawn from it, without pretending to discuss every detail, or to enter into the politics on which many of the events necessarily turned. It was fitting, indeed, in the interests of impartiality, that the task should have been entrusted to a German officer who served on the side of the South, if it were only that the important French work which has lately appeared is from the pen of one who not only fought against the South, but confesses himself an ardent partisan of the cause of the Union. We have lately seen that the Count of Paris, in his zeal for this cause and his hatred of slavery, has hardly allowed himself to do justice to the soldiers who took up arms in all good faith for those State rights which they held as having the first claim on their allegiance. Those who study Major Scheibert's volume will find no dissertations either attacking or defending any political action on either side. The very purpose of his work forbids them. A few words only of the preface tell us that throughout the war he devoted himself ardently to the cause of the Confederacy; but he promises his comrades that his study of the contest shall be an impartial one, and he keeps conscientiously to his pledge. Of the six chapters, which are complete essays in themselves, that follow his somewhat too abridged narrative of the war, those on the Artillery, the Navy, and the Sanitary Service are avowedly taken from studies of the Federal arms, as presenting the more complete forms from which to draw the lessons promised. But it is in the closing one, "Reflections and Biographies," that the warmth of his admiration for General Lee, though it does not prevent him doing justice to other commanders, shows that he has been touched by the nobility of that grand character, which seems to have the same charm for those who study it in retrospect that the hero's genial manner and simplicity of heart had for those who surrounded him in the days of his triumphs.

Of this part of the work we shall speak later. For the present we turn rather to one of the essays on those arms the working of which Major Scheibert personally observed during his service with the Confederates, and we select purposely a chance passage on the action of Stuart's cavalry, to show how clearly he explains American peculiarities and their causes. The general description runs thus, being illustrated afterwards by certain particular cases:—

The nature of the country, cut up as it was in so many ways, rendered the action of a large cavalry corps as a tactical whole an impossibility. The largest body formed together for actual tactical purposes under single command was the brigade. Although Stuart actually raised his cavalry corps to a strength of twelve thousand sabres, the brigades worked separately according to some general plan towards the common end, each being limited to itself for real tactics. From this it followed accordingly, that the cavalry could not serve as a decisive arm in battle. And even if the ground in any case permitted the action of larger bodies, the cavalry was too seldom united in such masses to be able to use it. It would have failed in the continuity of attack necessary for the successful action of horse in a battle, the sort of step-by-step support to be given one to another by the different units. Within the brigade the cavalry were usually in two lines, either one behind the other, or the second in support of the wings of the first. Occasionally, as in the affair at Brandy Station, attacks were made in echelon of regiments. For such it was Stuart's desire, as well as that of his staff officer, Von Borcke, that the intervals of the echelons should be left to choice

and circumstances rather than fixed by order. The cavalry kept up a constant effort to gain the enemy's wings, and so there was either a small reserve kept in hand to meet such a flank attack, or it sometimes happened that a troop had to be withdrawn suddenly from the mass sent to attack, and thrown round to meet the threatened movement.

After this account of the Southern horse, two of its chief actions are narrated—that of Brandy Station, in August 1862, and another which soon followed it, in which part of Stuart's command surprised and captured the head-quarter camp of General Pope, who commanded the Federal army. In these Major Scheibert naturally uses largely the Memoirs of his countryman Von Borcke, who was Chief of Staff to Stuart; as also when he goes on to describe the famous raids which that General began, and which were afterwards copied with marked effect by the mounted corps—cavalry it would be wrong to call them—which the Union generals brought into the field more and more as the war went on, concluding it finally by the despatch into Alabama of a separate army under Wilson, which had no infantry with it at all. Of Von Borcke the author speaks in the highest terms, declaring that his sure military eye and determined courage made him Stuart's strong support, and the idol of the whole cavalry, and commending his Memoirs to all cavalry officers as certain to be read with both pleasure and profit. On Stuart he comments even more warmly, and the passage is perhaps the better worth quoting as the writer did not serve under the great soldier he describes, and his eulogy cannot be attributed to subtle personal influence, while it has a general moral that reaches far beyond the history of the army of Northern Virginia:—

One important basis [he says] for the successful handling of the cavalry was the good personal feeling and intimate knowledge of each other among its chief officers. The brigadiers had blind confidence in their commander, so powerful in action, so unwearied in his exertions. The personal qualities of him who leads are never so penetrating and vivifying as among cavalry, with which arm the moments for action shift so rapidly, and plan and execution follow one another so closely. Stuart not only influenced his men by the sense of his personal courage, his coolness, his inexhaustible fertility of resource, and his firmness in executing his purpose; but, framed by nature to be a leader of horse, he won and inspired his troopers by kindling words, eyes of fire, and a humour that no circumstances could overcome.

More interesting perhaps still, in a purely professional point of view, is that part of the closing portion of this essay which explains what made raids at once so exceptional and so formidable in American warfare. To succeed as the earlier adventures of this kind did—for it is admitted that those of 1864-65 had not the same striking effect—they must be used against raw troops, armies dependent on very long lines of supply, in districts where there are few railroads or telegraphs and only bad roads, where there are woods to conceal their movements, and where the cavalry on the other side is unequal to the assaults in spirit. It became very much easier, Major Scheibert adds, in the later stages of the conflict to ward them off, and "on European theatres of war they will not profit much, as may be understood from studying the conditions already described." Nevertheless, he concludes, Stuart's cavalry was animated to them by the same knightly spirit of adventure as that which has recently led the German horse on to the performance of those services which have made it so renowned.

It would have been interesting indeed to have had from this able pen a similar notice of Sheridan and his mounted corps. But Major Scheibert, if thoroughly impartial, is so by omission as well as execution, devoting his cavalry chapter as completely to the Confederates as others before mentioned are to the Federal arms. But we must hurry on to the final one, as possessing more personal interest. As before noticed, it contains reflections, with anecdotes interspersed, as well as some short personal memoirs. Of the anecdotal part we may say that it is so carefully done as really to illustrate the history to which it is attached. There is a capital example given of the independent working of the departments of the Southern army, in the case of a commissary in Longstreet's Corps with the rank of major, who found his accounts getting more and more hopelessly beyond him. He was entirely dependent on his clerk, and had the best practical opportunities of observing that the latter had thoroughly mastered the business in which he himself failed. At last, convinced of what was the right course, he one day took his way straight to Longstreet's tent, and in the interest of the army begged leave to resign his functions, and urged that his more able assistant should be nominated to his post. The General (who, it must be supposed, knew beforehand something of the truth) assented at once; the arrangement was duly carried out; and, at his own request, the ex-major continued to serve on in the same office as a private in which he had hitherto ruled, not without much gain of respect from his comrades for an act of self-abnegation which probably, from what has been long known of the shortcomings in Lee's commissariat, might have been largely followed with much advantage to the Confederates.

The gallery of biographical sketches which closes the volume includes Stuart (on whom Major Scheibert dwells but slightly, having said so much of him in an earlier part), Jackson, Sherman, Grant, and Lee; and it is a striking testimony to the fairness of his judgment that the two distinguished Federal commanders receive full justice, their magnanimity in the hour of victory being specially extolled. We could here again have wished that Sheridan, whose fame at the close of the war stood out so high, had been added to complete the galaxy of brilliant leaders. To have done this just now, when that General is thought to have been severe on the German strategy of 1870-71, would have been a graceful act on the part of one who speaks for the Prussian staff on American subjects. Lee is purposely reserved for the final paragraphs of the volume, as inevitably the true hero of the great epic known

* *Der Bürgerkrieg in den Nordamerikanischen Staaten, militärisch beleuchtet für den deutschen Offizier.* Von J. Scheibert, Major. Berlin: Mittler. 1874.

as the American War. For the more, our author tells us, referring to his former chapter on American strategy, that he sought to arrive at an independent judgment by abstract study of the war, and by the most objective treatment of its events, the more highly shone out the individual glory of General Lee, whom people and army alike honoured with their common phrase, "He is great as a general, but still greater as a man." As the work we are about to part from is essentially a scientific one, we cannot close our notice of it more fitly than by translating the military judgment pronounced on this great commander and his strokes of war. Probably no truer one has been written of any general:—

Not with the sudden yielding to some passing thought, as the cavalry leader who must form his plan on the spur of the moment, but by severe labour, tedious combination, and ceaseless comparison, were his resolves framed. He felt the overwhelming responsibility that lay upon his shoulders. He saw the flower of the people's offspring, the fate of his country, placed in his hand. He was fully sensible of the absolute confidence which staked its all upon him. The deep responsibility he felt to heaven and to the people that so trusted in him caused him to throw his whole power into the purpose of making his plan as complete as possible, freeing it from the doubts of chance, and avoiding the least mishap which might cross his design, and damage it in its entirety. After one of his battles he said to me, "I make my plan as well as my human powers admit, but on the day of battle, I leave the fate of my army in God's hands; my generals have then to do their part."

But, it is added, his goodness of heart was free from all mere sentimentality. Humanity itself in feeling, he was stern against all conscious dereliction of duty. And while every glance at a wounded man gave him a sympathetic pang, he never stayed the energetic pressure necessary to carry out to its end the plan he had once put steadfastly before him. Brought up to richer fare and better expectations than almost any man of the host he led, he was the simplest of all in his surroundings; but when a stranger was entertained, as our author himself was, the honour was felt to be so great that it effectually made amends for the scantiness of the fare.

EGYPT AND ICELAND.*

THE first question suggested by this book to most readers will doubtless be, What is the connexion between Egypt and Iceland? Why should we not join together any other two places, such as Khiva and California, or Timbuctoo and Transylvania? It may be doubted whether even Captain Fluellen could have found any points of analogy between districts so widely remote in every conceivable relation. After our readers have sufficiently racked their brains in guessing at some profound connexion, we can give them a solution of the problem as simple as that of Columbus's egg. The connexion is simply that Mr. Bayard Taylor visited both countries in the same year and had not enough to say about either to make a book of it by itself. Such a mode of composition cannot, as Mr. Taylor would be the first to admit, produce an artistic whole. We gather from the various chapters, though it is not stated on the title-page, that they were originally letters to the *New York Tribune*; and we daresay that the readers of that journal were glad enough to have a letter every now and then from Mr. Bayard Taylor, wherever he might happen to be wandering. It is a virtue in a newspaper to resemble the sheep's head, about which, according to the Scotchman, there is a deal of "fine confused feeding." We like to browse aimlessly up and down the various columns, stumbling at one moment upon a horrible murder, at the next refreshing our minds with a bit of theology, and winding up with a discussion upon sewage. As a rule, however, a book is supposed to form more or less an organic whole; and heterogeneity is rather a failing than a merit. We should be glad to see this rule observed in books of travels, for the simple reason that twice nothing does not make something. Mr. Taylor spent a week in Iceland, and somewhere about a month in Egypt; and though a day or an hour in a strange country may give a reporter a sufficient peg to hang a letter upon, it can hardly justify the production of a less ephemeral form of literature. There are indeed some persons who turn all that they touch to gold; there are men of genius who can confer an enduring value upon the merest trifles, and whose most cursory letters are worth far more than the most elaborate labours of others. Mr. Taylor is an accomplished and excellent writer, but he does not quite reach this standard. The last performance of his which we happen to have read was the translation of *Faust*, and he certainly deserves a very high place amongst the numerous authors who have tried what is perhaps an impossible feat. But if Mr. Taylor had written an essay giving his first impressions of Goethe after a single reading, and tacked to it another containing a similar criticism of Schiller, we don't know that we should have cared to study the result.

We have made these remarks, which are perhaps a little ungrateful, because after all Mr. Taylor has so many merits that we expected something more from him. It is perhaps wrong, though it is certainly natural, to be angry with a man for giving you what turns out to be a penny when you guessed it to be a guinea, even though you had no cause for expecting anything at all. Mr. Taylor has therefore suffered in our minds merely because we were unduly sanguine. We must endeavour to do justice to the good qualities which he displays, in spite of comparative disappointment. He represents, in fact, a class of traveller which we could wish to

be more frequent. It is a moot question whether on the whole the vulgar American or the vulgar English traveller is the more exquisitely disagreeable. Both specimens are to be met with in vast and increasing abundance upon every line of European travel. We find them climbing Mont Blanc and the Pyramids, and treading upon our toes in Paris and St. Petersburg. A long series of careful observations has led us to the conviction that on the whole the Englishman is the more annoying when he sets about it, though perhaps a certain feeling of shame for our country may have unduly heightened our vexation. Both races are equally ignorant, and show an equal indifference to all the beauties of art and nature. But the American, if he is rather more obtrusive, is also rather more simple. The English tourist tries to conceal his ignorance by a sulky affectation of dignity. The American blurs it out with a naïveté which is at times almost touching. He is not in the least ashamed to confess that he never heard of Raffaele before he crossed the Atlantic, or to ask for information as to the most rudimentary bits of traveller's knowledge. Of the two we prefer his transparent ignorance to the awkward and thinly veiled ignorance of the Englishman, but we confess that the ordinary traveller of either breed is an undesirable companion. It is obvious, however, that he is likely to become more abundant. The rapid spread of the English language all over the world proves the increase of the English-speaking traveller. Mr. Taylor, comparing Egypt at the present day with the Egypt of twenty-two years ago, is struck with the extraordinary progress made by the native population in acquiring this most intrusive of all tongues. It is rapidly becoming less and less necessary for an Englishman or an American to acquire any other language than his own. The consequence is that the Cook's Tourist and the kind of American whose humour is represented by Mark Twain are finding themselves more at ease in every part of the world. We could wish that they might learn a little from Mr. Taylor's example, though we are only too much afraid that the process may be the reverse. Mr. Taylor, in fact, though a thoroughly intelligent and cultivated man, finds it necessary to make rather odd concessions to the inferior kind of traveller. He sees the Pyramids, and is affected, as every man of any sensibility must be, by the sight. But, having allowed himself to be carried away into an expression of his feelings, he ends by a sort of apology. He declares more than once that he does not regret the presence of the intrusive modern element which is disturbing the ancient calm of the East. He is bound to profess himself a "progressist," and whether in Egypt or in Iceland sternly guards himself against sentimental yearnings over the past. Mr. Taylor is, in fact, so far in sympathy with his countrymen that he clings to an optimist view of things in spite of the most pressing difficulties. The vulgar American congratulates himself without remorse when an historical monument is knocked out of the way by a railroad; and sees in the substitution of skin-deep civilization for the old types of Oriental culture nothing but an unqualified improvement. Mr. Taylor knows better than to join unreservedly in such glorifications of very doubtful changes; but he is afraid of being found unfaithful to the creed of progress. He tries hard to believe that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and will not see that there can be any conflict, except of a purely transitory nature, between modern democracy and refinement. Doubtless if he had ventured to say in plain terms to the readers of the *New York Tribune* that their countrymen were destroying works of art incomparably superior to any that they can create, the remark would not have been palatable. And yet in Egypt, if anywhere, such a doubt must frequently occur to the most unqualified admirer of modern progress. Mr. Taylor gives an account, and it is perhaps the best part of his book, of the wonderful discoveries made by M. Mariette. We need not ask how far the conclusions reached by this remarkable investigator will be ultimately confirmed by independent critics. But, if we assume with Mr. Taylor that they are unquestionable, they certainly give rise to some curious reflections. According to them, it is satisfactorily proved that the great period of Egyptian art belongs to the age of Cheops; and the first historic king, Menes, who reigned more than four thousand years before Christ, must be regarded as himself the product of a long stage of unrecorded development. Among the various relics preserved in M. Mariette's museum is a statue recently discovered, which is supposed to be about six thousand years old. It is carved in sycamore wood, which has now become "hard and resonant as metal." The face is described as "remarkably intelligent, cheerful, benevolent—a Shakespearian head, one might say, it gives such evidence of a large, rich, and attractive nature." The eyes are formed with curious ingenuity. "The lashes are thin rims of bronze; the whites are formed of white opaque quartz, the iris of rock crystal, and in the centre of each is set a small crystal with many points, which from every side reflect a keen point of light like that in the human eye." When one reflects upon all that is implied in such a statement, on the periods of time which must have been necessary before such an art could be evolved, one becomes almost dizzy with the long perspective of prehistorical evolution thus dimly revealed. Nor is it altogether satisfactory to reflect upon the history of later progress. Such art is doubtless rude in many senses; and yet the difference between such a statue and one which could be ordered (say) in New York at the present day is not altogether in favour of the modern artist. The natural suggestion is that what we call progress is in fact a very mixed and qualified affair; that long periods of decay have alternated with periods of growth; and that even definite improvements have

* *Egypt and Iceland in the year 1874.* By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

coincided with the stamping out of ancient forms of civilization, often superior in many points to those which succeeded them. Nothing at any rate could be more calculated to make one pause before joining unreservedly in the modern chorus of exultation over every change which sweeps over the face of the earth. Improvement seems to be inextricably bound up with destruction, and if, on the whole, there is a gain, it is a gain on the balance of many conflicting results, not of a uniform and undiluted character.

Perhaps, however, we are drifting far from Mr. Taylor. We only mean to say that we feel it a little difficult to share his complacency when we see a Mark Twain making jokes in face of the Pyramids. However, Mr. Taylor is evidently a benevolent as well as an accomplished man. He seems to make friends with Egyptians and Icelanders with equal facility; he talks Arabic and Danish as the case may require, and finds everywhere something to admire; he writes a poem under pressure to express the enthusiasm with which the Americans regard the descendants of the old discoverers of Vinland; and the verses not only show a kindly feeling, but are really a very fair performance of their kind. Nor should we omit to reckon amongst his merits that he is very candid as to his own weaknesses, and admits with great frankness that he is a human being liable to fatigue, and capable of being pitched over the head of a refractory pony. We must therefore part with him in kindness; though we are still rather at a loss to find a sufficient justification for putting together in a permanent form letters which might well have been left to repose in the files of the *New York Tribune*.

SCENES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.*

AMONG the many vexed questions of the present age, we are told by the author of the *Neglected Question*, that of "woman's right to dispose freely of herself" occupies a prominent place, and finds numerous advocates. But too many of the supporters of that right, we are further informed, carried away by a generous desire to save a human soul from the tyranny of what they term "narrow morality," overlook another human soul which has an equal right to protection, forgetting the child of the woman who, according to their doctrine, has a perfect right to change one affection for another. As an illustration of these statements, it seems, Mr. Markowitch composed the story of which there now lies before us an English version, rendered doubly remarkable by having been translated by Princesses and published next year.

Vera Loubiansky is "the very prettiest young lady" the narrator of the story has ever beheld, although she is the mother of a lad of fourteen; and her "delicately-arched eyebrows, her finely-cut little nose, her pouting mouth with its glistening teeth," and her other innumerable attractions, fascinate older observers as readily as this youthful admirer. More especially, or at least conspicuously, fascinated is "a young and exceedingly handsome Hussar officer," with a long silky moustache, sharp regular features, and fine dark eyes. This good-looking scapegrace, Baron Felsen by name, who has but lately returned from the Caucasus, whither his bad conduct had sent him as a private soldier, makes impetuous love to the beautiful Vera, who is greatly flattered by his marked attentions. Over her, however, are two watchers set. The one is her young son, who hates the Baron with a bitter hatred; the other is her middle-aged husband, who follows her with his eyes so long as she remains within the scope of his vision. More he cannot do, being the victim of an almost complete paralysis. He is "a tall man, of about forty-five years of age, with an almost transparent, wan-looking face." So crushed is he by the terrible stroke which has fallen upon him that he offers scarcely any indications of life beyond the movements of his eyes. Sometimes, it is true, his trembling fingers attempt to grasp some object, or his pale lips succeed in producing a low confused murmur which only love can interpret. But his eyes alone obey his will. "As the inscription on a tombstone relates its history, so the whole life, which has almost left his poor body, was concentrated in those wonderful eyes; they burnt with a restless, eager fire in the deeply sunken sockets, and expressed a series of sad, powerful thoughts."

With these sepulchral eyes the poor paralytic watches his beautiful wife, as she flutters, butterflylike, through the flowery world of pleasure from which he is excluded. Unfortunately she is not grateful for his attentions, having been greatly annoyed by his behaviour during the earlier years of their married life, when he would oscillate between fits of jealousy in which "he would dash about the room like a maniac," and of affection in which "he would throw himself on his knees and entreat her to tell him what he should do to gain her love." Under the influence of fresh Ukraine air the invalid gradually improves in health, but at the same time his fascinating wife becomes more and more subjugated by the influence of the handsome Baron Felsen, who is capable, when the occasion warrants it, of pronouncing discourses on love, philosophy, and all other subjects, three pages long without a break. At last comes the catastrophe which has long loomed in the distance. One moonlight night the crippled husband insists upon being taken out in his invalid chair, and wheeled up to the

garden-house in which are his wife's private apartments, on the windows of which he was in the habit of gazing for hours in the hope of catching a passing glimpse of her he loved. But on this occasion, at the dead of night, he first stares at it with "something awful in the expression of his haggard, painfully emaciated profile, with the large eyes glaring into the garden," and then seeks it with "such a glance of despair and impotent wrath" flashing from under his half-closed eyelids as makes the narrator feel cold all over. The garden-house is reached; the shutters, which can be opened from without, fly apart with a bang, and a flow of light streams out from within, clearly defining the distorted features of the unfortunate husband as he looks into the room in which his wife reclines on a sofa "with her head slightly thrown back and her hands clasped in desperation," while beside the closed door stands Baron Felsen, holding the handle with one hand, and in the other "something long and bright, like a dagger." A "wild, heart-breaking cry" is heard, and the husband, "by a supreme effort, raised himself to his full height, with a menacingly extended hand . . . and fell the next moment a huddled mass on the damp grass." This is a sufficiently unpleasant scene, but still more disagreeable is another in which young Vassia Loubiansky accuses his mother of being his father's "murderess." "You rave, you are delirious," she said. "So your lover has just said also," retorted Vassia, with a bitter laugh, &c. &c.

We must say that, so far as the reputation of Russian society is concerned, this book had better have been left untranslated, for it by no means conveys a favourable impression of Russian social life. Among other points this one is worthy of observation, that listening and watching at doors and windows seem to be reckoned among the usual means of gaining information. At p. 124 of vol. i. the narrator overhears a long conversation which was not intended to reach his ears; at p. 211 the prude of the story, Mlle. Galetchka, gently opens a window, and thereby contrives to listen to another piece of forbidden gossip; at p. 248 the narrator is again found surreptitiously listening at a window; and at p. 282 he a third time, but in this instance unintentionally, becomes the unsuspected auditor of confidential communications. In this respect, as well as in many others, nothing can be more unlike the typical English schoolboy than the young heroes of the Russian story, who do not greatly commend themselves to our admiration, although they are capable of talking in the most poetic style about clouds and destiny, and of quoting and criticizing German poetry. Heroes of romance who die young are apt to be offensive, but there is something unusually priggish and irritating about the juvenile Russian who remarks on his deathbed that it is happiness for him to die, for he "should never have been a good man." It may be true that "when a child has witnessed the grief of his father at the heartlessness of his mother, it awakens within him a bitter feeling of shame and inward rage which no wise sayings, no well-sounding phrases, can destroy or root out"; but we could well dispense with that child's acquaintance. On the whole it seems a pity that the Princesses Ouroussoff did not turn their attention and their remarkable power of translating from their own into our language towards a better specimen of Russian literature. The only feature of the book they have selected on which unmixed praise can justly be conferred is its delineation of Russian scenery and country life.

A somewhat similar criticism to that conveyed by the last few lines may be passed by unsentimental readers upon the second of the novels before us. In *Darkness and Dawn* we are presented with a Russian tale which may be read with interest as a study of manners and landscapes, but which can scarcely claim to stand high as a work of fiction, though its later scenes are not devoid of a certain melodramatic power. From its pages, as well as from those of the *Neglected Question*, a fair idea may be obtained of a country house and its surroundings in South Russia. We see "the long, low building, with innumerable windows, and a roof of brightest green," the slender pillars supporting its verandah covered with jasmine and roses. Behind stands a forest of pines; in front the ground slopes away towards the bank of a rapid stream. At a little distance appears a rustic village, above which rises the green dome of the white-walled church. At times we drive along the road which winds like a white ribbon between the cornfields, watching by day the lustrous wave of gold which undulates along the surface of the gracefully bending rye, or at night gazing far away over the level expanse, which resembles a tranquil sea sleeping beneath the mellow moon or the softly gleaming stars. Many an idyllic scene we witness also; as when, for instance, the villagers in the *Neglected Question* crowd around the kindly lady of the manor on her name-day, the men and women kissing the hem of her dress, and the children offering "nosegays of wild flowers, and little earthen pots full of wood strawberries." Not that all is idyllic in *Darkness and Dawn*, for its hero is a serf, and its end and aim is to point out, and to illustrate by his troubles, the moral darkness of the days in which the institution of slavery existed, compared with the brightness of the new day which sprang into life together with the Emancipation of 1861. Nothing can be better than Miss (or Mrs.) Annie Grant's intentions, and there can be little doubt about the merits of the cause which she has undertaken to support.

The hero of her story is a young Russian upon whom nature has conferred every boon but that of freedom. A serf belonging to a rich and careless master, he has received an education which has developed and matured his great natural talents. In appearance and in manners he is all that the most romantic

* *The Neglected Question*. By B. Markowitch. Translated from the Russian by the Princesses Ouroussoff. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

Darkness and Dawn: a Russian Tale. By Annie Grant. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1874.

maiden could desire to find realized in the form of a lover; and as he is long successful in concealing the terrible fact that he is a slave, he naturally produces the most favourable impression upon the minds of all the young ladies with whom he makes acquaintance. More especially does he win the heart of the enthusiastic heroine of the tale, after he has saved her life by means of an unusual expedient. As he and she are strolling one sultry evening through the meadows, there suddenly arises a terrible hurricane. With the greatest difficulty he manages to guide her safely through the storm until the river is reached which separates them from security. But when at length they arrive at the spot where a bridge should be, they find that it has been swept away by the swollen and raging waters. Fortunately the abyss is not more than eight feet wide, and there is still left a remnant of woodwork which considerably lessens that space. So he throws his tall body across the river, thereby forming a temporary bridge, face downwards, placing his feet on one side and holding by his hands on the other. And she, "not even expressing the slightest astonishment at his singular and dangerous plan," springs lightly over him and reaches in safety the opposite bank. No wonder that after, "with a superhuman effort, he swung himself over the chasm," she promises to marry him, and fulfils her promise without investigating his social position. All goes well for a time, and "the loveliest woman in St. Petersburg," for such she is universally acknowledged to be, enjoys her life in the capital as the wife of the millionaire whom she does not yet know to be a serf. Unluckily his master, the wicked Prince Usoff, makes his appearance, admires his slave's wife (who indeed has herself become his slave), and in order to bring her under his power, begins to put pressure upon his property, her lord. That unfortunate being, conscious that he is "a living disgrace to himself, a blot upon society, a nonentity in the world," shows symptoms of being on the point of losing those wits to which his excellent education has done such justice. In order to preserve them until the impending Third of March will secure them by the gift of freedom, his wife dissembles, and keeps the princely profligate from dangerous action by lapping his senses in the slumber of a fool's paradise. At last the Prince discovers that he has been tricked, and hastens to revenge himself. But before he can strike a blow the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells proclaim that serfdom has passed away for ever, and the emancipated hero and heroine, who have been for a time separated by circumstances, are "re-united once more in the bonds of love and sympathy."

HORE'S ANCIENT TERMS AND MEASURES OF LAND.*

THIS thin book kindles in us a strong desire to know something more of "Pole Hore, co. Wexford." In times past there was a Mr. E. H. Barker, author of many works, who used to put after his name the initials O.T.N. These caused much puzzle in many minds, as no one knew of any degree or learned society or order of knighthood which could be expressed by the letters O.T.N. It turned out that the mysterious formula merely set forth in a dark way the whereabouts of Mr. Barker's dwelling-place; O.T.N. stood for "of Thetford, Norfolk." Now, had Mr. Hore described himself as O.P.H.C.W., the mystery would have been greater than the mystery of O.T.N. in the proportion of five to three. Mr. Hore however despises mystery, and gives us his dwelling-place at full length. But then his dwelling-place is by no means so intelligible as Mr. Barker's dwelling-place proved to be when it was once set free from the veil of initials. Of Thetford, Norfolk, once an episcopal city, still or lately a Parliamentary borough, and the scene of more than one historical event, most people must have heard, even if they had not heard of Mr. E. H. Barker. To say that a man lives at Thetford does in a manner enlarge our knowledge of him. To say that he lives at "Pole Hore, co. Wexford," leaves us much more in the dark. Most minds will get no further than the idea that Mr. Hore lives somewhere in Ireland; the most adventurous will only be kindled by the name of Wexford to ask whether he has anything to do either with the Ostmen or with Oliver Cromwell. Still the book makes us wish to know more of Pole Hore. It must be a singular place where it is plain that there is a large library diligently used, but which seems to contain only one book of the present century. Mr. Hore has evidently worked hard to improve his own mind, and he is benevolently anxious to improve the minds of others. But he seems to have heard not a word of all that others bent on the same objects have been doing for the last fifty or sixty years. There is clearly a spirit of inquiry at work at Pole Hore, but its inquiries have not reached the modern world. Mr. Hore is at work on subjects which have occupied some of the greatest scholars of England and Germany for at least two generations, but of none of their writings does he seem ever to have heard. It would be in vain to ask whether Mr. Hore has crossed the German Ocean to learn the names of the Maurers and others their fellow-workers; St. George's Channel seems to be barrier enough to keep the works of Allen, Kemble, and Stubbs from ever finding their way to Pole Hore. The last cargo of books which got there would seem to have consisted of Kelham and Blackstone. Mr. Hore says, with great truth, that "the divisions, tenure, and value of land, with the state of society at the time of the Domesday Survey, are matters of legitimate

historical interest;" and he adds, what we are glad to hear, "they have been of great interest to myself." But Mr. Hore's labours in this interesting study seem to have been a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The library at Pole Hore is, by his account of it, made up chiefly of books most of which are "printed in quarto, some in black letter, and interlarded with many Latin quotations, and contain a great deal of extraneous information." They are "ancient glossaries and law dictionaries," the only books that Mr. Hore seems to know of in which a man can find anything about the Hide or about Bookland. Mr. Hore's dislike to black letter perhaps shuts out a good many German books. Schmidt's *Gesetze der Angelsachsen* is unluckily in black letter, and, though not printed in quarto, it is printed in tall octavo. But most German books are in octavo, and the fashion of printing them in Roman letters is largely spreading. So a day may come when the labours of our Continental brethren may be made available at Pole Hore. Still there are books written in plain English from which Mr. Hore may learn something. Palgrave's *English Commonwealth* is certainly printed in quarto, but it may plead in extenuation that it is not in black letter. Allen and Kemble labour under neither disqualification; they are not only in Roman letters, but of common octavo size; and Mr. Stubbs's *Constitutional History* is of a size smaller still. Perhaps the difficulty lies, after all, in the Latin quotations and the "extraneous information." What is "extraneous information" and what is not may sometimes be a matter of opinion between Mr. Hore and the writers of whom he complains. But the Latin quotations certainly are a serious point. It is very hard indeed for a man who writes about Domesday, or about any of the other matters which Mr. Hore takes in hand, to do without some Latin quotations. It is equally hard whether he wrote two or three centuries back in a black-letter quarto, or whether he writes now in a Roman octavo. Mr. Hore himself, who is in thin octavo and Roman letters, cannot wholly get rid of Latin quotations. As for "extraneous information," perhaps the description of Mr. Hore as "of Pole Hore, co. Wexford," may pass as a specimen of it.

However this may be, facts are facts and difficulties are difficulties. The Pole Hore library suffers under quartos, black letter, Latin quotations, and extraneous information. Some remedy is needed; something different is needed by Mr. Hore himself, and he thinks very naturally that something different may be needed by others:—

It occurred to me that a treatise embodying in alphabetical order a short account of our ancient tenures and measures of land, presented in a readable type and somewhat clearer form than is to be found in our ancient glossaries and law dictionaries, would be a useful addition to the library of the antiquarian or legal man of business.

Things being in this case, the old books not suiting, and the new books not being known at Pole Hore, Mr. Hore gallantly undertook to supply the need himself, after the pattern of the man who said "Whenever I want a book, I make it." And the curious result is the publication of a book in 1874 which reads as if it had been published in 1774. Not one ray of modern research has made its way to Pole Hore. Folkland and Bookland, for instance, are expounded as it was quite pardonable to expound them in the days before Allen, but as it sounds odd to hear them expounded now that the nature of *ager publicus* in all parts of the world has been set forth a hundred times. "Charter-land," according to Mr. Hore, "is a law term, and is land held by charter or written evidence, otherwise freehold. The Saxons," he adds, "called it Book-land or Book-land, and it was by that name distinguished from Folk-land, which was copyhold." "Allod" is "an ancient Saxon term," and yet it is somehow "supposed to have been derived from the Celtic 'allod,' i.e. ancient." Then comes something about "barbarous borders," a reference to Montesquieu, and—we should hardly have thought that so modern a part of the world would have been heard of at Pole Hore—a statement that "land in the United States is mostly allodial." Then we have an article of "Fee, Feud, Feodum, or Fief," and an extract from Blackstone, which reads funny enough to a student of Waitz. It gives one a strange feeling to read in 1874:—

It may be sufficient to state, in a treatise of this nature, that most historians agree that the ancient feudal tenures of land originated in the system of military policy and protection adopted by the warlike tribes of the north, who spread themselves over Europe at the decline of the Roman empire.

Then we get a dissertation on the Hide, as the Hide looks to one who knows not Kemble, and one on Gavelkind, on which some light might, in other places besides Pole Hore, have been got from Mr. Elton's *Tenures of Kent*. Ingulf is of course quoted with all solemnity. It is only within two or three pages of the end that we light on a passage which shows that Mr. Hore is aware of the existence of one writer in, if not exactly of, the nineteenth century, and even he is described as he could not have been accurately called for fifty or sixty years past. This is "Mr. H. Ellis, the late librarian of the British Museum." Sir Henry Ellis, as he is called by the world in general, was useful in his day, though we have always held that, according to his light, his forerunner Kelham, whose books are not to be despised even now, stood far above him. But without searching—and Mr. Hore gives us no reference to help us in our search—we cannot believe that it was from Sir Henry that Mr. Hore borrowed his definition of "Villani"—"from the French *villain*—vile—a man of servile or base degree." On our side of St. George's Channel, it is not usual to derive Latin from French; and does Mr. Hore, or does he not, think that *villanus* and *vile* have anything to do with one another?

The oddest thing in turning over the book is to see the most

* An Explanation of Ancient Terms and Measures of Land, with some account of old Tenures. Collected and compiled from various sources, and arranged in alphabetical order. By Philip H. Hore, of Pole Hore, co. Wexford. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1874.

memorable passages in Domesday, passages which have been found capable of awakening historical and even romantic interest of the highest order, quoted, as they might have been by Blackstone himself, without a notion of their meaning, seemingly without any notion who the people mentioned in them were. We have long extracts from Sir Walter Raleigh about "Earl Gurdus" and "Turkillus," and Mr. Hore quotes the spurious charter to the person whom he calls "Allan, Earl of Britain," with its reference to an imaginary siege of York and an imaginary forfeiture of Earl Eadwine. And the very last sentence in the book contains the entry of the grant made by the Sheriff Godrie to his daughter's teacher in the art of embroidery, quoted, it would seem, without a glimmering of its importance as to the tenure of land and the history of art, to say nothing of its touching personal interest. And we regret that Mr. Hore, in expounding the nature of tenures, has not condescended to explain the exact position of the gentleman to whom his book is "dedicated by permission," and who appears as "S. Little, Esq., of the county of Wexford." A man who is "of" the whole county of Wexford must surely be greater than a man who is only "of" Polo Hore, or any other place in that county. Can we be right in the guess that Mr. Hore is the man of Mr. Little, holding of him doubtless by the most honourable tenure over devised by any of the barbarous hordes who overran the Roman Empire in the days of its decline?

The spectacle of such a book as this, put together by a man who is plainly a single-minded searcher after truth, is a very strange one. What can be the state of mind of a man who takes an interest, one might say an intelligent interest, in a certain subject, and yet who never stops to think—who takes on himself to write books without stopping to think—whether anything has been added to the knowledge of that subject since the days of his great-grandfather? Does Mr. Hore never look at an advertisement or a bookseller's catalogue? Is there no one in the county of Wexford, no fellow-*gerith* of Mr. S. Little, who reads or hears of books written by people born since the revolt of the American colonies? We take this date, as we have a vague notion that Sir Henry Ellis must have been born before. But Mr. Hore is so evidently ingenuous that we feel sure that the day of enlightenment will come, that he will sooner or later wake up, like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, to the existence of the nineteenth century, its scholars, and their researches. It will be a white day at Polo Hore when the cargo of modern books comes at last, and when the writings of the inquirers of modern days, from Palgrave to Stubbs, shall take their places on the shelves of Mr. Hore's library along with the "ancient glossaries and law-dictionaries," whose black letter type and whose quarto size Mr. Hore so feelingly deploras.

IN HONOUR BOUND.*

STORIES founded on the unreasonable sensibilities and imbecile willfulness of women are always interesting in a certain way, though they are also always sad, and generally irritating. Plain common-sense people wonder what there is for the foolish creature to make so much fuss about, and why she cannot be easy and take life quietly like the rest. Why see lions in the way when there are not even hares or rabbits nibbling the sides of the path? Why persist in being unhappy when every one wishes her to be glad, and all try to make her content? The reader gets fretted at the heroine's silly sorrows, and cannot find any sympathy for one who will tilt with windmills and make mountains out of molehills.

It was with something of this feeling that we went through the story of Mr. Gibbon's *In Honour Bound*. Why should it be as miserable as it is? and would it not have been possible to rescue Teenie before it was too late by the safety-lines of reason and self-control? We think Mr. Gibbon cruel in making this bright irrational creature the sacrifice for her husband and Grace Wishart. We would rather have seen her reduced to reasonableness while yet there was time, with Grace bearing to her life's end her cross of love unfulfilled, as many another woman has borne it before her, and been all the nobler and sweeter for her sorrow. There was no valid reason why Teenie should cast herself away as she does on the rocks of passion and false sentiment. She was not one of those tragic creatures doomed from the beginning and by the very nature of things to failure and despair. On the contrary, we have seldom met with a more entirely joyous and delightful girl than this "tall sinewy lass, with wavy fair hair, and plenty of it; big blue eyes; soft rounded features, sunbrowned and healthful," who meets us at her cottage door as fresh as a spring day, as strong as the ocean breeze blowing in her face. She is so charming and natural in the earlier pages that we honestly grieve when she becomes the sickly-minded sentimentalist of the later chapters; the self-torturer, seeing nothing clearly as it is, but only through the blinding mists of her petulant imagination and irrational fancies, and destroying her own happiness, and the happiness of all with whom she is connected, for the sake of foolish feelings by which she is very nearly reduced to the level of moral idiocy.

The opening chapters of *In Honour Bound* are exceedingly pretty. The portrait of this bright heroine, Teenie or Christina Thorston, Skipper Dan's daughter, and a kind of aristocrat among the fisher-folk, frank, innocent, brave, superstitious, loving, rustic,

is purely charming; and the scene where she "tries the spell" with Allie or Alison Burges is full of humour and careful drawing. But we soon have indications, even in those early pages, of the future uncomfortable development, which however seems to us always strained and inharmonious with the leading traits of Teenie's character; and we cannot but think that Mr. Gibbon has somehow wandered from his original model, and found his story stronger than his psychology. In the earlier phases of Teenie, now as a bit lassie fishing in her father's boat with young Wattie Burnett, Dalmahoy's son, crying contemptuously, "Hoot, you fool!" when he loses his bite, and approvingly, "Man! but that's fine!" when he lands his fish; now as the frankly loving maiden trying spells with kindly Allie, indignant when the Oraculum forbids, overjoyed when it promises "love until death"; and, finally, as the pretty nymph down in the cove with her lover, listening to his love-story and yielding to his insistence without much trouble—in none of these pictures do we see a forecast of the future unreasonableness whereby everything goes to shipwreck together. To be sure, there are elsewhere certain scattered indications which, read by the light of the end, come out in more distinctness than when we first meet with them. For instance, when Teenie, after her love-scene with Walter, speaks to the men who gather round her father's boat with a familiarity that annoys him, "laughing at their jokes and apparently taking the liveliest interest in all their movements," there is "an element of defiance in her activity" which tells something of the temper to come. When she is in the boat with her father, on the eve of her marriage, and she asks him if he is "sorry about the morn," and will he miss her when she is "away from the Norlan?" and on his answering her hoarsely, "Bairn, it's like rugging the heart out of me to let you go," she impudently breaks out with "Then I'll not go!" Again, when she goes to Dalmahoy and the old Laird tells her that his son must endure loss and misery if he marries her, she jumps up and, but for Walter's tenderness, would have renounced him then and there, "cold, frowning, scornful," more for wounded pride than for self-sacrificing love. But with all these forecasts, the full development of her character, suspicious, unreasonable, untractable, comes with a certain sense of strangeness and unnaturalness which does undoubtedly mar the reader's pleasure in what is for the most part careful and well-considered work.

Mr. Gibbon has manifest pleasure in his work. All that part of the book where he deals with the simple fisher-folk and their perils is written *con amore*, and with as much knowledge as love. We smell the salt breezes and see the rugged honest men and women, so ignorant and brave, with their dread of novelties and their childish belief in themselves and their old-world spells. One or two anecdotes have evidently been taken from the life. One is that when, during a storm that lasted many days, the women marched up to the manse, where the minister had hung out a barometer, to beseech him to "set the weather-guide to 'fair,'" and he tried to explain the true nature and functions of the instrument, the poor wives and mothers whose husbands and sons were out on the raging sea, though they listened to what he had to say, believed nothing of what they heard. They believed in Skipper Dan's weather wisdom, but not in this strange-looking machine which might be a wizard's work for anything they could tell. So they took stones and smashed it; and when the weather changed soon after this, "Tibbie Gow, who had been a ring-leader in the outrage on the barometer, exclaimed triumphantly, 'I tell't you how it would be!—it's just thae new-fangled whigmalceries that's setting a' things wrang. We maun take care o' the minister, for he's a guid sort o' sowl, though he's weak, like a' man bodies.'" So too we read "taken from life," when the railway was planned and made, and one Willie Stark, "a man in years but a child in mind," burst into his mother's cottage, "crying in much wonder, 'Eh, mither, mither! what do you think I saw but the smiddy running awa with a row of houses!'" The epitaph on Susan Gray with her "two bad legs and a very bad cough," and the further information that "it was the two bad legs that carried her off," is luckeyed enough; but Jean Watt's conversation with her cronie on Sandy's rheumatism is original. "Sandy's just that bad," she says, "he canna move hand or foot; but he's had mustard and vinegar on at the foot o' the shoulder-blades and a batter as big as your twa hands, an' I canna tell you how many salts he's taken, so I'm thinking he'll be some better the morn. What are you paying for tatties now?" Wearied as we are with conventional work wherein not a line is taken direct from nature, but all from fancy models which were never true, disgusted with portraits of men and women evolved out of the depths of the author's inner consciousness, but like nothing to be met with on the face of the earth, bits of pure homely life like these, transcribed direct and absolutely real, come with a strangely refreshing influence. They reconcile us to the "quaint trade" which else sometimes seems to us the saddest waste of time and energy possible to sane humanity, so sad that we wonder how it prospers at all and does not break up by its own inherent worthlessness.

If the complex nature of Teenie seems to us a little beyond Mr. Gibbon's grasp, other characters, simpler and less involved, are very well portrayed. Certainly the best are the simplest, and the simplest are the fisher-folk. Dan Thorston is a good specimen, and rugged kindly Allie is also excellently drawn. The Laird, pompous, artificial, theatrical, untrue, but with a kind heart at bottom, is somewhat hazy, and we refuse to join hands with Dame Wishart, who is too much after the pattern of an old lay figure draped as part sibyl, part hag, to be pleasant. Grace is very

* *In Honour Bound*. By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

sweet and noble, but we cannot overcome a feeling of incongruity in her intense attachment for Walter. As he was younger in years and lighter in temperament than she, it seems to us that her affection should have been that of a mother or an elder sister rather than a wife to have been in absolute accord with her character; and we do not like the moony mournfulness that possesses her after the boy's marriage with Teenie. To be sure, Walter has no rivals in the place where he lives, and we all know what opportunity and propinquity do for young men and maidens; still, the lines of her nature, as Mr. Gibbon has laid them, are too broad and noble for anything like the mean considerations that would influence lower souls; and we think we have a right to be a little disappointed in Grace, good and true as she substantially is. She is simply not quite good and true enough for her best self, and her self-control might have been more complete. We object to the whole of the episode of Teenie's ridiculous flight. It is silly and unnatural, the act of a maniac rather than of a sane person, inasmuch as there was no existing cause sufficiently strong to excuse such a monstrous bit of wickedness; for even the young wife's excited feelings, consequent on what she hears and sees, are scarcely powerful enough to explain her subsequent flight. And, having run away, she should not have come back again. There is a want of grip and purpose in making what the fisher-folk would have called a stour over a rootless bit of business like this flight and return. If Teenie had to die for the exigencies of the story, and to give Grace Wishart a chance, she might have been killed by a more homely and more probable cause than that of fever from exposure and infection combined. It was a pity to kill her all the same; and we wish she had lived to make a more rational wife in the future for Walter, a good housekeeper, and a pleasant mother for Baby, instead of losing her life for a folly and a fancy not far removed from self-murder.

But though we find faults in this book, we also acknowledge its merits. It is pleasantly written, and many episodes in it are tenderly and quaintly touched. If, as we think, it lacks a certain "staying power," a certain harmony and continuity of interest, it does not lack isolated traits of interest, nor passages of thought and beauty. Mr. Gibbon's forte lies in the faithful delineation of the homely Scottish folk he has seen and known personally, rather than in the more creative and imaginative qualities of a novelist; and the less complex his characters the more lifelike and natural they are. Some authors excel in the portrayal of involved and many-sided natures; he is not one of them. His best work is the homeliest, and the simpler he is the more pathetic and the more interesting are both his story and his style, his characters and his scenes.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

PLANTS; their Natural Growth and Ornamental Treatment, by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A., &c. (Marcus Ward).—"Ornamentists," says Mr. Hulme in the introduction to this handsome volume, "commonly overlook the treasures that Nature scatters around them." Ornamentists—till we read this page, we had not so much as heard that there were Ornamentists—will no longer have any excuse for their negligence, so admirably has Mr. Hulme executed his task. In the three hundred and fifty carefully executed illustrations which adorn his work he shows both the natural form of each plant—we may almost say of each part of the plant—and also the mode in which it has been treated artistically. His examples he often seeks in the carvings that adorn the walls and columns of our cathedrals. As the pictures of the flowers are all coloured, the designer, as well as the carver in stone, will find here much that will be valuable to him. The full descriptions that are given of each plate are for the most part well done. Mr. Hulme, however, is not very strong in the derivation of words. He uses the word "plicate," for instance, and derives it from the Latin "plica," a fold. In another passage he writes:—"The generic name *Crocus* was bestowed upon these plants by Linnæus. Its significance seems not quite clear, as by one writer it is derived from the Greek word for filament or thread; another finds in mythical story an explanation of the name in the ardent passion of *Crocus* for the fair *Smilax*; while a third derives it from *Coriscus*, a mountain of Cilicia."

Scarcely less interesting, though it is written for the botanist alone, and not for the "ornamentist," is the second series of *Alpine Plants*, edited by David Wooster, F.R.H.S., Assistant-Secretary to the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science. (Bell and Sons).—This handsome volume contains "figures and descriptions of some of the most striking and beautiful of the Alpine flowers." The figures are well drawn and well coloured, while the descriptions are short and to the point. Our only fear is lest so beautiful a work should tempt some lady already too fond of flowers to the edge of a precipice. There have been falls enough already in the search after rare plants.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by Thomas Lewin, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. (Bell and Sons).—It is of course impossible for us in a notice of Christmas books to enter into the merits of Mr. Lewin's work on St. Paul and his writings. It has, as the author tells us in his preface, engaged his attention, more or less, for upwards of forty years. "It was," he says, "a labour of love, but proceeded slowly." The present publication is not merely a reprint of the first edition; it is a reprint to which the leisure hours

of the last twenty-three years have in a great measure been devoted. If, as we are told, the first edition was almost destitute of illustrations, the same certainly cannot be said of the two handsome volumes before us, with their 370 engravings. Mr. Lewin has gone to a great variety of sources in his search of illustrative matter, and he has, as he tells us, met "with the utmost liberality, both from publishers and authors." We have views of almost every place that is in any way associated with St. Paul, while antique gems also have been laid under contribution to furnish likenesses. We have the head of "Menander, the comic poet, cited by St. Paul," while even *Lais* appears in the views of Corinth. She might wonder how she gets into the Life of St. Paul with as much reason as did the fly at finding itself in the amber. Together with the illustrations are given many excellent maps and plans. In fact, Mr. Lewin has evidently spared neither labour nor expense to render his work generally attractive.

Military and Religious Life in the Middle Ages and at the Period of the Renaissance, by Paul Lacroix, Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris. (Chapman and Hall).—This handsome volume is illustrated by fourteen chromo-lithographic prints and upwards of four hundred engravings on wood. "It forms," to quote the author, "a collection of archaeological treasures got together after the most laborious research." The engravings are indeed of great variety and great interest, and throw considerable light on the period of history which they are meant to illustrate. We cannot, unfortunately, speak so highly of the narrative. It is not, we conceive, of any great merit in the original. In its so-called English form it is very poor. We are not surprised to find, considering that the author is a Frenchman, that he finds it necessary to explain how it was that on distant expeditions Charlemagne's army "was rather a German than a French one." He, or his translator, goes, however, rather too far when he states, as he clearly does, that the Iberians invaded Spain, and "the Celts installed themselves among the Gauls" (*sic*), after "the art of war had attained its highest degree of perfection among the Romans." It was not, moreover, in the twelfth century that Tertullian enunciated his ideas in his *Apologeticum*, nor was it Columbus who discovered the new Continent, nor American Vespazius (*sic*) who named it. In the chapter that is given to the Inquisition it will be interesting to Protestants, and instructive also, to learn that it was the Catholics who were persecuted and put to the torment. By the Inquisition, we read also, "the political aim of the Kings of Spain was attained, for the maintenance of religious unity preserved the kingdom from the bloody catastrophes which at that period spread desolation throughout France and England."

Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories, by Miss Thackeray, Author of "Five Old Friends," &c. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—For those who would value a Christmas gift, not by the money that was given for it, but by the pleasure that it gives, we could scarcely wish a more charming present than this book of Miss Thackeray's. It contains four stories of modern life, which have nevertheless a most quaint likeness to the Old Fairy Tales whose names they bear. All the stories are admirable in their way; the best, perhaps, is "Riquet à la houppe," with its incidents of foreign travel and its peeps into life among the Alps. "The writers of the fairy-tale hexameters," in which the argument of each story is given, must not miss the praise which is due to them.

Old and New London: a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places, by Walter Thornbury. Illustrated with numerous engravings from the most authentic sources. Vol. II. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).—Many of the illustrations contained in this large volume are curious and interesting; some of them, indeed, are reprints of engravings which have become very scarce. The accompanying narrative is also interesting, though we could have wished that in his account of Newgate the author had, if we may say so, hung less fondly on the gallows.

The Troublesome World; or, Bet of Stone. A True Story, by Lady Barker. (Hatchards).—This is a very curious story that Lady Barker tells of a Scotch girl who, in the middle of last century, was wrongfully accused of theft, was condemned, transported, and captured by pirates. Interesting as it will be found by young people, it would have been found still more interesting by older people had Lady Barker given us copies of some of the old documents from which she has worked up her story. It is curious to find that, when speaking of George II.'s time, she regrets "the grand old simple faith of those times, a faith which these bustling days lack." In spite of Whitefield and Wesley, the chief characteristic of the period of George II. seems to us scarcely to have been grand old simple faith.

Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers, by J. L. Molloy. With illustrations by Linley Sambourne. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.).—The four friends and their dog Gyp who took this autumn holiday on the Seine and the Loire so thoroughly enjoyed themselves that the reader of their tour, however critical he may be, cannot but enter into their enjoyment himself. In spite of the boating slang the narrative is very lively, while the illustrations are not unworthy of the narrative.

Walking and Working; or, from Girlhood to Womanhood, by Mrs. G. S. Reaney. (King and Co.).—This story for young girls will be liked by those who like the *Record*. While the parent reads the columns of that religious and charitable paper, his little daughter could not do better than read by his side this religious and charitable story. A baby is lying to all appearances at death's door. The old grandmother, whose ideas of God are certainly

remarkable, prays, "Heavenly Father, just tell Death to take the old one and leave the babe." She at once dies and the child recovers. We are reminded of Xerxes's wife who slaughtered a dozen or so of young men and maidens in the hope that Death would be satisfied for a time and spare her.

The Hanging of the Crane, by H. W. Longfellow. With illustrations. (Routledge and Sons).—The two artists and the two engravers who have illustrated Mr. Longfellow's poem have done their work in a manner not unworthy of the poet. Miss Mallock's figure drawings are graceful, and Mr. T. Moran's landscapes are pretty enough.

Dr. Ox's Experiment, and other Stories. Translated from the French of Jules Verne. With numerous illustrations. (Samson Low and Co.).—We have here a collection of four very humorous stories by Jules Verne. The first of the stories is perhaps the best, though all are good. A heavy, dull, peaceable race of men, by breathing pure oxygen, have suddenly been rendered noisy and quarrelsome, and determine to attack a neighbouring town. The burgomaster and a leading councillor are sent up the belfry to reconnoitre the country. They had formerly been the best of friends, but the air they now breathed had rendered them quarrelsome too. As they begin to mount the stairs they were wrangling, but the oxygenized air ascended to no great height, and before they reached the top they were as friendly and as quiet as ever. They forgot their purpose and spent their time in admiring the prospect. On their descent of course the quarrelsome mood returned. The illustrations are not unworthy of the story.

Stories of Animal Sagacity, by W. H. G. Kingston. With sixty illustrations by Harrison Weir. (Nelson and Sons).—Mr. Kingston's stories are interesting, though they would have been all the better if they had not had morals tacked on to them. We have never yet met, and we hope we never shall meet, a child who would willingly read an application. Happily Mr. Harrison Weir has illustrated the stories and not the morals.

Aunt Louisa's Zoological Gardens. With twenty-four pages of illustrations by Kronheim. (Warne and Co.).—The illustrations are fairly well done, and the accompanying narrative is for the most part clear and simple. "In winter," as we read in the account of "The Bison," "when the cold is severe, the good God causes thick warm hair to cover the entire body of the Bison. At this time, therefore, the skin of the Buffalo is more valuable than in the summer." Whether the Divine goodness is more manifested by the warmth that is imparted to the animal's body, or by the increased value that is given to its skin, is not made so clear as might be desired.

The Insect, by Jules Michelet. With one hundred and forty illustrations by Giacomelli. (Nelson and Sons).—Though the translator has done his part of the work well, yet M. Michelet's poetical essays have of necessity suffered not a little by being turned out of French into English. The sentimentality which passes muster very well in modern French is not always quite so pleasing in English. The book nevertheless will be read with interest while Mr. Giacomelli's illustrations are admirable. So poetical a writer as M. Michelet was fortunate in finding a no less poetical illustrator in Mr. Giacomelli.

Sea Breezes, by the Author of "Knights of the Frozen Sea," &c. With sixty-six illustrations. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—In the pictures of ships of all ages and all countries that are contained in this little book boys will find, no doubt, much to interest them. The narrative, however, is rather curious than accurate. We are surprised to find an old Captain, while describing the voyage of the Phœnicians right round Africa, exclaim, "There was a voyage for men who had nothing but the pole-star to guide them." The Captain himself had never been south of the Equator, it would seem, if he expected that the pole-star would be seen there. There is some curious speculation on the probability of "our first father Adam having found means to travel on the Euphrates or Tigris." Carthaginians, we are told, colonized Britain, while "some people think also that they discovered the gorilla."

Dog Life. Illustrated by sixteen engravings after Sir Edwin Landseer. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—This work, to quote from the title-page, contains "narratives exhibiting instinct, intelligence, fidelity, sympathy, attachment, and sorrow." The narratives for the most part are very curious and interesting. It would have been better if the introduction, in which instinct is discussed in four pages, had been left out altogether. Reason scarcely assists us in understanding such a sentence as the following:—"The phrase (instinct) is often applied to another use; namely, to cover a felt inability—a powerlessness to explain or define." We need scarcely say how much the engravings after Landseer add to the value and interest of the book.

The Town Crier: a Christmas Story-book for Young Children, by Florence Montgomery, Author of "Misunderstood" (Bentley and Son).—Miss Montgomery is scarcely so successful in her book this year as she has formerly been. It was difficult, no doubt, to write a story which should be a rival to *Misunderstood* in the affections of young people. The *Town Crier* is meant for very little children. It is a good moral story of almost an old-fashioned kind; but the story stops too often while the author preaches.

The Ocean and its Wonders, by N. M. Ballantyne (Nelson and Sons).—This little book certainly contains a good deal of interesting information, but it is compiled, we should imagine, by a writer who is not altogether master of his subject. On the same page he states that "we are warranted in coming to the conclusion that the ocean nowhere exceeds five miles in depth," and that "there

are profundities in its bosom which have never yet been sounded, and probably never will be." Later on he states that, "as cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, the Gulf Stream is thus prevented from losing its caloric," &c. A reader would infer from the whole paragraph that the preservation of its heat by the Gulf Stream depends on the fact that it flows not merely over water, but over cold water.

The Autobiography of a Man-o-War's Bell: a Tale of the Sea, by Lieutenant C. R. Low, (late) R.N. With illustrations. (Routledge).—This is a republication of a story which we criticized in Routledge's Annual for last year. The faults that we then pointed out have not been amended. "I commenced," says the hero of the tale in an early page, "to adopt the habit I have since practised," &c. If boys once "commence" to read such stories as this, they run a great chance of commencing at the same time to adopt the habit of talking big, but foolishly.

Peter Parley's Annual for 1875. With nine coloured illustrations. (Ben. George).—The stories in this Annual are quite harmless, and at least as interesting as stories in an Annual are wont to be. We scarcely follow, however, the author of a paper on the Octopus, where he says:—"How is the word pronounced? Look it out in the lexicon, and see for yourself—*octopous*, having eight feet; an omega, you see, not an omicron, in the middle of the word; so that when we hear any one call the octopus an octopus, we can say internally, 'You have not looked that word out, sir!'"

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual, edited by Edmund Routledge, F.R.G.S. (Routledge and Sons).—This is in every way a bigger Annual than Peter Parley's. It is a bigger book in itself, and has bigger tales, bigger incidents, bigger pictures, and bigger words. It is, however, scarcely less harmless.

An Almanac and Handbook for Ireland, by Charles Eason. (Dublin: Smith and Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—Though only in its second year, this Almanac already deserves to take a high place. It has been planned with considerable judgment, and seems to have been executed with great care. To the tourist it affords useful information both as to the routes he should select and the trains he should go by. Should he be an angler, he will find in a short sketch of the angling districts all the information he could require. It gives him also a convenient and clear summary of the characteristics of the more important towns. The student of contemporaneous history will find under the head of "Statistics of Ireland" a great deal of very valuable information put together in a most convenient form. We hope that Mr. Eason's example will be followed, and that in other parts of the British Empire local almanacs may be produced containing an equal amount of local information.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

GRAMMARS and anthologies bearing upon mediæval and Renaissance lore are now almost of daily occurrence, and help of every kind is afforded to readers who wish to become acquainted with a part of the literary world hitherto imperfectly known to young students. It may seem hardly credible, but it is the fact, that until quite lately the pupils of the French Colleges and Lycées were not officially taught to admire any other writers than those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Malherbe was their starting-point, and André Chénier their extreme limit on this side; all the period before the *Stances à Duperrier* and since the *Jeune captive* was entirely neglected. The present Minister of Public Instruction, however, has changed all that, and now, thanks to M. de Cumont, excursions into the sixteenth century are not only allowed, but prescribed. This innovation has suggested to M. Brachet an excellent little book* containing choice extracts from seventeen poets and twenty-one prose writers, beginning with Pierre Gringore and ending with St. François de Sales. This small volume, compiled with the author's usual accuracy and scholarship, is introduced by a detailed French grammar of the sixteenth-century language; the specimens come next; and, finally, we have a philological and historical commentary, followed by a glossary. M. Brachet has carefully avoided giving too erudite a character to his work; it is intended chiefly, if not exclusively, for beginners, and is therefore essentially of a practical nature.

The *Nouvelle grammaire française*†, for which we are indebted to the same writer, is also a treatise to be placed in the hands of young people belonging to the Lycées. Every one who seriously thinks on the subject must be driven to the conclusion that the historical method is the only safe and rational way of teaching grammar; boys remember much more easily things which they understand; not to add that, as the French of the present day is derived from that of earlier times, we must have some knowledge of the one in order to be able to account for the other. And yet it is not so very long ago that schoolmasters wedded to routine persisted in asserting that the historical study of the French language was, for young pupils, absolute waste of time, and that nothing was wanted but a training in the knowledge of colloquial French. M. Brachet has no difficulty in exploding this absurd idea, and he abundantly proves that no more time need be spent in doing a thing properly

* *Morceaux choisis des écrivains français du seizième siècle*. Par A. Brachet. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Nouvelle grammaire française*. Par A. Brachet. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

and rationally than in taking the wrong road to knowledge. Pupils and teachers have now, indeed, to be cautioned against the danger of going too far in the opposite direction, and introducing comparative grammar and Aryan etymologies *à tort et à travers*. M. Brachet is equally strong against these enthusiasts, and shows the necessity of keeping steadily on the track marked out by MM. Burnouf, Eggor, and other experienced philologists. The grammar itself is extremely simple, and is so printed that the pupil's various stages of proficiency can be always kept in view. The notes are given in large type, whilst the historical and philological developments which may be introduced and explained as circumstances suggest appear in smaller characters. A companion volume of exercises is announced by the publishers.

When M. Brachet has finished his collection of French extracts with the series which he promises on mediæval writers, he will have placed within the reach of students all the necessary help towards a complete knowledge of the French language and literature. In the meanwhile M. Gidel's admirable handbook covers exactly the ground which M. Brachet has as yet left unoccupied.* It is a history of mediæval French, comprising not merely grammatical details, but a continuous narrative, divided into chapters, and illustrated by a large number of extracts. We are glad to see that M. Gidel does not neglect the Troubadours. Some critics look upon the Langue d'Oc as having nothing to do with French literature properly so called, and as being a kind of transient phenomenon which the crusade against the Albigenses destroyed for ever. It is indeed true that Provençal culture was of relatively short duration; but that is no reason why it should not be taken notice of; and the poetry of the Troubadours well deserves attention, to say nothing of the philology of an idiom which is still used in the southern provinces of France. M. Gidel devotes a distinct chapter to this interesting subject. Supported by the authority of such men as Raynouard, Fauriel, and Ozanam, he introduces us to the numerous forms of composition cultivated by the Troubadours; he describes the *sirvente*, the *tenson*, the *sixtine*, the *aubade*, &c., &c., and quotes choice specimens from the works of Gacebrun Faydit, Bertrand de Born, Savarie de Mauldon, and others. The *chansons de geste* come next, followed by the *romans d'aventure*, and the cycle of the Round Table. M. Gidel's summary of the leading characteristics of each style of composition is always put in as brief and clear a manner as possible; and the specimens introduced are accompanied by translations which will be found of considerable use. Another noticeable merit of this volume is the frequent reference to well-known guides and authorities on French mediæval literature. MM. Dammou, Gautier, Littré, Leclerc, Guessard, Brachet, are constantly quoted, and M. Gidel has taken care to transcribe his extracts of mediæval works from the best editions.

The *Bibliothèque elzévirienne*, at present continued by M. Paul Daffis, has recently been enriched by the addition of two authors belonging to the one to the thirteenth century, the other to the sixteenth. About forty years ago M. Jubinal published the works of Rutebeuf in two octavo volumes; he now re-edits them, and, if we might trust the title-page †, his previous labours have been revised and corrected. We are sorry to say, however, that blunders which disfigured the former edition are religiously preserved in this, and the only alterations we have noticed appear in the preface and the explanatory notes. Rutebeuf is one of the most remarkable of the French *trouvères*, and yet very little is known about him. Some critics have even questioned whether his name was not a *sobriquet*, such as were so often used in those times; Villon, for instance, is a pseudonym which conceals the mediæval *garçole* named Corbueil; Rutebeuf (Rutebeuf, Rutebuis, Rutebuis) probably was the *nom de plume* of the author to whom we are indebted to the *Nouvelle complainte d'outre-mer*. At all events our poet deserves to be remembered, not only as a witty and brilliant writer, but also because he supplies abundant evidence on the history of his own times. M. Jubinal aptly remarks that on several points he completes Joinville's *Histoire de Saint-Louis*; thus he gives us many details respecting Geoffroy de Sargines, Thibaut V., the Count of Poitiers, &c., &c. Moreover, his allusions to numerous contemporaneous events, the satirical shafts which he aims at prelates, monks, nuns, knights, and princes, and his descriptions of customs and usages, give exceptional value to his compositions. He may be briefly characterized as the Saint-Simon, or rather the Béranger, of the thirteenth century. The present volume contains, in addition to the biographical notices, thirty-one poems of Rutebeuf.

Noël du Fail, Sieur de la Hérissey ‡, is another writer whose works should be known by all who care for old French literature, and he has found in M. Assézat a very competent editor. Unfortunately, in his case, as in that of Rutebeuf, biographical details are totally wanting, and we are reduced to draw inferences from various particulars contained in the author's works. That is what M. Assézat has done. Those who read his preface will perhaps be inclined to think that very little indeed has been brought to light respecting Noël du Fail, and we are quite of their opinion; but we must remember the proverb "à l'impossible nul n'est tenu," and for our part we are satisfied that the learned editor has done his best. The Sieur de la Hérissey belongs to the tribe of humorists

headed by Rabelais, and which boasts of such representatives as Bonaventure Despériers, Béroalde de Verville, and Thibout des Accords. In his *Tableau de la poésie française au XVI^e siècle*, M. Sainte-Beuve had ventured to speak somewhat slightly of the *Badiverneries d'Eutrapel*; whereupon M. Assézat supports his opinion by a detailed analysis of Du Fail's writings. Referring the reader to the preface of the first volume, we shall merely add here that the works published and annotated for the *Bibliothèque elzévirienne* of M. P. Daffis are—(1) the *Propos rustiques*; (2) the *Badiverneries ou contes nouvelez*; (3) the *Contes et discours d'Eutrapel*. The second volume contains a copious philological and historical index. With all the learning and humour of Rabelais, Noël du Fail combines much tenderness and a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature; on the other hand, whilst he is full of fun and enjoys a good joke, he has not the coarseness of *Joyeux devis* and of the *Moyen de parvenir*.

M. Alexandre Weill* writes on the paper cover of his book, "Aucun homme sérieux, de n'importe quel parti, ne comprendra bien la portée des événements actuels, sans avoir lu cette histoire." In the author's opinion, society is now situated precisely as it was three hundred years ago, and the Communists of the present day can trace back their ancestry to the Republican Anabaptists so vigorously denounced by Luther. M. Weill devotes a long introduction to a statement of the various points of difference which existed between the Roman Catholics, the Anabaptists, and the Lutherans; he shows what he considers to be the errors of each party, and he concludes by remarking that the views maintained by Munzer and his adherents had for their foundation a principle subversive of society and contrary to all the laws of nature. This principle is stated by M. Weill in the following terms:—"Man is born or regenerated good. The word of God is sufficient for him. He has no need of that element of force which is called justice. Every authority derived from the power of the sword—that is to say, from duty made obligatory—is unlawful, null *ipso facto*, and must be destroyed." It is unnecessary to examine M. Weill's refutation of an absurd and anarchical paradox.

M. Ferdinand Hoefert† has added another volume to his handbooks on the history of science. Mathematics form the subject of his present publication, and, in a succinct but sufficiently complete exposition, he describes the progress of that branch of knowledge from the earliest epoch to our own day. The introductory chapters treat of the origin of the science of numbers, and take us at once out of the region of those *à priori* theories which have proved so fatal to sound knowledge. The Eastern nations then come under notice, and an account of the Greeks and Arabs, considered as mathematicians, brings us to the philosophers of the middle ages, and finally to those of modern times. M. Hoefert enters into all necessary details respecting the most important discoveries; he illustrates his statements by woodcuts, and the bibliographical indications contained in the notes enable the student to consult for himself the various authors referred to.

Amongst the scientific books we have lately received two or three important ones deserve mention here. M. Réal's *Traité de mécanique générale*‡ may be regarded as an introduction to the science of mechanics in its various applications. It is divided into three parts, treating respectively—(1) of motion studied independently of its causes; (2) of the motion of material systems; (3) of thermodynamics. The work is to consist of two volumes, the first of which only is now before us. M. Réal explains the different theories put forward by the best authorities of our own day, such as MM. Poincaré, Bertrand, Yvon Villarceau, and Maurice Lévy, and he has especially added new remarks to the part bearing upon thermodynamics, completing it by a theory of projectiles in fire-arms. The second volume is announced as in the press.

Captain Picardat§ discourses of mines in their connexion with war operations on a field of battle. It is a subject totally distinct from that of siege operations; and its treatment does not require the same special knowledge and experience. An officer of engineers alone is competent to direct and work mining operations in the attack on a town or fortress. On the other hand, any officer, says M. Picardat, ought to be able to carry out such operations in their relation to ordinary field warfare, and the purpose of the present volume is to explain the best means of doing so. After a short preface on the various plans proposed by engineers and chemists, our author suggests some views of his own, examining successively the resources resulting from the use of pyrotechnic preparations, and those derived from the appliance of electricity.

The ravages occasioned by the Phylloxera amongst the vineyards give special importance to M. Maurice Girard's pamphlet, which describes the nature of the disease and discusses the best means of preventing it.||

Under the title of *Premiers Lundis*¶ M. Jules Troubat has collected the early articles contributed by M. Sainte-Beuve to the *Globe* newspaper, and to sundry other journals, before he had

* *Histoire de la littérature française, depuis son origine jusqu'à la renaissance*. Par Charles Gidel. Paris: Lemerre.

† *Œuvres complètes de Rutebeuf*. Publiées par Ach. Jubinal. Nouvelle édition, revue et corrigée. Vol. I. Paris: Daffis.

‡ *Œuvres facétieuses de Noël du Fail, seigneur de la Hérissey*. Publiées par J. Assézat. Paris: Daffis.

* *Histoire de la guerre des Anabaptistes*. Par Alexandre Weill. Paris: Dentu.

† *Histoire des mathématiques*. Par F. Hoefert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Traité de mécanique générale*. Par H. Réal. Vol. I. Paris: Gautier Villars.

§ *Les mines dans la guerre de campagne*. Par A. Picardat. Paris: Gautier Villars.

|| *Le Phylloxera de la vigne*. Par M. Maurice Girard. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Premiers Lundis*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vol. 1. Paris: Lévy.

joined the *Revue de Paris*, and subsequently the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is interesting to watch the first efforts of a critic who was destined to obtain so brilliant a reputation, and to compare the crudeness of his early performances with the finish of the later *causeries*. M. Troubat deserves our thanks for the zeal with which he endeavours to rescue from oblivion every monument of M. Sainte-Beuve's indefatigable industry; the preface to his volume gives us a number of interesting details as to the author's connexion with the *Globe* and the *National*, and many of the articles now brought together for the first time have a special interest in connexion with those already known to the public. Thus two papers on M. Victor Hugo's *Odes et ballades* show us the critic judging with some amount of severity, but fairly on the whole, the poet for whom he afterwards professed so great an admiration. The article on *Joseph Delorme* is extremely amusing, because it is not often that we find an author sitting in judgment upon his own works, and characterizing them with so much truth. We are not told to how many volumes the *Premiers Lundis* will extend, but there must be still a goodly array of M. Sainte-Beuve's criticisms to disinter from the columns of the newspapers where they lie buried. In the meanwhile M. Troubat is also busy in collecting Sainte-Beuve's letters; and we may expect much valuable information from the publication he announces.

M. Odysse Barot's sketch of English literature* is a pleasant volume which we can heartily recommend to readers who have no leisure for a perusal of M. Taine's larger work. As the title says, the author deals specially with the literary movement of our own day; but it would of course be impossible to appreciate this thoroughly without a reference to previous culture, and the remark which M. Brachet makes *à propos* of France is equally applicable here. Accordingly M. Barot begins with a retrospect of English literature, divided into three chapters treating respectively of the period before the Commonwealth, that between the Restoration and the French Revolution, and the forty years commencing with 1800. Extracts are given in sufficient number to show the style of the various authors, and an alphabetical index concludes the volume.

The dedication of a work on Rome and Church politics to M. Edmond About† shows sufficiently in what spirit it is written; we must own, however, that M. Jung nowhere displays that flippancy which so frequently spoils M. About's arguments, and prejudices serious people against them. He seeks to point out the danger which France would run by adopting Ultramontane views, and he particularly insists on the idea that a close alliance between Royalty and the Vatican, as the latter is now governed, would be fatal to the former. The policy of the old French Monarchy was diametrically opposite to that which some imprudent statesmen now favour; and Henry IV., Richelieu, and Louis XIII. were better inspired than Charles X. when they adopted openly and firmly the principles of Gallicanism. M. Jung explains with much clearness the conflicts between Rome and the Court of Versailles under Louis XIV.; he then describes the political arrangements which led to the assembly of the French clergy in 1682, and subsequently to the Concordat of 1801; finally, he places before us the present state of affairs at Rome, and in the appendix to his interesting volume he reprints a number of valuable illustrative documents.

The memoirs of Count Miot de Melito‡, now published in a cheaper form, but without any alteration, do not require any notice here. We may for the same reason pass over a reprint of M. Ampère's interesting *Journal et correspondance*§.

We have received a long answer of M. Étienne Arago|| to the attacks made upon him by the *Commissions d'enquête parlementaire* organized to investigate the conduct of the Government of September 4th. Many members of that Government, amongst others M. Jules Simon, have already pleaded their cause at the bar of the country. The Mayor of Paris now steps forward and endeavours to show that during the period of his administration he never failed to do his duty. The accusation of conniving at the designs of the demagogues of the Commune has often been brought, not only against M. Arago, but also against his colleagues of the Paris municipality; it may or may not be true, but we think it cannot be denied that great weakness was manifested at the Hôtel de Ville, and M. Arago's elaborate defence does not sufficiently clear him from blame on that score.

M. Nisard¶ takes us back to classical times; his brilliant sketches of Tacitus, Livy, Sallust, and Cæsar give us an excellent idea of the four great historians of ancient Rome, and treat them as representatives of different classes of writers. The essay on Cæsar was partly suggested by Napoleon III.'s work, which M. Nisard had to review.

M. Nourrisson's monograph on Machiavel** cannot fail to excite much interest, and it deserves to be noticed as one of the best contributions lately published on the history of Italy during the sixteenth century.

* *Histoire de la littérature contemporaine en Angleterre*. Par M. Odysse Barot. Paris: Charpentier.

† *La France et Rome; étude historique*. Par M. Jung. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Mémoires du comte Miot de Melito*. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Journal et correspondance d'A. M. Ampère*. Paris: Lévy.

|| *L'Hôtel de Ville de Paris au 4 septembre, et pendant le siège*. Par M. Étienne Arago. Paris: Hetzel.

¶ *Les quatre grands historiens latins*. Par D. Nisard. Paris: Lévy.

** *Machiavel*. Par Nourrisson. Paris: Didot.

The new instalment of the *Bibliothèque universelle** contains the usual proportion of useful articles, and we would name especially M. Vincent's essay on John Stuart Mill. The English philosopher will for a long time to come excite the curiosity of Continental writers, who are not so likely as ourselves to be biassed by prepossessions both of a literary and of a political nature.

Novels abound as usual. Those which have any pretensions to originality show, with a very few exceptions†, a firm resolve on the part of the authors to borrow their inspirations from questionable types of modern civilization‡; the others are mere reprints of works which have already obtained a deplorable amount of celebrity. M. Gustave Flaubert's *Salammô*§, given, when it first appeared, as an archaeological and historical romance, turns out to be a mere work of fancy, rendered attractive by a pretentious appearance of accuracy, but as full of blunders as the famous *Tentation de Saint-Antoine* which we noticed some time ago. M. Champfleury's *Aventures de mademoiselle Mariette*|| is likewise an old story, considered by some critics to be the masterpiece of the realist school. It would bid fair to be the typical novel of the nineteenth century if there were not, unfortunately, a few antiquated persons who persist in thinking that the ideal of art must not be sought in the gutter.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. Novembre 1874. Lausanne: Bridel.

† *Les cousins de Normandie*. Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Didot.

‡ *La fuite du mari*. Par Henri Rivière. Paris: Livy.

§ *Salammô*. Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris: Charpentier.

|| *Les aventures de mademoiselle Mariette*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS ENEMIES.

WHEN France was overrun by her conquerors, the French were especially struck with one custom which they observed to prevail among the invaders. If a private soldier happened to displease an officer, his superior forthwith gave him a good beating, as if he were a slave or a dog. To a Frenchman of the humblest degree this would have been a mortal insult, but the French observed that the German soldiers took their punishment as a matter of course, and as the most natural thing in the world. It was merely a way of behaving that was in fashion in Germany. Prince BISMARCK is the representative man of Germany, and no German custom comes amiss to him. When anything happens in the German Parliament to provoke him, he behaves like an angry German officer who thinks that a private soldier has been impertinent to him. He lays about him right and left. He does not indeed use his fist. But he uses the whip of a very abusive tongue. He has no anxious thoughts about his dignity, or about the respect due to the representatives of his nation. He says what he pleases, and cares for nothing but his own stinging. The strange scene that was witnessed last week in Berlin could not have been seen in any other Parliament than a German one, and Prince BISMARCK's brothers and friends in arms considered that he laid about him in a very handsome and telling manner, and had given a very proper dressing to a pestilent Ultramontane who had shown much the same insubordination as a private soldier who had ventured to appropriate a clock to which his commanding officer had taken a fancy. We must be content to adopt the philosophy of the French, and to say that, if these are German manners, the Germans are welcome to them. Prince BISMARCK is the greatest subject in Europe, and yet, being a German among Germans, he chose to rival the violence and personalities of a drayman. But then he is a German; he was speaking in a German Parliament, and it was a German whom he abused. And if we once accept the situation, and look on things from the standpoint of Berlin, we must say that the PRINCE was, on the whole, right. The member who offended him was a scarcely concealed enemy, not only of Prince BISMARCK, but of the German Empire. He was a friend of the Ultramontane enemies of Prince BISMARCK, and had recently stated in his place as a member of the Bavarian Parliament that it was no use raising fresh soldiers for Germany, as in the next war they would all desert. He chose to speak of KULLMANN as a maniac. He attributed the recognition of Spain to Prince BISMARCK's anger at the attempt made to assassinate him. He spoke of Russia as alienated altogether from Germany. He depicted Prince BISMARCK as constantly endeavouring to stir up bad blood with France, and to provoke a new war; and he complained that the Foreign Affairs Committee of the State Council was never called together, and that Prince BISMARCK managed matters exactly as he pleased, without ever giving the representatives of the minor States an opportunity of discussing his policy or knowing what it was. In short, he strung together everything he could think of that would be most likely to irritate the PRINCE, and to lower his reputation. He, as it were, went off with Prince BISMARCK's clock publicly, and held it aloft in his exultation. Prince BISMARCK was down on him in a moment, and banged him about as if he had been a larcenous private soldier.

The PRINCE's answer was substantially very simple. Everything that he does to shape the foreign policy of Germany is immediately made known to the members of

the Foreign Affairs Committee, any one of whom might call the Committee together if he pleased. But, as no one thinks of questioning what Prince BISMARCK considers right, the Committee never meets; and this is very natural, for the representatives of the minor States know that Prince BISMARCK would get his own way however much the Committee might meet, and to seem to question his exclusive authority might be taken as indicative of a wish to show that he has not all Germany with him; and as things now stand, he has all Germany with him in the sense that the minor States see no course before them but to follow his lead. In return, statesmen from the minor States are associated with him in carrying out his policy, and more particularly the late Bavarian Premier has been made Ambassador at Paris. The recognition of Spain was simply a set-off to the murder of SCHMIDT. Prince BISMARCK is delighted to say that the days are gone by when foreigners could maltreat Germans with impunity. It is now as dangerous to touch a German as it used to be to hurt the hair of an Englishman's or an American's head. The recognition of Spain was not, indeed, as Prince BISMARCK candidly avowed, the form of reprisal for the murder of SCHMIDT which would have gratified his natural man. What he would have really liked to do was to have sent a German gunboat to Spain, captured some Carlist officer or other, and hanged him up on the sea-shore. But we are too pacific nowadays for that sort of thing, and so, instead of a chance Carlist being hanged, SPERRANO was recognized. Russia would not do as Germany had done; but then SCHMIDT was not a Russian; and as to Russia and Germany, they had been close friends for a century, and their relations are too well established to be "hurt by Lilliputian shots." This was one of the bangs given to the Bavarian private, and in one sense it was certainly very heavy. But calling KULLMANN a maniac was what most hurt the PRINCE's feelings. KULLMANN was not a maniac. He was a very sensible man in his way, and Prince BISMARCK had a most instructive conversation with him, in which the assassin explained that he had no animosity whatever against the PRINCE personally, but had tried to kill him because Prince BISMARCK had offended his party; and KULLMANN went on to say that his party was the Centre party, so that, as the PRINCE declared, KULLMANN did belong to the party of his Parliamentary adversaries, and will stick to their coat-tails however much they may try to get rid of him. This is in a way perfectly true. KULLMANN sticks to the coat-tails of the Ultramontanes just in the way in which the members of the Archbishop of Paris stick to the coat-tails of the Republican party in France. The bitterness of political warfare impels the fanaticism or shelters the ruffianism of a few extreme men, and it is inevitable that the deeds of these extreme men should taint the reputation of many who sincerely abhor and lament what they do. And even they are very often ready to palliate atrocities, and to seek for their origin in the conduct of political adversaries. The leading spokesman of the Ultramontanes, Herr WINSTHOFER, followed Prince BISMARCK, and tried to come to the relief of his Bavarian ally. But he was soon demolished by the PRINCE, who brought to his recollection that he had quoted KULLMANN on the ground that he acted under excitement, and that this excitement must be laid to the door of those who had first awakened it. Leaving taste and manners and the dignity of the Chancery out of the question, it must be acknowledged that Prince BISMARCK had much the best of the encounter.

The next day the PRINCE made another great speech,

but this time he had no personal enemy to attack. It was the whole Ultramontane party, and the Pope as its head, that he challenged. The German Government has come to the resolution to cancel the post of Envoy to the Vatican; and this is done partly because, the Pope having now no temporal sovereignty, there is no particular occasion for having an Envoy accredited to him, but principally to make known to all the world that the Pope is, and long has been, the enemy of Germany. To demonstrate this, Prince BISMARCK gave his history of the origin of the war with France. The disposition of Rome to see its best chance of carrying its ends in fostering the embarrassments of the Powers it distrusts was illustrated by a piece of secret history which Prince BISMARCK thought he might now properly reveal. In 1869 Würtemberg happened to have some cause of remonstrance with Rome, and the Papal Nuncio informed the Würtemberg Envoy that it was only in America, and perhaps England and Belgium, that the Church was free. "In all other countries the Church had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position." In complete accordance with this policy the Emperor NAPOLEON was driven by the clerical party into the war which cost him his throne. This has often been surmised, but Prince BISMARCK now states it as a positive fact to which he can testify. The Emperor was dragged into the war by the Jesuits. He struggled hard to resist the influences which the Jesuits brought to bear on him. In the eleventh hour he determined to maintain peace, and he stuck to this determination for thirty minutes. Then he succumbed, and war was declared to please Rome; and Prince BISMARCK states that he is in possession of conclusive evidence to show that, if France had been successful, the Œcumenical Council was intended to resume its sittings and come to votes very different from those at which it had arrived before the war suspended its operations. What this comes to is that, while others believe, Prince BISMARCK knows, that the party dominant at Rome actively engages in intrigues the object of which is to bring about political changes by revolutionary wars and other violent means. That Rome has always claimed the right to exercise some sort of power, direct or indirect, over temporal sovereigns, is beyond question, and any one who is not familiar with the history of the questions to which this pretension has given rise may find his wants supplied in a letter contained in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which is as lively and vigorous in style as it is forcible in reasoning and rich in knowledge. The point that really comes home to each nation is not whether Rome considers itself authorized to interfere in temporal affairs generally, but whether at the present moment Rome is actually interfering in their temporal affairs and striving to bring about as against them a political revolution, or war, or some great catastrophe, in the interest of the Church. Prince BISMARCK states in the most unequivocal way that such interference is now going on, and for at least five years has been going on, with regard to Germany, and the majority of the German Parliament fully believe him. The consequence is that the excitement with causing which his Ultramontane adversary taunted Prince BISMARCK is very fierce in Germany just now, and very widely spread; and it so happens that at the present moment to the excitement of a religious struggle is added the excitement of the trial of Count ARNIM. We now know what are the precise charges against Count ARNIM, but the real gravity and pertinency of those charges can hardly be fairly estimated until light has been thrown on the evidence which may be produced both against Count ARNIM and for him.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

THE people of the United States are about to suspend for a year with cheerful indifference the operations of the Federal Legislature. The Congress which has just been elected will meet for business in December 1875, and the outgoing Congress, though it will sit for two or three months from the present time, will pass no measure of importance. It is said that General BUTLER, before retiring from public life, will attempt to force the unlucky Civil Rights Bill through the House of Representatives; but his party will not be enthusiastic in favour of a scheme which has, according to common belief, been a principal cause of their defeat. Even if the House and the Senate should pass

the Bill, it will be stopped by the PRESIDENT'S Veto, which the ultra-Republicans are not strong enough to overrule. The absence of any habitual need of Federal legislation is one of the many advantages of the social and political condition of the United States. The local Legislatures deal with many questions which would in England require the attention of Parliament; but organic changes are seldom attempted, and on the whole no community is so little troubled either with new laws or with official interference. The questions which excite interest in Congress are often merely conventional issues on which parties tacitly agree to try their strength. The Civil Rights Bill, which owes its origin to the factions philanthropy of Mr. SUMNER, would be an anomaly in American legislation, as it would come at every point into collision with personal feelings and social habits. The more practical measures relating to trade and currency which must ultimately be the subject of legislation will be by general consent adjourned. The policy of the party which has lately become dominant is not yet declared, nor even determined; and the Republican majority of the present Congress will gladly devolve on their successors the responsibility of meeting economical and financial difficulties. The divisions of opinion on the debt, on the tariff, and on the resumption of specie payments will not coincide with party distinctions. The representatives of different States will advocate the wishes and supposed interests of their respective constituencies with but incidental regard to political classifications. The elections have on the whole perhaps been favourable to sounder commercial theories than those which have generally been adopted by the Republicans; but the Democratic party is not unanimous in favour of Free-trade, and some of its members would not object to an inflation of the currency.

The telegraphic summary of the PRESIDENT'S Message is not remarkably interesting. In pursuance of his former policy General GRANT urges at considerable length the early resumption of specie payments. He has evidently during his six years' tenure of office learned to appreciate the importance of economical and monetary questions, and he has made praiseworthy efforts to understand the difficult subject of the currency. His veto of the Bill for an increased issue of paper money was founded on the just assumption that the proposed inflation would postpone the return to a gold currency. Ingenious journalists who attributed to the PRESIDENT expressions of regret for his resistance to an increased paper circulation have apparently relied on their own invention. He now recommends the early repeal of the legal tender clause; and in the accompanying Report of the SECRETARY of the TREASURY certain measures are suggested for breaking the shock of the change in favour of debtors who might otherwise be injuriously affected. Mr. BRISTOW expects with good reason that the abolition of paper as a legal tender will attract gold into the United States; and he also relies on large issues of notes payable on demand as an auxiliary circulating medium. Both the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY recommend that, on the resumption of specie payments, the restrictions at present imposed on the issue of bank-notes should be modified or withdrawn. It is uncertain whether, in proposing that the banks should be afterwards free, they intend to favour an unlimited issue of private bank-notes. English experience shows that such a practice is hazardous; but, on the other hand, the paper currency of the Scotch banks is preferred by the population to gold. The PRESIDENT is probably too sanguine in thinking it possible to restore a gold currency by the beginning of 1876. There will during the greater part of the interval be no Congress to pass the necessary measures, nor perhaps is the community prepared for the change. Whenever it is effected all the money-markets of the world will be seriously disturbed by the additional demand for bullion; but the Treasury of the United States will probably have provided a large accumulation of gold before the resumption is undertaken.

A Washington paper which is said to be for some purposes an organ of the PRESIDENT lately proposed, as a mode of retrieving the fortunes of the Republican party, a large distribution of public money under colour of a scheme for the construction of public works. The attempt would have been too audacious to succeed, and the suggestion may probably have been unauthorized. If it was put forward for the purpose of testing public opinion, the PRESIDENT and his advisers have probably discovered that a plan for bribing the people with their own money was

not likely to conciliate public favour. Although General GRANT himself attributes the political reaction to the unreasonable agitation of the Civil Rights Bill, there is no doubt that he has himself contributed to the disasters which have befallen his party by the tolerance which he has shown to corruption. His most powerful allies were discredited by their connexion with some of the scandalous proceedings which have been denounced by all impartial judges. The retrospective operation of the Salary Bill, the appointment of low partisans to lucrative offices, the complicity of two successive Secretaries of the Treasury in the affair of the SANBORN contract, and, above all, the connexion of some members of his own family with questionable transactions, have produced a general impression that the PRESIDENT was at least indifferent to the maintenance of political and official purity. While his party was still undisturbed in its political supremacy, his proposal of a gigantic scheme of internal water communication was received with coldness, and there can be no doubt that any revival of similar projects would have been generally scouted. The history of the *Crédit Mobilier* in connexion with the Pacific Railway proved the difficulty of securing the honest administration of the public funds in dealings with speculative capitalists and contractors. The Message contains no reference to a policy which may perhaps never have been sanctioned by the PRESIDENT. The compiler of the telegraphic summary has not thought it necessary to report the PRESIDENT's elaborate apology for the PRESIDENT's conduct in Arkansas and Louisiana. The elections have definitively relieved the Southern States from the Federal control which was exercised for party purposes. The reign of KELLOGG is destined to an early close, and the PRESIDENT has not ventured to decide the dispute between the rival Governments of Arkansas in accordance with party interests.

The only passage which relates to foreign policy might perhaps have been advantageously omitted. The PRESIDENT once more calls attention to the insurrection in Cuba, and hints that it may be necessary to interfere in the contest which Spanish power seems unable to terminate. At the same time he admits that the civil war in Spain forms an excuse for delay, and, "awaiting the result of further negotiation," he defers further communications to Congress on "the subject." Both General GRANT and his predecessors have often used similar language, as when, fifteen or sixteen years ago, Mr. BUCHANAN openly recommended in the interests of slavery the immediate acquisition of Cuba. The most remarkable peculiarity of General GRANT's Message is that he refers to foreign Powers which are supposed to have a common interest with the United States in putting an end to the insurrection. It is for the PRESIDENT and his advisers to reconcile the appeal to foreign Governments with the pretensions which are called by the Americans the MONROE doctrine. It is not in the present case probable that any action will be founded on the PRESIDENT's apparent abandonment of the claim to exclusive influence in the Western hemisphere. England is, with the exception of the United States, the only neutral Power which is likely to take an interest in the affairs of Cuba; and there is not the smallest probability of English interference. During the struggle in the early part of the century between Spain and the South American colonies England and other Powers recognized the insurgent States as belligerents long before their independence was acknowledged. The insurgents in Cuba have never hitherto entitled themselves to be regarded as belligerents, because they have no regular army, and no town or fortress of their own. The Government of the United States may recognize them at its discretion; but it would undertake a costly enterprise of doubtful expediency by taking part in the struggle. Cuba would not be a desirable acquisition, and the part of the population which is now in arms against Spain is incapable of establishing a regular Government. It is highly improbable that the moribund Congress will commit the error of commencing on the eve of its dissolution a policy of ambition; but suspicious critics think it possible that the PRESIDENT's hints on the annexation of Cuba may be addressed rather to the future Democratic majority than to his own party. Simultaneously with the opening of Congress Mr. FISH has in a Note to the Spanish Government recommended the acknowledgment of the independence of Cuba. The communication is the more offensive because the SECRETARY of State professedly disclaims any desire for annexation.

STROUD.

THE disclosures made during the long trial of the Stroud election petition are full of interest of a very painful kind. They suggest that a very considerable number of Englishmen have no notion that anything is wrong or dishonourable by which a seat in Parliament may be won or preserved. How to defeat the law, how to outwit justice, how to secure an end and just avoid the consequences of the means taken to secure it, appears to be the one thought of at least one class of people who undertake to manage elections. Election managers at Stroud had had plenty of warning; but warnings were lost upon them. Party spirit ran high, and party spirit so far blinded men who in calm times and in ordinary business would not do anything obviously wrong that they would rather risk anything than be beaten by their political opponents. At the general election in February two Liberals were returned, thus reversing the decision of the constituency which, by electing Mr. DORRINGTON a few weeks before, had done far more than it could have expected to do; for, by prompting Mr. GLADSTONE to dissolve Parliament, it had brought about a change of Ministry. A petition was lodged and tried, and the two Liberals were unseated. In their place Mr. DORRINGTON and a Liberal were returned; but the more hot-headed of the Liberals were angry at having lost a seat, and petitioned against Mr. DORRINGTON's return. The petition was successful, and Mr. DORRINGTON was replaced by Mr. BRAND. This was the fourth election in one year, and it might have been thought that the teachings of experience would not have been neglected, and that unusual pains would have been taken to conduct everything in the most unexceptionable way. On the contrary, scarcely anything was omitted to make the conduct of the election as discreditable as possible. Mr. BRAND was returned, and we now know how Mr. BRAND's seat was won for him. Every artifice that ingenuity could devise was employed to win the seat by illegal means, and yet keep the sitting member free from responsibility. A secret fund was raised and spent, but it was not intended to pass through the hands of Mr. BRAND's agents. The management of affairs was not entrusted to any one responsible person on Mr. BRAND's behalf. There were agents, but the agents had no distinct functions, and had no communication with each other. They had subordinates under them who worked independently of them, and there was always some irresponsible person at hand who could do anything in the world as if by a sudden inspiration of instinct. Strangers at a long distance were moved by a mysterious impulse to go to the ends of the earth in connexion with the Stroud election. One resident at Taunton was suddenly seized with a desire to go and canvass a voter at Landore, another to canvass a voter at Birmingham. One stranger betook himself to Cardiff and then to Fulham. It became a sort of axiom that Stroud things should not be done by Stroud people. There were strangers to do everything—strangers to watch Stroud public-houses; strangers to watch the arrival of the trains; strangers to walk about platforms and suggest that sovereigns might be had easily for expenses. We used to hear in old days of the Man of the Moon who, on the evening before an election in a corrupt borough, arrived at a low public-house with bags of gold. But last summer it seemed as if the whole population of the moon, if there is any, had taken it into their heads to come to the earth and to stroll about trying to get Mr. BRAND in for Stroud.

What makes the history of these proceedings particularly instructive is that the combination was very nearly successful. The case of Stroud is entirely different from the old familiar cases in which a rich man wanting to get into Parliament boldly bribed a constituency, or his agents bribed for him, trusting that he would be sure to pay the bill afterwards. At Stroud it was not Mr. BRAND who wanted to get into Parliament by illegal means, but a number of unscrupulous men who determined to get him in by illegal means. What they wanted was not the personal friendship of Mr. BRAND, but that their man should win, and their local enemies be defeated; that they should be able to pace about Stroud with the air of conquering heroes. They had money, and party spirit made them glad to part with their money to gain ends of their own. Of course Baron PIGOTT pronounced Mr. BRAND perfectly clear of any suspicion of having himself authorized what had been done. It is indispensable for those who want to win an

election on their own account to have a candidate who is as honourable and innocent as possible. He is to know nothing; his agents are, if possible, to know nothing and do nothing. The great object is to exempt the sitting member and his agents from all responsibility. The counsel for the sitting member will then, if a petition is lodged, be able to ask, as the counsel for Mr. BRAND repeatedly asked during the trial that has just closed, "What have we to do with all this?" Fortunately it happened that in one clear case a very humble agent of Mr. BRAND was shown to have given half-a-guinea in bribery, and so Mr. BRAND was unseated. But case after case of bribery was proved, and the counsel for the sitting member was able to say complacently, "We are not responsible." It is not, however, merely when an election is going on that audacious attempts to defeat the law are made. When a petition has been lodged things become very critical. The friends of the petitioner try to collect evidence, and they are known to be having some success. The next step is therefore to spirit away the witnesses on whom the petitioner is known to be going to rely. This practice has been resorted to at Stroud with wholesale audacity. Before the petition which lost Mr. DORRINGTON his seat was heard by Baron BRAMWELL, five or six persons were spirited away to Brussels; and before the present petition was tried by Baron PIGOTT, a man named WORKMAN, who had "made a clean breast of it" to a Conservative agent, had been got off safely to America. Justice was so far defeated, and defeated with impunity. The spiriting away of WORKMAN was brought home to a person who had acted as agent of Mr. BRAND at the last election; but this could not void the election, for the question was whether the seat had been obtained by illegal means. That WORKMAN had been bribed at the last election was clear, and that he had been bribed by some one who received letters addressed to an agent of Mr. BRAND was clear, for it was on a hint given in a letter from WORKMAN to this agent that he was open to an offer that a wonderful person from the moon called on WORKMAN and bribed him. But most conveniently the agent did not open his own letters, and how was Mr. BRAND to be responsible for some wicked person opening his agent's letters, and then, without saying a word to the agent, rushing off and bribing one of the agent's correspondents? This is a story worth thinking over, if any one wishes to know what things may be done when it is a political party and not a particular person that is working for a seat. A voter is bribed, and he is bribed because he writes to an agent of the candidate that he would like to be bribed. But there are persons in the office of the agent who intercept the letter and bribe the voter. Afterwards the voter confesses that he has been bribed, and then a large sum is given him to go to America, and he is huddled away secretly out of the borough. This time the agent is privy to the matter, but he is no longer acting as agent. He was agent for the election, but not for the purposes of the petition. Mr. BRAND was held by Baron PIGOTT to be responsible neither for the bribery nor for the abduction of the witness; and if all the cases of illegal practices had but been managed as cleverly as this one was managed, Mr. BRAND would have retained his seat, and the joy of the Liberals of Stroud would have been complete.

It is quite true that members of a political party who do what was done at Stroud subject themselves to certain risks. They may very possibly attain their political end. Their man may win the seat and keep it, although it has been won by bribery and kept by the abduction of witnesses. Still, if their acts could but be brought home to them, they would no doubt be punishable by law. They therefore take as many precautions as they can to avoid being found out. They act through strangers; they send to Taunton if they want to communicate with Birmingham. They probably take very good care to commit themselves to no one who is not devoted to their interests, who would not have to share their punishment with them, and who would not be willing to go off to America if danger threatened. But this is not really the only protection they enjoy. Who is to prosecute them? They know that prosecutions for malpractices at election time would be very unpopular. They know that their political adversaries have their own sins to answer for, and that every one has cogent reasons for keeping quiet. They rely on the unwillingness of fellow-townsmen to take any very harsh measures. They are aware that the House of Commons is very tender

over election offences. The House of Commons is under the guidance of the Ministry of the day, and the Ministry is very apt to shrink from the reproach of putting the law in motion against political adversaries. Even the judge is not free. He is only the agent of the House of Commons, and the power of the House is delegated to him avowedly as a temporary expedient. Baron PIGOTT detected one case of clear indisputable perjury committed before him. The proper function of a judge who sees perjury committed before him so distinctly that he publicly states it to be perjury is at once to order the offender to be prosecuted. But Baron PIGOTT merely quoted an appropriate saying about perjurers stammering, and indulged in a general moral reflection upon the iniquities to which political partisanship can give rise. Every one, from the Prime Minister to the lowest stranger from Taunton, is penetrated with a belief which centuries of lax conduct have instilled into the English mind, that an election is like a branch of mistletoe, and that things may be done under its shelter which elsewhere would be thought very rude and naughty. It has been suggested that the writ for a new election at Stroud should be delayed for a considerable time; and if such a proceeding would ever be justifiable, the peculiarities of the recent history of Stroud would be as good a justification for it as possible. But, to say nothing of the constitutional objections to such a proceeding, which are not perhaps very strong, it certainly seems as if this would be rather too handsome a reward to the Stroud Liberals for their goings-on. They would not have got their man in, but they would have succeeded in keeping out the man of the other side. The sitting member for Stroud is a Liberal, and although Stroud has twice within a few months returned a Conservative, yet, if no writ were issued, the effect would be that during the present Parliament, the whole representation of the borough would be banded over to the Liberals. The secret fund would not have been spent, nor all the strangers employed, in vain. Stroud would have been reduced to the position of a borough returning one member, and that member a Liberal. It would seem better at once for Stroud and the nation to take this opportunity of strengthening the hands of the law a little. If election judges were invited to order prosecutions for manifest perjury committed in their presence, and if the abduction of witnesses prepared to give evidence on a petition was made a statutable offence, prosecutions for which were a matter of course, and not merely of the discretion of the House of Commons or the Ministry, the history of the Stroud petition would not have been told without a useful moral being added to it.

RUSSIAN DESIGNS ON TURKEY.

THE explanation of Russian designs on Turkey which has lately been published in the St. Petersburg *Golos* is probably accurate, if it is not official. The newspaper press, which sometimes worries and alarms Constitutional Ministers, is one of the handiest and most useful instruments of a despotic Government. Although Russian journals never publish anything distasteful to the authorities, they can always be disavowed. If it is desired either to deceive foreign States, or to accustom them to schemes not yet formally avowed, an article in a newspaper is a more convenient form of communication than a despatch. Another advantage of inspired journals is that they seem to suggest as the national wish any policy which the Government may desire to recommend to its subjects. Recent experience shows that Russian policy is often announced in newspapers at the same time at which it is officially or extra-officially disavowed. When Count SCHOUVALOFF gave the English Government the personal assurance of the Emperor ALEXANDER that Khiva would be evacuated after it should have been occupied, the journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow ridiculed the suggestion that any Russian conquest could be abandoned in deference to the wishes of England. The event showed that the newspapers were well informed, and that the Emperor and his confidential Envoy were mistaken. It is not improbable that in diplomatic communications the proceedings of Russia in respect to the Austrian Commercial Treaty with Roumania may have been professedly reconciled with the stipulations of treaties, and with the rights of the Turkish Government. The semi-official organ of the Russian Government states,

with calculated cynicism, that the recognition of the claims of the Principalities to conclude treaties without the sanction of the Porte is part of a policy which is to result in the peaceful dismemberment of Turkey. Russia, in the conventional phrase, always retains her interest in the welfare of the Christian subjects of Turkey. As the Porte exercises no kind of control over the domestic affairs of the Principalities, intervention in the matter of a commercial treaty can scarcely proceed from pure philanthropy.

One of the purposes of the manifesto is to proclaim the continuance of the union which has been established among the three great military Empires; and it is at least possible that, under the form of professions of confidence, the Russian Government may intend to convey a hint to one of its two allies. The concurrence of Germany with Austria is attributed to two motives which are equally imaginary. It is supposed that Prince BISMARCK may have wished to show his gratitude for the recognition of SERRANO, and that he may also have desired to make himself a party to an Oriental arrangement. The relations between Germany and Austria are not at the present moment extraordinarily cordial; and no settlement of the Eastern question is likely to be successful without the previous assent of the most powerful State on the Continent. The Prussian Correspondent of the *Times*, who is apparently sometimes in the secrets of the Cabinet of Berlin, explains the action of Germany by a confused and unmeaning statement about the demand of the German population for additional supplies of provisions. No Austrian treaty would in any way facilitate the importation of Danubian wheat into Prussia. It would appear that, perhaps from regard to the Prussian Prince who reigns in Roumania, the German Government is disposed to promote the independence of the province. The main object of the Russian writer is to insinuate that the measure adopted in concert by the three Courts was a slight to England, and perhaps to France. It seems that the Porte answered their joint demand without consulting the English Ambassador; and Russia naturally exults in one among many proofs that English influence in the East is declining. It would be too much to expect that great Powers should concern themselves with the provisions of treaties. It would have been easy to induce the Roumanian Government to obtain the sanction of the Porte to an arrangement which may perhaps be beneficial. It seems probable that the object of Austria may be rather commercial than political, although there has for some time past been an approximation between Austrian and Russian policy at Constantinople. The permanent interests of States afford a safer guide to their conduct than any special measures which may be suggested by temporary motives. It is possible that Austrian statesmen may favour the practical detachment of Roumania from Turkish sovereignty, but it will never be their policy to countenance an extension of the influence which Russia hopes to establish in the valley of the Danube. If the English Government hereafter persists in its traditional opposition to Russian designs, it may confidently reckon on the co-operation of Austria.

The author of an article in the *Quarterly Review* on Provincial Turkey, who evidently possesses unusual familiarity with Eastern affairs, has the boldness to advocate the policy which was proposed twenty years ago by the Emperor NICHOLAS to the English Government. If the affairs of England were directed absolutely by NAPOLEON or by BISMARCK, it might be possible to try the daring experiment of dividing the Turkish dominions between the two Powers which have long contended for supremacy in the East. The writer proposes that the European provinces should be allowed to fall under the influence or the direct administration of Russia, while Egypt and the countries bordering on the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf should be made dependencies of England. It is a sufficient, if not a satisfactory, answer to the suggestion that no Minister holding power at the will of a Parliamentary majority will ever undertake so vast and perilous a combination. The author of the essay may perhaps have described correctly the decay of Turkish society in consequence of the levelling and centralizing system which was commenced by the father of the present SULTAN. For the local aristocracy of the purely Mahometan provinces modern practice has substituted corrupt agents of the Government, whose function is to amass money for themselves, and to remit a share of their gains to their patrons at Constantinople. It may be true

that a perverse imitation of the worst peculiarities of modern Europe has rendered Turkey incapable of self-defence; but even if it were otherwise possible that England should concert with Russia a scheme of partition, it would be necessary to reckon with Austria, with Germany, and with France. Europe may hereafter acquiesce in the transfer to English administrators of the commercial management for the common good of the Suez Canal; but a claim of sovereignty over Egypt itself would be unanimously resented. The comparatively unambitious policy of protecting the Turkish Empire as long as possible is more practicable, and perhaps it may in itself be more expedient. One strong reason for discouraging and postponing territorial revolutions is to be found in the inevitable progress of sound economical doctrine. A chief motive of the ambition of Russia is the desire to extend the region from which foreign commerce may be excluded. When the same fallacies prevailed in England, successful efforts were made to acquire possessions in all parts of the world. Since the adoption of the principles of Free-trade England has ceased to covet additional colonies; and it is only after long controversy that the petty annexation of the Fiji Islands has been effected by the present Government. When Russia in turn finds that Free-trade is a source of prosperity, the appetite for annexation in Europe and in Asia may perhaps abate. Nations are slow in learning that it is possible to buy and sell to advantage without acquiring the freehold of the shop.

The insolent taunts addressed by Russian journalists to England form an instructive commentary on the project of the new Convention which is to be held at St. Petersburg for the reform of the laws of war. Pure benevolence abhorrent of human suffering finds vent in laws for enlisting and arming the whole population of the Empire, in proposals for facilitating invasion by regular armies, and in unprovoked insults to the only Great Power which has really and ostensibly adopted a policy of peace. On the outskirts of the Russian Empire the population is securing itself by general immigration against the beneficent organization which is to make every man a soldier, and to protect him by the novel laws of war. The Mahometans of the Crimea are escaping into Turkey, while the Russian Government is unable to control its solicitude for the Christian subjects of the SULTAN. The Governments of the Continent yearly increase the intolerable burden of military service; but all of them, with the exception of Russia, may urge in excuse that their armaments may possibly be required for defensive purposes. Both France and Germany contemplate without disguise the renewal at some future time of their struggle, and Austria is from time to time menaced by Russia, and liable to political collisions with Germany. The enormous army of Russia can only be intended for purposes of conquest, which will, it may be presumed, be undertaken and conducted according to the strictest rules of philanthropy as taught at Brussels.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION AND THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE French Assembly has shown a commendable knowledge of itself in devoting three days to the discussion of University Education. Careless critics will be disposed to say that in the existing condition of France the first business of a Legislature is to frame a Constitution. But a Chamber which recognizes its political shortcomings may justly plead them as an excuse for shirking a task of this kind; and if once this is admitted, the Assembly could hardly spend its time better than in considering how to train up a generation which shall be better fitted than its predecessor to deal with public affairs. The deputies were well rewarded for their self-denial in thus turning their backs upon politics. Even a debate upon the organization of the Septennate could not well have been more exciting. The Bishop of ORLEANS was unmeasured in his denunciation of the Revolution. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR was equally unmeasured in his denunciation of the Church. There was as much in these speeches for the Right and Left to applaud or execrate as if they had been delivered at the very crisis of a constitutional debate. It is not in France alone that a University Bill provokes a disproportionate amount of heat; but in no other country perhaps could the questions really at issue have been so systematically ignored. In the German Parliament there would probably have been even greater excitement about the religious side of the controversy; but the fact that it

has an educational side as well would have been remembered from time to time.

The issue of the discussion was at no time doubtful; but if it had been possible for injudicious oratory to frustrate the speaker's object, neither the Bishop of ORLEANS nor M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR would have much cause for self-congratulation. The debate was opened by M. BERT, who, in opposing that freedom of the higher education which the Bishop of ORLEANS demands, said so many damaging things about the present system that it only wanted a little management to make his speech appear as an argument on the BISHOP'S side. To whatever cause the failure is to be set down, it seems clear that in many respects the system of having a single University for the whole of France, under the supervision and control of the Government, has worked ill for the interests of education. The Faculties have been starved, and originality of teaching has been steadily discouraged. M. BERT would remedy these defects by the creation of four Universities, supported, if we understand him rightly, by grants from the State and from the towns in which they are situated, and by the fees paid by the students. These Universities would be independent of the Government and independent of the University of France, which would then become once more the University of Paris. This is not a scheme at all calculated to please the Bishop of ORLEANS, but he need not have denounced one plan for abolishing the monopoly now enjoyed by the University of France while in the act of advocating another plan for attaining the same end. M. BERT'S proposal was not properly before the Assembly, and until it is he might have been set down as a fellow-labourer rather than as an adversary. But the Bishop of ORLEANS had heard liberty of teaching interpreted to mean, not liberty to any one to teach, but liberty to teach anything, and the very sound of the words was enough. He could not even control himself so far as to hold M. BERT'S plan up to the laughter of the Assembly, a task which a less able speaker than the BISHOP might have achieved without difficulty. M. BERT'S ideal of educational freedom has been best attained, it seems, at Berlin, where some years since a complete system of doctrine was maintained by a certain Professor on one day and disproved from the same chair by his assistant on another day. All opinions, however absurd, are to find a place in M. BERT'S Universities, and he would leave it to the students to show by their absence from the Professor's lectures the low esteem in which they hold his views. It was hardly necessary for the Bishop of ORLEANS to repudiate this theory of liberty, and a little more self-restraint would have saved him from the inconsistency of denouncing freedom of teaching as applied to other people, while claiming it as applied to himself. Nor was it prudent to make a debate on University education the occasion for an attack upon the Revolution. He might have extolled the age when three-and-twenty independent Universities secured freedom of education, and met the intellectual needs of the French people, without tracing the extinction of letters to those principles of 1789 which have had so many and such contradictory accusations laid at their door.

Any errors on the part of the BISHOP were soon forgotten in the excitement caused by M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR'S reply. The two deputies look at the question in the same light. Both see in freedom to found Universities an opportunity of which the Church is sure to avail herself. When M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR comes to talk about the Church, he is quite as outspoken in his language as the Bishop of ORLEANS is when he talks about the Revolution. If there were no GALLIES interposed between them, these enraged champions would not rest until they had sent one or the other to the stake or the guillotine. The value of liberty, according to M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, depends entirely upon the use that is to be made of it; and the use that is to be made of it will be determined by the character of the persons who enjoy it. The only persons who will profit by liberty to found new Universities will be the Catholic clergy. They have the gift of teaching in an eminent degree, and they will make excellent professors. But the lawyers, the doctors, the men of science brought up under their teaching will be all devoted to the Syllabus, and pledged to destroy the whole fabric of modern society because the Syllabus has cursed it. A system which is attacked has a right to defend itself, and to give the clergy permission to found Universities would be to put arms into the enemy's hand.

M. LABOULAYE defended the Bill on the wider ground that he was not prepared to refuse to others the liberty which he claimed for himself. If the Bishop of ORLEANS did not shut his eyes to the progress of events he would see that on this ground alone it is possible for the Church to obtain that fair field which, as he complains, is denied to her by the present uniformity in the higher education. If the Roman Catholic clergy had sufficient faith in their own principles to let them take their chance with others in the arena, they would find a certain number of Liberals who would be willing to admit them as competitors on equal terms. So long as they go on protesting that, though they claim admission to the lists as a matter of right for themselves, they intend to close them against all other combatants as soon as they get the strength to do so, a Liberal need have very robust faith in his own principles to be willing to pull down any barriers to their progress which he may find existing. Now a robust faith in their own principles is a quality which French Liberals rarely possess. They are more inclined to suppress their opponents than to disregard them. The frequent examples of men brought up in the strictest sect of Ultramontanism, becoming free-thinkers even in the Seminary itself have not shaken M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR'S belief that the clergy only want opportunity to make all their pupils think as they do. In his heart he suspects that modern ideas only prevail over mediæval ideas because they happen to have force on their side, and this force can be used to prevent mediæval ideas from gaining the influence over mankind which they would otherwise have. In this respect there is wonderfully little difference between him and M. DUPANLOUP. Each so far follows the apostolic maxim that he esteems the other to be better, in the sense of stronger, than himself, and each is resolved not to be squeamish about taking unfair advantages.

Looking at the question as Englishmen, we have great reason to be satisfied that our University system, whatever may be its shortcomings in other respects, is neither governmental nor clerical. Oxford and Cambridge have failings of their own in abundance, but there is nothing in their system to stereotype these failings for the future. They represent only too sensitively the intellectual phase of the hour, but they do not protect it against attack from without or revolt from within. The antagonism which, it is to be feared, will arise between the new clerical Universities, if any such are founded in France, and the State University, is reproduced among us by the antagonism between rival schools of thought in the Universities themselves. But for the unwise prohibition which prevents Roman Catholics from going to Oxford or Cambridge, the representation of this antagonism would have been more complete than it is. The difficulties in the way of a thoroughly satisfactory settlement of the question of University education will not be appreciated in France until the details of the Bill come to be discussed.

AGRICULTURAL POLITICS.

THE Central Chamber of Agriculture represents, according to its Report, fifty-four local associations, and both the constituent bodies and the federal Council devote themselves with praiseworthy concentration of purpose to the promotion of the interests of tenant-farmers. A few landowners, including Lord HAMPTON and Sir GEORGE JENKINSON, serve as ornamental appendages to the Chamber, but it may be doubted whether the most liberal landlord heartily sympathizes with efforts to rearrange contracts relating to land for the exclusive benefit of the occupiers. The spirit in which the Chamber conducts its operations is clearly displayed in several passages of the Report, as in the expression of regret that a larger number of tenant-farmers was not returned to Parliament for counties at the general election. There is nothing to prevent farmers from electing, if they think fit, representatives from among themselves; but in this, as in other cases, political power is a constant quantity, and whatever is given to one section of the community must be taken from another. The substitution of farmers for the landed gentry in the House of Commons would be almost a political and social revolution; and the change would not be regarded with satisfaction by those who are anxious to preserve as long as possible what remains of the aristocratic element in the English Constitution. The local self-government of which Englishmen boast, and which foreigners

admire, has from the earliest times been in rural districts administered by the landed gentry. Except in matters affecting their own pockets the farmers would be at least as Conservative as the landowners, and they would offer a more resolute opposition than the present county members to the further dilution of the suffrage; but the influence of rank and property forms the main distinction between the English Constitution and the numerous Continental experiments in representative government. As a sagacious Liberal of the last generation who lived much in France often said, "How is a department to be independent of the Prefect when there is not a single resident to whom any-body else will touch his hat?" The Ballot will enable the farmers at their pleasure to displace the landlords who have hitherto been their Parliamentary representatives and political leaders. It would seem from the Report of the Council of the Chamber of Agriculture that the more active members of the association consider the innovation desirable. As the Council and the Chamber confine their attention exclusively to agricultural interests, they have perhaps not considered the importance of the political results which would follow from the selection of county members from a new class.

The Council in their Report disclaim the demand which had been preferred by some of their members for the creation of a separate department with a Minister for Agriculture at its head. There is no objection to the moderate proposal that the distribution of legislative and administrative business relating to agriculture should, if necessary, be rearranged. The whole amount is insignificant, for measures affecting the relations between landlord and tenant would require the intervention of some principal Minister, and would be discussed in Parliament as important political questions. The application of the Acts for preventing the spread of contagious diseases of animals might possibly be more conveniently managed by the Board of Trade than by the Privy Council. The Chamber naturally looks at the subject from the point of view of owners and breeders of stock, who are interested in the maintenance of sufficient securities against infection. Many farmers and graziers suffered almost ruinous losses from the cattle plague seven or eight years ago, and since that time the foot and mouth disease has occasionally done great injury in almost all parts of the country. It is perfectly proper that the farmers should insist on adequate precautions; but it is necessary to guard against the operation of motives of which perhaps they are not distinctly conscious. Every restriction on the importation of foreign cattle incidentally protects native produce. English farmers have a perfect right to protest against the introduction of disease among their own herds; but the consumer has a strong interest in securing the modest competition of foreign cattle with the natural monopoly of the home breeder and feeder. A strong feeling seems to be entertained against the veterinary advisers of the Privy Council, who may perhaps have inclined to a lax judgment on measures of prohibition. The proper authorities will pay due attention to the representatives of the agricultural interest, but it may be hoped that they will not yield to any one-sided or unfounded clamour. If any change or consolidation is effected in official arrangements, it will probably be found that the Board of Trade, even if it is called the Board of Trade and Agriculture, will adopt the practice of the Privy Council. Sir G. JENKINSON, who doubted the expediency of the proposed alteration, assumed that the chief of the new Department would be selected from the ranks of the professed farmers' friends. It would be highly undesirable to entrust any branch of public business to a representative of the special interests which it may be his duty to control as well as to protect.

The harmony of the meeting in discussing the question of local taxation was only disturbed by the scepticism of Mr. CORRANCE, who questioned the excellence of the last Budget. Two millions were, as he truly said, thrown away by the reduction of a penny in the percentage of Income-tax; and Mr. CORRANCE feared that contribution from the Imperial revenue in aid of the rates would interfere with efficient local administration. Although it may be doubted whether the pledges which were partially redeemed by Sir S. NORTHGOTE's donation were consistent with sound policy, the mode in which he offered relief to ratepayers was highly judicious. The payment of a part of the cost of pauper lunatics will not tend to promote insanity; and in undertaking an additional share of the burden of the police, the Government, intentionally or otherwise, pre-

pares the way for a central administration of the force, which would produce great public advantage. The whole police of the kingdom ought to be subject to the same superior control, and its functions ought not to be limited by the boundaries of counties and boroughs. If at any future time the whole cost of the police is imposed on the taxpayer, the Government will certainly demand exclusive power corresponding to the national liability. The expressions of gratitude to the present Government for its concessions were prudently moderate and judiciously prospective. As one of the speakers remarked, the Government had done all that it could; and perhaps hereafter, when a new surplus accrues, the land may get an additional bonus. For the same reason the Chamber expressed conventional regret that no attempt had been made to deal with the Malt-tax. It is well understood that no Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to sacrifice a revenue of six millions from a tax of which the consumers who pay it scarcely complain. The House of Commons has no compassion for brewers, and it probably thinks that enough has for the present been done for sellers and buyers of beer. The malt-growers are themselves only a minority among the farmers, and fiscal legislation has of late years been seldom altered for the benefit of producers. On the whole, Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues may probably rely on the good will, if not on the active support, of the Chamber of Agriculture. If they neglect the duty of repealing the Malt-tax, there is no reason to suppose that any probable successors would be more compliant.

The question of the claims of tenants on landlords excited more interest than the discussion of rates or of Malt-tax. The plausible demand of compensation for unexhausted improvements is gradually giving way to the ominous phrase of tenant-right. There is no dispute as to the justice of allowing to an outgoing tenant the value of crops, of unexhausted manures, or of other additions to the fertility and value of the land. In draining and other permanent improvements the owner ought to have a voice; and in many parts of the country no expenditure of the kind is ever incurred by the tenant. Mr. HOWARD and other advocates of the interests of tenant-farmers greatly exaggerate the effect which legislation might have in attracting capital to the land. There are large parts of the country in which tenants never think of making improvements; and yet under a general law they would on leaving their farms invariably claim compensation, and support their demand by the evidence of sympathetic neighbours. In more advanced districts the Lincolnshire custom, or some similar rule of compensation, might be advantageously introduced; but the demand for tenant-right points to the precedent of the Irish Act and to compensation for disturbance. It is commonly asserted that Mr. GLADSTONE's measure transferred seventy millions sterling from the landlord to the tenant; and it is not worth while to inquire whether the interference with property was justified by preponderating considerations of public good. English tenants have no moral or equitable claim to a share in the ownership of the land, nor is it desirable that incoming tenants should be habitually required to purchase, according to the Ulster custom, another property besides that which they take from the owner. A writer on the subject lately proposed that farms should be valued on entering and on quitting, and that any excess or deficiency should be respectively paid for by the landlord or by the tenant. It is intolerable that property should depend on incessant and compulsory valuations; and the landlord would often have to deal with an insolvent tenant. A stronger objection to the scheme is that it would transfer Mr. MILL's unearned increment, not to the State, but to the tenant. It is natural that a majority of tenant-farmers in the Chambers of Agriculture should decide every theoretical question against the landowner.

PARTIES IN FRANCE.

THE expectation that the meeting of the French Assembly would be the signal for another, if an indecisive, conflict of parties has not been fulfilled. The deputies have come back from visiting their constituents, and are to all appearance as much in the dark about their wishes and the best means of giving effect to them as at the beginning of the recess. Marshal MACMAHON has spoken out plainly, but the world has got accustomed by this time to see nothing come of his plain speaking. He

has asked once more for constitutional laws, and described the unhappy state of a Government which cannot find a contractor to provide it with the powers necessary to its existence. In the meantime, however, the Government lives and moves and does pretty much what it likes, so that there is some excuse for the neglect with which its lamentations have been treated. One little operation the Assembly has effected; and in a country which has lately sustained such tremendous material losses, perhaps this is as great a service as a Legislature can be expected to do. It has sent up the Funds. But the means by which this success has been won are hardly complimentary to its authors. There is greater confidence in the money market because the Assembly is going to adjourn for three weeks. The best wishes that a constitutional patriot can frame for the representatives of the people is that they should take a holiday nineteen days after they have begun work for the year. This is not only a true description of what the state of affairs is now; it is also, for anything that can be foreseen to the contrary, a true description of what the state of affairs is likely to remain. They can only be legally altered in one of two ways. Either the Assembly must frame a Constitution of some kind, or it must consent to dissolve itself. The difficulties in the way of the first solution become greater instead of less. The organization of the Septennate, in a provisional sense, has been rendered impossible by the defection of the Extreme Right. Provisional Governments can only be organized when a majority of all parties wish to postpone the organization of anything definitive. But this is not the case in the French Assembly. There is a party which wishes to have the Republic proclaimed at once, and a party which wishes to have the Count of CHAMBORED restored at once, and these two together are more than strong enough to defeat the party which wishes to have nothing final done at once. The partial elections held during the recess have apparently not strengthened the Republican party as much as they were expected to do. Nearly all the members returned were Republicans, but this reinforcement has probably gone to balance secret defections rather than to raise the aggregate vote to a higher total. The willingness of the Extreme Left to see the Republic organized by the present Chamber is likely to decrease as the Conservative tendencies of those who would have to organize it become more pronounced; so that, even if the long talked of conjunction of the Centres were to become a reality, it is doubtful whether the Left Centre would not lose as many votes in one direction as they would gain in another. Unless, therefore, Marshal MACMAHON should prove to have an amount of influence over the Assembly of which there is no present evidence, the Constitutional Laws are likely either to remain in the limbo of the Committee of Thirty or to be brought thence only to be annihilated. It is to the MARSHAL's credit that the deputies should place so much trust in his indestructible reverence for Parliamentary incompetence. But at times it is difficult not to wish that they were in the hands of a ruler who would insist on their knowing their own minds.

The second alternative is no more likely to be adopted than the first. If the Government were to throw its weight on the side of dissolution, it is possible that it might secure a majority. But the Government has no higher ambition than to organize the Septennate, and it is clear that this is the thing of all others which a new Assembly would not do. If Marshal MACMAHON wishes to retain power till 1880, whether the Legislature wishes it or not, he had obviously better keep the Assembly he has, rather than change it for one of which he knows nothing. The existing Chamber is at all events inactive, and, as the relations between it and the constituencies are purely accidental, there is no fear of its being urged from without to do something which the MARSHAL would rather it left undone. A new Assembly would feel bound to do something, if only out of respect for the electors who had sent it to Versailles for that very purpose. If the powers about which the MARSHAL talks in his Messages were really essential to his happiness, he might be inclined to run any risks rather than forego them. But they are nothing of the kind. The Government, like all French Governments while they last, is absolute, and what can any Government wish more? Apparently Marshal MACMAHON is nice in his absolutism, and would like to suppress newspapers by a regular Press law rather than by virtue of the state of siege. But the newspapers get suppressed either way; and it might be making personal

government too much of a luxury to give it the machinery of constitutional government in addition to its own.

If the MARSHAL is not likely to suggest a dissolution to the Assembly, is the Assembly likely to suggest a dissolution to itself? So far as can be calculated from the known or suspected wishes of the various parties in the Chamber, it seems safe to say that a majority in favour of such a plan is most unlikely to be got together. It is true that during the last Session the Left Centre seemed to have brought themselves to the point of facing their constituents; but at that time they had not been disabused of the notion that France is Left Centre. They thought that a genuine election would result in the return of a majority of moderate Republicans, and they had consequently no dislike to a dissolution except such as might be suggested to individual deputies by a fear for their own seats. Many of them might doubt whether they themselves would be returned again; but they had no reason to doubt that the deputies actually returned would be men of like passions with themselves. They can hardly retain this confidence now. It rested on the belief that the Radicals had learned wisdom by adversity, and had consented to suppress their own claims in favour of the claims of moderate Republicans. Six months ago this belief seemed to have some solid foundation; but the Left Centre forgot that even a depressed Radical requires some consideration money before he will consent to efface himself *simpliciter*. In this case the consideration money was the immediate establishment of the Republic, and if the Left Centre had been able to accomplish this, it is probable that the Radicals would have held to their bargain. But the Left Centre had over-rated their own powers. They had promised more than they could perform, and the recent municipal elections expressed the discontent of the Radicals at discovering this. They had allowed the Left Centre to act as though there were no other Republicanism but Conservative Republicanism because they thought that even Conservative Republicanism was better than none at all. Now it turns out that Conservative Republicanism is the same thing as none at all, and they not very unnaturally feel that they have given their submission for nothing. But it is not given past recall. The Radicals have nothing to do but to separate themselves from the Moderates, and they can secure the return of their own candidate in every Republican constituency, and the defeat of the Left Centre candidate in every Conservative constituency. The Left Centre know this quite as well as the Radicals, and under these circumstances they can have nothing to hope from a dissolution. Yet they are the only party which can make a dissolution possible, since the Right know that no Assembly will do more for them than the present, while the Left, who would like to go to the country, are powerless to get there without the help of the Left Centre. There is a possibility that the consciousness of their weakness in this respect may induce them to make fresh overtures to the Conservative Republicans, but except by this means the life of the Assembly seems to run no immediate risk of being cut short.

THE NAVY.

THE speech of Mr. E. J. REED at Pembroke Dock on the Navy deserves attention. He complains forcibly that, in comparison with the wealth of this country and the necessities of its condition, only a small sum is to be spent upon new ironclads during the current year. He views the proposal to spend only 660,000*l.* as a practical abandonment of the position of this country in Europe. He quoted with approval a recent speech of Lord HENRY LENNOX, who declared that the time had arrived when the Government should regulate the expenditure of the nation by its requirements and necessities, and by no other principle. Hitherto, said Mr. REED, an opposite principle had prevailed, and the requirements of the service had to yield to political exigency. He thinks that the policy which he advocates, by giving permanence to our proceedings, and by providing for a steady addition to our naval forces, would practically tend in the long run to diminish expenditure. He did not concur with those members of his own party who objected to Mr. WARD HUNT's speech on the Navy Estimates. He accepts that speech as a pledge to do that which the speaker admitted to be necessary. The Minister described the fleet of this country as comprising only 41 sea-going ironclads, of which 5 were building, 9 were either obsolete or not worth repairing, 9 were not condemned, but

could not be considered effective for the service of the year, 4 were under repair, and only 14 of the whole 41 were then serviceable and effective. Here, says Mr. REED, is a pledge on the part of the FIRST LORD to bring no fewer than 27 ironclads promptly into the condition of real and effective ships, and great would be the advantage to the country if this promise were to be promptly fulfilled. He complains strongly of the Admiralty for withdrawing from its purpose of sending the *Devastation* at once to Gibraltar. "But unfortunately, just as unreasonable confidence prevailed when the *Captain* was sent to sea, unreasonable distrust has prevailed now, and the country and the naval service must suffer in consequence." At the same time Mr. REED does not advocate the continually sending to sea of exceptional vessels which were, in point of fact, built only for occasional voyages. But he thinks it incumbent on the Administration to determine all those questions which the trial of the *Devastation* on a voyage to Gibraltar would probably settle, and settle without danger. The voyage of the *Devastation* has however been postponed; but if the delay of her trial is made a pretext for suspending the construction of similar ships, we think that the country will have reason to complain. There can, at any rate, be no doubt that such ships are excellently adapted for coast defence. We must provide, even if need be at heavy cost, for the present, and we cannot venture to put off shipbuilding until that indefinite future which shall produce a design for a man-of-war which all critics will confess to be perfect. We can only do the best that is possible under the circumstances, and it cannot be doubted that half a dozen ships like the *Devastation* would be a great security against invasion.

When complaint is made of the insufficiency of the army, the usual answer is that we must depend upon the navy; but, unless Mr. REED is entirely mistaken, the navy is not prepared to supplement the shortcomings of the sister service in case of sudden war. Even if we had spent much more money on shipbuilding than we have spent, we should not have attained anything like the security which we formerly enjoyed, because we should not have anything like the reserve of ships which we used to keep. It is considerably under twenty years since the first of our ironclads was constructed, and already we are told that nine of them are obsolete or not worth repairing. It may be admitted that other naval Powers are short of reserves from the same cause; but no other Power depends as we do for safety on its fleet. We are not only liable, more or less, to invasion, but we draw our food supplies largely from abroad, and any serious interruption of our foreign trade would be starvation. We used to be prepared to fight anybody anywhere at sea. We were often hardly pressed for seamen, but ships were never wanting, because we had accumulated in course of years a stock, of which the whole was serviceable, although the older ships had been improved upon, and usually by the study of models taken from our enemies. In the year 1805 the country put forth to the utmost its resources to resist the threatened invasion of NAPOLEON, and we find that 21 line-of-battle ships were commissioned during that year, so that the total of such ships in commission amounted by the end of the year to 104. The magnitude of this armament may be estimated by observing that NELSON fought the battle of Trafalgar with 27 ships, which formed a fleet more than equal, as the event proved, to the largest fleet which NAPOLEON was able to collect under one command against it. After putting in commission 104 ships, there were still 16 ships in ordinary for sea service, and there were 26 ships building. It must be allowed that a year before, when there were 33 ships in ordinary, as many as 22 were reported to be in want of thorough repair, and it was only by adopting a new system of "doubling and bracing" that these ships were made fit for sea. But still they went to sea and fought battles, and several of them remained at sea for six or seven years. We are told that the efforts made in 1805 were gigantic; but if we were in similar peril now, our efforts to meet it would need to be superhuman. It may almost be said that the whole of our fleet which existed twenty years ago has been wiped out, and we have failed to create a new fleet, either because we really were in doubt what kind of ships to build, or because it was convenient to Ministers to pretend to be in doubt in order to escape financial trouble. It is even more difficult to extemporize a fleet than an army. We may perhaps persuade ourselves, in spite of warnings to the contrary, that raw levies would

fight well on their own soil; but the wildest imagination could not conceive that sailors can be useful without ships. Even in 1805 it was understood to be hopeless to hurry shipbuilders, and it has become utterly impossible now that a ship of war is a much more elaborate and artificial structure. Even if we suppose that there is a tendency to rely rather on guns than armour in the future, we have to provide for the present, in which armour is for line-of-battle ships confessedly necessary. A useful discussion has lately been raised by Mr. REED as to the armament of unarmoured ships. He insists that some of these ships ought to carry armour-piercing guns, and he seems to contemplate the possibility of such ships successfully engaging ironclads. But this is mere supposition, and even if it were well founded, the difficulty would only be shifted, as it is not probable that we have enough armour-piercing guns to equip all the unarmoured ships we could send to sea. In fact, guns as well as ships have become obsolete, whereas formerly our serviceable stock of both had accumulated during many years.

One feature of our present prospect is not wholly unsatisfactory. Mr. REED rather oddly states, as the result of his calculations, that where formerly we had to invest 100*l.* we must now invest 170*l.*, in order to carry the same number of men to sea. He seems to suppose himself to be contending against somebody who insists that the safety of the country requires that a fixed number of seamen should be maintained without reference to the number and size of the ships composing our fleet. But it would probably be admitted by all rational disputants that the tendency of modern improvements is to increase the fighting power of ships without imposing a necessity to increase the numbers of their crews, but rather the other way. It was always held in the British navy that discipline was more valuable than numbers, and in all the victories of NELSON and his contemporaries our ships carried fewer men than were opposed to them. Still it must be remembered that all recent improvements in ships and guns require increased skill in those who are to use them, and we cannot, as we used to do, take sailors out of a merchantman and expect them to do the work of a man-of-war. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. REED ought to demand more ships and not fewer seamen. Whether it costs 100*l.* or 170*l.* to keep a given number of men afloat is immaterial. The practical question is, What number of men is required afloat for the safety and honour of the country? and this can only be answered by determining to maintain some proportion between our own force and the forces which may possibly be combined against us. If Mr. REED, however, should propose in Parliament to reduce the number of seamen for next year in order to apply the money thus saved to building ships, he may perhaps provoke the remark that there is nothing like leather in the opinion of those who deal in it. It will be difficult to persuade the public that we have too many sailors, especially when it is confessed that we have sadly too few soldiers. In the present alarming dearth of fighting men, it would be the height of folly to part with any that we have got, particularly as it has been seen in the Ashantee campaign that our sailors are fully capable of marching and fighting upon land.

Hearty sympathy will be felt with Mr. REED's desire to bring about a better relationship and closer identity between the Mercantile Marine and the Royal Navy, and if the services of seamen generally can be made available in time of war, it will become necessary to provide a sufficiency of cruising and fighting ships in which they may be employed. The recent awful losses of ships through structural weakness, to which Mr. REED referred, are at least useful in showing that the ancient spirit of our navy is not extinct. The conduct of the Captain of *La Plata* was worthy of its most glorious days, and it is some consolation under recent disasters to remember that a south-west gale has been often a potent ally of England. The best seamen have least to fear from storms, and it avails not to build ironclad ships and arm them with heavy guns unless there be also skill to manage them. As long as our sailors have this skill, we possess a reserve independent of parsimonious administrators. But, looking to the accumulation of our wealth and the development of our trade, we should be mad to neglect any measure which experience suggests for their security. If Mr. WARD HUNT will perform his duty in the spirit in which he entered on it, he will not want support. But it will be idle for any Minister to pretend that the condition of the navy is satisfactory. The figures

which Mr. REED quotes are so simple that the conclusion from them is inevitable. Without determining how strong our ironclad fleet ought to be, we may act on the assumption that it is now dangerously weak.

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

THE action for libel against *Vanity Fair* supplies an appropriate and instructive commentary on the remarks which we had last week to make on the impropriety of the performances at certain theatres. There can be no doubt that the dance which was impugned was indecent, and even grossly indecent, but the plaintiff had no difficulty in finding persons who were willing to testify that they had seen it, enjoyed it, and had not been in the least shocked by it. Indeed some of them had even taken their wives. One witness said he took his wife, and she saw no harm in the dance. Another said his wife liked it so much that she went to see it a second time. A third said he had gone to the theatre with what he called "ladies," and they were not at all put out by anything they saw. There is no reason to doubt the honesty of this evidence, but it seems to us to point to a different conclusion from that for which it was adduced. We will say nothing about the men, but that any woman with the faintest sense of the most elementary decency could possibly sit out publicly, and more than once, such a spectacle of the degradation of her sex, is surely a melancholy proof of the debasing influence of such exhibitions. It is obvious indeed that, if this sort of thing is permitted at all, it must inevitably tend so to vitiate and deprave the public taste that by and by, by mere force of habit and familiarity, people will cease to be shocked at anything. It cannot be denied that popular notions of modesty are of a somewhat conventional character, and vary greatly in different parts of the world. There is, however, a tolerably settled and distinct conviction in this country as to the extent to which self-exposure in public should be tolerated; and though there might be a difficulty in laying down very precise rules as to the manner in which the subject should be regulated, there can be no difficulty whatever in enforcing such a general standard of decency on the stage as shall prevent a recurrence of the scandals of which complaint has justly been made. We recollect reading in an old book of etiquette that, if a lady was in doubt as to whether a ribbon was dirty, she might be sure from the mere fact of the doubt that she ought not to wear it. This, it seems to us, should be the rule of the stage. There should be no room for doubt as to whether a play is or is not decent. If there is really a doubt, the piece should be suppressed. In saying this, we are referring of course, not to subtle questions of what may be called intellectual morality, but to gross and open physical allurements.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN may perhaps have been misreported, but he seems to have said that he saw the dance at the theatre in question, that he thought it purposely and offensively indecent, and that his own opinion was that the theatre should have been at once deprived of its licence; but that, yielding to advice, he did not carry out this intention. We do not of course know the grounds of this advice, or from whom it came. But it seems to us very bad advice. This was a very disgraceful case of the sort of misconduct which it is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S business to put down, and it is greatly to be regretted that he neglected to take the opportunity of making an example which would have had an extremely salutary effect. He ought instantly to have cancelled the licence, and there can be no doubt that, if he had done so, he would have been warmly and gratefully supported by public opinion. It is to be hoped that this prompt and peremptory course will be followed on the occasion of the next offence of a similar kind. It is necessary to remember the peculiar position which theatres occupy. The right to open a theatre is not the common right of everybody. It is a special privilege and monopoly, which is granted only on certain conditions, and one of these conditions—at least in London—is that the pieces produced shall be subject to the supervision and authority of the Lord Chamberlain. Nobody need keep a theatre unless he likes, but, if he does, he must submit to these conditions; and the abuses which have crept in would not have reached such a climax of effrontery if the Lord Chamberlain—we are speaking of course of successive occupants of the office—had been more uniformly firm and stringent. There are only a comparatively small number of persons who enjoy

or covet the right to open a theatre in London, and there can be no difficulty in ascertaining all about their private characters and antecedents; and no licence should be granted except to a person of unquestionable respectability. If the theatre is sub-let in any way, of course the licensee will be personally responsible for the behaviour of his deputy. The Lord Chamberlain has thus in his hands an irresistible authority, and it is much to be wished that he would exercise it. It is monstrous that any person should be allowed to use a special privilege, which is supposed to be for the public benefit, in order to do the public harm. On a first offence a warning might be given; but defiance should be promptly punished by a withdrawal of the licence. If one or two houses were shut up in this way, it would bring managers to their senses. There is, we are aware, a difficulty about theatres which are beyond the Lord Chamberlain's limited jurisdiction, and this is a question which deserves serious consideration. In any case, however, it is necessary that such powers of regulation as exist should be vigorously employed.

It may perhaps be said that theatres which indulge in immodest freaks must soon acquire a reputation which will be a warning to decent people to keep away from them. But this is a plea which cannot for a moment be allowed. The public has a right to the theatres, and to all the theatres, and they ought to be conducted in such a way that respectable persons should not be afraid to go to them, or to take their wives and children. In such a case there is a common standard of decorum which everybody understands. We have already remarked on the influence which the theatre exercises, not merely on those who frequent it, but on society at large. It is impossible that any reservoirs of pollution can be allowed to be set apart for the special service of the depraved voluptuaries or silly lads who may choose to go to them. It is necessary to take into account the interest of the stage itself, as an honourable and useful profession. We observe that one of the theatres has put forth a special appeal to the gentlemen from the country who come up for the Cattle Show. They are invited to regale themselves in the evening with an exhibition very similar in character to that which has engaged their attention during the day. "VENUS, the goddess of material love," is offered for inspection, and our country friends will have an opportunity of enjoying the unreserved exposure of her "points" and those of her companions. It is obvious that, if this sort of show is to become common, the eloquent and picturesque writer who does the Smithfield Show for the *Times*, and who describes so graphically the "beast of ample size, level form, but somewhat weak in rib and rump," and "the perfect beauty, with superb bosom, neck, shoulders, and flank," may be expected to turn his attention to dramatic criticism. It is sometimes remarked at Islington that an animal "reveals to the hand a want of solidity not at once discerned by the eye"; but it is to be hoped that country visitors will be made to understand that at the theatre—as yet—their curiosity cannot be indulged to quite the same extent. It is evident that performances of this kind must necessarily degrade the stage and tend to keep away from it those who might do much for its elevation, and for the higher culture as well as amusement of the people. To-day Miss HELEN FAUCIT reappears for a special occasion; but where are her successors? The most conspicuous and deplorable weakness of the theatres at the present day is the want of actresses capable of portraying a high class of characters. There are happily still one or two left, but the supply is obviously failing, and it is impossible to wonder that it should fail when we see the sort of professional companionship to which women who embrace the profession are exposed. The essential condition of a pure, lofty, and wholesome drama is that the stage should be cleared of its "material goddesses."

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

THE great event which has been the one subject of conversation in astronomical circles for the last two years is at last over, and we are daily receiving fresh news of the success with which the practised observers who, in stations dotted here and there over more than half the surface of the globe, watched the transit of Venus, have utilized the precious minutes that were allowed them. The interest felt in the event has been universal. The desire to know the scale on which the universe is built will hardly

seem a culpable or idle curiosity even in the eyes of the most cynical of practical men, and nothing less than the discovery of this is the expected result and the acknowledged aim of astronomers in this case. No doubt the world of the dinner-table, which finds itself bored with having to talk about the rival merits of the Halleyan and Delisleian methods, will be relieved when the interest in the matter is removed by the final settlement of the question, and when it is allowed to betake itself again to some more congenial topic than one which requires at least a knowledge of astronomical terms; nor will it derive any permanent satisfaction from the consciousness that we have shaken ourselves finally free from an error which magnified the linear dimensions of the universe by one-thirtieth. But it will be long before thoughtful men forget an event which at once illustrates how vast are the dimensions of the solar system and other celestial distances compared with any terrestrial magnitudes, and in so doing gives a striking instance of the complete victory of human intelligence over the difficulties thus thrown in the way of its pursuit of knowledge.

The acknowledged object of the observations of the transit of Venus is to enable us to calculate the distance of the sun from the earth. Were the earth so small that it might be regarded as a mere point in comparison with celestial spaces, it is easy to see that no observation of a heavenly body could tell us more than its direction and angular magnitude when viewed from the earth; of its distance and actual magnitude we should alike be totally ignorant. If, on the contrary, the earth were so vast and the distances of heavenly bodies from it so small that, when viewed from different parts, they appeared in very different parts of the heavens (i.e. in very different positions relative to the fixed stars), it is equally clear that two observations of the position of the same celestial body made at the same moment from two different parts of the earth at a known distance from one another, would give us its actual distance from each; for it would be an instance of the well-known surveyor's method of determining the distance of an inaccessible object by measuring a base line, and observing the position of the object from each end of the line. The actual case of the earth is intermediate between these two cases. With a body so near to us as the moon, a difference in position in the observers upon the earth produces a distinct difference in position of the moon, as is shown by the well-known fact that in a solar eclipse the moon may appear to cover the sun from one station, while it covers only a small portion of it when viewed from another. But if the sun could at one and the same moment be viewed from two diametrically opposite points on the earth's surface, it would scarcely seem to be displaced among the stars through a distance equal to one-hundredth part of the breadth of its own disc. Now, admirable as our astronomical instruments are, this in itself is but a small quantity to observe, and to obtain it correctly to about one-thirtieth of itself would baffle utterly the most refined observations; greater errors than these must continually be present in our best observations, from defects and changes in the instruments and observers, even if the atmospheric conditions did not forbid us to attempt the direct determination of such minute quantities. Thus, unless we can get some phenomenon in which this effect of the actual magnitude of the earth in producing displacement in the heavenly bodies when viewed from different parts of it is magnified, we must rest content with a very rough idea of what that effect is, and consequently of what are the actual celestial distances.

But here Kepler's great discoveries come to our aid. They enable us to calculate the relative distances of the planets from the sun without any knowledge of the actual distances, by ascertaining the length of time that each planet requires to make a complete revolution round the sun. From this we learn that the distance of Mars from the sun is about one-half as great again as that of the earth, while the distance of Venus is about three-fourths of our distance. Hence, when Mars is nearest to us, it is only half as far from us as the sun is, and when Venus is at its nearest it is one-fourth as far; so that the effects of our terrestrial distances will be doubled in the one case and magnified fourfold in the other, and our chances of getting accurate results are proportionally increased. But there is a striking difference between the two cases. Venus is nearest to us when it is directly between us and the sun, but the orbit of Mars encloses ours, and thus that planet is nearest to us when we are directly between it and the sun, and it appears to be at a point of the heavens diametrically opposite to the sun. Hence, when in these positions, Mars can be observed all night long, while Venus, when in the corresponding position, cannot be observed at all, as it is buried in the rays of the sun. This very peculiarity, which renders such direct observation of Venus so difficult and useless for our present purpose, causes it to give us on certain occasions an invaluable method of determining the celestial distances. Though Venus generally passes a little above or a little below the sun, yet upon rare occasions it passes actually between the earth and the sun, and is seen projected on the sun's disc. The unparalleled advantages of such an opportunity for measuring the exact effect of terrestrial distances in producing apparent displacement in celestial objects is obvious on a moment's thought. Not only have we a small and perfectly defined disc on which to mark the apparent position of the planet, but we have the far greater advantage that to some observers Venus will seem to pass nearer the centre of the sun than to others, and consequently will have a longer path on the sun's face, and will therefore take longer to cross. Moreover, to some it will begin to cross at an earlier moment than will be the case with others. Now time can

be observed with the most complete accuracy, and thus an effect of displacement which can be made a question of a time-observation is vastly to be preferred to any other. Such are the chief advantages which a transit of Venus possesses. The methods of utilizing one are greatly modified by the fact that allowance must be made for the rotation and motion of the earth during the not inconsiderable time occupied by the transit. But in their main outlines the three great methods of observation of a transit correspond to the three mentioned above. The photographic (as also the direct) method is intended to determine the exact position which the planet seems to have on the sun's disc; the method of durations is directed towards determining the length of time occupied in the whole transit, that thence the length of the apparent path, and thus its distance from the centre may be determined; and the Delisleian method contents itself with estimating the exact moment and position of contact (either internal or external, and on ingress or egress); in all cases, with the intention that by comparison with a similar observation from some widely distant place on the earth's surface, the difference produced by this distance may be ascertained. In 1761 and 1769 attempts were made to utilize transits of Venus in the way we have mentioned, but errors, chiefly arising from the then little-understood peculiarities of the phenomenon affecting accuracy of observation, lead us to doubt whether the results were so good as others that have since been obtained by direct observations of Mars, as explained above, and it is to set this question at rest that the present observations of the transit of Venus have been undertaken.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, from the above considerations, no observation of the transit from a single station is of any value by itself in enabling us to determine the sun's distance. For this purpose the observations must be taken in pairs, such stations being chosen as will combine best with one another. Take, for instance, the method of durations, and suppose a good observation to have been taken at Hong Kong. The difference of the duration of the transit when viewed from Hong Kong and from Melbourne is about seventeen minutes; while the difference when Crozet Island is taken as the southern station, is twenty-five minutes. Thus an error of a second in the former pair of observations would make a difference half as large again in our results, as would the same error in the latter pair. It is this that causes astronomers to scan with such eagerness the fresh telegrams that from time to time come to hand telling of the respective success of each expedition. Had the phenomenon been one like a total eclipse of the sun, where the observers are separated only to diminish the risk of complete failure from bad weather, the first telegram received would have set all minds at rest; for when so practised an observer as Colonel Tennant has magnificent weather and is able to take one hundred photographs, nothing is left to be desired so far as results obtainable from that station are concerned. Since the receipt of that welcome piece of news we have learnt much about the other observing parties, and though the intelligence is but partially satisfactory, yet we know enough to warrant our considering that the observations taken as a whole have been highly successful. In Egypt, save at Alexandria, at Melbourne, at Indore, and at Telouan, complete success has been obtained; and what is almost best of all, a telegram from Dr. Janssen, the inventor of the photographic method of observation, and the one in whose hands it would be likely to produce the greatest results, has been able to obtain very good observations at Nagasaki, one of the best stations for that method. The failures at Alexandria, Adelaide, Shanghai, and Tashkend can be borne, as none of these stations are of such critical or exceptional value that the loss of results obtained from them cannot be remedied by observations from the neighbouring stations; but the very moderate success at the Siberian stations is well nigh irreparable. We still lack information from twelve of these stations; but it would seem that there was widespread haze and cloud over the whole of the region in which they were placed, and our prospects are rendered more gloomy by the fact that Wladivostok, from which we had the earliest and most detailed information, is in later telegrams spoken of as one of the places where the weather was most favourable, whereas we know that it was very far from being what could be desired. The main interest now centres in the parties at the Sandwich Isles and those in the Kerguelen and Crozet Islands. If these, and especially if the first mentioned, have failed, the loss will be great indeed, for they stand well nigh alone and unsupported. It will be long before any news of their success or failure come to us, unless indeed homeward-bound ships of Mr. Green's magnificent Australian line are able to carry out their owner's project of calling at Kerguelen Island, and bringing us the news. If at this station the observations are satisfactory, we shall indeed have cause to congratulate ourselves. We already know that good observations have been made at Nagasaki, and as the difference in duration between the transit there and at Kerguelen Island is twenty-eight and a-half minutes, the observations must be inaccurate indeed if we cannot obtain a result which shall not err to one-two-hundredth part of itself, and we may hope to attain to a still greater degree of accuracy.

We have said that observations must be looked at in pairs, and not singly. This it is that makes all astronomers so anxious to receive detailed accounts from the different observers, in order to ascertain how far we shall in this transit be baffled by a not fully understood peculiarity which was doubtless the main cause of the failure in 1769. The time taken by the planet in moving across

the sun's edge is considerable, and, whether from irradiation or some other cause, it does not seem to have a circular shape during the whole of the passage, but will at the end of the ingress and the commencement of the egress seem to be wholly on the face of the sun, but to be connected with its edge by a black ligament. Now it is a debatable point which is the exact moment of ingress or egress; whether it is the moment when the ligament is broken, or when it suddenly changes in a particular way well known to observers; but this is a matter of very little importance provided all observers agree to observe exactly the same phase. The error in 1761 and 1769 arose from the astronomers not fully knowing what to expect, and, in consequence, having to make up their minds at the time what special phase of the contact they should take as the moment of true contact. To remedy this, all the English and American observers—and we believe also those of other nations—have for months been practising themselves at artificial transits of Venus. A black disc of the right size sunk in a glass plate is made to pass over a brightly illuminated field of the same angular diameter as the sun's disc at exactly the right rate, so that all the phases of the actual transit occur in the same order and at the same rate of succession. The value of such practice can only be judged of by those who know what a difficult task it is to take an observation at an exciting moment. So well does this seem to have answered, that accounts from Cairo say that the actual transit was so much like the artificial one that it was hard to get rid of the idea that it was not model practice. If it has been the same at other stations, the accuracy of our final results will be increased to an almost incredible extent, for there can be no fear that there will be any confusion as to the exact phase observed and noted by each observer. But in Dr. Janssen's telegram there is an ominous statement that no ligament was seen. If so, the phases of the transit were different at his station from what they were at Cairo, and what they have probably been at other stations. This destroys all certainty in the comparison of his observations with others, as it will be impossible to identify corresponding phases. The telegram is not very full, and the phenomenon of the ligament is so well known, and has been so universally observed, that it is scarcely possible that it can have been absent, and Dr. Janssen would have seen it if it were there, so that there is still ground to hope that we may have mistaken the meaning of his message. But we must obtain fuller accounts both from him and from others before all anxiety on this subject is removed.

The exciting and interesting part of the work connected with the transit is over, but the really hard work is only just beginning. Each observation must be separately corrected for instrumental errors from data procured at the place of observation, from repeated observations of the sun and stars during the long period (in some cases many months) that elapsed between the fixing of the instruments and the occurrence of the transit. Each photograph will be subjected to the most refined micrometric measurements, repeated dozens, if not hundreds, of times in order to ensure complete accuracy in the determination of the position of the little black dot upon the sun's image; and when the separate observations have been thus prepared, they will have to be combined in pairs, and separate results obtained from each pair. All these results will probably differ, or at all events no one can be taken to be absolutely accurate, so that a further calculation must be made as to the result which is the best approach that we can make to the truth, and what degree of accuracy we may safely consider it to possess. It is this last calculation which will possess the deepest interest to astronomers. It will be but little satisfaction to them to find that the result finally obtained supports one or the other theory of the sun's distance, if the separate results differ so widely that no special reliance can be placed upon it, or, to use the technical phrase, the "probable error" is large. But it must not be imagined that all this vast amount of labour will fall to the lot of skilled astronomers such as those who have organized these expeditions. Mysterious as it may seem to outsiders to make an observed difference of duration in a transit give to us the distance of the sun from the earth in miles, yet the persons who make the requisite calculations are generally people who barely know the elements of trigonometry and algebra, and are, it is needless to say, utterly ignorant of theoretical astronomy. The requisite formulæ are obtained by astronomers, and copies are given to the patient computers who substitute in these formulæ the actual numerical values of the quantities, and work out the most difficult calculations without a glimpse of intelligence of what they are doing, and consequently without as much chance of error as so many calculating machines. No better instance of the advantages of the division of labour can be given, for it would fare ill with results were it necessary that reliance should be put on the powers of skilled mathematicians to multiply two numbers together correctly, and the computers would of themselves be unable to understand, much less originate, a single one of the many processes by which we arrive at the formulæ which they so unerringly use. But the public must wait whilst this vast amount of work is being got through. The astronomers have doubtless done their share already but the computers will not be able to begin for some time yet, and it will not be till long after that time that we shall learn in a form intelligible to the ordinary mind what the transit of 1874 has to tell us.

A NEW FABLE OF THE BEES.

NATURAL history may be said to have passed through three stages. There is the good old natural history which supplied Sir Thomas Browne with his *Vulgar Errors*. The animal world then included a number of charming creatures which have since entirely disappeared even from the imaginations of mankind. The dragon was still to be found in remote Alpine districts, and the stone cut from his head was understood to be a sovereign remedy against most known diseases. The phoenix, though the excellent Sir Thomas brings divers good arguments to render his existence doubtful, was still not unlikely to reward the researches of some traveller in Central Africa. Then there were the unicorn, and the roc, and the dog-headed man, and the still more remarkable man with one foot, which served on occasion for a parabol. But in the days of our infancy such fabulous creatures had disappeared from any region nearer than the *Arabian Nights*; and the modern lecturer upon natural history was represented by the popular showman. That "amphibious" animal which, though it could not live on the land and died in the water, did pretty well in a cage, represented a certain fabulous element, but for the most part our imagination was satisfied by quaint anecdotes about really existing animals. That was the period in which we firmly believed in the lion of Androcles, in the magnanimity of lions generally, in the power of dogs to see ghosts and foretell deaths, and, by way of counterpoise, in the extreme stupidity of the proverbial ostrich. The animals of that period lived upon a borderland between romance and history. As in the legends of Arthur and Charlemagne, there was a certain nucleus of history concealed by an imaginative colouring. But the good old anecdotes, once believed as implicitly as our Bibles, are disappearing before the advance of modern science. Mr. Darwin has in some ways materially raised our estimate of apes and dogs, but he has encouraged us to substitute the disagreeable practice of rigid inquiry for the more pleasant and poetical process of imaginative manipulation of facts.

Amongst the animals in whom we specially believed were the bees and ants. To the ant as a business-like animal, with a detestable habit of uncensured industry, we always entertained a considerable dislike. He resembled the good boy who was a kind of standing reproach to his weaker brethren; and deserved to be put down on the same principle which makes the member of a trade-union protest against the workman who displays a supererogatory diligence. How much superior was the judicious monkey, who would not talk lest he should be made to work! For the bee, on the other hand, we always had a considerable tenderness. Though rather obtrusively virtuous in the strains of his laureate Dr. Watts, he was undoubtedly associated with honey; and much must be forgiven to a creature whose excessive development of conscience led, though unintentionally on his part, to so agreeable an addition to our own private comforts. Sir John Lubbock, however, in a pleasant lecture reported in a recent number of the *Times*, has been endeavouring to throw additional light upon the manners and customs of bees; and we cannot say that his revelations are altogether satisfactory. The bee, according to the opinions of previous observers, was remarkable, amongst other things, for his strong social instincts. The community of bees, indeed, has often been taken as a kind of natural model for human imitation. Their loyalty and vigorous spirit of co-operation is as admirable as the summary way in which they are said to settle questions of poor relief by deciding that, if a bee cannot work, neither shall he live. One of Sir John's experiments, however, is calculated to expose the character of the bee upon an important point. He placed a honey-comb in a position where it could not be easily discovered by bees, and then brought a single bee to this magnificent mine of wealth. The bee continued to visit the honey from half-past twelve till the evening, returning to the hive in the intervals. But no other bee visited the place. Hence, says Sir John, it seems probable that bees have not the power which has been attributed to them of communicating to each other a knowledge of facts. The argument does not seem indeed to be absolutely conclusive. Suppose that a superior animal were to examine our proceedings as we examine bees. They would select one of those industrious persons with whose habits Sir John Lubbock is tolerably familiar, who swarm daily round the great hive called the City of London. He would place a large store of gold or bank-notes in a position not readily accessible to the general mob, and then introduce to it a good human bee, who had previously shown his industry by gathering up gold bit by bit in the dirtiest places and by the most laborious industry. What would be the most probable course of action of the animal under the circumstances suggested? Would he immediately display a power of communicating his knowledge by marking little bits of white material and sticking them up in the most frequented haunts of his fellows? Or would not the observer very probably record a series of phenomena not unlike those which presented themselves to Sir John? We can fancy that the lecturer would have to state that the selected bee had remained for some time in the neighbourhood of the store until certain receptacles in the neighbourhood of his thighs were entirely loaded with a yellow substance; that he carefully avoided contact with his fellows; and that he returned frequently to the spot, paying visits in the interval to a great central storehouse in the midst of the hive. The question is, whether Sir John's remarks are more destructive of the intelligence or of the moral character of the bee.

Is the insect sharp enough to keep its knowledge to itself, or is it too dull to be able to communicate the facts? It is rather difficult to speculate upon the motives of beings so far removed from us in the scale of creation. There is a well-known passage in Paley which is reported to have stopped his promotion in the Church, by the shock which it gave to the conservative prejudices of George III. If, says that admirable writer, you should see a flock of pigeons in a field; if you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse; keeping this heap for one and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on all the winter whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it, and tearing to pieces any pigeon who dared to interfere with the arrangement, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established amongst men. We need not go on to Paley's application of this ingenuous parallel. The superior creatures which "show a Newton as we show an ape" might hastily consider such an arrangement to be a singular proof of the unreasoning stupidity of mankind. They would declare that nothing could keep up such a state of things, except a blind instinct incapable of reasonable explanation. When we examine the ways of bees, we may be subject to a similar illusion. The superior being in the supposed case sets down to our stupidity what is really the effect of our enlightened selfishness. Communism is impracticable, because men will not work without some personal reward. By the inverse process, Sir John Lubbock is perhaps exalting the virtue of bees at the expense of their intelligence. The bee may contribute to a common fund, because the conditions of his life make private property generally impossible; but as soon as he sees his way to keeping something for himself, he seems to take advantage of the opportunity. A still greater perplexity would be produced in the case of the human bee, if a whole hive were to be watched making elaborate preparations to extract honey from a block of stone. The observer would probably set them down as hopelessly idiotic; and yet, if all stories are true which are told on the Stock Exchange, such manoeuvres show the extreme acuteness of some individuals as much as the folly of the mass. Sir John should try a new experiment, and see whether, if he exposes a mere painted honeycomb, his bee would not send to it a whole crowd of his fellows, and stay comfortably at home wallowing in more honey than ever gladdened the heart (we speak metaphorically) of a single bee before.

Meanwhile it seems that our old objects of antipathy, the ants, have a simpler character or a keener intelligence. One ant, being introduced to a cunningly devised platform with a provision of honey, went off to the nest and brought back as many as twenty of his fellows. We cannot speak too highly of the public spirit exhibited by this virtuous insect. A certain slur has been cast upon ants by the statement made popular by Mr. Darwin that some ants are in the habit of keeping slaves. We know not whether any virtuous abolitionists have taken the question in hand and proposed a suppression of this degrading traffic. Knowing by experience what it is to fall asleep upon a large ant-hill, we should feel prepared to take a very severe view of any such delinquencies. And the argument will be all the stronger now that it is stated on high scientific authority that an ant, contemptible as may be his appearance, is in reality capable of the social virtues. We would suggest, parenthetically, that this interesting experiment might be carried out in a different direction. We feel that there is strong reason to suspect that insects more generally unpopular have a very similar instinct—or, should we say?—power of reasoning. We have placed the human frame upon a bed in a position which we had taken every means to render impregnable to the domestic flea. And yet, within a few minutes after the first enemy of the human race had tasted blood, the body used in the experiment has been assaulted by legions sufficiently numerous to inflict unreportable tortures. This however, is merely thrown out by way of hint. The observations reported by Sir J. Lubbock are really interesting, whatever interpretation may be put upon the facts. It is a curious question how far we are justified in applying anthropomorphic conceptions to the ways of insects. Whatever philosophers may say, we are quite unable to imagine that dogs and horses are mere senseless automata; and indeed we find it impossible to suppose that they do not go through intellectual processes which contain at least the germs of human reason. But when we come to beings organized on such entirely different principles from ourselves, we are half disposed to fancy that they may have modes of combining their impressions which are different in kind as well as degree from those with which we are familiar. We leave the problem to metaphysicians, and refrain from attempting to imagine what would be the effect of making acquaintance with the outside world through a pair of antennæ. We can only say that the recommendation to the sluggard to go to the ant must now be understood in a new sense. He should go not merely to find a symbolic representative of the virtue in which he is most defective, but to discover an actual exemplification of a Christian spirit. And his sluggishness will be reprov'd not merely by the ant's industry, but by the recognition of the fact that new fields of knowledge are open to any one who will take the trouble to investigate familiar phenomena.

MONS SACER.

WE know not whether we are right in assuming, or whether so to assume is only a judgment of charity, that every visitor to Rome makes a point of going at least as far out of the city as the noble church of St. Agnes without the Walls. Of that church in its character as a basilica—in some points, notwithstanding its comparatively small size, the most finished and perfect of all basilicas—we have spoken in times past. And we have also raised our nose over the neighbour of St. Agnes, St. Constantia, and the tomb stolen thence by the barbarous whim of a destroying Pope of modern times. Papal caprice glorifies Agnes and robs Constantia; the lover of Christian antiquity can only wish that Popes would keep their hands alike from glorifying and from robbing. But just now we have to deal with both buildings simply as a landmark; they are to us for the nonce no more than the villa of some mushroom "prince" on the same road, who has amused himself by setting up sham ruins, and sometimes, it is whispered, stealing real columns to cke them out. We set out along the *Via Nomentana*; we pass by the gimcrack Colosseum of the prince; we pass by the two churches which have fared in such opposite ways at infallible hands; we ask ourselves the purpose of the ruin which stands in their close neighbourhood, and which, like so many others, bears the name of Maxentius; and this time we do not turn back when we have reached the basilica, but go on along the somewhat dreary road in search of a spot which tells us of days when Rome had as yet no prince but her *Princeps Senatus*, no Pontiff but the head of the religion of Jupiter and Minerva. But before we altogether cast the modern world behind us, we are forcibly reminded of its presence as we cross the modern substitute for Appian and Flaminian ways, the network of railways which carry out the saying that all roads lead to Rome. Nor is the reminder out of place; the great works of ancient and modern engineering skill have much in common. There is a likeness, sometimes even in their actual appearance, always in the mighty spirit of enterprise, the command of physical resources, which is alike common to both and unknown to intermediate ages. We cross the iron road and go down into the valley of the Anio; we pass over a bridge, of which more anon, and we find the other side of the stream guarded by a group of low hills whose place in history is no mean one. There is more than one among the neighbouring mounds which claims to itself the honour of being the spot where the Sacred Laws were passed, where the tribuneship was ordained, and where Agrippa Menenius spoke his famous parable of the Belly and the Members. About the exact spot it is idle to dispute. Gibbon says that people often forget that a battle is not fought on one particular spot, because two armies in action cover a good deal of ground. And so the place to which the Roman Commons seceded with the object of founding a new city must have been something more than any one of the little knolls more than one of which is marked in different maps as the exact spot. The contemplated city, the actual encampment, must have taken up a good deal of ground. It is enough that it was on those low hills beyond the Anio that the Commons designed to found their city of refuge from patrician oppression, and that some one of them, likely enough the small, but marked, knoll just beyond the river with two ancient tombs at its foot, was the actual spot which kept to after ages the honoured name of the Sacred Hill.

The legend of the secession of the Commons is one of those stories which come before the time of trustworthy history, but whose general truth there is no reason to doubt. It gives an account of the origin of an important part of the Roman constitution, of the Sacred Laws and of that memorable office of the tribuneship which those laws so specially hallowed. Stories which give the origin of laws and offices are very often among the silliest of legends, because they are in truth no legends at all, but mere guesses to explain something whose meaning was forgotten. But the story of the secession to the Sacred Hill is not one of this kind. It will stand the test of the comparative method. It is in every way probable, according to what we know from analogy must have been the real state of things, but it is not a story which a later age would be likely to invent. It takes for granted the real origin of the Roman Commons. Had the Commons been simply the poor or ignoble class of Rome, like the poor or ignoble class of a modern State—had they been, as Livy conceived them, a class artificially divided from the patricians by the first founder of the city—we can hardly fancy them forming the plan of leaving Rome, and setting up a new town of their own in the immediate neighbourhood. In a modern State, or in such a State as Livy conceived Rome to have been, the poor and ignoble, even though they may be wholly shut out from the government of the State, are still as much members of the State as the rich and noble. But, when we take in what the Roman Commons really were, we shall see that it is only in a very imperfect sense that they were members of the State at all. The patricians were the old citizens, the Commons were the new. The patricians were the men of the old settlements on the Palatine and the Capitoline, strengthened probably by the Luceres of the Cælian. The Commons were the later settlers on the Aventine, dwelling indeed physically within the city wall, but not admitted within the sacred shelter of the *pomerium*. They had not yet been incorporated with the elder tribes, as the elder tribes had already been incorporated with one another. Many among them might be rich, many among them might have been noble in earlier homes, but neither riches nor nobility could win for them political equality with the elder

citizens. It is not very wonderful if on such men the tie of local allegiance sat very loosely; they were only half Romans, and it seemed to them no strange thing to leave Rome and plant a new town somewhere else. In such a town they would be the old citizens, and a day might come when they might have the pleasure of being themselves patricians towards fresh bodies of new settlers. There they might have their own gods, they might take their own auspices, they might do what they would as an independent commonwealth, perhaps a thirty-first Latin city. All this they could easily do; because they were not mere units, like those members of a modern State whom poverty or any other cause shuts out from a share in its government; they were an organized community, with their own assemblies and magistrates, and with the full habit of united action. The Sacred Hill was not an Adullam where every one took refuge who was discontented or in debt; it was a spot to which a community which at Rome was dependent proposed to move in order to become independent. The whole thing is perfectly in harmony with all that we know of the way in which early communities grew up. Till all the elements of the State were fully welded together, secession was a natural resource, more than once resorted to by the element whose citizenship was imperfect. As the old distinctions die out, secessions cease to be heard of. When, in the later days of the commonwealth, we come to dissections of quite another kind, we do not hear of secession as a remedy. The idea is as wholly foreign to the later state of things at Rome as it is natural in the earlier. The story bears about it the stamp of being genuine tradition, and not an invention or a guess of later times.

In all the disputes between the patricians and the Commons, we naturally take the side of the Commons, as the cause of freedom and equal right against an exclusive oligarchy. But this story, like many others, shows that the patricians were the truer Romans. No wonder; they were the old settlers; they came of the pure blood of the founders of the city; theirs were the Gods of the city, whose will no man of the stranger Commons knew how to interpret. Their love for Rome, as a spot, as a city, as a commonwealth, might be narrow and selfish, but it was strong and real. Their love for Rome involved the dominion of Rome over other commonwealths, and their own dominion in Rome; but they had at least no objects apart from Rome; they sought no greatness for themselves in any character but that of Romans. To secede from Rome, to divide Rome, were thoughts which to them were worse than death. The time came when all barriers were broken down, and when these feelings were as strong in the plebeian as in the patrician; but it was not so as yet. The patrician was already rooted to the soil of Rome; the plebeian could still endure the thought of ceasing to be a Roman. The patricians were not ready to grant equal rights to the Commons; but they saw that a secession of the Commons would be the ruin of the Roman commonwealth; they saw that a purely patrician Rome could no longer stand. To hinder the division of the commonwealth, they were therefore ready to make large concessions to the inferior community, but concessions which marked out the Commons as a separate community almost more distinctly than before. By so doing, as afterwards by hindering the proposed emigration to Veii, they undoubtedly saved the Roman State. The greatness of Rome was so closely bound up with the site of Rome and with the associations of Rome that we may be sure that a new city by the Anio, or a Roman commonwealth transferred to Veii, could never have become what the true Rome by the Tiber did become.

It is a point to be noticed that, whichever of the hills we may pitch on as the actual *Mons Sacer*, the new town by the Anio would have been out of sight of Rome. From the hill just above the river, and from the hill a little way further on, the eye catches some of the loftiest towers and cupolas of mediæval and modern Rome; but that is all. Of the city, as it stood in the days of the secession and for many ages after the secession, nothing could be seen from the Sacred Hill. In this there is no doubt a moral. Tusculum might look down upon a hated rival. We may doubt whether the city of the *Plébs* was meant to be a rival or an enemy of Rome. We may fancy that a wish to forget Rome was mingled with a sort of half attachment to the old spot, which forbade the discontented community to migrate to any great distance. But what would have followed if the parable of Agrippa Menenius had had no effect? No one can dream that the town on the Anio could have grown into so much as the head of Latium. But the division, the secession, the probable border-wars between the old and the new city, might have hindered the town on the Tiber from becoming the head of the world.

That the secession really was made, according to Livy's account, to a point, like the Sacred Hill, beyond the walls of the city, there can be no reasonable doubt. Livy quotes from Piso another version, according to which the secession was made to the Aventine. This he wisely rejects. But Piso's story is valuable, as showing the way in which legends were arbitrarily patched up. Piso, or those whom he followed, knew that there was a special connexion between the Commons and the Aventine, and so thrust in the name of the Aventine in a story about the Commons in which it was quite out of place.

One point more. It is not unlikely that here, as in so many other places, we are brought face to face with some of the strange contrasts of history. The hill nearest to the river looks down on one of the most picturesque of covered and fortified bridges, clearly of more dates than one. Some hold that part of the structure is the work of Narses. This bridge on the *Via Nomentana* must not be confounded with the more famous bridge of Narses on the

Via Salaria, which once bore the boastful inscription commented on by Gregorovius. But it is in no way unlikely that he built both. And, looking down from the Sacred Hill, we feel inclined to hope that there may be truth in the opinion of those who assign this bridge also to the first Etrarch. If so, two ends of Roman history are here brought together. We stand on the scene of an event which seemed likely to tear Rome asunder before the elements of her people were yet fully welded together. We stand, three miles from the elder gates of Rome, on a spot where a part of the Roman people dreamed of founding a new city out of sight of the old one. We look down on the work of an age when a Roman Augustus still ruled alike in Spain and in Syria, but when a secession of another kind from that which led men to the Sacred Hill had removed his throne from the Tiber to the Bosphorus, and when another secession stranger still had for a while cut off Rome herself from the Roman Empire. As the voice of Menenius had won back the severed Commons, so the arms of Belisarius had won back the severed capital. In the one case the New Rome, if a New Rome it was to be, was, before its birth, again incorporated with the Old. In the other case the Old Rome was not indeed incorporated, but brought into subjection to the New. Menenius might well boast that he had given Rome peace and freedom. Justinian too boasted that he had given Rome peace and freedom; but it was such peace and freedom as was consistent with the position of an outlying province and with the rule of a Byzantine Etrarch. But the very degradation of Rome took a form which was the direct result of her greatness; she became the slave of her own name and her own shadow. Had the Roman people parted asunder at the Sacred Hill, the Roman name could never have won the magic power which it did win, a magic which could live, not only through the transfer of Rome's name and place to her own colony, but through the actual subjection of the parent to the child. There is a cycle in all things. Rome, as the legend goes, destroyed her own metropolis. If so, the wrongs of Alba were strangely and tardily avenged when Rome became a dependent outpost of Byzantium.

AMATEUR NURSING.

AFFECTION only, however warm, will not qualify a sick-nurse. The cool head and steady hand of a professional stranger is too often to be preferred. Many a life has been sacrificed by ignorance or stupidity or anxiety where the nurse would gladly have died to save the patient. The event of a fever has before now been determined by the clapping of a door, or by an injudicious spoonful of unsuitable food. The indulgence may prove fatal of some whim which a fond mother cannot deny to her sick child. The longed-for change of posture may be accorded a day too soon. The cruel application of another blister may be put off a day too long. A moment's thorough draught, a cup of tea, a piece of news, a second pillow may settle the struggle between life and death. How often the doctor leaves a house feeling that it is only in spite of the nursing that his patient will recover! He shudders to think of the messes which will be brought up as beef-tea. He is in despair when a poultice is prescribed, as he is almost certain it will be so applied as to do more harm than good. And, valuable as all kinds of baths are in illness, he dare not order them, knowing the insane way in which his orders will be carried out. Above all, he is afraid of what may be termed the "cumulative dose," whether of medicine or nourishment; and finds it impossible to persuade either the patient or his family that half a dozen table-spoons of brandy in half a dozen hours are not the same thing as one glass in six hours; or that, where he orders medicine to be taken every two hours, the effect will not be the same if a double or treble dose is taken at once to save trouble.

There is a strong and not altogether unreasonable prejudice against employing professional nurses, and especially hospital nurses, as long as the amateurs hold out. "Sisters" are resorted to now in many cases, but unfortunately there are benighted souls who do not like "Sisters," delightful as they are often found to be; people who are puzzled about their position, like Lord Dundreary about Sam; patients who associate them, perhaps not unnaturally, with confession and extreme unction. It is ill-naturedly said that, unless sisterhoods were uniform, ladies could not be found to go into them; that the coffee-coloured or black dress, the becoming straw bonnet, and the silver crucifix have an effect on the female mind like that produced upon every boy by the aspect of a life-guardian in his panoply; but it is certain that many sick people who have to submit to hired or professional nursing of any kind would prefer to see no white lawn or blue serge, no rosary or knotted cords. There is an opening for what may be called medical assistants, to take a place between lady doctors and ordinary sick-nurses. They might be taken from the class which now supplies the suffering fellowship of governesses, already too numerous; and from which companions who are no company are now drawn. They would require to have the keen perceptions and nice ways of ladies, yet they must not be above supplying all the patient's needs. Their training ought not to be made expensive; for women are apt in learning these things; hands which could never play a sonata of Beethoven might adjust a bandage, and voices whose singing would be painful to hear might soothe the sick one's ear with kindly words. Where the lady of the house is laid up such a nurse could answer her letters, see a visitor who called to inquire, read the newspaper intelligently, talk of something besides the

dying agonies of her last case, and perhaps judge wisely when the patient must be kept quiet and when she may see a friend. Such a person could without offence dismiss a visitor who stayed too long, and assume the responsibility of allowing the children to see mamma, while she ordered their goings to prevent a racket or a cry.

But it is painful to see a patient nursed in the common manner. The tact required for a sick-room differs from all other kinds of experience. Amateur nurses seldom possess it. Now and then a lady is to the manner born, and without instruction or previous experience blossoms into a full-grown nurse at a moment's notice. The doctor who finds one ready in a house rejoices heartily. His own credit as well as the recovery of his patient is probably assured. Seldom, however, has he this good fortune. His ordinary experience is very different. If he wishes the sick-room kept at a certain temperature, he cannot have it managed. The fire is alternately half extinct and blazing up the chimney. There is no care to have it warm at sunrise and sunset, and moderate when the sun is shining and the air warm. The invalid is awakened from a priceless sleep by hearing the cinders fall on the unprotected fender, or by the noise of a clumsy hand putting on coals, which might easily have been wrapped in pieces of damp paper and left ready for noiseless use. The morning meal is perhaps delayed until the patient has passed from appetite to faintness. Perhaps, when it comes, the tea is smoked. Household troubles are freely discussed in the room. Mary has given warning because there is so much more going up and down stairs since Missus was ill; the cook is so extravagant, and yesterday's dinner was spoilt; Johnny has cut his finger, and Lucy has tumbled downstairs; such things are told as if they would amuse the invalid. But worse than this is the mysterious whispering at the door, and the secrets obviously kept to excite the nervous patient's suspicions. The irritating creak of a dry boot, the shuffling of a loose slipper, try a sick person's patience unreasonably; and the amateur nurse argues against such silly fancies, and thinks they are matters in which reasoning can be of any avail. The untrained nurse never commences her arrangements for the night until the patient is just beginning to grow a little sleepy. She then arranges the pillows, moves the chairs, stirs the fire, and perhaps makes up her own bed. Such snuses at sleeping-time produce fever in a most unaccountable way, and the amateur is amazed and bewildered because the patient lies awake all night. Besides all this, and no matter how noisy and elaborate the preparations for the night's campaign, several things are forgotten downstairs; no beef-tea is to be had in the middle of the night, no spoon for the medicine, no boiling water. Amateurs do not know that sick people should not be asked what they will have, but should be saved even the mental exertion of making a choice. However desirable it may be that they should arrange their affairs, business matters should not be discussed before them. Sometimes a man who has not made his will before his illness will be anxious and uneasy till he has made it, and will get better when the matter is off his mind. But to arrange such things requires nicety and tact such as the amateur, who perhaps shares the sick man's anxiety, cannot show.

In convalescence, even more than in illness, the attentions of an inexperienced nurse are often trying to the invalid. If he has been well nursed he is still amenable to the discipline of the sick-room, and will probably do what he is bid. But if he had not learned unquestioning obedience to a benevolent but irresponsible power, he has many things to suffer before he gets well. At first, perhaps, he will be allowed to sit up hours when minutes were the doctor's orders. He is able to persuade his nurse to give him a tumbler of claret, when the medical allowance was a wine-glass. He is allowed to see the newspaper for a few minutes, and he reads an exciting novel. He is permitted to see a visitor, and has a room full of company. He is overloaded with mufpling when he takes his first walk, and is allowed to sit on a cold garden seat. When he goes home, no nourishment is ready for him, and the chances are his house clothes are unaired. And as he gradually emancipates himself from the bondage of illness, and returns to ordinary life, it is seldom that his reviving appetite is properly humoured. The *sequelæ*, as they are called, of many fevers are both induced and aggravated by the carelessness by which unwholesome food is offered to the recovering invalid. This is even more often the case where there is chronic illness or delicacy of constitution. It is amazing to see a man suffering from a deadly complaint set down to a dinner where he has to choose between stewed kidneys and salt beef. If he is cautious, which is not often the case, his hostess will wonder to see him prefer a bread-and-water diet. But the entire ignorance of what constitutes wholesomeness in food is a curious feature in the character of many housekeepers. In all diseases of the respiratory organs the importance of care in adjusting the temperature, especially at night, is seldom thought of; yet a little trouble taken in time has often saved a delicate constitution from falling into consumption. Even in a bad climate it is only by experiment that any one can tell how far this terror of all families may be escaped. People are wholly demoralized by fear when its name is mentioned. Medical men who hesitate to use the word, knowing what despair it will lead to, are accused of deceit. The frantic parent whose child is threatened tries all kinds of experiments, rushes wildly from place to place, consults all kinds of quacks, uses half a dozen methods of treatment, perhaps all at the same time, alternately keeps the patient constantly in the open air and secludes him altogether, and when the end, inevitable in such cases, comes at last, is subject to lifelong self-questionings as to whether anything more might have been done. Some people,

again, are never to be warned of danger until it is too late. The doctor's grave looks are unseen, his warnings unheeded, and then he has to bear the blame of the result. When a death occurs for the first time in a household, the calamity comes with a crushing force. Everybody is thrown off his balance; all kinds of reasons have to be invented for what is unfortunately a too common occurrence. The right reason is seldom thought of, for all that love and anxiety could do has been done. But the doctor requires something more, for love and anxiety are not always helps to him. A little exact and unreasoning obedience to his orders, a little disregard of the patient's morbid cravings, a complete absence of any display of nervousness or fear, and his patient's chances are doubled. It is a pity Mr. Ruskin has never turned his practical mind upon these matters. His Utopia is to consist only of young and healthy people; and in one of the recent numbers of *Fora Clavigera* he defines women's work without any reference to nursing. He says they are to please people, to feed them in dainty ways, to clothe them, to keep them orderly, and to teach them. He says not a word about nursing them in sickness; possibly he contemplates the institution of "Euthanasia."

CLERICAL MEETINGS, PAST AND PRESENT.

WHATEVER may be the surprises in store when the ensuing Session of Parliament introduces the next instalment of ecclesiastical legislation, one condition of the contest appears by general consent to be anticipated as certain. The influence of the majority in the Lower Houses of Convocation is not expected to be thrown into the same scale with the vote, as given last Session, of the majority in the House of Commons; or, in other words, the relation of the representatives of the clergy to those of the nation generally appears likely to resemble the relation which during many years past usually subsisted between the provident opinions of the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament. Forty years ago no such contrast of opinion could be anticipated, for the simple reason that it could not have been expressed. The voice of Convocation could not be heard, not merely because it was not allowed, but because it was impossible. The representatives of the clergy were dumb because their constituents, in any corporate or combined action, were dumb also. The clerical meeting was an institution nearly, if not quite, unknown to the outside world. It has now taken its place among the most active and carefully organized influences of the time. Whether the action of the Lower Houses of Convocation is beneficial to either Church or State is a matter on which diversity of opinion may exist, but no one doubts that Convocation has become a power to a considerable extent, and it has become so coincidently with the increasing energy of its constituencies. The two facts may fairly, therefore, be regarded as in the relation of cause and effect, just as the increased energy of political life in the nation has its result in the growing power of the House of Commons.

Among the petitions which are annually presented to Parliament upon all questions of religious or ecclesiastical, and upon most questions of social interest, an appreciable number are now sent up from the clergy of the Rural Deaneries. The origin and object of these minor ecclesiastical divisions is matter of simply antiquarian interest; their uses, till quite recently, were entirely dormant and obsolete. When the Clergy List was first published in 1841, the various benefices in each archdeaconry were printed in a list "arranged under" these "ecclesiastical divisions," each bearing its ancient name; but not a single Rural Dean is mentioned, nor does the office seem to have been so much as thought of. In the issue for 1852 a few dioceses or archdeacons appear with the names of these officers inserted, but in the great majority of cases the old state of things continues. Eleven years later, in 1863, the instances in which the Rural Dean did not exist were confined to a very few archdeacons; and in the present year, it is almost needless to add, not a single such instance is to be found. An organization by which every clergyman of the English Church may periodically or as occasion arises express his opinion, and even give his vote, in conference on any subject of importance connected with his office, is complete and in full working order, and the number of clergymen who do not, occasionally at least, take active part in these meetings is probably very small. This is a state of things enough, to adopt Sir William Harcourt's phrase, to make the bones of an archbishop of the Georgian period turn in his grave. Not a wig on the Episcopal Bench, in the days when wigs were worn there, but would have been lifted from the right reverend wearer's head as he stood aghast at the contemplation of an enormity so revolutionary. The clergy ought to meet, at stated times and in proper places, it was true. They were to attend visitations, episcopal and archidiaconal; to listen to what they were told, to eat the visitation dinner, and perhaps to pay their share of the reckoning; to make, or to applaud, speeches of a respectful and complimentary character, and to request that the charge, or the visitation sermon, might be printed for the enlightenment of posterity. There, in the eyes of a Hanoverian hierarch, the function of the clergyman in his corporate capacity ended. Under these conditions the earlier clerical meetings began in a quiet, timid, tentative sort of way, like the introduction of hymns into parish churches under the dynasty of Brady and Tate. They were conferences of the scattered and somewhat unpopular members of the Evangelical school; and as these grew in influence

and favour, so the monthly clerical meeting came more openly out into the light. Probably every clerical Society whose meetings date back more than thirty years originated in this way. The Eclectic Society of London, which was founded in 1783, was an association of this kind, but was not exclusively clerical, nor indeed did its members all belong to the communion of the English Church. All such Societies, however, were in their nature eclectic and private, the members already standing to each other in the relation of personal friends, or naturally growing into it. Ecclesiastical boundaries were not thought of; and the limits of the area from which the brethren could assemble were defined mainly by the powers of the parson's horse or the route of the available stage-coach. Then, on the Tuesday nearest to the full moon, the little band of "Gospel-preaching" ministers would come together for the discussion, and the afternoon dinner, and the prayer before separation, but not for any service in church. The good men had their differences, but these were only on points of millennial or other prophetic interpretation, or perhaps on certain phases of the Calvinistic system of theology. Upon such meetings as these, in 1833, Dr. Newman made, as he relates in the *Apologia*, the first uncertain experiments of "the Movement." When that "Movement" had fully risen on the horizon, the alarm of the clerical meetings was deep and universal. A few of these old Societies still survive, in more or less altered form, and their manner of clinging to old traditions will at times provoke a smile. When a proposal was made by some younger members of one of them to discontinue the singing of the traditional hymn by the united voices of the brethren without instrumental accompaniment, on the ground that the effect upon street passengers through the open window was not conducive to edification, seeing that only one brother could sing in tune, the suggestion was gravely silenced. The hymn had been "a testimony" once, and "a testimony," in tune or out of tune, should it remain.

But the old eclectic clerical meeting is fast dying out, disappearing before the regularly marshalled forces of the Rural Deanery, with its somewhat imposing title of a "Chapter," "ruridecanal," or, as it is now and then called, like its dean, "rural." With the change has passed away every characteristic of the old meeting of the "brethren," except the full moon and the hospitalities, which still survive in the country districts. So complete has the change become, that even London and Westminster, where of course "Rural Deaneries" were unknown of old, have been parcelled out into such divisions, with their incongruous name unaltered, penetrating at length, not without subdued groans from the "intramural" clergy, the sacred boundaries of the "East" and "West City." It is said to have been to one of the new-made dignitaries of this anomalous ecclesiastical *rus in urbe* that a letter was addressed by an awe-stricken and perplexed churchwarden, beginning "Very Reverend and Rural Sir." At first, indeed, the fear of possible danger to established order seems to have suggested limitations to these authorized quasi-capitular conferences; and Bishop Blomfield's Commission to his Rural Deans did not allow them to convene the clergy for any discussion of points of theological or ecclesiastical controversy. This limitation, we believe, no longer exists; and it is stated that Bishop Blomfield's successor has even invited the clergy of his diocese of Canterbury to confer in their Rural Deaneries upon two subjects which would have been most obviously excluded by it; but its force in 1859 was sufficient to dissolve at once, on the point of order being raised, one of the largest of such gatherings ever assembled in London. The substitution of local boundaries and *ex officio* membership for the old system of private election gives an entirely new character to the clerical meeting of our time, and has its great advantages, not unmixed however with very manifest defects. The habitual conference of men of various shades of opinion would be in itself only beneficial, were it possible to unite with it the condition of absolute freedom of speech. This condition in actual experience must be very much controlled by circumstances. It is naturally most nearly satisfied where the members of the conference can meet in a public room or on other neutral ground, as it is possible to do in London and in large centres of population. But this is only necessary where the numbers are too large for the more genial and pleasant method of gathering in a private house; and in direct proportion to the introduction of the elements of personal relations and social hospitality the limitations of perfect freedom of discussion increase. An experienced authority in parochial matters used some years since to remark that, in dealing with an awkward deputation, there was nothing like beginning with a glass of sherry; and the maxim is of wide application. Its principle affects the clerical meeting of a country "Chapter" much more than that of the town. The members usually assemble, after the manner of the more august conferences of the British Association or the Church Congress, in a revolving cycle of hospitality; and those who have house-room and stable-room sufficient or available entertain the "Chapter" in turn. You arrive, it may be, with the most determined intention to emulate John Bunyan's Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. You have worked up your resolution to martyrdom pitch, and you mean to deliver your conscience on the great subject of the day. No matter what opposition you may meet, what influences may surround you, you will give no uncertain sound. Then there drives up a well-appointed wagonette of a soberly stylish kind, from which descend a couple of curates, and a neighbouring vicar or two whose coach-houses, as you happen to know, are found very convenient for storing the winter potatoes. The equipage belongs of course to the Rural Dean. This dignitary, who, as has been already noticed, is without any historical pro-

genitors, has been simultaneously in every country district evolved by some process of natural selection. He is always a gentleman; he is, as often as not, a county magistrate; and he is certain to be a personage of some consideration among the magnates of his neighbourhood, and popular with the clergy, while perhaps he is also an authority among the farmers as Chairman of the Board of Guardians. The unimpeachably shining broadcloth which is the material of his coat has been fashioned by a perceptive tailor so as just to indicate the decanal rank without presuming beyond the limit of its rural form; and its wearer is remembered as an active and conspicuous Non-Placet on some hard-fought days in the Sheldonian Theatre. It was easy enough then to do battle with him in the Placet ranks; but single combat in his Chapter is a different thing altogether. Church Service and luncheon ended, he takes the chair; and the host of the day proceeds to read a paper in opening the discussion. It might have been possible after all to face the "Dean"; but the glories of martyrdom finally fade away before your host and his "paper," as in the pleasantest possible of voices he proceeds to denounce, after an uncompromising fashion, everything which you were about to maintain, and to assert dogmatically everything that you meant to denounce. It is quite impossible to hint that a man is an infidel or an idolater in his own house. There is no shaking any dust off one's feet when it has all been left in the "Salve" on the door-mat; and an anathema will scarcely harmonize with the previous admiration of the host's roses and praise of his home-brewed, or with the adjournment about to be moved at half-past four. Thus the general tendency to make things pleasant which springs out of neighbourly association exercises a direct influence on the proceedings of the modern Chapter; and while the asperities of theological polemics are very much smoothed away, there appears likely to be an increasing loss of definiteness in the expression of thought by minorities. The prevailing tone of opinion in the "rural Chapters" may therefore naturally gravitate in one direction, and the aggregate vote of the clergy may exhibit a result corresponding to the preponderance of one political party in the English county representation. The eclectic clerical meeting of forty years since neither possessed nor aspired to possess any influence on national politics, and "our glorious Constitution in Church and State" was moved to no hope or fear by its existence; but the Ruridecanal Chapter of the present day, however we may be inclined to smile at its assumptions of quasi-cathedral dignity, is an institution of a very different nature, and can hardly be set aside with prudence as an element in their calculations either by the Liberation Society or by Parliament.

THE SHAH'S DIARY.

THE Shah has published, for the information of his people, a diary of his tour in Europe. The whole of this simple record of his observations of our own and other countries deserves perusal, but of course we shall be principally interested with that part of it which concerns ourselves. He was impressed with the greatness and wealth of England, and pleased with the heartiness of his reception, and amused with the shows provided for him. It is impossible, he says, to describe the prosperity, the populousness, the extent of London. The crowd was beyond all limits. The women are "most lovely." The soldiers are very strong of frame and beautifully dressed. Their horses are very fine and strong. "One sees and comprehends that they are a great people, and that the Lord of the Universe has bestowed upon them power and might, sense, and wisdom, and enlightenment." Thus it is that they have conquered India, and hold important possessions in America. The Shah's admiration is valuable, because his remarks show sense and shrewdness. The first proof that he has a good eye was his mistaking the front of Buckingham Palace for the back. A juster criticism of that structure could not be made. He admires the garden of the Palace, and describes a mowing-machine which he saw there. He visits the Queen at Windsor Castle, is invested with the Garter, and learns the origin of that Order; he is pleased with Prince Leopold's dress and manner, with the Long Walk, and the deer, and an avenue "resembling Paradise," and he again admires the soldiers, who are well dressed, disciplined, and armed, "being very stout young men." But he is aware that there are not many of them. He knows that the Lord Mayor is only Governor of the Old City of London, and that the remainder of the town has no governor, but each parish has a Council, and if an event happens, it is referred to the head policeman of the parish, and he refers to the Home Secretary. The police are all handsome young men in a particular dress. The citizens greatly esteem the police, and "whoever behaves disrespectfully to them is adjudged worthy of death." He describes the ball and supper at the Guildhall. The supper is correctly defined as "a dinner after midnight," and the practice of giving toasts is properly explained. He goes to "a very large and beautiful" theatre, where some beautiful scenes were acted, and Patti sang most exquisitely. She is "an exceedingly graceful woman." He drives to the Zoological Gardens. "As it was Sunday, the streets were empty, all the people being in the fields and lanes taking walks." This, we must allow, is a nice way of putting it. The Shah was, happily, ignorant that many of these people were exercising the privileges of *bona fide* travellers. He is delighted with that intelligent animal the sea-lion, which understands French. The day of the Windsor Review was cloudy. "We offered thanks to the

Lord that rain did not fall." The Shah admired the Guards, the Highlanders, the Rifle Brigade, Artillery, armour-wearing Household Cavalry, and Hussars. All these were very beautiful, and the bearskin caps of the Guards were "awe-inspiring." He was pleased with the gardens, conservatories, and deer-park of the Duke of Sutherland at Trentham, and was particularly interested with the game of bowls which he saw played there. He thought that the people of Liverpool were poorer and more hardily-worked than those of London, and he noticed the blackness of walls, dresses, and visages in Manchester. He was informed that the ladies of that city usually wear black, for a reason which he thought excellent. But this is rather hard on Manchester, which is certainly not the blackest town in England, and as regards the dresses of its ladies, some envious Londoner must have abused his ear. The Crystal Palace pleased him thoroughly. The acrobats are fully noticed, and the trapezist "performed magic—he flew." The fireworks were very fine, and the fountains most charming. He notices repeatedly the beauty and grace of the ladies, and indeed he says so many pleasant things about us that, if a Persian loan were now to be brought out, it would be likely to be favourably considered in financial circles. He was pleased with a sparring match, and delighted with Mme. Tussaud's waxworks. Perambulators, with children in them, charmed him, and he thoroughly enjoyed the dancing and singing at the opera. Above all, he believed that the people of England were sorry when he went away. The Diary explains, and goes some way to justify, the popular excitement about the Shah. He must have made it appear that the guest was pleased, and that was a certain way to put the hosts into good humour. It is remarkable too that next to England he seems to have liked Austria best of all the countries that he visited, and there are undoubtedly many points of similarity between the two nations which pleased him most.

The Shah quitted his capital, Tehran, on the 19th of April, 1873, and journeyed by land and water to Astrakhan. On the 16th of May he wrote, "Thanks be to God, we have escaped from the high sea, and have entered a large river named the Volga, which has a great charm." He ascended this river to Astrakhan, and thence to Tsaritsain, where he took the railway for Moscow. "This," he says, "is the first time we travel on a railway, and very nice and comfortable it is." At Moscow he visited the theatre. "The curtain rose, and a strange world made its appearance. A large number of dancing-women set to dancing." This was probably the first time the Shah had seen a ballet. Wherever he went he was taken to the theatre, and the performance was usually of that kind which is intelligible without speech. Thus the Shah by the time he quitted Europe must have been a tolerable judge of ballet, and we observe that he places that of Vienna first. It is perhaps owing to the frequent mention of ballet in this book that the publisher has embellished it with an engraving from a Persian painting, which we recommend to theatrical managers in search of novelty. In the Chetr, or Fantail, posture in dancing, a young lady stands upon her hands, instead of her feet, and she wears a long and ample skirt. The Shah proceeded from Moscow to St. Petersburg, where he went several times to the theatres. He saw a play on the subject of Don Quixote, and seems to have known the story beforehand. He was well pleased with his reception by the Court and people, and admired the Russian troops, particularly the cavalry, "all handsome young men, with choice uniforms and powerful horses." From St. Petersburg he travelled by railway to Königsberg and Berlin. He had an eye everywhere both for fertility and beauty of scenery. He noticed that the populousness and cultivation of the land increased after he entered Prussia. "Human improvements of charming aspect came in sight, near and afar." Sometimes he tells his subjects, for whom he writes, that a valley or river which he saw reminds him of some place at home. Such passages give a favourable impression of the writer. He seems heartily desirous of his people's welfare. He praises the troops at Königsberg, and remarks that "the Prussian Kingdom is all soldiery." On the road to Berlin he saw very pretty gardens. "The jasmine of Shirwan, called by the Franks the lilac, was everywhere in flower." Many oxen were seen, resembling those of Mazandaran. At the Zoological Gardens of Berlin he first saw the African lion, "huge in bulk, terrible in appearance, with very thick black mane, large head, glaring eyes especially terrific, and graceful body resembling velvet." He went to Potsdam with all his suite, except one member of it, who remained in town, "as they have completed the telegraphic wires to Tehran, and he is talking with them." On the 7th of June he started by train for Cologne and Wiesbaden. He begins to feel that he is doing hard work. "Much as we wished to sleep, it was impossible. As soon as my eyes closed we would arrive at a station; talking and discussion would ensue; there was nothing for it but we must dress and hold ourselves in readiness until the governor of such a town, or the commander of such a fortress, should be introduced, and took himself off again." It is a comfort to find that mayors of English towns were not the only bores that the Shah encountered during his tour of Europe. On his way to Cologne he visited M. Krupp's iron-works. At Cologne he notices and describes a method of watering plants in the Botanical Garden. From Wiesbaden he went to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where, after driving through the streets, he remarks that "the cities of Prangistan all resemble one another. When one has been seen, the arrangement, condition, and some of the others is in one's possession." He compares the climate of Baden-Baden to that of a

summer mountain-station at home. "It is a town in a valley having mountains all round, with meadows, woods, and green crops, exactly like the mountains of Kalafadit in Mazandaran." Pretty women and graceful ladies continually promenading made Baden-Baden "a fairy abode." He returned by rail to Biebrich, and descended the Rhine thence by steamer to Bonn, where he again took the rail for Spa. Crossing the frontier between Belgium and Germany he exclaims, "What a difference has the Almighty and Almighty Creator placed between the two nations and the two countries." In one moment, he saw, or thought he saw, a total change in people, language, religion, land, air, and water. At Spa, he remarks, on imperfect information as we venture to believe, that "the sun is never seen in these parts." He was much pleased with a religious procession which he saw there on Sunday. Charming little children nicely dressed "carried the portrait of Her Holiness Miryan, on whom be praise, and sang with a sweet melody, repeating litanies." The remarks of the Shah on Roman Catholic ceremonies contrast favourably with those which zealous Protestants, such for example as Mr. Spurgeon, are in the habit of making when they go abroad. At Spa he saw a conjurer, whose tricks he describes in detail. The attention bestowed by the Shah on European jugglers wherever he meets any would seem to show that the Eastern races are not so superior in this art as is generally assumed. From Spa he proceeded to Liège, Brussels, and Ostend, where "the functionaries delivered an excessive speech."

He embarked for England on the 18th of June. He was aware that the Channel was noted for storms and roughness. "But thanks be to God Most High, the sea was very calm, so that no one was incommoded." He was not so happy in his voyage to France. If he had been merely a gentleman travelling for pleasure he might have crossed from Dover to Calais, but the dignity either of the Shah or of the French nation required that he should embark at Portsmouth and land at Cherbourg, and in a voyage of eight hours he suffered in the usual manner. But he makes no complaint of this apparently unnecessary infliction beyond remarking that the sea passage need only have been an hour and a half. He quitted England and arrived in France on 5th July. He notices that the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville had been destroyed by the Commune. "We were sadly grieved for this." At Versailles he displayed his bodily activity by scrambling up a mound to inspect a statue of Apollo. Marshal MacMahon had to be helped up by his suite. But he is careful to remark that this was no way derogatory to the Marshal's firmness and courage. He visited with great interest the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, and talked to a few veterans of Waterloo, Friedland, and Jena. It is pleasant to observe that, when the Shah thinks he has said a good thing, he enables his faithful subjects to enjoy the gratification of laughing at it. Thus he tells them how he—if we may venture to use such a word—"chaffed" the great Rothschild by proposing to him a plan by which at his own expense he might put an end to the dispersion of the Jews. The Shah saw "an admirable review" of eighty thousand men. "After all those defeats and ruin of the French, no idea had been entertained of such a collection and such discipline of their forces." Among the Shah's descriptions of Parisian scenes, the Jardin Mabille is not forgotten. He admired the lamps, avenues, cascades, and pavilion, and he remarked that "beautiful women of every description frequent the place." He evidently enjoyed his visit to the Circus, where the "extraordinary speckled horses" fully maintained the character of that establishment. He travelled from Paris to Geneva, and thence to Turin, Milan, Verona, Innsbruck, Linz, and Vienna. At Linz he remarks that the place possesses some most beautiful women. "Austria in point of beauty and engagingness is the queen of all lands." He frequently praises the scenery:—"The country (near Vienna) was most charming, the air pleasant, the fields green, and flowers of various kinds were noticed. There were many hares among the crops." At the Grand Opera House of Vienna they performed a play with dancing and music so beautiful "that the like had been witnessed in no place before." The description which follows might have been written for a newspaper, and if by any caprice of fortune the Shah should happen to lose his throne, he is clearly competent to earn a livelihood as a dramatic critic. He expresses warmly his sense of the kindnesses shown to him in Austria, and indeed throughout his tour. He travelled by rail from Vienna to Brindisi, and there embarked on the 14th of August for Constantinople. "In Firangistan," says he, "thanks be to God, all has passed safely and happily. God willing, the end of our tour will be equally pleasant and auspicious."

THE OLD CATHOLICS AND THEIR PANEGYRISTS.

THE Conference which was held at Bonn last September under Dr. Dollinger's presidency has naturally recalled the attention of outsiders to the progress and prospects of the Old Catholic movement. Of this of course the Old Catholics have no reason to complain; but in reading some of the comments, intended to be highly complimentary, which have recently appeared, one is inclined to suspect that they will be unpleasantly reminded by their panegyrists of the old proverb "Save me from my friends." A poet who prides himself on his depth of imaginative thought does not feel very grateful for the praise of a critic whose admiration is concentrated on the smoothness of his verse and the excellence of the typography, and it is rather irritating than otherwise to a

man who thinks himself a profound theologian to be eulogized by a friendly reviewer, not for his learning, but merely for the elegance of his style. But it is still less satisfactory to be praised for qualities which you not only do not regard as your chief excellences, but are anxious to disclaim. There is a story told of a late dignitary who had been preaching in a country parish what was no doubt an able sermon on the existence of God. One of his rustic hearers, with whom he entered into conversation afterwards, in the hope of finding that a due impression had been produced, ventured with much diffidence and many expressions of admiration of the beautiful discourse, to observe, "But after all, Sir, if you'll pardon my saying so, I can't help thinking as how there be a God." Now we are rather afraid that the Old Catholic leaders will listen to some of the laudations which have been lavished upon them of late with feelings not wholly dissimilar to Bishop Blomfield's on hearing the appreciative criticism of the farmer who had just sat under him. It is no doubt a valuable "giftie," as the old song says, to be able "to see ourselves as others see us," and they may perhaps be profited by a friendly reminder that some of their loudest advocates are lost in admiration at their rapid progress in unbelief. But this was not exactly the claim put forward by Dr. Dollinger and his adherents at Bonn on the sympathies of their Anglican and Oriental guests, nor would the latter, to judge from their attitude at the meeting, have been at all ready to respond to it. Two prominent members of the extreme left of the Broad Church party have, however, come forward since to offer their congratulations and advice on an assumption which is likely to be deprecated, if not resented as an insult. One of them was indeed present at the Conference, though he had not, we believe, been invited, and, when there, only enriched the discussion by a single question; the other was not there, and speaks rather slightly of "the ingenious manipulation of detailed differences," which was the chief business of the meeting.

Mr. John Hunt, who aired his views about the Bonn Conference in a long and tedious article in the *Contemporary Review* of last month, need not detain us long. His interest in the movement is almost avowedly of a purely exoteric kind. From a theological standpoint so very broad, or so very vague, as not to be easily distinguishable from mere deism, he looks with approving sympathy on a reaction against extreme dogmatism within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, which appears to him destined in the long run to issue in the disintegration of all dogmatic belief. The creeds which have come down from the ancient Church, we are expressly assured, must one and all be got rid of, and significant hints are thrown out that any formularies which may be supposed to take their place in the Church of the future must be purged of all taint of hierarchical or doctrinal traditions. As far as can be gathered from his very aggressive, but somewhat nebulous, lucubrations, the articles of faith accepted in the new dispensation will be chiefly of the negative, and its worship "chiefly of the silent sort." On the religious merits of this programme we need not dwell here. Mr. Hunt can of course speculate to his heart's content on the fascinating vision of a faith growing small by degrees and beautifully less, till it is lost in the luminous obscurity of a *nuveau* of painless obliteration. But it seems a little hard that Dr. Dollinger and Bishop Hinkens should be saddled with the responsibility of theories which nothing in their antecedents or their utterances would lead us to suppose to be other than most obnoxious to them. Certainly, if Mr. Hunt held a brief for the Court of Rome in its attack on those "notorious apostates," he could not have discharged his task more skillfully. Dean Stanley is a very different kind of writer from Mr. Hunt, but the preface he has just prefixed to Mme. Hyacinthe Loyson's translation of her husband's *Letters, Fragments, and Discourses on Catholic Reform*, betrays much the same anxiety to utilize the Old Catholic movement as a lever for controversial purposes in the pending struggle of parties in the Church of England. We may first, however, express some surprise at the appearance of the book at all, whether with or without a preface, at the present time and in its present form. The original was published more than two years ago, and although it is a mere stray collection of scattered and ephemeral papers on various religious subjects, extending over several years, and without any system or mutual coherence, it derived a certain interest from the character, eloquence, and rare courage of the author, who would hardly however be raised by any one except Dean Stanley to a more "conspicuous" post of leadership in the new movement than Dr. Dollinger. But, considering that one of the most remarkable letters in the volume is addressed to the General of the Barefooted Carmelites at Rome, and urges the "ardent desire" of the writer to resume his monastic habit and what his wife rather oddly renders "the life of Carmel," and that within a very few months of the publication of this earnest appeal, while still vehemently professing to remain a Catholic priest, he had deliberately violated both his priestly and monastic vows by marrying an American widow, one might have supposed he would best consult his own interests by allowing it to be forgotten as speedily as possible. The present republication in an English dress, and with Dean Stanley's extravagantly eulogistic *imprimatur* to these revelations of the great modern apostle of consubstantial felicity, does strike one as bordering more closely on the grotesque than on the sublime. Nor is our surprise diminished by the further discovery that the preface itself is also a republication, with some few modifications and additions, of a paper originally read at Sion College two or three years ago and then reproduced in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. There are not many review articles, however interesting at the

moment, which deserve to be recalled from oblivion, and supposing the present essay to have been worth publishing at all, it was certainly no exception to the rule. We may add that the altered position of different parties within the Roman Catholic Church during the last two or three years makes it even less applicable than when it first appeared. One caution perhaps may not be superfluous for the more violent section of Liberal Catholics, who are warned that, if "parted from the general stream of historical and national tradition in the Catholic Church, they would probably become a bitter antagonistic sect, which, if it continued at all, would maintain itself in a stunted, one-sided, polemical position, hardly worth contending for." If Mr. Hunt's counsels were to be followed, this result would have every chance of being very speedily achieved.

Dean Stanley, as we have already implied, is throughout manifestly and almost avowedly making his defence of the Old Catholics a peg whereon to hang an apology for the Broad Church party in England; and that singular ingenuity in detecting points of resemblance, with an equally singular blindness in recognizing obvious distinctions, which is a marked characteristic of his writings, is conspicuously illustrated here. His first object is to insist that those who in any Church disagree with the dominant party or with any of its specific doctrines and institutions ought not to desert it, but to remain and labour to conform it to their own ideal. The only alternative open to educated men, we are told, is either for each of the disaffected members to found a new sect of his own, or for each to constitute a new sect in his own person by retiring into "complete individual isolation." A third course, which to ordinary readers might possibly have suggested itself as the most natural, that of secession to some other existing community, is just referred to in a note for the purpose of being set aside, because—and here in fact lies the essence of the Dean's contention—"in every mixed Church (*and all existing Churches are more or less mixed*) arise the same difficulties arising from partial disagreement as are involved in the case of the Old Catholics." And accordingly in all existing Churches the same solution of the difficulty is recommended. The struggle of the Old Catholics against the Ultramontanes is virtually the same with that maintained "against what may be called the Ultramontanes in each of the Churches of Christendom, Catholic or Protestant, Conforming or Nonconforming." And the analogy is exemplified at length in the case of the English Latitudinarians; of John Wesley, when he said he "varied from the Church of England, but would never leave it"; of the Liberal Protestants in the French Huguenot Church; of John Bunyan, Robert Hall, and Dr. Davidson among Dissenters, and various Free-thinking members of the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. In all these cases "the dominant party" are of course equally anxious to disclaim the society of their unwelcome comrades, who however are supposed to reply that they value the advantages of their position "not only temporal but spiritual," and also consider "their existence within the body an advantage to it," if indeed they do not claim to be its truest representatives. Thus, for instance, we are assured that the French Liberal Protestants best represent the "general spirit" of their communion, as also "the English Latitudinarians certainly approach more nearly to the spirit of the first Reformers, like Erasmus and Colet, Tyndale and Cranmer, and also to the Church of Tillotson, Butler, and Paley . . . than do their opponents." The names we have taken the liberty of italicizing sufficiently indicate the Dean's odd way of interpreting history on *à priori* principles. Without discussing here his view of the French Protestant Church, which is in violent opposition to the late M. Guizot's, there is something amazing in the notion of "the first Reformers," either in England or on the Continent, being as a rule tolerant of "Latitudinarianism." There were no doubt a few exceptions, and Erasmus, who was much more of a classicist than a Reformer, stands prominent among them; but it may safely be affirmed that neither Colet, Cranmer, nor Butler would have had much patience with the theology of the Dean of Westminster. Nor is he altogether happy when he comes to expound the particular claim, as he understands it, of the Old Catholics. That they represent more than their opponents the spirit of the ancient Gallicans and Port-Royalists, and of "the silent majority of educated Roman Catholics throughout Europe," may be true enough. But their apologist puts a strange confusion of ideas into their mouths when he makes them say that they do not differ more widely from the received standard of Roman Catholic orthodoxy than those who offer defiance to the decrees which forbid them to have money in the bank, to have intercourse with heretics, to possess and read books placed on the Index, and command them to believe in the Ptolemaic system, the unerring authority of the Vulgate, and the reality of witchcraft. Some of the Papal decrees here referred to have been justly cited as historical objections to the new dogma of infallibility; but, in the connexion here intended, all or nearly all of them are purely irrelevant. The decrees about usury and astronomy, for instance, have been long since rescinded or withdrawn; the rule against intercourse with heretics was repealed four centuries ago by the Council of Constance; and the authority of the Index is only held binding in certain countries, of which England is not one.

We are far from meaning to imply that the Old Catholics cannot make out a good case for themselves; but it may be fairly doubted whether they would be very ready to accept Dr. Stanley as their spokesman. Professor Bluntchli, who is here forced into the most intimate alliance with them, is a professed deist, and he

carefully guarded himself, in other parts of the speech from which the Dean has made a quotation, against making himself in any way responsible for their beliefs, or them for his own; nor is there anything to show that the absolute and persecuting Erastianism of the Swiss Old Catholics, which kindles Dr. Stanley's enthusiastic admiration, is shared by their brethren in Germany. Dr. Döllinger, if we are not mistaken, has especially disclaimed such a view. There is moreover a question which continually recurs to the reader of this ingenious but slightly sophistical argument, and to which it may at least be said that no answer is provided. "No doubt," the author admits, "there is a limit to such variations, and compromise may go too far." But, instead of offering any solution of this rather serious difficulty, he proceeds at once to add a comment which will appear to many members of all Christian Churches to carry compromise a very long way indeed. "The fact remains," we are informed, that "Christianity itself, as it now exists, is a compromise between the religion of the first and of the nineteenth century, and it is the wisdom and policy alike of individuals and of communities to blend and to bear with the conflicting elements as best they can." This statement, like many others in the preface, is sufficiently vague to be susceptible of more than one interpretation; but in its natural and obvious sense it must mean that Christianity as taught by Christ and the Apostles has in the course of eighteen centuries been largely dilated and modified by the admixture of heterogeneous elements, and that the hybrid compound, which remains as the result of the process, is the proper religion for an educated man in the present day. Into the question of fact we need not enter; the author is inculcating what he holds to be a vital principle. And to his argument there is one sufficient and self-evident reply. Christianity must be one or other of two things, and cannot possibly be both together. It is either a lofty ethical system propounded by a great moral teacher—perhaps, as the late Mr. Mill seems to have thought, by the greatest moral teacher the world has ever seen—or it is, as its Founder and His immediate emissaries unquestionably maintained, a revelation from heaven. If we adopt the latter alternative, there is clearly no room for the sort of compromise advocated here. If we prefer the former, it is no less abundantly clear that "all existing Churches" are based on a radically false assumption, and it would seem to be the only straightforward course for those who have attained that conviction, not only to "desert," but to denounce them, rather than to engage in the hopeless and unprofitable task of labouring to torture formularies, usages, and traditions unmistakably moulded on one perfectly intelligible theory into accordance with another theory equally intelligible but fundamentally opposed to it. To pursue the latter "policy" is either to smother serious beliefs, or to waste valuable time in twisting ropes of sand.

CATTLE SHOWS.

CATTLE shows are popular in England, and it is not remarkable that they should be well supported when it is considered that probably our people eat more meat per head than is consumed by the people of any other country. Whatever seeds of decay may be discovered by acute critics in other institutions, the critic is yet to be found who can discover the grounds for predicting the downfall of cattle shows. Given a large population gathered together in a comparatively small area, or given a place easily accessible by railway, let the readiness to award a large sum in prizes to exhibitors be advertised, and it is certain that there will be plenty of candidates to contend for the premiums offered, and, what is more to the purpose of the promoters of the show, there will be a public willing and ready to pour enough shillings into the treasury to repay, not only the amount of all the prizes that may have been offered, but also all the expenses, and a good profit to boot for those who have entered upon the adventure. All that is necessary is to make sure that there is a sufficiently large population within easy reach of the showyard. It is on precisely the same principle that promoters of race-meetings act when their financial success depends upon the "gate money." And probably the bulk of the attendants at race meetings and at cattle shows, excepting in each case what we may call the professional element, is drawn from the same class. It is easy to understand in the case of races that the temptation of a day's outing, the innate love of horses which possesses most Englishmen, and the excitement of seeing the actual struggle for victory, to say nothing of the gambling infatuation which appears to have laid hold of all classes, are sufficient inducements to extract shillings from the pockets of the masses. But it is not so easy to discover why people flock to cattle shows. Every man who goes to a race believes that he has at any rate some knowledge of the "events" that are coming off, and there is always patent to every observer the more or less obvious result that one horse has been able to pass another horse by so many inches or yards after a course of greater or less length. The comparative merits of the animals are decided by the result, and the process by which the result is determined is picturesque and exciting. In cattle shows, however, there are none of these allurements, and the curious thing is that so many people who are utterly without interest in the business are found to pay to see what is at its best but a very dull sight, not nearly so gay or interesting as the parade in a saddling paddock. In the abstract it would seem to be a very poor amusement for people to walk up and down among long rows of animals when the greater part of the good folk

have not knowledge enough of the creatures to distinguish one breed from another. There is, however, a glorious uncertainty in cattle shows as well as in racing, or in the decisions of law courts, or in other popular amusements. The opinions of the skilled persons to whom lot it falls to select the best animals rarely receive the unanimous assent of experts who are not called upon to act as official judges. In fact it would appear that among connoisseurs the chief business of a cattle show is to judge the unfortunate judges, and it is an amusement from which those who join in it appear to derive no small amount of satisfaction. It is only, however, to the few that the fun of "judge baiting" is possible, and we are still left to wonder wherein the million find the attraction that leads them to the show. It would be a curious inquiry to ask what proportion of spectators at a cattle show could actually point out in the living animal the position of the juicy steak of which no doubt all of them would be excellent judges when it appeared on their dinner-tables. Are there many who could accurately distinguish the position of the rump, the silver-side, the sirloin, the ribs, or who could select the pen of sheep that would afford the most tender chop, with nicely balanced fat and lean, or the most palatable haunch? And yet it is only those to whom these questions afford no puzzle who can really understand the merits of the animals they come to see. Perhaps there is a general, though ill-defined, sentiment that it is a good and a right thing to gaze upon and admire the best specimens of the almost sacred beast which gives the national roast beef, and that the spectators by joining in this worship do in some indefinite way lend their aid to keep in its place one of the pillars of the constitution; though after all we believe that people go to cattle shows just for the same reason that they go to races—namely, simply and purely for the sake of a holiday.

It is not difficult to discover the reasons which induce men to become exhibitors. They may be easily classified. The dukes and lords and squires, following the example set by royalty, may be supposed to be influenced by public-spirited motives, and to be acting for the general advancement of agriculture, when they show what can be done in fattening animals. Their frequent success in the lists is due to the fact that they either possess flocks and herds of strains of blood which have been selected without question of cost, or that they purchase from time to time animals which are almost certain to prove winners; and most probably their honours are purchased dearly. Then appear the breeders of fancy stock, whose interest is not confined to the success of the animals they exhibit; they use the shows as an advertisement of their names as owners and producers for sale of animals of high class. In a recently issued circular of one of the great cattle salesmen, it is stated that there is scarcely a civilized country of the world that has not sought to improve its herds by mixing with them the blood of England's best tribes. It, therefore, pays these breeders to spare no expense in forcing one or two animals into form for exhibition at fat cattle shows, as, apart from the premiums they may obtain, the success of their animals establishes their reputation and enhances many fold the price of the large number they produce for breeding purposes. These men are for the most part exceptionally skilful and observant, and it is said of the most skilful among them that they are able to select almost a few hours after their birth the specimens destined to be the glory of the show-yard, on which thenceforth the most unremitting care and the most enticing foods are lavished. And, lastly, we come to those farmers who, relying on their own judgment, or on that of their neighbours, or on their success at a local show, believe they possess an animal worthy to be a prize winner at the great centres, and put it in training accordingly. Rarely, however, does success repay them for their cost and trouble, for the experience of the professional exhibitors of the first two classes is like the experience of the first-rate professional rider when pitted against the "gentleman" jockey. The amateur has no chance; although he may have an equal or slightly better animal, the odds are against him. If he wins anything but the largest prizes he is scarcely repaid for the enormous extra cost of feed and the expense of sending to the show, while, if he loses, he finds these expenses run up to an uncomfortably large amount; and in running the risk he stakes a very heavy sum in proportion to what there is any chance of his winning. To exhibit occasionally, and merely for the sake of winning the prize money, is not a paying game.

It cannot be for a moment doubted that the encouragement given by cattle shows to the improvement of the various breeds of cattle has produced important and excellent results. But doubts begin to be expressed pretty freely as to whether high breeding has not already been cultivated to excess. It appears to be admitted on all hands that shorthorn cattle, for instance, have decreased in size, while it seems also certain that the fecundity of these highly-bred animals is not so great as it was; for it is said that certain tribes have become celebrated for the barrenness of their females, while at the same time a delicacy of constitution has been developed which unfits them for "roughing it," and requires luxurious arrangements to preserve them in health. As in our racehorses we have, according to some authorities, sacrificed stoutness of constitution and capacity of endurance over long courses for the sake of obtaining high speed over a short distance, so in our cattle the desire for fineness of bone and rapid development of meat has brought into fashion animals which have lost many of the valuable properties of their ancestors. Such breeds cannot exist when subjected to the rough weather which prevails on the exposed hill-sides and moors which are so valuable as breeding-grounds and nurseries.

for stock; and perhaps it is for this reason that Ireland, which is prolific in cattle, reared without shelter, fails to send us anything which can obtain a place in our exhibitions. Without doubt Ireland possesses, and has on show this week in Dublin, first-class cattle; but these are bred, sheltered, and fed under the same conditions as those to be seen at Islington. And the consumers have something to say also in the matter, as there is beef and beef. They prefer, and justly prefer, the meat of the Devon or the Scot, whose young days are spent in cropping the scanty herbage of the moor or mountain, because the meat has more flavour than that of the rapidly-fed stall-fed ox, who has been crammed with corn and linseed-cake from his calfhood. So that even if it be true, as the breeders of the delicate animal contend, that their meat can be produced more economically, because more rapidly, than that of other races, let them remember that in losing stamina they restrict the area upon which the beasts can be reared, and that we want flavour in our meat even if we have to pay a price for it. For instance, tourists find mutton tolerably abundant in most European countries; but let them recall the sentiment of thankfulness and delight which arises on meeting a joint of our own Southdown on a return from their foreign trip. We look for quality as well as for quantity.

The Smithfield Club Show has experienced a great falling off in the number of specimens exhibited, though, from the uniform good quality, it is evident that the great shows of the North and Midland districts, notwithstanding the liberal prizes offered, have not been able to tempt owners to give up the chance of winning prizes, if of less amount, yet held in greater estimation, at the London show. At Manchester, where a show on the largest scale has been set on foot this year, the judges thought proper to withhold first prizes for want of merit in some of the classes, and it seems as if Manchester were almost out of reach of the rearers of Devon stock, so few of the class were there. The Scots and short-horns, however, had a preliminary contest there before the Birmingham meeting with its rich prizes; and it is to be regretted that the managers of the London show do not feel it safe to open their doors to these country winners. Birmingham, however, had not a collection coming up to the usual standard of quality, and, whether from the falling off in the prosperity of the staple trades of the district, and the consequent reduction in the wages of the iron and coal workers, or, as has been suggested, from fear of contracting the disease reported to be prevalent in the town, the number of people attending the show was much less than last year. As we have already said, the animals presented at these exhibitions are quite exceptional. Their appearance affords no indication of the condition or quality of the general supply of the season to be found in the markets, or we should have to note what has been the characteristic of the stock offered for sale—namely, its immaturity. The drought of the summer, and the short yield of hay, coupled with a very poor crop of roots, left farmers with a very poor provision for their herds. And the price of all imported feeding material being exceptionally high, it became their interest to get rid of their animals as soon as they could be brought into decently marketable order. Hence the numbers offering have been large—large enough indeed to bring down the price of inferior meat; while, on the other hand, good meat has been so scarce that prices are little lower than they were a year ago. And the worst of the matter is that the slaughtering of the animals now at two-thirds or three-fourths of the weight which they would have attained if kept to the age at which usually they come to market reduces the stock on hand, and will surely at some no distant period cause short supplies and an enhancement of price, unless there be, on account of a general reduction of wages, a diminution in the demand.

REVIEWS.

SOCIAL PRESSURE.*

THE long series of discussions by "Friends in Council" still sustains its interest. The professed subject of the present volume is the disadvantage of the assemblage of a vast population in great towns, and especially in London. There is little use in preaching to builders, to speculators in building land, or to their customers who crowd to occupy suburban houses as fast as they are built. The kind of society which is still to be found in France and in other parts of the Continent has disappeared from English country towns; and for those who are not tied by business to any special place of residence, London has many advantages as compared with a provincial town. Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, and a few other outlying colonies relieve the metropolis of a certain number of possible residents; but the majority of families of independent means gravitate more and more constantly to London. The great and steady increase of commerce is another cause of the insatiable demand for houses. The City is more than at any former time the financial centre of the world, and the hundreds of thousands who throng its streets and offices in the daytime reside within a circuit of twenty miles round the Mansion House. It follows that, as the chief "Friend in Council" complains, it is difficult for a Londoner to take a country walk. Those who are sensitive to differences of air would perhaps breathe more pleasantly in a rural solitude; but, on the whole, notwith-

standing the crowds which might be supposed to pollute the atmosphere, the better parts of London are remarkably healthy. The weekly or annual returns of mortality, which contrast favourably with those of many other towns, represent the condition of Clerkenwell, of Seven Dials, and of Bermondsey, as well as of South Kensington and of Tyburnia. If the sanitary condition of the West End were separately ascertained, it would probably be found almost as good as that of average country houses, and much better than that of ordinary villages. Sanitary theorists contrast the water of the Thames with that of Loch Katrine, yet the mortality of London is in the proportion of 12 to 17 as compared with the mortality of Glasgow. If the inhabitants of the metropolis ought to die rapidly, they unaccountably neglect their duty.

Mr. Milverton, who, notwithstanding his strictly anonymous character, describes himself as drawing Orders in Council, has too much good sense to suppose that any remonstrance will check the apparently endless expansion of London. His suggestions for the mitigation of unavoidable evils are that wealthy benefactors should provide open spaces, and that covered walks or halls should be erected for purposes of shelter. The few places of the kind which are to be found in London are frequented by the least respectable part of the community; and some years ago the Colonnade in the Quadrant was removed at the instance of the inhabitants, because it attracted undesirable visitors. The most objectionable form of "Social Pressure" in London, not mentioned in Mr. Milverton's essay, is contributed by that coarse and brutal part of the population of which the cant name of "roughs" seems likely to become an English word. The strictest police supervision would be needed to maintain order, decency, and safety in Mr. Milverton's convenient galleries and corridors. Of the expediency of preventing as far as possible the existence of noxious trades and other nuisances in London there can be but one opinion. Mr. Milverton unnecessarily denounces the objection which he supposes to be urged against sanitary regulations on grounds of political economy. No reasonable economist desires that a pig-keeper or an owner of a slaughter-house should be allowed at his pleasure to poison or annoy his neighbours in the centre of a great town by his operations, however lucrative. It is but an idle reproof to tell a tailor that the body is more than raiment. The answer is, that clothes are nevertheless useful, if not necessary; nor are the accumulation and distribution of wealth and the processes of buying and selling, which are the subjects of political economy, insignificant parts of human life and conduct. The economist would advise legislators neither to protect domestic industry in pigs for the sake of pork butchers, nor to teach them how they should feed or kill their pigs so as to obtain the greatest profit. The question of the places where pig-killers should be allowed to exercise their industry would be relegated by political economy to the domain of sanitary administration.

While the author of *Friends in Council* always chooses a principal topic for discussion, he fortunately allows conversation to diverge by a natural process into remote and diverse channels. There is much to say about great cities; but it is scarcely worth while to say it, because, whatever may be said, cities are always becoming greater and greater. Mr. Milverton, as might be expected, takes the opportunity of advocating paternal government, and of reiterating his favourite recommendation that a permanent element should be introduced into the highest administrative ranks. It is perfectly true that crowded communities require increased interference on the part of Government for the protection of every man against the encroachments and the negligence of his neighbours. The builder of a cottage or farmhouse on a Welsh hill-side may consult his own fancy as long as he can keep out of the reach of sanitary inspectors; but Corporations and Local Boards properly claim a voice in all building arrangements within their jurisdiction; and many proprietors find with surprise that they cannot build in their own parks and pleasure grounds without official interference. The elevation of the rank of permanent Civil Servants might possibly in some cases produce public benefit; but it involves a constitutional difficulty. One of the speakers in the dialogues which occupy the bulk of the present volume asserts that the restriction of high offices to members of Parliament is as absurd and indefensible as a rule that Ministers should be chosen only among those whose noses were of a certain shape. The analogy is erroneous in itself, and it belongs to a class of fallacies into which political critics and reformers are prone to fall. It is always rash to compare any institution to an imaginary absurdity. The difference is that an existing paradox has always a cause, and therefore an excuse which may sometimes amount to a justification, while a caricature is for the most part an inexplicable anomaly. A permanent Under-Secretary or Chief Clerk may often be as able a man as his Parliamentary chief, and he will certainly know more of the details of official business. His deficiency would consist in the want of that power which is given to a Minister by his position as a member of the governing Committee of the Parliamentary majority. In former times nobles and prelates held the great offices of State, not because they necessarily were the most competent administrators, but because their rank made them the most powerful rulers. Even in the present day the Commission of the Peace is in theory, and to some extent in practice, confined to the dominant class in rural districts. It is possible that the change which has been consistently recommended since the remote commencement of the discussions of *Friends in Council* may be hereafter adopted, but the transfer of authority from politicians to clerks will have been a constitutional revolution. In practice it

* *Social Pressure*. By the Author of "Friends in Council." London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

has been found that the chief party leaders are among the ablest men of their time. Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Palmerston would have had no reason to fear competition with the most brilliant members of the Civil Service. In their conduct of business Under-Secretaries have placed their experience at the service of their superiors, not the less willingly because there could be no question of rivalry or jealousy between the two sections of administrators. A wise Minister devolves as large a part as possible of his duties on subordinates, who will be zealous in his service in proportion to his confidence and their own responsibility. It is true that their services are not rewarded in fortune or in fame; but the sense of duty, strengthened by official tradition, has hitherto been sufficient for the purpose. When the Duke of York or General Monk commanded the fleets of Charles II. the professional seamen who obeyed their orders were probably satisfied when they secured the approbation of their superiors. It is true that the precedent may be quoted in favour of combining technical knowledge with the rank which has since been exclusively bestowed on regularly trained naval officers. An absolute monarch may at his pleasure employ Ministers who understand the business of their respective offices, while they derive their power exclusively from the favour of the Crown. In England a sovereign Parliament reposes its confidence exclusively in its own members. Mr. Milverton's hierarchy of clerks might construct admirable measures, legislative or administrative, but they would find great difficulty in passing Acts of Parliament.

An essay and conversation on "Looking back on Life" is to some tastes more attractive than disquisitions on towns or on public offices. The supposed author of the essay on old or mature age is a thoughtful and accurate observer. It would be hard if the loss of the numerous advantages which belong to youth were not attended by some kind of compensation. It is certain that men become more tolerant as they grow older, and that, even if it cannot be said that they think less of themselves, they learn to conceal a selfishness which is probably diminished by deliberate suppression. The shyness which troubles so many of the young must be excessive and inveterate if it is not relieved by long contact with the world. Every moderately observant person finds, as he advances in life, that his neighbours are thinking less of him than of themselves, that they soon forget his blunders, and that they have probably never noticed the unbecomingness which have seemed to himself overwhelming. He also learns that his happiness is not dependent on the superficial opinions which may be formed of his own conduct and character by indifferent observers. If only his friends and enemies are content to be courteous to his face, he will consider that they are welcome to censure him behind his back. His own growing tolerance is probably reflected in the dispositions of his associates, and he is willing to incur with amused patience the severer judgment of inexperienced youth. In tolerable prosperity men become less sensitive and more good-humoured as they grow older, and above all they are less inclined to proselytism. To an eager and sincere young logician it is unbearable that the arguments which convince himself should neither be refuted nor admitted by his friends. A wise man in after years knows that arguments tend but rarely and indirectly to affect opinion. Only fussy dispositions and second-rate intellects retain their polemical propensities in riper age. According to Mr. Milverton, "Unless hindered by physical circumstances, such as ill health, loss of hearing, or loss of sight, the capacity for social enjoyment with many persons goes on steadily increasing." The art of conversation is seldom a juvenile accomplishment, and good talk, though it is rarely enjoyed, is one of the greatest pleasures of human life.

One of the numerous merits of the series of which the present volume forms the latest instalment is that the imaginary conversations of which it chiefly consists approximate to real talk of the better kind. The unavoidable necessity of assigning a fixed character to each of the interlocutors diminishes in some degree the natural flow of unpremeditated discourse. On the other hand, the happy tendency of the author to diverge from the subject which he had intended to discuss makes the speeches of his characters more spontaneous, and therefore more interesting. Literary dialogues always tend to degenerate into the conventional type, according to which, as in the works of Dickens, every declaimer or buffoon is recognized by his appropriate cant-word or "tag." Mr. Milverton and his friends are not exempt from this defect; but on the whole they represent a natural flow and probable diversity of thought. One of the causes which make the composition of imaginary conversations difficult is that literary works are the result of previous meditation, while all good talk is absolutely extemporaneous. No conscientious artist in this department utters a premeditated aphorism or jest without a transient pang of compunction as for the perpetration of a solecism or a fraud. The repartee ought always to be the real as well as the apparent result of the remark to which it is a reply; and in that large part of conversation which has nothing to do with the exchange of epigrams, the successive results of the serious or humorous theory under discussion ought to evolve themselves as unexpectedly to the speaker as to the hearer. Young aspirants to social success will find great advantage in adopting the rule of talking as little as possible about persons, and preferring the discussion of things. Gossip and scandal are so attractive that they are certain to obtain their due share of notice in conversation. Even with the aid of sound doctrine they can only hope to approach per-

fection or eminence after long experience of life; and in the meantime they must console themselves as well as they can by the knowledge that good looks and animal spirits are to an unintellectual race of men and women by many degrees more attractive than the wisest or wittiest conversation. For the most part, the mitigating circumstances which compensate for the disabilities of youth are perhaps regarded as proofs of superiority; nor indeed is it possible for those who belong to an older generation to repress a feeling of gratitude for the affability with which they are sometimes treated by the young. The representatives of the golden age which is always in the past seem, and perhaps are, above the level of the prosaic present. Those who enjoy good conversation, and are capable of contributing their share, are fortunate if they have occasional opportunities of the only social pleasure which survives early middle age. A single good talker is as useless by himself as a single battledore. It is in the exchange of thought, of humour, and of wit that real conversation consists. It is too much to expect that in any single company a large number of pleasant talkers should be found, but the brilliancy and interest of conversation improves with the number of those who take part in it, as the Attic tragedy when it expanded beyond the two interlocutors of Theopis. A judicious critic once complained that the *School for Scandal* was unnatural because it was impossible that so many witty persons should be found in one social circle. It is too much to hope that Joseph Surface, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Mrs. Candour should meet in real life for the delight of an appreciative audience; but sometimes more amiable, if less sparkling, substitutes may take their place. Mr. Milverton complains that critics sometimes make remarks of their own instead of strictly confining themselves to the text. It is too true that the charge is often well founded, but the author of a book which becomes the subject of digressive remarks may claim credit for his power of suggestion. The essays and conversations which bear the title of *Social Pressure* are themselves occasionally desultory.

TWO BOOKS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THE two little books before us have certain points in common. Both of them have the merit of shortness, and of what we suppose may be called orthodox economical views. General Marriott and Mrs. Fawcett are equally believers in the main articles of the faith delivered to the disciples of Ricardo, Malthus, Mr. Mill, and Professor Cairnes. We will not at present raise the question how far that system of doctrine deserves to be dignified with the name of science. No one who has studied it will deny that it has an admirable logical coherency, though it may be disputed how far its fundamental postulates correspond to the actual facts of human society. At any rate it presents a series of propositions capable of definite statement and of what appears to be something like mathematical demonstration. As such, it is a highly convenient system for the purposes of competitive examination. A paper can be set in Political Economy as easily as in Euclid; and we presume that both the General and the lady have an eye not only to the general benefit of their species, but to the wants of the growing class which undergoes the torture of a periodical overhauling of its little stock of knowledge. The two writers, however, take different modes of approaching the youthful intellect. General Marriott has endeavoured to state the fundamental axioms of the science as clearly and briefly as possible, and to connect them by the most rigid proofs of its conclusions stated in the most concise form. He has tried in a short volume to give us the pith and marrow of a doctrine which has been expounded into much more voluminous treatises. The success of such a book can only be determined by experiment. We are happy to express our own opinion indeed that General Marriott is thoroughly sound in his logic and clear in his statements. If we were to criticize, we should be disposed to say that he has given rather too much space to the thankless task of laying down accurate definitions, and that he might have given a rather larger allowance of concrete illustrations. Political economists are very fond of discussing at great length the correct definitions of productive and unproductive labour, of fixed and circulating capital, and so forth; and are very apt to forget their definitions entirely as soon as they get beyond the first chapter. Of course it is desirable that language should be used accurately, and a certain amount of pains must be bestowed upon definitions. But when too much accuracy is affected, the student is rather apt to forget that the study is useless unless it is applicable to the social conditions of the time, and he should be at least carefully warned that things refuse to distribute themselves into classes so neatly marked off from each other as would be convenient for abstract theorists. However, the fault, if it be a fault, is a slight one; and we are prepared to believe that General Marriott's *précis* of the science will be found very useful when the dry bones of its demonstration are clothed with a due amount of concrete illustration. In short, it seems to us to be a clear and convenient handbook, and we hope that it will receive due attention from those whose duty it is to indoctrinate the young student.

* *A Grammar of Political Economy.* By Major-General W. F. Marriott, C.S.I. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.
Tales in Political Economy. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mrs. Fawcett has already composed a useful little book of a similar kind for the use of beginners. From her present undertaking, however, we are disposed to infer that she has found that the student is occasionally recalcitrant. There are, in fact, persons of indolent or sentimental minds who are apt to whisper that political economy is at best a "dismal science." They are actually bored by demonstrations of the law of rent or the equation of international demand and supply. Mrs. Fawcett, therefore, has condescended to meet this weakness. She inserts a "word of apology" to Miss Martineau for adopting the idea popularized a generation ago by that admirable writer. This idea is defined by Mrs. Fawcett to be the wrapping up of the powder of political economy in the raspberry jam of a story. Now it must be confessed that this scheme, however inviting, has its difficulties. We remember certain deceptions practised upon us in our childish days from the effects of which we have not quite recovered. For many years the delightful substitute for butter at breakfast—if we rightly remember the beautiful language of certain wrappers on pots of marmalade—became suspect to us; because its sweetness was powerfully associated in our minds with the friction of a hard gritty substance upon our teeth. There is, in fact, a danger which it requires all the skill of a Miss Martineau to surmount successfully. Either the powder is so slightly covered that the jam becomes a mere repulsive sham, or it is covered so effectually that it produces no sanitary effects. We can most conscientiously say that Mrs. Fawcett has not fallen into the latter fault. She has been very sparing of the jam, so sparing that we are induced to think that it might almost as well have been left out altogether. The tales are three in number. The first concerns a certain race called the Srimats—a name which may possibly conceal some meaning too skilfully concealed for our ingenuity—who have adopted a plan suggested, if we remember rightly, by Bastiat. They have, in fact, carried the protective spirit so far as to forbid the use of light with a view to encouraging the production of palm-oil. They are confuted, but not convinced, by a certain Captain Adam, who is throughout the book the representative of a sound political economy. After some description of their follies, we have the plain undiluted moral. "The story," we are told, "is an illustration of the fact that when you have once got protection, it is impossible to get rid of it without injuring the people who have invested their capital and labour in the protected industry." And upon this text, doubtless a very sound one, Mrs. Fawcett dilates very forcibly for the rest of the chapter.

The other two tales are substantially one; being an account of certain shipwrecked sailors upon a desert island, who gradually learn by experience the advantages of division of labour, of saving capital, of substituting a currency for mere barter, and so on. They succeed so well, though they make some very gross blunders, that their dwelling-place appears in the last story as Isle Pleasant. Observation of the laws of political economy has made them rich and prosperous, and they are able to perceive the blessings of Free-trade. Happy—that seems to be the most obvious moral—is the land where the inhabitants are thoroughly imbued with the principles of Mr. Mill, and accept a treatise on Political Economy for their Bible. Possibly a Socialist or so might object that a company of people thrown together upon a desert island might find a *régime* of unrestricted competition not altogether suitable to their circumstances. A politician might ask how discipline was maintained; or a missionary, what kind of religious principles enabled them to bear their hardships. But such questions would be irrelevant. The sailors are mere lay figures set to illustrate certain theories, and of course they are quite right to act as though the only problems in this troublesome world were those which can be answered by a Professor of Political Economy. The effect, however, of this method of story-telling is to make the actors slightly uninteresting. We cannot say, for example, that we are much attracted by a story the headings of which run as follows:—"Division of labour—Exchange—Are luxurious expenditure and waste good for trade?—Demand for commodities not a demand for labour—Demand and supply," and so on. Nay, the fact that, instead of the purely colourless labourer or capitalist with whom we are familiar in more formal treatises, we have a concrete Jack Collins and Green the carpenter, does not effectually delude us into much interest in their adventures. It is like looking on at a dance when we discover that the performers, instead of enjoying themselves or exhibiting their agility, are really placing themselves so as to represent the A, B, C of a mathematical diagram. Their performances are not very exciting, and we feel that we could without much regret dispense with their presence altogether, and, in short, take our powder without the jam.

We admit, however, that we are not quite competent judges. Mrs. Fawcett has probably some experience of the difficulties of beginners; and it may be that a sucking political economist is so innocent in disposition as to be allured by this simple machinery. A gudgeon, we know, will take a hook which we should have thought inadequately concealed even for his limited powers of reasoning. The fishers of men who seek to inveigle the youthful mind into swallowing rigid economical formulas know what kind of bait is most attractive to their prey, and we hope that Mrs. Fawcett's well-meant efforts may be successful. Meanwhile we must confess that to us the book is rather a treatise than a story; and we need not apologize for noticing one or two passages in which Mrs. Fawcett's language seems to be not strictly accurate. We may observe, for example, that a hundred guineas for eight

weeks, excluding Sundays, represents more than two guineas a day, instead of more than one. This is a mere arithmetical slip. Another statement is of more importance. The luxurious man has to learn by sad experience "that the only demand for labour is that which is really to supply commodities for the labourer in exchange for those which his toil produces." This strikes us as at least open to misconstruction; though it is meant to express the very sound doctrine that demand for labour is not demand for commodities. It would imply, for example, that the sale of tobacco to a peasant proprietor in exchange for his corn was equivalent to a demand for labour. This, we take it, is not the sound doctrine; Mrs. Fawcett should rather have said that the only demand for labour is the accumulation of the materials which support the labourer during his productive exertions. The difference is not between the demand for commodities which the labourer has produced and those which a merchant has to sell, but between the commodities exchanged for those already produced and those devoted to increasing production. Mrs. Fawcett understands the principle, but we think that her language is here rather careless. Nor, again, should it be said without some qualification that trade is "not reciprocal" when one country sends commodities and is paid by the other in money. The trade between England and Australia might be a reciprocation of advantages, though England received only gold in exchange for cloth. Bullion, in short, is a commodity, and it may be an advantage to a country to have more of it, though of course its value as a circulating medium sinks in proportion to the increased supply. The doctrine, in short, is stated rather too roundly, though the general principle is sound enough. As a rule, however, Mrs. Fawcett appears to us to be satisfactory in her expositions, though we cannot say that to our taste the economic doctrine is made more attractive by the thin veil of fiction.

LANDSCAPES, CHURCHES, AND MORALITIES.*

IT was Lord Palmerston, we believe, who suspected that all Shakspeare's plays were written by Bacon. It seemed so unlikely that one age and one small country should have seen two men of such vast genius, that he found it easier to imagine that it was one man who had done the work which had been commonly assigned to two, than that two should have been found capable of dividing the work between them. In like manner we have our suspicions that all the works that have been brought out under the name of A. K. H. B. are really the productions of Mr. Tupper. For it seems, indeed, even more unlikely that two men can have been found at one time capable of writing *The Recreations of a Country Parson* and *Proverbial Philosophy*, than of writing *Hamlet*, for instance, and the *Novum Organum*. There may be some, perhaps, who will raise a physical objection to our theory; they will say that, though it is quite possible to conceive of a brain that could compose with the rapidity required, yet it is scarcely possible to imagine that any one man has a hand that could bear the fatigue of writing down all that the Philosopher and the Country Parson have together composed. We might meet the difficulty with one of two suppositions. The writer, whether we call him Martin Farquhar Tupper or A. K. H. B.—for, as we have said, we suppose that they are one and the same—keeps perhaps a couple of shorthand writers. One of them he doubtless seats on what we may call the prose side of his study, and the other on the poetical. Some such arrangement as this must certainly be required, so that, as the double dictation goes on, there may be no doubt as to when poetry is being dictated and when prose. Or, if we prefer it, we may conceive that, like a great painter, he keeps round him a school of young philosophers and young poets. He himself sketches a subject, and bids each student go on moralizing at it till the bell rings for lunch. For instance, we can imagine that the great moralist has come in from a walk, and that he has seen, as indeed the author of the book before us tells us he one day did see, many cabmen in the street eagerly holding up their whips, surmising that he was looking for a cab, and each desirous that he should employ him. All he has to do is to turn to one of his youthful philosophers, and to dictate to him the first sentence of an essay as follows:—"As the philosophic thinker walks that street, and sees the eager whips held up, the reflection will arise, All human beings are holding up their whips." He must be an unworthy disciple indeed who cannot stretch out such an idea as that to any length that may be required. While his master is on the poetical side of the room counting out on his fingers the first few lines of some new poem, he, starting from the cue that "all human beings are holding up their whips," writes as follows:—

They are all on the stand, waiting to be taken. We ask our brothers of the earth to give us leave to toil. And they will not take us from the cabstand; they will not employ us: I do not say it by way of complaint, or of accusation; it is nobody's fault; it is the inevitable law of this great universe. But I say it is disheartening to hold up the anxious whip, and find no one wants us. It is weary work to stand all day in the marketplace, because no one has hired us; thinking of the hungry mouths at home, whose supper depends on our getting something to do. A young fellow is called to the Bar. He gets some little chamber in an out-of-the-way corner of the Temple; his name, painted on the door, is as his whip held up; in most cases held up in vain. When a number of girls, arrayed in splendour, are seen sitting at a ball on long forms set against the wall of the apartment, who can fail to think of the cabs on the stand?

* *Landscapes, Churches, and Moralities.* By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

In spite, therefore, of the difficulty which at first sight attends the supposition that this age boasts of, not two, but only one philosopher, we yet shall cling to the opinion that such is really the case, as being on the whole that which involves the lesser difficulty. Not only is the law of chances altogether against the appearance at one and the same time of two writers who in the very same way and in the same branch of literature should each be the worst that the world had ever seen; but, moreover, if we are to allow that the world is under the government of a benevolent Providence, we can scarcely reconcile even with our imperfect sense of justice so unequal a distribution of dulness. Even though we have sinned, yet, like David, we ought to be allowed our choice of evils. Not on one century and on one country should such an amount of tediousness be bestowed that the Goddess Dulness will have to lie barren for a time before she can bring anything to the birth that will be in any way worthy of counting as her offspring.

This inquiry, however, is leading us too far from our present purpose, which is an investigation into the last of the productions of the philosophic pair, whether they be indeed a pair or only one mind in two manifestations. The title of the work, *Landscapes, Churches, and Moralities*, though curious, can scarcely be called misleading. It conveys no meaning, and rightly so, for there is no meaning to be conveyed. If we had been asked to stand godfather to it, we should have suggested some such name as Pompositives, Emptinesses, and Proings; or, No Matter in Many Words. The author sees the sun shine, as other people have seen it shine before him. He sees a cloud come over the sun, as other people have seen it come before him. Thereupon he sets to write nonsense about the sun and the cloud, as other people have not written before him:—

The sunshine was bright a little ago; but a cloud has come over the sun. Who will cry down Matter? It was the fashion to do so, once upon a time; but surely the fashion of those who forgot that it is the Garment whereby we see its Creator. And how close Matter often comes to Mind: sending out influences which interpenetrate what in us is most spiritual.

He has, like most of us, travelled by railway, and he has at the end of his journey found all his packages safe. "I have known," the good man says, "those who could not think of being pleased that, through many hurried changes of conveyance in a long worrying day, the abounding individual packages which make up a household's luggage are all forthcoming." He goes on to add, "I am sorry for the elevated intelligences described." Of how elevated a piety must a writer be who can thus pity those elevated intelligences who "are so big, intellectually and materially, that they cannot condescend in any way to notice" the Divine Providence that has been extended to them in the care of their household baggage, from their portmanteau to their sandwich-box and whisky-flask. It is possible, we would observe, to feel grateful, and to refrain at the same time from either uttering or writing nonsense. But, as our author observes, "you cannot by any usage bring out of any creature what was not potentially in it." Dignity of feeling and self-respect do not belong to certain men, and can never, therefore, be looked for from them. He takes this railway journey when going for his holiday. He gets to an English country lane, and a lane of so strange a nature that "on one side of it there are many green trees." There is a stile, too, in this lane. Here we pass away—but only for a line—from the *Moralities* to the *Landscapes*:—

I am sitting on a wooden stile. An English country lane is strange to me, for I do not live in England; and I have few opportunities of sitting on wooden stiles. In front are two green fields, their grass of a very deep green colour, golden-sprinkled with many buttercups. The fields slope down gently towards a little town. Beyond the town are green fields and woods, sloping upwards and making a green background to the little town.

From the midst of the town rises "an Object" (with a big O) "which I had come 519 miles to see." The reader is not to know what the Object is all at once. It is something that the author would rather see than "snowy Alp, heathery mountain, or broad ocean. In this May afternoon, whose light is somewhat overcast, sombre gray against a gray sky, the Object stands." At last the reader's curiosity is satisfied, and he learns that "the Object is Canterbury Cathedral." At this very moment it happened that some girls of gipsy hue passed, and "one of them, in the presence of the Cathedral, called another by many foul names." How great a risk she ran she little knew. "There is a place in this world where, if I had heard any young person speak as she spoke, I should kindly but strongly admonish the young person. But I have no right here." If ever we are inclined to give our tongue too free a rein, and we see a parson near us, we will first carefully inquire if it is in his parish that we stand. Often by merely crossing a road, or jumping over a brook, a man might still swear in the hearing of a parson, and yet swear in comfort. But to return to our author. A man cannot sit on a stile for ever, even though he has an Object before him, and from the stile accordingly our Country Parson must come down. He will not leave it, however, without a bit of moralizing:—

I must come down from my wooden stile. I am not likely to sit upon it any more. Parting, let me give a friendly pat to the rough post at one side of it, much decayed. I dare say that post is as old as I am. Yet I never saw it before. But there are things in this world which I never saw at all.

Among these things, however, is not the Fountain Inn at Canterbury, where the author had a solitary dinner, and after dinner a large cup of tea. We should have been glad, by the way, to

learn whether with this cup of tea he took sugar and cream. In the case of a great man the minutest circumstances are interesting. The solitary dinner is, we must confess, somewhat of a reproach to "Archy Tait," whom he had that day met. The Archbishop—shall we too venture to call him Archy?—had asked him if he had ever seen a cathedral before. "Such was the inquiry addressed to the writer, who knows (as nearly as possible) seven times as much about cathedrals as does the illustrious prelate himself." We hope, for the sake of the Archbishop's good name, that if his friend knows seven times as much, he has written seventy-and-seven times as much. We should be sorry to think so ill of the Primate as to imagine that he has written about cathedrals, or indeed about anything, one seventy-seventh part of the nonsense that is to be laid to the charge of the Country Parson of his native land. While our moralist thinks so slightly of the Archbishop in one point of view, we are glad to find that he is kind enough to admit that his place "beyond question is exceptional and a great position."

In one part of this book, though whether it comes under the head of Landscapes, Churches, or Moralities, we hardly know, we find an attack on those "who review books in such and such an eminent periodical." The author complains of depreciation. "I do not suppose," he says, "that all depreciation is intentionally dishonest. Of course there is a just and honest depreciation. You may say a thing is bad, because it is so; and you see it is so; and it is your duty to say so." It is quite clear that he is here using a word that is too big for him. He had better turn to his dictionary—not Johnson's, for he will not find the word there—and see what depreciation means. If we say that *The Recreations of a Country Parson* are of the same value as *Proverbial Philosophy*, that is appreciation. If we go on to say that neither one book nor the other is worth a brass farthing, that is still appreciation, though it might, perhaps, with more correctness, be called negative appreciation. He who sets its proper value on an article, however high or however low that value may be, does not depreciate, but appreciate it. In the same chapter in which those remarks occur the author tells his readers that, if they are driving a very swift horse, "they will be aware of a temptation to despise the people they overtake and pass by." He goes on to explain that, "by passing, let it be understood I mean overtaking, and in that sense passing. It is comparatively easy for even a very sluggish steed to pass the very swiftest, provided the two are going in opposite directions." Now when we come across such writing as this, and strip off as it were the lion's skin in which it is wrapped, and show what it is that is beneath, we are not to be reproached with depreciation. It was our duty to set a fair value on the book, and we have, we maintain, valued it correctly. It is worthless, and we have said that it is worthless.

A LOST CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS RECOVERED.*

THE discovery that suggested the publication of this little volume can be described in a few words. Before Bothwell could be married to Queen Mary it was necessary to rid him of an ostensible wife in possession. This was accomplished by a divorce through the proper tribunals both of the Reformed and the Romish Churches; and in this latter the ground of divorce was that Bothwell and Lady Jane Gordon, whom he had married, were canonically within the prohibited degrees. If this marriage had been preceded by a Papal Dispensation, it could not have been thus extinguished. Was there, then, a Papal Dispensation? All dispute on this branch of the great question is now at an end. The Dispensation itself has been found by Dr. John Stuart, who now comes forward to comment on the significance of the document he has so recovered.

There can be no doubt that this discovery is "a heavy blow and a great discouragement" to the devotees of what we may call the minor Mariolatry. The more, therefore, must we admire the chivalrous courage of Mr. Hosack, who, in the second volume of his clever case for the defendant, before there had been time to know the impression made by the Dispensation, comes forward at once and assails the enemy before he has had time to bring the new auxiliary contingent into his available force, in this wise:—"There is one undisputed point in the history of Mary—namely, that throughout her life she was true to her religion; and, although she explained to her relatives in France that she had been forced by circumstances to consent to marry Bothwell, there is nothing in her conduct or in her correspondence which indicates a doubt as to the validity of the marriage. We shall find that at a subsequent period she appears to have been made aware of the true state of the case; for, in writing to the Pope in the year 1571, she speaks of the 'pretended divorce' of Bothwell from his wife. But the question is, whether at the time she knowingly contracted an invalid marriage." "Nor can we come to any other conclusion than that the existence of the Papal Dispensation had been carefully concealed from the Queen both by Bothwell and by his wife." If it be a point gained to show that Queen Mary once in her life

* *A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots Recovered.* Notices of James, Earl of Bothwell, and Lady Jane Gordon, and of the Dispensation for their Marriage; Remarks on the Law and Practice of Scotland relative to Marriage Dispensations; and an Appendix of Documents. By John Stuart, LL.D., Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1874.

spoke truth, she did so when she used the words "pretended divorce"; they were words of style, then and still in use in the Scottish law courts, when a litigant refers to a document which he intends to abjure as not obligatory on himself. But when she used this term she was in the third of her great love passages, pouring out her devotion to Norfolk somewhat after the fashion of the Oasket Letters, and frantic to get rid of the Bothwell entanglement.

That so clever a woman as Mary should remain in confiding reliance on such a swain as Bothwell, and never inquire whether he and his wife had provided themselves with the customary protection of the period against the pitfalls of the canon law, is a conclusion hard to be believed. It is harder still to believe it when we look at the active and kindly interest taken by Queen Mary in the happy union of her champion to the house of Huntly, which she had been compelled to ruin when she was under the influence of Murray, and now was earnest in restoring to its departed greatness. Dr. Stuart prints their contract of marriage in his appendix. It sets forth that the union is "with advis and express counsall of our souverane Lady Marie Queen of Scotland," and here is the first signature, "Marie R." Further:—

The marriage was solemnized on the 22d of February, and the proceedings connected with it are described by Pitcottie in the following terms:—"Vpon the 22 day of Februar the earle of Bothwell was married vpon the earle of Huntlies sister. The king and queine maid the banquet the first day, quibill continued fyve dayes with justing and tournameitis, and thair was maid six knyghtis of Fyft at that time."

The Queen's great interest in Lady Jane appears not only from her joining in the contract, but in the gift which she made to her of a wedding dress of cloth of silver, lined with taffeta, which is thus described in the Royal Inventory:—"Plus xii. aunes de toyllie dargent plainne pour faire vne robe a la fille de Madame de Montelles pour le jour quel fut marrie a Monsieur de Bodoud." The Queen also bequeathed to her a head-dress in her Testamentary Inventory, drawn up in the end of May or beginning of June 1566, where it is thus entered:—"A Madame de Boduel, vne couiffe garnye de rubiz perles et grenatz."

It would help us to some instructive inferences about the motives influencing the busy men of that strange world of Scottish politicians if we could point to this and that one among them as having been aware of this Dispensation. That arch conspirator Archbishop Hamilton surely knew of it, since the Dispensation is signed by him as Papal Legate, and the divorce, for want of a Dispensation, was effected in his Consistorial Court little more than a year after the Dispensation had been granted. It could scarcely be said that the busy public officer should allow such events to escape his memory in the crowd of business passing officially before him, as the clergyman of a London church may forget the individual Jones, Brown, or Smith, whom he has married or baptized among the other thousands. If we could bring home the knowledge to others, it might help us to conclusions—as, for instance, about that unaccountable affair of the supper at Ainslie's, when an assemblage of men about the bravest and haughtiest in the world appeared to be subdued into a joint act of arrant poltroonery. The theory that they thought it the best policy that things should drift on to the ruin which was imminent becomes the more likely if they knew the marriage to be a farce that would disappear from the arena of substantial political forces. Wherever we shall find that an approver or promoter of the marriage was acquainted with the existence of the Dispensation, we can understand that he gave the go-by to what was done, in the assurance that it could easily be undone. There were two persons who not only approved and promoted, but were keenly zealous for the completion of the affair—the Queen and Bothwell—and, like all heedless lovers, they hid out of sight the impediment to their happy union. There is, no doubt, another view, that the poor Queen was driven to the fatal act by the tyrannical power of her evil genius; but knowing, as she must have known, of the Dispensation, she also knew that she could call up what would have evoked the powers of her own Church against the final calamity, and have protected her effectively against the odious union.

It may naturally occur to those not deeply versed in the historical mysteries of the age to ask, What was the degree of kinship between Bothwell and Lady Jane Gordon? Because, if it was anything approaching to the forbidden degrees of modern times, its existence must have been notorious, and all men must have known whether it required a Dispensation to overrule the obstacle to marriage. This leads us to a curious and very significant field of inquiry. The personal interest attaching to the principal characters in the strange story naturally attracts the greater amount of current attention, but the legal, religious, and social conditions revealed by the affair of the Dispensation and the divorce are of far deeper historical import. Bothwell's grandfather had married Lady Margaret Gordon, the daughter of George, Earl of Huntly, who was the grandfather of Lady Jane. Had the connexion of the two been a degree still further apart, it would still have been within the canonical prohibition. For this widening of the prohibited circle there was no excuse in any of those physical or social grounds which are held to justify the marriage restrictions of modern times. It was simply a device to increase the power of the Church, and especially its power to extract money. The whole thing became a system of taxation. The Church, after a long contest with the State, had got possession of all that great department of the law which deals with marriage and legitimacy, and, as it consequently dealt with the succession to property and dignities, it was a power acutely felt; the higher the rank and the greater the wealth of a family, the more thoroughly was it at the mercy of the Church.

It happens that Scotland has enriched our knowledge of the

relations between Church and State in the early part of the sixteenth century with many illustrations of the degrading influence of that system. We may suppose that other small States might have been equally fertile in such examples; but, whatever may have been the facts, no part of the world seems to have contributed so large a body of examples to record and history. That England should be less fertile in such lore has a distinctive cause—its larger population, and, even proportionately to this larger population, its greater number of wealthy families. In a small aristocratic body, proud and exclusive, there were naturally many intermarriages; and thus, though the wealth of the land was small, the Church was able to extract a large proportion of it. We owe to the exasperating influence of this and of other clerical aggressions the fierce and vindictive tone of the Reformation in Scotland, where the aristocracy at once headed the people in a crusade for extinguishing the Romish hierarchy.

The most really valuable part of Dr. Stuart's little book will be found in the instances he supplies of the systematic precautions taken to obtain the aid of the Church in keeping clear of all the traps laid by it, and the assurance manifested in marriage contracts and other dealings concerning marriages that every impediment was removeable at its proper price. The following instances bring in parties closely connected with the principal object of the present inquiry:—

In the year 1491, Patrick, Earl of Bothwell, grandfather of Queen Mary's husband, agreed to marry one of the two daughters of George, Earl of Huntly, and the contract provided "gif ther be any impediments of affinite or consanguinite funden in the meyne tyme quhairthrow the said mairage may not have progress efter the law of haly kirke, the remede thairof be procurit, and a dispensation gotten in all possible haist be comon expens of baith partys."

In the year 1530, a marriage was arranged between George, Earl of Huntly, and Elizabeth Keith, sister of William, Earl Marischal, which was to be solemnized "als sone as ane dispensation may be gottin of the Papis halyne fra the Court of Rome, or quhair euir the Papis beis, for impediments of consanguinite or vtheris standing betwix the said George and Elizabeth that may be stop to thair lauchfull mairage; the quibill dispensation the said William, Earl Marischal, and his freinds sall cause be brocht hame upoun thair expens with dew diligence, quibill beand brocht hame, the said George, Earl of Huntly, sall redely vse the samin dispensation, and compleit mairage with the said Elizabeth but any longer delay."

The contract also provided for another contingency which might emerge after the marriage had been completed, "that gif thair happynis or occuris any caus of dinorce or impediment of law quhy the said George, Earl of Huntly and Elizabeth Keith may nocht lauchfully remane togidder in mairage efter that thair be anis mairyt be way of deid, als oft as any fit caus of dinorce or impedimentis occuris, the said George, Earl of Huntly, sall, als sone as any sic impedimentis cumis to his ciris, with all possibill diligence send to the Court of Rome for new dispensationis, and sall obtene and get thame, and bring thame hame to conferme the matrimony standand betwix thame, makand the barnis lauchfull than gottin or to be gottin betwix thame, and abill to succedd to the said George's heritage, thair beand aris mail."

The next instance makes us acquainted with an audacious enlargement of the prohibitions to include spiritual relations, as they were called, gossips, god-sibs—those who came into the family or, in Scottish and old English phrase, became "sib" to it, by acting as godfathers or godmothers at baptisms. Further on the passage here selected from a contract creates an obligation to obtain by the necessary payment the removal of all such difficulties as the prying eyes of the priests may discover after the marriage; and, should such an extreme measure be necessary, to procure a divorce, and after that a dispensation for a new and legitimate marriage:—

In the year 1487 Alexander Fraser, the laird of Philorth, agreed to marry Marjory Calder, another daughter of the Thane. The indenture thereon provides, "Ande because the said Alexander Fraser is godbrother to the said Marjory Calder, and echo gode-sister to him, quaharfor thair mair hafe licence and be dispensit of our haly father the Pape, and the said Wilyame, Thane of Calder, sall mak the fyrst cost one the dispensacion, and the said Alexander Fraser sall recompens and make pament tharof efterwart quhen he beys lauchfullie in possessione of his landis of Filorth."

In February 1523 a marriage-contract was entered into between Malcolm, Master of Fleming, and Janet Stewart, daughter of Agness, Countess of Bothwell. It narrated the existence of impediments "quhairthrow thair may nocht compleit the said mairage at this tyme," and the agreement of the Countess to "send to the Court of Rome and get and bring hame uppon hir expensis ane purches and dispensacione upon the saidis impedimentis," and on their being received, to complete the marriage.

There was also a provision for any emerging impediments, in the following terms:—"And gif any impedimentis efterwart to be propounit or knawin be the said Malcolm, and upon his behalf, quhairthrow the said mairage betwix hym and the said Janet may nocht stand in the face of haly kyrk, the said Malcolm sall, upon his expensis, in all possible haist, send and bring hame ane purches and dispensacione furthe of the Court of Rome for contracting and completing of the said mairage of new betwix hym and the said Janet in face of haly kyrk, as efferis, and incontinent therefor sall compleit the same."

In 13th February 1554, Hugh, third Earl of Eglinton, contracted to marry Lady Jane Hammiltoun, daughter of the Duke of Chateherault. One of the conditions of the contract provided—"And farther gif it happinis in any tymes herefter that any causis or impedimentis of consanguinite or affinite, or utheris quhatsumever be kend or knawin betwix the saidis Erle of Eglintoun and the said noble Ladie, quibikis happinis nocht to be dispensit befor the contracting of the said mairage, the said Erle uppon his expensis sall obtene dewlie and bring in thair partis ane new dispensacion or dispensacionis for removing of the said impedimentis als oft as need beis with ratificatioun of the said matrimony notwithstanding the saidis impedimentis; or than sall divorce the said first matrimony be occasion thairfor, quibik being thairthrow divorciat, the said Erle sall incontinent thairafter cause use the saidis new dispensacionis dewlie, and of new agane contract and solempnizat matrimony in face of haly kyrk with the said Ladie Jane."

Lady Jane was afterwards married to the Earl of Sutherland, and on his death to the Laird of Boyne. It is interesting to those who have traced her through the stormy events of her first married life to find her living in tranquillity, and dying at Dunrobin in

her eighty-fourth year, a prosperous gentlewoman, who, in the words of her son, "always managed her affairs with so great prudence and foresight that the enemies of her family could never prevail against her" (p. 55). She took to Dunrobin two important documents. One was the Dispensation; the other, the security for her dowry over the wide estates of the Hepburns, Lords of Bothwell, of which she claimed and obtained payment after the divorce. May we fairly consider that these two possessions had some connexion with each other, and that the Dispensation was carefully preserved as a document which, in the hands of a woman of "so great prudence," might, under possible chances, be an available resource should any difficulty arise about the punctual payment of the dowry money?

A NEW ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH.*

EVERYBODY, it would seem, has his use in the economy of things, and the use of Mr. Boulton is to make us understand certain mysterious utterances which have been put forth at various times during the present year. To say nothing of less famous names, Mr. Whalley has been crying out for a new History of Britain, freed from all the Popish fables which men have hitherto drawn from the spurious "Saxon Chronicle." If the Chronicles are spurious, who forged them? There is a view according to which all the Chronicles were forged by the one man Marianus Scotus, who died a good many years before the narrative of the latest Chronicle came to an end. Mr. Whalley, more prudently, assigns the forgery to "the Augustine monks of Canterbury," a class of men so shadowy that they may be safely quartered in any century that may be convenient. Now we do not see that our present light, Mr. Boulton, commits himself to this doctrine of the forgery of the Chronicles; but his notions of the origin of the English seem to be such as would exactly suit Mr. Whalley and its other supporters. His two little tracts, read before two local Societies—the former comes from the Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, 28th November, 1872—look like the fore-runners of what we are to get when Mr. Whalley girds himself up to tell us the true history of Britain, free from all Popish fables and Saxon forgeries.

Mr. Boulton has a way which is not peculiar to himself of marking common errors as errors, and then putting greater errors in their place. For instance, he seizes on the popular abuse of the Saxon name; he objects to confounding Angles and Saxons; he very properly refuses to believe that Egbert "invented the name of England or called himself King of England." Only, when he comes to give us his own views, the distinction which he draws between Saxons and Angles is so very wide that we should much rather sit down contented with the popular confusion of the two. "Angli," according to Mr. Boulton, in *Isida* and everywhere else, it would seem, up to Æthelward, rigidly excludes all Saxons. Egbert called himself "Rex Anglorum," not because he reigned over Angles or English in any sense, but because he did not:—

That the King of Wessex, in the hour of victory over the powerful and more civilized Angles, should dub himself for once their King, was natural and excusable elation; but such an act is very insufficient evidence in favour of the Teutonic theory. It was not until a much later period that the sovereign was styled king of the country instead of the people: and though to render *Rex Anglorum*, or cyming of Angle cymn, or Angle-isc, by King of the English, be orthographically correct, the impression conveyed would be erroneous, unless it were distinctly understood that the Angle cymn or Angle-isc did not include the Saxons any more than it included the Welsh, or the Scots and Picts.

This is startling, but it is certainly not too strong, if we could only believe with Mr. Boulton that the Angles were not Angles at all—that they had nothing to do with the "Angli" of Tacitus or the Ἀγγελοι of Procopius—that they never came over from Angeln, but were, as far as the present discussion is concerned, *autochthonous*—that they were in short no Teutonic invaders, but true-born Britons—that their name has nothing to do with "angul" the weapon, nothing to do with their living "in angulo," nothing, we regret to say, with their "angelica facies, id est, pulchra"; what it has to do with Mr. Boulton must teach us. When the Romans left Britain, the "un-romanized Britanni" formed two classes, each with a descriptive name:—

These tribes may be naturally grouped under two divisions—(1) those who retained the primitive habit described by Caesar of living in woods; and (2) those who had sought refuge among the hills. The latter are still known to us by the Teutonic name of Welsh, which, as a corruption of Wyl-isc, aptly denotes an aboriginal people; for *wyl* is the original of *wealth* or *well*, a fount or spring; and *isc* of the terminal *ish*, which is an adjectival form of frequent use; and Wales thus represents the land of the Welsh.

In what language "*wyl*" is the original of *wealth* or *well* Mr. Boulton does not explain, but we can cordially assent to his proposition that the "terminal" *isc* or *ish* "is an adjectival form of frequent use." If, for instance, we were so rude as to say that Mr. Boulton's etymologies were "foolish" or "childish," or that his reasoning was sometimes a little "Irish," all these words would be cases in point. But it is more important to know why the Angles were so called:—

The other portion of un-Romanized Britanni, who would mainly occupy

* *The Angles, Jutes, and Saxons.* By Joseph Boulton, F.R.I.B.A. Liverpool: Brakell. 1873.

The Danish Invasion into South Britain. Read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, January 26, 1874. By Joseph Boulton, F.R.I.B.A.

the Eastern and Midland districts as the Cymri occupied the West, would probably likewise be named from their habits of life; and as those who sought the protection of hills were thence called Cynbri; those who sheltered in woods would be thence termed Angellous, contracted into Angles, from C. *an-geill-eis*, men of a very wooded country, i.e. foresters; *geil*, signifying a wood or wooded country, *eis* a man, and *an* being an intensive particle. If this conjecture be correct, their great numbers, and the influence so speedily acquired by the Angles, are readily understood; those numbers having led earlier historians to infer the depopulation of the mysterious continental Anglia, by which it was reduced to a desert for three centuries! Similarly, modern historians have supposed that the Celts were extirpated to make room for all these foreigners; just as, in comparatively recent times, the native black rat was exterminated by the Hanoverian brown rat.

Mr. Boulton perhaps hardly knows how happy an illustration he has lighted on by his little excursion among the "majores mures qui vulgariter vocantur rati." Mr. Dawkins might perhaps enlighten him a little on that head. But we must give one or two more illustrations of this mysterious word Angle:—

The words *an-gril*, very woody country, or their equivalents, *angel*, *angle*, *engel*, *engle*, *ingel*, and *ingle*, appear in names in many parts of South Britain; and possibly *ongle*, *ungel*, *ungel*, and *angle* may sometimes be equivalents also.

A long list comes of words in many of which Dr. Guest would doubtless gladly recognize the Anglian element; but why, to mention no others, Ardingleigh and Bletchingleigh? What can these tribal names have to do with Angles? And, to crown all:—

The most remarkable examples are in Wales, amongst the Cymri, where appear Morston, Anglecourt, Angle, and Angletown, with the names of forty-three places with the termination *angel*; thirty-three of these are Llanfihangel, distinguished by various affixes; nine are Llanvihangel, and therefore substantially the same name; and one Llanmihangel. In England proper there are a few more, probably in Hereford and Monmouth, but their position is not ascertained.

"Angle" is most likely "Nangle" in Pembrokeshire, sometimes corruptly called "Angle," which however is not "among the Cymri"—Mr. Boulton means *Cymry*—but among the Flemings, and it has nothing to do with woods or with Angles, but means "in angulo," just like Nyland, for "in-island." But conceive a man who dabbles in Welsh etymologies fancying that *Llanfihangel*—the three spellings are of course indifferent—in English *Michaelchurch*, has anything to do with woods or with Angles!

After this, it is hardly needful to pay much heed to Mr. Boulton's attempts in the way of Celtic etymology. Yet we have a certain curiosity to know how it is that "C. *Brito*, a Briton, is compounded of *bri*, a hill, and *to* a man"; while elsewhere "there can be little doubt that the name of the country was derived from its unique, or almost unique, production, tin; C. *brith*, to produce or bring forth, and *stain ostan*, tin." Does Mr. Boulton hold that the name of the island and the name of the people have nothing to do with one another?

The following sentence is also very dark; still each clause by itself has a meaning;—

That Welsh is comparatively a recent dialect seems probable from the difference between the speech of the two Cymri, those of Wales, and those of Strathelyd, the latter of whom have never deviated so much from the original Celtic type, which appears to form the basis of modern English.

The upshot of all this is that the Angles or English are not a Teutonic people who came into Britain from beyond sea, but a Celtic people, who at most moved from one part of Britain to another. We suspect that something like this has been stirring in the brain of Mr. Whalley and his allies. But Mr. Boulton, unlike his fellows, has put the doctrine into a shape in which any third person who is so inclined may say Yea to it, and any one who thinks it worth while to take the trouble may say Nay to it. We will only remark that the doctrine is altogether different, both from that set forth in Mr. Coote's *Neglected Fact*, and from that which is preached by Messrs. Piko and Nicholas. Neither of these last doctrines denies the fact of the English Conquest. Mr. Coote's doctrine is, not that the English are Celtic, but that the old Britons were Teutonic. The other doctrine is, not that there was no Anglian settlement from beyond sea, not that the Angles were Celts, but simply that they were so few that, in the land which they conquered, the prevailing blood was that of the conquered and not of the conquerors. These doctrines are perhaps worth being refuted; they misinterpret the facts of history, but they do not deny them. Mr. Boulton simply gets rid of the facts altogether. Yet still Mr. Boulton does say something to which it is possible to say Nay; he has so far the advantage over his allies, who speak with such stammering lips that they give us nothing to say Yea or Nay to.

But, when Mr. Boulton has got rid of the Angles, he has still the Saxons and the Danes to get rid of. We do not exactly see why Mr. Boulton asks, with some warmth:—

If the name of Saxon was unknown until the date assigned by the legend (A.D. 476), how was it the Romans called one of their marches the Saxon Shore? and how came they to defend their possessions from Saxon invaders, as in A.D. 367?

Whom has Mr. Boulton met with who said that the name of Saxon was unknown till 476? No one certainly of our acquaintance, no one who has read Ptolemy, no one who has read the Notitia, no one who has read the well-known passage of Claudian which Mr. Boulton himself quotes, though he oddly complains that it is "without the rhyme [*sic*] of hoar antiquity." An ingenious man once turned the *Æneid* into Latin rhyme, and Mr. Boulton may be prepared to do the same service for Claudian; but is he prepared with a rhyme for "Saxone," accented, as Claudian accented it, on the first syllable? But, be this as it may, Mr. Boulton defines the

Saxons to be "a Romanized Frisian and native people, who, being exceptionally clothed in breeches, were called 'Sacs,' corrupted into Saxons." We thank Mr. Boulton both for the Frisian connexion, and still more for the breeches; two such gifts may almost make up for the unkind insinuations that these well-breeched Frisians spoke Latin and did not come from beyond sea. Mr. Boulton's doctrine of Saxon breeches delivers a large part of England from all suspicion of "naked ancestors"; and it is much more comfortable to be called a Saxon because one's breeches are "baggy" like a "sack," than to be told that one is a Jew or an Edomite, and that "Saxon" = "I-saacson." May we not go on further to infer that the grants of "sac and soc," so common in Saxon charters, really refer, not to jurisdiction of any kind, but to a solemn investiture by the royal hand with the distinctive garment of the race? Saxon Kings are hailed as "bracelet-givers"; may they not have had an equal right to the no less sounding title of "breeches-givers"?

Mr. Boulton's tract on the Danes is almost worth reading, because it might give a useful hint or two to the Danish scholars and their enthusiastic followers in England. Mr. Boulton has read the book in which Worsaae goes through England, and whenever he sees, as of course he sees at every step, things, in language or anything else, which are common to England and Denmark, sets them all down as instances, not of the common origin of English and Danes, but of direct Danish influence in England. As usual, Mr. Boulton sees through this crotchet, only to set up a worse crotchet of his own. We have long believed that there is no scratch on any stone in the world but a Danish antiquary will read it into good Danish, and an Irish antiquary will read it into good Irish. So it is with etymology. Where Worsaae sees Danish, Mr. Boulton sees Irish, Welsh, Celtic of some kind. That anything should be simply English of course does not come into the head of either. And, by the process by which "Alexander the Great" became "all eggs under the grate," any English word can doubtless be read into Irish or into Chinese. Here are some specimens:—

Wulfstan—*ull-fas-tax*, prince of great understanding or wisdom.

Ulfketil—*ull-fas-et-il*, very great wisdom mouth; one renowned for wise speech.

Edmund—*End-mann*, the bounteous giver of protection, that is, the generous protector.

Olla is the name of a townland in Tipperary.

Lastly, let us see Mr. Boulton in his very highest flight:—

In the names of Robinson, Benson, Lawson, Rawlinson, the affix -son is apparently K. *sun*, an enclosure, and Benson, or Penson, is the enclosure on the hill-top; Robinson, on the road at the hill-top. The name Robin as the name of a place denotes its position by a road at the top of a hill; but as a Christian name, I apprehend, Robin is derived from the Redbreast, in these latitudes the universal friend and pet of man, who naturally applied the name to his pet son, just as he playfully called him a little monkey or a young urchin, that is, piggy-wiggy, from K. *urcun*, literally the earth kin. Pigs are still called urchins in Lancashire; hedgehogs generally bear that name; and the sea-urchin, common on our coasts, derives its name from a resemblance to the hedgehog. The Robin is the wound-bird, K. *rub-en*. Its other Keltic name, *ruddeock*, signifies red-breast, *rudh-oc*.

What has Mr. Boulton to tell us—we will not say about Reynard the Fox, but—about the *Tom-tit*, the *Jack-daw*, and the *Mag-pie*? According to Mr. Boulton, Tom, Jack, and Maggie must all have been called from the birds, and not the birds from them. And, to rise from birds to mammals, a kingly and saintly English name has, under the irreverent form of "Neddy," sometimes been bestowed on the beast which others—of Norman or scriptural tendencies perhaps—spoke of as a *jack-ass*. Does Mr. Boulton think that the nine Kings who have borne the name thus abused were really so many examples of a nomenclature analogous to the *Onedai* of Sikyon or the *gens Asinia* of Rome?

LINLEY ROCKFORD.*

THERE are two things which go mainly to the making of a novel—its plot and its characters. It may be asserted as a broad fact that the best form of novel is produced by the combination of excellence in both these things. The second rank is attained by those novels in which one of these things is excellent. That rank which is numerically largest is composed of those in which neither is excellent. It may be asked whether the plot or the characters are the more important element in the success of a romance. The answer will not be far to seek. There are many instances of fictions which by the force of their characters have risen to the very highest place in spite of an ill-constructed or defective plot. It would be difficult to find an instance of one which by the skill of its plot has triumphed to a like extent notwithstanding a want of life or probability in its personages. A combination of intricate convolutions of circumstance, a series of traps set by fate to which men and women play puppets, may excite a breathless excitement once; but there is no depth of interest in it. When its impression has once been conveyed to the mind, no further interest or excitement can be derived from it. When characters, on the other hand, are depicted skilfully and forcibly, the attention aroused by the book wherein they have their being is of a more permanent if of a less violent kind. There is a more vital interest in the natures than in the circumstances of men. It is curious that the talent for representing human beings with tolerable accuracy seems far more

common than that for weaving together incidents which shall be tolerably probable and exciting. For one writer who can contrive an ingenious plot, there are very many who can give a decently good picture of life and manners. One is almost tempted to think that the gift of making plots is as absolutely a native gift as that of poetry. To very few authors is it granted, as it was to Scribe, to see yet unborn plots in every accident of life, even in every scene of nature which came under his notice. To him a chance meeting with a friend suggested the plan of a vaudeville, while in a beautiful sunset he saw the development of a drama.

It is true that those who construct plots for romances in the present day have a difficulty to contend with which was unknown to their predecessors. Nowadays every day in the year sees the birth of a work of fiction, and every fiction must have some kind of plot. Thus all possible combinations of circumstances get more and more exhausted, and it becomes daily more and more difficult to invent any which shall be unforeseen or startling. It would therefore be ungracious to complain that every coming event casts its shadow before, to the eye at least of the experienced novel-reader, in the course of *Linley Rockford*. It is pleasanter to note that the characters of the book are some of them drawn with more than average merit, while none fall into the region of caricature, as did one at least of the personages in Mr. Justin McCarthy's last production.

Linley Rockford is, oddly enough, the name not of a hero but of a heroine. She is introduced to the reader as the young wife of "a rich, handsome, and accomplished man" who discovered her helping to keep school with two maiden aunts at Bonn, and, having married her, brought her over to his country house in England. This house is situated in a remote village called Dripdeanham, close to the edge of the sea. Linley is full of dreams of the good which she will do among the villagers. She wishes to give every one a share in her new happiness. She looks up to her husband as the ideal hero of her life, handsome, dignified, full of good qualities which he sometimes hides under a veil of laziness and selfish philosophy. The reader finds out much sooner than Linley does that her ideal picture of her husband is very far from reality; that the good qualities which she, out of her own goodness, assigns to him, are imaginary, while what she takes for a veil of laziness and egotism is in truth the substance of the man. It generally happens in the conjunction of two people that if one entertains an entirely mistaken view of the other's character, the mistake is reciprocated. Dr. Wendell Holmes has said that in every conversation of two there are six persons engaged—each speaker's real self, each speaker's ideal of himself, and each speaker's ideal of his companion. In the case of Linley and her husband some time elapses before either discovers that the ideal pictures which they have made are false. But while Linley's imagination converts a commonplace husband into a hero, his represents a woman of a high mind and noble impulses as no more than a pretty girl who will be willing to fall into his ways of selfish indolence and will be a graceful ornament for his house.

Dripdeanham is inhabited by a rather eccentric set of people, and the most eccentric of these, a retired navy doctor called Tuxham, comes to call on Linley the day after her arrival. Mr. Tuxham is drawn with some skill. The character of a good-hearted cynic is common enough in literature of all ages and nations; and therefore the more credit is due to Mr. McCarthy for having managed to give a new view of such a character. One of Mr. Tuxham's pet vanities is that, in spite of his partly natural, partly affected, roughness of manner, he has a peculiar faculty of understanding and being understood by women. This he illustrates by hinting to Linley during a walk through Dripdeanham that her husband is not quite the magnificent character which she imagines him to be. The simple manner in which he brings this conclusive proof against his favourite theory concerning himself is happily touched. In the course of the same walk Linley discovers for the first time the existence of a bosom friend of her husband of whom she has never heard before, Roche Valentine by name. Mr. Tuxham compares them to Patroclus and Achilles, and Linley immediately settles that her husband is Achilles. Roche Valentine, who does not appear until later on, is at once the best and most interesting character of the book. There is some skill in the analysis of his mind, which is presented to the reader more by a view given of the man himself than by comments and explanations from the author; there is yet more skill in the method by which the reader is shown how natural it was that Linley as well as others should entirely mistake Valentine. At first sight it seems improbable that a close friendship should exist for many years between so fine a nature as Valentine's and so mean a one as Rockford's; it appears unnatural that a man of high principle should be absolutely devoted to a man of none. This apparent contradiction is cleverly explained in a speech of Valentine's. In spite of this, however, one cannot but think it strange that Valentine should have borne with his friend for so long. Nor can one help reflecting that one reason for this may be found in the fact that, had things been ordered otherwise, there would have been an interest wanting to the story of *Linley Rockford*.

During the walk through Dripdeanham which has been spoken of, another event quite as important to Linley's future as the discovery of Valentine's existence occurs. This takes the shape of a ragged orphan girl who is found standing at the door of a deserted cottage. She claims to be the daughter of an Oriental prince. Her dusky complexion, and the fierce pride of her demeanour, seem to point to her being of Oriental blood, whether royal or not. She

* *Linley Rockford*. A Novel. By Justin McCarthy. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

rejects with scorn all offers of help from Mrs. Platt, the kind ungrammatical wife of an equally kind millionaire who began by being a boy in a factory. But to Linley's advances she responds immediately; and Linley, touched by her helpless condition and her affection, instantly resolves to adopt her. It is not difficult for him who is versed in the ways of novels, and is acquainted with the details of the facts in this novel, to conjecture that the kind action performed by Linley at the outset of her married life should lead to the most terrible incident in that life. Given a heroine married to the wrong man, it is obvious that some means must be devised for her discovery of her mistake and for its being set right. There are two contingencies which might occur in real life. Either she might never find out that she was mistaken; and it is not an unusual experience that a clever wife continues through life to delude herself on the subject of her husband. Or, if she did discover that her supposed Mr. Rochford had no greater reality or substance than Hawthorne's Feathertop, it might happen that no convenient retribution would overtake the real Mr. Rochford. Only then there would be no novel.

The manner in which Linley's final discovery of her husband's worthlessness is arrived at is by no means the most happily contrived portion of the book. Rochford's descent from idleness and self-indulgence to the confines of crime is too rapid. Again the character of Sinda, the orphan girl whom Linley has adopted, is ill worked out, or rather it is no character at all. She is merely a puppet who assumes various characteristics from time to time as they are needed by the development of the story. Her brother, the facile, scheming, feminine young man who manages to elope with a fashionable beauty whose heart was never touched before, is far better drawn. The different impressions which he makes upon each of the characters with whom he is thrown in contact are both true to nature and well indicated. The catastrophe of the book is, as has been hinted, a little weak: it is too like the life of novels; too unlike that of the world. If there were a little less of absolute chance in the meeting between Linley and Roche Valentine which leads to the final and happy conclusion of affairs, one would more readily give credence to it. The *fœcile* of an accidental encounter occurring only just in time to bring things to a fortunate instead of an unfortunate end is too well known. However, there are many readers to whom a certain pleasure is afforded by the recognition of well-known friends in a new novel in the form of incidents which have done good service in old ones. Those readers who are wearied rather than delighted by meeting ancient acquaintances of this kind may console themselves by the skill with which Mr. McCarthy has handled many of his characters. Here is a specimen of the author's work which may be selected in support of this assertion. Linley has gone to visit a poor woman in Dripdeanham, and found that her husband has just died. "He died yesterday," says the widow in a matter-of-fact tone:—

"He was very good to me allus," said the widow, as she arranged the covering. "Never rose his hand agin me—never but twice; and once it was along of Mary Salmon down yonder."

She nodded and jerked at some direction, which was of course unknown to Linley, and she kept on talking in her hard dry way, feeling evidently a relief in talking.

"We quarrelled about her. He and she got too thick, I fancied. So they were, too."

"This was before you were married?" Linley said, assuming that she ought to ask something about the far-off lovers' quarrel, which was pressing so sadly now on memory.

"Eh, ma'am? no, sure. You don't think a man like him would lift his hand to a woman he had no right to? Eh, no; we were married many a year. I got a bit jealous like, and I scolded him, and he up with his hand—that was all."

PALMER'S OVID.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that, as Dean Merivale has observed, "the first classic pages we put into the hands of our children, and among the last on which we turn the gentle retrospect of our own declining years," are those of Ovid, a critical edition of the *Heroides* comes upon us as a sort of surprise. That his more licentious works should be left without annotation is just as well; but it is only the familiarity with the Epistles which the English schoolboy contracts in the lower forms that can dull a maturer apprehension to the various fields of illustration, annotation, and criticism which those of them that are genuine unfold. Distinct from, although not alien to, Ovid's characteristic domain of erotic elegy, they exhibit his ideal of a love-lorn woman's rhetoric in a series of fictitious love-letters which are a strong relief and contrast to the wantonness of his *Ars Amatoria*; and, in their own way, it may be doubted whether they have ever met their match. Whilst, too, in tone and purity they are for Ovid exceptionally blameless, they represent with as great felicity as any of his compositions the tact of language, the mastery of form, the ease and grace which are so characteristic of the most delightful of Roman elegiac poets; indeed they are a useful study, as the editor of the volume before us has shown, in discriminative criticism, inasmuch as Ovid's style and characteristics set so clear a mark upon his own undoubted Epistles that the half-dozen answers composed by his friend Sabinus, and the one or two spurious imitations by nameless rhetoricians, find

summary confutation in an exaggeration and clumsiness utterly foreign to the bard of Sulmo.

Mr. Arthur Palmer deserves the thanks of all scholars for calling more minute attention to Ovid's qualities as illustrated in the *Heroides* than they have commonly met with; and for claiming for his earlier muse, of which the *Heroides* were a first fruit, such a place in romantic poetry as they eminently deserve. Clearing away, in imitation of Lachmann and Madvig amongst others, the last seven epistles of the twenty-one usually published as Ovid's *Heroides*, Mr. Palmer justifies such a summary proceeding in the case of the Epistle of Sappho by the obvious centoism of its manufacture, and by its palpable anachronisms of style and allusion. As to the rest, from the sixteenth to the twentieth inclusive, he condemns them for their un-Ovidian prolixity, their observance of Alexandrine rather than Homeric or tragic models, their "lax, creeping, mawkish tone," and their departure from Ovid's earlier use of a disyllable for the close of a pentameter. Our readers, if they choose, may glean from Mr. Palmer's preface more special and precise reasons for detaching the last seven of the so-called *Heroides* from Ovid, as well as for hesitating to question the "Briseis," Ep. iii., and to condemn the "Hermione" (viii.) with Lachmann. But perhaps they are somewhat sick of the German mania for doubting, disallowing, and docking; in which case they will the more readily acquiesce in Mr. Palmer's broad justification of the authenticity of the "Hermione," on the ground of its reflecting, as all Ovid's imitative compositions do, the conception of the source from which it was taken. As Ovid's Phædra is Euripides's Phædra over again, his Jason the Jason of Euripides, his Dido Virgil's Dido a little softened, so in the eighth epistle the reproduction of the pervading conception of the model—namely, the curse of an ancestral crime clinging to remote descendants—is the token of his genial and appreciative following of the Greek dramatist with a fidelity not obscured by his many facile touches, or his own special grace of rhetoric and artifice.

That Mr. Palmer will prove an admirable mentor to the tiro who essays a critical study of the *Heroides* is manifest from the sound estimate he forms of the *Codex Puteanus* as compared with the legion of other MSS. which give no help whatever; and from his admission of indebtedness to the recension of the best MSS. by Merkel, from the collection of Keil. It is also due to his critical faculty to award him the credit of more than one happy divination, which Madvig has hit upon independently, in the second volume of his *Adversaria*, published after Mr. Palmer's sheets had been printed. It is not to be expected that all his emendations and conjectures will win the approval of rival critics; and indeed there are some from which we should strongly dissent; but it is no small matter to find a work like the *Heroides* handled discriminatively and lovingly by a competent scholar who recognizes three paramount obligations—namely, (1) to avoid needless alterations; (2) to adhere as closely as possible to the best MSS.; (3) to take care that emendation shall be in keeping with Ovidian usage. Under such conditions, we may augur a revival of interest in a charming series of love-letters; and we can promise a rare treat of re-introduction to many who have long forgotten the "Sic ubi fata vocant" and the "Hanc tua Penelope" of their Third form days, and who do not dream that aught so finished and artistic lurks in the Epistles as the matter which they really enshrine. One or two of the primo beauties of these pieces have been presented afresh to our own mind's eye by some note or illustration of Mr. Palmer, and a few words about some of these may help to show the worth of the poet and of his annotator at the same time. One of the most charming epistles—that of Briseis to Achilles—has ever seemed to us so full of spirit, taste, and poetry, that even without Mr. Palmer's encouragement we should have rushed into rebellion against Lachmann's depreciatory estimate. What can be truer or more tender than the bond-maid's plea, in contemplation of a lawfully established rival in her hero's affections?—

Nos humiles famuleque tunc data pensa trahemus,
Et minuent plenas stamina nostra colos.
Exagitet ne me tantum tua, deprecor, uxor,
Quæ mihi nescio quo non erit aqua modo;
Neve meos coram scindi patiæ capillos,
Et leviter dicam, "hæc quoque nostra fuit."

a plea for little more than toleration, evincing a readiness like that of the *Nut-Brown Maid*, whom Mr. Palmer very appositely quotes in reference to this passage, to submit to almost all indignities for the sake of nearness to her loved one. In another couplet later on in the same epistle we recognize another subtle Ovidian touch, where Briseis prays to be sent as an envoy to persuade Achilles and melt his obstinacy. "It is a great matter," she says:—

Est aliquid collum solitis tetigisse lacertis,
Presentisque oculos admonuisse sinu.

i.e. "It is of great influence to touch the neck with familiar arms, and with the bosom to remind the eyes of a lover face to face." Merkel appears to have challenged the line from inability to comprehend it; but it seems to us very much what Ovid's experience might have dictated his writing; and here again Mr. Palmer is at hand with a parallel from Coleridge's *Generative*:—

And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

In the 5th Epistle, from Cnæone to Paris, which is admirable in

* P. Ovidii Nasonis *Heroides*. XIV. Edited by Arthur Palmer, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Longmans. Dublin: E. Ponsonby. 1874.

its treatment throughout, occur one or two passages which are or ought to be favourite "loci classici." That, for instance, about Paris's carving Ænone's name on the beeches and poplars (v. 21-8), where, however, we should hesitate to accept Mr. Palmer's preference for the less authorized reading of "nomen" for "carmen" in the line,

Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes,

on the score of "nomen" meaning an "entry," and belonging to the class of metaphors which he shows, often with much cogency, that Ovid borrowed from his legal experiences. But a still finer, though less often quoted, part of this epistle is the highly dramatic prophecy put into the mouth of Cassandra (115-20), a passage as grand in its place as that which perhaps inspired it in the *Agamemnon*. Two more such passages we shall draw attention to; the memorable enumeration of the arts attributed to witches in Hypsipyle to Jason (84-94), and the description of the Temple in the Grove at Colchis in Medea's epistle to the same gay deceiver (xii. 67-70). In the former passage we doubt whether Mr. Palmer does not embarrass the interpretation of v. 88, "Illa loco silvas vivaque saxa movet," by taking "viva" as proleptic, i.e. "calls stones into life." Surely it is as much a tax on magic arts to move natural rocks from their site as woods, and nearly as hard to do so as to endue them with life. In retaining in (v. 93) "Male queritur herbis," &c. instead of the forced and strained "Maga queritur herbis" (the reasons for conjecturing which Mr. Palmer gives, though he admits their insufficiency, in a candid footnote), we see an instance of the proverbial superiority of second thoughts. To the other passage,

Est nemus et piceis et frondibus ilicis atrum, &c. (xii. 67, &c.)

we draw attention simply as a description of the idea which a Latin poet conceived of a grove or plantation, and as a proof how closely Ovid followed the Greek poets from whom he took his plots.

Whilst glancing at beautiful passages in the *Heroides*, it may not be amiss to string together four or five memorable single lines, some at least of which may have influenced the muse of one of our own poets, who must have wooed Ovid in his Etonian youth. In a line of Phyllis to Demophoon, "Et cecinit nurestum devia carmen avis," the lonely bird may have given the first suggestion of the "moping owl" on Gray's "ivy-mantled tower"; and Briseis's brothers,

Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque jacent,

have called forth Mr. Palmer to the parallelism from the Bard,

Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.

Even more certainly did Ænone's boast (v. 86), "Sunt mihi quas possint sceptrum decere manus," supply a hint for the "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed," and we feel very sure that keen examination might yield more such coincidences. A very pretty line in the Dido to Æneas (168), "Dum tua sit Dido, quodlibet esse feret," is unfairly compared with a more elaborate sentiment in the *Nut-Brown Maid*, for its beauty is in its natural simplicity; but in the interests of true poetry we thank Mr. Palmer for standing up for the Ovidian couplet descriptive of the Isthmus of Corinth in its integrity:—

Æquora bina sulis oppugnant fluctibus Isthmon,
Et tenuis tellus audit utrumque mare.—*Phædr. Hippol.* 105.

Will it be credited that a barbarian annotator proposed to read "claudit" for "audit"? On the other hand, it is a strain too severe for our digestive organs to swallow the reading which Mr. Palmer would force on us in the second line of the first epistle. We used to be content in boyhood with reading Penelope's opening as follows:—

Hæc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulyx;
Nil mihi rescribas. Attamen ipse veni.

The abruptness and directness of the sentences seemed to have the very form of Ovid, who in his *Medea* to Jason begins with an abrupt "At tibi Colchorum," and in his *Dido* to Æneas similarly rushes at once in *medias res*. But because Gronovius and Burmann could not let the text alone, and conceived the extremely roundabout idea that for "attamen" should be read "ut tamen," and that *ut* should connect the first verse with the second, we are asked to believe that Ovid meant to make Penelope say that she sent a letter to her wandering spouse, "not, however, in order to draw an answer from him" [nil mihi rescribas ut tamen]. Such a clumsy mode of expression is surely very unlike Ovid. Mr. Allen's suggestion, "fac tamen," will not mend the matter; and we can hardly doubt the instinct which bids us hug the old reading and punctuation.

The demand is less violent that in v. 40 of the same epistle we should exchange the rhyming pentameter anent Rhesus and Dolon (40)—

Utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo—

for a verse in which the last word "vigil" (suggested by an Eton master) fulfils the antithesis whilst it does away with the rhyme. But again, at vii. 45, although there the passage is of such admitted difficulty as to excuse imperfect attempts at a cure, however dubious, it is too much to ask us to accept the reading which is printed in the text before us, "Quid non censis inique?" and to admit the middle sense of "censis," if indeed it is a middle sense, which can be translated, "What do you not rate unfairly?" It is just to add that in his preface Mr. Palmer deserts "censis" for Madvig's conjecture, "Mentiris." In some cases, to our thinking, he goes astray from over-subtlety—e.g. where upon the construction of "revertendi liber" (i. 80) he sees more in it than

a genitive of reference, or "in respect of"; and still more so where, in v. 15, a hypercritical distinction is attempted between "super stramen, fœnoque," as the materials of the couch of Paris and Ænone, "explicable by the difference between straw and hay; the former being harder, a person lying upon it does not sink into it." It comes to this, therefore, we suppose, that the couch was of straw, but in the deep hay—a rather subtle refinement.

Let us not part with Mr. Palmer, however, without saying that this straw-splitting is very exceptional, and that very often he has hit the truth by a sagacious gift of criticism. Instances occur, which we have no room to particularize, at i. 102, "Hæc faciunt," ii. 100, "pelago vela negante data," and vii. 71-2, where he has very shrewdly and independently deduced from the obscure "Quid tanti est tutum merui" or "totum merui" of the MSS. a certain correction and obvious sense by the transposition of two letters, and reading "ut tum" in the place of "tutum." In one or two places also, notably in ix. 109-10, and in x. 52, he has really thrown considerable light upon ambiguous phrases by intelligent reference to the legal phraseology with which, as we have before remarked, Ovid's appointment as a triumvir capitalis and afterwards as a centumvir would make him acquainted. There is a larger number of misprints in the text of these epistles than consists with careful press correcting; but taking the book, all for all, we welcome it as an interesting and able contribution to the elucidation of a delightful poet, and sincerely hope to meet Mr. Palmer again in other departments of the same field.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

111.

LIFE on the Upper Thames, by H. R. Robertson. (Virtue, Spalding, and Co.)—There is very great merit in many of Mr. Robertson's illustrations of the scenery of the Upper Thames. His figure-drawing is perhaps the point where he is weakest. It is a pity therefore that as a frontispiece to this interesting volume he should have given an illustration in which a girl holding the tiller of a barge is the most prominent object. Any one who knows the scenery—and such scenery every one ought to know, at all events to some extent—will find many a pleasant memory called back to his mind of quiet hours spent in quiet spots on the banks or on the stream of the silver Thames. The accompanying letterpress is very inferior to the engravings. Nets are used on the Thames, and Johnson certainly gave a curious definition of network. Mr. Robertson, moreover, gives a picture of a net. Unless, however, it can be shown that Johnson in defining network had not only the Thames, but also the Upper Thames, in view, we cannot allow that his definition should have been dragged into Mr. Robertson's book. He might with as much reason have brought in Johnson's definition of outs because he has drawn a picture of two horses towing a barge, or of excise because men when hot with rowing cool their thirst with a tankard of ale.

Beauty in Common Things. Illustrated by twelve drawings from nature by Mrs. J. W. Whymper, with descriptions by the Author of "Life Underground." (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge).—In this volume we have drawings printed in colours—the title-page says "colours," for, with Christian Knowledge, American spelling apparently is promoted—of some of the commonest among the plants. Mrs. Whymper has done her part of the work fairly well, and the descriptions are on the whole not inferior to the pictures. We can easily believe that such a work as this may tend to give an insight into the beauty that is to be found in the common things all around us by those who bring to them a cultivated eye. The first thing to do is to awaken attention and observation, and this such books as the one before us certainly do. The author is as weak as some other botanists in derivation. "The word hip or hep," he says, "is traceable to the Anglo-Saxon *hiop*, Norw. *hiupa* and *jupe*, a corruption from the Latin *jujuba*." These amateur etymologists, in the first place, think that all words are derived from the Latin; in the second place, if they do not find a Latin stem to hand, they do not hesitate to invent one.

How to Build a House: an Architectural Novelle, by E. Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall, Architect. (Sampson Low and Co.)—A treatise on architecture is not generally given in the form of a story. Nevertheless, if the author has found that he cannot otherwise get people to study a little for themselves the simple facts on which the comforts of a house depend, he has not done unwisely in imparting his knowledge in the form of a novelle. The framework of the story is simple enough. A young student "comes home from the Lyceum bringing with him proofs of a well-spent year. Every one congratulates him on his success, and predicts for him after his six weeks' repose an energetic recommencement of congenial labour, crowned by a brilliant career in the future." His holidays hang heavy on his hand, and his father sets him to scheme out a plan for a house that is to be built for his married sister. A proper plan is afterwards prepared, and the house is built, while information is given and suggestions are made as the building rises. The book is clearly and sensibly written, and might be studied with advantage by any one who is thinking of building. It would have been all the more valuable if a chapter had been added on house-draining and ventilation, for on the former of these two points Frenchmen have a great deal to learn, and Englishmen not a little.

Scribner's Monthly: an Illustrated Magazine for the People, conducted by J. G. Holland. (Scribner and Co., New York).—

This magazine, though it could not rank with the *Cornhill* or *Mar-millan*, would yet hold a fair place among English magazines of the second order. The account of "Two Visits to Oxford" is written in a very friendly and discriminating spirit, and is generally free from inaccuracies. The writer notices a difference between the streets of a University town in England and of one in the United States. "One has scarcely stepped into the streets of Oxford," he says, "before he meets numbers of well-behaved modest youths walking by twos and threes, not in droves, as students patrol the streets of an American town." In the account of Charles Sumner's Death a curious instance may be found—it is not noticed as curious by the writer—of the extraordinary publicity of American life. The writer, a friend of Mr. Sumner's, says that he placed "his friend, Major Poore, in charge of the first floor, and his colleague in charge of the second floor, that no one might be allowed to approach the sick-room whom they could prevent. Major Poore summoned to his assistance two of the Capitol police." In spite of these precautions, "from time to time, friends who would not be denied made their way to the room, but as far as possible they were restrained by the physician, who desired to keep the room quiet." The writer wished to have the patient informed of his hopeless condition. The physician replied, "He has but one chance in a thousand; to excite him would be to destroy that chance." "I then asked permission," the writer goes on to say, "to call in a clergyman; it was due to him, and the people who sent him here, that the voice of prayer should be heard in the house." We never before heard of the obligation of prayer being made to depend on the respect due to the clergyman and to those who sent the clergyman. America may be a good enough country to live in. Those who can afford it, however, would, we should imagine, get their dying done in Europe.

The Book of Sacred Song. With a Preface by the Rev. Charles Kemble, M.A., Rector of Bath. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—"At the request of one," says the editor, "whose name, were it given, would be sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the following selection of sacred poems, I have examined the manuscript, as it has been prepared for the press." In using the word "soundness," Mr. Kemble, no doubt, is considering the songs rather from a theological than a poetical point of view. There are not a few writers of sacred verses who are as sound as the Thirtynine Articles themselves, and about as poetical. We are glad to say, however, that this selection, when it is looked at from its less sound but perhaps not less attractive side, seems to have been made on the whole with judgment.

In *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon* and *Eight Years in Ceylon* (Longmans) we have reprints of two of Sir Samuel Baker's works. "I look back," he says in his preface to the former of these two works, "to the hunting of my younger days with unmingled pleasure." However unmingled may be the pleasure of wholesale butchery, the narrative of it nevertheless is apt to be a little dull, if not sickening.

Two Years in East Africa, by Emile Jonveaux. With maps and numerous illustrations; *The Hunter and the Trapper in North America*. From the French of Benedict Révoil, by W. H. Davenport Adams; and *Wrecked on a Reef: a True Story*. From the French of F. E. Raynal. With forty illustrations by A. de Neuville. (All published by Nelson and Sons).—Is there a change coming over the spirit of the French nation, and are they at last catching the Englishman's love for wandering? It is curious at all events to notice how many of the wildest books of adventure now come to us from France. These three books of travel which we have clasped together are all written by Frenchmen, and with a good deal of spirit. They would be found interesting by young people. We cannot but regret, however, that the charming simplicity of *Robinson Crusoe* is not relished by the lads of the present day as it was by their fathers. In the highly seasoned tales that are now served up year by year, with at least one startling escape for each page, the taste is lost for simple fare. These three books, however, are quite up to the average of modern stories. We notice that in the book on East Africa the translator tells us that he has rewritten "the chapter devoted to the capture of Magdala. He trusts," he goes on to add, "that in their present form the romantic adventures of the hero of this exciting narrative will be acceptable to English readers." We shall next be prepared to see MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's *Plébiacite* translated into German in a form that will be acceptable to the Prussian reader.

King and Commonwealth: a History of the Great Rebellion, by B. M. Cordery and J. S. Phillpotts, Head-Master Elect of Bedford School, formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—This history is, on the whole, well and clearly written, and gives in a convenient form a great deal of interesting information. It will be found suitable not only for the student who has some examination for which to prepare, for whom it seems primarily to have been written, but also for the general reader.

The Shakespeare Birthday Book. (Hatchards).—In this little book one or two quotations from Shakespeare are given for every day of the year. If any one would take the trouble to learn by heart the few lines set for each day, he would, without much labour, have many a fine passage rooted in his memory. The author might, with a little trouble, have found many more quotations that were especially suited to particular days. The "Ides of March," for instance, and the "Feast of St. Crispin," invite most obvious quotations.

The Language of Flowers; or, Floral Emblems of Thoughts, Feelings, and Sentiments, by Robert Tyas, M.A., LL.D., &c. With coloured groups of flowers. (Routledge and Sons).—Dr.

Tyas speaks of flowers and trees, and their language, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; in other words, from "the piece of heather that Prince Frederick William of Prussia gave to 'our dear Victoria' (extract from our beloved Queen's book)," to the black-thorn, whose fruit is said to be largely used in making British port wines. Those who care to study the language of flowers will find in this book all that they can need.

Rhymes and Roundelays in Praise of a Country Life. (Routledge and Sons).—The selection of poems is judicious, the type is clear, the paper is good, and the illustrations, by Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, and other artists, are at all events not inferior to those which are generally met with in such a selection as this.

Much the same can be said of *Picture Poems*, also published by Messrs. Routledge. It contains a selection of poems, chiefly by living authors, and drawings by a large number of artists, engraved by Dalziel Brothers. Both poems and illustrations have, as we read in the preface, all appeared before, "the greater part of them in a *Round of Days* and *Wayside Poems*." The fact of both works being out of print certainly justifies, as the publishers say, the present issue.

Dawn to Daylight; or, Gleams from the Poets of Twelve Centuries. With above two hundred illustrations. (Warne and Co.).—The selection certainly covers a wide enough ground, beginning with Cædmon and Thorkelin, and ending with Owen Meredith and Dora Greenwell. The illustrations also are very numerous, though why *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, or, as it is called here, *Vanity of Ambition*, should be adorned with a picture of two soldiers, one on horseback and the other on foot, is not very clear. It would have been as well if a foot-note informed the reader whether either of them, and, if so, which of the two, represents Swedish Charles and which the bold Bavarian. The uniform and musket scarcely suit the time of Xerxes, so him we may exclude from our speculation.

Songs of our Youth, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Set to music. (Daddy, Lister, and Co.).—The music is certainly not worthy of the songs. Some few of the airs are pretty enough, but in the greater part of both melodies and accompaniments we can find but little merit. The musician proper, for whom however the volume is not, we suspect, meant, would almost receive a shock from the consecutive fifths which are given on a golden background on the elaborate cover of the book. It is a pity that songs which are so pretty in themselves should not have found a more skilful composer.

Fairy Frisket; or, Peeps at Insect Life, by A.L.O.E. (Nelson and Sons).—We have no doubt that this little work will be as highly esteemed by young people as the earlier publications of this popular writer. By means of a fairy story, A.L.O.E. manages to give her small readers a great deal of information about the insect world. When natural history, fairyland, and a sound moral are all combined in one story, children ought surely to be content.

Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles. The Camden Edition, compiled by Mrs. Valentine. With four hundred illustrations. (Warne and Co.).—The time has, we should think, at length come when there should be a new recension of all the nursery rhymes, and the text should be finally fixed. Towards effecting this, Mrs. Valentine's work will be found to be a valuable contribution. She has, it would seem, collated many ancient works that bear on the subject, and has got together a very large number of rhymes and tales. She admits, however, too readily a change in the text, out of regard to an excess of refinement. We read, for instance:—

Robin the Bobbin, the big-headed Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men.

It was not to the size of Benjamin's head that the ancient poet drew the child's attention. It is not a big head that a hero needs who is to perform vast feats of eating.

Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England, collected by J. O. Halliwell. (Warne and Co.).—The collection is much the same as that given in Mrs. Valentine's book. Its popularity is proved by the fact that it is now in its fifth edition. Mr. Halliwell, in writing about one of the rhymes, says:—"Possibility will not be outraged by conjecturing the John Ball of this piece to be the priest who took so distinguished a part in the rebellion of Richard II." It is quite true, as he says, that "traditional pieces are frequently so ancient." Nevertheless, possibility is certainly outraged when a gun with its flint and stock is assigned to the time of Richard II.

Boons and Blessings: Stories and Sketches to Illustrate the Advantages of Temperance, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Virtue, Spalding, and Co.).—These stories are very unequally written; but, whether lively or dull, they all teach one lesson—the advantages, namely, of teetotalism. Of the worst of the stories we can at all events say they cannot do any harm, and may do some good. A sot does not deserve any very high order of writing, and he might do worse than read the tales entitled "The Drunkard's Bible" and "Digging a Grave with a Wine-glass." We have heard, by the way, an old proverb which says "There are more graves dug with the tooth than the tankard."

Opening a Chestnut Burr, by Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away." (Routledge and Sons).—The author of this American story says in his preface that he has "received considerable well-deserved criticism from the gentlemen of the caustic pen." If he has derived much advantage from their criticism, his former tales must have been bad indeed. In the present

tale he recounts at great length the conversion of a wicked man of the world by a beautiful country girl. The story is absurd, and the pictures which illustrate it are, if possible, worse. The author, we notice, in one passage describes a certain kind of grape as "the type of juicy steak among fruits."

Fairy Gifts; or, a Wallet of Wonders, by Kathleen Knox, Author of "Father Time's Story-Book." (Griffith and Farran).—This is a pretty little story-book, with many a puzzle in it for little folks to find out. Mr. Greenaway's illustrations are not unworthy of the tales; indeed some of his smaller woodcuts are unusually good.

Fleur-de-Lis: Leaves from French History, by Esther Carr. (Hatchards).—Miss Carr has made an attempt to write history in the best way in which it can be written for the young. She has taken four interesting episodes in French history, and has worked them out in considerable detail. She has met with tolerable success, and her book, no doubt, will be an agreeable change after Mrs. Mackham. Her style, however, is not altogether that in which "the young girls or children" for whom she writes would take much delight. She has, moreover, a tendency to overburden the memory by bringing in names quite needlessly. It would be well if all writers for the young would learn to use language that the young can understand. Let Miss Carr read to "a young girl or a child" the line in which she says that "that idea culminated in the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV.," and, first making quite sure that she understands her own English, next see what meaning the child has got out of it.

MINOR NOTICES.

M ROUSSELET'S book about India* is certainly, from an artistic point of view, a work of Oriental richness and magnificence. It is a large quarto volume, glowing in crimson and gold, and profusely illustrated; and the illustrations are not merely numerous, but of a very high character. It is seldom indeed that we meet with a publication which is so perfect in its way. The woodcuts are cleverly designed and well cut, and they are also carefully printed on suitable paper. In this country wood-engraving, one of the most delicate as well as most effective forms of art, has degenerated into a sort of tricky factory labour. Artists are employed to draw upon the wood designs which shall involve the least amount of skilful cutting; background and details are scamped or omitted; and the body of the piece is made up of cheap and coarse apprentice work. If any one wants to see what real wood-engraving is when entrusted to competent and conscientious artists, he should take a look at *L'Inde des Rois*, and observe the thorough texture of the pictures, the play of light and shade, and depth and variety of colour. The landscapes and architectural pieces are especially good. We may cite among the best such examples as Bhurtpore, the Palace at Ajmir, the Mausoleum of Agra, the Façade of the Palace at Gwalior, Barwa Sagar, the Citadel of Ourcha, and Bhopal; but many others might be mentioned. The figure subjects are not all of equal merit, and in some of them may be detected the theatrical vices of the Doré school; it must be said, however, that they are, as a rule, spirited and vigorous, and some of the groups of natives are exceedingly graphic. By merely turning over the pages we get a vivid impression of Indian scenes and types of the people. It is perhaps almost inevitable that in the case of such a book as this the literary part should be subordinate to the pictorial; but M. Rousselet's narrative is lively and intelligent, and worth reading on its own account.

As the Conference of Brussels is to be resumed or supplemented by one at St. Petersburg, we may expect another discussion of the usages of war, and those who desire to learn in an easy and interesting way the chief points of the controversy cannot do better than consult Mr. Edwards's notes† on the method and conduct of the German invasion of France, and the questions arising out of it. Mr. Edwards was one of the *Times*' Correspondents during the conflict, and an eye-witness of the actual application of modern usages of war. He gives a vivid and animated picture of the system of occupation followed by the Germans, and its consequences to the invaded population; and, without at all trying to tone down the severities of the conquering force, he seems to think that on the whole no wanton excesses can be laid to their charge. One suggestion which he makes is probably sound. It is known that the general story of the inhabitants of the invaded districts is that the Germans at first were not so bad, but that as the war continued they got worse. It is certain at least that later on there were more angry complaints on the part of the French. The explanation of this which Mr. Edwards suggests is that the first invaders were much feared, and every one was astonished and delighted to find that they were better than they were expected to be. Everything they wanted was supplied without too much resistance, and the French began to think that a German invasion was not such a very terrible thing after all. But after a time the second body of invaders arrived, and found the people getting very sulky. They had had enough of the invasion; their first fears were over, and they were just in the mood to give their visitors as much trouble as possible. On the other hand, the new comers

were probably irritated to find that what had been given liberally in the first instance was refused to them. And of course matters went on from bad to worse. Mr. Edwards is disposed to doubt whether the German laws of war will bear much modification, and he considers that some of the restrictions imposed on the freedom of civilians to take part in military operations are essential to their own protection. A valuable and interesting part of Mr. Edwards's work is the Instructions for the government of the Armies of the United States in the Field which were issued during the Civil War, and which are here given at full in an appendix.

It is not very often that a man publishes a book for the express purpose of demonstrating his own folly, though he may sometimes do it unconsciously. But, as far as we can make out, this seems to have been Mr. Lawson's* object in giving to the world the history of his absurd exploits at Blennerhasset, a co-operative farm not far from Carlisle. Mr. Lawson, who is brother to Sir Wilfrid, appears to be what our grandfathers called a humourist. He is fond of great ideas, and whenever he falls under the influence of one he is impatient to have it carried out directly to the fullest extent, in order that he may have his hands free next week to take up another. A few years ago, being already a teetotaler, he embraced vegetarianism, but failed to convert his neighbours. Then he took to co-operative farming, and as this practically meant his providing capital for other people to spend, he had, as soon as the system was understood, no difficulty in finding co-operators, though they would have nothing to say to his greens instead of beef. He got up a sort of village parliament at Blennerhasset, which held weekly meetings and passed resolutions as to how the farm should be managed, and Mr. Lawson's money distributed, and who should rule over them, as well as all sorts of personal disputes and village squabbles. This amused the philanthropist very much for a time, until he found that his best assistants were leaving him because they objected to be at the mercy of the rabble, and that everything was getting into confusion. He then endeavoured to correct the evil by pointing out to the village council that it had only advising powers, and some one said, "What's the good of voting if Mr. Lawson will not tie himself to do as we vote?" To this he thinks a good answer was, "Of course not, for you might vote all my money to those present." This is no doubt true; but then what of fraternal co-operation? Mr. Lawson, who seems to have known nothing of agriculture, and to have been always too much in a hurry to learn anything, thought that all the latest improvements could be introduced all at once on the farm; and the consequence was, as might be expected, that, what with one crotchet and another, he lost a good deal of money, and at the end of a few years discovered that he had had enough of farming. Under the heading "What our Neighbours thought of us" he gives letters from several correspondents who very candidly hint that they think him rather crazy, and probably they were not far wrong.

A series of brief, accurate, and intelligent biographical notices of the leading men in Germany at the present moment would certainly be opportune and welcome, but we are sorry we cannot compliment Mr. Strauss† on the execution of his task. His sketches are coarse, violent, and vulgar, and the temper in which he writes inspires the reader with distrust of the soundness of his information as well as the fairness of his estimates of public characters. Here is a sentence which may be taken as a sample:—"The cruelly disappointed feudal and black crew, in their fierce rage at being thus foiled in their vile reactionary plot, insulted both King and Chancellor, by proclaiming openly and aloud that the latter had forced his master's hand by a threat of instant resignation should his Majesty decline to grant the concession demanded. The story was of course a base lie, like most of the productions coming from that mint." Notwithstanding its defects, however, the book is not without a certain interest. There is a story in the notice of Prince Bismarck which, though not new, will bear repetition. An album in which Guizot and Thiers had already written was sent to him for his autograph. M. Guizot had led off with "Dans ma longue vie j'ai appris deux seules: l'une est de beaucoup pardonner, et l'autre de ne jamais oublier." "Un peu d'oubli," suggested M. Thiers, "ne nuit pas à la sincérité du pardon"; to which Bismarck added, "J'ai appris dans ma vie à moi de beaucoup oublier, et de me faire beaucoup pardonner"—a touch of meekness not without humour.

Powerful and vivid as are the letters of Junius, comparatively little interest would probably now be taken in them were it not for the mystery, perhaps we may say the impenetrable mystery, which still surrounds their authorship. We have here a very neat, convenient, and complete edition‡ of the famous letters, with a collection of other writings supposed to be by the same writer, and numerous notes intended to elucidate the problem. There is a preface which gives an impartial summary of the various theories as to the identity of the writer without adopting any of them, and there is a "Preliminary Essay" in which the claims of Lord George Sackville are strongly recommended to consideration. Facsimiles are given of the handwriting of the private and public letters of Junius, and of the various persons with whom attempts

* *L'Inde des Rois: voyage dans l'Inde centrale, et dans les Présidences de Bombay et du Bengale.* Par Louis Rousselet. Ouvrage contenant 317 gravures sur bois et six cartes. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

† *The Germans in France.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: E. Stanford.

* *Ten Years of Gentleman-Farming at Blennerhasset, with Co-operative Objects.* By William Lawson, C. D. Hunter, and others. London: Longmans & Co.

† *Men who have Made the New German Empire: a Series of Brief Biographic Sketches.* By G. Strauss. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

‡ *Junius.* Including Letters by the same Writer, under other signatures (now first collected). To which are added his Confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. With a Preliminary Essay, Notes, &c. London: Routledge & Sons.

have been made to identify him. With this volume in his hands, anybody who wishes for a little intellectual recreation can study the question for himself. If he fails to find any solution to his satisfaction, he will at least have obtained some amusement.

Mr. Wegg-Prosser has translated from the French some letters* describing the Italian attacks on Rome in 1867 and 1870. They are written in a strong Ultramontane tone, and are intended to show that Garibaldi is not only a wicked revolutionist and incompetent general, but is deficient in personal courage.

In a modest preface Mr. Brown introduces us to a rather ambitious work.† He has endeavoured to compress into less than four hundred pages the whole law of England, and has evidently bestowed much pains on the execution of the task. He does not, however, aim at anything higher than rendering a service to students preparing for the Bar or for the lower branch of the profession, and there can be no doubt that he has produced a book of reference which will be useful to the class he has had in view. The conditions which are imposed by the very nature of such a work necessarily limit the possibility of making it altogether satisfactory. If it goes thoroughly into the rules and principles of every branch of law, it becomes too bulky to answer the purpose for which it is composed; and, on the other hand, there is the danger of sacrificing completeness to compression. Mr. Brown has perhaps done about as much as any one, not a rare genius, could do in such a case, and his Dictionary, which is at least more handy and portable than Wharton's, will be serviceable to those who are in want of hints and references, and are content with a general idea of a law or legal principle. But he is constantly pulled up by the necessity of brevity, and has to dispose of large subjects in two or three sentences. We may take the heading "Conspiracy" as an illustration of what we mean. Conspiracy is defined as an agreement between two or more persons "(1) falsely to charge another with a crime punishable by law, either from a malicious or vindictive motive or feeling towards the party, or for the purpose of extorting money from him; or (2) wrongfully to injure or prejudice a third person, or any body of men, in any other manner; or (3) to commit any offence punishable by law; or (4) to do any act with intent to prevent the course of justice; or (5) to effect a legal purpose with a corrupt intent, or by improper means." It will be seen that this is a rough and inadequate account of a very delicate and subtle law; but it is perhaps as much as can be expected in a few lines. "Wrongfully to injure or prejudice a third person" is in itself a definition which requires to be defined; and the same may be said of "a corrupt intent" or "by improper means." A reference to some of the leading cases would have been valuable, but then that would have taken up more space than could be spared. On the whole, students will probably find that they will make more speed in the long run by going to the special text-books on any subject which they wish to understand than by referring to the Dictionary; but at the same time it is a handy book to have at one's elbow, if it is only taken for what it is worth.

As Mr. Deane's work‡ is addressed to the rising generation of conveyancers, "students entering upon the difficulties of real property law," it may be presumed that he does not fear the immediate annihilation of that noble science in its traditional forms by any legislative changes. The first part of the volume is composed of a series of chapters on corporeal hereditaments, and the second part of some lectures on conveyancing recently delivered by the author at the Law Institution. It is enough to say that Mr. Deane writes clearly and to the point.

From the appearance of a second edition of Messrs. Vandervell and Witham's manual§ on skating it may be inferred that the subject is one in which many persons take an interest, and on which the writers of this work are accepted as authorities. Skating, it seems, is not more exempt than other great arts from the revolutions of fashion. The old school of skaters would, we are told, "bury the inside in oblivion, and be content with a few picked movements," while the modern school wishes to see "the inside brought into use for figuring, and a host of pure one-footed and difficult feats of balancing added to the old glories of the art." The authors of this little volume are enthusiastic champions of the new school, and strongly advocate the claims of the "inside," while also insisting on "the great value of the spiral figure and the serpentine line, coupled with the semi-sideways position of the body." They admit that, as at present practised, outside skating is the more graceful of the two, but they suggest that inside skating may be made more beautiful by giving it "that semblance of danger from falling which is the charm of the outside." This is to be done by placing the unemployed leg out of the way in the rear. The apparently increasing mildness of English winters renders the question of artificial ice, or of some substitute, exceedingly important to skaters. It is remarked that, for a substitute, "perhaps a composition of the nature of hard soap, and wooden skates, with a wooden slip instead of the ordinary iron, might answer, but the tumbling down would be rather unpleasant," as we should think it would. The writers are more favourable to roller-skates, on which, they say, a great variety of combina-

tions of movements may be made. They explode with some indignation the myth of cutting out a name on the ice, declaring that it is simply impossible to be done by pure continuous skating. "High art" in skating is defined to consist in balancing the body steadily on one foot in a perfect attitude, fresh impulse being obtained by a change of feet at pretty long intervals.

Mr. Tolhausen, having compiled a dictionary of technical terms in French, German, and English, has now put forth an edition* in English, German, and French, which is to be followed by another in which German will stand first. It is needless to say that this is an exceedingly useful kind of work, as it supplies information in which the ordinary dictionaries are usually deficient; and, as far as we can judge by dipping into it here and there, it seems to have been prepared with much research and care.

Mr. Higginbotham's Indian biographies† have reached a second edition in an enlarged and amended form. The biographies are given in dictionary order, and contain a good deal of interesting information, though occasionally they rather degenerate into gossip. It may be noted, as evidence of a certain want of system in the book, that whilst Bernadotte, who was only for a short time in India as a sergeant, has a biography, and Mr. Chisholm Anstey is also treated at full length, there is no notice of Macaulay's Indian career. Biographies of men still in India are purposely omitted.

Mr. Page has collected into a volume‡ a number of sketches which belong to a useful and important branch of biography—that which portrays the lives of men who, without attaining to the highest eminence, or filling very conspicuous public positions, distinguish themselves by their energy of character and devotion to the objects they pursue. The group represented in this volume includes Bishop Patteson, Charles Knight, Robert Chambers, Duncan Matheson, the soldier's friend, Sir IL. Lawrence, Dean Alford, and others. Mr. Page has happily avoided the didactic style, and his sketches are equally interesting and thoughtful. There is much genuine philosophy in this unpretending volume.

Mr. Becker's historical notices§ of the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, and other scientific Societies of London are carefully written, but strike one as rather meagre and deficient in substance.

Mrs. Kitchener, who has had her husband's assistance in the preparation of her little volume||, has provided a very clear and readable handbook of botany, which is equally adapted for personal use and class teaching. The author has avoided technical terms as much as possible, so that her work may be studied without difficulty by a beginner.

Mr. Helmore, having undertaken to write a manual of instruction which would help stammerers to cure themselves, found that his work¶ naturally assumed such a wide range that it was adapted not merely for stammerers, but for all who desired to enjoy free action of lung and fluency of speech. There are certainly many persons who suffer from no physical impediment, but yet, from a bad habit, or defective education, speak very imperfectly, and Mr. Helmore's directions and exercises are therefore of general interest.

* *Technological Dictionary in the English, German, and French Languages.* Edited by Alex. Tolhausen; revised by Louis Tolhausen. Leipzig: N. Tauchnitz. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Men whom India has Known: Biographies of Eminent Indian Characters.* By J. J. Higginbotham. Second Edition. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. London: Richardson & Co.

‡ *Noble Workers: a Book of Examples for Young Men.* By H. A. Page. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

§ *Scientific London.* By B. H. Becker. London: Henry S. King & Co.

|| *A Year's Botany: adapted to Home and School Use.* By Frances Anna Kitchener. Illustrated by the Author. London: Rivingtons.

¶ *Speakers, Singers, and Stammerers.* By F. Helmore. London: Masters.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Minor Notices.

* *Rome and her Captors.* Letters collected and edited by Count Henri d'Iderville, and translated by F. R. Wegg-Prosser. London: R. Washbourne.

† *A New Law Dictionary and Institute of the whole Law.* By Archibald Brown. London: Stevens & Haynes.

‡ *Principles of Conveyancing: an Elementary Treatise for the Use of Students.* By Henry C. Deane.

§ *A System of Figure-Skating.* By H. E. Vandervell and J. M. Witham. Second Edition. London: Horace Cox.

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<i>Master of Arts</i>	Branch I., Monday, June 7; Branch II., Monday, June 11; Branch III., Monday, June 21.
<i>Doctor of Literature</i>	First D.Lit., Monday, June 7.
	Second D.Lit., Tuesday, October 19.
<i>Scriptural Examinations</i>	Tuesday, November 2.
<i>Bachelor of Science</i>	First B.Sc., Monday, July 10.
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<i>Doctor of Science</i>	Within the first Twenty-one days of June.
<i>Bachelor of Laws</i>	First L.B., Wednesday, January 6.
	Second L.B., Thursday, January 14.
<i>Doctor of Laws</i>	Thursday, January 14.
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<i>Master in Surgery</i>	Monday, November 22.
<i>Doctor of Medicine</i>	Monday, November 22.
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PRINCE BISMARCK'S FOREIGN POLICY.

AS the decision of the Court before which Count ARNIM is being tried has not yet been made known, any discussion of the case as presented to the tribunal would be premature. It is true that his conduct as a diplomatist is not technically before the Court; but it is not much comfort or protection to a person accused if outsiders tell him that they cannot say whether he is legally guilty, but that his general line of conduct has been morally deplorable and professionally discreditable. During the course of the proceedings, however, some important and interesting despatches from Prince BISMARCK have been published which are a very valuable contribution to the recent history of Europe; and their worth and significance may be considered apart from the trial by which they have been elicited. In order, however, to hold the scales evenly, it is necessary to put aside the questions whether Prince BISMARCK is now justified in allowing those despatches to be published, whether Count ARNIM departed from his proper functions, whether he was wise, in what he wrote and in the way in which he wrote, and whether the mode in which Prince BISMARCK addressed him was or was not becoming or deserved. We may for the moment look on the policy sketched in Count ARNIM'S despatches as a policy which Germany might have pursued, and on the policy sketched in Prince BISMARCK'S despatches as a different policy which Germany actually pursued. It is not saying anything unfair against Count ARNIM to say that his policy seems, if we regard both from a German point of view, less vigorous, wise, and bold than the policy of his official chief. The German Liberal papers are full of admiration for the policy which Prince BISMARCK adopts, and it is not wonderful that this should be so. Prince BISMARCK had distinct ends, and pursued them with unremitting perseverance and with a singular penetration into the realities of the situation in which he found himself. A careful perusal of his despatches will show, we think, that the ends he pursued were the securing the payment of the indemnity, abstention from interference in the internal affairs of France, and the preservation of the peace of Europe. From the point of view of a German statesman, these ends were undoubtedly ends which it was eminently desirable to attain; and now that we know some of the more important details of the policy he adopted, we are able to see how steadily he kept these ends in view, and how clearly and sagaciously he estimated the means by which he could best effect what he desired.

Prince BISMARCK'S views as to the course to be taken in order to secure the payment of the indemnity must necessarily be taken in conjunction with his views as to non-interference with France. For Count ARNIM thought that to interfere in the internal affairs of France was the secret of getting the indemnity paid. He urged that Germany, while its troops were still holding the conquered territory, could practically decide what the form of government in France should be, and that, while any Government would be willing to pay the indemnity if it could, yet the superior solidity of a monarchical Government would most surely enable France to find the requisite money; while its affinity with the form of government established in Germany would conduce to the maintenance of friendly relations between the two countries, and would tend to repress whatever elements of democratic disaffection might exist in Germany. He was not much inclined to one

monarchical party more than to another, and after he saw the chances of the BOURBONS dwindling away, he was for extending favour to the BONAPARTES. Of M. THIERS he expressed a hearty dislike and distrust, regarding him as the main obstacle in the way of the consolidation of that form of government which he considered most advantageous to Germany. Prince BISMARCK entirely dissented from this view. He said that M. THIERS might be trusted to pay the indemnity, but that it was by no means clear that the same could be said of a monarch seated on a very shaky throne. Prince BISMARCK, who always looked on European politics as a whole, which Count ARNIM never did, asked himself what would happen if a French monarch were placed on the throne. Vienna would begin at once to bestir itself, and possibly St. Peter-burg might take the same line. Friendly, unpleasantly friendly, entreaties would be made to show the new monarchy a little reasonable indulgence, to give it time, and not press too rigidly for any money that might be due. Germany, if it insisted on its pound of flesh, might thus find itself under the disagreeable necessity of having to deny the requests of Powers with which it wished to stand well. Nor did Prince BISMARCK at all agree with Count ARNIM in thinking it of importance to the German monarchy that France should be under a monarchy too. The Germans were not affected by what other countries might choose to do. They saw the advantage of a monarchy for themselves, and recent events had only made them more attached to it. Experience had shown that every French Government, whether monarchical or not, had tried to coquet with democracy in other nations, and a French monarch would be as ready to profit, if he could, by the internal differences of Germans as the President of a French Republic. The only French Government that could do any real harm to Germany was a Legitimist one, as it would strengthen the Ultramontane enemies of the German Empire. But Prince BISMARCK entirely declined to interfere with France even if it chose to take back HENRY V. The French might do as they pleased about their Government provided that they paid the money they owed, and M. THIERS was the man on whom the greatest reliance for the payment of the money could be placed. Events have abundantly justified Prince BISMARCK. M. THIERS did manage to get the indemnity paid, and to get it paid long before the final instalments were due. That he, and he alone, could have done this, was the opinion of the French Assembly and of the French nation; and it was only when he had done this indispensable work that his enemies took measures to show their gratitude by turning him out of office.

For the preservation of peace Prince BISMARCK trusted to his alliance with Austria and Russia. He wished neither to meddle nor to permit meddling in little things which might lead to a rupture. That the French would equally under every Government try their luck in a war of revenge was, he held, too clear to admit of any reasonable doubt. But as long as France was without allies she was not at all formidable. The true way to keep the French quiet was to make them feel that Germany was too strong for them to attack single-handed. *Oderint dum metuant* was Prince BISMARCK'S simple maxim. He entreated, or, perhaps it ought to be said, ordered, Count ARNIM to attend to great things, and to make little of small things. The greatest of things to attend to was the Russian alliance, and in dealing with Prince ORLOFF, the new Russian Ambassador at Paris, Prince BISMARCK thought that Count ARNIM should bear in mind that Prince ORLOFF, "being a patriot," would

never forget the importance of the alliance of Germany to Russia, and that Count ARNIM might therefore view with indifference the arts and manœuvres of French society to make Prince ORLOFF seem specially friendly to France. It was only those who could grasp the true foreign policy of Germany in its widest bearings that were competent to have anything to do with it, and Prince BISMARCK accordingly expressed great surprise at Count ARNIM's inquiring whether the minor States of Germany would be represented diplomatically abroad. They had the right to such representation, if they pleased to claim it; but every one who could really appreciate the interests and situation of the German Empire must know that nothing could be more inconvenient in practice. Small diplomatic meddling was not at all likely to conduce to the maintenance of peace based on the alliance of the three Eastern Empires. Nor would Prince BISMARCK encourage any great sensitiveness on the part of Germans to the discourtesy shown them by the French. A good kind lady like the German EMERLES might fondly hope that all ill-feeling would die away directly peace was concluded, but experienced men could be under no such delusion. Prince BISMARCK had very little pity for German tradesmen and artisans who chose to go to France after the war in order to make money, and then complained that they were not well received. If there was anything of which formal notice could be taken, Prince BISMARCK wished that a very decided line should be adopted, and he was even more decided than Count ARNIM himself in desiring reparation to be made for a discourtesy said to have been shown at the PRESIDENT's table by Madame DE ROTHSCHILD to Count ARNIM. That any such discourtesy was ever shown is not to be for a moment a sinnet. It is best not to believe anything that Germans or Frenchmen say of each other. If ever there was a point as to which all French observers agreed, it was that the German officers habitually beat their private soldiers during the war; but we understand that Germans of the highest respectability, and with ample means of knowing the truth, deny that anything of the sort ever took place except very rarely, and that then the officers were made to apologize before the regiment. Whether Count ARNIM was insulted, or only imagined himself to be so, at any rate Prince BISMARCK was for taking up warmly a case of positive annoyance; but he strongly advised Count ARNIM, if fine ladies and gentlemen merely cut him, to bear it with indifference. Nor would he give any countenance to a suggestion that the policy of France towards Italy should be watched with a jealous eye. Prince BISMARCK had not the slightest objection to Italy and France being on the best terms possible. Unfriendliness between them might lead to a war, and a war between France and Italy would be a misfortune to Germany, as Germany could not afford to see Italy crushed, and so she might have to go to war, however much against her will. It is not often that a statesman can be said to have been right throughout, but as to the questions touched on in the despatches now published, it is not saying too much to say that Prince BISMARCK was right throughout in the main lines of his policy. He got his money, he allowed France to nurse itself into a neutral nondescript sort of Government which is exceedingly inoffensive to neighbouring Powers, and he has kept the peace of Europe unimpaired. So far as can be seen, not one of these objects would have been attained if Count ARNIM had had the direction of German affairs, and if the policy of Count ARNIM had prevailed.

SPAIN.

A WEEK ago Marshal SERRANO at last left Madrid for the North. Since he has thought fit to assume the chief command, it may be plausibly conjectured that there is a prospect of some considerable success. The rumours of secret negotiations with the insurgents have lately subsided; but the arrival of the head of the Government in the Northern provinces will perhaps revive the expectation of a compromise. Two years ago SERRANO, then in the service of King AMADEO, effected a temporary and superficial pacification by granting an amnesty to the insurgents who were at that time unprepared to continue the struggle. He has never undertaken to acknowledge the *fueros* which Don CARLOS is pledged to maintain; and it may perhaps be too late to make the con-

cession, nor is it certain that it would be respected by future Governments. It seems more probable that Marshal SERRANO meditates some definite military enterprise by which the campaign may be creditably closed. He last appeared at the scene of action when, after the failure of MORRONE to penetrate the Carlist lines, it had become urgently necessary to relieve Bilbao. Large forces had been collected for the purpose under the ablest Spanish general, and the enterprise was, as the result showed, neither difficult nor dangerous. The merit of the operations was principally attributed to CONCHA; but the PRESIDENT returned to Madrid with the reputation of good fortune, if not of extraordinary skill and daring. Only a few weeks afterwards the death of CONCHA terminated a campaign which had been unusually vigorous; and since that time the only serious advantage obtained by the National troops has been the relief of Irun. General LOMA encountered a severe check in a recent attempt to advance from San Sebastian; and the conjecture that his movement was intended as a diversion seems to have been erroneous, for neither party appears to have attempted any military operations in Navarre, either before or after LOMA's advance. If the reports of newspaper Correspondents may be trusted, the Carlists and the Republicans are equally satisfied with a condition which seems to be unaccountably exempt from the ordinary consequences of war. The people of Estella have money to spare for gambling at fairs and on feast days, and the Governor of Pampeluna, though the town has for several months been blockaded, boasts that he has provisions to support both the garrison and the inhabitants for two or three years. His state is the more satisfactory because the most competent judges are of opinion that the possession of Pampeluna would be a useless encumbrance to the Carlists, who have no troops to spare for garrisons.

Among many paradoxical inferences which are drawn from the anomalous position of Spain, the oddest is the proposition that there would be no advantage in putting an end to the Civil War. As the sporting enthusiast in the story proved that a fox-hunt was equally pleasant to all parties concerned, one observer at least of Spanish affairs professes to have satisfied himself that the Carlist war prevents or postpones more evil than it causes. The Southern provinces carry on a prosperous commerce without the smallest concern for the events of Biscay and Navarre. It is only necessary to their welfare that there should be some kind of Government at Madrid which is generally recognized, and the acquiescence of the country in the dictatorship of SERRANO might probably be disturbed if he were not entrusted with the conduct of a war which involves the maintenance of a considerable army. If Estella, after having been for several months the Carlist headquarters, teems with plenty, and if Pampeluna is content to be blockaded, it seems unnecessary to waste compassion on a nation incapable of suffering from war or from anarchy. The theory that the insurrection has up to this time been beneficial probably represents the real feeling of SERRANO and his Ministry. The Republicans who a year and a half ago enjoyed undisputed power have for the present disappeared, and no party thinks it worth while to demand the convocation of a Cortes. The ancient rivals and enemies of SAGASTA have consequently no means of driving him from office, although his tenure may be insecure, if it is true that differences have arisen between the PRESIDENT and his principal Minister. The finances are in their normal condition of insolvency, but it would seem that capitalists can always be found to advance money when it is absolutely wanted for the army; and the agent of the English bondholders at Madrid has lately concluded an arrangement which is supposed to secure something for his unfortunate clients. It would have been surprising if SERRANO had risked the advantages of his present condition by assuming the command of the army unless he has good reason to think that he can raise his military reputation. It is said that the numbers of his army in the Northern provinces now amount to a hundred thousand men, of whom one half are available for operations in Navarre, while the Carlists, though their best regiments are superior to the Republican troops in quality, dispose of a far smaller force. LASERNA and MORRONE, who have not lately been heard of, may perhaps have been kept inactive by orders from Madrid for the purpose of reserving to SERRANO the opportunity of some brilliant success. It appears that on the whole the Carlists have become weaker

during the autumn; and the inequality of the two armies has increased.

It is said that the respectable classes throughout Spain are nearly unanimous in desiring the restoration of the constitutional monarchy under the Prince of ASTURIAS. Melancholy experience has shown that the dethronement of Queen ISABELLA was a ruinous blunder, although the error might possibly have been repaired but for the assassination of PRINCE ALFONSO. Almost any established Government, especially of the hereditary form, is better than almost any substitute which can be artificially provided. The name of the QUEEN might have been advantageously used by the opponents of her misgovernment, even if they had found it necessary to appoint a Regency or some other power to supersede her practical authority. The worst days of NARVAEZ or O'DONNELL were preferable to the uncertainty and the changes of the last half-dozen years. During the reign of Queen ISABELLA there were always Cortes, although the elections might be corrupt, and although successive Ministers might care little for Parliamentary control. For twenty years there was an intermission of civil war, and the prosperity of the country rapidly increased. Above all, Republicanism was latent, or almost non-existent; and recent experience has removed any doubt which might have been entertained as to the tendency of the doctrines of CASTELLAR and a few other political dreamers. Whatever may be the case with Franco, there are in Spain no moderate Republicans, nor is there any class which believes that a Republic can be other than Socialist, Jacobin, or Federalist. Nothing is known of the character or promise of Don ALFONSO; but it is understood that, if he were to become King, he must rest on the support of the upper and middle classes, who might perhaps secure the aid of the army. His adherents have a still better reason than the members of other parties for regarding with complacency the continuance of the Civil War. Their candidate is at present too young to reign in person; and it would be difficult to find a Minister who could be trusted to act in his name. It would not be desirable that a young King should share the unpopularity which has been incurred by SERRANO or SAGASTA. A Restoration is most likely to be permanent when it follows a period of discontent and distrust for which the returning dynasty is not responsible.

The relations between the Spanish and French Governments have improved since the hope of German intervention proved to be chimerical. Marshal MACMAHON and his Foreign Minister have shown much judgment and good temper in not founding a quarrel on the querulous Note which enumerated a long series of pretended breaches of French neutrality. The Duke DECAZES wisely allowed some time to elapse before he returned an answer; and now, if the tenor of his Note is accurately reported, he has confined himself to conventional phrases, and to moderate protests against the excessive pretensions of the Spanish Government. It was out of the question that a foreign Power should be allowed to criticize the selection of French agents, or to prescribe the method in which precautions should be taken against acts inconsistent with neutrality. The French Government has not allowed Spanish troops to assemble within its own frontiers, and it has discouraged the trade in military stores, which cannot be wholly prevented. If it had inclined more definitely to the cause of the Carlists, the Government of Madrid must have, however unwillingly, acquiesced in a partiality which could not have been effectually resented. The Carlists occupy a considerable part of the provinces nearest to France, and there is probably political sympathy as well as commercial and social intercourse between the inhabitants on either side of the border. Some gratitude is due to France for joining in the recognition of Marshal SERRANO's Government when it was proposed by the German Government; and it may be remembered that the French and English Ministers extended to the form of government the recognition which was restricted by Germany to the person of Marshal SERRANO. Whatever may be the wishes of the Spaniards, the French people, in common with the rest of Europe, would willingly see the conclusion of peace. It would be a matter of indifference whether the victory rested with one side or the other, if the complete success of Don CARLOS were not impossible.

ST. IVES.

IT is not often that the modest borough of St. Ives gets itself talked of. But greatness is thrust upon most people or boroughs if they can but wait long enough; and St. Ives has sprung into a momentary notoriety, by the death of Mr. DAVENPORT having caused a vacancy in its representation. The recent Parliamentary history and present Parliamentary feelings or prejudices of St. Ives have been sketched by a vigorous and faithful hand in the *Times*, and the picture presented admirably illustrates the position of parties, the difficulties of candidates, and the wishes of electors in an unobtrusive little English borough. Imperial politics are totally and even ostentatiously disregarded; and every elector is absorbed in the humble but practical thought which of two respectable gentlemen he shall oblige, what benefits will accrue to himself and his neighbours, and for which of the crochets which he thinks he understands he can best secure attention. In the last Parliament St. Ives was represented by a Liberal, but for eighteen months previously to the last election the borough had been carefully nursed by an enterprising Conservative, who, having hired a big house in the neighbourhood, set himself to be pleasant, liberal, and gentlemanly to every one. Nursing proved efficacious, and when the dissolution came, the late Liberal member did not think it worth while to contest the seat. A Liberal candidate was, however, obtained at the eleventh hour, but a majority of 391 rewarded the Conservative for the pains he had taken to make himself popular. This time the contest promises to be a closer one. The claims of the Conservative candidate are, that he is the uncle of an infant owner of property in the borough, that he has interested himself in making a road, and has done much to bring a railway to St. Ives, and to improve its quays. These are incontestable merits, and Mr. PRAED stands on them. Sir FRANCIS LYCETT is the Liberal candidate; and his claims are of a very different kind. He addresses the soul just as Mr. PRAED appeals to the body. He has not been in a position to nurse the borough, to which he is a perfect stranger, but he is just the man, he may reasonably think, for a borough which is said to be remarkable beyond, perhaps, any other borough for Dissent and Teetotalism. He is, it appears, well known for his large donations to Wesleyan chapels, and he is one of those few faithful ones whom Sir WILFRID LAWSON must fondly cherish, for he has not only voted for the Permissive Bill, which we know means nothing, but he states that he really believes in it. He is also pledged to remove from the Statute-book that "foul stain" which has lately engrossed the vacation energies of Mr. STANSFELD. Neither candidate bothers himself much about questions of general politics, which at St. Ives are admitted to be irrelevant. The two candidates come forward each with very different things to offer; but each with things which at St. Ives are thought in their several ways incontestably precious. The Conservative offers roads, railways, quays. The Liberal offers chapels, no beer, and the free spread of disease. It must be very puzzling to many an honest simple-hearted elector to decide between these contending claims. When he gets on to a bit of good road he must feel a staunch Conservative; when he passes a chapel, and thinks that a rich member would put up gratis many more of those attractive structures, he may easily pass for the moment into an unconscious supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE. No wonder that the contest threatens to be a severe one, and that the most experienced local judges cannot guess which way the election will go.

It might have been thought that this great battle between roads and chapels might be fairly fought out without the intervention of outsiders, and that Mr. PRAED and Sir FRANCIS LYCETT would have sufficed to submit fairly to the constituency the plain issue which of them was to be sent to aid in governing an Empire on which it has been observed the sun never sets. But this is not so. St. Ives is not to be let alone in this way. We are informed that Miss BEEDY, a delegate from the Manchester Branch of the Woman's Suffrage Association, has arrived in the borough, and that it is the general opinion that she will further complicate matters. Standing for a borough has long been known to be a rather painful process, but there is now added a new terror to candidatureship. The irrepressible female scents the battle from afar. She is an oppressed British subject, but she still is allowed to take a railway ticket from Lancashire to Corn-

wall. When she is at St. Ives she is perfectly at liberty to repair to one of those severe and simple places of entertainment which Sir WILFRID LAWSON thinks will gradually draw travellers from the traitorous comforts of an inn. When she leaves her coffee-house she is free to speak with the unhesitating confidence of her sex, and to prove conclusively how much better and happier the world would be if all the women at St. Ives were like her. She may probably find that for once luck has befriended her. She may be welcomed by a candidate. Merely as a guess we should imagine that Sir FRANCIS LYCETT is the sort of man to like Miss BEEBY. At any rate, if Sir FRANCIS LYCETT does not like her, who would? She does but add one more crotchet to his repertory. But it must be owned that to many liberal candidates Miss BEEBY would terribly complicate matters. They could do neither with her nor without her. In fact, from whatever point of view we regard the St. Ives election, it is pressed upon us how much nicer it is to be a Conservative than a Liberal candidate. If a wealthy and enterprising man wishes to get into Parliament on exclusively private grounds, and without reference to confusing considerations of general politics, he has very much to gain by choosing to be a Conservative. He often, of course, has to work hard. Nursing a borough is a matter of considerable outlay, exertion, and self-sacrifice. The late member for St. Ives nursed very hard. He was all things to all men. He was far too wise to leave Dissenters out in the cold. Not only did he open his purse to their gentle solicitations, but he actually attended the ministrations of their pastors. This is something like nursing. But then even here a Conservative has an advantage. He does not commit himself. He is only performing an act of graceful condescension. He does not pretend to agree with Dissenters; he merely loves them. The unfortunate Liberal, on the other hand, has to take just as much trouble, and also to state that in his opinion the political and religious view of Dissenters are eminently wise, just, and profound. He really has to cut himself off for a time from his liquor, or at most ventures to take a little moderate stimulant, and that purely for the sake of his health. Miss BEEBY will not let him off. He must be either for her or against her, and she would scarcely come all the way from Manchester unless she was the sort of woman to make men who oppose her uncomfortable. The present Conservative candidate has taken a bolder line than his predecessor. It is not by nursing that he hopes to win. He will have nothing to do with Dissent, he abhors the Permissive Bill, and thinks the Statute Book better with the foul stain on it than without it. O fortunate agricultural personage, if he did but know his goods! How many ardent and philosophical Liberals must long to be in his shoes! Strong in his roads, his railways, and his quays, he can positively say what he means, pass unheeding by cluypels, and laugh at Miss BEEBY.

Few of those who live at a distance from St. Ives will care very much which way the election goes. Even a Whig Whip could scarcely see in the return of Sir FRANCIS LYCETT the sign of a Liberal reaction. It is only on account of the poverty of political nomenclature that Sir FRANCIS LYCETT is called a Liberal. He is a chapel-donation man; he is a no-beer man; he is a foul-stain man; but what have these things to do with Liberalism, if by Liberalism is meant the application of enlightenment to Imperial politics? It is true that at some distant period, and in a contingency which no one can now foresee, he might silently swell by one vote a majority that would upset Mr. DISRAELI, and install in office a new Ministry that would uphold the 25th Clause, make up its quarrel with the publicans, and reclaim Mr. STANSFELD to voting for the Statute Book as it is. In that sense Sir FRANCIS LYCETT is a Liberal; but in himself he is as illiberal as any one well could be. Of the two Mr. PRAED may perhaps the more properly be called a Liberal. It is not of course in the highest style of Liberal art to stand boldly and nakedly on the merits of roads, railways, and quays; but it is Liberal to protest against the intolerance of Dissent, the interference of teetotalers, and the existence of Miss BEEBY. If Mr. PRAED is returned, he will not have to wait for years before he can do something. He can begin at once to support an existing Ministry which certainly is not illiberal. The Conservatives have the enormous advantage of offering to a nation which it may be hoped is not without sense an actual amount of moderate enlightenment, and a perfect freedom from crotchets. The Liberal party can but

offer a possible amount of greater enlightenment coupled with the chance of slavery to crotchets. If Sir FRANCIS LYCETT and Miss BEEBY win the seat, their triumph will be the triumph of the very smallest prejudices of the very smallest kind of people. It is but a hazy kind of consolation that in an odd indirect way they might possibly be also helping some day to give office to Mr. GLADSTONE, whom they probably think much inferior to Mr. SPURGEON, and to secure an opening for the adoption of a really Liberal policy which would be equally beyond their comprehension and alien to their tastes. Moderate Liberals might shrink from actively supporting the donor of roads and railways, but what is there in Sir FRANCIS LYCETT to attract them? The lowest depths of the humiliation of the Liberal party cannot be measured merely by looking at the results of the last general election, and by watching the erratic leadership of Mr. GLADSTONE. St. Ives was needed to complete our experience, and it was reserved for Sir FRANCIS LYCETT to show how very trivial and unreal are the things which a Liberal candidate in the present day can bring himself to offer, and which Liberal electors can be supposed to accept.

THE COAL DUTY.

THE deputation from Staines and other suburban parts of the Metropolitan district which lately waited on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had plausible grounds for their protest against the application of the Coal duties to the removal of bridge tolls. It was perhaps not their business to consider that they were raising a question which is involved in the levy and expenditure of almost all local and general taxes. There is no obvious reason why consumers of spirits, tobacco, and malt should maintain the army and navy by contributing more than a third of the whole revenue of the country. The money is taken from them because they have the means of paying it, and it is spent in the manner which is deemed by the Government and Parliament most conducive to public welfare. The coal duty of thirteence per ton is levied over the whole area of the Metropolitan Police district, and it is obviously impossible that its proceeds can in any particular case be employed with equal advantage to every part of the metropolis. Fourpence of the whole duty has been assigned to the Corporation of London, and the remainder to the Metropolitan Board of Works. Both of these bodies have mortgaged their respective shares for many years to come, so that neither the receipt nor the expenditure can during the interval admit of interference. The Board of Works, desiring to raise a sum of about half a million to buy up the tolls on some of the bridges, proposed to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that Parliament should be asked to extend the term for which the Coal duties had been granted. On the security of the deferred income they would borrow the necessary amount, so as to give immediate relief to the traffic at the cost of the taxpayers of the next generation. In anticipation of the objection which has been raised by some of the outlying districts, the Board of Works remarked that the suburban roads were maintained with the aid of the metropolitan rates. The Staines deputation replied that proximity to London was in many ways costly, and that their contribution to prisons and constabulary expenses was increased by the prevalence of crime in the more densely inhabited parts of the metropolis. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, probably not wishing to discuss the principal subject, intimated that the comparative burdens imposed on different parts of the district ought to be clearly ascertained before a decision could be formed. On further consideration he will probably find that neither the arguments of the deputation nor his own partial answer touch the material issue which he must decide. If the Coal duties are a legitimate source of revenue, the only remaining question is whether the purchase of the tolls would produce greater public advantage than any other mode of outlay.

Civic improvements are necessarily local, and the immediate benefit accrues to those who are nearest the spot. Not only the south-western suburbs and rural portions of the metropolitan area, but the greater part of London itself has no direct interest in relieving the bridges from tolls. The people of Staines, when they visit London, arrive at the Waterloo terminus, and those of them who proceed westward and northward pay the toll on Waterloo Bridge. No Londoner east of Temple

Bar or south of Hyde Park has, as a general rule, to cross a toll bridge. The persons who would profit most largely by the abolition of the tolls would be house-owners on the south bank of the river, who would immediately raise their rents in proportion. If taxation were always imposed in consideration of an advantage directly received, tolls on bridges and roads would be the most equitable of all possible burdens. The only persons who are at present taxed at the toll-gates are those who use the bridges for themselves and their goods. The only other class which is interested in the matter consists of those who would pass over the bridges if they were not deterred by the toll. Not only tolls, but taxes on consumption, are principally injurious through the restrictions which they involve on convenience and enjoyment. Every person who takes a circuit to avoid a toll-gate suffers superfluous toil without contributing to the objects for which the toll is levied. The Corporation some years ago opened Southwark Bridge, not for the relief of the pockets of those who paid the toll, but that the bridge might become a crowded thoroughfare instead of being comparatively useless. Whenever a toll-gate is removed from a bridge or road, the tax or rate which takes its place is paid in part by those who have no interest in the maintenance of the structure.

The promoters of the opposition to the scheme of the Metropolitan Board were brickmakers and manufacturers, who, as large consumers of coal, objected to the continuance of the duty beyond the term already fixed by law. It is evident that the duty must put them at a disadvantage proportioned to its amount in competition with similar industry prosecuted outside the metropolitan area. The question whether they were directly interested in the abolition of the bridge tolls was of secondary importance. The riverside traders in the east of London have quite as little need to use the bridges, and they also are subject to competition, and are interested in the cheapness of coal. If the duty is as convenient and just as any other mode of raising a municipal revenue, there is no sufficient reason for objecting to the proposal of the Board of Works. It might well become the duty of a Corporation or similar body to construct a bridge out of the civic funds, if there were no other means of providing for traffic. It would be highly inconvenient that there should be no carriage road across the river between Westminster and Blackfriars. Sixty years ago private adventurers undertook to supply the want, and the tolls which they were authorized to levy have provided them and their successors with but a scanty remuneration on the original outlay. If the bridge had been built out of public or civic funds, and opened freely to traffic, a tax of some kind must have been levied for construction and maintenance, which would have been for the most part paid by those who never cross the bridge. It is almost impossible to find any item of national or municipal expenditure which is equally beneficial to the whole community. The erection of a bridge over a great river which cuts a metropolis into two parts is as much a public concern of the inhabitants of the City as any kind of outlay which can be suggested; and if a bridge ought to be built at the common expense, it ought also to be redeemed in the same manner from a toll which renders it less useful.

The Coal dues are exposed to an adverse presumption, as the policy of English legislation is inconsistent with local or municipal taxes on commodities. There is probably no other instance of a payment resembling an *octroi* in any part of the United Kingdom since the dues on shipping and merchandize were transferred from the Liverpool Corporation to the Mersey Board. All local charges are met by rates, except when a Corporation has property of its own, or when roads and bridges are maintained by tolls. It is true that the objections to an *octroi* which are founded on the personal annoyance and inconvenience which it causes have no application to a bulky article separately imported in enormous quantities. The Coal duties are levied cheaply and without impediment to trade; and the only evil which they cause is an increase in the price of coal, of which the dealers of course impose a certain percentage. To the householder it perhaps matters little whether he pays another penny in the pound of rates or eighteenpence a ton on the cost of his coals. Manufacturers and other large consumers find that the duty adds perceptibly to their working expenses, while the prices which they can charge to their customers are regulated by the competition of untaxed rivals. If the freight of coal

for railway from the pits to London is six shillings, the addition of another shilling and a penny involves a serious addition. As the duties must in any case continue for several years, it would be highly inexpedient to perpetuate them or to prolong the duration by prospective legislation. When the subject was lately discussed in the Common Council, there seemed to be a general impression that it would be well to let the matter rest for the present. A future Parliament will consider with fuller knowledge the expediency of maintaining in the case of the metropolis an anomalous, or at least an exceptional, kind of taxation. If no other means of freeing the bridges can be discovered, Waterloo and Vauxhall must remain comparatively useless. It is barely possible that within fifteen years it might occur to some benevolent millionaire that the purchase of the tolls would combine useful liberality with pardonable ostentation.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE IN FRANCE.

THE *Correspondant* for the 10th of December contains a paper of great interest on the Public Expenditure in France. M. LEGUYR compares, with an absence of national vanity rare among his countrymen, the action of the French and the Prussians under not very dissimilar circumstances. After the defeat of Jena, the KING reduced his Civil List; the officials of all grades accepted lower salaries; unnecessary places were abolished; labour was set free from a variety of annoying restrictions; loans were granted to ruined landowners; the acquisition of landed property was made easier; all religions were declared equal before the law—in short, nothing was left undone which could unite the nation in the effort to recover its position in Europe, or which was likely to make that effort successful. When France found herself confronted by the same problem in 1871, the Assembly ought at least—so M. LEGUYR argues—to have refrained from crippling industry by injudicious taxes, and from ignoring the plain teaching of ten years of free-trade and consequent commercial prosperity. It might, it is true, have been found necessary to burden the country by taxes on locomotion or by heavy customs duties, as the only means of getting the indemnity paid; but at all events the Assembly ought to have considered whether the balance between the public income and the public expenditure might not be restored by a reduction of the latter as well as by an increase of the former. The ground of M. LEGUYR's complaint is that the Assembly has done nothing of the kind. The cost of administration remains what it was under the Empire. France pays a great deal for its government, and gets a very inadequate return for the money laid out.

In a country in which revolutions are so frequent the character and composition of the permanent staff of the several services is, as M. LEGUYR points out, of more than ordinary moment. It is the one element in the Government which has been handed on from the Absolute Monarchy to the Constitutional, from the Constitutional Monarchy to the Republic, from the Republic to the Empire, and from the Empire back again to the Republic. Yet, except in two offices, there is no preliminary test of qualification for admission to this all-important body. The Minister puts in whom he likes, and in some instances places have almost become hereditary. Promotion is equally regulated by the personal choice of the Minister or of his patronage secretary. Sometimes these authorities are guided by seniority; more often they act on no ascertained principle. An appointment in the French Civil Service confers no vested interest. Given in the first instance as a matter of favour, it may be taken away by an act of caprice. M. LEGUYR compares this system with the Prussian, very much to the disadvantage of his own nation. In Prussia there is a severe examination before a young man can enter the Civil Service, and his fitness for promotion in it is also tested by examination, coupled with and qualified by the notes of the candidate's superior officer as to the manner in which he has acquitted himself in his subordinate rank. A post under Government can only be lost by a man's own fault, and if he shows any special talents, he is attached for a certain time to all the branches of the office in succession, after which he is regarded as belonging to a sort of administrative staff, from which vacancies lying outside the usual course of official promotion are usually filled up. It is to the care

taken in the selection of the members of the Civil Service, and to the opportunities of getting on in it afforded by these regulations, that M. LÉGOYT attributes the very strong regard for the good of the service which characterizes Prussian officials. It is not only in the quality of the material employed, and consequently of the work done, that the French public offices are inferior to the Prussian. The clerks give much less of their time to the State. The official day is supposed to extend from ten to five, but M. LÉGOYT says that in this there are seldom included more than four hours of real work. In Prussia the clerks work from eight to twelve, and from two to six, and as they sit in large rooms, under the eye of a superior official, there is not much chance of their being able to take life too easily. In France there is an entire absence of supervision. There is no machinery for ascertaining when the clerks come in the morning, or go in the evening, or how they are employed in the interval. In no country in Europe, according to M. LÉGOYT, is public business got through with so many delays as in France, and to this cause is mainly attributable the feeling in favour of decentralization which has lately grown up in the provinces. Under so careless a system as this it is necessary to have a great number of spare workmen. Without such a precaution the business of administration might come to a stand at any moment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the number of clerks in each department should be greatly in excess of what would be required if each man did his fair share of work. There appears to be no check upon this increase answering to that supplied in this country by the necessity of stating in the Estimates the precise sum required for the aggregate salaries of each department. The amount of fresh admissions depends partly on the desire of the Minister to please his personal or political friends, and partly on the necessity under which the heads of the departments labour of making numbers take the place of zeal.

M. LÉGOYT proposes that a maximum number of clerks in each office should be assigned, and any excess above this number gradually reduced; that the number of offices should be lessened by grouping two or more under a common head; that a test examination should be instituted both for admission and for promotion, subject in the latter case to the report of the official under whom the candidate has been employed; that the maximum and minimum salaries in each class of the public service should be prescribed; that the age of superannuation should be raised; that the allowance for personal expenses in the case of the higher officials should be reduced; and that there should be fixed hours of daily attendance, and means of discovering whether the clerks abide by these hours. In addition to these general suggestions, M. LÉGOYT mentions certain reforms which are required in particular branches of the public service. Judges should be made to sit for more hours in the day and for more days in the week, and the list of matters which may be disposed of by a single judge should be greatly increased. This would necessitate a rise in the standard for admission to the rank of the magistracy. As regards Foreign Affairs, M. LÉGOYT wishes to see the qualifications of the Consular Body raised and the number of Consulships lessened. He suggests a similar reduction in the number of Prefectships, to be effected by making them represent the central Government in groups of departments, instead of, as now, in single departments. The French settlement in Cochin China should be given up. The subsidies now paid to secondary education should be withdrawn, and several other grants made to objects which ought to be self-supporting should share the same fate. Even useful public works must be postponed to a more convenient season. The money saved by these means would, if M. LÉGOYT had his will, be largely employed in improving the army. Until this has been effected, France has no right, he thinks, to feel her independence secured against the huge armaments and the violent passions of her German neighbours.

Putting aside the particular purpose for which M. LÉGOYT desires to see these changes introduced, there can be no question that he has made out a good case for very many of them. The French public service would apparently have supplied Mr. DICKENS with a better model for his Circumlocution Office than the worst managed office in England. But though reform is undoubtedly wanted, it is extremely unlikely that it will be effected on anything like an adequate scale. The history of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administra-

tion may serve to show M. LÉGOYT what a hornet's nest is sure to come about the ears of a Minister who tries to reduce the number of clerks employed under Government. Each such saving is in itself too trifling to call forth any enthusiasm in the majority which is benefited by the change, while it is sure to excite bitter hostility in the minority which suffers from it. In France the number of persons who look forward to being employed under Government is much greater than in England, and the habit of regarding the Civil Service as a career of genteel indolence is more confirmed. Again the unpopularity which follows from reforms of this kind in England only affects a particular Ministry, but the same unpopularity in France might discredit the political institutions under which it was attempted to introduce them. Consequently the risk and the responsibility of failure are much greater, and even a Ministry which has no interest in maintaining abuses might hesitate before undertaking to root them out. If the public expenditure is to be reduced, it had best be done by the existing Assembly, for the simple but sufficient reason that it cannot well become less popular than it is already. As it has nothing to lose by this act of patriotism, there will be the less excuse if it leaves it unperformed.

COMMONS AND INCLOSURES.

THE triumph which was lately celebrated by the inhabitants of East London under the presidency of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was natural and legitimate. The Corporation of London having accidentally acquired a right of common in Epping Forest, has, after a legal contest, defeated the lords of manors who claimed large rights of inclosure. The victory which has been won by the owners of a burial-ground will, unless the judgment of the MASTER of the Rolls is reversed on appeal, ensure to the benefit of a large living population. The Crown might with a trifling sacrifice have kept the Forest open by refusing to sell certain old feudal rights which were incompatible with inclosures; but official purists objected to the application of the minutest fragment of national property to the benefit of a local population, however large. The question was the same which was raised in the disputes about the Thames Embankment; and public functionaries who guard the funds entrusted to them with even excessive vigilance ought not perhaps to be severely blamed. The reasonable desire of preserving large open spaces in the neighbourhood of London has a recent origin. Parks and pleasure-grounds are for great cities, as for private persons, expensive luxuries; and Sir W. HARCOURT and his audience naturally congratulated themselves on the acquisition of a property of great value which had cost them nothing. The Corporation deserves the popularity which it has acquired by conducting the litigation, as far as it has gone, to a successful conclusion. No orator could be better qualified than Sir W. HARCOURT to expatiate on the advantages of uninclosed commons and forests. His contrast between eating turtle soup and skinning flints was in the best style of popular rhetoric. It was not necessary to remember that Common Councilmen dine for their own pleasure, while Mr. LOWE and Mr. ARNOLD undertook the disagreeable task of skinning flints for the purpose of increasing the public revenue. Sir W. HARCOURT is one of a band of members who have supported Mr. FAWCETT for several years in a successful resistance to all Inclosure Bills; and his recent speech seemed to involve a pledge that the same policy would be pursued on all future occasions. There was no question of an Inclosure Bill in Epping Forest. The rights of all parties have, subject to a possible appeal, been determined by the proper tribunal, and the lords of manors, however much they may be disappointed, have no right to complain. Citizens of London, or tourists who have occasion to visit Epping Forest, are not likely to sympathize with the grievance of alleged owners who would have closed up all access to the open spaces. If the sole object of legislation were to increase the collective wealth of the community, no common would be allowed to exist. Divided into villas and pleasure-grounds, Epping Forest would have an enormous money value, whereas the land henceforth will be almost unprofitable; but unproductive expenditure may often be advantageously incurred, and in this particular case private persons only were the losers.

If the decision of the Court had been adverse to the Corporation, the public inconvenience which might have

been caused by the maintenance and extension of inclosures would have furnished no reason for interference with the rights of property. If London has a legal right to any land, or easement in land, its property ought to be carefully preserved; but when its population requires additional outlets the full value of any land which may be required ought to be paid. In general the whole estate in common land is exhausted by the claims of the lord and the commoners, and in certain cases of the copyholders of the manor. If there were any doubt as to the law, much might be said as to the hardship of allowing no compensation to those who may have been accustomed to unlimited rights of way in every direction; but the license of wandering at will and the enjoyment of fresh air and fine scenery were not recognized as valuable commodities when the law and the practice of Parliament were constructed. Where inclosures have been sanctioned a few roads have been invariably substituted for the free passage over open spaces; and until lately the promoters of inclosures had been regarded as public benefactors who undoubtedly made more than two blades of grass grow where one grew before. The change in public opinion on the subject is not unreasonable; but the owners of manorial and common rights ought not to be the victims of sanitary and æsthetic improvement. It is perfectly fair that they should be subject to compulsory purchase of their rights; but they ought not to be compelled to give their property away. The commons at Wimbledon and Putney have lately been purchased by the neighbouring residents for the express purpose of preserving them from inclosure; and the long dispute as to the right of inclosing Hampstead Heath has been settled by a similar compromise. If the Corporation and the other commoners had agreed with the lords of manors to divide Epping Forest among themselves, it would have been difficult for strangers to intervene. At the late meeting Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE made an attack on a lord of the manor who asserts the right of making an inclosure at Hackney. If the claim is unfounded, the lord will inclose at his peril and to his certain loss; if, on the other hand, he can establish his right, there is no reason why he should be heavily mulcted for the benefit of the neighbourhood. It is extremely undesirable that legal rights should be in any way affected by speeches at public meetings and by letters in newspapers. Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE may wish that the Metropolitan Board of Works should defeat a private landowner in a pending litigation, but his preference is irrelevant, and his arguments are addressed to the wrong tribunal.

The indiscriminate rejection of all Inclosure Bills is a capricious and unjust substitute for the unduly lax practice which previously prevailed. In former times Inclosure Bills were considered by Parliamentary Committees on their merits; and they were sometimes rejected on reasonable grounds of opposition. About thirty years ago the jurisdiction was practically transferred to the Inclosure Commissioners, whose awards were as a matter of course confirmed by Parliament in an annual Bill passed at the close of every Session. The result of the appointment of the Commission was the disuse of the legislative discretion which had been previously exercised by Parliament. The Commissioners understood, perhaps rightly, that their function was only ministerial, and they consequently passed all inclosures on compliance with certain conditions. It was necessary that the lord of the manor and a certain proportion of the commoners should assent, but strangers to the property, although they might be near neighbours, had no voice in the discussion. The interpretation of their powers by the Commissioners was justified by the uniform adoption by Parliament of their recommendations. There was in truth much ground for the assumption that the conversion of common into sovereignty was in the majority of cases beneficial. In hill countries, and wherever extensive wastes abounded, all improvement was impossible until the land was apportioned among private owners, and the exercise of undoubted rights of sheep-walk often depended on the power of the commoner to assert his right. The owners of large flocks still in some places employ fighting shepherds and fierce dogs to exclude from large pastures of common land less powerful competitors. An inclosure in Wales or in the North produces within a few years visible signs of increased prosperity, and often doubles the value of the land. Mr. FAWCETT and his supporters, by systematically rejecting the annual Inclosure Bill, impose a heavy and useless tax on the owners of manorial rights and on the

commoners. The change from waste hill-sides into productive fields affords even the idler and the traveller some compensation for the restriction of his former liberty.

The purchase of open spaces for the use of urban populations is happily becoming common and popular. There is no better proof of the improvement of popular taste than the growing conviction that a common is in many respects preferable to a park. Gorse and fern, Hawthorns and thickets of brambles, interspersed with green glades, offer to the citizen a more complete and refreshing variety than the trimmest specimen of landscape gardening. It is proper that comparatively small pleasure grounds, such as the London Parks, should be highly ornamented, but at Wimbledon or at Epping the preservation of the natural scenery is the most important object which Managing Committees can pursue. That the resorts of townsmen should in some sense be vulgarized is an unavoidable and enduring misfortune. The mountains in the Lake country and in the region of Snowdon would be more attractive to fastidious visitors if they were not thronged by crowds from the manufacturing towns; but the pleasure of the multitude matters more than the exclusive enjoyment of those who have various resources. It may be hoped that Epping Forest will for many generations be the resort of Londoners.

MURDERERS AND PHILANTHROPISTS.

THERE is perhaps nothing more wonderful in modern days than the curious tendency of a certain school of philanthropy and sentimentalism to make itself a sort of nursing-mother to murder and every form of cruel violence and brutality. It is not improbable that the horrible disclosures which have just taken place at certain trials during the present week in Lancashire will have the effect of making people understand the real character of the everyday ruffianism which has reached a horrible climax in the murder of MORGAN, and the way in which this ruffianism has been deliberately and systematically fostered by the pusillanimous timidity and tenderness of magistrates and other persons; and this may be expected to operate as a wholesome counter-agent to that silly and mischievous travesty of humanity which keeps all its pumped-up tears for the roughs, and has none for their miserable victims. Yet it would have been better if the conviction, sound as it is in itself, that violent crime must be forcibly repressed by adequate severity, had been established in a calmer and more logical way. What is above all wanted in the treatment of criminals is a cool, steady, uniform rigour, which shall be the same at all seasons, and shall know no tides of passion or sentiment, and no respect of persons. It is useless that a few persons in a time of momentary panic or excitement should be severely handled; a regular, unvarying system must be steadily pursued. What is wanted is that criminal discipline should be like a knife worked by machinery—certain to chop off any fingers that come within its range. It is the fluctuation of severity and leniency, and the consequent chances of escape which encourage crime.

It can hardly be supposed that the protest which CRANWELL, the bootmaker who murdered his paramour at Lisson Grove, made in Court against the sentence of death which has been passed upon him will have the result which he desires; yet it must be admitted that, from the prisoner's own point of view, there is much force in his argument. He urged that it would be very unjust to hang him for murder when so many other murderers have, on various pretexts, been allowed to live. He cited the cases of Mrs. VYSE, and of the Rev. Mr. WATSON, and he might have cited the cases of TOWNLEY and others. It is possible that Mrs. VYSE was really insane at the time when she killed her children; but it was never even suggested that there was any reason why Mr. WATSON should not be hanged, except that he was such a very respectable person, and that it would be a disgrace to his cloth. TOWNLEY was a passionate, ill-regulated youth, with a theory of the rights of sweethearts; but no evidence worthy of the name was adduced to prove that he was, or ever had been, mad, and in prison he was afterwards sensible and collected up to the time of his suicide. An effort was made to show that CRANWELL was also mad. Since he has been in gaol he has, according to the testimony of the surgeon, "always talked" and acted like a rational man, and no proof of previous insanity was even attempted. It was also admitted that he was perfectly aware that he was being tried for murder,

and his subsequent speech confirmed the impression of his perfect sanity. Yet, on the strength of certain alleged symptoms of "a highly nervous temperament," which are common to a vast number of persons, and which any one could easily assume, a doctor who had seen him only for a few minutes, and whose visit apparently he expected, seriously suggested to the Court that he should be regarded as mad. It is, unfortunately, too true that this plea, supported by similar professional evidence, has in too many cases in recent years been the means of baffling the law, but it is to be hoped that another case will not be added to the list. It is not impossible that CRANWELL himself has been deluded by the apparent immunity for murderers which successive Home Secretaries seemed to be bringing into fashion. If TOWNLEY and Mr. WATSON escaped, he may have argued, why should not I? These are not days when people are hanged for murder if they take care to get up their case properly. The only consolation that can be offered to CRANWELL is that, whatever errors in the way of leniency have hitherto been committed, it will in future be recognized as due to him and others in a similar position that murder shall be uniformly punished by death.

It deserves to be noted that the morbid tenderness for murderers which is observable among ourselves is still more flagrantly and conspicuously exhibited elsewhere. There is a story of an Irishman who, in the days of the Temporal Power, defending the Papal Government from the charge of tyranny, remarked that, as far as he could see, there was more freedom in Rome than anywhere else, because you could knock over a man in the street whenever you liked and nobody would interfere with you. There is reason to fear that this is very much the condition of a large part of Italy at the present moment. The Camorristi are still a terror to Naples, and the Mafiosi range at will through Sicily. Brigandage spreads unchecked, and mutilations and murders are of constant occurrence. It was hoped that a national Government, strong in patriotic enthusiasm and popular support, would be enabled to repress these disorders with a firm and unsparing hand; but it would appear that the cowardice or perversity of public opinion operates as a check upon the energy of the Executive. The condition, however, of some parts of the country has become so intolerable that, for once in a way, the local authorities have been forced into energetic measures. The other day ALBERTO RIGGIO, one of the band of LOMBARDO, was beheaded at Palermo. This unusual proceeding has produced a very painful impression in Italy among certain persons who call themselves the friends of freedom and humanity. Is this the result, they ask, of our boasted civilization and political liberty? There is a newspaper called the *Precursore*, which appears to be the organ of the people who think that murderers should be gently argued with and not decapitated, and of course it is eloquently indignant about this outrage on the moral law. We are treated to a sensational description of the scene in a style which is not unfamiliar to us in some of our own newspapers. In the early morning of the last day of November the Piazza Ucciardoni, we are told, "exhibited one of those sinister spectacles which remind one of the middle ages, or rather of the most hated tyranny." The police and the Bersaglieri were mustered in the darkness, and "four dim lights showed that in front of the prison carpenters were at work." And what were they doing? "The *Riformatrice della Società*, the guillotine, was being erected, and this morning"—shocking to relate—"the head of a man was severed from his body as a public example of moral education." It should be remembered that the poor man whose untimely death is so pathetically deplored had for several years belonged to a body of ferocious banditti, that the list of the victims whom he had helped to plunder and kill was a long one, and that the outrages in some cases had been of a particularly horrible kind.

It is of course impossible to imagine anything more sickening and monstrous than an attempt to excite public sympathy for such a vile and noxious brute as RIGGIO. Yet we are quite ready to concede to the humanitarians that there may be grounds on which his execution may justly be condemned. If the Italian Government does not follow up its severity against RIGGIO by equal severity against other malefactors of the same type, it will certainly lay itself open to the remark that it has killed a man to no purpose.

It was not worth while to cut off RIGGIO's head merely to prevent RIGGIO himself from killing any more of his fellow-creatures, if RIGGIO's companions are to be allowed to go on killing with, if possible, an enlarged impunity in compensation for this act of wholesome rigour. The justification for executing RIGGIO was to supply a warning to others. If his execution is to stand by itself as an isolated and exceptional incident, it will of course be regarded by his companions as only an accident, like the breaking of a branch on which one is climbing or a false step on the edge of a precipice. "Poor dear ALBERTO!" they will say, "was unlucky, and these things will happen sometimes. Still it is a risk that happens so seldom that we can afford to set it aside." Here we have the whole rationale of capital punishment, and if the soft-hearted philanthropists who, here as in Italy, are so eager to show their humanity in saving the lives of murderers would only take the trouble to think it over, it might do them good. As a rule, it may be assumed that the prospect of being hanged or beheaded does not operate as a strong inducement to commit murder. It is true, no doubt, that in some cases the murderer does not pause to reflect on the consequences of his crime or his chances of escape. Yet his death may be expected to suggest this wholesome train of reflection to other minds, and thus the sacrifice of one life may be the saving of many.

It should be observed, however—and this, in fact, is the point of the argument—that the punishment to be effective as a warning must be made as nearly certain as possible. If the chance of an Italian brigand getting beheaded is only the same as the chance of his breaking his neck by tumbling off his horse, brigandage will go on as briskly as ever. If the chance of an English murderer getting hanged is made equally uncertain, then murder may be expected to flourish in England. At the present moment it may certainly be doubted whether in this country capital punishment is so powerful a deterrent as it should be, and the reason is simply that the chances are all in favour of the murderer. To say nothing of the stupidity of the police, there are mad doctors, maudlin journalists, weak judges, sentimental juries, and imbecile Home Secretaries. The murder may be as clear as anything can be, but all sorts of excuses are suggested. The poor fellow was mad—indeed, the mere fact that he killed any one is a proof of madness—or he was provoked. A man has a bad wife; she is shrill, drunken, unchaste. Her husband cracks her skull as the best way of silencing her. Should the poor man be hanged for that? Certainly not, we should say, if you are of opinion that wives should be put to death without trial at the discretion of their husbands for bad temper and looseness of conduct. This week there has been a case of this kind in which the murderer has been spared, and the result will no doubt be that a good many other wretched women will be put to death for offences which, however aggravating, have not hitherto been supposed to require such discipline. The odd part of the matter is that it is the very people who pride themselves on their tender-heartedness and anxiety to save life who are the chief agents in encouraging murder by advocating the principle that murder may be committed with impunity. If a man cannot get on with his wife he can leave her; it is a curious development of humanity that he should be authorized to kill her.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

THERE is a striking difference between the existing and the traditional estimate of an English winter. On the average of seasons the cold is, perhaps, less severe than it used to be; but the dislike which is felt towards it is certainly greater. The old notion of winter implied frost and snow without, but indoors the enemy was supposed to be hopelessly beaten. Roaring fires and abundant good cheer were told off to fight him, and it would have been treason to doubt that they would conquer. English pity was about equally divided between the inhabitants of more Northern countries, where cold was supposed to be irresistible, and the inhabitants of more Southern countries who never had the good fortune to be cold at all. Such articles as those which have appeared in the *Times* this week would have been impossible a century ago. The writer would have drifted against his will into such familiar themes as a bracing English winter, a fine old English

Christmas, the healthy glow that comes from battling with the cold, and all the other commonplaces of insular patriotism. Nowadays winter is not only no longer regarded as a friend, he is not even classed among enemies that can be met on equal terms. We cower before him as before a tyrant whom it is useless to resist. Occasionally, when his hand is more than ordinarily heavy, the victims may take courage to speculate whether there is any means of setting themselves free, but for the most part they have convinced themselves that submission is their truest philosophy.

Several causes have combined to bring about this change of temper. Something is to be attributed to the growth of town life. There is a dignity about winter in the woods and fields which deserts him altogether when he ventures under dripping eaves or upon half-thawed pavements. The difference may have been noticed during this last week by any one who compared his sensations in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens with his sensations in Trafalgar Square or the Regent Circus. In the one case the snow was still white and hard, and the contrast, even with the dingy London trees, and the black water of the Serpentine, was picturesque and striking. In the other the snow had lost every trace of its original colour and texture, and had been converted into a more than commonly thick mud. Such a difference as this must by degrees influence the spirit in which people think of winter. It is impossible for a man whose business lies in London or Leeds or Manchester to remember that ten miles away the snow of yesterday, or the frost of last night, has given beauty to every feature even of commonplace landscapes, when he sees nothing but indescribable filth and wretchedness immediately around him. This inevitable disgust has been very much fostered by that better knowledge of what winter is like in really cold countries which has come with more extended travel. When Russia was an unknown land, and Northern Germany rarely visited in winter, Englishmen did not take in that the unpleasantness of cold weather in this country was largely due to the fact that it is not cold enough. By degrees, as the long frosts of Berlin and St. Petersburg grew more familiar to them, they realized how important it is in matters of climate to know exactly what it is that you have to prepare for. Even in London, if the snow in an ordinary winter did not melt for six weeks, life out of doors would become very much more bearable. Sledges would take the place of wheeled carriages, and, except for the few days of the final thaw, moving about would be smoother, cleaner, and less noisy than at any other time of the year. As it is, many winters go by in which a sledge could not be used at all, and even in exceptional years there is no possibility of counting on continuous frost for twenty-four hours together. Another discovery was that, though the cold in more Northern countries is greater than in England, it is much less painfully felt. The state of the thermometer inside the houses is a much more important consideration than the state of the thermometer outside, and in the former respect Russia or Northern Germany has an immense advantage over England. The cold may run riot out of doors, but it does not come into the rooms. The small annoyances of our English winter—the draughts, the bad fires, the cold passages, the change of temperature in passing from one room to another—are all unknown. It is no wonder that, as life with these irritating conditions removed came to be compared with life in a country where they are in full play for a large part of every year, the old admiration of an English winter gradually died out. A third cause which has contributed to the same result is a more accurate knowledge of the hygienic effect of cold. Before statistics were thought of, healthy people had everything their own way. If they said they found winter bracing, there was no appeal from their judgment. When death-rates came to be studied, another class of witnesses came in for a hearing. The world is not entirely made up of people between fifteen and forty with sound lungs and a brisk constitution, and the cold which is little more than a pleasant stimulant to them is in the highest degree injurious at the two extremes of life. When once it came to be known that a severe winter causes as many additional deaths as the most severe epidemic, the last delusion was dispelled.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that it is merely our estimate of winter that has been changed. There can be little doubt that many of us feel cold more

than our forefathers did, as well as think more hardly of it. The modern English house is, except in a few special instances, a colder place to live in than the houses of a century ago. The reason of this is obvious enough. A cold house almost always means a badly-built house. Either the walls are too thin, or the woodwork does not fit properly, or the doors and windows are badly arranged, or the fireplaces are not constructed so as to give out enough heat. Of these defects, the first and last are the most universal and the most important. The last person consulted in building a house is usually the man who has to live in it. In a great majority of cases, at all events in towns, the occupier knows nothing about the construction of his house. It was built before his time, and as all houses look pretty much alike when they have once been inhabited, he has no means of informing himself upon the subject. Even when he has the means, he is not materially better off. He can, it is true, go and examine a half-built house with the view of taking it when it is finished; but when he discovers, as he certainly will, that the walls have not the thickness that will enable them to resist extremes of weather, he has not really the option of refusing it. If he does not take that house, he must take another in which the deficiency is equally great. There is virtually no competition among builders. Houses are too costly things to be built except when there is a fair certainty that they will be let. Take it or leave it is almost everywhere the alternative proposed by the builder to the tenant, and if the latter elects to leave it, he usually finds that it is only to incur the obligation of choosing whether to take or leave something exactly similar a few streets off. Consequently there is no motive for one builder to provide better houses than another, except such as may be supplied by a prudent desire to make the first outlay go as far as possible. But in London, unfortunately, any possible improvement that might be derived from this source is neutralized by the system of building leases. A house that will outlast his lease is a dead loss to the builder; his object is to find out as nearly as possible what expenditure of material will make his property saleable for the period that he owns it, and worthless after it has gone back to the landlord. He builds not for all time, but for an age, and with him an age means strictly a century less one year.

There is no present prospect, therefore, of our houses becoming better fitted to keep out cold, so far as their walls are concerned; but the case is not quite so hopeless as regards fires. Even this may seem too sanguine a statement, at the moment that the Council of the Society of Arts have reported that none of the new grates which have been exhibited and tested during the past year are worthy of the prize which they had declared their intention of awarding. It may be doubted, however, whether room grates are the exact direction in which improvement is to be looked for. After all, severe cold is but a very passing incident in our English climate, and except during severe cold the open grate will always be more popular than the close stove. Indeed it has so many advantages over its rival as regards ventilation, and consequently as regards health, that we should regret to see it generally superseded. Yet so long as the open grate is retained, it seems improbable that fires in rooms can be made to give out very much more heat than they do now. But there is nothing to prevent the hall and staircase and passages of a house from being warmed, like a greenhouse, by a stove placed in the basement; and if this were done, draughts from doors would be abolished, since the air outside the room might be kept warmer than the air inside, the heat within the rooms would be more equally distributed, since the further the inmates were from the fire the nearer they would be to some of the doors communicating with the warmer passage beyond, and one most fertile source of disease, the sudden change of temperature in passing from one room to another, would be entirely avoided. The man who will invent a cheap and satisfactory stove for warming the whole of what may be called the common land of every house may be pretty sure of reaping the reward of his labour.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the British Association has drawn up a curious little volume intended to direct the researches of travellers in uncivilized countries. The book is divided into a hundred sections, each of which contains a brief

catechism to be answered by the intelligent observer. He is asked, for example, Whether cannibalism prevails? Whether, if not, there are traditions of its former prevalence? Who are the victims? With what ceremonies are they eaten? What is done with the bones? Whether the use of human flesh is confined to any class or sex, or whether it forms part of the regular food of the people? To obtain satisfactory answers to these and many other such inquiries would be of obvious importance, especially as the unsophisticated savage is rapidly becoming a purely historical character. The time at which the last red man will disappear from the North American continent may be calculated with little risk of error; and in many other parts of the world the only question is between annihilation and absorption. Some persons might urge that, if the savage is vanishing from the backwoods, he is being multiplied in Lancashire. Unfortunately the savage of civilization has no manners or customs to repay the investigation of others than philanthropists or police-officers. The member of a primitive community is, on the contrary, one of the most interesting of all objects of inquiry. So long as he survives we can transport ourselves into the dim ages of the past; we can see our remote ancestors face to face, instead of vaguely guessing at their habits from a few scattered relics. The interest of such researches is not purely antiquarian. Mr. Tylor and other writers have made even superficial readers familiar with the bearing of savage customs upon many phenomena of civilized life. And therefore it is clearly desirable that travellers should be prepared to direct their inquiries so as to elicit really valuable evidence.

We are beginning to recognize the truth, illustrated in so many different departments of inquiry, that many things which were once supposed to have been the product of direct invention have really been slowly and unconsciously elaborated by the instinctive activities of many generations. Down to the present century historians seem always to have fancied that the constitution of a country was invented offhand by some more or less mythical legislator, who worked out a complete code from abstract principles of reason. There is still a vague impression that such a thing exists as poetical or dramatic invention, in the sense that a poet creates a new story instead of giving a new dress to an old one. Slowly, and perhaps reluctantly, we are being driven to the conclusion that the faculty of reasoning plays a much smaller part in human affairs than we were once accustomed to think; and that the most original of mankind must generally be content to find some new application of an old principle, or to express a little better than others thoughts which are fermenting in thousands of minds. The individual is but the sum of his ancestors, with some slight and generally superficial modification; and it is true of all mankind, as of any particular race, that you have only to scratch the surface to discover the primitive savage. Moralists have indeed been much in the habit of insisting upon the resemblance in special instances without having hitherto made any great impression. We must all admit in general terms that the modern plan for settling difficulties by cutting each other's throats is a barbarous practice, not materially different, except in the appliances used, from the old methods of scalping and tomahawking. A great proportion of the activity of the most civilized races is spent upon producing wealth of no greater intrinsic value than the beads or shells which please a savage. We condemn savage tribes for the thoughtlessness which causes periods of plenty to alternate with periods of starvation; and yet we must admit that a large part of our own population is incapable of looking forwards for more than a few months. If the majority of mankind could ever be persuaded to calculate upon the natural consequences of their actions for as long a period as a year, the whole state of the world would be altered.

In another sense we might almost say that the race goes backwards as well as forwards. A great many of the queries suggested by the British Association are intended to throw light upon the origin of practices which still exist amongst us. The ceremony of marriage in the most civilized countries bears traces of the old habit of carrying off wives by force. The custom was probably adapted to a primitive state of society. When the form survived the reality, the world was certainly better in so far as marriage was arranged upon more equitable terms; but, on the other hand, one more utterly unreasonable practice was added to the customs of mankind. Every action, it is said, which now appears to be meaningless had once a meaning. It follows that a great part of our lives is occupied in doing something or other which is purely useless, because our remote ancestors did the same thing when it had some real use. The mass of observances which are purely conventional is thus continually increased by the innate conservatism of the race. We may account for everything, from the cumbersome machinery of constitutional forms down to the shape of our hats or the buttons on our coats, by the fact that there was once some reason for something of the same kind. We should think a man a fool who wore a great coat in the summer because he found it convenient in the midst of winter. Yet people boast of stuffing themselves with roast beef and plum-pudding under a tropical sun in Australia because their relations are doing the same thing to keep out the cold of an English Christmas. And it is perhaps still more absurd that we should dress ourselves in defiance of all comfort and all the laws of health because we have not imagination enough to construct a new form of garment. To sacrifice health to a false idea of beauty is absurd enough; but to sacrifice it to the false ideas of people who have been dead and buried for hundreds of years would be ap-

parently too absurd a proceeding even for human beings if we did not know that it constantly occurs. Nobody now supposes that a woman is more beautiful for having a waist like a wasp's or a foot too small for her stature. But our ancestors thought so; and we have acted on their principles for years after we knew them to be absurd. These are trite instances; but it would be curious to inquire how many practices of a more important kind are merely survivals on a large scale. To a savage tribe hunting was a necessity of life. Now it is rapidly becoming a purely artificial luxury. When the preservation of the race depended on its success in slaughtering wild animals, the pursuit was worthy of the best energies of the most active members of the community. But this seems at first sight a very bad reason for people who want a little fresh air and exercise to obtain those objects by the very roundabout method of galloping across country after a fox. We have sometimes thought that a dog must be a very unreasonable creature because, however fond he may be of the water, he will not go in until a stick is thrown for him, which serves no purpose when he gets it. And yet the dog is only acting upon the same principle as the fox-hunter, who would consider the notion of hunting for the sake of the game utterly preposterous, and would yet refuse to follow the amusement unless sanctioned by the conventional symbol.

It would be curious to inquire in what degree some other modes of obtaining pleasure are prompted by reason, and in what degree by a blind hereditary instinct. If human beings sat down to construct upon first principles the most rational modes of enjoying society, would they hit upon any of the practices which are now popular amongst mankind? They simply follow the precedents set by their ancestors, though they would admit, if questioned separately, that they were intensely bored by most so-called amusements. The anthropologist might find, for example, some curious subjects of inquiry in the habits of modern Londoners. He would ask why people come together in large crowds to small rooms where the atmosphere is bad, where there is no opportunity for rational conversation, and where there is no compensation in the shape of solid meat and drink. Is it a religious ceremony, or has it any political or social symbolism, or do people simply meet in crowds because, in a savage state of society, the gregarious instinct made any collection of human beings a pleasant relief to a solitary existence in woods, and people do what was done by their predecessors? Is not the stage, again, an instance of a survival? When people could not generally read, it was pleasant to come together to hear a poem declaimed, and of course it was all the better if the various characters could be represented by different persons. To the educated mind there seems to be something childish in the desire to have a concrete person dressed up like a king to help you to appreciate an expression of royal sentiments, though in simpler ages such a practice was natural enough. But it is difficult to explain, except on the principle of survival, the fact that civilized human beings should crum themselves together in an ill-ventilated room in order to hear animated puppets repeating verses which they could understand much better in the comfort of their own firesides. We might rise still higher and ask how many of some performances which are admitted to be essential to the welfare of society are determined, as to their form at least, by the imitative tendencies of the human race. The result, we may fear, would be that a judicious inquirer would find that we resemble savages in the circumstance that the greater part of our actions have very little cause beyond an instinctive disposition to do what has been done before us. It is undoubtedly very fortunate that people do not trust more to the delusive faculty which they call reason; and such an inquiry would probably produce a desirable feeling of humility.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REFORMATION.

MR. BURT, in his speech at the Newcastle Conference of the Liberation Society, supplies us with a good example of those popular fallacies which are of the nature of half truths. Sir Henry Havellock, who goes in for theology and thinks some forms of theology right and others wrong, said that a second Reformation was needed. Mr. Burt, who despises all theology and thinks it an objection to a creed that it is three hundred years old, takes up the words of the Nonconformist baronet in a way which he could hardly have liked. According to Mr. Burt, "the truth that all theologians of every age and of every creed are slow to learn" is "that the human mind would not be crippled and fettered by creeds of any kind." The sentiment of course drew forth applause, and the speaker went on:—

Sir Henry Havellock had said that they required a second Reformation. He ventured to say that what they required was the doctrine of the Reformation logically carried out. What was the doctrine of the Reformation? The right to private judgment, free thought; and this was what they wanted.

One cannot get a better specimen of the way in which people talk who are not without some natural sharpness, but who are talking about things which they do not above half understand. We are always frightened when we hear about the logical consequences, the logical carrying out, of anything. We have learned by experience to look for one of those French sayings which are so painfully clear that a plain man cannot tell what they mean. But we allow that there is a sense in which, perhaps not the doctrine of the Reformation, but something or other to which the

Reformation gave start, does, when carried out somehow, whether logically or otherwise, lead to private judgment and free thought. The Reformation had in the end a good deal to do with the promotion of private judgment and free thought. Herein is the half truth which is contained in Mr. Burt's fallacy, and which has misled a great many people beside Mr. Burt. Mr. Burt says that the "doctrine of the Reformation" was "private judgment and free thought." He most likely thinks that Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, or anybody else whom he may take as the type of a Reformer, proclaimed the doctrine that every man might believe as he pleased and worship as he pleased, and be subject to no pains or penalties for so believing and so worshipping. This is really by no means an uncommon notion. But we need not say that every one who has the faintest glimmerings of knowledge about the history of the sixteenth century knows that the exact opposite was the truth. In the latter half of that century, two persons who cannot be supposed to have had any intercourse with one another, Akbar and William the Silent, did come to something like what Mr. Burt calls the doctrine of the Reformation. And, if either Akbar or William the Silent had legislated for England, France, or Germany, the religious affairs of those countries might have been settled in a way more likely to please Mr. Burt than the way in which they actually were settled. As it was, nothing could be more unlike Mr. Burt's ideal. Nothing was further from the thoughts of any party at the time of the Reformation than the proclamation of private judgment and free thought for every man. An oppressed party might now and then murmur something of the kind on its own behalf, but no party in power ever dreamed of allowing any right of the kind to a party weaker than itself. There never was any age in which the right of the civil power to regulate the religious affairs of its subjects was so strongly and so universally put forth. It was a doctrine which hardly could have been put forth for some centuries before the sixteenth. The questions which arise out of religious differences had slept for some ages. There had been an earlier time when they had been as fully awake as they were in the sixteenth century. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries the questions of tolerance and intolerance were as important as they became again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and Valentinian and Theodoric forestalled the solitary wisdom of Akbar. But, when all Western Christendom acknowledged one standard of orthodoxy, the case was changed. There were doubtless at all times some who dissented from that standard of orthodoxy. They would be called Nonconformists now; they were called Heretics then. There were times and places, like Southern Gaul in the thirteenth century, where the heretics were pretty thick on the ground, and could muster a good deal of physical strength. Still, in those days there was only one way of dealing with Nonconformity. The Church declared who were heretics, and the secular arm made an end of them. If they were few, the civil power could see to them; if they were many, it might be needful to preach a crusade and send an army against them. It nowhere occurred to any man in Western Christendom either that different men in the same political community might lawfully worship in different ways, or that different political communities might set up different forms of worship within their own boundaries. An Albigenian meeting-house hard by the Catholic church, both of them being equally under the protection of the law, was a thing that no man dreamed of. And men dreamed just as little of a state of things in which this or that independent kingdom, this or that prince or free city of the Empire, should establish one form of religion, while the next principality or commonwealth established another.

The half toleration granted to the Jews was no real exception. The Jews were not heretics. They had not rebelled against the Church, because they had never belonged to it. They were in every sense, political and religious, strangers in every European land, and, with more than the disabilities of the stranger, they had also some of his advantages. We may say that in Western Europe there was no real exception to the rule. In Eastern Europe, in the lands which the Crusaders wrested from the Eastern Empire, there was another state of things. Catholic conquerors had settled down among Christians whom they called schismatics. Still their case was different from that of heretics in the West. The whole native population of Eastern Europe could not be dealt with like a few stray preachers of strange doctrines, or indeed even as the Albigenians were. The treatment of the conquered differed in different times and places. The Latin Emperor Henry deserves a place alongside of Theodoric and Akbar for despising national and religious prejudices, and putting Greeks and Franks on a perfectly equal footing. In the border lands of East and West, in the Sicilian realms where Norman Kings ruled over Greek and Saracen subjects, questions of the same kind arose, and toleration of the infidel was one of the crimes for which Frederick the Second tried to make up by persecution of the Christian heretic. But in the lands with which the question is really concerned, in the lands which were really touched by the Reformation of the sixteenth century, in Britain, France, Germany, and Scandinavia, questions of this kind did not arise at all. In all times before the sixteenth century the right of private judgment and free thought on the part of the individual member of the community was vigorously put down. The same right on the part of the political community itself, the right of this or that prince or commonwealth to establish one religion, while another prince or commonwealth established another, was a question which had not yet come into men's minds.

Now what was the real "doctrine of the Reformation"? What was the immediate change which the events of the sixteenth century made in the state of things which we have just described? Did the leaders of the Reformation proclaim, or did their work actually bring about, an acknowledged right of private judgment and free thought for every man? Not a bit of it. The change which was really made might be summed up by saying that it established the right of private judgment and free thought for each separate political community, but that it left individuals exactly as they were before. It established the powers of the civil magistrature in matters of religion as they had never been established before. Up to this time the theory was that the State simply lent its physical force to carry out the decrees of the Church. The Church declared such or such a man to be a heretic, and the State burned him. But now the State ceased to carry out the decrees of the Church as a matter of course. It took upon itself to decide whether it would cleave to the old Church or set up a new one. It was by no means inclined to let heretics off, but it took upon itself to define who were the heretics. Here in England Henry the Eighth burned Friar Forrest as a heretic for believing as everybody had believed a few years before. Presently Mary, or somebody in her name, burned everybody who did not believe as Friar Forrest had believed. Through all the changes under Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth the idea of legalized or tolerated dissent never came into any man's head. King and Parliament settled religion as they settled anything else; other people had nothing to do but to conform to what they made law for the time being. Among the many sovereign States of Germany things took a different course from what they took in the consolidated kingdom of England. Had the Imperial power been strong enough, one religion would have been forced upon the whole Empire. As the Imperial power was not strong enough for this, the right of establishing what religion it thought good was transferred from the Empire to each of its several members. A religious peace did not mean the right of each man to choose his religion for himself; it meant the right of the prince or senate under whom he lived to choose his religion for him. "*Cujus regio, ejus et religio.*" Toleration as a principle was nowhere acknowledged; if it anywhere existed as a fact, it was because of the accidental wisdom of this or that particular prince, or because in this or that place parties were so equally balanced that neither had any chance of rooting out the other. In Geneva, the holy city of one great body of Reformers, private judgment and free thought took the form of the burning of Servetus and the law which made it death to say more. In France a religious peace had, according to the different circumstances of the country, the same meaning that it had in Germany. It never meant the right of each man throughout the land to worship as he pleased. It meant the right of the Reformers to exercise their religion in those districts, towns, or castles, where they were too strong to be hindered from exercising it. La Rochelle might follow its own way; but it was as unlawful as before to set up a Huguenot conventicle opposite the towers of Notre Dame. Nowhere in the era of the Reformation was Mr. Burt's "doctrine of the Reformation" anywhere acknowledged. Toleration, so far as there was any, was local and incidental. The principle which really was established was that, instead of every King, prince, or commonwealth being bound to give the support of the civil power to one undisputed religious system, every King, prince, or commonwealth might choose which of several religious systems it would enforce upon its subjects.

Had the Reformation then, the Blessed Reformation, really nothing at all to do with private judgment and free thought? It had much to do with them in many ways, but not in the way which the random talk of Mr. Burt would imply. The immediate result of the Reformation was, in most cases, simply to put down one intolerant system and to set up another. But it would be a most shallow view to see nothing more than this in the Reformation. The causes and the results of the Reformation were far wider than the Reformation itself. Herein lies the half truth which Mr. Burt and others who talk like him have got hold of. Private judgment and free thought were in no sense the doctrine of the Reformation, but they were at once its cause and its result. Calvin had no respect for the private judgment and free thought of Servetus. Cranmer had no respect for the private judgment and free thought of John Bocher. Cranmer, above all, throughout life freely burned all who exercised their private judgment in a different way from himself, till he lost the power of burning others by being burned himself. But the position of Calvin and Cranmer was not the less the result of private judgment and free thought. By the exercise of their private judgment they came to certain conclusions, and, as they had the luck to get Kings and senates to adopt their conclusions, they had the pleasure of burning those who by the same process came to other conclusions. No King or Senate adopted the conclusions of Servetus or John Bocher; they therefore were burned; had they had the same luck as Calvin and Cranmer, most likely they would have burned somebody else. But this was a state of things which could not go on for ever. Granting that anybody should be burned—and Mr. Froude teaches us that some people ought to be burned—the adherents of the old, immemorial, in appearance at least unchangeable, system, the system which, if it sprang from private judgment, sprang from the private judgment of ages back, could burn people with a certain show of decency. But it was monstrous that men should burn others for doing what they had just before done themselves. When it was declared that Popes and General Councils were not infallible, it was soon found out that Luther and Calvin and

Craumer, that Landgrave Philip and Queen Elizabeth, that Convocations at Westminster and Synods at Dort, were not infallible either. The Reformation therefore, though in itself the most high-handed exercise of authority, did in its results strike a deadly blow at the principle of authority. Men who used their private judgment to crush the private judgment of others presently found that the private judgment of others was as little to be crushed as their own. When the claim of a universal Church to rule the consciences of all men was cast aside, the claim of this or that prince or senate to rule the consciences of men within a certain geographical limit could not long go on. The Reformation was the offspring of private judgment and free thought; it was the eventual, though the unwilling, parent of private judgment and free thought; what it did not do was to put forth private judgment and free thought as a doctrine. The Reformation took place because men's minds were astir, and it set men's minds astir still more. But it did so without professing to do so. The Reformation may fairly enough be said to have been the indirect cause of all the forms which private judgment and free thought have taken in later times. And in this way those forms may, for aught we know, be the logical carrying out of the doctrine of the Reformation. But most certainly private judgment and free thought were not the avowed or conscious doctrine of men who burned everybody who used his private judgment and free thought in a different way from themselves.

SETTING UP A BUTLER.

THERE are various forms of human suffering which must excite the compassion of any beings of a superior order who may have an opportunity of contemplating them. The good man struggling with adversity is proverbially a touching spectacle; but we are not at all sure that the good man struggling with the consequences of his own prosperity is not sometimes more deserving of commiseration, especially as his unhappiness does not usually excite much sympathy or pity among his friends. There are perhaps few kinds of misery so trying as that of the rising middle-class man who has been getting on in the world, extending his practice or his business, accumulating a comfortable balance, and laying up a stock of social consideration, and who finds himself on the brink of a great domestic revolution, which is the natural result of the good fortune which has hitherto been so sweet to him. He has of course been more or less distinctly aware since he started as head of a household of a gradual development of domestic we will not say comfort, and luxury, in the true sense of the word, would be still more out of place but perhaps we may say display. The snug villa, in its garden, at Tulse Hill or Holloway, where he began life with Arabella, has been exchanged for a more pretentious dwelling nearer the centre of fashionable life, first perhaps in Bayswater or Regent's Park, and then, as Arabella's views expanded, in the aspiring outskirts of South Kensington. The cook and housemaid of the primitive family have also been growing into a numerous retinue of female servants—cook and kitchenmaid, first and second housemaid, parlour-maid, nurse and under-nurse, and perhaps a boy. It is sometimes of the little things of life that one has most reason to be afraid, and if our friend had been wise, he would have had an uncomfortable presentiment when he saw the boy become a member of his establishment. The theory of development has undoubtedly its place in the domestic as in the animal world, and Wordsworth himself perhaps scarcely realized to the full extent all that is meant by the melancholy truth that the child is father to the man. To the eye of the social physician the irruption of the boy in buttons, or even, in an earlier stage, of the boy without buttons, who is surreptitiously introduced into the area to clean the knives and boots, is painfully ominous. Every doctor watches for such signs. It may be only a little flush or a scarcely visible pimple, but to the observant eye it betokens unmistakably what is about to follow. In a suburban house perhaps a boy does not much matter. There is a garden where he can be turned loose when not wanted indoors; or there is probably a pony-chaise, and he can make-believe to be useful to the groom. At any rate you know the worst of him. When he outgrows his jacket and trousers so that there is too much exposure of bare arm and dirty stocking, he must of course give place to another; but that other will only be a boy such as he used to be himself. The danger of the boy in a town house is that he is the thin end of the wedge—the almost inevitable precursor of a man.

It may be supposed that with the increase of the domestic staff a certain change also takes place in the life of the household. There are more courses than there used to be at table, evening dress creeps in, and the range of hospitality widens. The boy having been added at the tail of the establishment, another male is found to be indispensable at the head of it. In short, our friend suddenly awakes to the discovery that he is in that most distressing position which may be described as tottering on the verge of a butler. His wife is constantly pointing out to him that other people not better off than they are have a butler; that a butler at once steadies and gives character to a house, and is, in fact, a sort of social badge or symbol without which they can no longer hold up their heads among their friends and neighbours. Women servants may be all very well in their way, but then they are distinctively associated with mere *bourgeois* respectability. It is also hinted that a butler would after all be rather an economy than an additional expense. He would check the bills, keep

an eye on the other servants, and do many things which the master of the household is too much occupied to attend to. It is possible that this sort of argument may not carry very decided conviction to the mind of the person to whom it is addressed, but he cannot but feel that, however he may struggle and procrastinate, the question is already decided. Sometimes, of course, a man makes the plunge without thinking much about it, and he may even perhaps fancy that he will enjoy it. But to any one who reflects on all that is involved in the introduction of a butler into a house for the first time the prospect can hardly be contemplated without a pang. Hitherto he has been, under his wife, master in his own house. A woman cook is the highest person in his service, and personally he has nothing to do with her, though the mention of his name may sometimes be a useful resource to his wife when she has a difficulty with her chief domestic. If he wants anything done in a particular way he has only to tell his wife, who gives the necessary order. But now a new official is to be introduced under his roof who will entirely alter this state of affairs. A wife may manage a cook without troubling her husband, but he cannot escape the responsibility of himself looking after the butler. His domestic life suddenly falls under the shadow of a strange man who has ways and ideas of his own, and who, though nominally his servant, contrives in many things to make himself felt as master. Theoretically, of course the supreme authority rests with the employer; he gives his orders, and it is supposed that they will be carried out. But his sense of freedom in giving orders is apt to be seriously circumscribed by his consciousness that they will be sharply criticized in thought, if not in speech. A butler who finds himself in a house where there has never been a butler before has ample scope for a peculiar kind of tyranny. He has an experience of the rights and duties of butlers to refer to of which his master is destitute. Nothing can be more impressive than the solemn gravity with which, under the form of questions, he issues mandates to his employers, or the expression of melancholy surprise with which he listens to suggestions or remonstrances which reveal the depths of social obscurity in which his master and mistress must have passed their previous existence. Reminiscences of the liberality and splendour of houses in which he formerly lived supply a ready answer to all complaints. His Lordship, or Sir John, as the case may be, was content to write cheques for the wine-merchant without making fussy calculations as to the proper consumption of the quarter, or indulging in invidious suspicions as to whether a common St. Julien had not been substituted for Chateau-Margaux; nor did he demean himself by looking into the items of shopkeepers' bills, and comparing their prices with those of the Civil Service Stores. The butler's ideal of a perfect establishment is one in which the butler manages everything according to his own ideas. Now he is in a generous mood, and grumbles because there are not enough large dinner-parties and an overflowing table. Another time he sulks because he is done to death with too much company. The first principle of his system is that all transactions with tradesmen should pass through his hands, so that he may arrange for a nice little bonus for himself, in return for which he undertakes to defend the dealers when any question is raised about the quality of their goods or a doubt as to the fairness of their measure. The cellar is usually a sore point in domestic administration. The master likes to be sure that he gets the wines he pays for, and that they are reserved for himself and his guests, while the butler resents a suspicious inspection of the stock. In other days the master looked after his cellar himself. He took care that his favourite wines were lovingly bestowed, and, as he surveyed the store, indulged in pleasant anticipation of the day when he would have up some of his Comet port or '58 Latour. But now he is never sure what he has; bottles break, wines become sour or muddy in the most perplexing way, and at the most awkward times; and though the old-fashioned drinking-bouts have quite gone out, mysterious evaporation seems to equalize consumption.

It is hard to say whether the butler who is useless or lazy or the one who is too busy and meddlesome and wants to take everything on himself is more vexatious. In the one case the master is constantly occupied in looking after things which the butler neglects or in correcting his blunders. In the other case the master finds himself pushed out of the way, and forced to take things as they are provided by a superior power. His house is given over to a man who treats him as a lodger. A very good butler, who knows his business thoroughly, and knows that he knows it, is apt to be still and impracticable, and to presume on his experience. As a rule it is certainly a mistake to bring servants from a family of a higher class into one of lower position. A cook who has happened once to live with an Irish peer will ever after in moments of drunken depression bewail with tears the plebeian extraction of her new employer who has made his money in trade; and a butler feels that he has descended in the social scale since he left a titled house. But worst of all of course is the wandering butler who has been everywhere and with everybody, and who is perpetually being passed on from one place to another, whose complexion reddens and whose gait grows unsteady on critical occasions, whose spoons are always going astray, who brings the reek of tobacco to the breakfast-table and the odour of onions to dinner, and is discovered, after he has gone, to have forgotten to pay the bills for which money was given to him. It will usually be found that servants, though they have faults of their own, reflect the faults of their employers, and this is especially the case with the butler in a family of moderate means. In a great house, where there is a large retinue of servants, and

systematic organization is indispensable, the butler must necessarily be a man of good capacity and character; he occupies a distinct and well-defined position and is well paid. A butler of the inferior order, on the other hand, is too often required to combine the services of a menial with the management of many matters which require not only unexceptional integrity, but intelligence and business qualities. He is usually a common, ignorant man, and particularly susceptible to the temptations which surround him. He is probably anxious to marry, or, if married, to get settled in some business where he can live with his wife and children, instead of seeing them only by snatches; and he is therefore eager to snatch at perquisites and to put by money. He acquires a dangerous taste for good living, and has too many opportunities of indulging it. He is too much trusted, and too little respected, and generally he is underpaid. As a rule, it may be said that, unless a man has large means, he had better try, with his wife's help, to get on with women servants; and in any case there is obvious peril in handing over to a substitute, with few qualifications for the task, the discharge of duties which he ought to see to himself.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THE annual performance given by the Queen's scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster, does much to keep alive in modern minds the knowledge of what manner of thing the Roman Comedy was. In reading many of the works of the playwright whose *Trinummus* is this year selected for representation, one might be disposed to think that Polonius was well within his tether when he asserted that Plautus was "not too light" for the players who came to Elsinore. If, however, some modern comedies appear brighter and more animated than the productions of Terence and Plautus, it must be remembered that the writers of those comedies had the teaching of several centuries at their back. That some modern playwrights have not turned the advantage of such teaching to the best account will be readily admitted. Most writers of comedy have in some measure profited by the previous existence of the Roman comedy. There is hardly a modern play in which there may not be discovered some device of the stage which is to be found in the service of one or other of the two best-known Roman dramatists. They, in their turn, had borrowed these devices, as indeed they did their whole plays, from the Greek. There is this difference, however, between the two cases. The Latin playwright prefaced his production by an acknowledgment of the source whence he had drawn it. In those days there must have been either more honesty or less craving for originality among authors. Anyhow the contrast in this respect between the two ages is curious. Formerly no slur was cast upon a piece by the fact that it was entirely taken from the Greek. It would be difficult to say how many original pieces of this age have owed their originality to original methods of translation. It is not easy to see why the borrowing of plots or hints for plots should be considered a sin. It is a practice which has been assiduously followed by many great writers. Not one of Shakespeare's plots was invented by the poet himself. Beaumont and Fletcher have borrowed not only plot, but language also, from Lucian in their *False One*, and Ben Jonson introduces an admirable translation of a whole satire of Horace in his *Postmaster*.

The *Trinummus* of Plautus, itself taken from the *Thesaurus* of Philemon, has supplied the three best-known languages of modern Europe with plays. From it Giovannina Cecchi took his *Nota*, Destouches his *Trésor caché*, and Lessing his *Schatz*. The plot of the piece is not ill constructed, and shows some knowledge of stage effect. There have been so many copies in various forms taken from different parts of it in the course of ages, that it would not be surprising if the original appeared a little dilapidated by this time. A good plot forms an excellent flight of stairs to the shrine of the drama; it is not surprising therefore to find it worn by the knees of anxious votaries.

It is a curious circumstance that from Lesbonicus down to Charles Surface a reckless, profligate, extravagant young man has always been the especial idol of writers of comedy. As the stage is supposed to be the looking-glass of the world, and, more than that, a magic looking-glass which shall not only show things as they are, but as they ought to be, this fact seems strange. What would the authors who have glorified their heroes in proportion to the worthlessness of their characters do if they met one of their pet creations in real life? Would they find no worse punishment for his follies and crimes than a caressing blow with a gold-headed cane and a fondly reproachful exclamation of "You young dog!"? Would they smile with delight at finding his utter want of principle redeemed by a rockless generosity which, put in exercise by a ruined man at the expense of his creditors, can hardly have much redeeming virtue in it? Would they finally reward his rakish career by entrusting him with an admirable wife and presenting him with "gold to a large amount" to celebrate his wedding? Clearly there is some hidden attraction in the character of a well-bred rake which has led many writers to glorify on the stage that which off it they would probably feel bound to condemn. It must be said, however, that Lesbonicus, the rake of the *Trinummus*, is not so bad as some rakes. It is himself, not his creditors, whom he threatens to deprive of all means of sustenance by a sudden act of generosity.

The piece is opened by a prologue which, as Canning said of his

prologue to *The Rovers*—"somewhat breaks the matter to the audience." It is spoken by two allegorical persons, Luxury and Want. The first three lines of the dialogue give some hint of the motive of the play:—

LUXURIA. Sequere hac me, gnata, ut munus fungaris tui.

ISOPHIA. Sequor: set tamen fore quem dicam nescio.

LUXURIA. Adest: nam ille sunt ades: i intro nunc jam.

The house into which Want is sent by Luxury formerly belonged to Charmides, a wealthy Athenian, father to Lesbonicus, the dissolute young man of whom we have already spoken, and to one fair daughter whose name does not transpire. Charmides, leaving the country on business matters, entrusted the guardianship of his son and daughter to his friend Callicles. At the same time he confided to his friend that in a certain part of his house was concealed a large sum of money; the "treasure" which gave its name to the original piece by Philemon. During the absence of his father, Lesbonicus, in order to supply his waning purse, put up the house for sale. Callicles the guardian felt compelled to buy it as the only means of keeping the treasure concealed in it under his own control, and thus fulfilling his duty to the absent Charmides. This transfer of property is supposed to have taken place just before the opening of the play proper, which takes the form of a dialogue between Callicles, the purchaser of the house, and "a damned good-natured friend," who has come on purpose to point out to him the depravity of his conduct in making a purchase from his extravagant ward. Callicles takes his unmerited scolding with a lamblike meekness, and when his friend calls him "homo nequam," he gives no stronger reply than "non istuc meum est." There is, however, some humour in the scene, notably in the invective against scandal-mongers with which the friend of Callicles concludes it. The next scene introduces Lysiteles, a young man of fortune in love with the sister of Lesbonicus, who remains invisible as well as nameless throughout the play. Lysiteles, without much trouble, persuades his unusually indulgent father, Philto, to undertake all the preliminaries of his marriage with a portionless girl, for it is expected that Lesbonicus, having reduced his possessions to nothing, will be unable out of that to raise a dowry for his sister. The preliminaries, however, are not easily arranged. Lesbonicus has still a field outside the city, and this he proposes to bestow as a marriage portion upon his sister. Stasimus, the shifty ready slave who, under various names, fills in Roman comedy the kind of place which Scapin does in French, overhears this proposal, and, knowing that his master's whole present revenue depends upon this field, he resolves to keep it in the family. To this end he gives Philto a truly appalling account of the peculiar properties of this field, which he asserts brings every kind of misfortune to its unfortunate possessors. Philto is so frightened by the recital that he resolves to do anything rather than be concerned with such a field, and thus the object of Stasimus is gained. His hurry to get rid of his master at the end of the scene is an effective bit of stage business.

Presently ensues a quarrel between the two young men, the one insisting upon giving his sister a dowry, the other refusing to accept it. The amount of shame which Lesbonicus seems to think will attach to him if his sister is married without a dowry is noteworthy. As in the case of most rakish heroes of comedy, his generosity is merely a form of selfishness. He refuses to let her marry Lysiteles, an excellent match, with whom she very likely was in love, under certain circumstances, because her doing so would make things unpleasant for him. Meanwhile Callicles the guardian has discovered the state of affairs, and resolved to present her secretly with a dowry out of the concealed treasure. How to convey it without arousing suspicion of this treasure's existence presents itself as a difficulty. Callicles, however, and his friend of the first act devise a crafty plan between them. They hire a "Sycophanta," one of the loungers about the Forum who in Dr. Smith's Dictionary are described as "happy compounds of the common barrator, informer, pettifogger, busybody, rogue, liar, and slanderer." This person they instruct to personate a friend who has met Charmides abroad, and is bringing from him sealed letters and a dowry for his daughter. A fitting costume is obtained by one of the conspirators from the "choragus," and the plot promises to work admirably, until, as the pretended friend of Charmides approaches his house in one direction, the real Charmides, unexpectedly returned, approaches it in another. Upon this ensues a scene which contains a good deal of humour. It may be observed that this scene has given rise to one in the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, and through that medium probably to the better-known scene between Vincentio and the Pedant in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Charmides has some difficulty in asserting his own identity, but is presently recognized by the slave Stasimus. On hearing from him of the turn which affairs have taken, the miserable old man falls into a swoon which, by contrast with the rest of the play, is a somewhat tragic incident, and reminds one of the author's line in the prologue to his *Amphitryo*:—

Faciam ut commista sit Tragico-comœdia.

The appearance and explanation of Callicles, however, sets things in the right track, and the comedy ends as comedies should end. It is needless to say that, not only is the virtuous Lysiteles rewarded by the hand of the girl whose dowry comes from the *thesaurus*, but a brand-new wife is also immediately discovered for the dissipated Lesbonicus. How many comedies since this one have ended with a double marriage?

Holes have been picked in the *Trinummus*, whose age alone might entitle it to immunity, on the score of the extreme im-

probability of some of its incidents. It has been observed that there is a gross want of likelihood in the meeting between the Sycophanta and Charmides, who would never have stopped to observe a stranger in the street before entering his house immediately after his return. As has been remarked on a former occasion, it should be remembered that Charmides is led to suspect the stranger of evil intentions towards his house—the house where the treasure is concealed. A better-founded objection is to Stasimus's loitering prolixity when delay involved danger to his back. It must be remembered, however, that Stasimus was not sober at the time. It may be supposed also that he was sharp enough to know exactly how far he might try his master's temper.

The acting of the play was well up to the mark. The "low-comedy" and "character" parts of Stasimus and the Sycophanta were rendered with considerable humour. The young men were personated with skill and spirit, the old with due discretion. Among these latter, the representative of Calicles was remarkable for his ease and his unusual capability of standing still. The part of Charmides contains in one scene remarkable difficulties, which were most creditably met. An improvement might possibly be made in one point of the grouping. When one of the characters is overhearing the conversation of others—a frequent situation—it would be well to put a little more life into his demeanour and attitude, care being taken at the same time to avoid restlessness.

The Epilogue, as of wont, deals satirically with passing events. There is much ingenuity in the consecutive stringing together of such apparently incongruous subjects as railway abuses, the competitive examination mania, the new pronunciation of Latin, and the Transit of Venus. The verses in which the clever conceits are clothed are neat and smart. The Prologue touched in appropriate and feeling terms upon the honours and deaths of old Westminsters, and other subjects of general interest.

THE PATENT-LAW.

THE Lord Chancellor has received a deputation from the Inventors' Institute on the subject of the Patent-law, has heard what the members wished to say, and has assured them that he takes great interest in the subject. It is now a year and a half since a Committee of the House of Commons made a Report on this subject, containing certain recommendations, and it may be supposed that the time has come for legislation upon the basis of that Report. We should have thought, indeed, that there need not have been any delay, because even those persons who desire to abolish all Patent-laws would probably concede that, if those laws are to be maintained, they ought to be amended. The deputation told the Lord Chancellor nothing that he did not know, or might not have known before. The arguments for and against Patent-laws are all collected in the two Reports of the Committee for 1871-2, and Lord Cairns has had as counsel and judge abundant opportunities of observing the absurdity and expense of the present system. When it is stated that the hearing of a patent case in Chancery took thirty-three days and cost 15,000*l.*, the necessity for some amendment of the law has been adequately demonstrated.

The proposed reform, like many others, resolves itself into the creation of several places with comfortable pay. The deputation proposed "a public department under a high official, to institute a preliminary examination into all applications for patents, so as to ascertain whether the proposed invention was new and related to something that was useful." It is expected that the fees payable on patents would cover the cost of this establishment, and if it can be rendered self-supporting, Ministers may easily reconcile themselves to the necessity of making several valuable appointments. It is also suggested that every patentee should be obliged to grant licences on "fair terms," and to decide what are fair terms would be another branch of business of the same establishment. It is urged that a complete and convenient Museum of Patents, like that at Washington, would be valuable, and that, for the relief of poor inventors, the fees on patents ought to be reduced. A member of the deputation observed that "the artisans of the Anglo-Saxon race were equal to any in the world, but it was necessary that they should have a fair start in the race of competition." It appears hardly worth while to occupy the time of the Lord Chancellor in listening to this kind of talk, particularly as he must have heard it all before. But we will assume that a Museum of Patents generally available would be a harmless, and probably useful, institution; and if it can be maintained out of fees paid by patentees, let it be established. It is said that, if patents could be had cheaply and easily, many frivolous patents would be taken out; but at worst they would only occupy space in the Museum. And there may be a variety of opinions as to whether a patent is frivolous. It is stated that a patent was granted in America for the fifth wheel of a coach, and, said a witness before the Committee of the House of Commons, "such a patent may not be very valuable, but I do not think it is likely to stand in the way of any other improvement that comes after it," and so it did not much matter whether it was granted or not. The same witness mentioned a patent for a spittoon, which in this country, he said, is not an important thing, but in the United States is of the utmost value, and many fortunes have been realized from spittoons. There are 15,000 patents granted yearly in America, and it is feared or hoped that under an improved system as many would be granted here. The Commissioners or Examiners would, we presume, have some discretion to refuse frivolous

patents, and, with that proviso, we do not see that an increase of the number of patents would be an evil. There are, undeniably, some strong objections to the system of granting patents, but if these objections be overruled, it will scarcely be contended that the system ought to be checked in its operation by unnecessary difficulties. Working-men in general appear to favour patents, and many instances might be produced in which they have derived benefit from the existing system. Mr. Mundella told the Committee, as the result of his observation, that every successful invention has conferred a benefit on the inventor and on the public, while unsuccessful inventions have only conferred loss and injury on the patentees. In the hosiery and lace trade Mr. Mundella says that nine out of ten inventions have been made by workmen. He found a working-man with a little circular machine in a wretched garret. He was ill, full of rheumatism, and almost starving, and yet he had got a capital machine. Mr. Mundella saw at once that it was a good invention, took the man into his own employment, patented the machine, and gave the inventor one-third of the profit, which amounted to 300*l.* Many similar instances might be given, and they go far to show the value of a Patent-law. On the other hand, it has been urged with much force that a kind of epidemic of inventions sometimes breaks out, and that if one man is not seized with the malady, another man certainly will be. Those who hold this view are obliged, however, to admit that inventions really worthy of the name are sometimes made and deserve to be rewarded; and when they concede that they go a long way towards admitting the utility of a Patent-law. Thus, a witness mentioned the article of sulphuric acid, and he thought that, if M. Gay-Lussac had not invented the process which he patented, somebody else would. But the same witness, referring to the "invention of sending messages by electricity," thought that inventions of that class ought to be well rewarded. The difficulty would be to define the class and to settle the reward. The Committee, after hearing many able expositions of these conflicting views, decided that the privilege conferred by patents promotes the progress of manufactures, by causing many important inventions to be introduced and developed more rapidly than would otherwise be the case. The same privilege leads to the introduction and publication of numerous improvements, each of a minor character, but the sum of which contributes greatly to the progress of industry. The Committee further resolved that, in the absence of the protection of patents, the competition of manufacturers amongst themselves would doubtless lead to the introduction of improved processes and machinery, but that it would probably be less rapid than under the stimulus of a Patent-law. They further resolved that the granting of pecuniary rewards could not be substituted with advantage to the public interest for the temporary privilege conferred by letters-patent.

The Committee further resolved that the existing Patent-law and its administration are in many respects defective, and require considerable improvement in the interests of the public, of manufacturers, and of inventors. They recommended that protection for a limited period, and dating back to the time at which it is applied for, should only be granted for an invention on its nature and particular points of novelty being clearly described in a provisional specification, and upon the report of a competent authority that such invention, so far as can be ascertained by such authority, is new and is a manufacture within the meaning of the law. This recommendation appears so reasonable that any man unacquainted with English habits might wonder that a year and a half should be allowed to elapse without attempting to carry it into effect. As we have already said, there are two opinions whether there should be a Patent-law, but there cannot be two opinions whether, if there be such a law, it ought to be made reasonable and practically useful. The deputation to the Lord Chancellor repeated the recommendation of the Committee, with a few flourishes about the Anglo-Saxon race, and the Lord Chancellor cautiously intimated his hope that the Government might be able to place the Patent-laws on a better footing than that on which they now stand. One feels tempted to address Sir Antonio Brady in Haulest's words, "To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will." Enforce the recommendations of the Committee and introduce embellishments about the Anglo-Saxon race *ad libitum*. Your purpose is so reasonable, that you cannot quarrel with it by any caprice in the execution.

It is certainly not the fault of the deputation that they could find nothing to say that was at once new and important. In fact, the subject has been thoroughly discussed. The time for talk has passed, and the time for action has more than come. Mr. James Howard informed the Lord Chancellor that, while taking out a patent in America, he was struck with the superiority of the American system to our own. The Lord Chancellor is probably too busy to read blue-books, and, even if he knew, he could not consistently with politeness have informed Mr. Howard that the story he was about to tell had been a year and a half in print. But then it is in the very words in which Mr. Howard told it to the Lord Chancellor. The process which is called ripening of public opinion has now been adequately performed in reference to the Patent-laws, as is shown by the fact that a deputation can only repeat, with additional solemnity, recommendations which have been urged a hundred times before. There was indeed one item of novelty produced by this deputation. An International Congress on Patent-laws was held at Vienna, and the representative of England at this Congress presented a copy of his Report to the Lord Chancellor. It may perhaps suffice to endeavour to bring about an amendment of our own law before troubling

ourselves as to the laws of other countries. But recent experience does not inspire confidence in "international" proceedings of any kind. If foreigners see their way to obtain useful concessions from us, they will doubtless go into Congresses with alacrity; but otherwise not. An assimilation in the law and practice of various countries as to inventions is certainly desirable, and it can probably be obtained if this country is prepared to make unlimited concessions.

"EMINENTLY RELIABLE."

WE have always had a strong conviction that an educated Englishman—that is, an Englishman who has been at school and is supposed to have been educated—who can bring himself to use, we cannot say the word, for it is not a word, but that absurd and stupid vulgarism, "reliable," must have a screw loose somewhere; and a curious illustration of this theory has just occurred. The other day the Rev. H. Temple West wrote a letter to say that a statement which he had made, and the truth of which had been challenged, was based on authority which was "eminently reliable." What Mr. West meant, and, if he had been able to write the English language correctly, would have said, was no doubt that his information rested on authority upon which he thought he could rely; but he made the mistake of applying to this authority an adjective which less improperly might have been applied to himself. A reliable person, if such a phrase is admissible at all, is clearly a person who is able to rely, and not a person who is capable of being relied upon. Mr. West would certainly seem to have a remarkable faculty of reliability, though the visionary nature of what he relies upon has been only too clearly demonstrated. He has now had brought home to him in a particularly unpleasant way the difference between "reliable" and trustworthy, and it may be hoped that both his syntax and his manners will thereby be improved. However, we had better go back to the beginning of the story, and exhibit in chronological sequence the various incidents of the clerical comedy which has just been played for the amusement of the public at a very dull season.

It appears that at a recent meeting to discuss the affairs of the Church, Mr. West, in order to show how little was to be hoped for from the Bishops when the Church was in danger, made some startling revelations as to the secret history of the Public Worship Act of last Session. It is known that Mr. Gladstone was very much opposed, among other things, to the clause in the Bill allowing an appeal from a Bishop to an Archbishop, and when it was passed in the House of Commons an attempt was naturally made to get rid of it in the House of Lords. Mr. West here gives us a little glimpse behind the scenes. Mr. Gladstone, he said, went to his friends the Bishops of Ely and Winchester, and told them, "If this question as to the Archbishops is carried, then I am perfectly free as to Disestablishment." This very much alarmed the two Bishops, and telegrams—so Mr. West's story ran—were at once despatched to "the absent members of the Episcopate" entreating them to "Come up and vote on the appeal; Disestablishment touched by it." He went on to say that to this appeal one prelate, whose name he would not mention, replied, "Very sorry; can't come; have got a garden-party." And that, Mr. West added, pointing the moral of the story, "was the grave way in which their Lordships regarded the interests of the Church." The story was received with laughter by the meeting, and was probably regarded as only a humorous way of saying that some of the Bishops were not quite so zealous in supporting the Church as they should be. Mr. West's speech, however, got into one of the religious papers, and was thence copied into the profane organs of opinion. Here it attracted the attention of the Bishops, who have perhaps no time to read religious papers. The Bishop of Oxford, though not personally referred to, assumed that he was included among the absent members of the Episcopate who were alleged to have received the famous telegram. Admitting that he was absent at the time in question, he denied that he had ever received any telegram, or had even heard of one being sent to any of his brethren. Next day the Bishop of Winchester, who had been expressly named by Mr. West, came forward with a still more indignant contradiction: "Whether Mr. West," he said, "heard or invented this"—that is, the story of the telegram and the garden-party—"I have no means of knowing; but I do know that it is untrue." The Bishop must have meant that the story was untrue as far as he was concerned—that is, as far as the alleged sending of the telegram was concerned; but he can hardly have intended to pledge himself for the whole of the Episcopate Bench.

On the following day, the Bishops of Oxford and Winchester having repudiated any connexion with the matter, the Bishop of Peterborough, another of the absent Bishops, published a correspondence which he had had with Mr. West, and which must have left that gentleman in a very confused and uncomfortable condition. Dr. Magee first wrote to Mr. West to know whether he had been correctly reported in the *Church Times*; and, if so, on what authority he had made a statement which, as far as he (the Bishop) was concerned, was absolutely untrue. To this Mr. West replied that he thought he was in the main correctly reported, and that his authority for what he had said was "eminently reliable," but he respectfully declined to give it. He added that he did not intend to refer to "all the absent members of the Episcopate." Upon this the Bishop of Peterborough proceeded to

turn up his sleeves and to administer the castigation to which he thought the culprit was entitled, and it must be admitted that nothing could be more thorough or artistic. Each cut is planted exactly in the right place, and one can almost fancy one sees the wales rising in purple ridges under a succession of extremely vigorous and hearty strokes. The Bishop begins by remarking that Mr. West seems to consider himself justified in bringing a public accusation against a limited number of persons whom he had carefully and unmistakably described in general terms, and then in refusing to give his authority on the ground that no names were mentioned—"a refinement in the art of false accusation more to be admired for its ingenuity than imitated for its morality." And then he goes on to show that, whatever his intention, Mr. West in point of fact did refer to all the absent members of the Episcopate; and he winds up with an expression of regret that a clergyman of standing and character should have placed himself "in the humiliating position of having made a public accusation couched in studiously offensive terms, which he has neither the ability to prove nor the candour to withdraw." And having thus whipped the offending child, the Bishop plants him in homely fashion on the cold pavement of reflection. It would appear that, under the influence of this smarting discipline, Mr. West has been led to reconsider his views as to what constitutes, in his ungrammatical jargon, an "eminently reliable" authority. He has now discovered by painful experience that an authority may be, what he calls, reliable without being such as any one is able to rely upon. "On reading the Bishop of Winchester's letter," he says, "I at once endeavoured to produce evidence of the truthfulness of my statement. I regret to say that I am unable to produce that evidence, and so must be content to remain in the position of a man who, on authority which he believes to be sufficient, has made a statement which he is unable to substantiate."

The position in which Mr. West thus exhibits himself is obviously not a particularly dignified or enviable one, but his blundering is no doubt sufficiently accounted for by that mental confusion which is also betrayed by his use of the word "reliable," without supposing any serious moral delinquency. The difficulties in which he has entangled himself are a very good illustration of the way in which "good things" get about, and the danger of taking them up too seriously. The story of the Bishop who could not come to the defence of the Church because he had to make talk for young ladies at a croquet-party was of course intended as a sort of comic version of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, and as a passing joke might have been overlooked. If Mr. West, when the truth of the story was questioned, had explained that it was only a humorous echo of the light gossip of the day, and that he did not insist upon its literal accuracy, there would have been no more to be said. On the other hand, if Mr. West meant it seriously, he should have taken pains to verify its truth, and it is evident that, on his own admission, he neglected to do so till too late. There are generally a number of good stories in circulation which may be used very aptly to enliven an argument, but which it is perilous to accept as genuine history. Moreover, in acknowledging that he has no authority to produce, Mr. West should have extended the apology which he makes to the Bishops of Winchester and Ely to the other "absent members of the Episcopate" who were equally implicated in the story which he has been the means of spreading. While, however, Mr. West has certainly, as he admits, placed himself in an indefensible position, it may be doubted whether there was really any necessity for the warmth of indignation with which the Bishops have repudiated a "shave," which was perhaps hardly worth their notice. It is strange to find so small a matter exciting so much anger in celestial minds. A little more philosophy would perhaps have tempered the expression of their wrath. After all, there will, we fear, still be people capable of believing that the Bishop who had a garden-party, and, like the man in a more solemn parable, couldn't come, is not a myth, but a reality. Stories of this kind are like the dust of the road, which is sure to be blown about whenever there is a little wind, and which is least irritating when taken quietly and good-naturedly.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

WE are again met by the difficulty of determining what is an exhibition and what is a shop. The line of demarcation between the two is becoming year by year less clearly defined. For example, we enter certain so-called Winter Exhibitions in which the pictures are removed as soon as sold. The most marketable commodities are naturally first hung so as to attract the eyes of customers; then the blanks on the line occasioned by purchases are from time to time filled up by works which lay on the day of opening a little in the background, and afterwards there always remains a relay of further products in the cellar or the garret ready to keep the Gallery going through the season. A catalogue is found favourable, if not essential, to this sort of trading. Confidence is inspired when a subject or a master is put deliberately into print; but the visitor soon finds out that the names and numbers are in confusion. Sometimes his difficulties in the way of identification have been kindly diminished by manuscript interlineations made by the proprietor or his clerk; but just in proportion as the speculative Gallery is securing a commercial success, does the catalogue of yesterday become a thing of the past. Now such undertakings—which of late are on the increase—being

little else than shops in disguise, the question arises whether they ought to obtain more notice than the rooms of auctioneers. In their favour it may be pleaded that the works are usually well selected, that the arrangements are judicious and in tolerable taste, and that the public do not show themselves loth to appreciate the good fare which tempts their pockets. In contrast are those Winter Exhibitions which, instead of being under the direction of dealers, remain in the hands of artists, and for these last most sympathy is usually felt. Indeed a dealer may in these times almost consider himself an ill-used man; he is pointed to as a being who does not so much promote as prey upon the rising and struggling talent of the day. And we trust the period may never come when artists will not be strong enough to maintain independent exhibitions on their own account; for, notwithstanding the notorious jealousies and rivalries in the profession, artists are the best judges of good art, and the most generous in dealing with the least successful of their brethren, and even the want of business habits which tells sometimes against the success of these independent exhibitions may be passed over leniently as among the faults which lean to virtue's side. We have already noticed the Dudley Gallery; to the list of genuine artists' exhibitions wherein the price paid by the purchaser suffers no deduction at the hands of a middle tradesman may be added those of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours and the Society of British Artists. We are sorry not to be able at present to include the Old Water Colour Society in this category, inasmuch as the usual exhibition is this season delayed by the erection of a pretentious façade to the Gallery.

The Winter Exhibitions now open comprise a total of more than two thousand works, of which upwards of nine hundred find a place in the spacious Gallery of the Society of British Artists. As to the last, we are bound to say that we have never seen so many pictorial platitudes congregated in one spot; the amount of canvas spoilt and paint wasted shows how disastrous it is for youths to enter the art profession when destitute of talent. And the saddest part of this long-established exhibition is that the old members seem past praying for, while the younger aspirants do not see the need of close study as the preliminary to an assured career. Thus one of the cleverest pictures of the season, "Ecclesiastics" (231), by Mr. Calthrop, lacks drawing in the hands and care in the details; the noble Gothic cloister, with venerable monks in procession, affords a capital opportunity for a striking pictorial effect, but the characters are over-drawn; they are as exaggerated as the monks of M. Gustave Doré; the artist had the power to carry his work further, but he apparently preferred to stop short in order to save himself trouble. The following pictures may be enumerated as fairly good in their way:—"Preparing for a Festival" (62), by Mr. J. H. Walker; a scene from *Iphigenia in Aulis* (171), by Mr. Alabaster; "Girl with Strawberries" (192), by Miss M. Backhouse; "Autumn Idleness" (208), by Mrs. L. Jopling; "The Bandit" (256), by Miss G. Cruickshank; "A Quiet Pool on the Ilgwy" (82), and "The Mawddach Valley" (173), by Mr. James Peel.

The ninth exhibition of "Sketches and Studies" by members of the Institute of Water Colours is neither better nor worse than its predecessors. Again the complaint is heard that finished drawings vastly preponderate over genuine artists' jottings taken on the spot. Sketching, in the old sense of the word, is in fact fast becoming an extinct art, except among amateurs; the preliminary studies made of the figure and the tentative feeling of the way step by step to complex compositions—practices common among the old masters in the thorough student times—are now obsolete. We fear too that commercial considerations prevent artists from showing what they cannot sell to most advantage; a drawing doctored in the studio is naturally more dressy and presentable than a thought roughly noted down at the moment of inspiration; yet one such impulsive product, instinct with intention, is worth a whole gallery of mediocre drawings done drowsily between wake and sleep. As a favourable exception we gladly point to Miss Thompson's "Sketch for a Figure in a Drawing of the 10th Bengal Lancers at Tent-peering" (351). This lady, who, it will be remembered, made a *coup de force* in the last Academy Exhibition, was certainly not suffering from reaction or collapse when she threw off with dashing hand this Bengal Lancer rushing headlong at full speed, neck or nothing. This brilliant impromptu carries all before it; no horse in the circus is swifter; no trooper firmer in saddle; no Janissary of old more stern in resolve. The artist proves her knowledge and power by leaving this "sketch" simply as it was first struck off. We need not say that sight could not alone have sufficed; a horse tearing along at any number of miles an hour cannot be drawn in transit. This sketch is necessarily an effort of memory, and the accumulative product of persistent observation. We have heard the usual objection made to the action of the steed; but the artist is probably herself the best judge of horseflesh; and on a previous occasion she was able to defend herself on the moot question of how a horse manages to move at all. Yet we think she has made a mistake in submitting to public view that essentially embryonic effort "Charge! A reminiscence of the Life Guards at Wimbledon" (314). This is every way below the mark of the well-trained battle-painters in Paris. It is understood that Miss Thompson's election into the Institute was not of her own seeking; the honour was accepted with an explanation that her present commissions would preclude her from preparing any work expressly for the exhibition. We can but wish that other artists would give like gleanings from their portfolios. In this Gallery the screens are often favoured

with interesting waifs and strays of genius; thus, in addition to the contributions of Miss Thompson, appear some original sketches by Mr. Tenniel for the cartoons in *Punch* (313, 317, 318). What is meant by the word "finished" we do not quite understand; we would rather have seen these drawings in their first estate; the finish is now rather too much that of a lithograph; the pluck and the spirit which characterize the pen-and-ink designs of Leech are wanting. But much to be commended as unusual in this often lawless sphere of art are the correct, and even the severe, drawing of the figures, the symmetric balance, the compactness, and concentration of the composition. Few designers have had so happy a knack of concisely telling a story, or of neatly pointing a moral within the narrow compass of a page. It would appear, too, that Mr. Tenniel composes, at least occasionally, the piquant letterpress which in these cartoons fits so aptly the illustration, the one accentuating the point and amplifying the meaning of the other. Thus below the cartoon of Mr. Disraeli, laughing jeeringly, and of Mr. Gladstone, frowning sternly, we read the following:—

The Two Augurs.

DISRAELI. I always wonder, brother, how we chief augurs can meet on the opening day *without laughing*.

GLADSTONE. I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother, and the remark savours of flippancy.

The number of foreign pictures which come to try their fortune in London is ever on the increase. We noticed in a former article the French Gallery in Pall Mall, and Mr. McLean's collection in the Haymarket. To these we now add the New British Institution, Old Bond Street, in which Belgian pictures preponderate; the Society of French Artists, New Bond Street; and the Flemish Gallery, King Street, Covent Garden. This last, the most recent of speculations, includes artists of all nations. In these and other like Galleries the contributions often meet the eye as old acquaintances. Pictures in these days are accustomed to make the tour of Europe; they pass from hand to hand as a sort of paper currency, to be changed on favourable occasions into gold or silver coin. One reason, we imagine, why this traffic is on the increase may be that there is more margin left for profit; dealers manage to buy cheap and sell dear; a principle which Adam Smith taught as a first maxim in political economy, and therefore, we presume, also in successful picture-dealing. Moreover, the derangement of national commerce and the loss of private fortunes during the late war have doubtless brought to London a great influx of pictures and picture-dealers. The consequent advantages and disadvantages are about evenly balanced. Certainly the best of our English artists do not suffer under the competition, but those in the second class are weakened. Another point for observation is that the dealers find it good policy to bring from time to time new aspirants into the field. Thus, when they have got up a ruin for MM. Corot, Daubigny, Isabey, Ribot, Robert Fleury, Alfred Stevens, Troyon, Toulmoche, Willens, Ziem, and others, they next advertise unknown artists as favourite pupils or as the great men of the future. By these mercantile expedients it is to be feared that the standard of foreign works is under constant process of being lowered, and with it the standard of public taste. On the other hand, the average merit of English pictures is known to be yearly rising. On the whole, we think English art a better investment than Continental.

Once again M. Gustave Doré forces himself on our notice; the fresh importations from Paris lose none of their power of attraction for London sightseers. M. Doré has never been quite a prophet in his own country, he fails at home to attain the highest distinction. Why is it, then, that "Christ leaving the Pretorium," "Christian Martyrs," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Massacre of the Innocents," and "The Soldiers of the Cross," please the British public? One reason is that the majority of people know no better; so long as they receive pleasurable sensations they are satisfied, without caring to analyse causes or effects; they do not stop to ask whether the forms are incorrect or ignoble, whether the details are slurred, or whether the sensational incidents, the surprises of light and the violent contrasts of colour, have not been got at the cheapest cost of study. Yet these considerations, which affect the judgment of artists, may account for the humble position hitherto held by this too brilliant painter in Paris. But the public at large continue notwithstanding to be attracted by compositions illumined by footlights and arranged as drop-scenes on the stage. To deny genius to this artist were to go too far; our objection is, and always has been, that he does injustice to his powers; he could "do better if he would take more pains." "The Massacre of the Innocents," a subject which specially needs to be treated with moderation, is a medley and an extravaganza made all the more obnoxious by its monstrous size. Vast scale—the lowest of expedients—is the common device of barbarous nations. But a great artist can be grand even in miniature—a secret which M. Doré has still to learn. He holds indeed the ordinary canons of art in absolute contempt, and yet the materials he uses are commonplace. "The Dream of Pilate's Wife" recalls in its chief character the well-known stage scene of Lady Macbeth walking in sleep, with the addition of a full-fledged angel, and the intrusion of a cross on an inaccessible summit illumined as by the lime-light. There was once a machine for grinding out poetry; M. Doré must be in possession of some such patent for his pictures. One of the least objectionable of these assailable compositions is "The Soldiers of the Cross." The conception is sufficiently imposing; countless multitudes file in long array among the hills and valleys of Palestine; the panorama is Miltonic. This and ana-

logous scenes, especially some grand agglomerations of mountains, torrents, and pine forests, prove M. Doré to be a poet. It is a pity that he interweaves into his finer fabric so much fustian.

THE THEATRES.

DURING this week Shakspeare has resumed possession of Drury Lane Theatre, and the dreary monotony of grand spectacular drama has been relieved by the performance of three plays which have been for long unseen upon those boards. It seems strange that the lessee, with several competent actors in his company, should persist in denying them proper scope for the exercise of their talents. The notion that a play of Shakspeare will not nowadays attract without spectacle is easily answered by observing that processions and scenery *ad libitum* may be exhibited in almost any of his plays, and neither of these adjuncts is necessarily exclusive of good acting. We believe that the attraction of *Richard Cœur de Lion* rather failed latterly, and it is wonderful that the manager did not introduce, as he easily might, some variety into his programme. If this were done on only one night in the week it would afford to residents in London the opportunity of going occasionally to this theatre. The grand spectacle of the season will bear at most a single visit.

The choice of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* for Mr. Anderson's benefit was not particularly happy, and we doubt whether the production of the same play at the Gaiety Theatre with Mr. Phelps as Falstaff will be a profitable experiment. The adventures of Falstaff in this play are not comparable in interest to those of Gadshill and Shrewsbury, and the fun which depends on the Welsh parson and the French doctor is somewhat tedious. Mr. Anderson, however, played not only Falstaff for his own benefit on Monday, but also Polonius on Tuesday, and Mercutio on Wednesday, and he played these three dissimilar parts equally well. It would be strange if an actor who played Othello and Orlando under Mr. Macready's management of this theatre some thirty years ago could not do as much as this; but if Mr. Anderson is content to bluster in King Richard for three continuous months, people may begin to think that he can do nothing but make a noise, and that would be a great mistake. He has the frame on which a magnificent Falstaff may be built, and his face and voice adapt themselves well to the part, but perhaps he showed more fully his capacity as an actor in the secondary parts in which he afterwards appeared. It is a lesson for younger actors to see a veteran like Mr. Anderson doing his very best in such a character as Polonius, and yet doing it unobtrusively. The success of his Mercutio was unmistakable, and, like every good actor of the past, he made the audience regret that inexorable necessity kills this lively gentleman in the third act. The performances of Tuesday and Wednesday were for the benefits respectively of Mr. Creswick and Miss Wallis, who, with Mr. Anderson, have contributed whatever dramatic element there was in the spectacular entertainment of the last three months. Mr. Creswick appeared as Hamlet, and the comparison which he thus challenged with Mr. Irving will not, we think, be disadvantageous. So much nonsense, to speak plainly, has been written about Mr. Irving, that people will perhaps hear with surprise that there is another actor who in his great part is not so very far behind him. We think, however, that Hamlet is not a part eminently suited to Mr. Creswick, and he is at some disadvantage compared with Mr. Irving in point of age. It must be added that his Hamlet is more "stagy," while Mr. Irving shows more independent study. Mr. Creswick was supported not only by Mr. Anderson in Polonius, but also by Mr. Henry Marston in the Ghost, a part in which that veteran actor excels. Without approving the levity of the expression, we may repeat a remark which was actually made, that "the Drury Lane Ghost beat the Lyceum Ghost into fits." The performance at Drury Lane, taken as a whole, was as good, or nearly as good, as that at the Lyceum, and had the advantage of a larger house. The inexorable demands of pantomime expel Shakspeare from Drury Lane after the present week, and therefore there can be no further opportunity of convincing the public that more than one actor can play Hamlet tolerably. Mr. Creswick naturally desired that his own son should play at his benefit, but by putting him into the part of Laertes he gave inconvenient prominence to the fact that he who was playing Hamlet is no longer a young man. In the fencing scene, the Queen's remark that Hamlet is fat and scant of breath is only too true, and when father and son meet point to point, it is manifestly any odds upon Laertes. We had occasion lately to speak of this fencing scene at the Lyceum, and we spoke in terms of general and very moderate commendation. If we had spoken more particularly, we should have said, what will be approved, we think, by every competent observer, that such merit as there is belongs wholly to Laertes. It is manifest that Mr. Irving has not taken the trouble to realize in practice that which he may be supposed to know theoretically, and exactly the same remark might be made upon Mr. Creswick. An impartial critic might be puzzled to award the palm for awkwardness between these two aspirants to the highest honours of the stage. Of the two young men the Laertes of Mr. Leathes is superior to that of Mr. Creswick, jun., but both suffer from the unskilfulness of their opponents. The trot at which Mr. Creswick advances to grapple with his son is about as unlike the movements of the fencing-school as anything that can be conceived. The absurdity is the more glaring because of the disquisition on exel-

lence at weapons which immediately precedes the match. At both houses, on observing how "short" Hamlet goes, a prudent spectator would proceed to hedge his money.

Miss Wallis, who appeared as Juliet on Wednesday night, gave perhaps a better impression of her talent by her acting of the part of Mrs. Ford on Monday. Besides Mr. Anderson in Mercutio, she had the help of Mr. Ryder in Friar Laurence, in which part his excellence is well known. He, like Mr. Marston in the Ghost, appeared "for this occasion only," but it may be supposed that the manager might obtain the assistance of both these valuable artists if he desired it, and he probably would desire it if he found that the public encouraged efforts to produce adequate representations of standard plays. Unfortunately every actor of any capacity desires to have a theatre to himself in which he may be undeniably chief, and may enjoy the undivided applause of so-called critics. The example of Mr. Anderson in undertaking secondary parts may help to bring about a more healthy practice, and it may be hoped that the manager of Drury Lane Theatre will be encouraged by the experience of this week to infuse a little more novelty into his programme for next season. If Mr. Halliday or anybody else can construct another grand spectacular drama out of the works in prose or poetry of Sir Walter Scott, the manager is of course at liberty to deal in the commodity which pays him best. But when it begins to pay him not quite so well, he should have some variety in store. It would be easy, for example, to produce *King Henry IV.*, in which Mr. Anderson and Mr. Creswick would be certain to support creditably the parts of Falstaff and the King, and there could be as much accessory splendour as the manager chose to pay for. Poetry and pageantry are not necessarily inconsistent, and if the public taste demands Shakspeare at Drury Lane Theatre, this week's experience shows that an efficient company may be collected without difficulty.

We wish rather than hope that Mr. Phelps and his associates may make the *Merry Wives of Windsor* an attractive play at the Gaiety Theatre. The production of a play of Shakspeare at this house to-night is noteworthy, even if it be only as a stopgap in the absence of Mr. Toole. Last Saturday afternoon Miss Helen Faucit appeared as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Haymarket, and that useful actor Mr. Creswick was Benedick. On Thursday an efficient company, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, produced *As You Like It* at the Crystal Palace, and during the same week there have been five nights of Shakspeare at Drury Lane, and *Hamlet* is to be performed every night until further notice at the Lyceum. Next week, of course, Shakspeare and everything else must give way at the Crystal Palace to pantomime. But in due season we may expect to see the series of comedies continued. As the regular audience at the Palace is to some extent the same, the performances are necessarily varied. Any manager who does not insist on a long run deserves encouragement.

Among the few successful novelties of the season must be mentioned Mr. Gilbert's little piece called *Sweethearts*, which begins the evening at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The manager of this house earnestly, but ineffectually, desires that the audience could find it convenient to be seated before the curtain rises. The nuisance of late arrivals is probably incurable, and nowhere can it be experienced in greater perfection than at the Lyceum, where the scene between Hamlet and the Ghost is nightly spoiled by it. If it is worth while to see *Hamlet*, one would think it must be worth while to see the whole. Mr. Gilbert's "dramatic contrast" is followed at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by *Society*, the first of those comedies in which the late Mr. Robertson so pleasantly represented the manners of our time. Paternal or maternal government has advanced so far in London that the "owl's nest," if it exists, must now be cleared out punctually at half an hour after midnight, and the habit of resorting to such a place for beer or brandy and water after a ball is as obsolete as arrest for debt, which was a favourite incident in the comedy of our fathers. The lesson of the Gaiety Theatre makes the curious announcement that he will open the Holborn Amphitheatre to-night as a "cheap and comfortable West-end theatre." We doubt whether the most spirited and capable of managers could make Holborn the West-end, but by all means let us have as much cheapness and comfort as we can get. The high prices of London theatres are mainly fixed nobody can exactly tell why. One or two small houses with exceptional reputation have even ventured to raise their terms above the others. But in general prices are absurdly high, looking at the character of the entertainment. It would be far better to have two persons in the house at half-a-crown each than one person at five shillings, because any play goes much better with a full house. As some leading members of the Gaiety company are to be transferred to the Amphitheatre, the performance is likely to be up to the average, and as the prices will be lower, a real cheapening will be effected.

REVIEWS.

MARTIN'S LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

MR. MARTIN has accomplished the first portion of his difficult task with a success which could scarcely have been

* *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

anticipated. His biography of Prince Albert would be valuable and instructive even if it were addressed to remote and indifferent readers who had no special interest in the English Court or in the Royal Family. Prince Albert's actual celebrity is inseparably associated with the high position which he occupied, but his claim to permanent reputation depends on the moral and intellectual qualities which were singularly adapted to the circumstances of his career. In any rank of life he would probably have attained distinction; but his prudence, his self-denial, and his aptitude for acquiring practical knowledge could scarcely have found a more suitable field of exercise than in his peculiar situation as the unacknowledged head of a constitutional monarchy. He was content to dispense with popular fame, and to wait patiently for opportunities of acquiring solid power. There can be no better illustration of the advantages of hereditary royalty than the Prince Consort's identification of unwavering attachment to the Queen with single-minded devotion to the national welfare. Personal loyalty was in his case wholly indistinguishable from public spirit. As a wise and thoughtful master of a house, he found it necessary to be also a dispassionate statesman. Happy in the unbounded affection and confidence which he inspired at home, he was singularly fortunate in his early political teachers. Baron Stockmar, his first political instructor, and for many years his judicious adviser, never ceased to present to him a high standard of responsibility; but he probably learned more from the English Ministers with whom he first transacted business than from any professed tutor. Lord Melbourne, whose affectionate interest in the Queen extended to her husband, if he cannot be counted in the first rank of statesmen, was a thorough Englishman and a consummate man of the world. When he left office in 1841 Lord Melbourne, with characteristic plainness of speech, told the Queen that he had thought her early praises of the Prince overstrained, but that he had found she was perfectly in the right. Sir Robert Peel, who soon overcame the coldness with which he was at first regarded at Court, was not only the ablest Minister of his time, but the most unselfish for himself and for his party. In the eloquent words of the Queen, he was "a man of unbounded loyalty, courage, patriotism, and high-mindedness." During his five years' tenure of office Prince Albert had constant opportunities of studying in its best form the art of government, which in a free country consists not only in the production of beneficent measures, but in the direction of public and Parliamentary opinion. Baron Stockmar, who, notwithstanding his familiar knowledge of English affairs, always regarded them from the point of view of a foreigner, in a letter to the Prince Consort blamed Peel for having done nothing during his term of office to increase the influence of the Crown. Prince Albert, with sounder judgment, replied that even in the agitation caused by the repeal of the Corn-laws there had been a widespread feeling that, "amid all the general confusion and heat of party, at least one person has remained calm and free from party spirit, that person being the Queen." In the same letter he adds, "To my mind the exaltation of Royalty is possible only through the personal character of the Sovereign. When a person enjoys complete confidence, we desire for him more power also and influence in the conduct of affairs. But confidence is of slow growth." The Prince was perhaps ambitious, and, if he had lived, he would have become the most powerful person in England, although he would have effaced himself, exercising his authority in the name of another. In the precocity of his early manhood he had been admitted by grey-haired statesmen into the inmost secrets of politics and diplomacy, and from the first he took pains to form and express on behalf of the Sovereign an independent opinion on all important questions. As he grew older, he accumulated vast experience as a Minister who was never out of office. In a few years more he would have outlived his early political teachers and associates; and he would have possessed almost a monopoly of uninterrupted official traditions. While he was still young, Foreign Ministers proceeding to their posts were often astonished by the useful information which the Prince communicated to them on the private history and personal tendencies of the Courts to which they were accredited. The Prince's reputation, as was natural where public display was impossible, followed at a distance the progress of his character and the increase of his knowledge. It was known that every able man who was admitted to his society spoke highly of his powers and attainments; but the statements of courtiers and of the occasional frequenters of a Court are naturally accepted with a large deduction from their value. The vulgar prejudice against foreign influence from time to time revived among the ignorant part of the community, and those of a higher rank were sometimes irritated by the misdirected adulation which attended the Prince's less serious exertions. The laborious attention which was devoted to the great affairs of England and Europe would have been better appreciated if injudicious flatterers would have been less eager in glorifying the exploits of South Kensington. Nevertheless the general belief in the merits and in the beneficent influence of the Prince Consort was steadily growing, and by a natural process it expanded into sudden maturity when his fatal illness surprised the whole country with a feeling of dismay. If the Prince had then recovered, he would probably have been afterwards exempt from shallow depreciation, as he had already outlived harmless satire.

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sed vitam ex oculis querimus avidi.*

In judging of the letters and memorandums on various subjects

which are incorporated into Mr. Martin's narrative, it must be remembered that they were never intended for publication. A Memorandum intended for the King of Prussia on the means of promoting German unity, and a Memorandum to Lord John Russell on the proposed mission of Lord Minto to Italy, are State papers of a high order. On both questions the Prince differed in opinion from Lord Palmerston, with whom he seems never to have felt entire political sympathy. They agreed in wishing well to the efforts which were about that time made in different parts of Italy to introduce a more Liberal form of government; but while Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston proposed to give direct encouragement to the Italian Liberals, Prince Albert held that it would be better to warn Austria against interference in the internal affairs of the Papal States, of Tuscany, and of Rome. The result proved that the Prince was justified in his belief that the policy of the English Government would be misunderstood, and that the visit of a Cabinet Minister to Italy would be thought more significant than his recommendation of moderate counsels. The proposals included in the German Memorandum have since become obsolete and inapplicable; but the paper is interesting, not so much for its contents as on account of the Prince's reception of Stockmar's severe criticism on his interference in German affairs. Prince Albert considered it hopeless to destroy the adverse influence of Austria; but he wished that Prussia and the minor Princes should systematically augment the power of the Diet, and extend the area of the Customs Union. Lord Palmerston, although he favoured the cause of German unity, not unnaturally desired to preserve English trade with those States which had not yet adopted the prohibitive tariff of the Customs Union. Baron Stockmar had not seen the Memorandum when he addressed the Prince in terms of warning and almost of reproof. His first objection was weighty, and perhaps conclusive:—"A Prince of your political position ought, as an unvarying rule, to abstain from doing what is superfluous." It was not advisable that the virtual representative of English Royalty should address himself to a great question of policy in the capacity of a German Prince. The rest of the criticism forms a solitary exception to the spirit of the general correspondence. For once Baron Stockmar was dealing with a question in which he took a deeper interest than even in the welfare of his pupil. The most constant and loyal of personal adherents, he had been a German before he became the confidential adviser of King Leopold, of Prince Albert, and of the Queen. He now observed that the Prince, having left Germany in early youth, could have no sufficient knowledge of the wants and desires of the country; and he added that, as a cadet of a reigning House, the Prince was specially disqualified to form an impartial judgment. "None are so ignorant as our princes of what is going on in Germany, and hence their deficiency in just insight into their own true interests. This ignorance makes them cling blindly to their class prejudices and hereditary relations, and see in what is demanded of them in the real interests of the country only lawless desires on the part of the people and mischief and danger to themselves." The territorial sovereignty of the German princes had, as Stockmar showed, been originally founded on usurpation, and "it is not to be denied that public opinion among the middle classes in Germany is now anti-dynastic, and it is the existence of this opinion which creates the events and suggests the warnings which I have made bold to express." As an author, as a rising statesman already experienced in great affairs, and, above all, as a member of one of the most illustrious among the great historical families of Germany, Prince Albert might have been excused for some passing irritation against his austere censor; yet his answer begins, "I have duly received your letters, and I thank you for them with all my heart." "I quite understand that my announcement of a plan of regeneration has alarmed you, and I must acknowledge the weight of the reasons which you adduce as to my qualifications for calling such a plan into existence; only I think you have been misled by the expression, regeneration-plan." Prince Leiningen, whom he had consulted, had anticipated Stockmar's anti-dynastic views; and Prince Albert concurred in the same opinions, although he had confined himself in the Memorandum to the single object of adding strength to the Diet. The Prince's candour and good temper, and his steady concentration of mind on the main issue, are more admirable than the acutest of treatises on German affairs. It may be incidentally remarked that Mr. Martin's versions of the large portion of the Prince's correspondence which was written in German display a rare mastery of the idioms of both languages and of the art of translating. But for Stockmar's didactic and sententious method, and his habitual use of philosophical terminology, his letters might be attributed to an Englishman; nor is it possible to distinguish between Prince Albert's English and German letters. Mr. Martin has published felicitous translations from many languages; but he has seldom achieved a more difficult feat of the kind than in making Stockmar's style intelligible to English readers.

As it was an old legal maxim that these could not be a demurrer on a demurrer, it may perhaps be a literary canon that criticisms ought not to be criticized; yet it may be allowable to regret that nearly all the notices of Mr. Martin's book have assumed the form of abridgments. Graceful extracts from confidential letters, and touching domestic anecdotes, perhaps form the most popular portions of the biography; but when they are displaced from the context, injustice is done both to the narrative and to the character which it illustrates. Summaries of the chief events of Prince Albert's life are comparatively dull in themselves, and yet they diminish the interest of the fuller record. Mr.

Martin is not a compiler or an annalist, but an accomplished literary artist, who has deliberately made a selection from the rich materials at his disposal for the purpose and with the result of reproducing the definite impression which the study of his subject had made on himself. It is an unavoidable drawback from the merit of the picture which he has drawn that it was from the necessity of the case without shadow. The biographer was not himself personally acquainted with the Prince, and he has derived the greater part of his information from an authority which could not be, and ought not to have been, impartial. It may be conjectured that the faultless hero of an affectionate imagination was in truth subject to but few and venial defects. He may have been but in part to blame for the undoubted fact that, notwithstanding his extraordinary merit, he was never thoroughly popular. An unsleeping sense of duty and responsibility rarely finds expression in a genial and hearty manner. An observant courtier used to say that the Prince would be popular if he would shake hands without sticking his elbow close to his ribs. The symbol of imperfect cordiality, if not highly refined, was at least intelligible. Grave statesmen who discussed with the Prince business of high import, and men of science who found that he comprehended their larger theories and understood their technical language, were probably unconscious of the coldness of manner which was sometimes resented by a proud and punctilious aristocracy. It was impossible that on his first arrival the Prince should be thoroughly at his ease in an unfamiliar society; and shyness and stiffness tend to outlive the occasions by which they were at first explained and excused. If the Prince had grown old in his adopted country, any early dryness would have gradually relaxed, and the assumption of dignity which may formerly have seemed necessary to repress intrusion would, if it remained, have suited graver years. The position of a Prince just emerged from boyhood at the head of society in a foreign land was, if not unnatural, at least in the highest degree exceptional and artificial. For the capricious oscillations of popular favour Prince Albert was scarcely responsible. His domestic virtues were cordially recognized, and his activity in promoting exhibitions and schools of design was applauded by that part of the community which is tolerant of plausible innovations. On the other hand, it was suspected, without any reason except that of his foreign birth, that he despised English prejudices, and even that he was too ready to consider Continental interests. The craziest delusion of a credulous rabble found vent during the Crimean War in a sudden and unaccountable rumour that the Prince Consort had been sent to the Tower. Soon afterwards a peer was found to ask in the House of Lords whether the Prince was in the habit of seeing the despatches which were submitted to the Queen. Lord Aberdeen's reply that of course he saw them, and that he would continue to see them, at once silenced captious criticism and popular clamour, as Virgil's pinch of dust quieted the turbulence of the bees. If Prince Albert had any defect except imperfect graciousness of manner, it has been successfully concealed. Painters and sculptors were not unanimous in their estimate of his taste in their arts; but it would appear from a letter of Mendelssohn's, quoted by Mr. Martin in an appendix, that the Prince was both a sound musical critic and a skilful performer. It is not known that he had either considerable literary attainments or a love of literature. At Bonn he obtained the reputation of being an excellent fencer; and he was a fair rider and a good shot. His more serious merits have been partially obscured by the standard which he himself established. The position which he adorned and employed for the public good was the same in which a hundred and fifty years before Prince George of Denmark passed through obscurity to oblivion. In early youth unbounded facilities of enjoying luxury and splendour never for a moment diverted Prince Albert from the course of voluntary and laborious duty. Rare powers of acquisition, and an intelligence worthy of his conscientious resolution, enabled him to reach and to maintain the level of his exalted career. No man made fewer mistakes of judgment, and his disinterested zeal in the service of the Crown and the country was never at fault. In all the relations of domestic life he seems to have been perfect; but private goodness ought not to be celebrated so prominently as to distract attention from success in a larger sphere of action. Mr. Martin has not, like some of those who have published extracts from his work, confined his attention to the annals of the nursery or the boudoir. His biography will be one of the sources of information which will be used by future historians.

Another character will rise, if possible, in general esteem, through the worthy record of a life inseparably associated with her own. The extracts which Mr. Martin has been allowed to make from the Queen's letters and journals, though they are designed only to illustrate the history and character of the Prince Consort, have an independent interest of their own. The glimpses of a domestic life as beautiful as that of an idyl have been universally appreciated. Her Majesty's minute and picturesque account of her visit, in company with the Prince, to his house at Coburg would be interesting if it were the diary of a private person. The judgment which she formed of the characters of some of her Royal visitors, and especially of the Emperor Nicholas, have a still higher value; and her political utterances, though her opinions may have been cultivated and moulded by the Prince, are not those of a merely receptive intellect or of a neutral character. No more queenly sentiment has ever been expressed than in a letter to her uncle King Leopold written in April 1848. The Orleans family

had been driven from the throne; as the Prince wrote shortly before, at a time when rumour exaggerated events in themselves sufficiently alarming, "European war is at our door, France is ablaze in every quarter. . . . The Republic is declared, the army ordered to the frontier, the incorporation of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces proclaimed." Seditious demagogues were about in the following week to hold a meeting which, as they hoped, would lead to a revolution; and "from the first," as the Queen wrote, referring to her recent confinement, "I heard all that passed, and my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer and quieter or less nervous. Great events make me calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves." The courage which rises in the presence of danger, the presence of mind that is steady and confirmed by doubt and anxiety, are qualities which become a throne.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK OF ROME.*

IT is commonly understood at Rome that the real author of this book died lately at a very advanced age. As the book is anonymous, except so far as its preface is signed by initials, we might, by a kind of legal fiction, have held ourselves in no way bound to take any notice of this fact. But the fact is well known, and our only object in mentioning the book at all is to make some suggestions for the improvement of the twelfth edition, which, as it is also understood, is shortly forthcoming. What we have to say we shall therefore say from this point of view only. We point out the faults of the present edition in the hope that by so doing we may do something towards making the next edition better.

The first thing to be done is to have the book thoroughly revised and largely rewritten by a real scholar. The book, as it stands, has no pretensions to scholarship; it does not rise above the level of a *cicerone* of the higher class. As containing a great mass of information in a shape in which it may be used at the moment when it is wanted, it is most useful to those who can correct it for themselves when it goes astray. But it is highly dangerous for any one who gives it the implicit faith which a great many of those who use it cannot help giving it. The author was clearly a man wholly of a past generation, one who had no sympathy with, and very little knowledge of, the researches of modern scholarship. Like most of his class, he had a distinct dislike towards the results of German research, results which at once shocked his prejudices and were beyond his understanding. When a man speaks slightlying of "Germans," and especially when he talks of "the German school," we know at once what to think of him. And another thing to be taken care of is that whoever is set to write the book afresh shall be a friend of Italy, and not an enemy. A Handbook ought not to show a political bias; especially it ought not to show a political bias hostile to all progress and improvement. The Handbook, as it stands, shows over and over again, by the most ludicrous signs, that its author was one who grudged Italy her freedom and unity, and even grudged her the possession of an intelligible coinage. The preface speaks of "a careful revision made on the spot to the latest period"; but that revision seems commonly to have stopped at some point earlier than the last deliverance of Rome. Here and there a change has been made to bring the description into harmony with the state of things which began in 1870. But such changes have clearly been made with a heavy heart, and commonly they have not been made at all. The result is actually a picture of ludicrous inconsistency. We shall give some other instances as we go on; a most characteristic one is in the description of the Quirinal Palace. The fact could hardly be concealed that that palace is now the palace of the King; but the careful revision on the spot down to the latest period did not get rid of the incongruous statement, true doubtless in the days to which our *cicerone* clearly looked back with regret, that, in order to see the inside of the palace, application must be made to "the Pope's *major-domo*!"

This ignoring of the actual state of things runs through the whole book, beginning with the preface, dated in 1872. We are there told that among the additions to the present volume are "chronological tables of the Sovereigns who have ruled over Rome from Romulus to Pius the Ninth, and of the principal events during the Republican period." It would seem then that in 1872 there were people who believed in Romulus and who had never heard of Victor Emmanuel. But, on looking to the chronological table itself, things are not quite so bad as this. A list of Popes, from St. Peter in A.D. 42 to Gregory the Sixteenth in 1831, shows not a single sign of emotion except when the writer stops to mark the "fabled Pope Joan." We have not one word about the doings or sufferings of any earlier Pontiff, but, when he reaches Pius the Ninth, we get a burst of rhetoric and lamentation:—

The present Pontiff has already attained the 26th year of his long and eventful reign, longer than ever reached by any of his predecessors in the Chair of St. Peter. Rome, occupied by the Italian army, September 20, 1870, with which ends the temporal power of the Holy See. Deposed of his states, and the greater part of them seized upon by King Victor Emmanuel in 1870.

One might be tempted to say that this kind of writing is too full and too impassioned for a chronological table, and not quite grammatical enough for a narrative in which we look for

* *A Handbook of Rome and its Environs*. Eleventh Edition, carefully revised on the spot to the latest period. London: Murray. 1873.

verbs and nominative cases. But all that is needed will be for the reviser to remember to scratch out this little outpouring, and to continue, as is done in Bâdiker's Handbook, the list of Emperors, which somewhat funnyly ends with Nicephorus in 802. 1872 was also an odd moment to put in for the first time a list of the chief ceremonies which the Pope used to perform in times past, into the middle of which it is found needful to thrust a paragraph to say that "the grandest of them have been suspended during the Pope's pleasure since the occupation of Rome by the Government of Italy." If our *cicerone* were not so very solemn, we should suspect him of a satire on the Bishop who wilfully shirks all his accustomed duties in the hope of persuading himself that he is in prison. And it is also rather queer to choose the same moment for putting in a long story about the privileges and precedences of the unimportant people who at Rome still call themselves Princes and Dukes. To be sure, the author had among the Roman nobility "a friend, the talented head of one of its most illustrious families," from whom he received a note at the end of which the writer finds it necessary to say that "most of the things of which he has been speaking have been swept away," and to add the expression of his own hope that, "for the sake of the religion at the head of which his Holiness is placed, he will not abandon the capital of Christianity for a foreign land." Perhaps, if he did, the rules about admission to the Vatican galleries and to St. Peter's crypt would be made less absurd than they are now. Some judicious reviser will doubtless strike his pen through all this twaddle, and put instead a rational account of the present condition of Rome. Johnson thought it hard to settle the precedence between a louse and a flea, and it is no less hard to settle the precedence between a Pope's bastard and a Jesuit's banker. But, if a subject of lamentation is needed, it might be worth while to lament that the ancient titles of Senator of Rome and Gonfaloniere of Florence have given way to the monotonous and unmeaning *Sindaco*. The functions of the chief magistrate might have been altered in any way that was found needful; but he might surely have kept his name. Such changes make us tremble lest a day should come when the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Portreeve of Langport, and the Bailiff of Dursley, may all be constrained to become Mayors.

It would be more important for the reviser, whoever he may be, to cut out the foolish remark upon the great *Beschreibung der Stadt Rom*. We are told that "its systematic opposition to all those who preceded in the study of the topography and determination of the monuments, in unsettling the mind of the visitor, takes away much of his interest in the sites of classical antiquity with which he is surrounded." That is to say, great scholars like Niebuhr and Bunsen did not greatly trouble themselves with the gabble of Italian *ciceroni*. Presently "persons unacquainted with German" are sent for "a clear and impartial account of the views of the archaeologists of the *Beschreibung*" to the article on Rome in Dr. Smith's Dictionary—that is, to Dr. Dyer, who believes in Romulus. We are further told that Mr. Burn's *Rome and the Campagna* is "more or less indebted for the information it contains to this Handbook." It will be better for the next edition of the Handbook if it is more indebted to Mr. Burn. And his criticisms on Mr. Parker are rather amusing:—

We cannot concur, in speaking of the works upon Roman Archaeology, in a statement of this author in one of his recent pamphlets, that, amongst the "numerous works on the antiquities of Rome, not one was written in an archaeological point of view," nor in his general estimation of the labours of the most celebrated of the living Roman archaeologists.

Now it is plain that Mr. Parker's censure of those who had gone before him was so far unjust as it took in the scholars of Germany and England; but it is equally clear that one drawback in Mr. Parker's researches has been that he has paid, not too little, but far too much, attention to those whom the Handbook calls "celebrated living Roman archaeologists." What is really needed is for Mr. Parker's theories, which have much to be said for them and much against them, to be tested by some competent scholar, and for a summary of the results to find their way into the next edition of the Handbook. The reviser who corrects these greater matters may also spend a minute or two in translating some of the odd statements about coinage to be found in the accounts of excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome. Thus in p. 373 we are told that a carriage to go to Tivoli and back costs "five to six *scudi*." In p. 393 donkeys from Frascati to Tusculum are made to cost "three and four *pauls*"; and in p. 435 there is a man at Veii who endeavours "to exact a *dollar*." As intelligible money had come in at Rome long before the Papal Government came to an end, we can only complain that the writer's numismatic archaisms do not go back far enough. If we are not allowed to reckon by *lire* and *centesimi*, we claim the right to reckon by *sesterces*.

It follows, almost as a matter of course, that one to whom the results of German research were simply things to be sneered at has gone wholly wrong on the Capitoline Hill, misplacing the *Arx* and the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the old blundering fashion. The plan and description of all this part of Rome is thus made nearly useless. Indeed the book needs to be recast almost everywhere. A good deal has been found out at Rome since 1872, but a good deal that was known in 1872 is not at all clearly set forth. Nowhere is justice done to Mr. Parker's researches among the early walls, which are not the less valuable in themselves because their author has thought good to hide his own light under a bushel by wild talk about wolves and *pomeria*. It is most im-

portant that this part should be done by some one able to balance both the strong and the weak parts of Mr. Parker's theories. It would be well also to have some parts looked over by some one who really understands the history of architecture. No help at all is given to the student in this matter. Yet it would be a real service to point out how much may be learned from a systematic study of the various forms of capitals to be found in the Roman buildings. Nothing better dispels the superstitions of the old classical school, or shows how easily and naturally Roman architecture was developed into Romanesque. Thus in p. 196 the remains of the *Emporium* are slightly noticed, but without the faintest feeling of its importance in architectural history. Here is a range of arched doorways and windows which, if they were found anywhere north of the Alps, we should at the first glance set down as Romanesque work, most likely of the eleventh or twelfth century. They really belong, not, as the Handbook tells us, to the first or second century of our era, but to the second or third century the other way. They show the essential identity of the true round-arched style in the days before it had put on the Grecian mask and in the days after it had put it off again. After this, it is not wonderful to read, in the account of Diocletian's Baths:—

The ornaments of the baths and the style of the whole building indicate the decline of art; the columns did not support the continuous horizontal entablature of the more ancient buildings, but sustained a series of lofty arches resembling the basilicas of later times.

Then comes something from Forsyth about Michael Angelo "reforming the rude magnificence of Diocletian." This would seem to mean that Diocletian, in his baths at Rome as well as in his palace at Spalato, made the same great advance, the greatest advance ever made in the history of architecture. Only one would like to know the evidence for a fact the importance of which cannot be over-rated. The words of the writer of the Handbook and of the critic whom he quotes read like the talk of a man in his sleep letting out facts without knowing what he is saying. The complacent, half patronizing, half snubbing, tone taken towards the mighty organizer alike of the Roman Empire and of Roman architecture is charming beyond words. It is somewhat in the same spirit that the writer insists on giving the modern St. Peter's a precedence over the Mother and Head of all churches, which, when he does reach the patriarchal church, he is half obliged to retract. He assures us so often that the modern St. Peter's is "the most magnificent of Christian temples," that one half suspects that some vision of Durham, of Amiens, of St. Sophia, or of St. Paul's without the Walls, had arisen to make him a little doubtful of what he was saying. Then he goes on gravely to criticize the brutal desolation of the patriarchal church, and rules that the "medallions and stucco ornaments" "do not compensate for the disfigurement of the ancient edifice." All this kind of talk belongs to a past age in point of taste, just as it belongs to a past age in point of knowledge when we are told that Witiges "burned everything outside the walls." This doubtless comes from some Italian slanderer; it certainly does not come from Procopius, who bears witness to the respect which the Goths showed to the two great churches outside the walls, those of St. Peter and St. Paul. So again, Crescentius, in p. 430, is "barbarously put to death by Otto II. in 996, after his gallant defence of the castle of S. Angelo against that tyrant." Hard words certainly, even for the third Otto, still more so for the second, who, when Crescentius died, was already in the one Imperial tomb which Rome still shelters. The following sentence we have read over several times without catching a glimmering of its meaning. The writer has just been describing the Liberian basilica, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline:—

In front of the basilica is one of the most beautiful Corinthian columns in Rome, called the *Colonna della Vergine*. It is of white marble, and is the only one which has been preserved to attest the magnificence of the basilica of Constantine, though it probably belonged to an edifice of an earlier period, possibly to the Temple of Peace founded by Vespasian.

As this comes in the middle of the ecclesiastical basilicas, any one would think that the writer was speaking of a church of Constantine's building, which, as the Liberian basilica was not built by Constantine, is a little puzzling. But what is meant really seems to be that this column was brought from the secular basilica of Constantine, or more truly of Maxentius, near the Forum; the new editor will do well to make this a little clearer.

On the whole, the Handbook, as we have it, represents creditable work a generation back, and, even in its present shape, it saves a great deal of trouble to those who know how to make use of it. But it is altogether behind the present state of knowledge, and it needs to be thoroughly recast before it can be really trustworthy. The only question is as to the process of recasting, which is a dangerous one. It is a mistake to believe that a weak or unintelligent account of anything can be made into a good account simply by correcting the positive mistakes. Every positive mistake may be got rid of, and yet the account may remain weak and unintelligent. It is so with a large part of this Handbook. What is wanted is not so much to recast the old Handbook as to make a new one, in the composition of which the writer will find the old one of very great use, and may often find it serve his purpose to incorporate large parts of it. But in any case the book must be at least recast, and recasting need not make the volume any larger. An intelligent account of a thing is, as a rule, shorter than a confused or blundering account, and room enough for the new discoveries may be found by the simple process of striking out the twaddle.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS.*

IT is a fortunate circumstance, which could scarcely have been expected, that the record of Livingstone's last expeditions did not perish with him. The great traveller persistently made notes during his seven years of wandering, with the exception of one short period of distress and confusion. Besides the papers which were brought back by Mr. Stanley, the original note-books up till the time of his death were preserved and brought back by his faithful native servants. Mr. Waller has thus been able to put together a very complete history. He deserves great praise for the excellence of his editing, which has evidently been a labour of love. No editing, however, can possibly do for us what Livingstone could have done himself. At best we must be content with receiving the raw materials of a book of travels instead of the complete book. Many brief hints would have been expanded. A general description of the features of a district or the habits of a tribe would have summed up a series of detached remarks. And, in particular, we should have had a more complete statement of the principles by which Livingstone was guided in his explorations. It is of course not difficult to understand his general purpose; but here and there we should have been glad to know what were the precise considerations which determined the direction of his wanderings. The absence of such explanations helps to give a rather melancholy character to the book. Livingstone seems in it to be suffering under a kind of waking nightmare. The indomitable will is always present; but it is no longer able to overcome the oppressive weight of obstacles. As in a dream, the traveller is constantly struggling to move, and can yet make no continuous progress. And, as in a dream, he is surrounded by hideous scenes of grotesque cruelty which increase his misery, but leave him utterly powerless to interfere. His course seems to be directed by external fate rather than to conform to any wishes of his own. His frequent helplessness owing to the desertion of his servants and the bad faith of the Arab traders, his almost ceaseless sufferings from various forms of disease, his compulsory detentions for weeks and months in remote villages, are painful in the reading, though they increase our admiration of the dogged courage which bore him through them all.

A few dates may help to make the general outline of the story more intelligible. Livingstone left the coast on the 7th of April, 1866. Four months' travelling took him to the Lake Nyassa, the scene of some of his earlier explorations; he went round the south end of the lake; and the year 1867 was consumed in a long march through intricate mountain ranges to the south end of Tanganyika, and thence, nearly due west, to the Lake Moero, formed by the River Luapula, which he supposed to be the upper course of the Nile. After a long stay with a native chief near the shores of this lake, he struck southwards to the larger Lake Bangweolo, from which the Luapula issues. This was reached in the middle of 1868, and the remainder of that year and the beginning of 1869 were occupied in a return to Lake Tanganyika and Ujiji. In the autumn of 1869 he started again due east, into the hitherto unexplored Manyema country. Two years passed away in this region; till at last he retired exhausted and destitute to Ujiji, and there met Mr. Stanley in October 1871. With Mr. Stanley he visited the head of Tanganyika; and afterwards waited for supplies during a great part of 1872. In the autumn he started once more to the south to complete his exploration of the great Bangweolo lake, and, whilst passing round its southern shore, he fell ill, and died on May 1st, 1873. His followers completed the circuit of the lake, carrying his body with them, and, as we know, returned successfully to the coast.

Thus we have the history of seven most laborious years. Livingstone was borne up in his fatigues by the firm belief that he was solving the problem of ages, and discovering the head waters of the Nile. At one place he takes notice of the possibility that the Lualaba may be the Congo; but everywhere else he identifies it with the Nile without the slightest hesitation. Utilitarians may inquire whether it was worth while to sacrifice so many years of a noble life to the solution of this geographical puzzle. But with Livingstone the duty of unravelling the relations of this strange network of rivers had become a kind of ultimate postulate, which it would be cowardly even to question. "The prospect of death," he says in a passage of justifiable pride, "in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other" in working out this task. There is a grandeur in such self-elevation irrespectively of the value of its end. It seems that in Livingstone's mind a kind of religious colouring was given to the sentiment by a theory which, we fear, will not receive much support. He had a notion that Moses had been in this part of Africa. "An eager desire," he says, "to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me, spell-bound me, I may say; for if I could bring to light anything to confirm the sacred oracles, I should not grudge one whit all the labour expended." The sacred oracles, one would have thought, say nothing about Lake Bangweolo, but Livingstone had come to this odd conclusion by arguments which we need not examine. A more curious historical remark occurs in another place. In the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, Livingstone met with a native who knew something of the older Portuguese explorers. "No trace," he adds, "seems to exist of Captain Singleton's march." This is not the first time that De Foe's hero has been quoted in serious books of African travel, but it is odd to find Livingstone

apparently speaking of his narrative as a genuine historical record. In spite of the editor's suggestion that De Foe may have had some real material before him, we should say that the remark seems to us to prove that Livingstone had not read what is a very palpable fiction.

Whatever Livingstone's grounds may have been for this firm conviction that he was on the Nile, there can be no doubt of the extraordinary heroism to which it stimulated him. So early as January 1867—that is, in the first year of his travels—he had a misfortune of which he speaks with an evident sense of its importance, and which, in fact, seems to have contributed more than anything else to the final result. A native guide deserted him, and carried off the medicine-chest. From this time, therefore, Livingstone was exposed to numerous attacks of fever without the all-important remedy. Bishop Mackenzie suffered a similar loss by the upsetting of a canoe. It is painfully clear that from this period Livingstone's powerful constitution began to give way. We have constant references to sickness and depression. "Every step I take," he says, some time after, "jars on the chest, and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first, and had to hold in my pace not to leave the people altogether." Soon afterwards he speaks of an attack in which for a time he lost consciousness, and remarks that it shows the power of fever without medicine. At the end of the year he is again complaining that he, who used to be first in the line of march, is now last; and rejoices that he did not go to the swamps of Lake Bangweolo, where the absence of medicine might have quite knocked him up. The words are ominous; for it cannot be doubted that when he at last started for that dreaded region his strength had been seriously undermined; and the hardships which he had to undergo might have killed a stronger man. The great feature of the dreary district in the neighbourhood of the lake seems to be the frequent bogs, which he calls by the expressive name "sponges." They are great collections of vegetable matter, soaked through and through with water. The weight of a traveller constantly breaks through the superficial covering into deeper holes; and incessant rains had made them more than usually troublesome on Livingstone's last journey. The intervening country was constantly flooded, and the traveller had to be carried on the back of his followers through streams often above the waist, and sometimes reaching to their lips. Constant attacks of dysentery were prostrating his remaining strength, and it is a consolation to read that, towards the end of this weary journey, he was gradually sinking into a torpor which made him unconscious of pain and danger. Under such circumstances we should not have been surprised if a much more querulous tone had been perceptible in his writings. And here and there, it is true, he makes a sharp remark about the "theoretical discoverers" who make maps of Central Africa in London, or the anthropologists who do injustice to his favourite tribes. Much more generally we have to admire the mixture of stoical courage and Christian resignation which keeps him to his task without unworthy murmuring. A man working so doggedly in spite of such grievous discouragements within and without may well be a little hard upon gentlemen sitting at their ease at home, and correcting his labours; though he is never so peevish as many of his fellows who had less excuse, whilst he frequently speaks with the warmest affection of personal friends and labourers in the cause of the negro. His dislike to the anthropologists is merely the reverse side of a most generous feeling. He is warm in his admiration of the unsophisticated native. Near the coast there is a more degraded race, and the extension of the slave-trade is gradually ruining the tribes of the interior. Livingstone frequently assures us that in physique and in the shape of their skulls they are at least the equals of the persons who deliver lectures about them in London institutions. We must confess, however, that it requires some charity to overlook some of their peculiarities. There seems to be no doubt of the existence of cannibalism among some of the tribes to the east of Lake Tanganyika; though we have the charitable suggestion that they were induced to indulge in human flesh by first beginning upon the "Soko"—a large animal of the chimpanzee or gorilla kind, which appears to be very good eating. Moreover they have a free and easy way of committing murders without provocation, and an absence of religious ideas which Livingstone has to admit with some reluctance. Whatever their moral shortcomings, it is plain that they are not likely to be improved by the presence of the slave-traders. There is a ghastly account of an apparently unprovoked massacre of women by Arab traders, at which Livingstone was present without the power to resist, and which fills him, as he says, with unspeakable horror. He says that he felt as if he were in hell, and adds, "I cannot stay here in agony." In fact, the scene caused his retreat to Ujiji, where he met Mr. Stanley. Other little incidents are significant in the same way—such, for example, as the song of the slaves, which Livingstone at first supposed to indicate their insensibility, but which, when translated, turned out to be an expression of their hope of coming back to haunt their oppressors after death. Indeed the constant sight of the horrors inflicted upon this wretched country by the slave-traders themselves, or by the wars which they encouraged or accidentally provoked, seems to have weighed heavily on Livingstone's spirits. The small native communities were everywhere in course of being ruined and broken up by the intrusion of the better armed Arabs, and a miserable scene of anarchy was the natural result. Livingstone found more consolation in observing natural history, as well as in working out his geogra-

* *The Last Journals of David Livingstone.* Edited by Horace Waller. London: John Murray. 1874.

phical results, and some of his remarks, especially upon the curious Sokol just mentioned, are pleasant in themselves, and form a relief to the general melancholy of the narrative.

On the whole the book can hardly be called other than a painful one, and yet it is worth while to receive the painful impression in order to appreciate the noble perseverance of one of the very first of all the heroes of travel. It is impossible to put it down without a new sense of the moral grandeur of Livingstone's character, even if his efforts seem to have been in some degree misdirected; nor should we close our account without saying a word of appreciation of the fidelity of the native servants who brought back the body and the papers of their master from the distant region in which he died. Five only of his original followers stuck to him throughout, and they deserve no stinted praise for their loyalty and intelligence.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

MR. INGRAM, the editor of a new edition of the works of Poe, has prefixed to the first volume a memoir in which he endeavours to vindicate Poe's memory from the charges generally received. The impression has hitherto been that Poe was a drunkard and a thorough-paced Bohemian. According to Mr. Ingram, the truth has been entirely distorted by Rufus Griswold, who has till now been Poe's only biographer. Griswold, indeed, is accused by Mr. Ingram, not merely of distorting facts, but of downright mendacity. We must confine ourselves here to recording our impression that Griswold certainly coloured his picture far too highly, either because he disliked Poe, or from a simple wish to make a sensation. Such conduct was certainly bad enough in a friend of Poe's, whether he did or did not tell wilful lies about his victim. In most cases there is no need to suppose anything more than a readiness to accept discreditable stories. In one case, however, Mr. Ingram, if we understand him rightly, charges Griswold with deliberately inserting certain personalities into an article composed by Poe, with the view of injuring his character. It is difficult to believe that any man can have been guilty of such an atrocity; and it strikes us as just possible that the passages quoted by Griswold did really occur in the article as written by Poe, and were suppressed by the editor of the magazine in which the article appeared. This, of course, is a mere guess; and, in truth, we have not sufficient evidence before us. But, in any case, Mr. Ingram seems to have proved satisfactorily that Griswold caricatured poor Poe, and that many of those best acquainted with the unfortunate man of genius really loved him, and have borne testimony to his amiable and honourable conduct in many relations of life.

On the other hand, we must say that the whole story of Poe's life becomes simply unintelligible if we are to take him to have been a man bound by the ordinary laws of responsibility. Like many other biographers, Mr. Ingram would make his hero virtuous at the cost of making him insipid. When we see a very popular writer appointed to edit a number of magazines in rapid succession, and always giving up every employment, and always in the depths of poverty, we suspect some cause for his misfortunes. Poe of course held that the world was in a conspiracy against him, being offended by his independence and plain speaking. A Mr. Graham, who knew him, attributes everything to the bad position of literary men in America, and to the fact that his writings appealed to a small audience. And yet we know that many American authors flourish very sufficiently, and if this biography be correct, Poe had the art of multiplying the circulation of every periodical with which he was connected. American publishers are averse enough to value such men, if they do not care for genius *per se*. We cannot doubt that so popular a writer might at least have made a decent living. The simple fact that Poe drank is admitted by Mr. Graham, who tries to make us overlook it by a quantity of irrelevant verbiage about "the passionate yearnings of his soul for the beautiful and the true"; and is just noticed by Mr. Ingram, who says that Burns, Goethe, and Byron behaved worse. Possibly; but what is that to the purpose? Would a biography of Burns, for example, omitting any reference to his dissipation, be tolerable or possible? When it is thought right to argue that Burns and Byron were humdrum respectable people, it may be right to tell Poe's life in the same way. Meanwhile we can pardon Mr. Ingram for his wrath against Griswold; but an impartial biographer will have to strike some kind of balance between Griswold and Mr. Ingram; though we fear that evidence of a trustworthy character must have become almost unattainable.

Mr. Ingram luckily indulges in very little literary criticism. We say "luckily" because that which he gives us is irritating from its commonplace character; and yet we may say a few words about it, inasmuch as Poe is not merely the subject of a good deal of this indiscriminating praise, but has been absurdly idolized by some writers who ought to know better. Poe's writings, beyond all doubt, have a true stamp of genius. They are strikingly original, and show a quality of mind almost as rare as that of some writers who deserve far higher praise. The *Raven*, in spite of its faults, has the merit of at once grasping the imagination. Once read it cannot be forgotten, and such stories as the *Murders in the Rue Morgue* show a capacity for ingenious construction unequalled by anybody who has not written in French. Poe's talent for clear logical statement would suggest that he ought to have been a man of science or a metaphysician, were it not that there is a certain

element of trick in everything that he writes. As Mr. Lowell says of him in the *Fable for Critics*, he is

Three parts of him genius and two parts sheer fudge.

The people however who, like Mr. Ingram, are content with heaping upon a popular writer all the usual commonplaces of adulation, cannot stop here. Mr. Ingram, for example, talks about Poe's "mastery over the mental strings and pulleys of our being." This has been said about every eminent writer from Chaucer to Dickens. Without asking what it precisely means—a question not quite so clear as appears at first sight—we should simply reply that Poe never described a human being at all. He can describe a ghoul, and he can describe an incarnation of ingenious reasoning; but true flesh and blood never appears in any one of his stories. Mr. Ingram refers, amongst other instances, to the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. To say nothing of the trick, which is perhaps all the more clever because it is so obvious when once explained, by which just the necessary bits of evidence are manufactured, and the discovery of these bits afterwards represented as a marvel of penetration, there is not a single remark in the story which shows more knowledge of human nature than of the nature of ouran-outangs. The amateur detective finds a bit of hair, and, placing it under the microscope, sees that it is the hair of a particular ape. The stupidest of all real detectives, once provided with this piece of knowledge, would have drawn the same conclusion. Poe's extraordinary ingenuity is shown in his power of persuading us that such an inference is a wonderful proof of penetration; but it is an ingenuity more worthy of a mystifier than of a serious student of human nature. Or take the parallel story of the *Mystery of Marie Roget*. A great deal has been made of the fact that in this case a real mystery was described under fictitious names, and that Poe's conclusions were justified by the subsequent confession of the murderer. Now what was this extraordinary discovery? A young woman goes to an apparently disreputable house with a dark young man. She spends some hours there, and then goes with the same companion into a wood. She is never again seen alive, but her body is found in the river, and the dark young man disappears altogether. We will venture to say that, of ten commonplace detectives, nine would have guessed that the young man was the guilty person. There was not a tittle of evidence against anybody else; and if Poe had given his reasons simply and straightforwardly, it would have been a very ordinary piece of criminal inquiry. But Poe shows his singular dexterity by covering these obvious inferences with such a mass of ingenious remarks about logic in general, and so many elaborate refutations of silly newspaper guesses, that we fancy, so long as we abandon ourselves to his guidance, that he is miraculously acute. He is like a clever showman who takes us through a labyrinth, and carefully examines every false turn until we quite overlook the fact that, if we had been alone, we might have gone straight to the mark. As for knowledge of human nature, we can only discover such remarks as these; that blackguards at the present day generally carry pocket-handkerchiefs, and that a single man who has committed a murder is likely to be less cool in removing the traces of his crime than a gang of ruffians. The remarks are true enough, but they do not justify a critic in using language about Poe which would be suitable to Shakespeare. The most ingenious part of the whole article is the elaborate argument tending to show that certain scraps of clothing, found some time afterwards in a thicket, and supposed to identify the scene of the murder, were not really left there at the time, but placed there several days later. The intention is to infer that the murder took place in the house instead of the thicket, and therefore to criminate the keeper of the house. The argument is very clever, though the suggestion is not very remote; but it displays more knowledge of the mode in which a thorn tears a dress than of the "mental strings of our being." Our sense of Poe's literary skill is undoubtedly heightened when we observe how very commonplace the chain of reasoning becomes when stripped of its endless complications. Poe tells us that the real evidence will be drawn from the collateral events and "outskirts" of the tragedy, not from its central points; and yet his argument really depends entirely on the most straightforward bit of direct evidence. His skill in distracting us is remarkable; but when we examine what he has really done, our pleasure is damped by seeing how large a proportion of the effect depends on a mere trick.

When we turn to the stories in which Poe really deals with "the human heart," our admiration is qualified by something else, or, to speak plainly, by sheer disgust. Mr. Ingram tells us that Poe's writings really show a regard for the claims of conscience, in spite of what some critics have said, and he proves it by referring to such stories as *William Wilson*, where a man is haunted by a kind of double of himself, or an external embodiment of conscience. Certainly Poe finds the conscience useful when he can personify it as a mysterious monster. But it would be just as reasonable to say that the story of the *Fit and the Pendulum* showed that Poe was an ardent Roman Catholic because he gloats over the imaginary horrors of the Inquisition. People who like to describe the sensation of hanging or seeing a man hanged are not those who have the highest sense of justice or of the value of human life. It is not by such puerile tests that we are to judge of the morality of a man's writings. The question is rather, What passions does he delight to represent? Does he sympathize with pure affection, with high honour, and unshrinking heroism? Does he describe his villains charitably, and yet in such a way as to make

* *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*. Edited by John H. Ingram. Edinburgh: Alexander Black. 1874.

his readers hate crime, whilst feeling merciful to criminals? Do his descriptions generally imply a soiled imagination, or one free from the grosser stains of sensuality? If we try Poe by such tests there can unfortunately be little doubt of the answer. There are some of his stories the power of which is proved by the fact that they leave a permanent stain on the imagination. One wants to wash oneself after reading them. To mention only one fact, a characteristic peculiarity of Poe is his absolute delight in describing a decayed human body. He feasts his imagination in the charnel-house. Mr. Ingram would probably consider the story called *Thou art the Man* as a proof of Poe's conscientious feeling. We can only say that when we first read it it turned our stomach, and that we heartily wish that we could forget it. This delight in the sickening and unnatural is Poe's most indisputable quality, though mixed with much that is admirable; and we want no further proof that his nature was grievously stained and morbid. We will only add that this tendency, which has recommended him to such writers as Baudelaire, is as bad in art as in morality. In all truly great and healthy art, the horror of the incidents is lost in the intellectual power and the grandeur of the sentiment which they evoke. Poe's weakness is decisively shown by the fact that we lose sight of the skill in sheer physical disgust. There are, to quote no other cases, two or three incidents in the story called *Arthur Gordon Pym* which are revolting examples of this attempt to impress by depicting, not the agony of a human soul, but the most loathsome objects. Between Poe and a really great writer, such as Hawthorne, there is the difference which may be found between two painters of a martyrdom, one of whom makes us forget the suffering in the rapture of the dying saint, whilst the other makes us forget the rapture in watching the hideous details of torn flesh and festering wounds. We fully admit Poe's singular skill as a manipulator of words; but the fact that such outrages upon all true feeling should be condoned by people who assume to be judges of art is a striking proof of the evil effects of literary dram-drinking.

HOPE'S WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

IN this volume Mr. Beresford Hope has made a reasonable as well as valuable contribution to the literature of one of the "burning questions" of the day. He supplies ample materials for a much deeper and more satisfactory answer to the inquiry, "What is Ritualism?" than can be found, for example, in Mr. Gladstone's eloquent but superficial paper in the *Contemporary Review*. Indeed we believe that any one who will approach the discussion without prejudice will find in these pages all that is necessary to enable him to distinguish between the recent revival in the Church of England of such decency or splendour of worship as is fairly compatible with loyal acceptance of the Book of Common Prayer, and that morbid excess of ceremonial, or that unwise introduction of dubious innovations, to which the popular but inaccurate term Ritualism is properly confined. Few men have had better opportunities than Mr. Beresford Hope of mastering the subject. His public life has covered the larger part of the time during which the revival of spiritual life in the Church of England has been in progress. He has had no small share in the direction of the material development of architecture and the subsidiary arts in which that revival has found its outward expression. Himself an experienced church-builder and church-restorer, an active member of the Ecclesiological Society, an ex-President of the Institute of British Architects, and a copious independent writer on architectural, artistic, and ritual questions, he knows more than most men what the Church of England needed, and what she has achieved, in her waking up from the torpor and indifference of the Georgian age. And then again, as a member of the Royal Commission on Ritual, he has had personal knowledge of the views of all parties among us on the vexed rubrical questions which are at present in dispute. The opinions of so competent an authority would deserve under any circumstances very attentive consideration. Much more so when they are expressed with such conspicuous moderation and good temper as they are in the book before us. If this kindness of feeling, and fairness towards the opinions of adversaries, were more common among the disputants on both sides, the painful divisions in the Church of England which now threaten its very life would soon be healed.

We gather, from a careful consideration of Mr. Hope's whole argument, two general conclusions. The first is one which we should have been inclined to accept *à priori* without demonstration. It is this—that there is little real difficulty in drawing a practical distinction between those externals of worship, on the one hand, which are either expressly prescribed by, or are in doctrinal harmony with, the rubrics of the Prayer-Book as settled at its last revision in 1662, and such ceremonies of the unreformed Church, on the other hand, as were either expressly prohibited at the times of the Reformation, or are plainly inconsistent with the dogmatic standards of the revised Formularies. The great majority of the old High Church school of clergy and laity are loyally content with the former. A small minority of enthusiastic reformers are suspected, rightly or wrongly, of a wish to bring back the latter. A little tact and sympathy and forbearance on the part of their ecclesiastical superiors would probably have reduced the

mischievous done by the more extreme ceremonialists to a minimum. No considerable movement can go on without exceptional extravagance, which time would certainly abate and absorb. But when repression was attempted, it was done in such a spirit as seemed not only to threaten those congregations and their clergy who had never exceeded their legal privileges, but even to be hostile to that whole body of doctrine which gives its only value and significance to any ritual or ceremonial whatever. The result has been that this blunder—if indeed it be not something worse than a blunder—has thoroughly alarmed and disgusted the whole body of High Churchmen, and has driven them to make common cause with those more extreme, but not necessarily disloyal, however unwise, men whom they would otherwise have brought to reason. If this false step is to be retraced, it can only be done, we believe, by adopting the policy of allowing certain ceremonial matters to be regarded as open questions.

For this is the second conclusion which is forced upon us by Mr. Beresford Hope's survey of the whole history of public worship for the last three centuries; that in the ceremonial usages of a comprehensive religious body, such as an Established Church must be, a certain freedom and elasticity of practice must be permitted. It has never been so in theory, but it has always been so in fact. With characteristic inconsistency, English Parliaments have enacted successive Acts of Uniformity, which Englishmen have never cared to enforce with undue severity. A *modus vivendi* has always been discovered hitherto, by which the different schools of thought within the Church could manage in turn to assert themselves, and to contribute each its own share of energy and benefit to the body corporate, without needless and impolitic repression. If in future a rigid uniformity is to be enforced, one result at least is certain. The days of the Establishment, as such, will be numbered. It is quite impossible to read the history of the Prayer-Book, as Mr. Hope presents it to us, without seeing that in every successive change a certain compromise between opposite schools of thought was a matter of absolute necessity; and not only this, but also that certain questions, upon which no absolute decision could be reached from the even balance of parties, were left consciously and deliberately in suspense. No other view can explain the broad facts of the re-enactment, again and again, of the so-called *Ornaments Rubric*. Does any candid man suppose that an unqualified and perfect obedience was rendered to this rubric in any of its shapes by the whole body of the English clergy at any time since the second year of Edward VI.? No; it always represented, as it still represents, the theoretical standard of church worship, which was seldom or never reached in practice. Thus, at the last revision, its friends were strong enough to retain this rubric in its place, in spite of Puritanical opposition; but it may well be that they scarcely even wished, much less expected, that it would be enforced in their day. And, in like manner, its enemies were unable to exclude it, but may have taken comfort in the thought that it would continue to be a dead letter. Exactly the same conclusion would be reached now, as to the retention of this rubric, if the matter were put to the votes of the clergy—at least if we may judge from the reports given in the Church journals as to the decisions of the several diocesan Chapters throughout the country to which the question has been referred by the Bishops. Again, the retention of that other existing rubric prescribing the place for the Holy Table is an exactly similar case in the interests of the opposite school. The High Churchmen of 1662 were not strong enough to exclude this rubric from the revised book; a rubric which, nevertheless, a most insignificant fraction even of Low Churchmen—if any at all—ever thought of obeying. A great historic book, such as the Book of Common Prayer, can well afford however to show in its structure these "water-beaches," so to say—these deposits which attest the changes that it has undergone in successive ages. What ought to be the moral which wise rulers and legislators would draw from these considerations? Surely it would be the determination to accept the inevitable; to find out a *modus vivendi* for the present generation, and to hand on to other and better, or worse, times, as the case may be, the task of enforcing an iron uniformity of practice upon all, when at last a decisive majority shall have agreed in desiring it. In such a policy as this lies, we repeat, the only way of escape from present difficulties. It is notorious that the Church could not settle these questions, even if it were allowed to legislate for itself, by such a majority one way or the other as ought to be decisive. Nothing has more exasperated even moderate Churchmen than the recent systematic attempts to close some of these open questions, not by an appeal to the mind of the Church, however that mind is to be expressed, but by a series of judicial decisions on rubrics which are some of them confessedly ambiguous, and even contradictory. In the abeyance of the legislative power which would presumably rectify harsh or dubious expositions of the law, it is natural that judge-made law—stereotyping some enforced reconciliation of absolute contradictions—should command but little willing assent or respect. Men feel, in short, that the rubrics were made for the Church, and not the Church for the rubrics. These prosecutions have hitherto been directed exclusively against one party in the Church, which adds much to their hardship. Should a system of reprisals be undertaken—though we respect the self-command which has hindered the fratricidal retaliation—the result would be so unpalatable to both sides that a mutual separation would be inevitable. It is to be hoped then, in the interest of all parties, that questions which cannot be closed may be wisely left open.

* *Worship in the Church of England*. By A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.P., Author of "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century." London: John Murray. 1874.

This is, as it seems to us, the great practical conclusion at which Mr. Hope himself arrives. We have purposely not trench upon his arguments, for we wish our readers to make acquaintance for themselves with a volume which is so interesting in its matter and so attractive in its style that some, to our own knowledge, who have once taken it up have not laid it down till they had finished it. But we may be pardoned for describing briefly its general drift, and for insisting on some of the more salient points which it offers for remark. The writer begins with a succinct but graphic description of what the external worship of the Church of England was forty years ago compared with what it is now, even in its least ornate form, after the "uncontentious advance" which had been made among us before extreme ceremonialism made its unwelcome appearance. In this contrast he has been anticipated by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, who, as if afraid of the probable consequences of his own disastrous Worship Regulation Bill, spoke very powerfully at a meeting of his Diocesan Church Building Society of the state of neglect both of churches and of services from which the Church has but just escaped. It is enough to condemn that measure to say that, had it been law in 1830, not one single improvement could have been effected in the externals of public worship. A predecessor of Archbishop Tait issued a formal Monition so late as 1851 against the most eminent theologian in his diocese for forming a voluntary surplised choir in his parish church. Of course this was a *brutum fulmen*. But had the Primato of that day been armed with the weapon which his successor has forged he would have won an easy victory, and choral services in parish churches would have been prohibited. This is but a single example of that attempted systematic repression of all zeal by the Anglican Episcopate which, had it been backed by legal powers, would have made any improvement of the fabrics or services of the Church of England simply impossible.

The several litigations on ceremonial subjects which have gone by appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are successively described and analysed in this very complete handbook of the ritual controversy. We would call attention to the common sense which points out that, if the claim of the extreme Ritualists to bring back all usages that are not expressly prohibited is untenable, on the one hand, no less untenable and unworkable, on the other hand, is the dictum of the Judicial Committee that "no omission and no addition can be permitted." We next observe a real help to the understanding of that controverted expression in the Ornaments Rubric, "the authority of the Parliament in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI.," derived from the writer's own Parliamentary experience. It has been argued with some subtlety that, as the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. did not come into legal use until Whitsun-day 1549, which was incontestably in the third regnal year of that sovereign, the rubric in question must really refer to ornaments that were in use before that book was legalized—namely, to such as were worn in the second year. But Mr. Hope shows conclusively that by Parliamentary usage the enactments of the Session of "the second and third of Edward VI." must be the authority of Parliament spoken of in the rubric, and that therefore in the rubrics of the first Prayer-Book is to be found the enumeration of the still legal ornaments of our churches and their ministers. This argument satisfactorily disposes of a somewhat embarrassing complication.

It is characteristic of the author of the *English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century* that he finds in the principle of the necessary relation to each other of the acts of worship themselves as formulated in the Prayer Book, the rubrics which prescribe the external ceremonies accompanying and expressing those acts, and the constructional arrangement of the buildings in which those acts are to be performed, a clue to the real mind of the Church in its ceremonial practice. This is very ingeniously carried out in a detailed examination of the "chancels" which "are to remain as in times past," and in particular of the altar-tables, at which is celebrated that Sacrament of the Lord's Supper which Bishop Beveridge calls "the highest mystery in all our religion." Undoubtedly "the book, the rubric, and the building" must mutually affect each other. From this point Mr. Hope advances to a discussion as to the distinctive eucharistic dress, the right to which is claimed by those who believe that the Ornaments Rubric is still in legal force, although it has been practically in abeyance. It is perhaps a drawback to the permanent value of the present essay that so much attention is paid in this part to a recent memorial signed by certain clergymen against this distinctive dress and against the eastward position of the celebrant at Holy Communion. But the weak points of the petition are sufficiently well exposed, and a long quotation from John Evelyn on the sound and moderate doctrine of the Sacrament as held in his days, as in our days, by the High Church school in the Church of England, is so good in itself, and so seasonable for present controversies, that we can scarcely regret the discussion. Still more happy is the suggestion that there ought to be no invincible difficulty in framing an *eirenikon* in ritual which should satisfy both parties to the dispute. It is urged that, if the Dean of Chester and Dr. Liddon, representing the two extreme schools, could agree in the doctrinal definition adopted at that Bonn Conference which has been already described in our columns, it ought not to be impossible for them to agree in such ceremonial as should offend neither. The chief points under litigation and dispute are the following:—The position of the officiating clergyman at Holy Communion, and the distinctive dress to be worn at that service. Two other usages, of much interest, as being of the

highest antiquity and of accredited symbolism, and as free from any reasonable suspicion of superstition, are also strongly advocated by many. These are the use of lights, and of the mixture in the chalice. On all these matters Mr. Hope speaks very fully, discussing the present state of the law, as laid down in recent judgments, in its bearing upon each of them. We propose to recur, in a future paper, to some new and important arguments adduced by him which very materially affect the moral value of that judgment, in the undefended case of *Hibbert v. Purchas*, to which is due, undoubtedly, no small part of the present discontent and agitation in the Church.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

PICTURES of Italian Masters, Greater and Lesser. With an Introductory Essay, by William B. Scott. (Virtue and Co.)—Mr. Scott, as he tells us in the preface to his very interesting essay, has in his account of the Italian Masters passed over those with whom the general reader is already familiar, and has selected those whose lives and works are but "scantily known through English treatises and biographical books." He writes for the most part in a clear and lively style, though now and then we come upon a phrase which as much marks the decadence of English composition as the pictures of the later painters mark the decadence of Italian art. In one page we read that "Mengo was immensely influential," though perhaps we ought to feel grateful that he is not described as awfully or tremendously influential. In another page we are told that "every work of art may be easily relegated to its date and locality." In spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Scott has done his work well, and has added an interesting chapter to the popular history of art. The engravings, though we imagine scarcely fresh, do not fall short of the ordinary merit of such selections.

With this work we must class *Pictures by William Etty, R.A.* With Descriptions and Biographical Sketch of the Painter by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. (Virtue and Co.)—Mr. Monkhouse writes sensibly and clearly, and the engravings selected, though not all very interesting, are good illustrations of the artist's powers.

Welsh Scenery: chiefly in Snowdonia, by Elijah Walton, F.G.S. With descriptive text by T. G. Bonney, M.A., &c., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. (Thompson).—Mr. Walton's pictures, with all their merits, and they are not a few, most certainly do not recall to us any scenery that we have met with in this country. Perhaps he has painted so much among the Alps that he has acquired a kind of mannerism which he cannot lay aside among the Welsh mountains. Whether true to nature as seen in Wales or not, his pictures certainly have a prettiness of their own which wins for them a wide popularity. Were we so unfortunately situated as to have to make a present to a bride, we do not know that, outside of plate and jewelry, we could find anything that we should give with so much confidence as one of Mr. Elijah Walton's books of scenery.

Sunday Evening at Home: being Stories from History for Every Sunday, &c., in the Year (Advent to Ascension), by the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A., Vicar of Dry Sandford. (Routledge).—What Mr. Adams means by "every Sunday, &c." we scarcely venture to conjecture. A celebrated letter was once dated Maundy Thursday. Perhaps Maundy Thursday is included in " &c." The design of his book is happier than the execution. He selects a story out of profane history which illustrates the moral duty that is enforced in the Epistle or the Gospel of the day. The stories may perhaps be found not uninteresting. The two we have looked at certainly fail in accuracy. In the story entitled "Wesley's Farewell to Oxford in 1744," Whitefield is clearly represented as having been at the University "some five-and-twenty years before." Now, Whitefield did not matriculate till the very end of 1732. Mr. Adams has an odd notion of the ordinary talk of the middle of last century. We find a baronet exclaiming, "Ha! what the mob like them not, then, any better than the magistrates? How do they show their dislike towards this Wesley, hey, Master Lee?" In the story of "The Last King of Athens" we have the dimensions of that city given in the eleventh century before Christ, while the myth of *Codrus* is not only told as if it were an undoubted fact, but it is also brought forward as "a proof that the Gentiles, through centuries of darkness and separation, still retained some knowledge of the true light that at the first had shone from Heaven."

We have to notice a republication in five volumes of Miss Alcott's *Stories* (Sampson Low and Co.) Her *Little Men* and *Little Women* have been so popular with little folk that we are not surprised to find them re-issued in a cheaper form.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti: the Story of his Life and Labours, by O. C. Black, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge. (Macmillan).—The autotypes which adorn this handsome volume are both interesting in themselves and have moreover been produced with a great deal of skill. Mr. Black's narrative is instructive and readable. It would have been better, however, if it had been written in somewhat simpler English. In one passage we read how Filippo Lippi "could even cynically refuse to endue the convenient cloak of marriage, kindly proffered for his use by Pope Eugenius." In spite of this drawback the book deserves to take a high place among the works on art of the year.

The Holy Bible. The Handy-Volume Edition. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.)—The editor states in his preface that he believes

that "the opportunity is now for the first time given to possess the Holy Scriptures in a light and handy form, printed in a type large, clear, and easy to be read—capable of being used by the weakest without fatigue, by the aged with comfort." We cannot pretend to say whether this edition in all these good qualities has had no rival. It certainly deserves all the praise that the editor bestows upon it. We may add, too, that the references are unusually copious. The weakest part is the introduction to the various books, which had much better have been left out altogether.

L'Histoire de France; racontée à mes petits-enfants. Par M. Guizot. Tome quatrième. (Paris: Librairie Hachette).—We can do no more than notice the publication of the fourth volume of M. Guizot's History of France. We hope that some day it also will be published in a handy-volume edition. The grandchildren for whom it is written must have strong hands indeed if they can hold this heavy volume for many minutes together. Though we cannot here enter into any criticism of the merits of this interesting work, we can nevertheless express a strong hope that in the education of English children it will supplant many a foolish French book that is at present put into their hands.

The Vanity Fair Album, by Jehu Junior. Vol. VI. (Vanity Fair Office).—In the first five volumes of this Show of Sovereigns, Statesmen, Judges, and Men of the Day, nearly all the great folk have been exhibited. Though the net has had to be thrown more widely, and a shoal of the lesser fry caught, yet neither artist nor author shows any falling-off in cleverness.

Gath to the Cedars: Experiences of Travel in the Holy Land and Palmyra during 1872, by S. H. Kent. (Warne and Co.).—The narrative of these travels is pleasantly enough written and is fairly interesting. The traveller saw a good deal, and what she saw she has known how to describe. She does not in one or two places distinguish so carefully as she ought to have done between the facts of history and mere legends. She speaks positively of seeing the very window at Damascus from which St. Paul was let down, and the very spot on the causeway where he was converted. She seems also to find in the fact that Abraham's oak stands by itself a verification of "what is said to be the most exact Scriptural rendering of the passage—'the oak of Mamre.'" There is a very interesting photograph of the author taken standing by her horse in the midst of a group of Bedouins under the grand arch at Palmyra.

Goody Two Shoes' Picture Book, with twenty-four illustrations, and *The Marquis of Carabas' Picture Book*, with thirty-two illustrations, by Walter W. Crane. Printed in colours by Edmund Evans. (Routledge).—Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations are as amusing as ever. We would especially recommend to the notice of all infant schoolmistresses "The Absurd A.B.C.," which is given at the end of the second of the above books.

From Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. we have received some very pretty cards for Christmas and New Year's Day. Among these the Old English Christmas Pictures by Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., are unusually good.

A Rare and Choice Collection of Queens and Kings and Other Things. (Chatto and Windus).—We have not space to spare to give the full title of this strange medley of nonsense. It claims to be designed and written by S. A. the Princess Hesse Schwartzbourg, and it is "imprinted in gold and many colours by the Brothers Dalziel at their Camden Press." It is comical enough at the first reading, but, if we may venture to say it, its humour will not be found to wear well.

The Boy Slave in Bokhara, by David Ker, Author of "On the Road to Khiva." Illustrated. (King and Co.).—Mr. Ker in the preface to this story tells us that "he has attempted to convey genuine information in a more attractive form than that of a mere dry statistical report." The story will be found interesting enough, though it would have suited our taste better if there had been somewhat less of killing in it. We have unfortunately lost that hearty relish for violent deaths of all sorts which in our early years carried us through even one of Mr. Ainsworth's novels. The day once was when we should have admired the cunning art which closed a chapter thus:—"Ten minutes later, the officer came slowly back, wiping his sword on his horse's mane; and the desert vultures settled down upon nine carcasses which had once been the best soldiers of the Emir."

Lizzie Hepburn; or, Every Cloud has a Silver Lining. (Nelson and Sons).—We did not look very far into this story for the young. In the second chapter the heroine, an orphan girl nine or ten years old, comes across a young German who, finding that she is looking forward to meeting her dead mother in Heaven, says, "You are too old for such nonsense to be taught you any more. There is no such place as Heaven." The girl gets bewildered, and that night refused to say her prayers. "The first dark drop of unbelief had disturbed the placid waters of the child's mind." Quite as mischievous as the young German is the author who, in writing a book for children, would trouble their minds by letting them so much as know that there are those who deny the existence of a future state.

The Cartridges: a Suburban Story, by M. Bramston, Author of "Erick Thorburn." With original illustrations. (Warne and Co.).—Those who have had enough of striking adventures which never could have happened, and still more striking characters that never could have existed, will perhaps find in this quiet story of middle-class life a pleasant companion for a winter's evening. It is well written and some of the characters are cleverly drawn.

Elise's Expedition, by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. The illustrations

by H. Cross. (Warne and Co.).—*Alice in Wonderland* has seen a host of imitations, and this story is one of them. A young critic to whom we submitted this book remarked, "Alice is very good, and there might be two Alices, but after that you cannot put up with them."

The Ice-Maiden; and other Stories, by Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the Danish by Mrs. Bushby. With drawings by Zwecker. New edition. (Griffith and Farran).—We are glad to see a fresh edition of one of the most pathetic of Hans Andersen's stories. Zwecker's illustrations are for the most part good, though he has failed, as well he might fail, to picture the strange kind of beauty which the writer has given to the Ice-Maiden.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. With three hundred and forty illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A. (Routledge and Sons).—In this reprint of Knight's popular edition we have all the plays given us in two fair-sized volumes. The type is clear, and Sir John Gilbert's illustrations, though not new, are interesting.

Little Blue Eyes; and other Field and Flower Stories, by the Author of "My Young Days." With twelve illustrations. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—These stories are prettily enough written, and will be enjoyed by little children. The author would have done better, however, if she had been more careful always to keep on the level of her youthful reader's understanding. What meaning will a mere child get out of such a word as "ecstasy"? and why is Lamartine suddenly dragged into the story without even a line to tell the child who he is? The illustrations, we must not forget to add, are good.

The Life of an Elephant, by the Author of "The Life of a Bear." With twenty-four illustrations; and *Mrs. Mouser*, by the Author of "Aunt Annie's Stories." With twenty illustrations. (Both published by Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—These two stories are in the large clear type that a child delights in who has just learnt to read, but still reads with effort. The stories are fairly well written, interesting enough, as we have found by trying it, to win a child's attention and keep him from his play. The numerous illustrations add to the interest of the stories.

Though not printed in quite so large a type, yet much the same can be said of *Our Games: a Story for Children*, by Mary Hamilton, and *Katie Summers: a Little Tale for Little Readers*, by Mrs. Charles Hall. (Both published by Marcus Ward and Co.).

Little Wide-Awake: a Story Book for Little Children, by Mrs. Sule Barker. With nearly four hundred illustrations. (Routledge).—This book, with its gay outside, its abundant woodcuts, its stories, and its verses, would please the little ones, whether they had either just learnt to read to themselves or still knew of no other way into the letterpress of books than through the eyes of others.

The Story of a Summer Day, by the Author of "The Busy Bee." With twenty-four illustrations by E. Froment. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—Like one or two other of the books for children, this pretty story is so written and so printed that it will be within the grasp of a very young scholar. The Scotch phrases that now and then occur in it will, however, cause no small difficulty. It is a pity that the illustrations are so poor.

A Cruise in the "Acorn", by Alice Jerrold. With six illustrations in gold and colors (*sic*). (Marcus Ward and Co.).—We have here the interesting adventures of two children of twelve and nine years of age, who, having a father and mother unusually free from anxious thoughts, are allowed to go out boating alone. They get lost on an island, and their boat drifts away.

Messrs. De La Rue's Diaries come up to that high standard of general and astronomical excellence which they have so long maintained. Their *Desk Diary* especially deserves high praise, while their velvet-bound Pocket Book is all that the giver, if not that the receiver, of a present could desire.

Marcus Ward's *Indelible Concise Diary* is again published in the same convenient divisions to which we have more than once called attention.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A COLLECTION of the correspondence of Ludwig Feuerbach*, published along with an imperfect biographical sketch and some fragmentary philosophical remains, contributes little to modify the picture presented by the even more imperfect memoir by Beyer, but much to complete and confirm it. Although but few of the letters, taken singly, are of any extraordinary interest, they collectively constitute a highly spirited and evidently accurate portrait of an exceedingly attractive character. The most conspicuous trait disclosed is perhaps the writer's transparent sincerity, a characteristic extending to the manner as well as the matter of his epistles. The utter absence of any attempt at writing for effect is richly compensated by his habit of only writing when there is something to say; while the pithiness thus imparted to his style tends to crystallize into little sparkling aphorisms. The tendency to employ concrete images as substitutes for abstract conceptions is very marked, and is indeed the outward and visible sign of the intellectual bent which led Feuerbach to make religion the spiritualization of human feeling, and to deduce all metaphysics from sensuous perceptions. His was manifestly a poetic and artistic nature, driven into philosophy by the want of an adequate gift

* Ludwig Feuerbach in seinem Briefwechsel und Nachlass, sowie in seiner philosophischen Charakterentwicklung. Von K. Grün. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

of lyrical or pictorial expression, and the relentless blows which he subsequently dealt against metaphysics were in part the expression of his instinctive dissatisfaction. The first letters in the collection, addressed to his parents, vividly paint the first University experiences of the young student, his measureless contempt for Paulus, his enthusiasm for Daub, his resolution, to the consternation of his father, to devote himself to the study of philosophy. An unfortunate blank prevents our learning his impressions of Hegel, and we encounter nothing of special interest until we arrive at his simple and affectionate correspondence with his betrothed, previously to their establishment on the slenderest and most precarious income in the castle of Bruckberg. Some letters from Dr. Ruge afford a glimpse of the plans and wishes of the Radicals in philosophy and politics during the decade preceding 1848; but Feuerbach's own letters, which would have been far more interesting, are not published. Some letters to his wife give a lively picture of the philosopher's own attitude during the Revolution, and prove that he knew how to unite intense sympathies with democracy in the abstract with a sober and practical estimate of the actual situation. This was not generally understood, and he suffered much in popularity from the collapse of the extreme party by which his principles had been so noisily professed, and with which he was generally identified by public opinion. In defining "the Essence of Christianity" he had moreover defined his own limits as an independent thinker, and his later writings are little but repetitions of ideas already expressed. His last years, clouded by pecuniary troubles, and even privations, were nevertheless cheered by numerous tokens of sympathy. Some of the letters from admirers here printed are indeed ridiculous for their indiscriminate adulation and bigoted arrogance; but this cannot be said of the intellectual homage of Moleschott, or of the frank and artless sympathy of Konrad Deubler, a simple man of the people. The collection as a whole gives a most favourable impression of the sterling worth of Feuerbach's character, his intellectual honesty and fearless pursuit of truth, his entire disinterestedness in all transactions, his independence of popular approval, his patience and good humour under the most painful privations, the genuineness of his philanthropy, and the truly philosophic sobriety of his life. The literary remains now first printed contribute nothing to the illustration of Feuerbach's mental history, but occasionally express a striking thought with the aphoristic terseness characteristic of his style.

From one point of view Mlle. Assing's publication of her uncle's and aunt's love letters* may be regarded as her crowning indiscretion, inasmuch as she has never before published any correspondence so obviously designed to be strictly private, or emanating from persons whose wishes and feelings she was equally bound to respect. The impropriety, however, if not excused, is yet abated, by the fact of these letters being so very private that it is frequently anything but easy to understand what they are about. The editor has not vouchsafed a word of commentary, and without a commentary every second or third allusion is unintelligible. Nothing is perfectly clear save the uncomfortableableness of both parties, and not without reason. So far as we can make out, Varnhagen appears throughout the first half of the correspondence as attached to two ladies at once—the gifted Rahel, fourteen years older than himself, and a certain Fanny, inferior in mind, but, it may be assumed, superior in personal attractions. "I shall certainly," he *naively* says, "marry one or the other of you." Many a man in his situation has found at last that he could have neither; but Rahel, who indeed had no time to lose, seems to have urged on a decision which resulted in her favour. It was disinterested at any rate, for both lovers were in the narrowest circumstances, and Rahel represents her own family connexions in the most unfavourable light. These impediments, complicated with some strange unpleasantness in which that universal mischief-maker Clemens Boentano was concerned, delayed the fulfilment of the engagement for several years. The correspondence, beginning in 1808, terminates in 1813, leaving the lovers still in suspense. It is a doleful business altogether, and the reader has need to bear in mind the singular felicity of the union, when at last accomplished, not to find it utterly depressing. Neither are its melancholy and mystery relieved by any extraordinary energy of expression or liveliness of anecdote, though Rahel's thoughts are occasionally deep and true. There is a great dearth of notices of celebrated persons, and the absence, or at least the suppression, of patriotic feeling at so anxious a crisis in German history is very surprising.

"Pictures of Bolivian Civilization"† may appear somewhat of a misnomer, and the impression will not be removed upon more intimate acquaintance with the thing signified. Herr Mossbach, however, assures us that the disorders of Bolivian society are mostly on the surface, and that the interminable anarchy of the country is compatible with a reasonable amount of security for life and property, at least for foreigners. The people have fortunately no antipathy to foreigners as such, and if the latter avoid mixing themselves up in domestic broils, they may pursue their avocations in peace, subject only to a forced contribution now and then. The effect of these disturbances on industry may be fairly estimated from Mr. Mossbach's narrative, and although he has enough of venation to record, it certainly would appear that his complaints lie less against the soldiers than the lawyers. He was manager of

a copper mine, and the consequent confinement to one spot, as well as the loss of journals and sketches on his return home, excuses the almost total absence of information respecting the topography or natural history of the country. His pictures of its intestine commotions, on the other hand, are most graphic; we have skirmishes, battles, sieges, executions, adventures with marauding parties, and all other appropriate concomitants of continuous anarchy. Two successive Presidents are drawn to the life—Dr. Linares, pale, grave, anxious, wasted by the cares of precarious power; and the easy-tempered General Acha, kept against his will in the Presidential seat by an ambitious wife. On the whole, the prospects of the country do not seem encouraging. It turns in a vicious circle; the want of an outlet for its vast natural wealth diverts the energies of the people from industry to civil war; and civil war deters the foreign capital which would remove the obstructions to industry. Judging from Herr Mossbach's account, there is no lack of intelligence among the white inhabitants, and the patient, docile Indians would make an admirable peasantry. The mixed race, as usual, is the least promising, and unfortunately constitutes a large element in the population.

In an essay on "the Spontaneous Decomposition of Christianity and the Religion of the Future" E. von Hartmann* appears as an inquirer after a principle of intellectual unity adapted to supply the void which he assumes to be created by the decay of positive religion. The first part of the essay is purely negative, directed however, not against orthodox Christianity, but against the compromise attempted by liberal Protestantism. The critical merits of this school are fully admitted, but the author contends that the endeavour to restore a religious system to its original purity must necessarily result in its destruction, the pure original, when recovered, proving unsuited to the circumstances which have arisen in the interim. Materialism being equally unacceptable from the religious point of view, on account of its want of religious feeling, the author falls back upon Oriental Pantheism as a system capable of combining absolute freedom of research with devotional fervour. The merits and some of the defects of Brahminism and Buddhism are acutely pointed out, and, while too much wedded to the theory of his own great work to free himself verbally from the pessimism of these Indian systems, the writer makes concessions which are equivalent to a virtual retraction on several points. He has probably discovered that it is one thing to construct a cosmogony in theory, and another to make the actual world work tolerably in practice. Schopenhauer would have derided such an endeavour, and his disciple's attempting it proves that he no longer occupies the same ground. In modifying his views, however, he has lost nothing of his vigour and incisiveness, nor of that clear perception of external reality and of a pervading intelligence which distinguishes him so favourably from German idealists on the one hand and from materialists on the other.

Dr. Pfeiderer endeavours † to exhibit the process of decomposition at work in another class of ideas—those, namely, of the characteristically English school of philosophy as personified in Hobbes and Locke—which he represents as attaining their logical resolution in the scepticism of Hume. The leading purpose of his very candid and able work is to insist on the rehabilitation of the German school of idealistic philosophy, which he seems to consider a natural sequel to the triumphs of Sedan and Paris.

Dr. Dühring's ‡ philosophical system is announced as a new one; but, so far as the publication has yet proceeded, it is not easy to say wherein the novelty consists.

The idea of a general dictionary of self-taught geniuses is, so far as we know, original. There is something inviting about it, but the attempt to reduce it to practice results in the concoction of a most singular medley. The first part of Dr. Wittstock's Dictionary § on this principle brings together Æsop, Æschines, Astor, Audubon, Eugene Aram, and Pietro Aretino.

Another writer on education ||, taking Goethe for his text, endeavours to analyse the poet's character with especial reference to the influence of hereditary descent, both on the paternal and maternal side. Goethe has already done this himself in a well-known stanza, to which little can be added except in the way of confirmation and illustration. This Herr Hacker has done very agreeably.

A History of the Railway System of Prussia, by Landrath Schreiber ¶, is in a measure supplemented by a little work on the regulation of railway freights, by Councillor Jonas.** The writer recommends the English system of the establishment of maximum rates of transport.

A volume on the History of Primitive Mankind, by Dr. F. Ratzel ††, and another on the Constitution and Life of Plants, by

* *Die Selbstzersehung des Christenthums und die Religion der Zukunft*. Von E. von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

† *Empirismus und Skepsis in D. Hume's Philosophie*. Von Dr. R. Pfeiderer. Berlin: Reimers. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Course der Philosophie*. Von Dr. E. Dühring. Leipzig: Koehring. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Autodidakten-Lexikon*. Von Dr. A. Wittstock. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Mentzel. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Erziehungsgeschichte Goethe's in pädagogischen Studien*. Von L. Hacker. Erste Studie. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Die Preussischen Eisenbahnen und ihr Verhältnis zum Staat*. 1834-1874. Von Schreiber, Landrath. Berlin: Ernst & Korn. London: Asher & Co.

** *Über die Stellung der Preise für die Leistungen der Eisenbahnen*. Von Jonas, Regierungsrath. Berlin: Ernst & Korn. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Die Vorgeschichte des europäischen Menschen*. Von Dr. F. Ratzel. München: Oldenbourg. London: Asher & Co.

* *Briefwechsel zwischen Varnhagen und Rahel*. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Bolivia. Culturbilder aus einer südamerikanischen Republik*. Von E. Mossbach. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

Dr. Thoms*, are favourable examples of the neat little scientific library, "The Fosses of Nature," of which they form a part.

The first volume of C. Wachsmuth's work on Ancient Athens† is devoted to the topography of the city, tracing the vicissitudes of its public edifices from the earliest ages to the period of Justinian. A second volume will treat of these buildings, with reference to the use to which they were applied, whether for official, sacred, or domestic purposes. The work is one of very great importance and value, testifying to a thorough acquaintance both with ancient authorities and modern topographers, and written in a simple and perspicuous style. A review of the labours of ancient and modern explorers is prefixed, as also a dissertation on the soil, climate, and physical configuration of Attica.

Another famous city of antiquity is the subject of a work by Dr. G. A. Zimmermann‡, who, under the guise of an account of Ephesus in the first century of the Christian era, has written almost a complete history of the city. His principal attention is naturally bestowed on the temple and the worship of Artemis, to which he ascribes a Semitic origin. There is also an interesting chapter on the commercial resources which contributed so materially to the splendour of the temple and its services, and consequently to the chief hold which Ephesus retains on the interest of modern days. Dr. Zimmermann himself treats the national creed in a narrow and puritanic spirit, and is quite incapable of entering into the feelings of a patriotic Ephesian.

It is much to say of any man that he has exhausted so extensive a subject as the history and bibliography of chess§; yet it is hard to believe that subsequent labourers in this field will find anything but gleanings after Dr. van der Linde. Every known work on the subject is most fully described in his volumes, which contain in addition upwards of five hundred diagrams chiefly derived from ancient works of extreme rarity; and he has only to acknowledge two limitations to his omniscience—the unhappy disappearance from the earth of F. Vicent's problems, printed at Valencia in 1495, and the impossibility of registering all the productions of a periodical literature which, in the shape of chess columns in the newspapers, already extends as far as Honolulu. The author's researches on the history of chess possess much interest even for general readers. At the expense of a prodigious number of myths, romances, and inaccurate reports, the first authentic notice of the game as we have it is pronounced to exist in the Arabian historian Masudi, in the first half of the tenth century. Its origin, however, was undoubtedly Indian, but Herr van der Linde considers that even this cannot be traced with certainty beyond about 800 A.D., and that it was not until its transplantation to Persia and Arabia that it emerged from the stage of the *chaturanga* or four-handed chess, in which the moves were partly determined by the cast of dice. From this time its progress was rapid, and Herr van der Linde's work contains a number of most interesting notices of the traces it has left in the chivalric literature of the middle ages. The Jewish literature of the subject is also a highly interesting section, specially contributed by the eminent Rabbinical authority, Dr. Steinschneider. The development of the powers of the queen and rook is the subject of an interesting investigation. Chessplayers, perhaps as a reaction from the patience they are compelled to exercise, have notoriously established a character for acrimonious pugnacity among themselves. Our author is no exception; he is perpetually assailing somebody or other, and his assaults admit of no quarter. He cannot endure to hear an antagonist out; his very quotations of unacceptable matter bludge with brackets enshrining little peppery notes of exclamation, or ejaculations of immeasurable disdain. One special object of his animosity is the late Professor Duncan Forbes, whom he accuses of having falsified the history of chess by palming off fictitious translations from the Oriental languages in order to conceal his ignorance of them. This serious charge demands an answer. He is also indignantly contemptuous of Philidor and his school, whom he treats much as Mr. Ruskin treats the representatives of the Renaissance. The Italian method of casting is another pet antipathy. These harmless infirmities of temper make the book almost as amusing as it is valuable, which is saying much. Not the least entertaining part of the work is the concluding section, devoted to such curiosities as chess in dream-books, in *tableaux vivants*, &c., and such derivatives from chess as the game of draughts.

The *Waltharius*|| is a romantic poem of the tenth century, composed in Latin on a Virgilian model, but animated by a truly Teutonic spirit. The authorship is ascribed to Ekkehard, Dean of St. Gall, assisted by a monk named Geradus. The German version, by J. V. Schöfel, the well-known humorous poet, is exceedingly spirited, and superior to the original, which appears to us to be too slightly rated by the editor, Herr Holder. The text and the translation are printed on opposite pages, with a valuable accompaniment of notes and illustrations.

After a thorough and very interesting examination of the various theories of the composition of the Nibelungenlied advanced since the time of Lachmann, Dr. H. Fischer* arrives at the following results. The Siegfried legend, originally a pure myth, was interwoven with the history of Attila and of Gunther, King of the Burgundians, about the middle of the fifth century, and received its final form about a century later. Much about this period it was adopted by the Norse Scalds. It first received a written form from Conrad, a scribe of Passau, towards the end of the tenth century. This version was in Latin, whether in prose or verse is uncertain. Some time in the twelfth century this composition formed the groundwork of a German epic, corresponding in essentials to the Nibelungenlied as we now have it. The author was an Austrian, who is to be identified with the author of the verses known as Kurenberg's Strophes. It is uncertain which member of the Kurenberg family he was; if Magene von Kurenberg, the date of the poem would be about 1130; if Conrad, about thirty years later. In either case it was twice subjected to revision towards the end of the century, and both versions are still extant. Originally composed for aristocratic circles, it was adopted by the people when French taste began to prevail at Court, and became a thoroughly national poem. These conclusions are in the main those of Pfeiffer, whose theory Dr. Fischer regards as thoroughly established.

Paul Lindau† is a smart writer, somewhat too conscious of his smartness. His collected essays are of some interest as demonstrating that liveliness is not unknown to German criticism; they were scarcely worth reproducing for their intrinsic merits. The most important, perhaps, is a very careful and appreciative review of Paul Heyse's *Kinder der Zeit*. Robert Hauserling's comedy, *Tend*, is treated with much severity. One of the most amusing of the minor essays is a satire on the German Universities' neglect of the living German language. A French student is supposed to arrive eager to penetrate the secret of the superiority of German intellectual culture; but to retire in dismay on discovering that, although he will find every facility for prosecuting the study of the Nibelungenlied, there is no provision for making him acquainted with Goethe, Schiller, or Lessing.

"Signets,"‡ by F. Künberger, is also a collection of reprints from periodicals, but mostly relating to political or ecclesiastical subjects. The writer, an Austrian journalist, wields a lively pen, and is successful in his sarcastic sallies against the Ultramontane party. The political articles are less satisfactory, their pungency not being tempered with any portion of the conciliatory spirit so essential in a State made up of diverse nationalities, the weakest of which is too strong to be ridden over roughshod.

The establishment of a German journal of high literary pretensions entirely devoted to the affairs of Italy§ is an undertaking which will enlist the sympathies of all who are interested in that country. Without disparagement to the rapid growth of literary taste and intelligence in Italy, it is nevertheless certain that she cannot as yet command either the mature erudition which Germany can contribute to the examination of her history, or the foreigner's dispassionateness of judgment on her internal affairs. Three of the most remarkable essays in the number, however, are by Italian writers. Signor Biondi institutes a comparison between the ecclesiastical legislation of Italy and of Germany, freely criticizing both, and arriving at the conclusion that the solution consists in handing over Church matters to the exclusive control of the laity. It may be questioned whether the patriotic laity in either country take sufficient interest in ecclesiastical affairs to give the experiment a chance. Signor Sommano investigates the *metayer* system of tenure in vogue in Tuscany, endeavouring to account for its exceptional success in that region; and Signor Fontanelli plunges into the mysteries of the Italian paper currency. There are also articles on the French invasion of Sicily in 1674-78, on some recently discovered particulars respecting Leonardo da Vinci, on the present political situation, and other topics. A most promising beginning has been made, and it is much to be hoped that the *Italia* will soon be able to exchange its present irregular publication for the status of an established periodical.

* *Die Forschungen über das Nibelungenlied seit Karl Lachmann*. Eine gekrönte Preisschrift von Dr. H. Fischer. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Gesammelte Aufsätze. Beiträge zur Literaturgeschichte der Gegenwart*. Von Paul Lindau. Berlin: Stilke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Siegebringe*. Von F. Künberger. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

§ *Italia*. Herausgegeben von K. Hillebrand. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hartung & Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

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§ *Geschichte und Literatur des Schachspiels*. Von A. van der Linde. 2 Bde. Berlin: Springer. London: Teubner & Co.

|| *Waltharius, lateinisches Gedicht aus dem zehnten Jahrhundert. Mit deutscher Uebersetzung und Erläuterungen* von J. V. Schöfel und A. Holder. Stuttgart: Meiner. London: Teubner & Co.

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COUNT ARNIM'S TRIAL.

THE trial of Count ARNIM has ended in the condemnation of the accused, but only on a small and technical point, and to a very moderate punishment. There were three things with which he was charged. He was accused of not having restored soon enough one set of official papers, which he ultimately sent to the Foreign Office, of withholding papers belonging to the Foreign Office, which he owned he had in his possession, and of having carried off from Paris another set of papers, of which he would give no account. Further it was alleged that he withheld those which he owned to possessing, and had carried off those for which he would not account, for the improper purpose of gaining his own political ends by publishing them, or parts of them, when it might serve his purpose to do so. The Tribunal of the City of Berlin has held that on the last two heads of accusation, that of withholding papers acknowledged to be in his possession, and that of having carried off papers from Paris belonging to the Foreign Office, there was not evidence sufficient to sustain the criminal charge. The Court, in an elaborate judgment, traced the line between disciplinary and legal offences. Against discipline Count ARNIM had no doubt offended, but that was very different from his being legally guilty. The papers which he acknowledged to have, but which he refused to give up, were withheld by him on the ground that they belonged to him. The Court held that, if a diplomatic agent receives a despatch from the Foreign Office merely censuring him personally, the letter belongs to him. It is an admonition for his private guidance. If a despatch is sent giving instructions, but also containing censure, it will depend on the relative quantity of the two ingredients whether the document as a whole is to be considered one of instruction, and therefore public property, or one of censure, and therefore private property. The despatches which Count ARNIM claimed to retain were despatches partly of instruction and partly of rebuke, and although he might have been wrong in thinking that the quantity of rebuke preponderated, yet it was difficult to say that he did not make the mistake *bonâ fide*; and even if he may have afterwards seen that he was mistaken in his views, this could not be considered to have tainted the proceeding from the outset. As to the papers which he was said to have carried off from Paris, the Court held that there was no evidence to show that they were not still in Paris, or that, if they had been carried off, it was Count ARNIM who abstracted them. Nor was there any legal proof that Count ARNIM meant to make the improper use suggested of any documents he might hold. It was shown that he had on one occasion got a statement as to himself inserted in a Belgian paper, that he had negotiated for the purchase of a newspaper, and that he had probably had some communications with a Vienna editor; but what those communications were was not shown. A legal tribunal could not infer from these things that he had withheld or abstracted public documents with a view to publish them. There remained only the first head of accusation. When he left Paris, Count ARNIM took with him a series of despatches about ecclesiastical matters which he says he considered not suited for the perusal of his successor at the Embassy, who is a Catholic. He took these despatches with him to Berlin, and thence to Carlsbad. On being asked for them, he first said that he did not think he was bound to give them up; on the day or two afterwards he wrote to say that, if the

Foreign Office was of opinion that the despatches in question belonged to it, he would not dispute the views of the Foreign Office, but would restore them, and this accordingly he did. The Court held that he must have known that these despatches belonged to the Foreign Office, and that it was within his discretion to bring them to Berlin instead of leaving them at Paris, but that he could have no legal right to take them to Carlsbad. He had thus made himself guilty of the offence of removing public documents, and accordingly he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, the imprisonment he has already undergone counting as one month of the term.

The judgment of the Court is not satisfactory to Count ARNIM and his friends, for the accused has been condemned on so very subsidiary and technical a point, and it seems so hard to say that what he did came within the terms of the law, that it is thought to be more than he deserves to have been held to have committed any legal crime at all. To Prince BISMARCK the judgment is also unsatisfactory, and it is easy to see why this should be so. Let us go back to the time when Count ARNIM was first arrested, and suppose that the charges on which he has been pronounced not guilty had never been made against him. What would Germany and Europe have thought if it had been announced that a person in the position of Count ARNIM had suddenly been arrested and imprisoned because he had brought some official papers from Paris to Berlin, and then gone off to Carlsbad and taken them with him, and on being asked for them by the Foreign Office had given them up four months before he was arrested? The judges say, that, without any bad motive being imputed to him, he was legally guilty of an offence in taking these papers out of Berlin. This is, we will suppose, right law, but who would ever dream of prosecuting an ex-Ambassador, and throwing him into prison, for carrying off papers which he had given back months before he was arrested? This was not the real reason why Count ARNIM was arrested; he was arrested because it was conceived that he was guilty of a criminal offence in keeping back the papers which he claimed as private, and it was assumed that he must have carried off certain documents from Paris, simply because they were not to be found in the repositories of the Paris Embassy. The Court has now decided that the grounds on which he was really arrested have not been substantiated. So far he was wrongly accused of a criminal offence, and though what remains may be enough for a court of law to condemn him, it is not nearly enough to justify criminal proceedings having been taken against him. Germans are excessively indignant if anything is said to cast a shadow of doubt on the conduct of their great man; but if there are any Germans who, after the decision of the Court, think that it was wise and just to arrest and imprison Count ARNIM, they have only to ask themselves whether they can really say that, if Count ARNIM had been accused of nothing else than carrying off some despatches to Carlsbad, which despatches he had restored in June to the Foreign Office, they would have thought it right and expedient to institute criminal proceedings against him on this head in October.

But it is quite possible that a course of action which in its direct aspect is indefensible, may indirectly and incidentally lead to good results. Count ARNIM ought not to have been arrested, imprisoned, and tried; but it may be at the same time admitted that very considerable benefits may accrue to Germany from his having been subjected to an injustice. In the first place, it must be very satisfactory to Germans to know that a German court of law has shown

itself independent in dealing with a political question, and that the tribunals may be relied on to take a legal view of points at law. To be sure that the judges are independent of the Executive is one of the pleasantest certainties which a nation can have, and very few nations enjoy it. In the next place, a very strong blow has been dealt by this trial to the treacherous practice which was creeping into modern diplomacy of officials publishing, in order to annoy their adversaries, documents which have become known to them in their official capacity. That Count ARNIM ever intended to make a dishonourable use of the documents he happened to hold is what no one ought to assert or to hint; but it is undeniable that not long ago there were rumours in quarters supposed to be favourable to him that he was going to do so, and those who invented or spread these rumours evidently thought that, if he did what they said he was going to do, he would be doing nothing extraordinary, and would be only employing a particular kind of weapon in his warfare with Prince BISMARCK. The ARNIM trial is eminently calculated to clear up such hazy views of what an ex-Ambassador may properly do. Then, again, it can hardly happen that the complete exposure of the long controversy between Prince BISMARCK and Count ARNIM should not suggest to Germans of all ranks that the positions which the disputants held towards each other was one in harmony perhaps with the old traditions of the Prussian monarchy, but very unsuited to the administration of the affairs of a great country at the present day. Count ARNIM and Prince BISMARCK were both servants of the EMPEROR, each on his own footing, and not the one the representative of the foreign policy of the other. Count ARNIM, when he was scolded and informed that his views on every subject of importance were shallow and foolish, instead of resigning, held on and offered more views of the same quality. Prince BISMARCK, instead of recalling Count ARNIM, scolded, taunted, and abused him. Prince BISMARCK could not recall Count ARNIM without pressing the EMPEROR harder than he cared to press him; and Count ARNIM felt that he could not be recalled easily, and thought that he too had friends at court. This is not the way in which a foreign policy can be carried on, and it is probable that such a thing will be made impossible for the future. The country and the EMPEROR will have learnt that the system which made Count ARNIM insubordinate will not do, and it will be silently and unostentatiously, but effectually, abandoned. Lastly, the ARNIM trial has had the great advantage for Germans that it has shown them what is the foreign policy which at a most important crisis has been pursued on their behalf, and what is the foreign policy which they have escaped having pursued on their behalf. If Prince BISMARCK had not been at the head of affairs, Count ARNIM would not improbably have been, and Germany will now know not only what Prince BISMARCK has done, but what he has averted. The foreign policy of the nation has been shown, so far as can be judged from the despatches published during the recent trial, to be in the hands of a man wise, moderate, far-seeing, and bold; and the happiness and prosperity of Germans are just now so bound up with the soundness of their foreign policy that they may rejoice to have come to know this, although they have come to know it rather unfairly, at the expense of Count ARNIM's personal liberty.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT OXFORD.

IF any of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's friends are guilty of the weakness of preferring his political interests to the public advantage, they may perhaps sometimes regret that his principles rendered it impossible for him to join the Conservative party. He could scarcely have failed, with or without an interval, to succeed Mr. DISRAELI as leader. He has the same enlightened freedom from Tory prejudices, the same contempt for popular crochets, and the same devotion to the Protestant element in the Established Church. His abilities and eloquence would have done credit to the Government, while, although they are not less valuable to the Liberal cause, it may be doubted whether the advanced section of the party will ever consent to be represented by Sir W. HARCOURT. His confession that he is a Whig or moderate Liberal will repel the sympathy of those who hold with Mr. STANSFELD that it is constantly necessary to devise new Liberal doctrines for the purpose of giving the party a reason for existence. After all, it is

possible that the old division of parties may become obsolete in political organization as it is in the opinions of intelligent Conservatives and Whigs. At a late meeting of Tiverton Mr. MASSEY, who a year or two ago inclined to extreme political views, manfully refused to sign the disestablishment of the Church or the extension of household suffrage to counties. If the unscathed declaration of Mr. GLADSTONE to certain B. G. E. leaders, some of his followers will find it necessary to their allegiance to less revolutionary leaders. B. G. E. leaders who carry out the revolutionary doctrine of the reasonable B. G. E. leaders.

Sir W. HARCOURT would be one of the ablest and most eloquent of its members. In his speech at Oxford he naturally professed to regard as a triumph of Liberal principles the adoption by the present Ministry of much of the policy of their predecessors. There is an obvious fallacy in the point which is often addressed to Conservative politicians that they never propose to repeal the measures passed by their opponents. Modern reforms have generally consisted in the destruction of institutions which, whether good or bad, cannot be restored to life. It would be absurd to attempt the reconstruction of the Irish Church, or to restore purchase in the army. As Sir W. HARCOURT acutely remarked, attacks on the administration of special departments naturally cease when the entities are transformed into responsible Ministers. The army and the navy were, he said, represented by the Conservative Opposition as utterly inefficient; but now nothing will be said against a system for which its former assailants have become responsible. It is not perhaps an unmixed public advantage that no party should be interested in detecting or exposing maladministration; but it is true that a certain time must elapse before Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CHILDESS can conveniently prove that Mr. WARD Hunt's fleet is a phantom. It would undoubtedly be difficult to discover any change in the foreign policy of England in consequence of one pacific Minister succeeding another, although Lord GRANVILLE had not of late yearned the opportunity of adopting an independent course which was seized by Lord DERBY in his refusal to take part, except through a mere delegate, in the Brussels Conference.

From the time of the general election which deprived him of office after a tenure of two or three months, Sir W. HARCOURT has exhibited a consistent and praiseworthy cheerfulness in the midst of his friends' misfortunes and his own. Any consolation which he may have needed may have been found in the consciousness that he had been the only politician who for two or three years before had distinctly foreseen and openly foretold the collapse of the Liberal party. He is still content that the Conservatives should have their turn of power, because, according to his theory, they continue a Liberal policy without sharing the errors to which they owe their own triumph. While he does justice to his opponents, Sir W. HARCOURT discusses the conduct and character of the leading members of his own party with a frankness which leaves nothing to be desired. He is apparently not of opinion that the nearest road to power is to be found in the advocacy of fantastic and subversive theories which he thought it unnecessary to specify in detail. It is indeed strange that a late Cabinet Minister should have devoted himself to the cause of the unchecked propagation of disease. The eagerness with which some Liberal politicians are seeking for means of recovering the popularity of their party almost justifies the contumelious overtures for co-operation which were made to them by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the *Portsmouth Review*. Sir W. HARCOURT, on the other hand, properly rejects the proposal that the moderate Liberals should desert all their principles for the purpose of entitling themselves to places in a future Radical Cabinet. It would perhaps have been well that, when he denounced an undue proneness to hazardous novelties, Sir W. HARCOURT should have kept clear of the difficult question of land tenure. His statistics on the subject appear to be vague, and his assumption that changes in the law of land would greatly increase the profits of cultivation is entirely conjectural. It is unreasonable to attribute the largeness of the sums which are paid for imported corn to defective cultivation at home. There would be no advantage in the free admission of foreign corn if English farmers could undersell their foreign competitors. It would be possible, and perhaps easy, to increase the gross produce of the land, but beyond a certain point artificial fertility

could only be produced at a loss. The serious objection to the use of rhetorical phrases in relation to land tenure is that subversive politicians are prepared to concentrate all their efforts on the spoliation of the landowners. Sir W. Harcourt's authority may perhaps be quoted for the proposition that the £20,000,000 are unnecessarily paid for foreign land, and that the charge that the actual distribution of the land is injurious to the public interest. It is each successive Crown grant, that some kind of legislation much more to the benefit of tenant-farmers. It is scarcely possible to alter, but the agitators are bent on compensation for disturbance as well as for unexhausted expenditure, and their success would involve an arbitrary transfer of a valuable property.

Having congratulated his adversaries and duly admonished his friends, Sir W. Harcourt proceeded to express his candid opinion of the leader of his party. His conventional statement that nothing in Mr. Gladstone's career justified the suspicion that he can have been guilty of the levity with which he has been recently charged was proper and decorous. Unluckily the general credence which has been given to a wholly unauthenticated rumour is entirely founded on the characteristic nature of the outburst which is recorded in the apocryphal story. If the anecdote had been told of any other eminent statesman it would have been at once rejected as incredible. The unknown author of the legend has given plausibility to his fiction by a close imitation of Mr. Gladstone's manner. While Sir W. Harcourt vindicates Mr. Gladstone from the imputation of reckless political versatility, he is not altogether blind to his possible errors of judgment. In his opinion, as in the opinion of the rest of the reasoning portion of mankind, it is not the business of a statesman to engage in theological controversy, nor to prove to some millions of his countrymen that they must either be inaccurate logicians or traitors. The illustration of a similar appeal which might be addressed to the Mahomedans of India is appropriate, and it has been used before. Many commentators on the Koran, if not the Prophet himself, held that it was a sacred duty to make war on infidels and to oppose their sovereignty. An appeal to them to abandon either Islam or their allegiance would not be a judicious measure. The only practical inference which can be drawn from Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is that Catholic Emancipation ought to be rescinded unless the Decrees of the Council of the Vatican are rejected. The enormous circulation of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, exceeding that of the most amusing works of Dickens, is due to a strange misconception on the part of his ultra-Protestant admirers. The obscure style has perhaps prevented them from perceiving that the grievances which excite Mr. Gladstone's wrath are suffered, not by the co-religionists of Lord Shaftesbury, but by the followers of Dr. Dolling. Conscience that he has himself a better right than Mr. Gladstone to the character of a Protestant champion, Sir W. Harcourt is careful to explain that his efforts are strictly confined to the purification of the Established Church from Roman admixture. The Dissenters and the Roman Catholics may do as they please. Sir W. Harcourt is the stern guardian of the rubrics and of the Act of Uniformity. The latter half of his speech, which is exclusively concerned with ecclesiastical subjects, begins with a well-founded protest against the intrusion of politicians on theological ground. It is true that the Church may be regarded as having made a compact with the State; but it is generally inexpedient to attempt a strict enforcement of laws which are inseparably connected with doctrinal controversies. Mr. Gladstone tends to one extreme in theological opinion, and Sir W. Harcourt has no sympathy with his tendencies. It is impossible to discuss the difference between them except on theological principles; and politicians who are not excited by controversy will more and more lean to the system of comprehension which, as one of an unpopular minority, Mr. Gladstone naturally defended.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

THE audacious hoax which was perpetrated in the telegraphic report of the President's Message failed to produce the impression which might have been anticipated. The funds of Spain were not affected by menaces which, as it now appears, were never uttered. It was thought strange that an American President should, in

defiance of the so-called MONROE doctrine, invite the concurrence of European Powers in measures of intervention which might be adopted in Cuba; but no grave importance was attached to phrases which were borrowed by the writer from the habitual language used for many years in Presidential Messages. It was well known that, even if the President had cherished warlike designs, his policy would not have been supported by Congress or by the party to which he has hitherto belonged; and it seemed a far-fetched conjecture that he was bidding for re-election by courting the favour of the Democrats. In the genuine Message the President only mentions Cuba for the purpose of keeping alive the pretension of the United States to express an opinion on the insurrection. The admission that the internal disorders of Spain furnish an excuse for delay in pacifying Cuba renders the remainder of the President's remarks inoffensive. No Message has at any time contained scantier reference to foreign affairs. The United States have no dispute pending with any other Power, except that some delay has occurred in the payment of a debt due from the Republic of Venezuela. The President considerably observes that a rebellion is, as usual in South American Republics, proceeding in some part of the State. If at any future time internal peace should be consolidated, it is hoped that the consummation will be celebrated by a discharge of existing obligations. The President announces his intention of observing strict neutrality in the civil war on the Plata, which has since happily terminated, and in the possible war between China and Japan. He has received the balance of an indemnity due from Japan, and he recommends legislative measures to control the immigration of Chinese in the Pacific States of the Union. It is remarkable that the Message contains no reference to the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada which was supposed to have received favourable attention from the President and the SECRETARY OF STATE. It is possible that their approval may have been withdrawn in consequence of the declaration of the English Government that Canada will not be allowed to levy differential duties on English imports while American produce is admitted at lower rates.

The interest of the remainder of the Message is exclusively domestic, except that the President's theories on trade and navigation might, if they were embodied in legislation, affect foreign commerce. Since it is highly improbable that the present Congress will, during the brief residue of its term, pass any important measure, the President may be supposed only to have contemplated the object of recording his opinions on economical questions. He naturally says nothing of the Civil Rights Bill, which will be stopped by his veto if it should pass the House of Representatives and the Senate. His treatment of the question of Civil Service Reform, of which he is not supposed to be an enthusiastic supporter, is somewhat singular. The President thinks that, on the whole, the competitive mode of appointment is desirable; but he announces that, unless Congress passes some law to render it compulsory, he will abandon it altogether. A long time will probably elapse before American politicians consent to sacrifice the most efficient part of their machinery. It would be difficult to secure the zealous services of the managers of Conventions and similar bodies if there were no prize-money in the form of official appointments. The President has long inclined to the traditional mode of conducting political business, and he is not unwilling both to retain an ancient system and to devolve the responsibility on Congress. His apology for his action in Louisiana, and for his refusal to act in Arkansas, will be generally thought honest, and perhaps satisfactory. It was, he says, impossible to judge which set of candidates for office ought to have been returned in 1872; but KELLOGG's Government had existed for two years, and it had already been recognized at Washington. It could not be permitted to an armed body of citizens to depose the Government *de facto*; and the intervention of the United States' authorities was necessary for the preservation of peace. The term of office of the present Government is drawing to an end, and it is interesting to hear that the Judge of the Supreme Court who had made himself the tool of KELLOGG and his accomplices has resigned his office in fear of impeachment. In Arkansas the claims of the rival Governments depended on a difficult legal question, and the President's refusal to interfere was probably judicious. It is not surprising that the President should desire to be relieved from the necessity of interfering in State disputes.

In the whole area of twelve Southern States the numbers of the regular army amount to only 4,000 men. A force twenty times as large is habitually employed in providing for the safety of the city of Paris.

The essay on political economy and currency which forms the most laboured portion of the Message is only equalled in oddity of matter and of style, as a principal part of a formal State paper, by some of Mr. LINCOLN's cruder lucubrations. Former documents proceeding from the PRESIDENT have shown that during his tenure of office he has been an industrious student of commercial and fiscal theories. On one important point he has arrived at sound conclusions, which acquired practical importance when he interposed his veto on the plan for increasing the issue of paper money. As might have been expected, he adheres firmly to a decision which seems nevertheless to be partly founded on the most fanciful reasons. In the progress of his investigations General GRANT has not advanced beyond the stage of enlightenment in which it is supposed that the business of Governments and Legislatures is to stimulate with paternal solicitude the material welfare of the community. Taking for his text the depression and distress which have now existed for more than a year, the PRESIDENT commences his discourse by dealing with the supposed paradox that the elements of prosperity are abundant, although they fail to produce their natural result. Labour and capital have been plentiful and cheap, but it has been found impossible to obtain profitable employment for either. In the PRESIDENT's opinion the explanation of the mystery is in great measure to be found in the absence of a metallic currency. The encouragement of American shipping and the discovery of new markets for American produce must not be neglected; but Congress is in the first instance invited to adopt a currency "which has as its basis the labour necessary to 'produce it which will give it its value.' Not only gold, but the causes which are supposed to make gold valuable, approve themselves to the judgment of the PRESIDENT. "The debt and speculative classes" indeed may prefer a currency which fluctuates and sometimes expands, but, "admitting that these two classes of citizens are to be 'benefited by expansion, would it be honest to give it?' The 'debt class' would be still more directly benefited by absolute release from all liabilities.

The PRESIDENT is convinced that the people of the United States would reject a proposal of national bankruptcy and of universal repudiation of debts, and he contends that any expansion of the currency is subject to similar objections of principle. The simple-minded exposition of rudimentary propositions will perhaps fail to convince the supporters of inflation, but there may be reasons for expounding such doctrines in a President's Message which would scarcely occur to European statesmen. Hundreds or thousands of educated men could express the substance of the Message more elegantly, more clearly, and with fuller knowledge of the subject; but probably their arguments would never be read by those whom it is desirable to convince. A small portion of true doctrine may perhaps be more acceptable when it is imbedded in a mass of old-fashioned fallacies. General GRANT still believes that the sums paid to foreigners for freight represent a dead loss to the country, which he proposes to diminish by giving direct or indirect subsidies to American steam-vessels. The grants which would be necessary to effect his object would exactly coincide in amount with the difference of cheapness between English and American vessels. Whether it is for the interest of the American taxpayer to make good by his contributions the result of protective legislation in another department is a question for Congress and its constituents. A strong practical reason against adopting the PRESIDENT's recommendations will be found in his suggestion that new taxes will be required. It is much easier to apply a surplus revenue to wasteful purposes than to impose new burdens which may be easily shown to be unnecessary. There is no doubt that in all the opinions which he expresses the PRESIDENT is perfectly sincere. He shows good sense and good taste in abstaining from any notice of the revolution which has lately reversed the relative strength of parties. It is right that he should discharge his functions without reference to the political opinions which are respectively represented by the actual and the future Congress.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT EXETER.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has been explaining to a Conservative gathering at Exeter his views of finance, and the special troubles he has in the discharge of his official duties. There is a very personal or peculiar in his revelations. His views of finance are those which every Chancellor of the Exchequer must hold, and his troubles are those which every Chancellor of the Exchequer must endure. The keeper of the national purse is bound to be a party to or to another, he would be equally ready to allow that fits of economy, followed by fits of recklessness, are bad things, that England must work hard to hold her own, that taxes must press on some one, and that the Ministry of the day should study the real wants of the people, and try to satisfy them. Every Chancellor in turn passes through the experience which has shown Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that the head of the Exchequer must not admire anything, or he will be asked to pay for what he admires, nor be afraid of anything, or he will be asked to pay for precautions against that which he fears, and that one good plan at least is to seem a little stupid, and vow that he cannot quite make out what those who ask him for something really mean. Good finance consists in getting money well and in spending money wisely, and to raise the nation's income fairly and without doing avoidable mischief, and to lay it out so as to get the best possible return for what is spent, is the double duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The first is much the pleasantest sphere of operations. Every now and then the adjustment of taxation affords brilliant openings to financial genius. It is possible every now and then for men like Sir ROBERT PEEL or Mr. GLADSTONE to give a fresh opening to national enterprise by infusing new ideas into the general scheme of taxation. Such an opportunity Mr. GLADSTONE believed he had found at the beginning of this year; but the Conservatives of Exeter aided in forcing Mr. GLADSTONE to keep the secret of his financial reformation to himself, and in returning a Parliament which preferred the unambitious Budget of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. It is not, however, either incumbent on a Minister or good for a nation that great schemes of financial readjustment should be always forthcoming. If the general plan of English taxation is right—and statesmen of all parties agree that it is substantially right—the Budget of the year may be a very good Budget although the changes it introduces are unimportant. Unless he has fallen upon evil days, and has to invent new taxes to make up a deficit, the shaping of his Budget is the most entertaining part of the Chancellor's work. He must indeed be prepared to disappoint some people who had hoped that they were going to receive a special benefit. But it is not very difficult to keep them quiet, as so many other people are glad that they should be disappointed. The patient way in which the farmers year after year believe Conservatives out of office who promise to get the Malt-tax repealed, and instantly acquiesce in the necessity of a Conservative Ministry keeping the Malt-tax unrepealed, must be very encouraging to all Chancellors of the Exchequer, and to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in particular. And when a Chancellor of the Exchequer is dealing with the general scheme of taxation, he has the satisfaction of having to do with big figures, vast interests, and great results. He has an opportunity of showing what is in him, and if he succeeds his success is apparent to all the world, and gains him general credit and admiration.

It is far otherwise when he comes to discharge the other half of his duty, and to limit expenditure. He has then to baffle, to worry, and to alienate individuals. He raises hosts of silent enemies, while the good he does passes almost unnoticed. In the first place, he has to see that no more new money goes out than is amply warranted. When he has to propose an increase of expenditure on some broad principle and for some indisputably national end, his task is not very difficult. Englishmen, for example, are not so stupid as not to be able to see that, if they wish to have a satisfactory army and yet to avoid conscription, they must offer those who voluntarily enlist terms good enough to obtain an adequate supply of efficient recruits. It is the enthusiasts, the alarmists, the projectors of ingenious schemes, the representatives of special interests, who are really hard to manage. They cannot have the money they want. They must be denied, and the only question is how to deny them so as to give them nothing

and yet not make them very angry. Mr. Lowe thought the best way of managing was to dismiss them with a few epigrammatic sentences showing conclusively what idiots they were. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has observed that Mr. Lowe's way was not altogether successful, so he has not on a way of his own. When a deputation irritates or humiliates him more than he can stand, he professes to become friendly, and to fail to understand what is said. This is a safe answer, and we hope it will, for it is an art which each successive Chancellor might hope to acquire without much difficulty. But it seems scarcely wise in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to have told his secret so openly. It is to be feared that when during the next Session a deputation waits on him, and finds it is not making much way, its members will whisper to each other, "Sir STAFFORD is shamming dull," and will take their departure in wrath. However, deputations which come to propose something that cannot be entertained for a moment must be got rid of somehow, and probably most men would prefer being deadened by a look of blank and unmeaning obtuseness in the face of their auditor to being made the victims of a shower of brilliant repartees. It is when those who come to ask for money have a real claim to be heard that the true difficulty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer begins—when an object is pointed out which it seems right for the Government to take up, or a demand is made the fairness of which it is hard to dispute. In such a case Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could not in justice to himself affect to be devoid of intellect. He would have to understand, and to show that he understood; and if he had made up his mind to a refusal, he would have to admit that he had only a limited amount of money to spend, and that the Government he represented could not afford to be just to every one.

It is not, however, even in giving discouraging answers to applicants who deserve encouragement that the most arduous part of the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer really lies. Those who want new money, who have never had what they say they ought to have, can be put off tolerably well with the hope that their turn must come, and that they are sure of getting what is owed to them sooner or later, although they may have to wait. It is very different when the Chancellor proposes to take away what is in the possession of those whom he considers himself bound to attack. Retrenchment, cutting down salaries, abolishing sinecures, forbidding men to hope any more for that which they believe they have been led fairly to expect, these are the things which seriously test the courage and the patriotism of a Finance Minister. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said at Exeter that he was sure there was much waste and mismanagement in many branches of the public expenditure, and that great economies might be effected if the nation would but set to work earnestly, and would exercise the same wholesome supervision over its establishment which a prudent and active householder exercises over his. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE sees this as clearly as he says he sees it, it becomes a part of his duty to apply the necessary remedies to the evil he deplures. But these remedies are very painful remedies. They cause much irritation and suffering. They give persons and whole classes of persons distinct and tangible grievances. No one minds as long as general language is used, and nothing is done. But directly any specific instance of waste is alleged, and particular people are threatened, there arises a chorus of indignation. The Ministry that intervenes to check waste is immediately set down as a harassing Ministry. The GLADSTONE Ministry honestly set itself to check waste, and got thoroughly hated for its pains. It is true that it went about its work in an unnecessarily rough way; that it employed such instruments in its labours of reform as Mr. AYTON, who displayed great zeal and resolution, but who often exhausted himself in trying to save the wrong halfpence, and who treated every recipient of public money as a beggar would treat a pauper infant. But the GLADSTONE Ministry did not merely err in the manner in which it discharged its duties; it also gave great offence by believing it had duties to discharge. It made enemies of all who preferred to be left alone in their accustomed comfort; and one of the attractions of a Conservative Government was that it was thought sure to abstain from meddling. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE means to make his words good, if he was not using vague language so as to gain credit for vigilance while he had made up his mind to overlook everything, he will have a bad time before him. He will earn the approval of his own

conscience, and will raise his own reputation, but he will incur much unpopularity, and disappoint many who thought that they might rely on the masterly inactivity of a Conservative Government. He is not likely to commit precisely the same faults as his predecessors. He will not reproduce the jocose severity of Mr. LOWE or the parochial harshness of Mr. AYTON. He will do disagreeable things as pleasantly as he knows how to do them. But disagreeable things are disagreeable, and we hope, rather than expect, that he will dare to do disagreeable things, and that he will really exercise the supervision of a resolute householder over the national expenditure.

THE UNION OF THE CENTRES.

THE Centres in the French Assembly seem equally impatient of union and of separation. One proposal after another designed to enable them to act together is rejected as impracticable, and each is immediately followed by another aiming at the same end. While they are debating upon a common policy they are most impressed by the number and hopelessness of their differences, but as soon as they have decided to remain apart they are equally impressed with their inability to effect anything except in concert. The Left Centre has lately decided that it will not take into consideration any isolated constitutional law. This determination is fatal to the proposal of the Right Centre and of the Committee of Thirty to place the Bill for creating a Second Chamber in the orders of the day immediately after the new year. The Legitimists will not vote for any constitutional law whatever. The Left will not vote for the creation of a Second Chamber unless it is presented as part of a complete Republican Constitution. The Bonapartists denounce it as veiling an Orleansist conspiracy. There is no chance, therefore, for this Bill with few friends unless the Left Centre can be induced to support it. Of course the Left Centre have very good reasons to give for their refusal. They have come to two conclusions regarding the condition and wants of the country. France needs, they think, a settled Government, and the only possible settled Government is the Republic. Neither of these requirements would be satisfied by the gift of a Second Chamber. The Government would be no more Republican, and consequently no more settled, with a Senate as well as an Assembly sitting at Versailles, than it is with an Assembly sitting there without a Senate. The Right Centre urge that true political wisdom consists in taking what is to be got at any given time, and they accuse the Left Centre of forgetting the proverb about half a loaf. The Left Centre deny that the proverb is applicable. What the Right Centre offer them is not half a loaf, but something which is not even made of bread. They ask for a Republic, and the Right Centre propose to give them a Senate. Now a Senate may be an element, perhaps a useful element, in a Republican Constitution, but it is in no sense the equivalent of a Republican Constitution, and the Left Centre are not disposed to accept anything short of such an equivalent.

As soon as the Centres had parted company upon this point, the search for a ground of common action was, as usual, begun over again. This time the suggestion has come from the side of the Left Centre, and it has, for a wonder, been received favourably by the Right Centre. It is not as yet clear, however, how far the Left Centre concur in it as a body. The author of the proposal is an anonymous correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, but the *Journal des Débats* has given it importance by making it its own. According to this plan the Left Centre may consent to pass the Bill creating a Second Chamber, provided that the Right Centre will consent to the insertion of a clause postponing its operation until such time as the other constitutional laws have been passed. The Left Centre have hitherto refused to have anything to do with a Senate unless it comes to them as part of a Republic. They are now asked to waive their objection on the understanding that the Senate, though constituted on paper at once, shall not be constituted in fact until the Republic, or some substitute for the Republic, shall have been established. A proposal of this kind may easily call forth very various criticisms. Against it there is the obvious fact that it is merely an evasion of a difficulty. The opposition between the two Centres rests on the fact that one of them wants the Republic while the other wants the Monarchy. There can be no real alliance between them until such time as

one or other of them consents to give way, and any scheme for uniting them which does not go upon this principle only postpones the inevitable separation. Supposing the Left Centre consent to pass the Bill with the proviso suggested by the *Journal des Débats*, what will they have gained? The controversy between them and the Right Centre has reference, not to the propriety of establishing a Second Chamber—upon this both Centres are agreed—but to the propriety of establishing the Republic. So long as this remains unsettled, no agreement upon minor points will be of any avail. Indeed the Left Centre may easily lose by consenting to this compromise. There is now a certain amount of sympathy between them and the Left. If the Left came to suspect the Left Centre of a disposition to sacrifice the Republic to an imaginary union among Conservatives, this sympathy would be at an end. Would not their consenting to discuss a single constitutional law apart from the rest—and that law the least Republican of all—be taken as sufficient evidence of such a disposition? And if it would, the whole fabric of Conservative Republicanism which has been built up with so much labour by the Left Centre would come to the ground. On the other hand, there is the chance that the Right Centre, if they can but be kept in association with the Left Centre, may by degrees learn to look at the situation with more practical eyes. They are in some respects in a more promising condition as regards this change than they have ever been before. They are not now led astray by any delusions upon the subject of their numerical strength in the Assembly. They know that the majority of the Twenty-fourth of May can never be recalled to life. They know that no form of Government other than the Republic can possibly be set up in France so long as the dividing lines between the various parties run as they do. If they could once be led to pursue a common policy with the Left Centre, even upon a question of little moment, they might in time get a habit of looking at affairs in the same light which might influence their action in questions of real importance. The Left, it is true, may feel some contempt for the long-suffering of the Left Centre, but it will be a contempt which is very likely to be qualified by the consciousness of how necessary to the establishment of the Republic the co-operation of the Right Centre is, and by the consequent admission that any concession which postpones the day when the Right Centre have finally to determine whether this co-operation shall be given or withheld deserves at least to be favourably construed.

Even M. GAMBETTA has come forward to do his part towards removing the obstacles which part the Centres from one another. There is something terrible to the imagination of a French Conservative in having any share in founding a Government which is favoured by the Executive. M. GAMBETTA probably sees that this feeling operates injuriously on the prospects of the Republic, and he takes the opportunity of meeting the *Times*' Correspondent in his walk from the Versailles station to the Assembly to protest that he is not so black as his enemies paint him. He is not in the least desirous of driving Marshal MACMARTIN from office; on the contrary, he will recognize him as President until the close of the seven years for which he has been appointed, and if he finds the nation or the Assembly willing to re-elect him at the end of that period, M. GAMBETTA will offer no objection. In this respect, as he takes care to point out, he is much more the friend of the MARSHAL than M. THIERS is. Nor is it only a President that M. GAMBETTA is willing to receive at the hands of the Conservatives; he will accept a Constitution also. If they will honestly undertake to frame a Republic, they may frame it after their own mind. M. GAMBETTA's object is to see the Republic recognized as the legal Government of France; and if the Conservatives will meet him on this platform, he promises on his side to meet them in a thoroughly conciliatory spirit. They shall have the first innings; they shall administer the Republic for the next six years of its existence; and not until those six years have come to an end will M. GAMBETTA ask the country to decide whether his theory of the Republic or theirs is the best calculated to ensure good government. If the Right Centre are well advised, this remarkable statement will go a long way towards quieting the terrors with which they view the advent of the Republic. Unfortunately this very week has supplied an instance of their inability to understand their own interest which goes far to invalidate their claims to even the

smallest portion of political vision. The Bill for abolishing the monopoly of the State in the matter of the higher education has been opposed by many members of the Left on the ground that it will benefit the Roman Catholic Church and no one else. Men like M. LABOULAYE have protested against the narrowness of this objection, and, for once, the Conservatives in the Assembly have seemed to have the advantage in point of liberality over the Left. An amendment was brought forward on Tuesday which goes a long way towards making the Bill do in form what the Radicals accuse it of doing in substance. It was proposed that the right of opening establishments of superior instruction should not be conceded to less than three persons, the intention obviously being to give an advantage to religious congregations. The whole Right supported the amendment, and it was made an instruction to the Committee which has charge of the Bill. The advantage which the Right have hitherto enjoyed of being associated with Liberals like M. LABOULAYE in the demand for freedom to teach has thus been thrown away. They can no longer accuse the Radicals of caring only for liberty when it happens to answer their own purposes, when, by the vote of Tuesday, they have laid themselves open to the same charge. It is by follies such as these that one French party after another succeeds in making its friends despair of it.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works, in publishing its annual Budget, regards with not unnatural complacency its powers, its revenues, and its achievements. The Board was created for the best possible reason, because there was a great work to be done which could only be accomplished by a central authority. It would have been impossible to construct the great drainage system of London if the engineer had been subject to the control of a score of Vestries. The rate which provided the necessary funds might perhaps have been levied in the form of a contribution from the various parishes and districts; but it was also necessary to borrow large sums of money on the credit of the rate; and capitalists would not have been satisfied with a security of a complicated and troublesome nature. In constituting the Board Parliament judiciously tried an experiment which was in England comparatively novel. It seemed probable that the nominees of elected Vestries would be among the most competent of their members; and while it was necessary to make a taxing body representative, it seemed desirable to avoid the uncertainties of popular choice. Although conventional objections are frequently raised to the alleged anomaly of indirect or secondary election, there is no reason to complain of the manner in which the Board has discharged its duties. On its first establishment it had the good judgment and good fortune to select an engineer of the highest ability; and Sir JOHN THWAITES, the first Chairman, was an industrious and useful man of business. It was highly proper that, while the other members of the Board discharge their duties gratuitously, the Chairman, who is practically responsible for efficient administration, should receive a salary which is certainly not excessive in amount. Elective bodies, large and small, can only exercise their executive powers through their officers; and it is for this reason that in the Netherlands, and in some other Republics, the principal person in the State has been the secretary or clerk of the sovereign Assembly. In a Board which exercises only a limited municipal authority there is no risk of the usurpations which may have been apprehended in Republics; and consequently it is convenient that the nominal and real executive power should be combined in the same person. No contrivance will prevent the concentration of municipal or of political power in the hands of a few persons; and the advocates of popular election, or of any other kind of nomination, only differ as to the mode of choosing a Government. It is perhaps not a bad plan to appoint the officers who are sometimes described as *Ediles* by a triple election, in which the ratepayers elect the Vestries, which appoint the members of the Metropolitan Board, who finally choose their own Chairman. Sir JAMES HOGG has devoted himself with laudable assiduity to the duties of his office, and his immediate constituents deserve credit for not insisting that the incumbent of the highest office in their body should belong to the class of tradesmen.

The Board which was found competent to direct the great scheme of the main drainage was fitly rewarded by the gradual enlargement of its functions. It has now the chief control of streets, and in the prosecution of various improvements it has arrived at the dignity of a large public debt, which holds a good position in the market. The revenue and the regular expenditure for which the Board provides amount to about 380,000*l.* a year; and the sums which are raised on capital account for various purposes of improvement sometimes reach a larger amount. No great city has in modern times profited more largely than London by the public works which have been constructed. The rebuilding of a large part of Paris under the Empire was less useful than the main drainage of London, and the Thames Embankment has substituted the most ornamental thoroughfare in the metropolis for an accumulated mass of deformities.

It is natural that success should encourage ambition; and the Metropolitan Board is now bent on acquiring some powers which are not even possessed by completely organized municipal bodies. The Board has formerly often come into collision with the City Corporation; but both bodies have lately formed a kind of alliance which may be called exclusively offensive. Both the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board have deposited Bills for taking compulsory possession of the property of the Gas Companies; or, as an alternative, for establishing works of their own, which would combine the creation of much unnecessary nuisance with the most wasteful expenditure of public money. The construction of new gas-works in districts which are at present free from the inconvenience would be but a small part of the annoyance which the ostensible scheme of the Board would produce. It would be intolerable that new mains should be laid in every street by the side of the existing means of distribution. The promoters probably trust to another among the two or three strings of their bow. There are also Bills for giving the governing bodies additional powers of interference with the Companies, if Parliament is unwilling either to permit a mischievous competition, or for the first time to take the property of the shareholders by compulsion. It is hard on the Companies whose affairs have been fully considered by Parliament within five or six years that they should be now compelled to defend their property against opponents who dispose without control of large public funds. It has been often admitted that the best way of terminating a chronic agitation is to provide on fair terms for the sale of the undertakings; but if the transfer is effected against the will of the Companies, Parliament will have created a precedent which every Committee on the subject has deliberately refused to establish. The Board of Works lately intimated a disposition to negotiate for a purchase on the basis of the average price of shares for the last three years. During the whole of that time the high price of coal has rendered the maintenance of the usual dividends doubtful; and during a part of the time which would be included in the calculation the agitation has been one of the elements for the consideration of purchasers. It is in the highest degree inequitable that the value of a property which is to be taken by compulsion should be damaged by intending purchasers with the effect of reducing the market price. The effect of incessant menaces is proved by the fact that London gas shares may be bought to pay about 6 per cent. on the purchase money. In provincial towns where, as in London, the income is tolerably permanent, the return on a purchase is seldom more than 4½ per cent.

While it might be for the comfort, though not for the profit, of shareholders to part with their property for its fair value, the communities respectively represented by the Corporation and Board of Works would find that they were for the present neither better nor worse for the transfer, though they might hope for some future advantage. The consumers are already entitled to the benefit of an increase of revenue; and perhaps they may think that their residuary interests would be more vigilantly guarded by municipal bodies than by the Companies. After the transfer, as before, they must pay the cost of the gas which they use; nor could they obtain a better quality than that of the present supply, except by increased expenditure. The Board of Works would use the same establishments, they would probably contract with the same coalowners, nor would they enjoy any advantages in arranging the price which are not open to the Companies. The same engineers and other officers, or successors of no higher professional standing, would perform their present duties neither more nor less efficiently

than when they served the Companies. There is no trace of evidence that Corporations have supplied gas or water more cheaply or more satisfactorily than Companies. In all matters of this kind the work is done by persons of special attainments, who are wholly indifferent to the nature of the bodies which they serve. Skilled workmen of all ranks, from civil engineers and analysts to artisans, work after their own fashion, whoever may be their employers. It may perhaps be worth the while both of the Corporation and of the Board of Works to consider the possible indirect results of their own aggressive proceedings. The Corporation has a right to its vast property, for the simple reason that it is the owner; and Parliament has not up to this time opened up the large question whether the estates of Corporations and private persons might be diverted to more beneficial purposes. The gas shareholders also own their property, and some of them depend on it for subsistence. Compulsory purchase at an inadequate price might establish a precedent especially dangerous to the City. The Board of Works, if it has no estates to lose, may remember that its own existence is not secure. Mr. BRAI's unwise project of civic revolution has apparently been exploded, notwithstanding the chorus of newspaper applause with which it was at first received; but more plausible substitutes may be devised for the Metropolitan Board, which is really less popular than it in some respects deserves. It is not unlikely that the ratepayers may regard with less confidence than the Board its future powers of dealing with the price and quality of gas. If the transfer is authorized, the debt must be increased by several millions; and although it may be presumed that the interest will be covered by the gas receipts, it may possibly become sometimes necessary to lower the quality. The promoters have more than once suggested that, if the Board of Works undertook the supply, the establishment of a minimum illuminating power, the official inspection, and the other restrictions to which the Companies are subject, would become superfluous.

PROGRESS OF INDIA.

IN noticing Mr. MARKHAM's statement of the progress of India during the year 1871-72, we described it as a "model Blue-book." Its author has not allowed the success of his first effort to make him careless about future improvements. There were shortcomings and omissions, it appears, in the statement for 1871-72 which unfitted it to be, as had been intended, the first of a yearly series. This place is now assigned to the statement for the year 1872-73. The contents of the former volume are incorporated into the new one, with the statistics brought down to the later date, and with many additions and improvements introduced under their proper headings. Thus the section on Land Revenue now contains a full account of all the minor settlements, as well as of the Permanent Settlement in Bengal. The section on Trade and Manufactures has been completely re-written. And a new section has been added, giving a short account of the rulers and of treaty rights and obligations of each native State. This part of the statement is admirably calculated to impress English readers with the enormous extent and variety of our Indian dominions. No less than four hundred and sixty native States acknowledge the supremacy of the British Government. With some this bare acknowledgment is all that is yielded. Others have pledged themselves to follow the advice of the VICEROY. Others pay tribute or maintain a military contingent at their own cost. Nor is this condition of things likely soon to pass away. The sovereigns of nearly all these States have since the mutiny been allowed to secure themselves against failure of heirs by the exercise of the right of adoption; so that, unless forfeiture is inflicted by way of punishment for rebellion against the paramount State, the area of the dominions directly administered by the Government of India is not likely to increase.

The two matters in this volume to which Englishmen will turn with most interest are Trade and Manufactures and Emigration. The dependence of a large part of the population of India on the produce of a rude though not inefficient husbandry, and the formidable numbers of the classes which are thus supported, have been brought home to us by the recent famine. The failure of a single crop threw nearly all the inhabitants of the distressed districts upon the charity of the Government. The judicious extension of irrigation and of communications between different dis-

tricts may go far to prevent the recurrence of similar disasters; but the inevitable pauperism of a dense population, whose increase is subject to no restraints except those which have been removed by the paternal care of the Government, is a scarcely less formidable danger. If the people of Bengal cannot find new means of supporting themselves, or be induced to emigrate, large numbers of them must starve or be maintained at the expense of the State. The problem which English statesmen had to face forty years ago will confront Indian statesmen in far larger proportions. Emigration from Bengal has unfortunately been discredited by the abuses with which it has been mixed up. The growth of the tea-plantations in Assam created a demand for additional labour in that district as long ago as 1858; but, in spite of a regulating Act passed in 1862, the condition of the emigrants was one of virtual slavery. The mortality among the labourers in the contractors' depôts and on the voyage was excessive. It is calculated that in the three years from 1863 to 1866 more than thirty-one thousand coolies must have died out of about eighty-four thousand exported from Bengal. This extraordinary death-rate was principally due to diseases caused by want of food; and the tale was made up out of the runaways, who were caught and flogged in a way that left them but a small chance of life. Since 1868 there has been a great improvement in this respect. There are now nearly forty-five thousand coolies working under contract in the tea districts, and the deaths during 1872-73 amounted to 1,504. Many labourers remain after their contracts have run out, and strict rules are enforced as regards the provision of food, lodging, and medical attendance. Emigration to countries not subject to the Government of India is now regulated by a consolidating Act of 1871. The enlistment of the emigrants is placed under very strict regulations which are enforced by agents and protectors appointed by the Government of India or by the local Government in each Presidency. The vessels conveying them are licensed and carefully surveyed, and British agents are appointed in the countries to which the emigrants are shipped under regulations passed by the Governments in the case of British colonies, and under conventions in the case of foreign Governments. The business of these agents is to see that the contracts made with the emigrants are not departed from, that the work given them is not excessive, that they receive the wages and rations agreed upon, and that the means of returning to India are provided at the expiration of the term of service. In 1872-73 the number of emigrants was 17,171. It will be seen that coolie emigration aims at supplying labour to other countries rather than at removing the surplus population from India. To what extent it will answer this latter purpose also must depend in a great measure upon the inducements held out to the emigrants to outstay the period of their contracts.

The most promising industry of India is the cotton manufacture. How vast a field lies open to it if it should prove capable of occupying it may be inferred from the fact that in 1872-73 14,545,772l. worth of cotton piece goods were imported into India. By degrees, however, native industry is catching up Manchester, and the manufacturers of the latter city have helped on the change by sending out inferior goods. It is not wonderful that local cotton mills should have "almost annihilated" the English trade in grey shirtings when seventy-five per cent. of the cloths exported from England were rendered worthless by the employment of deleterious compounds in their preparation in order to increase the weight of the goods. Within the last ten years steam spinning and weaving mills have been introduced into the Bombay Presidency, and the eighteen mills now at work give employment to 10,000 hands. Much of the cloth manufactured in these mills is dyed and printed in the neighbourhood. There are many cotton manufactories in the Punjab. In Mysore cotton cloths are woven in nearly every district, and in Madras a considerable local export trade has arisen in piece goods and twists.

The cultivation of cotton is increasing in extent, and the quality of the crop is also improving. In the Dharwar district the introduction of American cotton has been a complete success. The number of acres under cultivation in 1872-73 was greater by 336,000 than in the preceding years. In Sind there is every prospect of a valuable crop being obtained by crossing the American cotton with the Dharwar native. It is also probable that by careful selection and cultivation the native cotton may be greatly improved.

As regards the latter point, more might have been effected if somewhat less had been attempted. It is of little use to set even the best-trained English farmer to teach the ryots until the teacher has first observed their modes of farming, and learnt from them all that they have to teach him. Until English agriculturists have as exact a knowledge as the natives of the soil, climate, and plants of the country, the natives will beat them. At least this is the opinion of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and of Mr. HALSEY, the Acting-Commissioner of Cotton and Commerce. It is when the European cultivator knows all that the native knows that he will be likely to see the way to knowing more, but not till then.

Mr. MARKHAM makes a remark with regard to the action of European taste upon Indian workmen which is full of ill omen to another important industry, the woollen manufacture. "The commencement," he says, "of European influence of the best kind on Indian manufactures is beginning to be clearly perceptible." We have not been fortunate enough to see any examples of what the natives of India can do under European influence of the best kind, but we have seen something of what they are capable of under European influence of the worst kind. Dealers in Indian carpets say that there is a great and increasing difficulty in obtaining them in the old colours and in the old patterns, and that when a workman attempts to copy European examples his eye loses all that sense of colour and grace which gives to Indian fabrics their characteristic merit. How subtle the action of this influence must be is proved by the fact that the carpets made in gaols are almost worthless from the impossibility of making the prisoners reproduce under supervision the designs which in their own huts they followed without trouble and without teaching. The best service that European influence can render to Indian art is to let it alone. It is not worth while to lose all that is distinctive in Oriental workmanship for the sake of getting a poor reproduction of inferior French taste.

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

IT cannot be denied that a good deal of nonsense and sham sentiment has come to be mixed up with the idea of Christmas; but there is happily one custom of the season which shows no symptom of adulteration or decay. The appeals to the benevolent which just now occupy so much space in the newspapers represent a very healthy and honourable feature of English character. There is no other country in the world in which so much lavish charity is constantly bestowed; and during the present week there must have been great numbers of people who felt their money burning in their pockets until they had devoted some of it to the relief of the sick and miserable. It can hardly be doubted that the instinct which prompts this liberality is sound and wholesome, for it represents that tenderness and sympathetic feeling which keeps fresh the heart of a nation. At the same time it must be admitted that through carelessness and thoughtlessness the liberality is frequently misapplied. It is notorious that a large part of the pauperism of London and other large towns has been fostered by mistaken kindness, and by that sort of easy giving which is too often rather a salve to the giver's own feelings than a studied benefit to the recipient. To a reflecting mind there is perhaps nothing so hard and pitiful in life as the difficulty of trying to do good without harm coming of it. Almost every avenue of philanthropy is thus beset with doubts and difficulties. Alms to the casual beggar may make him a confirmed pauper; help to the struggling labourer tends to weaken his sense of independence and reliance on his own efforts; the pursuit of charity becomes a trade, and the agencies of its distribution a profession; and what between the money which is lost on its way to the poor and that which reaches them only to corrupt and demoralize them, the charitable are certainly exposed to sad discouragements. Still, good must be done sometimes, and in any case, after making full allowance for the evils of careless and indiscriminate relief, it may be believed that it is better than none at all. There can be no doubt, however, that it is the duty of all who can afford to give to make their contributions as useful as possible by taking the trouble to consider how they are likely to operate, and in what way they can be most effectively applied. The familiar saying that he gives twice who gives without delay may be still more strongly applied to the case of the man who thinks twice before he gives, so that he may be sure

that his money will not be thrown away. It is a pity that when there is so much generous liberality, a little more discrimination in its application is not added to enhance its value.

We have more than once pointed out the very strong objections to which the recently introduced system of Hospital Sunday is exposed, and at the present moment it may be not inappropriate to review them. Of course, if the contributions thus collected are to be regarded as so much supplementary to the ordinary contributions on which the hospitals have hitherto relied, they may be gratefully received. There are perhaps some institutions which already have rather more money than is good for them, or which make a doubtful use of it; but, on the whole, there is ample scope for expenditure in this direction. The question, however, assumes another aspect if the tendency of Hospital Sunday is, as we fear, not so much to add to the general stock as to divert into a new channel some at least of the money hitherto given to the hospitals. The results of this mode of appeal have certainly not as yet been remarkable for their success; and it is idle to disguise that it is regarded with a distrust which would seem to be rather increasing than diminishing. In the first place, it is evident, from what is known of human nature, that an appeal on behalf of charity in general can never be so telling as an appeal on behalf of a particular form of charity of which a precise detailed account can be given, and which elicits special sympathies. A poet has justly remarked how poor a thing the love of all is to the love of one, and there is always something flabby and artificial in that sort of enthusiasm which is supposed to be simultaneously and equally extended to the whole human race without regard to divisions and distinctions. The sort of love which professes to love all the world is usually of very small account to anybody; but a man, as a rule, really does love his wife and his children, and after them his country, and is willing to do something handsome on their behalf. Experience has shown conclusively that human nature is, after all, an extremely limited thing, that it fastens most closely and sincerely on some object the individuality of which is close to it and clearly seen, and that, when spread too far, it becomes thin and visionary. Most people who are honest would admit that they care extremely little for mankind in the abstract, or for people whom they do not know face to face, or at least fancy from reading or report that they know. The old proverb about charity beginning at home is an illustration of this truth, and the whole policy of Hospital Sunday runs directly counter to it. What, in effect, is said to people who are disposed to give money is, "Do not trouble yourselves to consider whether this asylum, or hospital, or dispensary, is most deserving of support. Listen to the words of the preacher enforcing the vague duty of philanthropy in general, and of benevolence without reference to anything in particular, and try (if you can) to become enthusiastic in your sympathy for every kind of misery and disease all at once and in a lump sum." A sermon of this kind must necessarily be dull and unimpressive, inasmuch as the interest and vividness of a discourse lies not in generals, but in particulars, and the contemplation in mass of the enormous, overwhelming, and utterly helpless and hopeless misery of a large part of the human species is simply paralyzing. What a drop in the sea is a five-pound note in such an ocean of chronic agony! What is the good of trying to fill a hole that opens at the bottom into endless space? These are the reflections forced upon an audience which listens to comprehensive declamation upon human distress. Nobody ever yet did much good to the world who did not begin by confining his attention to some small speck or spot in the human system, and endeavouring with all his might to rectify that particular blemish, with faith in the principle that every little thing helps towards the big aggregate.

But then it is said, Ah, but these Hospital Sunday gentlemen undertake to look into the affairs of all the hospitals and asylums and dispensaries, and to determine exactly what is due to each, and which should have nothing. We desire to speak most respectfully of Sir C. TREVELYAN and his colleagues, and nobody, of course, can for a moment doubt their disinterested devotion to the cause they have taken up. Still, they are only human beings, and therefore not absolutely infallible. They have prejudices, crotchets, fancies of their own; and if the distribution of charity is to be entrusted to a Committee, we should prefer that it should be handed over, not to irre-

sponsible persons who have appointed themselves because they believe in themselves above everybody else, but to some public Board of responsible officials, upon whom the criticism and votes of Parliament could be brought to bear with good effect. As the matter stands, it seems to us that the Hospital Committee is simply offering an encouragement to the laziness and carelessness of people who wish to be charitable without taking the least trouble to think what charity really means, or how it can best be carried out. It is such an easy thing to compound for a good conscience by a small money donation. What is wanted is that people should give not only money, but close, keen, interested personal attention to the affairs of the charities. The managers of a charity, however eminent, honourable, or honest, are not to be trusted by themselves; the jealous and efficient supervision of subscribers is indispensable to its permanent good management; and Hospital Sunday necessarily strikes at the very root of this principle. If people really want to do good in this way, they must do something more than give a lump sum as a salve to their own feelings; they must put themselves to the trouble of singling out some institution which they think deserving, and make a point of looking closely into its management, and touching up the managers whenever it seems necessary. If it is a badly managed place which they take to, so much the better, as it may lead to reform. There can be no doubt that a great many charitable institutions are shamefully jobbed, and the reason is simply that they get money, and no looking after. We need not point the moral of these remarks at the present moment. Let people who wish to give by all means choose some object of charity in which they believe, and insist upon a clear and complete account of it, and a right to express their opinion on its management. If they are at a loss which to choose, they can scarcely do better than send their offerings to the box of the police-court of their district. The magistrates know more about real distress than most people, and they are usually practical men of the world, and not fanatics or sentimentalists.

THE YEAR.

TIME brings every thing to an end, and this year has seen the end of the Tichborne trial and of the Gladstone Ministry. When the year opened Dr. Kennedy was still engaged in the process which he has since described, with more than his usual accuracy, as that of "keeping the Judges at bay"; and the Druids who assembled on New Year's Day at Oxford could little have dreamt that, before many months had gone by, one of their members would have retreated from the cares of administration to the serene seclusion of the House of Lords, and that the other would have exhibited himself as the chief adversary of Mr. Gladstone out of office. Stroud in the early part of January returned a Conservative in place of Mr. Winterbotham, but there was nothing to indicate that this would be regarded as a matter of much importance by a Prime Minister who still commanded a majority of more than sixty. But Mr. Gladstone hoped that the Stroud election might be accepted as filling him with despair sufficient to warrant his appealing to the country on the great question whether it would like to get rid of the Income-tax, and let him have the opportunity of exhibiting a marvellous financial feat, the details of which he did not think it necessary to explain. To the astonishment of the country and his Cabinet he issued his Greenwich manifesto, and at the moment when it had been announced that Parliament would meet, new elections were held to ascertain whether the fish had been hooked and the constituencies would accept the brilliant bribe that had been offered them. The contest was fierce, and the country was startled and amused at the acrimony with which Mr. Disraeli referred to Mr. Gladstone's private devotions and the Straits of Malacca, at the sparkling vituperation of Mr. Lowe, and at the ingenious retort of Mr. Disraeli that he had allowed the University of London to return a member because this would ensure the return of Mr. Lowe, who could not possibly get in anywhere else, and who was sure to break up any Administration he joined. One Conservative success followed after another, a Conservative majority of fifty was secured, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. He formed a small Cabinet, judiciously selected, and he at once showed that he knew how to use his victory. He stamped on his Ministry the character of a moderate Liberalism, and he forbore from every appearance of triumphing over his fallen foes.

The new Parliament met on the 5th March, but only to elect Mr. Brand as Speaker. The new Ministers had to be re-elected, and it was not till the 19th of March that the House met for business. The Liberals who had survived the election had many absent faces to think over. A considerable portion of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet had betaken themselves to the Lords, and an unkind fate had sentenced to banishment, not only the author of unnumbered woes, Mr. Ayrton, but many others of promise and reputation; the chief loss to the new Parliament being the absence of Mr. Fawcett, who,

however, was soon restored to his proper place when a chance vacancy occurred at Hackney. The Queen's Speech announced the proposal of a moderate list of modest and useful measures, and no one could have anticipated that out of this list scarcely any would be carried. At first all went well. Sir Stafford Northcote accepted Mr. Gladstone's surplus, and disposed of it as Mr. Gladstone approved, and was ready to own that he had not done anything very brilliant in taking off a penny from the Income-tax, and contributing perfectly free sugar to the historical breakfast-table. Mr. Hardy took over Lord Cardwell's estimate and schemes for the army, and although Mr. Ward Hunt interrupted for a moment the harmony of things by declaring that he had only had a phantom navy handed over to him, he was soon brought by his colleagues into a calmer state of mind, and agreed that, if he could but exceed Mr. Goschen's estimate by exactly one per cent., he should have a navy of which he would be proud. Mr. Cross was affability itself in dealing with his Licensing Bill. It appeared that the new Parliament was not disposed to recognize too unreservedly the debt of gratitude which his party owed to beer, and Mr. Cross was quite ready to let the House do as it pleased. He confused matters a little at first by stating that he had evidence to show that the local authorities disapproved of Lord Aberdeen's Bill, and then having to own, when he produced this evidence, that it pointed directly the other way. But he soon recovered himself, left the House to fix the hours of closing as it pleased, and once more made the magistrates supreme by leaving them to decide what was the meaning of the term "populous places." This did not look like strength in government, but it was very pleasing and conciliatory, as also was the adoption as Government measures of Mr. Mundella's Factory Act and Mr. Stansfeld's Rating Bill. The legal measures of the Session were pushed on success fully in the Upper House under the joint care of Lord Selborne and the Chancellor, and Home Rule was made the subject of a long discussion in the Lower House, which at least afforded the numerous House Rulers who had found seats through the dissolution an ample opportunity of proving that they had nothing to propose of a practical kind short of dismemberment of the Empire. Mr. Disraeli did his best to conciliate his Irish hearers by saying that everybody had been conquered and that the Irish had no reason to wall over having undergone the universal lot. But the subject was discussed in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, who after much hesitation had accepted the leadership of the Opposition on the understanding that he should be taken to be doing all that he could be expected to do if he spent his Session time in Wales.

But this state of repose was not destined to last. A Bill to which the rest of the world was profoundly indifferent excited the liveliest interest in Mr. Gladstone, and he left his mountains and his studies to thunder on the wrongs of the members of the Free Kirk, who were grievously vexed by discovering that the Established Kirk was to be relieved from those ties of patronage to escape from which had been the motive of the grand disruption. Scarcely had his thunders on this subtle grievance died away when he was still more profoundly moved by the Bill which, originally proceeding from the two Archbishops, had been taken up and largely modified by Lord Selborne and Lord Cairns. It was called a Bill for Regulating Public Worship in the Church of England, but was avowedly meant to afford a short and sharp way of putting down the "Ritualists." Mr. Gladstone took up the matter in his grandest and most serious manner, and proposed to move six Resolutions embodying his views on the general principles of ecclesiastical law. His party shrank from following him into the mazes of a theological discussion, and he had to withdraw his Resolutions in a manner sufficiently humble to have satisfied Mr. Disraeli if Mr. Disraeli had wished for nothing but a triumph over a rival. But the temper of the House had shown that the proceedings of a small section of the Clergy had produced a very strong feeling of irritation, and although many of his colleagues had professed themselves hostile to, or contemptuous of, the Bill, Mr. Disraeli suddenly resolved to make it a Cabinet measure, to press it on, and to throw himself on the Protestant feeling of the country. He had lived to become a Prime Minister and to make a Duke, but the curiosities of his success were not over, and he now proved that he had lived to become a Protestant champion. The House warmed to its work with an increasing zeal, and Mr. Disraeli found a ready supporter in Sir William Harcourt, who vigorously attacked Mr. Gladstone, accumulated ecclesiastical learning with extraordinary rapidity, established for himself a Parliamentary position apart from the fallen leaders of the Liberals, and could not find words strong enough to convey his love and admiration for Mr. Disraeli. The strife got so bitter that Mr. Disraeli actually warned the House of Commons against being led away by one of his own colleagues; but fortunately Lord Salisbury, who had the consolation of thinking that his chief was commenting on expressions that had never been used, had the good sense to take no notice, and the Ministry escaped the serious danger of being broken up almost as soon as it had been formed. Meantime another complication had arisen. The Ministry had at a very late period of the Session brought in a Bill to regulate the treatment of endowed schools, and the advocacy of the measure was entrusted to Lord Sandon, who put the views of his party in language stronger than was consistent with the general policy of Mr. Disraeli. The House spent many days in discussing the behaviour of the Commissioners whose office was at an end, and at last the discharge of their duties was transferred to the Charity Commissioners; but the Bill also laid down rules for interpreting instruments of donation, and these rules called forth the

strongest opposition from Mr. Gladstone, who on this one occasion was heartily supported by his party. Mr. Disraeli gave way under the pretext that he really could not understand the clauses of his own Bill, and so the business of the Session was brought to a conclusion, but not without the sacrifice of almost every measure the Government had intended to carry. In particular, the Judicature Bill, in carrying which through the Lords the Chancellor had shown great firmness and resolution, had to be abandoned, and the legislative achievements of the new Parliament dwindled down almost to a blank.

The Ministry was, however, far too strong to be shaken by failures in legislation, or even by suspicions of discord among its members. Mr. Disraeli had saved the country from the dangers of a Conservative reaction, and had taken a new step in educating his party by impressing on it that it ought to show itself worthy to be considered the party of Pitt and Grenville; and as soon as the Ministry was stamped definitively with the character of moderate Liberalism, it was possible to contrast its policy favourably with the wild dreams of the theorists who were eager to set up a new Liberal programme, and with the trivial crotchets on which Liberal candidates rely in appealing to constituencies. The electors of Northampton set in the autumn a useful example, by showing that a Liberal constituency could prefer a Conservative to Mr. Bradlaugh. Even Ireland has given little or no trouble lately; the Bar, which is generally the centre of activity, being absorbed in trying to demonstrate the right of the profession to have the prospect of appointment to an immutable number of judgeships, and the Home Rulers having occupied themselves with the very speculative question whether, if Ireland were separated from England, it ought to pledge itself to Free-trade as part of the bargain, and whether, if it did, it would be likely to keep to its engagement. In the same way it might be asked, if the sky fell and all the larks were caught, is it probable that antecedent arrangements for an equal distribution among the lovers of puddings would be faithfully observed? A party that busies itself with such problems is for the moment harmless. Lord Derby's foreign policy is as safe as a foreign policy can be. A little difficulty with Chili has been arranged, adequate compensation has been exacted for a gross outrage on an English Vice-Consul in Guatemala, and M. de Lesseps has been made to understand that he cannot vary his Canal duties as he pleases. In greater matters Lord Derby has managed to stand well with Powers of very various kinds, and he has been on one occasion aided by Mr. Disraeli, who very wisely has no time in explaining away a reference he was supposed to have made to Count Armin's trial. A wise reserve was exercised in the instructions given to the English representative at the Brussels Conference; and England, while not permitting the rights of belligerents at sea to be discussed at all, has kept clear of assenting to doctrines as to war on land which, under the guise of humanity, threaten to cripple the independence of minor nations. At home the Ministry has reached the end of the year without anything very exciting to distract it from the calm consideration of its common measures. The eccentricities of the electors of Stroud have perhaps raised a point of some little difficulty, as the reasons for permitting or refusing the issue of a new writ are nearly evenly balanced. It is, however, satisfactory to observe that the long series of election petitions to which the assembling of a new Parliament gave rise rather illustrates the minuteness of the points on which the loss or retention of a seat may turn than any general corruption in the constituencies. But the chief excitement of the closing months of the year has been religious, not political. Mr. Gladstone undertook to explain the theory of Ritualism, and explained almost everything about it except the matters that needed to be explained; and Lord Ripon's conversion afforded him an opportunity, not so much of owning that a person who rises to be a Marquis by having been an Earl may be a very weak man, although a member of the late Cabinet, but of showing that he had at last mastered the meaning of what has been taught for years at the Vatican. His pamphlet has, however, had two important consequences. It has revealed the incurable differences of religious opinion which separate the members of a body whose strength rests mainly on a supposed certainty and identity of belief; and it has greatly improved Mr. Gladstone's position with those sections of his countrymen who thought he was half a Romanist, while it has relieved him from an incubus by exciting the hostility of his Irish friends.

Fortunately England, like the greater part of the world, has been blessed with an abundant harvest; and this has done much to mitigate the distress which has been caused by a depressed trade, and by the continuance of the struggle between capital and labour. Mr. Gladstone attempted to prove to the Aston Hall colliers that men who do not choose to work ought not to prevent others from working; but reason is a feeble weapon in such cases, and men who are poor, ignorant, and dissatisfied are not likely to yield to anything but the stern logic of facts. For months a battle was fought between the farmers and labourers in the Eastern Counties, and it was only brought to a close by the labourers being made to see that even in harvest-time the farmers could do without them. Such a struggle could not fail to be an exciting one. It was aggravated at its commencement by an imprudent declaration from the Bishop of Manchester, ordinarily a cool-headed man, that the farmers must be mad to resist men who could burn their ricks; and it was also embittered by a decree of the farmers that their men must not belong to any Union at all, and by the outrageous violence in language of wandering agitators. The same lesson that was enforced on the farm-labourers has also been

brought home to colliers and iron-workers, who claimed that the high wages of two years ago should be perpetual, but have been gradually made to see that, if a business does not pay, employers will not carry it on. The year has been fruitful in appalling accidents, and although no one in a civilized country expects to be safe, it is not often that we are startled by events more appalling than the Thorpe collision, the Regent's Park explosion, the loss of the *La Plata*, and the terrible accident on the Great Western Railway which has just cast a gloom over Christmas. Socially, it is a comfort to think that not only did the Tichborne trial come to an end, but that it ended in an audacious impostor's receiving an adequate punishment, and that the insolent and intolerable conduct of Dr. Kenealy did not escape without retribution. But the efficacy of English criminal law has not been lately seen in a very advantageous light, and ruffianism has not only been more rampant than usual, but more successful. It is but slowly that the world grows better, and those who think to push it on the path of progress by a sudden heave are generally disappointed, although one of the most conspicuous of these persons, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, has lately gone about his task with such irrepressible joviality that one is half tempted to wish him more success than he is likely to obtain. It would be odd, however, if there were nothing out of the range of politics on which we could not dwell with satisfaction. Many persons have been made happy this year, for Mr. Disraeli, who understands human nature, is far too good-humoured a man to stay his hand when he perceives how easy it is to delight his fellow-creatures simply by making them baronets. A local decision has reserved Epping Forest for the recreation of Londoners, and the Government has wisely shown that it will not grudge public money for a national purpose, and by deciding to send out an Arctic Expedition has gratified the scientific world and given a new direction in which England can expend the admiration with which it always regards its navy. It was also found that England had taken a fair share in the preparations made to observe the Transit of Venus; and while astronomers were pleased to have new means of calculating the sun's distance, ordinary people enjoyed the thought that something was happening which had not happened for more than a century, and that it came off exactly at the right moment. Few things can properly be called "eminently reliable"; but if there are any, it is certainly the heavenly bodies. Of all the events of the year that of which we have most reason to be proud is the conduct and conclusion of the Ashantee war. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out unfettered and left to do the best he could with not very adequate means. He and his handful of men fought their way to the Prah, crushed the Ashantees at Amoaful, advanced on and burnt Coomassie, and by the aid of the timely arrival of Major Glover brought the King to sue for a peace which led to the downfall of the Ashantee power, and the establishment under Governor Strahan of an English Protectorate or colony from which slavery will soon, it may now be hoped, disappear. Nothing could have better shown of what an English general and English troops are capable, although such a success ought not to make us forget that, if we have good soldiers, we have very few of them; and the Duke of Cambridge has just closed a long discussion on the state of the army by pointing out that, if we do not wish to have recourse to conscription, we must offer our soldiers better terms. The peace of Europe may, we will hope, be preserved, and such incidents as the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to a Russian Princess and the visit of the Czar to this country really contribute much to a good understanding between nations. But there will always be reasons enough why we should wish our army and navy to be strong. We cannot help, as the recent annexation of Fiji has shown, the extension of our Empire, and the basis of empire, however this basis may be disguised, must always be military and naval power.

So vast an Empire as that of England must have its catastrophes to deplore, and although Englishmen are ordinarily wise enough to avoid interference with India and leave the government of this enormous dependency to those who alone know enough to rule it, they heard with horror the accounts, continually more and more gloomy, of the famine in Bengal. It was a tale of misery, destitution, and famine on a scale terribly great. But it soon became evident that all that man could do to avert or mitigate the evil was being done. Lord Northbrook was firm, enlightened, and resolute, and his worth was at once warmly and without hesitation recognized by Lord Salisbury, who continued to him the active encouragement and support which he had naturally received from his political ally the Duke of Argyll. In opposition to the opinions of Sir George Campbell, Lord Northbrook, fearing to throw the course of trade out of its usual channel, refused to prohibit the export of grain. But although Sir George Campbell was overruled, he stayed at his post with an heroic disregard of his own failing health, and he and his eventual successor, Sir Richard Temple, showed what could be done by wisdom and energy under such adverse circumstances. The difficulty was not so much to obtain supplies of food as to convey food to the districts where it was needed, and to prevent the permanent demoralization of the people by issuing relief without exacting labour, where strength to labour yet remained. Those who had to be fed were numbered by millions, and those who were made to work by hundreds of thousands. The members of the Civil Service and those who were employed to strengthen it were equal to the occasion, and difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable were overcome, until at last rain came in June and the famine was conquered.

Mr. Disraeli in the first flush of his accession to power had hinted that England might apply a part of its surplus to the relief of India; but more prudent counsels ultimately prevailed, and Lord Salisbury was able to borrow without an English guarantee all the money he needed in India. The Bengal famine, however, called fresh attention to the state of the finances of India, and when the Indian Budget was brought before the House of Commons, it was laid down as a principle of Indian finance that only the surplus of each year should be devoted to unproductive works, while money should be borrowed exclusively for works likely to be productive, and Lord Salisbury obtained power to appoint a special Member of Council to superintend the expenditure on public works. In other respects India has gone on tranquilly enough. There were riots at Bombay, owing partly to religious quarrels between the Parsees and their neighbours, and partly to a theory of the Governor that a riot must get to a certain point before military force could be used. Lord Salisbury dispelled this illusion by instructing the Governor that extreme constitutional theories could not be imported safely into India, and that there troops might be legitimately used to make a riot impossible. Some interest was also excited by the apprehension by Scindia of a person alleged to be the celebrated miscreant Nana Sahib, but it has since become more than doubtful whether a mistake has not been made and the person arrested is not some one else. However that may be, it was a striking tribute to the reality of English power that Scindia should hand over—as he supposed, or wished it to be believed that he supposed—a Brahman of the highest caste to certain death, and that the native community should have tranquilly witnessed the recognition of the superiority of the claims of English justice to those of popular superstition.

In the Colonial Empire of England the event most worthy of notice has been the framing of a Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States. As Sir Edward Thornton, in discussing the terms of the treaty, had the assistance of Mr. Brown, the special representative of the Canadian Government, it may be supposed that the treaty is not disadvantageous to Canada; but it is doubtful whether the American Senate will satisfy the terms assented to by Mr. Fish, and it is obvious that the treaty may raise questions of some difficulty if one of its effects should prove to be that English imports into Canada are placed at a disadvantage as compared with imports from the United States. It is useless, however, to speculate on this until it is known how the American Senate is likely to deal with the matter; and the future course of American statesmen has become more than usually uncertain. The relative strength of parties has been changed, and the autumn elections have so far destroyed the power of the Republicans that a considerable majority of the House of Representatives will be on the Democratic side when the new members take their seats, and the Republican majority in the Senate will then be reduced to very narrow dimensions. General Grant has apparently been losing in popularity. He showed that he was superior to some of those whom he has unwisely permitted to surround him by vetoing the Inflation Bill, for which General Butler was responsible. But the odium which has attached to his party from the attempt to carry the Civil Rights Bill, and from the proceedings by which Kellogg has been upheld in power in Louisiana, the failure of the Republican policy in the South, and more than all perhaps the injudicious proposal to violate the constitutional traditions of the country by stating General Grant for a third term of office, have discredited the President, while they have alienated the country from the Republicans, without, however, seriously attracting it to the Democrats, who do not even pretend to have any policy of their own to recommend. The President's recent Message shows a commendable desire to see specie payments restored, and was moderate in the language adopted as to Cuba. The affair of the *Virginian* blew over more quietly than perhaps Spain had much right to anticipate, the vessel having fortunately foundered on its way to an American port. Probably, those who are afraid of the ambitious policy of the United States need not be much alarmed just now. General Grant was stopped in his schemes of extending the territory of the Union while his personal reputation and the power of his party were at their height, and he is not likely to be very venturesome now that circumstances are so much less favourable to him.

France is still under the Septennate. Whatever else is uncertain, there is no doubt that rather more than one of the years for which Marshal MacMahon was named President has gone by, and that he is where he was. The state of things is provisional, but the French have got used to living under a provisional state of things, and Marshal MacMahon maintains order, obeys the law, conciliates the army, and keeps down the strife of parties. The Duke of Broglie was his Prime Minister when the year began, and after having resigned in January and been forthwith restored to office, he was finally forced to retire by an adverse vote in May, but only to lose the name rather than the substance of power, as he is still credited with pulling the wires of the Marshal's policy. He could not retain his official position because he could not command a Parliamentary majority. He had aided in preventing the restoration of the Count of Chambord, and the friends of the Count of Chambord have revenged themselves by separation from the Ministerial party. After the resignation of the Duke in May, attempts were made in the usual way to form a Ministry, but they failed, and then the Marshal simply ordered certain persons to be Ministers, and they were Ministers, and got on fairly well because there must be Ministers, and there was no one to replace the Mar-

shall's nominees. The objects at which Marshal MacMahon's Government has aimed during the year are two. It has tried to make such changes in the administration and in the distribution of political power as would enable it to carry on the government of the country without the aid of a state of siege, and, if necessary, to face a dissolution, and it has tried to give a definite form and a definite existence to the Septennate. In order to attain the first object it sought to obtain from the Assembly the right of appointing the Mayors; and it obtained this right, and used it more freely than successfully, as many of its nominees were its secret enemies. But it has tried in vain to induce the Assembly to reform the municipal constituencies, so that no one should vote under the age of twenty-five, and a preponderance should be given to the largest taxpayers, and to reform the political constituencies, so that only one member should be returned by each constituency, and that the person elected should belong to the district he represented. It has equally failed to procure a Bill on the press sufficiently severe to make journals as submissive as the state of siege makes them. The Mar-hal's organ has been continually reminding the Assembly that it really ought to provide him and his Septennate with some show of fixed institutions. But the Assembly cannot be got to "organize the Septennate." The friends of the Count of Chambord have received instructions not to aid in organizing it, and they are numerous enough to turn the scale when the Left opposes the Government. So everything continues provisional. Meantime France is not unhappy. The harvest and the vintage have been exceptionally favourable. The Bank of France is accumulating a very large reserve of bullion in preparation for the resumption of specie payments. There is a deficit of about two millions sterling in the Budget, and the Assembly lost the services of M. Magne as Finance Minister by declining to adopt the taxation necessary to make good what is wanting; but sooner or later, in a country so rich and so determined to uphold its credit as France, some mode of permanently balancing the Budget is sure to be found. Immense efforts are being made to reconstitute the army on a scale that will give France once more a voice among nations. The foreign policy of France is also moderate, prudent, and conciliatory. The *Uniers* was suspended for a time to please Prince Bismarck, the *Océan* was recalled to please Italy, and Duke Decazes has not only recognized Marshal Serrano's Government, and answered the fiery Note of the Spanish Ministry with temper and courtesy, but has taken very stringent measures to prevent breaches of neutrality on the frontier of the Pyrenees.

The struggle of French parties continues, and it has become more and more evident that the real contest lies between the Imperialists and the Republicans. M. Thiers, after making a tour in Italy, where he was received with honours seldom paid to a Minister fallen from power, recently took occasion at Grenoble to sum up the results of his observations, and to pronounce that, as no monarchical restoration was probable, a Republic was the only possible form of government. It is also true that the Fusion has disposed for the time of the Orléanists, and the Count of Chambord took one more opportunity in July of proving himself to be impossible by issuing a manifesto against Parliamentary government. It is also true that the elections caused by casual vacancies in the Chamber have gone mainly in favour of Republicans. Nor is it a slight thing that politicians of all parties agree that, if there were now a new appeal to the existing constituencies, there would be a large Republican majority. The present Assembly does not even pretend to represent France. But, on the other hand, it is equally true that the Imperialists have gained ground greatly this year. The Prince Imperial came of age in March, and they thus have a definite presentable Emperor ready to come when he is called. The dissensions in the Imperial family have been, not headed, but they have been made unimportant by the proof that even in Corsica Prince Napoleon could incur an electoral defeat when it was known that the head of his family wished him to be defeated. It in the contests for seats in the Assembly the Imperialists have had some defeats, they can point to brilliant successes in the Nièvre, Calvados, the Pas de Calais, and Seine-et-Oise. It is not yet quite certain, but everything seems to show that the Orléanists, when they are convinced that a Constitutional Monarchy is impossible, will prefer the Empire to the Republic. But even this is not all. M. Thiers preaches a Conservative Republic, and in June M. Gambetta descended suddenly on Auxerre, and made a bold attempt to convince his party that, if it wished to succeed, it must abandon its old exclusive traditions and welcome into its ranks men high in social position and trained in statesmanship. At one moment it seemed as if M. Casimir Périer would succeed in obtaining a majority even in the present Assembly for organizing the Septennate in a definitively Republican shape. But recently it has seemed as if the extreme section of the Republican party was determined to show how powerful it is, and how tired it is of waiting on the pleasure of those who are willing to be its Conservative leaders. The return of M. Ledru Rollin in the early part of the year had perhaps no great significance; but in the election for Seine-et-Oise the Red party refused to withdraw its man, and two Republicans stood in opposition to each other; and in the municipal elections the success of this extreme section was so striking as to have made a deep impression on the country. The Reds would have their own lists carried, and they carried them. They voted down the Moderate Republicans almost everywhere, and their success in Paris itself was so great as to show that the history of the Commune has not inspired as much wisdom as

might have been hoped. It seems as if the real contest would be one not between Imperialism and the Republic of M. Thiers, but between Imperialism and a Red Republic, and nothing could better suit the wishes and purposes of the Imperialists than that this should be the issue.

The great rival of France has passed through a year of greater agitation than France herself. The elections to the Reichstag showed that while Prince Bismarck would command a satisfactory majority and was supported by almost all the large towns, even Munich being almost entirely represented by Liberals, yet he would be confronted by a compact Opposition containing no less than a hundred Ultramontanes; and although his Liberal majority was sure to support him on all serious questions, yet it was a Liberal majority, and could scarcely be expected always to approve his high-handed ways of going on. He induced the Reichstag without difficulty to pass a Bill for internment refractory priests in any part of the German Empire, and with some little difficulty he procured an enactment by which the press has been placed completely at the mercy of the Government; but there was a serious collision between the Government and the Chamber on the question of the amount of troops to be kept up in time of peace, the military authorities wishing the arrangement they favoured to be decreed in perpetuity, and the Liberals objecting to give up their constitutional control. A compromise was effected by which a number of men accepted by the Government as satisfactory was to be voted without discussion for a period of seven years. Germany is, in fact, armed to the teeth, and is determined to remain so. As Count Moltke said in the debates on the Army Bill, she will take fifty years to consolidate the conquests which she made in six months; and Prince Bismarck at a later period of the year openly avowed that Alsace-Lorraine must be ruled by force, that the proclaimed hostility of the deputies for the annexed provinces had, in spite of the conciliatory language of the Bishop of Strasburg, shown how hopeless it was to believe they were the friends of their ancient Fatherland, and that the conquered provinces must understand that Germany took them because she wanted them, and not because she cared to please them. In such a state of things the possibility of war is the first thought in the minds of German statesmen, and the Reichstag has been lately called on to sanction a measure for the incorporation in time of peace of the Landsturm. But if war is the first thought of Prince Bismarck, putting down ecclesiastics, which he regards as a measure of military precaution, is his second, if indeed it does not hold an equal footing in his mind. Archbishops and bishops have been imprisoned, a scheme for dealing with vacant sees and cures has been passed by the Prussian Parliament, fines have been imposed on ecclesiastically-minded ladies, and a priest has been arrested by soldiers at the altar. Provoked fanaticism found at last an avenger in a youth named Kullmann, who attempted to assassinate Prince Bismarck at Kissingen, and was ultimately sentenced to the light punishment of fourteen years' imprisonment. Not having killed Prince Bismarck, he did him a great service, as the popularity of the Prince was greatly increased by the outrage, and the Prince has been able to impute the crime of Kullmann to his Parliamentary opponents. More recently the attention of Germany has been engrossed by the imprisonment and trial of Count Armin. The result of the trial can scarcely be satisfactory to Prince Bismarck, for the Count has only been sentenced to an almost nominal term of imprisonment, and that on one small, technical, and doubtful point; and this sentence can scarcely be said to justify the rigour with which Count Armin was treated, or the bringing him to trial at all. On the other hand, in the course of the trial an opportunity afforded itself of showing clearly what has been the policy of Prince Bismarck towards France since the conclusion of peace, and, by way of contrast, what was the policy which Count Armin would have pursued if he could, and the enormous superiority of the policy of Prince Bismarck. Its sagacity, its breadth, and its complete accordance with the interests of Germany were so incontestably manifested that the nation is more proud of the Prince and more devoted to him than ever; and, within the last few days, when the Liberals were disposed to remonstrate against the arrest during the Session of a deputy who had contravened the wonderful Press-law now existing in Germany, a humble vote of admiring confidence in the Prince was passed as soon as it became known that he was not happy at Liberals joining in a vote with Ultramontanes, even when Ultramontanes appeared to be right according to Liberal principles.

Spain has been throughout the year in its normal state—no Government, no money, no army much worth speaking of, and a grand war raging all the time. The year broke upon a confused scene of Republican quarrelling; but, on the defeat of Castelar by a majority of twenty, General Pavia summarily intervened, dissolved the Cortes, and installed Marshal Serrano in a provisional dictatorship. The new Government had a stroke of good luck to begin with, for in the middle of January Cartagena surrendered, although many of the leaders and worst instruments of the revolt escaped in the *Numancia*. At first the operations of the Government against the Carlists were conducted with indifferent success. Bilbao was closely besieged, and on Moriones sustaining a defeat in attempting to relieve it, Serrano assumed the command, but only to make an ineffectual effort to break the lines of Somorrostro. At length Serrano handed over the task he could not accomplish to the veteran Concha, who achieved a brilliant success, and relieved Bilbao at the end of April. But he was not fated to do much more, for in endeavouring to take the Carlist stronghold of

Estella in June he was himself killed, and his troops sustained a serious defeat. All that the Government has since been able to do is to localize the war. Cuenca, a town only eighty miles from Madrid, was taken by a bold Carlist *coup de main* in July, and held for forty-eight hours, but otherwise the Carlists have not been able to pass the line of the Ebro. They have been shut up in a corner of Spain, and there they have carried on the war with chequered fortunes. In August Moriones gained an unimportant victory at Oteiza, and in September Tristany was unable to prevent the relief of the Republican fortress of Puycerda. Fighting has since been going on upon the very edge of France, and Irun was relieved by Loma and Laerna in the presence of a curious throng of French spectators. Whenever it has seemed as if the Republican generals might have done something really effectual, their hands have been stayed, and their inactivity has been variously accounted for by the supposition that the Government feared that their army when successful might pronounce for the son of Queen Isabella, and by the supposition that Serrano, who has now gone to the front, has been reserving the laurels of victory for himself. He has gradually made his Ministry more and more Conservative, and Sagasta is now his chief counsellor. And his Government, if not very successful otherwise, gained by a fortunate accident the dignity of being recognized by all important Powers except Russia. The Carlists, of whose barbarity in the hour of success there have been loud complaints on the part of the Republicans, took it into their heads to shoot, among others, a German named Schmidt; and this brought on them the wrath of the great Bismarck, who not only induced other Powers to join in recognizing the Government of Serrano, but sent a couple of German gunboats to the Northern coast of Spain. This naturally gave rise to a belief among those who did not understand Prince Bismarck that he was going to intervene actively, and to use the strength of Germany to put down the Carlists. But even before he had had an opportunity of explaining his real intentions this belief had died away, and every one now knows that the Carlist war will be allowed to come to its natural end, whatever that may be.

A slight difficulty disturbed the friendly relations of Italy with Germany early in the year, owing to the unwarrantable indiscretion of General de la Marmora, who chose to reveal secrets entrusted to his honour; but the difficulty passed away on the Italian Government undertaking to make such acts thenceforth legally punishable. The relations of Italy with foreign Powers are on the whole most satisfactory. England has taken a small step in an amicable direction by terminating its modest diplomatic representation at the Vatican; and France took a very important step towards the establishment of friendly relations by the withdrawal of the *Orléans*. The Minghetti Ministry received a temporary check in May by a defeat on a Bill by which it was proposed to enact that no document not properly stamped at the outset should be recognized by the tribunals; but it commands the general confidence of the country, and the autumn elections have furnished it with a sufficient and a sure majority. It may thus hope to carry out the two main objects of its policy—the repression of brigandage, which has grown to an alarming height in Sicily and in Southern and Central Italy, and the restoration of a balance in the national finances. With an army large in proportion to its revenues Italy cannot afford to dispense while it has its internal safety to care for, and while all the great Powers are continually augmenting their military strength; Russia having perhaps this year taken the greatest stride by abolishing all exemptions from the conscription, and creating an army which, it is said, will, if all reserves are counted, not fall short of two millions of men. Austria, like Italy, has its financial difficulties to encounter, and its exhausting army to maintain. But the position of Austria with regard to its neighbours is much better than it used to be. Prince Bismarck is reported to have said not long ago that any one who attacked Austria would have to count with Germany, and the visit of the Emperor of Austria to the Czar may be accepted as an indication of the increasing harmony between the two countries of which they are the Sovereigns. At any rate Austria appears to have been supported both by Germany and Russia in its recent controversy with the Porte as to its commercial treaty with Roumania. While every great Power is preparing for war no Power probably wishes for war at present, and peace has been preserved. But if there has been no great war this year, minor disputes and struggles have been going on all over our hemisphere. We have had our Ashantee war; the Dutch, although they took the Kraton of Acheen months ago, have not been able to bring their war in Sumatra to a close; Russia is being vexed by the insubordination of the wild Asiatic tribes whom she has only half subdued; and even China and Japan have seemed on the eve of a war about Formosa. Prince Bismarck lately said that the present is the quietest twelvemonth he has spent for thirteen or fourteen years; and, if he thinks the year a quiet one, others may agree with him. It has perhaps been a year that may be termed on the whole a quiet year, and, at any rate, it has not been marked by the occurrence of great events or the loss of many eminent men. The tidings of the death of Dr. Livingstone showed that one of the most simple, large-hearted, and adventurous of explorers had earned his fitting rest in Westminster Abbey. In the fulness of age M. Guizot has passed away, leaving the memory of a very mischievous statesman devoted to small schemes of repression and to the furtherance of Court intrigues, but leaving also the memory of a writer, clear, enlightened, and judicious. Mr. Sumner had for years distinguished himself by a morbid

hatred of England, and by using his influence to urge his party on to extreme measures, keeping alive civil discord and the hostility of races; but he had at least made his name well known, and even his adversaries recognized that he had higher and less selfish aims than are usually found in American politicians. In M. Van de Weyer Belgium lost one of its wisest and worthiest counsellors, and England one of the most valued of the foreign friends who have settled in it. Within the last day or two Lord Romilly has come to the end of a successful career on which he embarked with the inheritance of a great reputation, and in which he distinguished himself by high rectitude of purpose and by the display of a very rapid, if not very powerful, intellect. But, although the general peace has been preserved, although the harvest has been exceptionally good, although in some of the principal States things have become less disturbed than they were a year ago, and although few men of great eminence and prominent usefulness have passed away, yet it cannot be said to have been a very bright or prosperous or satisfactory year; and if it does not pain us to look back on it, it suggests the pleasing, though perhaps delusive hope, that it may be eclipsed by the year that is to succeed it.

CHRISTMAS.

PALEY somewhere says, with a touch of sentiment rather unusual in him, that he sees the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of very young children than in anything else in the world. The fact may probably be taken as sufficiently proved. It is very difficult to say whether the life of an adult has on the whole a balance of pain or of pleasure. The periods of lively emotion of either kind are brief and rare; and by far the greater part of our existence is taken up with a monotonous exertion of the faculties, too faintly coloured to be reckoned as decidedly bright or dark. But a young child, so long as it enjoys a moderate degree of health, seems to be running over with pleasurable excitement during most of its waking hours; and Paley adds, though the statement may be more doubtful, that it is even happier when asleep than when awake. The doctrine is a consoling one when we endeavour to balance the general account of the happiness or misery of mankind. It is sometimes lamented that so large a part of the race dies before arriving at the age of five. The fact is indeed lamentable, as a proof of the badness of our sanitary arrangements; but there is some consolation in the reflection that the statement merely amounts to this—that a very large portion of the human race is always in the happiest stage of life. If we add that an hour to a child is as long as a day to a grown man, we may further increase the proportion; and, after running over in our thoughts all the miseries to which flesh is heir, the diseases, privations, anxieties, and labours which make life a burden to so many of us, we may be glad that so many human beings are presumably happy, and are moreover extracting from each moment of life a much greater fulness of emotion than their elders. The period, indeed, passes away very rapidly. We have no great belief in the happiness of schoolboys, who perhaps suffer as much from the petty annoyances inflicted by their masters and their equals as they will suffer in after life from more dignified troubles, and to whom the slow passage of time merely means that the day of deliverance seems to be removed outside the narrow limits of their intellectual horizon. It is the still unconscious child, to which bare existence is still in itself enjoyable, that seems in some degree to justify Paley or the more poetical doctrine of Wordsworth. Perhaps even here we are in some degree falling into the common error of unconsciously imputing our own feelings to beings incapable of sharing them. Shelley holds that a lark must enjoy a gladness unknown to poets, the ground of the tacit assumption being that a man must be very happy indeed before he would clap his hands and shout at the top of his voice for hours. A lark, therefore, which performs the analogous operation must be constantly in the same state of exhilaration. The fallacy needs no exposure when it leaves the regions of poetry; and perhaps our view of children involves something of the same error. The child's absolute freedom from our cares is taken to imply that it has none of its own. We will not, however, look too closely into what is at least a pleasant and a harmless illusion. A child is at any rate a creature susceptible of happiness at a very cheap rate, and that is enough for practical purposes.

Christmas, at all events, as the period at which the old are deliberately sacrificed for the benefit of the young, is a time at which we are anxious to believe in this soothing theory. The whole paraphernalia of Christmas rejoicings are a weariness of the flesh to all persons who are, let us say, as old as a man ought to be. They are perfectly well aware that a sharp frost and a deep snow is a nuisance not the less vexatious because it justifies illustrations in the newspapers. Christmas bills have too long been the property of satirists to permit of more than an allusion. And, again, one must be very amiable or very easily imposed upon not to find out by middle life that a family party is an almost unmitigated evil. The two conditions of a pleasant society are variety and freedom from constraint. The persons who meet should not be too much alike; and they should be able to discourse upon any subject that strikes them. Now a family party is necessarily more or less monotonous both in character and surroundings; and the mixture of old and young necessarily imposes a certain

constraint, as conversation is forced to run upon the narrow round of topics common to both. The only relief is in some of those amusements which become every year less amusing. And therefore the whole population which is above the age of thirty probably looks forward to Christmas as to a painful operation which must be undergone for the benefit of the rising generation. Self-denial is supposed to be a healthy process; but it becomes especially painful when the victim is obliged to affect enjoyment. The only safety is for the elders to efface themselves as much as possible, and to be spectators and ministers to infantile enjoyment. That, indeed, is an occupation which has its charms for everybody who is not an unmitigated brute; but it must be accepted frankly and with a distinct recognition of the vicious nature of the happiness. To look at pantomimes through childish eyes, and enjoy mincepies with childish palates, is a charming employment for an elder; but he must be very careful to keep his own mouth and eyes as much closed as possible.

We may indeed be tempted to wish that some better arrangement could be devised for conciliating the claims of the two ends of life. Hypocrisy is more or less a bad thing, even when it is imposed upon us by a desire to promote the happiness of our children. Why cannot infants be happy without dragging their parents at their chariot wheels? Of course it would be a pity that our darlings should not have the fullest chance of indigestions and colds; and we must act the part of nurses and tutors. But Christmas, in its social aspects, should be avowedly for the young; and the elder actors need not keep up the farce when the curtain is dropped. When the children have been sent to bed, we might consult our own feelings by putting on sackcloth and ashes and doing penance for the sins of the past year. If this cannot be, we may console ourselves by reflecting that the sacrifice we make is not without its advantages. Young children are the great conservative force in society. A lad begins to grow subversive when he leaves his nursery, and may probably be a rabid revolutionist when he goes to college. But an infant just able to talk is the most bigoted of all Tories. It resents the smallest change in the admitted ceremonial as if it were a hundred years old, and had done precisely the same thing in every preceding year. If a child at three has been amused by the simple pleasure of pulling a "cracker," crackers become sacred objects to its mind, and, however feeble its memory, it would regard the omission of crackers when it was four as an idolater would regard an insult to his favourite god. Children not only insist upon having stories told to them in the same words which were first used, but it seems as if by some curious instinct they insisted upon having the same stories which were told to their forefathers. The ancient myth survives in the nursery tale when everybody else has forgotten it. The child is not only "father of the man," but ancestor of the race. He preserves, as might be illustrated in a hundred ways, the same instincts and modes of thought and language which were characteristic of the race in long past generations. We might fancy that, as new comers, children might care less for the traditions of the community than those who have had time to grow familiar with them. But the very reverse is the case; and, as we sometimes see in later life, the latest neophyte is the person by whom the symbols of the traditional creed are most reverently cherished and most ostentatiously displayed. Whatever primitive ideas are retained owe their vitality in great measure to the wants of children. Fathers of families, we are told, are capable of everything; certainly, they are capable of sacrificing their convictions to the interests, real or supposed, of their offspring. The most determined freethinker will often affect a belief in ancient creeds for the benefit of the rising generation; and we are told that infidelity is checked in certain foreign countries because the infidel prefers that his children should hold the creed which he most despises to their holding none. It is not for us to argue how far this is justifiable from the point of view of those who indulge in the practice. But it is at any rate a general law that doctrines as well as ceremonies survive in some shape so long as they have charms for children. Probably even in America fairy princes still give a monarchical tinge to the politics of children's stories; and it is not as yet a President who is shut up by a malignant witch in a tree or transformed into a beast. The child is of necessity an implicit believer in authority, and is not tormented by having to expose his little store of beliefs to the action of critical inquiry. Perhaps this is one secret of his happiness. But, at any rate, in keeping up even the more useless forms of Christmas ceremonial for the benefit of children, we are simply illustrating the ordinary process of development. If grown-up people could consult their own tastes without reference to the youngest members of society, changes would take place with startling abruptness. The tendency would be to give up everything for which we could not offhand assign a sufficient reason in black and white. We need not pause to prove that, along with a good many puerile superstitions, we might in that case get rid of some of the most essential social bonds. But the infantile part of the community acts like the buffers and brakes in a railway train. It slackens the pace and softens the collisions, and thus may enable progress to take place without involving too many thrilling catastrophes. Some such reflections may be useful to reconcile our minds to the many hardships of the passing season. We would not be more hypocritical than is strictly necessary, and we would reserve an unlimited privilege of grumbling behind the scenes; but we would remember that there are few exertions of human energy which produce a more tangible product of unalloyed happiness than contributions to the pleasure of children, and for that reason

we would look as leniently as we can even upon threadbare illusions, and treat the most faded sentimentalities with some shadow of respect.

ARLES.

THERE are not many cities in Europe which have, either in formal or in common use, given their names to kingdoms. Perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say that there are not many such cities out of Spain. For, in the long roll-call of titles of the monarchs of Castile and Aragon, nearly every city conquered from the Saracen in Southern Spain is made to do duty as a separate kingdom. Another city, long a dependency of the crown of Aragon, has given a royal title both in popular, and sometimes in formal, phrase. "King of Naples" was the common way of speaking of the King of the Two Sicilies, and, at one or two moments, when the two Sicilies were distinct, it was a title in formal use. We should remember that it was Philip, King of Naples, who married Mary, Queen of England, France, and Ireland. In later times the world has seen a King of Hanover and a King of Rome, the latter being perhaps so called in the mistaken hope of reviving the exact description of L. Tarquinius Superbus. In the happily distinct style of King of Lombardy and Venice, we ought perhaps to look on the district of Venetia rather than the city of Venice as helping to give the royal title to the intruder. Wurtemberg is an odd case of a kingdom called, neither from a district nor from a city, but from a hill. There may likely enough be other cases among smaller and obscurer kingdoms; but there is at all events one case in a kingdom which, if now almost forgotten, was neither small nor obscure. It is hard to say what was the formal style of any king in the ninth and tenth centuries. For the most part kings of that age call themselves simply as "Rex," while other people describe them as they think good. And, in this way, Arles has become so well known a name for one stage of the shifting Burgundian realm that Arles may fairly be reckoned among the cities which have given their names to kingdoms. It was the royal city of the successors of that Boson who so prudently described himself as "*Dei gratia id quod sum*." And in the long business of investing the later Emperors with their many crowns, a coronation at Arles was as needful to the ideal perfection of the process as a coronation at Aachen, at Milan—ought we to say at Monza?—or at Rome itself. It was not indeed every Emperor who found time to go and seek his fourth crown by the Rhone, but the crown was to be had if he chose to seek for it. And two at least, one of the greatest and one of the least of the Imperial series, really took the journey, and became Kings of Arles, of Burgundy, of the Middle Kingdom, before the high altar of the metropolitan minister of St. Trophimus.

The appearance of Arles now is hardly that of a royal city. Nor is its general effect that of one of those cities where the stamp of antiquity and of past greatness is impressed on every stone. It contains a number of ancient remains of the highest importance; but, the moment we are out of sight of any of the great monuments, we have to thread our way through narrow, crooked, dirty, ill-paved streets, without even the solace of a palpably ancient house at every step. And in no city built on a great river does the river enter so little into the general effect of the city. The broad Rhone is there; we look down upon it from towers and high places: we find our way to it in the course of our rambles through the streets; but it does not give us the impression, as one would have thought that so great a river would, of being one of the great objects which give the city its character. The Rhone at Arles is not, for instance, like the Rhine at Basel or the Adige at Verona, like the Sarthe at Le Mans or the Aar at Bern. There is nothing of any importance on the other side; no Deux or Kleinbasel or Ehrenbreitstein. In fact, with rivers of this great width, a suburb on the other side must assume somewhat of the nature of a separate town. And, in the days when Arles was a royal city, it was the frontier town of its own realm. The Rhone was, no less than the Roder, "*Romani terminus imperii*." A post on the other side was always a doubtful and dangerous holding, open to the assaults or intrigues of the "*Latine Francie Rector*," or of his vassals. Yet we might have looked for the royal city of Burgundy to have its Peruvia, so to speak, at least its Janiculum, on the other side of the boundary stream.

The antiquities of Arles belong almost wholly to the earlier periods of its history. Except the manifest fact that Arles is no longer one of the great cities of Europe, there is little to remind us of the days either of Angevin Counts or of Valois and Bourbon Kings. There are not, as in some of the cities of Southern Gaul, stately buildings whose palpably French style, in marked contrast to the character of the native work, brings the fact of their French annexation home to us. The mediæval buildings of Arles are few and of slight importance. Two or three church towers and spires of no great mark, and here and there a doorway or a window, Burgundian rather than French, are about all. It is its Roman remains which make Arles chiefly famous. But the ecclesiastical position of the city must not be forgotten, least of all by Englishmen. Arles has been the seat of more than one ecclesiastical Council, and it was to Arles that the Apostle of the English went to receive his consecration to the newly-created metropolitan see of England. So much for history; we have heard a further point of connexion between Arles and England set forth by a zealous curate, to which the only objection is that it involves a confusion between Briton and Englishman, between the Ligurian and the Bithynian Nikias. "What reason,"

says the catechist to his young flock, "is there for thinking that there were English Bishops at the Council of Nice?" "Because," the lambs are taught to bleat in answer, "there were English Bishops at the Council of Arles." The argument is plain; if they could go as far as Arles to a mere provincial Council, the attractions of the oecumenical assembly would surely be enough to keep them from shrinking from so small an addition to their journey as the space between Arles and Nizza. One Council, later than this, but still earlier than the conversion of the English, is commemorated by a somewhat apocryphal inscription in the small Romanesque church of St. Mary, a church on which local tradition is inclined to bestow an incredible antiquity. The inscription is in French, but it purports to be a translation of a destroyed Latin one. Can we believe in an inscription which, properly enough, records Valentinian and Marcian as Emperors, and Opilio and Vincomalus as Consuls, but which dates further by the fifth year of Meroveus, King of the Franks, and even by the year 453 A.D.? But, leaving these matters, great as is the value of the Roman remains of Arles, they must not be allowed wholly to overshadow St. Trophimus and his metropolitan church. The western portal, one of the most splendid works of the later and richer Romanesque style, is well known; so is the cloister, partly of the same date, partly early pointed or rather Transitional; one of the best examples of that type of cloister where the arches rest on small coupled columns. But the church itself is worth some attention, especially for those to whom the peculiarities of Provençal architecture may be new. Like so many of the cathedral, and even metropolitan, churches of Southern Gaul, it is small and plain, if judged by a French or English standard; but it is thoroughly local, and within at least—outside it is so blocked up that hardly anything but the tower and the west front can be seen—it is certainly not lacking in stateliness. The Provençal type of church, something strangely, considering the abundance of Roman remains, eschews the basilican tradition with its columns and flat roofs. It affects rectangular compound piers, often of great height; the naves are covered with pointed barrel-vaults, while the same shape is often given to the arches which support the central towers or cupolas. But here the pointed arch is no sign of coming Gothic; it is rather, as in Sicily, a remembrance of the Saracen. Instead of regular aisles, there are often cavernous recesses in the thick walls, and there is often a singular lack of windows. St. Trophimus however, though otherwise conforming to this type, has regular aisles and clerestory. Its eastern part is of later date, but it keeps its tall central tower of a very classical Romanesque; and this tower groups in a most striking way with the two surviving columns of the Roman theatre, which still stand, reminding one of their fellows in the forum of Rome itself. The two periods of the greatness of Arles are thus brought close together. The theatre and its columns speak of what the Roman colony was in the days of the elder Empire. They tell of the city which, when the Mosel was threatened but the Rhone was still deemed safe, supplanted the distant Augusta of the Treveri in such honours as still were left to it. The days were past when either Trier or Arles was likely to be the dwelling-place of Emperors. For that doubtful honour there could now be no claimants save the New Rome by the Bosphorus and the impregnable stronghold of Ravenna. But, now that the German was thundering on the frontier, with no Julian or Valentinian to drive him back, Arles rose to the place once held by Trier—the home of Julian put in no claim—as the local head of the Gauls. There it was that Honorius and the younger Theodosius strove in vain to gather those Congresses or Parliaments of the Gauls to which no Gauls could be got to come. But above the relics of those days and of earlier days rises the monument of times when Arles again saw Emperors within her walls, but Emperors who did not deem it beneath the majesty of the Roman Augustus to add to his Imperial dignity the titles and badges of a local Gaulish kingdom. At Arles, in the church of St. Trophimus, before the high altar over which the lofty tower rises, the first Frederick, already King of Germany and Italy, already Cæsar and Augustus, added the crown of his Burgundian kingdom to the crowns of silver, iron, and gold. And, as it were a shadow, almost a mockery, of that great age and its hero, Charles of Bohemia, nearly two hundred years later, found his way to the same spot on the same errand.

The theatre is the point where the two eras of the city's greatness, as the Roman colony and as the royal city of Burgundy, are thus most closely brought together. And the two columns standing erect, and their broken fellows beside them, have their special charm. Save where a city has the exceptional good luck of Nîmes and Vienne, it is rare on our side of the Alps to see a piece of ornamental classical architecture standing in its place. Theatres too, in any state at all near to perfection, are much rarer than amphitheatres, and the remains of the theatre at Arles, though, save in the matter of columns, not to be compared to that of Orange, are really unusually large. Otherwise the amphitheatre of Arles is a far more perfect monument than its bloodless neighbour. Both of them have a feature of special interest in showing distinct traces of the time when, like most other remains of Roman times both at Rome and elsewhere, they were both used as fortresses. At the one point of the theatre where the full height of the arcades is most perfect, the fragment thus standing free has been used as one side of a tower, and several towers attributed to the time of Saracen occupation have risen at different points of the circuit of the amphitheatre. The amphitheatre itself is well known as one of the largest and best preserved in the province.

and, with regard to questions that have been lately stirred, it is important to notice that the present arena comes immediately upon the rock. There are therefore no signs of any of those underground constructions which are so marked in the amphitheatres of Rome, Capua, and Puteoli, and which it is clear once existed in Arles's nearer neighbour of Nîmes. Without going into any of the disputed points as to these buildings, common sense is enough to teach us that different arrangements were likely to be followed in different places according to the local circumstances of each; but it is right to say that the preparations for the barrier to defend the front seats from any possible accidents caused by enraged beasts are as clear at Arles as anything can be.

The amphitheatre, from its size and stateliness, and its remarkable preservation, forms the most conspicuous feature in this, which we may call the Roman, quarter of Arles. But besides theatre, amphitheatre, and metropolitan church, we light at every corner on some fragment of Roman or Romanesque date. We have, already mentioned the church, not very attractive in itself, but containing ancient portions, which claims to be the seat of at least one of the Councils of Arles. At another part of this quarter, near the town walls, we come across other ecclesiastical buildings, now disused, and among them a small apse with pilasters of singularly classical character. The walls themselves, though not for a moment to be compared to those of Aosta, still retain large Roman portions, and one at least of the towers has been in the same way altered according to mediæval notions of defence. But one of the chief attractions of Arles lies beyond the walls. A suggestion to visit the *Champs Élysées* is not attractive to the antiquarian mind; but change the spelling into *Alcaïques*, and say that it contains the Romanesque church of St. Honoratus, which we remember in a drawing of Mr. Petit's, that it is approached through the remains of a rich contemporary gateway, and that the path leads through two lines of tombs of various dates, which, though the analogy is only superficial, cannot fail to suggest the street of tombs at Pompeii—then the nature of the invitation seems altogether changed. The half-ruined church brings out the features of the local Romanesque in all their fulness, except that the usual square form is forsaken in the lantern arches for vast round piers, reminding us of our own Southwell, and Malvern, and Hereford, and Gloucester choir. And the tall central octagon which they support, contrasting well with the square tower of St. Trophimus, shows that, with all its plainness and severity, the Provençal style could on occasion reach to a measure of lightness and elegance from which one might have fancied it debarred. And more striking still is a visit to the not far distant monastery, churches, and tower of Montmajour. The rocky hill on which they are seated, looking forth on a hill yet more rugged, on which one feels that some traces of primeval dwelling and primeval defence ought surely to be found—the huge fortified tower which forms the most prominent object, the vast fragment of the great church, with all the stern simplicity of its spreading apse, the cloister only not rivaling St. Trophimus, the lower chapel calling itself the confessional of St. Trophimus, and claiming (perhaps not without reason) an antiquity which carries us back to Rome, Ravenna, or Trier—all this shows perhaps not to the least advantage when twilight hinders much minute study of mere detail, but when the rising full moon brings out almost more distinctly the outlines of hill and tower. At such a moment we can almost forget that even on the hill of Montmajour the days of monastic bad taste once had their sway, and that a large part of the actual ruins consists of conventual buildings not unlike those which encumber the minsters of Caen and Rouen. And beyond the great monastery stands that unique chapel which must have impressed itself on many memories as forming the frontispiece to one of Mr. Petit's volumes, the four apses clinging to the central lantern, the group being disturbed only by the contemporary porch attached to the western apse, the northern side absolutely without windows; the strange interior, all apse save the lantern, vaulted in a fashion which suggests the kitchens of Glastonbury and Fontevault and Avignon. All this, though we must give up the legend which assigns the building to Charles the Great, shows that the men of the early part of the eleventh century were somehow possessed of considerable skill in the use of building stone, and that Montmajour is to be classed along with Rome and Winchester and a few other places as among those exceptional parts of the world where everything was not built of wood. No one who pays a visit to the royal city of Burgundy should turn away without paying a further visit to the hill and churches of Montmajour, and if he should chance to visit it by the pale moonlight, he will find that, though Montmajour has no alternate buttresses to seem carved in ebony and ivory, yet its strange and varied outlines give as much play for the magic effects of light and shade as the later and more elaborate forms of mediæval art.

SECOND CLASS.

IT is easy to draw a line between the upper class and the lower; but who shall say which is the middle class? Every man has his own idea on the subject, and probably accounts those who are slightly below himself to be of the middle class. There are other ways of making the distinction, but it is hardly worth while to go into them. One method is about to be taken away from us by the abolition of second-class carriages. If the railways generally adopt the proposed system, much confusion of ranks will occur; and though some may be able to bear up under the

circumstances, and even to preserve their equanimity, there can be little doubt that to a large number of very worthy persons the change will be exceedingly inconvenient. Many people now hovering in an intermediate position, or literally in a middle class, will have their actual place defined, and the second class is essentially indefinite.

There are people who may travel by any class they please. There are people who not only say they do, but do "go third, because there is no fourth." But there are people who cannot "go third." A peer, an honourable, a baronet, some of the higher grades of the clergy, may do so if they choose, and they probably will choose under the new system. A man who has an assured position, whether by rank, wealth, or talent, can take any place in a train without derogation. He may "go third," because every one who knows him knows that he is great and rich, and can afford to travel by the first class, or that he is great and not rich, and may economize if he pleases. His actual place and standing in society are not in the least affected. He is lord of himself and may use his heritage as he pleases. On the whole more people are born into this position than come into it of themselves. The newly rich or the newly great seldom attain to that conscious independence which is the only guide to safe action. A knight can scarcely make up his mind to travel except first class; but a baronet may "go third." So, too, a country squire will travel in the second class, though his own tenant is in the first. The commercial traveller, who now often ventures into a second class, can never go into a third. He might, by so doing, bring disaster on the firm he represents. These are the people on whom the abolition of the second class will act; their position will be clearly marked, so far at least as railways take them; and while some who have hitherto been contented with a middle rank will be obliged to mount up a step, others struggling on a border land will be pushed down. Mr. Reginald Fitz Plantagenet de Hogson, who has perhaps as much as a couple of thousands a year, and a position to keep up, must always travel first class, whereas he used often to go in the second when no aristocratic friend was there to see. On the other hand, the "Honble. and Rev." the vicar of M. de Hogson's parish, who has perhaps half his income, and who habitually went in the second class, will now always "go third." And the grocer's wife, the apothecary's daughter, the schoolmaster, the organist, the lawyer's clerk, all those to whom the second-class carriages were specially appropriated, will have to face a highly puzzling alternative. And these are the people who may be strictly called the middle classes.

Second-class people have certain characteristics in common. They do not dress alike, nor have they any particular accent; but the ethnologist who wishes to study their habits can have little difficulty in identifying them. They are often, may usually, very polite, especially to each other. They are also pious, in an eminent degree. Regular attendance at chapel involves piety. They do not go to church, but prefer the meeting-house, for obvious reasons. Better to reign there than to take an inferior place at church. And their piety is only equalled by their decorum. Even their scandal is delicately expressed. They hide its more repulsive features under a veil of carefully selected words. They would blush to mention a divorce. The court in which such legal events take place is better called the Probate Court. They never use terms which could possibly be taken to imply any acquaintance with medicine or surgery. Anatomy, of course, is too horrid to be thought of; but some of their distinctions are a little difficult to understand. The stomach can never be named, under any circumstances; although there is no impropriety in speaking of the lungs. Hands and feet may be distinctly alluded to; but arms are doubtful, and legs are wholly unmentionable; for both the word limb has been judiciously substituted. Second-class people are also very particular in matters relating to births, deaths, and marriages. The possibility of a lady having a child is never to be thought of; but when such a mysterious event as a birth takes place, it is described by means of various foreign phrases, and any reference to its having been expected is carefully avoided. Superstitious observances regarding marriages are common among them. No lady of the middle class would consent to be married on a Friday; and at the cost, no doubt, of great suffering to the whole wedding party, the clergyman who officiates is expected to read the entire service. To be bridesmaid a third time, to take off the wedding ring, to break a glass at the breakfast, to let the bride's mother appear at the ceremony, all these are things of bad omen, and must be avoided. Deep and long mourning is also a rule. There is a reason for this. Slight mourning, lasting a short while, is costly. It involves several changes of raiment, and so belongs to expense. When black garments are once assumed, they must be retained as long as possible. The alternative of never wearing them, except for very near relatives, is not considered. A gentleman of this class will wear crape to the top of his hat, and, for the rest, dress like a clergyman during two whole years after the death of his mother-in-law, although that melancholy event caused him sincere joy. In the announcement of deaths, too, the middle class is curious. They like to specify the exact complaint of which the departed has died, and are scrupulous to add that he is lamented. We sometimes read that he died after "a short but severe illness," although we might have judged of its severity by the result. When a long name can be given to the disease, so much the better. When children die, their loss is announced in a manner peculiar to the middle class. The father's and mother's names are given in full, without any prefix. The results of this

custom are often of a disagreeable character. When the father, for example, is Mr. John White Black, and his wife's name Mary, the announcement mentions the death of the child of John White and Mary Black. Ignorant or ill-natured people might infer that the deceased belonged to the same category as William the Conqueror or the Duke of Monmouth. When a gentleman dies, his name is put in the first column with the prefix "Mr.," by which the observer may at once fix his rank. People of this class are also remarkable for their skill in calling things by their right, or at least their most proper, names. It is to one of them that the vegetarian public is indebted for the change of rhubarb into "spring fruit"; it is to be feared, however, that many of them also speak of "sparrow grass." A lady coming out of a shop saw, as she believed, a cab standing at the door. She asked the driver if he was engaged. He looked at her for a moment with great dignity as he replied, having no doubt been well instructed by a middle-class mistress, "Madam, this is a private carriage." Jam becomes "sweetmeat," lollypops are metamorphosed into "sugarplums," and by a still more awful and mysterious process gooseberry wine becomes "champagne," and marsala "sherry." The middle-class lady never speaks of her husband, but always of "Mr. So and So." A thrill of horror passed throughout the length and breadth of the country when on one occasion the Prince of Wales was reported to have mentioned the Princess in a public speech as "my wife." It is perhaps wanton to revive such painful subjects, but this matter was much discussed at the time, and an error of the reporter was usually invented to account for the Prince's expression.

But there is another and very different side to the picture. In the ranks of the middle class there are many people to whom none of these remarks apply. The retired commander who is seen in a third-class carriage knows that on the morrow his butcher's bill makes its appearance, though his quarter's money is not due for weeks to come. The half-pay captain who struggles to keep his boy at school, or to give him a good coach for his army examination, may travel second class with impunity, but if any of the people of his town see him in the third the consequences will be awkward for his credit. These are the people on whom the new system will tell most unpleasantly. There is the late vicar's widow, who annually takes her daughters to see their fine relations in the North. They take second-class tickets to the junction, and then change them for the first, so that the servants may not see them in a lower place. And there is the curate or the doctor, whose credit has been saved by the second class—must they "go third"? On the whole, officers are most exempt from the operation of such distressing doubts. It is no uncommon occurrence on the steps of the military Clubs for the buttons to arrest the progress of a passing omnibus, and for two liveried footmen to help into it the unwieldy form of General Sir Hercules Samson, K.C.B. Sir Hercules does not care who knows that his grateful country rewards the heroic actions of his youth with an annual sum about equal to that which he and his fellows at the Club pay their chief butler. But the difficulty of making distinctions of rank is in no way removed by his case. We shall always be puzzled by it, even though the railways throughout England adopt the new system of the Midland. The difficulty is illustrated by the perplexity of a man in the country who described a feat of shoplifting as having been performed by a lady. On its being objected that a lady could not have done such a thing, he answered conclusively, "Well, she was quite like a lady, for she had a parasol."

SHAKERS AND REVIVALISTS.

THE little community of Bible Christians, or Shakers, as they are more commonly called, which has for about a year and a half been one of the curiosities of the New Forest, and of which we lately gave some account, has just collapsed pretty much in the way that might have been expected. It was established on the strength of a small capital provided by a rich lady who had fallen under the influence of Mother Girling, the directing spirit of the movement, and by other adherents; and as long as the money lasted all went well. Unfortunately the funds of the community are now exhausted, and as the members are apparently either unable or unwilling to support themselves by their own industry, they are thrown upon the parish. There is nothing in this which need occasion surprise; but it is certainly strange to remark the disposition which is observable in some quarters to represent the evicted Shakers as the victims of persecution, and to justify their claim to be relieved from the ordinary obligations of honest folk. It is impossible, of course, not to be sorry for poor people—a large proportion of them women and children—who are suddenly turned out of doors in this bitter and inclement weather; but there is no reason why sympathy for the sufferers should take the form of indignation against those who have found themselves obliged to enforce their legal rights. That they were turned out at all was simply because they had voluntarily exposed themselves to this fate, and if they remained without shelter for a night it was because, in their fanaticism, they resolutely refused to accept any. It is perhaps characteristic of the philanthropy which compensates itself for an expansive love for one set of people by acrimony and injustice to others, that it should be hastily assumed that the Shakers have been ill used. Mr. Auberon Herbert, for instance, who tells us that he has been absent from Lymington for some time, and has no local information, nevertheless at once jumps to the conclusion that the magistrates must somehow have been behaving

badly, and that all Justices of the Peace ought therefore to be immediately abolished. In point of fact, the magistrates merely performed a legal duty. They could not refuse to inquire into the alleged insanity of Mrs. Girling; but, after examining her, they decided that her state of mind was not such as to justify her detention. Mr. Herbert also proposes to prosecute the medical man who in the first instance signed a certificate of lunacy; but there is no reason to suppose that the opinion was not given in perfect good faith. Mrs. Girling would certainly seem to be in some respects what most people would call crazy, although the magistrates were probably right in thinking that there were no sufficient grounds for shutting her up. As to the ejection of the Shakers, it appears that they had timely warning of the measures which were to be taken against them; but they did not choose to pay any attention to it. Theoretically the community was supposed to be complete in itself, and isolated from the rest of the world. But practically it had entered into relations with the world which entailed certain responsibilities. The estate on which it had settled down was mortgaged in order to provide money for current expenses; and there is no reason why Bible Christians should be exempted from the ordinary consequences of borrowing. If they were, it would probably lead to a large and sudden increase of their numbers. Having obtained the loan they required, Mrs. Girling and her friends appear, after the fashion of Mr. Micawber, to have considered the transaction at an end, and to have dismissed it from their minds. They took no thought of the morrow, or of the interest which would then fall due, and disregarded the legal notices which were served on them. It is all very well for pious people who have succeeded in obtaining an advance of money to shut their eyes to the existence of their creditors, but it is not unnatural that the latter should prefer to do business in the ordinary secular way.

It is possible that some new light may yet be thrown on the subject: but, as far as the information already published goes, it shows in the clearest possible manner that the Shakers have come to grief simply because they chose to incur liabilities which they had no means of meeting. There is a general concurrence of testimony that, notwithstanding their eccentricities, they are quiet, inoffensive people. They are very fond of preaching, singing, and dancing, and, for decency and convenience in the latter exercise, the women wear short skirts and trousers. In the excitement which followed the visit of the Sheriff's officers, one of the Shakers is said to have exclaimed, "They take my goods; they shall have my garments also," suiting the action to the word by stripping himself to perfect nudity; but there seems to have been nothing indecorous in the ordinary life of the community. If they could only have provided for their own subsistence without running into debt, there would have been no reason why any one should interfere with them, nor does it appear that there was any disposition to do so. The weak point of the project was that the Shakers lived on their capital instead of on the fruits of their industry, and of course when the former was exhausted they had nothing to fall back upon. It was no doubt intended that the community should be self-supporting, but its composition was by no means favourable to this result. Two classes came to it—those who had a little money to put into the common fund, in return for which they probably expected to be maintained without too much exertion on their part, and those who, having nothing whatever, thought they could not do better than take their chance of what was going. It has been asserted that some of the former vainly endeavoured to get their money back, and that others left because they could not endure the meagreness of the fare. As so much time was given to devotional exercises, including dancing, it may be inferred that the cultivation of the ground was not pursued with much assiduity, nor was any care taken in the admission of members to see that they were fit for their work. If they were sound in the spiritual sense, and believed fully in Mother Girling, that was enough. Mrs. Girling herself was originally a servant girl in Suffolk, and seems to be more remarkable for her fluency of speech than for her administrative capacity or knowledge of worldly affairs. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the establishment in the New Forest, however spiritually successful, should have proved an economical failure. The members were unable to raise sufficient food for their own subsistence, and it is said that for some time past raw carrots have formed a principal part of their dietary. The question has now come to be whether these fanatics, because they choose to disregard the ordinary conditions of social existence, are to be allowed to indulge their whims at the expense of other people. Those who profess to sympathize so keenly with the Shakers, and are so loud in exclaiming against the cruelty of making them pay the debts they have voluntarily incurred, have an excellent opportunity of putting themselves in the place of the creditors, and not only forgiving the actual debt, but providing for the future wants of the unfortunate enthusiasts. What has happened in this case is only what has happened in hundreds of other cases. The experiment is a very old one, and the same result has invariably attended it. Even in new countries where the communists have had all the advantages of ample space, primitive simplicity of manners, and freedom from the traditional prejudices and restrictions of an older society, their schemes have always ended in disaster, and always for the same reason—that a mode of life which requires the highest human perfection in order to do it justice is attempted by persons who are by no means perfect. Human passions and weaknesses break out, and spiritual elevation is found to be no protection against the consequences of personal imprudence and ill-regulated or neglected labour.

It may be thought that the world has been in existence during a sufficiently long period to enable those who live in it to form a tolerably accurate idea of the limits of human possibilities. Most reasonable persons have in fact come to the conclusion that more good is in the long run likely to be attained by avoiding too ambitious an estimate of what ordinary human nature is equal to, and being content to strive humbly and patiently towards the gradual realization of a higher ideal. The collapse of the Shakers in the New Forest curiously coincides with the movement of a new wave of religious sentiment which has already visited Scotland and Ireland, and is now expected to overflow England. Mother Girling's effort to restore mankind to a condition of primitive innocence, and the efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to throw their audiences into paroxysms of religious emotion, bear a strong resemblance to each other, not, it is true, in their objects, for the American performers have nothing to do with any socialist projects, but in the means which they employ. They both desire to raise people to a state of mind and feeling which may perhaps be momentarily reached under the influence of spasmodic excitements, but which cannot permanently be maintained. What is aimed at is, in fact, a sort of artificial and hysterical exaltation, which is utterly inconsistent with sound health, and imposes a strain that necessarily produces a dangerous reaction. Mrs. Girling and her family preach, dance, and sing; Messrs. Moody and Sankey have not as yet taken to dancing. Mr. Moody endeavours to work upon the feelings of his audience by highly wrought dramatic narrative, acting, as it were, with voice and gesture, a series of little plays, and by sensational alternations from deep solemnity to vulgar humour. In order to rouse the audience, and get their nerves into proper trim, Mr. Sankey, a vocalist who performs in what is called "an effective manner," giving some lines *passionato* and others *forte*, sings a stirring melody; and then the whole body of people are set to sing together, raising of course a strong and thrilling body of sound. The dense crowding, the heat of the building, the physical effort and impression of the singing, naturally combine to produce a sort of hothouse effervescence, which Mr. Moody proceeds to intensify. His hearers are moved now to laughter and now to tears. In connexion with these services there is also a band of what are called "workers," who pounce upon persons in the audience, and carry them off to exhort and argue with them. There can be no doubt that exercises of this kind have a very powerful influence on many sensitive and weak-minded persons, and that an appearance of violent religious fervour is produced. A great many converts are said to be made, and we can readily believe it. It is, however, more to the purpose to ask how long these conversions usually last, and what is the subsequent condition of the converts. Nothing is easier than to throw a certain kind of people into hysterics, and the means employed are rather physical than moral. Every doctor knows the symptoms and the causes, and can tell of the perilous prostration and lassitude of the unhappy patients when the stimulant has either been withdrawn or has lost its power. No one can habitually indulge in this sort of intoxication, which is in fact akin to that of opium or liquor, without suffering a weakening of the moral fibre, and being liable to paralysis after a succession of debauches. The amusements of the Beecher and Tilton case convey a melancholy warning of the degrading tendencies of that sort of sensational Methodism which is prevalent in America, and which has occasionally sporadic outbreaks in our own country. There is nothing more injurious either to mind or morals than that sort of emotional excitement which plays upon the physical circulation and the nerves, and subjects the reason to the insidious influences of an inflamed and hysterical imagination. Morality, no less than religion, depends for its safety on a sober, humble, and well-balanced mind.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

RECENT advertisements which have appeared in several newspapers have directed attention to certain provisions of the criminal law, to which, in spirit, if not in letter, these advertisements seem to be opposed. Blackstone and other writers speak of the offence of "theft-bote," which is where the party robbed not only knows the felon, but also takes his goods again, or other amends, upon agreement not to prosecute. This is called compounding of felony, and formerly was held to make a man an accessory, but is now punished only with fine and imprisonment. This perversion of justice, says Blackstone, was liable in the Gothic Constitutions to severe and infamous punishment; and the Salic law "latroni eum similem habuit qui furtum celare vellet, et occulto sine judice compositionem ejus admittere." By a statute of Blackstone's time, which substantially exists now, even to advertise a reward for the return of things stolen, with no questions asked, or words to the same purport, subjects the advertiser and the printer to a forfeiture of 50*l.* each.

This law has been applied in several cases to persons who no doubt felt it to be inconvenient. The celebrated Jonathan Wild was hanged for the kindred offence of "taking a reward under pretence of helping the owner to his stolen goods." This contrivance, says Blackstone, was carried to a great length of villany in the beginning of the reign of George I.; the confederates of the felons thus disposing of stolen goods at a cheap rate to the owners themselves, and thereby stifling all further inquiry. Wild had under him a well-disciplined corps of thieves, who brought in all their spoils to him, and he

kept a sort of public office for restoring them to the owners at half-price. A statute was passed to prevent this practice, and, as Wild still continued it, he was convicted and executed upon this statute. He was first tried for stealing a parcel of lace from a shop, and the fact appearing to be that another man stole the lace, and Wild stood at a street corner and received it, he was acquitted. He was then indicted under this statute, and on proof that he received ten guineas from the shop mistress under pretence of helping her to her lace, he was at last convicted and executed. The pitcher went to the well once too often. Wild was the original of Peachum in the *Beggars' Opera*. This careful man of business keeps books in which the names and exploits of his heroes are entered, and a diamond ring or a gold snuff-box are as regularly posted to their several accounts as would be a bale of goods in a merchant's ledger. After his quarrel with Lockit has been appeased by his declaration "Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong," he hurries home, where he expects to see a gentleman about a snuff-box filched in the Park. The gentleman was no doubt prepared to pay handsomely and ask no questions.

An Irish case shows a curious example of tenant-right mitigated by horse-stealing. The prisoner had to pay a sum which he thought excessive on coming into a farm. The horse of the outgoing tenant had disappeared, and the prisoner caused him to be informed that, if he consented to pay a reasonable sum, three or four neighbours would exert themselves to find the horse; but if he refused, the horse would make a day's journey into the country. The prisoner was tried and convicted for the offence of taking a reward under pretence of helping the owner to his stolen goods. In an English case the house of the prosecutrix had been broken open and fourteen cheeses stolen. The prisoner, who was a tradesman employed by the prosecutrix, called upon her in the course of his business, and told her that he had some suspicion of the persons who had broken open her house. He proposed and executed a plan by which he brought to her house the persons whom he suspected of being concerned in the robbery. Upon the prosecutrix seeing them, she at once recognized them as persons who had been at her house on the day before the night of the robbery. The prisoner asked the prosecutrix if she did not think they were implicated in the robbery. She said she did, and he said he did also. She said, "I wish you'd try if you could buy a bit of cheese of them," to which the prisoner assented, and she gave him 3*l*. for that purpose. The prosecutrix was told several times afterwards by the prisoner that the cheese would come. She complained that he had got her money and did not mean to get her the cheese. He answered that she might have the money back whenever she pleased. The jury found that the prisoner knew the thieves, and assisted the prosecutrix as her agent and at her request in endeavouring to purchase the stolen property from them, not meaning to bring the thieves to justice. The Judge directed the jury to find the prisoner guilty. The case was considered by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and the Judges held that, upon the facts found by the jury, the receipt of the money by the prisoner was a corrupt receiving of such money within the statute. If the prosecutrix in this case, knowing, as she did, the thieves, had got her cheese back by the prisoner's assistance, it seems clear that she would have been guilty of compounding a felony, or "theft-bote."

An advertisement which appeared recently in the *Times*, states that a dressing-case, covered with leather, bearing certain initials with coronet, was "lost" from the outside of Paddington Station, at 6-25, on Saturday evening the 12th instant. As the case contained jewelry, &c., which cannot be replaced, 1,000*l*. will be paid on its restoration, with the contents untouched, to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, "who are authorized to pay the reward." Assuming that this advertisement was issued with the consent of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, we may ask what that firm would do if the dressing-case were brought to them with the contents untouched, and the reward were demanded. The advertisement states that the dressing-case was "lost," but those who issued it cannot be ignorant that it has been generally assumed, and is at least probable, that the dressing-case was stolen. Blackstone says that "theft-bote" is where the party robbed not only knows the felon, but also takes his goods again upon agreement not to prosecute. If Messrs. Hunt and Roskell are "authorized," as the advertisement states, "to pay the reward," they must be presumed to be authorized by the party robbed, and to be willing to put themselves in his place. If they received the jewels, they would know that they were receiving them from a person who could hardly by any stretch of charity be supposed to have come by them honestly. Even if it be possible that the person bringing the jewels could satisfactorily account for his possession of them, it is also possible that that person might give an unsatisfactory account or none at all. What would the firm be prepared to do in such a case? If they sanctioned the issue of the advertisement, they ought to be prepared to answer this question, which is very serious. They might perhaps say that the advertisement was only issued to decoy thieves within the grasp of justice. But it is certainly unusual for such a firm to go into the detective's line of business; and it may be doubted whether a jury would accept this explanation of the advertisement. The statement is that 1,000*l*. will be paid on restoration of the jewels. It is not stated that the reward will be paid "and no questions asked," nor are there any words to the same purport. Still, that which is not expressed may be implied, and a jury might possibly think that the advertisement must mean this or nothing. The case would be disagreeably similar to that of the woman who, knowing the

thieves who had stolen her cheeses, wished to get them back by paying money for them. Although cheese is different from chalk, and also from diamonds, the persons who issued this advertisement could scarcely suppose that the law would be different in application to "jewelry and gifts of various kinds which cannot be replaced." Is it supposed that modern civilization can supply an improved Peachum who receives gentlemen at home, or waits upon them by appointment, in reference to jewelry incapable of being replaced which has been lost at a railway station?

It appears that a notice has also been extensively placarded and otherwise circulated throughout London which deals rather more particularly with the same matter. Any one into whose hands the jewel-case that was lost at Paddington Station may have fallen is requested to put himself directly into communication with the Earl of Dudley, Dudley House, Park Lane, "with a positive assurance that the greatest confidence shall be observed, and that the party so communicating with him shall act to his own advantage." This notice is even more surprising than the other. We make no assumption as to the authorship of either. It will no doubt be explained in due time how these advertisements and handbills got into circulation. It is enough to say that any person who adopts this method of recovering "lost" property renders both himself and the printer of his notice liable to a penalty of 50*l*. To say that "the greatest confidence will be observed" must surely mean either that no questions will be asked, or that the answers to them will not be revealed; and to say that the party communicating with the loser "shall act to his own advantage" seems to mean, although the expression is rather obscure, that that party shall earn reward and shall not incur debarment. It is common that persons who have incurred serious "losses" of property are so distracted with grief or anger as to take illegal steps for its recovery. They do not know the law, and they do not stop to learn it. In a current story by Mr. Trollope a young lady elopes and reaches Liverpool on her way to New York, when she is threatened with arrest, and consents to return to London with a police-officer. She has taken for her expenses a cheque given by her father to her mother for house-keeping, and her father, who is influential and imperious, telegraphs to the police at Liverpool, and an officer is at the railway station prepared, if necessary, to arrest her on a charge of stealing this cheque. The father's real object is to prevent her departure for New York with her lover. This, it need not be said, is a very questionable step; but in a novel it may be assumed that rich and powerful persons may take liberties with the law which would not be permitted to ordinary mankind. But if a similar assumption were to be made in actual life it might entail disagreeable consequences.

We have dealt thus far with this matter without precise reference to the wording of Statutes. But any one who will read the Statute 24 and 25 Vict. c. 96, s. 102, will find that it seems very nearly applicable to the authors, whoever they may be, of the advertisements on which we have commented. By that section whosoever shall publicly advertise a reward for the return of any property whatsoever which shall have been stolen or lost, and shall in such advertisement use any words purporting that no questions will be asked, or shall make use of any words in any public advertisement purporting that a reward will be given or paid for any property which shall have been stolen or lost without seizing or making any inquiry after the person producing such property, or shall print or publish any such advertisement, shall forfeit the sum of 50*l*. for every such offence to any person who will sue for the same by action of debt to be recovered with full costs of suit.

COLONEL FREDERICK'S MARRIAGE.

THE story of Colonel Frederick's marriage with Martha Rigden would furnish useful matter for a novelist. This officer had been in the Guards, and, being obliged by pecuniary embarrassments to retire from that corps, he obtained a commission in the East India Company's service in 1776, and went to Bombay. He was employed during the next fifteen years in wars against the Mahrattas and Hyder Ali, which greater contemporaneous wars in Europe and America have thrown into undeserved obscurity. It is not the least proof of British energy that these distant wars were prosecuted with varying success at the very time that the combination of France and Spain with the revolted American colonies compelled this country to struggle for existence close at home. In 1781 a combined fleet commanded the Channel, and deliberated about attacking the British fleet in Torbay, while a Spanish fleet and army besieged Gibraltar, and Lord Cornwallis was compelled to surrender at York Town. But in the same year Sir Eyre Coote defeated Hyder Ali at Porto Novo, and thus dispelled the awe with which that chief had been regarded, and preserved possessions in India which soon grew to the dimensions of an Empire. It is recorded that Colonel Frederick served in the campaign of 1778-9 against the Mahrattas, which terminated in the disastrous engagement of Telikgaum. In 1791 Lord Cornwallis was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, and Tipoo had succeeded his father, Hyder Ali, as ruler of Mysore. The Mahrattas were now allied with the British, and their army co-operated with a British force advancing from Bombay to invade Tipoo's country; while the principal British army advanced with the same object from Madras. The Mahratta army undertook to besiege Barwar, and,

having little experience of such operations, it was assisted by a detachment of Europeans and Sepoys sent under Colonel Frederick from Bombay. A premature assault ended in a repulse, but after the fall of Bangalore the place surrendered. In the course of these operations Colonel Frederick died at Darwar on the 17th of March, 1791. Early in the next year Tipoo was besieged in Seringapatam, and was compelled to purchase peace by ceding territory. In 1799 Tipoo was encouraged by Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt to provoke another conflict with British power, in which he lost his throne and life.

Thus much may suffice by way of sketch of the great events in which Colonel Frederick bore an honourable part. His domestic history during the same years must now occupy our attention. He had married Martha Rigden, probably at Stalisfield, near Faversham, in 1773, and in 1776 she sailed with him to Bombay, where she remained until her husband's death in 1791. The fact of their marriage is tolerably well ascertained by the circumstance that the widow enjoyed a pension from the Clive Fund, and there are other corroborating circumstances, but no record of the marriage now exists. It appears, however, that the system of registering marriages established about twenty years before was administered with considerable laxity, and in one parish, and perhaps in more, the practice was to enter a number of marriages in the book simultaneously, although they had occurred at various times. The irregularities which had grown by the middle of the century to an intolerable scandal were not likely to be changed all at once into an orderly practice, such as in the lapse of another hundred years has been attained. The statistics of marriages are now carefully collected and compiled, and afford foundation for curious and sometimes absurd theories. But before the Marriage Act of 1753, clandestine and mock marriages were common, as appears by the dramatic literature of the period. It is not surprising that some of the relations of Colonel Frederick regarded his conduct as they would that of one of those dashing heroes of comedy whom in character he seems to have resembled. They knew there had been an elopement, and doubted whether there had been a marriage. Yet it appears that this spendthrift gallant not only married the girl whom he had fascinated, but behaved well to her after marriage—a matter on which the conduct of the heroes of comedy is left in convenient obscurity. One of the most brilliant of these heroes, Sir Harry Wildair, has indeed been made to exhibit himself both before and after marriage, and it is generally agreed that the second comedy in which he appears as a pattern of constancy is much less lively than the first in which he amply justifies his name. It is, however, possible that Farquhar drew from observation when he made his reformed rake declare that,

In spite of satire 'gainst a married life,
A man is truly blessed with such a wife;

and among his numerous military acquaintances he may have met a prototype of Colonel Frederick. The letters of that gentleman to his sister-in-law are good evidence of the reality both of his marriage, and of his affection for his wife. She is, he says, the idol of everybody at Bombay, "the more so because, I am sorry to say, sensible and well-behaved women in India are very scarce." This was in 1781, when India could not be reached without braving, in addition to the hardships of a long voyage, the danger of capture by the French. At that time the hopes of our ancient enemy were raised by the accumulating difficulties of England. An able commander, M. de Suffren, sailed with a fleet from France to that convenient base of operations, the Mauritius, whence he transported a military force, including a regiment of Kaffirs, to Pondicherry, and landed it, to co-operate with Hyder Ali. In proof of the magnitude and resolution of these efforts of the French in India, it may suffice to mention that Admiral Hughes fought five indecisive battles with M. de Suffren. And although French hostility could not defeat, it seriously checked, the growth of English power in the East. What would be our feelings now if the only road to India lay by the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius, lying right in the track, was swarming with active privateers? Yet such were the conditions under which formerly we managed to transport, not only troops and stores, but women and children, to India. Engagements between the Company's trading ships and privateers or regular cruisers of the enemy were not uncommon, and on one memorable occasion the traders, having no convoy, forced themselves into line of battle and beat off a French squadron which had made sure of capturing them. All these traders were armed, and prepared to use their guns. Society was used to the dangers and losses of war, and was disposed to provide liberally for the wives and children of its victims. Thus we find that at Bombay, after Colonel Frederick's death, a subscription was raised for his wife, who was, as he says, the idol of the place, and she obtained from the Company the pension and other assistance which enabled her to bring up her family suitably to her husband's station. Her sons, as was natural, entered the military or naval service, in which two of them died, while a third, General Frederick, survived till recently, and was the father of the petitioner in the suit. But we can quite believe that French privateers at sea and Hyder Ali on land made "sensible and well-behaved women," unless they were remarkably courageous, rather shy of India in those years. It was no figure of speech to say that the battle of Porto Novo saved Madras, and often in these fights for existence the General had only a few hundreds of British troops at his command, while four months of dangerous voyage lay between him and the possibility of reinforcements.

This case is less interesting in its legal than in its social aspect.

Allowing that a marriage may be proved otherwise than by a register, there could hardly be better evidence after the lapse of a hundred years than was produced in this case. It deserves notice that there are no direct means provided by English law of trying the title to a baronetcy, and this can only be done by bringing an ejectment for land held under the same right as the disputed baronetcy, or by proceeding to obtain a declaration of legitimacy under a recent statute. This was the proceeding adopted in the present case; and as the marriage of Colonel Frederick with Martha Rigden has been established, it follows that the petitioner, as his grandson, is entitled to a baronetcy which was conferred on the Colonel's ancestor. There was some evidence against the claim, but the jury did not hesitate long over their verdict. It is true that for some time after the marriage some members of both families did not believe that it had taken place, and they expressed their disbelief in still extant documents. It was founded probably on an estimate of Colonel Frederick similar to that which a theatrical audience would form of Sir Harry Wildair. He would beyond doubt have seduced Angelica if he could, but, as he could not, he married her. When he found that he must choose between a duel and a wedding, he chose the latter. "Any man," he says, "dare fight; but I'll do more—I'll marry." The uncle of Martha Rigden used language which fully justifies our comparison of Colonel Frederick with Farquhar's lively hero. He tells his niece that he and others of her family think she is not married. "You left all your friends," says he, "and became a companion to one of the greatest rakes in the kingdom," who had almost ruined his father and contracted debts which forced him to fly the country. "By him you have had two children, which I am afraid are illegitimate." A memorandum exists in the handwriting of this uncle, apparently embodying the account which had reached him of the asserted marriage. The place and time are stated to be Stalisfield, March 1773; the clergyman who married her was gone to the East Indies, the man who gave her away was dead. The uncle's comment on this statement is "very bad account." But the statement is sufficiently credible, particularly as we are able to judge of the probability of Colonel Frederick's entering into a clandestine marriage by surveying the whole of his conduct both before and afterwards. The uncle was perhaps right in thinking that Colonel Frederick would not have married his niece if he could have helped it; but, between his own passion and the girl's firmness, we may assume that he could not help it. The uncle's letter, which is dated July 1, 1776, contains the words, "All this" (becoming companion to a rake and bearing children) "has been done in secret to us till a month ago." This tallies with the fact that the niece gave in her maiden name receipts to her uncle for moneys paid by him to her up to May 1776, and afterwards signed receipts "Martha Frederick." On the other hand, it appears that in a bond and deed executed by John Rigden, brother of Martha, in 1783, she was called Rigden. These documents were executed by John Rigden in order to obtain payment of a legacy due to his sister, of which she was much in want; and doubtless under these circumstances he would not be very particular what he signed. He survived his sister, who died in 1794, and after her death he disputed the fact of her marriage, and kept possession of a small estate to which his eldest nephew, if legitimate, would have been entitled. In a letter written in 1800, in which John Rigden stated his intention to hold the estate, he said that "this affair"—that is, the dispute about the marriage—would injure his deceased sister's children, "as the Company will of course take off the annuity." He seems to suggest that, if he is allowed quietly to hold the estate on the supposition that there was no marriage, the Company may be left to go on paying an annuity to the children on the supposition that there was a marriage. This is not very elevated morality, but he professes an intention to expend the income of the estate he was holding upon the family of his deceased sister; whereas, if he gave up the whole, that income would go to the eldest son exclusively. Much importance cannot be ascribed to any acts or declarations of John Rigden, and, on the other hand, it is nearly certain that a certificate of the marriage must have been produced to the Company to obtain the pensions which were granted to Colonel Frederick's widow and children. John Rigden must have known that such a certificate was necessary, and, if he believed that no marriage had taken place, he must have believed that his sister's income had been obtained by forgery. On the whole it is impossible to attach much weight to the evidence against this marriage, and the supposition that an irregular marriage took place harmonizes with the undoubted facts of the case.

REVIEWS.

MAYNIER'S COUNCIL OF TRENT.

THE genuine history of the Council of Trent has yet to be written, and whether it ever will be written must remain a question for the present. It is not only that historians, and especially ecclesiastical historians, are very apt to be partisans. Such was indeed the case with the first two writers on the Council, of whose works all later records are little else than transcripts or abridgments. Sarpi, who had long been suspected

* *Étude historique sur le Concile de Trente.* Par L. Maynier. Première Partie, 1545-1562. Paris: Didier et Co 1874.

of secret Protestantism, is proved by recent investigations to have been in fact a secret unbeliever; the Jesuit Pallavicini, who, unlike Sarpi, had access to the original sources, held a brief for the Pope, and was rewarded with a Cardinal's hat. The able and learned writer who has adopted the *nom de plume* of Maynier is perfectly correct in saying that "whoever undertakes to write a history of the Council will be obliged to begin the whole work *de novo*"; and he will also be obliged to wait till the Acts of the Council, which to this day have never been published, as well as the voluminous correspondence about it, hitherto jealously guarded in the archives of the Vatican Library, are placed at his disposal. Some light will no doubt be thrown on the subject in the posthumous edition, announced to appear shortly, of works prepared for publication by the late Father Theiner, who did not live to see them through the press. Theiner was for several years Keeper of the Vatican archives, and was only deprived of his office during the recent Council in consequence of his having shown the order of business of the Council of Trent to the German Bishops, who were thus led to protest against the very different *regolamento* enforced by Papal authority at the Vatican Council. Cardoni succeeded him, but the Jesuit Piccirillo, the Pope's confessor, received the permission, never before granted to any one, of going alone, whenever he chose, into the secret manuscript departments of the Library, and it is feared that valuable documents may be removed or made away with before there is any chance of their coming into profane hands. A distinguished English Roman Catholic, who at one time had access to the archives, is also said to be preparing a work on the Council of Trent, and we sincerely trust the report may turn out to be well founded. Meanwhile nothing like a complete history can be looked for, until, if ever, the entire treasure of original records is made available for the use of competent scholars. The present writer is too well aware of this to profess to supply a *lacuna* for which adequate materials are not at hand. His work is based on Pallavicini, corrected by an examination of recent German critics, and of important documents discovered in the Simancas Archives. He evidently anticipated Ultramontane hostility, and is careful to insist that the work, which is written from a strictly Catholic standpoint, is intended to serve the cause of the Church, which "is not aided, but dishonoured, by the use of lies and reticences." His estimate of the subject is defined in the following passage:—

C'est précisément à un de ces moments critiques de la vie des peuples, celui où l'organisation féodale en décomposition s'effaçait devant la société moderne, prête à prendre sa place, que le concile de Trente s'est réuni. Cette époque, ainsi que toutes les périodes de transition, étant moralement inférieure à celle qui a précédé, comme à celle qui a suivi; elle fait tache entre le treizième et le dix-septième siècle. L'Église très-malade au huitième et au neuvième siècle, après s'être relevée par la réforme de Grégoire VII, souffrait depuis Boniface VIII, et surtout depuis la translation du saint-siège à Avignon, de maux assez graves pour amener la perte de toute institution purement humaine. Si le protestantisme est essentiellement une fausse conception théologique, fruit des scrupules orgueilleux d'un moine sans vocation, on ne saurait nier que le besoin universellement senti d'une réformation pouvait seul rendre populaire une théorie aussi abstraite que celle de la justification luthérienne. Toute réticence au sujet des abus enracinés dans le gouvernement ecclésiastique au seizième siècle risque de provoquer de trop faciles réminiscences.

In an interesting introduction of 160 pages the author sketches the condition of the Church, and the causes and growth of the Protestant Reformation, previously to the Council of Trent. One main source of corruption is traced to the episcopate, which, a hundred years after the Council of Constance, was still immersed in the disorders which it had been one of the main objects of that reforming synod to cure, and we are reminded, justly enough, that history reveals a continual connexion between the greatness and decline of the Church and of the episcopal order. These corruptions were due partly to improper elections, especially to those sees, such as many in Germany, whose excessive wealth and civil prerogatives made them objects of temporal ambition; partly to the constant and vexatious interference with diocesan jurisdiction by the Court of Rome, through exemptions, immunities granted to religious orders, and the like. The interecine struggle, carried on for nearly half a century with the aid of every available weapon, moral or material, between the rival forces of the Reformation and the Catholic reaction, and issuing in the decrees of Trent and the definite separation of Western Christendom into two opposite camps, is of course familiar to all readers of Ranke. But they will derive both interest and instruction from the vivid presentation of the period set before them from a somewhat different point of view in these pages. Some notion may be formed of the state of the monastic bodies, which Protestant writers have often been accused of libelling, when we find a select Committee of Cardinals, including Pole and Contarini, appointed by Paul III. in 1537 to report on the reform of the Church, recommending their gradual but entire suppression, by forbidding them to receive any fresh novices. In Germany, partly through the neglect of the bishops and partly through the rapid spread of Protestantism, the Legate Contarini found more than fifteen hundred cures deprived of pastors. Nevertheless it was not till every method of delay and subterfuge had been exhausted that the Holy See at last reluctantly yielded to the urgent demands which had been pressed on its notice for a quarter of a century by the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, for the convocation of a General Council. And when the Bull convoking it had eventually been issued in 1542, three years had still to elapse before the Council actually met. Some few bishops did indeed assemble at Trent in November 1542, but so few that the Legates declined to open the Council;

and the Protestant princes announced their refusal to recognise an assembly composed of creatures of the Pope. This was a point of critical importance, for we must remember that the great schism was not as yet accepted on either side as an accomplished fact. The old cry, which had been heard so often during the fifteenth century, for a reform of the Church in her head and in her members, was still the watchword alike of princes and peoples. The Catholic Church was regarded, not as an edifice to be destroyed, but to be restored on its old foundations; and even Luther professed to be only vindicating the ancient and forgotten Catholic doctrine, not inventing any new creed of his own. All the diets and religious conferences of which so many were held during the twenty years preceding the Tridentine Council started with the assumption that Catholics and Lutherans, however widely diverging in opinions, were members of the one sole Universal Church, between whom therefore a reconciliation might be, and ought to be, effected. It was not till towards the close of the Council of Trent that a different view began generally to prevail. And meanwhile within the bosom of Catholicism two rising parties, which may be respectively designated the Reforming and the Jesuit, were contending for the mastery, like the unborn children in Rebecca's womb. Our author shall describe them:—

Du temps de Luther et de Charles-Quint, il y avait dans le sein de l'Église catholique un nombre considérable d'hommes de science qui, tout en demeurant attachés à l'ancienne doctrine et à l'unité, réclamaient des réformes étendues, un retour aux anciennes institutions de la discipline ecclésiastique, et se montraient prêts, par conséquent, à faire aux luthériens de larges concessions. Suivant eux, il fallait rechercher les opinions et les jugements portés dans l'Église primitive afin de refaire autant que possible l'Église contemporaine à son usage et ressemblance, en cherchant à se rapprocher des institutions et de la forme de gouvernement qu'elle avait eues après Constantin. À côté de ce parti, toutefois, il en existait un autre que la force des choses et les besoins de la lutte contre le mouvement allaient rendre prépondérant. Ceux qui le composaient ne prétendaient point remonter aux temps apostoliques, mais exagéraient au contraire les traditions du moyen âge. L'Église est, disaient-ils, une monarchie universelle, gouvernée par un chef omnipotent, à qui toute créature est soumise, vis-à-vis de laquelle personne n'a de droits, et de qui émane toute autorité, même séculière. Cette monarchie ayant besoin, tout autant que les autres, de force, pour faire exécuter ses arrêts, et d'argent pour se soutenir, jouit du pouvoir coactif le plus étendu soit qu'elle l'exerce par elle-même, soit qu'elle oblige le bras séculier à lui prêter ses services, et doit s'appuyer à toutes les mesures tendant à amoindrir les grands revenus qui lui sont nécessaires pour faire face aux énormes dépenses qu'exigent les détails du gouvernement de toute la catholicité. Dans ce système, ce serait provoquer la rébellion que de faire une concession quelconque à des séculiers et à des hommes en état de révolte contre l'autorité.

The Council of Trent was in session nominally for eighteen years, from 1545 to 1563; but during half that time, from 1542 to 1564, it was actually, and during about half the remainder virtually, suspended. The volume now before us deals with the earlier period of the Council, up to its suspension by Julius III. in 1552, comprising the principal doctrinal decrees, and especially the famous chapters on Justification, which the author calls "the decisive act and eternal honour of the Fathers." When the Synod was at length opened, on the Third Sunday in Advent, 1545, it came "too late for the Protestants already confirmed in their errors, and too late for the Catholics, who, after these long delays, had lost all confidence in the good faith of the Popes and the sincerity of the professed intention to reform the Church." Two years accordingly were chiefly absorbed in the disputes of rival potentates, Charles V. and Francis I. being jealous of each other and equally jealous of the Pope. In 1547 Paul III., who was alarmed at the growing power of the Emperor, transferred the Council from Trent to Bologna, a city within his own dominions, to the great indignation of Charles, who forbade his Bishops to leave Trent, and the deliberations were practically suspended for about four years. On the other hand, Henry II. of France, whose name had been passed over in the Bull of resumption, resented the recall of the Council to Trent in 1551 at the request of the German Emperor, and refused to acknowledge its Ecumenical character, or to allow his Bishops to take any part in the proceedings. The French Church therefore had no share in the discussions which resulted in the Tridentine definitions of the doctrine of the Eucharist. For the perpetual bickerings of adverse theological and national parties within the Council itself, the jealous rivalries between the Papal Legates and the Bishops, German and French prelates, Spaniards and Italians, we must refer our readers to the interesting narrative here given. One point, however, deserves special notice, the more so as the astounding assertion was made not long ago on high authority that Papal infallibility was just as much an article of faith before the Vatican Council, and had only not been defined because since the rise of the Gallican heresy in 1682 no General Council had assembled to condemn it. Not to dwell here on the notorious fact that Gallicanism did not take its rise in 1682, but at least three centuries earlier, during which period two Ecumenical Councils had not only not condemned, but expressly sanctioned, its leading principle of the supremacy of Councils over Popes even in matters of faith, it is important to remember that the Gallican doctrine was prominently brought under the notice of the Tridentine Fathers, who did not indeed venture to renew the decrees of Constance and Basle in its favour—for the Protestant revolt was already producing its natural fruit in Papal reaction within the narrowed circle of the Roman obedience—but did resolutely refuse to condemn it. The Legates took occasion from the definitions of the sacrament of order to introduce an article asserting the superiority of Popes over Councils, and even had the hardihood to charge those bishops who denied it

with heresy. But this article, as well as another which seemed to derogate from the divine authority of the episcopate, had to be withdrawn.

On April 28, 1552, the Council was prorogued for two years by direction of Julius III., but it did not in fact reassemble for nine years. The results it had achieved, and failed to achieve, up to that point are summed up in the following passage, with which our present notice must conclude. We shall look with much interest for the second volume relating to the subsequent period of the Council:—

Prorogé soi-même pour deux années, le concile se trouvait effectivement dissous comme l'avaient prédit les évêques espagnols; et disparaissait dans la tempête, sans que la chrétienté, sous le coup des inquiétudes causées par le renouvellement de la lutte entre la France et la maison d'Autriche, accordât beaucoup d'attention à cet événement, car bien des circonstances défavorables s'étaient réunies pour empêcher cette assemblée éphémère, dont la durée n'avait guère dépassé six mois, de répondre aux espérances conçues à son sujet. Le trop petit nombre des évêques présents à Trente, le vide laissé par l'Eglise de France, l'indifférence des prélats allemands, les manières impérieuses du légat, trop assuré de ne rencontrer qu'une résistance timide chez l'Empereur, décidé par scrupule et par intérêt à ne pas rompre avec Jules III., vis-à-vis duquel il avait d'ailleurs pris des engagements au moment de la réouverture du concile, tout avait contribué à faire de cette seconde période de l'assemblée une grande chose manquée. Sans doute la promulgation du décret sur la justification, l'acte décisif des Pères de Trente et leur éternel honneur, avait presque achevé l'œuvre des théologiens, et il ne restait plus en 1552 qu'à délimiter des questions de détail, mais l'œuvre de la réforme, à peine entamée, ouvrait au zèle des évêques une ample carrière où ils mettaient à pleine loie. Tous les essais tentés dans le concile échouaient successivement. Ainsi le légat n'arrivait pas, comme il l'avait désiré, à répondre aux attaques des protestants contre l'autorité du souverain pontife, par des déclarations amplifiant cette autorité; les évêques ne parvenaient point à opérer les sérieuses réformes, si vivement souhaitées par eux. Enfin, les espérances de conciliation qu'avaient fait naître l'acceptation du concile par la diète et la présence à Trente des théologiens et des ambassadeurs luthériens, aboutissaient à une rupture définitive entre les deux croyances, à la surprise d'Imhoff, à la fuite de l'Empereur et à des hostilités, qui, après avoir anéanti tous les résultats de la bataille de Mühlberg, menaient le trépas de Passau, et, comme dernière conséquence, l'abdication de Charles-Quint.

SPORT IN INDIA.*

THE publication of these sporting adventures reminds us that not only are there many varieties of birds and beasts to test the skill and endurance of residents in India, but that there are also divers approved modes of slaying them. We now know of three or four ways in which the tiger may be killed. The Chief Commissioner of Oudh, and the Maharaja of Nepal, each take the field in the months of February or March, and, with a majestic line of some thirty elephants, sweep through the long grass or the heavy tree jungles that border their respective dominions. On the extreme left and right, and at different intervals in the line, experienced shots wield all the improved machinery of modern warfare. Between the elephants, which carry howdahs and shooters, are two or three animals smaller in bulk, or not possessed of the steadiness of Peary the staunch female, or Hyder Ali with his formidable tusks. The array moves forward, stops, and wheels at the bidding of the commanding officer. Shooting at peacocks, deer, and even buffaloes, however tempting, is strictly forbidden when there is the least chance of starting a tiger; and though, in many instances, this animal sneaks off and is rolled over, like a hare in a battue, without showing fight, sometimes an angry and surprised beast, with lashing tail and open jaws, roars defiance at the whole body, and contrives to fix his claws on the trunk and head of some one elephant, in spite of a shower of bullets. This is the very epic poetry of Indian *Shikar*. Then a single and determined sportsman has been known to conceal himself in a tub, or to seek the shelter of the lower branches of a large tree, and to watch during the long and still hours of an Indian night, until the destroyer returns to feast on the bullock of which he had broken the neck the afternoon before. A third sportsman, backed by a trustworthy companion, or even by a steady native attendant who carries a spare gun, thinks himself a match for the jungle monarch on foot; arguing that, to a practised eye and a cool hand, four barrels are sufficient to stop any charge. A fourth description of tiger-hunting is given in the volume before us. Platforms are quietly run up in selected spots in the jungles, at an elevation sufficient, under all ordinary contingencies, to secure the safety of their occupants. Seated on these *machinans*, as they are termed in native parlance, the shooters await the arrival of the game, which is driven to them by a long line of beaters. In fact, the tigers, with bear, deer, hyenas, and winged game of several kinds, are compelled to take a certain direction, like grouse and black-game on a Yorkshire or Lowland moor. In the first and the last of these descriptions of sport the danger is generally reduced to a minimum. An ingenious calculator has reckoned that, for every ten tigers put up by a line of elephants, nine try to get away for one that charges; that of every ten that may charge, nine are stopped before they can fasten on any single elephant; and that out of ten that are so missed and make good their attack, only one seriously hurts either the mahout or the occupant of the howdah, or inflicts a grievous or deadly wound on the elephant. Little or nothing can be said in favour of following tigers on foot, though there is something to be said for men who sit up listening for

the feline footfall or the crunching of bullock's bones on a moonlight night. Now and then a manslayer, the terror of half a district, can be got at only through audacity combined with strategem; and readers of Captain Shakespeare's adventures may recollect how on one occasion he was induced to assume the habit and discharge the functions of a postal runner, in order to rid the country of a certain man-eating tiger, which at the least trump of an elephant or the first shout of a beater would have made its escape to the other side of the country. But, as a general rule, it may be said that those who shoot tigers, except from the backs of elephants or from airy platforms, sooner or later get clawed or killed for their pains. The author of this work justly characterizes these practices as foolhardy.

We have made these remarks after a perusal of this book, which is a very faithful and accurate description of a well-ordered hunting party on a large scale, in which, as far as we can make out, there was not an elephant employed in the camp, except to carry the baggage. The author tells us that he served for some years in the department of Inland Customs, the officials of which, besides other duties, are required to collect the duty on imported salt and cotton, and to prevent altogether the importation of sugar into the North-West Provinces. As smugglers usually take to bypaths instead of highways, it follows naturally that officers of the Preventive establishment must spend much of their time in lonely and isolated stations, and manage to acquire a thorough familiarity with the habits of jungly tribes and savage beasts. There can be no doubt that an active and intelligent official who has varied the duties of hunting down pack bullocks, and pouncing on suspicious articles snugly stored in innocent conveyances, by using the rifle, the smoothbore, and the hog-spear, must have accumulated a store of anecdotes worth telling. And we can take no exception to this book on the ground that the facts are stale or the knowledge of woodcraft superficial. Unfortunately, the author was not content with penning and publishing the record of a delightful cold-weather hunting trip, in a plain and straightforward way. But he has thought it necessary to vary the monotony of sport by Eastern apoloques and native tales. In most instances the author preaches, while his companions, who are, of course, Brown, Jones, Smith, and Robinson, listen with applause and bewilderment. He tells us indeed in his opening chapter that a division of labour in such expeditions is conducive to mutual comfort, and that one man should look after the horses, canals, and ponies, another the wines and stores, a third the erection and despatch of the tents, whilst a fourth should be paymaster. This is all very true, but the author's language and tone throughout the book is that of a dictator who arranges everything for everybody. He is both president and caterer. Not only does he cut out the work of every day, post the shooters, despatch the beaters, forbid a shot to be fired at a deer when the party are expecting a tiger, and order the tents to be struck; but he takes care that his companions shall all retire to bed in good time, and he watches over their habits with the vigilance which the stroke-oar of the Trinity boat is popularly supposed to exercise over the morals and manners of his crew. This might be pardoned, though it is a singular corollary to what we were told at the outset regarding the division of labour. But whenever the sportsmen ask any question or venture any remark, the inexorable president is down upon the speaker with an overwhelming avalanche of knowledge; and when, after two or three days' consecutive hard work in the jungle, the tired hunters have washed and oiled their guns, and are in the humour for a short stroll and an early dinner, the same unwearied instructor insists on their listening to a long-winded story about a jackal and an alligator, or to nearly fifty lines of blank verse on the subject of "Prudence counselling youth." Interspersed with sage advice and remonstrance we find scraps of poetry, "The Toper's Lament," "The Stricken Deer," "The Wild Ducks, a fable," of which the following specimens may suffice. A sportsman startles a flock of ducks from behind an ant-hill, which in India is thrown up to a size that may lend colour to the stories of Herodotus, and then fires:—

His aim was sure, and two birds lay
('Twins sitting shot he took);
As the flock fled in haste away
Two more he brought to book.

It would surely have been equally correct, and not much more prosaic, to say that the successful stalker "potted" a couple with his right barrel as the ducks lay on the water, and secured a couple more with his left as they rose. A deer is hit by a ball, and sings, like the dying swan:—

I instant felt a dreadful pain,
His cruel ball had oped my side;
Madly I bounded o'er the plain,
In thicket's shade methought to hide.

We own that, though there are few things more enjoyable than an expedition under canvas, during the Indian winter, through a district abounding in game and in picturesque views of wooded hills and clear streams, while official or social worries have been left behind, the enjoyment might be bought somewhat dear if we were obliged to listen to indifferent rhyming or to the moral of a lengthy debate by the "General Parliament of beasts." It may indeed be urged, as is intimated, that these edifying harangues were not really delivered as they are printed, but that the speakers are imaginary, though the incidents are true, and that they have been interwoven with the sporting narrative in order to get rid of the writer's immense stock of experience. If so, all we can say is that we prefer a plain tale showing what kind of country was traversed, how the

* *Past Days in India; or, Sporting Reminiscences of the Valley of the Soane and the Basin of Singrowlee.* By a late Customs' Officer, N. W. Provinces, India. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

servants were detected in cheating, how well the native trackers understood their business, and what was the total bag. Nor are anecdotes of cunning wild beasts outwitted by men as wild, or striking facts in natural history, out of place in such a work. But the author is not always happy in the arrangement of his materials, and the style is not quite up to the mark of Indian official writing. The attitude of the president, we are compelled to say, whether to Brown and Jones, or to the reader, rather reminds us of Mr. Barlow in *Sandford and Merton*, or of the tutor in *Eyes and No Eyes*, in the now forgotten boys' book of *Evenings at Home*.

Still there is a good deal that is not commonplace. The line of country has not been worked out by others. The sportsmen went over the tablelands of the Kymore range, down to the valley of the upper part of the Sone river, and along the hollow or basin of the native State of Singwalee. They started from, and returned to, the station of Chunar, where a celebrated fort, rich in the memories of halled conspirators and political traitors, looks down on the passenger by the East Indian Railway. Like most Indian sportsmen, the author carried with him the groceries and the apothecaries. Unknown indeed to Anglo-Indians in the plains are the discomforts and hardships undergone by those who camp out on the lone prairies of the Far West. No shivering before log fires or crouching under butts hastily formed of bark or branches. No short commons on the ancient buffalo and the superannuated wild turkey. The tents were always ready. The dinner of three courses rarely failed. The cold bath, with which the Anglo-Indian begins the day like the old Roman, was found in some clear river or was prepared for the hunters in their bathing tents. No one appears to have lacked his fair share of the equal feast of venison soup, followed by venison cutlets, and varied by fresh *Mahseer* fish, juicy hump, and quail or partridge. Nothing, as those who have tried camp life in India know, can exceed the readiness, the endurance, and the ingenuity of native servants on such occasions. Fire-places and cooling-ranges are extemporised before the tents are pitched, at every halting-place, by means of a spade and a few bricks. The tablecloth is laid with a neatness and precision which would almost satisfy the wife of a Chief Commissioner about to give a large dinner to the residents of the station at Christmas. The worst that can happen on such well-named expeditions is that the wine and beer may run short if not carefully looked to, or that two or three coolies may bolt because a portly native butler has attempted to levy an undue percentage on their wages. The volume before us shows that all such contingencies were properly anticipated, and that the administrative skill of which Indian officials have lately given such signal proof on an enormous scale rarely failed either to provide a liberal table or to secure a reasonable amount of sport. Let it not be imagined, however, that the amusement expended was anything extraordinary. In all probability the cartridges fired in one week at small game, by the whole party, would be exceeded by two shooters during three hours on the Scotch moors on the 12th or 13th of August, or in twenty minutes in a battue in the Eastern Counties. Deficiency in slaughter was, to our thinking, fully compensated by variety. In a morning stroll the sportsmen could generally reckon on bagging some peacocks, a few ducks and teal, quail, a hare or two, and four or five brace of black and grey partridges. Occasionally, a spotted deer sprang from a bush as they walked on, and was knocked over; and one of the party seems to have had an extraordinary fondness for what Anglo-Indians term Brahminy ducks, but which is known to natives as the Chukwa Chukwi, or in Sanskrit as Chakravaka. These birds go in pairs at almost all seasons of the year, and not in flocks, and their cries and supposed loves are amongst the commonplaces of Hindu poets. To naturalists the bird is known as the Ruddy goose, or *Anas caracca*. But it must have taken a good deal of the enterer's skill to convert this rank and oily water-fowl into a palatable stew. On one or two occasions they varied the walk in line, together with its file-firing, by ringing antelopes. As this kind of deer is usually found on the open plains and near patches of cultivation, it is as wary as the red deer of the Highlands. But the horsemen divided themselves into small parties, and rode "at a slow and lordly pace" in a circle round the herd, gradually reducing the space between the antelopes and themselves, and getting several shots as the bucks at last broke away. Another mode of getting a shot was to stalk the animals under cover of a couple of bullocks, much on the principle by which grouse are "carted" in parts of Northumberland; and a third plan, very much practised by natives, and slightly allied to pot-hunting, was to creep up to the herd under shelter of a moveable screen of leafy branches. But the cream of the sport was, as we showed at first, the great drive, when a line of beaters swept the jungle, and the hunters sat expectant on the platforms. Some persons may think it tame sport to shoot tigers in this way as they sneak past like beaten dogs. But where the ground is unfavourable for the manoeuvres of elephants, or where these animals cannot be collected in sufficient numbers, it is perfectly legitimate, and there is something inexpressibly exciting in a grand "chukwa." In the first place, to post the sportsmen and to marshal the line of beaters requires no slight skill; and when the guns are all in position, the excitement is gradually fed by the increasing shouts of the advancing army, and only reaches its highest pitch when, after the meagre or inferior animals have gone by, the nose of a bear or the stripes of a tiger are seen to reward the patience of the sitters.

Despite a want of point in some of the stories, and disquisitions which might have been curtailed, the book con-

tains many illustrations of native life and character and incident which only a veteran could have collated. Of this kind are the descriptions of the mounds of earth raised over the spot where a man has been killed by a tiger, to touch which is as great a sacrilege as it was for a Roman to remove the *triste bidental*; the death of two tigers, one of which killed and half ate up an unhappy wood-cutter, while the other had actually carried off a young bride from the centre of a marriage procession; of the wild cat, "mad with wounds," which, like Horatius in the Lays, flew right at the face of Smith; of a dog named Bruno that fairly vanquished a wolf in single combat, while the owners, in a spirit of equity, looked on, but refused to interfere; of the walking fish, the fins of which are so constituted that by them it can make an overland passage from one pond to another; of the Dhauangs, a jungle tribe, who used the axe to brain the bear, strung a bow which defied the efforts of an Englishman, and sent their arrows through the vitals of a deer; of the cleverness of two natives who drove off a pack of hungry wolves by the expedient of trailing a long cloth, serpent fashion, on the ground; and, finally, of two tigers, one of which was baffled by the cool determination of an unarmed Englishman, while the other was intimidated by a brave native lad, who faced the animal while his seniors ran off, and of whom we can well believe that "he lives in native clover, doing what he likes with every one, and he would be a very daring man who lifted his hand to hurt him." For the details of the above incidents we refer readers to the book, and we can fairly recommend it, not only to Anglo-Indians for its memories and associations, but to intending tourists who wish to refresh themselves by sport in a country where a premium is still put on the heads of destructive wild beasts, and where game birds are fast diminishing and disappearing because moderate protective laws are unknown.

HOPE'S WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

(Second Notice.)

WE resume our review of this book at the place at which the writer addresses himself to the task of proving, in contravention of the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the undefended case of *Hebbert v. Purchas*, that the Ornaments Rubric of the Prayer-Book, as re-enacted in 1662, gives legal sanction to the use in the present Church of England of the distinctive Eucharistic vestments enumerated in the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. That judgment maintained the extraordinary position that the Rubric of 1662, which has statutory authority, is to be interpreted by the Canons of 1604, which had no such authority, rather than by the Rubric of 1549, to the Parliamentary authority of which it expressly refers. The plain answer to this is, that if the revisers of 1662 meant this, it was easy enough to have said it. Why, in the name of common sense, should they have rehabilitated the Rubric of 1549 in so many words, if they merely meant to confirm the Canons of 1604? There cannot, we think, be much doubt that, upon a new hearing of the points of dispute, the judgment in *Hebbert v. Purchas* will be reversed, and the legality of the Edwardian vestments—we say nothing of the expediency of using them, even if they should be proved to be legal—reasserted, in harmony with a previous decision of the same tribunal. The fact that the requirements of the Canons of 1604 differ so materially from the enactments of 1662 is not puzzling, if it is once perceived that the former prescribe the practical minimum, and the latter the theoretical maximum, of legal ceremonial. Mr. Bressford Hope shows incontrovertibly that this is the case. Indeed he proves, by a comparison of the Latin form of the Canons—which is of equal authority with the English form, but with which the judges in *Hebbert v. Purchas* seem to have been unacquainted—that the immediate object of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Canons was not so much to prescribe the dress of the celebrant as to define who was to be celebrant in cathedral or collegiate churches on the highest festivals. Anyhow, as our author emphatically points out, there is no escape from the dilemma that, whether the vestments of 1549 or the cope of 1604 be re-enacted by the Rubric of 1662—according to the earlier or the later judgment of the same Court of Appeal—a distinctive Eucharistic dress of some kind is, *ex confesso*, authoritatively prescribed by the Church of England. It follows of course that vestments which a bishop or dean *must* wear at Holy Communion in cathedrals cannot be, to say the least, essentially superstitious if worn by a poor parish priest at his humble altar. It also follows that no conceivable example of "lawlessness" could be more flagrant than that of prelates who, themselves (as assessors) declaring the law of the Church of England thus to prescribe Eucharistic vestments of some sort or other, and imposing such heavy costs on poor silly Mr. Purchas as hurried him to his grave (as many think) for misunderstanding that law before they had so defined it, yet have not personally obeyed, since their own judgment, the very law which they so harshly enforced against their luckless victim.

We pass on to a very important contribution to this discussion in the evidence adduced by Mr. Hope, from the charges brought against some of the Chapter of Durham by Peter Smart in 1630, that Cosin and others were in the habit of using copes "when the first part of the Communion Service was read," according to the

* *Worship in the Church of England*. By A. J. B. Bressford Hope, M.P., Author of "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century." London: John Murray. 1874.

second of the two Ornaments Rubrics of 1549, and *not* surplices only, according to the Advertisements and Canons. This scurrilous paper by Smart was first printed by the Rev. G. Ormsby in 1869, in the first volume of Bishop Cosin's Correspondence, edited by him for the Surtees Society. Mr. Hope truly remarks that, if there was to be no Communion at "that empty shadow of a reality, the truncated Communion Office—so unhappily introduced in the Book of 1549," Hunt and Cosin were less ritually correct in wearing copes than Smart was in rejecting them. But

The question is as to what state of the law this action of theirs bears witness. If the Advertisements and Canons had superseded these Ornaments Rubrics, then Smart would have been right in his view of the law, and the remaining Chapter would have committed an illegality. If, on the contrary, they were sustained in what they did—and they were sustained—then we have got a direct conclusion, many years after the Canons, as to the dress of the minister, contained in the Prayer-Book of 1549, being held to be still in full force as against them, and so the reasonings of the Purchas Judgment are shown to be fallacious.

Those reasonings are also shown to be fallacious as regards the restriction of copes, according to the supposed meaning of Canon XXIV., to cathedrals; for Burgoyne—one of the accused—wore his cope in Warrmouth parish church and Cosin at Brancepeth. Equally important and novel is Mr. Hope's extract of a description of the ceremonial keeping of Easter in 1593 by Queen Elizabeth in her private chapel. This curious document was first printed in 1872 by Dr. Rimbault in his edition of *The Old Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal*, one of the Camden Society's publications. It appears that on this occasion the Bishop of Worcester, as celebrant, and the Sub-Dean, and the "Epistler," all wore copes. But this was twenty-eight years after those Advertisements of Elizabeth, which are supposed by some to have forbidden vestments. We quite agree with our author that the question whether these Advertisements ever received the royal signature at all is a matter of purely antiquarian interest to us after the settlement of 1662. Nevertheless he has given excellent reasons for doubting more than ever whether the Queen's sanction was ever given to them. But if the use of Eucharistic vestments was thus legal, why, it has often been asked, did the Bishops in their Visitation Articles enforce nothing more than a surplice? Mr. Hope replies that the Bishops were satisfied with the *minimum*—which was more than in those bad days could be always insisted upon—and, besides, they were careful not to impose upon the parishioners the burden of providing and renewing more costly vestments. This we believe to be strictly true. The Visitation Articles of our own days in like manner never inquire about anything beyond the merest essentials; and, as is worth noticing, are not, to our knowledge, altered in any respect since the abolition of Church-rates has really changed the whole position of affairs. We may add another confirmation to Mr. Hope's argument. It is easy to see what was expected in every parish church in ante-Reformation times by the canons and constitutions in Lyndwode's *Provinciale*. But the answers to Edward VI.'s Commissioners, preserved in the Record Office, show conclusively that even the minimum of ornaments had been in many poor parishes entirely beyond the means of the parishioners. In fact, in whatever way the subject is approached, the same conclusion is reached—namely, that in the retention, or re-enactment, of the Ornaments Rubric in 1662, the leaders of the Church party were deliberately preserving for future and (as they hoped) better times the privilege of legally wearing a distinctive dress at the highest act of Christian worship. The fact that we have witnessed in our days the revival of such a dress proves the wisdom of their policy. Had equal wisdom been shown in the circumstances of such revival, the Church would not have been in that state of internal dissension which all but its worst enemies must now deplore. Mr. Hope urges with great force upon many of the Bishops the *in quoque* argument that the use of a pastoral staff, which they have themselves adopted, is only justified by the assumption that the Rubrics of 1549 are still binding. With what consistency can these offenders condemn the inferior clergy for reviving such other parts of the same rubrics as concern themselves?

We next come to the argument for the eastward position of the minister at the Lord's Table. Mr. Hope gives a complete summary of the whole controversy. The eastward position was ruled to be legal under the existing rubric by the judgment (delivered by Lord Cairns) in the case of *Martin v. Mackonochie* in 1868. To the amazement of everybody, the subsequent judgment (delivered by Lord Hatherley) in *Hebbert v. Purchas*, in 1871, ruled the direct contrary. Within a few weeks of this decision, no less than 4,761 clergymen signed what is called the Purchas Remonstrance against this contradictory exposition of the law. It may be safely said that, so long as the English language remains, no legal subtlety can ever persuade men to believe that "standing before the table" means "standing at one end of it" in one part of the Prayer-Book, while it is allowed that "before the table" in another part of the same book—in the Marriage Service—means "in front of it." The judgment in *Hebbert v. Purchas*—an un-defended case, tried before a weak Court—was unhesitatingly condemned in a remarkable pamphlet by the venerable ex-judge, Sir J. T. Coleridge; while Lord Cairns, as Lord Chancellor, in a debate on the Public Worship Bill in the House of Lords in June of this year, expressed himself in these most unmistakable terms about it:—

Upon that subject there have been two decisions more or less final by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. I do not desire to say one word on the law of the question, but every one knows how extremely difficult it is for any person—for any layman, perhaps for any lawyer—to be satisfied that

those two decisions are reconcilable with each other. In one of these cases no defence was made, and only one side was heard. Those decisions, I think, cannot be regarded as final.

In the end Lord Cairns seemed to expect that the ultimate decision would be that the priest's position at the altar must be ruled to be *in dubio*. It is for this solution of the matter as an open question that Mr. Beresford Hope strenuously contends. There is as much charity as there is wisdom in this conclusion. For, as things are, a rule of rigid uniformity of practice would grievously distress one side or the other. The most enthusiastic partisan of the west side would, we are sure, shrink from enforcing this position on a reluctant clergyman; and had there been more discretion shown in not adopting the practice until people were prepared for the change, the present confusion would never have prevailed. The controversy, which is curiously complicated by the circumstance that the existing rubrics prescribe a position for the altar itself which has long fallen into absolute desuetude, is a very uninteresting one to any but experts or those whose practice is affected by its issue. Mr. Hope examines the whole question with his usual fairness and completeness. We note, in the course of his discussion, an important authority for the use of the word "altar" in the Canons of 1640, which is too often forgotten by controversialists. The Canon cited ends with these words:—

We declare that this situation of the Holy Table doth not imply that it is, or ought to be, esteemed a true and proper altar, whereon Christ is again really sacrificed; but it is, and may be, called an altar by us in that sense in which the Primitive Church called it an altar, and in no other.

There can be no doubt, we think, in a candid mind, that when Laud's reform moved the altars generally back from the longitudinal position in the chancel or nave to the transverse position at the east end of the chancel, the ministering clergyman, who had hitherto stood at the north side, followed the transposed table and now stood at its west side. In other words, the north side became the west side, when the table was turned half round. The truth is that, as the table now universally stands, no one can stand at its north side; for the table has no north side. It has a north "end"; but, as Archbishop Williams argued, the end of an oblong table cannot strictly be called a side. There is, in our own view, no difficulty whatever in a man's obeying the rubric to "stand before the table" at the time of the prayer of consecration; for "before the table" would be at the north side if the table stood longitudinally, and at the west side if it stood, as it now always stands, transversely to the axis of the church. The real puzzle is, not to know what "before the table" means, but to know what "the north side" means under the present state of things. No one can doubt, however, that the Caroline divines, who succeeded in bringing about the change of position of the table, found it very much more difficult to change the position of the priest. From this ambiguity arose the practice of the minister standing at the north *end*—a position so inconvenient, so incongruous (we had almost said), that no religious body ever before thought of this place for the celebrant. It is a most tedious inquiry as to what the actual practice of the Caroline divines was. Common sense would suggest that there must have been a diversity of practice, according to the circumstances of each case and the temperament and convictions of individual clergymen. Certainly some stood at the north *end*. It is equally certain that many, including those of highest ecclesiastical rank, stood, when it was possible, at the west side. It is true that Laud himself, and Wren, when on trial for their lives (as Mr. Beresford Hope pertinently remarks), alleged that they stood at the west side for reasons solely of convenience. But there is evidence, as for example in the most remarkable description of the consecration of Dore Abbey church in 1634 (just published for the first time by Mr. Russell, from manuscripts in the British Museum and in the Lambeth Library), that Bishop Wren, when acting with perfect freedom, ruled the west side to be the proper place for the minister at the prayer of consecration. "One example like this," says our author, "is worth a bushel of conjectures." We agree, too, with his argument that Wren's suggested form of the Consecration Rubric, proposed in 1661 (as given in the Bishop of Chester's *Fragmentary Illustrations of the Book of Common Prayer*), "points at, without daring directly to enforce, the eastward position." Wren had suffered a harsh imprisonment of eighteen years, though—more fortunate than Laud—he had saved his life. It is no wonder that he was perhaps over-cautious after such an experience. But it seems to be a safe conclusion that he had never altered his convictions. There is especial value in Mr. Hope's remarks on the real state of feeling among the Churchmen of 1662, as affecting the policy of the then Bishops in the revision of the Prayer-Book. He well observes, after insisting on the difficulties of those times:—

Those difficulties, I fully believe, would furnish a very ample justification to the restorers of liturgical order for—as in the case of the Ornaments Rubric, so in that of the position—appearing to us to have been reformers in purpose more than reformers in deed, satisfied with leaving on record sound views for a future generation to deal with.

Upon the whole, as we said before, there is every probability that, as Lord Cairns not obscurely intimated, the condemnation of the eastward position of the celebrant will be reversed when the case comes to be argued on both sides before the new final Court of Appeal. Should it not be reversed, we think that the issue will be serious, in view of the grave words with which one who has so much right to speak as Mr. Hope concludes this part of his book:—

If I have written [he says] strongly on this question of the priest's

position, it is because I feel very deeply upon it, more deeply than upon any other question of controverted ceremonial; and I believe that vast numbers, both of clergy and laity, are animated by the same strong sense of its importance, and would equally feel any restriction in this respect of their Christian liberty. If the authorities in whose hands the ultimate solution of all such questions lies were to refuse and to prohibit a distinctive Eucharistic dress, I should regret their decision as a mistake, a misfortune, and a loss; but I should wait in patience for days in which reason might have the advantage of prejudice. But if, at the highest moment of Christian worship—when God's priest more impressively pleads Christ's sacrifice, in Christ's own words, in Christ's own ordinance—loyal and peaceable children of the Church of England were to be forbidden to unite themselves with that priest in the great act, according to the order in which the Holy Catholic Church has, from the first, been wont to show forth the Lord's death, while thoroughly acknowledging that the efficacy of the sacrament was no way affected, I should in my inmost soul feel that there was a great wrong done.

In a similar spirit Mr. Hope dissembles in the remainder of his book the other ceremonial details which are in dispute. Of these many people care very much for the two lighted candles, and for the mixed chalice; and some care for the certainly less important, if not more doubtful, points of incense and the use of unleavened bread. We need not enter into these discussions. In a final chapter of great interest Mr. Heresford Hope earnestly defends the comparatively simple, even when most ornate, ritual of the English Church in comparison with the unreformed use of Sarum and the modern Roman ceremonial. Here, too, he enlarges on the danger of disquieting and disgusting those classes of the population who have been so powerfully attracted, not by the excesses of a few extreme men, but by the energy and self-denial of that large High Church party which has reformed and vitalized the worship of the Church of England. This is a consideration well worth the notice of those who would take a statesmanlike view of the crisis. We are not indisposed to believe that, with some few exceptions, the Bishops as a body know less of the temper of the times than the working clergy. These are undoubtedly anxious times, in view not only of possible disestablishment, but of the advance of a band of foes inconceivably more dangerous than the most extreme "ritualists"—namely (as Mr. Hope enumerates them), "apathy, false doctrine, scepticism, superstition, and open vice." These, in fact, are the real perils of the day. Mr. Hope deserves thanks for the courage with which he has defended an unpopular side, and has told to zealots of either extreme some wholesome but unpalatable truths. We wish we had space to quote the whole of the peroration with which his volume concludes. We can only make room for one passage, which seems to us such as must carry conviction with it to all but the most narrow and prejudiced opponents. It is chiefly addressed to the Bishops who timorously, and in some cases (it is believed) against their own better mind, supported that unhappy measure of the two Primates which Lord Shaftesbury afterwards manipulated into the Public Worship Regulation Act, as it became law:—

After all, let us take ultra-ritualism at its worst. Let us stamp its often defective appreciation of the temper of the times with the most condemnatory brand of impolicy, let us most sharply rebuke its deviations from the spirit and the code of the English Church, but then let us ask ourselves, Is it the worst evil of the times? Is it a festering sore, or is it the vicious excess of God's wonderful revival of religious life in our Church, a revival which by the law of human progress could not have gone so far without developing an extreme phase? Let us as men and as Christians look at the conditions of spiritual things about us. Let us first inquire among Churchmen, and ask whether it is the ritualists who keep their churches closed from Sunday to Sunday? Is it the ritualists who evacuate Christ's own Sacraments of any special grace? Is it the ritualists who, in their zeal for preaching, too often neglect the ministrations of God's Holy Word to the sick in mind and body? Is it the ritualists who inflate the sovereign virtue of faith until they place themselves upon the slippery pinnacle of Antinomianism? Is it the ritualists who, in their zeal for private judgment, deprave the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and use language suspiciously doubtful of the divinity of our Blessed Lord and Saviour? Is it the ritualists who struggle to engraft the fanaticism of spiritualism upon the mysteries of the Gospel? Are there, or are there not, such men as I have described in the ministry of our Church, and do they or do they not belong to the ritualist fraternity? Outside of the Church is there no cold, despoiling materialism in much honour in the high places of science? Has the mocking genius of Voltaire ceased to inspire the guides of public opinion? Are not our millions corroded with the canker of a suspicious, self-sufficient, uninquiring negation of belief? When there is a recoil from this hopeless condition, is it not too often into some wild forms of grotesque unblessed superstition? Beyond the labyrinth of scepticism, or the abyss of mere atheism, is there not a hell of gross unbridled vice yawning at our feet? Yet those upon whose shoulders the chief responsibility of Christ's Church in this realm rests can pass by these things, and employ that secular position which, as peers of Parliament, they may possess, for the harshest censures upon their younger brethren in the ministry, who, whatever may be their aberrations of opinion or of practice, hold fast to their unwavering faith in the Ever-Blessed Trinity, and in Christ's atoning mediation: who are instant in season and out of season, in sickness and in health, in their ministrations of God's Holy Word and sacraments, and their unsparing temporal help in church, and at the bedside of the indigent sufferer; who are ever planning, discreetly or indiscreetly, but with the single end of God's glory and the comfort of His people, new schemes and fresh societies of Christian help.

We wish we could hope that this earnest and touching remonstrance would take effect in the quarters to which it is directed.

HARTING'S WHITE'S SELBORNE.*

A SIMPLE reproduction of White's *Selborne*, with no other addition than the illustrations of Thomas Bewick, would in

* *The Natural History of Selborne.* By the Rev. Gilbert White. The Standard Edition, thoroughly revised, with additional Notes, by James E. Harting, F.L.S., F.Z.S., Author of the "Ornithology of Shakespeare." London: Dickens & Son. 1874.

itself be welcome. But still greater interest attaches to the new edition which has just been put forth by Mr. Harting, in that, rather more than a century after Gilbert White's first appearance in print, a competent naturalist has, by the collation of the original quarto, and a supply of concise editorial notes, to the exclusion or considerable retrenchment of the voluminous annotations of Bennett, enabled modern readers to gauge for themselves the progress made in the most attractive of sciences during that period. The physical changes which have taken place in the parish of Selborne within eighty or a hundred years—in barren tracts now clad with oak and larch, in lakes and ponds thoroughly drained and converted into grazing-land, in fauna and flora diverse in regard both to omission and addition—are not one whit more remarkable than the concurrent enlargement of the information of naturalists upon those speculations and problems which are discussed by the author of this charming English classic in his letters to Thomas Pennant, tourist, natural historian, and antiquary, and to Daines Barrington, the accomplished author of the "Miscellanies." It is interesting to observe how many valuable hints have been furnished by this correspondence. Thus, in his fortieth letter to Barrington, White suggests the advantage to our northerly and grazing kingdom of a thorough study of grasses, "to distinguish the annual from the perennial, the hardy from the tender, the succulent and nutritive from the dry and juiceless"; and it is needless to say how amply and thoroughly all this has since been done, not only by such practical writers as Sinclair, Curtis, and others, but by such popular writers as Miss Plues, and even by the foremost nurserymen and seedsmen in their often instructive catalogues. Again, in the thirty-fourth letter to Pennant, White, having discussed the *Acanus* or harvest-bug, the *Musca putris* or "jumper" which infests the bacon-rack, the *Coleoptera* or "black dolphin" or turnip-fly, so abhorred by the farmer, or the particular *cestrus* which annoys horses, and which Mr. Harting identifies with the "spotted-winged bot-fly," points out the desirableness of "a full history of noxious insects, hurtful in the field, garden, or house, with a record of the known or likely means of destroying them"; and the labours of Kirby and Spence, Curtis, Newman, and others, have gone far to supply this want. For the turnip-fly, by the way, the best antidote is free and frequent liming of the fields. It is indeed surprising to note, through the means of comparison afforded by the text and notes of the present edition, the vast strides which have been made by science since the first publication of the book. When White wrote to Pennant and Barrington about indigenous bats he knew but the two kinds known to Linnaeus as European, the long- and short-eared. Subsequently he noted in the thirty-sixth letter to Pennant a third, the great bat, and Pennant himself became acquainted with a fourth, the horse-shoe bat. But these four indigenous species are now in England multiplied to four times four. In like manner, with regard to the English species of birds, Gilbert White claims for Selborne parish nearly half the species then known in Great Britain, and makes the total, thus halved, 252. But now, as the editor tells us in a note (p. 125), the number of so-called British birds is about 395, of which 130 are residents, 100 periodical migrants, 33 annual, and the rest accidental and rare, visitants. In the knowledge of plants the advance is not less marked. Whereas White knew but three species of crocus (*sativus*, *vernus*, and *nudiflorus*), upon the lowest computation the species of crocus now known to botanists amount to 47 (p. 252, and note *ibid.*)

In some of his observations on birds White failed to attain to the certainty of modern inquiry—e.g. where he regards the "humming," "drumming," "piping," or "bleating," as it is variously termed, of the snipe, as ventiloquous. In his second notice of the subject he remarks, in passing, that "some suspect it is made by their wings" (p. 60); but inasmuch as this sound is never heard except when the bird is on the wing, he might have anticipated, had he given more consideration to the subject, the conclusion of the German naturalist Naumann, which Mr. Harting adopts, that it results from "a vibratory motion of the wings." Elsewhere he does unconscious wrong to the smaller "willow-wren," and becomes responsible for the wholesale slaughter of a tribe peculiarly friendly to the gardener, by the assertion that these birds are "horrid pests in a garden." It is the garden-warbler, as the Rev. W. Herbert has remarked, which eats the cherries, whereas the incriminated willow-wren frequents the fruit-trees, not for plunder, but to peck off the *Aphides* which are injurious to them. Again, he holds in one or two places that no redwings or fieldfares have been found to nest in this country, but a long and copious note of the editor's in p. 159 furnishes so large a list of well-attested exceptions as may be said to have a contrary effect to that of proving the rule. The suggestion of hibernation as against migration, which throughout his pages is a recurring cause of discussion, is now proved to be untenable.

It would be easy to collect an endless list of ornithological, entomological, and kindred problems, which White propounded and discussed, even if he did not invariably succeed in solving them. For instance, he is dubious as to the white owl's hooting, and does not arrive at the modern discovery that it does hoot, though sparingly, and has another sound when irritated—namely, screeching. His question as to the regions to which, if at all, swallows migrate, is left by him to the last in doubt. He propounds, but by no means settles, the question whether insects are or are not endowed with organs of hearing. Philo-sophers, he remarks, are agreed on a negative conclusion, and he is inclined to compromise the question by admitting the possibility of their feeling the repercussion of sounds. Here—

upon Mr. Bennett, the able though prolix editor of the hitherto standard edition, acutely observes that the fact of one sex of insects being able to produce sound involves the power of hearing it on the part of the other sex, and that in effect White insinuates the possession of this sense when he says that possibly the males make their noise out of rivalry and emulation. But the experiments of Brunelli have settled the question that both sexes hear, and are not simply affected by repercussion. Imitating the chirping of caged grasshoppers, he found a chorus of response from them to his chirp (see p. 244). With regard to the generation of eels, White surmised that it might be connected with the threadlike bodies sometimes discovered in them. These are now established to be intestinal worms, and the observations, says Mr. Harting, of Yarrell on the reproduction of eels leave little doubt that they spawn like other fishes. Again, the Selborne naturalist appears to have thought that otters were exclusively piscivorous, whereas it is quite certain that they are carnivorous as well, and have been known to eat ducks and teal, and, whilst in confinement, young pike (see p. 97, note). The fact that they are amphibious would seem to imply this, whereas White's statement—"quadrupeds that prey on fish are amphibious"—is surely incomplete. In some cases White is apparently inclined to endorse country gossip and old-wives' fables, as where he credits the story that the viper opens her mouth and swallows her helpless young, on sudden surprises, for their protection—a popular error arising in all probability from the circumstance of fully formed young having been found in the stomach or abdomen of the mother ready to be extruded (p. 65, n. 1). In like manner he accepted the belief of the vulgar that the phosphorescence of the glow-worm was sexual. In his pretty copy of verses on the "Naturalist's Summer Evening Walk" he finishes with an allusion to this:—

The chilling night-dews fall: away, retire;
For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire;

and he further compares the female glow-worm to Hero lighting love's meteor for Leander. But Mr. Harting states as a fact that both sexes of the glow-worm are phosphorescent, "not only in the perfect insect, but also in the larva and even pupa state" (p. 84). On the other hand, White withholds his credence from the story current in his day near Hungerford relative to the cure of cancer by means of toads; and he suspects, if he does not detect, the quack doctress in the old woman who stated that she had herself learnt this special gift of healing from a clergyman who had cured her by this method, and transferred his secret to her. It is rather of a piece with his wrong to the willow-wren that White detracts from the hedgehog's mission of tidiness in destroying the plantains on garden walks, by charging them with digging little round holes in them. As Mr. Harting notes, this is a libel. The letters of "Rusticus" have established that this round hole is the work of a night-eating caterpillar, which afterwards turned to a "ghost-moth," or "yellow-underwing."

"Every kingdom, every province," writes the genial naturalist in p. 154, "should have its own monographer," and his own monograph on Selborne is still a model of what a parish or district history ought to be. Changed as are its natural features, we seem to take a bird's-eye view of the village, its "Plestor," and its "Temple," its ponds, its slopes, and its forest, no less than of its flora and fauna, as they were in the days of the writer. He transmits, too, an example of patient observation worthy of the closest imitation by even the best of our latter-day naturalists. The beeches about his daily haunts thrive on the free-stone formation which is analogous to their favourite chalk; the moisture distilled from deciduous trees entwined with much ivy is most copious (a hint what to plant round ponds designed to be perennial), and these and similar observations are not only curious but practically useful. The features of Wolmer Forest and its sister, Alice Holt (still a Royal Forest), are vividly presented—the former as a barren and cheerless enclosure, the latter a rich and well-timbered range, with noble oaks overshadowing the most velvety of turfs. Gilbert White records that the red deer, which at the beginning of his century numbered no less than five hundred head in Wolmer Forest, never by any chance overstepped the boundary which separated it from the Holt Forest, the latter enclosure being the special haunt of the fallow deer. The kindly naturalist was among the first to point out the injury to the morals of the neighbourhood arising from such a standing temptation as large herds of deer; but he does not seem to have hit upon the natural cause of the fallow and red deer observing strictly a boundary line which was no more than a simple hedge. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Harting, however, trace it to the fact that the richness of meadow and nobleness of oak covert which are the characteristics of the *gault* formation of Alice Holt adapt it specially to the exotic and half-domesticated fallow deer, whilst the harder and native red deer subsist as congenially on the coarse fare and dreary cheerless wastes of the forest so called of Wolmer. It is interesting to learn from a note of the editor that this forest took its name from a lake which, in White's day, was one of the three—Hogmer, Cranmer, and Wolmer—within its limits. They took these names from three wild animals, all now extinct in Britain, the hog, or wild boar, the crane, and the wolf. Another topographical feature of the Selborne district pointed out by White is Hawkey Slip, a standing memorial of a great landslide which occurred in the March of 1774, "when a considerable part of the great woody hanger at Hawkey was torn from its place and fell down, leaving a high free-stone cliff naked, bare, and

resembling the steep side of a chalk pit." Sapped and undermined by the melting snows of a memorable winter, it slipped its moorings, and went down a perpendicular direction, settling with its gables and oak trees *in statu quo*, some forty or fifty feet lower, after its desperate leap. The record of this in p. 261 suggests to Gilbert White an explanation of fables about walking hills and travelling mountains in Baker's Chronicle, and of the legend touching Mareley Hill in Philips's "Cider"; and there are many other indications in the Natural History, as well as in the Appendix of Antiquities, which prove that White, like his correspondent Pennant, conceived a large and comprehensive idea of the scope of a monographer. A great many of his meteorological observations are so sound as to have been confirmed both by later corroborative facts and by the inquiries of those who have given less divided study to the subject. He has linked natural history with scholarship again and again in his pages in such wise as to make his book the very best to put in the hands of a schoolboy. He is the best of gossipers—in spite of the lapse of years, and the labours of later imitators—on the sociality of animals, on the *strophyn* and *antistrophyn* of birds, and the curious diversity of their walk and step, their air, notes, and language; and he has discriminated more clearly than most of his fellows the wonderful faculty of "instinct," which, as he says, "in some instances raises the brute creation as it were above reason, and in others leaves them so far below it" (p. 288). In a word, Gilbert White, in his retirement and cultivated leisure, making his notes and observations, afoot or on horseback, of the whole field of nature within his compass, remains to this day an example for the country gentleman or village rector, with time on his hands, how to make a life remote from towns both pleasant and instructive. Mr. Harting has discharged his editorial task with tact and ability, and is entitled—as are also his publishers—to the cordial thanks of the reading public for having so reproduced this delightful book.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

CHARACTERS sketched in the broadest lines and painted in the deepest tints; a plot constructed with a fair amount of technical skill, yet defaced by childishness of detail, improbabilities amounting to impossibilities, vulgarity, and want of ordinary moral principle, side by side with a great deal of extraordinary high-flown sentiment; slipshod grammar; odd little touches of feminine spite; and minute descriptions of things which do not help to make the story clearer, or the scene more vivid—all these characteristics recall the fine Roman hand of a veteran novelist well known to the public. Unless Mrs. Henry Wood has a double in literature, we are much tempted to place *In the Dead of Night* to her credit; it is like so many of its fellows which we have already seen. We seem to have read it all before, and to have been introduced under other names and dresses to the several personages who meander through its pages, and the various mysteries with which it bristles. The piece of furniture which is to secrete an escaped prisoner; the clever disguises which cannot be seen through by the sharpest eyes—in this novel repeated twice over, two men being equally adept in the difficult art of false personation; the wax body in a coffin with a glass window, for identification of the corpse below, placed in a vault of the (Roman Catholic?) church of San Michele, near Como; the hand that had the habit of suddenly clutching Kester St. George by the shoulder, and the Voice that used to whisper in his ear "Come" in such a diabolical and suggestive manner; the burying of a name while the man still lives; the wonderful folly of the hero, to be matched only by the surpassing stupidity of the villain—we know it all by heart, and we cannot confess to any love for *stale rehashes*. We have no objection to a fine bit of sensationalism worked up with good effect. It may not be the highest kind of art, but it has a certain weird power of its own, and if its light is lurid, it is exciting. But sensationalism feebly conceived and childishly detailed is mere waste of time both for writer and reader; and such a weak-kneed, broken-backed scoundrel as Kester St. George inspires no other sentiment than one of pity for the misdirection of powers originally not without their value, and contempt for the public taste that can feed on such rank garbage.

It is impossible to review this book as in any sense a character novel. The three principal personages of the story are lay figures carved, jointed, and draped after types as old as Mrs. Radcliffe. First we have Lionel Dering, who, when the story opens, is living as "The Hermit of Gatchouse Farm," a desolate little holding somewhere on the North-East coast. Here this young man, in the prime of life and the zenith of his energies, is content to remain, if not wearing away his strength in morbid regrets, yet at times giving way to something very like despair; as he himself pathetically puts it during a storm, "Like my life—like my life, without byre or homestead," which we venture to think is almost a unique specimen of a young man of twenty-eight years of age, with a gold-coloured beard, taking to self-pity because he has not a cow-house. Besides, having a farm, has he not naturally a homestead, and must he not have had a byre too? And, if not, could he not build one? Lionel has lost his fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and with his fortune his betrothed; but, instead of setting his shoulder to the wheel, strengthening his back for the burden, and doing what he could to repair the damage and remake

**In the Dead of Night.* A Novel. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

what has gone from him, he came down to this wretched little place, where "at one time he planted potatoes, at another dug them up," raised fine standard roses, in two years' time made a profit on his farm of one hundred and eighty pounds, worked as a day labourer on the land, and found life fashioned on this plan a reasonable and manly kind of thing. Yet his portrait, as the author gives it, scarcely bears out his actions:—

Lionel Dering at this time was twenty-eight years old. A tall, well-built, fair-complexioned man, but bronzed by much exposure to the sun and wind. His eyes were dark gray, very steady and penetrating. He had a habit of looking full into the faces of those with whom he talked, as though he were trying to penetrate the mask before him. It was a habit which some people did not like. He had never shaved in his life, and the strong, firm lines of his mouth, betokening immense power of will, and great tenacity of purpose, were all but hidden by the soft, flowing outlines of a thick beard and moustache, pale golden as to colour. His free, out-door life, and the hard work to which he had accustomed himself of late years, had widened his chest and hardened his muscles, and had ripened him into a very tolerable specimen of those stalwart, fair-bearded Islanders whose forms and figures are familiar wherever the English language is spoken.

His "tenacity of purpose" is soon called into play. Going home in a storm along the cliffs he sees, by a "blinding" flash of lightning, a man fall down a chasm. "An inarticulate cry of horror burst from his lips," and, "with beating heart and strained nerves," he presses forward to the place where he had seen the man. But when he gets there he is "standing there alone." As we have not a photograph or diagram of the chasm down which Lionel Dering descends in the dark, we cannot exactly make it all out, but the upshot is clear: He clammers down "the smugglers' staircase," which is a narrow gully or seam in the rock, not much wider than an ordinary chimney; but how on earth he manages in the dead dark, helped only by blinding flashes of lightning, is beyond us to understand. He does slip midway, and finds himself among the rocks at the bottom, "bruised, bleeding, and partially stunned." Nevertheless he clammers over the huge boulders in his way, the tide washing over him at odd moments, and at last his hand touches a "clammy, ice-cold face." But this brave man, who had dared so much and borne such horrors for the sake of finding a stranger's body, now "drew back his arm with an involuntary shudder." If nothing else betrayed the sex of the author, this ridiculous ascription of "nerves" to such a man as Lionel Dering would have done so. The whole incident, told with such a prodigality of detail, is absurd in treatment from end to end; but it seems to us that Lionel's sensitive shudder at touching the clammy face of the man he came to seek is the finishing stroke of all. This unfortunate person, who has tumbled down the chasm among the sea-shore boulders, and is now lying half in half out of the water, is, so far as Lionel "made out by the momentary glimpses which the lightning afforded him, young, fair, slightly built, and to all appearance a gentleman." He is a Mr. Tom Bristow:—

A slim-built, aquiline-nosed, fair-complexioned, young fellow; rather under than over the ordinary height; and looking younger than he really was—he was six-and-twenty years old—by reason of his perfectly smooth and close-shaven face, which cherished not the slightest growth of whiskers, beard, or moustache. Tom's first action on coming to his senses after his accident was to put his hand to his chin, just then bristling with a stubble of several days' growth; and his first words to the startled nurse were, "My dear madame, I shall feel greatly obliged by your sending for a barber." His eyes were blue, full of vivacity, and keenly observant of all that went on around him. He had a very good-natured smile, which showed off to advantage a very white and even set of teeth. His hands and feet were small, and he was rather inclined to be proud of them. His dress, while studiously plain in appearance, was made of the best materials, and owed its origin to one of the most famous of London tailors.

This Mr. Tom Bristow supplies the comic element which also would have been wanting to the story. He is as good a fellow as Lionel, but merrier and sharper; and to him and his universal ingenuity is owing the idea of the wonderful wardrobe where the former is concealed when Tom has managed his escape from prison. Indeed, had it not been for Tom, Lionel must have been hanged. For, as all the innocent suffer in novels and the guilty escape suspicion, Lionel is arrested for a murder he never committed, and Kester St. George, who is the real criminal, goes scot free until the end.

Mr. Kester St. George is the modern presentation of the villain in the play. He is a man of fashion, smokes "club cigars," breeds horses at Newmarket, and consequently has as good as sold himself to the Evil One, who every now and then puts in a reminder by the shadowy Hand that clutches his shoulder, and the ghostly Voice which whispers "Come." Kester St. George too loses his fortune, but in a different way from that which sent Lionel as a hermit to Catehouse Farm. The bank broke where Lionel had placed his legacy, which was an innocent and irresponsible manner of loss; but when the uncle who had adopted Kester, and always treated him as his heir, one night turned him out of Newton Park and forbade him ever to cross his threshold again, we must suppose that some glaring iniquity perpetrated by the young scoundrel who smoked club cigars and betted at races had come to light, and that he only received what he deserved. Of course when this uncle, Mr. Arthur St. George, dies, he leaves his whole property to Lionel; and naturally Kester feels more hatred than love for the cousin who supplants him; but, being wily and politic as well as bad and daring, he dissembles, and asks Lionel to breakfast at his chambers, where he refuses an offer made by the latter of three thousand a year, and, being the next heir should Lionel die unmarried, is on the point of shooting him through the head, as the settlement of a difficult position. Why he does not kill him at some time or other is one of the most

surprising things in this story of surprises. He has no kind of conscience, and is quite ready to kill any and every one who stands in his way. Theft is a vice he does not disdain; and dissimulation of the most profound kind comes as easy to him as disguises to Tom Bristow and sincerity to Lionel. But, though he accepts the invitation which Lionel is fool enough to give him, and goes down to Newton Park as a guest, and not its master, he does nothing more heinous, by intention, than make Mr. Percy Osmond drunk, so that he may steal his cheque book, and give Lionel a sleeping-draught "for a headache," so that he shall not hear him go into Percy's room at night on this very likely errand. That the theft culminated in murder was not intentional; though he has no objection to his valet smearing Lionel's handkerchief and shirt-front with blood, and putting into Osmond's hand a flagstone gold stud which he abstracts from the virtuous young man's linen.

It is on this circumstantial evidence that Lionel is to be found guilty of murder; and it is to save him from the gallows that the peculiar talents of Mr. Tom Bristow are brought into play. He first of all manages his escape from prison by leaving a drugged and drunken old clerk in his cell as his counterfeit, he himself being cleverly made up as such an exact representative of some one else—who can prove an *alibi*—as completely to baffle detection and the police. With Lionel dressed in Creede's clothes, and he himself so like Mr. Hoskyns as to deceive every one he meets and talks to, the pair leave the prison, and Lionel is quartered in the room at Edith's house where the wardrobe is placed. Lionel and his lover Edith have been married while the former is in gaol waiting his trial; but the marriage is a profound secret, and apparently even the prison authorities are ignorant of it. Still suspicion falls on the household, and the cottage is searched; to no purpose for awhile; but as a policeman chooses to sit down overcome with thought in the fatal room, and as Lionel is a born fool all through, he opens the wardrobe door, and stands face to face with the sergeant. How the sergeant is bought off, and Lionel makes good his escape; how the police and the Home Office shut their eyes and make no effort to recover the escaped accused; how Kester walks in his sleep, and gets nervous over Osmond's dagger hidden in a tree; how Dobbs, his valet, is Lionel's paid spy; and how, finally, virtue is triumphant and vice in the dust, those who care to read can see for themselves. One little characteristic incident we must not forget. Kester St. George turns out to be no St. George at all, but a changed child, the son of an old hag, one Mother Mim, who had been the real Kester's nurse. Thus the honour of the St. Georges is saved; and when Lionel brings the crime of Osmond's murder home to him, and exposes him to the small world within four walls of his "sitting room," he has not frightened his cousin to death, only an impostor and a Mim. In conclusion we would ask but one question:—Is it not time for the author of *In the Dead of Night*, and so much similar work besides, to give up, at least for awhile, this wearisome grinding out of impossible plots, puerile mechanism, and worn-out types of character?

THE NEW AUSTRIAN MAP OF CENTRAL ASIA.*

WE have recently had occasion to notice the contribution to the military history of 1859 which we owe to Baron Kuhn's enlightened administration of the Vienna War Office, and in so doing we commented on that mistaken reticence which had previously been maintained by the Austrian Government with regard to all such matters. This foolish policy, which was due to the secret system of government dear to Hapsburg traditions, and to the desire to keep concealed that large share of the disasters of Austria which was due to Imperial intermeddling, has played directly into the hands of her enemies, who have been left to write their own story unchecked, and thus to lower the prestige of the Empire in the eyes of those who might have helped her. Indeed it is impossible at this late date to say how largely this blundering secrecy may have affected European politics. To give but a single instance. It is almost certain that the concealment of the shattering defeat administered in 1793 by a moderate army of Austrian regulars to Dumouriez's Republicans—a defeat which cleared Belgium of the French quite as effectually as Napoleon's final overthrow twenty-two years later—has contributed largely to the myth of the invincibility of the levies of the Revolution, and thus sensibly influenced French policy down to the time of Gambetta. It is to be hoped that the late change of administration at Vienna, which all Europe, a few military Conservatives only excepted, noticed with regret, may not throw the War Office of Francis Joseph back into the old course which brought on the crown of the Hapsburgs much discredit, and possibly some real danger, as it certainly was largely answerable for the chauvinism of the French.

But if Austria has hitherto purposely neglected that historical branch of Staff duty which has reached its highest development under Count Moltke, it has plainly not been for want of power of intelligence in her officers. In another department she has long been at the head of all Europe. For at least a generation past the topographical productions of the geographical section of her Staff have been simply unrivalled, not only in accuracy and fulness, but in the clearness of their execution, which for non-professional

* *Eine General-Karte von Central-Asien*. Von dem K. K. militärisch-geographischen Institut in Wien bearbeitet. Vienna: Gerold.

nae is certainly not less important. Every decent map of North Italy is founded on, or at least largely indebted to, that prepared for the use of Austria when she ruled without contradiction to the Po, and when intervention in Italian affairs generally was deemed to be a standing duty with the Vienna Government. The other parts of the loosely-knit Empire which stretches across Europe from Bavaria into Turkey, as well as the countries immediately round her borders, have been surveyed with no less care, and put on paper with the same originality of design; and if the affairs of Croatia or Dalmatia or Bosnia are riddles to the great majority of newspaper readers, it is not for want of excellent topographical delineations on which to follow them. The Austrian Bureau has been thoroughly original in its work. Discarding superfluous shading and unmeaning conventional details, it succeeds, by the aid of fine lines, clear printing, and the judiciously sparse use of colouring where allowed at all, in producing maps that give the eye just the information which it needs, instead of bewildering it with the multitude of engraver's flourishes which discredit a great part of the map work of our time. The system is being largely borrowed, and our own best workmen are themselves falling into what may be properly called the Austrian style, perhaps almost without knowing to whom they are indebted for the example. Yet even so lately as last year, when the Topographical Military Institute of St. Petersburg put out its greatest work, the map of Central Asia (*Karta Serednei Asii*, 1873), which was the best to be obtained until a few weeks since, the result of the conventional over-elaboration of details was that mountains, rivers, and lakes appear all to have got into such a mesh of lines as to be traceable only with difficulty, and important names are constantly overlaid and hidden. No one need send for this any longer, as the work just issued at Vienna under the auspices of General von Dobner, the able head of the Military Geographical Institute of that city, may be said to supersede all former maps of the same part of the world.

Perhaps the title of this map may be in some respects a misnomer. For the purchaser will probably be hardly prepared to find the often-used expression of Central Asia, vague though it certainly is, stretched to include the Persian Gulf, and even a corner of the Bay of Bengal. But it is notorious that the Austrian Staff has long interested itself in the problem of the future connexion of our Indian Empire with Central Asian affairs, regarding these in the usual limited sense. Baron Kuhn himself has the credit of being the author of a well-known pamphlet, some time since translated in this country by Major Wilson, the object of which is to show the vital importance which the neglected Euphrates line of communication with India may hereafter have for us if Russia should extend her present Armenian border to the southward of the Caspian. It is not surprising therefore that the Vienna Bureau should have thought its work would be incomplete unless the northern part of India formed part of it. And, in fact, the map has been carried so far that Sheet XII., the last of the series, is entirely given to Hindostan, and goes down, not merely to the Central Provinces and the country south of the Ganges, but to Surat on the Bombay side, and to the delta of the Mahanuddy, below Cuttack, on the coast of the Bay of Bengal. The Xth and XIth give the Persian Gulf completely, with Beloochistan and all that part of Arabia opposite which lies about Muscat, and in which Englishmen have lately become interested since they have discovered in the Sultan of Zanzibar an offshoot of its ruling house, and so got a glimmering of the fact, which our common histories ignore, that Arabs are really able to make voyages and found settlements just as though they were civilized Europeans like ourselves.

The map is in twelve sheets altogether. The first three, forming the upper or northern section, carry the view across that vast belt of country which lies between Siberia and the Khanates of Central Asia proper. On the left, in Sheet I., we get a glimpse of the Black Sea and of the mighty chain of the Caucasus, before which Russian progress towards Asia so long was barred. Alas for the shortsightedness and limited information of European politicians of thirty years since! We cannot leave this first sheet without observing how strikingly it shows a portion of the level tract along the western side of the Caspian, by which Russia turned the brave mountaineers completely before she could subdue them. And here such points as Jekaterinodar, Stavropol, and Jekaterinograd, with many others equally rough and new in appellation but ranking after these in importance, mark the links of the chain of posts; those mentioned being new settlements of some consequence, which bind Tiflis to the European capital on the Neva with which our fathers thought the Armenian plains could never be regularly connected by human means. Forts have evidently preceded commerce and population on this line, but commerce and population have not been long in following the lead set them by the art military; a truth remarkably illustrated as we pass on to Sheet II., and examine that province of Orenburg, now a settled and valuable part of Russian Asia, the local troops of which played as important a part relatively in the late Khivan expedition as our own Punjab Frontier force presumably would do if we were obliged to occupy Cashmere. Yet the greater part of the country covered by this sheet, now showing good caravan roads, protected by posts, and with all the appurtenances of a growing inland commerce, is that very land of the Khirgiz Tartars which a generation or two since was unknown and untraversed except by bold adventurers and robber tribes. Sheet III. brings this stretch of Russian territory to its eastern termination, the little-known part of Russian Turkestan called Tomak, which runs far into the great Altai chain; and singularly enough,

it gives, as claimed by Russia, a limit extending even further into Chinese Mongolia than that assigned by the Russian Topographical Institute last year, which at this point showed a humility to which the policy of St. Petersburg does not pretend. Here, too, for the first time the attempt is made to set clearly down the division between Turkestan, whose governor occupies so important a part in Central Asian policy, and the neighbouring territories of the Dzungari Tartars, the last relics of Mahomedan empire in that part of the world, with the exception of that ruled by the redoubtable Atalik Ghazee, whose newly created kingdom lies to their south.

This prince's dominions are seen to be really of very moderate extent, and are plainly in hardly more danger just now of Russian annexation than of being crushed by China. For the latter Power has abundantly proved its latent strength in the contest with the Mahomedan kingdom which but three years since flourished to the south-east of the Atalik Ghazee's dominions, and appeared to intelligent travellers to have obtained permanent independence, but which has now, as the Indian Foreign Department recently announced, yielded its last stronghold into the hands of the triumphant Imperialists. The sanguinary struggle that terminated in the destruction of the last of the so-called rebels of South-western China was but an episode of the religious wars which have been carried on for a century at least in Chinese Tartary. But the great change in the situation which has been wrought by Russia is clearly revealed in the map before us. When we examine the belt comprised in Sheets IV., V., and VI., which covers the space from the Caspian to Middle China, we find that the once independent Mahomedan sovereignties which lay behind Kashgaria, the Khanates of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva, are now all directly or indirectly dependent on Russia. The kingdom of the Atalik Ghazee has therefore now no kinship of religion among its neighbours to protect it if attacked by China with superior forces. In such a case, Yacoub Beg, if defeated, could only be saved from the extinction which has lately overtaken his imitators of Western China by the direct intervention of either Russia or England; and hence the existence of the sovereignty which Sir Douglas Forsyth has lately opened to our trade becomes an element of pressing importance in the question of the future of Central Asia.

This fact alone, and the general interest excited by the Forsyth mission and the new line of commerce for which it has cleared the way, would make the map, were it for this section only, a real acquisition. But it has the special attraction for the politician and soldier that the VIIth Sheet lays down, for the first time accurately, the position of the new fort of Petro Alexandrovsk on the Amoor, where Colonel Iannoff is posted to represent General Kaufmann in checking the Turcomans, and protecting or overawing Khiva as may be required. A glance will show how effectively it is placed for this purpose. The Russian garrison has, in fact, the complete control of the canal system which forms the oasis of the Khanate; and with this grasp of the throat of Khiva, the St. Petersburg Cabinet has the best strategic reasons for its late moderation in quitting the fallen despot's capital.

If we do but refer to the remaining section, that contained in Sheets VII., VIII., and IX., it is solely for want of space to do adequate justice to its merits. It comprises, among other territories, the great plateau of inland Persia, Afghanistan, and the countries from which the Hindoo Koosh and Himalaya ranges rise frowningly as though to warn Northern intruders off our Indian border. Even through the modesty of drawing for which this map is remarkable, the giant heights of this natural barrier are plainly to be noted, and will at once tell the student that, despite M. Lesseps's visions of steam flotillas on the Upper Amoor, danger to India will hardly come in this direction, whose ever may be the hand that aims to strike at us through our Eastern Empire.

BUCKMASTER ON COOKERY.*

IT is not now uncommon to find historians and theologians attributing to the Reformation countless difficulties, religious and political, which have since arisen. Mr. Buckmaster adds another accusation to the list already so long. He seems to lay to Luther's charge the scarcity of good cooks from which this country is now suffering. When a doctor is consulted by a new patient, his first anxiety is to find out the cause of disease; when this has been done, he may attempt a cure. Mr. Buckmaster has discovered the origin of the decline in English cooking; he does not, as he might naturally have done, follow out his own reasoning, and suggest Ritualism as at least a palliative for the time being. The abolition of feasts, which were not really feasts, but feasts requiring consummate skill in their preparation, is certainly quite a sufficient reason to give for the small attention which *soups maigres* receive in England; for the little account taken of vegetables as an *entrée*, and for the poverty of our invention with regard to the dressing of fish. A mediæval cook was hardly thought worthy of the name unless he could make any fish taste like woodcock without burdening either the consciences or the digestion of his master's guests. The suppression of the monasteries no doubt put an end to much convivial hospitality, and probably for the time being gave the deathblow to cooking as a science. Mr. Buck-

* *Buckmaster's Cookery: an Abridgment of some of the Lectures delivered in the Cookery School.* London: Routledge & Sons.

master asserts that at the beginning of the sixteenth century England was unrivalled, even by France, in the quality and variety of her food productions, but that with the Reformation came a great change in the domestic life of the people, and that soups, fish, and vegetables grew somehow to be associated with Popery. We may therefore assume that good Protestants took to eating good roast beef and plum-pudding, and banished out of the country at the same time Jesuits and French kickshaws. Perhaps some of the sisterhoods which have so successfully revived lace-making and embroidery may turn their attention to scientific cooking as a preventive of disease, and supplement their nursing establishments with classes for teaching those who are now responsible for many of the illnesses which doctors vainly try to cure with medicine.

In this small octavo of three hundred pages Mr. Buckmaster, besides giving a sufficient number of recipes to content in their variety any ordinary family, treats of everything under the sun—Druids and plain cooks, Anglo-Saxon customs and ladies' dresses, Romans and Sir Robert Peel, wild flowers and the colonies, guest-stores, marriage, education, religion, and chemistry; his words are no doubt words of wisdom, but they are terribly long words, and he calls London "this metropolis." An edition for the use of the kitchen, with marginal readings of such terms as approximative, coagulate, accelerate, retrogression, analogous, would be useful. With the cookery recipes there is little fault to be found. If not original, they are at least clearly given, and the essentials to success in each case are pointed out under the head of "Precautions." But we venture to suggest that in a future edition some further instructions may be added to the directions for making bread sauce, which now stand thus:—

Take a clean stewpan and put in six ounces of stale bread crumbs, with one pint of new milk and one eschalon; boil for two minutes, and the sauce is ready. *Precautions.* See that the bread crumbs are good, and take care that the sauce does not boil over.

Now no number of clean stewpans or pretty cooks could produce from this recipe anything but bread and milk tasting disagreeably of onions. What sort of calves'-foot jelly would an ignorant person be likely to make if all the directions given were:—"Take two calves' feet and a bottle of Madeira, and be sure the feet are fresh and the wine is old." In M. Soyer's *Modern Housewife* there are very good hints about bread sauce. They might with advantage be added as an alternative to Mr. Buckmaster's pap, which is only fit for invalids. On the subject of *fricandeau* we entirely differ from him, as he repeats the mistake which he made at South Kensington when directing the preparation of that dish. There, in appearance at least, it was completely spoiled by being turned when half done. The pupils were shown how to lard veal in the most approved manner; but they were also shown how, before serving, to destroy the dainty-looking quills. Generally in France the stewpans used for cooking such a dish have hollow lids in which charcoal can be put and the meat done simultaneously on both sides. Thus the ornamental part is not disfigured, and the *fricandeau* is an attractive dish, either hot or cold. The same result could be attained with a gas-stove. In Mr. Buckmaster's apple fritters, too, our faith is weak. He does not speak with sufficient diffidence on the subject, nor give any hint that, properly prepared, they are as rare as a good omelette. A cook who succeeds to perfection in this dish is always remembered in a house where perfect cooking is appreciated. It will generally be found that she mixed the batter several hours before she used it, to allow the flour to swell, and added a spoonful to each fritter whilst frying, to give them the spiky shapes which connoisseurs admire, but so seldom see.

Mr. Buckmaster seems to have leanings towards vegetarianism, and reminds his readers that the Pyramids were built by people who lived on lentils, garlic, and water. He prints chemical tables of the different amounts of different kinds of nutriment to be found in various foods, cereal and animal, and gives a hint to London belles by dwelling on the beauty of Daniel's complexion after his self-chosen diet of pulse and water. Whether his muscles would have stood the fatigues of a London season is quite another question; but as languid inanity is to be now rather the fashion, no doubt a course of Revalenta Arabica would be found both more wholesome and more successful as a cosmetic than even Rowland's Kalydor. Mr. Buckmaster, although decidedly not a Conservative, so far as bad cooking is concerned, is disposed to think with Mr. Gladstone, that sometimes the best reforms consist in going back. He longs to see every house presided over by his ideal grandmother, assisted no doubt by Solomon's paragon, to rise early and look after the maids. He would rejoice again to see a baker's oven in every cottage, and houses made of something more substantial than plaster and whitewash. He would revive the hotchpotch of the Anglo-Saxons, and perhaps serve us occasionally with a dish of parrots and onion sauce. It is to be hoped we may be allowed the modern invention of forks, as the Psittacidae are not praised by those acquainted with their bones and sinews. Mr. Buckmaster would not object to minstrels making sweet music in our eating rooms; they would certainly be preferable to a barrel-organ outside the windows, which only some people—notably, next-door neighbours—find favourable to appetite and digestion. He considers that dinner should be the event of the day—a social, elevating influence, a time when men exchange with their wives and children the courtesies of life, an hour for moral expansion, for lightness, brightness, and laughter, for making of marriages and the discussion of political problems. If all the hints in this little book were carried out, the millennium would have already commenced, for the world would not contain any more cross husbands or foolish

wives, ignorant servants or badly brought up children; no old bachelors, for being married would be cheaper than living single; no waste, therefore no poverty; no single-brick houses or smoke fogs.

With regard to servants Mr. Buckmaster has been singularly fortunate, having had in his own family only three during twenty-three years. Perhaps he took the precaution of adopting them young, as they seem only to have left his happy home to make the happy home of a husband, who, it is to be hoped, appreciates and is grateful for this treasure manufactured for him at Mr. Buckmaster's establishment. There she had at least the one great advantage of having no fellow-servant with whom to quarrel, as her master prudently kept only one at a time. On the subject of domestics in general Mr. Buckmaster piously observes:—

We cannot have a better example of what our behaviour towards servants should be than that afforded by Boaz in his language to his reapers, when he came into the harvest fields where Ruth the Moabitess was gleaning. Ruth, as we may all remember, was a young widow, living with her mother-in-law, Naomi. These two came down to Bethlehem in the time of barley harvest, and Ruth went to glean in the field which belonged to Boaz. Instead of flying into a passion and uttering oaths, or indulging in coarse jokes to those working and gleaning, the address of Boaz to his servants was, "The Lord be with you!" and they answered him, "The Lord bless thee!"

Mr. Buckmaster thinks the public institutions from which girls are sent into service are greatly to blame for the injudicious way in which they have everything done by machinery, so as to leave the matrons no power to teach the girls by practice the requirements of an ordinary house. He adds, more forcibly than grammatically, "Hot and cold water, coals, cleaning, washing, drying, and even scrubbing and sweeping, are done by steam; potatoes are washed, and food is cooked, not in pounds, but in tons. You might as reasonably expect a man to learn farming in a hothouse, as to obtain good domestic servants (except by accident) from large establishments." With respect to the School of Cookery at South Kensington, Mr. Buckmaster does not say much. He might have suggested that from many parts of the town it is not easy of access; that, to judge from some papers published in *All the Year Round*, the programme of last season gave much dissatisfaction; that the school does not profess even to try to supply the good plain cooks so much needed, and expected by some of the subscribers; that, owing to the restricted accommodation, an expensive staff, sufficient to instruct hundreds of pupils, is wasted on a class of twenty; that it has no claim to be called "National," and is still in a most unsatisfactory state. Mr. Buckmaster's prayers so fervently expressed, in language adapted from the Bible, for blessings on the seed he has sown at South Kensington, will no doubt be answered when the school is moved to some more central situation, and when the instruction given in cleaning coppers, which have no existence in a middle-class kitchen, does not take up the principal portion of the course of lessons. Its fate at present seems shadowed forth by the collapse of the International Exhibition, but possibly that unsuccessful bazaar had not the benefit of Mr. Buckmaster's prayers.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

ETCHINGS on the Loire and in the South of France. With descriptive letterpress by Ernest George, Architect, Author of "Etchings on the Mosel." (John Murray).—Among the original works of art—far too few in number—which have this year come before us, Mr. Ernest George's etchings must certainly hold the first place. Any one who is at all familiar with the ancient towns of France will find in these illustrations much that will very pleasantly remind him of days passed amidst most picturesque scenes. As works of art alone, standing by themselves and without the added charm that comes from memory and association, they are very pleasing. The least satisfactory part is the letterpress, a matter happily of but very slight importance when the etchings are so excellent. Two views are given of Angers and two of Carcassonne. In both cases, though the views are quite different, we have the same descriptive narrative given. In fact, at least three times in the book we are told that "Henry II. of England, Count of Anjou, in remorse for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, built and richly endowed a hospital." A somewhat full description is given of the arrangements of this hospital. Mr. George moreover is surely much too confident when he states as a positive fact that a castle was built at Amboise by Julius Cæsar. However, illustrations so good would make up for letterpress even if it were ten times as faulty.

Flemish and French Pictures; with Notes concerning the Painters and their Works, by F. G. Stephens, Author of "Flemish Relics" (Sampson Low and Co.).—Mr. Stephens has made so long and so careful a study of the school of art which he illustrates in this handsome volume that he could scarcely fail, when he came once more to write on his favourite subject, to put forward much that was instructive and interesting. While then we find much that is valuable in his critical remarks, and in the comparisons that he draws between different artists and different styles of painting, we cannot but regret that he falls too often into inartistic, if not faulty, English. The art critics of the present day have for the most part a mannerism quite as strongly marked as the mannerism of the artists themselves. They show as little gracefulness when they handle their pen as the præ-Raffaellites show when they handle their brush. Mr. Stephens, for instance, thus opens his book:—

"The making a comparison between the French and Dutch schools, including in the latter the Flemish school, its close ally, is one of the most curious and instructive tasks," &c. He shows, too, a curious ignorance of ancient history when he uses the fact that "in the Two Sicilies the prevailing artistic motive power was unmistakably of Greek origin" as a proof that "the land of Naples has proved obnoxious to influences which were foreign to its Italian connexions and proper nationality." We shall next have some author using the fact that in this island the prevailing tongue is unmistakably of Teutonic origin as a proof that England has proved obnoxious to influences which were foreign to its British connexions and proper nationality. We must not dwell too much, however, on the faulty side of a book which is for the most part written with great learning, and is on the whole very interesting. The twenty etchings which illustrate it are admirable in their way.

The Shilling Entertaining Library. Edited by J. S. Laurie. Illustrated by H. Sanderson. (Marshall and Co.)—We do not like the plan on which this Entertaining Library is published. "Children and working-men," says the editor, "cannot possibly be induced to read until they find out what a wealth of entertainment is concealed under the hard, ungraceful forms of typography." The love of pleasure, it would seem, is at once an instinct and the dominant principle in the human breast, and to this principle and to this instinct typography with its wealth of entertainment must appeal. The editor accordingly has taken such works as *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and, "assuming the right of adapting the original texts so as to suit his purpose," has knocked them about and cut them down as if the dominant principle in his breast were a love of change. "Grammatical constructions which are too involved and difficult will be simplified." We had always thought that Swift's style was so simple that no change could be made in it that would not lessen its simplicity. The editor thinks otherwise, for he has recast his phrases and amended his grammatical constructions. In *Gulliver's Travels* we read, for instance, "I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness." Children and working-men would be puzzled by the word "him," and so the editor puts in its place "that luminary." Gulliver in another part writes:—"My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books, and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory." When "the wealth of entertainment" that is concealed in this passage is brought to light it appears in the following form:—"My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a goodly number of books; and when I was ashore I occupied myself with observing the manners and dispositions of the people, and with learning their language. In the latter object I was greatly aided by the strength of my memory." The opening sentence of the *Vicar of Wakefield* has been struck out. We read in the preface that "in all cases passages which are unsuitable to the young will be expunged." Can the good Vicar's views on the duty of marriage be looked upon as improper?

The New Hymn-Book. Adapted to the services of the Church of England, with accompanying Tunes. (Rivingtons).—Of making of hymn-books there would seem to be no end. Each year sees a new selection which supplies some deficiency that is generally felt, and which in its turn is found to be defective too. This Hymn-book, however, has been compiled with evident care and judgment, though we think it would have been better if the editor had kept still more strictly than he has done to the very words of the original writers. He has been careful enough to mark the fact in each case where a variation has been made in the text; we only wish that there had been yet fewer variations to mark. The musical part of the book deserves high praise. We find many of those old sterling tunes which have held their ground amidst all the changes of taste, and some valuable contributions from several of our best living writers of Church music. Mr. James Langran, the musical editor, deserves no small praise, not only for the careful way in which he has collated and edited the music, but also for his own contributions.

Supplement to Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders, by J. T. Moggridge, F.L.S., F.Z.S. With Specific Descriptions of the Spiders by the Rev. O. Pickard-Cambridge. (Reeve and Co.)—It would seem from the introduction to this work that, to the store of knowledge which has been already heaped up by the naturalist as regards ants and spiders, fresh material is being rapidly added. We may apply to the author what the poet said of the ant which is the object of his investigation:—

Trahit quodcumque potest atque addit æervo.

Hence a work which has so lately left the printer's hands already requires a supplement. Mr. Moggridge and Mr. Pickard-Cambridge have not only considered the ant, but have brought to the consideration observant eyes and accurate minds. Their little work is very interesting, even to a reader who knows next to nothing of natural history. Especially interesting to him would be a curious decision that is given of an ancient Rabbi, by which it was settled what portion of the granary of the harvesting ant should belong to the owner of the field and what part to the gleaners, if it was discovered after the reapers had passed it. In that case it was decided that the upper part of the heap belonged to the gleaners, for it would be to a great part composed of the fallen ears, but the

lower part belonged to the owner, for that had been formed before the gleaners' rights began.

The Peep Show: Amusement and Instruction for the Young. With two hundred and fifty pictures. (Strahan).—We should think all the more highly of this book if it had been somewhere stated that it consists, at all events to a considerable extent, of matter which has already appeared elsewhere. Not a few of the illustrations were published in *Good Words for the Young* some two or three years ago.

The Sunday at Home: a Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading. (Religious Tract Society).—There is a good deal of fairly interesting reading provided in this large volume. It would have been as well, however, if the writers could have kept to a somewhat simpler style. We read that John Hampden "had not procrastinated the grand preparation till the last moment"; while, in describing a visit to Great Hampden the writer says, "It is no lawless stretch of the imagination to picture those well-known shades (Cromwell and Waller) moving up and down this long chamber in conversation with their earnest-hearted 'cousin.'" Cromwell and Waller were certainly well known, and may now with propriety be described as shades; but yet in this world, at all events, they have never been well-known and shades at the same time.

The Leisure Hour, which is issued as a companion magazine to the *Sunday at Home*, and resembles it in its general arrangement, seems on the whole to be the more interesting.

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Bible History for the Little Ones, by Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." (Marcus Ward).—We see little advantage in such a work as this. In all Bible reading, though we certainly would not give a child the whole Bible, yet on the other hand we would give him nothing but the Bible. Who can make the story of Joseph, for instance, simpler than it is? "To explain," as Johnson says, in the preface to his Dictionary, "requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found." Whoever tries to change the language of the narrative part of the Bible must of necessity render that which was clear before somewhat less clear now. It is of the utmost importance that a child should not only know the Bible stories, but should know them in the Bible words.

Much more satisfactory is Miss Yonge's companion work to this volume, *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of French History*. (Marcus Ward).—The stories are well and clearly written. We like the plan of teaching young children history in a series of stories, even though great gaps may be left in the narrative, and important periods passed over. We could have wished, however, that the stories had been fewer in number, so as to admit of greater detail.

Stories of Bird Life, by Henry Berthoud. With one hundred illustrations. (Nelson and Sons).—It is a pity that our author, who in his "facts and anecdotes illustrative of the habits and intelligences of the feathered tribes" has much that is interesting to tell, cannot write more simply. We wonder what "the juvenile reader" for whom he writes will say when he reads that birds "must undergo the imperious exigencies of the medium in which they find themselves placed." In the next page the author wishes to state that two sparrows have so built under a rain-spout that their nests do not get wet. He writes:—"The constructors have placed it so that this large gargoye, which sometimes vomits absolute avalanches of rain, cannot let fall a single drop upon their habitation." We wish the day would come when authors would cease to vomit absolute avalanches of nonsense, or when we at least should be able to escape them.

Pretty Lessons in Verse; with some Lessons in Latin in Easy Rhyme, by Sara Coleridge. (King and Co.)—So much interest was raised by the publication of the *Memoirs of Sara Coleridge* that we are not at all surprised to find a new edition of her "Lessons in Verse." Both in English and Latin they will pleasantly help little folk through what has been called "the bitterness of learning."

We are glad to see a republication also of Mrs. Trimmer's *History of the Robins*. (Nelson and Sons). The story in itself is very pretty, and it is greatly adorned by Mr. Giacomelli's abundant illustrations.

Boys, by Lady Barker, Author of "Travelling About." With illustrations. (Routledge).—These stories originally appeared, we believe, in *Routledge's Magazine*. They are so good that we are pleased to see them gathered together into one volume.

Round Games at Cards, by Cavendish, Author of the "Laws and Principles of Whist." (De La Rue and Co.)—We have given us in this little book clear rules for some fifteen round games at cards. Cavendish's authority is so high on whist that he can even on other games lay claim to as much infallibility as if he were the Pope himself. To any one not very well up in these games, some parts of the book are at first sight rather puzzling. "It follows," we read in one passage, "that the possession of a good poker face" (the italics are the author's) "is an advantage." If this had been said by a Liverpool rough of his wife, the meaning would have been clear to every one. Cavendish, however, does not seem to be writing especially for Lancashire.

From the same publishers we have also received the tenth edition of *Cavendish on Whist*, revised and greatly enlarged.

A Boy's Kingdom; or, Four Years in a Cave, by the Author of "Under the Lime Trees." (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—This is an absurd story of a shipwrecked boy. He is left alone on the ship by the sailors, who go off in their boats, and he sinks down unconscious on the deck. A faithful dog takes him up in his

